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SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TARTLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

I stood on the verge of a distant
strife.
As nighter embraced the morn.
And saw a amongst the worlds
affair.
A come wheel the radiant car
Of the smiling new year born.
Whistlers and moons went sailing
past.
Like lightning's flash! so fast!
With angels to the funeral
Of the departed year.

Though space seemed like a
shoreless sea—
The stars as distant lights—
I saw the myriad spirits flee
To the bulwarks of eternity,
And perch upon their heights.
Then every angel dropped a tear,
As they laid the gray head of
the year.
In the tomb, 'mid the burial
ground
Of days for ever gone.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

How many good old customs and feelings, which
once made the poetry and music of domestic life, are
fast disappearing from the homes of England. We

remember the time—and summer yet lingers on our
brow, although certain spectral silvery hairs warn us
that it is nearly past—when Christmas was looked
forward to, not only as a relaxation from care, and
the wearying struggles of the world, but as the heart's
holiday; when the heads even of the humblest
families, like the patriarchs of old, gathered their
children, and their children's children, around
them at the hospitable board, and counted them as
blessings.

At Christmas, too, the mother's love—that silken
thread on which life's only real pearls, our affections
and sympathies, are strung and held together—was
frequently employed in the sweet work of reconcilia-
tion; few natures, however stern, could resist her
prayers and tears—offending ones were recalled
and forgiven—brothers, whom cold interest had
estranged, met once more as brothers should meet—
and sisters exchanged again the innocent confidence
of childhood. It was a season of smiles and tears in
most households;—smiles for the happy present, tears

for those whose vacant places round the hearth could
never more be filled.

Maternal love is the divinity of woman's nature.
The tie which keeps her children united by encircling
them in affection's chain, once broken, earth has
naught else that can supply the loss: the separation
of most families dates from the mother's grave.

To return to our subject. Christmas, except in a
few remote districts, is no longer a family festival,
but a noisy fête-day—an occasion for display and
lavish expenditure. The presence of strangers desec-
rates the hearthstone, and causes the meeting to de-
generate into a mere fashionable party; its religious
character and household influences are gone. The
angels who, on the first dawn of Christmas, pro-
claimed peace on earth and good-will to man, may
soon, we fear, sing its funeral dirge.

New Year's Day, which so speedily follows, has,
we grieve to say, equally declined in importance.
The world is too busy to occupy itself with such old-
fashioned anniversaries. In great cities it is scarcely



RACHEL SEEKING HER HUSBAND.

noticed, unless by the poorer classes—generally the last to abandon national traditions—and the bell-ringers, who, either from a love of their craft, or to entitle themselves to a share in certain parochial funds left by our pious ancestors, still obstinately insist on ringing the old year out and the new one in.

Not even May-day—when the teeming earth sends forth its silent prayer in the grateful perfume of a thousand opening flowers—has escaped the indifference of the age to the feelings and traditions of the past. Nature alone continues faithful—her vast altar still sends forth its incense; but the worshippers are either absent, or reduced to the outcasts of humanity, in the group of "Jack in the Green—my lord and my lady," who, in the crowded streets of our vast cities, levy a mercenary contribution on the patience of the passers-by.

Elizabeth loved the May-day games, and honoured them with her presence. Shakespeare has enshrined them in his immortal verse; but progress, as it is called, has put them down. We wish that progress for once would take a lesson from the crab, and march backwards. Why should materialism, in its pursuit of the real, run so far a-head, that the poetry of life is left behind?

If Michaelmas has met with a better fate, we suspect that it is owing to rent-day and the stubble goose so generally sacrificed on the occasion. Those who are most indifferent to flowers or music have a profound regard for gold and feasting. With such men, all that remains of heart has taken refuge in the stomach, or—a worse place—the pocket.

O for the England of my boyhood! Its manly games, and cheerful sports! which kept the body healthful, and the mind at peace. There was no time for morbid feelings then. Youth, in the present age, is too intently occupied to heed such simple pleasures. Excitement! Excitement! is the cry. We have few boys now; they step from the school-room to the world—the hot race of life commences—and its struggles prematurely stamp them men.

Have we gained by the change? Modern society will answer yes; age and philosophy smile sadly, and shake the head.

Dreams! dreams! we think we hear some of our fast readers exclaim. Possibly; but they are not the less truthful. Beauty lies in the ideal, and true happiness is more closely allied to dreams than the wide-awake ones of the earth suspect.

If we have dwelt thus long in our musings and regrets on the decadence of the four great festivals of the year, it is that some important event in the course of our tale will be found connected with each of them.

London excites wonder and admiration when viewed in its ensemble, but appals when studied in detail. It is impossible for the mere observer to thread its streets without being struck by the hum of busy life—the well-dressed crowds pouring like a continuous stream in every direction—the glaring shops—the well-appointed equipages, and heavily-laden vans transporting the world's merchandise from one point of the metropolis to the other—unmistakable signs of industry, prosperity, and wealth.

This is the picture as Claude might have painted it—sunny bright and cheering; but Rembrandt would have treated the subject in a widely different manner—his view would have been taken at night, when poverty, fierce hunger, and reckless crime emerge from their retreat, imitating the tiger's instincts in seeking their prey in darkness.

It is not, however, to be supposed that even a picture by Rembrandt would be all shade; on the contrary, wondrous lights, bright as the falling star, would flash from his canvas startling episodes of moral beauty, proving humanity not to be all of clay.

Thousands of our readers who have heard of the Belvedere-road are, we suspect, profoundly ignorant of its locality. They have a vague suspicion that it lies somewhere between the West End and the Borough, Temple-bar, or Paddington; and there all idea of its topographical position ends.

For the benefit of these unlearned persons, we shall proceed to describe not only its exact situation, but add a slight sketch of its peculiar physiognomy.

The Belvedere-road is a long, irregular, narrow, dirty street, commencing on the Surrey side of Westminster, and terminating at the foot of Blackfriars bridge; it runs parallel with the Thames.

Although serving as a relief to those great arteries of London, Parliament-street, Fleet-street, and the Strand, by diverting no inconsiderable portion of heavy traffic, in the shape of wagons, carts, trucks, and vans, it is but little frequented by foot-passengers, probably because it is only partially paved, and in wet

weather, from the lowness of its situation, becomes a mere tract of mud.

In 1847—the period at which our tale commences—the houses in the above-named locality were of the meanest and shabbiest description, and inhabited chiefly by sawyers or draymen, employed in the wood yards and breweries, and also, we regret to add, by a far less respectable description of characters—fugitives from justice; men at war with society, playing at hide-and-seek with the world, and trusting to the chances of the coming night for a dinner the following day.

Lately, we are told, several of those pioneers of gentility, the over-worked, under-paid race of clerks, have ventured to squat in the neighbourhood (pardon the Americanism), and an improved state of things is slowly taking place. We are inclined to believe this; for the last time we ventured to visit it, we observed that the line of gloomy, comfortless-looking houses—whose windows required no blinds (dirt supplying their place)—was broken by the erection of several smart-looking new ones. True, they had no pretensions to architectural beauty—a thing we have long ceased to look for in London; but they were clean. The first step has been taken; and we sincerely trust the example may prove what the locality has long been—contagious! Barbarism and civilisation, represented by their champions, filth and cleanliness, are in contact. The struggle may be long, but the result is inevitable. Dirt must eventually succumb.

Before passing under the arch of Waterloo Bridge, which intersects it about midway, the Belvedere-road takes a capricious bend, leaving a large semicircular piece of ground, occupied as a timber-yard, at the back of which stands a row of low-built cottages, forming a sort of irregular crescent.

One of these cottages had been inhabited for several years by an exceedingly poor family, named Markham; and yet the Markhams had no right to be poor, for the father was an intelligent, well-educated man, thoroughly conversant with accounts, and possessed of no mean talents for business. Unfortunately there was one drawback—disappointment had made him a drunkard: in his moody humour he frequently cursed destiny instead of his besetting vice for his misfortunes, and wondered why everything failed with him. A child might have given him the key of the enigma.

At the age of twenty-one, George Markham had married Rachel Bently, the only child of a wealthy city merchant, in whose counting-house he had been reared. Although the marriage took place during the absence of the father in India, where the affairs of the firm had called him, it was not altogether a clandestine one, for the mother of the bride gave her consent, and sanctioned it by her presence.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Bently died suddenly—a week or two before her husband's return; and a letter, written on her death-bed, explaining, it is supposed, the motives of her conduct, could not be found.

It would be difficult to decide whether indignation or surprise predominated most in the heart of Mr. Bently, when, on his arrival in England, he found his daughter the wife of one of his clerks. Apart from the inequality of the match, it destroyed the cherished hope of years, the prospect of uniting her to his nephew, Carus Kearn, a junior partner in the house.

Although the merchant really loved his child, he had never been very demonstrative in his feelings; pride and affection were both wounded, and anger is an unwise counsellor.

"You have chosen for yourself," he said, in answer to Rachel's passionate entreaties for forgiveness. "You had your mother's sanction; mine, it seems, was of little consequence. The wife of my clerk, George Markham," he added, coldly, "cannot remain under my roof. Her home is beneath her husband's. I leave London for three days, on a visit to my old friend Thornton. On my return I shall not expect to find you here."

"Oh, that letter!—that fatal letter!" sobbed the poor girl, in an agony of grief.

"It would not alter my determination," observed her father, coldly.

With these harsh words he quitted the room, and proceeded at once to the counting-house, where his first act was to send for his son-in-law into his private office, and dismiss him from his employment; his next, to pay him the sum of a thousand pounds, the amount of a legacy which a distant relative had left to Rachel.

"I had hoped," observed the young man, deeply stung by the proceeding, "that you would have acted more generously, sir, and permitted me at least to retain my situation. I have served you faithfully."

A sneer, expressive of doubt, curled the lips of Mr. Bently.

"Have you anything to urge against my character, sir?" demanded the speaker, proudly.

"An accountant has gone through the books," replied the merchant, deliberately; "and everything appears to be correct."

"Everything is correct," exclaimed his son-in-law, impetuously.

"I trust so," was the calm rejoinder; "and the house will give you the usual references in the event of your obtaining another situation; though probably," added the speaker, in a sarcastic tone, "you will enter into business on your own account."

"Probably," repeated George Markham, carelessly, for he felt that he was harshly used. "Good morning, sir."

One person besides the two whom we have just introduced to our readers had been present at the interview—Peter Mangles, the oldest clerk in the establishment. He and Richard Bently had been boys together, and, independent of the relation of servant and employer, the strictest friendship united them. Whatever Peter did was sure to be found well done. He had all the accounts of the house at his fingers' ends, and, on more than one occasion, had rendered eminent services, by his experience, knowledge of the money market, and great aptitude for business.

In person Peter Mangles was exceedingly thin, and had a slight stoop, doubtless from his many years' labour at the desk; his features were sharp, intelligent, and marked by great benevolence; there was an almost child-like simplicity in his manners, and a slight dash of eccentricity about him out of business. Probably, because he was a bachelor, many considered him without one tie or interest in the world. They were in error; the counting-house was his world; he knew no other.

As the speaker was quitting the private office, the old clerk looked up from his desk and pronounced his name.

George Markham turned.

"I am sorry you are about to leave us," said Peter, extending his hand to him, a thing he had never done before during the number of years they had known each other, "for you have great talent for business, only a little too speculative; but that is the fault of youth. Good-bye," he added; "if ever you require a friend, you know where to find one."

"Thank you! thank you, Mr. Mangles!" replied the young man, in a tone which showed he was not insensible to kindness, especially at such a moment. "You, I am sure, never advised that an accountant should be sent for to examine my books."

"No! Certainly not."

"You believe me honest?"

"As honest as my ledger," replied the old clerk, emphatically, at the same time striking the book before him with the open palm of his hand; "and if any one doubts it, tell them that Peter Mangles said so."

This was a proud testimony to his integrity. George Markham felt it as such, and his heart beat the lighter as he quitted the private office of his father-in-law and late employer.

Mr. Bently felt doubly dissatisfied; in the first place with himself, for conscience whispered that he had acted harshly to his child; and in the second, with his confidential clerk, whose conduct annoyed him.

"I think you might have chosen some more fitting place," he said, with considerable asperity, "to display this sudden ebullition of friendship for one who has so deeply wronged me."

"But not a more fitting time," observed the old man, mildly.

"And you still believe George Markham to be honest?" added the merchant.

Peter Mangles nodded his head affirmatively.

Despite the missing securities for ten thousand pounds, which unfortunately are negotiable in India, continued the speaker, impatiently.

Peter scratched his right ear, a habit he had contracted when anything went wrong in the firm, or the state of the money-market puzzled him.

"Can't make it out! can't make it out! but I shall do so one day. Never rested for a week after the loss. One thing, however, is certain, your son-in-law knows nothing about them; he never had the keys of the iron safe in his possession an instant."

"Were the securities ever there?" demanded his employer, doubtfully.

The clerk appeared painfully surprised. "Placed them there myself," he exclaimed; "took the keys home with me, and slept with them, as I have done for the last five-and-twenty years, under my pillow; in the morning they were gone. There are only two sets of keys," he added, "yours and mine. Did you take yours with you to India?"

"No."

"That was wrong."

"I left them," said Mr. Bently, "in the secret drawer of my cabinet, where I found them on my return. George Markham must have been frequently at the house, and —"

"Rubbish!" interrupted the former. "I tell you he is honest. I have watched him from a boy; always found his petty cash right to a farthing. You may just as well suspect me," he continued; "in fact, I am not quite certain you do not; one injustice generally leads to another."

"It is you who are guilty of injustice now," said the merchant, with a smile; "but I forgive you, for you mean well. We must not quarrel."

"I am not quite so sure of that," observed Peter Mangles, in a tone in which wounded feeling and anger seemed to contend; "in fact, Richard Bently, I begin to feel it necessary that we should quarrel; I shall be better after it. I am certain something dreadful will happen to the firm," he continued, "if we do not; for whilst you were talking to poor George in that unchristian, *unbusiness-like* manner, I made a wrong entry in the ledger, and two blots! two blots, sir!—two on the same page!! Look through the books for the last thirty years, and you will not find such a disgraceful thing; and all through you, Richard," he added, reproachfully—"all through you!"

In his excitement the speaker had quitted his stool at the desk, and as he stood in the centre of the room a singular resemblance might be traced in his appearance to that of a respectable jackdaw—a *cathedral one, of course*. His thin legs, cased in tight black pantaloons and well polished hessian boots, the head and shoulders bending forward, and the palms of the hands crossed behind the back of his narrow-tailed body-coat.

"You forget my feelings," answered his employer.

"Rachel has broken my heart."

"Pride is breaking it," muttered the old clerk.

"Married a beggar."

"Beggars!" repeated Peter. "I see we must quarrel, there is no help for it. Beggars! What were you, when a foolish but true friend lent you all he had to commence business with? George Markham has all that you then possessed—industry, talent, and integrity. Discard him, disown him, crush him, if you will! but, mark my words, he will make a bright man of business yet! It was not without good reasons, I feel assured, although I have not the slightest idea what they were, that your late wife consented to the marriage. She was a good woman, Richard, and—"

"I cannot listen to this, even from you," exclaimed the merchant, impatiently. "Let us drop the subject."

"But I can't drop it! I won't drop it!" replied the former, nervously. "You have disappointed me sadly, Richard; I knew you were as obstinate as a mule, but never suspected before that you could be positively wicked; your conduct, I repeat, is unlike a father, unlike a man of business. When a house fails, no sensible creditor closes the account by thrusting their acceptances into the fire. No; he waits for a dividend; and Rachel's marriage, properly treated, will still pay twenty shillings in the pound."

Despite his anger, Mr. Bently could not avoid smiling at an argument drawn from the daily pursuits of the speaker.

"Could any one in his senses," continued the old man, "unless he wished to ruin him, have given a young fellow in George's state of excitement, a thousand pounds?"

"It was his right, Peter," observed the merchant.

"No, it was not. Rachel is not yet of age. It will all be lost in some dreadful speculation! His calculations must prove false, for his brain is no longer cool. He will be ruined, and his father-in-law gratified. I feel much better now I have relieved my mind," added the clerk. "I knew I ought to quarrel with you, and it's done. There are the keys of the iron safe, Mr. Bently; there are the books, and you may send for an accountant to go through them as soon as you please."

Peter Mangles took down his hat from the peg where he had been in the habit of hanging it for nearly forty years, pulled it over his brow with an air of intense determination, and prepared to leave the room.

"You cannot mean to leave me?" exclaimed his astounded friend and employer.

"Indeed but I do, Richard."

The words were evidently uttered with a violent effort, and vibrated on the heart of his hearer.

"And what shall I do without you?"

"Can't imagine; but badly enough, no doubt," replied Peter, all but crying.

"And the firm; the edifice we have both so labo-

riously reared; the first house in the City? I can never trust the books to any one else."

This was Peter's weak point, perhaps his only one; but he looked upon the firm as something he had assisted to create, and for the first time his resolution wavered.

"You have a nephew," he muttered.

"Carus is a good young man, but he has not your experience," observed the merchant. "Come, come, old friend, take back the keys; we began the race of life together, and must not separate at the close of our career. The disobedient ones deserve a lesson."

"Well! well! perhaps they do," murmured the old clerk, trying to conceal his tears, "provided it is a wise one."

"Leave all things to time," added Mr. Bently; "the truest judge."

It is more than probable that the speaker was sincere when he thus hinted at the possibility of a future reconciliation with his offending child; at any rate, Peter believed him to be so, for he walked back to his desk not without a certain air of satisfaction, hung up his hat, and, in a few minutes, forgot all that had taken place in the columns of figures before him.

It is not to be supposed that the old man's talents for business were the only considerations which induced the wealthy merchant to make this seeming concession. They had been companions in boyhood; it was the money of Peter Mangles which gave him his first start in business, and his name had long since appeared in the firm but for his constant and repeated refusal of the offer.

"No! no! Richard," he used to say, whenever the subject was broached, "I am very well as I am; have more money than I know how to spend. I may be a good servant, but I should lose all confidence in myself were I a principal. You will find me much better as your clerk than your partner." And a clerk he remained.

As Peter Mangles predicted, the thousand pounds proved an injury rather than a benefit to George Markham and his sorrowing wife. Instead of taking a situation, the young man started in business on his own account. For some time he struggled bravely; a helping hand might have saved him, and changed embarrassment into prosperity; but there was no one to stretch it forth. Despite his exertions, the crash came at last, and brought ruin in its train.

The creditors, satisfied that he had acted honourably by them, spared him the shame of seeing his name in the *Gazette*, contented themselves with taking everything, and left him a beggared man.

There is a latent strength—a power of endurance, in woman's nature, unknown to man—unsuspected even by herself, until the hour of trial calls it forth to exercise a healing ministry, pour the sweet balm of consolation on the wounds the world has irritated, heal the galled mind, and whisper future hope.

Such a consoling angel did Rachel prove to her unhappy husband. Never had she appeared more cheerful, or smiled upon him so tenderly, as in the hour of misfortune. The task was a painful one, but a wife's and mother's love sustained her; and if at times, when alone in the cheerless lodgings to which they had removed, she felt her courage fail her, a glance at the cradle of her first-born restored it.

For several months George Markham remained without employment. To a mind naturally active, idleness is a fearful counsellor. In poor or rich, it matters not which, it generally leads to vice, unstrings the heart, renders its feelings morbid, robs morality of its tone, and manhood of its energy.

It was not long before the unhappy man yielded to this sad influence, which betrayed its presence in the most debasing form, by leading him to drink.

Frequently would he resolve to break the fatal spell, and promise his wife, who felt both shocked and alarmed, to abstain from the intoxicating draught which stole away his reason; but the draught, unfortunately for his happiness, was too cunningly mixed—a hand he could not see prepared it, and his promises were no sooner made than broken.

In consequence of this degrading vice, its wretched victim lost situation after situation, till at last he could procure no regular employment, and became reduced to write for a law stationer in Parliament-street, who only gave him work occasionally; for the man had a staff of steady, respectable copyists, on whose regularity he could depend, and he felt it a duty not to let them remain idle.

Thus, year after year, the Markhams descended in the social scale, till they took up their abode in the cottage in the Belvedere-road, where a second child, a girl, was born in poverty and misery.

On more than one occasion an appeal had been made to the paternal feelings of Mr. Bently, but he continued inexorable. His pride was too deeply stung; and, let us add, his affection.

Frequently when returning home of an evening from his club, the wealthy merchant had encountered his son-in-law and a worthless companion named Styles, whom he had turned from his employ for irregularity, rolling in the street drunk, and the sight had so disgusted him that his heart became harder than ever. Little did the father of Rachel imagine that these encounters had been cleverly arranged, and still less did he suspect by whom.

Equal care had been taken that Peter Mangles should witness the same revolting spectacle, and it grieved the old man sadly; for he had a horror of excess, it was so *unbusiness-like*. The kindness of his nature, however, did not allow him to abandon Rachel, whom he continued to assist from time to time, sparingly indeed, for fear her husband should expend the money in dissipation, but always with words of good advice, and without solicitation.

It is now time that we should speak of the offspring of this unhappy marriage—we do not use the word unhappy in the ordinary acceptance of the word, for affection yet lingered in the hearts of both. Despite his habits of intemperance, George still fondly loved his wife, who never forgot, even in the hardest of her trials, that he was the lover of her youth, the husband of her choice, the father of her children. There was the tie, the golden link in affection's chain which bound her; had it been iron it must long since have broken.

Richard, the eldest of the children—he had been named after his grandfather—was now in his thirteenth year; and despite the privation in which he had been reared, not only a handsome, but a well-grown, healthy boy. He had his father's intelligent, open brow and clustering hair, joined with his mother's deep blue thoughtful eyes, and much of her gentle, affectionate disposition; his strength was in his heart.

Nature had done more for him than education. True, he could read and write, and possessed a slight knowledge of arithmetic. There his instruction ended.

Devotedly fond of his mother and little sister Mary—a fairy-like, lovely child, now six years old—Richard did everything in his power to alleviate the sorrow he shared, and render their home less cheerless during the frequent absence of his father at the tavern.

"I shall soon be strong enough to work for both of you," he frequently exclaimed, "and then there shall be no more want."

On hearing this, Mary would clap her tiny hands, laugh, and make him promise to buy her a new frock, whilst Rachel smiled through her tears.

There is something noble as well as touching in the love of a fine manly boy for his mother. It is the green sapling which may one day become a staff for her declining age, and repay—if it be possible for a child ever to repay them—the cares and tenderness lavished upon his infant years. It is a bright promise—a germ of hope—the spring time of a happy future.

CHAPTER II.

But whilst in peace abiding
Within a shelter'd home,
We feel as sin and evil
Could never, never come;
But let the strong temptation rise—
As whirlwinds sweep the sea—
We find no strength to escape the wreck,
Save, pitying God, in Thee.—MRS. HALE.

It was the first day of the parting year, and the Markhams were seated at the scantily-spread breakfast in their clean but humble cottage. George, whose eyes were still bloodshot, his throat parched from the excess of the preceding night, refused to eat anything, although he eagerly drank the tea his patient wife poured out for him. True, it was exceedingly weak—but it quenched his burning thirst, calmed the feverish excitement which caused his hand to shake as he raised the cup to his lips.

There was very little bread and no butter on the table; the money which should have purchased a fresh supply had been spent at the tavern. Rachel divided it silently between the children reserving only a small crust for herself.

"I am not hungry, mother," whispered her son, putting the largest portion of his back; "and you ate nothing last night."

Little Mary, too young to comprehend the misery around her, began eagerly to eat her share.

The father felt annoyed, as most drunkards do, at a reproach, even when it is an indirect one.

"You were playing with Jack Manders last night," he observed, in an angry tone of voice; "don't let me hear that you do so again."

"You shall not, sir," replied Richard, respectfully; for his mother had studiously inculcated in his youthful mind the lesson of obedience.

"I like Jack," exclaimed Mary, laughingly; "he gave me a cake last night."

"You should not have taken it," said George Markham.

"Oh, but I like cakes," replied the child, "and was so hungry."

Rachel pressed the little speaker in her arms to prevent her saying more, and did not even regard her husband; woman-like, she wished to spare him the humiliation. The child, however, was not so easily satisfied, but persevered in her questions.

"Why don't you like Jack?" she continued.

"Because his father was a thief, my love," was the reply; "and his uncle, with whom the boy lives, is a returned convict. He is training his nephew badly."

Mary did not exactly understand what the words thief and convict meant.

To prevent further conversation on the subject, George Markham rose from the breakfast-table, with the air of a man who feels dissatisfied with himself, and proceeded to a smaller one, covered with law papers, near the window. Several times he attempted to write, but his hand shook so that he found it impossible to proceed.

"How nervous I am this morning," he muttered, at the same time throwing down the pen impatiently.

His wife regarded him mournfully. Memory recalled the time when he was a far different being.

"I must take a turn in the fresh air," he added, "to set me right."

Rachel knew by bitter experience what setting him right meant. The tavern! the dram!

The unhappy victim of dissipation took up his hat and quitted the cottage, without daring to cast a look on those whom he had so cruelly injured. He had no money with him—a circumstance, unfortunately, but of little consequence; he could always obtain credit at "The Crown and Magpie," in Westminster, his obliging friend Styles being answerable for his score.

And yet the dupe continued blind!

"You will wait for my return, Richard," said his mother, after a pause, during which she had reflected on the possible consequences of her son's intimacy with Jack Manders, and resolved, at any sacrifice—even to that of parting with him—to put an end to it.

The boy promised; and Rachel, taking the last trinket she possessed—a locket, containing her father's hair—from a small workbox, prepared to leave the house to dispose of it. The rent was due that very day, and she had not a shilling to meet it. As the broken-hearted creature gazed on the memorial of other days, recollections of her home, and the love that had surrounded her there, crowded upon her, memory's and feeling's fountains were alike unsealed, and, sinking on a chair, she wept bitterly.

"Don't cry, mother," exclaimed her son, throwing his arms around her neck and kissing her; "I cannot bear to see it."

"My tears are for you, Richard," answered his parent.

"For me!"

"Should you yield to temptation, follow the example of your evil companion, and become, like him, a thief, it would kill me."

"No fear of that, mother," replied the boy, drawing himself proudly up; "I would starve first. But I can't—I won't see you starve," he added, with a burst of feeling, "if I can prevent it."

"Honestly," sobbed Rachel; "say honestly, Richard."

"I meant honestly, of course," murmured the lad, in an under-tone.

Somewhat reassured, the anxious woman left the house to dispose of her last resource, and in less than an hour returned, but only with a few shillings. One was spent in purchasing food, the rest carefully wrapped in an old cambric handkerchief and placed in the workbox, which neither her husband nor the children ever touched, knowing how dearly she prized it.

Leaving by far the largest portion of the food she had obtained by so painful a sacrifice for George, his wife, accompanied by her son, who carried Mary in his arms, set out for Blackheath. She had resolved to implore the assistance of Peter Mangles, not for herself, but for her boy, to save him from crime and shame. She could have consented to a far greater humiliation. He was her pride—her hope—her life's last stay!

"He will not refuse me," she thought; "the good old man will aid me."

Doubtless the hope of the speaker would have been realised had she seen him, but, unfortunately, New Year's eve was the only day in the year on which her friend dined and spent the evening with the clerks of the firm.

When George Markham returned to the cottage, he was surprised to find Rachel and the children absent. As the hours passed, the feeling changed to annoyance. He disliked being alone, for solitude brought reflection. To occupy the time he seated himself at the table, and began to write; but he loathed the task, which became doubly painful as the dram lost its effects, and his hand again became unsteady.

In this irritable state of mind he heard a peculiar whistle.

"You may come in," he said, opening the door; "my wife is not here."

A sullen, hard-featured man, with beetle brows, shabby-genteelly dressed, lounged into the room. It was his evil genius, Tom Styles.

"Alone!" exclaimed the fellow, looking around him with the air of a broker taking stock of the furniture.

"Rachel is absent," replied her husband.

"So much the better," said the tempter, with a sneer. "There is a match at 'The Crown and Magpie,' won't you come?"

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"I have no money."

On any other occasion, Styles would have offered to frank him; but the present one was too favourable an opportunity for his purpose to permit such an act of liberality.

"That's a pity," he observed, "for Bob is sure to win; and something might be made on it. There will be rare sport. Have you nothing to pawn or sell?"

"Nothing," murmured the wretched man; "all has been parted with."

His visitor looked round the room a second time, but saw nothing that would fetch even a few shillings, till his eye rested on the workbox.

"Rather a pretty thing that," he observed, advancing to take it up.

"Don't touch it," cried George Markham, stepping between the speaker and the object of his curiosity; "it is my poor wife's,—my first gift to her. We have wanted bread, but I never had the heart to ask her to part with that."

"More fool you, then," said Styles, sneeringly.

"What is in it?"

"Only a few letters."

"And money?"

"Money!" repeated the drunkard; "where should Rachel procure money? It is long since her—"

The speaker suddenly paused. He had taken the box in his hands, and something rattled inside; it sounded like silver.

Styles laughed ironically.

"I told you there was money in it!" he exclaimed.

George Markham slowly raised the lid, as if afraid of his own act. At the bottom of the box were four half-crowns and a shilling.

"It is for the rent," he exclaimed. "She has sold the locket her father gave her," he added, after examining the rest of the contents. "It would be sacrilege to touch it."

"Of course it would, although you might win pounds with it."

"Pounds!" repeated his dupe, with a bewildered look.

"And pass a pleasant night into the bargain."

"How so?"

"Didn't I tell you there was to be a match at cribbage between Bob and Harry Turner?" replied the ruffian. "Bob is sure to win."

"No, no!" cried the drunkard, greatly excited; "it would be base—unmanly! Fallen, degraded, lost as I am, I cannot descend to rob my wife!"

"Rob!" repeated his visitor. "How can a man rob his wife? What's hers is his; he can take everything but her wedding-ring. I've heard Sneak, the lawyer's clerk, say so a dozen times. But as you please," he added, "as you please. I'm off to 'The Crown and Magpie.' A pleasant evening to you, and a happy new year."

The last words were uttered in a mocking tone, as the speaker quitted the cottage of the man whose moral ruin he had so nearly effected. He walked slowly up the Belvedere-road, and lingered on Westminster Bridge, in the expectation that his dupe would overtake him, for he knew how weak his resolutions were. For once, however, he was disappointed—he arrived at the tavern alone.

Had Rachel returned, there is little doubt that her husband would have remained firm, or, at the worst, asked her for a portion of the money; but as night

drew on, and the wretched man sat alone, without fire or light, in his miserable home, the nervous impatience—the burning thirst—the desire for excitement grew stronger: he could resist no longer.

"I may win," he muttered, as he took the contents of the box.

A deep blush—the silent reproach of his unworthy action—mantled on his cheek as he did so; but the mad fever in his blood proved stronger than the sense of shame, or the reproaches of a half-stifled conscience. The next instant he was in the street; the means of intoxication in his pocket, home and wife were forgotten.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Rachel and her children, weary and foot-sore, reached their desolate abode.

"Are you here, George?" she asked, as she crossed the threshold.

There was no reply. Oh, how bitterly did the silence fall upon her heart.

Little Mary began to ask for food.

"Directly, my love," said her distracted mother, "directly." The rent—the threat of the landlord of turning them into the streets—the impossibility of replacing the sum—were alike forgotten at the cry of her child. She groped her way to the little table, caught up the workbox, and opened it. The money was gone.

For the first time since her marriage the lips of Rachel curled in scorn at the heartless conduct of the man for whom she had sacrificed so much, who had sworn at the altar to be a protector to her—it was but a momentary feeling—grief mastered anger, and she sank heart-crushed upon a chair.

"What is the matter, mother?" exclaimed Richard, placing his sister, whom he had hitherto held in his arms, upon the floor, and running to her.

"Nothing! nothing! only a momentary weakness. I—I am better now."

"George must not be made to blush before his boy," she thought. "I will not destroy the respect of the child for his father."

The resolution was a womanly, but a useless one. Her son more than suspected the cause of her grief.

"We will go and seek your father," she said, at the same time taking Mary in her arms, "and then you shall have food, my love."

"But I want it now," sobbed the child. "I am so hungry."

"He cannot have spent it all," thought Rachel; "something must be left."

Richard said nothing, but his reflections were dangerous; he compared the warning his father had given him on the subject of Jack Manders, and the abstraction of the contents of the workbox.

Lessons of virtue and honesty, without the practice, seldom make a lasting impression, even from a parent's lips.

There was a great crowd at the bar of "The Crown and Magpie;" the landlady, a stout, vulgar-looking woman, with red ribbons in her cap, a profusion of false curls, a heavy gold chain round her neck, and numerous rings on her fat fingers, was busily engaged in pouring out gin for her customers—the regular ones she was treating; for it must not be forgotten that it was New Year's eve.

"Here's to you, misses," said a bleared, asthmatical cabman, tossing off his glass.

The landlady nodded in acknowledgment of his civility, and drank hers. The man regarded her with a look of profound admiration.

"That's the tenth, since I've been here!" he observed to a brother whip, a short stumpy fellow, half buried in an enormous cast-off livery coat, which had once served some aristocratic coachman. "Who says that Old Tom is bad for the constitution? It's my 'pinion it's worth all the doctor's—stuff in—ugh—ugh!"

A violent fit of coughing interrupted his praise of the poison which was slowly destroying him.

Although the mistress of "The Crown and Magpie" could take her glass as well as most women, she never filled it from the same tap she served her customers from, or drank during business: her glass had been filled with water.

We can imagine the intense disgust of her admirers had they discovered the cheat.

"Oh, it's mother's milk to some people," exclaimed a fast-looking youth, who had been chatting for the last half-hour with two showily-dressed girls, lounging in front of the bar, but without calling for anything.

"Can't have my place crowded and taken up on a night like this," said the landlady, tartly; annoyed, probably, at the laugh the observation had excited.

The lad put his hand into his pocket, and pulled

out half-a-crown, which he threw upon the counter with an air of great dignity, and called for a pint of gin.

There were no more complaints of the bar being crowded.

Such was the scene of vice and dissipation which met the eye and sickened the heart of Rachel, when, with little Mary in her arms, and protected by the presence of her son, she ventured into the house.

"Is Mr. Markham here?" she inquired, faintly.

The question had to be repeated several times before she could obtain an answer.

"Can't tell the names of any of my customers," replied the mistress of "The Crown and Magpie," snappishly.

"Perhaps you will oblige me by ascertaining."

"Too busy, mam! Hot water, Sally! Three and eight-pence, sir. Half-and-half, directly!"

"You can't go in there," shouted the landlady, as Rachel was making her way towards the parlour. "Mine is a respectable house: I allow no females beyond the bar."

"But I am Mr. Markham's wife."

"So they all say," answered the woman, with a sneer.

There was a coarse, mocking laugh from the crowd of half-drunken wretches standing near. The eyes of Richard flashed angrily, but the voice, and still more, the imploring look of his mother, restrained him.

"Let us return home," she said, in a despairing tone. "I feel faint and sick at heart."

And leaning on the arm of her son, the unhappy wife tottered rather than walked from the place.

The keen frosty air partially restored her strength, and Rachel proceeded with her children till she reached the thoroughfare leading through St. Margaret's churchyard towards the Almonry, when a faint moan from Mary, whom she still carried in her arms, arrested her steps. She placed her hand under the thin faded shawl which covered her; the child was cold as ice and shivering, as if seized with an ague fit.

"She is dying!" groaned the terror-stricken parent—"dying for want of food!"

The heart of her boy could endure no more—it was breaking. The cup of misery and endurance had been filled to overflowing. His brain was on fire—tears could not quench it.

"Take her home, mother," he cried; "take her home! never fear but I will bring you food. Mary shan't die. I'll beg—beg," he added; "anything to save her."

"Richard! Richard! do not leave me," shrieked his agonised parent; "let me not lose both my children! If you love your mother, return; for pity's sake, return!"

The appeal came too late. Her son, stung, madened beyond endurance by the sufferings of those so dear to him, had broken from her feeble grasp, darted down the thoroughfare, and was already beyond the reach of her voice.

Rachel clung to the railings of the churchyard for support, till a second moan, fainter than the first, sent a pang through her maternal heart.

"She must not die in the streets," murmured Rachel. "Home! home! if I have strength to reach it."

"O God," she cried, with a sudden burst of anguish, "protect my boy; shield him from crime; guard him against the vices and the hideous snares which in a thousand forms assail unfriended youth; or take him," she added, solemnly, "take him in Thy mercy!"

It was a Christian's prayer wrung from a mother's heart, uttered in faith, in agony, and tears; and angels bore it to the mercy seat on high.

Clasping her perishing child yet closer to her aching bosom, the drunkard's wife hastened towards her home.

When Richard Markham, yielding to the promptings of despair, quitted his mother and sister in the streets, it was with the fixed resolve of procuring them food. He felt as if he could have torn it from the jaws of a hungry tiger, rather than return without it. The plaintive moans of little Mary, the cry of her distracted parent, rang in his ears, and he continued to run, heedless of the course he took, till he found himself in St. James's-park, where he relaxed his speed, and paused to recover breath.

"What am I to do?" he asked himself; "there is no succour here."

"What am I to do?" he cried again, as he passed the long range of leafless trees, whose skeleton arms he more than once imagined waved menacingly above his head as they moved in the night wind's pitiless blast; "there is no succour here."

The scene was in truth a desolate one. Snow upon the ground; snow, crisp to the tread, and cold as the world's charity. The evergreens in the Inclosure

bent beneath its weight; and the lake was one sheet of solid ice, save where the keepers had broken it for the wild fowl, whose mournful solitary cry startled, at intervals, the silence of the night.

By way of contrast with this dreary picture, broad gleams of light were streaming from the windows of one of the splendid mansions upon Carlton-terrace; sounds of music heard, and shadows distinctly seen upon the curtains, as the young, the gay, and happy, flitted past them in the dance.

The boy regarded them wistfully.

"If they only knew," he thought; "if they only knew."

There are but too many of the favoured children of fortune who take care *not to know*; who guard their feelings as strictly as they do their game, and look on poverty as a poacher interfering with their sport.

Our hero was not the only person in the park whose attention had been excited by the contrast which the scene within and the scene without the house afforded. A tall, well-dressed man stood listening to the music and regarding the windows. Richard approached, with the intention of imploring assistance; but when the moonlight revealed the stern features of the gentleman, his heart failed him, and he walked on, determined to try the next person whom he encountered.

He had not proceeded far before he met a lad of his own age, who, after regarding him for an instant, to convince himself that he was not mistaken, called to him to stop.

It was the youth his father that very morning had warned him against—Jack Manders!

Jack was a perfect type of the thorough-bred London street boy—wiry as a terrier, agile as a squirrel, slippery as an eel, cunning as a fox, and experienced beyond his years. Yet all was not bad in him. It was the training that had twisted and distorted the plant; in a better soil, and in careful hands, it might have grown straight enough. From the time he had first known our hero, Jack had taken a great liking to him. Other lads scoffed and reproached him with his father's being a convicted felon. Richard never alluded to it. He was fond, too, of little Mary; and frequently showed his partiality by buying her fruit or cakes.

Although half a head shorter than Richard, he was much stronger, and his limbs more muscular; perhaps it was because he was better fed.

"You here!" he exclaimed, in a tone of unfeigned surprise; "vel, I never! Wot's your game?" Seeing that the youth did not understand him, he added, "What brings you here?"

"I scarcely know," replied the poor boy, dashing aside a tear. "I am half mad. My mother and sister are hungry—starving! And I came to —"

His heart was too full. He could not pronounce the word "beg."

"See if you could pick up anything," said his acquaintance, finishing the sentence for him; "and very right, too. I'd do anything rather than see my mother or sister starve, if I had 'em."

"How do you live, Jack?" demanded Richard. "You have always money; and are so warmly clothed!"

"O—I live by my work," replied the lad.

"At what work?"

Jack Manders felt rather embarrassed for an answer.

"You know," he said, after a pause, at the same time favouring our hero with an exceedingly knowing wink.

"Indeed, I do not," observed our hero, innocently.

"Well, then, I help myself to what I can."

"A thief!" exclaimed his hearer, with a shudder. "I am sorry for you—very sorry, Jack; for you have been kind to me and Mary."

"It ain't my fault," muttered the young pick-pocket, sullenly. "I asked for work—real work, I mean—often enough; no one would give it me, because my dad was a convict; they all flung that in my teeth; you never did, and that's why I like you. I wanted to go for a soldier, but was too young. I even went to the penitentiary to ask for something to get an honest living by. They could do nothing for me. They said *I hadn't been convicted*. It was a bad time for me," he added; "uncle used to kick me out of the house, and tell me to go and earn bread. At last he showed me how to earn it, and I have never wanted food, clothes, or money since. No more sleeping under the arches, but in a comfortable bed!—no more hunger! Why shouldn't you do the same?"

"Not whilst I can work," replied our hero.

"Work!" repeated Jack, with a laugh. "Who'd give you work? My father was a thief, and yours is a drunkard—there ain't much difference. And as for begging! *only try it*; and see how soon the peelers will grab you. Bless you," he added, in a confi-

dential tone, "the beaks punishes it as bad as priggish; a month at the mill is the least they gives for it."

Richard Markham wrung his hands in despair.

"There ain't no danger," continued the speaker, in a whisper, "if you only keeps your senses about you. I'll show you how it's done. Do you see that cove a starin' at the winders? just watch me, and see how quickly I'll clean him out."

The person to whom he pointed was the old gentleman, whom his companion had previously noticed, and who, regardless alike of the cold and lateness of the hour, still remained with his eyes fixed upon the mansion, and plunged in a profound reverie.

Perhaps he was contrasting it with the home of his own childhood; or, sadder still, one from which mirth and music had long since fled.

"No, no," exclaimed our hero.

"I wouldn't let my mother and sister starve," repeated Jack, whose motive was rather the desire of securing a comrade whom he could like and trust, than a desire to degrade him to his own level.

"Neither can I," muttered the youth, with desperate resolution.

The speakers advanced slowly towards the gentleman, whose back was turned to them. Jack, all confidence, and proud of an opportunity of displaying his skill and hardihood to his companion, who began once more to hesitate, lag behind, and tremble at every step.

Suddenly he stopped.

"Come on," whispered his companion.

"Impossible!" said Richard. "I can starve, but will never become a thief!"

The mother's prayer was heard!

At first the pickpocket felt inclined to be angry; but he recollected the time when he had entertained the same scruples.

"See me, then," he whispered. "I'll do it."

A mist seemed to pass before the eyes of our hero; he never had more than a confused recollection of what followed. He heard Jack cry, "Run! run!" as a policeman, who had been watching them from behind the trunk of a tree, sprang from his place of concealment and attempted to seize him. The culprit escaped, and Richard was a prisoner.

"I've got one of the varmint, at any rate," exclaimed the officer of police.

"What's the matter?" demanded the gentleman starting from his reverie.

"You have been robbed, sir."

"I am no thief, sir," cried Richard, breaking from the strong grasp that held him, and throwing himself at the feet of the stranger, "though poverty and hunger tempted me to become one. My mother and sister are starving."

"A likely story," said his captor, who had drawn his truncheon, and once more secured him; but the poor boy clung so desperately to the gentleman whom his companion had robbed, and pleaded so eloquently, that the heart of the stranger was touched.

"His story may be true," he said. "No violence, policeman. I believe you know me."

The policeman touched his hat.

"What is your name, boy?"

"Richard Markham, sir," replied the boy, hesitatingly.

The gentleman repeated it slowly after him.

"And have you a father?" he added.

"Yes, sir."

"What is he?"

"He was formerly a clerk in the city; but his employer dismissed him for marrying my mother without his consent; and since then he has been anything, I believe, sir."

Perhaps it was eccentricity—perhaps a better feeling; but the gentleman not only determined to spare the youth the shame of being sent to a prison, but—if his tale proved true—to snatch him from the perils of poverty, by giving him a chance of living honestly.

"Did this lad actually take my pocket-book?" he said, turning to the policeman.

"Well, no, your honour; can't swear that he did. But he was with the young rascal who has got it; and —"

"Enough," interrupted the questioner; "the loss is not a very serious one. Follow me to the gate with your prisoner, and procure me a cab. Boy," he added, "I will give you one chance of redeeming yourself, and becoming an honest man, by placing you where you shall be well taken care of."

"And my mother! My poor mother!"

"If she possesses a right feeling," answered the stranger, "she will rejoice at your escape from crime."

"Never!" exclaimed Richard Markham; "the suspense, the agony, would kill her."

"Take him to prison," said the gentleman, turning to the policeman.

The threat prevailed. The prison, our hero well knew, would be worse than suspense, or even death itself to his fond parent.

"I will go with you, sir," he faltered.

Poor fellow his heart was almost broken. More than once the idea of escape presented itself as his captors conducted him from the park through the canteen into Parliament-street, but he was too closely guarded. The cab was called, and he entered it, accompanied by the man who, either for good or evil, appeared to have taken such a singular interest in his fate.

Before driving off, he noticed that he placed a sovereign in the hands of the policeman.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

No position is more responsible than that of a writer for youth. If a man should ever tremble, it should be when he essays to impress convictions upon youthful minds; for in them he will touch chords strung by the Infinite Creator, which will echo and re-echo from hill to hill down the valley of life, and reverberate along the shores of eternity. A thought struck into a young mind! Who shall tell what it will bring forth? It may overturn empires, reconstruct states, metamorphose philosophy, and remodel the fabric of society. A single seed-thought in the minds of Luther, Franklin, Gall, and Watts, led the way to the changes and victories with which the world has been startled within the last three hundred years, and which have put a new face upon, and a new heart into, human affairs. It is so with almost every mind, even those whose doings have been all within themselves. A thought has started a new life, established a new earth, and spread a new heaven in the soul. Often in minds unknown to fame there are revolutions not less wonderful and extensive in their influence than those which suddenly shock and stir the world. The deep river runs still. The silent influences of the sun are mightier far than the storm or the earthquake. Every mind passes through changes that outvie in grandeur and importance the revolutions of the whole world in any one century, and all these may be, and no doubt often are, sensibly affected by a single thought.

A good thought or a virtuous impression may redeem a whole life from sin and misery; and a bad impression may work a corresponding amount of ruin, with all their secondary and ultimate results, which no human stretch of thought can comprehend.

We stand amid mysteries momentous and grand. The nerves of the universe of intelligence are strung about us beneath the visible creation, and we touch them, turn which way we will. Every touch from every human creature produces a wide sensation, either pleasant or unpleasant, agreeable or painful, according to the wisdom or folly of the touch, or its virtuous or vicious nature. He who stands in any of the nervous centres of this universal body of intelligence, of course produces the greater sensation according to his position.

These facts cannot fail to impress us with our personal responsibilities, and ought not to fail to affect duly and deeply him who occupies any position among the instructors of youth.

Youth, impassible, ardent, earnest; full of gladness; just emerged from innocent childhood; swelling with ardour, ambition, and hopefulness; without experience, wisdom, or discretion; pressing toward manhood, eager to do its great work—who does not love it?

The youth of to-day are the children of yesterday. The sports and frolics of yesterday have lost their relish this morning. They are too childish now. They have not meaning, importance, dignity enough. With the morning sun of youth there came a new order of feelings, a new class of desires, fresh, warm, impulsive, and clamorous. They ask for something they have not yet seen, or felt, or known. The young look out into the world, and behold all fresh, fair, and beautiful. They behold a field opening before them, wide and boundless as appears the vision of the future to the gaze of untainted eyes, and full of objects of interest that dazzle and bewilder the sight. They pant for the beauties and joys of this glorious, flower-strewn field of life. Which way they look they are delighted. Pleasure's hall, ambition's camp, love's rosy bower, mammon's mansion, learning's retreat, religion's sacred temple, all glitter on their sight; and the impulse within them is to go out and enjoy the realities that appear so entrancing to their view; as though to go out was to enjoy them.

Like a young mariner at the shore of the ocean, gazing out with a panting heart to be upon its mild,

beautiful bosom, little dreaming that far in the distance it is nursing the storm and the whirlwind, to toss high his frail bark, and perhaps shatter it to atoms, is youth gazing forward upon the bright sea of life, which his young and untaught imagination paints before him. Such is youth. It has great desires, but scanty means for giving them gratification; splendid visions of glory in the far-off distance, but little power to bring them within its reach; noble aspiration and glorious hopes, but little ability to attain their objects; mighty impulses for great and good achievements, but little wisdom and prudence to direct them; lofty conceptions of the attainments with which it would enrich its mind, the laurels with which it would crown its brow, and the honours with which it would mantle its shoulders, but little of that dauntless moral courage and firmness of purpose which are necessary to do battle with the ills and evils of time, and force a hard-earned victory out of the hands of life's relentless marauders. It is quick and impetuous, with little foresight; it sees every rose, but not the thorn; it is delighted with the beds of flowers about it, but knows not that the serpent is lurking below; it is in rapture with the rainbow, but dreams not that it is painted on a wreath of vapour; it has a wide-spread sail, but little ballast; a mighty force in the engine, but a pilot unused to the sea; it is rich in anticipated treasures, but poor in all that is requisite to obtain them; it is weak, while dreaming of strength; ignorant, while professing to much knowledge; pure, while unconscious that the miasmas of corruption are rising around it; innocent, confiding, and inexperienced, while not aware that smiling and deceitful tempers are lurking on every hand to lure it into the gilded walks of ruin and death. This being youth, and its beautiful but perilous situation, it appears but reasonable that every benevolent soul should endeavour to point out some of the dangers with which the young are surrounded, and suggest such courses of conduct, such principles of action, and inspirations to virtue and honour, as shall tend to render them safe, and direct their feet into the paths of peace, duty, and progress.

We are social beings, made to assist and encourage each other, as well as for mutual pleasure. If we each stood alone, apart from all others, like an isolated iceberg, and sought only our own happiness in a selfish, unamiable state of mind and course of conduct, how cheerless and forlorn would be our lives.

Little should we know of the real joys of soul, the solid bliss of life which we might possess by obedience to the dictates of our social nature. Advice, instruction, and encouragement are the best offerings of friendship to the young. And not the least of these is encouragement. With all its ambition and activity, youth is faint-hearted. It wants courage—calm, steady, moral courage—to go out in pursuit of its objects with a fearless confidence of success. Youth has energy, ambition, industry, but it lacks courage. An assurance from a valued friend, a word of cheer from a known and esteemed author, or a good-speed from the lips of experience, would be of essential service to it.

I everywhere meet with faltering youth—noble souls, but fearful. Poverty, or diffidence, or the whims of unwise friends, or some fancied defect of mind or body, keeps them from the fields they desire to occupy, and where they could be more useful and successful than anywhere else in life, because their hearts are there. They lack true bravery of soul. Or, it may be in them, but it is undeveloped. Bravery, like all other virtues, is developed by the hand of culture. The noblest bravery in the world is moral bravery, that which meets disappointment, trial, affliction, failure, misfortune, sickness, and all the varied ills of life, with a determined and vigorous composure and a stern and trained self-reliance, which enables its possessor to pursue his even course undismayed, and add to, rather than detract from, his strength.

Whoever encourages this virtue in the world, either by example or precept, does the world good. The fear that its want inspires in nearly all youths makes them often intensely miserable, subjects them to the doubt, and blackness, and torment of despondency, and all the enervation, perversion of mind, waste of time, and ultimate evils that follow. Thousands on thousands of noble-minded and generous-hearted youths are ruined, or greatly injured, by this prevailing cowardice. Scarcely any escape its scathing influence. Mere courage, determination, force of will, cheerful pursuit of known duties, or the objects of honourable desires, gladsome labour in the paths of right and usefulness, is the almost universal want among manhood, and especially among the young. Life is full of beauty, and ought to be of gladness. It has a thousand glorious joys, and as many sources of constant enjoyment. Constant cheerfulness is a duty.

A faithful, joyful pursuit of the things that will minister most to our peace, usefulness, happiness, and progress, is a moral obligation that we ought to comply with.

To encourage and enforce this duty, and strengthen its moral bearings upon the consciences of youthful readers, is the chief object of the proposed series of articles. The youth of our country have no right to be unhappy; no business to be desponding. Our institutions are designed to be the nurseries of youth, to afford it an open field and fair play for the legitimate and righteous exercise of its powers, in all the pursuits of high-minded industry. The friends of youth may, and will, encourage and advise it, through books, lectures, lessons, examples, and every known means of assistance; but depend upon it, young men and women, it is your own work, after all. Nobody else can do it for you. Fortunes are hewn out for ourselves, not made to order at a fortune shop. Characters are forged on the anvil of industry, by the well-directed strokes of the head and hand. Children are what they are made; but men and women are what they make themselves. The web of life is drawn into the loom for us; but we weave it ourselves. We throw our own shuttle and work our own treadles. The warp is given us; but the woof we make ourselves—find our own materials, and colour and figure it to our own taste.

Every man is the architect of his own house, his own temple of fame. If he builds one great, honourable, and glorious, the merit and the bliss are his. If he rears a polluted, unsightly, vice-haunted den of evil spirits, to himself the shame and misery belong. Success is the product of the sum of our years multiplied by our good actions. Life is a problem, and we solve it on the blackboard of the world. The answer we get at death, will approximate to the true one just in proportion to the correctness of our work. Every mistake, if not rectified, will carry us far from the truth. Errors in the commencement of the work are doubly dangerous, for by every succeeding step they carry us farther from the true end. Hence, we should start right in youth, that is, get a correct statement of the problem at which we must work while we live. We must not attribute our success to blind "fortune," or our failures to "bad luck." Luck and fortune are mere words without any meaning. What is called "good fortune" is the result of sound judgment supported by a stout heart and a ready hand. "Bad luck" is the reverse of this.

Says an eloquent divine, in a lecture on Idleness: "I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret of what is called *good* and *bad luck*. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck for ever ran against them and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a-fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck with his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his own business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing; by sanguine speculations; by trusting fraudulent men; and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill-luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion, creeping out of a public-house late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck in his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck; for the want of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler."

There is solid good sense in this extract, which ought to be learned by every youth. What countless thousands of old people are complaining of bad luck, in a peevish, sickly, disagreeable decline of life, which really is the legitimate result of the irregular, ill-directed, selfish, or vicious lives they have lived. Every youth should live with one eye on old age. If he should die before he gets there, it will never do him any injury. The moral principles of youth laid in store for age, will be just as valuable beyond death as they are at this side.

Whatever charms we now possess, we should retain to adorn our characters through every succeeding stage of life. It is wrong to lay off the charms of youth in old age. Age should heighten every spiritual beauty; experience should subdue and soften it.

Each year should add new adornments, but lay off none. Age should be more beautiful and happy than youth. And so it will be, if life is properly lived, if health is preserved, and the character every day beautified. A fretful, ignorant, unhappy old age is a proof of youthful errors and manhood blunders and views. It is the natural result of the life that has gone before it. If we live right, enjoyments increase with increasing virtue and wisdom.

The Matron.

NO. I.

I VERY rarely smile, and certainly I am never elated, when I read the glowing eulogiums which certain "lords of the creation" are almost continually pronouncing upon women; upon their personal charms, their matchless sensibilities, and their amazing influence. Play-writers cause their young Lotharios to exclaim, as they gaze in rapture on the objects of their admiration, or, rather, adoration,—

"Angels must paint to look as fair as you!"

Novelists describe their heroines as combining in their single persons the beauty of Venus, the dignity of Juno, the wisdom of Minerva, and the perfections of I know not how many more imaginary goddesses. And the tongues and pens of even grave theologians move with wonderful rapidity when this theme inspires them. A learned D.D., a volume of whose works is now before me, after pronouncing some very glowing eulogiums on the sex, seems ready to lay down his pen, as if despairing to do justice to his subject. "WOMEN," he says, "are the real efficient that settle the great points of human existence. They exert their influence at a number of distinct epochs. They fetter us (males) alike before and after marriage; though many of them are wise enough to silence the clanking, and to conceal the iron. They rule us in infancy—in maturity—in age. No other hand knows the tender, adroit, and proper mode of binding our brows in pain and sickness. They stand by us in the last agonies with untiring and undismayed faithfulness. They soothe our dying moments. They shed the choicest tears of memory that water our turf." "They are purer, less selfish, less destitute of true moral courage, more susceptible of kind and generous impressions, and far more so of religious feeling than men."

"Surely then, everything which concerns the education of this better-half of the species must be of intrinsic importance. If this world is ever to become a better and happier world, WOMAN, well educated, disciplined, and principled, sensible of her own influence, and wise and benevolent to exert it aright, must be the original mover in this great work."

I suppose this will be considered a piece of fine writing; as to practical utility, however, I can't say that I think it worth much. Indeed, I am almost afraid that such highflown compliments may make some women think "more highly of themselves than they ought to think." It may lead them to suppose that the ability to "fetter males," to "bind brows," to "soothe dying moments," and to "water turfs" with "choicest tears," are endowments of greater value than vigorous and well cultivated intellect, prudence in marketing, skill in training children, and dexterity in domestic duties. And yet, if they have not these latter named endowments, they may, perhaps, be fine ladies, drawing-room ornaments; but they will not be very profitable companions for humble tradesmen, nor for the large class of artizans and mechanics, who, above all others, require wives that shall be, indeed, "help meets."

I do not flatter myself that I particularly excel in the grace of humility. I have a tolerably good opinion of myself. Nevertheless, I am quite satisfied to take half the praise thus bestowed upon woman. But there is one sentence in the eulogium of the eloquent doctor which has dwelt much upon my mind; I mean that which I have marked by italics. I subscribe, with my whole soul, to the intrinsic importance of everything which concerns the education of women. Yes, of "everything;" their physical, their intellectual, their moral education; their education for useful as well as ornamental purposes. But why is not more done to promote this object? The gentlemen who write in the style of which I have given a specimen, cannot but know that there are hundreds and thousands of women who do not answer to their flowery descriptions; and as they are intelligent, observant, experienced men, I wonder that they do not more frequently give us the results in a practical and useful form. Why don't they tell women how they may become the amiable and useful creatures they have pictured them; how those who are defective in these respects may improve themselves? I don't mean improvement

as to personal appearance; that they had better leave to dame nature and to common sense, two invaluable agents in effecting that. Receipts for face powders, and dentifrices, and hair dyes, and cosmetics, I regard, for the most part, as wasted paper. Soft water and plain soap, and the constant and plentiful application of both, are worth the whole kit of them. Nor do I mean, just now, the moral improvement of women. We have an abundance of dry moral essays; bundles of sermons on "the duties of woman," more, by a great many, than women ever read. No; but I mean plain, practical, familiar directions as to all branches of domestic economy; as to dress—the training of children—good, and at the same time cheap cookery; advices as to the best way of sustaining the various relations of life, of making firesides attractive; of causing the behaviour as well as the home, to be such as shall foster and secure comfort and affection. We have sanitary boards, and associations for improving the dwellings, and bettering the condition of the poor; and, lately, we have had the Prince Consort, and dukes, and lords, and bishops, and baronets, holding conferences for the promotion of social science; and much credit is due to them for what they have said and done. But why don't some of these gentlemen, who have proved themselves so capable of writing in an entertaining, instructive, and forcible manner;—who publish such excellent books on science, art, theology, political economy, and on all theologies and omologies in the big dictionaries and cyclopedias;—why don't they, I say, bless the world with a few tracts and cheap volumes on domestic, or, if you please, woman's economy? I shouldn't wonder if some of their own households were the first to reap the benefit.

Owing to circumstances which I need not now detail, I have become pretty well acquainted with the habits, manners, and means of a large portion of the middling and humble classes of our community; and I am quite sure that, with rare exceptions, their dwellings might be more healthy and comfortable; they and their children more tidy and well behaved; their daily meals more savoury and nourishing; and their firesides, their homes, far more attractive, more truly deserving the name of "sweet homes," than at present. And all this not only without any additional expense, but even at a less cost than the present imperfect and, comparatively, comfortless system. Oh, how often, after visiting certain families, have I sat and wished, and wished again, that I was qualified to be such an educator! How have I wished that my early training had been such as would have fitted me for usefulness to numerous females I see rising around me! But

"Wishing, of all employments, is the worst."

And then the thought has occurred, "Cannot you do something?" And then a voice seemed to whisper in my ears, "Do what you can, and do it without delay." Then came the questions, "How?" "By what means?" and "In what field?" I cannot afford to publish books; I could not muster courage to stand up on a platform, as some women in America, and in some parts of England, do. Then I recollected the profit I had derived, a few years ago, from reading the pages of John Cassell's celebrated work, "The Working Man's Friend," and how many a female writer had employed herself usefully through that medium. Then I thought of the same gentleman's ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, which is, surely, a suitable medium for such communications; and though I am no scholar, and am conscious that I possess but very moderate talents, yet, having had considerable experience, having reared a large family—some members of which, now comfortably settled, are pleased to say that they have profited by my advice—and having made pretty good use of my eyes for many years, I do fancy it possible for me to tender a few useful hints to some that are younger and less experienced than myself.

In addressing myself to females, I shall

"Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

And if I occasionally point out what I consider to be erroneous in principle, or injurious in practice—anything that I think stands in the way of physical health, of intellectual vigour, of domestic comfort, of moral worth, or, in one word, of female excellence—I shall, I hope, write so as not to offend any, and to render service to all. Somebody, writing on behalf of women, says,

"Be to their virtues very kind.
And to their faults a little blind."

I promise to take the advice given in the first line, in all its plenitude of meaning; though I cannot promise always to abide by that in the second. As there are degrees in faults, there may be degrees in the blindness indulged in reference to them; and, as to reproving faults, a wise king said, "faithful are the wounds of a friend;" and he speaks of reproof, when

administered by such a one, as "an excellent oil, that will not break the head." I am pretty sure that I shall break no heads. I only hope I may guide many minds.

One thing I wish to premise respecting my papers. They must not be looked at as literary compositions. They will be humble efforts to do good to some who may not have had the advantages with which I have been favoured. They will be founded on what has passed, or is passing, under my own observation. They may sometimes betray the garrulousness of an elderly matron (though I hate gossip), but their tone will be practical, and their aim will be to do a little good to some of the young women into whose hands the ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER will be sure to fall. Should any of these be in circumstances in which friendly advice is desirable, their communications will receive respectful attention.

THE SWORD AND BIBLE.

A CRY comes o'er the distant sea,
From England's outraged, tortured ones—
Shrieks of her daughters' agony,
Her martyred babes, her slaughtered sons.
Men stand appalled and hear the tale,
With quivering lips and pale brow;
From English hearts rings sorrow's wail,
For English homes are desert now.

Weep not! tears cannot bring relief.
Rise, England, in thine ancient might!
Deeds, not words, must speak thy grief;
Send forth thy legions to the fight.
Call from the anvil and the plough,
City and field, thy hardy race;
It is no time for dreaming now,
If thou wouldst hold thy well-won place.

Accept no aid from friends who mock—
Whose pity veils a jealous sneer;
Alone, thy strength can brave the shock—
England hath but herself to fear;
Her statesmen, bound by pedant rules
And precedents, sometimes delay;
Her office owls—blind Wisdom's fools—
Who dream a nation's power away.

Prate not of gold—of Delhi's sack;
Can India's rifled gems atone
For India's shame—for deeds that lack
The fitting term to make them known
Deeds that men mutter in their sleep,
But waking find no voice to tell;
Deeds for which sorrowing angels weep,
And the doom'd city justly fell?

Prate not of mercy till the sword
Hath punished first the Sepoy's crime,
Scattered each vile assassin horde:
Justice, like mercy, hath its time.
Atone for each outraged one,
Each form unhallowed arms have prest;
When England's Sword its work hath done,
Let England's Bible do the rest.

JOHN FREDERICK SMITH.

THE FIRE-ESCAPE MAN AND HIS DOG.

THE world has many a hero that it knows very little about, and as peace has its victories as well as war, so there is much heroism and chivalry that never heads a charge, or leads a forlorn hope, or is gazetted for its able service.

The accompanying portrait is that of a hero—nay, we have two heroes in the picture—a man who, in his capacity as fire-escape conductor, has saved no less than seventy-two human lives, with the help of "Bill," that sagacious dog of his, whose vigilance and energy have elicited, many a time, the most genuine applause.

Samuel Wood, No. 11, in the service of the Royal Society for the Preservation of Life from Fire, has rendered the most efficient aid at many disastrous fires, and for intrepid courage and cool determination is not surpassed in the force. He is a fine athletic fellow, as intelligent as he is daring, which is saying much in his praise. All kinds of rewards have been given him, and his exertions in Whitechapel have been so highly appreciated, that the inhabitants have given him £20, a Bible, and a silver watch, and the society has presented him with testimonials and pecuniary rewards, sixteen in all, marking its sense of his worth and excellence.

Wood is not a boastful man, and we are afraid does not do himself full justice in recounting his exploits. There is a becoming modesty about him, but he cannot help owning that he did save ten people one night up in Colchester-street, and five another night in the same street, and four in Somerset-street, and three others in the Whitechapel-road, and seven women and two children in Ticehurst-street, and two people in Little Halsey-street, and five more in the Whitechapel-road again, four more another time in the same place, and three more on another occasion, and four in Backchurch-lane, and two another time, and six another time. But then Wood owns all this



WOOD, THE FIRE-ESCAPE MAN, AND HIS DOG BILL. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

as a man who feels that he has only done just what he had to do. He mentions that he does not stay to think, but goes right a-head when an escape has to be effected; that he pulls his helmet over his eyes, and calls out as soon as he enters. He feels interested in the work, and likes it, and considers that the society and the public generally have done handsomely by him. As to Bill, he regards him evidently in the light of a friend, he had him when he was a

pup from a poor fellow who died in the service, and he and his "Bill" have been on excellent terms ever since.

The fire-escape man's dog takes after his master in courage and perseverance. He is of the terrier breed, six years old. An alarm of fire calls forth all his energy. He is the first to know that something is wrong—the first to exert himself in setting it right. He has not been trained to the

work—"it is a gift," as his master says; and if we all used our gifts as efficiently as the dog Bill, it would be the better for us. On an alarm of fire Bill barks his loudest, dashes about in a frantic manner, till his master and the escape are on their way to it. He of course is there first, giving the police and the crowd to understand that Wood and his fire-escape are coming. When the escape is fixed, and Wood begins to ascend the ladder, Bill runs up the

canvas; as soon as a window is opened Bill leaps in and dashes about to find the occupants, loudly barking for assistance as soon as he has accomplished his errand of mercy. His watchfulness and sagacity are never at fault, although on more than one occasion

"I am the fire-escape man's dog, my name is Bill
When 'fire' is called I am never still.
I bark for my master, all danger brave,
To bring the escape—human life to save."

Collared or collarless, Bill is always ready to lend a

chapel. The engraving will be accompanied with a full account of the various exploits of this remarkable and courageous man, together with an interesting description of that ingenious and useful contrivance for preserving life—the Fire Escape.



ÆSOP IN SEARCH OF A MAN.

he has stood a fair chance of losing his life, and has sustained very severe injury. Not long ago a collar was presented to Bill as a reward for his services; unfortunately for him he has since lost this token of public regard—a misfortune much to be regretted. The following verse was engraved on the collar.—

helping bark. May his life be long and his services properly esteemed!

In our next week's number we shall publish a graphic illustration, from a drawing by Gilbert, engraved by Pearson, of the scene in which Wood, the fireman, saved the lives of five persons in White-

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—A MAN!

PHÆDRUS, the Fabulist, tells us how the genial cripple Æsop was one day seen walking basily to and fro through the public market-place at Athens, evidently searching for some one among the passers-

by. The hunchback turned his clever, piercing eyes, with an inquiring leer, upon the various groups of chaffering, bustling citizens, and frequently he would shake his head with a humorous look of disappointment. He was evidently anxious that the object of his search should not escape him—for, though the mid-day sun was blazing in the sky, the cunning little man carried in his hand a lighted lantern, whose tiny flame flickered powerlessly beneath the glaring eye of the god of day. And thus, with exaggerated action and comic leer, right through the Athenian market-place went little *Æsop*.

"Hullo, friend, what seek you," asked a laughing citizen, "that you light your lantern at noon?" "I seek A MAN!" cried the hunchback, and the questioner was answered.

Jean Luyken, the Dutch painter and engraver, has taken this scene as the subject of one of his most successful works. He shows us the cripple, lantern in hand, as he passes through the market; and to bring the whole idea more completely before each spectator's mind, the figures standing or crouching around have been portrayed with the heads of brutes, with the low natural expression of each brought out in a masterly manner. There is the ox, with his heavy, brutish look; and beside him the tiger, with his low, retreating forehead, his baleful eye, and cruel mouth—they are to be seen over and over again, both these worthies, in the gin palace, in the prison, and at the hulks. Then there is the ass, with his look of grave, complacent stupidity; and the pig, too, with his cunning, selfish eye—these two have been found in high places of trust and emolument ere now, or report is a very liar. Then in the right fore-ground, what a goodly group they make, the quarrelsome turkey-cock, the low sensual-looking goat, the acute cat, with the perceptive organs developed, and the moral ones wanting (we fancy we've seen him about the law courts before now, with a black gown on), the ferocious lion, in the back-ground the hideous ape. Small chance had *Æsop* of ever finding his man among the company assembled. But from the fore-ground of the picture, with *evil* in all its low and bestial forms, we may turn to the back-ground and behold the mighty remedy. There, with uplifted finger, and glory-circled head, walks a gracious and a holy presence, teaching, counselling, exhorting—turning the soul of each hearer from the debasing influences of the natural man to the high and exalted calling of the spiritual, from the fetters of the earth to the freedom of heaven. They hear the gracious words and are comforted; they gaze on the benign face and rejoice; and with the uplifting of each heart from idolatry to truth comes the change from the bestial to the human countenance—from the brute being to the man.

But does this apply at all to the present day? *Æsop* lived so long ago. Things are changed now; and surely in the middle of this great, refined, civilised nineteenth century, there can be no difficulty in finding such a thing as a good, dependable, honest man. Why, there is respectability on every side of us—wealth hangs out his golden sign on every hand. Why, we never were in such a prosperous condition—all the papers tell us so, and all the guide books will tell you that London is the great, wealthy, magnificent metropolis of the world.

Light up the farthing candle in your lantern, oh shade of *Æsop*! and walk abroad with me through London streets. Let us go to and fro diligently, as you did in Athens in days of yore; and haply we may find more men than you could discover of old in Athens.

Let us hail the omnibus. It will take us for fourpence into the heart of the great, roaring, bustling city. Inconvenient, isn't it? and rather narrow and uncomfortable, particularly for the legs; but we get on quickly, and the ride is cheap, moreover. Among the great company of the owners, you think, *Æsop*, we shall find our man. Well, but, you see, when the great company were buying up the clumsy caravans some time ago, they made a great fuss, and promised that we should have new vehicles, and plenty of room, and light, and air, and ride happy ever afterwards; but except in a few instances, we have been stifled, and cramped, and had our tempers spoiled, and our corns crushed just as much after the vaunted purchase as before; and so—yes, *Æsop*, you are right, we will go on.

Let us walk through the best streets, and go in for our honest man among the great commercial establishments, the magnitude of whose transactions attests their respectability. But turn away your head, *Æsop*, and never look at the great house opposite, for it was the headquarters of the great bank—the scene of the most gigantic, boastful, beggarly swindle London has witnessed for years. The place opened with a lie, continued its career in recklessness

and dishonesty, and ended in due course with an exposure at the Bankruptcy Court, such as that institution had never before witnessed. I would rather not, if you please, tell you the names of the gentlemen whose names and good faith were pledged to this bank, but I know that some of our legislators were among them, and that some of the directors were known as first-rate business men; but they were not your men, *Æsop*; you never lit your lantern in hopes of finding them.

Still, as in the days of yore, the cry is for a man, an honest man; and whenever we are in doubt and in difficulty it is raised again. The Russian war, when our heroic men were starving, with plenty within a few miles of them padlocked by routine—the wail of the widowed and the fatherless rendered destitute by the failure of those fraudulent bankers—the lying advertisements vouched for by respectable names, and parading dividends which are not earned, and profits paid out of capital—the reckless extravagance of men in office—the military nepotism that takes care of "Dowb" to the exclusion of sterling untitled merit; these and a thousand other grievances seem to lift up their voices and cry aloud for a man—an honest man—to come and remedy them. No man will get up and deny that this want is felt more and more imperatively every day; that there are Sadliers, Redpaths, and Robsons amongst us; that the fluctuations in railway stock are such as could only be brought about by underhand dealing and cooking of accounts. Why, look at the panic in America which rages at this moment, and has spread its baneful influence over our own trade and commercial prospects; the origin of this great panic was to be found in the wholesale swindling practised by railway directors and railway managers, else how could shares quoted at 76 in June, have sunk to 15 before the end of October? How could those of the Michigan Railway have been worth 88 in January and 15 in October? Show us the authority, O men of business, that empowers you to pay 10 per cent. dividend out of shareholders' paid-up capital, or worse still, out of capital borrowed by yourselves after all that paid-up capital has been lost. Unless you can do so, be assured the cry will not cease for an honest man, until that man be found!

Where shall we seek our man—for find him we must—our honest, genuine, helpful man?

Among those who penetrate into the dens of iniquity and the strongholds of vice, to snatch the victims as brands from the burning—among such men as Wright of Manchester, Montstephen of the ragged-schools, Driver of the ragged factory, and scores of other workers in similar causes. Men who, having to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, but still have time and energy to spare to succour the weak and sustain the erring, to heal the broken-hearted and to preach deliverance from sin and sorrow to their poor and suffering brethren. The men we want are those upon whom has been reflected the image of Him who scorned not to dwell among the transgressors—whose whole life was as a sermon, of which "love one another" was the text—who, with his own august mouth hath proclaimed that there is joy in heaven over each repentant sinner.

Such are the men we want, and such men, we are thankful to say, are living and labouring among us day by day.

LATSON.

BY
FELIX STOWE.

CHAPTER I.

ON WHICH A GREAT DEAL DEPENDS.

OUR story begins, as most stories finish, with a marriage. Old Jeremiah Crutchway was the sexton of St. Crispin's church, in the city of London, a few years back.

He was just going to bed, on a certain night in the month of April, 18—, when he was rapped up by a fashionable-looking person, who presented to him at the door what seemed a note from the rector of the parish.

After reading it, old Jerry nodded his head, and nodded so vehemently, that the glowing end of his nose—a nose that became more and more out of drawing every day—bobbed up and down with a very ludicrous effect.

"All right, sir—to-morrow at eight, precisely."

By nine a.m. the next morning, it was all over; and, the doors being shut, the blue nose was beginning to bob, as usual, in the bar of "The Chequers," two streets off the church. A friend of the fashionable person had performed the ceremony, one other friend had witnessed it. But nothing could have been more private, unless it had been a funeral by night.

Which it should have been, and the bride should have been the corpse; and oftentimes she wished it had been so, and bitterly she wept while wishing. Why?

Because three months from that happy day, when the steamer landed the bridal couple from a dreamy tour in Switzerland and the Tyrol, the fashionable person had one evening laughed in her face when she called him husband, and thus renounced the bond—

"Whatever may be the case in Scotland, I believe that the law of the land in this country, my excellent wife, does not provide that medical students, in the robes of clergymen, can join people together in holy matrimony. I'm afraid there's been a little mistake. If any young gentleman should desire it, my love, you could repeat that Wednesday business without bigamy. Good-bye, for the present!"

Did the girl follow him, as he left the hotel, or shriek, or give an alarm, or cry "robbers?"

Ask if she could have done it had she been the body, in the funeral by night; for there she sat, as still and white as that body would have done. And it was an hour before she moved one inch from where he left her. No murderer—(we mean no other murderer)—ever left his victim less equal to pursuit or to revenge!

CHAPTER II.

JOYCE.

SHE had borne it—a long, long while—had poor Joyce Claymore. A few months ago, it was quite a new thing to Joyce not to hear kind voices, and to see pleasant faces. But those few months seemed to her, a long, long while; for she had not had anything gentler than a curse, nor anything brighter than a scowl, since last February, and now it is December.

Joyce had been well off once. Her father and mother were as happy, and comely, and prosperous a pair as any in Arland, down in Shropshire. Till one day, when everybody else was failing in business, because of a railway mania or a number of large firms "coming down," as they called it, of course her father failed. And Joyce had said to him one evening, as he sat and brooded between his wife and daughter—"You'll come and see me, father, some day, in London, won't you? and if mother comes, all the better. But come, cheer up, for the last night, do, dear father."

And she went, and sat herself on his knee, and put her pretty fingers (a habit of hers), between his neck and his loose black stock.

"London, my lass! Last night!" cried old Claymore, drawing himself away from her; "what does the child mean? Must the heart break in the old man, because everything else is breaking? Eh? what do'st mean, Joyce?"

And so the good girl told him all about it. How that she had quietly put an advertisement in the county paper, the very day she knew of their losses, and had been engaged, for a whole week past, to go to-morrow, to be lady's-maid, in such and such a square, all the way off in London.

Now, this and other talk in the old house at home (which talk, I take leave to say, it would have done the angels no harm to hear, and, for that matter, I believe they did hear it, and marked it down too—this talk) had taken place a year or two before the time when our story begins. And I only mentioned it here, because as Joyce was sitting, in that little wretched lodging, from which she was to be turned out to-morrow, for four months' rent, all that sad scene down in Shropshire came up, like one of the dissolving views on the white wall. And it did dissolve; for her hot tears mixed it all up for a moment, and it was gone, and instead of it, she saw—

Well, whatever it was, it made her weep faster and faster, and the tiny little babe she was nursing, fast asleep as it was, never knew any other baptism than those tears.

We do not say that the gentleman who left the hotel as we have described, never returned; for he did, again and again. But at last, the bill was paid, and Joyce was advised to seek cheaper accommodation, accommodation to which the fashionable person never followed her.

You can guess whose that baby was, and you will not be far wrong if you suppose that she had never seen its father since its birth. They were not happy meetings, as you may imagine, since the horrible disclosure had been made—the disclosure that a trick had beguiled her from her comfortable home in the square, and made her what she was; for, without a trick, hard as he tried, the fashionable person would never have decoyed her away.

And now, as we look at her on this December night, there is a terribly suspicious mark on her pale thin cheek; and when the tears come to it, that mark

stops them for a moment, and they separate and run along it, and come down upon the baby in smaller, slower drops. And there is another gash inside upon her heart, which you do not see, and a gash, which feels to poor Joyce as if it sent the blood, as the other does the tears, the wrong way.

Should she go home? She had never told them, either of her love or of her marriage. He had made her promise not to tell, and now, to go home, after what he had told her (though, even now, she only half believed he had betrayed her), would be, she knew, to break those two old hearts at once, as her own was broken. She couldn't go; at least not yet.

She had called her child's father Hugh; but she, poor girl, didn't know (or it would all never have happened) that his name was the Honourable Colonel Hugh Latson. It suited his convenience (good man!) not to let out the "Honourable" in his title any more fully than he let it out in his conduct.

Well, she had neither seen nor heard a word of him for those many months. She had arrears in the little general provision shop, arrears with the kind doctor, and arrears with the unkind landlady, who, beside turning her from the door to-morrow, had found out, as she remarked, "what she was, and treated her accordingly." Poor girl! this is evening when we renew our acquaintance with her; and, excepting a roll which the baker's boy had left for "the lodger with the little un," as he called her, she had tasted nothing all day long.

You must not, from what follows, think for a moment that all at once it seemed possible to Joyce that she could ever part with that little treasure on her lap. She took it with her, wrapped up close in the only shawl she had spared from the pawnbroker, when, next day, the virtuous landlady shut the door upon her, telling her to go farther and fare better, for she wouldn't have "such like folk no longer." She had that baby with her, when she wandered out, far and wide, for many a weary day; and she clasped it very close, when she slept, through many a night, under arches, and down against workhouse-doors, when they refused to take her in. That little treasure, wheezing in the cold, wet, wintry air, was the only tie that held her on the bridge, where many a time she looked over into the dark, dull water, and longed to leap and be at rest.

One evening, a Sunday evening, a church door stood open—the same church; and she slipped into the porch, when the pew-opener's back was turned; and the drizzling rain was coming down, freezing as it fell; and Joyce thought of the old Sundays in the old church at home. She crept against the inner entrance, just when the minister was taking his text, and she caught the words, "*And the water was spent in the bottle, and Hagar cast the child under one of the shrubs. And she went and sat her down over against him a good way off, as it were a bowshot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lift up her voice, and wept.*"

This was a new thought to the young mother. Joyce had been feeling for many a day that she could bear to lay herself down and die all alone, and turn her last thought on her infant's father. But it was a different thing to see that little thin shadow in her arms fading from her, hour by hour, its large, brown eyes turning nowhere but up into its mother's face, and every new convulsion drawing its little hands tighter round her fingers. Joyce felt like Hagar.

No one was in the streets. Across the way there was an alley, and in the alley an archway on one side, the edge of which commanded a view of the church. Oh! ye happy mothers! who lay your little ones every night in their warm cribs, and feel how secure they are, and how precious will be their awakening, and how to-morrow's embrace will recall the first moment of motherhood, sometimes think, not of Joyce Claymore, but of many another Joyce, in this great city, to whom a mother's love is turned to madness!

Quick as lightning, when the porch, the street, the alley all were empty, Joyce laid down her child against the door, and shot off across the road into the hiding-place, "*over against him, as it were a bowshot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child!*"

Sleeping between the fits, lay that little symbol of a world of mingled bliss, and wrong, and wretchedness, wrapped in its mother's warmest raiment, seen only by her and by another Parent, who had seen Ishmael, ages and ages back, under the shrub, and Moses "*among the flags by the river's brink.*"

CHAPTER III. JUSTICE'S JUSTICE.

It will, no doubt, encourage the reader if we tell him that there was more stern, staunch virtue in the world beside hers who turned Joyce Claymore from the "three-pair back;" and that it was making a field-day, was that virtue, at that very time.

We have moved off now, down into a beautiful spot in Wiltshire, where there is a gentleman's seat, in the midst of a gentleman's park, surrounded by a gentleman's tenantry, and inhabited by a perfect, unexceptionable gentleman. He is not old, for he has just come of age; he is not gouty, for there never was such a delicate little boot upon any foot but a girl's; he is not ugly, if he were, the balls for twenty miles round Latson Towers (the name of his house) would have seen it, and fallen through. His father and mother are dead; and the young man is now in possession of an estate, the value of which does not matter, so long as you understand it to have been very large, very secure, and never to have been defiled (as its owner would have thought and said of it) either with iron or cotton. No doubt it came into the family "with the Conqueror," as everything old certainly came with him; and all we should like to have lived in the time of the Conqueror for, is to have seen the number of gentlemen who really *did* come over with him, and all their portmanteaus and carpet-bags. For we quite believe, that if one-tenth part of either men or baggage that we hear of across dinner-tables and in newspaper obituaries, really did "come over with the Conqueror," the departure of Israel out of Egypt, the armies of Alexander and of Napoleon, must have been a joke to that celebrated expedition.

Hugh Latson was the second son of the late Viscount Latson, and was already a colonel of militia, and a Justice of the Peace for the county: the bulk of his property, however, reaching him through his mother. It was in the exercise of the functions of this last dignity that the young gentleman especially rejoiced and gloried, and at the very moment when that poor girl was advised to "go farther and fare better," the Hon. Col. Hugh Latson took his seat on the Bench.

"There's only one case to-day, your worship," said the clerk.

"What is it, Mr. Glint?"

"Why, it won't take long, sir. It's a case from the Union, where a young woman turns very rom-bustious, because she accidentally meets with an old acquaintance, as she says; and the master charges her with making a disturbance, while the man charges her with an assault."

"Oh!" says the magistrate. "Absence makes the heart, &c. Put her up."

And there stepped up to the bar, dressed in work-house clothes, a girl, who, in manner, in beauty, and everything but dialect and clothing, would have graced any drawing-room, or any carriage in the land. No sooner, however, did she catch a view of the male pauper than she put down her face between her hands, and rested her elbows on the cross-bar, and sobbed out, as it seemed, her very soul in wretchedness.

"Come, come!" said Latson; "that's very well meant. But what have you to say?" (he asked, after hearing the governor and the man) "to creating a disturbance in the Workhouse? How do you defend the assault upon this man?"

Immediately she started, as if a serpent had stung her, but never ceased weeping and sobbing, and cried out—

"Assault him! Did I assault ye, Dan? Does he say *assault*? I'd crush the first butterfly that dared to light on him! Why, ask him, and he'll tell ye, I only took him by the hand and asked him whether he'd forgotten his old Cicely; and no wonder if I didn't let him go directly he wanted; for I hadn't seen him, your worship, this five years. And when he left me, I had—"

And here she buried her face again; and it was a long time before the court could make out that the man had left her with an infant three weeks old, of which he ought to have been, with her, joint guardian.

"Is this true?" asked the justice, turning to Dan.

"Never see her before in all my life, sir!"

(Our readers must put the poor girl's language into the Wiltshire vernacular for themselves, for there are sounds in that brogue which defy type.)

"What!" sobbed poor Cicely; "have ye forgotten this, Dan?" (and here she tore from her bosom a round piece of card-board, in a plain, black frame, bearing a portrait, rough, but sufficiently exact, of the faithless Dan.) "Oh! Dan; I wonder that poor little Cicely doesn't rise from her grave, and tell the gentleman whether you speak the truth or not. But, please sir," she gasped out, "don't trouble any more about me. Send me to prison, sir, if I've done wrong, or anywhere else; for now that Dan's come back after five years, and doesn't know me, it won't matter much where I am! Oh! my poor Cicely. Oh! cruel, cruel Dan!"

And even Mr. Glint, the clerk, found himself sud-

denly coughing, and raised up the lid of his desk, and diligently looked for something inside all to himself. Dan, too, scratched his head, and looked as if he half regretted his appearance in this new character.

Not so the justice, who had not condescended to ask to look at the portrait, which would have settled the question. He thus delivered himself:—

"A pretty world, indeed, this would be for everybody, if we were all to have this kind of thing done to us. And, when we've been away five years, women might run up and claim acquaintance with us, when we came back, and say they buried some children of ours! It's quite clear to me that you're a very excitable person, and have no control over your feelings. And as you've made a disturbance in the Union Workhouse, and annoyed this man, you must go to the House of Correction for seven days; and when you come out, you must enter into your own recognizances that you won't trouble him any more."

Dan looked amazed, and seemed as if he would have spoken; but it was too late.

She said nothing as she walked from the bar; but, with a countenance as white as death, and as full of agony as ever spoke in human face, she went up to the man, and held out the portrait to him with such determination, and a manner so suddenly altered, that he couldn't choose but take it. He actually did take it, and she then staggered away, her bubble bliss bursting at last, and the care and woe of the five last years being perfect.

That night Joyce Claymore slept, for the first time, in the streets, and Cicely, for the first time, in a prison. But slumbers were never sweeter, or less disturbed, than those of the Hon. Col. Hugh Latson.

CHAPTER IV.

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

WHILE the magistrate was down among the part-ridges at Latson Towers, cracking jokes, first about one of his prisoners, and then about one of his victims (and there was not very much difference between the two classes, excepting that he sent away his victims to seek their misery for themselves, but furnished his prisoners with theirs at his own, or the country's cost nearer home); and while Joyce Claymore was passing her days in concealment, and her nights in the street (that infant, her amulet against insult or suspicion); and while poor Cicely was asking God, in His mercy, soon to lay her down, if He pleased, beside her little girl, and out of its father's road—while all this was going on, an old woman, in very feeble health, and plenty of poverty, was sipping her private cup of trouble in the room where her daughter was a dress-maker. They had but one apartment, and they shared it together. It was in a back City street, in London.

Mrs. Wofield had buried her husband many years ago, and since his death Ruth had been all in all to her, and was so still. Ruth's figure was what fifteen years' of dressmaking were likely to make it. You thought that if you looked steadily you could almost see through it. Her cheeks were of the proper paleness, and her fingers as long, and thin, and hard at the ends, as the fine ladies whom she clothed could possibly have desired, when they asked for the work of a month to be sent home by Ruth's employers in a week. She was not pretty, but she was gentle, quiet, loving, good. In fact she lived her name, and was Ruth in everything. So that if Boaz could have seen her sometimes, when she had dropped asleep over her work, and when she woke up worse than ever for only yielding to the temptation, I am sure he would not only have said, "Let her glean among the sheaves," but he would have gleaned for her himself, and made her bread for her too, with his own hands.

Well, it was Saturday night. Three dresses had not yet gone to the shop, and it was past ten o'clock. Ruth and her mother were sitting and stitching, as hard as they could, together.

"What's the day of the month?" asked Ruth, who often lost count, and no wonder, for she may almost be said to have had two days for other people's one, and to have required an almanack nearly double the ordinary length. "What's the day of the month?"

"Why, child!" said her mother, "I never did this in all my life before!"

"Did what, mother?"

"Why, come to the eve of your poor father's birthday without remembering it! To-morrow's his birthday,—to be sure,—the 24th of December! Oh, Ruth! do ye think he sees us now, love?"

"I hope not," said Ruth.

"Ruth! Ruth!" said her mother, as if reproachfully.

"No, no," pursued the daughter; "I don't mean for any one's sake but his. For what happiness, dear

mother, could father set by seeing us now?—you so old, and I so young, and yet both of us, I think, about equally near the end. Would it make father happier? If it would, I'm sure I hope he does see us." And Ruth coughed that hollow cough, which was so certain to come on in winter evenings, when the fire was gone out, and no money being in the house, there could be no coals till all the work went home,—perhaps not then.

The old woman tottered across the room, with her sewing flung over her arm, and took down an old Bible, and brought it and put it between herself and her daughter, and read these words,—*"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."*

"Child!" she added, "it'll do him no harm to see us, and it does me good to hope we're not so far off from him."

"Bless you, dearest mother—bless you! we shall soon be nearer still."

"Well, but, girl, what do ye say to go to-morrow, as it's his birthday, and the day before Christmas-day, what do ye say to go, for this once, to Fulham, and see his dear grave—eh, Ruth? It'll put a bit of colour on those white cheeks. Will ye go, my dear?"

"Not to-morrow, mother," replied the daughter, "for I promised to take Betsy Lewis's place at church. She's not fit, poor thing, for that draughty pew-opening this weather, and now she's quite laid by."

"And you're really going, with that cough of yours, to stand in the porch, and slob about there, when you're more fit to be in bed? Oh, child, child—ye may well say we are all 'near the end,' if that's how ye go making your grave, to keep other people out."

"Mother! hush!" answered Ruth: "Betsy nursed poor father, and to be kind to her on his birthday, depend on it, will do none of us any harm, and will please him, too, if he sees it."

And this was the way in which it came to pass that, on that same Sunday evening, Ruth Wofield was the pew-opener at that city church hard by.

Her mother sat that evening in the last free seat against the door, and they both heard, side by side, the sermon about Hagar and Ishmael; that sermon of which Joyce Claymore only heard the text.

If Joyce had stopped a little longer, she might have heard what would have given her more comfort than the simple text had done. She would have known, as these two other sufferers learned, that miracles were not now to be expected, and that we must not leave our Ishmaels to the angels, but commit them to Providence, in our own arms, where God is more likely to care for them than if we exposed them under any bush.

Joyce heard the text, and deserted her babe; Ruth and her mother, from that same text, heard words of sweetest comfort, and felt fit to bear any troubles that might come. So may a little knowledge, even of the wisest of books, be, in bad hands, a dangerous thing.

Just as the preacher was saying "The peace of God which passeth all understanding," Ruth slipped out into the porch, and saw, in the glare of the gas-light, poor little Hugh just beginning to feel the difference between cold stone and his mother's knee. And how could Ruth help thinking of the angel, and of herself as doing an angel's work, when, after the congregation had all dropped out, one by one, and no one claimed the foundling, that poor girl carried the little bundle to her own poor room, and laid it down for the night on her own poor bed!

The night was pitch dark when the door of Ruth's house was closed upon them; Ruth carrying the little mummy-shaped bundle, and her astonished and bewildered mother toddling after her.

But not so dark as to be concealed from one spectator, who had kept them in view, at a proper distance, all the way from the church.

Joyce marked the house, and noted the little dirty plate on the door. She then crossed, Hagar-like again, to a distance from her child; and on the other side of the road, and round a corner, as before, she knelt down behind a high old-fashioned flight of steps, and with her fingers among her wild, matted, straggling hair, she sent up one ghastly, yet holy, look, through the deep, black night, straight into heaven!

Yet Joyce could not pray.

Not pray! Indeed she did; for that look was a prayer, and something like this was the translation of that look, as He heard it who gave to mothers the mother's love:—

"O Jesus! remember what night this is, and then pity me! To-morrow will be Thy blessed birthday—do not forget where thy mother laid Thee!

Bless my darling child!—make them kind to it! May these women do better by little Hugh than his father will—than his mother can! O God! bless his father! Never let him know what his poor Joyce is to-night, and how she loves him!"

And then, for the first time that night, after this jumble of sad, sacred thoughts, Joyce found relief. For while the freezing fingers wandered to her burning forehead, and held it tight, as if lest it should burst, as her heart long since had done, the big tears fell on the dirty pavement, and mingled with the plashing rain.

And then that look of agony went on to say—

"Bless, too, O Lord! my dear old father and mother, if I still have any. Let them forget me; and soon let me forget everything, and go and rest with Thee, blessed Jesus!"

And she was just sinking her head upon her breast, after that look of prayer—(the action meaning quite plainly in heaven, *Amen*.)—when some one who had approached her without noise, having on neither shoes nor stockings, ran full tilt against poor Joyce, and knocked her down, in his half drunken swagger, where she knelt.

"Drat ye!" cried the fellow; "what are ye doing there? A praying to the door-steps? P'raps you've got some brats to fix on some of us, have ye? Oh, yes! I dare say ye can show us a bit of a portrait, can't ye? and say we guv it, ye can't ye? In course! I say, get up there, won't ye? or I'll put ye where my other wench went to, or somewhere like it. Darn ye! I will!"

And so Cicely and Joyce became, though they knew it not, sisters in their deep, deep wretchedness; because Dan and the Honourable Hugh (aye, put them together, and put the better man first!) became partners in the science of torture. The beggar had the honour of trampling just where the justice had trampled; but the magistrate trod out the life of a gentle heart—the released pauper struck only a fair brow against the stone, and drew nothing but mere blood.

Let it, moreover, be mentioned, to the credit of the latter (who had just been trudging it all the way out of Wiltshire), that this was not exactly the kind of ruffianism he affected or gloried in. So, on second thoughts, he lifted Joyce up from the ground, and held her under the nearest gaslight, to assure himself that not much was the matter. It was only a stun and a skin-wound.

"Well," cried Dan, "thank your lucky star it's no worse. But what, in the name of goodness gracious, was ye doing agen them steps? And where are yer a-going to at this time of night?"

"Pray, pray," cried Joyce, "let me go! I'm better now, and I only felt a little faint, and rested against the steps. You didn't mean it, I know."

"Now," said the man, "if you've no respectable place to go to, such a night as this, I think I can put ye up to a good thing."

For Dan was a true Londoner, and had only made a settlement (as the Poor Law called it) down in Wiltshire, and had met with Cicely there.

"What do you mean?" asked Joyce, who remembered now, for the first moment, that she had nowhere to lay her head that night.

"Why, ye see," said the man, who was really sorry, as the poor girl was wiping off little drops of blood from her forehead, and making red spots all over the miserable rag she carried in her hand; "ye see, I know a bit of a crib, where you'd be quite safe, if you're what I take ye to be, not much given to be out o' nights, and want to live respectable like."

Joyce didn't quite know what to make of this proposal (though it was made with really kind intentions) but she continued walking on beside the man, in that pelting rain, and on that dark December night; now and then looking behind her, as if she could not turn her back for long together on the new home of her baby boy; or as if she thought a little, thin, white form was following her in the gleams of the gaslight, and upbraiding her with leaving him.

"I've come a long way since last Sunday," said Dan, as they slouched through the deserted streets, followed by the suspicious looks of every policeman, till he saw them safe into another beat.

"Where from?" asked the girl.

"Down away in Wiltshire."

"Wiltshire!" repeated Joyce. Some vague recognition of the word, as if she had heard something of it before, made her say it with a start and a stare.

"Aye," said Dan; "and to tell ye the truth, though ye're not a bit like her, ye really put me in mind of a pretty bothering job I had down there, when I see ye so takin' on in the dirt agen that house."

"What was that?" Joyce asked.

And in his own way, and seasoned with his own lies, Dan told the story of the justice-room.

"Aye," said Dan, "and a regular trump that young beak was, I can tell ye. If that wench's brat had been mine, and she'd ha' lived, I'd ha' called her Latson, for his sake; hang me if I wouldn't."

"Latson!" almost shrieked poor Joyce; "Latson!" "Wiltshire! Why, do you say there is a Mr. Latson, a magistrate, down in Wiltshire! a magistrate!" and the girl placed herself right in front of her companion, and dashed her two hands upon his shoulders before he knew what she was about.

"Aha!" she laughed—(not a good laugh to listen to)—"some namesake, no doubt! But, but—" and here she released Dan's shoulders, much to his satisfaction, and said in a calmer, hollow voice,—"*"but do ye think ye could tell me where Hugh Latson is? Do ye think he's any relation to one Hugh Latson? Eh! Speak! speak!"*

"No," said Dan, with provoking calmness, "no relation whatsoever, for he's Hugh Latson himself. Would ye like to see his writing?"

And while the poor girl, half beside herself with mingled hope, and love, and sorrow, was pushing back her hair from her white gaunt cheeks, as one suddenly woke up from a horrid dream, the man pulled out a dirty piece of paper (something connected with the trial or committal of poor Cicely), and holding it up to the first lamp, showed her, plainly enough, the full signature of the worthy magistrate.

Joyce would have covered that writing with kisses in a moment; and was beginning to do so; but—"magistrate! magistrate!"—that idea stopped her. Whatever he had said of himself, he had certainly never acknowledged a rank like that.

Joyce was now fairly in a dream. And Dan could do nothing but look on, and wonder what she could have to do with it. Till at last it did occur to him that, perhaps, he had not been so far wrong in his rough language to her when they met, and that Joyce, too, might have come before the Honourable Hugh with a tale something like the workhouse girls'.

By this time, the little piece of paper (by Dan's leave), was safe down against her bosom, and then that scrap of black and white paper took little Hugh's place for that night, and for many a long night and many a long day yet to come.

(To be continued.)

THE GANGES.

We have all heard of the Ganges. Some of our readers may have visited its banks and navigated its sacred waters. To the majority, however, we suppose the Ganges is only a name. But it is a name which has by the force of recent events in India, been brought before us with more than ordinary interest. It has become something more than the holy river of the Hindoos. By them it has always been accounted the most sacred of rivers. The devotee hastens to perform his ablutions with its water, and believes himself purified from all sin; or he resolves on a sacrifice, and offers himself as the victim, by the commission of suicide in the river. The feet of the dying are immersed in it, that the departing spirit may go straight to the Hindoo paradise; and, even in British courts of justice, Hindoos are sworn upon its waters, as the Christians and Mohammedans are on their sacred books. The Ganges is an essential part of Hindooism. But the English, if they value their Indian possessions, are as much indebted to the Ganges as the Hindoos themselves. It is the great highway by which we have acquired our richest possessions, and the grand route of communication by which we now maintain our authority.

We boast of our navy, and glory in the wooden walls of old England. We build Leviathans, and launch Agamemnon and other monstrous ships; we hold grand naval reviews, and suppose that we are doing all that is to be done. But what can our naval force do up the Ganges? what are Leviathans worth, in this respect, compared with a river steamboat? Up the Ganges we must go; it is navigable for smaller boats right through the heart of Bengal, to the very foot of the mountains, but we want another kind of fleet to do the work. What would our commanders in India give for Chelsea boats?

What the Nile is to Egypt is the Ganges to India. From the central chain of the Himalaya to the Bay of Bengal, it flows through the most fertile region of Hindostan, and its course is almost entirely confined to the British presidency of Bengal and Agra.

It has two heads Bhagirathi and Alcananda. The first of these, and that which is esteemed the holiest by the Hindoos, rises near Gangoutis, about 200 miles from Delhi, and nearly 14,000 feet above the sea level. It joins the Alcananda at a place called Deoprang, where it measures about 80 yards in width. There it assumes the name of the Ganges, and



BANKS OF THE GANGES.

entering the great plain of Hindostan at Hurdwar, flows with a smooth, navigable current to the ocean, a distance of nearly fourteen hundred miles.

The delta of the Ganges, which begins to form about two hundred miles from the sea, is twice as large as that of the Nile. The eastern arm of the river there becomes the main stream, and carries with it the sacred name; the western arm, adopting that of Hooghly, is less important, but is regarded by the natives with peculiar veneration, they having an idea that its waters are from the pure source, the true Bhagirathi. Both arms of the river, together with several tributary streams, empty themselves into the Bay of Bengal.

The course of the Ganges, after entering the plain of Hindostan, is from Hurdwar to Allahabad, and between these places its advance is tolerably straight. After passing Allahabad, its course becomes more devious, increasing in extent and attaining its greatest magnitude below Ghazipore. After this it varies in width from half a mile to three miles, its average depth for the last five hundred miles of its course being thirty feet. Its rate of descent is about nine inches to the mile. Nearly two-thirds of the fall take place before reaching Cawnpore. The mean rate of its current in dry weather is three miles an hour, but in the wet season it frequently attains more than double that speed.

Like the Nile, the Ganges is subject to annual inundations. The tropical rains are in both instances the cause—but with this difference, the Nile is affected by rains which fall in its upper regions only; the Ganges by rains which descend throughout its whole extent. The waters begin to rise in April, at first by very slow degrees, but gradually increasing from one inch to three inches in the day. The fall of rain does not begin in Bengal till the middle of June, by which time the increase of rise is five inches a day: at the beginning of August a decrease takes place, and from that month to November, the waters gradually sink to their old level.

The inundations, although fully anticipated, have sometimes occasioned great disasters. A single flood of the Ganges has destroyed fifty thousand persons. The whole of the surrounding country has been covered, and the loss of property as well as of life has been very great.

One of the most observable effects of these inundations is, the alterations which are continually taking place in the bed of the river. This is particularly noticeable in the presidency of Bengal. As the branches of the river are perpetually shifting, marshes are produced, and islands are alternately formed and destroyed. For the preservation of private property, or for other reasons, certain districts of country are saved from the inundations by the formation of dykes; but the policy of the expedient is more than doubtful, as the land has to be irrigated by artificial means.

The banks of the Ganges are ornamented and enriched by many populous cities; and thousands of villages, temples, and bungalows impart a picturesque and agreeable aspect. The accompanying engraving furnishes a better idea of the banks of the Ganges in the populated districts, than could be done by any written description.

THE KNAVE UNMASKED.

A LOVE STORY.

MR. WORTHIMAN was in love. This love is a universal passion. It enters everywhere, and captivates all classes of people, rich and poor, wise and simple. Into the cottage it creeps, and taps gently at the maiden's heart till she opens the door and lets it in. It glides among proud dames and titled notables, and lodges itself in the heart of a monarch. It lurks in the workshop and the factory, and enchains its slaves there; it touches the student, and he lays down Ovid and begins the art of love on his own account. More than this, it makes its way into the minister's closet, follows the preacher into his pulpit, and makes him feel, in the most powerful text in the Bible, "that it is not good for man to be alone."

This was the case with Mr. Worthiman; the Rev. Philip Worthiman, M.A., of Oxon. How it began was in this wise. Just opposite the pulpit in the middle aisle, on the right hand side as you entered, was the family pew of Samuel Blandford, Esq., and at the corner of the pew, next the door, sat Ellen Blandford, with her tender eyes attentively fixed on the young and handsome preacher.

Mr. Worthiman observed her, he was pleased with her constant attendance, her patient attention, her

approbation and sympathy. She seemed to inspire him with fresh ardour each Sabbath; for when anything occurred to prevent her attendance at the morning or afternoon service, there seemed something gone from his heart, and he was less eloquent than usual.

Mr. Worthiman felt that this was wrong! and it was in analysing his feelings, that he made the discovery that he was—in love!

Then, forming a more intimate acquaintance with the Blandfords, and reading Ellen's heart through the pure transparency of her conversation, Mr. Worthiman loved her more deeply than before, and to his alarm he found that his heart was irretrievably hers.

Some persons may blame the clergyman for falling in love from the pulpit. Let them reflect that the best clergymen are human. Others, more charitable, may only be surprised that he, being a single man, and Ellen, a worthy girl, did not propose to marry her at once.

Let me explain. Mr. Worthiman had not foolishly resolved never to marry, but he had long since made up his mind to select for his wife some poor girl, who had nothing but a whole heart to bring her husband. A minister, he thought, of all men, should avoid the imputation of marrying for any worldly advantage, and when he was told that by the death of a rich uncle, whose favourite she was, Ellen had come into a fortune of five thousand pounds, he said to himself—

"She can never be my wife!"

So two years passed, and he still preached from his pulpit to the fair maiden, who listened with melting, upturned eyes, and who never suspected his secret love.

But an unexpected occurrence troubled the serenity of the young clergyman's heart. A stranger, named Britton, took up his residence in Springley, and became a constant attendant at church. He was for a long time a subject of much gossiping conversation, and everybody appeared to like him, except the clergyman.

And the clergyman might be prejudiced; for anybody might see that the stranger was very attentive to Ellen Blandford, and that she seemed pleased with his addresses. He and the clergyman had met on several

occasions, and the latter, whose perception of human character was certainly keen, became more firmly impressed, at each meeting, with the conviction that Mr. Britton was unworthy of Ellen.

Yet he accused himself of selfishness, and endeavoured to think better of his rival. It was to no purpose; and now, seeing Ellen's happiness at stake, he was plunged into despair.

It was very natural, then, that the clergyman should regret his resolution not to marry Ellen because she happened to possess five thousand pounds, and that he should think seriously of retrieving his error.

"I may yet obtain her hand," said he to himself, "for she cannot love him."

It was one evening in the month of June—a warm, soft, quiet evening, and the dim twilight flung its sweet, melancholy influence over the young preacher's heart. He took his hat, and sauntered slowly in the direction of Mr. Blandford's house. He passed the garden, and through the luxuriant branches of the trees which fringed the road floated sounds of human voices, and fell upon his ear. Gentle and low were the words that were spoken, but they sent a sharp pang into the clergyman's heart, for he recognised the flute-like tones of Ellen, who was not alone. The other voice was Britton's. He turned hastily away; but inadvertently he had heard enough,—this man was seeking the hand of Ellen—and Ellen had bestowed it on him!

On the following morning, Mr. Worthiman was paler than usual, and there was a sadness in his smile, which his friends could not understand. That day's meditation was father to his discourse the next Sabbath, which had for its subject "Resignation," and which was so full of the touching eloquence for which he was distinguished—so warm in the outpourings of a suffering but patient spirit, that the tender, upturned eyes of Ellen Blandford were dim with glistening tears, and when, at the close of his sermon, he said, in a deep, agitated tone, "Let sorrowing souls pray God for resignation," and lifted up his voice in earnest prayer, the sympathising girl bowed down her face and sobbed.

Some three months after, Mr. Worthiman was sitting in his study, when a visitor was announced. It was Mr. John Britton.

"I have come to engage your services," said he, smiling.

The preacher turned pale.

"Our marriage," he continued—"I mean that of dear Ellen and myself—is fixed for Thursday week, and you will place us both under obligation, if you can make it convenient to attend that day."

"So soon?" murmured Mr. Worthiman, making a mighty effort to be calm.

"Why, since the marriage contract is made, the sooner it is fulfilled the better, I think," replied Mr. Britton.

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Worthiman, thoughtfully. "But," he added, fixing his searching eyes on Britton's face, "Miss Ellen has known you only a few months."

Mr. Britton changed colour, and appeared ill at ease, as he replied, with a feeble attempt at humour—"I take advantage of that; for you know she might grow weary of me, if our marriage was delayed too long."

After the aspiring bridegroom had gone, the young clergyman was plunged in deep thought. He paced his room nervously, then, to cool his fevered brow, sought the open air. Long and painful was the struggle in his heart. At length he exclaimed, fervently—

"I will forget self. I will do my duty. I will be strong. Shall my voice betray emotion when I pronounce the fatal words which shall make her his wife?"

But Mr. Worthiman was troubled with anxiety. And he was sure there was no selfishness in the fear that Britton was not worthy his intended bride. He suspected the man's sincerity, and communicated his suspicions to Mr. Blandford.

"Why, to be sure," said Mr. Blandford, "it has never entered my head that there could be any deception. Mr. Britton certainly appears respectable, and as for his property—"

"That is nothing. But is he a man of integrity? Is he a man of principle? We see nothing in him to raise a doubt touching his moral character, it is true; but what has been his past career? Do not blame me for the interest I take in your daughter's future happiness," he added, with feeling. "Where the welfare of the young and virtuous is at stake, we cannot be too cautious."

Mr. Blandford was plunged in thought. He was not convinced that he had anything to fear; but the reflection that there was a possibility of deception, startled

his naturally peaceful mind. Thanking Mr. Worthiman for his suggestion, he asked his advice with regard to what he ought to do.

"If you like," replied the clergyman, "you can say to Mr. Britton it is for my satisfaction, that you propose referring to respectable persons he may name, for testimony concerning his character. Ah, here comes Mr. Britton himself. If you would rather, I will speak to him myself."

"Do, do," said Blandford, who shrank from the disagreeable duty.

Mr. Britton entered, polite and smiling. Mr. Blandford received him cordially; the minister was reserved and serious.

With all possible delicacy, and carefully shaping his phrases so as not to offend, Mr. Worthiman addressed Mr. Britton on the subject he had opened to Mr. Blandford's consideration.

"Do I understand you?" asked Mr. Britton, visibly changing countenance. "You desire reference for my character? Ah! certainly—a mere form," he added, carelessly. "I wonder I never thought of the thing before."

Mr. Britton took from his pocket a card, on which he wrote several names. This he appeared about to give to Mr. Blandford, when, seeming to change his mind, he produced another card, on which he wrote in the same manner, murmuring—

"I think I will write the names more distinctly."

He then handed the card last written upon to his intended father-in-law, and placed the other in his pocket-book.

"Here you have six of the most respectable men in the town of W—, where I was born and brought up, and where I have lived nearly all my life. You can refer to either, or all of them."

And with an air of indifference, which struck the minister and Mr. Blandford differently, he walked out of the room.

"It is as I expected," said Mr. Blandford. "If there had been anything wrong in the matter, he would have been less ready to give us these references. It will be a mere farce to make use of them, after all."

"But would it not be a satisfaction to receive from either of these men assurance of your son-in-law's integrity? I can see nothing farcical in that."

"True—true!"

"And besides, what will Mr. Britton think now if you do not write? Will he not be apt to consider me *meanly suspicious*, instead of *honestly cautious*?"

"You have decided me," said Mr. Blandford. "I will write to Sir J. F. Stone to-day. W— is in — county, is it not?"

"I believe it is: but Mr. Britton should have told us, since he knows neither of us ever visited that part of the country," said the minister, quietly.

As Mr. Worthiman left the house, he saw Ellen and her lover standing together under the porch. He spoke to them and passed on, observing, as he did so, that a slight blush suffused Ellen's cheeks, and that Britton regarded him with a triumphant smile.

Almost any other man would have entertained a doubt touching the character of Mr. Blandford's son-in-law, after witnessing the apparently frank manner in which he offered to refer for testimony in his favour to the principal men in the town where he was brought up. Yet the young clergyman was not satisfied. The happiness of her he loved was at stake, and he could not see her married to one of whose honour and integrity he had no certain proof. He returned home full of perplexity and distracting doubts.

Three days after, Mr. Blandford and the minister met again. The former produced a letter, with an air of satisfaction and triumph. It was from W—, and signed by J. F. Stone, Bart.: Worthiman read it. His hand trembled, and the colour left his cheek.

"You are satisfied now, I trust?"

"This gentleman certainly speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Britton," replied the minister; "certainly, one could expect no stronger commendation."

Mr. Blandford placed the letter in his pocket, and commenced talking on another subject, as if anxious that this should not be mentioned again.

Although Mr. Worthiman was conscious of having done nothing which he did not deem it his duty to do, he was afraid that Ellen and her father might not rightly view his motives. Even now—after seeing Sir J. F. Stone's certificate—he was not satisfied; but such was his repugnance again to give utterance to doubts, that he scrupulously held his peace.

The reader will undoubtedly pronounce Mr. Worthiman to be very unreasonable. He, himself, was afraid that such was the case. But the style of eulogy in which Sir J. F. Stone spoke of Mr. Britton, did not appear to him at all characteristic of a gentleman, and now, more than ever, did he fear that some deception was practised. So strongly, indeed,

was he impressed with this idea, that he could not rest until he had written a letter to the postmaster of W—.

Two days passed. On the morning of the third, a letter, postmarked "W—," was received by Mr. Worthiman. He was at the breakfast table when it was handed him, and more than one of his friends observed the sudden change of his countenance as he tore it open. He read as follows—

"In reply to your inquiry, I have only to say that there is no such person as Sir J. F. Stone living in W—, and I never heard the name until a few days since, when a letter, superscribed with it, came to this P. O., and was taken out by another person. As for the man named Britton, I believe there was formerly such a person at the W— Hotel, but I know nothing definite concerning him."

"Your humble servant,

"THOMAS SNOW, Postmaster."

Mr. Worthiman arose from the table. His friends noticed his abrupt movement, and his agitated manner. Telling them, hurriedly, that he was called upon to leave town that morning, he ordered his chaise, adding, that he might not return within a day or two. Half an hour later he was driving rapidly through the village.

It was Tuesday morning. Mr. Worthiman had a journey of more than a hundred miles before him. All the morning he travelled in his chaise, but after dinner, leaving the horse and vehicle at a hotel, he betook himself to the railroad, and continued his journey by express.

It was about sunset when the clergyman arrived in W—. Having deposited his carpet-bag at the hotel, he proceeded without delay to the post-office—introduced himself to Mr. Snow, and told him his business.

"There is no baronet in W—, I'm sure," said Mr. Snow.

"And are any of these names familiar to you?"

Mr. Worthiman showed him a list of the names Britton had written on the card he gave Mr. Blandford.

"No, sir, there are no such men in W—. But I have heard of the names before."

"Well?"

"The person who took the letters addressed to 'Stone,' asked for letters for all these names."

Mr. Worthiman now felt sure that he saw through the whole trick.

"And who is this person?"

"His name is Hubble. He is a horse-dealer, or something of the sort."

"And where is he to be found?"

"He stops at the W— Hotel."

Having put a few more questions concerning Britton, and Hubble, the horse-dealer, Mr. Worthiman returned to the hotel. Hubble was not in; nor did he make his appearance until late in the evening. But such was the clergyman's anxiety to see him that he sat up to await his return.

It was past midnight when a showily-dressed man was introduced to him as Mr. Hubble. That he had been too freely indulging in strong drink was evident enough from his incoherent and excited manner, but this circumstance so far favoured the clergyman's purpose as to render it a perfectly easy matter to ascertain every particular of Britton's former life. These particulars showed the fellow to be a thorough knave. The letters respecting his character were all forged by Hubble; but what was of most importance was the fact that Britton was a married man. He had married, and afterwards deserted, the daughter of a Dr. Martin at L—, whose address Worthiman immediately procured.

Little did the clergyman sleep that night. The important secrets which the inebriated horse-dealer had disclosed to him, of his own accord, occupied his mind; and he formed his plans for the following day.

Mr. Worthiman arose at dawn, took an early breakfast, and set out for L— in the first morning train. He was immediately on his arrival directed to the house he sought, and learned, from the injured man himself, all the particulars of Britton's desertion of his first wife.

In the meanwhile, nobody in Springley suspected the object of the clergyman's journey, and no one knew whither he had gone. Mr. Britton, rejoicing in the fancied success of his deception, waited anxiously for the arrival of his wedding-day. The preparations for the wedding were made; the guests were invited, and, as the time drew near, the bride was dressed for the occasion.

The bridal procession started, and arrived at the church, but the clergyman was absent. He was expected every moment, so the party waited, somewhat impatiently, in the vestry.

But Ellen expressed no regrets. The truth is, she had long suspected that the minister loved her, and there was a tumult in her heart which I will not

attempt to describe. I need only add—she hoped the minister would not come!

Her father withdrew, but in a few moments he returned, saying, that as Mr. Worthiman was still absent, it was thought best the ceremony should be performed by an old clergyman, a friend of the minister's, who was one of the guests, and a magistrate.

Ellen trembled violently; but she could not object. "At least," thought she, "Mr. Worthiman will not marry us—I am ready!"

The bridegroom and bride, accompanied by the bridesmaids and groomsmen, entered the church, where the guests were assembled, and took their places. Ellen was pale and agitated. She appeared to shrink from the man whose wife she was about to become. Britton, meanwhile, his lips compressed with an expression of determination to triumph, looked intently at the clergyman.

The latter hesitating to begin the ceremony, Britton manifested his impatience, and before the reverend gentleman had read a sentence, two vehicles rolled up to the door, and Mr. Worthiman made his appearance. Britton frowned at the interruption; he dreaded another lecture on wedlock. Ellen turned very pale. Mr. Worthiman advanced towards the clergyman.

"Have you married them?" he asked, in a husky voice.

"If you had come two minutes later, I should have answered yes."

"Then I have arrived in time! You will allow me, sir, to take your place."

The old clergyman bowed, and stood aside. Every eye was fixed on the haggard face and strangely gleaming eyes of the young minister.

"John Britton," said he, in a deep, earnest voice, "is it your intention to make this woman your wife?" Britton bowed his head.

"Then, it is your intention to perjure yourself before God and man."

There was a movement of surprise and wonder amongst the guests. Britton became livid with rage and apprehension. The bride clasped her hands, fixed her eyes intently on the clergyman, and stood white and motionless as a marble statue.

"Sir," said Mr. Blandford, anxiously, "do you know what you say?"

"I know I speak truth. Here are my witnesses."

Dr. Martin stepped forward. Britton recoiled with a look of rage and consternation.

"Do you know me, villain?" demanded the doctor. "I am Samuel Martin—the father of your injured wife!"

"It is false!" muttered Britton, hoarsely. "Take the madman away!"

The doctor sneered, raised his hand, and a stout man advanced through the crowd of disconcerted and amazed guests.

"Mr. Britton," said he, "we know each other, and you will not doubt my authority. It is my duty to arrest you."

"Sir!" muttered Britton, "of what am I accused?"

"Forgery!" replied the officer.

Britton's countenance fell; he made no resistance. And while the company broke up in confusion, and the bride was fainting in the arms of her maids, the officer and his assistant conveyed their prisoner to the nearest public-house, to keep him until morning.

This exciting event made quite a stir in Springley. Britton was suddenly remembered to have been a knavish-looking fellow, Ellen Blandford was pitied, and the clergyman lionised.

It was several weeks before Ellen again appeared in her accustomed place on the Sabbath, for a lingering fever had been the result of the suffering she had undergone.

At length she entered the church with her father—thin and pale, but no less beautiful than formerly. As Mr. Worthiman, having ascended the pulpit, cast his eye in the direction of Mr. Blandford's pew, and saw Ellen's sad, sweet face turned towards him, he felt a thrill of pleasure, strangely mixed with pain. Many were the sentiments in his sermon addressed to her that day; words of advice and consolation, which none could understand so well as she, and for which she felt truly grateful.

Mr. Worthiman was now a constant visitor at the house of Mr. Blandford, where he was ever a welcome guest. He had taken it upon himself to console Ellen; and, had you seen the bloom returning to her cheek, and the light of happiness to her eye, you would have said he succeeded well.

One afternoon, Mr. Worthiman received a copy of the *Lancet*, from which he learned that Britton had been convicted of forgery, and sentenced to seven years' transportation, and that his injured wife had

ended her earthly sorrows within an hour after he had been condemned. Such was the sad intelligence the clergyman had to convey that evening to Ellen Blandford.

A few months after, the clergyman was wedded to one every way worthy to become a clergyman's wife; and if ever a person suspected that he married Ellen for her money, that person must have been speedily convinced to the contrary, by the use Mr. Worthiman made of it in doing good.

Varieties.

THE LATE ROWLAND HILL once said, on observing some persons enter his chapel to avoid the rain that was falling, "Many persons are to be blamed for making their religion a cloak; but I do not think those much better who make it an umbrella!"

"I HAVE gone into the silk business," said a man to his neighbour. "So I supposed, as I saw you reeling all day yesterday."

"You are always making a butt of me," said a chap in not the soberest mood. "You are always making one of yourself," was the reply.

A CONTEMPORARY says that "change is in itself an evil." Is a little change in one's pocket an evil? Is the occasional change of one's linen an evil? Is a change from bad to good an evil?

SOME one says of a certain congregation that they pray on their knees on Sundays, and on their neighbours the rest of the week.

WHAT is the difference between having an exact copy of anything, and having an ailing wife and all the children down with the measles?—One is a facsimile, and the other a sick family.

JONES has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

FRENCHMAN: "Madame, you charge ver mooch too big price for zat room."—LANDLADY: "Oh, you know, we at the watering-places must make hay while the sun shines."—FRENCHMAN (indignant): "Madame, you sall neyare make ze hay of me. You must not zink zat because all flesh is grass zat you can make hay of me."

ROUSSEAU used to say, "that to write a good love-letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written."

PLAGIARISTS are a species of purloiners who filch the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away or attempt to destroy the basket.

SOMEBODY says, in allusion to corporal punishment, that the pupil most to be pitied is the pupil of the eye, because it is always under the lash.

FELIX MCCARTHY, of the Kerry militia, was generally late on parade. "Ah, Felix," said the sergeant, "you are always last." "Be aisy, Sergeant Sullivan," was his reply, "sure some one must be last."

"I SAID, my fathers, where are they? Echo answered where?" This passage from Ossian has been much admired; but the echo, though certainly not so bad as the Irishman's, seems to have been a very absurd one. What hinders it from finishing the question?

"STEEL your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls." "I had much rather steal theirs," said the unpromising young man.

"Pay me that 6s. 8d. you owe me, Mr. Mulrooney," said a village attorney. "For what?" "For the opinion you had of me." "Faith, I never had any opinion of you in all my life."

GOSPEL v. LAW.—"Fellow," said a harsh clerical magistrate to a trespasser, "I'll teach you the law." "Please your reverence," was the reply, "it would be much better for you to teach me the gospel!"

No professional man lives so much from hand to mouth as a dentist.

A SAILOR dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant. "Wretch!" said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, "where did you come from?" "An' sure I came from the north of Ireland, yer honour."

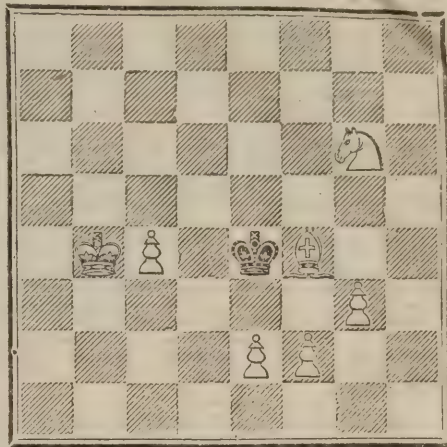
A JUDGE threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

AN IRISHMAN took the train from London to Gravesend. On jumping from the carriage he remarked, that "if he had known he could have made the journey in so short a time he would have walked a-foot!"

Chess.

Problem No. 1. By A. THOMPSON, Esq.

BLACK.

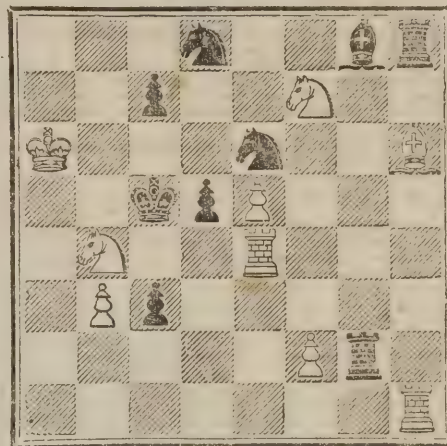


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 2. By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 1. By Mr. H.

White.—K at K B 7, R at K B 2, Bs at K 6 and K R 6, Kt at Q 6.

Black.—K at K 4, P at Q 2.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

No. 2. For the Juveniles. By Mr. Robson.

White.—K at Q R 6, R at K R sq, Kt at Q R 5.

Black.—K at Q R 5.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

No. 3. By J. A. C.

White.—K at K B 7, Q at K 2, B at K 8.

Black.—K at K 5.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

ANSWERS TO OUR CHESS CORRESPONDENTS.

W. D.—Mr. Staunton won a large majority of the games in the match which he played with his redoubtable adversary, M. St. Amant.

R. C.—Problems Nos. 2, 3, and 4, shall be reported upon next week. Problem No. 1 is rather neat, and shall appear amongst the Enigmas.

C. W. B. (Ryde).—The game to which you refer has already been published. Q to Q Kt sq at White's 19th move, certainly leads to a winning position; but Q Kt to K Kt 3 would have given White an earlier victory.

D. W. O.—Your letter of the 26th September has until now been accidentally overlooked. The solutions which accompanied it are, as usual, correct, and the various defences of Black completely exhausted.

OLD PHILLO.—The information which you ask for must be communicated through the post. Will you favour us with your address?

Solutions up to the present date by F. G. Rainger, Mona, Oxon, T. Simpson (excepting Problem No. 240), T. Martin, jun., Grapes, D. W. O. (Sligo), J. Stonehouse, W. B. S., Nemo, A. Kempe, Douglas, R. W. D., C. Austin, J. Palmer, M. A. R., E. Grant, C. J. E., M. D., D. Wilson, W. Airey, and Cantab, correct.

* We beg to inform our chess contributors that on their favouring us with a postage stamp, forms on which their Problems can be submitted, will be forwarded to them.

Our Editorial Table.

No. 1, New Series, of "CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER." The first number of our journal in its altered form, now present to our subscribers, will, we are confident, secure for us their hearty congratulation, as well as account of the improvement in the form as the sterling value of the substance. We feel certain that if they will only read it carefully through from the beginning to the end, they will agree with us, that, in the merit of the literary contributions, instructive, amusing, and poetical—in the selection of the subjects for illustration, and in the beauty of the engravings, the New Series of "CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER" far surpasses all its competitors of the cheap periodical press. We would especially direct attention to the two continuous tales, in the first of which J. F. SMITH, author of "Dick Tareyton," &c., displays all his pristine power; and in the second, FELIX STOWE will, if we may judge by the opening chapters, enlist the sympathies and keep up the interest of his readers throughout the course of his harrowing tale. The future numbers of our Paper will be in every respect equal to what we have now the pleasure of producing; and, in fact, "CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER"—New Series—challenges comparison in its literary and artistic departments with any of its illustrated contemporaries.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—"CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER," Vol. IV., is now ready, price 7s. 6d. in cloth boards, and 5s. 6d. in paper boards. Vols. I., II., and III can also be had.

A CONSTANT READER OF CASSELL'S PAPER.—We know of no reason why a widow should be treated with more or less deference than an unmarried lady. *Au reste*, the man who needs another's help to put his wishes into words, does not deserve the object he seeks to win.

LUCY.—We cannot tell whether it is unlucky to break the corner, or, indeed, any part of a looking glass, as we do not believe in such a thing as luck. The question you found upon this unlucky accident is a very grave one. You ask "whether it is likely to prove a bar to your getting married." It can only prove so, we think, in the event of your intended regarding it as a sign of your being rather careless.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—The gentleman of highest rank or consideration present always takes his hostess in to dinner. To indicate a preference for the escort of any particular person would be ill-bred as well as highly improper and indecorous.

S. G.—Ladies' maids in large establishments rank next to the housekeeper.

MORPHEUS.—The guests in such houses as are described by our correspondent, should make the first move towards retiring at night. Except in peculiar cases, illness or equally imperative circumstances, it would be impossible for the host and hostess to withdraw, leaving their circle to their own devices.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS asks us "if it is etiquette" "to offer to open the door of a car or carriage for a lady one is not acquainted with." Certainly not. Etiquette is founded upon common sense and propriety, and it being one part of a lady's education to scramble through carriage windows, it would of course be highly ungentlemanly to offer her the unnecessary attention of opening the door. The fact of the lady's being a stranger, would of course operate precisely in this case as the same circumstance did in the well-known Cantab story—when one gowmsman saw another sinking in the river, and exclaimed in agony, "Oh, if I had only been introduced, then I would save him!"

A SEEKER OF TRUTH.—We wish you a better temper and a better creed. Farewell.

OXFORD HILL DOG asks us to define flirtation as applied to young ladies. He has set us a difficult task—this vice, like so many others, being more easily felt and understood than explained. We cannot take upon ourselves to describe the exact particulars, define the limits of flirtation to a nicety; but we will give our friend some idea of what we consider it to be. An utter absence of all the retiring gentleness which is the great charm of woman; a bold desire to win the notice and admiration of men; a flippant, forward manner to attract it, or a shy seeming modesty, an appealing helplessness, which if less openly disgusting is not less dangerous and reprehensible; a seeking for, and yielding to the peculiarities, opinions, and whims, of those intended to be subjugated, solely for the purpose of thus establishing an influence over them; the reckless use of every art which can safely be employed to win men from their allegiance elsewhere, and engross it for the flirt; an intense selfishness which reckons nothing of other people's rights, griefs, or feelings, so the present moment is amused, flattered, or gratified; an utter disregard of the affection so much artifice has been used to win; and as the infallible consequence, a complete inability to return or appreciate the honest love of an honest heart.

D. B. W.—We advise you to have nothing to do with the "handicap" and "steepchase" speculation.

G. G. G.—We have not received the "pieces of prose" about which you inquire.

MORGAN.—The tale by A. Dumas commenced in No. 174.

KATHARINE M.—We regret that we know of no one likely to purchase the models you mention. An advertisement would be, we think, the most likely means of discovering a purchaser. It is not ladylike to disfigure a visiting card in the way you describe. In making a ceremonious visit, the caller should leave two or more cards, as there are two or more members of the family she wishes to distinguish.

A PRENTICE LAD.—A master has a perfect right to prohibit any conduct or practice which absorbs his apprentice's time, and withdraws him from proper attention to his business.

YOUNG INQUIRER wants to know how to attain a sufficient knowledge of the English language so as to speak and compose without the least difficulty. We cannot tell, and sincerely wish we knew. Composition is a difficult work at all times, and our best writers understand and feel it. That which is written easily, is commonly hard to read. "Write and rewrite, blot out and write again," is the secret of suc-

cessful composition. We have no wish, however, to damp the ardour of a "Young Inquirer." Let him thoroughly master English grammar. Let him carefully study prosody. Let him attentively read the works of our ablest authors—the classics of English literature. Let him select for himself one of Addison's essays, for instance, and having embodied every idea in his own language, let him compare his composition with the original. Let him make it a constant practice to express himself in the best manner of which he is capable. Let the subject of any composition he may undertake be well considered before a line is written. Let him sketch the essay rapidly or leisurely, as circumstances allow, but polish laboriously. Let him spare no pains to make every sentence elegant and correct, putting the sentences into paragraphs with the utmost care, and remorselessly erasing every word, every sentence, every paragraph, that is not actually necessary.

F. J.—We cannot give any opinion as to the course likely to be adopted by the new Lord Mayor in the matter alluded to. We believe him to be a good and a clever man, and have no doubt that he will act consistently.

T. B. C. LEADER.—Twelve months after notice, instead of six months, is perfectly legal.

ROLAND DE MONTREVEL.—The parent cannot compel his son to return.

A PERPLEXED ONE is, we fear, playing a dangerous game; engaged to one man, and so far encouraging another as to induce him to make her an offer of marriage, which the fickle one would like to accept if she could make or find the slightest pretext for quarrelling with her betrothed. As all such people do sooner or later, this lady has got herself into a dilemma from which she would now fain extricate herself if she could. The advice she craves from us would not help her even if we gave it. How is it this lady, before indulging in the amusement which costs her now so dearly, did not remember the old verse we have so often repeated—

"It is good to be merry and wise,
It is good to be honest and true;
It is good to be off wi' the auld love,
Before ye are on wi' the new?"

A NOVICE.—Everything would depend on the style of paper and print, and the number of copies required. Ask for estimates from various firms.

AN INQUIRING READER.—A bill at two months dated on the fifth of the month is payable upon the eighth.

MARY RHODES.—You need not wait the gentleman's marriage before suing him for a breach of promise.

A. E. (York).—As you gave the home to your friend's family, you cannot now call upon him for payment on account thereof.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Boiling water fixes stains in German silver, Albatra plate, &c. The best way to use articles made of these materials is to wash them immediately after using in soft, cool soap and water, rubbing bright with a soft duster or chamoin leather. A little fine salt rubbed upon them when wet, will generally remove all stains that may still linger.

C. W. JANE has been answered before.

LONGSIDE.—The age of Father Mathew, the great apostle of temperance, at the time of his death was sixty-seven.

CORNET.—Send your manuscript to a music publisher.

LITERARIUS.—Any contribution you think proper to submit will receive our attention.

J. J. W. B.—The works referred to are perfectly distinct in their character. The EDUCATIONAL COURSE is now being re-issued in three-halfpenny weekly numbers. The volumes may be had separately.

D.—Apply at the East India House, Leadenhall-street.

Z. A.—Repeat your question.

MULTUM IN PARVO will observe that his wish has been gratified. We are obliged to him for his kind note.

MONTBAR.—Commissions in the army have been given to those gentlemen who have raised a fixed number of men as recruits. We would not advise a young man in your position to enlist as a private soldier. Think the matter seriously over before you take so important a step, and do not act in open opposition to the wishes of your family. Family ties demand your first attention. Charity begins at home.

OSBORN MAURICE.—A series of articles on photography appeared in the fourth volume of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER.

SIR JOHN TANLAT (a very youthful baronet we judge from his epistle) wishes to know if he would be able in another year to enter a merchant's office, and what he would have to know. It is clearly impossible for us to tell. He is at liberty to enter an office, mercantile or otherwise, as soon as he pleases. If he means to obtain a situation in an office, we can hold out little hope of his receiving an engagement while he writes so badly, expresses himself so indefinitely, and begins his correspondence in the form of a note, and ends in the form of a letter. Next time he writes, let him take time and not be so much "in haste" as at present.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—See our answer to Montbar. Address your application to an army agent.

ABERFAWY.—The duties of a customs' searcher are not so "cozy" as our correspondent imagines. However, we think, from what he says, he might obtain such a berth, and test its coziness for himself.

INTELLECT.—The Caucasian is the highest form of manly beauty. Intelligence is generally marked by an expansive forehead, but it is the expression, not the form of the features, which distinguishes the clever from the stupid.

H. H. P.—We are obliged for the information, and insert it for the benefit of numerous correspondents. No appointment is attainable in the customs or excise after the age of twenty-five.

J. H. P.—Apply to a medical man, and don't read medical books, which will only make you nervous, and do no good.

J. S. G.—No. 174. You can get the numbers from the publishers. Four volumes.

JOHN FOX.—You have evidently a talent for engraving. Your specimens are good. You must get some one to show you the process. It would take too long to describe.

BROWN BETTY is very unjust in accusing us of indifference to her opinion. We have, on the contrary, given her letter our best consideration. Our reply to her first question is, about 54; to the second, no; the third question cannot

be answered,—the expense incurred in printing a book will depend on so many circumstances. Printing a small number will of course lessen the expense, but the cost of composing or setting up the type remains the same. We thank "Betty" for her good opinion of us.

AMABLE.—Do nothing of the kind. Revenge is wrong under any circumstances. If your opponent be strong and powerful, to try and revenge yourself is impolitic; if he be weak and down in the world, it is mean and cruel. To forgive, if you cannot forget the injury, is by far the wisest course.

HAZLEWOOD.—A letter merely addressed, "City, London," would reach the eminent firm to whom you wish to apply.

AJAX.—You need not alarm yourself about your voice. That it should become rather harsh and unmanageable at your age is no extraordinary phenomenon. Refrain from straining it by loud shouting, and give up singing. The latter precaution we advise as much for your friends' sake as for your own.

A CONSTANT READER.—Our influence at the Horse Guards is not sufficiently strong to enable us to answer our correspondent's question.

GEORGES.—Apply to our publishers.

HENRI QUATRE.—Our publishers will supply the numbers.

ANOTHER CONSTANT READER.—Henry Cardinal York died at Rome, and was buried there. With him the direct Stuart line ceased.

VERITAS.—A single man can live very cheaply in France—but we do not think his chances of earning a living so good as they are in England.

HUNCHBACK.—We should advise you to apply for medical aid. Swellings in the throat, caused by excess of blood, are not to be trifled with.

T. R. C. W. of Glasgow writes verses of considerable promise for a youth of seventeen; but they are not up to the mark of the FAMILY PAPER.

JOHN JAMES, AND KINROSSIE.—The publishers of our "Paper," &c., Messrs. Kent and Co., Paternoster-row, will furnish what you require. Write to them.

W. H. R.—Hold a hot iron a little way above the drawing. It will draw the grease spots out.

CHARLES DE ST. HERMINE.—The "Young Pretender" was finished in the last number of our last volume. The paragraph you saw in the daily paper was correct.

GERTRUDE.—Silk was known in southern Europe, under the name of *sericum*, some time before the commencement of the Christian era; but it was too expensive to be brought into anything like general use. It was the Emperor Aurelian who refused his empress a silk dress, on account of the cost.

JOHANNES MONK.—The work would answer your purpose very well.

STUDENT.—The story of Michael Angelo having his nose flattened by an enraged fellow-student, is, unfortunately for the painter, no fiction.

FANNY GREY.—Lola Montes is a Spaniard.

HORACE.—The functionary you mention has four or five holidays in the course of the year.

J. E. H.—From the nature of your misfortune, we should recommend some sedentary occupation, such as watchmaking, wood engraving, &c. As a clerk, your want of a limb would place you under many disadvantages; and as times go, the salaries obtained by clerks are not of such magnitude as to justify any person who labours under a physical defect in trying to compete with them.

LITTLE LENA.—We are very sorry to disenchant "Little Lena" with regard to the prize pebble she has picked up on the seashore, but are obliged to confess that the fragment forwarded for our inspection is not a piece of "diamond," and that it has no value, except perhaps for paving roads; and for this a larger stock would be required than "Lena" probably possesses.

J. PENSON.—The invention of the telescope is not due to Galileo, the celebrated Italian astronomer; although he very greatly improved that instrument. It was really invented by Zachariah Jansen, a Dutchman, by trade a spectacle maker. He made the discovery on which his invention was based quite accidentally. The story goes, that his children were playing in his shop, and that, on placing two spectacle lenses at a certain distance from each other, they called their father's attention to the curious phenomenon which they observed—namely, that the church steeple was brought as if close to them. Taking the hint, Jansen fixed certain lenses in a tube, and in 1590 manufactured the first telescope. A student must carefully cover the interior of his plaster cast with a little olive oil, and he will then experience no difficulty in taking a clean mould.

F. F. Q.—A little bromine mixed with the iodine, hastens the coating of the plate in the daguerrotype process. We would recommend your trying photography on paper; it is much cheaper and considerably easier than the old method of taking photographs on metallic plates.

OMICRON should rub up his school Latin, and when he finds himself technically at fault, consult his employer.

J. B.—We have no recollection of the poem, but will make inquiry respecting it.

UN AMI.—Apply at Stationers' Hall for a blank form; fill it up and return it, and your song cannot be pirated with impunity.

MARIAN C.—All ladies, single as well as married, should be addressed as "Madam" by those who are not entitled to use greater familiarity.

J. H. A.—You can remove the stains from your mahogany table by the use of a little aqua fortis, or oxalic acid, and water, by rubbing the part with the liquid by means of a cork till the colour is restored, observing afterwards to well wash the wood with water, and to dry and polish as usual.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. I.—No. 2.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1857.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TARLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

Dear bells! how sweet the sound of village bells!
When on the undulating ear they swim;
Now loud in welcomes! faint now as farewells!
And trembling all about the breezy dells!
As fluttered by the wings of cherubim.

THOMAS HOOD.

ALTHOUGH the iron tongue of night had all but told the birth of morning, our readers will please to recollect that New Year's eve was not quite over yet. We must also request them to quit London for awhile, as many are only too happy to do at this festive season, and accompany us to a quiet out-of-the-way village in Devonshire, named St. Faith's, lying at a

considerable distance from the high road, somewhere between Tiverton and Exeter.

If any curious persons should be tempted to look for St. Faith's upon the map, we fear they would be disappointed, for, being a *very secluded spot*, buried as it were in a deep valley from the rest of the world, it has, unfortunately, been overlooked in most topographical surveys; in fact, the route to it is so exceedingly intricate, that we should feel puzzled ourselves to point out its exact locality; and yet we are sufficiently acquainted with the place and its inhabitants to describe them both pretty accurately to our readers.

St. Faith's consists of one irregular street, if, indeed, it may be called a street, seeing that the houses are surrounded by large gardens, or orchards, and all built in a line, running parallel with the lofty wall of Meldown Park.

Owing to the industry and simple habits of the people, there is but little appearance of poverty in the place

Sir Norman Boothroyd, the present owner of Meldown, and of most of the land in the neighbourhood, inherited the title and estate from his uncle, an eccentric old bachelor, who previous to his death granted long and very advantageous leases, not only to the principal tenants, but to the poorest cotters on the property; an act of liberality very unpalatable to the heir, who disapproved of the spirit of independence which the tenantry naturally felt. The farmers *would* sport upon their farms; even the labourers claimed the right of shooting the rabbits on the common, and what was worse, frequently exercised it in spite of warreners and keepers, to the great annoyance of their landlord, who considered that his manorial rights were trespassed on.

The leading trait in the character of the baronet was pride—not of his talents, for they were most commonplace—Nature had been equally niggard in her gifts both of heart and brain—but of himself, his rank, and name. This weakness, to designate it by no harsher epithet, had manifested itself in his very



THE DEATH OF BARRY GEE.

boyhood, even his younger brother; for when Allan Boothroyd first entered into life—by life, we mean society—Norman declined to associate with him, never went to parties to which he was invited, and treated him with that supercilious coldness which finally extinguished all feeling of affection between them.

The world, as a matter of course, sided with the first-born, the heir of so many thousands a year; and poor Allan, without any fault of his own, found himself isolated, as it were, in the circle he ought to have moved in. His life, as may be supposed, was not a very happy one, for old Mr. Boothroyd invariably agreed with his eldest son, treating his youngest with unnatural severity. It was not very difficult to foresee the consequence of such a state of things. On the death of his mother, the only being who either loved or understood him, the youth quitted his home—it had never been a home to him in the proper sense of the word—and disappeared for years: no one knew what became of him, and few cared.

Shortly after the departure of Allan Boothroyd, his father married again, but did not long survive his second union. On his death-bed, it is said, he prayed to see the boy he had so cruelly treated, but his prayer was denied. Allan was in a foreign land.

Shortly after his accession to the title, Sir Norman bestowed his hand, together with his pride and vanity, upon a woman every way suited to him, for the lady not only echoed his prejudices, but kept them alive, especially those against his absent brother, by every argument an evil mind could suggest. The task was not a difficult one. Husband and wife had heard that Allan was pushing his fortune as a soldier in the Company's service in India, and the intelligence, from reasons which may hereafter appear, was gall and wormwood to both of them; had news arrived that he had fallen, it might have pleased them better.

The only issue of this well-assorted union was a daughter, now ten years old. Sir Norman and his lady would have given worlds for a son; but that blessing was denied them, and little Alice was destined to be the heiress of their vast wealth. How frequently do we see certain qualities, mental as well as personal, disappear for several generations in a race, and then shoot forth again. They did so in the present instance, for never was child more unlike its parents. Alice was not only good, but beautiful; the lessons of pride and selfishness, daily inculcated, made no impression upon her pure and innocent heart; it was incapable of receiving them. To her mother's great annoyance, when riding with her through the village, she would smile and look kindly on the children of her own age, when they paused in their play, and curtsied as the stately equipage dashed by them; not that the heiress purposely disobeyed her parent; the smiles broke forth in spite of her efforts to repress them, and were as spontaneous as the warmth of spring, or the perfume of its opening flowers.

About three years before the commencement of our story, Mr. Thornton, a wealthy manufacturer from Exeter, had purchased an estate not more than five miles distant from Meldown Park, called "The Elms," and came to reside upon it with his family.

For some time the baronet stood aloof, and declined making the acquaintance of his new neighbour; the blood of the descendant of how many Boothroyds the heralds' books alone can tell—for we have not time to sift the chinders of all Sir Norman's ancestors—revolted at the idea of contact with a man who had risen to fortune by his own unassisted energy and industry. The noble stream was too completely frozen by pride for such considerations to thaw it, although others of a less honourable character ultimately did. Mr. Thornton was put on the commission of the peace, and proved not only an active, but a judicious magistrate; for while he followed the law, and convicted in every clear case of poaching, he invariably refused to inflict more than a nominal fine for shooting the rabbits on the common. He considered the exclusive rights claimed by the lord of the manor as exceedingly doubtful; and in answer to his remonstrances on the subject of his *absurd lenity*, advised him to try the question.

Sir Norman Boothroyd knew better. He persuaded himself it would be much easier to flatter and cajole the upright magistrate by condescending to invite him to Meldown Park. He was deceived. Mr. Thornton accepted his attentions, and returned them, as a matter of course; but they had no influence upon his conduct on the bench: that was as impartial as ever.

As our readers may suppose, no great cordiality could exist between two such opposite characters. The baronet still continued to invite his plebeian neighbour, because it would have been an acknowledgment of his mortification and laid bare his motives,

had he ceased to do so without some ostensible cause; but he had long since given up the hope of converting the independent, right-thinking man to his opinions.

Half a dozen persons were seated in the drawing-room at Meldown, without counting the son of Mr. Thornton, a fine spirited boy of thirteen, or the daughter of the owners of the mansion. The party consisted of Sir Norman and his lady; Dr. Poundtext, the rector, a high churchman, and his wife; a wealthy, well-meaning, but ignorant country squire, known throughout the shire by the name of Sporting Blundell; and the proprietor of "The Elms." The usual topics of conversation in the country were exhausted. The clergyman had been eloquent, as usual, on the growing immorality of his parishioners, not that we believe they were more so than their neighbours; the baronet ridden his favourite hobby-horse, poaching, till it was tired out; and Lady Boothroyd echoed his sentiments till she had nothing more to say.

As for the squire, he never started a subject for small talk, but invariably coincided with the last speaker, a peculiarity which, despite his prejudices on the game laws, may account for his frequently agreeing with his brother magistrate, Mr. Thornton, in his decisions.

"New Year's eve," observed Mrs. Poundtext; "no doubt but there will be the usual scenes of noise and dissipation, the bonfire, and ringing of bells."

"I have forbidden the bonfire," said Sir Norman, pompously.

"And my husband forbade the ringing of the bells," added the lady, angrily; "the church is so near the rectory there is no sleeping for them; but that wretched man, Farmer Minter, whom the parish elected churchwarden, insisted upon it as a right, and threatened to appeal to the bishop."

"Shocking!" said the baronet.

"Very shocking indeed!" echoed Lady Boothroyd.

"And ungrateful," continued Mrs. Poundtext; "for the rector actually received him in the library, and asked him to sit down whilst he explained his objections."

"I trust, my love," said her husband, mildly, "that I shall always act with Christian humility and charity, even to the most ignorant and worthless of my fellow-creatures."

"But Minter is neither ignorant nor worthless," observed Mr. Thornton, somewhat warmly; "on the contrary, I have found him a man of sound, practical sense, and unquestionable integrity."

"How can you express such very erroneous opinions?" exclaimed his host. "The fellow is a poacher! I really wonder that you do not identify yourself more with the feelings and ideas becoming the position you have acquired. Extraordinary! Very extraordinary!"

"Most extraordinary!" said her ladyship.

"Well, I think it be extraordinary," observed Squire Blundell, who, as we stated before, generally agreed with the last speaker.

"Perhaps it is because I have acquired it that I do not presume upon it," replied the gentleman, seriously; for he perfectly comprehended the covert sneer.

"Had you inherited your estate from your forefathers, you would think differently," added Sir Norman, pertinaciously following up the attack.

"Very differently, indeed," repeated his echo.

"Perhaps I should," answered Mr. Thornton, beginning to feel slightly nettled at the coarseness of his remarks; "but I purchased it with the fruits of my honest industry—the labour of my hands and head. Meldown, I am aware, was conferred upon your ancestors in an age of barbarism and bloodshed for military service. My property has been acquired by very different ones. The brain," he added, emphatically, "is as honourable a title as the sword."

"Surely you would not compare them," retorted the baronet, with difficulty repressing the anger he felt, at what he considered the presumption of the wealthy *parvenu*.

"Certainly not," was the emphatic reply.

"Thee beest right in the main, Thornton," said Squire Blundell; "though, as my lady says, thee hast got some queer crochets on thee brain; but I beart surprised. I suppose it do all come from thee having been so long in the worsted line. I saw one of the spinning machines once, but I could not understand it. All I do know is, that it set my poor head a wheeling and a whizzing for a week."

This was uttered with such perfect seriousness and good faith, that it was impossible for the party to whom it was addressed to feel offended. Still, he considered that the conversation had been carried quite far enough. Looking at his watch, he observed that it was late, and requested his son to ring for his carriage.

Sir Norman Boothroyd rung the bell himself.

"What, papa! are you going so soon?" demanded William.

"It is time," answered his father, seriously.

"New Year's eve, too!" added the boy.

"O do stay!" exclaimed little Alice, darting from the table, where she had been playing at some childish game with her young companion, and catching hold of Mr. Thornton's hand. "I have not won once yet," she added, poutingly; "William has beaten me every time."

"Very ungallant of him, indeed," replied the gentleman, with a smile.

In a few minutes the carriage was announced—a cold farewell taken of Sir Norman Boothroyd and his lady—a less formal one of the rector and his wife, who, with all their prejudices and peculiarities, were really very excellent people in their way—and an exceedingly cordial one of Squire Blundell, who seemed perfectly unconscious that anything unpleasant had taken place.

"Alice!" exclaimed her father, angrily, as his daughter held up her innocent face for Mr. Thornton to kiss her, "how can you be such a romp? It's highly unbecoming."

"Very shocking, indeed," repeated her mamma.

The child looked in her face with tearful eyes. She had not the slightest idea of having done anything wrong, and felt the injustice of the reproof.

Mr. Thornton just touched the forehead of his little favourite with his lips, and quitted the drawing-room, accompanied by his son William, who, in all probability, would have taken a similar adieu, had not a look from his father restrained him.

After the departure of the two guests there was a pause of several minutes in the conversation. The baronet broke it at last by observing, in a satisfied tone, "That he thought it would be some time before Mr. Thornton made his appearance again at Meldown Park."

"A very considerable time, I should think," observed her ladyship.

"Why, he beart agoin' to leave the neighbourhood, be he?" demanded Mr. Blundell.

"Not that I am aware of," answered his host, drily.

"Then, why don't thee expect to see him again?"

The rector and his wife smiled at the simplicity of the question. As a matter of course, they comprehended perfectly that a rupture had taken place. Not so the speaker, whose whole life had been passed in the country. The polished sarcasm, the covert impertinence, were lost on him; for, as our readers, doubtless, already have perceived, not only had his education been very much neglected, but his language was not the language of the fashionable world.

Finding that no one answered him, a ray of light, exceedingly faint at first, dawned gradually on the rather obtuse intellect of the squire.

"Why, no! surely 'thee hasn't quarrelled with him?" he added, in the tone of one laboriously debating a question in his own mind.

"Sir Norman Boothroyd can never quarrel with a person like Mr. Thornton," replied the baronet, drawing himself up with an air of pride.

"Of course thee can't," exclaimed his guest, faithful to his habit of coinciding with the last speaker, and, at the same time, delighted at what he mistook for a refutation of his suspicion. "A man must be as obstinate as a mule—a perfect ass—to disagree with a sensible, plain-speaking fellow like Thornton."

The perfect good faith with which this was uttered rendered the sting more poignant. His host coloured to the temples with anger, and fixed his eyes very earnestly on his guest, who, unconscious of the wound he had inflicted, secretly wondered what he was staring at. All present, with the exception of the squire, felt embarrassed; the mistress of the mansion waited, as usual, to take her cue from her husband; whilst Dr. Poundtext and his lady suddenly became deeply interested in the drawings of a magnificent album lying on one of the tables.

"Oh, but papa has quarrelled with Mr. Thornton!" sobbed Alice.

"Has he?" said Mr. Blundell, mechanically.

"He always quarrels with him," continued the child; "and neither he nor William will come to see me again."

As a punishment for these embarrassing observations, the bell was rung twice for the nurse to convey the little offender to bed.

As he gradually comprehended the true state of the case, that he had indirectly compared his stately neighbour both to a mule and a jackass, the broad features of the jovial fox-hunter expanded with mirth, for he possessed a keen relish for the ridiculous when made to see it.

"It be thee own fault, Sir Norman," he cried; "why doesn't thee speak so as a plain man can under-

stand thee. It be mortal droll," he added, bursting into a hearty laugh, "only to think that I should have called thee—but never mind that. There be no offence, I hope?"

The baronet bowed with his most stately air. "Didn't mean it. Thee beant a bit like—wouldn't have called thee such names on any account."

"I—I presume not, Mr. Blundell," answered the deeply mortified owner of Meldown Park. "In fact, I believe not."

These words cost the speaker a violent effort, but, for various reasons, he magnanimously made it. In the first place, like all vain, proud men, he was dreadfully sensitive on the score of ridicule, and did not wish so capital a joke to circulate in the neighbourhood. In the next, the Blundells were as old in the country as the Boothroyds, and far more popular, especially the squire, who, in addition to his reputation as a sporting character, had also that of being a crack shot.

"Pray, do not allude to it again," added the baronet; "it is really too ridiculous."

"I won't," replied his guest, shaking him by the hand most cordially; "though, hang me, if ever I shall see a mule or ass—"

A violent fit of coughing from the mistress of the mansion, who felt alarmed lest her husband's temper should give way, interrupted him. Mr. Blundell thought it was real, and gravely recommended Mrs. Poundtext to pat her on the back.

"You really have caught a dreadful cold, Lady Boothroyd," observed the rector's wife, willing to change the conversation.

"Try nettle tea," said the squire, kindly; "it always does me good, my lady."

There was no mistaking the look which Sir Norman and his better half both gave him. Their visitor began to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. He looked at his huge watch, muttered something about its being late, and took his leave, to the great relief of all parties.

"How dreadful! a man of his family to be so exceedingly coarse and ignorant," observed the baronet. "You forget *whom* he associates with, my love," charitably remarked her ladyship; "the man dines at 'The Elms' twice a week, at least."

The Poundtexts looked as if dining twice a week at 'The Elms' was something very wicked,—a sort of eighth deadly sin; but they said nothing, for they did not wish to be quoted. The squire had more than one living in his gift, and the rectory of St. Faith's was an exceedingly poor one, the great tithes going to the lord of the manor.

"My dear lady Boothroyd, you really are exceedingly unwell," said the reverend gentleman, who felt that their absence was desirable. "It is time we left you to repose."

The invitation to remain was so faintly given, there was but little difficulty in declining it, and the owners of Meldown Park were left to their own amiable society. No sooner did he find himself alone, than Sir Norman gave vent to his long smothered indignation. "It was entirely on account of that fellow Thornton he had been insulted; not one of his family should ever set foot at the hall again! he would never rest till he had got him removed from the bench! he was in league with poachers!"

"Ridiculous," said her ladyship, whose manner since the departure of the last of her guests had entirely changed, for she now spoke in a decided, commanding tone; "he is neither in league with the poachers, nor can you drive him from the bench; he will be gazetted a deputy-lieutenant within a week."

"A deputy-lieutenant!" repeated the horror-stricken baronet, for it appeared little short of profanation to confer such an honour on a mere *parvenu*, a fellow without blood in his veins like Mr. Thornton. "I shall resign my commission."

"You will do nothing of the kind," coolly observed his wife. "The step would only draw increased ridicule upon you; but, on the contrary, when the event takes place, call at 'The Elms' and congratulate him; it will be an excellent opportunity for healing the breach between you."

"Lady Boothroyd, do you imagine I have no pride?" demanded her husband.

"Too much, Sir Norman, too much! would you could exchange some portion of it for a little more resolution."

"No self-respect?"

"Too little," replied the lady, drily. "But that has nothing to do with the question. You detest this upstart Thornton—now, I dislike him too; in fact, look upon him as an enemy to our just influence in the shire. But to strike surely," she added, lowering her voice to a most unpleasant whisper, "*we must keep him within reach!* Now do you comprehend me?"

"Not exactly," faltered the baronet, beginning to feel alarmed at the evil spirit he had invoked.

"I thought not," said the female Machiavelli, in a tone of contempt; "but you will in time."

The gentleman yielded, as he invariably did, to the strong will of the speaker; in fact, there existed a kind of tacit compact between them, the wife being allowed to rule in secret, provided she paid submissive deference to the opinions of her husband in public; that was a homage his pride and vanity alike demanded, and, possibly, might have contended for. Like most men, he paid a fearful penalty for the gratification of his weakness.

By most persons the mistress of Meldown Park was looked upon as a poor, spiritless creature, a mere non-entity in her family. They did not know her; few really did.

From first to last the evening had proved a most unpleasant one, and Sir Norman felt considerably irritated—dissatisfied with himself, and consequently with every one else, not excepting her ladyship. After taking several turns up and down the drawing-room, he stopped suddenly short, and bade her good night.

"Where are you going?" she inquired.

"Round the park, and perhaps to the common, to see that my keepers are on the alert, and do their duty," he answered.

"Absurd! to lose your night's rest, and make yourself unpopular in the neighbourhood, for a few paltry hares and rabbits."

"Lady Boothroyd," said her husband, with more firmness than he generally ventured to show when they were alone, "that is my affair, strictly my affair. I consider it a point of honour to maintain my manorial rights intact as I received them from my ancestors, who, in the reign of the Plantagenets, would have hanged the rascally poachers."

"But we are not living in the time of the Plantagenets now," observed the lady.

"More the pity," replied the baronet; "more the pity."

And, so saying, he quitted the room. His wife saw him depart with a feeling nearly allied to contempt, for, as our readers may imagine, there was not much real affection between them; the bond of mutual respect—the strongest as well as the most lasting tie—had long been broken between them.

Little imagining what important events would arise from the sudden caprice of her husband to perambulate his domain, the mistress of Meldown Park retired to rest.

It was a bright moonlight night, and the snow was lying crisply on the ground, when Mr. Thornton and his son drove through the village of St. Faith's, on their return to "The Elms." As his father did not seem inclined for conversation, William amused himself by looking through the window of the carriage and noticing every object as they passed it on the road.

Hitherto, he had seen but little to attract his attention: One or two sturdy-looking yeomen and several labourers, the former well wrapped up in comfortable greatcoats, the latter in smock-frocks, hastening to the only inn in the place, to drink prosperity to the coming year; and a group of young men who were singing in front of the house of Farmer Minter.

"They must be very fond of music," thought the boy, "to stand singing there on a cold frosty night like this. How very absurd!"

He forgot that the farmer had three pretty daughters! Had he recollected that, and been a year or two older, the probability is, he would have come to a different conclusion.

"There goes Old Simon!" he exclaimed aloud, as they passed a small but neat cottage. "It must be nearly twelve o'clock, papa."

The person thus familiarly designated, is too important a personage not to merit a particular introduction to our readers.

Simon Gee, or, as every one familiarly called him, Old Simon, was the only hand-loom weaver and the principal bell-ringer in the village. The first was his calling, the means whereby he lived; and being not only an expert artisan, but an exceedingly honest man, he naturally stood high in the confidence of the farmers' wives, whose home-spun thread he converted into good strong household cloth, for none of the inhabitants, unless those at the hall or rectory, ever thought of purchasing linen; such an extravagance was unheard of at St. Faith's. The second was his hobby, the engrossing pleasure of his life, his relaxation from toil; never did he feel so happy or important as in the belfry, with his brother ringers, ready to commence a triple bob-major, the honest execution of which he looked upon as a sort of moral duty, a thing too serious to be trifled with.

Simon was not learned, unless in bells. He could tell to an ounce the weight of the great Ivan at Moscow;

had a profound veneration for the far-famed Tom of Lincoln; and kept a regular register of the achievements of the celebrated St. Peter's Mancroft Ringers, Norwich, and indeed throughout the kingdom.

For years it had been his intention to make a pilgrimage to the famous capital of the East Angles to hear them, but, somehow or other, something always occurred to prevent his carrying it into execution. Formerly it was want of money, now it was want of time, to say nothing of the remonstrances of his wife, an industrious, active little woman, whom, on the death of his father, he had married; perhaps it would have been more correct to say, who had married him.

Simon Gee entertained a kind of hereditary respect for his better half. She was the daughter of the tenor bell—the man to whose rope he had succeeded—and they lived very happily together; in fact, he had never known but one great sorrow, occasioned by the wild conduct of a younger brother, whom he had reared. Barney Gee detested bell-ringing and weaving; but, to make amends, had a decided taste for poaching, a weakness which had frequently brought him in contact not only with the keepers of Sir Norman Boothroyd, but with the judicial bench. Many a fine had Simon paid for him out of his hard earnings, and, in all probability, would have continued to pay, for he loved the scapegrace dearly, had not a threat of prosecution from the baronet compelled the offender to compromise it by consenting to enlist in one of the Company's regiments.

It was years since he had been heard of.

In person Simon was exceedingly thin, and under the average height; his countenance open, fresh-coloured, and honest; his mind a singular mixture of shrewdness and simplicity. Even the rector liked him, for he was a regular attendant at church; in fact, he would have been a positive favourite but for his passionate love of bell-ringing.

Although his wife previous to their marriage had invariably called her husband Old Simon, she now frequently wondered why people should so obstinately persist in applying that epithet to him; he was but little over fifty, as hale and hearty a man as any in the parish. At first she tried to break them of the habit by telling them his real age. It was all of no use; custom was too strong even for a woman's perseverance to shake.

On the eve of all the great festivals of the year, Simon was the first to repair to the belfry and see that everything was in readiness for his brother ringers; it was a labour of love to him, and his peculiarity in this respect so well known, that it explains William Thornton's exclamation, when he recognised him, of, "There goes Old Simon. It must be nearly twelve o'clock."

CHAPTER IV.

My boyish days are nearly gone,
My heart is not unsullied now,
And worldly cares and woes will soon
Cut their deep furrows on my brow.
And life will take a darker hue
From ills my brother never knew;
And I have made me bosom friends,
And bound and linked my heart with others:
But who with mine his spirit blends
As mine was blended with my brother's?

MOUTRIE.

HAVING lit the candles in the iron sconces fixed in the walls of the belfry, and seen the ropes all in order, Simon descended from the tower of the church—a building in the early Tudor style, erected before the excess of ornamentation had disfigured the chaste severity of its proportions. The old man—we are falling into the error so general amongst those who knew him of calling him old—seated himself upon a stone near the entrance of the edifice to await the arrival of his companions. Once or twice he regarded his watch and cast anxious looks towards the village; it was nearly time they made their appearance. Evidently he felt uneasy. Carter, the great bell, had a decided weakness for ale—this gave him serious misgivings; the others he knew he might rely upon.

"His hand will be unsteady," he thought, "even if he comes in time." That any one could think of ale with such a serious duty as the one before them to perform, was more than he could comprehend.

"Here comes the first one," he exclaimed, joyously, as he descried the tall figure of a man walking rapidly up the path leading to the churchyard. "No," he added, after a pause, "he wears a cloak, and no one but the rector or Sir Norman has such a thing in St. Faith's."

Presently the stranger shouted out his name.

"Who can it be?" muttered Simon.

The cry was repeated.

"Here!" answered the bell-ringer.

The person who had called to him marched with a

military step through the churchyard, his figure so completely enveloped in the cloak that it was impossible to recognise him by that. He wore heavy musaches and beard; the rest of his features were partially hid by a foraging cap.

For several moments these two persons, so widely different in appearance, regarded each other in silence. The bell-ringer was the first to speak.

"Were you seeking me?" he demanded, with surprise.

"Whom else should I seek?" replied the stranger, joyously.

The sound of his voice caused Simon to tremble, as if it had awakened some long silent echo in his heart; he peered at him earnestly from under the peak of his cap; but the features seemed totally unknown to him.

"What a fool I am," he muttered; "always fancying strange things."

"Is there anything strange," said the man in the cloak, "that the absent should return?"

"It can't be," exclaimed the old man, in the tone of one who felt bewildered between the conflicting evidence of his eyes and ears, "and yet I can almost swear to the voice."

"And whose voice do you take it for?"

"My brother's."

"Right!"

"Barney!" almost shrieked the weaver, at the same time opening his arms and tottering, rather than walking towards him.

The soldier pronounced the name of Simon, and the long separated brothers folded each other in a cordial embrace.

"It's New Year's eve," added the wanderer, "and I knew that I should find you here."

"Yes, yes," murmured Simon, "sure to be here; but bless me, how you are altered; why you have quite a beard!"

"I have been ten years in India," observed Barney, laughingly.

"India! have you been in India!" exclaimed the weaver, still more and more astonished; "what kind of bells have they there?"

"Curious looking things, enough," replied the returned soldier, "carved all over with images."

"And the ringers?"

"They have no ringers there; the bells are struck with hammers, or gingle on the ankle of the Nautch girls."

"No ringers!" repeated the old man. "Well! well!"

He asked no more questions on the subject of India; his curiosity was satisfied. Apparently he had no desire to hear more of a land in which his favourite art was unknown.

"Bless me," he continued, startled by a plaintive cry, which came from beneath the large military cloak worn by his brother; "what have you got there?"

Barney Gee threw back the folds of his garment, and discovered a child, between seven and eight years old, whom he had held, all the while their conversation lasted, closely covered up and guarded from the night air. It was a girl.

He said something to it in Hindostani, and the helpless little creature looked up in his face and smiled.

"Why, I declare it is a child!" exclaimed Simon. "You didn't suppose it was a tiger, did you?" demanded his brother.

"Pretty creature! pretty creature!" continued the bell-ringer, without heeding the question; "but what are you going to do with it?"

"What do you mean by *do with it*?"

"Where did you get it? Find it?"

"Find it!" repeated Barney, with a hearty laugh at his brother's simplicity; "do you imagine that babies spring up like mushrooms after a night's rain? But you don't understand these things," he added; "how should you? an old bachelor."

"But I am not an old bachelor," interrupted Simon, with great dignity. "I have been married these six years."

His brother did not look over delighted at the intelligence: perhaps he had calculated on obtaining a home after all his wanderings in the snug cottage of the weaver, and doubted how far such an arrangement might be agreeable to his wife.

"And who in the name of goodness did you get to have you?"

"Hester," replied the old man, meekly, for the words "get to have you" had brought him back to the humble opinion he entertained of himself.

"Hester who?" demanded Barney, sharply.

"Crotchet! you recollect her father; you must recollect him,—the tenor bell when you were a boy; a good man, and a conscientious ringer; rather weak in a triple bob-major as he grew old."

"And what sort of wife does the tenor bell's daughter make you?"

"The best in the world; never was so happy in my life."

"Then heaven bless her!" exclaimed the soldier, "and you!" he added, stretching out his disengaged hand to him. "I thought of troubling you for a night's shelter, but will find one at—"

"Trouble, Barney!" interrupted his brother, deeply hurt. "Trouble! what have I done that you should talk to me in that way? isn't there your own room, and the bed you used to sleep in when a boy? with the strings of bird's eggs, the wasp's nest, and the old gun hanging at the head of it, just as you left them; not a thing has been disturbed, for Hester always said you would return some day."

"Did she?" said Barney, deeply moved.

"Of course she did," continued the bell-ringer, "and I prayed for it. The hearth will look so cheerful now; come along!"

"But the bells?"

"Ah!" said the ringer, with a sigh, "they must do without me to-night."

"Nothing of the kind," replied the former, who knew how painful the sacrifice would be to him. "I can find my way to the cottage alone."

"But Hester is out at a neighbour's, and, besides—"

Here the speaker stopped short.

It is hardly worth while to speculate on what might have followed. Perhaps he wished to prepare his wife for the reception of the wanderer, soften the surprise, tell her that he had brought a child with him, or—in fact, there are little conjugal mysteries in all families, over which it is always wisest to drop the veil.

"I have it," he resumed. "It still wants ten minutes to twelve. Give me the baby. I'll take it to Hester, and tell her you are coming. Wait here, and when the ringers arrive, say I shall be back directly."

"If that's all, I'll put the clock back," replied Barney.

"Well, if you think it would not be very wrong," observed his brother, doubtfully.

"It's only giving ten minutes more to the old year to draw its last breath; there can be no great harm in that."

"Not much," said Simon Gee, taking the child and the cloak in which it was wrapped carefully from his brother; "that will give me plenty of time."

With these words he quitted the spot, running rather than walking towards the village with his novel burden.

"There's the old tower, and yonder lies St. Faith's," exclaimed the wanderer, "the home of my infancy,—of as good a brother, of as honest, though simple a man, as ever broke the bread of life. I wonder what Sir Norman will say when he hears of my return? Pshaw! let him say what he likes. I have served my time, and received an honourable discharge from the service, and can defy him, great as he is—and rascal as he is," he added, slowly.

The speaker drew from a pocket contrived in the lining of his vest a small packet, which he contemplated with an air of satisfaction for several seconds, and was about to return it, when some idea suddenly struck him.

"It will be safer there," he muttered; "safer there."

With these enigmatical words, he entered the belfry, a place he was evidently well acquainted with, and put back the hands of the clock.

As he descended he heard the voices of the ringers calling for his brother; they had arrived during his absence, and were evidently much astonished at not finding him at his post.

"Simon will be back in an instant," he said.

Several of the men stared at him, wondering what a stranger had been doing in the tower, and still more at the non-appearance of the tenor bell, or "Old Punctuality" as they facetiously called him.

"Why it is just on the strike of twelve," observed one of the men.

"No, it wants nine minutes at least," replied the soldier, with difficulty repressing a laugh at the trick he had played them.

Watches were looked at and compared. The ringers could not make it out.

"Nine minutes!" repeated the base; "we might have stayed another pot."

"That you might, Peter," observed the stranger.

Astonished at hearing himself addressed by name, the man walked up to him and peered curiously into his face.

"It's Barney!" he exclaimed, with a joyous shout of recognition. "Barney Gee himself!"

"His own self," replied the long absent man.

There was a general shaking of hands; questions were asked and answers given, but in so hurried and confused a manner, that had not the speakers been well acquainted with the persons and habits of those they were speaking of, they must have been mutually unintelligible.

"And Stephen?" asked the soldier.

"Sir Norman drove him from this part of the country for poaching, Black Ben enlisted, Mary married her cousin, and Jack Squires took service with Lord Tramore."

"Willie of the Hutch?"

"I saw him just now," answered one of his informants, "with the rest of the boys, walking towards the common; they had their guns."

"And dogs," added a second.

The words guns and dogs seemed to excite some not unpleasant recollections in the mind of Barney Gee, for he declared his intention of joining them. At this moment his brother arrived, quite out of breath with the exertion he had made to be back in time.

"It's quite right," he said; "Hester will be so happy to see you. She has taken care of the child."

"Thank you, Simon," replied his brother, turning to walk towards the village.

"Won't you wait for me?"

"Not now."

"But—"

"Come, old fellow," interrupted the big bell, "it's you who are delaying us now."

"Yes! yes! I know," replied the bewildered man. "But where is Barney going to?"

At this moment the clock struck the first note of midnight.

Barney is quite old enough to take care of himself," shouted the ringers, pushing him towards the belfry; "not an instant to lose."

Simon suffered himself to be driven as it were into the tower. They were but just in time to save their reputation; but they did save it, for as the last stroke of the clock sounded the knell of the parting year, the bells of St. Faith's church struck up a merry peal to welcome the birth of the new one.

We can conceive no feeling more grateful to the heart than the meeting of long absent friends: the warm shaking of the hand, the renewal of old ties, the recital of old tales and recollections. Memory is a rich treasury, despite the funeral crape which dims the brightness of some of its most precious gems.

It is not to be supposed that when Barney Gee started from the belfry in search of his old companions, he had the slightest idea of joining in their dangerous sport. On the contrary, on setting out for his native place, he had fully made up his mind to abstain from all disputes with the lord of the manor for the future, and live quietly, that is to say, quietly for a bachelor, and let the rabbits live in peace. Vain resolve! inclinations are almost as difficult to control as destiny. We deem that we have suppressed them, when, in point of fact, they only slumber for want of opportunity, or are absorbed in the strong passions of the heart. We hug ourselves on our philosophy at the moment it is weakest.

The first greeting and recognition over, the conversation naturally turned upon the projected expedition to the common, and the lord of the manor.

"He is as tyrannical as ever," observed one.

"A purse proud fool," added a second.

"But he shan't deprive us of our rights!" exclaimed several. "We have an honest magistrate and a good man settled in the neighbourhood since you were here—Mr. Thornton: he never inflicts more than a few shillings by way of fine when we are caught. He says openly, that Sir Norman ought to prove his right."

"I wish he had been here when I was taken," observed the returned soldier; "it would have saved me many a day's march under a burning sun in India, many a heart-ache," he added, with a sigh, "when I thought of home and the friends I never expected to see again."

By this time they had reached the skirts of the common, and the good resolutions of the speaker began to waver. The conversation had excited him. More than one old companion offered him the loan of his gun; in short, he was but human, and found it impossible to resist the temptation cast suddenly in his way.

"Mind, only for the rabbits!" he said.

Of course, no one thought at that moment of venturing into the well-guarded park, and for some time the party kept to their resolution. Unfortunately a pheasant crossed the path of one of them, a shot was fired, and the bird fell.

This occurred close to a part of the estate called the Hutch, where the preserves were separated from the common only by a deep dry ditch, in which a posse of keepers were lying concealed, with Sir Norman Boothroyd at their head.

He sprang forward and called upon them to give up their guns.

"Come and take them," shouted several of the young men.

"Loose the dogs!" exclaimed the baronet.

Two noble bloodhounds were released by those who held them in leash. As they advanced with their deep, loud baying, the poachers fired a general volley. Considering the ferocity of their assailants it was a matter of self-preservation.

Unfortunately not only the dogs but one of the keepers fell.

Maddened by the sight of the dying animals and their wounded companion, conscious also that now they had the law upon their side, the keepers returned the fire, which added another victim to the list.

Barney Gee lay stretched upon the heath never to rise again; the rest of his party fled.

"The hounds are quite dead, I suppose," exclaimed Sir Norman, regarding the two dogs, whose loss seemed to affect him more than the blood which had been shed.

"Quite," answered Fletcher, the head warren, touching his hat.

"You had better look to Springthorp, then," said his master.

This was the name of the keeper who had been unintentionally hit by the discharge of the poachers in defending themselves against the bloodhounds. The man was desperately wounded. One charge had lodged in his chest; another shattered the right side of his face. He groaned deeply as his companions raised him in their arms, and fell back senseless.

"He is dying, Sir Norman," whispered the warren.

The owner of Meldown Park heard the intelligence without any great pain. Perhaps, if his feelings could have been really read, he was rather satisfied than not. He knew that the occurrence would greatly add to his unpopularity in the neighbourhood; and thought that the death of one of his keepers by the hand of a poacher might partially justify him in public opinion.

"We had better take him to the hall."

"To the hall!" repeated his master; "and have an inquest and all kinds of annoyances there! Nothing of the kind; take him to the lodge, it's not much more than a mile further."

As a matter of course his orders were obeyed, and he remained with only two of his attendants on the field of his exploits; the rest were carrying off their wounded and dying companion.

"Well, Parker," he said, after a pause, "we have peppered one of the rascals."

"Yes, Sir Norman," answered the man, in a tone which indicated he did not share in the satisfaction of the speaker.

"You saw him shoot the pheasant?"

"I saw the pheasant shot, but I could not swear by whom the shot was fired."

The baronet bit his lips, and secretly cursed him for an over precise fellow.

"I wonder who it is?" added the speaker, advancing towards Barney, from whose side the life-stream was ebbing fast; "don't know the face; and yet I think I must have seen it before."

"You have indeed, both of you," observed a voice near them.

Sir Norman started, and half-raised his gun.

"Be under no alarm; you know me too well to suppose me capable either of violence or of poaching."

"Ah, Minter, is it you?" answered the lord of the manor. "Sad affair! But you see what the obstinate conduct of my misguided tenantry has ended in. One of my keepers, Springthorp, murdered, and this fellow shot!"

"I should rather say they were both murdered," replied the farmer.

"But you hinted that I knew the poaching rascal," added the baronet.

"As well as I do."

"And his name?"

"In an instant, Sir Norman; in an instant. He was a happy, light-hearted boy, when you first came to settle amongst us, with your new-fangled notions about your rights on the common. You took a particular dislike to him; hunted him up for every offence; and, to rid yourself of him, got up a case— which he could not meet, or you prove—of poaching against him. So he enlisted, and went abroad, to avoid all further persecution, and only returned to St. Faith's this very night."

"Barney Gee!" ejaculated the keeper and his master.

"I told you that you both knew him," added the speaker, in a tone of indignation. "But you have finished your task. It's all over with him, poor fellow! And New Year's eve, too! It will be long remembered."

"The fellow was a poacher," remarked his landlord, determined to keep up a show of confidence, although he began to fear the affair looked worse than he expected; "he shot one of my pheasants. My keeper can prove it."

"No, I can't," said the man, struck with deep remorse for the part he had formerly acted against the victim. "I must speak the truth, if I lose my place for it. The bird was shot; but we were all crouching in the dry ditch, and not one of us could tell who fired."

"Pheasant! Talk of the blood of a pheasant," exclaimed Minter, "with that of a fellow-creature on your hands! Poor Barney!"

This was the second or third time the name of the dying man had been pronounced. Although bleeding fast to death, he was perfectly sensible, and heard everything that passed. With a supreme effort, he raised his head from the heath, and moved his hands. On witnessing the action, all the speakers drew closer to him.

The farmer knelt down, and supported him on his knee.

"Simon! Simon!" he murmured, faintly.

"He is thinking of his brother," observed Minter.

"The owl's nest!" he added, and fell back.

"What does he say?" demanded the baronet.

The keeper offered his hand to Barney, who had just sufficient strength to touch it, to show that he bore him no ill feeling.

"Thank heaven," said the man. "I wouldn't like a dog to die at enmity with me, if I thought I had given it reason."

"You grow quite sentimental," observed Sir Norman Boothroyd, with a sneer. "I dare say the fellow is a deserter. The shot has only spared him the lash."

On hearing this brutal supposition, pride gave the insulted soldier strength; he started to his feet, and, drawing from his bosom his discharge, which was deeply stained with blood, shook it in the face of the speaker, then fell back with a groan, and expired.

Cries were now heard, and a crowd seen approaching the spot from the other side of the common. The baronet, whose principal virtue most certainly was not courage, seeing that he had no longer his band of keepers to protect him, gradually beat a retreat; and it was well perhaps that he did so, or in the heat of passion and contempt for his heartless conduct, another ill deed might have been committed.

The first of the crowd to approach the spot was the bell-ringer. He had heard of the fatal affray just as he was leaving the church. The old man knelt down, and kissed the corpse as tenderly as if it had been a sleeping infant.

"It is a hard blow," he murmured; "but His will be done! Poor brother! To live only to see his native village; and then to—to—rest for ever in the churchyard!"

Tears choked his utterance. He could add no more.

"What will become of Barney's child?" observed one of the ringers, whom Simon had informed of the fact of his bringing one all the way from India with him.

"We will all help it!" exclaimed a dozen voices.

"Thank you!" faltered the bereaved brother, rising from his knees; "but that is my duty. It shall drink of my cup and eat of my bread. The means, it is true, are scanty," he added; "but heaven will bless them."

A deep "Amen!" broke from the lips of those who heard him.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

DESIRABLE and proper as it is to excite the ambition of the young by pointing out to them the responsibilities which rest upon them, it is equally desirable to render them that practical help without which the brightest hope must end in disappointment.

And in helping the young, a writer should not content himself with generalising on great questions. They want practical help. It is worse than useless to exhort them to *do this* or *do that*, without telling them how these things are to be done. I propose, therefore, to furnish my youthful readers with some instructions on common things capable of immediate application.

There is not any subject on which the editor of this journal—so I am given to understand—is more frequently consulted than that of the handwriting. All the letters in the alphabet—all the deities of the heathen mythology—all the characters in Mr. Smith's novels—all the leading celebrities of all time, are requesting to know in the next number what the

editor thinks of their handwriting, and whether their epistles are well or ill expressed.

Now, I do not want, on any account, to take the editor's work out of his hands. I leave him in his seat of honour and onerous responsibility, the editorial chair, to thunder forth his opinions to his correspondents; still, judging from the number who write on this one topic, I think I may be rendering some service, both to him and to them, in furnishing some hints respecting handwriting and correspondence.

HANDWRITING.

Lord Chesterfield says that every man who has the use of his eyes and his right hand, can write whatever hand he pleases. This is hardly true. Handwriting indicates character, and corresponds with it; and however great our powers of imitation, we must always possess more or less strongly marked individual traits. It is no more to be expected or desired that we all shall write alike, than that we all shall look alike or act alike. But it is true that every one, with the use of eyes and hand, may write well—write a free, regular, and graceful hand—write legibly, at all events.

If you write a cramped, irregular, and illegible hand, the sooner you set about reforming it the better. Go to some good teacher of penmanship, if one can be found in your neighbourhood, and take a few lessons, with the strong resolution to improve; but if no teacher is at hand, never mind, set about the task without one. All difficulties will vanish before resolute effort. Try it and see. Form your letters clearly, distinctly, symmetrically, and with a uniform slope or angle, and make your lines straight and even, and your manuscript will look well and be easily read. The more graceful the curves, and the smoother the lines, the better; but these last qualities are not essential.

POSITION.

A bad position in writing is as destructive to beauty of form, as it is to health. Persons who write much in the crooked and ungraceful position so common among the "slaves of the desk," become permanently bent and round-shouldered, and are particularly liable to diseases of the lungs. Bad habits are easily acquired, so are good habits. If you do not acquire the latter, you will the former. Which will you choose?

Sit erect, rest both arms equally on the desk or table, lay your paper on your open portfolio, or on the table, slightly to the right, and at right angles with the side at which you sit. Dip your pen carefully, so as to make no slovenly blots; carry your hand steadily and firmly, but as lightly as may be, and you will give clear, beautiful, happy thoughts, if you have them, a fitting chirographic expression.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Now, with respect to correspondence. The first grand point in writing is, to have something to say; and the second is, to know how to say it; and the third is, when you have said it to stop.

SPELLING.

To begin with spelling. Everybody who aspires to write, should know how to spell. The best handwriting is often disfigured by misspelt words. Spelling is word making. Perhaps you are a good speller; if so, be thankful. But there are more than a hundred thousand words in the English language, and there are few young people—or old people either—who know the orthography of them all. Various rules have been recommended for the acquisition of good spelling. The best is to study the dictionary. We sometimes hear the vulgar expression, that a man or woman has "swallowed" a dictionary. Mentally and figuratively, this may be true, and yet the individual in question receives no benefit. We must digest the dictionary before we are really benefited by its intellectual pabulum.

CAPITAL LETTERS

The misuse of capital letters is almost as great a blemish in written words as bad spelling. Fortunately, the rules for their proper use are few and plain, and may easily be remembered. To leave my readers no excuse on this point, I insert them here.

The first word of every distinct sentence must begin with a capital letter.

All proper names, and titles of office or honour, and all appellations of the deity, must begin with capital letters.

Adjectives derived from proper names, must begin with capital letters.

The names of the month and of the days of the week, must begin with capital letters.

The principal words in the titles of books, magazines, and newspapers, must begin with capital letters.

The first word of an example, a direct quotation, or a direct speech, must begin with capital letters. The name of an object permitting and conveying a specially individual idea, should begin with a capital letter.

Every line in poetry must begin with a capital letter.

The words I and O must always be capital letters. Other words of particular importance, and such as denote the principal subject of discourse, may begin with capital letters.

CHOICE OF WORDS.

Use simple, familiar Anglo-Saxon words, in preference to those of Latin and French origin. The latter may seem finer and more high-sounding, but the former are stronger and more expressive, and you will be able to set forth more clearly in them what you have to say. If your thought is a great one, simple words will well befit it; and if it is trifling or commonplace, your grand phrases will only make it seem ridiculous. Father, mother, brother, sister, home, happiness, heaven; sun, moon, stars, light, heat; to sit, to stand, to go, to run, to stagger, are Anglo-Saxon words, as are most of those used to express habitual actions, and designate persons and objects familiar and dear to us. We may say in Latin-English, "Felicity attends virtue," but "Well-being arises from well-doing"—Saxon-English—is a far better wording of the same idea. The French and Latin elements of our language, of course, have their place and use, and cannot be left out; but the Anglo-Saxon should furnish the staple of our common writing and talk. Avoid equivocal and ambiguous words, technical terms, unless absolutely necessary, and, above all, low expressions, or vulgarisms. A man is known almost as well by the words he uses, as by the company he keeps. Choose both from among the best.

SENTENCES.

Words, rightly arranged, form phrases, clauses, and sentences, and become the vehicle of thought. It is important to know how to arrange them rightly. Sentence-making is taught in works on grammar, rhetoric, and composition. I recommend to those who have time for study, Professor Fowler's book on the English Language in its Elements and Forms. Its price places it within the reach of all, and its contents can be easily mastered.

CLEARNESS.

The first requisite of a good sentence is clearness. Aim, then, first of all, to put your words together so that they may truly represent your idea, and nothing more. Make yourself understood, if you do nothing else; and let there be no vagueness about your statements. Every sentence should not only convey a meaning, but a distinct and definite meaning. You may fail in this point, either through a bad choice of words, or a wrong arrangement of them. Be careful, then, to select words which, used in their proper sense, will express exactly the idea you intend; and not use the same word in different senses in the same connection.

STRENGTH.

Next in importance to clearness is strength. It is not enough that we are understood. We wish to make an impression, to influence, to move the reader. So we must make our sentences not only clear, but strong.

To make a strong wagon, the wheelwright takes hard, tough-fibred timber, and puts it together with firm, well-fitting mortise and tenon. In a like manner, strong sentences are made of strong words, strongly put together. We have said something of strong words in speaking of the Anglo-Saxon element of our language. A strong construction implies such an arrangement of words as will exhibit the sense to the best advantage. To be strong, a sentence must be clear, compact, and symmetrical. Unpractised writers fall into a variety of errors, which tend to loosen the force of their composition. The following rules, judiciously applied, will enable you to avoid most of them.

RULES OF CONSTRUCTION.

Place the principal words in your sentence where they will make the most striking impression. Never allow a weaker assertion or argument to follow a stronger one. Avoid the separation of the preposition from the noun which it governs.

Avoid concluding your sentence with an adverb, preposition, or other insignificant word. Strike out all words which add nothing to the sense. The last rule is by no means the least in importance. The young writer's sentences, like young trees, generally admit of a good deal of pruning. Words abstractedly are no ornament of style. If they convey no decisive meaning, they are mere excrescences and incum-

brances, and should be unsparingly cut off, in revising, wherever they have unfortunately been permitted to attach themselves.

UNITY.

A sentence, though, like the human body, composed of parts having distinct functions in the general economy, should, like the latter, make upon the mind the impressions of a single object.

Lack of unity arises oftener than otherwise from crowding together in a sentence ideas so slightly connected, that they admit of being divided into two or more sentences. Shun this fault, even at the risk of making too many short sentences. Use as few parenthetical expressions as possible.

HARMONY.

Sense should never be sacrificed to sound; yet harmony is by no means an unimportant quality in literary composition. To promote it, avoid harsh-sounding words and discordant combinations; blend as little as possible long and short syllables; and pay particular attention to the closing cadence. Whatever is easy to the organ of speech is pleasing to the ear.

PARAGRAPHS.

One or more sentences form a paragraph. Paragraphs are not mere arbitrary divisions of a sentence, as some seem to suppose, but, like sentences, mark natural pauses or breaks in the discourse. Still it is not easy to lay down rules for their formation. Some writers make fewer and larger ones than others. It is safer, as a general rule, to make them short.

I shall take occasion to return to this subject. It is exceedingly important. All that is required is a little method—and method overcomes all difficulties.

THE TWO HOMES;

OR,

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

A MORE striking contrast could scarcely exist than between the homes of William and Henry Camden. United by the tie of brotherhood, and in many respects of similar dispositions and feelings, both blessed with worldly prosperity, with affectionate wives and dutiful children, one could scarcely account for the difference which we have mentioned; for, from like causes, we generally expect like results.

But the more observing of those around them, particularly the old inhabitants, who remembered the brothers when they were lads, knew that there was one point of character in which they were very dissimilar, and this they maintained gave a colouring to every event of their lives. William was a bright, cheerful temperament, always disposed to make the best of everything, and never discouraged, even when fortune seemed to frown; while Henry, on the contrary, seemed constantly anticipating evil, and embittered his days of prosperity by looking forward to some possible evil shrouded in futurity.

They used to be called Sunshine and Shadow; and that the name applied to each had certainly been happily chosen, was acknowledged every day by all who visited at the house of the brothers William and Henry Camden.

With these few words by way of explanation, we will at once introduce our readers into the homes of the two brothers. And first, let us take a peep into the pleasant little room where Mrs. William Camden was at that very time awaiting her husband's return. He was somewhat later than usual, and the little ones around her were clamorous for dear father, and indignant that Alice, the nursery maid, should have made her appearance with the usual summons to bed.

"What, go to bed without kissing father! No, indeed. Kind mamma would let them sit up a little longer, would she not?" and one coaxing little cherub climbed upon her knee and enforced the request with a kiss; while another hung round her, and looked pleadingly in her face.

"A few minutes longer, Alice," was the reply. "Mr. Camden will soon be here, I think; and if not, darlings, mamma will kiss you twice, and tell you a pretty story to comfort you."

The little group were gay and glad again; and ere many minutes had elapsed a joyful shout from those stationed at the window told that the husband and father was in sight. In a few moments he was among them, enjoying and returning their caresses, and in no way disturbed by the clamour of their happy little voices; while the mother stood by gazing with delight upon the innocent happiness of her loved ones.

And soon all was hushed. The fond good-night had been said; each little head was upon its pillow, and the parents were left to the quiet enjoyment of the evening meal.

Ever alive to the slightest variation in her husband's feelings, Mrs. Camden had perceived a cloud upon his brow, even while he sported joyfully with his children. But with a woman's tact, she took no notice of it, but cheered him with pleasing anecdotes on the passing events of the day—evidences of the improvement of the elder children, and funny little sayings and doings of the younger ones—trifling details, but amusing and interesting to the father's heart.

But when, after the evening meal, the sleeping children had been visited, and the parents were seated once more by their fireside, the wife affectionately inquired the reason of the cloud that still hung on her husband's brow, Mr. Camden replied at once, with perfect frankness—

"Our business affairs look rather dark at present, dear Ellen; but I trust the cloud will soon pass away. We have, however, good reason to fear a heavy loss, owing to the failure of a house with which our firm is connected. It will put us to much present inconvenience, and some retrenchment will be necessary in all our expenses; but I think all will ultimately go well again."

"I have no doubt of it," was the cheerful though sympathising reply; "and there are many ways in which we can live economically, if it should be desirable, for a time. A little more exertion on my part would enable us to dispense with at least one servant; our proposed summer excursion can be given up; it is always expensive, and not necessary, for we have an abundance of fresh country air in our own pleasant home. Indeed, I have no doubt that we can retrench in a hundred ways, without the least inconvenience."

"If all women were like you, my sweet wife," replied the husband, affectionately, "we poor men should not so often be driven to distraction by trouble in our business affairs. A cheerful home is the greatest blessing a man can possess. Poor Henry has returned to his family this evening, completely bowed down with fear of approaching calamity. He can see no bright side to the affair. He is confident that ruin is inevitable. My most powerful arguments failed to convince him that a heavy loss, occasioning temporary inconvenience, is all we have to apprehend. His tender-hearted wife will sympathise with him most truly, but no cheering word will escape her lips; she, too, will take the same gloomy view of affairs. The poor children will go to rest with sad hearts to-night."

Mrs. Camden sighed as she replied—
"I will step over and see Clara in the morning, and endeavour to make her look at things in a more cheerful light."

"That will pass even your power, I fear; but come, Ellen, let us resume the book which we commenced last evening. My mind is wearied by close attention to business through the day; and it will be a relief to read a few pages from our favourite author."

An hour or two passed pleasantly away; and then, comforted and calmed, the husband and wife sought repose. They could, indeed, realise the cloud which, for a time, might obscure their sky. But in their evening devotions, they thought of the many blessings which surrounded them, and prayed for willing hearts to impart those blessings to those who were suffering and needy. Trouble passed slightly over them; for within their own hearts they carried what the poet appropriately calls the stoutest of all armour. The keenest and surest weapon is a bold and cheerful spirit.

Leaving the sunny abode, we must beg the reader to return with us to the twilight hour, and accompany Henry Camden to his home. Here, too, the little ones were impatiently awaiting their father's return.

"Something must have happened to father," remarked Mary, the eldest of the children, with a wise shake of the head.

The child but echoed the anxious expression of the mother's countenance, as she gazed uneasily from the window.

"He never stays so late," she murmured. "There must have been some accident on their return from the city," and visions of fractured skulls and broken bones passed rapidly before her.

The children appealed to her for leave to remain up beyond their usual hour; but they were unheeded. Her whole soul was absorbed in the thought of approaching misfortune.

Judging from the appearance of her mistress, that the little ones would be better off out of the way, the nursemaid endeavoured to enforce her demands, when fortunately the father entered.

The children sprang to his arms. He stooped to embrace them, saying, sadly—

"Good night, my darlings; go with Betty. Father cannot talk with you to-night."

They obeyed quietly, but an expression of sorrow was visible in their innocent faces.

"Poor father is ill," whispered the youngest darling, as she pressed her lips to his cheek. "Lizzy will take care of him to-morrow."

The mother scarcely waited until the door was closed ere she approached her husband, and with a tender pressure of the hand, exclaimed—

"I felt sure that something had befallen us, dear Henry; but I feared a personal accident to yourself. Tell me at once what is the matter."

"Our business affairs are in a most critical and alarming condition, Clara. I fear that utter ruin is impending."

Tears fell fast from Mrs. Camden's eyes.

"It will be hard to bear poverty," she murmured. "I do not think of myself, dear Henry, but I grieve for you, my poor husband, who have toiled for years to place us in possession of comforts, of which we must now be deprived:—and our children, how sadly they will feel the change!"

"It is indeed hard," exclaimed the husband, as he hurriedly paced the apartment; "but there is no remedy, and we must endeavour to submit. William wanted to persuade me that the case is not so desperate as I imagine; but it is useless to deceive myself with hopes which can never be realised. Better to look our troubles full in the face at once."

"Far better," rejoined his wife. "William always talks to us about looking on the bright side; but for my part I think it better to be prepared for the worst."

They seated themselves at the table; but the husband partook of the food which was placed before him without relish, and Clara felt a choking sensation in her throat which prevented her from swallowing one mouthful.

The evening passed in mournful silence; and at an early hour, with sad hearts, they sought repose.

Morning found the brothers again at their post—the one invigorated and strengthened for whatever might befall; the other depressed, harassed, and anxious.

Next morning, after despatching her rosy children to school as usual, cheerful little Ellen set out on her visit of condolence to her sister-in-law.

A short and pleasant walk brought her to the house of Henry Camden.

Four sweet children were playing in the yard, and they joyfully flew to welcome "Aunt Ellen."

"How comes it that you are not at school, dear Mary?" she asked, as she affectionately returned their greeting.

A shade passed over the child's countenance as she replied—

"Mother did not get us ready as usual. I asked her once if it was not school time, but she said that it made little difference now, for we should not be able to go to school long. Something is the matter with poor mother. She has cried all the morning, and father was very sad, too. I am glad you have come, Aunt Ellen."

"This is worse than I anticipated," thought Mrs. Camden. "I fear Clara has some affliction of which I am ignorant;" and with ready sympathy she entered at once.

"Mrs. Camden is in her own room, ma'am," said the servant. "I presume you can see her, although she desired me to tell any one who called that she was not well, and did not feel able to see company."

"I will go up to her room," was the reply; and the gentle tap at the door was answered by a request to walk in.

"Good morning, Clara. I am grieved to hear that you are not well this morning," was the salutation of the visitor, to which greeting a pressure of the hand and a shower of tears were the only response. "You alarm me, Clara. Has anything occurred of which I am uninformed? Your husband, is he well?"

"Alas, my poor husband! It is for him that I grieve most deeply," sobbed Clara. "Surely, Ellen, William has told you of our mutual misfortunes?"

"He has told me that there is danger of a heavy loss in their business, which will, for a while, embarrass them, and render economy on our part necessary; but I do assure you, my dear sister, there is no cause for this extreme anxiety and alarm. If your husband is desponding, there is more need that you should be calm and cheerful."

"Surely I should sympathise with his griefs," was the almost indignant reply. "Would you have me smile when Henry is sad? My heart must be cold indeed."

"Yes—but if we would give consolation, we must endeavour to keep our own minds in a quiet, cheerful state; and, if possible, present a brighter side of the picture to him whom we are endeavouring to console."

"But there can be no brighter side, Ellen. The prospect is, that we are penniless."

"O no, no, Clara! not so bad as that; but even if we were, we should be thankful that our husbands are still comparatively young men, with good health and undiminished energies; and we have talents and accomplishments which might add materially to our diminished incomes. So cheer up, my dear sister, and above all, remember that our afflictions, as well as our blessings, are from a Father's hand, and are designed for the same great end. The loss of worldly riches cannot dim our hopes of eternal happiness; and while these hopes remain, is not the future bright before us?"

The better feelings and deeper principles of Clara responded to this appeal, and for a time she made some effort to rise above the grief which she had allowed to overwhelm her.

With her husband's return, however, the dark shadow returned also. There was no vigorous effort to raise him from the slough of despond into which he had fallen. A slight attempt at a smiling welcome was instantly checked by the despairing expression of his countenance.

A week passed before matters were decided; and then Henry Camden was forced to acknowledge the superiority of his brother's judgment. There was indeed a heavy loss, and some retrenchment was necessary;—but they were still in possession of every comfort.

This removal of their worst fears did not, however, in Henry Camden's family, produce the relief which might have been expected. Every economical arrangement was viewed as a calamity, and trifling acts of self-denial, which, to the more cheerful Ellen, seemed scarcely worth noticing, were to Clara subjects of mournful regret and constant annoyance.

Three years had passed, the cloud which had obscured their worldly prospects had disappeared, and the brothers were more prosperous than ever.

It was the birthday of the eldest daughter of William Camden, a lovely girl of twelve years, and a happy party were assembled to celebrate the joyful day.

"Is it not delightful to look at the children?" said the fond mother, as, wearied with her exertions for the entertainment of her young guests, she seated herself by the side of her sister-in-law, who had been invited to accompany her own little ones on the occasion. "There is so much innocence in their joy, that it seems to bring us nearer to our heavenly home when we join them in their sports. I know no better cure for the heart-ache than to mingle with a group of merry children."

"But do not fears for the future ever disturb your mind while contemplating their joy?" asked Mrs. Henry Camden, as she stooped to kiss one of the joyful little ones who, at that moment, ran up to them for a caress.

"True," was the reply; "but who would instil a dread of the future in their young hearts? Confiding in the love of their heavenly Father, we would teach them to receive, day by day, their daily bread, rejoicing in the sunshine, and regarding the storms with humble gratitude as messengers of their Father's love, purifying their souls from earthly dross. Surely we may rejoice with them, my dear sister, unchecked by the fear of evils shrouded in futurity."

Their conversation was interrupted by the approach of little Ellen Camden, Clara's youngest daughter, a lovely child of four years, leading her little cousin, a bright, manly little fellow, nearly a year younger.

"Look, mamma," exclaimed Ellen, "cousin Henry and I have come to sit by you and aunt Ellen. We are tired now, and want to rest, and I have some nice sugar-plums in my pocket, and Henry shall have half."

They seated themselves at their mothers' feet, and laughed and chatted with innocent glee, as they divided the sweetmeats, and watched the sports of the elder children.

The two mothers bent over them with delight; but even then, a half-defined fear checked Clara's joy, and she whispered to her sister—

"There is one grief that we have never yet known, dear Ellen. Could we bear a separation from these precious ones?"

"Should our Father call them to himself, we will endeavour cheerfully to yield him his own," she replied; but a tear glistened in her eye as she pressed her boy to her heart, and bestowed an almost equally affectionate embrace upon the little Ellen.

One short week had elapsed since the birthday party, and the voice of mourning was heard in the home of Henry Camden. The loved one, the pet and darling of the whole house, sweet little Ellen, lay upon the bed of death.

Every means had been tried to abate the raging fever which scorched her life-blood, but it was in

vain; no mortal power could save her. In her delirium, she called wildly upon her parents for comfort and aid, but alas! they responded not to the appeal.

Overwhelmed with anguish, even their bodily pains seemed almost paralysed with grief, and they appeared incapable of thought or action.

It was then that the more exalted faith and submission of the scarcely less afflicted aunt shone brightly in the chamber of death. It was her kind voice which soothed the little sufferer, her hand which quieted the restlessness of delirium, upon her bosom the last sigh was breathed. The little one had gone home.

Gladly would Ellen have spoken words of consolation to the bereaved parents. Gladly would she have led them to turn from the mournful contemplation of their own loss, and think of that joyous little spirit freed from the fetters of earth, and now to be admitted to the heavenly mansion of light and love.

But she felt that it would be vain. Clara could but shake her head, and reply in a voice broken by sobs—

"You know not the feelings of a mother's heart when the cherished one is taken from her. May God spare you the affliction!"

Alas! even while she spoke, the trial came. A hasty summons from the home of William Camden called the mother to the side of her little Henry, who was violently attacked with symptoms of the same disorder which had ended the life of his cousin.

A fear of this had crossed Ellen's mind; for she well remembered how lovingly the two darlings had sat together at their feet, and even then the fearful disease must have filled the veins of the little girl.

With a sad heart she took the sweet boy in her arms, and gazed upon his altered countenance; but an earnest prayer for strength was not unanswered. Even amid the dark clouds which now encompassed her, she could see light beyond, and her heart was filled with a heavenly peace which earthly afflictions could not take away.

The father also, although deeply tried, bowed his soul in submission to the will of his Creator; and while watching unweariedly by the side of his boy, suffered not himself to endeavour to draw him back to earth, while the angel band were quietly withdrawing him to heaven. All human means were tried, and when these failed, the cherished little spirit was yielded without a murmur.

Our simple sketch is ended. May the lesson which we have endeavoured to convey sink deeply into our hearts, and encourage us, amid the vicissitudes of life, to maintain a calm and cheerful spirit, never dwelling on the dark side which earth may sometimes present to our view, but looking up to the Source of constant and unfailing light. Then shall the sunshine of the soul illumine the external objects which surround us, and the dark shadows which too often obscure the happiness of our homes, will disappear like the mist of a summer's morning, giving place to peace, contentment, and joy.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FORCES.

At a period when the military resources of Great Britain have been called into requisition, and the ranks of the army have to be supplied with so many recruits, the position of commander-in-chief becomes exceedingly responsible.

In the "piping times of peace," the public are not much interested in the affairs of the Horse Guards; but those affairs become most important under circumstances like the present. Our Indian dependencies have called for prompt and vigorous interference.

The native army, on whose loyalty and valour we placed so much reliance, has turned its strength against us, and has crumbled away before English pluck and energy. Our troops have been hastily collected from home and colonial service, and the plains of Hindostan have trembled beneath the triumphal march of our legions. In expending our force where it was most required, and in sending forth in so large a number our best troops, we have trusted, and not trusted in vain, to the chivalry of our people in supplying the deficiency which the embarkation of these troops occasioned. There has been a cry for more soldiers, and while newspaper writers have been calling on the country to enlist, to leave common occupations for the business of a soldier, men have come forward willingly, without any pressing at all, in such numbers per diem as are unprecedented in the annals of the British army.

The position of commander-in-chief of the army in so terrible a crisis, as we have remarked already, most responsible, and it is a matter of satisfaction to the nation at large, that this command is

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

the hands of His Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, on whose activity and discretion, energy and zeal, the utmost reliance may be confidently placed.

The first requisite in the character of a prince is that he should have the national traits of his country in a most prominent degree. He should be the very type and model of the people. An English prince should not only be the grace of the court and the pride of the field, but should possess a solid understanding and an undaunted heart. England looks for high qualifications, and the popular prince must possess the characteristics of his age, its feelings, thoughts, and aspirations. The Duke of Cambridge is in this sense a popular man. He has full sympathy with the movements of the age; is alive to the responsibilities of his position; has himself seen active service; and is by his princely dignity so elevated above all family influence as to be beyond the suspicion of nepotism or the venal exercise of power.

In early life, George III. resolved to devote his sons to the service of their country, alternately intending them for the army and navy, so that England

should possess royal defenders in the children of her sovereign, and that on her shores and on her waters her champions of blood-royal should be found. The Duke of York chose the army, the Duke of Clarence (William IV.) the navy, and the late Duke of Cambridge was trained to the military profession. He, in his turn, devoted his son, Prince George, to the army, who has inherited from his sire not only a love of arms, but that habit of ready obedience and prompt decision of mind which are essential to an efficient commander.

He was born at Hanover on the 26th of March, 1819, and is therefore in the very prime of life. He took the rank of colonel in 1837, that of major-general in 1845, succeeded his father July 8, 1850, and was appointed lieutenant-general in 1854. That was the year of the Crimean campaign; and the duke shared its dangers and disasters, and behaved right well throughout, winning the confidence of the men and the respect of the officers. He led a division of troops up the heights of Alma in the face of the Russian artillery, and saw the guns deserted and the enemy retreat. At Inkermann, he again took

an active part, and had his horse killed under him. In consequence of ill health he was subsequently obliged to return to Pera, and after a short stay in Turkey was ordered home. Naturally enough, he was received with enthusiasm. He had seen real warfare; he had done good service, and was lionised accordingly. It was evident that the true metal was in him; he spoke out like a man and a soldier; and when our army stood in need of a commander-in-chief, the country pointed to him as its chosen servant, and with him at the Horse Guards were satisfied that the right man was in the right place.

The activity, and energy, and common sense of the Duke of Cambridge, during the disastrous mutiny in India, could not fail to call forth public approval. It was clear the duke was a working man, and that he felt the responsibility of his position. The City of London has recently presented to him a splendid sword, as a token of the esteem in which he is held, and of the high value placed upon his services. The freedom of the city was presented to the duke together with the sword, and to this circumstance Sir John Key



WOOD, THE FIRE-ESCAPE CONDUCTOR, HEROICALLY RESCUING A MOTHER AND CHILD FROM THE FIRE IN WHITECHAPEL.

alluded in the course of his address. England's types of patriotism are the soldier and the philanthropist—the defender of her liberties, the benefactor of her homes. The badge of citizenship and the emblem of war were accordingly presented together to a prince so popular in both capacities, accompanied by the earnest desire that however great might be his services in reforming the discipline of the army, they might be eclipsed by yet nobler services in the cause of charity and in promoting the arts of peace.

PRESERVATION OF LIFE FROM FIRE.

LAST week we drew the attention of our readers to a class of heroes little known—namely, fire-escape conductors. In returning to that subject we notice first of all the society by which they are employed.

The Royal Society for the Preservation of Life from Fire has been doing good service for more than fourteen years. It was first established in the year 1836, but did not carry out its operations till 1843. The necessity for such an institution is obvious now, but it was not clearly seen when the society first started. Houses took fire and the inmates were burned alive, and the public were satisfied to regard it as an unavoidable accident. But the formation of this society brought out the fact that such fatal accidents might be avoided if proper care were taken. It required an apparatus by which persons whose lives were endangered by fire should be able to escape. An ordinary ladder would not answer the purpose, but an apparatus was soon placed at the disposal of the society by the invention of the fire-escape. These are now so common (there are fifty-five in London) that their general appearance is no doubt familiar to

the reader. Each of these fire-escape stations is established at an outlay of £70, and an annual cost of £80.

But something more was required beside an escape. This was a band of men well instructed in its use, and provided with all necessary implements. It was also necessary that these men should be in regular attendance at appointed stations, so that at any moment they might be able to render active assistance in cases of necessity. One man was intrusted with each fire-escape, properly instructed in the work to be done; and it was his duty to attend any fire in the neighbourhood, upon the first alarm being communicated.

The fire-escape stations are situated at a distance of about half a mile from each other, extending over all parts of London, and under the superintendence of district inspectors. Numerous as this may appear, it

is not sufficient. A station should be established within a quarter of a mile of every residence, and there are some districts in London where even the half-mile arrangement has not been efficiently carried out. The committee of the society hope that they will soon be able to supply this deficiency, and the necessity for such operations must be evident to any one who cares at all to think about the matter. Within the course of the fourteen years during which the society has been in active operation 3,285 fires were attended by the escapes, and 402 human beings preserved from death.

The fire-escape employed by the society was originally invented by the late Mr. Abraham Wivell; but has been considerably improved since by the adoption of various suggestions offered by scientific men. It is adapted for every emergency, and can be used with very little preparatory arrangement.

The escape consists of a main ladder, about five-and-thirty feet in length—long enough to reach an ordinary second-floor window. It is applied by means of the carriage lever. A second folds over the first, and can readily be elevated by ropes attached to the lever-irons on either side of the main ladder, or, by the adoption of a very recent improvement, can be raised by pulleys in lieu of the lever-irons. Under the escape carriage a short ladder, for first-floors, is fitted in, and is often of the greatest service.

The unshipping of the ladders, which is effected by a very simple arrangement, is of considerable value, as it not unfrequently occurs that a fire takes place up a narrow court, and the fire-escape itself cannot be used. On such occasions the ladders are unshipped, and immediate assistance rendered.

A canvas bag, or trough of sail-cloth, protected by a copper wire net, extends the whole length of the main ladder. By this contrivance individuals can, with facility and safety, be lowered from upper windows, and thereby many lives have already been preserved. The addition of the copper is obviously a great improvement on the ordinary canvas bag; as, although not affording an entire protection against the liability of the sail-cloth taking fire, it prevents the possibility of any one falling through. The canvas is thoroughly soaked in alum and other solutions; but although this prevents any chance of its bursting into flame, it cannot preclude the risk of accident by charring.

The escape, with its double ladder, attains an elevation of more than fifty feet. Another ladder, six or seven feet high, can, on an emergency, be fitted to the upper ladder, so as to reach the garret windows of a house the height of sixty feet.

The weight of one of these improved fire-escapes is about 8½ cwt., and the cost of building £50.

The Balconian fire-escape—the joint production of several inventors—consists of sliding ladders, and is fitted with a large but light balcony, capable of holding four persons, and travelling on an iron tramway let into the ladder. The weight of this description of escape is 9½ cwt., and the cost of building £55. Its chief advantage when originally invented was the height at which it enabled assistance to be rendered—namely, fifty feet; but that, as we have shown, is now attainable by the improved escape commonly adopted by the society.

Plain and practical directions are issued for aiding persons to escape from a house on fire.

In the first place, they suggest to bystanders that on the discovery of a fire, instant notice should be given to the nearest fire-escape conductor, and that no time should be lost in ascertaining whether there is real danger. They have established the practice of giving rewards to those who furnish such intelligence to the conductors as leads to the saving of life.

Secondly, they suggest that persons qualified for the work (constables or others) should ascend to the roof through the neighbouring house. This is an excellent plan, as very efficient aid can thus easily be rendered to the inmates of the burning dwelling.

Thirdly, that when the fire occurs in a narrow street or court, assistance can be given most effectually from the windows of the opposite houses, particularly by means of a ladder placed across the street from window to window.

Fourthly, that when no other means present themselves, the bystanders be advised to collect ropes and ladders, bedding, &c., and that in case the inmates throw themselves from the windows, a blanket or carpet, stretched out by several persons, be held to receive them.

Fifthly, that jumping-sheets, as they are called, in use on such emergencies, be carried by the escape conductors, and be kept at all of the city and many of the surrounding police-stations.

Their suggestions to inmates of premises on fire are equally valuable. Nothing can be more important than for every inmate to be well acquainted with

every means of escape which the house affords; nor that, in cases of fire, they should open neither windows nor doors more than necessary, and that in moving from one part of the premises to another, they should shut every door after them. In hundreds of cases, fires which might have been readily extinguished, are promoted by the consternation of the inmates, and their utter disregard of every proper precaution. Smoke naturally ascends; therefore, better progress can be made in case of fire on the hands and knees, than by maintaining an erect posture. A wet silk handkerchief, worsted stocking, or other woollen substance, excludes the smoke from the lungs, and allows of freer breathing. The roof or the street presents, of course, the readiest means of escape, but the fire may hold possession of the staircase, and prevent any descent from the upper storeys, or there may be no outlet on the roof. Under such circumstances, the persons in danger should immediately make their way to a front-room window, "taking care to close the door after them;" in such a position they stand the best chance of escape. They are "earnestly entreated not to precipitate themselves from the window, while there remains the least probability of assistance; and even in the last extremity, recourse may generally be had to joining sheets or blankets together, fastening one end round a bedpost or other furniture—this will enable one person to lower all the rest separately, and the last may let himself down with comparatively little risk."

The accompanying illustration represents one of the most intrepid exploits of Wood, the fire-escape conductor, whose portrait we gave last week. The circumstances of the case were as follows:—

About half-past one o'clock on the morning of the 29th of April, 1854, Wood—with his dog Bill—was on duty at the fire-escape station, when an alarm of fire was given, and Bill and his master were at once on the alert. A few moments sufficed to make all necessary preparations, and then away went the gigantic fire-escape to the scene of disaster. It was at a lodging-house, chiefly frequented by foreigners, who had put up for the night, in Colchester-street, Whitechapel; and so promptly was the escape brought, that not more than ten or twelve persons had assembled. The fire was raging at the back of the house, and dense clouds of smoke poured out of every window. The alarm was very great, for no less than sixty-one persons had slept in the house on the previous night, and nobody knew how many were still in it, or how great the loss of human life might be. The cry of "fire" was ringing through the neighbourhood, and accessories to the few stragglers who were first on the ground were rapidly forming a crowd. The fire had firm hold of the building, and an effort to rescue the inmates was made at once. Wood placed his ladder against one of the windows of the first floor, and immediately ascended. On entering by the window, he found the room filled with dense smoke, and that the flames had already seized on the door, and were fiercely burning their way in. The heat was excessive, and the obscurity so great, that at first he could see nothing but the red fire peering in through every chink in the door. His attention was attracted, however, by something resembling human forms, and he discovered five persons, insensible from the smoke and heat. The case was desperate. Here was he alone with five helpless people, the hissing, roaring fire seizing on the room, and, as none knew better than he, raging so fiercely that no human power could prevent its destruction. He had not time for reflection; prompt exertion, determined courage, were called for. He lifted the insensible woman, placed her on his shoulder, caught up a child, and, holding it by its night-clothes between his teeth, came again before the crowd, which was swelled in number, and safely made the perilous descent. There was a great shout raised as he reached the street in safety and committed his burden to other charge. With the rapidity of thought he again ascended. Three more persons were to be saved from that one room, and now the flames had conquered, and had seized on it, sweeping from the door by which they entered round to one of the windows, out of which they came with a roar of triumph, and made the upturned faces crimson with their light. As the flames poured out from one window, the fire-escape hero came from the other, bearing a child under each arm, and assisting the father also to escape. Another shout followed, another and another after that, and then the awful drama of a fire by night began. The whole building became one mass of flame; engines were dashing madly up, and sturdy men were working at the pumps, and watery cascades shot up into the pyramid of fire. Nothing more could be done for those inside. There were others there, but they must die. The fire held the mastery, and, subdued by the floods of water for a

moment, leaped up with renewed life—a funeral pyre.

It is not necessary to describe that fire. Several lives were lost; but had it not been for the exertions and courage of this man, all within the house must have perished. To save five human lives is something to be proud of; to rescue, at the risk of one's own life, a whole family from destruction, is a higher and better kind of heroism than that which takes its stand on human life's destruction.

And this case of Samuel Wood is only one of many. He has saved seventy-two lives. Other conductors in the service of the society have also rendered most essential service in the various districts to which they belong. We can only allude to these cases, but it is not for the want of interest which attaches to others; it is not that Wood is the only man in the force whose services are worthy of record. We have selected him only as an instance of what has been accomplished by these brave fellows in their hardy and adventurous life.

One other instance may be given:—

Frederick Chapman, No. 3 in the society's service, has distinguished himself on several occasions by his vigilance and intrepidity. One December morning he was called to a fire in Drury-lane. When he arrived, the lower part of the house was enveloped in flames, and there appeared no possibility of using the escape: but there were persons on the third floor—persons whose lives it seemed must be sacrificed. Many a man would have given up the case as utterly hopeless; but so far from this, Chapman ran his escape right into the flames, dashed up the ladder—not to a first floor, but to a third—and succeeded in getting out two men and a woman—and himself—for his life seemed in as much peril as theirs, and he had to save himself by sliding down the guide-ropes.

Surely such brave fellows deserve well of their country. There are hundreds in London who owe their lives to the exertions of these men; and we all sleep the more securely by knowing that between fifty and sixty of them are keeping watch and ward over London, and are ready to render help at a moment's notice. They are a band of heroes who deserve to be better known and better rewarded; and the society in whose service they are employed is one which—for our own sakes, if for nothing else—deserves to be well supported.

In 306 cases silver medallions, testimonials, and money have been bestowed. These rewards are not confined to the officers of the society; they are given to any one who preserves the life of a human being from fire. Thus, a silver medallion was awarded two or three weeks ago to a sub-constable, who with great gallantry saved the life of a young lady from fire at Waterford.

LATSON.

BY
FELIX STOWE.

CHAPTER V.

ETHEL.

COME back, good reader, a few steps in the order of time; and upwards a few grades in the ranks of this world's society.

It is the day after the "excitable person" has been sent to learn more self-control, and sent also to learn never again to presume upon recognition, if she meets him, of her child's father; and there, leaving half her prison allowances untouched, Cicely is bitterly rueing her momentary pride in giving back the portrait, and is wondering whether Dan will be in the house when she goes back—not knowing, as we know, that, fearing what she is hoping, Dan has "given notice," and is away on the tramp.

Seven miles from Latson Towers we will take up our standing, if you please, somewhere not out of hearing, while a conversation goes on between two ladies in a small room, quite as elegantly furnished, and quite as oblivious, in all respects, of gaol or of workhouse, as any apartment in the magistrate's abode.

Some historians would tell you of the soft ottomans, and the gilded tables or chairs, and the rich curtains of this little room. But you are here left to suppose what the private withdrawing-room of two young ladies of title in the present century would probably be; and if you recollect a few descriptions of such places, and take away from them some particulars which are absurd, and add a few particulars from your own memory of rich country seats, you will be ready to realise the scene of the following conversation.

"Begging everybody's pardon, Maude," said the

Lady Ethel Blance to her sister, "mamma knows no more upon these questions than you do; or, rather, what she did know she has forgotten. How can a girl play the spy upon a poor fellow as you want me to do? And if she could, what would she gain by her information? Would it make her happier to be sure that her future husband was what you describe? Although, by the way, I have heard very good judges affirm that your sleek innocents never turn out much better in marriage than ordinary mortals,—and the young lady laughed herself at this point into a somewhat better humour.

Maude Blance had been taking it upon her to give her elder sister a little gossip touching a matter of peculiar interest at that time, and had fortified her own opinions by reporting the substance of her mother's remarks, the Countess Blance, a permanent invalid up stairs, who took no active interest in the affairs of the world in general, or her family in particular.

Having listened to Ethel's very fashionable doctrine (fashionable, unhappily, in other ranks than hers), the young moralist rejoined:—

"You've said so many and such different things in one sentence, that I hardly know, Ethel, which to answer first. As to mamma's acquaintance with these matters, you must really settle that with her yourself; only, excuse my saying that this is your first insurrection against her superior wisdom in her younger daughter's presence."

And Maude laughed too, as she remembered how Ethel had schooled her for the last ten or fifteen years at least, into reverence for the countess's authority, the mother's name having been "a tower of strength" down stairs, in all matters of dispute between the sisters.

"As to the 'playing the spy,'" pursued the young mentor, "that scarcely is the proper account to give of listening to ascertained matters of fact. As to your not being happier, if you knew something beforehand of a character soon to have some little influence on your own welfare, why, really, it is not for me to say anything. I had fancied that a husband's character before marriage, was a reasonable matter for inquiry or observation. I am glad to be corrected. You mean, of course, that nothing you hear can alter your own conduct. But really—"

"I never said so, Maude! Upon my word, your zeal is running away with your memory, little parson."

"You implied it," she answered, "for if you did hear a bad account of a suitor, and did give him up in consequence, lest you should have a miserable life, the chances are, you would be the happier, Ethel. Isn't it so?"

"As you will," sighed the other, who was in no humour for an argument. Who ever was, in her condition?

"But at all events," she went on, walking towards the window, "pause, my little Miss Whately, and give us your logic on this question, when your heart is in a better posture for seeing both sides of it."

"Neither men nor women," replied Maude, "see the true sides of a question of right and wrong with their hearts. Now, at all events, I have you. For, in trying to be cutting at my expense, you have said what I dared not have said, for my very life, viz., that you are going into this marriage against your conscience, because only it has won your heart. Oh! Ethel! Ethel!"

And Maude went up and put her loving arm round her sister, and bent down slightly (for Ethel was a little her inferior in stature, as well as in some other things, though a few years her senior), and tenderly kissed her, as they opened the glass door and walked out upon the covered terrace; one of them, at least, anxious to walk away also from the subject.

"But now, really, dearest Letty," cried the young counsellor, stopping short in their promenade, and standing directly in front of her, "really I have missed the worst thing you said just now, the very worst."

"Which was that?" asked the other.

"Which was (at least you meant that), that the wilder the youth, the better the man; and the worse the reputation of the lover, the more faithful the husband. Do you go to that length? Are you as far gone as to believe that, my former governess?"

"I think, perhaps, my little moralist will be left happier if we don't pursue that branch of the inquiry?"

"Not a bit of it," cried Maude. "Pursue away, for nothing you can add will meet with a flatter contradiction, in my heart or my common sense, than what you've implied already."

"Let's try," said her sister. "Are there any good and faithful husbands in the world, in your judgment, Maude? I beg your pardon—I mean, in your

heart or your common sense," she put in, rather tartly.

"Certainly," pronounced the other.

"And they were all the very perfection of virtue and piety when they were younger?" inquired Ethel, with a look between a sneer and a triumph.

"That is not the question. Your position was, that virtue did not make a better husband than vice; a perfectly horrible maxim, that one has read in the dialogues of some French novels, but that I never thought to have direct from the lips of Ethel Blance. To admit, as I do at once, that all the good husbands now living were not patterns of propriety in their youth (though, by the way, it is a singular question, on which either of us can admit or deny anything), is merely asserting the possibility of reformation, and of a steady settling down after a wild beginning. Heaven forbid I should deny that possibility! But is that possibility any reason why I should go and link my future happiness to a known reprobate, and trust to his improvement rewarding my courage, after I cannot escape from him? More—is that possibility any reason why I should actually exalt a reformed rascal over his better neighbours, and sneer, as you did, Ethel; yes, I say you did—sneer at those better men, as 'sleek innocents!'"

"Didn't I tell you, Maude, that you would be left happier if we dropped that part of the subject?"

"Yes; but why happier? Not because you had any secret to let out which it would make one sad to learn, but because I did not certainly know, as I do now, that my sister, my elder sister, holds such opinions, and can pursue such courses."

"Opinions! courses!"

"Yes; begin by holding the opinion, that virtue does not promise more happiness in a married life than horrid profligacy, and then finish" (here Maude fairly lost her self-command, and only sobbed out the rest into her handkerchief), "finish, by throwing yourself away on just such a character, with your eyes wide open!"

It was, perhaps, better for both sisters that, just at this moment, they were interrupted. For Ethel was beginning to let loose a little emotion of her own, quite as sincere as Maude's grief, but not quite so subdued. She was beginning to ask herself whether this was quite the tone for a junior sister, however much loved—and she did love Maude very dearly. So that probably, her next words would have made one poor little heart wretched for many a long day, and afflicted her own with poignant remorse.

Those words were prevented, by the announcement by the servant, just in the midst of poor Maude's distress, that the Lady Ethel was awaited in the drawing-room by Colonel Latson.

Oh, Joyce! happy was it for thee, at that moment, that, as yonder menial, in his powder and his tassels, delivered his message, and made his obeisance, no such outcast as thyself lay near his walk, for he would have taken thee by the shoulder, and led thee into the highroad, perhaps with cruel words for thee to recollect!—

But oh, Joyce, Joyce! happier, thrice happier was it for thee, that, as the rich robe swept past, one ell of which could have bought thy baby a twelve-month's food, thou wast far off among the rough mercies of Seven Dials or Safron Hill! For hadst thou crouched down there in that lady's way, that lady's little foot would have tossed thy broken heart from her, as it had been a toad, and that same foot would have waltzed at night with the Honourable Colonel Hugh!

CHAPTER VI.

A FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

"Yes, yes, child, but even the angel didn't carry off the baby, and do for it himself, though heaven knows he could afford it better than you can. He found out the mother, which is what we must do."

"The mother!" cried the young dressmaker; "who could have put it there but the mother? Suppose we did find her, next time it would be the river instead of the church, that's all. No, mother; put down in that place, and just after that sermon, I take it the poor little thing was sent to no one but us, and though I've no objection to let them know at the proper place, that we've got it, keep it for the present we must. Another hour's work a week will give the poor mortal all it wants just now; and, mother, there is another text somewhere, besides that one in Genesis, about whoso receives one such little child in Jesus' name, receiving Him. And remember, dear, what day to-morrow is! Would you send the little motherless thing to a workhouse on a Christmas day?"

And Ruth got up, and kissed the old woman (always one of her strongest arguments), and then

went to the side of the bed, where the foundling lay, and whispered, among some more kisses, that she was, and would be, its mother now, and no workhouse nurse should ever touch it, if she only lived.

But Mrs. Wofield was one of the smallest of Ruth's difficulties. The old lady knew that all the inconveniences would be for a little while only. For, if Ruth didn't live long, as she greatly feared, it would be but one more pleasant thing to remember over her grave, that the dear girl did this good action among the last things she did; and besides, the little thing would be another keepsake to love, when her daughter was gone. Or, if Ruth survived her, the child would serve the same purpose, and keep the dear girl from fretting; and perhaps (who could tell?) he might live to do for Ruth, in her old age, what Ruth had done for her.

But it was a different thing to satisfy all the neighbours that little Hugh had any business there.

(His name,—simply "Hugh," nothing more,—had been written on a piece of paper in Joyce's own hand, and was pinned among his poor clothing.)

"Lawk-a-mercy!" said the charwoman who lived next door, when she heard the child crying early on that Christmas morning, "what's happened at Wofield's? There's never no good comes o' this millinary work. Why the mischief poor folks can't be poor folks, I don't know for sure. The papers talks of these gals sitting up late o' nights,—and all the worse for 'em, says I." And a fine story the good, charitable creature made of it, on the Tuesday, when she went to one of her work-places; and a pleasant whistle her husband sounded, the next time he encountered Ruth as she was taking home her sewing,—and gentle words, too, he spoke, one Saturday night, when he reeled along past the house, in a state of stricter vocabulary virtue than common,—a state which drunkenness, you must have observed, sometimes assumes.

"I say," said a young rascal to a policeman, one day, close by the house, when the officer pulled his ear for making slides,—"I say, now jist you let me be, can't ye! Let a feller alone; and go and lag old Mother Wofield, at number nineteen, as prigs the kidlings. She's got a young un there o' somebody's worth your while to look arter. Ye're afraid o' swells like her, I suppose."

And other little wretches came and flattened their noses against the window, and called out, at the top of their voices, as Ruth was nursing and stitching—

"Hush, my babe, lie still, an' slumber."

And, one day, a quieter youngster than the rest, cut a little oblong piece of white paper, and wrote on it, in large text, the word "Master," and stuck it on the doorplate across the "Ruth;" so the inscription read, "Master Wofield, Dressmaker;" while another of them borrowed his sister's bonnet, and having rung the bell, and brought the old woman to the door, made a low bobbing curtsy, and said, "Please 'm, do yer want such a thing as a nursery maid?"

But the good girl laughed equally at sneers and jokes, and lived on, with her little sickly burden, herself sicker and thinner every day.

It was two or three weeks after little Hugh had thus been found and adopted by another, and a true, King's Daughter,—exchanging, like Moses, the bulrushes for the arms of a real princess,—that, on a certain night, as dark and as wet and wintry as the eventful Christmas eve, a knock was heard at the door, and (as was singular in the evening) no one was heard to run away.

They had been so often called into the cold for nothing, that they waited for another rap; and then Ruth took up the candlestick, which was a wine bottle, holding the narrowest diameter of tallow perhaps you ever saw.

A figure stood outside, wrapped up about the throat with a red woollen comforter, and over that, with the collar of an old, worn, camelot cloak, that reached to the ground. There was an umbrella, but the shelter it gave was little worth the carriage; for all it did was to collect the pelting rain into rather larger streams, and send it down over the bending shoulders of the old man, somewhat blacker with the dye than it would have been with simple London soot.

"I beg your pardon," quavered a very low voice at the top of the comforter. "This isn't a night to keep you standing at the door,—but if you'd trust an old man inside a few minutes, I've a word to say to you that, mayhap, will be some excuse for disturbing ye."

And Ruth let him in, and she helped him to put off his old wet cloak, and when his hat was removed, there was a smooth, shiny, very bald pate, skirted by straggling gray hairs over the ears, that went at once to Ruth's heart, for she perceived a very strong

resemblance to the dear old man whom Betsy Lewis had nursed.

"You have a little baby here?" said the stranger, when he was seated by the fire, or what served for a fire: "a little baby that wasn't born here, I believe?"

"Yes, we have," said Mrs. Wofield, "and we should like it, if you could tell us who put it in our road, poor little creature!"

"I can't do that," said the old man, "but I saw the notice in an old newspaper this morning, and I just thought it might help me in a little business that's brought me up to London."

"Indeed!" said both the women together.

"Aye," said the stranger, as he tried to bring his shivering fingers within reach of the few red coals in the grate. "If you'll allow me, I'll tell you my short story, and then you can see why I came and troubled ye."

"Put a dust o' coal on the fire, Ruth," said the elder woman, as she got up to look at the little fellow, that was again fast asleep on the bed.

"I had a daughter, young woman," said the old man, not all at once, but in jerking syllables, that bespoke his errand before he had said another word.

"I had a daughter, who came up, now many months ago, to this big city of yours, and where she is, God only knows. The best and dearest girl that ever stepped."

She went to live with a gentle family at the West-end, and all of a sudden she stopped writing. We heard not a sound from her. And when we wrote to her place, all they could say was, that she was gone, and they thought she was married, but they couldn't say.

Well, I've been there, since I came to town, and all I can tell is, that after she was gone, they found a bit of a letter in her room, with the same name at the bottom, as you put into your newspaper. *Hugh! Hugh!* that's the name. A bit of a sort of love-letter signed '*Hugh*;' and nothing on earth has brought me here, but putting together that word and your word in the notice about the child that was found at the church door. Very poor hopes, I fear, of making anything out of it."

And the old man looked towards the bed which the woman had watched just before, and added—

"Might I go and just look—that is, if yonder is what you wrote about?"

Old Claymore stood at the bedside, while the younger woman drew down the coarse clean sheet, uncovering part of the infant's face; part, but not enough for the old man, who shook from head to foot—shook, but neither with cold nor wet. He gently lowered the coverlet another inch, and then stood and gazed.

The Wofields heard nothing, but they saw the big tears come up into the deep-sunk eyes, and then drop heavily on the bed. They respected the old man's misery, and waited for him to speak.

Presently he stooped down, and most gently kissed the little pale cheek, and left it glistening with his tears; and again touching the sheet to expose the mouth, said, as if he were all alone—

"I could have marked him with that short top lip, right away in foreign parts,—and so I could." Then turning to them, "That's my Joyce's own lip, young woman, Joyce Claymore's. You don't know his real name, my dear, but you know his mother's name now. And bless you both a thousand times for saving him! But first, how came he here, my good soul?" he said to Ruth. "And when did you see his mother? Or did you ever see her?"

And, once more stooping down, and this time kissing the little short upper lip, as if he were the tenderest of nurses, the old man tottered back to the seat against the fire-place, and fell heavily into the chair.

Between them, the two women told him all that they knew about the infant; and as they told, the grandfather took their hands by turns, and blessed them both from his full heart over and over. But how sadly his joy was dashed with grief at his daughter's loss, and with wretchedness at his daughter's shame, who shall tell?

If, on that miserable night, there was some subtle, mysterious power (some say magnetic), that irresistibly held him to that sleeping child, and, more certainly than any outward mark, pointed out his daughter's son, amongst ten thousand other infants in the great city; there was also, be you very sure, another link fastened, on that self-same winter's night—a link of vengeance between the old man in the widow's hovel, and a younger one far away. A new Nemesis was born that night, and in the grandfather's woe there was another account to be taken in eternity, if not earlier, of the Honourable Colonel Hugh.

They sat on far into the night, Ruth stitching away as fast as she could, and her mother slowly helping her. They talked of the past, and the happy days in Shropshire, the misfortunes in business, and the

sudden, self-denying advertisement, and the leaving home. And then they talked of what was to be done now, of other advertisements, and of journeys seeking the lost, and of the chances of discovering what manner of man this Hugh could be, and of the old woman left at Arland, who waited, in deep sorrow, her husband and his report.

The chief practical result of the interview, was the arrangement that, for the present at least, the domicile of the foundling should be Ruth's house, in consequence of the infirmities of the Claymores, the poor old couple to join their narrow resources to the still narrower ones of the Wofields, for little Hugh's maintenance in his humble home.

And so, at last, they let out the heavy-hearted traveller into the bleak night.

And one more groan ascended from that huge "body of death" which every night struggles and heaves in this great city,—while scholars are forgetting it over their books, and fine ladies are ignoring it in carriages, flying from rout to rout, and legislators can make nothing of it in their busy struggling for the right-hand side of the Speaker's chair.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. DANIEL STUGGS.

MR. DANIEL STUGGS was not called upon for his services in providing a home for his companion, on that eventful evening when he overtook Joyce near Ruth's house.

Joyce was out of his sight, holding her hands against the precious paper in her poor wet dress, before her muddled partner missed her. As for Dan, it is difficult to understand how he would have found a lodging for Joyce, according to the promise he had hiccuped out, considering that he possessed very slender means of providing a home for himself.

In fact, at this particular time, Stuggs had no home. He was living in that Arabian and rather questionable manner, wherein he had passed the five years during which, with all deference to his friend the magistrate, he had been deserting Cicely. Nevertheless, he was under no particular concern about the future, for his vocation was not of a character that rendered a little temporary tightness in the money market a cause of serious embarrassment. He had only been in the workhouse because he had been too ill to follow his calling, and found few friends for the emergency anywhere else.

If Mr. Daniel Stuggs had had armorial bearings, they would have mounted the old border motto: "Thou shalt want ere I want."

This man, however, to do him justice, was not addicted to anything like violent dishonesty. He lived by his wits, not by his fists. He would never have taken your purse, until he had persuaded you in one way or another, that he was doing you a kindness in accepting it. But he had never been so sorely tempted, as he was now, to risk an "overt act," and make short work for a living. To be without shoe or stocking was quite a new thing for Dan. So, the fact came about, that when he ran against the young mother in the way we have recorded, he was going to keep a sort of half engagement with a certain rather dangerous acquaintance.

There is a very decided caste in criminal society. There are your gentlemen, and your low characters, even among thieves. You do not suppose that Messieurs the Directors of the Royal Metropolitan Eel and Crab Association, who made themselves a present last week (and will make themselves another this week) out of the little earnings of poor old Minnow, the retired schoolmaster, and out of the poor savings of the lonely Miss Gentle, who began to save fifty-five years back—I hope you do not suppose that these eminent men, who crack their walnuts at the — club, and their jokes with prima donnas behind the scenes, would hesitate to transport the pickpocket whom lord mayors only commit for a month, or to hang the burglar whom the chief justice is content to transport?

Accordingly, there is a rising and a falling in the status of scoundrelism, as well as in any other status. It does not, perhaps, occur very frequently that successful footpads mount into cashiers of the Little Southern Railway, but there is every reason to believe that many a Mr. Dobson, of the Transparent Summer-house Company, dies, reduced, a regular crackman, in the county "Jug."

Now, this veritable Sunday night was the night on which Daniel had almost promised to meet a new friend of his, by whom he would most assuredly have been led a little lower in the scale of roguery, and thus have "lost caste" among respectable rascals.

The short interview, however, that had just now ended with Joyce Claymore, partly obfuscated with

drink though he was, suddenly turned the current of Dan's thoughts.

He knew exactly what was the matter with him, so that, according to the rule of a certain north-country toper, he was not drunk at all. This philosopher maintained, as our readers are no doubt aware—

"If I'm drunk, and I know that I'm drunk, then I'm not drunk; but if I'm drunk, and I don't know that I'm drunk, then I am drunk."

The rain had ceased, and the moon was coming out brightly, and a sharp frost promised to set in before the morning.

Dan went up to a pump, and began to souse the water well over his head with both his hands, to help his memory and his meditations.

"Mind your boots!" cried a cabman, from the neighbouring stand. "Mind your boots, man alive! I say, Fiddler, twig that gent a gettin' ready for the party! Cab, sir, cab?"

"Party! yer fool. He's a washin' out his wickedness arter the evenin' sarmin at Saint What's-his-name's; that's what he's a doin' of."

"Dash it!" said a third; "but I'm a nigger if he won't be glued to the spout presently, with this yere frost! I say, old fellow, have a drop of summut short, to take the chill off? Come, Bill, we'll stand a drain for the drowned hindividual, won't us?"

"Go along!" said the first driver, under his breath. "He'll have yer werry skid off yer, if yer go near him. He's no good lot, I can see!"

"Hi! have a lookin'-glass, guv'nor?" shouted the fellow whose hospitality was thus nipped in the bud.

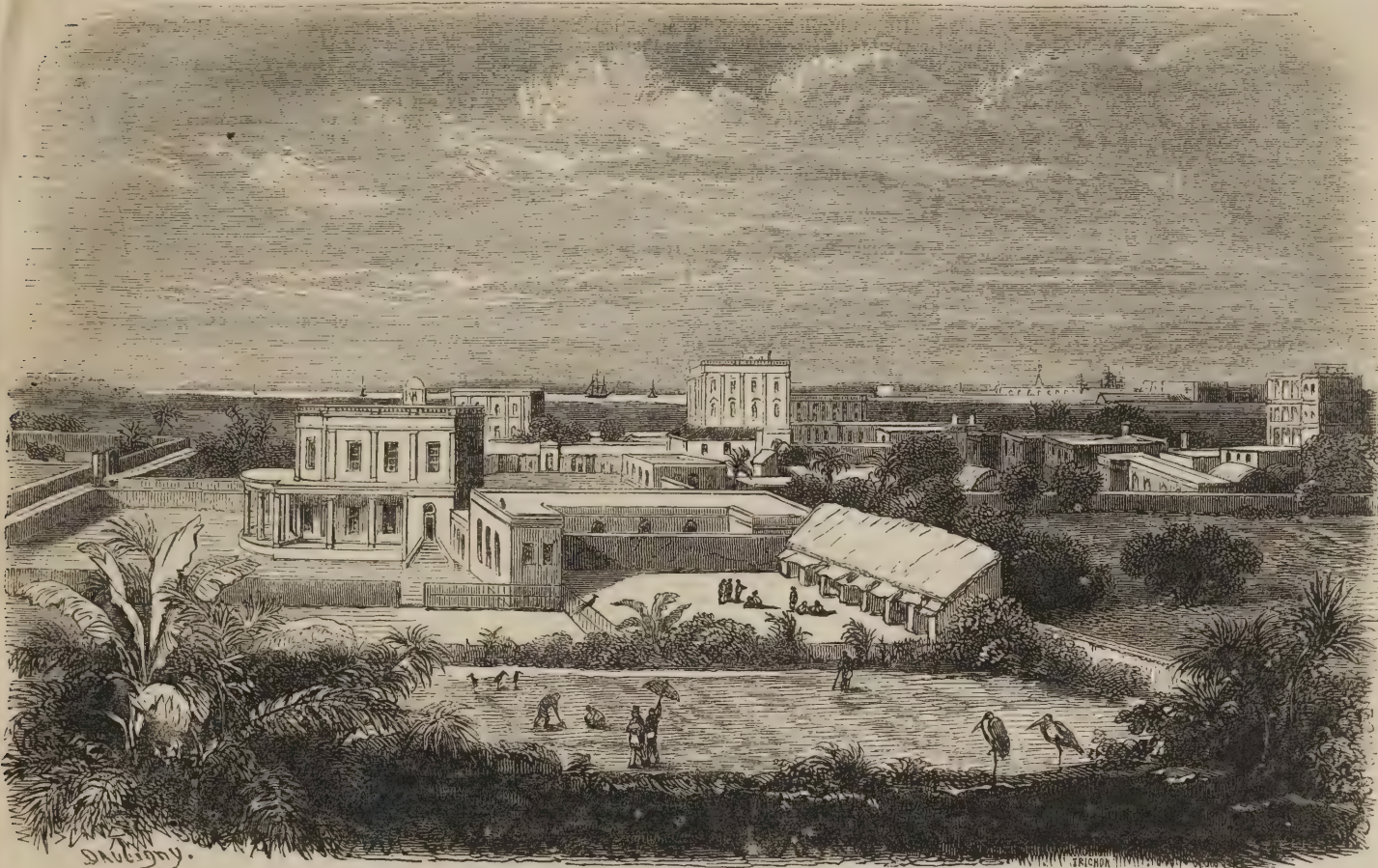
"Or a walley-de-sharm?" cried another, amidst the roar of the whole stand, while they all twirled round on one leg, or poked their horses' sides with their foreheads for laughter.

"Aye, aye," said Dan, as he was wiping his neck with a very dingy pocket-handkerchief, and walking towards them, "glad to see you all in better spirits than when the beak fined ye twenty shillings for chis'lling, last week. My head I may wash, thank goodness, for it isn't let out to no master at fourteen shillin' a day. I should like to see you fellows dare to give your heads a ducking. Why, they'd all go to sop—they're so soft a'ready!"

And the cabmen stood about, with arms akimbo or snapping their whips, and laughing, as they found, what always pleases a London joker, that the jest was taken well—that is, returned.

Walking gentleman in London streets!—reader of the *Times* newspaper!—county magistrate at the Middlesex sessions!—jurymen at the Old Bailey!—is it to you, all and every, a sad thing that poor people are so discontented, and therefore so dishonest, and therefore so wicked, and therefore ought to be so severely punished?

If there is one thing more wonderful in the world than another, in our own eyes, we frankly tell you, it is the patient, sober, honest, hardworking lives of so many tens of thousands of the world's poor people. To walk, only for one day, through the streets, large and little, of this enormous London, and to watch the crowds of human beings, with ragged jackets and unshaven beards, selling fruit or buying bones; leaping, singing, driving, carrying, polishing, digging, joking, laughing, crying,—and all that they may live without hurt to their neighbours—(I say *all*, not meaning that "all" live without hurting, but that so *many* do these things "all" for that fair and honest and holy purpose),—and that your myriads of poor are doing these difficult and miserable things, surrounded by so much glaring wealth and power, possessed by fellow-mortals, all of whom the poor know to be, in God's sight, their equals; some of whom oppress them, and more of whom neglect them;—aye, gentleman! reader! magistrate! jurymen! we are no physical-force Chartists, no Levellers, we are but thankful Christians, when we say, that this spectacle amazes and delights us; for the world, though (God knows it!) bad enough, is not so bad as it would have been without the Providence which balances human livelihoods, and without the religion that counsels contentment, and without the universal, though vague, belief in another and a better state of things. Down with the cruel slander, that roguers are the majority amongst the poor! Governments, and parliaments, and newspapers used to say so; and if they had gone on saying so, and treating the poor as if they believed it, London would hardly have lived long enough to see April the tenth, eighteen hundred and forty-eight,—or if she had, she would have been in flames and in blood on the evening of that day. England's poor are England's glory. If you think otherwise, go abroad and find us another lower class for which you would like us to exchange our own; or—which would be better still—come down, dear gentleman and the



A VIEW IN CALCUTTA.

rest, and spend six months in London on the proceeds of a little fishbasket, with millions of pounds shut up in the Lombard-street where you call "oysters," and we'll believe you!—

Half a score of poor men stood in the middle of that London street, on that moonlit Sunday, when the world was going to bed. They were not all honest men; but, if they paid little to society, those ten men owed less to society than society often thought. One of them was a downright rogue. Let him answer, as he will, to his country and to his God! But his God gave him a conscience, and therefore deserves the answer—his country has given him nothing, and yet claims the most of all! So much for Dan.

One of those cabmen drove to the church this morning an old lady, who, with marked cards, won five pounds of an old friend at two A.M. on this same Sunday.

He charged her at the church-door sixpence beyond the fare.

She will summon him to-morrow, and gain the day, at the police-court.

"Let him that is without sin among you, cast the first stone!"

(To be continued.)

CALCUTTA.

As the seat of British authority in India, Calcutta occupies a distinguished and important position, and throughout the late disastrous mutiny, has been watched with more than common interest. What are they doing in Calcutta? what measures have been adopted at Calcutta to suppress the revolt? what means have been taken at Calcutta to prevent the spread of the insurrection? These are the questions which have been continually asked since we first received the news that the Bengal army was in revolt.

At Calcutta the panic has been very great, but from late advices seems to be over. The native troops have at their own request been disarmed; the Shannon, the Belleisle, the Sanspareil, and the Pearl, with four armed steamers, were anchored off the town. The religious festival of the Hindoos has

passed off without disturbance, and a feeling of confidence is being restored.

Much popular indignation has been excited by too conciliatory measures emanating from the Government House, Calcutta. Strong accusations have been brought, and bitter have been the invectives hurled against the Calcutta authorities. But it should be borne in mind—before we join in these denunciations—that the Bengal mutiny has been suppressed to a great extent, Lucknow relieved, and Delhi taken, by the vigorous efforts of the governor and council at Calcutta; and that this has been done, without a single man despatched from England, simply by the concentration of the forces already in the East.

It is unnecessary, however, for us to enter on the question, our purpose being rather to furnish information about the town itself.

Calcutta, the capital of British India, stands on the east side of the Hooghly river, about a hundred miles north of the Bay of Bengal.

The entrance to the Hooghly from the bay is wide and open, but the shores are low and swampy. Saugur Island, at the mouth, stretches off for many miles into the district called the Sunderbund, which was said at one time to have had a population of fifty thousand souls, who were all destroyed by a fearful irruption of the sea during a hurricane. At present, like the rest of the district, for hundreds of miles it is a jungle filled by serpents and wild beasts. The navigation of the river is easy, although it is sometimes rendered disagreeable by having to anchor off Marypore, five-and-twenty miles from Calcutta, where myriads of mosquitos board the ship, and are more trying and prying than custom-house officers. From Marypore to Calcutta the banks of the Hooghly are exceedingly picturesque. The plantain waves its vast green leaves, and the graceful stems of the bamboo contrast with the thick foliage of the mango. Innumerable blossoms of shrubs, giant creepers, and forest trees fill the air with perfume.

The nearer we approach Calcutta the more imposing becomes the aspect of the scene. On the right, for the distance of three miles, are the country houses of the aristocracy of the place. Many of these buildings are almost entitled to the name of palaces. The gardens are filled with splendid flowers and shrubs,

which are singularly brilliant. On the left are the botanical gardens of the East India Company, and the bishop's cottage. A fleet of magnificent vessels is moored in the river, and above them in the distance towers the vast fortress of Fort William.

Including Fort William, which occupies the centre of a plain greater in extent than Hyde Park, Calcutta extends along the banks of the river for a distance of six miles, with an average breadth of a mile and a half. A handsome quay, called the Strand, stretches for nearly a league along the shore; it is raised forty feet above low water mark, and is furnished with between thirty and forty flights of landing steps called *Ghauts*.

On a near approach to Calcutta the Hooghly is crowded with shipping, and the forest of masts puts one in mind of the Thames below London-bridge.

Fort William is one of the strongest fortresses in the British dominions. It is built in the octagon form, three sides facing the river, and the remaining five commanding the land. It was built by Lord Clive, shortly after his victory at Plassey, and has cost the company about £2,000,000. The esplanade of the fortress is the fashionable resort for riding and driving.

The first impression which a visitor receives from the appearance of Calcutta is, that it is one of the most elegant and picturesque cities he ever beheld. But on closer intimacy he discovers that Calcutta, like most other great cities, has its miserable quarters, all the more wretched and dingy by contrast with the splendid villas and suburban palaces of European residents. This miserable quarter is called the Black Town.

The Black Town has been described as a collection of huts of earth baked in the sun, or of twisted bamboos interspersed here and there with ruinous brick bazaars, pools of dirty water, cocoa-trees and little gardens, and a few very large, very fine, and generally very dirty houses. The town is filled with crowds of people dressed in tawdry silks and brocades, more in white cotton garments, and most of all with scarcely any garments at all. Tradesmen are sitting on the ground in the midst of their merchandise; and carts drawn by wild-looking oxen are driven by still wilder-looking men; no women to be seen except of the lowest class; "a constant creak-

ing of cart-wheels—which are never greased in India—a constant clamour of voices, and an almost constant thumping and jingling of drums and cymbals in honour of some of their deities; and add to all this a villainous smell of garlic, rancid cocoa-nut oil, sour butter, and stagnant ditches, and you will understand the sounds, sights, and smells of what is called the 'Black Town' of Calcutta."

The Government House is the most remarkable building in Calcutta. The architecture is chiefly of the Ionic order. It was built by the Marquis of Wellesley. The town also contains several noble edifices, amongst which may be counted the Custom House, the Mint, the Cathedral of St. John, the Courts of Justice, &c.

The northern and central parts of Calcutta are very densely inhabited. The southern parts are more scantily peopled, in consequence of the detached villas of the Europeans occupying so extensive a range. The population is estimated at about two millions.

THE COST OF A HOBBY-HORSE.

THOSE who possess strength of mind are doubly blessed; and none appreciate its advantages more than the vacillating victim whose mind is continually balancing between hope and fear.

We once knew an old lady—Miss Lucretia Holdfast—who was playfully vacillating indeed; the weakness amounting to eccentricity. Being a spinster, it is needless to say her mind was exceedingly active; and would have been, but for her malady, a very serviceable one.

Lucretia had been much struck with the prizes awarded at the poultry show, for speckled cocks, silver bantams, and Cochin China hens.

The idea suggested a profitable opening to her genius, and employment of her limited finances. She would supply the market on a more free-trade scale; and she felt as most ladies do—confident of success.

Her brother endeavoured to dissuade her from the idea, as being unfitted for a woman.

But the lady frowned him down.

"Then the expense," he urged.

This was fully met by the word "Profit."

He was silenced.

On the following morning orders were despatched for the purchase of some eggs.

Those of our readers who have never indulged in the mania for fancy poultry, or fancy things of any kind, cannot imagine the exorbitant price which the eggs of certain breeds fetch.

We would not venture to name a sum, for those ladies whose ideas of price are properly bounded by housewife experience—namely, sixteen a shilling—would smile at our credulity.

After a considerable outlay and much vexation and loss of time, eggs of different breeds were procured, also a fine Dorking hen, whose cluck betrayed a maternal tendency; and business was commenced.

Lucretia also procured the closing prices of each day's sale after the great poultry show, but this proved her ruin. It excited her ambition and gave the rein to the weak point of her character. When speckled cocks closed well, the nest stood six speckled cocks, four silver bantams, and three Cochin China hens.

The second day bantams ran high: the numbers were altered to six bantams, four speckled cocks, and three Cochin China hens.

The third and last one, Cochin China triumphed; and the result was, six Cochin China hens, four silver bantams, and three speckled cocks.

These frequent alterations proved a source of great annoyance to the unfortunate hen, who at last repaid any little friendly visit with demonstrations of anger.

The number being definitely settled, nature was allowed to take its course, when, within a few days of hatching, the old lady again became nervously unsettled. First she wished the result to be, ten cocks and three hens; the following day, ten hens and three cocks—the unhappy hen, on each occasion, being unceremoniously removed, and the eggs examined to ascertain the sex.

Till at last the Dorking, feeling disgusted on a point always a delicate one to mothers, indignantly stepped out of the butter firkin, which had been converted into a nest, and could not be prevailed upon to return.

In vain Lucretia paved the way to the deserted eggs, with all the delicacy she could think of.

The Dorking remained firm; every feeling of delicacy had been outraged, and she resented it, though her progeny were the price of her wrath.

Thus perished Lucretia's hobby, time, and money.

Nathaniel Holdfast was the very opposite of his sister. Having once furlled the topsail, as he termed it,

nothing would induce the old gentleman to tell it out again.

He had, by dint of careful examination and inquiry, come to the strange conclusion that asses might be made equal to horses in speed, and promised by all the stone in Jerusalem to accomplish the task.

This strange hypothesis owed its origin to the fact of the celebrated Surrey Donkey being able to trot at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, a pace considerably beyond that of ordinary horses. "Now," argued Nathaniel, "if one can be found so far to excel its kind in trotting, surely another exists equally gifted in galloping."

"These two once procured, and the breed crossed, the result is certain indeed. It is by no other means we have obtained our swift racers."

The fact was no longer disputed. Holdfast visited all the donkey emporiums, far and near; the gathering of half a dozen asses, however far off, was sufficient inducement to visit the spot; but none with any particular propensities could be found.

At last he hit upon another expedient,—to visit all those places mostly attended by youth, arguing that youth being naturally quick and impetuous, would be the more likely to develop such propensities in the animal, provided nature had been so very bountiful. Blackheath was immediately selected for the next campaign. Holdfast took up a secure position, and soon had the gratification of seeing a lively boy mount an animal whose points for an ass were exceedingly good.

The donkey no sooner felt its rider mounted, than, by a strange contrariety of nature, it galloped off in a very respectable manner, thereby proving to Nathaniel that it more nearly resembled the racer than any he had seen, as race-horses always gallop off suddenly.

Armed with this and a Jenny, which a servant-girl averred had run away with a child upon its back, he set up his stables.

The natural result of this singular whim was a number of young donkeys, whose playfulness was the admiration of all the children in the neighbourhood.

These animals having arrived at a proper degree of bone and muscle, were instantly put into training.

A number of smart boys in becoming jockey costumes being enlisted for that purpose, and a field rented for the scene of their donkey exploits, great were the feats accomplished on the training-grounds by these novel aspirants to race-course celebrity; but whether it arose from an abundant supply of corn—*very unusual food for such animals*—or an actual improvement of the breed, is a matter of conjecture to the uninitiated.

Perhaps the greatest hit of all was the unqualified centralisation of all the surrounding idle and curious, who clambered up every imaginable place to witness the canter of these high bred donkeys, and for a long time Holdfast was in dread of being indicted as a common nuisance.

Great attention was paid to the warmth of the stables, the inmates frequently suffering as much from the extreme heat they endured as their less fortunate brethren from the opposite element.

Nathaniel argued, as was his wont, that it was impossible for them to attain that elasticity of limb with so thick a hide—the latter particularly, he felt sure, was the result of exposure to cold.

It may be remarked that Nathaniel's pet ass, Lucinda, is the first on record that could be truly called the thin skinned.

However, like all enthusiasts, the infatuated man overlooked the main-spring of the establishment. The idea of elevating the breed obscured every other consideration, and his business, from sheer neglect, fell to the ground, and with the crash placed Nathaniel on a sick-bed.

It is always a grievous sight to see a helpless man kicked or cuffed; and there are few, however peaceable their disposition, whose indignation would not overwhelm the cowardly offender—and *very properly too*.

Yet there are ways of hurting, without proceeding to open violence. Lucretia still remembered the jeer at the failure of her speckled cocks. Now her brother's hobby had harmlessly exploded; yet not harmlessly, either, for she regarded their altered position with dismay—'twas ruin. Her folly was but a bubble,—her brother's a whirlpool.

"I tell you what it is, Nathaniel," proceeded the lady, "none but a greater — than the best in your stable would have pursued such a mad scheme. It is not only ridiculous, but wicked to attempt to pervert the course of nature."

"Silence!" feebly ejaculated the unhappy man. "I tell thee, next year's foals would have returned me a fortune; and I glory in being able to say that by this time twelvemonth I could have changed the very nature of asses!"

"Impossible! they were ordained to be sure of foot."

"And fleet of limb!" gasped Holdfast.

"Fiddlesticks!"

"Have I not," continued Nathaniel, much excited, "already accomplished wonders, shortened their ears by an inch,—and the tail, that object of humps and reproach to common donkeys. I say, did you ever see an abject donkey playfully wag its tail? No. Only mine, in the full enjoyment of liberty, are capable of that act."

"And I have remarked," added the extraordinary man, musingly, "the movement of this member more nearly resembles that of the most spirited racer. I tell you, sister, animals are not fools, though they are dumb!"

"Perhaps not, brother, though men often are."

The wretched man groaned.

The climax of Nathaniel's misfortune arrived; the stud was in the market.

Catalogues were printed, setting forth the pedigrees of the Floras, Lucindas, Samsons, and many others.

But the aristocracy of this singular stable not being of ancient date, the details were by no means intricate; the whole to be viewed three days previous to sale.

The eventful morning at last arrived, each ass being led out, haltered and ribboned, in the most Tattersall-like style, and never was before seen such a capering and frisky lot of donkeys. Old gentlemen who had come with the avowed intention of purchasing one for some timid child, appeared truly alarmed at their behaviour, and flatly shook their heads when the auctioneer looked towards them for a bid.

Several men had already received sundry kicks and injuries from the vivacious creatures.

Costermongers from more than one county were present, the notice of the sale being so widely spread. Those whose ill-used beasts had dragged them to the spot, were found the largest bidders, for truly there was a terrible difference between their own half-fed brutes and the objects of the sale.

Exactly at half-past three Lucinda, the last and great favourite, exchanged her snug quarters for the tail-board of an ill-looking cart, but as if conscious of her degradation, revenged her fall by kicking at every one that approached her.

This terminated this novel scene; the trappings, saddles, and stable utensils were disposed of in one lot to a man who let out donkeys at Gravesend.

It is a curious fact, that to these famous creatures may be attributed the gaily decorated spring barrows—the *pride of costermongers*—which came out in imitation of those aerial-looking machines used by the celebrated American trotters.

And our readers have doubtless observed this peculiar vehicle, dragged by a donkey at a most unusual pace, often bidding bold defiance to omnibuses, hansom cabs, and pony phaetons.

These valuable animals all owe their origin to the stock of the once renowned Nathaniel's stables. As to that unfortunate individual himself, he could not even contemplate an ass without shedding a tear; to discover the ears shorter or the tail a little longer, would wring a profound sigh from his lacerated bosom.

Mr. Holdfast attributed the failure to the want of sufficient means to carry out his philanthropic and scientific idea, respecting the amelioration of the race of jackasses; whereas it was really occasioned by the over-riding his hobby.

Receipts.

TO CLEAN BLACK LACE.—Pass the lace through a warm liquor of bullocks' gall and water; afterwards rinse in cold water; then take a small piece of glue, pour boiling water on it, and again pass the lace through it; clap it with your hands, and then frame it to dry.

TO CLEAN BLACK SILKS.—To bullock's gall add boiling water sufficient to make it warm, and with a clean sponge rub the silk well on both sides; squeeze it well out, and proceed in like manner. Rinse it in spring water, and change the water until perfectly clean. Dry it in the air, and pin it out on a table; but first dip the sponge in glue-water, and rub it on the wrong side; then dry before a fire.

HOW TO KEEP BUTTER SWEET FOR YEARS.—The butter must be well churned and worked, and packed hard and tight in kegs of seasoned white oak; the head is then put in, leaving a small hole in which brine is poured to fill the vacant space; and of so much importance is it deemed to prevent any bad taste, that the plug for the hole must not be made of

cedar or pines, but of cypress or bass-wood; as otherwise it would be injured. After which, these kegs are placed in hogheads well filled with brine of full solution, that will bear an egg, which is then headed up tight and close. By adopting this process, butter may be made to keep in any climate.

RANCID BUTTER can be restored to its original flavour by washing it first with lime-water, and afterwards with spring-water. Lime-water is easily prepared by beating up about a quarter of a pound of good fresh lime in a pail of water; after standing about an hour, the impurities subside, from which the lime-water can (with care) be poured off.

HOW TO KNOW GOOD FLOUR.—When flour is genuine, or of the best kind, it holds together in a mass when squeezed by the hand, and shows the impressions of the fingers, and even of the marks of the skin, much longer than when it is bad or adulterated; and the dough made with it is very gluey, ductile, and elastic.

OUR WIVES.

I'm a clerk in the office of Plutus Pilpay;
He's thirty—I'm fifty, or near;
His income, at least, is one hundred a day,
While mine's but a hundred a year.
Fine broadcloth his coat, while coarse home-spun I wear;
He's booted, while I am but shod;
All's one! with us both, back and feet must go bare
When we travel the highway of God!

His house is a wonder; in fact, I've been told
That 'twas shown at a shilling a peep!
There are gardens and aviaries, velvet and gold—
In short, everything that's not cheap.
There's a chapel, in which 'tis a pleasure to pray;
Religion made easy for lust;
And here, every Sabbath, my master, Pilpay,
Rehearses the sleep of the Just.

His table is splendid with crystal and plate,
His cellar is daintily stored;
And there's no tedious Lazarus begs at his gate
For the morsels that fall from his board.
Seven horses he keeps, though I know that he rides
In a stage every day of his life;
But of all his live stock—and he's others besides—
The most costly, I hear, is his wife.

Mrs. Pilpay's the fashion, as far as the art
Of Madame Le Marabout goes;
Her bonnets break many a feminine heart,
And the neighbours cabal o'er her clothes.
How she rustles along to her pew in Grace Church,
Most smilingly marshalled by Brown!
While poor I for some corner laboriously search,
To escape that great autocrat's frown.

Mrs. Pilpay kneels close to the altar, while I
Can scarce catch a glimpse of the shrine;
I wonder if He, for whose mercy we cry,
Hears her prayers any better than mine!
Does she pray? That's the question. For sometimes
I've seen
In her hands books suspiciously bound—
Strange volumes got up in unorthodox green,
And heathenish gilding all round!

Mrs. Pilpay is every Wednesday "at home"
To all of her friends, save her spouse;
He, on such state occasions, is bound not to come
Within ten rifle-shots of his house.
For a husband is all very well in his place—
Which means, in his office down town;
But his presence would carry uxorial disgrace
Were he seen in the circles of Brown.

Mrs. Pilpay a very fine woman is thought—
Tall, dashing, and haughtily bred;
A splendid complexion—I know where 'tis bought!
Raven hair—but no more on that head!
I've heard people say she was gay, indiscreet,
And point with a smile at the "boss";
But, bless you, he's too much engaged in "the street"
With his profit, to think of his loss!

Many times at my desk, when the checks I fill out
For the thousands we daily disburse,
And I've lunched upon crackers and apples, and doubt
If I've got still a groat in my purse,
I think, spite of Pilpay's magnificent life,
Splendid wife, splendid house, and the rest,
I've got a home too, and a dear little wife
That I would not exchange for his best.

My home's but a chamber; a back one, what's more;
Our carpet was bought second-hand;
Wife makes up the bed, cooks the meals, sweeps the floor,
Nor e'en to mend shirts is too grand.
And in one of the cosiest ends of the room,
Snuggly nestled 'mid curtains of white,
Lies a blest little angel, of heavenly bloom,
Familiarly called "Heart's Delight!"

My home's rather poor, as you see; but I swear
There is sunshine all over the place—
A sunshine that breaks from my wife's golden hair,
And baby's miraculous face!
It gilds the bare wall with a magical tone;
It turns our plain platters to gold;
Yet we have not got that alchemical stone
So sought by the sages of old.

My wife does not purchase her dresses up-town,
And seldom gets anything new;
But she makes better show with a dimity gown
Than I think Mrs. Pilpay could do.
Her bonnet needs no finer roses than those
That ruddily glow in her cheeks;
Nor has Mrs. Pilpay such pearls as the rows
That glisten whenever she speaks.

So though I'm a small clerk with Plutus Pilpay,
And am shabbily coated, I fear—
And although he is worth a full hundred a day,
And I but one hundred a year—
I'm richer than he in the treasures of life,
In spite of his horses and house;
For when I was wedded I married a wife,
While he was fobbed off with a spouse!

Varieties.

A CERTAIN cockney Bluebeard, overcome by his sensibilities, fainted at the grave of his fourth spouse. "What shall we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his. "Let him alone," said a waggish bystander; "he'll soon re-wive."

DEFINITION.—A dandy is a chap that would be a lady if he could; but, as he can't, does all he can to show all the world that he is not a man.

At one of the customary school examinations an urchin was asked, "What is the use of bread?" to which he replied, with an archness which implied what a simpleton you must be to ask such a question, "To spread butter upon."

A CONTEMPORARY inquires if the young ladies of the present day are fitted for wives. We think it a much more important inquiry whether they are fitted for husbands.

A CELEBRATED physician boasting at dinner that he cured his own hams, one of his guests observed, "Doctor, I would a great deal sooner be your ham than your patient."

THE author who was discovered in the act of robbing a bank has been released on the plea—"he was only taking notes!"

"WHAT is light?" asked a schoolmaster of the booby of a class. "A sovereign that isn't full weight is light," was the prompt reply.

YOUNG Jones complained to his father-in-law of the temper and waywardness of his wife. "I'll cure her," said her father. "I'll cut her off with a shilling if she don't behave." Young Jones always told his father-in-law, after that, "She's a model of a wife."

THEY tell a story about a tailor dunning a man for the amount of his bill. The man said, "I am sorry, very sorry indeed, that I can't pay it."—"Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be sorry; but if you are sorer than I am, I'll quit."

"Ah," exclaimed one of a young lawyer's friends, "he's got the law at his fingers' ends."—"Yes; and he needs it there," responded another, "he's got but little of it in his head!"

"WE have a span of horses," said an economist the other day, "on our farm, that support themselves without any cost." "Why, how is that?" exclaimed a listener. "Why, you see," remarked the questioner, "one is a saw horse, the other a clothes horse."

WHEW! HERE'S ANOTHER!—A traveller was recounting with an air of truth several incredible things, when a 'cute Vermont present exclaimed: "Dew tell! But 'tain't much after all. Why, a sarkemstance happened up there in our village, that takes me down all holler." "What was it, Seth?" asked one of the company. "Our organ," replied Seth, with a face so sober that every one knew something rich was coming; "our organ, the organ of our meetin'-house, it imitated thunder so natural on Sunday, that it curdled all the milk for five miles."

AN EXCELLENT BEAU.—Three or four times a couple appeared before a clergyman for marriage; but the bridegroom was drunk, and the reverend gentleman refused to tie the knot. On the last occasion he expressed his surprise that so respectable a looking girl was not ashamed to appear on the altar with a man in such a such state. The poor girl broke into tears, and said she could not help it. "And why, pray?" "Because, sir, he won't come when he is sober!"

THE art of economy is drawing in as much as one can, but unfortunately young ladies will apply this "drawing in" to their own bodies, when they wish to avoid anything like a waist.

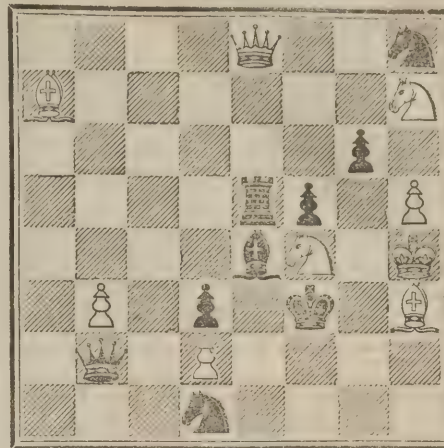
READER, did you ever enjoy the ecstatic bliss of courting? You didn't! then you had better get a little Gal-an-try.

A FELLOW slipped down on an icy pavement, and in a sitting posture, muttered, "I have no desire to see the town burnt down, but I do wish the streets were in ashes."

Chess.

Problem No. 3. By ALPHA.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

THE CHESS TOURNEY.

Game played between D. A. Doudney, jun., Esq. and R. N. S.

WHITE.
Mr. Doudney.

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to KB 3
3. KB to Q Kt 5
4. P to Q B 3
5. KB to Q B 4
6. B to Q Kt 3
7. P to Q 4
8. Q Kt to Q 2
9. P to Q R 4
10. Q P takes P
11. Q takes Kt
12. K Kt to Q 4
13. P to KB 4 (d)
14. KB P takes P
15. Q Kt to KB 3
16. Q R P takes P
17. Q to R 4 (f)
18. Q to R 7
19. Q to R 8
20. R takes Q (ch)
21. Kt takes B
22. P takes P (ch)
23. R to Q 8 (ch)
24. Kt to Q 4 (ch)
25. Kt takes P (ch)
26. K to Q sq (g)
27. Kt to Q 4 (ch)
28. R to KB sq (ch)
29. Kt to Q B 6
30. Q R to Q 6
31. Q B takes P (h)
32. P to K Kt 4
33. K to Q B 2
34. Q R takes Kt (ch)
35. Kt to K 5 (ch)
36. Kt takes R
37. R to KB 5
38. B to KB 4
39. B to K Kt 3
40. R takes P (i)

BLACK.
R. N. S.

1. P to K 4
2. Q Kt to B 3
3. K Kt to K 2 (a)
4. P to Q R 3
5. P to Q Kt 4
6. P to Q 4
7. P to KB 3 (b)
8. Q B to K 3
9. Q Kt to R 4 (c)
10. Kt takes B
11. P to Q B 3
12. Q to B sq
13. KB P takes P
14. Kt to Kt 3
15. P to KR 3 (e)
16. Q R to Kt sq
17. Q R P takes P
18. Q R to Kt 2
19. Q takes Q
20. K to Q 2
21. K takes Kt
22. K takes P
23. K to K 3
24. K takes P
25. K to K 3
26. B to K 2
27. K to KB 2
28. B to KB 3
29. K R to K sq
30. Q R to Q B 2
31. K R to Q R sq
32. Kt to B 3
33. Kt to Q 2
34. R takes R
35. K to K 2
36. K takes Kt
37. K to K 3
38. R to R 5
39. R takes P
40. K to Q 2

After a few more moves R. N. S. resigned.

(a) This defence, though not perfectly satisfactory, leads to an interesting game.—(b) We prefer here Q P takes K P.—(c) This is not likely to improve Black's game.—(d) All boldly conceived, but we should have thought it more prudent on White's part to have taken KB P with P first.—(e) Lost time.—(f) Q R takes P would have been far stronger, as Black could neither take R with Q nor P with R with safety.—(g) At this point White's play is feeble.—(h) Well played; Black seems to have been caught napping at this juncture.—(i) Having two passed Pawns, the fate of the game is, of course, a mere matter of time.

ANSWERS TO OUR CHESS CORRESPONDENTS.

D. G. R.—In Problem No. 1, the Black King is absent from the board. Problem No. 2 is correct, but scarcely of sufficient merit for publication. No. 3 is neat, and shall appear among the Enigmas. No. 4 can be solved in two moves by commencing with Kt to Q 7; R mates next move.

M. A. R.—If the game which accompanied your letter is a fair example of the play of both parties, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. G. could easily give his adversary the Kt. The game possesses no feature of interest.

A. LEARNER (Penrith).—1. We think that your first question must be answered in the affirmative. 2. The Manchester, Reading, Clapham, Vauxhall, and many other chess clubs. 3. Messrs. Staunton, Horwitz, Harrwitz, Buckle, Lowenthal, and many others. 4. Highly favourable. We shall be glad to learn that the attempt to establish a chess club in your neighbourhood has been successful.

Our Editorial Table.

A READER OF SOME YEARS' STANDING.—If the wife wishes to claim her thirds immediately upon her husband's death, she can do so by taking the proper means. A husband can will his own property away from his wife and to any one he pleases, subject to her claim to dower in the real estate, if that has not been barred according to law.

AN ISRAELITE. We think, ought not to object to deliver goods in a wheelbarrow during his apprenticeship. He should not be compelled to work on the Jewish Sabbath, but if he claims exemption on religious grounds on that day, he certainly ought to work on the Christian Sunday if required to do so, except so far as is contrary to law. In this case, as in every other, we earnestly advise the cultivation of a kindly and obliging spirit: it answers best. None love and few care to deal with the man who, like Shylock, stands upon the letter of his rights, as set forth in "his bond."

ONE THAT WISHES TO GET ON.—We counsel you to bring your grievances before a bench of magistrates; it is impossible for us to advise upon the construction of a legal document, unless we saw it.

W. H. L.—Your landlord can claim rent up to Lady Day, but if you had gone out of the house when he ordered you by word of mouth to do so, he would have had no further claim upon you. Yearly tenants must give and receive six months' notice previous to the end of any current year of their tenancy.

ENGINEER.—Wooden rails were first laid down by Mr. Beaumont for the use of his coal-pits in 1602. The earliest iron rails are supposed to have been employed at Whitehaven, in the year 1738, or thereabouts. The expression "tram roads," so regularly used in coal and iron districts, is derived from the name of the man Benjamin Outram, who first used stone props instead of timber, to support the ends and joinings of the rails.

HERALDUS.—Arms of dominion are those annexed to certain territories, and borne by sovereigns in token of their authority and power, belonging not to the reigning family, but to the royal offices; such, for instance, as the arms of Great Britain, the Eagle of Austria, &c.

INDIAN.—To accuse Warren Hastings, the Governor-General of India, of reckless and selfish mal-administration, is to take a very prejudiced view of his character and career. The case, impartially stated, just amounts to this: Hastings was placed at the head of affairs in India when the British power was far from being on a safe foundation. He worked night and day to extend and consolidate British rule in India, and brilliant success attended his efforts. He was not rapacious for his own sake; nor can we find, in the very moderate fortune with which he returned to England, any evidence of the craving after wealth of which his enemies accused him. But he was unscrupulous in his administration. If, for the public service, a sum of money was suddenly required, he would extort it legally or illegally from a native prince. When it became necessary, in his opinion, to overawe the natives, he committed acts of unjustifiable severity; witness the slaughter of the Rohillas, or hill tribes, and the judicial murder of Brahmin Nuncomer. His impeachment, on his return to England, was entirely a party measure. The furious speeches delivered by Burke, Sheridan, and others, on the occasion of his impeachment, are full of inaccuracies and misconceptions, and his acquittal, after a tedious trial of seven years, gave universal satisfaction. He died, a very old man, in England.

ROSE NOTTINGHAM.—Air, exercise, temperance, and good-temper are the best cosmetics we know. The face embellished and purified by the use and practice of these, is sure to be attractive, even if its skin is freckled and hue ruddy.

Z. A.—We have told all we know about rings over and over again. If this correspondent is the constant reader she signs herself, how is it she has not seen our frequent replies upon this subject?

A YOUNG GALLANT.—The right arm (not "harm") is quite as good as the left, for anything we ever heard to the contrary.

VIOLA WINTAP.—Honey and vinegar mixed together, or raw eggs, are said to be good for the voice. The two first we have taken with much effect; but if the voice is strained from over-work, perfect rest is the only cure.

IGNORANCE is not more ignorant than ourselves upon the matter of her inquiries. We know nothing of *omens*, and can give no idea why the dove flew in at the window just when she was about to change her position in life, unless, indeed, it was hungry, and there were crumbs on the window-ledge!

F. C.—A wedding breakfast consists of all the good things the parties giving it can muster and afford. The style, materials, and "serving up," vary of course with the rank and means of the host and happy pair in whose honour it is given. A confectioner accustomed to provide such affairs would be the best person to consult on the matter.

W. A. P.—Under the peculiar circumstances you mention we think you might, without much hesitation, marry the young woman. But do not act in this way if you have lost your love for her. There must be something stronger than pity on your side to make the union happy.

MARY B.—Nothing can be prettier, or contribute more to an evening's amusement, than a Christmas tree, the decorations of which afford so much scope for the exercise of taste and ingenuity even for weeks beforehand, that we wonder any young lady should be tired of it. Of ornamental cakes we are not surprised "Mary" should weary. They are pretty things to look at, and if one does not mind unwholesomeness, nice things to eat; but, unless our fair correspondent's friends come together for no other purpose than eating, we think she could scarcely provide anything less complimentary in the way of amusement. Let "Mary," therefore, stick to the tree.

CELT.—Yours is a very important question; the responsibility of answering which we shrink from taking upon ourselves. Many men marry and live honourably and happily upon the income you name; but quite as many bring themselves, their wives, and families into misery and penury upon

it. Much depends upon past habits, and future economy; also upon *health*, and the necessary expenses induced by the social position of the parties. Extravagances no man need enter upon; but such things as are needful for respectability he must have; and not himself alone, but his wife and his children. However, your letter is so temperate and rational, —the *pros* and *cons* so justly and dispassionately set forth, that we think the case may be safely left to your own determination, after the expiration of the next twelvemonths, before which we certainly would not advise you to marry.

BELLA.—Auburn is a pretty colour; and the verb in the sentence should be in the plural.

AN EARNEST INQUIRER.—If a man dies intestate, leaving a wife and children, one third of his personal property goes to his widow, the rest between his children.

MARIE.—We never heard of any law on the subject of cards. In most of the weddings we have known, the lady chose the pattern she preferred. The articles were then sent to the gentleman, by whom they were presented to her.

DORENO has "fallen in love with a very nice girl," who, he dares to say, is in love with him, but who, nevertheless, will have nothing to do with him unless he discards his mustache and beard, which she considers are of a dirty colour. Now, as "Doreno" neither wants to lose the girl nor yet his mustache and beard, he applies to us to know what to do in the difficulty. We wonder he should be puzzled; the matter is very simple. Which does the youth love best, girl or beard?

H. L. D.—Your brother is entitled to the suit of clothes his master gave him.

CAMBRIDGE (not the Duke) wants to know whether it would be inconsistent for him to marry a woman (whom he dearly loves) eight years older than himself. Where real love exists we do not see any impropriety in the case. We think, as a general rule, disparity of age is a decided objection to a marriage union; but if pure affection dictate such a union, the parties are perfectly justified in entering the bonds of wedlock. Marry by all means, and send us a bit of bridecake.

AN ENGLISHMAN is angry with us about speaking, in our recently-printed romance, too highly of the Young Pretender. We assure our correspondent we are not Jacobites. We have—Heaven forbid!—no desire to promote a rebellion against the house of Brunswick; we value too much the advantages and privileges enjoyed by England under the dynasty to wish anything of the sort. That Prince Charles was a chivalrous, dashing young hero, nobody can doubt; that he possessed the solid qualities which are requisite to make a good king, nobody, or a very small party, believe. We are not aware that we have sacrificed "truth and honour" to "blacken or elevate" character. We certainly had no such intention. 2. The Queen of Oude is the Queen Mother, not the Queen Consort.

CEPHAS.—Apply to the publisher.

OLD SHIP.—It must be a matter of personal choice whether you enter the royal navy or the merchant service; and as to the pay of a purser's clerk it is variable, and chiefly depends on the purser.

R. W. M.—The following is a receipt for dyeing the hair black. Take equal parts of litharge and lime; mix well, and form into a paste with water. Clean the head with a small-tooth comb, and wash the hair with soda and water to free it from grease; then lay on the paste pretty thick, and cover the hair with oil-skin, after which go to bed. Next morning the powder should be carefully brushed away, and the hair oiled.

MOSS-ROSE BUD.—It is not our province to select suitable brides for young gentlemen, to furnish the addresses of such, or to assist in corresponding with them.

EDWARD DE MONTREVEL.—We have never heard of "any article by which the growth of eyelashes may be promoted." R. G. NELSON, D. D. K., and M. THOMASON will find every particular as to the size, price, and contents of our New Series fully answered in the number now before them.

R. D. G. may obtain the four volumes of the ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER at 7s. 6d. each, bound in cloth, at our publishers', or of any bookseller.

MINOR.—The population of the United States amounts at present to about 25,000,000.

M. N. O.—We have repeatedly stated that we cannot undertake to recommend particular works, especially where there are so many rival claims. Should we speak highly of A, all the other letters in the alphabet would accuse us of undue partiality, and in some cases, perhaps, of injustice.

ANXIOUS had better allow the young lady to choose for herself.

A SCHOOL-GIRL.—Shortening the hair by having it repeatedly and regularly cut is the best way of preventing it from falling off. As to the question of whether or not persons are apt to take cold from sleeping with their bedroom windows open, we can only say that we have for years adopted the plan of sleeping with an open window (save only when rain or snow beats directly in) and never experienced any ill effects from it.

ALICK CAMPBELL.—Your letter is very flippant. The term "governor," as applied to a parent, is highly disrespectful, and, however common in certain society, *very ill bred*. For this last reason, if not for a better, discard the word at once; it gives a stamp you would not like to bear. As to your query, we fear it is of little use giving advice to a man who means to take his own; but if you have not quite decided upon the step you mention, we earnestly recommend you to pause and reflect what happiness is likely to follow a marriage entered into against the express command of parents. For our own part, we think no woman worthy of being a wife, or likely to be a good one, who would marry any man, however much she loved him, in defiance of his father's will, *unless under such peculiar circumstances as do not, we conceive, exist in your case.*

BUSINESS.—Good blacking-paste may be made with half a pound of ivory-black, half a pound of treacle, half an ounce of powdered alum, one drachm of turpentine, one ounce of sulphuric acid, and two ounces of raw linseed oil. The ivory-black and treacle must first be thoroughly mixed together, and the other ingredients subsequently added. The method

of obtaining an excellent and brilliant polish on furniture is by saturating the surface with olive oil, and then applying a solution of gum arabic in boiling alcohol. This serves as a sort of varnish, and is employed with great success. Recipes for ink-making are plentiful enough. Dr. Ure's is the best we know of. "For twelve gallons of ink, take twelve pounds of bruised galls, five pounds of gum, five pounds of green sulphate of iron, and twelve gallons of rain-water. Boil the galls with nine gallons of the water for three hours, adding fresh water as required. Let the decoction settle; draw off the clear liquid. Add to it the gum, previously dissolved in one and a half gallon of water; dissolve the green vitriol separately in the remaining quantity of water; mix the whole." The ink is good, and has the additional recommendation of cheapness.

IGNORAMUS.—Etiquette is defined by the lexicographers as the ceremonial of good manners. It has been incorporated into the English language for some years, and is pronounced *et-e-ke-t*. Of course it is not in "Johnson's Dictionary," for the word was not at that time used in England; "Walker" includes it, as he considers it "more specific than 'ceremonial.'"

INNOCENCE wants to know upon what finger it is proper for a disengaged lady to wear a ring! How very innocent (does the lady know what sort of folks our Irish neighbours call "innocents?") this correspondent must be! Any finger but the fourth finger or the thumb.

A YOUNG POTTER.—The Corinthia, about whom you are so anxious to obtain information, was the daughter of Dibutas, a potter, of Sicyon, or Corinth. She is said to have sketched the profile of her lover on a wall, by lamplight, while he slept, and afterwards made a model of clay, which her father baked in his furnace. This incident, which is given as the origin of the art of design among the Grecians, is beautifully alluded to by Montgomery, in one of his minor poems:—

"Trembling with ecstasy of thought,
Behold the Grecian maid,
Whom Love's enchanting impulse taught
To trace a slumberer's shade.
Sweet are the thefts of love; she stole
His image while he lay,
Kindled the shadow to a soul,
And breathed that soul through clay."

It is supposed that she lived about six centuries before the Christian era.

W. BARLOW.—The following is the literal translation of "*Legibus antiquis castrorum, et more Camilli.*"—By ancient camp laws, and the custom of Camillus.

FISSEE.—We do not think you need lay the lady's torn dress very deeply to heart; she has doubtless long since forgiven it. Nevertheless, if you choose to seize upon the opportunity offered by the accident to make an apology, there can be no objection. The blushing fair one may possibly smile an acceptance of your contrition, which, judiciously "improved, may lead to the happiest results."

BANDOLINE.—We fear that at present there are few openings for "educated gentlemen" in the colonies. Governesses abound there, unfortunately, as at home. The best chance of obtaining a situation would be to advertise, stating the advertiser's wish to go abroad, and willingness to remain with the family in which she engages.

YOUNG PRETENDER.—Pray don't read such books as the one you mention. It is like feeding on tainted meat when abundance of wholesome food is within your reach. Many of the works of the writers of the last century make us wonder how their books could have been admitted into the libraries of men with wives and daughters, and how the writers escaped public execration. Read pure books, or none at all.

GIOVANNI DE GONZAGA.—Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco into England, but the custom of smoking is mentioned by earlier travellers in America. The word "telegram" may decidedly be considered as belonging to the English language. We greatly approve of it, as shorter than "telegraphic despatch" by three good syllables.

K. O.—Camphorated chalk used occasionally will answer your purpose.

ELVIRA RAMSAY.—The emphasis on the word *Le-vi-a-than* is on the second syllable.

No. 16 is probably not aware that he must "serve his time" before he can become a mate in the merchant service.

MONTBAE.—Without some natural talent for music, the attempt to learn the piano-forte without the assistance of a master becomes hopelessly tedious; but after a few lessons have been taken, a learner may easily improve himself with the help of a book of easy pieces.

S. T. B.—The higher branches of English education, as taught in schools, include a knowledge of ancient and modern history, physical, mathematical, and political geography, and the elementary portions of the various sciences.

A **SPECULATOR** can scarcely expect us to take the responsibility of recommending investments. With regard, however, to the printed paper he has sent us, we should distrust any prospectus of an invention "promising speedily to become enormously lucrative." The appearance of the document you have sent us scarcely leaves room for a question as to its character.

CIVIS.—In the military executions in India *blank cartridges* have been used. In blowing a man from a cannon, a ball is quite unnecessary. That these executions, without torturing the criminals, have struck terror into the hearts of the natives there is no doubt, and that is the end they were intended to answer.

PERFECTION has formed a very imperfect idea of our mission, if he supposes that we can undertake the correspondence to which he refers.

* * All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. I.—No. 3.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1857.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TABLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

What numbers, once on fortune's lap high fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity.
To shock us more, solicit it in vain.—YOUNG.

BEARING her now insensible burden in her arms, Rachel staggered rather than walked on her way towards home, till she reached the foot of Westminster-bridge, when the bitter recollection suddenly struck her that neither food, fire, nor even light was to be found there; and what was still worse, that she was penniless, for George had taken the last shilling. In her despair and utter helplessness, she determined to beg, to implore the assistance of the passers by; and it

is extraordinary how slight was the additional pang the resolution cost her, for pride, womanly shame, and fear yielded at once to the strong instinct of maternal love.

"All are not of iron," she murmured; "some will listen to me."

Despite her effort to repress them, the tears which had gathered in her eyes fell on her pale cheek, where the keen frost soon fixed them, nature's gems wrung from a mother's breaking heart.

The first person to whom the suppliant addressed herself was a stout, well-dressed man, about sixty years of age, who was buttoned up to the chin in a greatcoat, and wore a warm comfortable shawl carefully tied around his neck to guard against the cold—the hand of his wife or daughter in all probability had arranged it for him. There was no mistaking his appearance; respectability was stamped in his very walk, and the consciousness of being well-to-do in the world, in the confident air with which he struck his gold-headed cane upon the slippery flagstones.

Rachel faltered a few scarcely intelligible words about her child. She had not yet learnt the beggar's lesson—importunity.

"What did you say?" demanded the gentleman, releasing his nose and chin from the folds of the shawl.

The friendless woman repeated her prayer.

"Begging!" exclaimed the old man, angry at having been detained, though only for an instant, on the bridge, where the east wind was blowing so piercingly. "At this hour of the night, too! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Isn't there a workhouse?"

With this reproof, which was uttered in no gentle tone, well clad respectability passed on, whilst poor Rachel, whose strength began to fail her, leant against the parapet for support.

"Isn't there a workhouse?" How often has the same question been heartlessly asked by those who, having paid the poor-rate, consider that they have fulfilled every Christian duty for the next six months,



CARUS KNOCKED DOWN BY JACK MANDERS.

or, in other words, till the collector comes round again; that charity has no right to make any further call upon their well-filled purses, or hungry poverty to annoy them with its tale of suffering? Unfortunately, there are many such persons in the world, men whose sympathies with humanity cease the instant they cross the thresholds of their own comfortable homes, whose hearts are as systematically sealed as their pockets.

Not that we advocate indiscriminate charity—far from it; but a mother appealing for assistance for her child! Oh, better, a hundred times, be the victim of some well acted deception, than leave that prayer unanswered once.

The next person to whom the mendicant addressed herself was a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, enveloped in a large cloak. In all probability she would not have found courage to speak, had he not paused directly opposite the spot where she was standing to regard her.

"My child is dying!" she exclaimed, imploringly.

"Well?"

"Well!" repeated Rachel, in a tone of despair.

"Well! I ask your pardon, sir. It was a foolish thought, a very foolish one, to suppose that a mother and her starving child could, on a night like this, excite a stranger's pity. I will not offend again."

"What is it you require?"

With a desperate effort the unhappy wife, and still more unhappy mother, faltered forth the word "charity."

The appeal was answered by an insulting, triumphant laugh.

There was something so wild, so unnatural in the mirth which could sport with distress like hers, that Rachel looked up, fearing she had encountered a madman. A pair of dark, fiend-like eyes were glaring upon her with an expression of savage exultation. She recognised them in an instant, for they were the same that had haunted her girlhood's dreams, inspiring her with terror and aversion.

Mechanically she pronounced the name of "Carus."

"Aye, Carus," repeated her cousin, with a bitter sneer. "I am glad you know me. I am not changed. Carus, the man whose love you scorned and rejected, whose charity you are reduced to solicit. Well, it is some satisfaction to see the wife of George Markham a beggar. Let me look upon you," he added; "it is not often that I taste so keen a pleasure."

Overwhelmed with shame and fear, the trembling creature attempted to pass him, but he seized her rudely by the arm, and swung her back.

"You will hurt my child!" she cried.

"Your child!" exclaimed the well-dressed ruffian, mockingly; "his child. And so it is dying, starving? What else could you expect when you married a worthless drunkard? See here, Rachel," he continued, at the same time extending his hand towards her filled with money; "half this, a quarter—nay, a tithe of it would save its life, and—"

"You would not give me one penny, Carus," interrupted his cousin, calmly. "You forget how well I know you."

"Right," answered the infuriated man, hurling the coin over the bridge. "Not a doit. Let the brat starve, and its mother with it. A pauper's shell may hold them both."

"Your wish—your cruel wish—will soon be gratified!" sobbed the terrified woman. "I must hasten to my desolate home."

"But I can't part with you thus," observed Carus Kearn.

"What mean you?"

"That you have no right to beg," replied her persecutor; "it is a punishable offence. You must pass the night at the police-office; I shall give you in charge."

"You cannot mean it!" exclaimed Rachel, indignantly.

"Can't I?" answered her cousin, coolly.

"You dare not—bad as you are—you dare not brave the infamy of such an act. The world would cry shame upon you!"

"Let it cry: I am not to be terrified by clamour."

Had he not been excited by wine, and still more by the ferocious satisfaction he experienced in witnessing the humiliation of the woman who had rejected him, the cold, calculating man of the world would have hesitated before risking the exposure; but in his present state of mind, all considerations of prudence yielded to the desire of gratifying his hate. Grasping his cousin once more by the arm, he called loudly for the police: fortunately, his cries were unanswered.

Whilst Rachel was struggling to release herself, Jack Manders, who had just escaped from the park, came running over the bridge. He recognised Mrs. Markham in an instant, and stopped.

"Did you pass a policeman, boy?" demanded Carus.

"More than one," replied the lad: "but what are you doing with that woman?"

"She has been begging."

"Has she?"

"And I intend to give her in charge."

"Do you?"

"Bring me a policeman, and I'll give you half a sovereign," added Carus Kearn.

Jack's heart—for, despite the school of vice in which he had unhappily been reared, the poor fellow really possessed such a thing—had bitterly reproached him for the danger into which he had led his late companion: not that he considered it likely to prove very serious; for Richard, as our readers are aware, had not touched the pocket of the benevolent old gentlemen in St. James's Park, and was totally unknown to the police—circumstances greatly in his favour, according to the calculations of his more experienced friend, in whom the feeling of remorse became doubly strong when he saw Rachel struggling in the rude grasp of her cousin.

"Did you hear me, boy? Half a sovereign," repeated Carus, "for a policeman!"

"I heard ye," exclaimed the lad: "hadn't you better have two?"

Springing on the well-dressed ruffian, the speaker dextrously struck him a smart blow in the centre of his right cheek, and sent him sprawling on the slippery pavement. This was a trick his uncle, the returned convict, had taught him; and more than once it had enabled Jack to escape from his captors.

The fall was a severe one.

"Run!" whispered her protector to the terrified woman; "the peeler is at the other end of the bridge—I saw him in the bar of 'The Anchor,' a-drinkin' success to the new year, and plenty of 'em. Don't stare so, Mrs. Markham, you frighten me: run—run!"

The hope of escaping from the degrading exposure her persecutor had threatened her with imparted a momentary strength to the trembling limbs of Rachel, and a mother's love added speed to her flight as she rapidly disappeared in the direction of her home.

Jack Manders was not slow to follow; still he gallantly kept behind, determined, at any risk, to prevent her being overtaken. Several times he repeated to himself "Only for begging! only for begging!" Had it been for thieving, doubtless he could have understood it.

When the policeman at last made his appearance on the bridge, Carus Kearn was standing alone, leaning against the parapet, to recover his breath.

"Curse you!" he muttered, gasping with rage and mortification between every word; "you fellows are never in the way when your services are required."

"Sure, and I must take my *reglar* bate," answered the man, with a strong Hibernian accent, and at the same time touching his hat, for the speaker was well dressed, and not so drunk but he knew what he was about. "What's the row? Has your honour been robbed?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Carus, eagerly, "yes."

"Where's the *villians*?" demanded the policeman.

"That is, I might have been robbed," replied the gentleman, after a moment's reflection, for his fall had somewhat sobered him, and he foresaw that it would be unwise to bring an accusation against his cousin which he could not prove. "Did you pass a woman and a boy as you came up?"

"Not a christian sowl, barring a donkey and the fireman's dog," said the policeman, seriously; "but may be your honour will walk to the station, and make your charge afore the inspector."

"Charge!" repeated Carus; "against whom?"

"Them as *might* have robbed you—sure your honour knows 'em—bad luck to 'em—they are always on the look-out for gentlemen that have had a *dhrap* too much, and see smarter out of one eye than the other."

"Why, you do not mean to insinuate that I am tipsy?" demanded Carus.

"Sorry I'd be to hint at such a thing," answered the man, with a half serious, half comical air. "I am not like many as is in the force, to take a dirty advantage of a gentleman for being merry, and *lock him up*, but it's in the commissioners' *struitions*, and I might get fined for not doing it, but I'll run the risk of it."

The man of pleasure was too well accustomed to adventures of a similar character, not to comprehend what was expected of him. He took the hint; carelessly tossed the speaker half-a-crown; then, gathering his cloak around him, walked on.

"Might have been robbed," repeated the guardian of the peace, with a chuckle, as he stooped to pick up the coin. "He'd be a courageous boy that ud try to

rob ye. There's more mischief in them great, staring, black eyes than in a loaded pistol or a peeler's staff. He looks all the world as if he'd murdered a praist; and is no rail born gentleman, for all he is so free with his money; I can tell that by the looks of him, to say nothing of his manners. Spilt salt to him—*throwing* instead of giving it!"

With these not very complimentary observations on the personal appearance of Carus Kearn, the policeman resumed his beat.

The Irish are keen judges of character, and the man had appreciated him rightly.

Instead of returning to her wretched home, Rachel Markham, in the hope of obtaining assistance for her child, made the best of her way to the house of a neighbour who kept a tobacconist's shop in the York-road. She was a kind-hearted little woman, and had frequently procured the unhappy mother employment at her needle.

Mrs. Tuttle, the person alluded to, had the reputation of being exceedingly well-to-do in the world. If such really were the case, it must have been owing to her own prudence and economy. No one knew the value of a penny better than herself; and yet she was anything but mean. When she gave, she did so with discretion; which, in our opinion, is the wisest part of charity.

Having no family, and her husband being from home all day, Mrs. T., as she was generally designated, had turned her attention to business at an age when many in her position would have thought only of pleasure. Early and late she might be found in her carefully swept shop, seated behind the counter, ready to attend to her customers; or by the fire in the cosy, comfortable back-parlour, which communicated with it by folding-doors.

Although she was, at the period we are writing of, young and exceedingly pretty, scandal, which spares few reputations, had never breathed a syllable against hers. Perhaps for two reasons: first, that her conduct was irreproachable; and secondly, because nature armed her with a quiet sarcastic humour, which, if necessary, she could use most effectively in self-defence. More than one puppy and conceited loungeur have we seen put to flight with well-bred but pointed retorts, which told all the better from her invariably keeping her temper.

We have been thus particular in introducing her to our readers, as in the course of our tale they will have more than one occasion of renewing their acquaintance with her.

Mrs. Tuttle was just thinking of shutting up, when Rachel staggered rather than walked into the shop, with little Mary in her arms.

A frown, for an instant, knit the brows of the mistress of the place; but no sooner did she gaze on the pale, careworn features of her visitor, than it gave place to an expression of benevolent interest. She comprehended that it was weakness and not drink which caused the broken-hearted mother to totter beneath her burden.

"Come into the parlour," she said. "Sit down. What is the matter?"

When anything like an emergency occurred, the speaker was a woman of few words.

"Dead!" sobbed her visitor, as she threw back the shawl which concealed her child. "Dead with cold and hunger—dead in the streets. I begged—begged," she added, with a fresh burst of sorrow, "but no one would listen to my prayer."

Her hearer felt inexpressibly shocked. Her first care, however, was to take the infant in her arms, and commence chafing its half-frozen limbs; her next to ring the bell and direct her niece—a staid young person, who lived with her as a companion and assistant—to warm some milk. By the time it was ready, the little sufferer began to show signs of returning animation.

Rachel sat the while with her eyes fixed intently regarding her; and yet she appeared unconscious of all the kind-hearted woman was doing. Misery had chained even the voice of gratitude, as well as every sense, save sight.

"Give her a glass of wine," said Mrs. Tuttle.

The niece poured one out, and held it to the lips of Rachel, but the intended kindness was unheeded—she made no effort to swallow it.

"Warm it," added her aunt, wiping aside her tears. "Rouse yourself, Mrs. Markham; you must rouse yourself, for your children's sake. This is weak, very weak."

Still there was no reply.

What compassion and well-meant reproof failed to achieve, one little word uttered by her child effected. It broke the horrible spell under which the wife of the drunkard sat enthralled, motionless as a statue. Mary at last unclosed her soft blue eyes, and faintly pronounced the name of "Mother."

As if a spring had been suddenly released, Rachel sprang from her seat, sank upon her knees at the feet of Mrs. Tuttle, on whose lap the little sufferer was still lying, and covered her cheeks with tears and kisses, bound her arms around her, pressed her convulsively to her aching breast, and murmured incoherent thanks to heaven.

"Saved!" she sobbed, "saved! My heart has one treasure left. Both my children are not torn from me. Providence is merciful. And you," she added, grasping the hand of Mrs. Tuttle, "and you its instrument."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the little woman, who had a very great objection to being thanked for any good she might do, and being for the moment what she called upset. "It's not much use the best of us can be to our fellow-creatures in this world. Say no more about it. Think of the child; she is hungry, and the milk is ready. Sit down," she added, "and take the glass of wine Eliza" (this was the name of her niece) "has made warm for you."

The grateful mother obeyed meekly as an infant might have done, and sat silently watching and mentally blessing her as Mary eagerly partook of the food her benefactress had prepared for her.

Mrs. Tuttle was not the person to perform a kind action by halves. But to complete her act of benevolence it was necessary she should be informed of everything; and she set about obtaining the requisite information in her usual business-like manner.

Having first rocked her charge to sleep, she wrapped her carefully in a warm blanket, and placed her in the arms of her mother, who was far more likely to converse rationally, she considered, with her rescued treasure nestled against her heart: her next care was to send her servant with food and other necessities to the cottage in the Belvedere-road: that done, she gradually drew from her visitor a narrative of all that had taken place. When we say all, we must except the story of the work-box: Rachel could not humiliate the father of her children by relating that.

"Oh, these men—these men!" exclaimed her hearer, when she had concluded; "if the best of them are troublesome at times, what must the bad ones be?—not that I have any reason to complain," she added. "You must be firm, Mrs. Markham—very firm. I should like to catch Mr. T. coming home drunk every night—or, indeed, any night—and plunging me in poverty and distress!"

Now this was the very thing the speaker would not like to have caught her husband at; so it must be set down as an indirect way of expressing her abhorrence of the dissipated conduct of George Markham.

"As for Richard," she continued, "I have no fear of him, though you are quite right to remove him from this neighbourhood as quickly as possible. Richard is honest."

"So young, and in the streets at such an hour!" observed his mother, with a sigh, for with the recovery of Mary, all her fears for the safety of her brother had returned.

"Bad," replied her kind friend, "but not hopeless. He will return, take my word for it; but he must not find you absent."

"I will depart at once," said Rachel, anxiously.

"You will find both fire, light, and food," said Mrs. Tuttle; "and don't let matters come to such extremity again. There, I want no words; I know all that you would say. The servant will carry the child for you. Good night," she added, "or rather good morning, for the new year has commenced already. May it prove a happier, much happier one for you than the past!"

With this kind wish the speaker hastened the departure of her visitor; not that she felt so anxious to get rid of her as to avoid a repetition of thanks and expressions of gratitude which really distressed her to listen to, for it was one of her maxims that kindness should be done for kindness' sake, and not for the empty gratification of hearing oneself praised.

The little woman was right. Would there were more like her in the world.

When Rachel entered her cottage, she gazed around her: the past appeared like some painful dream, till reflection convinced her of its reality. The fire that burnt cheerfully in the grate, seemed to mock the sadness at her heart. Involuntarily she turned towards the trundle bed Richard used to occupy, but it was empty. She had a thousand times rather have found her home cold and desolate, as she had quitted it, and have seen him sleeping there, have received his affectionate kiss, and heard his kind good-night.

Still she did not abandon herself to despair. He might return. Kneeling by the vacant couch, she poured forth a mother's hopes and fears in prayer.

The clock had just struck two when George made his appearance, so completely under the influence of the intoxicating draught, which takes the reason

prisoner, leaves manhood a wreck, and mind a blank, that he could only reel into a chair, where he sat gazing vacantly, first at the fire, and then at the woman whose happiness he had destroyed.

Rachel tried to speak to him, but the words faded on her lips, and she felt a sickening sensation approaching to disgust, creeping over her, as she contemplated the ruin dissipation had worked in his once manly form and intellectual features.

It is a dangerous moment when such feelings rise in the heart of a wife: love, and that which is even more lasting than love, respect, hang trembling in the balance—a feather light as the down from the unfledged cygnet's wing, may turn the scale, inclining it to hate.

"What a difference!" she mentally exclaimed; "is this the promise for which I quitted a happy home, risked a father's anger and the loss of friends, the world's respect—all but my own esteem?"

Then the recollection that her parent's harshness had been one, if not the leading, influence in the change she so deeply felt, awakened kindlier feelings, and she sighed as she pronounced his name—

"Poor George!"

The drunkard was breathing heavily. Rachel could not attempt to assist him to his bed, the task was beyond her strength; but with womanly kindness she untied the handkerchief which on quitting the public house he had knotted closely round his neck, placed it on a chair, and listened till his breath came freely.

Her husband looked up in her face and tried to smile; consciousness was struggling with the fiend which had subdued it; the effort lasted but for an instant; his features relaxed into their vacant stare again.

The mother's engrossing thoughts were of her boy. The idea of his wandering in the streets at such an hour, exposed not only to the bitter cold, but to dangers to which the pitiless frost, the piercing wind, the tempest's flash, were mercies, wrung her heart with agony, and she continued to pace the narrow limits of her house, listening at every step, hoping and trusting, but resuming her wearying walk again with increased disappointment. More than once she felt tempted to seek for him herself. It was not the terrors of the night or the inclemency of the season which prevented her, but the utter ignorance of where to look for him.

London is a short word, but it comprises a world—a desert, and a city—a home to those who inhabit it, a wilderness to the unfriended wretch who wanders in its labyrinth.

Rachel had no friends to whom she could apply, and was without the means to employ assistance; and so she remained, counting the weary hours and minutes, hoping, trusting, and praying until day-break.

It was a sad fate for the once happy girl, who had been the light of her father's house, the admiration of encircling friends. Where was that father? He had abandoned her. Where were the friends? All gone; vanished in the hour of trial. True to the world's instincts, they had disappeared like shadows which are only seen in sunshine.

When we say all, there was one exception: the old clerk, Peter Mangles, had neither forgotten nor abandoned her. He had heard of her visit to Blackheath on his return home, and greatly regretted his absence; for he felt assured that nothing but unusual distress, some sudden and severe calamity, could have brought Rachel from her home on such a day to see him.

Much to the annoyance of his housekeeper, whose ways were as methodical as his own, the old man insisted on having breakfast an hour earlier than usual; and having despatched it, instead of waiting for the omnibus to ride into town, as he had done every day for the last thirty years, he actually sent for a fly.

To the remonstrance of the well-meaning woman, who observed that it was a piece of extravagance, he drily replied that he could afford it, and drove off, leaving her overwhelmed with astonishment, and not a little tormented by curiosity.

Suddenly the suspicion struck her that Peter Mangles was going to be married. A thousand little circumstances convinced her that such was the case. He had never breakfasted so early before, never engaged a fly to take him to town; and visions of a mistress, whom it might be difficult, if not impossible to please, calculations on the chances of retaining or losing her place, floated through the brain of Mrs. Lawrence, who could not help thinking that if her master wanted a wife, he need not have gone to London to look for one.

The hour's start which Peter Mangles had gained by this arrangement, enabled him to call at the Belvedere-road, and still be at his usual hour in the city—a point he had never neglected in the memory of

the oldest porter in the establishment: in fact, so regular was he, that the clerks would sooner have believed St. Paul's clock to be wrong than the cashier behind his time.

As the vehicle drove rapidly along the road, little did the old man, whose heart was filled with thoughts of charity and kindness, imagine the scene of woe—the utter desolation he was about to witness in the house of her he had known and loved as a child.

But we must reserve the description of it for the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

O sacred sorrow, by whom souls are tried!—
Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide—
If thou art mine—and who shall proudly dare
To tell his Maker he has had his share?—
Still let me feel for what thy pangs are sent,
And be my guide, and not my punishment.

CRABBE.

MEANWHILE, we doubt not but our readers feel somewhat impatient to learn what had become of the hero of our tale. As the feeling is too natural to be longer trifled with, we shall at once proceed to inform them.

As the cab into which he had been partly persuaded and partly forced to enter, drove rapidly through the streets, Richard soon ceased to recognise the direction in which they were going, it being evidently a part of the town he was unacquainted with. Several times he thought of calling for assistance, or attempting to escape; but the searching gray eyes of his companion, who watched his every movement, restrained him; and yet there was nothing unkind either in his looks or words: at times he even fancied he could detect glances of kindness and compassion from beneath his bushy eyebrows.

"Where are you taking me to, sir?" he at last demanded. "Oh, this will cause my mother to die with grief."

"I am acting for your good," replied the gentleman, mildly. "The line of duty is not always the most pleasant one, but it leads to happiness in the end."

"Happiness!" repeated his prisoner, with a sigh. "I shall never know the meaning of the word again. Poor mother! poor Mary! starving! Oh, sir! for pity sake, release me. I have never done you any wrong. You cannot find the heart to injure me."

"Injure!" exclaimed the old man, deeply moved. "I tell you again that my purpose is a kind one. I would snatch you, as I have wished and tried to do others, from the misery and shame into which vice has cast them. You blame me now, and deem my proceedings harsh; the day will come when you will bless them."

"Never, sir, never!" cried the youth, indignantly. "They are cruel, cruel in the extreme. I shall always hate you."

"I expect no gratitude," observed the mysterious personage, with a sigh, "and shall not feel disappointed. You cannot change my intentions. Attempt to escape, and I consign you into the hands of justice. You have your choice—submission or a prison."

Nothing further passed on either side till the vehicle drew up in front of a handsome mansion in one of the squares. Lights were seen from the drawing-room window, and the sounds of music heard. Richard looked up with surprise. He imagined that his conductor was taking him to some dreadfully gloomy place, with heaven knows what intention, perhaps to murder him—for he had heard of such things—instead of which, it appeared to him a palace.

A servant, in plain but handsome livery, came to the door of the cab.

"Send your master to me," said the gentleman.

The man disappeared, and in a few minutes the owner of the house came to him. A long and somewhat animated conversation ensued, in a language which our hero would have given worlds, had he possessed them, to understand. At its conclusion, he was directed to descend; for an instant he hesitated, but the stern, determined voice, the recollection that in the event of his refusal a prison awaited him, decided his obedience, and he walked between the two gentlemen into the house, passed through a hall crowded with servants, who stared inquiringly after him; for his dress, though scrupulously clean, bore all the signs of poverty.

At last his conductor stopped at a side door, which the master of the mansion opened with a key.

"Wait," he said, in a kindly tone, "till I have lit the gas."

In less time than it has taken us to describe it, our hero found himself seated with his companions in a comfortably-furnished apartment, the walls of which

were covered with plans of estates, charts, maps, and shelves filled with tin cases labelled and with books.

Richard had never before been in a lawyer's office, or he must at once have recognised the peculiar features of the place. As it was, he gazed around him with a bewildered air. No wonder that he did so; the adventures of the night might have puzzled an older head and clearer brain than his to comprehend them.

"I have already told you the circumstances under which I found this boy," observed the old man, breaking the silence; "you will ascertain in the morning whether his tale be true or false. Not that I doubt it," he added, with a sigh, "but there must be no error on the subject."

"Certainly not," answered the gentleman.

"If true," resumed the speaker, "explain to him my intentions in his favour. I leave him in your care," he added, "certain that he will be kindly treated, and carefully watched to prevent escape."

"This is tyranny!" exclaimed the boy, impetuously. "By what right, sir, do you detain me from my parents?"

"You hear him, Morton," said the man whom he regarded as his persecutor.

"At least, I know the name of one of you!" observed Richard Markham.

"Hush!" interrupted the gentleman whom he had just heard addressed by the name of Morton; "the right you question is not only that of the strong against the weak, but of justice against one accused of crime."

"I am innocent!"

"That can only be proved by a public trial," observed the lawyer; "and before trial comes the prison and its contaminating influence, its shame and stain. This is a disgrace we wish to spare you: act wisely, and do not attempt to disappoint the efforts of your friends."

"Friends!" repeated Richard, in a contemptuous tone; "but I have done. I am in your hands; as you act by me, so heaven will judge you."

"Amen," said the old man, in a fervent tone; and without pronouncing another word he took his leave.

For some time after his departure Mr. Morton regarded his new acquaintance in silence. He was naturally a kindly disposed man—the father also of a family—and the frank, open countenance of the youth pleased and interested him. Ringing the bell, he directed the servant who answered it to bring a tray with refreshment, and to prepare a room for his unexpected visitor.

"At the top of the house," he added, as the man quitted the room to execute his orders.

"You are tired," he said, as soon as our hero had done justice to the good things set before him. "In the morning we will speak further together, and anything I can do, consistently with my word to my client, who is a most excellent, although somewhat singular man, to relieve your anxiety respecting your mother and sister, I will."

There was something in the voice as well as the words of the speaker which convinced his hearer that he was speaking truthfully, and he looked up in his face and faintly smiled.

That night, or rather morning, Richard Markham slept in a luxurious bed for the first time in his life, or rather, we should have said, rested in one; for it was long, very long, ere sleep closed his aching eyelids; and when it came at last, pale faces haunted his troubled dreams, and tearful eyes seemed watching him.

More than once he leaned upon his pillow, and murmured the names of "Mother—Mary."

We must now leave him for awhile, and return to the house where his absence was so deeply mourned.

George Markham had sufficiently recovered from his fit of drunkenness to retire to the inner room of the cottage to rest; and his wife, pale and haggard from mental as well as bodily suffering, and weary watching of the night, was engaged in preparing breakfast for herself and Mary, when the fly drew up at the door.

The mother's first thought was of her son, and she sprang to open it, fondly believing some kind, pitying hand had led the lost one back to her.

An involuntary sigh of disappointment escaped her as she recognised her last friend, Peter Mangles, whom, at any other time, she would have rejoiced to meet.

"Why, Rachel," said the old man, somewhat mortified, "you don't seem very glad to see me, and yet I have called at some slight inconvenience, thinking you might require my aid. It was not my fault that I was from home," he added; "you know I take but few holidays."

There was something so wo-begone, so utterly wretched in the look with which she regarded him, that Peter's heart reproached him for having spoken unkindly. Something dreadful, he saw, had taken

place; so, telling the driver to wait, he entered the cottage. It was the first time he had visited it, and its comfortless, desolate appearance sent a chill through his frame.

"What has occurred?" he asked, as soon as Mrs. Markham had seated herself.

The distracted mother could only pronounce the name of her son.

"Ill?" said her visitor

"Lost!" murmured Rachel; "lost to me, I fear, for ever."

It was not without considerable difficulty, for the narrative was broken by tears and sobs, that the clerk drew from her the sad story of Richard's disappearance, and her own sufferings.

"Bad," he said, "very bad, but not hopeless. Nothing is lost in London if people only set the right way about recovering it: we will soon find the boy again. And as for that rascal Carus, I never regretted till this moment that I refused a share in the firm."

"Speak not of the wretch," replied the anxious mother; "it is of Richard that I am thinking: were he restored to me—could I once more fold him to my heart—"

The words were interrupted by the appearance of a neighbour, a bustling, ignorant, but well-meaning woman, who had heard of the disappearance of our hero.

"O, Mrs. Markham!" she exclaimed; "sad news, sad news!"

Rachel turned, if possible, paler than before.

"I can feel for you," added the speaker. "I've had trouble enough with my own children, but nothing to equal yours."

"Do speak out," cried the old clerk, impetuously; "you are more provoking than a bankruptcy."

The woman bridled up; she had come with a kind intention, and did not understand being addressed so harshly.

"Well, then, I got it all out of that young rascal Jack Manders; he is at the bottom of every mischief."

"You are killing her," interrupted Peter Mangles.

"Richard has been taken up for picking pockets!"

Rachel uttered a piercing scream, and fell senseless from her chair.

Terrified at the sight, little Mary began to cry bitterly, and call to father that mamma was dying. The noise roused the half-sobered drunkard from his sleep, and he came staggering into the room with a bewildered air. At the sight of his former friend he started back, feeling the full force of his degradation, though not of his misery.

"What! what is the matter?" he demanded, rubbing his blood-shot eyes.

Peter pointed sternly to the inanimate form of his wife.

"For heaven's sake, explain!" added the wretched man.

"You have murdered her!" pronounced the old man, solemnly; "driven your boy to theft—to shame—to a prison! George, George! are these the hopes I once entertained of you?"

The guilty husband threw himself by the side of the inanimate form of his unhappy wife; implored her to look up to bless him, but with a look or word; madly cursed himself as the cause of all her misery: then called frantically upon his son, whom his misconduct had urged to crime.

It was a fearful scene. The iron of remorse had entered into the very heart of the drunkard, and wounded the only part of it his debasing vice had left uncorrupted—the love he still felt for his wife and children.

"It's no use bawling now the mischief's done," tartly observed the woman who had brought the fatal intelligence. "The only comfort you can bring her is news of her poor boy. I know what a mother's feelin's is. Poor thing—poor thing!" she added, kneeling by her side, and chafing her hands and forehead.

In our experiences of life we have frequently had occasion to remark the strong feeling of sympathy which unites the poor, how willing they are to assist each other by offices of kindness, when other means are denied them. The speaker meant well, and was far from suspecting the mischief her inconsiderate manner had occasioned. To one of her own class the shock might have proved less severe; to a delicate organisation like Rachel's, it was all but fatal.

Slowly the sufferer unclosed her eyes and gazed vacantly around till she encountered the glance of her husband, when a convulsive shudder ran through her frame, and she relapsed into insensibility, for the sense of misery returned with the sight of him who had occasioned it.

George Markham caught up his hat, and rushed like a madman from the cottage, resolved to search London over till he had obtained tidings of his son.

Peter Mangles looked around him for an instant with an air of utter helplessness. In the intensity of his feelings, even the city, the astonishment and uneasiness his absence would cause to the firm, were forgotten, everything but the state of Rachel. He could not leave her in that desolate abode, the child who had sat a hundred times upon his knees, the fair girl whose affectionate smile had so frequently welcomed him in her father's house; no—his mind was made up, and he proceeded to act at once, for he had always looked upon decision, not only as a great moral, but business-like virtue.

With the assistance of the neighbour, who had not quite forgiven his pronouncing her to be more provoking than a bankruptcy, he wrapped the sufferer in a shawl and deposited her safely in the fly, placed Mary beside her, got in himself, and ordered the driver to return to Blackheath.

"But what will her husband say when he returns?" demanded the astonished woman.

"What he pleases," answered Peter. "If he has neglected his duty, I know mine."

"And the neighbours? People will talk, and—"

The old clerk drew up the glass of the carriage impatiently, and directed the coachman to drive on; leaving the astonished speaker dumbfounded at such a summary mode of proceeding.

The event caused quite a sensation in the Belvedere-road. Some of the neighbours pronounced Peter Mangles to be no less a person than the great city merchant, who had forgiven and taken away his daughter. Others suspected that she had been carried off by some less reputable character, and blamed their informant—after they had drawn everything out of her—for not having called the police.

Like the old man with the ass in the fable, the woman consoled herself with the reflection that it was impossible to please every one. She had done her best, and the wisest can do no more.

The housekeeper at Ledger Cottage—the name of Peter Mangles's suburban abode—was greatly surprised when the fly once more drove up to the door. Seeing a female in it, her suspicions were confirmed; and she hastened, as she thought, to receive her new mistress.

"Well!" she exclaimed, "you have brought her home?"

"Of course I have. Take the child."

"Child?" repeated the astonished Mrs. Lawrence.

"Well!"

"What is the woman staring at?" demanded her master, as he placed Mary in her arms. "Get the best room ready; I expect the doctor directly."

The respectable old lady felt more and more puzzled to comprehend the affair; which, in her private opinion, began to wear rather an ugly appearance, although she charitably hoped that her master was really married.

Pursing up her lips, she asked him, demurely, "If she could assist Mrs. Mangles?"

"Mrs. who?" cried the astonished Peter.

"Mrs. Mangles, sir."

"You are a fool, Mrs. Lawrence," solemnly pronounced her master; "there is no such being, either in *esse* or in *posse*."

This was the only occasion Peter had ever been known to tamper with the Latin tongue, which, truth to say, he looked upon with greater suspicion than even on Pennsylvanian bonds or other questionable securities.

"I don't know about her being a *posse*," retorted the angry housekeeper, "but it's my belief she is no better than she should be."

"Few of us are," observed the old gentleman, sarcastically; "few of us are."

Removing the scarcely conscious Rachel from the carriage, he bore her, with the assistance of the driver, into the house; Mrs. Lawrence following, overwhelmed with confusion at the ridiculous error into which she had fallen. To make amends for it—she was really a kind-hearted woman—she began to busy herself by attending to her unexpected guest, whom she succeeded in getting to bed before the arrival of the physician, who was still in the chamber of his patient when Mr. Bently drove up, alarmed at the unusual absence of his confidential clerk, cashier, and friend.

"Are you ill, Mangles?" he demanded, as he entered the little parlour where the former was anxiously waiting the report of the medical man.

"Ill! No," replied Peter, tartly.

His employer regarded him with surprise.

"Yes, I am ill," added the speaker; "sick at heart; and all through you, Richard. I ought to have let you years since—years since. I was a fool I didn't."

"What has occurred to excite this humour?" inquired the merchant.

"What has occurred!" repeated the clerk. "What

has not occurred, and all through your unforgiving temper! It's a pleasant list. I'll run over the items to you. First, your son-in-law, whom you ought to have assisted, is a hopeless drunkard."

"Curse him!" interrupted Mr. Bently, warmly. "He has destroyed my happiness."

"You destroyed it yourself, Richard," observed the old man, mournfully. "Next, his son, named after you—they had better have called him Peter, for I shall leave him all I possess—has been taken up for pocket-picking."

The proud spirit of the man of wealth was deeply wrung, and he uttered a suppressed groan.

"That did not come from your heart, Richard," continued the speaker,—"I wish it had; but from your pride. The worst is not told. Your daughter Rachel, the only child of one of the richest men in the city, was last night reduced to beg for charity. And whom do you imagine she asked it of? Her cousin Carus. The heartless scoundrel not only bade her starve, but heaped reproaches and insult on her innocent head."

"The ruffian!"

"Aye, ruffian is the word. I am afraid it is not the worst name he merits."

"What mean you?"

"It does not signify what I mean," replied Peter, pettishly. "You will find it all out in time. I've only suspicions, and—no, no. Without proof an honest man should not speak ill even of an enemy."

"But my child! You spoke of my child?"

"She is dying, I fear," replied her benefactor.

"Dying!" exclaimed the conscience-stricken parent. "Oh, let me fly to her. I have been too harsh, perhaps,—too unrelenting."

"Fly," repeated Peter Mangles, as Mr. Bently was about to quit the room in order to regain his carriage, "and where would you fly to? I wish, Richard, you would not express yourself in so unbusinesslike a manner. To talk of flying, is like hinting at a bankruptcy; and I can answer there is no fear of that."

"My child! my suffering child!"

"And do you imagine that I left the daughter of my oldest friend," resumed the clerk, "in her abode of poverty and sorrow? No! I brought her back with me. She is here, Richard, here, under my roof, and shall never quit it unless for a happier one; or the grave," added the old man, calmly, "or the grave!"

"I must see her!"

"Not to reproach her," observed the old clerk, fervently.

"Reproach her! you will drive me mad," replied the merchant; "but I forgive you, for you have never been a father."

"Thank goodness, not," said Peter, complacently. "I have had trouble, maybe, to keep your ledgers in order. Heaven knows how I should have managed with a family."

As they were about to leave the little parlour to visit Rachel—for, in the emotion of one and the joy of the other at the prospect of a reconciliation, neither of them had calculated on the effect of a surprise—the speakers fortunately encountered the physician, who at once forbade their visit.

"But I am her father," urged Mr. Bently.

"Head of the firm of the name of Bently in the city," added the owner of Ledger Cottage, by way of introducing them.

"I am sorry," said the man of science, "to repeat my prohibition, but the state of my patient is most critical; the least emotion, either of joy, surprise, or sorrow, may produce a fatal effect."

"Is there hope?" demanded Mr. Bently.

The physician paused, as if to measure the amount of consolation his words were to convey.

"There is hope," he said; "but it is so slight, a breath would almost break it. In four-and-twenty hours I shall be able to speak more positively."

Neither Peter Mangles nor his employer quitted Ledger Cottage that day; the former crept about the house as stealthily as a cat, and even banished his favourite parrot to a neighbour's house, lest its talking should disturb his suffering guest.

At night the father and friend of Rachel were not the only watchers. Her guilty but repentant husband haunted the Heath like some unquiet spirit, walking before the house he dared not enter, for his hope of recovering his son, or of obtaining intelligence of him had failed, and conscience whispered him it was the only plea on which he might trust for forgiveness. A few hours had made him an altered man. He now beheld his conduct in all its deformity, and shuddered at the picture.

Frequently in the long hours of the night, as he stood gazing at the windows watching every shadow that crossed the blinds, he would wring his half-frozen hands, and mutter the words—"Too late! too late!"

Such were the promptings of his despair, the outpourings of his lacerated heart. But who shall presume to repeat the self-accusing sinner's words, and say the angel of repentance had overshadowed him too late?

The following morning, the physician pronounced a slight amelioration in the state of his patient, which Peter Mangles no sooner heard, than he prepared to set out for the city. Two days' absence from his books and accounts were more than any reason, short of the death of his protégée, could have justified. He was naturally of a hopeful disposition, and trusted for the best.

As he walked briskly over the Heath, in order to catch the omnibus—for he had sent to prevent its calling, as usual, at his door—the husband of Rachel stood before him, so wo-begone, so wretched, that the kind old clerk had not the courage to reproach him.

"A word; only one, sir, for mercy sake!" exclaimed the unhappy man. "My wife! I have been watching all night at her window. Do speak to me; my heart is almost broken!"

"The doctor thinks she is better, George; that with care, great care, she may recover."

"Thank heaven! Then I have not murdered her. Her death is not upon my soul, as well as the ruin of my poor boy."

"Have you heard any tidings of him?"

"None," groaned the penitent father, "none. I have inquired at every police-station, haunted every court, each den of vice I can think of, but he is nowhere to be found."

"Out all night," thought his hearer, with a glance of compassion; "and such a night, too. Here, George," he added, speaking aloud, "you must require some refreshment."

The husband of Rachel pressed his hand, but refused the proffered gift.

"Henceforth," he said, "the bread I eat shall be the bread of industry. It's not pride. Oh, believe me, it is not pride—that has long since been crushed—but the stern resolve of a repentant man to redeem, if possible, his sullied name; to win the forgiveness of the angel he has wronged; to die with the consciousness that his poor children will not curse the memory of their father."

"There's hope in him yet," exclaimed Peter Mangles, as George Markham walked rapidly away from him. "I always said there was, for, when a boy, I invariably found his petty cash book right; more," he added, "than I could ever say for that precious rascal Carus."

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

DURING the last week I have been looking through—thanks to the courtesy of the Editor—a large pile of correspondence. All sorts of questions are asked upon every subject, and prompt answers are required. The answers, I have no doubt, will be given as speedily as possible, although it needs no argument to prove that every correspondent cannot be answered first.

Well: in looking through the mass of epistolary writing submitted to me, I could not help noticing that a large majority of the writers were either ill-informed as to the proper mode of inditing, or were otherwise very careless as to how they wrote. Some of them used no points—left punctuation entirely to the reader's discretion; others adopted a stilted mode of correspondence, quite unfit for the subject in hand, and exhausted paper and patience in a round-about way of expressing the simplest idea.

Under these circumstances, I have endeavoured to furnish my young readers with some plain practical instructions in the art of writing; and I begin with

PUNCTUATION.

A letter without points is almost unintelligible; a letter mis-pointed conveys an opposite meaning—if it conveys any at all—from that intended by the writer. In punctuation, as in spelling, there is some diversity in the practice of writers and printers, but there are general rules to which all subscribe.

The points used are as follow—

The period	?	The semicolon	;
The interrogation	?	The comma	,
The exclamation	!	The dash	—
The colon	:	The parenthesis	()

The word *period* means a circuit, or circle.

1. It is placed at the end of a declarative or imperative sentence; as "Spring is beautiful. Go in peace."

2. It is placed after abbreviations. Thus, MS. for Manuscript.

The mark of interrogation is placed at the end of an interrogative sentence; as, "Is not the innocence of childhood sweet?"

THE EXCLAMATION!—This mark is used after an exclamatory sentence; as, "Alas, unhappy child!"

THE COLON:—This mark is somewhat troublesome to the pupil.

1. The colon is used *within* a sentence, and separates those parts that make full sense, when the connecting word is left out. Thus, "The promise is broad: it has no condition."

2. It is used after the words *following*, *as follows*, *thus*, when they introduce anything. Thus: "A tear may wait on joy." He answered as follows: "I am a man."

THE SEMICOLON;—The semicolon is also a troublesome mark.

1. It is used *within* a sentence, and separates the parts that make full sense, when the connecting word is present. Thus: "We know enough; and our hearts are not with you."

2. It is placed before *as* when it introduces an instance. Thus: "An animal has senses; as the fly."

THE COMMA,—The comma is used in many cases. These, however, can be readily learned.

1. It separates pairs of words.

Example. "Hope and fear, joy and grief, come and go."

2. It takes the place of an omitted word.

Example. "Robert is wise, just, and prudent."

3. It separates words used to explain each other

Example. "Socrates, the philosopher."

4. It is placed after a long member of a sentence, when something is said of it.

Example. "A careful love of nature, will be rewarded."

5. It separates parts expressing some circumstance.

Examples. "Life, however, is valuable. In the morning, awake to duty. The man, whom you loved, is dead."

THE DASH — The dash is used when the sentence breaks off without completing the sense.

Example. "The exile—his tears are dried."

THE PARENTHESIS () The parenthesis separates an incidental word or phrase.

Example. "The home of the poor man (home, did I say?) was the abode of oppression."

THE COMMA, SEMICOLON, AND COLON.—These are the only stops that present any difficulty to the pupil. Their use may be illustrated.

THE COMMA.—"Wisdom hath builded her house, and killed her fatlings."

THE SEMICOLON.—"Wisdom hath builded her house; and she hath killed her fatlings."

THE COLON.—"Wisdom hath builded her house: she hath killed her fatlings."

Attention to these rules is most important. Correct punctuation, though very rare, is exceedingly necessary. The omission, or misuse, of points in writing as clearly involves grammatical error as does the false collocation of words, and as inevitably involves the writer's ideas in obscurity.

NATURALNESS.

Rules and specific directions are useful in their places, and therefore we have given you a few of them; but, at the best, they but imperfectly interpret Nature's unerring laws of order, and are fallible, and subject to perplexing exceptions. If you can make yourself master of the principles which underlie them, you may forget the rules as soon as you please. Till you can do this you will find them useful, provided you do not allow them to enslave you. Strive to be correct and methodical, but not stiff and formal. All writing, to be satisfactory, must be natural. Do not, therefore, aim at any set or special phraseology. Imitate no model. Study good authors, for the improvement of your own style, and not for the acquisition of theirs. What is natural in them may be constrained and laboured in you. Be yourself—be natural.

LONG SENTENCES.

Unpractised writers should avoid long sentences. They are not easily managed, and are apt to get involved or entangled.

A violation of this rule is the source of much of the inelegant and ungrammatical writing with which we meet. A writer commences a sentence, without having the whole clearly fixed in his mind, and goes on adding clause after clause, loosely linked together with "buts" and "ands," till at last, instead of having expressed his thought, he has involved it in utter obscurity.

TAUTOLOGY.

Avoid the repetition of the same sense in different words, as well as the needless repetition of the same words. For instance, do not say, "The nefarious

wickedness of his conduct," because that would be the same as saying, "The extremely wicked wickedness," &c.; nor, "We returned back again;" for "We returned" fully expresses your meaning.

ADJECTIVES.

Young writers are prone to use adjectives too lavishly, and to put too many of them in the superlative degree. These qualifying or describing words lose force by multiplication; and if you make everything you describe the grandest, sublimest, most beautiful, most lovely, most delightful, most exquisite, or most splendid, you can no longer express the difference, in degree of grandeur, beauty, and so forth, between different objects.

FIGURES OF SPEECH.

Comparisons, metaphors, and other figures of speech, when correctly used, add much to the beauty of a literary composition; but the young writer should use them cautiously, and with good judgment. A broken metaphor may disfigure a whole essay.

FIGURES OF ARITHMETIC.

Numbers, except dates and sums of money, should generally be expressed in words. In legal documents, sums of money should be expressed in words, and sometimes in both words and figures. Never write, "I have been in this town 3 days;" nor, "There are 25 pear-trees in my father's orchard."

CONTRACTIONS.

Never use the character &, except in the titles of firms; as, Smith & Jones, and even there the word and, written out in full, looks better. Contractions in general are to be avoided. The economy of time and space secured by their use, hardly compensates for the mutilated appearance of the words, and the liability to error involved. Don't, can't, isn't, and other contractions of the same class, are allowable in familiar letters, and where familiar conversation is quoted, but not in any graver style.

READING.

You may learn much by reading good authors, with particular reference to style. Read slowly and carefully, observing constantly what kind of words are used, and whose style pleases you. I can hardly advise on this point, because tastes and capacities differ, and the style best adapted to serve the purpose of one might be studied with but little advantage by another. Addison, Johnson, Macaulay, Brougham, Wilson (Kit North), Thackeray, are all worthy of study, for their style; but, I repeat, beware of imitating those authors, or anybody else. Have a style of your own.

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST.

But neither my rules, directions, and hints, nor the study of grammar and rhetoric, nor the reading of good authors, nor all these together, will make you a good writer without persevering practice. Writing is a great and noble art, and, like all other arts, requires time and labour for its acquisition. It is cheaply purchased at the expense of years of study and practice. But you may write all your lifetime, and continue to improve to the last; though your style, like your handwriting, is liable to grow worse instead of better, if you allow yourself to fall into negligent and careless habits. Study, read, and, above all, write.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Little by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed;
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."
Little by little, each day it grew;
Little by little, it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent out a threadlike root;
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little, the leaves appear;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea
An insect train work ceaselessly;
Grain by grain, they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell.
Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or to play,
Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
Till the top looks out on the sunny sky;
The gentle wind and the balmy air,
Little by little, bring verdure there;
Till the summer sunbeams gaily smile
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment, I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play.
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
'Whatever I do, I will do it well.'"

Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And one of these days perhaps we'll see
That the world will be the better for me.
And do not you think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and a useful man?

NO TIME FOR READING.

"WHAT are you looking at, Arthur?" inquired Mrs. Merritt, as she raised her head and found her brother's eyes fixed intently upon her.

"I was remarking your industry. Do you devote the whole of your time to needlework?"

"When I am not attending to other duties, I am never destitute of needlework. There is so much to be done in a family," resumed Mrs. Merritt, stitching away faster than ever, and not noticing the peculiar expression on Mr. Warren's face. She considered his observation rather a compliment than otherwise, but at the same time wondered why he had never remarked the fact of her industry before.

"What are you reading now?" he asked, after a short pause.

"What am I reading? Nothing particular that I know of; I cannot possibly get time. Oh, upon a second thought, I did read a sketch last week; but I glanced over it so hurriedly that I'm sure I can't tell now what it was about."

"Do you always read hurriedly?"

"I am obliged to do so, when I read at all; but to be candid, I don't trouble books and papers much."

"You have no taste for reading, I presume?"

"On the contrary, I am very fond of it; but you know it takes up so much time, and I really have not a minute to spare. With my sewing, visiting, shopping, and family cares, I have no leisure. Some people put out their needlework, but I think it a needless expense," said Mrs. Merritt.

"You do no unnecessary needlework, I suppose?"

"Oh no, indeed!"

"If I may be so bold, what are you making now?"

"This is an apron for Lizzie, as you may readily see."

"But could she not wear it without such a quantity of trimming?" queried Mr. Warren, looking at the diminutive article the lady was working upon.

"I suppose she could; but it would look very plain, and I do so like trimming and embroidery on children's clothes," said the lady, glancing admiringly on the pretty vine her fingers had formed on the delicate goods.

"How much time does it require to embroider an article like that?"

"Why, how inquisitive you are to-day, Arthur! But if you must know, I presume it would take quite a day to do it thoroughly, or, at least, in the way I should like it to be done."

"You have allowed that it is unnecessary to embroider it at all; and have furthermore added that a day is required in which to complete the important work. Now, would it not be wiser and better to spend the time named in reading some instructive work?" asked the gentleman, looking earnestly at his sister.

"In some cases, it might," was her reply; "but you must recollect that I do not embroider all the time; I generally have plain sewing in my hands."

"You have rather evaded my question. Supposing you get but eight hours' reprieve from plain sewing in a week; you can certainly devote it to that purpose, if you please," he added, with a good-humoured smile.

"You make a great story out of a little matter, brother Arthur," returned the lady, colouring. "Eight hours a week are hardly worth taking advantage of."

"Let us look about and see if we cannot increase the number. Here are six chair-seats, all embroidered by yourself; and yonder are two small and three large pictures, which originated from the same source. How long did it take you to accomplish these?"

"I really cannot tell; I do not know."

"But you can form some estimate?" persisted Mr. Warren, who seemed determined to gain his point.

"Well, perhaps the leisure time of a year," said Mrs. Merritt, after a short pause.

"And that, allowing eight hours a week, would make four hundred and sixteen hours in a year. That sounds much larger than our first calculation, does it not, Julia? Just think how many books you could read in that period. You would not always be obliged to put in the plea of 'sewing which must be done,' when I invite you to accompany me on some of my charitable visits, where a woman's judgment and penetration are so much superior to those of a man. You could also devote more time for music, and, in addition, not feel obliged to give up an interesting and agreeable correspondence with distant

friends, for want of time to write. Am I not a good calculator, my dear sister?"

Mrs. Merritt did not reply; she did not like to own that her brother had the best side of the argument, though her better perception told her that he had.

"I like to look at embroidery," he continued. "Beautiful colours are always agreeable to the eye, and the employment denotes industry, ingenuity, and perseverance; but that is no sign that it should be carried to excess. Pictures in worsted look very well; but your own good sense will tell you that it requires very little talent to produce them. Any lady, who understands the stitch which is used, and can make a good selection of colours—which is easily learned—can do what demands no superior genius or uncommon ability to perform. Am I right or wrong in this? Pray encourage me a little," he added, laughingly.

"Well, I don't suppose it requires any extraordinary talent to work pictures," replied the lady, after some hesitation.

"Thank you for the admission; now for something else. Here are four curtain tassels tied up very nicely in little bags. I dare say you consider the latter ornaments, do you not?"

"There are different opinions on that point; but, admitting they are not ornamental, they are certainly useful, for they prevent the tassels from being faded," added Mrs. Merritt, with an air that indicated her consciousness of being right that time.

"But was it necessary to ruffle them in so tasteful a manner?" was the next grave inquiry.

"I have no patience with you, Arthur!" exclaimed the lady, laughing, in spite of herself. "I never knew that gentlemen noticed such trivial things."

"Then you have something still to learn. When a lady asserts that she has no time to spare for reading or charitable visits, or a correspondence which she is well able to carry on, I invariably endeavour to find out what employs her all her hours. If I see her working worsted pictures, embroidering numberless articles with patience worthy a better cause, trimming children's clothes, which look a great deal better—in my old bachelor estimation—perfectly plain, ruffling bags to put curtain tassels in, manufacturing tall vases out of tiny shells, braiding rag carpets—which are not needed, and which cannot certainly lay claim to beauty—I think that she has mistaken her vocation; that she does not carry out her principles; in fact, that she is inconsistent. What think you, sister mine?"

"I have not thought about it at all."

"Just as I supposed; but if you will reflect upon the subject, you will see the justness of my conclusions. Where there is a will, there is a way; and if you really like reading, I think you can find time to indulge in that highly intellectual employment."

Mrs. Merritt made no rejoinder, but looked thoughtful, as her brother ceased speaking. She mused long upon his suggestions, and the sequel proved that they were not wholly lost upon her. She did not entirely resign fancy work; but before she gave herself up to its fascinations, she made sure that nothing more important demanded her attention.

The Matron.

NO. II.

I HOPE that no male reader of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER will look at the present article with any degree of dissatisfaction, or that he will think of tossing the number aside with a "Pshaw! what have I to do with baby-linen, long clothes, or frilled caps? Surely the Paper might be filled with more important matters than these!" Can any be so selfish as not to allow their wives—their "better halves"—one page, once a fortnight, for matters in which they, at least, feel a deep interest, and which they know, also, to be most important? And what is to become of the comfort of their children, of their health and development, physical and mental, if matrons do not, now and then, tender their advice, and the result of their experience, to those who are just beginning to feel their responsibilities, and who will gladly receive assistance? And what medium for such communications can be more suitable than the FAMILY PAPER? Bear with the matron, then, ye "lords of the creation," if an attempt be made to render your "little resemblances" some slight benefit, in which, by the way, you will yourselves be, eventually, sharers.

I am about to furnish some plain and simple directions as to cutting and contriving children's clothing; commencing with a baby's wardrobe. These, however, I shall preface with a few general remarks.

There are two objects which every mother ought to have in view, while preparing clothing for children: first, the *health and comfort* of the child; and, secondly, its *pleasing appearance*. The first, of course, is the most important; but I see no reason whatever why the second should be overlooked. In fact, I think it is as much the duty of a mother to dress her children as pleasantly as her means will permit, as it is to cultivate their intellects, their tempers, and their affections. The latter can only be done by degrees; the former should be attended to from the first moment of their appearance in the world.

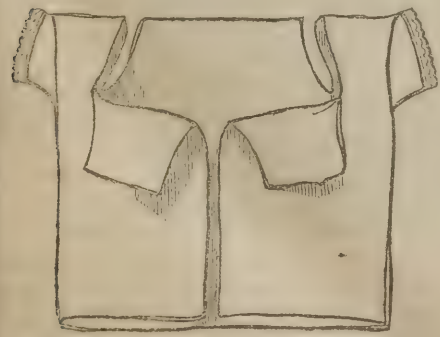
Do not suppose that I am an advocate for *fine* dressing, much less for that which is *showy* and *lavish*; and certainly not for that which is *expensive*, or, at least, unsuitable to the position of the parents. There is a style of dress which is chaste and simple, which renders an infant an agreeable object, and which is appreciable by every beholder, impressing them with the most favourable opinion of the taste and carefulness of the mother. And this, I am prepared to show, can be done at a moderate cost.

Unless the means of the parent are ample, it is more desirable to use cheap materials, and plenty of them, than fine materials and a scanty quantity. *Cleanliness* is essential to health, as well as to appearance; and to secure this there ought to be a sufficient supply of every article of clothing for a daily change.

Ease and freedom should be consulted, and everything likely to produce irritation should be carefully avoided. Remember that a child is constantly growing, and that its clothes should be so made as that it may be able to move every limb freely. The throat, arm-holes, and wrists of dresses should be made so that they can readily be let out. Tight-fitting garments are apt to absorb the insensible perspiration, instead of allowing it free exit; and this frequently induces diseases of the skin. *Pins* should be used as sparingly as possible; indeed, it is better not to use them at all. Buttons and tape are best; but the buttons should be flat, and the tapes should be soft, so that the things may not cause any hard lumps. The fretfulness of children is often complained of; but as this is not natural to a healthy child, and as it is much to be deprecated, the mother, instead of being fretful or angry, should examine the dress of the child, and see if its uneasiness does not arise from some overtight string, or bent button, or hard wrinkle. A rectification of these causes of annoyance will do far more good than all the shakings, and angry looks, and "Oh, you cross creatures!" in the world.

When an infant seems more than usually delicate, or when the weather is very cold, *flannel* gowns, completely covering even the hands and feet, will be found necessary. For this purpose the flannel should be *fine*. Where this is not at hand, a sheet of fine wadding, wrapped round the infant, may answer the purpose.

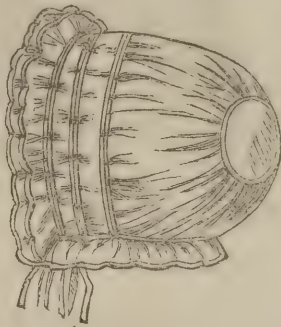
For a new-born infant every article of dress should be *white*. The materials will, of course, differ, according to the circumstances of the parent; but those I name will be suitable in any family of the middle classes. For shirts and nightcaps, fine linen, though cambric muslin is more commonly employed; for night-dresses and petticoats, fine long-cloth; for morning-gowns, striped, fancy, or haircord muslin. Some articles may be obtained cheaper ready-made than they can be made at home, especially those which cannot be made without cutting to waste; as hoods, &c. Else, I always fancy that a mother looks with peculiar pleasure upon articles which she has made with her own hands, or which have been made by members of her own family.



THE FIRST SHIRT should be made of fine linen, or cambric muslin. Each shirt is twenty-three inches wide, and eleven inches long; it will, therefore, take one yard and seven-eighths to make six, without the sleeves.

The sleeves are made in one single piece, cut somewhat in half-handkerchief form, joined on the shoulder. The engraving shows the way in which the straight piece forming the shirt is cut. The neatest way of joining the shoulders is to hem both edges, and sew a lace footing between them; or they may have a double line of stitching. When sewed and felled, however neatly, the edges are apt to be hard. The sleeves should be sewed and felled in, and every other part finished in a very narrow hem. The sleeves may be trimmed with a little lace edging, and the slits finished with button-hole stitches, to prevent them from tearing down.

THE FIRST NIGHT-DRESS should be made of fine, long cloth. Choose a wide one; tear off three pieces, each thirty-three inches long, to make two gowns; slit *one* down the middle to make the two backs; from each of the others take two gores, sloping from one and one and a half to seven and a half inches. Cut these so that the narrow parts both come off the same end of the cloth; join the gores to the half-breadth, and then run and fell the sides, leaving rather more than four inches at the top for the arm-hole. Slope a little piece off at each shoulder, which join like the seams, and slit down an opening, in the middle of the back, ten inches long; this should be done with a narrow hem on one side, and a wide one on the other, the latter fastened over the former at the bottom, with a double row of stitching. The sleeves should be cut a little longer on one side, from shoulder to wrist, than on the other, to allow for them to be slightly frilled in at the elbow. The bottom of the sleeve must be rounded, so that, when turned back, it may form a cuff; as the infant grows, this can be let down. The sleeve may be eight inches long from the top of the shoulder, where it will be eight inches wide; six inches will be width enough at the wrist. All sleeves should be cut on the cross. The top of the gown may be simply hemmed, after being sloped, and white work sewed at the top. The wrist is formed by gathering in the front at four and five inches from the top of the hem; stroke down the gathers, and sew on the insertion, which will look pretty if lined with pink. Long strings of the same cloth are to be sewed at the extremities of the work, to tie round the wrist. The strings may be torn off the remaining piece before the sleeves are cut out. There is plenty of neat lace to be obtained at trifling cost, which will do nicely for children's night-dresses.



THE NIGHT-CAP should be made of fine linen, or French cambric. The borders may be of plain cambric, or have a neat edging sewn upon them. The crown of the cap should measure from an inch and a half to two inches across, and will look very pretty worked in crochet or embroidery. The cap is composed of three pieces—the crown, the head, and the neck. The head-piece should be ten inches long, and five inches deep; the neck-piece four inches; and three-quarters by two inches; it must be joined to the other part to form a round; in this the crown must be set. The head-piece is then slightly sloped, to shorten it towards the ears. There are, as will be seen from the engraving, six runnings, set two and two, with fine bobbin in them; these bobbins should draw at the end, and not at the top of the head. The frills should be set on, one behind the other. I am aware that there are differences of opinion among mothers as to the propriety of infants wearing caps. Extremes should be avoided. Some of the best medical authorities recommend the use of caps for the first month or two at least, especially for children born late in the autumn or winter. In some cases, and in very cold weather, and till the hair begins to grow, a small square of fine flannel, or of fine linen, may be laid on the top of the head before putting on the cap, just tacking it slightly to the cap, that the child may not be fidgeted by its slipping about.

Before describing other articles of clothing, I may

furnish the result of my observation and experience on the question of *warmth*. Or, as it is a matter of great importance, I will quote one of the most eminent authorities of the day. He says:—"Infants are very susceptible of the impressions of cold; a proper regard, therefore, to a suitable clothing of the body is positively necessary to their enjoyment of health. An opinion, unfortunately, is prevalent in society, that the tender child has naturally a great power of generating heat, and resisting cold; and from this popular error have arisen fatal results. The injurious effects of cold upon the frame are not always manifest during, or immediately after, its application; so that, but too frequently, the fatal result is traced to a wrong source, or the infant sinks under the action of an unknown cause. It cannot be too generally known that the power of generating heat, in warm-blooded animals, is at its *minimum*—its lowest degree—at its birth, and increases successively to adult age; that young animals, therefore, instead of being warmer than adults, are generally a degree or two colder; and moreover, *part with their heat more readily*. These facts show the folly of that system of '*hardening the constitution*,' as it is called, which induces the parent to plunge the tender and delicate child into a cold bath at all seasons, and freely to expose it to the cold cutting currents of an easterly wind."

At the same time, as I have said, *extremes* should be avoided. A Yorkshire paper, now before me, states that, a few days ago, a mother was travelling with an infant, in the neighbourhood of Wigan. She wrapped it *carefully* up in a large thick shawl, to protect it from the cold. On uncovering it, at her journey's end, she found, to her unspeakable horror, that her child was dead.

Lightness and genial warmth are the grand things to be observed in the clothing of infants. The neck, shoulders, and arms, should be well protected in cold weather, during which period no short-sleeved dresses ought to be worn, as their use frequently leads to croup, inflammation of the chest, and other infantile diseases. Fine flannel dresses, worn instead of calico, will materially assist in preserving the life of a delicate infant. But observation, circumstances, and, above all, experience, must decide as to these and similar matters.

"Children are *careful comforts*," says the old proverb. "True," says the reader; "at least, I know them to be *certain cares*."

MOON ON THE SEA

I SAW the youngling moon look meekly forth,
While the hoarse floods prolong'd their vesper hymn,
Touching the forehead of a far, gray isle
With silver radiance, delicately dim.

But arching high, in majesty and wrath,
And closer shutting o'er her gentle head,
Portending evil for her future path,
A sable cloud, its gathering blackness spread;

Yet still, adherent to the infant queen,
Fast by her side, with cheek serenely pale,
A tender, lonely, pure-eyed star was seen,
Like Abdiel faithful, tho' all else should fail:

And hark!—that voice upon the summer air,
Who hath one constant friend, the darkest cloud may dare.

SIR SAMUEL MORTON PETO, BART.

SIR SAMUEL MORTON PETO, whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting, is a gentleman who has a double claim upon the interest and attention of the public. As one of the most extensive engineering contractors in the world, his name is invariably associated with one or other of the gigantic operations undertaken in this or in foreign countries. As a practical philanthropist, a man whose benevolence is as remarkable as his professional success, he is perpetually associated with every good and upright work which has for its object the elevation of the masses in a social, moral, or religious aspect.

Thus Sir Samuel Morton Peto is a popular man in a two-fold sense. Not that he has two characters—not that he is on the one hand a hard, bargain-driving, close-fisted business man, whose only purpose is to make money,—nor, on the other hand, one of those who give liberally what they have obtained with so much labour. There are men who never let works of mercy and charity interfere with business—who regard business as one thing and benevolence as another: this is not the case with Sir Samuel Morton Peto. He has set an excellent example of bringing his benevolence practically to bear on the common affairs of life. He has set about making all the people in his employment—a very legion of operatives—feel that the interests of employer and employed

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



SIR SAMUEL MORTON PETO, BART. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATKINS.

are identical: that there is between them a closer and better connection than that which arises from the payment and receipt of weekly wages—that the master cares for the comfort and welfare of his men, and is really and honestly anxious that they should be helped in every way to rise in the world. In his early life Samuel Morton Peto was a journeyman himself, and he thus became practically acquainted with the condition of working-men. He had the opportunity of ascertaining how much sterling merit—better than sterling coin, whatever they may say in the money market—was to be found among that extensive and influential class. He learned how many noble sentiments, and worthy aspirations—how much strong sympathy and pure virtue were in hearts that beat under a fustian jacket. It has been his effort to foster these sentiments, realise these aspirations, encourage this sympathy, and develop this virtue; and his efforts have been successful beyond expectation.

In confirmation of what has been advanced, we may allude to the model village on his beautiful estate at Somerleyton, in Suffolk; to the schools he has established for the children of his workmen, to the assistance he has given to these workmen to educate themselves. He has been versatile in method, but constant in purpose; and whether building a chapel, or founding a book society, or planning a model village, or endowing a school, the promotion of the

best interests of his workpeople has been constantly kept in sight.

As one of our most enterprising and successful contractors also, this gentleman occupies a conspicuous position. The following particulars respecting him in this capacity will no doubt be interesting.

He was born at Woking, in Surrey, in the year 1809, and served seven years under Mr. Henry Peto. While in this capacity he worked as carpenter and bricklayer. In 1830 he came into possession of a large fortune bequeathed to him by his uncle, and at the same time succeeded, with another nephew, Mr. Thomas Grissell, to the extensive business of the deceased. The business of the firm as builders and contractors increased under the new name "Grissell and Peto," till in 1845 the partnership was dissolved.

Two years later (1847) Mr. Peto was elected M.P. for Norwich. A liberal in politics, in favour of an extension of the suffrage, opposed to any fresh endowment of any religious denomination, and seeking the repeal of every impost which pressed on the consciences of dissenters, he rendered good service in the house. In 1854, however, he resigned his seat, having other work to do; and having patriotically undertaken the formation of the Balaklava railway, he shortly afterwards received a patent of baronetcy.

Among the principal contracts undertaken by this enterprising and benevolent man, that of the erection

of the Houses of Parliament takes the first place. Next follow the Reform and Oxford and Cambridge club-houses, Hungerford Market, a large portion of the leading railway works in England and Canada, the Norwegian Grand Trunk Line, and the Royal Danish Line. It was on the completion of the latter that Sir Samuel was invested with the order of the Danebrog. He has also erected several places of worship. Bloomsbury Chapel was built at his expense, and he purchased and refitted as a chapel the Diorama, Regent's-park. Both of these are connected with the Baptist denomination, of which Sir Samuel is an eminent and esteemed member.

THE THREE GIPSIES.

ILLUSTRATION OF A POEM BY LENAÜ.

Nor long ago, there lived in an Austrian madhouse a patient who was an object of more than common sympathy and interest; and it went like a sound of mourning through the neighbourhood when the news came from the asylum that an unhappy lunatic had found release from the burden of his infirmity—that Nicholas Lenau was dead.

Who was Nicholas Lenau? our readers would ask; and why should he be distinguished from among the unhappy crowd of patients in the Austrian asylum?

Nicholas Lenau was one of the most gifted



ZIGEUNER, OR HUNGARIAN GIPSIES.

of the modern German poets; and his life has a mournful significance, for it shows that the possession of the most brilliant mental gifts will not insure happiness; that public applause and fame will not secure content. Possessing undoubted genius—favourably known throughout the whole of Germany by his poems, and courted and caressed by every circle—Nicholas Lenau appeared, to the superficial

observer, a fortunate and happy man. Young writers looked with envy on the favourable notices awarded to his works, and many a youthful aspirant for fame wished he could be as successful and as fortunate as Lenau.

They little knew the truth. They thought the tone of melancholy that appeared in all the poet's writings was but a mask, assumed first to excite and then to

keep up the interest of the reader. They had heard the proverb which tells us "there is a skeleton in every house," but no man knew how hideous a spectre waved his sword, year after year, over the head of the poet. Still the tone of his writings began to be noticed. Everything he wrote sounded like a wail after lost happiness, or like the feverish outbursts of a man writing under the consciousness of some

impending horror. More moody and distraught he became, as his fame and the number of his friends increased together; and frequently he would rush away from some pleasant party to indulge his grief in secret. Then, at last, suspicions of the truth began to be whispered abroad; and gradually people knew what kind of spectre it was that haunted Lenau. Over-work, over-excitement, and the strain of long mental exertion, had deranged the balance of that keen but morbidly sensitive intellect. Fancied horrors crowded thick upon the poet's sick brain; and no day labourer, who earned a scanty support by the sweat of his brow, had cause to envy Nicholas Lenau, as he sat among his friends—gifted, famous, and unhappy. Never was there a more terrible illustration of the trite proverb "All is not gold that glitters."

At last the blow came. Fatigued by a journey he had made on the banks of the Rhine; sick at heart with the dull, heavy weight of sleepless nights, the sufferer's brain at last gave way—and Lenau appeared among the horrified guests of a large hotel, a violent, dangerous maniac. It was necessary to place him under close restraint. At times his noble intellect would flash up like the expiring rays of a lamp, and his friends would hope against hope that he might yet recover; but then the dark cloud fell again, and at last the rest of the grave—the only rest he could long enjoy—was graciously sent to Lenau in his cell in the Austrian madhouse.

Reader! if thou hast health and strength, and the power to work, thank thy God for these gifts, night and day; for thou hast within thee the elements of that happiness for which one of the most gifted men sighed and longed in vain.

It was during one of his solitary journeys that Lenau encountered the group of *Zigeuner*, or gipsies, represented in our engraving. The contented look of these men at once suggested to him that here was the happiness he had so long sought; and he gave vent to his feelings in a little poem, "The Three Gipsies," which we have translated as closely as the exigencies of rhyme would allow. It runs thus:—

Saw I three gipsy men, once on a day,
All by a willow tree lying—
As my chaise creaked o'er the gravelly way,
Crunching, and groaning, and crying.

One there was grasping his fiddle so gay—
There in the sunlight I found him,
Playing a fiery roundelay,
Fiery sunlight around him.

One there was smoking a pipe that gleamed;
And, as the smoke did enwreath him,
Happy and proud as a monarch he seemed,
Scorning the base world beneath him.

One man lay sleeping beneath the dark trees,
His blithe tambourine hung there swinging;
Through its gay bells went the cool evening breeze,
Dreams through his light heart went winging.

Ah, but the clothes of the jovial three
Woefully patched were, and mended;
But they derided, in frolicsome glee,
Troubles on life that attended.

Threefold they showed me, the jovial three,
Painfully past them creeping,
How men may laugh at fate's cruelty,
Smoking, and singing, and sleeping.

Wistful the glances that backward I threw—
Fain would have filled their places.
Ah! they were happy, that black-haired crew,
Swarthy and dark though their faces.

THE LACE MERCHANT'S DOG.

Who would have imagined that a dog had been made serviceable as a clerk, and thus gained for his master upwards of a hundred thousand crowns? And yet an incident like this happened a few years since in Europe.

One of those industrious beings who know how to make a chaldron of coals out of a billet of wood, determined, in extreme poverty, to engage in trade. He preferred that of the merchandise which occupied the least space, and was calculated to yield the most profit. He borrowed a small sum of money from a friend, and repairing to Flanders, he there bought pieces of lace, which, without any danger, he smuggled into France in the following manner:—

He trained an active spaniel to his purpose. He caused him to be shaved, and procured for him the skin of another dog, of the same hue and the same shape. He then rolled the lace around the body of his dog, and put over it the garment of the stranger so adroitly, that it was impossible to discover the trick. The lace thus arranged in his pedestrian band-box, he would say to his docile messenger, "Forward, my friend." At these words the dog would start and pass boldly through

the gates of Malines or Valenciennes, in the face of the vigilant officers placed there to prevent smuggling. Having passed the bounds, he would wait for his master at a little distance in the open country. There they mutually caressed and feasted, and the merchant placed his packages in a place of security, renewing his occupation as necessity required.

Such was the success of the smuggler, that in five or six years he amassed a handsome fortune, and kept his coach. Envy pursues the prosperous. A mischievous neighbour betrayed the lace merchant; and notwithstanding his efforts to disguise his dog, he was suspected, watched, and discovered.

How far does the cunning of some animals extend! Did the spies of the custom-house expect him at one gate, he saw them at a distance, and instantly went towards the other. Were the gates shut against him, he overcame every obstacle—sometimes he leaped over the wall; at others passed secretly behind a carriage, or running between the legs of travellers, he would thus accomplish his aim. One day, however, while swimming in a stream near Malines, he was shot, and died in the water. There was then about him five thousand crowns worth of lace; the loss of which did not affect the master, but he was inconsolable for the loss of his faithful dog.

LATSON.

BY
FELIX STOWE.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

LATSON, having flung to the servant his enormous pilot-coat, and having shed his overalls, and hung up his hunting-whip, stood revealed in that splendid room, one of the handsomest of country gentlemen. He knew it, while he waited there; not a mirror from end to end of the apartment missed the honour of reflecting, first the front, then the profile, then the half-reversed view of that well-made form. The pier-glasses had the preference, for they showed the completer outline; and depend on it, the Colonel hated the winter, that forced those marvels of little feet into something stouter than glazed kid that day.

The visitor had no time to do more than make this hurried and very satisfactory circuit.

"The Lady Ethel is not at home, Colonel," said the lady herself, promptly opening the door, and standing at the entrance, with a very well-sustained imitation of the well-bred domestic.

"No, but her angel is!" cried Latson, as he sprang up towards her, and was about to take her from the threshold into the room.

"Not at home," she added, "to magistrates who send poor girls to prison for remembering an old lover! Oh, Hugh, Hugh, I blushed for shame of you, to-day, when I read about your committing that poor workhouse woman for nothing at all."

"And well you might, my little scold; there never was a worse report printed, even in the *Wiltshire Messenger*. Would you believe it, that heart-broken lass (Cyril, Cistatia, whatever her name was) had been up just five times before, on the very same charge about four different cases! They never printed a word of that, the scoundrels! Twice for annoying the same man, and two others beside!"

"Come, come!" said Ethel, looking at him askance, but evidently greatly relieved.

And Latson, snatching up a red and gilt copy of Burns's poems, kissed it with mock reverence, and laid it down again.

"You cruel little sceptic! I'll kiss the book upon it."

And he drew her towards him and seated her at his side by the fireplace, and went on—

"You didn't really think now, my precious, that that paper had given you all that occurred, did you? You know how those *Messenger* fellows always serve our party—oh, fie, Letty! Why, one look at the damsel would have made short work with your sympathy, I can tell you. She would have sworn against the Archbishop of Canterbury without flinching!"

And so, having first, on the very judgment-seat, hugged his own vices by petting a brother in cruelty, he finished by a falsehood and a slander against their common victim, to smooth the brow of a fine lady.

"Ah, but," Ethel rejoined, "I knew very well, without the *Messenger*, that your doctrines about the poor and their social rights were very strange indeed; very different, at least, from mine."

"My social right, at present, my lady, is not to

talk political economy," laughed the Honourable Hugh; "so please spare me, this once, and talk to me, rather, my own girl, of the middle of next February; eh, Letty?" and he drew her beautiful hair through his fingers, and laid it round his neck, till it curled even a little way down his own opposite shoulder.

"Next February," the lovely girl said to him, "is a month I anticipate with very mixed feelings, after all, dear Hugh."

"A mixture, I suppose, of pride and satisfaction, is it?"

"A mixture of hope and apprehension."

"Apprehension!" cried the colonel.

"We are so very, very different in many things, dearest Hugh, that I often quake for fear lest our sympathy should hardly survive the first twelve months. In order to friendship, there must be sympathy; and when friendship is gone between man and wife, what becomes of true love?"

"In what do we differ so terribly?" asked Latson, holding her a little way from him, and looking her rather more fully in the face than was his wont to do with any companion. (For the almost invariable rule—that vice looks down, sideways, backward, everywhere but fully at you—had no exception in the manners of the Honourable Hugh.) "In what do we differ?"

"Would there be one question," answered Ethel, by asking, "upon which we should agree, in the management of tenantry, for instance?"

"A thousand!" said Latson, with a start, for he didn't know to what she was bringing him.

"Would you like me to go among the sick poor, sir, with my basket and my maid, as I do now?"

"Well," he answered, "as to that—"

"Would you object to making a farmer, in bad times, a present of a quarter's rent, just for a year, that he might pull round?"

"If you asked me to do it, my treasure, he should have it all back!"

"Indeed! If I asked you three years after our marriage, as readily as if I asked you now, my colonel?"

"You would ruin your estate, Ethel, if you did that sort of thing often," he replied.

"Why, verily, I question whether I could manage you, in such a matter, even now. We begin our differences early, neighbour Pliable. Let's try again. You would open the park at the Towers, of course, to the decent portion of the public, as mamma does here? And once or twice a year, there would be rural games along the grand walk, or anywhere, so as to be clear of the preserves or the young trees?—that's settled, I suppose, isn't it?"

"Really," said Latson, looking somewhat fidgety, "these are rather strange questions to choose, for differences between husband and wife. I should have imagined, speaking very humbly, that if I left you to superintend the conservatories, the avenues, and the park walls might, without presumption, be claimed by the lord,—eh, Letty?"

"And so, if you came into a conservatory, and suggested an improvement, I should be at liberty, should I, to tell you to mind your fences and your gamekeepers?—Ah, dear Hugh, a happy marriage knows no separate interests. Be it a flower,—be it a farm,—there are some things about both which we might fairly settle together. Not, thank goodness, that either you or I need conduct in person the draining or the repairing of the farm, or mix in person the compost for the plants; but there is no subject upon which either has the right to say to the other, 'It doesn't concern you;' and none on which either, having the right, should find the heart to say it. Oh, Hugh, if I could be perfectly secure of your agreement to this picture of married life!"

And the good girl (who had really known she was talking nonsense to Maude that morning, and didn't mean half she had said) put her little arm where her long ringlets had been, and looked into his face, with a look of tenderness which he little deserved; but yet of half suspicion, which he deserved more richly than she knew.

"Letty, my dear girl," he answered, when he had thought a moment, casting about, as men will, to excuse a bad nature with a bad argument, "the mistakes you always commit on these questions, lie in measuring those below us by our own standards—the standard of happiness or the standard of right. A landlord, or, indeed, anybody else, has no business to manage his property as if the men and women beneath him expected or claimed equality. Happiness is relative, and rights are relative—relative to station and to birth. My gardener would no doubt be happier if he owned all the trees he takes care of, or may think he would. But what of that? Am I to give them to him? He was born where he is, and I was

born where I am. The socialist, indeed, might go for a division between us—share and share alike. But I should think not the Lady Ethel Blance. Depend on it, Letty, that is only putting in an extreme light the folly of half of your model modern landlords. You may carry this sort of thing a great deal too far, not for your own interest merely, but for the comfort of your dependents. And as to opening the parks, and getting up country fairs in one's own grounds, why, really, it is doing, my dear girl, what these very people who want it would never dream of doing to the class next below them. Do you suppose that if I flung open Latson to-morrow, Greaves, the tallow-chandler, or Poleaxe, the butcher, would tell their muffin-boys to make themselves at home at their houses one day in the week ever after?"

"I never argued," Ethel replied, "that a nobleman is bound to do this particular service to his tenantry. He is not bound; I merely mentioned it as one mode in which he can recognise the fact, that he has inferiors, at other times besides quarter day. And, let me say, my dear reasoner, that if Greaves or Poleaxe got as much of his property, or of his influence, from the muffin-boy as Colonel Latson does from his tenants, and if the privacy of the chandler and butchers would be no more disturbed by letting people into their parlours, than the privacy of the Colonel is by opening his outer park, why, I should say, 'Let in the muffin-boy;' but I give up the point of right; I never urged it. I say it is the duty of a proprietor, somehow or another, to take an interest in his dependents, and he may do it by many acts which those dependents could never claim exactly as their rights."

"Surely," said the Colonel, "whatever it is my duty to do, my people may claim as a right?"

"Not at all," she answered: "the duty has reference to a higher power—a power above both landlord and tenant; and so long as the rich man takes care of the interests of his poor in some conspicuous way, I grant you that others have no right to prescribe for themselves what that way shall be. My dear Hugh, it is the disposition that makes a good or bad landlord; and, if you choose, you may keep Latson Towers as close as a nunnery, so long as you make the world feel that you have a heart above leases and lawyers."

"Well, but answer what I said about relative standards of happiness."

"It needs no answer. Your gardener would think you a fool if you made him a present of your pineries and vineries; but he would think you a churl if his wife were dead, and he asked for a day's holiday to bury her, and you wouldn't grant it. The poor ask no equality. They do ask, not to be ranked with a horse or a plough. And I sometimes think, dear Hugh, that I would sooner lose your love than be taught so to rank them."

"Plague on that workhouse girl," said the Colonel, getting up and leaving Ethel standing there: "I've to thank her for this entertainment."

"If you would only let me, dearest," said Ethel, pleasantly, "I'd send this very day, and give her your thanks, or, at least, a promise of a servant's shelter at Latson Towers next February."

And Ethel followed the Colonel to the window, and put her arm within his.

Colonel! There is not much of a heart beneath that yellow waistcoat, on this December morning. But such as it is, it will be enough to torment you another day—another day, when you will feel as if, sooner than let drop that little hand, carelessly and pettishly, as you do, standing there and looking out upon the frost, you could rest your stout arm on the muzzle of your gun, and blow it to pieces!

Ethel! It had been good for thee, too, if, not thy lover's arm, but thy lover himself, could go off in the explosion, rather than that he should live to lead thee to the altar, as he will—Maude, the sick mother's counsel, his own bad temper, notwithstanding—on that coming February day!

CHAPTER IX.

THE BENCH AND THE DOCK.

THERE have been worse dispositions in the world, after all, than that of Dan Stuggs. Indeed, we have just left one standing in a lady's drawing-room.

Dan could either be made or marred by his company. He was like one of those chemical landscapes that you see sometimes. In the shop-window it is a picture of snow, and bare boughs, and icicles, and everything to chill you and make you shudder. Bring that piece of paper near the fire for a few moments, and the heat colours the ink, and every patch of snow is a bunch of flowers, and all the leaves are on the branches, and winter has become summer.

We have not forgotten how that Stuggs hated himself for letting Cicely go to prison, and how, in a moment, he repented of hard words to Joyce on that Sunday night. But there is just now another evil fit upon Dan. He has guessed a part of the truth as concerns the county justice, and he reflects on it after his bath at the pump.

He will go down again into Wiltshire; he will try to learn, by hook or crook, how matters stand; so that if, as he supposes, his friend the justice is really playing at hide and seek with any one who is anxious to find him, he may perhaps turn a penny (whether an honest one or no, Dan hitherto has not generally cared much), by way of gratitude for a certain recent good riddance.

It would be tiresome to the reader, if we led him through the rough adventures in which this vague project involved Mr. Stuggs. He had not a spark of ill-will to poor Joyce; he would even have rendered her a service, other things being equal. But, having himself supplied her with the piece of paper, that unfortunately might somehow involve the tranquillity of one to whom he felt indebted, why, it really almost appeared to be Dan's duty,—did it not?—(especially if he could gain by it), to prevent any possible disturbance of the magistrate's peace.

On the other hand, he incurred certain little risks of his own, by manifesting himself just now in that particular county, so that whatever he did, must clearly be done with the utmost circumspection, lest in approaching very near "The Towers," he should come rather nearer than was convenient to a certain workhouse or a certain gaol.

It is somewhat about a week after the time of old Claymore's visit to the dressmaker. Where the poor old man has wandered, and what the poor old man has done, all that while, we can never know. He was the shepherd in the sacred parable, seeking his lost sheep.

How he had discovered the fact of the marriage (so-called), at the same church where Ruth had found the infant, how he had hunted out the loose nose at "The Chequers," and learned, if not the name of the fashionable person, at least as much of it as Crutchway remembered or cared to tell—how he consequently wondered more and more why Joyce had never written, and what could be the motive for concealing herself, or forsaking little Hugh, and how the old man found himself so near the town in whose suburbs Latson flourished,—all this we need not report step by step, even had we heard it.

Certain it is, that you might have seen the same old comforter fringed all along the top with the few ragged-looking gray hairs (grayer even than when you saw them last), and the same old camlet cloak, and the same umbrella, going down along one of the narrow thoroughfares of the lower part of the town of Soreby (twenty miles from the place he wanted to reach), exactly as you saw them last, coming out of No. 19, in that back street in London. And yet not exactly. It is now an afternoon in the end of January. It is also a deep snowstorm, such a snowstorm as has not been known for years. So, the umbrella, being discovered to be of no manner of use, is tied up with the stick, and they are used together for a staff, as the old man trudges along. And then the comforter and the camlet coat are scarcely to be distinguished underneath a coating of snow, making even the gray hair look darker.

It is snow, snow, snow everywhere. Aye, and more snow in the poor old heart in the breast of the wayfarer.

The stage has become immovable a few miles short of the town, and there was nothing for Claymore but to walk on to Soreby.

We are not superstitious; but we have fancied, very, very often, that when a father is seeking a child, as old Claymore sought Joyce, it is possible for him to feel as if he grew nearer to his beloved one, when he is drawing nearer, before he has any other proof that he does. We know nothing of souls acting upon souls, without a fleshy medium. Much absurd nonsense has been written and spoken about it, and we are not going to write it here; but we nevertheless should be anything but astonished, if we knew that, when the world comes to know as much about spirit as it now takes such pains to know about matter, some explanation will be given of the circumstance, that we sometimes feel to be in fellowship with the bodily absent; and that we have a mysterious sense of approach when we are, though otherwise imperceptibly, coming nearer.

Certain it is, that all that afternoon, the old traveller was beginning to pluck up new courage. He fancied he could hear his dear girl's voice saying to him, not far off—

"A little further still, and we shall meet."

And he cheerily said in reply, all to himself, and yet to Joyce (who seemed to hear him)—

"I'm just coming now, darling; wait for me."

It was high time.

Turning one of the corners in that low neighbourhood, he came upon a little knot of bystanders, who were talking with great earnestness, and in a dialect a Shropshireman could make nearly as little of as we could.

But as he passed, he saw, here and there, other little knots of people, talking with the same earnestness; and especially as he came near one particular house, the excitement seemed to grow greater, though perhaps more decorous, and (if we may say so of excitement) quieter.

"I tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow, under his breath, "old Chance is gone in, and he's sent out for a lot o' snow; and they've stripped the poor creature, and are rubbing her all over with it about the lungs like; there is nothing to be done, lad, if old Chance can't do it!"

"Who found her?" asked one of the women.

"I did," said a man who looked like an under-bailiff or a watcher of game. "They may rub as they like, the poor soul has seen the last o' Wiltshire county, or I'm mistaken. You never saw such a thing in all your days. I could make nothing of my dogs all this blessed morning: a fine business we had of it. They went snuff, snuffing about the snow-drifts, I should say for full three-quarters of a mile, till at last we came upon her, poor thing! down in the Dead-man's Hollow. She couldn't have been there long, though; for where she slipped down off the turnpike wasn't covered, but all looked as if she hadn't scraped it above ten minutes. My notion is, she was stunned like with the fall, and then numbed with the cold, and couldn't get up again. Dear heart! But she had a look on her that I shan't forget this many a day; and so—me and my nerry yonder—we brought her down this hill, here, to Dame Griffin's, the nearest we thought of."

Long before the end of this last discourse, and no doubt moved by that strange feeling we hinted at above, old Claymore had pushed his way through the crowd at the little door, and was begging to be allowed to go into the room, as soon as the doctor pleased.

In this the father was some time in succeeding. When he entered the room at last, after the doctor was gone, it was only by telling the woman that he had some reason for thinking he could speak to the name of the poor girl, and after promising not to interfere with the attendants, who were still obeying the doctor's orders, that he was allowed to approach her.

The old man did no harm. He rather assisted the return of consciousness that had begun before the doctor left.

You should have seen him as he went up to the side of the bed. It was a different Joyce, it is true, from that one with whom he had parted a few years back. But it was Joyce,—and that was enough for him.

He knelt down by the side of the little bed; and, taking one of her hands in his, bent over and kissed it passionately again and again, no one daring to interrupt him. She breathed, and that was comfort for the old father: breathed through those dear lips, the fac-simile of which he had seen—unknown to her—in the tiny founding far away in the great city,—and, burying his face in the pillow, close to hers, he sobbed out his thanks to that Mercy which at last had restored to him his child.

How long he knelt down there he never could tell. But no one remained now in the room but the kind creature who had received the patient into the house. For it seemed as if nothing was wanting but time and care, and then the pulse would begin to beat fuller and oftener.

"She'll do now, poor dear," whispered the woman, as she saw that Joyce opened her eyes, and looked about the place.

The chest too was becoming warmer, so she put more hot water to the feet, and sat down on the side of the bed—while the old man still knelt opposite.

Presently he raised his head; for he heard a whisper.

"Yes! oh, yes! a friend!—a friend of yours, dearest! That will be the best of all!"

And the father put his ear close to his child's mouth. It wasn't necessary; she began to speak more audibly.

"You've forgiven me, dear Hugh," she said, with a bright, loving smile, "for saying we must be married, haven't you?"

And then there was a pause, the woman and the man both listening.

"Ah! he said, didn't he say (bless him!) 'forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both

shall live?—I have, darling; yes I have! And so I ought. Dear mother! Write to her, Hugh. When may she come—come and see us? Oh, that horrid! Yes!—but she'll be so happy with us. And will they let father come?"

And there was a gasp ran shuddering through the room. But no one spoke.

"For better, for worse—for richer, for poorer," dear Hugh!"

And she took her hand from the old man, and held it out, adding, "and thereto I plight thee my troth!"

The bystanders exchanged looks, but neither ventured to speak; only Claymore's white hairs went lower and deeper down among the bed-clothes, and his whole frame shaking, shook the bed.

All was still for some seconds.

Then, suddenly, so suddenly that they started and stared upon her, she snatched both her hands away from them, and, feeling with her right hand one of the fingers of the left, and, turning round the ring, as in an ecstasy, she cried out in a tone that made them wonder—

"You lie! Say that again! Here it is! I knew he spoke the truth! Hugh Latson never lied! My name is Latson! He cannot lie! Look! look! Are you content?"

And with a smile of triumph, scorn, and love, all together, she held out her left hand in the midst, pointing the ring finger at some one she saw at the foot of the bed.

And then all was still again. The woman could make nothing of it; the wretched father made very little.

Softly turning over on her side, Joyce began to feel up and down, from the pillow to the middle of the couch, first on one side, then on the other.

"What is it, my own precious girl?" asked Claymore, and his eyes filled again and again, and emptied themselves on his withered hands as he pressed his face between them.

"What is it, sir?" shouted Joyce, in a key they had never thought to hear from her. "What is it? Give him back! Give him back, I say!"

And she turned from side to side in a perfect paroxysm of dismay and anger.

"I only lent him to you! I tell you he is not yours! Did the angel steal the child? You know he never did. Hugh! Hugh! I say my own little Hugh! Suppose he did," she began to rave; "suppose he did, what is that to the baby? Will you give him back?" and she would have sprung out of bed, if they had not stopped her.

"My only child," sobbed the old father; "for my sake, dearest, lie still. You are killing yourself, my own Joyce! Do, do, be calm."

And the woman left the room, to send for Chance back again, that he might know of these new symptoms.

Directly she was gone, Joyce felt about in the waist of her dress, and brought out a little piece of paper all soiled and worn, and, to Claymore's bewilderment, kissed it passionately, again and again, staring at it wildly between the kisses.

The poor girl turned on her father a look, one look, that made him leap up into her arms. And she smiled upon him—her old smile—as he rained down his tears upon her bosom. She put out her hand and gently slipped her fingers inside his stock, and held them there against his neck, as she used to do: and the old man lifted up his eyes to heaven, and was just trying to say, "Father, I thank Thee!" when she let him go, and fell back on the bed quite exhausted, and began to breathe very quickly, muttering thick sounds, of which he understood nothing, between the choking breaths.

He could catch no word for some time.

After a while she opened her eyes.

He saw her trying to put her lips together again; but it was almost more than she could do.

"Pro—prom—promise me," she gasped.

"Promise you! yes, my darling," said Claymore.

And she made a terrible effort to rise upon one elbow.

"That—you—will—never—hurt him," she murmured very low, as he bent his ear down.

"Never, never! my sweet Joyce!" sobbed the old man. "But have you no more to say?"

"Yes—yes!" she gasped.

And Claymore pressed his ear close to her mouth.

"I—did—think—I was married,—dear father,—when we went away!"

"I know it, my precious—I know it," said Claymore.

He thought she said, "It's at number, number;" but if she did, she would have been understood by no other listener; and she never added the figure. He laid his hand under her shoulders and kissed her, as if his soul was departing with hers.

"Number nineteen, dearest. Yes, I know."

She smiled her joy that he knew where the infant was. But there was one more flicker in the socket.

And the lips just went near enough together, at the last moment, to say—

"Hugh—forgive Hugh!"

"Quite! quite!" he murmured.

And then, Joyce Claymore, releasing her destroyer from all fear of importunity, and removing from him all danger for ever through her inconvenient love, heaped the last burning coal on the head of the Honourable Hugh!

So died one more of the many, many thousands who die in city, village, and wilderness,—of whom the world talks ever with coarse cruelty, or (at the best) with cheap compassion,—but whose blood, like Abel's, cries out for vengeance, and cries to One whose ear is not heavy; though, unlike Abel's, that blood is forced to wait till "the Time of the Restitution of all things!"

A door opened, in a country place, a few miles farther west, the next day but one after this occurrence in Soresby, and a man walked in, with his head hanging very low, and his gait being very unsteady, but not with drink.

He was rather better attired than when we parted with him at the cab-stand; but his appearance was not re-assuring to the cottagers—a woman and a girl of about nine or ten years of age.

After a sort of rough apology, Dan, in very few words, asked for Cicely, and learned that she had left the workhouse some time ago, and was in service away in Soresby,—the very town through which, of course, he had just come, on his way to the neighbourhood of Latson Towers.

Stuggs had no difficulty about the distance or the trouble of returning. But he entertained the strongest reluctance to be anywhere near Soresby again for a long time to come.

It is not known whether he had any acquaintance or relationship with Dame Griffin, or whether he had been more successful than other strangers in gaining admission into the house, on that evening, when Joyce died. But certain it is, that he knew who it was that had been found in the corpse, and certain it is that Dan had contrived to overhear a good deal of what was said between father and daughter, on that sad night. Indeed, for that matter, Joyce's excitement had been so great, that every now and then her words could have been heard outside in the street. The delirium that had been coming on for months, was brought to a crisis by the stunning fall in the snowstorm,—and then the reaction on the recovery from the cold and exposure, completed her derangement, and so destroyed her.

Dan had heard or seen quite enough.

The landscape had been held very near the fire,—and there was a beautiful summer in Dan's heart just then.

"But his heart was hot within him, and while he was musing, the fire burned."

Need we tell you how Cicely met him?

She met him as nine women out of every ten, though ever so sorely wronged, meet the first symptom of repentance or acknowledgment.

"Oh! my lass!" said Dan, "I can't make it all out. But I made sure thus far,—that there's been horrid work—that poor critter! And when I come to bethink me, that somebody else might ha' gone the same road, for all I'd been a-caring, and perhaps was gone, for all I knew,—I just prayed God to spare me, till I could come back, and say to ye, 'Cicely, can ye forgive poor Dan?' I'm not goin' to tell ye, not a word about my bein' sorry they took my poor lass to prison. I'm not goin' to make much of it, though it's as true as you stand there, that I never dreamt of such a thing. Heaven knows I was bad and black enough, from first to last, without that! I don't ask ye, dear Cis,—and here the poor fellow let go her hand he had taken, in the earnestness of his confession,—"I don't ask ye to care for Dan as ye did before. I'm not such a fool, I hope. But just say, 'Dan, it's all forgiven!' and then I'll go content. But, as true as you stand there, if you'd ha' died, as that girl of Latson's did, and prayed and blessed me before ye went, as she did him, and I'd ever heard of it, there'd just ha' been two people to bury in one grave, that's all,—for live I wouldn't another blessed second! There! Will ye say it, Cis? and then I'm off!"

She had hardly looked into his face all this while. They walked to and fro in a quiet part of the suburbs, whither she had got leave to come "to see a friend from a great distance," as Dan sent word. Cicely was weeping very fast and sorely,—and yet not sorely, for her little heart, though sad at Joyce's end, was happy in itself for the first time for weeks.

"Dan," she said, when she could find the breath to say it, "dear Dan, do ye think that poor lass would ha' let the justice go if he'd come and said, 'Will ye forgive me?'"

And Dan laughed a sort of hoarse smothered laugh, and said—

"May be not, Cisy."

"Would ye have said she loved him very hard if she did, Dan?"

"Bless ye!" said Dan; "bless ye! But nobody never tret her as I've done you, my poor little lass!"

And so they talked, and talked, and Dan never any more returned to live in London.

Other affairs took a much longer time to settle. Dan had no work at present. That must be obtained. A character had to be earned (not with Cicely, for he had only lost it with her for about five minutes in the justice room, but) with the little world in which such men move.

But as we are not aware that we shall have much more to do in this our story, either with Dan or with Cicely, it may be as well once for all to say, that when Joyce had been just twelve months lying at rest in Soresby churchyard, underneath a simple slab of stone, on which the old man had cut the letters "J. C.," and the date of her death,—on that very day twelve-month, a little plain white skirt just swept the edge of the stone as it passed down the gravel-walk; and when it touched the stone the wearer stopped, and some one else stopped beside her, as they walked arm-in-arm from the church-door to the churchyard-gate—not on Sunday, either.

Neither spoke, but they looked into each other's eyes, and there followed in both breasts a sigh and a prayer!

And so it was (and so it often is under that kind Providence which balances the good against the evil of this world,—so it was), that if out of Joyce's marriage there came a death, out of Joyce's death there sprang a happy marriage!

(To be continued.)

THE MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE.

THE atrocities committed by the mutineers on the innocent and defenceless, have given a terrible notoriety to Cawnpore.

Cawnpore is the capital of the collectorate of the same name, in the province of Allahabad. It is the chief British military station in the ceded districts of Hindostan on the west bank of the Ganges. It is built on the river side, and extends for about six miles, not in one regular town, but scattered residences and officers bungalows, more or less connected, with the exception of a tolerable main street, nearly parallel with the military lines. This street is composed of well-built brick houses, two or three storeys high, with wooden balconies in front. It was never a pleasant place of residence for Europeans, and, with the exception of its size, there were few circumstances about it to attract notice. It was a place of no great consequence, and contained no interesting relics of antiquity; but Cawnpore has attained a horrible celebrity—a melancholy interest. Whether we erect a monument or a church, or neither, over the fatal well, the story of the murdered women and the slaughtered children will be equally well remembered. Such a massacre as that at Cawnpore is not easily forgotten. It is written in characters of blood, that nothing can by any means efface.

The circumstances which preceded and led to the massacre may be thus briefly stated:—

Eight days before the mutiny broke out, General Sir Hugh Wheeler, seeing the disaffected spirit of the troops, applied to Nena Sahib, of Bithoor, for a guard for the protection of the treasury. This request was promptly complied with, and Nena sent two guns and 200 Nujeebs, armed with matchlocks, and these were placed at the collectorate over the treasure. A day or two before this Sir Hugh Wheeler had sent elephants to remove the treasure, amounting to about seven lacs, to the entrenchment; but the Sepoys would not allow this to be done, saying to the collector, who had told them that he was apprehensive of the treasure being looted by the budmashes and mutineers from the other stations, that if there were twice the amount they would guard it from danger.

On the 5th June, about three in the morning, the Sepoys and Sowars commenced burning their lines and shouting, and proceeded towards Nawabgunge, where the treasure was, leaving one regiment to prevent the Europeans from going to the relief of the collector. By-and-by, the treasure having been packed on elephants and carts, this regiment joined the others. It was then about midday, and the mutineers set off to the westward, in the direction of



THE MASSACRE OF THE FUGITIVES FROM CAWNPORE.

Kullianpore, and towards Delhi, accompanied by the 200 Nujeebs, with the two guns of Nena Sahib, leaving the inhabitants relieved, as it were, by their departure; and up to that time there had not been destruction of property or loss of life.

On the morning of the following day, about eight o'clock, the mutineers, headed by Nena, with about 600 of his followers and four guns (having, it seems, previously made up their minds to destroy all the Christians, whether European or native), returned to Cawnpore and halted about two miles to the west of the intrenchment, planted standards, and took up a position, with beating of drums. Immediately after about fifty Sowars were despatched to the cantonments to slay all the Europeans, and fifty Sowars to the town where the poorer people lived, to kill all the native converts and clerks. During this time, Nena Sahib hoisted two standards, one to the honour of Mahomet, and the other of Hunaman; to the former some 2,000 Mahomedans repaired, to the latter but a few Hindoos, who came not from the city, but of whom some were budmashes. The main body of the insurgents first attacked the nawab's palace, and, having blown open the gate with their cannon, they entered the palace and gutted it, and took the nawab prisoner; Nena Sahib being under the impression that the nawab had concealed some Europeans. They then proceeded to the intrenchments, and from two o'clock commenced the attack with cannon, at first with two of the guns, and on the following day with six. It appears that the Europeans within the intrenchments were not well supplied with ammunition, as it is supposed they did not expect an assault with cannon, and thus were only able to reply with one gun to twenty of the enemy's. For seventeen days continuously, the mutineers used every now and then to make an assault, with 4,000 or 5,000 men from all quarters, with the view of carrying the intrenchment by storm, but were invariably repulsed with heavy loss. By this time the Nena's forces had increased, with the addition of budmashes and mutineers from other stations, to about 12,000 men.

Three or four days after the death of General Wheeler, the garrison being short both of provisions and

ammunition, and reduced in number by several casualties, hoisted a flag of truce. Nena Sahib then stopped the assault, and sent to inquire what was meant by the flag. Answer was returned by the Europeans that they had neither food nor ammunition, and they proposed to give up the country to him on his allowing them to depart. To this Nena consented, and for two days supplied them with food, and in that time prepared boats for their departure. At the end of this time Nena gave the Europeans his word in writing, and he, his officers, and head people, confirmed it with an oath. The Europeans then gave up their arms and the treasure in the entrenchments, amounting to about three lacs, and were conveyed in Hindostanee gharries and hospital dhoolies, most of the ladies being in the latter, under an escort of sowars, to the ghaut, or landing step, where they were embarked in seventeen boats out of nineteen that had been provided, with the exception of some thirty-two ladies with children.

As soon as the boats had pushed off from the ghaut, the boatmen jumped overboard, and swam to the shore, and then the mutineers opened fire on the boats from a masked battery of eight guns, which had been previously erected for the purpose. All the boats were sunk, and the people on board killed, with the exception of one boat that had passed down, and some twenty Europeans who had managed to swim to the shore.

This boat was pursued by 500 nujeebs, with two guns, who came up with it on the second day, and sunk the boat, and destroyed every one on board, off a place called Goshein-ka-Seerajpore. The twenty and odd Europeans who swam on shore at Cawnpore were blown away from guns in the course of two or three days, some each day.

The foregoing particulars are the details given by an eye-witness of the whole affair. What follows is collected from other sources.

The ladies and children, including those already left behind, were immediately placed under the charge of a native doctor. A list of their names, prepared by this man, was subsequently found. This list, with a few scattered leaves of diaries kept by the unhappy women themselves, are all that at present fill up the

period between the first and second massacres, between the treacherous slaughters of the boats' crews and passengers, and the fiendish murder of the helpless women and children.

The scattered leaves already named were found, torn and bloodstained, on the ground where the massacre took place. Brief as were the entries, they were interesting and affecting as the last words of those—so young, so pure, so beautiful—who perished amid every barbarity which fiendish cruelty could devise. They lived in hope, those poor, hapless ones, that succour would arrive—that they would be relieved—that they would again look on faces they loved, and hear voices that were so dear to them. And this hope brightened as they heard the rumour that the British were advancing, that Havelock was on his triumphant march. But the shouts of victory sounded their death-knell. Nena, the incarnation of every base and cruel passion, issued his command—and the rest was blood and torture.

It is not necessary to dwell on the horrors of a scene which is graphically depicted in the accompanying sketch.

When our brave fellows entered Cawnpore they beheld such a spectacle as they—trained to warfare and accustomed to battle-fields as they were—had never seen before. The place of slaughter was deluged with blood—the blood of Englishwomen and their little ones. Scattered about were articles of feminine attire and employment—workboxes, pieces of embroidery, crochet; and, more harrowing still, female hair torn out by the roots, or ruthlessly cut off by the Sepoys. The gallant Highlanders gathered up these locks; parted them piece by piece, that every man might take his portion; and swore to take a Sepoy's life for every hair!

The arch-mover of sedition, the monster Nena, escaped. He had completed his work of treachery and bloodshed, and had fled. So far as we know he is still at large. Again and again the report has been received that Nena has been seen here or seen there; but it appears that there are several fellows who personate him, and who by this means render his detection more difficult. There

are not two opinions as to the punishment due to this treacherous and murderous prince;—or, if there are two opinions, they are, not as to whether he should be punished or spared, but rather what sort of death he should die. The capture of Delhi, the relief of Lucknow, the arrival of fresh troops, render the hope of his speedy arrest more certain. Whenever, wherever he is taken, the gallows awaits him.

Among all the horrible details of the mutiny throughout Bengal, none are so terrible as those connected with the massacre at Cawnpore; and the blackest crime committed during the revolt is the murder of the women and children there. The apologists for the mutiny can find no excuse for this. And those most anxious to temper their justice with mercy, must make exceptions in the case of these Sepoys—the murderers of our children—our wives—our sisters. No palliation can be urged on behalf of Nena and his myrmidons. The blood of the women cries from the ground, and our soldiers never fight so bravely, so heroically, as when they rush on to the charge with the rallying cry—"Remember the women—remember the babies!"

GIVING AWAY A CHILD.

ON board one of the Lake steamers, bound for the far West, were an Irish family—husband, wife, and three children. They were evidently in very destitute circumstances; but the exceeding beauty of the children—two girls and a boy—was the admiration of all their fellow-passengers. A lady, who had no children of her own, was desirous of adopting one of the little travellers, and made application to the father through a friend, who gives the following touching and, as we suppose, truthful account of the negotiation:—

"I proceeded, he says, immediately upon my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck, I thus opened the affair:

"You are very poor?"

His answer was very characteristic:

"Poor, sir!" said he; "ay, if there's a poorer man than me troublin' the world, God pity both of us, for we'd be about aqual."

"Then how do you manage to support your children?"

"Is it support them, sir? Why, I don't support them any way; they get supported some way or other. It'll be time enough for me to complain when they do."

"Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them?"

It was too sudden; he turned sharply round.

"A what, sir!" he cried; "a relief to part from my child? Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped from the body, or the heart torn out of my breast? A relief indeed! God be good to us, what do you mane?"

"You don't understand me," I replied. "If, now, it were in one's power to provide comfortably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its interests?"

"No, sir," said he; "the heavens knows that I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myself, that they might get all the warm of it; but do tell uz what you're driving at."

I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to have one of his children; and, if he would consent to it, it should be educated, and finally settled comfortably in life.

This threw him into a fit of gratitude. He scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father's love and a child's interest was evident and touching. At length he said—

"O, murther! wouldn't it be a great thing for the baby? But I must go and talk with Mary—that's the mother of them; an' it wouldn't be right to be giving away her children afore her face, and she to know nothing at all about it."

"Away with you then," said I, "and bring me an answer back as soon as possible."

In about half an hour he returned, leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," I inquired, "what success?"

"Bedad, it was a hard struggle, sir," said he. "But I've been talking to Mary, an' she says, as it's for the child's good, may be the heavens above will give us strength to bear it."

"Very well; and which of them is it to be?"

"Faix, and I don't know, sir," and he ran his eye dubiously over both. "Here's little Norah—she's the oldest, an' won't need her mother so much; but then—O! tear and aigers—it's myself that can't tell which I'd rather part with least; so take the first one that

comes, wid a blessin'. There, sir," and he handed over little Norah; turning back, he snatched her up in his arms, and gave her one long, hearty father's kiss, saying through his tears—

"May God be good to him that's good to you, an' them that offers you hurt or harm, may their souls never see St. Pether."

Then taking his other child by the hand, he walked away, leaving Norah with me.

I took her down to the cabin, and we thought the matter settled. It must be confessed, to my great indignation, however, in about an hour's time I saw my friend Pat at the window. As soon as he caught my eye he commenced making signs for me to come out. I did so, and found that he had the other child in his arms.

"What's the matter now?" asked I.

"Well, sir," said he, "I ax your pardon for troubling you about so foolish a thing as a child or two, but we were thinkin' that maybe it'd make no differ—you see, sir, I've been talking to Mary, an' she says she can't part with Norah, because the creature has a look ov me; but here's little Biddy, she's purtyer far, an' av you please, sir, will you swap?"

"Certainly," said I, "whenever you like."

So he snapped up little Norah, as though it were some recovered treasure, and darted away with her, leaving little Biddy, who remained with us all night; but lo! the moment when we entered the cabin in the morning, there was Pat making his mysterious signs at the window, and this time he had the youngest, a baby, in his arms.

"What's wrong now?" I inquired.

"Be the hokey fly, sir, an' it's meself that's almost ashamed to tell you. You see I've been talkin' to Mary, and she didn't like to part with Norah, because she had a look of me; and, be my troth, I can't part with Biddy, because she's the model of her mother; but there's little Pauden, sir. There's a lump of a Christian for you two years old, and not a day more; he'll never be any trouble to any one, for av he takes after his mother, he'll have the brightest eye, an' av he takes after his father, he'll have a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Will you swap agin, sir?"

"With all my heart," said I; "it's all the same to me." And so little Pauden was left with me.

"Ha, ha," said I to myself, as I looked into his big, laughing eyes, "the affair is settled at last."

But it wasn't: for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin without sign or ceremony, and snatching up the baby, cried out—

"It's no use; I've been talkin' to Mary, an' we can't do it. Look at him, sir: he's the youngest and the best of the batch. You wouldn't keep him from us. You see, sir, Norah has a look ov me, an' Biddy has a look ov Mary; but, be me troth, little Pauden has the mother's eye, an' my nose, an' a little of both of uz all over. No, sir, no; we can bear hard fortune, starvation, and misery, but we can't bear to part from our children, unless it be the will of heaven to take them from us."

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

THE means known, so far, of promoting longevity, have been usually concentrated in short, pithy sayings, as, "Keep your head cool, and your feet warm," "Work much, and eat little," &c.; just as if the whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its greatest principles were kept out of sight. One of the best of these sayings is given by an Italian in his 116th year, who, being asked the means of his living so long, replied with that improvisation for which his country is remarkable:

"When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain."

The following is about the best theory of the matter: Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow—may live extensively or intensively—may draw his little amount of life over a large space, or narrow it into a concentrated one; but when his stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives extensively—who drinks pure water, avoids all inflammatory diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind, and thus husbands his quantum of vitality—will live considerably longer than he otherwise would do, because he lives slow; while he, on the other hand, who lives intensively—who beverages himself on liquors and wines, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, or

causes that produce them, labours beyond his strength, visits exciting scenes, and indulges exhausting passions, lives on stimulating and highly-seasoned food—is always debilitated by his pleasures.

INDUSTRY ITS OWN REWARD.

ANYTHING we make up our minds to do we can do. There is nothing impossible to be done by determined, persevering effort, and nothing of importance can be accomplished without it. It was labour that built the pyramids, by labour the arts and sciences were brought to their present state of perfection, and labour is necessary for the health and happiness of all. Industry is the law of our being, and we are so constituted that when the law is fully recognised, it brings its own reward. Bodily labour is not the only kind that is necessary—mind and body should be exercised. In this way cheerfulness and contentment are promoted, and we are prepared to fill with honour any station assigned us by Providence. We often regard the doom pronounced on man, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," a curse, but it is really a blessing, for we find that all rational enjoyment follows in the train of industrious labour, whether physical or mental.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

VOYAGER! upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And whate'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back;
But, upon the darkest wave,
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale;
Brave of heart, and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an aim in view;
And toward the beacon mark
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From its sunny source has gone,
To return no more.
Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your due;
But, while it is called to-day,
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofty state, and power;
Honest fame and hardy health
Are a better dower.
But if these will not suffice,
Golden gain pursue;
And to reach the glittering prize,
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of fate?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great?
Would you bless your fellow-men?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant wrong,
In the world's free fight?
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the right.
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few;
To enfranchise slavish mind,
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won;
Nothing won is lost;
Every good deed, nobly done,
Will repay the cost.
Leave to heaven, in humble trust,
All you will to do;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

THE "LOST" RED FOR GLASS PAINTING.—The whole secret of the production of red glass in every way equal to the ancient mode consists in this: though the *deutoxide* of copper, when melted with glass, gives a green or sky-blue colour, the *protoxide* gives the red in question; this, by reflected light, is dingy, but by transmitted light, beautifully splendid. Great skill and practice are required, to prevent the copper, while the glass is in fusion, from taking up the additional dose of oxygen, and thus passing from red to green. Again, glass, though containing the proper oxide of copper when first taken out of the pot, often shows only a dirty greenish hue; but if it be exposed for a few minutes to a dull red heat, a fine red tint will be thrown out. Modern artists use the red from silver, which was unknown to the ancients, but will not bear comparison with the old red.

Varieties.

COURAGE AND PATIENCE.

LIFE is sad, because we know it,
 Death, because we know it not;
 But we will not fret or murmur—
 Every man must bear his lot.
 Coward hearts, who shrink and fly,
 Are not fit to live or die!

Knowing Life, we should not fear it,
 Neither Death, for that's unknown:
 Courage, Patience—these are virtues
 Which for many sins atone:
 Who has these—and have not I?—
 He is fit to live and die!

WHEN the execrated Jeffries opened the assizes at Bristol, for the trial of the unfortunate rebels in Monmouth's expedition, he spoke in these terms: "I have brought a brush in my pocket, to rub off your dirt; I tell you I have brought a besom, with which I will sweep every man's door, within and without; for in good truth you were rubbing; the dirt of your ditch is in your nostrils."

KNIGHTS ROBBERS.—In the "Dietum de Kenilworth," made in the fifty-first year of the reign of Henry III., there is the following curious clause:—"Knights and esquires, who are robbers, and among the principal robbers in wars and plunderings, if they have no lands, but have goods, shall pay half of their goods for their redemption, and find sufficient surety henceforth to keep the peace of the king and kingdom."

A GENTLEMAN once observed to Mr. Beloe, the bibliographer, "that Mr. 'Tomus,' whose name was on the back of so many of his books, must certainly have been a man of wondrous erudition to have written so much!"

A JOLLY old doctor said that people who were prompt in their payments always recovered in their sickness, as they were good customers, and physicians could not afford to lose them.

BODY and mind have many points in common. An old epigram mentions one of these thus:

The mind, just like the stomach, takes
 Its food for pleasure, profit, use;
 Reflection all the virtue makes,
 And serves it for its gastric juice!

THE chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases.

CAN any philosopher explain to us how it is that brokers and others who deal in notes, mortgages, &c., consider these articles of merchandise valueless when they are cancelled? What we want to know is, why they cannot sell that which they can-cel?

THAT was a very learned and thoughtful mayor of Shrewsbury to whom Lord Mansfield remarked at dinner:—"Your town appears very old." To which his honour the mayor replied, "It was always so, please your lordship."

SIMPLY UNBEARABLE.—Viscount Williams never said a worse thing than this. He declared that the ruin of Big Ben was caused by two of the ancient tribes of Palestine—the Hammer-wrights and the Hittites.

AMONG the "Notices to Correspondents" in a journal not remarkable for its regard to propriety, there appeared the following: "DECENCY came too late to have a place in our paper this week." Another paper made an apology to its readers for postponing "births and deaths until next week."

WE know a very worthy wife who was recently half frightened out of her senses by an ominous sentence in a letter from her husband. He said, "There is no telegraph office in this village, but, if I do not write to you to-morrow from Pittsburg, I shall despatch you."

"At a social party in Cincinnati," writes a genial friend, "a young lawyer observed a young lady approaching whom he had had the misfortune to offend. He extended his hand, and exclaimed:—'Good evening, Mary.' 'Miss Mary, if you please,' said the young lady, bridling up at his familiarity. 'We can miss you, Mary, only when you are absent,' he replied, and they were soon reconciled. It is said that she will soon be missed no more."

"FATHER, are there any boys in parliament?" "No, my son—why do you ask that question?" "Because the papers said the other day that the members kicked Mr. Brown's Bill out of the house."

"COMMON taters," said Mrs. Partington to herself, as she waked out of a little nap into which she had been thrown on Sunday by a soporific preacher; "what has common taters to do with the gospel?" The preacher had alluded to some commentators, the odd sound of which tickled her ear and awakened her. "Common taters," she continued; "well, all sorts of taters are bad enough, and many of 'em are rotten,

clean through; and if he is calling his hearers such names, heaven knows where he will stop. Common taters, indeed! I'll send him up a peck of uncom-ones-to-morrow, and show him that all of them ain't alike." She left the house with a very indefinite idea of what he meant, but determined to set him right on the potato question.

THE late Mr. John Jones being asked by a friend "how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels?" replied, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."

A CHAP out West, who had been severely afflicted with the palpitation of the heart, says he found instant relief by the application of another palpitating heart to the part affected. Quite another triumph of Homeopathy—"like cures like."

"WELL, farmer, you told us your wood was a good place for hunting. Now, we've tramped through it for three hours, and found no game." "Just so. Well I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

"BILLY, how did you lose your finger?" "Easily enough," said Billy. "I suppose you did, but how?" "I guess you'd a lost your'n, if it had been where mine was." "That don't answer my question!" "Well, if you must know," said Billy, "I had to cut it off, or else steal the trap."

THE Cockneys are always talking of their rights, and some strange ones they have among the number. "I have no right to pay more than my share. I have no right to be insulted, abused, kicked, knocked down, murdered." Such are common modes of cockney talking.

A YANKEE STORY.—An instance of absence of mind occurred a day or two since, where an explorer into the mysteries of chemical science burned his nose by a fluid lamp with which he came in contact. We met him a day or two afterwards, with a large plaster on his nose, and asked him about his hurt. "It looks bad, don't it?" said he. We assured him it didn't look anything else, and asked him if it hurt him much while it was roasting. "Ne'er a bit," replied he; "in fact, I didn't feel it at all, I was so absorbed in my experiments; and, though I kept smelling something like burned meat, I imagined it was a dinner cooking somewhere, and kept right on until my student told me my nose was on fire, and putting my hand upon it, I found that it was even so. I thrust it into a bucket of water and that extinguished it, but it has left the mark, you see."

LATEST ABOUT THE BELL.

Poor Mr. Warner
 Is put in the corner,
 For making a bad Big Ben;
 And now it appears
 That the good Mr. Mears
 Is to furnish a new Bell. When?

A MUSIC LESSON.—A Highland piper, having a scholar to teach, disdained to crack his brains with the names of semibreves, minims, crotchets, and quavers. "Here, Donald," said he, "tak' yer pipes, lad, and gie us a blast. So, verra weel blawn, indeed; but what's a sound, Donald, without sense? You may blow for ever without making a tune o't, if I dinna tell you how the queer things on the paper maun help you. You see that big fellow, wi' a round, open face (pointing to a semibreve, between two lines of a bar), he moves slowly from that line to this, while ye beat an' wi' your fist and gie a long blast; if, now, ye put a leg to him ye mak' twa o' him, and he'll move twice as fast; an' if ye black his face, he'll run four times faster than the fellow wi' the white face; but if, after blacking his face, ye'll bend his knee, or tie his leg, he'll hop eight times faster than the white-faced chap I showed you first. Now, when'er you blaw your pipes, Donald, remember this—that the tighter those fellows' legs are tied, the faster they'll run, and the quicker they're sure to dance."

Puzzles for the Ingenious.

CHARADE.

My first is not a fish, but has a shell,
 As every rambling boy must know full well,
 Who, my whole wanting, oft himself will make
 My second, that he may my first partake

GULIELMUS.

ARITHMETICAL.

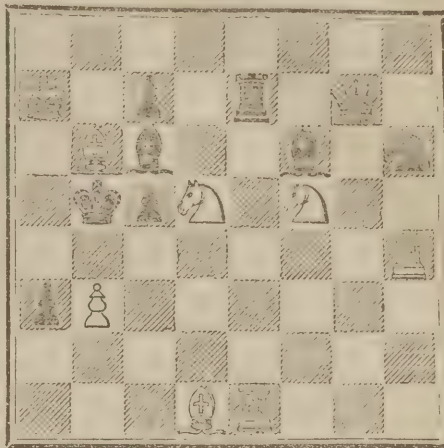
A party of emigrants, 102 in number, were trying to form a colony, and, of course, went in search of water. They succeeded in finding a reservoir containing 1,000 gallons, which was fed by three different springs. One of these would, by its force, fill the reservoir (had it been empty) in 15 days, the other in 20 days, and the smallest in 30 days. How long would the 102 persons be before they were out of water, supposing that each required one gallon and a half per day?

Solutions are requested.

Chess.

Problem No. 4. By R. D. WORMALD, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

THE CHESS TOURNEY.

Game played between Messrs. J. DRIESEN and W. CLULEY.

WHITE. Mr. D.	BLACK. Mrs. C.
1. P to Q 4	1. P to Q 4
2. P to Q B 4	2. P to K 3
3. Kt to Q B 3	3. Kt to K B 3
4. B to K Kt 5 (a)	4. B to Q Kt 5
5. B takes Kt	5. B takes Kt (ch)
6. P takes B	6. Q takes B
7. P to K 3	7. Castles
8. Kt to B 3	8. P to Q B 4 (b)
9. B to K 2	9. Kt to B 3
10. Castles	10. P takes Q P
11. R P takes P (c)	11. P to Q Kt 3
12. P takes P	12. P takes P
13. R to K sq	13. B to Kt 2
14. P to Q R 4	14. Kt to R 4
15. Kt to K 5	15. Q R to Q sq
16. B to Q 3	16. B to B sq
17. P to Kt 3	17. P to Kt 3
18. P to K R 4	18. P to K R 4
19. Q to B 3 (d)	19. Q takes Q
20. Kt takes Q	20. K R to K sq
21. B to Q Kt 5	21. R takes R
22. R takes R	22. P to Q R 3
23. B to Q 3	23. B to Q 2
24. B takes Q R P	24. B takes Q R P
25. B to Q 3	25. R to Q B sq
26. R to Q R sq (e)	26. R takes P
27. R takes B	27. R takes B
28. Kt to K 5	28. R to Q B 6
29. Kt to Q 7	29. R to Q B 3
30. Kt takes P	30. R takes Kt
31. R takes Kt	31. R to Q 3
32. P to B 4	32. K to Kt 2
33. K to B 2	33. K to B 3
34. K to B 3	34. K to K 3

Drawn Game.

(a) At the present stage of the game this move is not to be commended: it is, indeed, generally worse than useless to pin the K Kt thus before the adversary has castled.—(b) Well played; if White take it, Black, of course, takes Q B P with Q, checking.—(c) Q B P takes P, seems better play.—(d) Seeing that White had, during the last few moves, acquired a decidedly superior position, he acted injudiciously in permitting the exchange of Queens.—(e) This move, as well as Black's 29th, seems to be lost time.

ENIGMAS.

No. 4. By Alfred Kempe, Esq.

White.—K at K B 2, R at Q R 5, Kts at K 5 and 7, Ps at Q 4, and K R 3 and 4.

Black.—K at K B 5, B at K sq, Ps at K 5 and K R 2.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

No. 5. By Fred R. (of B.)

White.—K at K 2, R at Q sq, B at K Kt 7, Kts at K B 4 and K R 5, Ps at Q Kt 3, and K Kt 2 and 3.

Black.—K at K 5, Q at K 4, B at Q Kt 2, Ps at Q Kt 4, Q B 4, Q 4, and K B 4.

White to move, and mate in three moves

Solution of Problem No. 1.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to K Kt 4	1. K to Q 5
2. B to K R 2	2. K to K 5
3. B to Kt sq	3. K to Q 5
4. P discovers mate	

Solution of Problem No. 2.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q sq	1. P takes R
2. R to Q 4	2. Any move
3. R or B mates	

Our Editorial Table.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE AND THE PUBLIC.—In order to give subscribers and the public every facility for procuring the numbers of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, New Series, we beg to inform them that the numbers of this new series, price One Penny each, will be on sale without increase of charge until further notice. All the back numbers of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, old series, can be had of the Publishers at the usual price of three halfpence a number.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—As we have no doubt that the weekly numbers of our New Series will be carefully preserved for binding, we have had the cases for the First Volume prepared, so that they can be obtained at once and used as a portfolio for containing the numbers until the volume is completed, which it will be in future every six months, instead of twelve months, as heretofore. The price of the Cases, gilt lettered on side and back, will be 1s. 6d. each.

FLORENCE EMILY.—The "sorrowing mother" about whom you inquire, was Monica, distinguished alike for her parental affection and piety; and the son "for whom she prayed for twenty long and weary years," was Augustine, who, after a long course of profligacy, became a pious Christian, the Bishop of Hippo, and one of the most celebrated fathers of the Christian church. He was born in the year 354, and died seventy-six years afterwards.

OLIVE BRANCH.—Many "Olive Branches," of various families, among our readers, have applied to us, like our present correspondent, for information respecting their chances in "commercial houses" as clerks. We think, therefore, the few hints we give in answer to "Olive Branch," may interest many of our younger subscribers. Junior clerks—lads of sixteen and upwards—are continually required in mercantile houses in London and elsewhere; the custom in many firms being, when a clerk leaves their employ, to shift all those under him one step upward, and to take a new "junior" to begin, as it were, at the foot of the ladder, his duties at first not being very heavy. He has to copy letters; to act sometimes as messenger; to put away and bring out ledgers, &c.; and the qualifications he is expected to possess are,—Firstly, a good address and a neat appearance (for no one will have a slovenly clerk); secondly, a good handwriting; thirdly, some knowledge of accounts; and fourthly, a general aptitude to make himself useful, and to learn. He is taken, not for what he is, but in expectation that he may turn out well.

LOTTIE.—In a delicate lady's hand, writes the following questions:—

Was there ever a fair called the Forest Fair?
Was it held in the Forest of Dean, or where?
Is it kept up now, and continued there?
You will much oblige if you'll this declare.

We can only say in reply that—

In Epping Forest was Fairhol fair
But people used to get tipsy there,
And so 't was suppressed, they say, by the mayor,
And more than this we don't know—or care.

A CONSTANT READER.—The best preparation for singing is, in our opinion, first, to make sure you have a good voice; secondly, to refrain from overstraining it; and thirdly, not to spoil it by eating too many voice lozenges.

MORGAN.—The story you offer us about the "Idle Indian" is interesting enough, but may be described in the words of the nigger who was eulogising a porker of minute dimensions, he was endeavouring to sell at St. Louis, "Him berry little, massa, but him berry old!"

THEODORE.—Without any means of judging of our correspondent's abilities, we are unable to say whether he has a good chance of a situation in India. The only way of "making sure before starting," is to get appointed by a London house having a corresponding or branch house in Hindostan.

NENA SAHIB. desirous of killing a cat, must needs write to us for instructions. What has poor pussy done? and why should not Nena grant her a reprieve or even a free pardon? We indignantly refuse our advice to the sanguinary Sahib.

A SCHOOLBOY wants us to say whom we consider the greatest of modern generals? If, by modern generals, our correspondent means commanders of the present century, we should say, for vastness of genius and quickness of resource, Napoleon Bonaparte; for coolness, self-reliance, and steadiness of purpose, the late Duke of Wellington. In the last century, we should give Marlborough the preference for these reasons: he gained his victories under great disadvantages; the generals associated with him in command were generally incapable; the foreign troops mutinous; and the ministry at home often thwarted him. His renown rests not on a few brilliant achievements, but on a succession of well-planned and brilliantly executed measures.

A COUNTRY BUMPKIN is advised to refrain from using antimony in fattening his hogs. The success of the practice is exceedingly doubtful, and we should decidedly object to partake of a porker fed on such a system.

WRITER.—A précis is a short summary or abstract from official papers. The rules you have to observe in writing it, are—Firstly, to make your abstract complete, omit no essential point. Secondly, avoid every superfluous word, for brevity is a great feature in a good précis. Thirdly, let your sentences be short and clear.

B. C.—Thanks for "Elsie Gray."

AMANDA MALVINA.—Poorness of blood is the cause.

JOHN B.—You are utterly wrong, and will do well to discard the notion as soon as possible.

TANSWELL.—The sentences are too abusive for translation.

CORNEY RAGG.—You are too old; try the merchant service.

H. F.—Both terms are correct.

WILLIE.—Our advice is, that you give up all idea of a seaman's life. Your notions of its duties and enjoyments are evidently taken from maritime novels, which give only the stirring incidents which occur like angels' visits—at long intervals. No mention is there made of the monotonous, toilsome every-day life. You are much too old to commence

such a career now, and had better digest your discontent, and stick to your trade, which is a very good one. You would find the life of a sailor boy on the great, free ocean, the reverse of free; nor is there much that is great about it, except, perhaps, the amount of work expected from the unhappy apprentices.

EL TIO TOMAS.—Age is not so much regarded as height. Consult an Army List. Your questions are too numerous.

SAM SLICK.—Your suggestion shall receive all attention. Handwriting excusable.

R. W. wishes to know, "What age is the most suitable for getting married?"—That at which you can support a wife, know her value, and your own mind.

PLEXTUS SOLUS is tenderly persecuted by a gentleman whose friendship she wishes, and would grieve to lose, but whom she could not marry, and whom she, therefore, wishes to spare the pain of a refusal, which must follow the offer she sees impending. Actuated by courtesy, she has replied to the letters addressed to her; and she fears that this concession, although prompted solely by civility, may be considered indicative of a warmer feeling, and mislead the recipient. Under these circumstances, she asks our advice. It is simply this (and, judging from the easy flow of her letter to us, "Plextus" will find no difficulty in following it): to answer her correspondent's next letter in such a strain as he cannot mistake; and, without replying to a question which has not been asked, frame the language so as to show plainly what the answer would be if it were.

E. J. T.—However disgraceful the bridegroom's conduct may have been in deserting his bride, it does not exonerate her from her duties and his claim. She cannot marry again; nor, unless she is a bolder woman than ordinary, would she, after past experience, we should think, wish it.

J. B. compliments us very highly in promising to abide by our advice upon an exceedingly delicate subject—no less than the propriety of engaging himself to a very young lady, whom for six years there is no probability of his being able to marry. We are duly impressed with and gratified by our correspondent's confidence and promise, although fearful that when he reads our advice he will hesitate to take it, since it is, to relinquish by all means his wish to enter into the engagement he suggests. Six years is a long engagement for any girl, especially so young a one as "J. B.'s" adored, and to a lover so juvenile as himself. A thousand things may occur to render the fulfilment of the compact unwise or impossible. It would therefore, we think, be unkind, if not dishonourable, to the lady to fetter her. She might, and in all probability would, keep her truth faithfully, but would he? Is he sure of himself?

HENRI.—You must choose for yourself; there are plenty advertised.

WINNIE WILDFLOWER.—Verses to my infant son are too long, would have tired the little boy, and made him cry; if a little shorter, would have done very well indeed. Try again.

A NOVICE.—Either you have misstated the question, or somebody has been hoaxing you.

VIOLETTA.—Wait patiently; any attempt to bring matters to a crisis will only end ill. If the man loves you, he will find some better way of telling you than simply turning pale when he hears your name mentioned.

BILLY O'RORKE.—A good wife should, so far as it is possible for a fallible human being to be perfect, be so: for certainly no two-footed creature under the sun has greater need of perfection. She should have good temper, good health, and good sense; be cheerful, not giddy; frugal, not mean; active, not bustling; affectionate, not demonstrative; gentle, not weak; pretty, not conceited; accomplished, not pedantic; everything, in short, which Man, her lord and master, in his varying moods, wishes and desires. As to how his lordship may discover whether such a being truly loves him or not, we cannot tell. We should think he needs be under no anxiety on the subject: she would surely be only too grateful for his notice; but to assure himself positively of the fact, he, like the honourable head of his race in the east, need only throw the handkerchief.

TELEGRAM.—Your friend would be an Irishman, of course. Suppose he had been born in a stable, would he be a horse?

EDGARDO RUBINI.—No.

ECONOMIST.—We regret being unable to give you a safe receipt for cleaning ermine. There are many things said to be good for the purpose, but none that we ever tried answered. The best way of having furs cleaned, is to send them to some respectable shop where they undertake such things. It is too costly an article to try experiments upon.

JOSEPHINE.—You should have let your hair and forehead alone. People who want to mend nature generally mar her. Why isn't a low forehead as good as a high one? The latter is only prized as being indicative of intellect, and what sort of intellect can a person be supposed to possess who snips off her hair until a perfect forest of bristles, a regular scrubbing-brush, comes, where soft and wavy tresses were before? Let the poor, tormented brow alone. It may come right in time, although we are by no means sure of it.

ELLEN FORRESTER is referred to our answer to "Josephine," and counselled to take warning from the predicament into which that improver of nature has brought herself.

ARGYLE MACNAMARA.—If your lady-love is in a position to give from her own purse money to a church collection, it would be extremely officious in you to offer to do so for her. There is no objection to your presenting to her any gift wrapped as you receive it from the shop, provided all marks or figures which could betray the cost are obliterated.

WELSH BESSY must pardon our declining to acquiesce in her request. So far as the questions affect herself or society generally, she is quite as capable of answering them as ourselves or the gentleman alluded to; so far as they are merely personal to him, neither "Bessy" nor we have any right to ask information from him.

ARTICLED PUPIL will find his question answered about twenty times throughout our last numbers.

ANTIMACASSAR.—Try an infusion of rosemary as a wash; we have known it answer.

H. T.—"Cassell's Illustrated Almanack" has been re-printed, and we think you will now have no difficulty in obtaining it of any bookseller.

A LOVER OF JUSTICE.—We are not aware of any difference existing between the English and Scottish law which would prevent an officer charging bystanders to assist him in securing a prisoner, or would prevent him from being responsible before a justice of the peace for undue violence towards any person in his custody.

CASSELL'S MASTERPIECE had better let counsel be instructed at the trial to apply to the court for additional allowance, on account of the distance he will have travelled.

RARA AVIS IN TERRA.—Five per centum per annum is the highest interest that can be charged when landed property is included in the security: any larger sum may be obtained on mere personal security, as in discounts, bills, or notes.

C. F.—Shorthand depends on practice. There are several systems of almost equal merit.

DUFFER.—Use the coarsest oil colours that can be procured.

CLARA.—The law of debtor and creditor, and its operation in Australia and Canada with regard to debt, may vary according to the peculiar circumstances of the case. You had better, therefore, consult some respectable settler, versed in colonial law, and explain your position explicitly to him. He will advise you better than our space will enable us to do. The law of arrest in our colonies is different from that in use here.

J. B., F. K., W. H. G., A. D., and others.—The Second Volume of "Cassell's Illustrated History of England," the text by William Howitt, will be ready in a few days. It contains about 300 engravings, and sells in cloth boards, for six shillings. The period included in this volume extends from the beginning of the reign of Edward IV. to the death of Queen Elizabeth.

SUFFERER.—Throw the quack stuff into the fire, or out of window, and use cold water instead.

ABERNETHY must state whether he wants to become a physician or a surgeon.

THOMAS WILLIAMS.—State your requirements in a few simple words. There are plenty of advertisements in the morning papers which will serve you as models. Don't make your advertisement too long.

A LEARNER.—Your question is too elaborate; we must decline.

LILY DALE.—We have perused your letter with much interest and attention, and so far as we can, in this brief space, will answer it to the best of our ability. We are not at all surprised at your dissatisfaction with the amount of learning you have acquired at school; few intelligent girls are ever content with the modicum they gain there, but we would entreat them to remember that they have at least obtained one valuable art, that of knowing how to learn, and that this art they should, during succeeding hours of leisure, improve to the utmost. At school, people learn the alphabet, as it were, of many things; at home they should progress in, and perfect them. Languages especially, learned from tutors, should be thoroughly studied alone, and made the means whereby the history, biography, and science of the people who speak it, may be acquired. Drawing, necessarily confined in schools to formal copies and plaster models, may, and ought to be, studied at home from nature. And so with everything connected with the purely intellectual part of a woman's education. But let our fair readers never forget that their minds are not all they have to cultivate. A clever, i.e., book-learned woman, is not always either a pleasant, happy, or useful one. To our wives, mothers, and sisters, God has given fingers which need teaching, hearts which need cultivation and training, affections which need guiding and improving, and if these are left untended and untought, all the intellectuality in the world will not compensate for the loss. In the feminine occupations which adorn a home, there is nothing derogatory to the brightest genius or the loftiest intellect; and how much more fascinating and attractive is the girl who, bringing to her aid the powers of a well cultivated mind, assists her mother in household duties, makes her father the savoury dish he loves, mends her little brother's clothes, and sings the big one the song he would seek elsewhere, than the blue lady who, from the grand height of her uselessness, looks down upon ill-made dresses, rent garments, disappointed faces, and at last lonely firesides, as things at which she may grumble, but with which she has no connection. Let "Lily Dale," then, cultivate her mind by forming intimate acquaintance with the best standard authors she can procure; but at the same time, and quite as zealously, let her cultivate her home qualities, her powers of usefulness, her Christianity.

GULIELMUS.—Thanks for your letter; you are right.

A BRITISH SUBJECT.—California is rather an unpromising place for a search after a brother from whom you have not heard for five years. The only method we can suggest is that you should apply to some mercantile firm having correspondents at San Francisco, to get an advertisement put into a San Francisco paper (several are published there). We think, however, the chances are rather against you.

A FACTORY LAD, ANXIOUS FOR IMPROVEMENT.—We cannot offer you better encouragement than to direct your attention to the career of that intrepid African traveller Dr. Livingstone. At ten years of age he was a piecer in a cotton factory, working, excepting the intervals for meals, from six in the morning till eight at night. With part of the first week's wages he purchased "Rudiments of Latin." "At sixteen," he says, "I knew Virgil and Horace better than I do now." It is within the power of every youth who has this noble aspiration, to acquire a good solid education. For the attainment of a thorough knowledge of the English language, there is no work to compare with Fowler's, which forms one volume of "Cassell's Educational Course." Bound in cloth, the book costs three-and-sixpence; but for the convenience of such as the "Factory Lad," the "Course" is issued in weekly numbers, price three-halfpence.

. All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. I.—No. 4.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1857.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TARLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

First Grave-digger. But is this law?

Second Grave-digger. Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest
law.—HAMLET.

NEVER in the memory of that greatly talked-of personage, the oldest inhabitant of the place, had so much excitement been witnessed in St. Faith's, or such general horror felt, as at the death of the keeper, and he unlucky soldier slain within an hour after his return to his native village; slain with the words 'welcome home!' ringing in his ears, the grasp of friendship warm upon his hand. It is true there had frequently been disturbances before: rough contests

with the gamekeepers, blows exchanged, and shots on one occasion fired; but this time the contest had ended in death, through the obstinacy and pride of one wrong-headed man.

Horror and excitement were not the only feelings publicly expressed. Deep sympathy for poor old Simon—for the helpless child thus cast upon his bounty, and strong indignation against the lord of the manor for the part he had taken in the affray, were mingled with them; and justly so, for the exclusive rights of Sir Norman Boothroyd to the sporting over the common were questionable, to say the least of them; and yet two lives had been sacrificed, two humble homes made desolate.

If the name of the baronet had previously been unpopular in the neighbourhood, it was now execrated; a public meeting was called, the first time such a thing had ever been attempted in St. Faith's, and subscriptions entered into by the tenantry, in order to try the long-disputed question between themselves and their overbearing landlord who heard of their

intentions with ill-concealed rage and mortification, for he had long since taken legal opinions on the subject himself, and they had been unfavourable.

Whilst the agitation of the rustic population of St. Faith's was at its height, the coroner arrived to hold his inquest on the bodies. Several county magistrates also attended, and amongst others, Mr. Thornton and Squire Blundell. As the former gentleman drove up to the village inn, he was loudly cheered by the crowd of farmers and others gathered in front of the house.

"Sad affair," he said, addressing those nearest to him, as he alighted, "very sad!"

"We'll have our rights!" exclaimed the crowd, "we are sure to have justice now you are come; you have always been the poor man's friend."

"And shall continue so," replied the gentleman, "as long as he respects the laws. Let me entreat," he added, "that there may be no disturbance. Do not give your enemies, if you have any, such an advantage over you."



BARNY GEE'S CHILD AND THE STEWARD.

With this caution he passed on.

Far different was the reception Sir Norman Boothroyd experienced. No sooner was his carriage seen to emerge from the park gates, than a succession of groans and yells saluted him. His first impulse was to return to the hall; but pride, the dread of encountering the sneers of his wife, restrained him from it, and he passed through the crowd pale as death, expecting every moment that violence would be offered. It was not till he found himself in the club-room, where the inquest was to be held, that he recovered from his fears. To Mr. Thornton he bowed stiffly, but extended his hand to his brother magistrate, who touched it slightly; for although a keen sportsman himself, he had always disapproved of the dogged tenacity with which his neighbour held out for his manorial rights on the common.

Squire Blundell never looked upon rabbits as game; in fact, he had a profound contempt for rabbits.

The first death inquired into was that of Springthorp, the keeper.

As our readers may naturally suppose, not one of the party so fatally implicated in the affair presented themselves as witnesses, for fear of compromising themselves, and Sir Norman had taken care they should not be summoned. The consequence was that his testimony and that of the keepers was the only evidence heard. More than one lip curled in scorn when the baronet swore that the poachers fired first upon his party before the volley was returned which caused the death of Barny Gee; and several not very complimentary murmurs were heard in the crowd which occupied the lower end of the room—manifestations which the coroner soon quieted.

"Can you identify any of these misguided men, Sir Norman?" inquired the coroner.

"Not one of them," was the reply.

By a singular coincidence, the keepers were equally unable to name or even to describe the person of a single individual amongst their assailants; and yet the moon had been shining brightly all the time they were watching their proceedings from their place of concealment in the ditch.

"Well," whispered Squire Blundell in the ear of his brother magistrate, "that be what I call extraordinary! Boothroyd be acting more kindly than I tried an credit for."

Thornton smiled: he fully appreciated the kindness of the baronet.

"To be sure," added the speaker, "they were only after the rabbits."

The last witness examined was Dr. Phrase, an exceedingly pompous little man, famous for his verbosity, who had considerably consented for the last thirty years to hide the light of his genius in the obscure village of St. Faith's. Not that he was without ambition; on the contrary, he possessed more than an ordinary share of that peculiarly impulsive quality: but the opportunity of distinguishing himself by blazoning his attainments to the world had all his life been wanting. The inquest at last presented one—for the proceedings were sure to be reported both in the local and London papers—and he resolved to make the most of it.

Having been sworn, the disciple of Æsculapius gathered his strength like a Titan for the display.

"Your name, I believe, is Phrase?" said the coroner, as he turned over a fresh page to continue his notes.

"Dionysius Phrase, Doctor of Medicine, and Member of the Royal College of Surgeons," replied the witness.

"You examined the body of the deceased?"

"I did."

"Will you describe the result of your examination to the jury?"

The little man placed his hand upon his breast and bowed profoundly, next regarded the magistrates to fix their attention, then coughed once or twice to clear his throat, and commenced giving his evidence: "Perceiving two wounds on the body of the subject—one in the abdominal, the other in the pectoral region—I at once proceeded, *secundum artem*—"

"And what did these go to be for?" interrupted the foreman of the jury, a respectable, shrewd-looking farmer, who had paid most earnest attention to the proceedings throughout.

"Go to whom?" inquired the witness, slightly put out.

"To *Secundum Artem*," replied the old man, knitting his gray, bushy eyebrows, and looking angry at what he considered an attempt to prevaricate. "Thee saidst thee had been there, doctor, and I'll hold thee to it."

His brother jurors nodded approval.

Phrase blandly explained to them that, in scientific nomenclature, *secundum artem* simply meant according to the rules of art.

The honest farmer did not feel quite satisfied till he saw that Mr. Thornton appeared to be so, when, nodding to the speaker, he told him to go on.

"As I was about to state," resumed the witness, "I made a crucial incision, which laid bare the muscles of the abdomen; this enabled me to trace distinctly the course which the slug or shot had taken. It had, I discovered, passed through the peritoneum, without injuring the intestines."

The man of science paused, and looked around him to witness the effect his description had produced, which gave occasion for the foreman of the jury to attack him again.

"Does thee mean to swear, doctor, that poor Tom Springthorp was shot thro' a pair, pair—what did you call them?"

"Peritoneum," said the gentleman, helping him out.

"That be the word!" exclaimed the farmer, in a tone of triumph, for he felt certain that he had fixed the speaker this time. "I tell 'ee he wor shot in a fustian jacket. I seed him myself afore he wor moved off the common."

Great was the worthy man's astonishment when made to comprehend that peritoneum was the name of that thin, soft membrane which envelops the intestines.

"Well," said the farmer, "only to think of my living to these years and never knowed that I had such a thing afore."

"The deceased did not die from the injury in the abdomen, then?" observed the coroner.

"Certainly not," replied Dr. Phrase; "so I at once proceeded to examine the heart and lungs. The latter appeared healthy, that is to say, comparatively healthy; a slight state of peripneumonia, perhaps, but nothing serious. The wound which caused his death was in the heart. I traced the course of the slugs; they had perforated the pericardium, which I found distended with blood, and had torn the right ventricle."

As there were no more witnesses to be heard, the coroner proceeded to sum up, which he did clearly and dispassionately, pointing out that it had been distinctly proved by the evidence of Sir Norman Boothroyd and his servants, that the poachers had fired first; that the deceased was engaged in his lawful occupation or calling at the time he received the injury which had caused his death; and concluded by calling on the jury to dismiss from their minds any personal feelings or prejudices they might entertain, and return a verdict according to the evidence they had heard.

Those whom he addressed were conscientious men, to whom an oath was a solemn thing. After an hour's deliberation, a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown," was pronounced, amid the breathless silence of the court. Many a heart beat wildly as the hearers heard it, but not one who could have contradicted the evidence of the baronet and the keepers stepped forward from the crowd.

Murder! it was like the sword of Damocles suspended over the head of each one of the party.

In describing the cause of the death of Barny Gee, Doctor Phrase had to be less technical. The charge, which consisted entirely of swan shot, had lodged in the poor fellow's lungs, hence the suffocation from hemorrhage before he could make his last wishes known to Farmer Minter.

The feeling of sympathy was both general and deep when Simon gave his evidence—described the unexpected return of his brother; the joy of their meeting; his hastening to the cottage with the child; his return to join the ringers in the belfry; and Barny's quitting him to seek his former companions on the common.

"Do you know the names of those companions?" inquired the coroner.

"I know nothing," answered the old man, wiping away a tear, "but that I have lost my only brother. He could have had nothing to do with the poachers," he added—"if they were poachers—for he was unarmed."

"Can you swear that?" demanded Sir Norman's lawyer.

"I can swear that he was when he left me," replied the bell-ringer.

One of the jurors inquired if any powder or shot had been found upon the body. The constables produced all that had been discovered, a silver watch and seven pounds.

"And this discharge," added Simon, handing the blood-stained parchment to one of the officers. "I should like it to be read in court. It's a poor satisfaction—but still it is one: Barny was no deserter."

The document attesting the honourable character of the deceased, was handed first to the jury and to the coroner, who passed it to the magistrate. Mr. Thornton was the last to read it, which he did aloud. Just as he was about to return it, he discovered some

writing, nearly obliterated by the recent stains; but, by holding it at a certain distance, he was enabled to make it out.

"This is singular!" he exclaimed.

There was a general movement of surprise.

"The bearer, Barny Gee, served under me in the Punjaub Horse, and twice saved my life. Knowing no other means of showing my gratitude, I write this certificate in the hope that it may one day be useful to him."

(Signed) "Lieutenant BOOTHROYD."

The countenance of the baronet became deadly pale. It was the signature of his younger brother.

The half-subdued murmurs of execration which fell upon his ear, told him how deep was the disgust his conduct had inspired.

"I believe it to be an impudent forgery!" he exclaimed.

"That be easily proved, Norman," said Squire Blundell; "there be old Blackmore, who taught ye both to write."

The parchment was handed to the village schoolmaster, who, after a careful examination, declared himself ready to make oath that it was the handwriting of his former pupil, Allan Boothroyd.

Again the coroner summed up, but far more elaborately than he had done before, for the case had assumed an appearance likely to attract public attention. The jury retired, and after an hour's absence, returned a verdict of wilful murder against Sir Norman Boothroyd and the keepers.

It was received with a tremendous cheer by the crowd of farmers and yeomen who filled the room.

"I can't receive it, gentlemen," said the officer, as soon as he could obtain silence. "There is not a tittle of evidence to justify it; not a magistrate in the county would act upon it. Sir Norman and his servants were legally in the right; they fired in self-defence. The deceased, even if unarmed, was aiding and abetting others in the performance of an illegal act."

"If Springthorp wor murdered," replied the foreman, "so wor poor Barny."

"Nothing of the kind, I tell you," repeated the coroner. "You must reconsider your verdict."

The jury once more retired, and after a still longer absence, consented that their finding should be an open one—"That the deceased was found shot, but under what circumstances there was not sufficient evidence before them to judge of."

As to a verdict of justifiable homicide, they firmly refused to pronounce it.

This still left the death of Barny an open question.

Great was the excitement and dissatisfaction amongst the crowd. In the midst of it Sir Norman wisely stole away, and had regained his carriage before his departure was noticed by his tenantry. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he experienced regret, such regret as the heartless and egotistical feel who have compromised their own dear safety; nor was it till he had held a long consultation with his lawyer that he recovered anything like his usual composure.

Lady Boothroyd was the person who felt most annoyed, although, true to the part she had accepted, she echoed her husband's feelings and opinions in the presence of his legal adviser; but when alone with him, she freely expressed her real sentiments on his egregious folly, as she unhesitatingly pronounced it, in sacrificing the proper influence he ought to possess over his tenantry for a shadow.

"It will require all my tact," she observed, "to undo the mischief you have done with your antiquated ideas of manorial rights, and miserable squabbles for a few worthless rabbits."

"I tell you it was a pheasant this time," urged the baronet, in a tone of submission.

The lady shrugged her shoulders.

"You heard Marshal admit that I was in my right."

"Legal right," said his wife, with a marked emphasis on the word legal. "Of course he admitted it; and did you ever find a lawyer yet to pronounce a rich client in the wrong? The question, I hear, will soon be decided, for the tenantry have entered into a subscription, to try it."

"I shall defend my rights," exclaimed the lord of the manor, "to my last guinea."

"And so make your name still more ridiculous."

"Lady Boothroyd!"

"You must do nothing of the kind," continued her ladyship, without being in the slightest degree moved by the tone of offended dignity in which he had pronounced her name. "I must take the affair into my own hands and try what conciliation will do. A pretty *dénouement* to this ridiculous dispute, to have the mansion fired over our heads, or be shot at in

our own grounds by some desperate poacher, bent on seeking revenge: such I foresee will be the end of your obstinacy."

The speaker's belief in the truth of her predictions may be regarded as somewhat more than questionable, but they produced the effect she intended, of completely terrifying her husband, whose courage she well knew to be tempered by more than a usual share of prudence and personal consideration.

Sir Norman muttered something about her having her own way, and shut himself up in the library for the rest of the day.

Lady Boothroyd was one of those persons, as our readers begin to be aware, who, having once made up their minds upon any subject, never suffer their decision to remain a dead letter, but proceed to act upon it at once. A groom was instantly despatched to the home farm to request the attendance of Andrew Sillex, the steward, a tall, gaunt, aged man, whom Sir Norman, to the great surprise of all who knew him, still continued in the management of his estate. Some thought it was out of consideration for his long services; others knew not what to think.

Having given her orders to her messenger, the mistress of Meldown Park sat down quietly to consider her plans, in which pleasing occupation we must leave her for awhile, and return to poor Simon and his orphan niece.

The cottage of the bell-ringer had scarcely been free a single instant the entire day from the well-meant visits of sympathising friends. Many a rough but honest hand had been pressed to his, and offers of assistance made; but the old man gratefully declined them all: not from pride—for he was one of the humblest, as well as simplest creatures upon God's earth—but affection. He would bury poor Barny, he said, himself: it was the last proof of love he could ever show him, and no one should share it with him, or assist in the task of protecting his orphan child.

His better half, Hester—who was one of the most prudent and notable wives in St. Faith's—approved of his resolution. Having no children of her own, the kind-hearted woman had taken a sudden affection for the helpless creature thus unexpectedly thrown upon her care. It was something for her to love; and most of us know what that means.

One circumstance embarrassed the worthy couple: Lillian spoke but very little English, and neither the weaver nor his wife understood a word of Hindostani.

The inmates of the cottage were seated by the fire; Simon, with his niece upon his knee on one side of the tea-table, and Hester on the other, when a gentle tap was heard at the door.

"Come in," cried the bell-ringer.

The latch was raised, and the steward shuffled into the room.

The appearance of the man was quite as remarkable as his character: so for the benefit of our readers we shall attempt to sketch both to them.

Andrew Sillex, before age had bowed his thin, ungainly person, must have stood at least six feet high. Winter and summer his dress was the same: buckskin breeches, top boots, and a bluebody-coat with brass buttons. No one had ever seen him in any other costume—in fact, it was his boast that he had never worn trousers or shoes in his life. Good-natured people said it was because he had inherited the wardrobe of his old master, the former baronet—nearly as eccentric a personage as himself. There certainly was a mouldy sort of air about him, as if his clothes had been kept in the charnel-house instead of a wholesome Christian-like chest of drawers till he required them; and his features conveyed the same disagreeable impression.

Imagine a parchment skin drawn over a skull scarcely larger than that of a boy of sixteen; high cheekbones, small gray eyes, prominent nose, and thin, fleshless lips which, when he laughed, or what was more commonly the case with him, indulged in a chuckle, displayed a set of teeth a shark might have envied; they were so regular, white, and pointed.

Notwithstanding these peculiarities, the steward was rather liked than not by the tenantry. No one spoke more freely of Sir Norman than he did; but although he frequently blamed his orders as harsh and illiberal, he obeyed them to the very letter: duty was one thing, and sympathy another. He had a kind word to bestow on all who came to him,—to be sure it was all he ever did bestow: for although known to be rich, he was exceedingly chary of parting with his money—in fact, he had very little occasion to spend any. The home farm supplied him with all he required for his table; as for dress, as we said before, he had inherited the wardrobe of Sir Norman's predecessor.

"Ah, Mr. Sillex, is that you?" exclaimed Simon, in a tone of surprise; "what brings you here?"

"I come to condole with you, my good friend," replied the visitor, unceremoniously drawing a chair and taking a seat near the fire. "You really seem very comfortable here," he added, looking round the neatly furnished room. "But, no wonder, the rent you pay is merely nominal."

"No thanks to your master," observed Hester, tartly.

"You are quite right there," said the old man. "Bless me," he added, fixing his eyes upon Lillian, "is that poor Barny's child?"

"It is indeed," answered the weaver, kissing her.

The steward regarded her long and earnestly; then he broke into a low but lengthened chuckle.

"She is very pretty," he said.

"That she is," answered the gratified aunt.

"And good," added Simon.

"Do you think her much like your brother?"

"I suppose she resembles his wife," said the bell-ringer, "for I can't trace the slightest resemblance to her father."

Andrew Sillex smiled.

"Not that I shall love her the less on that account."

"Of course not."

Hester, who began to get tired of being catechised, gave her visitor a broad hint, that both herself and her husband were in deep affliction, and did not care for company.

"Of course you do not," replied the old man, without displaying the slightest feeling of anger; a proof of what excellent discipline, both moral and physical, his mind and features were under. "But I came on business."

"Business with us!"

"Yes, Sir Norman, who is not so bad, that is, not quite so bad as you imagine him, is deeply distressed at the melancholy death of your brother, and has directed me to inform you that he intends to pay all the funeral expenses himself."

"He won't," answered Simon, greatly agitated.

"But I tell you that he does," said the steward.

"And I tell you that he *shan't*!" exclaimed Hester Gee; "not if my husband has to ply the shuttle from morning till night, and I sell the last gown from my back; not that there is the least fear of that. Why, what is the man staring at?" she added.

"You refuse!"

"Refuse!" repeated the mistress of the cottage, indignantly. "Now don't you put yourself out of the way, Simon. Leave me to talk to him. Refuse with scorn! We have refused the help of those whom it would have been no shame to have been beholden to—kind friends and neighbours, people with hearts of flesh and blood, and warm Christian feelings in them. Refused it because we wished to show our love to poor Barny by putting him in the grave at our own expense; and do you imagine we are going to accept a penny from his murderer?"

"Murder is a very serious word, Mrs. Gee—a very serious word," observed her visitor: "it was no murder."

"God will call it so," said the bell-ringer, solemnly, "for the blood of poor and rich, gentle and simple, is equal in His eyes. I'd rather be like poor Barny there," he added, pointing to the inner room where the body had been placed, "than change places with Sir Norman Boothroyd."

"You are wrong, my good friend—believe me, you are wrong," replied Andrew Sillex. "The baronet may not be what *we* should consider a good man—in fact, between ourselves, I don't mind saying that I look upon him rather as a bad one—but he is incapable of the crime you name. I know him well: *he wouldn't have the pluck to do it*. Her ladyship is very much distressed at what has occurred; and I have no doubt but she will do something handsome—very handsome, for the child, especially when she sees what a pretty, interesting little creature she is: send her to school, perhaps—or take her entirely off your hands," he added.

"I know it's not my lady's fault," said Hester. "Every one is aware that she has not a will of her own."

Here the messenger of Lady Boothroyd gave a short dry cough to hide his inclination to indulge in one of his usual chuckles.

"But I couldn't part with Lillian," continued the speaker, "even to her. We can work for her; can't we, Simon?"

"That we can," replied the weaver, approvingly.

"You refuse all assistance, then?" demanded the steward.

"All."

"Both for the expenses of the funeral and for the child?"

"Both for the expenses of the funeral and the child," repeated husband and wife.

"If you should repent it, you know where to find me," observed the old man, rising to take his leave.

"We shan't repent it."

"I only said 'if.' Servants, you know, are obliged to execute the orders of their master. Of course, you cannot bear me any ill-will for what has taken place?"

"None in the least," observed Simon Gee, extending his hand with honest frankness towards his visitor, who grasped it most affectionately in his long bony claws, and wished him good night.

As he shuffled out of the cottage, he cast another long and searching glance upon Lillian, as if he wished to impress every feature of her innocent face upon his memory.

Although the hour was getting late, Andrew Sillex, instead of returning to the home farm, walked to the Hall, and had a long and private interview with Lady Boothroyd, to whom he related the result of his visit.

"Insolent!" exclaimed her ladyship, in a tone of vexation. "It is not often that I condescend to conciliation. I shall take no further means to serve them."

"Yes, you will," said the steward.

"Speak plainly, man; I detest enigmas," replied the mistress of Meldown Park. "What mean you?"

"You have not seen the child yet."

"What child?" demanded the haughty woman, impatiently.

"The dead soldier's—Barny Gee's. He brought it with him from India. Poor little thing!" he continued, "it is an orphan now; so young—so interesting!"

The hypocritical tone, and affected interest of the speaker for the orphan, did not deceive his hearer. But all her endeavours to draw any further explanation from him were useless. The only reply the old man made to her numerous questions was—

"See her yourself; you ought to see her."

So singular were his words, and still more the look that accompanied them, they produced the effect he intended, of exciting the curiosity of the mistress of Meldown Park; and she resolved to visit the cottage immediately after the funeral of Barny Gee.

CHAPTER VIII.

Patience! for I have wrong,
And dare not show wherein;
Patience shall be my song,
Since truth can nothing win.
Patience then for this fit;
Hereafter come not yet.

SIR THOMAS WYATT, written in the Tower.

LONG before any one in the house was stirring, Richard Markham was up and examining the room in which he had passed the night a prisoner. All idea of danger or violence being intended to himself had vanished—he had nothing to lose; and yet he scarcely felt less wretched, for his thoughts were of those whom he had left in want and misery. His mother's sorrow, he well knew, must have been increased by the agony and suspense his absence had occasioned. Poor Mary, too, what would he not have given to have ascertained her state?

His first care, on quitting the comfortable bed, was to raise the window. The view, like most views from the back of London houses, was a cheerless one—a wilderness of roofs, chimney-pots, and tiles, on which the sparrows were hopping and chirping as merrily as if there were no such things as green fields, trees, or pleasant lanes. The youth regarded them with a feeling of envy—for they were at liberty, he a prisoner.

The height of the window from the ground was at least sixty feet; to descend from it without a ladder or a rope, impossible. Had Jack Manders been in a similar situation, in all probability he would have manufactured the last from the sheets and curtains of the bed, for he was a lad of uncommon fertility of invention, and had been trained in a different school from our hero. His uncle had made Newgate gymnastics, as they are called in the profession, a branch of his education.

The prisoner raised his eyes to the roof, which projected over the wall, at a distance far beyond his reach, even if he had possessed the nerve to trust himself to it.

Disappointed in his hopes of escape that way, Richard next directed his attention towards the door, a good solid one, and tried the lock, which resisted all his efforts to force it.

"I must cut the wood-work from the catch," he thought; "it is my only chance."

He had a knife in his pocket, and he set to work most resolutely. How his last night's companion would have smiled had he seen the useless labour and the pile of chips which gradually accumulated on the floor. With a knife, or even a rusty nail, he would have undertaken to pick a much stronger lock than the one which held our hero a prisoner.

The poor boy laboured so earnestly that in a very short time he came to one of the screws which held the lock, when the blade broke. His last hope was gone.

Overcome with vexation and disappointment, he threw himself upon the bed, and buried his face in the pillow to hide the tears he felt ashamed of.

Two hours later, when the servant brought him his breakfast, he looked uncommonly surprised at the proofs of the prisoner's industry, but made no observation, his master having forbidden him strictly either to ask or answer any question. He arranged the things quietly upon the table, and quitted the room, locking the door carefully after him.

When, at a later period of the day, the lawyer visited his charge, he found him sitting mournfully by the window; the breakfast on the table untasted.

"This is foolish, my poor boy," he observed, in a kindly tone.

"You may keep me here," replied our hero, firmly; "but can't compel me to eat."

"Hunger will compel you," answered the gentleman, "as it has done hardened and resolute men who have made a similar resolve, and broken it. You have never felt what hunger really is."

His prisoner gave a sickly smile. "In its first stages," continued Mr. Morton, "probably it may have been familiar to you, but not in its last, when the gnawing pain becomes agony—madness; in which parents have been known to destroy the infant they could no longer nourish at their tortured breasts; the shipwrecked mariner to sacrifice the life of the comrade by his side, which a few hours before he would have risked his own to save. This is folly—utter folly. Why distress those who wish you well?"

"I cannot eat," exclaimed Richard Markham, "and know that those I love are starving!"

"You allude to your mother and sister?"

"Yes."

"They will be taken care of—doubtless are by this time; for the gentleman who has taken an interest in you, promised me that such should be the case; and he is one who never breaks his word."

"Bless him!" said the youth, in a tone of deep emotion. "O bless him for that!—but if he is so benevolent, why am I detained here?"

"For your good."

Richard regarded him doubtfully. "And the good of those who are dearest to you," observed his visitor. "Your benefactor is a man of vast wealth, but rather eccentric in his mode of acting and thinking. He has ascertained that your story is a true one—more; learnt that which you carefully concealed from him."

"Concealed from him?" repeated our hero, with surprise.

"Yes: the drunken habits of your father."

The prisoner coloured deeply.

"Which caused the poverty, misery, and degradation, not only of his wife, but children."

"It was not my place, sir, to speak of the failings of a parent."

"Right," said the gentleman, approvingly. "I have no doubt but we shall perfectly understand each other in time. The friend whom Providence has so unexpectedly raised up for you at the moment when you stood upon the verge of crime acts not as ordinary minds would act. He has determined to withdraw you from the debasing influence of such an example—to educate you and provide for you, on one condition."

"Name it, sir."

"That you consent to quit London for the residence of a clergyman in a distant part of the kingdom, who receives only six pupils, and—"

"Quit London without seeing my mother!" exclaimed the prisoner, indignantly. "Never—never!"

"You forget the advantages."

"No, I don't."

"The opportunity of rescuing yourself from a life of misery, if not of crime—of obtaining an honourable position in the world's esteem—of eventually serving those you love."

The boy shook his head impatiently: his heart was unconvinced.

"Hear me out," added his adviser. "Should you refuse, my instructions are to take you before a magistrate. The gentleman will appear against you, and the result will be—"

"An acquittal; my prosecutor knows I am no thief; his own evidence will prove my innocence."

"But render you liable to be sent for two years to a penitentiary," observed the lawyer, gravely, "as the associate of one."

The countenance of the youth flushed with shame, and then turned pale.

"Your fate is in your own hands."

"If I could only see the gentleman," murmured Richard.

"It would be useless," replied the former. "Come," he added, placing his hand kindly upon his shoulder, "act reasonably, and I will so far exceed my instructions, as to permit you to write to your mother."

"To write, and not see her, sir."

"The last I dare not grant."

"And what proof have I that, even if I were to consent, you would keep faith with me?"

"My word," answered his adviser. "You doubt me; perhaps it is not unnatural that you should do so, for much that has taken place must appear incomprehensible to you. Did you observe or hear anything," he continued, "when brought to my house last night?"

"I heard music, sir, and the sound of feet in the room above me, as if there was dancing."

"They were my children, Richard," said Mr. Morton, "the beings for whom I toil in an arduous profession; they are at home for the holidays; one of them is a lad about your own age. Think you that his father would degrade himself by a lie?"

"No!" exclaimed the youth, regarding him earnestly; "my father would not do that."

"You consent, then?"

"Yes."

The promise was reluctantly given—torn from him by the force of circumstances beyond the poor boy's power to control. Older heads ere now have been compelled to bow to the same fatal law, necessity. Still there was a mental reservation of escaping if he could.

"And you promise not to run away?" added the lawyer.

"Don't ask me to promise that," answered the youth; "for if I saw a chance of liberty, my heart tells me I should break it."

There was a frankness and honesty in the reply which confirmed the good opinion the agent of his mysterious benefactor began to entertain of him. His profession more, perhaps, than any other, afforded opportunities for judging of the heart; and he had long since come to the conclusion that it was unwise to tax humanity beyond its strength. He liked our hero all the better for his refusal.

"I must trust, then, to the vigilance of my servant," he observed, with a quiet smile, "and the security of an additional bolt to your door. You have been tampering with the lock, I perceive, already."

"And should have succeeded if my knife had not broken."

"Perhaps," said the lawyer; "but you must first have passed through my office, where there are half a dozen clerks."

"When shall I write my letter?" demanded Richard Markham, with a sigh, for he saw how hopeless any attempt to quit the house must prove.

"After breakfast," replied Mr. Morton, pointing to the tray, with a smile. "You are at liberty to state in it that you have found a friend who has promised to provide for and assist you; but my name must not be mentioned."

The youth considered that the prohibition was at least a guarantee of his intention to deliver it; and, with a heavy heart, he sat down to the well-spread table before him.

"If my mother and Mary could only share it with me," he thought, "how happy it would make them."

Little did he imagine the change that had taken place in his absence.

The letter was written. Our readers are already aware of the circumstances which prevented Rachel at that time from receiving it.

At the end of a week, Richard Markham, who had been handsomely clothed, started in company with the friendly lawyer for Jersey, where he was to remain under the care of the Reverend Oneas Brown, who prepared six pupils for the army, India, or the universities; but before quitting London, our hero had an interview with his singular benefactor, who contemplated the visible improvement in his appearance with satisfaction.

"A fine lad, Morton!" he exclaimed; "pity he should be lost for want of training."

"A thousand, sir."

"Will you give me your hand?" said the gentleman, at the same time extending his own towards his protégé.

The youth gave it reluctantly.

"I perceive you hate me," observed the gentleman, bitterly. "But I am not surprised at it: the last thing I expect to meet with in this world is gratitude," he added, with a sigh.

"I cannot hate you," replied the boy.

"Why did you hesitate, then, to give me your hand?"

"Because I do not understand you. You have

given me fine clothes—are about to send me to school—and speak me fairly: but I had rather a thousand times return to poverty and those who love me."

"Umph! truthful at any rate," muttered the unknown.

"I was taught to be so, sir, by my dear mother."

"Your affection for her scarcely surprises me," said the gentleman. "For the more I see of you, the more I feel interested in your favour. I should have assisted her too," he added, "but those whom I sent to make inquiries, informed me that she had been taken care of by her friends."

"My grandfather!" exclaimed Richard, joyfully.

"I hope it is my grandfather: how happy it will make her."

"Is he so rich, then?"

"I know nothing about his wealth," replied the youth; "for I only knew that I had a grandfather by being taught to pray for him; but my mother loves him dearly. It was only on the day I first met you, sir, she parted with the little gold locket that contained his hair: I shall never forget how she kissed it and cried over it."

"Ah, these city men!" exclaimed his benefactor—

"these men of gold and discounts—their hearts are like iron!"

"Surely, not all," observed the lawyer.

"All," repeated his client—"at least, in resolution, and that is nearly the same. Good-bye," he added, extending his hand to Richard. "Do not judge me till you are old enough to comprehend me: merit my bounty by your good conduct, and you shall find that accident has replaced your natural friends by one whose intentions, perhaps, are kinder than his words."

The tone of earnestness with which these words were spoken produced a singular impression upon Richard, who, yielding to an impulse he could scarcely understand, proffered his hand to him freely.

"God bless you, my poor boy!" said the gentleman, shaking it warmly: "we shall be excellent friends in time."

"He must restore me to my mother first," observed our hero, as he quitted the room. "I feel as if I could love him then."

"All in good time," said the lawyer, with a smile.

On their way to Southampton he informed his young companion that he had a favour to request of him.

"From me, sir?—oh willingly!"

"Hear it first," continued Mr. Morton. "From all that I have seen of you, I entertain the highest opinion of your truthfulness. I have a son, about your own age, who, for the last five years, has been a pupil at the same school you are going to."

"I am sure I shall like him!" exclaimed Richard.

"I trust you will; but that is not all. I want you to promise me never to name to him, without my permission, the circumstances under which you became acquainted with me. Should you refuse me," added the speaker, "I must seek another tutor for him."

"Not on my account," replied his charge. "I faithfully promise you."

The lawyer thanked him, and felt perfectly satisfied with his word.

Two days afterwards they arrived at their destination in Jersey, and the long neglected youth found himself the inmate of an elegant villa, from whose windows he could discover a picturesque view of St. Clement's Bay.

"O, how happy I should feel," he observed, as he parted with his travelling companion, "if—"

"There is always an 'if' in this world," interrupted Mr. Morton: "it is the condition of existence, the incentive to exertion; the mind would stagnate without it. When you feel disposed to give your word to your tutor not to run away, he has directions to make you a proper allowance of pocket money: till then you will be kept penniless."

"I shall never give it, sir, for I feel it is my duty to seek my parents."

The lawyer smiled.

"If the son resembles the father," thought Richard Markham, as he watched the departure of the steamer, "I shall be sure to like him. How will this all end? Is it a dream or reality?"

Such were the questions he frequently asked himself, as he walked to the villa, by the side of the Reverend Oneas Brown, who had already given instructions to the sheriff and officers of the port, to keep an eye upon him, should he attempt to escape from the island.

We trust our readers will not feel tired by the gadding propensities we have displayed. From the Channel Islands to Blackheath is no inconsiderable jump; and yet we must request them to make it.

The pen is a greater enchanter even than steam, and annihilates time and distance more quickly. Presto! the change is made; and instead of the picturesque rocks, the deep blue bays, and the almost Italian landscapes of Jersey, we are once more within a bird's-eye view of dear old smoky London, in the neighbourhood of Greenwich Park, the paradise of cockneys, pensioners, and nursery maids.

Every day Mr. Bently had been a visitor at the house of his friend, Peter Mangles, who, judging from the deep anxiety and affection he displayed, till the physician pronounced the crisis past and their patient out of danger, fondly anticipated a reconciliation between the stern parent and his offending child. It was the only recompense the kind old man either desired or dreamt of for his disinterested exertions.

Finding, however, that as the danger receded, the feelings of the merchant gradually cooled, and that he carefully avoided all allusion to the subject, the clerk resolved to put it to him in a form so unmistakably straightforward and plain, there could be no evading an explanation.

"This account, Richard," he said, "has been of many years' standing, and must have caused you many a sleepless night. I am sure it has me. Don't you think it is time to cross it out, write paid against it, and take poor Rachel to your heart again? Don't answer me yet," he added, hastily, not altogether satisfied with the expression which clouded the countenance of his hearer; "you have not heard half what I have to urge."

"I am willing to hear it," observed the merchant, calmly.

"That's right: nothing like patience in business. Remember how I unravelled Batt and Blindem's affair, which you wanted to close at once. Well, then, your child has suffered severely, paid a large dividend in tears and sorrow. The loss of her boy has almost broken her heart. Surely, Richard," he continued, "it is time to let bygones be bygones, and pass the sponge over the memory of the past."

"I am ready, nay, anxious, to forgive her," said Mr. Bently, deliberately; "to receive her to my home and affection once more."

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Peter Mangles, grasping his hand; "I always thought your heart was in the right place; only a little difficult to get at."

"On one condition," added the father of Rachel, deliberately.

The old man slowly repeated the words.

"That she separates from her worthless husband."

"Separates!" exclaimed Peter, in a tone of surprise and indignation. "You forget theirs is a partnership for life. Separate, when things are looking up, and George is reforming and earning his bread by honest industry! I told a lie, Richard: your heart is not in the right place to propose such a thing; and what is worse, I fear never will be. I'd sooner undertake," he added, "to get a bad bill discounted than try to move it again."

These reproaches were received more in sorrow than in anger by Mr. Bently, who perfectly understood the warm, impetuous nature of the speaker when his feelings were excited—a circumstance which very rarely occurred; for in all the ordinary affairs of life Peter Mangles was as cool as the world's friendship when poverty appeals to it, and prosaic as a column of figures in his ledger.

"Listen to me," said his employer; "I have heard you patiently."

Here the aged clerk gave a dissatisfied "Humph!"

"If George Markham had not proved himself utterly worthless, I could have extended my forgiveness even to him. You say he is earning his living by honest labour—granted; but how does he pass his nights? in the most profligate debauchery—in scenes of vice and shameless dissipation."

"Don't believe a word of it," interrupted his hearer.

"I have watched him," said the merchant.

"By your agents. Wouldn't trust one of them."

"Watched him myself," replied Richard Bently; "for I felt determined this time that conscience should not have a loophole to reproach me. I traced him night after night to dens where pollution holds her court, and drunkenness and dishonesty minister to her vile passions. You may imagine the agony, the shame I felt when convinced by the evidence of my own senses, that my child—my only one—was the wife of such a character, degraded by bearing his name, and still more by the tenacity with which she clings to him. I can understand the love," he added, "which braves the world's opinion, and even risks a parent's anger; but the love which survives respect is no longer worthy of the name; it has degenerated into passion—wild, ungovernable passion."

This was a sad blow to all Peter Mangles' hopes and expectations. Such a delightful picture as he had

painted to himself, of Rachel's reconciliation with her father, of having George once more in the counting-house, of training him to keep the books, and eventually succeeding to a share in the firm.

In all probability it was the only dream in his life that the old clerk had ever indulged in, and he measured his resentment against the husband of Rachel in proportion to his disappointment.

"The fool!" he muttered, bitterly, "the heartless fool! Had I heard this from any lips but yours, Richard, I could not have believed it. What! his son lost, his wife almost dying, and yet to—Ah! bad world—bad world! soon be in a state of bankruptcy, as far as goodness and integrity are concerned."

"Am I not right?" demanded his employer.

Peter reluctantly admitted that he was right. Still, there was a mental reservation in favour of his long and tenaciously held opinion that if George Markham had been treated kindly at the outset of his career, he would have proved himself a different man. With some reluctance, he undertook to be the bearer of the condition on which her father's forgiveness was to be obtained to his suffering guest.

"Why, Rachel!" he said—since she had been an inmate of his house, he generally addressed her by her Christian name—"how strong you are getting! Fifty per cent. better, at the very least, within the last week."

The sorrowing mother faintly smiled.

"I want to talk to you," he continued, "but not now, if you think it would fatigue you."

"Now!" exclaimed the invalid, nervously; "now; do not keep me in suspense. You have heard news of my poor lost boy."

The messenger shook his head, and a deep-drawn sigh betrayed how deeply she felt the disappointment.

"We shall find him in time," he observed, trying to look cheerful; "I am sure we shall. Never lost anything in my life—except those unfortunate securities," he added to himself.

"No news of my boy," murmured Rachel.

"Have you no one else to love?"

"George and—"

"Don't name him," interrupted the clerk, passionately. "He has disappointed me; upset all my calculations, and reversed all the plans I had laid to serve him—a heartless, worthless drunkard; a bad husband and a worse parent. No, Rachel, I did not come to speak of him, but of your father. You have only to say the word to be restored to his affections and to the home of your youth."

"Is my husband to share it?" demanded his hearer, greatly agitated.

"I tell you he is not worthy of it," replied Peter Mangles. "Whilst you have been suffering he has been dissipating—passing his nights in the vilest debauchery."

"No, no!" shrieked the agonised wife; "I cannot believe it."

A flood of tears came to her relief, and the kind old man wept for sympathy.

"It is but too true," he resumed; "your father watched him, night after night, to haunts I won't, in fact, I couldn't, describe to you, for I have not the faintest idea what they are like, but something very dreadful, no doubt, or Richard would not have felt so indignant. Rachel, you know how I stood up for George when all were against him; how I hoped, against hope, that he would one day reform and retrieve all. I now abandon him, and advise you, as your oldest friend, as one who loves you like a parent, to return to the home and affection of your father."

Rachel regarded him with a look so mournfully sad, that he half regretted the task he had undertaken.

"Would you lose both your children?" he added, pointing to Mary.

Peter had touched the chord aright. Maternal love could alone contend against the devotion of the wife. To save her remaining child from the misery and degradation which menaced her, she could have submitted to any sacrifice.

"I must see him!" she exclaimed.

"See whom—your father?"

"No. My husband," answered Rachel. "He must learn my resolution, and hear its justification from my lips. Had poverty and affliction fallen upon us through inexperience of the world or the dispensation of Providence, I could have endured them patiently, have toiled for him without a murmur or reproach. It is the crime which separates us, and not the suffering."

"Oh, the misery—the hopeless misery!" she continued, wringing her hands, "that attends the drunkard's wife. One by one, the illusions of her youth all vanish; and first terror, then disgust, supply their places, till her heart becomes the sepulchre of blighted feelings, which leave no tender

memories in their ashes. My boy has already been sacrificed. A mother's love," she added, "tells me to preserve his sister."

"And it tells you wisely, too," exclaimed Peter Mangles, struck by her firmness and decision. "Nothing like striking a final balance when the account is unsatisfactory."

Could he have witnessed the agony of tears which followed his departure from the room, the old clerk might have considered it advisable to leave it open a little longer, or, in other words, to have given her erring husband one trial more.

(To be continued.)

POVERTY AND GENIUS.

THE history of those who, by their genius and untiring energy, have taken the sting from poverty and won for themselves a place in the catalogue of the illustrious, must ever be interesting to the sons of toil. The greatness of real worth belongs to such characters; apart from high birth and proudly swelling titles, from the splendour of wealth and station, and frequently without the advantages of early education, the children of penury have marched on to honour, patiently triumphing over the obstacles which impeded their progress. The working man may well glory in the new and noble aristocracy which his gifted companions at the loom, the plough, and the anvil have helped to establish, and be stimulated by their example to show himself worthy of the fraternity to which he belongs. True to our mission of being "the working man's friend," and feeling assured that the subject will be deeply interesting to our readers, we intend devoting a portion of our space to the biography of the poor who have made for themselves an honourable name in the world during the last hundred years, selecting our examples, however, as they may occur, and not binding ourselves to chronological order.

Among the many children to whom the year 1754 gave birth was one George Crabbe.

In a gloomy hovel at Aldborough, in Suffolk, the subject of this sketch was born, and here, with pinching want and childish sorrow as his constant companions, in dread of a tyrannical father, and amid stern and lawless poachers and smugglers, the boy grew up.

His home was constantly saddened by his mother's tears and his father's threats, and the only happiness he enjoyed in his young days was when, alone on the sea-shore, he watched the ocean's majestic fury, or talked with the rough fishermen and sailors, who had a kind of gentle pity for the frightened-looking lad. The crazy house in which he lived, with its chambers projecting far over the ground floor, and with its windows so small that scarcely any light could enter, communicated its silent gloom to his young imagination, and made him timorous and distrustful. He was a son that many a man might and day would have blessed God for, but to his own father, accustomed to a bold sea-faring life, his mild, inoffensive disposition was contemptible. His father loved hardihood and daring, and had no sympathy for the weakness and dreamy moods of the youthful George. Frequently had the boy to hear such words as these: "That boy must be a fool!"

Under these hard circumstances the youthful poet of the poor grew up. In himself, however, he lived a life of thought and aspiration which yielded some pleasure to him; and he created for himself a little world of imagination, which all the harshness he received could not break up. His gentle character, his love of books, and his youthful attempts at poetry, made him an object of compassion, and even his schoolfellows would say to any one who wanted to excite him to a boyish quarrel, "You mustn't meddle with him; let him alone, for he has got learning." But notwithstanding his mildness of disposition, and his quiet submission to all insults and injuries, there was gradually deepening within him a firmness and power of endurance which enabled him to stand unmoved amid the heaviest trials of manhood, and to wait for the clear shining of the sun during long days of thickest darkness. The time came when he would not for any consideration have been without the sorrows of his youth, as the discipline which fitted him to bear without repining the colder neglect and contempt which he received in after life. Relinquishing the business which had been chosen for him without any due regard to his likes or dislikes, and having previously fallen in love with one who, after many years' waiting, became his tender wife, he determined to start for London, and try his fortune there as a young literary adventurer. Not without long deliberation, however, did he decide upon this step; to quote from his simple and touching autobiography;

—“Mr. Crabbe, after as full and perfect a survey of the good and evil before him, as his prejudices, inclinations, and little knowledge of the world enabled him to take, finally resolved to abandon his profession. His health was not robust, his spirits were not equal; assistance he could expect none, and he was not so sanguine as to believe he could do without it. With the best verses he could write, and with very little more, he quitted the place of his birth, not without the most serious apprehensions of the consequences of such a step.”

Borrowing a little money from a friend, he, with a hope that for a moment triumphed over his fear, left the home of his childhood to make a new one for himself. He had three pounds in his pocket wherewith to begin the world. It is more than likely that could he have lifted up the veil which concealed the future from his gaze, could he have seen the weary days and nights which awaited him, and the long-continued series of sorrows and disappointments attached to the career of an unknown candidate for fame in the great metropolis, he would have wavered in his resolution and remained at Aldborough; but with a wish that was a prophecy of coming power, he set out to win his spurs as a knight of the pen.

Behold him at length in London. At the basis of his quiet retiring character there was a modest independence of spirit which stimulated him to depend entirely on his own exertions for a livelihood, and such a conviction of the work best suited to his powers, that he would rather have starved in *that*, than have grown rich in an inferior one.

When, therefore, he came to town, he never told his friends in London how straitened his circumstances were; for as long as a poorhouse was open to him, so long would he have refused to become burdensome to his benefactors. He took an humble lodging in Bishopsgate-street, and began to apply himself to poetical compositions with the utmost diligence. In this lodging he remained for more than a year, during which time his chief study was to read all such books as he could command, and to take as full and particular a view of mankind as his time and finances would allow him to do. His evenings he spent in instructive and interesting conversations with men who afterwards became known as the most celebrated mathematicians of the time. He never allowed himself to be drawn away by the amusements which had such attractions for others. He gave his whole thought and attention to the business of his life—poetical composition; it was through this that he was determined to gain an honest and respectable livelihood. Having at length finished some poetical pieces, he with a trembling hand sent them off, first to one publisher, then to another, then to many, many more, but only received the most bitter rejections and disappointments. For a while these successive failures damped the ardour of his purpose; but a deep belief in his own powers, which has saved many a gifted man from despair, came again and again to his rescue. Magazine after magazine, publisher after publisher he approached, but without success; and his pecuniary resources being quite exhausted, he began to appeal to several noblemen who had been the professed patrons of literature and literary men, for assistance to carry out his idea. His anxious yet quite dignified and manly appeals were wholly disregarded; and it is a marvel that the young adventurer did not sink under these repeated trials and rebuffs. His purse at this time was reduced to five and sixpence; but so easily were his bodily wants satisfied, and so habituated had he become to self-denial, that what would have been beggary to another was wealth to him. “Cast down, but not destroyed,” our young poet, wearied out by the cold indifference of publishers, and so jaded in spirit that he had scarcely a spark of energy left in him, bethought himself of a man of genius, to whom in his extremity he resolved to appeal. It was EDMUND BURKE to whom he stated his position. His letter to this justly celebrated man had not a shadow of servility in it: he wrote to him as a good and great man to lend him his assistance, if he could with propriety do so. Honour to the name of Edmund Burke! Although at that period he was engaged, and hotly too, in the great parliamentary excitements of the hour, he immediately fixed an early day for an interview with the poor author, and with that interview began the day of George Crabbe's prosperity and success. Burke, with his keen perception and genial heart, penetrated into the real greatness of the young poet's mind, and generously sympathised with him in his distresses. From that moment the tide turned in his favour; he took it at the flood and rolled rapidly towards fortune, usefulness, and popularity; for the time came when the poor, friendless youth who went into Mr. Burke's room with his last shilling gone, received three thousand pounds from Mr.

Murray for the copyright of his poems. The very first use Crabbe made of his good fortune was to seek out and relieve poor scholars like himself, and never, to the last day of his life, did he omit, especially when he came to London, to minister to the wants of sons of genius, whose energies were cramped by poverty. Shortly after his introduction to Mr. Burke, by a remarkable dispensation of Providence, George Crabbe returned to Aldborough to labour as a clergyman for the first time in the place where he had pined and sorrowed as a boy. With what feelings must he have looked upon the home of his childhood. To use the language of his son—“He left his home a deserter from his profession, with the imputation of having failed in it from wanting even common abilities for the discharge of its duties—in the estimation of the rude natives, a ‘lubber’ and a ‘fool.’ He returned a man of acknowledged talents—a successful author, and a clergyman with every prospect of preferment in the church. His father had the candour to admit that he had underrated his poetical abilities, and that he had acted judiciously in trusting to the bent of nature, rather than persevering in an occupation for which he was, from the outset, peculiarly disqualified.”

As the friend and teacher of the poor, the subject of this sketch went from town to town and from village to village; and when, at length, he died, a monument was erected to his memory, by grateful friends, upon which was the following inscription:—

“Sacred to the memory of the Rev. George Crabbe, LL.B., who died February 3rd, 1832, in the 78th year of his age. Born in humble life, he made himself what he was. By the force of his genius he broke through the obscurity of his birth—yet never ceased to feel for the less fortunate; entering (as his works can testify) into the sorrows and deprivations of the poorest of his parishioners, and so discharging the duties of his station as a minister and a magistrate, as to acquire the respect and esteem of all his neighbours. As a writer he is well described by a great contemporary, as ‘Nature's sternest painter, yet her best.’”

“Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.”

LITTLE COURTESIES.

How much of meaning, of refinement, aye, of Christianity itself, there is in those little incidental attentions and politenesses which go a great way in making up the beauty of life!

We have known very many people—good, warm-hearted, and generous—who were capable of almost any act of self-sacrifice and abnegation, who would never have condescended to raise their hat to a lady, or offer her a glass of water, before drinking themselves. This is frequently the fault of a coarse-grained nature, but, perhaps, most often the result of early education. Indeed, we always think a man's manners are the “living epistle, known and read of all men,” of his mother's training. Habitual politeness can only make a man a thorough gentleman—a woman, a true lady. And this is most easily acquired in childhood, and in one's own household. If a boy be respectful and courteous to his sisters, he will be so to all women, so long as he lives; but if his intercourse with them be coarse, careless, abrupt, not softened and refined by a thousand nameless little attentions and graces, he will be rough, awkward—not fulfilling always the beautiful injunction of the apostle, “Be ye courteous to all men.” Then, too, outward refinement, influences and softens the inward character; for it is a law of our being that “expression intensifies the emotions and feelings.”

But this work, after all, lies with every mother in the land—in the world; and we can only hope that these hints may influence some to consider it.

THE HANDS.—One of the most common signs of want of breeding, is a sort of uncomfortable consciousness of the hands, an obvious ignorance of what to do with them, and a painful awkwardness in their adjustment. The hands of a gentleman seem perfectly at home without being occupied; they are habituated to the *dolce far niente*, or if they spontaneously move, it is attractively. Some of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers made playing with their sword-hilt an accomplishment, and the most efficient weapon of the Spanish coquette is her fan. Strength in the fingers is a sure token of mental aptitude. When Mutius burnt his hand off before the eyes of his captor, he gave the most indubitable proof we can imagine of fortitude; and it was natural that amid the ferocious bravery of feudal times, a bloody hand in the centre of an escutcheon should become the badge of a baronet of England.

THE DUMB CHILD.

A most affecting scene occurred some time ago in one of our metropolitan churches. An eloquent preacher was addressing his congregation on behalf of the deaf and dumb, who to the number of a hundred were seated before him. Suddenly pausing in one of his most eloquent and pathetic strains, he exclaimed, “But I will let *them* speak!” The mutes all rose, and looked for a few moments upon the spell-bound congregation. “I do not mock you,” cried the speaker, his face suffused with tears; “silence like this is eloquence!” And so it was. So, to the fond mother who speaks in the touching lines which follow, there was eloquence in every motion and gesture of the little one, although the ecstasies of sound had not yet been taught her by the angels.

She is my only girl:

I ask'd for her as some most precious thing,
For all unfinish'd was Love's jewel'd ring,
Till set with this soft pearl.
The shade that Time brought forth I could not see;
How pure, how perfect, seem'd the gift to me!

O, many a soft old tune

I used to sing unto that deaden'd ear,
And suffer'd not the lightest footstep near,
Lest she might wake too soon;
And hush'd her brothers' laughter while she lay.
Ah, needless care! I might have let them play!

'Twas long ere I believed

That this little daughter might not speak to me;
Waited and watch'd, God knows how patiently!
How willingly deceived:
Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,
And tended Hope until it starved to death.

O! if she could but hear

For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
To call me *mother*, in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! those seal'd lips never may be stirr'd
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries

To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;
Or lift those earnest eyes
To watch our lips, as though our words she knew—
Then move her own, as she were speaking too.

I've watch'd her looking up

To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,
And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,

The chorus of the breezes, streams, and groves,
All the grand music to which nature moves,
Are wasted melody
To her: the world of sound a tuneless void;
While even *Silence* hath its charm destroy'd.

Her face is very fair;

Her blue eye beautiful; of finest mould
The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold,
Ripples her shining hair.
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,
For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Wills He the mind within

Should from earth's Babel-clamour be kept free,
E'en that *His* still small voice and step might be
Heard at its inner shrine,
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?
Then should I grieve? O murmuring heart, be still!

She seems to have a sense

Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play.
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts; though I had once the fear
That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God, it is not so!

And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee.
Oh! at such times I know—
By his full eye, and tones subdued and mild—
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft

Even now. How could I say she did not speak?
What real language lights her eye and cheek,
And renders thanks to Him who left
Unto her soul yet open avenues
For joy to enter and for love to use!

And God, in love, doth give

To her defect a beauty of its own.
And we a deeper tenderness have known
Through that for which we grieve,
Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear,
Yea, and my voice shall fill it—but not here.

When that new sense is given,

What rapture will its first experience be,
That never woke to meaner melody
Than the rich songs of heaven—
To hear the full-toned anthem swelling round,
While angels teach the ecstasies of sound!

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

It is my purpose in these articles to excite in the breasts of my youthful readers a laudable ambition rightly to fulfil the grand design and end of their existence. I do not only want to excite Hopes, I am ready, so far as I can practically, to help in the realisation of these Hopes.

Now, I have endeavoured to show you in the last two articles, how to write. But there are many things more important than a good handwriting or an elegantly indited letter. The subject I want to draw your attention to at present, is that of the formation of your own character, a work which is pre-eminently superior to the writing of an alphabetic character, and yet is accomplished by the same sort of means, namely, the diligent imitation of beautiful examples.

The great purpose of human life is the formation of genuine character. There is a wonderful difference between character and reputation. A man may acquire a reputation for that which he does not really possess; but character is a reality, it is that which the man actually is in mind and heart. Character is what a man is; reputation is what he is thought to be. Character is within; reputation is without. Character is what gives a man value in his own eyes; reputation is what he is valued at in the eyes of others. Character is his real worth; reputation is his market price.

Character is that which we make for ourselves. We may inherit wealth, or be elevated to high positions; but we can never inherit a character, or never have it bestowed upon us: we must make it for ourselves. Our characters are in our own hands; we mould them at our will. We cannot, even if we would, shuffle off the responsibility.

Some say circumstances make character. In some instances they do. But who that is wise will trust them? It is the glory of man that he is superior to circumstances. If he trusts to them to form his character, he does it of his own free will. It is not necessary that circumstances should exercise such control. We yield, not because we are overcome, but because we do not try to oppose; and the fact remains the same, that we are voluntary agents—not the creatures of blind chance.

Character is essential to happiness.—Without a good character happiness is never known. All that exalts, ennobles, embellishes, and dignifies humanity, is blended in the beauty and the glory of a truly genuine character.

All the treasures of ten thousand worlds will not compare in value with one pure heart, for the production of all that is satisfying and blessed. They will not purchase peace, nor joy, nor sacred rest, nor the sweet tranquillity of an unsullied conscience, nor one single moment's real bliss. They can never be exchanged for those golden-gloried virtues that blossom all over a good character, like the blossoms on a thick bed of roses, and which are as rich in the sweet incense that the heart loves most, as the flowers are in refreshing fragrance.

The youth who places a proper estimate upon a good character has learned a lesson that is more valuable to him than anything else possibly can be. He has learned the source of his purest joys.

But the happiness and blessedness of a good character are not confined to the sunny chambers of its possessor. *Character is catching.* If one has a good character, he gives something of its goodness to all with whom he associates. If his heart is radiant with the light of virtue, that light gets out, and shines in upon the hearts of others. He can scarcely look at another without impressing some mark of his own character on the heart of the one upon whom he gazes. A man's face is almost always radiant with the light of his true character. Character, like murder, will out. It cannot long be concealed. You might as well attempt to chain the lightnings in the black caverns of the surcharged cloud, or put a hood over the great bright face of the sun, as to lock up a man's character from the sight of his fellows. God never designed that it should be. Character was made to be seen. It is the government of the soul; put on, not only for the comfort and convenience of the wearer, but for the pleasure of other people's eyes. It is not worn for self alone, for that would be mean, but for all by whom it is surrounded.

The possession of character makes us useful.—It is not necessary that we shall be public speakers, or writers, or functionaries, in order that our influence shall be felt about us. These outward means of influence are more direct and apparent, but not more positive and sure. Our looks, our words, our actions

even our silence, speak of our characters. We are impressing ourselves upon others. Our seniors, our equals in age and standing, and even the little children about us, are receiving impressions of our characters. We are breathing a silent but strong influence into many a soul, which goes direct from our characters. Are not our responsibilities fearful, so great and constant is our influence? And hence the vast, the inexpressibly vast, importance of possessing good characters.

Our characters are not for ourselves only, but for others. If they make us happy, they produce a similar happiness in the minds of all with whom we associate, differing only in degree. Think of our friends, relatives, and neighbours about us, the dear little children, the circles in social and business life we enter daily, weekly, yearly; think how many we meet with, speak with, and thus influence, from year to year, all through our lives, and then calculate the amount of influence we exert upon the world.

Would we do good to the world? Then let our characters be formed after the most perfect pattern within our attainment; for character is the most powerful instrumentality within our possession. It is not so showy or noisy as wealth, or station, or fame, but it is more grand and vigorous in the silent tread of its march among human hearts. Power chiefly rests in the things that are least bustling and noisy. The world looks upon the lightning as it leaps from the cloud upon the tree, or racks and splinters it into atoms, as a strong expression of power; but not a tithe so powerful is it as that electrical vigour, which in silence spreads the earth all over with flowers, and fruits, and herbage, and holds in its still grasp the worlds that play their game of grandeur in the blue sea above us. Should a vagrant comet in mad fury burst against our earth, and jostle our planet a few feet from the century-beaten track, we should startle in gaping awe at this tremendous manifestation of power; but what would that be, compared with the silent but sleepless potency of the calm old sun who holds his retinue of worlds in serene and solemn submission, and clothes them all in annual verdure and animation?

So it is, the things most silent and unseen, are the most powerful. Our characters are these silent sources or means of power, unseen by the visible and ambitious eye of the world, which God has permitted us to form and wield for the benefit of mankind. Let others shake the earth with an army's tread, sit on thrones, or harangue in senates; be it mine to mould a character that God shall honour and keep unsullied in its beauty and strength, to bear about me whenever I walk among my fellows.

In the formation of a good character, everybody can bless the world while they are blessing themselves, can give a glorious charity while they keep it, can impart wisdom while they obtain it, can make others rich while they are enriching themselves. While it is the best and only sure way in the world to do good unto others, it is the easiest. It requires no money, no loss of time, or sleep, or strength, but will rather add to all of these. It is so easy, that it is within everybody's reach. There is not, perhaps, a youth in the country that may not thus become a public benefactor. In blessing himself with a good character, he blesses the world with a good influence and example, besides the good he does in outward acts of goodness.

The inducements for the formation of a good character are almost innumerable. Among these the respect of the world should not be forgotten. All people love to be respected. To obtain respect, one must possess a good character. The world respects goodness, and does it honour. No matter where it is found—in the palace or hovel—it will be respected. Every man has an inward reverence for goodness. He meets it with a feeling of awe. He pays a willing tribute to virtue. Nothing on earth is more beloved, esteemed, and honoured in the world's great heart than a noble youth,—one whose character is pure, whose aims are high, whose life is a moral essay. Men delight to do him good, to aid him, to give him place, preferment, office, or anything that he may desire at their hands. Bad men will respect him: villains will "lie low" in his presence, and assume the outward garb of good men; and they, too, will vie with each other in doing him good. It is glorious to have the unlimited confidence and respect of all who know us, and to feel that such confidence is not misplaced. It is a thought that an angel may cherish in purity. To be conscious of being beloved for our real worth, respected and honoured for the excellency of our characters, is a happiness rich and hallowing in its influence.

But let the youth fix it in his mind as a fact, unalterably and everlastingly true, that this respect cannot be gained without a good character. He

cannot deceive the world with respect to his true character. It will out. And if he has deceived for awhile, he will be all the more despised when he is found out. A character stainless as truth, sweet as goodness, upright as the soul of honesty, is the only thing with which to secure and hold the world's respect.

Then, again, he wants his *own respect*. The sweetest thing in earth is self-respect. To know that one is pure, is honest, is clean in the sight of God and man, is a solid comfort; and though all men forsake and slander, and abuse, it is a strength immovably sure and peaceful. Not for the world's gold, and wealth, and honours, and kingdoms, would a true man sell his self-respect; for while he has this, he cannot be altogether miserable, but will be happy. With a genuine, well-grounded self-respect, a man walks the earth in the dignity of a god. A dastard and a coward is he who has not self-respect.

Again, let the youth fix it as a fact that he must *make his own character*. It is a work which God has wisely consigned to him. No other can do it for him. Character is the unseen spirit-garment that one's own thoughts and feelings weave about his soul with invisible fingers.

In the formation of character look at the Great Example, the model given to us for our imitation. Our Saviour himself has set us an example that we should follow in his steps. The human character of Christ was the purest and noblest that the world ever saw. We needed such a pattern. Rules of conduct had been laid down before, but no man had been able to illustrate in his own person the lessons inculcated by their teachings. Christ did this. Divine as well as human, he dwelt amongst us to show what God is, what man should be. He occupied a humble position in life; he knew all the trials and temptations of an ordinary existence, the bitterness of poverty, the contumely of great men, the treachery of false friends, and the caprice of the multitude, and through it he preserved the same beautiful perfection of character, the same glorious symmetry of motion and action, in all places and under all circumstances.

Though this topic is more fit for a grave pulpit sermon than a slight paper like this, to leave out referring to the Great Model set before us for the formation of our characters, would be to omit the most important truth of all. In the formation of character, then, look to the Saviour as the model, and seek that divine help without which nothing is good, nothing is holy, and nothing is permanently successful.

REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

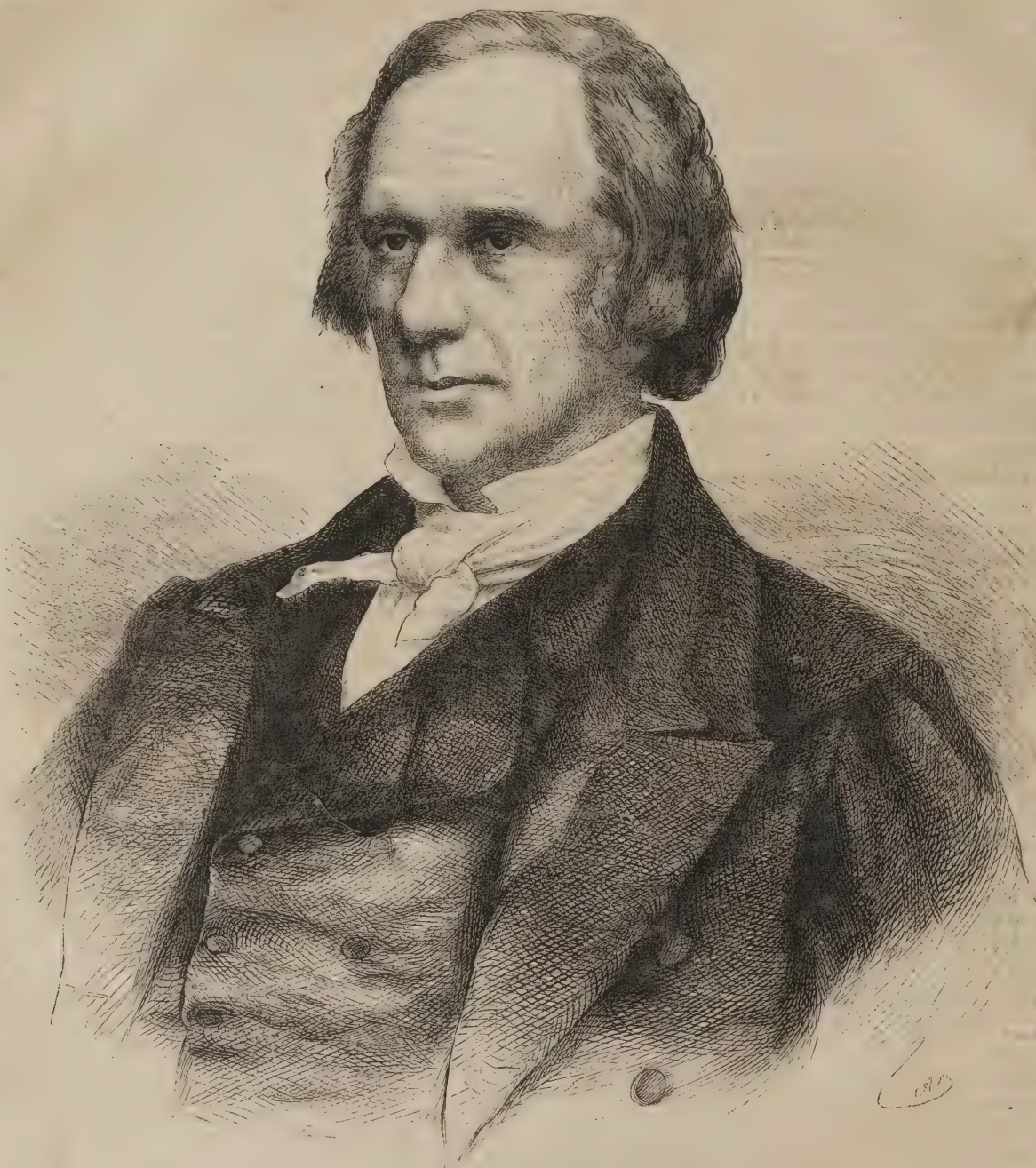
The subject of our sketch, who has now, for many years, held so high a place in public estimation, as a preacher, a philanthropist, and a patriot, was born in the year 1800, in the town of Brechin, in Forfarshire, where his ancestors have resided for many generations. The family from which Dr. Guthrie is descended is one of the oldest and most respectable in Forfarshire; its founder, we are informed, having settled in that county as early as the reign of Malcolm Canmore.

After acquiring the elementary branches of education at a school in his native town, Thomas Guthrie entered the University of Edinburgh at the very early age of twelve years. When he had remained the usual period at the University, he left Edinburgh for Paris with the benevolent design of acquiring such a knowledge of medicine and surgery as would enable him, in after life, to render gratuitous assistance and relief to his future parishioners. After attending a number of the medical classes in the French University, he returned to Scotland, and was presented, by his noble friend and patron, the late Lord Panmure, to the parish of Arbirlot, in the neighbourhood of Arbroath. Here Mr. Guthrie laboured with great diligence and much success for several years, until his fame as a preacher induced the magistrates and town council of Edinburgh, in the year 1837, to offer him a charge in their city,—an offer he eventually accepted.

Removed to this new and most important field of labour, Mr. Guthrie entered on his work with an earnestness and a zeal which, from that hour to this, have never flagged. He at once rose into popularity as a most original, striking, and impressive preacher.

Our limits will not permit us to attempt a description of Dr. Guthrie as a preacher, even if we were adequate to the task. To form anything like a correct idea of his extraordinary powers as a speaker, he must be heard. On this subject we shall only observe that, whether in the pulpit or on the platform, he is equally at home, equally great in both, and, we are almost tempted to say, equally *unrivalled* in both. We know no living man who combines to such an

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

extent the talent of wielding the passions and emotions of a Sabbath assembly with that of swaying the feelings and touching the hearts of a week-day audience. Whether it be to move his hearers to laughter or melt them to tears, he is alike effective. Indeed, in these respects we consider him unequalled by any man of the age; certainly by any man in his own country.

Speaking of the doctor's eloquence, we may observe that the talent of public speaking seems hereditary in his family. Mr. Guthrie, the minister of Stirling, an ancestor of the subject of our notice, was as remarkable for his power as a speaker, as for his ability as a divine, and his lofty patriotism and fearless independence as a citizen. And of Mr. William Guthrie, it may be justly said, that, as an orator and a divine, he was even superior to his illustrious relative, Mr. James Guthrie, if we may credit the testimony of contemporary historians, who pronounce him to have been the greatest divine and the most eloquent preacher of his day.

We have already said that Dr. Guthrie is amazingly popular. Look at his Ragged Schools—those noble

monuments of his patriotism as well as of his philanthropy!—those blessed asylums for the hungry, and the naked, and the heart-broken, and the neglected, homeless, friendless orphans and outcasts amongst the juvenile population of our large towns and cities.

The Doctor has worked hard in the Ragged School cause; and his labours have been attended with great success. He has not only sought to communicate instruction to the ignorant, but to provide a home for the homeless, and food for the hungry. These efforts have been productive of incalculable benefits to the poor.

The space allotted to us in this article, will only admit of a passing allusion to the efforts of Dr. Guthrie in the cause of Temperance. For the right understanding of these, we beg to refer our readers to his noble book, "The City: its Sins, and its Sorrows," a work we have read again and again, with indescribable emotion; and which, were we rich enough, we would place in the hands (we know it will soon find its way to their hearts) of all who "love their kind" and their country.

In conclusion, we may remark that Dr. Guthrie is proverbial for his kind-heartedness and generosity; and is as much beloved for his social as for his public virtues. To see Dr. Guthrie to perfection, you must see him in the bosom of his family. There he is truly delightful. Admirable as he is in public, he is, if possible, still more admirable in private life: there he is the loving father, the courteous host, the brilliant, witty, instructive "conversationist," the fascinating companion, and the kind, generous, affectionate, and sympathising friend.

Such is the truly good and great man of whom our sketch is but a feeble portraiture. Although comparatively still a young man—for he is but little more than fifty—he has already won for himself a renown second only to that of the immortal Chalmers. His name has become a "household word" in Scotland, and will be "embalmed" in the page of imperishable history, and go down to posterity along with those of Chalmers, Henderson, and Knox.

Long may he be spared to his family, his congregation, to suffering humanity, and the Christian world!



THE FINAL ASSAULT OF DELHI.

THE TAKING OF DELHI.

DELHI, the doomed city, as our readers all know, has fallen. As of Babylon, in the mighty denunciations of the Apocalypse, we may say of her, "In one hour is thy judgment come." The headquarters of the rebellion are destroyed, and our brave men pursue the flying miscreants from post to post, from stronghold to stronghold; and, despite the croakings of various prophets of evil, we may confidently hope soon to see an end of the terrible struggle that has been raging so furiously for the last few months.

The siege of Delhi was carried on under peculiar difficulties. General Wilson had an arduous task to fulfil. He could not regularly invest the place; he could only hold, with a small army, a fortified position in front of an enemy four or five times superior in numbers to his own brave followers. On three sides of the city the mutineers could come and go as they chose; and every sortie our gallant men were called upon to repulse increased their difficulties and diminished their strength. But with the most praiseworthy energy the operations were pushed on day and night. Not an hour was wasted in doubt and indecision; not a measure was taken but what had been suggested by vigilant care and forethought. So that when at length Sir John Lawrence was enabled to bring up the siege train, the batteries had been already erected, and it remained only to put the guns in position and open a fire upon the rebellious city.

For a week we battered the walls with cannon; then one grand rush made us masters of Delhi. Considering the strength of the defences and the advantages possessed by their rascally defenders, in the way of European arms and discipline, the success is almost unexampled. When Clive won Plassey a hundred years ago, when Wellesley conquered at Assaye, they had indeed to fight against vastly superior numbers, but not against men trained and taught to use their arms and to manœuvre by English officers. There were other circumstances in the case that contributed to the difficulty of our position. Some of the Sepoys

fought with the courage of despair. They knew they had nothing but a well-merited death to expect at the hands of the nation they had betrayed, and seemed determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

The attack itself gave occasion for one of those displays of heroism of which the Crimean war offered so many examples. The blowing up of the Cashmere-gate, by Lieutenants Salkeld and Home, assisted by three gallant sergeants and a bugler, is an act of daring courage which ought to immortalise the names of all who contributed to the glorious achievement. Full in the face of a murderous fire of musketry, did these gallant men advance. Deliberately, and with the precision of a manœuvre on parade, did they fix the powder-bags on the doomed gate; and not till he had been twice severely wounded, did the noble young Lieutenant Salkeld resign the match with which he was to have set fire to the train, into the hands of a sergeant. Two of the non-commissioned officers, Burgess and Carmichael, were shot dead; Lieutenant Home, seeing the slow match well alight, threw himself on the ground, and, marvellous to relate, escaped unhurt. Bugler Hawthorn blew a stirring blast; and, with characteristic caution, repeated the summons thrice, that there might be no mistake. Then, with a mighty cheer, the British columns advanced. A tremendous explosion shook the earth, and the bodies of forty mutilated Sepoys lay crushed among the fragments of the Cashmere-gate. Then the decisive rush was made; and the siege of Delhi was over.

The loss on our side was very heavy. A third of the number engaged in the assault are returned as killed or wounded. But never was victory more opportune or more important. Coming just when some of the Bombay regiments were beginning to grow unsteady—when a trying reverse might have converted many a doubtful friend into an open foe—the capture of Delhi has been to this war what the taking of Sebastopol was to the strife in the Crimea; the one triumph necessary to establish our prestige, and set the question of the superiority of the British soldier permanently at rest.

With the success we have already achieved fresh in our recollection, and our gallant troops pouring into India, regiment following upon regiment, it would, we think, be more than cowardly to doubt the ultimate result of the conflict. The shout of victory seems still to ring in our ears from Delhi; and if there was needed any stimulus to nerve our soldiers to the work they have yet before them, their arms would be strengthened and their breasts steeled, as they shouted the stern war-cry that rang through Delhi's blood-stained streets,—“Remember the women!—remember the babies!”

LATSON.

BY
FELIX STOWE.

CHAPTER X.

A WEDDING GIFT.

“Ring it out, then, dear bells, fast and loud!
Ring it out, then, dear bells, fast and loud!
Ring it out, then, dear bells, fast and loud!”
Joined!
Joined!
“Ring it out, then, dear bells, fast and loud!”
Joined!

So spake the belfry of an old Wiltshire church, on a February day—yes, a Wiltshire church, but not the Soresby one, where Dan and Cicely stopped and looked at the plain stone, beside the gravel-walk. That marriage, they thought, should be delayed—and they delayed it. Dan didn't use the words, but he thought them, I can tell you, that even if he had got work that very hour, when Cicely forgave him, it would only be decent that he should go through a sort of quarantine, before ever he could, with any face, call that ill-used girl by such a gentle, euphonious name as Mrs. Stuggs.

I don't believe, that if he had been offered, that moment, a berth of a thousand a year for reading the *Times* from ten till four in Somerset House, he would have consented to lead his bride to the altar

a quarter of an hour earlier than he did. He would have been ashamed of it.

No; this clang of bells is from the tower of the church which enjoys the high distinction of receiving the worship, once every two Sundays, in a great square pew, of the Honourable Colonel Hugh Latson. The pew is rather more like a tolerably sized staircase landing, than a pew. The carpet is of that order, only rather more worn than you generally see in a great man's house.

For, be it remembered, the colonel made no pretension whatever to any religious anxieties—there was that to be said in his favour. The Blance pew, in the same church, was a different affair. Besides which, they had a private chapel under the castle roof. On the walls of this pew (or rather chapel, for it would have held a small congregation easily), there were the slabs, the memorial slabs of different members of the family.

Here was one who had died, an officer, in action, at the battle of Toulouse. Another had been drowned accidentally somewhere in India. Another (a young lady) had been found dead in her bed, and under her bust in relief, was the motto, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." Another (with a very large tablet and a great number of cherubs) had sunk under his duties, as a private secretary of the great Earl Chatham.

In fact it was a most unexceptionable pew; and the sexton, if he had found anybody inside it looking at the monuments without his own introduction, would have lost all heart, and taken to his bed as a ruined man.

The church was about midway between Latson Towers and the residence of the lady; and the tenantry on both estates had lined the road as the fine grays, pair after pair, rushed (for all wedding horses do rush) up to the church gates.

And now the prayers are said, and the vows uttered, and the names signed; and the first couple appear returning through the porch, taking their happy road over the carpet spread along the walk, and among the very few flowers the season permits the little village girls to scatter in their way.

They do tell us that nothing at a wedding is so unlucky—certainly few things are so unwelcome—as the sight of a funeral.

For our own part, we would rather meet at a wedding of ours, the twelvemonth's funerals of all London, one by one in procession, than meet what that bridal party met that morning.

Just as the first couple were about to re-enter the first carriage, there stepped out from the crowd a bent and withered form, with head uncovered, and straggling white hairs falling over his shoulders. The old man carried with him his trusty staff; and be sure that while he nervously handled the top of that stiff strong weapon, it took all the old man's memory of his promise, and all his love for Joyce that made him keep it, to restrain him from cutting that honeymoon very short, or sending the gentleman to pass it among the doctors.

But the old man did nothing of the kind. A voice came up to him from the next churchyard—

"Promise me that you will never hurt him."

If Latson's heart had been fashioned of the ordinary material, we should have said that this promise, though kept in the letter, was broken by the old man in the spirit of it.

For certainly what followed would have hurt the majority of men at such a time.

Holding both hat and stick in his left hand, the poor old father came and tottered up to Latson's side, just as he was going to place his lady in the carriage, and with his right hand he respectfully held out a gold ring, quite as good and quite as small as the other that had just been disposed of in the church.

"Please to take it, sir," Claymore muttered in the bridegroom's ear. "We didn't like her to go down to the grave with a lie in her hand, so her mother sends it where it belongs. God help you, lady!—God help you, lady!" he added in a louder voice to Ethel, and was gone, before Latson had mustered self-possession enough either to refuse the offering or to reply.

The paleness on his cheek was only for a moment, and then he laughed it off to her, as they dashed along, telling her, with his usual facility in a lie—

"I forgot the old fellow for the moment. He has only brought back, in a tiff, a sovereign I gave his daughter the other day, when I was obliged to send her about her business at the Towers. I gave the girl a sovereign, through the housekeeper, and this worthy Methuselah, it seems, prefers his pride to his pocket—aha!"

And the happy pair went one road, and the broken-hearted father went another.

And while the gondolier is humming low music over foreign lakes, when the milder weather returns,—

and while the whip of the diligence cracks and wakes the echoes of the Jura,—and when, amidst loud rejoicings, and through green arches, the happy pair come back, after months of foreign travel,—neither rain nor ice has rubbed out those two letters from the slab in Soreby churchyard. But now and then, a penitent visits it, and a penitent's wife comes, too, and murmurs over it, loving and beloved—

"There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

CHAPTER XI.

NUMBER NINETEEN.

RUTH WOLFELD would have been the very last person in the world to draw the distinction that was drawn by the charitable charwoman, between "poor folks" and "millionary" people.

It certainly was not any absurd idea that dress-making raised her above her neighbours, that first led her to take to it. She knew better. She knew that, in the books of etiquette, which you cannot buy at the shops, but which are learned by heart, in kitchens and in sculleries, and by hall-porters in their chairs (like sedans with the fronts off), any housemaid, second, third, or fourth, is ranked above the dressmaker, i.e., the dressmaker who "goes out." Nay, Ruth knew very well how her excellent neighbour herself would have spoken, not only of, but as a dressmaker, if she had been scrubbing or washing, where Ruth was gone for a day's sewing.

We cannot explain it—we only know it is so, that a duster and a long broom are just as proud over a needle and a thimble, as a carriage and pair would be over a donkey-gig; and that a little dab of a cap, scoring a ribbon, at the back of the head, or a night-cap with strings that never tie, would as soon associate with the neat side-combs and the humble top-knot of "Miss Wolfeld come for to stitch," as a duke's coronet would with the motto-seal "Keep within compass," or "I envy my letter."

We said we couldn't explain it. We half think we can. The dressmaker is above the cook, and certainly above the charwoman, in the view of the lower half of the middle classes; and this is an offence. And as the dressmaker never complains, she frequently has a hard time of it, where her employers fail to protect her.

Then, besides, the "young woman" stitching in the nursery, or in the spare bedroom, always makes a little extra work, though she tries to make as little as she can. And to clean after a dressmaker is, especially to your London servant, just what you would feel to be shaking hands with a crossing-sweeper.

Let no decent, humble, quiet housemaid—of which class there are thousands in the land—fancy we have overlooked her. We say the same about domestic servants that we have said above about some other classes, viz., that it is a noble thing, a thing to make one proud of dear England, that, with so few comforts and so many trials, in kitchen as elsewhere, humble industry is working away, and serving its Maker.

Meek and quiet Mary or Martha, we don't mean you.

But you have sisters, depend upon it, to whom this part of our narration would look like no fiction, but a cruel tell-tale.

Yes; and we could improve a little upon this statement, and say that there is many a family in this highly respectable country, where the housemaid is the mistress even of the governess.

Many and many a family could we tell of where the well-born young lady whose father's death without a will, gave every shilling to a kind, elder brother, save a little to mamma, has thought it right, and independent, and honourable (all which it is) to go out and earn, rather than make her mother's little less, and be thought a bore by the heir-at-law, who promised her a pound a quarter pocket-money; we say we could tell of many a family where this lady, in every sense a lady, could go to court and bow, without a quaver of discontentment, to the queen of these kingdoms, but who could not ask the housemaid in the family for a flat candlestick, without her heart coming up into her mouth.

This, ladies and gentlemen, we take leave to tell you, is one of the crying abominations of England's social life—an abomination against which we here record our solemn purpose, if ever we have a chance, summarily to deal with and put down. If it should ever happen to us to require a governess, and by careful scrutiny we perceive that she is pilloried by Mary Ann or by John Thomas, from the day of that discovery Mary Ann makes no more beds for us—John Thomas buys no more hair-powder on our account. Besides which, to compensate for the past insult, Miss Lansdowne shall have an advance of salary—and

instead of teaching English and five other languages for £9 10s. per year, she shall have 10s. extra; and, missing the languages, be required only to teach our children to love their neighbours as themselves.

We sincerely apologise for saying here a word that may read like patronage of nearly the worst treated class in English society. We disclaim utterly the intention. What we wish is, that managers of households looked more closely after people whom they are pleased to think of as dependents; and as to servants, we wish the mistress looked after their side smirks and petty impertinences, as well as into their boxes when silver spoons are missing, and besides slipping in unawares at the backfloors when followers are suspected; and above all we wish that the entire race of daily governesses, and daily dressmakers too (we only mention them together because they are equally the victims of wrong in the parlour and kitchen)—we only wish they would form themselves into one grand glorious league, and calmly announce to the families of Great Britain, their intention to be regarded, for all time to come, as the sisters of the mistress, and the temporary mistresses of the maid; this denied them, we should like to see an act of parliament endowing them, one and all, with a free passage, and a competency, till they made it for themselves, wherever they liked to settle—in the Canadas or in Australasia.

Now, Ruth, as we have said, was conscious of no social superiority, as compared with her neighbour. She knew that she wrought every whit as hard as the charwoman; and she had only taken to work at home, because of the very treatment we have denounced; treatment which her next door neighbour would never have endured without letting them "know" (as she would have phrased it) "a little bit of her mind."

There was one place, for instance, to which Ruth used to go for a day's sewing, where the two servants were in the habit of setting her to eat her meals from a dresser by herself, and serving her with the scraps that came down on the plates of the family.

On one occasion, the poor girl ventured to ask for an additional supply. She was assisted from the cook's plate; and when, next morning, the mistress inquired for the cold meat that was to serve for another dinner, the answer was—

"Cold meat, m'm!—yes m'm—if you'd please to let us know how much that ere Miss What's-her-name is to have, for, as true as I stand here, Jane and I helped that blessed chit four times yesterday, from the best part of the leg."

So when Ruth went on the next occasion, she was visited by the lady of the house after this manner:—

"I think, Miss Wolfeld, considering the sedentary life you lead, less animal food would really be better for you. At least it would be better for me. I really can't afford it. Suppose we say sixpence a day more, and you bring your own dinner. How will that be?"

"Thank you, ma'am," said the girl, "I'll do so next time I come."

When the lady had taken her departure, Ruth remaining—"Jinny," said the cook, "I say, speak for a bit of that tripe which comes next week: I'm sick at the thoughts on it. You'll bring plates, too, miss, if you please—we're rather short of dishcloths here."

"I'll remember to bring a plate," Ruth said, to the loud amusement of the kitchen ladies.

At another house she was permitted to sit at the table of her employer, which was a very high distinction. And so there was an opportunity for being told, every meal, when to resume work, which was another distinction.

"We will excuse you, I think, Miss Wolfeld." And this, when Master William Henry, aged five, has had two "helpings" of meat and three of pudding, —Miss Wolfeld half a one of each.

Somewhere else, Ruth had gone into the sitting-room to ask a question necessary to her work, and found a fine lady sitting with her mistress, a lady whom the mistress delighted to honour. "Ah!" said the woman to her visitor, "yes, this is the person I spoke to you about, whose father died the other day. Poor thing, her mother is going too, I suppose, eh, Miss Wolfeld? Yes, now, that will do, I'm engaged at present." And before the door was shut, Ruth heard her add, "I would give out the work, you know, my dear, but she comes for a mere song, and eats like a sparrow."

And so it came to pass, that Ruth "went out" no more. She very wisely considered, that a shilling a day and her "keep," were bad terms for twelve hours' hard work, and a dog's life into the bargain. Dog! we should have liked to see anybody speak to Punch or Dash, as this gentle girl was spoken

to, equally by vulgar scullery, and by more vulgar parlour.

However, at the time when we made her acquaintance, in the character of another Pharaoh's daughter, Ruth and her mother were just making a living between them. The old woman could sew very little, but she did the rougher work that took less eyesight, and had the charge of the household income and expenditure (save the mark!).

Everybody liked the old woman. She was the very model of cleanliness and neatness, and passed among the neighbours as "little Starchy." Perhaps her shyness at making new friends had also something to do with her title.

Her part in the new arrangements rendered necessary by the coming of little Hugh into the household, was of course that of chief nurse. For Ruth had, more than ever, to ply the needle. But still, it was not a rare thing for those gentle arms to inclose the baby, and yet manage to be doing something at the ends, for their daily bread. In fact, the child never missed its mother, and if Joyce could have lifted that heavy slab in Soresby churchyard, and stolen a watchful look at her little Hugh in the stranger's house, she would have seen that an angel had really found out her Ishmael, and "God had heard the voice of the lad, where he was."

One of the greatest treats the poor woman had in the course of the year, was when old Claymore managed to get up to town, which was very seldom, and paid them a visit to see how it fared with his grandson. They were very high days indeed at number nineteen. It was generally known a week before, when the old man was coming, and it cost Ruth an hour or two's extra hard stitching, that they might have some little better fare than common, when the dear old traveller got in. He always came laden with plenty of presents from Arland—little dresses of the old grandmother's make, and all sorts of nick-nacks that children are supposed to like, both for the palate and for play.

"It's nearly time," said the grandfather, one day when he sat with the child, now nearly two years old, and the slightest, whitest, quietest little creature that perhaps ever was nursed, "it's nearly time we gave thee some name, my lad, as well as Hugh, isn't it?"

"Won't his name be Claymore?" asked the old woman.

"Never!" said the old man. "I'd rather call him Latson than that."

"Then call him Church," said little Ruth, as she went back in her dear, kind thoughts to the little bundle on the stone pavement, that Sunday night.

"Church—Hugh Church—not so bad, not so bad," said the grandfather, taking him by the chin gently, and lifting up his little thoughtful face, so that their eyes met, and kissing, as he always took care to do, that pretty, short, upper lip, all by itself, he named the boy "Hugh Church."

And we hope no reader is ashamed to learn, what certainly we are very glad to tell, that before the old man left that night, for his quiet lodging, and after little Hugh was safe and silent in his cot, those three knelt down round about him as he lay asleep; and the grandfather prayed, heart and soul, for the future of his daughter's child. No worship was ever truer in the temple than that which had just given to the boy his name. They prayed to be forgiven their trespasses, as they forgave those that trespassed against them. They prayed for Ruth, that she might have strength to work for the family, and grace to bring up the child well; for the old woman present, and the old woman alone at home. Yes, and they prayed for Ethel, the great Lady Ethel, that she might live happier than some one else had lived! and then,—was there any one besides? Yes, they prayed for the Honourable Hugh!—prayed, because they thought that some spirit in the chamber was telling them to pray for him—that infinite mercy would not lay his sins to his charge; that he might live long enough to be forgiven, and to make somebody the happier for his living, which he had never done for one moment in his life, yet. And then their hearts went up and their tears fell for the poor motherless boy, who breathed soft responses, though in slumber, as the old man finished, "*Lead him not into temptation, but deliver him from evil.*"

CHAPTER XII.

FULFILLS A PROPHECY.

THERE WAS not one prayer too many offered, in that low London room, for the comfort and the happiness of the Lady Ethel.

Ye who read, from day to day, the newspaper stories of ruffians brought before magistrates, for half-murdering, or quite murdering, the wretched

creatures whom the law calls their wives,—beware how ye think, that all the woe of married life festers and bleeds in dark cellars, or in garrets that let in the rain! Pokers and pewter-pots are not the only symbols of human faithfulness to the vow, "for better for worse, to love and to cherish," and a man may knock down a woman in another sense besides that which obtains for him the familiar six months (which ought to be six years) at the oakum-picking.

Ethel had hardly ceased to think herself a bride, when she found all this out.

And yet, we are not going to say that Latson loved her less than he would have loved another wife. He probably loved her quite as much as he could love any one. It was not merely for the sake of the alliance, which was certainly a step upwards,—nor yet to see a pretty woman at the head of his table, that Latson married. No, nor yet merely because Ethel had the reputation of being hard to catch, and because he boasted that he never was beaten in anything he undertook.

No, if you can imagine that Latson could love without *himself existing* at the same time, then it might be said, that Latson loved his wife. As it was, he loved himself; and nobody found any love from him, or ever would find any, except what was reflected, so to speak, from his own deep self-love. Ethel, at first, made him proud of her, and this served to keep him bearable and her happy, for a little while—a very little while.

It is the evening of the day after the countess's funeral. For she had been gradually growing worse ever since Ethel left, on being married. And at the end of the eighth month, and when the bride and bridegroom had been settled but two or three weeks at The Towers, the old family vault had been opened under the Blance pew; and the bell which had spoken deepest on the wedding day, when the peal fired out, "*Joined!*" had now spoken all by itself, as the black spectacle drew up where the white one had been, at the church gates, and every minute the muffled tongue said, "*Doomed!*" as if under its breath, and as if shy at telling the village that a countess was not immortal.

And the crimson velvet is obliged to make friends with the stone shelf down in the vault—and the little oil lamp has done flickering on the brazen handles, and is carried up again—and the flagging and the flooring look all as right as ever, in the great pew; and the old sexton thinks the church looks "quite naytural like" in its black cloth once more, and goes forth among the neighbours to tell the little he knew, and the much he didn't know, of the deceased, "my lady."

It is the evening of the next day.

Outside The Towers, of course, every one supposes there is deep grief within.

And so there is in one room.

For, although Ethel had thought herself long prepared for being left motherless, no one has ever yet been prepared for that black week between a death and a funeral; and, worse still, for the blank when undertakers are all gone, and the blinds are drawn up, as if nothing had happened.

Maude is sitting with her, in a small library—the usual after-dinner room when there was no company; and they are looking over some papers of their late mother's, ready for a conference with the family solicitor to-morrow. They have neither father nor brother to attend to these matters, and many things have yet to be arranged.

Where is Latson?

He is in deep mourning, with three or four like-minded ones, who are not particular about the etiquette of such seasons, in the billiard-room. And Ethel can hear the loud cannons (not of the balls, she is too far off, but) of her husband's laughter. Aye, and they are double-shotted, and are pointed at her; and they hit her, too, as the tender partner of her sorrows joins in a new joke, or hears a new story, for anything she knows by this time, at her own expense.

"Well, but, dearest Letty," Maude said, as they put away the papers for the night, both bursting into fresh tears, "well, but remember how hard it goes with me, when I have just lost my last comfort—at least, last save you. Providence married you just in time, Letty."

For, whatever Maude had said by way of caution, she was not the girl to whisper a syllable of upbraiding now.

And Ethel heaved the deepest sigh she had heaved yet; and then, suddenly threw herself on her sister's neck, and sobbed as if on the verge of violent hysterics, while Maude tenderly checked her, supposing this

new outburst to be only the bitterness of filial grief breaking out again.

It was not that just then.

It was that Maude's kind words had sent her, just for one brief moment, to look into her husband's heart for a drop of comfort, and she went, in thought, and looked for it, and came back without one drop, and with this conviction instead:—

"He doesn't love me! I have buried both mother and husband." But she breathed nothing of this to her sister—partly too proud, partly too kind to Latson.

And so they sat, and talked, far on into the night. Each of them alternately comforting the other, but both of them, at very short intervals, bursting out into fresh tears.

"Let me go," said Maude, at last; "one o'clock, Letty! Had you any notion of the hour, my dear child? May I ring, dearest?" And they stood up together against the mantelpiece; and Ethel took up from the table a long piece of jet black hair, which they had handled that evening many a time already, and taking her sister's right hand into hers, Ethel, with her left, twined that black hair in many a fold, in and out, round and round their two hands, and looking up tenderly into Maude's face, through a new torrent of tears, said—

"Come what will, darling, *this* will hold us to each other, will it not? Oh, Maude—Maude!"

And here broke in upon them a louder roar of laughter than the rest, and Ethel stopped to shudder, and went on, turning very pale—

"What if the only friend left us, dearest, should turn out to be this soft, precious chain? Is it strong enough, dear Maude? Would it bear hard tugs, think ye, if any one tried to separate us, and pulled me back away from you? Would it keep us fast?"

And she made as if she were trying to pull her hand away, to test the strength of the hair.

"Who should pull us from one another, Letty?" Maude asked.

"Who has pulled mamma from us?" asked Ethel.

"Aye, we cannot prevent *that* separation, dear Letty."

"Oh, Maude—Maude! may you never know that there is a Death that comes in the midst of Life! I feel at this moment not far off it, though the pulse beats just as usual, and there is no outside chill. Not to love, not to be loved, my sister, is to die! Will you forsake me, when I have become careless even to *you*? Oh, Maude, if I should!"

And Maude, concluding that her sister hardly knew what she said, unstrung as her mind was with the heavy loss still so recent, having rung the bell, tenderly kissed Ethel, and followed her maid to her room; and rejoiced that every step along the gallery took her farther from the coarse mirth of that horrid billiard-room.

Sleep on, fair, gentle sleeper, while another is awake and watching down below! None of the misery in that heavy heart is of thy making. While there was time to turn, thou didst counsel, and plead, and pray. It was well. Now that is too late to speak, thou art silent. Again, it is well. October leaves patter down, slowly, past thy window, as thou liest and forgettest where thou art. And down stairs there is a tree—slight, weak, and without shelter.

From that tree dead leaves are falling just as fast!

When they are all down, and the branches are quite in the mid-winter which is coming on, then, Maude, it will be no time for a sister to be asleep.

For the present, dreaming and hoping, sleep on!

CHAPTER XIII.

FILLS THE CUP TO THE BRIM.

ETHEL sat on in that room for two hours more, all alone. She went over the papers again and again; and had that long band of black hair been curled by some cunning dresser, it would hardly have looked more wavy than it was, after its many twinings around the daughter's fingers as she sat and mused, when the papers were again put away.

Suddenly the wife started up.

She remembered she had heard no laughter for a long while. She listened, and she heard not a single sound.

Half-past three struck by the chimney-piece clock as she rung the bell—gently, for she felt afraid at the silence.

When the servant appeared, Ethel inquired whether the colonel was still in the billiard-room.

The man could hardly conceal his astonishment as he answered—

"No, my lady. The colonel retired about two o'clock."

"To his room?" asked Ethel, choking, as the man himself could plainly see, and mentioned five minutes afterwards.

"Yes, my lady."
 "That will do," said his mistress. "Send Mrs. Glyde—no, no," she added, hurriedly correcting herself; "you may all retire."

And though Maude never knew it, Ethel snatched not one moment's sleep on that same October night.

There she sat on the very night save one of her mother's funeral, never having heard a single word of comfort from her husband's lips, and not even allowed to know when his guests departed, or to see his face for an instant when they were gone.

Then had there been a quarrel?

Not at all.

Did he dislike Maude, or object to her presence in his house?

Not that any one knew. Ethel would have met even her only sister elsewhere, rather than have displeased her husband by inviting her to his house; but she never dreamed of his objection.

Nor had he any. He cared nothing for Maude. He cared just as much for her as for Ethel.

The simple explanation of to-night's indifference is that, no one before whom he needs to act a part is present, and, therefore, he acts no part. He acts as if Ethel were not in the house.

But nothing bewilders or knocks her down in this particular neglect save its cruel degree; neglect itself is altogether no novelty. To sit in the same room without speaking for two or three hours together has become common with the master and mistress of that house. For even the warmest love will cease at last to offer itself: nay, it ceases because it is warm and will not pain the object of it; but, till now, he had always said "Good night."

Ethel sat on and on in that room.

She sat till she heard the first movements of the servants up stairs; and then softly, as if she were a spirit flitting up the staircase, she made her way to her dressing-room.

She started, and her head fell forward on her clenched hands when she seated herself at the table, and saw in the glass the work of that single night.

From that moment the poor creature saw that her dream was over, and that all the happiness of wedded life she was to know on earth was gone for ever.

She merely refreshed herself by a plentiful laving of that burning head and face with cold water, and putting off the evening dress, in which all her woe had been endured, appeared at the proper time, in the ordinary morning robe, with her sister and her husband, at the breakfast table.

Yet you would have seen no severity, no signs of deep-seated anger, not even sulkiness, on the countenance of the Honourable Hugh.

He tapped his egg, and sipped his coffee, without one word or look of dislike, either to Ethel or to her sister; and when breakfast was over, he strode out of the room to a conference with his steward, in that same little chamber where his wife's heart had lain bleeding a few hours before.

And now, go again, Sir Colonel, to the county bench—call up the trembling men and women, who neglect the duties of their line of life; apprentice, housemaid, farm-labourer—aye, and punish the little boy who climbed over into the orchard of one of your tenants, last night, and carried off a peck of sorry apples. Let him go for his fourteen days, and twice let him be privately whipped. It is very wrong to steal the apples of a man, even though he has a thousand bushels. There is no harm in stealing a lady's heart (or obtaining it under false pretences), and then, flinging it down before her face, tread out its love!

(To be continued).

I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

I HEAR the soft wind sighing
 Through every bush and tree,
 Where now dear mother's lying
 Away from love and me.
 Tears from mine eyes are starting,
 And sorrow shades my brow,
 Oh, weary was our parting—
 I have no mother now!

I see the pale moon shining
 On mother's white head-stone;
 The rose-bush round it twining,
 Is here like me—alone.
 And just like me are weeping
 Those dew-drops from the bough;
 Long time has she been sleeping—
 I have no mother now!

My heart is ever lonely,
 My life is drear and sad,
 'Twas her dear presence only
 That made my spirit glad.
 From morning until even,
 Care rests upon my brow;
 She's gone from me to heaven—
 I have no mother now!

ANNA; OR, COTTAGE DEVOTION.

ANNA FISHER was a farmer's daughter, but her beauty might have been coveted by many a high-born dame. As her father was in comfortable circumstances, and both he and his wife were proud of their lovely daughter, she was allowed to work or be idle at her own fancy, and her only regular duty was attention to the comfort of her blind sister Ella. Still, although preserving her delicate hands soft and white, and her form stately and tall, Anna was by no means a useless member of the cottage family. Her busy fingers shaped the snowy caps, which her mother declared "fitted her head as if they were made for it." Ella's spotless dresses and muslins owed much of their purity to her sister's watchful care; and many a dainty dish found its way to the farmer's table, which he well knew was provided by Anna. So, with light pleasant duties, rendered dear by home affections, the young girl's life sped on. But a change came.

There arrived at the pleasant village, for recreation, a young man, of handsome face and figure, and winning address; one skilled in the art of pleasing. With his time unoccupied, and his fancy struck by Anna's exceeding loveliness, he determined to win the love of the young country girl.

It was just after sunset, one pleasant spring evening, that Anna was walking slowly through one of her father's meadows, on her way home, when she was startled by the report of a gun, from a little thicket near her. With a feeling of terror—for the sound was not a common one in that peaceful neighbourhood—she quickened her pace, and was hurrying on, when a voice calling her made her pause. In an instant the sportsman stood before her, apologising for the fright he had caused her, and pleading the unfrequented spot as an excuse for his having chosen it for sporting.

"But what were you shooting so late as this?"

The young man was unprepared for this question, and stammered something about an accidental discharge.

Accidental! So far as watching for some hours for Anna's return, and then firing in the hopes of startling her, could make it. He introduced himself as Edwin Parker, from London, and she in return told him her name. When they parted at Farmer Fisher's gate, it was with a determination on his part that this should not be their last meeting, and a strong desire on hers to see him again.

Somehow it happened that Anna grew very fond of taking long strolls about sunset; and Edwin, by some unaccountable magic, was always going the same way about the same time.

I will now give my readers the substance of a conversation which passed between the lovers one evening, some four or five weeks after their first meeting. They were walking in the old meadow, Edwin's arm was thrown round Anna's waist in the most natural way possible.

"Anna," he said, in a low tone, "you do not answer me; I say I must return to London to-morrow."

"It is so sudden!" murmured the young girl. "But you will be here soon again, Edwin?"

"That, it is impossible for me to tell. It may be years before I can visit this spot again. Oh, Anna!" he cried, in a sudden burst of passion, "how can I live without you? Why must we part?"

"Hush, Edwin, you are too violent. You will, you must return soon!"

"Soon! A whole year must pass before I can come here again."

There was a moment's silence, then bending over her, Edwin whispered: "Anna, do you love me?"

"You know I do," she answered.

"Do you love me well enough to trust your future happiness in my hands, to be my wife?"

"I do, but my father—"

"Hates me; I know it well," said Edwin, bitterly. "He believes because I am no farmer's lad, but a gentleman, that there is no truth or goodness in me. Believe me, Anna, it is only his prejudice against cities that causes your father's dislike to me."

"But," faltered Anna, "that prejudice is so strong that I fear he will never consent to my wedding you."

"Once my wife, dearest, and he will forgive you. Though he might not be willing to let his child go, still, believe me, if the knot was tied, he would forgive."

It took long, even with Edwin's most subtle reasoning, to win Anna's consent to a clandestine marriage, but it was given at length, and, with a promise to be in the meadow that night prepared for a journey to London, she left him.

When she reached home, she found the family only awaiting her return for the customary evening devotions. Seating herself opposite her father, Anna,

listened to the words of Divine truth which he read. After reading a chapter from the New Testament, he read in a clear distinct voice, the commandment: "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Then rising, he kissed Ella and Anna, and left the room.

Anna sat motionless where he had left her; her mother, the servant, her little brother, and, last of all, Ella left the room, but still she remained.

"Heavenly Father," she murmured, bowing her head upon her hands, "strengthen this poor head, and guide me in the right way!" Heavy sobs choked her voice, and she gave way to a violent fit of weeping.

"Sister Anna," said the low, sweet voice of her blind sister, coming in, "you are weeping! Will you not tell me what troubles you?"

Choking back her sobs, Anna endeavoured to speak cheerfully to Ella; it was in vain; and, after one or two fruitless efforts, she silently embraced her, and sought her own room.

Edwin Parker was early at the appointed rendezvous, and awaited impatiently for Anna. The hour was past, and still she came not. At length, weary with watching, Edwin strode from the meadow to the little country inn where he lodged. On his table he found a tiny note directed to himself.

"Ah!" he murmured, as he tore it open, "detained at home, I imagine; this will explain all."

Within, he found these words—

"DEAR EDWIN,—Could one who forsook her first duty, that to her parents, fulfil the holy duties the name of wife would bring? I dare not come: it has cost me much to write this, but I feel that I am doing right, and that strengthens me. Win my father's consent, and I am yours. ANNA."

"Pshaw!" said Edwin, tossing the note impatiently into the fire, "it isn't worth the trouble."

The next morning Edwin Parker had left the village.

About a month after this, Anna was in the garden, watering some plants, when her father joined her.

"Anna," said he, "do you recollect a young man who was here some weeks ago, named Parker?"

How her heart bounded!

"Yes, father," she said.

"He has been arrested for forgery, and is—Heavens, Anna, how pale you are! Are you faint?"

"I am better now," said Anna, struggling for composure. "Father, I will tell you all, and then pray for your forgiveness."

"Dear Anna, did you think your old father was blind? No, no, my child, you need tell me nothing. The commandment was not selected by chance. I knew all then; and heaven alone knew the joy of your father's heart when he saw you still with him after the tempter had left the place."

"How did you know?" asked the astonished girl.

"I was passing in the thicket when your appointment was made, and overheard all. I watched your chamber door all night, thinking to stop you by force if you ventured out! Thank God, it was not needed."

"Thank God, indeed!" said Anna. "Had I not called upon His name, I should now be either the forger's wife or the wretched, suspected daughter."

CHRISTMAS TREES.

THEY keep up Christmas in Russia with a good deal of rejoicing. That cold climate is not so frigid as to freeze up the sympathy of human hearts.

In the north of Europe especially, Christmas trees are famous. These form one of the leading features of a northern Christmas, and are hung full of apples, gingerbread, and toys.

The birthplace of the Christmas tree is Egypt, and its origin dates from a period long antecedent to the Christian era. The palm tree is known to put forth a shoot every month; and a spray of this tree, with twelve shoots on it, was used in Egypt at the time of the winter solstice as a symbol of its year completed. The palm tree spray of Egypt, on reaching Italy, became a branch of any other tree (the tip of the fir was found most suitable, from its pyramidal or conical form), and was decorated with burning tapers, lit in honour of Saturn, whose *saturnalia* were celebrated from the 17th to the 21st of December, the period of the winter solstice. The lighted tapers, the presents given (*saturnalia*), and the entertainment of the domestics on a footing of equality, date from this age. After the *saturnalia* came the days called the *sigillaria*, when presents were made of impressions stamped on wax, which still form part of the furniture of a Christmas tree. To the *sigillaria* succeeded



INTERIOR OF A RUSSIAN CABIN ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

one day called the *juvenalia*, on which everybody, even adults, indulged in childish sports, and hence the romping close of our Christmas festivities.

With the Germans the greatest Christmas festival is our Christmas-eve, the *heilge-abend*, which has the more propriety, as, whatever doubt attaches to the date of his birth, it is certain that our Lord was born in the night-time. The festival itself is called *weihnacht*, or night dedicated to the commemoration. As Christmas-eve always falls on the evening of Adam and Eve's day, an orthodox Christmas tree will have the figures of our first parents at its foot, and the serpent twining himself round its stem. By a bold stretch of theological fancy, the tree, with its branches and tapers, is, with the above-mentioned accessories, understood to typify the genealogy of our Lord, closing in the most luminous apex, the sun of light and life, "the seed of the woman that should crush the serpent's head." The Romans had already affixed as the summit of their trees a representation of a radiant sun, in honour of Phoebus Apollo, to whom the three last days of December were dedicated. In connection with this god, sheep were sometimes exhibited pasturing under the tree, or Apollo himself took charge of the herd, or taught the shepherds the use of the pipe. This was skilfully construed by the Christian clergy to be emblematic of the Good Shepherd, &c.; the *sigillaria* of the Romans were impressed with the images of saints and holy persons; the lighted tapers, also borrowed from the *saturnalia*, were retained here, as elsewhere, as portion of the religious ceremony. The giving of presents, another portion of the *saturnalia*, was understood to be expres-

sive of Christian brotherly love; while the apples, nuts, and gingerbread—equally unmistakable remnants of the northern heathen mythology—have been kept in the service of the Christian festival, as accessories that sufficiently recommended themselves without typifying anything particularly holy.

The accompanying illustration represents the interior of a Russian cabin on Christmas-eve.

THE LITTLE SAVOYARD.

FROM THE FRENCH.

EVERYBODY in Paris still remembers the brilliant wedding of M. Andrew J., one of the wealthiest bankers of the *Chausse d'Antin*, with Mlle. de V., only daughter of the Marquis de V., former ambassador and peer of France—a wedding celebrated a few years since with so great pomp at the chapel of the palace of the Luxembourg, and in the magnificent hotel of M. J. But everybody does not know the singular and charming episode which attended the entertainments of the aristocratic marriage, and which acquired for the husband in the banking halls a reputation for unequalled originality.

It was the morning of the wedding. The equipages of M. Andrew J. were awaiting him in the court, and he was awaiting his witnesses in a room gilt from floor to ceiling, when a valet de chambre announced the tailors of Monsieur. In fact, ten tailors entered, each bearing a large parcel under his arm, and all, like Roman soothsayers, unable to look at each other without laughing.

These ten tailors bore fifty costumes of Savoyard

chimney-sweeps for statures of from eight to fourteen years, which they deposited on the brilliant fauteuils of the saloon. M. J. examined as a connoisseur this collection of waistcoats, jackets, and trousers, declared himself satisfied, and distributed two thousand francs to the tailors, who retired with a stupefied air.

After the tailors came the hatters, with fifty caps; then the *chemisiers* with fifty shirts, the shoemakers with fifty pairs of shoes, and last of all the musical-instrument maker with fifty hurdy-gurdys. All went away well paid, but more and more mystified, and asking whether all this was done for a wager.

M. J. then summoned all his clerks, and spoke to them in this manner:—

"You will traverse all the quarters of Paris, and invite all the chimney-sweeps you meet to dine with me. You will promise a louis to all those who accept, and when you have found fifty you will bring them here. You will find in my bathing room all that is necessary for washing them from head to foot. This operation ended, you will make them put on these costumes, each according to his stature; then seat them at the table in this saloon, while our other guests dine in the adjoining one."

The clerks were amazed, made him repeat the order to assure themselves that it was not a dream, and went to execute it without understanding it.

It was one of the coldest mornings in winter. Frost had succeeded to snow. A pale sun was illuminating the ice without dissolving it. It was fine weather for sweeping chimneys, and the messengers of M. J. soon found the number of chimney-sweeps required. Imagine their surprise when they were

promised a louis each on the sole condition of accepting an invitation to a wedding dinner. The good news ran from chimney to chimney like a telegraphic despatch; and in less than two hours there was scarcely a Savoyard to be met with in the streets. All the chimneys which had to be swept that day were threatened with a conflagration.

Having only the embarrassment of a choice, the emissaries of the banker bravely seized the blackest, dirtiest, and most ragged; and when they made their entry into the beautiful hotel of M. J., one would have thought it the palace of Jupiter invaded by Vulcan. The contrast was the more striking, that our messengers encountered the file of equipages which were bringing back the wedding party from the Luxembourg. On one side, liveries of gold and silver, dresses of silk and velvet, laces and jewels, the most elegant dandies and prettiest women in Paris; on the other, faces covered with sweat and smoke, hair in disorder, rags or half-naked bodies.

While these brilliant guests turned away their eyes, asking what it signified, M. J. fixed on the Savoyards a melancholy glance, and seemed to say within himself, "Is happiness to be found here or there?"

"It is here!" replied his lips, as he pressed them upon the hand of his charming wife. And he introduced her as a queen into his palace, not without having made a sign to his people to take care of the chimney-sweeps.

An hour afterwards, a stream black as ink crossed the court and emptied into the street gutter. It was the washings from fifty Savoyards, who at the same instant emerged from the bath so much fairer and whiter, plumper and fresher, that they had literally new skins, and the latter for the first time saw the air and sun. One would have thought a company of frightful demons had been transformed into cherubs and cupids.

Meanwhile, the hour for the entertainment arrived. A thousand lights, sparkling from gold and bronze, illuminated the hotel. After having traversed the apartments of the newly-married couple, enriched with all which the taste of a millionaire could devise, the guests had just arranged themselves around a table, and had entirely forgotten the apparition of the chimney-sweeps.

Suddenly, the two leaves of the large folding-doors flew open. The adjoining saloon was seen also illuminated, garnished with a splendid banquet, and filled with a throng of joyous guests. It was like a scene at the theatre, or the stroke of a fairy's wand.

Everybody uttered an exclamation of surprise, except M. Andrew J. and his wife, who exchanged a smile of intelligence. But they could scarcely believe their own eyes and ears, or recognise the frightful little Savoyards of the morning changed into pretty children, all in new jackets, new shoes, new caps, dancing and singing to the sound of their hurdy-gurdies, and about to eat from silver and drink from crystal.

It was like a vision of Savoy, as the poets and painters represent it. Nothing was wanting but smoking cabins and snow-covered hills. M. J. pressed his wife's hand, and concealed his eyes filled with tears.

"My friends," said he to his rich guests, "pardon my fantasy. Finding myself to-day the most fortunate of men, I wished to share my happiness with the most unfortunate."

This noble explanation was applauded by all; but they suspected that only a corner of the veil had been raised, and while awaiting the dénouement of the scene, little and great dined their very best. The little ones, especially, made amends in an hour for all the days of fasting which had already marked their short lives. The juicy dishes, the delicate game, the exquisite ragouts, the exotic fruits and even wines, found a ready market. Attended by servants, not one abused plenty; and all had nearly had their fill, when M. Andrew J. arose amid the most profound silence.

"Well, my children," asked he of the chimney-sweeps, "have I attained my object? Are you happy?"

The children replied by applause and joyous exclamations, which left no room for doubt.

"We are amused for our whole lives," cried one of the largest, who did not think he was saying anything sad.

"Not for your whole lives!" replied the banker; "for you may be as fortunate yourselves, and make, in your turn, the happiness of others, if happiness is in wealth. I will prove this to you by relating a story, which will teach you how chimney-sweeps may become millionaires."

At this electric speech, the hundred little ears became erect, like those of young horses ready for the combat.

"Yes, my friends," pursued M. Andrew J., "it

rests with yourselves to have also a grand hotel, gilded saloons, rich equipages, and to dine every day as you have just done. Listen to the story of a Savoyard who was more miserable than any of you. This lesson is worth a wedding feast.

"There was a little chimney-sweep of your age. He was called *Sans-feu-ni-lieu*, because he had neither father, mother, nor home. The people of his village gave him a scraper, a cage, and a sparrow-hawk; put a loaf under his arm, and a staff in his hand, showed him France in the horizon, and said to him, 'March!' *Sans-feu-ni-lieu* departed contented enough, lost sight of his steeple, was saving of his bread, shared it with his bird, but soon found the end of it. He lived thus from village to village, singing for a sou, dancing for two, sweeping a chimney for a little soup, and sleeping with the cows, or in the open air.

"He had travelled thus more than a hundred leagues, when he was surprised by a snow-storm in the middle of a vast forest. In vain he marched on, on; he could not reach habitations. The snow lay on his path in heaps; hunger was joined with fatigue. He had eaten for three days only roots. In short, he believed himself forsaken of God, placed his cage on the ground, dropped at the foot of a tree, hid his benumbed hands in his breast, and fainted with exhaustion. It was all over with *Sans-feu-ni-lieu*. The snow was falling and threatened to bury him, when a sharp pain awoke him for an instant; his hawk was biting his ear. He thought the bird was trying to eat him, and this fear revived him. But what was his surprise at seeing suspended from the beak of this bird a quarter of roast hare, still smoking. The affrighted hawk had opened its cage and stolen this prey from the dinner of some colliers. Judge of the feast of the child and bird. *Sans-feu-ni-lieu* saw that he must never despair of Providence; he thanked him on his knees, resolved to make one more effort, and at last reached a neighbouring city, where he worked so well that he earned a new hurdy-gurdy. With this he earned a new jacket, and joyously entered Lyons. He found there a kind master; he saved twenty francs, with which he learned to read, write, and cipher. Now, one day when he was sweeping a chimney, he saw a boy of sixteen weeping, because he could not do a sum which his father had requested him to do. The chimney-sweep laid down his scraper, did the sum in five minutes, and went singing upon the roof. But, on descending, he found the father, who had discovered all. The latter looked at him from head to foot, and asked him, 'How much do you earn per month?'—'From ten to twenty francs.'—'Well, I will give you a hundred francs, if you will come and work for me.' The next day, *Sans-feu-ni-lieu* had a nice jacket, and a pretty room. He entered as a clerk with this citizen, who was a great machinist. When he was eighteen his salary was doubled. Very soon he perfected a machine invented by his master, and the latter made him a present of the patent, which brought him fifty thousand francs. Then, at the death of father, he became a partner of the son, and both realised a hundred thousand crowns. You already envy the chimney-sweep, do you not, my friends? Well, the failure of an associate ruined him, and he found himself again *Sans-feu-ni-lieu*. Would you know what he did then? He returned to the source of his fortune, became a workman with a machinist, and so good a workman that he became a master, and instead of a hundred thousand francs gained a million. With this sum he came to Paris and engaged in financial operations. To-day he has doubled his million, he is one of the principal bankers in Paris; but he has forgotten neither his origin nor his misfortunes. And the proof of this, my children, is, that he has invited you to his wedding to relate to you his history, for *Sans-feu-ni-lieu* is to-day called M. Andrew J. He has just put the climax to his happiness by espousing the daughter of the Marquis de V."

"And this happiness he owes also to himself," exclaimed Madame de J. nobly, extending her hands to her husband. This public confidence, which was no news to the wife and intimate friends of M. Andrew J., had been made by him with so much dignity and good taste, that his proudest guest embraced the former sweep, and the voices of the peers of France mingled with those of the Savoyards in one common acclamation.

"And now, my friends," resumed the banker, "I must show you, before you take leave, the instruments of my fortune; you shall judge for yourselves whether it is within the reach of all."

Everybody followed M. J. into his study. He opened a great bronze coffer, divided into two compartments.

"These are my millions," said he, "and there is what produced them."

They saw in the upper part thirty portfolios filled

with bankbills, and in the lower part a poor chimney-sweep's costume, a stuffed bird, a hurdy-gurdy, and a pair of wooden shoes; then the tools of a mechanic—files, hammers, compasses, and other instruments, all arranged and carefully kept by M. Andrew J. himself.

"Unite with these, my friends," said he, "two other admirable tools, perseverance and economy, and you will, like myself, raise your fortunes, of which here is the first stone."

He gave each child a louis, and an order for five hundred francs; and, after another performance of the dances of their country, the fifty Savoyards withdrew, exclaiming, "Long live M. Andrew J."

From that day all showed themselves worthy of their good fortune. Some entered into business, others learnt trades; several entered as clerks with this banker, to learn more intimately how chimney-sweeps become millionaires. The most skilful has just earned five thousand francs in negotiating some business of the Northern Railroad.

Receipts.

TO DYE RIBBONS.—Such colours as will fade can be dyed and renewed. Many ladies, when their ribbons become faded and soiled, throw them away, without ever thinking that, if they were preserved and dyed, they may serve for other purposes; and, as it takes very little time and trouble, I will give you a few receipts. To dye a piece of ribbon, any small vessel will answer; a porcelain pan, tin cup, or any little vessel that is convenient. These dyes will also answer to dye yarns, silk, and other fabrics.

TO DYE YELLOW.—To a pint of water add one tablespoonful of turmeric. Make a strong lather of white soap; add the turmeric and let it boil; then dip the material. Dip it just often enough, so as to have it as deep or as pale as desired. This will also answer to dye yarn.

TO DYE PURPLE AND LILAC.—The purple paper that we get off loaf sugar will dye a beautiful purple or lilac. A sheet or two is sufficient for a piece of ribbon. If yarn or cloth, it will take more. Put in vinegar enough to cover the material. Boil the material until it is as deep a colour as desired. This makes a durable colour, and it will not rub off. It also combines the advantage of being no expense. A little copperas pulverised, and added, will turn this black.

TO DYE BLACK.—To one pound of extract of logwood allow an ounce of blue vitriol. Dissolve the logwood in an iron vessel containing five gallons of water, and let it boil. Add to the logwood a tablespoonful of pulverised copperas. Pulverise the vitriol and dissolve it in a separate vessel, containing the same quantity of water; let this also boil. Scald the material first in the vitriol water, and then put it in the logwood; let it remain two hours scalding in the logwood. It should be frequently stirred. This is a good and convenient dye for silks and muslins. They can be set by washing in a strong lather of home-made soap, and afterwards dipped in salt and water. To give black silk a lustre, strain some cold coffee from the grounds and add a little gum-arabic.

TO DYE WITH COCHINEAL.—To dye purple with cochineal boil an ounce in a quart of vinegar. To dye brown with cochineal, one ounce of cochineal, a teaspoonful of soda to a quart of water. Boil all together, and dip the material.

SILKS.—No silks look well after washing, however carefully it be done, and this method should, therefore, never be resorted to but from absolute necessity. It is recommended to sponge faded silks with warm water and soap, then to rub them with a dry cloth on a flat board, after which to iron them on the inside with a smoothing-iron. Sponging with spirits will also improve old black silks. The ironing may be done on the right side, with thin paper spread over them to prevent glazing.

TO RAISE THE PILE OF VELVET.—When velvet has a whitened, shabby appearance, owing to the pile being pressed down, it may be renovated by damping the back of the velvet, and laying it on a moderately hot smoothing-iron, and at the same time brushing up the pile, or right side of velvet.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES WITHOUT WETTING.—Lay the gloves upon a clean board, make a mixture of dried fulling earth and powdered alum, and pass them over on each side with a stiff brush. Then sweep the dust off and sprinkle them well with dry bran and whitening, and dust them well. This, if the gloves be not exceedingly soiled, will effectually cleanse them; but if they are much soiled, take out the grease with crumbs of toasted bread and powder of burnt bone, then pass them over with a woollen cloth dipped in fulling earth or powdered alum.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS.

FREEZING MIXTURE.—Mix half an ounce of snow with two drachms of diluted nitric acid. If the thermometer be at 32 degrees it will fall to minus 30 degrees, being 62 degrees lower than freezing point of water.

GILDING IVORY.—Put the ivory you intend to gild into a solution of copperas, and then a solution of nitro-muriate of gold; on withdrawing it from the latter, it will be beautifully gilded.

FUSIBLE METAL.—1. Melt together one part of lead, one of tin, and two of bismuth. The alloy will melt at 170 degrees. This alloy was discovered by Darcey. 2. Take of tin three ounces, lead five ounces, bismuth eight ounces, melt them together, and mould the alloy into bars. This may be kept in a state of fusion on paper over a candle; or if made into spoons by a silversmith, they will melt on being put into very hot tea. This was discovered by Newton.

EXPERIMENT WITH GOLD-LEAF.—Pour nitric acid into a wineglass, and hydrochloric acid (muriatic acid) into a similar one, and lay a piece of gold-leaf on the surface of each liquid. No action will take place; but on mixing the two acids, both pieces of gold-leaf will be dissolved.

TO INFLATE A BLADDER WITHOUT AIR.—Put a teaspoonful of ether into a moistened bladder, the neck of which tie up tightly; pour hot water upon the bladder, and the ether by expanding will fill it out.

MORE THAN FULL.—Fill a glass to the brim with water, and you may add to it spirits of wine without causing the water to overflow, as the spirits will enter into the pores of the water.

THE WATER-PROOF SIEVE.—Fill a very fine wire-gauze sieve with water, and it will not run through the interstices, but be retained among them by capillary attraction.

EXPERIMENTS ON CHANGE OF TEMPERATURE.—1. Take a small phial about half full of cold water, grasp it gently in the left hand, and from another phial pour a little sulphuric acid very gradually into the water. A strong sensation of heat will instantly be perceived. This, by continued addition of the acid, may be increased to many degrees of boiling water. 2. Take a small phial in one hand, containing some pulverised sal-ammoniac; pour a small quantity of water upon it and shake the mixture. In this instance, sensation of cold will immediately be felt.

CHEMICAL ANOMALY.—Fill a thermometer tube with cold water, at about thirty-two degrees, and immerse it in a vessel of water. In this case the water in the tube will contract in volume till it arrives at about forty-two degrees; when it will appear for a time nearly stationary. If the heat be now continued, the effect will be reversed, for the water in the tube will expand as its temperature is increased. This is a curious instance of a chemical anomaly.

OPTICAL EXPERIMENT.—If two pieces of transparent white paper be attached to a window and examined through a prism, fringes of red, blue, and yellow will be produced. Should the light of the sun be very vivid there, a very powerful artificial rainbow will result; but if the paper be increased in thickness, the blue colour will preponderate.

THE INQUISITIVE YANKEE.

A GENTLEMAN riding in an Eastern railroad car observed, in a seat before him, a lean, slab-sided Yankee; every feature of his face seemed to ask a question, and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a most "inquiring mind." Before him, occupying an entire seat, sat a lady dressed in deep black, and, after shifting his position several times, and manoeuvring to get an opportunity to look into her face, he at length caught her eye.

"In adliction?"

"Yes, sir," responded the lady.

"Parent?—father or mother?"

"No, sir."

"Child, perhaps?—boy or a girl?"

"No, sir, not a child: I have no children."

"Husband, then, I expect?"

"Yes," was the curt answer.

"Hum! Cholery?—a trading man, maybe?"

"My husband was a seafaring man, the captain of a vessel; he did not die of cholera, he was drowned."

"Oh, drowned, eh?" pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant.

"Save his *chist*?"

"Yes; the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects," said the widow.

"Was they?" asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up. "Pious man?"

"He was a member of the Methodist Church."

The next question was a little delayed; but it came.

"Don't you think you have great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man and saved his *chist*?"

"I do," said the widow, abruptly, and turned her head to look out of the window. The indefatigable "pump" changed his position, held the widow by his glittering eye once more, and propounded one more query, in a lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward, over the back of the seat—"Was you calculating to get married again?"

"Sir," said the widow, indignantly, "you are impertinent!" And she left her seat and took another on the other side of the car.

"Pears to be a little huffy!" said the ineffable bore. Turning to our narrator behind him—"What did they make you pay for that umbrella you've got in your hand?"

Varieties.

AN advertisement in one of the morning papers says: "Wanted—A female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character." We suppose boots of a good moral character mean those that are well-soled.

"JOHN, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest this morning?" "No, sir; if she laid any, she mislaid them."

MEN are more inclined to ask curious questions than to obtain necessary instruction.

It is true that a pun is a verbal equivocation, but, if the highest legitimate wit is only a play upon ideas, why may we not tolerate a play upon words, which are the signs of ideas? Such a recreation is at least dabbling in the elements of wit, whereas a starch and formal gravity is an evidence of nothing but dulness.

DRUNKENNESS.—Some of the domestic evils of drunkenness are houses without windows, gardens without fences, fields without tillage, barns without roofs, children without clothing, principles, morals, or manners.

A MAN out west advertises a wild badger by placard as follows:—"A Bager from the Rocca Mounting—etes rats, et cetera."

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—Dr. Johnson remarked that a habit of looking on the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. When Fénelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man."

A GUARDED ANSWER.—In the Registration Court, Cupar Fife was called on to appear as a witness, and could not be found. On the sheriff asking where he was, a grave, elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis said:—"My lord, he's gone." "Gone! gone!" said the sheriff; "where is he gone?"—"That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead."

THE avaricious man is like the barren, sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dews with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others.

A HORRID BOY.—Frank: "O, I say, Emily! ain't the sea-side jolly?" Emily—(who is reading "The Corsair" to Kate)—"I do not know, Frank, what you mean by jolly. It is very beautiful! it is very lovely!" Frank: "Ha! and don't it make you always ready for your grub, neither?" (Exit young ladies, very properly disgusted.)

THE DIFFERENCE.—A gentleman having a large six-shooter in his hand, was asked:—"Pray, sir, is that a horse pistol?"—"No, sir," he replied, "it's only a *Colt's*."

A GENTLEMAN, questioned by a squinting man concerning his broken leg, replied, "It is quite crooked—as you see."

ALL censure of a man's self is but oblique praise; it is only to show how much he can spare.

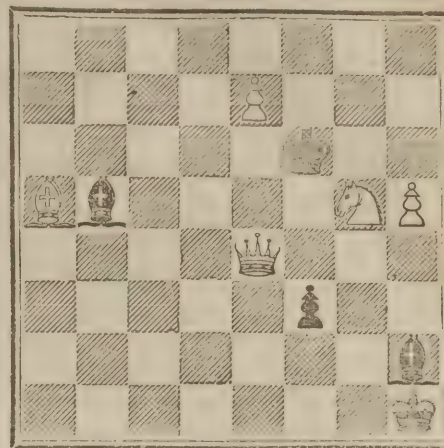
HEARSAY EVIDENCE.—Two literary ladies were lately witnesses in a trial. One of them, upon hearing the usual questions asked:—"What is your name?" and how old are you?" turned to her companion and said—"I do not like to tell my age, not that I have any objection to its being known; but I don't want it published in all the newspapers." "Well," said the witty Mr. S., "I will tell you how you can avoid it. You have heard the objection to all hearsay evidence; tell them you don't remember when you were born, and all you know of it is by hearsay." The ruse took; and the question was not pressed.

SOME people can't bear to be of the same way of thinking with anybody else. We shouldn't be surprised if the reason why Saturn ate his own children was that he thought they would agree with him.

Chess.

Problem No. 5. By Mr. WM. GREENWOOD, (Sutton Mill).

BLACK.

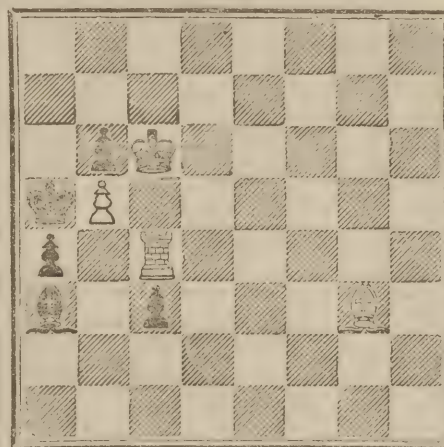


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Problem No. 6. For the Juveniles. By DOMINO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 3.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q takes R | 1. Q takes Q |
| 2. Kt to K Kt 5 (ch) | 2. K takes Kt |
| 3. B to Kt sq, and mates next move. | |

ANSWERS TO OUR CHESS CORRESPONDENTS.

THOMAS EVELYN.—Your letter of the 31st October has been overlooked until now. Your solution of Problem No. 239 is correct.

No. 9.—We think that with care White ought to win in the position forwarded by you.—2. Staunton's Handbook of Chess.—3. Any bookseller.

C. M'ALLISTER.—The "club size" chess boards are about 22 inches square. The second size would be about 18 inches square.

ISAAC PHENIX.—Thanks for the Problems; the solutions, however, did not accompany them. The Problem to which we referred as solvable in three moves, is the first one with which you favoured us.

JOHN WILD.—The privilege which the Pawn possesses of "playing two squares," is confined to its first move.

F. S.—The games sent are very acceptable, and shall appear.

D. P. S.—The reply to White's move of Kt to K B 6 (double check), in Problem No. 235, is K to Q B 5. How will you then effect mate in two moves?

W. G.—The solution of Problem No. 196 is, 1. Q to K R sq. 2. Q to K R 4. 3. Q to K 7 (mate). It is one of the neatest three move Problems we have ever seen.

ALPHA.—We desire to thank you for your very friendly communication.

T. HOPWOOD.—Many thanks for your communication. The game shall be reported upon very shortly.

J. STONEHOUSE.—We believe that the composer to whom you refer lives at West Boldon, in the county of Durham. Solutions up to the present time by W. Airey, Grapes, F. G. Rainger, D. W. O., Wm. M'K., Douglas, M. A. R., A. Stevens, E. Grant, J. Palmer, Oxon, T. G. D. Rees, W. G., D. P. S., G. Farrow, E. T. (of Southport), G. F., D. W. O., T. Evelyn, J. Stonehouse, T. Simpson, G. B. T. W. S., J. D. T. Way, J. White, G. B. F., T. R., and G. Bailey, correct.

Our Editorial Table.

TO OUR READERS.—As we are continually receiving communications from some of our friends in remote parts of the kingdom, requesting to know how they can be supplied with our Paper when they reside at a distance from any of the Trade, we beg to inform them and the public generally, that they can be supplied with single numbers by post for 2d. each number, or 2s. 3d. per quarter; 4s. 4d. per half year; or 8s. 8d. per twelvemonth; or if three parties in a neighbourhood combine, and have three copies sent weekly to one address, they can be supplied for 4d., or 4s. 4d. per quarter, 8s. 8d. per half year, or 17s. 4d. per year; or those who like to have a single copy of three numbers sent every three weeks, can have them sent at the rate of 4d. for every three numbers, or fivepenny monthly parts can be forwarded for 7d., or sixpenny parts for 8d. In all cases postage stamps or a post-office order must be sent in advance, and double numbers will be reckoned as two numbers. All letters in this department must be addressed to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard, to whom post-office orders should be made payable. Letters requiring an answer must inclose a postage stamp.

WELSH BESSY should not be so impatient. She was answered last week.

ESTELLE.—Our opinion upon the subject of your letter so entirely coincides with your own, that we have no advice to offer. You write so well and seriously, that we think you will find no difficulty in bringing over your admirer to a rational way of acting; but if not, if he should persist in his wilfulness, 'e'en let him gang his ain gate; do not you be silly because he is perverse.

A. O. W. N. S.—Both states are in our opinion equally honourable. For a more authoritative opinion, we beg to refer our correspondents to St. Paul's Epistles.

ONE IN A FIX.—We do not see why you should consider yourself in a dilemma. You cannot bring about an introduction to the gentleman, and if you could, he would not think any the better of you for doing so; but if he wants to obtain one, he will find the means, never fear.

CASTLE HILL.—Voting is the rule, whatever is the custom. **R. PIERCE.**—The verses are good, but not good enough for our journal. **J. B.** (The Young Pretender)—what a title for a poet!—Your "Good Bye" verses are not up to the mark. Try again; don't say good bye to your muse.

A. H.—"Boyish ambition" won't do. Poetry must mean something. We can make nothing of the "floating relic of eternity." What is it? What is it floating on? and where is it floating to? Your Leviathan is better; we can understand that it may float. In this case your poetry means something: it is intelligible, which all poetry should strive to be. **WINNING.**—Very pretty.

C. E. F.—Quite impossible. **QUESTOR.**—We see no objection. Passable. **ZOROASTER.**—I. At present we cannot reply to your query about the "Art Treasures." All in good time. 2. We are not acquainted with the system mentioned.

3. Good.

PROVINCIAL, Q. II. B., &c.—Examination lists are issued by the Civil Service Commissioners, and notice is given of vacancies as they occur.

A. B. C.—Any sun the carpenter agrees to take. **LIVE AND LEARN.**—What is meant by the root of the word, is its original form; and words may be traced to their origin through the various languages of which they have formed a part. The derivation of words is an exceedingly interesting study. The *e* is pronounced as you suppose.

GLENCARNE.—Benefit of clergy meant the exemption from punishment for felony enjoyed by priests during the middle ages. The privilege was extended to every one *si legit ut clericus*—"if he read like a priest"—a proof that education was in a backward state among our ancestors. The council of Clarendon, in 1163, set some bounds to this inordinate license.

R. P. N.—Pronounced like O in Orange. **JESTER.**—Court fools continued to hold a recognised place in England until the reign of Charles I. Muckle-John, the fool of Charles I., was the last who held the office, though in the reign of his successor there were many among the courtiers, who, without being appointed to the position of court jester, fooled their royal master to the top of his bent. Will Summers, the court fool of Henry VIII., has been immortalised by the pencil of Hogarth.

EXCELSIOR.—Try again and again. Few people succeed in obtaining their wish at the first trial; and we seldom value a thing unless we have made some sacrifice to obtain it.

E. H. K.—Draw the outline of your design first on a piece of paper, and then paint on the glass, laying the paper under it, like a copy in a transparent slate.

GREGORY.—In answering our correspondents, we certainly give precedence to questions which possess something more than an individual interest. Our intention, in adopting this course, is to give as much information as we can to the greatest possible number of readers. For instance, if, at the present moment, John Smith and James Smith wrote to us, the one with an inquiry about India, the other with a request for our opinion on his handwriting, we should certainly answer the former letter first—supposing our readers generally to be more interested, at this crisis, in the condition of India, than in the state of James Smith's calligraphy. Still, it is our wish, as far as we can, to satisfy all our correspondents; though, from the multitude of letters we receive, and the nature of the questions asked by some of our friends, it often becomes difficult to do justice to all.

KRECHER.—From five shillings to five guineas. **HIBERNIA.**—The verses show talent, but are faulty in construction. The Hibernian ear wants cultivation, and the Hibernian orthography likewise.

ROLAND.—A poor lad, sixteen years of age, is too old to begin his career as a drummer-boy. He had better wait another year, and then offer to carry a musket, if he be desirous of military glory.

INQUIRER.—There have been lotteries in England, but we are glad to say there are none now. The first was established in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in 1569, and was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral. Lotteries continued to be instituted at intervals until the reign of George III., be-

cause they were profitable to government. But it was short-sighted policy to obtain money by fostering among the people a propensity to gambling.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST.—No lady engaged to one gentleman can be justified in receiving the portrait of another.

A TRUE LOVER.—The lady's fortune, as it comes first in our correspondent's letter, probably comes first also in his affections. Money is a slippery thing, as every schoolboy knows; nevertheless, we advise this gentleman to wait at least until he is out of his "infancy."

NELLY.—A good knowledge of French, as far as reading and writing the language, may be obtained without a master. Pronunciation and ease in speaking can only be acquired from a native, or person thoroughly conversant with the language. A series of easy and progressive lessons may be found in the new serial published by Ward and Lock—"The Ladies' Treasury."

A MASTER OF ARTS.—The lady may bring an action against you if she chooses, but under the circumstances you mention (which of course you are prepared, if necessary, to prove), we think no jury in the land would give her a verdict. But is it not worth while to consider what happiness is likely to arise from a union with a person who could contemplate or threaten legal proceedings to enforce an engagement, and buy her off? Win the freedom to choose a worthier, more delicate-minded woman by paying this one.

QUESTOR.—Don't dabble in law. Of all experiments, will-making by amateurs is the most dangerous.

SWEET.—We do not see any objection to your engaging yourself as a journeyman, within the two miles you specified.

A. M. J. O.—Some one should certainly light the guest's bedroom candle, unless the economy of the house requires people to retire in the dark; and if so, the form of presenting the article at all might, we should think, be dispensed with altogether. If the visit is made to a house where the caller is not intimate, a card should be sent up; if not, the name is sufficient. What a profound mystery "etiquette" must be, when charming ladies like our correspondent cannot answer such trifles as these for themselves. The common usages of the society in which people move they ought to imbibe with every sense, just as decently brought up children know that it is rude to point, make faces, &c. In the middle station of life—where we have no lord chamberlain or Almoner de Saxe Gotha to regulate our movements, dictate whom we may know and marry, or who shall be asked to meet whom—surely our conduct and civilities may be based upon common sense, Christian politeness, and good taste. We have no imperative laws of etiquette, such as distracted poor Marie Antoinette. Let us then prove our gratitude by being rational, lighting our guest's candle even, if need be, and behaving like sensible people. To these lengthy remarks upon a subject which appears to occupy a great deal of our friends' and readers' time and attention, we beg to refer our correspondents "J. C. E." and "Sir Allan," merely observing to the latter, that *slang* is always objectionable.

CIPSELM.—Picture dealers are numerous in London. Our correspondent must choose. We can form no idea of the value of the painting from a description. **B. C. B.**—Declined with thanks. **A SUBSCRIBER.**—Your first question is answered by the appearance of our New Series. Castling we do not consider a "mean-spirited move." Unstamped newspapers can be forwarded within the United Kingdom, and to most of the colonies, by affixing a penny postage stamp, unless the weight exceed four ounces. **A PAUPER JUVENIS.**—Emigrate. **IRIS.**—Yes. **CASSANDRA CRESSWELL.**—A plain gold ring on the third finger of the left hand means that the woman wearing it is married. What rings on other fingers mean is all a matter of fancy.

MONTBAR.—We think a pigstye forty yards from a dwelling-house may be a removable nuisance under the act.

OMEGA.—Sue for the debt, and prove it by other means than the note, if you can.

T. L.—Undoubtedly you must pay the rent to the new owner of the land, so soon as you have received notice of the transfer.

J. S.—We ought to see the will to advise upon it correctly; but from our correspondent's letter it appears the wife had an estate for life, and the children at her death became tenants in common; that is, entitled equally to the property. Wills of real estate do not require to be administered to.

BANKER.—P. Pro. By procuration; that is to say, by the doing of a third party or agent duly authorised.

AN ARTICLED CLERK.—According to the way in which you put the case before us, if A was living at the time of the testator's death, he would be entitled to the property absolutely; but if he was then dead, his children equally.

R. PETERS.—We have given several good receipts for the destruction of warts. The remedy you recommend is as ridiculous as it is cruel.

H. S. S. wishes us to tell him how he can introduce himself to a young lady, of whose name and place of abode he is ignorant. We cannot assist him.

HELEN.—Can this young lady seriously expect to obtain that for which she asks—a receipt for happiness? Can she really suppose such a treasure to be in outs or in anybody else's keeping, to be doled out like a yard of ribbon or a quire of paper? Surely not. It cannot be now to "Helen" to be told that happiness depends far less upon others than upon ourselves; that it is not the denizen of any particular place or country, the certain follower of rank, beauty, or fortune, but the results of duty well performed, selfishness controlled, evil passions subdued, cheerfulness, usefulness, good temper, contentment, cultivated and practised. We have known many a happy man and woman; history tells us of many a wretched king. External circumstances therefore cannot make or insure the possession of happiness; we must earn it—first, by thinking less of ourselves and more of others; secondly, by earnestly and bravely striving to fulfil the duties of the station in which God has placed us.

A TWO-YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—Gold ink, as it is called, may be made, first, by mixing precipitated gold powder with a little gum water, or, secondly, by preparing honey and gold leaf in equal parts. These should be ground together upon a painter's slab with a muller, until the gold is reduced to the

finest possible state of division, and the mass becomes perfectly homogeneous, when it must be agitated with twenty or thirty times its weight of hot water, and then allowed to settle and the water poured off; this process must be repeated with fresh water two or three times, when the gold must be dried, and then mixed up with a little weak gum water for use. The brilliancy of writing performed with this is considerable, and may be increased by burnishing.

ROBIN HOOD.—Apply to the Under-Secretary of the War Office.

W. MACON.—We are cautious about giving receipts for cosmetics for the removal of freckles, &c., especially unless we know the cause of their appearance. A safe cosmetic is, an infusion of horseradish in cold milk.

INK-FACED GOOSE-QUILL tells us he considers "distilled thought" a good definition of poetry. The verses sent are respectfully declined. The condition of mind described must be exceedingly distressing, the main feature being that of great confusion of intellect. The writer says—

I don't know what I'm doing,
Just one-half of my time;
And like some swain a-wooing,
Continually I rhyme.

Suppose our correspondent were to leave off rhyme and take to reason.

LYDIA.—Your anxiety to be more useful as a housewife is creditable to you; and you will find your wish anticipated in our series of articles entitled the "Matron." Wives and mothers (if not in affluent circumstances) must work, if they wish to have things neat about themselves, and those near and dear to them; but the question is, *how* are they to do this, and *how* are they to set about it without spoiling what they venture to undertake? This question is puzzling enough, even to an industrious and well-intentioned woman, if in youth her education has been neglected in what is useful and necessary for women of all ranks to know. She must, in this case, become totally dependent on others, or be forced to make awkward, unsuccessful attempts, when she ought at least to be able to direct and explain what she requires, or, taking scissors in hand, cut out, and fit those things she has not sufficient time to execute entirely herself; but which, under skilful guidance of this kind, she can have made up under her own eye by any tolerable sewing-maid or needlewoman, at one-third or one-fourth of the cost that she must incur if the articles were purchased ready-made or given out. By properly understanding these matters, and superintending and directing work at home, as before described, we have seen some ladies keep themselves and their households (however numerous) better provided than many of those who, with far heavier purses, had *carte blanche* to order and purchase whatever their inclination might prompt; for there are many little niceties and requisites, that it is impossible to enumerate here, which none but a watchful and experienced eye at home can remark as wanting, and see replenished as soon as wanted.

ADAM SMITH, JUN.—When you read that £20,000 in Australian gold was sold to the Bank of England, it means that the bank bought uncoined gold to that amount, paying for it either in coin or in bank notes. The bank originally commenced operations in Grocer's-hall, on comparatively a very small scale. We are indebted for its foundation to Paterson, the originator of the Darien scheme.

JOHN JORDAN.—The "Educational Course" would answer your purpose.

B. G. H.—Apply to the publishers, Kent & Co., Paternoster-row.

CONSTANT READER.—Don't be in a hurry to invest your money, and eschew schemes offering "large profits." Beyond this, you must judge for yourself.

INDUSTRIOUS.—We think you would scarcely improve your funds so much as you would hurt your eyesight, by copying legal documents after office hours. Advertisements sometimes appear in the papers from tradesmen desirous of the services of a clerk in the evening, to make up their books, &c.; but the demand for such labour is generally much more limited than the supply.

S. C. A.—We cannot pretend to be acquainted with the private affairs of any insurance office. The one you name has a good reputation.

T. W.—The question "at what age should a boy be put to business?" is an important one. The answer depends greatly on the intellect and capability of the boy himself. Really industrious boys learn more at school during the last year of their attendance, than in all the previous time they have spent there; with such as these, an additional half year or two at school, will be a great benefit. Idle youngsters, on the contrary, have generally managed, by the time they are fifteen, to attain just enough proficiency in their lessons to escape punishment, and are content to rest upon their very meagre laurels, wasting their own time and their parents' money. Keep a boy at school till fifteen, and if he is a studious fellow, a year longer. But take him away directly he begins to waste his time.

JAMES.—As we cannot conceive of any proper motive you can have for staining your face and hands of an olive colour, we decline informing you of the means by which such change could be effected.

JAMES (2).—Concertinas vary in price from 5s. to £5 5s. It is impossible for us to say in what space of time you would learn to play upon one.

SPHYNX.—Your lines "composed on the sea-shore" are not suited to our columns.

W. C. B.—The situation you are anxious to obtain requires the recommendation of an M.P., or some person who has influence with the members of her Majesty's government.

DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.—The beautiful engraving of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, in No. 2, New Series, of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, is from a photograph by Mayall, of 224 and 226, Regent-street.

* * All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. I.—No. 5.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TARLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
GRAY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Should any speculative author feel disposed to write a history of St. Faith's, he will find ample materials for the undertaking in the village churchyard, which we unhesitatingly pronounce to be one of the most picturesque in the kingdom, and singularly rich in an unbroken succession of gravestones, marking the final resting-place of the sturdy race of yeomen who were born, lived, toiled, and died within sound of

their native bells. In fact there is scarcely a family in the parish whose genealogy might not be traced by them in a line sufficiently clear to satisfy all but a chancery barrister or a disappointed heir.

The Minters, for instance, for many a generation, may be found clustering as thick as bees in front of the curiously sculptured early Norman porch; the Sparrows, life's twitterings over, sleep in their nests under the wall of the south aisle of the church, and the Gilberts beneath the shadow of the north one; whilst the Whiteheads, Spaldings, and Crashers all repose in neighbourly vicinity in the large open space of ground directly facing the lofty belfry-tower, which, clad in its thick mantle of ivy, stands like some faithful sentinel on guard, braving the storm of ages.

Although some of these memorials of affection and simple worth are exceedingly ancient, but few of them are defaced, unless it be by the chipping hand of time, for so many intermarriages have taken place between the families of St. Faith's, that even the

children have been taught to respect them. The younger branches of the Minters still remember kind old grandfather Whitehead; and their companions, Ned Spalding's boys, entertain a grateful recollection of their maiden aunt Crasher, who not only bequeathed them a hundred pounds each, but left her great feather-bed and eight-day clock in trust for the one that should marry first; a proof that the testatrix entertained no very profound admiration for that state of life usually denominated single blessedness.

The gossips of the place, admirable physiologists in their way, can satisfactorily explain why the Spaldings have most of them the Sparrow eye, the Gilberts the Crasher nose, and the Minter girls the fair complexion of the Whiteheads. The fact is, a sort of family resemblance may be traced in most of the inhabitants of the village; the same thing might be said even of the tombstones, the cherubs carved in braces or leashes on the heads of most of them, have all the same fat, chubby faces, whistling mouths, and, considering the weight they are poetically supposed



GEORGE MARKHAM SAVED BY A MIRACLE.

to support, disproportionately small wings. The first rustic sculptor, doubtless, established the type; and all we can say is, that it has been most religiously transmitted down to our days by his successors.

The church, which we conscientiously believe would puzzle Ruskin himself to describe, so multitudinous have been the alterations, additions, and repairs, so ingenious the overlaying of one order on another, the mingling of shafts, capitals, lancet and circular windows, in the improvements as they were doubtless considered by those who perpetrated them, is approached by a fine old avenue of yew trees, planted in all probability when the bow was the national weapon of England, and the memory of Cressy, Agincourt, and Poitiers, a recollection of yesterday.

So much for the exterior of the sacred edifice. The interior, unfortunately, has suffered still more severely. The stalls and rood have been removed as something papistical; the exquisitely carved reading-desk and pulpit of oak coloured white, its dove with distressingly red legs and beak affixed to the back of the latter, just in the centre of a relief of the Nativity, whose delicate outlines are now only faintly visible through the successive coatings of paint!

Arches have been bricked up to prevent the wind from sweeping round the rector's and churchwarden's pews, tracery plastered over, and more than one table monument to the Boothroyds lowered to the level of the pavement. As for the brasses!—we can promise any of our antiquarian friends who may have sufficient interest to obtain permission to scrape the white-washed walls, a treat that will well repay their research.

When discovered, and restored to light, we confidently predict that they will rank with the finest specimens in the kingdom.

A funeral procession was slowly advancing along the centre pathway of the churchyard. Since the interment of the last lord of the manor—whose kindness to his tenantry all had good reason to recollect—such an assemblage of mourners had not been seen in St. Faith's; the principal farmers on the estate, the cotters and villagers, with their wives and daughters, in fact, nearly all the inhabitants of the hamlet were there,—not only to show their sympathy for the poor old bell-ringer, but to protest by their presence against the brutal act by which his brother had been deprived of life.

Nothing could be more quiet and orderly than the demeanour of the crowd: a line of conduct to which the appearance of Mr. Thornton, so justly popular amongst them, as well as the solemnity of the occasion, greatly contributed; for the feeling of resentment against Sir Norman and his keepers was strong as ever, and only required an occasion to break forth.

The Reverend Mr. Poundtext, who read the magnificent service for the dead, felt at first somewhat nervous, when he beheld the entire population of the parish following the body to the grave; the appearance of the magistrate, however, reassured him, for he felt convinced that no riotous or unbecoming manifestation would take place whilst he remained amongst them.

Simon and his wife, holding the orphan Lillian by the hand, stood at the head of the grave. There was an expression of innocent wonder on the face of the child at all she saw and heard. Perhaps she was too young to feel her loss; and yet she must have comprehended its extent, for several times she murmured to herself the words—

"Poor Barny! Poor Barny!"

Hester thought it exceedingly strange she should always speak of her father by his Christian name.

The funeral being over, the same procession reconducted the principal mourners back to their humble cottage. Arrived at the gate, the weaver turned round, and, raising his hat, exclaimed—

"Thank you, friends and neighbours, for this last kindness shown to one who was born amongst you, who loved you all, and would have done any of you a good turn had it been in his power; and thank you too, sir," he added, in a voice of deep emotion, addressing Mr. Thornton: "you have ever shown a kind feeling for the poor."

On any other occasion there would have been a cheer for the popular magistrate; but rough and untaught as most of the hearers were, they seemed to feel that, in the presence of so much sorrow, it would be out of place.

"And now," continued the speaker, "let me advise you to return to your homes quietly. I am sure you understand me, and the reason why I ask it. Don't give those who slandered my poor brother by saying he had deserted"—here the old man's grief once more overcame him—"an opportunity of reproaching his memory."

The last words were so broken by sobs and tears that they were scarcely heard.

"Simon is right," said the gentleman, shaking hands with him. "You have shown your respect for the dead,—do not lessen the value of the tribute by any display of hostile feeling towards the living."

The consequence of this excellent advice was, that the crowd dispersed without uttering a single groan—as they had intended—for Sir Norman Boothroyd.

"It be my opinion," observed Farmer Minter, as he walked by the side of Mr. Thornton through the village, "that Barny Gee was murdered. I do know that lawyers say he was lawfully killed, but I don't believe it; and, poor as I am, I would not change feelin's wi' Sir Norman, tho' he be lord of the manor."

His hearer was mentally of the same way of thinking; although far too prudent to express it.

"He is to be pitied," he replied.

"Pitied!" repeated the farmer, indignantly. "What! take the life of a fellow-creature for a rabbit! but it won't end here. I do know the temper of the lads too well."

"For heaven's sake, if you have any influence amongst them, use it," said the gentleman, "to prevent any outbreak or violence, which can only recoil on themselves."

"That is what I told 'em, sir."

"And prejudice," added the magistrate, "the legal question, which I hear they are determined to try, of the right to shoot over the common."

"There be little doubt of their trying it," answered the farmer. "More than a hundred pounds be subscribed already. I be sadly vexed in myself," he muttered, musingly.

"Why, what can you possibly have to reproach yourself with?" demanded Mr. Thornton, in a tone of surprise.

"It beant exactly a reproach, neither," said the farmer; "only it be so stupid. I wor the first to raise Barny Gee after the shot had riddled un. No wonder I felt flusterated, for I had never seen a human creature bleeding to death afore. He grasped my hand, and looked into my face so mournful, that it quite upset me; for I had knowed him ever sin' he wor a boy, no bigger than my own lad. He wanted to say something to me, but the blood came a-gurglin' out wi' the words. All I remember," added the speaker, "wor 'Tell Simon—papers; then followed the name of some person or place, but I can't be sure which, tho' I should know it agin' if ever I heard it; I be sure I shall."

"Poor fellow," ejaculated Mr. Thornton, "most probably some information respecting the arrears of pay or pension due to him. I will cause the proper inquiries to be made."

"May be," replied the churchwarden, "but I don't think it wor that."

It would be difficult if not impossible to point out a community in which some willing agent could not be found for wealth to work with. Sir Norman Boothroyd had long been aware of this important fact, and though he had not quitted the precincts of his own domain since the day of the inquest, his spies kept him well-informed of everything that transpired in the village, and at the funeral.

The intelligence that the fund subscribed to by the farmers had reached a hundred pounds drove him almost frantic. It was not the sum that alarmed him, but the spirit of resistance it evinced, and he felt as indignant as any Russian boyard could have done, whose serfs had threatened a revolt.

"Ungrateful wretches!" he exclaimed. "Law! They shall have enough of it. I'll ruin, beggar them."

"I had hoped," observed his wife, quietly, "that you had abandoned such ideas."

"Never, madame; never! To think of that fellow Thornton being present at the funeral of a rascally poacher. A man whom I had actually invited to my table!"

"Perhaps it was to keep the peace; and if so, we ought to feel obliged to him."

"Keep the peace," replied her husband. "Are you really so weak, Lady Boothroyd, as to suppose the wretched clowns would venture an attack on Mel-down Park?"

"Such things have been."

"Or attempt anything against my person?" added the baronet. "No. Bad as they are, I believe they would think twice before proceeding to such extremities. They know me too well!"

"Norman," said the lady, repressing her inclination to smile at the vapouring of her husband, which she at least knew how to estimate at its proper value; "I thought you had consented to leave the arrangement of this ridiculous affair in my hands?"

"I have altered my mind," replied the baronet.

"And you will not waive your rights over the common?"

"Not one of them. I should be unworthy of my

name if I did so—as ashamed to look the portraits of my long line of ancestors in the face. What Boothroyd," he added, "ever gave up his rights?"

"Till he was forced or frightened out of them?" thought his wife.

"I am about to start," continued the speaker, "for Exeter, to consult Marshall on the subject. Most probably he will return with me."

"For protection," mentally ejaculated the lady, with a strong feeling of contempt.

Lady Boothroyd was one of those persons who, having once made up their minds to achieve an object, adhere with extreme tenacity to their plans. Few real obstacles could shake her purpose, and the opposition of Sir Norman was still less likely to do so; she knew well enough how to vanquish that.

Scarcely had he taken his departure, than putting on her bonnet and shawl, she quitted the house ostensibly for a walk in the park, and after strolling about the grounds for some time, directed her steps towards the preserves where the lodge of the head keeper was situated. To her great satisfaction she found him within and alone.

The man might well look surprised at the unusual honour, the mistress of Mel-down Park not being remarkable, any more than her husband, for condescension to her dependents.

"Well, Fletcher," she began, at the same time seating herself, whilst the keeper stood respectfully before her, "has there been any more poaching on the manor since New Year's eve?"

"None, my lady."

"The death of the soldier Gee, or whatever the fellow's name was, has created an ill feeling, I hear, in the village."

"Dreadful, your ladyship. We can't show our faces in St. Faith's without being hooted and pointed at. It wasn't our fault," he added; "we only did our duty."

"Of course you did," observed his visitor. "But this state of things renders the residence at the hall most unpleasant. The farmers, I hear, are determined to try the question of shooting over the common."

"So I hear, my lady."

"Do you think they will succeed?"

The keeper remained silent.

"Did you hear my question?" continued the speaker. "I ask you, who have known the property these forty years, whether Sir Norman really and truly possesses the exclusive right he claims?"

"His late uncle never exercised it," observed Fletcher.

"That is not an answer."

"It would be presumptuous in me to give an opinion."

"Of course it would," said the haughty woman, "unasked."

"Well, then, my lady, if I were put upon my oath, I don't believe he has. I have heard Sillex say as much a dozen times over, and he knows to an acre how far the manor extends."

"Provoking!" muttered her ladyship: "not only the ridicule of a contest with our own tenantry, but a defeat will be the consequence of this unfortunate affair, unless," she added, fixing her eyes keenly on the countenance of the old man, "you assist me to prevent it."

"I, my lady! What can I do? I am no lawyer."

"But you are an excellent shot," coolly observed his visitor.

Fletcher naturally looked exceedingly astonished. We question if anything in the course of his life had ever surprised him half so much as this simple observation.

"What is the man staring at?" added Lady Boothroyd.

The construction which the keeper had put upon her words struck her, and she broke forth into a hearty laugh.

"No, Fletcher; nothing of that kind," she exclaimed, "nothing of that kind. I will speak plainly with you, for you have lived in the family many years, and ought to feel its interests. I wish to frighten my husband into withdrawing from a dispute which threatens the peace of the neighbourhood. Now, I know of no means so likely as impressing him with the belief that his obstinacy has placed his life in danger."

"That be one way," answered the man, deliberately, "for Sir Norman be mortal timorous."

"He will not return till late," continued her ladyship; "he will enter the grounds by the south lodge. Now, if you could contrive to send a bullet through the carriage window—mind, only through the window—I think I may undertake to answer for the rest."

Fletcher rubbed the back of his head, and regarded his visitor for some time doubtfully.

"I certainly could do such a thing," he said, "and without any danger, but suppose my master should ever find me out?—he be not the most forgiving gentleman in the world."

"I'll take the blame," replied Lady Boothroyd, impatiently. "Remember that it is to prevent the recurrence of such dreadful scenes as the one which has lately taken place, and in terrifying Sir Norman into acting reasonably you are really rendering him a service which it shall be my study to requite. You are the only person," she added, condescendingly, "whom I could trust to make such an attempt, which your skill as a marksman renders not only perfectly safe, but certain of success."

It would be useless to repeat what further arguments the speaker employed before she finally succeeded in persuading the old man to undertake the task. It is sufficient, for the purpose of our narrative, to say that she did succeed, and Lady Boothroyd quitted the keeper's lodge, delighted with the success of her plans.

On her return to the hall, she found a letter bearing the Indian postmark, and sealed with black. Although addressed to her husband, the manoeuvring woman opened it without the least hesitation, and found, to her confusion and astonishment, that it announced the death of Sir Norman's younger brother and his wife, of the yellow fever. The writer, the colonel of his regiment, expressed his own and brother officers' deep condolence with the family for their loss, and concluded by expressing a hope that the child had arrived safely in England.

"Child!" she ejaculated, as the steward's advice to her to visit the cottage of Simon Gee, flashed on her recollection; "my worst fears are confirmed! Ruin, ruin to my hopes!"

This exclamation was called forth by a clause in the late baronet's will, directing that, in the event of both his nephews dying without male heir, as the title would then become extinct, the estate should be sold, and the proceeds divided equally between the female issue of the two brothers; but Sir Norman was to remain the undoubted possessor of the property during his life.

"Is it possible," she murmured, "that that wretched wanderer, even from the grave, has contrived to strike a blow fatal to all my schemes? The brat is his. I must think—think!"

It boded little good to any one when the thoughts of the speaker became intently fixed either upon their past or future destiny: it was something like the mildew—corroding where it fell.

During the rest of the day little Alice was confined to the schoolroom with the governess. Her mother required to be alone with her own evil heart and busy brain. The prattle of her innocent offspring would have disturbed her meditations.

Night was rapidly advancing, when the sound of a carriage was heard dashing up the lawn. In a few seconds voices were heard, and amongst others the mistress of Meldown Park recognised her husband's. In the midst of her reflections she had quite forgotten him.

"To be tied to an egotist—a nerveless, purposeless thing," she sighed, "and at such a moment, too! Well, well; patience, patience!"

The drawing-room door opened as Sir Norman Boothroyd made his appearance, accompanied by his lawyer.

The countenance of the baronet was pale as cowardice, and his companion's of a scarcely less sickly hue. Throwing himself into a chair, he faintly murmured—

"I have been shot at, my love!—shot at!"

"Impossible!" ejaculated his wife, with well-acted surprise.

"In my own park, too!"

"Incredible!"

"There is an end to all security in the country," added the gentleman, "if the life of a man of my rank can be attempted with impunity."

"My dear Norman," said her ladyship, getting up a very excellent imitation of a tear, "deeply as I am shocked at the murderous attempt, it can only be attributed to one cause—the chivalrous firmness with which you have defended your rights. For my sake, for our sweet child's and your own pause," she continued, "before you drive these desperate poachers to further violence. Only reflect what a state of terror and anxiety you entail upon me. Each time you quit the house I shall expect to see you brought home a corpse—terrified if you pass even an open window! A prison, if you persist in your resolution, were a safer residence than Meldown Park."

The baronet winced at the picture so artfully drawn. Like Bob Acres, in Sheridan's inimitable comedy of

"The Rivals," he felt that his courage was rapidly oozing away.

"Come, come, my lady!" exclaimed the man of law; "things are not arrived at that pass yet."

"Silence!" replied Lady Boothroyd, at the same time darting at the speaker a look which very much astonished him, for he had hitherto considered her, as every one else who was at all intimate in the family did, as a mere nonentity, an echo of his client's opinions. "You think only of your wretched fees; I of my husband."

"We will remove to London," observed the baronet, getting more and more uneasy. "I shall feel more collected in the morning. It was a narrow escape," he added. "The ball passed through both the windows of the carriage."

"Did not the servants pursue the ruffian?"

"They would have done; I believe, Marshall, they proposed something of the kind," answered the chicken-hearted Sir Norman, "but I insisted on their driving at once to the house."

The glance of contempt which his wife involuntarily gave him brought something like colour into his pale cheek. He declared himself to be seriously ill; ordered the servants to be well armed, the doors of the mansion carefully locked, and Dr. Phrase to be sent for.

Lady Boothroyd saw that her project had taken effect, and that it was perfectly unnecessary to make a display of any further feeling on the occasion. Ringing for the valet, she directed him to assist his master to his room; and remain with him till the arrival of the physician.

Lawyer Marshall had for some been eyeing the lady curiously. The decision with which she both spoke and acted upset all his preconceived notions of her character, and he mentally asked himself whether it might not be advisable to try and conciliate her favour, by showing more deference than he had hitherto done to her opinions in the affairs of his wealthy client. His speculations on the subject were cut short by her ladyship retiring to her dressing-room; where, just as she was thinking about going to rest, Dr. Phrase visited her.

"This is very shocking, my dear Lady Boothroyd," he exclaimed; "very. The gentry of the shire and the home government ought to take it up. My respected patient is in a high state of fever."

"He will be better in the morning, doubtless," coolly observed the exemplary wife.

"Hem! yes—doubtless. I have bled him, and anticipate a favourable result on the increased action of the heart from the blister I have applied to his left side, whilst the cataplasm to his feet will draw the blood from his head, and—"

"Why, you are torturing the poor man!" said her ladyship, with great difficulty repressing a smile.

"Torture!" repeated the son of Æsculapius; "pardon me: torture is not exactly the word. Tomorrow, if the symptoms are favourable, I shall throw in the febrile mixture, which, with a few days' low diet and a series of sedatives, will, I trust, restore my respected and highly valued patient to health. He is most anxious, I find, to leave the country for London."

"Yes—yes," repeated his hearer, musingly; for she had not yet thoroughly arranged her mode of action; "but you must keep him at the hall for some days at least. Dr. Phrase," she added, "are you really devoted, as you assert you are, to the interests of my family?"

"Cruel of your ladyship to doubt it for an instant!" ejaculated the pompous little man, at the same time placing his hand upon his breast and bowing very low: "in fact, I can give you a most convincing proof of it. In the late inquest upon the bodies of the poacher and keeper so unfortunately slain, I concealed a circumstance which, if generally known, would have increased the surmises and ill-feeling of the inhabitants of St. Faith's."

"Concealed!" repeated the mistress of the mansion, with surprise. "What could there possibly be to conceal that either Sir Norman Boothroyd or myself have an interest in?"

Dr. Phrase pulled out his pocket-book, and drew from it a small piece of paper, very much crumpled and stained with blood. There were signs also, of its having been burnt, as if discharged from a pistol or gun, about the edges.

"I extracted it," he said, "from the wound of Springthorpe, the keeper."

The lady took it without the slightest shudder or feeling of repugnance—a fact which the speaker considered a highly satisfactory indication of the state of her nerves—and held it up to the light. After examining it carefully, she discovered, to her great astonishment, the words, "By Lady Boothroyd, June the sixteenth," in her own handwriting upon it.

The date of the year was wanting.

"Singular!" she muttered.

"So I thought," observed the gentleman, "and carefully concealed it."

"When could I have written this?"

"Haven't the slightest idea, my lady."

"Yet it is my handwriting," she continued. "Are you certain—quite certain—that you extracted this from the body of the keeper?"

"Quite," answered the physician. "Perhaps I can assist your recollection," he added. "It strikes me that it has been torn from some book or—"

"Ah! I recollect," exclaimed Lady Boothroyd, in a tone of satisfaction; for, strange as it may appear, that blood-stained fragment of paper presented a clue by which to extricate herself from the difficulty which during the entire evening had pre-occupied her mind, and in an instant she arranged her plans accordingly.

"Dr. Phrase," she said, "Sir Norman must be sufficiently recovered to quit the hall in three days; so no more bleeding or blistering—it will only weaken him."

The little man bowed with an air of intense resignation.

"The sedatives, perhaps, may do him no injury."

"Injury!" he repeated, mournfully; "I should think not."

"You may throw in the febrile mixture," added her ladyship, with a smile. "You see I am not very unreasonable. As for this morsel of paper, permit me to exchange it for one more worthy of your learning and great professional skill."

The speaker placed in the hands of the doctor a note for fifty pounds, and at the same time carefully secreted in the case from which she had taken it the scarcely legible fragment of writing.

It is astonishing, after receiving the unusually liberal fee, how greatly the feeling of interest and devotion for his respectable and highly-valued patient increased. In fact, Dr. Phrase almost reproached himself with not having done enough for him. Some of our readers, had they been in the baronet's place, we doubt not, would have considered that he had done too much, by the blister and cataplasm at least.

"Fortune smiles upon me," thought the artful woman, as soon as she found herself alone. "The scheme required a daring hand to execute, and that is found. The rest will be comparatively easy. All I have left to do is to work upon my husband's terrors, and bend him to my purpose—no very difficult task to one who has discovered the key to his character. O man, man!" she added, "creation's self-styled lord, how pliant is your nature. Heaven may have tempered us of the self-same clay, but the impress differs widely as steel and lead—purpose and vacillation."

The following morning, after a long interview with his wife, Sir Norman Boothroyd sent for Silex, the steward, and directed him to inform the tenantry that their landlord, deeply afflicted at the death of his keeper and Barney Gee, had determined there should no longer be any subject of contention between them: in other words, that he relinquished the long-disputed right of sporting over the common.

The concession was received sullenly. As an act of grace it came too late; the blood so wantonly shed could not be soon forgotten. It had, however, one effect; it put an end to the threatened litigation.

CHAPTER X.

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.

SHAKESPEARE.

NOTWITHSTANDING that appearances fully justified the impression Mr. Bently had received of his son-in-law's conduct, George Markham still continued to wrestle bravely and successfully with the fiend drunkenness, the cause of all his misery and shame. Each new day gave him fresh vigour for the contest, rendered the struggle less painful, the insatiable craving for the bacchanal's poisoned chalice less violent. In his remorse, he experienced a kind of gloomy satisfaction, a savage triumph in every pang that rent his soul in the jeers of his fellow-workmen, at what they termed his milk-and-water spirit.

It was a sad humiliation for one naturally proud to submit voluntarily to the scoffs and insults of such men; but he had brought the punishment upon himself, and that reflection enabled him to endure it patiently. The memory of his past folly, like the

sacred bitter of the ancients, had a purifying effect, and helped to cleanse his heart.

Those who have never felt the madness of intoxication, the burning thirst, the utter prostration of mind, the nerveless apathy which follows the sudden and complete cessation from drink, can form but a faint idea of the trials the reformed drunkard has to endure before the victory over his debasing passion is complete.

We have seen reason totter on its throne, heard the strong man howl in his agony, and curse the temptation he longed for, yet would not yield to.

Fortunately, however, this state of madness, like the crisis in a fever of the brain, or any other violent disease, has its limit. Imperceptibly the burning of the gorge, the slakeless thirst diminishes, the craving grows less violent, and a reaction, morally and physically healthy, gradually takes place.

The angel of peace spreads her wings around him, and pours her healing balm upon the ulcers of his heart and brain, till the contest not only loses its bitterness, but ceases to become one, and manhood and self-respect resume their long abdicated empire in his soul.

Morning and evening, since he had obtained employment in the factory, the husband of Rachel had called regularly at the cottage of Peter Mangles to inquire after his suffering wife. And when he heard that the danger was past, that she was slowly regaining strength, he felt the weight of self-reproach lessened at his heart. It seemed as if heaven had smiled upon his efforts to render himself less unworthy of her.

The old housekeeper, Mrs. Lawrence, and his child were the only persons on these occasions whom he saw, for he carefully timed his visits so as not to encounter either the merchant or his clerk. He had made up his mind if ever he rose again in the world to owe it to his own efforts, and not to the pity of others. If a mistaken, there was at least an honest pride in his resolution: for pity is too often akin to contempt, and George Markham's ambition was to win back if possible, not only the love, but the respect of his long suffering wife.

"Respect!" we think we hear some of our over-precise readers exclaim. Not that we believe we have many such.

Yes, we repeat the word—respect. The strength which has broken the chain is quite as much to be admired as the force that has never been fettered. The gold tried in the alembic is not more pure than the soul which has freed itself from an absorbing and degrading passion. Fire and suffering have refined them both.

The repentant husband was waiting as usual after his day's work, at the back garden gate, to see the housekeeper and his child, and learn the progress of his wife towards convalescence. Somehow he felt more than usually depressed; as if the foreboding of an impending ill hovered over him.

"Oh, Mr. Markham!" exclaimed the garrulous old lady; "I have sad news for you; though I don't know that I ought to tell it you, for I only learnt it myself by accident."

"Rachel!" faltered the reformed drunkard, "Oh, speak of her!"

"Mamma is much better," cried little Mary, springing into his arms and kissing him, for she was far too young to comprehend how deeply he had erred. "And I have not told her that I have seen you, since you bade me not."

"It is not that," said Mrs. Lawrence, pitying his distress; "Mrs. Markham is going to be reconciled to her father, and to reside with him for the future. Poor thing, I am not astonished at her resolution, when I think on all she has endured. Neither can you feel surprised at it," she added, "for you have no home to take her to."

George uttered a half-suppressed groan. He understood it all. Rachel had consented to a separation from him.

"Am I not to be permitted to see her?" he murmured, at last.

"Well," replied his informant, "I should say not. Mr. Bently is a rich gentleman, and I can't very well see how he could have a person like you about his house."

"Perish his wealth!" exclaimed the unhappy man; "it has stolen his heart against me."

Without waiting a reply, he pressed his child passionately to his breast, and walked hastily away.

Little did the housekeeper of Peter Mangles imagine the agony she had caused,—how nearly she had scared the young-born spirit of repentance from his side.

For several hours George Markham walked the heath, more like a madman than a reasonable being; he dashed himself upon the snow, upbraiding the folly

that had cast life's pearl away at the moment he most felt its value.

"I have lost her!" he exclaimed; "and cannot—dare not blame her, for the memory of the past would seal my lips in shame and silence. The woman said truly. I have no home to take her to—nothing but poverty, pale want, to share with her, and of such companions she has had enough. Fool, fool,—and villain! Oh! I could tear my heart out when I reflect upon its worthlessness! Idiot, to dream of a happy future. For the drunkard there is no future: he must continue to writhe in the fiery circle he has created!"

At times the nature of his feelings changed. Rachel was his wife. The law allowed of no divorce for drunkenness. Her home was his, and he determined to assert his rights. Soon, however, the recollection of his son,—of all the woman he had outraged had endured, rose to his mind, and better feelings stole over him.

"She is right," he murmured. "I was never worthy of her; quite right. What is the love of a being like myself weighed against the affection of a parent—the comforts he can heap upon her? It is nature's instinct," he added, "a mother's resolution to protect her child."

It was singular, that in the depth of his despair the unhappy man should have hit upon the motive which had induced his wife to consent to a separation. Even in his madness, he did justice to the purity of her heart, which he well knew to be free from any selfish feeling.

Whilst wandering in this moody humour, he fell in with a party of his fellow-workmen, who were proceeding to Greenwich to pass the rest of the night as usual at the tavern. The men surrounded him with a joyous shout—most of them had been drinking already—and insisted on his accompanying them.

"Leave me," he said; "pray leave me. I am too unhappy to be sported with."

"Nothing like a drop to drown care," observed one.

"Try a hair of the dog that bit you," added a second.

"But one glass," still more insidiously whispered a third.

The temptation came, as it generally does, at a trying moment; the devouring thirst, the longing for the draught that could steep memory in forgetfulness,—and still the strong pulsations of both heart and brain came over him; still he resisted, although it was but faintly. Soon he found himself half forced, half carried, along, till they arrived in front of the gin-palace, Death's temple, whose gaudily decorated front and blazing gas-lights, formed a hideous contrast with the crowd of ragged, haggard, poverty-stricken worshippers that hung around the doors.

At this moment a number of persons turned the corner of the street; they were following a policeman, who had just taken a boy in charge for robbery.

George Markham shuddered, and thought of his own son.

"Come along, old fellow," cried one of his companions, pulling him towards the tavern.

"An instant," replied the former. "What has he done?" he added, addressing himself to a respectable-looking female, who had followed the crowd at a distance.

"Robbed his employer," answered the woman. "I always said he would turn out a thief."

"How could you foretell that?" demanded one of the workmen.

"Because he had a drunkard for his father."

The Assyrian monarch at his impious feast could not have been more startled when he beheld his doom written in characters of fire upon the wall, than the husband of Rachel felt at these few words. They seemed to hiss in his ears, penetrate to his very marrow, branding on his soul the sentence of condemnation.

With a yell, like a released spirit's cry, it sounded so wild and unearthly, he broke from those around him, and fled ere they could recover their surprise.

"Let him go," cried one.

"A milk-sop! a stingy fool! a save-penny!" chimed in the rest.

He to whom these epithets were applied, was speedily beyond the reach of their voices; had they been shouted close to him it would have been all the same, for the words "*because his father was a drunkard*" still haunted him; his hearing would take in no other sounds, echo seemed to repeat them.

"Because his father was a drunkard!" he exclaimed, when he had once more gained the heath. "O God!" he added, falling on his knees, "take that reproach from me. I trusted in my strength, and thou hast shown me my weakness. Let me not be utterly lost, for I feel how vain are the resolutions of

reason unless thy mercy blesses them,—how fragile is man's strength, unless thy shield be extended over him."

Brief as was his prayer, it had a soothing effect upon the agitated mind and heart of him who uttered it. Like oil poured upon the troubled waters, a calmer spirit came over him, and he retraced his steps towards his humble lodging, a sorrowing, but no longer a despairing man.

The following morning, whilst on duty as time-keeper at the factory, George Markham received a note from his wife, requesting to see him. It was kindly though sadly written. The pen had evidently trembled in the hand that traced the words; and in more than one portion of the page he could detect where tears had fallen involuntarily. He pressed the paper to his lips.

As the punctuality and general good conduct of their new servant had secured the good-will of his employers, the unhappy man found no difficulty in obtaining temporary leave of absence. With a calm far more touching than the violence of despair, he hastened home and dressed himself in the suit of *workman's clothes*—the one he had purchased by the fruits of his industry. There was a feeling of honest pride as well as deep humiliation in the act.

"Better thus," he thought, "than in the threadbare, faded rags which mark my former state."

In his way over the heath, how many bitter recollections did memory conjure up!—visions of past happiness, opportunities thrown away, trials which prudence might have avoided, suffering which his wife had borne with all the patient sweetness of woman's love.

"I deserve to lose her," he thought. "The punishment is not greater than the offence. Let me not wring her heart by unmanly weakness, but reserve sorrow for the future. There will be time to mourn," he added, "in the long dreary hours of separation. Firmness becomes me now."

In this frame of mind he reached the cottage; and paused for an instant to contemplate the windows of the room occupied by Rachel. The blinds were up. He fancied he could distinguish her form seated behind one of the clean white muslin curtains, and his heart beat violently. "Was it possible," he asked himself, "that she had been watching his arrival?"

Mrs. Lawrence shook her head, as she opened the door to him, and pointed to the staircase.

"The room to the right," she said.

He could not thank her, but slowly ascended to hear, from the lips he loved, the sentence he so dreaded. How his hand trembled, as it turned the handle of the door. There was a moment's hesitation, and the next he stood in the presence of his injured wife; who, seated on an easy chair, made a feeble effort to rise and meet him. In an instant he was at her feet. At the sight of her thin, attenuated form, her features pale with suffering, manhood, resolution, the firmness he had schooled himself to obtain, alike gave way, and he wept long and bitterly.

It was some time before either of them could speak.

"This is a sad meeting, George," said Rachel, deeply moved at the sight of his tears. "I little thought, when our hands were first united, that I should ever witness the humiliation of the man I loved. There is something terrible in manhood's tears," she added; "they distress me—unfit me for that I am about to say."

"Reproach me; I deserve it for my heartless folly, for the wreck I have made!" groaned the repentant man. "I can endure your indignation, better than words of kindness."

"Reproach you!" repeated the invalid, her hand involuntarily falling on his shoulder, "reproach the husband of my youth, the father of my children! No, George, no; in the depths of poverty and suffering, when we have wanted bread, and I have been watching the long weary hours of the night for your return, a curse never rose to my lips. A prayer for your reformation, a murmur perhaps at your unkindness, rose; but reproaches! never, never!"

"Unkindness! call it by its fitting name, madness, brutal madness. I have received your letter, Rachel," he added, "and will spare you the pain of inflicting the wound, the last my heart can ever feel. You are about to be reconciled to your father—"

His wife remained silent.

"To return to the home from which my fatal love exiled you—and you are right; I have not a word, a plea, to offer against your resolution. I admit its justice, its strict justice, for I am no longer worthy of you. I have been too presumptuous," he continued, "in deeming that even penitence could atone for conduct such as mine; but I shall not persevere the less in the path I have chosen."

"For your happiness, I trust?"

Her husband smiled bitterly.

"My prayers," continued his wife, "shall not be wanting to confirm you in it. George, George," she exclaimed, with a sudden burst of grief, "feel for a mother's agony—speak to me of my boy—have you found him? discovered the least trace of my lost treasure? But no—cruel as you have been you would not have concealed from me the only balm to heal my breaking heart."

"I have sought for him everywhere," replied the husband, deeply moved by her distress; "night after night I have wandered through the streets of London—penetrated each den of sin and shame—sought him in haunts where vice spreads her allurements for unfriended youth; but all in vain: heaven has not smiled upon my efforts, my late remorse, my unavailing penitence. Rachel," he added, "could the sacrifice of my heart's blood restore him to you, I'd pour the life-stream gladly forth, and deem his ransom cheaply paid."

"George!"

"I know what you would say: 'tis time we part. I will not annoy you longer by my presence. My future life shall not disgrace you. There is one thing I would ask: my child, do not let her hear the tale of her father's falling; she is too young to comprehend it now. Let me behold her sometimes. I will not speak to her, Rachel, or ask to press her in my arms,—indeed I will not! The drunkard's kiss shall not stain her innocent cheek. By the memory of the love I have forfeited—for our boy's sake—grant me this, my last and only prayer!"

On hearing the motives which explained his presence in haunts which stung her woman's heart and pride, Rachel Markham started from her seat. Twice she essayed to speak; but emotion almost choked her, and the blood came and fled from her wan cheeks with fearful rapidity.

"Answer me, George!" she exclaimed at last, breaking the spell that seemed to chain her lips;—"and truly, as you would not leave a reproach upon my soul."

"What mean you?"

"In frequenting the—scenes of vice you name, were you led there by no other motive than the hope of recovering our lost boy?"

"None," answered her husband, with unfeigned surprise.

"It was not the love of drink, then?"

"No."

"Or a yet more—"

"Rachel," interrupted her husband; "fallen and degraded as I am, do not insult me by a supposition too monstrous for reason to believe, which even madness would reject with scorn. Look on me," he continued: "did you ever know a lie to pollute my lips? a lie, the coward's shield—the shuffling trickster's last resource. Do me one justice; the maddening draught has not drowned manhood and all sense of shame; *truth* still survives the wreck."

"I am glad to hear this, George, very glad!" exclaimed his wife, bursting into tears, and sinking back into her seat. "I had heard a very different tale."

"From your father?"

"Yes; but do not blame him: he spoke but as he thought, for he had watched you, George, night after night, and imagined—"

"That I had lost both heart and reason," said the unhappy man, "sunk to depth in vice where mercy's self would fail to reach me. I know how charitably he judges me. Doubtless he told you that I was still a drunkard?"

"He was led to think so."

"His wish was father to his thought," replied George Markham. "No, Rachel; since the day which deprived me of both wife and son, the intoxicating draught has never passed these lips. I have been tempted sorely, I confess; but I resisted like one who had man's work to do—to win back his own esteem—the world's respect."

As he spoke, the glow of honest satisfaction flushed his features. His wife gazed upon him in breathless suspense, weighing each word he uttered.

"Last night," he continued, "when told by the officious kindness of the woman who attends you that you had consented to separate from me and never see me more, then, Rachel, I felt myself indeed an outcast: hope abandoned me. In my despair I asked myself the use of struggling with my destiny—of seeking to regain a name you scorned to share—of creating a future which for me could have no joy—a home destined to be desolate. In this state of misery—this utter prostration of nerve, feeling, heart, and brain—I listened to the jeers and scoffings of my fellow workmen—for I am a mere labourer now—yielded to them, and consented to accompany them to the tavern."

"And fell?" gasped his hearer.

"No; God preserved me," answered the reformed

drunkard, solemnly. "A word preserved me. On the very threshold of the temple where reason is sacrificed, manhood annihilated, sense, honour, feeling drowned in the excitement of intoxication, I broke from them and fled."

"Thank heaven," murmured his wife; "thank heaven you did so."

"I thought of you, Rachel, and of my poor lost boy. I will not pain you by relating all I suffered as I rolled frantically upon the ground, or stood gazing on the window of your chamber,—the impious thoughts which suggested themselves, till the spirit of prayer came over me. I sought for strength, and found it in that solitary hour. It has not deserted me since."

There was evidently something labouring in the heart of Rachel to which she would fain have given utterance, but the speaker still continued without observing her.

"And now, farewell. Fear not that I shall fall again. Temptation may once more assail me, but I know my strength. The fiend will be resisted. I shall persevere," he added, "though the rugged path of penitence be trod without one hope to cheer me, silently and alone."

"Not alone!" exclaimed his wife, extending her arms to him; "one faithful heart shall share it, George. You cannot cancel the sufferings I have endured, but you can atone for them. The sot, the heartless libertine, I could have rejected, but not the husband who seeks happiness and virtue in the future. Whatever your fortunes, I am ready to share them, live with you, toil with you, die with you; and never shall one look or reproachful word of mine remind you of your errors past."

An embrace, pure as their first young love, set the seal upon a reconciliation angels must have smiled to witness.

Rachel Markham kept her word, and despite the earnest entreaties of her friend Peter Mangles, and the offers of her father, who refused to believe in George's exculpation, she adhered to the decision she had made. The repentant drunkard was not left to tread the uphill path of reformation alone. A ministering spirit, in the angel form of a forgiving wife, smiled upon his task, and bore him company.

(To be continued.)

NOTHING IS LOST.

NOTHING is lost; the drop of dew
That trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled, to fall anew
In Summer's thunder-shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day—
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nought lost, for even the tiniest seed,
By wild birds borne, on breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown;
Perchance find sustenance and soil
In some remote and desert place,
Or 'mid the crowded homes of toil
Sheds usefulness and grace.

The little drift of common dust,
By the March winds disturbed and tossed,
Though scattered by the fitful gust,
Is changed, but never lost;
It yet may bear some sturdy stem,
Some proud oak battling with the blast,
Or crown with verdant diadem
Some ruin of the past.

The touching tones of minstrel art,
The breathings of some mournful flute,
Which we have heard with listening heart,
Are not extinct when mute;
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after-hour.

So with our words, or harsh or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot,
But leave some trace upon the mind,
Pass on, yet perish not;
As they are spoken, so they fall
Upon the spirit spoken to;
Scorch it like drops of burning gall,
Or soothe like honey dew.

So with our deeds, for good or ill
They have their power, scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them life with good;
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay;
Oh! that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bless away!

Then, since these lesser things ne'er die,
But work beyond our poor control,
Say, shall that suppliant for the sky—
The greater human soul?
Ah, no! it still will spurn the past,
And search the future for its rest,
Joyful! if it be found at last
Among the redeemed and blest.

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

OUR last paper took up the subject of the *formation of character*. We would now speak more particularly of worldly objects, for character is not only to be formed in retirement, but in the bustling marts of business. To live, we must labour, must have something to do, some definite and fixed object in view. A lazy man is not a moral man. There is great necessity for action, and much truth in the old Turkish proverb, "The devil tempts all other men, but the lazy man tempts the devil." Every youth should, therefore, early determine on the profession he intends to follow, should prepare for it, and pursue it with vigour. The choice of a profession is one of the most important things in life.

In connection with this subject, several things are to be considered; and, to begin with, we must look at those cases in which a profession is selected *for*, and not *by*, the person who is expected to follow it.

NO CHOICE ALLOWED.

Very frequently the individual whose success and happiness are at stake, has no voice in selecting his trade or profession. It is settled for him by his parents or guardians. This boy is to be a preacher, that boy a barrister, and boy number three a medical man. Their fitness for their respective posts is not considered. It may happen that they really turn out successful—right men in right places; but, in the majority of instances, the result is the very opposite, and they are wrong men in wrong places.

We do not insist upon it that a parent or guardian has no right to choose a pursuit for his son or ward. Sometimes it is desirable that such a choice should be made before the lad is old enough to decide for himself. The principal point to be insisted upon is, that the choice be judiciously made—that it is not a blindly assigned function—an arbitrary allotment of a position. We believe that the lack of success—the physician without practice, the briefless barrister, the unsuccessful minister—is attributable in nine cases out of ten to an unwise choice of a profession.

BLUNDERING INTO BUSINESS.

Many persons having no pursuit chosen for them, and not having that irresistible impulse towards some particular pursuit, which is equivalent to a command from heaven to follow that pursuit through all obstacles, allow themselves to fall into any calling that may happen to lie in their way. Some of them, being persons who have no very strong points in any direction, but being roundly and equally developed, can do one thing about as well as another, and are likely to succeed in anything they undertake. Now and then one, having some special fitness, happens to fall into just the place for which he is fitted, and acts efficiently there, of course; but the great majority, having blundered into an occupation, blunder through it and out of it; and finally blunder into something else with similar results.

This should never be. Nothing should be left to what is called chance, when we have power to direct it. The choice of a pursuit is a very important matter, and should be made only after much self-study and mature deliberation.

How many are virtually tied by being in a business which they heartily dislike, and in which they can never excel; but who, if pursuing some vocation to which they are by nature adapted, might hope to rise, whereas they can now never hope even to attain mediocrity. Thus tied to a dead carcass, their pride of character becomes humbled, their ambition blasted, their efforts paralysed, and their prospects cut off for ever by the difficulties attendant on making the required change.

OUT OF ONE'S SPHERE.

Again and again the editor of this journal receives long and pathetic letters from people who have mistaken their calling and are out of their sphere. Correspondents are perpetually pouring into his ear their long complaints. Some are in trades they don't like, some in trades they are not fit for, some in trades that don't pay, and all are anxious to change them for something else. The reluctance with which many callings are pursued is evidenced by these letters; the restless spirit manifested in them shows that the calling has been a great mistake, that the choice of occupation has been unadvised. People are middling preachers who would have made masterly mechanics; wretched retail merchants, who would have been noble athletic farmers; pettifogging lawyers, who might have done the state some service as soldiers or sailors. This sort of thing is so frequent that one is forcibly reminded of that odd system of philosophy which

sticks three-cornered people in round holes, and round people in three-cornered holes. This should not be. Why not have three-cornered people in three-cornered holes, and round people in round holes? The "why not" is simply that we are perpetually making blunders in the most important step we take in life.

GENIUS.

There are some who are born with a tendency that drives them. They ask no questions; but with the irresistible power of instinct they struggle forward to their proper and only possible calling, with the same natural necessity as the bird flies northward in spring, and southward in autumn. These are geniuses: the great soldiers, orators, poets, philosophers, inventors, —the chief thinkers and rulers of the race—rulers crowned by the Creator, the true rulers by "Divine right."

But all have not this genius; there are but few gigantic intellects, and there are but few men of gigantic stature. Inferior men can do the work of the world by something better than genius—namely, Perseverance. Genius is a gift, Perseverance an acquirement.

EDUCATION.

Education is of the utmost importance, whatever be our trade or position. There is no honourable calling in life that may not engage the interest and attention of the whole mind, and be adorned and made attractive by the productions of a cultivated intellect.

If a young man is to follow agricultural pursuits, he should be educated for them. His education should be shaped to them. His mind should be fully trained, and its powers developed in the direction of his pursuit. He should be made familiar with all the natural sciences, such as chemistry, geology, mineralogy, botany, and the natural history, character, and physiology of animals; for their breathing forms are all about him, and through his life he must have to do with them. His food, his drink, his dress, his all are within them, and he must draw them out. The touchstone of his knowledge must be applied to their dead and living forms, that he, his wife, and children, may be surrounded with the comforts and luxuries of life. With astronomy, physiology, mental and moral philosophy, and the rudiments at least of a thorough mathematical education, he should be made acquainted, for these he needs every day in the care of his family and in his business transactions with the world. His course of studies, his mental training, should be directed with a wise reference to his avocation. Not only his success, but the happiness and usefulness of both himself and family, depend upon it. Again, not only his mind, but his hand, should be educated for his life's avocation. His physical powers should be made not only strong and vigorous, but should be strictly and practically educated for his profession, so that mind and body will act together for the accomplishment of his end in life. A quack farmer is like a quack at anything else. And an agricultural theorist unsupported by practice, is like a theorist anywhere, a mere puff of wind.

Similar remarks may be applied to youth who have designed to fill any of the honourable callings in which men fulfil their earthly destinies.

First of all, a choice of business should be made, and made early, with a wise reference to capacity and taste. Then the youth should be educated for it, and as much as possible in it, and when this is done, it should be pursued with an industry, energy, and enthusiasm which will warrant success.

NOTHING TO DO.

A man or woman with no business, nothing to do, is an absolute pest to society. They are thieves, stealing that which is not theirs; beggars, eating that which they have not earned; drones, wasting the fruits of others' industry; leeches, sucking the blood of others; evil-doers, setting an example of idleness and dishonest living; hypocrites, shining in stolen and false colours; vampires, eating out the life of the community.

Many of our most interesting youth waste a great portion of their early life in fruitless endeavours at nothing. They have no trade, no profession, no object before them, nothing to do; and yet have a great desire to do something, and something worthy of themselves. They try this and that, and the other; offer themselves to do anything and everything, and yet know how to do nothing. Educate themselves they cannot, for they know not what they should do it for. They waste their time, energies, and little earnings in endless changes and wanderings. They have not the stimulus of a fixed object to fasten their attention and awaken their energies; not a known prize to win. They wish for good things, but have no way to attain them; desire to be useful,

but little means for being so. They lay plans, invent schemes, form theories, build castles, but never stop to execute and realise them. Poor creatures! All that ails them is the want of an object—a single object. They look at a hundred, and see nothing. If they should look steadily at one, they would see it distinctly. They grasp at random at a hundred things and catch nothing. It is like shooting among a scattered flock of pigeons—the chances are doubtful. This will never do—no, never. Success, respectability, and happiness are found in a permanent business. An early choice of some business, devotion to it, and preparation for it, should be made by every youth.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS.

The mass of men have no strong tendency toward any particular pursuit in life; but, at the same time, there are few, if any, who are not better fitted for some special branch of business than for anything else. A more complete development and more extensive opportunities to become acquainted with the practical workings of various kinds of business would draw out their tastes, and determine their true functions in the industrial world. So far as this can be ascertained it should always determine the choice. It will in the end overbalance any temporary advantages that may seem to be possessed by some other calling.

The young man should, therefore, first of all, *study himself*. He should consider well the comparative development of the various faculties of his mind, his temperament, the powers of his physical constitution, and the tendency given to his mind by his early training. Let him ask himself, "What am I best fitted to do? What can I do best? What pursuit would be most attractive to me?" Let him avail himself of every opportunity to become acquainted with the various trades and professions, and then, observing carefully the impression they make upon him, and looking again at his own mental and physical character with reference to each, let him make his election.

Do not be led away, as many have been to their ruin, by a mere passing whim or fancy. Look to the permanent and general tendencies of your mind, and not to a temporarily excited faculty.

Strength, ingenuity, a good address, and enterprise, are the great cardinal powers of business.

Some occupations require only one of these—others require a combination of them; and others, again, require a combination of some one of these essentials with other qualities, to carry them on with honour and success.

The occupations in which the essential requisite is physical strength, are those of day-labourers, butchers, and farmers. A farmer will succeed best who possesses mental cultivation of the first order; but still, the leading requisite of the business is physical strength, without which he cannot discharge his duties. A strong, healthy boy will soon learn the art of killing and dressing an animal. Strength is also requisite to the success of a bookbinder, or a wheelwright.

The occupations whose leading requisite is mechanical ingenuity are generally called trades. A tailor, a shoemaker, or a brushmaker, does not require so much ingenuity as some other trades; but trades in general require a large share of it, in combination with style, mathematical skill, and other qualifications.

Good address pre-supposes some education, a genteel person, and an obliging disposition. It is the leading requisite in all trading pursuits, and is the basis of successful shopkeeping.

Enterprise is requisite in all kinds of business, especially in speculations, or extensive mercantile operations.

We may add that most kinds of irregular business pay equally well in the long run, to those who have the ability to carry them on, and that all useful employments by which a man can earn an honest living, are equally respectable in the estimation of every sensible person. "There is but one way," says a well-known writer, "of securing universal equality to man: that is, to regard every honest employment as honourable, and for every man to learn, in whatever state he may be, therewith to be content, and to fulfil, with strict fidelity, the duties of his station, and to make every condition a post of honour."

THE quality of turning men into ridicule, and exposing those we converse with, is the qualification of little, ungenerous tempers. The greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters; but what an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention upon his infirmities—to discern his imperfections more than his virtues.

THE CHAPEL CHORISTERS.

"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS!" rang through the little chapel in a clear volume of sound that rose above the accompaniment of the organ, and was just shaded and softened by the flute-like tenor that accompanied that single female voice.

Many of the sunbrowned seamen who worshipped there knew the voice and the singer, and listened the more earnestly, because of her, to the chants and psalms, and the sermon that followed. It was "English Bessie" who came among their wives and children on many a kindly errand, and had always a cheerful word for the sick and desponding. The men called her "a hearty lass," and wished many a "blessing on her honest face." Their wives, in Sunday dress, and proud of the stalwart arms on which they leaned, "thought it shame" that she had not chosen from among the rough and hardy wooers by whom she was surrounded.

Prayer and chant were over, and the still sermon-time came, when Bessie's duties were ended; and she drew the crimson curtain aside to look and listen with the rest. The warm summer sun came quivering from the water through the lance-shaped windows, and lighted up the pale, grave face of the clergyman in his pulpit and the strangely gathered audience.

Some were boatmen, or hands from coasting vessels, whose occupation allowed them leisure for home and its comforts. They were surrounded by their wives and little ones in all the smartness of their Sunday costume, relieved by scarfs or shawls of bright foreign weaving, the gift of some successful relative on a return voyage. The children sat uneasily on the high benches, and looked at the flies on the window, or studied the pictures in their prayer-books, as children will. These were the more regular attendants of the chapel. Beyond them, the trim blue jacket of a man-of-war's man was the contented neighbour of some "lubberly whaler"—in ordinary intercourse a special aversion. And there were men whose dress had no pretension to Sunday neatness, who scarcely knew one day of the week from another, except that the seventh was, in some sort, a day of rest even with the hardest captains under whom they sailed—who were there they scarcely knew how or why, from idle whim or vague curiosity, to hear the music or "what the parson would have to say," gathered literally from the highways and byways, and compelled to come in.

There were unusual sights and sounds for church-goers without. Now loud oaths or snatches of a sailor song from some group strolling along the wharves, then a hiss of steam, a flitting past of steamers, as the Sunday pleasure-boats left on their crowded hourly trips down the bay. Bells rang and dogs barked, men shouted or laughed with coarse, unseemly merriment at coarser jests, the chapel rocked and swayed in the swell of some arriving or departing vessel, and a steady, glaring heat struck upon the small organ-loft, whose occupants were familiar with all this in the discharge of their self-appointed duty.

Heat and cold were alike to them so long as they could lead in the "common praise" and respond to the "common prayer" of those in whom they thus evinced untiring interest,—to English Bessie, for the sake of the father and brother buried by one wave from the same wreck; and to the blind man at her side, whose white hands drew such noble music from the organ's keys, while he sang the pure, clear tenor of which we spoke.

He sat with his face turned towards Bessie, as if his sightless eyes longed to know the features of this familiar friend, whom he had never yet seen. His long hair, thrown backwards from a forehead that had never known exposure, touched the broad linen collar, turned over a simple ribbon, tied carelessly about the throat. His dress was simple and far from new, but neat, so neat that you wondered to know a woman's hand had not arranged it. Music was at once his passion and his livelihood. For the rest, he had no relatives and no dependence.

It was a singular friendship that had grown up between these two, who met not elsewhere; and when the sermon was done, it was pleasant to see the sisterly care with which she handed him his hat and staff, and led him down the narrow stairs, where he must have groped slowly but for her hand.

"Here is the sill, Richard," she said, "and here the door; and there is the rector waiting to speak with you."

But the quick ear of the blind man discovered another step, and, though he listened to the kindly words of the grave rector, he heard an invitation given and refused where Bessie stood at the door of the vestibule.

"What did he want?" asked Richard, in the quick, excited manner peculiar to him, as his hand was

once more placed in that firm, reliable clasp, and she led him over the swaying plank to the shore.

"Steady! There, now you are on the wharf," Bessie said, as she might have soothed an excited child. "Who? What? Allen?"

"Yes, Allen. I heard his voice when Mr. Storey was talking. When did the 'Bess' come in? He has had a quick trip."

"Not very; the usual time. There, now, you do not need my hand any longer."

"Why do you take it away, Bessie? There is a crossing yet, and those piles of lumber."

"Yes"—and she laughed pleasantly—"but you know them as well as I do. You could lead me here."

"I wish I could," he answered below his breath, for the blindness was still a dark horror to him. "But Allen?"

"He only asked about to-night, if I should go to chapel, and—"

"If he could walk with you. When are you going to be married?" he added, abruptly.

But Bessie only pointed out a loose round stone in the crossing, as if she did not hear the question.

"Mother's not so well to-day, and I cannot go as far as usual," she said, as they entered a narrow, crooked street. "How bright and pleasant it must look out at the asylum now, with all the roses in bloom!"

"Yes, if one could see them."

"Richard, you are not thankful to-night for what you can enjoy," said the young girl, earnestly. "You have a cheerful home and fresh sweet-scented air and cheerful society."

"Go on, Bessie. You mean 'while you are shut up in this close street with a sick mother, and your bread to gain by your needle.' But then there is Allen!" and the gloomy tone came back again.

"Let him be there," Bessie answered, decidedly, pausing at her own door-stone. "Richard, you sang 'Benedic, anima mea' this afternoon; remember it on your way home. I shall, so long as my mother has a shelter, and I have health and strength to work for her. Take care now, and look out for the carriages and the crossings. I shall have time for a practice hour on Wednesday evening. You may come to tea if you like."

The blind man's staff rang upon the pavement as he went on his lonely way, not knowing that she stood upon the door-stone, and watched for his safety so long as he was in sight. He did not know what should make him so restless and disturbed about this marriage. It was right and natural, and what he could have wished for Bessie. They would be finely paired—the high-spirited, energetic woman and her sailor lover. He so tall, and bronzed, and stalwart, as Bessie's husband ought to be; frank and generous, as sailors ever are.

Richard Langdon, the blind music-teacher, still lived at the asylum where he had studied his beautiful art, with the love and confidence of pupils and teachers. The rooms were of noble proportions, the grounds fragrant with sweet-scented shrubbery, and cool with the shadow of heavy foliage. Here he walked, that still Sabbath afternoon, and thought upon his aimless, joyless childhood, and what if he had had a sister like Bessie to cheer it. There were many hours when his mind preyed upon itself; it had always been so in the pauses of study, but never so much as now.

So he wandered down the rose-walk, listening to the murmur of voices that rose from the play-ground beyond the garden, and envying the children their Sabbath rest and peace. But his mind would go back to Bessie and their first acquaintance, when she came to offer her fresh, strong, but untrained voice to assist him to lead in the chapel music. His nature was so gentle that her quick, stirring way was not pleasant to him at first; it was not his idea of womanliness. He liked her better when he found how much in earnest she was to improve this one talent, and how grateful for his instructions. Now when they were together, he laid aside the timid uncertainty of step and manner, trusting to her guidance. When she was married, all these pleasant walks and rehearsals must end, for she would have new duties and companionship and pleasures. No wonder he was restless and disturbed.

The pale, gentle widow had a welcome for him when the appointed evening came; and he sat down near her, in the open door, until Bessie should come in. He could feel the neatness of all around him, and heard the cat purring in the door-sill, and the kettle singing its pleasant evening song in the outer room. It was all so still and homelike to him—though he had never known a home, but in his dreams; so different from the clatter of feet through the corridors of the asylum, the opening and shutting

of doors, the hum of children conning their lessons, or the discordance of the tortured musical instruments under the hands of unskilful pupils. He wondered if the gay, boisterous sailor would appreciate this quiet rest, so dear to him, and Bessie's invalid mother, with her delicate tastes and instincts.

When tea was over and the household duties were ended for the day, though it was pleasant to hear Bessie go so easily about them, she came, for the first time, and sat down by him on the door-stone, for the house was one of those low, old-fashioned tenements where you step from the street into the dwelling-room at once. The street was still and deserted, save now and then a solitary footstep echoed along the pavement, and died away in the shadows beyond. A massive, but long disused warehouse, built when this narrow street had its great commercial fame and influence, loomed opposite to them, the iron-bound doors and shutterless windows gleaming in the moonlight, an old, decayed, but to Bessie a pleasant neighbour. It was better to sit by her window and imagine the days of its ancient bustle and opulence, than to watch the bad management of some thriftless housekeeper, or her neglected children quarrelling on the pavement. To-night, it was especially pleasant to see it so softly shadowed; and she described it to the blind man as she would have drawn the picture of a friend.

And yet she could not draw a portrait of herself that satisfied him. She always turned away with some jest upon her stout figure and heavy features, which displeased and annoyed him, for he never could make her anything but beautiful in his mind.

"I will ask her now," thought Richard, "before any one has a claim upon her;" and, with quick impulse, he preferred a long-indulged, but unspoken request.

"If you will only let me touch your hair—your face, one instant, Bessie, as I do when I wish to know my friends and pupils better, I shall be more contented when you are Allen's wife. You have been such a dear, true friend to me!"

She took up both his hands, and, stooping, laid them on her bowed head.

"As I thought," he murmured rather than spoke; and his hands shook and trembled, though she was so quiet beneath their touch. "Soft, wavy hair; it is brown, I know, brown, and silken as a child's. The broad, open forehead, that belongs to you, Bessie. I know how your eyes look now, honest and fearless and very truthful; such long lashes, and your cheek so round and smooth! How could you tell me that you were not beautiful!"

"Because I am not," she said, taking his hands again. "And feel how hardened my hands are, while yours are soft and white. It is an ugly contrast, and so are our faces and characters and dispositions," she added, presently.

"I knew—but Allen is manly and hardy and cheerful. I was not always so gloomy, Bessie; truly I was not. But I grew so restless and dependent and homesick—I cannot describe it any other way—yet I never have had, and never shall have a home such as other men win for themselves, who do not know how to prize it as I should."

"It is almost time for the rehearsal," said Bessie, as if to lead him from this hopeless mood, "and mother has fallen asleep there upon her pillows. Come, let us go, Richard."

She drew his arm within hers as they rose, and they walked on towards the river, for the chapel was scarcely a stone's throw. He longed to say more, to tell her all that the touch of that bowed head had revealed to him, how passionately he loved her, how doubly hateful his blindness and dependence were to him for her sake, how doubly solitary his life would always be for having known her and for her care over him; but he struggled with this stormy mood bravely, for he knew he had no right to lay the burden of his misfortunes at any woman's feet, even if she were free to take it up and bear it onward for him.

So, they walked on in silence for a little time until they began to hear the soft splash of the incoming tide against the wharves and the sides of the vessels lying at anchor. It recalled the trim schooner "Bess" and her captain to his mind.

"When are you to be married?" he asked, abruptly. "Soon, I hope."

"Do you, Richard?"

"Yes, it is better to be soon;" and again the strong tide of feeling rushed to his lips. He pressed his teeth into them, so that he should say no more.

"Well, then," said Bessie, her voice trembling a little—he had never known this before—"I am going to make you a strange proposal, not strange, for it is right and best; mother thinks as I do. You are to be my husband, Richard, when I do marry,

for you love me as Allen does not and cannot, and you need me more than he, as I told him when he asked me to be his wife."

"I, Bessie! Poor and blind! I your husband!" He reeled as if a sudden blow had been struck, but she upheld him steadily.

"If you do not wish it, Richard, it ends here. You know me well enough in these three years to know that I mean all I say, and that I had only to assure myself of your love before I allowed mine to be seen. You would never have asked this of me: but here I am. I offer myself, my love, and care, and companionship to you, if you will take it. Richard, let me be home, and strength, and sight to you always."

It was well that they had reached the chapel, for the courage with which she had nerved herself was fast forsaking her. By the dim light, she saw their rector bending over his books in the vestry, as was his wont when he expected them there. The blind man heard the advancing step and kindly welcome, as he came forward to the chancel, and the sound of other voices in the loft above them.

"Make it real; it is all a dream," he said, and they knelt down together for their pastor's blessing, for he knew all that was in their hearts, and that henceforth the chant of thanksgiving would come from the innermost depths of Richard Langdon's soul—

"Who crowneth me with mercy and loving kindness."

Inventions and Science.

A NEW PROCESS FOR MAKING BREAD.—It was mentioned some time since that a new process for bread making, patented by Dr. Daughlish, effected great results, by preventing waste inseparable from fermentation. It is now affirmed that the method has been brought into perfectly satisfactory working, and that 10 per cent. more bread is made out of a sack of flour than by the old process.

WATER AS A MOTIVE POWER.—Mr. A. de Polignac has discovered a new system by which the power of a waterfall may be transmitted to a considerable distance at a comparatively small expense. His machine consists of a lift and force-pump, set in motion by the waterfall, and of a series of pipes of sufficient diameter, conducting the water to the place where it is wanted. Here it supplies a "Hungarian machine," and the water may then be allowed to run to waste, or be turned to some useful purpose.

BENSON'S PATENT WATCH BOW AND PENDANT.—This is really an exceedingly useful invention, and calculated to be beneficial to everybody but the pick-pocket. Such an invention as this has long been necessary; we lose our watches, wonder why we lose them, and are satisfied in offering a reward for their return or in prosecuting the thief. Prevention, in every case, being better than cure, Mr. Benson deserves the thanks of the public for the invention of his watch bow and pendant. The bow or handle of an ordinary watch is, as everybody knows (pickpockets in particular), attached to the watch by a very thin piece of wire, which also serves as a hinge, and is easily broken. One of our magistrates recently remarked that it was perfectly scandalous watchmakers did not secure their watches in a better manner. And the justice of the remark must be admitted. An efficient safeguard is now, however, to be found in Mr. Benson's invention; he has produced an admirable contrivance against the thief in the following manner. The watch being wrenched from its bow by the purchase, as it is called, afforded to the leverage of the thief's finger and thumb, the inventor has so altered the bow or handle, by the insertion of a swivel joint, that however often it may be turned it cannot possibly break off from the chain or the watch, while at the same time the spring in the handle, by which, upon being pressed, the lids are opened, is not at all affected. Besides being useful, the improved bow and pendant are exceedingly neat.

IMPROVED COOKING APPARATUS.—J. F. Maire has recently introduced his new cooking apparatus, which possesses the double advantage of saving both time and fuel. It consists in putting the food to be prepared for eating with water in a cooking vessel of the digester kind. The water in this vessel is raised as high as two atmospheres' pressure, which is shown by a valve on the lid. At the moment the valve begins to rise and the steam escapes, the vessel is taken from the fire and completely wrapped up with materials that will not suffer the heat to escape. The caloric that has been produced when the vessel was upon the fire is thus concentrated in the vessel tightly shut up, and the cooking completed away from the fire.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



LORD CAMPBELL. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD CAMPBELL,
CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

LORD CAMPBELL, the present Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, was born at Springfield, near Cupar, in Scotland, in 1779, and is the son of the Rev. George Campbell, upwards of fifty years minister of Cupar parish. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, with the view of being brought up to the church. He pursued his studies with much vigilance; but he did not evince a great taste for the profession his father had chosen. One of his contemporaries at St. Andrews was in after years known to fame as Dr. Chalmers. At the conclusion of his university studies, "plain John Campbell" came to London with the determination of becoming a barrister. He underwent the necessary course of legal training with characteristic perseverance; in the meantime employing his leisure, and "keeping the wolf from the door," by the exercise of his skill as a shorthand writer and reporter on the establishment of the *Morning Chronicle*. As a member of the press Mr. Campbell won considerable distinction, and succeeded in gaining the friendship of many influential individuals. For a long time he performed the duties of theatrical critic of the journal to which he was attached. He was called to the bar in 1806 by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and was not long before he proved his fitness for the legal profession. From the

first he took a prominent place among the advocates of the day, and continued his onward march until he had secured a highly lucrative practice. In 1827 he was invested with the silk gown of a king's counsel; and three years afterwards occupied a seat in the House of Commons as member for Stafford. In 1832 Lord Grey gave him the appointment of Solicitor-General, and two years after that of Attorney-General. In the meantime Mr. Campbell shifted his parliamentary services from Stafford to Dudley, and from thence to the more important city of Edinburgh. He continued to represent the Scottish metropolis till June, 1841, when he relinquished the functions of Attorney-General to accept the Chancellorship of Ireland, the position of Privy Councillor, and a place among the peers of England. He was called to the House of Lords as Baron Campbell; while his wife, a daughter of the late Lord Abinger, was created a peeress in her own right, with the title of Baroness Stratheden.

In the autumn of the same year Lord Campbell resigned his position as Chancellor of Ireland, and for a time devoted himself to legislative work in the upper House of Parliament. In July, 1846, he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and in 1850, on the retirement of Lord Denman, he became Lord Chief Justice of England.

This important post, with a salary of £8,000 per annum, Lord Campbell still continues to hold.

As a judge his lordship has earned a great reputation. He is remarkable for sagacity, common sense, and a thorough knowledge of the law. On the bench he exhibits the dignity befitting his high position. If he finds the law is wrong in any of its branches, he administers it with gentleness, and at once sets about remedying the defect. In his position as a legislator he has this opportunity, and does not fail to exercise it. His recent endeavours to put down a certain abominable traffic were determined, straightforward, and to the purpose. His lordship aimed a well-directed blow at a great social grievance, and as far as possible crushed it. For this and many similar services the Lord Chief Justice deserves well of the English people. We trust he may still live long to enjoy the fruits of a reputation so well earned.

Although considerably above seventy-five years of age, Lord Campbell exhibits the bodily and intellectual vigour of a much younger man. Notwithstanding his age and the arduous duties of judge and legislator, he manages to find leisure for literary pursuits. In the world of letters Lord Campbell has earned an enduring name. His principal work is "The Lives of the Lord Chancellors." The first series was published in 1846. It was in three volumes, and extended to the revolution of 1688. The second series made its appearance in December 1846, and the third at the close of the following year. Since then Lord Campbell has written the "Lives of the Lord Chief



FUGITIVES FROM DELHI ATTACKED BY ENGLISH CAVALRY.

Justices." These works are undeniably valuable accessions to biographic literature.

The portrait of the Lord Chief Justice is from a fine photograph recently taken by Mr. Mayall of Argyll-place, Regent-street.

THE FUGITIVES FROM DELHI.

THE dashing bravery which stormed the walls of Delhi, and in the face of fearful odds drove out the mutineers, and planted English colours on the Mogul palace, did not subside with the first flush of victory, but followed up its triumph with promptitude and vigour.

Inside the city the battle was prolonged for several days. The rebels fought desperately hard. They fought like men who knew that defeat must end in death, that for them there was no quarter, that they would not even fall like soldiers, but hang like criminals: so they struggled, with the gibbet full in sight; and when fighting was impossible, they fled like criminals from the gallows.

Our brave fellows have done good work before: to long marching, hard fighting, patient waiting, they have been well used. But wherever they have served, it has been—or has been for the most part—against honourable foes. Our troops in India have been called on to do another sort of work;—to fight against rebels, to hunt down—as so many tigers—mutineers, blood-stained Sepoys, the murderers of women and children. And the British soldiers have set about that work in earnest. Already they have done much: more still remains to be done. Cheerfully they endured fatigue and exposure; patiently waited while trenches were dug and batteries erected; with courage and determination never surpassed, they rushed to the assault, when the hour arrived, of the city of the Moslem, and street by street, foot by foot, inch by inch, fought for its possession, and triumphed over every obstacle.

But it was not enough to seize on Delhi; not enough to occupy the stronghold of the revolt; not enough to drive out the rebels. To permit them to escape, to scatter themselves over the country, to conceal themselves among the peaceful and innocent population, would be to cheat justice, dishonour the dead, and endanger the living. Vigorous measures

were therefore taken immediately to follow the fugitives. Here the dire want of a sufficient body of cavalry was severely felt. The mounted troops available were at once employed, and the work accomplished by this mere handful of men, only makes the want of a proper force the more apparent.

Many a skirmish with the fugitive mutineers took place. Our men never stopped to count heads, or calculate chances. Five to one, ten to one, twenty to one,—ay, if it had been a hundred to one, they would gallantly have charged them, and driven them to destruction, like chaff before the wind. The acts of personal heroism performed in this way are worthy of the days of chivalry. No company of crusaders ever charged the Pagans more bravely than have our troops attacked and defeated the mutineers.

Delhi, the blood-stained and defiled city—the city which had witnessed the treachery and cruelty of the old king and the princes—bears witness also to their overthrow and punishment. The old monarch was brought back and paraded through the streets, amid yells and execrations; the bodies of the princes, justly slain, were exposed on the very spot where English blood had been so wantonly shed by their command. Why the old king should not hang for the murderous work done under his direction, is more than we can fathom. Surely he ought not to be permitted to escape.

While it is a matter of satisfaction that the principal agents of the revolt at Delhi have been thus dealt with, we cannot but regret that so many thousand fugitives should have escaped. Notwithstanding the zeal and energy displayed in the pursuit, the main body of the rebels were able to preserve themselves from the point of the bayonet, the edge of the sword. The troubles of Bengal have been thus prolonged, and even the tranquillity of the other presidencies threatened.

Colonel Greathed left Delhi in command of a force numbering about three thousand in all. He was charged with the pursuit of one body of Delhi fugitives which had taken a route for Agra and Cawnpore. At Bolundshithur he came up with the flying enemy, and signally defeated them with small loss to himself. He defeated them a second time on the day following at Allyghur, and about nine days later arrived at Agra in the very nick of time. About Agra we shall have more to say on a future occasion; suffice it that the enemy were repulsed with great

loss, pursued, routed, and dispersed. The chase was continued until they had been driven across the Kharee, with the loss of a thousand killed, all their guns, all their baggage, and all their plunder. This brilliant exploit was achieved with very small loss.

Successes so striking leave little room for gloom. The great want appears to have been an adequate supply of cavalry. But skilfully employing that which was at their command, our generals have reduced the numerical strength and crippled the resources of the mutineers. The day of revolt is over, and the day of punishment and, we trust, pacification, has arrived.

LATSON.

BY
FELIX STOWE.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH THE CUP OVERFLOWS.

It was just about the time when old Claymore, from a curious mixed motive of gratitude and whim, dubbed his little grandson after the name of the place where his young foster-mother found him, that an heir of the house of Latson appeared within those ancient towers.

The fashionable paper duly announced one morning the happy and auspicious event; and the belfry was again in requisition, and the dear bells rang it out "fast and loud," and the firing of the peal declared the felicity that reigned in the great man's house.

The peal knew nothing about it. Not one of the ringers up in that old, square, tottering place, with his coat off, and his shirt sleeves rolled up to the armpits,—not one of those ringers would have changed places with the happy father for five minutes if he had known where that father was, and what he was doing, and how he felt, while all the parish was going mad with excitement.

We saw excitement, instead of joy, for, excepting that the Lady Ethel had endeared herself to every family in the place, and whatever was supposed to give her new happiness rejoiced the village, the bells would have had all the joy to themselves that day.

She had passed those months in doing her very best to make other homes happier than hers was, or ever would be. It had been no picture of fancy or flight of fair promises, when she talked to Latson about going round among the cottages, with her basket on her arm. She had done it day by day when her presence was wanted, much to her lord's distaste—at least, it would have been if he had done her the honour to think about her, or to notice her movements.

Many a wife, vexed and wroth at her husband's extravagance or bad habits, had been gently counselled to "bear and forbear," by her who could preach that doctrine with so good a conscience; her heart bursting within her as she thought how she could have endured more easily even curses and blows, than pine on, forgotten and neglected, as she had now done so long.

It is the day after the arrival of little Claude Blance Latson. There has been no want of attention, no neglect lately; for our readers must very often have seen the sad strange sight, of a man suddenly roused to a perception of his cruelty, just when the object of it is on the point of putting reparation beyond his reach.

It is so now with Ethel.

She has kept up, for his sake, by a mighty struggle, during all that weary twelvemonth. She has dreaded nothing more than giving him anxiety; though, poor thing, she learned every day how little need there was for dreading.

There is now no more occasion for her to keep up, and she yields at once.

Latson is with her. The three doctors have just taken their departure, after a faithful announcement to the husband that they have done all they can.

"We can hardly tell," said the great man from Salisbury, "why the patient should sink in her present circumstances. There seems hardly enough in the case itself to account for this extreme prostration. But it is our duty to tell you, that if these strong stimulating measures are not successful, almost immediately, we must be prepared for the most serious results."

You do not, reader, understand very much of human nature, if you think that those words fell lightly even on the heart of the Honourable Hugh.

A man will let a gentle, loving creature go her way, and slowly freeze up her life within her breast, as long as he expects to have thirty or forty years to live with her, and to do his cruel work in. But here is a sudden stop put to a hundred plans, and to the new scenes and prospects of a married life; here is a waste of all the excitement, and the gaiety, and the cost of wedding, and wedding trips, and altered establishment. Besides which, here is the flowing in upon the guilty man's heart, of a heavy tide of self-reproach, with a thousand recollections, similar to that of the billiard party; without the memory of one single word of hers (oh! what would he have given to remember just one look that day?) which could justify unkindness, or excuse neglect.

We have called the infant's name, Claude Blance Latson.

This was one of the arrangements made that day in Ethel's room, at her bedside.

"May his name be Claude, dear Letty, after your father?" said the husband, as he took her hand on returning from the dismissal of the doctors.

"No, no," she whispered, "why not his father's name, dear Hugh?"

"His father," said Latson, "deserves to be forgotten, not remembered;" and Latson covered his face in his handkerchief, gently laying down his wife's hand to do it.

"He must have one of my names, poor little fellow! I suppose; but he shall only have one," Latson said. "I ask you to let our boy's name be Claude Blance. Say yes, Letty!"

Ethel had not had as gentle words as these from her husband for some time, some long time—and she smiled up from the pillow her deep, deep joy, along with a look of wonder, as if to ask what it all meant.

Presently, when she found strength for it, she said—"But we can talk about his name, dear Hugh, by-and-by—I like none so well as his father's—but, by-and-by, by-and-by."

"Letty," he replied, really moved with a perfect agony of remorse—"Letty, you are very ill, dear, the doctors tell me very ill indeed."

It was quite plain she had not at all known this before. A common case, when no suffering warns the patient, or renders illness a burden. The tone in which Latson spoke startled her.

"There is no danger, dearest," she asked, "is there?" speaking very low; not that she looked alarmed, only taken by surprise.

"Letty, I'm afraid, unless this new medicine does

wonders, I'm afraid there is danger. Indeed, we shouldn't be talking on thus. It will only make you weaker—lie still, dearest, will you?"

"Dearest! Could it be that she heard him rightly?"

He had scarcely ever spoken thus, even in the months when she thought he loved her.

She did lie still,—for she was afraid to speak again, lest some colder word should come to chill the last he had spoken to her.

So she gathered up her little remaining strength, and took her husband's hand, as he held it to her, and was very, very happy.

"Better to die thus," Ethel thought, "than live without being allowed to touch this hand."

Latson went down stairs;—down to remember,—down to look forward, and to struggle with the wrath of conscience.

There were other scenes than Wiltshire ones that came into that man's view, as he paced his library, or sat down before the fireplace, gazing into the red caverns of burning coal. Looking with a stern stare, while his mouth fell open in the wretched abstraction of that hour of retribution, he thought that a part of the red-hot fire shaped itself into a room that he had seen once before.

Ah! it's the room in London; where he saw—yes, and he sees it again—a slight, lovely figure, seated before him,—turned, in one moment, as into a pillar of stone, at the coarse laugh he has just flung at her, telling her she is not his wife, and never has been.

He sees that pretty upper lip drawn down in deep-clenched agony; and those dark eyes—yet so soft in their expression—looking out upon him, as full of love as ever,—yet so full of wonder and of woe!

And then a piece of the glowing cavern tumbles in, and the scene changes.

And who shall put upon the paper the many sights he sees? When his fancy—(for he knows nothing of her course, save the end of it)—when his fancy tracks her through those weeks and months of wretchedness; when he was leaving her to die, for aught he knew, and rot away,—his bride, and her child and all!

Then the fire settled down a little once more, and the red cavern changed its shape.

And now there is an old man, palsied as much with misery as with years.

And he faces him and his other bride, in the church and in the walk; and there is the white wrinkled face, as if it were yesterday, and the thin gray hairs quivering in the cold February wind, and the crackling of the flames seem to be repeating to him—

"We couldn't bury her with a lie in her hand!"

"Where's that ring?"

And he starts up.

He remembers that he tossed it into a river, on his wedding journey, that very day.

And his hand grasps his forehead, as if he would crush the brain underneath it, for daring to recollect the fact.

But all these memories were so many joys to the Honourable Hugh, compared with others that pointed to a later date.

The live embers gave him out, one by one, fantastic pictures of full many a scene, that went now, like daggers, one after another, into his heart.

Here was one, where Ethel had been ailing for many weeks, and he insisted on a visit, to be paid at once, to a family at the other extremity of the county. She had asked for a week's respite to recover in. He had replied, that she might have had the honesty to tell him he was marrying "into a hospital." She had gone up to prepare, and had fainted on the landing. Yet the visit was persevered in.

The coals revealed to him how gentle her manner was, and how nobly she bore up before strangers, all through that visit; and how, on her return, she was in her sick room for days without his once crossing the threshold, or asking (so far as she could learn) how she was.

Here was another white-heat model of the scene where her little Italian greyhound, very shortly before her illness, had come up to the bedroom door, with a strange pitiful whine, as if it were a cry of foreboding. This was a little favourite of her father's, and a present to her from him when he died. And Latson saw, how that he had opened the door, and kicked his wife's pet to the bottom of the staircase. And the coals showed him, over again, the broken leg, and Ethel trying to put the little limb in a sort of splint; but the little patient had disappeared one day, and Latson saw that Ethel knew the truth, and was too frightened to ask. The truth being, that Latson (not from humanity, but irritated at her attention to it) had put an end to him.

He would have given a year's income to have gone

upstairs at that moment, and carried that little favourite, safe and sound, into his wife's presence.

Those pictures, from first to last, could not have been moulded in a fitter substance.

They burnt themselves in upon his heart, one by one, like live coals as they were.

Meanwhile, up stairs, the wife had been trying to think, which was hard work for her, in her extreme weakness.

She managed only to think one thought—yes, two. The first was a thought of tenderest love for little Hugh, as she persisted in calling him to herself. The second was an earnest wish to get better, that she might be called "dearest" again, when she was well enough to tell its full meaning, and be permitted now and then to hold his hand in hers, when she had more strength to retain it.

She thought these two thoughts. And then she went wandering on—who shall tell whither?

Ethel, too, had her fancy pictures. But as Maude bent over her, and watched her tenderly, and saw that she was among different scenes from the present, Maude could tell by the sweet smile on her sister's face that her pictures were among the flowers—the golden-coloured flowers on the curtain at the foot of the bed, all innocence and peace—and that she would have had nothing to remember, in the red-hot coals, of misery and guilt!

CHAPTER XV.

THE CHURCH LOOKS QUITE ITSELF AGAIN.

It is in the middle of the night of that same day.

Maude raps violently at Latson's door. He has gone to lie down for an hour—though he might as well, for all the sleep he got, have sat on learning repentance in the library fire.

"Ethel is worse," cried Maude. "Nurse thinks you should know."

And in a few seconds he is again at the bedside.

Neither the drugs nor the other stimulants freely given have had any power over that sinking strength; and the reason is that her weakness has been collecting, not for hours (then she might have rallied), but for weeks and months.

Broken hearts are not cured by brandy.

"I'm so thankful," Ethel slowly, and with many pauses, murmured up, as her husband bent over her.

"What for?" he gasped; and well he might.

"That—I was—spared to you till little Hugh was born."

"Not Hugh," sobbed Latson: yes, he fairly sobbed now.

"Well, as you like, love. It will not matter much soon what his father calls him. I've been a poor useless wife to you, my dear Hugh," she whispered to him, so that he scarcely heard her.

Latson, who had seen nothing so hot as this in the grate down stairs, clutched both sides of his head, and went into the shadow of the curtain out of view.

She called him back. He could as soon have resisted the last trump as been deaf to the whisper that called him to her.

"May I ask you one thing, dearest?" she said, looking up into his face, while the finger of death was arranging every feature as he would, very fast.

"Anything, my precious."

"That old man, Hugh, when we were married—do you remember an old man—"

And while she stopped to draw breath—breath that had hard work to come when she drew—Latson became, from a burning red, ashy pale.

Their eyes met.

"Do you remember the old man, dear Hugh? the father of some discharged servant?"

"I think I do," he answered. "I just recollect something of it. What of him, my dearest Letty?"

She was glad that, at such a time, he looked at her so firmly.

"Was his daughter, dearest, a discharged servant?"

"Yes!" said Latson.

And he spoke more truly than he meant to speak.

"And was she discharged, dear, for being dishonest?"

"I really," stammered Latson, "have quite forgotten the particulars. But what of her, my love?"

Maude, at this point in the conversation, left the room. She had never heard a word on this subject, and she thought she ought not to know more.

Maude, however, had her own reasons for guessing.

"Have you ever seen her since?" faltered Ethel.

"Never!" cried her husband, greatly relieved by the opportunity for speaking the truth, and yet, as he hoped, comforting Ethel.

He did not succeed in this last attempt. She looked sadly up to him.

"Do you think the housekeeper could remember, dear love, what it was she stole? Would you ask her, to please me?"

And the coal caverns had, it seemed to him, been heated, like the furnace in Babylon, seven times hotter than ever, as she made this request. At last he answered—

"You are not fit, dearest, for this conversation just now. Do let it be, Letty. It can do you no good to hear more about her now, can it, my poor girl?"

And he stooped down and laid his face near hers on the pillow.

But nothing would pacify Ethel.

Nothing ever does pacify the dying when they have something to do, and some one is attempting to hinder them.

"Do you think she is alive, dear Hugh?"

"How can I tell, dearest?"

"Will you make me one promise, Hugh?"

"Yes, twenty, my darling!" he answered.

"That, when I'm gone, you'll make inquiries about her. For, even if she did do wrong, dear Hugh, remember how we all do wrong, and how He whom we steal from every day, never turns us out of His house. Hugh, we have minded Him very little, since we knew each other. Dearest, will you let your wife say, before she goes, what a comfort it has been to her, ever since mamma died, to have a Friend to go to in heaven, when the world sometimes looked dark,—or, at least, not quite so bright. I never knew, till I lost mamma, how true religion could keep one up in deep waters, and I have never forgotten it, since then. I can't say I have not prayed for my husband, but I ought to have been bolder in telling him, how sweet it was to trust in the Man of Sorrows. Do I offend you, Hugh?"

"God forbid!" he gasped.

"Then let it comfort you, dearest, to know that I feel Him to be with me now; and, that if I must leave you and my little boy, I am not going away in the dark. 'His rod and His staff they comfort me.'"

"Would that they comforted me!" said Latson.

"They will, dearest; I will pray that they may. But don't forget the poor girl and her old father. Oh! Hugh, something tells me *she didn't steal*. The old man looked so good, and yet so very, very wretched. Hugh, for not one single day nor night, since we were married" (and now her voice was scarcely articulate), "have I missed thinking of that old man's face, and I would have asked you about him again and again, if—"

And Latson knew what she would have said; and if she *had* said it, he must have fallen to the floor at hearing of his cruelty from her lips just then.

So he stopped her by saying—

"Everything shall be done, dearest, that you would wish to be done;—only, don't, don't leave me, Ethel, till I can take a better turn, and treat you as you deserve. Oh, Ethel, Ethel! I've killed you, and I cannot keep you one more poor day!"

And, unless you remembered the red-hot chambers, you must have pitied him, as he sank down into the chair against the bed, and listened to the rattling breath, that was now heard very distinctly when she lay still.

"No, no," she murmured; "don't say that. We were not quite suited, dearest, perhaps, in everything to each other; and I might have done much more, I know, to make you love me. That's all past now. Love little—"

"Claude Blance," he said, coming to her again. "Yes, as my own life, Letty!"

"And see the old man," she faltered.

"Yes, yes, dearest!—everything shall be done."

"And if she *was* a servant," Ethel tried to say, "will you—will you try her once—"

But Latson sprang upon his feet, and rushed to the door.

"Maude—Maude! Nurse—nurse, I say!"

There was no need for either.

The loving sister, and the gentle patient, was beyond the help of both. She had met already the discharged servant,—the servant who had stolen nothing, but had lost everything! Ethel believed her innocent; she knew it now.

And with that last feeble shudder, she renounced the husband, whose guilt had forced him to profane even her death-bed with a lie!

And so, thus quickly came it again to pass, that the old church was hung in black, and again, as the old pew-opener once more remarked, "looked like itself."

CHAPTER XVI.

TAKES A LEAP.

THERE was another little Church, away in London, that though not exactly hung in black, was always uncommonly sober in its appearance, and was at least original enough to deserve the Wiltshire pew-opener's

encomium of being "quite itself," for certainly it was like nothing else.

Little Hugh Church very seldom smiled, and never laughed. At all events, they never saw him laugh who saw him most.

He began speaking by calling Ruth his aunt, and Mrs. Wofield grandmother.

The very names Joyce would have chosen, had she lived to see the little fellow running (if he ever did more than walk) from one to the other.

There seemed to be an air of gloom always on his pale face—not that sort of air which precocious children generally have, as if they were always in deep thought, and could puzzle their elders, any moment, with some outlandish remark—but an air of veritable gloom, as if he knew how much he had lost, and as if it seemed quite uncertain, whether he was not himself lost.

At the same time, as soon, almost, as he could walk, he was a great comfort to Ruth and her mother—he had nearly said an assistance. For, in going little errands to the shop next door but one, or in laying out Ruth's sewing-thread in proper lengths for her, or in holding her skeins of silk on his little hands, and in many a little act of service, neatly and willingly done, he *did* assist.

Still it seemed, always, as if the shadow of his mother's sorrows hung about him, wherever he went, and whatever he was doing.

His little face said to every by-passer—"I am an orphan,—please not to be too hard upon me!"

Every one of the neighbours soon began to like him, though Ruth didn't encourage any acquaintance with other children. She never forgot, that though Hugh was the memorial of much cruelty and wrong, yet that, on one side at least, he was no poor man's child. But the neighbours liked him; they couldn't help it.

It had been a very exceptional case, when the crabbed charwoman heard him cry. He had never been a crying child; and now, as he went past, the old woman would even run out and give him some little tit-bit or other, returning to her family with some such commentary as this (for the true state of the case had long since been known in the neighbourhood)—

"Drat that queer little chap of Wofield's! but he somehow comes over me like, as nobody else's brats do. I'll lay a shilling he comes of a better sort than Wofield's."

And there, whenever work was a little slack, would Ruth sit down with him and teach her little ward all she knew; and when she had taught him to read, she allowed him to practise and to improve out of the old Bible, from which her mother had read her the beautiful account of Heaven.

Hugh knew nothing accurately, as to how he came to live with the Wofields; he only knew that he had neither father nor mother.

Still, it so happened that as of all the Old Testament stories he read under Ruth's guidance, there was none she liked to hear him read so much as the banishment of Hagar and Ishmael, there was none that little Church himself so much enjoyed and so often cried over.

It was as if he knew how much, by means of that story, he had both gained and lost.

And so time wore on, and Joyce's boy grew more and more like his mother, and less like his father in everything, every week.

One day, instead of giving him a sweetmeat or a piece of bread and treacle as usual, the charwoman gave him, as he was going by, a halfpenny, telling him to go and get himself what he liked with it.

Hugh looked up at her with his old melancholy look, but a little nearer to a smile than was his wont, and said—

"If you please, ma'am, may I do what I like with it?"

"In course," said the woman. "That's why you got it."

"Thank you, ma'am; then, if you please, I'll go and get some coals."

"Coals!" shouted the charwoman; "coals! What in the name o' goodness does the queer little chap want with coals? A ha'p'orth o' coals—aha! ha!"

And the woman's laugh brought out her eldest daughter, and they both looked down at the little solemn face; and the more they laughed the more serious he looked.

"Bless him!" cried the elder woman, catching him up in her arms. "What does he want with a ha'p'orth o' coals, eh? Did ye ever suck 'em, my chicken? oh! they're so good! Why, it must be coal-dust, I'm thinking, to go into that mite's mouth."

And she kissed it in her rough way again and again.

"Ha'p'orth o' coals!" she roared out again.

When her noise and her daughter's was quite over,

the little fellow asked her, with a perfectly demure countenance, to be so good as to show him where the shop was.

Whereat they broke out afresh.

At last the daughter said—

"Hain't Mrs. Wofield got enough coals without your spendin' your coppers on 'em?"

"No," said Hugh; "that's why I want, if you please, to get some."

"How do you know?" said the charwoman.

"Because, if you please, ma'am, I heard aunt Ruth, when she got some up this morning, give a great sigh."

"Well?" said the woman, when he stopped, and looked down.

"And she said to grandmother, that there was some coals owing for already, and this was the last; and she said, couldn't we go to bed a little sooner for a few nights—"

"God bless the boy!" said the charwoman. "Tilda!"

"Well," said the daughter.

"Why, true, we work precious hard for what we get, and hain't much to spare—but don't you think we might manage to help this poor creatur a little?"

"Aye, good, in course—"

"Well, suppose you go round to Martin's, and tell 'em to send a hundred o' coal to Wofield's; and tell 'em" (she was speaking quite low to Ma-tilda) "tell 'em to say a friend bid 'em send it for a Christmas-box, and wish 'em a merry Christmas and a happy new year."

"I shouldn't wonder," the woman went on to little Hugh, "if grandmother gets plenty of coals for the present. And here's a Christmas penny for yourself, you little rum 'un—only, don't go and spend it in coals, mind!" and the two women laughed out again at the ha'p'orth of coals.

Hugh took his melancholy little face home again.

He found Ruth very hard at work, and there was not one spark in the grate. It was one of the coldest of afternoons, and the room struck even more chilly than the open air.

His aunt and his grandmother were hard at work.

"Aunt Ruth," said the boy, "I've been to look for little Ishmael—"

"For what?" Ruth said.

"To look for little Ishmael. But I didn't see any bushes, aunt."

The old woman looked at Ruth; and they both coughed at the same moment.

Then Hugh came and took up Ruth's reel of cotton, and began to measure off the thread by his little arm—from the tip of his middle finger to his shoulder—and broke it off at every two lengths.

And, standing by her, he measured off half a dozen of these lengths of thread, and laid them down on the table, close by her.

"I think it's very warm to-night," said the little fellow.

And he looked to the cold black grate, and his teeth (we were going to say) chattered while he spoke. But if they did, Ruth and her mother heard not a sound of it.

They only thought that instead of the angel finding the child, five years ago, the children had found the angel.

Presently, a rap came to the door—

"Please m'm, here's a hundred o' coal, and some wood. A friend says, he wishes ye a merry Christmas and a happy new year."

"Now, mother," said Ruth, "who can this be? Where did you say you'd been, Hugh? Who did you see, dear, when you were out?"

But they could make nothing of the little fellow's story. He half thought that the people next door had something to do with the Christmas-box, and therefore kept his aunt as far as possible from the right scent with the most approved diplomacy.

And as they sat around the fire, Hugh reading aloud the twenty-third Psalm—"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want"—the mother and daughter looked back to another Christmas time, when they first laid the little bundle down on the bed, and they prayed that they might never love that little bundle less, or feel it any more of an affliction than they had done every day in the last five years.

Hugh's little bed was a shakedown in the corner of the room; and, as every night he said his prayers, not now by instruction, but, as Ruth told him to do, "out of his own head," he knelt down on this particular evening, and, after his usual petitions for his grandfather, grandmother, and his dear aunt, he said, before he got up from his knees, "God bless our dear neighbours and friends! and give them fires to warm them in this cold weather, for Jesus Christ's sake."

And, very soon after, the little petitioner was fast asleep in the corner, with nothing but thin lath and plaster between him and the kind soul whose gift he had just richly repaid by his prayers.

It was, however, about this time that the fortunes of the humble household at number nineteen began somewhat to improve.

And it was now time they should, for the remittances from Arland became now very rare and very scanty; and, of course, their expenses increased as little Hugh grew older.

Ruth obtained two or three new engagements with houses of rather a better order than she had yet worked for. And this, though adding to the amount of her work, enabled them at least to take another room in the little house; and then, after a while, another still; so that Hugh had his little chamber all to himself, and none of them were obliged to sleep in the day apartment.

Thus passed, in very humble comfort, the first ten years of Hugh Church's life.

It may be, that no startling development of genius in their little ward, recompensed those poor women. Their only, and they thought their best, recompense, was in the docility, and the amiability, and the general goodness of the motherless boy.

They lacked nothing which that child knew they wanted, and could procure. In the house or out of it, by day or by night, anyhow and everywhere, he studied to be useful. He could have done not one thing more, had he learned the secret of his first appearance in the church porch, and their compassion towards him.

"Aunt," he said, one fine spring morning, when Ruth was sitting down to her needle, and the old woman, now very infirm, was putting away the breakfast things.

"Aunt, do you know, Tom Brindle at the Sunday-school says he gets half-a-crown a week, and he's only six months older than I am."

"What does he do?" asked Ruth.

"Runs errands, and cleans boots and shoes, at 'The Man in the Moon,'" the boy answered.

"Well," said the old woman.

"I should like to get half-a-crown a week, grandmother."

"Lord love ye! my dear," said Mrs. Wofield, "what should we do without ye?"

"I should come home every night, granny. Tom is home by nine every night except Saturday, and then it's ten."

"Well, to be sure, you both of ye look three or four years older than you are, but it seems very young to go out, don't it, Ruth?"

However, a few weeks saw the little fellow in the back kitchen of a neighbouring inn, polishing away at boots and knives.

And when Hugh Church on that Saturday night laid upon the little round table the first half-crown he ever earned, his heart throbbled with an honest joy, which the great Mr. Dobson, when he pocketed his thousands from the Transparent Summer House Company, never knew.

(To be continued.)

THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH—ELIHU BURRITT.

THE first lesson which a son of genius has to learn, if born poor, is the conquering of adverse circumstances, and making them subservient to his sublime ambition; and the biographies of the illustrious sons of poverty teach us that this is no easy task. With a broken-down hovel for a birth-place, and parents that have little power to advance their offspring in life, and with the dull monotonous influences of incessant toil constantly depressing their energies, their progress towards the shining goal of fame has been one of extreme difficulty and discouragement. But in innumerable instances hardship has been the school in which the highest characters have been developed, and our self-taught men have made it manifest, that whosoever enters into the sacred temple of knowledge and warms his heart at the holy altar-fire which burns within, comes forth into the cold bleak world again, with a strength of endurance equal to any emergency, and with a faith and hope which grim penury itself cannot shake.

ELIHU BURRITT, the Learned Blacksmith, was one of those who believed that he was born to conquer the outward adversities of life, and not to crouch as an abject slave beneath their power. He was born poor, and, seemingly, the barriers between him and intellectual acquisitions were insurmountable; but at the present time, perhaps, there are few towns in England and America where his name is not pronounced with

respectful homage by the wisest and most cultivated; and where the power of his varied attainments has not been generally felt. His journey from obscurity to a well-earned popularity is perhaps one of the most interesting on record. His first memories belong to a lowly shoemaker's shop, with a kind father and mother in it, working hard to support a family of ten children. His parents appear to have formed the pious background of the worth and nobleness which shone with such clear radiance in the character of Elihu. Although poor, their house formed a soothing resting-place for the sorrow-stricken and distressed, and through their influence, silently and unostentatiously expressed, their son learned that benevolence which in later days gave him the loving desire of seeing the whole world linked together by ties of gentle brotherhood. Elihu, in the ripeness of his manhood, and in the fine maturity of his intellectual powers, while advocating the cause of the oppressed ones of the globe, never forgot the father who would go two or three miles out of his way to alleviate the suffering, the mother "who was the best friend her children had on this side of Jesus Christ," or his being taught while yet a lad to set chairs round a hospitable fire for the weary and heavy laden. At an early age, however, he lost this good father by death, and the family, deprived of his self-denying support, was partly broken up, by the members of it who were old enough leaving the paternal roof in search of a livelihood. Elihu chose the trade of a blacksmith, and apprenticed himself to a man in Georgia, where he had a brother already engaged in school-keeping. It does not appear that he evinced any signs of future literary eminence until he had reached the age of sixteen. Up to this period he had read few books, for he could only obtain an interesting one about once every three or four months, and his tastes, leaning towards historical reading, were very seldom gratified. During his apprenticeship, however, he managed occasionally to get hold of a useful book or two, which greatly stimulated his newly acquired thirst for improvement. His brother, the schoolmaster, with fraternal pride, encouraged and directed Elihu's ambition; and becoming aware of his wonderful powers, pointed out more appropriate channels for their exercise. Upon his brother's advice, Elihu left the forge and the anvil to give himself up to study Latin and mathematics for a period of six months. His ambition at this time did not soar very high: if in six months he could read a little "Virgil," and know something of geometry, he would be well content, and not grudge the dollar and a half a day, which he lost by giving up his trade. Stimulated by the thought that his studies ought in some degree to repay him for the sacrifices he was making, he laboured incessantly at his books, and at the close of the appointed time, he found that he had succeeded beyond his utmost expectations. He could read Latin and French with considerable fluency, and began to feel the greatest delight in mathematical studies. But alas, he could no longer afford the time to engage in these pursuits, and at the end of his six months' release from manual toil he felt himself compelled to return to the hammer again, and with the manly resolve of making up for his holiday by doing double work in the blacksmith's shop. He engaged to do the work of two men, in order that he might receive double pay; but although his toil was thus arduous, he managed, nevertheless, to pursue his favourite studies, and even to add to them the Greek language. With a Greek grammar that could be placed in the crown of his hat, and always ready for industrious use, when a vacant moment presented itself, he laboured on with steady purpose for another six months, and at the close of that time, feeling that he had honestly earned a further period of release, to gratify his increasing thirst for knowledge he again left the blacksmith's shop, to devote himself to its uninterrupted acquisition. His labours during this second period were perfectly stupendous. He had betaken himself to Newhaven, and was lodging in a boarding-house there. This is the account which he gives of a single day's life:—"As soon as the man who attended to the fires had made one in the sitting-room, which was at about half-past four in the morning, I arose and studied German till breakfast, which was served at half-past seven. When the boarders were gone to their places of business, I sat down to Homer's *Iliad*, without a note or a comment to assist me, and with a Greek and Latin lexicon. A few moments before the people came in to dinner, I put away all my Greek and Latin, and began reading Italian, which was less calculated to attract the notice of the noisy men who at that hour thronged the room. After dinner I took a short walk, and then again sat down to Homer's *Iliad*, with a determination to master it without a master. The proudest moment of my life was when

I first possessed myself of the full meaning of the first fifteen lines of that noble work. I took a triumphal walk in celebration of that exploit. In the evening I read in the Spanish language until bedtime. I followed this course for two or three months, at the end of which time I read about the whole of the *Iliad* in Greek, and made considerable progress in French, Italian, German, and Spanish."

The time will arrive when all men will recognise those who are of real value to a state, and not allow them to want for bread while engaged in pursuits that tend to its advancement and welfare. Meanwhile, honour to those who, like the noble Elihu Burritt, maintain a sturdy independence, pursue knowledge for its own sake, and serve their day and generation without fee or reward.

Returning once more to the forge for bare subsistence, the patient blacksmith bared his sinewy arms for work without a murmur. In proportion to his knowledge, as is always the case with true students, did the magnitude of his ignorance appear to him; but unfortunately in the neighbourhood in which he lived he had no means for further improvement. What was to be done? To remain stagnant was impossible to such a mind, equally impossible the thought that he had acquired enough; and on hearing of a celebrated library in a town of about a hundred and twenty miles' distance, he boldly set out thither, and engaged himself to a blacksmith as a journeyman for a very small pittance per month. So hard had he to work in this new place, that the library was of very little value to him, access to it only being possible during the time when he was engaged in toil. He nevertheless contrived to keep up his old studies, and to add to them the Hebrew language. He economised time with a miser's avarice; he rose while it was yet night, and had always a book at hand in case of any delay in the serving up of breakfast or dinner; he even pursued his studies while eating his food. He does not seem to have had the slightest idea of the pecuniary value of learning, or to have laboured as he did for any worldly emolument, but simply and purely for its own sake.

The following extract from his diary reveals almost an incredible amount of labour; it is the record of a week's gigantic work:—

"Monday, June 18. Headache; forty pages 'Cuvier's Theory of the Earth,' sixty-four pages French, eleven hours' forging.—Tuesday. Sixty-five lines of Hebrew, thirty pages of French, ten pages 'Cuvier's Theory,' eight lines Syriac, ten ditto Danish, ten ditto Bohemian, nine ditto Polish, fifteen names of stars, ten hours' forging.—Wednesday. Twenty-five lines Hebrew, fifty pages of astronomy, eleven hours' forging.—Thursday. Fifty-five lines Hebrew, eight ditto Syriac, eleven hours' forging.—Friday. Unwell; twelve hours' forging.—Saturday. Unwell; fifty pages 'Natural History,' ten hours' forging.—Sunday. Lesson for Bible class."

It is not to be supposed that Elihu Burritt was thus grandly climbing the sublime height of knowledge without being known to fame. Without any desire or effort on his part, he began to attract the attention of the world; to be admired by men of genius and scholarship; and to be called "the Learned Blacksmith." But he was one of the few men who remain unspoiled by fame, as they were uncrushed by adversity and obscurity. He was a true son of toil; and added a noble dignity to the order which he adorned by his industry and independence. To all offers of pecuniary help, when his talents became known, he returned a modest, yet dignified, refusal: his old craft had supported him hitherto, and would no doubt support him to the end; and he would not sell the Divine birthright of labour for the most luxurious ease which money could purchase. Strange to say, he deemed a journeyman's life to be the most advantageous for the acquisition of knowledge.

Brave Elihu! when last we saw thee, thou hadst left the blacksmith's craft, and with glorious eloquence thou wert swaying a mighty audience in England: thousands stood up to do thee reverence, and as thy voice rolled through the room in which they were gathered, their hearts swelled under thy fire-tipp'd words, and bade thee God speed in bringing round the time—

"When man to man the world wide o'er,
Shall brothers be, and a' that!"

Since then, he has scattered the blessings of peace everywhere; and, says one who has written of him—"there is something beautifully appropriate, that such a man, whose life has been spent for the most part in the accumulation of many languages and tongues, should offer all these upon the Altar of Peace—should be desirous of fusing all nations into one: so that if not one language be spoken, yet that one heart shall beat, and one humanity be recognised, throughout the globe."

THE NATIVE ARMY OF INDIA.

APART from the terrible interest excited by the slaughter of our countrymen and countrywomen in India, public attention is drawn towards the organisation of the native army of our Eastern empire. The Bengal army has ceased to exist; the armies of the other two presidencies are more or less infected; and nothing can be more natural or proper than the inquiry as to what changes are to be introduced into our military system, to insure the consolidation of our government and the supremacy of our power in India.

That there has been something rotten in the system hitherto practised is but too evident. That something must be done to remodel the Bengal army on a surer footing, and to weed out any symptom of revolt in Bombay and Madras, is also obvious enough. In what the fault consisted, and how a remedy is to be applied, and what sort of remedy it should be, are questions which agitate the public mind, and which demand a careful, painstaking inquiry.

Previous to the late disastrous revolt the numerical strength of the Indian army never exceeded a quarter of a million. Of that comparatively small body all but 20,000 were natives of the country.

A separate army, separately commanded, recruited, and enrolled, belonged to each of the three presidencies. The general officer of the Bengal army, however, took precedence as commander-in-chief in India.

The annual expense of the combined armies averaged ten millions sterling; the pay and allowance being on an exceedingly liberal scale.

The Bengal army consisted of three brigades of horse artillery, composed of Europeans and natives, six battalions of European foot artillery, three native battalions, one engineering corps, eleven regiments of

light cavalry, two of English Fusileers, and seventy-four regiments of Sepoys. Besides these there were thirty-one irregular regiments, eighteen local corps, and twelve regiments in her Majesty's service.

The Bombay native army, although the smallest,

some efficient service; but the Bengal army has taken precedence of all the rest, and been more highly privileged in every respect; while its ingratitude, baseness, and treachery have afforded a sad contrast to the fidelity of the other sections of the army.

Various opinions are entertained with regard to the chief cause of the revolt in Bengal. It is urged, with a good deal of probability, that the Hindoo Sepoys were mere tools in the hands of the subtler Mohammedans, and that Mohammedan rancour had been only biding its time for revenge. That, jealous of English authority, chafing under British dominion, the Mohammedans of India aroused the Hindoo Sepoys by an appeal to their superstition. The report about the greased cartridges is said to have originated with the Mohammedans, and by them to have been laboriously spread in the ranks of the Sepoys.

It is urged again by others that the want of sympathy between officers and men in the Bengal army called forth a spirit of disaffection, that had slumbered for many years, but was aroused, at length, by a supposed attack on their religious prejudices. There was not, it is argued, that feeling of fellowship between the men and their officers which does exist in English regiments; that the officers cared little for their men and the men still less for their officers, and that neither men nor officers cared about the service, except as it

furnished the means of a livelihood or a fortune.

But, whichever view we adopt, the ostensible cause of the revolt turns on the religious question. The Sepoys revolted because their faith was attacked.

Admitting this, we naturally ask how it is that Madras and Bombay do not share in the alarm, how it is that Bengal alone should be so tenacious of any interference with its superstitions. Inquiry shows us that the obvious reason of this is the fact that in Bengal, beyond and above either of the other presi-



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE BENGAL NATIVE INFANTRY.

is the most ancient of the three Indian forces, Sepoys having been disciplined in Bombay towards the end of the seventeenth century. The army has long borne an excellent character for bravery and patience. It is capable of bearing fatigue, and has a high character for fidelity. It has always been readier to volunteer for distant expeditions than the armies of the other presidencies.

The Madras army, next in extent to that of Bengal, has borne a very good character, and has rendered



NATIVE OFFICERS OF THE BOMBAY ARMY.

dencies, we have pampered this spirit of superstitious prejudice; that in Bengal—not in Madras or Bombay—we have recognised that distinguishing feature of Hindooism—*caste*, have bowed before it, have acknowledged its claims, have taken the utmost pains and trouble to avoid anything like offence, or that which might, by any possibility, be construed into offence, against a principle subversive of all proper feeling, or against a religion the most corrupt and degrading under heaven.

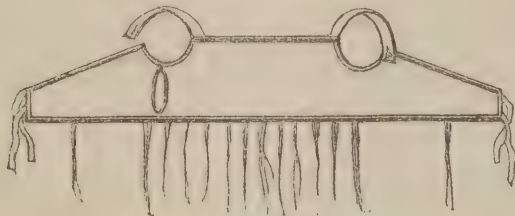
Whatever other alterations, therefore, may be made in the construction of a new native army in Bengal, whether greater opportunity is given for the promotion of native officers, or whether promotion be exclusively conferred on British officers, there is one element that must be left out. We have had enough of *caste*; we have suffered too much from its recognition: it is high time that it was swept away, that the law of the stronger be brought to bear on the native soldier of Bengal, and that he should no longer possess those privileges which he has so shamefully abused.

The Matron.

NO. III.

I PROPOSE in this number to furnish a few more plain and simple directions as to cutting and contriving various articles necessary to constitute a baby's wardrobe; just premising that the *quantity* of each article as well as the *quality* must depend upon the resources of the parent. As to *quantity*, there should be provision made for as frequent change as possible, and for sudden exigencies; and as to *quality*, generally speaking, the better the materials the more service they will render, and the cheaper they will be in the end.

THE FLANNEL is an important article, and it will be necessary to have two at least. Two yards and three quarters of flannel of the ordinary width will be required for a couple. For the bodies, tear off two pieces, each five inches and a half deep, and the entire width of the flannel; then divide the rest of the flannel into three equal parts. Tear one of the widths down the



centre, to form the two backs, and gore each of the others along the middle, sloping altogether four inches—that is, two inches from the middle of the breadth. Thus the three pieces will be made into six. Run a gored piece on to each side of the half breadth, and herringbone it down, remembering that as the cross-cut piece is the longest, that is the one that must be held nearest to you in joining the seams. The fronts will thus be straight. The engraving shows the form in which the *body* should be cut. The body should be lined with a fine long cloth, turned over to form a binding to the flannel in every part, except where the shirt is put in. The shoulder-strap may be made of narrow pieces of flannel, lined and bound with long cloth, sewed on at one side, and with a button-hole on the other (see engraving). Bind the sides and bottom of the skirt with white galloon, or, as some call it, flannel binding. This should be sewed with white silk. The skirt, it will be seen, is to be plaited up, except about seven inches at each edge, and set in the body between the flannel and the lining. Besides the strings shown in the engraving, two pairs are put to the skirt. They are to be placed at the edge on one side, and on the other—the *right* side—about five inches within, so that the skirt may fold over nicely.

NIGHT-FLANNELS are usually made without any lining, but with two broad plaits down the back of the body, and others under the arm. They need not be made of quite so fine flannel as those used in the day time, but they ought to be made of pure wool. One end of the body only is sloped.

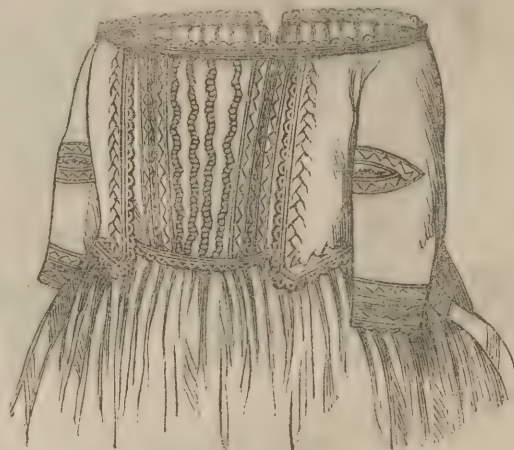
THE FIRST PETTICOAT is usually made with a plain body, and shoulder-straps instead of sleeves. It may be tacked inside the frock, so that they can be slipped on together. It may, however, be made of exactly the same form as the flannel.

FLANNEL ROLLERS are simply strips of flannel (the

finer the better), five or six inches wide, and long enough to wrap twice round a child's body.

BINDERS are generally made of stout webbing, woven the proper length; but knitted ones will be found much softer, while equally firm.

THE MONTHLY GOWN.—Here is a very pretty pattern for an infant's gown. Do not be startled at it, as if it were too "fine," or too "costly" for ordinary use. It is at once neat and inexpensive. In fact, it is only an ordinary night-gown, made of somewhat finer material, with a little ornamental work. It may be made of cambric muslin, or of any fancy muslin, and trimmed with a little neat work. The proportions are much the same as in the night-dresses, only the front of the body had better be made

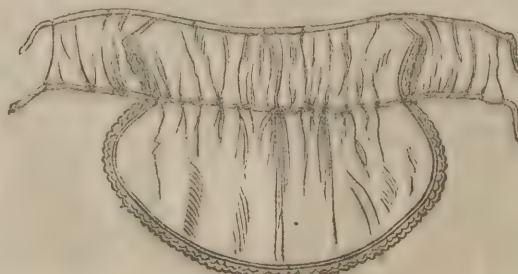


separate from the skirt, the backs only being made in one piece. The top should be put in a narrow band, with a running to draw the back of the waist. The engraving will convey an idea of the neat and simple manner in which these gowns should be made.

The middle of the front is muslin, narrowed towards the waist, and ornamented with fancy stitches, and with insertion on each side. A little of the same kind of work may be placed on the sleeves, and at the bottom. If a false piece be put on each side, from the shoulder, it will give the appearance of a jacket. This may be trimmed with edging and stitches, to correspond with the front.

THE FIRST PINAFORE.—This is a very pretty shape, and is easily made. It may be made of thin, soft diaper, trimmed with simple work.

The front should be twelve inches deep, by sixteen in the widest part, which allows for ample sloping in the front. The back should be quite detached, joined only on the shoulders, which should be considerably sloped. A piece of soft tape, sewed on the wrong side of the pinafore, will form the running for the string. There must be a hem along the top, and at the bottom of the backs. The tape to go under, to form the arm holes. A depth of about four inches will be quite enough for the body. The engraving shows where the trimming is to be placed.



This pinafore, on a larger scale, is an extremely pretty pattern for *girls*, of from two to six years of age. It is not so suitable for boys. For children of four years and upwards, pinafores may be made of fine holland (the light-brown sort), and trimmed with a little coloured braid and narrow fringe. They look very neat, however, without such trimming, if the outer edge be bound with fine white tape.

TO PUT IN STRINGS NEATLY.—The neat appearance of a child's dress depends much upon the way

in which the strings are put in. One end should have the string drawn through it; but at the other an eyelet hole may be neatly made, half an inch from the extremity on the inside, and through that the string may be run. This should be fastened in the middle, to keep it from being pulled out. A small loop should be placed at the *end* of the band, and a button at the other side, which will completely secure it.

The waists, as well as the tops of frocks, should have runners: this will save much trouble.

BUTTONS.—Mother-of-pearl buttons will be best for the outer parts of children's dresses, and linen ones for the under clothes. As I hinted in No. 2, care must be taken to avoid everything hard or lumpy in the fastenings.

I have spoken of certain decorations, ornaments, &c., in the shape of trimmings, braid, inlet, &c. These are, of course, matters of taste, and may be done without. But, really, these sort of things are now so cheap, and may be so easily made at home, that few mothers will like to be without some portion of them. And though these ornamental articles may be *bought*, ready made, for a moderate sum, they may be made still cheaper at home; and, after all, nice crochet and knitting, which the wife or daughter can generally do, is more enduring than cheap embroidery, and quite as handsome. By employing little remnants of time, and by working while engaged in conversation with neighbours, or while watching a sleeping child, a sufficient quantity of these ornamental works can, in most families, be manufactured, at the same time that it affords a pleasant occupation. In this case, as in many others, fragments of time may be usefully employed, and every sixpence saved is a sixpence gained.

In a future number I shall be able to furnish a few plain and easy patterns of fancy stitches.

FACTS IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE BASIN OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.—The basin of the Atlantic Ocean is a long trough, separating the old world from the new, and extending, probably, from pole to pole. This ocean-furrow was probably scored into the solid crust of our planet by the Almighty hand, that there the waters which he called sea might be gathered together so as to let the dry land appear, and fit the earth for the habitation of man. From the top of Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet in the Northern Atlantic, the distance in a vertical line is nine miles. Could the waters of the Atlantic be drawn off, so as to expose to view this great sea-gash, which separates continents, and extends from the Arctic to the Antarctic, it would present a scene the most rugged, grand, and imposing. The very ribs of the solid earth, with the foundations of the sea, would be brought to light, and we should have presented to us at one view, in the empty cradle of the ocean, "a thousand fearful wrecks, with that fearful array of dead men's skulls, great anchors, heaps of pearl and inestimable stores, which, in the poet's eye, lie scattered in the bottom of the sea, making it hideous with sights of ugly death." The deepest part of the North Atlantic is probably somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are held in a basin about a mile deep in the deepest part. There is at the bottom of the sea, between Cape Race in Newfoundland, and Cape Clear in Ireland, a remarkable steppe, which is already known as the telegraphic plateau. The great circle distance between these two shore-lines is 1,600 miles: the sea along this route is probably nowhere more than 10,000 feet deep.

COLOUR OF THE ATMOSPHERE.—The colour of the atmosphere is only apparent when we look at the sky, or at any distant mountain or forest; and a very simple experiment will explain the cause. If we take any large glass vessel, which contains a deep-coloured liquid, and have several glass tubes of different diameters, from an inch to a tenth or twentieth of an inch, and fill these tubes with liquid out of the large vessel: though we have the same liquid in all, it will be seen that the tint will gradually become more faint in proportion as the diameter of the tube is less, until, in the smallest, the liquid is clear and colourless like water. Hence, it will be

observed, the intensity of the colour is in proportion to the mass; and that a very small quantity of that which in large quantities has a strong colour does not present any colour at all. This is the case with all semi-transparent substances: a small quantity cannot transmit to the eye a sufficient body of its peculiar colour to make an impression, and hence appears colourless.

NATURE OF COMETS.—M. Barbinet, of the French Institute, in the course of some remarks which he has published concerning the comet which is expected by astronomers in the year 1858, says:—"With regard to one of the questions to which this comet has given rise, I must protest against the idea that a comet possesses the power of imparting a perceptible mechanical shock. I can prove that the collision of a swallow, intent on suicide, and flying with full force against a train of one hundred carriages, drawn by ten steam-engines, would be a thousand times more dangerous for the train in question than would be the simultaneous shock of all the known comets against the earth. What is a comet? It is a visible nothing."

PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA.—Dr. Poeppig, in his voyage to Chile, saw from the topmast a dark red streak, estimated at six English miles broad; then the colour changed to the brilliant purple, and the foam at the ship's stern was roseate. The water taken up in a bucket appeared transparent; but a moderate magnifying-glass showed little red dots, consisting of infusoria of spherical form, but destitute of external organs of motion. The ship sailed for four hours through this streak, the superficies of which must have been 168 English square miles; and if we add that the infusoria may have been equally distributed in the water to the depth of six feet, their numbers surpass the conception of the human understanding.

NATURE OF THE SUN.—The most recent observations confirm the supposition that the Sun is a black, opaque body, with a luminous and incandescent atmosphere, through which the solar body is often seen in black spots, frequently of enormous dimensions. A single spot, seen with the naked eye, in the year 1843, was 77,000 miles in diameter. Sir John Herschel, in 1837, witnessed a cluster of spots including an area of 3,780,000 miles. The diameter of the sun is 770,800 geographical miles, or 112 times that of the earth; its volume is 1,407,124 times that of the earth, and 600 times that of all the planets; and its mass is 359,551 times greater than the earth's, and 738 times greater than all the planets.

Small Change.

GIVE ME THE PEOPLE.

SOME love the glow of outward show—
Some love mere wealth, and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it!
What's all the gold, that glitters cold,
When link'd to hard or haughty feeling?
Whatever we're told, the nobler gold
Is truth of heart, and manly dealing!
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it—
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it!

A lowly roof may give us proof
That lowly flowers are often fairest;
And trees, whose bark is hard and dark,
May yield us fruit, and bloom the rarest!
There's worth as sure, 'neath garments poor,
As e'er adorned a loftier station;
And minds as just as those, we trust,
Whose claim is but of wealth's creation!
Then let them seek whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it!

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

SOME people seem as if they can never have been children, and others as if they could never be anything else.

A CHARITY SETON was once commenced by the Dean of St. Paul's as follows:—"Benevolence is a sentiment common to human natures: A never sees B in distress without wishing C to relieve him."

It has been said that a chattering little soul in a large body is like a swallow in a barn—the twitter takes up more room than the bird.

SCANDAL is what one-half the world takes great pleasure in inventing, and the other half equal pleasure in believing.

A LADY, of gentle and humane disposition, gave,

in our hearing yesterday, the following cruel order:—"Katy," said she, "tell Molly to strike a match, and burn those papers, and then to beat the carpets, and singe the chickens; and then, Katy, you can whip the seams you sowed yesterday, whilst I crush the sugar, squeeze the lemons, and mash the spice; and oh, Katy! ask Jane if she bruised the orange-peel, and skinned the lemons, as I told her to."

"MARIA," said a lady to a coloured chambermaid, "that is the third silk dress you have worn since you came to me; pray, how many do you own?" "Only seven, miss; but I's saving my wages to buy another." "Seven? What use are seven silk dresses to you? Why, I don't own so many as that." "Specs not, miss," said the smiling darkey; "you doesn't need 'em so much as I does. You see you quality white folks everybody knows is quality; but we bettermost kind ob coloured pussons has to dress smart to 'stinguish ourselves from common niggers." So, critics, who denounce the present extravagant style of dress, be lenient! and when the paraphernalia of hoops and flounces, silks, velvets, and laces is very astounding, think—Well, poor things! they must do something to 'stinguish themselves from common folks.

GLUTTONY is the source of all our infirmities, and the fountain of all our diseases. As a lamp is choked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so is the natural health of the body destroyed by intemperate diet.

The following sentiment was given at a recent railroad festival in Cleveland, Ohio: "Our mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

DR. JOHNSON once dined with a Scottish lady who had hotch-potch for dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she asked him if it was good. "It is good for hogs, ma'am," said the doctor. "Then pray," said the lady, "let me help you to some more."

WHEN Mrs. Macaulay published a pamphlet called "Loose Thoughts," several ladies who happened to be in company with Foote, reprobated the title as very improper for a woman. "Not at all, ladies; the sooner a woman gets rid of such thoughts the better!"

OUR fashionable ladies would seem to be growing smart, for it was never before so hard to get round them. They would seem, too, to be growing prudish, for they never before kept the gentlemen at so great a distance.

A BAD thing put into the mouth has been known to bring a good thing out of it. An epicure, eating oysters, swallowed one that was not fresh. "Zounds, waiter!" he ejaculated, with a wry face, "what sort of an oyster do you call this?" "A native, sir," replied the wielder of the knife. "A native!—I call it a settler, so you need not open any more."

CONS. If a person were looking at a conflagration, by the names of what three great British writers could he express his emotions? Dickens, How-itt, Burns.—The name of what class of persons in Rome might a bear be supposed to say when he was licking his paws after having eaten a little girl? Gladiator.—Glad-I-ate-her.

A SECRET is like silence—you cannot talk about it and keep it. It is like money—when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered.

It is a rule of the inhabitants of certain islands not to allow a young man to get married till he can cut a sponge at a depth of forty feet. We do not think a man is fit to be married till he can cut a sponge no matter at what distance.

PEOPLE are now too diffident by nature, but we know a great many who throw overboard a portion of their modesty, and take in an additional cargo of impudence at every port they touch at in the voyage of life.

INSANITY seems catching. An extraordinary number of persons have recently, like the money market, gone deranged.

"FRANK, where have you been? You are in a perfect glow." "I've been playing at an old game—chasing a hoop in Chestnut-street."

"GOOD-MORNING, Jones, how does the world use you?" "It uses me up, thank you."

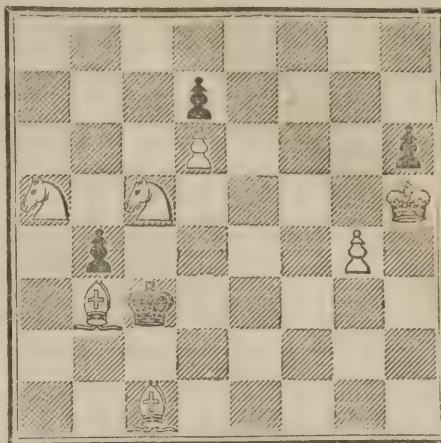
An old lady of our acquaintance believes every calamity that happens to herself a trial, and every one that happens to her friends a judgment.

AN Irish cook, when told by her mistress to dress a sweetbread in drawn butter, brought up a most detestable-looking mess. When asked what it was, she replied: "Sure, it's the swate bread I took off the closet-shelf." The mistress remembered a loaf deposited there, and said so. "Well, mum, I tasted all the bread in the house, and not a bit was swate barrin' that lump; and didn't I mash it all up, and dhrav the butter all around before I put it on, just as ye told me? though meself couldn't see the sinse of dirtying up the victuals in that way."

Chess.

Problem No. 7. By C. E. R.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

THE CHESS TOURNEY.

Game played between Messrs. H. C. M. and C. F.

WHITE. H. C. M.	BLACK. C. F.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. P to K B 4
3. Kt takes P	3. Q to K B 3
4. P to Q 4	4. P to Q 3
5. Kt to Q B 4	5. P takes P
6. Q Kt to B 3	6. Kt to K 2
7. P to Q 5	7. Q to K Kt 3
8. P to K R 3	8. P to K R 4
9. B to K B 4	9. B to K B 4
10. Q to Q 4	10. P to Q R 3
11. P to Q R 4	11. Kt to Q 2
12. Castles	12. Q to K B 3
13. Q to K 3	13. P to K Kt 3
14. Q Kt takes K P (a)	14. B takes Kt
15. Q takes B	15. Q Kt to Q B 4
16. Q to K 3 (b)	16. Kt takes Q R P
17. B to K Kt 5	17. Q to K B 2
18. Q R to K sq	18. K R to R 2
19. B to Q 3	19. Kt to Q B 4
20. R to K 2	20. Kt takes B (ch)
21. Q takes Kt	21. Q to K B 4
22. Q takes Q	22. P takes Q
23. K R to K sq	23. K to Q 2
24. Kt to K 3	24. B to R 3
25. B takes B	25. R takes B
26. Kt to K Kt 4	26. Kt takes P
27. Kt takes R	27. R to K B sq
28. P to Q B 4	28. Kt to K B 5
29. R to K 7 (ch)	29. K to B 3
30. K to B 2	30. Kt takes Kt P
31. R to K Kt sq	31. Kt to K B 5
32. R from Kt sq to Kt 7	Resigns

(a) If Q B to K Kt 5, Black might play Q takes B, followed by K B to R 3 with an even game.—(b) Better, perhaps, than Q to Q 4, e.g.:

16. Q to Q 4 17. R takes Q 18. R to Q 2
19. Q takes Q 20. B to K Kt 2 21. Kt takes Q R P
And although White has the better position, there is as yet, nothing decisive in the game. The move adopted by White leaves him a fine attacking game after his 19th move.

Solution of Problem No. 4.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q Kt 4 (ch)	1. P takes R
2. R to K 5	2. Any move
3. Mates accordingly	

S. P.—Had Black taken Q with R in Problem No. 241, White would have mated next move.

H. MAYO.—White had an excellent opportunity of retrieving his game after Black's 24th move, by playing Kt to Q Kt 6, followed by B to Q R 4. Again, at Black's 29th move, surely the quickest road to victory was R to Q 7. The game is not sufficiently interesting for publication.

E. GRANT.—Problems Nos. 2, 3, and 4, are creditable as first attempts, but considerably below our standard. Problem No. 1 cannot be solved in five moves. Black at his fourth move can escape by playing K to K Kt 5.

MARKMONT (Clifton).—The game of draughts will not in the slightest degree assist you in learning chess.

A LADY WHO IS ANXIOUS TO LEARN THE GAME OF CHESS.—We could refer to numerous chess players who have acquired a knowledge of the game without the aid of any assistance beyond that derivable from books.

—We beg to inform our Chess contributors that on their favouring us with a postage stamp, forms on which their Problems can be submitted, will be forwarded to them.

* Owing to the great increase in the number of our Chess correspondents, it is sometimes difficult to find room for answers to their communications, but they may rest assured that each will receive attention in due course.

Our Editorial Table.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—The second volume of "Cassell's Illustrated History of England," by W. Howitt, is now ready, price 6s.

ADOLESCENTS ASPIRANTS.—The course of study varies so much at different universities, that you should apply to a member of the one at which you are going to study for advice as to books, &c.

PERSEVERANTIA must use only a very small quantity of sulphuric acid in preparing the skeletons of leaves, or he will find the framework very imperfectly preserved.

ANXIOUS.—We think games depending entirely on chance occasion a sad waste of time, and are, therefore, best avoided. As old Heath says:—

"Some play for gain; to pass time, others play
For nothing; both do play the fool, I say;
Nor time or coin I'll lose, or idly spend;
Who gets by play, proves loser in the end."

LONGTON.—Mr. Smith may have been quite correct in both his assertions, which do not necessarily imply a contradiction. Tears may relieve the heart, and under some circumstances there is no doubt they have that effect. But, nevertheless, there are times when it would be worse than weak to sit down and weep. When action is demanded we should moderate our grief.

TIMID.—The rules in almost all arithmetic books are given in the same or nearly the same way. Proficiency depends upon the amount of study bestowed on the subject.

RICHARD III. wants to know whether an author who writes plays, "puts down every particular movement of each character." If he did, we fancy he would have to give two hundred pages of stage directions to each separate page of text. We have, however, seen a play in which, at a particularly interesting part, the heroine is directed to *blush*. How she is to manage it does not appear. The second question, "Where is the best place to sell comedies?" we are really at a loss to answer. If Richard has any to dispose of we should advise him to look to the spelling, which is very defective in his letter.

MERRIOTT.—Some derive the word Sepoy from *Sip*, a bow and arrow; others, from Sipahi, or Spahi, a soldier.

BLUE COAT.—Specimen No. 3 is the best.

WALTER WILLIAMS should apply to a saddler for the information he wants. He writes a very good letter, and seems to be a most intelligent man.

JAMES T. writes us a quiet, sensible letter, and is evidently in earnest when he asks for advice. He has been bred to a mechanical employment, but recent inventions have taken away the demand for the article he produced. He, therefore, wishes, very properly, to change his occupation before the bread has been entirely taken out of his mouth; and having between £100 and £200 to receive, looks towards Canada. He has a good constitution, and seems a steady, self-reliant man. He evidently hopes to succeed in Canada, but tells us regretfully that he has had no experience in farming. Never mind that, James T. We know, as a fact, that the three most successful tenant farmers on a nobleman's estate are retired tradesmen. Keep your eyes open, and see and judge for yourself. One year of close observation may give you more agricultural knowledge than an idle fellow would obtain in dawdling through a seven years' apprenticeship.

E. H. B. W. asks us two questions. Taken separately, these would mean nothing, but occurring in combination they look suspicious. First, E. H. W. B. asks the minimum height for drivers in the Artillery, "as he is anxious to join them;" and then he asks if a master has a right to prevent an apprentice from joining quadrille parties, "provided he is in to his time." It seems to us that E. H. B. W., discontented at some restrictions put upon him by his master, probably with the best intentions, wants to run away. If so, we beg him to consider that it is his duty to obey his master while there is a bond between them. Perhaps in later years he will be thankful to his employer for what appears to him now as harshness.

JEHU complains sadly both of the London cabmen and the provincial fly drivers; he suggests the application of a kind of pedometer as a remedy for extortion, but this expedient has been tried without success. After all, if you are firm with cabby you will not find him such a very formidable fellow; and if there should be a doubt about an extra sixpence, give him the benefit of it. The chances are ten to one that you are richer than he.

X. Y. Z.—The Volumes of the old series of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER are on hand; cloth boards, price 7s. 6d.

DON.—Three or four years' experience in a solicitor's office would not entitle you to become a lawyer. There are sundry little expenses; among others, £120 for the stamp for your indentures.

INDIA.—We cannot better answer your question as to the theory of annexation, than by reminding you that—

The nations, to the present hour,
Preserve the good old plan,
That those shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can.

GALUS.—We really think our correspondent ought to advertise in the papers offering a reward to any one who will find his temper for him, he having evidently lost it most completely. He asks us a question which has been answered a dozen times, and becomes very rude because he does not get an answer at once. We think he had better take a week or two to cool.

W. F. Q.—We know of no institution that has advertised to take a child under its care, on condition of a million postage stamps being sent. A million cancelled stamps would be worth nothing; a million uncanceled stamps would cost £4,166 13s. 4d. Neither do we know who has ever offered an immense reward for the discovery of perpetual motion.

LOVAT.—We decline giving you any advice, unless it be to consult a skilful surgeon.

HANNIBAL.—The Carthaginians certainly had a bad name for treachery in times of old; but we must remember that the accounts we have of them were "edited" by the Romans, their enemies from age to age. The cause of the

decline of Carthage was, firstly, general neglect of their maritime defences; and secondly, internal dissension.

T. C.—The circumstance you tell was related by Mr. Thackeray in one of his lectures. He came as a child from India, and the ship touched at Saint Helena. A native servant took the little boy for a walk into the interior of the island. In a garden they saw a stout man walking to and fro. "That is he," said the native, eagerly pointing to the stranger—"that is Bonaparte. He eats three sheep every day, and as many children as he can get hold of." The opinion in England respecting the Corsican monster, was not unlike that expressed by the black servant.

EVALINE CLIFFORD.—The list of applicants for the government free passage to Australia is so large that we are afraid you would have to wait a considerable time before your request, if entertained at all, was fulfilled. The expense of the passage varies according to the accommodation required, from £20 to £50. Besides this, there is an outfit necessary.

A CONSTANT ADMIRER.—The Emperor Louis Napoleon is the third son of Louis, ex-king of Holland.

BILHOOF.—The observations we made on the letter sent by "Marion and Frances" will apply also to "Bilhoof's" communication. We think, moreover, that if our correspondent has lived for fifty-nine years without marrying, the want of a wife must have sat lightly upon him.

NEWSAGENT.—Apply to Kent and Co., 51, Paternoster-row, for parts and numbers.

LOCAL AGENT.—You are not eligible as a candidate for a tidewater's berth after the age of twenty-five. Formerly the maximum age was thirty.

AN AMATEUR CHEMIST.—We would rather not tell our correspondent how to make gunpowder, as we should not like to have a shattered hand or a ruined eye ascribed to our teaching. We really hope the "Amateur Chemist" will be careful in dealing with explosive mixtures.

J. H. is thanked for the verses he sent. They are good, but not suited to the FAMILY PAPER.

A. B. C.—We cannot furnish the information.

ULRICK CRAWFORD.—We would recommend you to follow your mother's advice.

ONE INTENDING TO EMIGRATE would be more likely to succeed in America than Australia; but, in either place, he must expect hard work. Gardening is a trade.

DUMAS should apply to a foreign bookseller.

QUADROONA.—An operation is sometimes attempted for the cure of squinting; but it is liable to fail, and the eyesight is not unfrequently endangered. It is rather injudicious to attempt the operation unless it is recommended and performed by a very first-rate oculist.

ANXIOUS is an artist, and evidently an educated man. He wishes to help in avenging the atrocities perpetrated by the Sepoys in India, and rather than not go, would enlist in a cavalry regiment. All very laudable; but we think "Anxious" should have carried his intention into effect at least a couple of months ago. By the time he can get to India we confidently trust the mutiny will have been both suppressed and avenged. The idea of raising a volunteer corps has been definitely given up. Recruits are so plentiful, that numbers are turned away every day.

CHEMISTS.—Please repeat your question.

ONE IN DOUBT.—The decanters should be placed on the table before the host. The other question we can't answer.

SHEPPARD.—You have no chance of obtaining such a situation without interest with one of the contractors or directors of the company under whom you wish to take service.

R. P. M.—The incident illustrated by our engraving forms the subject of one of Phædrus' fables. A similar circumstance is related of Diogenes the Cynic.

GARRULOUS (who has, by-the-by, adopted a very appropriate signature) must excuse us for saying that his letter, with its many compliments and its very trivial question, reminds us of the Spanish Hidalgo's dinner, which consisted of a very little meat, but a great deal of tablecloth.

W. B. (Exeter).—Your application should have been made to the Secretary of the Board of Works.

A MEMBER OF THE TRY CLUB has accused us of neglect "very unjustly." The inquiry about the colours used for painting slides for magic lanterns has been answered several times, and especially in No. 205.

THOMAS.—The *Campus Martius* was a large plain at Rome dedicated to Mars, where the Roman youths were taught to wrestle, box, hurl the javelin, &c.

ALFRED.—In your present position of age and circumstances, we should think you little better than insane to marry. How in the world is an attorney's clerk of nineteen to support a wife and family?

BRUNETTE.—Reconciliations should be entire, otherwise the word is a mockery. To tease and torment a penitent lover with a show of displeasure that is not felt, and the full consequences of which the tormentor would not hazard, is a pettiness only worthy of a spoiled child. We think, however, "Brunette's" amiability is little likely to be tried, the truant lover of such a disposition, once free, not being very likely to resume his bonds voluntarily.

RICHARD SISSON.—The lady is only acting with proper decorum, for which you ought to value and respect, instead of upbraiding her. If you are satisfied of her love, as you say you are, wait until after marriage for a more vehement demonstration of it.

N. J. B.—It is impossible for us to supply you with all the information you ask, without sacrificing scores of inquiries from other correspondents. It would take up too much space to teach you how to bind books, even supposing it possible to teach that art by a description of the process. What you want is practical instruction; somebody to tell you how to procure your tools, and how to use them when procured. We cannot undertake that office.

AGNES asks what she should think of a young man who, after asking her for her company, is constantly sending some excuse or other, instead of meeting her. Think? why, that she had better occupy her time in some other way than in wasting it upon such a recreant.

JULIA NORMAN wants something to make her arms white. Flour them as cooks do geese.

A QUERIST.—There is no law which demands the presentation of gifts to a bride, on the part of her sisters-in-law. The

custom, however, is a kindly one, and generally observed. The same remark applies to the second question asked.

PERR.—Young ladies who, without any encouragement, "manage to get madly in love" with gentlemen, who only notice to ridicule them, must, if the object of their indiscreet affections discover their folly, expect to be somewhat less respectfully treated than their neighbours. By your own account, you have no right to be jealous of any one. The gentleman is free to pay attention where he chooses, and if, during existing circumstances, he likes to be civil to your handsome sister, and she does not object, you certainly have no title to do so.

BEDFORD.—The phrase should be "I had previously accepted," not *I have*.

BLUE TRE.—You must be a very fascinating fellow thus to bewitch young ladies into such a disregard of propriety and decorum. How to help you we really don't know; you would not like to part with any of the attractions which make you so irresistible, and unless you do, we fear there is no safety for you. Honey jars will be beset by flies.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes us to furnish him with a receipt for water gliding, but we can assure him that the process is both difficult and expensive, and at the same time detrimental to health. No written description, without being exceedingly long and minute, could give you an idea of the process, and we really have not space for such a purpose.

J. C. GREVILLE.—We decline your verses with thanks, feeling sure that the sentiment—

"We all are apes from first to last,"

would find few admirers, and is certainly devoid of truth.

THE BUTCHER. If he wants to purchase a commission, had best apply to an army agent; if he wants to get a commission gratis, we think he will have to wait a weary while—always supposing he has no friends at headquarters.

BENGALÉE.—We have not space in the Editorial columns to discuss the question between the East India Company and the royal family of Oude; but we can refer you to a book just published on the subject by Mr. J. R. Taylor, of 54, Chancery-lane, and entitled "Dacoitee in Excelsis; or, the Spoilation of Oude." The author enters minutely and elaborately into the whole question; his book is evidently the result of much laborious research. Many readers of this book will be not a little startled at the histories it unfolds.

W. S. B.—We cannot undertake to find situations for our correspondents. "W. S. B.'s" common sense might have told him as much.

A. B.—In the year 1815 George IV. was Prince Regent of England. George III. was at that time an old, white-haired man in Windsor Castle, sitting alone, "a solemn mark of the frailty of human greatness," with darkened eyes, and darkened mind. St. Helena is correctly pronounced with the accent on the first syllable.

IGNORAMUS.—The signs placed over each division of the 19th Psalm are letters of the Hebrew alphabet, aleph, beth, &c. They are used to divide the long Psalm into portions, as we in English might divide a long argument or demonstration by using the letters A, B, &c.

LOYOLA'S poem, "Temple Bar," is decidedly *not* up to our mark. When "Loyola" sends us a production a little more correctly *spelt*, we shall be glad to give him an opinion thereupon.

MARION AND FRANCES seem to suppose we keep a matrimonial agency office. We cannot open our pages to such folly as that contained in their letter to us.

DJALMA.—There can be no impropriety in offering your escort to the ladies in question. As to the other query, we would strongly advise you to remain in your present employment. Matters abroad are not in such a state as to invite a change on the part of any one already tolerably placed here.

FLORETTA.—Never heed what other people tell you. If the sailor really loves you, he will tell you so himself; and until he does, you should neither suffer your thoughts to dwell upon him, nor encourage your companions in talking nonsense to you on the subject.

AMY RETTOR.—The word is pronounced as written, not as if taken from the French. We cannot venture an opinion as to the cause of the ladies mentioned being proverbially distinguished by the epithet you quote. We must also beg to decline answering the personal inquiries made in your letter.

R. S. D.—Your property is liable to the tax, nor can you justly complain, as the amount has been paid in improving the property in question.

A. B. C.—Undoubtedly illness is *not* a sufficient ground for abatement of wages, unless a provision to that effect was inserted in the apprenticeship indentures.

ZENOBI.—We should say fifty or sixty pounds would be about the premium required. The firms are, of course, included in the ordinary Directories.

ARTIST.—The frescoes to which you allude were painted by order of the celebrated Council of Basle, in commemoration of the fearful plague, which during the years 1431-3 raged in that city. They are called "The Dance of Death," and represent Death showing himself to persons of all ages and conditions, and their frantic struggles to escape his bony clutch. The series goes through various phases of horror, and ends with the Day of Judgment. The originals were placed in the churchyard of the Dominicans, where they remained until about forty years since, when a mob broke into the inclosure of the convent, and tore them from the walls. Copies of the frescoes had, however, been taken, and were to be found in many places—on the bridges in Germany and Switzerland, on church windows, in cloisters, and every place where such a subject was admissible. There was one in the cloister of old St. Paul's in London, but destroyed by the Protector Somerset, when he pulled down the chapel for the sake of the building materials, which he wanted for the erection of his palace in the Strand.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TABLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there's an end.

SHAKESPEARE.

We once heard a very respectable widow lady, who had been thrice married, declare, in a little *wholesome* advice to her niece, who was on the eve of bestowing her hand upon an exceedingly worthy fellow of our acquaintance, that after an established recognised grievance, or a handsome income settled on herself, the next best advantage a wife could obtain was a cue to her husband's character—a key to unlock the innermost recesses of his heart, and deliver his

secretly-cherished weaknesses and failings, bound hand and foot like so many helpless captives, to her discretion.

"Not that any right-minded woman," she judiciously added, perceiving that we had laid aside our book and were listening to her lecture, "would ever think of *abusing* her knowledge of them; certainly not, my love; *still* it is advisable to obtain it, on the same principle that an experienced general takes up a strong position in front of an ally whose intentions he is doubtful of."

That same day we came to a conclusion—mentally, of course—never to place our affections upon any girl, be she ever so fair, who had a widowed aunt in her family, and have adhered to it ever since.

We know not whether Lady Boothroyd had been blessed with one of these experienced advisers, or if the intuitive perceptions of her sex led her, by a course of natural logic, to the same conclusions; but certain it is she practised the lesson just recited as successfully as if it had been inculcated in her girlhood's years. Her

husband's weakness—unmanly fear for his personal safety—was cleverly acted on. Fletcher declared that he had seen and fired at a man concealed in the branches of the great elm directly opposite his master's chamber window; but before he could load again, the villain escaped.

Cowardice is proverbially credulous. How could Sir Norman do otherwise than believe him? Had he not heard the report of the gun himself?

Her ladyship's maid next gave notice to quit. The room she slept in fronted the park, and her nerves were delicate.

"The wretches!" exclaimed the chicken-hearted baronet. "I'll let the place; they are unworthy of having a resident landlord amongst them."

The inhabitants of St. Faith's were pretty much of the same opinion.

This was exactly what the artful woman required. It confirmed her husband in the resolution of quitting Meldown, which the raillery of Squire Blundell had somewhat shaken. She had long detested the country;



ROSE RAYNER DEFEATED IN HER STRUGGLE WITH LADY BOOTHROYD.

it presented too narrow a field for talents such as hers: London was their natural sphere; there they might find scope.

Orders were given to prepare for their departure.

A day or two before quitting the hall her ladyship announced her intention of taking a walk through the village. Sir Norman heard it with astonishment.

"What!" he exclaimed; "trust yourself in that den of poachers, assassins, and monsters!"

"I have no fear," replied his wife. "They entertain no feeling of animosity against me; it is *your blood they thirst for*."

"Miscreants!" ejaculated the baronet, with a shudder.

"Besides," added the lady, "we must not let them triumph in the idea of having driven or frightened us out of the place."

"Certainly not!" exclaimed the gentleman, emphatically. "Driven!" he repeated. "Who ever heard of a Boothroyd being driven! and as for fear, I trust that no ridiculously erroneous impression will be entertained respecting my motives in leaving Meldown."

His wife smiled.

"It is to spare the misguided wretches the perpetration of a horrible, unheard-of crime," continued the speaker, "that I consent to it. To show how little personal consideration has anything to do with it," he added, "I would willingly accompany you, but Dr. Phrase has insisted on my keeping my room."

"I require no escort," answered her ladyship, who had her own motives for going alone; "and repeat that I have nothing to dread: *my terrors are for you*."

As the speaker quitted the apartment, Sir Norman mentally asked himself whether it was the unsettled amount of his wife's jointure which caused this unusual anxiety. And if not that, what other motive could possibly have led to it; for even his vanity was not sufficiently egregious to attribute it to love—a dream from which they had both long since awakened.

Lady Boothroyd's first visit was to the cottage of the weaver. She wished to judge with her own eyes whether the hints of the old steward arose from vague surmises, the whisperings of a startled conscience, or were founded on any positive resemblance between the orphan Lillian and the unfortunate Allan. Not that the result in either case would affect her plans; which were founded on certain principles, or rather the absence of all principle—her evil passions and the ambitious views she entertained for the future establishment of the fair and innocent Alice.

As we before observed, the lady of the manor was rather popular, than otherwise, with the inhabitants of St. Faith's. They looked upon her as a meek-spirited creature, completely crushed by the iron temper of her husband. If ever any little act of kindness was vouchsafed to the poorer cotters or tenants, it was invariably attributed to her entreaties; and, by the same rule, every harsh step placed to the account of Sir Norman. In fact, so general was this impression, that even the servants were frequently heard to declare that things would be far different if their mistress had her way. The artful woman had evidently studied Pope to advantage; her married life being a practical commentary on his advice—

"And if she rules, she never shows she rules."

We question if Machiavelli ever crowded so much mischief in so few words. How well did the poet know the weakness of his own sex. How ready we are to sacrifice the substance for the shadow; to yield, whenever we find an excuse for yielding.

"*Never shows she rules*." It is the gilding of the pill; the cheat which induces the overgrown baby of a husband to open his mouth and fancy it a sugar-plum.

Although Simon Gee and his industrious little wife both possessed a very proper spirit of independence, yet, somehow, they felt flattered at the honour of a visit from the lady of the manor. The weaver rose from his loom on her entrance, doffed his red worsted nightcap, and smoothed down his scanty locks of gray hair; whilst Hester, very unnecessarily, every article of furniture in the cottage being scrupulously clean, dusted the seat of the great arm-chair with her apron before presenting it to her visitor.

"I did not call upon you sooner, my good friends," said her ladyship, speaking in her habitually mild accents, "feeling that in the first moments of sorrow such as yours, even kindness might appear obtrusive."

"Oh! my lady," answered Hester, with a curtsy, "we all know that it is not your fault: not a creature in the parish blames *you* for what has occurred."

"I am happy to hear it," was the reply. "Of course neither Sir Norman nor myself can permit the child to become a burden to you."

"She is no burden, my lady," exclaimed Simon Gee.

"That she isn't, heaven bless her!" added his wife.

"At least you will permit me to contribute towards—"

"Not a penny," interrupted the weaver, without waiting, as he generally did, for his wife's opinion, or even to consult it by one of those little telegraphic looks, so well understood in married life; "I would rather work my fingers to the bone, than the child of my poor murdered brother—for he was murdered, my lady—should be beholden to Sir Norman for bread."

"And so would I," added his better half, emphatically.

"But surely from my hand the same objection cannot exist," observed their visitor. "I comprehend your honest pride, and respect it. We will speak further on the subject on my return from town. At present, I merely came to see your niece."

"Certainly, my lady," said Hester; "and many, many thanks for your kindness. Lilly is at Farmer Minter's, playing with his children: it be lonely for her here. Simon shall run and fetch her."

Her husband, without exactly knowing why, donned his cap with a feeling of reluctance, and rose to depart, saying he would back in a few minutes.

We have no great faith in presentiments—that is to say, in preternatural ones—or we might imagine it a warning that he was about to present the helpless innocent to her most bitter enemy.

As a matter of course, such an idea never entered the head of simple, honest Simon. Why should it? Lady Boothroyd's mask required keener eyes than his to penetrate it.

When the heart is full, it is astonishing how loquacious the tongue becomes. Hester no sooner found herself alone with her visitor than she broke forth into praises of Lilly, describing her beauty, which was really remarkable, and her winning, affectionate ways.

"One might take her for the child of real born gentlefolks," she said, "instead of poor Barny's daughter, she is so pretty and genteel; such beautiful black curling hair, just like Miss Alice; and eyes—well, I do declare if her eyes are not the same colour as Miss Alice's, too! How singular, isn't it, my lady?"

"Probably her mother was an Indian woman," observed the mistress of Meldown Park, greatly annoyed, "and they are invariably dark."

"No doubt, my lady," replied the simple-minded woman, her ideas at once directed into another channel; "it must be so. Lilly speaks but very little English, and has such an odd way of pointing to anything she wants, just as if she had been used to servants to wait on her."

Although in some degree prepared for the resemblance to her husband's family, Lady Boothroyd could scarcely suppress an exclamation of surprise when Simon Gee returned to the cottage, leading the orphan by the hand.

The likeness to the portrait of Allan was most striking, and she mentally resolved the canvas should be removed or destroyed, blaming herself that it had not been done before.

Instead of appearing bashful and overawed at the sight of a strange lady richly dressed, the child walked fearlessly up to her, looked earnestly in her face, and uttered a few words in Hindostani; then, seeing she was not understood, turned sadly away.

"You must speak English, my love," whispered her aunt.

Lilly shook her head; she did not care about speaking English.

"She is indeed a sweet little creature," observed their visitor, who had her own reasons for not wishing the object of her fears and hatred to be questioned too much, "and I feel deeply interested in her."

These words were accompanied by a kiss which, to the vexation of Hester, was coldly received. She could not understand it; the child returned her kisses warmly enough.

Not being a mother, the kind-hearted woman never once imagined that children can generally tell when the marks of affection lavished on them are real or affected.

"Do speak to the lady," said the weaver, coaxingly.

The child raised her large lustrous eyes till they met his, and then she smiled.

"Did she love mamma?" she asked.

"This is Lady Boothroyd," exclaimed Hester, secretly vexed; "a very great and rich lady, who never saw your mother. Pray excuse her, your ladyship; she is so young."

At the name of Boothroyd, Lillian looked as if she were trying to recollect something. Just as she was about to speak again, the visitor rose to depart.

"On my return from London," she said, "I trust to hit on some means by which to benefit your niece

without wounding your feelings. Feelings," she added, with a sigh, "which I can too well understand. I need not bid you be kind to your niece, for I perceive that she has already wound herself around your hearts."

Once more kissing the intended victim of her treachery, the evil-minded woman quitted the cottage.

"That's a good lady, if ever there was one!" exclaimed Simon Gee, as he watched her departure from the window. "She is going to Mark Rayner's—on some kind errand, I'll warrant."

"No doubt," repeated Hester; "his wife was always a great favourite with her ladyship. Mark, by all accounts," she added, "is not as steady as he should be, and the neighbours do say, that he will be obliged to give up the cottage and land to Sir Norman. He is fonder of his gun than the plough."

"Sorry to hear it," said the weaver, resuming his seat at the loom, "for there be worse men in the world than poor Mark, though he be a sort of ne'er-do-well."

The subject of these commentaries was a tall, strapping, good-looking young fellow, the very model of an English yeoman, who two years previously had married one of the prettiest girls in St. Faith's. The prudent ones all wondered how Rose Mayfly, the best scholar in the village school, who had a hundred pounds left by her grandfather in the bank at Exeter, should throw herself away on such a man. And yet there was nothing positively bad against him, beyond the fact of his being an idler, that is to say, an idler after his own fashion; for although he detested labour on his own account, he was ever ready to assist a friend at his work, and thought nothing of walking twenty or even thirty miles in a day, provided he carried a gun. Sporting had grown a passion with him, and the consequence was that more than one awkward affair had taken place between himself and the keepers.

Like most of the tenants on the Meldown estate, Mark Rayner, thanks to the liberality of the last baronet, held his cottage and two or three fields on very easy terms. Perhaps their very easiness had been the principal cause of his idleness; for whenever his wife ventured gently to remind him of the necessity of attending more to the crops, or alluded to the rent, he invariably answered that one good year would set all to rights, and Rose, woman-like, believed him.

Since New Year's eve a decided change had taken place in the conduct of her husband. He rose early, worked all day, and seemed earnestly bent on retrieving his past folly; yet, strange to say, the improvement so long and ardently desired did not bring unmitigated satisfaction to his wife, for he not only appeared fitful and moody, but had grown restless at night, and muttered strange words in his dreams—words that caused her cheeks to turn pale, and her heart to beat with terror.

"I have called to see you, Rose, before quitting the hall," said Lady Boothroyd, as she entered the cottage; "for you are aware that I take an interest in your welfare. Sit down: you seem uneasy. I guess the cause."

"The cause!" faltered the startled wife.

"Yes," answered her ladyship. "I heard the steward tell Sir Norman that your husband had not paid his last half-year's rent, and now another term is all but due. Silas is no friend to Mark: but do not make yourself unhappy. I came to—"

"O! thank you, my lady,—a thousand times!" interrupted Rose, with the air of a person suddenly relieved from an oppressive fear. "The money will be paid in time."

"From your portion?" observed the artful woman: "I thought that had been squandered long since."

"From my husband's labour," replied the woman, proudly. "He now works as hard as any one in the place; he is in his fields early and late."

"Since when?"

"Since—O, for a long time now, my lady!" answered Rose, confusedly.

"I am happy to hear it," said the mistress of Meldown Park; "for I had heard a far different tale, and a sad one. They told me, not only that the money left by your grandfather was spent, but that you had parted with many things you never ought to have parted with; amongst others, the Bible I presented you with when you quitted the school."

"They told you falsely—very falsely, then!" exclaimed the unsuspecting woman, eagerly. "Who could have been so cruel? Believe me, I have done nothing of the kind."

An incredulous smile appeared on the features of her visitor.

"I can convince you, my lady," added the speaker, joyfully, at the same time going to an old-fashioned chest of drawers, and producing the sacred volume. "Here it is."

She placed it on the table with a triumphant air. Lady Boothroyd opened it at the title-page. As she expected, part of the opposite one, on which she had written her name at the date of presenting it, had been torn out. All that remained of the writing was—

"Given to Rose Mayfly, as a reward for good conduct."

The rest was wanting.

"Who could have been so cruel?" exclaimed Rose, deeply mortified when she saw the mutilated leaf.

"Shall I tell you?" replied her ladyship, fixing her keen gray eyes upon the countenance of the unsuspecting wife, to watch the effect of her words. "Your husband."

"Mark! Oh, my lady, what should he tear it out for?"

"To load his gun with on New Year's eve," answered her ladyship, deliberately, "the night that Springthorp was murdered."

The speaker, who had acted throughout with the skill and tact of an experienced detective, drew from her note-case the blood-stained, half burnt fragment of paper, and compared it with the mutilated leaf in the Bible. There could not be a doubt that it had formed a part of the same page. The words, "by Lady Boothroyd," completed the inscription. The evidence was perfect.

"I am exceedingly sorry for you," she continued. "Mark is the murderer of the unfortunate keeper, and this the terrible proof of his guilt."

For several moments the unhappy woman stood, like one stunned by some unexpected blow, confused and only half comprehending her misery; but when its full extent became apparent—when she felt that the life of the man she so devotedly loved was forfeited, a cry of agony escaped her, and, falling on her knees, she grasped the dress of her visitor.

"Spare him, my lady!" she exclaimed, half choking with her terror; "spare him, in the name of Him whose mercy the best of us must one day ask. He did not do it designedly—he could not, for cruelty is abhorrent to his nature. Ask whom you will, there is not a neighbour in St. Faith's to speak an ill word against poor Mark: he is my husband—we have been only two years married, and I love him. Oh, yes, with all his faults, I love him dearly, for I know his heart. Spare him, and I will bless you night and day, pray for you and yours, be your slave. Oh, trample on me, crush me, kill me, do anything you please!"

These words, the promptings of nature's eloquence, broken by sighs and tears, produced one effect upon the hearer. If they failed to touch her heart, they at least convinced her that to screen her husband Rose would consent to any act, however desperate.

"It is a serious thing," she said, "to conceal a murder."

"But this is no murder," sobbed the wretched wife, wringing her hands. "It must have been accident."

"The coroner and jury have pronounced it one," added her ladyship, with cold deliberation, "and if once Sir Norman obtains this proof in his hands—"

"But he will not obtain it," interrupted Rose, renewing her supplications. "Give me that fatal paper. A life, a human life, depends upon it. You are a rich and noble lady," she added, "I am poor and very humble. What good will it do you to bring poor Mark to justice? It can't restore the dead, but it will condemn me to shame, to years of misery so sad and hopeless that death compared with it were mercy."

"I cannot part with this paper," observed her visitor, at the same time replacing it in her note-case, which she returned to her pocket, a precaution not altogether unnecessary, for Rose, in her desperation, looked very much as if she felt inclined to take it from her by force.

"On one condition I may feel disposed to give it up to you, or, rather, to your husband," continued the speaker.

"Condition—name it! That we give up the cottage and fields? Willingly! anything, only speak, my lady, and release my breaking heart."

"Send Mark to the hall, and he shall learn it," answered the mistress of Meldown Park, at the same time rising to depart. "He can easily invent an excuse for requesting to see me. The arrears of rent—my intercession with Sir Norman; anything will do."

Rose saw her intention of quitting the cottage, and instinctively placed herself between the speaker and the door. She had no definite purpose in doing so; terror prompted her.

"Would you dare to offer violence?" said Lady Boothroyd, drawing herself up with dignity.

"Violence!" repeated the half frantic woman. "Such a thought never entered my heart, till you suggested it. But I shall go mad, unless you leave

me that fatal paper. We will do all you wish; indeed, we will be humble and submissive. Do not drive me to despair!"

"Girl!"

"I am no longer a girl, but a wife," interrupted Rose, strong in a wife's love. "I must have that paper; it is mine, and I will have it. Oh, my lady," she added, once more casting herself at her feet; "have some compassion on my tears and agony. Do not tempt me to forget the respect I owe you for your past kindness, the difference of our stations. As you are human, listen to my prayers."

"I hear you," observed her visitor, scornfully.

"I will bind myself in any oath you please, and Mark shall do the same, to perform your bidding. You know that I am truthful. You are a wife yourself; only imagine what I shall endure till that dreadful evidence is destroyed. Sleep will not visit me, peace be a stranger to my mind, fear follow my footsteps like their shadow; in every sound that approaches my cottage door I shall imagine I hear the voices of those who come to drag my husband to justice—to the scaffold! O God! I see him there. Mercy! mercy! give him time to repent, for his soul's sake, and mine."

Although these touching entreaties produced no effect upon the heart of the cold and haughty woman, the despair of the suppliant began to alarm her for her own personal safety.

"Rose," she said, in a milder tone, "can you not trust to me?"

"Trust you," repeated the excited creature, "with the power of dragging Mark from his home to a prison—of sending him to death! What wife would trust an angel with such a power? Even in her own hands—a secret locked in her heart—it must be a terror to herself," she added. "The paper—I must have that paper!"

"Never!"

Rose sprang towards her and a protracted struggle ensued: the fingers of Lady Boothroyd became twisted in the luxuriant hair of her assailant, which she tore up by the roots, whilst her nails committed fearful ravages on her neck and face. The woman never once retaliated, although she easily might have done so: for conscience whispered she was acting wrongly. All her endeavours were to obtain the fatal proofs of her husband's crime.

It is difficult to say how the contest might have ended but for the appearance of a third party, Sillex, the steward, who in passing by the cottage heard the cries of her ladyship for assistance. Although an old, he was still a powerful man—all bone and sinew—with nerves like cordage—and a hand of iron. To release his mistress from the frantic grasp of Rose was the work of an instant.

"Well," he exclaimed, with a grin that displayed his shark-like teeth, "things are improving in St. Faith's! Are you hurt, my lady?"

"Not much," replied his mistress, coolly arranging her disordered dress. "Don't harm her," she added; "she must be mad, for she is not naturally vicious. I am sorry for her."

The unhappy wife, who still lay sobbing in the corner of the cottage, where the strong arm of Sillex had dashed her, caught eagerly at the words, and still more at the tone in which they were uttered. Both seemed to imply a hope.

"Forgive me!" she murmured. "Oh, forgive me!"

"Forgive you, hussy!" repeated the steward, shaking her roughly by the arm. "You must have more than the usual effrontery of your sex to expect or ask such a thing. Forgive you, indeed! A pretty example to the rest of the village. Shall I send for the constables?" he added.

"Do nothing of the kind," replied her ladyship, hastily. "It is my particular desire that you keep strict silence on what has taken place. Rose," she continued, "my intentions in your favour are unchanged: neither your ingratitude nor violence have altered them. Send Mark to the hall the instant he arrives."

"Trample on me—kill me!" exclaimed the still trembling wife, her heart overflowing with gratitude at such unhelped-for mercy. "I am unworthy of pardon."

"I should think so," muttered the old man, spitefully.

"When you can pardon yourself, Rose," observed Lady Boothroyd, with an air of dignified benevolence which none knew better how to assume than herself, "you may ask mine."

With these words she quitted the cottage, accompanied by Mr. Sillex, who was not in the slightest degree the dupe of her affected generosity, although he secretly wondered, perhaps, at the motives which could induce her to forego her naturally vindictive feelings.

Both walked through the village in silence—the lady erect and stately, as if returning from some visit of charity and mercy, and the steward obsequiously following her. It was not till they had passed the lodge gates, and found themselves in the park, that he gave utterance to his thoughts.

"Your ladyship is not dealing fairly by me," he said.

"How so?"

"You have secrets which I have no share in."

"Simply because I have not had an opportunity of consulting you," answered the crafty woman.

Her companion shrugged his shoulders doubtfully.

"You may believe me," she added, "for I require your assistance."

"Then I do believe you," exclaimed Mr. Sillex, fixing his keen gray eyes upon her.

"I have discovered that Mark Rayner is the murderer of Springthorp," said Lady Boothroyd, "and, like a simpleton, allowed his wife to see the proofs in my possession, instead of at once sending for the man. You witnessed the result. In her desperation she attempted to force them from me."

"Bold, but imprudent," ejaculated her hearer, who had a peculiar habit of keeping up a kind of running commentary on all he heard.

"Now, I want to employ Mark."

"In what way?"

"Confidentially."

"Of course."

"I have seen the child."

"Allan Boothroyd's child," said the old man, with a chuckle; "and you want Mark Rayner to remove her, steal her. It will be the better way," he added, musingly, "for you can rely on him. No instruments work so well as those who do our bidding with the rope round their necks and the scaffold staring them in the face. Besides, he will have to give up his house and land, and quit the country. No one will suspect him. But you said that you required my assistance."

"It is indispensable."

"In what way?"

"You must find me some person in London," answered her ladyship, "who for money will take charge of the girl."

"And treat her kindly?"

Despite her usual hypocrisy, a deep flush suffused the countenance of the artful woman, not so much at the question, as the look that accompanied it.

"Most certainly," she answered.

Mr. Sillex chuckled, gave one of his peculiar glances, and muttered something about his being a fool for making such an unnecessary inquiry.

"At one time I could have done what you require without much difficulty," he observed; "but it is many years since I was in London, and, to deal candidly with you, I scarcely care to visit it again."

"Remember," urged the mistress of Meldown Park, "that if the child be really the daughter of Allan, and the secret of her birth should be discovered, your safety may be compromised."

"I shall be dead long before that event takes place," observed the steward, philosophically. "However, pay me well, and I will go."

"We will not quarrel on the score of money," said his mistress; "but remember, I must be repaid with the address of the person I require at once."

"You shall be."

"And when will you start?"

"The instant your ladyship furnishes me with the means—in an hour, if necessary; my preparations are easily made. But I must have the money; in transactions such as ours I give no credit."

"Money!" repeated his confederate,—"always money!"

"Do you imagine I sin for the pleasure of sinning?" demanded the old man, tartly.

"Sometimes I think you do," answered Lady Boothroyd. "You are one of the few persons whom I never yet could thoroughly comprehend. You are aged—childless, and yet continue to heap up wealth without use for it, or pleasure."

"Without pleasure!" exclaimed the steward, with a sarcastic smile. "Name me the pleasure I do not possess: a stately mansion, a fine domain, horses, equipage, a luxurious table, luscious wines, the world's respect, or that which is akin to it—its cringing homage—I grasp them all! concentrated in one essence—money—carry them in my pocket! Mine are enjoyments that neither diminish my fortune nor affect my health. My excesses leave no rapid aching of the brain; on the contrary, it never feels so light and elastic as after a debauch. The fools of the world might envy me! The motive is the same in both of us: we each prize wealth as a means to a certain end."

"But I forget myself," he added, starting like one awaking from a reverie. "It is not often that I relate my dreams."

"Follow me to the house," said her ladyship, struck by his manner, and still more by the singularity of his words, "and I will arrange for your departure at once."

"In an hour I will be there," replied the old man. "I will but leave certain directions at the home farm."

So saying he walked away.

"A very odd person," thought Lady Boothroyd, as she gazed after him. "He has been useful in his time, but I shall feel more satisfied when he is dead."

It was not the first time that a similar reflection had struck her.

CHAPTER XII.

Against the head which innocence secures,
Insidious malice aims her darts in vain,
Turned backward by the powerful breath of heaven.
DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN Mark Rayner returned to his cottage at the usual noontide hour, he was both surprised and alarmed at the state in which he found his devoted, faithful wife, who threw her arms around his neck the instant she beheld him, and wept upon his shoulder like a suffering child.

Too well did the unhappy man divine the cause of her sorrow; for since the fatal night of the keeper's death he had never known a moment's peace. Not that he felt assured his was the hand which fired the deadly shot, for several guns had been discharged on the occasion; but the dread that it was so, the uncertainty, haunted him. Hence the remorse, the sudden resolution to labour, the unwearying toil by day, the restless nights, broken by dreams, that made sweet sleep a terror.

"I never harmed poor Springthorpe willingly!" he exclaimed, when Rose had related to him the visit of Lady Boothroyd, and the discovery she had made, "and yet peace is a stranger to my heart. Why did I not listen to your entreaties," he added, with a burst of passionate regret, "and remain at home that fatal night? But Sanders was here; you recollect how he jeered me about not having a will of my own, threw petticoat government in my teeth, and—in short, I yielded, and lost happiness for life rather than encounter a sneer."

Mark's case was not an isolated one; men are frequently more easily laughed than reasoned out of what is right, and yet they designate themselves the stronger sex.

"How you must despise and hate me," he murmured, without venturing to raise his eyes to those of the woman whose peace of mind he had so cruelly trifled with, whose heart he had disappointed.

The kiss which her pale lips imprinted on his brow, was not only the seal of her forgiveness, but the pledge that the love he had won was unchanged. Had his crime been less, it is possible that the resentment of his wife might have been greater, but in presence of danger, threatening the very life of the man on whom she had bestowed her affections, his errors were forgotten.

What a wondrous thing is woman's love! The line that fathoms ocean cannot measure its depths, or the imagination which rises to the stars paint the strength and purity of its devotion. It is the one link left, the golden thread uniting earth with heaven.

"When I think what a villain I have been to you," said Mark, "I detest myself. That I should drag you down to shame—you of whom I felt so proud! you whom all the village loved and respected! Rose, Rose, the neighbours were quite right when they said I was unworthy of you."

There was one part of her narrative which the unhappy man could not comprehend—the leaf torn from the Bible, and used as wadding for his gun; he had not the slightest recollection of having used it.

"It would do me no good to deny it either to you or on my trial," he observed; "but knowing how highly you prized the book, I am not so heartless as to have defaced it. You must be in error."

Rose went to the drawers to produce the sacred volume in order to convince him.

It was gone! Lady Boothroyd had taken it, and the evidence was complete.

No sooner did the anxious wife perceive her loss, than the hope, which had hitherto sustained her, vanished; she lost all confidence in her visitor's promises of mercy.

"You must fly, Mark!" she exclaimed.

Her husband shook his head mournfully. Without money it was impossible to fly, and he had none; the portion Rose had brought him had long since been expended. Bitterly did he regret, when too late, the reckless improvidence which chained him to his destiny.

"Fly!" he repeated; "and what would become of you?"

"I will accompany you," answered his wife, firmly,—"share your hardships and console them; toil with you for our daily bread; if driven to it, beg for it;—any misery rather than see you dragged to a prison, to death perhaps; oh, there is madness in that thought! Let us fly to the remotest corners of the earth. There must be kind hearts," she added, "to pity and assist those who struggle patiently against misfortune."

Mark drew his arm gently round her waist and pressed her to his bosom. Never had he so fully felt the value of the prize he had won as at that moment; never had she appeared so beautiful.

"Listen to me," he said, "my own true-hearted girl. Lady Boothroyd did not visit our poor cottage without a motive; you say it is humanity; she spoke of conditions."

"She did!" exclaimed Rose, eagerly. "I recollect."

"But refused to name them."

"Except to you, Mark—except to you!"

"I must see her," exclaimed her husband, thoughtfully. "It is my only chance, for flight without money is impossible."

It was in vain that the anxious wife attempted to combat his resolution. He listened to her kindly and gratefully, but remained firm in it; and he was right.

Rose, in her simplicity and ignorance of the world, fondly imagined that any quiet nook in a distant part of the country might conceal them. He knew that the ministers of justice once set upon his track, Europe could not hide him.

Having come to this decision, Mark laid aside his working clothes, and dressed himself for his visit to the hall.

If his adieus to his wife under such circumstances were painful to her feelings, our readers can imagine what the agony of her suspense must have been till his return.

As the poor fellow—for, despite his past misconduct, there were many good and redeeming qualities in his nature—quitted his house by the front door with the desperate determination of a man who has set his all upon one stake, his companion and fellow poacher, Sanders, crept stealthily away from the back of the house, where he had been listening to the conversation. He, too, had been out on New Year's eve, and fired on the keepers like the rest of the party; and conscience, possibly, had alarmed him, for, on seeing Lady Boothroyd and the steward leave the cottage of Rose, he had concealed himself till the return of her husband, in order to overhear what had passed.

"It be all right," he muttered to himself, as he withdrew. "I be safe enough, seeing her ladyship has got the proof that it wor Mark. She won't hurt un," he added; "his wife be too great a favourite for that."

In his joy at having the weight removed from his mind—not his heart, for it was fear, and not remorse, that had haunted him—the speaker adjourned to the public-house, instead of returning to his labour.

Although Mark Rayner was only absent three hours, they appeared so many ages to the trembling, anxious wife, who, with her pale face glued, as it were, to the window which commanded the road leading from the Park, awaited his return.

"Will he return?" she repeatedly asked herself; "or is it but a snare to draw him to the hall and deliver him up to justice?"

At one moment the conviction that such was the case plunged her in despair; the next, the parting words of her visitor yielded her consolation. Several times she repeated them, dwelt on the promise they implied, and they inspired hope.

"She cannot be so cruel," she argued with herself, "to hold out a gleam of mercy, only to make the blow fall heavier. She is rich, happy, and must be good."

To the surprise of Rose, a strange feeling of calm gradually fell on her. The present, the hideous present, seemed only like a dream; whilst the past returned with startling freshness on her memory. Her girlhood's thoughtless days, the happy ones of courtship, and the brief ones of her wedded bliss, when life appeared full of bright promises, rich in smiles that make the heart's content.

A cry of joy broke from her lips at last. Mark was returning. She could not be mistaken; although the distance, and the tears which dimmed her sight, rendered his features indistinct, she recognised his form, his air, his walk. Affection seldom errs.

In an instant her reveries were forgotten.

"His step is quick," she murmured. "Is it good or ill news that he brings with him? Oh, this suspense is painful. It must be good," she continued, after a

pause, "for sorrow's pace is laggard. He sees me; he waves his hand to me. Then there is hope. The kind, good lady has not deceived me. Bless her! bless her!"

When Mark entered the cottage, his wife's agitation was so great that she could not speak; but her eyes were more eloquent than words.

"Saved!" he whispered, as he folded her in his arms. "Saved!"

Never did a more grateful prayer rise from the suffering heart, than the silent one which Rose offered to heaven for her benefactress, as she deemed her.

"You saw her ladyship?" she exclaimed at last.

"Yes."

"And she has given you back the terrible proof?"

"Not yet."

"But she will do so?"

"When the conditions are fulfilled."

"Conditions!" repeated Rose; "true, true, I had forgotten them. What is it she exacts? That we give up our home and quit the place? Willingly, for here sad thoughts and vain regrets would ever haunt us."

"Wife," said Mark Rayner, taking her by the hand, "I promised to fulfil them, but it depends on you whether I do so or not. Had I refused, I should have left the hall a prisoner. Her benevolent ladyship," he continued, with a bitter accent on the word benevolent, "exact that we leave St. Faith's, and fly to a foreign land."

"To the end of the earth!" exclaimed the grateful woman; "for there is safety."

"It is not the only condition," added her husband, slowly.

His wife regarded him uneasily.

"I must at the part of a thief, to escape the doom of a murderer."

"A thief!"

"And steal Lilly, the child of my old companion Barny Gee."

"Steal Lilly!"

"Such are the terms on which I may be permitted to hide my shame and repentance in another land. It will break old Simon's heart."

"But why commit such a heartless, useless crime?" demanded Rose. "I cannot understand it. I see no motive."

"Lady Boothroyd declares that it will be impossible to forget the events of New Year's eve as long as the child remains at St. Faith's; that her presence will be a continual source of irritation, and keep up the ill-feeling between Sir Norman and his tenants."

"And you consented?"

"I did," replied Mark, colouring with shame, "for the love of life was strong. I thought of you, Rose."

"It could only have been to try you, Mark," exclaimed his wife, to whose clear and upright mind the crime seemed dark and villainous, as the reasons alleged for perpetrating it were trivial and insufficient. Had she lived more in the world, society would have taught her one great truth—that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the pretext masks the motive.

"You do not know her," observed her husband, bitterly. "Her heart is as completely a stranger to every sentiment of humanity as yours is to crime. I pointed out to her how poor old Simon and Hester loved the child; the misery its loss would inflict upon them; the doubt, the agony of years it must entail. I might as well have preached to stone."

"Did Lady Boothroyd make you no reply?" demanded Rose, still more and more surprised.

"Yes, one. The gallows or obedience."

The fearful shudder which ran through the frame of his hearer denoted the violence of the contest between love and her strict sense of right.

"Poor Lilly!" she murmured. "It is dreadful, but there is no other alternative. If love can atone the crime, I will atone it," she added, "by proving a mother to her."

"She is not to remain with us," said Mark, avoiding the gaze of his wife. "I am to deliver the child to her ladyship in London. She has promised to educate and provide for her."

Reckless and dissipated as the speaker had been, no pecuniary consideration could have induced him to commit the act demanded of him, or his wife to sanction it; but terror did. Both were young, and in nature's course had years of love and happiness before them. If Rose fell, it was not without a struggle.

Pause, gentle reader, ere you condemn her—remember the inducement was her husband's safety: angels have fallen before.

It had so long been known in the village that the Rayners were behind-hand with their rent, but little surprise was expressed when at an early hour the following day, the bailiff took possession of their cottage and land. More than one friend stepped

forward with offers of assistance. They were declined—Mark and his wife had determined to emigrate; and, in answer to numerous questions respecting Sir Norman, stated that he had acted liberally to them.

We need scarcely add that the seizure had been arranged between Lady Boothroyd and the unwilling instruments of her evil design.

Nearly all the inhabitants of St. Faith's came to bid them good-bye; some marvelled at the suddenness of their departure, others regretted it; all offered advice, a few consolation.

"Somehow, I don't think I shall be long after thee, Mark," observed Sanders, "for I have taken a dislike to the place—it will be mortal lonesome when thee art gone."

The severest trial was the parting with the weaver and his wife, who forced upon them numberless little tokens of kind feeling and good wishes, which husband and wife would fain have declined.

"Take 'em," said the old man, "don't 'ee be proud; they will remind thee of home and friends. Keep up thee courage in a foreign land till thee has earned the means to come back to us. To be sure, I shall be dead before that day. But Lilly here," he added, holding up the child for them to kiss, "will, please God, be alive to welcome you."

Rose could only reply by her tears.

Many of the villagers accompanied them for several miles on the road, and only took leave of the wanderers when the coach, which was to convey them to Exeter, drove up. Little did they imagine how soon Mark was to revisit his native place, or the errand that would bring him back. Had they even guessed at such a thing, their adieus and kind wishes had been changed to curses.

It was past midnight when Mark Rayner, who felt the full enormity of the act circumstances urged him to commit, approached St. Faith's. He had disguised himself so effectually, that had he met any of his late boon companions in idleness, recognition would have been impossible. And yet he trembled at every sound. The moaning of the wind through the leafless branches of the trees, the slightest rustling in the hedge, filled his soul with terror. There was something even in the crispness of the snow, as it yielded to his heavy tread, that added to his uneasiness.

He was but young in crime.

Arrived at the brow of the hill where the narrow footpath leads through the churchyard to the village, he paused with his hand upon the turnstile which he had leaped over a hundred times when a boy, like one unable to proceed.

"Not that road," he muttered. "I dare not take it now. Bad as I am, I can't pass poor Barny's grave on my way to steal his child."

There were other graves there. The simple turf-bound resting-places of those who had loved him in his youth: the mother who had bore him, the father who had left a spotless name, which he was about to dishonour.

No wonder that Mark Rayner could not pass through the churchyard of St. Faith's, but took the common route.

Never had the unhappy man felt so wretched as when creeping stealthily into his native village, gliding like a shadow under the walls of each well-remembered dwelling, whose inmates had so lately bade God speed him on his way.

More than once he felt tempted to renounce his project and fly; but the thought of Rose restrained him.

"I might suffer alone," he argued with himself; "but I have no right to bring disgrace and misery upon her."

He should have thought of that before.

On reaching the cottage of Simon Gee, Mark—to whom every step of ground was familiar—turned down the narrow lane which separated the old man's garden from Farmer Minter's orchard; and, leaping over the hedge, crept cautiously to the back of the house.

It required no great skill to take out a pane of glass, open the old-fashioned casement, and enter the room where Lillian was sleeping. Once there, a terrible thought flashed suddenly upon his mind: Should the child awake, and alarm the aged couple by her cries?

With the speed of terror he wrapped the unconscious innocent in the coverlid of the bed, and sprang with her through the window. This haste produced the very thing he felt most anxious to avoid: the shock of the descent startled the orphan from her slumber, and she uttered loud piercing cries. The voices of Simon and his wife were heard, and the noise of their striking light.

The alarm once given, Mark felt assured that he should be pursued. But even that danger had been foreseen and provided against by the calculating fiend

who had urged him on to crime; Lady Boothroyd had given him the keys of a private entrance to the park, and of an old pavilion, situated in a remote part of the grounds, which had not been used for years: in fact it had been closed so long that the ivy had grown over the worm-eaten shutters, and half buried the portico and roof in its rank embrace.

The guilty fugitive scarcely drew breath till he found himself safe within the shelter of its walls.

Great was the consternation of the weaver and Hester when they rushed, half-dressed, into the little chamber of Lillian and discovered their loss; the open window betrayed the means by which the cottage had been entered and their niece carried off.

The old man clasped his hands in despair, as he regarded the vacant bed.

"It is still warm!" exclaimed his wife. "The robber cannot be far off—besides, we heard her cries. Rouse yourself," she added, shaking her husband by the arm; "run to Farmer Minter's! call up the neighbours! he may be overtaken yet!"

It was no time to ask why the child had been stolen from them, or speculate upon the motives which led to the crime. Simon Gee ran, as he was directed, to the house of the farmer; whilst the distracted Hester alarmed the rest of the neighbours. In a few minutes the village was astir. The news of their loss excited the utmost surprise and indignation: such a thing had never before been heard of in St. Faith's, and long ere dawn a dozen horsemen, at least, were scouring the country in every direction, so great was the sympathy felt for the orphan of poor Barny.

It is almost needless to say that Farmer Minter was one of the most active in the pursuit, or that it was fruitless. The plan had been so artfully laid, that even his intelligence was at fault. And on the return of the villagers, as a last resource, he resolved to consult Mr. Thornton.

Poor old Simon accompanied him to The Elms.

The worthy magistrate listened to their statement with astonishment. He could perceive no motive for the outrage. And his visitors had to repeat their tale more than once, before he could bring himself to believe its truthfulness.

"I will seek my murdered brother's child," exclaimed the heart-broken weaver, "if I beg my way, and tramp the country through."

"I scarcely know what to advise," observed the gentleman; "the features of the crime are so unusual. All that I can do, I will do. A description of the child shall be sent to the police, both in the rural districts and the neighbouring towns. A reward must be offered."

"Let it be a handsome one," said the farmer; "I will guarantee that it shall be forthcoming. There is not a man in St. Faith's but will contribute, for Lilly in some sort belongs to us all."

"I will see to that," answered the magistrate. "Have any gipsies been lurking in the neighbourhood lately?"

Neither of his visitors had either seen or heard of any.

"It bea'n't the gipsies' work!" exclaimed the honest farmer. "They have nought to do wi' it."

"Have you any suspicion?" demanded Mr. Thornton.

"Yes," replied the farmer, resolutely.

"It is your duty, then, to speak out."

"Well, then," answered Mr. Minter, deliberately, "it be my belief that Sir Norman Boothroyd had a hand in it."

The gentleman reflected for several instants before making a reply, and weighed the circumstances well over in his mind. No wonder that in the absence of any ostensible motive or reason, he exonerated the baronet from all participation in such an act; for though he knew him to be both proud and vindictive, he was also aware that prudence was, to say the least of it, quite as strong in him as courage, and the act was a decided felony.

"Impossible," he said; "nay, almost impossible. Sir Norman, to my positive knowledge, has not quitted his room for several days. He has been ill, exceedingly ill. Besides, why should he descend to a crime that would not only disgrace him in the eyes of the world, but render him amenable to the laws of his country?"

The accuser shook his head—he was silenced, but not convinced.

"I can't think it be the baronet," said Simon Gee, "for it wor only two days sin' her ladyship called at our poor cottage, kissed the child, and offered to assist us in providing for it, though Hester and I both declined her help."

"Lady Boothroyd is too estimable a person," observed Mr. Thornton, "to lend her countenance to any such unworthy act."

"That she be," exclaimed both his visitors;

"things would be different at the hall, poor lady, if she had her will."

The magistrate, with all his shrewdness, was of the same opinion—a proof that the little conjugal drama performed at Meldown Park had been well acted, since it had deceived even his penetration.

(To be continued.)

THE UNBEARABLE CROSS.

ROBERT HOPE and Samuel Hullins had lived neighbours for more than twelve years; and it is probable they would always have been on good terms, had not Samuel, who had served under Admiral Nelson, gained at Trafalgar a small pension, which he had paid for by the loss of one of his legs. This leg less, and this pension more, were for Robert a continual source of jealousy; he accused fate for having left him his two feet, and complained bitterly that he had not been able, as he said, to sell his legs at the same price as Hullins had done. Every time he went to pay his rent, he repeated, grumblingly, that his neighbour was very fortunate; that he was in a condition to settle his bills, since the king gave him a good pension; while he, poor fellow, had hard work to make both ends of the year meet, without taking into the account his creditors.

Robert at first contented himself with making these reflections inwardly, but, by degrees, his dissatisfaction was expressed aloud, and became his habitual and favourite theme of conversation.

One week that his rent had fallen behind-hand, and he was sadly advancing towards the house of Mr. Taylor, in order to make his excuses for this delay, he met neighbour Hullins, who was as regular as a clock in paying his rent, and had just been for that purpose.

The very sight of Samuel produced on Robert the effect of a fit of sickness; so, when he bowed in reply to the salute of Hullins, his glance singularly resembled that of a bull shaking his horns at a dog.

Arrived at the house of the proprietor, Hope did not fail to be reprimanded. The example of his neighbour was cited, who always paid punctually, and to the last penny.

"Yes, yes," murmured Robert; "some people are born with a silver spoon in their mouths. Hullins is very fortunate, and I am not surprised that he pays punctually with such a pension."

"Hullins has a pension, it is true," replied Mr. Taylor; "but his infirmity is a heavy cross, and if you were afflicted with it, I should pity you much more."

"Not so," said Hope. "If I had been so fortunate as to lose a leg like him, twenty years ago, it would have been a productive day for me. I would sell all my limbs at the same price. Do you call his oak leg a heavy cross? I think his pension should render it light. The heaviest cross that I know of, is to be obliged to labour incessantly."

Mr. Taylor was a man of joyous humour, but a close observer. He had for a long time noticed the envious disposition of Robert, and resolved to convince him that the lightest cross might become unbearable to a discontented mind.

"I see," said he to Hope, "that you are disposed to do nothing. Well! I will exempt you from this obligation to labour of which you complain so bitterly. If you think the cross of your neighbour, Samuel, so easy to bear, will you accept a lighter one, if I will engage to give you your rent?"

"That depends upon what kind of a cross it is," said Robert, anxiously, for he feared that the proposition would not be acceptable.

"This," said Mr. Taylor, taking a piece of chalk and tracing a white cross on Robert's jacket. "During the time that you wear this, I shall not demand a penny of your rent."

Hope thought, at first, that his landlord was jesting; but being assured that he spoke seriously, he exclaimed—

"By George! you may say that you have seen my last money, for I am willing to wear this cross all my lifetime."

Robert immediately went out, congratulating himself on his good fortune, and laughing all along the road at the folly of Mr. Taylor, who had let him off so cheaply from paying his rent.

He had never been so joyous as at the moment of returning home. He found nothing to complain of, and his dog came to sit down at his feet without his punishing him for his familiarity.

As he seated himself on his arrival, his wife did not, at first, notice the white cross which he had on his shoulder; but having passed behind her husband to wind up the clock, she suddenly exclaimed, in a shrill voice—

"Why, Robert, where have you been? You have on your back a cross a foot long. You have been to the tavern, and some drunkard among your friends has played you a trick to make you ridiculous. Get up and let me brush off this cross."

"Away!" exclaimed Hope, hastily; "my clothes do not need your brushing. Go knit your stockings, and let me alone."

"That shall not be!" exclaimed Mrs. Hope, in a voice more shrill. "I will not have my husband become the laughing-stock of the whole village, and if I tear your jacket to pieces, you shall not wear that ridiculous cross."

As she spoke thus, the wife attempted to brush Robert's shoulder; and the latter, who knew that resistance would be useless, walked off, shutting the door after him violently.

"What a fury!" muttered he, as he went away. "If she had been more gentle, I would have told her of my good fortune; but she does not deserve to know it."

"O! O! Robert," exclaimed old Fox, at the moment when Hope turned the corner of his house, "what is that white cross on your back?"

"Take care of your own clothes," insolently replied Hope, going on his way.

"Mr. Hope," said little Patty Stevens, the grocer's daughter, "stop one moment if you please, that I may rub out that great white cross you have on your shoulder."

"Go and sell your herrings, lazy girl," replied Robert, "and do not concern yourself about the passers-by."

The little girl, silenced, hastened to re-enter her mother's shop.

At this moment, Hope arrived at the house of the butcher, who was conversing on the threshold with his neighbour, the blacksmith.

"You are just the man I wanted," said the latter, stopping Robert; and he began to speak to him on business; but hardly had he commenced, when old Peggy Turton arrived, in her plaid gown and blue apron.

"Mercy! Mr. Hope," exclaimed she, taking up her apron, "what is that on your back?"

Robert turned to tell her to let him alone, but the blacksmith then perceived the mark made by Mr. Taylor.

"Heavens!" said he, laughing, "he might serve for a sign to the White Cross."

"I suppose," said the butcher, "that his wife has marked him thus for fear of losing him."

Hope felt that there was for him but one method of escaping at the same time from the apron of Peggy, and the jokes of the butcher and the blacksmith, so he hastened to leave the spot, not without some abusive language to his neighbours; but the cross had begun to weigh more heavily upon his shoulder than he had at first supposed.

The unfortunate Robert seemed destined this day to provoking encounters, for he had gone but a few steps when he found himself opposite the school-house. School was just out, and the scholars were at this moment issuing from the door, ready for any fun that might present itself. Hope was terribly uneasy, and imagined he already heard cries behind him. His fears were soon realised; he had scarcely passed the school-house door when a loud shout was heard, and fifty scholars at least began to pursue him and point at him, throwing up their caps in the air.

"Look, look!" exclaimed one; "there is a sheep marked for the butcher."

"Don't you see?" replied another; "it is a crusader just setting out for Palestine."

And the shouting and laughter recommenced more loudly.

Hope became pale with anger; he turned like a cross dog pursued by children, and, perhaps, would have cruelly revenged himself on his young persecutors, had not Mr. Johnson, the schoolmaster, suddenly appeared at the door of his house.

Robert advanced towards him, complaining of the insolence of his pupils. Mr. Johnson replied that he would not for the world encourage impertinence in them, but that the white cross which he had on his back might make wiser people than boys laugh.

"What is this cross to you?" replied Robert, crossly. "Is not my back my own property?"

The schoolmaster smilingly assented, and Hope went on his way. But the cross was growing heavier and heavier.

He began to think that it would not be so easy to pay his rent in this manner. So much railery had already been heaped upon him, what would it be if the cause were known? His landlord might as well have written on his back a receipt in full.

As he reflected thus, Robert arrived at the tavern. He was passing by when he perceived Mr. Taylor him-

self at a few paces' distance, and on the other side his neighbour Hullins, dragging his wooden leg, and conversing with Harry Stokes, the carpenter. Harry Stokes was the wit of the village, and Hope would not have encountered him before Hullins for the world. He therefore took refuge in the tavern.

But the place was not long tenable. The drinkers did not fail to perceive the cross, and to rally Hope, who grew angry; the quarrel became violent, and the innkeeper, fearing some serious result, turned Robert out of doors.

The latter had left home with the intention of examining some work which had been offered to him in the neighbouring village, but his mind had been so disturbed by old Fox, Patty Stevens, the blacksmith, the butcher, Peggy Turton, and the school-boys, that he resolved to return home, thinking that would be, after all, the most peaceable place.

Have you ever seen, in the month of September, a young partridge, the last of the brood, fluttering along through the fields, with a wounded wing? Such was Robert on his way to his home, at the other end of the village. Now he walked rapidly lest he should be overtaken, now slowly, lest he should meet some one; now in the road, now in the fields, gliding behind the bushes, climbing the walls, and shunning glances like a gipsy who has stolen a chicken from a farmer's poultry-yard. At this moment the white cross was an unbearable weight.

At last he reached his dwelling, and this time hoped to find a little rest. But as soon as his wife perceived him she began to cry out:—

"Are you not ashamed to come back as you went? Five or six of our neighbours have asked me if you had lost your senses! Quick, let me rub out that cross."

"Away, woman!" exclaimed Robert, exasperated. "You shall not remain so, Hope; I will not have any one belonging to me so ridiculous. Take off that jacket! take it off this minute, I tell you!"

As she spoke thus, Mrs. Hope attempted to seize her husband's arm; but the latter rudely repulsed her. Mrs. Hope, who was not remarkable for patience, replied by a blow, and the result was a scuffle between the two, to the great scandal of the neighbours, who ran to separate them.

Everybody blamed Robert, who, when he became calm, understanding that there was no hope of rest or peace for him otherwise, effaced the cross of his own accord.

The Monday following he carried his rent early to the house of his landlord.

"Ah! ah! Robert," said Mr. Taylor, on perceiving him, "I thought you would soon repent of your bargain. This is a good lesson for envious and impatient dispositions, who are incessantly complaining of God and of life. Remember this, Hope; He who has created us has proportioned our burdens to our strength. Do not complain of being less fortunate than others, for you know not the sufferings of your neighbour. All crosses are heavy; the way to render them light is to bear them with patience, courage, and good-will."

THE DEAD YEAR.

HERE I will sit and muse. The midnight skies
Are weeping silent tears, as if they grieved
For the old year, and the pale stars look sad
And tremble, as if living, sorrowing hearts
Were throbbing in their breasts. In vain! in vain!
The faded year is nothing now. The flowers,
The birds, the waves, the streams, the melodies
Of vernal life and nature will come back,
But he returns no more. The winds may search
For him in their far journeyings; the grand
Old ocean with its thunder-tones may call
For ever to him in its ceaseless dash
Beneath the heavens; the bright and burning stars,
With their high tones of Eden minstrelsy,
May speak his name in their eternal sweep
Along their flaming paths; the comets wild
May seek him by the baleful glare they spread
Through realms of ancient night; but none of these
Shall ever find him, for he liveth not
In all the universe of God. Years die,
And centuries die, and there will come a day
When the dread angel of the apocalypse
Standing on land and sea, will lift his hand
And swear aloud that time shall be no more.

TRUE BEAUTY.

It is a pearl—a priceless gem,
That proud Sultana may not wear;
It is not seen in diadem,
Nor e'en in queenly form so fair.

Nor does it deck the fairest brow,
Where youth and beauty are entwined;
But ah! it is the early vow
Of Christian love, within the mind.

THE WHITE SPARROW.

Sleep, he is the worst of thieves:
He steals the half of life.

No more common complaint is to be heard now-a-days, from the lips of housewives, than that of the laziness and untidy habits of domestic servants. Mothers and grandmothers are often wont to tell the young housekeeper that matters were otherwise in their days; and it has sometimes occurred to us whether the fault may not lie as much in the degenerate habits of the masters and mistresses of the present generation, as in any defect peculiar to their dependents. Were the lady of the house more frequently to rise at five or six in the morning, as in the "good old days lang syne," perchance she would not so often have to complain that rooms were carelessly swept, that work was left undone, or fires lighted too late.

A useful hint on this subject may, we think, be gathered from a proverbial tale, related by a favourite German writer, and entitled—

"He who would thrive
Must the white sparrow see!"

The meaning of the proverb is not at first sight so apparent as that of some others which circulate amongst us, such as "Early habits make the man," or "Honesty is the best policy," &c.; but the moral signification it is intended to convey is not the less true and important. I will, therefore, here relate the story connected with its origin, even as I received it myself from the lips of an old friend.

There was a certain farmer, with whom everything seemed to grow worse from year to year. His cattle died one by one—the product of his land was not half what it ought to be—in fact, all his property was, to use a familiar expression, "going to the dogs." Scarcely a week passed by that either the tax-gatherer or a creditor did not come to his window, and, addressing him with a courteous bow, say, "I am really very sorry, Herr Ruckwarts, to put you to inconvenience, but I am compelled to do my duty." The old friends of Herr Ruckwarts also tried their best to do their duty by him—they advised, they entreated, and they helped him, but all in vain; and one after another gave him up in despair, declaring with a sigh that, "as for poor Ruckwarts, there was no use in trying to help him,—he was *past* being helped."

He had one friend, however, whose heart was in the right place, and who was not only a good man, but a very prudent and clear-sighted man. This friend thought he would not give Herr Ruckwarts up altogether, without making one more attempt to save him; so one day, as they were drinking their glass of beer together, he led the conversation, as though accidentally, to the subject of sparrows, related many anecdotes of these birds, and observed how much they had multiplied of late, and how very cunning and voracious they had become.

Herr Ruckwarts shook his head gravely in answer to this observation, and said, "They were indeed most destructive creatures—for his part, he had not the least doubt that it was entirely owing to them his harvest had been of late years so very unproductive."

To this conjecture the good friend made no rejoinder; but after a moment's pause he continued the conversation by inquiring: "Neighbour, have you ever seen a white sparrow?"

"No," replied Ruckwarts; "the sparrows which alight in my fields are all quite gray."

"That is very probable," rejoined his friend; "the habits of the white sparrow are peculiar to itself. Only one comes into the world every year, and being so different to its fellows the other sparrows take a dislike to it, and peck at it when it appears amongst them. For this reason it seeks its food early in the morning, before the rest of the feathered tribe are astir, and then goes back to its nest for the rest of the day."

"That is very strange!" exclaimed Ruckwarts. "I must really try and get a sight at that sparrow, and if possible I will catch it too."

On the morning which followed this conversation, the farmer rose with the sun, and sallied forth into the fields; he walked around his farm, searched his farmyard in every corner, examined the roofs of his barns, and the trees of his orchard, to see whether he could discover any traces of the wonderful white sparrow. But the white sparrow, to the great disappointment of the farmer, would not show itself, or stir from its imaginary nest. What vexed the farmer, however, still more, was, that although the sun stood high in the heavens by the time he had completed his rounds, not one of the farm hands were astir—they, too, seemed resolved not to leave their nests. Meanwhile, the cattle in their stalls were bellowing with

hunger, and not a soul was near to give them their fodder.

Herr Ruckwarts was reflecting on the disadvantages of this state of things, when suddenly he perceived a lad coming out of the house, carrying a sack of wheat on his shoulders. He seemed to be in great haste to get out of the precincts of the farm; Herr Ruckwarts soon perceived that his steps were not bent towards the mill, but towards the public-house, where Casper had unhappily a long score to pay. He hastened after the astonished youth, who believed his master to be still in the enjoyment of his morning nap, and quickly relieved him of his burden.

The farmer next bent his steps to the cow-house, and peeping in to see whether the white sparrow had perchance taken refuge there, he discovered to his dismay that the milkmaid was handing a liberal portion of milk through the window to her neighbour, to mix with her morning cup of coffee.

"A pretty sort of housekeeping this is!" thought the farmer to himself, as he hastened to his wife's apartment and roused her from her slumbers. "As sure as my name is Ruckwarts," he exclaimed, in a somewhat angry tone, "there must be an end of these lazy habits. Everything is going wrong for the want of some one to look after them! So far as I am concerned, at all events, I will rise every day at the same hour I rose this morning, and then I shall soon get my farm clear of all those who do not intend to do their duty properly. Besides, who knows but some fine morning or other I may succeed in catching the white sparrow?"

Days and weeks passed on. The farmer adhered to his resolution; but he soon forgot the white sparrow, and only looked after his cattle and his corn-fields. Soon everything around him wore a flourishing aspect, and men began to observe that "Herr Ruckwarts (Backwards) now well deserved to be called Herr Vorwärts (Forwards)." In due course of time, his old friend again came to spend the day with him, and inquired in a humorous tone, "Well, my good fellow, how are you getting on now? Have you succeeded in catching a glimpse of the white sparrow?"

The farmer only replied to this question by a smile; and then, holding out his hand to his old friend, he said "God bless you, Herder! you have saved me and my family from ruin."

Often, in after years, when Herr Ruckwarts was a prosperous man, respected by his neighbours, and beloved by his well-ordered household, he was wont to relate this history of his early life; and thus, by degrees, the saying passed into a proverb—"He who would thrive must see the white sparrow."

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

THE ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE.

To "get knowledge" is a Bible precept, as old as Solomon. The importance of the duty was felt long before the days of Solomon; for in all times and in all nations a cultivated intellect has been respected and valued by the human race. Men of great intellect have been regarded as demi-gods. The multitude have looked upon them with awe-struck wonder. An impression has been felt, as of the presence of a grand and solemn agent of spiritual majesty and power. With cheerful and reverent hands the world has crowned intellect with its richest honours. This universal adoration of intellect is proof at once both of its transcendent worth and power. Egyptian sages knew its value, and Chaldeans knew it also, long before the pyramids were reared. At all times the acquisition of knowledge has been the grand end and aim of the best and bravest of mankind.

To "get knowledge," then, is no new idea. Arguments in support of the theory that knowledge is worth having are numerous.

Knowledge is pleasant. Light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. This is intellectually as well as naturally true. As the eye was made for light, and light was made for the eye, so truth was made for the mind, and the mind for truth. And the mind destitute of knowledge is the worst sort of destitution. As it would be misery to keep one or more of our limbs in unbroken inactivity, so it is the worst of misery to keep the mind idle; and as it would be dangerous to deny the system proper nourishment, so is it fatal to refuse food to the mind. The gnawings of hunger, the weariness of constrained posture, the misery of indigence, have all loud voices—a destitute, weary, hungry mind is often dumb. The cry for help is not heard, until the mind at last loses its energy, and becomes thoroughly torpid, if not dead.

But knowledge is pleasant to the mind, if it be in health. The mind craves for knowledge. It will use the

note of interrogation. It is never content with the present acquirements; and every new discovery gives new pleasure. It is not a question of barter—it is not what the knowledge is marketably worth; but knowledge is loved for its own sake independently of anything beside. There is an intense delight in its acquisition; which those only can know who have experienced it. So strong is the passion, that in order to gratify it men have given up everything else. When Erasmus was a student, he was very poor; and he wrote to a friend, "When I get a little money, I shall buy Greek books, and then some clothes." The Greek books were pleasanter to him than the bravest raiment a tailor ever stitched.

There is another motive. Lord Bacon, or Lord Bacon's index-maker, uttered the aphorism, *Knowledge is power*. The remark was as old as Solomon (for he had said, "Wisdom is strength"), and perhaps a great deal older; but the truth it taught was valuable, and truth being no man's indefeasible possession, it belonged neither to Solomon, nor to Bacon, nor the index-maker, but to everybody. Who discovered it first is of no particular importance.

That knowledge is power, does not of course stand good in every case; the aphorism is of general application. Thus a man knows letters, and he has power to become the intimate associate, the friend and companion of all the great men whose writings are preserved in the language he understands. Every new acquisition of a foreign tongue gives him an introduction to those foreign worthies whose books are untranslated and makes him grow more intimate with those who have been "done" into his native tongue. Again, a knowledge of the elements of nature, their properties, and characteristics, and their action on each other, gives him the ability to employ them in his service,—to harness these four ancient coursers, fire, water, earth, and air, to the car of his inventive genius.

Knowledge is power in another sense—with the money-maker, to wit. He whose speculations are the result of careful thought and well-digested information, is scarcely to be considered a speculator, after all. A neophyte on 'Change, with the learning of all the schools in his head but that of the school of life, would be at the mercy of the jobbers. A knowledge of the world, in men and things, is the grand secret of success in commercial enterprise. Such knowledge is power—the power of accumulating wealth and building up a fortune.

In any way you please the aphorism is true,—true of the engineer building his battery, of the statesman in his political schemes, of the speculator in his dashing enterprise, of the murderer compounding his subtle poison, of the analytical chemist outwitting the poisoner,—of all, everywhere.

Then knowledge is *ennobling*. This, of course, is only to be accepted again in a limited sense. The man who boasts he knows the world when he only knows the worst part of it, is as the medical practitioner declaring his acquaintance with hygeism when he has witnessed nothing but diseases. A knowledge of that which is bad, and base, and vicious, and criminal—of that at which a woman's cheek would blush, and a man's heart rise indignant,—is not the sort of knowledge which ennobles the mind. I know that there is much it is necessary we should know which cannot of itself ennoble; but how much is there within the range of literature, art, science, that elevates the human intellect and softens the human heart. I am no devout worshipper of that knowledge which is coldly intellectual. I think the character is seldom ennobled but when the heart is touched. I believe that the affections of the heart are often better guiding-stars than the intellectual efforts of the mind. A beautiful mind in a beautiful body was the Athenian ideal of perfection. I think a good heart is wanted to make the thing altogether perfect. The fairest form that ever graced the earth, and the wisest intellect that ever shone on man, without purity and goodness of heart, constitute but a cold, lifeless statue, that we may admire, but cannot love.

But here some one of my young readers may ask, "How am I to cultivate my intellect? I am poor, and have not the means of procuring an education; I can never hope to enjoy the happy shade of academic bowers. I have not *any means* at my command." Have not the means! Has poverty robbed you of a single intellectual power? Has it not sharpened them all? Has it taken away from you the glorious objects of thought which the Creator spread around you in grand and solemn profusion? Has it broken the silken cord that binds you to your fellows? Has it shut out the brilliant creations of their minds from yours? Has it palsied any one of your senses?

Your powers are unimpaired. Why, then, not cultivate them? In what way does poverty prevent

your doing so? Money will not buy you study, or thought, or mental strength. You can think, reason, meditate, without money. You can exercise all your faculties upon all the objects around you without money. Wealth will not convert a dunce into a genius. Gold will not store the mind with wisdom; more likely it will fill it with folly. It may decorate your body, but it cannot adorn your soul. Strange thought, that money will cultivate your intellect. The poorer you are the easier it is for you to cultivate your mind. You have more and greater stimulants to action, and fewer inducements to idleness and folly. It is hard for the rich youth to cultivate his mind or heart. Much more favourable and preferable are the opportunities of the poor. From among the poor have come the great majority of the world's greatest and best characters.

But you say now, that you have not *time*. Not time to *think*! How can you help thinking? Not time to study! How can you avoid studying? Your mind is active, ever active, ever thinking, ever studying. All you have to do is to direct it to proper objects, and in proper channels, and it will cultivate itself. You have time enough for nonsense, idleness, waste, gossip, foolery, but not time enough to cultivate your mind. Whoever lives to thirty years of age without cultivating his mind, is guilty of an enormous waste of time. The truth is, there is nothing to prevent it but a *will*. Whoever forms a resolute determination to cultivate his mind will find nothing in his way. If he finds barriers, they will only make him stronger in surmounting them. Everything will administer to his progress in the great work. Aids will come from every quarter. Teachers will gather around him in great numbers. The air will breathe notes of instruction, and running brooks give him lessons of wisdom. The bee, the worm, the bird, the rock, the cloud, the ocean, the heavens above him, will read him lectures on science. Light and darkness, heat and cold, everything in nature, life, the human soul, will gather around him with a voice of instruction, as soon as he determines to be instructed. He can pass a lifetime amid all these things, and get no instruction. But as soon as he begins to look for it, it begins to come.

Learn this truth, young man and woman: "*The will is the way*." Form that, and the garden of your minds will be thoroughly cultivated. It is not necessary that a fortune should be spent to afford you the opportunities of schools or colleges. These are invaluable aids. But life, the world, may become one great school, and everything therein a teacher. The mind may be trained without schools, thoroughly educated without colleges.

To the youth who knows how to read, no intellectual acquisition is impossible. He can do all things—attain to a knowledge of any of the sciences, of foreign languages, and of general literature. He holds possession of the key which opens every door in the Temple of Wisdom.

The cultivation of the intellect is not selfish. It increases our ability to do good. Is a nation oppressed with tyranny? Are unjust laws grinding the face of the poor? Are existing institutions opposed to the well-being of the masses of the people? Are old errors blinding the public mind and veiling the soul of humanity from the light of truth? Is ignorance palsying human energies and dwarfing human powers? Is the whirlpool of intemperance swallowing up its thousands? Are war and slavery crippling their millions? Cultivated intellect must apply the Archimedean lever of reform to these ruinous evils, or they can never be removed.

STICK TOGETHER!

A RHYME FOR THE TIME.

WHEN 'midst the wreck of fire and smoke,
When cannons rend the skies asunder,
And fierce dragons with quickening stroke
Upon the reeling regiment thunder,
The ranks close up to sharp command,
'Till helmet's feather touches feather;
Compact, the furious shock they stand,
And conquer, while they stick together.

When now 'mid clouds of woe and want
Our comrades' walls rise fast and faster,
And charging madly on our front
Come the black legions of Disaster,
Shall we present a wavering band,
And fly like leaves before wild weather?
No! side by side, and hand in hand,
We'll stand our ground and stick together.

God gave us hands—one left, one right;
The first to help ourselves, the other
To stretch abroad in kindly night,
And help along our falling brother.
Then when you see a brother fall
And bow his head beneath the weather,
If you be not a dastard all,
You'll help him up, and stick together.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. PAKINGTON, BART. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

RIGHT HON. SIR J. PAKINGTON, BART.

AMONG the practical men of the age, Sir John Pakington takes an honourable place. He has rendered good service to the people in the strenuous efforts he has made for the spread of education; and both as a minister of state and a member of the lower house, has honourably discharged his duties.

He is the son of the late W. Russell, Esq., of Powick Court, in Warwickshire, and assumed the name of Pakington, with a handsome fortune, from his uncle Sir J. Pakington, in 1830. He was born in 1799, was educated at Eton and Oriel College, Oxford, and married in 1822 the only daughter of M. A. Slaney, Esq., of Shiffnal, Salop. This lady died in 1843, and Sir J. Pakington married again, in the following year, a daughter of the Bishop of Rochester; he was again a widower in 1848, and in 1851 united himself to a daughter of the late C. De Crespigny, and relict of Col. Davies, of Elmley Park, Worcestershire.

The public life of Sir John Pakington began in 1837, in which year he took his seat in the Commons for Droitwich. Previous to this, however, he had been nominated to one or two official county posts, more or less important. He was deputy-lieutenant of Worcestershire in 1832, and chairman of quarter sessions in 1834. But the public life of Sir John Pakington really began when he entered the House, and gave his interest and talents to the Conservative party.

The "free-trade" measures of the late Sir Robert Peel met with very strong opposition from Sir John

Pakington. He could not see clearly, as did that sagacious statesman, that the abolition of the corn laws was essential to the prosperity of the nation; and not seeing this clearly, he was not the man to be turned from his convictions by any clamour from without. Whatever opinion may be formed of the principles which he held in common with Bentinck and Disraeli, of the honesty and uprightness of his motives no doubt was entertained, even by his opponents; and it was Sir Robert Peel himself who obtained for him a baronetcy before leaving office.

The question of the sugar duties in 1848, under the government of Lord John Russell, brought Sir J. Pakington again before the public. While the deplorable state of our West Indian colonies was the topic of the day, Pakington's ability and information were of essential service; and as one of the committee of which Bentinck was chairman he took a prominent part in the discussion.

When Lord Derby accepted office in 1852, Sir J. Pakington was intrusted with the secretaryship of the colonies. This appointment caused much public animadversion. He was declared to be anything but the right man in the right place. A stormy criticism was raised, and the idea of elevating a chairman of quarter sessions to the administration of colonial affairs, was ridiculed as the height of absurdity. But nothing deterred him from discharging the duties of the post he had accepted; sarcasm was lost on him—threats had no terror for him. Clear-headed and honest-hearted, he intrenched himself in his office, working steadily, laboriously, and successfully in the department of government intrusted to him. He threw

himself heart and soul into the work, making the interests of the colonists the leading considerations in his policy, until at length his guardian vigilance and general aptitude for office were acknowledged, and he won the confidence and esteem of those who had been his most strenuous opponents.

But the leading feature of Sir John Pakington's public life is the interest he has invariably manifested in the great question of popular education. In this respect he has accomplished much for the working population. In this mighty question of education he has taken a most active part, not only as a member of the Council for Public Education, but as a member of the House and as a private individual. He has spared neither time nor expense in visiting the leading manufacturing towns, and his voice has been heard as an advocate of education in Manchester, Birmingham, Huddersfield, &c. Waiving every other consideration, and regarding him only as a promoter and advocate of education, he has done much to win golden opinions from all men. He has never hesitated to avow his faith in education; never been turned from his purpose by the old cry of its being dangerous to furnish instruction to the labourer. He has stood forth the champion of cheap and good education for every body; and in this respect, at all events, has been the freest of all free-traders. The liberal sentiments he has uttered, the educational conferences he has attended, the time he has devoted, all show clearly enough that he is a thoroughgoing educationalist.

As such we feel sure that his portrait will be acceptable to our readers,—a portrait accurately copied from a beautiful photograph by Mayall.



PURSUIT OF MUTINEERS AT AGRA BY COLONEL GREATHED.

THE BATTLE OF AGRA.

The battle of Agra is one of those brilliant passages of arms which stand out conspicuously in the story of a long campaign—one of those dashing and chivalrous engagements which remind us of *Cœur-de-Lion*. Lion hearts, indeed, the brave men have shown throughout the horrors of the Indian mutiny—hearts that exercised the heroism of patience, as well as that of courage—hearts that knew how to die, but did not know how to surrender.

Agra is the capital of the province of that name. Much of it is ruinous, its streets are narrow and unpaved, and its houses are of brick with flat roofs. The fortress is of considerable extent, and built of roughly hewn red sandstone. The chief architectural attraction is the Taj Mahal, or Crown of Empires, a mosque-like building of white marble, which, according to Bernier, deserves to be numbered with the wonders of the world.

The city was fortified centuries ago, before the English sent out a ship or knew the value of a rupee. In the days of our Henry VII. it was made the seat of Mohammedan government. Half a century later it was embellished by Akbar, the most illustrious of Indian emperors. But whatever traditions may hang about its ruins in connection with the oriental splendour once seen within its streets, to us it is chiefly interesting for the battle so bravely fought a few weeks back, and for the victory achieved over the rebels by Colonel Greathed and his brave troops.

On the 18th of October the feeble garrison of the town, in hourly danger of the mutineers, were relieved by the arrival of a considerable force commanded by Colonel Greathed. These troops had just encamped, and were busily preparing their breakfasts, when a sudden alarm was raised that the rebels were on them. The mutineers, in fact, not suspecting that succour had arrived, were marching down on the Agra garrison, bent on fire and slaughter, ready for a repetition of the horrible atrocities by which they had distinguished themselves in other places.

Four Ghazees (Mohammedan fanatics), bearing drums, now entered the camp, and cut down an officer,

who was washing, and a sergeant-major, who was asleep. Their guns opened on our camp, while their cavalry charged our flank, before our men had time to seize their arms, and succeeded in capturing one of our guns. Never was surprise more complete, nor one more rapidly repelled. In five minutes our men were in their saddles, and before the fifth shot of the enemy had been fired, our horse artillery were replying. The Sikhs charged first, followed by the 9th Lancers in their shirts, when the infantry, consisting of her Majesty's 8th and 75th, with the Sikhs, came into action, and our guns opened fire. Lieutenant French was killed, Lieutenant Jones severely wounded, while, with nine of the lancers, they attacked about fifty Sepoys in possession of the gun, which was instantly retaken. Colonel Cotton, who chanced to be on the ground at the time, as senior officer, instantly took command. A stout resistance was at first attempted; but on the approach of our guns, the hearts of the rebels failed them. Rushing down the Gwalior road, they dispersed themselves over the fields of millet, with which the country was covered. The lancers and Sikh cavalry kept at their heels, and cut them to pieces; while the horse artillery, always in advance, mowed them down with grape. Where the crops were too heavy for horse to penetrate, they were pursued by her Majesty's 8th and 75th regiments, and the 2nd and 4th Punjab infantry. The worn-out men gained strength from the excitement, and the wearied horses sympathised with their riders. After a fierce contest of two hours, during which great havoc was occasioned by our artillery, the enemy were completely routed, and driven ten miles along the road to Gwalior, where they only escaped by being able to reach the river. Here a body of infantry, drawn up on the farther bank to assist the fugitives, were cut to pieces by our guns. All their baggage, camp equipage, and treasure, their guns (thirteen in number), with an enormous quantity of plunder, fell into our hands. They are said to have left about 2,000 dead on the field, our casualties amounting to about eighty. Greathed's force, which had now been sixteen days almost incessantly on the march, during which they had

fought two pitched battles, and four affairs of lesser note, in which together about 4,000 of the enemy must have fallen, found a brief breathing space in Agra. A portion of the fugitive insurgents made their way to Bhurtpore, where they were refused admittance, and ordered by the rajah to lay down their arms. On refusing to do so, six or eight were killed on the spot, fourteen were taken prisoners, of whom six were hung at Agra. The rest of them escaped. At Muttra, Mynpoorie, and all the other forts and towns around, they were signally repelled.

LATSON.

BY
FELIX STOWE.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE HERO.

WHILE the lord of Latson Towers was asserting the independence of his race, (as only small-minded Englishmen can) among Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians, by a manner and vocabulary of incessant *braggadocio*; and while the same great man, on his return home, was striving to forget certain scenes of his past life, and yet was laying up fresh materials for future memories every day; and while those church bells, which, like so many human bells, can mourn and rejoice with such wonderful versatility, were first ringing out a peal at an infant's birth, and then another peal, with muffled clapper, when the mother died; and while the elder son, elsewhere, was growing up under the angel's eye, and afterwards going out to find a bush for himself, among the lowest servants in a London public-house,—there was going on a very different scene, away and away, down in Shropshire.

What had become, all this while, of poor old Claymore?

You had better not ask.

And yet it would not be doing justice to the memory of the Honourable Hugh, whose name our

narrative bears, if we didn't tell something more of the most helpless of his victims.

Claymore had never been the man he was, ever since the scene in the churchyard, with the bridal pair. Ruth and her mother had marked the change in him, more and more, at every visit he paid to London, and to number nineteen.

They scarcely ever saw him after he had given his grandson the curious name; but when he did come, they remarked that he sat for hours and said nothing, nothing even to little Hugh. He would let the little fellow get up or get down from his knee, hardly taking any notice when he did so; and, except that when he left the house, he always took the boy between his knees and looked sadly down (oh, so sadly!) into his little face, and never left off looking till he had burst into tears, and then kept on looking still, through the tears, so that Hugh could make nothing of it,—(but for this), the Wofields would have been much sooner concerned about him, than they were.

While the old man could cry, he kept tolerably well (we say old man, but it is rather absurd to say so, for he was old only in appearance, having become old by heavy trials), but, as long as he could weep, he took no serious harm.

It was when he ceased to shed tears, and ceased to show any interest in his grandchild, that the real burden of Joyce's sufferings came upon his dear old heart.

Thank God, poor mourner! for the safety valve of a flood of tears. Don't tell us that you are the most wretched of mortals, as long as you can keep open that valve: we have seen sorrow, infinitely worse to bear, and infinitely worse to witness than any of yours.

Claymore stopped his London visits; and, one day, there came to number nineteen a very feebly directed letter, which, on being opened by Ruth, read thus:—

"DEAR MISS WOFIELD—You will be sorry to hear that Mr. Claymore is very unwell, and quite unable to come to see you; I fear he will be unable for a long time; indeed, since he was last in London, I have scarcely known what to make of him. On the very night of his reaching home, I met him as usual at the Coach-office, and I shall never forget the shock I got when I saw him; he got down from the hind seat of the coach, where he generally sat, and when I went up to him, to ask him how he was after his journey, he looked very strange indeed, as if he would look me through (but not unkindly either), and said not a single word. I asked him how he was, and he only smiled; such a smile! I prayed never to see it again, but I've seen it many times since. Well, I could get nothing, not a word, from him, all the way to our cottage; except, yes, he did say once (and that made it worse, for what he meant I couldn't imagine), 'We must take care of the snow, my dear!'—and you remember it was among the hottest days in the summer, about that time.

"Since then, I have had everything to do for him, just as if he were a child. He is very patient: never asks for anything, and takes but little notice. I have not been able to hear from him a single word of his journey. I know nothing even about the darling boy. Oh! how I should like to see him! Mr. Claymore walks out every day; and the neighbours are struck with the difference in him. But they say nothing, of course, to me about it. Pray for him, my dear Miss Wofield. We were very happy once, and little thought we should ever come into such deep, deep trouble. Don't think anything worse of our poor Joyce. She would thank you, if she could, as we do, for all your great, great kindness to her poor baby. Yes, and she will thank you, another day. I will tell you if anything worse happens. Meanwhile,

"Believe me,

"Your thankful, sincere friend,

"JOYCE CLAYMORE."

The old man continued for many months very much in the same condition.

You could have done anything with him. If you had said—"Mr. Claymore, put your hand into the fire, and hold it there," he would most likely have looked up at you, with a sweet, contented-looking smile, and would have done it instantly.

Only two things ever disturbed him, or moved him out of his usual track.

He could pass any number of male beggars without noticing them. But if he saw a woman apparently in any trouble, or asking alms, he used to say—

"If you please, will you come to my house?"

And the poor old lady had enough to do, to prevent his giving away the first thing that came to hand, especially anything he used most to care for.

Then, a baby in arms—that was sure to rouse him at once.

He was known to stop many a poor woman, and

ask her to let him carry her infant for her. But they generally knew better, for he would most certainly have dropped it from his old, shaking arms in no time. Then he would stoop down and kiss the little thing, with his old tender smile, and pass on, telling its nurse, whatever she did, to "take care of the snow, for it was very deep further on!"

One of his fancies gave the poor old woman much pain.

He insisted (if it is not a strange thing to imagine him strong enough to insist upon anything, but his sad, sweet smile insisted) that the little room in which his daughter used to sleep, before she left home for the London square, should be put into order, and arranged exactly as it used to be; even the bed-clothes being turned down at the top, as if just ready for the sleeper.

Towards the end of the father's illness, his wife more than once missed him from their room, in the middle of the night, and on going into Joyce's chamber, she found him kneeling down by the side of the bed, with his face upon the pillow, and his arms stretched out across it, as if in prayer.

It was not in prayer. But he was repeating to himself (though his poor wife didn't know it), the scene in Mrs. Griffin's cottage, when the snow had been so deep on the ground, and when the Honourable Hugh was delivered from all further fear of annihilation.

Who shall tell what thoughts passed through that old man's mind, during those few melancholy years?

Wordsworth says of the quiet insane, borrowing a Scripture sentence, "*They are dead, and their life is hid with Christ in God.*" A wonderful thought, and, no doubt, very often true.

It is certain, that there was now never any sign of vengeance, or even any proof that his enemy was unforgiven, in Claymore's looks, or in his rare and brief expressions. That was the most touching thing about him. He seemed to love everybody, and the more as his own heavy woe weighed lower and lower upon his heart, and wrought out its mischief, as it was doing very fast, on his poor brain. No one ever said a sharp thing about a neighbour, in his presence, but he would be sure to lift his pensive eyes from the ground, where they generally rested, and turn them on the speaker, with the old smile, but with a shade of wonder and regret on the thin old face. So that the fault-finder was generally obliged to put in a word of apology for himself, or to try to get off with a little eulogy, by way of compensation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RECORDS A MEETING AND A PARTING.

It was a very soft and lovely evening towards the end of the month of September, that Ruth and Hugh arrived at Arland on a visit for a day or two, after a good deal of saving up for the purpose, and many a little piece of economy, both in selling and buying.

This was when the child was about seven years of age, and, therefore, about three or four years before he turned out to seek his fortune at the inn.

Claymore sat outside the cottage, with his old velvet cap on his head, and his hands—now very trembling—leaning on his stick. His wife was coming along with the visitors, whom she had gone to meet at the coach office, just as she used to do with her old man when he returned from London.

Hugh ran on before the women, on learning who it was sitting in the little front garden, and soon had his arms round his grandfather's neck.

This was nothing new to Claymore, for every child almost in the village had done it again and again, during those four or five years that had passed since he had seen his grandson.

"Well, grandpa," said the boy, "you wouldn't come to see us, so aunt Ruth and me were forced to come to see you."

There was just a momentary change passed over his countenance as the old man caught the sound of the lad's voice.

But that was all.

He smiled down upon him exactly as he would have done upon any Arland boy, and stooped down to kiss his forehead.

By this time Ruth and her companion had come up, and were waiting at the gate for an instant to see how Hugh would get on.

"Does he know him, Mrs. Claymore, do you think?" said Ruth.

"Let's try," she answered; "but I think not."

"My love, here's Miss Wofield and our dear darling boy come to see us. That's Hugh—used to be little Hugh—sitting on your knee. Kiss grandfather, my boy."

And the boy did, many a time.

Ruth very likely would not be much pained by it,

because she did not know that he received everybody now in this gentle, affectionate manner. But it was very sad to the old woman, when he said not a word, but merely looked, with his usual look of innocent, and now almost insensible complacency, first at one, and then at another.

"We've had such a nice ride, grandpa," said the boy; "and it's done aunt Ruth such good! Doesn't she look rosy?"

At last, he tried to mutter something; and the smile was gone now, and gave place to a very serious and uneasy expression. They thought he wanted Ruth to come nearer.

And when she did, he said, with great difficulty—behind Hugh's head, who still sat on his knee—

"You'd better go back, my dear, before the snow gets any deeper."

Ruth understood in a moment how matters were; and, giving a look towards Mrs. Claymore, turned away, and shed some very bitter tears, as she marked one more victim of cruel wrong: one more sacrifice on the altar of Fashionable—and very Justifiable, because Fashionable—Homicide!

There was no more recognition than this, all the remainder of the evening. And when Mrs. Claymore and Ruth went to sleep that night in one room, and the old man went to lie down beside the boy, on the other bed—where Joyce used to be—if the grandfather lost some comfort through not knowing how near to him was his precious little Hugh, he was spared some agony in not remembering, more vividly than was common, what his mother had borne, and where she lay that night.

After all, it was some satisfaction to Ruth that they had met once again. However distressing she felt it, that the mind had broken down before it should have done, in the ordinary course of nature, it was nevertheless a comfort to her (and she did her best so to put it to Hugh), that he evidently suffered very little, and was every day suffering less and less. There were many other forms his affliction might have taken; but this form, though as painful as any to lookers-on, was, perhaps, as tolerable as any to himself.

If any person supposes that the Arland family, or the family at number nineteen, ever heard a syllable from Latson Towers, in fulfilment of a certain promise, that person is much mistaken, and we have failed in conveying to that person our own estimate of the character of our hero.

It is well they never did hear anything.

What would they have heard?

Would you have liked, that little Hugh should have touched any of the rich man's gold? Would you have liked, that the poverty of the family at number nineteen should have been tempted into taking one sixpence?

And, as to the Claymores, it was hard enough, already, to see that poor old heart beating itself feebly to pieces on the rock on which it had been basely cast—what would you have felt, if its last struggles had been insulted by the gold of the destroyer?

There was, however, no fear of it.

The promise had, been extorted, not from repentance, but from cowardice. If Judas had lived, instead of going out to hang himself, in a spasm of remorse, the human certainty is, that instead of repenting, he would have become the leader of the worst persecutors, and have stained his hands in the blood of the servants, when the Master was beyond his reach.

And yet we are apt, for the moment, to pity Judas, in the hour of his suicide; as we almost felt inclined to feel for the rich man, in the agony of an avenging conscience. Let us guard against that. There are no two sorrows so different from each other, as the sorrow for having done wrong, and the sorrow for being punished.

As long as that scene was before him—

But, we beg pardon; we are now at Arland, and we were merely saying that the old couple were spared the ignominy of any communication from the Wiltshire squire.

The pillow upon which poor old Claymore's head was found, on the morning after the visitors' arrival, had no thorns in it, as it would have had, if one feather had come from Latson Towers.

When Hugh woke up, he began to put his little arm over to his grandfather's side of the bed, and there it lay, for some time, across his breast, while Hugh, though wide awake, unwilling to disturb his bedfellow, waited for him to move.

He will move another day, when all that are in their graves shall come forth, at the voice of the archangel!

Hugh had lain there for a long-time, with his arm across his grandfather.

At length he raised himself in bed on his other elbow, and leaned over the old man.

Still he thought him sleeping. He was too young to tell the difference—so unmistakable to the eye of experience—between the short and the long, long sleep.

Presently Ruth rapped at the door.

"Sh, sh!" said Hugh, in a loud whisper.

But, as it was now quite late, the young woman gently turned the handle, and came softly in.

The boy was lying as before, with his arm over his grandfather's breast. But he knitted his brow, and repeated the "Hush," adding, "He's fast asleep, aunt. Shall I get up?"

Ruth looked at the bed.

She had seen that sight before—she, and the London pew-opener, some years back—and was not to be deceived. She flew to the bed side, the old man's side, and laid the back of her fingers against his cheek.

That touch no person living can ever mistake.

The father was deep, deep in the snow now, and Ruth felt the shock, which no other snow ever gives.

"Aunt! aunt!" said the child, when he saw her run to the door, and call aloud for Mrs. Claymore; "is grandpa ill?—what's the matter?"

And the little fellow sprang up in bed, and looked hard into the white, pinched up face.

And then he, too, knew the worst (ought we to say the worst?), and his tears fell down, among his own little fingers, and he passed them up and down, in tenderest love, over the countenance of the sleeper in his last sleep.

If ever you should be near that little village church down in Shropshire, it would be worth your while to seek out a certain quiet, shady spot, close under a window on the right-hand side of the church.

You will there see a grave that is still bound with osiers—for in those parts the dwellings of the dead are held more sacred than in cities. Above it there droops, as chief mourner, a faithful willow-tree. Little Hugh planted it, a mere sprig from the cottage garden, on the day before he left with his aunt on his return to London.

The osiers, we believe, have never but once been disturbed since then, and that was very soon afterwards.

If you have ever watched two trees for many years, growing side by side in a forest, and have known one of them to be blown down in a storm, you have, no doubt, observed that the other is very apt to begin to pine away, and at last to die. It had lost the shelter of companionship—it had every blast to bear all alone—and so it died.

It is frequently thus with an old faithful couple. Let one go, the other is not long in following.

The osiers were thus disturbed once more, and only once.

It was when the clergyman, who, along with Ruth, and little Hugh, and the poor tottering widow, had thanked God for "delivering our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world," had, very soon after, to repeat the words with a slight change; and then prayed, that "when we depart this life, we may rest in Him, as our hope is this our sister doth!"

CHAPTER XIX.

EDUCATION.

THE hatchment had long been removed from the front of Latson Towers.

There it hung, up in the church, a fit symbol of death in high places. Gaudy figures of red, yellow, and blue on a dark, black ground. And the arms of the houses of Latson and Blance blended on that scutcheon, in deep, ostentatious mourning.

The mansion looked, in that lovely September weather, as unconcerned at the loss of its gentle, lovely mistress, as it was about the village funeral many miles away.

But there was one person within those splendid halls who was just as much concerned at the event as he was when it first happened.

Latson?

No; but a worthy retainer of the family, who had been a sort of mixed steward, butler, or valet, for many a year before the present master was born.

Grange—Ralph Grange—had rejoiced exceedingly at Latson's marriage.

He didn't know the exact things that we know; but probably he knew things quite as bad, and, at all events, quite enough to wish a fair trial to be given of a settled married life.

"The old master," he used to say, in the servants' hall, when none of the commoner household was present,—

"The old master would ha' turned out a vast deal better than he did, if he'd ha' married earlier, instead of when he was past five-and-forty,—leastways, I make bold to think as much."

For the fact was, that the colonel's father never took kindly to domestic life, and never did much more honour to it than his son after him.

Hence good old Grange rejoiced on the wedding-day; and thoroughly he loved, and devoutly he worshipped Ethel. So that although it would have been more than his place was worth to venture a syllable, either to husband or wife, on the state of affairs between them, that was the solitary topic upon which he never used the icicle of his years and his long term of service.

It was only down stairs, as he sat in the chief seat by the chimney-corner (a post of honour always yielded him in the hall) smoking his pipe, during the long evenings, with no one, perhaps, but the house-keeper present, or, at most, another old stager in the family,—it was only then that he was wont to allow himself a little relief, and, between the puffs, bemoan his bitter disappointment.

Long and sad were the private interviews the old man had with Mrs. Glyde, Ethel's maid; and very profound were the moralisings the excellent couple spent upon their mistress's woes and their master's faults.

On this particular day, the old man was seated, towards evening, on his throne of supremacy in the corner, and Mrs. Glyde, who, after Ethel's death, was retained at her express request, to have the head responsibility over little Claude, was on the opposite side of the room, busy with some needlework.

"My dear," said Ralph, "you talk nonsense, which isn't common with you—leastways if I may say it without offending ye. It ain't the fact: the company as visits this house doesn't make the master; it's the master makes the company."

"What do you mean, Mr Grange?"

"Why, mean! I mean that when there's no company whatsoever, things is just as bad. It's been a comin' on and a comin' on from the very week of the funeral. Ah! and here the old man gave a great sigh—"there was a touch of it long before that, my dear, if you'd only known it."

"Mr. Grange!" cried the other.

"I carried him up stairs"—here he spoke very low—"with these very arms, I can tell ye; and much as I loved him, I could ha' dropped him over the banisters, for a good sound lesson, right to the bottom, I can tell ye, I was so mad with him, I was."

"And did she ever know it?"

"Know it! didn't she? of course she knew it; and she thought he was bad, and was goin' for to send for the Lord knows who—doctors and what not—but I stopped her."

"How?" said Mrs. Glyde.

"I told a plumping lie, my dear—leastways, if you'll excuse my saying so face to face. I told her it was a little fainting-fit that he'd had two or three times before; and if he was only left to himself he came round naturally, but a doctor had always made him worse."

"And she had no suspicion?"

"No more than Master Claude, my dear. But bless your life, it was never like this, and I never believed it would come to this."

And here the good old fellow's voice thickened, and he dashed his coat-cuff against his eyes very quickly, looking carefully and sily at Mrs. Glyde; for one of his aversions was against showing emotion before a woman.

"But did he hurt ye, last night, Mr. Ralph?" she asked.

"Do ye think it would hurt *you*, my dear, if I took you by the throat, and scrunched it, till ye were black in the face? Hurt! But I'll tell ye what it is. If your pretty face hadn't shown at the door, with Master Claude, just when ye did, Ralph Grange wouldn't ha' been sitting here smoking and jawing with Mrs. Glyde."

And the lady's-maid shuddered, and told him not to say such dreadful things.

"But it's very odd, Mr. Ralph, how the child keeps him a little in order at these times."

"Not at all, my dear. He dotes on the boy, and he's ashamed for the youngster to see what a father he's got. Why, last week, only last week, he was a sparring at me as usual, when Master Claude came running in unexpected; and blow me, if he didn't turn it off as clever, telling the little chit that old Ralph was teaching papa to box. I never see such a thing in my life! And I, like a fool, took the hint, and there we set to work, pretending to be a brace of fancy men. I wouldn't ha' believed in the thing, if my own eyes hadn't seen it. But I can tell ye, I blessed Master Claude in my heart. For ye see, my dear, Ralph Grange isn't the man he was. Aye, let him ha' tried that game thirty years, yes, twenty years ago, and master or no master, once would ha' been enough for him, leastways to my thinking."

And Mr. Grange puffed out the smoke, and lifted the tankard to his mouth, with a keen relish, as he thought of himself in "the light of other days."

"Still, still, don't mis-hear me, my dear. I love him yet, as my own son—and he loves me, in his way, I fully believe. This morning, when I went to call him, after asking me to give him what he calls his 'razor,' that is, a glass of the confounded Hollands, first thing, he said, says he, 'Ralph, my boy, did I come my old pranks with ye, last night, old fellow?' Says I, 'Fact is, sir, we must part, if this goes on, though it tears my heart to say it.'

"So, says he, 'I'll never touch another drop of that brandy, Ralph: keep to Hollands, and I'm all right. Forgive me, old fellow; you've got your revenge this morning, you rascal, for my head will burst, I do believe. I was worse than usual, wasn't I, Ralph?'

"So I told him—what's the real fact—that he was worse and worse every time. And then he began to talk, my dear, about his great troubles, and how it would never have happened, if the Lady Ethel had only been living. And he said bad words, Mrs. Glyde, which far be from me to tell in your ears, about Providence, and that sort of thing, till I was obliged to stop him."

"All this while he was walking about his room in his dressing-gown, with both his hands to his head, and going every minute to the cold water, and sousing his forehead in the basin. There," said Mr. Grange, "I tell ye, my dear, on my word and honour, that I felt, as I listened to that poor gentleman, as if I never could touch even my humble pint any more as long as I lived."

Just at this moment, the bell rang violently, the library bell, and the man who answered it, brought down word that the carriage was ordered round in ten minutes' time. The colonel would not dine at home that evening.

"There it is! there it is, my dear!" said Ralph. "We're in for another night of it now, mark my words!"

And the old steward got up, and walked about the room, in evident distress of mind.

"Is Master Claude in the library?" asked Mrs. Glyde of the footman who brought the bad news.

"Yes," said the man, "and my opinion is, there's the cause. Something has put the little gentleman into his tantrums, and master can do nothing with him."

Presently the bell rang twice, which was the signal for Mrs. Glyde herself to go up.

When she entered the library, the young scion of the house was sprawling on the rug in a terrible fit of rage.

He instantly started up, on seeing Mrs. Glyde, and ran shrieking towards her.

"Take my papa away," cried Claude. "He says there's naughty people in the room, and they'll run away with Claude!"

And the woman really thought that the child would have had a fit as he ran up to her, and hid his face in her skirts.

The bottle was on the table, and the master of the house sat there, with his tumbler half filled, and looking as even he seldom did so early in the day.

"Claude!" he shouted, at the top of his voice, "come here this moment!"

And then followed words which we are not going to write down here—words which, as the head nurse afterwards remarked, "chilled her to the very marrow."

"Leave the room, woman!" cried Latson. "It was the child rang the bell, not I. Leave us, I say. Stop—is the carriage ready?"

"I think it is, sir; I'll inquire."

And she went, and brought back word that the carriage was at the door.

He went out; and it was two full hours before the servants could bring the "poor little fellow into a quieter mood."

"He's a wicked, wicked man, Mrs. Glyde," he cried again and again. "He said mamma would come and take me away before I got up in the morning; and he said she was gone where all the bad people go! Oh! what shall I do? May I sleep with you, Mrs. Glyde?"

"Yes, my jewel; yes, to be sure! Now be quiet, there's a dear, and come and sit with me a little, and let's look over the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' shall we, Claude?"

And the poor child sobbed away upon her apron; and was soon after deep in the never-failing story of the pilgrims getting out of Doubting Castle with the key called "Promise."

And when Mrs. Glyde laid him down to sleep that night, she knelt down beside his bed (for she had learnt how to pray in the countess's family long ago),

and she prayed aloud, while his little arms were fast twisted round her neck, that "little Claude might one day go out and be a pilgrim to the Celestial City, and find his dear mamma waiting for him on the banks of the river!"

CHAPTER XX.

NOT ON THE BENCH.

No one was up when the carriage returned, save Ralph and the men outside in the stables.

Ralph took care of that.

It was half-past three, and Latson had been to the house of one of his worst companions, five miles off.

It was well no one saw his master but the faithful old fellow.

When the footman let down the steps, no one descended; and there was nothing for it, but for the man to help Ralph in getting its occupant safely out, dead drunk, and carrying him, at once, up the staircase into his own room.

"Well!" said the footman, afterwards, when he went out to say good night, or good morning, to the coachman; "this must come to a finish, my hearty, before long, eh?"

But the coachman was in no humour for a joke. He had been kept waiting outside the house at a distance, for three hours; and you have, perhaps, heard how coachmen are given to converse, under these circumstances.

Before he was out of bed, the private bell rang Ralph into his master's room that morning.

On going in, he found Latson in his dressing-gown, crouching down in the corner of the chamber; the lamp having been extinguished by an overturn, an hour or so before, while the colonel was moving about to find the bottle, which, however, he did not find. Old Ralph had carried it away.

"So you're come, are you!" cried the colonel; "and I'm to be left here, am I, to be eaten up by these things, bit by bit, while you are laughing at me, in your innocent dreams, a mile off!"

Our readers will excuse us from putting down the exact words that the colonel used. They must witness and hear for themselves, which we pray they never may, before they can have a true picture of such a scene.

"Do you see him?" shouted Latson. "Ugh; ugh! look! he's coming this way! Ralph! I say! keep him off, will ye!"

And the poor old servant went up to his master, and implored him to be assured that nothing was in the room, and no one but himself.

But the cold sweat dropped from the wretched drunkard's forehead; and for one long hour a spectacle lasted in that sumptuous bedroom, which some ignorant people look for only in the cellars of the poor, or the slums of the world's dregs.

A larger dose than usual of a strong sedative, which Ralph always had near him, wrought, at length, a little quietness in the blazing brain of the colonel.

But the man never forgot that night.

And little Claude trembled as he heard the sounds, and remembered his father's threats, even in his nurse's arms.

(To be continued.)

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

THE Charity Commissioners' reports furnish, among many others, the following curious instances of attempts on the part of individuals to perpetuate their memory at the smallest possible cost.

On one of the indentures of gift to the parish of Hampstead, there is an indorsement stating that £40 had been given by a maid deceased, that the churchwardens of Hampstead for the time being might provide and give to every one, rich and poor, great and small, young and old, residing in the parish, upon every Good Friday, yearly for ever, one halfpenny loaf of wheaten bread.

In volume twenty-nine there is a report, stating how one Matthew Wall, of Braughing, by will, in 1595, charged all his lands and tenements in the above parish with the yearly payment of twenty shillings, to be distributed by the minister and churchwardens on St. Matthew's day, in the following manner:—

To the sexton to make up his grave yearly, and to ring the bell, one shilling and tenpence; to twenty boys, between the age of six and sixteen, twenty groats; to ten aged and impotent people of the parish, ten threepences; to sweep the path from his house to the church gate every year, one shilling; to the crier of Stortford, to make proclamation yearly, on Ascension and Michaelmas day, that he left his estate

to a Matthew or William Wall, as long as the world should endure, eightpence; to the parish clerk at Hallingbury, for the same purpose, eightpence; and to the minister and churchwardens, to see his will performed, five shillings.

It is doubtful, however, whether Matthew Wall was a greater humbug (*c'est le mot*) than William Norrice, who, in consideration of the love he bore to the parish of All Saints, wherein he was born and had lived, by the mercy of God, for fourscore and nine years, and for the charitable devotion he had to the poor people of the said parish, granted a yearly rent of fifteen shillings, issuing out of certain garden ground in or near Soar Lane, upon the conditions that the minister and churchwardens should yearly, upon the Sunday next before the feast of St. Bartholomew, meet and elect forty-one of the poorest people residing in the parish of All Saints, and deliver a list of their names to the clerk of the parish, and cause him to give notice that all persons whose names were contained in that list should personally attend evening prayer on St. Bartholomew's day, and that the minister should on the said feast day, after the second lesson at evening prayer, exhort the people to praise God for his great mercy in providing for the poor, and should make choice of a fit psalm for that purpose, desiring the people to sing that psalm with him; and after evening prayer the minister and churchwardens shall cause the clerk to call the said forty-one people into some convenient place in the church, calling each by his name, and in a loud voice, and to give each fourpence, and the minister, and churchwardens, and clerk were to have fourpence each; all which being satisfied, the said poor should depart, glorifying God; and in the event of these formalities not being observed, the annuity to cease. In striking contrast to this ridiculous bequest was that of Mr. George Jarvis, of Stanton-upon-Wye, to whom it cannot be objected that he wanted the desire to do good, but who certainly failed in adopting the best means of attaining that end. He gave by will, in 1790, thirty thousand pounds, to be invested in government securities in trust, to apply the yearly produce thereof, in money, provision, physic, or clothes, to the poor of this parish, of Bredwardine, and Litten.

The funds applicable to the purpose of carrying out the donor's will had increased in 1822 from £30,000 to £92,246 17s. 9d. Bank Three per cent. consols.

The commissioners observed, "That the population of the three parishes was only 1,180, and the income arising from the charity nearly £3,000 per annum, it must be obvious that even under the most judicious system of management such a charity would be likely to be productive of considerable evils, and accordingly it appeared at the time of the inquiry, that it had encouraged a spirit of discontent and a disposition to idleness and improvidence, and had attracted to the parishes numerous persons from other districts, with a view of entitling themselves to a participation in the charity."

The following extract is from the will of Thomas Spackman: it says little for the flourishing condition of the church in his day:—

"June 5th, 1675. I do charge my lands with twenty-one shillings by the year, and to continue for ever; viz., one shilling to the minister of the parish, to remind him of his duty in catechising the children; twenty shillings to the poor of the parish yearly, to be given them at the church, viz., five shillings on St. Thomas's day, five shillings on the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, five shillings on St. John the Baptist's, and five shillings on St. Matthew's day. My will is, that twenty poor people do receive threepence apiece, and that they be at the church at the beginning of prayers, or else to have no share; if the number be not twenty, then the remains to be given to them that are best deserving; and if they can, let them sing the 15th Psalm. Now if the minister be a good man, he will be careful to see this my will performed, for the honour of the church, that at this day is almost destitute."

Considering that the value of money in 1724 was not much greater than at the present day, one would imagine that William Minter might have been satisfied with something less than the performance of the conditions he annexes to a bequest of £5 with which he favours the poor of Gonerby. He directs that bread should be distributed among sixteen aged people yearly, on Good Friday, "a threepenny dole apiece," and the clerk was "to toll the bell at three o'clock, and to read the Epistle and Gospel, and sing the Lamentation of a Sinner," and to have one shilling reward.

In volume thirty-one a singular method of distributing charity is mentioned as occurring at Bulkeley, in Cheshire. This township was entitled to nineteen shillings and twopence as its proportion of certain

consolidated charities, and the overseers, on receiving the amount, changed it into pence and halfpence, and, placing them in a peck measure, invited each poor person to take a handful until the measure was emptied.

It is not probable that any difficulty ever arises in finding properly qualified recipients for the following charity:—

John Nicholson, of London, stationer, by will, dated 28th April, 1717, after bequeathing several legacies, gave all the residue of his estate in charity, towards the support and maintenance of such poor persons of the kingdom of England as are named Nicholson, being protestants; and he directed it to be disposed of in the following manner, namely: one hundred pounds a year to two such poor persons, men or women, of the name of Nicholson, towards their advancement in marriage; to each of them fifty pounds, always observing that no more than fifty pounds be given to any one couple so marrying;

One hundred pounds per annum towards putting apprentice such poor boys and girls of the name of Nicholson, or towards setting them up, as his trustees should think fit;

And one hundred pounds per annum towards the support and maintenance of such poor men and women of the name of Nicholson as his trustees should direct, always observing that not more than ten pounds a year, and not less than five pounds a year, should be given to any one person, the said sum to be paid to them at their own habitations;

William Nicolson, Lord Bishop of Carlisle; Mr. Nicolson, the bishop's son, and three other persons of the name of Nicolson, two of whom resided in London, he appointed trustees; and left to them the entire management of this charity, and appointed them his executors.

In 1822 the commissioners reported that the property belonging to this charity consisted of £9,273 5s. 3d. stock, producing a dividend of £278 4s.

An ambitious individual named Greene, desirous of handing his name down to posterity, chooses waistcoats as a vehicle for that purpose.

Henry Greene, by will, gave to his sister, Catherine Greene, during her life, all his lands in Melbourne and Newton, and after her decease to others, in trust, on condition that the said Catherine Greene should give four green waistcoats to four poor women every year, such four green waistcoats to be lined with green galloon lace, and to be delivered to the said poor women on or before the 21st December, yearly, that they might be worn on Christmas day.

All originals, however foolish they may be, are quite certain to have imitators; accordingly, Henry Greene's example was speedily followed by Thomas Gray, of the same village, who, by his will, directed his executrix, Mary Gray, and others, to lay out £200 in the purchase of lands; and out of the profits of such lands to lay out six nobles yearly, to buy six waistcoats of gray cloth, edged with blue galloon lace, and forty shillings to buy three coats of gray cloth, to be faced with baize; and that four of the said waistcoats should be given yearly to four poor widows or other poor women, living in Castle Donnington, who were to be of good behaviour and endeavour to live honestly; and the other two waistcoats to two poor widows or women of like behaviour, of the parish of Melbourne, and two of the coats to be given yearly to two poor men of Castle Donnington, and the other to a poor man of Melbourne.

He also directed copies of his will to be entered in the town-books of Castle Donnington and Melbourne, and also hung up in their churches, and that the same should be read yearly on St. Thomas's day, or the following Sunday, after prayers; for the performance of which he directed that the ministers of the said parishes should have five shillings apiece.

Perhaps the origin of the expression "to provide for a rainy day" may be found in the following extract from a will, dated December 14, 1674, by which Thomas Williamson bequeathed the sum of £20 to be laid out in land, the proceeds to be expended in the purchase of veal, or mutton, at Martinmas, yearly, when flesh might be thought cheapest; to be divided among poor people born within St. John's Chapelry, or Castlerigg, to be by them pickled or hung up and dried, that they might have something to keep them within doors on stormy days.

Dogs appear to have been frequent attendants at churches formerly, more than one instance being mentioned in the reports, of bequests made for the purpose of paying a man to drive them out. Among others, Richard Dovey, in a deed granting certain premises to John Saunders, stipulates, that a man is to be placed in one of the cottages adjoining the churchyard, and to be paid eight shillings yearly, on condition that he awake sleepers and drove dogs out of the church during Divine Service. While another,



HEROIC CONDUCT OF PEPIN-LE-BREF.

John Rudge, bequeathed twenty shillings a year for a like purpose, viz., to a poor man, to go about the parish church of Trysull, during sermons, to keep people awake, and to keep dogs out of the church.

The extracts given above are all more or less ridiculous; but the following, extracted from volume thirty-one of "The Reports," is of a totally different kind, and refers to a man whose name is familiar to all:—

Mrs. Elizabeth Cook, of Clapham, Surrey, widow of Captain Cook, by her will, dated April 8th, 1833, gave to the minister, churchwardens, and overseers of St. Andrew the Great (Cambridge), and their successors, £1,000 Three per cent. consols upon trust, to apply the dividends and interest in and towards the keeping clean and in repair the monument and inscription put up by her in the church to the memory of her husband, Captain Cook and family, as also a stone in the middle of the said church with her name and the names of her sons inscribed and to be inscribed thereon; and after the payment of the charges incident thereto, and of £2 annually to the

minister for the trouble he might have in the trust, the residue of the dividends and interests to be distributed yearly on the 21st of December equally between five poor and aged women of good character, resident within and belonging to the parish, and not receiving parochial relief, to be named by the minister, churchwardens, and overseers for the time being, or a majority.

THE COMBAT IN THE ARENA.

AN HISTORICAL INCIDENT.

THE strong rule the weak. They have done so ever since there were powerful men to lead and weak men to follow; and until human nature changes very materially, the destinies of the world will continue to be swayed by comparatively very few master spirits, with strong brains to plan, and iron will to execute. If we look at the history of any nation during a certain number of centuries, we shall be surprised to

find how a few strong hands have built up or cast down empires. To take an illustration from a subject fraught with peculiar interest at the present time. How many men, it may be asked, were required to establish our empire in India? Two: Robert Clive and Warren Hastings. When the first of these men changed his writership for a command, in taking which he became the leader of a few soldiers of doubtful fidelity, and more than doubtful courage, our influence in India was at its lowest ebb. The French and Dupleix were carrying all before them, filling the land with the fame of their prowess, from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin. Yet the one strong hand could turn the scale in favour of our countrymen, avenge the atrocious "Black Hole" massacre at Calcutta, win for us Plassey, and establish our men as a military power where we had been only a company of traders, exposed to the rapacity of any Surajah Dowlah whose rapacity we failed to satisfy. It was the strong arm and the clear head of that one man through which we ruled the great peninsula of India; and it was the decision, the talent, the strength

of Hastings which preserved for us what Robert Clive had won.

There is a strange uniformity in the history of nations. We always come to a period when the country seems, without any recognised ruler, to be completely at the mercy of a certain number of chiefs. Strife and confusion run riot for a time; and then there appears, like the god in the old Greek tragedies, some man of power and skill, who brings order out of confusion, and with a strong hand makes the strife to cease. This strong man is known by different names in various countries; but his characteristics are everywhere the same—decision, energy, and force of will. In Norway they called him Harald Harfagra; in Saxon England, Egbert; while in France, under the title of Maires de Palais, or Stewards of the Palace, a succession of strong men paved the way, in the eighth century, for the reign of the giant Charlemagne.

Seldom has the royal office been so completely divested of every attribute of power, as in the persons of the last descendants of the race of Mervig or Merovée, the warrior—the sluggard kings of the seventh and eighth centuries. Founded by Clovis, entirely through conquest, its foundation cemented with the blood of vanquished tribes, the very existence of the first French monarchy depended on the warlike character of its rulers. When these once relaxed their grasp, the reins slipped from their hold, to be seized by the vigorous prime ministers; and so completely had the people been won by the appearance of strength and determination, that the murder of the last Merovingian king, that infallible mode of settling disagreeable claims and titles during the dark ages, was not even considered necessary in the case of the degraded Chilperic, the degenerate scion of a warlike stock.

"Who ought to be king? He who bears sway, or he who has but the name of power?" was Pepin's haughty message of inquiry, sent to the pope at Rome. "He who has the power," was the pontiff's very natural reply. And so Chilperic was deprived of his flowing locks, the emblem of kingly dignity, and sent to doze away the remainder of his useless life within a convent's walls; while energetic Pepin placed the sluggard's crown upon his own brow; and within a few years his mighty successor had extended his dominions from the German Ocean to the Mediterranean Sea. For it was an age of iron, and as it has been tersely stated—

"The nations, in that trying hour,
Set up the good old plan—
That 'they shall take who have the power,
And those shall keep who can.'"

An anecdote related of Pepin, gives a good idea of the kind of influence he exercised over his rude and warlike courtiers.

It was a gala day; and the assembled company had crowded into a theatre where the actors played their parts in terrible earnest, and where combats were waged to the death. The wild beasts fought in the arena.

There was a peculiar attraction about the sports that day; for the interest of the spectacle rose in proportion to the ferocity of the combatants. A black Spanish bull of gigantic size and strength had been matched with an African lion; and the beasts gnashed and roared, and tore and gored each other in their rage, to the delight and admiration of the spectators. The fight was at its hottest, when suddenly the voices that had been shouting approval were hushed, and every eye turned inquiringly towards Pepin's chair of state; for the king had risen, and was pointing down into the arena.

Presently his voice rang out like a clarion through the assembly, and there was a sound of mockery in the tone in which he spoke.

"Which of you, my lords," he said, "will descend into the field, and separate these two doughty warriors?"

There was a dead silence. The tone in which Pepin spoke showed that no thought of jesting passed through his mind; but the combat raged more hotly than ever, and not a man would trust his life to the mercies of those furious, tearing beasts.

Then the king drew his sword, and went down himself into the arena, while every heart stood still with suspense, and every eye was strained with horrified interest. One deep thrust of the king's sword, just where the bull's head joined the spine, and the monster lay low; one sure thrust at the glaring eye of the crouching lion, as he prepared to spring, and the second of those savage champions was overthrown. Then Pepin returned to his seat amid the shouts and applause of a thousand admiring warriors. He had earned his right to be their king; for he had proved his pre-eminence in the one quality they valued above every other virtue. Pepin the Short had proved himself the strongest and the

hardest man among a race who looked upon all things as nothing in comparison with hardihood and strength.

They were rude times in which this incident occurred. Customs have changed since then, and civilisation has softened the manners of men. But the principle remains unaltered. Men still shout for admiration at a gallant deed: the weak still follow the strong. When that noble young officer, the other day, fixed the powder-bag on the gate of Delhi, the eager admiration with which the gallant deed was recorded in every account we had from the East, showed that human nature has not greatly changed since the time of Pepin.

Inventions and Science.

OMNIBUS LADDER.—This is an excellent invention, for the convenience of passengers ascending the roofs of omnibuses, which, if adopted, would greatly assist persons in performing this dangerous operation. It is made like an ordinary ladder, of iron, and is so arranged that, by moving a small lever, the conductor can make it assume an inclined position. The ladder is attached to the upper part of the roof by two slots, to admit the upper part of it to rise and fall. There are two links lower down it, which, being pin-jointed to its side, and also to the omnibus, control the distance which the lower end is allowed to project.

"ATTACHMENT TO VIOLINS."—The reader, of course, will imagine he is about to hear some narrative of eccentric love for a genuine old Cremona. But he will hear something more wonderful still, namely, that mechanical invention has extended itself to playing on the fiddle. A patent has been granted in America for a device consisting of four fingers, which press the string on to the finger-board in any desired place; so that ordinary performers will be able to execute music in any key, fingering only in those keys in which the great mass of performers play, viz., the keys of one, two, and three sharps.

NEWLY-INVENTED BOAT.—A boat has recently been invented, which is so constructed that it can be folded up, and stowed into a very small space, in any convenient place. The advantage which it appears to possess over boats of similar construction is increased strength and lightness in its various parts, being, at the same time, less expensive in its first cost. In case of accident to other boats, or in cases of emergencies, these boats will be found very useful.

ENGRAVINGS.—NEWLY-DISCOVERED PROPERTIES OF LIGHT.—M. Niepce de St. Victor has just communicated an interesting series of experiments to the Academy of Sciences, proving the unsuspected fact that the rays of the sun, absorbed by certain substances, are re-emitted in the dark, with sufficient intensity to produce photographic impressions. The following are the principal experiments:—If an engraving, which has been kept in the dark for several days, be exposed to the direct rays of the sun for a quarter of an hour, and then laid on a photographic paper, and kept so in the dark for twenty-four hours, a negative impression of the engraving will be obtained. If part of the engraving was covered by a screen, while exposed to the sun, the uncovered part only will give an impression. Wood, ivory, parchment, and even the skin of a living subject, will yield impressions; but metals, glass, and enamels will not. The longer an engraving is exposed to the sun, the more light it will absorb, and the more it will emit, so that impressions of great intensity may be obtained. But if a pane of glass be interposed between the engraving and the photographic paper, no impression is obtained. Mica and rock crystal also prevent the effect. An engraving coated with collodion, or gelatine, may be reproduced; but if coated with gum it cannot. If the engraving be kept at the distance of three millimetres (twelve-hundredths of an inch) from the photographic paper, it will be reproduced; and if the lines be thick, the distance of a centimetre (four-tenths of an inch) will not be too much. Coloured engravings are very unequally reproduced, according to the intensity of the different colours. Some kinds of printing-inks, English especially, will give impressions; others will not. Again, if an engraving be exposed to the light for an hour, then laid on a piece of white pasteboard, and kept in the dark for several days, and if this pasteboard be then laid on a sheet of photographic paper, an impression, though a somewhat faint one, will be obtained in the course of twenty-four hours.

THE happiest man in the world is the man with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits, and just children enough to make him industrious.

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE MAGNET.

MAGNETIC attraction is both curious and interesting. And many amusing experiments may be performed with it; thus making the magnet doubly attractive to young people.

The magnetic attraction will not be destroyed by interposing obstacles between the magnet and the iron.

Lay a small needle on a piece of paper, and put a magnet under the paper; the needle may be moved backwards and forwards.

Lay the needle on a piece of glass, and put the magnet under the glass; it will still attract the needle. The same effects will take place if a board be interposed between the magnet and the iron. This property of the magnet has afforded the means of some very amusing deceptions.

A little figure of a man has been made to spell a person's name. The hand, in which was a piece of iron, rested on a board, under which a person, concealed from view, with a powerful magnet, contrived to carry it from letter to letter, until the word was made up.

The figure of a goose or swan, with a piece of iron concealed about the head, is set to float in water. A rod, with a concealed magnet at the end, is presented to the bird, and it swims after it. The effect is still more amusing when some food is put on the end of the rod.

The figure of a fish is thrown into the water, with a small magnet concealed in its mouth. Of course, if a baited hook be suspended near it, the magnet and iron, by mutual attraction, will bring the fish to the bait.

Put a piece of iron in one scale of a balance, and an equal weight in the other scale: bring a magnet under the scale which contains the iron, and it will draw it down. Reverse this experiment, and put the magnet in the scale, and balance it: bring the iron under it, and it will draw down the magnet. Suspend a magnet by a string, and bring a piece of iron near it, and it will attract.

If a magnet suspended by one string, and a piece of iron suspended by another, be brought near one another, they will mutually attract each other, and be drawn to a point between.

Suspend a magnet nicely poised by a thread, and it will point north and south, the same end pointing invariably the same way.

Rub a fine needle with a magnet, and lay it gently on the surface of the water: it will point north and south. Rub various needles with the magnet, run them through small pieces of cork, and put them to swim in water: they will all point north and south, and the same end will invariably point the same way. This mode of finding the north is sometimes of the utmost service at sea, when the compass is destroyed.

Opposite poles attract; poles of the same name repel. Take two magnets, or two needles rubbed with the magnet, and bring the north and south poles together, and they attract.

Bring the north poles near each other, and they repel. Bring the south poles near each other, and they repel. Rub a needle with a magnet, and run it through a piece of cork, and put it to float in water. Hold the north pole of a magnet near its north pole, and it will keep flying away to avoid it. It may be chased from side to side of a basin. On the other hand, an opposite pole will immediately attract.

Rub four or five needles, and you may lift them up as in a string, the north pole of one needle adhering to the south pole of another.

Put a magnet under a piece of glass, and sprinkle iron-filings on it; they will arrange themselves in a manner that will be very surprising. At each pole will be a vast abundance standing erect, and there will be fewer and fewer as they recede, until there are scarcely any in the middle. If the iron-filings are sprinkled on the magnet itself, they will arrange themselves in a manner very striking.

Lay a needle exactly between the north and south poles; it will move towards neither.

WHAT'S A FAIR OR NOBLE FACE?

WHAT'S a fair or noble face,
If the mind ignoble be?
What though beauty, in each grace,
May her own resemblance see!
Eyes may catch from heaven their spell,
Lips the ruby light recall;
In the home for love to dwell,
One good feeling's worth them all.
Give me Virtue's rose to trace
Honour's kindling glance and mien;
Howsoever plain the face,
Beauty is where these are seen?
Raven ringlets o'er the snow
Of the whitest neck may fall;
In the home for love we know
One good feeling's worth them all!

Receipts.

TO PREVENT THE FORMATION OF CRUST UPON THE INSIDE OF TEAKETTLES.—Put into the teakettle a flat oyster-shell. It will attract the stony particles that are in the water to itself, and prevent their forming upon the kettle.

USEFUL KNIFE-BOARD.—A common knife-board covered with thick buff leather, on which is put emery, one part; crocus-root, three parts, in very fine powder, mixed into a thick paste with a little lard in sweet oil, and spread on the leather to the thickness of a shilling, gives a superior edge and polish to knives, and will not wear the knives so much as the common method of using brick-dust on a board.

TO CLEAN GLOVES. *Dry Cleaning.*—Lay them out flat, then rub into them a mixture of finely-powdered fuller's earth and alum; sweep it off with a brush; sprinkle them with dry bran and whitening; lastly, dust them well. This will not do if they are very dirty.

TO PREVENT METALS FROM RUSTING.—Melt together three parts of lard and one part of rosin in powder. A very thin coating, applied with a brush, will preserve Russia-iron stoves and grates from rusting during summer, even in damp situations. For this purpose, a portion of black lead may be mixed with the lard. The effect is equally good on brass, copper, steel, &c. The same compound forms an excellent water-proof paste for leather. Boots, when treated with it, will soon after take the usual polish when blacked, and the soles may be saturated with it without danger of soiling the floor, as it does not rub off.

HOW TO WHITEN LINEN OR CALICO.—When linen or calico is discoloured by washing, by age, or lying out of use, the best method of restoring the whiteness is by bleaching it in the open air, and exposure on the grass to the dews and winds. There may occur cases, however, where this may be difficult to accomplish, and where a quicker process may be desirable. Here the art of chemistry may assist, and the following directions have been given by an eminent practical chemist: The linen must first be laid for twelve hours in a lye formed of one pound of soda to a gallon of boiling-hot soft water; it must then be boiled for half an hour in the same liquid. A mixture must now be made of chloride of lime with eight times its quantity of water, which must be well shaken in a stone jar for three days, then allowed to settle, and being drawn off clear, the linen must be steeped in it six-and-thirty hours, and then washed out in the ordinary way. This will remove all discoloration.

HOW TO REMOVE STAINS FROM FLOORS.—For removing spots of grease from floors, take equal parts of fuller's earth and pearlsh, a quarter of a pound of each, and boil in a quart of soft water; and, while hot, lay it on the greased parts, allowing it to remain on them for ten or twelve hours; after which, it may be scoured off with sand and water. A floor much spotted with grease should be completely washed over with this mixture the day before it is scoured. Fuller's earth and ox-galls, boiled together, form a very powerful cleansing mixture for floors or carpets. Stains of ink are removed by strong vinegar; or salts of lemon will remove them.

Small Change.

"Why is it," asked a Frenchman of a Switzer, "that you Swiss always fight for money, while we French only fight for honour?" "I suppose," said the Switzer, "that both fight for what they most lack."

"With love, the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odours."

AGE makes us tolerant; I never see a fault which I myself did not commit.

We have generally observed that a man is most apt to abuse his native country, when he is a fugitive from her justice.

DURING a trial the other day, a constable, testifying with regard to a lady, said, "I know nothing of her but what I hear the neighbours say; and, in my opinion, what women say of one another is not worthy of belief."

"WHICH, my dear young lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?" "That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think; because I am told that there all bodies lose their gravity."

OLD Bishop Aylmer, seeing his congregation pretty generally asleep, took his Hebrew Bible from his

pocket and read a chapter, which roused attention, when the minister sharply rebuked them for sleeping when they might have understood him, and listening when they knew not a word he said.

THE great Dr. Jennings sent the following lines, with a couple of ducks, to a patient:—

Dear madam, I send you this scrap of a letter,
To tell you Miss Mary is very much better;
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
Therefore I send her a couple of quacks.

WE have often heard of a man "being in advance of his age," but who ever heard of a woman being in the same predicament?

A PEASANT went to a priest to confess having stolen hay from the stack of a neighbour. "How many loads did you take?" asked the confessor. "You may as well reckon the whole stack at once," said the peasant, "as I and my wife intend to fetch it all away before we stop."

THERE is this difference between the two blessings, health and money. Money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed. Health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all his money for health.

"You are a Yankee," said a fellow, tauntingly, to his neighbour. "Well, sir, I am no more responsible for having been born a Yankee than you are for having been born an ass."

SATIRE is a glass in which the beholder is sure to see everybody's face except his own.

"WHEREVER I go," said a gentleman remarkable for his State pride, "I am sure to find sensible and intelligent men from my own State." "No wonder," said the person he was addressing, "for every man of that State, who has any sense, leaves it as fast as he can."

WE are often asked why it is that so many married women of genius are unhappy in their domestic relations. We presume it can only be because they choose unwisely. What could be expected from the mating of the eagle with a barn-door fowl?

Two old friends met, not long since, after a separation of thirty-five years. "Well, Tom," said one, "how has the world gone with you, old boy? Married yet?" "Yes; and I've got a family you can't match—seven boys and one girl." "I can match it exactly," was the reply, "for I have seven girls and one boy."

"WHY don't you wear a watch, Joe?" "Pa won't give me one of my own; but he has kept a watch on me ever since I was out of long clothes." Shocking! ain't it?

WHATEVER withdraws us from the power of our senses—whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present advances the dignity of thinking beings.

WILL AND WON'T.—Somebody says there is a decided difference between perseverance and obstinacy. One is a strong will, and the other is a strong won't.

THE GOODS OF LIFE.—Speaking of these, Sir William Temple says, "The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep; and the greatest medicine a true friend."

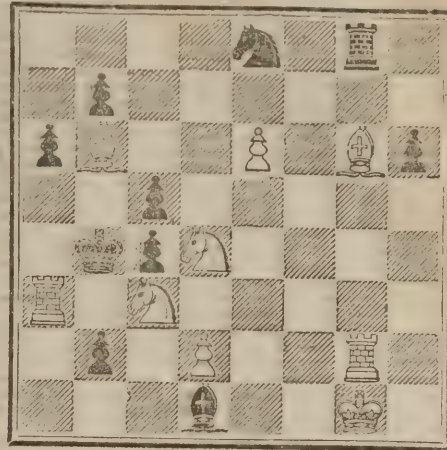
A YOUNG lady, fond of dancing, traverses in the course of a season about four hundred miles. Yet no lady would think of walking that distance in six months.

A HAPPY DISTINCTION.—"You've no wife, I believe," said Mr. Blank to his neighbour. "No, sir," was the reply, "I never was married." "Ah," said Mr. Blank, "you are a happy dog!" A short time after, Mr. Blank, in addressing a married man, said, "You have a wife, sir?" "Yes, sir—a wife and three children." "Indeed," said Mr. Blank, "you are a happy man!" "Why, Mr. Blank," said one of the company, "your remarks to the unmarried and the married seem to conflict somewhat." "Not at all—not at all, sir. There is a difference in my statements. Please be more observing, sir. I said the man who had no wife was a 'happy dog,' and the man who had a wife was a 'happy man.' Nothing conflicting, sir—nothing at all. I know what I say, sir!"

"JOHN" inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?" "A man who makes nails," replied hopeful, quite readily. "Very good. Now what is a tailor?" "One who makes tails," was the equally quick reply. "Oh! you blockhead," said the dominie, biting his lips; "a man who makes tails! did you ever!" "To be sure," quoth hopeful; "if the tailor didn't put tails to the coats he made they would all be jackets!" "Eh?—ah!—well!—to be sure. I didn't think of that. Beats Watts's logic! Go to the head of the class, John; you'll be Member of Parliament some day."

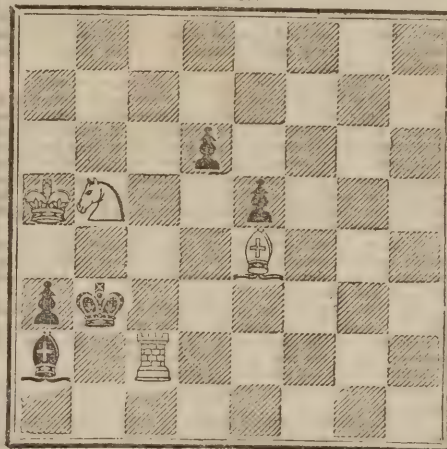
Chess.

Problem No. 8. By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.
BLACK.



White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Problem No. 9. By DOMINO.
BLACK.



White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 5.

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to Q 5 | 1. B to K sq (a) |
| 2. Kt to KB 7 | 2. B takes Kt |
| 3. P Knights and mates | (a) |
| | 1. K to K Kt 2 |
| 2. Q to K Kt 6 (ch) | 2. K to K R sq. |
| 3. Q mates | |

Solution of Problem No. 6.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to K sq | 1. B to Q Kt 5 (a) |
| 2. R takes P | 2. Any move |
| 3. R or B mates | |

(a) If B to Q Kt 7, White replies with B to K B 2, and mates next move.

D. G. R.—The use of the White Pawn on Q Kt 2 is, obviously enough, to prevent Black from playing Q to Q Kt 3.

C. W. (Ipswich).—We beg to thank you for your courteous communication.

J. STONEHOUSE.—The removal of the White Kt in Problem No. 2, as suggested by you, would render the position defective.

LILL DEIL.—Your Problems shall be reported upon next week. Blank chess diagrams can be forwarded to you on your sending a postage stamp for their transmission.

A YOUNG NOVICE.—The FAMILY PAPER, commencing with No. 15 and terminating with No. 53, contains a series of progressive lessons on Chess.

Solutions of Enigmas by T. Simpson, Nos. 2 and 3; F. P., Nos. 2 and 3; Oxon No. 2; R. Phillips, Nos. 2 and 3; W. W., Nos. 2 and 3; T. G., No. 3; R. Grey, Nos. 2 and 3; Douglas, Nos. 2 and 3; E. G., Nos. 2 and 3; and C. G. E. R., No. 3, correct.

Solutions of Problems by T. Martin, jun., Nos. 1 and 2; F. G. Rainger, Nos. 1, 2, and 3; T. Simpson, Nos. 2 and 3; J. Stonehouse, No. 1; Toz, No. 2; H. Phillips, Nos. 1, 2, and 3; Oxon, Nos. 1, 2, and 3; W. S., Nos. 2 and 3; E. G., Nos. 2 and 3; Douglas, Nos. 1 and 2; D. P. F., Nos. 1, 2, and 3; M. L., Nos. 1 and 3; T. A., Nos. 2 and 3; and W. G. C., Nos. 1, 2, and 3, correct.

ERRATUM.—The game played between Messrs. H. C. M. and C. F., given in No. 5, was by accident printed as belonging to "The Chess Tourney," which is not the case.

Our Editorial Table.

TO OUR READERS.—As we are continually receiving communications from some of our friends in remote parts of the kingdom, requesting to know how they can be supplied with our Paper when they reside at a distance from any of the Trade, we beg to inform them and the public generally, that they can be supplied with single numbers by post for 2d. each number, or 2s. 2d. per quarter; 4s. 4d. per half year; or 8s. 8d. per twelvemonth; or if three parties in a neighbourhood combine, and have three copies sent weekly to one address, they can be supplied for 4d., or 4s. 4d. per quarter, 8s. 8d. per half year, or 17s. 4d. per year; or those who like to have a single copy of three numbers sent every three weeks, can have them sent at the rate of 4d. for every three numbers; or fivepenny monthly parts can be forwarded for 7d., and sixpenny parts for 8d. In all cases postage stamps or a post-office order must be sent in advance, and double numbers will be reckoned as two numbers. All letters in this department must be addressed to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard, to whom post-office orders should be made payable. Letters requiring an answer must inclose a postage stamp.

AN AFFLICTED ONE.—You are suffering from a cutaneous disease, for which you should consult a medical man.

ELLEN BERTHA.—The best remedy we know for rough and chapped hands is the following, which we have seldom (if ever) known to fail:—Wash the hands thoroughly in warm soft water; then, while wet, rub a little honey well into them, backs, palms, and fingers; then pass them quickly through the warm water (not rubbing them), and then shaking off the moisture, dab them dry upon a soft towel.

HELEN FALLIARD.—Treat the gentleman precisely the same as every other acquaintance. Show him no more attention or deference; then, if he really has any serious intentions, he will speedily reveal them.

JURA MORGAN.—Spirits of turpentine applied to the spot with a piece of flannel will probably remove the grease, but may, if the colour is delicate, affect it. We have often found that the application of a warm iron (the damaged article being rested upon and covered with brown paper) has been successful. French chalk scraped upon the place is frequently effectual.

MADAM DUNCE.—Try spare meals and active exercise.

HANNAH.—You have made an unfortunate mistake, which may perhaps affect your comfort for some short time. Reflection, however, and religious principle, will, we trust, convince you of the impropriety and folly of dwelling upon the thoughts of one who is already the husband of another person; and in the meantime we earnestly recommend you to treat the young man with the same courtesy as you do other people, never for a moment permitting him to suspect the error into which you have fallen.

LAURA OF SUSSEX.—We regret that we cannot inform you of the qualifications alluded to in the answer you mention, nor are we acquainted with any situation in which ladies can earn a guinea per week.

CROYDON.—As you are an only child, it follows of course that if you die before your father, he will leave no issue; therefore, should he die intestate, his widow will take half his personal estate, his next of kin the remainder.

SAMUEL TAGG.—Answered privately.

QUERIST may obtain silkworms' eggs at almost any herbalists.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER should act with extreme caution before making any engagement to go abroad. We decline the responsibility of recommending any agent or agency office.

G. A. R.—To make shoes waterproof, melt over a slow fire half a pint of oil, an ounce of beeswax, an ounce of turpentine, and a quarter of an ounce of Burgundy pitch. This mixture should be applied two or three times, until the leather is quite saturated, and it will then be softer and more pliable, and wear much longer than otherwise.

ARTISTIC.—The School of Design would meet your wants. **I. CHURCH.**—1. Water, with a little isinglass dissolved in it. **2. Yes.** **A. MURRAY.**—It would be an amendment. **B. G. F.**—Your suggestion will meet with our best attention, although we can promise nothing.

DUBITANS.—Print and sell as many as you please—there is no restriction. **OLIVER CROMWELL.**—Patience. All in good time. Do you want us to write finis to everything? **PETTY.**—The cost depends on the style of binding.

AN INQUIRING SUBSCRIBER.—Magna Charta, the great charter of English liberty, was signed by King John, June 15, 1215. The Habeas Corpus, next in importance to Magna Charta for the security and liberty of Englishmen, was signed May 27, 1679, by King Charles II. Big Ben exceeded Great Tom—but Ben's cracked and Tom is not.

GEY FAWKES.—Magic lantern slides are painted with transparent colours mixed with mastic varnish.

R. J.—You must give six months' notice previous to the end of any current year of your tenancy, as yours is a yearly, not quarterly take, although the rent is paid quarterly.

M. N. O.—No. The acts you mention are intended for very different purposes.

IGNORAMUS.—We are not aware that any restrictions are made about married or unmarried men in the Civil Service. Your letter is not written with a proper amount of care, and would certainly be no recommendation.

ALBERT.—The best English is spoken by the best educated people; locality has very little to do with it.

E. D. C.—Apply to the publishers. We would not recommend an engine-driver emigrating to Australia, nor settling in India. The composition of your letter is better than your calligraphy.

T. C. (Bristol).—The arrangements with respect to the literary portion of our journal would not admit the introduction of the paper you suggest.

INQUISITOR, MARY D., R. W. M., are recommended to take advice of a medical man.

AN ANXIOUS AUNT.—We quite agree with you that nothing can be more detrimental to a young lady's reputation than the constant fluttering round her of men who have no other motive than the pleasant idling away of a spare hour;

but we cannot understand how it is that you cannot put a stop to it. Surely you can show, by a cold and distant manner, that you do not approve of these butterflies attaching themselves to you and your niece during your walks; or if that is not sufficient, why do not you bring the stroll to an abrupt termination by turning back, or entering a shop, or with a stiff bow and decided "good morning" dismiss the escort? As to the *slang* complained of, we can only express our extreme regret at the prevalence of so vulgar a habit, and assure your niece and all other of our fair readers who indulge in it, that their pretty little mouths never look so forbidding, or their sweet voices sound so repelling, as when giving utterance to words and phrases which, however common among a certain set, no well-bred gentleman would condescend to use.

GORDIAN KNOT.—Act towards your unfortunate victim as you would insist upon any other man acting towards your sister. By your own showing, the girl has all along confidently relied upon your honour to repair the wrong you have done her, and you are bound to do so. Her character is happily unstained in the eyes of her employers and the world. Keep it so. None then will know the imperative reason for your union; and as to what the world says, remember you will not be the first by many a man who has married beneath him, and been happy and honoured afterwards; and that should people talk and wonder, the buzz of their voices will be unheard on that deathbed to which you are hastening, and on which the memory of duties done and injury repaired, will be a greater comfort than all the encomiums or popularity fashion could win you. Unequal marriages are always to be avoided; but your own sin has lowered you and made your inferior your equal.

J. B. F., J. WILKIE, H. M. L., GEORGE, W. X., THOMAS (Stourbridge), R. H. J. G.—Declined with thanks.

K. J.—We cannot recommend any such establishment.

F. W. L. F.—The eyesight is impaired if continually exercised by artificial light of any kind. We do not think that gas is more injurious to it than oil or candles.

W. J. L.—The premiums and salaries vary.

THOMAS S. should attend church for something better than to be smitten with the charms of a young lady, or to endeavour to attract her attention. He is good looking (by his own account), but good looks do not always indicate good sense; certainly not in this case. We hope, however, that "Thomas" is only in jest, and that the poor boy thinks it a good joke to write a stupid letter to the editor of a journal. This is the best construction we can put upon it.

S. W.—The poem of "The Sword and Bible" was written by the author of "Smiles and Tears." We can't suggest a remedy, as we cannot understand the nature of your disease; but taking medical advice is the best thing to be done whatever may be the matter with your health.

BOAERGES.—Apply to a bookseller.

J. SAVILLE.—The receipt has been already given in our Editorial Table.

NEMO.—To answer your questions fully would take up all our space with matter easily to be obtained, but uninteresting to the majority of readers. In the first place consult a surgeon, in the second an army list, in the third our publisher.

GLUCK.—Send your MS. to a music publisher.

THE NEW MATRIMONIAL AND DIVORCE ACT.—We have received several communications from married ladies on the subject of grievances for which they may obtain redress by the new act, when it shall come into operation on the 11th day of January, 1858. We cannot undertake to answer each letter separately; but we beg to inform all *deserted* wives that, on and after the 11th of January next, they can, by applying to a police magistrate, if they are residing in London, or to a justice in petty sessions, if residing in the country, obtain an order to protect any property they may acquire by their own lawful industry, and any property they may become possessed of after desertion, against their husbands and their husbands' creditors. This order will, by the operation of the new act, give the deserted wife the same right and title over her earnings and her property that she would have had if she had been a single woman. Creditors of the husband continuing to retain possession of the property of the deserted wife after notice of such an order, are not only liable to a suit for the value of the property, which suit the wife is by this act entitled to bring, but also to a fine of double the value of the property thus illegally detained.

W. J. L. (Gravesend).—The word "Hindustan" is accented on the third syllable, and is sounded as it is spelt.

D. G. (New Ross).—Consult a bookseller.

SEPOY.—Hegira is the era from which Turks and Arabians compute events, as Christians do from the birth of Christ. It dates from the day of Mahomet's flight from Mecca to Medina, which was July 12th, A.D. 622.

NEMO.—Granulated cold cream, which we suppose is what you mean, may be made as follows:—Take white wax and spermaceti, of each one ounce; almond oil, three ounces; otto of rose, as much as you please. Dissolve the wax and spermaceti in the almond oil by means of heat, and when a little cool, pour the mixture into a large mortar previously warmed, and containing about a pint of warm water. Stir briskly until the cream is well divided, and add the otto, and suddenly pour the whole into a clean vessel containing eight or ten pints of cold water. Separate the cream by straining through muslin, and shake out as much water as possible.

N. BERR.—Our arrangements are at present complete, but every communication should be addressed to the editor of this journal.

W. N. (Glasgow).—The fifth volume of our "Educational Course" is devoted to the subject you mention. It is entitled "Mathematical Science, its Logic and Utility, with Explanations and Illustrations of the best Methods of Instruction." The volume sells for 2s. in cloth boards, and the system explained in its pages has been adopted in many high class seminaries.

JEMIMA.—A housewife, and not know how to make a good cup of tea! Well, of course we are ready to help you. Soyer, the great French cook, says—and we are obliged to him for the information (for we dearly love a good cup of tea ourselves)—that housekeepers should place the tea-pot with the dry tea in it upon the hob for a little while before making. This plan certainly improves both strength and

flavour. Rainwater, when pure, is the best for making all infusions, including tea, of course; since the solvent powers of water are great in proportion to its freedom from earthy salts.

SYNTAX.—1. You can easily obtain a good and cheap English dictionary. An excellent pocket edition of Webster has recently been published by Ward and Lock. 2. The etiquette of letter writing will be noticed in our "Hopes and Helps."

SCOTLAND.—The matrimonial causes act only applies to England. The act will not permit a woman to marry a second time under the circumstances you describe.

BOURNEMOUTH.—We are no authority on mesmerism.

J. B.—Order it of the bookseller who supplies you with the FAMILY PAPER. The Index, Title, Frontispiece, &c., to the "History of England" form an extra number, price one penny. You can also obtain the cases for binding the second volume by order of any bookseller, price 1s. 6d. Thanks for your good wishes.

S. G.—The back numbers of the ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER may be had at the publishers', Paternoster-row.

T. J. P.—The information concerning the qualifications of candidates in the Civil Service, contained in the number of our journal to which you refer, was taken from the Civil Service Examination Paper for 1857.

HOB.—Impressions from the brasses might be taken on thin paper—foreign post would do. In some cases, when the brasses are considerably relieved, a plaster of Paris mould would be the best and more expeditious mode of obtaining a fac-simile.

A CORRESPONDENT (whose signature is illegible) wants to know how to take stains out of mahogany. It may be done by the use of a little aquafortis, or oxalic acid and water, rubbing the part with the liquid by means of a cork till the colour is restored, observing afterwards to well wash the wood with water, and to dry and polish as usual.

TOBY TOSSEPOT'S verses are declined. They betray as small an amount of merit as his letter does of common sense or courtesy.

AKFORD, LITTLE BILLY, A. H. B., JOHN BAILEY, G. PAUL, A. CONSTANT READER, C. C. S., HENRY ALDRIDGE, A. M.—Declined with thanks.

PRINCE will find a large amount of information on the topics he inquires about in the "Educational Course," a work which is being re-issued in three-halfpenny numbers.

CARUS.—What is called "paper varnish" will answer the purpose both for maps and prints.

A DROGHEDA TAILOR.—There are many English concertinas quite as good as the German. The difference in concertinas, as in everything else, depends a good deal on the price paid for them.

COWBRIDGE.—The building of the "Leviathan" began in 1853, and it cannot with any degree of propriety be said to have commenced earlier. The manufacture of the models is not to be taken into account with the actual building of the ship.

AN ANTIQUARY should address his inquiry to a dealer in old books. Letters sent to our journal remain unanswered for some weeks, not for want of courtesy, but for want of space.

CASTOR.—In preparing copy for the press the size of the paper is of no consequence; but it is essential that you should only write on one side of the paper. Write a good plain hand. Commence the first line of each paragraph sufficiently far from the left hand margin of your paper to indicate clearly your intention. Take care that capital letters are rightly used, and that the composition is properly punctuated. The copyright of a work is the property of the author, unless he disposes of that right to a publisher.

E. Y. (Nesscliffe).—You are only bound to the one party, and with him only you must keep the contract—unless, of course, the apprenticeship indentures otherwise provide.

MICHAEL FENTON.—If your high boarded fence is constructed upon your own land, and the door therein opens over your own land, whatever damage you sustain by your neighbour interfering with the door or fence, may be recovered by an action at law against him.

JEROME.—Napoleon I. was crowned on the 19th of November, 1804, Pope Pius VII. performing the ceremony. The decree conferring upon the Emperor the imperial title, and making it hereditary in his family, was passed on 3rd of May, 1804. On the 4th February in the following year, Napoleon addressed his second letter to the King of England, urging the cessation of hostilities; and on the 26th May he was crowned at Milan, King of Italy.

EILEEN ALLWORK.—You cannot demand payment or allowance for board. Your mistress might have dismissed you at the very commencement of the month by paying the wages which are in lieu of notice.

ALMANACK.—"Cassell's Illustrated Almanack for 1858" is by far the best and most successful publication of the kind, and is, in consequence of the ever increasing demand, again reprinted. It contains a series of magnificent engravings, illustrative of the marriage ceremonies of different nations, and of many occasional subjects. Besides the usual calendar, this almanack contains a chronology of remarkable events during 1857, list of the new parliament, abstracts of recent acts of parliament, postal regulations, gardening operations, list of stamps, taxes, rates of licensing, bankers of London, and a great variety of information on matters of commercial and domestic interest. This extraordinary publication has obtained a yearly circulation almost unparalleled.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—As we have no doubt that the weekly numbers of our New Series will be carefully preserved for binding, we have had the cases for the First Volume prepared, so that they can be obtained at once and used as a portfolio for containing the numbers until the volume is completed, which it will be in future every six months, instead of twelve months, as heretofore. The price of the Cases, gilt lettered on side and back, will be 1s. 6d. each.

* * All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London.

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[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION AND REPLICATION IS RESERVED.]

NEW SERIES. VOL. I.—No. 7.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TARTLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

Children are blest, and powerful; their world lies
More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
And part far from them.—WORDSWORTH.

THERE were two persons—rather unimportant ones at the present period of our tale, but whom we trust our readers will take a deeper interest in as it proceeds—who looked upon the approaching departure of Sir Norman Boothroyd and his family from Meldown Park with regret, Alice and her play-fellow, the son of Mr. Thornton.

It is true they had frequently been separated before, but then it was only for a time. The Eton holidays

were sure to bring William back again to The Elms, when, if immeasurable pride on one side, and a sturdy, manly independence on the other, suspended, as it frequently did, the intercourse between the two families, the children, who neither felt nor understood the estrangement, generally contrived to see each other.

If the heiress went out walking with her French governess or waiting-maid, William, mounted on his pony, was certain either to overtake or meet them—*by accident, of course.* Both were so young and innocent that neither Mademoiselle nor Jane suspected for an instant that any stronger feeling than mere childish friendship could possibly exist between them. Alice held up her rosy lips so frankly to be kissed, whilst the conversation of the youth ran on his school adventures—cricket, rowing matches on the Thames; in short, on boyhood's sports and pleasures.

It was astonishing how the intelligent and lovely child retained all these things in her memory. She could repeat the names of every one of the Mermaid's crew—describe her build and colours—knew who

pulled the stroke oar in such a race—who steered her. No wonder they were friends.

Alice felt exceedingly indignant with the masters of Eton, when William upset the project she had formed of persuading papa to send her there, by informing her that girls were not received. She could not understand it. It would have been so much more pleasant than having a governess at home, who was too old to play with her, and a maid continually to walk after her, to say nothing of their being constantly together.

If this strong sympathy did not amount to love, we know not how else to designate it. Not love, as the world comprehends the word—with its passions, hopes, and tears—but love in germ, slumbering like the seed pearl in its shell, an embryo gem pure as the young hearts that enshrined it, delicate as the tender bud the genial ray of spring's first sun has warmed into existence, and time may expand into a beauteous flower, provided no rude step crushes its unclosed leaves.



THE KIDNAPPING OF LILLIAN.

The day before the intended departure from the hall had arrived; cards, with the usual "P.P.O.," were either left or sent to the houses of most of the neighbouring gentry, including Mr. Thornton's, for Lady Boothroyd was far too politic at such a moment to leave at variance with any one.

Poor William felt exceedingly unhappy. He had not been able to catch a glimpse of his little play-fellow. He had cantered his pony down every lane, and along her customary walks, without meeting her. Most lads of his age would have given up the attempt in despair, but he was an Etonian, and Eton boys seldom despair of anything.

"It can't be accident," he argued with himself. "Alice has been ordered not to walk beyond the park."

And he was right in the conclusion, which was not the only one he came to—for, as the little maiden could not come to him, he resolved to go to her.

Leaving his pony in the village, he passed down the lane, between old Simon's cottage and Minter's farm, the very road Mark had taken the preceding night, after the abduction of Lillian. To a youth of his activity the wall afforded but a slight impediment. By the aid of a tree, he soon swung himself to the summit, and dropped into the park.

As he hastened along the narrow, winding path, which led through the preserves, something glittering on the snow attracted his attention, and he naturally stooped to raise it. It proved to be a chain of gold, fine as a thread, with a heart formed of a single turquoise; engraved with what appeared to him, strange-looking characters pendent from it.

We need scarcely remind our readers that such style of trinkets is exceedingly common in the East.

"Alice has been here," he said; "it must belong to her; and yet I never saw her wear it."

With this conclusion he put it in his pocket.

As he anticipated, the object of his search was in the park, attended only by her maid, Jane, taking her morning walk. No sooner did the child recognise him, than she ran towards him, and held up her innocent face to be kissed.

"Oh, fie, Miss Alice," exclaimed the maid. "You forget what my lady said to you."

"And so I did," answered her charge, blushing at the recollection of her disobedience.

At that moment Robert, one of the under keepers, made his appearance; and, as it so happened, Jane had a few parting words to say to him; for, as a matter of course, he was not to remove from Meldown Park with the rest of the establishment to London. And, as the poet says, there had been certain love passages between them.

Cautioning the children not to wander far away, the girl hastened to meet her lover, leaving them to themselves.

"And what was it your mother said to you, Alice?" inquired William.

"That I was not to kiss either you or your papa again."

"And why not?"

"I am sure I can't tell," answered the child, innocently; "she allows Squire Blundell with his great rough beard to kiss me."

"Ah! but she never recollected I should have to bid you good-bye," observed the boy.

"Perhaps not."

And with this reflection the little culprit felt quite satisfied. Of course her mamma could not have thought of that.

It is not our intention to abuse the time and patience of our readers by relating word for word the conversation of two such children—and yet, perchance, a lesson might be learnt from it—how bitterly William regretted the departure of Alice from Meldown, or how Alice consoled him by telling him that she was to pay a visit to her aunt, the Countess of Carlington, at The Holm.

"Why, The Holm is only three or four miles from Eton," said her companion, joyously, "and Illston is in the same form with me."

Viscount Illston was her cousin, the only son and heir of the earl.

"I must make friends with him," he added.

"Take him into the Mermaid," exclaimed the child, clapping her little hands with delight at the idea.

"You will be sure to be friends then."

William looked rather serious at this suggestion. He was not captain of the boat, only one of the crew himself, and the youngest.

"Illston is such a muff," he answered, "that I don't think he stands much chance. He has delicate white hands, and they won't do for rowing; then he has no pluck. No, no," he added; "he will never do for the Mermaid."

Alice looked disappointed; she perfectly comprehended what the speaker meant by her cousin's being

a muff, for William had made her almost as well acquainted with the phraseology of the playground as himself.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," he added; "I'll write his exercises, and fight for him."

Alice thought that would do *nice*—little imagining what the battles of an Eton boy are like.

Time flies as rapidly with the young, as wealth does with the thoughtless heir; both deem their treasure inexhaustible; and a considerable portion of the morning had passed before either of the speakers thought of separating. William was the first to recollect the necessity of doing so, for he had promised his father to be back by a certain hour, and he bade his companion good-bye. Alice, however, would not permit of his leaving her in the plantation, but insisted on seeing him as far as the park wall, and safely over it.

"Why, there is no danger," he observed, laughingly.

"I am not so sure of that," answered the child; "the dogs are loose; but they all know me."

"And me too," replied the boy.

"Papa has been shot at," added the heiress, lowering her voice almost to a whisper, and looking round her with a feeling of terror.

"Do you know what my father and Squire Blundell say?" demanded the youth.

"No."

"They both declare that the shot could only have been fired to frighten Sir Norman, and not with the least idea of injuring him; and it's my opinion too."

As Alice had long been in the habit of believing everything William said, the explanation appeared quite satisfactory. Still she could not comprehend how any one could be so wicked as to wish to frighten her papa.

Notwithstanding that her fears were considerably diminished, she persisted in her resolution of seeing him safely over the wall, and when the moment of separation arrived, forgot, I fear, for the second time, what Lady Boothroyd had said to her, for the kiss was repeated.

As William observed on the first occasion, her ladyship forgot that they would have to bid each other good-bye; an excuse so natural, that we feel assured our readers will admit it.

He was nearly half way home before he recollected the chain. His first impulse was to ride back and restore it to her, for he had not the slightest doubt of its being hers. Then he thought again that Alice had doubtless returned to the hall, and continued his road to The Elms.

"It was very stupid of me," he muttered; "but there is no help for it now."

It is not to be supposed that the grief of Alice at parting from her companion was either deep or very lasting, especially with the prospect of so soon seeing him again:—

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
With the first breeze that passes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry."

All her thoughts now were to return as quickly as possible to the spot where she had left the waiting-maid; but, unfortunately, the part of the grounds in which she had wandered with William was but little familiar to her. She took the wrong turning, and only discovered her error when she found herself in face of an old pavilion half buried in ivy. Never having seen the building before, the curiosity of the child naturally became excited.

"What a strange-looking place!" she exclaimed, pausing to contemplate it. "I wonder if any one lives there."

Walking cautiously round it, Alice came to the portico, and noticed footprints in the snow upon the steps.

"I dare say it belongs to Fletcher, or some of the keepers," she thought. "They will show me my way to the house."

To run up the steps and try the door was the act of an instant. It was fastened.

"No one there," she said, speaking aloud. "I must try to find my way again."

Just as she was about to descend, a plaintive moan fell upon her ear, and caused her to start with terror. She would have fled had not a voice as childlike as her own arrested her flight. She listened. It evidently came from the interior of the building.

Placing her eye to the keyhole, Alice saw, to her astonishment, a girl about her own age wrapped up in the patchwork coverlid of a bed, crying and moaning bitterly.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

The answer was made in a language which she could not understand, and the question was repeated.

"Mai bhooka hoon," cried the person, whom we need not inform our readers was no other than Lillian.

Alice repeated the words, to impress them on her memory.

"And what are you crying for?" she added.

"Mai surd hoon," was the reply.

There was something so desolate in the appearance of the little sufferer that the heart of the heiress was touched, and several times she essayed to force open the door; but, old as it was, it resisted her feeble strength.

"I will soon be back," she exclaimed, quite out of breath with her exertions. "Don't cry so. Don't cry!"

Darting down the steps of the portico, Alice took the first path that presented itself, not doubting but it would either lead her to the hall, or to one of the lodges, where assistance might be readily procured.

She had not proceeded far when, to her great joy, she recognised her mother in conversation with a man, who, seeing her approach, hastily disappeared in the plantation. It was Mark Rayner.

"You here!" said Lady Boothroyd, surprised and vexed at the encounter.

"Oh! mamma, mamma!" replied her daughter, "there is a poor little child not older than myself shut up in such a strange-looking hall, and crying as if her heart would break. Do come and let her out."

"A child!" repeated the artful woman, dreadfully annoyed.

"Yes, and so pretty."

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And has Jane seen her too?"

"No, mamma," answered Alice; "I left Jane talking with one of the keepers, and found out the place alone; it is so cold and sad there. Pray, come," she added, taking hold of her dress, as if to draw her towards the spot; "I am sure you will pity her."

Lady Boothroyd was not a person easily thrown off her balance; but the discovery of her victim made by her own child disconcerted her; she knew how tenacious her memory was, and that such a circumstance would remain indelibly impressed upon it.

"She is a wicked gipsy girl, who has been put there to punish her."

Alice looked in her face—her mother read the natural, the involuntary doubt in her eyes, and blushed at her own unworthiness.

Truth is the shadow of God, the emblem and visible sign of His presence upon earth; and it is an awful thing when parents, who, next to God, should command the respect and veneration of their offspring, descend to falsehood with them; the lie may pass unnoticed for a time—years even may elapse—but ultimately the child is sure to detect and meditate upon it, to mourn over it if virtuous and well disposed, or justify its own departure from straightforward, honest sincerity by the example of evil.

"But since you have interceded for her," added her ladyship, "I will give orders for her to be released."

"Oh, thank you, mamma," exclaimed her daughter, joyfully.

"On one condition."

"Anything! I will be so good Mademoiselle shall not have to complain of my lessons and exercises for a week to come."

Her mother gave her to understand that the condition consisted in keeping secret from every one the discovery she had made of the wicked little gipsy girl, as she called her, in the old pavilion. Alice promised, delighted at having obtained the pardon of the supposed culprit on such easy terms.

On their way through the park they encountered Jane, who, alarmed for the safety of her young charge, had been seeking her in every part of the grounds except the right one.

"Is this the way you attend to your young mistress?" demanded Lady Boothroyd, angrily.

The girl attempted to offer an excuse, but was interrupted by being sharply ordered to return at once to the hall.

Sir Norman was chatting with the Reverend Dr. and Mrs. Poundtext, who had called to pay them a visit of adieu previous to the departure of the family, when his wife and daughter entered the drawing-room. Although her ladyship felt anything but in an amiable humour, she at once sank into her usually passive role of echoing her husband's sentiments and words: it was hardly worth the while, she thought, to drop the mask for the few remaining hours of her stay at Meldown; the character might be somewhat irksome, but the farce was nearly over.

"Where have you been?" inquired her husband, in a tone of peevishness, which, had they been alone, he would not have ventured to indulge in. "Knowing the fearful, diabolical, unnatural, unheard-of outrage that has been attempted, you ought to be more careful of my feelings. I have been uneasy at your absence."

Her ladyship listened to the reproach with exquisitely acted meekness and conjugal submission.

The clergyman looked, or attempted to look, more and more horrified at each succeeding adjective, and at the end of the string gave vent to his feelings in a deep-drawn sigh, wrung from him, no doubt, by his profound conviction of the depravity of human nature.

"Dreadful! very dreadful! my dear Sir Norman," he murmured, at the same time assisting himself to a glass of the baronet's fine old East India Madeira to recover himself. "But it all springs from that desire for change which is gnawing its way into the very vitals of the establishment."

After this speech, it is scarcely necessary to observe that Dr. Poundtext was a very high churchman.

His wife attributed it to the ingratitude and vanity of the poorer classes. To her intense disgust straw bonnets had been substituted for cotton caps in the charity school of St. Faith's, and the girls' hair permitted to grow long, instead of being cropped to the true pauper cut; and the innovation had curdled the not over-abundant supply of the milk of human kindness in her breast.

The sight of the children's bonnets and sinful curls disturbed her every Sunday at her prayers, and compelled her to close her eyes to avoid seeing them.

Some persons were kind enough to hint that her husband's sermons were sufficient to produce the same effect.

"The error lies in the upper classes abandoning their rights," observed the lord of the manor, with dignity. "It is enough to cause my predecessors to start in indignation from their graves, to think of a Boothroyd being fired at on his own lands, and most probably by one of his own tenants."

"Perhaps it was only done to frighten you, papa," exclaimed Alice, who had not forgotten what William had said.

Lady Boothroyd regarded the child very intently, and with a puzzled expression of countenance, whilst the rector and Mrs. Poundtext turned aside to conceal an involuntary smile, for between themselves they had come to the same conclusion, without the least suspicion, however, of the share her ladyship had taken in the plot.

"Frighten me," repeated Sir Norman, and colouring to the very temples. "The child is growing a perfect idiot. Who ever heard such a ridiculous, improbable, impossible idea!"

"Exceedingly ridiculous," echoed her ladyship.

"Mademoiselle Jaulain is no longer a fit person to direct her education," added the baronet. "She requires a governess who will be firm and strict with her."

"Certainly, my love, if you think so," said his wife.

"I do think so, Lady Boothroyd," replied her husband; "and must request you will attend to my wishes upon the subject."

A glance, bright and momentary as the forked lightning from a summer cloud, reminded the speaker that visitors would not always be present at Meldown Park, and his indignation rapidly cooled.

The eyes of Alice filled with tears at the loud, angry tones in which her father had spoken, and at the threat of changing her governess. Running to him, she threw her little arms around his neck, and begged to be forgiven.

With all his faults, pride, and selfishness, Sir Norman loved his child; that is to say, as much as he was capable of loving anything. Added to which, he felt that it would be unwise to push the subject any further; so he kissed the offender, and bade her think before venturing on such foolish speeches for the future.

"The inconsiderateness of youth," observed Dr. Poundtext.

"And Miss Alice is so young," added his lady, holding out her hand to her.

"Oh, Doctor," said the child, suddenly recollecting the strange words she had heard in the pavilion, "what is the meaning of *Mai bhooka hoon*?"

The rector made her repeat them.

"Why, bless me!" he exclaimed, with evident surprise, "they are Hindostani! Where could she have picked them up?"

"Mademoiselle is always permitting her to read some absurd novel, instead of attending to her proper studies," answered her ladyship, hastily, for she felt sincerely alarmed. "You are quite right," she added, turning to her husband; "it is time to seek another governess."

Sir Norman felt greatly relieved at hearing his wife pronounce him to have been quite right in his opinion. For some minutes past he had been secretly labouring under a far different impression.

Lady Boothroyd rang the bell, and Alice, more at a loss than ever to understand how she had offended, was sent, as a punishment, to her own room.

The visitors soon afterwards took their leave, and the circumstance was forgotten.

For nearly four-and-twenty hours Mark and Lillian had remained close prisoners in the pavilion in the park. Both suffered severely from cold and hunger, but the child the least; for the guilty, though not hardened man, had fortunately discovered a biscuit in his pocket which Rose had placed there before parting from him, and he gave it untasted to the orphan, to whom he contrived to impart partial warmth by holding her in his arms closely wrapped up in the coverlid of the bed which he had taken with her when he stole her.

During the long and tedious hours of his concealment he had ample time to reflect on his past folly—the happiness he had thrown away—the duties neglected. Remorse and suffering wrought a wholesome lesson.

"That I should be skulking like a miserable thief," he murmured, "almost within sight of my native place, like, I am a thief," he added, "and the worst of thieves, for I have robbed poor Simon of his only consolation. How little does the kind old man imagine whom he has to thank for making his home desolate!"

At times he cursed bitterly the unprincipled woman who had compelled him to act so degraded a part.

The thought of Rose, and the cruel anxiety she must be enduring, haunted him.

About midnight he was visited by Lady Boothroyd, who brought with her food and wine, as well as some of Alice's cast-off clothes for Lillian.

It was a bitter night for a woman delicately-nurtured and luxurious by habit to steal from her home and walk more than a mile through the snow. But, like many others in the world, her evil passions sustained her where the natural sentiments of duty or affection too often fail.

"Close the door," she said.

Mark Rayner mechanically obeyed her.

A light was struck, for the lady had not forgotten that her prisoners were in darkness. Lillian opened her eyes at the sudden flash, and gazed upon her enemy in silent wonder.

"I have brought you food," continued the speaker, "to refresh yourself whilst I dress the child; we have not an instant to lose."

The instrument of her crime was too completely in her power not to do as she directed.

In dressing Lillian her ladyship noticed, with anger, that a slender chain of gold, which, on her visit to the cottage of the weaver she had noticed round the neck of her victim, was gone, and she imperatively demanded it. It was in vain that Mark declared he had neither seen nor taken it; his assertions were listened to with scorn and disbelief.

"I tell you that I have it not, my lady," he repeated. "Why should I lie to you? It can't be for the value; and even if I had taken it," he added, doggedly, for his temper began to be roused, "I have as much right to the trinket as yourself. You are no relative of poor Lily!"

The last observation silenced, although it failed to convince her, and the present was neither the time nor place for disputes, especially as her politic ladyship possessed a certain means, as she imagined, of extorting it from him.

"Follow me," said she, as soon as the child was dressed, and she considered that they had had sufficient time to refresh themselves.

"Where to, my lady?"

"The stables."

"Barge, the groom, sleeps there," observed Mark, hesitatingly.

"I have sent him to Exeter purposely that he may be out of the way," replied the mistress of Meldown Hall; "for you must take Sir Norman's hunter, Milton, ride him as far as Exeter, and then turn him loose; if lost, it cannot be helped."

"But why all these precautions?" inquired the man.

"The fools of St. Faith's have been scouring the country in every direction," said her ladyship. "And I need not remind you how excessively disagreeable it would be to both of us should you be taken,—not that there is much feat," she added. "Milton is the fastest horse in the shire, and you ride for your life."

The last words were pronounced with an emphasis that made her hearer shudder.

"I leave for London," continued the speaker, "in the morning. You already know where to meet me with your charge. Be faithful, and you shall find me grateful."

On reaching the stable, Mark hastily saddled the horse; and mounting, with Lillian before him, only waited for his last orders to start.

"You have sufficient money for your journey?"

"More than sufficient," answered the husband of Rose, bitterly.

"Away, then; the same key that gave you admittance to the park will give you egress by the private gate on the common. Take the path through the home preserves. The keepers are all watching in the north wood; and remember the penalty if you are taken."

Mark put spurs to the spirited animal, and speedily disappeared in the direction indicated. As he rode along he reflected upon the extraordinary conduct of Lady Boothroyd in thus risking her reputation. "What could Lillian possibly be to her?" he asked himself, "or she to Lillian?" and as for the motives alleged, he was too shrewd to believe a word of them.

"There is some secret," he muttered; "but why should I torment myself? Were I to discover it I could do no good, for I am completely in her power, and she is not one to spare those who thwart her. The happiness of Rose, too, is in her hands, and that thought makes me a coward."

"God help the innocent child!" he added, "whom she has deprived of all natural protection. I would rather a thousand times take it with me to a foreign land than trust it in her keeping. But I am chained like a dog, the halter dangling before my eyes, and must submit."

With this reflection he pursued his way.

CHAPTER XIV.

I envy not the heart that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by a sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes.

TENNYSON.

How often have we heard the thoughtless boast, "That everything may be had in London for money." A terrible assertion, and not less terrible than true; painting in a few brief words, more graphically than the long-drawn annual reports of visiting magistrates, gaol chaplains, and numerous societies for the reformation of criminals can do, the depravity which, like a virulent infection, has tainted more or less all classes in this our modern Babylon. We say "all classes" advisedly: rich and poor are equally included in the reproach; for were there no purchasers, there would be no vendors of crime.

Yes; humanity is in the market; character is a mask; honesty has its price; innocence is knocked down to the highest bidder; and even commercial integrity, of which Englishmen once felt so proud, is now judged by the immoral standard of success. Society asks but one question: "Are you rich?"—Answer that satisfactorily, and fear not being called on to explain *how you became so*.

Humanity is in the market! who'll buy? who'll buy? Do you want political consistency? Just step into St. Stephen's and you may learn the price, although it is only whispered instead of being quoted like railway shares on the stock exchange. The dealers in the article—men who rave about economy when museums, picture galleries, parks for the people, and such useless, extravagant measures are proposed—vote with cool effrontery millions away, provided the expenditure places a proportionate number of sinecures and places at the disposal of the minister. Most of these loud-tongued patriots have sons or nephews to provide for. On such occasions, even the opposition, no matter whether whig or tory, are dumb. They disdain to offer a factious hostility to government, and take credit for patriotism instead of calculation; they know that as the wheel goes round the distribution of the loaves and fishes will one day fall into their hands, and they have sons and nephews, dependants, and hungry parasites too.

If a system of national education is proposed, orthodoxy and heterodoxy quarrel over the scheme like angry dogs snarling over a bone, and prefer seeing the rising strength, the future manhood of their country reared in ignorance, and consequently in crime, than instructed in a system which is not *their system*. Ask money for the furtherance of science, and the chancellor of the exchequer looks upon the simple-minded speaker with pity; hint at a pension for some worn-out man of letters, the premier shrugs his shoulders, and declares, with deep regret, of course, that he has no funds for such a purpose, and the House sympathises with him, but does nothing more.

The guardians of the nation's granary obtain a character for economy by placing curiously contrived, expensive locks upon the doors, whilst countless rats are gnawing the grain within.

Who that has reflected on these things can lay his hand upon his heart, and say that political consistency has not its price?

Humanity is still in the market! half its stock in trade is not disposed of yet; the supply is as exhaustless as the demands are varied by the passions of the buyers. Does wealth seek to deck the wintry brow of age with the earliest rose of spring; some heartless parent will be found ready to sell his blooming child. In the opinion of the world the altar sanctifies the sacrifice; no matter how holy the ties, how pure the affections that are blighted there. Gold has become earth's idol, and must be worshipped with sighs and tears.

Does crime require an instrument to work its purpose? poverty and ignorance offer a hundred ready to its hand; some coarse and brutal, others polished as the gloss upon the surface of society, or the varnish which tones down and softens the glaring picture of its misdeeds.

The stream of moral corruption, like every other stream, obeys certain generic laws, and can only be stopped effectually at the fountain head: drawing off its branches is a mere palliative, not a cure; and we shall consider the work of reformation commenced in earnest when Englishmen can no longer boast—*That everything may be had in London for money.*

Mr. Silex had not forgotten his promise to Lady Boothroyd—to seek out a fit and proper person to take charge of the orphan Lillian—and hence his journey to London. Not that it was by any means necessary, as he pretended, to visit the metropolis for that purpose—he knew of one already: but the worthy agent had a project of his own, which required his personal superintendence in the carrying out.

He never trusted to letters.

The individual selected for this honourable employment was no other than his own twin-brother Mike, the returned convict, the uncle and tutor of Jack Manders. As a matter of course, the confidential steward of a wealthy Devonshire baronet looked upon himself as far too respectable to acknowledge, but not to employ, him; and though everything like correspondence or intercourse had long ceased between them, he had never lost sight of the idea that his relative might one day prove useful. He had even carried his recollections of the ties of blood between them so far as to forward him occasionally trifling sums of money, but always by so indirect a channel that every attempt to trace his own whereabouts or position failed.

Mike—or, as he was familiarly called by those who knew him, Old Mike—believed his brother Andrew to be rich; and, instead of feeling grateful for the assistance doled out to him, frequently cursed him for his meanness in not providing more liberally for his wants. There was some show of reason, perhaps, in this resentment: for in early life they had been mixed up in more than one questionable transaction together.

Like many of his class, the returned convict, when he grew old, made up for the absence of personal courage and daring by cunning:—he found it quite as profitable to train others to crime and share the fruit of their misdeeds, and far less dangerous.

Jack was not the first victim he had led to vice; nor, in all probability, was he destined to prove the last.

The old man and his nephew were seated by a comfortable fire, at breakfast, when a smart rap announced a visitor. Mike looked carefully round, to make sure that no tell-tale article had been left about the room; and, having satisfied himself on that point, directed the lad to unbar the door.

Mr. Silex entered the cottage with that peculiar smile upon his features which disclosed his shark-like teeth. He was no longer dressed in the top boots and cast-off coat of his late master, but in a respectable suit of black, the coat buttoned to the chin, in which attire his long, lank figure resembled an overgrown leech with a human head.

As is the case frequently with twins, there existed a striking resemblance between the two brothers, and Jack was so struck with it, that he stood with his eyes wide open, glancing alternately from one to the other.

The steward looked first at Mike, and then at the door, intimating that he wished to be alone with him.

"Here, Jack," said his uncle, offering him a shilling, "go and amuse yourself for an hour or two."

"Plaguy cold out of doors," muttered the boy, whose curiosity was excited.

A look from his relative warned him that he was not to be trifled with, so he caught up his cap from the breakfast-table, and quitted the house. How he amused himself will appear in another place.

"You have not forgotten me," observed Mr. Silex, for the first time breaking silence.

"I never forget any one or any thing," muttered the convict; "not even that I have a brother."

"I should think not," answered his visitor, sharply,

"considering the sums he has sent you; but you were always ungrateful, Mike."

"Ungrateful!" repeated the former; "and what have I to be grateful for? for a pittance cast as men cast a bone occasionally to a hungry dog—I can't even see the hand that gives it."

"You might bite it," observed the rich brother, coolly.

"What need of all this hide and seek with me?" demanded the convict, in a tone which showed how deeply he felt irritated. "Why not say at once where you live?"

"I receive no visitors."

"But I might write to you occasionally."

"Or letters," added his relative.

Mike declared, with an oath, that this time, at least, he would be satisfied—he could not endure such unnatural suspicions—they hurt his feelings.

"Which are very sensitive, no doubt," answered his brother, not in the least degree alarmed at his bluster and vehemence. "I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have done quite as much as my limited circumstances up to the present time permitted; and now, when I have taken the trouble of a journey to London to point out the means of bettering your condition materially, I find you as usual passionate and ungrateful."

At the words, "bettering your condition," Mike, who had interrupted him with sundry "poohs" and "pshaws," became suddenly attentive.

"You know, Andrew," he said, "that you could always persuade me to anything."

"But to be reasonable," continued the steward.

"It's a hard case if a man can't speak his mind to his own brother," observed the convict; "ain't we twins? But what's your game? Let's hear it."

"Can you be faithful?"

"You know I can, to my own cost."

"In the affair I am about to propose to you," said Mr. Silex, who had his own reasons for avoiding all allusions to the past, "there is little danger."

"And less money," exclaimed Mike. "I know your scale of payments of old. But go on; I'll hear all you have to say."

"On the contrary, there is a considerable sum to be gained."

"Which I must share with you, I suppose," muttered the ruffian, "as I did before."

"Not a penny."

"Well, do speak out," cried his interesting relative; "I can't bear to feel you twining and creeping like a snake round your purpose. It ain't my way."

"Impetuous as ever," ejaculated the steward. "What I have to propose to you is to take charge of a child about seven years old."

"Charge! Well, go on."

"But you must not seek to discover the name of the lady who will bring her to you," continued the steward, "which, by-the-by, would not be very easy, seeing that she resides in the country, at a great distance from the metropolis."

"As you do?"

"Exactly."

"And how much do you propose?" demanded Mike.

"You must make the bargain with her yourself," answered Mr. Silex. "As a hint for your guidance, I may as well tell you that she can afford to pay liberally. You see I lose no occasion of furthering your interest," he added.

"And when will she be here?"

"To-morrow."

The convict leant his head on his hand, and reflected for some time, before making up his mind.

"Look you, Andrew," he said, at last, "if it's only to take charge of a child, and I am to be well paid for it, I don't mind. But I'll run no risks; that is to say, great risks. You understand me. I am getting an old man, now, and am living respectably."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed," repeated his brother; "as respectably as those who think themselves my betters. For the law can't touch me for what others do."

"That is to say, you profit by their crimes," observed the agent of Lady Boothroyd. "I don't blame you. We are each of us philosophers in our way. But you are not more careful of your safety than I am of mine. What the party whom you will treat with may suggest or propose it is impossible for me to divine. But, I tell you, that if you harm a hair of the child's head, it will cost you your life; and I never threaten idly, as you know. Promise the lady what you like."

"You feel interested in the kid, then?"

"Greatly."

"From love?"

The steward opened his jaws, and once more displayed his shark-like teeth, as he indulged in a hearty laugh.

"Aye, I thought not," said Mike.

"Love!" repeated his visitor, restraining his mirth at last within due bounds; "to be sure I love her; she will one day be worth her weight in gold."

His hearer did not forget the words. The rest of the compact was soon made, one condition only being added—that when the lady brought the child, Mike was to treat the affair as though he had never heard of it before, and above all, not to let a word escape that could lead her to suspect he had any knowledge, either past or present, of the respectable Mr. Silex.

That settled, the speakers, after a brief discussion on family affairs, parted in a far more amicable spirit than they had met, little imagining, however, that every word of their conversation had been overheard by their nephew Jack, who had been so unceremoniously dismissed from his breakfast with a shilling to amuse himself with, but who, instead of following the suggestion, had crept stealthily round to the back of the cottage, climbed in at the washhouse window, and by this manoeuvre contrived to gratify his curiosity.

To his astonishment he learnt that he had an uncle whom he had never seen or heard of before—an uncle who appeared respectable and well-to-do in the world; and the discovery inspired him with the hope of extricating himself from a mode of life of which he was getting tired.

Naturally the boy was far from vicious; but reared in ignorance and vice hitherto, he had found no one to counsel or assist him, except in evil. Since the unaccountable disappearance of George Markham, he had felt sundry qualms and misgivings, lost no inconsiderable portion of his nerve and address, and felt quite chicken-hearted at the sight of a policeman.

"If he would only give me a character," he thought, "I might get a place; wouldn't I work! I can but ask him."

Having once come to this conclusion, he decided upon waylaying Mr. Silex on the bridge, and introducing himself to him. Whilst waiting his appearance he could not avoid reflecting how pleasant it would be to walk about without fear of a hand being suddenly laid upon the collar of his jacket, to be able to look even a policeman in the face; and for the first time in his life he felt in love with honesty.

Although the steward considered his visit to his brother as too unexpected to admit of any arrangement for his being followed, still he was not without his suspicions, and cast his keen little gray eyes peeringly to the right and left, as he emerged from the Belvedere into the Westminster road. About half-way over the bridge he encountered Jack, who, pulling off his cap, confronted him in the centre of the pavement.

"Go away, boy," said the old man, angrily, pretending not to recognise him; "I have nothing for you."

"Please, uncle, I am not a beggar," replied the boy. The wretch started at the word "uncle," and would have hurried past him, but his nephew was not to be got rid of so easily.

"I want to speak with you, if you will let me," he added.

"With me?"

"Yes, uncle."

"I am not your uncle."

Jack gave him a knowing wink, and muttered a word, far more expressive than elegant, which sounded very like "gammon."

"It won't do," he exclaimed, shaking his round, terrier-like head; "I heard all you said to Mike in the crib about the child and the lady."

Here he gave him another wink, and Mr. Silex began to look exceedingly uncomfortable and bilious.

"Well, well!" said his relative, "I'll hear you—follow me."

Jack's heart bounded with delight. At last he had found a friend, as he imagined, and he walked after him, cap in hand, till they reached the paved court on the Westminster side of the bridge, when the old man suddenly stopped, and, fixing his eyes upon him, demanded what he had to say.

"I want a character," replied the boy.

Mr. Silex grinned at the naivete of his nephew. There was something also which tickled his fancy in the idea of his applying to him for one.

"And to get work," added the young pickpocket. "I am tired of running about the streets all night, and afraid to show my face by day. Everybody seems to know how I gets a livin'. Not a boy in the road will play with me, though I am better dressed, and have twice as much money to spend as they have."

"And how do you get your living?"

"Oh, you know."

"How should I possibly know, when I never saw you till this morning?" observed the steward.

"I heard Mike tell you," answered Jack; who began shrewdly to suspect that his new-found relative cared as little for telling a lie as his old one.

"Why do you wish to leave your uncle, who has been a second father to you?"

"Because I ain't happy in my mind with him, and ain't a doin' what is right," answered the poor boy, colouring deeply. "I shall be sure to be found out one day; and I know what follows, for I've often heard the old un, when he has thought me asleep, talk over Norfolk Island with his old pal Fiddler Dick,—him as has the dancing gals: perhaps you know him."

The respectable man shook his head.

"Well, you might a done, for he is a great friend of Mike's: they were lagged together; but that ain't nothing to do with it. I want to get out of this line of life; it don't suit me any longer. I can't bear it—afraid to show my face in the streets, and feel my heart thumping against my ribs if I happen to catch the eye of a peeler or a hand only touches my shoulder."

"What can I do for you?"

"Give me a character. I'll find work."

Mr. Selix drew himself up with an air of great severity. By his questions and apparent attention, he had detained his nephew till he saw a policeman sufficiently near, if necessary, to arrest him.

"Do you see that officer?" he said.

"Yes, uncle."

"You are an impertinent young rascal," continued his relative; "and if you presume to call me by that name again, I'll give you in charge for attempting to pick my pocket. I disown all connection with you. I cast you off. Begone," he added, pointing to the bridge; "and the way you came."

Jack stood for an instant the picture of astonishment. Suddenly the tears gushed into his eyes, and he turned indignantly away. His heart was too full for words; but from that hour the heartless wretch who could be deaf to the pleadings of his sister's son, had an enemy far more dangerous than any he had ever yet contended with. An enemy whose strength would increase as his own powers of resistance gradually diminished—for youth is the spring-time of the future.

With a chuckle of great satisfaction at having so easily got rid of the suppliant, the man of respectability and money continued his way.

Most of the friendless outcasts of London have some peculiar nook or corner to which they retreat when nature demands repose or their fears suggest concealment. Some affect the arches of the Adelphi; others those of Waterloo-bridge; and not a few the brick fields in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis.

Jack, in common with the lads of his class, had his retreat or den, a very solitary one, whose locality even Uncle Mike was ignorant of. It was a disused sawpit in one of the numerous wood-yards in the Belvedere-road; a stack of timber had been piled over it, and by taking out one of the planks the freholder, for such he might be considered in the most literal sense of the word, could creep in and evade all risk of detection by drawing the aforesaid plank into its place after him.

The bottom of the pit would have been both cold and damp but for the poor boy's precaution of filling it with straw and shavings, which he had done from time to time, as opportunity offered.

Into this retreat Jack crept, and curled himself up like some wild animal in its lair—not to sleep: his heart was too full for that, but to meditate.

"It's no use," he thought, "of my trying to do any good for myself; if I tell people I want to be honest they only laugh at me; and I ain't big enough to go for a soldier yet. It'll be Norfolk Island, I suppose, after all."

A cold shudder came over him as he came to this conclusion, and he turned over in his mind the horrors of the punishment as he had heard Fiddler Dick and Mike describe them,—the toil in gangs, chained like beasts of burden; the lash at the slightest breach of discipline; the rope for the commission of crime.

He wept bitterly; for the disappointment, and still more the harsh rebuff he had met with from his respectable relative, had wounded him sensibly; he would have prayed had he known how, but no one had ever taught him his prayers: true, he had seen churches, though he had never ventured to enter one, and had a confused notion of their use.

When we say that Jack would have prayed had he known how, we are far from feeling certain that he did not pray; for who shall say that the simple desire of good in one so ignorant and friendless, who had never experienced either a mother's fondness or a father's care, is not in the eyes of heaven a prayer?

We have no faith in instant conversions: few, in our opinion, become either suddenly good or suddenly wicked; the progress may be more or less rapid, according to the soil in which the seeds are sown, but it requires time to ripen and bring forth fruit.

Unfortunately for the boy, he had no friendly monitor at hand to confirm him in his favourable impressions, to advise and console him; gradually he began to feel ashamed of his tears, and look upon them as what Mike would have termed want of pluck. No wonder, therefore, if the feeling of hatred towards Mr. Silix increased rather than decreased as he lay meditating in his retreat.

"The old rascal!" he muttered to himself; "but I'll serve him out; he doesn't know his nephew Jack yet, but he shall know me; he won't tell Mike where he lives—I'll find it out: that's one thing I'll do for him: and I'll find out who this lady is; that's another. He'll give me in charge; will he? perhaps I may do the same thing for him; for though he does wear a fine black coat, and talks so proudly, it's my belief he ain't no better than the rest on us."

Considering the treatment he had received, and the conversation he overheard, the conclusion was not a forced one.

It is a sad truth, but no less a truth, that poverty and crime both tend to make children unnaturally precocious,—on the same principle, no doubt, that the instinct of self-preservation is developed sooner in animals in their wild state than domestic ones. Jack had but one clue—a very slight one—but he determined to follow it perseveringly; he noticed, whilst talking with his uncle in the little paved court at the end of the bridge, that the soles of his boots were stained with gravel. On quitting his concealment he walked through every street in the neighbourhood of the bridge, to discover, if possible, where any had been laid down. For a long time he was unsuccessful. At last he ventured into the park, and found that the parade in front of the Horse Guards was being repaired, and gravel spread in all directions.

Like the Indian hunter following a track, he had found the first footprints of his prey.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

THE preservation of health is one of the most important duties of life. If we desire to preserve the soundness of our mental faculties, we must have proper regard to the condition of our physical organs. While it is quite true that the body is the servant of the mind, it is also true that when that servant is overtaxed, or when its requirements are overlooked, it rebels and becomes the taskmaster of the soul. The glory of young men is their strength. How to support that strength is a momentous inquiry, and though we cannot hope in this brief article to do anything more than furnish a few hints to our readers, those few hints may lead them to consider the subject carefully.

A large number of persons live in continual transgression of the laws of vital economy. They eat unwholesome food, they eat improper quantities and at improper times. They drink unwholesome drinks, and are intemperate over them. They breathe impure air, impregnated with the very seeds of death. They sleep in confined rooms, and shut out the pure air of heaven, as if it were dangerous. They sleep when they should be awake; and are awake when they should be asleep. They clothe themselves in attire ill-adapted to the free development and action of the muscular powers. They take too much exercise, or too little, and both at improper times.

Another class of people are perpetually doctoring themselves. The physic they take is enough to undermine the strongest constitution. They pour medicine, of which they know little, into bodies, of which they know less. They study—if we may dignify it by that name—not how to keep well, but how to get well; not how to keep in health, but how to remedy disease; they reverse the old maxim, and with them cure is better than prevention.

VENTILATION.

Air is an essential of life. Air of some sort or other we must have; but we are not half particular enough about what sort of air we get. We grumble a good deal about bad water and bad gas, but voluntarily receive into our lungs a large quantity of bad air without a single complaint. What we want is ventilation. A proper system of ventilation, in our present ill-constructed dwellings, is practically impossible; but much may be done to improve them. Every pair of lungs in a room consumes about a pint of air at every breath, and expels another pint of air into the room. What is necessary is a continued renewal of the air; otherwise, the atmosphere becomes thoroughly vitiated, and the results are seen in diseases of various kinds.

Instead of admitting fresh air into our rooms, we carefully exclude it. Or if we admit it at all, we allow it to come in at improper times, and catch cold, and lay the seeds of pulmonary complaints in consequence.

Now, a very excellent means of changing the air of a room is by using the door as a fan: that is, by swinging it to and fro rather rapidly. To have a "ventilator" introduced into the window is another very excellent mode of obtaining fresh air.

Bedrooms may be improved by the same means. People sometimes block up the fire-place, to "shut out the cold." By doing so they also shut out health, by destroying an important means of ventilation. On rising in the morning the door and windows ought to be opened. It is injurious to sleep in a bed closely surrounded by curtains. French bedsteads, without curtains, are the healthiest of sleeping-places. No bedroom should be without a fire-place, and no fire-place in a bedroom ought to remain without having a fire occasionally—not to "coddle" over, but to warm and ventilate the room.

BATHING.

To keep us in health we need plenty of water as well as plenty of air. As this necessity is not so obvious, some of us forget it altogether. A clean skin is essential to the health. To keep it clean requires frequent bathing. The skin should be bathed regularly in cold water. Tepid water may be used, if unaccustomed to cold water, till use—that is, second nature—makes you fit to bear it cold. The skin should be rubbed thoroughly dry with a coarse towel until the whole frame is in a warm, healthy glow. The feet, the head, the nails, the teeth, the hair, should be habitually cleansed. Nothing should ever induce us to neglect this important duty.

Frequent ablutions are a part of Oriental worship. The propriety of this is self-evident. "Cleanliness," says the proverb, "is next to godliness;" and there really is more truth in this than we are sometimes willing to admit.

CLOTHING.

Clothing is another important consideration in connection with health. The best physiological rule of dress is to have all garments as light in texture and as loose in fashion as is consistent with bodily comfort, and as will admit of the most perfect freedom in the exercise of every muscle of the body. One important rule to be observed is, that whatever we wear should be always worn under similar circumstances. To wear thick boots one day, and thin boots another day—both days being of the same temperature—is a sure way to impair health. Yet how frequently, by people who ought to know better, is this sort of thing done.

Again, fashion and health have very little in common. If they ever were in partnership, it has been dissolved long ago, and fashion, taking everything into his own hands, has made poor health a bankrupt. We make all sorts of blunders under the conviction that they are blunders;—submit to a costume which is confessedly prejudicial to our health, on the simple ground that it is the fashion to do so. Here, indeed, the humbler classes have a decided advantage over the wealthy. It is not essentially necessary for them to wear this, that, or the other before they can be admitted into "society." They are, happily, free from the obligation to make themselves walking fashion-books and tailors' pattern-cards; and this is something to be thankful for.

DIET.

Diet is another subject which demands careful consideration. As a general rule, we over-eat ourselves, and do so on indigestible food. A good many of us live to eat, instead of eating to live. Habitual superiority to the gratification of the appetite, is conducive to health, peace, and longevity. History records that when Athens was desolated by the plague, Socrates escaped through the frugal and temperate habits of his life. He accustomed himself to a diet generous enough to invigorate health, but he was not avaricious of those luxuries which reward their votaries with burdensome days and sleepless nights. Nature never demands dainties; they are sought for only by artificial appetites, and accelerate the ruin of those who crave the delights of splendid misery. Men whose minds possess the greatest vivacity, penetration, and strength, are usually abstemious. Newton abstained from meat when he wished to study deeply, and lived almost entirely on vegetables. Michael Angelo, while he was painting his "Last Judgment," fed only on bread and fruit. In Vasari's life of him it is said that he was so temperate that he slept but a small portion of the night, and often rose before day to work, so little was he disturbed by the vapours of his thin repast.

He was not one of those who, having wasted all the wealth of natural endowments in rioting and indolence, are at last compelled to regret that poisoned hours have debarr'd them from every enjoyment.

The two purposes of food are, first, to supply the nourishment that takes the place of the old and decayed particles of the body; and second, to furnish the fuel needed in the capillaries to warm the body. Thus we require heat-forming and flesh-forming food. Articles that contain in a given weight the largest amount of the elements that both warm and nourish the body are the most nutritious. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that animal food is in every respect superior to a vegetable diet. Both are needed to support the system, a *mixed diet* being the best that can be adopted.

To confine our diet to one class of food is extremely injudicious. There should always be such variety as to furnish all the elements needed to nourish the body. The selection of food should vary with temperature and season; with age and temperament. Universal experience has shown that simple food digests more easily than rich and complicated dishes. All articles made rich with butter, sugar, and spices are difficult to digest. In selecting food, then, regard should be had to its relative digestibility, and to the state of health, especially, of the digestive organs.

Physicians and physiologists maintain that there is more sickness caused by excess in the *quantity* of food taken, than by the violation of any other law of health. Two or three rules should be observed with regard to this disposition. Persons who perform manual labour, or who take a great deal of exercise, demand more food than those of sedentary habits. The quantity of food taken should vary with the amount of physical exercise, and excess should be guarded against by a simple diet and the avoidance of condiments. Food should be taken at regular times, and at intervals of five or six hours. No food should be taken into the stomach while the digestive process is incomplete. Immediately after eating a full meal, vigorous exercise of body or mind should be avoided. Two or more hours should intervene between eating and sleeping.

But there is no way in which the stomach and the whole body has been so much injured as by the use of stimulating drinks. Such stimulus is always followed by a reaction of debility, which is proportioned to the degree of previous stimulation. The best preventative against matured evils is the practice that guards against their smallest beginnings.

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;
Nor did not with unashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

EXERCISE.

To insure health we must take proper exercise. Virtuous activity is the law of health. In proportion as our physical nature is healthfully developed by suitable discipline, winning the greatest vigour of limb and greatest acuteness of sense, we acquire important aids to the intellectual and moral powers. By a delightful reaction, the mind, in proportion as it is invigorated and beautified, gives strength and elegance to the body, and enlarges the sphere of action and enjoyment. At Athens the gymnasia became the temples of the Graces. The field of Olympia was to the Greeks the most sacred inclosure of the gods. The games thereon practised, among other uses, promoted manly education, by teaching that the body has its honours as well as the mind. They felt, and we ought to feel also, the vast importance of physical agility and strength.

Health has been defined as "the handle by which we can apprehend and perceive pleasures; and that same which also makes life delicious." It is, indeed, an invaluable treasure. Cicero says that we should not have any respect to pleasure, but only to the preservation of our health and strength, in our food, clothes, and other conveniences belonging to the body. But the fact is, in securing health we secure pleasure. They go together. A diseased frame is cut off from the enjoyments of life. So little care, however, do we take of the simplest rules of physiology, that we seem to set at defiance all the laws of health. We want to know more about these laws; to study them for ourselves; to become practically acquainted with what is and what is not conducive to a healthy condition of body. We should make health a subject of study. We should make experiments for ourselves, and determine what is best for our own health. Systems differ a little. No absolute rule can be laid down for all to follow which would be of the highest practicable benefit to all. But the differences are small. The general laws of

health are universal. Let all seek the general laws of health, and the minute differences they will easily find out. Let youth remember the long life that is probably before them; remember the great duties that devolve upon them, what they are, and what they ought to be, and then decide whether they will strive to be healthy and strong, free from disease, pain, physical debility and corruptions, that they may be and do what God, humanity, and their own happiness and well-being ask of them.

MRS. MORTIMER'S NEW VELVET CLOAK.

"But you will allow, Fred, that it is the greatest of bargains!" And Nelly Mortimer looked anxiously at her husband, as he buttoned his overcoat after dinner, preparatory to leaving for the office. "And only think," she continued, "I can get a whole cloak for a trifle more than Mrs. Granby paid for one yard of hers!"

"Yes, my dear; and I am confident the difference in the looks of the cloaks will plainly tell the difference in the price. Depend upon it, Nelly, these wonderful bargains seldom amount to much." And Mr. Mortimer leaned back against the door, and buried his hands in his coat pockets nearly to his elbows.

"Well, I am sure I never saw anything so cheap." And Nelly pouted. "I do not see one particle of difference in it at all. And, just think, a velvet cloak for twelve shillings a yard, only one pound sixteen shillings for the whole!"

"But there are the linings, trimmings, and all the etceteras," persisted Mr. Mortimer.

"Oh, as for that, Fred, I have it all settled. I will take my old blue silk dress (I am so tired of it) for lining, and I will have it cut and basted, and I can make it myself. So you see how cheap it will all be. And I do hate that great shawl, I always feel so muffled up in it."

"Then this is no *new* plot of yours, eh, little one?" And Fred thought of the "old blue silk," which was not three months old, and a favourite of his, and the firesome shawl; and Nelly said she thought it was such a bargain, she hated to let it slip, and the shopman told her, in sober truth, that it cost them nearly twice the price he asked for it. And she looked so earnest about it that the hands came slowly from the capacious pockets, and Nelly noticed that her husband had a peculiarly wise look, and a roguish twinkle in his eye, as he gave her the required sum, and bade her good-bye until tea-time.

'Twas in the early spring-time before, that Nelly Greyson left her own quiet village home a bride. About a year before, Frederick Mortimer chanced to spend some little time in their vicinity transacting some business, and became acquainted with Nelly's brother Harry, and was consequently invited to call during his stay, which he gladly did; and, being quite charmed with the little home circle which received him so cordially, his calls lengthened into visits, and frequent ones, too. And, after his return home, there came such highly-perfumed letters, written on tinted note-paper, addressed to "Miss Nelly Greyson," that all the people who chanced to know anything about it thought that it meant something; and it all ended in Fred's taking some neat but quiet apartments, and bringing the pretty little Nelly into town to reside therein.

It was not to be wondered at that Mrs. Frederick Mortimer was at first fairly bewildered with everything she saw. She, who had rarely been from home, except to school, was as yet a novice in the ways and customs of the world into which she had been transplanted; but it was new, and consequently delightful, and as she became acquainted with those around her, and the strangers became friends, Nelly was nearly happy.

There was one thing that troubled Mrs. Mortimer exceedingly, and was the great bugbear of her existence; she wished to be fashionable, to be quoted, to be copied. To be called the "fashionable Mrs. Mortimer" was the great object of her ambition; and, as she heard the merits of people rated in proportion to their dress and fashionable position in society, was it wonderful that Mrs. Frederick Mortimer should wish to be considered as one among the chosen?

Fred had often observed of late, that Nelly, when walking with him, was constantly pointing out some "love of a bonnet," or "magnificent silk," and twisted her neck peeping in at the shop-windows that they passed; and she was for ever quoting Mrs. Granby, who was an extravagant woman, and managed to spend in one year upon her showy person enough to support two small families. She was always showing "dear Mrs. Mortimer" some new

purchase, and as she lived almost next door, Nelly and she were upon quite intimate terms.

Notwithstanding her friendly pretensions, however, there was a spice of malice in it all; and she had a faculty of reading at a glance the very unsuspicious little Nelly, and knowing also that the new firm in Brook-street was not doing such a flourishing business as Granby & Co.; and, however much Mrs. Mortimer deserved to equal, or even approach herself, or Mrs. Graham and Warren on the floor below, it would be an utter impossibility.

Nelly Mortimer would have been exceedingly shocked had any one told her that such a spirit was creeping into her heart, yet she did often whisper to herself that it would be so grand to dress beautifully, and to have just as much money as she could spend, like Mrs. Granby; still, she had a great horror of being considered extravagant, and when she heard one after another of her lady friends call the rest so, and wonder if their husbands could afford such things, Nelly thought, with satisfaction to herself, "they surely cannot say as much of me."

About this cloak business, Nelly had had many miserable thoughts. Ever since she went with Mrs. Granby, and heard her order a cloak made from a piece of forty shilling velvet, and knew also that Mrs. Warren had concluded to have one from the same piece, Nelly's planning commenced. She knew she could not afford one half so expensive, and she knew also that she really needed none, as her shawl was new and very nice; yet a cloak would be so very becoming. She did so hate to ask Fred, for he had already bought more for her than would have sufficed for two years in her country home; but Nelly was desperate, and when she chanced to see the piece that was offered at the astonishingly low price of twelve shillings a yard, she made the effort and succeeded.

Never in all her life had Nelly felt so glad as when she spread the bank-note out to be sure that she really had it, and already, in imagination, she was walking with Fred with the identical velvet cloak drooping daintily from her shoulders. A low tap at the door, and it immediately opened, and Mrs. Granby wanted to show "dear Mrs. Mortimer such an exquisite set of laces, and so cheap!" was perfectly wonderful. And then, if she told *how* cheap, she must never breathe it, or Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Peters would be sure to get some just like them. Mrs. Graham had a set already, not half so beautiful, and it cost much more. But, notwithstanding the numerous invitations to guess the price, Nelly was wisely silent, for she had not the most remote idea of it.

Before tea-time the velvet was purchased, and when asked by the shopman for her address, she told him she would take it herself. Such an unusual answer evidently struck the man as singular; but Nelly glided out of the shop with her bundle, and took her way to one of the most fashionable modistes.

"We do not cut and baste, madam," was the answer to her inquiry after her long walk; "we can make your cloak if you wish." Just then, one of the sewing girls appeared, pulled the basting threads from a splendid rainbow plaided silk, handed it for inspection, and commenced putting on her bonnet and shawl.

"Mary, cut and baste this lady's cloak before you go," for Nelly had remained standing, wondering in her own mind what she should do. She certainly could not leave it to be made, and where should she go to have it cut? Possibly no one cuts cloaks without making them, so, when the sullen Mary disappeared into the next room with the velvet, Nelly felt inexpressibly relieved.

"Oh, if she had kindness enough to let it alone, I should have thanked her!" thought Mrs. Mortimer an hour afterwards, as she tried in vain to find how in the world to put it together. The cloth had been cut regardless of quantity, and it was to be pieced in several places, and one shoulder was full two inches shorter than the other; and as Fred's step was heard at the door, the new-cloak vanished into the closet, the perplexed look was gone, and Nelly was as gay as a bird.

For the next few days Mrs. Mortimer was denied to every one who knocked, and Mrs. Granby said she believed she was always "out." Nelly did not deny the charge, and worked steadily at the cloak, sewing and ripping, basting and trying on, until she fairly hated the sight of it, and wished she had not been so foolish as to purchase it; but it was too late, so she worked on; yet it looked bungling, and hung awry, and once or twice she gathered it up, and looking desperately at the glowing coal grate, she felt that it would be such a satisfaction to see it crisping on the red-hot embers.

After several days of weary labour, she had the pleasure of proclaiming to herself that it was done;

and as she glanced at herself in the mirror, she rather liked it; still, she could not forget the trouble it had cost her, and that it was *pieced* so much; she was sure that would be seen, and altogether it looked *unfinished*. Then she thought of those beautiful trimmings she had admired so much only a few days before, which would be *such* an addition, and would entirely hide the defects; but then she had not money enough to buy them, not even one yard—and her porte-monnaie was opened; she still had the little gold half-sovereigns that Fred had given her, telling her to keep them for a year, and see how many she would get; and never before had she the least inclination to spend one of them; but now she looked at the cloak, called it "dowdy," and resolved to buy the trimming, cost what it would.

"My dear Mrs. Mortimer, I do so want you to go shopping with me this morning," said Mrs. Granby. "I want your good taste in the selection of some dresses; come, that's a darling. I dislike very much to go alone."

How beautifully she looked, dressed so superbly! Nelly felt an inward satisfaction that she had her velvet cloak done to wear; and as she came out with it on, she felt that she looked well, and was sure she made a better appearance than she would in her shawl.

"Oh, my dear, that is something new, is it not?" said Mrs. Granby, glancing at the new cloak. "When did it come home?"

"Yesterday it was finished," answered Nelly, forgetting to say that it had been "at home" all the time.

"But, my dear creature, you have been most miserably cheated. Did you know that it was half cotton?" and Mrs. Granby held it beside her own.

"No, indeed, I did not!" answered Nelly, indignantly. "Why do you ask such a thing? I am sure I thought it was good, or, I assure you, I never should have taken it. The shopman told me he had never sold a yard less than—"

"It's a shame; but never mind. Come, or we shall not get back in time for dinner," and Nelly went, carrying the empty porte-monnaie, feeling heartily sick of her new velvet cloak, and trying to keep it from blowing open, so that Mrs. Granby should not know that it was lined with her "old blue silk."

On the next Sunday Nelly stood ready for church in her new cloak, and Fred praised her looks, and admired her until she began to think he was actually making fun of her, and she felt she ought to look pleased, he took such infinite pains; yet she felt wretched in spite of her endeavours, and when he asked if the "beautiful trimming was thrown in with the bargain," she had hard work to keep back the tears. However, she conquered; but I am afraid that Nelly did not hear much of the sermon that day.

A short time afterwards, as Mrs. Mortimer was passing along the street, she heard her name mentioned, then came a low titter, and Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Graham—two friends—simultaneously exclaimed, "I thought as much!" Then the voice of Mrs. Granby, who was with them, went on speaking in a low tone, yet sufficiently loud for poor Nelly to hear, "Cotton velvet—old dress—the trimming cost more than the cloak," and poor humbled little Mrs. Mortimer hurried on; she had heard enough. How earnestly she wished that her coveted cloak would catch on fire, or be stolen—anything, to get rid of it; and in answer to Fred's inquiries as to her downcast expression at dinner, she pleaded a headache.

"But why not wear your new cloak, Nelly? It looks much better than that shawl," said Mr. Mortimer, as his wife appeared before him, ready to accompany him to a lecture.

"Oh, I had rather wear this to-night!" answered Nelly, examining the fastening of her glove.

"Getting economical, eh? Afraid you will injure it by wearing it in the evening, I suppose; but never mind, my dear, wear it to-night, you look so muffled up in that. I like to see you in your best."

What more could be said? Nelly quietly folded up the shawl and placed it in her drawer, and putting on her cloak went to the lecture. It seemed to her all ways to be the way; she never went with Fred but he insisted upon her wearing her new cloak, and if she demurred, he made the invariable reply, "Don't be so saving of it, Nelly; there are more where that came from. It did not cost you much, only twelve shillings a yard; now if you had paid forty, like Mrs. Granby, you might well be miserly."

Poor little Mrs. Mortimer! How wretched all this made her! Fred was so provoking; she was sure she should hate him if he kept on in this way.

For some reason or another, there had grown up a decided coolness between herself and Mrs. Granby since the arrival of the new cloak; and when Fred came

home one night, and told her that he had bought a house, and thought seriously of housekeeping, she felt happier than she had for weeks before.

"Come, darling, put on your cloak and bonnet, and we will walk over and see it; it's not far from here, and I know you need a little exercise."

So they started, and if Nelly saw any "loves of bonnets" or "superb mantillas" on the way, she never mentioned it; and imagine her surprise when Fred stopped before an elegant little brick cottage surmounted with a light iron balcony. Through the blinds, which were turned, very handsome lace and damask curtains were visible, and Nelly looked incredulous. If the outside looked beautiful, she was charmed with the interior, for, behold, it was furnished throughout, and all in such exquisite taste that she felt sure she was walking in a dream.

"Fred, you are cheating me. Whose house is this that you are careering over at this rate? Surely, it is not ours. How could you buy this?"

"Why not, little one? But you have not seen your own room yet, Nelly—your sanctum, if you like," and he led the way to a perfect *bijou* of a place, fit for a fairy queen; and yet could she believe it? Surely she was dreaming, for there, in a rosewood wardrobe, hung the most beautiful velvet cloak that was ever bought, and near it one of those sweet little white bonnets, with its snowy plumes, that looked like woven snow-flakes, and a blue silk dress was just visible through the folds of tissue paper in which it lay.

Nelly was bewildered. She looked first at Fred, and then at the things before her, and burst into tears.

"I knew you were making fun of me all the while," was sobbed forth, and Nelly sank down on the little couch by the window. "You knew this was not fit to wear, and you made me wear it."

"Never mind, Nelly, pet; it's all over now. You have bought your whistle, as all poor human creatures have done before you; and although you did get yours at a great bargain, you were wonderfully cheated."

In less than a week the Mortimers were quite domesticated in their new home; and Nelly made such a nice little housekeeper! Fred never knew half her worth until then.

In due time Mrs. Granby and all the ladies called upon their dearest Mrs. Mortimer, and were charmed with her establishment, and promised Nelly, without her asking, that they would call often, and even stay to tea with her.

"Who ever imagined he was rich?" said Mrs. Granby on her way home. "Why, only think, I heard yesterday that he was partner in one of our largest wholesale houses."

Nelly never returned the calls of her would-be-friends; she never could forget the story of her cloak; and when she told Fred the whole from the beginning to the end, about the half-sovereigns and all, he laughed heartily.

"So they thought you tried to ape them, did they, Nelly? and you were caught in your own trap. I thought I would see how you would figure as a poor man's wife, among those better off than yourself, and see if you could withstand temptation; and now, Nelly, I beg of you, never buy 'wonderful bargains;' if you want a good thing, wait until you are able to have it."

Nelly felt humbled, indeed; and as she grew older, and found herself a leader in the circle that she had viewed at a distance with such envious eyes, she saw that the gayest and most expensively dressed were far from the happiest; and, in fact, her whole career through life was, in some way, influenced by the memory of her new velvet cloak.

A THOUGHTFUL writer gives this lesson to parents, which cannot be conned over too thoughtfully:—"You are always educating your children for good or evil. Not only by what you say, but by what you do, not only by what you intend, but by what you are—you yourself are one constant lesson, which many eyes are observing, and which many a heart receives into itself. Influence, power, impulse, are ever going out from you. Take care, then, how you act."

A HAPPY MARRIAGE.—It is a glorious sight to see two old people, who have weathered the storms and basked in the sunshine of life together, go hand in hand, lovingly and truthfully, down the gentle declivity of time, with no anger, nor jealousies, nor hatreds garnered up against each other, and looking with hope and joy to the everlasting youth of heaven, where they two shall be one for ever. That is true marriage—for it is the marriage of spirit with spirit. Their love is woven into a woof of gold, that neither time nor eternity can sever.

"IT SNOWS."

"It snows," cries the schoolboy, "Hurrah!" and his shout is ringing thro' parlour and hall, While swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out, And his playmates have answered his call. It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy; Proud wealth has no pleasure, I trow, Like the rapture that burns in the blood of the boy As he gathers his treasure of snow. Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs, While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

"It snows," cries the imbecile, "Ah!" and his breath Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight; While, from the pale aspect of nature in death, He turns to the blaze of his grate; And nearer and nearer his soft cushioned chair Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame. He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air, Lest it wither his delicate frame. Oh, small is the pleasure existence can give When the fear that we die only proves that we live!

"It snows," cries the traveller, "Ho!" and the word Has quickened his steed's lagging pace; The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard— Unfelt the sharp drift in his face; For bright, through the tempest, his own home appeared, Though leagues intervene he can see The warm glowing hearth, and the table prepared, And his wife with their babe at her knee. Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

"It snows," cries the widow, "O God!" and her sigh Has stifled the voice of her prayer! Its burden you'll read in her tear-swollen eye, Or her cheek pale with fasting and care. 'Tis night, and her fatherless ask her for bread— But "He gives the young ravens their food"— And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread, As she lays on her last chip of wood. Poor sufferer! thy sorrow thy God only knows: 'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows.

SIR FITZROY KELLY.

THE subject of our sketch was born in London in the year 1796. His father, Robert Hawke Kelly, was a captain in the royal navy, during that most glorious period of England's supremacy on the sea when Nelson was winning fresh laurels for his country. His grandfather, on his mother's side, held an official appointment as cup-bearer to George III.

Fitzroy Kelly did not begin to study law till he was three-and-twenty, but his intellectual power, his great grasp of mind, and his unwearied application, made up for lost time. He entered at Lincoln's Inn, was called to the bar by that society, and went to seek his fortune on the Norfolk circuit. Many men had gone before him on the same errand, and had failed in finding anything but disappointment. They had supported the dignity of the bar, when they could scarcely support themselves; had wearily and drearily grown gray—gray as their wigs—in the feeble hope of obtaining a brief some day. But their hope had been vain. They never experienced the emotions of a first speech, they never knew the pleasure of a first retainer; and worn out and thoroughly dispirited, they had turned at last to some more lucrative profession. But it was not so with Fitzroy Kelly. He was a man of mark. Sharp-sighted attorneys saw that he was just the man for them; that his talent and acuteness were of no ordinary kind, and briefs came in upon him by shoals.

In 1835 Fitzroy Kelly was made a king's counsel and elected a bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and about the same time he was returned to the House of Commons, as member for Ipswich. He had unsuccessfully contested the borough of Ipswich in 1832, and that of Hythe in 1830. But not at all cast down by failure, he had tried again—the true secret of all success—and was duly elected. He sat for Ipswich from January to June, 1835, when he was unseated on petition; was again unsuccessful at the general election in July, 1837, but succeeded by petition; and from February, 1838, to July, 1841, sat in the Commons as member for the borough on account of which he had battled so long.

At the bar, on the hustings, in the House, Fitzroy Kelly has invariably exhibited the same indomitable energy. He was not to be diverted from his purpose by any obstacle, however insurmountable that obstacle might appear. He gloried in triumphing over difficulties. Whether it was an unwilling witness he had to examine, or a sturdy political opponent he had to confront; whether it was the intricacies of a difficult case he had to unravel, or powerful antagonism to a proposed measure he had to overcome, he was always ready to grapple with the opposition, and in most cases with success.

In 1841 Fitzroy Kelly again contested the borough of Ipswich, and was thrown out. In 1843 he was returned for Cambridge, which he represented in par-

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



SIR FITZROY KELLY. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

liament till 1847. During the administration of Sir Robert Peel, he was nominated standing counsel to the Bank of England, was appointed solicitor-general, and received the honour of knighthood.

At the general election in 1847 Sir Fitzroy Kelly unsuccessfully contested the borough of Lyme Regis, and was excluded from parliament for five years. He was then returned for Harwich, and again took office as solicitor-general under the premiership of Lord Derby. Before taking his seat, however, for Harwich, he was returned for East Suffolk, having become a landed proprietor and deputy-lieutenant of that county. In conjunction with his colleagues he resigned office, but has twice been re-elected to parliament for East Suffolk.

In politics Sir Fitzroy Kelly is a conservative, but although firmly attached to the Established Church, he is in favour of civil and religious liberty. His reforming tendencies have also been shown in his support of measures for the relief of the agricultural and shipping interests, and for the amendment of the law.

As a lawyer he occupies a deservedly conspicuous place, and is no less celebrated for intimate acquaintance with the details of jurisprudence than he is for his persuasive and brilliant eloquence. That he has on occasion misused these powers is sometimes urged, as in the Tawell case; but these objections are only a part of the vexed question as to how far a pleader is justified in defending his client. Such a charge as this can be no more fairly brought against Sir Fitzroy Kelly than against other gentlemen of the long robe.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

MODERN criticism has destroyed our faith in many of the most interesting incidents of our history. The bower of Fair Rosamond and the vengeance of Queen Eleanor is as untrue—so says the terrible critic—as the ghosts of Woodstock; the wife of chivalrous Longshanks never sucked the poison from his wound; Queen Philippa never petitioned her husband to spare the lives of the citizens of Calais; it is doubtful whether Joan of Arc was half so chivalrous as she is represented to have been; and the story of Queen Margaret and the robber is almost as apocryphal as any of the fables in Livy.

On one after another the hammer is brought down—weighty as Thor's thunder hammer—on our most fondly cherished stories; and we are left to mourn over their remains, and content ourselves, if we can, with what the critics tell us is historic truth.

But our faith in many stories—banished to the limbo of fiction—is sometimes revived by a modern incident, which bears with it all the interest and beauty of old romance. Now and then we read in a newspaper an account of something which has recently taken place, and which exercises all the fascinating power of those incidents of bygone time, which we are taught to regard as legends. Then we argue with ourselves, if this incident be true, if it cannot be gainsaid, if it is established on irrefragable evidence, perhaps some of the "legends" of old were true, after all.

What a romantic, interesting, and beautiful incident, for instance, is that which recently took place

at Lucknow! The story of Jessie Brown is far more thrilling than many a "hatch up" that might be named. It is just one of those things on which a grave critic would cast a doubt, would pass over as simply "a story told at the time," and yet the matter is really as true as the capture of Delhi or the victory of Agra.

The incident, so simple and touching in its character, has furnished our artist with materials for an admirable illustration. Jessie has heard the pibroch, the garrison have caught the strain, above every other sound the blast of the Scottish bagpipe is borne on the winds—relief is at hand—thank God—the Campbells are coming!

The account of Jessie Brown is related by one of the rescued party, the lady of an officer at Lucknow, and we give it in her own words:—

"On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's



THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, 'her father should return from the ploughing.' She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless, and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed—

"'Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin', it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!'"

"Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervour. I felt utterly bewildered: my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men—

"'Courage! courage! hark to the slogan,—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a'. Here's help at last!'"

"To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened with intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew, as the colonel shook his head. Our dull lowland ears

heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonising hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line—

"'Will ye no' believe it noo? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are comin'? D'ye hear, d'ye hear!'"

"At that moment we seemed, indeed, to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the Sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succour to their friends in need.

"Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigour to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of 'God save the Queen,' they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,' &c.

"After that, nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the general on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of 'Auld lang syne.'"

LATSON.

BY
FELIX STOWE.

CHAPTER XXI.

FIRST-FRUIT.

A "MIXED" train, first, second, and third-class, is always "going up."

Another "mixed" train, first, second, and third-class, also, is ever "going down."

What a rush is the railway journey of life, whether our terminus be failure or success!

Up-train.—Statesmen's private secretaries becoming cabinet ministers—first-class. Linendrapers, changing from No. 2, a single window, to No. 1, a corner shop and a double window—second-class. Crossing-sweeper, promoted from a back street to the bottom of the Haymarket, with the privileges of a fashionable church on the Sunday morning—third-class.

Away they go, minister, draper, crossing-sweeper; up, up, and delivering their white, blue, and yellow tickets at the end. They are in the metropolis of their different ambitions.

Down-train.—Noble earl, losing himself so often in law, duels, and bad nature, that he never finds himself again; and men with bills round their crooked hats "patter" of him about Clerkenwell—first-class down. Our friend Dobson of the Summer-house Company, or Redroad of the Little Southern, being requested to state what occurs to him as a reason "why the court should not give him judgment according to law,"—Oyez! oyez!—the second-class, going down. Jammy Senterbit, having become too stiff in the joints for "cracking cribs," takes to a little quiet business in the crowd, on a Monday morning, at the Old Bailey—third-class, going down.

And thus, year after year, the shrieking, and the whistling, and the roaring on these two lines of rail, are going forward, and will go forward when we, for all our parts, have stepped at last on the platform, and found the "way out."

Now and then, we may scarcely be quite sure whether we are succeeding or failing in life;—something as when, in the middle of a tunnel, we would declare we are "going up," when we are "going down," or *vice versa*.

But, for the most part, we have a tolerably correct idea, in our sober moments, where our destination will be; and when we reach it, if not before, we shall discover how natural it is for us to be just where we find ourselves, having, whether in class first, second, or third, solemnly and deliberately booked ourselves to go.

Now, it will but be necessary for the reader to recollect where we parted with Master Claude Blance Latson, to gain a very good notion of the fact that he was travelling, first class, on the down line, though at present, as one may say, only at "half fare."

For how it could be otherwise, with a child whose fifth or sixth year began to familiarise him with such scenes as those of the last chapter, it is not for us to say. Claude was a very frequent spectator of even worse sights than that in the bedroom. He had served his father for almost every horrible object which a madman's brain could picture. Claude could never go near him at those times without being taken for a vulture, a wolf, a cloud of lizards, or something more impalpable and more to be dreaded; whilst, in paroxysms of rage, when there was not enough drink in the poor wretch to bring on the delirium, he would treat even his boy, whom he doated on when in his senses, with brutal violence.

Such was the school in which Claude Latson passed the first ten years of his life.

And yet hardly so much as that.

Just about the time when, in the ordinary course of such diseases, this horror of the colonel's existence would have proved fatal, in spite even of his strong constitution, and have carried him off, a new order of symptoms set in, as is sometimes the case, and this so far varied the malady, that it gave a rather better complexion to the last few years that Claude spent at home.

An enormously vigorous constitution had managed to outlive the fearful mania which would have destroyed four drunkards out of five. But then, the powers of digestion gave way. Latson was forced to drink less; and then came in the quieter, slower, but just as deadly marks of dropsy—sometimes general, but always, more or less, about the heart and chest. Latson soon looked fifteen or twenty years older than he was.

So marvellous are the revolutions of nature, when guided by a Just Providence, as we shall see better by-and-by.

The colonel was now a confirmed valetudinarian. The burning lava no longer ran along the avenues of his frame, licking up whatever came in its way; but his system was like one of those devoted towns at the foot of the volcano when the eruption is over—charred, silent, desolate, and in ruins.

He walked out, on fine days, very slowly, and muffled up, leaning on the arm of his faithful Ralph, a useless, miserable wreck. Yet did he move no one to pity him, for his hatred of the world and of every one in it, was visible in every step, and audible in every syllable, and the world, according to its wont, returned it with interest.

We said he hated every one. Claude was the exception—and yet for him he had no love, except the love of preservation, prompted by a strong and ever-growing desire to keep an heir alive, to whom his vast property might descend, when life should be tired of him, and cast him off.

Claude at fifteen years old, having passed some year or two with a tutor, partly abroad and partly at home, was a high-spirited, imperious boy, the terror of the entire household, whose independence and ill-nature grew with the growing weakness of his father. The poor gentle creature, Mrs. Glyde, who had begged to be retained in the family, that she might nurse and watch her late mistress's son, had long since given warning, and gone in despair. All the other servants, though he was still a mere lad, trembled as they heard his step about the house. For there was no refinement of tyranny, and no ingenuity of insolence, that he had not tried on each of them. Indeed, excepting old Ralph Grange, the household had been changed again and again on his account.

You may judge of him to some extent, by one occurrence that signalled the last month he remained at home.

The colonel, since his wife died, had gone largely into the violent, and not (in his case) very honour-

able excitements of the turf. The companion, at whose house he had been prepared for that bedroom scene to which we admitted the reader, had slowly drawn him into the vortex, out of which no man ever came any happier, and in which most men, who are not rogues, are lost.

One of the colonel's horses was to run, this very month, at Soreby, and the colonel had backed him to a very large amount.

The only companion Claude had, was a kindred spirit to himself, the youthful Lord Blinmore, son of his father's sporting friend, the Marquis of Shackberry.

During the week before the races, Claude rode over to see his friend, on a young Arab, which had been the colonel's last birthday present to him, and which already had had ample proof, and bore it too, of his young master's notions of humanity.

"I say, Lat," remarked the young lord, that afternoon (the young lord being three or four years his senior).

"Lat! can you keep a secret, my boy?"

"What is it?" said Claude.

"Can you keep it?"

"If you're going to play the fool, Blinmore," rejoined the other, "you may order my nag round. Do you suppose I'm going to put my head into your confounded mouth, to be bitten off in the dark. Out with it, and then I'll tell ye whether I can keep it."

And to see the veins starting up on that boy's forehead with nothing more to fill them than we have related, you would have supposed he was a chivalrous youth, defending his father's character, or his mother's honour.

"Well, well, take it coolly, my dear fellow. I'll trust you, if you wait a moment; but that way of yours frightens me."

"I'm mum as death," promised Latson, a little quieter.

"Your governor has got a horse, Mandrake, that's to run, ye know."

"Well, suppose he has?"

"Well, the secret's about him, Lat. Can ye guess, now?"

"What! do ye want to know whether he'll win? because I can tell ye, that he'll as good as walk over; so make your mind easy, Blinmore; and all the better for both of us, for old Shack has put upon him too, pretty thick, hasn't he?"

"Aye, there's the rub! there's the rub! that's the point, by your leave, we're coming to."

Claude opened both eyes and ears.

"You see, Lat, though you're such a chicken in years, only eighteen, I believe—"

"Not quite sixteen," put in the other.

And Blinmore expressed his astonishment, as a gay young lord probably would.

"Well, though you're such a chicken, you're ten years older than I am in *gumption*, and are up to a thing or two."

"I hope so," said Claude, feeling pleased with his friend.

"My governor, Latson, has put a good sum on Mandrake, as you say—but, singular to mention, he would much rather the excellent quadruped lost than won."

"What for?" asked the boy.

"Because his lordship has three times more against him than he has for him."

"Now that I call," said Claude, "confoundedly unhandsome to my father. I know he's no idea of it."

"Of course not; and that's the secret I want you to keep, my dear fellow."

"But I tell you I won't keep it a single hour!"

"But you said you would: you said you were mum," Blinmore pleaded, very earnestly, laying his hand on his shoulder.

We decline exposing the profanity of the lad's precise words in affirming he'd let the whole out on his return.

"Now, now," said Blinmore, "you've only heard the beginning of my story. What a passionate fellow you are. I never saw your equal. You're a perfect barrel of gunpowder."

"Then keep your Guy Fawkes tricks at a distance, or I shall go off, I can tell you. I hate old Shackberry for this, and you too."

"Will you listen?"

"No."

"Well, then, good day; and you can go and split as soon as you like; and you've lost one of the best chances you'll ever have in your life. We could have made a rich man of you as long as you are at Eton, if you stay there ten years."

"Rich man of me, you fool! How can you do that? Beside, I'll be that without you."

"Very likely—but it isn't always convenient to ask a governor for every sixpence one wants."

"You want me to bet, I suppose," replied the boy, "upon some precious favourite of your father's."

"Not a bit of it. There's no horse that'll win, but Mandrake, now that this other—"

"What other?" cried young Latson. "What is it you want me to do?"

"We want Mandrake prevented from winning; is that plain enough for you, my dear innocent?"

"No, for how on earth can I hinder if I would—and why should I if I could? So you want me to rob my own father to save yours."

"You love your father, Lat; you always did. You doat on him, don't you, dear?" said Blinmore, sneeringly and softly, under his breath.

For well he remembered many a remark of Claude's rather more forcible and energetic than filial and affectionate about the colonel.

"Will you, or won't you, speak out, and say what your precious winking eyes mean? for they seem to me to be bloodshot with something awfully bad."

"Five minutes after the race, if Mandrake has not won, the Marquis of Shackberry puts into the bank, wherever you please, one thousand pounds to the credit of Latson junior," said the young lord, whispering in his friend's ear.

"A thousand pounds!" cried Claude.

"I give you my honour—and, what's more, if you doubt it, you should have my lord's writing, if I thought I could trust you."

"Blinmore, I believe you're the—"

"Of course, of course—I know whom you mean, my dear boy; but don't insult him by comparing us."

And the two youths laughed together as they walked towards the hall.

"But you don't mean to say," said Claude, after a pause, "that your father trusted you, a fellow of eighteen or nineteen, with a job like this?"

"Not a bit of it—not a bit of it; I've heard it only by the sly. But I could settle it with him in ten minutes, if you'd let me."

Claude walked back with his friend along the broad walk with an air of cogitation and wisdom far beyond his years, and seemed to be proud of thinking how great were the issues at that moment depending on himself.

At last he stopped short and said, stamping his little foot—

"No, no, it's too bad, Blinmore, too bad! I'd do anything in reason. The governor does rile me, to be sure, every day, and I often wish him and his flannels and physic I know where; but, upon my honour, this would never do. Besides, how could I manage it? Suppose I would, how could I keep Mandrake from being the winner? There's young Whistler with him night and day."

"Are jockeys afraid of their masters' sons?" asked Blinmore. "You couldn't be trusted in the stable with the favourite for five minutes alone, I suppose?"

"Suppose I was, what could I do in five minutes, you horrid fellow?"

"Well, well! that would soon be settled, if you were only *game* for the thousand pounds," rejoined the other; "as it is, it falls through, I fear. But give me your hand on it, Latson, that not one breath of this ever passes your lips."

"Well, I don't mind doing that, Blinmore—on one condition—that whatever you do, you'll make me something over, if your confounded plans come off with anybody else. But hang it, you're ten times worse than ever I took you for!"

"Aha!" cried his lordship, "you'll be a parson some day, and then you shall put me all right; at present, keep your mouth shut, and you shan't suffer, if things go well."

They shook hands over the bargain.

And Claude took his way homeward with a melancholy, and yet a pride upon his countenance; melancholy, at the suddenness with which he had discovered his friend's opinion of him, and at the measure of justice he saw there was in that opinion; pride, at the importance to which he, literally a boy, found himself all at once raised, though by a disgraceful proposal.

Claude did not then know, that, young as he was, he was much more than half some one's age, who had been his pattern from his birth, at the time when that some one had taken a gentle loving heart with him up to God's altar, and there tearing it to pieces, had flung it down at the foot, and had laughed as he left it there!

Claude did not know, but there was One who did.

The wind has been sown, and the whirlwind must be reaped.

CHAPTER XXII.

GATHERS THE FIRST-FRUITS, AND THE HUSBANDMAN EATS THEM.

LORD BLINMORE had called his friend a barrel of gunpowder.

The explosion might have occurred less opportunely for the schemes of his lordship, than it did that day.

On reaching "The Towers," Claude found that his father had been several times inquiring for him, and in no very placid or promising language.

"What's the matter," said old Ralph, to the lad, as he met him in the hall, "goodness only knows; but you must make haste to the colonel, and put his mind quiet, or we're in for another of our favourite nights."

"Psha!" said the youth, "let him wait. Am I in livery?"

And he took hold of his jacket, and turned fiercely on the old man. Then, made his way, purposely sauntering, to his father's room.

"Well, you sir!" cried the colonel. "You might wait till you've buried your father, I should have thought, before you left him all day long to the care of paid, mercenary wretches, like these servants."

And the man sat up and panted for breath, white with passion, and then went on, Claude lounging on the sofa, and taking up a book.

"Off you go, without a word; after I'd specially begged you'd ride out with me to-day, and—"

"You never did any such thing!" shouted his son, getting up off the couch.

"I say I did, sir!" gasped Latson; "specially begged you; for I'm sick of that old woman, Grange, night and day. One had better have had no son than—"

"A great deal," sneered the boy; "a great deal better, I should think, for me."

Latson fell back, and groaned; but not so much in grief, as for the helplessness of his anger.

"You take so much of that confounded opium, that you forget what does happen, and fancy what doesn't; that's what it is."

Latson swore fearfully—

"If I could get at you, you young villain, you should have some opium, or something quicker, you should!"

"Should I, sir—should I? Then good night to you!"

And the boy sprang to the door; and, going out, slammed it after him, and was heard all over the house (it was kept so quiet), as he dashed to his own room, and slammed that door as hard as the other.

"And so," he stormed away to himself—

"And so, this is the gentleman whom I considered so kindly at Blinmore's just now! This is the fond parent for whom I refused the prospect of a thousand pounds to start the world with!"

And the lad's thoughts were very, very evil, as he thought on—

"I care nothing now for the money, but if his horse gets the day, my name's not Claude: *that's* settled!"

A few moments after this, and Claude was out, walking carelessly about half a mile from the house, and happening to lounge into the stables, first into one, then into another.

"Well, Whistler, how is he to-night?"

The jockey took off his cap, in a stall so clean, that, as the old ladies say, "you might have eaten off it."

"Look at him, sir, just look at him! You should have seen him at his paces this morning, sir! Between you and me, if he doesn't take the St. Leger next year, I'm prepared to eat him, sir, from head to tail!"

"Well, wish ye joy, Whistler. But there's always danger till the pudding's eaten, ye know."

And then, Claude sat down in the stable, and renewed a conversation he had often had with the jockey, on racing subjects.

He took care to turn the dialogue in the direction which he wanted it to take, and before he left had learned all he wanted to know.

"There's only one animal I'm afraid of, Whistler," said Claude.

"Name?" said the man, with quiet contempt.

"It's that mare of Shackberry's,—what's her name?"

"Oh! I know—Nemesis. Don't bet on her, Mr. Claude: you'll lose your money."

And the honest fellow patted Mandrake's neck, and laid his head against the horse's mouth, as if they had been lovers.

The night before the horse was to go to Soresby, Claude was again apparently in great anxiety, talking with Whistler about the event.

Fifteen horses had been entered, and the meeting promised to be the most exciting the country had known for many years past.

The youth knew, moreover, that within the last few days, his father had made his book stronger than ever, in Mandrake's favour.

Whether it was at that time, or after the horse had reached the course-stables, we cannot say, but on one occasion or the other, Claude volunteered to remain on guard, while he sent Whistler on some important errand.

Account for the fact as you will, the fact is, that a terrible sum of money changed hands on that day.

Mandrake came in "a very bad third."

Colonel Latson, his owner, lost, it was said, upwards of fifteen thousand pounds.

The Marquis of Shackberry gained nearly twice as much.

And Claude laid himself down to sleep, with the filial reflection, that his father would want all his opium for himself that night, and could afford but little for his son.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE UP-TRAIN.

ALL this while the up-train was going along without accident, and with few stoppages, though, perhaps, not at express speed: for there were third-class carriages attached, and they can afford only a moderate velocity.

Hugh is the shoeblack, and boy of all work at "The Swan."

The bit of rusty crape round his cap is getting very rusty, but nothing will induce him to put it off; so Ruth takes him by surprise one morning, and there is a new band for his grandfather and grandmother, which he wore, and then renewed, for a long time.

He said that it kept him right, poor boy, to look at the crape sometimes when he was at work; for it reminded him of Arland churchyard, and of the only grave, and the only coffin, he had ever seen at present.

Sluke, Hugh's master, was not a bad specimen of his order—we mean he was not a fair one, for he was above the average, very far, of your licensed victuallers. He had been a gentleman's butler, but, coveting independence, had set up for himself.

As it happened, Sluke had prospered tolerably well. But the marvel often occurs to us, how eager well-conditioned servants are to turn masters and mistresses, in the face of such a proportion of discouragements as they cannot help observing. If you walk along any of our third and fourth-rate streets in a large town, you pass, no doubt, a great deal of genuine love, comfort, and honest independence. But you pass a good deal beside. Many a young mother is there who, two years ago, had a respectable housemaid's place, with fourteen pounds a year—or at least eight, ten, or twelve—and who now "finds" herself, her husband, and two children, in board and lodging on sixteen or eighteen shillings a week.

Don't misunderstand us—money is not happiness; and we cannot blame any one for liking a home of his own. But we are persuaded, and nothing can alter the conviction, that a large amount of the world's poverty comes of imprudent, ill-provided marriages. In middle life, for the most part, a man waits for an income which he can call his own, and share without dishonour with his bride. In upper ranks the rules are stricter still. Why shouldn't our housemaids, and nursemaids, and cooks give it out, that they "don't mean to marry beneath them," that they expect to subsist, and that in reasonable comfort, as married women, even though there be no room in the cottage as large as the kitchen, and they may not help themselves quite so often as now, from the parlour sirloin of beef. The consequence of this would be that your operatives would work harder, and earn more; that they might get married sooner. And ye should soon have a different class of working men's houses and families; while we shrewdly suspect that workhouses, gaols, gin-palaces, and worse localities along with them, would soon begin to feel it if Mary Ann would look a little more ahead, and Thomas would strive to make a little more for her to live on before they went to church.

However, as it happened, Sluke had not done badly—that is to say, in his sense. He sold plenty of beer; and as, on the whole, it was purer than most in the neighbourhood, people came again, and he was getting on in his particular way.

He had raised Hugh's wages from half-a-crown to three and sixpence a week, when the boy had only been there six months. But that extra shilling required a very great deal of delicate management; for the probability is, that if Mrs. Sluke had known

of it, Sluke's life would hardly have been worth half an hour's purchase.

This Mrs. Sluke was a terrible woman. Her appearance at the door of "The Swan" has been known to clear the street of Punch and Judy, an organ or two, and all costermongers, in a few seconds. Street boys don't run from very many people, but they all ran away from Mrs. Sluke.

This lady was of a lean, spare figure (we are ashamed of that word "spare," for she seemed to have spared even skin itself, and to have been a runaway from a tall cupboard in some doctor's museum). Then she had a bare-lip which revealed, not a side tooth, but a place where the tooth should have been. Her locks, which she called auburn, but which other people mistook for bright brick-dust, were not parted in the middle as is usual with her inferiors in strength of mind, but at the side, and very low down, too, so that they were intended to cross the forehead, like a man's, to assert the equality of the sexes, and the rights of woman.

Where Sluke had met with his lady-love, when he brought her home to "The Swan," no one ever could learn. But, strange to say, he never seemed, as we should have done, to have bitterly regretted it.

He used to say, that "Certainly Mrs. Sluke was a little quick, but then she was always very sorry for it." That last fast never came out to any one's satisfaction but poor Tim's own. She was generally quieter, after being more outrageous than usual. But that was owing rather to the weakness of flesh and blood, which failed to keep up, than to the strength of her self-control, or the depth of her repentance.

We beg pardon, but we fear that many passionate people are only "so sorry for it afterwards," to this extent.

Hugh Church had a sad business to live in the house with Jemima Sluke. We don't care to tell the poor fellow's experiences; especially as he never told them himself.

His aunt and Mrs. Wofield heard not one syllable of the tyings up he had in the yard, when his mistress, though in the pouring rain, perhaps, "dusted his jacket," as she quaintly phrased it, nor yet a syllable of the sort of dinners he used to get, and the kind of work she would set him to do.

He said to himself, as he wiped his eyes with his coat-cuff, many a time (not in her presence, mind ye! he never cried there, but when he was going home, thinking over the day's experiences); as he wiped his eyes, he would say to himself—

"She cuts at master; why shouldn't she cut at a poor boy like me? And he's got no aunt Ruth to tell, why should I say anything? Cheer up, Hugh!" he used to say; "remember three and sixpence a week is a help to them at home."

He never told a lie. And once, when she had struck him over the forehead, and cut it open, with a pewter pot, which she flung at him, when Ruth asked him about it, as she did in a moment, he said—

"Never mind it, aunt; I didn't deserve it. But I'd rather not tell any more than that. It would have been worse if I had been fighting, and got it so, wouldn't it?"

Ruth sighed, and said no more; but from that time he would bear anything rather than expose his face to his mistress's fury.

One hard frosty day, very shortly before Hugh left, Jemima Sluke was running after a lad who had with wonderful temerity dared to make a face at her through the glass door as she stood in the bar, when down she fell upon the ice, and struck the back of her head with such force on a scraper, that she was picked up insensible by Tim and Hugh together (for no one else stirred to help her), and carried away up stairs.

She had sustained a severe concussion of the brain; and it would be doing more than justice to poor human nature not to say that the whole street seemed and felt relieved from a heavy weight, and rejoiced—yes, rejoiced in a signal deliverance.

There was not one of the people about the house whom poor Timothy could tempt into waiting on the invalid; so he got in some stranger who had never made her acquaintance before her illness, and she and some one else did the work of nurse between them, while Tim minded the business. That "some one else" it was a bitter dose for Mrs. Sluke to see sitting at her bedside, and bathing her forehead with the doctor's spirit lotion as soon as her senses began to come back.

"Is that Hugh Church?" She always called him by his full name; that was another strange way of hers, like the parting the hair on one side.

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy.

"Where's your master?"

"Down stairs, ma'am."

"Then fetch him up. What do you do here? who sent you here?"

"I only just came in for a moment, ma'am, while the nurse went out. They thought the clothes shouldn't be let to dry."

"Well," said Jenima, but she had to swallow a good deal before she could say it, "thank you, thank you. But it's like your master, to leave me to the boy. Where have I been, Hugh Church? What's it all about? Oh, this head!"

"You've been very bad, misses. Please keep still and quiet. You're not out of danger yet; indeed, you're not."

And she lay still. But flushed up very much, when her eyes lighted on the boy.

Hugh rose to go, as she had bidden him.

But at the door, she called him back.

"Stop, Hugh Church; stop with me. Did I ever ask you whether you'd got any mother? Have ye?"

"No, ma'am."

"Is she dead?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you ever see her?"

"Never, ma'am. I believe she died in a good deal of trouble, about the time I was born."

"Then you never nursed any one who was sick?"

"Never."

"What made you come up to me, Hugh Church?"

"Because, ma'am, I thought they rather kept away."

"I never caused 'em to do anything else to me, Hugh Church; nor I never caused you neither."

And Mrs. Slike—yes, Mrs. Slike—turned her face into the pillow, away from Hugh, and fairly sobbed away into it.

She must have been very much reduced by leeches and blisters—she must have been very weak to do it.

Say, rather, her boy-nurse (as gentle as any girl) was very strong, and overcame her—overcame her, as you, dear reader, may overcome more than half this world's petty tyrannies, if you care to try.

(To be continued.)

A MOTHER'S MORNING PRAYER.

Up to me sweet childhood looketh,
Heart, and mind, and soul awake;
Teach me of Thy ways, O Father!
For sweet childhood's sake.

In their young hearts, soft and tender,
Guide my hand good seed to sow,
That its blossoming may praise thee
Wheresoe'er they go.

Give to me a cheerful spirit,
That my little flock may see
It is good and pleasant service
To be taught of Thee.

Father, order all my footsteps;
So direct my daily way,
That, in following me, the children
May not go astray.

Let Thy holy counsel lead me—
Let Thy light before me shine,
That they may not stumble over
Word or deed of mine.

Draw us hand in hand to Jesus,
For His Word's sake—unforgotten,
Let the little ones come to me,
And forbid them not."

THE TRADESMAN'S CRISIS.

"THE causes of success or failure!" no doubt they are legion. Any writer intending to treat such a subject in its fulness, must prepare for a considerable outlay in the simple raw materials of pens, ink, and paper. This, we need not say, is no part of our intention—the smallest supply of stationery will suffice us. We have, however, the means at hand of illustrating just one aspect of the question, by means of a simple story—perhaps a true one—of an only daughter.

It will be sufficient for the reader's purpose if, passing over the heroine's early history, we observe that, at the period that our narrative commences, Mary Norton, the soul and sunshine of her paternal home, was entertaining the very serious intention of leaving it.

"How her father and mother will ever bring their minds to part with her, I can't think!" was the somewhat concerned remark of a neighbour; and—(here our story must proceed in the words of the narrator)—"poor Mary herself felt that it would be a very, very hard thing to leave the dear little cottage, in which she had passed so many happy days, and, above all, to live no longer under the same roof with

her parents. But then she loved Edward Norris very much, and she was sure he would be a good, kind husband; for he had always been so steady, and such a dutiful son and affectionate brother. And so hope chased the tear from Mary's eye, and the passing pang from her heart.

"It was the eve of her wedding-day, and she was sitting in the arbour, and talking with Edward about their future plans and prospects. They were quite alone, too; for Mrs. Norton was in the house busily making preparations for the next day, and Mr. Norton was out.

"Mary, dear," said Edward, "I'm so afraid you won't be able to reconcile yourself to living in a town, after being used all your life to this pretty, quiet cottage. C— is such a bustling place, too, a great deal more so than L—. It will seem such a change."

"Never fear, Edward," replied Mary; "I think I could make myself happy anywhere, with some one to love; and, besides, I shall find so much to do, that I shall have no time to waste upon discontented musings." And Mary's eyes looked so bright and hopeful, that Edward's misgiving passed away, and he thought if love could make her happy, it should not be wanting. He was rather disposed to be desponding, and cast down by difficulties; but, since his engagement with Mary, he had been often reassured by her calm, hopeful spirit, and cheered by her encouraging words.

"The next day they were married, and in a week were settled in their new home at C—. There Mary found (as she had said) plenty to employ her time and thoughts. Edward (who had served his apprenticeship to a bookseller and stationer) was now a shopman in the establishment, and was much esteemed by the principal of the concern for his uniform steadiness and attention to business. His house was near the shop, so that he always came home to his meals; and very comfortable meals they were, for Mary was an excellent housewife, and, though they had only a slender income, she was determined that what they had should be laid out to the best advantage, as far as she was concerned.

"Five years passed away, and Mary was the mother of three children, while death had deprived her of her parents. Edward had taken a small shop in a country town a few miles from C—, and had commenced business for himself. But he soon found that a young tradesman has many difficulties and struggles to surmount before he can be fairly established. Instead of the small but certain salary which he had hitherto punctually received, he found that there were considerable expenses to meet, in stocking and altering the shop, while, at the same time, the returns were scanty and uncertain. What could he do? He dreaded getting into debt, which he had hitherto scrupulously avoided. The only alternative seemed to be to retrench their expenses, and yet he hardly knew how to do that, since they already lived as prudently and economically as possible. Their present establishment consisted of himself and his wife, their three children (all very young), an experienced servant who had lived with them ever since their marriage, a young girl who acted as nurse, and a shop-boy. It seemed to Edward out of the question to part with any one of their three assistants, and yet there appeared no other way of saving. Mary had but recently recovered from her last confinement, and he was unwilling to distress her with the fears that perplexed his own mind.

"It was late one evening, when, after having closed his shop for the night, he entered their small sitting-room, with a weight on his heart, and a cloud on his brow, which he could not conceal from his wife's observant eye.

"You're not well to-night, Edward," she said, tenderly; "you look tired and worn-out."

"A little tired, perhaps; but I'm quite well," he answered, endeavouring (but ineffectually) to brighten up.

"Well, try and forget business and all its cares," said Mary, cheerfully. "I want to finish this little frock to-night; do come and read to me—I should so enjoy it."

"With a somewhat melancholy smile, Edward at once complied with his wife's request, and, taking a book from the shelf, began to read. But the words fell mechanically from his lips, while other and different thoughts kept crowding into his mind. He looked at the baby in the cradle by Mary's side, and he remembered the two other children who were asleep up stairs. Here was an increasing family, and, consequently, increasing expenses; while at the same time he appeared to be losing ground every day in his business.

"At last his wife suddenly put her hand on his arm, and said, 'Dear Edward! what is the matter?

I am sure something disturbs you—do tell me all! I can bear anything better than seeing you look so miserable, without knowing the reason!'

"Thus urged, Edward was at last obliged to reveal the cause of his abstraction.

"Mary attentively listened till he had concluded, and then, taking his hand, she said, affectionately, 'Poor, dear Edward! you have been brooding over your troubles in secret, till, I can venture to say, things appear a great deal worse than they really are. You are not in debt, you say, at present?'

"No; thank God!" replied Edward, earnestly. "But then, Mary, love, if we cannot manage to save in some way, we shall get into debt; that is, unless my business brings in more than it does now."

"Then let us begin to save at once!" said Mary, energetically.

"But in what way can we do so?" asked Edward. "We are not living extravagantly in any respect; I don't see, at present, in what way we can retrench."

"Oh! I've thought of several ways already," said Mary, smiling, and looking so hopeful and happy, that the mere sight of her bright, animated countenance raised her husband's spirits, and made him feel more sanguine than he had done for many days past.

"Then followed a long conversation, carried on in a low voice, interspersed occasionally with a sigh from Edward, followed by an encouraging word from his wife.

"The next morning Mary rose, full of her new plans for saving and economising. Her youngest child was only six weeks old, the next could just run alone, and the eldest was four years of age. They made plenty of work, as Mary knew very well; but she determined, in the present state of their affairs, to discharge the girl that had acted as nurse, and to manage with one servant. This was no sooner determined than acted upon, though Edward remonstrated against it in very strong terms, telling his wife that she was undertaking too much—that she would overtask herself, and be laid up. But Mary pleasantly combated all his fears by telling him that exercise always agreed with her, and that it would be no hardship to her to wait upon her own children.

"In a day or two Edward discovered that Tom, the shop-boy, was of very little use to him, that during a great part of the day he was idle, and, therefore, in mischief. He was accordingly installed in a similar situation, which Edward easily procured for him at a neighbouring grocer's, and thus two considerable items were at once subtracted from the weekly expenditure.

"Mary seemed at no loss to discover ways and means to lessen the general expenses, and bore her extra amount of work so cheerfully and uncomplainingly, that her husband loved her better than ever. When he was obliged (as occasionally he was) to leave the shop for a short time, Mary was always ready to take his place, and with pleasant manner and active hand to wait upon the customers. And during all this time the household affairs were carried on with as much care and regularity as ever. There was nothing like disorder or neglect, but all was in its place, and everything done at the right time.

"I can't think how you manage," said Edward one day, when he came into the neat sitting-room, and sat down to a comfortably dressed dinner, at a time when he knew Mary was in the midst of a large wash.

"Heaven helps those that help themselves," said Mary, kissing his cheek.

"In the course of a few months, from the effects of incessant care and attention, Edward's business began sensibly to increase; and in a year or two, from the struggling beginner, he found himself a well-established tradesman. And he felt and acknowledged that this prosperous turn in his affairs was mainly attributable to the influence and exertions of his wife, who, instead of lamenting her hard fate in being obliged to economise and exert herself in every possible way, had resolutely set to work, and, by her cheerful industry and careful management, had averted a melancholy crisis of failure and disgrace."

MANLINESS.—Learn from the earliest days to insure your principle against the peril of ridicule. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it; however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear, do it—not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.



THE TRAVELLING COBBLER.

THE TRAVELLING COBBLER.

We English people are somehow accustomed to associate respectability with the idea of a fixed dwelling-place; and to look rather with contempt upon such persons as are always on the move. We speak of them disrespectfully as tramps, vagabonds, and gipsies, though they may not have a drop of Romany blood in their veins; and in a general way treat them rather scurvily than otherwise. We are, perhaps, disposed to overvalue the importance of rent, rates, and taxes; and thus the position of the travelling pedlar or artisan is anything but an enviable one. He is, in fact, a very pariah among workmen, and as such he is treated. The worst "jobs," at the lowest remuneration, are reserved for him; and woe betide him, if, in utter disgust at the bad work and low wages, he should yield to the temptation of increasing his profits by anything approaching to speculation. He is immediately scouted. He is like the dog in the proverb. First we give him a bad name; and then we proceed without delay to hang him (metaphorically, of course).

They manage these things differently in France and Germany. In the former country we have troops of travelling artisans, and colporteurs, or pedlars; and throughout the greater portion of the German empire a recognised law of the various guilds provides that apprentices, after having served their time, should travel as journeymen through the land during three years, before they can be allowed to settle in any place, and produce some specimen or "master-piece," with a view to setting up as masters in workshops of their own.

In the rural districts of France the travelling shoemaker is an important member of the community; and his periodical visits are looked for with considerable interest by the inhabitants of the villages lying in his "beat." He is indeed a person in considerable request; and would be still more so but for a widespread and economical custom that prevails throughout France and Germany. This arrangement consists in a traveller's carrying his boots on the end of a walking-stick, and only donning them when he enters a town, and wishes to make an effective appearance. The big travelling boots are thus made to last an indefinite time, and not unfrequently descend, as a sort of heirloom, from father to son. But notwithstanding all drawbacks, there is plenty to do for the travelling cobbler. He establishes himself in some sheltered corner under a hedge, brings out a store of different kinds of leather from his basket, arranges his few tools, and is ready to attend to customers. These soon begin to arrive. A little

girl, perhaps, brings her father's big boots, which require a few stitches before they can constitute the pride and glory of the fortunate proprietor at the approaching Ducasse, or fair. (N. B. They are worn outside the trowsers by the ostentatious, though some peasants eschew the practice, as displaying a boastful and vainglorious spirit.) Then comes an old dame with her Sunday clogs; and she is followed, in turn, by an anxious mother, wishing to contract for sabots, or wooden shoes, for a family of nine youngsters. Your thorough French travelling shoemaker is a bit of a Jack of all trades, be it noticed, and can work in wood as well as in leather.

At length the "understandings" of young and old have been patched up, mended, and renewed. Then the shoemaker packs up his stock-in-trade, lifts his hamper on his shoulder, and starts off in quest of fresh employment elsewhere.

The German "Handwerksbursch," or journeyman artisan, is a strange animal, whose natural history has yet to be written. We should describe him as decidedly omnivorous, for he eats everything, and to a certain extent predacious, so far as the orchards and vineyards are concerned among which his pleasant journey lies. He will sometimes remain for months in the same place, working for a master of whose kitchen he approves, or whose daughter has captivated him. Generally, however, he is of a roving disposition, and essentially gregarious; for if he meet nineteen of his brethren kicking up a row and quarrelling with the police, or singing patriotic songs about nothing particular, he will incontinently join them, on the principle that like attracts like. He is often rather a universal genius, and can do everything, more or less, when he chooses. But he has a decided propensity to do nothing. The occupation most congenial to his feelings seems to be riding in a wagon, with his legs swinging over the side. Of the three years he spends in travelling he usually passes about ten months at his work, and the remaining twenty-six in a vagabond kind of travel. During the whole time he lives from hand to mouth. Still, the three years are far from being thrown away. A man can scarcely travel over fifteen hundred or two thousand miles of territory without gaining something in the way of knowledge of the world, which will stand him in good stead in his future career. We have frequently met men on the German highroad who were very Scheherazades for the number of stories they could tell. One we saw who had penetrated as far as Semlin, in Turkey; and another had tramped to Constantinople itself. Almost every grievance may be turned to good in some way or other; and there is no doubt that the two greatest

grievances of the Germans and Frenchmen—namely, compulsory military service and compulsory vagabondage—often prove of signal use to the handicraftsmen and peasants, opening the eyes of the former class to improvements in their callings, and rescuing the latter from the utter and hopeless boorishness into which they would fall but for their military drill and their experiences of travel.

At the same time, nothing can be more obvious than the evil of the cause which produces these effects. It is all very well to go on the tramp, if one pleases, but it is not pleasant to be forced on the tramp either by law or custom.

OCEAN DEPTHS.

The god of the tempest may send, from his cave,
Strong winds o'er the waters, till madly they rave,
Till the proud foaming billow is lashed into spray,
Or piled mountain high where the clouds float away;
And the swift gale may swell in its hurricane might,
And shiver to atoms the ship in its flight;
Yet, down in the depths of the emerald sea
Is stillness unbroken, unless it may be
Mysterious murmurs from orient shells,
Whose cadences oftentimes the water nymph swells;
And in those strange caverns, most curiously wrought—
Where the pearl is imbedded, the coral-wreath caught—
Is hoarded lost treasure, most costly and bright;
And the diamond sheds its unquenchable light.

Down deep in the heart, many fathoms below
The surface of billows that come and that go,
Is a cave lit with more than the stalactite's glow;
Its floor is mosaic, most quaintly inlaid
With gems of deep feeling, which never may fade;
While the visions of fancy are wrought on its wall
In strange, startling figures, yet beautiful all.
It is thronged with the dead, with the absent for years.
They are instinct with life; they have smiles—they have tears;
There are whispers of friendship, and catches of song
While their soft blended voices are echoed along.
Kind memory her magical pictures has hung
All around; and the life to their tracery clung.
There stands the old homestead close by the hill-side,
With the elm-tree that sheltered it outstretching wide;
While the fresh mountain torrent, with murmuring song,
O'er a thousand smooth pebbles comes rushing along.

And bright flowers are strewn here, the very same flowers
We lovingly gathered in life's brightest hours;
But their beauty and fragrance can never depart—
How sweet the perfume down, down deep in the heart!
There's a throng of winged seraphs that haunt the strange
places,
Now revealed is each figure, anon veiled is each face.
Sometimes through a misty wreath comes a clear gleam
From the star eyes of hope, like some exquisite dream;
And oftentimes we startle their presence to know,
Which inspire such wild and tumultuous flow.

Chemical Experiments.

SOME PECULIAR CASES OF COMBUSTION.

Copper burned in a Florence flask.—Combustion is usually treated of as involving a combustible and a supporter of combustion, but that mode of expression is quite inadequate to state the whole truth. Many cases can be adduced in which combustion takes place, and we cannot say one thing concerned is exclusively a combustible or exclusively a supporter of combustion. Take the following example: Procure at the shop of an operative chemist some thin copper turnings. Put them into a well-dried Florence flask, and pour in upon them a little powdered sulphur. That done, by shaking the flask, mingle all together. If sufficient heat be now applied to the Florence flask (heat of a spirit-lamp flame will suffice) a brilliant light will pervade the vessel, attended with much heat; the sulphur and the copper between them will produce combustion, though it is not possible to affirm with propriety that either one is the combustible or the supporter of combustion more than the other. In point of fact, all that we can with truth say, in the way of defining combustion generally, is to term it a rapid chemical union of certain bodies attended with the evolution of light and heat. The experiment first described had better be performed in the open air, or in a fire-place, so that in either case the fumes generated, which are disagreeable, may not contaminate an apartment.

The products of combustion may be either gaseous, liquid, or solid. The product of the combusive operation just indicated belongs to the latter category. Mark here a beautiful provision of the Great Creator. The products of all ordinary combustibles, such as charcoal, wood, oil, &c., are not solid and fixed, but volatile,—they fleet away, and do not encumber the earth. Just contemplate the position of mankind here if all the fires since the creation of the world had necessarily left solid results—cinders, we may say—bulkier and heavier than the materials burned. Under such conditions the world would have been converted, long ere this, into one vast cinder heap.

Combustion of iron by contact with sulphur.—As sulphur will aid the combustion of copper, so will it also aid the combustion of iron; but a stronger heat being requisite to insure success in the experiment, a Florence flask will no longer suffice as the means of accomplishing it. The best method of proceeding is as follows:—Heat a bar of iron to whiteness in a smith's forge (a common fire does not give out heat enough); then, removing the bar, bring it into contact with a roll of brimstone. Rapid combustion will at once ensue, determined by the combination of the sulphur and the iron together, forming the compound body termed sulphuret or sulphide of iron, and much employed by operative chemists.

A metal ignited in a candle flame and burned like paper, surrounded by common atmospheric air.—All metals are combustible. Even gold and platinum admit of being burned by adequate treatment; though the treatment is not such as an amateur of chemical experiments can command. A fine piece of iron, or rather steel—a small sewing needle, for example—may be consumed by holding it in the flame of a spirit lamp; but the metal which burns most readily under ordinary circumstances is zinc, in the condition of thin shavings, which may be procured of almost any zinc-worker. If a handful of these shavings be taken and held in the flame of a candle, or of a spirit-lamp, for an instant, they ignite quite as readily as paper similarly treated would have done, commencing with a bright white light, and yielding a solid white flocculent result, which is blown about the apartment in a very remarkable manner. Ancient chemists denominated the flocculent white shreds in question *lana philosophica*—philosophical wool.

Instance of tranquil combustion by contact.—Remove a piece of phosphorus, about the size of a pea, from the water, in which phosphorus is always kept, dry it for an instant by contact with blotting paper, and lay it on a plate, or stone, or earthenware slab. Taking now a fragment of iodine about equal in dimensions to the phosphorus, lay it also upon the slab, and bring both into contact. No sooner is this effected than combustion ensues.

To hold a slip of paper in the flame of a candle or spirit-lamp without burning the paper.—This very simple and very instructive experiment is performed as follows:—Take an iron bar, a fire-poker answers well, wrap the slip of paper tightly round it once, and thrust paper, bar and all, into the flame. The paper under these circumstances will not burn, because the iron underneath conveys away the heat so rapidly that the paper is retained below the degree of temperature necessary to bring about combustion. On

the application of this very principle depends the safety-lamp of Sir Humphry Davy. It consists of an ordinary lamp-wick, surrounded by a cage of wire gauze. The fire-damp, or explosive gas, can readily enter the lamp through the meshes of the gauze, and ignite; but the flame cannot readily pass out through the same gauze meshes because of the cooling agency of the metal of which they are formed. A certain elevation of temperature is necessary to the existence of flame, and the metal of the wire gauze meshes absorbs heat too rapidly to permit the maintenance of that temperature. The safety-lamp is absolutely safe if the atmosphere around it be tranquil. It is not, however, absolutely safe when exposed to currents of air.

Adverting to the experiment just described, of folding a slip of paper around a metallic bar and thrusting it into the flame of a spirit-lamp without burning, the experiment may be now varied by substituting a wooden for a metallic bar. In this case the paper burns readily enough, simply because wood not being a good conductor of heat, the paper acquires sufficient elevation of temperature to establish combustion.

THE CANOE FIGHT.

THE following incident of wild life in America will be read with interest. It has all the excitement of romance about it. A party of adventurers having fallen on the shores of a body of Indians, determined to partake of the provisions they had found. In the field on the bank of the river, they kindled a fire for the purpose of cooking these, and were about, in the language of Dale, the leader of the party "to make use of the *briled* bones and hot ash-cake," when they were startled by the discharge of several rifles, and the sudden war-whoops of some twenty-five or thirty Indians, who came rushing towards them from three sides of the field. Dale's party immediately seized their rifles, and being too few to oppose the force of the enemy, dashed down the second or upper bank of the river, and took post among the trees, whence they kept in check the approach of the savages.

By this time the canoes had conveyed all but twelve of the entire force to the opposite side of the river, and one canoe alone had returned for the residue. This was the first thought of the little party, who were now hemmed in by the Indians. But simultaneously with the attack by land, a large canoe, containing eleven warriors, had issued from a bend in the river above, and descended rapidly, with the evident design of intercepting communication with the opposite shore. They now attempted to approach the shore and join in the attack, but were kept at a distance by the well-directed fire of a few of Dale's men. Two of their number, however, leaped into the river, and swam, with their rifles above their heads, for the bank, just above the mouth of a little creek, near the northern corner of the field. One of these, as he approached the shore, was shot by Smith; but Austill, in attempting to intercept the other, was thrown by the underwood and rolled into the water within a few feet of his antagonist. The Indian reached the shore and ran up the bank. Austill, in pursuing him through the cane, was fired at, in mistake for an Indian, by Creagh, and narrowly escaped.

During this by-scene, Dale and the other eight of his valiant companions were interchanging hot fires with the enemy. Those in the canoe sheltered themselves by lying in its bottom and firing over the sides. The party on shore were deterred from pressing closely by an ignorance of the number of Dale's forces. This cause alone saved them from certain destruction. But the circumstances were now growing more critical. Soon the Indians must discover the weakness of their opponents, and rush forward with irresistible superiority. A more perilous position can scarcely be imagined, and yet there was one in this contest.

Dale, seeing the superiority of the enemy, called out to his comrades on the opposite shore for assistance. They had remained, thus far, inefficient, but excited spectators of the scene. But now eight of their number leaped into their canoe, and bore out towards the enemy. Upon approaching near enough, however, to discover the number of the Indians, the man in the bow, becoming alarmed at the superiority of the foe, ordered the paddles to "back water," and they returned to land! Dale, indignant at this cowardice, demanded of his men, who would join him in an attack upon the Indian canoe? Austill and Smith immediately volunteered; and with a negro, as steersman, named Caesar, the little party embarked for the dreadful encounter. As they approached, one of the Indians fired without effect. When within thirty feet, Smith fired, and probably wounded an Indian, whose shoulder was visible above the canoe.

Dale and Austill attempted to fire, but their priming having been wet, their guns could not be discharged. Fortunately the Indians had exhausted their powder. The white party now bore down, in silence, upon the foe. As the boats came in contact at the bows, the Indians all leaped to their feet. Austill was in front, and bore for a moment the brunt of the battle. But, by the order of Dale, the negro swayed round the canoe, and "Big Sam" leaped into the enemy's boat, giving more room to Smith and Austill, and pressing together the Indians, who were already too crowded. The negro occupied his time in holding the canoes together. The rifles of both parties were now used as clubs; and dreadful were the blows both given and taken; for three stouter or more gallant men than these assailants never took part in a crowded *mêlée*. The details of the struggle can scarcely be given. Dale's second blow broke the barrel of his gun, which he then exchanged for Smith's, and so fought till the end of the scene. Austill was, at one time, prostrated by a blow from a war-club, and fell into the Indian canoe, between two of the enemy, and was about being slain by his assailant, when the latter was fortunately put to death by Smith. Austill rose, grappling with an Indian, wrested his war-club from him, struck him over the skull, and he fell dead in the river. The last surviving Indian had been, before the war, a particular friend of Dale's. They had hunted together long and familiarly, and were alike distinguished for their excellence in those vigorous sports, so much prized by the man of the woods. The young Muscogee was regarded as one of the most chivalrous warriors of his tribe. Dale would always say, when, long subsequently, he narrated these circumstances, and he never did so without weeping, that he "loved that Indian like a brother, and wanted to save him from the fate of the others." But the eye of the young warrior was filled with fire; he leaped before his opponent with a proud fury; cried out in Muscogee, "Sam Thlucco, you're a man, and I'm another! Now for it!" and grappled in deadly conflict. The white man proved the victor. With one blow of his rifle he crushed the skull of the Indian. The young hero, still holding his gun firmly in his hands, fell backwards into the water, and the canoe fight was over.

FOR MOTHER'S SAKE.

A FATHER and his little son
On wintry waves were sailing;
Fast, from their way, the light of day
In cloud and gloom was fading,
And fiercely round their lonely bark
The stormy winds were wailing.

They knew that peril hover'd near;
They pray'd, "O Heaven, deliver!"
But a wilder blast came howling past,
And soon, with sob and shiver,
They struggled in the icy grasp
Of that dark, rushing river.

"Cling fast to me, my darling child,"
An anguished voice was crying;
While, silvery clear, o'er tempest drear,
Rose softer tones replying,
"O! mind not me, my father dear;
I'm not afraid of dying;
O! mind not me, but save yourself,
For mother's sake, dear father;
Leave me and hasten to the shore,
Or who will comfort mother?"

The angel forms that ever wait,
Unseen, on men attendant,
Flew up, o'erjoy'd, to heaven's bright gate,
And there on page-resplendent,
High o'er those of heroes bold,
And martyrs famed in story,
They wrote the name of that brave boy,
And wreathed it round with glory.

God bless the child! ay, he did bless
That noble self-denial,
And safely bore him to the shore,
Through tempest, toil, and trial.
Soon in their bright and tranquil home,
Son, sire, and that dear mother
For whose sweet sake so much was done,
In rapture met each other.

LET fathers and mothers ponder over the following: "Indeed, where the life of the home is neglected there is no true manliness. Fathers! whose sons are growing up miserable shoots of dissipation, what nourishment have their best faculties received at home? Mothers! whose daughters are happy only in the whirl of vanity and extravagance, what has been their example? Members of fashionable society! there is not only excess, but inexpressible evil, in any method of amusement that breaks up domestic quietude, and leaves no time for domestic responsibility, and no delight in domestic pleasures."

Inventions and Science.

PRESERVING VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES.—The following methods for this purpose have recently been introduced:—In preserving potatoes they are first washed and peeled, as for ordinary use. They are then placed in a solution of salt and water, for thirty minutes or thereabouts, having been previously pierced all over. They are now placed in a vessel containing a solution of pearl barley, and left to simmer for about twenty minutes, after which they are taken out and left to cool. They are now broken or granulated into small particles, and placed on trays in a drying stove, at a temperature of about 110 deg. Fah., and when quite dry are packed in tins or casks for keeping. Carrots, cabbages, onions, turnips, cauliflowers, beans, peas, &c., are preserved by placing them in a solution of carbonate of soda and gum arabic, in the proportion of about one ounce of the former to two ounces of the latter, in every gallon of water, while in a boiling state, and allowing them to remain for about five minutes. Previous to this they are cut in slices, and placed in a bag, and then dried in a similar manner to the potatoes, and packed ready for use.

TO FASTEN LEATHER TO METAL.—The following is exceedingly useful:—Soak the leather in a hot solution of nutgalls, and apply it to the metal upon which it is to be fastened, having first given the metal a coat of glue. When dry, the leather will adhere so tight that it sooner tears than separates from the metal.

THE RATE AT WHICH THOUGHT TRAVELS.—If a cylinder divided into 360 degrees be caused to rotate 1,000 times in a second, it is evident that the passage of one of those degrees before a given point is equal to the 1-360,000th part of a second; this may be divided by a microscope so that a period of time equalling the ten-millionth, or even the one hundred-millionth part of a second may be measured. By this arrangement it is possible to measure the rate of nervous impulse. M. Helmholtz, a Swiss gentleman, has made some experiments with the utmost care, and has arrived at the following results. Sensations are transmitted to the brain at a rapidity of about 180 feet per second, or at one-fifth the rate of sound; and this is nearly the same in all individuals. The brain requires one-tenth of a second to transmit its orders to the nerves which preside over voluntary motion; but this amount varies much in different individuals, and in the same individual at different times, according to the disposition or condition at the time, and is more regular the more sustained the attention. The time required to transmit an order to the muscles by the motor nerves is nearly the same as that required by the nerves of sensation to pass a sensation; moreover, it passes nearly one-hundredth of a second before the muscles are put in motion. The whole operation requires 1½ to 2-tenths of a second. Consequently, when we speak of an active, ardent mind, or of one that is slow, dull, or apathetic, it is not a mere figure of rhetoric, but an absolute and certain fact that such a distinction, with varying gradations, really exists.

Small Change.

AN OLD WRITER'S ADVICE ABOUT PRESENTS.—When thou makest presents, let them be of such things as will last long; to the end they may be in some sort immortal, and may frequently refresh the memory of the receiver.

A PIECE OF ADVICE.—How to prevent the flies from getting at your bacon in summer. Eat it all in the early spring.

MAXIM OF CONFUCIUS.—A wise man does not speak of all his doings, but he does nothing of which he dare not speak.

THE WIFE'S CHANCE.—Late one night, the most miserable of all human beings, a drunken husband, after spending his whole evening at a public-house, set out for home. "Well," said he to himself, "if I find my wife up, I'll scold her: what business has she to sit up, wasting fire and light, eh? And if I find her in bed, I'll scold her; what right has she to go to bed before I get home?"

THE MENAGERIE.—"Mr. Showman, what's that?" "That, my dear, is the Rhynocery. He is cousin German or Dutch relation to the Unicorn. He was born in the desert of Sary Ann, and fed on bamboo and missionaries. He is very courageous, and never leaves home unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else, unless he is overtaken by the dark. He was brought to this country much against his will, which accounts for his low spirits when he's

melancholy or rejected. He is now somewhat aged, but he has seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to surway the wonders of creation as displayed in the ring-tailed monkey, a hanimal that can stand hanging like a fellow-critter, only it's reversed."

CURIOUS ALLITERATIVE ACROSTIC.

She sings so soft, so sweet, so soothing still;
That to the tone ten thousand thoughts there thrill;
Elysian ecstasies enchant each ear—
Pleasure's pure pinions poise prince, peasant, peer,
Hushing high hymns, Heaven hears her harmony—
Earth's envy ends, enthralled each ear, each eye;
Numbers need nine-fold nerve, nor nearly name
Soul-stirring Stephen's skill; sure seraphs sing the same.

DECIDEDLY WORTH REMEMBERING.—A carpenter of our acquaintance says that cheerfulness is the best paying commodity that can be brought into a shop. In his opinion a man who whistles will do as much work in an hour as a grumbler will do in a day.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CHEERFULNESS AND MIRTH.—Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gleam of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

WORTH REMEMBERING, ON THE HUSTINGS AND ELSEWHERE.—The strongest nation is that which counts the most robust men, interested in the defence of the nation, animated with its spirit, and possessing the feeling of its destiny. The most civilised nation is that which counts the most intelligent men, interested in the preservation and development of public morality. The freest nation is that which counts the most citizens living independently by their work.

A CHEMICAL DEFINITION.—While a lecturer was describing the nature of gas, a blue-stocking lady inquired of a gentleman near her, what was the difference between oxygen and hydrogen? "Very little, madam," said he; "by oxygen we mean pure gin; and by hydrogen, gin and water."

SPANISH POLITENESS.—Spanish robbers are very polite. An Englishman was once accosted on a lonely road by a ruffian. "Sir," said he, "you have my coat on; may I trouble you for it?" The Englishman drew out a pistol and told the fellow he was mistaken. "Sir," said the robber, "I perceive that I am. Will do you me the honour to communicate your name, that I may remember you in my prayers?"

TRIALS ARE MORAL BALLAST, that often prevents our capsizing. When we have much to carry, Heaven rarely fails to fit the back to the burden; where we have nothing to bear, we can seldom bear ourselves. The burdened vessel may be slow in reaching the destined port, but the vessel without ballast is in imminent danger of not reaching it at all.

MAGNIFYING ENJOYMENTS.—Southey says, in one of his letters:—"I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my eyes away, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

A HERO.—The Duke of Wellington, after the battle of Waterloo, joined in the pursuit, and followed the enemy for some miles. Colonel Hervey, who was with him, advised him to desist, as the country was growing less open, and he might be fired at by some stragglers from behind the hedges. "Let them fire away—the battle is won, and my life is of no value now!"

CLEAR AND CONCLUSIVE COMPARISON.—In a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshireman:—"Did you see the defendant throw the stone?"—"I saw a stone, and I've pretty sure the defendant throwed it."—"Was it a large stone?"—"I should say it wur a largeish stone."—"What was its size?"—"I should say a sizeable stone."—"Can't you compare it to some other object?"—"Why, if I wur to compare it, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk!"

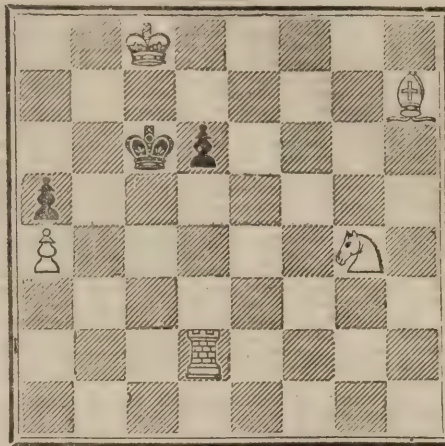
WHAT SAYS SHAKESPEARE OF FAME?—He tells us that "if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings, and the widow weeps."

NEVER HARBOUR PREJUDICES.—They are like harmful weeds; the slightest effort suffices to eradicate them, if they be at once attended to; on the contrary, they grow with time, become inveterate, extend far and near, and their numerous ramifications seize upon everything that comes within their reach.

In a literary circle, some one asked if a certain author, who had wantonly injured his literary reputation, was married. "He is only wedded to his fame," was the answer. "Then he makes a bad husband."

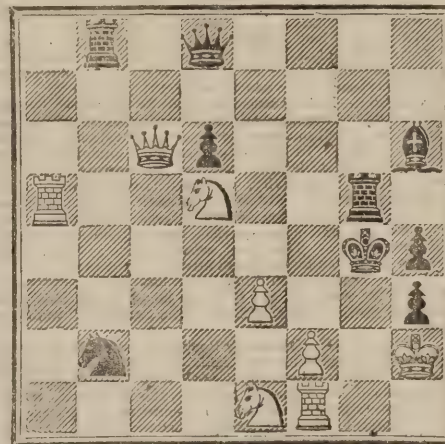
Chess.

Problem No. 10. By WM. AIREY.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move, and checkmate in five moves.

Problem No. 11. By E. D. C. (of Islington).
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 7.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt from Q R 5 to Kt 7. Black's moves are forced.
2. B to Q 2.
3. B to K 3.
4. B mates

DOUGLAS.—As the Kings cannot check each other, it is quite obvious that they cannot occupy adjacent squares.

T. A.—The object of the Black Pawn on Q B 2 in Problem No. 4, is to discover check if necessary. It is quite apparent that if the Pawn were White, Black would win.

T. A.—The King cannot be released from the check of the Kt by the interposition of a piece. The King must either move out of check or the Kt must be captured.

G. G.—Your letter does not indicate the precise point upon which you require information. As the position now stands, Black could win in about eight moves.

T. Root.—We will analyse the openings to which you refer, and let you know the result at the earliest opportunity.

R. T.—You fail to observe that Black can take Kt with K if White for his second move play R to Q sq. after having checked with the Bishop.

A. J.—Under the present laws of Chess the question submitted by you remains in doubt. We have generally treated the move as compulsory.

W. M'K. F. G. R., J. D., D. A. D., Jan., M. L., Wm. M., W. S. S., R. B. W., C. W., W. A., Lile Diel, and S. A.—Communications have been forwarded to you through the post.

Solutions of Problems by T. Root, Nos. 1 and 2; Grapes, Nos. 1, 2, and 3; F. G. Rainger, Nos. 4, 5, and 6; Oxon, No. 6; W. Sidney Smith, No. 3; T. Simpson, No. 3; J. Stonehouse, No. 3; Wm. McKennie, Nos. 1 and 2; Lile Diel, Nos. 1 and 2; T. Martin, jun., No. 3; M. A. R., Nos. 3 and 4; C. S. R., Nos. 3 and 4; D. G., Nos. 2, 3, and 4; E. G., Nos. 4 and 5; Thos. A., Nos. 4 and 5; and Douglas, Nos. 3, 4, and 5, correct.

* Thos. A., who commenced the study of Chess with the appearance of the Lessons in the FAMILY PAPER, will be happy to play a game with any player who may have attained his knowledge of chess through the same source.

† DOUGLAS will be happy to play a game of chess with any adversary of fair strength. Douglas suggests the Evans' Gambit Game, and to save time will concede the first move to his adversary.

Our Editorial Table.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—John Cassell begs to return his grateful acknowledgments to the numerous subscribers and friends who have honoured him with congratulatory letters on the change and improvement in the size and substance of his *ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER*. The management of a periodical which has so wide a circulation involves an amount of responsibility of which he feels the weight, and it has constantly been, and ever will be, his earnest endeavour to make the influence he exerts conducive, in every page, to the good of his fellow-creatures. In challenging, in this respect, a comparison with all the cheap periodicals of the time, he confidently asks whether, by any of his contemporaries, the mission to instruct as well as amuse has been so faithfully and successfully fulfilled? If, then, his aim in every page is to elevate and improve, he may surely ask whether the readers as well as the conductors of such a periodical do not incur some degree of responsibility? Is it not the duty of every existing subscriber to diffuse among his neighbours, relations, and fellow-workmen, the advantages which he himself acknowledges to have derived from the perusal of the *ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER*, by inducing them each and all to become, in their turn, subscribers?

GAMMA.—Plenty of exercise, which will cause the blood to circulate freely through the whole system, local friction, with liberal and frequent use of cold water to the entire limb, are the best remedies we know for the annoyances of which you complain.

LEVIATHAN.—"M. or N. So-and-so, from his dutiful and affectionate son," would, we think, be as proper an inscription as you could fix upon. We know of nothing that will remove mildew from gloves.

OPTIMISM.—We do not by any means advise patience, as you seem to expect; on the contrary, we recommend you to go at once to the lady, inform her of the state of your affections, and ask (as at your age you doubtless know how to do) whether she can reciprocate the feelings she has excited.

JULIA NORMAN should be patient; her letter was answered a week or two since.

WAT TYLER had better, we think, make his sentiments known to the lady in prose. His poetry scarcely comes up to the mark; and to call up a smile instead of a blush upon the countenance of the adored one might be dangerous.

VICTORIA.—If the gentleman wishes for an introduction, he can easily find the means of procuring it, and he will respect and value you all the more for the retiring modesty you show in the matter. In the meantime, we recommend you to cultivate a quiet, decorous manner and carriage, which, far more than smiles or levity, will win what you desire.

MARTHA CHASOM.—The salaries of clerks in lawyers' offices in London vary from ten shillings a week to three, four, and even five hundred pounds a year, according to age, talents, and experience. The usual rates, however, range from between fifty to a hundred and fifty guineas a year.

A. E.—Whatever you think. If it has given you pleasure to make the chain, say so; if it has bored you, be wiser for the future than to undertake what you grudge the trouble of doing.

ETHELRED.—The Domesday Book, to which reference is so continually made in history, legal proceedings, &c., is a very ancient record, made in the time of William the Conqueror. It consists of two volumes, one large, the other small, and is now kept in the Exchequer. The contents are a survey of all the lands in England, except Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and part of Lancashire, which it is said were never surveyed. It was begun in 1081, by five justices of the peace chosen from each county, and finished in 1086. The question whether lands are ancient demesne or not, is decided by this work, from which there is no appeal.

HERALDUS.—Coats of arms were introduced about the time of Richard I., who brought them from the Crusades in the Holy Land, where they were first invented, and painted on the shields of the various knights of Christendom, who, without some such distinctive mark, could not, when cased in complete armour, have been distinguished from each other. They were the criterion of dignity and descent, and in 1798, when the subject of armorial bearings was brought before parliament, it was ascertained that in England there were 9,458 families entitled to bear arms, and in Scotland 4,000. These families, in the language of heraldry, are *noble*, either by creation as peers, or as gentry who have acquired their armorial bearings from time immemorial.

YORKSHIRE.—The word "hansel," so commonly used by pedlars, hawkers, and travelling merchants of all sorts, is, we think, a corruption of the old term "Handsale." Anciently, among all northern nations, shaking of hands was considered necessary to bind a bargain, which was then called "Handsale."

CYMO inquires "how a person is to know if his passions (he means love) are returned by the young lady?" By asking her, we suppose. At least that is our way of arriving at any information we wish to gain.

PENELOPE PUMPKIN.—When an evil is not to be remedied, the only course is to bear, and make the best of it. A little pleasant society would doubtless be both healthful and agreeable after the fatigue of the day, but if you can't have it, why you must even try to be content without it, and endeavour to find a substitute. Suppose you begin by cultivating the acquaintance and friendship of the elderly ladies you speak of. If they are good, discreet, and Christian women, they will do you moral good, even if their conversation does not satisfy your mental cravings. You say you possess firmness to a fault; a sentence which, being interpreted, means, that you are *obstinate*. Cure this; a woman can scarcely have a more disagreeable failing. As you are fond of teaching, we think you could not have done better than apprentice yourself to the profession. Judging from the bright faces of two young pupil teachers who pass our windows four times every day, we should think the life you have chosen a very happy—we are sure it is a very honourable—one, and trust you will not make it otherwise by repining at the little drawbacks to which your position, in common with

all others upon earth, is subject. "Cassell's Illustrated History of England," or "Educational Course," will, we think, supply the want you feel. It is clear, concise, and cheap.

W. B. O.—Get some mutual friend to introduce you.

CUDDIE BLAKE.—It is impossible for us to give you forms of congratulatory letters to newly married friends. Consult your own sense and good taste. Avoid fine writing and extravagant language, and you can't go wrong.

A CONSTANT READER.—The word signifies *higher*.

CRINOLINE asks a question of so urgent and important a nature that, being ourselves unhappily ignorant of how to answer it, and unable to gain any satisfactory information upon the subject from the lady friends to whom we have submitted it, we publish it entire, hoping that if any of our fair readers know of a cure for the wilfulness of whalebone, they will kindly inform us. "How whalebone in petticoats can be made to keep its form, and prevented from standing out on one side and going in on the other?"

ZOE ST. CLAIR has, after the fashion of children who amuse themselves with playing at kings and queens, been playing at lovers, and expects us, as seniors, to give our opinion upon the matter, as if the game were reality. She must have a strange idea of the amount of our occupation and extent of our credulity.

A YOUNG TRADESMAN.—We advise you to call upon the person for whom you are security to indemnify you: as you are, and must remain, liable upon the note, if the holder thinks proper to call upon you.

M. D. R.—The landlord may distrain for rent upon goods in the office, as that forms part of the premises demised.

STANDARD OF FREEDOM (Taunton) best knows himself if he invades another man's patent. He may use an invention of his own in any way he pleases. A master may proceed against an apprentice for *wilful* injury, but not for that which was simply accidental.

CARADOC.—We consider that you would be entitled to claim six months' notice.

S. D. C. S. D.—If you paid for the work to be done, and the agreement became mutual by the party engaging to do it for you, he is subject to an action either in a superior or county court, in case of loss or damage to you accruing from his negligence.

GEOLOGY.—The substance you mean must be *ASBESTOS*. It is a white, silvery-looking mineral of long silky filaments, which, as its Greek name signifies, is incombustible. It is found in mountainous countries abroad, as well as in Scotland and Anglesea. The ancients used it extensively, although the cloth made from it was of immense cost. Pliny tells us that, notwithstanding the price, he has seen tablecloths, napkins, and even towels made from asbestos; but such extravagance was not general, the greatest demand for this valuable material being for cloths in which to burn the dead, whose sacred ashes could then be collected without the mixture of any foreign substance. The means used to clean this cloth are as singular as its properties:—When it becomes greasy or soiled from use, it is thrown into a clear, bright fire, which burns out the stains, but leaves the material of a pure, dazzling whiteness.

PUSSY.—We are sorry we cannot sympathise with your griefs. Cats are certainly very useful, but to us most unpleasant animals, nor can we enter into the feeling which causes "ladies of a certain age," for whom otherwise we entertain the profoundest respect, to cherish and pet these domestic tigers. We are free to confess, however, that we believe our antipathy is far from being well grounded. Cats are not generally disliked; nay, the Egyptians used to consider them as sacred; and Herodotus, the Greek historian, tells us that whenever a cat died a natural death, the inhabitants of the house where the calamity occurred shaved off their eyebrows in token of sorrow, and then embalmed and nobly interred the lamented animal. In later times their value has also been appreciated at a much higher rate than we should be disposed to give: for Southey, in his "History of the Brazils," says that the first pair of pussies taken to Cuyuba sold for a pound weight of gold. Oh, that we knew of such another mart, and had the unlimited power to effect the clearance of every easy-chair, hearth-rug, and lady's lap within the bills of mortality!

CLERK.—Your friend is right, and you are consequently wrong. His Grace the Archbishop of York is formally styled Primate of England, and his Grace of Canterbury Primate of all England. The distinction arose in the reign of Henry II., in consequence of a fierce dispute between the prelates as to precedence. The quarrel took place at a synod held in Westminster, at which the pope's legate was present. The next day the Archbishop of York appealed to the pope, who settled the matter by giving precedence to the See of Canterbury.

ANGLER.—You are in error. The only royal fish in England are the whale and sturgeon, which, when caught near, or thrown on the coast, belong in certain proportions to the king and queen. Of sturgeon the king claims the whole; but of the whale his majesty only has a right to the head, his better half claiming the tail. Ancient records give as a reason for this curious division, the necessity of supplying the queen's wardrobe with whalebone; but as that article lies in the head and not the tail, we think some other cause should be assigned.

NELLY X.—We have read your letter with the warmest sympathy and approbation, and are heartily glad to be able to remove your doubts on the subject. Such of the goods specified as belong to your mother, she ought to bequeath by will to you; those which are already yours will remain so after her death. You need not fear anything; your brother may threaten to do, but if at your mother's death he attempts any annoyance, you have the means of redress.

GREENHORN.—Your letter is much in character with the name you have taken; we can't tell what you mean.

B. D.—Prussia, as an independent kingdom, dates only from the commencement of the last century. Its importance as a military power is due to the exertions of Frederick William I., a cross-grained, ill-conditioned despot, and of his son Frederick II., better known among the Germans as "Old Fritz," and among the English as Frederick the Great. During the seven years' war, from 1756 to 1763, the first

great successes of the new monarchy were gained. But they were dearly purchased: the country at the conclusion of the struggle was almost depopulated.

SQUIRE BUNDELL must study commercial arithmetic, improve his handwriting, and refrain from palpable and transparent corrections of bad spelling in his letters. Then he may try for his situation in the customs, and we hope he may become a director of the Board of Inland Revenue some fine day.

DARIEN.—Penal servitude has been introduced as a substitute for transportation for short terms. The colonists in Australia very properly refused to receive the monthly cargoes of swindlers, housebreakers, and ruffians of various descriptions; therefore they are allowed "to grace the mother country, under certain insignificant restrictions." Prisoners sentenced to penal servitude are employed in the usual convict labour about the dockyards and elsewhere.

MILES.—The letters I.H.S. embroidered on altar cloths, illuminated on church windows, and frequently affixed to figures of our Lord, mean "Jesus Hominum Salvator"—Jesus the Saviour of men. They have been in use since the twelfth century.

ZERLINA.—We should advise you in the first instance to procure an introduction to some well known and respected member of the musical profession in London, who would give you an unbiased opinion on the quality of your voice, and your consequent chance of success. Then, if the opinion be favourable, you will soon have an opportunity of appearing before the public at a concert. We should not advise you to attempt to appear as an opera singer, until you are quite sure of your *nerve*, as well as of your talent.

QUILL.—A short note may be written in the third person, and would begin—"Mr. — presents his compliments to Mr. —," &c. Of course such a note as this must not be signed. This was the mistake made by our correspondent, to which we referred in the answer you quote.

ACHILLES.—In studying any subject without the assistance of a master, be very careful to proceed *gradually*, and not to go to a new thing till you have thoroughly understood the last.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.—Our article, "*How to cut and contrive Children's Clothing*," was taken from a publication bearing the same title, published by Darton and Co., Holborn Hill, the price of which is 6d.; and in connection with which are other books on the proper management of children, &c.

PETIT JACQUES must be a very ambitious personage to wish to be his own harmonium manufacturer. We cannot undertake to teach him the art and mystery of making one of these instruments, but we wish his endeavours may be crowned with success.

D. J. B.—We cannot conceive any circumstances under which a Bible would not be a most suitable and acceptable gift to a Christian.

J. S. A. writes to ask us if the *buyer* or the *seller* of an article should say "Thank you." We think *both* might go through such a common form of politeness. The seller should thank the buyer for his custom, and the buyer should acknowledge the pains taken to please him. A little courtesy makes things go so much more pleasantly.

JAMES CROWTHER.—Fall-mail is pronounced *Pell-mell*. It takes its name from the game of mail, a popular pastime in former days. It was played with a ball and a long bat, and had some features in common with the modern game of cricket.

ONE IN PERPLEXITY.—We frequently feel inclined to remind many of our correspondents of the fact that "half a loaf is better than no bread," and "One in Perplexity" seems to be in a dilemma from having forgotten that useful axiom. A situation should not be given up until a better one has been obtained; for when a man has once thrown himself out of employment, he frequently finds it a matter of difficulty to get into a fresh "groove." We can only recommend our correspondent to canvass among his friends, and to answer every advertisement which appears at all tempting. To all who read these columns, we should say, "Whatever your present employments may be, do not give them up until you have secured something better."

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—We must have fuller particulars before we can answer the question.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—You must choose your library according to your own taste, but do not read any books which merely amuse without instructing, for it is like eating food which contains no nourishing principle.

INDIAN.—The storming of Seringapatam, at which Tippeo Saib was killed, took place in 1799, during the time of the dictatorship of Lord Cornwallis. Rohilcund is in the north of India, on the southern declivity of the Himalaya range.

A. CONSTANT READER.—Your handwriting is very bold, very plain, very black, and very well adapted for directing large parcels, but not for a merchant's or a lawyer's office.

G. W. A.—No, not without considerable improvement. **HANDWRITING.**—DURHAMITE wants freedom, letters well-formed and regular. **J. B. F.**—Very careless, almost slovenly. **S. O.** labours under the same want as Durhamite, that of ease and freedom. **A. B. C.**—Thick and clumsy, but arising chiefly, we suspect, from over haste. **BOURNEMOUTH.**—Not good enough for a lawyer's office, very irregular. **RICHARD MARKHAM.**—Bad, but of course improvable. Do not spell oblige with a *d*, nor Richard with a *t*, nor penmanship with two *ns*. **HERB MAISTRAID.**—Good: your other question has been answered before. **A YOUTH.**—The letter is well written. **X. Z. A.**—With care, your handwriting would pass muster; but it should be improved for a merchant's office. **A LAD OF THIRTEEN.**—Good. **A. CONSTANT READER.**—Tolerably good, but careless. **ARREBOATH.**—Very good.

J. N.—Advisee "To parish clerks," stating the name of the person whose baptismal register you want, and offering a reward.

* * All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

MILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

Author of "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TARLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

Harsh words are like seed at random cast:
Nine fall, and wither where they fall; the tenth
May strike deep root, and when it does, the plant
Bears nought but bitterness. Men should take heed,
Nor lightly scatter them.—OLD PLAY.

Some minds arrive at a conclusion by the slow and tedious process of deduction; others jump at it. The suit is much the same in either case; for instinct, especially where the inferior passions are concerned, is so marvellous a resemblance to reason, that it could puzzle a philosopher to decide where the former ends and the latter commences.

Now Jack Manders, being called upon for the first time in his life to form a conclusion, very naturally preferred the shortest and the easiest way—in fact, he had never heard of any other; and the result was, the perfect conviction in his own mind, that uncle Mike, Andrew was quite as great a rascal as uncle Mike, perhaps greater. The balance of opinion rather inclined to the side that he was so, and most of our readers, we doubt not, will agree with him.

Had any one told the poor friendless boy that his well-dressed, respectable-looking relative had committed murder, he would have believed it, without proof, and condemned him, as Judge Jefferies did the unfortunate adherents of Monmouth in Devonshire, on the strength of his internal convictions.

Fortunately for the old steward, the question between his nephew and himself was merely one of wounded feeling and disappointment on one side, and a heartless disregard of the ties of blood and struggling helplessness on the other. Had Mr. Sillex stretched forth a helping hand, or only uttered a

kind word, which would have cost him nothing, he might have secured a grateful recollection, where he had wantonly planted bitterness and resentment.

It was unwise; for such impressions but too frequently grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength of those who receive them.

Jack's designs for the present were directed to two objects: the first was to discover the abode of the mysterious relative whose acquaintance he had so unexpectedly made—a secret which had baffled all the penetration of Mike, and considerably aggravated his fraternal feelings; the second, to find out the name of the lady who appeared so anxious to place her child under such respectable guardianship; for her child the boy naturally supposed it to be, not comprehending why any one should pay for the support of other people's children.

He had never met with such disinterestedness—no one had ever offered to pay for him.

As to any use the discovery, in either case, might be to him, he left that to Providence. It was the first



JACK PLAYS THE LISTENER TO SOME PURPOSE.

stroke of business out of his regular line he had ever ventured upon; and, like a new speculator launched on the world's exchange, he naturally felt hopeful.

Full of determination, Jack proceeded, at an early hour the following morning, to the park—the peak of his cap pulled closely over his eyes, a large worsted comforter twisted carefully round his neck so as to hide the lower part of his features—and seated himself at the end of one of the benches, which, in summer, are generally occupied by sentimental nursery-maids and the noisy, laughter-loving band supposed to be under their charge. We have often watched these groups, with here and there a red coat, off duty, phandering away the hours he knows not how to dispose of, and a solitary policeman, on duty, giving himself officious airs, and looking dreadfully stern at his military rivals.

The position was well selected, and did great credit to the boy's tactics, commanding, as it did, not only the steps leading to Waterloo-place, with its column erected to the memory of the royal duke, who has left a name written indelibly, we fear, in the ledgers of so many of his too trusting countrymen, but the passage to Spring-gardens, and the long walk extending from the palace to the parade-ground.

If Mr. Sillex should, by any accident, happen to pass through the park, his nephew must be blind indeed not to perceive him.

It is astonishing with what patience the boy watched and waited—not even the ice in the inclosure, with its crowd of merry skaters, most of them lads of his own age, or, what appeared still more tempting, the famous long slide outside the rails, could draw him for a single instant from his post: a proof that though his hands and feet might be half frozen, his heart remained warm with the bitterness of resentment.

The only recreation he allowed himself was an occasional short run, accompanied by the swinging of his arms athwart his chest, or, when in serious doubt as to the exact locality of his toes, sharply striking the soles of his bluchers against the trunk of the nearest tree; by way of ascertaining, we suppose, whether the usual inmates were at home or not.

It would have been hard, indeed, if so much perseverance had failed of success.

Jack had been several hours in the park, when a man and woman made their appearance, leading a child between them. After looking around, as if to make sure that they were right in the locality, they seated themselves on one of the benches facing the largest of the butts or counters on which the vendors of milk and whey arrange their pans and bowls during the summer season.

"From the country," thought Jack, after examining them with a critical eye.

No wonder that his curiosity was excited, for the female seemed overwhelmed with grief. And yet it could not be poverty—that is to say, poverty according to Jack's idea—that caused her tears. For she was both warmly and comfortably clad, and the child dressed in a velvet mantle, worn over a dark cloth frock.

A more experienced eye might have detected, perhaps, that the mantle was considerably used, and the frock had not been made for the wearer. But the boy, although expert in many things, was no great connoisseur in dress.

At first he naturally supposed that they were merely resting themselves, and expected every moment to see them resume their walk. Finding that they remained, he jumped to a second conclusion—they must be waiting for some one. And he asked himself, for whom?

He had not long to wait for an answer to this mental inquiry. Casting his eyes towards the Duke of York's column, he recognised his respectable relative, Mr. Sillex, descending the steps with a lady on his arm; and in an instant he understood the whole affair.

"Only to think," he muttered, "that I should be the first to see uncle Mike's new parlour boarder;" and strange to say he began to feel an interest in the child.

With a promptitude that did great credit to his self-possession, Jack darted behind the before-mentioned counter or butt, knelt down upon the snow, and puffing the comforter from over his ears, prepared to listen.

"You see, Rose, I have kept my word," said Lady Boothroyd, as she approached the bench where Mark Rayner, his wife, and Lillian were seated.

The poor woman regarded the orphan with a piteous expression.

"And I mine," replied her husband, with a flush of shame. "God knows how hard it has gone with me. I never thought I should live to turn child stealer."

"Ho!" thought the listener, "the child has been stolen."

"You see what poaching leads to," gravely observed the steward.

Mark was silenced.

"I should not feel quite so miserable," exclaimed Rose, "if your ladyship would only condescend to tell me what you intended to do with Lillian."

"She is a ladyship, is she?" mentally ejaculated Jack, on whom not a word was lost.

"Provide for her," replied Lady Boothroyd, "handsomely."

"Send her to school," added Mr. Sillex.

The boy could not repress a grin at the idea of Mike being intrusted with the education of any one. He had never known him to have but one pupil, and that was himself.

"I have no time to waste on explanations of my intentions," observed the mistress of Meldown Park, haughtily, "nor have you the right to question them. My rank and character ought to be a guarantee that they are kind ones. Give me the child," she added. "Mr. Sillex will arrange the rest."

His nephew repeated the name several times, to imprint it on his memory.

Fully believing that by arranging the rest, the speaker meant that the steward would restore the proofs of her husband's guilt, Rose, after kissing the child, placed her little hand in that of her persecutor.

"I'll not go with her!" exclaimed Lillian, fixing her large dark eyes upon the countenance of Lady Boothroyd. "Take me home to uncle Simon and dear aunt Hester."

"She will be very good to you," whispered the woman.

The orphan shook her head doubtfully.

"And send you to school, where you will have playfellows of your own age," added Rose, "and nice dresses."

"A precious lot o' them Mike will give her!" was the mental commentary of Jack on the last promise of the speaker. "Poor little thing! He is more like to strip her of the fine things she has got, and sell them to buy gin with."

It required but little art to persuade the child out of her objection to accompany the fine lady, who was to do such great things for her. Still she parted from Rose reluctantly; and more than once, as her cruel enemy led her triumphantly away, turned and kissed her hand to her.

Of Mark she took no notice, evidently feeling little or no regret at leaving him.

The boy made no attempt to follow them, knowing well enough where they were going to, but directed all his attention to overhear what was to follow between his uncle and the man and woman.

"You have got the—you know what I mean," said Mark; "the—"

"Her ladyship gave it to me," interrupted the steward, "before setting out; but we must have a little conversation first," he added. "Where are the chain and locket?"

"What chain and locket?" demanded Rose.

"The ones Mark took from Lillian," was the reply.

It was perfectly useless for her husband to protest that he had never seen them. Mr. Sillex was not to be convinced, added to which it was no part of Lady Boothroyd's plan to part either with the bible or the leaf.

"Why should she keep them," exclaimed the guilty man, passionately, "if she intends to act fairly by me?"

"Why should you keep the chain and locket?" retorted the old man.

"I have them not."

His hearer smiled incredulously.

"I'll tell you why we intend to keep them," he said.

"I should like to hear that," thought Jack.

"Why do children," continued the crafty speaker, "when they catch a bird tie a string to its leg? Shall I tell you? To pull it back when it attempts to escape—cut short its flight—to have a hold upon it. You are the bird: the string is round your leg—neck, perhaps, would have been a better word, only I don't wish to make any remark that might sound unpleasantly. Keep your proofs; we will guard ours. You see the game—check for check. Clever, isn't it?"

"Rascally, you mean," ejaculated Mark, indignantly.

"In this world you will find them much the same thing," philosophically observed the old man.

"Had I known!"

"But you didn't know—you couldn't know," interrupted Mr. Sillex, a second time. "How should you? Still, it is her ladyship's intention to act liberally by you. You are about to emigrate—a prudent decision; but it will be a still more prudent one never to return to England. Great people do not like to live in

fear. You understand me? Here are fifty pounds," he added, "to pay your passage out."

"But the child?" exclaimed Rose, who, in the midst of her terror and anxiety for her husband's safety, could not forget poor Lillian, and the wicked part they had been driven to act towards her.

"The child will be taken care of," replied the steward, at the same time placing the notes in the hands of Mark Rayner. "You understand your position—are aware you have had a lucky escape; for if Sir Norman had only known—"

At the name of the baronet, husband and wife both shuddered.

"Sir Norman!" repeated Jack to himself; "that's another name to think of."

The gentleman looked at his watch, and observing that it wanted a quarter to one, directed the unhappy dupes of Lady Boothroyd's promises to remain where they were till the clock of the Horse Guards should strike the hour. This arrangement would give him time to reach the carriage of the baronet, which was waiting for him close to the column in Waterloo-place. He did not wish the servants to recognise either Mark or Rose.

As to being followed by any one else, the idea never once entered his imagination. He had quite forgotten his nephew.

"The villain!" muttered the man, crumpling the notes together. "O Rose, Rose! what have my recklessness and imprudence brought you to? a felon's wife, nay, almost a partner in his crime. I shall go mad to think of it."

The concealed listener had no time to attend further to their conversation; his aim was to follow his uncle, track the old fox to his covert, and then smoke him out, or, in other words, employ the knowledge he had obtained to the best advantage. Mike, he knew, would stand something handsome for the discovery.

Like many older and more-experienced generals, Jack had never calculated on the strategy of the enemy. Great was his mortification, therefore, when, after dodging him from tree to tree, and creeping up the steps on his hands and knees, he reached the topmost one just in time to see him drive off in the dashing, well-appointed equipage.

In the bitterness of his disappointment he had one consolation. He had not been recognised, and that was something.

Most boys of his age would have given up the pursuit, confessed themselves baffled, and thought no more upon the subject. Not so with Jack: he had been trained in a very different school—cunning and danger. A few moments' reflection decided him how to act.

Taking from his jacket a neat-looking pocketbook—the possession of which might have puzzled him to explain—he ran back to the spot where Mark and Rose were still seated, waiting the signal which was to release them.

"Please, who was that old gentleman I saw you talking with just now?" he exclaimed, apparently very much out of breath.

"Why do you want to know?" demanded the man.

"See what he has dropped," replied the boy. "I tried to overtake him; but he rode away in a fine coach before I could get up to him."

The possibility that it might contain the fatal leaf from the bible struck both husband and wife.

Mark eagerly demanded to see it.

"Can't you see it?"

"But I wish to examine it."

"That wouldn't be honest!" exclaimed the lad, with an expression of well affected frankness. "Why I haven't looked into it myself."

"We will restore it to him," suggested Rose.

"And get the reward. No, I thank you."

A few moments' reflection convinced the unhappy pair how unlikely a thing it was that Lady Boothroyd should have parted with the proofs, even to her confidant; or that he would have brought them with him. It could do them no good to prevent the pocket-book being restored to its owner.

"His name is Sillex," said Mark.

The querist knew that much already.

"He is steward to a very rich gentleman, Sir Norman Boothroyd," added Rose, struck by the seeming honesty of the lad, "but we cannot tell you where he resides in London; most probably, though, with his master."

"And where does his master live?" demanded Jack.

"We do not know—the family have only just come to town. The residence of Mr. Sillex in the country is called the Home Farm, St. Faith's, Devonshire."

These were a great many names to recollect, but somehow, although he could neither read nor write Jack did contrive to recollect them. He had a pecu-

liar system of mnemonics of his own—a system which danger and crime had taught him.

Thanking his informants for their kindness, he quitted them, not without a secret contempt for their lack of intelligence.

"No wonder," he thought, "that uncle Andrew made such fools of them: they could no more smell a dodge than a canary could a mouse."

The track was getting more easy to follow: one clue more would bring the steward and nephew face to face.

Whilst the scene which we have described was being acted in the park, the returned convict was on the watch in his cottage, waiting like some spider in its web in expectation of its prey. As the hours passed on, he began to feel impatient, and the suspicion that his brother had been jesting with him crossed his mind. It was soon, however, dismissed. Whatever else his peculiarities, Andrew had never been remarkable for a playful humour. Besides, he could have no motive for trifling with him, and Mike was a great judge of motives.

A knock at the door put an end to his cogitations and surmises on the subject.

"Come in," he shouted, briskly.

The next instant Lady Boothroyd, thickly veiled, entered the wretched abode, leading Lillian by the hand. Her ladyship's first act was to close the door; her next, to take a chair.

"A woman of business," thought the man, watching her movements attentively.

"Are we alone?" inquired his visitor.

"Quite alone, marm," answered Mike, "if you have anything to say to me."

"You have been represented to me," said the artful woman, "as a person who may be trusted."

"With untold gold, marm," exclaimed the convict, clapping his hand upon his breast, as if calling upon his heart to witness the truth of his assertion; and trying, at the same time, to look exceedingly honest.

"That is not exactly the kind of confidence I wish to place in you," observed the lady, drily.

"Well, marm, it might have been; I am quite ready to take charge of anything—it will be safe in my keeping—I've the best of characters, and can—"

"No doubt!" interrupted her ladyship, somewhat impatiently; "but it is perfectly unnecessary for you to tell me so: I informed myself thoroughly of your character, before I decided on employing you."

"That villain Andrew has been splitting on me," thought Mike; "my own twin brother too!"

"I wish to ascertain," continued the speaker, "whether you are disposed to take charge of a child?"

"A child!" exclaimed the ruffian, with affected surprise. "It ain't much in my way, but, *perried* it ain't a baby—"

His visitor pointed to Lillian.

"Well, she is a pretty creature," he continued, in what was doubtless intended to be a very soft, affectionate tone; "come here, my love."

The child instinctively shrank from him, and clung to Lady Boothroyd.

"Unfortunately she is illegitimate," observed the latter, "and cannot be acknowledged. She is also exceedingly obstinate," she added, "and requires a firm hand to restrain her."

"I am firm enough, marm," replied Mike, scowling on Lillian for the repugnance she had involuntarily displayed; "and as to her being ill—ill, I know what you mean, though I can't exactly remember the word—it don't so much matter; you ain't the first woman," he added, "who has met with a misfortune."

"What does the wretched man mean to insinuate?" exclaimed the mistress of Meldown Park, greatly shocked at a supposition so offensive to her chastity; which being the only virtue she possessed, she naturally felt the more tenacious about.

"It's all right, marm," said Mike, with a knowing wink; "no offence."

A little reflection convinced his visitor how absurd it would be to argue on such a point with the fellow; and after all, the idea was not unfavourable to her view. Curiosity she well knew to be inseparable from vulgar minds, and by letting him entertain his opinion, the probability was in favour of his making further inquiries respecting her.

The pecuniary part of the transaction was soon arranged. Fifty pounds were to be paid annually, and in advance, for the board and education of Lillian.

"I forgot to add," said the unprincipled woman, as he rose to depart, "that the child is entitled to five hundred pounds."

"Is she, though?" exclaimed Mike, secretly wondering at the confidence so unexpectedly placed in him.

"Which, in the event of her death," continued the lady, "I should feel it my duty to pay over to you, in consideration of the trouble which you will doubtless have had with her—provided, of course, that you take proper care of her."

"I'll take care of her," muttered the convict.

"And are kind to her."

"As kind as you desire, marm," replied the ruffian.

"But suppose, now, anything should happen to her," he added, speaking very deliberately, "and some children is very delicate, how am I to let you know of it?"

"I shall send a person in whom I can confide, every six months, to see the child," answered her ladyship.

"Couldn't I call anywhere?" suggested Mike, insinuatingly.

"No."

"Or write?"

To this modest proposal the negative was pronounced in a tone still more decided than to the first, and the speaker took her leave. She was far too wary to be caught in that spring.

Lillian, terrified at the thought of being left alone in such a wretched-looking place, attempted to follow her, but the master of the cottage dragged her roughly away, threatening, with fearful curses, to twist her neck if she cried or stirred.

"Sit there," he said, forcing her into a chair in one corner of the room; "and only let me see you move, that's all. I'll soon teach you."

The sobs which, despite her efforts to repress them, would break convulsively from time to time from the helpless orphan, and the mute agony of her looks, failed to make the least impression upon Mike; in fact, he had something else to think of. The parting words of his visitor still rang in his ears: they had produced the effect the speaker calculated.

Five hundred pounds in the event of the death of his charge! He had never been the possessor of such a sum in the whole course of his career of crime. It appeared enormous to him, and yet how easily a little exertion and honesty might have made him the master of it.

Five hundred pounds! It was independence—positive wealth, according to his estimation of money.

"Why didn't she speak out?" he muttered.

"Women always shilly-shally with what they wish. Not that I'm a-goin' to run any risks—no, no. Too wide awake for that; but it is an awful lot of tin," he added, musingly, and his eyes sparkled greedily as he mentally calculated all that it would purchase.

Then the thought of Andrew's threat, that it would cost him his life if he harmed the child, occurred to him, and somewhat checked his imagination.

"She is one day to be worth her weight in gold to him," he said, repeating his words. "I wonder what she will be worth to me!"

The answer was still the same—five hundred pounds.

There seemed to be a sort of magic in the sum. Mike had heard of such an amount before—nay, of much larger ones; but never had his mind grasped the idea so completely. He counted upon his fingers how many tens and twenties it would make, divided it into fifties, and, if his arithmetic had carried him so far, would have reduced it to half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, and pence, in order to form an exact estimate of its value.

Although sorely tempted, he came to the conclusion to do nothing rashly. In the first place, he wanted to be assured that in the event of any accident to his charge, the money would be really and truly paid; for he was quite shrewd enough to know that there was no recovery on a verbal promise in a court of law. Besides, he had had enough of law: its chances had been unfavourable to him. In the next, how the affair might be arranged in a business-like manner without danger to himself.

The last consideration, however, embarrassed him the least; for, as he before observed, "some children are uncommon delicate."

"Only think, now," soliloquised Mike, in a philosophic vein; "five hundred pounds a-goin' a begging! It's aggravatin' to think on it. Five hundred pounds just for placing one's hand over her mouth for a few minutes, and stoppin' her breath! I could do it as easily as—but what then?"

It is astonishing what power those two words have exercised on the world, both for good and evil. What then, have cooled the courage of many a desperate man, kept rogues within the pale of legal honesty, arrested hands upon the verge of crime, and sometimes driven them to commit it, in the vain hope of concealing it. They exercise also a political influence. Many a member would sell his constituents; ministers betray their country, perpetrate jobs too scandalous even for the cynical age we live in, to pass over in silence,

but for the terrible question, "What then?" They form, as it were, part of the police of society, and are most efficient in the preventive service.

Mike's reveries were broken by the return of Jack, who affected great surprise on seeing Lillian, and asked all kinds of embarrassing questions respecting her. Who was she? would she stay long with them? what was her name, and how came she there?

"You are plaguily curious," exclaimed the old convict, impatiently; his conversational powers, nearly exhausted by the succession of falsehoods he had been forced to tell. "She is the daughter of a friend of mine; will remain here just as long as I please; and her name is—what is your name?" he asked, roughly.

"Lilly," answered the trembling child.

"Don't speak so gruffly," said the boy; "you frighten her."

"I shall speak as I please," was the reply.

Jack's heart was naturally a kind one, but his affections had run wild, for want of proper limits to restrain them. We do not mean wild in the ordinary acceptance of the word: he was too young for that, but just that sort of wilfulness which renders youth unsettled. Children require some one to love as well as to be up to. It is the strongest instinct of their nature. Had he had a mother or a sister, ten to one but what he had turned out a very different character. But the poor boy had only his uncle Mike; and our readers are aware how impossible it was even for the most loving disposition to attach itself to him.

The want of something to rest his heart upon had shown itself in his kindness to little Mary, and his rough and ready sympathy with Richard Markham. It had now discovered another object; and acting under the same mysterious law which leads the solitary plant rooted in some dark and humid cell to direct its sickly leaves towards the only ray of light which penetrates it, Jack turned towards it intuitively.

If Mr. Silcox had an enemy, poor Lillian had a friend in Jack.

"Don't cry," he said, taking the child by the hand. "Uncle Mike is very rough in his speech, but he won't harm you."

The convict uttered an inarticulate "Umph!" and Lillian looked up in the face of the boy, and tried to smile.

CHAPTER XVI.

When heaven and angels, earth and earthly things,
Do leave the guilty in their guiltiness,
A cherub's voice doth whisper in a child's.—MATURIN.

It was many a long year since Mike had been so flush of cash, and he determined to indulge the coarse passions of his nature by what he called enjoying himself—in other words, to drink and swill at his ease in one of the low pothouses in the neighbourhood. In order to do this without risk of his charge escaping, Jack was ordered to remain at home, and for two days the boy never quitted the house. It was no great punishment to him, for, without knowing why, he already detested the mode of life to which his uncle had trained him.

It is not to be supposed that this repugnance arose from any moral considerations. The danger attending his exploits, perhaps, might have something to do with it, as well as the mysterious disappearance of Richard Markham, for both weighed upon his mind, which, as far as right and wrong were concerned, was a mere blank. He certainly understood that certain things were punished, *provided they were found out*,—had heard of laws and magistrates, and knew what the police were for; but of honesty as a principle—a rule to be the guidance of his conduct towards his fellow-creatures, he was as ignorant as though the divine command had never been given.

How many hundreds—nay, thousands of children in this vast empire are in the same position! our streets teem with them—our goals yawn to receive them! From the dark alleys, where the stagnant air is laden with miasma, the narrow courts, the nameless dens, they are belched forth to infect society, the seed of a future pestilence—victims making victims.

Not one of these helpless creatures—born in ignorance, reared in ignorance, living in ignorance, and, what is far more appalling, destined to die in ignorance—but, under other auspices, might become valuable members of society, add to their country's strength instead of weakness, assist her industry, develop the resources of her colonies, and act a useful part in the great drama of humanity.

Let any man try to enter into communication with one of these little outcasts, and he will be struck by one of two things: his advances are either received with shyness amounting to terror, or a display of effrontery still more painful to contemplate. Who is to blame? Young as the archaic may be, he knows that he is

already at war with society, or destined to become so, and he cunningly attempts to deceive, or insolently brave it. He looks upon the well-dressed portion of his fellow-creatures as his natural enemies, and his feelings betray themselves according to age or hardihood.

The embryo felon is right. Society is his enemy, for it has left him in ignorance, instead of educating him; drawn the best trumps from the pack, and, confident in its strength, plays the game of life against him.

How frequently do we hear those who have never contributed a shilling towards the education of the poor, complain of the prevalence of crime, suggest plans for prison discipline, penal colonies, and the employment of convict labour. They had much better turn their attention to schools; they will be found cheaper in the end.

Prevention is better than cure; and on this principle we prefer school-rooms to reformatories. Not that we consider the latter unnecessary—far from it; they have done, and are doing, excellent work.

But why wait till the spring is sullied, the sapling bent, the disease developed, when the means of avoiding so great a portion of these miseries are at hand, easy of application, and comparatively inexpensive.

Should any one accuse us, in consequence of these observations, of wandering from our legitimate sphere, we boldly answer—No; our office is to instruct as well as amuse. A great truth may be advocated even by a novelist; and possessing as the FAMILY PAPER does, an almost unrivalled power of publicity,—a voice, as it were, at every fireside in the kingdom, we should ill perform our duty if we did not occasionally scatter through its pages thoughts for age to dwell on—subjects worthy the attention of the young.

There is a kind of freemasonry in childhood; it requires no introductions: innocence introduces itself, ignores the distinctions of social rank, and in making a friend, never inquires where the object of its preference banks, or whether, in a worldly phrase, the acquaintance is likely to prove an eligible one.

It is a happy thing that it is so. Such lessons are inculcated and acted upon quite soon enough.

The two days that Jack and Lillian were left in the cottage together were quite sufficient to make them understand each other; the orphan felt that she had acquired a friend, almost a protector, and the boy, that he had at last found something more intelligent than a dog or a rabbit to place his affections upon.

Jack never seemed to tire in his endeavours to amuse his little playfellow. From the first night he had given up his bed to her; an arrangement that uncle Mike wondered at, but did not object to, for the room—if the gloomy den over the outhouse might be designated one—was lit only by a narrow skylight in the roof, far too high for a child to reach, and the door had a lock to it, advantages which did not escape the calculation of the convict.

The boy had made himself a sleeping-place at the head of the staircase. True, the night wind blew keenly on him from the broken window, and the draft from the kitchen came whistling up the stairs with a low, moaning sound, but he paid little attention to either of these inconveniences. He was used to the night air, and if by chance he awoke and found himself unusually cold, he curled himself up with his head under the bed-clothes and slept till morning, or the return of Mike drunk from the pothouse caused him to run shivering down the creaking stairs to let him in.

In the morning Jack was the first up, the kitchen made as tidy as he knew how to make it, the fire lit and breakfast ready before he called Lillian. Twice on entering the room he had found her upon her knees, and her hands clasped together by the side of the truckle bed; and though he had but a faint idea of what she was engaged in, a feeling of awe came over him, and he crept silently away, not to disturb her.

The third time he caught her thus occupied he determined to ask her about it.

"Lilly," he said, when she descended, "what were you a-doin' just now?"

"When you came to call me?"

"Yes."

"Saying my prayers," answered the child, astonished at the question.

"And to whom do you pray?"

"To God."

"Who taught you?"

"Mamma," replied the orphan, her eyes filling with tears, "a long while ago."

"There, don't cry!" exclaimed the boy, kissing her; "I won't tease you any more about it."

"You don't tease me."

"Don't I? Well, then, isn't it odd that no one taught me to pray?"

"Perhaps you had no mamma," suggested Lillian, innocently.

"I must have had a mother, which is the same thing, I suppose," said Jack; "only I can't remember her, though I often try. I thought people only said prayers when they went to church; and one must dress fine to go there," he added. "I know that, for I have often watched them in on a Sunday."

"And did you never go?" inquired the child.

"Lord, Lilly!" exclaimed the boy, "what should I do there?"

"Pray, as other people do. Do you never pray?"

"I used to do to Mike, to let me off when he was a-goin' to larrup me," answered the lad; "but he doesn't try it on now. The last time his shins was black and blue for a fortnight, so he found he'd got enough of it. What do you say?"

"Shall I teach you?"

"If you like," answered Jack, hesitatingly, for he felt a singular sensation creeping over him.

"You must kneel, then."

"Kneel?"

"Yes," said Lillian, seriously. "Mamma always made me kneel when she taught me."

For the first time in his life the knees of the young outcast were bent where they cannot be trained to bend too early, and he repeated the words of the Dominical prayer as they fell from the lips of his instructor. There was much in it that he could not comprehend.

"What do you mean," he asked, "by 'Give us this day our daily bread'? I thought people had to work for it, or steal it."

"God knows," was the reply.

"And 'Deliver us from evil'?" he added.

Lillian's answer was still the same.

Jack Manders did not forget the latter phrase. It seemed to have made a peculiar impression on his mind, and several times in the course of the day he repeated it to himself, musingly.

The heavy footsteps of Mike upon the stairs put an end to his questioning and Lilly's teaching. The latter shrank into a corner, and the boy began to busy himself about the breakfast.

The convict was in no very amiable humour. His eyes appeared bleared and red from the over-night's debauch: he loathed the very sight of food, but eagerly poured cup after cup of tea down his parched throat.

"What is the fool a-starin' at?" he exclaimed, scowling on the child, who, fascinated by terror, could not take her eyes off him.

"Don't speak so roughly, uncle," said Jack; "you only frighten her."

"And why should I frighten her?" demanded the brute, savagely.

"She ain't used to you yet."

"You're a-gettin' as great an idiot as the gal," muttered the convict; "but it all comes of staying at home, eatin' and drinkin' and doin' a nothink. You'd better be off," he added, "and see what you can pick up—I ain't a-goin' to keep you in idleness as I have done."

The assertion was rather a modest one, considering that for years the boy had kept him.

Never had Jack felt so disinclined to quit the house as on that morning, but there was no help for it; it was only by bringing him money that he could hope to keep his taskmaster in good humour. He lingered as long as it was possible, saw that Lilly made a good breakfast, and when he bade her at last "good-bye," promised soon to be back to her.

"Come here," said Mike, addressing the child as soon as they were alone.

With desperate courage the orphan advanced to him.

"That's right," he continued: "now, mark me. You see that door; if you attempt to pass it, without my leave, I'll cut the flesh off your very bones—do you hear?"

"Yes," gasped Lillian.

"See you mind me, then—I ain't a-goin' to stand no nonsense with you, I can tell you."

During the morning the convict absented himself for nearly an hour, carefully locking the door after him. On his return he brought several bottles of gin with him, two pipes, and some tobacco, which he placed upon the table. From this arrangement it was evident that he expected a visitor.

"Sit there," he said, pointing to a stool near the fire. "I don't want to keep you a-shiverin' in the cold."

The little victim obeyed him.

"Where do you come from?" he added.

"From a long way over sea."

"And have you no father or mother?"

"No, they are both dead," answered Lillian, bursting into tears.

"I thought as much," muttered the wretch.

He could draw but little further information from her, which was not very surprising, seeing that Lillian was only six years old when she left India, and till the last few weeks had spoken but little English. All she remembered was that her papa used to wear a red coat, with gold somethings—she had forgotten the name of them—upon his shoulders, and a sword by his side. That he died first, and her mamma a few days after him.

"An officer," mentally ejaculated Mike. "I'll be bound," he added, "that Andrew knows all about her; only to think of his being so close with his brother, and we are twins too! but I'll *larn* all about her too, afore I've done, cunning as he thinks himself."

Having come to this praiseworthy conclusion, he lit his pipe, and gradually fell into a profound meditation, which was only broken by the impatient glances he cast from time to time at the window.

The party he was waiting for, and had sent his nephew out to avoid meeting, had not yet made his appearance, a delay which the impatient host considered very unhandsome, after the preparations he had made to entertain him.

We must now follow Jack, who had hitherto pursued his peculiar avocation in St. James's Park, the purlieu of Westminster, and Parliament-street—rarely had he ventured beyond Charing-cross. This time, however, he determined to vary the field of operation. The old ground was too dangerous; every policeman as he passed him, appeared to eye him suspiciously. So he walked nervously on till he found himself in Regent-street, which at that early hour was nearly deserted, so that he had ample time to gratify his curiosity by taking a good look at the jewellers' shops, and wondering in his ignorance what the golden glittering things he saw there could be meant for.

Anon the streets began to fill; yet he saw no opportunity of exercising his craft. The weather was cold, every one walked briskly, and were closely buttoned up,—a reason which may account for the fact that not half so many pockets are picked in winter as in summer.

"I shall have no luck to-day," he thought.

Then he remembered the prayer Lilly had taught him, and muttered to himself the words, "*Deliver us from evil*," and again wondered what they meant.

Although yet a stranger to honesty as a principle, it was evident that he had no inclination for his task, for he suffered opportunities to escape him which a few weeks previously he would fearlessly have seized upon. Heart and hand both felt unnerved; and yet how readily each would have strung themselves to work. But that appeared hopeless: as he told his uncle, he wanted a character, and could find no one to give him one.

Youth would do well to reflect that labour, no matter how skilful or willing, without character is—like an anvil without a hammer, or a saw without a handle—comparatively useless. Character should be the workman's first stock-in-trade, industry the next. Time and perseverance will do the rest.

In this musing, listless humour, Jack had wandered as far as the entrance to Regent's Park, when a carriage passed him. In an instant he became all life and activity, for he recognised the brown and orange liveries of the servants.

It was the same his uncle Andrew had driven away in.

Without a moment's hesitation or reflection, the boy took to his heels and followed it; and, after running till all but out of breath, had the satisfaction of seeing it draw up in front of one of the stately mansions in a line with Chester-terrace. A domestic in similar livery opened the hall door as a lady and child alighted.

Jack grinned with delight. The clue was found at a moment when he had neither been searching nor thinking of it.

As the vehicle drove round towards the stables, he advanced, and boldly inquired of the porter if Sir Norman Boothroyd did not live there.

"What can you possibly have to say to him?" demanded the pampered menial, with a stare of surprise.

"It ain't him," replied the lad; "it's Mr. Sillex."

"Mr. Sillex?"

"Yes! Mr. Andrew Sillex, the steward."

"And what do you want with him?"

"Perhaps he wouldn't like me to tell you," answered Jack.

The porter thought so too; and as the steward was a person whom few cared to offend, he directed one of the footmen to call him; prudently remaining in the hall himself, with an eye to the safety of the great-coats.

In a few moments the old man made his appearance. His countenance changed to a cadaverous hue when he saw who it was that had inquired for him. The possibility of being tracked so perseveringly by a mere boy, and hunted down at last, had never struck him. The boy took off his cap, gave him a repetition of the bow with which he had saluted him on Westminster Bridge, and, with an arch smile upon his features, asked him how he did.

"You here?" said Mr. Sillex.

"Yes, uncle."

His relative did not ask him this time what he wanted: it would not have done for the servants to have heard the reply, "A character, if you please," which he doubted not would follow.

The steward was a man not only of firmness, but, what is much more rare to meet with, great promptness in his decisions. All ideas of hostility on his part, that is to say *overt hostility*, of course were at an end; he was *disarmed*, and he accepted the defeat without attempting to disguise it to himself.

"Give me my hat, John," he said.

The porter brushed it carefully before handing it to him. Perhaps he was in hopes of hearing something further, for his curiosity was excited; if so, he was doomed to disappointment, for the old fox did not address another word to his nephew while they remained in the house.

"And my coat, if you please," he added, blandly.

The servant gave it him.

When dressed, Mr. Sillex beckoned Jack to follow him, and they walked into the park together, for some time in silence. Not that he required time to collect himself, or arrange his plans. They were settled already.

"Why do you call me uncle?" he demanded, turning suddenly round upon the boy, as soon as they reached one of the retired walks.

"Because you are my uncle," answered Jack.

"Pooh, pooh! nothing of the kind."

"It won't do!" exclaimed his nephew, with a broad grin; "did not I hear every word you said to Mike about mother and me, after you had settled for Lilly; and the lady who was to bring her? I know who the lady is, too," he added, "and where St. Faith's is, the Home Farm, and all about you."

"Umph! rather a clever boy," muttered the steward.

"I am not quite a fool, uncle."

"Evidently not. And does Mike know of this discovery?"

"Not yet. I only found you out myself this morning, by *folloerin* the coach you rode home from the park the other day in."

A smile of satisfaction played for an instant on the thin lips of the old man, and disclosed his very peculiar teeth. Jack did not much like the look of them. A vague impression entered his head that his very respectable relative could give an awful bite; and he felt somewhat more comfortable when the aforesaid lips were compressed again.

"My dear boy," said Mr. Sillex, speaking in his very softest tone, "it is necessary that we should understand each other—in fact, that I should justify myself to you. You are quite intelligent enough to feel the impossibility of my acknowledging the relationship between myself and Mike. It might cost me my place, in the first instance; and could do him no good, in the second."

"He is a rum 'un!" gravely observed Jack, who had been straining the intelligence his uncle had complimented him on to the utmost to comprehend him.

"But with you," added the steward, "it's a very different thing. In fact, I have half made up my mind to try and do something for you."

"Have you, though?" ejaculated the boy, and his little round, dark eyes sparkled hopefully.

"Yes. You say you want a character."

"That's all."

"And are anxious to work."

"Only try me."

"I will try you," said Mr. Sillex, emphatically. "You shall go with me into the country; I start in a few hours, and I will employ you on the farm. It's a nice place, and farming is a very pleasant life. Of course," he added, "I can't expect much from you at first. All you will have to do is to ride on horseback through the fields and see that the labourers do not neglect their work. You can read and write, I suppose?"

Jack hung his head despondingly.

"No matter," added the old hypocrite, encouragingly; "they are soon learnt. The winter evenings are long, and I shall find time to instruct you."

All this, especially the horse, sounded very magnificently in the ears of a boy who had never mounted anything bigger than a donkey in his life, and that

only on one occasion, when Mike took him to Greenwich Fair. A new feeling was created in his breast: something seemed swelling at his heart, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Well," he exclaimed, "you are a trump of an uncle."

The steward smiled.

"And I to be such a fool as to think you wor no better nor Mike."

"Indeed!"

"Nay, wuss, of the two."

"Never judge by first impressions, my dear boy," said his relative, meekly; "they generally mislead us. And now that we perfectly understand each other, and everything is settled, you had better return with me to the house."

"I must go home first."

Mr. Sillex shook his head disapprovingly.

"But I must," repeated Jack; "I've got another shirt and three collars there."

"Never mind the clothes. I will buy you much better ones at St. Faith's," replied the old man, whose great object was not to lose sight of him an instant, for fear of his communicating with Mike. "Your wicked uncle might detain you."

"No fear of that."

Jack's great desire was to see Lillian again. He didn't like the idea of leaving her in the hands of the convict, whose temper was not likely to be improved by his disappearance. This feeling, however, was not sufficiently strong to counterbalance his own interests,—the horse, the farm, the new clothes, to say nothing of disoblighing his kind relative, whose tone, manner, and words had gradually been growing quite paternal; so he gave up the project, and consented to accompany him back to the mansion of Sir Norman.

As they retraced their steps, the wily tempter, who gave his nephew credit for less shrewdness than he really possessed, continued the same strain of promises, described the country as a perfect Arcadia, talked of allowing him a gun, and assured him—the only bit of truth in all he said—that there were abundance of hares and partridges on the land at St. Faith's.

Several times Jack felt inclined to exclaim "gammon!" but respect restrained him: the dose was not yet sufficiently strong to nauseate him.

At last Mr. Sillex, like many other accomplished artists, overacted his part by telling him that he looked upon him as his son, and would make a little gentleman of him. He even went so far as to place his hand affectionately upon his neck.

The lad shuddered at the contact of his long bony fingers, and a cold chill ran through his veins, as if a snake had suddenly coiled itself round him. Whether a warning or an impulse, we cannot pretend to decide, but he sprang with a bound out of the old man's reach.

"I won't go with you!" he exclaimed; "and I don't believe a word you have said."

"My dear boy."

"Don't 'dear boy' me; you only want to murder me; and you would murder me, if I were fool enough to give you the chance."

For several instants uncle and nephew regarded each other. One with the feeling of a disappointed tiger, which had failed in its spring; the other, with the half-frightened air of the nimble antelope, escaped from its fangs. Both were exceedingly pale.

"That's a very wicked thought," observed the former, struggling to repress his rage.

"It's a true one."

"Heaven forgive you," said his uncle.

"Forgive you for the lies you have told," retorted Jack. "You'll give me a horse to ride about the farm on, will you! and a gun! and new clothes! I don't believe you'd give me anything; unless it wor a sly knock on the head, or a twist of the neck; and as for a makin' of a little gentleman of me—gammon, it's a croker you mean."

"Stay."

"Not I," replied the boy; "I've seen quite *enuff* on ye; I'm off."

"I shall have more trouble than I bargained for with that young rascal," thought Mr. Sillex. "He knows too much, a great deal too much; Lady Boothroyd and myself are both in his power, and cost what it will, he must be put out of the way of annoying me."

With this reflection he returned to the mansion of Sir Norman.

Whether he really intended to attempt the life of Jack, was a secret confined to his own heart, and to Him who alone could read it.

Jack felt quite merry as he walked briskly through the park; merry as the bird escaped from the fowler's snare. He had received a lesson, and it had not been thrown away upon him.

A second time the words in the prayer Lilly had taught him recurred to his memory, and he exclaimed aloud—

"Deliver us from evil."

This time he had a shrewd idea of what they meant.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helys for the Young.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE origin of writing is involved in obscurity. It has never yet satisfactorily been explained how alphabetical characters first came to be employed. But it really is not a matter of very much importance. Wherever or whenever letters were invented may never, perhaps, be known. That we enjoy the privilege of using them is the main thing, after all. A river is none the less useful, and none the less pure, though its source be undiscovered.

Letters, to those to whom they are strange, appear the oddest things in the world. A picture, of course, tells its own story, with more or less accuracy; an hieroglyphic is a sort of picture writing; but that certain arbitrary marks should convey certain ideas, seems one of the strangest things under the sun.

Thus it was that the Peruvian Inca, in the days of Pizarro, could not at all understand the art and mystery of writing. You remember he made one of the Spanish soldiers scratch the word *Dios* on his thumb-nail; and then tested the others with it, and was much surprised that they should all understand it in the same way. All? Well, not all; for the leader of their company, that high-blooded *hidalgo* Pizarro, had to make the humiliating confession that he had never learned to read!

Never learned to read! That is, without doubt, a very sad confession for any one to make. It amounts to saying, "I am intellectually pauperised; the treasures of literature are shut up from me; all that books can teach, all the information they can impart, all the lessons they can enforce, all the pleasures they can afford, are denied to me. I know nothing about them. To them I am deaf and blind. To me they are as much a mystery as the hieroglyphics of old Egypt."

This sort of confession is now exceedingly rare, in comparison to what it was in former times. Then the commonest scholarship was at a premium; and a felon cheated the gallows if he could read like a clerk. Now the case is altered. Most people can read. But how few either understand or avail themselves of the advantages of literature.

Our forefathers were desperately ignorant; and the times in which they lived may appropriately be described as dark ages—dark as the valley of the shadow of death! And, in considering this subject, we are not travelling far out of our course if we turn aside, for the purpose of taking a cursory glance at the means of instruction afforded by "the good old times."

Our forefathers cared little about literature and science. They threw learning—like physic—"to the dogs;" and here and there a poor witless wretch—a human dog—gnawed at the dry bones, and tried to get nourishment of them, and failed, of course.

In those good times learning was almost exclusively confined to the Church. The cost of materials and the labour of transcribing were so great that few but the very opulent possessed books. Eight hundred acres of land were given for one book called "The History of the World." The monks obliterated honest, upright classical literature from the parchment, and substituted legends of saintly heroes which, as Dr. Johnson said of the blue lady's tragedy, sadly wanted fire. In such a state of things you may be sure the common people knew nothing at all of letters. They could not read, they could not write; the very courtiers were often more ignorant than a child on the lowest form of a national school. The only means of obtaining information was from the priests. It was not all of that order who were disposed for the work, and those who were could only receive a limited number of pupils. Suppose an individual, for instance, had been fortunate enough to receive instruction from one of these priestly pedagogues, it would have been more fantastic than useful.

But leaving the Anglo-Saxons and coming down to the times of Plantagenets and Tudors, we find the facilities of acquiring information just as scanty as before. We learn, for instance, that Bishop Richard de Bury pronounced it as his opinion that "laymen are utterly unworthy of any communion with books; and that to them, with their greasy elbows, dirty nails, and unwashed hands, it matters not whether

they look at a book turned wrong side upwards or spread before them in the wrong order." Then it was the custom of the University of the University to give out one book to each religious fraternity, diligently to be read for one whole year. Then, also, if a monarch or noble wanted to borrow a book, he had to deposit a valuable quantity of plate in pledge for its safe return; and on the fly-leaf of the volume was written, in church-text,—"Cursed be he who shall in any way injure this book." Then, fitly enough, Shakespeare makes *Jack Cade* say—as there is no doubt the feeling popularly prevailed, and the last statement was correct,—

"Thou has most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar school; whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books than the score and the tally."

The people's literature—if we may use the phrase—was at that time in the hands of the minstrels. These men went up and down the country telling stories and singing songs, and were regarded by the nobles as mere vagrants, deserving the stocks and the whipping-post. The acquaintance of the people with Bible history was chiefly confined to the Mysteries enacted by the priests at festival times; and, as truth was very often sacrificed to dramatic effect, the information derived was anything but reliable; to wit, that St. Peter—a sort of low comedy man in the Mysteries—cheated a Jew tavern-keeper by not paying his score!

When printing was invented, information began to spread; but even then it spread very slowly. It was covered with pedantry, verbal criticism, solemn quibble, impracticable dreamings; or it put on a lower form, the garb of vicious buffoonery; and thus arrayed, was the toy of a king and his corrupt courtiers. Even then the middle classes were destitute of the keys of knowledge, and tradesmen and farmers hardly knew an "I" from an "izzard." Then periodical literature fluttered into existence; but it chiefly settled amongst chocolate and rolls on the breakfast tables of notabilities. The schools were mere wretched institutions, veritable Dotheboys' Halls;—and as to the girls! who wanted a woman to read or write if she could work triangular trees on a sampler? If the maid at her distaff could spell a ballad, she was a wise woman; if the eight year old urchin could tell his "apey" book, he was a prodigy; if the collegian worked at his books (his Virgil and his Cicero), he was a puritan; if the 'prentice took to reading, he was an idle dog that would dance at Tyburn.

Now, from all this, the inference is plain—the merry days of England were not knowledge-getting times. Contrast them with our own. We have seen what they were. What are ours? The advantages we possess are innumerable. With books, and libraries, and lectures, and classes, and institutions, and colleges, every facility is ours.

Books! "Of making many books," said Solomon, "there is no end." But there was no Paternoster-row in Jerusalem. Contemplate the immense number of volumes which are issued from the press on all subjects—from the pattern of your cuff to the salvation of your soul. Consider how simple and plain in their style of teaching, if you will be taught, compared with bygone books on science; how technical difficulties are smoothed away, and the student is not stuck fast in a word bog. Think again how cheap they are!—how much you can get for a penny! What marvels for a few shillings! How complete a library you may obtain for a few pounds!

A taste for reading is not only important, but necessary, to all intellectual beings. It is impossible to over-estimate its advantages. The question is not what it can do, but what is there it cannot do? It is the key which opens every door in the temple of learning. It is an armour of defence against the atrophy of ignorance and the vanity of superficial knowledge. It is a treasury secure from degradation, and a refuge free from interruption.

The great men of all ages have been great readers. Pliny employed a person to be always reading to him as he rode from place to place in his sedan. He made extracts from the commonest of books; "for," said he, "there is no book so poor as not to afford something valuable." Cicero read with a pen in his hand, for the purpose of making comments. Queen Elizabeth, to the last year of her life, had her regular hours for reading, as systematically kept as any young student. It is unnecessary to enumerate instances of this kind, for they form an integral part of the life of every celebrity.

Books have been prized by the wisest and best of mankind ever since they were known. But then there are bad books, as well as good books; and the choice of books is as important as a taste for reading. The materials for miscellaneous reading are so multi-

farious, that it is difficult to show how to select, or where to fix a limit. May we not say with Lord Bacon, "There seemeth to be a superfluity of books. But shall no more be made? Yea! make more good books, which, like the rod of Moses, may devour the serpents of the enchanters."

In our books, we should, I think, select both those which furnish facts and fancies, sanctified by religion and purified by morality. Facts in history, and the philosophy founded on those facts; facts in political economy, and the science built on those facts; facts in natural philosophy, and the science defined from those facts; facts in philology, and the history and diversities of language; facts in astronomy and geology—facts not clipped or modified—not shorn of their original proportions—but freely admitted as such. But do not confine study only to hard facts.

Do not be afraid of fancy. Do not imagine that an eternal separation exists between the beautiful and the true; that all that is graceful and lovely, touching and affecting in the literature of our language—or of other languages—is in any degree less worth the having than stern truth. Do not join the cry against poets, and novelists, and dramatists. Do not imagine (one of the greatest of fictions!) that these are merely to be regarded as playthings, just to pass a little leisure time. A fiction may do us far more good than a fact. Therefore these things never should be shut out. It is quite true that fiction has produced much that is unmistakable rubbish—that is worth absolutely nothing but its weight as paper; but fiction does not stand alone in this. How very many books on dry, hard topics are absolutely rubbish also—law, physics, and divinity; no more worth the reading than the shallowest fiction that ever figured in prose or verse. Plato would have no poet in his model Republic—no, not even Homer. But the "Iliad" is better known than the "Phædo."

I purpose returning to this topic, to point out, as well as I can, the outline of study most useful for a young reader; to show, so far as I am able, not only the personal, but the relative advantages of books and reading—to the family, the workshop, the world. So, for the present, I conclude, in the language of one whose opinion in such a matter is undeniably valuable,—I mean Herschel.

"If I were to pray," says he, "for a taste which should stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree derogating from the higher office, and sure and stronger panoply of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a cotemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him."

"It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from his constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilisation from having constantly before our eyes the way in which the best bred and best informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the least effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet,—'Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus.' It civilises the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous."

TRUE COURAGE.

True courage is not moved by breath of words,
While the rash bravery of boiling blood,
Impetuous, knows no settled principle.
A feverish tide, it has its ebbs and flows,
As spirits rise or fall, as wine inflames,
Or circumstances change: but inborn courage,
The generous child of fortitude or faith,
Holds its firm empire in the constant soul;
And like the steadfast pole-star, never once
From the same fixed and faithful point declines.

THE MISTAKE OF A LIFE-TIME.

Mr aunt, Polly Price, was the neatest of house-keepers—*the very neatest*. Pardon the repetition, kind reader. Had you known her as I knew her, you would not wonder at my inability to conceive of her being excelled, or even equalled by any person, in this particular trait.

During the summer months, there was a continued warfare kept up with flies and spiders, and various creeping things, whose innocence and beauty failed alike to excite her mercy or her admiration. And the dust from the street was an annoyance which she often declared she knew not how to endure, and her hatred of it was plainly read in the closed windows and doors, which the greatest rise of mercury could not tempt her to let stand open, except after a shower, or after the dew had fallen at night.

The winter months were also full of trouble. The continual tracking in of snow or mud, and the every-day gathering of dirt around the stove and the wood-box, called for the almost constant application of the broom or mop; so that, altogether, my aunt had a hard time of it "to keep decent for company."

Poor aunt Polly! Everybody called her cross, and almost everybody hated to go into her house, for fear she would scowl at their dusty feet, or run with her polishing powder to clean the door-knob they had touched.

But the one most of all annoyed by this scrupulous neatness was her son John, her only child, a fine, sprightly lad, who, notwithstanding his mother was continually chiding him for his carelessness, was, in reality, "the light of her eyes—the joy of her heart."

Her husband, good old uncle Hezekiah, was a passive inmate of the house; coming in and going out, rubbing his feet, brushing his coat, and working his little farm just as his wife directed; never doubting but it was so intended from the beginning, that the daughters of Eve should hold rule over the sons of Adam.

But John, saucy cousin John, when he arrived at that age when boys begin to think they are going at once to be men, began to question the propriety of so much scolding, and fussing, and cleaning; working constantly to keep the house in order for company who never came, and uncomfortable for those whose home it was. He could never have any pleasure asking his school-mates home with him for an hour, for they were sure to go away offended with his mother.

He had listened daily, if not hourly, from the first of his remembrance, to long lectures about keeping out of the dirt, keeping his clothes nice, and putting things in place; the effect of which was to make him vexingly careless, and shockingly undutiful.

My poor cousin had fretted and chafed under this unwise treatment, until his feelings were fast approaching a climax. He had called for me one day to go and pick berries with him, and after filling our baskets, we were slowly returning, when, all of a sudden, he turned his bright face towards me, and remarked with singular firmness—

"Cousin Lizzie, I'm going to sea."

"Going to sea! What do you mean, John?"

"I mean just what I say. I'm going to Plymouth to get a situation in a whaling ship. I saw an advertisement in our paper last week, for one or two under hands for a ship that is to sail soon, and I am going there to offer myself! If I'm refused, I shall come home again; if not, I shall go!"

"Why, cousin John, you are crazy! What will your mother say?"

"That's just it. 'What will mother say?' There is one she won't say as much to as she does now. The fact is, cousin Lizzie, she is teasing my life out of me, and I am losing my patience more and more every day. I can never stir in the house, but she is close upon me, with a sponge and a clothes-brush, and just so many times as I go out and come in, just so many times do I have to hear the same thing repeated—"Wipe your feet, John; wipe your feet." And she always gets the water for me to wash in the morning, for fear I shall drip it between the pail and the basin, and watches to see if I rinse the soap all off my hands; and she always runs with a towel to pin round my neck when I brush my hair—and indeed, Lizzie, I never shall be a man without I go away, away where she cannot follow me."

I did not undertake to do away with this long list of grievances, by apologising for my aunt; neither did I dare to encourage a spirit of complaint in my cousin, or favour the wild project he had mentioned. Being his senior by some two or three years, I felt the responsibility heavy upon me to dissuade him from anything that might be wrong. But my sympathy for him was strong, for I was well aware of the annoyances to which he was subject—annoyances small in themselves, but terrible in their multiplicity.

We had a long and serious talk, which resulted in more than half convincing me that my cousin's idea of leaving home was reasonable. But the thought of his going to sea was dreadful, and I knew would fill his parents' hearts with the keenest anguish. Still, it seemed the only alternative, for, as he said, his mother would never let him rest in peace, anywhere where her footsteps could follow him; and with my girlish ideas of a man, it seemed as impossible to me as it did to him, that he could ever become one until he could wash himself and comb his hair without assistance.

Thus sagely did we—a foolish girl of fifteen, and an aspiring boy of thirteen—exchange ideas upon a subject of so much importance. I have never since been able to rid myself of the belief that he took just that amount of encouragement from what I said to him that was needed to decide his course, and though I have often tried to coax my conscience to be quiet about the matter, I have never entirely succeeded.

When we came to the turn of the road where we were to separate, cousin John fixed his full, earnest eyes upon me, and said, entreatingly—

"You won't mention this to any one, Lizzie?"

I gave the desired promise, though with strong misgivings as to whether I was doing right, and made my way home, filled with agitating thoughts, and trying to console myself with the belief that he would yet change his mind.

I waited three or four days with the most nervous anxiety, but not seeing or hearing anything of him, I started one morning, after breakfast, for my uncle's house, determined to make a decided effort to prevent cousin John's leaving home.

On arriving there, I looked all around the yard, but seeing nothing of him; I wiped the dust from my shoes with my pocket handkerchief, and tremblingly rapped at the kitchen door.

A faint "come in" was the response. Carefully raising the latch, I entered, and saw at a glance that I was too late—and with a feeling of self-condemnation, I softly closed the door, and sat down in the chair to which aunt Polly pointed me.

A most distressing silence followed, during which I had time to look around the room and observe a confusion such as I had never before seen in the house, and which told plainly that something uncommon had happened, or aunt Polly Price would not have been sitting down at nine o'clock in the morning, her breakfast dishes unwashed and her room unswept!

The table stood in the middle of the floor. The toast and coffee had hardly been tasted. A plate of baked potatoes remained untouched, while the butter and cream-cup showed that the old family cat, which had jumped from the table as I opened the door, had no idea of losing her breakfast because her mistress was dispirited.

Aunt Polly was sitting by the stove, seeming to forget that the weather was warm, her feet upon the hearth, and her hands in her lap, clasping a bit of paper, which, from her spectacles lying upon the floor beside her, I concluded was something she had been reading.

I made a violent effort to swallow the bunch in my throat sufficient to inquire for cousin John; but just as I was about succeeding, aunt Polly looked up, and with all a mother's tenderness in her voice and countenance, asked,

"Lizzie, do you know where John is?"

I was ready to burst into tears, but commanding myself as well as I could, I replied without speaking falsely—

"Why, no, aunt Polly. What is the matter?"

She did not reply, but handing me the paper she held, she covered her face with her hands, and bent forward in an agony of grief.

Through blinding tears I read these few words of pencilling:—

"Mother, I'm going away. Perhaps I shall be gone three years—possibly I may return in a week. You will see or hear from me within ten days. Good bye. JOHN."

This little note my aunt had found in cousin John's room, when she went to call him to breakfast, and the terrible surprise and distress it occasioned can better be imagined than expressed.

I felt condemned, and yet I was not sure that I had any cause for feeling so, as it was by no means certain, had I betrayed my cousin's designs, he could have been prevented from leaving home. Though, as it was, I felt bound to do all in my power to console his distressed parent, and encourage the hope that he would return within a few days. Although, when I remembered his determined look and words, and thought of his bright, honest, intellectual face, which it seemed to me would be all the passport he would need, I felt but little hope myself of seeing him until a three years' voyage had been accomplished.

Aunt Polly condemned herself in the strongest terms, saying that her punishment was just—that she ought to have known better than to find so much fault with so good a boy. "He was sometimes careless, to be sure," said she. "But, O! I ought to have remembered that no one is perfect—surely I am not—and what right had I to blame him? O! it was that, I know, that made him leave us—because I scolded him, to make him do just right, which nobody does—O! O!" And a fresh flow of tears relieved my distressed aunt, and told of her penitence.

I staid an hour or two, offering what consolation I could, and took my leave, promising to go in often, and repeating the hope that possibly the absent one might return, as he had intimated, in a few days.

I saw uncle Hezekiah, as I passed through the yard. He was leaning upon the fence, and the application of his coat-sleeve to his eyes betrayed his thoughts. He did not see me, and I passed on, forbearing to disturb a grief for which I had so little to offer as consolation.

At the close of the week I began to watch the mail with eagerness, with the unusual desire that the watching might be in vain. But I was disappointed; for, upon the tenth day of my cousin's absence, the postmaster handed me a letter directed to my aunt, in a well-known, schoolboy's hand.

Trembling in every limb, I proceeded with it to my poor uncle and aunt. I opened the gate, and passed through the yard with nervous quickness. I stopped at the open door. Aunt Polly was sweeping. She turned suddenly, and seeing the letter in my hand, she gave one wild shriek, and fell senseless on the floor.

The noise alarmed uncle, who was in the garden, and he hurried into the house; and with much difficulty we brought back the life-blood to the face of the poor, heart-broken mother, and got her into her little bedroom, which she never left again until she was robbed in her shroud, and prepared for the last resting-place earth has to offer those weary of life.

The dreaded letter read as follows:—

"MY DEAR PARENTS,—I have engaged a berth in a Cape Horn whale ship, which is to sail within three days. The captain has provided me with a fitting-out, and I shall soon be far away upon the ocean! Do not be worried about me. I shall be a man when I come home again, and I hope I may be a good man. I do not like to stay at home, but I shall come and see you again, if I live.

"Good-by, father—mother. Be kind to each other, and remember your absent and affectionate son,
"JOHN."

As the last words fell upon her ear, my poor aunt uttered a groan, which told of the terrible anguish that had entered her soul; and the dreadful silence that followed made us painfully sensible of the uselessness of trying to lessen that anguish by anything like an attempt at condolence, or an expression of hope, the realisation of which must be postponed three long, dreary years.

Days and weeks passed, but she never recovered from the shock she had received. I spent much time with her, and I was astonished at the change that had come upon her. She became gentle and docile as a child. She seemed displeased with no one but herself; and in answer to my frequent inquiries, how she would have this or that thing done, her invariable reply was—

"Just as you please, Lizzie; just as you please."

I wondered how I could ever have thought her cross or unamiable, and I daily felt my obligation become heavier to supply, so far as was possible, the place of her absent, wandering child.

Her form, already thin by incessant labour, gradually wasted until there seemed scarcely enough left to support vitality. A cough, to which she had long been subject, increased rapidly, and it soon became evident that her life was drawing to a close.

It was touching to hear her moaning, at times, and heart-rending to witness her distress when the autumn winds swept around the house, and told of the winter storms that were coming, and the cold that was waiting its time. She could not be convinced that her dear child was beyond their influence, and was not already suffering a thousand fancied ills.

"Oh! my child! my child!" she would exclaim, "driven from home by your mother's fault-finding—away, away upon the mighty ocean, with only a frail bark to separate you from the great deep, where so many find a gloomy grave! Oh! my child, my child!" And ceasing only from exhaustion, her words would be lost in moans, and her hands clasped in helpless agony.

The wintry snows had but just come when we laid her in the grave; and though no child was there to mourn a mother lost, I gave freely of my own tears, to mingle with my uncle's, over the remains of one

whose last days were full of penitence—heaven-born.

I had left the place before my cousin's three years' voyage was ended, but I learned, through correspondence, of the grief felt at the melancholy result of his experiment; and also of the respect he paid to the last resting-place of his mistaken parent.

I look back on the whole as a sad dream, from which there is no clear awakening; and the dark remembrance hangs around me, at times, like a flying phantom, dimming the light of the past. But—peace to thy grave, aunt Polly!

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.

A MARRIAGE is at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, an exceedingly interesting and attractive event. Nowhere do we find people entering on the holy estate without some recognition, more or less appropriate, of its obligations and enjoyments. Marriage ceremonies, and matrimonial festivities, are not things to be lightly laid aside. The step which crosses the threshold of a new and happier state of existence, should be celebrated with some description of rejoicing, and we have no sympathy with those who, regarding it only as a legal engagement, would strip it of all its poetry and sentiment, together with its orange blossoms and white gloves.

Interesting and attractive in any position of life, a royal marriage is especially attractive. The whole nation is concerned in it—the whole population feels more or less sympathy with the royal couple: though they wear diadems and dwell in palaces, they are not removed from the sphere of love and joy. The Public, like a good-natured, generous father, deals liberally in the giving of a handsome portion, and kindly and thoughtfully in making the marriage ceremony pass off as comfortably as possible; it stands by with the pleasantest of smiles, and gives the bride to the bridegroom with an expression of countenance that seems to say, "There, take her—God bless you both!"

The marriage of the Princess Royal to his Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia is engaging public attention. And among the festivities which are to take place in honour of that auspicious event, nothing is more grateful, or more calculated to be popular, than the encouragement given to native talent by the Queen. At Her Majesty's Theatre a series of entertainments is to take place, thoroughly English in every department. The tragedy of "Macbeth" is to be played, Mr. Phelps and Miss Helen Faucitt sustaining the principal characters; Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," is to be represented by our leading comedians; and on the third evening the English opera of "The Rose of Castille," by our English composer Mr. Balfé, is to be performed by English vocalists. This is as it should be. There is something popular about it; something that recognises the worth of English talent, and the appreciation in which that talent is held.

Italian opera has taken so firm a hold of the stage, that native talent has been a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth. Even the dwelling-place that was once on a time erected for it,—the temple which was dedicated to its service and named with its name, has been turned to other uses. There comedy and spectacle have worked; there exhibitors of all kinds, especially conjurers, have met with success; there the Italian company encamped, when burnt out of house and home by that great blaze of splendour the Wizard's bal masque, Covent Garden; but English composers and English vocalists have tried there in vain to obtain public favour.

Not quite in vain. Last season witnessed a change for the better. The Pyne and Harrison Company ventured to invite the public to hear a new English opera. It was really what it promised to be. It was not an Italian opera adapted to the English stage, nor an English play with a few songs introduced, nor an old opera retouched, but a completely new work by an old favourite, one whose reputation was so well established that his music was as much appreciated all over the Continent as at home. We allude, of course, to Mr. Balfé, whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers.

Mr. Balfé's new opera of the "Rose of Castille" was an unequivocal success. To say that it was equal to the "Bohemian Girl" is high praise, but not more than it deserves. The musical world was fairly taken by surprise. It had so long existed on foreign importations, so accustomed itself to the Italian school, that it had almost forgotten its old favourite. Now and then it heard of one or two of his former productions being performed by wandering minstrels in some out-of-the-way place, or with considerable éclat on the Continent, or in the United States. But the idea of

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



M. W. BALFE, ESQ. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

a new English opera seemed altogether out of the way; and the notion of playing an English opera—even one of Balfe's—in a house devoted to Italian, utterly preposterous. However, this has come to pass. Nobody can doubt the success of the "Rose of Castille," nor the genius of Balfe, nor the unimpaired ability of Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison; and so the public is treated to something it has longed to see—a thoroughly English opera supported by a thoroughly English company, performed in the most magnificent of our theatres, and patronised by Her Gracious Majesty the Queen.

Mr. Balfe has done so much good service that he fully deserves all the honour that can be given to him. His musical ability is something more than talent; it is genius of no mean order. The love of music is inherent in his nature. When he was only four or five years old, his taste was seen in the anxiety which he manifested in listening to musical strains. He would follow with the utmost eagerness the military band—the barrack yard, when the band performed, was a place of immense attraction to him; there he was as regularly to be seen every morning as any one of the performers. The bandmaster himself noticed the boy, and became interested in him. He spoke to the child, asked him to his home, discovered his latent genius, gave him instructions on the violin; and, much to his surprise, found the boy tolerably proficient before most lads could have accomplished the scale.

As the "little fiddler," Balfe composed a polacco

for the band. The musicians would scarcely believe it to be his, and the bandmaster was so impressed with the genius of his pupil that he gave up the task of teaching him, and persuaded his father to afford the child more competent instruction. The suggestion was adopted. The success of the experiment was complete. At eight years of age he made his first appearance at a concert in the Royal Exchange, Dublin, and the next year wrote the ballad of the "Lover's Mistake," which was sung in Paul Pry by Madame Vestris.

On the death of his father, Mr. Balfe, then about seventeen years old, came to London and obtained an engagement as principal violinist at the Drury Lane Oratorios. Mori and he played solos on alternate nights during the season. He subsequently got a position in the regular orchestra, and on several occasions acted as conductor. His rich baritone voice, which he had carefully cultivated, induced him to leave the orchestra for the stage; and, before he was nineteen, he played the part of Caspar, in *Der Freischütz*. But, wielding the baton and treading the boards require very different sort of ability. Cowper, with all his poetic ability, could not read a paper at the bar of the House; the same timidity stood in the way of Balfe. He could neither sing nor act with so many eyes upon him, so the critics wrote down his *début* as a failure, and the poor youth gladly accepted the liberal offer of Count Mazzara, and started for Rome.

At the mansion of his Italian patron Balfe remained for more than a twelvemonth, studying under the best

masters money could procure. In the following year he was introduced to M. Glossop, impresario of the San Carlos at Naples, and La Scala at Milan. At Milan he remained for three months writing choruses and a few overtures. Rival jealousies prevented his doing anything more considerable, until the libretto of a ballet called "La Perouse" was placed in his hands. The masterly manner in which he accomplished this work won for him considerable reputation.

From Milan Mr. Balfe went to Paris. There he made the acquaintance of Rossini. Fortune favoured him everywhere. A wealthy banker offered him ten thousand francs in monthly instalments; Rossini procured him an engagement on condition of his studying under Bordogni for ten months. He accepted both offers, and at the expiration of the appointed time appeared as Figaro in the "Barbier de Seville." His success was complete, and this triumph procured him from M. Laurent the impresario of the Italian opera. Here began Balfe's brilliant career. He was everywhere successful, everywhere a favourite; his progress an ovation, and every fresh performance a fresh triumph. In those days he was better known on the Continent than in England; and more highly appreciated in the land of vocalists than in a country little remarkable for its musical celebrities.

In 1835, however, Balfe came back to England, and appeared at Drury Lane. There he played in his own opera, "The Siege of Rochelle," one of his best and most popular productions. This was followed by



BRITISH HEROISM IN INDIA.

"The Maid of Artois," "Catherine Grey," "Falstaff," "Joan of Arc," "Kiolanthe," and many others.

About the year 1839 Mr. Balfe ventured on theatrical management, but this turned out a failure; and at Drury Lane were produced "The Bohemian Girl" and "The Daughter of St. Mark." These admirable compositions have been followed at intervals by other highly meritorious works, including "The Enchantress," "The Bondman," "The Star of Seville," "The Maid of Honour," "Elfrida," and last, but not least, "The Rose of Castille."

For a considerable period Mr. Balfe fulfilled the responsible duty of conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre. He subsequently visited America, meeting with much encouragement from our transatlantic friends. His welcome home has been most hearty, and the success which has attended his last composition has certainly equalled, if it has not exceeded, that of any of his former productions. The highly flattering reception with which his accomplished daughter was greeted last season, added fresh laurels to the wreath so well merited by this eminent musician.

INCIDENTS IN THE INDIAN MUTINY.

A DARING EXPLOIT.

In the long and terrible story of the Indian Mutiny, there are episodes of individual heroism and daring, which will be remembered for many a year to come.

It is only in circumstances such as those of the late revolt that the strength of the British character, its indomitable courage, cool daring, and fixed determination are brought out.

That there was energy and pluck in every honest English heart nobody could doubt; but how much could be accomplished by them in time of adversity nobody could tell till the trial came and the proof was given.

A small band of Englishmen, with their wives and children exposed to the most imminent peril by an overwhelming force, contrived to hold their own, to withstand their unscrupulous enemies, and maintain British supremacy in India. India is ours as much, nay, more than ever it was. The English in India have done their duty with unexampled bravery. They have lived for us—fought for us—died for us. The integrity of the British flag—stained, alas! with the blood of its defenders—has been preserved. That flag waves over the battered walls and shattered houses of Lucknow, flutters over the streets and markets of Cawnpore, and is hoisted from the roof of

that Delhi Palace which has seen the last of the Mogul dynasty. Peace and order are being rapidly restored. The horrors of the revolt are passing away like some hideous dream. But the dream leaves a dreadful remembrance behind it; and though the scene is bright again, and the prospect encouraging, the memory of what has been, cannot, and ought not, to be effaced from the mind.

Among the instances of daring which marked the recent struggle, there are few of a more interesting character than that which is represented in the accompanying engraving. It is just one of those stories that would win the attention of listeners round a Christmas fire, a story that fairly illustrates the pluck of our red-coats.

It was at one of the engagements before Cawnpore that the incident occurred. There had been much hard fighting. A mere handful of our brave fellows had faced an overwhelming number of the Sepoys. The Sepoys, of course, had behaved in their usual way: hiding behind banks, and hedges, and stones, anywhere for shelter, and doing all the murderous work they could without much risk to themselves; and, of course, when driven from their defences, and brought face to face with the wall of iron that came steadily onward, bristling with bayonets, they fled. But there still remained opportunities for fiendish cruelty; and by-and-by the mutinous troops would come back again to torture the wounded or plunder the dead.

During the engagement a man of the 64th had his leg shattered by a round shot. There he lay in agony on the ground, quite unable to move, and fully conscious of his own danger. But danger was a thing of which he had no fear, and he could still shout if he saw the rascals flying, even though his hurrah died away in a groan. Presently, however, he observed a company of troopers emerge from the thick of the fight and come galloping towards him. They were Sepoys, and the wounded man resolved to sell his life dearly. If he must die, he would not die alone. He stretched out his hand and seized his rifle, and as one of the most ill-looking of the villains poised his lance, shot him right through the head, and sent him rolling on the sand. At the report of the rifle and the fall of their companion, the troopers drew rein; and while they hesitated another shot struck a second of their number, and served him as the first. The wounded hero saw his advantage, he loaded again, and shot a third. On this the troopers wheeled and fled even faster than they had come, leaving a wounded man master of the field.

The incident is equally characteristic of the cool

courage of our men and the timidity and irresolution of the Sepoys.

It is satisfactory to know that the poor fellow who had so gallantly defended himself recovered, and, though he has lost a limb, has won a reputation of which any soldier might be proud.

LATSON.

BY

FELIX STOWE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LOVE AND PHILOSOPHY.

"DEPEND upon it, dear Maude, that, as the world grows wiser, our distinctions between trades and professions, and all the rest of it, will pass away. There isn't a more ill-used, misapplied word in the language, than that word *respectability*."

It was a second cousin of the Lady Maude Blance, a middle-aged rector of a small parish, and an accepted suitor for his cousin's hand, who made this remark, sitting in the same room as that in which, now so long ago, Ethel and the Honourable Hugh had discussed the duties of a landlord.

Ernest Montgomery would, very likely, have been thought a strange lover by some of your drawing-room exquisites, who understand by courtship, bracelets and small talk; and perhaps a very cold lover, by others who make love only to a pretty face, and would be quite happy with a wife modelled after the manner of the ladies in the hairdresser's show-window, very red and white, and very silly.

Ernest had a mind of his own, and was concerned to have the assistance of another mind in his future companion. He was the younger son in one of the best and oldest families in Norfolk, and like Maude's brother-in-law, was an "honourable." Maude was thankful they were alike in nothing else. He worked very hard in his parish; and on this day he was preparing the parson's wife that was to be, for the principles on which she would find him administering the moral and spiritual affairs of his pastoral charge. She was full of commiseration for the disadvantages of poverty. She had been wondering how it was, and expressing her wonder, that a good and wise Providence made such gulfs between social classes. And in reply to Ernest's remark about respectability, she quite admitted its truth, but said:

"Meanwhile, the pressure of the contrast between

rich and poor bears very heavily on the latter, and must do, Ernest."

"It is for us, then, is it not—for us, I say, dear Maude" (and she loved him, and thanked him with her eyes, for that dear plural)—"to make it sit lighter on them?"

"How?" she asked.

"By showing the poor that if they know their own burdens, there are burdens in all higher ranks, which they would soon know if they tried them. By explaining to them how foolish it is for a tradesman to think a profession necessarily more honourable than trade, or for a labourer to think a trade more honourable than labour. The fact is, Maude, that we are making a world of misery every day by encouraging the idea that manual toil is beneath a man. You over-stock your upper classes. Your professions are too large by half. And then comes the spirit of speculation to supply what the healthy use of proper skill ought to yield, and hence misery and ruin to hundreds."

"Ah, yes," Maude replied, "I have often thought that the legislature is not half strict enough in the discouragement of speculation."

"Legislature!" said Ernest. "There, again, you are going wrong. The bane of all classes is the dependence upon the checks and the aids of legislation. Society ought to balance itself by strict observance of wise laws of its own. Begin to raise or to protect men against themselves by acts of parliament, and, as somebody says, you are like a man who proposes to send up a bird by foreign force into the air, when it ought to be left to rise and fly through its own living power."

"Still, dear Ernest, our laws have much to do with the progress of society."

"Less than you imagine. Just look. The United States are a republic, and prosper; Mexico is a republic, and languishes. Spain has a mixed monarchy, and is miserable; Great Britain has a mixed monarchy, and is the happiest country in the world."

"But in bad times —"

"In bad times the poor should be taught, first, how much may be done to prepare for bad times during better ones; and then we should guard them against the foolish notion that they are the only sufferers in bad times. Short of absolute want, there is a much greater equality of suffering in bad times than the poor recollect. The merchant feels the lost *status*, and the tradesman feels the lost credit, quite as severely as the operative feels the living on the little hoard in the savings' bank, or the 'going on his club.'"

"Then you would regard 'strikes' in the manufacturing districts as the work altogether of designing and interested agitators?"

"Not entirely. They often come of the folly of the men themselves, who don't understand that wages may be too high, even for the men's own interest. A working man's labour is the commodity which he has to sell. When he brings it into the market, he is very foolish to put upon it an artificial price, for the mischief he does is sure to fall upon himself. For, if the master either cannot or will not pay this artificial price, the strike doesn't increase the demand for labour (which is what benefits the operative most), but lessens it, by lessening capital; while the master's business is standing still."

"But surely," said Maude, "there's a good deal of indifference among masters, in bad times, and when provisions are high. The poor cannot live with high prices and low wages together."

"Don't you come and teach my Sharstone people that sort of doctrine, my little philosopher, or I shall have to preach against my wife."

And Ernest, loving her for her warm, generous heart, laid his finger nearer to her cheek than was at all necessary for simple admonition.

"The poor forget that when prices are high, they are as high to their masters as to themselves; and for the masters to raise wages merely because prices are high, would be a practice that would soon end in ruining both masters and men. Dear Maude, the ills of society result very much from the ignorance of one class about another: but they result still more from the thoughtlessness of one class about another. I, with my two thousand pounds a year from my living at Sharstone, live according to that sum. Then, of course, no pressure from war prices, for instance, can come upon me, which will not make itself as painfully felt by me, as by a man whose income is only a hundredth part as large as mine, unless, indeed, in very exceptional cases, which are, depend on it, when they occur, the consequence of improvidence during better times, rather than of cruelty or any other fault in the employer."

"I'm afraid, dear Ernest, you're but a Job's comforter, at Sharstone, both as landlord and clergyman."

"Will you wait and see?—would that you were there now, my Maude!"

And Ernest took his fee (we know how) for the lecture he had been giving on political economy.

"Shall we finish with a story, Maude?"

"A story? Yes."

"The Indians tell us a story something like this:—A Hare sat in the jungle with his wife. And one day he said to her, 'There is our king, the Lion, come into the wood, and he will devour our children.'"

"No," said the little Hare, 'for I will go and confront him, and conquer the great Lion, the King of Beasts.' Then her husband laughed, and said, 'Intellect is power. We can die but once. Let us see what you can do.' Then the little Hare, taking her little son in her paws, jumped, and jumped, till she came to the Lion. Then she put down her son before his face, and put her two paws together in all humility, and said, 'Lo! King of kings, I have brought you a *nuzzurana*: oblige me by eating it. Also, I have some news to tell you.' Then the Lion looked at the Hare's child, and saw that it was soft and juicy, and was pleased in his soul, and laughed; and his laugh was as the roar of the thunder of Indro. Then he asked her news, and the little Hare replied, 'You are the Sovereign of the Forest, but another has come, who calls himself King of the Beasts, and demands tribute.' Then the roar of the Lion-shook the forest, and the little Hare nearly died with fear as he asked, 'Where is the scoundrel? Can you show him to me?'

Then the little Hare leaped along with the Lion, till she came to an old well. The well was nearly full, but had no wall round it, and she said, 'Look! he is hiding there in fear!' Then the Lion, craning his neck, looked in, and saw his own shadow in the water; and, with a fearful roar, leaped into the well. So the little Hare, with a glad heart, took up her son, and went to her husband, and said, 'Lo! Intellect is power: I have killed the Lion, the King of the Beasts!'

"My love, we cannot always keep the Lion away, in any rank of life; but we try, down at Sharstone, to train up little Hares, who know what well to put him into, and how to manage it."

It was about the time when the colonel lost a small fortune through the stable tricks of his sole acknowledged son, that the "dear bells" were at work again in the old church tower; and the Honourable and Rev. Ernest Montgomery was announced as married (at that time of day without the assistance of a second or third clergyman) to the Lady Maude, only surviving daughter of the late Earl Blance.

And the happy pair—(not less happy because arrived a little beyond the years generally thought the marriage time of life)—went away to try the united power of her tenderness and his discretion among the Norfolk villagers.

CHAPTER XXV.

MARKS AN ERA.

If there had been a peal of bells at Latson Towers, they would assuredly have been rung when Claude started for Eton; and all the household would have taken turns in the belfry.

Except two.

Those two were his father and old Ralph.

Save when a paroxysm was upon him, the colonel made an idol of his boy, so that Claude's life had passed in alternate abuses and embraces—as the life of many a child does, where the parent has no principle but only passion to govern with.

It went, therefore, to the sick man's heart, that, a little new squabble having occurred between them the night before, the lad actually started the next morning without a single "Good-bye."

Old Ralph came into his master's bedroom at his usual time, and found Latson already awake.

"Is that you, Ralph?"

"Yes, sir."

And Ralph spoke thickly, and with a slight catch of the breath.

"Tell Master Claude to come to me; he needn't wait till he's dressed. I want him directly."

There was a pause—a painful one to old Grange.

"Do ye hear, Ralph?"

"I'm sorry to say, sir," faltered the poor, faithful fellow, who had little reason enough for caring, though he did care sorely—

"I'm sorry to say, sir, that Master Claude has been gone an hour since, sir."

"Gone!" cried Latson, starting up: "how? gone! Why, how's this? who with?"

"He drove himself, sir, in the Whitechapel, and took Bunce with him. He's to meet a friend, he said, at Soreby, and they're going on from there together, somehow, sir."

And Latson fell back in one of his most dangerous fits of breathlessness.

To bring him round, which was a hard business, took Ralph's attention off from himself, or he would probably have been nearly as bad.

This was the worst cut the colonel had yet received, worse than the trick upon Mandrake, even had he known of that exploit, which he never did.

"And so, this is the manner," the wretched father moaned out to his old servant, "my only child leaves me, for months, for the first time. I deserve it, Ralph! yes, I deserve it!"

He deserved it more richly than he thought when he said it. For what business had he to speak of "only child?" He was repaid, as men so often are, in the right coin. He for years had been deserter of his own flesh and blood: by his own flesh and blood was he now deserted.

And there followed weeks of dangerous illness to the Honourable Hugh.

How Claude arrived at Eton, and what his first impressions were of place and people; how he went through the ordinary process (one of the greatest advantages that go towards balancing the evils of our public schools—the process) of finding his own level, and getting himself undeceived as to his being such a very great man; how he soon made out the difference between bullying a footman and speaking even a disrespectful word to a younger boy above him in college *status*; how he thrashed and often got thrashed; and how he soon became as thoroughly the pest of school, as he had been, from his birth, the pest of home—all this, if we told it fully, would be so very much like a hundred other examples, where spoiled boys have to be made over again, on turning out into life, that we decline the task of telling it.

And yet, do what they would, they never made this lad over again.

They made him afraid, some of them. They kept him in better order than he was in at first. But when from being a fag he got one, and all the younger fellows whom he could manage, had the worst of it, then his evil nature had full play.

He went by the name of "The Good Samaritan," in mockery of his extreme cruelty. For although boys, and boys at a great public school, may not often be perfect models of humanity, there was nothing that this particular boy would have been ashamed of, in the line of ingenious torture; whether with or without provocation, was an immaterial question.

Cowper, in one of his letters, says, that from the moment a boy enters one of our great schools, "he becomes a stranger in his father's house. The course of parental kindness is interrupted; the smiles of his mother, those tender admonitions, and the solicitous care of both his parents, are no longer before his eyes. Year after year he feels himself more detached from them, till at last 'he is so effectually weaned from the connection as to find himself happier anywhere than in their company.'"

Now, if that be a fair account of the tendency of some kinds of education on the well-disposed and the well-disciplined boy, what may be expected in the case of a youth who inherited such a disposition, and was condemned to such a guardianship as was Claude Latson?

One day there reached him, along with a letter from his father (to whom he never wrote but when he wanted money), another letter, directed in a strange, wandering-looking hand, evidently a female's, but quite a puzzle to him.

"Aha!" cried a senior groomsman, looking over his shoulder, as he was staring at the direction—

"Come here, Bristoe, here's a lark! John Howard's got a letter from a real woman! Suppose we look at it first, to see if it's proper for him to read it."

And so they all gathered round Latson, who hastened, in a burning rage, to pocket the epistle.

"Nonsense! you let him be," shouted Bristoe.

"It's from the young lady he saved from drowning—you remember, the week before last—giving him eternal thanks, and her hand to boot."

And they all roared and cried, "Bravo, Bristoe!"

"Three cheers for the Good Samaritan!"

For Latson had seen a little girl fall into the river some days back when he was driving along all by himself, and the man who plunged in and dragged the child out just in time, had told everybody how "The gentleman slashed up his horse and drove away, calling out to the child, 'Can't swim, little'un; can't swim—wish I could!'"

And he had not yet heard the last of this—for Latson was one of the best swimmers in the college.

Of course, they were only in joke about reading his letter; but they held him fast a long time while they chaffed him on the extraordinary circumstance, which really had never occurred to him before, of his receiving a letter in a female hand.

"Will bet ye two to one," said a fellow, "it'll come to nothing. I'll be a case of breach of promise. Poor thing! I pity her—don't you? That Spitfire's breaking her heart, I dare be sworn. I say, we ought, in the interests of humanity, to interfere. Give us the mere address, only the address, Samuny"—an abbreviation they sometimes used for "the Good Samaritan"—"we must write and give you a testimonial—*verbum sat*."

"No, no," says another; "you're all wrong together; you don't know anything about it: it's from his—"

But at this moment Claude sprang up, and turning round like lightning on the last speaker—who was much his junior, and a head shorter than himself—planted first one fist and then the other full upon his face with such force that the youth fell back among the little crowd of collegians,—but only for a moment, and then sprang up to return the compliment.

They formed a ring on the spot, both doffed coats and waistcoats, and a fearful combat followed.

But scarcely a combat, in the proper sense of the word.

The shorter boy, Fotheringay, a high-spirited, noble fellow, but who never could resist the temptation of a fling at Latson's meanness and cruelty,—Fotheringay fought according to the received rules of such encounters. Not so Claude. He fastened on his antagonist with the fury of a pole-cat, and taking his hair into his clutches, tore it out by handfuls, and then fell upon him with his teeth, and made them meet in the boy's cheek, till the blood spirted out over the spectators.

This was quite unnoticed for, and the work only of a moment. For instantly, they came to the rescue, and snatching Claude from his victim, whom he had perfectly mangled, prevented his moving hand or foot.

It was a fearful sight to see that mere lad, struggling in the grasp of full twenty strong fellows, and gnashing his teeth, his mouth all blood, with fiendish fury. His face was white as his collar, and his words were horrible to hear. Experienced Etonians put up their hands to their heads, and shut them out.

The party then, as if with one consent, almost stripped the young ruffian, and holding him amongst them, administered with a cane and a good lusty arm, a castigation of which, to his latest day, he bore the marks.

His footing at Eton had been bad enough before. From that hour it was one of ignominy and degradation, which any other mind than Claude's would have sunk under, and fled from.

But, respect and infamy were alike to the son, as they had been to the father.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A STRONG FAMILY LIKENESS.

THE letter which had occasioned young Latson this crowning triumph over any lingering sympathy or regard among his schoolfellows, read as follows:—

"Dear and respected young Master,—
"You will wonder at seeing this, as coming from me; and I little thought, when I went away from 'The Towers,' that it would ever come to this. If I hadn't nursed you, dear Master Claude, when you was a little baby, and if I hadn't closed your dear mamma's eyes, the sainted Lady Ethel, believe me, I never would have troubled you. But I thought that you would remember me, even if you couldn't do anything. I've sent a dutiful word to my old master, the colonel, two months ago, but have heard nothing from him, though I know he is at home. Dear Master Claude, I am now a beggar, without a friend, and without a sixpence in the world! After I left 'The Towers,' having saved a little money, as Mr. Grange could tell you, I went to live with a half sister in London; and we went on very comfortable till I was persuaded to put my little earnings into some horrid foreign mining concern. My sister's lawyer said it would be three times as much in two years. Every penny went! I never saw a farthing, and I never shall! My sister died, and her little pension, from her husband's service as a soldier, died with her. I then went out to work. I did work very, very hard, till I became set fast with rheumatism in the left hand, and nearly set fast in the right foot. Master Claude, your dear mamma's lady's-maid, and your old nurse, has been in the workhouse! Yes, for some weeks in the workhouse! But they wouldn't keep me because I hadn't got a settlement. They wanted to remove me to what they call my own parish, and I suppose they will and must, for I can do nothing now that I'm out of the house, and don't know a friend in the

world to ask a sixpence of. I am now in a little dirty lodging, where I know you would be shocked to see me, if you could tell who it was. And oh! how I cry as I think of your dear mamma's kindness to me once when I was ill, and of how she used to say, in her last illness, 'You shall never want, Glyde. I'll ask your master to take care of you, Glyde, when I am gone!'

Dear Master Claude, I don't ask you for anything—far from it; but do you think you could do me the great favour of writing one line to the colonel, and telling him where I am, ask him if there's any prospect of getting back any of my earnings. He's a magistrate, and is sure to know. I shall not be long here now, I know. But I can't bear to be in debt. And then, if they take me away, I shall be buried such a long, long way from my poor father and mother, who lie in a churchyard in London. And, if you'll excuse me saying so, dear master, it's like your being carried off, when you are old and not long for this world, which God put off for many and many a year, far away from that precious, precious vault.

"And now, pray forgive this great liberty I've taken. If you can't write to the colonel, never mind; but don't think worse of your poor old nurse for asking. I remain,

Your dutiful and affectionate nurse,

ANN GLYDE.

"P.S.—They have just come in for the rent of my poor lodging; eighteen pence it's mounted to, and I've only five pence and a ha'penny in the wide world. God help me! God help me!"

We say this was the letter. But Claude didn't read it all at once; not he indeed. Directly he saw who it was from, and what was the strain of it, he stuffed it back into his pocket.

And when, many days after, he lighted on it again, and did read it through, with a very hard word he crumpled it up and put it in the fire.

"Here's a good story for your friend Latson, Fotheringay," said Bristoe, one morning, during that severe winter.

"Out with it," said the other.

And Bristoe read from a morning journal the following paragraph:—

"DISTRESSING CASE.—An inquest was held yesterday, at 'The Chough and Crow,' Seven Dials, on the body of a female, who had been found by a policeman in a most exhausted and destitute condition, the night before, lying within one of the narrow, arched passages in that neighbourhood. The poor creature, who was literally reduced to mere skin and bone, was alive when found, but had died an hour or two after. Her wretched linen, which was of the frailest and most miserable description, bore the initials 'A. G.' After the evidence of the policeman and the divisional surgeon, no other testimony being forthcoming, the jury returned the verdict, 'Found dead, from exposure and starvation.'"

CHAPTER XXVII.

DISSOLVES A SCENE.

"SPECIMENS of my hand-writing before receiving lessons of Mr. Lewis."

Here followed a performance very much like that of a spider just emerged from an ink-bottle, and drying himself on the paper.

"Specimens of my hand-writing after receiving lessons of Mr. Lewis."

Here followed a very extraordinary line of penmanship in large text, another in small text, and another in running hand; all excellent in their way.

This advertisement, if it did not move him to enlist under the particular master in question, set Hugh Church on the taking writing lessons in an evening, after working hours.

If half a dozen lessons were not enough, he took more, and he soon wrote so admirable a hand that Ruth's employers wondered where she had picked up such an accomplished amanuensis, when her accounts went in.

One of Hugh's greatest enjoyments was a bookstall that stood somewhere between number nineteen and "The Swan." He invariably left home early enough to get a good look at the books displayed in that establishment; or else ran his errands with extra quickness that he might spare a few moments at the wayfarer's library.

He had done this a long time; and his appearance, so neat, so honest-looking, and so earnest, disarmed all suspicion on the part of the proprietor, so that he made no complaint, as, looking through the spaces between the rows of volumes, he often detected Hugh deep in the study of the inside, as well as of the tickets outside, the books.

He wisely argued with himself, that, since out of

such stuff as this, readers were sure to be made, he might find it, in the long run, as politic as it was kind, to let the boy read away.

On one occasion he stood there side by side with a middle-aged man, whom he had observed before, and who, he saw, had observed him.

The stranger was dressed, not negligently, but obviously to the very outside of his means. His linen was always clean, but his black was growing very brown, and the cuffs of his sleeves, as he turned over the books, were rather shiny and threadbare.

He always paid the most attention to the law-books, and always looked carefully to the title-page, to see the edition of a work, before he asked its price. It was well that the ink on his fingers was dry, or the commercial value of many a work on Real Property, or Common Law Practice, might have been reduced when he laid it down.

On this particular day Hugh and he both appeared more than usually to observe each other.

Hugh was busy with a book on the "Lives of Remarkable Persons."

The stranger was about to ask the price of a work on Conveyancing.

"Our's are the worst books for poor peckets to buy," said the stranger.

"Are they, indeed?" said Hugh.

"You buy a book to-day, and it's waste paper to-morrow."

"If you please, how is that?" Hugh asked.

"Because they're always altering the law."

"Oh, I see," Hugh said.

"Now, there's that thing you're looking at, the 'Lives of Remarkable Persons,' isn't it? Yes, well, the 'Lives of Remarkable Persons' this week will be the lives of the same remarkable persons next week, I suppose."

"I suppose they will," said Hugh.

"Most likely," rejoined the man; "but the Law of Real Property, or the Law of Copyhold, is one thing now, and, if parliament was sitting, might be another thing when I've the pleasure of seeing you again this evening—for I suppose I shall."

Hugh Church laughed, and said he hoped so.

"The consequence is," said the law-man, "that I may have to buy a dozen books, where you need only one. In fact, it may be said, that lawyers are the best friends of the trunk-maker and the buttermilk. They get libraries out of us, I can tell ye."

Hugh looked up, and smiled, then said—

"But I suppose the alterations are generally improvements?"

"Humph! that depends on who makes them. There are some law-makers whose alterations, I think, are anything but improvements. But, yes or no, they make it a sad business for married men with six children to be lawyers."

"Then," said Hugh, "I may take it for granted you're a lawyer. I thought so, very often," he said, timidly.

"No, not exactly a lawyer, but I have to help somebody who is. I'm a lawyer, my boy, with my brains, but not a lawyer here."

And the man slapped his pocket, and Hugh understood him.

These two often met after that, at the bookstall.

On another occasion, Hugh ventured to say—

"You don't know of anybody, sir, do you, who wants a lad to run errands, and help the servants?"

"Who is he?" said the lawyer's clerk.

"It's me," Hugh replied.

"If you had said 'It's I,' instead of saying 'It's me,' you would have helped me a little."

Hugh didn't understand him.

"I do know where a lad is wanted, but not to run errands."

"Can you write?"

"Yes, sir, pretty well, I think."

"Let's see you; I'm going in to buy this book. I haven't bought one for three weeks, and I must have one now and then, to keep our friend here in good humour. You shall make the bill out. But always say, 'It's I,' never 'It's me,' wants a situation, will you?"

"Thank you, sir, I'll remember; I haven't learnt much, at present."

And when the man saw how the poor boy was able to write out the bill, he made an appointment, which took Hugh next day to a little office in the city, and which led eventually to a notice being given at "The Swan" that Hugh Church would leave, if Mrs. Slike pleased, that day month.

"Well," said that worthy lady, who was now quite recovered, and who had hung no more pewter pots at Hugh's forehead, "I can't blame you, Hugh Church, for you've had a poor life of it here with us, and you've seen many things lads shouldn't see; and I don't know that we can help a good deal that goes

on. But I don't like your going, Hugh Church, one bit, for all that."

And if you won't think, good reader, that we are imposing on you, we will venture to say, that Mrs. Slike brought up, just then, the corner of her apron, and first touched her left eye, and then blew her nose, or seemed to do it. She always blew her nose when she wiped her eye, not because the nose wept, but because the display of any emotion on her part, appeared to require a public apology, and the blowing furnished it.

In the course of an afternoon just before his time at the public-house expired, Mr. Slike came into the cellar where Hugh was busy with some of his rougher operations, and, laying his hand on Hugh's shoulder, said to him—

"What are you going to do to-night, Hugh?"

"If you please, sir, I'm going to the arithmetic class."

"Could you give it up for one night?"

"Yes, sir, if you've anything for me to do, or if misses has."

"Well, we did rather want you to do a little job for us here, Hugh, if you could."

"Shall I stay, sir, or come back in the evening?"

"Suppose you go home first and let 'em know, and come back about nine or half-past."

"Not before, sir?"

"No, I don't think we shall want you much before that."

And when Hugh came back at the time fixed, he found the girl in the kitchen, looking very important and mysterious, and wondered what it was they could want with him at that time of night.

Presently, he saw the said girl spread a clean white cloth, much whiter than usual, on the kitchen table, and place on it knives and forks for three or four people.

Soon after, there happened to drop in, the woman whom Hugh had seen during Mrs. Slike's illness, and she immediately proceeded to take off her bonnet and shawl, and lay them up in a corner of the dresser.

Then in came the pot-boy in his Sunday dress; and when she had put upon the table a dish of broiled steak, garnished with onions, a plate of potatoes, and a good piece of cheese, the girl slipped up stairs, and put on a clean cap and a clean apron, and came down again.

"Now, I think we're ready," she said.

"But what is it master wants me to do?" Hugh asked.

"He wants you to sit ye down, just there," said the nurse.

The boy stared, but did as he was told.

And there came in after the pot-boy another, an occasional man.

And down they all sat and made a most excellent supper, in capital spirits; but, one of them, at all events, considerably bewildered.

When supper was over the girl disappeared, and returned, following Mr. and Mrs. Slike.

Slike advanced to the table and said—

"We've had some people in this house we have been particular glad to get rid of; others we haven't cared whether they've stayed or gone; but we've one here to-night who's going away, and we're all—Mrs. Slike and me specially—sorry for it."

Here the lady of the house turned rather away from the company, and used the apron.

"It isn't much we can afford, Hugh Church; but if you'll be good enough to take this little thing here from us—I mean wife and self—it'll do to look at when you're in different places, and remember that you never gave anybody in the "The Swan" a moment's trouble, or never did anything but your duty while you was under our 'umble roof."

And he put a silver pencil-case into Hugh's hand, Hugh standing up to receive it—

But very soon sitting down again, and settled his forehead on his arm on the table.

And then they all shook hands with him, which was very hard for poor Hugh, who sat down as soon as he could, trying to say, through a very decided sobbing—

"I don't know what it's all for, I'm sure, but I'm very much—"

They knew he meant to say "obliged," but they couldn't hear it any more than he could say it, for there was a rush to coat-cuffs and aprons.

There was a similar scene over again when the story was told that night at number nineteen.

The slab in Soreby churchyard looked, no doubt, as hard and as still as ever on that same evening.

But that supper had roused in the poor foundling new resolves and loftier purposes, and so made him stronger for coming struggles, and a firmer friend than ever to his humble duty.

Is it wrong to think that, overlooking the poor

farewell supper, and the tears of her boy—as they did him honour—there was one who came to see whether the angel still cared for the lad she had left under the bush, and who went away satisfied?

(To be continued.)

WITHERED FLOWERS.

TREASURED relics! leaves and flowers—
Tokens of life's happy hours;
Myrtle blossoms, rosebuds fair,
Twined with wreaths for sunny hair;
Sweet bouquets, of every grade,
Gathered from Love's rural shade;
Though ye now are faded, dead,
With your sweetest perfume fled,
Breathe ye still of hearts that lie
Where the sere leaf nestles by;
Haunt ye memory's hallowed dream
With a consecrated theme!

Holy treasures of the past,
Scenes too beautiful to last,
Softly thrilling tones of song,
Borne by summer's breath along,
Soul-lit eyes of melting hue,
That from heaven their lustre drew,
Fair white hands, and locks of gold,
That an angel's beauty told,
Moonlit walks, and aspen bowers,
These ye tell of, withered flowers!

But there comes a whisper low,
Gentle as the streamlet's flow,
From each dry and dewless leaf,
Hushing every sigh of grief,
Breathing of that garden fair,
Where affection's flowers, rare,
Spring into perennial bloom,
Far beyond the blighting tomb:
Voices from the "better land,"
Loved of many a household band,
Linger round these rustling leaves,
In the song the south wind weaves!
Though ye tell of bright hopes riven,
Point ye to a glorious heaven.

Chemical Experiments.

VERY PECULIAR SPIDERS WHICH EXPLODE WHEN TOUCHED.

I BELIEVE few living things have less compassion shown them by mankind than spiders, creatures which unlearned people term ugly insects, but which learned people tell us are no insects at all. Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, I think, on perceiving a spider on the ground before them would step on the spider, or get somebody else to step upon it; on which presumption the success of the following experiment depends. There are certain explosive compounds known to chemists, which explode on the merest touch, and which therefore for the most part are dangerous. The one I am about to mention is, perhaps, the most explosive of any known, and is, I believe, at the same time the most innocent. I never knew or heard of any accident resulting from the use of it; certainly the reader of this need not fear any accident if he does exactly as I shall describe to him. Firstly, You must cut some pieces of cork into the shape of spiders, hollowing them out underneath so as to hold each an explosive charge of materials that I shall presently describe. Dipping each spider, when properly carved, into the inkstand, a very passable spider-colour will result; and now you have only to stick into the cork body the necessary complement of artificial legs, in the shape of black bristles, cut, if you like, from some friendly brush, or some filaments of whalebone, and the resulting animal will pass muster very well for an artificial spider, considering that the creature is not one which people are in the habit of examining very minutely. It now remains to charge the spider, and I shall give the necessary directions for preparing the material wherewith to charge him. It is called the iodide of nitrogen. It cannot be purchased: you must make it. It cannot be handled when once made and dried. Even the act of falling upon a surface of water explodes it. The iodide of nitrogen is without exception the most explosive body that I know of. It almost goes off if you look at it, that is to say when dry. When moist, as it is when first prepared, you may handle it as much as you please.

To make the iodide of nitrogen.—For every dozen spiders, when prepared as described, take about nine grains of iodine. You can procure iodine at the chemists'; it is one of the simple or uncompounded bodies known to chemists. In other words, no one hitherto has been able to prove that it is made up of two or more elements. Iodine is a black, shining, metallic-looking body, almost crystalline in appear-

ance, and much in general aspect resembling black lead. It has a strong smell, and, when heated, evolves violet-coloured vapours, from the colour of which the distinctive name iodine is derived. Take care not to permit any of these vapours to get into the eyes or nose, or even the mouth, for they are very irritating.

Although we shall presently employ iodine for generating an extremely explosive compound, nevertheless iodine in itself is not at all explosive. It rapidly destroys animal and vegetable substances when brought into contact with them, also certain metallic substances; for example, iron. When purchased, it will have to be preserved in a glass-stoppered bottle—a corked bottle will not answer. Even though the iodine should not touch the cork, the bottle would be destroyed on account of the vapour which arises.

Well, for every dozen spiders, I say, take nine grains of iodine, or thereabout; as much as can be heaped upon a fourpenny piece will be about the thing. Do not touch the iodine, even for one moment, with a piece of iron: a piece of split quill, or, better, a splinter of glass pane, are perhaps about the best things you will have at command.

The quantity of iodine being taken, put it into a cup or a wine glass, and pour upon it about a table-spoonful of the strongest hartshorn, or more, if the hartshorn be weak. Stir the whole together with your quill or glass spatula; then let it stand for, say, half an hour. By this treatment, the iodine will lose its brilliant aspect. It will more resemble brown earth—in point of fact, it will no longer be iodine, but that element combined with another element called nitrogen, obtained from the hartshorn (ammonia), which is a compound of iodine and nitrogen. The black earthy body we must now treat with fitting respect, for it is the explosive body to the preparation of which our labours have been directed. Removing a little from the fluid in which it is contained, you would not think it explosive in any degree. It may be touched with a piece of hot iron, and that treatment will merely cause it to rise into vapour, without explosion; more strange yet, if this curious body be artificially dried, and the dried result beaten, it can seldom be got to explode. But, if the earthy looking material be allowed to dry of its own accord, and then touched—though the touch be only that of falling upon the surface of water—it never fails to explode.

To charge the spiders is a very easy matter. By means of the split quill, or glass spatula, the cavity previously dug out in the body of each spider is to be filled with the still wet and pasty iodide of nitrogen, which being done, the explosive creature is to be placed in the position where it is intended to create the final surprise. If desired, you can, by means of a little gum-water, stick such a spider by the legs upright against a wall. In about half an hour, or still less if the weather be hot and dry, the liquid portion of the explosive material will have evaporated away, and the spider will be ready to explode when touched in the very slightest degree.

Though spiders have been mentioned in the foregoing description, yet I need scarcely say that crickets, cockchafers, and any small creatures you please, may be cut out of cork, and made explosive by the iodide of nitrogen. A spider, however, is quite large enough, as the reader will say when he has tried the experiment.

Need I say that such iodide of nitrogen as may have been prepared and not used must be thrown away, and the glass or cup in which the manufacture was conducted, must be washed out with water until every fragment of the substance has been removed.

Iodide of nitrogen is not dangerous, except when made in large proportions. Certainly the whole product of nine grains of iodine might be exploded by contact with the fingers, and the result be no more serious than the skin stained red, and the fingers a little stunned by a sharp blow; nevertheless, this sort of accident had better be avoided. Take care, however, that no vapour, which arises at the time of explosion, gets into the eyes, which it cannot do if you keep it at arm's length, as you always should do in manipulating explosive bodies, however innocent of their kind. A word of final advice. The compound just treated of is the iodide of nitrogen. There is also the chloride of nitrogen, an oily-looking body—difficult to manipulate, and awfully dangerous. Let no consideration on earth ever tempt you to make the chloride of nitrogen, even if you can lay your hands on the process. The reader, now picking up a stray fact of science in the midst of scientific amusement, may have his attention drawn to the striking fact that nearly every explosive compound known to chemists contains nitrogen. Such is the remarkable generalisation; what it may count for when interpreted we know not, but the fact is so.



VIEW OF CAWNPORE

CAWNPORE.

WHAT a wonderful revulsion of feeling the publication of a few words will bring about, not only in the minds of individuals, but of a whole nation. What a thrill of delight quivered through every English heart, when the iron messenger, into whose service the power of the lightning has been pressed, announced that the gallant relievers of Lucknow had in their turn been relieved, that the brave Commander-in-Chief, cutting his way through the fire, had put an end to the sufferings of the heroic garrison, and sent away the children and the women, the sick and the wounded, to Cawnpore. A fearful interest will henceforth attach to those cities, whose very names were unknown to the great majority of Englishmen only a few months ago, and harrowing recollections will be associated in many a home with the name of the little city on the Ganges—Cawnpore.

The city of Cawnpore—spelt also Caunpoor—is the capital of a district of the same name in the upper provinces of Bengal, and in the immediate vicinity of the late kingdom of Oude. Those who wish to find it in their maps will see it marked in long. 80° 13' East, and lat. 26° 30' North. It has for some time been important as a military station, and may, in fact, be defined as an essentially English town; a few handsome mosques alone vindicating its architectural character as an Eastern city. The theatre is in the Roman Doric style; the assembly rooms, military hospital, and gaol are English, and so likewise are the Custom-house and protestant church. Trade and manufactures have long flourished at Cawnpore; the saddles and bridles produced there hold a prominent position in the Indian market. Large and commodious shops abound in the city, and many of the warehouses are bright with jewellery, and baubles of gold and silver. One feature of Cawnpore still must not be passed without mention, for it is eminently characteristic of the military town in India. A commodious race-course enables the officers to indulge in that exciting amusement for which the English have obtained such a reputation—a fame our neighbours across the Channel have vainly tried to emulate. The officers' bungalows, straggling for miles along the river-side, are picturesque in appearance, and are generally sur-

rounded by trim gardens; and the prospect from the Ganges is one of beauty and fertility.

But how different are the recollections associated with Cawnpore and Futtehpore, from the thoughts their natural scenery is in itself calculated to inspire. It was not in vain that the good Bishop Heber wrote of the climes—

“Where ev’ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!”

The darkness of heathenism broods over the sunlit plains. The mighty Ganges itself, the glorious stream that spreads fertility through so many miles of country, is used as an instrument of superstition by the benighted natives. The dying sufferer is deposited on the banks, and corpses are frequently seen floating down with its tide. The demon of superstition, with its natural companion, cruelty, still stalks almost unchecked through the fertile plains that border the Ganges. One thought continually rises in the traveller's mind as he glides along on the bosom of that mighty river—it is: What a magnificent stream is this; and through what a noble country would it roll if the inhabitants were only Christians!

CHILD-ACTORS.

THE very thought of such makes me sigh; and the cleverer they are at their parts, the more it distresses me. To see little boys, who should be deep in the mysteries of humming-tops and marbles, strutting their little limbs upon the stage in grown-up attire; pulling up their precocious shirt-collars, and talking about “us men;” uttering threadbare, vulgar, broad witticisms upon “the women;”—what a horrible perversion of childhood—what a hot-house forcing of nature! And the little girls, aping the disgusting, bedizened, heartless woman of fashion; of whose existence it were time enough they should know, when they make their *début* in the character of matron. Then the trading off these little girls by coarse speculators; the market value of bright eyes—rosy cheeks—polished shoulders, and slender ankles; oh, who that has been a parent can witness an exhibition of child-actors, and not find his or her thoughts straying from the performance, and piercing those children's probable future?—thinking of the irreparable physical

wrong done them by late hours; excitement, intense brain stimulation, when their heads should be quietly resting on the dreamless pillow of childhood. Oh, it is a pitiful sight.

Perhaps you reply to me—but they are poor, and they make money by it. Is money to be weighed in the balance with a premature decay of the bodily and mental powers? Can you render those little girls an equivalent for the delicate bloom of childish innocence which your coarse touch has brushed away? Can you repay them for thus rudely stripping off the infolding leaf, which incloses so much beauty?

Infant prodigies of all kinds, I regard with pitying horror; from the bird, whose eyes are put out to make its song more marvellous, to the big-headed, narrow-chested boy, whose ambitious parents are spurring him on to the undertaker. I see in their perspective only an idiotic middle age, or an early grave. Everything in the natural world rebukes this un wisdom—everything but *childhood* bides its time to expand in blessed healthful unconsciousness; then we see the perfect fruit—the perfect blossom. How much more necessary is this to the susceptible organisation of childhood; why plant it in the noisy highway, to be handled, and jostled, and gazed at, and trampled under foot? Why not spread the broad leaf of sheltering love over the little bud in some quiet corner, till by its own sweetness it shall unconsciously announce to an admiring world its perfected existence?

The children's Sol-fa festival at the Crystal Palace exhibited an immense amount of musical talent on the part of the youthful performers, and we listened to their voices with pleasure. Singing is just one of those things in which children delight, and is entirely free from any injurious influence. But they must sing naturally and heartily as those children sang, not as little opera singers on a stage.

I remember well, some years since, seeing a little violinist step before the midnight foot-lights, with her stiff silken robe and jewelled arms, to amuse an audience who, had they hearts, would have wept to see the pallid, prematurely-old face, the shrunken limbs, and listless air of this wreck of juvenile precocity. Her sprightliest air was like a funeral march to my pained ear. I could scarcely see her for the tears that came between. Oh, I would have taken

the cumbrous wreath from that little forehead—the stiff dress from those angular limbs, and drawing over them the loose, white night-robe in which childhood looks so lovely, bade her say her little prayer—then kissed her weary lids to slumber.

An actor's life is weary enough—dangerous enough—when nature has pronounced such men and women. I know that there are noble examples of those who have, self-sustained, passed through the fire unscathed; but, for His sake who blessed little children, toss them not down in their sweet helplessness before the immolating Juggernaut!

The Matron.

NO. III.

OUR recent remarks on the cutting out of children's clothes, were more especially addressed to the female portion of our readers. And we felt it necessary to appeal to the forbearance of husbands and fathers in behalf of articles which were only indirectly interesting and important to them.

Our present subject is one in which the lords of the creation, of all ranks, take a lively personal interest. It is, therefore, one to which all women should devote their attention. In some cases, the talent of planning will suffice; in others, that of actually dressing good, tempting, wholesome, and economical dinners will be required.

It is generally allowed that the "leading question" of the day among the middle classes is, "What shall we have for dinner?" while the working man's first query is, "What have you got me for dinner?"

Among the very wealthy (the aristocrats of the purse or the peerage) the question is rather, "What shall we not have?"—since every delicacy, in and out of season, is at the command of the great, apparently supplied "regardless of expense." But those behind the scenes know that a wise economy is much more rigidly enforced by the *millionaire* than by "the million." Articles that are thrown away as useless in the little kitchen of a cottage in the country, or four-roomed house in a town, are saved and made available in large, noble, and wealthy households.

I, being, as you all know, an elderly matron, and not ashamed of my years or my gray hairs, can remember a remark made to me by the head cook of Napoleon I.; namely, that during the whole time he had the honour of presiding over the imperial kitchens, he never allowed even a fish bone or a chicken's foot to be thrown away. From fish bones, well cleaned and thoroughly boiled, this good head cook and cook with a good head made excellent gelatine, while the feet of all kinds of game and poultry yielded a delicate and most nutritious jelly. Alas! in how few humble homes is such economy practised.

My own experience compels me to acknowledge that the very poor are generally the least economical; and I have often remarked, that the greater the want, the greater the waste, in spite of that motto, which ought to be engraved on every kitchen dresser, whether in castle or cottage, WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

A French maximist remarked, that the direct way to the heart was through the stomach (of course, *via* the palate and the eye), for nothing is tempting, however really nourishing and wholesome, that does not look nice, and taste good. The French maximist hit the mark; even English husbands (and we challenge the world to beat them) love a wife all the better, if a nice little dinner, neatly and punctually served, shows that, while they have been busy abroad, she has not been idle at home.

Cold mutton damps the most ardent affection; and if women would keep their husbands, sons, and brothers at home, and not drive them to destruction and public-houses, they must make that home, however humble, pleasant and comfortable. The cloth may be coarse, but it must be clean; the plates may be common delft or willow pattern, but they must be bright with cleanliness; the fare may be very simple, very frugal, but it must be nicely cooked and neatly dished—suited to those individual tastes which the sweet officiousness of woman's love is so prompt to discover. Above all, even if "a dinner of herbs," it must be that "dinner of herbs" where "love is."

And where love is, there will be his evidences in the sweet smile, the joyful welcome, the neat and becoming attire (neat and becoming, however plain and cheap).

There will be peace, comfort, sympathy, and a nice little hot dinner (no dearer, friends, than a cold and slovenly one) for the tired, chilled, and hungry man.

I remember a poor fellow, a labourer in London, who had lost his wife, said to me, after that long egotistical descent on his own virtues, so common

with the very poor, "Well, I was a stunning good husband to her; but she deserved it, which I never come home for ten year, but I found the hearth swept, the kettle boiling, and summut hot and relishing, as she know'd I liked; and so I always respected her living, likewise dead." In her own station and degree, let every woman take pattern by that brick-layer's wife.

We will give a few directions presently for good, plain, cheap dishes; but first of all some general remarks, the result of observation and experience, will not be useless.

Pay ready money as much as possible. Ready money customers are always first served, and best served.

Light weight and heavy interest generally accompany long credit.

Full weight and pleasing discount greet the ready money customer.

Go to market as early as you can.

What is best is generally taken first. If you are late, you must put up with the refuse.

Think more of what your husband will like, than of what you like yourself. Your chief pleasure should arise from his appreciation and enjoyment of his meals, and his praise of your skill and judgment.

However simple what you buy, try to get it fresh and good of its kind.

A herring perfectly fresh and in season, is better than turbot that has the slightest taint.

Never keep tea or coffee in paper, nor let soap or dips lie side by side with butter.

Be punctual to a minute; by being punctual you will make your husband so. And vegetables (which form so great a portion of the cookery of the million) are spoiled if not eaten as soon as done, *potatoes especially*. Clean salt and a cruet-stand well filled help to make a dinner tempting.

I have already advised those who wish to get their money's worth to go to market early. It is a good plan to have in provisions the day before they are wanted, excepting in very hot weather. For, of this be convinced, that much forethought is necessary to insure punctuality, and not even the merit of the dinner will make amends to your husband for having been kept waiting for it.

And now I should like to ask you in what cooking consists? In its most limited sense, cooking is merely boiling. The word comes from the German *kochen*, and, in fact, on the proper method of applying food to the action of fire all success in cookery depends. This remark applies to the rich man's venison and the poor man's bit of bacon. Those who know nothing of cooking fancy that the fiercer the fire, the better will the meat be dressed. Now, I can tell you that just the contrary is the case. To get as much good as possible out of meat, it should be roasted, fried, or boiled very gently and very gradually.

Soyer (making a lady speak for him) has an amusing little anecdote on this subject. It relates to the boiling of an ox-cheek. He says: "On one occasion I asked an old lady how she cooked it. 'Sure enough,' said she, 'by fire.' 'But, my dear woman,' I inquired, 'how long do you cook it?' 'Ah, sir,' she replied, 'sometimes as long as an hour, and boiling like anything all the time, till the water will not stand it any longer.' 'And pray,' I asked, 'what do you do with the water?' 'Faith, there is no water left; but only muck at the bottom of the pot, which I throw away,' was her reply."

On finding the old dame so ignorant, Soyer asked her if he should come and teach her how to cook her ox-cheek. Probably supposing she would not have her teaching for nothing, she answered, that she'd no money to throw away, nor enough even to buy another cheek. The indefatigable reformer in the noble (because useful) art of cooking offered to give her an ox-cheek as a present. He also gave her sixpence to buy some sand to clean her iron pot. By the way, you will have many directions from me about cleaning your pots, be they of iron or potter's clay. Not Soyer himself could cook well in dirty, neglected pots or pans. But to return to the old dame. When next Soyer saw her, he found she had purchased two-pennyworth of coals out of his present of the sixpence. She had better have spent the whole remaining fourpence in the fuel, as you will soon perceive. In the meantime Soyer produced the ox-cheek, and put it into the pot, with four quarts of cold water, and four tea-spoonfuls of salt, and some leaves of celery, which had been given the old lady by a neighbouring greengrocer. Her fire was made up, and the pot was placed on it, until boiling, and then removed to the side of it, and skimmed. There Soyer left it, and went round to pay his other visits. At the end of three hours he returned to our old friend, whom he found in possession of a large basin. He put some crusts of bread into it, and the meat he

placed on a dish, and sat down with the old dame, serving the soup out into cups with a *beer jug* (having nothing better for the purpose). To the surprise of his pupil, the cheek was so tender that Soyer cut it easily with a very bad knife. After tasting it, and finding it very good, she said she would show her neighbours how to do it. When her instructor was about to depart, the old dame exclaimed, "Lor! you would not go without taking a drop of the 'crature.'" She then took a small bottle out of her pocket, and offered it to Soyer, who, from the love of investigation, was induced to taste the contents, which he soon found to be *blue ruin*, alias a mixture of vitriol and other poisons. Thus could he easily account for the old dame's ignorance and abject poverty. She was a gin-drinker.

But many that are perfectly sober are lamentably ignorant about the art of cooking, and making the most of their food. To them this anecdote of Soyer and the old dame may impart instruction, if they are willing to receive it. An ox-cheek may be purchased for a few pence, and cooked in the manner just described. It is even more nutritious than many of the expensive parts of the animal.

And now for mutton—not the haunch, the leg, or the shoulder—but the neck of mutton. I undertake to show how the mother of a family can, with very trifling additions, make three good dinners out of a neck of mutton, for which she ought not to give more than sixpence a pound when meat is at an average price. We recommend our housewife to have the neck of mutton—weighing probably six pounds—divided into three parts by the butcher. When her fire and cooking utensils are ready, we advise her to take the best end (*viz.*, the thickest) first, and to put it to roast, at a very respectful distance from the fire, approaching it gradually until it is thoroughly done. Beneath the mutton let a pan—with a division in the middle—be placed. One compartment of this pan should contain a pudding, made in the following manner:—Mix half a pound of flour with half a pint of milk and water. When these are thoroughly blended, add an egg well beaten up. Baked under the meat and enriched by the dripping, this will, in about an hour's time, become an excellent Yorkshire pudding. This, with the roast mutton and potatoes, will make a capital dinner.

Now, the method of cooking potatoes is so important, that I cannot discuss it at the end of a chapter, but reserve it for our next number. I now proceed to the second dinner. Let this be furnished from the middle piece of the neck, and made into a pie. My readers must recollect that I advised a division in the pan under the roasting meat. We imagine the pudding eaten and approved, but the pan held something besides the pudding, by the time the meat had had its hour's roasting. The originally empty compartment will have received enough dripping to make, with a pound of flour, an excellent light crust for the pie. For making this pie, I must advise you to remember the seasoning, and also line the sides of the dish with crust. Water must be poured over the meat, and this put in small chops into the pie-dish. Sliced onions, pepper and salt, must be added, and by degrees the water changes into an excellent gravy.

The third dinner is composed of the scrag end. And to vary the dinner, as we¹ as to get plenty of nourishment out of it, let this be made into soup, in the following manner:—Put the meat into a large sized pot, with two quarts and a half of water; place it in the first instance at a distance from the fire, and add to the water a quarter of a pound of rice, salt, pepper, an onion sliced, and a table-spoonful of moist sugar, to give richness to the flavour of the soup. Let this simmer slowly for two hours, watching and stirring it carefully, and the result will be, some capital soup, and nice, tender, boiled mutton. Never omit having a dish of potatoes, as they contain great nourishment, in proportion to their weight.

BE GENTLE.—Be ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch over them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of the Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a kind father say; "I talk to them very much, but do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. Yes, there is not one child in the circle round the table, healthful and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long enough spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown on them, but amid all let memory carry them back to a home where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."

Small Change.

It was a maxim of General Jackson's, "Take time to deliberate; but when the hour for action arrives, stop thinking, and go in."

"WHAT is the best attitude for self-defence?" asked a pupil of a well-known pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the reply.

A LADY complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusements, he replied, "But then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense."

True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place;
But counterfeit is blind, and skulks through fear,
Where 'tis a shame to be ashamed to appear.—*Cowper.*

To be tolerant is to be wise enough to have no difference with those we differ from. The mutual rancour of conflicting sects is often in the inverse ratio of their distance from each other: no one hating a Jew or a Pagan half so much as a fellow Christian who agrees with him in all but one unimportant point.

A FRIEND, phoeing phunnily phigurative, phurnishes the phollowing:—4ty 4tunate 4esters 4tuitously 4tifying 4 4lorn 4tresses 4cibly 4bade 4ty 4midable 4eigners 4ning 4aging 4ces.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Two Irishmen were recently looking at people stretching a rope across the street from one house to the other, for the purpose of suspending a banner. *Pat.*—"Shure and what will they be after a doing at the tops of them houses there?" *Mich.*—"Faith an' it's a submarine telegraph there after putting up, I suppose."

AN ATTACHMENT.—A very amiable and modest widow lady lived in a certain county. Soon after her husband had paid the debt of nature, leaving her his legatee, a claim was brought against the estate by his brother, and a process was served upon her by the sheriff of the county, who happened to be a widower of middle age. She was much alarmed, and meeting with a female friend, she exclaimed, with agitation, "What do you think? the sheriff has been after me!" "Well," said the considerate lady, with perfect coolness, "he is a very fine man." "But he says he has an attachment for me," replied the widow. "Well, I have long suspected that he was attached to you, my dear." "But you don't understand—he says I must go to court." "O! that's quite another affair, my child; don't you go so far as that—it is his place to come and court you."

"Mr friend," said a philanthropic gentleman to a chap whose wandering, unsteady gait betrayed "ardent" familiarity with the "spirits," "I thought you were a Son of Temperance." "Mistake," hiccupped Toodles, steadying himself for the reply. "No (hic) relation—not a bit—not even (hic) acquainted."

NIGHT running is ruinous to the morals of boys. They acquire under the cover of night an unhealthy state of mind, bad, vulgar, and profane language, a lawless and riotous bearing. Indeed, it is in the street after nightfall that boys principally acquire the education of the bad, and capacity for becoming dissolute men.

WHAT IS A LETTER?—A poet answers the question thus:—

What is a letter? Let affection tell.
A tongue that speaks for those who absent dwell,
A silent language uttered to the eye,
Which envious distance would in vain deny;
A link to bind where circumstances part,
A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart,
Formed to convey, like an electric chain,
The mystic flash—the lightning of the brain—
And thrill at once, through its remotest link,
The throb of passion by a drop of ink.

"I SAY, Sambo, does you know what makes de corn grow so fast when you put de manure on it?" "No, I don't know 'cept it makes de ground strong for the corn." "No, I just tell you: when de corn begins to smell de manure, it don't like de fumery, so it hurries out of de ground, and gets up as high as possible, so it can't breathe bad air."

TRIFLES may be not only tolerated but admired when we respect the trifle. Little things are valued when coming from him who can do great things. A distinguished French author maintains that morality in trifles is always the enemy of morality in things of importance; but it is precisely in trivial affairs that a delicate sense of honour and rectitude is most certainly exhibited;—as we throw up a feather and not a stone to ascertain the direction of the wind.

SMALL wits are generally great talkers, uttering whatever comes uppermost; and everything being superficial, their shallowness makes them noisy, and their confidence offensive. The smaller the calibre of the mind, the greater the bore of a perpetually open

mouth. Human heads are like hogsheads—the emptier they are, the louder report they give of themselves. The clack of their word-mill is heard even when there is no wind to set it going, and no grist to come from it. "I talk a good deal, but I talk well," said an impudent fellow. "Half of that is true," replied a gentleman.

LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

THOROUGHGOING.—"Bill," said one radical to another, recently, "I's a National Reformer, I is." "Vy, is that our party?" "Vy, yes, hossy, it is that. If you puts in a vote for that party, you votes yourself a farm." "Vell, I don't go that without they'll go a little further. I wants a farm, and somebody to work it besides."

QUICK WRITING MAY BE SLOW READING.—A gentleman, more famous for quickness than for depth in literary matters, was boasting of the quickness with which he could write verses. "It takes some people," said he, "half an hour to make a couplet; but I write a forty-line poem in twenty minutes, and make nothing of it."

TRIED AND FOUND WANTING.—A fast Irishman, in a time of revival, joined the church, but was found sinning grievously, not long afterward. "Didn't you join the Methodists?" inquired a piously disposed person. "Faix an' I did—I joined for six months, and behaved so well they let me off with three."

MANY a truth is like a wolf which we hold by the ears—afraid to let it escape, yet scarcely able to retain it. And why should we let it go, if, without doing any good, it be likely to worry or annoy our neighbour? To promulgate truth with a malicious intention is worse than to violate it with a benevolent one.

Puzzles for the Ingenious.

Answer to Puzzles in No. 3, page 47.

I.—THE CHARADE.

When I lived in Leicestershire, some time ago—
(What has that to do with you? Wait, and you'll know)—
I never knew a school-boy in the country round,
Who did not know precisely where a nut might be found;
And if he chanced to find one, as he might full well,
Of course he couldn't eat it, as it lay in the shell.
So he popped it in his mouth, and I've no doubt, you see,
That the crackers were his teeth, when the nut ate he.

D.

Correct answers have been received also from W. James, Goynne, Trebor, W. R. Heater, W. T. P.—II, G. R. Halton, J. Whyte, A. H. (Wexford), F. Gilder, T. R. J. B. T., Q. M. (Celer), D. Macpherson, J. Mewis, W. Pleadwell, J. R. Watson, B. R., J. N., Filius, Upsilon, Demisthins, D. Dacker, J. White, Cantab, C. J. V., William, Archidamas, Jimps, W. M., Hugh Latson, H. J. Barker, T. Calvert.

Incorrect.—J. S. Liskeard, H. C. P., Montbar, Gabriel, R. S. Black, R. Humphreys, W. C. Richardson, E. R., B. S. M., J. White.

Answer to Arithmetical Question in No. 3, page 47.

No. gals. brought down by 1st spring per day =	$\frac{1000}{15}$	=	66 $\frac{2}{3}$
" " " 2nd " "	$\frac{1000}{20}$	=	50
" " " 3rd " "	$\frac{1000}{30}$	=	33 $\frac{1}{3}$

∴ Total No. gals. supplied per day = 150.
No. gals. consumed per day = $102 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ = 153.
∴ Consumption exceeds supply by 3 gals. per day.
No. days in exhausting reservoir = $\frac{1000}{3} = 333\frac{1}{3}$ days.

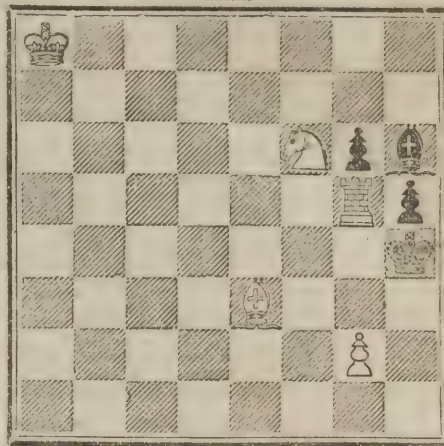
W. JAMES.

Correct answers also from Goynne, Trebor, Shortt, R. Marickham; An Irish Schoolboy; W. R. Heater, J. R. Turnaux, W. T. P.—II, Henry R. S., Fyod, &c., J. Howe, J. S. Liskeard, S. M. R., A. H. (Wexford), R. Bolton, Q. M. (Celer), H. Hoskins, Michaelis, Telegraph, Fergus, Quadrona, J. Cain, W. Falkner, J. Baker, J. Blatherwich, W. Pleadwell, Solutio, A. T. H., J. Mellor, J. R. Watson, J. Parke, R. Whitson, Anxious, A. Lover of Knowledge, R. Bromley, Q. M. S., D. F., Old Philo, J. P., A. H. G. M., W. H. Barnes, M. Howitt, E. Briant, W. Forfar, P. B. S., J. Donnelly, F. Brandon, H. Wardle, E. Stand, E. Lang, D. Knight, J. N., A. E. M., J. Simpson, Gherkin, E. C., J. H., Napoleon, J. Brown, J. March, G. W. Stoker, W. Rayner, J. H. (Armley), Nimrod, Kimbo, Romulus, W. Lamb, C. W. Bottomley, J. Kean, R. J. Lomas, H. M. C. (Belfast), W. Brownhill, D. Dacker, J. White, J. Rosecamp, B. R., R. J. P., Cantab, C. J. Randle, T. William, Sanson William, H. F. Bruton, C. J. V., P. Mangla, William, J. Milne, Archidamas, Jimps, J. Porteus, J. Gargill, Comyn, A. Z., W. Rayner.

Incorrect.—F. G. W., A. W. E., A. Johnson, J. Heyland, G. R. Hatton, J. Whyte, A. Glasgow Boy, W. Rayner, R. J. Lemay, Dr. Price, F. G. F., Russell, J. Banning, E. G. Price, Ticket, Gabriel, Amo Puellam, J. Robinson, N. J. H., F. Alexander, J. Kennedy, Filius, H. J. Howell, H. C. Wilson, W. Marshall, G. C., T. Stephenson.

Chess.

Problem No. 12. By C. W., of Sunbury.
BLACK.

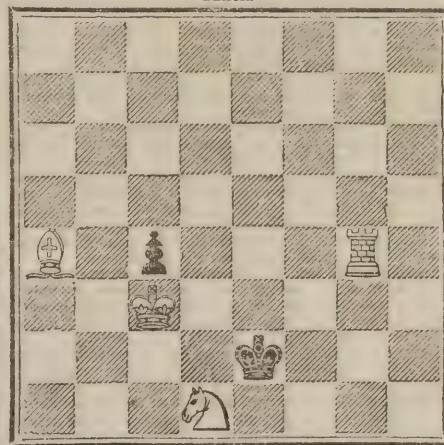


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 13. For Beginners. By DOMINO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Game played between Messrs. R. B. WORMALD and W. B. DALBY.

WHITE. Mr. Wormald.	BLACK. Mr. Dalby.
1. P to K 4	1. P to Q 4
2. P takes P	2. K Kt to B 3
3. B checks	3. B to Q 2
4. B to Q B 4	4. P to Q B 3
5. P takes P	5. Kt takes P
6. K Kt to B 3	6. P to K 3
7. P to Q 4	7. B to Q 3
8. Castles	8. Castles
9. B to K Kt 5	9. B to K 2
10. B takes Kt	10. B takes B
11. P to Q B 3	11. B to K 2
12. Q Kt to Q 2	12. Q to Q B 2
13. Q to Q B 2	13. Q R to B sq
14. Q R to K sq	14. B to Q 3
15. P to K R 3	15. P to K R 3
16. Q Kt to K 4	16. Q Kt to K 2
17. Kt takes B	17. Q takes Kt
18. B to Q Kt 3	18. Kt to K B 4
19. Kt to K 5	19. B to Q Kt 4
20. Kt takes K B P (a)	20. Q to K B 5 (b)
21. R to K 4	21. Kt takes Q P
22. R takes Q	22. Kt takes R
23. B takes K P	23. B takes R
24. K takes B	24. K R to K sq
25. Kt takes P (cb)	25. K to R 2
26. Kt to K B 7 (c)	26. R to Q B 4
27. R to K 4	27. R to K B sq
28. Kt to K 5 (d)	28. R to K B 3
29. Kt to Q 7	29. R takes B
30. Kt takes R	Resigns

(a) The remainder of the game is very lively.—(b) The commencement of a pretty, but unfortunately, unsound combination. Black reckoned on winning something by his 24th move.—(c) A saving clause.—(d) Threatening mate and winning the exchange.

Impransus, G. of W., B. R., W. S. S., Toz, A Lady, D. W. O., J. W., Lille Diehl, T. Simpson, Alpha, Ernestus, and other correspondents shall be replied to next week.

Our Editorial Table.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The back numbers of "Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper"—new series—are now on sale at one penny each; and these aforesaid back numbers of the new series, each containing sixteen pages demy quarto, will continue at this price until further notice.

* * * **EVERY** person should possess an almanack for the year. "Cassell's Illustrated Family Almanack," which is published at sixpence, is an annual encyclopedia of useful and instructive information. Fifty-three thousand copies of the almanack for 1858 have already been issued from the press. As the last edition for this year is now being delivered, immediate orders should be given.

A YOUNG STUDENT.—You cannot do better than procure "The Educational Course." It is a work exceedingly well adapted to assist you in your studies. The first volume, selling for 3s. 6d., and entitled "Science Popularly Explained," is really invaluable. The other five volumes of "The Course" comprise separate treatises on "The English Language," "Astronomy," "Outlines of Botany," "Mathematical Science," and "Political Economy." The whole six volumes, in cloth boards, sell for 15s. 6d. "The Course" is also issued in a weekly form of publication, in 14d. numbers, and monthly parts, 7d. or 8½d. each.

GAULTIER.—First ascertain that your addresses will not be disagreeable to the lady, and then, with her permission, apply to her father; but as you value honour, happiness, and reputation, avoid a clandestine engagement, or even courtship. If you desire to marry the girl, seek her openly; if not, let her alone.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—You do not say whether the ball is a public or private one. If the former, you enter the room without any other ceremony than you would use on entering a theatre, lecture, or concert room. If the latter, you seek the lady of the house, and pay your respects to her before mingling with the guests. Gentlemen usually lead their partners about the room for a few minutes after the dance in which they have been engaged is ended, and then resign them to their chaperons.

SUSAN G.—The question relative to rings has been answered so often that we are compelled to refer our correspondent to the back numbers of this Paper.

HARRY J. W. is referred to our answer to "Gaultier." We do not think we can give him better advice. We prefer the word "telegram," and use it.

ALONZO THE BRAVE.—We do not admire mustaches on ladies' lips, but that is no reason why you should not. "Many men, many minds," and we might rhapsodise over a face which to you might be ugliness itself. As to suggesting the "most tenderest" terms in which a gentleman can convey to his beloved the "delicate question" upon which his whole future bliss depends, we fear that if the circumstances, the loveliness of the damsel's features, the interests at stake, do not inspire him, all our tuition will fail to do so.

SCARLOT.—The lock of hair inclosed for our inspection is, we grieve to say it, decidedly red. No mother in the world, however doting, could call it auburn. A lead comb is frequently and successfully used to darken the hue of tresses which happen to be more brilliant than pleasing.

ROSALINE BLANCHE.—Most earnestly do we wish that we could aid your laudable endeavour to assist your parents by earning your own livelihood, but unfortunately there are so few situations compared with the number of applicants, that we are unable to do so. In all friendliness, however, we would advise you, before taking pupils, to devote some time to earnest study. Your spelling is far from correct.

TENANT.—The lord of a waste, over which there is a right of common, may make rabbits burrow thereon, and the commoner cannot kill the rabbits, though they become so numerous as to prejudice his right of common. His only remedy is to bring an action against the lord for surcharging; and this we should advise you to do, unless you can come to some satisfactory arrangement.

CAPTAIN SASH.—You have no right to engage a lady's affections unless you see some reasonable hope of being able to marry her. Nothing is more unmanly, selfish, and contemptible than perpetually hovering round and paying attentions to a girl, winning her regard, and isolating her from others, when there is no near and rational prospect of marriage with yourself.

LOVE-LUCK UNCERTAIN.—Do you particularly wish to see the end of it?

CUIRASS.—We think your friend must belong to the marines, who are a body of men serving as soldiers on board ships of war, or on shore in the event of coast battles. They are also sometimes called upon to assist in the operations connected with the working of the ships in which they may be sailing, but cannot be sent aloft by a naval officer. The marines have one advantage over the other service—*Commissions cannot be obtained by purchase; the officers rise by seniority, but no higher than to the rank of Colonels Commandant.* From this information you may probably be able to decide whether your friend is a member of this body, whom Jack so irreverently calls "neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring."

MARY.—We pity you sincerely; few things are more unpleasant than the vicinity of a "snorer." There is an excellent paper on the subject in the December number of a clever little periodical called "The Ladies' Treasury," published by Ward and Lock, which suggests a means of cure, to which we beg to refer "Mary."

MAYBUD.—Men born of English parents are English, no matter where they first see the light. We do not profess to judge character from handwriting.

F. B. D.—If the lady-whom we consider to have been very ill-used—will pardon, and once more receive your attentions, we advise you by all means to offer them.

ANNIE.—There are so many good games for the amusement of a rational circle of young people when weary (?) of dancing (forty years ago, in our young days, we should have thought that providing against such a contingency was about as useless a work of supererogation as could well be imagined), that we really know not which to select. Have

you ever tried Canning's celebrated and intellectual game of "Twenty Questions?" or the merrier one of "Conglomeration?" or "Magic Music?" or —; but we might extend our inquiries almost *ad infinitum*. We advise you, therefore, to try the games we have mentioned, and those exhausted, make out the evening with any others you please.

LOVE BLIND.—It appears most unlikely and inadvisable that you should marry the young person respecting whom you write, and whom your attentions therefore are only leading astray. We think it would be the wisest and most honourable course to relinquish her society at once.

FATME.—We know of no cure for the cutaneous annoyance of which you complain.

JUSTICE.—We think a man may wear his beard as suits his fancy; but certainly indoor apprentices, serving in shops, ought to conform to their master's wishes in this respect. No apprentice is bound to work on Sunday, except in such work as is absolutely necessary; such, for instance, as the making up of physician's prescriptions in chemists' shops, or other similar matters.

ROLAND DE MONTREVEL.—The inflammable properties of gas have only quite recently been turned to account for the purpose of lighting the streets of cities. Hamburg, for instance, was lighted with oil until after the great fire in 1842; and even at a later period, in 1846, the gasometers having been erected too near the Elbe, were submerged, and, as the Hamburgers said, "The Senate had to light the oil lamps to enable the people to see the gas."

E. B. (Hoxton).—The District Registrar would of course supply the certificate.

DONALD.—Not at all too old; but you must make your own selection.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—From your description, we fancy the jar in which your butter was preserved could not have been quite clean. If the butter has turned, it is in the position of Humpty Dumpty, after his fall, and

"Not all the king's horses or all the king's men"

can set it to rights.

S. B. K.—We cannot answer your question, for we do not understand it. To define what you ask would be as difficult as defining nothing. Porson, however, did manage to define this. He says:—

"Mysterious Nothing! How shall I define

Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness?

Nor form, nor colour, sound, nor size are thine,

Nor words, nor figures can thy void express.

But though we cannot thee to aught compare,

To thee a thousand things may likened be;

And though thou art nobody and nowhere,

Yet half mankind devote themselves to thee.

How many books thy history contain!

How many heads thy mighty plans pursue!

What labouring hands thy portion only gain!

What busy men thy only doings do!

To thee the great, the proud, the giddy bend,

And, like my sonnet, all in Nothing end."

This definition may serve quite as well as an answer to your question.

RICHARD MARKHAM.—The curfew was not a bell, but an instrument somewhat resembling a very deep fireshovel in shape. The name comes from *courre*, cover, and *feu*, fire, the instrument being placed over the embers of a fire to extinguish it. The curfew bell was merely the bell tolled at a certain hour every evening to warn the villagers and citizens to put out their fires and lights. The regulation was instituted as a preventative against conspiracies, which proverbially shun the day, and are mostly concocted around the midnight fire.

C. R. P.—The word *news* is most decidedly a substantive, signifying "new intelligence." Its equivalent in French is *nouvelles*; in German, *Neuigkeiten*.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—Vols. I. and II. of "Cassell's Illustrated History of England" are now ready, price six shillings each volume. The commencement of Vol. III. offers a favourable opportunity to new subscribers who may be desirous of taking the work in weekly numbers or monthly parts.

SYSTEMATIC.—who is evidently unaware of the exclusive nature of the "Royal Society"—asks how he may become a member "of that, or any other Society." Our correspondent's unceremonious method of speaking of the Royal Society reminds us of the Frenchman who, in 1851, visited London, and on his return to Paris told his friends how he had seen the three most illustrious personages in England, to wit, the Queen, the Duke of Wellington, and the Lord Mayor.

F. E. J.—The notice to quit is good.

A. M.—The father is not bound to support the son under the circumstances mentioned.

A CONSTANT READER.—We think not. The paper has been defunct for a long time.

A FIREMAN.—Mix vinegar and treacle in equal quantities, and let a teaspoonful be taken occasionally, when the cough is troublesome. See the first volume of the "Educational Course."

DUBIOUS.—It should be "The Worshipful the Mayor."

W. PRINCE.—Pretty enough; but we have no space for either. Declined with thanks.

A KNIGHT OF THE — (?)—The appointments are under the control of the Civil Service Commissioners.

DISAGREEABLE.—We have heard the following remedy for bad breath strongly recommended:—Take one drachm of sulphate of magnesia, two drachms of tincture of calumba, one ounce and a half of infusion of roses; make a draught, to be taken every morning, or every other morning, an hour before breakfast for at least a month.

J. W.—Any cement will do.

AN OLD CHIP AND SON OF VULCAN would find employment either in Canada or the United States. If quite prepared to meet hardships and difficulties, they might cheaply purchase some of the unclaimed land in the far west, and plant a colony, or found a state!

S. M. N.—The marks to which you refer, and which are called by the country folk "Satan's Footsteps," are well known, and have frequently excited superstitious terror. They have the appearance of footprints of fire; the grass looks

as though it were burnt black, and presents a startling contrast with the vivid green around. These marks are in reality the ordinary footprints of those who have crossed the fields while the night frost was on the grass, which during the spring is very tender, and is as effectually destroyed by the pressure of a foot, in its frosty brittleness, as by fire, and with much the same appearance.

OLIVER CROMWELL should adopt some sedentary employment, such as watchmaking, engraving, &c.

A CONWAY.—The following is, we suppose, what you require. With a clean pen write on paper with a solution of muriate of cobalt so diluted with water that the writing when dry will be invisible. On gently warming the paper the writing will appear of a blue or greenish colour, which will disappear again when cool. A solution of muriate of copper forms a yellow and sympathetic ink, and acetate of cobalt a rose or purple. If a landscape be drawn representing a winter scene, the paper being overlaid, where the foliage should be, with the green sympathetic ink, on gently warming the drawing it will represent summer. Sky and water may be drawn with the blue, and standing corn with the yellow ink.

BLANCHE.—The application of a little cold cream, pomatum, spermaceti ointment, lard, or any similar article, will generally prevent chaps and chilblains on the lips and hands. Persons employed in oil works or about oil, and who have, consequently, their hands continually imbued therewith, never suffer from these things. A little oil or unguent of any kind well rubbed over the hands on going to rest (removing the superfluous portion with a cloth) will not only preserve them from cold, but render them beautifully soft and white.

ALMA MATER.—If our correspondent can go through the "matriculation" process at the London University, no questions will be asked as to whether he taught himself, or obtained his knowledge at a school. For further particulars he must apply to the secretary.

J. L. P.—We don't know what "J. L. P." means when he talks about writing to his governor. Does he wish to address her Majesty the Queen? If so, he must address his letter "To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty," and begin "May it please your Majesty."

DANIEL will, we fear, find it a difficult thing to obtain the separate parts of an harmonium, and a still more difficult one to put them together properly.

PERCY.—In studying Italian or any other language without the help of a master, be careful to make sure of your ground as you go on. Never grudge the trouble of using your dictionary, and never take things for granted. Search out diligently the infinitives of verbs, and don't pass over any irregularity, without knowing "the reason why" it exists.

AUNT JEMIMA.—Really, dear aunt, we are not on the stock exchange, and should only mislead you if we were to try and play stockbroker for your especial benefit. When Napoleon was riding through Paris at a time when affairs looked rather black, and his armies were getting decidedly the worst of it in the Peninsula, a *market woman* cried out to him that he ought to make peace. "My good woman," answered the Emperor, "you sell your cabbages, and leave me to make peace or war. Every one to his trade." And the people laughed and cheered him. "Every one to his trade," dear aunt. Write to a stockbroker about your shares.

X. Z. G.—The power of reading music rapidly at sight is a very valuable one to a musician. It is obtained by constant practice, and by avoiding the unpleasant plan called "playing by ear."

WITTENOW.—Height and age are not the only points by which the admissibility of a recruit into the army is decided. General soundness of constitution is also required.

STUPID.—Don't be discouraged; and if your companions continue to tease you, answer them as the tortoise answered the hare:—

"Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by starts;
You may deride my awkward pace,
But slow and steady wins the race."

A YOUTH OF SEVENTEEN had best accept the situation in the banking house.

LUTON sends us a poem with the ominous title of the "Out-cast One." We really cannot accept it, and would say no more were it not that our correspondent insists on an opinion. Our opinion is that the lines are not good.

ELLEN D., NOLENS, R. H. J. C., F. W., KIT, declined with thanks. **LITTLE DAISY,** very creditable.

A DREAMER will find the duties of a steward's mate in a passenger ship anything but a dream. He will have to be general fag to his superior, and when anything goes wrong it is usually placed to his account. There are a few positions on shipboard graphically described by sailors as "dogs' berths;" and that of the steward's mate is one of these.

TO OUR READERS.—As we are continually receiving communications from some of our friends in remote parts of the kingdom, requesting to know how they can be supplied with our Paper when they reside at a distance from any of the Trade, we beg to inform them and the public generally, that they can be supplied with single numbers by post for 2d. each number, or 2s. 2d. per quarter; 4s. 4d. per half year; or 8s. 8d. per twelve months; or if three parties in a neighbourhood combine, and have three copies sent weekly to one address, they can be supplied for 4d., or 4s. 4d. per quarter, 8s. 8d. per half year, or 17s. 4d. per year; or those who like to have a single copy of three numbers sent every three weeks, can have them sent at the rate of 4d. for every three numbers; or fivepenny monthly parts can be forwarded for 7d., and sixpenny parts for 8d. In all cases postage stamps or a post-office order must be sent in advance, and double numbers will be reckoned as two numbers. All letters in this department must be addressed to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard, to whom post-office orders should be made payable. Letters requiring an answer must inclose a postage stamp.

* * * All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. I.—No. 9.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TARTLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

The friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues in pleasure.

ADDISON.

If crime has its chieftains it has also its pariahs. Immunity stamps the former, failure the latter. The world is unfortunately prone to admire rather than to condemn the cunning of the man who, having plundered on a gigantic scale, contrives to baffle justice. The smartness of the thing tickles its fancy; it is looked upon as a stroke of genius; the varnish of success hides for a time the delinquency, as gilding the surface of the brass on which it is plated: to be sure, every one

knows that it is not really gold; but what then? it looks nearly as well, especially when fresh burnished.

Society reserves all its virtuous indignation for the petty larceny rogue—the bungler who had not sufficient wit to escape detection, who has held up his hand at the bar of offended justice, and been condemned, the fitting penalty for want of address. To such it shows no mercy. refuses even labour to the wretch who has once been convicted, sternly admonishes him to keep honest, then buttons up its pockets with an air of satisfaction, as if it had done its duty, when, in point of fact, it has done nothing of the kind.

Labour is the right even of the most depraved to deny it, is to compel them to remain so.

By none is this unfortunate class of persons so carefully avoided as by those who are not a whit more honest than themselves. They, however, really have an excuse, a prudent, if not a moral one—they cannot afford to attract attention to their own dealings with the world.

None prate so much about virtue as those who are conscious of having forfeited all claim to it.

This peculiar feeling will account for the state of isolation in which Mike lived—not a neighbour visited him, and yet there were many in the Belvedere-road whose ethics were quite as loose as his own, who secretly sympathised with him; but then they had never yet been found out, which lucky accident we suspect is the secret of many reputations for honesty.

Mike had but one friend, or pal, as he familiarly called him, in the world, a fellow well known in certain circles about town by the name of Fiddler Dick—a returned convict like himself. It was the arrival of this person the half drunken ruffian was so anxiously expecting, when we broke off to follow Jack Manders in his morning rounds to see what he could pick up.

These two ruffians, who were every way so worthy of each other, had been tried at the same assizes, sentenced to the same term of transportation, served it in the same penal settlement, and returned to



LILLIAN'S INTRODUCTION TO FIDDLER DICK.

England together, wiser, but most certainly not better men. Hence the feeling of—we will not profane the word by calling it friendship, but choose a more fitting term—the intimacy which still existed between them.

Our readers are already aware of the means by which Mike contrived to live. It is unnecessary, therefore, to say more on that point; but as Fiddler Dick had an industry peculiarly his own, we shall proceed to describe it for their information.

He had several beautiful and delicate looking children, whose ages varied from eight to ten; how he obtained them no one knew or thought it worth while to inquire; certainly they were not his, for flowers could not so belie their parent stem; but he had terrified or beaten them into calling him father, and that answered his purpose quite as well.

These innocent victims having been taught to dance upon stilts, were paraded about the streets and squares of London. Sometimes their taskmaster made an excursion with them into the country: in either place he made a double harvest, the first from the voluntary contributions of the spectators, a second and far more considerable one from the involuntary tribute which his partner, one of the most expert pickpockets of the day, levied whilst their attention was fixed upon the little dancers.

Mike's object in sending for this man was to dispose of Lilly. The five hundred pounds Lady Boothroyd had promised him haunted his dreams; he had made up his mind to have it, without crime if possible, but at all events to have it. The affair required tact as well as management, seeing that he had his brother as well as her ladyship to deal with; but with such a prize in view he felt himself diplomatist sufficient to deceive them both. As for the ultimate fate of the little victim, that was the last of his considerations; or rather, he never considered it at all.

To the carrying out of this rascally scheme there appeared but one difficulty, and that was the extraordinary liking which his nephew Jack had taken to the child. It puzzled as well as annoyed him. He never took a liking to children; in fact, rather hated them; and having mentally turned over the affair in his own mind, came to the conclusion that it would be quite as well if Jack were out of the way too. The boy was getting obstinate, had braved him several times lately, and showed what his uncle considered an unnatural objection to take a thrashing quietly; added to all this, he expected soon to be in a situation to do without him.

During these cogitations, the returned convict had emptied the ashes from his pipe three several times, by tapping it against the sole of his boot, and was in the act of filling it again, when a shadow darkened the window, whose diamond-shaped panes were too thickly incrustated with dirt to enable any one on the outside of the house to see through them.

"Go to your room!" he exclaimed, turning to Lillian, and at the same time placing his pipe upon the table. "See you don't stir or make a noise till I call you down. It will be *wuss* for ye if ye do, mind that."

Glad to escape, the child, who felt half-choked by the fumes of the tobacco, obeyed, and the speaker proceeded to unbar the door to admit his friend.

As Fiddler Dick was rather a remarkable looking person, it would be a want of proper attention to his merits not to describe him somewhat particularly to our readers; his opinions, principles, habits, and manners, we shall leave to describe themselves.

Although he appeared much older, the gentleman—all professionals are gentlemen now-a-days—was not more than thirty-five, and stood in his shoes—high-logs we ought to have said, for he invariably wore them—about five feet six; rather short for a hero, but then the deficiency was compensated for by uncommon width of shoulders, and arms denoting great muscular strength; his legs were short and thin—decidedly thin—and yet, singular to say, their possessor evidently took considerable pride in displaying them; winter and summer he always wore knee—we wish philologists, instead of quarrelling respecting the relative merits of telegraph and telegram, would favour the world with an additional word, to describe the article, but not having done so, we must employ the old one—*breeches*, made to fit very tightly at the knees, which, like two friends who had quarrelled, stood sulkily apart in the form of a parenthesis. In other words, Fiddler Dick was decidedly bow-legged.

The rest of his costume consisted of a leopard skin waistcoat, and a pilot pea jacket, with exceedingly large buttons, a yellow Belcher silk handkerchief twisted knowingly round his neck, and a hat it would have been extremely difficult to have taken the shine but of, seeing that its lustre was owing to the vast

quantity of oil which had penetrated through the texture from his well-greased hair, long, of course, and black, with a gipsy-like propensity to curl.

If Fiddler Dick felt proud of anything, it was of his hair; when fresh "*iled*," as he elegantly expressed it, there was no mistake about it; in fact he was fond of his hair, and the feeling may in some degree be accounted for by its having so frequently fallen beneath the ruthless shears of the prison authorities, who had refused to spare even the two pet locks which hung jauntily down, one by the side of each ear.

One touch more and the portrait, we trust, will be complete: the face, we must not forget his face; nature must have been in an ill-humour when she gave it him, for the eyes, though dark and piercing, were exceedingly round and small, their expression cunning and animal to a degree—something between those of a cynical fox and an amorous wolf. The nose was a most ignoble nose—we feel almost angry at having to describe such a nose, which, after all, we can only do by negations; in the first place, it was too large for a snub, and not straight enough for a Grecian; too thick for a Roman, and not sufficiently hooked for a Hebrew; too expansive at the nostrils for a European, yet not quite flat enough for an African; in short, it was a nondescript nose, and all we can add, is a caution to our readers, if ever they meet with such a nose, to avoid the man who wears it.

The mouth, however, was by far the worst feature in his face. There was something devilish in the corners of it when he drew them down, a habit by which those who were well acquainted with him knew that Fiddler Dick was lying. At such times, too, he had a manner of drawing his words by dwelling upon each vowel. Some of his intimate pals asserted that he had his good points; all we can say is, that they must have been exceedingly ingenious to have found them out.

"Well, old un!" exclaimed the worthy, whose portrait we fear we have but faintly sketched; "how am ye?"

Mike silently gave him his hand, and pointed to a chair by the table.

"All right," said his visitor, seating himself.

His host filled the two glasses from the gin-bottle, and, raising his own to his lips, gave a nod and drank it off.

Fiddler Dick followed his example; then, without waiting to be asked, filled a pipe. The elder convict did the same; and raking a hot coal from the fire with the broken tongs, politely handed it to his visitor before using it himself, which delicate attention was acknowledged by a knowing wink.

For some time they smoked in silence.

"That ain't bad bacca," observed Mike.

"Not by no means."

"And the gin?"

"Well, one can scarcely tell on the first toothful," observed Dick.

The glasses were filled a second time, and drained; after which the visitor pronounced it "A number one."

As a matter of course, the gentleman did not attribute the special invite, and the very "*ansome*," preparations to receive him, entirely to Mike's friendship, his own personal merits, or to both combined. In his own expressive language, he *smelt a dodgy* on the board, and determined to keep wide awake to *larn* the ins and outs.

"Any luck lately?" he inquired, in a tone of indifference.

"Not much," answered his host; "that Jack is such a lazy whelp. How is business with you?"

"Bad," replied the ruffian; "always is this time o' year. It's too cold to be charitable: people doesn't like to unbutton their pockets, for fear the frost should bite their fingers, I suppose; and my expenses is heavy."

"But the partnership account?"

"*Wuss* than t'other," added Dick, and down went the corners of his mouth. "Dexter ain't half the chap he was, though I believe he does his best. You're a lucky cove,—you ain't got no wife and four brats to *pervide* every day for."

"Come, come!" said Mike, encouragingly, "things aint so bad: the gals earn their living?"

"Well, nearly," replied his friend, speaking very slowly, "but that ain't the point; *they will die off so*. Few on 'em last a second winter, the cold and the muslin dresses kills 'em; and yet Bet takes mortal care on 'em. Would you believe it?" he added, "she gives 'em a glass of gin round every mornin' afore I takes 'em out—a mother couldn't do more."

"Certainly not," exclaimed Mike, emphatically, evidently struck by so much goodness.

"Then we are obliged to *bury* them now," continued the former; "it worn't so in her fust man's time."

"Why, what did he do with 'em?" demanded his host.

"Sell 'em to the doctors," answered Dick, "to *natamise* 'em, I thinks they call it; but that was done up afore I took the consarn. They gets the poor who dies in the workus for nothin' now, and won't buy. Ain't it a shame?" he added, putting the question in the tone of a man who felt that he had been deeply injured, and had a right to the sympathy of his hearer. "Talk of free trade, all humbug! There ain't no free trade—the country is a-goin' to ruin!"

These last observations were delivered very emphatically, and accompanied by a smart rap of the speaker's knuckles on the table, to give weight to his opinions.

"It is rather hard," observed Mike.

"*Rayther* hard!" repeated his guest; "it's cussedly hard. I can't bear to think on it, it makes my blood *bile*—but here's to you!"

The ceremony of refilling and emptying the glasses was gone through again.

"I s'pose," observed the eldest of the two worthies, deliberately puffing the smoke from his lips, "the kids are all healthy now?"

"No, they ain't," replied his pal. "There's Fan—you recollect Fan? she as used to do the *ighland* fling."

Mike nodded, as much as to say that he did recollect her.

"She can't last more than another week, or a fortnight at the most," continued the speaker; "her cough is downright awful. I've been obliged to have a bed made up for her in the *washus*. My misses and I couldn't stand it no longer; there was no gettin' a wink of sleep for her."

"Rather a smart gal, I believe."

"*Rayther*," said Fiddler Dick. "I'd stand a five pound note for such another."

"How old is she?"

"About eight; but we never knows *exactly*."

"Dark hair and eyes, I think?"

"Black as mine," replied the ruffian, shaking his well-greased locks with an air of conceit. "Every one as saw her said she was the very spit of me."

"And you are quite sure she is dying?" said Mike.

"*Sartin*," exclaimed his pal, with a burst of ill humour.

Suddenly the manner of the speaker changed. He fancied that he detected a smile upon the features of his companion; the suspicion instantly struck him that he had been trotted out, in other words, pumped, by him for some especial purpose, and he naturally felt indignant at the idea of any one getting the best of him.

"What are you a-drivin' at?" he asked. "I should 'ope, after the years we 'as known each other, that it is all square between us."

The guardian of poor Lillian held out his hand to him.

"Well, I s'pose it is," muttered the mountebank, after taking it. "What is it?" he added: "what's yer game? Come out of yer shell, ye old crocodile, will yer?"

"My game is a very simple one," observed Mike.

"Of course it is."

"I've got a gal to dispose on."

"Indeed!"

"Just Fanny's age."

Fiddler Dick looked him very steadfastly in the face.

"With dark hair and eyes," continued his friend;

"and you shall have her cheap."

"And what do you call cheap?" demanded the ruffian.

"Well, five pounds: I call that cheap."

"Is that all?"

"And Fan. I must have her."

"Ye want Fan, does yer!" exclaimed his visitor, a light suddenly breaking in upon him. "I should call that a swop. *What'll yer give me?*"

The old convict looked very much confused. He had not managed the affair quite so well as he had calculated upon doing.

"Mike," said his friend, "you've hurt my feelin's."

"I didn't expect this on yer! Try to do an old pal out of five couter, in these 'ard times too! You know my weak side," he added, pointing to the bottle on the table; "and I, like a fool, to unbuzzom myself to you, as if you had been my own brother. I'm hurt at it, Mike,—hurt here!"

By way of illustrating the exact spot where the wound had been inflicted, the speaker thumped the left side of his leopard-skin waistcoat twice.

It was extraordinary how little effect this pantomimic appeal to their past friendship produced upon his host, who simply reminded him that *business* was *business*;—an aphorism, by-the-by, which few men understood better than the party to whom it was addressed; and the speaker concluded by reminding him that he was not compelled to accept the bargain he had proposed.

Fiddler Dick acknowledged the truth of this last remark; nay, even went so far as to admit that he had been "rather unreasonable," which he accounted for by adding that "when his feelin's wor consarned, he was a trifle too susceptible—an amiable weakness, no doubt—but still it wor one, and he trusted his valued friend and pal would think *nothin'* more about it."

His "valued friend and pal" assured him he would not; and after accepting the *amende honorable*, sat some time smoking the calumet of peace in silence.

Never, perhaps, were any two persons more equally matched in cunning and rascality—a fact no one knew better than themselves: hence the respect they professed to entertain for each other.

"It's a drawn game," thought Mike.
"I shall draw the old badger from his hole yet," was the mental calculation of his companion.

When two players of equal nerve and skill are engaged in a game either of science or chance, the one who has most at stake is nearly certain to be the first to lose his self-possession. It was so in the present instance: not that the old convict's uneasiness displayed itself in words: far from it; it was his manner of smoking—the short, irregular whiffs—that betrayed him; those of Fiddler Dick, on the contrary, were calm and measured, bespeaking a mind at rest. It was really beautiful to observe the regular succession of circles the smoke formed as he gently puffed it from his lips; how gracefully they rose in the air, enlarging as they rose, and finally dispersed into thin vapour, which hung like a halo over his head.

Mike could endure it no longer, but was the first to break the silence.

"Well!" he exclaimed, shaking his head, "you are downy"—an accusation which his visitor listened to with all becoming modesty.

"I shouldn't be surprised, now," added the old man, "if you didn't try to *persuade* me to make an even swap with the two gals."

The only reply to this insinuation was one of Dick's peculiar winks.

"I dare say ye do, now; but I could not stand that, no—no, I must have somethin' in."

"I don't care about swappin'," answered his friend, drily.

"Yer don't?"

"No."

"Why I thought as how you wanted the gal?"

"What do you want with my Fan?" demanded Fiddler Dick, turning suddenly round on him. "I'll tell you: as soon as she is dead to pass her off for the other one, and so get fifty or a *hunderd* couter at the very least. I ain't agoin' to *lend* myself to any such game."

"Not if ye wor paid?" inquired Mike, insinuatingly.

"I said *lend*," observed the former, slowly: "business is business."

"And how much would yer be expecting, now?"

"Half."

"That's net fair, Dick," exclaimed his host; "I only got fifty for the gal myself, and must have all the trouble and keep on 'em both. Say twenty, and I'll talk to ye."

"Not a screw less."

"Say no more about it, then; there's no harm done. You are an old pal, and I'd sooner put a good thing in your way than a stranger's, and would a done it if you had only been a little more reasonable. Keep your gal, and pay the *buryin'* on her. I'll keep mine."

So saying the owner of the cottage filled his pipe again. He felt hurt at what he considered an attempt to impose upon his good nature, and mentally vowed that rather than stand another penny, he'd do what he had so frequently vowed never to do again—run one of his *great risks*, as he called them.

"Don't screech afore yer hurt," cried the Fiddler, who, during Mike's speech, had reflected whether it might not be advisable to get the child whom somebody was willing to pay fifty pounds to have put out of the way—he believed the sum to be larger—into his hands.

"I ain't a-screechin'," muttered the old man, doggedly.

"Can't I see the gal?"

"Not afore it's a bargain."

"Well, then, it *is* a bargain," replied his dear friend, holding out his hand to him, "and you know when I say the word, it's done and done."

Glasses were emptied by way of sealing the arrangement; and poor Lillian, who had all the while been shivering in the cold up stairs, was called down, that her new master might inspect her.

"She is pretty, and no mistake," exclaimed Dick.

"What 'air, just like mine!"

"Isn't it?" said Mike.

"And she stands well on her pins, too!"

"Doesn't she?"

"Come here, my dear."

The child, too much terrified to refuse obedience, advanced to the man, who felt her arms and shoulders, turned her round, in short, examined her as critically as a knowing housewife would have done a turkey-poult she was bargaining for. The heart of poor Lillian beat wildly as she felt the grasp of his rude hand, and her eyes filled with tears. Oh, how she prayed that Jack would return!

"You won't kill me?" she faltered.

Both the men broke into a loud laugh.

"Indeed I won't attempt to run away."

"What should I kill you for?" replied the ruffian, releasing her. "I'm werry fond of children, that is, when they behaves themselves. I've got three or four at home. You must come and play with them."

"Girls, sir?"

"Yes, all gals; and Bet 'll be uncommon fond on ye."

Lilly secretly wondered who Bet was, but did not dare to ask the question.

"Shall I take her now?" whispered Fiddler Dick.

"Not till Fan is here."

"To-morrow night, then?"

"Say the night arter," replied Mike. "I must get Jack out of the way first; the boy is so fond of her, he might make a row if he knew on it."

"And the twenty couter?"

"You must wait for that till I am settled with," said the old convict, "which won't be till after Fan is buried—you're fly?"

"All right," answered the man, who could find no objection to so reasonable a proposal; "I told ye afore she can't last more than a week—and I can pretty well tell, I've watched so many on 'em. First it comes with a short cough, up in the throat, then it gets deeper and deeper, and hollerer and hollerer, and they grows thin, turns blue under the eyes, and speaks just as Bet does when she has had a drop too much."

"I suppose I shall have no difficulty in managing her," observed Mike, "for I must call the doctor in."

"Bah!" exclaimed Fiddler Dick, "I'll leave you my whip; you'll have no occasion to use it, only just let her see it; she *knows* the sight on it."

The ruffian might have added, "and the feel of it," but it was unnecessary; his hearer perfectly understood him.

This whispered conversation alarmed poor Lillian exceedingly; several times she looked wistfully towards the door.

Everything being settled, her future master took his leave, accompanied by Mike, who insisted on seeing him as far as the corner of the road. He did not forget, however, before leaving the cottage, to turn the key of the door upon his victim.

Poor Lillian! the terror of loneliness fell on her, and she felt sick at heart, giddy with the stifling fumes of gin and tobacco with which the air was laden. Had there been a loophole, a crevice, through which she could have escaped, despite the threats of her gaoler, in her desperation she would have attempted it; but the wall at the back of the cottage was too high, and the narrow casement barred. She had but one hope—the return of her young protector; and rushing to the window, she remained there with her pale face glued to the panes, watching, praying for him to make his appearance.

In this position Mike found her; and his brutal temper, which had been previously ruffled by the advantage Fiddler Dick had gained over him, rose at the sight: he had found something he could safely vent it on.

"I thought I told you not to go near there!" he exclaimed, as he dragged her from the window.

"Oh, forgive me," shrieked the child; "I was only looking for—"

"I'll teach ye to look," interrupted the brute.

Despite her cries, he fastened her delicate wrists, by means of a cord, to the back of the heavy arm-chair in which he had lately been seated; and looked, fiercely round the room, till his eyes rested on the remains of a clothes line, which he caught up and began to knot in a most scientific manner. In his impatience he forgot even to bar the door.

When the instrument of torture was complete, Mike swung it over his head, several times, as if to make sure of his aim, and was about to let it fall upon the back of the child, when Jack made his appearance. Without a moment's hesitation, the boy darted between his uncle and his victim, and received the blow himself.

"You mustn't beat Lilly!" he exclaimed.

"Stand out of the way, fool!" roared the half-drunken savage.

"What has she done?"

"Stand out of the way, I say!"

"Save me!" shrieked Lillian: "he want's to kill me."

"He shan't lay a hand on you," answered the boy, resolutely. "Come, uncle," he added, "you know I don't often speak out, but when I do, I mean it. You must thrash me afore you touch her."

Had Mike been perfectly sober, the probability is, he would not have attempted it. The repeated glasses of gin he had swallowed, not only rendered him half-mad, but gave him a strength he did not ordinarily possess. To be sure, it was only a momentary strength, but it rendered him a fearful antagonist while it lasted. Twice he knocked the gallant boy to the earth, and when he rushed on him the third time, dizzy and half stunned with his blows, dashed him into a corner of the room, where he lay speechless for several moments.

"I'll teach you, you young rascal, to dispute with me!" shouted Mike, foaming with rage as he stood over him. "Have you had enough of it?"

"Don't beat Lilly," murmured Jack, "and I'll tell you where uncle Andrew lives."

The ruffian paused. The words half sobered him, for he had not the slightest idea that his nephew had ever heard the name of his brother.

"What uncle Andrew?" he said.

"Andrew, Silix: he as settled about the lady's bringing Lilly."

"And you ain't a-lyin' to me?"

"You know I ain't," replied the boy.

"Get up, then," he murmured, at the same time throwing the cord on the table.

Jack rose to his feet.

"Now, out with it."

"Not till I have untied Lilly."

"Untie her, then."

Jack, who had not yet recovered from the severe blows and fall he had received, staggered, rather than walked, towards the chair, over the back of which the head of Lillian had fallen. The terrified child had fainted.

"You have killed her!" exclaimed the lad. "How cold she is! Lilly! speak to me! You know me! Dead! dead!" he repeated, clenching his fist, and shaking it at his uncle; "and you shall hang for it, as you ought to have done long since."

"Hang! For what?"

"I know!" shouted the boy, whom anger made incautious. "Do you think I never heard what you and Fiddler Dick used to talk about, after you had sent me to bed?"

Mike turned deadly pale. He was now quite sober. Without a word, he untied the wrists of his victim; then went into the back room for a basin of water, with which he sprinkled her face and neck. Gradually the little sufferer revived. Jack took her upon his knee, kissed her, spoke to her in the most soothing words he could think of, and assured her that no one should harm her whilst he stood by.

"But you haven't told me about Andrew yet," observed his uncle.

"Oh, you'll find him at Sir Norman Boothroyd's, in Regent's-park," replied the boy. "He's as bad as yourself; and you may tell him that I said so."

The old convict waited to hear no more, but took up his hat and silently quitted the cottage.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Seems he a dove? His feathers are but borrowed;
For he's disposed as the evil raven.
Is he a lamb? His skin is surely lent him;
For he's inclined as are the ravenous wolves,
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit.

SHAKESPEARE.

THAT same night Jack made his bed close to the door of Lilly's room, arranging it in such a way that it would be impossible for any one to enter without disturbing him. With all his shrewdness, the imprudence of the threatening words he had so incautiously let drop, and the effect they were likely to produce upon Mike, never once occurred to him. He had not the slightest suspicion of any danger to himself—a good thrashing, perhaps, a quarrel or two, but nothing more.

For hours the poor boy lay awake resolving in his mind various schemes for the protection of Lillian. Had he been older, or could he have procured work, he would have taken her from the cottage and provided for her himself. He had no friend to consult, no one to advise, or give him a character. It is astonishing how the desire of obtaining one haunted him.

"Pity Lilly ain't a boy," he repeated to himself. "We could run away together—somebody might give us work; but then she ain't fit for work, her hands are so white and pretty."

Sometimes he thought of taking a lodging for her in a distant part of the town, passing her off as his sister, and supporting her by his old trade of

pocket-picking; but an invincible repugnance, the dawning of a better feeling in his young heart, caused him to dismiss the scheme from his mind; something, he felt sure, would turn up that was better—he could not tell exactly what, but with the natural hopefulness of youth, he could not believe that life's lottery was composed entirely of blanks.

These reflections kept him awake till a late, or rather an early hour, at which his respectable relative returned. Jack hastened down as usual the instant he heard his signal at the door to let him in, and thanked goodness that he was sober, little imagining that he was all the more dangerous on that very account.

"Have you been out?" inquired Mike, in a tone of voice unusually kind.

"No."

"That's right. I don't like the place to be left alone while that gal is in it. She might run away."

"You are enough to frighten her away," observed the boy.

"It was along of the drink, Jack," replied the ruffian. "I ain't *naturally* spiteful, as you know, but the drink maddens me, and you made me wuss."

"I!"

"You: wasn't it aggravation to see that you was fonder of Lilly than your poor old uncle who brought you up?"

Jack remained silent: he did not exactly know what to make of Mike's sudden sensibility.

"But I ain't a-goin' to reproach you since you told me the truth," added the convict.

"You have seen your brother, then?" exclaimed the boy.

"Why, no, I can't say that I have *seen* him, but I have discovered quite enough to know that it was all true. He is off to Chatham."

"St. Faith's, you mean," observed his nephew.

"No, Chatham. I am quite right: his master has got a fine house there, but we will ferret him out in the morning."

"I don't want to ferret him out," said the lad. "I've seen quite enough of him."

"But I *do*," continued Mike. "He is a bad 'un. I'm sorry to say so of my own born twin brother, but he is natterally a bad 'un. Do you know why he keeps out of the way, and wants to hide from us?"

"Because you have been a thief," answered Jack. "He told me so."

"Nothink of the kind. It's because he has robbed us. There's money in the family; you've heard me say so afore, ain't yer?"

"Oh, but I never believed it, for you never talked about it unless you wor drunk."

"A proof that it was true. Men don't lie when they are in licker, Jack."

"Don't they, uncle?"

"No! the real *feelin'* comes out, then; but we'll talk more about it in the *mornin'*. The old fox has taken to his airth, but we'll smoke him out as sure as my name's Mike. Good night."

"Good night."

"Give us yer hand. I bears ye no malice."

The lad gave it him. He was not naturally of a resentful nature, and had been too long accustomed to the outbreaks of temper, and fits of drunken passion on the part of his relative, to pay much attention to any words they might have had. He even forgave—or at least forgot—the blows he had received.

"He is not such a bad fellow, after all," he thought; "for he did take care of me when I was a kid. I might have starved but for him."

Little did he suspect the reasons the ruffian had for doing so; that his father had consigned to his worthy brother-in-law the proceeds of a most important robbery when the latter visited him in Newgate, on the sole condition of his protecting his son, and, strange to add, of bringing him up honestly.

We have seen how he fulfilled the trust.

In the morning, as usual, Jack was the first down to light the fire, and sweep up the place. Lilly followed: her face was exceedingly pale, and her eyes red with weeping. On seeing her protector, she ran and threw her arms round him.

"Are you hurt?" she asked.

"Not a bit," answered the lad. "Bless you, I could stand twice as much thrashing as that; but it won't happen again. Mike was drunk."

The child shuddered at the name.

"I tell you it won't, Lilly," whispered the boy; "and what's more, I won't leave you—you needn't be afraid whilst I stay by you."

"O, no!" exclaimed the helpless creature, joyfully; "but he may want to send you out again, and then—"

"And if he does, I won't go," interrupted her defender, boldly. "Lilly," he added, "will you say over the prayer as you did yesterday morning to me,

and I'll try and repeat it after you? I don't quite understand it all yet, but I do some of it, and I feel as if it did me good."

Again the divine and simple words were repeated by them on their knees; and He, whose sacred lips first pronounced them, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," doubtless heard and sanctified them. During the morning Mike informed his nephew of a plan he had laid to obtain an interview with his brother, and bringing him to some arrangement respecting what he called his rights; for which purpose he proposed that they should *both* proceed as far as Chatham, and take up a position at the public-house directly opposite the mansion of Sir Norman Boothroyd.

The boy listened to him without the slightest suspicion, and had only one objection to urge:—what was to become of Lilly?

"Leave her at home," was the answer; "she'll be safe enough till we come back."

Jack did not much like the idea of her remaining in the cottage by herself; "Yet, better alone," he thought, "than with his uncle; besides, it would only be for a few hours;" so he consented.

Although it was not his day for getting shaved, the old convict underwent that operation, and took unusual pains with his dress; evidently he wished to appear as respectable as possible. Jack, too, was desirous to put on his best.

"We shall come back *together*, Lilly," whispered the lad, as he bade his *protégée* good-by.

The child looked at him mournfully.

"I tell you we shall," he repeated; "you can believe me, can't you?"

A very faint "yes" spoke, not her doubt of Jack's word, but her own misgivings.

Mike told her she might do anything she liked to amuse herself, provided she kept away from the window, which Lillian promised to do. Her gaoler, on quitting the house with his nephew, locked the door carefully after him.

At London-bridge Jack and his uncle took the steamer for Chatham. It was the first time the former had ever been on the river. Despite the cold, he remained on deck all the way, and enjoyed the trip exceedingly. Amongst the passengers were several sailors, and a boy about his own age, belonging to a ship bound for China, which was expected to sail with the next tide. At first these rough sons of Neptune felt inclined to amuse themselves with the young landsman's simplicity; but they soon discovered that, although he had never been to sea, he was not such a greenhorn as they took him for, but possessed a wit as sharp and ready as their own.

Before the voyage was half over, they began quite to like him.

"Are you many on board a ship?" inquired Jack.

"About sixteen hands, the two mates, and the skipper," was the reply.

The boy whispered in the ear of the inquirer that skipper was the name for the captain.

"And I suppose you're very merry?"

"Merry! Lord love your young heart," exclaimed an old weather-beaten tar, "it's the happiest life going—all play and no work; it's grub and grog with us all day long. Then at night, when the stars are shining ten times brighter than they do on land, and the ship keeps her course steadily, the lads of the watch sit together, spin yarns, and sing such songs, that I've known the dolphins and mermaids follow in our wake for miles to listen to 'em."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Jack, with unfeigned simplicity, "I thought sailors had something else to do than to spin yarn, or cotton either."

This observation was received with shouts of laughter.

"I see you are making fun of me," he added. "I believe about the mermaids, because I've seen picters on 'em; but spinning yarn won't do."

Little did he imagine how very soon he would understand what spinning a yarn meant.

During the voyage he got quite friendly with his new companions, especially the boy, with whom, before parting, he exchanged pocket knives in token of goodwill.

The steamer reached the pier at last, and Mike made his appearance on deck. Not seeing his nephew, he called out his name rather angrily.

"Here," replied the lad.

The old sailor who had been amusing himself at his expense, eyed the ex-convict sharply, and then gave a low whistle.

"Is that your skipper?" he said.

"That's my uncle," answered Jack.

"Don't like his figure-head. Should be sorry to sail under his orders. Take my advice, youngster, unship yourself as soon as you can."

"What do you mean by unshipping myself?"

"Cut and run," replied the lad he had changed knives with, laughingly. "I wish you were going with us," he added. "And yet I ought not to wish it, for after all it is a hard life, especially *when you have a bad captain*."

"And have you a bad captain?" inquired Jack.

"Hush," said the boy.

Mike and his nephew landed, and the former taking the lead, directed his steps to a public-house facing the river at the extreme end of the town. It appeared rather a low neighbourhood, even when measured by his companion's standard of respectability, which was far from being a very unreasonable one.

"Are you going to 'The Blue Peter'?" he inquired.

The old man nodded in the affirmative.

"Why, surely you don't expect to find uncle Andrew there?"

"It's a capital place to look out for him from," replied the convict. "You see that road opposite: that is the one he will come by."

"Are you sure, uncle?"

"Certain; it leads to his master's place."

All this appeared so very plausible that the boy believed and followed his relative into "The Blue Peter" without the slightest hesitation. Mike called for a glass of his favourite beverage, gin-and-water, and directed his nephew to watch at the window whilst he sat drinking it. Jack's eyes became riveted on the road opposite, like those of a stanch terrier watching the hole by which the rat is expected to emerge.

He had been at his post about ten minutes when his attention was disturbed by several persons entering the room. He turned round, and to his astonishment beheld *both* his uncles, and three or four sailors. A secret misgiving crept over him.

"Well, Jack," said Mr. Silex, showing his peculiar, shark-like teeth, "you want a character. I have come all the way to Chatham to give you one. Very kind, isn't it?"

"I know your kindness," answered the boy, bitterly, at the same time trying to pass from the room.

"Hollo! where are you scudding to?" demanded one of the sailors, a stout, powerful man, about forty, dressed in a pilot coat, and a gold band round his seal-skin cap.

"What is that to you?" replied Jack, endeavouring to pass him.

"What is it to me, you young grampus?" repeated the man, at the same time laying a grasp like a smith's vice upon his shoulder. "I'll soon teach you what it is to me."

"Is that the way you answer your captain?" said Mike, with a broad grin of triumph on his countenance.

"He ain't no captain of mine," exclaimed Jack, indignantly.

"You are wrong, my dear boy," mildly observed the steward, "very wrong, and let me add; ungrateful as well, after the expense we have been at to apprentice you to him; you have more than once," he added, "asked me for a character. Before going on board your vessel, you shall hear the one I will give you."

The features of the poor lad, who still remained in the vice-like grasp of his captor, turned deadly pale. He perfectly understood every point in the mocking speech of his relative, and knew the sort of character he had to expect.

"In the first place," said Mr. Silex, "*he is a thief*. It is to prevent his disgracing his family and friends that we send him to sea."

"A pickpocket," added Mike, trying to look very much shocked at the idea of any one belonging to him falling into such a vulgar vice.

"An impudent, prying, meddling, troublesome rascal," continued the former speaker, bitterly, "who has cost me more than I like to think of."

"Who requires a strong hand," chimed in his brother.

"He has found one," replied the captain, shaking his prisoner roughly. "Only let me catch him picking pockets or anything else on board the Caradoc, that's all."

"He will require great severity," charitably observed the respectable Mr. Andrew, "to break him in. I should say very great severity."

"A little thrashing will be quite lost on him," said Mike.

"You hear what your good uncles say of you?"

Jack gazed upon them both for an instant, with a look of intense hatred, and dashed aside a tear before he found heart to speak.

"I do," he said. "If I am a thief, that man," pointing to Mike, "taught me to become one—lived upon what I brought him home. He has been transported himself, and will live to be hanged if ever I get back, or his precious brother *doesn't murder him*."

Perhaps," he added, "they will murder each other, for they can't trust each other. They know too much."

The two brothers, as if to give the lie to their nephew's assertion, smiled affectionately and shook hands.

Jack, despite the unpleasant position in which he found himself, could not refrain from breaking into a hearty laugh.

"Uncle Andrew," he said, "Mike's a 'cute hand at poison. Ask Fiddler Dick if he isn't. He can tell you all about it."

The convict trembled, and half repented of the step he had taken.

"Mike," continued the boy, "look out if ever uncle Andrew gets them long, bony fingers of his near your throat. I've had 'em close to mine."

Captain Gall—that was the name of the commander of the *Caradoc*—considered that he had never heard such a hardened young reprobate in all his life, and handing Jack over to two of his men, directed them to take him on board, and keep him under hatches till the ship was out of the river.

As the boy was being led or rather dragged out of "The Blue Peter," Mike drew the knotted cord, with which he had menaced Lillian, from his pocket, and shook it triumphantly in the air. Half-maddened at the sight, his nephew struggled violently till felled senseless by a blow from the brute who was henceforth to be the master of his destiny. In this state he was conveyed unresistingly on board, and placed under hatches.

When he came to, he found that he was surrounded by the acquaintances he had made on board the steamer, and the words of the boy flashed upon his memory, and he repeated to himself "Not when you have a bad captain!"

"Cheer up, my lad!" exclaimed the sailor who had amused himself and his companions with Jack's inexperience. "Why is he brought on board?"

"New apprentice," replied one of the men.

The old mariner turned his quid, and muttered, "A bad skipper! I told him so. Advised him to cut and run; but he wouldn't take the warnin'. Never was deceived yet. Can always tell what the ship is from the figure-head."

"His uncle says he is a thief," observed one of the sailors who had brought him on board the vessel.

"Don't believe it!" cried several of the men.

"The old rascal whom we saw with him on board the river craft looked decidedly more like a thief than he does."

"Nor I," said the boy who had exchanged knives with Jack; "and if he is, I dare say it was ill-usage that made him one."

Further comments were cut short by the return of Captain Gall on board, when every man flew to his post, for they knew the tyrant they had to deal with. In a few hours the tide began to rise, and the vessel moved slowly down the river.

Before concluding our chapter, it is quite necessary that we should explain to our readers not only the presence of the two brothers at Chatham, but how they came to be acting in concert against their nephew.

A sense of mutual danger had united them. Jack's discovery of Andrew Silcox's whereabouts and the name of Lady Boothroyd threatened to derange the deep-laid plans he had cleverly concocted—not for her ladyship's advantage, but his own. He had even brought himself to part with some portion of that which he prized most on earth—his money—to effect the removal of his nephew.

Mike's hostility to the boy arose from a yet stronger motive. Our readers have not forgotten the threat so imprudently uttered by Jack.

"Well," said the steward, with a sigh, as soon as the captain had taken his leave, and he and his brother remained alone, "it will be some time before I recover that loss—nearly a hundred pounds!"

"You can afford it."

"Can I?" muttered the old man, sharply.

"Yes! Her ladyship must pay it all. It's too late, Andrew, now," added the convict, "to put the linkers on me. I know all."

"Do you?" said Mr. Silcox. "By-the-by," he added, wishing to direct the conversation into another channel, "what did Jack mean by poison and Fiddler Dick?"

"How should I know?" muttered Mike, impatiently. "Perhaps you can tell what he meant cautioning me against your long, bony fingers?"

"Not the slightest idea," replied the steward. Most likely it was merely a scheme to set us by the ears."

"That's it," exclaimed Mike; "but we ain't such fools."

"I should hope not," observed the former, with

an amiable smile, which displayed his very peculiar teeth. "Are we not brothers?"

"Of course we are," replied the convict,—"twins. Your interest is my interest, and my interest is yours. This is a 'appy meetin'. My 'art quite overflows with joy. We shall have no disputes, no unpleasantnesses now; but, harm-in-harm, walk through life together."

Mr. Silcox mentally winced at the idea of this; but was far too politic to show his distaste. The two worthies once more shook hands, and then returned to town together.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

SELF HELPERS.

THE observant reader of history cannot fail to be struck with the fact that in all ages of the world, and in almost all the countries of the globe, men have emerged from obscurity, penury, and ignorance, and by their own unassisted exertions have attained for themselves positions of distinction, wealth, and enlightenment. Such men are emphatically self-helpers. Such are the men whose lives are briefly related in our "Poverty and Genius." While others have been patiently occupying their original positions as if some ban or spell prevented them from occupying any others, these men have pushed onward, and by their energy and enterprise arrived at the goal of their ambition. While others have been deploring their condition and sighing over their limited advantages, these men have set to work and bravely achieved for themselves those privileges which birth denied them. While others have been idly waiting—Micawber like—for something to turn up, these men have laboured hard to turn it up, and up it has turned to reward their honourable exertions.

In looking back on the lives of great men, we are taught that man by his unaided exertions may perform more wonderful achievements than were ever wrought by the imagined hero of an oriental fabulist. They have called light out of darkness; they have made fortunes out of nothing; they have attained positions such as birth could not bestow, and the proudest noble might envy.

And they have done this in all sorts of positions, in every branch of occupation, and in spite of every description of disadvantage.

They came forth from the workshop, the carpenter's shed, the smithy, the factory; they came from the field, the mine, and the sheep-cote; they laid aside the hammer, the saw, the chisel, the harrow, the plough, the spade, the crook, the needle, the awl; they left the forecable, and the barrack, and the servants' hall; no matter what position they occupied at first, they came out of it, left it far behind, rose to a new life, moved in a new world, were elevated to an altitude which they never anticipated, and were blessed with an immortality for which they had never dared to hope.

And the self-helpers have done this in all the pursuits of life. It is not in one profession, but in all, that we find these men. They have become painters and poets, philosophers and engineers, inventors and discoverers, travellers by land and sea, chemists and astronomers, metaphysicians and mathematicians, sculptors and architects, bishops and judges; they have risen to the highest pinnacle of fame in every department of art, literature, science, and have advanced all and each of what are termed the liberal professions.

And these self-helpers have attained all this under all kinds of disadvantages. They have not won the battle without encountering powerful foes; they have not attained the end of their journey without exertion and fatigue. Lean, lantern-faced poverty has been their gentleman usher; pallid, bleak-eyed, trembling sickness their gentleman of the bedchamber; and deceitful, treacherous misfortune their quarry in waiting. Stammerers have become accomplished orators; blind men have become poets, linguists, and mathematicians; deaf men have become successful musicians—there is scarcely an antagonistic affliction which can be mentioned, but the heroic self-helpers have triumphed over it.

Without dwelling any longer on the fact that self-helpers are to be found in the world—men who have risen by their own exertions—men who have subdued every obstacle and triumphed over every difficulty—men who have swept the word "impossible" from their dictionary—without dwelling to any further extent on this fact, it becomes us to inquire what are the chief characteristics of these men.

And first of all we notice that self-helpers are clear-headed men. They are not of that class who

can see nothing in a natural way, whose mental vision is distorted, and who can never be induced to admit anything to be what it is. There are hundreds and thousands of people who have the advantages of education, and who yet can never see anything in a clear light. They are invariably wrong in their deductions, let their premises be ever so correct: their one and one are never two, but sometimes three, and sometimes two and a fraction.

However little they know, or however much they know, they are thorough masters of all they possess. Their information is carefully stored away; a place for everything, and everything in its place; not a conglomeration of letters, such as printers call "pi," but everything arranged—every letter in its own appropriate place. These clear-headed self-helpers are not to be deceived by appearances. They never take a shadow for a substance. All the logic of Aristotle would not make them believe that white was black, or black was white. They look at facts, they believe in facts; in fact, they say with Gradgrind, what we want is facts. And it is not because—like that representative man—they taboo the creations of the imagination and the blissful dream of poetry, but because they know that the boldest flights of the imagination take their rise from the solid ground of fact.

Take any instance you please from the whole congregation of self-helpers, and you find nothing of that silly sentimentality, that vague, useless, dreaminess which distinguishes so many who are boastful of their genius.

Another characteristic of the self-helpers is *strong-heartedness*—they are clear-headed, strong-hearted men. There is all the difference of courage and cowardice between the helpful and the helpless. Feeble folk are those who can never help themselves, who never dare to doubt, who scarcely ever dare to think, and are kept in awe by great names and high-sounding words. These are the second-hand people of the world. They are the cement of sectarianism in church and state. They take up with a cause as a boy takes up with a coach, namely, by jumping up behind, and knowing not, caring not, whither the coach is going. These are the people who always acted one way, and who always found it the best; who abominate everything that is new, as if novelty was a deadly sin. These are the men who walk the world in a threadbare suit of outworn fallacies; who are as shallow as the justice of that name, and as obstinate and imperative as Anthony Absolute.

The difference between this class—a very large class, a very respectable class, a class holding high social position—the difference between these and the self-helper is, that while they hold tenaciously received opinions, the others are bold enough to doubt, bold enough to differ, bold enough to examine, bold enough to cast away what they find on examination to be worthless. They no more dread the ill-omened flight of philosophy and fancy athwart the good old way, than they would turn back in dismay at the sight of three magpies.

Another thing about these self-helpers is that they are *hard workers*. "Laborare est orare," said the old monks, "Work is worship." In such a sense, the self-helpers are devotedly religious. Says the proverb—"He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich." That industry, apart from its results, is a privilege which is greatly promotive of happiness, nobody can doubt who looks fairly at the question. "It is with us," says Barrow, "as with other things in nature, which by motion are preserved in their native purity and perfection and sweetness, but are by rest corrupted, debased, and defiled." Colton says, "Idleness has made more gamblers than avarice, more drunkards than thirst, more suicides than despair." Old Dumbiedikes was wise in charging his son to be "aye sticking in a tree when he had naething else to do!"

It is by industry, diligent industry, that self-helpers succeed. Look at the history of good apprentices and faithful clerks, and see how such diligence in business is rewarded. At the outset poor, but honest and industrious, they have contentedly performed the hardest drudgery, have come to be esteemed among their associates, valued by their employers, trusted as chief confidant, even made junior partner in the concern, and finally a potent and honoured master. Such cases are common. One instance may suffice. The People's Park at Halifax, the munificent gift of Frank Crossley, Esq., has cost the liberal donor £30,000. Who is Frank Crossley? His father was a clerk in a carpet manufactory, and his mother a domestic servant.

The same thing is true of those who have succeeded in any department of literature, science, or art. Look at the case of Stephenson. He was the son of a poor labourer, a fireman to the pumping-engine of the

Wylam Colliery, and known as "Old Bob" by his neighbours. His first step in life was to look after the cows of Widow Ainslie, for which he received a shilling a week, and from that point he went ahead right up the hill of difficulty, taking short, firm steps, and having his eyes well upon the ground that happened to lie next before his feet. From cow-keeping to leading horses at plough, from this to be driver of the gin-horse, from this to the office of assistant fireman, from the office of assistant to the responsible post of fireman-in-chief, till he got twelve shillings per week, and declared himself a made man for life. You must not suppose for a moment that people wake up and find themselves famous—that a great deal of reputation is unaccompanied by a great deal of labour. Nothing of the sort: the contrary is the case. Stephen-son worked hard all through his life. He steadily pursued his course, making shoes, mending clocks,—anything, everything to push his way, till he reached that distinguished position as an engineer which he ultimately attained, laying the foundation of that great railway system which has been so rapidly and so successfully developed.

These cases might be indefinitely multiplied. The self-helpers have always had to work hard, and have invariably had the will so to work. They are no mob of gentlemen who live at ease, and whose only concern is to keep up their dignity. Like the first emigrants to America, they have said, "No idle drone shall live amongst us." Not only striking while the iron is hot, they make the iron hot by striking. They have that indomitable soul of activity which prompted Edmund Burke to exclaim to his constituents, in his famous speech at Bristol, "Applaud us when we run, console us when we fall, cheer us when we recover; but let us pass on, for God's sake, let us pass on." Lead is heavy, gold is heavier, platinum, among metals, is the heaviest of all; but, take the kingdom of creation at large, and that which has the most specific gravity to make earth groan and heaven weep, is a lazy man. The industry of many persons is performed with the lower half of their head. The brain is idle but the teeth are busy. If they look after wisdom at all, they seek it in the same way that the Chinese philosopher tells us the oysters get their pearls—namely, by gaping. They forget the proverb—"The devil tempts all other men, but the idle man tempts the devil."

As the east is from the west; as the heavens are above the earth; as frost is from fire; winter from summer; day from night; and white from black; so is the difference in the one respect of idleness and industry distinctly marked between the helpful and the helpless. The former fear neither a weary brain, an aching head, nor a tired body: they fear nothing like sloth, those sturdy self-helpers. They, with their clear heads, and strong hearts, are invariably hard workers. Their growth in happiness lies in a flight from inertia to energy. They are spiritual heroes, armed with sanctified valour, venturing forward into the gulf for the disenfranchisement of mankind. They are fortified with superhuman strength, and through the "impassable pave a road."

CAROLINE.

ONE YEAR IN HEAVEN.

A YEAR hath past, O friend beloved,
Of mingled smiles and weeping,
Since thou from clinging arms removed,
Wert given to Death's keeping;
Since first the shroud its fleecy fold
Clasped o'er thy peaceful bosom,
And from thy fingers' nerveless hold
Dropped pale-rose, bud, and blossom.

A year since thou of angel name—
Its sweet and mystic spelling
We know not—durst go forth to claim
Place in the Father's dwelling:
Since round thy starry pinion glowed
The dazzling waves of azure,
And from thy lips, enraptured, flowed
The "new song's" deathless measure.

Yet, scarcely can we deem thee gone!
Within thy chamber lonely
The very echo hath a tone,
(That wakes thy memory only,
We turn to catch the sparkling eyes,
The lifted hands appealing;
We listen for thy low replies,
In soft, meek whispers stealing.

So much of heaven! meek sufferer, here,
'Twas thine in vain to cherish
Hope's cankered buds, and year by year
Watch their young brightness perish.
Long, long the winter's blight and snow,
The summer's song and blooming,
Scarce in thy darkened room could show
Thy life-lamp slow consuming.

A year of rest—here days of pain
In feverish languor ending,
'Twas thine to bear, and wait in vain
Sleep's balm at eve descending,
'Twas thine to feel, through weary nights,
From fitful dreams awaking,
That only on the Heavenly Heights
For thee a morn was breaking.

Joy! when thy wasted frame, at last,
Thrilled to the Bridegroom's warning!
We knew the halo o'er thee cast,
When burst that glorious morning.
We knew it by thine eye, the while,
There radiant gleams were lying;
We knew it by the saintly smile,
That wreathed thy lips in dying.
O stainless spirit! when thy feet
First passed the sapphire portal,
Ere thou thine own couldst scarcely greet
In beauty grown immortal;
What to thy quickened ear must seem
The angel's song and story?
Now on thine eye long-shadowed gleam
The White Throned dazzling glory.

For all the joys denied thee here,
When joy denied was sorest,
For every silent, anguished tear,
Dropped on the cross thou borest;
For that dread suffering, sweeter now,
The rest that fills thy bosom;
The thorns that pierced thy patient brow
Bear each a golden blossom.

We know that from that Radiant Land
Sometimes thy free'd glance turneth;
That o'er the home-roof's lingering band
Thy loving spirit yearneth.
Father! to thee one fervent prayer
From heart and lips up-swolled,
Room for us in that Land prepare,
Room where our lost one dwelleth.

MY WIFE SAVED IT FOR ME.

ONE hot July afternoon, when the air scorched the lungs as it was breathed in, and no business was stirring to keep the brain from going to sleep, I lay and dozed quietly and shadily in my room, which overlooked the street. Presently there came voices. Two men appeared to be in confab on my door-step. The windows were wide open, but the shutters were closed, and their voices came up to me with great clearness, so that I had no choice but to hear. The tenor of their conversation was curious. One, it seemed, had found life cheery and pleasant, and Fortune's wheel had revolved with a touch of his finger, turning all to gold. The other was at the foot of the hill, and gray-headed, as I afterwards discovered. Both were men past the middle age. Both were, to all appearance, hearty and of long-lived stock. Each had gone his way through life, and a chance meeting had led them both to sit down on my door-step and cool themselves in the shade, and they fell into an earnest talk. Evidently schoolmates once, of later years they had seen little of each other. It was a favourable opportunity, this of my door-step, to compare notes. "Tell me, John," said the more poorly clad of the two, "how you have come to get along so well and make money till you have got rich?" John's voice fell into a tender tone, as he answered, "I'll tell you: it was my wife who did it!" "Your wife, John—how?" "Why simply in this way," replied John. "One day, when I had been in business for four or five years, I wanted money badly, and didn't know where to raise twenty pounds that I needed to pay a note falling due next day. I told my wife that night. She made no reply, but rose and went to a closet handy, and came back to me, holding out a stocking, well-filled. Handing it me, she said, 'There, John, is five-and-twenty pounds, which I have saved up in sixpences and shillings; take them and do what you please with them.' I hadn't a word to say; but that taught me a lesson. I resolved to be careful of the small outgoings after that, Peter, and I was; and now, after ten years, I am worth enough to keep me and mine above want. I found that the way to make money was to be careful of the small things—a sixpence here and a shilling there. And, above all, that an economical and a loving wife may make a man instead of breaking him. My wife put a new notion into my head, and I have never forgotten it. She has made me what I never should have made of myself."

I heard Peter heave a sigh, as he acknowledged that his wife did not consult his interest, but always spent up to her income. And then I could not help thinking that if women would only realise the power they have of making a man's home happy, by adapting themselves to circumstances, how many more genial, steady husbands and fathers there would be, and how much good it would do every man to say, as John said—"My wife saved it for me. She has made me what I am—comfortable and happy and contented."

THE ANGEL OF ANNUNCIATION.

Some angel close shall stand
In old Correggio's fashion,
Bearing a lily in his hand
For death's annunciation.

MRS. BROWNING.

MRS. LANE laid down her sewing, and leaned her head wearily on her knee in bitter reverie. For a wonder, the room was quiet; the older children were rioting in the kitchen under the superintendence of the good-natured cook. The nursery-maid had gone out with the baby. Mrs. Lane had to make the most of her time. Such intervals of quiet were comparatively rare; generally the four children were clinging to her, or calling on her, or making her the umpire of their play or their disputes, until she was well-nigh distracted. Her means were limited; her strength and health overtaken with more than a mother's part in the household government. Captain Lane, in the command of a merchant vessel, was seldom at home, and when he did come, was either over-strict or over-indulgent to the children, as was natural to a man accustomed to implicit obedience, and a father seldom with his family circle. She had learned to look with dread rather than pleasure on these sudden arrivals and hurried departures for the reason already given, and one still more sadly new to her—the ever-recurring and unaccountable misunderstandings between her husband and herself, growing out of their transitory nature.

In his absence she assumed the reins of government, thrust into her unwilling and unpractised hands, and administered her husband's affairs as carefully as it was possible to do. She was rigidly frugal and economical in her expenses for herself and the children, and always acted to the best of a naturally clear judgment. Yet when he came, after the first burst of delight at being at home again had passed over, when accounts came to be settled, and arrangements discussed, he was very apt to overlook large savings for the little loss she had not guarded against. And since the judgment of no two people, unless fused in the crucible of daily discussion and comparison, can be exactly alike, he was sure to point out to her, in no measured terms, the way in which he would have arranged the matter if he had been there, forgetting that he could not after so long a time be made fully sensible of all the situations of the case which had decided her at the moment. The keen sense of injustice, which she could not wholly check at such times, was made doubly sharp by the knowledge that he never could understand her minor trials, or know how often a wife with less character or discernment than that which she knew she had exercised, with all her errors, might have led him into difficulty. Nay, how her own present industry was all the time lightening the load which otherwise, even by the feather's weight of which she relieved him, would have been too heavy for him to bear; the sewing she accomplished, the planning and turning, and looking after her domestics incessantly, lest waste should mar what industry had wrought. It was a great deal for her to effect with health weakened by maternal care and pain; and yet she could not put her sickness forth as an excuse, for what man's love is proof against an habitually ailing and complaining wife! She was schooling herself even to bear pain silently, without the comfort of his presence—and was this her reward!

She did not love her husband the less; she had not grown hard, or bitter, or resentful; but, as the body in a changeful climate becomes weakened and nerveless, so her spirit had been chilled, her heart had no courage to put forth fresh claims upon his interest and consideration. Not that he altogether withheld, or gave her praise grudgingly, she did not accuse him in that hour's reverie of that shortcoming, and he was often impulsively affectionate with nothing to call it forth; but conversation was often forgotten when desired, and when it would have helped her greatly, while the slightest fault or omission was seized and commented upon by him, unnecessarily at the moment, and from the habit, so to speak, of a mind always on the alert to detect delinquencies among his crew and petty officers; but, coming in written commands, wounded and chafed and discouraged the one of all others he had sworn to cherish.

She was not accusing him of this in her thoughts at that moment, for she never suffered the feeling to stay in her mind, even when conscious of it; and besides, her domestic difficulties were just then uppermost. She was simply disheartened. Her early life had been one of care and sorrow; her husband's love had been her first clear sunshine. Looking back morbidly over the long lapse of days and weeks, and months and years, it seemed to her morbid recollection that she would not willingly live over even the

shortest of these periods, or the happiest, so clouded had each day been by some memory, or some fear; and from the future she turned with miserable forebodings of the same trials, only deepening in intensity as her strength grew less and less.

"How can people cling to life so!" she said to herself. "If the choice was offered to me, I would go willingly. My husband loves me, and would suffer heavily at first; but I am no more to him than another would some day be. I have prayed for my children from the moment they were given to me; God will answer these prayers to them, whether I am present or absent. Life has been so full of heavy cares, that death would be a welcome release."

She forced herself to resume her needle; but the cold watery twilight of a November day was rapidly fading, and the children came trooping in boisterous and turbulent; the baby fretted to be taken from the nurse's arms; the cook came for necessary articles from the storeroom, and it was long after eight before the little ones were quietly asleep, and the house made ready for their awakening. She felt too weary even for reading; her head ached with a dull throb as she bent over her book, and a dry, husky cough, the effect of yesterday's unavoidable exposure, disturbed her with its incessant irritation.

She did not sleep without prayer, it was too habitually her daily bread; but her requests were aimless and wandering, even for her husband and her children, and she sank into an uneasy and unrefreshing sleep.

For the first time since her husband's last leaving, the family physician was called in the next morning. Mrs. Lane had tried to rise, but to her dismay she sank back so faint and ill that, after the second attempt, she suffered the children to be taken out and the room to be darkened. She was in a burning fever, and every breath was drawn with acute pain. Her worst fears were realised when the physician arrived, and pronounced the symptoms to be those of inflammation of the lungs, and told her plainly that, unless immediate relief could be obtained, her sickness was not only violent but dangerous.

Two weeks of extreme suffering reduced her greatly. In all that time she had scarcely cared for the result; an impression of the mood in which it had found her seemed stamped upon her incoherent thoughts, her short and wandering dreams. But at length the fever was abated, the crisis of immediate danger past, and for the first time she had summoned strength and courage to leave her bed.

The kind neighbour who had assisted her to rise, wrapped her carefully in a blanket, and deposited her in the depths of one of their old-fashioned easy-chairs, now rarely to be met with; insisting that she should lie still, stirring neither hand nor foot till her return. The nursery door stood slightly ajar, and there she knew her children were sleeping, well, and with need of nothing. Within the sick-room all was order and quiet. A wood fire had burned low upon the hearth, and now and then shot upward with a cheerful flickering light. The bed, so smooth and white, tempted her to the rest that she had sought in vain through those days and nights of sickness. Her husband's picture stood above the mantel-piece, and she could just trace the outlines of the dear and well-remembered face.

What a rush of tender and sorrowful emotion swept over her spirit as memory filled up those outlines, and brought him, as it were, to her side, bending down to smooth her aching forehead, chafing her thin, unsteady hands, as he had done many and many a time in her hours of suffering; and he would come so full of hope and love to a desolate home.

She pictured it all as she sat there. She felt that the disease was more subtle than even her physician was aware of; its slow approach had long been noted by herself in silent apprehension. She said *consumption*, aloud, slowly trying to understand the full meaning of the sentence she was passing upon herself, and a hollow reverberation echoed it: yes, she should fade slowly but surely, as she had watched her own mother die. It would be all over before her husband's vessel arrived from its unusually lengthened cruise. How desolate his home would be—a stranger by the fireside—their children clamouring for her! Ah! he would miss her then; he would begin to understand what she had been to him and them. Ah, well! let it be so; better to be appreciated in death than to live on in this weary heart-sickness.

Misty tears of weakness gathered in her eyes as she pictured that return. No wifely smile and kiss of greeting; no cheerful sunshine in rooms ordered so as to look their own welcome to the wanderer from over the sea; the children in a shy, neglected group, re-

minding him only of his loss; and they, poor things, what could life henceforth be to them? No mother's love to turn to in their bitter, childish griefs; no mother's counsel for their youth; no mother's heart to rest upon in the heavier trials of maturer life.

Yet she had chosen to go from them, to leave her place vacant. With a sudden flash of recollection, in this racking cough, this strange feebleness, she saw her answered prayer: Death's angel stood beside her in that lonely room.

Faster and faster fell the bitter, gnawing, blinding tears. "Oh, my God! my Father, forgive me! I did not think to bring this grief, this loss, on them!"

But was it too late? Might not this repentance avert the stroke, for a time at least, until these dear ones would be better able to bear it? This weak, this miserably selfish prayer, could it not be blotted out? Another struggling forth, with even a keener anguish, came in these simple, long-forgotten words—

"Oh, spare me, that I may recover strength ere I go hence to be no more!"

Strength, not of body, but of soul. She was even content to welcome the life of a suffering, hopeless invalid; a harder trial than any she had yet known. Life at any price she craved, for the first time since it had been given her, not for its pleasures, not for its ease, nor even for simple comfort. Life to avert sorrow and trial and hardship, which she had sunk under, that she might avert it from them who had been given to her keeping.

And so they laid her on the snow-white bed, faint and exhausted by emotion; her closed eyelids still heavy with tears, her thin hands still clasped, and her pale lips trembling, as it were, with the prayer, and thus she sank to the first deep and quiet slumber she had known for many weeks.

When she once more left her sick-room, and friends congratulated her and called her restoration to her family "almost a miracle," how dear life had suddenly become, how doubly dear her husband and her children! She counted every throb, as it were, of returning strength; she gathered up and turned to its best account every moment of time—she who had been so near eternity! The Angel of Annunciation had done his work, and other "misrouting spirits," who were given charge concerning her, moved the stumbling-blocks from her no longer wandering feet, until she could tread the upward path in patience, upheld by a new and steadfast hope. Her household, her very children, seemed to breathe this strange atmosphere of peace; and when she thought of her husband, it was not with a desire that she might be more fully loved and cherished, but that from henceforth she might be doubly strong to make his life happiness for him.

Spring had come again; April's sunny, changeable sky looked in upon her instead of the dull November gloom, as she sat by the window, not bending down upon her hands, but with an upraised and joyful face, counting "the rosary of her mercies" instead of her trials. Even her husband's still indefinite absence was cheered by the thought of the greater self-conquest she could achieve, as she read a letter, that day unexpectedly received, and bringing a reward more precious than gold or silver, in the tender interest called out by the first news of her illness; but especially in one little paragraph, written weeks before it had reached him.

"I have been thinking so much of you lately, dear; not that you and the children are ever out of my thoughts, but I think I have never realised so fully as in the past few weeks how delicate you really are, and how much care my absence must give you. Not one woman in a thousand would do as you have done in everything, and if ever I have seemed to blame you or find fault in any way, I beg you, my dear wife, to forgive it; and trust me that it shall never be so in the future again. I can hope some day to be able to give up the sea, as you have so long wished me to do, this voyage has been so unusually fortunate, and then you shall never have a care or a trouble that I can take from you.

"What made me think of writing this is, that I happened to overhear two of the men talking to each other, last night, about some misunderstanding.

"It don't do to judge too quick," said one.

"No, nor to be too hard upon anybody," answered his mate.

"It struck home like an arrow, my dear wife, for I had just sent that letter about the children; but I know you will forgive me, as I said before, and can trust me to act differently for the future."

EPIGRAM

"MARRIAGE, not mirage, Jane, here in your letter;
With your education, you surely know better."
Quickly spake my young wife, while I sat in confusion,
"Tis quite correct, Thomas, they're each an illusion."

RIGHT REV. DR. ROBERT BICKERSTETH, BISHOP OF RIPON.

ALTHOUGH there is nothing incompatible in general popularity and the efficient discharge of episcopal duties, it does not often happen that a public favourite finds a place on the bench of bishops. Of course the charge of a parish differs considerably from the superintendence of a whole diocese, and the qualities required for one may not be of equal value in the other. The minister whose eloquent and fervid appeals have drawn multitudes together, and impressed the careless and indifferent with the importance of divine things, may be, and very often is, a man of quite another stamp from the one chosen for a bishopric. And the same thing is true with regard to the hard-working clergy. The vicar of a populous parish may devote himself, heart and soul, to the welfare of those committed to his spiritual care: he may go beyond ordinary pastoral duties—establish new preaching stations and make extraordinary appeals; he may extend his influence and exertion farther than the duties of his office are supposed to require, and look after the health and homes of his poorer parishioners. Still such a man, eminently useful as he is, may not, after all, be the kind of man of which government makes bishops.

Indeed, there is very little doubt that the time-worn practice is still kept up—of selecting bishops for some other reason than fitness for the office: routine, red tape, family interest, political opinions, have all had something to do in furnishing the episcopal bench. We need not argue the question, whether it is right or wrong; it is enough to know that it does exist, and that many a man, with all the qualifications for a good bishop in him, has died a curate, "passing rich on forty pounds a year."

But it is not always so. The episcopal bench is not exclusive. There is a prospect of a clever and energetic clergyman obtaining a seat there in the House of Peers: and two or three cases of the kind have recently occurred.

There is Dr. Bickersteth, for instance, the present Bishop of Ripon. Few men have enjoyed so much popularity or accomplished so much good. He has been a hardworking man all his life, and with no extraordinary ability to begin with, and no particularly influential friends to smooth his path, has made his way from a Leicestershire curacy to the bishopric of Ripon. And all through his active ministerial life he has been eminently popular and exceedingly useful. His sermons have been characterised by common sense, hearty earnestness, and strong religious feeling. His piety has not exhausted itself in polemical discussion, nor wasted itself in bitter controversy, nor crippled itself by restriction to duties strictly ministerial. On the contrary, it has given him comprehensive and charitable views, and has set him busily at work to improve the condition of those who have not the means to improve their own.

St. Giles is a name indicative of all that is vicious and miserable. The Rookery for centuries was notorious in the annals of crime. Running a splendid street through the middle of it, pulling down the nests, and making the ragged rooks take to flight, did not, and could not, at all alter the social evil of which a St. Giles's rookery was the result. It might conceal, but could not cure the malady.

The deplorable condition of the poor round about his church excited the sympathy of Bickersteth. The criminal and the vicious, the drunkard, the blasphemous, the idler, and the thief, were so because they were in want of religion. So Piety has said, and said truly, for many and many a day. But Dr. Bickersteth knew well enough that these pariahs wanted something done for them before they could appreciate the blessings of religion. To visit those who had no fire and no food, and were sinking into the grave for want, and talk to them of the gospel, was not all that was required. The story of what happened eighteen hundred years ago in Palestine, was not likely to commend itself abstractedly to their attention; they wanted the practical part of the gospel, that should minister to their temporal wants, relieve their present necessities, deliver them from the kingdom of dirt and disorder, rescue them from typhus traps, and make them feel that they were human.

And it is much to the credit of Dr. Bickersteth that he threw all his energy into the scale of social improvement, and that while "the poor had the gospel preached to them," their condition as human beings was elevated, their sufferings relieved, and a better prospect than they had ever known stretched out before them.

As rector of St. Giles's, Dr. Bickersteth became one of the best known preachers and efficient workers in

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE RIGHT REV. R. BICKERSTETH, LORD BISHOP OF RIPON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

London. His thoroughly evangelical principles commended him to dissenters as well as a large section of the church; and if, as was sure to be the case, there were some who could not subscribe to his creed, there was not one but could appreciate his devoted efforts to raise the fallen as well as to recover the lost.

It is with much pleasure that we offer our humble meed of approbation to Dr. Bickersteth. We regard him as the friend of the working classes and the suffering poor; and, whether as curate or bishop, we feel sure that he will never tire of such friendship.

The accompanying portrait of Dr. Bickersteth is accurately copied from a beautiful photograph by Mayall; and the following brief sketch of his past life is in every respect authentic.

Dr. Bickersteth was born in 1816 at Acton, Suffolk. He is the fourth son of the Rev. John Bickersteth, rector of Sapcote, Leicestershire. He was originally intended for the medical profession, and studied at St. Thomas's Hospital. He subsequently felt a conviction that the church was his calling, and graduated at Cambridge in 1841. In the same year he accepted the curacy of Sapcote; afterwards officiated at Clapham; in 1845 was appointed to the incumbency of St. John's; and in 1851 was presented by Lord Truro with the living of St. Giles; in 1854 he was appointed to the canonry of Salisbury; and in 1856 to the bishopric of Ripon.

He married, in 1846, the third daughter of the late Joseph Garde, Esq., of Cork; and in the same year

took the degree of M.A. It was a matter of some surprise that the Golden Lectureship, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Melville, was not given to Dr. Bickersteth; but the fact seems to be that the see of Ripon was intended for him, and that on this account he declined other engagements.

THE TOMB OF ACBAR KHAN AT AGRA.

OUR recent triumph at Agra, in the brilliant victory achieved by Greathed, imparts an occasional interest to that ancient city. But irrespective of this, Agra itself is interesting in many respects; and there are in its neighbourhood, as well as within its walls, memorials of the past glory of India, and indications of a better civilisation than is now known to its people.

About six miles from Agra is the tomb of Acbar Khan. The building is exceedingly splendid, and does credit to the taste and skill of the Indian architects. The building was erected by his son the Emperor Jehangire. There, in the recent mutiny, the rebels made a stand, and defended the "Holy Place" with a good deal of determination. But they were not the sort of men that Acbar Khan would have approved, as anybody at all acquainted with his history must know.

Acbar Khan, by all accounts, was one of the most successful and powerful monarchs that ever reigned in Hindostan. He ascended the throne in 1555, and

his administration was distinguished by wisdom and equity. While his generals were busily occupied in adding to his dominions, he and his prime ministers were equally busy framing laws and introducing new regulations for the subjugated provinces. A methodical survey of the Mogul dominions was drawn up, comprising an account of the revenues, manufactures, and agricultural productions of the various districts. This work is still extant, under the title of "*Ayeen Acberry*," and affords valuable material for the historian.

First ascertaining the real condition of his country, Acbar Khan adapted his new regulations to the means at his disposal, and carried on his administration with the utmost vigour.

The country was re-divided into eleven *soobahs*, or states; these were subdivided into *circars*, and these last into *pergunnahs*, which distinctions exist at the present day.

Literature found a patron in Acbar Khan, and education flourished under his rule. He established schools and directed the compilation of books. Arts and industry were also fostered by him; and no country appears ever to have been in a more prosperous state than the Mogul Empire in his reign. The same sort of thing is noticeable in the history of most other nations. The power or splendour of a country culminates in an individual. What Solomon was to Palestine and Elizabeth to England, was Acbar Khan to India.



TOMB OF ACBAR KHAN, NEAR AGRA.

There was abundance everywhere in his dominions. No heavy burdens were imposed on his subjects. The revenues, however, amounted to an enormous sum, and it appeared that the public coffers were always better filled the less the people were taxed: a plan which other governments might try with advantage—to the people at all events.

Acbar Khan was no great warrior, but he effected that for his country which could never have been accomplished by the most brilliant victories. That he knew how to wield the sword, and that territorial acquisitions were made in his reign, there can be no doubt; but it was the improvement, and not the extension of his dominions, to which Acbar chiefly devoted himself, and for which his memory is revered.

The ancient city of Agra having become much dilapidated, Acbar determined to rebuild it, and to constitute that city the metropolis of India. With this object in view, he summoned the most skilful artizans and mechanics, and with their assistance the towers, temples, and palaces at Agra rose from their ruins with increased splendour. But of all the palaces of Agra, none equalled in magnificence that of Acbar Khan himself. Of course there was much rivalry among the rajahs, who should have the most splendid dwelling, but none could attempt competition with the great Acbar himself. A palace! by all accounts it was a palace formed of palaces,—

"A palace as for fairy prince,
A vast pavilion, such as man
Saw never, since mankind began
To build and glaze."

There was gold everywhere—except where precious stones flashed in the meridian splendour of the Indian sun. If Aladdin had been there with his wonderful lamp, the erection could not have been more magnificent in every detail. Everything that could in any way contribute to luxurious indulgence was treasured

up within its walls, and without were the fairest gardens that the eye of man ever beheld, whilst fountains cast their perfumed waters into the air to fall again in a shower of spray, and to impart a delicious coolness to the place.

The policy of this Acbar Khan was in a high degree liberal to foreigners. He invited intelligent men of all nations to settle in his capital; and he gave them every encouragement to do so, permitting them the free use of their religion and customs, and granting them various privileges and immunities, such as were unknown in countries more proud of their civilisation. At the very time that this Mohammedan was exercising charity and benevolence, was endowing colleges for the instruction of Christian missionaries, and giving freedom to all religious teachers, Europe was convulsed by the demon of persecution, and the blood of Christians was shed by Christians in the name of Christianity!

The Portuguese had at that period extended their commercial enterprise into the Indian Ocean. Acbar opened an intercourse with them, and invited the Portuguese government to send missionaries into his empire, that the Hindoos might learn something of Christianity. So far from displaying the bigotry which has characterised most of the Mohammedans, Acbar appears to have understood the principles of religious toleration in the fullest sense of that term. In his letter to the King of Portugal he censured in the strongest language the slavish propensity of mankind to adopt without inquiry the religious opinions of their fathers. At the same time he desired to be favoured with translations of the religious books of the Christians.

In one of his proclamations addressed to the officers of his empire, he uttered the following sentiment:—

"The most acceptable adoration in this world which a man can pay to his Maker is to discharge his duty faithfully towards his fellow-creatures, discarding

passion and partiality, and without distinction of friend or foe, relative or stranger." This enlightened sentiment, which might have been learned from the New Testament, conveys the most favourable idea of Acbar Khan, better than all the buildings he erected, and all the triumphs he won;—even better than the monument which filial piety erected to his memory.

LATSON.

BY

FELIX STOWE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

COMING AND GOING.

GET into a London omnibus on a wet day. There is just "room for one" on the right-hand side.

Not a single passenger on that side is going to leave the vehicle till he gets to the end of the journey; and yet, ten to one, you will be passed along through that crush of knees right up to the top. There you will sit down, half of you on a lady's lap, the other half on the sharp handle of an old gentleman's umbrella.

If one thought occurs to you at that moment with greater force than any other, it is that you are not wanted there.

Directly the door was opened, and the cad assured you, "Plenty o' room, sir," giving a click or a hiss, or a slap of the leather on the roof, to tell the driver he might shake you down into your proper place as soon as he pleased, you discovered at once that you were not wanted there.

The stiff gentleman against the door, with the pointed whiskers coming down towards his waistcoat pockets, and a very loud breastpin, and a shirt with a small red pattern on it, audibly grunted as he

squeezed his feet under him to let you pass, but purposely left his umbrella for you to trip over.

You could hear the young lady with the pretty lisp, and the silk dress covering three or four persons on all sides of her, whisper distinctly to the old man, her father, "Dear me! where is he to go? I'm sure there's no room!"

And then, when you were fairly seated, and had done bowing apologies to the lady whose reticule you had crushed, to the infinite peril of smelling-bottle and card-case, you look round on eleven faces, all either frowning or studiously contemptuous.

To be sure, one or two of them gave you a hand in the course of your struggle, which was like corks to a sinking swimmer; but then you knew, all the while, it was only to keep you from coming bodily down upon them, and was more for their sakes, a good deal, than yours.

And so every face as plainly as possible seemed to say, as you panted and settled down, "Why, in the name of goodness, didn't the man walk, or take a cab?"

And the remarkable thing, good reader, is this—that on that same wet day, if somebody gets out, and so makes room for another corner, the conductor has no sooner called out "Hard!" and clicked and hissed as before, to let in a twelfth passenger, than you will be sure to feel just as they all felt towards you; and, unless it is after dinner, and you are in no hurry to get on, and are in a good humour, the likelihood is, you'll frown, and privately "Pshaw!" as much as any of them did when you were welcomed; and, though you're very cold, and want to be snug, you'll punish the unfortunate arrival by passing him along to your place in the corner, and then feel gloriously avenged on society for your own reception, and be happy till "Hard!" or "Hist!" comes again!

The "new boy" at school has a similarly pleasant time of it. It is looked upon by every Smith and Brown as an impertinence, or a sign of weakness, to be new.

Smith maximus takes no notice whatever; and, if he runs up against him, begs the new boy's pardon, as if he were a stranger in Ludgate-hill. Brown minimus makes him uncomfortable by noticing his trowsers, or the smoothness of his hair, as he never would have dared to do, had the new boy come last week instead of this.

Now, it was a very painful, or, at least, unpleasant, consciousness of this state of mind towards him that Hugh Church encountered, when he found himself established as junior and lowest copying clerk in the office of Messieurs the lawyers in that dark city lane.

Ruth had made him look very neat for the first morning.

He was tall for his age; but the clean turn-down collar, tied with new black ribbon, became that pale, thoughtful face very well indeed; and when he took his seat at the desk, under the immediate patronage of his bookstall acquaintance, Hugh secretly resolved that it should not be his fault if his friend ever became ashamed of him.

But the confidential clerk had an office to himself, and so young Church was left to the inspection and the curiosity of three or four knowing ones, who immediately began, in their own way, to make him pay the footing of a new-comer.

"Ask him if he'd like gloves for those delicate knuckles, Jos," said one of the clerks, in a loud whisper across the skin he was engrossing.

"Young 'un," cried the party addressed as Jos, "tell us how many sisters Richard Roe, Esquire, has, and whether John Doe has any chance with the eldest? 'Full many a gem of purest ray serene.'"

And they all laughed into their coat-sleeves among the bundles of bluish paper, tied with the red tape.

"I say," said another, "what's the settlement of a conveyance?"

"Making over property quite safe to somebody else," said Hugh, in a moment.

"Not a bit of it, softy," said the wit; "it's an omnibus smashing a cab."

And stale as it was, they all laughed again at the joke, and none laughed louder than Hugh himself.

Jos was a young man, two or three years Hugh's senior, and his name in full was Joseph Frederick Flowers. His parents were proud of him, and, therefore, he soon left them very little indeed to be proud of. They had resolved upon his going to the bar as soon as he had learned a little of the other branch of the profession; but there was already a different kind of bar at which Mr. Flowers very diligently and splendidly practised, and where he often astonished the less accomplished frequenters by snatches from well-known classics, English or foreign, with which Mr. Flowers enlivened his conversation, and annoyed the sensible part of the public.

It was not long before Hugh discovered that this young limb of the law sought to make a companion of him out of office hours; for with Flowers, as indeed with all the rest, the day for chaffing was soon over,—young Church had taken it so well, not softly and feebly, but without offence, and sometimes even replying, with very good effect.

"Kirk," said Flowers, one afternoon, Scotticising his young friend's name, as he generally did, "what do ye say to looking in upon the muses to-night? I'll do the amiable for the pleasure of your society—'Lives there a man with soul so dead?'"

"Why, thank ye," said Hugh, "I think not to-night, for they're not very well at my quarters, and I promised to be in early. You must put me down among the dead ones, to-night, Flowers, I'm afraid."

"Your quarters!" said the other. "By-the-by, you've never told me yet who you've got in your quarters. Married, Kirk, eh?"

"Not exactly. I've an aunt, and a good old grandmother, who (I mean the old lady) is getting very feeble, and I want to be with the good old soul as long as I can. She won't be here long, I know."

"Stick to her, Kirk. You're a good fellow! I'm blown if you won't be a regular church, parson and all, to me, if we live a little longer. I always say my prayers when I think of you at undressing-time. When I forget you, I forget my supplications."

And Flowers laughed, and slapped Hugh on the back.

"Still," said Jos, "the eminent lady will hardly 'shuffle off this mortal coil' while we go for an hour's spree. Eh! will she? Not 'die and make no sign,' Kirk, sure?"

"No, I hope not, but I think I must be at home to-night, thank ye. Some other time we'll have an hour somewhere."

And so it passed off, for that occasion.

Mr. Flowers remarking, as he went away to make a "motion of course" at the bar of the Pig and Whistle, that delays were dangerous. Hugh heard him mouthing to himself, as he swaggered down the street, "Where is To-morrow? In another world!"

That night, there was a very earnest conversation at number nineteen, about the gins and snares of London life.

Ruth had lost a brother, many years ago, and she always believed that London life killed him.

So she very often talked in a nice, motherly way to the lad, and watched him very narrowly, growing always very anxious if he came home more than half an hour beyond his usual time.

There was not much danger of his being entrapped, for he grudged even the seven or eight hours he gave to sleep—so close kept he to those rough brown leather books, with which his friend at the office kept him well supplied.

His studies, however, had one rather lengthened check: a check for which Mr. Flowers was in no way responsible.

It was not long after the above conversation.

Hugh and Ruth, one afternoon, walked very slowly:—especially slow and feeble Ruth's pace was—in fact, Hugh felt the weight on his thin arm almost too much for him.

They walked out of the house, and walked away to a corner of the old city churchyard, the same old church.

And when they came back again to number nineteen, they both almost started to see the little low arm-chair in the chimney corner empty, as if they hadn't expected it.

And then the daughter sat down close to Hugh, and putting her arms round his neck, and covering her face in his breast, while he clasped her in his gentle, loving way, as a son would a mother, Ruth said—

"I've no one, now, but you to love me, dear. We must be more than ever to each other now, Hugh."

The lad's sobs were nearly as loud as Ruth's.

And he was not ashamed of it.

Still his books found a difference in him for a time, and Mrs. Wofield's death, perhaps, made it a month longer than it would have been otherwise, before the senior partner in the firm was so astonished at his progress (for, unlike many masters, he had a pride in his clerks, and regularly questioned them in law), that he articulated Hugh forthwith, and paid the cost of the stamps himself.

CHAPTER XXIX.

NUMBER NINETEEN TO LET.

HUGH had been installed for some months as an articulated clerk, when, one day, Mr. Sporlock, the chief partner, who had long known by kind inquiry the circumstances of the little family at number nineteen, called young Church into his office.

"Church, I want a few words with you. I'm not

sure that you'll approve of what I'm going to say, but if you don't, no harm will be done, and you'll give me credit for meaning well, at all events."

Hugh bowed, and said how much obliged he was.

And well he might be, for, all this time, as he had been earning no money in a regular way, Mr. Sporlock had been a real friend to Ruth, and had made her position in many ways more comfortable than she had ever hoped to see it.

"The fact is," said the good-natured lawyer, "there's a friend of mine, a client, who mentioned to me yesterday that he was on the look-out for some one to take the management of his house, see after the servants, you know, and all that sort of thing,—a kind of housekeeper, in fact. He is a widower—a clergyman who has lost his wife, and a very kind, good man altogether. Now it did occur to me, Church, that if Miss Wofield has not become over much attached to the needle, this would be the very thing for her; what do you say, Church? At all events, she might try it, eh? Do you think your aunt would like it?"

Long before this Mr. Sporlock had heard all about the family, and knew a great deal more about Hugh's origin than he knew himself.

The young man looked down on the ground, and his lips moved nervously, as if he were trying to control himself, which he hardly succeeded in doing.

"Don't hesitate a moment, my dear fellow," said the lawyer, "if you don't like the idea. I only thought—"

"Pray, pray, sir, don't think I hesitate. I only can't tell you how much my aunt and I—"

"Ah, well! if that's it, just talk it over with Miss Wofield to-night, and let me know to-morrow, or in a day or two. Perhaps your aunt wouldn't mind looking in at the office, and having a few words with me about it; and then I would give her my friend's address, and they could see whether or not they can come to an arrangement. I've got Mr. Bliss—his name is the Rev. Marmaduke Bliss—to promise he'll do nothing till he hears from me."

"What would become of me?" asked Hugh, encouraged by his master's freedom.

"I've thought of that," said the lawyer, "and mentioned you to Bliss. There would be no difficulty whatever in your having a room in the house; it's a large place; and if you play your cards well, my boy, this Mr. Bliss may even be of some use to you as well. From what I've told him about you, he's quite prepared to do a little towards directing your reading, and the rest of it."

And so it all came about.

You may be sure there was a good deal of talking and consulting before matters were thoroughly arranged, but—they were arranged.

And the last evening at number nineteen was a memorable time.

Ruth was born there; her father had died there, and her mother too. So the poor girl looked round on the little rooms with very much affectionate sorrow, before they retired to rest on that last night.

Hugh brought the bible, as he always did in the evening (the old lady had charged them never to forget that, as long as they lived), and they sat down for evening worship.

"Hugh."

"Yes."

"Read, will you, the 121st Psalm? It was a favourite of dear mother's."

And so the young man read on, through those precious words that have been the joy of millions through life's changes:—

"The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand."

"The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night."

"The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul."

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore."

And then Hugh knelt down, and Ruth knelt beside him.

There are finer prayers, and longer ones, in your splendid churches, and in great men's houses. But Heaven seldom hears a heartier or more sincere request, than when the poor founding finished the family devotion in these words:—

"Grant that wherever we go we may never forget the mercies we have had in this little room. May we never be ashamed of those whom we have known and loved while we lived here. May they never be ashamed of us. 'The Lord preserve our going out and our coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore.' For Jesus Christ's sake, amen."

If angels are "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation," doubt not that, on that night, there were some spirits, made very like unto the angels, that fitted

to and fro, faithful sentinels, dividing their watch between those two sleeping chambers in that humble Christian home!

CHAPTER XXX.

CLEANS AN ESCUTCHEON.

RUTH (who had seemed, since the new change came upon her, to take a new lease of life; for she had gained something to love with a new love, which has often-times appeared as a remedy for threatening disease), now called—the better to suit her new duties—Mrs. Wofield, saw very little of Mr. Bliss, for he had a living in the country; and the large house at Hackney, over which she had entire control, for eight months at least in the year, took up but little of her time.

Hugh was a kind of protection to the establishment, which consisted only of a few old substantial retainers, whom the clergyman (rare blessing!) had inherited with his property from his father and mother. Young Church had a room entirely to himself, half bedroom, half study, at the top of the house, where Mr. Bliss frequently came when he was in town, and gave him useful hints about that portion of his reading (a very small portion, by the way) which did not come under the superintendence of Mr. Sporlock.

They had gone on thus in great comfort for little more than a year, when one morning Ruth was summoned to the library, during a visit of her employer, who begged her to be seated, as he had a word or two to say to her.

"Our young lawyer makes fine progress, Mrs. Wofield."

"I hope so, sir," Ruth answered. "He works very hard."

"Very, Mrs. Wofield. But it is not about him I wish just now to speak to you, though I cannot help congratulating you on his prospects. My friend Sporlock says he shall make a man of him, as sure as can be, if Hugh's health will but hold out; we must take care of that, great care, Mrs. Wofield."

"But now, the fact is, I am expecting, in about ten days, to leave London—to leave England, in fact, perhaps for two or three years, perhaps for longer."

Ruth showed some mark of surprise, perhaps a touch also of anxiety.

"Your position, however, will not, I hope, be altered in any way; for I cannot part with these old servants; and besides that, it's not unlikely that a distant relation of mine will reach England in my absence—a lady and her family from India; and if they do, they have had my invitation to make their home here; and you will then be a little merrier, Mrs. Wofield."

"There is, however, one favour I want to ask you to do me."

"I hope you will command me, sir, in anything and everything," Ruth answered.

"Thank you. Here is a paper, a sealed paper, which I desire to leave in your hands in case any casualty should happen to me, and I never should land in the old country again—for you know how uncertain everything here is, Mrs. Wofield."

Ruth sighed, and prepared for the commission, whatever it might turn out to be.

"I have hesitated within myself a long time as to whether I would not leave this paper with Sporlock, but on some accounts I prefer leaving it with you. If you hear of my death, you will take this packet at once to Mr. Sporlock; and if you yourself should be ill, you will promise me, I hope, to let some one see that he has it, for it is of great importance. I don't, however, want Sporlock to have anything to do with it at present, for reasons of my own. There are, nevertheless, Mrs. Wofield, other reasons why I will tell you at once what this packet means, in order that you may understand its great, or at least possibly great importance, and take the more care about it."

"I'm sure you may depend upon me, sir."

"I know it, I know it—I am quite sure of it. Nearly twenty years ago, Mrs. Wofield—(now mind, this is perfectly confidential, and is to be as sacred as anything you ever heard and kept in your life. I don't know why I trust you, but I do. I see in your countenance that you will bury what I am going to say as long as I ask you to bury it.)"

"Indeed I will, sir: only bringing it out (do I understand?) in case of—"

"In case of my death, when this packet will be the warrant and the proof of what I am going to tell you."

"Twenty years ago, or very nearly, I was a wild young man, living in London, with more money than wisdom, and more companions than was good for me. I took it into my head that I should like to travel. My father took it into his head (and nothing would drive out) that I should go into the church."

Ruth inclined her head, and listened respectfully.

"We were both obstinate. I, for foreign adventure, being weary with gay life in England;—my father obstinate for making me a clergyman. He said he had two livings in his gift, and ever since I was born he had destined me for holy orders. Well, we hit at last on a very clever compromise. We would both have our own way. I would be a missionary—not, I'm afraid, Mrs. Wofield, for any love of the missionary work, but to see life, and come home and tell the wonders of the world. My father agreed. He thought a year or two among Caffres or Hindoos would quite content me, and that I should soon be home again to fill the livings, or one of them, his ambition had purchased for me. Well, I determined that before going out—for I resolved to go out entirely on my own foundation; I dare say no society would have had me—I determined to walk the hospitals, as it is called,—that is, to qualify myself as a doctor; which I thought would bring me most speedily and intimately into contact with the native population, wherever I might settle. I did so, and got a very tolerable acquaintance with medical science; and, in fact, passed very good examinations. I wonder at it, for I was at times very, very wild, and broke out now and then in a very riotous style. I told you I had companions; I had one especially—a bad, foolish fellow, whose name I cannot now tell you: it is in this packet, when it is wanted. This friend came to me one night, and made me his partner in a most disgraceful trick. He had the worst designs upon a poor girl, a governess, or lady's maid, or something of that sort, somewhere in London. I am ashamed to say, Mrs. Wofield, that I agreed to join my friend. But, as you will see presently, I was not quite so bad as I appeared, and must have appeared since to the poor girl."

At this point, Ruth, in spite of herself, began to turn very pale, and even moved her chair, involuntarily, an inch backward from the table.

"Miss—Miss—what was her name? (however, no matter: indeed, you had better not know)—positively insisted upon marriage. Will you believe it? My friend concocted, after a good deal of inquiry and trouble—*forged*, in point of fact, a note from the rector of a London parish to the sexton, or clerk; and I, a medical student, was to act the parson. This was actually done, Mrs. Wofield, and in a few weeks my wretched victim (for she was mine, as well as his) knew the worst, and was turned adrift on the world, as an unmarried girl!"

"Mrs. Wofield, that poor girl, I know, had an infant. For his sake alone this packet has been prepared, should he be yet alive."

"You understand, that I read the service in the church, that morning, a medical student disguised as a clergyman. I had never said a word to my friend about my other character, for, truth to tell, I should have been ashamed (yes, even I should have been ashamed) to be known as looking forward to holy orders, while I lived the life this friend knew me to be living."

"Well, Mrs. Wofield, I may be said to have caught that scheming villain in his own net, at the very moment when he thought I was doing him a service."

"I had obtained a title, and was ordained to priest's orders, the very week before that ceremony with my friend and his victim."

Ruth clasped her hands together, and cried out (she couldn't help it), "God, I thank thee!"

"There was no sacrilege, Mrs. Wofield. There was no cruelty. Those two persons were married, before God and man. And this packet contains my solemn affidavit to the effect of what I have told you, in order that the child, should he be yet living, may ascertain and prove to all the world, that there is no blot on his birth."

"But," gasped Ruth, little thinking what she was about, "the horrid man married afterwards! He must then have committed—"

"Married!" cried Mr. Bliss; "married afterwards! How do you know this? It is true; but how do you know anything of this sad history? I was not prepared for this!"

Ruth Wofield immediately rose, and rushed towards her employer, and with unaffected earnestness, dropped upon her knee before him, and covering her face with both her hands, sobbed out—

"Oh, sir, you have made me so, so happy. My poor boy's mother had cleared herself before she died. Ah! to be sure—yes, she died first. Yes, she died before this Latson was married. So he just escaped the fangs of the law, though he couldn't avoid the fangs of his own conscience."

"But I was going to say, she was innocent, for she believed herself married, and told her father so on her deathbed. But it would have been a terrible blow to poor Hugh—"

"What!" shouted the other. "What! am I right?"

I half thought—no, it can hardly be said I thought; but to tell you the honest truth—putting together a few words Sporlock told me, and a certain sort of likeness the lad bears to Latson (for now you know the name there's no use in blanks and dashes)—I had really a kind of vague notion that there might be a connection between us of that sort. And this dreamy idea made me resolve on having this talk with you, as well as leaving with you this packet."

"And so, really, are you quite certain, Mrs. Wofield. Is Hugh Latson's son? But Church—Hugh Church—where did he get that name from?"

And then out came the whole story—so much of it, at least, as Ruth felt at liberty to tell.

And there was, be sure, a fearful retribution exacted that day from the Rev. Marmaduke Bliss, as he learned from his housekeeper's lips, that though he had saved the honour of Hugh's birth, he had been an accomplice, deliberate and direct, in his mother's death.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A REVELATION.

SUNDAY morning, the day after the discovery in the library.

Sunday morning, when the tired city is at rest,—at rest, whether it worships or scorns to worship, whether it thanks the God of the Sabbath, or blasphemes him.

Say what you will, clever lecturers and pamphleteers, you might as well begin to talk and scribble against the uses of going to sleep as against the blessings of a day of rest. You are the "unjust" on which this gentle rain of blessing drops against your will. You are the "evil" ones, on whom you cannot prevent the Sabbath sun from shining.

It is something, is it not, to walk for one day in seven, from Whitechapel to Charing-cross, without that roar and clash, clang and hustling, that turn strong men's brains, and wear them out before their time, through all the rest of the year?

It is something, is it not, for poor Scott the carter to wake up and think that he may let the old wheels rest in the yard, and each worn and weary horse lie still in his stall for twenty-four hours longer; for yonder boy, fresh from the country, not yet used to the fag of apprentice life in London, to start up, as his new alarm tells him it is six o'clock; but, rubbing his eyes, discern that no shutters will tire his thin arms this morning, and he has one day to think of the little family in Devonshire, and what they will be doing, hour by hour, as the day goes on?

It is something, is it not, for honest Sam Grouting to come home on Saturday night, to Pentonville, after six days' work away in Surrey, on some new buildings there, and, waking up on Sunday morning, marvel where he is, and see the little things come flocking up to his knee, pushing for the first place, till the whole nine have been kissed and welcomed, according to their ages?

Do you think that honest Sam finds the Sunday a dull day, as he leaves the chapel or church door, in the bright sunshine (for it doesn't always rain on Sunday, it really doesn't, good lecturer and pamphleteer), and fetches a little compass on the way home to a Sunday dinner, that he may see how quiet and how happy all the world is looking, comparing it at least, as he does, with what it is on any other day?

Friends of anti-Sunday, what the day is to the people who know how to use it for its own full sake, we cannot pretend to explain to you; and you are only foolish, not telling falsehoods, when you say you see nothing in the Christian's Sunday.

But, hear another thing—if you succeeded in happy Old England, and made a Wednesday of every Sunday, opening all shops, turning on all the steam in all the factories, and crowding all the highways, and separating all parents and families, as you would, depend on it, you would have your thousands of mere men of business, and poor hardworkers in tow and country leaguely together, like the barons in King John's day, and ready to go up to Westminster, and demand their old Sunday, as another Magna Charta.

One more thing we tell you, dear gentlemen. If you yourselves thought you would succeed in getting rid of Sunday, you would not dare to try.

Certain failure makes you wondrous bold. Well, it was on this Sunday morning, that Ruth and Hugh walked in the afternoon away across the fields, on the banks of the Lee.

They talked of the past, and they were very thankful; of the present, and were very happy. And then they spoke of the time to come.

Ruth, with a woman's delicacy, steered the conversation, and so guided it out and in, round and round, until Hugh said—

"Aunt, would you tell me any single thing in the world, which I don't know, and which you do?"

On Friday last, Ruth would have said, "No, not quite."

As it is, she answered—

"Everything, dear Hugh. Why?"

"If mother were alive, and walking with us this afternoon, and Mr. Sporlock or Mr. Bliss were to meet us all together, would they be ashamed to speak to us, or should we be sorry that they knew who mother was?"

"What an odd question, dear Hugh!"

"Not odd, dear aunt; not so odd, believe me. For, with the world, fathers and mothers never die."

"What do you mean, Hugh?"

"I mean, that what you have never told me, may be learned some day by other people, and if it is against me, as I sometimes fear it is, I would rather have never been born, aunt."

The young man unconsciously dropped Ruth's arm, and put his hand to his forehead, relieved by having spoken, but with plenty of burden remaining behind.

And so, as tenderly and joyfully as you may be sure she would, on that day, when thousands were being taught of another and more divine adoption, Ruth explained to her adopted boy, that nobody except his father (though she missed that) needed to be ashamed of the little bundle that had grown up into Hugh Church.

(To be continued.)

HUGH MILLER; OR, HARDSHIP MADE EASY.

It has not unfrequently happened that lads possessing the highest attributes of genius have been obliged, for the sake of a livelihood, to engage in labour which, while affording sufficient means for a bare subsistence, has cramped their intellectual energies, and for a time hindered their mental development. Many a youth whose faculties gave early promise of future greatness has, through the crushing weight of outward circumstances, been excluded from the blessings of education, and doomed to serve a hard apprenticeship to the plough, the loom, or the anvil. It is very cheering, however, to note how in almost innumerable instances the lad of genius has, notwithstanding his many disadvantages, made for himself a clear path to fame through the seemingly hopeless jungle which imprisoned his early hopes and aspirations.

But it is observable that those who have raised themselves to eminence from positions of hardship and obscurity, have been those who patiently complied with the conditions which stern necessity imposed upon them, and who were determined, through faith in the purpose which possessed them, to extract honey from the rock and oil from the flinty rock. Believing in the dignity of labour, and manifesting that grand independence for which honest poverty gives such large scope, they went to manual toil like men, and drew from it what nourishment they could for their life's idea.

The story of HUGH MILLER's life, especially of his younger days, is eloquently illustrative of these remarks. With a weak physical frame and in very ill health, while yet young, he was sent out to work in a quarry, on a cold winter's morning before sunrise. His boyhood's life had wholly unfitted him for a labour which was hard enough even for strong grown men. Hitherto he had had comparatively a happy lot; he had been a delighted observer of the wild beauties of nature, a wanderer among rocks and woods, a reader of curious books when he could get them, a gleaner of old traditional stories, and yet necessity compelled him to exchange all the visions of his youth, all his day dreams and amusements, for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil.

It is exceedingly interesting to observe how cheerfully he buckled to his life of labour, and how he kept his eyes open for anything and everything that would keep alive his fonder hopes and purposes. He began immediately, with the eye of a young geologist, to see what was worthy of attention in the quarry where he worked; and here we must quote his own simple, but graphic words:—

"It lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, or frith rather, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other. It had been opened in the old red sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it, in some places, to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up

the face of the quarry; and my first employment was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe; and I wrought hard and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks, and wedges, and levers were applied by my brother workmen; and simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard such implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however; and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder. The process was new to me; and I deemed it a highly amusing one. It had the merit, too, of being attended with danger, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots. The fragments flew in every direction; and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds, that, in a recent storm, had crept into one of the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter. I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty cock goldfinch, with its hood of vermilion, and its wings, inlaid with the gold to which it owes its name, as unsold and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum; the other, a somewhat rarer bird, of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light blue and grayish yellow. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things—more disposed to be sentimental, perhaps, than if I had been ten years older—and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up, and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long, dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards towards the shore."

Thus cheerfully does he describe his first day's labour as a stonemason. He was a little tired, and his hands were a little sore; but he went to bed with a light heart, and, refreshed by sleep, he rose the next morning ready for his appointed task. He was determined to lighten labour by making it appear to himself that he was out on some geological excursion, and, while he plied the hammer, kept a sharp look-out for any wonders which the earth might yield. The period in the day usually devoted to rest by the quarrymen, Hugh Miller employed in rambles through the woods, or in gazing upon the exquisite scenery of the neighbourhood, being convinced—to use his own words—"that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it."

So interested did he become in the geological discoveries which working in the quarry revealed to him, that if ever an occasional holiday fell to his lot, he employed it in following up his investigations in the different districts of the neighbourhood. And thus his first year's labour came to a close, without his having scarcely experienced the monotony of toil, and with his stock of happiness, as well as knowledge, considerably increased. He had acquired a knowledge of his trade, and thus had before him the means of a livelihood; he had banished all thoughts of gloom in connection with labour, and had come to see that work, if properly pursued, would yield an indefinite amount of pleasure. And when at length his splendid talents were recognised, and he exchanged manual for mental toil, he wrote these important words in one of his numerous books: "There are few professions, however humble, that do not present their peculiar advantages of observation, and there are none in which the exercise of the faculties does not lead to enjoyment." He was decidedly of opinion that every man should try to make the best of his own trade in finding out pleasurable inducements to study, and that in a measure the workman's whole life might be one of study. His advice to young working men desirous of benefiting themselves, and adding to the amount of their enjoyment, is a very simple one. Do not seek happiness in what is misnamed pleasure, seek it rather in what is termed study. Keep your conscience clear, your curiosity fresh, and embrace every opportunity of cultivating your minds. Learn to make a right use of your eyes; the commonest things are worth looking at—even stones and weeds and the most familiar animals. Read good books, not forgetting the best of all; there is more true philosophy in the Bible than in every work of every sceptic that ever wrote. This advice was but an epitome of the story of his own education. With no other advantage than a common education, by a careful use of his means, he had been able to give himself an excellent education, and to elevate himself to a position which any man in any sphere of life might well envy. The celebrated geologist Murchison said, that Hugh Miller's papers on geology were written in a style so beautiful as to throw plain geo-

logists like himself (Murchison) into the shade. Dr. Buckland said, he would give his left hand to possess such powers of description as Hugh Miller. He received from the highest authorities in geological science the deepest respect as one who would be able, more than all before him, to make the study of geology attractive and interesting. This work he was gradually accomplishing with pleasure and honour to himself, as well as with the greatest benefit towards others, when a melancholy catastrophe snapped the thread of so useful a life.

THE SURE CASKET.

I had a garment rare—

A robe of cost;

I hoarded it with care

From sun, and dust, and air;

Lo! the moth marr'd it sore,

It charms the sight no more—

'Tis lost!—'tis lost!

I had a ring of price—

A wedge of gold—

But to their secret bed

The cancerous rust hath sped:

It hath made a fatal sweep—

It hath eaten broad and deep—

Look! look! Behold!

I had a precious gem—

A jewel lone;

Close in my bosom's core

That talisman I bore;

How shall the robber's eye

My life of life espy?—

'Tis gone!—'Tis gone!

Alas! poor, rifled heart,

Burden'd with care—

What friend shall take thy part?

Who draw the envenom'd dart

From thy despair?

List to yon music free!

Calleth it not to thee?

—Heaven hath a casket fair,

Where are no moth, nor rust,

Nor thief to mock thy trust;—

Heaven hath a casket sure,

Its treasures aye endure,

Lay thine up—there!

Chemical Experiments.

THE CHARMED WATER.

MANY years ago a certain professor of chemistry, now dead, amused the young people assembled together at a Christmas party, and at the same time taught them a valuable chemical fact, in the following manner:—

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, addressing the assembled guests, "place on the table as many basins as you please, pour water into each, and blindfold me. Supposing either of you to dip a hand, for ever so short a time, into one or more of the basins, I engage to discover, by a means known to myself, the exact basins into which your hand has been dipped."

The experiment was tried, and the professor kept his word.

It is necessary that the water employed in conducting the experiment should be absolutely pure, that is to say, water carefully distilled; and that the basins employed should be absolutely clean—such absolute cleanliness as a chemist understands, and which the young student will hardly attain until after many trials. Finger-glasses, on account of their transparency, are better adapted than earthenware basins for containing the water employed in the foregoing experiment, seeing that, by holding them between the eye and a candle or lamp-flame, any adherent particle of impurity may be discovered. A finger-glass may best be cleansed absolutely—chemically—by washing it, drying it, and finally rubbing it, when warm, either with a dry silken rag or a piece of chamois leather. All these details are mentioned because the success of the trick about to be described altogether depends upon their observance.

The gist of the thing is as follows: Whenever water comes in contact with the skin, no matter how recently washed and purified the skin may be, sufficient impurity will be acquired by the water to affect various chemical tests. The success of the experiment does not in the least degree depend upon contact with an unwashed hand. A lady might go from her dressing-room ready gloved, into the place of ordeal, and dip her hand into the basin for a time ever so short, and a chemist would be able to discover that she had so dipped it, so extreme is the delicacy of chemical tests. At this stage of my description, it will be well to inform the reader that the chief impurities evolved from the human skin every instant, are what I will venture to designate, for the benefit of unchemical people, "common salt, and its belongings."



SPONGE GATHERING.

SPONGE GATHERING.*

THERE are many common things about which, with all our learning, we know very little. Sponge is among the number. We are acquainted with its uses, its colour, and its substance; but what is it? and where does it come from? are questions to which we cannot all give a satisfactory answer.

As to what it is, naturalists themselves are not agreed. Some regard it as a vegetable, others as an animal, others, again, as a union of both. This union is known by the name polypi.

Sponge is a porous marine substance, found adhering to rocks and shells under water, and on rocks about the shore at low water. It consists of a material covered with a soft gelatine, but in which no polypes have been observed. This renders the term zoophyte more appropriate than that of polypi, as it is really uncertain whether it has any connection with that animal.

Sponge assumes a great variety of shapes, resembling shrubs, globes, tubes, fans, and numerous other figures. It is common to all seas, but differences exist as to its quality. The Syrian sponges are the most highly esteemed for toilet use. They are of a finer grain, a greater flexibility, and have an increased capacity for absorption. Colour, delicacy of fibre, and elasticity of tissue are the three tests of a good sponge. The common class is known as Venice sponge. The best are the white, delicately-grained produce of the Levant.

Attempts have recently been made by the French government to naturalise on the Algerian coast the finest kind of sponge, but the efforts have been unsuccessful. Sponges belong as much to particular districts as the fauna or flora of the sea or land.

Sponge gathering, or sponge fishing, as it is sometimes called, is usually commenced in June and terminated in August or September. A considerable trade in this branch of industry is carried on off the coast of Cuba. The accompanying illustration represents the fishermen and gatherers engaged in that pursuit. A sort of scaffolding is erected

* See No. 164 (Old Series).

Now everybody knows what common salt is, so that term is intelligible; but as for what I venture to call the belongings of common salt, why I could only designate them by very hard names, which the chemist knows already, and the seeker of amusement does not want to know; so, if the reader pleases, we will omit those hard names, as to learn them would not advance by one iota the complete success of our experiment.

Suppose, now, by way of preparation for our conjuring ordeal, the reader proceeds as follows:—Let him dissolve a little nitrate of silver in some distilled water, say five grains, or a moderate pinch, to a wineglassful. To another wineglassful of water let him add about five grains of nitrate of silver. There are two sorts of nitrate of silver, one in sticks like slate pencils, though lighter in colour; the other in crystals: either will serve the purposes of our experiment. By means of a splinter of glass, or a glass rod, stir each of the solutions until the materials are quite dissolved. If the reader intends to commit himself to the performance of chemical experiments, he is recommended to bottle up the solutions thus prepared, each in a stoppered bottle. Both solution of common salt and solution of nitrate of silver will be frequently necessary as tests. Taking now other wineglasses, I recommend the reader to prove the extreme delicacy of the reaction between common salt and nitrate of silver; so that each becomes a means of discovering the other, or, in chemical language, a test for the other.

Dipping a bonnet straw, or, still better, a glass rod—which can be purchased cheaply enough—into the solution (either one), removing the minutest drop of fluid, mingling it with water yet pure, and standing in a wineglass; then adding a minute drop from the other solution, you will see how delicate is the reaction between nitrate of silver and common salt. By training your eye thus you will soon be able to perceive the difference between water distilled, absolutely pure, and water in which a hand has been dipped; and when you can rely upon your perceptive tact the grand ordeal may come off.

Though I am specially presenting the reader with chemical tricks for amusement, yet it would be a pity

to let facts worth knowing escape, when they come in our very footpath. The white curdy compound generated when nitrate of silver and common salt, or its belongings, are mingled together, contains all the original silver; by adding common salt or its belongings to a solution of silver, the silver can be converted into this white compound, and the white compound being collected and treated in one of several methods, metallic silver may be got out of it. To demonstrate this, instead of bottling up the solution of nitrate of silver, you may add solution of common salt to it, until nothing more falls down. Next, shaking the glass for a few seconds in which the white powder has formed, it will aggregate into a lump and deposit. Collecting this lump, drying it, mixing it with about twice its weight of carbonate of soda—such as soda powders are made of—and fusing the whole in the bowl of a clay tobacco-pipe, which may be readily done in an open fire-place, urged by bellows, if the fire be in good condition, the tobacco-pipe will be found to contain a bead of pure silver.

If it so pleases you, the silver may be extracted as follows, instead of by the process just mentioned. Collect the clotty powder as before, place it in a glass of water, add a few drops of spirit of salt (hydrochloric or muriatic acid), then immersing a slip of zinc stir up the mixture. Gradually, under this treatment, the white powder will lose its whiteness. It will in point of fact yield up all its silver, which, however, an inexperienced eye may fail to recognise as silver because it occurs in the metallic form.

When the white powder has yielded up all its silver you may if you please add a few globules of mercury or quicksilver, which, combining with the powdered silver, will collect the whole in a brilliant pasty mass, called silver amalgam. This experiment proves how quicksilver can pick up little dots of metal which one's fingers cannot, and demonstrates the process of amalgamation by means of which silver and gold are collected by quicksilver out of their respective ores. Much of the quicksilver may be strained away by wrapping it in chamois leather and applying pressure; but the final traces can only be dissipated by heat, to which end you may once more have recourse to the tobacco-pipe.

for the accommodation of the divers, in some respect resembling the fishing stations of the Black Sea. These divers reside in an isolated house, built on piles, forming very singular objects in the scene presented by the Cuban coast.

BE NOT IDLE.

BE not idle; there is work enough for all,
Though they labour hard and long!
Nature ever sounds her universal call,
To arouse earth's slumbering throng;
For throughout her fields are springing weed and thorn,
Which must be uprooted soon,
That the good seed, waking to the light of morn,
May rejoice the harvest moon!
Broken hearts there are to bind, and wounds to heal;
Lonely orphans to console,
And make happy with heart sunshine, till they feel
Strengthened to attain life's goal;
Faint and weary ones there ever are, who need
Some kind word and helping hand;
Lambs are wandering from the fold, for some to lead
To the shepherd-tended band:
Then, oh, be not idle, but awake to life;
Make an impress in the world;
Fighting for the right in every scene of strife,
'Neath heaven's banner wide unfurled!
And for seed thus late and early sown,
Thou shalt see the springing grain,
Which for thee, when for the heavenly garner grown,
Shall a crown of glory gain!

The Matron.

NO. IV.

In the last number I gave directions for three good, cheap dinners, and I now intend furnishing receipts for three more. I shall also touch on other subjects relating to comfort and economy. I am aware that thousands and tens of thousands of those who read this paper may say with truth, "It's not necessary for us, who have our comfortable incomes, or profitable business, as the case may be, to live in the stingy manner this old matron recommends."

Very likely, my dear readers, it may not be necessary, but it is *advisable* that all should be saving—the poor, to help themselves; and the rich, to enable them to have the more to bestow on their needy brethren. Economy is a religious as well as a social duty. If we turn to our Bibles, we find this command, "Let nothing be wasted."

In the hints I propose giving, I do not bind myself to any particular system. My advice will be scattered here and there, like dewdrops on the flowers. Life is such a medley that things seemingly opposite are often intimately connected, and from a commonplace subject an important lesson may be learnt. If you find what is valuable, never mind where you pick it up—

"Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found—
Among your friends—among your foes—
On Christian or on heathen ground;
The plant's divine, where'er it grows;
Neglect the prickles, and assume the rose."

Before I proceed to the subject of the dinners, I must keep my promise of giving directions about potatoes. The French have a good proverb—*Façon de faire fait tout*; in English—"The way of doing does everything." Certainly, the way of doing does everything for the potato. How many a poor man is cheated out of half his dinner through his wife's ignorance of potato boiling! The good lady is glad enough to meet her poor hungry husband's well-founded complaints with long yarns about the potatoes being diseased, frost-bitten, &c. In most cases the disease is in herself, and this disease is ignorance. When the potato is soft outside, and as hard as a stone inside, it is because it has been galloped. Potatoes should be boiled slowly, according to the following rules:—Wash your potatoes carefully, but do not pare them. Have in your saucepan water, with a dessert-spoonful of salt (supposing your potatoes to equal three pounds in weight). Then drop in your potatoes, and be careful to see that the water covers them. Put them on a slow fire, or at the side of a quick one. Cover the saucepan closely. In half an hour the potatoes begin to break. You must then pour off the water, but do not consider that the potatoes are done. The next thing is to replace the saucepan on the hob, and with a folded cloth to cover the potatoes. In five minutes all the steam will be drained off, and the potatoes will be good and mealy. This way of steaming is successfully observed in Ireland, a country where potatoes are well understood. You may send potatoes to table in their skins; many prefer them thus.

If your potatoes are new, the only difference to be observed is, to put them in hot water, boil them about half the time recommended for the old ones,

and, if they are very small, ten minutes will do them sufficiently. And now for potatoes in another shape, viz., baked. If you spoil these, you deprive yourself and your children of a real luxury, for there is nothing nicer than a well-baked potato, with a little salt and butter. Choose large potatoes, and put them into a slow oven, with their skins on, observing they do not touch each other. Bake them for two hours at the outside.

As dear children are so fond of mashed potatoes, I cannot leave the subject without directing you how to mash them properly. Having boiled them according to my rules, remove the skins, put them in a basin, and, instead of using a spoon, take two forks (in one hand), with the points of the prongs turned outwards. With this instrument break up the potatoes. Supposing your quantity to be about three pounds, add to them, when mashed, three ounces of butter, two gills of milk, and a teaspoonful of salt. When these ingredients are blended, place the whole in a saucepan on a moderate fire, for seven or eight minutes, stirring them carefully all the while.

I have devoted a good part of this chapter to potatoes, because they are a very important article of food, and because many fail in cooking them properly. I have only a few words to add, and these are addressed to ladies going to the vegetable market. Recollect that the smaller the eyes the better the potatoes. To ascertain whether they are sound or not, nip a piece from the thickest end with your finger-nail. If the inside is spotted, they are bad, or getting so. However, they may still be fit for boiling, if a little of the outside be cut away; but they should be sold cheaper than those that are free from spots. In the spring, peel the old potatoes before boiling them. But nothing you can do will make this vegetable as good as it is in the autumn and winter. Still, there are people who dislike dining without their potato, and who keep to the old ones till the new come in. How opinions, likings, and dislikings change! In the seventeenth century there was such a prejudice against this valuable esculent, that the king of France appeared in public with the potato-blossom in his button-hole, to reconcile his subjects to the potato, and to show his appreciation of it.

Now for a few dew-drops of advice to young wives. Though your vegetables and meat should be cooked as nicely and thoroughly as possible, your dinner will not be relished unless you preside at it with a smiling, goodnatured countenance. And don't weary your husband about all the troubles you have had, and all the wonderful things you have done. Avoid boasting and complaining. Let your conversation be cheerful and soothing, and by an affectionate interest in your husband's prospects and anxieties, show him that you think more of him than of yourself. Of this you may be sure, that the best manager and the best cook in the world will never be loved and valued, if she is cross and bitter into the bargain. Kindness is woman's attribute, and if she does not possess this, it matters little what else she possesses. A proverb that for its wisdom ranks next to Solomon's tells us, that "To be good and disagreeable is high treason to virtue." But we cannot help fancying that our readers are both kind and agreeable. Therefore we pass on to the dinners—cheap dinners, to suit the pockets of those who wish to save, in these hard times. These dinners will also suit the season. In cold weather fat meat is wholesome, for fat increases *caloric*, or heat, in the human stomach. We shall touch on this subject again, as many important truths depend on it.

The meat which is to form the staple or principal part of the three dinners is the brisket of beef. Of this part of the animal purchase—for a family of six persons—between five and six pounds. It is sold at sixpence or sixpence-halfpenny the pound. Divide it into two unequal parts—have four pounds in one piece, and one and a half in another. Put the larger piece into the pot with three quarts of water, five parsnips, and four carrots. Add a table-spoonful of brown sugar, one of salt, and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Boil it slowly for two hours and serve it up—without the broth—with the carrots and parsnips nicely placed around it. Let there also be a dish of well-boiled potatoes on the table, and good fresh mustard in the mustard-pot. He who does not say all this makes a good dinner deserves to fast. We suppose that when papa, mamma, and the four darlings have dined sufficiently, there will be about half the meat left on the dish. The liquor in which the beef was boiled, is the next consideration.

As the brisket is fat, the mistress of the house will probably find a complete cake of beef-dripping, or rather, fat, covering the broth, which, on the day before, had been carefully put away in a brick pan. We will not do any mistress of a house the injustice

to suppose that the broth has remained all night in the iron pot; because the habit of allowing food to get cold in a vessel of any kind of metal is quite wicked, inasmuch as it changes the food into poison. Oh, no; the reading public is too conscientious for such reckless, lazy practices. The cold fat should be carefully removed, and put into a clean jar. The broth must be poured into a large saucepan. It is already well flavoured from the vegetables and seasoning. Put it on a gentle fire, and let it boil slowly; but, in the mean time mix up in a slop-basin three-parts full of water, half of a sixpenny packet of pea-meal. When thoroughly mixed, stir this meal into the boiling broth, and excellent pea-soup will be the result. Serve this up, and see that the children eat bread with it. After this, let the cold brisket be brought in, on a clean dish garnished with red pickled cabbage; and if some good baked potatoes are added to the fare, you will have furnished a dinner "fit to set before a king."

Now for the pound and a half of raw brisket. Cut it up into eight shapeable pieces. Have your frying-pan bright with cleanliness; place it on a moderate fire; drop in the beef, to which add six sliced onions, and a stick of celery chopped small. Powder the beef with about a wine-glass of flour, a dessert-spoonful of salt, and half a tea-spoonful of pepper. When done brown, turn the contents of the frying-pan into a saucepan, and add half a pint of water. Stew or simmer the whole over a slow fire for about half an hour, and you will have a very nice savoury dish. But for something nice to eat with it you should have remembered the cold fat put away in the clean jar. This should be rubbed into a pound and a half of flour, mixed with water, and made up into six dumplings, which, dropped into boiling water, and kept boiling, would be well done in an hour and a half. These dumplings eaten with the stewed beef will be remarkably good, and the third dinner will be as palatable as the first.

Indentions and Science.

ARTIFICIAL LEATHER.—A cloth or tissue of wool, cotton, or other fibrous material is prepared by leaving a smooth surface on the one side, and a soft surface like the flesh side of a piece of leather on the other side. The cotton or face of the cloth to be prepared, is first treated with a composition of rye or other flower, cooked or baked, and mixed with whitening and linseed oil, with or without the addition of colouring matter; this is spread over it with a knife, or with machinery prepared for the purpose. It can then be painted or coloured in the usual way, and be varnished or polished. The back of the fabric is now covered with boiled oil mixed and ground with ceruse or white lead, and thinned with oil of turpentine, or a solution of gum and resin glue, or gutta-percha may be used instead; the surface while wet is covered with powder or dust of cotton, wool, silk, or leather, dusted over it. It is then allowed to dry, when the loose particles may be shaken off. A substance is thus obtained, having very much the appearance of leather, which may be employed in a variety of ways.

ANCIENT GLASS MANUFACTURES.—Among the Egyptians, glass-blowing—long supposed to be a modern art—was carried on in great perfection. Glass was also cast, engraved, and cut, and precious stones imitated successfully in that substance. Among the most beautiful productions of this manufacture were their richly coloured bottles with waving lines, and their small inlaid mosaics. In these last the most delicate designs were made; and such was the fineness of the work that it must have required a strong magnifying power to put the parts together, as it does now to examine them, particularly the feathers of birds, the hair, and other intricate details. They were composed of the finest threads or rods of glass—attenuated by drawing them when heated to a great length—which having been selected according to their colour, were placed upright side by side, as in an ordinary mosaic, in sufficient number to form a portion of the intended picture.

NATURAL ANÆSTHESIA.—The following singular case of natural anesthesia is given by Dr. Livingstone. "Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we came to the ground together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sensation of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was hap-

pening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death."

THE SUEZ CANAL PROJECT.—According to some recent discoveries in the central archives of Venice, it was so early as the end of the 15th century, when Vasco de Gama had discovered the Cape of Good Hope, and the Portuguese took that new route to India, hitherto the exclusive property of the Venetian and Genoese merchants—it was already at that period that a re-cutting of the Isthmus of Suez was thought of. Plans were compiled, and embassies sent to Egypt for paving the way for the accomplishment of this great enterprise. The obstinate opposition of some patricians, probably bribed by foreign gold, prevented the execution of the plan.

PREVENTION OF SMOKE.—A patent has recently been taken out for an improved combination of mechanism whereby the smoke and gas which usually passes away through the flues is collected and made serviceable by being mixed with a large quantity of atmospheric air heated to a high temperature, after which it is again forced through the fire and furnace, and said to be effectually consumed. In this way a large amount of fuel is economised, and a blast of hot air constantly kept up, together with an increase of heat from the same amount of fuel burnt. The whole arrangement is self-adjusting, and is regulated by the pressure of steam in the boiler.

IMPROVED BEE HIVE.—This consists of dividing the hive into two compartments, each of which contains a number of frames to support the honeycomb. These frames are suspended by means of brackets to movable boards, fixed on the inner side of the hive. Each of these boards is covered with bands of linen at its extremities, to prevent the comb adhering to the inner sides of the hive. In the compartment which divides the hive, is an opening which allows the bees to pass from one part to the other, but which may be closed by a movable door and catch when required. Each compartment has an opening for the bees to enter at either end, which may also be closed by a movable door. The hive is oblong in shape, and formed of wood; there are two openings, one in each compartment, covered with gauze for the purpose of ventilating it.

COINING AT THE ROYAL MINT.—In former times when the coinage was in the hands of the Company of Moneyers, and the machinery of the Mint was worked by them, the production of 1,000,000 sovereigns a month was considered an extraordinary accomplishment. The late sudden demand for sovereigns has put to the test the capabilities of the establishment and the efficiency of its machinery under the existing system, and the result has been most creditable to the officers and men employed in this important department: 3,000,000 sovereigns have been coined and forwarded to the Bank of England within five weeks; and in one week not less than 840,000 have been turned out—a feat altogether unexampled in the history of coining.

THE BIBLE.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried!
When all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live
It taught me how to die!

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.—It was old Izaak Walton who said, "Every misery that I miss is a new mercy;" a saying worthy of the profoundest philosopher. It is only too true that misfortunes come to us on wings, but retire with a limping pace; and yet one half the world are ready to meet calamities half way, and indirectly to welcome them. There is scarcely an evil in life that we cannot double by pondering upon it; a scratch will thus become a serious wound, and a slight illness even be made to end in death, by the brooding apprehension of the sick; while on the other hand, a mind accustomed to look upon the bright side of all things, will repel the mildew and dampness of care by its genial sunshine. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness; and thus life, like the chameleon, takes its hues of light and shade from the soul upon which it rests.

Small Change.

A NOTION OF TALKERS.—It seems that the French language has 5,000 more words than the English. Upon this fact being mentioned to a lady, she said: "Well, I'm sure they must want them all, for the French talk five times as much as we do."

A BANKRUPT was condoled with the other day for his embarrassment. "Oh, I'm not embarrassed at all," said he; "it's my creditors that are embarrassed."

THE Irish shopkeeper who was lately cheated by an old woman stealing a jar of whisky, and leaving a jar of water in its place, described her as speaking a strange dialect, neither Irish nor English. A punster said, he had reason to complain of the jargon (jar gone).

A CORK SAYING.—You may take your health to the whisky-shop once too often—until it gets broken.

ADVICE.—To a fool advice is like an almanac—it goes in at one ear (year) and flies out at the other.

WOMAN is an exquisite production of nature, between a rose and an angel—though we have heard various other definitions. She is a treasure, of which the profligate can never appreciate the value, for he who possesses many does not possess one. Malherbe says that the Creator speaks in His Scriptures of having repented the creation of man, but does not inform us that he ever repented having made woman.

THERE are trees that are very good for fuel, and yet one would judge from their name that they have been burned already. Of course we mean *ashes*.

Boys are like railroad cars—oftentimes they can be kept upon the right track only by a right use of switches.

If some people would have change in their pockets, we fear they must first have some in their habits of life. In that case, "change will follow change."

WRITING is the painting of invisible words—the giving of substance and colour to immaterial thought, enabling the dumb to talk to the deaf.

THERE is a class of people who think they evince prodigious knowledge of the world when they ascribe every action to the worst possible motive, taking it for granted that all men are profligate and all women inconstant. If this misanthropical ignorance is knowledge of the world, it is only of the world comprised in their own persons.

"My hair is eighteen years older than my whiskers," said a lawyer, "and I cannot understand why my whiskers should turn gray first." "Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than your brains."

"Ah, Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs enough for our company," said a gay wife to her frugal husband. "Plenty of chairs, Mrs. Simpkins," he replied, "but too much company."

To be jealous is to torment yourself for fear you should be tormented by another. Some author asks why jealousy, which is born with love, does not die with it. Perhaps he would have found an answer to this question if he had reflected that self-love never dies.

YOUTH is a magic lantern that surrounds us with illusions which excite pleasure, surprise, and admiration, whatever may be their nature. The old age of the sensual and the vicious is the same lantern without its magic—the glasses broken and the illusions gone; while the exhausted lamp, threatening every moment to expire, sheds a ghastly glare—not upon a fair table-cloth full of jocund associations, but upon a dismal shroud.

An ex office-holder, who performed his functions badly, boasts in a publication that he "at least understands the four ground rules of arithmetic." No doubt of it. He multiplied his speculations, subtracted from the public money till nothing remained, divided the whole between himself and an accomplice, and unquestionably proved himself in various ways the greatest *adder* in the land.

WINDMILLS, which are kept going only by being continually puffed, bear a pointed resemblance to certain authors. But the latter raise the wind by increasing their sale, whereas the former diminish their sail as the wind increases.

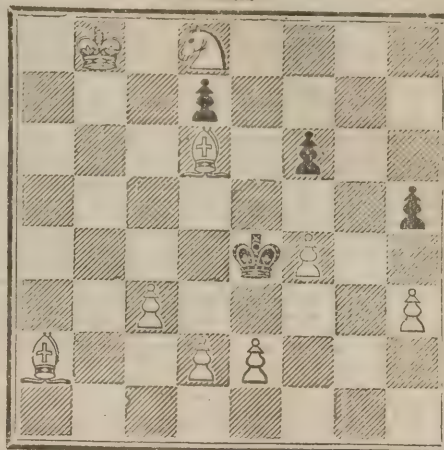
"MR. JONES, you said you were connected with the fine arts. Do you mean by that you are a sculptor?" "No, sir, I don't sculpt myself, but I furnish the stone to the man what does."

THE love of ornament creeps slowly, but surely, into the female heart. The girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily were fadeless, and the stream a mirror. We say, let the young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love of ornament in due moderation.

Chess.

Problem No. 14. By Mr. J. STONEHOUSE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Solution of Problem No. 8.

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to K Kt 5 | 1. P takes R |
| 2. B to Q B 2 | 2. Any move |
| 3. Mates accordingly | |

Solution of Problem No. 9.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Kt to Q B 3 | 1. R moves (a) |
| 2. Kt to Q R 4 | 2. Any move |
| 3. R, B, or Kt mates | |
- (a)
- | | |
|-------------------|------------|
| 2. Kt to K 2 (ch) | 1. K moves |
| 3. Kt mates | 2. K moves |

Solution of Problem No. 10.

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to Q B 2 (ch) | 1. K to Q 4 (a) |
| 2. K to Q 7 | 2. K to Q 5 |
| 3. K to K 6 | 3. P to Q 5 |
| 4. K to K B 5 | 4. K to Q 6 |
| 5. K discovers mate | |
- (a)
- | | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| 2. B to Q 3 | 1. K to Q Kt 3 |
| 3. B to Q Kt 5 | 2. P moves |
| 4. R to Q B 6 (ch) | 3. P moves |
| 5. R mates | 4. K moves |

G. GILDER.—The White Pawn on Q Kt 3, in Problem No. 8, is to prevent Black from playing his Q to Q Kt 3, and cutting off the play of the adverse Bishop. The White Bishop on K R 3 is required to meet one of the variations in the defence of Black.

D. W. G.—Apply to the publishers, Paternoster-row.

D. W. P.—Problem No. 1 cannot be solved in four moves, as Black's King escapes to Q B 7, after White has played his Kt to Q Kt 5. No. 2 is much below our standard.

OXON.—It certainly is a great feat to be able to conduct three games at the same time against strong players without sight of the board. The games, however, to which you refer were played against amateurs of inferior powers.

J. D.—Many thanks for your friendly communication. Your game shall appear at the earliest opportunity.

B. R.—P to K 2, means Pawn to his King's second square. R to K B 5 means R to King's Bishop's fifth square. The chess lessons which we published in the earlier numbers of the FAMILY PAPER, will furnish you with this kind of information.

IMPRANSUS.—We cannot undertake the examination of Problems which are not submitted to us on diagrams. It is necessary also that we should be furnished with the names and addresses of the composers.

ERNESTUS.—The information which you require can be forwarded to you by letter only.

ALPHA (Oldham).—We regret that we are unable to comply with your request. In No. 15 of the old series of the FAMILY PAPER commences a series of progressive lessons on chess.

A LADY is referred to the answer given to her in No. 5 of our Journal, and to the answer given to "Ernestus" with regard to her second inquiry.

Solutions of Problems by Lie Die!, Nos. 3, 4, and 5; Grapes, Nos. 5 and 6; Impransus, Nos. 3 and 4; Ernestus, No. 7; T. Simpson, Nos. 5, 6, and 7; D. W. O. (Sligo), Nos. 1, 2, and 3; J. White, Nos. 1, 2, and 3; W. Sidney Smith, Nos. 1, 2, and 3; G. Farrow, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4; W. M'K., Nos. 3 and 4; J. F. C. (Northwood), Nos. 5 and 6; F. Gilder, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4; Oxon, Nos. 6 and 7; Douglas, Nos. 6 and 7; D. W. S., Nos. 3, 4, and 5; J. Palmer, Nos. 4, 5, and 6; M. A. R., Nos. 5 and 6; G. A., Nos. 4, 5, and 6; and R. T., Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, correct.

Our Editorial Table.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK.—Have all our readers a copy of this beautiful almanack? If they have not, they should at once take advantage of the publication of the last edition, which is now ready, price sixpence. In addition to the sterling value which attaches to a faithful and comprehensive almanack, this publication is distinguished above all its contemporaries by the beauty of the illustrations, and the merit of its literary contributions. It is, in every respect, the best memorial that has yet appeared of the year 1857. It contains, among other striking engravings, twelve beautiful and graphic illustrations of the most interesting occurrences of the past year; such as, "The Distribution of the Victoria Cross," "The Opening of the Art Treasures Exhibition," "The Siege of Delhi," &c. &c., and, for the especial entertainment of our lady subscribers, twelve other engravings, descriptive of the marriage ceremonies of different nations. It comprises, moreover, a vast amount of useful information on subjects of every-day importance; such as, abstracts of all the recent acts of parliament, especially of the new matrimonial and divorce bill; a list of bankers; postal regulations; a history of the rise and progress of British supremacy in India; an obituary; a list of the various members of the government, of the different public offices of the Houses of Lords and Commons, of the courts of law, &c. &c. It is, indeed, as a work of art of practical utility, and has been pronounced by the press to be quite unequalled of its kind in literary merit.

PUNCTUALITY could get to Australia for about £25, that is, £18 for passage, and the rest for outfit. His friends there could no doubt put him in the way of earning his living, especially as he seems to be a clever fellow. A strong lad of sixteen ought to be able to rough it in the bush.

SOPHIA must inquire at the office of the paper in question. The expense will not exceed a few shillings.

G. L. W.—We know nothing better than the old method.

JOHN ROSS.—Why are most of the correspondents who write to us about "the sea," like the leaves in spring? Of course, "because they are young and green." But here is "John Ross," 21 years of age, inquiring, in guileless simplicity, how he could get to serve a few years' apprenticeship in the Merchant Service or the Royal Navy? A nice little cabin boy "John Ross" would make, to be kicked about by the sailors, and stagger about the decks with the soup for the cabin dinner. John would, no doubt, do very well for an apprentice on board ship, only he is about eight years too old, and would in the regular course of things be about eight-and-twenty before his profession would support him. Don't go to sea, John; as the Irishman said, "if you do, you'd better not."

S. S. R.—All ladies with whom you are entitled to use no greater familiarity, should be addressed in writing as "Madam." The title does not belong exclusively to any age.

ADA.—Discourage them, of course.

CATHOLICUS.—Anciently there was such a law in force as that you name; but in the reign of Henry VIII. a proclamation was made allowing the eating of such "white meats" during Lent as by the Roman Catholic Church had hitherto been forbidden, viz., milk, butter, eggs, and cheese, either separately, or any combination of them.

LOUISA.—One of the best and easiest methods of removing ink from linen, is to rub the spots immediately and thoroughly with the end of a mould candle, softened at the fire for the purpose.

X. Y.—A very useful filter may be made as follows: Put into an earthen vessel, such as those which are used by sugar bakers to form the loaves in, with a small hole at the pointed end, some pieces of Turkey sponge, and on them a sufficient quantity of small, clean pebbles. Suspend this filter, the end downwards, in a barrel with the head out, leaving about two or three inches space between the end of the filter and the bottom of the barrel. The upper part of the filter must be kept a little above the top of the barrel, which should be always full of water. It is obvious that the sediment of the water will remain at the bottom of the barrel and the pure water will ascend through the sponge and pebbles to the unoccupied portion of the filter. It might be suspended in a cistern or water-but, if more convenient. The pebbles and sponge should be cleaned occasionally.

AN INQUIRER.—Consult "Cassell's Educational Course, Part II., The English Language in its Elements and Forms, with a History of its Origin and Developments," by Professor W. C. Fowler.

QUILL.—If the lady's want of baptism is the only obstacle to your union, and she is willing to have the impediment removed by partaking of that sacrament, we see no difficulty in your way. Adult baptism is by no means uncommon even in the Church of England.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—We advise you to ask a friend to see your master, and endeavour to agree on terms for cancelling the indenture of apprenticeship. Your master may summon you before a magistrate, and can cause you to be imprisoned for neglect of service.

JOHN JONES.—B's goods are not liable to be taken in an execution for a debt; although they may be taken in a distress for rent.

H. M'G.—You cannot be compelled to work on Sundays.

LEGAL.—The word signifies younger, junior, or last created; therefore the judges and barons not chiefs, are called puisne judges or barons.

BUCEPHALUS wants to know how to revive faded flowers. Nearly all flowers may be revived when faded by placing one third of the stalks in hot water; when it has become cold, the flowers will be reset and fresh; the end of the stalks should then be cut off, and the flowers put into cold water. Or, dip flowers in spirits of wine for twenty minutes; at first they will appear to have entirely faded, but in drying the colours will revive and the fragrance be prolonged. A few grains of salt put into the water with flowers, will keep them from fading. Sand may be substituted for water. Flowers may be preserved throughout the winter if plucked when they are half blown, dipped stalk downward in equal quantities of water and verjuice mixed, and sprinkled with

bay salt. They should be kept in an earthenware vessel, closely covered and in a warm place; when in mid-winter, if the flowers are taken out, washed in cold water, and held before a gentle fire, they will open as if in their first bloom.

DISCARDED.—Your master cannot assign you over to another person without your consent; but he and you must alike perform the stipulations contained in your indenture of apprenticeship.

DESPAIR.—Do not despond, or persist in looking so hopelessly at the future. The catastrophe you dread may never occur, or if it does, with the grief will surely come the strength to bear it. Nothing is so destructive to peace and happiness as the habit of meeting evil, in which some people indulge, and in which you seem an adept. "Never cross the bridge till you come to the river," is one of our wisest proverbs. Time enough to mourn when sorrow really does come; no need surely to "mount Dobbin to meet it." And who could not say, if he would, that the troubles which have never happened have cost him more care and anxiety than all those which have actually befallen him? Upon this subject we will give you a few lines, which always strike us as being peculiarly applicable:—

"Doth each day upon its wing
Its allotted burden bring?
Load it not beside with sorrow
Which belongeth to the morrow.
Strength is promised—strength is given
When the heart by God is riven.
But foretold the day of woe,
And alone thou bear'st the blow."

SCRIBO.—The white sheep skin, used by organ builders, is dressed in alum and salts. The salt is extracted from the leather by washing it in cold water, the same as a piece of cloth, and it is thus adapted to various purposes; otherwise, as you suggest, the glue would not adhere, and the work would be spoilt.

ELIZABETH R.—The usual custom with domestic servants is to engage them subject to a month's notice or a month's wages.

MACBETH.—The consequence of your faithlessness will probably be an action against you for breach of promise of marriage. "Plutarch's Lives" (which we perceive you mean) can be procured from any bookseller. The other (Pluto!) gentleman whose acquaintance you are anxious to make, must be sought in realms not mentionable to ears polite.

W. W.—Five minutes' study of your grammar would remove all your difficulties, and enable you to answer your own questions. This is not the place for giving grammatical lessons, especially to a lady who is evidently as well provided as we are with the means of procuring them.

JULIA NORMAN.—Elder flower water is an excellent application for the skin.

VASSAL.—Upon a grant of lands under the feudal system being made, besides the oath of fealty, or declaration of fidelity to the lord (which was the origin of an oath of allegiance), the vassal, or tenant, on investiture, did homage to his lord—publicly, and with all humility, kneeling at his feet, "ungirt, uncovered, and holding up his hands together, between those of his lord, who sat before him, and then declaring that he did become his MAN, from that day forth, of life and limb, and earthly honour."

COMMERCIAL.—The word which has of late obtained so sad a notoriety, not only in England, but throughout the whole European and American continent, comes from the Latin words *bancus*, "a bench, or table," and *raptus*, "broken." Originally, bankers stood in public places, such as markets and fairs, and counted their moneys and wrote their bills of exchange upon tables appropriated to them, something after the same fashion as farmers do now—a-days in the Corn Exchanges in Birmingham and other large towns. Hence, when a banker failed, his bank, or bench, was broken; and thus the public were informed that he was no longer in a position to do business, but was "bankrupt."

EPAULET.—Brevet is the term applied to a commission, which confers upon an officer the nominal rank attached to a step one degree higher than that he actually holds in his regiment. It exists only in the army, there being no brevet rank in the navy, and ascends no higher than the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and descends no lower than that of captain. The increased rank, however, does not carry with it increase of pay, and is, therefore, a very empty honour.

S. P. W.—We think a master may keep an apprentice at work longer than journeyman's hours, though, of course, not to the prejudice of his health.

ANXIOUS.—We think the course you suggest is most consistent with your dignity; but how will it advance your happiness? Have you no friend who could learn the cause of the estrangement, not as your ambassador, but one equally interested in the welfare of both? and then bring about an explanation and reconciliation.

J. F. BRISTAL.—Leave the "blue-eyed young lady" to seek a mate of her own degree, and do you follow her example. To address a letter to her upon the subject of love, would be worse than a breach of etiquette, it would be an impertinence.

FANNY A. B. M.—We cannot see that you have acted indiscreetly, although you certainly will do so, if you encourage or permit a correspondence with the intrusive gentleman you describe.

BLUSH ROSE.—If you neither do nor say anything for which you ought to blush, never mind hoisting signals of distress now and then. They are not ugly or unbecoming, whatever your brother may say.

ALICE.—The letter inclosed for our opinion is commonplace and cool enough, but has no other distinctive feature than that we have been able to discover. With respect to the other question asked, we beg to refer you to the recent papers upon the subject which have appeared in the columns of this Paper. From them you can easily answer your own query.

EDGAR.—The last sign of dangerous life, on the part of the terrible and infamous Inquisition, was shown in 1806, when two excellent priests, accused by their unworthy bishop, were tried by it. The proceedings, however, were condemned by the king, who declared them contrary to law, and the accused innocent. One of the best things Napoleon

ever did was to abolish the Inquisition, which was consequently defunct during the French rule in Spain. In 1814, Ferdinand VII. re-established it, but on the adoption of the Constitution of the Cortes in 1820, it was again abolished by the advice of the European powers.

GEORGE.—"John Bull," the jocular collective name given to the English people, is supposed to have been first used by Dean Swift.

MARY.—We pity you most sincerely. Domestic harshness is of all others the hardest to bear, but, like every other grief and trial, is sent from God; and, however difficult to understand, is intended and will conduce to our benefit, if borne with submission, as coming from Him. For this reason, we earnestly counsel you to endure your sorrows as patiently as you can, confident that relief from them will come at the proper time; if not so soon, or in the way you desire, yet at the right time, and in the way most truly beneficial to you; and avoid, as you would entire ruin, any clandestine engagement or correspondence. Secret love affairs seldom, if ever, come to good. Would that girls could know the estimation in which men hold those whom they thus lure from duty. In nothing more than in such matters is the apostolic precept to be followed, "Do not evil that good may come."

SUPERFLUOUS.—We know of no safe depilatory. But we have over and over again suggested means of removing superfluous hair from the lips and arms of our fair correspondents. Cannot the present writer borrow a certain keen instrument from her father's or brother's dressing table?

HAL.—Hundreds do marry and live upon the income you name, but how far they are comfortable must depend upon their ambition and expenses. If the first causes the last to exceed the weekly receipts, comfort and happiness will soon take flight.

W. S. P.—With the blushes of which you complain, we think no right, honest-minded man in his senses would choose to dispense. It is a trite saying, that that woman's face which has lost the power to blush, has also lost its power to charm—true men.

LILLAS.—Few things are more injurious to health than keeping late hours. It is by no means necessary to stay until "the small hours" at a party; nor is it contrary to etiquette to leave at a reasonable time. Hours are certainly somewhat later now than they were in Dr. Kitchener's day; but nevertheless, we confess to a high respect for the rational placard which the whimsical physician always hung over the chimney-piece of the room in which he held his celebrated Tuesday evening conversaziones, "At seven come, at eleven go."

GISEY.—It was to Josephine, Empress of France, first wife of Napoleon, and Maria Leczynski, of Poland, wife of Louis XV., that the celebrated predictions of their future greatness were made. It is also said that the present Empress of the French was, during her school days at Clifton, warned of the honours which awaited her.

INDIA.—Juggernaut means "The Lord of the World," and is one of the appellations of Vishnu, "The Preserver of the World." The idol is a most hideous monster, carved in wood, and, on festival days, is placed on a tower, sixty feet high, accompanied by two other images (his white brother and yellow sister), who sit upon separate thrones, and, instead of horses or elephants, are drawn by the infatuated people. Beneath the wheels of the tower, numbers of the half-maddened worshippers throw themselves, in order to be crushed. And this act is looked upon as a most holy and pleasing sacrifice to the deity. Out of 1,200,000 pilgrims who yearly visit the Temple at the two great festivals, in March and July, it is calculated that nine out of ten die, from famine, sickness, and hardship. For miles round, the country is covered with human bones; and not far from the holy place (?) is a spot which Europeans call Golgotha, where thousands of bodies are thrown, on which dogs and vultures continually feed. The orgies practised at the shrine of this atrocious idol are too horrible to be described; and yet, on the departure from India of the Marquis Wellesley, the Bengal Government passed an ordinance for the management of the Pagoda and taxing of the pilgrims (a source of revenue which the Marquis had repudiated); and, in 1809, the superintendence of the whole was given to the Rajah of Kurish, upon condition of his exacting the old regulations!

If M. M. (Ryde) will put the questions she desires answered into prose, we will do our best to oblige her.

LUCINDA.—Salts of lemon, thoroughly rubbed in, will take the stains of fruit or ink off the fingers. But great care must be used in applying it, as salts of lemon are poison.

A LOVER OF JUSTICE.—Don't be so quarrelsome. Is it not better to yield a little than quarrel a great deal? The habit of standing up, as people call it, for their (little) rights, is one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickering which attends such a disposition; and unless in a very momentous affair indeed, where other people's claims and interests are involved, we question if it is not wiser, happier, and more prudent to yield somewhat of our precious rights than squabble to maintain them. Wherefore, O lover of justice, if thy employer does ask half an hour's extra work sometimes, to which he has no legal claim, give it. What the worse wilt thou be when thy apprenticeship is over? Better the friend which the concession will probably gain than the rescued half hour's sulky grandeur, which, ten to one, thou wilt be too ill pleased with thyself to enjoy.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—As we have no doubt that the weekly numbers of our New Series will be carefully preserved for binding, we have had the cases for the First Volume prepared, so that they can be obtained at once and used as a portfolio for containing the numbers until the volume is completed, which it will be in future every six months, instead of twelve months, as heretofore. The price of the Cases, gilt lettered on side and back, will be 1s. 6d. each.

* * All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TARTLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

I dwell amid the city,
And hear the flow of souls!
I do not hear the several contraries,
I do not hear the separate tone that rolls
In art or speech,
For pomp or trade, for merry-make or tolly
I hear the confluence and sum of each,
And that is melancholy!

Thy voice is a complaint, O crowned city,
The blue sky covering thee like God's great pity.

ELIZABETH BROWNING.

We cannot conceive a more desolate abode than London for those who, without kindred, friends, or some engrossing pursuit, seek to find a home in it.

It is animation without life, the world seen in a camera, a mart to spectators who have nothing to buy or sell, who soon tire of taking an interest in the interests of others—a raree-show where curiosity flags and repetition palls, a tinsel spectacle leaving the heart like a tired bird without one green bough to rest upon.

In London—as in most great cities—the affections and sympathies require to be well endorsed before humanity will discount them. The only bills which invariably possess a certain value are those drawn by the passions: there is little difficulty in cashing them. If first-class they are done in the bank parlour of society, and at a moderate premium. When the names are not quite so good, or doubtful, a heavier one has to be submitted to, frequently cent. per cent.—paid either in *suffering*, *character*, or *self-respect*. Some desperate speculators may always be found to dabble in such securities, even when they flood the market, gorging it to repletion.

London to the stranger is indeed a desert. In the

proper acceptance of the word, it is impossible to find a home in it, and it takes years to make one. Can anything be more cheerless than the sitting-room of one of its lodging-houses? the faded drugget with patches of grease as numerous as the spots in the skin of the leopard; the gaudy hearth-rug, regulation number of chairs, horse-hair sofa, dirty blinds, tawdry mirror over the chimney-piece, the half-dozen ill-washed glasses, and odd decanters—facetiously called a pair—on the rickety chiffonniere, to say nothing of the old moreen curtains with yellow fringe, and brass rings which set the inmate's teeth on edge as they rattle along the lacquered poles.

Then the beds, the—but no, we will not take our readers even in imagination *into them*; it would be a *biting* return for the years of kindness we have experienced at their hands; besides, not being a disciple of the Radcliff school, there are horrors into which we really cannot go.

Sometimes the wretched pariah who has no other shelter than one of these dens, rushes desperately into



LILLIAN STRUCK FOR THE FIRST TIME.

the streets, stung—literally stung—into a determination of making friends, of escaping for a few hours at least from the monotony of his existence, by forcing his way into society. Alas! he might as well attempt to force his way to fame or fortune; its doors are barred against him, hermetically sealed, and he must either find the key or pick the lock: the first is difficult, the latter worse,—immoral.

Well has it been said that every Englishman's house is his castle; for few of them ever venture out of it without first clothing themselves *cap-à-pie* in an impenetrable armour of reserve, which they rarely lay aside till their return to their own domestic stronghold, or find themselves in one equally secure, belonging to some ally or relative; and even there, so habitual is their caution, they only remove the head-piece, seldom the breastplate.

Mark Rayner and his wife bitterly felt all this as they sat day after day in their close, smoky lodging in the city. They missed the kind, familiar faces of St. Faith's—faces they had known from childhood—the neighbourly word, the cheering smile, the heart's intercourse which tells us we are not quite isolated in the world, that beings like ourselves take an interest in our welfare. Their departure for America had been delayed by the repeated but fruitless attempts which Rose had made to obtain an interview with Lady Boothroyd, in order to remind her of her broken promise, of restoring the fatal proofs in her possession. The haughty woman had refused to see her; sent down angry messages to the suppliant, as she stood trembling and anxious at her door. More than once, threats had been added, covert ones indeed, but still sufficiently intelligible to alarm the fears of a wife.

The fifty pounds, too—the price of Lilly's abduction—all they now possessed in the world, began to diminish rapidly.

The unhappy pair, one, at least, of whom deserved a better fate, were seated at their solitary breakfast, at "The Half Moon," near Farringdon-street; neither had any great inclination for food, but they had been compelled to order it, to avoid the surly looks of their landlord, who had more than once observed to them that letting beds alone wouldn't pay his rent.

Mark was reading the paper.

"Here is something," he suddenly exclaimed, handing it to his wife, "that may answer our purpose."

She read as follows:—

"Passage to America.—In consequence of a severe domestic affliction, two berths are to be disposed of at a very considerable reduction, on board the fast-sailing clipper, the Syren, now lying in the docks at Liverpool, to take in cargo; to start on the first of the ensuing month. Apply to Mr. O. C—, No. 10, Reynolds-place, Tottenham-court-road."

"You will wait no longer then?" observed Rose.

"Not an hour," replied her husband, gloomily; "my heart is gnawed with impatience; besides, why should we linger in this wretched place in the hope of obtaining justice or pity from Lady Boothroyd?—as well attempt to draw milk from an adder—we have served her purpose; she has no further use for us; and, with that fatal proof in her possession, may defy all we can do, or threaten."

"Yes, yes!" observed his wife, nervously. "Better leave England at once. I should do so with a lighter heart if I could only ascertain the fate of the child. It is a bitter reproach to me."

Mark hid his face in his hands; he had terrible misgivings on the subject.

"Surely," added the speaker, "her ladyship can never intend any harm to her."

"No fear of that," muttered the guilty man, giving utterance to an assurance he was far from feeling. "It is poor old Simon and Hester I am thinking of—what they must suffer; the doubt, the fear. It is horrible; and to think that I should be the cause of all their misery! I, whom they have known from boyhood. Should the truth ever become known, how those who once respected will despise me! As for any harm coming to the child, I have no dread of that. Why should Lady Boothroyd harm the daughter of Barny Gee? No, no; it is her pride, nothing more—or, rather, Sir Norman's. He can't endure that the orphan of the man he caused to be murdered should remain at St. Faith's to keep up bad recollections by her presence. In a worldly point of view, Lilly will not suffer by the change, rely upon it."

"If I could only think so!" sighed his wife.

"At any rate, we are powerless to help her," added the man.

The opportunity of obtaining their passage to America at a reduced price was too important with their slender means to be lost sight of, so the speakers

started at once to the address indicated in the advertisement, and were shown into a room where an old, gray-haired man and a young woman were seated. Both were in deep mourning—the latter in widow's weeds.

A Bible, with a pair of spectacles upon the open page, was lying on the table.

There was such an air of respectability and subdued sorrow in the appearance of the parties, that Rose felt quite interested.

"Be seated," said the man, pointing to chairs. "I presume that you have called respecting the advertisement."

"We have, sir."

"You are aware that the Syren sails on the first of the month?—only three days."

"Quite aware of it, sir."

The gentleman drew from a large black leather pocket-book, not unlike a sermon case, the two tickets, printed in the usual form, signed by the agent at Liverpool, and handed them to Mark Rayner.

"You see, he said, 'that thirty pounds have been paid for the two?'"

The sun was marked on them.

"They were taken," continued the old man, "for my poor boy and his wife, but—"

Here his voice faltered, and the woman in the widow's cap raised her handkerchief to her face to hide her tears.

"Well, well, my love," resumed the speaker, after a pause, "it is a severe trial, but it is our duty to submit. Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Here," he added, placing his hand upon the sacred volume on the table, "here is our consolation."

"I see, sir, you are a clergyman," observed Mark.

"A poor curate," answered the venter of the two berths, meekly; "a humble labourer in the vineyard of—of—the—"

Here a violent fit of coughing interrupted the speaker for some seconds. When he recovered, he observed that it had pleased Heaven to afflict him for many years with a severe asthma, which compelled him to smoke even at that early hour of the day.

"Doubtless," he added, "you perceived the odour of tobacco when you entered the room?"

Mark had noticed it, and his wife imagined, but it must have been fancy, that she could detect the smell of gin with it.

The purchase-money, twenty pounds, for they were first-class berths, was soon settled upon, the money counted down, and the tickets transferred. It was a large sum, considering their present means, but Mark Rayner could not endure the thought of Rose being exposed to the privations and inconveniences of a steerage passage.

"It is a sad thing to quit your native land," said the old gentleman, as he placed the notes in his large black pocket-book. "But in America you will scarcely feel yourselves amongst strangers; you will hear your own language, and find more than one faithful ministry there. May you be prosperous."

"Thank you, sir," replied the intended emigrants.

"I will pray for you," added the curate.

There was something so venerable in his appearance, so touching in the tone of his voice, that his visitors felt quite affected, and parted from him reluctantly, after thanking him again and again for the kind interest he had expressed in their welfare.

"A good man," observed Rose to her husband, as they quitted the house; "so simple and pious."

"Very," replied Mark.

"What a pity he suffers so from asthma."

"A great pity."

That same day the unsuspicious pair made several purchases of things necessary for the voyage, and started by the parliamentary train for Liverpool, and on their arrival proceeded at once to the vessel which was lying in the docks, in order to avoid the expense of another tavern bill. Mark was busy arranging the luggage, when the captain made his appearance, a hearty, bluff-speaking man.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed; "what are you doing here?"

"Stowing my things in our berths," answered Mark.

"Haden't you better have secured them first?" asked the commander of the Syren.

"If you please, sir," said Rose, "we have secured them, and paid for them in London. Show the gentleman the tickets."

"Of the agent?" demanded the captain, whilst Mark was fumbling in his pocket for the documents.

"No, sir; of the Reverend Obadiah Cheeseman."

"Whom?"

"The Reverend Obadiah Cheeseman. He had taken them for his son and daughter-in-law; but the young man died, and—"

"There are the tickets, captain," said Mark, placing them in his hand.

The rough sailor uttered an exclamation which, no doubt, would very much have shocked the pious gentleman with the asthma who had sold them, could he have heard it.

"The infamous old rascal!" he added, after indulging in a string of expressions something stronger than mere expletives; "this is the third time he has tried it on."

"Tried what on, sir?" inquired the husband of Rose, looking up from his work, and seating himself upon one of the trunks, for he began to feel a little uneasy.

"You have been robbed."

"Impossible! why, I paid twenty pounds for them."

"And they are not worth twenty pence, my poor fellow," said the captain.

Mark Rayner looked thunderstruck, and the heart of his wife sank within her. She recollected the strong odour of tobacco in the room, and now felt quite certain that her imagination had not deceived her when she fancied she detected the smell of gin as well.

"Surely," she faltered, "you must be mistaken. He is a clergyman."

The commander of the Syren gave a knowing whistle.

"We saw his daughter-in-law, too,—a widow."

"A regular Portsmouth one," observed the sailor. "It's the third time she has been bereaved within a twelvemonth to my certain knowledge. I tell you you have been regularly done; fallen into the hands of a couple of landsharks. Last voyage they sent us three on the same fools' errand, and two by the Snake, which belongs to the same line. It's an old dodge well known in Liverpool."

"What are we to do?" exclaimed the woman, clasping her hands despairingly.

"Take fresh berths."

"Alas! we have no longer the means."

"Take your traps on shore, then," said the captain. "These berths are engaged; I can do nothing, but you may see the owners if you like."

It was a faint hope, a very faint one; but Mark took the address, and hurried with his half-distracted wife to the counting-house of Messrs. Small and Skinner, who, when they discovered there was no likelihood of the poor plundered dupes taking fresh passages, could scarcely find time to listen to them. In fact, they were in doubt whether they ought not to give them in charge till they could explain their share in the transaction.

As this, however, would have required time, and time with business men is money, the idea was abandoned, and so much debited by the partners to the account of charity—for each considered that he had acted with uncommon liberality on the occasion.

On their return to the docks, Mark found that their luggage had been put on shore. Alone, he might have struggled through the difficulty—a man has so many resources; but with Rose—the thought almost maddened him as he gazed upon her pale features and sad, desponding looks.

"It is I who have brought her to this," he murmured. "All my fault. But for me she might have been happy and respected."

This self-accusation came as most self-accusations do—too late as affects the past, but it nerved him for the future. He had no friends either to assist or advise him; so, after a few moment's reflection, he decided for himself.

"We must return to London," he said.

His wife shuddered at the words: she had suffered so much there already.

"Possibly we may be in time to catch the old hypocrite who has plundered us; that is our last hope."

"And should that fail!" sobbed Rose.

"Then you must return to your friends at St. Faith's."

"And you, Mark?"

"Go for a soldier," replied her husband, gloomily.

"It's nothing more than I deserve."

"I shall never see St. Faith's without you," answered the woman, firmly; "your fate is henceforth mine, though it should drive us to seek our bread from door to door."

These words restored Mark Rayner to something like self-possession. There was more than consolation—he found strength in them. The hope could not be barren that had such love to sustain it, or the world a wilderness whilst one flower, so pure and holy, bloomed for him, and him alone. How firmly the repentant man vowed that, if fortune ever smiled upon him, he would repay her wondrous goodness, atone for the past, and render the future happy!

Rose smiled as she listened to him, and almost forgot her present misery.

How frequently do we hear the thoughtless and unreflecting complain of the dreary prospects of the future—that they cannot see their way clearly, or imagine what it will lead to. They are fools! The cloud which hides the spring of time is the great incentive to existence. Were all the page disclosed, the eye would turn wearied and listless from the volume of life, and lose all interest in perusing it.

Once more the wanderers set out for London; and, on their arrival, hastened to the address in the Tottenham-court-road. We need scarcely inform our readers that the pious curate and his afflicted daughter-in-law had disappeared from their lodgings, which they had only occupied a few days, and left no clue to their retreat. The money was irretrievably lost.

Mark and his wife were somewhat prepared for the result. The blow, therefore, was less severe than might have been expected, and they returned to their lodgings, near Farringdon-street.

"There is nothing left for it," sighed the former, when, tired with their journey and excitement, they once more found themselves in the dull, smoky room at "The Half Moon," but the army. I must look out for some regiment bound for foreign service. We have only six pounds left."

Rose proposed making another attempt to see Lady Boothroyd.

"It will be useless," answered her husband; "but you can try in the morning, whilst I go out and make inquiries in the neighbourhood of the Horse Guards."

His wife struggled successfully with her feelings, and would not add to the bitterness of his self-reproach by letting him perceive a tear.

Oh, what a paradise did the snug little cottage at St. Faith's, and the few acres of land Mark had been too lazy to cultivate, now appear! What would he not have given to have once more had the chance! Toil would have been a pleasure—a perfect luxury. But, like many others in the world, he had trifled with happiness till it had escaped him.

Happiness is something like the bird which has been once limed—it is far more difficult to cage it a second time.

In the morning they started on their several expeditions; Rose to the Regent's-park, in the vain hope of obtaining an interview which her ladyship was resolved not to grant; and her husband to the Horse Guards, the great rendezvous of the recruiting parties. Experience, however, had taught him caution, and he determined to have something surer than the word of the sergeant, that his wife would be permitted to accompany him, before he accepted the fatal shilling.

Being a fine stalwart fellow, straight as an arrow, broad shouldered, and rather over than under six feet in height, more than one of the human decoy ducks eyed him wistfully. Sergeant Kite declared that he had taken quite a friendship for him; another swore he was the model of the adjutant of his regiment, who had obtained a commission after six years' service in the ranks; and a third gray-headed old crimp gravely informed him that the government allowed two hundred and fifty pounds for an outfit when promoted to the epaulette.

"But my wife?" urged Mark.

"Separate room in barracks," exclaimed one.

"School in the regiment for the children," added a second.

"Women ride with the baggage," said a third; "and if industrious, can always make a pretty penny by washing for the officers, especially in my regiment, which is bound for India. Leaves Southampton in less than a week; just in time to sail with it. India," he added, "is the country for a fine young fellow to see service in, and no mistake! Lots of prize-money; promotion certain; natives to wait upon you; palanquin to carry you when fatigued upon march, and coffee always ready to refresh you."

If any of our readers should accuse us of making the old sergeant spin too strong a yarn, we advise them to read the placards which have lately appeared against the walls of the Horse Guards, and they will find that, instead of over-colouring, we have but modestly tinted the sketch.

Mark listened, and wisely determined not to believe any one of them. The regiment bound for India certainly tempted him; and, could he have been assured that Rose would be permitted to accompany him, would unhesitatingly have engaged himself.

"I should like to see your colonel," he said.

The colonel was already at Southampton.

"One of the officers, then."

They were at Southampton, too.

Doubtful and irresolute, Mark quitted the speaker, saying he would think of it, and sauntered on the

parade in the park, where an elderly officer was inspecting the guard. When the duty was over, and the men dismissed, the intended recruit walked up to him and touched his hat—

"Would you allow me to speak with you, sir?" he said.

"Certainly, my man."

"Are the 01st really ordered to India?"

"Undoubtedly. I dined with Sir Charles Fourreau yesterday; he left town this morning for Southampton. Why do you ask?" he added.

"Because I have some thought of enlisting."

"Can't do better," replied the officer, his eyes resting complacently on the tall, well-built proportions of the speaker.

"But I am married, sir."

"Can't do worse, then," said the gentleman, "unless you have a bad wife and want to get rid of her."

"But I have a good wife, sir," exclaimed Mark, "whom I dearly love; one of the best women in the world, whom my imprudence has reduced to poverty. But even that has not shaken her affection for me. She has made up her mind to accompany me, and share my fate, whatever it may prove. What I want to know is, whether in the event of my taking the bounty they will separate us. And so, I took the liberty of asking you, knowing that I might rely upon your word."

"All depends upon the colonel, my man," answered the gentleman, struck by the candid, straightforward account Mark gave of himself. "Only a certain number of soldiers' wives are permitted to accompany the regiment. Sir Charles is proud of his regiment—very proud of it. And—what height do you stand?"

"Six feet, sir," said the husband of Rose, drawing himself up.

"Plenty of other regiments—mine, for instance."

"I should prefer foreign service, sir."

"Sorry to hear it," observed the officer, drily; "it's a bad sign when a man is anxious to quit his native country. I have given you all the information in my power. Good day to you."

The speaker returned to the orderly room; and poor Mark, his hopes considerably lessened, with a heavy heart, directed his steps once more toward the city, where he found his wife anxiously expecting his return. Her attempt to see Lady Boothroyd had been fruitless; and, in answer to her inquiries for the steward, the servants informed her Mr. Sillex had returned to St. Faith's.

Her husband related his adventure.

To remain in London upon six pounds was impossible, so they at once decided on starting for Southampton. It was a desperate chance, and they staked their last hope, and almost their last shilling upon it.

Whilst the train is whirling along the iron road to convey them to their destination, we may as well take advantage of the opportunity and introduce the gallant colonel of the 01st Dragoons to our readers.

Sir Charles Fourreau was a fine soldier-like man of fifty. Although he had seen much service, and had lived rather freely, time had dealt most leniently with him. His figure was still erect as that of any youngster in his regiment; not an officer in it rode better, or attended more sedulously to his duties. It was his pride to command one of the finest bodies of men in her Majesty's service. If the discipline was strict, there was but little flogging in his regiment. His soldiers both loved and feared him; and the reflection of "What will the colonel say?" induced many a man to keep a check upon his conduct.

Most of his friends had predicted that he would die an old bachelor: great, therefore, was their astonishment, and the disgust of his nephews, when they read in the papers the announcement of his marriage with Lady Bell, the orphan daughter of the late Earl of Clayton. The match had not even the shadow of imprudence to console them, for the bride was young, beautiful, and rich. How ever she came to accept the old soldier puzzled her acquaintance exceedingly. Some suggested that she had met with disappointment, and married out of pique; if so, appearances were exceedingly deceptive, for a lighter-hearted creature never breathed. Others suspected that she had grown tired of living in the country with her two maiden aunts; and yet she invariably spoke of them with the greatest affection. Not one hit upon the real secret, or would have believed it had she confessed it to them—that she loved her husband, who had commenced his courtship by finding fault with her, reasoning with her on her caprices, instead of flattering them as others had done. He was the first man who had ever ventured to speak truth to her; and, if she did not always yield to his arguments, she respected them.

It is a dangerous thing for a man, no matter at what age, to play the mentor with a young and lovely woman. Sir Charles soon began to perceive

this; and, like an experienced soldier, thought of retreat. But it was too late; the bird was limed, not by the wings, but by the heart-strings. In a fit of desperation he proposed; and, instead of being laughed at as he expected for his folly, to his delight and astonishment found himself accepted.

Six months after their marriage, the regiment was ordered on foreign service. Every one expected, as a matter of course, that the colonel would sell out; and Major Plinlimmon, a very choleric Welshman, and a decided old bachelor, who anticipated succeeding him, made every preparation to that effect. To his disappointment, Sir Charles decided on remaining—his wife insisted upon it; she felt delighted with the idea of visiting India—the land of romance, gold, gems, poetry, perfume, and cashmeres. It was in vain that her husband offered to sacrifice his own inclinations on the subject, dwelt on the disadvantages of such a life; the lady refused to listen to him. She had made up her mind to accompany him, that he should not quit the service till he was a general, and, like most wives, carried her point.

It was in vain that her two maiden aunts remonstrated on what they decidedly considered the extraordinary resolution of their niece. She listened to them very dutifully, and, when they proposed her remaining with them during the absence of her husband, drily referred them to Sir Charles, who, as a matter of course, refused to listen to any such proposition.

"Bell," said the old soldier, when everything was finally arranged, "my lessons, I fear, have been thrown away; you are as obstinate as ever."

The beautiful culprit looked up in his face, and smiled.

"And are you really angry with me?" she asked.

"Angry!" repeated her husband; "I can only wonder at so much goodness. Would I were twenty years younger!"

"In that case I should have still been Lady Bell Clayton, and you a miserable bachelor," replied his wife; "much better as it is, Charlie. Do you know why I married you? I'd tell you, only I fear it might make you vain, and—no—I'd better not."

As a matter of course the colonel let her have no peace till she did tell him.

"Because I found I could respect as well as love you; look up to you with confidence," said the fair young creature, "and obey you; that is, when you are reasonable, Charlie. Many had sought to win me before you came," she continued; "but they all addressed themselves to my vanity, as if woman possessed neither brains nor heart; told me I was beautiful till I felt sick of hearing it; pronounced me a paragon for merits I had not the slightest claim to, and never gave me credit for one quality which I really possessed—a love of candour, simplicity, and manly truth."

"I may trust her," thought the gratified husband, as he folded her to his heart, "even in the hotbed of Indian society. It cannot force the vices which have no seed in her pure heart."

CHAPTER XX.

Why should we weep when children die?

They 'scape the brand of thought and sin;

Stretched in their innocence they lie,

Fair as the first-plucked flowers of spring.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

TRUE to his promise, Fiddler Dick made his appearance on the appointed night at the cottage of his dear friend Mike. Bet and the child Fan accompanied him. The former was a woman of business, and came, as she said, to see that everything was square between the two pals, who neither of them, it seemed, could trust the other. A witness made all right, she thought.

The child was, as its taskmaster had described, in the last stage of consumption—that fatal disease which, like the canker in the bud, destroys the promise of many an opening flower. She was thin, miserably thin; and her dark, lustrous eyes appeared unnaturally large and bright from the contrast with her pale, emaciated features. In height, and the colour of her hair, there was a strong resemblance to Lillian, who gazed with wonder and pity on the poor shivering creature as she crept to her side by the fire.

"I think that's the *genooine* article you require?" observed the mountebank, glancing significantly towards his victim.

Mike nodded in the affirmative.

"I'd great to do to persuade Bet to part with her, she is so fond of the kids—quite a mother to 'em. But, as I said before, when I say done, I really means done, and—"

A violent fit of coughing from Fan interrupted the rest of his speech. The ruffian smiled.

"Do you hear that?" he said. "Holler as if a nail wor a-being driven into a coffin."

Mike admitted, with a considerable amount of satisfaction as well as candour, that it did sound hollow.

"And ain't her air and eyes the very thing?"

The convict confessed it would have been difficult to find a better match.

Whilst the speakers and Bet were settling matters over the bottle, the two children made some approach to acquaintance. Lilly, who was still anxiously expecting Jack, asked the little sufferer if she was to remain with them.

"I don't know," answered the child, in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper. "I should like it; it is so warm here."

"Are you not warm at home?"

"Not since I have been sent to sleep in the wash-house."

Here a second fit of coughing disturbed the two ruffians at the table. Fan looked terrified, and vainly tried to suppress it.

"Can't you be quiet, you?" exclaimed Fiddler Dick, shaking the whip, which he had not forgotten to bring with him, at her.

"I can't help it," gasped the child, "indeed I can't."

"I'll make ye, then."

Doubtless the ruffian would have executed his threat but for Mike, who prudently reminded him that as he should be obliged to call in the parish doctor, it would not do for Fan to have any marks upon her.

"She is lucky," muttered the brute.

And the conversation was renewed.

"Does he often beat you?" inquired Lilly, in an under-tone.

"He beats us all in turn," was the reply.

There was something dreadful in the cold indifference with which the words were uttered, as if being beaten were quite a matter of course.

"And what does he beat you for?"

"I don't know—anything—when we don't dance to please him, or the gentlefolks don't give us any money."

"And do you dance?" demanded the astonished Lillian.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In the streets, upon stilts: there are four of us. You'll know," added the speaker, "for Jane heard him tell Bet about you."

"About me!"

"Yes; you're to be one of us."

The information put poor Lilly into a terrible fright. Unhappy as she found herself in the cottage alone with Mike, the change appeared far worse.

Bet having fully satisfied herself that everything was straight and fair between Fiddler Dick and his old friend, now approached the fireplace and directed the children to change clothes. Fan did not wait to be told so a second time. So great was her dread of the virago, that had she been ordered to put her little hand between the bars of the burning grate, she would have scarcely resisted; Lillian, however, hesitated.

"Didn't you hear me?" exclaimed the woman, at the same time seizing her roughly and beginning to unloosen her frock.

The orphan resisted.

"Ah, I see what you wants!" added Bet, rising to fetch the whip.

"She will beat you," whispered Fan.

The terrified Lillian hastily began to remove her things, but obedience came too late to save her from the fury of the half-drunken wretch. One severe lash of the whip seamed her ivory shoulder with a long red scar.

"I told you you'd get it," said her companion in misfortune.

Startled by the piercing shriek which followed the blow, the two men turned round.

"Stash it, Bet!" cried her husband; "can't you wait?"

"I ain't a-goin' to stand any of her nonsense," muttered the female fury, raising the whip a second time over the crouching victim.

"Stash it, I say," roared Fiddler Dick, starting from his chair; "or do yer want me to use it? Lay it down—you may look—I mean it."

The woman threw it upon the floor: she knew that the speaker could use it, and had no wish to put him to the proof.

"Come, come, no quarrelling!" observed Mike, in a conciliatory tone.

"What is she aggravatin' me for, then?"

"Well, well," said his host, "it is settled now. Lilly will be none the worse for a slight correction."

It must not be supposed that any sentiment of humanity had induced the mountebank to interfere—far from it: he was above such weakness; but the fact was, he had felt annoyed at not being allowed to vent his own ill-humour upon poor Fan, and did not like to see another indulge in a luxury he was debarred from.

It was the first blow Lillian had ever received; and—independent of the pain, which was a severe one—shame and grief caused her to sob convulsively.

She had no Jack now to protect her.

There was something perfectly fiend-like in the looks with which Bet from time to time regarded her whilst changing her dress. Lillian shuddered at them, and well she might, for she had made a bitter enemy of one who henceforth would have the power as well as will to torment her. But her terror increased when Mike informed her that she was to accompany his visitors to their home, and the other child remain in her place.

Fan heard the announcement with considerable satisfaction; it was years since she had worn such a nice frock. She felt warm, and had no wish to return to the night air.

"Mind what Dick says," she whispered in the ear of the shuddering victim. "He's the best of the two. Good bye."

Complaint and entreaty were alike useless; her late gaoler only laughed at her prayer to be allowed to remain till Jack returned. Poor Lilly! had he granted it, she would have remained long enough.

On the departure of his visitors, who took their new victim with them, the old convict, having secured the door of the cottage, mounted to the den where Fan was to sleep. His first care was to remove one of the scanty coverings from the bed; the next, to push back the skylight directly over it.

"Every little will help," he thought, as he mentally calculated on the effect the keen night air would produce upon the delicate lungs of the dying child.

He had some idea of sprinkling the sheet with water, but having none at hand, postponed it till the next night.

Descending to the kitchen, he took the whip in his hand, and seating himself opposite to Fan, began drawing it playfully through his fingers.

The child regarded him uneasily.

"I ain't a-going to cough, sir," she said.

"I don't mind yer coughing," replied the brute. "In fact, I rather likes to hear it—it's so lonesome in this place."

Fan began to think that it was very lonesome, and would have preferred the night air and the bed in the washhouse again.

"I want to talk to you, Lilly," added Mike.

"My name isn't Lilly."

"Isn't!" exclaimed the ruffian, with a fearful scowl. "I'll teach you that it is; and, if you say it is not, I'll cut the flesh off your bones. There ain't much on 'em. Now, what is yer name?"

"Lilly," faltered the child, her dilated eyes riveted on the whip.

The convict smiled. Fiddler Dick had told him rightly—there would be no occasion to use it: she knew the sight of it.

"And now, Lilly, remember that is yer name," continued Mike; "if you are good, I'll send for a doctor to cure you of that nasty cough."

The little sufferer did not exactly comprehend how she was to be cured; but she asked no questions: even curiosity, the first bud of childhood's intelligence, had withered in her young mind. Fear had destroyed it. She promised, faithfully promised, to answer to no other name than that of Lilly; and, satisfied with having achieved so much, the old convict conducted her to her sleeping-place, and locked her in.

"She can't last very long," he muttered to himself, as he turned into his own comparatively comfortable bed; "and then I shall be a made man. Five hundred pounds! I shall be a respectable man then! and no risk run; that is to say, no great risk."

It was some time before the man, whose longings for respectability were as impatient as his ideas of it were peculiar, could compose himself to sleep. Sometimes he thought of his nephew Jack, and the kind master he had provided him with; and wondered how he liked the sea. Then he recollected Lady Boothroyd and his brother, and chuckled under the bed-clothes at the pretty trick he was preparing to play them.

"Five hundred!" he repeated. "I'll have a thousand, at least, from each of 'em, afore I've done with 'em. They ain't a-goin' to do me, I can tell 'em. Cunning as they think themselves, they shall find Mike is a match for both."

With this reflection the old convict fell asleep,

without one thought of the little sufferer he had so cruelly exposed to the night wind, which continued to whistle and moan through the loose tiles of the roof, sad as a dirge over a new-made grave.

Poor Lilly felt bitterly cold as she trudged through the streets by the side of Fiddler Dick and his wife, clad in the thin frock of Fanny. It was a long way from the Belvedere-road to Whitechapel; but, though her feet ached and her limbs shivered, she did not dare to complain. The scowling looks of the woman, the harsh, coarse voice of the man, terrified her, and her tears trickled silently till the keen frost froze them on her pale cheek. A few hours since, and she considered no fate could be worse than hers; but now she thought with regret on the warm fire and the close air of the cottage, even though it was impregnated with the odours of tobacco and gin, which made her both sick and giddy.

At last her conductors stopped at a wretched-looking house in one of the narrow, dingy alleys in the neighbourhood. Bet drew forth a key, and all three entered it. There was a blazing fire in the lower room, close to which three children were closely huddled. They had been ordered to keep it up till the return of their taskmaster.

Two of these children looked sickly; but the third, a hardy, strong little creature, had all the appearance of robust health.

It was her first winter; her companions had already passed one.

At the sight of Dick and his wife all three drew back to make room for them, and remained with their eyes fixed inquiringly upon the new-comer.

"Here, Liz," said the man, addressing the healthy looking girl, "here is a companion for you."

The child looked pleased with her new acquaintance. It was something to vary the monotony of that lonely, dark abode.

"You won't see Fan any more," added Bet; "we have taken her home to her friends, and brought—"

"Silence, can't you?" muttered her husband.

"What a tongue you have!"

The woman appeared dreadfully out of temper. It was the second time she had been reprovved, and all on account of Lillian. As she dared not show her ill-humour to him, her wrath silently gathered till she could find an opportunity of expending it upon the innocent cause of her vexation.

Supper was got ready, and as Fiddler Dick happened to be in an uncommonly amiable humour—for he considered that he had made an excellent bargain—the children were permitted to seat themselves at table and join in the meal; but it seemed to afford them no pleasure beyond that of eating; the mirth, the freedom of childhood were absent. Not one of them could tell how long the unusual fit of kindness might last, and the coarse jest be exchanged for the kick or the blow.

"This is what I call comfortable," said the ruffian, as he made himself a glass of strong gin-and-water, and then passed the bottle to Bet; "ain't it, Lilly?"

The child thought of Jack, and made no answer.

"Why don't you speak?" he added, crossly.

"Because she's obstinate as a young donkey," replied the woman, striving to excite his anger against her: "but you're allays a *spilin'* the gals."

The last observation betrayed the speaker's want of tact, for it drew the storm upon herself.

"And what is it to you if I does spile 'em?" exclaimed her husband: "they belongs to me, not you. She ain't used to us yet, that's all. She'll be reasonable enough—won't you, Lilly?"

"Y'es, sir," faltered the orphan.

The man called her to him, looked into her face, passed his hand over her long silken locks, and declared, with a chuckle, that eyes and *air* wor the very model of his own.

"You must call me father," he added.

"Papa is dead," sobbed the orphan, giving way to her tears.

"And what was your papa, as you call him?" inquired Dick.

Lillian made the same answer she had given to Mike, when he questioned her upon the subject—

"She didn't know, but he used to wear a red coat with gold somethings which she had forgotten the name of, on the shoulder."

"A common soldier!" roared Bet.

Fiddler Dick suspected that he must have been something more than a common soldier, but he kept his opinion to himself. He already felt quite satisfied that more than the twenty pounds his old pal had promised him might be made out of the affair; at all events, he was resolved to try it.

When the children were ordered to their dens, for it would be a misnomer to call them beds, Liz ventured to ask where the new-comer was to be put to.

"In Fan's place in the washus," answered the

woman, angrily, "and quite good enough for her too."

"No, it ain't," said the man.

"I say it is," repeated his wife, getting very red in the face.

The mountebank began to draw down the corners of his mouth, always a bad sign with him, and laying down his pipe, stared Bet very hard in the face.

"What's up?" he asked; "you forget who's master; must I just remind yer on it?"

Bold as she naturally was, the woman could not endure the cold, serpent-like gaze of the speaker, who evidently meant all, if not more than his words implied.

"Take her with you, Liz," he added, patting Lillian on the cheek; "and mind you are both up early in the mornin' to exercise."

"Yes, master," replied the child.

"And everything ready for breakfast," said Bet.

"Yes, missis."

"Good night."

The children mechanically repeated the words and huddled out of the room. It was evidently a great relief to them to escape from the presence of their taskmaster.

"Well," muttered the man as they disappeared, "she is uncommon like me; just my air."

With the look of a man who felt perfectly satisfied with himself, he passed his dirty fingers through the greasy mass that thatched his round bullet-shaped head; it bore about as much resemblance to the locks of Lillian as horsehair does to the finest silk.

"It strikes me, Bet," he observed, as soon as they were alone, "that you've taken a dislike to that gal."

"What if I has?" muttered the female. "Ain't I to have my likes and dislikes as well as another?"

Under any other circumstances, that is to say, if Lilly had come into his hands in the ordinary way of business, this would have appeared only reasonable, for after all, Bet was a valuable wife to him; but he had other views and expectations.

"Can't you read it?" he said.

"Read what?" demanded the woman, sullenly.

"That the time'll come when that gal, if properly managed, will prove a fortin' to us. If somebody is villin' to pay fifty pounds to hear of her death, why, somebody else may be villin' to pay ten fifties to hear that she is alive. Now are you fly? can't you see it?"

Bet's amiable disposition had been too much ruffled to see anything of the kind. The prospect was too much in the perspective, even if she had been in the best of humours, to strike her very forcibly. Her only reply, therefore, was an impatient toss of the head, accompanied by something about the speaker's being able to see through a millstone.

"Very well," said her husband, savagely. "I know yer game, but ye shan't play it. I won't have a finger laid upon Lilly."

"You won't?"

"No; and if ye does, Bet, I'll—but there: I needn't say any more: you knows me. I've said it, and I means it. When the gal wants a thrashing I'll give it her myself."

How far the victim might profit by this very considerate arrangement remains to be seen. For the present, at least, it had one advantage—it secured her against any positive ill-usage on the part of Bet. The tigress for once was cowed.

During the night Lillian heard many things from her young companion, which very much surprised her: the first was that she was to be taught to dance on poles in the streets, and walk round the crowd with a little spangled cap in her hand, to collect contributions from the crowd. One piece of advice was really valuable.

"When master gives you a cut with the whip," said Liz, "don't cry out, and then you won't eat another. Fan used to shriek so, and that's why she got more than all the rest of us."

"And does he often beat you?" inquired the child, with a shudder.

"Only when he's drunk—at exercise—or the people don't give us much money," replied Liz: "he ain't half so sharp as Bet."

"Is he your father?"

"We always call him father in the streets," was the cautious answer—"at home we say master—though I can recollect another father; and—but no, no—I dare not tell you that."

"Why not?"

"You might split on me," answered Liz, cunningly; "I don't know you well enough yet. Ain't we warm and comfortable here," she added, evidently anxious to change the subject of conversation; "better with me than in the washus where poor Fan was. I used to creep to her at night, and snug to her to keep her warm till they found it out, and I got a good whipping."

"Why did they put her in the washhouse?"

"She did cough so," said the child.

Lilly mentally resolved, if possible, never to cough, and avoid being sent there.

In the morning, all the children were up early. Liz, being the eldest, lit the fire, and then began to put the room to rights; Loo, a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, little creature, thrust one of her wasted arms into Fiddler Dick's boot, and began brushing it; whilst her sister Tilly removed the things from the table.

The orphan looked round her—she had scarcely dared to make any observation, for fear of giving offence, on the preceding night. In one corner of the place stood a drum, with a clarionet and set of Pandean pipes, suspended by a faded blue riband, over it; in another, the stilts for the dancers; there was a line attached to two hooks, one over the chimney piece, and the other fastened to the window opposite, on which hung a variety of little muslin dresses, spangled, or trimmed with artificial flowers and tinsel.

"That's mine," observed Liz, pointing, with a certain amount of pride, to the smartest one.

"And that's mine," lisped little Loo.

"And do you dance upon these things?" inquired Lillian, pointing to the poles in the corner.

"Yes!"

"It must be very hard."

The children laughed, and assured her that nothing could be more easy. To convince her that such was really the case, Loo dropped the boot she had been cleaning, and, with an agility which terrified the new-comer, sprang upon the stilts, by first placing the ends under her arms, like a pair of crutches; the others followed her example, and they walked, danced, and wheeled round the narrow space with a velocity that made Lillian feel quite giddy contemplating them.

"I shall never be able to do that," she observed, with a sigh.

"Oh, yes, you will," said Liz.

"She hasn't felt the whip yet," added Tilly.

Lillian had felt it. Bursting into tears, she silently bared her shoulder on which the mark of the lash still remained, red and inflamed. Her fellow-sufferers gazed upon it without expressing either curiosity or sympathy. It was no novelty to them; in fact, they almost wondered what she was crying for, seeing that the punishment must have been inflicted the preceding night.

"You will soon learn," lisped Loo. "Fan wasn't half so strong as you are."

The fire was blazing cheerfully—if anything could look cheerful in such a miserable hole—the boots cleaned, and everything ready for breakfast a couple of hours at least before the master of the house made his appearance. Even then, they had a long time to wait for Bet; like most gin-drinkers, neither of the precious pair cared much about food in the morning.

To do him justice, however, Fiddler Dick saw that the children had theirs; they were the sources of his idleness, the means by which he lived, and he could not afford to let them knock up.

"No work to-day, girls," he exclaimed, casting anything but an amiable glance at the window, through which the snow might be seen falling thickly.

His wife looked equally discontented; she calculated the keep of her victims, who tried very hard not to seem pleased at being spared exposure to the cold and snow.

"Can't be helped," he added; "mustn't lose time, however."

With a lazy, lounging air, as if every step he took was a trouble to him, he walked to the corner in which the stilts were piled, and picked out the shortest pair.

"Come here, Lilly," he said.

The heart of the orphan beat wildly, as she advanced to him.

"You haven't got your whip, Dick," observed Bet, maliciously.

"Give it us then," replied the ruffian. "And now, Lilly, come and take your first lesson."

(To be continued.)

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.—Nothing upon this earth can compare with the faithful attachment of a wife; there is no other creature who, for the object of her love, is so indomitable, so persevering, so ready to suffer and die. Under the most distressing circumstances, woman's weakness becomes a mighty power; all her shrinking and sinking pass away, and her spirit acquires the firmness of marble—adamantine firmness when circumstances drive her to put forth all her energies under the inspiration of her affections.

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

SELF-HELPERS.—II.

IN close connection with the elements of character to which reference was made in the last article, is Perseverance. This is one of the most obvious and most important parts of a self-helper's character. He steadily goes forward in the path he has chosen, and pursues it to the end.

Self-helpers, by ceaseless perseverance, overcome all difficulties. They do not for one repulse, nor for a thousand, forego the purpose they have resolved to effect. When the late president of America was young at the bar he failed, broke down in his client's defence, and lost the cause. When his friends consoled with him, he only laughed, and said, so far from being daunted, he was only the more resolved to succeed; and that if he failed ninety-nine times he would try the hundredth. He afterwards succeeded, and gained the most distinguished position his country could bestow. This perseverance is the mainspring which perpetually impels the firmest souls. I believe that the ability for great things is lodged in every human spirit; but only the persevering worker knows what this latent power is really capable of achieving. The self-helpers march toward the execution of their purpose as if they were intent on the conquest of a world. They are not daunted by any obstacles, and if foiled they only retreat to recover strength that they may renew the attack.

The day was waning on the field of Marengo, when Napoleon—observing a particular part, the capture of which would decide the victory—called to the brave Dessaix, and said to him, "Can you carry that point?" "I will try," was the laconic reply. He did try—he succeeded—but fell in the moment of victory. Self-helpers have thus given their life for their victories on more than one occasion. Many a standard, floating in the wind, has been planted on the battlement by a dying hand. Thus, a self-helper's life is sometimes written in his heart's blood. Dante's Divine Comedy is mainly attributable to the troubled life of the writer. He was driven from city to city, he was in poverty, misery, and with the prospect of death before him, and this made his book so terribly real, that the people, when they saw him, used to whisper, "See, there's the man that was in hell." The very fact of danger and death hedging about the great man's progress makes him oftentimes all the greater—all his energies are called forth, and he is mightfully in earnest.

A strong fortification is won, not by hap-hazard shots which wound it in a thousand different places, and pierce it through in none; but by directing the battery to some one point, in persevering attacks, until an avenue is shattered down for victorious hosts to enter and take possession. Iron, and even the hardest steel, is blunted on rock by a single blow; but the softest water by continually falling in the same place, scoops a hollow in adamant and forces its way through granite and marble. A little worm, starting at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, by persevering toil builds up vast islands of coral, against which the stoutest ships are wrecked, and on which colonies of men may live.

Columbus had to encounter difficulties which others might have considered insurmountable; but by steady perseverance he triumphed over them all.

"For Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest timbered oak."

It was not the magnitude of the Grecian army, nor the martial skill of Achilles, that conquered Troy; but ten years of perseverance. Caratach, in one of Fletcher's plays, when admonished to inquire into the mind of the god Audate, replies:—

"His hidden meaning lies in our endeavours,
Our valours are our best gods."

There is much truth in this; and a truth practically acknowledged by all self-helpers.

Perhaps there is no case of self-helpful perseverance more interesting, or more full of instruction, than that which is related of the founder of the Foley family.

This man was a fiddler, living near Stourbridge, was often witness of the immense labour and loss of time caused by dividing the rods of iron necessary in making nails. The discovery of the process called "splitting," in works called "splitting mills," was first made in Sweden; and the consequences of this advance in art were most disastrous to the iron manufacturers of Stourbridge. Foley, the fiddler, was shortly missed from his accustomed rounds, and was not seen again for many years. He had resolved to ascertain by what process the splitting of the bars of iron was accomplished; and, without com-

municating his intentions to a single human being, he proceeded to Hull, and thence, without funds, worked his passage to the Swedish iron port.

Arrived in Sweden, he begged and fiddled his way to the iron foundries, where, after a time, he became a universal favourite with the workmen; and from the apparent entire absence of intelligence, or anything like ultimate object, he was received into the works, to every part of which he had access. He took the advantage thus offered, and having stored his memory with observations, and all the combinations, he disappeared from among his kind friends as he had appeared, no one knew whence or whither. On his return to England, he communicated his voyage and its results to Mr. Knight and another person in the neighbourhood, with whom he was associated, and by whom the necessary buildings were erected and machinery provided. When at length everything was prepared, it was found the machinery would not act—at all events, it did not answer the sole end of its erection; it would not split the bar of iron. Foley disappeared again, and it was concluded that shame and mortification at his failure had driven him away for ever. Not so: again, though somewhat more speedily, he found his way to the Swedish iron works, where he was received most joyfully; and to make sure of their fiddler, he was lodged in the splitting mill itself. Here was the very aim and end of his life attained, beyond his utmost hopes. He examined the works, and very soon discovered the cause of his failure. He now made rough drawings, and having remained sufficient time to verify his observations, and to impress them clearly and vividly on his mind, he made his way to the port, and once more returned to England. This time he was completely successful, and by the results of his experience, he enriched himself, and greatly benefited the English trade.

The successes achieved by indomitable perseverance cannot be over-estimated. The self-helpers have invariably this spirit within, a spirit which nothing can daunt, and nothing destroy. One day it was advertised in Paris that a balloon of unusual dimensions would ascend from some public gardens. The time came, but the ascent could not be effected. The crowd grew impatient, as crowds will when they are disappointed. Well, suddenly a boy jumped over the palisade, and cut the silken bag of the balloon into a dozen pieces. It was a boy belonging to one of the military schools—Napoleon Bonaparte was his name; and who would not have laughed to see his flushed face and boyish passion as they took him to the guard-house, if they had been told that he was the future emperor of France? Yet, by steady perseverance, he gained that post. Battle after battle, triumph after triumph: the soldiers used to say on their march, "The babbling avocats up at Paris—all play and no work: no wonder it all goes wrong. We must send our petit corporal there." And they did it. The Corsican schoolboy trampled down the world—the world recoiled, and flung him out upon a rock to die. But his name was a talisman that after years, and years of legitimacy and illegitimacy, of born kings and elected monarchs, could inspire all France with enthusiasm.

It is not necessary to say more. Here is the fact—that in all ages of the world there have been men who have risen by their own unaided exertions to positions of honour and renown. Clear enough it is, that these men had clear heads and strong hearts—that they worked laboriously, and persevered indefatigably. Much ENCOURAGEMENT is to be drawn from it. It is not one of those facts that seem to have no bearing on ourselves. It is something that has to do with us, for WHAT MAN HAS DONE, MAN MAY DO. THE GODS HELP THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

There are two positions which the indolent and helpless are wont to regard as impregnable; and when they hear of people succeeding in the world, they set down that success to their having reached one of the two.

If the man succeeds without help, then they say, "What an extraordinary genius! what a marvellous man—so liberally endowed by nature, so highly gifted! Ah me! sure such a man is certain to succeed."

Now, I am not going to argue there is no original difference in minds. Even supposing the point was admitted, and every man was equally capable at the very outset, the difference of position in life, and the influence of surrounding circumstances, would make the two different within a very short time. But what I do say is this—that industry and perseverance will do more for a man than anything else that I know; that the remark applies alike to art, science, literature, and that the history of the self-helpers is only an illustration of the truth.

The other great point is, that a regular education

will do everything. Disregarding the fact that most or nearly all of the world's best men have been half-taught or self-taught, they have an absurd faith in the efficiency of a regular education. "Had I spent seven or eight years," they say, "within some learned walls, I might then have been able to erect some pillar of literary excellence. But I have not received the necessary preparation of a learned education—a classical apprenticeship. I may lose myself in regions which others have explored, but I can never make any discovery, or add a single particle to the common stock of knowledge. I must resign every department of literature to those who have enjoyed the happy shade of academic bowers." Very different is the language of the self-helper. He determines to avail himself of the advantages which are his, a far better plan than sighing over what can never belong to him.

But as it is not one charge that usually wins the field, but repeated onsets from different points, so the self-helper often changes his employment that he may attain his end. Emerson has recorded good practical truth in the following remarks:—"If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises, they lose all heart; if the young merchant fails, men say he is ruined; if the finest genius studies at one of our colleges, and is not installed in an office within one year afterwards, in the city or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened and in complaining all the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions—who teams it, farms it, peddles, keeps school, preaches, edits a paper, goes to congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet—is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days, and feels no shame in not studying a profession, for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances."

The chief difficulty in self-helpfulness is to begin. It is like the story told of Buffon the naturalist. He used to bid his servant over night call him up early in the morning; but when the morning came, and he was roused from his comfortable sleep, and was called up to abdicate the congenial blankets, he had no disposition to do so; but, expostulating, threatening, beseeching, would be finally dragged up, and that one effort over, would contentedly and philosophically set to work. Just so it is with the mind and the energy of will. You must wake up both, and once fairly awake, the self-helper works in earnest.

The self-helper will never admit the idler's excuse that he has no time. The more a man works the more opportunity he seems to have for leisure. A self-helper is a time-economist. He does not fling away the fragments; he gathers them up that nothing may be lost, and the world is surprised at the bushels which these fragments fill.

The self-helper knows nothing of the sloven's haste. He does everything in his best manner, and studies hard to acquit himself with propriety. He has, too, his eyes and ears about him. He purges his mind from prejudice, never relies on hearsay, but takes up his stand on solid ground.

It is quite possible to be a self-helper; and self-helpfulness once attained, who can predicate the result? Whatever a self-helper undertakes, he carries through by doing it with all his might. Does he aspire to scholarship, he reads much and thinks more; is it to be a capitalist, he takes care of the pence and the pounds, and leaves nothing to take care of itself. Are his energies called in some nobler cause—the spread of education, the advancement, social and political, of the people, the progress of religion through the world—he brings all his mind and all his body to bear upon it. The sentiment of his soul is characteristically expressed in the following Yankee rhyme:—

"Never doubt a righteous cause,
Go ahead.
Throw yourself completely in,
Conscience sharpens all your laws,
Manfully through thick and thin
Go ahead.
"Do not ask who'll go with you—
Go ahead.
Numbers! spurn the coward's plea;
If there be but one or two,
Single-handed though it be,
Go ahead.
"Though before you mountains rise,
Go ahead.
Scale them, certainly you can;
Let them proudly dare the skies;
What are mountains to a man?
Go ahead.
"Though fierce waters round you dash,
Go ahead.
Let no hardship baffle you;
Though the heavens roar and flash,
Still undaunted, firm, and true,
Go ahead."

THE MISTAKE.

"I'll never do it—never, so long as I live!" And the boy clinched his hands together, and strode up and down the room, his fine features flushed, and his forehead darkened with anger and shame. "I'd ask the minister's pardon, in father's presence, of course I would; but to go before the whole academy, boys and girls, and do this!" His whole frame fairly writhed at the thought. "Ellsworth Grant, you'll brand yourself as a coward and a fool all the days of your life."

"But father never retracts, and he said I must do this or leave school, and go out on the farm to work; and the whole village will know the reason, and I shall be ashamed to look anybody in the face. I've a good mind to run away." The boy's voice grew lower, and a troubled, bewildered expression gathered on his flushed features.

"It would be very hard to leave all the old places; and then, never to see Nellie again; it would almost break her heart, I know it would." And his face worked convulsively a moment, but it settled down into a look of dogged resolution the next. "I mustn't think of that now; though it's only ten miles to the seaport, and I could walk that in two hours, and get a place on some ship about to sail, before father was any wiser. Some time I'd come back, of course; but not till I was old enough to be my own master." The boy sat down by the table, and buried his face in his hands, and the sunset of the summer's day poured its currents of crimson and amber into the chamber, and over the bowed figure of the boy.

At last he lifted his head: there was a look of quiet resolve in the dark hazel eyes and about the usually smiling mouth, which in youth is so painful, because it always indicates mental suffering.

Ellsworth Grant was, at this time, just fifteen; he was his father's only son, and he was motherless.

Mr. Grant was a stern, severe man; while Ellsworth inherited his mother's warm, sunny temperament. His father was a man of unswerving integrity and rectitude—a man who would have parted with his right hand sooner than have committed a dishonest act; but one who had few sympathies for faults indigenous to peculiar temperaments and characters; a man whose heart had never learned the height and depth, the all-embracing beauty of that mightiest text, which is the one diamond among all the pearls and precious stones of the Bible:—"Be ye kind one to another."

He was a hard, exacting parent, and Ellsworth was a fun-loving, mischief-brewing boy, that everybody loved, despite his faults, and the scrapes he was always getting his neck into. There is no doubt that Mr. Grant loved his son, but he was not a demonstrative man; and, then—it is the sad, sad story that may be written of many a parent—"he didn't understand his child," and there was no mother, with her soft voice and soothing words, to come between them.

Ellsworth's last offence can be told in a few words. The grape vine, which, heavy with purple clusters, trailed over the kitchen windows of the school-master's residence, had been robbed of more than half its fruit, one Saturday afternoon, when the inmates were absent.

The perpetrators of this deed were, however, discovered to be a party of the school-boys, among whom was Ellsworth.

The rest of the scholars privately solicited and obtained the school-master's pardon; but Mr. Grant, who was terribly shocked at this evidence of his son's want of principle, insisted that he should make a public confession of his fault, before the assembled school.

In vain Ellsworth explained and entreated. His father was invulnerable, and the boy's haughty spirit entirely unmitigated.

"Ellsworth, Ellsworth, where are you going?" There came down the garden walk an eager, quivering voice, that made the boy start, and turn round eagerly, as he stood at the garden gate, while the light of the rising day was flushing the gray mountains in the east with rose-coloured hues. A moment later, a small, light figure, crowned with golden hair, and a large shawl thrown over its night-dress, stood by the boy's side.

"Why, Nellie, how could you? you'll take cold in your bare feet, among these dews."

"I can't help it, Ellsworth." It was a tear-swollen face that looked up wistfully to the boy's. "You see, I haven't slept any, hardly, all night, thinking about you; and so I was up, looking out of the window, and saw you going down the walk."

"Well, Nellie," pushing back the yellow, tangled hair, and looking at her fondly, "you see, I can't do what father says I must, to-day, and so I'm going off."

"Oh, Ellsworth! what will uncle say?" cried the child, betwixt her shivering and weeping, "what will uncle say? How long shall you be gone?"

"I don't know," evasively; "I shan't be back to-day, though. But you mustn't stand here, talking any longer. Father'll be up soon, you know. Now, good-bye, Nellie."

There was a sob in his throat, as he leaned down and kissed the sweet face, that had only seen a dozen summers, and then, he was gone.

"Go and call Ellsworth to breakfast, will you, Ellen?" said Mr. Grant, two hours later.

"He isn't up stairs, uncle." And then, as they two sat down to theirs, Ellen briefly related what had transpired.

Mr. Grant's face grew dark as she proceeded. "He thinks to elude the confession, and frighten me, by running off for a day or two," he said; "he will find he is mistaken."

So that day and the next passed, and nothing more was said, but Ellen, who was his adopted child, and the orphan daughter of his wife's most intimate friend, noticed that he began to look restless, and to start anxiously at the sound of a footfall; but still Ellsworth came not.

At last a strict search was instituted, and it was discovered that Ellsworth had gone to sea, in a ship bound for some part of the western coast of Asia, on a three years' voyage.

"I hope he will come back a better boy than he left," was Mr. Grant's solitary commentary, but in the long nights Ellen used to hear him walking restlessly up and down his room, and his black hair began to be thickly scattered with gray.

But the worst was not come yet. One November night, when the winds clamoured and stormed fiercely among the old apple trees in the garden, Mr. Grant and Ellen sat by the fire in the old kitchen, when the former removed the wrapper from his weekly newspaper, and the first passage that met his eye was one that told him how the ship —, the one in which Ellsworth had sailed, had been wrecked off the coast, and every soul on board had perished.

Then the voice of the father woke up in the heart of the old man. He staggered toward Ellen with a white, haggard face, and a wild, fearful cry, "My boy! my boy!" It was more than his proud spirit could bear. "Oh, Ellsworth! Ellsworth!" and he sank down senseless, and his head fell into the lap of the frightened child.

After this Mr. Grant was a changed man. I do not know which was the more to blame, the father or the son. But equally to the heart of many a parent and many a child, the story has its message and its warning.

Eight years had passed. It was summer time again, and the hills were green, and the fields were yellow with her glory. It was in the morning, and Mr. Grant sat under the porch of the great old rambling cottage; for the day was very warm, and the top was wrapped round thickly with a hop vine.

These eight years had greatly changed him. He seemed to have stepped very suddenly into old age, and the light wind that stirred the green leaves, shook the gray hairs over his wrinkled forehead as he sat there reading the village newspaper with eyes that had begun to grow dim.

And every little while, fragments of some old-fashioned tune floated out to the old man, soft, sweet, stray fragments; and fitting back and forth from the pantry to the breakfast table was a young girl, not handsome, but with a sweet, frank, rosy countenance, whose smiles seemed to hover naturally as sunshine over June skies.

She wore a pink calico dress, the sleeves tucked above her elbows, and a "checked apron." Altogether, she was a fair, plump, healthful-looking country girl.

And while the old man read the paper under the hop-vine, and the young girl hummed and fluttered between the pantry and the kitchen table, a young man opened the small front gate, and went up the narrow path to the house.

He went up very slowly, staring all about him with an eager, wistful look, and sometimes the muscles of his mouth worked and quivered, as one's will when strong emotions are shaking the heart.

He had a firm, sinewy frame, of middling height. He was not handsome, but there was something in his face you would have liked: perhaps it was the light away down in the dark eyes—perhaps it was the strength and character foreshadowed in the lines about the mouth. I cannot tell; it was as intangible as it was certain you would have liked that face.

The door was open, and the young man walked into the wide hall. He stood still a moment, staring around the low wall, and on the palm-leaved paper that covered the side. Then a thick mist broke into

his eyes, and he walked on like one in a dream, apparently quite forgetful that this was not his own home.

I think those low, sweet fragments of song unconsciously drew his steps to the kitchen, for a few moments later, he stood in the doorway, watching that fair girl as she removed the small rolls of yellow butter from a wooden box to an earthen plate. I can hardly transcribe the expression of the man's face. It was one of mingled doubt, surprise, eagerness—that at last all converged into one of joyful certainty.

"Merciful Heaven!" The words broke from the girl's lips, and the last roll of butter fell from the little hands, as, looking up, she saw the stranger standing in the doorway; and her rosy cheeks actually turned pale with the start of surprise.

The exclamation seemed to recall the young man to himself. He removed his hat. "Excuse me," he said, with a bow of instinctive grace, "but can you tell me, ma'am, if Mr. Grant resides here?"

"Oh yes, sir. Will you walk into the parlour and take a seat?" Uncle, here is a gentleman who wishes to see you;" and, in a flutter of embarrassment, she hurried towards the door.

The gentleman did not stir, and removing his silver spectacles, the old gentleman came in; and the two looked at each other, the older with some surprise, and a great deal of curiosity in his face; the younger with a strange, longing eagerness in his dark eyes that seemed wholly unaccountable.

"Do you know me, sir?" he asked, after a moment's silence, and there was a shaking in his voice.

"I do not know that I ever had the pleasure of meeting you before," said Mr. Grant.

But here a change came over the face of the girl, who had been watching the stranger intently all the time. A light, the light of a long-buried recollection, seemed to break up from her heart into her face. Her breath came gaspingly between her parted lips, her dilated eyes were fastened on the stranger; then, with a quick cry, she sprang forward.

"Uncle, it is Ellsworth, it is surely Ellsworth!"

Oh! if you had seen that old man then! His cheeks turned ashen pale, his frame shivered; he tottered a few steps forward, and then the great wild cry of his heart broke out—"Is it you, my boy, Ellsworth?"

"It is I, father; are you glad to see me?" And that strong man asked the question with a sob, and a timid voice like that of a little child.

"Come to me! come to me, my boy, that I thought was dead, that I have seen every night for the last eight years, lying with the dark eyes of his mother under the white waves. Oh! Ellsworth, God has sent you from the dead! Come to me, my boy!"

And the old man drew his arms around his son's neck, and leaned his gray head on his strong breast, and for a while there was no word spoken between them.

"You have forgiven me, father?" asked the young man at last.

"Do not ask me that, my boy? How many times I would have given everything I possessed on earth to ask 'Forgive me, Ellsworth?' and to hear you answer, 'Yes, father.'"

So there was peace between those two, such peace as the angels who walk up and down the hills, crowned with the royal purple of eternity, tune their harps over!

"And this—this is Nellie? How she has altered! But I knew the voice," said Ellsworth, at last, as he took the girl's hands in his own, and kissed her wet cheeks, adding very tenderly: "My darling sister, Nellie." And at last they all went out under the cool shade of the hop vine, and there Ellsworth told his story.

The merchantman in which he had sailed from home was wrecked, and many on board perished; but some of the sailors constructed a raft, on which the boy was saved, with several others. They were afterwards rescued by a vessel bound for South America. Here Ellsworth had obtained a situation in a large mercantile establishment, first as a clerk, afterwards as junior partner.

He had written home twice, but the letters had been lost or miscarried. As he received no answer, he supposed his father had never forgiven him for "running away," and tried to reconcile himself to the estrangement.

But he had, of late, found it very difficult to do this, and, at last, he had resolved to return to his home, have an interview with his parent, and try whether the sight of his long absent son would not soften his heart.

Oh! it was a happy trio that sat under the green leaves of the hop vine that summer morning. It

was a happy trio that sat down in that low, old-fashioned kitchen, to the delicious dinner of chicken and fresh peas that Nelly had been so long in preparing.

And that night three very happy people knelt in the old sitting room, while the trembling voice of the old man thanked God for him that was dead and "alive again."

Another year went by, and one bright summer morning the old gray church on the green was opened, and crowded with curious, smiling faces.

Suddenly there came a hush over all the rustle of eagerness and expectancy, for Ellsworth Grant and Ellen passed up the aisle, he looking very manly and happy, and she very shy and fair in her white bridal robes.

So they stood together at the altar, and said to each other those most solemn, most beautiful words that man and woman ever have said or ever will say to each other—"Till death us do part."

And behind them stood an old man with gray hairs and wrinkled face, about whom the people gathered with congratulations as soon as the newly-married pair had left the church. And the old man rubbed his hands, and a smile, very beaming, very full of "perfect peace," went over his face, as he said—

"God has dealt very kindly with me. He sent my boy home to me, and now he has given me two children."

Monody

ON THE

DEATH OF GENERAL HAVELOCK, K.C.B.

MOURN not for the warrior dead;

He rests not on a broken shield;

Mourn not the gallant spirit fled;

For victory crowned his latest field.

Mourn that the wreath his country gave

Can only serve to deck his grave.

Mourn for the hearts whose hopes are fled;

Eyes that are dimmed by sorrow's tear

See not the halo conquest shed

Round Havelock's sad, untimely bier.

The laurel cannot calm despair,

Grief only marks the cypress there.

He was no silken carpet knight,

No protégé of court or throne;

But gained each step to glory's height

By gallant deeds, by worth alone.

The race of honour nobly run,

His was the meed by merit won.

How he avenged each martyr's tears,

The heathen in their fury scourged;

How beauty's prayer, and childhood's fears,

To more than mortal daring urged,

Let Lucknow's rescued host record,

And bless the Christian soldier's sword.

Rear not the stone, inscribe no verse;

The people's soldier needs them not.

Their grateful voice his deeds rehearse!

The poet's strains are soon forgot!

Children unborn the tale shall tell

How Havelock fought! how Havelock fell!

The herald's records fade with age;

Time rots each line of parchment fame.

His country hath a nobler page

On which to write her hero's name—

Each English heart that page supplies—

A nation's memory never dies.

J. F. SMITH.

SOMETIME.

"Oh, dear! I hope you're satisfied now, Mr. Fern. You've spilled the water all over my dress, which Bridget was half the morning doing up for me; and that's all you care!" and with an angry jerk, and a frown that disfigured a face which could look very sweet, Mrs. Fern rose up, and shook the drops which had fallen from her husband's glass.

Now Mr. Fern was by no means a perfect man. I presume he was, on the whole, a pretty fair sample of the average of husbands; but he certainly was not one of those very few who could take cross words and general fault-finding patiently.

"Keep your dress out of the way next time, then, Mrs. Fern, if you don't want it soiled; it'll save that and your temper, too, I hope," and the gentleman placed the offending glass on the table, and left the room.

A robin was singing softly by the open window, and the still afternoon sunshine came in through the thick peach boughs, and fell on the floor.

Perhaps it was these things, and perhaps it was the soft hand of her good angel, that dropped the

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THOMAS SLINGSBY DUNCOMBE, ESQ., M.P. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

MR. T. S. DUNCOMBE, M.P.

thought in Mrs. Fern's heart, but she certainly felt sorry a few moments later that she had spoken so angrily. She was still a young wife, and the daily discords of married life had not obliterated the memory of that time when it was full of love and harmony, when petty tempers, and harsh words, and little rudenesses, had never come between her and the man whom she surely loved better than any one on earth.

"I declare it's too bad," murmured the lady, sewing away very rapidly at the handkerchief she was hemming for her husband. "Robert and I *must* stop talking in this perpetual fault-finding way to each other. I suppose it's partly my fault, but dear me! he needn't take everything I say in such dudgeon."

"I wouldn't have believed the first year we were married, that matters would ever have come to this pass. I must make an effort *sometime* to bring back the old gentleness and harmony. I suspect I'm a little quick-tempered, and so, surely, is Robert."

"No matter! we'll make it all right, sometime." Ah, poor mistaken wife! sitting there so peacefully in the midst of that summer sunshine, taking that lie to your heart.

Has not six years of wife-hood taught you how much easier it is to gain a husband's love than to retain it? And not keeping this truth before you, you will go on blindly in the way you have begun, until little squabbles, and daily disputes, end in open defiance, and fierce recrimination, and final indifference, it may be *hatred*.

Sometime! sometime! Never trust it, reader, for it is a land of graves, and the ghosts of good resolutions, and broken promises, stalk through it, forever and forever.

THE honourable member for Finsbury, Mr. Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, is by no means the least popular of our representatives in the House of Commons. Before his gray hairs began to show, and his naturally vigorous constitution gave way to an uncertain state of health, he was looked upon as a "pet" among the extremes of the liberal side of the House. He was distinguished (as, indeed, he still is) for the thorough independence of his political views, the courage with which he maintained a position he deemed right, and the gentlemanly and decorous manner with which he invariably endeavoured to impress his convictions upon the mind of his opponent.

Mr. Duncombe is descended from the family of the Fevershams, and is cousin to the present earl. He was born in August, 1796. On the completion of his educational studies, which were principally pursued at Harrow, the subject of our sketch fixed upon the army as a profession. He obtained a commission in the Coldstream Guards; and, finding the soldier's life agreeable, he undertook service abroad as well as at home. He continued in the army upwards of ten years, at the close of which period he threw up his commission for the purpose of seeking parliamentary honours.

In 1826 Mr. Duncombe was returned member of parliament for Hertford, and sat for that borough until the passing of the Reform Bill. His right to the seat was then contested by a noble lord, who was fortunate enough to come in at the head of the poll, but afterwards had to succumb to the petition of Mr. Duncombe. His lordship was unseated, and the borough had the unenviable distinction of being disfranchised for the remainder of that parliament.

Towards the middle of 1834 a vacancy occurred in

the representation of Finsbury. Although opposed by Mr. Wakley, the present coroner for Middlesex, Mr. Babbage, and others strong in the confidence of the good people of that borough, Mr. Duncombe offered his services, tried the issue, and was accepted. Henceforward he was safe as far as his parliamentary seat was concerned. From that time to the present he has continued to represent Finsbury, and he is now the only metropolitan member remaining who, having sat in the first reformed parliament, has ever since remained attached to the same constituency. He has been chosen by the electors of Finsbury for no less than seven consecutive parliaments.

During the many years which have elapsed since his first election for this influential metropolitan borough, Mr. Duncombe has had occasion to join in many important debates. It is not in our province to give an opinion upon the merits of the political matters discussed; it may be mentioned, however, that the views of the honourable member, as expressed in the House of Commons and at the many public meetings in which he has taken part, have invariably exhibited a liberal tendency. Whenever occasion seemed to require it, Mr. Duncombe has shown spirit and courage in maintaining or defending his opinion. He has no claim to distinction as an original genius, or as the possessor of brilliant, statesman-like qualities; but he is no less valuable as a public servant. He has always earned the respect of his colleagues in parliament for his staunch advocacy of reform measures, as well as for his consistency in vindicating the rights of the oppressed.

The honourable gentleman is a good speaker; he can argue long and energetically, without using a word to offend the nicest sense of decorous language or gentlemanly bearing. In the early part of his career Mr. Duncombe was remarkable in this respect.



FUTTEHPOR, PROVINCE OF ALLAHABAD.

He cultivated the qualities of the perfect gentleman not only in manner, but in style. For years he was pointed out in the House of Commons as the *beau Brummell* of the senate. In person, he was the *beau idéal* of a gentleman—dressed well, and always in keeping; was never seen without brilliant, well-fitting boots, fashionable gloves, and an equipage worthy of an aristocrat of the highest order. Illness of late years has altered all this. As far as conversation or debate goes, Mr. Duncombe is still the polished gentleman, but the other distinguishing characteristics are less marked. He has still the slim figure of youth, but it is bent by the weight of sixty years, and more especially by the severity of recent sickness. The latter circumstance caused Mr. Duncombe to be absent from his parliamentary duties upwards of two sessions, but his constituents considerably forgave him, out of respect for his past services.

At the last general election he was returned at the head of the poll by a majority of thousands, and with an enthusiasm quite equal to that of former years.

Herewith we present the reader with a portrait of Mr. T. S. Duncombe, from an excellent photograph by Mayall, of Regent-street.

FUTTEHPOR.

As neighbours of a similar name are sometimes mistaken for one another, so Futtehpore and Futtipore, although a considerable distance apart, are occasionally confounded with one another.

Futtipore, or, as it is sometimes called, Futtipore Sikra, is an inland town of India, in the province of Agra, on the British frontier, nineteen miles distant from the capital. It was, three hundred years ago, the favourite residence of Acbar Khan, and it still boasts of the ruins of the gorgeous palace which he there erected. Acbar also built about this city a battlemented wall, and fortified it in all respects after the fashion of his time. But, now-a-days, its glory has departed, the town itself is small and thinly inhabited by an impoverished population, and its chief

attraction to the traveller is the *débris* of its former magnificence.

There is another Futtehpore, or, as it is commonly written, Futtiehpore, in the province of Allahabad, on the high road from Bengal to the Upper Provinces. It is sixty miles north-west of Allahabad, and contains a number of well-built houses and an elegant and spacious mosque.

The elevated position occupied by the town, and its peculiar architecture, render it particularly interesting to the admirer of the picturesque, and few towns wear so attractive an appearance as Futtehpore, in the brilliant light of an Indian sky, and with every cupola glittering in a splendour of sunshine unknown to our northern climate.

At Futtehpore the Dinapore rebels were defeated with immense slaughter. Uncertain whither to betake themselves, after the fall of Delhi, either to Lucknow, or to make their way to the Ganges in small parties, they fell in with a detachment of troops under Colonel Powell. The rebels immediately posted themselves in the most advantageous position; but their superior numbers and more eligible situation were alike unavailing. The red-coats sent the pandies flying before them, captured their guns, and stripped their camp.

Futtehpore has thus become interesting as the locality of a decisive victory, and as the spot where poor Colonel Powell lost his life. That brave man died like a soldier—in the discharge of his duty. The action was severe but decisive, the Dinapore rebels being completely defeated.

Futtipore Sikra has also been the scene of a recent victory. It will be remembered that the rebels came down on Agra, and retreated faster than they came. The surprise on the part of the enemy was complete, and upon troops less inured to war than the men who stormed Delhi it might have operated very unfavourably. But the veterans, English and Sikhs, readily recovered themselves. A desperate charge of a party of the Lancers, and a rolling fire from the 75th and 2nd Punjabees in squares, checked and repelled the enemy's horse, and then the troops formed in line and drove back his infantry. So com-

plete was the rout that the mutineers of Indore and Mhow have ceased to exist as a body. For a time a party of them held together, and occupied some buildings at Futtipore Sikra, but when a small force moved against them from Agra, under Colonel Cotton, all fled and dispersed but a few desperate men, who were cut to pieces. "How many of the enemy were wounded?" asked an engineer officer at Agra of a soldier, when the force came back. "There were none wounded," replied the man, with a look that could not be mistaken.

LATSON.

BY
FELIX STOWE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NURSES THE SICK.

"Aye, aye, ring away, old boy, it'll do ye good: patience is a virtue." And all the household laughed at the easy good humour of the colonel's valet as the bedroom bell rang for the third time that evening unanswered.

Ralph, thoroughly knocked up with day and night work for so long, had been obliged to take to bed on his own account, and could hardly manage to crawl, at long intervals, from his room, which was allowed to adjoin his master's, to see how he was going on—his office being filled, at least nominally, by the above-named gentleman.

On this occasion Ralph Grange was worse than usual; and the faithful, ill-used old servant lay listening to the unheeded bells in a perfect agony.

"It's our turn now," said one of the menials, as he stretched his finely-turned calves before the fire, and smoothed down the plush, while the bell was ringing a fourth time as if the wires were tearing all before them.

"It's our turn now. Swear to thy night-cap, dear sir. We're busy, very busy; and we all remains yours respectfully."

When the doctor's carriage drove up, as it did after

two or three more bedroom ringings, the physician found the colonel in a dead faint, lying half out of bed. He had evidently been making a desperate effort to get up—no doubt in a terrible rage—and had sunk exhausted by the attempt.

And there he found the master of that splendid estate, without one single attendant (and that not by any means for the first time), the plaything and the sport of his own servants.

After bringing the colonel somewhat to himself, and duly reprimanding the servants (to how little purpose was sufficiently plain before he had been gone half an hour), the doctor sat for a while by the miserable man, who, tortured with dropsy of the chest and half a dozen other ailments, was propped up in bed.

"When did you hear of Claude Blance?" asked the physician, who was a really kind old friend of the family.

And the colonel had hard work to gulp down an oath, as he answered, that he had never had a line from his son since he left England; but that the gentleman who travelled with him, half tutor, half companion, had written him a short note six weeks back, from Vienna.

It was a miserable interview that the good old physician had with his patient that day.

Latson spoke of disinheriting his son—of going to look for him—of selling The Towers—of discharging all the servants (who had already so effectually discharged him)—and of a dozen other schemes, at which the doctor good-naturedly smiled; and, for the sake of discouraging and dispersing them, acquiesced. For to try to thwart the colonel, was to give him his own way at once.

From the master's room, the physician passed to the chamber of Mr. Grange.

"Well, Ralph, and how are we this morning?"

"Lord love ye! don't ask me. I'm in a perfect fever, sir. Feel my pulse, sir, and see if I ain't. If I could only get down amongst those scoundrels, I'd make them understand a little of old Ralph's mind. How's the colonel, sir, if you please?"

"Not so well, Ralph, not so well. A good deal disturbed, Ralph, this morning. Those people down stairs are behaving disgracefully. Can't some of them be got rid of?"

"Aye, aye, sir—they're got rid of every month, in this house. Where's the new ones to come from?—that's the business. We've had all the servants in the county, or thereabouts, during the last few years, doctor."

"What's the reason, Ralph?" asked the doctor, speaking very much under his breath.

And the old man turned his head round on the pillow away from the physician, and fairly gave in to his honest grief. The bedclothes shook again as old Ralph sobbed.

"Well, well," said the doctor, "we won't talk about it now. I must send along a nurse, a regularly qualified person, to take charge of the colonel. This kind of thing mustn't last another twenty-four hours, Ralph. Some one shall be here to-night. Good day, my good fellow."

And the physician, knowing that Grange ailed nothing but the infirmities of years, was preparing to leave the room.

"Stop one moment, if you please, sir," cried Ralph. "By all means."

"Did the colonel tell ye, sir, may I be so bold, when he heard from Master Claude Blance?"

"He has never heard at all, Ralph; but What's-his-name, the tutor, has written once, but the young gentleman not at all."

"No, sir, I thought as much; you'll be surprised to hear, though, that I've heard from the young master, and more than once."

"Aye, aye!" said the doctor.

"Yes, sir."

And here Mr. Grange turned away again, and paid to the son a tribute of genuine agony, similar to that he had accorded to the father.

The doctor waited patiently.

"Don't try to cure old Ralph, doctor," the steward said, with his eyes raining down tears, as he lifted himself, with much difficulty, on his elbow.

"Ralph, Ralph, that's not right! What's the matter? Make a friend of me, my good fellow. Be sure you may trust me. Is the lad going wrong?"

"Is it going wrong to be drawing for hundreds on his father, when his father knows nothing about it?"

"Ralph! what can you mean? He doesn't tell you of that."

"No, sir, no; he doesn't tell me of that; he only writes begging me to get him money; but I have good cause to know how matters are going on, sir; and I don't wish to live, doctor, till it all comes out. It'll be better, too, for the colonel, if he doesn't, either."

"But, do the bankers honour Claude's drafts to these amounts, Ralph?"

"They have as yet, sir; for the colonel gave the young gentleman some sort of a liberty, and so many signed cheques, or something, when he started. But I durst be bound, he's no notion of the state of things."

"Then tell him at once—at once," said the physician, with great emphasis.

"Forgive me, sir; I durstn't for my very life."

"Then I will," cried the doctor.

And in a week the colonel knew that his general account at the bank had been largely overdrawn.

And what struck him down at once lower than ever was that the signature, "Hugh Latson," was, in some later drafts, not his own.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

STARTING IN LIFE.

ROUND goes the ball in the middle of the table, at the Conversation-house of Baden-Baden.

Under those brilliant lights, what a company—mixed, silent, and mad, gather in a dense crowd!

Here is a dowager-duchess arranging her Napoleons on the green baize, side by side with the dressed-up lodging-keeper of the town.

Here are London shopmen, out for their month, putting down their five-franc pieces carefully within those magic-lines, or over the number they please to back; and in their very midst is a young lady, with the last novel in her hand, determined to get again the little she resolved to stake, and making the loss more and more every throw.

Mark the faces of the front rank. The struggle to look careless; the ending by looking very fiends in obstinacy, and in hatred to the two thin, gray haired men who rake up the coin, without even a glance towards the losers.

I see there one youth, doesn't look more than fifteen certainly. He began with risking five francs. He has now a pile of Napoleons so tall, that he splits it into five or six piles. He gets much more than "the Table" gets.

But the Table knows him.

By to-morrow night that youth will have lost all he has on the baize, and ten times as much as his mother at the Hotel will give him to play with.

Outside, but pressing in to see what goes on, is a different sort of crowd. This is where we stand. We could watch the "Bank" lose every franc to the players, without being tempted to risk one sou. For we should know that to-morrow night, the "Bank" would appear with fresh funds, and re-win all its losses in a few hours.

"Ah! here he is! He's come at last!"

This is said by some outsiders, as a dashing young fellow enters the room, along with a shorter, but older man, who looks as if he had taken a full complement of the *vin*, but not the *ordinaire*, of the duchy.

"Here he is! here he is!" say several voices at once.

The thin, gray old gentlemen do not even look up, but everybody else turns to see the new arrivals.

We said, "dashing young fellow," but we had no idea of picturing anything noble or spirited in the young man's appearance.

He had a finely moulded figure, and tried to give it the easy bearing and the off-hand gait with which it landed abroad, months ago. But it was a failure.

Only a few months of rioting and gambling had done their work. And "dashing," save in the cut and colour of his clothes, and a certain swagger that was all assumed, is not the word for him. We recall it.

Claude's companion was of about as much use in guiding and restraining him, as the tutors of young men of family generally are.

"Now, we'll just let the fools have it all to themselves for once, Claude," said Firnaby, the tutor.

"We'll just mind our own business, if you please, Mr. Parson, for, if I don't turn the luck in my favour, to-night, may I—"

But Claude's sentence was never finished. For, just then, the crowd opened, and there sprang out from the inner room, where the larger stakes are lost and won, right upon Claude (who was nearly knocked over), a middle-aged, tall man, who grasping his iron gray hair on both sides of his head, rushed to the door, crying—

"Perdu! Perdu!" at the very top of his voice.

He had just lost the last hundred of several thousands of pounds, and cried, with many a French, and many an Italian oath, too, that his wife and child were beggars.

"Look at that," said Firnaby.

"I am looking," Claude answered. "And that is

just the man I've no ambition whatever of resembling. Already, I'm a little more like him, Firnaby, than you suppose."

And Claude clenched his teeth in a deep "sacre!"

When the *rouge et noir* had disposed of every farthing of that morning's remittance, the mad youth, far on in the night, dashed open the door of the inner "hell," and, before he left it, he was fifteen or twenty thousand pounds in debt, to some of those gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion, who hang about the establishment for the accommodation of the public.

That night was the ghost, that haunted the heir of the house of Latson many, many days and nights yet to come.

And so the down-train rushed, and rushed along,—how fast, the first-class passenger little dreamed.

And when miles and miles away from where we have just left him, Claude Blance, muddle-brained, flashy, and lost, one day rubbed shoulders with Hugh Church (still called Hugh Church), neat, sober, and a gentleman, in a crowded London street, the Up-train flashed past the Down, and the half-brothers never knew how close they had been, for half-a-second, on the hot Railway of Life.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

REVEALS ANOTHER NEMESIS.

"Hi! stop! you can't go in there!"

"And, pray, why not? I thought the house was 'on view.'"

"No, not that room."

"Then why can't you tell us what is and what ain't?"

This was a little colloquy between poor old Ralph Grange, whose back had been turned for a moment, but who was keeping watch and ward over his master's bedroom in Latson Towers, and a strange gentleman from London.

Old Ralph had sufficiently recovered to get up.

Latson Towers was fast going down.

The master of the house was to have been removed before the week in question, but he had become suddenly worse, and the creditors—some his own, more of them his sons—were worn out, and refused to wait.

The person addressed by the steward was one of that interesting class that you always see in a house that is in trouble, as you see vultures near a dying camel in the desert.

He is a low general dealer from London. He takes the place in the house, with many others, of the ruined man's son, whom he has left somewhere in the metropolis, drowning dull care with the spoils of his last theft upon his father.

"Hi! stop! you can't go in there!"

But he can go everywhere else. To be sure he can.

He can go into that hall, across which, twenty years ago or more, the Lady Ethel was led from the travelling carriage, on the arm of the Honourable Hugh. And he can run his hand over those splendid bronzes, and sit down on those easy chairs, and guess the price of that painted window.

He can go into the bedroom of the late mistress of the house, and there he can turn over the wardrobe, which the loving Mrs. Glyde had carefully stowed away in locked drawers, all now unlocked, and there he can finger even Ethel's wedding dress.

He can go, can that London vulture, into Ethel's private room of all, and rummage among the precious things which Mande omitted to take away, or dared not trouble Latson by asking for.

And he can push his fingers round and about a cabinet of buhl, and, touching a secret spring, he can come upon a long and glossy band of hair, Ethel's half of what they took, just before the countess was laid in her coffin. And the gentleman can take this relic to a brother bird of prey standing there, and crack his jokes upon it, and say he supposes "this is the heir of the house," and throw it down, all scattered and unbound, upon the floor.

He can go into the private room, also, of the colonel himself. Ralph has taken care of some things that were in it, but not of all. For, in another cabinet, which a neat jerk of a stout penknife opens, is a small bundle of letters, each of which is signed "Your faithful Joyce," or "Your devoted Joyce," and those next the top (why had he never destroyed them, as he did the ring?), "Your broken-hearted wife."

"Joyce! Joyce!" said one of the fellows. "His wife's name was Ethel, wasn't it?"

"Aye, aye, his wife's was," said another.

"Well, she says wife, don't she, stupid?"

And then they thrust the tongue into the cheek, or laid their forefingers against their noses, or otherwise insulted the lonely churchyard slab, and the memory of its poor J. C., who slumbered under it.

Or, the vulture could go and loiter against the fireplace, in that same room where Ethel passed that

night of horror, when the sound of the billiard-room had died away, and she learned that her lord had forgotten she was there, or left her as if he had.

And the broker sat on the very chair on which Ethel heard from the footman how much her husband loved her.

He could go everywhere else but into that one room—and why should he go there?

His mission and his work are quite understood by the sinking tenant of that sinking house.

Ralph and the physician, with a hired nurse, are all the attendants that remain to the Honourable Hugh.

There he sits, on that bed. He has not laid down for many, many months. There he sits, propped up with pillows.

The doctor is on one side of him. Now and then, old Grange comes and stands respectfully on the other, and asks whether he shall change the posture, lower or raise the pillows.

The colonel's breaths, quick and hard, shake the very bed itself.

Every now and then, he suddenly dashes his hands to the mattress on either side of him, and convulsively springs up by their help, gasping for dear life.

It is a sad sight to look upon; when, every now and then, some one tries the handle of his door, and the patient proves, with a shudder, that he knows what it means; at intervals adding to the shudder a volley of curses, fearful to listen to,—it gives him such pain and distress to bring them out.

"Has the young villain never come near me?" gasped Latson, turning a look towards the doctor, that was too full of rage for the misery of it to excite much pity.

"Claude Blance?" asked the other. "No; but I should think he is certain to be here to-day. I have written again."

And the colonel, subsiding into one of his quieter moments, fixed his look on the other side, away from the doctor, a look of unspeakable anguish, and groaned out as if to himself—

"Wife, son, friends, servants, all gone—gone—all gone!"

"Doctor," he said, again looking towards him.

"Yes, my dear sir."

And the old man had hard work to say it.

"If that young imp doesn't pay you when I'm gone—"

And here Latson fired up again fearfully.

"Promise me to try and make him, will you?"

"Pray, pray, my good friend, don't talk of such matters now. I want nothing, and will have nothing. But you, you,—speak and think, my dear sir, of yourself."

"What about me?" Latson asked, with a half sneer, that showed he guessed the good doctor's meaning.

"Is there not some One else, colonel, to whom you really do owe a debt? To me, you owe nothing."

"He knows," was Latson's answer, "that I can't pay him."

And he turned away again.

"Just so, and therefore, my dear colonel, he has told you, and all of us, about a Surety who will pay off everything, everything, only for our asking and trusting him."

"Yes," murmured the dying man, "yes, perhaps He might, if He knew no more about me than you do, doctor."

The doctor was beginning to reply.

"He knows," the colonel gasped on, "that I've got the blood of some score of deaths on my head. Yes; and He knows, that, but for this cursed drowsy, I should have had a score more by this time to answer for. No, no, doctor, you mean it well; but I'm past all that sort of thing now."

And Latson sank exhausted, and was presently in a slight doze. He had passed many nights without sleep.

He was awakened by old Ralph coming into the room.

But when he was roused, the doctor saw that there was a great change for the worse.

Anxiety, fear, despair, and disease, all together, made that countenance a sight that even Justice must have declared herself contented to see, until, indeed, the last account, and the worst, should be required.

Presently, Latson caught sight of a letter in Ralph's hand, which the man had either forgotten to mention, in the new extremity he saw upon his master's features, or else had purposely withheld.

"What's—that's that?" he asked, with a terrible effort, looking towards the letter.

Ralph, who was bitterly weeping, explained, that he didn't think the colonel, whatever it might be, was equal to the task of attending to it.

But his master insisted, and the doctor took the

letter, thinking it was probably from the absent Claude.

The colonel signed to him to open it, and read it to him at once.

"It's from Folkstone, sir, Folkstone—I don't know the hand—it's short, and signed—"

But Latson impatiently motioned to have it read immediately.

The doctor read, in a low, but distinct voice, as follows:—

"My dear Latson,—"

"You will long since have forgotten me, but I cannot allow that to prevent my discharging a duty which I am ashamed of having neglected so long."

"On a certain Wednesday morning, many years ago, in a London church, I appeared to you to be taking part, with you, in ruining the happiness of a poor, innocent girl."

"Indeed, to a certain extent, I did take that part; for, as I have since heard, you deserted that girl, as the victim of a mock marriage."

"Latson, it was no mock marriage!"

The colonel made a violent effort to get up in bed, and was fearful to look upon.

"I was in holy orders when I read the service, though studying medicine; and I concealed my ordination, partly for the love of the romance of the thing, but partly because I knew how you would laugh at, and despise, me, for living the life I lived in your company, when such vows were upon me."

"I hope I now know better; and though I cannot, from all I have heard, repair the mischief I assisted you in doing, I dare not hide from you, any longer, that you have a son—at least one—whom it is your duty to protect, or—at all events—inquire after."

"Latson, may God forgive both of us!"

"I have left, with the boy's guardians, ample proof of the fact now communicated; but I deemed it, on consideration, best that you should hear the circumstances straight from myself."

"Again, I say—may God forgive us both!"

"I remain, my dear Latson,

"Your old, unworthy companion,

"MARMADUKE BLISS."

"Then—then," whispered the colonel, in terrible excitement, "I married—Ethel—while—Joyce—was still—"

"No,—no,—thank God!—no,—the old man,—Ah!—she was dead,—poor Joyce!—yes!—dead, just in time. Ugh!—ugh!" and a sharp spasm, followed by a fearful gasp for breath, stopped him.

The doctor and Ralph were left to guess what all this meant.

But they could not stand in that room without feeling, that, whatever had been the crime, the temporal punishment, while just, was terribly complete.

Could Dan himself have seen it he would have thought so too. And even Ruth would have been satisfied.

"Can I do anything for you, my dear colonel, in consequence of this letter?" asked the doctor.

"Do!—do!—what can you do?"

And he literally gnashed his teeth.

"Can—you—bring—bring—her back, you fool, eh? What can you do?"

"The boy," suggested the physician.

And there was just one brief glimpse of a smile, as if the word had given him a moment's prospect of some poor reparation.

But he was forbidden to seize it.

He fell back heavily; and the lips that might have sent a message and a prayer to his first-born, spoke again neither blessing nor cursing.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TUMBLING TOWERS.

Of course the sale was postponed.

Indeed, it would have been, no doubt, had the colonel lived, as soon as they found he was too ill to be removed.

Claude was not at the funeral, and merely wrote a short note to the doctor, making some lame excuse, and giving a wrong address.

Maude and her husband would, no doubt, have done violence to their feelings, and have paid the last external tokens of decent respect for the dead (however little they might have felt), but the ruin of the estate rendered it impossible that they should be seen in the neighbourhood.

So the good old doctor, Ralph, the nurse, and a very thin sprinkling of former tenants, followed to his grave the lord of Latson Towers.

His fall, chiefly the result of high play, first his own, then Claude's, had been rapid but complete.

And when last we were in the part of the country where he flourished, we found the house had undergone a singular change.

We procured an introduction, and went to see it.

Here is a fine stalwart form, marching along the corridor, where Ethel, in the early twilight, sought her room, as you remember, to change her evening for her morning dress. This form is attired in scarlet and in gold, and carries on its head a crown of gilt paper. As we pass him, he stops us, and touches us gently on the shoulder, and says—

"It is usual to bow when you meet the king, but you can pass on, only remember next time who I am."

Here, seated in that room, where Latson studied the visions of the fire-caverns,—here is a young lady, pale and very lovely, who is busy all day long in getting the room ready for her husband, whom she is always expecting, in just seven minutes.

As we enter the apartment she is laying his dressing-gown across the arm of an easy chair; and after curtsying with much grace, and telling us how glad she is to see us, she puts a pair of gentleman's slippers inside the fender just before the fire, remarking, as she looks at the clock on the chimney-piece—

"Yes, now I think we're ready. In seven minutes he will join me in telling you how welcome you are. Poor fellow! he'll be very tired, but so glad to see an old friend."

And with a delicious smile, the poor thing placed a chair for us near her own, opposite the dressing-gown, where we sat as long as we could keep her from seeing that our eyes were filling very fast.

We were glad to get away. She wished us "Good-by, but only for the present. He'll be home, I'm sure," she said, "before you call again;" and she stooped to put up one of the slippers that had fallen down.

Then, in another room, there was an old lady, neatly and even elegantly dressed, who rose as we entered, but immediately sat down again.

We went up to her and made some common observation about the weather and the beauty of the grounds.

"They used to be beautiful," she said; "but no beauty can withstand that walking pestilence. I saw him only half an hour ago. He walks from room to room, with a human head under each arm, a female head, and the locks—one light, the other dark, dabbled in blood—curl down on each side of him; and he holds them up in turns and smiles at them. But I'll be the death of him. Wait and see—Ah! there he is again!"

And in a moment the window was flung up, and the old lady had leaped some few feet down upon the terrace, and, with a speed wonderful for her years, was rushing across the lawn.

"She'll take no harm," said the attendant. "She's the least mad of any of them, after all; for I shouldn't wonder if that horrid colonel really did sometimes appear."

"What colonel?" we asked.

"The man who used to live here. And it is said he was the death of two wives. Perhaps the two heads are theirs."

And we turned cold and hot as we thought how the past and present of Latson Towers thus joined in the mad whims of this poor lady.

Man about town! polite assassin of the drawing-room, and licensed butcher in the shambles of profligate love!—you, too, can make asylums for idiots, and turn happy homes into madhouses. Only your horrid work comes out less boldly, and is seen by fewer witnesses, than the crimes of the Honourable Hugh.

But we have more yet to see.

Let us look a little longer.

(To be continued.)

INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.—A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape. It embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinct character—some announce goodness and sweetness—others betray sarcasm, bitterness, and pride—some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness—others brighten by their spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as the turning the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unsullied from the reflection of evil, and is illuminated and beautified by all sweet thoughts.

Chemical Experiments.

FIRE UNDER WATER.

Few appearances strike a person unacquainted with chemistry as being more extraordinary than fire under water, or fire in any way connected with water, yet few things to chemical comprehension are more simple. To produce a fire of any sort two agents are required at least—a combustible and a supporter of combustion.

Now it so happens that in the atmosphere around about us there exists a certain element in the state of gas called "oxygen." Every hundred part by measure of atmospheric air contains twenty-one of oxygen gas, and seventy-nine of another gas, called nitrogen. Now, of these two gases, oxygen is that which alone supports combustion, and if the atmosphere were wholly composed of oxygen instead of twenty-one per cent. of it, materials which burn in our present atmosphere, would burn much faster than desirable, and things which now do not burn at all, or imperfectly—such as iron, for example—would enter readily into combustion.

In all common cases of combustion, the presence of air is necessary for the sake of the oxygen yielded by it; but the chemist can readily produce combustion without the contact of any air whatever, by merely bringing the combustible, or thing to be burned, into contact with some body which has a supporter of combustion, usually oxygen, locked up within it, and ready to evolve it. For example, gunpowder can burn, as everybody knows, when tightly rammed into a gun barrel, and deprived of all contact with air; nay, gunpowder can burn if placed under the receiver of an air-pump, and the air exhausted; or under water, provided it be rammed into a case, after the manner of a rocket. The explanation of the burning of gunpowder under the above circumstances is, that it combines within itself not only a combustible, but a supporter of combustion. The materials of gunpowder are charcoal, sulphur, and nitre or saltpetre, as is well known. The two former burn if ignited, as almost every person knows. Saltpetre will not burn, it cannot be ignited; but it helps other things to burn by imparting to them, at the very instant of burning, the same element (oxygen) which exists as a gaseous component of the atmosphere, and is, as we have seen, the atmospheric supporter of combustion. Saltpetre may be made to give out its oxygen in the state of gas when heated, and still more readily chlorate of potash may be made to do so by heat and certain other modes of treatment, a fact upon which depends the success of the experiment presently to be described—namely, the production of fire under water.

The materials required for performing the experiment will be a little phosphorus—say half a drachm—cut into small pieces under cold water; an equal weight of chlorate of potash in crystals—the larger the better; a little oil of vitriol—about a pennyworth; a conical wine-glass, some water, and a small glass funnel with long neck, or even a piece of glass tube. Having poured water into the wine-glass—about three-fourths as much as it will hold—drop in first the phosphorus, cut into small pieces as described. Do not touch the phosphorus with the fingers, or anything warm, lest it burst into flame. Transfer it to the wine-glass from the water in which it has been cut by means of a piece of wire or of quill; but on no account touch it with the fingers. Next drop down upon the phosphorus the crystals of chlorate of potash. The object now is to bring oil of vitriol into contact with the materials, mingling it with the water as little as possible. This may be accomplished by means of the funnel, the stem of which being thrust down amidst the phosphorus, and the chlorate and oil of vitriol poured into the funnel itself, the desired contact between the phosphorus, chlorate, and oil of vitriol will be accomplished.

No sooner does this take place than a brilliant combustion ensues, underneath the surface of the water. After a time when the oil of vitriol mingles with the water and becomes diluted, the combusive energy ceases. It may be re-established, however, again and again, as long as any phosphorus remains unconsumed, by dropping a few crystals of chlorate of potash into the wine-glass from time to time, and pouring in more oil of vitriol.

Combustion by contact of water.—By no great stretch of imagination or misuse of terms, the experiment now about to be detailed might be designated combustion of water, or the setting of water on fire.

In prosecuting our last experiment, we employed chlorate of potash as the oxygen-yielding material; but water itself contains oxygen, being a compound of that element and hydrogen; so that if by any means

we can discover a substance able to take away the oxygen which water holds, and take it away with sufficient energy, combustion should ensue. Now, the curious metal potassium is an agent of this sort. So violent an attachment has it for oxygen, that it decomposes water and produces flame. Potassium is always kept in a bath of Persian naphtha, a material which contains no oxygen. It exists in globules, and when a globule is taken out of its bath and thrown into water, flame is the immediate result; the potassium totally disappearing, and the water becoming charged with a solution of potash.

Curiously enough, potassium, though it takes fire immediately on coming into contact with water, is difficult to be ignited when surrounded by atmospheric air. The reason of this is that a crust surrounds it exteriorly, and prevents the atmospheric contact which is necessary to combustion.

Combustion on the surface of water—the modern Greek fire, as it has been called.—Vary the potassium experiment now as follows:—Take a basin, three parts fill it with water, and pour upon the surface of the water sufficient Persian naphtha to form a thin pellicle. This done, project a globule of potassium into the basin as before: it not only takes fire, but sets the pellicle of naphtha on fire.

Within the last few years, it has been proposed to turn the above-mentioned little device to account in naval warfare. It has been proposed to stave a few barrels of naphtha amongst adverse shipping, and throw a lump of potassium into the water. The proposition is ingenious, no doubt; but an objection applies to its practicability, of the same character as the objection to the catching of birds by a peculiar application of salt. The real Greek fire was a composition very different from that just described. It appears to have been a mixture of nitre, sulphur, and petroleum.

TO THE WORLD!

SING for the blessed and tender declaring

That shines in the beauty of innocent eyes;

Sing for the glory of winning and wearing

Fate in its loftiest and lowliest guise!

Sing when the daybreaks of bliss over-sky thee!

Sing when their sunsets of splendour depart!

Sing when the angel of death, passing by thee,

Knocks at the door of some cherished one's heart!

Sing for the strength that hath crowned thee victorious

O'er the wild armies of sorrow and pain;

Sing for the woes that have made thy life glorious—

Sing! for none sorrow and suffer in vain!

Sing! when the heart bleeds thy song shall be sweetest,

Mournfullest music is born in the night!

Sing through the storm of each battle thou meetest—

Sing for the beautiful promise of light!

Sing when the sands of the grave overblow thee!

Sing when earth's shadow lies furthest and dim!

Sing when the rivers of death overflow thee—

Noblest of all is the victor's last hymn!

HOW A RIVER OVERFLOWED, AFTER A BATTLE.

It was at Lindenau, near Leipsic, in the winter of 1846—one of the hardest known there for years. I had been skating on the Elster all the afternoon, and felt "warm as a toast," though the frozen breath lay on my whiskers and on my greatcoat collar in a white, powdery rime. Half Leipsic seemed to have turned out, on that Saturday afternoon, to pass its half-holiday in skating; and the men struck out boldly; and the ladies came clinking along gracefully (for many German ladies skate). Their silvery laughter was very pleasant to hear; and all was "merry as a marriage bell."

But three successive journeys between Lindenau and Leipsic had satisfied my skating propensities, for the time being; and I was glad enough to take off my "sledge-shoes," as the Germans expressively call skates. By the bank stood old Fritz, the fisherman, collecting the toll of one Dreyer, a coin in value between a halfpenny and a farthing, exacted by the fisherman from all who skate on the river Elster. The tax is not a heavy one; and in consideration of its payment the fishermen keep the river swept as smooth as a sheet of glass, all the two miles and a half between Leipsic and Lindenau. So old Fritz stood there with his tin box, looking sharply after the interests of his craft, his face shining through the cold like a ruddy winter apple. I was a favourite with old Fritz, who had seen a good deal of life, and imparted his recollections, in a strange, rambling way, by the hour together. I got into conversation with him; and this is what he told me, as nearly as I can recollect his words:—

"Yes, mein Herr, yes," he began, in acknowledgment of an observation I had made on the severity of the season, and the hardness of the times, "we've

had our trials, as you say, and it's difficult enough to get through, with half rations, and little to do. But, after all, it's very much better than what I and many other men, not older than myself, have seen here in the old winters. Why, I've seen the river on which we're standing now (and he stamped his felt shoes emphatically on the ice)—I've seen the Elster overflow its banks, and pour over the meadows like an over-filled cistern; it was so blocked up with ice that came floating down the stream from the higher lands—ah! and I've seen it overflow when there wasn't a block of ice to interfere with its course," and old Fritz took his pipe with the porcelain bowl and cherry-stick from between his lips, and laid his hand on my arm impressively; "it was blocked up though, for all that—and with what, do you think? With men and horses, rushing headlong through to the bank over yonder—tearing, scrambling, and crushing each other. There were men hacking at their own comrades to loosen the grasp the poor drowning wretches laid on them. There was work, I can tell you, for us fishermen, for days afterwards, in clearing the river of the bodies of men and horses—and then what a famine there was the next winter, and what misery! There's nothing to compare to it now—nothing."

"I'm talking about the great battle? Yes, surely; and I've reason enough to remember it too."

"Tell you about it. Yes, I will; though I can't explain to you how the battle was fought, for a common soldier is never expected to understand much of the movements of his officers—his duty is to obey orders. And besides, I was out of the army already, at the time the battle of Leipsic was fought, my period of service being over in the year of the Russian campaign."

"You see, when it was first rumoured that Napoleon and his army were marching upon Leipsic, there were divided opinions about the leader and his men. Some people remembered the old soldiers who had won Jena and Austerlitz—fine manly fellows, rather rough and ready, but civil enough if you knew how to treat them,—and these were almost glad at the prospect of seeing the French army again. But others, and by far the greater number, asserted that the new army Napoleon had raised since the Russian disasters consisted of little more than a set of robbers, who would plunder friend and foe alike—and the majority were in the right, as we soon found to our cost."

"I don't know how it was. I suppose the best men among the French had all been killed in the long years of fighting; but no man ever saw such a set of thorough-paced scoundrels as came marching into Leipsic on the first days of October, 1813. The fellows seemed to know that their master was under a cloud, and that he couldn't do without them, so they maintained a show of discipline while on duty, but in their quarters they did just as they chose, and their officers knew better than to interfere with them."

"Thieves? Why no, you couldn't say that they *thieved* exactly, for they carried away everything openly, in broad daylight; and what they couldn't use they would break up rather than leave it behind them in such a state as to be of any good. I've seen a great fellow of a pioneer, when the drum beat to muster the men, stay behind a minute to smash a child's cradle to pieces with his axe; and another I saw set fire to a heap of logs stacked up as fuel against the coming winter. The first intimation we had of the rascals' coming, was by seeing a number of poor peasants come flocking into Leipsic from all the villages round about, driving their sheep and cattle before them. They knew well enough, poor souls, that if the Frenchmen got to see the beasts, not a horn or a hoof would remain. Of course there wasn't forage or stabling for all the beasts within the town, so they had to be slaughtered, and you could buy pounds upon pounds' weight of first-rate beef or mutton for a very few groschen."

"The French soon began to arrive; and they were quartered upon the citizens of Leipsic, who had a heavy time with them, I can assure you. Nothing was good enough. If brown bread was set before them, they clamoured for white; if their hosts regaled them with strong beer, they yelled for wine; and at the least contradiction, out would come their bayonets and swords,—and they knew how to use them too, I can tell you! So at last the Leipsic people really wished the battle to begin, if it was only to get the scamps out of their houses."

"Did I see Napoleon himself? Yes, surely. One evening about five o'clock, I was walking along the Rossplatz (a large open square), when a britska dashed past me at a rattling speed, and drew up in front of the Hotel de Prusse. On the box beside the driver sat Roustan, the Mameluke, a favourite servant of the emperor's; but I am told he deserted his master at last. In the carriage rode a tall, soldierly man, with gray hair and a melancholy face."



OVERFLOW OF THE ELSTER AFTER THE BATTLE OF LEIPSIK.

It was Poniatowsky, the Pole. Beside him sat Napoleon.

"Well, I'll describe him as clearly as I can. I saw him once afterwards, and each time got a good long look at him. He was a short man, stout in figure, but not unwieldy. His face was of a pale yellowish colour, and had a jaded, careworn look. He sat leaning back in his carriage, with his head sunk a little forward on his breast, as if the weight he had on his mind had been bearing him down. As the carriage stopped he started up abruptly, and signed hurriedly to have the door opened for him. Then he got out and walked hastily into the hotel. All his movements were abrupt, and there was a restless, unquiet look in his splendid blue eye.

"Was he like his portraits? Well, yes; and yet not. The features I have seen given accurately enough, but seldom the expression. He was a handsome man, certainly; and if you had once seen his face you could never forget it. I can't tell you what it was, but it was *something*. There was his brother-in-law, Murat, a handsomer man, but one whose face you forgot in a minute; for he looked just what he was—a swaggering hussar officer

"The King of Saxony was on Napoleon's side; so were the rest of the royal family; and the Saxon army, between twenty and thirty thousand in number, were to fight for Napoleon. But the people were too much embittered by the behaviour of the French soldiery; and the Saxon troops, who had wives, and sisters, and mothers in Leipsic, planned and carried out a deep scheme of revenge. On the second day of the battle, at a critical time, they quitted their position and marched over to the allies, on whose side they fought afterwards. I never half liked their deserting their leader: a soldier should stick to his colours; but then, you see, they had wives and sisters in Leipsic, and it served the French right.

"The battle was a terrible one. Napoleon never fought better; and at one time, on the first day, it was thought the allied army would have to retreat. The news of victory had actually been sent off to Paris, and from one of the windows of the Pleissenburg, where the royal family had shut themselves up, a white handkerchief was waved. It was never found out for certain who waved that handkerchief; but it was long before the people forgave the royal family for showing their joy that the Germans were beaten,

"But the news had been sent off too soon; and at the end of the first day neither side had much to boast of. The second day they didn't do much; but on the third the fortune of war turned against Napoleon. They say his ammunition failed: at any rate, the Emperor gave up all hope, and only thought of securing the retreat of his men in the morning.

"Now, it would be necessary for a great number of the troops to cross the Elster, over which there was a great, broad wooden bridge. Napoleon left the divisions of Macdonald and Poniatowsky to cover the retreat, and gave orders that the bridge should be blown up when the troops had passed, to stop the pursuit of the allies. But there was a mistake somewhere; for suddenly a tremendous crash was heard, and the old Elster bridge flew into the air in splinters. The two divisions were still in Leipsic, with the whole of the allied army at their heels.

"The yell of rage and horror those Frenchmen gave, when they saw their retreat cut off, might have been heard for miles. I am pretty well case-hardened, but I didn't get it out of my ears for weeks after. There was nothing for it but to take to the water—sink or swim—and in they all went, with the cannon of the

allies playing upon them. It was a horrible ending, even for a battle in which four hundred thousand men had been engaged.

"We were employed for days afterwards in clearing the river. Among the dead were several of the Saxon troops, who had been taken prisoners, and whom the rascally Frenchmen had hurried away with them. One poor little drummer boy was taken out of the river two days afterwards, in the very sight of his mother, who had been searching for him night and day. It was a cruel thing to make the poor little chap serve; but those were hard times, and people did almost anything for a bit of bread.

"I and my mates had been at work all day, drawing bodies from the water. We were going to give up, though there was plenty yet to do, when I spied a corpse in a general's uniform floating slowly down the stream. I took the boat-hook, and got it into my flat-bottomed punt. I thought I had seen the melancholy face and the white hair before. A second glance showed me I was right.

"It was Prince Poniatowsky the Pole, whom I had seen in the britska with Napoleon. When I thought of the poor little drummer boy, and of the thousands of other victims of the battle, I felt that I wouldn't have minded fishing the other occupant of that carriage out of the water, instead of Poniatowsky."

THE FAULTY HEART AND THE STAMMERING TONGUE.

"O, now, Maggie, why will you be always thinking of that stammering Dickie O'Neil? What matter is it whether he is to be the frolic or not? There'll be enough more there, rest ye assured."

"I know—I know, Bridgy. I only asked be—"

"Yes, yes, ye only asked because ye wanted to know. And ye're only blushing, now, as ye're always sure to blush when that stuttering body is mentioned. You are a silly girl, Mag, that's what you are, to be so cold to Pete Hannigan, who's a most d'ying for ye this blessed minit; and whose nice farm is full of good things he'd be glad to offer your own self, if ye'd only give him the least bit of encouragement. Well, well, everybody has their own taste, to be sure." And with a dignified toss of the head, Maggie's friend drew her bonnet-strings together, preparatory to bringing her call to a close.

"Oh, Bridget!" said the pleading voice of the accused, "don't blame me so. You do not know how bad a heart Pete Hannigan has got. If you'd only heard him speak to his poor, old, blind mother, as I did once, ye'd never be the one to say such words to me. I know Dickie has a faltering tongue; but—but, Bridgy, he's got a good heart of his own, that's fuller of good than anybody's farm." And, half frightened at what she had said, the blushing girl bent lower over her ironing, to hide the tears her full soul pressed to her eyes.

Bridget's Irish heart melted instantly. With genuine repentance, she threw her arms around Maggie's neck and begged forgiveness.

"Oh, never you mind, darlin', what I said. I'm for ever saying the wrong thing. There's enough that would be proud of your love, dear; but your own clear heart will guide ye right. And I might have remembered that, too, before I went to blaming you with my foolish tongue."

Maggie, no doubt, remembered that "to err is human, to forgive divine," when she gave her hand in token of reconciliation. She wiped away her tears, and carefully folding the shirt she had finished ironing, laid it away, while a heavy sigh escaped her, as if from weariness; though the absent look betrayed another cause.

"We'll go early, won't we?" said Bridget, as she lifted the door latch.

"Yes," replied Maggie, pensively.

"And you will wear your blue cambric dress?"

"Yes."

"And I'll wear mine. Good-bye, Maggie, dear."

"Good bye."

A kiss, and the friends parted until evening.

"Bright shone the lights" o'er Ireland's sons and daughters. And if the rustling of silks was not there, that broad, old kitchen resounded to happier sounds. There were blushing maidens there, and hopeful swains; and music and dancing, and coquetting. And, if all was not done in the most refined style, there was as much good motive and purity as the most conscientious and delicate could have desired.

Away in one corner were Bridget and Maggie; and in close proximity were the Dickie O'Neil and Pete Hannigan, about whom they had contended in the morning.

The friends had worn their blue cambric dresses,

according to agreement; and if they were not cut precisely after "the last Paris fashion," they, nevertheless, did credit to the industrious hands that made them. And the deep falls of cotton lace were just as delicious, in the eyes of their numerous admirers, as the richest blonde would have been.

There was one among the crowd that night whose entrance had hushed, for a little time, the voice of mirth, and given rise to many a feeling of pity in the warm hearts that beat there. It was a blind sister of Dickie O'Neil's!

"She wanted to come," he was saying to Maggie, "and I told mother if she would let her, I'd see that no harm came upon her."

"I ought to brought my old, blind mother," said Hannigan, drawing down his chin, with a chuckling laugh.

"And many's the thing you could ha' done worse," tartly added Bridget, his late defender.

The young farmer, failing to excite ridicule against his hated rival, cast an angry glance at Bridget, and turning to O'Neil, continued—

"'Tis a hard time you must have of it to feed so many mouths, and only your two hands to work with. You must find you a wife who will bring you some land to live upon."

"I would not have a wi-wife for the land she would bring me," blushing replied O'Neil. "I love to work for the dear ones at home, and we always have e-enough and to spare."

"'Tis sildom a frolic ye can attind, though, for want of money," bitterly replied Hannigan, reddening with vexation.

"Oh! fie upon you, Pete Hannigan," again chimed in Bridget, "to be spaking sich words to the like of Dickie O'Neil. He's got a big, warm heart of his own, that's worth a thousand times more'n your few acres of cold land. And I know," she added slowly, "of some one else who thinks—"

But an imploring glance from Maggie caused her to stop.

An angry light was burning in Hannigan's eye; but he dared not say what he wanted, because of Maggie's presence, whose face was red with confusion—the shade of satisfaction upon it being perceptible only to the saucy Bridget.

A sudden relief for all came at this moment: a soft, pleasant voice was calling "Dickie!"

"Yes, Mary," answered the brother; and the young man was at his sister's side in a moment.

"I left you a long time," was the brother's kind remark. "I did not consider how quickly the time passed."

"Oh, no! it was not long. I have not been lonely. I have been talking with the girls, and but just stopped to listen for your voice; I did not hear it, so I spoke. But what is the matter, Dickie? how hot your hand is!"

"Oh! nothing: it's yours is co-cold, that's all. I'll lead you to the fire."

The sister strained her sightless orbs, as if to look in her brother's face. But it was in vain, and she contented herself to be led by him where he chose.

It was a pleasing sight, for those who had hearts to appreciate it, to see that young man leading about his blind sister, and trying to amuse her, carefully guiding her steps, and stopping where he thought she would be pleased. He did not leave her many times to join in the merriment. Only once more, for the sake of leading Maggie into the whirling dance, he left her, seating her where the sound of the music would fall the most pleasantly upon her sensitive ear. When he went back to her, Bridget again heard Hannigan trying to ridicule him, which so roused her indignation that she longed for an opportunity to tell him how detestable he was. To appease her wrath she managed to give him a disagreeable shove whenever they passed and re-passed each other, during the mysterious changes of the dance. And he, vexed with her impudence, at length made it convenient to catch one of the brass buttons of his coat into one of the flowing ruffles of her dress, and did not stop his forward movement until the dainty trimming was shorn of all its beauty.

Bridget's wailing was long and hearty, at this disfigurement of her favourite blue. The dance was stopped, and hosts of sympathising friends crowded around her.

"Never you mind, darling," said one.

"It can surely be mended, as good as new," comfortingly added another.

"Accidents will happen," gravely remarked a third.

"I'll help you to fix it to-morrow," whispered Maggie, who had an indistinct idea that it was not all an accident.

And so Bridget was comforted, at length, and the dance went on; though not until she had called

Hannigan a miserable, old piece of awkwardness, and declared that he "wasn't fit to dance with the decent girls."

"That's more'n you can prove, Miss Bridget," was his retort. And so the matter was settled for that night; each, however, vowing future vengeance upon the other.

"Like all things lovely," the frolic had its ending. Groups formed, here and there, around the heaps of bonnets and cloaks, that had been laid up carefully in divers places, to be out of the way. The young men cast eager glances around, each intent to secure his favourite for the homeward walk.

Hannigan's head rose high above those around him, as he threaded his way industriously towards the spot where Maggie's voice was heard.

But Maggie was manœuvring with all a woman's adroitness to keep out of his way. Did he approach in one direction, something was sura to claim her attention in another. And when, by rapid movements, he at length managed to face her, she suddenly remembered something she had forgotten to say to a friend across the room. She was relieved from her exertions, at last, by hearing a pleasant voice over her shoulder, asking—

"May I go ho-home with you, Maggie?"

"Yes, Dickie," was the prompt reply.

Placing his blind sister where no harm would be likely to befall her, O'Neil bade her wait his return; and then triumphantly walked away with the only one that the well-to-do farmer cared to gallant home. Deep and bitter were the curses that followed the fortunate rival; but they did not rob him of Maggie's love, or the sweet pleasure of having her by his side.

How those full hearts unburdened themselves, during that moonlight walk, is not necessary for us to know. But, we are sure that both experienced a full satisfaction ere they parted at Maggie's door.

"O! Maggie, Maggie, I'm so glad of your choice," said Bridget, as they sat busily drawing together the broken meshes of torn lace. "It was a poor fool that I was, to be sure, to want you to have that mean, wicked fellow, who has no good word to say of any one. It would be a sorry life he would lead you, honey, with your kind heart that's always making you do somebody some good." And, stopping for breath, Maggie's friend wiped away the tears that were falling fast upon the shining cambric.

"I knew, Bridget, you would despise him, as I do, when you came to see him more. But, indeed, I'm far from wishing any harm to him, and hope he may yet be taken in the right way."

"He wouldn't see it, dear, if he was, for he is always looking for bad. Only to think, of his making fun of Dickie, because he had his poor, blind sister there, who had as good a right as anybody to have her heart made glad with the sounds of our frolic. No, no, never a good thought could stay with that Pete Hannigan, I dare declare! But come, tell me, Mag, that's a darlin'—is it settled that you and Dickie will be married soon?"

"Yes, Bridget, I may as well tell you, for you'll know all about it before long," replied Maggie, thoughtfully.

"You'll never tell him what I said about him yesterday morning, will you, dear?"

"Never."

"Well, it's nothing, after all, his stammering. It's only once in the while a word; and then he always says just what he wants to, at last, and it's always something good, too—so where's the difference?"

"Indeed, Maggie, I don't believe he'll stammer so much now that he knows you love him. I dare say he's always felt embarrassed like, when he was near you; but now he'll feel more free, and talk easier."

"Yes, he did last night, Bridgy. He bid me 'good-by,' and told me when he would come and see me, just as well as you or I. And, O, Bridgy, he's so good! Now, that's the thing, after all, isn't it?" And again the cambric dress was saved from being soiled only by its polished surface, over which the friends' tears glided, an offering at each other's feet.

"There, it's all as good as ever now," said Bridget, holding up the mended garment triumphantly.

"Yes; it'll never show a bit where it was torn."

"And I can wear it at your wedding, Maggie."

"And I hope there'll be nobody there that'll tear it again."

"Always wishing a good wish, sure it's you that deserves a good husband." And throwing her arms around Maggie's neck, the friends promised everlasting constancy to each other, whatever the future might make of change for them.

If you wish to increase the size and prominence of your eyes, just keep an account of the money you spend foolishly, and add it up at the end of the year.

THE CITY BLACKSMITH.

I LOVE to stand at the blacksmith's door,
Just at the close of day,
When the feather we call the evening star
From night's wing is floating away,
And the blinding glories of the west
Melt into quaking gray.

'Tis a homely and a quiet joy
To lose sight of earthly jars,
By watching the fire-flakes, soft as snow,
Like a shoal of falling stars,
Sprout, like miniature comets, through the gloom,
Twixt the glowing iron bars.

I stand on the threshold—day without,
And murkiness within—
And watch the swarthy figures flit
From the fire to the dusty bin;
And not unpleasant to my ear
Is the hammer and anvil's din.

I love to watch the bright red glow
On the labourer's honest face,
And the thick and well-marked veins, that show
Firm as an iron brace;
And in steadier mood I seek my work,
With a quicker and happier pace.

Small Change.

"WHAT keeps our friend D— away from church?" asked a clergyman of his clerk; "I hope he has not a tendency to socinianism or deism." "No, sir, it is something worse than that," replied the clerk. "Worse! I trust you don't mean atheism?"

"No, sir; worse still. I mean *rheumatism*."

LORD NORTH, who detested music, was asked to subscribe to the ancient concerts. He refused. "But your lordship's brother, the Bishop of Winchester, subscribes," urged the applicant. "If I were as deaf as he, I would subscribe too," was the reply.

A DRAMATIC author went to see his own play performed, and expressed his surprise to a friend on the thinness of the house. "I suppose," he added, "it's owing to the war." "No," replied his friend, "I think it must be owing to the *piece*."

WHERE?—A man who had had a severe fall was asked by the surgeon "Have you sprained yourself near the *fibula*?" "No, sir," answered he; "near the *market place*."

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ.—A picture-dealer, selling his pictures by an exhibition in a provincial town lately, had, among other performances, the following subject, according to his catalogue, "A *View in Italy*," by A. Caracci, with a figure of John the Baptist, baptising in the *river Jordan*."

NEGATIVE VIRTUES.—A person below the middle stature observed, he could boast of two negative qualifications, viz., that he never wore a *great coat*, nor ever lay *long in bed*.

PRIVATEERING.—A gentleman in a tea-party over-hearing one lady say to another, "I have something for your *private ear*," immediately exclaimed, "I protest against that, for there is a law against *private-ering*."

ALIAS JONES.—An old offender was lately brought before a learned justice of the peace in Shropshire. The constable, as a preliminary, informed his worship that he had in custody John Simmons, *alias* Jones, *alias* Smith. "Very well," said the magistrate, "I will try the *two women* first: bring in *Alice Jones*."

LOGIC.—No cat has two tails. A cat has one tail more than no cat. *Ergo*, a cat has three tails.

MILITARY REWARD.—All the ideas of King William III. were military. Being told that Dean Swift was a very clever fellow, and had done great service to his majesty, the king replied, "Very well, then, I'll give him a troop of light horse."

A GOOD PRICE.—Mrs. Rugg, a widow, having taken Sir Charles Price for her second husband, and being asked by a friend how she liked the change, replied, "Oh, I have got rid of my old Rugg for a good Price."

NATIONAL PARADOXES.—Somebody once remarked that the Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; the Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; and the Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting.

THE MOVING POWER.—Dr. Busby was asked how he contrived to keep all his preferences and the head-mastership of Westminster school, through so many changes of party and of power. He replied, "The fathers govern the nation, the mothers govern the fathers; but the boys govern the mothers, and I govern the boys."

A REMONSTRANCE TO THE MARRIED.—Clergyman: "Really, my good friend, it is a pity that you, so lately married, too, should quarrel as you do; you

ought besides to recollect that you are properly but one." Husband: "One, sir! I wish, when you happen to be passing that way, you would just stop and listen under our window; you would imagine we were twenty!"

A LONG WALK.—There were two very fat noble-men at the court of Louis XV., the Duke of L— and the Duke of N—. They were both one day at the levee when the king began to rally the former on his corpulence. "You take no exercise, I suppose," said the king. "Pardon me, sire," said De L—, "I walk twice every day round my cousin, De N—."

THOUGHT is to the thinker what the sparks are to the glowing iron, as it is whirled rustling from the forge to the anvil. It is a part of the thinker; a scintillation from the soul; and the language is the light of the kindling thought.

PHILOSOPHICAL EPIGRAM.

Says the earth to the moon, "You're a pilfering jade,
What you steal from the sun is beyond-all belief."
Fair Scynthia replies, "Madam Earth, hold your peace;
The receiver is always as bad as the thief."

"I HAVE whitewashed my ceiling," said a bad painter, "and now I am going to paint it." "It is a pity," said a friend, "that you did not paint it first."

PHRENOLOGY.—Blumenbach, speaking of phre-nology, says, "There is a great deal that is *new* and *true* in this system: but the *new* is not *true*, and the *true* is not *new*."

A LADY remarked of a very ignorant man, who was complimented on his good sense, "He ought to have a great *stock* of good sense, for he never *spends* any."

You may always get rid of an acquaintance whom you don't like. If he is poor, lend him some money; if he is rich, ask him to lend you some. Both methods are infallible.

"CARO, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes towards the south in the winter?"

"Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand de 'clemency of de norf, and so am 'bliged to go to de souf, where he 'periences warmer longitude," was the philosophic reply.

"Is molasses good for a cough?" inquired Jones, who had taken a slight cold, and was barking with considerable energy. "I should think so," said Brown; "it is sold for *consumption*."

It has been said doctors may well have an especial horror of the sea, because they are more liable than others to *see sickness*.

ON A SURGEON.

"Here lies in repose, after great deeds of blood,
An hospital surgeon thorough,
Who bled, for his own and his country's good,
And St. Thomas's Hospital, Borough."

A FAST young member of the aristocracy, who plumed himself upon being aide-de-camp to one of our famous generals, happening one day to find himself in company with a grave and learned bishop, with singular bad taste and breeding, put the following conundrum:—"Why is a bishop like a donkey?"

The reply was as deficient in point as the question was in tact. The bishop, after allowing his assailant to recover from the discomfiture which the failure of his bad joke had occasioned, quietly said, "Now, sir, I will put a conundrum—can you tell me what is the difference between an aide-de-camp and a donkey?" The aide-de-camp said he could not tell. "Neither can I," said the bishop.

Why does a duck dip its head under water? For *divers* reasons. Why does it bring it back again? For *sun-dry* reasons.

Puzzles for the Ingenious.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

AN intimate friend of a Roman emperor. This friend disclosed the secrets of the emperor to his wife, who divulged them to other matrons, for which he received so severe a reprimand, that he and his wife destroyed themselves.

The initials of the six following characters supply the successive letters of the name of the person above referred to:—

1. A cruel and ambitious woman, who, when a certain celebrated orator of ancient Rome was beheaded, ordered the head to be brought before her, and treated it with every indignity. She died broken-hearted at the coldness and neglect which she experienced from her husband.

2. A town in Africa, in which a celebrated Roman patriot destroyed himself.

3. One of Napoleon Bonaparte's bravest generals. He was killed in battle.

4. A celebrated French author, and one of the most virulent enemies of the Christian religion.

5. One of the seven Persian noblemen who conspired against the usurper Smerdis. He was ultimately put to death by Darius.

6. Magistrates at Athens to whom those who were publicly condemned were delivered to be executed.

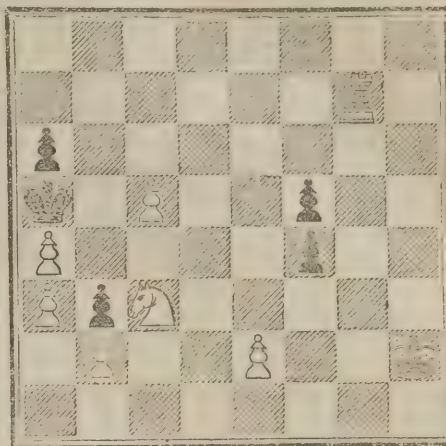
7. A Roman senator, who vigorously resisted the changes made in the national religion by the progress of Christianity.

Solutions are requested.

Chess.

Problem No. 15. By Mr. J. STONEHOUSE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Solution of Problem No. 11.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to K 8 | 1. K to K B 4 (a) |
| 2. Q to K 4 (ch) | 2. K takes Q |
| 3. Kt to Q B 3 (mate) | |
| (a) | 1. Q takes R |
| 2. P to K B 3 (ch) | 2. K moves |
| 3. Q to K 4 (mate) | |

Solution of Problem No. 12.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. K to Q Kt 7 | 1. B to K B sq |
| 2. Kt to K 4 | 2. B to Q B 4 |
| 3. Kt to Q 2 | 3. B takes B |
| 4. Kt to K B 3 (mate) | |

Solution of Problem No. 13.

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to K B 3 | 1. Kt to K B 6 or S (a) (b) |
| 2. B to K R 5 | 2. K moves |
| 3. R mates | |
| (a) If K to K 8, R to K Kt sq (ch), and mates with B. | |
| (b) If K takes Kt, R to K 4, and mates next move. | |

ENIGMAS.

No. 6. For Beginners. By DOMINO.

White.—K at K B sq, Kt at K 3.
Black.—K at K R 8, Kt at Q 6, Ps at K 3, and K 4, and K R 7.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

No. 7. By Mr. T.

White.—K at Q R sq, B at Q Kt 3, Kt at Q B 6, R at K Kt sq.

Black.—K at K B sq, Ps at K 2 and K B 2.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

No. 8. By Mr. B.

White.—K at Q B 6, B at Q R 3, Kt at K B 7, Ps at K B 4, K Kt 6, and K R 5.

Black.—K at K 3, Ps at K B 4, K Kt 2, K R 3.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

No. 9. By WM. GREENWOOD.

White.—K at K R 2, Q at K R 3, Rs at K R 8 and K B sq, B at K B 2, Kt at K 7.

Black.—K at Q sq, Q at Q R 5, R at K Kt 2, Kts at K sq and Q Kt 5, P at K 4.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

W.—Your batch of Problems is very acceptable. The positions are very instructive.

ROBERT G.—If in Problem No. 9 Black play his B to Q Kt 8, with the view of capturing the Rook next move, White must play his Kt to Q sq, when the Bishop will mate next move. Like all the compositions of our esteemed correspondent, "Domino," it is a very clever piece of chess strategy.

J. P. COURTENAY.—Your Problem shall be presented to the juveniles. We shall feel obliged if in future you will submit your Problems on diagrams. Forms can be forwarded to you on your favouring us with a stamped envelope.

GEO. VAUGHAN (Maidstone).—The proper reply of Black to your first move in Problem No. 8 is R takes B, which renders the mate impossible. In Problem No. 9 you overlook the move of K to Q 5, after the Kt has captured the Bishop.

Solutions of Problems by F. G. Rainger, Nos. 8 and 9; John Gilbert, Nos. 7, 8, and 9; Tobacco, No. 4; J. Robinson, Nos. 5 and 9; J. Stonehouse, Nos. 5 and 6; Ernestus, Nos. 8 and 9; Oxon, Nos. 8 and 9; D. W. S., Nos. 7, 8, and 9; M. A. R., Nos. 7, 8, and 9; Douglas, Nos. 8 and 9; J. Palmer, Nos. 7 and 8; Toz, Nos. 8 and 9; D. G., Nos. 6 and 7; F. R. of B., Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9; T. Austin, Nos. 7 and 8; W. Jones, Nos. 7, 8, and 9; W. W. B., Nos. 4, 5, and 6; A. Novice, Nos. 4, 5, 8, and 9; and G. Grant, Nos. 7, 8, and 9, correct.

Our Editorial Table.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—An engaged young lady should not receive presents from any man, with the proviso that the present is to be concealed from him she is about to marry. In this case we recommend her to return the books to the gentleman who sent them, but without note or letter, and merely with "Miss So-and-so's compliments" written on the paper containing the books. As to the other subject on which "A Constant Subscriber" asks our advice, we would advise him not to retaliate upon ladies for any little freedoms of speech. But even they should not be too severe, neither should they irritate their lovers by boasting of other admirers. Still, "I don't care" is so unguarded a retort, that we recommend an apology.

ALEXANDER H. DOUGLAS.—Promises, though signed and sealed, if obtained under false pretences, are neither morally nor legally binding. But we must confess it is our opinion that a young lady nearly eighteen years of age should have known better than to sign a paper without being aware of what she was signing. However, there could be nothing binding in the odious and absurd agreement she unconsciously signed. No woman has a right to promise to marry a married man, and no man has a right to exact such a promise. Should this disgraceful transaction ever become public, it is the married man and his lawyer who have cause to tremble.

W. E. Y.—If a man dies intestate, his freehold landed property goes to his heir-at-law, and his other property is divided among his next of kin.

BELA.—Desertion gives a woman no right to marry again, and while her husband lives she can only acquire this right by proving infidelity and cruelty.

R. D.—The words are—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

They form part of Coleridge's "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner."

IDA FETTER.—In answer to your question, we must say that it is very indiscreet to parade letters from former admirers, and most especially to read passages from them, in the presence of one from whom you have received similar epistles. Indeed it is not delicate; and as the young man to whom you revealed these extracts had not declared himself matrimonially, the proceeding appears like an effort to make him do so. His seizing his own letter from the box in which these previous effusions were preserved, was a very natural impulse; and had you wished to show real regard for him, you would not have allowed his communications such companionship. His behaviour afterwards was manly and scarcely what you deserved. You evidently wish to renew the acquaintance. Our advice is, make him aware of your wish through some polite inquiry after his health, or in any dignified indirect manner. After your conduct you cannot expect him to meet you half way: you must undertake the whole journey.

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE NEW SERIES OF CASSELL'S FAMILY PAPER.—This subscriber has selected a very vague title, and one by which he will hardly recognise himself. However, we will give him the chance. He wishes to know our opinion as to the treatment a young wife deserves (from her acquaintances), she having become a mother before marriage. The question is a serious one. Frailty and virtue lead to opposite results. A good reputation is earned by resisting, not by yielding to temptation; and the woman who has once yielded has no right to complain though she should never recover her former position in the world's estimation. On this delicate subject we have no right to dictate to public opinion; but speaking for ourselves, we think much ought to depend on the young woman's conduct after (to use rustic language) "she has been made an honest woman of;" in other words, since she has been married. If prudence, modesty, and domestic virtues are her characteristics, and if sufficient time has elapsed to show that these qualities are likely to be permanent, we are convinced her most respectable acquaintances will rally round her. This subject brings to mind the words of our most popular writer, "There is a future left all men who have virtue to repent, and energy to atone."

J. D.—A farmer can ferret rabbits on the farm he rents, unless there is an agreement in his lease which prohibits his doing so.

WINTERBOURNE.—The notice is not legal. Unless you entered into a fresh contract with the new landlord, you are entitled to, and must give, a six months' notice prior to Michaelmas-day in any year.

LAURA LENORA.—"Slighted love is sair to bide." Of this truth we are fully convinced, and therefore we will endeavour to console the victims of unrequited love. We shall give the more time and attention to "Laura Lenora's" case, because we believe it to be a very common one, though few have the good sense of our correspondent, who seeks for counsel and owns her grief. Too many "let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on their damask cheek." We do not undertake to give all the reasons why young ladies often misplace their affections; but a few of the causes of this evil may be discussed, and we hope with advantage to sentimental sufferers. In the first place, young girls are too much in the habit of identifying themselves with the heroines of their romances, and of considering a lover as necessary to their happiness as to the interest of the story. Secondly, they misinterpret the attentions of gentlemen who sometimes like to indulge their vanity in inspiring love which they have no intention of fostering or returning. A third cause—and this is the most common one—may be found in young girls' lively, ardent imaginations. They invest a very common-place object with the glowing hues of fancy, and then worship their own creation. When we discern the cause of an evil, we can often discover the cure for it. Has "Laura" foolishly thought that a lover is necessary to happiness? Has she (almost unwittingly) put a wrong construction on unmeaning attentions? or has she, with the creative warmth of woman's heart, made an idol, and then found it clay? At any rate, she

has indulged in some illusion that destroys her own happiness, and the sooner she wakes from her painful dream the better. But now for "Laura Lenora's" particular case:—She tells us of her love for a young man, and she adds that she would give the world to win his affections. From the tenor of her letter we find she has little hope of doing so, and that she has tried in vain to love another. She wishes for our advice, and that we should direct her what to do. In the first place, let her seek divine aid, without which all efforts are unavailing. Let her pray for an earnest determination to conquer her hopeless love. In "Laura's" case, too many fondly nurse the arrow that wounds them. They would rather go on suffering than have the cause removed. But we trust our correspondent is not so weak. Let her avoid meeting the object of her misplaced affections, and shun everything that would recall him. If possible, let her have recourse to change of scene. Let her accept any invitation, to go anywhere out of the reach of him she sighs for. Let her court some other powerful impression. Let her visit the huts of the poor, the hungry, and the destitute. Let her gaze on the aged, pinched with cold, and the children vainly crying for bread, and then turn to witness the mother's anguish at having none to give them. "Laura's" heart will expand. New desires, those of assisting others, will dispel many foolish thoughts. Tears will flow from pure sources, and she will be ashamed of the morbid woes of sentimentalism. This feeling of shame will do her good. The idol will be shaken on his throne; but we want to have him banished altogether. Earnest occupations must effect this. The needle, or the crochet, though invaluable in their way, will not suffice for "Laura Lenora." She must do something that requires serious thought. Let her begin the study of some foreign language, of German especially. If she has already some knowledge of it, let her carry on her studies of it further. No one can think of lovers and of German idioms at the same time. Ancient and modern history have also a strengthening effect on the mind, and they are powerful in raising us above the trials of life. Influenced by religion, charity, and mental exertion, we fancy we behold "Laura Lenora" heart-whole, and blooming and happy as ever, and we shall not be surprised if in the course of time she writes to tell us, that she is about to marry a young man whom she loves and who loves her with his whole heart.

BRISTOL.—The cost of the copy of the will must depend upon its length.

CALEDONIA.—Make the best terms you can with the holder of the note, and see it cancelled. You are liable to pay all principal and interest due upon it, unless the holder's claim as against you is barred by the Statute of Limitations.

LAWRENCE.—No mistress is bound to give her servant a character; although, if she does give one, it must be strictly true, or she renders herself liable to an action.

MANCHESTER.—You can invest £150 in the Bank of England, by purchasing stock to that amount, which must be done through a broker, who will make a trifling charge for commission. We cannot recommend a safer investment. The interest you will get for your money will be from 3 to 3½ per cent.

CAMBRIDGE.—Yes, very respectfully; but you have not told us how many you have in family.

M. A. W.—Present the gift personally, and make in it the entry you desire. But if you are apprehensive that the motive for making the present will be misunderstood, do not make it. Better the lady should lack the book than fancy its bestowal symptomatic of feelings you do not entertain.

SIR ALLAN GLENCAIRN.—Surely you cannot be seriously jealous of a boy "between sixteen and seventeen." Remonstrate with the lady upon the indiscretion of allowing the lad such familiarities, and show how others (since even you have done so) may misconstrue her actions. Speak temperately, not authoritatively, and there can be no doubt she will attend to your wishes.

MOUNTAINEER asks. "What is the best and easiest way to get a young lady to be in love with one?" We really cannot decide, there are so many. No man's experience will much help his neighbour in this respect, for scarcely two women are exactly of the same tastes, fancies, and dispositions. What would fascinate one might hopelessly revolt another. But we must say that the man who is in love, and requires another's help to teach him how to win his lady's affections, does not deserve to gain them.

AN UNDECIDED ONE.—A handsomely-illustrated book, an article of jewelry, or some pretty specimen of your own work, such as a music-stand, ottoman, sofa-cushion, would be an appropriate and welcome present. In choosing it, however, due attention should be paid to the bride's position, rank, and needs. Nothing is more offensive than ostentatious gifts, which are always made more for the purpose of flattering the donor's vanity than pleasing the recipient. In nothing more than in making presents should the "fitness of things" be considered.

ROSE.—We are sorry for the painful position in which "Rose" has placed herself by her imprudence. She should have spent her money in household articles after marriage, not before it. She has now lost her place, her money, and her sweetheart. The last of these three is the least to be regretted. As this sweetheart was evidently cruel and faithless, we think "Rose" is well rid of him. But through him she is for the present a great loser. The legal course would be to sue him for breach of promise of marriage. But this would require money, and a knowledge of her faithless suitor's abode. Neither of these "Rose" possesses. We advise her to drive the traitor from her thoughts, and to bend all her energies towards getting another place. As emigration has rendered servants scarce, we hope and trust she will soon find another situation.

DOMINGO.—The lady was perhaps indiscreet to dance under the circumstances, but as you acknowledge that you had not requested her not to do so, we cannot see that you have any cause of complaint. Nor was her relinquishing your arm for that of another gentleman wrong: she had in your presence, and with your tacit approbation, accepted him as a partner, and therefore had no option but to join the set for which she was engaged, when he came up to claim her. Do not make yourself miserable for nothing, or encourage a disposition to

jealousy. If the lady does wrong, tell her so kindly but firmly, but don't fret life away with imaginings, or become "ragous" (?) with anger that your betrothed does, or does not do, things which you have never honestly told her you approve or disapprove.

MARCUS.—"Faint heart never won fair lady." We can't understand how any rational being can be so madly in love with a lady to whom he has never spoken, of whose character, temper, habits, and disposition he is, therefore, perfectly ignorant; but if it is so, we think perseverance and courage will in some way open a road to our inflammable correspondent's introduction to the lady's family, when he must make the most of the opportunity.

DONE-DALE.—The lines are quite upon an average with those of young ladies generally, and will doubtless please the gentleman for whom they are written.

YORK. whom we believe to be identical with our late correspondent "Bedford," is referred to the advice given in that case.

AN ADMIRER OF CASSELL'S PAPER.—If an executor uses the money of his legatee he is compellable to give him the profit made from it; and further, he uses the money at his own risk, and a court of equity would make him pay a reasonable rate of interest, as it will be considered that he ought to have invested the money upon proper security. We cannot, however, advise correctly upon the true construction of any will, or other written document, unless we saw it.

TOM.—This correspondent being under age, would only be bound by an agreement made for his own interest. His case is quite different from that of an apprentice.

TRIP.—No: but if he is aged and poor it is their duty to work and keep him.

ARTHUR HENRY.—In cases of legacy, a certificate of birth, unaccompanied by a certificate of baptism, is sufficient to entitle a candidate to receive bank stock property.

LAURA wishes to know how long it is necessary for a young girl of fifteen to practise on the piano, in order to become a proficient in music. In the first place, she has no chance of ever being a good performer unless nature has endowed her with an ear for time and tune. Without this requisite, long-continued practice may give her execution, but cannot render her an agreeable player. If "Laura" has a natural taste for music, we consider that two hours a day devoted to the piano, would be quite sufficient to insure success, supposing always that she practises attentively, and devotes one of the hours to scales and exercises. The other hour she may give to pieces and airs. The music of Mendelssohn is best suited for advanced pupils.

B. W. J.—In willing his land and all he possesses to his wife, "B. W. J." can legally make his wife's father, or his wife's brother, his executor.

OMEGA.—If the lady who wears "Omega's" ring knows whence it comes, her proceeding shows a preference, unless she be an arrant coquette.

ASK AND LEARN.—The material for the delicate silken robes you admire, is produced by the little silk-worm, whose habits can be tolerably well studied by any one who chooses to become the proprietor of half a dozen or so of these useful creatures. They require very little time or attention; the chief trouble consequent upon having them is procuring good and sufficient leaves for their food.

RACHEL should consult a medical man; we cannot (nor would we even if we could) answer so indelicate a question.

LORIA.—Do not give way to fancies. If your lover loves you as truly as he says, and as you have no rational right to doubt, do not torment him and yourself by suspecting his truth. All people are not equally demonstrative, and those who say little are quite as likely to feel much as those who profess a great deal.

WILLIAM BARGE is referred to our reply to "Mountaineer."

CHARLOIS J. B.—Your idea of visiting foreign countries, and working your way through, is not likely to succeed. The opinion we form of you by your own statement is, that you are of an idle turn of mind, having a decided objection to work, and neglecting every opportunity to learn. The mere fact of your once knowing a little Latin, and a few French phrases, will not procure you a situation in France; besides which, you have not the ability (if we take your letter as a specimen) to conduct the correspondence of an office.

A. E. B.—You would be acting unwisely to emigrate to Australia. The few pounds which by industry and prudence you have managed to save would in all probability be sacrificed. If, by removing to a sea-port town, you could find a better market for your labour, and thus improve your position, the step would be a judicious one.

ANXIOUS.—We must refer you to the owner.

THEODORA.—The remuneration would depend entirely on the merit of the contribution.

SPORTSMAN.—The most simple and effectual method of making shoes waterproof is to well rub into the upper leather and round the edges of the sole what is called dubbing, a mixture of oil and tallow, enough of which may be purchased of your bootmaker for twopenny to render a pair of boots thoroughly impervious to wet.

SELF-EDUCATED.—A knowledge of foreign languages is not indispensable for either of the situations you mention, although sometimes advantageous. We recommend your acquainting yourself well with the first rules of arithmetic, otherwise you will be unqualified for any mercantile situation.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—As we have no doubt that the weekly numbers of our New Series will be carefully preserved for binding, we have had the cases for the First Volume prepared, so that they can be obtained at once and used as a portfolio for containing the numbers until the volume is completed, which it will be in future every six months, instead of twelve months, as heretofore. The price of the Cases, gilt lettered on side and back, will be 1s. 6d. each.

* * All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TARLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

Oh, what makes woman lovely? Virtue, faith,
And gentleness in suffering; an endurance
Through scorn or trial. These call beauty forth,
Give it the stamp celestial, and admit it
To sisterhood with angels.—JOHN BRENT.

THE embarkation of the gallant 01st for India was proceeding rapidly at Southampton. Three days more and the transport would have taken in its living freight, spread its white wings, and, like some huge leviathan, commenced ploughing its native element. Lady Bell was delighted with the novelty and bustle of the scene—the succession of boats filled with the

men rowing continually from shore; the hearty cheer they gave as they stepped on deck, cheers which came merrily over the waters, and reached her at the window of the hotel, from which she would stand for hours watching them impatiently, till her own turn of bidding adieu to *terra firma* came.

Meanwhile Sir Charles and his orderly, Corporal Stock, were busily engaged in arranging one of the most commodious of the state cabins for her reception. Every comfort that affection could suggest or modern invention design was sent on board the "Harold."

The colonel was so intently occupied with these attentions, that the affairs of the regiment were left in the hands of Major Plinlimmon. Unhappy man—he had no wife. Years ago old bachelorhood had set its seal upon him; and the lines were as sharp and scratchy as though the impression had been made but yesterday.

It must be confessed that Sir Charles had an able assistant in the person of his orderly, who had never

separated from him for any length of time since he entered the regiment. He had been born, as he frequently used to boast, over his master's stables; and when the young squire, for he had not succeeded to the baronetcy then, obtained his first commission, John Stock enlisted in the same regiment, refused every offer to purchase his discharge, and the reason he gave for it was, that Master Charlie shouldn't get rid of him.

The faithful fellow would long since have risen to the rank of sergeant-major but for two obstacles: he could neither read nor write, and what was more, didn't care to learn. He could brush clothes or groom a horse without any of that *nonsense*; in short, he had but one wish—through life to remain in the service in which he had been born.

When Sir Charles married, the corporal had serious doubts in his own mind whether he ought not to marry too. Unfortunately, the bride's waiting-maid was a French one, and John Stock couldn't abide anything that wasn't English. He made one or two



FIDDLER DICK BETRAYED AND LILLIAN RESCUED.

attempts to get over this aversion, and render himself agreeable; but mademoiselle only laughed at him. She had no idea of a husband of fifty, if her young lady had.

That settled the question. He wouldn't have married a duchess if she had spoken slightly of his master. It was Stock's first courtship and his last.

This somewhat eccentric person was a great favourite with Lady Bell, who frequently declared that, after her husband, he was the only loveable man in the regiment; an assertion at which the young officers laughed heartily; but John believed her. He had a very high opinion of her good sense; in fact, it would have been rather ungrateful of him to have doubted it.

Although it was not exactly his duty to attend to such matters, the corporal had seen with his own eye that breakfast was properly laid for Sir Charles and his lady; he had ironed the papers, as he had regularly done for more than thirty years, placed the *Times* for his master and the *Post* for his mistress, on whose plate a little three-cornered note was lying, simply addressed to "Mi ladi."

"Why, it's Annette's writing," exclaimed her ladyship, when she perceived it. "Why doesn't the silly thing speak to me if she has anything to say?"

The colonel was too deeply occupied in the leader of the *Times* to hear this.

"What shall I do?" added his wife, after reading it. "The ungrateful creature!—at such a moment, too! after the promises I made her."

"What is the matter, my love?" inquired her husband, laying down the paper.

Stock would have liked to have asked the same question, but contented himself with waiting to hear the answer.

"Read it, Charlie," said his wife, handing it to him.

The French waiting-maid had taken French leave—her courage had failed her at the sight of the sea; and Monsieur Hypolite, the hair-dresser in the Burlington-arcade, had come down all the way to Southampton to make her an offer—she felt *au désespoir* to disoblige so good a mistress, &c. &c. &c.

"The jade!" muttered the corporal, involuntarily.

The colonel turned sharply round to reprove him, but the offender did not choose to meet his eye just then—something had attracted his attention in the street.

"What will you do, my love?" said Sir Charles.

"What can I do?—only three more days."

"Perhaps you had better write to your aunts to find you another *femme-de-chambre*."

"They are in Norfolk," answered her ladyship, pettishly, "and would send me some awkward, stupid creature, to try my patience every minute."

"To my sister, then," added the gentleman.

"That would be worse."

"Some of your friends."

"Friends!" repeated Lady Bell; "did you ever know friends put themselves out of the way when service was really required? Do, Sir Charles, for once in your life suggest something really reasonable. Now, don't smile in that quiet, provoking way," she added; "what would you say if any one came and told you that Stock had run away?"

"He wouldn't believe it, my lady," said the man, answering the question for his master, who tried to look exceedingly grave.

"I wish you were a French waiting-maid, John," observed his mistress.

"Thank you, my lady," replied the old soldier, in a tone so irresistibly comic, that neither husband nor wife could retain their gravity.

After all, the difficulty was a grave one; something must be done. Lady Bell did not wish anything unreasonable—that is to say, *very unreasonable* for a woman young, rich, beautiful, lately married, who had never been contradicted, and could not dress her back hair. The ship must be detained for a week.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the colonel, despairingly. Her ladyship chose to consider herself a very ill-used person; and as the real culprit was not present to serve as a conductor to her anger, it very naturally vented itself upon the speaker.

What could he mean by such an unkind word—"impossible"—to the first serious request she had ever made to him?

It was in vain the doting husband attempted to explain that it was quite out of his power to detain the vessel a single day; the wife turned poutingly away.

At this juncture John Stock crept quietly out of the room. He was a great tactician in his way—had proved a most invaluable servant to his master in the days of his bachelorhood, and now that he was married, showed himself just as discreet.

Sir Charles felt hurt, and walked to the window.

It was the first cloud of unkindness that had ever passed between them; fortunately, it proved but a momentary one: the sunshine of a naturally happy disposition dispersed it almost as soon as formed.

Gliding gently after him, his wife laid her head upon his shoulder, and looked up into his face with tearful eyes but smiling lips.

"It's all your fault, Charlie," she whispered; "you are too good to me." Aunt Margaret said that you would spoil me."

As a matter of course, the gentleman vowed that was impossible, kissed away her tears, and wondered that she endured the annoyance and inconvenience Annette had caused her so patiently.

Still the important question, what was to be done, remained unanswered. The colonel suggested running up to town himself. This, however, Lady Bell would not listen to; in her anxiety to atone for her past unkindness, she affected indifference, could not understand how she had suffered such a trifle to vex her, declared she could do without a waiting-maid during the voyage, that the stewardess or one of the sergeant's wives should assist her.

This, however, was an arrangement Sir Charles positively refused to listen to; and in doing so he displayed a remarkable knowledge of the sex, considering he had been so many years a bachelor. A husband of her own age, in all probability, would have acceded to it as the readiest way of avoiding further trouble, but the husband of fifty knew better.

Various plans were still under discussion, when a gentle tap at the door was heard.

"Come in," cried the gentleman.

Corporal Stock made his appearance, his looks full of importance.

"I think, colonel," he began, drawing himself up in an attitude of attention, as he invariably did when about to make a speech, "I've found the very thing her ladyship requires."

"A French waiting-maid?"

"No, colonel, an English one."

Sir Charles regarded his wife before venturing to offer an opinion.

"Who is she?" inquired the lady.

"The wife of a tall, fine fellow who wants to enlist."

"Where is she?"

"Below, my lady."

"And what does she look like?"

"Pretty, modest, and very unhappy," answered the old soldier, with a strong emphasis upon each word. "I only wish your ladyship would see her; rely upon it, she is worth a dozen such flighty articles as Mamselle, who never knew her own mind five minutes together."

"I will see her," said Lady Bell, whose curiosity, and, to do her justice, whose better feelings were excited by the description. "It is just possible," she added, turning to her husband, "that she may suit."

The colonel shrugged his shoulders. He had no such hope.

In a few minutes Mark Rayner and Rose made their appearance in the drawing-room.

"A fine fellow," thought the commander of the gallant 01st, eyeing him critically.

"Really modest and prepossessing," mentally observed his wife.

"So, my man, you want to enlist," said the former.

"Provided I am not separated from my wife," was the reply.

"And you seek a place as waiting-maid?" demanded Lady Bell. "Have you ever been in such a situation before?"

"Never," answered Rose.

"Really, your hair is very tastefully dressed. Who taught you?"

"No one, my lady."

"And how comes it that you want to enlist, and your wife to take a situation?" inquired the colonel.

Mark related his story. Not quite as briefly as Rose would have wished, for he dwelt upon her goodness, the sacrifice she had made for him, and his own misconduct, with a manly frankness and regret, which produced a favourable impression upon his hearers. Lady Bell's feelings became positively enlisted in his favour, when he described how they had been plundered by a hypocritical old rascal who had advertised the sale of berths in the paper—their going to Liverpool, disappointment, and return to London. She would have engaged Rose at once, but a look from her husband restrained her.

Although a kind-hearted man, he was also a man of the world.

"In what day's paper," he asked, "did you see this advertisement?"

"In Thursday's, Sir Charles."

"Stock, the *Times*."

The corporal hastily searched amongst the pile of newspapers on one of the side tables, till he found the

one required, and handed it to his master, who soon discovered the advertisement.

"Have you the tickets?"

Mark produced them.

"So far, my man," observed the baronet, "your tale appears consistent enough; and were it merely a question of receiving you into my regiment, I should inquire no further—perhaps not have inquired so much, although a recruit is all the better looked upon when his antecedents are known."

Here Lady Bell began to beat the carpet with a tiny foot, a sign that she was getting slightly impatient.

"But before I can consent to Lady Fourreau's engaging your wife to attend upon her," added the speaker, "I must have some further reference. Do you know any one in London?"

"No one that we can refer to, sir," replied Rose, with great presence of mind. "But if you would write to St. Faith's, to Mr. Thornton, the magistrate; or the rector, Dr. Poundtext, either of them I am sure would confirm every word we have stated."

Sir Charles wrote down the address.

The eyes of the speaker filled with tears; evidently she wanted to add something more, but shame or the fear of offending restrained her.

"Speak freely," said Lady Bell, who had been watching her.

"Ask any question you please, sir," continued the faithful wife; "but don't, pray don't say my husband is going to enlist, or that I am seeking a service. We once had a home, a happy, though humble one, and land of our own, and—"

"I understand," interrupted the colonel, "and will frame my questions so as to spare your feelings."

"Thank you, sir."

"At all events," he continued, turning to Mark, "you may enlist; and I promise you that your wife shall accompany the regiment to India; but whether as Lady Fourreau's attendant, or with the wives of your comrades, must depend upon the answer to my letter."

The applicants thanked him gratefully, and withdrew. One weight, at least, was removed from their hearts; come what might, they would not be separated.

The corporal followed them from the drawing-room; the honest fellow had taken quite an interest in Rose and her husband, and resolved to enlist the latter himself. "It will be a credit," he thought, "to bring such a fine-looking fellow into the regiment."

"I am sure," said Mark, before accepting the shilling, "I may rely upon the word of the colonel."

"I should think you might," replied the old soldier, drily; "he never broke it since I've known him; and that's going on for fifty years."

"Rose?"

"Take it," said his wife, firmly.

The palm of Mark Rayner closed over the coin. He was a soldier.

During the day Lady Fourreau sent for the former to the hotel, and they had a long conversation together on the various mysteries of the toilette; a subject which only a female pen can venture to do more than touch upon. There were many points, no doubt, on which the fashionable wife found the simple Rose lamentably deficient; but then the emergency was great; her tale of sorrow had interested her; and before dismissing her, she promised, provided the answer to Sir Charles's letter proved satisfactory, to engage her at least for the voyage out.

When, at dinner, she informed her husband what she had done, he shook his head, half reprovingly.

"Always acting upon impulse," he said.

"Now, Charlie," replied the lady, "it is you that are unreasonable; remember, you fixed the conditions yourself. Besides, the affair is peculiarly my own. What would you say to me, if I were to interfere with the command of your regiment?"

"My love!"

"I've a great mind to try it."

The colonel began to look a little uneasy.

"And I will, too," added his wife, laughingly.

"There, don't look so horror-struck; I'll do nothing unfeminine or very dreadful, I promise you."

Stock, who was waiting at table, turned aside to conceal a smile. He felt convinced that her ladyship would keep her word.

The next post brought a reply from the Elms. It ran thus:—

"Mr. Thornton presents his compliments to Sir Charles Fourreau, and is most happy in being able to answer his inquiries respecting Mark Rayner and Rose favourably, especially regarding the latter, whom he has known for years. Her conduct, both as a girl and a wife, has ever been most exemplary; in fact, cited as an example to the young women of St. Faith's. Sir Charles Fourreau may rest assured that

she is a trustworthy person; her integrity is undoubted.

"Mr. Thornton would have felt happy, had they remained at St. Faith's, to have taken them both into his employ."

"Satisfactory, quite satisfactory," said the baronet, handing the letter to his wife, who felt delighted that the good opinion she had formed of her protégée was confirmed.

Mark and his wife were sent for; the former appeared to great advantage in his undress uniform.

The colonel mentally decided that he had not a finer looking man in his regiment.

The letter was read over to them.

"Mr. Thornton is a good gentleman," said the recruit, "and has spoken more kindly of me, perhaps, than I deserve. But not of Rose," he added, gazing proudly on her; "she merits every word that he has written about her, and more, much more, if he knew all."

"Hush!" whispered his wife.

"What troop are you in?" inquired his commanding officer, pleased at what he considered the manliness of his remarks.

"Captain Unlocks," replied Mark.

Lady Bell made a slight grimace; evidently the captain was no favourite of hers.

"You will proceed on board at once, and—"

"Stay, stay!" interrupted her ladyship. "The colonel means that you will proceed on board tomorrow; he forgets that your wife is to remain at the hotel, and that you must have many things to say to each other. Conduct yourself well," she added, "and you may rely that he will not lose sight of you."

Rose and her husband both looked exceedingly grateful, and Sir Charles, happy to be let off so easily, good-naturedly confirmed the arrangement.

"I kept my promise," said his wife, when they had withdrawn.

"Gracefully, and like yourself," replied her husband, gaily. "But, Bell, I think I must make a compromise with you."

"What is it?" demanded the lady, laughingly.

"No more interference in military matters; discipline must not be tampered with: come, promise me. Of course," he added, "I shall always feel happy to listen to anything you may have to say, privately."

"A compromise!"

"No; a treaty."

"Which I loyally ratify," exclaimed her ladyship.

The commander of the 01st gallantly kissed the white hand extended to him, and the subject dropped between them.

We must once more trouble our readers to return with us to the house of the convict in the Belvedere-road, where Fan, now thoroughly disciplined to answer to the name of Lillian, was rapidly dying. The parish doctor had been called in, and at once pronounced the case beyond the reach of science.

"Let her have anything she asks for," he said; "she cannot last more than three or four days."

Mike listened to the sentence with pleasure. Every word was like the signature of a bank-note to him. In a few days the five hundred pounds would be his, and the great risk avoided; yet, brief as the time the surgeon had fixed, the ruffian felt a nervous impatience to shorten it. Prudence alone restrained him; so, for the first two days contented himself with smoking continually in her presence.

"Every little helps," he thought, each time he heard her cough.

On the third morning, when he entered the bedroom—for he had removed the sufferer from the dark closet where Lillian slept, for appearance' sake—he found Fan apparently much better. Although he had the pipe as usual between his lips, the child never coughed once. Mike didn't half like it—couldn't tell what to make of it. Was it possible she could be getting better?

"I am so glad," exclaimed the little victim; "I have seen father."

"What!" said the ruffian; "has Fiddler Dick been here?"

"I mean my own father, the one that used to take me on his knees a long while ago, kiss me, play with me in the garden, and call me Fanny."

"Your name ain't Fanny, I tell yer," roared the convict.

"Yes, it is."

Mike raised the whip. To his astonishment, the child, instead of shrinking and trembling at the sight of it, looked up in his face and smiled. She was no longer afraid of him.

A suspicion of the truth suddenly crossed his mind: she was dying; and the majesty of death, even in one so young, restrained the arm of her brutal tyrant. To assure himself that such was really the fact, he thrust his hand under the bed-clothes and felt her

feet: they were quite cold. She appeared perfectly unconscious that he had touched them.

"And so you saw yer father, did yer?" said the convict.

"And the garden and the flowers," answered Fan.

"And where did you see them?"

The child tried to raise her emaciated arm, and pointed to the foot of the bed, in the direction Mike was standing. A chill crept through his veins, and he moved uneasily to the other side of the room.

The eyes of the poor dying girl still remained fixed in the direction to which she had pointed.

"What are you a-starin' at?" he demanded.

The word "father" fell, gently murmured, on his ear. The ruffian quitted the room: he could endure it no longer. A nameless terror fell on him. Perhaps the bright spirits hovering round that innocent death-bed inspired the fear, that he might not profane it by his presence.

Not only did he leave the room but the house, carefully locking the door after him.

"It will be all over by the time I come back," he muttered, "and then I shall be a made man. Five hundred pounds!"

Feeling rather shaky on the occasion, he directed his steps to one of his usual haunts to strengthen his "nerves," as he called them, by the usual stimulant—gin.

No sooner was the dying child left alone than her eyelids began to droop, gently, as if the fingers of some pitying angel pressed them down, no mother's hand being near to close them, and sweet sleep fell on her—sleep accompanied by happy dreams, judging from the smile which rested on her pale, thin lips, and remained there long after the spirit of the little sufferer had passed from earth—

A smile as pure as e'er was given

By a soul redeem'd, just winged for heaven.

So imperceptibly did the change take place, that it would have been impossible for the most experienced eye to have marked the exact moment, which was unaccompanied either by a struggle or a sigh. The life of Fanny exhaled silently away, like the perfume of some delicate half-closed flower untimely plucked, or unkind frosts had nipped.

The weather, which had been dull and gloomy all the morning, now began to break, and a struggling sunbeam, such as will occasionally force its way through the foggy atmosphere of London, penetrated into the chamber of death, and rested like a benediction on the pale features of the untimely dead.

When Mike returned home, which he took care to do before the usual hour of the parish doctor's visit, he just ventured to take one peep into the room, and, satisfied that all was over, returned to the kitchen to await his arrival. Strange to say, he did not feel quite so happy as he expected he should; the sight of the wasted, colourless features of the little victim had produced a disagreeable impression: conscience had imprinted them upon his memory, and he half regretted having left the skylight open, and accelerated her death by removing the coverlet from the bed.

It was quite a relief to him when the medical man and his assistant entered.

"How is the child?" inquired the former.

"Why, I think she be better, doctor," replied the hypocrite; "poor little thing! I took her up some tea this morning, but she didn't drink it—she seemed more inclined to go to sleep."

"And her cough?"

"Oh, that be quite gone. I ain't heard her the last hour. Won't you step up and look at her?"

Judging what had taken place, the gentleman complied with his request, and, accompanied by his assistant, followed the speaker up the narrow staircase.

"Lilly, do speak to me," exclaimed Mike, pretending to be very much alarmed. "She be mortal bad, I fear."

"She will never know what pain is again," observed the parish doctor, placing his fingers on her pulse. "She is dead, and must have been so these two hours. I told you from the first," he added, "it was impossible she could recover."

"Poor thing!" said the convict, trying to look very much concerned; "I ain't 'ad her long, but I feel as if I had lost one of my own."

"What do you mean?" inquired the assistant; "was not the child yours?"

"Not a bit on it," answered the ruffian; "only a nuss child."

"And who are her parents?"

"Can't tell; a lady brought her to me, and promised to pay me so much a week for her keep. I don't even know her name."

"I thought you called her Lilly."

"Yes, that's one of her names," answered Mike.

"I wish I'd never a-taken her; but the money was an object, for I am a poor man. Don't you think, sir," he added, addressing himself to the surgeon, "you had better open her?"

The gentleman regarded him very earnestly, wondering what could be the motive for such an unusual request—persons of the speaker's class generally entertaining a weak and childish horror of such a thing, which they look upon as an outrage offered to the dead.

"Do you wish it?" he demanded.

"Well, I'd rather like it."

"And why?"

"That there may be no mistake about what she died on," said the old rascal, knowingly. "The world ain't a bit too charitable about judging of its neighbours."

"After what you have stated," replied the parish doctor, "I feel it my duty to make a *post mortem* examination; not that I entertain the slightest doubt of the result."

Mike did not exactly understand what a *post mortem* examination meant, but he concluded that his desire would be complied with.

It was duly and carefully made, and the result proved as the medical man expected—consumption: the diagnostics of the disease were unmistakable. A certificate to that effect was given, and Mike now felt himself perfectly secure. He could defy his brother and Lady Boothroyd.

CHAPTER XXII.

A woman's tongue is sharper than a sword;
Nature has armed her with it, as she arms
The blind worm with its sting.—OLD PEAT.

It is not to be supposed that the professional exertions of Fiddler Dick, and his partner Mr. Dexter, had altogether escaped the notice of the police. On the contrary, they had long kept an eye upon them both, but so cleverly were their operations carried on, that hitherto detection had been impossible. Both the men knew they were watched, and chuckled at the idea of outwitting the officers, but there was one point neither of them had calculated upon.

Bet knew of their exertions too.

Cruel natures are invariably revengeful. As long as her husband permitted her to use the children as she pleased, she found an outlet for her savage humour. But when he interfered between her and Lillian, against whom she had conceived a most violent hatred, it recoiled upon himself.

Strange that the one solitary good action of his life should have been the cause of his punishment for so many bad ones.

The woman meditated well the game she had to play, before taking a single step towards the accomplishment of her design, well-knowing the result to herself in case of failure. At times her courage faltered, and she half resolved to abandon her design. Then some taunting, bitter gibe, or a blow perhaps, would rekindle her resentment, till it burnt stronger than ever.

Meanwhile, the innocent object of her hatred did everything in her power to conciliate her. No matter how harshly Bet spoke to her, she answered humbly, if not cheerfully. The fearful scowl, or still more fearful curse, were the only replies the female fury condescended to make her. And fortunate it was that blows were not added. But Dick's menaces had hitherto protected her from them, even in his absence. She recollected the expression of his face, the peculiar drawing down of the corners of his mouth, when he uttered them, and knew that it would not be safe to disobey him. Had a doubt remained upon her mind, Bet would long since have gratified her malice by tormenting and ill using her victim.

The occasion on which the woman fully made up her mind was a very trivial one, and shows how an evil word may rankle in a still more evil heart.

Fiddler Dick had just been giving Lilly her lesson, and satisfied with the evident desire of the child to please him, called his wife to look at her.

"I've seen enough on her," growled Bet.

Had she noticed the twitching of his lips, in all probability her words would have ended there, but she instantly added—

"You seems uncommon fond on her; it's my belief your'e half in love with the conceited brat."

"No mistake on that pint, old gal," replied the fellow, carelessly; "and when she is old enough I shall be all the other half."

This retort, which was meaningless—for the speaker's admiration of Lilly arose merely from her supposed resemblance to himself—added to the gin she had previously been drinking, roused the fury of the woman beyond the power of self-control, and vowing, in her own expressive language, that she

would limb her, she rushed towards the terrified child.

"Are you mad?" exclaimed her husband, stepping between them.

"Let me get at her!" exclaimed the half-drunken fury, struggling to pass him.

"Stash it, I say!—yer won't, won't you? Take it, then."

A blow followed, and Bet fell senseless upon the floor of the kitchen.

Accustomed as he had been to beat and tyrannise over her, little did he imagine how cunningly and patiently that blow, and the idle words which preceded it, would be avenged.

From that day Bet took little or no notice of Lillian, and drank but sparingly of her favourite beverage. Her husband considered that she had profited by the lesson, and paid no attention to her sulky looks—he could cure them, he thought, at any time.

It was in vain that Dexter, who had been present at the quarrel, warned him there was danger in the sudden change. His partner only laughed at him for his apprehensions. He knew how to deal with women. Bet might grumble and take the sulks, but in the end was true as steel.

In his confidence he forgot that steel is the very article *traps* are made of.

Considering that Fiddler Dick was naturally of a suspicious nature, the confidence he placed in Bet was extraordinary; his best affections, that is to say, his savings were in her keeping; an additional temptation to betray him, for the sum exceeded thirty pounds. With thirty pounds and the *business*, what might she not command?—independence—that word so dear to every woman's heart; and what, in the present instance, appeared still more delicious, undisputed control over the fate of poor Lilly. The object of her hatred would be entirely at her mercy; and with fiend-like malice she gloated over the thought.

As a matter of prudence, her advances to the police were made with due caution. It was only when her husband was at the public-house she ventured to hold intercourse with the detective, who, in the disguise of a journeyman-baker, for several days had been lingering about the neighbourhood.

"Only contrive to let us take him in the fact," said the officer, "and I can promise you ten pounds; he has long been wanted."

"And how long will he get it for?" demanded Bet; for the question was an important one to her, more so even than the reward.

"Seven years, at the least," replied the tempter, who perfectly read her motives.

"It will be no easy matter," observed the woman, wiping the cold perspiration from her red, blowzy face; "Dick never works the oracle in London."

The policeman knew as much.

"But in the country," he replied.

"There," said Bet, "is your chance. We are a-go'in' in a day or two to Southampton: you be down."

The detective nodded as much as to say he would.

"But don't be too eager, or you'll spile the game: he is the artfullest villain livin'—watchful as a cat—a fox wouldn't stand no chance with him. When you sees me and one of the kids a-standin' close behind him," added the speaker, lowering her voice to a whisper, "then is the time to grab him."

"I understand."

"You'll find the swag in his hand."

It was not because Fiddler Dick was known to be a dexterous pickpocket that the police were so exceedingly anxious to get him into their hands, but on account of an extensive burglary which it was presumed he had taken part in, or at least could furnish a clue to the perpetrators, for whose apprehension a large reward had been offered.

"Do you leave London by train?" inquired the officer.

"No; we work our way down," replied Bet.

"How am I to know when you start?"

The woman reflected for an instant. It was a delicate point, for every step she took in the affair menaced danger to her, Fiddler Dick being just one of those characters most likely to take *effectual* means of thwarting her scheme of betraying him on the slightest suspicion. He never reasoned.

"You know our house?" she said.

"Yes."

The question was almost a needless one. The man had been prowling round it for the last fortnight, sometimes in one disguise, sometimes in another. One day he dressed as a journeyman baker, with a basket on his shoulders; the next as a butcher, or a countryman. Proteus might have envied him the facility with which he changed his appearance.

"You know the window over the door?" whispered the traitress.

"The one with the bundle of white rags stuffed in the broken pane."

"My night-cap," answered Bet. "Well, then, when you see a blue rag in the place of it, you'll know that we are off."

The detective nodded approvingly. It looked, he thought, as if the speaker this time really meant business.

"Let us understand each other," he said. "You have stood shilly-shallying and disappointed me more than once—not that I wish to risk the affair by too great a hurry; but if you play me false this time, I will take care that Fiddler Dick knows of your intention to sell him."

"Yer don't mean that?"

"It's the very thing I do mean," replied the man; "so now you know exactly what you may expect."

Bet vowed to be true; the threat had seriously alarmed her; for, as the speaker said, she did know *exactly* what she might expect in the event of his keeping his word.

The officer thrust a sovereign into her hand. The woman took it reluctantly; it was the seal to a bond she no longer retained the power of cancelling.

"You say he'll get seven years?" she muttered.

"Perhaps more."

This somewhat reassured her, and after looking carefully round to see that no one had been observing them, Bet returned home. As she entered the habitation, she saw Lillian and Lizzy practising upon their stilts. A scowl knit her beetle brows, and the thought how soon she would have the innocent object of her hatred in her power filled her malignant breast with joy.

If the wife of Fiddler Dick was good at anything, it was at hating; it did not even cost her an effort,—it was a self-development.

The day dawned at last on which the "Harold" was to sail. All the regiment were on board; the band had been the last to embark, which they did to the sound of their own instruments, playing as if in mockery of the groups of disconsolate women gathered on the beach. "The girl I left behind me." Many of these females were the wives of soldiers who had married without the colonel's permission, a serious offence according to the military law. We have known a husband confined to barracks for months, his punishment commencing the very day after his marriage, for no other cause.

To be sure he had one satisfaction: whilst pacing the barrack yard he might hear the band of an evening playing at the officers's mess, "Britons never shall be slaves," and other patriotic and *equally truthful* airs.

Sir Charles and Lady Fourreau had already embarked. Rose, Corporal Stock, and one or two of the servants remained at the hotel to follow with a portion of the baggage. In their way through the square they were impeded by a crowd gathered to witness the exhibition of some itinerant mountebanks.

Three children dressed in miserably thin muslin frocks, their necks and arms quite bare, were dancing upon stilts, to the accompaniment of a drum and Pandean pipes played by Mr. Dexter; his partner, his operations screened by his wife, who held Lillian by the hand, was busily exercising his peculiar industry.

The child not being considered yet sufficiently accomplished to appear in public, still wore the clothes of poor Fan; consequently there was nothing to identify either her or the woman as forming part of the troupe.

Bet, who, in order to keep herself perfectly cool on the occasion, had abstained from her usual potations, noticed that, whichever way she moved, two respectable-looking men, one having the appearance of a tradesman, the other dressed as a countryman, followed her.

They were the detective and his companion. She speedily recognised the former.

But what she did not observe was a woman in a cloak and veil who watched her every turn—the female being no other than Rose. She had recognised Lillian in the crowd, yet dared not speak to her.

"Now," said Mr. Dexter, whose gift of the patter was not the least of accomplishments, "favour the public, the discriminating public, who only wait to show their solid appreciation of talent, with the 'Highland Reel,' young ladies."

"The same costumes, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, before striking up, "in which they danced it before her Royal Majesty, and his Royal Highness the Prince, and their Royal Highnesses the princes and princesses, at Windsor—*Revels*," he added, in an undertone.

The music commenced; and as Mr. Dexter could

not conveniently contrive to speak and play the Pandean pipes at the same time, his discourse ceased.

Unnatural as such an exhibition is, the children really went through it gracefully; and the attention of the crowd became riveted upon them quite as fixedly as the attention of the police officers were fixed upon the movements of Fiddler Dick, who felt that the moment for his performance had arrived also. Somehow he felt no great inclination for the task; perhaps his hand was a little out, and he required one or two successful hauls to reassure him; or the morning drop had not produced its usual effects upon his nerves.

"This way," he whispered to Bet.

The woman followed.

"Mind and stand close."

"All right," muttered his wife, whose heart beat violently, not with remorse, but terror; for the crisis was at hand, and failure—a very unpleasant sensation rose in her throat when she thought of the possibility of that.

The first person Fiddler Dick sounded was a respectable-looking stout old gentleman, in all probability a visitor from London; for not even a handkerchief, much less a purse, could the long, bony fingers of Dick discover in his great-coat. The first was in his hat, the latter safely lodged in his waistcoat pocket.

The thief turned from him with disgust; in fact, he looked upon the aforesaid old gentleman as rather a doubtful character. What right had a person so well-dressed to come into a crowd with empty pockets, causing him to lose his valuable time? It was shameful, to say the least of it.

The second attempt was made upon a comfortable-looking woman, a tradesman's wife, who held up a little boy in order that he might see the dancers. Here was an easy victim—her arms were engaged.

Bet nodded to him encouragingly, and shielded the delicate manipulation with her ample person. Whilst her husband was thus engaged, she cast a hurried look around. The detectives and the female in the cloak and veil were close behind her.

Industry is not always doomed to be unsuccessful; this time the pickpocket ascertained there was a purse, and rather a heavy one.

Could a spectator have witnessed the *modus operandi* in extracting it, he must have been struck by the extreme delicacy of the process. First the fingers glided lightly round it, playfully, as if coquetting with the prize; gradually they closed, and, acting from the wrist as from a lever, began cautiously to raise it—not suddenly, but gently, *very gently*, in order that the diminution of weight in the pocket might not be perceived.

Fiddler Dick had accomplished all this. The purse was withdrawn, and, holding it in the palm of his hand, downwards, he held it out for Bet to take; but instead of doing so, the woman stepped aside, dragging Lillian with her.

Before the pickpocket could drop the proof of his guilt, or even ejaculate an oath, the two officers pounced upon him, and a pair of iron bracelets—vulgarily called handcuffs—slipped over his wrists and securely fastened.

All this took place so rapidly, that the prisoner was secured before those standing round had the least notion of what had taken place.

Fiddler Dick knew from the professional, business-like way in which he had been taken and handcuffed, that he must have fallen into the hands of the metropolitan police; no country officer could have accomplished it with half the rapidity. He also knew that he had been sold to them, and by whom.

At last there was a cry of "Pickpocket!" and the crowd pressed so closely that Bet, despite her efforts, could not escape from the sight of her husband, who, with every feature livid with passion, stood gazing at her. His rage was too great for words; but his eyes were most eloquent, there was something so truly savage and fiend-like in their expression as they glared upon her.

It was long, very long, before Bet forgot them. Years afterwards, especially when she had been drinking, she would dream of those fearful eyes, and start from her sleep in terror.

On hearing the cry the first impulse of the crowd, or rather that portion of it having anything to lose, was to feel in their pockets.

"I am robbed!" exclaimed the woman with the little boy in her arms. "That's my purse—give it to me."

"Can't do that, ma'am," replied the officer.

"But it's mine."

"I'll take care of it: you will get your money back after the trial."

The mob, however, felt very much inclined to take the law into its own hands and inflict summary

justice—especially the sailors, who were for ducking the culprit, the beach was so conveniently near.

Several attempts were made to tear him from the detectives; but they stood firm—declaring who they were, threatening and cautioning those nearest against a breach of the peace.

Although their prisoner, at one time, was in a position of considerable danger, he seemed to take no notice of it, but remained with his eyes still riveted upon the red, blowzy features of Bet, who now, that it was too late, bitterly regretted the part she had acted. Several times she tried to escape from his glance, but it fascinated her, like that of the rattlesnake. Once when the pressure of those around her brought her within reach of her husband, he aimed a desperate kick at her, and laughed, with a peculiar expression, when he saw that it had failed to reach her.

It was in the midst of this pushing, struggling, and confusion, that Lillian somehow got separated from her.

"It ain't for life," muttered Fiddler Dick, drawing down the corners of his mouth.

The woman shuddered.

"I shall come back agin."

What would not Bet have given to have got away.

"The money won't do yer much good," he added; "blood money never does. Good-bye, till we sees each other agin."

"What does the land-shark mean by threatening the woman?" demanded a sailor.

"She is my wife," shouted Fiddler Dick, who overheard the question, "and has sold me to the police, that's all; but if ever I gets free agin, let her look—"

The rest of the menace was lost, for the officers were dragging him away.

The crowd now began to press round Bet, and one fellow made a proposal to duck her. Fortunately it was not seconded, for the detectives were no longer at hand to protect her. She even contrived to excite a certain amount of sympathy by exclaiming that she had lost her child, and entreating the people to restore her to her.

It was in vain that Bet searched through the mob for Lillian. Lillian was nowhere to be found. She had disappeared, vanished—escaped from the effects of the female fury's long-gathering hate—escaped at the very moment, too, when it would have been so easy for her to have indulged in the gratification of it.

As a last resource, she returned to the lodging-house, where her husband's partner, on the first alarm, had retreated, taking the children, drums, and stilt, like a skilful general, bag and baggage, with him.

Mr. Dexter was one of those careless, good-natured men, who float through the world like a feather, incapable either of strong passion or any great exertion. Had he been rich, the probability is that he would have remained honest; but being poor, any effort to become honest was perfectly out of the question. The fellow had received some little education—that is to say, education for one in his position. He could both read and write, and was not without a knowledge of the elementary rules of arithmetic, more especially the rule of subtraction.

When Bet reached the room where Dexter and the children were seated by the fire, she glanced savagely round, and inquired for Lilly.

"Haven't seen her," answered the man. "You seem more anxious about that gal than your husband. Where did Dick get her from?"

"That's my affair," answered the woman.

"I know!" exclaimed Lucy, for which piece of information the woman rewarded her by a violent slap on the side of the head.

"No more of that," said Dexter, who, to his credit be it spoken, never ill-used the children himself.

"What do you mean?" demanded Bet, unable to repress her astonishment.

"I mean that I won't have my pupils and 'prentices interfered with," replied the mountebank.

"Ain't we partners?"

"Your husband and I were partners," said the man; "but the firm's broken up. I take the pupils, you may have the stilt—or stay, as you are fond of a row, you had better keep the drum; it isn't half so hollow as you are."

It was in vain that Bet vowed, remonstrated, threatened, and swore. The children, glad to escape from her tyranny, all declared that they would go with Dexter. She even went so far as to offer him money to continue the concern with her.

"It ain't the money," replied the fellow. "I am for a quiet life; we should never agree. You like to ill-use the kids; now I can't bear to see it. Besides," he added, "where would be the use of our going into

partnerships? It couldn't last long—four or seven years at the most."

"Why couldn't it?" demanded the female.

"Dick will be out by that time, and then, of course—but there, why need I talk? you know him better than I do."

"He was a fool!" exclaimed Bet, beginning to feel very uncomfortable.

"I often thought so," replied Dexter, "for he trusted you; I never did, and what is more, I never intend to do so."

"Why yer don't believe I sold him?" muttered the woman.

"I am certain you never gave him," answered the former; "but there, let us stash it: we understand each other, Bet. I ain't a-goin' to be sold."

Deeply galled by his refusal, and still more by the escape of poor Lillian, the woman quitted the lodging-house determined to search Southampton over till she found her, and when she had—but we will not shock our readers by further alluding to the treatment which, in her own mind, she reserved for her victim, who, fortunately, was by this time far beyond her reach.

Whether the child was ever allowed to fall again into her hands or not, the progress of events will show; for the present, at least, she was safe from them.

When our heroine (for Lilly is undoubtedly the heroine of our tale) became separated from her enemy in the crowd, her first thought was to escape. It was the impulse of the imprisoned bird which suddenly finds the door of its cage open; she thought not of the world—it could not well treat her worse than it had done,—or where she should go to: any place was preferable to the dens of vice and misery she had lately passed her days in, the unkindest looks more welcome than the menacing scowl of Bet or the lessons of her husband.

Lilly had not wandered very far before she felt herself suddenly lifted from her feet, and completely enveloped in a cloak: she would have cried out, but the alarm was checked upon her lips by a well-remembered voice which whispered in her ear—

"They are the arms of a friend, Lilly. Not a word! not a word!"

No wonder she recollected: it was the last voice, save that of Jack Manders, that had fallen on her ear in accents of kindness, and she clung to the bosom of Rose in silent thankfulness.

The happy woman hastened to the boat upon the beach, where Corporal Stock and the servants were already seated with the baggage: they had been waiting for her. The instant she set her foot in it the sailors dropped their oars in the rippling waves and rowed towards the "Harold."

"Why, bless me, Mrs. Rayner," exclaimed the corporal, after twice mentally counting the packages, "what can you have rolled up under your cloak so curiously?"

"A child," whispered Rose.

The man looked rather serious, not knowing how Sir Charles might approve of the addition to his party. "Don't betray me," she added, imploringly.

"I won't," replied Stock; "it's no affair of mine: nothing about children in the articles of war."

The woman looked her gratitude.

The speaker not only kept his word, but when Rose mounted the companion ladder, still holding Lilly concealed under her cloak, contrived to prevent her being noticed by the colonel and captain of the vessel who were chatting near the gangway, by walking before with a trunk upon his shoulders, and a package under each arm. The worthy fellow even did more; he suggested the means of concealing the presence of the child till the transport had sailed.

One of the soldiers' wives took charge of her, and passed her as her own.

"You had better make a friend of my lady about it as soon as you can," he observed to the trembling woman, "and let her break the affair to the colonel. If she only smiles while she tells it him," he added, "it will be all right."

The profoundness of this observation proved that although an old bachelor, the speaker was perfectly aware of the influence which a young and lovely wife generally exercises over the heart of her husband.

An hour or two later, the last boat left for shore; the anchor was raised, the white sails unfurled, and the huge ship began slowly to move through the waters. God speed it on its way; for it bore England's sons to a land where the Saxon's tongue and the Saxon's faith must at no very distant day prevail—a land won by the sword, but which the bible alone can keep.

Therefore, we say again, God speed the gallant vessel on her way.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

BUSINESS HABITS.

BUSINESS has been defined as "employment which occupies the labour and attention of men," and although the definition may be amplified, this is its primary meaning, and in this sense it is commonly used. Sometimes, indeed, a distinction is made between those pursuits in which buying and selling form the most important part of the employment, and those avocations which consist chiefly in manufacturing or producing. Distinctions are also made between *trades* and *professions*, but both, and indeed every kind of occupation in which men engage for the realisation of profit, may be classed under the head of business. As it is most probable that the young readers of these Hopes and Helps are now, or shortly expect to be, engaged in business of some sort or other, a few hints as to business habits will doubtless be as acceptable as they are appropriate.

ATTENTION.

Whatever trade or profession you undertake, devote all your energies to its accomplishment. Do not for a moment suppose that you can arrive at anything like proficiency without diligent application. No matter whether you pursue one or other of the liberal professions, or one or other of the most ordinary handicrafts, you will succeed in nothing, without all your mental and bodily energies are employed in its acquisition. It should be the earnest effort of every right-minded man or woman to be first-rate in the business they have chosen. To attain to excellence requires unremitting attention and the utmost diligence. Such diligence is seen in tracing the career of any eminently successful man. It is not by a sudden effort that fame or fortune is acquired. The smallest detail of business is of importance to the business man. Insignificant as some of these things may appear to other people, they are not insignificant to him. To acquire a thorough knowledge of your business in all its branches, is essential to your success; and the acquisition of such knowledge demands the closest and most constant attention.

ENTERPRISE.

While too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of little things in business—we must not suppose that attention to these alone, will bring us prosperity. Many a man has sunk into the mere plodder by such a mistake. He has devoted all his attention to detail, thrown all his heart and mind into the minute particulars of his profession or craft. Certainly by this means he has been a useful man to others, but he has never been useful enough to himself. He has failed for want of enterprise. He has been too much afraid of this, that, or the other. He has ventured nothing, and by this line of policy has been left behind by his competitors. While there is nothing so heinous in the business world as daring and groundless speculations, there are few things so crippling to its energies as no speculation at all. We have lately seen the result of over-speculation in the derangement of the money market, and the failure of numerous mercantile firms. At the same time, to denounce all speculation and enterprise would be unjust and dangerous. Without this no noble project would be started, no new manufactures introduced, no railroads constructed, nor steamers built. All these are the results of enterprising speculation.

JUDGMENT.

That which insures success to enterprise and comparative safety to speculation, is JUDGMENT. It does not do to adopt every scheme that is recommended to us: buy up shares in a phantom railway between nothing and nowhere; to invest money in the laudable scheme of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, or to speculate in any other of the thousand and one schemes which are largely advertised, and promise magnificent dividends. To do this would be foolish and ruinous in the extreme. Yet this sort of thing is really done. The Stags of Capel Court, the South Sea speculators, and many an older scheme, show us how much knavery, and how much more credulity, exists in human nature. But a business man who speculates, does so with a sound judgment. He makes himself acquainted with the facts, and compares them with the figures in the prospectus. He never speculates in that about which he knows nothing, and never takes that for granted on the authority of others which can be thoroughly investigated by himself.

Judgment is wanted in other business matters besides speculation. Blows are only effective when well directed. Mis-directed labour is little better than idleness. There are some attentive, energetic

people, always busy—busy as bees—but who never succeed—who make no money. They do right things in the wrong way, or at the wrong time. They are invariably in the way when they are not wanted, and out of it when they are. They are credulous when they should be doubtful, and confident when they should be credulous; they buy in when they should sell out, and sell out when they should buy in; they lay in immense stocks of a certain article, because there is an ephemeral demand for such an article; and they have to dispose of it at a heavy discount. They call themselves unlucky, or unfortunate; but their want of luck really consists in want of judgment. Prudence is the element missing from their character. "When a prudent man," says Chesterfield, "gets into a predicament, he must ask himself more than once what he shall do; sometimes he will have to answer, 'Nothing.' Where reason points out no good way, or at least none less bad than the other, he will stop short and wait for light. A little busy man runs on, at all events,—must be doing, and, like a blind horse, fears no danger because he sees none."

PERSEVERANCE.

The business man must stick to his business. A rolling stone gathers no moss, and a man who often changes his business (if he can help it), or his place of business either, is most likely to remain poor. Said the sagacious Richard—

"I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That thrived so well as those that settled be."

There is a great deal of meaning in that other maxim, "Keep the shop, and the shop will keep thee." "Did you ever know anybody," says a graphic writer, "to stick to any kind of business, no matter how unpromising it might be in the beginning, for ten years at most, who did not prosper in it? Not one. If he stuck to it earnestly, and tried hard—no matter how hard he found it at times to keep his head above water—still, if he persevered, he always came out right in the long run;—whatever it might have been at the beginning, at the end of ten years he had made a business for himself."

COURTESY.

Politeness is the road to fortune. No matter what position you are in—master or apprentice, mechanic or shopkeeper, servant or employer, rich or poor—be civil, be courteous; it gives grace to poverty—the only thing that poverty can sometimes retain,—and it adds an attraction to affluence which wealth can never buy. What a marked difference there is in shopkeepers in these simple points. There are some tradespeople who are eminently civil and obliging, who are courteous to every one who enters the shop, and who thus become universal favourites. There are others who are distinguished by their ill-manners; they and their shop people are invariably rude; they give themselves no trouble to be obliging; they serve out their goods as though conferring a favour; they resent any depreciation of the articles as a personal offence, and seem to regard the customer as an intruder. They mistake native rudeness for mercantile dignity; repel a polite request with snobbish incivility. Universal politeness is a primary law in all eminent mercantile houses; it is seen in the conduct of a large number of the industrial classes, and wherever it is seen is a letter of recommendation.

INTEGRITY.

Integrity secures safety, honour, and profit to the business man; but it requires high moral courage to withstand the temptations of worldly policy and selfishness. "To be honest as this world goes, is to be one picked out of ten thousand." Our will must be conformed to the high principles of immutable justice, or personal integrity cannot be maintained. "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely." Solomon has given many a wise precept to business men, and none more encouraging than this. It appears that in his day men were accustomed to the same "tricks of the trades," that, in the present nineteenth century, so called Christian people employ. Sharp and shrewd tradesmen, in those times—with an eye to the main chance—knew how to strike a close bargain. And, perhaps, they were tormented with such swarms of trifling gadders, who, in our polite age, "go shopping" simply to display their finery and to weary shopmen in showing goods which they never intend to buy. There were cheap bargainers then, who depreciated the value of every article they bought, and getting it at last for the lowest coin, chuckled over their own dishonesty. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he has gone his way then he boasteth." We paraphrase the Hebrew expression by such sentences as—"This is of inferior quality—slightly damaged; by the way,

your neighbour offered me a better article for less money, but I don't particularly care about it at all." This sort of thing is done in business by business men, who are sometimes boastful of their integrity, and are good, at any time, for twenty shillings in the pound.

There is a story told of a mountebank, who announced that at the next entertainment he would show to every man present what was in his heart. An immense concourse assembled, and the sagacious cynic redeemed his pledge by saying, "You all wish to buy cheap and sell dear"—a sentence universally applauded, as each one found the confirming witness in his own bosom. And this is the rule. The buyer is too often intent on buying at prices unfairly cheap, and the seller on disposing of his goods unjustly dear. He asks one price, and means to take another. He allows for abatements. Should his customer be inexperienced, his marginal profit is correspondingly large. Such a method of doing business is most unfair and equally unsuccessful. A few of the unwary may be pillaged, but the majority of buyers and sellers are old hands, and are aware of one another. The trader who desires to be permanently successful should avoid all such practices. All the cheats of underhanded trickery and sharp dealing, the use of unfair measures, and evasion of legal duties, taking advantage of the inexperienced or incautious, or any other deviation from strict integrity, are sure, when exposed, to invest their practiser with contempt.

STEADINESS OF CHARACTER.

To succeed, a man must be steady. A mechanic or artisan who is invariably making holidays, festivals, and anniversaries quite unknown to the calendar, is sure to be unsuccessful. With such life becomes a scramble: they earn less than others, they lose credit and character; the spender distances the winner in the race, and the winner loses all heart, sinks down lower and lower, subsisting on accidental jobs and precarious meals. The "fast" tradesman follows the same course, and sinks into a similar condition. He leads a gay life, has a country-house, and a dashing vehicle; the money he started with soon vanishes, paper takes the place of bullion, and extravagance finally launches him in a bankruptcy court.

The steady tradesman or artisan takes care that the winner in the race of life shall always distance the spender. He expends nothing but what he can well afford. He lives within his means, never beyond them. He does not ignore the idea that bad days may come, but he prepares to meet them when they do come. You find him in the shop or counting-house all day and at home at night; and you would look for him in vain in a tavern parlour. He does not ape the follies of the unworthy in language, life, or dress. He knows that honest earnings cannot support extravagant habits, and that dishonesty in one form or other must always be at work where such extravagance is indulged.

ALL OCCUPATIONS HONOURABLE.

Every segment of the great circle of civilised society is useful except that which is occupied by the lazy man. Every one may be of some utility in the world's hive except the doing-nothing, eating-everything drone. It is not the relative respectability of different pursuits that we are to trouble ourselves about. Our chief duty consists in being most earnest and upright in the discharge of some specified and appropriate calling.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part: there all the honour lies."

GOOD HUMOUR

KEEP in good humour. It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter. Keep in good humour.

The company of a good-humoured man is a perpetual feast; he is welcomed everywhere. Eyes glisten at his approach, and difficulties vanish in his presence. Franklin's indomitable good humour did as much for his country in the old Congress as Adams's fire or Jefferson's wisdom. He clothed wisdom with smiles, and softened contentious minds into acquiescence. Keep in good humour.

A good conscience, a sound stomach, a clean skin, are the elements of good humour. Get them, and keep them, and—be sure to keep in good humour.

LOVE AND PASSION.

"I wish he were dead—I do! I hope he may never enter this house again, alive!" and even as the rash words were spoken, the lips that gave them utterance quivered, with a half-suppressed fear that the dreadful wish might be realised, and the little pale, nervous woman, sank down upon a chair, and gave vent to a burst of passionate tears—half of anger and half of penitence.

Adela Raymond was neither so young nor beautiful now, as ten years ago when she stood, a proud, happy bride, beside him who had won her pure, girlish heart, and pronounced those solemn vows, that, through weal or woe, were to bind her to him alone through life; yet, down deep in her heart there remained a green spot, where love still grew as bright and fresh as in her sunniest days, save when the rank weeds of passion strove for a brief season to root out the more gentle and unassuming, but deeply rooted plant.

And if the disappointment, trials, and vexations of life ever render woman pardonable for irritability or ill-humour, surely Adela Raymond could claim the excuse. Scarcely two years of wedded bliss had been enjoyed, ere William Raymond—under the pernicious influences of those with whom his business obliged him to associate—began to tread the downward path, which sooner or later leads to irretrievable ruin.

When first the fatal truth burst upon Adela, the shock seemed too great for her sensitive nature to bear, and her heart appeared utterly crushed beneath its weight of woe. But life's thread is sometimes very tenacious—it will stretch on, through long years of sorrow, ere it snaps asunder.

And so, Adela, when the first shock had passed, nerved her soul to bear with strength and fortitude the impending fate that she feared awaited her, and then in earnest, tearful accents, daily besought her loved husband to shun the wily tempter that was fast winding his insidious coils around the poor, deluded, unresisting victim.

Days and months lengthened into long, weary years, and still Adela continued her pleadings, and not a harsh nor unkind word escaped her lips; she understood enough of human nature to know that what love's persuasive eloquence cannot overcome, severity can never conquer.

But William Raymond heeded not the tears and entreaties of her whom he had pledged himself to love and to cherish; and each succeeding year saw him sink lower and still lower in that pit of degradation, at the bottom of which yawns a drunkard's grave. Business was neglected, accounts forgotten, and work of any kind abandoned for the tavern and the gambling-house, where alternate day and night found him with his even more dissolute and wretched companions. Poverty soon came striding apace over his threshold; then gannet, grim want, until all that remained of former luxury—and almost of comfort—had gone to satisfy the demands of hunger.

Then it was that Adela's long-tried patience gave way, and frequent and violent were the storms of passion that burst from those lips which had never breathed anything but love and tenderness.

Ah! she had forgotten to ask for patience and wisdom to bear the heavy burden of her afflictions. She had ever been a fragile flower—wholly unfitted by nature to bear the chill, rough winds that poverty now swept mercilessly over her; and yet for many long months the toil of her delicate hands had been the only means of support for herself and three helpless little ones, aye, and had oftentimes (through fear) furnished her unfeeling husband with the means of procuring the exciting beverage, the effects of which sank him beneath the brute.

It was after one of these cruel demands upon her slender earnings had been made by the unfeeling husband, that Adela gave vent to the exclamation which opens this little sketch.

Raymond had just left the room where his wife was pursuing her wearisome toil, with half the proceeds of her last week's labour in his own indolent hand, but had not reached the outer door ere those rash, bitter words fell upon his ear. Had he been intoxicated then, he would have turned back and retorted—perhaps with blows; but for once he happened to be perfectly sober, and a sudden and stern purpose instantly entered his mind, which a dogged resolution enabled him to carry into effect.

"Her wish shall be gratified—I never will enter this house again, alive, so help me God!" and with the oath upon his lips, and a curse in his heart for her whom he had driven to the utterance of that terrible wish, William Raymond turned his feet from the home which his own vile passions had made wretched.

Darkness shadowed the earth, Cynthia sat high

upon Night's sable throne, and yet the husband returned not; and there, in that scantily-furnished room, by the dusky light of one small lamp, sat Adela, straining her tear-dimmed eyes to finish the garment upon which she had been stitching since early dawn. The non-arrival of her husband did not alarm her, for very often were his nights spent in those gateways to eternal ruin through which thousands annually enter but to plunge into the dead sea beyond.

Often was she obliged to lay down her work, for the tears fell so thick and fast as to blind her entirely; for memory was busy at her heart, and, in the gloom and darkness of that little room, she was living over the last ten years that had been added to her young life.

Away back, through the long vista, she beheld a fair, fragile girl, the only bud upon the parent stem, and on that account all the more tenderly cherished, surrounded by every appliance that parental affection could suggest, until another came and bore her away, to be cherished and worn on his bosom, as she then thought, to the end of life's journey. Again in memory she wept over her father's grave—that kind father who, had he lived, might now shield her from cruel want; again she saw her mother, bearing bravely up for a short season against the cruel stroke that swept away her only means of support; but at length, sinking down beneath consumption's fatal gripe, until her loved form was laid beside that of the husband and father, and she was left to tread her future, dark, dreary path, with none to counsel, encourage, or assist.

Then she thought of all the sorrows, and privations, and sufferings of the last few years, and all caused by him who once professed to love her more than life—him whom she felt she still loved more than all things else, even though in a moment of anger she had uttered the dreadful wish that he were dead; and as that fearful imprecation rose up before her she shuddered, lest it might be fulfilled.

"Oh, if he should die before I ever see him again, I could not survive the pangs of regret that my rash temper had caused me. God forgive me that terrible sin, and I will try henceforth to set a seal of patience upon my lips," and instinctively, ere she was aware, Adela dropped upon her knees, and poured out her soul to Him who alone is near when all other help fails.

A peaceful calm filled her soul as Adela laid her weary head upon her pillow that night, and she resolved to commence a new life; and if she could not be the means of reclaiming her erring husband, she would instruct her children in those paths that eventually lead to eternal life. She arose in the morning, and knelt again, and prayed for strength to support her in every trial that might lay before her that day, and then calmly prepared to enter again upon her unceasing toil.

And divine strength was needed. Towards night a letter was brought her by the post, and with trembling hands she broke the seal and read as follows:—

"Adela,—Yesterday you wished me dead, and if your wish cannot be immediately granted in full, it shall in part at least. I have shipped on board a 'man-of-war,' and will never trouble you with my presence again. WILLIAM."

Adela gave one wild shriek, and fell fainting to the floor. Her little children clung, frightened and crying, to her inanimate form—believing her dead—but the eldest, a bright, noble boy of nine years, with the thoughtfulness of maturer age, brought water and bathed her face and chafed her hands until animation was restored, and she sat once more in her chair with all the depth of her misery pictured upon her pale face.

Not one word or token of love, or even regret at parting from her who had borne and suffered so much for him—with no thought of wife, or children, or home, in his heart, save of those rash words that his cruelty had called from her lips, he had gone—gone, never to return. And she had driven him away. Oh, what would she not now give to recall him once more to her side—how she would work day and night for him and utter no complaint.

After the first shock of her agony had subsided, Adela began to think of her future. How was she to act—what was she to do? She sought help from heaven, and found strength and peace in seeking it.

There were a few brave hearts who had stood nobly by her side when misfortune's adverse winds swept over her devoted head, otherwise she could not, with her feeble health, have kept starvation from her door.

Through the exertions of these friends Adela was supplied with as much sewing as she could do, and

liberally paid for her labour; and her little Willie was engaged as errand boy for a tradesman, who paid him a small salary—enough to furnish his clothes for the first year—the next it was doubled, as the tradesman found him faithful and trustworthy; so that Adela, with the expense of her husband removed, now gained a comfortable support for herself and little ones.

Three years passed away and no tidings of the absent husband had been received, when one of the newspapers announced the intelligence that the ship in which William Raymond sailed had been wrecked in a terrible gale, and "all on board had perished!" He was dead then—her rash wish had been granted—he had died without knowing how deeply she had repented, how much she had suffered, and how dear he still was to her loving woman's heart. These were the thoughts that rushed upon Adela's mind as she read the terrible lines. No human power could now alleviate the keenness of her anguish, no earthly consolation pour the healing balm into her torn and bleeding heart.

Until now she had lived in the hope that her husband would one day return, and give her the opportunity of proving her great love; but now all hope died out of her heart, and she would surely have sunk down beneath this accumulation of sorrow, had not the Father sustained her.

Two more sad, dreary years rolled by, and then there came one who had been the playmate of her childhood, and offered her his protection, and the heart that had been hers ever since those juvenile years, though he had judiciously shunned her presence during all her wedded life. But no, she had no love to bestow; it was all, all buried beneath the green sea wave, never, never again to be awakened to a new life.

Had her husband died a natural death, at home, where she would have had the consolation of administering to his dying wants, and smoothing the dark passage with words and offices of love, time might have healed the wound, and she might have eventually bestowed upon her childhood's friend a second love.

But now the attempt to win her would be worse than useless; and so, with the assurance of her friendship, he left her, feeling that never here could he be permitted to enjoy the companionship of her whom he had so long loved.

A few weeks after this event, Adela Raymond sat one evening in her little, neat, and comfortable, but scantily-furnished room, with her children around her. It was Saturday night, and the labour and toil of the week had been laid aside for the higher duties of preparing the mind for the Sabbath.

A little table stood beside her, upon which lay the well-worn family Bible that her mother had bequeathed to her upon her death-bed, with the solemn injunction to peruse its sacred pages often, that from them she might derive consolation in any of the various trials and afflictions that beset life's changeful pathway.

Adela had just finished a chapter, when a loud rap at the door started her to her feet, and on opening it a haggard, emaciated man, clad in coarse, but clean garments, stood before her.

"Adela, have you forgotten your erring but repentant husband?" and the arms of the weary-worn man was stretched towards her.

"William, my husband! God be praised!" and she sank fainting on his bosom.

The story is soon told. William Raymond, with three others, had clung to pieces of the wreck, and after two days' suffering on the raging sea, without food or water, they were floated to a desolate island, and there, for two years, had sustained life with fruits and roots, and such fish and game as they could procure. Then they were discovered by a passing vessel, their necessities attended to, and they eventually arrived in England.

We will not attempt to describe the rejoicings of the long estranged husband and wife, that they were once more permitted to unite here on earth; the imagination of the reader can paint them in truer colours than the pen could portray.

It was not until William Raymond found himself at the mercy of the waves, with the prospect of speedy death before him, that his heart softened towards his long-neglected wife. But in those two days, while floating between life and death, he had lived over his ten years of wedded life, and in them he could find nothing of wrong with which to accuse her; conscience, true to its mission, constrained him to acknowledge himself alone the guilty one; and he there vowed that, were his life spared to return, the future should fully atone for the past. And there, too, on the boisterous waves, he had called upon Him who alone is able to rescue from death, Him whose name

had never before dwelt upon his lips, save with irreverence and profanity; and through those two dreary, desolate years, he had not forgotten often to call upon His sacred name, and implore Divine assistance.

And now there they sit—the past long ago forgiven, and now all forgotten in the blissful present.

Oh, never ascended more fervent thanksgivings to heaven than were poured forth from those two reunited hearts on that eventful evening, and never a happier, more loving pair travelled side by side to the end of life's journey.

William Raymond, now wholly cured of his thirst for the intoxicating beverage, entered again upon the business avocations of life, and ere ten years had passed, he, with his noble, manly boy, William Raymond, jun., as partner, became the wealthy owners of a large mercantile establishment.

And all through coming years, whenever any of those petty vexations and annoyances which must sometimes unavoidably intrude, even upon the happiest household shrine, tempted Adela Raymond with an impatient thought, the memory of those five long years of sorrow, and of her narrow escape from a widowed life, checked it ere it found its way to her lips.

THE CELANDINE.

PEEPING from 'neath thy leaves of green,
In early spring thy flower is seen;
And bright thy yellow petals shine,
Thou pretty little Celandine.

On mossy banks thou lov'st to dwell,
Or hidden in some quiet dell
Thou bloomest on, till summer flowers
Breathe perfume in the leafy bowers.

Sweet flower, what memories thou dost bring,
When life seemed but one joyous spring:
When through the woods, with mirth half wild,
I strayed—a gay and thoughtless child!

And now my youth has taken wing,
Still do I love thee, flower of spring;
For now thou speak'st of "joys to come,"
Eternal in my Father's Home.

JOHN GIBSON, R.A.

THE subject of our biographical department this week—John Gibson, R.A.—is a Welshman. He proceeds from a family who were many years settled on the shores of the Menai, close to the spot famous in ancient history as the landing-place of the Romans headed by Suetonius Paulinus; and, in modern times, by the raising of that great triumph of engineering skill—the Britannia Tubular Bridge. Gibson was born in the year 1790, at Gylfyn, near Conway.

His father was exceedingly humble in circumstances. His occupation, as landscape gardener, did not allow him to give his son the education he desired. Nevertheless, the child showed early symptoms of artistic skill. At the age of nine years he evinced considerable talent in drawing from life.

In 1799 the family moved to Liverpool, with the intention, we believe, of emigrating to the United States. In this city the young student found much better opportunities of carrying out his dreams of self-instruction.

At the age of fourteen Gibson was called upon to learn a trade. He was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, who perceived the talents of the youth, and soon afterwards cancelled the original indentures to bind him over to the wood-carving department of the same factory. Here the boy was looked upon as an exceedingly promising apprentice. He continued at the work some two or three years, in the meantime cultivating and developing his taste for the art of sculpture. Ultimately, like his great contemporary, Sir Francis Chantrey, he determined to discard the carver's work, and apply himself to the chisel. The apprentice had considerable difficulty in releasing himself from the bonds held by his employer. Permission to leave was resolutely refused, but the young student was determined upon the point. In the face of a threat of law proceedings, he expressed his fixed determination to become a sculptor. At that critical moment the boy found a friend. The chief of the firm of Messrs. Francis, statuary, of Liverpool, took a fancy to him, and purchased the remainder of his time for seventy pounds.

Gibson was now put to the work of his fancy. He laboured with so much zeal and success that he soon became foreman of the establishment. In this capacity he secured the friendship of many influential individuals; among these was Mr. Roscoe, the author of the "Life of Lorenzo de Medici." Mr. Roscoe possessed a little temple of art treasures at his seat, Allerton Hall, near Liverpool.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



JOHN GIBSON, ESQ., R.A. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

Here, aided by the excellent advice and mature judgment of his new friend, Mr. Gibson commenced the study of the higher branches of his art. Circumstances were so far favourable; the young man was soon master of all that was to be learned at Liverpool. Roscoe promised to send him to Rome, and to support him while he remained there, but was prevented by commercial disasters. The means, however, were forthcoming; some friends entered into a subscription, and the requisite amount was soon obtained. The young sculptor was furnished with letters of introduction to Flaxman in London, and to the great Italian master Canova at Rome. A short stay in London succeeded. The now rising artist found great encouragement at the hands of Flaxman. He was privileged to attend the studio of the illustrious sculptor, and to see him work. Gibson made good use of the opportunity. At length, all matters

prepared, he took leave of England for the city of Rome, where he arrived in the month of October, 1817.

His reception in the metropolis of art was even more satisfactory than he had hoped for. Canova acted as a friend in every respect. He gave the young Englishman a place in his *atelier*, and permission to attend his "night academy," where the most select students in Rome were exercised in modelling from life. Henceforward Mr. Gibson made considerable progress in his art.

Subsequently, in 1821, by the advice of Canova, he set up for himself. The Duke of Devonshire was the first visitor who entered the new studio, and the first to give a commission. From that time work came in plentifully.

Although now a master, Gibson had the courage to consider himself a pupil. Accordingly, on the death of his first instructor, he placed himself under the

great Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen. The grace and beauty of Gibson's works soon brought him under the notice of the King of Bavaria, for whom he executed several groups. He next secured the patronage of the Grand Dukes of Russia, the Duke of Northumberland, the late Sir Robert Peel, the late Sir George Beaumont, and other munificent patrons of art. Of Gibson's numerous works in poetic sculpture, his "Cupid disguised as a Shepherd Boy," his "Hebe," the "Sleeping Shepherd," "Cupid and Sappho," "Girl and Child," "Phaeton driving the Chariot of the Sun," and many others, might be mentioned. His portrait statues are numerous, and many of them exhibit the highest qualities of the sculptor's art. "Beyond almost any other English artist," observes one of his critics, "Gibson appears to recognise and to appreciate the limits and the conventions of sculpture, and hence his works are always perfect in



DIVING FOR CORAL.

pose, exquisite in form, severe, yet not cold in style." In modelling he is very successful, and in the management of the chisel admirable.

Mr. Gibson was elected A.R.A. in 1833, and R. A. in 1836, while still absent in Rome. The academy infringed one of its most important rules in electing an artist settled and practising in a foreign country, but the occasion was thought of sufficient importance to justify a departure from ordinary rules.

In 1844 Mr. Gibson received a commission to execute a statue of her Majesty. He was then on a visit to England, after an uninterrupted residence of twenty-eight years at Rome. The bust was modelled at Windsor Castle, and the Queen sat every day for ten days; her Majesty desired "that the statue should be a faithful portrait, such as her children would recognise, and calculated for a room in the palace, not for any public institution." Thus instructed, the artist returned to Rome, and there executed the statue. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1847, and is now among the art treasures of Buckingham Palace. A second has been since executed for the new houses of Parliament.

This work created great commotion in the artistic world on account of some colour being introduced. By one party this was looked upon as judicious; and by another as an innovation unworthy of the great reputation of Gibson. In the case of the Queen's statue, the merest tint of colour was employed; but it was sufficient to provoke a long discussion. It was admitted that the Greeks had occasionally done the same thing to give harmony to their works, and Gibson defended the practice by a reference to the precedent. The innovation was, however, not the less objected to.

Mr. Gibson is very industrious in his art. We should be afraid to enumerate the many palaces and mansions of the nobility which are enriched by his works. Liverpool is particularly fortunate in this respect; her townspeople always considering the sculptor a native of the place.

One of Gibson's early groups, "Hylas and Nymphs," is included in the Vernon Gallery. With the exception of a few portrait-busts, it is the only piece of sculpture in that collection. It is a group

of three figures very masterly arranged. It was completed as far back as 1836, and was exhibited in the Royal Academy in the following year.

A few weeks since Mr. Gibson paid another visit to his native country, but his stay was exceedingly short. Before he returned to the land of his adoption, his friend Mr. Mayall secured an admirable portrait by his magic-like process of photography. We have the sculptor's permission to engrave the picture. The likeness is inimitable.

CORAL.

CORAL, like sponge, to which reference has been made before,* is one of those common things about which the majority of people know very little. The following particulars, therefore, will no doubt be interesting to a large class of readers.

Coral is the work of that infinitesimally small and laboriously industrious family, the Polypes. Just as men are best known by their doings, so are these polypes best known by their works. These are spread over all parts of the world. They are built up from the bed of the ocean, and form habitable islands as well as dangerous reefs. A portion even of our own island is based on a foundation of coral, and many of the tropical islands rest entirely on masses of coral rock. The order and regularity with which these vast accumulations of solid matter are constructed, by means apparently so inadequate to the end, are no less astonishing than the amazing number of such masses which are known to exist.

Coral formations occur chiefly in the Pacific, the Indian Ocean, and the Red Sea. In the Indian Ocean, and round New Holland, they are produced by various species of polypes, known as *cellepora*, *modrepora*, *millepora*, and *tubipora*. The navigation of the seas in which they abound is rendered continually more difficult by the incessant labour of these animals. To trace the progress of these formations is an interesting branch of geological research. The immense height

of the reefs may be estimated by the fact that within a short distance of them there are no soundings to the depth of several hundred fathoms. These zoophyte builders have laid the foundation of their structures deep and strong; and by the minute but combined labour of millions, they have built up their reefs to the very surface of the water. The ridge of reef having reached such a height that it remains almost dry at low water-mark, the polypes cease from building higher. On these foundations islands are formed, vegetation is produced, and man establishes a home. Of their gradual development an interesting account is given by an eminent traveller. After describing the work of the polypes, he says:—

"Sea shells, fragments of corals, sea hedge-hog shells, and their broken-off prickles, are united by the burning sun, through the medium of the cementing calcareous sand which has arisen from the pulverisation of the above-mentioned shells, into one whole or solid stone, which, strengthened by the continual throwing up of new materials, gradually increases in thickness, till it becomes at last so high, that it is covered only during some seasons of the year by the high tides. The heat of the sun so penetrates the mass of stone when it is dry, that it splits in many places, and breaks off in flakes. These flakes, so separated, are raised one upon another by the waves at the time of high water. The always active surfer throws blocks of coral (frequently of a fathom in length, and three or four feet thick) and shells of marine animals between and upon the foundation stones; after this the calcareous sand lies undisturbed, and offers to the seeds and trees of plants cast upon it by the waves, a soil upon which they rapidly grow to overshadow its dazzling white surface. Entire trunks of trees, which are carried by the rivers from other countries and islands, find here at length a resting-place after their long wanderings. With these come some small animals, such as lizards and insects, as the first inhabitants. Even before the trees form a wood, the real sea-birds nestle here; strayed land-birds take refuge in the bushes; and, at a much later period, when the work has been long since completed, man also appears, builds his hut on the fruitful soil, formed by the corruption of the

* See page 141.

leaves of the trees, and calls himself the lord and proprietor of this new creation."

There is much that is beautiful as well as interesting in the appearance of a coral reef. On the coral coasts where the water is bright and transparent, the effect presented by the submerged reefs may be easily observed. Every variety of form, glowing with vivid tints, rival the floral splendour of a cultivated garden.

"The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From the coral-rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow.

"The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there;
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of the upper air.

"There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bath'd in slaughter.

"There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are blended like corn on the upland lea.

"And life in rare and beautiful forms
Is sporting amid these bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own."

Towards the tempting fields of wealth and splendour the coral-divers, knife in hand, make their adventurous descents. In their boats they proceed to the locality selected for their work, as calculated to yield not only the most abundant supply, but the most easily acquired coral. Having made their preparations, the divers, in succession, plunge into the water, and, tearing off the coral from the rocks, ascend to the surface laden with their spoil. The operation closely resembles that of sponge-fishing, and is sometimes conducted at the same time and place.

LATSON.

BY
FELIX STOWE.

CHAPTER XXXVI. REPORTS PROGRESS.

"You must let me have my own way for once, aunt, especially as I am now no longer a servant, but in business on my own account, you know."

And Hugh bent over his aunt, and patted her chin as lovingly and simply as of yore, she sitting at her old task of the needle, though—we are all thankful to say—in somewhat different plight from that of number nineteen.

"Remember Jacob—Jacob, wasn't it?—yes, Jacob."

"What of him, dear?"

"It is said, that 'when he was a dying, he worshipped, leaning on the top of his staff.'"

"I've often wondered what that means," said Ruth.

"Just so, and that's the reason you're always persuading me to change my name. You see, Jacob's staff was the symbol to him, first of his early poverty, and then of his subsequent success in life. Don't you remember, he said, 'With my staff I passed over this Jordan, but now I have become two hands.' Aunt, I'm quite aware I'm entitled to take the name of my father and mother, and I will quickly enough, if any duty comes to require it. But, you see, the name 'Church' is my staff—it has been with me through the darkness, and on into the light—it's my staff, and I shouldn't wonder if I die with it, after all."

"Hugh, Hugh! is that kind, to speak of death to me?"

"Well, well! dear" (for he often spoke to her as if they were even more to each other than aunt and nephew)—

"Well, well! I won't. But, there's another thing. Nothing that I've ever heard of the name of Latson strikes me as offering any very strong inducements to bear it, aunt. Eh! I almost think if I had been Latson till now, I'd rather look out for 'Church,' or some other title, than change a name I've borne for many years."

For, at the time of this conversation, Hugh had been long regularly installed as a partner in the firm. And on the dingy door-posts, among two or three other lines of lettering, belonging to other tenants, there was this:—"Messrs. Sporlock and Church, Solicitors."

And so it happened, that, with that genuine high-mindedness, which is the very opposite alike of boasting and of meanness, Hugh Church resolved to remain Hugh Church still.

And it was as Hugh Church, that, after more than three years' study and dining, by the urgent advice of his friend and former partner, he embraced the higher branch of the profession, and was called to the Bar.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE OLD LONDON CHURCH.

THAT was a memorable day, in the great house at Hackney, in more respects than one,—the day when Hugh was entered of the Middle Temple.

Ruth had scarcely known what trouble meant, since she had become housekeeper to the returned medical missionary.

The servants had ever treated her with great respect, for she had always treated them with kindness and consideration.

She remembered other days. And gratitude would have taught her to govern gently, if her own good sense had not.

Then, Mr. Bliss himself had made her position in the house as easy as it was honourable. And now that he lived altogether at home, and depended upon Ruth's management of the household for more than half his comfort, he had discovered, every day, how very safely he could depend on it, and how little he was ever disappointed.

Marmaduke Bliss was not past the prime of life. He bore still, in his countenance and manners, traces of the buoyancy and spirit which in youth had hurried him into folly. But he never once lost the consciousness of the sacred trust he had undertaken, when he admitted Ruth and Hugh into the house. And that trust he had discharged for years, as a Christian gentleman would.

Mr. Bliss had lost his wife within two years of their marriage, and he had never dared to think it possible that another might take her place. He did not look to see her equal, and therefore he had never borne to think of her successor.

During the first two or three years of Ruth's engagement in the family, he had seen very little more of her than just at meal-times, or when he asked for an interview on household affairs.

But after a while (and really altogether for her improvement), he would beg her to bring her work into the library, very frequently, in the evening, and while she stitched he read aloud.

Good, simple man! Quite true, that this was all for Ruth's improvement; and it did improve her. This kind of education was nearly the only sort of education Ruth required. For Ruth was one of those women, of whom we have met many an example, whom a polished boarding-school course would never have made into more complete ladies than they are already. There is in some women a manner, and there is a voice, and there is a look, which no expensive governess could improve, and which many a governess spoils.

Ruth had grown into one of these women—rather, she was always one, as our readers may have perceived, ever since we made her acquaintance in this narrative.

Well, then, all she wanted was a better knowledge of the world, and that sort of knowledge which books can yield.

And while Mr. Bliss was sincerely resolving to pay the homage of a life-long solitude to the memory of another, he had, to some extent, undertaken, during the long winter evenings, to form and to fill Mrs. Wofield's mind. Good, simple man!

Generally, Hugh (whose power of self-abstractedness had always been remarkable) brought his writing, his drafts of deeds, and so on, down stairs, and sat, undisturbed, beside them, while the reading went on. Occasionally he was away; but for a long time it was all the same to the master of the house, and most assuredly all the same to Ruth (except that she preferred his being with them), whether Hugh was absent or present.

As these meetings wore on, and as Ruth herself would sometimes divide with her employer the task of reading, one evening it occurred to Mr. Bliss that it was not quite the same pleasant time to him when Hugh was there, though the work went on precisely the same, before him or behind him.

Especially when Ruth was reading, seated there at the table, her soft, sweet, pensive eyes drooping over the book, and every word pronounced so clearly by that exquisitely chiselled mouth, occasionally her voice stopping for a moment at something she didn't understand, but only asking explanation by her silence;—I say, on these occasions, while Mr. Bliss sat looking and listening, he at last found out (though he was extremely surprised at it), that he preferred sitting and looking at her quite alone.

Singular, most singular.

Matters had been thus for some little while, when Hugh was called to the Bar.

On the evening of this day, Church was enjoying the hospitality of his late partner, and celebrating the event with a select party of lawyers, who, it was thought, might probably join Mr. Sporlock in helping Hugh in the matter of briefs.

They were reading—Ruth was reading—Mitford's short memoirs of the poet Gray.

She had just finished this sentence in the last paragraph—

"His life, indeed, did not abound with change of incident, or variety of situation; it was not blessed with the happiness of domestic endearments, nor spent in the bosom of social intercourse; but it was constantly and contentedly employed in the improvement of the various talents with which he was so highly gifted; in a sedulous cultivation both of the moral and intellectual powers, in the study of wisdom, and in the practice of virtue."

"Poor man!" said Mr. Bliss, with a deep sigh, not removing his thoughtful gaze from Ruth's countenance.

Ruth looked up, as if for an explanation.

"Poor Gray!" said Mr. Bliss, their eyes meeting as he spoke.

"I don't see that, sir," Ruth observed, whose mind was on the improvement of talents and the study of wisdom, &c.

"Then, poor Mrs. Wofield too," said her tutor.

"Really, sir, this seems to me a high character to give of the man, 'contentedly employed'—"

There was a very melancholy, but yet strange mingled look on his countenance as he interrupted her, and said—

"High enough character, but character is not all we want for happiness, is it, Mrs. Wofield? though without it none can be happy. Have you missed that part, Ruth?"

(He had never called her Ruth in his life!)

"Have you forgotten that part?—Not blessed with the happiness—what is it? Will you read that again?"

A little tremulous and a little embarrassed, Ruth did read again—

"Not blessed with the happiness of domestic endearments, nor spent in the bosom of social intercourse."

"Now, then, Mrs. Wofield, are you surprised to hear me say, 'Poor man?'"

And this was said very softly, and with an expression in his kind face she had never seen before.

"No doubt, sir, Gray would have been happier in the midst of relations and friends; but we might have lost, by that, the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.'"

"Ruth, would you be willing to love nobody, and to have no one to love you, merely that you might leave a little poetry to be read, when you are in your grave?"

"I can't say that, sir."

"Neither can I, Ruth."

And Mr. Bliss rose from his chair, but immediately seated himself again, and rested his face on both his hands, and his elbows on the table.

Ruth looked on in amazement. For they had often read, with great indifference, passages far stronger than this, on the pleasures of domestic life.

She laid the book in her lap, and was beginning to muse, till he should tell her to go on reading.

"Will you go on, Mrs. Wofield?"

"His letters will be read by all who are desirous of estimating, not only the variety of his learning, and the richness and playfulness of his fancy, but the excellence of his private character, the genuine goodness of his heart, his sound and serious views of life, and his warm and zealous affection towards his friends."

"You see, sir," Ruth said, as she laid down the book, "he had friends, and loved them too."

"Friends, yes."

There was a pause.

Then, he rose and came to where she sat, and very gently took Ruth's little hand between both of his, and held it there.

"Will you let me speak to you, Ruth, as I have never spoken to you, since we met?"

Ruth knew not where to look; and as for an answer, she had none. But she was conscious of a strange fellowship, of fear, and surprise, and yet of happiness.

She was ashamed, however, when she recollected having felt the last; for what could she ever have hoped to be, but as a servant to a master?

He went on—

"Ruth, I cannot die, as that poet died. I once thought I could. You speak of friendship. Bless God for that! But, we were created for something beyond friendship.—Ruth, have I ever, for one

moment, taken advantage of our relation to each other in this house, to make you respect me less than you would have done? Have I spoken harshly or inconsiderately, even once? Tell me!"

"Never, sir, never!"

"Then you can trust me that I am not going to begin to take either sort of advantage now?"

"Most perfectly, sir."

"And if what I am going to say offends you, you will believe me when I promise it shall never be said to you again; and you will not quit my house in anger, nor quit it at all, will you, Ruth?"

"No, sir."

"I have not always," he went on, "been without those domestic ties you read about just now—you know that, Ruth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think that any one would blame me, if, after all these years of solitude, I tried to find sympathy and love once more?"

"Blame, sir! I cannot see it."

"Ruth, could you, could you be contented with a love that is not the first love?"

And as he spoke, he gently raised her from the chair, and held her by both hands, and looked very anxiously at her, as she hung down her head, and breathed very quickly.

"We are neither of us young, Ruth—but we are not so old, either. I have long watched you, when you were thinking of any one, perhaps, rather than of me. And I have seen, more and more, that in you, dear Ruth, which I could desire in a companion for the rest of my days. I can hardly hope you will tell the same story of me."

"Oh, sir," she answered, taking her hands from him, and covering her face with them, and sitting down again, "it never once struck me that this could be possible—never! I could not have—"

And the rest of the sentence was stopped (she never could explain why—no one ever can) by a flood of convulsive tears.

"Then I may not hope?" he began.

"Nay, sir, nay! Forgive me!" she said. "I know not what to say. It comes so like a shock to a poor creature like me, that you can ever once have thought about me in this light."

And then she looked up at him through her hot, burning tears, and animation made that well-formed face very beautiful.

He must have thought so, for he lifted her to his side again, and standing by her, whispered—

"I didn't hope, dear Ruth, that you cared anything for me yet; but will you tell me it is possible you ever may? that's all I ask."

"I should be very, very ungrateful if I said I thought I never could care for you, shouldn't I?"

"I must ask you, dearest, to go a step beyond gratitude—indeed to forget that altogether. There is no gratitude—no room for it. I have been the gainer, not you, since we met. Don't mention gratitude, dear Ruth. Will you try to begin to love me?"

"I will," she answered. "But"—and she looked at him almost wildly—"I can't think this is true, sir; it must be a dream."

"Sir!" Did I hear the word 'sir' just after the 'I will'? O Ruth!—a bad beginning—shocking! Say, 'I can't think this is true, dear Marmaduke.'"

And she laughed up at him, drying her eyes.

"Come!"

And before they parted she had said it. And long ere she took the other name for her own, she had whispered over so often to herself "Bliss—Bliss!" that she must have worked the word in upon her little heart, she was so happy.

And still the slab, far, far away, moves not; and the letters, though filled up with green moss and dirt, are there yet; but when, some few months after what we have told you, happened, Mr. Sporlock gave away Ruth, at the altar, to Marmaduke Bliss, and Hugh, full of grateful gladness, stood and saw him do it, Ruth fancied that instead of a bridesmaid, there was a form like unto an angel, that she had often seen in her dreams, now coming through the mist in the church, (mind you, still the same old church), and as it passed, it seemed to whisper to her, as I am sure we all do, "May God bless the dear bride!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FINDS THORNS ON THE ROSES.

THE house-agent had turned the last key upon Latson Towers, and had come up to London, and advertised the estate for sale about as many years,—say nine, or ten—when the marriage of Ruth took place, and when other events of some importance were going on down in Norfolk.

Away down in Norfolk, there moves along among

the sick, on most days in the week, a handsome, stately, and withal, gentle woman, who is generally accompanied by her daughter, a lovely girl, just entering her teens.

The daughter carries part of the treasure—perhaps the basket of home-grown grapes—while the mother has, under her shawl, or, just as likely, under nothing at all, the pint-basin of good, strong calves'-foot jelly; wrapped up carefully in paper, as they stand underneath the thatch of many a cottage, and almost touch it, when they stoop to go in.

That daughter, the rector's wife often sighs over, as she calls her,—Ethel.

Ethel wonders why. We do not.

The worst thing you could do for your own peace of mind, and even bodily safety, down in Sharstone, would be to hint a syllable against Mr. Montgomery, the Lady Maude, or any one of their six children.

They are happy, happy hours, every day, down at Sharstone. While these six children have been born, and been growing up, a singular circumstance has been happening every quarter, that we may as well mention, in a kind of parenthesis.

Every quarter, a little packet has been regularly dropped into the village post-office, on a particular day; generally by the lady's own hand.

This little packet, on the next day, or the next but one, has been delivered, bearing no name inside it, at one door, in a little row of almshouses, far off in Wiltshire—the prettiest little row of almshouses perhaps you ever beheld.

Upon the contents of this little packet a very old man has lived; and, out of it, obtained a great number of old man's comforts he must otherwise have been without.

Just after one of the little packets had gone off, Mr. Montgomery read in the newspaper one day the following, in the list of deaths:—

"Ralph Grange, formerly the faithful steward and servant of the late Honourable Colonel Hugh Latson, of Latson Towers, aged 91."

Old Ralph had sat outside the little almshouse, underneath the honeysuckle and roses, on summer evenings, as long as he could sit without being wearied with the beauty and fragrance of his comfortable home, and then, he had fallen asleep.

He had asked to be buried as near his old master as possible. So they made his grave as close to the vault as they could—of course outside the church; and many more of the neighbours followed the faithful old fellow to his last resting-place than were found at the funeral of his miserable master.

The last little packet was more than enough to bury him.

Well, it was just about the time of old Grange's death, that Maude received the following letter by post, the postmark showing that it came from London, and that was all they knew of the writer's whereabouts.

"My dear Aunt,

"I don't know why I should call you 'dear,'—not being aware of any particular trouble you've taken to be so to your nephew. But, as I understand you're living away in clover down there in the country, I take the liberty of telling you that you once, I believe, had a sister, who had the honour of being my mother. Perhaps you've forgotten her. If so, my name may jog your memory. The fact is, I'm 'hard up,' and think of running down and looking up your country crib."

"I can't stay long, so it's no use for you to press me. But I think it my duty to live a little longer, which can't be done conveniently in my present circumstances. I suppose you see the papers sometimes, and I dare say you're acquainted with me under some of my fancy names. Ask your husband, and he'll tell you. There's a law somewhere against letting your left hand know what your right hand doeth; so I haven't generally thought it modest to come before the public precisely in my baptismal character. However, I'm coming down into your parts in a day or two, if I can raise the wind for the purpose; and I've no doubt you'll be glad to see me. If not, the pleasure may be very easily postponed by your sending me a trifle, say, a humble sovereign or two, addressed to X. Y., at 'The Knave of Hearts,' Bucklersbury, London."

"Of course, you know,—though I don't know why you should, either,—that your excellent brother-in-law departed this life long since. I wish he had taken with him

"Your unsuccessful nephew,

"CLAUDE BLANCE LATSON."

At a consultation in the rectory study, over this precious document, it was, of course, agreed, that the best way was to send a five-pound note, to the address named, together with a letter from Mr. Montgomery.

That letter contained all that a kind Christian clergyman may be supposed likely to say under the circumstances. And Maude, dear, good creature, added a postscript of her own.

"It is wrong in you, dear Claude," she wrote, "to imagine that I can have forgotten you. And much more wrong to suppose that I can ever forget your dear, dear mother. As to yourself, what could we do? We have never had the slightest clue to your place of abode—and you yourself admit that we never could have known anything of you, from these sad reports in the newspapers. Oh, Claude! don't be offended if your mother's only sister begs and implores you to turn away, even now, from bad companions, and to recollect her dear memory, who would have rather died a hundred deaths than be your mother, if she had supposed it possible you could ever do anything to be ashamed of your name."

"As to your coming to Sharstone, but for the strange tone of your letter, I would have said, 'Come directly.' You know I would. As it is, I must leave it to yourself."

"I fear, from the way in which you write, that a quiet country rectory would have but few attractions for you. Indeed, I am not sure whether it would be for the happiness of either of us, that we should meet at present. Still, I leave it with you."

"Dear Claude, pray remember that you cannot have gone so far, as that there is no return. Don't fancy you are past recovery. But your letter seems to me a very sad one. I hardly know what to write."

"As soon as you receive this, do pray write again, saying that you have received the money, which we send with our best wishes, and give us some reason to hope that better days are in store for you."

"Don't misunderstand Mr. Montgomery's letter of advice. I assure you, he means it to be respectful, and very kind,—and I am not a whit more concerned about you than he is. Oh, Claude! will it not be terrible, never to see any more, for ever, that dear mother, who prayed so often, as I know, in her last hours, that her little boy might meet her in heaven!"

"Forgive my saying this, and don't laugh at it, as merely a woman's weak affection. Apply to us in any trouble; and, above all, apply to some One else, who knoweth all our weaknesses, and will cast out none that come to him."

"Believe me, my dear Claude,

"Your affectionate aunt,

"MAUDE MONTGOMERY."

It was well that the good creature was not by, when her postscript was read.

He read it in one of his midnight revels, at the table with some of his worst associates, to whom he was giving an entertainment, with the five pounds.

After this, letters and applications for money were things of constant occurrence.

Until, at length, they were compelled to take no notice whatever of either one or the other.

One day there came this epistle, which the good rector and his wife read together:—

"Aunt Maude,

"So you've determined between you, have you? to let me sink. Well, I suppose, sink I shall. But, to let you into a secret, you and your precious husband shall sink with me."

"Be it known to you, that my best friend in London is engaged on one of the chief London papers. Good."

"I've got hold of some nice little stories about your excellent Montgomery. Stories that refer, as I understand, to the time before you had the honour of his acquaintance. Aye, and some since then."

"These little anecdotes are all in print, my dear aunt. And, as sure as you live, I've only to give the word, and out they all come, to the edification of an enlightened public."

"Do you suppose I'm going to lie down and die quietly in all sorts of misery, up here in London, when my own flesh and blood is living in plenty, and rolling in wealth, under the — hypocritical cloak of a country parsonage?"

"You don't know me, I can tell you."

"If my father had had his health, instead of being wrapped, for the last few years of his life, in those confounded flannels, you'd have known better than you seem to do, what Latson blood is made of."

"Ten pounds by return of post to 'The Knave of Hearts,' or you and the parson are done for, world without end, I can promise you."

"And so, I remain, madam,

"Your excellent nephew,

"C. B. L."

"Well, my love," said Mr. Montgomery, "this sets the seal on our resolution to do nothing more. Of course, we take no notice whatever of a letter like that. I hope we know ourselves too well, to be intimidated by any such foolish rhodomontade."

"Entirely my own opinion," sighed poor Maude.

"We can do no more. Poor, poor Ethel! Thank God that she was taken away from the evil to come! And yet, to be sure, hearts can only break once; and, if ever heart broke, hers did."

"It is the Lord, dear girl," said Ernest. "Let Him do what seems to Him good!"

Of course Claude's lies came to nothing; and, happily for the Sharstone circle, they heard no more of him for some time to come.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SCUM.

THE theatres were all closed, and had been for two hours or more.

There was no light along the Strand but that of the street-lamps, save, perhaps, here and there, where a night coffee-shop sent a glimmer through a lettered blind—a glimmer which a drizzling rain made duller.

You could hear the policeman's tread long before you saw him; and when you did see him, your better way was to walk right boldly past, or he would turn his bull's-eye on you in a moment.

London at two o'clock in the morning! Surely it would have been sombre and silent enough for him who wished, for the "lodge in some vast wilderness,—some boundless contiguity of shade."

Look up one of these side streets. Here is no policeman here.

All is silent as the grave—in front, that is to say. Plenty is going on at the back of two or three of these side-street houses.

In a moment, one of the doors that you thought had long been bolted and barred for the night, is torn rudely open by some one inside, and a man is thrust out; and before you have time to catch a glimpse of the passage, the door is slammed, and chains put on, and bolts drawn.

The man is thrust out with such violence that, after a stagger, he falls down on the outer edge of the pavement, and his head lies off the curb, cheek-by-jowl with the half-filled gutter.

His clothes have seen better days. They are not a poor man's clothes, but clothes whose wearer knew what he ought to put on when he bought them, but has had no means of renewing them.

The cut is a gentleman's—the age, a beggar's.

"What's up? Here's a go!" cried one of two girls to her friend, as they dragged along to the place where the man was lying.

"Oh! I see," said the other. "It's only the Daisy, as I'm a living sinner. He's been at his old tricks again—gone in without the ticket—and they've out with him: quite right. Come on, Su; let him be!"

"Not a bit of it!" said the first speaker. "I shan't let him be. Go on, if you've a mind. Come, old fellow, look up. What's the row, eh? By Jove! but, I say, it's a rum 'un to me if they ain't done for him this time. Pol, take my umbrella."

And the girl knelt down in the mud of that London street, and took the man's hands in hers, and began chafing them one after the other on her knee.

Then, she thundered at the door whence he had been thrust forth.

She needn't have thundered—it was opened in a trice; and fearfully she swore at the man.

"I wouldn't give a fig for your neck, you precious Hottentot" (the porter was a black man); "you've killed the gent—and so, I suppose, you meant to do, you black beast. He's as dead as a door-nail, and all through you. Hi! police! police!"

And down she knelt again—this time at his shoulders, and leaning his head gently against her own breast, she began to unloose his cravat.

The other girl, partly alarmed now, undid his waistcoat, and put her hand over his chest.

"He's coming round, Su," she said. "That's it, my man; you're not hurt. Heavens! how blue and white he looks, don't he? Hi! police! Those precious peelers never are near but when they ain't wanted."

And the man began to breathe quick and heavily, as the first girl passed her poor hand over his forehead, and then, taking out a miserable smelling-bottle, held it to his nose.

He lifted up his bleared, wasted face, and looked at his wretched nurse.

"Ah, what! you've come—at last, have ye! Pay those fellows, old girl, will ye? Tell Mont—gomery he must let ye—"

And he lifted himself on his elbows, and put both his hands to his head.

"Tell him I'm—I'm a lost sheep;—aha! aha! He's bound to—"

And then he fell again into the poor creature's arms.

"He's mad, stark mad," said the other. "This ain't the drink, Su."

"Hold your noise," the girl said. "He's got something on his mind, poor devil! and he ain't the only one, God help him!"

And before any stronger succour came, those two had carried the man into a house a few yards off, up a court.

And when he staggered away, next morning, there was that in his pocket which, had it been there overnight, he had never been flung away as dirt, into the London kennel.

You don't believe it!

Well, take care; there is a class of persons, mentioned by One who never makes mistakes; and these, perhaps, will enter the kingdom of heaven before you.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW YEAR.

THE New Year's morn, serenely fair,
A frost-work garland in its hair,
Comes, marking on its scroll the date
Of eighteen hundred fifty-eight.

And yet, though ruddy is its cheek,
Its features seem to wear

A gathering tinge of anxious thought,
Or trace like wrinkled care,

While listening with an ear profound,
To one reverberated sound:

"Hard times! Hard times!"—a dismal wail
From town and tower, from cliff and dale;

"Hard times!" the shrieking steampipe cries;
"Hard times!" the darkened mill replies,

And far the winged gales prolong
The key-tone of that mournful song.

Hark! from those lips what accents flow
Responsive to the notes of woe;

"Ah! not too much at loss repine,
Nor waste the strength that might repair it;

Ill fortune may o'ertake the wise,
But they should have the power to bear it.

The spider-teacher of the brave
(In Bruce's history you'll find it)

Fell six times with his broken thread,
But at the seventh, sprang up and joined it;

And not too proud of him to learn,
Was the great chief of Bannockburn.

And while we walk as friends together,
These twelve months on, through wind and weather,

Suppose my counsel you should try—
(Though simple, there's no need to flout it),

Pay at the time for what you buy,
Or, if you cannot, do without it.

Let those who have a surplus, spare
In idle luxury to spend it;

But with free hand, and feeling heart,
Seek to divide, disperse, and lend it;

Give work to Labour's willing son,
And wages when that work is done;

A kindly word to cheer the sad,
A loaf to make the children glad;

Let woman in her sphere maintain
Of just economy the rein,

And bid a happy hand repay
Man's vexing troubles through the day,

As sunbeams smile the cloud away;
So from these hard times, fruits shall grow

That selfish ease can never know.

Then when the vernal sun shall sweep
Away these wintry shadows deep,

Let waking Agriculture rise
With quicken'd heart and brightening eyes,

For in his hard and earnest hand
Are the true riches of the land.

His are the specie-paying Banks
That know no defalcation,

The Railroad Bonds that never cheat
And paralyse the nation.

Hail, Farmers! Princes of the soil,
Teach your own sons to love their toil,

With vigorous hand and honest pride
Count rural labour dignified,

Nor cast them out, beyond your aid,
Upon the troubled sea of trade,

To be by storms and breakers tost,
Perchance on Folly's quicksands lost.

Be full of hope, my native Land,
And lift to God the prayerful hand,

That all thy sons from east to west,
In His protection richly blest,

May as a band of brothers rest,—
And thus New Year's departing day

Fresh incense on His altar lay.

Now.—"Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "Now" is the only time for us. It is, indeed, a sorry way to get through the world, by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "then" I will do it. No! this will never answer. "Now" is ours; "then" may never be.

Inventions and Science.

WATERPROOF BOOTS.—Some important improvements have recently been made in the manufacture of waterproof boots and shoes by a method which, to some extent, may be applied to ordinary boots. The material consists of perforated sheet India-rubber with vulcanised sheet rubber placed on the face of it with cement. The uppers so completed are submitted to pressure between dies or plates, one of which is grooved to form corrugations on the inner face of the fabric, which when the material is made up assist the ventilation of a boot or shoe. The heel is moulded of hard India-rubber, making the same hollow to receive a filling piece of elastic substance, which projects beyond the edge of the inclosing case, so as to form a cushion for easing the blow of the heel when it strikes upon the ground.

NOVEL EXPERIMENT TO OBTAIN BLACK ROSES.—The obtaining of a black rose has been for some time a favourite scheme with German gardeners, and the following experiment has been lately made in that country. There was selected a fine, healthy oak-sapling, about an inch in diameter. After removing a little of the earth near the root (*collum*) of the oak, it was cut transversely with a very sharp and thin saw. In this section was ingrafted a healthy twig of a *wild rose*, and the sprout well tied over with the usual gardeners' wax. After this had been done, the earth was again carefully replaced, and a little trodden down, so that, in fact, an *underground grafting* has been effected. Although the experiment is rather an adventurous one, it is worth the little trouble of trying during the ensuing spring.

PECULIAR PROPERTIES OF THE NETTLE.—It is a singular fact that steel dipped in the juice of the nettle becomes flexible. Dr. Thornton, who made the medicinal properties of our wild plants his peculiar study, states that lint dipped in nettle juice, and put to the nostril, has been known to stay the bleeding of the nose when all other remedies have failed; and adds that fourteen or fifteen of the seeds ground into powder, and taken daily, will cure the swelling of the neck known by the name of "goitre," without in any way injuring the general habit.

A HINT FOR AMATEUR GARDENERS.—KEEPING OUT FROST.—You may keep the frost out of your pits by a free and judicious use of matting. Thatched hurdles are very convenient for the purpose, because easily lifted off and on, and creating no litter. We have many a time put a lighted rushlight into a small pit on a sharp night, and with a mat or two kept all safe. In a greenhouse, or a small conservatory without a flue, a large stone bottle painted black and filled at night with boiling water will be found to radiate sufficient heat to keep the temperature from sinking to freezing point.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. HAVELOCK, C.B.

THIS gallant veteran, who has closed his life amidst the scene of his most brilliant victories, and whose death is regarded as a national misfortune, was born at Bishopwearmouth, near Sunderland, in 1795, and was educated at the Charter House. At that time the school was in its full tide of prosperity under Dr. Russell, and Havelock numbered among his school-fellows the distinguished names of Canon Thirlwall, now Bishop of St. David's; the late Sir William M'Naughten, Archdeacon Hare, Dr. Waddington, Dean of Durham; George Grote, the historian of Greece; Sir Charles Eastlake, and Lord Panmure.

At the Charter House Havelock, owing to his sedate habits, was commonly called the "Philosopher," or "old Philo." It was more a title of respect than an idle nickname, for the boys universally esteemed young Havelock. He was never known to provoke a quarrel, nor to harbour malice. He could fight if it came to that, and never stopped to consider the size of his adversary. Another excellent quality, and one much approved by his schoolfellows, was, that he never "told tales," and that he preferred suffering punishment in his own person, to peaching about others. His shrewdness also won for him many friends. It was clear enough, however, that he had mistaken his vocation when he began to study for the bar, and to eat his terms in the Middle Temple. He was not the man to be tied down with red tape to *nisi prius* precedents, nor to prosecute or defend a case irrespective of its merits. He found this out soon enough, and having obtained a commission in the army, was assisted in training for this more congenial pursuit by Captain Harry Smith.

For eight years Havelock was on home service, but in 1823 he exchanged from the 95th (Rifle Bri-



THE LATE SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, C.B.

gade), into the 13th Light Infantry, and with his regiment embarked for India.

In 1824 the war with the Burmese broke out, and Havelock was immediately engaged in active service, and began to exhibit those soldierly qualities for which he has since become so distinguished. He was present at the actions of Nepadee, Patanagoh, and Paghon, as deputy-assistant adjutant-general. He was subsequently intrusted with a mission to the court of Ava, preparatory to the signing of the Yandaboo treaty. In 1827 he was nominated adjutant of the military depot at Chinsurah, and remained at that place till the breaking up of the establishment, when he returned to his regiment. In the first year of his official appointment at Chinsurah he married the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Marsham, of Serampore.

For three-and-twenty years Havelock served as a subaltern, and it was not till 1838 that he was promoted to a company. An army was at that time collecting for the invasion of Afghanistan, and Havelock was appointed on the staff of Sir W. Cotton. In this capacity he passed through the campaign, and was present at the storming of Ghuznee and the occupation of Cabul. He was afterwards placed on the staff of General Elphinstone as Persian interpreter; and on the blockading of Cabul by the Ghilziees was sent to join Sir Robert Sale, and was present at the forcing

of the Khoord Cabul Pass, at the action of Tezeen, and all the other engagements of the army till it reached Jellalabad.

Havelock particularly distinguished himself during the final attack on Mahomed Akbar, in 1842. During that engagement he commanded the right column, and defeated the chief, and compelled him to raise the siege before the other columns came up.

The name of Havelock is, in fact, associated with all our military movements in the East during the last thirty years. His life alone would furnish a tolerably correct outline of our Indian affairs since 1823. Immediately after the defeat of Mahomed Akbar, Havelock was appointed Persian interpreter to General Pollock, and was present at the Mamoo Keil and the second battle of Tezeen. He played an important part, together with Sir John M'Caskill, at the brilliant affair of Istaliff. In 1843 he acted as Persian interpreter to Sir Hugh Gough, and fought at the battle of Maharajpore. In 1845 he was actively engaged in the Sikh war, and figured at the battles of Moodkee (where he had two horses shot under him), at Ferozeshah, and Sabraon. At Sabraon a cannonball passed through his saddle-cloth, and killed his horse.

In 1849, after five-and-twenty years' active service, Havelock returned to Europe. Hard work and the climate of India had begun to tell on his constitution,

and he remained in England two years for the restoration of his health. In 1851 he went back to Bombay, was soon after made brevet colonel, and adjutant-general of the queen's troops in India. The recent war with Persia summoned him again to the field, and he commanded the troops at Mohammerah. In returning to Calcutta, the vessel in which he had embarked was wrecked off Ceylon. Five days after he obtained a passage in the Fire Queen, and arrived at Calcutta about the time of the outbreak of the late disastrous mutiny. He was immediately sent up the country as brigadier-general, in command of the movable columns.

His subsequent triumphal march and decisive victories are too well known to require recapitulation. Nena Sahib and the mutineers again and again fled before him, and in revenge for their defeat, massacred the women and children at Cawnpore! That atrocious and unprecedented barbarity gave redoubled energy to Havelock and his troops. "Remember the women, remember the babies" became a rallying word. The blood of the women, crying from the ground, made every right arm stronger in dealing out punishment to the murderers. The Highlanders parted the shorn locks amongst them and swore to take a Sepoy's life for every hair.

The relief of Lucknow is a most important event in the long list of Havelock's victories. The subse-

quent siege of the Residency, when starvation had to be encountered as well as murderous Sepoys, is scarcely less remarkable than the relief of that position. Shut up in Lucknow, and surrounded by the mutineers, Havelock supported the courage of his half-famished troops, and although he might easily have fought his way out, refused to listen to such an expedient, lest the lives of the women and children might be endangered. Relief arrived, and the gallant Havelock came out to meet a brother veteran, Sir Colin Campbell. Six days after the relief of Lucknow Havelock expired, Nov. 25, 1857.

The services rendered to the country by Sir Henry Havelock cannot be over estimated. The public voice is raised in favour of the man whose gallantry preserved the garrison of Lucknow from the sword of Nena Sahib, and so signally defeated that monster at Cawnpore. The rewards bestowed were not commensurate with the services rendered. The debates in parliament, whether or no he should be allowed his thousand or his two thousand a year, indicated that *caste* was not confined to India; that family interest and aristocratical connections had more to do with promotion than actual service. Why should not Havelock have been raised to the peerage? Why should we not have an Earl of Lucknow and Baron of Cawnpore? A head crowned with laurels would not surely disgrace a coronet. It was on the field of battle that many of our noble families were founded: why should not the Havelocks, whose sire fought for humanity and religion, count with the descendants of those fierce Norman lords, whose deeds are so proudly recounted, and whose memories are so fondly cherished? We are doing some honour to the departed hero in offering consolation to his widow and orphans. The voice of the country demanded that honour and reward commensurate with the service he had rendered should be given to his family. Never was a soldier's loss more deeply felt by his sympathising countrymen—and never was a nation more anxious than is England to render a grateful tribute to her fallen veteran.

"Mourn ye for him, let him be regarded
As the most noble corpse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn."

The Matron.

NO. VI.

In a beautiful poem called "The Song of the Bell," we are told how much wise sayings lighten work. Now, from experience, I know this to be a fact.

When we hear a subject well discussed, in other words well talked over, we feel we can master it. Therefore I hope that my discussions on household matters will lighten the work of some of my readers, and enable them to master many subjects important to the comforts of home.

I have said a great deal about cookery, and I intend saying more; but in the first instance I wish to make a few remarks on two very important agents in cookery, and in everything else, viz., on fire and water.

To begin with fire. What waste of time, food, and fuel, is occasioned by mismanaging fires. 'Tis a lamentable fact, that this mismanagement should exist in a country like ours, where the fireside of every man, rich or poor, should form his earthly paradise. I am so impressed with the importance of managing a fire well, that, sometimes, I long to arrange the ill-built fires of my friends, whether of the higher or lower classes. To do this efficiently, I should bring all the live coals to the front, rake out a few cinders from the lower department of the grate, and then throw up the ashes *if possible*; for sometimes the ashes have accumulated to such a degree that they have become quite unmanageable. The sloven never thinks of throwing them up. He is quite satisfied if they are at length removed, and thrown with all the cinders on some rubbish heap close to his dwelling, where bones, rags, potato peelings, and, occasionally, lost silver spoons, form (as a whole) an emblem of the confusion and wasted capabilities of the master's mind. I beg my readers to attend to these words, "wasted capabilities," for I intend to prove that hardly anything thrown away by the thrifless, might not have been turned to some account.

In the first place, however, I wish to speak about fires. As I have kept servants myself for many years, it is not often I have had to "begin at the beginning" and kindle the fire, but I know very well how it should be done, and I know the causes of failure, as many improvident housemaids do, to their cost. One fruitful source of difficulty is damp wood. Surely

this might have been dried the day before. Another cause of failure is inattention to the fact that air is necessary to combustion. Many thoughtless people choke up the grate with coals and cinders, leaving the flame no vent. But let us suppose your wood dry, your fuel lightly and judiciously laid, and the fire burning cheerfully. What is the best way to keep up the flame? Do not suppose that large coals are indispensable to a good fire. They are useful in the first instance; but when once drawn up, the fire will last much much longer if both small coals and cinders are thrown at the back. Should you wish to make the fire last remarkably long, you may then put on some nice lumps of coal, place a few clumps of wood over them, and throw small coals and cinders at the back.

I now turn to the consideration of water. For cooking, washing, and cleaning, soft water is advisable, and where it cannot be procured, art must come to the help of nature. Put a piece of chalk into hard spring water and it will soften it. Another method is equally simple: boil hard water, and it becomes soft. The truth of this assertion you may put to the test. You may have vainly endeavoured to use soap with hard water. Boil this water, and let it stand till cold. Then apply soap, and you will find it assimilate perfectly.

Having thus gone "through fire and water," I resume the subject of dinners; and here let me recommend all mistresses to introduce as much variety as possible into their bills of fare, and never to give their husbands, sons, or brothers cause to say, "I must dine out to-day, I am so tired of always having the same thing." I have touched on a subject involving such important results, that instead of trusting to my own powers of persuasion, I will warn and instruct my readers, by a few lines borrowed from Soyer. He represents a poor husband coming home ready for dinner, long before dinner is ready for him. In fact there is nothing in the house for him; but his wife proposes getting him a mutton chop or a steak. Now listen to the dialogue that follows:—

"Can I have nothing else? I am tired of chops and steaks."

"Why, my dear, what can be better than a chop or a steak?"

"Well, let me have a steak."

"You had that yesterday; now let me get you a chop."

"Well, send for two chops."

In about twenty minutes the servant returns, saying she could get no chops, but has a nice piece of steak.

"Very well, that will do, will it not, my dear?" to her husband, who is reading a paper.

"Yes! but how long will you keep me before it is done?"

"Not a minute, my love. Now, Jane, do that well on the gridiron."

However, Jane finds no broiling fire. The husband gets tired of waiting, with nothing but the well-known steak in anticipation. He throws down his paper, rushes out in a rage to dine elsewhere, and consoles himself with something to drink for having found at home nothing to eat. With no stimulus in wholesome food, he seeks it in pernicious spirit;—and who is to blame, if he becomes a bad and even a brutal husband?

On the part of wives, a little forethought may avert all the evils just portrayed; and I hope my occasional list of dinners may prove useful and welcome to all who have the difficult task of catering for others.

I have not yet spoken of a Sunday dinner. This might consist of six pounds of the ribs of beef. Place them on a trivet, standing in a nice Yorkshire pudding (for this I have already given the receipt). Send or take both meat and pudding to the nearest baker, to whose care you may also intrust your potatoes (in their skins). This dinner I recommend for Sunday, because you will not thus be obliged to devote to cooking, time that should be spent in public worship.

On Monday, I suppose you have some cold beef and cold pudding left. Carefully mince half of your meat in the following manner:—Chop it small, put it on a dish, sprinkle over it about a teaspoonful of salt, a third of ditto of pepper, one of flour; mix it well, add half a pint of water, and put it on the fire in your saucepan. Stir it when it begins to boil, and let it simmer ten minutes. Serve it up with a dish of good potatoes.

The cold pudding should be cut in slices, and browned in the fryingpan. Thus there would be a pleasing variety for Monday's dinner; and variety may be secured on Tuesday, also, by following this receipt. Make up the remaining cold beef into that old-fashioned, but savoury, dish, called "bubble and squeak." Though generally composed of salt,

it is very nice with fresh beef. Cut your remaining cold meat into thin slices (including all the fat); then boil two nice Savoy cabbages, drain them well, and chop them up rather fine. Put three ounces of fresh dripping in the fryingpan, which place on the fire; when hot, put in your slices of meat, and fry them of a brownish colour, then take them out and put them on a dish, and keep them hot. After this, brown the cabbage in the fryingpan, adding a teaspoonful of salt, and another of pepper. Dish up the cabbage and place the beef over it. I am much mistaken if the "bubble and squeak," with the addition of potatoes, is not considered an excellent and palatable dinner.

In this chapter I intended to prove how many useful things are thrown away by the thrifless; but my limits forbid. This important subject will, with other matters, be discussed in next number.

Chemical Experiments.

MAGICAL COLOUR-CHANGES.

When a man perceives the nature and reason of a thing, it ceases to be magical to that particular individual; for which reason none of the experiments presently to be detailed will appear in the slightest degree magical to the chemist. Quite otherwise to such persons as are not chemists: to them the colour-changes about to be mentioned will appear very extraordinary.

Experiment 1.—Dissolve about ten grains, a good pinch, of iodide of potassium, sometimes called hydriodate of potash, in pure water—i.e. distilled water; put the solution aside in a wineglass or phial. Get a chemist to dissolve for you (the operation is not easy), two grains of corrosive sublimate in an ounce of distilled water. He will label it "Poison," of course. When this solution is prepared and given into your possession, do not let it out of sight for a single instant, and any portion which may not have been used in your experiment throw away.

By adding solution of iodide of potassium and solution of corrosive sublimate to each other in various proportions, you will get some of the strangest changes of colour imaginable. The tints rapidly vary from all shades, beginning with canary yellow, up to the most lovely carnation; and the formation of each separate colour takes place not irregularly, but in festooned garlands, as if some invisible fairy amused herself by throwing flower-garlands into the liquid. Presently, if either of the solutions be added beyond the limit of certain proportions, the mixture suddenly becomes colourless. This beautiful experiment is of more value than that of furnishing a means of chemical amusement. It illustrates to those who are unacquainted with chemistry the method followed by chemists in speaking so confidently as they do about the presence of this or that thing. The beautiful play of colours just supposed to have been produced by mixture of the two agents, iodide of potassium and corrosive sublimate (bichloride of mercury), are yielded by no other agents; consequently, if a certain unknown liquid yields the above tints, as particularised, when tested with iodide of potassium, it is an unknown liquid no longer: it contains corrosive sublimate, or bichloride of mercury. The latter substance is a frightful poison, far more violent than arsenic, but less to be dreaded, notwithstanding—1. For the reason that arsenic is devoid of taste, whereas sublimate has a powerful taste (dip the end of a straw in your solution and taste it), and therefore can hardly be administered by a murderer to his victim; 2. Because there is an antidote for sublimate in the shape of white of egg, mingled with water, which curdles it, and renders it innocuous, whereas there is practically no antidote to arsenic.

Experiment 2.—Take a piece of copper—say a farthing, or any copper coin—drop a little vinegar upon it, allow the vinegar to remain for a few moments, then finally immerse the coin in some water contained in a wineglass. However pure the water might have been previously to this operation, it will now be charged more or less with copper. Perhaps the non-chemical experimentalist, unaccustomed to testing, had better make a tolerably strong solution of copper, by taking out the copper coin, smearing it with vinegar, and re-immersing it several times following. Instead of vinegar, aquafortis may be used, and with quicker effect, though vinegar will answer every purpose.

Pour in a little solution of prussiate of potash into a portion of the copper solution, and a mahogany-red colour will be evolved.

Into a second portion of copper solution pour in a little hartshorn, and mark the lovely blue colour which is generated. No metal in creation, other than copper, when dissolved and the solution treated

by prussiate of potash and hartshorn successively, can yield by the first a mallowy-red or brown colour, by the second a blue colour. Which facts being duly committed to mind, the reader will perceive the method of determining the presence of copper. Usually hartshorn is quite sufficient to the end in question, without the use of prussiate of potash, or any other testing.

Experiment 3.—To change iron apparently into copper.—If a piece of iron or steel—the blade of a knife, for example—be immersed in a solution of copper, the copper deposits in the metallic condition upon the iron or steel, and creates the notion in the mind of the observer unacquainted with chemical science that the result is a case of transmutation. It has no pretensions to be regarded in that light; it is merely the deposition of one metal upon the surface of another.

Should you desire to surprise a friend by this sort of apparent transmutation, and surprise him effectually, it will be necessary to operate on a somewhat stronger solution of copper than the one just mentioned. You had better dissolve a drachm of blue vitriol (which is a salt of copper) in say a pint of water; which will be enough to furnish a good bath, capacious enough to dip a knife blade into. Depositions of copper will speedily take place, and in a few minutes the iron knife will apparently be transmuted into copper.

Copper is a very poisonous metal: it frequently gets into articles of both food and drink, where its presence is highly undesirable. Wherever present in the soluble form, it admits of being discovered by one of the methods indicated above. If the solution be at all strong, the mere immersion of an iron knife blade, well freed from grease, into the liquid, will sufficiently indicate the presence of copper, without having recourse to any further test.

Experiment 4.—Dissolve a piece of sulphate of iron* about the size of a filbert, in about a pint of water, and divide the solution into three portions.

To the first portion add a little infusion or tincture of gall nuts (either will do), and remark the black tint developed; it is merely writing ink, which, as ordinarily made, is composed of this sort of black iron liquid, thickened, more or less, with gum water.

To the second portion add a little of prussiate of potash solution, or even a small crystal of the same; and remark the lovely blue tint developed. It is Prussian blue, or rather, one of the many varieties of Prussian blue which are known to chemists.

To a third portion add a little of solution of the salt termed red prussiate of potash. By contact with this, the iron solution will yield a colour so exactly like the tint of blood, that former chemists imagined the real colour of blood to be due to the active principle of this very agent.

Experiments involving change of colour by the mixture of different tests, should not be looked upon only as mere matters of amusement. They display the principles upon which chemical analysis is conducted, and, duly pondered, are very instructive.

Small Change.

CRAB'S TAILS.—A young lady at a ball was asked by a lover of serious poetry whether she had seen "Crabbe's Tales." "Why no," she answered; "I didn't know that crabs had tails." "I beg your pardon, miss," said he; "I mean have you read 'Crabbe's Tales'?" "And I assure you, sir, I did not know that red crabs, or any other, had tails."

A CANDIDATE FOR CELEBRITY.—"Do you publish matrimonial notices for the subscribers to your paper?" said a gentlemanly-looking youth, stepping into our office the other morning. "Certainly, sir." "Well, then, I'll go and get married; for I don't see any other way of getting my name in your paper—since you have rejected all my poetical effusions."—*American Paper.*

CHANGEABLE AS THE WIND.—"How changeable the wind is," said Mrs. Partington, upon her return from a walk in the city. "It is the changeablest thing I ever did see." When I went up Cannon-street, it was a blowin' in my face, and when I turned to go down it went blowin' on my back!"

PROGRESS OF RUMOURS.—The art of spreading rumours is compared to that of pin-making. There is usually some truth, which is the wire; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point, others make and put on a head, and at last the pin (or the rumour) is completed.

* Otherwise known as green vitriol and "copperas," though it contains not one particle of copper.

MEDICAL STUDENT'S EXAMINATION.—"Do wounds often heal by the first intention?"—"Not when the patient is rich and the doctor poor."—"When does mortification ensue?"—"When you pop the question, and are answered no!"

THE papers tell us of a little city girl in the country, who, looking out of the window, exclaimed, "Oh, ma, what are these queer-looking animals that are walking about with powder-horns growing out of their heads?" But we see no mention of the little country girl in the city, who cried, "Oh, mother, who are these queer-looking people that are going along with great ugly shoe-brushes under their noses?"

DENTAL OPERATION.—Jones, while recently engaged in splitting wood, struck a false blow, causing the stick to fly up. It struck him on the jaw and knocked out a front tooth. "Ah," said Bill, meeting him soon after, "you had a dental operation performed, I see." "Yes," replied the sufferer, "axe-dental."

WANTED, OPPORTUNITY.—At a party a gentleman passed a branch of thyme to a young lady, his sweetheart, in the presence of her mother and all the guests, which she refused, and said, "It is not time I want, but opportunity."

TEMPORAL BLESSINGS.—Wish for them cautiously—ask for them submissively—want them contentedly—obtain them honestly—accept them humbly—manage them prudently—employ them lawfully—impart them liberally—esteem them moderately—increase them virtuously—use them subversively—forego them easily—resign them willingly.

PEACE OF MIND.—Quiet of mind and ease within is a great blessing, upon which the comfort of life depends. Nothing, without this, can make one's life happy. The spirit brought down to the lot, makes and maintains this inward tranquillity. Our whole trouble in our lot in the world ariseth from the disagreement of our mind therewith. Let the mind be brought to the lot, and the whole tumult is instantly hushed.

THE BEST DOWRY.—A maiden being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied, "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted and virtue without a stain—the inheritance from parents who had these, and nothing else, to leave me."

COMPOSITION AND DECOMPOSITION.—One of Bishop Blomfield's latest *bon-mots* was uttered during his last illness. He inquired what had been the subjects of his two archdeacons' charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons, and the other on churchyards. "Oh, I see," said the Bishop, "composition and decomposition!"

STIR THE FIRE.—A gentleman, at a musical party, where the lady was very particular not to have the concord of sweet sounds interrupted, seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend, in a whisper, "How he could stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied the friend.

FLATTERY is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.

TOASTS.—Alliterative toasts are in great demand just now. At a late public meeting, the following "dry" toast was given (the author of which got "battered" when he reached home)—"The Press—the Pulpit—and Petticoats—the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second spreads morals, and the last spreads considerably."

MODERATION.—A clergyman was rebuked by a brother of the cloth, a few days ago, for smoking. The culprit replied that he used the weed moderately. "What do you call moderately?" inquired the other. "Why, sir," said the offender, "one cigar at a time."

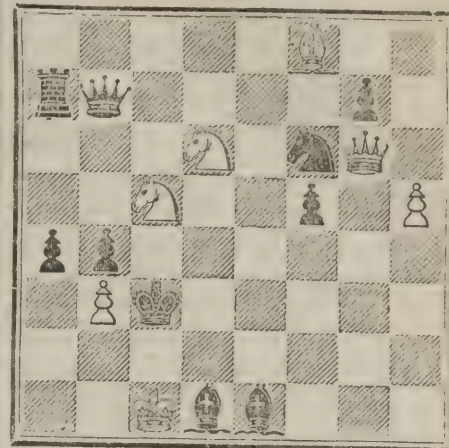
ERROR.—The mixture of one error with much truth adulterates the whole: as the chalice of pure liquid is rendered dangerous by the infusion of a drop of poison. We should therefore beware of all error, however slight and inconsiderable it may appear. One error may soon lead to a hundred—ay, to a thousand.

A CUNNING LAWYER.—A lawyer in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child in his arms and presented it to the jury suffused with tears. This had a great effect, till the opposite lawyer asked, what made him cry; "He pinched me," answered the little innocent. The whole court was convulsed with laughter.

A BRAVE SCHOLAR.—"Ah, you're at the schule now are ye?" was the interrogatory of a countryman to a little nephew who had a short time before commenced his education—"an d'ye like the schule, my man?" "Yes," whispered the boy. "That's right! ye'll be a braw scholar, I've warrant—how far are ye, hinny?" "Second dux." "Second dux, says ye? od man, he deserves something for that," thrusting two whole penny-pieces into the hand of delighted urchin. "An' hoo mony's in ye'r class?" "Me an a lassie."

Chess.

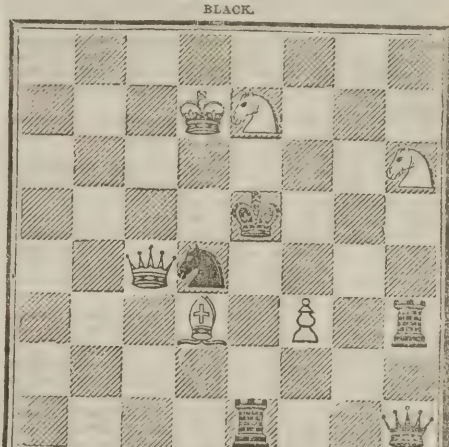
Problem No. 16. By CHARLES WHITE, Esq. (of Sanbury).
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 17. For the Juveniles. By E. D. C., of Islington.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Game played between Messrs. C. F. SMITH and W. J. SMITH, the first-named player giving the odds of the Q R.
Remove White's Q R from the board.

WHITE.	BLACK.
C. F. Smith.	W. J. Smith.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to Q B 4	3. B to Q B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4	4. Kt takes P
5. P to Q B 3	5. Kt to Q B 3
6. P to Q 4	6. P takes P
7. P takes P	7. B checks (a)
8. K to B sq	8. Kt to K B 3
9. P to K 5	9. Kt to K 5 (b)
10. Q to K 2	10. Kt to Q B 6
11. Kt takes Kt	11. B takes Kt
12. P to Q 5	12. Kt to Q Kt 5 (c)
13. B to K Kt 5	13. P to K B 3
14. P takes P (dis ch)	14. K to B 2
15. P to Q 6 (dis ch)	15. K to B sq
16. Q to K 7 (ch)	16. Q takes Q
17. Q P takes Q (ch)	17. K to his sq
18. P mates (d)	

(a) B to Q Kt 3 is preferable.—(b) P to Q 4 is the proper reply.—(c) The Kt should have been played to Q 5.—(d) A very neat termination.

Solution of Problem No. 14.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to K Kt 8	1. P to K R 5 (best)
2. K to B 7	2. P moves
3. Kt to K B 7	3. K moves
4. Kt to K Kt 5 (mate)	

E. GRANT.—Should a player move one of his adversary's men, his antagonist has the option of compelling him—1st. To replace the piece and move his King; 2nd. To replace the piece and take it; 3rd. To let the piece remain on the square to which it had been played, as if the move were correct.

* Owing to the great increase in the number of our Chess correspondents, it is sometimes difficult to find room for answers to their communications, but they may rest assured that each will receive attention in due course.

Our Editorial Table.

* * We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The back numbers of "Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper"—new series—are now on sale at one penny each; and these aforesaid back numbers of the new series, each containing sixteen pages demy quarto, will continue at this price until further notice.

T. A. P. G.—"The Prince Consort," by virtue of his patent, retains the title of "Prince Consort" for life.

MARY GRIFFITHS wishes to know who was David king of Israel's mother. We cannot tell. The Scripture is silent; and the case is really of no importance.

HOMO.—If a husband or wife obtain a divorce *à vinculo matrimonii* either can marry again, and the wife who has been divorced by her husband would marry again under her maiden name.

SORBAON.—The two persons can only be married in the district in which (supposing they are domiciled in separate districts) one of them resides, and the three weekly notices must be given in both districts. "Sorbaon" is mistaken in supposing that a license entitles persons to marry where they choose, irrespective of residence. One of the two contracting parties must reside for three weeks in the parish in which their marriage by license is to be solemnised.

B. O. K.—The new act which came into operation on the 11th of January does not entitle a wife who has been deserted by her husband for two years to marry again. The circumstances under which a wife deserted by her husband can marry again are explained in the answer to "Cesar Borgia."

CESAR BORGIA.—The wife would, under the circumstances, be able to procure a "judicial separation," formerly termed a divorce *à mensa et thoro*, but this separation would not entitle her to marry again. She has heard from her husband within the space of two years, and it is only after a disappearance of seven years, during which the wife has made every effort to discover whether her husband is still alive, without effect, that the law looks upon him as legally dead to her. But even in this case, if the first husband should eventually return he would have a right to claim his wife, notwithstanding her second marriage, which would be thus rendered null and void; but the wife would not be indictable for bigamy.

D.—Prepared chalk is the best tooth-powder. It corrects acidity, which is the great destroyer of the teeth. Avoid camphor, as it injures the enamel.

JOHN S.—Under the impression that the intentions of "John S." are honourable, we recommend him frankly to write to the parents or guardians of the lady in question. He should state his views and prospects, and beg to be allowed to cultivate the acquaintance of the object of his affections. But if "John S." has no inclination for this decisive plan of proceeding, we can assure him we, on our side, have no intention of assisting him to form a clandestine intimacy with any young lady in England or elsewhere.

HOMO.—Lovers often suffer unnecessary misery through concealments and misunderstandings. If either party had the courage to seek an explanation, how much evil would be removed! "Homo's" case is plain. As an accepted lover, he has a right to ask for an interview with the lady in question. Having procured it, he may find the fault complained of was committed through ignorance; and that on becoming aware of the character of the acquaintance formed, the lady he loves is willing to relinquish it. Should she persevere in associating with an individual of acknowledged disrepute, "Homo" is justified in discontinuing his addresses; but, as he describes himself to be "enamoured," we caution him against harshness or precipitancy, for,

"To be wroth with what we love,
Doth work like madness on the brain."

A CLERK.—The word *instant*, abbreviated *inst.*, means the present month. *Ex.* On the 14th *inst.*, means on the 14th of the present month. But if I say on the 14th *ultimo*, or *ult.*, I allude to the 14th of the past month.

J. THOMAS.—In prescribing for chilblains we must bear in mind that there are three degrees of chilblains. In the first stage the skin is red, swollen, and tingling. In this stage they should be soaked well in warm bran and water, and then rubbed with mustard seed flour. In the second stage small blisters appear. Then, tepid water and the application of a leech gives relief. If the chilblains have reached the third stage—*id est*, if they are broken—then emollient ointment must be used. But "prevention is better than cure," and, therefore, we earnestly recommend attention to regular exercise, and to avoid one frequent cause of chilblains—*viz.*, warming numbed hands and feet at the fire.

PHIZ.—"Phiz" is answered in a reply to "Caroline Ada." **S. M. B.**—We cannot give "S. M. B." much hope, for it is our opinion that long petticoats will be worn until ladies learn to prefer economy and comfort to grace and elegance.

SARAH SHAW.—"Sarah Shaw" requires a recipe for getting rid of a lover. The wisdom of ages, condensed into a proverb, tells us, that "where there's a will there's a way." Is "Sarah" sure that this *will* exists, and that private encouragement does not counteract outward coldness? Vanity is a very strong principle in man's heart. It is soon disgusted by a repulse, and where he continues to love he has generally been led on to hope. Let "Sarah Shaw" take this hint.

A THREE YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—Your verses are feeling and eloquent. There is not the least danger of your "making a fool of yourself" by sending them. We think there are few "dark-eyed maidens" who could read them unmoved.

ANDREW YOUNG.—"Andrew Young" wishes for our advice on two important subjects—the first, his own hair; the second, his sister's bunsions. "Andrew" wishes to know how to dye his light hair; his reason is that his employment makes it very dirty, and that constantly washing it gives him cold. If our subscriber is determined to dye his hair, we recommend him to do as follows:—Procure lime for about twopenny, and reduce it to powder with a little water; then

mix this with litharge (three quarters lime and a quarter litharge); sift this through a fine sieve. Put some of this mixture into a saucer, pour boiling water on it, and mix it up with a knife. Divide the hair into layers with a comb, and plaster layers and roots with the mixture. Then place on your head a covering of damp brown paper; over this closely bind a handkerchief, and put a nightcap over all. In the morning your hair will be black, and a beautiful black too, when you have washed it with soap and water, and oiled and brushed it. As for your sister's bunsions, they should be perseveringly rubbed night and morning, and during the daytime they should be tightly bound with broad tape.

HARROD.—Her present Majesty was married at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 of the old series of the FAMILY PAPER can be procured at the publishers'.

BEITA.—To restore your velvet cloak, plushed from pressure, you must remove the lining, and hold the reverse side of your velvet over a basin of boiling water.

ALEXANDER.—When the lady in question offers you at parting two fingers instead of her whole hand, she "gives you to understand" that she is very ignorant and ill-bred.

MARY.—"Mary," who took the contradiction of a senior so patiently, was in the right all the time. Of civil engineering the construction of railroads forms an important part; and the great George Stephenson, who had almost as much to do with railroads as with the railway carriage, was a first-rate civil engineer.

PILGRIM.—We pity "Pilgrim's" forlorn condition; but, as in business, so in love affairs, there is nothing like coming to the point. Have an explanation with your sweetheart. Perhaps while you are doubting her love, she is doubting yours. In these estrangements it is the gentleman who should generally take the first step.

AMOS WILSON.—The lines of "Amos Wilson" on the "Old and New Year," are very good for a boy of twelve years old; but we do not recommend him to throw down the goose in order to take up the quill. Tailors get on much better than poets in our matter-of-fact days.

DUNLUCE.—"Dunluc" wishes to get married. We think he is perfectly right, and we are happy to assist him. Supposing "Dunluc" to be a peer, a member of parliament, a baronet, or a baronet's eldest son, he would be allowed the privilege of a special license. This would cost him £25, and it must be procured at Doctors' Commons. At the same place the usual marriage licenses may be had for £2 12s. 6d. If "Dunluc" should prefer the good old-fashioned plan of having his banns put up, the fee required would be only 7s. 6d. In the parish in which he wishes his marriage to be celebrated, either himself or bride must have resided three weeks.

AN ENRAGED QUERIST.—"If 'An Enraged Querist' knew what piles of letters are now awaiting the attention of the editor, he would become aware of the fact that others have to wait as well as himself. Let all be patient, and they will be attended to in due time. The reason why the Princess Royal is not to be married at Westminster Abbey is understood to be the expense that the arrangements would entail. Sixty or seventy thousand pounds would be required for the purpose. Prince Frederick William of Prussia is the son of the Prince of Prussia, presumptive heir to the throne.

A YOUTH.—"A Youth" is suffering from two evils, a red nose and a wish to become an actor. We think the last the worst of the two. But if decidedly stage-struck, we doubt whether he will listen to any advice from us, and probably the difficulties he will encounter at the very beginning of a theatrical career will be effectual in checking his passion. As to the red nose, we are glad it does not proceed from intemperance. In a young person the most common cause of a red nose is indigestion, or irregular circulation of the blood. The first cause may be removed by attention to diet, the second by using the flesh-brush, and taking daily exercise. Sometimes acidity on the stomach occasions redness in the nose or face. For this a tea-spoonful of magnesia, well mixed in milk, and taken twice a week, would prove a remedy.

OMEGA.—Yes.

MARVEL.—Edwin Landseer was a pupil of the great but unfortunate painter, B. R. Haydon.

MILLNER.—"Milliner" has swallowed a pin. The best thing she can do is to take four grains of tartar emetic dissolved in warm water, and, immediately after, the whites of six eggs. But instant recourse must be had to a surgeon if, instead of being swallowed, the pin has stuck in any part of the throat.

CAROLINE ADA.—R.S.P.: These initials are the abbreviations of a French sentence, "*Répondez, s'il vous plait*," in English, "Answer, if you please." In like manner the initials P.P.C. represent another French sentence: "*Pour prendre congé*," "To take leave." Of course R.S.P. is placed in notes of invitation, and P.P.C. on cards left at a farewell call.

LILLIE.—"Lillie's" case interests us excessively. In her heart "love and duty are at war." Hitherto she has fought bravely on the right side, and we trust she will continue to do so. We can hardly imagine a parent whose heart would not be touched by such a letter as "Lillie" has addressed to us. Let her write a similar one to her father. "What is written remains;" and not only does it remain, but it often proves more convincing than what is spoken. Let "Lillie" dwell on the fact that anxiety is preying on her health, that she is willing to wait for years if her father will only allow her to hope; and let her remind her father that she has not fixed her affections on an unworthy object. We believe that the result of this proceeding will be more successful than "Lillie" may dare to hope; for it will probably establish more confidence than has hitherto existed between herself and her father; and we can assure "Lillie" that much of the seeming harshness of parents is owing to the silence and cold reserve of their children.

ALFRED J.—We would not advise "Alfred J." to take to the stage, so many requisites being necessary to attain distinction. In the first place, education, which "Alfred" does not appear to have sufficiently received; added to which, the chances of success are so much against every theatrical aspirant. "Alfred's" age is the right one at which to

begin. His only course would be to apply to a dramatic agent, say Mr. Anson, in Bow-street; and, should "Alfred" be fortunate enough to procure an engagement, he would soon discover whether he was fitted for the stage; and if he could not find the fact out himself, his employers would soon do it for him.

DUBITANS is perfectly at liberty to publish his tract. There is no law to prevent him from doing so. Of course the tract contains no statements that could come under the denomination of "libel."

CLAYMORE.—There is certainly a great affinity between earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, both being effects of the same cause, namely, the imprisonment of gases within the earth, which seek to form an outlet for themselves through the surface. The destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii occurred in the year 79. The loss of life was comparatively small. Most of the inhabitants had time to fly, taking with them their most valuable possessions. Vesuvius has been the safety of Naples on various occasions; and in the late earthquake the city escaped with little damage, while other towns were completely overthrown.

HOCHELAGA.—Muffled paddles or oars should be used; a little practice will enable you to avoid all noise. Wild ducks are proverbially shy; and, unless the punt be propelled very gradually, it is difficult to get at them.

A SUBSCRIBER is puzzled to make out the meaning of the exclamation, "O yes! O yes!" with which many cries in the provincial towns commence their announcements of things lost and found, &c. The words as they stand are a corruption of the French, "*Oyez Oyez!*" *hear, or listen*, by which all proclamations were preceded in the olden time.

NELSON, already eighteen, and a landsman, had better not have anything to say to a man-of-war, for the man-of-war's men will certainly have nothing to say to him.

GEORGE H.—You are wrong in your conjecture. All towns ending in *caster* or *chester*, such as Doncaster, Rochester, Manchester, are of Roman origin, the terminations indicating a *camp*; those ending in *ton*, *ham*, *vick*, or *burg*, are Saxon; those with the prefixes *Caer* or *Car*, and *Aber*, are Celtic, *Caer* signifying a town, and *Aber* the mouth of a river.

CURIOS.—The term "beefeaters," by which the attendants at the Tower of London are designated, is a corruption of the word "buffeters," or attendants at the *buffet* or side-board. The costume of these "yeomen of the guard" on state occasions is almost entirely the same as the dress worn by their ancestors, in the time of bluff King Harry the Eighth.

ENQUIRER.—*Caste* in India means *rank* or *station*—the natives being divided into various *castes* or stations, according to the professions or trades they follow. To lose caste, is to be degraded to a lower rank. Natives who have lost all pretensions to be admitted into any caste are called *Pariahs*.

TOBACCO.—The specimen with the elegant signature "Snooks" is the best.

HUGH LATSON.—The Cato-street conspiracy was so named from the small street near the Edgeware-road where the conspirators used to meet. A villain named Thistlewood was the ringleader. The design of the conspirators was to murder the chief ministers of an unpopular government. Betrayed by one of their number, they were arrested, and suffered death for high treason. They were first hanged and then decapitated.

SPIITALFIELDS.—Several attempts have been made in England to breed silkworms and produce silk, but all have failed. The climate is against such enterprises.

SCRUTATOR.—The "engaged" finger is the third of the right hand, the counterpart of the marriage finger on the left. Is "Scrutator" engaged? We wish our correspondent joy.

B. V. N.—The marks left by the smallpox are indelible. Pray do not be foolish enough to use any "powerful remedies" to get rid of them. You will only injure yourself. "What can't be cured," says the proverb, "must be endured."

J. H.—The "Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies" was first incorporated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. You will find all particulars in former numbers.

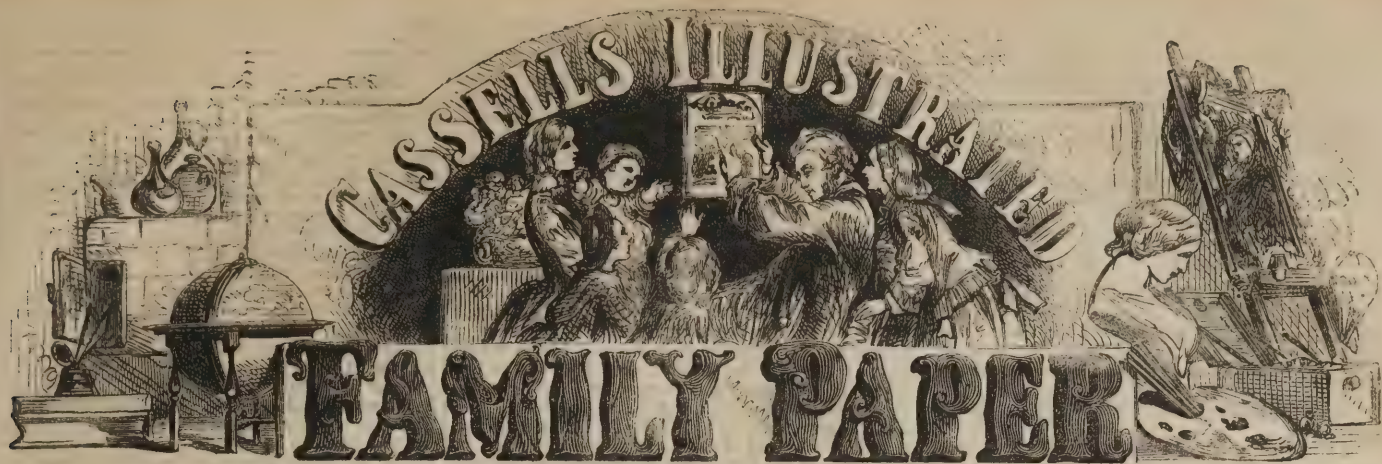
B. K.—Many of our festive observances are founded on customs that existed before the birth of our Saviour. Even the custom of sending valentines is founded on an observance in vogue among the Roman citizens a couple of centuries before the Christian era.

JOHNNY STYLES says he is coming to London with his father, who has promised to take him to see a "Pantomime." ("Johnny" should call it "Pantomime," from *παρ, παντοει*, all, and *μιμος*, a mimic), and he asks our opinion as to which is the best. Now, we must confess to "Johnny" that, from our own knowledge, we cannot give an opinion, for theatrical managers do not favour us with free admissions, because it is not our province to notice theatricals. However, showing "Johnny's" letter to a gentleman connected with the press, he at once exclaimed, "Tell 'Johnny' that if he is determined to see a pantomime, I should recommend him to select the Haymarket, for it is not only one of the best pantomimes, but the scenery is most beautiful."

PUZZLE asks whether the statement made by Lord Derby in the House of Lords, that our imports for the last three years had exceeded our exports during the same period by £150,000,000, is correct; for he thinks that if it is, the country must be in a disastrous condition. "Puzzle's" difficulty doubtless arises from the indefinite meaning of the terms, exports and imports, which, in the published returns, only include "produce." They now, however, comprise bullion also; and, as this bullion includes all the gold received by us in payment of exports, we can thus account satisfactorily for that balance in favour of the imports of which Lord Derby speaks.

* * All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TARLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Friendship above all ties doth bind the heart;
And faith in friendship is the noblest part.

LORD ORRERY.

By this time we trust that our readers feel anxious to hear something respecting the Markhams. It would be ungenerous to trifle with so natural a desire, a proof of the interest the tale of the husband's errors and his wife's devotion has excited in their minds; to say nothing of the loss of their son which still weighed with hopeless sorrow on the hearts of both his parents.

When Peter Mangles informed his employer of

Rachel's resolution not to abandon her husband in the path of reformation, which at its commencement requires kind words and patient smiles to cheer us onwards—for it is only towards its close that the thorns become less jagged and flowers begin to bloom—Mr. Bently could not conceal either his surprise or anger.

"This is madness! infatuation!" he exclaimed. "What can she expect from a drunkard? Happiness? absurd! as well seek fire in ice, darkness in the blaze of sunshine. The bitter experience of the past might tell her what the future is likely to prove."

"But George is no longer a drunkard," observed the old clerk, deprecatingly, and with a slight degree of hesitation, as if he did not feel quite convinced himself.

"A thief!" added the merchant, passionately. This accusation was most unjust, and, but for the excitement he was labouring under, the speaker would not have made it. Peter, who had long since

come to a conclusion upon the subject, now felt himself on sure ground, and warmly took the cudgels in defence of his protégé.

"You have fallen into one of your evil moods again, Richard," he replied; "how often must I repeat to you that your son-in-law is as honest as yourself. You may stare and turn away impatiently," he added, "but I won't give up that point."

"Who else could?"

"Who else?" interrupted the old man, "why,—but no, no—I'll not fall into a similar error—imitate your example and take away any man's character without proof."

"I know where your suspicions point at," observed his employer.

"Perhaps you do."

"They are absurd."

"Absurd!" repeated Peter, sharply; "perhaps they were absurd when they saved the firm a much larger sum than the missing securities ever realised, in Gridleston's affair. You thought them honest, I



MIKE PROCURES AN INTERVIEW WITH LADY BOOTHROYD.

believe—placed unlimited confidence in their representations; I suspected them to be rogues, and acted accordingly."

"You do not like my nephew," observed the merchant, somewhat angrily.

The clerk shrugged his shoulders, a constant habit when unable to contradict an assertion.

"You do not deny it."

"I have not forgotten his conduct to your daughter on the bridge, although her father has," answered the former speaker.

"Carus has explained it," said Mr. Bently. "At first I felt indignant at it too, and spoke to him harshly upon the subject. His motives were to induce her to quit the man who has destroyed her happiness for ever. Rachel must have exaggerated his words and manner."

"Pah!" ejaculated Peter Mangles, with a look of incredulity.

"I know the reason of your aversion to him," continued the merchant.

"Do you?"

"He thwarted you in your wish of sending Sterling out to India instead of Sanford, and you have never forgiven it."

"Never!" exclaimed the old man, emphatically; "for it lost the only chance of clearing up the mystery of the securities. Sterling had been brought up in the counting-house under my own eye, possessed a clear head for business, and not a whit clearer than his integrity, whilst Sanford—but there, I have done—speak of it no more."

"You are still determined to continue your protection to Rachel?" observed his employer.

"I am."

"And to her husband?"

"To George too."

"Although you know that it is a barrier to a reconciliation with my child," said Mr. Bently, bitterly; "were you to abandon him, she would soon see the necessity of separating from him."

"Feel it, you mean," replied the clerk; "but even there you are mistaken, as you generally are. You may be very clever at figures, Richard,—in fact you are clever at them, thanks to my instruction, for you know I taught you—but there is one problem you can't solve—the depth of a wife's affection. I have only just begun," he added, in a tone of naive confidence, "to calculate it myself, and find it unfathomable. Whilst George pursues the path he has chosen, the iron grasp of poverty would not prove strong enough to tear Rachel from his side."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the merchant, impatiently; "do you believe in such romantic nonsense, at your time of life?"

"Well, the belief certainly did come rather late," observed the old man; "had it struck me thirty, or five-and-thirty years ago, the probability is I should not now be a bachelor. Perhaps," he added, musingly, "it is not too late."

Despite his anger, the disappointed father could not repress a smile; there was something irresistibly ridiculous in the idea of the speaker ever taking a wife. Peter Mangles noticed the curl of his lips; the half-suppressed drawing down of the corners of the mouth; and began to feel exceedingly indignant. It acted like a spark to the train of gunpowder already laid; an explosion became inevitable.

"I insist upon knowing what you mean by that smile, Richard," he exclaimed; "it was a most impertinent smile; in fact, I may say, an offensive smile. What is there either absurd or unreasonable in the possibility of my marrying?"

"Neither one nor the other," replied Mr. Bently.

"Glad to hear it," said his clerk, looking him very hard in the face to see whether or not the smile was repeated.

"I see no reason against it," added the speaker, "if you do not. But this is not the point; what I am anxious about is, that your confidence in George Markham should not lead you too far."

"Take care that your prejudice against him don't lead you in an opposite direction," retorted the old man; "you have been unjust enough already."

"He is not fit to be trusted with money."

"My money is my own!" exclaimed Peter, warmly; for he had not yet forgotten, or quite forgiven, the smile. "I worked for it, and earned it hardly enough; and I shall do exactly as I think fit with it,—let George make ducks and drakes with it, if I feel disposed, without asking any one's permission. Mind, Richard, I said *any one's*: you know what I mean by that. And now," he added, "as I have Mellinger's accounts to go over, let us drop the subject; don't unsettle me any more. You have chosen your line of conduct to your daughter and your son-in-law; I have made up my mind to mine."

The above conversation had taken place in the counting-house in the city a day or two after Rachel's interview with her husband. At first Peter felt something more than dissatisfied with her decision; he pronounced it madness and folly, but having heard all she had to urge, and listened to George's explanation of the motives of his night walks in London, he gradually came to a different conclusion.

The correctness of his petty cash-book had not yet lost its influence on the old man's mind.

Although Peter Mangles, like a certain distinguished political personage, loudly asserted his right of doing what he pleased with his own, even to allowing George Markham to make ducks and drakes of his money, he was about the last man in the world to be really guilty of such an act of folly. His liberality to the objects of his bounty was directed by a prudence no less judicious than kind; and although the society of Rachel and little Mary had become almost a necessity to him, he resolved to deprive himself of it as soon as the health of the former would admit of her removal to the neat little cottage he had taken and furnished for her in the Charlton-road, close to the factory where George was engaged. The old man longed to see them independent, unrestrained by his presence, no eye constantly overlooking them.

That was the way, he thought, to judge them.

It was astonishing what interest Peter Mangles had taken in furnishing the cottage. Had it been for himself he would not have felt half so great a pleasure. Scarcely an evening that on his return from the city he did not bring some useful articles with him; articles which Mrs. Lawrence, his housekeeper, jealously observed she had always been obliged to manage without. She could not imagine how he came to know even the names of many of the things, and concluded by amiably and mentally congratulating herself on never having hinted at any such extravagance. So her conscience was at rest.

Of course it was; for it was affection that suggested them. There is a spring in every heart, whose existence may remain unsuspected for years, even by its possessor, till some chord is struck, some powerful emotion or feeling breaks the seal, when the waters gush forth, fresh and sparkling. In other words, it is circumstance that develops the purest and best sensibilities of our nature.

This was exactly the case with Peter Mangles. Under ordinary circumstances, George Markham would have been to him no more than any other clerk in the firm who conducted himself steadily, wrote a clear hand, and happened to be quick at accounts. It was his marriage with the only child of his old friend, and that old friend's harsh treatment of him, which first excited a deeper interest. And this interest the presence of Rachel under his roof strengthened and confirmed, till he became doubly anxious for the husband's welfare on her account. In fact, so much so, that for several weeks he quitted his home half an hour earlier every morning, purposely to walk round by the factory where George was engaged as time-keeper. And when he recognised him, pen in hand, and the book before him, the old man smiled cheerfully, and went on his way rejoicing.

The cottage had long been ready, but from day to day the departure of Rachel and the child for their new abode was delayed. Their benefactor had always some alteration to suggest—some addition to make to the comforts he had already provided. At last, after a great effort, the old man made up his mind to the separation; but not without a struggle: for home would no longer appear home without them; but Peter never tampered with principle—it was so very unbusiness-like.

He insisted upon conducting them to their new abode himself, and showed them over the house with the pride and satisfaction which an honest heart feels in the sweet consciousness of having acted nobly.

The eyes of Rachel filled with tears.

"My benefactor!" she exclaimed, trying to kiss his hand—a proceeding which the old clerk would not by any means permit; "how can I ever show my gratitude for such unexampled goodness?"

"Say no more," replied Peter, deeply moved. "If the parent bird forsakes its young, some one must supply its place."

"My future conduct, sir," observed George Markham, "must be my thanks."

"That's it, my dear boy: the only thanks I require. Make Rachel happy, and I shall be amply repaid: the most profitable investment I ever made in my life," he added. "Cent. per cent. at the very least, and without usury"—a thing the speaker particularly abhorred.

Mary, who, with childish curiosity, had been running all over the house, came into the neat little parlour.

"O mamma!" she exclaimed; "have you seen my room? such a pretty white bed, and—would you believe it?—a doll—a real doll—in it!"

Peter Mangles must have been very far gone in his affection to the Markhams and their child when he thought of such a thing.

"You will want something to amuse you," he observed. "I am sure I shall," he added; "for I shall miss you sadly."

"You will stay with us?" exclaimed the child, looking anxiously in his face.

The old man shook his head.

Mary burst into tears; declared that she would not have the doll—that she hated dolls; insisted upon his living with them, and concluded by throwing her little arms around his neck and kissing him.

Peter Mangles felt very much inclined to follow her example, and cry too; but he determined not to give way to any such weakness—it would be unbusiness-like: so he buttoned up his greatcoat with an air of great determination, shook hands with George and his wife, muttered something which sounded very indistinctly as he parted the flaxen curls of the child and pressed his lips to her forehead, then marched out of the cottage.

"May heaven reward him!" exclaimed Rachel—"we never can."

The clerk felt his heart exceedingly heavy as he trudged over Blackheath towards his home, where only Mrs. Lawrence and the parrot—which, to the great satisfaction of the last-mentioned personage, had been sent for back—were waiting to receive him. He had no one to talk to now; no Mary to run and meet him in the passage, climb upon his knees as he sat at tea, and insist upon his telling her a pretty story, instead of reading the *nasty* evening paper: no wonder the change seemed lonely.

Mary's tears, and above all, the kiss, had made a deep impression upon Peter. He felt proud of the love of the fair and innocent child; and he was right, for if there is an affection upon earth free from the taint, the suspicion of interest, it is the artless love of infancy.

"She shall never know want," he thought; "let her grandfather do as he likes with his money, I am the master of mine."

Then he reflected how delightful it would be, if Providence spared her life, to see Mary grow up to womanhood and marry. In his anxiety for her happiness he planned it all as he sat indulging in his waking dreams by the side of the cheerful fire. Her husband was to be a city man, that was a *sine qua non*, the junior partner in some well-established firm, to whom a few thousands might prove an advantage—help him on—whom Peter could advise.

We cannot inform our readers where the few thousands were to come from; but Peter knew, and that was quite sufficient.

In his meditations he pined his employer, whom he knew to be unhappy, despite his wealth, and too obstinate to take the only sensible means, as he thought, to repair the errors of the past, by a reconciliation with his daughter.

"It is all that rascal Carus's fault," he murmured: "he has set Richard against his son-in-law. George, with all his folly, is worth a hundred of him in principle; and, if he will only keep steady, may one day be so in money. Steady," he repeated several times to himself. "I can't imagine, for my part, how young men can be otherwise—what pleasure they can possibly find out of business. I never found any—till lately," he added, "very lately."

With respect to the nephew of his employer, he consoled himself with the conviction that one day he should be able to unmask him; for if anything that was wrong occurred in the firm, it could only be through him. Peter kept too close an eye upon the clerks for them to deceive him; but Carus Kearn, as junior partner, had an authority which even his supervision could not always control.

Every evening, on his return from the city, did their benefactor visit the cottage of the Markhams. The first evening that he saw George button on his greatcoat, with the evident intention of going out, he felt a little uneasy till the sad smile of Rachel reassured him. Regularly, twice a week, did the repentant father devote the whole night to searching through the purlies and resorts of crime in London, in the hope of obtaining a clue to his lost son. Hitherto he had proved unsuccessful, but the attempt, forlorn as it seemed, was not abandoned.

"Aye," thought Peter, "if the boy would only turn up, that would bring his grandfather to reason: nothing else will."

This last reflection he wisely kept to himself.

Although the salary which George Markham received was a very humble one, both husband and wife assured their benefactor that it was quite sufficient

for their wants, and firmly declined receiving any further assistance from him. The old clerk felt delighted, for he had a great idea of independence, and respected his protégé the more for his perseverance and attention in a position so inferior to his capacity. When told that the heads of the firm, struck with the good conduct of their time-keeper, had offered him a seat in their counting-house, at a handsome increase, he felt as proud and satisfied as ever he had been at his own success in life.

To Rachel, also, it was most gratifying. It seemed the seal of her husband's reformation, the pledge that he would never again fall into the fatal error which had caused his ruin.

The morning after the affair was finally arranged, Peter Mangles arrived ten minutes later than usual in the city. The junior clerks looked surprised, and suspected that for once St. Paul's was a little too fast; a far more likely circumstance, in their opinion, than Old Punctuality, as they called him, being beyond his time.

Strange to say, Carus Kearn, who seldom made his appearance in the counting-house before twelve, had arrived before him.

"Ah!" exclaimed Peter, with a satirical smile, "the Indian mail is in."

"You have seen the papers, I suppose?" observed the gentleman, colouring slightly.

"No."

"How did you know it, then?"

"You are here."

"Have you gone through the correspondence?" inquired Carus, eagerly.

A dry negative from the old man was the only reply.

"I wish you would. I expect private letters."

Peter drew from his pocket the key of the letter-box.

"Stop, stop!" he exclaimed, as Carus stretched forth his hand to seize on the contents; "I can't have the letters opened in that way—it's not business-like."

Placing them methodically before him, the speaker began looking them over.

"Grindham and Polk, Swan and Tapton, Bright and Peek, Marks and Winton."

These were the names of foreign firms with whom the house of Bently and Company corresponded.

"You are very particular," muttered Carus, impatiently.

"Can't be too much so," replied Peter.

"With the clerks, of course not."

"With every one."

"You forget I am a partner."

"I seldom forget anything, Mr. Kearn," replied the old man; "not even that you have an eighth share in the business. Dear me! ah,—another proof of the excellence of my memory—here is the letter you expect, in the handwriting of your friend Sanford."

A second time a satirical smile played upon the lips of the speaker. Carus snatched the letter hastily from his hand, and broke the seal.

"Any news for the firm?"

"No, it is not a business letter."

"Then it's no affair of mine," answered Peter Mangles, sorting the remaining portion of the correspondence.

"Bless me!" he added to himself, "who can this be from?"

The letter alluded to was addressed in a gentlemanly, but unbusiness-like hand, to Mr. Bently; sealed with a coat of arms, and marked "private;" postmark, Jersey.

"The second letter within a month," thought Peter, "I wonder if Richard has any private speculations there. I dare say he has."

When Mr. Bently arrived in the city, the only letter he looked over was the one which had excited the curiosity of the speaker. He read it carefully, and a smile played for an instant on his usually grave features.

"Business?" said his clerk.

"Private," answered the merchant. "Did you not perceive that it is marked so? I have no business secrets from you."

Peter Mangles was quite convinced of that.

"Here are other letters," he said, "from India."

"Oh! never mind them," interrupted his employer; "you know how to answer them."

"Your nephew had one from his friend Sanford," observed the former speaker. "He appeared very anxious respecting it; found him here on my arrival. He does not usually make his appearance so early."

"Indeed! and what would you infer from that?"

"Nothing! nothing!" replied the old man; "only it struck me as rather singular that both partners should have letters marked 'Private' on the same day.

But I have other news," he added, in a tone of great complacency. "Ranson and Co. are so satisfied with the exemplary conduct of your son-in-law, that they have offered him a desk in their counting-house."

Mr. Bently listened attentively, and despite the effort to conceal it, seemed satisfied with the intelligence.

"Has he accepted it?" he asked.

"Commenced this morning."

For the first time for several weeks, her father inquired after the health of Rachel.

"Better, Richard, much better," replied Peter, who invariably addressed him by his Christian name, when he felt either pleased or dissatisfied with him. "The perfect reformation of her husband is a subject of deep contentment to her."

"She is happy now, then?" observed the merchant, with a sigh.

"Happy!" repeated the clerk, warmly; "how can you suppose anything so ridiculous, improbable, and unnatural? The mother pines for her lost son."

"Ah! true, true," murmured Mr. Bently.

"And the daughter for her father's forgiveness!" added the speaker. "There, don't look so angry. I have done. But mark my words: you will one day repent of your unnatural conduct to your only child."

"I thought, Peter," said his employer, placing his hand familiarly upon his shoulder, "that we had come to an understanding not to speak upon this subject any more. By the result," he added, seriously, "let the wisdom of our conduct be judged."

"Certainly," replied the old man, seating himself at his desk, and commencing to write very quickly.

"I have no fear."

"Nor I," said Mr. Bently.

An inarticulate "Humph" from Peter Mangles was the only reply to this assertion.

The merchant reflected upon their conversation long after the clerk had forgotten it; and more than once he asked himself whether he had not acted unwisely by his son-in-law, and suspected him unjustly in the affair of the securities.

If so, who could be the thief?

This was a question he daily became more anxious than ever to elucidate. It must have been some one connected with the firm. George Markham had started in business on his own account; and the thousand pounds he had received with his wife appeared, even with his acknowledged talents for business, a ridiculously small sum to have kept him afloat so long.

The reformed drunkard had not been many weeks in his new situation, in which his conduct proved most exemplary, when a second and far more important change took place in his prospects. Mr. Thornton, whose connection with the firm of Bently and Company was of many years' standing, called upon Peter in the city; and in the course of conversation informed him that it was his intention to establish a branch business in London.

"Glad to hear it," observed the clerk, who still continued to write.

"It will require a considerable outlay of capital," added the manufacturer; "but that is not my principal difficulty; the greatest one is to find a man of talent, combining business habits with strict integrity, to conduct it in my absence."

Peter Mangles laid down his pen; rubbed his ear—a habit with him when undecided; thought of George, hesitated, was about to speak, suddenly stopped and thought of Rachel and little Mary. That decided him.

"I know the very man," he said.

"And can recommend him for talent?"

"Yes!"

"I ask no better," said Mr. Thornton, "provided he combines honesty with the other requisites."

"I can vouch for his integrity," answered the old man; "for he was brought up under my own eyes; and never, when he was a mere boy, did I detect an error in his petty-cash book. Richard thinks nothing of that; but you and I know what a temptation it is to youngsters," he added, confidentially.

The manufacturer heard him with a smile, for he had long been acquainted with the speaker's crotchets on the subject of petty cash.

"Is he sober?" he inquired.

"Very sober, now; but he has been a drunkard; in fact, it is no other than George Markham."

"Bently's son-in-law!" exclaimed Mr. Thornton.

"Who never treated him wisely, or in a business-like manner, poor fellow," answered Peter; "and I can't tell you how it grieves me."

He proceeded to relate, for the satisfaction of his visitor, the sad story of Rachel's marriage, and the anger of her father; how George, with only a thousand

pounds, had commenced business on his own account, had failed, given way to drink, till he lost one situation after another, and scarcely a friend would look upon him.

"And is it possible," said his hearer, "that you can seriously recommend me to engage such a man?"

"Hear how he has redeemed himself," replied the clerk, "before I reply to that question."

The wealthy manufacturer listened with benevolent interest whilst the speaker proceeded to describe the loss of our hero, and the effect it produced upon the conscience-stricken father. As for the mother's sufferings, no words, however eloquent, could paint them.

"I feel for him," he observed, when Peter had concluded, "and am disposed to serve him, but as a man of the world, cannot intrust my new establishment to him without security."

"Security for what?"

"His honesty."

"I mean, what sum?"

"Five thousand pounds."

Peter Mangles took up his pen and very deliberately wrote half a dozen lines, read them carefully over twice to assure himself he had made no mistake—for it was the most important piece of paper he had ever signed in his life—seeing that it held him responsible, in the sum of five thousand pounds, for the honesty of George Markham.

"There is the security," he said, handing the document to Mr. Thornton; "and the situation—"

"Is his," replied the gentleman, placing the guarantee in his pocket-book; "you have acted nobly by your friend."

"Pshaw! I run no risk," exclaimed the old clerk, modestly; for he had a great objection to receive either thanks or praise. "I know my man."

Never in the whole course of his life had the speaker felt so anxious to escape from business, as on that important day. He even went so far as to indulge in the extravagance of a cab on his return, the omnibus being too slow for his impatience; but instead of driving to Blackheath, he proceeded at once to the cottage of the Markhams.

Nothing could exceed the joy and gratitude of both husband and wife, when informed of their brightening prospects, and the generous confidence of their friend.

Rachel's thanks were interrupted by her tears.

"Never can I merit so much kindness!" exclaimed George, deeply touched by the noble conduct of the old clerk. "The future must thank you, sir, not present words. I have no fear of myself. For with all my faults," he added, "a thought of dishonesty never tempted me yet."

"I believe you, my dear boy," murmured the old man.

"Nor will it now, sir."

"Should it," replied Peter Mangles, looking with childlike confidence in his face, "remember one thing—that you will only be robbing your wife and Mary."

It was a happy night for all of them. When we say all, we ought to except the mother, whose satisfaction had one bitter alloy: she thought of her lost son, and though smiles were on her lips, sadness still dwelt within her heart.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we venture to deceive.—SCOTT.

No sooner was the funeral of little Fanny over, and everything pleasantly settled, than Mike, who had carefully calculated his proceedings, began to make arrangements for an interview with Lady Boothroyd. Being unable to write, and far too cautious to employ any one to do so for him, it was necessary to see her himself.

With the prospect of five hundred pounds before him, and by far the greater portion of the sum he had already received still in hand, the returned convict considered that he could prudently afford some outlay on the occasion; and he proceeded to order a suit of clothes, in order to appear respectable.

By a caprice, which had a sly touch of humour in it, he directed them to be made as nearly like the steward's as he could describe them, and even went so far as to copy his white cravat.

When dressed, the likeness—a point Mike had always insisted upon—appeared so extraordinary, that a comparative stranger might easily have mistaken one brother for the other.

"I don't think Andrew need feel ashamed of me now," he exclaimed, with intense satisfaction, as he contemplated his ungainly person in the piece of broken looking-glass before which poor Jack used to wash his ruddy face. "It's the feathers as makes the difference between the goose and the swan. How surprised her ladyship will be!" he added, with a chuckle. "Only to think of a real ladyship's character

being at the *marcy* of old Mike. She must bleed pretty freely, I can tell her, to keep him quiet. I have often heard that words are valuable, sometimes more valuable than gold.

"Now I know it!"

"I shall soon quit this place," he exclaimed, musingly, and at the same time casting a dissatisfied look around him. "It was all very well; but somehow, since Jack has left me, I feel quite lonesome in it. It was a deep scheme of Andrew to rid himself of the boy," he added. "I hope the captain won't use him very badly."

Considering the share he had taken in the transaction, the wish was rather a singular one; but Mike had lately got rather nervous. He could not sleep well at night; and when he did sleep, was haunted by disagreeable dreams. He frequently saw little Fan lying on the bed, with only one thin covering over her, and the skylight open to admit the pitiless frost. Then he heard the cough; and it sounded so hollow and distinct that it startled him from his slumber, and caused him to bury his face in the pillow, to avoid the gaze of the large, lustrous eyes which imagination pictured peering at him through the surrounding darkness.

An uneasy conscience is a bad companion for a sleepless pillow.

It created quite a sensation in the neighbourhood when the inhabitants of the Belvedere-road first saw Mike—who had hitherto worn knee-breeches, high-lows, and a pea-jacket—issue from his den dressed in a suit of black, and a white neckcloth. The comments were as varied as his appearance was singular.

"His clothes," observed one, with a sneer, "are not the blackest part about him."

The speaker was thinking of his heart.

"Where can his nephew be?" exclaimed a second.

"Perhaps he is mourning for him too."

"How about the child?"

These observations were heard by Mike as he walked past the groups of men and women gathered round the doors of the different beer-houses in the Belvedere-road; but he took no notice of them. Everything was straightforward and safe. He had the certificate of the doctor who attended Fan that she died a natural death; and in his heart—if he had such a thing—the man of many crimes fancied he might defy the prying eye and iron hand of human justice. As for that of heaven, he thought not of it. The idea that, by a means secret and inscrutable, it prepares the punishment of sin, never once entered his imagination.

It was a little past noon when he knocked at the residence of Sir Norman Boothroyd in the Park.

The porter was so startled by the resemblance to the steward, that he could only look at him, instead of answering his inquiry, whether her ladyship was at home.

Mike had to repeat the question. Receiving no reply, he began to lose his temper.

"What are you *a-starin'* at?" he demanded, roughly. "Ain't you never seen a gentleman afore?"

The servant had seen a great many in his time—in fact, was more accustomed to that class of persons than any other; hence his astonishment at the arrival of a person who appeared too well dressed to be seeking charity, and far too vulgar to suppose for an instant that he could be on the visiting list of his aristocratic mistress.

"Why, yes, my man," he replied, recovering himself, for the tone and manner of the speaker had quite dispelled his doubts.

"Can't yer answer me, then?"

"What can you want to see her ladyship for?"

"That's my business," growled the convict.

"Charity, I suppose."

"Charity!" repeated Mike, indignantly, and, at the same time glancing complacently at his new clothes. "I ain't no kite-flyer—never wor: not in my line of business."

"You had better write," suggested the porter.

"I can't write."

This was an admission which lowered the speaker very much in the opinion of the pampered menial. He could.

"Then get a friend, my good man, to do so for you."

"I ain't got no friends," answered the ruffian; "and if I had," he added, with a knowing wink, "I am too wide awake to trust 'em with my business."

"Send up your name, then," said the servant.

"She won't know it."

"You are a stranger to her ladyship?"

"No, I ain't. She knows me. Tell her so."

"I can't take any such message," replied the man, eyeing him with an air of contempt.

"You can't?"

"No."

"Very well," said the visitor, advancing further into the hall, and seating himself in the speaker's own chair, certainly the most comfortable one in the place; "then here I sits till I sees her ladyship. You may stare, but I means it. And do you hear, Mr. Jack-in-office," he added, menacingly, "take care your impudence does not lose you your place. If my twin brother was here he'd soon tell you who I am, and send you to the right about face, and no mistake."

"Your twin brother!" repeated the astonished domestic.

"Yes, Andrew Silex."

The steward was a person not only disliked, but dreaded by the whole establishment of Sir Norman, for they knew the unbounded influence he possessed over him—an influence, by-the-by, never exercised for any good or benevolent purpose. Scarcely one of them but at one period or other had occasion to prove its ill effects.

"If you will wait a few minutes"—said the porter.

"I told yer I intended to wait," growled Mike.

"I will send up a message by my lady's own maid."

"Send it by whom yer will, only send it, and quickly, my fine feller."

Whilst the porter was speaking with the waiting-woman, whom he had sent for, Alice, who had just returned, attended by her governess, from her morning walk, passed through the hall. The convict stared at her very hard; the likeness to Lillian struck him forcibly.

"Perhaps," he mentally observed, "her ladyship was right after all, and Lilly is ill—ill—I know what she meant; the best on 'em ain't to be trusted. But that is nothink to me, *pervided* she pays."

And then he thought on the sum promised.

Lady Boothroyd listened to the message which the waiting-woman brought her, and the description of the person and singular conduct of her visitor, with secret terror, for she guessed at once who it was that demanded to see her. Before she could make up her mind how to act, Alice and her governess, Mademoiselle Jaulain, entered the drawing-room.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed the child, running to her, "there is such a strange man in the hall. He is so like Silex!"

"Horribly like to him," added the Frenchwoman.

There was no longer any doubt upon the mind of her ladyship, for she too had noted the resemblance on her visit to the convict's abode.

"He says he is Mr. Silex's brother, my lady," said the waiting-maid.

"Oh, why did you not tell me so before!" exclaimed the guilty woman. "Show him into the breakfast-room. I will see him directly; and if your master should inquire for me, inform him that I am particularly engaged."

"Certainly, my lady."

"Mademoiselle, pray see that Alice practices the last exercises her master set her. He complained on his former visit that they had not been learnt."

By this direction the speaker freed herself from the observation both of her daughter and the Frenchwoman.

Mike had been seated nearly an hour in the breakfast-room, before Lady Boothroyd made her appearance. She had required time to collect herself for the interview. The *contre temps* of the man's finding her out, and calling, annoyed her exceedingly, after the decidedly clever scheme she had planned to avoid it; neither did the fact of his claiming brotherhood with the steward tend to reassure her. A vague suspicion had haunted her mind for some days past, that the astute Mr. Silex had been playing a double game with her.

It was but a suspicion, and she had no other resource but to continue to trust him, for Mr. Silex was one of the few persons she did not care to measure her strength with. The web which crime and ambition had woven began to draw in its meshes.

"He can never have been fool enough," she thought, as she descended to the breakfast-room, "to confide even to a brother the real name and parents of Lillian."

Then she reflected on the habitually cool and cautious proceedings of the steward, and dismissed her fears as ridiculous and groundless.

Mike had expected to see the lady confused, and totally unprepared to meet the discovery of her name and abode. To his astonishment, she entered the room with a calm, collected air, as if the transaction which had passed between them had been one of the most common occurrences of everyday life, and coolly asked him the purport of his strange visit, and still stranger conduct to her servants.

"They wouldn't let me see you," added the man, somewhat abashed.

"I am not in the habit of seeing strangers," was the reply.

"But I ain't no stranger."

"Nearly so," observed her ladyship; "but we will pass that over. You have not come without a cause, I presume, and I reserve my opinion of your conduct till I have heard it."

Mike glanced at the crape upon his hat in a most significant manner, and tried to look like one very much afflicted.

The guilty woman turned deadly pale.

"The child!" she faltered.

"Dead, my lady," replied the ruffian, "but it worn't my fault. I grewed as fond on her as if she had been my own; she had such pretty engaging ways with her."

"By accident?"

"No, my lady; cough—consumption, the doctor called it, for I had a doctor—very expensive; but I *knoved* you would see me paid."

"Certainly," answered Lady Boothroyd, still more astonished, especially at the cause of Lilly's death, for never had a child appeared less likely to fall a victim to the fatal disease he named; "and so the doctors said she died of consumption?"

"I've got the certificate."

"And when did her death take place?"

"A week ago. We buried her last Thursday. I could not well do it afore, seeing as the doctors opened her. That was my wish. I wanted everything all straight and right."

Hardened as she was, his hearer shuddered. The tale of consumption did not deceive her for a single instant. She remembered too well how the eyes of the speaker had sparkled with cupidity when she vaguely hinted at the five hundred pounds. The feeling of remorse, however, was but momentary, and quickly vanished as the stronger one of satisfaction, on hearing that the object of her fear was removed from her path so cleverly.

Mike took from his pocket two crumpled pieces of paper. One was the certificate of the burial of a child named Lillian, family name unknown, it having been placed at nurse by strangers with Michael Silex, residing in the Belvedere-road.

Lady Boothroyd received it with a firm hand, and perused it attentively.

The second was signed by the parish doctor, certifying the cause of her death and the *post mortem* examination of the body.

Nothing could be more regular; and yet she began to feel anything but assured. The event appeared so sudden—so improbable.

"I will cause the affair to be inquired into," she observed.

"You will find it all right," replied her visitor, whose eye never flinched from her keen gaze; "the child took a cold, and went off like a flower. When shall I touch the money?" he added, anxiously. "I am a poor man, and can't afford to wait."

"What money?"

"The five hundred pounds."

"And do you imagine, my good man," inquired Lady Boothroyd, "that I am such a simpleton as to part with so large a sum upon the faith of two documents like these, without previous inquiry to convince me of their authenticity? Certainly not. Besides, the money was promised on certain conditions, that you treated the child well."

"I treated her as you *wished* me," muttered Mike.

"That remains to be seen; and in the expectation that she would remain years with you. I see," she added, glancing at the first paper, "that your name is Silex."

"No mistake about that, my lady."

"The brother of my steward."

"His twin brother."

"I will write for him to come up to town instantly," said his mistress; "as he recommended you to me, he must investigate the affair; and on proof—the *fullest proof*—that the child has been properly treated by you, and is really dead, I will reflect on my inconsiderate promise, and come to some arrangement."

"I can't wait."

The well-arched eyebrows of Lady Boothroyd became slightly elevated.

"I won't wait," added the man.

"In that case, I must refer you to my solicitor," observed the former.

"You dare not."

"That remains to be seen," continued the speaker, rising. "Do you imagine you can terrify me, or that you have a child to deal with? From your insolent looks and tone of menace," she added, "one would imagine a *crime* had to be paid for, instead of one of the simplest transactions in the world—a child whose birth was a misfortune put out to nurse."

Mike regarded her with a certain amount of admiration, despite the rage he felt at being put off. He liked pluck, as he termed it, especially in a

woman. This feeling, however, did not prevent his playing his last card—the trump, as he considered it. "In that case, my lady," he said, "I shall see your husband."

The mistress of the house coolly rung the bell. "See if Sir Norman is in his study," she said to the footman who answered it; "here is a person who desires to speak with him."

"No, I don't," hastily exclaimed the convict, completely cowed by her coolness; "what you say is quite satisfactory."

"As you please."

"Then I won't trouble Sir Norman."

With a wave of her hand his mistress dismissed the servant from the room. It was a bold stroke of finesse on her part; but the danger was worthy of the risk; which, after all, was not very great, since, sooner or later, her husband must be intrusted with the secret.

"I will write to your brother this very day," said the lady, when the footman had quitted the breakfast-room, and she once more found herself alone with her visitor. "Directly he arrives you shall hear from me."

Mike pleaded hard for a portion of the money. He would have so much liked to have received something on hand; but Lady Boothroyd firmly refused, although she fully intended to fulfil her promise, provided everything turned out to have passed as he stated. Only she did not choose to show the slightest sign of fear. It would have been impolitic, unworthy a woman of her tact; a quality on which, like most cunning persons, she particularly prided herself.

Mike left the house in the Regent's Park with far less confident feelings than he had entered it. As the cards were dealt at present, the game did not appear quite so certain; but then he consoled himself with the reflection that the best trump, Lillian, was still in the pack.

"What a precious fool I should have been," he thought, as he plodded his way back to the Belvedere-road, "had I really run any risk, and done what that fine-spoken madam wished me to do, only she would not speak out. She'll consider over it, will she?—umph! I'll consider over it too; and we shall see whose considerations will prove the best. I must see Fiddler Dick, and get back the gal agin; then I'll talk to 'em if they try to rob me of my dues. I don't think," he added, "they will find Mike half so simple as they take him for."

Shortly after his return home, the convict received a visit from Bet, who told him of her husband's misfortune, as she called it, of course concealing her own share in the transaction;—how Dexter had taken the children and business out of her hands, and concluded by hoping that Dick's old pal would act honourably and pay her the twenty pounds.

"Twenty devils!" repeated the man; "why, I ain't got it yet."

"But you will have."

"Can't say; but where is Lilly?"

His mortification and rage on hearing of her loss nearly drove him frantic. As he figuratively expressed himself, it was the ace of trumps against him in the game he had to play against two such experienced hands as his brother and Lady Boothroyd.

"Find her, Bet," he said, "and you shall have the money; but unless you do, not a silver from me; so now you know what to expect."

The woman promised. The twenty pounds were an additional incentive to renew her search for the victim that had escaped her.

Three days after this important transaction, Mike was seated, in no very amiable humour, in his cottage, when the steward made his appearance. Mr. Sillex was evidently both annoyed and excited. In the first place, his brother had broken faith with him in seeking a personal interview with Lady Boothroyd; and in the second, contrived to mystify him.

Before calling, he had seen both the parish doctor and the clerk; inspected the registry. Nothing could appear more clear upon the surface; and yet Mr. Sillex continued to doubt. The medical man described the child; the colour of her eyes and hair; her age; her answering to the name of Lillian: still Andrew was not convinced of her death. The only conclusion he came to was that Mike was a much cleverer rascal than he had ever given him credit for.

"Well," he said, seating himself, "you" have managed it nicely."

"Managed what nicely?" demanded the convict.

"The death of the child."

"I ain't a managed it; it came naturally. The poor thing couldn't stand the damp and cold; the cough settled on her lungs, and it was soon over. Ask the doctor," he added; "he knows that it was all straight-forward and right."

"I have asked him."

"You can see the register."

"I have seen it."

"What do you talk about managing it for, then?" exclaimed Mike; "but I know you and your fine mistress thinks to do me out of my rights; but I won't stand it. If I ain't paid I'll go before a magistrate, and make oath of the whole affair. If the police and the newspapers gets hold on it, they'll soon ferret the truth out."

"There is nothing, Mike, to ferret out; the child was a poor man's child."

"But its mother worn't poor," retorted his brother, who had firmly made up his mind to the fact, that Lady Boothroyd was the parent of Lillian. "Besides," he added, "if she wor poor, why did her ladyship promise me the five hundred pounds?"

The steward reflected for a few instants. He saw that the proceeding the speaker threatened might be followed by great inconvenience; and angry as he felt with him for his breach of faith, made up his mind to seeing him paid.

"You shall have the money," he said.

"All on it?"

"All."

"And when?"

"In a few days."

The countenance of Mike brightened. It was a much better termination to the affair than he expected.

"Ah! Andrew," he said, "if you had only acted like a brother and a twin, we might have done well together, played into each other's hands. Her ladyship—since she is one—hasn't deceived me with her coolness and indifference, though she is uncommon clever; there was a fortin' hanging to that child, and I ought to have had at least half of it."

Mr. Sillex disclosed his remarkably white teeth, and laughed very heartily. The idea tickled his fancy; it was exactly the sum he had secretly fixed upon as the price of his own co-operation.

"I ought," added the speaker, "and you knows it. Didn't you tell me Lilly would one day be worth her weight in gold to you?"

"If she lived," observed the steward.

A very peculiar sneer flitted over the features of his brother. Andrew saw it, and all his suspicions returned.

"Look you, Mike," he said, greatly excited, "we know each other fully at last."

"Pretty well," answered the amiable twin.

"If Lilly is not really dead—and I have my doubts—let me know the truth, and the five hundred shall be doubled."

"It will be time," answered the convict, cautiously, "to enter upon that affair when the first is settled—not a word till then."

"And then?"

Mike gave a knowing wink, but not another word could the clever Mr. Sillex succeed in extracting from him on the subject.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE BELLS.

FIRST BELL.

See the golden sun
From the east ascending,
Hear the matin bells
With the wood notes blending.
The thrifty bee hath gone to work;
The fish are sporting in the brook;
Birds their nests are busy building;
Hark the bells again are pealing;
Awake—arise—and earnestly
Begin the duties of the day.

SECOND BELL.

Now like a fount of fire
The sun at mid-day seemeth.
Bright and warm rays
Down on earth he beameth.
From the hardy labourer's brow
Streams of sweat are falling now.
But hark! again the bells do call.
Cease from labour, rest ye all,
Partake of that which strength imparts,
With simple, joyful, grateful hearts.

THIRD BELL.

Golden light is spread
O'er the western billows;
Stars are glancing out
From the ether o'er us;
Pearly dew is hanging
On the little dowers;
The whippoorwill is singing
In the leafy bowers;
And hark the bells again do call,
Cease from labour, rest ye all!
Let each one's footsteps to his home be bent,
Refreshed, the evening sacrifice present.
Then as the Lord to his beloved gives,
Such be your sleep:
And angels loving, bright, and strong,
Guard o'er you keep.

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT AN AID TO BUSINESS.

To succeed in business, to get on in the world, and to establish a reputation for something or other, are laudable incentives to industry. *Aut Caesar aut nullus*, may be called ambitious and sound heathenism, but the desire to be first-rate in the profession we have adopted is only honourable ambition, and no one need blush to own such a feeling. There is no doubt that in some way we were all intended for workers. Paupers and pensioners, in a palace or a poor-house, are rather to be pitied than envied by any right-thinking person. All men or women who work, whether they labour with body or brain, are really useful members of society; but the do-nothings are worth nothing, whether their position be high or low.

Now there are some highly industrious people who, admitting the truth of this, acknowledging the importance and the value of labour, contrive to fall into a very serious error. They seem to suppose that "sticking to business"—being early and late in the shop or warehouse, allowing nothing to interfere with their professional pursuits, devoting all the energies of their mind and body to their regular employment—is the practical exemplification of all industrial precepts. So, to some extent, it really is; but trade or business is not the only thing which should engage the attention. Very rare are those professions which call forth all the latent qualities of the mind and heart. The majority of us have to toil in pursuits that occupy our mental faculties to a limited extent only. Our trades do not sufficiently improve our minds, and if we singly devote our attention to our trades, we fail in a very essential and important duty. Mental improvement is a duty. It is a relaxation also, but it is equally incumbent on us as the exercise of industry and diligence in our calling. Supposing that an enterprising laborious tradesman sets to work to make a fortune, and succeeds. Suppose he does this by means the most upright and honourable. Suppose he faithfully discharges every duty as a servant and a master—in his business. Suppose that, with integrity for his foundation-stone, he builds up a thoroughly good reputation—but has failed to cultivate his intellect, or to aid others in their efforts at mental improvement—his success in business will never make amends for his failure in this particular.

We cannot too forcibly impress the duty of self-improvement on the youthful readers of this journal. The amount of dormant energy we have within us is really surprising. This slumbering power must be awakened. There is no limit as to what we can accomplish for our own mental improvement. We do not know what we can do till we try. But even in a business sense, we do not know how useful our mental acquisitions may be to us in our common occupations.

Notice some few things which, if properly acquired, would materially assist in our business progress: a good hand-writing, to begin with.

In a former article I drew attention to this important branch of education. My readers will pardon me for alluding to it again when I explain my reason. Scores of letters reach the editor asking, "How can I improve my writing?" "Is my writing good enough for a merchant's office?" "Would my writing pass muster at a civil service examination?" and so on. Many of these letters are so badly written that they would never obtain a tolerable situation for the writer. It is clear enough that sufficient attention has not been paid to the style of writing, that slovenly habits have been acquired, and that to improve the one and overcome the other is a difficult and perplexing work to the individual. Now we believe that anybody may write a good, clear, business hand. We would not say to them, "take six lessons;" we would rather say, set to work and teach yourself.

The other day I noticed a little work, entitled "The Model Copy Book," published by Messrs. Ward and Lock, of Fleet-street, and selling at threepence a number; eight numbers we believe complete the series. The object is that of "insuring a good, fluent, and rapid handwriting," and the plan seems to us so excellent that we have no doubt of its success. I have recommended this Model Copy Book to all who have any real desire to improve their handwriting. The directions are plain and practical. The copies are bold and free, combining the advantages both of the old and new style. The old-fashioned plan of regular set copies of words is abandoned, and has been abandoned by most teachers of penmanship for a long time. That of setting ovals and other forms before the pupil, so as to give freedom and elegance to the writing, while

really useful to a certain extent, fails to train the hand for a good business style. The plan adopted in the Model Copy Book is that of affording equal "gymnastic practice" in a more useful form. Lines connecting the termination and the beginning of the forms actually used in writing are given; and, judging from the specimen, I have no hesitation in saying that from their use a careful student would sooner acquire a good business hand than by any other method. The forms or models are so graceful, and the pupil is so simply and naturally conducted from the use of one form to that of another, that failure can only result from the want of proper care or that of steady application.

To write well is of the greatest importance to business men. It is one of those things which affect their interest, and therefore I would urge upon my readers—those of them, at least, who are resolved on self-improvement—to set about the acquisition of a bold, free, legible handwriting.

Letter-writing is another subject to which due attention should be given. Chesterfield says:—"The first thing necessary in writing letters of business is extreme perspicuity. Every paragraph should be so clear and unambiguous that the dullest fellow in the world may not be able to mistake it, nor be obliged to read it twice in order to understand it." A letter is only useful in so far as it is understood. A letter which requires to be read and re-read several times before its object can be clearly made out is a disgrace to the writer. In writing business letters, understand clearly what you have to state, and then state clearly what you would have your correspondent understand. The use of plain words in the statement of plain facts is all that is desirable in a business letter. Omit nothing that is necessary to a proper understanding of the subject, put in nothing but what strictly bears upon it, and let every particular be concisely stated. Every business man should thoroughly master this description of correspondence. It is not necessary that he should write poetically, eloquently, or even gracefully; but it is essential that he should be able to make a clear statement.

It is frequently the case that the correspondence of an extensive establishment is not confined to England. Useful as it is to be competent to the writing of letters in English, the ability to correspond in French, or German, or both, is of more value still. And the ability to do this is within the reach of all who have but an ordinary education, a good share of common sense, and a proper amount of industry. A young man, with a grammar and a dictionary of the language he wishes to acquire, may do as much for himself as schools or universities could do for him. Thousands have become proficient scholars by their own unassisted exertions. They have set to work in earnest, have said to themselves, "I will do such or such a thing;" and, little by little, step by step, inch by inch, they have accomplished their purpose.

The art of acquiring a foreign language is not so difficult as many people suppose. Lessons in French or German, if plainly put before an intelligent reader, are perfectly easy; though the pronunciation can only be acquired by intercourse with natives of the two countries, or from those who have had the advantage of a long residence in France and Germany. The biography of many a distinguished man is most encouraging to the young student of language. Such an experience as that of Dr. Alexander Murray or Archibald Campbell is worth hundreds of didactic essays on the subject. Better even than the history of what great men have accomplished is the fact that an astonishingly large number of hard-working operatives have acquired a knowledge both of German and French by studying the lessons in a widely-circulated periodical. I have had opportunities of observing this; I know it for a certainty; and the letters which have been written by those men in the respective languages indicated have been lucid in style, and grammatically correct.

I urge upon my readers to study the modern continental languages, especially German and French. It has been said that there are three purposes for which languages may be studied, independently of their gratifying that general desire of information which makes both the acquirement and the possession of all knowledge delightful. These uses are said to be the study of that intellectual mechanism by which they have been formed, and of which they present us, as it were, with the impress or picture. Another department is that relating to the early history of our race, and the origin of the different nations by which the earth is peopled. A third motive is, of course, that we may be able to read the books written in them, and thus obtain access to worlds of intellectual treasure from which we should otherwise be entirely or almost entirely shut out. But the business man finds it frequently a positive necessity that he should

correspond in a foreign language, that he should be able satisfactorily to conduct his trade; and the ability to do this becomes of the utmost value. A business man who can do this is doubly useful to himself; a clerk who can do this is doubly useful to his employer.

Another thing very important to those engaged in business is, a philosophical knowledge of their trade. There are thousands of sharp business people, who, with all their sharpness, have but a very limited knowledge of their trade. There are thousands of operators who never extend their inquiry beyond the particular branch of their trade with which they are immediately connected. They have been taught how to do that, and they go on doing it mechanically, never at all disposed to inquire, "Why is it done so?—might it not be done by some better or speedier method?" A skillful mechanic is no small portion of a country's wealth. It is by this class mainly that every improvement in mechanical production has been made. Those who have these things constantly before them ought, of course, to know best what is likely to render their operations more free, and what is most calculated to abridge human labour. The amount of interest attaching to the philosophy of our mechanics and manufactures cannot be overestimated. And yet there are many practically connected with these things who turn away from them as if they had no interest at all.

It is sometimes objected that such a course as that which I propose would make any individual one-sided—that thinking only of his own trade, he would be a fit companion only for men of his own craft. But I think this is a mistake. The trades and manufactures are so connected one with the other, that it is impossible fully to understand one and to remain ignorant of the rest. They grow out of one another. You cannot find any trade that is isolated from its fellows; neither can you discover any one on which a scientific knowledge of the laws of matter, of mechanics, and of chemistry, may not be advantageously employed. Once begin to think, and the circle of thought widens, expands into larger circles, and touches the remotest bounds of scientific investigation.

From this it appears to me that simply regarded in a business light the improvement of the mind is of the highest importance. The work of improvement once fairly begun, is generally carried on. A man who cultivates a little patch in his garden ground is not willing to allow the rest to remain a wilderness. He labours away and cultivates it all. And it is just the same with the human mind.

In every sense of the word intellectual culture improves the business man. Of course, there are higher considerations than success in business; but business necessarily occupies so much of our attention that it requires much consideration. It has been said that mental improvement rather interferes with a working man or a tradesman—unfits for common avocations. It is a grievous error—nothing can be further from the truth. We want more self-improvement, more education—and the more we obtain the better it is for us all—in our social, political, and religious relations.

LET THEM TELL IT.

The celebrated Dr. Johnson used to say it was an excellent thing to encourage children to repeat to some brother, or sister, or playmate, whatever of importance they had seen or heard told. He said the very attempt to tell it to others, would fix it most indelibly on their own mind, and related that his mother, after having described to him the future joys of the blessed, directed him to go to the gardener and tell it over to him.

Parents will find this a most interesting and profitable effort. Let them be encouraged to tell to others the sermon to which they have listened, the exercises of the Sabbath school, or whatever they have seen or heard, that is worthy to be impressed on their own minds, and the effect will be good in various ways. It will fix the thing more firmly in their own mind—it will cultivate a habit of observation and attention to all that is transpiring about them; it will give them an intelligent interest in each other's society, always to listen to, or relate, what may be interesting; besides, it will help to bind parents and children in a more intimate bond of social affection, by mutually repeating to each other what each may suppose would be of interest to the other.

Children should be encouraged to tell freely their own thoughts and feelings to parents, with the assurance of sympathy on the part of the parent. Let the child know that you feel a tender interest in him, and that you will not meet even his faults with harsh rebukes, but will, with gentle solicitude, seek to mould and guide his heart to virtue and goodness. —Let him tell it.

THE PIONEER'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN BACKWOODS.

It was a rude log tenement, in the centre of a clearing, bordered on all sides by a dense forest, that Hugh Staunton had provided as a home for his delicately bred wife and daughter. But it was the best he could do, poor man! for a series of losses had reduced him to straitened circumstances; therefore, he emigrated to America, then, as now, the refuge of the unfortunate and the persecuted.

Two years had passed since they had settled in the wilderness; and, despite the hardships and privations to which all pioneers must submit, they found much enjoyment in this wild frontier life.

They had been accompanied by two servants, Thomas and Joanna Keeble, whose parents had died in the service of Mr. Staunton's father. Thomas had been married, but his young wife died within a year after her marriage; and he had left her sleeping in the shadow of a yew beneath the turf of her own native land. Joanna was an elderly maiden, crooked and sour in disposition, "too contrary ever to marry," Thomas declared, yet faithful to the interests of her master, whom she refused to leave when fortune took its flight.

Hugh, the only son of Mr. Staunton, had been enabled, through the assistance of a wealthy friend of his father, to remain in England at school. Ten days previous to the commencement of our story, the inmates of that humble cabin had been thrown into a tumult of delight by the arrival of Hugh Staunton and Charles Leigh, the betrothed husband of Amy Staunton. It was in the glorious autumn time; the leaves were yet thick upon the trees, crowning them in colours of gorgeous beauty. The harvesting was nearly finished. The young men had that day assisted in husking the last "stooks" of corn that remained in the harvest-field. The furniture of the cabin was primitive to the last degree. The chairs and table had been made by the ingenious Keeble, whose skillful hand had also fashioned the case that held the slender stock of books the pioneer possessed. Pieces of meat, strings of corn, muskets, powder-horns, coats, and dresses graced the walls of the cabin.

A curtain make of bed-quilts formed the partition for the sleeping-room of Mrs. Staunton, while the loft above was similarly divided.

The family had just finished their supper of corn-cakes, dried venison, butter, and milk, and, collected around the cheerful, open fireplace, were merrily chatting about friends and doings at home, when suddenly Hugh said: "Oh, Amy, you must beware of Charles! He has a wonderful gift, and will frighten you to death if you do not prove a meek and submissive wife."

A beautiful blush flooded the face of Amy at this unexpected burst.

"Pray explain yourself, my son," said Mrs. Staunton, with some interest.

"He is a ventriloquist, mother. He used to cure me of home-sickness and sea-sickness too, sometimes, on our voyage, by the mere exercise of his power."

Leigh was embarrassed by the grave, inquiring looks that were fixed upon him, for he well knew the prejudice that existed in many minds against the art to which Hugh had alluded, and which was but little known at that time. He had discovered, by accident, that he possessed the power, and only practised it for the amusement of himself and friends. It was destined, however, to be of very great service to them, as well as himself, at no distant day.

Upon the present occasion, the party begged him to give them a sample of his ventriloquial skill. He shook his head, and before he could speak, the feeble wail of an infant was heard at the door, followed by the voice of a woman appealing for charity. The family started in surprise, for never before had a mendicant appeared in that secluded place.

Joanna rushed to the door with a plate of corn-cakes in one hand and a large pewter platter in the other, too much astonished to set them down. By a wave of the hand, Hugh initiated the family into the mystery of the matter, for it was Charles who spoke.

Old Joanna, finding no one at the door, stepped back in dismay; but her vinegar face gained a fresh coat of acidity when she discovered, by the smiling faces at the hearth, that a trick had been played her.

"It's Satan's own gift. No good can come of letting that harum-scarum lad into the family," she muttered; and, without more ado, she finished clearing the supper-table.

"You see, Amy, he is a dangerous fellow. Humour him as much as is consistent with your woman's will, or he may call up a blood-thirsty Indian to murder and scalp you."

Amy shuddered at this careless remark, for she was dreadfully afraid of their savage neighbours, of whom, however, she saw but little; and they appeared well disposed towards the white people.

The following morning the family was astir before the stars had faded from the clear blue sky. They were going down to the settlement, four miles distant, to the mill and to the shop to make some few purchases for the wedding of Charles and Amy, which was to take place the following day. The wedding guests, also, were to be invited.

Hugh went, with his parents and Keeble, in a large row-boat down the river, which was but a short distance from the house.

Amy and Joanna were very much engaged in executing the work they had planned; while Charles sauntered around an hour or two; and, finding Amy too busy to accord him more than an occasional perplexed smile in the midst of her duties, he took Mr. Staunton's fowling-piece from its niche in the wall, and set off in the pursuit of game.

The cross Joanna muttered quite audibly her approval of his intention to rid them of his presence; but the pair were too happy to take offence at her bitter words.

"You know, my sweet Joanna, you would give the world if it was yourself who was to be married to-morrow," said Charles, looking over his shoulder with a provoking laugh, and dodging out of sight in time to escape the hemlock broom which the exasperated maiden despatched after him. He was absent several hours, when the declining sun warned him it was time to return home.

When he reached the edge of the dense growth of underwood that skirted the clearing, Charles took the precaution to reconnoitre before advancing. A sight that stopped the very beating of his heart met his eyes. A painted savage stood over Joanna, who lay as if dead. The savage was brandishing a tomahawk, and had one hand in her long gray hair; while Amy was half way between the cabin and the woods where he was concealed, running with the speed of a deer, and followed by a warrior, who appeared desirous of securing her without injury. With lightning speed, Charles sent a bullet crashing through his brain; and the next instant the flying girl fell fainting into his extended arms.

The report of the musket brought several warriors from the house, where they were plundering; and, after securing a covert, they soon came round upon our hero, who, impeded by his insensible companion, found it impossible to escape.

Some of the party, with flaming eyes and angry gestures, were for avenging their comrade's death without delay; but one of the number, a gaily decorated chieftain, obliged them to desist.

They hastily constructed a litter from the boughs of green trees, and placed the body of their dead brother upon it. They bound the hands of Charles with thongs of untanned deer-hide; while the passive Amy was suffered to move along unfettered, though guarded by a powerful savage. They then took up their line of march, casting looks of ominous import upon Charles, who met their glances with a smile of haughty defiance, well knowing it was impossible to conciliate them after what he had done.

In a short time darkness settled around them; but the red men pressed rapidly on, hurrying their prisoners before them. Amy, although much terrified, was busy in devising some expedient to aid their friends in the pursuit she knew would ensue on the morrow. A pair of moccasins had been drawn over her shoes in order to conceal the trail; but she contrived to slip them off unobserved, and in every moist place was careful to imprint her steps as deeply as possible.

Towards midnight, they encamped in a deep, rocky dell, inaccessible save on one side. After refreshing themselves with parched corn and dried meat, accompanied by copious draughts of water brought in birchen vessels from a crystal spring which glistened in the firelight, beneath the brow of a large rock, they bound the feet of Charles, and composed themselves to sleep. One of the red men was stationed by the side of Amy, who was not bound, as a guard, while the others slept. The fire was a source of keen enjoyment to poor Amy, who would have suffered intensely from cold but for the warmth of a large woollen apron which she wore when captured, and which now served as a shawl.

Her anxiety to escape drove all thought of sleep from her mind, as she sat upon a moss-covered log and watched the dusky guard, in the hope of seeing him slumber at his post; but the keen black eyes were kept warily open; and, did she but move a finger, the unerring hatchet was half raised, showing her that any attempt to escape would be followed by instant death. Discouraged by the wakefulness of

the guard, Amy rested her head upon one hand, and remained an hour or two brooding sorrowfully over the unpromising dawn that was to usher in her bridal morn. She thought of the anguish of her parents at her loss, if, indeed, they were alive; and the tears coursed down her cheeks. She looked sadly towards Charles, who was reclining in an uneasy position several feet from her; and by the waning light of the fire, she saw his eyes glance expressively towards the guard. She glanced that way, and saw, with delight, that he was sleeping profoundly.

"Now," thought the resolute little maiden, "now, Amy Staunton, strive for freedom, if you die in the attempt."

She slipped her hand into her pocket, and drew forth a small penknife. Having opened it, she stepped lightly over the body of the savage, and in a moment had severed the cords that bound her lover. The thongs had been drawn so tightly that he was unable to move at first. In the meantime, Amy expressed, by signs, her determination to secure the fowling-piece, which she knew to be loaded. Amazed by such an exhibition of daring in a timid, delicate girl, Charles endeavoured to detain her; but, without heeding his entreating looks, she went into the very midst of the savages and seized the gun, then, with step as soft as the fall of a flower, made good her retreat.

In another moment they were beyond the pass; but Amy inadvertently trod upon a dry stick, which broke with a loud crackling noise, and instantly every Indian was upon his feet; then followed hasty questionings; and the fugitives knew they were searching for the trail by the light of the fire.

In the tumult they crept into a clump of alder-bushes, and concealed themselves. It is possible they might have escaped but for the keen scent of a gaunt Indian dog, which led their pursuers to the spot where they nestled, scarcely daring to breathe. They were dragged from their hiding-place, and this time Amy too was bound; but her mild gray eyes flashed with unwonted fire; and she told them, in strong English—of which, however, they could not understand one word—that she defied them, and would yet escape their toils. Despite his anguish, Charles smiled at the indomitable spirit of his lady-love; and though his will was as undaunted as hers, he suffered himself to be bound without resistance.

After a brief consultation, the red men composed themselves to sleep once more; and all was silent again. The drowsy guard, evidently in disgrace, sat moodily apart, regarding the captives with looks of vengeful ire; while another had taken his post at the pass.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CORSETS.

WHEN I was over in your town,
Some months ago, or more,
I saw a very singular thing
I never saw before.

'Twas hanging in a window-case,
Upon a string a-straddle;
Looked something like an hour-glass,
And something like a saddle.

I asked of several city gents
Who chanced to be at hand,
What was it? But their gibberish
I could not understand.

One fellow called it "a restraint,"
On certain parties placed,
Like a decree in Chancery,
To stay the tenant's "waste."

Another said—the greenest chap
Of any in the swarm—
"It warn't the glass of fashion," but
It was the "mould of form."

Another said "'twas a machine"
A lady used to "rig her,"
To bring her life and form into
The very smallest figure.

At last a little girl came out—
And think of my amazement—
She asked me if I wouldn't please
To buy a pair of stays!

Of course I'd heard of "stays" before,
But strike me deaf and dumb
If ever I, until that hour,
Suspected "them was um!"

Well, isn't it exceeding strange
That any maid or wife,
Just for a "little taper" should
Put out the "lamp of life?"

I know that lunatics must have
Strait-jackets "put about" 'em;
But women in their wits should make
A shift—to do—without 'em.

MR. SCOTT RUSSELL, F.R.S.

THE art of ship-building is one of peculiar interest to Englishmen. The development of the chief characteristic of the race—the love of mercantile pursuits—is so intimately connected with the progress of this branch of industry, that we naturally feel deeply interested in its advance. The geographical position of the country would make us an isolated people but for our taste and aptitude for the navigation of the waters. Hence every progressive step in naval architecture is watched with marked attention.

The application of steam-power to ocean navigation is one of the most important achievements of the age. The first Atlantic steamer, the Great Western, crossed in 1838. She was 236 feet long, and 36 feet broad. She was followed in 1844 by the Great Britain, which measured nearly one hundred feet longer, and some fifteen feet wider. The next great step in ship-building was the construction of the Himalaya, in 1853. This magnificent vessel is 370 feet long by 44 in breadth. Three years after the advent of the last-named ship, the Persia, as yet the largest paddle steamer afloat, was launched, and astonished the world by her noble proportions, and eventually by her splendid speed. She has made the journey to America in less than ten days, the quickest passage on record.

The great fact of the present day, however, is the monster vessel just constructed in the yard of Mr. Scott Russell at Millwall. This ship seems destined to work an entire revolution in steam navigation. Assuming that the calculations of the engineer of the Leviathan are correct, our present notion of ship-building is certainly in its infancy. Indeed, a few years hence, we shall in all probability look upon our Himalayas, our Great Britains, and our Persias, as we now look upon the ordinary boats running between Hull and London.

The Leviathan has been constructed expressly for the Australian traffic. The distance between England and Australia is some twelve thousand miles, and the reason small steamers cannot perform the passage quickly, is the necessity of stopping on the way—in fact, to diverge considerably out of the direct course—to renew their supply of coals. The Leviathan will carry sufficient fuel for the entire journey—namely, 12,000 tons. Her passenger accommodation will be 800 first class, 2,000 second class, and 1,300 third class—in all 4,100. The crew will number about 400, in addition to which she will carry many thousand tons of cargo. For the accommodation of the passengers, the vessel has whole streets and squares of apartments fitted up in superb style. One of the saloons is 100 feet long, 36 feet wide, and 13 feet high. It is estimated that the Leviathan, running with paddle, screw, and sail, and going in a direct line to her destination, will make the journey to Australia in little more than thirty days.

The length of the Leviathan is 680 feet, and her breadth 83 feet.

The projector of this gigantic undertaking is Mr. Scott Russell, and to him belongs the responsibility of her merits or defects as a piece of naval architecture. Long before the building of monster ships was thought of, Mr. Scott Russell had done the state good service in improving its style of building passage vessels. Knowing that faulty construction was one of the greatest impediments to speed, Mr. Scott Russell, as far back as twenty years ago, suggested the plan, and built ships on the principle, now known as the "wave line"—i.e., tapering in front so as to cut a passage for the body and stern of the vessel with the least possible amount of resistance from the waves. The principle has been since carried out to the fullest extent both in England and in America. The "clipper" built sailing ships are constructed on the same model. We learn from Mr. Scott Russell that at the present time there are two ships running between Newhaven and Dieppe which are identical in shape with the Leviathan. They were built by Mr. Russell, and are found to answer exceedingly well, having run at the rate of nineteen miles an hour.

Mr. John Scott Russell was born in the vale of Clyde, in 1808. He studied at the University of St. Andrews, and graduated with honours at the early age of sixteen. His father was wealthy, and encouraged him to pursue his studies in mechanics, physics, and the higher branches of mathematics. In these studies he attained considerable proficiency, and made such advances, that when Sir John Leslie, the distinguished philosopher, left the professorship of natural philosophy vacant by his lamented and unexpected death in 1832, the young student, Scott Russell, was selected to fill his place. He was found to be singularly efficient for the post; he delivered a

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



WILLIAM SCOTT RUSSELL, F.R.S. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

course of lectures on natural philosophy with entire success, and to the surprise of the students, who, being mostly older than the lecturer, scarcely expected to find a mind so richly stored. In the meantime Mr. Scott Russell was studying the practical duties of an engineer, and worked for a considerable time in one of the largest engineering firms in Scotland; from thence he came to London, and settled down as a ship-builder; this was in 1844. As a man of science he began to investigate the laws by which water opposes resistance to the motion of ships and floating bodies. As a result he established the existence of the "wave of translation," and so far improved the form of ships that they possess the quality of the least possible resistance. These im-

portant improvements were brought before the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1837, and gained for Mr. Russell the distinction of the large gold medal. He was also elected Fellow of the Society, and voted to a seat in the council. A still greater distinction, however, awaited him from the practical introduction and marked success of the new system of construction. Ten miles an hour, the ordinary rate of speed across the ocean, at once advanced to sixteen or seventeen; and, in later days, the application of the principle to sailing vessels, under the name of "clipper," has been attended with such success, that on long journeys, where steamers have to diverge for coaling, the sail has sufficed to propel the vessel as quick and even quicker than steam. In 1847 Mr.

Scott Russell obtained the higher distinction of being elected F.R.S. of London; he was also elected member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and member of the Society of Arts.

Mr. Scott Russell was actively employed in the Great Exhibition of 1851, having taken a principal part in planning and organizing that undertaking. Like every well-educated man, he is exceedingly modest, and kind and affable to all men. As a lecturer he is not without merit. He speaks clearly and to the purpose, evidently understanding how to touch upon the salient points of his subject, and to convey his meaning without appearing verbose or tedious.

Our portrait is from an admirable photograph, recently taken by Mr. Mayall, of Regent-street.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF RHODES, IN 1480.

THE SIEGE OF RHODES IN 1480.

THERE is much that is attractive to the traveller and to the scholar in the Mediterranean Sea. Its coasts and its islands are famous in the annals of the past. The language of Dr. Johnson does not exaggerate the interest of this remarkable locality, for on "those shores were the four great empires of the world, the Assyrian, the Carthaginian, the Grecian, and the Roman; all our religion, almost all our laws, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, have come to us from the Mediterranean."

The islands of the Mediterranean are as interesting as its shores. Of these islands that of Rhodes is one

of the most famous. It lies off the south-west coast of Asia Minor, and is about five-and-forty miles in length, and eighteen in breadth. Its population is estimated at about 25,000, of whom a large number are Greeks, but in its present condition, even in this respect, it bears no comparison to its former state. The opulence and renown of the island are things of the past, and its once famous fertility is not now to be seen. More than two thousand years ago it was described as—

"A region fragrant with fertile seed
Of plants, and herbs, and fruits and foodful grain;
Each verdant hill unnumbered flocks doth feed,
Unnumbered men possess each flowery vale."

But its agriculture is now in a most depressed condition. Tyranny and intolerance have disheartened the producers; much of the soil lies waste, and its cornfields and vineyards yield nothing to satisfy Olympus, and little for even ordinary men. The climate, however, is still very fine. Oppression cannot change that; and every wind is laden with aromatic fragrance. The genial warmth prevails throughout most of the year, and "hardly a day passes," so the people say, "in which the sun is not visible."

For the political and social sunshine of Rhodes, however, we must look into the past; and there we find that at a very early period it was distinguished alike for its wealth and its wisdom. There the arts and

sciences, literature and laws, made rapid advances, and the names of its military and naval heroes figure conspicuously in the old world's catalogue of worthies. At the siege of Troy there was a Prince of Rhodes playing an active part; though the Rhodians were for a short time subdued by Mausolus, they soon asserted their freedom and drove away their invaders; with all his strength and strategy, his soldiers and his science, Demetrius could make no impression on the brave islanders; and Mithridates was equally unsuccessful in an attempt on their liberty. Deservedly, then, were these Rhodians ranked amongst the steadiest and most powerful allies of the Roman Empire.

The city of Rhodes was founded during the Peloponnesian war, and was remarkable for its symmetry and magnificence. Strabo gave it the preference over both Rome and Alexandria. It is "so much superior," says he, "to other cities, as to admit of no comparison." Its temples were splendid specimens of architecture, and contained the most beautiful statuary. To this Pindar alludes:—

"Thence in all arts the sons of Rhodes excel,
Though best their forming hands the chisel guide;
Then in each street the breathing marbles tell
The stranger's wonder and the city's pride.

The most celebrated of these productions was the work of Chares of Lindus, and is known as the Colossus of Rhodes. It was a magnificent brazen statue, erected in honour of Apollo, the tutelary deity of the island, and measured more than 100 feet in height. The expense of the Colossus was defrayed by the sums received by the Rhodians for the engines used by Demetrius in the siege, and which he gave up to them. Blaise de Vigenère states that the Colossus stood with a foot on each side the entrance to the harbour, and that the largest vessels under full sail passed between its legs. Rollin has adopted the story, and re-stated it in his *Ancient History*. But considerable doubt has been thrown upon it, as there is not a shadow of authority for it in any ancient writer. However, the Colossus was counted amongst the wonders of the world. It was set up B.C. 278, and thrown down by an earthquake about fifty years afterwards. It lay where it fell for nearly 800 years. When the Saracens seized on the island, they broke up the statue, and sold the brass (720,900 pounds weight) to a Jew of Alexandria, who, according to Dufresnoy, loaded nine hundred camels with the burden.

This allusion to the Saracens brings us to the more immediate subject of our sketch. About the year 667, when Mohammedanism was making rapid advances, and the Crescent was triumphing on many a blood-stained field, the Saracens came down on Rhodes and seized it for themselves. It was subsequently recovered by the Eastern Emperors, and by them presented to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. The ruins of the island, and especially of the city, indicate the engineering skill of those old Christian soldiers. If nothing else was known of the island, the remains of its fortifications would lead us to the conclusion that they were the work of the same master-hand that had constructed those of Malta.

When the Eastern Empire ceased to exist, Byzantium fell a prey to the infidels. Mahomet II., one of those men who are born for conquest, sat on the throne of Constantine, and his reign was marked by a succession of brilliant victories. It is said, but without much foundation, that he was the child of a Christian mother, and that he had received a virtuous education; but however this may be, there are few men whose lives exhibit so much that was contradictory, so many elements antagonistic to one another. History—notwithstanding his crimes—cannot withhold the title of *Great* from Mahomet II. Art and literature flourished under his rule. Even Christendom preserved his memory, by introducing new prayers specially directed against him, prayers which are still maintained in the Catholic liturgy. An annual feast was introduced into the calendar, in commemoration of a victory obtained over this redoubtable Turk. A crusade was formed against him, such as had never before been seen, in which the Pope and the College of Cardinals took part. The Emperor Frederick IV. instituted a new order of knighthood, binding the chevaliers specially to fight against this namesake of the Prophet. Popes, emperors, kings, priests, soldiers, and civilians, all joined against him; they waived private differences, forgot private wrongs, buried private animosities, and made common cause against the Eastern warrior. But of all who prayed or fought to defeat his designs and overthrow his power, none equalled the knights of St. John of Jerusalem. His hatred for them, and their hatred of him, was never surpassed. In all his battles, victories, or defeats, the standard of the cross argent on the field gules, fluttered in the foremost ranks of his opponents. In

his insatiable thirst for revenge, he resolved to exterminate these brave knights. All who fell into his hands, he mercilessly put to death, and with the intention of sweeping the whole chapter at once into the sea, he laid siege to Rhodes.

The enterprise of Mahomet II., in 1480, against Rhodes, and the intrepidity manifested by its defenders, is one of the most brilliant episodes in the history of that age. Much has been written about it by foreign authors, and in the Imperial Library, at Paris, several interesting manuscripts, literary and pictorial, contain much valuable matter with respect to the siege not generally known. Availing ourselves of these materials, we propose to lay before our readers, two or three illustrated articles on the siege of Rhodes—a siege which exhibited, more than any similar event, the heroic valour of the knights of old.

LATSON.

BY

FELIX STOWE.

CHAPTER XL.

ADVERTISES AN INVESTMENT.

CLAUDE BLANCE knew better than to go back at once to his lodgings with the few shillings he brought away, the gift of the Magdalens in the court.

They would not have paid a fiftieth part of his debt, and would have only quickened the appetite of his hungry landlord for the impossible balance.

At least, this was Claude's reflection.

He was very likely wrong; for one of the commonest and most fatal errors of poverty, especially of criminal or extravagant poverty, is to pay nothing, because you cannot pay all.

However, Claude's plan was to turn away from the chief thoroughfares, and swallow a cup of coffee and eat a slice of bread-and-butter at one of those open-air extempore breakfast-tables, where, depend on it, you often get better served than in many a prouder establishment under cover; and then he thought he would try, by the old means, to make the little that remained sufficiently more to be able to go to what he called his home.

To do this, you must understand, it was necessary to try a certain graduated scale of luck.

He began with a certain miserable hole in Mile-end, where the proprietor's ambition condescended to notice even shillings and sixpences. This was a place where you could sit down with your humble pot of half-and-half, and always be sure of a game with "mine host" himself, a game of "beggar my neighbour" or "cribbage;" and, if the landlord preferred winning, you always lost.

On this occasion, however, it was otherwise.

"Why, bless my soul," said the lord of "The White Weasel," as Claude went in, "if here ain't my dear friend, the Daisy, come back to life! Well, old boy, glad to see yer!"

And the greasy old villain shook by the hand, by the bare, ungloved hand, the son of the late Honourable Hugh, late Justice of the Peace for the county of Wilts.

"And how did yer leave Abr'am and Isaac, and the rest of 'em, guv'nor? For ye've been buried among 'em a precious while—eh? I began a-thinkin' we'd ver'y likely done summut to rile yer without knowin' on it—I'm sure without knowin' on it. How are yer, eh?"

"Stow it!" said Claude, in no cue for jokes.

For he was about, he thought, to throw away another of his "last chances," of which he had thrown away so many already.

He was used to the familiarity of the mis-shapen old wretch, but it was ill-timed just then.

"Bless us!" muttered the landlord, as he slouched away to get his visitor the customary potion. "Dry to-day, werry dry, I'm afeard—two ways! Vite or black, Daisy, eh?" he added, aloud.

"Both! you old fool; and touch it with the mountain dew, if that won't quite burn a hole in one's gullet. It did last time."

And the man turned round, as if to see the aperture in his guest's throat, and laughing a hideous laugh, toddled for the gin and beer.

The cards were, of course, marked as usual, and so that even Claude, who was no innocent, could very easily have been done.

But this was not at present the policy of his antagonist.

The losses had lately been too much on one side; and to this the absence of "The Daisy" was attributed.

So, when they got up, after two or three hours'

play, Claude was a couple of sovereigns richer than when they began.

"Goin'!" said his friend; "now that's what I call clearin' of a covey jolly well out. Where my sweet wife (as ought to be) is likely to get the 'ousekeepin' for to-day and to-morrow, bless'd if I can tell yer. Hows'ever, hows'ever, 'tis your turn—so 'tis. I'll forgive ye, Daisy. One more drop?"

"Not a half o' one," said Claude.

Standing opposite a very polygonal piece of looking-glass that stood on the mantelpiece, and tilted against the wall, Claude untied his cravat and took off his shirt-collar.

"Whew! whew!" whistled his companion, "what on earth's the matter with the man, barin' of his neck in that ghastly way. 'Ave a razor, dear?"

But Claude gave the little wretch one quick jerk of his elbow, and sent him staggering against the wall; bidding him, at the same time, to go where he had often, and with some justice, been told to go before.

Claude turned his collar inside outside, re-folded his cravat, and brushed up his breast-pin; buttoned his double-breasted waistcoat over a very dingy linen front, and tucking up his wristbands out of sight, drew out a pair of gloves, which he thought he had lost, but which certain hands (though neither you nor I, good reader, would have thought it, perhaps) had carefully doubled up and put in that pocket, by dead of night.

"I'm going now," said Claude, "to see gentlemen."

And the old man swore, and asked whether his gentlemen would lose their money to him, as he had been fool enough to do?

"Yes," Claude said, "if they had the same infernal reason for losing that some folks have."

And in another minute he was gone.

CHAPTER XLI.

PLAY.

How strange it is, reader, to watch the pendulum of benevolence in different epochs of English, and especially of London life.

Pull it up to the left-hand side, further than it ought to go, in the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts; let the vices and the miseries of the poor be left to take their chances and murder their victims, while nobles, and clergy, and law-makers care for none but themselves. And then, up will spring the pendulum, in these happier times, to the right side, and we hear of little but the reform, the instruction, the conversion, of the "working-classes."

Mark, we say, the right side—right in the best sense. For if we needed to have monopoly of Benevolence for any class, let us have it for the larger ones.

But need we this monopoly?

And may not this be the very day, good reader, in which—without taking a jot less about the vices of the poor, or the ungodliness of the poor—we might reasonably think oftener on the vices of their (you'll call them) *bettors*?

It is not always Malice—it may be Philanthropy, a gentle sister—who asks to pull out your mote, when in her own eye there is a beam.

But the law applies to Philanthropy as thoroughly as to Malice—

"Pull out the mote out of thine eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the beam out of thy brother's eye."

Ten probabilities against one, it was none of the "working-class" which gave poor Su and Pol, on the very last night in our story, that slouching walk in London streets, and so poor a hospital into which to carry Claude Blance Latson.

(Though we are not quite sure they would have done it, had they themselves never drunk the out-cast's bitter cup!)

No, and if *working-classes* have their Mile-end, we have heard of Respectable *Hells*, farther, much farther west.

What then?

Do less for the working-classes? God forbid! Do it more humbly, and less like a patron: less as the beadle gives the loaf, in the country parish church, from the parson's hands into Mother Dripping's.

And, above all, get some reformatories for richer men. Call them what you like, but get them!

'This has been suggested to me, by the walk which poor Latson took, when he left "The White Weasel."

It was not a Regent-street, or a Pall-mall house, that he next entered; certainly not. He must have climbed a longer ladder, and changed his collar altogether, to have got into one of those houses on the same errand.

No! but it was the next stage in order—he knew the order well; it was a house in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square.

He was met in the passage by an inner door—a very stout and strong one—what cared he for its strength?

"*Rat-tat!*" a pause, then, "*rat-tat-tat!*" and so on, to as many *tats* as he could, till the door opened.

That was the orthodox signal. But the door was held only ajar, till the porter saw Claude's face.

Then, he just slipped himself in, and several strong bars kept him in.

Latson had no sooner entered the outer gaming-room, where a billiard table was the only, or at least the only questionable article of furniture, when there strode up to him a man of about his own height, but apparently a little older, and merely prefacing his act with the words which, as he never expected to see them on a page like this, we will not repeat, plunged his fist into Claude's face, and felled him to the floor.

You could have guessed that you were in a room, to which signals and passwords were required to admit you, from observing the way in which some five-and-twenty men, who were present, witnessed this outrage.

"Up again, Daithy!" said a little shrill voice with a lisp, that came from an equally insignificant little man, who had the cue in his hand, and just turned his head before trying the cannon, and saw what happened.

"I say, Swillman," observed another, quite under his breath, as if afraid of being heard, "do you know we've got nerves, my dear fellow? I dare say it's all right, you know; but really, 'pon honour, you've turned this punch, on my stomach, to butter—absolute butter—my dear fellow."

"Bravo! That's him! Score it! Score it!" cried half the voices at once. "That's magnificent—as a finish!"

And the money jingled on the table, as a new victory was won; while poor Claude was picking himself up.

"And pray, sir," he said to Swillman, who seemed inclined to repeat the experiment, as Claude sank on a sofa, "what do you mean by that?"

"I mean, sir, that the next time you've anything to say against a lady, you'll avoid anybody who happens to be a particular friend of mine."

"Lady?" cried Latson. "Who have I spoken about, you scoundrel, that belongs to you?"

"Scoundrel!" shouted the other.

And Swillman fell upon his adversary as he crouched down on the sofa; and, unless the little squeaky gentleman, with half-a-dozen others, had persuaded him to take it coolly, and "fight fair," there would have been, either an inquest, or a secret funeral, in that house, a few hours after.

Claude had not the faintest recollection of any circumstance to which the words of Swillman could possibly refer: but these two had done nothing but quarrel since first they met in those estimable halls.

The only explanation he could afterwards give to himself was, that as he remembered to have left the house rather obfuscated with punch and other excitants, when last at play, he must have unconsciously committed the offence of which Swillman had thus kept the penalty in reserve.

This was the more likely, as Claude was one of those who are often drunk, when, to all appearances, they are still in their senses.

"Confound ye!" said one gentleman, to Swillman, "don't stamp out the Daisy till he's paid ye the money. Don't he owe ye a trifle, Swillman?"

"Owe me? Of course he does,—a thief!" cried the other.

"Owe ye? What do I owe ye?" murmured Latson, fetching breath, as well as he could.

"Aha! ye've forgotten that too, have ye?" Swillman said, appealing for applause to all the bystanders; who, having finished their game, were enjoying the fracas.

"I'll trouble you, Mr. Latson, for that fifty pounds at your earliest convenience," said his enemy, with a low bow.

"Did I lose fifty pounds to him, Solomon?" said the poor fellow, to one of them who stood apart, and who had been rather quieter in view of the assault.

"Undoubtedly," said Solomon; "there's no question about that fact, my dear Latson."

"Then he shall be paid," said Claude; "and he only has to thank his parents for a little more muscle than I've got, or he should be paid another debt, too."

And Claude, sick with pain and mortification, was turning to leave the room.

"Stop, sir!" shouted Swillman. "Where and when shall I be paid? Mention, sir, time and place, if it so please you, before all these gentlemen, before you say good night."

"Will you take a bill, payable at three months?"

"Signed by Aldgate Pump, I suppose? Who signs it?"

And Claude mentioned a name that seemed to satisfy his creditor; and, fixing the next night, and that same room, he was allowed, poor wretch, to take himself and his two sovereigns past the strong and the stout door.

CHAPTER XLII.

CHANGES TO EARNEST.

On the next night, when Claude entered the billiard-room at an early hour, the time fixed, no one was there.

But, early as it was, it would have been evident to any, even a cursory, observer, how at least a part of his two sovereigns had been laid out.

He flung himself on the sofa, and was soon in a snoring sleep, dreaming, perhaps (who knows?), that he is reading "*Pilgrim's Progress*," away in Wiltshire, with Mrs. Glyde, and that the two girls in Court, dressed in white, are Prudence and Charity, at the gate of the House Beautiful!

When Latson awoke, he started up at observing that Swillman was lounging on an opposite sofa.

He could scarcely suppose that any consideration for him, or any regard to good manners, had induced such a man to let him sleep on there, instead of keeping his appointment.

But he gave himself no time for reflections or questions, and strode across the room; and, with a stiff bow, apologised for having kept him waiting; and then opened his pocket-book, and taking from it the bill for fifty pounds, rather threw it than laid it on the table; and, having got his acknowledgment, recrossed to his place, intending to wait for the trial of "luck" which he had missed the night before.

That night Claude was considerably the winner,—and the next night, and the next.

For by this time, and indeed long since, he had become quite as able, and quite as willing to fleece new-comers as any one there who had the chance. He, like the rest, lost with the greater, and won with the lesser, scoundrels than himself.

It was on the third night after the discharge of his debt, when Claude was in high glee at his success, at the cost of a "new hand" whom he was rapidly emptying, that Swillman dashed, in hot haste, into the room, and set the whole company agog by his impetuosity and high excitement.

Pushing every one else away that intercepted, and seeing Claude at the upper end of the apartment, he rushed up to him with the bill in his hand, and holding it so as nearly to touch his face, shouted out—

"So, I've not done with you yet, eh? Suppose I hadn't found you, where would my fifty pounds have been, you double-dyed villain! Isn't it enough, eh, that you must blackguard my friends—ladies that would make slaves of your sisters—but you must put me off, here, with a forged acceptance?"

"The first name wasn't good for much,—but if it was, it died spark out yesterday; and the second is a forgery!"

And the room's company all gathered round the pair of gamblers, some whistling, or laughing, but most of them much graver, as if concerned for the honour of the establishment.

Latson grew first pale, then livid, as he said, almost with a shriek—

"Forgery!—forgery! You lie!—you know you lie! There is no second name!"

And he snatched the bill out of Swillman's fingers. But, quick as lightning, Swillman had it back again, and began to show it to two or three of the more experienced bystanders.

Sure enough, two names were endorsed, and the second was the name of Claude's uncle by marriage, "Ernest Montgomery."

Latson stood like a statue at this exposure, before all the company.

"Well, sir," he stammered out, "I deny, I utterly deny!" and then, as if a sudden thought occurred to him, he added, "Well, sir, and what right have you to pronounce the signature a forgery?"

But he trembled from head to foot.

"Who proves, sir, that Mr. Montgomery did not sign the bill?"

Swillman's look of triumph told him in an instant that he had ruined himself by this change of language.

But in the fearful embarrassment of the moment, and thinking that Swillman was not likely to have consulted his uncle at Sharstone since the bill was given, he stumbled (what had men do not stumble, in an emergency?) on the most fatal and foolish of falsehoods.

"Mr. Montgomery," said Swillman, with a fiendish smile, and a quiet, cool deliberation, that maddened

Claude, "may perhaps be allowed an opinion on his own handwriting."

And poor Latson sank down on the nearest seat, the cold sweat bursting from every pore of his forehead, so that his handsome locks dripped again.

"Plenty of time, sir," said Swillman, with a horrid grin, "only your footmen have arrived, and are in the street, at your service."

It was a sad, sad sight, to see the look which Claude gave to his enemy—far more sad than if it had been a look of fury or of malice.

The look was that of one who has foreseen his doom for many a long and weary day, and many a longer and more weary night, and now sees that it has come at last.

He moved, staggering towards the door, Swillman following, and looking back with a leer to say "*Tat-tat!*" to the more cautious villains who remained.

Just before reaching the door, Latson stopped short, and, turning convulsively round, lifted his right arm, and with a fearful oath, declared that his uncle had signed the bill, that he had met him in town that very day before it was given to Swillman, and that—

He said much more,—it is sickening to write it—he seemed to be going mad. He would never have said it, or a syllable of it, if long suffering and crime had not made him, in mind as in body, a wretched invalid.

Two or three days after, Claude was committed for trial, on a charge of forgery.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THORNS AMONG ROSES.

Two days before the arrest of Latson at the gambling-house in Leicester-square, there was mourning and lamentation in the old rectory at Sharstone.

The family were all seated round the father's library table, and he was playing with the younger children one of their favourite games.

A gentleman was announced as waiting to see Mr. Montgomery in the dining-room.

"I have taken the liberty," said the stranger, "of coming down, in some haste, from London, to ask a question of you about a little matter of business, though I'm exceedingly sorry to disturb you at so late an hour of the day."

Mr. Montgomery bowed.

"I have had lately a little transaction with a gentleman in town, who has given me a bill bearing your name, and from circumstances that have come to my knowledge, I thought I should be more satisfied if I succeeded in getting a personal interview with the acceptor."

Mr. Montgomery looked almost as pale as his miserable nephew had done, for he caught at the fact, with a horrible facility.

Strange, that the miseries of the evil and the good, should, though so different, often equal one another!

The more shame to the evil, who do the horrid work.

"I never accepted a bill for any man in my life, sir," said the rector, with perfect calmness and determination, but with deep secret anguish.

Mr. Swillman produced the document.

"The writing is not mine, sir, and when you learn that the drawer of this bill is the son of my wife's sister, you will understand how much it costs me to make the announcement to you."

"I almost feared as much, sir," replied the visitor. "Then I fear we shall have to request your presence in London. You will no doubt agree with me, that—"

"Is there no way of avoiding that?" said the rector, covering his face with his hand and beginning to walk the room. "I would willingly pay this money, sir, to avoid that—willingly."

"My dear sir, the transaction between us is already known to several parties; compounding, in such a case, is a dangerous game. Besides which, I think I ought to tell you, that your nephew's manner of living has long been such as that some severe lesson, like this, may be his only salvation."

Montgomery sighed deeply, and paced still up and down.

Before they parted they agreed to travel together the next day.

There was a sad scene when Ernest returned to the library.

He kept no secrets from Maude. Happy the husband who does likewise: prodigates make, and suicides are made by, secrets from wives.

But the poor children could make nothing of their mother's tears. All that she said was, that cousin Claude was in trouble, and that papa was going to London to see him.

Some people, as Archdeacon Hare says, seem to be

born into the world merely for the sake of other people. The archdeacon instances the case of infants who are born to be loved for a few hours and then die, as a discipline to their parents.

He might have added, the case of wicked relations. We must conclude that it was not good, for the happy Sharstone family, to become too happy. So one end, at least, of Claude's existence was to teach them the old, old lesson, that this is "not our rest, because it is polluted."

Maude had had many a broken night through the crimes of the father, and now she was not allowed to settle down into perfect bliss with husband and children. The son brought his tribute of thorns to the village rose-tree.

Montgomery went up, and, without more than a glance at Claude as he stood before the magistrates, disowned the signature, and saw his nephew led off to Newgate, committed on Swillman's testimony and his own.

CHAPTER XLIV.

SHOWS THAT BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER.

"LATSON! Latson! What's this?" said Hugh Church, as he hurried over the police-report in the morning paper the day after Claude's committal. "Forgery! committed for trial! Latson! It isn't a common name."

Hugh's practice lay in a very different direction from the pleas of the crown. Neither his partner nor himself had ever had anything to do with criminal law.

This is a strange feature in the practice of the law, but a universal one. Hundreds of the country's best lawyers, thousands, would rather have been concerned all their lives in the settlement of conveyances, where a few yards of dirt were all the matter in dispute, than be suspected of once interfering with the conviction or acquittal of a fellow-creature on trial for his life.

Nothing we can say, probably, will make any difference. Criminal law is voted the lowest kind of law, "and there's an end."

But it has always appeared to us anomalous, and also sad, that the world should not consider it respectable in its lawyers to meddle with the liberty for life, or with the life itself, of any of its fellows.

Argue the right of A. B. to a backyard, ten feet square, and get it for him,—you are not only a successful, but a highly respectable man.

Plead, more than once in forty years, for the life of C. D., a woman on her trial for murder, and you are—what? Well, a mere Old Bailey lawyer.

We can't help it—there it is. We take leave to think it rotten, a rotten fiction of legal etiquette.

For, if the greatness of the stake—Well, but why argue it? There it is,—and, as we observed, there it will remain.

However, Hugh's blood was stirred within him for the moment.

What do we mean? Are you sure that it was merely the accident of the name?

We are not. In a former chapter we have said something about the sympathy—we dare not call it the magnetic sympathy—of kindred.

We cannot pursue it; it will come out another day. Be it as it will, the word "Latson" determined Hugh. In another hour he was closeted with Claude.

"I have to apologise," said Mr. Church, as he entered Claude's cell, "for the liberty I've taken in asking for an interview."

"Not at all," said the other. "I'm quite aware of the liberty I take; but the truth is, that I once had a friend of your name—it is not a common name,—and I've come to ask whether I can be of any service to you in what I'm sure is a very anxious crisis for you?"

"What are you?" said Latson, looking down on the ground. "I'm a barrister," Hugh answered; "in a somewhat different line of practice from that which you, I suppose, require; but, if you have not yet engaged counsel, and will waive all ceremony, it will be a great gratification to me to hear anything you have to say on this unhappy affair, and—"

"What is your name?" asked Claude. "You'll not know my name: it is Church—Mr. Church, of the Middle Temple. But, if you'll excuse my stating my reasons—I have reasons—for offering, free of any cost to you, to enter into this matter, I shall be glad."

"You're very good," said Latson; "but I don't see that you or any one else can be of any great use to me. I've been, for some time past, scarcely myself; and there's the name—there's the name of my uncle to this bill; I can't deny that—I can't deny that; and

I must have put it there at some time when I didn't know what I was doing, Mr. Church, I suppose; but, before God, if forgery were still a hanging business, I've no recollection of it—not any more than a babe unborn."

And so they talked the matter over. Claude could not have humbled himself more before any living being than he did during the conversation.

He said that for a long time his brain had been in such a state, that he hardly knew what he did; and that it was quite possible that, in an evil moment, he had put his uncle's name, as an additional guarantee, to the bill.

They continued together for some time. And Hugh left the prison unable to conceal from himself that the case were an ugly look, but under a deep conviction that he was bound to do his best, and with a firm resolution that he would.

When those two men shook hands at the cell-door, did the father of both, watch them as they parted?

Did he see the foundling stride out, free as air, and the pet of his house, remaining a prisoner, cower down upon his hard bedside, and wring his hands, cursing the day wherein he was born?

Were the two mothers by?

The coffin in the vault, on the stone shelf; and the other coffin in the poor country churchyard grave against the gravel walk,—there they both were.

But Ethel may have seen the only joy she had ever known since her marriage, overshadowed by a common goal!

And Joyce may have seen the lad she laid under the bush, still cared for by the angel!

Who knows?

(To be continued.)

Chemical Experiments.

To dissolve a flint into a colourless fluid.—An unchemical observer, looking upon a flint pebble, would be apt to regard it as the very type of permanent hardness; nevertheless, that very flint pebble was probably held in solution once; and, following the directions I am about to give, the reader shall convert it, or at any rate a portion of it, into solution again.

In describing these chemical experiments for the amusement of general readers, I have chosen to assume that only the very simplest apparatus, or none at all, is available. I suppose it would be useless for me to talk about a crucible of silver or of platinum, or even of earthenware; but if I am content to put up with the services of an *iron spoon*, probably the reader of this will not have to seek long for the means wherewith to prosecute the experiment.

Take a piece of flint (a gun-flint will, perhaps, be the most convenient); powder the flint minutely—which can be most readily effected by heating it to redness in the fire, and quenching it, whilst red-hot, in a basin of water. By the above-mentioned treatment the flint will be cracked in hundreds of mingled lines, and may be reduced to powder with ease, in almost any sort of mortar except one of glass.

Rub up along with the flint thus powdered, about twice its own weight of pearlsh, and four times its own weight of carbonate of soda, such as is used for soda powders; common washing soda that has been melted and dried will answer even better.

The flinty powder and compound alkaline materials having been well incorporated, the next point to be accomplished is to heat the mixture to redness for ten minutes or so, in a strong fire. An iron spoon will serve that purpose pretty well, but a deeper vessel of iron would answer even better; and a crucible of platinum, if the operator possesses such, would answer better still; though, in the latter case, one would do wrong to place such a valuable thing as a platinum crucible amidst the coals of an ordinary fire.

Whatever the crucible, or the substitute for a crucible employed may be, the object is to cause the flinty and alkaline materials to enter into fusion by the application of strong heat. The more completely fusion has been accomplished, the more complete will be the finality of our experiment. With the rough apparatus which is the only one I suppose the operator to possess, the union of flinty and alkaline material will scarcely be perfect; still the result will be sufficiently near perfection to show what could be done in a similar way under more favourable auspices.

As soon as the fused mass has grown cold, and can be handled, get it out of the spoon or other vessel by hammering, and project it into water; or immersing the vessel and its contents in water, allow the contents to dissolve out. If the heating part of the operation have been well-conducted, the fused com-

pound of potash, soda, and flint will dissolve in the water, forming a colourless and transparent liquid, proving that the idea of flint soup is not so wide of the mark as many people think. The colourless solution before us is highly charged with flint stone in solution; and if an acid—say spirit of salt, or even vinegar—be projected into the solution, the flint will be thrown down in a state resembling jelly, whilst it is yet moist. If this flint jelly be dried and heated, it changes to powdered flint, really an impalpable powder, but which nevertheless feels harsh and gritty to the touch.

The fused preparation of potash, soda, and powdered flint which we have just assumed to be made, is really a *soluble glass*. Ordinary glass is usually considered to be insoluble in water, which, however, it is not, though the amount of solubility of it is very trifling indeed. If, however, common glass be fused with a large excess of alkali, or if (what amounts to the same thing) glass be made by fusing together powdered flint, and a large excess of alkali at first, the variety of glass produced is soluble in water with facility. A watery solution of this sort of glass has been recommended to be substituted for starch, in rendering linen incombustible, and I believe in the property department of some theatres it is extensively employed to that end.

To change a piece of flint into an invisible gas, and obtain the flint out of the gas.—Whoever has been surprised at the facility wherewith a piece of flint can be dissolved into a colourless transparent liquid, will probably be more surprised at the transmutation about to be described; the conversion, namely, of a flint stone into a colourless transparent gas.

Procure a Florence oil flask; clean it and dry it. Next fit accurately to the neck of the flask a cork by cutting and filing; bore a hole accurately through the cork and fit into the hole the extremity of about a two-foot piece of leaden gas-pipe. Support the Florence flask by the best expedient your ingenuity can devise, so that it may be adapted when all is ready to be acted on by the flame of a spirit lamp underneath; then bend the other extremity of the metal gas-tube downward in such wise that it shall dip quite to the bottom of a conical wine glass. Note well, the cork must fit the neck of the Florence flask air tight, and the fitting must be accomplished without much screwing, which would infallibly break glass so fragile as that of which a Florence flask is made. Note also that the extremity of gas-pipe must fit accurately into the cork; all, in short, must be air-tight, and satisfy yourself that all is air-tight before proceeding to execute the following instructions.

Grinding together in a mortar two parts by weight of powdered flints, and one part by weight of powdered fluor-spar, pour some of the mixture into a Florence flask; then add of strong oil of vitriol enough to convert the whole (by sufficient agitation) into a thin paste, and before applying heat, assure yourself that perfect mixture has been effected between the compound powder and the oil of vitriol; otherwise, on applying the flame of a spirit-lamp, the Florence flask will probably break. Matters being as described, replace the cork, support the flask in any convenient way, apply the flame of a spirit-lamp, dipping the further extremity of the gas-pipe quite down to the bottom of the wineglass.

A colourless gas, holding much flint in its composition, will come over. It is naturally quite invisible, but, meeting with moisture in the atmosphere, it generates a sort of smoke. If the stream of gas be now made to come into contact with water, flint is deposited in a most curious manner; but were you to plunge the extremity of the delivery-tube immediately into water, the latter would rush back into the flask, and there would follow a serious accident. The device to be adopted is as follows:—Pour a little quicksilver into the wineglass, until it bathes the extremity of the gas delivery-pipe, so that all the gas evolved must needs pass through a layer of mercury before coming into contact with the water.

This done, fill the wineglass with water, and, by heating the flask, cause the gas to pass over. As soon as it touches the water, flint will be deposited in an extraordinary manner, proving that truly, and without any play upon words, we have succeeded in changing flint into invisible gas, and getting solid flint once more out of the gas.

CONSOLATION.

There's not a heath, however rude,
But hath some little flower,
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.
There's not a heart, however cast
By grief or sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call its own.



PERGOLESI SURROUNDED BY HIS YOUTHFUL ADMIRERS.

GIOVANNI PERGOLESI, THE MUSICIAN.

The scene is in Naples, on a hot summer afternoon in the year 1716. The bay lies bathed in sunlight, and the water, scarce rippled by the breeze that has just sprung up, looks like a sheet of molten silver. Even the Italians keep the shady side of the streets, in the hot, dusty, glaring town; and the Lazzarone, stretched out in glorious idleness on church steps, and under porticos, seem to have an equal sense of enjoyment in the afternoon breeze, with the gaunt, half-starved, insect-bitten dogs that lie lazily winking their bleared eyes in the sunlight. The city, however, is awaking from the lassitude of its mid-day siesta; the hum of traffic, and the sound of human tongues, talking, arguing, and scolding, in the sweet Italian language, that falls so melodiously on the ear, gradually swell into a chorus. The clocks, one after another, strike the hour of four, and a shout of youthful voices rises joyously from a tall building in one of the narrow streets of the city, as the little pupils of the charity school, aptly called after Him who was at once the divine preacher and example of all charity—"the Conservatory of the Poor of Jesus Christ,"—come trooping from the class-room into the playground.

Fit objects for human and divine compassion are they all, these little students at the College of Indigence. Theirs is not the poverty that results from negligence, intemperance, and vice; they are orphans, every one, taken from the streets and kept in this charitable institution, where they learn to read and write, to cast accounts, and, above all, to sing, and to play on various instruments: for the school is not rich, and its inmates, one and all, will have to battle with the world, and to win a crust of bread by the labour of their own heads and hands.

The heat of the weather seems to have little influence on those boys, except it be to warm them into more active motion, and more boisterous hilarity. In a moment they had dispersed themselves, like a swarm of bees, through the playground, and were engaged at their sports; the quick Italian wit, and the hot blood of the south manifesting themselves in their every movement, and even in the sports they chose. Instead of games of the bat-and-ball and leap-frog class, which an English playground would have exhibited, these boys chose, almost exclusively, such as raised the passions and excited strong emotions. In one corner there were foot-races; in another, keen encounters of stormy wit, not unfrequently seasoned with strong vituperation; while in a more sequestered part of the ground, a group was

furtively engaged in the forbidden game of *moro*, a species of "odd-and-even" possessing peculiar charms for the Neapolitan mind, but almost as objectionable a form of gambling as lansquenet itself.

All the pupils have not, however, burst forth from the bondage of dormitory and school-room. From an open window a strain of delicious melody comes floating downwards on the evening air. It is a simple tune—the evening hymn of the Neapolitan fishermen—played on the violin; but the soul of the musician is evidently in his task, for there is a thrilling beauty in the notes, as now they swell into a loud strain of hope, now sink into a low wail of sorrow. Through all the shouting and uproar in the playground do those strains of music find their way; and gradually one pupil after another breaks off his noisy sport in startled surprise, till a listening group is formed beneath the open window. Still the musician plies his bow; but now the plaintive cadences have given place to a livelier measure, and in sharp, well-defined accents, the unseen player is making his violin give forth an old Italian song.

"Who is it?" is whispered eagerly from one to another, as the group grows larger each moment; and a young voice answers that it is Giovanni Pergolesi.

For a few minutes they stood listening, forgetful of the sports they had so eagerly pursued; and then, with one accord, they glided softly up stairs, and gently opened the door of the general dormitory, or sleeping-room. There, beside one of the large windows, with the sunbeams shining on his fair hair, stood a little boy, not more than twelve years old, with a violin in his hand, from which he was producing the exquisite sounds that had lured his companions from their sports. He was diminutive in stature, even for his age; but in his face was that air of abstraction which, in musicians, is a sure indication of a high order of talent.

Hardly noticing, except by a kind smile, the entrance of his companions, he continued playing, and soon became too much absorbed in his occupation to give any further heed to the listening group. Variation after variation rolled forth from beneath his nimble fingers, some solemn and grand as triumphal marches—others light and airy as the trilling of the lark in spring. At last, with a masterly passage, he concluded, amid enthusiastic plaudits from his audience.

"Bravo, bravo, Giovanni Pergolesi!" they all cried. "Bravo, bravissimo, Giovanni!" repeated a deep voice.

The youthful performer started, as did also his companions. Behind them stood a wiry figure, with

a shrewd but kindly countenance, and an eye that pierced like a needle. It was Signor Matteis, the *maestro*, who gave lessons on the violin to certain among the pupils. He too had been attracted by the playing, and now confronted the blushing performer.

"Excellently played, Giovanni," he continued, "but, *fanciullo mio* (my boy), can you write down what you have been playing, and bring it to me to-morrow?"

"I will do my best, signor," answered the boy, modestly.

"Do so," answered the master, shortly; "I will hear it to-morrow at twelve. Good night." And he turned and left them.

There was no sleep that night for the little musician. Hour after hour he lay awake, and as the bright moonbeams shone into the dormitory, lighting up the faces of his companions as they slept, they fell on his own pale, earnest countenance, while a flood of melody seemed rolling through his brain. At last the morning broke; and when the little Italian scholars opened their merry black eyes, there was Giovanni, poring over the worm-eaten desk, writing as if his very existence depended on his speed.

Twelve o'clock came, and with it the Maestro Matteis. "Well, Giovanni," he said, "where is your work?"

With knitted brows and attentive face, the old professor ran through the composition from beginning to end. As he went on, a strange expression came over his features—a look first of doubt and then of surprise, that ended at last in a bewildered stare. Alarmed at the unusual excitement in his master's face, the blushing composer felt almost inclined to run away; but the master's long bony arm was stretched out, and arrested his motions.

"You come along with me," said Matteis, in his abrupt way. "You come along with me, Giovanni."

The boy trembled—for his master was hurrying him along the corridors, straight towards that region of terror and mystery, the head-master's private room.

Gaetano Greco, principal of the musical orphan school, was one of the most learned composers of his time. Of a severe and sombre aspect, and hard and forbidding manners, he inspired with more awe than affection the quick little scholars, who were always more ready to flee from his room than to approach it.

Matteis advanced boldly and knocked at the door.

"Come in," cried the director's voice from within.

The master obeyed; and entered the room dragging the reluctant pupil after him.

Right into the middle of the room he strode; and, pushing the boy forward, cried in a voice oddly compounded of satisfaction and chagrin—

"Mr. Director, I bring you here a little threadpaper fellow who knows more music than I—yes, he does indeed. I know very well what I'm saying; and more than that, in a few years he will be a greater musician than any of us; but if he is to come out well, you must take him into your private class, where you only admit the very best pupils. Look here," and he brought forth Giovanni's composition.

"He shall come into my class," said the director, kindly, after he had attentively perused the pages of the boy's manuscript. "But, my dear boy," he continued, laying his hand on the shoulder of the delighted child, "you must remember one thing—namely, that genius may command admiration for a time, but that genius and application must go together, if you are to be a great and a useful man."

So said the rough but kind old director; and that the boy remembered the injunction, is proved by the magnificent works achieved during a short life of less than thirty years, by the great Italian composer, Giovanni Battista Pergolesi.

Inventions and Science.

MANUFACTURE OF GUM.—The peculiarities of this invention are, the use of farina, starch, and other amylaceous substances, with one-fifth of their weight of sour milk, buttermilk, or with lactates, lactic acid, and its compounds, in about the same relative proportion. The mixture is afterwards heated in the usual way, so as to convert it into dextrine, which is said to possess a greater power of thickening than that now in use, as well as other valuable properties useful in dyeing and calico printing.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SHIP.—Plans have recently been drawn up of a stupendous "fortress war ship," 480 feet in length, with 300 guns, 640 battle galleries, 3,600 berths, and all the munitions of war in proportion. Its appearance would, no doubt, scare off the most audacious enemy, without the necessity of firing a gun. The ship is further provided with stable accommodation for 300 horses, two lighthouses, three powder towers, two "wrench rudders," made to operate in all directions, and so arranged as to be used in checking the speed of the ship, besides a variety of other appliances. This last is a desirable quality, as the inventor is sanguine that she will be propelled at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. In addition to steam power, the ship will spread not less than 6,000 yards of canvas.

SOAPSTONE GAS-BURNERS.—Gas-burners, usually made of iron or brass, are subjected to some difficulties. The heat of the flame expands the metal and enlarges the opening, causing some waste of gas; and, besides, the metal is liable to corrode by the action of the gas upon it. To obviate these evils, M. Schwarz, of Nuremberg, has lately manufactured gas-burners from soapstone (steatite), which is prepared for this purpose in a peculiar manner. This stone is cut up into small four-sided slabs, put into hermetically-sealed cases, and exposed to a slow fire until it becomes red hot. Great care is exercised in thus roasting the stone, because, if quickly heated, it will rupture by the sudden expansion of small particles of moisture in it. The steatite slabs are exposed to this heat for about two hours, slowly cooled, and are then easily turned to the proper shape in a lathe. After this they are boiled in oil until they acquire a deep brown colour, when they are taken out, dried, and made to assume a beautiful polish by simply rubbing them with a woollen rag. Liebig gives these burners a very high character, and advises all chemists to employ them in their laboratories.

THE REAL INVENTOR OF SPECTACLES.—Although it is generally believed that it was a journeyman of Alkmaer, called Jacob Metz, or Metius, who invented spectacles, the following extract of a letter of President Jeannin to Henry IV. deserves notice:—"The bearer of this, who returns to France, is a soldier of Sedan, who had formerly served Prince Maurice. He has several inventions for new purposes, and knows how to make those spectacles lately made by a lunatic (f) of Middleburg, with which one can see very far. The states of Holland have ordered two for Y.M. from the journeyman who has invented them."

INVENTION TO RENDER STUFFS INCOMBUSTIBLE.—One of the most important of all the discoveries of modern times has just been made in France. It is no less than the invention of a means whereby any stuff or tissue may be rendered absolutely incombustible. The inventor, a M. Catoron, lately requested the Emperor and Empress to visit his ateliers at Neuilly, which they did, and they were witnesses to the ex-

traordinarily curious experiments that were tried in their presence. A kind of white varnish (imperceptible to the eye, it is said) is spread over the surface intended to be preserved from the action of the flame, and the result is declared to be most unquestionably satisfactory. Light gauzy tissues, meant for ladies' dresses, were overspread with the substance I allude to, and the fire had no action whatever on them; camp tents with cotton curtains were also tried, and the same effect obtained. A hut was constructed with a thatched roof, half of which was prepared and half resisted, and the flames died out the moment they reached it.

THE LETTER.

On the long expected letter,
In the dear familiar hand!
Twice a thousand miles it's traversed
O'er the waters and the land.
Bring my rocking-chair and scissors,
Watch the baby, close the door!
Let me have no interruptions,
Till I've read it twice or more!

Now, I warrant me, he wrote it
In a business study brown!
For the "Mrs." looks like "Messrs."
And the stamp is upside down!
Pity he's so careless—giving
All his lines an up-hill turn;
Yet, I think, the sign's a good one—
Let me open it and learn.

"Yours received,"—a fair beginning;
"Health improved,"—good news indeed!
"Quite contented,"—that's but so-so;
"Time flies swiftly,"—ah! I heed!
"Fishing, gunning,"—pooh! I warrant
When he shoots, a man will fail!
"Cuisine charmant,"—pic-nics, ladies,
Exclamation-points and all!

Really, sir, this looks like business
In a somewhat novel line!
In my next, I'll surely tell him
Of that charming trip of mine;
Of the steamer's mirth and music,
Forfeit games, and dancing free,
And the moonlight promenading
Of the "merrie company!"

Ah! what's this? "Were you but with me;"
"Darling children—dolls and drums;"
"Parquet with splendid feathers;"
"What a Babel when he comes!"
"Isle St. Mary,—lovely sunsets,"—
There's a poet lost in him!
"Lonely Sabbaths,—weary absence;"
"Home, sweet home," is blurred and dim.
"Love"—"farewell;"—would it were double.
Choicest blessings crown the man
Who, inspired of good, invented
The epistolary plan!
Bless the ship, the car, the mail-coach,
Bless the hands, wherever they be,
That have brought this little missive
Twice a thousand miles to me!

The Matron.

NO. VII.

"Throw it away" are words constantly in the mouth of a thriftless housekeeper; but we hope to prove that hardly anything should be thrown away: even the ashes of your coal-fires may be turned to good account. In the country they are useful as manure for bushes and young plants; and in town they may effect great saving in fuel, if the following means are used:—Let the ashes be preserved in a corner of your coal-cellar, and add to them from your coal-heap an equal part of your small coal or slack, which is too little to be retained in the grate, and pour a small quantity of water upon the mixture. When you make up your fire, throw this mixture on the back part of it, having placed some fresh coal in front. An excellent fire will be the result, and very little of the mixture will remain unburnt.

Having shown that ashes should form no part of the waste or rubbish-heap, it will be easier still to prove that the following articles should never reach it:—bones, candle-ends, leaves of vegetables, pieces of rag, paper, string, fat, and bits of bread. With such things the sloven's dust-bin is filled, and available property thus moulders away, until the dustman does him the real service of removing goods converted by his ignorance and neglect into *ills*. I must leave him to his fate, and speak to my wiser readers, endeavouring to assist them in keeping to the rule of *throwing nothing away*; but unless they use method and discrimination, there are things they may keep to their cost instead of their profit. Although nothing should be thrown away, superfluities should be given away or sold.

Paper, rags, and string have a real value; but with untidy people they are a fruitful source of confusion. If you are mistress of a house, you must have remarked how paper, &c. &c., accumulates. What I advise is, that you keep a box for paper and a box for rags. Sort the contents of these boxes every week. Having carefully laid aside paper for all household purposes, such as covering books, putting up candles, making spills, &c. &c., lay by the remainder in a closet, and let it receive the overplus every week, until it has attained the weight of two or three pounds, and then sell it for what it will fetch. These rules apply (with little variation) to rags.

This subject leads to the introduction of a valuable piece of advice—*Never allow of the accumulation of what you cannot use.* The maxim is marked in italics on account of its great importance.

Who has not beheld slovens opening their closets or drawers and finding them choked up with rubbish—at least with what was rubbish to them, because it was what they did not wish for? Get rid of what you do not want; sell it, or give it away; but do not let it torment you at every turn. This remark applies to bones, fat, and dripping. If you are wise, not an iota of any of them will find its way to the dust-bin or rubbish-heap. Turn everything to account, but never sell what you can judiciously use in your own kitchen. Good cooks know the value of bones and dripping. The bones of roast-meat from which all the meat has been cut, will still make excellent soup, if broken, and boiled for three or four hours. The liquor should then be strained, to free it from splinters. If thickened with oatmeal, and flavoured according to the directions given for the mutton broth, it will be very fine.

The dripping should be used for the crust of pies and puddings, and for frying fish. Cakes made with it are much relished by children. The following is a good receipt for a plain cake. Order half a quart of bread-dough; keep it warm by the fire, until you knead into it a pound of dripping, half a pound of moist sugar, a pound of raisins, and the chopped-up peeling of two lemons. Send it to your baker: he will bring it home when done.

Now for candle-ends and strings. The first should be kept in a tin candle-box, and used on *save-alls*; for the latter a little bag should be made, and in this it should be wound on various cards, according to its thickness.

As to the leaves of vegetables and potato peelings, all these should find their way to the pig's trough. Here, in London, where pig-sties are forbidden, much vegetable food is wasted. Where vegetables are used for flavouring broth or soup, it is much better not to peel them, but merely to wash them well. Soyer makes use of much of the outer leaves of cabbages and celery—leaves that a cottager's wife would foolishly throw away.

However, the most saving housewife will have vegetable and animal refuse in her kitchen, and this should be removed without "ado." Never tolerate anything that infects the air.

Bread should be used up to the last crumb. It is the most valuable article of food, and it is easy to apply it to its right use. Take yourself or your servant severely to task if you ever find dry pieces of bread in dust-pans, or in holes or corners of kitchens or sculleries. Accustom your children to ask for no more than they want, and never to bite their bread at dinner. Have a clean brick pan for pieces, and for the outside of the loaf—I mean the white dry part. Never let these pieces accumulate. Use them up expeditiously into puddings, stuffing for meat, and *croûtons*, or fried bread, for soup.

I will now give you directions for a nice bread pudding:—Cut your pieces of bread thin, and spread a little butter on each of them; place them in a pie dish as lightly as possible till three parts full; break into a basin one egg, beat it up well and add one tablespoonful of flour and two of brown sugar; mix all together, and add to it, by degrees, a pint of milk and a little salt; pour over the bread, and bake it for about an hour and a half. It will make a nice sized pudding for four or five persons. The stuffing I am about to recommend is as nice with mutton or beef as with veal. Take from your pan half a pound of bread and crumble it, chop a quarter of a pound of suet and put it into a basin with the crumbs, add a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of pepper, and a little lemon peel, then, with three eggs thoroughly beaten up, mix the whole into a paste, and stuff your meat with it. We are sure it will be liked.

The *croûtons* may be procured from the driest part of your bread savings. Cut the crusts, or dried bread, into little square bits, and fry them brown in boiling lard or dripping. They are excellent in pea soup, or any other kind of soup or broth.

I hope I have shown that hardly anything need be

thrown away; and that in lessening the dust-heap, I have increased my readers' knowledge on things intimately connected with economy and comfort. So great is the importance I attach to the subject treated in this chapter, that were I commissioned by government to visit the homes of my countrywomen, with a view to reporting on the present state of domestic economy, I should (in the first instance) examine neither the drawing-rooms nor the dining-rooms, but immediately begin an inspection of the rubbish-heap and dust-bin.

Small Change.

FOUR good mothers have given birth to four bad daughters: truth has produced hatred; success, pride; security, danger; and familiarity, contempt. And, on the other hand, four bad mothers have produced as many good daughters: for astronomy is the offspring of astrology; chemistry, of alchemy; freedom, of oppression; patience, of long-suffering.

PLEASANT enough was the magnanimity of the person, who being reproached with not having avenged himself for a caning, said, "Sir, I never meddle with what passes behind my back."

"HAVE you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse-jockey. "No, not exactly," replied Simmons; "but I have broken three or four wagons."

"I KNOW a bank whereon the wild thyme grows."—Mrs. Partington says that "if any one knows a bank where a 'Wild Time' has not been produced this season, she would just like 'em to point it out."

A FELLOW once pretending to have seen a ghost, was asked what the apparition said to him. "How should I know?" he replied. "I am not skilled in the dead languages."

EPITAPH OF FOUR LINES, CONTAINING ONLY FOUR SYLLABLES.

Shall we all die?
We shall die all.
All die shall we?
Die all we shall.

TIT FOR TAT.—The old Bethlehem Hospital was built on the plan of the Tuileries at Paris; and this fac-simile of his palace, adapted for such a purpose, gave so much offence to Louis XIV., that he ordered a plan of St. James's palace to be taken, for offices in his own capital of a very inferior description.

TOO LATE.—"I meant to have told you of that hole," said an Irishman to his friend, who was walking with him in his garden, and stumbled into a pit full of water. "No matter," said Pat, "I've found it."

A SOUR MEAL.—Theodore Hook in describing a badly dressed dinner observed that everything was sour but the vinegar.

AN IRISH DEFINITION.—An Irishman, on his first sight of a locomotive, declared it was the evil one. "No," said his companion, "it's only a steam-boat hunting for water."

LIES FLY.—The Chinese proverb says a lie has no legs and cannot stand, but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.

A GENTLEMAN once conversing in the company of ladies, and criticising rather severely the want of personal beauty in other ladies of their acquaintance, remarked, "They are the ugliest women I know;" and then, with extraordinary politeness, added, "present company always excepted!"

A CIRCUIT judge at a late session of his court in one of the western counties, highly complimented the people upon the fact that not a single indictment had been returned. It is sincerely to be hoped that the compliment thus paid to the community, was not more properly due to the Grand Jury.

INFERIORS is a term which many are ever ready to apply to those beneath them in station. Men may be our superiors without being our equals, and many may be our nominal inferiors to whom we are by no means equal.

Nor only to a whole language but to a whole life the word *yes* may give its colour and character, as many an unhappy wife has found to her cost.

"I BOUGHT these boots to wear only when I go into genteel society." "Then they will be likely to last you a lifetime, and be worth something to your heirs."

WORDS are sometimes signs of ideas, and quite as often of the want of them.

It may seem strange, but it is a fact, that men generally are much more afraid of women than women are of men; and fearing to "break the ice" is a fruitful cause of old bachelorism.

A YANKEE editor says that he like to have died larfin, to see a drinkin' chap tryin' to pocket the shadow of a swingin' sign for a pocket handkerchief.

"Oh, father," said a youth who was not particularly noted for his wit, "I came very near shooting a wild goose to-day." "You did, Stephen! How

happened it that you were unsuccessful in the attempt?" "Why, you see, father, I was coming across the hill, and just as I got against the old apple-tree a flock of geese came within two rods of my head, and I should have shot half-a-dozen of them if I'd only had your gun with me."

It is said that ivy will not cling to a poisonous tree or other substance. What a pity that the tendrils of a woman's heart have not the same wholesome and salutary instinct.

"I FIND, Dick, that you are in the habit of taking my best jokes and passing them off as your own. Do you call that gentlemanly conduct?"—"To be sure, Tom. A true gentleman will always take a joke."

A NAVY surgeon loved to prescribe salt water. He fell overboard one day. "Zounds, Bill," said a sailor, "there's the doctor tumbled into his own medicine-chest!"

A QUALIFICATION.—A merchant, lately advertising for a clerk "who could bear confinement," received an answer from one who had been seven years in gaol!

A HENPECKED HUSBAND says that instead of himself and wife being one, they are ten; for she is 1 and he is 0.

"Oh, pray let me have my way this time," said a young gentleman to his lady-love. "Well, Willie, I suppose I must this once, but you know that after we are married I shall always have a *Will* of my own."

We suppose there are some virtues that may exist in the worst hearts, even as there are some kinds of fire that will burn under water.

It has been said with justice that the most solemn of birds is an owl, the most solemn of beasts an ass, and the most solemn of men—an ass too.

REJECTED courtesy becomes enmity. If the extended hand is refused, the mere closing of the fingers changes it to a fist.

QUITE a number of women, most of them old maids, have issued a call for a convention, stating their object to be "to gain a true knowledge of the nature and attributes of men." We respectfully suggest to them that they are not going the right way to work. Why don't they get married?

Puzzles for the Ingenious.

SOLUTION of the Question in No. 202, page 353, Old Series. The Question was as follows:—"A, B, and C, with their wives N, M, and L, went to market to buy hogs. They severally bought as many hogs as they gave shillings for them. A bought 37 more than M, and B 11 more than L, and each man expended 5 guineas more than his wife. Which were respectively man and wife?—G. A."

SOLUTION.

Let x = the number of hogs any of the men buy, and y = the number of hogs any of the women buy; then $x^2 - y^2 = 105$ or $(x + y)(x - y) = 105$. By letting $x - y$ equal 1, 3, and 5 successively, we get three values of x and y . Namely: $x = 53, 19$, and 13 ; $y = 52, 16$, and 8 .

Now since A buys 37 hogs more than M, it is evident by inspection of the values of x and y , that A must have bought 53, and M 16 hogs, and also because B buys 11 more than L, that B must have bought 19, and L 8 hogs.

Now there is only one value of x and y left, viz., $13 = x$ and $y = 8$, therefore 13 is the number that C has bought, and 8 the number N has bought. Therefore, A bought 53 hogs at 5s. each; B, 19 hogs at 19s. each; C, 13 hogs at 13s. each; N, 52 hogs at 5s. each; M, 16 hogs at 16s. each; L, 8 hogs at 8s. each.

Then since $(53)^2 - (52)^2 = 105$, A & N are man and wife; also $(19)^2 - (16)^2 = 105$, B & M are man and wife; similarly $(13)^2 - (8)^2 = 105$, C & L are man and wife.

HENRY HILL.

Similar replies have been received from E. Lang, Forrest, W. N., Dolphin, G. Bonnett, T. Hyde, Mona, A. Smith, Farn Hill, W. Sanson, A. Cromwell, F. B. Somerset, Trebor, Park Gate, H. Williams, A. Lover of Numbers.

Correct answers to the ARITHMETICAL QUESTION in No. 3, page 47, have been received, in addition to those acknowledged in No. 8:—Erigena, W. Cock, W. S. M'Kay, J. J. T. W., G. C. Venant, J. C. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), J. R., Amicus, Wareham, J. Hill, P. Le Mottee, Stag Codford, Antipas, Anonymous, David M., R. S. Bigby, D. C., Tim (Ayr), R. C. G., S. C. H., R. Graham, T. Haid, Strathdon, J. G. R., R. B. (Berwick), Wigtonion, Stone Mason, W. V., Bethel, Underwood, R. Henderson, Richard, Maria, W. Laing, W. Welfar, J. Ranunculub, B. Butler, H. B. Tenbury, J. L. Wildbore, E. G. Price, Arithmos, Thoughtless, F. C., A. Lover of Knowledge, A. Z., J. Duffus, Anxious, Cantab, W. R. Heator, Park Gate.

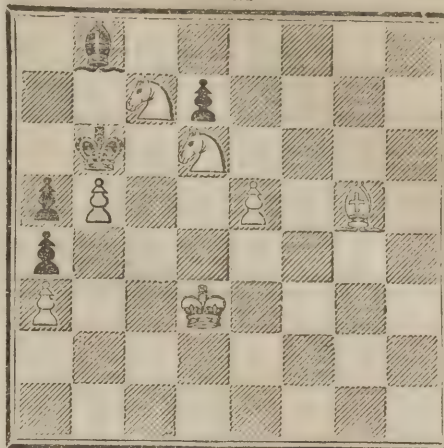
Incorrect.—T. J. C., S. Mee, Δ Δ, Preceptor, J. A. Bevington, Furioso, E. Lovett, T. B., A. F. Thomson, W. Ferguson.

Further correct replies to the CHARADE in No. 8, page 127, have been received as follows:—A Subscriber, J. B. (Launceston), Amicus, J. M. Miller, T. Haid, Maria, F. C., Cantab.

* * * We again repeat that we cannot insert puzzles of any kind unless correct solutions accompany them.

Chess.

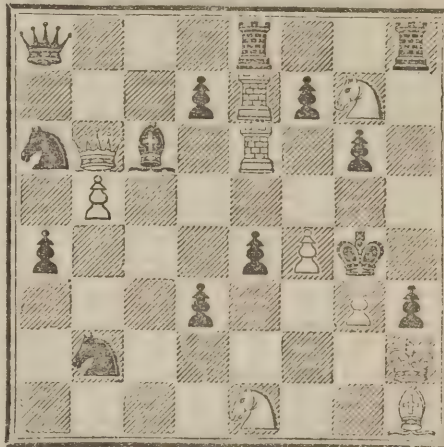
Problem No. 18. By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Problem No. 19. By Mr. W. GREENWOOD.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

D. W. G.—Kt to R 2, in Problem No. 8, would be met with K takes R. Where then is the mate?

E. GRANT.—The game sent was fairly played up to the 20th move, when White made a slip by playing his Q R. Kt to K B 7, (anticipating the rejoinder of B to K sq.) would have given White the game. Black's subsequent moves are so apparent as to render the game devoid of interest.

W. J. C. (North Walsham).—Thanks for the Problems; they shall be reported upon at the earliest opportunity.

J. W. BRID.—The proper reply of Black to your first move in Problem No. 9, is B to Q Kt 8, or P to Q 4.

OMEGA.—Problems sent for insertion in the FAMILY PAPER must be accompanied by the name and address of the composer; and should, moreover, be submitted on diagrams. Unless these conditions are complied with the Problems will not be examined.

J. ALLISSON.—In the example of *Pion Coiffe* forwarded by you mate can be delayed several moves by Black playing Q to K Kt 4, threatening mate at his third move.

W. HELT.—B to Q B 7 at the second move of Black in Problem No. 1, would give him the game. No. 2 shall appear as early as practicable.

CAISSE AMIGUS.—The King cannot castle after he has moved. Neither can he do so if his Rooks have been moved.

G. P.—1. With proper play two Knights must succumb to two Rooks. 2. As the solution of the Problem sent depends upon a condition which would not exist in ordinary play, we must decline to give it insertion.

W. G.—You may as well compare sliding with skating, as draughts with chess.

T. WADE.—The addition of a Black Pawn in the Problem to which you refer would render it defective; e.g., Q to Q B 5, and mates next move.

A NOVICE.—White has a slight advantage in position, but with equal players the game would be drawn. The game is not sufficiently interesting or instructive for publication. Solutions up to the present date by F. G. Rainger, T. Simpson, J. Stonehouse, T. Martin, jun., Omicron, E. Grant, Douglas, E. P., Oxon, J. Palmer, G. George, M. A. R. (excepting No. 10), C. E. D., R. Austin, M. L., W. G. C., H. Phillips, A. Stevens, R. T. (Southport), T. Way (excepting No. 9), G. Bailey, W. G., Wm. M'K., and Thomas Evelyn, correct.

Our Editorial Table.

* * We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

T. G. (Maryborough).—The graceful design on the card forwarded for our inspection is exactly suited to the reverse side of playing cards. It was probably planned with the view of ornamenting such cards, and then sent by the artist to elicit admiration from the young lady.

A. CONSTANT READER.—You will find the subject of "Silk Worms" discussed in last year's May number of "The Ladies' Treasury," published by Ward and Lock, 158, Fleet-street.

A. T. A.—An excellent receipt for curing chilblains is given in a recent number of our Paper.

EMILY.—"Emily" is a silly girl, if she allows idle tattlers to deprive her of a sincere and well-tried friend. It will be time to relinquish the intimacy of which she speaks when her engaged lover objects to it.

E. E. P.—If you take the rash, unadvised step you meditate, you can have no reasonable hope of happiness either here or hereafter. Both yourself and your sister are on the brink of a precipice. Recollect the Commandments, and turn a deaf ear to the voice of beguiling passion. The lovers who are tempting you to defy your parents by eloping with them will be among the first to reproach you for yielding to their solicitations. Pray for Divine aid, in this your time of trial, and to strengthen you in good resolutions, read a tale in the fourth number of the new series of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER. This tale is entitled, "Anna; or, Cottage Devotion."

A. R.—At present we have not space in our columns for long treatises on fancy work; but the subject will be discussed by "The Matron," a title under which a great variety of interesting domestic subjects are now treated in our FAMILY PAPER.

CONSTANCE NEALE.—Dear Constance, it is a difficult thing to teach gentlemen to know their own minds. It seems to us that the object of your affections has not made up his mind yet, and as another suitor has offered you "both hand and heart," our advice is, that you withdraw your thoughts (as much as possible) from an uncertain good, and fix them on blessings within your reach. There is much truth in the old proverb, "One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

PATRICK SHARP.—The forehead you describe, viz., one that is partly high and then recedes towards the hair, may belong to a very intellectual person, but not to one who (according to phrenologists) possesses strong reasoning propensities, in other words, large organs of causality.

EDWIN C. is at variance with the woman he loves. He has tried the effect of one apology, but it has not succeeded. Let him try another. He owns he has been in the wrong. Let him not rest till he is forgiven. Very likely the lady wishes for a reconciliation as much as "Edwin" does. But female dignity prevents her taking the initiative. Sometimes a little present softens the heart more than the most eloquent letter. Let him send his fair lady a handsome bouquet (doubly welcome in this severe season), or the last new song, or some popular work of a sentimental tendency.

A. C. The Queen and Prince Consort have visited Germany. They were never at any bull-fight, but the Prince was present at a great German "chasse," part of which was witnessed by her Majesty. In this a vast number of deer (and other game) were driven by peasants, who beat extensive forests, into a comparatively small space, where they were shot for sport—if such pastime could be called sport. That illustrious persons should take pleasure in witnessing such slaughter excited much comment at the time. The answer to your second question is as follows. The Queen visited Louis Philippe in 1845, at the Château d'Eu, on the coast of Normandy. Here great cajolery was practised by the crafty and aged monarch and his astute minister, M. Guizot, upon her Majesty and Lord Aberdeen, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Much indignation was excited at home when, after all this, the royal Spanish marriages took place in violation of pledges given by the French government at the Château d'Eu; and the phrase "Ce cher Aberdeen" (with which Louis Philippe welcomed that minister), became a by-word among European politicians.

SCOTLAND.—The application should be made through a solicitor.

ALICE DENBIGH.—The Ides were a term of time amongst the ancient Romans of eight days in each month, beginning (but counting backwards) on the 13th day, except in March, May, July, October, in which it was the 15th.

A. SUBSCRIBER.—An applicant for a situation in the Post Office must learn patience; if he has a promise he is more fortunate than hundreds; but he must wait till a vacancy occurs.

J. L. B.—The marriage would be illegal.

ELSHIE.—Except the shares are taken under the Limited Liability Act, the shareholder is liable so long as he has a penny to lose.

G. Y.—Speaking slowly is the best remedy for stuttering. It generally happens that one or two letters are more difficult than others for the stammerer to sound. Let these letters be practised; use those words frequently in which they occur, and do not be discouraged by frequent failure.

ALICE BELL.—In answering "Alice Bell's" interesting communication, our wish is to console and to direct her, but first we must ask her a very important question. Did she allow the gentleman to whom she is attached to write to her, without first consulting her parents or guardians? If so, she committed a very serious fault. The gentleman himself may be of this opinion, and consider that "Alice Bell's" love, so easily won and so thoughtlessly bestowed, is hardly worth preserving. Supposing this to be the case, she must patiently endure the punishment of her rashness. Woman's lot is often to suffer rather than to act. There is no step that she can take in this affair that would not make bad worse. Fortunately for her, the home to which she returns will offer scenes unconnected with the sorrows of her heart, and by resolutely resuming the occupations that delighted her

before the luckless visit to her friend, she may gradually resume her former peace of mind; and this she may do even supposing inconstancy to be the cause of the silence our correspondent deploras. But then womanly pride would come to the assistance of occupation, in strengthening Alice's heart, and instead of unavailing sorrow and pining regret, the pleasure of obtaining a conquest over herself may soon render her heart merry and light; and should she on some future occasion meet her faithless lover, these lines may occur to her as applicable to her own case:—

"No more when you're named the warm blushes arise,
No more beats my heart when I meet with your eyes;
When with you I feel neither pleasure nor pain,
Of your absence when from me no more I complain.
'Tis frost in December, 'tis sunshine in May,
Both when you are present, and when you're away."

L'ESTRANGE.—There is nothing very objectionable in the work. We are not aware whether it has been translated into English.

HUSSAN.—Study the Lessons in French in the "Ladies' Treasury;" they are both simple and accurate, and will meet your want exactly.

T. R. C. G.—Declined with thanks.

A. CONSTANT READER.—The late General Havelock was born at Bishopwearmouth, near Sunderland.

W. A. M. should apply to the commanding officer of the regiment.

JOHN DELAVAL.—Apply to the publisher.

MODERATOR.—We are obliged by your favourable opinion of our "Hopes and Helps." Arithmetic in all its various branches would be the most useful study you could possibly pursue, in connection with your business. It is quite essential that you should understand this thoroughly.

PUR.—A good handwriting and rapidity of calculation will be most useful to you.

A. CONSTANT READER wants to know the quantity of rabbits a full-grown boar-constrictor is capable of swallowing at a meal. We suppose it differs with the health and appetite of the creature. Perhaps our correspondent does not always feel capable of taking the same quantity.

T. B. S.—"T. B. S.," our constant reader, appears to us the most inconstant of men. At the commencement of his letter we expected to read of some cogent reason for his wishing to break off his engagement, but he gives us none. His now preferring another lady only betrays his fickleness. Before our answer reaches him, he will, in all probability, have preferred a third to the second, and, perhaps, a fourth to the third. The lines that slander mankind generally, are truly applicable to "T. B. S."—

"To love with little reason,
To flatter, feign, pursue,
To follow for a season,
And leave as vainly too—
'Tis thus men love."

FAGGOTS has got a grievance, and wants us to sympathise with him. Here it is:—Some young men, it appears, wanted to burn a Guy on the 5th of November last. So far so good. But fuel was scarce to consume Guy, and so they stole a few faggots from "a person calling himself a gentleman," as "Faggots" indignantly writes. The person in question made the delinquents pay ten shillings—far above the value of the wood stolen, and the depredators are indignant. We think they were rightly served, and they may be glad they got off so well. People shouldn't steal other people's faggots.

DELAVAL D.—At eight-and-twenty any lady is old enough to know her own mind on the subject of matrimony; and except under peculiar circumstances, ought to be left to judge for herself. If our correspondent's case stands exactly as she represents it, we think the course she proposes a judicious one.

SCHOOLBOY.—The science of æsthetics, in the fine arts, is that which treats of the beautiful; it may be defined as the science of taste.

GREGORY (Dartford).—The "Flagellants" were fanatics, who used to parade the streets of various cities of the Continent, at various periods during the middle ages, armed with scourges, with which they flagellated or flogged themselves as penance for their sins. The terrible famines and pestilences which desolated Europe called forth these extravagant demonstrations of penitence, which form one of the great popular delusions to which the ignorant among all nations have at times been subject.

INDIAN.—A lakh of rupees is worth ten thousand pounds sterling. Dakh travelling is like "posting" in England, except that palanquins are used instead of post-chaises between the various stations. *Fuqueers*, or *Fakirs*, are devotees among the Hindoos. They profess extraordinary sanctity, and often obtain much fame and emolument by some work of so-called piety—such as holding an arm in a cramped posture until it is withered, or allowing the nails of one hand to grow through the flesh of the palm. These men are one of the curses of India; they prey upon the superstitious natives, who are afraid to withhold the alms they extort.

SALLY CLIFTON.—The Master of the Horse appoints and governs all the queen's liveries. The carriages and horses are under his special care. He is assisted in this branch of his department by a Clerk-Marshal, whose province it is to attend to the economy of the stable establishment. The place of the Master of the Horse in all Court ceremonies is close to the person of the sovereign. In fact, in the state progress to parliament, at the opening or close of a session, he has the honour of sitting in the same carriage with the queen. It is evident that the safety of her Majesty's person must often depend upon the vigilance with which the duties of the Master of the Horse are performed; and his sense or responsibility cannot be slight, when the queen, on a steed of his providing, reviews her troops, and when the roar of cannon, and other indescribable noises and evolutions, might well try the steadiness of the best trained charger. In reply to the question about the Lord Privy Seal's duties, we will first observe that the Privy Seal is a remnant of those barbarous times when sovereigns thought it beneath their dignity to write, and when they gave the warrant of their authority by seal and signet. The Privy Seal is attached to all patents of inventions, or of nobility and honour. It is

always in the custody of a Lord Keeper, who is responsible for whatever use it may be put to, and who affixes it to all deeds and instruments that have her Majesty's sign manual, or that of her Secretary of State.

MARY, EMMA, AND JANE.—These three ladies are anxious to know what we "think about lovers." We think they need not be avoided when they mean honourably, and when they are approved of by the ladies' parents, as well as the ladies themselves. As to the question respecting difference of age, the advantage ought certainly to be on the gentleman's side.

BETTY.—"Betty" must bear in mind that woollen clothes should be washed in very hot suds, and not rinsed. Luke-warm water shrinks them.

ORNALDO.—"Ornaldo" has reached his seventeenth year; he is a widower, and wishes to form another matrimonial engagement. He asks us whether we consider his taking such a step would be prudent. All must depend on his choice of a wife. If he can meet with a cheerful widow of fifty (willing to accept him), we have only to say, "Marry her, by all means."

A. SUBSCRIBER.—If a formal invitation has been received, an answer, accepting or refusing the same, should be sent. On meeting ladies in the street you may shake hands with your intimate friends, and only unreasonable ones would be offended at your not removing your hat while shaking hands; for

"Philosophers agree 'tis hard
To do two things at once."

EDITH.—"Edith" is much mistaken in supposing that the editor of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER would assist any young lady in carrying on a clandestine correspondence. We are glad that the gentleman in question does not know her address; and as "Edith" values her future welfare, we advise her not only to keep it concealed from him, but to have nothing to say to him, until he has declared his intentions to be honourable, and made this declaration to "Edith's" parents or guardians.

PERPETUS LÉTOR.—The aspirations of three important factions sufficiently account for plots against the emperor of the French. The members of all these factions, viz., of the Legitimists, the Orleansists, and the Republicans, would have reason to rejoice in his downfall; but the attempts to assassinate the emperor originated in the republican party, and in that alone. Not in the moderate champions of this ancient form of government, but in the extreme branch, denominated the Red Republicans.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—Although your brother was only eighteen years of age, and did not receive the sanction of his parents, still his marriage holds good if he procured a license, had his banns put up, or was married at a register office. His making a false statement respecting his age, would not free him from his present wife, but it would subject him to be indicted for perjury.

RHYMER.—We thank you for the specimens of poetry which you have favoured us. "The Thistle" breathes a patriotic spirit, and there is a tone of earnest piety pervading "The Sabbath Day." For your own satisfaction, and that of your immediate friends, we advise you to cultivate your muse, but your lines are not, as yet, good enough for publication. "The Sabbath Day" is the most promising of your effusions, because the most original. "The Thistle" too closely resembles the old song "Here's a health to fair Scotland."

FLORA (Cheltenham).—"Flora's" letter does her great credit. We do not doubt that, by perseverance and resolution, she may retrieve the past. As "Flora" writes and expresses herself fairly, all she requires in carrying on her education is a good set of books. "Cassell's Educational Course" is a library in itself, and "Flora" should lose no time in procuring it. The six volumes, in cloth boards, only cost 15s. 6d. In the first instance, our correspondent had better give her attention to that part which treats of the English language, and then to "Science Popularly Explained." In this treatise she will be so thoroughly amused and delighted, that with her pleasure and progress will go hand in hand.

VILHELMINA.—The flower buds of the March Marigold, preserved in salted vinegar, are a good substitute for capers.

MARO.—In your "Twilight Musings" there is sentiment and elevation of thought; but you must make a serious study of prosody before you can appear in our columns. Your metre is strikingly defective.

J. G. BISHOP'S question may be answered as follows:—Soap dissolved in milk cleans white kid gloves, if rubbed on them with a clean piece of flannel; but a more efficient way and one equally independent of turpentine is the following:—Put the glove on your hand, then take a small piece of flannel dip it in camphine and gently rub it over the glove without making it too wet. When the dirt is removed, take another piece of flannel, dip it into pipe-clay and rub it over the glove, take the glove off and hang it up in a room to dry, and in a day or two very little smell will remain.

A. CLERK.—Your master had a legal right to discharge you, though we are inclined to agree with you, that the notice might have been longer. If you will take our advice, you will refrain from "giving him your opinion" in an angry way, in a letter. This will do no good, and may make an enemy of a man who has the power to serve you. State your case firmly, yet respectfully, to your late principal, and we are sure he will not refuse his co-operation in your honest and laudable endeavours. A master's good word is always valuable.

ANTIPODES.—All men are liable to be tempted, and all are more or less weak under temptation. What is past cannot be recalled; but a wise man will profit by experience, and will not fall twice into the same snare. It is better to fly from temptation than to face it. Don't put yourself in the way of being tempted if you know that you are weak.

* * All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TARLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

But yet, O man, rage not beyond thy need;
Deem it not glory to swell in tyranny.
Thou art of blood: joy not to see things bleed.
Thou fearest death: think they are loth to die.
A plaint of guiltless heart doth pierce the sky.
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE Caradoc, the name of the ship on which poor Jack Manders had been so artfully trepanned, was a heavy, Dutch-built vessel, exceedingly long in the hull, abruptly round at the bows, and square at the stern; nothing graceful in her outline, and evidently a slow sailer. Instead of breasting the waves gal-

lantly like a sea-bird, she broke through them with a dogged, sullen, lumbering roll which rendered it as difficult for a landsman to keep his legs as her commander to guard his temper—a fact the new apprentice discovered as soon as they passed the Nore. For the first time the vigorous, active boy felt physically and morally prostrate. He did not care a pin for life; it had never presented a very pleasant page to him. He would scarcely have resisted had any one attempted to throw him overboard,—perhaps have thanked them for the trouble.

Mingled with the agonies of sea-sickness were the fears he felt for Lillian, left to the tender mercies of his uncle Mike, without a protector to stand between her and his brutal nature. Jack had not forgotten the triumphant waving of the knotted cord, and the recollection drove him almost mad as he lay upon the deck of his floating prison, his aching head pillowed on a coil of ropes.

Still he never shed a tear nor uttered a word of complaint: neither could have relieved him. The

conviction that the world was dealing harshly, unjustly with him, filled his heart with bitter thoughts; and he mentally asked himself what he had done to merit its unkindness. It wasn't his fault that he was the son of a convict, that one uncle had made him a thief, and the other refused to assist him to live by honesty. He almost thought honesty itself must be a humbug, seeing how well his relatives contrived to do without it.

Whilst the captain remained on deck none of the crew took the slightest notice of him: not from indifference, but kindness. They knew that any expression of sympathy on their part would only excite the malignity of the tyrant, who never felt so happy as when he had some helpless victim to vent his spleen upon. No sooner, however, had he withdrawn to his cabin, than the sailor who had joked with him on board the steamer, and the lad who had exchanged knives with him, approached the spot where Jack was lying. One threw an old pea-jacket over his shoulders, for the day was bitterly cold; the other drew a



JACK MANDERS ON BOARD THE CARADOC.

piece of tarpaulin within his reach, that he might cover himself with it in case it rained.

"Well, young grampus," said the old man, kindly, "how is it?"

The boy looked in his face sadly, but made no reply.

"Bad, eh? Well, I daresay you are. Was once bad myself, tho' it's so long ago that I forget it. You'll soon get over it, and sleep as soundly as a baby rocked by its mother in a cradle."

The assurance conveyed but little consolation to Jack. He had never had a cradle; and could not remember his mother.

"He mustn't lie here all night," continued the speaker, musingly; "we must get him in the foksal."

This was addressed to Caleb.

"No, no!" moaned the lad; "let me lie here. I shall die if you move me."

"Die!" repeated the seaman. "Bah! The sea is rather a rough nus at first, but she's a kind one. Afore we clear the Channel we shall see you as active as a dolphin—lively as a flying fish."

"Pray, let me remain."

"It might be as well," observed the young sailor who had exchanged knives with him; "the air will do him good."

Bunce glanced significantly at the cabin door.

Caleb understood him, and added his persuasions. Between them they supported, or rather carried the sufferer down the companion ladder.

"Where are we to stow him?" exclaimed Bunce, looking round. "The poor lad has neither kit or hammock. It's my opinion those who sent him to sea wanted to get rid of him. Tho' I wor a parish 'prentice," he added, "they rigged me out when they shipped me."

"Drop him into my berth," answered Caleb. "I'm in the first watch, so it won't much signify; when I turn in I can take a snooze on my chest."

With rough, but genuine kindness, they placed Jack in the hammock of the speaker. Placing him there really was a kindness; for, had his legs been steady and his head clear, he never could have got into it himself. He might as easily have held an eel in his hand without its gliding through his fingers. Talk of difficulties!—young gentlemen in spangled vests, who twist themselves in and out between the staves of a ladder, bring their feet over their shoulders, hop about upon their hands, and indulge in all kinds of imaginable and unimaginable acrobatic eccentricities, might give it up in despair. It is impossible for a landsman either to creep, drop, or jump into a hammock. We speak from experience. How sailors achieve it is a mystery we never could clearly comprehend.

Well do we remember in our juvenile days having been pitched over, first on one side, then on the other, in making the attempt, to the great detriment of our figure-head, as an amphibious monster, who stood watching our gymnastics with a fiend-like grin upon his countenance, designated our battered caput.

Having made Jack what they considered exceedingly comfortable, his friends left him to go on deck.

Fortunately the wind, which, during the day, had been blowing a hard gale, suddenly fell; a dead calm ensued; and the hull of the *Caradoc* lay in a state of comparative repose. The waves were not the only things which had ceased to heave.

When Bunce and the lad returned to the fore-castle at the end of their watch, they found the new apprentice fast asleep, and dreaming as well as sleeping; for he muttered frequently to himself, and more than once the name of Lillian escaped him.

"Who's Lillian, I wonder?" said the old sailor.

"His mother, no doubt," answered his companion.

Caleb was only sixteen, had not been more than a year from home, and doubtless recollected the tearful eyes which gazed on him when he bade farewell; the trembling lips pressed to his in the fulness of maternal fondness. The reply was a natural one: the love of a mother is the first love that fills the heart, the purest and the best; forgotten, perhaps, in passion's trials; but returning to us, like the sweet thoughts of childhood, when the memory of all other love is but a dream.

Bunce was one of those seamen generally designated "sea-lawyers;" not a man on board knew how far a sailor might go, and yet steer within the line of mutiny, better than he did; he was a great stickler for his own rights, and tolerably careful not to infringe those of others. No matter what captain he shipped with; if his messmates had any complaint to make, they generally elected him spokesman: the consequence was that, after the skipper and first and second mates, he was, perhaps, the most important as well as popular person in the ship; a distinction to which his talent in spinning a yarn not a little contributed.

"Well, youngster," he exclaimed, as Jack opened his eyes and gazed languidly around him, "how is the egh—you understand?"

The lad, after giving a shudder at the recollection of his sufferings, answered that he thought he felt better.

"Think you feel better!" repeated the sailor. "I am sure you feel better. When Caleb and I turned in after the first watch you were something like a young grampus; it was quite beautiful to hear you; only I was obliged to lie with my deaf ear to the windward afore I could get a snooze. But turn out," he added; "the skipper will soon be on deck."

Jack Manders made an attempt to quit his unsteady resting-place. The instant his feet touched the ground the treacherous hammock, with one of those playfully eccentric movements which no known law of motion can define, swung back, and left him sprawling on the floor.

Caleb assisted him to rise.

"Only to think what helpless lubbers you landsmen are," exclaimed the old man, in a tone of mingled contempt and pity, for he was a thorough sailor himself. "But never mind that now. 'You'll learn better in time,' as the old owl observed to its young one, when he insisted on taking a cruise afore sunset. Caleb and I are come to hold a palaver, as the South Sea *Injians* call it."

Jack mentally wondered what a "palaver" could possibly be.

"So you are a 'prentice?"

"No, I ain't."

"Your uncle 'prenticed you. I told you I didn't like his figure-head."

"I can't help what Mike did," replied the boy.

"But you signed the 'dentures."

"I ain't signed nothing," observed the lad. "How should I, when I can't write?"

"Then don't," whispered his adviser, lowering his voice. "It's your only chance. The first port we comes to, slip your cable and run. The skipper can't force you to return without showing your 'dentures to the *English counsel*—that's law and justice, though they ar'n't allays one."

The last words were pronounced as gravely as a judge could have spoken them from the bench. In fact, Mr. Bunce prided himself on being looked up to as a legal authority at sea. Jack thanked him, and promised to abide by his advice.

"He shall cut me in pieces," he said, "afore I make my mark."

The old sailor nodded approvingly.

"And I won't do a thing."

"Avast there!" interrupted the ex-lawyer; "the skipper afore the mates, the mates afore the seaman, and the seaman afore the loafer, but the ship afore them all. Every hand that cracks a biscuit on board of her must take his turn: so, no skulking duty."

Jack thought it very hard that he should be compelled to crack biscuits on board the *Caradoc*, when he would so much rather have gone with even half a loaf on shore. But he was quite wise enough to promise to do his best.

Sailors are proverbially a kind-hearted race—reckless, improvident, fond of fun, frolic, and dissipation, but rarely unfeeling. The unprovided state in which the new hand had been brought on board excited their sympathy, and they made up a kit between them. The chief contributions, however, came from Bunce and Caleb.

In the course of the morning, Jack was sent for by Captain Gall into the cabin.

"Mind how you tack," said the old seaman, as he left the fore-castle; "don't be beaten by press of sail. If the skipper mounts royals, up with your sky-scrappers."

In other words, the speaker recommended him to oppose both persuasions and threats by the most unflinching firmness. The boy nodded, as much as to say that he understood him, and with a heavy heart, mounted the companion ladder.

Captain Gall was one of those men in whose breasts nature had implanted a love of tyranny. Had he been born to the purple of the *Cæsars*, his great delight would have been in the arena. Restricted to a narrower sphere, his principal pleasure was in tormenting his crew, and rendering them miserable. But it was on his apprentices chiefly that his brutal temper loved to vent itself, simply because he could indulge in it with greater safety. There was scarcely a limit to their ill usage. The angry word, followed by the ready blow, were outrages of everyday occurrence.

The eyes which met his savage glance with firmness, excited him almost to madness, whilst those which shrunk in terror from his gaze, increased the zest the sight of the agony of his victim afforded him.

Nearly every voyage he was compelled to ship a fresh crew; scarcely a sailor ever sailed with him a second time. But there was no escape for the apprentices.

When Jack Manders made his appearance in the cabin, the captain eyed him sternly for some moments without uttering a word; the boy returned his gaze steadily, but without defiance: the tyrant would much rather have seen him trembling and cowed before him: his self-possession irritated him.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "now that you have quitted your evil way of life, and your worthy uncles given you a chance of retrieving your character on board the *Caradoc*, I trust you feel grateful to them, and have made up your mind to prove obedient to me?"

"What have I to be grateful for?" demanded the lad, colouring deeply at the allusion to the means by which he had hitherto lived. "If I did wrong, Mike made me."

"I don't believe a word of it," replied the skipper.

"Can't help that," observed the boy, philosophically. Gall felt very much inclined to knock him down, but for the present restrained his passion. He had one point to gain before his victim would be legally in his power.

"Sign that paper," he said, pointing to what purported to be an indenture, binding Jack Manders an apprentice to the owners of the good ship *Caradoc* for the space of seven years.

"What is it?"

"What is it? you impudent young rascal," repeated the brute striding towards him; "it's the chance of making an honest man of you. Write your name."

"I can't write."

"Make your mark, then," added the captain, thrusting a pen into his hand.

"I won't!"

The words had no sooner escaped his lips, than a blow upon the temple sent the poor boy headlong and half stunned against the side of the cabin.

"I'll teach you," exclaimed the coward, "to bandy words with me! There!—there! and there!" he added, striking him again with every word. "Now will you sign?"

Poor Jack, although exceedingly pale, and all but senseless from the cruel treatment, had still sufficient spirit to answer "No."

We will not shock our readers by dwelling too minutely on the scene of cruelty and violence that followed; it was brutal strength against the helplessness of boyhood—the evil passions of a ferocious nature unchained, and revelling in the sufferings of its victim.

Jack Manders, as our readers have already seen, did not want for what is generally termed "pluck;" he had shown it in defending Rachel against the insults of Carus Kearn on the bridge, and he now exerted it on his own account. Catching up a heavy sextant from the table, he became in turn the aggressor, and hurled it with all his remaining strength at the head of his persecutor.

Captain Gall measured his length upon the floor; and the boy, bleeding and exhausted from the contest, rushed up the cabin-stairs.

Several of the sailors, amongst whom were Bunce and Caleb, were grouped together on the deck. They had been listening to his cries.

"Have you signed?" said the former.

"You know I can't write."

"Made your mark, then?"

"I left it on the captain's head," replied the boy, as he sank exhausted upon deck. "I did it to save my life. He would have murdered me."

Caleb, with the natural sympathy of youth, knelt by his side, and began chafing his forehead, whilst one of the men attempted to pour some rum down his throat.

"The captain will flog him," observed a sailor.

"He can't," replied the sea-lawyer. "The boy is not an apprentice—he has been crimped."

The captain, who had recovered from the blow and fall he so richly merited, now made his appearance, foaming with rage and half mad with passion. The instant he saw the inanimate form of Jack, he rushed towards him and inflicted a severe kick on the side of his head.

There was a murmur amongst the men and a cry of shame.

"The rascal—the villain!" roared the brute, preparing to inflict a second kick. "I'll teach him to mutiny on board my ship. I'll flog the —"

"It ar'n't mutiny," said Bunce, firmly; "and you arn't got no right to flog him."

The infuriated monster glared on him like a tiger about to spring.

"He ar'n't no 'prentice," added the old man; "you crimped him."

"Apprentice or no apprentice, he shall feel the lash," answered Captain Gall. "Up with him." Not a hand stirred.

The commander of the Caradoc had displayed his temper somewhat earlier than he was accustomed to do, for the Caradoc was not yet out of the channel. There was something in the sullen disobedience of the men that ought to have warned him; but passion had blinded reason. Calling for his pistols, which the steward brought him, he looked round him resolutely, and directed the men to tie Jack up.

The order was met with the same result. "You will stand by me, Fraser," he said, addressing his first mate.

"Certainly," answered the officer, a canny Scot. "But, captain, war it no better to gi' the men no excuse for disobedience by showing the lad's indentures?"

"No!" roared the bully.

"Very weel," said Fraser, coolly.

"For the last time," exclaimed Captain Gall, eyeing the old seaman Bunce with a menacing look, for he at once set him down as the ringleader in the affair, "will you obey my orders? Remember," he added, "it is mutiny."

"It is worse," exclaimed Caleb; "it is murder! Your victim is dead!"

The courage of the white-livered tyrant fell at the word; and the bully sank into the coward.

The first mate walked very methodically to the spot where the boy was lying, and placed his hand upon his heart. It beat; but still very faintly.

"I don't think the poor laddie has long to live," he observed; "but he is no dead yet."

The commander of the Caradoc began to breathe a little more freely. He felt as if a very uncomfortable pressure had been suddenly removed from his neck.

"Take him to his hammock," he said, turning to the second mate; "the young rascal is only shamming."

"He ain't got no hammock," said Bunce.

"Or kit," added a sailor.

"Come on board with nothing but the rigging he stands in," added the sea-lawyer. "Prentice! Tell it to the marines! The boy has been crimped and murdered! In my 'pinion, the ship ought to put back to port again."

The brutal commander, who found his authority perilled at the very onset of his voyage, saw that it would not do to push matters too far, for, if Jack really died, it would require all his tact, and a pretty amount of hard swearing, to get clear off.

Whispering a few words to the first mate, he retired to his cabin, and something which sounded very like a hiss accompanied him.

Prudence forbade his noticing or resenting it.

Meanwhile Jack Manders, who still continued insensible from the treatment he had received, was carried down to the fore-castle, and placed a second time in the hammock of Caleb, who watched over him like a brother. It was not much that the poor fellow had in his power beyond kind words and sympathy to bestow, for he too was an apprentice, and, unfortunately, had signed his indentures.

That night Captain Gall did not venture on deck, but left the command of the Caradoc to the first mate, with orders to report to him every hour.

"Well, Fraser," he said, as the young Scotchman entered the state cabin, "how are the men?"

"Quiet enough the noo."

"And the youngster?"

"Still very bad, sir. He has been raving and talking in the strangest o' fashions aw the night."

"It's all a sham," replied the commander.

The mate remained silent.

"I'm afraid we have got an awkward crew," observed the former.

"Indeed, sir, it's my opinion."

"Of course you will stand by me?"

"In aw that's just and lawful," answered the canny Scot.

The captain scowled upon him, and dismissed him once more to the deck.

The report made by the mate of Jack's condition, was anything but exaggerated. The sufferings, mental and bodily, of his first night on board, joined to the brutal treatment he had been subjected to, brought on a fever. In his ravings, he uttered strange words; but ever and anon, gentler thoughts appeared to come over him, and he murmured, as he had done in his sleep, the name of Lillian.

Several days passed before he could be considered out of danger, and a still longer period ere he quitted his hammock.

Meanwhile the Caradoc still held her way.

Captain Gall had seen quite enough of the temper of his crew to calculate the exact amount of forbearance he might depend upon, and prudently deter-

mined not to exceed it. Instead of renewing his brutal treatment of Jack, which had so excited their indignation, he contented himself with a kick, a curse, or a blow, whenever the "obstinate young pickpocket," as he invariably designated him, came in his way.

This last proceeding galled the poor boy even more than his tyrant's harshness—it was the searing of the hand, which marked him for contempt; the heritage of shame, from which there was no escape.

Often, in the lone hours of the night-watch, or when aloft, aiding to furl the sails, did he feel tempted to end his misery and life together—for he saw no hope—no future! The horizon which bounded the prospect of his young days appeared dark and gloomy. It was hard to suffer, when relinquishing his hold upon a rope, as he stood at the extremity of one of the yards, would bring him peace. But he did suffer; for, strange to say, the prayer Lillian had taught him was seldom absent from his mind; and one line he repeated more frequently than the rest, although he had but an imperfect idea of what it meant:—

"Lead us not into temptation."

He had frequently wondered how it was that Caleb, who had to endure almost as great an amount of harsh treatment as himself, bore it so well; and on one occasion, when they were both aloft together, he asked him about it.

"I have a mother who loves me," replied the boy, "and whom I love dearly."

"And yet she sent you to sea," observed Jack; "my uncles, who hated me, did no worse by me."

"My father-in-law sent me against her will," said his companion; "but I shall live to return and disappoint him."

"I should like to return too," muttered Jack, as he thought of his uncles. "But I never shall," he added. "I am tired of life, and can't stand it much longer. I often feel as if I could throw myself overboard."

"The very thing," whispered Caleb, "the skipper would like to drive you to."

"Then I won't do it," was the reply.

"We might both hit on something better," added the speaker.

"What is that?" demanded his friend.

"Set our wits against the captain's strength," answered Jack; "and if you would only second me, I think we might give him as good as he sends."

A compact was made between them that they should mutually assist each other; and it was not long before the alliance bore fruit; for, two nights afterwards, as their tyrant was using a rope's-end upon the shoulders of Caleb, an iron bolt, hurled from aloft, struck the savage on the side of the head.

Captain Gall felt stunned for an instant. His suspicions not unnaturally fell upon Jack; and it might have fared hard with him, but for the evidence of the first mate, who declared that the boy had been standing by his side when the missile was thrown. Neither of the lads could comprehend his motives. Bunce, the old sailor, did.

The quiet, canny Scot had not the slightest objection, in case of any accident occurring to his commander, to take charge of the Caradoc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Sincerity, thou first of virtues,
Let no mortal leave thy onward path,
Though from the gulf of hell destruction cry,
To take dissimulation's winding way.

HUME.

It is astonishing with what perseverance some men labour to destroy the only real basis on which happiness depends. Like children playing on the shores of life, they waste both energy and time in a vain attempt to rear a house of sand, instead of employing the more solid materials Providence has placed within their reach—materials which only require to be brought together to construct an edifice the tempests of the world may beat against in vain, leaving the structure majestic and uninjured.

To drop the tone of allegory, and convey our meaning more clearly to our readers, how frequently do we see mankind pursue the tortuous path of cunning, fraud, and crime, to arrive at fortune; although the nearer and broader one of integrity stretches itself invitingly before them. There are a few difficulties at its commencement, perhaps, and those difficulties appal them; so they either turn aside, or will not see it.

Carus Kearn was peculiarly cursed with this mental obliquity of vision. Like the serpent, he could never advance to the end proposed in a straight line. The turnings, windings, and doublings of deceit, appeared to possess an irresistible charm for him.

From boyhood he had been actuated by two strong passions; the love—we fear it is a profanation of the

word—of his cousin Rachel, and the desire to inherit her father's wealth. We have seen already how the first hope failed him; time only can decide how far he is destined to prove successful in the second. Probabilities at the present moment seemed to favour him, for Mr. Bently continued as widely estranged from his daughter and son-in-law as ever; he never had, and, judging from appearances, never could forgive what he considered an ill-assorted marriage.

It is an unwise thing for parents to attempt to dispose of the affections of their children. Hearts are not like merchandise—to be invoiced and transferred at pleasure, but will have a voice in their own disposal.

Many would-be philosophers have regretted that the heart cannot be regulated, wound up, and set to keep correct time, like a watch—forgetful that ideas of correct time may differ.

Could their vain desire be gratified, what a monotonous thing humanity would become!

The disappointment which Carus experienced on his cousin's marriage with George Markham—although it roused every malignant feeling dormant or active in his subtle nature, and inflicted a terrible blow upon his vanity and self-love—did not prevent that very calculating gentleman from making a prudent match—prudent in the world's opinion; for the victim he selected was rich—the only charm she ever possessed in her husband's eyes. The portion he received with her enabled him to pursue the reckless game of speculation, and indulge in yet more debasing pursuits: for Carus was both a gamester and a sensualist.

Fortunately, a considerable part of his wife's fortune had been settled on herself. The principal it was out of her power to touch; the interest only being paid to her receipt, and hers alone.

During the first years of her ill-assorted marriage Mrs. Kearn had, regularly as she received it, given every guinea of her income to her worthless husband. Finding at last that neither her patience, liberality, nor confidence met the slightest return, the outraged wife recollected that she was also a mother, had the interests of her boy to protect, and firmly refused to let him touch another shilling.

From that day Carus hated her, and began to consider how he might rid himself of her—not by violence—for he was not one of those melo-dramatic villains who care to risk their own dear safety unnecessarily—but by some deep-laid scheme which would separate them legally, and overwhelm her with disgrace in the opinion of the world.

He longed to be free—at liberty to marry again. He had made one profitable speculation in the market of Hymen, and saw no reason why he should not prove equally successful a second time.

If incapable of pursuing the open and direct path leading to the accomplishment of his designs, few men were more capable, as we before observed, than Carus of discovering the crooked one. Of this Machiavelian tact he had given proof in the plans so successfully carried out against the happiness and reputation of George Markham. He it was who first inspired Mr. Bently with the conviction that the securities long since realised in India, had been abstracted by his son-in-law; he it was who supplied Styles with the means of leading the man he hated step by step into the degrading vice of drunkenness.

Could he have succeeded in plunging him into crime as well, the triumph would have been complete.

About the same time that his victim escaped from his trammels, Carus Kearn made the acquaintance of a Captain Bland—a fellow whose nature was as specious as his name. Nothing could be more gentle than his manner, or engaging than his conversation, especially to listeners of the *beau sexe*. Admiration appeared veiled in respect; his warmth, that of sympathy—the most dangerous weapon that can be directed against a woman's heart. Then he appeared to be so fond of children, it was impossible not to like him. Mrs. Kearn soon began to feel a pleasure in his society, and drew dangerous comparisons between her visitor and Carus.

In employing the term "dangerous," let us not be misunderstood. It is no tale of frailty or guilty passion that we are about to relate, but one of trial, suffering, temptation, and woman's triumph. The comparisons made by the neglected wife were dangerous in no other sense than they destroyed the last illusion—the lingering affection, which, despite his conduct, she still felt for her unworthy husband.

Scorn hardens the heart as fire tempers steel.

What Carus Kearn's intentions were, the progress of our story must develop. We have no wish to analyse them too closely.

As junior partner in the firm, he was not without a certain degree of influence with the clerks, more than one of whom, to curry favour with him, condescended

to act the part of spy upon the proceedings of Peter Mangles, whose friendship for George Markham and affection for Rachel were the principal obstacles to the accomplishment of his designs; consequently, it was not long before he was made acquainted with the success of the recommendation of the latter to Mr. Thornton, to take him as director of the new establishment he was about to found. The intelligence was gall and wormwood to him, for it gave the victim a chance of escape from the poverty of his position, and of re-establishing his name and character in the commercial world.

Carus saw but one way of preventing it—an appeal to the prejudices of his uncle; and this appeal he took the first opportunity of making.

"I suppose, sir," he observed to him, shortly after the arrangement had been concluded, "that you have heard the intelligence?"

"I have heard a great deal lately," replied the merchant; "but to what do you more particularly allude?"

"Mr. Thornton's new branch establishment in town."

"He is an enterprising man," observed Mr. Bently, "and deserves success. Never have the affairs of a firm been conducted with greater discretion and liberality."

"Just at present, I agree with you."

The marked emphasis upon the words, "Just at present," caused the old gentleman, who was busily occupied in looking over his foreign correspondence, to raise his eyes, and regard the speaker inquiringly. "Everything will depend upon the party," his nephew continued, "whom he employs to conduct it."

"Doubtless."

"Have you any idea whom he has selected?"

"How should I?" answered his relative. "Mr. Thornton has not consulted me upon the subject."

"I thought not."

"What mean you, Carus? Do speak plainly," said Mr. Bently. "You know that I was never good at guessing mysteries, and detest them."

"My position is a painful one," replied the hypocrite, "for I owe you everything, and am fearful of being misconstrued; but I had better encounter that risk than give you the right hereafter to reproach me for my silence, especially if the ruin of a man who possesses so many claims to your friendship should follow his ill-considered choice. Yielding to the solicitations of Mangles, Mr. Thornton has consented to intrust the direction of the new enterprise to George Markham."

His uncle reflected for an instant, and appeared disagreeably surprised by the intelligence.

"Are you quite sure of this?" he demanded.

"Quite."

"Mangles has acted incautiously," observed the uncle; "and yet I have no right to blame, seeing that he has acted as a private friend, and not as my cashier."

"I trust, my dear uncle, that you comprehend my motives," said Carus.

"Perfectly; and do not blame you for your doubts of the prudence of my old friend's choice, for I entertain the same; but he knows the young man's character; has acted with his eyes open, and must take the consequences. I do not see how I can interfere."

The nephew felt disappointed. He had anticipated a storm of anger, a hasty resolution to remonstrate with the manufacturer, to threaten the withdrawal of accommodation unless the appointment were cancelled; but, fearing to excite suspicion, he kept his feelings carefully to himself.

During the morning Mr. Bently took occasion to remonstrate privately with his clerk upon the subject. Peter listened to him impatiently. It was an affair which in no way concerned the firm, and the old man did not choose to be interfered with.

"It is my business, Richard," he said; "and whilst I do not neglect yours, can't see what you have to do with it. I have quite as much right to befriend George Markham as you have to oppress him—more, for the balance must always incline to the side of kindness. I know whom you have received your information from—Carus. I can't understand you," he continued. "You are blind—obstinately blind. See only with his eyes—hear only with his ears, instead of trusting to your own. You judge your son-in-law through the opinions of the man who is most interested in ruining him. Is that wise? is it fair?"

"You are in error," replied his employer, calmly. "I judge him from myself."

"You imagine so."

"Did Mr. Thornton require any security?"

"I was his security."

"Any recommendation?"

"Recommendation!" repeated Peter Mangles, sharply; "I thought you were aware that I recommended him. And, little as you may think of my influence in the City, permit me to tell you that my recommendation would be looked upon as satisfactory by the best houses upon 'Change.'"

This was no idle boast—the speaker's character for intelligence on mercantile affairs did not stand higher than his reputation for probity and prudence.

"I see what it is, Richard," he resumed—"you intend to use your influence with Thornton, to induce him to withdraw from the arrangement."

"Why did you not inform me of it?" demanded Mr. Bently.

"Because I would not give the evil passions of your nature time to interfere," replied the clerk.

"It is not my fault if the confidence of other days no longer exists between us: I have done nothing to forfeit it. But mark my words," he added, seriously: "you have frequently found me as unstable as the rates of interest, and led me as you pleased, but this time, Richard, I intend to be firm: do you hear me? firm as your own obstinate temper; and if you interfere between George Markham and the chance I have procured him of redeeming himself, I not only withdraw from the house but join him in partnership, and start in business."

A smile of incredulity rested for an instant on the lips of his hearer: so improbable did it appear to him that the cautious, prudent Peter Mangles should ever risk the economies of his laborious life in such a speculation.

"You don't believe me," added the speaker, starting from his seat at the desk; "and very naturally not, I dare say, for you have turned me round your finger—moulded me as you pleased; but this time I am resolved—firm as a rock—there, *I have sworn it.*"

He placed his hand, with solemn earnestness, upon the open page of the ledger before him. The oath—if oath it might be termed—was quite as binding upon him as if it had been sealed on a far more sacred volume.

"It is not my intention to interfere," observed Mr. Bently, calmly.

Peter looked at him doubtfully.

"Do you mistrust my word?"

"Not when it is given."

"I give it you now," replied his employer.

"Without reservation?"

"Mental or otherwise," answered the merchant.

"If we have arrived at opposite conclusions on the character of my son-in-law, it is a misfortune, not a fault; we can neither of us help our convictions; and, strong as mine are, believe me, old friend, that I shall feel happy should it ever be in your power to convince me that they have been conceived in error. May you never have occasion to regret your generous confidence in one who violated mine; or my valued correspondent, Mr. Thornton, suffer from having yielded to your solicitations on behalf of your protégé."

"That's the first sensible resolution you have come to for a long time, on the subject of George," observed the old clerk, "and I feel satisfied with it; but, as for his having violated your confidence, permit me to observe that his marriage with Rachel was not a mercantile transaction, consequently there was no confidence to violate; had there been, my opinion might have been shaken. It was an affair of the heart, I think they call it, debited and credited with affection on either side. Ah, Richard! Richard! I am afraid that we City men know too little about such things."

"You, at least, appear to be progressing in knowledge," replied Mr. Bently, with a smile.

"Because I have lately seen more than I ever suspected to have existed in the world of it," answered Peter. "You have no idea how Rachel and George love each other. Poor girl, she had almost made up her mind to part with him, when I told her how he had been employing his time: but that was your fault—you misled me."

"And the weak fool yielded to his solicitations," exclaimed her father, bitterly, "refused my forgiveness and the comforts of her girlhood's home, to share the fate of the man who had so frequently deceived her."

"On the contrary, George advised her to accept it."

"Indeed!"

"And she would have done so," continued the clerk, "had she not discovered that his nightly visits to the dreadful places you described—by-the-by, I wonder that you ever ventured to such scenes—were for no other object than the recovery of his lost son."

"And she believed him?"

"Yes."

"And do you believe him?"

"Firmly," replied Peter,—"as firmly as I believe in the stability of the Bank of England, the acceptance of our firm, or any other unquestionable security. George was always truthful. But there, let us drop the subject. I must hasten into the City. Bless me!" he added, "there will be quite a panic upon 'Change. I shall be an hour behind my time; such a thing never occurred before, since I have been cashier of the firm of Bently and Company."

The speaker hastily buttoned on his greatcoat, took a large bill-case from his desk, put it in the breast-pocket, and walked out of the office with a brisk step and cheerful countenance: his heart felt all the lighter for the explanation he had had with his employer, whose promise not to interfere with the appointment of George was a great point in the latter's favour. His influence with Mr. Thornton might possibly have caused the manufacturer to rescind it.

"It is a painful task," exclaimed the merchant, looking after him, "to wear a mask with Peter. He thinks my heart is iron. Could he read it he would find its sternness is but seeming—but the time has not come yet. Those securities!" he murmured to himself, "those fatal securities! Were that doubt removed—were I but convinced that his reformation is sincere, how gladly would I acknowledge my son-in-law, receive my daughter to my arms, and bless her with a parent's fond affection. Patience! patience! the path I have entered upon is a rugged one, but if followed to the end must lead to happiness at last."

During the year which elapsed, the conduct of George Markham was all that could be desired by his most devoted wife and their mutual friend. Curious eyes of hate as well as of affection were fixed upon him, watching his progress; but nothing could be discovered to alarm the latter or gratify the malevolent feeling of the former. Early and late he was in the counting-house of his new employer, displaying an activity and intelligence, an attention to his interests, which slowly but surely commanded both respect and confidence.

Peter Mangles, who now passed his Sundays *en famille* with Rachel and her husband, chuckled with delight. His fondest hopes were being realised; the long-suffering wife smiled again; a new era had dawned, and the only cloud which obscured its horizon was the uncertainty of the fate of her son.

One Saturday evening, on returning home, George found her dreadfully agitated, and in tears. He knew too well the cause of her sorrow, but dreamt not of the occasion which had so painfully renewed it.

"Still mourning," he murmured, folding her fondly to his breast.

"These are tears of joy," replied Rachel; "look here!"

She placed a letter in his hand; he recognised the writing of his son.

Our readers, doubtless, have not forgotten the letter written by our hero on the eve of his departure for the school in Jersey, in which he stated that a benevolent gentleman had snatched him from the streets, and promised to provide for his instruction and future career. This letter the sudden abandonment of the house in the Belvedere-road, had prevented Mr. Morton from delivering; and he had only just discovered the occasion. We need scarcely add that it was sent in a way which left no trace, or that it brought the best consolation—hope to the heart of the fond mother.

"Thank heaven," exclaimed the reformed drunkard, "my boy has not been left to contend unaided against the vices of the world. Providence has been kinder to him than his father. Bless the benevolent stranger, whoever he may be."

Neither of his parents doubted for an instant the truth of their son's assertions, for Richard had never yet been guilty of a lie.

When the news was communicated to Peter Mangles, the kind old man fully shared their joy. At first, they had indulged a vague hope that he could give them some clue; but, however intelligent in all commercial matters, the clerk was a perfect child where the intrigues and accidents of life were concerned. He had never mingled with them.

"When was this written?" he asked.

Fortunately the letter was not dated. It might have been but yesterday.

That night Rachel slept with it under her pillow. Balm had been poured upon the wound her heart had received. True, it was not healed, the presence of her boy alone could accomplish that, but its agony was assuaged, the hope which had supported her appeared brighter than ever. Heaven seemed to have sent it as a recompence for her trials and long-enduring patience under misfortune.

When his clerk related the circumstances to Mr. Bently, the latter changed colour and seemed visibly affected.

"Does he say where he is?" he asked.

His informant shook his head in the negative.

The merchant appeared somewhat relieved.

"We shall find him, Richard," replied Peter; "Providence is wiser than we know. I never thought so much on these things before. Only to think of raising up a friend for the poor deserted boy on that terrible night, when everything appeared to have conspired to accomplish his ruin. I wonder who the gentleman is! He has sent him to school, too! I hope they attend properly to his ciphering and hand-writing. His father was always clever at figures."

"And do you really think that Providence directed this?"

"I am sure of it," replied Peter; "and you must be blind indeed if you are not of the same opinion. It was necessary to strike a great blow to bring George Markham to a sense of his folly, and the blow was struck. The loss of his son, the despair of his wife, reclaimed him. Heaven would not permit the instrument of its purposes to perish, and wisely raised the boy a friend, one who performed the duty his—that is," he added, correcting himself, for he felt unwilling to create pain, "which those nearest to him had neglected."

Mr. Bently regarded him with surprise; he had never heard Peter either so eloquent or philosophical before.

"You must be a miserable man, Richard," continued the speaker, "when you reflect on the sufferings your obstinacy has created. But there, I will not reproach you; take your own way; the same good angel which watched over the poor lad, will soften your heart at last."

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps!" repeated Peter, warmly. "It would be wicked to doubt it. Do you imagine that you will be permitted to die at variance with your only child? It is not in nature. Her voice may be stifled in health, prosperity may blind us; but when the hour of sickness comes, and we lie upon our solitary pillow, reflection comes; the rock is struck, and—"

"Say no more," interrupted the merchant, hastily; "the picture is gloomy."

"But truthful," muttered the former. "I have done. I saw Mr. Thornton to-day, and he speaks in the highest terms of George Markham, his intelligence, industry, and perseverance. Perhaps he is a little too speculative," added the speaker, thoughtfully; "but all his speculations have hitherto been successful. The concern is extending rapidly; he talks of throwing more capital into it; of taking your son-in-law as a partner."

"A partner," repeated Mr. Bently.

"Yes, Richard; and I think of throwing a certain amount of capital into the concern to assist him; and now the murder's out."

"How much?"

"Well, not much at first," replied Peter; "four thousand pounds."

Never had his employer betrayed so much astonishment. That his old clerk should risk such a sum appeared to him so extraordinary, that he could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses.

He muttered something about the risk.

Mangles caught the word, and looked rather serious.

"On the conduct of a man, too, whose integrity is doubtful."

The countenance of the old man lighted again.

"I thought you had some solid objection to offer," he observed, "but find it is only your old prejudice. I have every month gone over Mr. Thornton's books, not for my own satisfaction, but for George's, and never saw accounts better kept. Clear, Mr. Bently, clear and intelligible as your own—not a penny has been expended that is not vouched for—the balance right to a fraction. Integrity! I always told you he was as honest as my ledger, and the experience of the past year has confirmed it."

"How do you intend to raise the sum you name?" inquired his employer, who knew that Peter's money was all invested either on mortgage or in shares in several well-established companies.

Peter Mangles scratched his ear—a habit when anything puzzled him—not that he felt the slightest difficulty in procuring the sum, or five times the amount: that was easy enough; it was the embarrassment of choice, the effort to make up his mind what securities to realise. A certain number in the fire and life office paid him nine per cent.: of course he could not think of parting with them; and his shares in the gas company were equally profitable.

"I must call in Howard's mortgage, I suppose," he observed, answering the difficulty in his own mind rather than the question of Mr. Bently.

"That will require time."

"A month or so."

"And it pays well."

"Only five per cent. The security is ample, and—"

"The investment is a safe one," interrupted the merchant, "and it would be a pity to withdraw it. Transfer it to me, and I will write you a cheque for the money at once; should your expectations of George's conduct and success be realised, you can redeem it."

Peter looked astonished, and felt yet more astonished than he looked! That the speaker should by any act of his, either directly or indirectly contribute to establishing his son-in-law, was something so remote from his calculations, that the old man could not comprehend it; and he not unnaturally suspected that he could not have clearly explained the purpose for which he required the money.

"Did you really understand me, Richard?" he exclaimed.

"Perfectly."

"What! that the money is—"

"To enable your friend to take a share in the firm which Mr. Thornton has recently established in London, and of which George Markham has hitherto been only the manager," said the merchant. "I see nothing so very extraordinary in my offer," he continued; "the security is unexceptionable. You are the party I oblige."

"That's true," murmured the clerk, with a sigh of disappointment.

"Still, I do not wish the transaction to be spoken of," observed Mr. Bently; "it might be misconstrued."

"No fear of that," muttered Peter, bitterly.

"Give rise to hopes that may never be realised; lead Rachel to—"

"Say no more," interrupted the old man, "say no more, Richard, or I shall refuse your offer at once."

"You accept it, then?"

"Yes."

The "yes" was rather reluctantly given: the motives of his employer not appearing quite so clear as the clerk could have desired.

That same week the transfer of the mortgage was made, and the money paid into the firm, on signing the deed of partnership. Henceforth the name of George Markham appeared in conjunction with the respected and well-established one of Mr. Thornton.

It was a proud day, a very proud one, for Peter Mangles; it has been asserted—but we must decline vouching for the fact—that in his excitement he absolutely entered an account in the day-book in the names of Bently and Markham, instead of Bently and Company, to the great disgust of Carus, whose malevolent feelings were still further increased by the air of triumph with which he imagined the old clerk regarded him.

It cannot be concealed that the hitherto successful schemer had some grounds for mortification. The man he hated—whose utter downfall he had foretold—done all in his power to accomplish—whom, when speaking of in the City, he had treated as an adventurer, a nonentity—had become a personage in the commercial world, had a signature and a standing upon 'Change; the reflection was gall and wormwood to him, and he determined once more to attempt his ruin; not by the means he had formerly used: he knew the world too well to expect the same scheme to succeed twice. This time, he resolved to strike not only at the happiness, but at the honour of his successful rival.

"George possesses the fool's virtue, gratitude," he argued with himself; "and believing that he is under obligations to Styles, will feel bound to serve him."

It was a fiend-like calculation—out of his own goodness of heart to weave the net that was to ensnare him.

(To be continued.)

OBEEDIENCE IN CHILDREN.—It is unspeakable what a blessing it is to a child, what a saving of unhappiness and wickedness in after life, to be early taught absolute obedience: there must be no hesitating or asking why, but what a mother says must at once be done. The young twig bends easily, but remember that, in after years, it grows hard, and you will break before you can bend it. A little steadiness at first will save you many years' sorrow. While you insist upon obedience, however, you must take care that you do not provoke a child, and tempt it to disobedience by unreasonable and foolish commands. "Provoke not your children to wrath;" and when it is necessary to punish them, see that it never be done violently and in a passion, but as a duty.

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

GOOD MANNERS.

THERE is much truth in the old saying, "Manners make the man." Politeness has made many a man's fortune, given him an enviable position in society, won for him the esteem of the estimable, and added refinement of life to sterling worth of character.

Every man may be a gentleman. To confound riches and refinement is a great mistake; so it is to associate vulgarity and poverty. "Judge Jeffries, though seated on the highest tribunal of common law, whilst pouring forth his brutal ribaldry, was a vulgar man; and a very vulgar man was Chancellor Thurlow, sporting oaths and obscenity at the table of the Prince of Wales. But there was no vulgarity about James Ferguson, though herding sheep, whilst his eye watched Arcturus and the Pleiades, and his wistful spirit wandered through immensity; and though seated at a stocking-loom, there was no vulgarity in the youth who penned the 'Star of Bethlehem,'—the weaver boy, Henry Kirke White, was not a vulgar lad."

Whatever our position, and however limited our means, it is quite possible for us to cultivate refinement of manners, and it is an error to suppose that the term gentleman exclusively belongs to the wealthier class of the community.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

The word itself is, without doubt, derived from the French *gentilhomme*, a man of birth or extraction from a noble family. One of our old English writers (Selden) says it was introduced by the Normans, and most likely it was. But the French word itself, where did that come from? Doubtless it had its origin in the Latin adjective, *gentilis*, belonging to a family. The French *gentilhomme* and the English gentleman were then only applied to those who boasted ancestral honours. But this old signification soon gave way, and the term was applied to those who had the manners of the great, those courtesies which the well-born learned and practised. Hence to be a gentleman and to be courteous became one and the same thing. A churl, on the other hand, was applied to men of an ungracious turn, and Dame Juliana Berners, reflecting on the Scriptural chronology of the progeny of Cain and Seth, says, "Cain became a *churl* through the curse of God, and Seth a gentleman by his father's and mother's blessing." Bernard Gilpin, preaching before Edward IV., said, "The mean men murmur and grudge, and say the gentlemen have all, and there never were so many gentlemen and so little gentleness."

We commonly use the term gentleman in two senses: first, as applied to persons of rank; second, to those of refined and elegant manners. To the latter we may all attain, if we resolve on doing so.

HOW TO BEGIN.

Begin with your personal appearance. Avoid everything that is offensive in your person and dress. First, your person. Keep scrupulously clean. This is impossible in many businesses during business hours. We would recommend no youth to be fainal about his labour, to fear soiling his hands, or dirtying his clothes. When at work keep yourself as clean as you can, for it is far more comfortable and pleasant, but don't be afraid of work because it is not clean. The only clean work a man should be scrupulous about is honest work, and the only dirty work he need fear is dishonest or dishonourable labour. When work is over, make yourself agreeably presentable to other people. Soiled hands and a begrimed face, ruffled hair and dirty clothes, need not be carried into the dining-room or parlour, so long as we have soap and water, brushes and combs.

But at the very outset of an effort to cultivate refined manners, we should remember that honesty is an essential part of it. Honesty demands that the body should be clean as well as the face and hands, that the hair should not only be dressed but washed, so that the scalp may be thoroughly pure and wholesome. Nails have to be looked after. Without proper care the finger nails grow too long, and break off, or else they are cut to the "quick" as some people say, when they fail to answer their object, in addition to presenting an unseemly appearance. They should be looked to every time the hands are washed, and every particle of dirt removed from under the nails. The feet want looking after as well as the finger-nails. People who only try to be refined for "the look of the thing," very often neglect to do more to their persons than is absolutely necessary for show. They are shortsighted. Nature has gifted us with a nose as well as eyes, with scent as well as sight, and the organ of smell detects uncleanness when the eye cannot see it.

This renders it especially necessary to keep the teeth clean. It is not pleasant for people to turn away their heads if you come too close, but they are frequently obliged to do so on account of the mouth being left uncleaned, and no care being taken as to the breath.

In cleaning the teeth use no tooth-powder. The teeth do not require it. Pure water is their best restorative. If they, through neglect, require for a time anything more than water, a little powdered charcoal or cigar-ash is the best and simplest remedy. "Bad breath arises more frequently than otherwise from neglected and decayed teeth. If it is occasioned by a foul stomach, a pure diet, bathing, and a general attention to the laws of health, are required for its removal."

All food which occasions a disagreeable odour should be avoided. Anything calculated to produce a bad breath should be scrupulously shunned.

DRESS.

"Dress is always to be considered as secondary to the person." Clothe yourself in the manner most becoming to your person. Never sacrifice your appearance for the sake of wearing what others wear: at the same time never assert your independence by wearing a costume out of keeping with the dress of everybody else. While we should never be the slave of fashion, we should avoid anything like a striking opposition to her laws. As members of society we owe allegiance to her dictates; but may adapt them at the same time to our particular wants.

A neat, well-made, inconspicuous attire is always preferable to that which challenges the public eye by the singularity of its colour or construction. What is called the "fast" school has brought a ridiculously showy costume into fashion with a certain class of young men, but it should be borne in mind that fast men are not gentlemen. Avoid anything that is singular in your dress and manner; and especially avoid anything that is associated with a class of men notorious both for vice and folly.

A recent writer has remarked that "dress has two functions—to clothe and to ornament; and while we cannot lose sight of either point, we must not attribute to the one a power which belongs to the other. The essential requirement of dress is to cover and make comfortable the body, and of two forms of dress which fulfil their functions equally well, that is the better which is the most accordant with the laws of beauty. But fitness must in nowise be interfered with; and the garb which infringes on this law gives us pain rather than pleasure. We believe that it will be found that the fittest and most comfortable dress is that which is most becoming: fitness is the primary demand; and the dress that appears uncomfortable is untasteful.

"But in the secondary function of dress, ornamentation, there are several diverse objects to be attained—dignity, grace, vivacity, brilliancy, are qualities distinguishing different individuals, indicating the impression they wish to make on society, and are expressed by different combinations of the elements of beauty, line, or form, and colour. When the appareling of the outer being is in most complete harmony with the mental constitution, the taste is most irreproachable."

GENERAL BEHAVIOUR.

A gentleman is characterised by perfect ease and tranquillity of manner. He is neither abashed nor confused, and his easy confidence and agreeable behaviour is readily communicated to those with whom he is in society.

It is difficult to be at ease with people of uncultivated manners. They are either sullen, which they mistake for reserve; imperious, which they mistake for dignity; or boisterous, which they mistake for freedom. If quietness is the true sign of a polite man, noise is the great characteristic of the ill-bred man; or, if he is quiet, his quietness is of a subdued, awkward kind, which shows at once how unused he is to society.

The ill-bred man is abashed without cause, and consequential without reason. He either talks not at all, or never leaves off. He is either motionless as a statue, or ubiquitous as a waiter. Whatever he does is so done that no one can fail to perceive his want of proper training.

Of course the very things the ill-bred man is in the habit of doing, are the very things which a man who desires to appear well-bred should avoid. Observe a few of his peculiarities.

He enters a room with nervous trepidation; he sits uneasily, shifts, shuffles, and employs his hands in touching up his hair or meddling with his face. Sometimes—being a shy man—he looks on the carpet and plays with his hands all the time another person

is addressing him. When he replies he stammers and becomes incoherent, says "You know" a good many times, and stops without finishing what he had to say.

There is another kind of ill-bred man, who is noisy and dogmatical. This man is the more objectionable of the two. He comes into the room with a noisy step, tramps about with all the elegance of a cart-horse, never moves a chair without making a racket, never sits down nor stands up, but in a blustering, defiant, manner. He deals largely in adjectives of the superlative degree; every petty trifle throws him into a wondrous state of excitement; he is boisterous with his friends and bullying to his servants. He never conceals his vexation if anything goes wrong, nor his surprise at anything novel. He manifests impatience while others are addressing him, is dictatorial in his replies, flatly contradicts, and prides himself on saying what he thinks. He alludes to other people with the addition of old or young to their proper names, or is descriptive, indicating them by some personal peculiarity, as tall, short, stout, or squint-eyed. He criticises your appearance, clothes, house, furniture, food; never hesitates to ask the price of any article, nor to depreciate its value. His conversation, whether about books or bullocks, is of an oracular sort that seems to challenge contradiction, for that man as dearly loves an argument as did the Great Frederick himself, and would use the thick-booted logic of that emperor, if he dared.

In our intercourse with society we should exercise the utmost consideration for the feelings of others. We have not only to please ourselves. If we lived alone in the world we could follow our own inclination as to personal appearance, our mode of eating and drinking, or any of the ordinary affairs of life. Even then carelessness and vulgarity would have an injurious influence on our mental and moral character. But, as it is, we are under certain obligations to society, and we cannot mix with society agreeably without an exact discharge of them.

HOME.

Good manners should begin at home. Politeness is not an article to be worn in full dress only, to be put on when we pay or receive a complimentary visit. It is one of those things which never wear out, but are all the better the more they are worn. People who are only polite on certain occasions are always awkward. It does not sit easily on them: just as you may observe the uneasiness of an individual wearing a dress to which he is unaccustomed. In the workshop, in the home, politeness adds grace and elegance to the character, and shines as brightly there as in the best and highest society.

Remember, then, you may not do as you please at home. Respect as well as affection is due to the members of your family. We do not recommend anything insincere or artificial. Let your manners do justice to your feelings. Parents, brothers, sisters, have claims upon your courtesy, that should never be forgotten. Stiff ceremonies and cold formality are out of place, but rudeness to the members of one's own family circle stamps a man as of the lowest breeding, and testifies also to the badness of his heart.

THE PIONEER'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN BACKWOODS.
(Concluded from page 183.)

THE moon had risen before Mr. Staunton and his party returned from the settlement. They were accompanied by a young maiden, who had been invited to serve as bridesmaid to Amy; the other guests were to come in the morning. With animated steps the company left their boat, and ascended the bank, somewhat surprised that Amy and her lover were not there to meet them, yet without the most distant thought of the calamity that had occurred. Having arrived in sight of the house, no bright beacon welcomed their approach; and a sudden apprehension of evil clouded their spirits in gloom.

Silently they hastened towards the small, dark cabin, when Hugh, who went first, stumbled over the lifeless body of Joanna, which lay as it had been left by the departing Indians. A low exclamation of horror escaped the youth; and, although his blood seemed turned to ice in his veins, he went round to his mother, and, with affectionate caution, guided her in such a way as to hide the corpse from her view. The women spoke no word of terror, uttered no despairing cries, for, in those days, women had little leisure to indulge in nervousness.

A light was soon struck; and shrinking eyes took a hasty survey of the apartment; but no mangled bodies met their gaze; and Mr. Staunton said, almost joyfully: "Thank God! they are not dead! If captured, we may recover them."

Hugh knew the truth must soon be known: therefore he deemed it best to acquaint them with what he had discovered at the door. In a moment the light was falling softly over the upturned face of Joanna, whose body was partially concealed by the doorsteps; her gray hair was dabbled in gore, and a ghastly wound in her temple revealed the cause of her death. Keeble groaned; and Mrs. Staunton shed tears for the faithful creature who had sacrificed life in her service. After convincing themselves that Charles and Amy were really gone, it was decided that Keeble should unload the boat, and return in it to the settlement for assistance. After his departure, the heavy door was secured by three oaken bars; the two small windows were removed, and the apertures filled with blocks of wood. The rigid form of the unfortunate Joanna had been reverently prepared for burial, and lay in the little room that was curtained off from the main department.

Scarcely a word was spoken through the dreary watches of the night, nor until the earliest dawn, when Keeble returned accompanied by fifteen or twenty men.

Two of the number were to remain with Mrs. Staunton and her young companion. Hugh, mere stripling though he was, had declared his intention of accompanying the party, though the rough and stalwart backwoodsmen had assured him he would be unable to endure the fatigue of a long and hurried march. But he said, firmly: "Think of my poor sister! Can I not endure as much as she! Hinder me not, for I will go."

No more opposition was made; and the brave boy took his gun and ammunition, then bade his mother a tender farewell.

"Be brave, but be careful, my boy," said she, with a steady voice, though her cheek was pale, and her eye dim with its load of unshed tears. "Remember, Hugh, if you do not recover your sister, I shall have no child but you." And then the noble mother retired to her own room to shed, in the unconscious presence of the dead, the most sorrowful tears of her life.

The party was led by an experienced scout, whose practised eyes could detect traces of the trail, however carefully concealed by their cunning foes. He soon found the place where the litter was made, and the pursuit commenced.

After marching an hour or two Hugh's quick eyes were the first to detect the moccasin Amy had cast off, and which lay half hidden in a tuft of brakes; then they saw where her little feet had been planted with such a good will.

"Hurrah, boys! Heaven be thanked! Miss Amy knew how to head the bloody Indians," shouted Keeble, exultingly, for, in the kind and gentle girl he thought every womanly grace and perfection were centered. He secured the moccasin, renewing inwardly the oath of vengeance he had taken over the remains of his murdered sister.

In a few hours the camp of the preceding night was discovered; the ashes were found to be yet warm. It was decided that the pursuit must be made with the utmost caution, for the sturdy pioneers were well acquainted with the wary habits of the marauders. On they went over brush and brier, through dark ravines, and along rocky heights, never pausing to think of rest, but refreshing themselves by devouring squares of cold corn-cake and slices of meat as they went along.

For their first camp, they chose a sheltered nook at the base of a steep, rocky hill, upon whose barren sides a few small and stunted shrubs clung for life with a tenacity of purpose that merited a better reward. They dared not build a fire, lest the light should attract the attention of their foes; but they cut down cedar branches, and made couches that were comfortable as beds of down to their weary limbs.

One of the party was placed as sentinel; and the rest composed themselves to sleep almost as unconcernedly as if they had been in their own beds at home, little dreaming, poor fellows! that, in the dim twilight above them, lurked the very party they were pursuing, waiting an auspicious moment to destroy them all. Yet it was even so; they had encamped in a cluster of young spruce and hemlocks not a quarter of an hour before the approach of the white men.

Charles and Amy, securely bound, were sitting dejectedly upon the moss-covered hearth when the voices of their friends were heard. They raised their heads in joy; and the light of hope again burned in their hearts; but two fierce savages instantly bent over them with hatchets raised, threatening immediate death if either of them dared to speak or move.

When the moon rose, they saw eager but cautious preparations going on for an attack upon their unsus-

pecting friends, who had chosen a camp in every way favourable to the designs of the blood-thirsty crew above them.

The high courage of the pioneer's daughter rose with the emergency. She thought of her gray-haired father and her promising young brother, whose lives were dearer and more valuable than her own; she thought of the homes that would be made desolate by the deed that was meditated; and she thought of the lasting injury it would be to the settlement if so many brave men were cut off—what was her poor life when so many precious ones were at stake? Charles, who was watching her closely by the pale moonlight, read in her expressive face the desperate resolve she had formed. Hoping chance would yet turn the scales in their favour, he enjoined her to silence by an imploring look; but the firm lines about her mouth did not relax. She would not yield in this because she knew she was right.

Suddenly, a new thought flashed upon her lover; and in another moment he was exerting his ventriloquial powers to the utmost.

"Hugh! Hugh! we are upon the hill above you! Beware! the Indians are preparing an attack!"

The white men sprang from their couches in surprise and alarm; but, at a word of explanation from Hugh Staunton, they sought shelter behind the surrounding trees.

The savages looked at each other, then at their captives, seeking to read the riddle of that mysterious voice, which appeared to come from so great a distance with a warning to their unwary pursuers; but Amy's face wore a look of blank astonishment; while that of Charles was as impassive as a block of granite.

The red men are a superstitious race; they believed the Great Spirit had deserted them in favour of the whites; and, in dismay, they again set forward, driving the already exhausted prisoners mercilessly before them. Upon reaching a place suitable for a defensive post, they paused, and made preparations to meet the expected attack. It soon came; and they found their enemies well skilled in the Indian mode of warfare, namely, that of dodging behind trees, and aiming at every head, body, or limb that was exposed to view. This cautious manner of proceeding was exceedingly distasteful to Keeble, whose hand was burning to avenge his sister's death, and to rescue his beloved young mistress. He imprudently exposed himself, against the express commands of the leader, and in return received a bullet through his right arm from one of their watchful opponents.

It was thought best to rescue the captives as speedily as possible, lest the savages might put an end to their lives in order to be rid of the incubus. Therefore, they sprang from tree to tree until they were close upon their foes, when the voice of Charles was heard imploring them to hasten, or it would be too late. Then the attack became fierce and determined. Keeble contrived to get near the captives, and, despite his shattered arm, to shoot a savage, who was in the very act of hurling a death-dealing tomahawk at Amy Staunton. He hastily severed their cords, and in another moment had led them to a place of safety.

It was not long before the conflict was decided. Six of the red men were slain, and five escaped; while but one of the settlers lost his life: it was Mr. Grainger, the father of the intended bride, a brave, good man. His loss was deeply regretted by his companions; but it was the "fortune of war;" and with heavy hearts they set out upon their homeward march, four of them bearing the body of their slaughtered neighbour.

Towards morning, a couple of hours were snatched for rest for the sake of Amy, who, although nearly worn out with fatigue and exposure, remonstrated against the delay, knowing that her mother's suspense must be lengthened thereby.

However, about noon, the anxious watchers at the pioneer's cabin were rejoiced by the triumphant shouts that announced the successful termination of the pursuit.

A brief space was allotted for rest and refreshment, and then the body of Joanna was laid in the rough coffin that had been made by the men who remained to guard the women.

With uncovered heads the borderers listened to a few impressive words and a prayer from their clergyman, who had come down during their absence; then the body was lowered into its last resting-place at the foot of a drooping willow that bowed its pensile branches, as if in grief at her untimely fate.

After the conclusion of the funeral service, the body of Mr. Grainger was borne to the boat; and his sorrowing daughter was escorted with tenderest care to her desolate home, for the frontier-men, notwithstanding

standing their unpromising exterior, had hearts as soft as those of women.

Before departing, these kind neighbours had extorted from Mr. Staunton a promise that he would immediately leave his dangerous locality, and take up his residence nearer the settlement.

The wedding was deferred until the family could be established in their new home.

In the meantime, a new log-house sprang up, as if by magic, near the outskirts of the village; and, in a few days more, Charles and Amy were married amid general rejoicing.

HOW THEY MAKE ICE IN INDIA.

ICE-MAKING in India is a very important branch of manufacture, and is attended with no small difficulty. The manner in which it is accomplished is as follows:—They dig, on a large open plain, not far from Calcutta, three or four pits about thirty feet square, and two feet deep each, the bottom of which they cover about eight inches or a foot thick with sugar-cane, or the stems of the large Indian corn, dried. On this bed are placed, in rows, a number of small, shallow, unglazed earthen pans, formed of a very porous earth, a quarter of an inch thick, and about an inch and a quarter deep, which, at the dusk of evening, they fill with soft water that has been boiled. In the morning, before sunrise, the ice-makers attend the pits, and collect what is frozen in baskets, which they convey to the place of preservation. This is generally prepared on some high, dry situation, by sinking a pit fourteen or fifteen feet deep, lining it first with straw, and then with a coarse kind of blanketing. The ice is deposited in this pit, and beat down with rammers, till at length its own accumulated cold again freezes it, and forms one solid mass. The mouth of the pit is well secured from the exterior air with straw and blankets, and a thatched roof is thrown over the whole. The quantity of ice formed by the method above described depends on a light atmosphere, and clear, serene weather. Three hundred persons are employed in this operation in one place. At first sight this curious process may appear to be an effect of evaporation; but this is not the case, for it is remarkable that it is essential to its success that the straw in which the vessels are placed should be dry, whereas, if evaporation were concerned in the congelation, wetting the straw would promote it. When the straw becomes wet by accident, it is obliged to be replaced by dry straw. The earth is continually losing heat by radiation, and it loses most on clear, starlight nights, when there are no clouds to intercept and send back the rays of heat. The straw, like all filamentous substances, is a good radiator of caloric, and it is in consequence of the heat that is thus given out by it into space on clear nights that the ice is formed. When the weather is windy and cloudy, the effect does not take place.

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

PRAY thee, Dugald, love me,
For there is no other home,
Where I could nestle, or could rest,
But in thy arms, my own!
And in these days of heavy toil,
When I so pine to see—
So watch for, long for, looks of love,
And tender tones from thee:
O Dugald, let the looks be kind,
And gentle be the tone,
That fall on me, for these without,
My days are very lone.
Couldst thou but know how easier far
The tasks by duty set,
Cheered on by watchful looks of thine,
Thou sure wouldst not forget
The weary foot, the aching head,
Not half so heartless move,
Because 'tis all for thee they spring,
Because they toil for love.
But when no look nor word betrays
The presence of that love,
What wonder that they weary out,
And heavier live, and move!
The nestling baby by my side,
In all its helplessness,
Receives for thee full many a clasp
And many a fond caress;
But half I fear, sometimes, my child
Will garner all my heart,
Till both shall loathe an idol's curse,
And all be rent apart.
Oh, love me, Dugald, love me,
As I love the precious babe,
In helplessness, in trustfulness,
Upon thy bosom laid.
Let me have thy daily cheering,
Daily, hourly looks of love,
And then, how gladly, tirelessly
My daily tasks will move!

RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.

THE name of Russell is honourably associated with the history of our country. Amongst those men who engaged in the great struggle for the political and religious liberties of England, and who sealed with blood their attachment to the popular cause, Lord William Russell stands conspicuous. The descendants of this heroic patriot have faithfully adhered to the opinions which he upheld, and for which he died. For the last thirty years especially the name has been associated with all those popular movements, and with all those great achievements, which have extended the franchise, liberated commerce, emancipated the slave. Throughout that time Lord John Russell has sedulously laboured in the interests of the people; he has lent all his influence to the advancement and prosperity of the masses; from his entrance into public life he has worked hard for the attainment of those rights and liberties which the public demand; and to these efforts we are indebted for much of the political, social, civil, commercial, and religious freedom we enjoy.

Popularity is notoriously fickle. The favourite of to-day is the outcast of to-morrow. Every public man knows how rapidly the wheel turns. Even the popularity of Lord John Russell has been shaken; his sky has been clouded; and for awhile he was not only banished to the obscurity of back benches, but threatened with the loss of his seat altogether. But the clamour raised against so tried and faithful a man subsided; he stood forth as one of whom we had reason to be proud; and even those who had been the loudest in denunciation, were well satisfied to see him in his old position, advocating those principles which are so dear to Englishmen, and contending for those liberties which are the birthright of us all.

Although there may be questions on which we are not agreed with Lord John Russell, and points on which he differs from the more advanced politicians of the day, the energy and perseverance he has shown in everything he has undertaken are worthy of the highest praise. The question of Jewish disabilities is an illustration of this persevering determination. He has steadily pursued that subject, warmly agitating for the removal of those difficulties which disqualify the Jewish citizen from a seat in the House; under a variety of forms he has introduced and re-introduced this question; unwearied by incessant opposition, and undaunted by frequent failure, he has remained the firm and constant advocate of the religious and political equality which he considers this question involves.

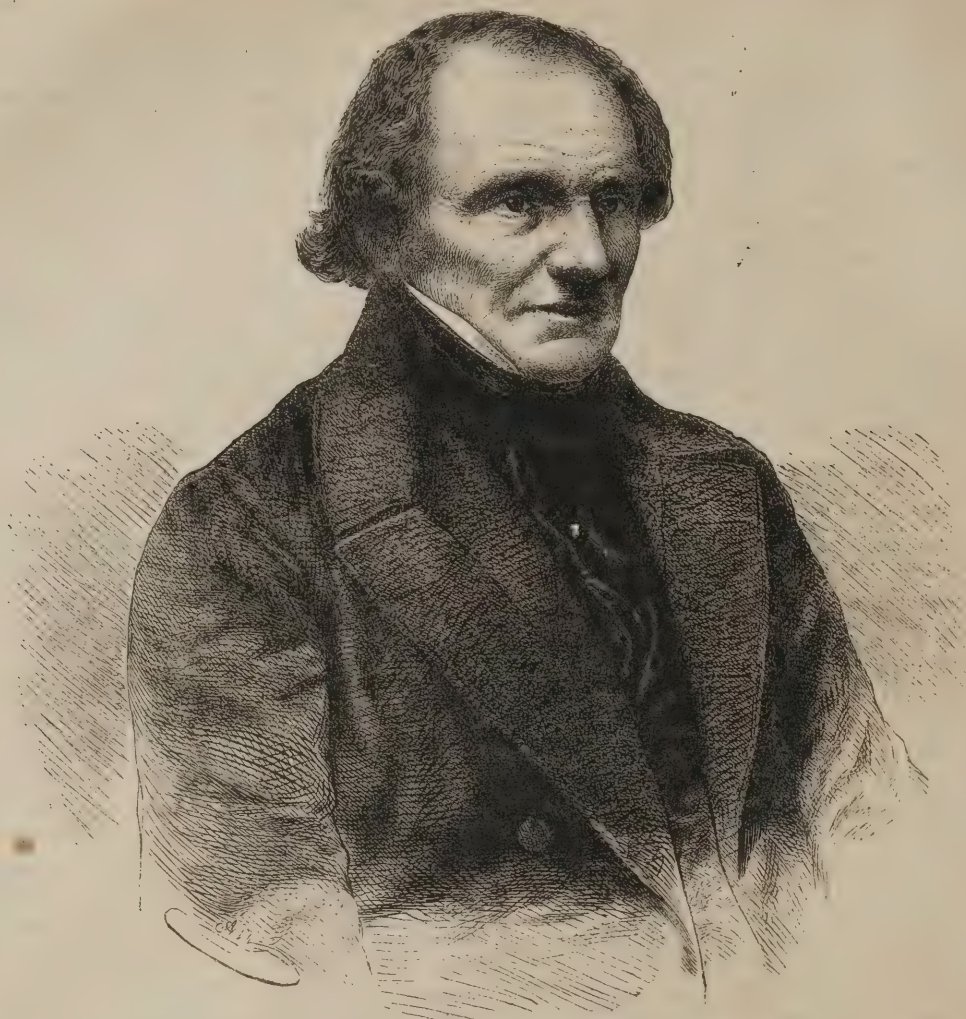
Lord John Russell has occupied a prominent position in all the great measures for reform which have taken place within the last thirty years. Foremost among these are parliamentary reform, repeal of the test and corporation acts, Catholic emancipation, the abolition of West Indian slavery, repeal of the navigation laws, repeal of the corn law. He has stood forth as the friend of progress, that true progress which, by popularising education, elevates and advances the people. Consistently he has remained the warm advocate of general education, ever since he entered on that great work with Bell and Lancaster, and as the friend of the late William Allen he has laboured hard to obtain proper education for the children of the poor. His sympathy with educational movements has been of the most practical character. He has presided over school meetings, temperance meetings, young men's meetings, throwing not only his influence but his own personal exertions into the scale.

The battles he has fought, the triumphs he has won, the campaigns in which he has served, have shown him the unswerving friend of liberty. Although in the ferment of the moment, public feeling was excited against him, the very circumstance which aroused the storm ultimately quelled it and called forth a display of true English feeling. In an age of shams and political intrigues, of idle pretensions and hollow professions, of protestations on behalf of national liberty without an effort to extend or to consolidate such liberty—a truckling to foreign power, and a blatant assertion of independence—the manliness and consistency of such a man as Lord John Russell are more than ever valuable.

The following sketch of the career of this celebrated statesman is necessarily brief, our limits forbidding anything more than a mere outline of his public life.

Lord John Russell was born on the 18th of August, 1792. He is the third and youngest son of the Duke of Bedford and Georgiana Elizabeth, second daughter of Viscount Torrington. He began his education at Sunbury, continued it at Westminster, and finished his academical course at Edinburgh. With his majority he attained a seat in parliament, being duly returned for the borough

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

of Tavistock. His name was speedily associated with the liberal tendencies of the age. It was evident that the scion of the house of Bedford inherited the spirit, as well as the name, of his renowned ancestor. In 1817 he availed himself of the tyrannical proceedings of the government to denounce the "Cabinet of Mediocrities." In 1819 he submitted his great scheme for Parliamentary Reform. It was a year of political excitement. In the House and out of the House, some great change was felt to be approaching. There was a murmur which seemed to foretell an eruption, and the agitation was shaking the very basis of society. Old institutions were breaking up. That great giant, the Public, had outgrown its bands, and was snapping asunder the cords by which its limbs were bound. The measure which Lord John Russell introduced into parliament was moderate in its demands, but even its moderation was regarded as singularly dangerous. Castlereagh strongly opposed the measure; but still that *ice-hearted dog*, as Ebenezer Elliott calls him, was induced to consent to the disfranchisement of places which have remained a proverb of electoral corruption. The struggle for reform was continued from session to session. Lord John every day became more popular with the liberal party. If he went too far for one body of constituents, others were ready immediately to avail themselves of his services:—thrown out for Huntingdon, he was returned for Bandon Bridge. The question of reform was the absorbing topic. Everything else was swept away before it. The rottenness of the system of representation was so notorious that its advocates were compelled to give in. The struggle lasted through the reign of George IV., but was brought to a close when the sailor-king ascended the throne. The Duke of

Wellington resigned the helm of affairs. Lord Grey was authorised to form an administration on the basis of parliamentary reform: Russell, Lansdowne, Brougham, Holland, were its leading spirits; Melbourne and Palmerston were its subordinates.

On the 1st of March, 1831, Lord John Russell brought forward, in the House of Commons, the ministerial plan for a reform in parliament. The sweeping character of the bill surpassed public expectation. Hume declared that it far exceeded his highest hopes; Macaulay pronounced it great, noble, and comprehensive; while the opposition were stricken with horror; Sir Charles Wetherell denouncing it as a corporation robbery; and Inglis as "revolution, not reformation!" But, in spite of all that could be urged against it, the bill was carried, and the whole country illuminated in honour of the event. The reform was great; but it was not all that was required. The representative system was still incomplete. It has been the effort of the noble champion who won the first triumph in the cause, to extend his conquest. He has not suffered the question of reform in parliament to rest. He has introduced new measures; and has done much, since the success of that first battle, to obtain a still more enlarged and comprehensive reform in the representative system.

The abolition of slavery in our West Indian colonies is another of those early triumphs which have given an enduring lustre to the name of Lord John Russell. It was a protracted struggle; a question which affected a large number of wealthy holders, and which had to contend against every kind of opposition. But it was done. The victory was achieved which gave "liberty to the captive and let the oppressed go free." And Lord John is still the same unflinching enemy of slavery as he was thirty years ago. What-

ever name it may be called by, or disguised in whatever character—urged as it may be on the show of necessity, and modified as it may be in its form, slavery is that with which Englishmen have done for ever; and there is not a man in England who would more strenuously and zealously denounce its restitution in any form than Lord John Russell.

From 1830 till November 1834, Lord John Russell was Paymaster of the Forces; from 1839 till 1841, Secretary of State for the Colonies; First Lord of the Treasury from July 1846 to March 1852. As member for Tavistock he sat from 1813 to 1817; and again from 1818 till 1819; he represented Huntingdonshire from 1820 to 1826; sat for Bandon Bridge till 1830; for Devon in 1831; for South Devon from 1832 till 1835; for Stroud from 1835 till 1841. He was first elected for the City of London in 1841. At the last election a strong opposition was got up against his return, on account of the part he had taken in the Canton question; but gratitude for past services, esteem for independence of character, and honest appreciation of the sterling qualities of Lord John, secured his return to parliament. No man in the House has done more for popular and natural progress than Lord John Russell. He has stood firm by the liberal party under all circumstances. To him we are indebted for the most decisive victories ever obtained over antiquated obstacles to national advancement, and from the experience of his past political career we augur well for his future exertions in the cause of salutary reform.

As an author Lord John Russell has exhibited considerable ability; but it is as a statesman that he is best known, and as a statesman that posterity will regard him as a worthy descendant of his distinguished ancestor.



PIERRE D'AUBUSSON DELEGATING THE COMMAND OF THE ARMY TO HIS BROTHER ANTOINE.

THE SIEGE OF RHODES.—II.

AMONG the works least known, but equally authentic with those usually consulted, is one entitled, "*Gulielmi Caoursin Rhodiorum vice Cancellarii obsidionis Rhodie urbis descriptio*." This is a very scarce book, printed at Ulm in 1496, in small folio, and republished in Rome in 1584. The Abbé Vertot, in his "*Histoire des Chevaliers de Saint Jean de Jerusalem*," has availed himself of this production. It has given to his work all the warmth, strength, and colour which characterise the recital. The style of Caoursin is unpretentious, concise, and sufficiently touching, and is never overloaded with ornament. But the absence

of enthusiasm is amply compensated by the scrupulous accuracy of the narrator.

William Caoursin was born at Douay, in 1430, and belonged to a family said, but without foundation, to be originally natives of Rhodes. For several years he was attached to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, in the capacity of vice-chancellor, but he never adopted the mantle of the order. He exercised the functions of his office under several successive grand masters; he took part in every council, was present at every chapter, and engaged in all the negotiations which had anything to do with the Turkish war. Under Raymond Zacosta, in 1464, he was intrusted with an embassy to the Venetian Republic. He went

to Rome to solicit help against the threatened expedition of Mahomet II., and played a valiant part when that expedition actually took place, and the Turks laid siege to Rhodes.

Several editions are in existence of the works of Caoursin. In the seventeenth century they were translated into German by a Strasbourg doctor. The Imperial library at Paris possessed two translations of the *Siege of Rhodes*, one done into good French at the beginning of the sixteenth century, by a writer unknown "on account of his very great littleness," by order of that distinguished nobleman Jacques Calliot, knight of the order of Jerusalem, commander of Brabant, and liege lord of Chanteraim, &c., &c.;

the other is by Gilbert Papillon, baron of Ryan, a Bourbon gentleman, and is dedicated to Charles Gonzago, duke of Nevers and Rethel. But the most valuable manuscript of Caoursin's celebrated work is a small folio copy, written on fine vellum. It contains besides the "Siege of Rhodes," the "History of Zizim," brother of Bajazet. The text is adorned with vignettes exceedingly well executed, and from which our engravings are taken.

The first vignette in this valuable manuscript is called the presentation. As we do not give an engraving of this picture, we may briefly describe it. Caoursin is represented offering his book to the grand master, who is surrounded by his knights, ranged in a half-circle and clothed in the mantle of the order. It is these brilliant accessories that render the copy so valuable. The author begins his story by recounting the occasion of the enterprise of Mahomet II.—the hate which that prince entertained for the defenders of the cross, and his ardent desire to seize on their island home. In order to obtain an adequate conception of the difficulties he should have to encounter, he called to his assistance a number of renegades who had formerly resided in Rhodes, and who were acquainted with all its strong, and all its weak points. Having so far ascertained the work he had to accomplish, he intrusted the command of the expedition to his grand vizier Missah, himself an apostate; this Missah was no other than the last of a royal line, who, when his family were stripped of all their possessions by the Moslem conqueror, embraced Mohammedanism; and thereby not only saved his share of the property, but won the favour of the emperor. On account of his valour, his intelligence, and blind obedience to the sultan's will, he was promoted to the dignity of grand vizier; and, like all apostates, he felt an implacable hatred against his ancient creed, and those who still professed it; and none, in all the sultan's dominions, were so merciless against Christians in general, and the grand master of the Order of Jerusalem in particular.

The engraving we gave last week of Rhodes, is contained in Caoursin's manuscript, and is supposed to be identical with the view and plan which was supplied to Mahomet. This plan was made by a rascal named Georges, who came as a spy to Rhodes, pretending that he had fled from the vizier Missah, and throwing himself on the hospitality of the knights of Rhodes. He managed while there to make and despatch a plan to the sultan, but as he continued his operations his secret was detected, and a long cord and a short shrift were justly dealt out to him.

The topographical description which Caoursin furnishes of Rhodes is too concise to be explicit. He has laboured to be brief and has grown obscure. The artist has assisted to increase the obscurity; and the intelligibility of our view is attributable more to contemporary authorities, than either the miniature from which it is copied, or the description by which that miniature is accompanied.

Rhodes, built on the brow of a hill crowned with hillocks and surrounded by fields, was divided into an upper and lower city. It was encircled by fortified walls, flanked with strong towers. The palace of the grand master was placed in the upper city, and served as a castle and a citadel. All the knights had lodgings near the palace. The secular officers, merchants, and ordinary citizens, occupied the lower city. The city had two harbours, one large and commodious, the other of less importance. The entrance to the chief harbour was formed by a mole, which ran for three hundred feet into the sea, and was defended at its extremity by the tower of St. Nicholas. The Arabian historians describe this fortress as of extraordinary dimensions: its battlements touching the clouds, its foundations in the centre of the earth! It is easy to excuse want of success by exaggerating difficulties. The truth is, the tower was of no particular strength, and exhibited nothing surprising in the engineering skill of its construction. It was an important position, and ably defended; and against it, by advice of Georges, the first attack of the assailants was directed.

The attack was determined and persevering; but the knights repulsed the soldiers of the sultan with great slaughter, and they were compelled to desist. Irritated by defeat, the vizier resorted to an odious plot for satisfying his vengeance. Two treacherous citizens undertook to penetrate the army of the knights, to gain the palace, and to assassinate the grand master. Poison or steel was to accomplish this diabolical mission; but the assassins were arrested, and expiated their offence on the scaffold. Hoping nothing more from treason, Missah resolved to effect by force what he could not accomplish by stratagem.

Meanwhile the grand master assembled a council, consisting, not only of the knights and chief citizens, but of foreign allies who had proffered service.

Among these was Antoine d'Aubusson, Viscount Montell, eldest brother of the grand master. Upon this redoubtable warrior the hopes of the beleaguered garrison were centered; and, at the unanimous request of the council, he accepted the command of the army.

The engraving we present is taken from the original vignette which portrays this event. It is a remarkable composition. The grand master, surrounded by the principal knights, is handing the bâton to his brother, Antoine d'Aubusson. Artisans working at their several trades make up the picture. Here is a bootmaker busy at his craft, there a hosier in his shop; here a barber shaving a customer, there a company of priests singing mass and imploring the protection of heaven for the beleaguered city. The brilliant colouring of the original renders it particularly interesting. There is much more expression in it, both with regard to the principal figures and to the accessories of the piece, than is usually seen in the illuminated manuscripts of that age.

LATSON.

BY
FELIX STOWE.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE HALF-BROTHERS.

THE Old Court at the Old Bailey.

If you have nerve for it, go and sit there, man of this world, once or twice every year. If you have to pay your shilling for the gallery—five shillings, or ten, if anything "interesting" is coming on—it's a shame you should have to do it, but pay it; it will be money well spent.

If you are endowed with a good memory, go half an hour before the judges come upon the bench, and, putting your hat under the seat (never mind the sawdust) lean on your stick, and remember!

Think of all that those four gloomy walls have looked down upon, since they became walls!

The lies, the perjuries, the tales of horror, the tears of woe, the livid cheeks, the broken hearts, the escapes of guilt, and (yes, sometimes, no doubt) the slaughter of the innocent—for even Justice may be too blind, now and then—think over it all, and be humbled for the nature you have a part in!

Here, the valet who stabbed his noble master; here, the husband who beat to death his young wife; here, the couple who shot, and then buried their friend under the kitchen flags; here, the sporting surgeon who doled out poison to boon companions, and watched their struggles for hours, without moving a muscle, or once turning pale; here, mothers who tied the string about the necks of new-born infants, mad, perhaps, with mingled love, and wretchedness, and revenge; here, in that square, spiked, well-worn box, all these, and thousands more, have stood; and those wretched herbs lying on the shelf before them, looked the same, still the same, faded, sickly things they look to-day—the flowers that Justice casts on the Coffin of Human Hopes!

Lean upon your stick, and think!

Last night, they led off from that step in front of the dock, the wretch who, in a fortnight, will tread another step, hard by,—a step that will not bear him, and, breaking down with him, will cast him off, while dirty ruffians ring in his ears (he catches the sound even through the white cap), "The last dying speech and confession of Thomas Davis!"—the dear little boy of thirty years ago whom his mother would have buried in kisses, as your mother would have done you; now, he is down there, waiting for the bell and the hangman's rope, on the Monday morning that comes on so fast!

Think, go on thinking; and, if you ever pray, good gentleman, pray there, as you lean on your stick.

Here's a prayer for you—

"Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins!" Have you done?

Now take another—you may have forgotten this—

"Who can understand his errors? Cleanse Thou me from secret faults!"

"Make way, there!" cries an usher.

In come six or seven gentlemen of the bar.

Two or three are in a broad and loud laugh, as they put upon the green-baize table their red bags, bags that could almost have come in by themselves, they know the way so well.

They nod to the Clerk of Arraigns, who pitches a clean new pen to each corner, and then takes snuff with this one, and speaks in hearty, cheery tones to all.

"What leads off, Mr. Crook?"

"Case of forgery," says the clerk.

"Long?"

"No, no; I should think not. Depends on Fotheringay's eloquence. You must ask him."

The reader will recognise Claude's old school-pal in the counsel for the crown.

And just as the bar began to titter—for Mr. Fotheringay had no great eloquence to speak of—every one rises, and the two judges on the rota enter, and take their seat on the bench.

Then a man whom you have never noticed gets up, and begins to gabble something about—

"All persons," and "before my lords, the Queen's justices," &c. &c.

And two or three more men, from different quarters, call "*Silence!*" And there is a general "*Hush!*"—"Sh!"

"Put up Claude Blance Latson!" says the clerk.

And he comes up!

You see first his head, then his shoulders, then himself in full.

They put him on the step, among the marjoram and the rue.

And Claude hangs his head as he attempts a bow to the court.

And ladies, and counsel, and judges put their eyeglasses up, and scan him from head to foot, as far as they can see him.

"Claude Blance Latson, you stand indicted, for that you," &c.

"How say you, are you guilty of the forgery for which you stand indicted, or not guilty?"

And Claude, in a clear voice, answers, "Not guilty!"

Then he is told that the gentlemen whose names he will now hear called, are those who are to try him; and if he objects to them, or any of them, he must do so as they come to the book to be sworn, before they are sworn, and he will be heard.

Poor fellow! he has no objection to them. He hardly hears the license to object.

"Take the book in your right hand, gentlemen.

"That you shall well and truly try, and true deliverance make, between our Sovereign Lady the Queen and the prisoner at the bar, whom you shall have in charge, and a true verdict give, according to the evidence, so help you God!"

And so, one by one, they are all sworn.

And then the prisoner is given in charge to them by another quick form of words, which, if you are not used to it, you hardly understand.

"May it please your lordship, Gentlemen of the jury."

And then the prosecuting counsel opens the case.

And the judge, having nothing as yet to take down, leans back, and joins the tips of his fingers, and rests his elbows on the chair, watching whether the opening agrees with the depositions, or perhaps thinking of something else.

And on the counsel goes through the facts he means to prove.

"I think, gentlemen, that I have now gone through the main facts in this case; and if, as I believe, I shall be able to prove by evidence the facts I have stated to you; if I shall show that the prisoner at the bar gave the bill to Mr. Swillman bearing the name of Mr. Montgomery, as one of the acceptors of the bill, and if Mr. Montgomery declares, as he will, that the acceptance is not in his handwriting, you can then come to no other conclusion, as reasonable men, than that the prisoner is guilty of the forgery with which he is charged in the indictment."

And so he sat down.

"Ernest Montgomery!" shouts the junior counsel.

"Ernest Montgomery!" shout two or three voices at once.

And Ernest Montgomery appears, and is sworn.

They had had hard work with Ernest to bring him up to that point. He had done his very best to effect a compromise of the affair, but Swillman had got the lawyers to work pretty early in the business; and Montgomery's distinct disclaimer of the signature, at the interview with Swillman, was quite enough.

The poor clergyman's examination-in-chief consisted only in the single question, and the fatal answer.

Mr. Church, for the prisoner, had nothing to ask him.

"Oh, yes! I beg pardon. Perhaps your lordship will just allow me to ask him one question?"

"Mr. Montgomery, do you know the holder of this bill, James Swillman?"

"I never saw him before he called upon me in relation to this transaction."

"Had you any reason to know whether he was acquainted at all with you, or knew of your relationship to—"

"Really, Mr. Church," cried Fotheringay, starting up, "I object entirely to—"
 "Of course," said the judge, "you cannot ask that—you cannot ask that."
 "Well," said Church, bowing to the Bench, "you have never written to Mr. Swillman in your life, have you?"
 "Not that I recollect. I think I may say, I never have."

"You married the sister of the prisoner's mother, I believe?"
 "I did."
 "Was your marriage before or after the death of Colonel Latson, the prisoner's father?"
 "After his death."

"Then you had no intimacy or friendship with the Colonel's family?"
 "None whatever."
 "You had no friends in Wiltshire who were also friends of the Latsons—common friends, I mean?"
 "None at all."

And Mr. Church sat down.
 "James Swillman!" said the prosecuting counsel.
 And "James Swillman!" echoed and re-echoed, inside and outside the court, and along a number of distant passages; for, at Church's request, "all the witnesses, on both sides, had been ordered out of court."

Swillman was sworn.
 "You have had, I believe," said Mr. Fotheringay, "a betting transaction with the prisoner?"
 "Not exactly betting; he lost some money to me at play."

"Just so—yes. I meant to say play."
 "What was the last sum he lost to you?"
 "Fifty pounds."
 "How did he pay you?"
 "By a bill payable in three months."
 "How many acceptances were on that bill?"
 "Two."

"Whose were they?"
 "One was the signature of a person, a common friend of ours, and the other that of Ernest Montgomery."

"How soon after you got possession of the bill did you discover the name of Mr. Montgomery, and find that it was not in his handwriting?"

And so Swillman told his story.
 And he told of Claude's confusion and prevarication when charged with the crime. And especially he told, with infinite relish, of Claude's repeated assertion that the writing was his uncle's.

And Claude leant forward, and buried his face in his hands, and shook violently.

And the fiend shone out—nay, rather, glared out—from every line in the face of the witness.

For he and Claude had been to one another, as we have told you, like natural enemies. He had done more to ruin Claude than any man in London had done; and he hated his victim as only victims are hated.

Not, mind you, that Claude was a better man. He himself had played falsely enough, and falsely won; but he stood no chance against the higher or lower rascality of Swillman.

Hugh Church rose to cross-examine.

"Where were you when this bill was given you, Mr. Swillman?"

"At the house in Leicester-square."

"By appointment with the prisoner?"

"By appointment with the prisoner."

And the witness buttoned up his frock-coat to the top, and looked with infinite complacency, and something like condescension, on his examiner.

"Which of you arrived at the house first?"

"Latson."

"You found him there on your arrival?"

"I did."

"Was he alone?"

"He was."

"In the room where you generally played?"

"Yes."

"What was he doing when you went in?"

"Doing? nothing."

"Nothing! Was he walking about, sitting down, or reading, or what?"

"I really don't remember, but I think he was sitting down. No, he was—yes, to be sure; yes, he was sitting down."

"Come, sir, it's not so very long ago. You can hardly have forgotten. You're now sure he was sitting down, are you?"

"I think I may say, I am."

"Now, sir, attend to me. Did you receive the bill from the prisoner's hands, immediately after you entered the room, and found him there?"

"Yes."

"What! sir, will you swear that? Take care! will you swear, that immediately on your entering

the gaming room, the prisoner paid you his debt with this bill?"

"It wasn't long before he did."

"Long, sir! answer my question; was it immediately?"

"There may have been a few minutes, perhaps, before I got it."

"Now, sir, during that few minutes, what was the prisoner doing?"

"Doing?"

"Yes, sir! doing. You understand the word, I conclude?"

"Upon my soul, I can't say."

"Do you mean to tell my lord, and the jury, that you don't know what the prisoner was doing, between your entering the room, and his handing you the bill?"

"No, I don't know what he was doing; and you can't prove that I do. I didn't care a curse what he was doing, till he paid me the money."

"Now, sir; on your solemn oath, was not the prisoner asleep on the sofa when you entered that room?"

"Asleep! for anything I know he might have been. I've told you I know nothing about it."

"Will you swear that he was not fast asleep on the sofa?"

"No, I won't swear that!"

"You won't? And yet you don't know what he was doing?"

"No, I don't."

"Now, sir, when you saw him asleep on the sofa—"

"Mr. Church," said the judge, in an under-tone of voice, "I don't know what this is to lead to. But if my suspicions of your proposed course are correct, this mustn't proceed. I shall caution the witness that he is not obliged to answer any more questions on this part of the case."

"Oh!" cried Swillman, "let him go on, my lord; he'll make nothing of me; I'm prepared to answer any question the gentleman is anxious to put. Pray, don't inconvenience him, my lord, on my account."

And Swillman grinned round the court, as if to receive the admiration of all present for his unimpeachable integrity.

"Well, sir, then," said Mr. Church, "if you have no objection to answer one more question on this subject, we'll take your answer, if you please. But before you give it, I merely give you this other caution, that I am not asking this particular question without an excellent reason for doing it. So take care."

Swillman smiled a smile that meant to be contemptuous.

"Where did Latson take the bill from, when he paid you? Let me ask you that, first."

"Take it from? His pocket, I believe."

"Did he not take it from his pocket-book, sir?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure. Yes, he did."

"Now, sir, take care! On your solemn oath (and remembering what I've said about being in a position to support my question), had you not seen that pocket-book while the prisoner was—"

"Upon my word, Mr. Church," said Mr. Fotheringay, springing to his feet, "this is going a little too far! What will you ask next?"

"I don't see," said the judge, "that if the witness is willing—"

"Willing! my lord," broke in Swillman, "most willing! I'll answer in a trice. No!" and the witness repeated the last words of the oath by which he had been sworn.

"Very well, sir," said Church; "then we'll take up that question again presently."

All this while Claude, having obtained leave to sit, sat with the lower part of his face covered with his hand, his elbow resting on his knee, and his eyes fastened, without ever moving, on Swillman's face.

"Now, then, I have a few more questions, my lord, to ask you," said Church, in a stern voice.

Every one in court stared at the learned counsel.

"Questions to ask me, Mr. Church," said his lordship on the bench, looking in bewilderment at Church's self-possession and the assurance of manner, and hearing the voice of an authority so unusual in counsel addressing the court, and especially unusual in Mr. Church.

"Beg your lordship's pardon," said Church, bowing very low. "I had not the honour of addressing the court just then. I spoke to the witness."

And Hugh quietly began turning over his brief, and some other papers that lay before him, without troubling even to throw away a glance at the thunderstricken deponent.

"Now, my lord," said Church again, very calmly.

"Lord!" said Swillman, laughing; "I'm really very much obliged to you, but you do me too much

honour. I suppose this is to make up for all the bullying I've had."

Church stood at the table, with a certain paper open in his left hand, while with the other he held up a very threatening-looking finger towards the witness, and then in a deep tone, and in measured syllables, said to him—

"Sir, it is high time that this foolery should be laid aside. Are you not the cast-off son of the Marquis of Shackberry? and is not your proper name the Lord Blinmore?"

The witness seemed to be falling back in the box, and the bystanders instinctively moved away, lest he should fall upon them.

It occurred to not one among them to save him from a tumble.

But he rallied in another moment.

Whiter than the judge's ermine was the man's face as he nerved himself to answer, in a tone of constrained ease and full of bitter malice—

"Well, sir, and suppose it is, what then?"

"It is a very dangerous thing," said the judge, solemnly, "to come into a court of justice and swear under a false name; and, let me say, ten times worse, to do this when prosecuting another man for forgery."

Church spoke next.

"I shall not put you to the pain, my lord, of telling us the circumstances under which your family name is discovered or has been taken from you—whichever the case may be."

"You'd better, I should think—oh, you'd better!" said Blinmore, trying to taunt—but he didn't make much of it.

He could scarcely have been worse off if the question had been pursued; for there were a hundred directions in which he knew how fatal to him would be this discovery.

The cold sweat sat on his brow in beads. He dabbed it up with his handkerchief.

"No, my lord," said Hugh, "we won't push that part of your history: it would scarcely be fair; besides, we don't want it. We'll come to another period, long before you left home."

"Does your lordship recollect ever taking an interest in the races at Soresby, in the county where you resided?"

"Perfectly," said Blinmore.

"Possibly, you remember, my lord—"

"Now," said the judge, "I think it is my duty to tell you that your lordship may decline answering any question, the reply to which would criminate you, in any way."

"Oh," laughed the witness, "much obliged; but I don't mean to shirk anything that the gentleman asks. Though, where the devil he's going to take us, he knows best."

"Just so," said Church, with imperturbable gravity, turning over his brief, as it lay on the table.

"Has your lordship any particular recollection of the year in which a horse of Colonel Latson's ran, named—named,—yes,—named *Mandrake*?" looking for the name among the papers.

"Aye, perfectly, perfectly."

"And, I think that your lordship had special reasons for desiring that *Mandrake*, which was the favourite that year, I believe, shouldn't win; is that so?"

And the witness darted a look at the dock, and into Claude's fixed face, that would have slain him there, as he sat, if looks could kill.

"Oh!" said Blinmore, changing his cue in an instant; "I know where you are now, exactly. Tricks in all trades, you know. What! he's told you, has he? Well, he took my advice, I suppose, and doctored him, for he lost, safe enough. It was for my con-founded father; not for me."

"What proof have you, sir," said Church, sternly, "that he did anything of the kind? But what he did, or did not, doesn't concern us here, to-day. You admit that you advised his tampering with the horse?"

"Oh, yes, if you like. Anything to oblige."

"And you also admit, I suppose, that when you mentioned the matter to the prisoner, he indignantly refused having anything to do with it?"

"Aha! that's very rich, very. He snapped at it in a moment. He knows he did."

"Stop, stop, my lord! take care!"

"Why, don't I tell ye, the horse lost! and Latson made her lose; you don't do:bt that, I suppose?"

"I ask this simple question—did not Claude Latson leave your company that day, vowing that you were the very devil himself, and that he would have nothing in the world to do with your frauds? Answer, my lord! yes, or no!"

"Yes," said Blinmore; "and then went and did it, the next moment!"

"What your lordship did, we were in a position to have proved, if it had been denied. What the prisoner did, none can prove; and if they could, it is beside my present purpose to inquire."

"Hm!" said Blinmore.

And again, his eye met Claude's, and his lip curled with a horrid sneer.

"My lord," said Church, "you may stand down."

He needed no second permission.

And a broad gangway was made by the crowd, as he went through, as if each spectator would have felt a taint of pollution, had Blinmore touched him.

"My lord," said Hugh, addressing the bench, "I have to pray your lordship to forbid the last witness to leave the court, until the conclusion of the case."

"Oh! of course, Lord Blinmore will remain in attendance. He may be wanted again, in the course of the trial."

"That is your lordship's order, as I understand?"

"If an order be necessary, Mr. Church, certainly."

There was, then, a re-examination of Lord Blinmore, *alias* James Swillman, but Fotheringay could make nothing of it.

He only tried to make the most, as was natural, of Mandrake's having lost the race; and, from that, wished it, of course, to be inferred (as the reader knows was the fact) that Claude had tampered with the horse.

But Hugh's point had been gained—viz., the damaging of Blinmore's character. For whatever Claude might be, Mr. Church had reasons for disparaging the accuser's character, to prepare the way for what follows. This he had effectually done; not only by the exposure of the Mandrake affair, but by the deportment elicited from the witness, in the giving of his evidence, from first to last.

"That, my lords," said Fotheringay, "is the case for the prosecution."

Hugh Church then rose.

Rose, to do what?

Rose to plead for the son of the man who had done him the direst injury one human being can inflict upon another!

But, nevertheless, rose—a gentleman nearly at the top of a most honourable profession, after a life of sorrow and struggle—the mediator of one who, a few years ago, would have called him (and perhaps, if he had known him, would have called him still) by the most offensive of society's worst names.

"May it please your Lordships, Gentlemen of the Jury—

"I congratulate myself, that I shall be able, on this occasion, to spare you one of those lengthened and impassioned introductions which are not generally wanting in the speech of counsel; standing, as I do, to defend a gentleman of station and family, under a charge like that which is laid in this indictment.

"Under other circumstances, I might have felt it due to my client that I should dwell at some length on the contrast, the miserable contrast between the birth, the education, the former prosperity of the prisoner, and his appearance in the dock before you now, on his trial for an offence which, a few short years back, would have involved, not his liberty, but his life.

"Gentlemen,—whatever may be the momentary humiliation of Mr. Latson's position, and although neither you nor I would elect to stand in that dock, even for the purpose of receiving a full and honourable acquittal on a disgraceful charge like this, yet, if you and I live a few moments longer, I think we shall be of one mind on this point, at all events—viz., that if the prisoner, for a short hour or two this morning, has been deprived of your respect, and that of this crowded court, he comes out of this ordeal—as I promise you he shall come out—an object of more heartfelt and more universal sympathy than he would, probably, ever have been made, by any other means.

"Gentlemen,—the case for the prosecution rests, as you have heard, mainly on the evidence of two witnesses.

"I don't deny, I never did deny, Mr. Latson does not deny, that the signature of Mr. Montgomery to that bill is a forgery—no doubt, a wilful forgery; and you, I am sure, felt, as I did, the profoundest compassion for that poor young man's uncle, as that uncle was compelled, in yonder box, to disavow the handwriting.

"Unquestionably, gentlemen, the signature is a forgery.

"But who forged it?

"First of all, let me ask you, what conceivable motive the prisoner at the bar could have for adding a second signature at all? The highly respectable

nobleman who comes here to give evidence under an *alias*, told my friend (he let out to my friend), that he had required only one name on the bill, with which the fifty pounds was to be paid.

"What did Latson want with another name?"

"If the noble lord was satisfied, why should the prisoner be uneasy, and actually forge his own uncle's signature to give this man, his known enemy, more security than he had asked for?"

"For, mark you, gentlemen, Mr. Latson had no great reason to look after the interests of this James Swillman. From the first moment of their meeting, years back, the prisoner detected, under the cloak of an *alias*, the valuable friend of his boyhood, who wanted him to poison his own father's horses; and, from that day to this, Latson has been the object of that man's deliberate and persevering hatred and malice: and this Latson has seen. But, by gradually, I fear, infecting his victim with a portion of his own character, and snaring him in his vile plots, the noble lord has held his victim, as if spell-bound, so that no basilisk ever made surer of his prey.

"Ay, gentlemen, and this bill" (holding it up) "was to have been the *coup-de-grace* to that miserable man's character!"

"What is my case?"

"Gentlemen, my case is this. My case is, that Claude Latson had no more knowledge of that signature of Montgomery, until Swillman showed it to him, than his lordship on the bench;—my case is, that it was only in one of those dreadful paroxysms of despair in which men have been known to do far wilder things than this, that poor Latson adopted the handwriting, and maintained it to have been his uncle's;—my case is, that when this wretch—this Blinmore, whom his own father has been forced to disclaim—entered the gambling-house, Latson was asleep, overcome with wine: that his pocket-book—which, you will presently see, was a large one, and probably protruded from the pocket of his shooting-jacket, as he sat, or lay, snoring;—my case is (don't tremble, gentlemen—don't tremble for the feelings, the delicate feelings, of my Lord Blinmore, which I am forced to wound by the words I am going to utter—his almost feminine sensitiveness, as you have seen it exhibited here to-day, has borne worse things than this: I say, gentlemen, my case is), that Blinmore abstracted that book, while Latson was there, asleep—that he added the name of Montgomery, and then returned the book—and waited for his victim to come on to his ruin, when he should present the bill!"

"Why, gentlemen, look at that man."

And Mr. Church pointed out Blinmore, who sat only a yard or two from the advocate, his face a horrible confusion of terror, shame, and a struggle to laugh it off as a joke.

"Look at that man! Remember how he behaved to-day in that box! Did you see his glances towards the prisoner?"

(Here Hugh lowered his voice, and leaned forward towards the jury.)

"Is that the man, do you suppose, to have waited patiently, doing nothing whatever, in that billiard-room, till it was his enemy's pleasure to awake, before he received his debt! Why, gentlemen, this sucking-dove of a lord had made an *appointment* with Latson for that hour! There was no one else in the room—no one for his lordship to amuse himself with,—no one, I may say, for him to torture or to ruin. Do you believe, that, if he had no motive for allowing Latson to sleep on, he would, gentle patient soul, have meekly taken up a newspaper, and sat down to bide his companion's time; gentlemen might, no doubt; but it is for you (under his lordship's direction, presently) to say whether Blinmore *alias* Swillman is the man to do it!

"No, gentlemen! He would have gone up to him on the very instant of his entering the room. He would have taken him by the shoulder!"

(Here Church took the learned counsel who happened to sit next him, and acted the probable scene, to the no small horror of his learned friend, and the amusement of the court)

"—and shaking him, as only a ruffian like that can shake, he would have said, 'Now, then! Pay me that thou owest.' He doesn't do anything of the sort. The case, even for the prosecution, is, that he waits, I don't know how long, in perfect tranquillity (like a nurse, no doubt, watching the sick, and afraid to breathe almost, lest the patient should wake!), and when Latson is perfectly prepared and refreshed, meekly takes the bill, and goes out!

"I say, gentlemen—if the case ended there—if I could carry it no farther—you would have very grave difficulty in saying—considering all the antecedents of this gentleman—considering his knowledge, time after time, that Latson had asked his uncle Mont-

gomery for money (which, I believe, has not yet been proved to you, but it will be)—considering the utter absence of motive in that young man, for adding a second name to the bill, when the first had been agreed upon between them—and above all, considering the conduct of Swillman (left only where it now is), while the prisoner was asleep—I say, gentlemen, that even if the case were to close at this point, and I sat down without calling a single tittle of evidence, I'm sure his lordship would tell you, that there was not that firm, reliable, indisputable ground for you to stand upon in this case, on which, as reasonable men, tempering justice with mercy, you could consign my client to destruction by a verdict of guilty.

"But, gentlemen," said Church—and here he finished a speech of great power, of which we only give the substance, and said again, in a very solemn, subdued under-tone—

"Thank God, the case does not stop here! I shall lift the veil upon those few minutes that elapsed in yonder billiard-room, a veil which poor Latson couldn't have lifted, a veil which no mortal could have lifted, but for that all-merciful and all-just Providence, which often marks a murderer by one spot of blood, and gives the gallows its due, by half a foot-print on a few inches of dirt.

"Gentlemen, bear with this painful case but for five minutes longer (I assure you, for myself, that is as much as I can do), and then I think I can promise you, that, beside restoring that unhappy man to society, and giving him one glad prospect of breaking away from friendships that have well nigh been his ruin—(beside this), you will become Almighty God's agents in bringing the real culprit to justice, and forcing prosecutor and prisoner to change places (as they often do in this world); above all, you will, by your verdict, supply the public of this country with one more illustrious example of that great, inevitable, everlasting law, to which every villain must bow, and under which the innocent can sink only for the moment—

"Be sure your sin will find you out."

And when the advocate sat down, the applause of the people, as the officers in vain tried to check it, loud as it was, was not so deep, nor so precious to Hugh Church, as the tears that fell from Claude's eloquent eyes, or the fiend's revenge that fixed and darkened every muscle of Blinmore's mouth!

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNG POET'S DIRGE.

A FLASH of your dark eye, stranger boy,
With a memory of my dead,
Hath touched my soul, like a solemn joy
That can never be written or said.

Oh, haunting spell of a smile that's gone
Like a star from the morning gray;
Oh, gentle charm of a spirit-tone,
Like a brook in a lapse of May!

Oh, tender grace of a sweet young face
They hid from me long ago,
One eve, when the lonesome burial-place
Was wild with the drifting snow!

Ye gather about my heart, and wring,
With a desolate sense of pain,
From the trembling chords of that broken thing,
A wild and a wailing strain.

For, princely boy, in the years gone by,
A gleam of your beauty shone
From the ripe red lip, and the falcon eye
Of a proud heart all my own.

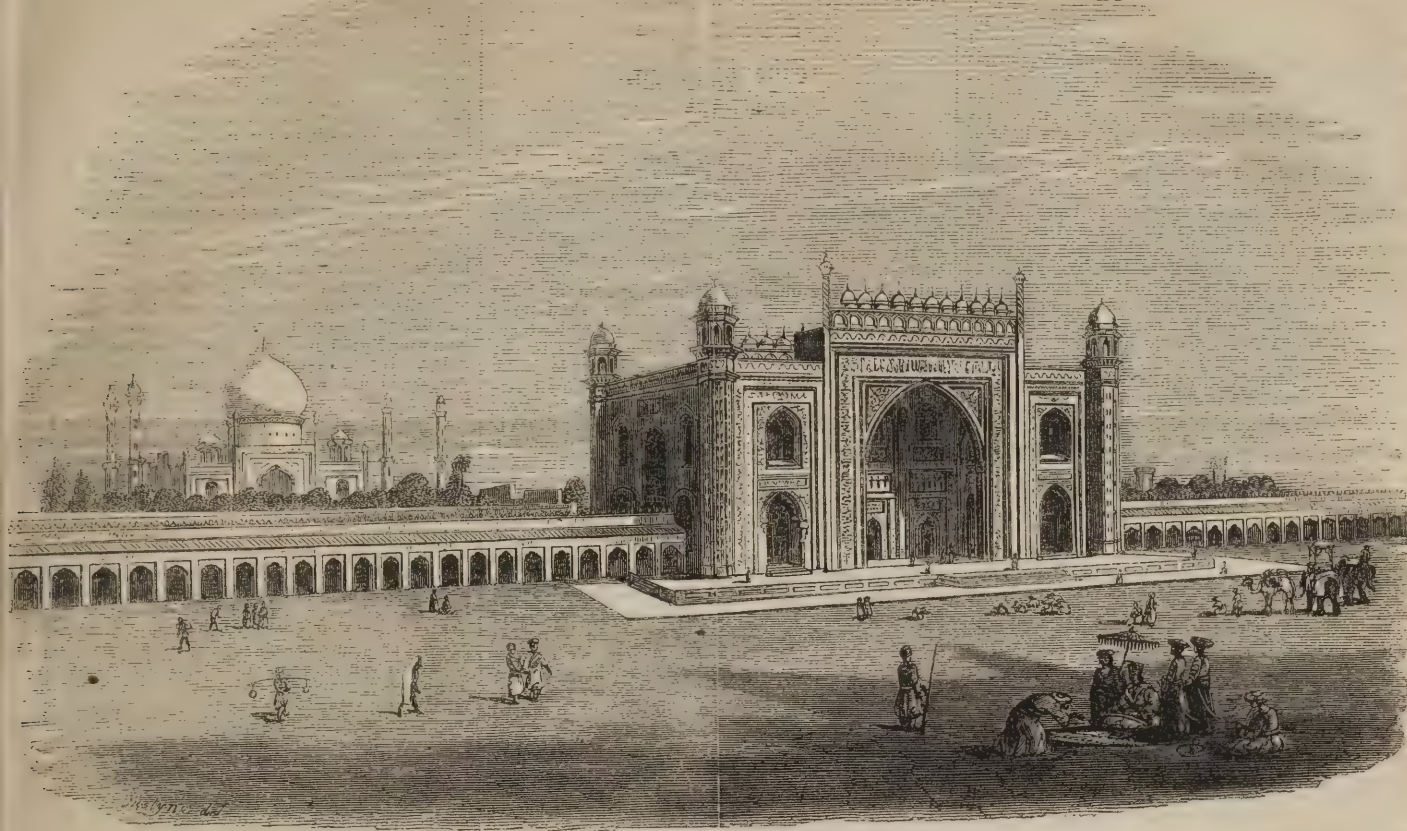
A shadow is on your heart and brain,
And your voice is heavy with tears,
And your brow is sealed with the seal of pain—
A sign of the coming years;

But under the seeds, and the lilies dim,
On a lonesome river shore,
There cometh no sorrow or pain to him,
For ever and evermore!

My beautiful one! my poet lost,
The tones of whose glorious lyre
Are breaking to-night on the starry coast
Of the river of crystal fire.

And I know when the shining purples fade
From the distant twilight skies,
His steps are under the palm-trees' shade,
'Mid the lilies of paradise!

THE existence of a rational and improvable creature is not to be measured by years and months, but by ideas and sensations—by what we can see, enjoy, learn, and accomplish during our pilgrimage upon earth; and, in this point of view, every educated individual is as a Methuselah in comparison with his remote ancestors.



TAJE MAHAL, NEAR AGRA.

TAJE MAHAL, NEAR AGRA.

INDIA contains architectural monuments of nearly every age and style. Considerable light is thrown on the gradual progress of the country by these indications of the genius of its people. There are many beautiful specimens of building which lead the spectator to form no mean opinion of the ability of the Hindoos. The pagodas or temples are characterised by the richest ornamentation, being covered with sculptures of the human figure and of the lower animals. The temple of Ajmeer is one of the most ancient in India, and is remarkable for the elegance of its columns and the finish of its carved foliage. The pagoda of Chhillambaun, on the Coromandel coast, is adorned with so much elegance as to have excited the admiration of ingenious artists. But even this is surpassed in grandeur by the great pagoda of Seringham. The pagoda of Tanjore also presents features which rival the splendour of those found in other oriental empires. Both by their extent and magnificence they are monuments of the taste and genius of the people by whom they were erected.

Since the establishment of Mohammedan rule in India, most of the public edifices have been reared under Moslem superstition, and in the style of architecture peculiar to the Mohammedans. Their mosques and tombs are very fine specimens of Saracenic art, and their palaces are characterised both by size and splendour.

One of the most spacious and elegant of these structures is that which is represented in our engraving, and which bears the name of Taje Mahal, or Crown of Empires. It stands on the banks of the river in the immediate neighbourhood of Agra, and was erected as a mausoleum of the Emperor Shah Jehan, in honour of his empress the Begum Narr Mahal. The estimated cost of the building is £750,000. The architect was a native of Sahar. The structure has been kept in excellent repair at the expense of the British government.

The edifice is of white marble, resembling in form and style an ordinary mosque, with minarets. It is surrounded by beautiful grounds, containing the choicest flowers and plants, arranged with considerable taste, ornamented with elaborately sculptured gateways and decorated fountains. The interior of

the building is rich in mosaic ornaments; the walls and pavement are composed of arabesques of agates, jaspers, lapis lazuli, and coloured marbles, while texts from the Koran are profusely introduced.

The Taje Mahal is said to surpass everything in the world of the same description. "It is possible," says Bernier, "I may have imbibed an Indian taste; but I decidedly think that this monument deserves much more to be numbered among the wonders of the world than the pyramids of Egypt—those misshapen masses, which, when I had seen them twice, yielded me no satisfaction, and which are nothing on the outside but heaps of large stones, piled in forms of steps one upon another; while within there is very little that is creditable to human skill, or to human invention."

SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, THE KNIGHT OF THE LOOM.

THERE is a remark of Sir Thomas Browne well worthy the attention of those who are desirous of entering upon the great work of self-improvement: "He that chiefly owes himself to himself is the substantial man"—a remark which the history of the self-taught man has amply verified. Foremost amongst the worthies of all ages of the world have been those who, deprived of the *éclat* of noble birth and the blessings of early education, have found means to educate themselves, and to do the work for which they were specially designed. The annals of biography are now adorned with the lives of many such—men who, although born poor, had a certain royalty of nature belonging to them, which demanded the honour and esteem of the wise and enlightened of every grade in society. The time has passed away, never to return, when mere outside respectability is to be received as the standard of worth and greatness; for the world is now looking for real men, and thankfully receives them, whether they issue from the splendour of the palace or from the obscurity of the cottage.

The life of the distinguished mechanic ARKWRIGHT eloquently reveals what may be accomplished by industry, energy, and perseverance. He was the son of humble parents, and was born at Preston, in Lan-

cashire, on the 23rd of December, 1732. He was the youngest of thirteen children, and, while quite a lad, he was placed with a barber, to gain a livelihood by hair-cutting. He appears to have kept patiently to this business for about sixteen years; but when he arrived at the age of twenty-eight, he relinquished the labours of the shop to collect hair for wig-makers, he having discovered a chemical secret for dyeing human hair, a secret at that time very valuable. It was in his journeys to and fro on this expedition that he became acquainted with the laws of mechanics, and their special application to spinning machines. As is usual with the discoverers of new ideas, he wasted a great deal of time in applying his invention to things to which it bore only a remote reference, ere he saw its more immediate application. The great want of the time was a spinning machine. The demand for cottons was occasioning a much larger demand for cotton thread than the English spinners could supply. The weavers at that period had the weft they used spun for them by the females of their family; "and," says Mr. Guest, in his "History of the Cotton Manufacture," "those weavers whose families could not furnish the necessary supply of weft, had their spinning done by their neighbours, and were obliged to pay more for the spinning than the price allowed by their masters; and, even with this disadvantage, very few could obtain weft enough to keep themselves constantly employed. It was no uncommon thing for a weaver to walk three or four miles in a morning, and call on five or six spinners before he could collect weft to serve him for the remainder of the day; and when he wished to weave a piece in a shorter time than usual, a new ribbon or gown was necessary to quicken the exertions of the spinner."

To the facilitating of the spinning of cotton thread Richard Arkwright gave his whole attention, and having at length obtained a clue to the creation of the famous *spinning-jenny*, it may literally be said that "he gave no sleep to his eyes, nor slumber to his eyelids," until he saw the distance between his idea and its accomplishment materially decreasing. He laboured from five in the morning until nine at night, and even injured his health that he might develop his crude notions into a practical shape. He was impatient of whatever interfered with his all-absorbing

pursuit; and the fact is too strikingly characteristic not to be mentioned, that he separated from his wife not many years after his marriage, because she, convinced that he would starve his family by scheming when he should have been shaving and hair-cutting, broke some of his experimental models of machinery. Indeed, so unbounded was his confidence in the success of his machinery, and in the national wealth to be produced by it, that, as his plans became more mature, he would make light of discussions on taxation, and say that he would pay the national debt. From the year 1767, it appears that Arkwright gave himself up completely to the subject of inventions for spinning cotton. In the following year he went to Preston, and set about constructing his first machine, which was put up in the dwelling-house attached to the free grammar school of that town. At this time his poverty was such, that, being a Burgess of Preston, and a contested election raging, he could not appear to vote, till the party with whom he sided gave him a decent suit of clothes. The first mill erected for spinning cotton in harmony with Arkwright's invention was at Nottingham, and was worked by horse power; but in 1771 another mill was built at Cromford, in Derbyshire, to which motion was given by water. Up to this time no such mill had existed; and it says much for the maturity of Arkwright's plans when it is remembered, that in the present day, with only slight modifications, they still continue in full force. No sooner, however, had the skilful mechanic taken out a patent for his invention than its validity was contested, on the ground that he was not the original inventor of the process; but the law decided in his favour. In proportion to the improvements he made in his machinery were the difficulties against which he had to contend in defending his rights. The country, instead of hailing with pleasure and gratitude the useful labours of Arkwright, looked coldly upon him, and threw every kind of hindrance in his way;—manufacturers combined against him, and even the legislature lent its influence to annul his patent and to crush his energies; but, sustained by his own enthusiasm, and convinced that his invention had countless wealth bound up in it, he laboured on until at last even parliament gave him its hearty and decided support.

Some years elapsed ere he derived any profit from his scheme. He was constantly opposed by the Lancashire manufacturers, who, having a large stock of yarn in hand produced by the old method of spinning, would not even think of his invention until they had profitably disposed of it. The working classes, generally, were strongly opposed to him, as they saw that as his scheme succeeded their own labour and wages would proportionably decrease. At Birkacre, in Lancashire, Arkwright had erected a large factory; but this fine building was set on fire by a mob of unthinking, incensed workpeople, in the presence of a powerful body of police and military, without any one of the civil authorities requiring them to interfere to prevent so scandalous an outrage. But at length his perseverance and indomitable energy were amply rewarded, and began to tell upon the country at large. His machine was introduced into all the large manufacturing towns; employers began to look upon it with approbation as a means to a better article and to increased profits; and factory operatives saw with satisfaction, that while one branch of labour was closed to them another had opened up itself. Wealth in large abundance began to flow in to Arkwright; he erected new mills, and took shares in great establishments where his machine had been introduced. The manufacturers so far deferred to him as to fix the market price of cotton twist according to his scale of charges, and the country generally was disposed to pay him honour. In the year 1786 he was appointed high sheriff of the county of Derby, and having presented an address of congratulation to his majesty on his escape from the attempt on his life by Margaret Nicholson, received the honour of knighthood. He died in the sixtieth year of his age, leaving behind him nearly half a million of money. But he left to his country a still richer legacy in the invention which he was the means of making popular. Every corner of the land has been benefited by it, and happiness untold has it conferred upon the sons of industry. The following estimate has been given of his character:—"Considering the difficulties in which he was placed by the deficiency of his early education and the unfavourable tendency of his early employment, Arkwright must be acknowledged to have been a very extraordinary man. His plans were all laid with skill and pursued with energy; he displayed the most unwearied perseverance in pursuit of his object under difficulties which would have borne down most men; and he forms one among the bright instances afforded by the annals of this

country, that talent, when thus allied with patient energy and persevering industry, will not fail to insure ultimate success to its possessor."

The Matron.

NO. VIII.

ORDER is heaven's first law. So says Pope; and of this we may be certain, that order is the first law of good household management. When we speak of order, we do not mean mathematical order, but order founded on a good knowledge and just appreciation of the requirements of home-comfort and home-welfare.

In preceding numbers I have spoken at large about good economical dinners, and I shall often revert to this very important subject; now we are about to discuss other matters of importance to our well-being. The arrangement of rooms, for instance. A young wife should acquaint herself with all particulars respecting the furniture necessary for every room; and then she should see all this furniture is kept clean and in a good condition. What comfort a sensible man enjoys in a thoroughly well arranged room,—a room in which there is everything for use, and not one iota of lumber. This leads to the repetition of the rule I earnestly tried to enforce:—Clear away everything you do not want; now, mark me, I do not say *throw it away*. This sentence is not to be found in what I have written. Philosophers tell us that nothing in nature perishes. In our homes nothing should perish. Whatever we do not want we should sell, or give away. But let us return to household arrangements. Not only should you clear away everything useless, but you should have in good order everything that is wanted. Never allow your husband's eye to rest twice on a broken or a ragged article. The money that goes in mending is, almost always, well spent. This is much more than can be said of the money that goes in buying.

In your own house, be your own critic. Seek out every defect, from the garret to the scullery. Let no broken pane of glass, worn-out chair-bottom, ragged stair-carpet, or leaking pot, escape your notice. Let reformation quickly follow in the footprints of discovery, and it will soon be felt that, as the eye of the master maketh fat the horse, so the eye of the mistress maketh glad the house. But do not be impatient, and above all do not be discouraged by difficulties at the outset. Judicious, active management is sure to make a happy home; but at first you may see a scowl on your maid's countenance, and discontented mutterings may reach your ear. Heed them not, but still go on, grappling with, and mastering all the difficulties of domestic management; and among these no slight item is the proper arrangement (*viz., the writing down and putting up*) of all the linen for the wash. Never leave this important duty entirely to your servant. Always inspect it yourself; and, whether you wash at home or not, take a list of everything, and see that everything comes back. But this is not all I have to say about things going to the wash. Taking a list is not enough. You should see that all is mended, for what is sent to the wash torn will come back in tatters. And, above all, see to the buttons on your husband's shirts. Examine the collar and wristbands, and do not be satisfied with seeing the buttons; feel them, to test the firmness of the sewing. Who will deny that the first angry word from the young married man is often elicited by finding his shirt buttonless? Now for a kindred difficulty, and one that must be encountered, though from painful experience I can tell you that a great deal of resolution is necessary to come off victorious.

I can fancy you seated at your piano, delighting your ear with some of the airs from a favourite opera. A knock is heard at the door; after your "Come in," Sarah appears. "If you please 'em, I haven't a single kitchen-cloth."

"No kitchen-cloth, Sarah! Why, there were six new ones in the dresser-drawer when you came."

"Well mem, I'm sure, I never saw 'em."

You wisely reply, "I will come down and look for them myself." This was not the answer Sarah expected. She is confused, she turns red, and endeavours to dissuade you from visiting the kitchen, but you remain firm. Having reached the lower regions, you open the dresser-drawer. You find no cloths in it. During Sarah's reign it has become stuffed up with what is commonly called rubbish. You look under the dresser, and on the handle of an iron you recognise one of the new cloths (hemmed by yourself). It has been folded up and made to do duty as an iron-holder. Not far from the spot is

another of the missing articles; it is black and singed, having been used to clean the iron. You say nothing, but proceed to the scullery. Soon your eye is attracted by a dark greasy ball in a corner of the sink. You conquer your disgust and take it up, when lo and behold! to use Sarah's language—it comes a two in your hands, for in fact it is formed of two of your kitchen-cloths that have been forgotten, and left to decay in greasy stagnant water. Prepared for horrors, you walk to the dust-hole, and there you behold fragments of your fifth and sixth cloths. Once in her life Sarah had washed them out, and put them to dry, but had placed them so imprudently near the fire, that on returning from the baker's, she found them in flames and half consumed, and but for the presence of mind of the butcher boy, who entered the kitchen with her, and smothered the flames in the ashes, the whole house might have been consumed.

You resolve on dismissing Sarah then and there, but second thoughts are best. In all probability, you would gain nothing by exchanging Sarah for Betty. If you have not looked after your property, you could not well expect your servant to care for it.

Supposing you calm again, and once more in your own sitting-room, I advise you in future to take your house and kitchen cloths under your own direction. Intrust to your maid as many and no more than she requires for immediate use. On every Saturday let her return to you those she has used during the week, but let her give them back clean, and intrust to her another set, to be returned the next week. See that all you have are used in rotation. This rule is important as applied to house-cloths, and also to linen in wear.

Never fear that your servants will dislike you on account of your determination to have everything in order. If you give your directions kindly and good-humouredly, they will willingly obey you, particularly if you make it evident to them that you have their good at heart, as well as your own; and of this you may rest assured, that there is no happy home where the servants are unhappy. We depend on them as they on us, and each should work for the good of the other. It is the harsh, bitter, scolding mistress that is hated; and here follows a precept that young wives should write in gold. Never acquire the habit of scolding servants or children. The rough music that used to be given to husbands who beat their wives, was harmony compared to a vixen's voice. The sound of it in the distance is sufficient to drive a husband to a tavern. Kindness, wisdom, joy, and love should ever be associated with the name of wife. Hers is a high mission. Hers is an important part in the reformation of the world. It is hers to strew life's thorny path with flowers, and,

"Recollecting all humbled the hour
Of Eve's disobedience and doom,
By virtue's omnipotent power
To make a new Eden of home."

Our Scientific Column.

For the delectation of ingenious youth of both sexes, and of the fair sex in particular, we inaugurate this, our scientific column, with a few remarks on a very interesting subject, calculated, we doubt not, to be received with much approbation; and inasmuch as the space accorded to us is very short, while that which we have to write is very long, if we write the whole which presses uppermost to be written, instead of wasting time with further introductions we will proceed to the accomplishment of the task at once, by presenting the first number of a short series on chemical magic, prepared for us by a conjurer of immense celebrity, as the reader would own if we were only permitted to state the conjurer's name. Opening some MS. forwarded to us by that conjurer we find directions for making

A PECULIAR PIE.

Procure in a glass-house a few feet of the thinnest and smallest glass-tube you can lay your hand upon, and take especial care that the tube be not made of German glass, for that will be totally unmanageable. Taking one end of the tube in either hand, hold the middle of it in the flame of a spirit-lamp until it gets soft and pasty, which will occur in less than a minute. When you feel the tube melted, and drooping between your two hands, give a sharp but even pull, by which means the fused portion of the tube will be drawn out into a hair-like thread, which will always remain tubular, no matter how small it may be. For present purposes it must not be drawn out too small, however. About the size of a hog's bristle is what you should aim

at, though a little larger or a little smaller will not much matter. Repeat the operation again and again several times until five or six portions of the bristle-like tube have been prepared, which you must now proceed to treat as follows:—Dipping one end into a little strong oil of vitriol placed conveniently in a cup or wine-glass, apply your mouth to the other end, and suck up the oil of vitriol until it fills about three-fourths of the tube. Keep your eye carefully upon the vitriol column whilst rising, in order that it may not enter your mouth. This done you will have in each tube oil of vitriol in the middle portion, and the two ends empty. The next process is to melt or seal each end, so that the oil of vitriol may be confined and prevented escaping until the tube is broken. To close or seal each end of the tube is the simplest matter imaginable. You can do it by holding each extremity for an instant in the flame of a candle; for this purpose you do not require a flame so strong as that of a spirit-lamp, though if you happen to have it lighted by you it may be employed. Assuming the operation done, you have next to wipe all adherent oil of vitriol away by running the tube between a fold of blotting paper, and be sure that all has been removed, or the subsequent stages of the operation will be ruined. You may ascertain that no further oil of vitriol is adherent by passing the tube between your lips, and touching it with the tongue. If no longer sour you may be quite sure it is not daubed with oil of vitriol.

Before using the tubes you will require to be taught the philosophy of using them; therefore attend to the directions which I shall now give you. Procure, at a druggist's shop, a drachm of chlorate of potash, and powder it in a mortar with its own weight of lump sugar, previously made quite dry. When mixed, the compound will require to be preserved in a well corked or stoppered bottle, inasmuch as any contact with moisture spoils it. Laying a little of this mixture on a plate, and touching it with the minutest quantity of oil of vitriol, the whole bursts into flame—a result which will prepare you to understand the philosophy of the hair-like tubes just charged. In respect of them it is evident that, if they be folded in a channel of paper holding the mixture of chlorate of potash and sugar, and then broken, the oil of vitriol will escape, and ignite the materials. You are now to accomplish that operation of folding. It must be delicately performed, without much pawing. And you will do well to perform the operation at arm's length. Not that anything very serious is to be apprehended even if the tube should break, and the whole ignite. But that is not what you aim at, of course.

Although you have had instructions how to make the compound tubes in question, it should be done subsequently to the operation now about to be described. Procure a pie-dish, of such size that your prepared tubes shall reach quite across. Fill the pie-dish with sawdust, or bran; lay a crust over it, and send it to the bakehouse. When baked and cold remove the crust, by sliding a knife under it, and throw away the sawdust. The most critical part of the operation is now to begin.

Laying three or four tubes across the pie-dish, a little way down towards the bottom of the dish, so that the crust when laid on shall in no degree interfere with the tubes, fasten each extremity of the latter to the side of the pie-dish which it touches by means of sealing-wax, when, owing to the arrangement made, it will be evident that any person cutting the pie must necessarily break one or more of your ignition tubes, and set free the oil of vitriol amidst the sugar and chlorate of potash, when the whole bursts into a flame, of course, and sets fire to anything combustible you may happen to have put into the pie. As to that matter, all depends upon your own taste, and the nature of the company on whom you wish the cutting of the pie to devolve. If to be part of a bachelor's repast, the charge may be strong and noisy; if for the amusement of ladies, you must remember the delicacy of their nerves, and in all cases I think it well to let the lady part of an assembly into the secret. Five or six good crackers make almost noise enough, but a whole pie-full may be used without any danger. I generally manage to give one of these pies to a lady, telling her all about it, and allowing her to negotiate the rest. I forgot to mention that the crust of the pie had better be stuck down to the lid of the dish by a little sealing-wax. There are other mixtures besides chlorate of potash and sugar which ignite when brought into contact with oil of vitriol. Chlorate of potash and sulphur is one of these, but the sulphur smells abominably, and cannot for that reason be recommended. It was by a device something like that of our fire-work pie, that the Russians managed that their infernal machines should explode when pressed upon by ships

sailing over them, and also that their fougasses, or little mines, at Sebastopol should explode when our soldiers happened to march over the ground where they were concealed.

Small Change.

AMERICAN EXCUSE FOR AN ECLIPSE.—Little boy: "What's the use of an eclipse?" Astronomer: "Oh, it gives the sun time for reflection."

An Irishman, in France, was drinking with some company who proposed the toast, "The land we live in." "Aye, with all my soul, me dear," said he, "here's poor old Ireland."

"HAVE you dined?" said a loungee to his friend. "I have, upon my honour," replied he. "Then," rejoined the first, "if you have dined upon your honour, I fear you have made but a scanty meal."

A PERSON named Owen Moore once left his creditors somewhat unceremoniously, upon which a wag wrote—

"Owen Moore has run away,
Owing more than he could pay."

An Albany paper says that there is a man in Greenbush who believes in rotation of crops. One year he raises nothing, the next year weeds.

"TOMMY, my son, what is longitude?" "A clothes line, daddy." "Prove it, my son." "Because it stretches from pole to pole."

"Do you think I'll get justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel. "I don't think you will," replied the other, "there are two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging."

PRINTERS' TOASTS.—The Press—it expresses truth—re-presses error—im-presses knowledge, and op-presses none. (We thought this too good to be suppressed, and therefore publish it.) Woman, the fairest work of creation—the edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy. Babies—miniature editions of humanity, issued periodically, and displayed in small caps.

"DICK, how is it you are always possessed of such a store of fun? Where do you get it?" "I manufacture it. I can make it out of nothing. For instance—I could make fun of you, but for friendship's sake."

THE PURSUIT OF JOKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—A German band playing under the windows—a young lady practising the *Battle of Prague* next door—Polish refugees arguing with the landlady in the passage—three gasmen fixing up a "V R" on the balcony—500 different voices bawling loudly in the distance—and the printer's devil whistling *Poor Dog Tray* outside on the door-mat.—*Punch*.

"WELL, John, did you take the note I gave you to Mr. Smithers?" inquired a gentleman of his rustic servant. "Yes, sir," replied John, "I took the note, but I don't think he can read it." "Cannot read it!" exclaimed the gentleman; "why so, John?" "Because he is so blind, sir. While I was in the room he axed me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

We once heard a partizan boast that his party was a Briarius with a hundred arms. "Oh, yes," said his opponent, "a hundred arms and a hundred legs. The arms all busy in plundering the country, and the legs in running away with the spoil."

"My dear madam, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head."—"My dear sir, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool upon your back."

WHAT officer in the Customs did King Canute represent while sitting upon the sea-shore rebuking the waves?—A tide-waiter.

A NEGRO, who had learnt to read, wishing to give some of his countrymen an idea of it, said, "Reading is the power of hearing with the eyes instead of the ears."

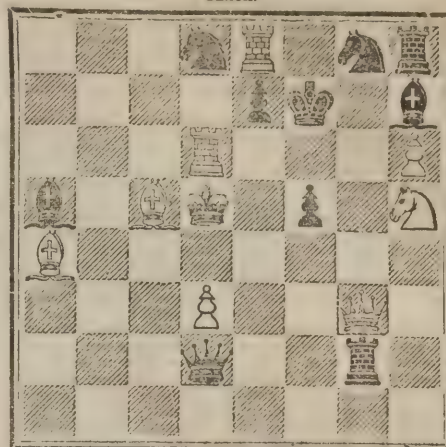
UGLINESS is an advantageous stimulus to the mind, that it may make up for deficiencies of the body. Moral beauty, the reflection of the soul, is as superior to superficial comeliness as mind is to matter. It is a halo which will win worshippers, however unadorned the shrine whence it emanates, for she who looks good cannot fail to be good-looking.

A SHOEMAKER has one important advantage of most kinds of mechanics—his goods, whenever finished, are always *sol'd*.

CHARACTER.—It is an error common to many to take the character of mankind from the worst and basest amongst them; whereas, as an excellent writer has observed, nothing should be esteemed as characteristic of a species, but what is to be found amongst the best and most perfect individuals of that species.

Chess.

Problem No. 20. By Mr. WM. AIREY.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in five moves.

BIRMINGHAM CHESS TOURNEY.

Game played by correspondence between Mr. F. G. RAINGER, Norwich, and Mr. G. B. FRASER, Dundee.

WHITE.

Mr. F. G. Rainger.

1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3
3. B to Q Kt 5
4. P to Q B 3
5. Castles
6. P to Q 4
7. P takes P
8. P to Q 5
9. P to Q 6
10. Q takes P
11. Q to Q R 3 (a)
12. K R to Q sq
13. Q to Q Kt 3 (c)
14. Kt to Kt 5
15. B to Q B 4
16. R takes B (e)
17. B takes P (ch)
18. Q Kt to B 3
19. B to Q B 4
20. Q to Q Kt 5 (f)
21. Q takes Kt
22. K Kt takes K P
23. Q to Q Kt 4
24. Kt takes Kt
25. Kt to K Kt 3
26. Q B to K 3
27. P to Q R 3
28. R to Q sq
29. R to Q 6
30. Q to K Kt 4
31. Kt to B sq (g)
32. R takes R
33. P to B 3
34. Q to Q R 4
35. Q to Q sq
36. Q to K sq
37. Q to K B 2
38. Kt to Q 2
39. P to K R 3
40. B to Q Kt 6
41. B takes P
42. Q to Q 4
43. B to Q B 3 (d)
44. Q to K Kt 4
45. B takes R
46. Q to K 4 (ch)
47. Q to K 8 (ch)
48. Q to K 4 (ch)
49. Q to K 7 (ch)
50. Q to K 8 (ch)

BLACK.

Mr. G. B. Fraser.

1. P to K 4
2. Q Kt to B 3
3. B to Q B 4
4. K Kt to K 2
5. Castles
6. P takes P
7. B to Q Kt 3
8. Kt to Q Kt sq
9. P takes P
10. B to Q B 2
11. P to Q 4 (b)
12. K B to Q 3
13. P takes K P
14. Q to Q B 2
15. Q B to Kt 5 (d)
16. Q takes R
17. K to R sq
18. Q Kt to B 3
19. Q Kt to R 4
20. Q Kt takes B
21. Q to K Kt 3
22. Q R to Q B sq
23. Kt to Q 4
24. B to K B 6
25. Q B takes Kt
26. P to Q Kt 3
27. K R to K sq
28. B to Q R sq
29. Q to K B 2
30. Q to Q Kt 2
31. Q R to Q sq
32. R takes R
33. Q to K B 2
34. B to Q 4
35. P to K R 3
36. K to K R 2
37. B to Q B 5
38. P to Q Kt 4
39. P to Q R 4 (h)
40. R to K sq
41. R to K 7
42. Q to K B 4
43. Q to K Kt 4
44. R takes Kt
45. Q takes B
46. K to R sq
47. K to R 2
48. P to K Kt 3
49. K to Kt sq
50. K to Kt 2

Notes by the late T. H. Lowe, Esq.

(a) This move is recommended by Von Heyderbrandt, as it prevents Black from playing Q P next move.—(b) Despite the authority, Black throws forward his Q P, and seems to lose nothing by the venture.—(c) Any other move would have yielded an immediate advantage to Black.—(d) Hoping to gain the attack.—(e) Rather bold this for a match game.—(f) We should have preferred playing Q to Q B 2.—(g) His best move to save the threatened mate.—(h) Hoping to get a passed pawn, but it seems too venturesome.—(i) White should have taken B with Kt; he would have gained a pawn.

Our space will not permit us to give the whole of the game in the present number. The remainder of the game shall appear next week.

W. B. G. K.—I. Assuming it to be your turn to play, and that your King without actually being in check, is in such a position that he cannot move without placing himself in check, and at the same time you have no other piece or Pawn that can be played, you are said to be stalemated. 2. Stalemate is a drawn game.

Our Editorial Table.

*** We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—ANNOUNCEMENT OF ANOTHER NEW TALE.—In No. 15 of this Journal will be commenced another new and original tale, beautifully poetical and very interestingly instructive, by one of our most popular authoresses, entitled "Hope Evermore, or Something to Do"—a tale of the Ragged Schools and the Temperance Movement.

CHINA.—With No. 15 will be published a splendid Panoramic Map of China, with the approaches to China from Hongkong. This map, which is remarkable for the accuracy with which it has been designed and the care with which it has been engraved, equals in size the Panoramic Map of India, which was published with No. 1 of the new series of this Journal. The price of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, No. 15, New Series, together with this beautiful Panoramic Map of China, inclusive, will be three-halfpence. In addition to the Panoramic Map, there will be a separate engraving of the Plan of Canton, including, together with the approaches to Canton and the Island of Hongkong, a mass of statistical and useful information. The events now occurring in China, both political and religious—the deep interest which is felt concerning a country which contains upwards of three hundred millions of inhabitants, or nearly one half of the population of the whole globe—its "crockery metropolis," exclusive customs, ancient colonisation and history, &c. &c., will necessarily render this Panoramic Map and accompanying engravings, upon which no expense has been spared in the drawing, engraving, and electrotyping, of great value and interest, both on account of the engravings themselves and the information which the letterpress supplies.

COOKEE.—The origin of the word *stirloin* of beef is variously stated. One account tells us that King Jamie I., of witch-hunting memory, knighted a loin of beef at a banquet, which joint was ever after called *stirloin*. Another story ascribed the freak to Charles II., whose deed is thus immortalised in doggerel verse:—

"Our second Charles of fame facets
On loin of beef did dine;
He held his sword pleased o'er the meat—
"Rise up, thou famed *Sir-loin*!"

MILES.—In asking us "in what year gunpowder was invented," our correspondent has given us a hard nut to crack. Our English histories generally mention the scientific monk, Roger Bacon, as the discoverer; the Germans stoutly uphold the claim of Berthold Schwartz, of Cologne; and the French have some favourite inventor whose name we cannot at this moment call to mind. There is no doubt, however, that gunpowder was used at the battle of Cressy in 1346, and at the siege of Calais that immediately followed.

S. T. C.—When sentence of death is recorded against a criminal, it is intended to mark the enormity of his crime, which is punishable with the last penalty of the law; but no criminal is put to death except by the sentence of the judge pronounced in open court. Transportation for life is generally the doom of those against whom sentence of death has been recorded.

MILITAMAN.—Bayonets are named from the town of Bayonne, where they were first invented in 1670. The first occasion on which they are known to have been used by English troops was in 1693.

JOHN R.—The great storm—the most violent ever known in England—occurred on the 27th of November, 1703. The lead on the roofs of several churches was rolled up like scrolls of parchment; giant oaks were torn up by the roots, and even in the Thames vessels and barges were sunk. The fleet suffered terribly; in the navy alone fifteen hundred seamen were lost, and in the merchant service a far greater number. The damage done in London alone by the great storm is estimated at a million of money.

HUGH LATSON.—The postal system is of very much more ancient origin than our correspondent imagines. In the time of Alexander the Great the Persians under Darius employed mounted couriers, who were stationed at different parts of the empire for the transmission of despatches. Among the Romans, Augustus introduced a postal system, and even employed post-chaises some time before the birth of our Saviour. In France the post was introduced under Louis XIII., about the year 1620; in England, under Charles I., in 1635. James II. may be called the first postmaster-general, and received all the profits arising from the carriage of letters. They amounted then to about £4,000 a year. What would James think if he could see his department now?

AMELIA.—The spinning-wheel was invented at Brunswick about the year 1530. The spindle and distaff previously to that time formed the implements wherewith ladies pursued their industry in days when fancy work had not been introduced, and *broderie* was unknown.

TRO.—We are unable to say when, or by whom, stenography was invented. The first treatise on the subject, in our own language, is a curious little book, without a date, entitled, "Arte of Shorte, Swift, and Secrete Writing by Character," invented by Timothy Bright, Doctor of Physike. The learned "Doctor of Physike" seems to have lived in the time of James I., or in the latter years of Elizabeth's reign.

G. H. P.—We are not at all pleased with the sentiments contained in your letter; quite the reverse. You begin by acknowledging that "you owe your landlord £9 for rent," and then proceed to ask us if you may take advantage of a quibble, and only pay the rent for one week. Take our advice, and do what is fair and honourable, by paying your debt at once, or within a certain time, as you and your landlord may agree; and in future transactions of this kind, remember to "do as you would be done by."

CURIOS.—The first Christian Church of St. Paul, London, was built on the site of the present cathedral, in 1610. A Temple of Diana had formerly occupied the ground.

CURIOS (No. 2) asks us if we think he could obtain Lord Shaftesbury's autograph by writing to that nobleman on any

subject, for the sake of the answer he expects to get in Lord Shaftesbury's handwriting. We can only say that we entirely disapprove of such a subterfuge; and that we hope if our correspondent endeavours to obtain Lord Shaftesbury's autograph by any such means, his lordship will suspect the trick, and "sell" "Master Curious" by not replying at all.

CICELY.—Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the husband of the Princess Royal, will not succeed to the throne of Prussia on the death of the present king, who is his uncle, but at the death of his father, the younger brother of Frederick William IV. Thus there is one claimant to occupy the regal seat after the demise of the king irreverently termed "Clitquot," before the Princess Royal can be Queen of Prussia.

F. P.—The pedometer was invented in 1790.

INDIGNANT.—It is always difficult for us to decide on complaints from apprentices against their masters. In the first place, young people are apt to look on their grievances rather too seriously; and in the second, we only hear one side of the question. "Give and take" is, or should be, the rule of life. Let our "Indignant" correspondent yield to his master's wishes in one respect, for instance, in the matter of staying at home in the evenings; and we are sure the master will meet his apprentice's wishes by giving him time to study and to read. "A soft answer turneth away wrath;" but, from the tone of his letter, we cannot help thinking that "Indignant" is fond of using the grievous words that "stir up anger."

G. S. S.—Let a good dentist see your hollow tooth; and, unless he can promise you *permanent* ease by stopping it, have the refractory grinder out, like a man. Don't attempt to stop it yourself. Your amateur dental surgery will end in dissatisfaction. In nine cases out of ten "a long pull and a strong pull" is the only cure.

CHEMISTS.—Sympathetic or invisible inks may be divided into three classes. Firstly, those that become visible on paper by being sifted over with powder of some kind; secondly, those that become visible by moistening the paper with some liquid; and thirdly, those that become visible by heat. For the first class of writing, any glutinous juice may be used on which soot or other fine black powder will stick; of the second kind there are a great many, for instance, bismuth for the writing, and solution of sulphuretted hydrogen to make it visible; again, green vitriol for writing, and prussiate of potash for washing. Among those visible by heat, we may mention lemon-juice, diluted sulphuric acid, and chloride of copper, which become visible through the action of heat.

ULYSSES must have degenerated in physical strength and endurance, since the time when his great ancestor returned from the Trojan war, for "Ulysses," our correspondent, applies to us to know "about flannel shirts." For persons who are apt to take cold, such garments are both harmless and healthy; but if "Ulysses" is in robust health, we cannot see why he need "coddle" himself in flannel.

AN ANXIOUS FATHER.—Do not send your son to Madeira if you expect him to earn his own living, for he will assuredly find no field for industry and energy in so small a place. If his health makes his staying in England a matter of danger, send him to the Cape of Good Hope, where the climate is good, and there is some chance of his obtaining honourable and profitable employment.

NAUTICUS.—The first double-decked ship built in England was the "Great Harry," constructed in 1509, by order of Henry VII. It was 1,000 tons burden, and cost £14,000, a sum worth more in those days than £120,000 now. At that time fifty to a hundred tons was the usual burden of merchant ships. The "Great Harry" was burnt by accident.

ÆSOP.—Æsop, the fabulist, died 556 years before our Saviour's birth.

HENRY.—The insurrection of Walter the Tiler, commonly called Wat Tyler, occurred in 1381. Incensed at the rudeness of a tax-collector to his daughter, Wat slew the aggressor, and raised a party to oppose the hated poll-tax. Jack Cade's insurrection, in favour of the Duke of York, occurred in 1440.

JOSEPH H.—Macadamised roads are so called after the name of John London M'Adam, the introducer of the system of paving. He died in 1837.

I. T. S.—There is a great difference between *talking* and *gossiping*, and we think your schoolmistress quite right in prohibiting the latter pursuit. You should learn to talk of *things* rather than of *persons*, and particularly avoid speaking ill of others. The wish to say *good* things (frequently very ill-natured ones) has made many people friendless; and by dwelling upon the defects of others, and making them matter for conversation and comment, we not only may give much pain, but stand in danger of losing what little Christian charity we ourselves possess.

FORMULA.—In a letter it is always well to avoid anything that may have the appearance of undue familiarity; while, on the other hand, stiffness and formality may become offensive. The best way is to write the first letter to a lady (unless the epistle be a long one) in the third person, beginning, "Mr. — presents his compliments to Mrs. (or Miss) —." After two or three letters, you may begin "Dear Madam," unless the person to whom you write is much above you in social position. The transition from "Dear Madam" to "Dear Miss or Mrs. —" should always be made with care.

JAMES.—The offence for which Sir Walter Raleigh suffered death was participation in a conspiracy to place Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne of England. The offence was never proved against him; and the fact of his condemnation forms one of the many disagreeable reminiscences against the royal writer on demonology and witchcraft.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The Order of the Bath was instituted at the coronation of Henry IV., in 1399. It was, and is still, intended as a reward for distinguished military service. It was renewed in 1725, and the distinction of Grand Cross added in 1818.

A WORKING MAN.—Sumptuary laws are enactments made at various times in different nations to regulate the kind of dress to be worn by each class of the community. Among the early settlers in the New England States, the sumptuary laws were very strict, all gay-coloured stuffs and rich em-

broideries being prohibited, except on special occasions. In England these laws have chiefly been directed to repressing the extravagances in costume that crept in from time to time. Thus, for instance, in Richard II.'s time, a prohibitory law was required to prevent people from wearing shoes with points that required to be fastened with chains to the wearer's knee; and Queen Bess found it advisable to station officers at the gates of London city, to break every gallant's sword that exceeded a yard in length. In the same queen's reign an edict was passed to regulate the depth of ruffs. Sumptuary laws have become obsolete, and there is now nothing to restrain the growth of crinoline.

A LOVER OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—Obtain an introduction to the lady's parents.

P. H. has been purchasing tickets in the Baden Railway Lottery for four years, has never won anything, nor did we ever hear of anybody who did, and now writes to ask us if we counsel perseverance in that desirable investment. If "P. H." wishes to have anything in return for money invested, beyond the mere excitement of gambling, we should say, "Give up the lottery;" and if "P. H." has money to spare, it is better to give to the poor than to encourage gambling schemes, which may, perhaps, enrich one, but certainly impoverish many.

F. HANKY, ESQ.—The Greenwich Railway was opened in 1836.

A WEE BIT LADDIE.—The first volume of the "Educational Course," entitled "Science Popularly explained," is published at 3s. 6d.

A LAD OF SIXTEEN.—The lines sent us by "A Lad of Sixteen" evince a talent for poetry, but his versification must be much more correct before he has a chance of appearing in our paper. In the meantime, we strongly recommend him not to neglect useful or elegant arts.

HAFIZ.—The study of Sanscrit without a master is rather an arduous undertaking; but by industry and perseverance much may be effected.

IGNORAMUS deserves the appellation he has voluntarily assumed; not because he has shown a laudable curiosity about a great physical truth, but because he cannot spell the word which betrays his want of knowledge. "Ignoramus," of which custom has made a substantive, is the first person plural of the present tense, indicative mood, of the Latin verb *ignoro*, and means "we are ignorant." It is, therefore, a great fault in orthography to spell it *ignoramus*. The rate at which light travels through an "exhausted receiver" has been ascertained; and the time in which light from the sun or any other fixed star of which we have approximately, through "the arc of the parallax," learnt the distance, reaches the earth, is calculated with reference to the medium through which the rays pass. It is perhaps incorrect to say "empty space," as the most learned of our recent astronomers consider that a thin fluid pervades the whole universe.

CONSTANT.—As you do not say in what diocese the property of which your ancestor was possessed lies, it is impossible to inform you where his will is registered. It is, however, most probable that you will find it, if you know the date of his death, in the Prerogative Court of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Doctors'-commons. The expense of a copy will depend upon the length of the will, as the charge is so much per folio.

H. J. F. Y.—G.—The Act passed in the year 1835, known by the name of Lord Lyndhurst's Act, renders illegal a marriage with the sister of a man's deceased wife.

WOODPECKER.—It is impossible to answer your queries without having had a perusal of the papers to which you refer.

A. S.—An apprentice can be compelled by law to do the legitimate work of his employer. "Reasonable hours" are twelve hours out of the twenty-four—breakfast, dinner, and tea inclusive.

ALTA PETIT will be eligible for orders as a "literate person," without passing through "arts," if he can obtain the necessary certificates and testimonials from three beneficed clergymen. We would caution him, however, against the folly of neglecting his present duties for the distant and uncertain prospect of ordination. The subjects in which he would be examined by the bishop's chaplain are Latin composition and translations from Latin authors. He should make himself well acquainted with Grotius, and have such a knowledge of Paley's "Evidences of Christianity" as would enable him to answer any of the questions appended to the Oxford analysis of that book. He must be well versed in the Greek Testament, and be able to construe and explain, with collateral references, any passage in the Evangelists, the Epistles, or the Revelation. Scripture history must be acquired direct from the Old Testament. An intimate familiarity with the principal prophecies relating to the advent of the Messiah, and great readiness in repeating by heart and proving by texts of Scripture the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, are indispensable. When "Alta Petit" shall, by following these directions, be able to give to the three beneficed clergymen, who shall have known him intimately for "the three years last past," such reasons for the hope that is in him as will satisfy them of his fitness for the ministry, he can, by applying to the chaplain of the bishop in whose diocese he may have procured a title, obtain a list of such other books as may be considered either necessary or accessory.

M. A. B.—Your case is a very cruel one; but, as far as marriage is concerned, you have no remedy. Your husband's second marriage is null and void; the woman he lives with in America is not his wife, and he himself is indictable for bigamy. The felony, however, of which he has been guilty would not, even under the new Act, justify you in following his example.

*** All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TARTLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I like not fair words and villain's mind.

SHAKESPEARE.

"Well, Styles!" exclaimed Carus Kearn, when the tempter of George Markham made his appearance at his chambers, "where have you been hiding yourself?"

"Where I have learnt much that concerns you," replied the man, in no very amiable humour; "and as for your not having seen me, the fault has been your own. I have called day after day, and still received the same answer, 'not at home.' Had you known what I know, it might have been different."

"But you have received your allowance regularly."
"Of course I have," observed the ruffian, sullenly.
"You dared not stop that."

The cheek of his employer flushed with shame and anger; the first was but a momentary feeling, arising rather from pride, than a sense of the degrading conduct which compelled him to listen to such a threat as the word "dared" implied, and passed away as quickly as it came. Prudence taught him to repress the latter, for he was completely in the speaker's power,—so true is it that the bond of evil binds alike those who conceive and those who execute it, in a chain of mutual dependence on each other.

"I sent for you," he said.

"Because you require my services, I suppose."

"Exactly so!"

"Well, let's hear what it is."

Without the slightest circumlocution—for the gentleman could speak plainly, although he seldom acted straightforwardly—Carus proceeded to inform him

that George Markham had become a partner in the firm with Mr. Thornton; and proposed to him that he should wait upon the former, and, urging the plea of past friendship, endeavour to obtain a situation, either as entering-clerk or porter in the house. No matter how humble the position or how trifling the salary, they were disadvantages which money could make up to him. Gold was a commodity, when the gratification of revenge or the furtherance of his interests was at stake, the speaker was by no means chary of, provided those he employed served him faithfully and unscrupulously.

Styles listened to him patiently. He quickly comprehended all that was expected from him.

"You must abstain from drink," observed the tempter. "George is a reformed drunkard."

"We can both of us reform in business," replied the man.

"And tell him that you have followed his example. Considering the past kindness and liberality on your part, he can scarcely refuse to employ you."



PETER MANGLES AT THE "CROWN AND MAGNIE."

"I should say not, if he has any gratitude in him."
 "That is the plea you must urge. If I know him rightly, he will not refuse to listen to you. Once in the establishment, the rest will be comparatively easy. But you must not apply to him in that dress. It savours too strongly of the tap-room."

This was a remark which his visitor was far from disputing, since it implied a new suit of clothes. As a matter of course, he agreed that it would be perfect madness in him to present himself in the respectable counting-house of Thornton and Markham unless suitably attired.

Carus counted him down ten sovereigns for the purpose.

"You will take note," he said, "of all commercial transactions that may pass before your notice, and report them to me. But above all, contrive to get a sight of the bill-book, and ascertain whether George has the signature of the firm."

Styles nodded knowingly.

"The names of the houses they have business with."

The sign of intelligence was repeated.

"Where the cash is kept, and who retains the keys of the safe."

"I understand, perfectly, what you require," observed the ready tool.

"That done, I will give you further instructions."

Mr. Styles reflected some minutes before giving his unqualified adherence to the proposal; not from any scruples of conscience—he was beyond such very vulgar prejudices—but simply because nothing had yet been uttered touching the recompence. Tampering with bills of exchange and robbery, were widely different affairs from leading a weak, excitable man into drunkenness, and exposing him in that state before his friends, in order to confirm the opinion they already entertained of his unworthiness.

"The risk will be considerable," he observed; "the law is dreadfully severe on breach of trust. You, who keep in the background, and have plenty of money, might easily escape its meshes; but they would prove quite strong enough in the event of discovery to entangle me."

"Proceed," said Carus.

"After the game is played—that is, if I should venture to play it," resumed the drunkard, "none but a fool would remain in England. I should fear even my shadow;—hesitate to take a glass, lest some unguarded word might betray me,—for liquor unlocks the tongue. I must have the means of retiring to America."

"You shall have them."

"And of remaining there."

"Certainly."

"By remaining, I mean living there comfortably," observed Mr. Styles.

"And I mean so too; for it would not be to my interest that you should continue in this country, or, once absent, ever return to it. The provision I intend for you is commensurate with the importance of the service I require. Hitherto I have found you faithful and intelligent in the execution of my orders: show but equal zeal in the execution of my present design, and my liberality shall keep pace with your deservings."

"But what is it," he added, recollecting the observations of the man on his arrival, "that you have discovered so deeply affecting me?"

"It concerns your uncle, Mr. Bently," replied the fellow.

"Indeed!"

"You were mighty curious to know *where* he went to in so mysterious a manner a few weeks since, without leaving his address even with that old fool Mangles."

"Can you inform me?" demanded the plotter, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Tell me at once. I feel——"

"Not so fast, Mr. Carus," interrupted his agent. "There is a certain little preliminary to be arranged first. Gratitude is all very well, but I trust no man's gratitude too far."

Carus Kearn perfectly understood what the "little preliminary" meant, and gave him five sovereigns more.

Styles turned them over in the palm of his hand with a half dissatisfied air, looked at the gentleman, and observed that the secret was honestly worth ten.

The sum necessary to make up the number was given to him.

"Now then," said the fellow, "I will speak out. Mr. Bently went to Jersey."

"Jersey!" repeated the nephew; "he has no commercial affairs there."

"No; but he has got a boy at school there," replied his informant.

Carus bounded from his seat at the intelligence, so

completely had it taken him by surprise. Every variety of suspicion passed through his brain. Was his uncle privately married? Had he adopted any one? Or, worse than either, could it be his grandson?

"The intelligence is worth the ten pounds," he exclaimed. "Jersey! umph!"

Then he recollected the letters marked "Private," which had so puzzled Peter Mangles.

"Attend you to the instructions I have just given you," he said. "I will see to the last affair myself."

There was a peculiar concentration of the lip, and flashing of the deep-sunken eye, as the ruffian uttered the last words, which boded danger to the being who had thus suddenly crossed his path, especially should it prove to be the one his fears pointed out.

Mr. Styles, satisfied that he had made an excellent morning's work, withdrew.

"The idiot!" muttered Carus. "But age is ever weak; strong resolution dwells in manhood's vigour. It were folly to seek for it in the decline of life. My uncle cannot dream that I have obtained this clue, which I will follow as the bloodhound does the track; neither does he suspect me—so much the better. Whilst I work unseen I am safe."

The fool! Whilst indulging in this empty boast, little did he imagine that a hand he could not discern was directing the workings, even of his crimes, to an all-wise end, the benevolent one of Providence. Even had he felt and avowed its presence, Carus Kearn was now too far advanced in crime to retrace his footsteps.

For some time he meditated in silence on the discovery.

"It must be his grandson," he repeated several times in a tone of bitter mockery to himself. "This, then, explains his altered feeling and manner towards me. Can the Markhams know it? No; it is a secret he has guarded even from his confidant Peter Mangles: there is some comfort, even in that. He must have stolen the boy from his parents with the intention, no doubt, of bringing him up to succeed him in the firm, and making him his heir. His heir!" he repeated, with a bitter smile. "Never. I have sinned too deeply to let that prize escape me. When Rachel bestowed her hand upon my rival, I swore that her father's wealth at least should be mine. It was all that her perfidy had left to console me; and I'll keep my oath."

"Uncle, you are playing a dangerous part with me. It remains to see which is the most accomplished gamster; time will show who wins. At present the cards are in your hand; to-morrow may reverse the deal—throw the trumps into mine."

With these reflections, in which the words as well as the habits of the gambler were apparent, the speaker began to pace the floor of the chamber, plunged in a profound reverie. From time to time a sinister smile rested upon his saturnine countenance: it was when some fresh move in the desperate game he had been calculating, or additional chances of success, presented themselves to his feverish imagination.

Mr. Markham was seated in the counting-house at his books, whilst his partner went over the transactions of the week, when one of the junior clerks made his appearance and informed him that a man named Styles was in the outward office inquiring for him.

On hearing the name of his former associate in drunkenness, a deep blush overspread the cheek of George, and his first impulse was to decline seeing him, till, looking up, he detected the eyes of Mr. Thornton fixed earnestly upon him; and fearing that his motives might be misconstrued, he at once gave orders to admit him.

"Shall I leave you?" demanded the former; "the affair may be private."

"Certainly not," answered George, touched by the mark of confidence. "I have no secrets from you, my dear sir, to whom I owe so much. If you noticed any hesitation on my part to receive this unexpected visitor, it is on account of the past. He was my companion in the race of folly which so nearly ended in the destruction of every hope of life, and more than once I have been under obligations to him, which I shall gladly discharge."

There was a manly frankness in the explanation of the circumstances, which, by-the-by, the manufacturer was already perfectly acquainted with, that pleased him highly, and he remained; not from any doubt of the speaker's stability, but from another reason. He had heard Peter Mangles' opinion of the respectable person in question long before.

When Styles made his appearance, to the surprise of his former dupe, he was plainly but respectably dressed in a suit of black, cleanly shaved, and looking altogether so different from his former self, that George scarcely recognised him. Still a close observer might have detected a suspicious redness about the nose,

and a certain watery look in the eye; in other respects, the make-up was complete.

Although the sight of the fellow recalled some of the most painful passages of his past life, Markham forced himself to shake hands with him.

"Thank you, sir," said the hypocrite, "your condescension is very grateful to me, considering the baseness, the madness of my past conduct."

"It is not for me to reproach you with that."

"You are very kind not to do so," continued the visitor. "I too have seen the folly of yielding to the love of drink: it nearly ruined me. But thank heaven," he added, emphatically, "I have overcome it."

"I do indeed congratulate you," exclaimed his former companion.

Mr. Thornton quietly looked on.

"I have been seeking employment everywhere, but in vain: men cast my former drunkenness in my teeth—true, I deserve it, deserve it richly—and refuse to give me a situation. What can I answer to their reproaches? I feel they are merited, and am dumb. It's a hard world for a man to retrieve himself in."

"It is indeed," mentally ejaculated George Markham; "without the unexampled devotion of my wife, and the friendship of Peter, I too should have found it so."

And he began to feel deeply interested.

"I therefore took the liberty of calling upon you," added the deceiver, "in the hope that you would give me a chance of redeeming the past by employing me. Not as a clerk," he added, "although, as you know, I write an excellent hand, and am quick at accounts; I cannot expect such confidence at first—but as messenger, porter, anything."

"You must speak to my partner," replied the man whom Styles, by this artfully-concocted story, so well calculated to work upon his feelings, was studying to betray: "I leave all such arrangements in his hands."

His visitor looked terribly disappointed, and began to suspect that he had not used cant enough, or that his artifice was seen through.

"My personal assistance," added the speaker, "you have a right to expect, and it shall not be withheld to aid you in the path you have chosen."

The hypocrite meekly thanked him.

Thus indirectly appealed to, Mr. Thornton felt that it was time for him to speak. With all his knowledge of the world, the drunkard's tale of reformation had made some impression upon him; and, if true, he resolved to serve him. Fortunately, he was one of those men who rarely act upon impulse. Experience taught him that it was unsafe.

"And how long," he demanded, "have you refrained from your former habit of drinking?"

"About six months, sir."

"And felt no inclination to return to it?"

"Very often, sir," replied Styles: "those who have never been the slave of the debasing vice, cannot imagine how strong are its fetters. They bind the heart and brain stronger than chains can bind the limbs. I have had fearful struggles and temptations, as I sat night after night in my solitary lodgings, thought of the company, the drink at the bar, and knew that I had the means in my pocket of indulging my sad passion. But I resisted."

George shuddered. He had really passed through the ordeal which the speaker so artfully described.

"How have you lived?" continued the merchant, pursuing his interrogatory.

"My poor old mother died, sir," said Styles, pretending to be deeply moved. "I believe it was her loss that brought me to reflection. After burying her, and selling her little furniture, a few pounds remained, and I lived upon them, but they are nearly gone."

"Mr. Markham," he added, after a pause, "knows that I used frequently to receive money from her: she had a life annuity."

George willingly confirmed this statement, which he believed, it being the explanation the speaker had invariably given him of his idle life, and liberality in treating him.

"You have already been in an office?" resumed Mr. Thornton.

"In Bently and Company's, sir."

"And lost your situation?"

"Through drunkenness, sir."

"Candid, at any rate," thought the gentleman.

"Can you obtain a character?" he added, speaking aloud.

"For honesty; yes, sir," answered Mr. Styles.

"My greatest enemies cannot accuse me of ever wronging my employers. For conduct, no."

"Whom do you designate as your enemies?"

"Mr. Kearn and Peter Mangles. It was through their representations that Mr. Bently discharged me."

True, I deserved it, but they might have given me another chance."

It was a clever stroke, coupling the names of Carus and the old clerk; in fact, so clever, that Mr. Thornton felt seriously inclined to believe him. Highly as he respected Peter's judgment and integrity, he knew how far anything approaching to dissipation might warp it and render him too severe—it was so unbusiness-like.

George's case was an exception to the old man's rule, and followed out perhaps the more perseveringly because it was the only one.

"Well, my man," said the senior partner, "as my friend Mr. Markham seems desirous of employing you, I have no doubt but we can find something for you to do."

Styles appeared all joy and gratitude: perhaps he was a little too profuse in words, for the speaker added—

"After due inquiries—"

"Oh, yes! certainly, sir."

"If I find there is nothing against you but your past dissipation—no dishonesty—we will see what can be done for you."

The emissary of Carus did not feel quite so confident of success as he had done.

"Call again in five days."

"Thank you, sir."

The hypocrite took up his well-brushed hat, which had a crape round it—Mr. Thornton noticed that it was quite new—and, bowing humbly, took his leave. As he quitted the counting-house, George Markham slipped some money into his hand.

"Do speak for me," whispered the fellow.

His dupe promised him that he would, for, with his still blind confidence in human nature, he doubted not the truth of his reformation. His partner entertained the same opinion, but it was an opinion only.

That night, on his return from the city, George found Peter Mangles, as usual, seated by the fireside, with little Mary on his knee, and Rachel preparing tea. So punctual had he become, that she knew almost to a minute when he would arrive.

"I have seen Styles," observed her husband, when the meal was nearly concluded.

Rachel trembled, not from doubt, but the name revived so many painful recollections in her heart. As for the clerk, he all but dropped his cup.

"Drunken rascal," he muttered.

"He was, my dear sir," replied his protégé, "but is now a reformed one."

"Don't believe a word of it," exclaimed Peter, vehemently. "A scheming, cunning, unprincipled, unbusiness like fellow. His petty-cash book was never right—I felt it never was; and yet, somehow, it was all but impossible to detect him."

"He has applied for a situation with us," said George.

His wife regarded him anxiously.

"Which you, of course, refused?" observed Mr. Mangles.

"No."

Peter groaned.

"I referred him to Mr. Thornton."

"Right," exclaimed his friend, "quite right, my dear boy. Could not have referred him to a better man. He won't take your partner in as easily as he might."

Here he paused, not liking to complete the sentence.

"As he might me," said Markham, smiling.

"Exactly so. You had always too much confidence in your fellow-creatures; not but that many of them are better than I once thought them. And what did Thornton say?—refused him, as a matter of course."

"No."

"No!" repeated Peter, his former uneasiness returning.

"He promised to inquire; and, if he found nothing against his honesty, and the tale of his reformation to be true, to give him a chance."

The old man sighed heavily.

"Your partner believes in his reformation?" he said.

"Yes."

"And you also?"

"I too."

"I can't, won't believe in it," replied Mr. Mangles; firmly. "I see it all. The fellow trusted to your gratitude—sympathy; and has trumped up a tale to impose upon you. That Thornton should have been such an idiot; but I'll talk him."

The last words were muttered to himself; and, shortly afterwards, the speaker took his leave, alleging that he had papers and accounts to look over; but instead of returning to his home at Blackheath, no sooner had he reached the street, than,

buttoning up his greatcoat with a determined air, he called a cab.

"Where to, your honour?" demanded the man.

Peter did not know where to direct him, so little was he acquainted, even by name, with the usual haunts of vice in London. At last he recollected that the "Crown and Magpie," in Westminster, had been the scene of George Markham's, and his friend Styles', dissipation, and requested to be driven there.

On his way he examined the state of his finances—nine shillings and sevenpence.

"Fortunate," he thought, "that I am so well provided. Not often I bring so much cash out with me. It must be an expensive night, indeed, to spend it all."

Poor Peter, how little did he know the world!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts.

SHAKESPEARE.

Nothing but the strong affection that Peter Mangles entertained for Rachel and her daughter Mary would have urged him to the desperate step he had taken. The interest he felt in George Markham alone would not have induced him, for during his long residence in London he had never yet set foot in a public-house of the class of the "Crown and Magpie;" in fact, he regarded such places with a feeling of horror, as dangerous and unbusiness-like, and had as little idea of the society to be met with in them, as a City porter would have of the company at one of her Majesty's drawing-rooms.

In London, thousands, we are happy to say, may still be found who resemble him, who look upon life as a sacred trust, perform its duties conscientiously, and pursue the even tenor of their way silently and unostentatiously, without ever dreaming that there is anything either singular or meritorious in their conduct.

Society resembles a stream; the under-current will generally be found the clearest and the purest.

When the cab drew up, the old clerk stepped out with an air far less resolute than he had worn on entering it,—like an untried soldier, at the moment of action, he was not without certain, or rather uncertain, misgivings. First he regarded the gaudy parti-coloured lamp over the door, next the flaming gaslights in the window, then listened to the voices of those within, some loud in anger, others indulging in the maudlin sensibility produced by gin.

"Eighteenpence," said the driver, extending his hand to him.

"Perhaps you had better wait for me," replied his fare, hesitatingly, for he half repented his rashness.

The man eyed him for an instant—considered the respectability of his greatcoat, the quality of his well-brushed hat, and the green silk-umbrella Peter carried in his hand. Satisfied on these points, he touched his hat, to intimate that it was all right.

With desperate courage the old clerk pushed open the door, which a leathern strap held partially back, and entered the bar.

The landlady, decked out in her usual finery, was actively engaged in serving the numerous customers that thronged the place, consisting of the young of both sexes: boys just entering on a career of vice and dissipation, which they mistook for proofs of manhood, spirit, and independence; girls whose home was now the streets, and who could endure anything but the recollection of that earlier and better one they had abandoned, the home which recalled their girlhood's years—household love, hopes, and blighted promises; husbands and fathers, who had pale, anxious wives and hungry children waiting their return, wondering if they would bring them bread; gray-haired men, and women too, in whom all memory of the past and self-respect were equally a blank, who retained little of humanity save its form, and even that so sullied and degraded, one might have imagined the demon Drunkenness had taken up his abode in the ruin he had made. He glared through the portals of their eyes—was seen slumbering in some, in others appeared half drowned in listless apathy.

Peter Mangles looked hurriedly round him, for he had never mingled in such a scene before. Gathering courage, however, from the motives which had brought him to the place, he advanced to the counter, and raising his hat, asked timidly for a glass of ale.

There was a general titter at such an unusual display of politeness.

"Hot or cold?" demanded the woman, pretending to misunderstand him.

"Ale, if you please, madam."

The glass was filled.

"How much?"

"Twopence."

The old clerk took some halfpence, carefully screwed up in a piece of paper, from his pocket, and counted out the sum.

"I shall be very happy to drink your health, sir," observed a shabby genteel-looking fellow, who stood with his back to the wall, smoking a short pipe.

Peter expressed himself highly honoured, but never offered to call for anything.

"What is it to be in?" added the man, winking to those nearest to him.

"In anything you please."

"Brandy; hot and strong, missus," exclaimed the sponge.

It was mixed and passed to him by the landlady.

"A shilling," said the woman, without releasing her fingers from the glass.

Something more than a hint had to be given, before Peter could be made to comprehend that he was to pay for it, which he did at last, though somewhat reluctantly. He had not the slightest idea, when he gave his assent, that having his health drunk would be so expensive.

The words "Jolly green!" "Very 'ansome!" "A real gentleman!" fell upon his ears.

"Out for a lark," observed the gent he had treated, in a confidential tone; "so am I. Happy to have made your acquaintance. Shall we have a night of it? Up to everything."

Peter began to wish himself safe in the City, or in his cottage at Blackheath.

"Try a cigar? allow me to offer you one. Two of your best."

The landlady passed them over the counter.

"Dear me! I never smoke!" exclaimed his victim hastily, as the speaker thrust a genuine British Havannah into his hand.

"Smoke 'em for you," replied the fellow, taking it back, and preparing to light the other.

"Sixpence," said the woman.

Finding the money was not forthcoming, she repeated the demand.

"I never ordered them," observed the old man, timidly.

There was a general laugh, accompanied by the words, "Shabby!" "Turn him out!" "No gentleman!"

Peter, feeling as much confused as if he had committed some very questionable action, or detected an error in his accounts, hastened to pay the money.

"Cab-hire, brandy, cigars, three shillings and twopence," he mentally calculated; "bless me! I could have dined three days in the City for just one penny more."

Till that moment he had not the slightest idea that public-houses were such expensive places; and he no longer wondered at poor George having been ruined by them; but he was not the man to fall into a similar snare. Deducting the eighteenpence in which he stood indebted to the driver, he would have exactly six shillings and twopence left; so he wisely resolved to pull in before the worst of all embarrassments—a pecuniary one—stared him in the face.

Grasping his umbrella with desperate firmness, for the effort required considerable nerve, he advanced to the counter a second time, and, raising his hat—a politeness the landlady did not appear to appreciate—said in a very decided tone—

"You will not debit anything further that gentleman may order to my account, madam, if you please."

"What does he mean by 'debit'?" demanded the woman, with a stare.

"Won't stand sam any more!" shouted half a dozen voices.

"As you please," exclaimed the mistress of the house, shaking her ringlets with what was intended for an air of disdain.

Those who had not been treated pronounced Peter less of a fool than he appeared.

With a heavy heart the old man looked anxiously round him. Styles was not there, and he began to suspect that all he had endured had been in vain.

"Has the drunken rascal," he asked himself, "abstained from his usual haunts for one night on purpose to disappoint me?"

Determined that no amount of annoyance should drive him from his post, he took a seat on one of the benches under the window, and began leisurely sipping his glass of ale, which had hitherto remained untasted.

Finding that nothing more was to be sponged out of him, the gentleman who had so politely insisted on offering him a cigar, began to indulge in that peculiar style of conversation generally known by the name of "chaff." He commenced by delicately inquiring whether his maternal guardian was aware of the fact of his being out; asked the price of his hat; how much

he had bought himself for, and what was his selling price.

It was all thrown away on Peter, who, in the natural simplicity of his character, never for an instant suspected the intention of the speaker to insult him. He only replied by a look of astonishment, mentally concluding that the fellow was either drunk or mad.

As it is not the first time we have introduced our readers to the bar of the "Crown and Magpie," they are perfectly aware that the company who frequented it could not strictly speaking be called select, unless in an inverse sense to the general acceptance of the word. On the present occasion it consisted of characters more than usually reckless and depraved.

It was a fortunate thing for the clerk that it was not criminal as well; but no violence was offered.

Finding the old man's patience more than a match for their impudence, his tormentors gradually ceased to pay attention to him, and he was left to occupy his seat under the gas-light in peace till another character appeared upon the scene, a negress, well known at the West End by the name Black Moll.

When sober the wretched creature was perfectly harmless; but, excited with drink, which many a well-dressed ruffian, who would have laughed had she asked for bread, frequently gave her, violent and dangerous, fierce as a tigress, her extraordinary strength making her a terror even to the police, who were but too well acquainted with her.

There was a loud shout when she made her appearance.

Peter began to suspect that he had fallen into very questionable society indeed, and wondered what the clerks would say could they see the cashier of the well-known firm of Bently and Company seated in front of the bar of the "Crown and Magpie," drinking beer; in the event of such an exposure he could never show his face on 'Change again—that would be impossible.

"Out of quod, Moll?" observed the man he had treated, or rather who had treated himself at his expense; "why, some one said as you had killed the peeler."

"I break him arm, dat was all," replied the negress.

"The unfeminine savage," mentally ejaculated Peter.

The woman began to look round the place in search of some one likely to treat her: the craving for the fiery stimulant she had so long been deprived of was strong. At last her eyes rested upon Peter Mangles, and she fixed him, as the glance of the rattlesnake is said to fascinate its intended victim, with terror.

"Good gracious! what can she mean by staring at me in that extraordinary manner?" exclaimed the old man.

The negress nodded, and Peter, in his bewilderment, imitated her, by nodding too.

There was a general laugh.

"You dear old gentleman," she said, "wid beautiful white head, you treat black lady to glass of gin?"

"No: go away, my good woman—go away!"

"Me drink your good heaf, sair."

Peter grasped the handle of his umbrella with increased firmness—he had paid for the compliment once already.

"Go it, Moll!" whispered a young fellow who was leaning against the bar; "I'll stand treat."

"You no give me gin?"

"Certainly not."

"Den you give me kiss!"

"A what?" ejaculated the horror-stricken clerk, starting to his feet.

The negress opened her arms and rushed towards him. Many a younger and bolder man would have acted as Peter did, under the circumstance. With an exclamation of terror and disgust, he sprang to the door of the bar, and bolted into the cab which had been waiting all the while for him.

"Shut the door—fasten it—don't let her come in," he shouted to the astonished driver, at the same time poking through the window at her with his umbrella.

The cabman knew the fury he had to deal with, when once her blood was up. Instead of descending to close the door, he wisely gave his horses the rein, and galloped off towards Parliament-street, followed by the loud cries of the negress and the still louder laugh of the spectators of the scene.

Having passed St. Margaret's church, the driver drew up.

"Where to?" he inquired.

His fare looked quite bewildered.

"What is yer game?" added the man.

Peter reflected that he should never succeed without an assistant; brave the horrors of the "Crown and Magpie" alone, he dared not.

"Drive me to some place," he said, "where we can speak in quiet."

The result of their conversation will be seen in the concluding portion of the chapter. Enough to say that the cabman suggested a means by which his fare might return to the public-house without the danger of exposing himself either to insult or recognition.

The parlour of the "Crown and Magpie" was frequented by a very different class of visitors from those who patronised the bar. They were less profitable as customers, perhaps, but, with one or two exceptions, far more regular and respectable, and consisted chiefly of petty tradesmen, several lawyers' clerks, a retired undertaker, the sexton of a neighbouring church, and the upper servants of the abbey dignitaries and families residing in the immediate locality.

Their president, for they had constituted themselves into a regular, or rather, irregular society, under the name of the "Crows," was a melancholy-looking little man, almost a dwarf, named Goran, who had been employed about the House of Commons for the last thirty years as porter. The opinions of this important personage on all political points were listened to with profound respect, and it was only natural they should be, considering that he had actually been spoken to both by Castlereagh and Sidmouth—though no one knew exactly upon what subject: it might have been the weather, or state affairs—had held the rein of the poet-minister George Canning's horse—recollected the Cato-street conspiracy, the trial of Queen Caroline, Catholic emancipation, the passing of the reform bill, and the destruction of the House of Lords.

In fact, Mr. Goran's melancholy might be dated from the last event. His most intimate friends had never seen him smile since. He had a private opinion respecting the origin of the fire, which he could not be brought fully to explain. When questioned closely upon the subject, his replies were either oracular or enigmatical; and, even to the present day, those deepest in his confidence, are in doubt whether he attributed it to accident, the suppression of the rotten boroughs, or the incendiary eloquence of the almost forgotten Cobbett and O'Connell.

On the night of Peter Mangles' visit to the "Crown and Magpie," the company in the parlour had mustered more than usually strong. An important wager of glasses round had been laid by Styles, that he would bring his landlord, a renegade "Crow," named Impey, who, since his marriage, had absented himself from their nightly meetings, back to his abandoned haunt.

For years the seceder had been one of the constant *habitués* of the place, the first to arrive and the last to depart; his retirement was a loss, a positive loss, for he sang a good song, and being well-to-do in the world, spent his money freely. In an unguarded hour, and most certainly without consulting his lodger, he had married his housekeeper, or rather his housekeeper had married him, for the luckless Benedict never comprehended exactly how it occurred, and we question if he ever will.

The change which a few mystical words and the passing of a ring over the not very delicate finger of the bride produced was a most remarkable one. The housekeeper had invariably welcomed her master when he returned home—no matter how late the hour, or in what state—with smiles, assisted him to draw off his boots, lit him to his room, bade him good night in a most cheerful voice, brought him a cup of green tea in the morning, and never once presumed to hint that she considered his conduct either unwise or dissipated. The wife, however, came to a very different conclusion: she spoke her mind not only with freedom but decision, and forbade him—absolutely forbade him to renew his visits to the "Crown and Magpie" again.

Somehow, the happy husband did not care to disobey her injunctions. There was a peculiar something in her tone and manner that—in short, till the night in question, he had resisted every attempt to withdraw him from the allegiance he had so lately sworn.

The appearance of Styles and his victim was welcomed by a general cawing—the Crows prided themselves on keeping up their character. Every one appeared delighted at seeing them, except the retired undertaker, who had lost his wager, and two strangers seated in a distant corner of the room, who were evidently at a loss to comprehend the scene.

One of these was a burly, jovial-looking man, with the unmistakable characteristics of a cab-driver. His companion wore a respectable, sober livery, and one of those peculiar little flaxen wigs, once sacred to coachmen, but now rarely seen, unless in very aristocratic families, and only then on state occasions; he had also a large shawl twisted loosely round his

neck, concealing, it is to be presumed, the lower part of his face.

The arrival of the bridegroom and Styles was the signal for a brisk volley of witticisms, more or less refined, in which all but the parties we have just described heartily joined. Judging from their silence, they evidently wished to remain unnoticed.

The president, in a serious speech, proposed a vote of thanks to the bride from the society, for having given her husband a holiday; it was seconded by the retired undertaker, who slyly hinted that his esteemed brother Crow was a little henpecked—an insinuation which instantly brought Mr. Impey to his legs.

With great vehemence, in fact, far more than the occasion justified, he insisted that he was the most independent as well as the happiest of mortals, struck his waistcoat, and expressed himself particularly anxious to know whether any Crow thought him a man likely to be henpecked; and, after looking fiercely round him for a reply, which, of course, no one made, concluded by accusing himself of being a domestic Nero, a perfect tyrant, whose conjugal sceptre was made of iron.

"Hear, hear!" shouted Styles, vociferously, at the same time winking to those nearest to him.

The appearance of the waiter with a tray filled with glasses prevented further discussion; but before drinking them, a preliminary ceremony, which generally occasioned some mirth, and an additional expenditure, had to be gone through.

It was one of the rules of the society that on a member paying for glasses round, each Crow should sing the verse of a song, in which he compared himself, his trade, or profession to that highly decorous and respectable bird, or, failing, to pay a fine.

The president was the first to commence. His allusions, as a matter of course, were quite parliamentary.

Of the crows of the earth, with the crows of the air,
Your new-fangled statesman alone can compare:
Both indulge in high flights, and can see no disgrace
In feathering their nests in the very best place.

Caw! caw! caw!

As in duty bound, the verse of their distinguished president was received with acclamations. Without a moment's pause the brother next him was expected to take it up. It was the lawyer's clerk.

Of the crows of the earth, with the crows of the air,
O, the lawyer I'm sure may presume to compare,
For he dresses in black, and he preys on the weak,
And though minus his wings, he at least has his beak.

Caw! caw! caw!

A farmer-like looking man succeeded—although we shrewdly suspect that his acquaintance with fields was limited to those in Lincoln's-inn, and that the last lane he had visited had been Petticoat-lane.

Of the crows of the earth, with the crows of the air,
'Tis the farmer I think has best right to compare;
They are so much alike, and shall I tell you how?
Both the crow and the husbandman follow the plough.

Caw! caw! caw!

It was the bridegroom's turn next, and there was a storm of applause when he rose. Laying his hand upon his waistcoat, he bowed to express the intense gratification he felt, and commenced his tribute to the amusement of the evening:—

Of the crows of the earth, with the crows of the air,
Whilst the hen birds only can truly compare;
Whilst the hen birds must sit, keep their nest warm at home,
They spread their glad pinions at freedom to roam.

Caw! caw! caw!

The bravos had not half subsided, when the door of the parlour was thrown open, and a neatly-dressed, respectable little woman made her appearance. The countenance of the singer changed as he recognised her: evidently he would have preferred being anywhere else.

Fixing her keen gray eye with anything but a lovable expression upon him, she exclaimed in an angry tone—

"Impey, you fool, come home!"

After the boast her husband had made, it must be confessed that he cut rather a ridiculous figure. The domestic Nero, as he had styled himself, turned pale. The conjugal sceptre was proved to be of lath, instead of iron.

The laugh was terribly against him.

"Yes, certainly; presently, my love," he faltered.

"Presently won't do; you must come now."

There was no hesitation in the tone of the speaker; every word fell sharply and clearly from her lips; evidently a great domestic battle was on the eve of being decided.

"Something serious must have occurred, gentlemen; very serious," observed the husband.

"A fine!" exclaimed the president. "a fine!"

It was against the rules of the society to address or speak of the members but as the Crows.

"I vote that Mrs. Impey takes the chair!" shouted Styles.

The proposal was carried *nem. con.*

"A glass and pipe for the lady," added the proposer.

The words had no sooner escaped him than a vigorous slap of the face expressed the sense she entertained of the compliment.

Mr. Impey turned exceedingly pale, probably from anticipation.

"These are your fine friends, are they?" said his wife. "Let me hear of your ever setting foot in the 'nest,' as you call it, again, spending and wasting my property in drunkenness! Crows!" she repeated, in a tone of contempt: "you had better have called yourselves owls. How much longer am I to wait?" she added, in a peculiar tone. "Do you wish to exhaust all my patience?"

"Certainly not, my love," hastily ejaculated the unhappy Benedict.

Slowly he quitted his seat on the right hand of the president, and walked hesitatingly towards the door. No sooner did he approach within arm's length, than his wife took him by the arm, and led him from the parlour of the "Crown and Magpie" in triumph.

The exit was accompanied by a shout of derision, for which Mrs. Impey cared very little, for she had carried her point—withdrawn her husband from a society in which their humble means, home, comfort, and respectability must have been ultimately wrecked.

The remedy was as decided as the evil appeared pressing, and for once the end justified the means.

In the midst of the confusion which followed, the cabman and his companion in the respectable livery and coachman's wig escaped unnoticed.

It was past midnight when a cab drove up to the cottage on Blackheath. Mrs. Lawrence, the housekeeper, had been dreadfully alarmed. During the twenty years she had directed the household of Peter Mangles, he had never been absent to so late an hour before.

She considered the old clerk was growing dissipated; and the impression was confirmed when he walked into the little parlour with a gait and stare which would have produced a singular sensation in the City.

The driver followed him.

Peter opened his desk, and counted him down three sovereigns.

"Mad!" muttered the housekeeper; "decidedly mad!" as she carefully closed the door after the cabman.

Her master was in a very joyous humour. But it is not to be supposed the three glasses of gin and water he had been compelled to drink, to keep up appearances, had anything to do with it; most indignantly would he have repudiated such an idea.

"The world's at an end," added the woman; "he is singing."

She listened, and distinctly heard something about two crows, followed by "Caw! caw! caw!"

On her re-appearance in the parlour, Peter made an effort to recover himself. Taking the chamber candlestick in his hand, he regarded her earnestly.

"Mrs. Lawrence," he said, with great dignity, "I have a direction, a very particular direction, to give you."

"Certainly, sir."

"If a black lady should call for me in the morning, I am not at home to her."

"A what, sir?" demanded the housekeeper, very much shocked.

"A black lady."

"Very well, sir."

"In fact, I am never at home to her."

With this last observation he marched majestically out of the room; and, with the assistance of the banisters, walked up stairs, and bolted himself in his room—a precaution the housekeeper had never known him take before.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the bewildered Mrs. Lawrence, "if he is not singing again!"

She listened, and once more distinguished the words, "Caw! caw! caw!"

At the expiration of the time appointed, the penitent Mr. Styles made his re-appearance at the counting-house of Messrs. Thornton and Markham. He was received by the senior partner.

"I have made the necessary inquiries," observed the latter.

"You are very good, very good, indeed, sir," replied the deceiver, "to take so much trouble for a poor, friendless, but I hope thoroughly reformed man."

"There is nothing against your honesty," added the manufacturer.

"That I am sure of, sir. Neither Mr. Carus nor Peter Mangles, whom I look upon as my greatest enemy, can say a word against that."

"And but for one circumstance I should feel delighted to employ you. I cannot think of depriving the Crows of so valuable a member of their society."

The countenance of his visitor fell.

"Hypocrite!" exclaimed the speaker, "unblushing hypocrite, you are unmasked. Such fellows palsy the hand of charity, harden the heart, and almost justify the contempt which too many feel for the humanity we all share. You have played your stake and lost."

Without casting a look towards George Markham, the penitent Mr. Styles sneaked out of the counting-house.

"What am I to understand, my dear sir?" demanded the astonished partner.

"That you have escaped a snare," replied Mr. Thornton, shaking him by the hand: "the friendship of Peter Mangles has once more watched over you. It was the worst of all snares," he added, "for it was calculated to work your ruin through the best feeling of your nature—gratitude."

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

A FEW weeks ago, while walking down the streets of one of our large towns, a working man, dressed in his fustian jacket, came up to me, and, after a little hesitation, said—"Excuse me, sir, but ar'n't you conductor of the ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER?" "Certainly," I answered, "I am connected with that journal." "Well," he said, "I wish you would give us an article on the Sunday question." "Indeed," I replied; "happy as I should be to do so, the FAMILY PAPER is not professing a religious publication, and I don't see how a controversial question could be introduced into its pages." "I am sure," he went on, "a few words in CASSELL'S PAPER about the Sabbath would do a world of good. It is not only as a religious, but as a social question that we ought to look at it; and if you could do something for us, I am sure it would be useful."

I must confess that this rather abrupt but earnest address from a working man who made no profession to religion, made rather a deep impression upon my mind. The request came from a person who perceived that a day of rest from toil was an advantage even in a physical, social, and civil sense; and when I reflected that the FAMILY PAPER embraces most subjects that can benefit and bless the family circle, I came to the conclusion that a few words on the day of rest could not be out of place.

First of all I looked at the command of Moses, and I found that the precept contained two parts:—First, It enjoined rest from labour; and, second, it directed that the day should be kept "holy to the Lord," or, as the word means, be devoted to religious exercises. I perceived, also, that the Jewish magistrate might punish any breach of the former part of the command, but that the other portion of the injunction was left chiefly to the conscience of the worshipper and the retribution of heaven.

I went a little further, and, looking at our species, I found that, according to Scripture and the general belief, this being, which we call man, consists of a body and a soul; that his body is common to him with animals, and is made up of nerves, muscles, &c.; and that this said body requires rest. I saw, also, that his mind was the only part of his nature which was capable of being moral, religious, or "holy"—for it would be as correct to talk of the piety of a horse or a worm as it would be to speak of the godliness of the mere animal frame of any human being. It is true that a person employs his body in a virtuous or a vicious manner, but then the virtue or the vice must exist in the soul—for, deprive him of a soul, and you hear no more of his morality or piety. Man, then, has a twofold nature—a body and soul; and that twofold nature has a twofold demand—his body requires rest, his soul needs "holiness." Without periodical rest, his physical frame will be exhausted before its time; and without holiness, or separation from sin, his soul will be debased with moral pollution. Now, it is worthy of especial notice that the twofold character of the fourth command is exactly adapted to the twofold nature of man—for it enjoins the necessary rest for his body, and directs him how to obtain purity, or holiness, for his soul.

The meaning of the English and Hebrew word

"Sabbath" is "rest." I saw an article in a daily paper, the other day, which asserted that "Sabbath" means "seven," but the writer, of course, had never looked into a Hebrew Bible or Lexicon, or else he would have known that he was misleading his readers. We have borrowed our word Sabbath from the Hebrew term for rest, and not from the Jewish numeral "seven," which, every schoolboy knows, is from a very different root. Rest from our worldly callings and pursuits is, then, the idea of the word Sabbath. "In the Sabbath," or in "the day of rest, thou shalt do no manner of work." This command recognised the great principle that the human frame requires cessation from toil at fixed periods, and also determined that this relaxation should take place every seventh day. It is a well known physiological fact that a certain portion of rest is essential to health. Hence we require sleep. Some anatomists tell us that it is during the hours of repose that the nutrition we derive from the assimilation of our food solidifies and becomes *bona fide* a part of our frame. Young sings:—

"Kind nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!"

And not only sleep recreates us, but we all know the refreshment we receive, when weary, by sitting down or resting awhile from corporeal or mental toil. Every labour we undertake teaches us the importance of rest, and, therefore, the absolute need of a Sabbath if we would preserve our physical and mental health.

But, if rest is necessary, who was to settle how often the Sabbath should return? Most of the heathens had their holidays, which occurred at different intervals, and there is no doubt that these cessations from their various employments arose from the evident physical wants of the human frame. Some of them are said to have observed every fifth day, and others every tenth. The Romans divided every month irregularly into "calends," "nones," and "ides." According to the Scriptures, we are directed to rest every seventh day, and history, observation, and science have shown us that this is the period most adapted to the exigencies of our body. The French abolished their seventh-day Sabbaths, and had recourse to *decades*, or the observance of every tenth day, but the number of suicides, &c., that followed showed that they had made a great physical blunder. Instead of fifty-two Sabbaths or days of rest, they gave the labourer but thirty-six; and this robbery of the poor man of sixteen days of bodily repose was attended with the most fatal consequences, and our philosophical neighbours were glad to return to the seventh day. The observation of every fifth day would be too frequent, and would not give sufficient time for worldly pursuits, and therefore it is now generally admitted that a rest once every seventh day is a rule which approaches nearer to the golden mean than any other that has ever been devised.

This fact has now been fully established on physiological principles. I have conversed with several gentlemen and tradesmen who had much to do with horses, and they have all attested with one voice that, to rob the horse of his Sabbath or day of rest every seventh day, was a bad speculation, and invariably proved injurious to the health and vigour of the animal, and eventually shortened his life. We have also seen the sad effects on the human frame of neglecting the rest taught in the Scripture. Young men who were determined to be rich have become gray-headed at forty, and paralytic idiots at fifty. They were, so they said, too wise to waste the seventh day in repose; but, as a physical consequence, premature old age doomed them to keep every day as a Sabbath. The Jews were sent seventy years to Babylon, that during their captivity the land might enjoy its Sabbaths. And these modern worshippers of Mammon have, in like manner, paid back in weeks of disease, pain, and affliction a ruinous percentage on every Sabbath which they had stolen from that physical rest which nature demanded, and our Heavenly Father, out of love to our welfare, had benevolently enjoined.

In the large blue book, or parliamentary document, containing "The Evidence of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Sabbath Question," there are many striking facts stated by eminent medical men, showing that on physiological principles alone, men require the rest of the seventh day. They also asserted that dissipation, laborious exercise for pleasure, drinking and smoking in tea-gardens, &c. &c., prevent that physical rest which the body requires, and produce disease and premature old age and death. Some recommend dancing for Sabbath recreation; but the exertion would be so laborious as to interfere with the natural repose from toil which the animal part of our constitution needs. Many have died from dancing, and other violent exercises adopted for the purpose of recreation. When some of our countrymen and countrywomen, in Canton, were exerting

themselves in a dance, the Chinese, who were looking on, observed that "the amusement was very good, but they wondered that the gentry did not employ their servants to do such hard work." It is a well-ascertained physical fact that the body requires rest once in seven days; and, therefore, even in the form of recreation, all hard labour and excessive exertion should be avoided.

On this point there is a striking passage in Exod. xxiii. 12: "Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest; that thine ox and thine ass may rest, and the son of thy handmaid and the stranger may be refreshed." This passage shows a tender regard for the body of the ox and the ass. These poor beasts could know nothing of the higher enjoyments of meditation on the character and works of God; of gratitude for divine mercy; of adoration and praise; or of the luxury of doing good to the bodies and souls of men; but their own bodies needed repose, and Jehovah, who made their frames, knew the extent of their physical vigour; the want of every nerve, muscle, and bone; the exhausting influence of continuous labour; and the recreative power of relaxation from toil to animals as well as to men; and therefore enjoined that "the ox and the ass should rest." And if beasts of burden, which have so much stronger and harder a frame than we, require a rest every seventh day, how much more needful is the Sabbath to the bodies of the human family. For we have a far more delicate structure than they; and, above all, we possess a mind whose thoughts, studies, cares, and anxieties make a large demand upon the brain, the nerves, the digestive organs, the heart, and the muscles; and hence the command above directed that "the son of the handmaid" (or servant-woman), "and also the stranger, should rest and be refreshed." There was danger that unjust and oppressive owners and masters would rob their animals and servants of the rest which their physical frames demanded; and, therefore, it was a part and parcel of the law of the land that animals, labourers, servants, and slaves, should have the Sabbath secured to them.

Here the power of the civil magistrate was confined to the mere body. There was no punishment for not going to the tabernacle, the temple, or the synagogue. The chief idea in the word *rest*, or Sabbath, was cessation from labour for animals and men; and it was left to the priests and the prophets to induce the people to spend the day religiously. For we need not say that mere relaxation from toil could not constitute the people virtuous; otherwise, we might talk of the piety of the ox or the ass. Rest from work is a *passive* sort of thing, which animals might enjoy; but religion, or "keeping the Sabbath holy to the Lord," is an *active* exercise, demanding the faculties, thoughts, affections, volitions, and words of intellectual and moral beings.

Some have intimated that to legislate concerning rest from labour every seventh day is to interfere with religion and the consciences of the people; but this is a great mistake; because, to make a law that our shops, factories, &c., shall be closed on the Sabbath, is no more a religious interference than the "Ten Hours Bill," or the statutes that regulate the duration of labour in the mines and factories, or that protect women and children of a certain age from being injured by excessive toil. The civil law concerning the Sabbath is merely a "Seventh Day Bill," as the factory enactment is a "Ten Hours Bill;" and they both rest on exactly the same principle, that labour, continued for too long a period, is destructive of the physical health of mankind. And as the man is left, after his ten hours' toil is over, to spend his leisure time as he pleases, so on the Sabbath the law does not tell any one how he shall occupy the day; it only demands that public works and shops should be stopped and closed, that men and beasts may rest.

We have heard a great deal of late of recreation for the working-classes on the Sabbath; but most of the advocates have wished to enslave one part of the community to minister to the gratification of the other. Here you have the slavery principle brought out in all its power. Legree boasted that he did not mind killing his slaves, because he profited thereby,—the overwork paid for the loss of life; and so in England, we are to have railway clerks, porters, stokers, drivers, and the superintendents of public works converted into white slaves, and sacrificed to give recreation to other members of the community. But the pretence is a hollow one, and sounds very much like the regard of Judas for the poor; for if there was a real wish to benefit the masses, why not carry them for nothing? Take away the contemplated profit, and we fear that most of the gentlemen who carry the bag would very soon forget their vaunted philanthropy. We would also suggest to our working friends that if one body of men and women are to be robbed of their right to

a day of rest for the gain of their employers, there is reason to fear that other masters will soon make a similar demand, and require *seven days' toil* instead of *six*; and national slavery instead of national rest will be the result.

Most of those who would rob the poor man of his Sabbath, or who advocate Sabbath recreation, take it for granted that labourers and operatives should never have any recreation during the six days, but should be doomed to hard toil for ten, twelve, or fourteen hours on every working day. Hence there is no small degree of mercenariness in the proposition to turn the Sabbath into a day of work or secular pleasure. Let taxes be lowered, let all restrictions on trade be removed, let wages be just and equitable, and let the labourers and operatives adopt the great principles of temperance and economy; and then, without robbing themselves of the advantages of Sabbath rest and mental edification, they may have as many weekday holidays as they can reasonably desire. We do not belong to those morbid philanthropists who would doom every man and woman to labour like the galley slave for a certain number of hours a day, and never enjoy any relaxation from Monday morning until Saturday night. We maintain that this ought not to be necessary. We believe in "a good time coming;" and one of its characteristics shall be that toil shall be lightened by machinery, that the hours of labour shall be shortened, that remuneration for the work done shall be just and ample, and that, as a consequence, our operatives and peasants shall have time on the weekday for bodily recreation and mental culture.

England is the only country in Europe in which the word "home" is fully understood, and we owe this blessing to the Sabbath. This is the day of rest from toil, and the period of family gatherings. The father and mother, who, on other days, rise early and hasten to labour, on the day of rest remain with their families and bless their households. The dwelling of the labourer undergoes an entire change. The floor, the clothes, the furniture, and the faces and hands of all are clean; and, for one day every week, the house of the poor man seems to rival the mansions of the wealthy. There is no work nor bustle, and in the bosom of his family, the operative, every Sabbath day, is as free from toil and as happy as the prince. Abolish the day of rest, and England will lose its domestic bliss, and cease to understand the words "Home, sweet home."

Much is said of the corporeal and mental energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, as if there was only one blood in our veins; when, the fact is, we are the most mixed nation under heaven. We are Britons, Phenicians, Romans, and the compound of which Roman armies were made up, Saxons, Norwegians, Danes, Normans, Irish, Scotch, French, Germans, Jews, &c., &c., so that the English are an amalgam of humanity, so much so that a similar mixture of the races could hardly be found in any other kingdom upon the face of the globe; and, therefore, it is absurd to trace our energy to any one paternity. Still it must be owned that we are an enterprising people, and, of course, we owe no small portion of our strength and intrepidity to our nerves; and, we feel persuaded, that for our nervous and mental power we are mainly indebted to our Sabbaths, or days of rest. The bodily repose we have experienced, and the great, glorious, and invigorating truths we have heard every seventh day, have given us our corporeal and moral superiority, and our pre-eminence among the nations.

The Sabbath, or seventh day of rest, is, then, a great physical boon, demanded by nature, and commanded by nature's God. Every friend of the working classes must be anxious to see that the laws of the land secure to the labourer this divine right; and every Christian philanthropist must desire and strive that the rest from toil may be conducive to the mental and moral elevation of all ranks and conditions among us.

SHE stood by the washtub when her twenty-fifth birthday arrived. The hair, the lips, the eyes were not calculated to excite the heart. Five cross young ones were about the house crying—some breaking things and one urging the necessity of an immediate supply of food. She stopped in despair and sat down, and tears trickled down her once plump and ruddy cheek. Alas! Nancy, early marriages are not the thing. Better enjoy youth at home, and hold lovers at a proper distance until you have muscle, limb, and heart enough to face a frowning world and family. If a chap really cares for you, he can wait for two or three years, make presents, take you to concerts, and so on until the time comes. Early marriages and early cabbages are tender productions.

LOVE LEVELS ALL RANKS.

CHAPTER I.

Her cheek was pale and thinner
Than should be for one so young;
And her eyes on all my actions
With a mute observance hung.

LOCKLEY HALL.

A soft, golden June sunset bathed the whole country-side in a flood of radiance. The white pendant blossoms of the acacia and the delicate green of the just opened foliage were rippled by the low west wind beginning to stir among the tree-tops burdened by its freight of perfume stolen from the distant clover fields, the new mown hay, and the clustering roses—crimson, white, and blush-tinted—that hung around the unpainted cottage, nodded in at the windows, or disputed the outstanding trellises with honeysuckle, clematis, or hardy grape-vines—a wealth, a mass of blossoms, and tendrils, and emerald leaves.

A shy, slight child, at first sight neither plain nor attractive, looked out eagerly from the gateway down the road to the city, white with dust, and in its unshaded barrenness. Strange contrast to the nook of verdure which we have described. It seemed as if some miracle must have reclaimed this spot from the desolate common, covered by a crop of stunted weeds, and crossed in every direction with a network of footpaths or netted cart-tracks. A sluggish stream wound sullenly among them; a few cabins of miserable structure were scattered here and there, the only other human habitations within sight.

It was indeed a miracle of patient industry and forethought that had rescued this lovely home and the fertile gardens which surrounded it from what was once all desolate and barren. At first, a little patch of ground, scarcely an acre, was inclosed around an old country house long deserted, and falling into decay. All that remained of its former occupancy were the fine old trees that had shaded it, and which first attracted the Scotch gardener, Allen Palmer, in his search for a home. Here he settled for his experiment, renting the house and garden spot, and spending his little capital in repairs, and renovating the worn-out soil. His wife, like himself, frugal and industrious, shared his earlier toil. Night and morning dews, the heat of summer noonday, and the cold of early spring were alike unheeded until their home was their own, blossoming into the promise of its present luxuriance, and yielding a fair return for the original outlay.

One thing was against them: the market was so far off. It was the journey of a day to transport the vegetables thither, and dispose of them profitably; and the gardener could afford but two from every week without neglecting their culture. But they were earliest with spring delicacies, and latest with successions; so, in spite of this drawback, Allen Palmer had become a prosperous man.

His own frame had but developed and strengthened by the honest toil; but earlier hardships and the first few years of care and anxiety had stolen silently strength and health from his one friend and companion, his much loved, all-enduring wife. He did not dream how heavily the burden had fallen upon her till the crowning blessing of a child was given to them; and when, in his thankfulness, he thought life had nothing more to offer, he watched in vain for the old buoyancy of step and tone to return to the mother of his little one. She lived to hear the baby voice prattling to the birds and flowers, to guide its first tottering steps through the shaded alleys of the garden, and then left them both, isolated, as their lives had always been, dependent on each other for comfort and companionship.

An old servant was the only person Christy had seen besides her father for many years. When occasional visitors came, she ran away from the garden, her natural shyness heightened by this unusual seclusion, and hid, clinging to old Betsy's garments, until the intruder was gone. The evening was her delight. Then she sat on her father's knee, and smoothed his fair hair, silvery now upon the temples, or patted his rough, sunburnt cheek, and sang, and talked, and questioned him of her dead mother, or his old home, until he came to look upon her more as a loving friend than a child. The wild children of the cabins were no playfellows for her; the farm-houses were too far off to find companions there; but she was satisfied with her flowers and pets, and never knew what she lost in merriment, or what she escaped in coarse contact.

She could not always remain a child: following her father, or aiding old Betsy with her busy, helpful hands; and satisfied with the scraps of knowledge she gathered from the few old books that but for her would have lain dusty and undisturbed upon the

window-sill. The gardener began to think of this; and to fall into long reveries of what might befall his orphan child when he should be taken away from her.

The thin, wistful face looked longer than usual for the trim market cart Christine could tell so far off. Twice she ran into the house to be sure there was nothing wanting on the supper-table she had arranged with her own hands, or to hasten old Betsy's preparations in the kitchen. And when the sober brown horse trotted slowly into view, Christine saw with a pang of disappointment that her father was not alone. She shrank back, hoping that the stranger was a wayfarer, and would pass on; but no. When the wheels passed by so closely that they brushed the hawthorn bush behind which she was hidden, she saw by a leathern valise and packages in the cart that, for the first time since her recollection, a visitor had come to stay at the cottage. She had watched for her father, and anticipated his coming, after a whole day of absence, so eagerly, that great hot tears of disappointment sprang to her eyes, and she sat down disconsolately on the ground, with her apron thrown over her face, sobbing harder and harder at fancied wrong and neglect, as minute after minute went by, and her father did not come to seek her. He had looked through every room, and wondered at her absence before he came to the door and called "Christy," the second time so imperatively that she dared not disobey. How she hated this stranger, whoever he was, as she walked slowly to the house, shutting her eyelids tight, every now and then, to shake the tears from her long lashes, to which they sprang again in spite of her resolution and her pride!

The room was just as she had left it: flowers everywhere that a nosegay could be placed, filling up the centre of the wide-mouthed fire-place, and reflected on the shining brasses over which they fell; on the little round table with its twisted legs and cloven feet in the corner; on the grandest piece of furniture in the room, called by Betsy a "secretary;" the drawers surmounted by a slanting desk, whose mysterious recesses and pigeon-holes were a wonder still to Christy when her father sat before it making out his accounts or arranging his few papers.

All was so neat, and fresh, and shining with cleanliness, and the supper-table looked so inviting, now that Betsy brought in fresh vegetables with their appetising odour, and the cold joint from yesterday's dinner, that the guest congratulated himself on the excellent quarters into which chance and the market cart had conveyed him, happily unconscious of the unfavourable scrutiny of the child standing in the doorway. He was seated in what had been her mother's chair—an offence in itself, for it was only very lately that Christy had ventured to occupy it, and always, when she did so, felt grander and more important than at any other time in her life, and held herself very straightly from all contact with the cushioned back and sides. But the stranger—what did he know of its sacredness?—loll'd back completely at his ease, and was surveying himself with evident complacency in the little oak-framed mirror between the windows, on which the last slanting sunlight fell.

"Who can he be?" thought Christy, waiting her father's reappearance from the stables, where he had gone to superintend personally the comfort of old Dobbin. "He's more like a picture in a book than my father, or John, or old Mr. Ronalds. How white his hands are! how his hair curls!—just as mine would if Betsy would not cut it off every time." And he was young, too, younger than any man she had ever seen; lithe and graceful in figure, but with pale features; and listless in attitude, as if suffering from ill health. He was, in fact, just recovering from a severe illness, and had been ordered to the country for a change of air, and total cessation of the studies which had so absorbed him as to make him forgetful that knowledge without health was unavailing. Strolling through the market in search of early fruit, all that his appetite craved, he encountered his old acquaintance, the gardener, who had served him with many a tasteful, if not choice bouquet; and, questioning him of lodgings, had proposed himself as guest, and as suddenly found the arrangement accepted.

It was plain to see that Allen Palmer liked his young acquaintance. Perhaps there was no other of all his chance customers whom he would have admitted to his little household. As it was, he turned a deaf ear to old Betsy's muttered wonderings, and ordered the only unoccupied room to be put in readiness for their visitor.

"But I never will like him, I don't care how long he stays," the child said, perversely, to herself, as she stood by her father's chair, later in the evening. The

twilight was suddenly replaced by the unclouded splendour of the just risen moon, tracing the foliage across the window on the uncarpeted floor, and making the low room and its homely furniture picturesque. Her father's arm was around her; but he scarcely seemed to know it as he talked on and on as she had never heard him talk before. There was all her little news of the day still untold—the first blossoming of the white moss roses, the loss of a favourite chicken from her little brood, an undeserved lecture from the old servant to be deprecated, and still, for the first time in her recollection, a stranger absorbed all his thoughts. It was very hard; and she looked out into the garden, and the moonlight brought strange, sad thoughts, as it often did, of her unknown mother, and a yearning for sympathy and companionship which she had never felt before, and scarcely understood now, until she stole away to bed without a good-night kiss, for the first time in all her life, and cried herself to sleep.

Utterly miserable, as Christy determined to be at night, she had to confess herself quite resigned and even interested before the next day was over. She had been surprised into an acquaintance with Mr. Wiley while dusting and arranging his room—a task at which Betsy had set her as soon as he had gone out for a look over the garden with her father. It was in wonderful confusion, to be sure: clothes hanging on the high, slender bed-posts, and lying on the floor just as they had been pulled out of the open valise; drawing materials and toilet articles scattered about; and, greatest treasure of all, a pile of books tumbled down as heedlessly.

It was a very plain, unadorned chamber, low, as were all the rooms, with open rafters overhead, on which were deposited Betsy's accumulation of dried medicinal herbs, with thyme, and sage, and various other winter help to soups and dressings for the kitchen. The one window had no curtain save the drooping branches of a weeping willow and one adventurous spray of climbing roses, just now flushed with buds and blossoms. But the busy little hands did their best. The bed, with its blue and white counterpane, was straightened into most tidy precision, the clothes gathered together on a single chair for Betsy's longer arms to dispose of; but then came the temptation—lifting those enticing volumes to place in the window seat, the only bookshelf the cottage could boast of. Christy opened one and another, skimmed a page of this and a verse of that, until, absorbed in the rhyme of the "Ancient Mariner," she sat with her head bent down on her hands, leaning over the book, and the short waves of fair hair shading her large gray eyes, lighted by the wonderful interest of the story.

Her face flushed into positive beauty for a moment as she looked up with a startled, appealing glance to find Mr. Wiley quietly seated, and watching her from the foot of the bed. She had heard the footsteps, but, thinking it only the old servant come to chide her for her idleness, sat still, spell-bound, by the legend.

Shame and timidity struggled together as she sprang up, and would have escaped from the room, had he not seized her hands and held her fast a prisoner before him.

"And so you read Coleridge," he said, "and Shelley too, perhaps. Why, what a wonderful little maiden! Who taught you to like poetry? Oh, no! I can't let you go yet awhile." And after a time she ceased to struggle, and stood passively, while his soft hand brushed the hair back from her face as a woman might have done.

Christy never exactly understood how it came about, but she ceased to think he was so formidable, though a certain wholesome awe never quite departed, and she was soon showing him the flower-garden, and making him the recipient of yesterday's still unuttered news instead of her father, who certainly did not deserve it, she thought.

That evening she listened to the conversation instead of watching the moonlight, although it was not of the subjects she liked best. She could not understand all they said about railroads, and real estate, and the greatly-increased value of her father's land if it could only be brought nearer to the market.

But it was pleasant to see her father so interested, instead of falling asleep in his chair, as he so often did in the evenings, and to hear Mr. Wiley's pleasant voice, and watch his face, knowing that he could not see her for the shadow in which she sat.

A whole host of new pleasures was suddenly opened to the child, young in heart and experience rather than in years, for she had passed her thirteenth birthday. Almost incapable of exertion as the convalescent felt himself to be; talking to this little maiden, with her strange fancies and sometimes startling thoughts, was the occupation that best suited him. He gave

her free access to his books, and wondered at her choice among them, and the avidity with which she read and comprehended. He took long strolls over the uninviting common with her by his side, silently holding by his hand, if he had fallen into a reverie of the glorious career he would carve out for himself, of the fame, and fortune, and the love he was sure to win. So said young, untried enthusiasm, leaping over all intervening obstacles, with the largest faith in the future. Or if he chatted to her, that was more delightful still. He told her of books she must read when she grew older, of pictures that she would learn to understand if she could see them, of the actual world beyond this narrow life which now seemed bounded and obscured, until she began to wonder if it would always be thus, or whether she should some day see, and hear, and learn for herself.

"Have you never been to the great town?" Mr. Wiley said, one evening, in answer to some such half-revealed aspirations. "Never! and within seven miles of its roar and confusion! Would you like to go some day?"

"Oh, yes, very much!" and the child's heart gave a great bound, but as suddenly sunk again. "With you, I mean. I should not be afraid then, I think."

"Less afraid with me than your father, Christy?"

"But he would be so busy, he could not attend to me, you know."

"Well, you shall go, little one. I may have to be there myself to-morrow; but I dread it—ugh!" and he shrugged his shoulders at the thought of encountering the heat, and dust, and turmoil of town life, even for a day.

The gardener exclaimed, and pondered for a moment over the proposition—"But if Mr. Wiley was so good as to be troubled with the child, he saw no reason to say nay;" and Christine ran headlong to the kitchen to communicate the wonderful news to Betsy.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MERCHANT GOLD

Gold, red gold, is a merchant old,
And from manhood's dawn has bought and sold.
In every country and every clime,
The products and trophies of workman Time.
The broad, round world is his ledger page—
His invoices are of every age,
Nor breathes there a being who does not hold
The "promise to pay" of Merchant Gold.

The maiden who sits in her lonely bower,
And waits, heart-broken, the nuptial hour,
When merry bells, amid pomp and pride,
Shall ring to honour the rich man's bride—
Though he is not present she loves so well,
To look a long and last "farewell,"
Is she not bargained for? Is she not sold
To the selfish trader, Merchant Gold?

The miser who steals, at the dead of night,
To count and gloat o'er his treasures bright—
Who, while others riot in lust or sleep
Adds something more to his shining heap—
Whose priest, whose God, whose law divine,
Is the yellow ore of the mint and mine,
Is he not bargained for? Is he not sold
To the cunning trader, Merchant Gold?

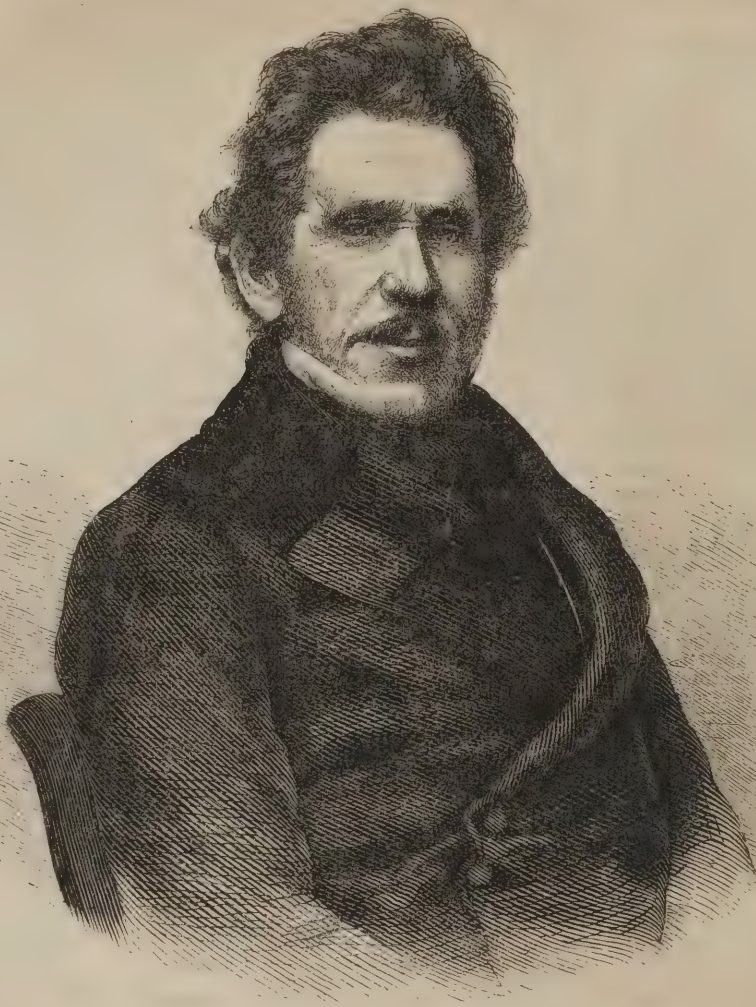
Feelings and friendships, love and truth,
Honour and virtue, age and youth,
Creeds and craftsman, senates and kings,
Down to the meanest of human things—
Body and spirit, matter and mind,
Must go in their turns to "raise the wind."
For all are bargained for!—all are sold
To the ruthless trader, Merchant Gold.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR DE LACY EVANS, G.C.B., M.P.

In the House of Commons as well as in the field of battle the subject of our sketch has done good service, and throughout his lengthened career has fairly won a reputation for consistency of character, and for staunch unflinching adherence to the principles which he has adopted.

Sir De Lacy Evans was born in 1787, and was a native of Ireland. He began his military life in 1807, and his first campaign was in India, where he took part in the operations against Ameer Khan. In 1810 he joined the Peninsular army, under Wellington, and took part in all the principal actions; gaining some distinction by his readiness to undertake any duty that was unusually dangerous, or that required caution as well as courage to accomplish. At Hornazo he was wounded; and at Toulouse he had a horse shot under him. Leaving the army of Wellington in 1814, he proceeded to the United States—war was then raging between England and America—where he rendered

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



SIR DE LACY EVANS, M.P. FOR WESTMINSTER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

essential service to the British arms. Not content with fighting on shore, with leading a storming party to the House of Congress, and with having two horses shot under him at Blandensburg, he volunteered to serve with the boats' crews to board and capture the American war sloops off New Orleans, and did good service in that hazardous enterprise. At the attack on New Orleans he was twice severely wounded; but notwithstanding this, when the war broke out again in Europe, he rejoined Wellington's army and fought at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, having two more horses killed under him in the fray. He subsequently served on the staff at the occupation of Paris; and finally, the war being over, and the piping times of peace returned, he came back to England and looked about him for fresh adventures.

"If it be a sin to covet honour,
He was the most offending soul alive."

The beginning of the reign of William IV afforded an excellent opportunity for a parliamentary campaign. There was a fierce battle raging in the senate; the whole country was stirred into activity; the cry for reform was heard from one end of the land to the other; and Evans was drawn from retirement, and came before the world as a popular candidate, a thorough-going liberal, and a radical reformer.

In 1831 De Lacy Evans sat for Rye; in 1833 he successfully contested Westminster with Hobhouse, who, to afford his constituents an opportunity of expressing their sentiments on his conduct, had accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

In May, 1835, there was an application made on behalf of the youthful Queen of Spain to the British government for raising an auxiliary force to the Spanish army. The army, under the name of the Spanish Legion, was to be employed against Don Carlos, and in the cause of the Queen and the Queen-mother; or, in the opinion of the gallant general, for the support of freedom and constitutional govern-

ment against absolutism. The army was raised, and the command offered to Evans. With the consent of his constituents he accepted the offer, but soon found himself involved in many serious difficulties. It was hard to induce men to enlist—many of those who had been enlisted were in as bad a condition as the recruits of Falstaff; officers were not willing to accept commissions, and the cause in defence of which the "Legion" had been raised was inimical to the feelings of a powerful party in England. At a later period Evans declared in parliament, that of the entire force, amounting nearly to 10,000 men, there were not more than a hundred who were not too young or too old for service.

With this inefficient army Evans landed in Spain. At Bilbao they saved Espaleta from destruction; and in outpost duty accomplished much more than could have been anticipated from troops so hastily gathered and so imperfectly drilled. The victory of San Sebastian was another proof of the intrepidity of this little army, and the skill, as well as courage of its general. "Whatever may have been the losses you have sustained," wrote Count Harsippe, an old general of the Empire, "the results of this engagement reflect the highest honour on the English soldiers, and above all on the officers who have given such brilliant proofs of devotion and intrepidity."

The victory of San Sebastian was followed by further successes over the Carlists. Reverses afterwards took place, but not a single trophy was ever taken from the Legion. In victory or defeat the men behaved admirably. The capture of Hernani by escalade, the storming of Irun, and the capitulation of Fontarabia, were the last important services rendered by the Legion to the Spanish government—"a government which starved it, and which, after its term of service was completed, withheld from its members the reward which they had earned with their blood."

On his return to England, General Evans vindicated in parliament his conduct; charges having been brought against him during his absence. He received from his sovereign the Cross of Commander of the Bath; and from the Spanish government the Grand Crosses of St. Ferdinand and Charles. Better than any honour which royalty could bestow, was fame which he had fairly won in the sight of Europe, and which the English were not unwilling to acknowledge.

He was returned again a member for Westminster in 1846, again in 1852, and again at the last election.

General Evans served in the Crimea. He gallantly led one of the leading divisions up the heights of Alma in the midst of a storm of grape and shell, and was wounded in that dashing exploit. During the siege of Sebastopol, Evans's division was attacked by the Russians, but the attack was bravely and effectually repulsed. Lord Raglan, in reporting on this affair, declared that he could not too highly praise the manner in which the attack had been met, and that nothing could have been better managed. At the time of the battle of Inkermann, Evans, worn down by sickness, was on board ship preparatory to returning home, and General Penefather held command of his division. On hearing that fighting was going on, General Evans insisted upon landing, not to win the honour of victory from his brother officer, but to assist him by his friendly counsel. Shortly after this he returned to his home. His reception in the House of Commons was enthusiastic. He received the public thanks of that body from the Speaker. Honours fell thick upon him. He received the Crimean medal, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, was created G.C.B. and D.C.L., and most, and best of all, had the pleasure of knowing that he had faithfully discharged the duties intrusted to him, and had fairly won the reward.



THE GRAND VIZIER DIRECTING THE ASSAULT ON RHODES.

THE SIEGE OF RHODES.—III.

DISAPPOINTED in his expectations of reducing Rhodes by an attack on the castle of St. Nicholas, and in gratifying his rage against the grand master, the sultan's vizier resolved to change his tactics, and assault the city on its weakest side. The most unprotected part of Rhodes was that of the Jewish sojourners. The battlemented wall was of little more use than a canvas fortification; it certainly could not withstand a vigorous attack. The Turkish army, once within the city, would easily accomplish its subjugation, and the sea nest of these knights of Jerusalem would be spoiled by Moslem hands. With this purpose in view, Missah attacked Rhodes in

flank, and his artillery soon began to tell on the frail defences of the Jewish quarter. The attack was so sudden and apparently so successful, that the soldiers on the walls were ready to capitulate, and thus save their lives at the cost of their honour. The grand master was informed of the imminent danger which impended, and, hastening to the threatened position, besought his men to remain faithful to their duty. Displaying the flag of the order he called upon the knights to follow his example, and, rather than submit to the infidels, to perish under the walls of the city.

The accompanying illustration is from Caoursin's manuscript. The grand vizier is standing near his tent, surrounded by his principal officers, watching

the progress of the siege. The Turkish bowmen are harassing the enemy with their bolts, while behind are seen numerous batteries of artillery directed against the walls of the city. The assault has commenced. The knights on the ramparts are answering the fire of their assailants. On one of the towers at the front is seen the grand master in a suit of complete mail; he is followed by some of the knights of the order bearing their sacred standard, and animating the courage of the people. The field on the Turkish side is strewn with dead, and indicates the steady, unerring fire of the besieged.

This daring assault on Rhodes brought to a close the memorable siege. It covered with shame and confusion the boasted invincibility of Ma-

homet II., and conferred immortality on the name of Aulus.

Enraged at the defeat of his army, the passion of the sultan knew no bounds; he solemnly swore utterly to destroy Rhodes, not leaving one stone upon another, not sparing age or sex, but leaving the city a desolate ruin, without a dog to howl for the dead. An army of three hundred thousand men was rapidly assembled. The sultan placed himself at the head of his troops, and began his march through Natolia. At Teggair Tzair he was attacked with colic, and, notwithstanding every remedy which the medical knowledge of his age afforded, died on the 3rd of May, 1481. His remains were conveyed to Constantinople, the projected invasion given up, and the prince who had conquered two empires, twelve kingdoms, and more than three hundred cities, gave orders that his epitaph should consist of these simple words: "I PROPOSED TO MYSELF THE CONQUEST OF RHODES AND THE SURJUGATION OF ITALY."

LATSON.

BY
FELIX STOWE.

CHAPTER XLVI.

BLUE SKY IN THE AFTERNOON.

"WILLIAM DUCKETT," said Mr. Church, immediately rising again after he and the court had gained breath.

And once more corridors and lobbies echoed with the witness's name.

William Duckett probably never heard his patronymic pronounced by so many important people in so short a space of time.

"I believe," said the counsel, when the witness had pushed his way through and been sworn, "I believe that you are a page at a house in Leicester-square?"

And Hugh mentioned the number, and further ascertained that Duckett was there in service on the day in question.

Duckett was a lad in buttons, of about fifteen or sixteen.

"You know the billiard-room in that house?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many doors are there in that room?"

"There are two."

"One leading on to the staircase?"

"Yes."

"Where does the other lead to?"

"Into the dressing-closet."

"Just so—into the dressing-closet."

"Now, has the dressing-closet two doors?"

"Yes, sir."

"The one into the billiard-room just mentioned."

Where does the other dressing-closet door open into?"

"On to another staircase."

"On to another staircase; I thought so."

"Now, just tell us, William: have you any business with that dressing-closet? have you anything to do there?"

"Oh, yes! to keep it in order—change the towels, and so on."

"Change the towels, and so on," repeated Mr. Church.

"Now, I want you," he went on, "to carry your mind back to the day in question, the—th of —, and just tell us whether you went into the dressing-closet at any time on that evening?"

"No, sir, I never went in."

"Now, just recollect, be careful."

"I never went in; I went to the door, sir, and I was going in."

"Ah! just so; you were going in."

"But I saw a gentleman there; and I then turned back."

"You saw a gentleman there; and you then turned back. Now, did you know that gentleman: did you know him by name?"

"Oh, yes, very well."

"Now, who was that gentleman?"

"Mr. Swillman."

"How long before you went to the door of the dressing-closet had you been in the billiard-room?"

"The billiard-room?"

"Yes."

"Not five minutes before, I'd been in to see to the fires; and gone down, and up the other staircase."

"Now, when you were in the billiard-room, at that time, who was there?"

"Mr. Latson was asleep on the sofa, and Mr. Swillman was standing looking out of the window."

"That, you are perfectly sure of?"

"I am."

"Well, now, when you afterwards saw Mr. Swillman in the dressing-closet, had you time to see what he was doing?"

"I saw that he was taking something out of a book."

"Could you see what sort of a book it was?"

"I could only see that it was a light-leathered book. The time was so short: it was only a moment."

"Of course—I know—I want you not to state a single thing you are not perfectly certain about. It was a light-leather book was it?"

"Now, could you tell whether it was like a memorandum?"

"Now, really," said Fotheringay, jumping up, "my lord, I protest against words being put into the witness's mouth, like—"

"Well, well," said Mr. Church, "could you tell at all what sort of a book it was?"

"No, I can't say I was there long enough."

"Quite right—quite right."

"Have you ever seen Mr. Swillman's pocket-book?"

"Oh, yes, often,—scores of times."

"When you have seen it, was that a dark-leathered, or a light-leathered pocket-book?"

"Quite dark."

"And you are sure that the book in the dressing-closet was a light one?"

"Quite sure."

"Now, did you observe anything particular in Mr. Swillman's movement or manner when you took him by surprise?"

"Surprise!" cried Mr. Fotheringay—"who said anything about 'surprise'? Pray, let us have a speech all by itself, and the evidence all by itself; but don't inflict a speech upon the jury, and then call it evidence. 'Surprise,' indeed!"

"Well," said Hugh, "I beg your pardon. Then we'll say, William, to please the learned counsel, when you took *yourself* by surprise, was there anything particular in the gentleman's conduct?"

And the court tittered.

"No, I can't say that there was."

"You can't say whether he moved, or did anything at all, on account of your opening the door?"

"On account!"—there you are again. What does the boy know about 'account'? Was he inside Swillman?"

"You may ask, Mr. Church," said his lordship, "whether he saw the gentleman do anything; but surely the lad can't tell us *why* he did it."

"That was all I meant, my lord, only my learned friend is rather sharp upon me this morning."

"Did you observe any particular movement in Mr. Swillman, just at the moment of your entering the room—the dressing-closet?"

"Yes! he started, and put the book under his coat-breast."

"You saw that,—you had time to see that?"

"I had. I thought he was entering a bet, and didn't—"

"Never mind what you thought. Did you see anything else in Mr. Swillman's hand beside the book?"

"No."

"Nothing whatever."

"Very well, and that is all you saw him do; start, and put the book under his coat? Now, could you tell us whether the book in his hand was anything like that?"

And Mr. Church held up to the witness, Claude's pocket-book, which appeared to be nearly a new one, and was of Russia-leather.

"It was that sort of colour; but I couldn't say it was that book."

"Of course not. But the colour was like the colour of this?"

"Yes, it was."

Then Mr. Church sat down.

And Duckett was subjected to a vigorous cross-examination by Mr. Fotheringay. But the main facts were left untouched.

Hugh again addressed the jury, urging over again the points he had taken up before, and commenting timidly on the evidence of Duckett, as he would be likely to do.

Fotheringay replied, on the whole case, and the judge summed up—with all respect be it said—but it is not many a summing up, on a criminal trial, that throws much light upon the case, or greatly assists the jury. Now and then, when the judge is a clear and logical speaker, one sees a sophism cleared away, and little half-concealed facts brought into prominence; but the see-saw style so often adopted, "If you think so," and "if you don't think so and so," and "if, on the other hand, you should be of opinion," &c., all this is very wearisome to a layman, and, we should think, worse than wearisome to a jurymen.

In the present case, there was more than the usual amount of service done by the summing up; but the leaning of the judge was clearly towards a conviction.

He concluded in the following words:—

"You have, then, gentlemen, these conflicting testimonies to weigh in your minds against each other. And I am sure you will weigh them carefully, solemnly, and under a recollection of the oaths you have taken."

"You have the undenied fact that the prisoner uttered the bill bearing the forged name. You have very little indeed to prove to you that the witness Swillman knew anything of the prisoner's relations. You have no sufficient motive before you—none has been offered—for so base an act as the defence suggests, except, that these two men had never agreed. It will be for you to say whether that circumstance renders it probable that the witness Swillman would forge this signature, and so think to compass the destruction of the prisoner. As to the fact that Swillman turns out to be an *alias* for Lord Blinmore, I need not remind you that that has really nothing to do with the case; for a man's character may be of the very worst description, in some respects, and yet not be the malicious, the fearfully malicious, character imputed here to this witness. Well, then, you have the evidence of the page, Duckett. Gentlemen, it is for you to say how much importance you will attach to that evidence, even if you believe it. For after all, what does it amount to? Merely to this—that Swillman had a book, something like the prisoner's pocket-book, in the dressing-closet of that gambling-house. It is for you, not for me, to say whether you believe it proved to your satisfaction that that book was the prisoner's; or, rather, whether it creates in your mind such a reasonable doubt as that you cannot convict the prisoner. That is entirely a question for you."

"But, gentlemen, it is my duty to remind you of the source whence that evidence of Duckett's proceeds. Here is a house that is daily and nightly breaking the law of the land. You will, I think, look with some caution on anything that comes from so suspicious a quarter. I never lose the opportunity of making this remark from the bench, and I make it now,—that wilful law-breakers are bad witnesses. I don't mean to say that this lad must necessarily tell lies because he is a servant in an illegal house; but you will remember his calling, you will remember how far money goes within those four walls; and you will say whether, even if Duckett's testimony had been more important than it seems to me to be, you could give such weight to it as to cancel, by its means, the whole of the evidence for the prosecution."

"Gentlemen, I confess it would have been most satisfactory to me, and no doubt to you also, if after the learned counsel had brought out the story about Swillman's suggestion to tamper with the racehorse, he had been able to show us, that the horse won the race after all. He has not done so. As the case stands, for anything we have heard, the horse was tampered with. And if so, you will say, whether that business brings any more discredit to the witness Lord Blinmore, than it does to the prisoner Latson. Whether the learned counsel exercised the wisest discretion in bringing out that affair, it is not for me to say."

"On the whole, gentlemen of the jury, this is, in my view of it, a most painful case. It is painful, if you believe Swillman, for then you have the son of one of the first gentlemen in the county of Wilts without an answer to the charge of forgery. It is painful, if you believe Duckett, and accept the case for the prisoner; for then you have a nobleman guilty of—perhaps, next to murder, the most diabolical cruelty that one man can visit on another."

"I trust that whatever may be the issue of this trial, the lessons of it will not be lost upon the crowds who have heard its details. Here is a warning, trumpet-tongued, against the vice of the gambler. Believe which side you will, this much is clear, that these two young men have been brought to what we see them this day, by the horrible fascination of the gaming-table."

Here Claude shook with fearful emotion, and covered his face with both hands.

"A hard life of labour, with dry bread to eat," pursued his lordship, "would probably be very willingly exchanged by either of these men at this moment for the wild courses that have brought them here before us; and well it might be."

"I now leave this difficult and momentous question for you to solve—Did the prisoner at the bar forge his uncle's name to that bill, and then utter it to pay that debt? or, did the witness Swillman, while Latson was asleep on the sofa, obtain possession of the bill and add Montgomery's name, to compass the prisoner's ruin by placing him in that dock? If you

think the former, you will convict the prisoner. If you come to the other conclusion, or if the evidence for the defence has raised in your minds reasonable doubts, doubts that would prevent your acting in any of the ordinary affairs of life, then, gentlemen, your verdict will be 'Not guilty.'

And the court began to relieve itself from the long suspense, by a general breathing, and rustling, and low whispers.

Claude stood up and leaned forward over the dock, as if about to speak to his solicitor; but immediately changed his mind, and sat down again.

They are terrible moments, those, moments poised as if between life and death, when the twelve men begin to turn round and lay their heads together, obeying the clerk's charge—

"Gentlemen of the jury, consider your verdict!" In this case they expressed a wish to retire, and they retired.

Another jury was sworn, and another prisoner was put up—a poor girl of not more than eighteen, charged with the murder of her child.

Mr. Church had left the court.

Otherwise, here would have been a summons to jump the barriers of bar-fashion, even louder than the last!

The time for the court to rise is come, and the jury in the forgery case have never returned.

The judge sends for them.

"There is no chance, my lord, of our agreeing to a verdict. Seven of us are on one side, and five on the other."

"Well, gentlemen, I'm very sorry, but I've no alternative. You must remain in your room till you are agreed; and I will come down to the court to receive your verdict as soon as it is formed."

The next morning, on the opening of the court, the poor jurymen came in, jaded and worn out, but no verdict. One man still held out—nothing would move him.

Far on in the afternoon, in they came again.

A trial was interrupted by the clerk's rising, and by the universal buzz and hush of the spectators.

Latson is called and put up.

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed upon your verdict? How say you—is the prisoner, Claude Blance Latson, guilty of the forgery for which he stands indicted, or not guilty?"

"We say that he is *Not guilty*."

"Your lordships," said Mr. Church, "will, probably, after that verdict, order the witness, Lord Blinmore, alias Swillman, into custody."

(But they had first of all to find Lord Blinmore—which they never did.)

And—in spite of judges and ushers and all—there immediately rose a shouting and stamping of feet, and a clapping of hands, which was never subdued till Claude was safe outside the dock, and went walking off, side by side, with his counsel and his half-brother.

CHAPTER XLVII.

SUNSET.

"Which way do you go, Mr. Latson?" asked Hugh, when the congratulations and the comments on the trial were over, as they walked along.

Claude looked away from his companion, and said nothing.

In a moment more, he staggered against a shop that they were passing, and fell heavily on the pavement.

He had walked from the court very feebly, and Hugh would have offered him his arm, had he dared to do it.

But this question, "Which way was he going?" was the last feather on Claude's burdened spirit, which fairly broke it down.

What "way" had the poor fellow to go?

He had quite looked to be arrested from twenty quarters, immediately on his discharge. He probably would have been, but that his creditors believed him to be safe enough for a long time to come.

"Who does he belong to?" said a great, strapping carter who had rushed from the road, and was lifting up Claude as if he had been a baby. "Was you with the gent, sir?" he said, turning to Church.

"Yes," said Hugh, "will you help to get him into a cab?"

And in less than half an hour, Claude was at the house in Hackney, and in a bed, the like of which he had long dismissed the hope of ever seeing again.

Poor fellow! as yet, he had not seen it, or, seeing it, he had not cared for it.

Claude was in the land of unconsciousness, to all appearance, for many days.

While Ruth—dear Mrs. Bliss—every one's com-

forter, and an ever-present nurse when wanted, slipped in and out of the room, and gave charges and directions to the nurse, and saw that his head lay comfortably on the pillow, and conversed, down stairs, with the doctor about his progress,—where was the mind of Claude Blance Latson wandering to?

Was it living any of the past over again,—the bitter, bitter past? Bitter in the nurseries of Latson Towers—bitter in the halls of Eton College—bitter in the ennui and the folly of other lands—how trebly bitter ever since!

Was Claude, lying there on his brother's bed, reckoning with his father for the heritage of woe he had bequeathed to his son?

Was he demanding sternly—who knows where?—why he ever was born, and what he had done to earn the heavy, heavy woe that had weighed him nearly down in the dock of the Criminal Old Court, and quite down in Cheapside, when he was asked where his home was?

Was that wandering mind (for, mark, they always say, in such cases, that the mind is *wandering*), learning strange secrets from lips which they about him could not see?

Was his mother with him?

Did he learn under whose roof he had been carried? and when he woke, had he any knowledge of the name of Joyce, or of the poor old Claymores, and what his father had to do with him?

And is it possible that one of his dreams may have been, that he who prayed, below, for the sick man, night and morning, had, years back, pronounced the marriage blessing on that other wretched union; and that he who had picked him up out of the street, was formerly "the little bundle" once cared for by the same gentle nurse he himself had, that day?

If his mind "wandered" among these things, he not surprised that Claude's breathing was very hard and loud, and that with great difficulty they kept him quietly in bed.

It was about a week after the long stupor had passed away, and when the invalid was lying very helpless and very pale, an altered man, on his brother's bed, that Ruth came in to see how he was, one evening after the tea-table had been cleared down stairs.

"I'm much, much better, thank you; but very weak, very weak."

"Of course—no doubt. But that will be cured by time, I hope."

"Mrs. Bliss," he answered, "I can never thank you—"

And here Claude broke down for a moment and stopped.

"—Never thank you and Mr. Church for all your great, great kindness. But, will you do me one more favour?"

"Gladly," said Ruth.

"Then, don't speak of my ever getting better. Don't wish it; and, as I know you pray, please not to pray for it. For, if you did, I know I should get better—"

"Mr. Latson!"

"I've not been in Newgate, or stood in that dock, Mrs. Bliss, without finding room for many, many thoughts—sad thoughts enough, Mrs. Bliss, but wholesome, very wholesome ones."

And Claude turned away from her again.

"I might—I *should* lose them, if I ever recovered."

"We won't talk of that now—not now, dear sir. Would you like me to read to you a little, to-night?"

"Very much," he said.

"What shall it be?"

"I daresay you have got 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' Mrs. Bliss?"

"Yes, oh yes,—would you like that?"

"It's many, many years since I read it," said Claude; "but there's something in the beginning about the burden, and about some one coming to Christian,—what was his name?"

"Evangelist!" Ruth said. "Yes, would you like that part?"

And while the sick man lay there with closed eyes, watching for the first syllable, Ruth seated herself at the foot of the bed, and began to read:—

"Now, I saw upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was (as he was wont) reading in his book, and greatly distressed in his mind, and as he read he burst out, as he had done before, crying 'What shall I do to be saved?'"

"I saw also that he looked this way, and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because, I perceived, he could not tell which way to go. I looked then and saw a man, named Evangelist, coming to him, who asked, 'Wherefore dost thou cry?'"

"He answered, 'Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment, and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second.'"

And there the good creature sat, reading on to him, of Evangelist and the wicket-gate, and then, missing some parts, she went on to the place where the cross was, and where the burden fell from off Christian's shoulders.

Turning to look at the invalid, she saw that his eyes were directed full upon her, and that big tears were rolling down his cheeks; tears that he made no attempt to check or wipe away.

He had not wept over that story for more than thirty years.

"That cross is there still, is it not?" said Ruth. And Claude covered his eyes with his hands.

"There's no list, is there," he asked, "of Christian's sins?"

"It isn't necessary," the ministering angel answered. "The burden may be as heavy as it can be, it always falls off."

"Always?" he said.

"Always, always! It cannot stop where it is, when the pilgrim once comes up to the cross."

"If he has robbed his own father?"

"Yes."

"If every word he has uttered, almost, has been a lie?"

"Yes."

"If he has murdered his own nurse?" Claude said, smothering his face in the pillow.

"Whatever he has done!" said Ruth.

"Mrs. Bliss, can I ever get up to that place? It's very easy, now that I'm so ill and weak, for me to think of these things; but doesn't God know that if I were well again, and with plenty of money, began the world afresh, I should very likely go back to the City of Destruction?"

"Perhaps," she answered, very softly, and with a sweet smile, "that's the very reason why you will not be allowed to be well at present till the good work becomes stronger in you."

"Thank God!" said Claude. "Mrs. Bliss, did you ever pray with sick people?"

"Yes, sometimes. Shall I pray now?"

And when he had thanked her, from his very heart, and said "yes," she was beginning to kneel down by his side, when Hugh gently opened the door and came in.

"Would you like Mr. Church to pray?" Ruth asked.

"Very much, if he would be so good."

And then they, Ruth and Hugh, knelt down beside the bed, and Hugh prayed; prayed with far more heart, and far more true eloquence than when, some time back, he was pleading for the prisoner before only an earthly judge.

They had risen from their knees, when it was announced to Hugh that he was wanted down stairs.

While he was gone, Ruth followed up the conversation, and laboured to convince the sick man that whatever his life had been, there was enough of power in Divine love to pardon even him.

She had hard work; and she was the most pleased to find that she had.

For she could gather from the hints he dropped that Claude's had been no ordinary history, and she would have suspected the depth of his repentance if his hopes had come up bright and strong at once.

Presently Hugh gently opened the door, and was followed (almost too suddenly) by Ernest Montgomery.

Claude no sooner caught sight of his uncle than he went off into a kind of hysterical fit, followed by a long faint; and it was some time before he recovered himself sufficiently for them to tell him that Ernest would like to see him.

His uncle had no conception, of course, that he should find Claude there. He had only called on Mr. Church to show him the following letter, which was, at last, read to him softly in Ruth's gentle undertones at the side of the bed.

"On board ship —"

"Sir,—You can tell your nephew, when you see him, never to go to sleep again, when he comes to pay a debt, in a flash house. The fact is, I'm off into foreign parts to seek my fortune, and I may as well ease all your minds before I go. Latson's done about as many such things in his life, perhaps, as any man, and he therefore hasn't much reason to be proud. But his bigwig was quite right—'Ernest Montgomery' was done by the fist of

"Yours truly,
"BLINMORE."

"P.S. Any messages to the East? Because I'm not going there—I'm going West."

B." Claude heard this note without the smallest visible

emotion, and when Hugh took his thin hand and pressed it in earnest congratulation, he returned the pressure for a moment, but immediately raised his other hand, as if in admonition, and said with great difficulty—

"Don't, don't. It's a mere accident—a mere accident. If my own father had chosen, he could have condemned me for the same thing. Yes, the same thing!"

And his sufferings became so threatening that, save Ruth, they presently left him alone.

They had not been gone down more than ten minutes when the bedroom bell rang violently, and both Ernest and Hugh were summoned back.

Years of wearing dissipation, and recently weeks and months of more wearing remorse, had done their work. They saw what Ruth had seen—that only moments measured now that highborn yet miserable life.

Ruth stood on one side and Ernest on the other, Hugh and the nurse, who had answered the bell, were at the foot.

Claude had fallen suddenly back while trying to tell Mrs. Bliss some wretched story in his wretched life. (It seemed to relieve him, that she should know what he had been.)

And when the gentlemen came in, his eyes were already fixed in the direction of the door, not looking for them, but looking, peradventure, on things no one present ever saw, ever imagined.

Ruth stooped down, and whispered—

"Can we do anything—are you lying quite easily?"

But he never moved, or showed that he understood her.

Ernest well knew the story of Ethel's life, and then of Ethel's death; and so, stooping down, said to the dying man—

"Your mother's Saviour is with you, now, I hope, dear Claude?"

He seemed to try to lift the fallen jaw, and bring his lips together; but he failed. They could tell he heard, for a moment's flush passed across the white cheek.

They stood, and watched, in solemn, reverent silence. It was an hour that seldom occurs.

Those scenes are commonly witnessed only by close kindred, whose sufferings are too wild, or too weighty, for the lessons of the spectacle ever to be fully learned.

Here, there was no near relationship, at least none that compelled deep affection, and therefore poignant sorrow.

They stood, and pitied, and prayed, and trembled at the sight, and grew wiser and better as they trembled.

Presently, he seemed to try to turn his head, and his hands slightly moved, as if he wanted something.

Ruth fancied he wanted her. She was right.

(You may never have noticed it, but we have, that the dying almost always seek, at the last moment, the soft and gentle services of feminine bystanders, if any be near them, as if in that great hour of need, nothing could take a mother's, or a sister's, or a wife's place. Ruth had most of the excellences of all three, and Claude was in search of Ruth.)

She bent down again close to him.

"Is the burden gone, dear Mr. Latson?" she whispered.

He only moved his fingers nervously within hers.

"Look, look, straight up at the cross! Will you try?"

There was a perfect smile, then, covering his entire face.

"Can you see it? Did Jesus die to take away your sins?"

And then he turned his eyes away from the door, and looked her full in the face. She almost started at the sight: it seemed like a resurrection.

But in a moment his glance was so bright, and so happy, that she burst into tears, as she leaned over him and said, clasping his hand in both of hers—

"Thank God!—thank God! He sees it! He sees the cross!"

"Do you think he does, really?" Hugh murmured.

And, as if he overheard the doubt, and couldn't go till he had dispelled it, Claude changed his look—still so happy—from Ruth to the foot of the bed.

And when, a few minutes later, Mr. Bliss, who had entered the room, and had his fingers on the pulse at the wrist, laid the hand down softly, and made that gesture, so well understood, that means, "All is over!" Claude's eyes were fixed, in their last gaze, "upon his brother" Hugh.

They buried him in the old city churchyard, not

far from the grave where Ruth had laid her mother; and Mr. Bliss, with Hugh's concurrence, had this verse inscribed, under the dates of the tombstone, telling, in one sentence, both his ruin and his hope:—
"The wages of sin is Death; but the gift of God is Eternal Life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Joyce Latson's son—(how we love to write these two words together!)—is now in the very first rank of his profession. He has been offered a vice-chancellorship and one or two puisne judgeships, but he declined them; he looks higher, and every one says he has a right to do so. But if you were to ask for him in Chancery-lane, as Mr. Church, nobody would know who it was you wanted.

A distant relative and namesake of his father, who had heard the story of his birth from Marmaduke Bliss, has died and left him all he had, on condition that he took the name of Latson, which, with all the due form and ceremony (though he little needed them) he has now taken. If you want a very heavy case in Chancery conducted, and conducted as no other man at the bar can do it, you must retain Sir Hugh Church Latson.

Yes, and if you were to go down to Sharstone, in Norfolk, at the present time, and expect to see Miss Montgomery still doing what you last saw her doing for the poor sick villagers, carrying grapes by the side of the Lady Maude, who carried the jelly, again you would be disappointed. If you wish to see her, you must go to a house in one of the squares (all of which are exactly alike) about Bloomsbury, and inquire there if Lady Latson is at home—for your sake we hope she will be—for even Hugh does not deserve a better wife, and even he could not make her happier.

When last we had the joy of seeing Ruth Bliss—Well, it is not material, but we quite forget whether the last time was when we were looking about for the old slab in Soreby Churchyard, and were guided to it by seeing her standing near it, and leaning on her husband's arm, looking down upon it, sadly smiling. We quite forget whether this was before or after we came suddenly upon her, as we entered a cellar in Spitalfields, to visit a family where four members out of five were lying very ill with the worst form of typhus fever. Ruth was just kneeling down to pray with the mother.

We didn't disturb her, but knelt down too.

There were gray hairs on that dear brow, as we couldn't help seeing when we snatched a glimpse at her as she knelt and looked upward.

But they only made us feel the more confident as we said to ourselves, "God bless her! If any human prayer can help that sick woman, body or soul, Ruth's prayer will do it!"

As to the Sharstone Rectory, Maude has long since been converted to her husband's belief in the wisdom and justice of life's various ranks and stations. But, if she had still held her old opinions about the miseries of humble life, she could not have exerted herself more than she does every day to make those miseries fewer and fewer. She has a capital leader and helper in Ernest.

Ernest? She has now two Ernests. And it is matter of almost perfect indifference to their peaceful congregation whose turn it is to preach, the rector's or the curate's—the father's or the son's.

Indeed, they are so much alike, that we forget which of the two it was we heard, when last down in Norfolk, preach from this text—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap!"

THE END OF "LATSON."

[In No. 16 will appear the opening chapters of a truthfully descriptive and highly instructive tale, entitled, "Hope Evermore; or, Something to Do"—a tale of the Ragged Schools, illustrating the advantages of Temperance, by an author of high repute.]

RESIST TEMPTATION.—A very good lady had taken great pains to establish an infant or children's school upon a large scale, and had sent into the country a person who happened to be one of the Society of Friends, to collect money and apple-trees for the school garden. He called upon the narrator, and told him his double purpose. "Ah!" said my friend, "apple-trees! a very proper thing, and the poor little children will have nice apples to eat." "No friend," quoth Starch, "not to eat." "Oh! for puddings, then! better still—a very good plan." "No, 'tisn't for puddings neither, nor pies." "No?" said my friend: "what then?" "It is to teach them to resist temptation." "Oh! that is it, is it? To resist temptation!"

Chemical Experiments.

SOME PECULIAR CASES OF COMBUSTION

Artificial Will-o'-the-Wisp.—Occasionally may be seen, in marshes, burial-grounds, and other places where decaying animal matters abound, a faint, wavering light flickering about, and continually changing its position. It is called "Jack-o'-the-Lantern," or "Will-o'-the-Wisp," and consists of inflammable gaseous matters, which take fire immediately they come in contact with the atmosphere.

The Will-o'-the-wisp may be made artificially by either of the following processes. The first process is the easier of the two, but by adopting the second you can manufacture a Will-o'-the-wisp of quality so much superior that I advise you to incur the little extra trouble for the sake of doing so.

No. 1.—Procure at an operative chemist's some phosphuret of lime, otherwise called phosphuret of calcium, and with even greater propriety. In procuring the substance you had better state the purpose for which it is required, in order that there may be no mistake about it. If a few lumps of this material be thrown into a basin of warm water, bubbles of gas, called phosphuretted hydrogen gas, will ascend and take fire. The gas in question is either the very same that Will-o'-the-wisps are composed of, or almost the same. The next process, however, is by far the prettiest way of making artificial Will-o'-the-wisps.

No. 2.—Procure a little glass retort, of about a wineglass capacity, and having a neck large enough to admit a good-sized pea. Pass into the retort in question three or four lumps of phosphorus, each about the dimensions of a pea; completely fill the retort, neck and all, with potash solution, which you must ask for at the chemist's under the name of *liquor potassæ*, and when the retort is full to the very end of its stem, place your thumb upon it, and dip the beak of the retort into a basin into which other *liquor potassæ* has previously been poured. If the operations have been adroitly performed, the retort should not contain the slightest bubble of air. Supposing an air-bubble to be apparent, the retort should be again manipulated until such air-bubble no longer exists.

Preliminaries being thus arranged, apply the heat of a spirit lamp to the little retort. In this case, as in every other involving the application of heat to glass vessels, apply it not all at once, but gradually, by which precaution fracture of the glass vessel will be avoided.

Soon the phosphorus will be observed to melt, and gas being generated, will pervade the body of the retort, and subsequently its neck, driving the *liquor potassæ* before it. At length a bubble of gas escapes from the beak of the retort, and rising through the potash, both come into contact with the atmosphere. Immediately this happens the gas-bubble takes fire, and burns in a very fantastic manner, generating a number of beautiful smoke-rings, which rise aloft and hover in the atmosphere.

When the experiment has been prosecuted long enough, do not suddenly remove the beak of the retort from the bath into which it dips; the consequence of doing so would be to admit atmospheric air, and we have already seen that whenever atmospheric air comes in contact with the gas in question the result is combustion. Deal with the apparatus as follows:—Having allowed the retort to cool, plunge it, bath and all, into a pail of water. By turning the retort about in various directions under the surface of the water, the last remnant of gas can be dissipated safely, and the phosphorus washed out and stored away under water, to be used for other purposes.

Note well that, although, in performing the experiment just described, I have desired you to bring your fingers into contact with potash solution, which may be done without any evil consequences, yet potash solution is not a nice thing to touch with the naked skin more than is absolutely necessary. Prolonged contact with it would dissolve all the skin away, even to a denudation of the bone. Do not attempt the absurdity of handling glass apparatus with gloves, you will assuredly break your apparatus. One plunge of the fingers into *liquor potassæ* will do no harm, especially if you dip them into water immediately on withdrawal.

To make soap bubbles which explode like cannons.—Most people have heard about fire-damp—the explosive gas which infests coal mines. The gaseous explosive mixture we are about to prepare is a sort of fire-damp, but, measure for measure, it is considerably stronger than the latter.

The gas in question is a mixture of two measures of hydrogen and one of oxygen gas, each of which we shall have to generate presently.

Firstly, procure a bladder large enough to hold



CARISBROOK CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

three measures of gas—say three half-pint measures. Moisten the bladder until it becomes quite soft, then tie it by waxed thread to the stem of a funnel. The funnel is for the purpose of getting into the bladder the gas which we shall presently generate.

Before, however, preparing any gas at all, I shall ask you to go through your gaseous evolutions, using common atmospheric air; proceed then as follows:—

Having filled a half-pint large-mouthed bottle with water, invert it in a tub of water. It is unnecessary that the bottle be totally immersed; if only the mouth of the bottle touch the surface of the water in the tub, it is enough. Whilst the bottle filled with water is thus inverted and kept in position either by the hands of an assistant, or by supporting it on a shelf fixed in the tub for that purpose, take a tube—the stem of a tobacco-pipe will do—and blow air underneath the mouth of the inverted bottle. Presently water will go out of the bottle, and air from your lungs will get into it. Please, for the sake of exercise, call the air just blown into the bottle from your lungs “oxygen,” and get it into the bladder by aid of the funnel. Need it be remarked, that before filling the bladder it must be completely emptied of the air it naturally contains, by squeezing, and that the funnel must also be deprived of air, which can be accomplished by dipping it into the water in the tub, mouth upwards, and turning it mouth downwards, after it has been filled with water. A little dexterity will now enable you to pass into the bladder the bottleful of air, which we have agreed to call “oxygen.” Repeat the operation twice more, and fancy you have passed into the bladder two volumes or measures of hydrogen. Your preliminary exercise is now complete, and you may proceed to operate with the real gases, for preparing which I shall give directions.

Oxygen.—Mix together intimately in a mortar equal parts by weight of chlorate of potash and black oxide of manganese. Put about two tablespoonfuls in a Florence flask, to which a perforated cork, with tube leading from it, has been accurately attached, apply a spirit-lamp flame, and oxygen gas will be evolved. The first portions must be allowed to escape, after which the gas may be collected in bottles filled with water and inverted.

Hydrogen.—Take an apparatus precisely similar to

the last; place in the flask a few shreds or cuttings, or other small bits of zinc or iron, and pour upon them a small teacupful of oil of vitriol, previously mixed with water, in the proportion of one measure of oil of vitriol to eight of water. Hydrogen gas will be rapidly evolved, without the application of flame or any other source of heat. Two measures of hydrogen and one of oxygen constitute an explosive mixture. When the three measures have been got into the bladder, proceed as follows:—Slip out the neck of the funnel, and substitute a tobacco-pipe in its place. By means of this tobacco-pipe, blow bubbles with soapsuds, either igniting them whilst they stud the surface of a basinful of soapsuds, or whilst they are ascending through the air. A loud explosion (quite harmless) will in either case be the result. Take especial care to remove the bladder from the bubbles before igniting the latter.

CARISBROOK CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THANKS to the rapid transport afforded us by rail and steam, smoke-dried Londoners can occasionally escape from town, and actually spend a few hours in sylvan solitudes or on the seashore. Taking advantage of an early train they can make their way from the Waterloo-road to Southampton, can cross “the briny ocean,” wander over some of the most romantic parts of the Isle of Wight, and return to the metropolis in the evening.

And the Isle of Wight is an attractive spot, irrespective of the fact that it has been chosen as a retirement for royalty. It is one of the most beautiful districts,—finely diversified with hills, dales, woods, towns, villages, and gentlemen's seats. To stroll upon the chalk hills, to yacht it round the Needles, to visit Black-gang Chyne, or make pilgrimage to Carisbrook, are worth more than the trouble and expense of the journey.

Carisbrook Castle is one of the most interesting remains in the Isle of Wight. Some parts of this ancient fortress date from a very early period; but as it was considerably enlarged and underwent a thorough repair in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it does not present that appearance of venerable old age which might at first be anticipated. The walls of the

old castle inclose an area of one and a half acre, with its keep in the centre. This is comprised within the more modern fortifications, which inclose about twenty acres. It has five bastions, a deep moat, and a terrace a mile in length.

The castle occupies the ground on which there formerly stood a Roman tower, rebuilt by Wightgar the Saxon, who, according to Stowe, was king of the island. The building having fallen into decay, was reconstructed by Richard de Rivers, Earl of Devonshire, in the days of Henry I. The entrance is at the west side, over a bridge between two bastions; then through a small gate which commands the approach to the main building.

The historical interest of Carisbrook chiefly belongs to the troublous times of the first Charles. When that unfortunate monarch began to suspect the dangerous designs which were formed against his life, he withdrew himself from the army, privately left Hampton Court, and concealed himself at Titchfield, a seat belonging to the Earl of Southampton. As he could not remain there for any lengthened time without his residence becoming known, a communication was made to Hammond, the governor of the Isle of Wight, who no sooner received the intelligence than he obliged the king to accompany him to Carisbrook Castle, where, though he was received with expressions of duty and respect, he was in reality a prisoner. Some historians seem to imagine that the king's retreat to the Isle of Wight was voluntary, that he still confided in the promises of his generals, and flattered himself that if he was removed from the presence of the agitators, they would perform whatever they had promised in his favour. It is certain, however, that Charles pursued an irresolute course, which furthered the designs of his adversaries. He was now confined in a place removed from his friends, at the disposal of the army, whence it would be almost impossible to deliver him, either by force or stratagem. There he suffered thirteen months' incarceration, and from thence he made a vain attempt at escape. There is, therefore, a melancholy interest attaching to the old building, which is still further increased by the sad history of the fate of his daughter Elizabeth. There, in the early spring-time of life, the princess expired. She was found dead in her chamber, with the open Bible before her, the last gift of her royal father.

THE REUNION; OR, ELSIE'S LIFE-TASK.

Live and love,
Doing both nobly, because lowly.
Live and work strongly, because patiently.

On a wild October night, Elsie Raymond sat beside her solitary fireside in deep thought—in thought which, truth to tell, was tinged by sadness. It was not often that she sat thus, for she was the most cheerful and busy of little women, the best of sisters and aunts, and the kindest of neighbours. This being the case, she found little leisure for thought or solitary musing; for, in some one of these relations, work enough was always provided for her.

But to-night she seemed to have arrived at one of the halting-places in her life. Her young sister Sophie, the last of her charges, had that morning been married. The old gray homestead had been left desolate when her smiling face went from it—at least so Elsie thought. True, she had a tribe of small nephews and nieces staying with her, while their mother—Elsie's sister Mary—and her husband accompanied the bridal party on their tour; but they had long been asleep, and there was no token of their presence in the somewhat prim-looking room, except a great basket of playthings in a corner, and a row of shoes, headed by Willie's "new boots," and closed by baby Elsie's tiny bronzed slippers, that were ranged against the wall.

Elsie's father had died suddenly, the victim of a fatal accident, and his widow, overwhelmed by the sad and terrible bereavement, soon followed him. With her dying breath she commended the younger children to the care of their elder sister, and exacted from her a promise that she would devote her life to them. The girl could hesitate at no demand made in the last feeble accents of her dying mother. She lifted the little unconscious babe from the feeble arms that clasped it, and holding it close to her bosom, and looking upon the tearful face of the little group gathered around that death-bed, gave the required promise.

In an hour her mother had ceased to breathe, and Elsie's life-work had begun. But it was not until the sad ceremonies of the funeral were over, and the little family had returned to the desolate home, that Elsie fully comprehended all she had undertaken.

None who have truly loved will fail to comprehend the struggle that, for the following weeks, went on in Elsie's soul. It was no light sacrifice that was demanded of Elsie; duty and love, her promise to the dead and her vows to the living, were the antagonists that contended every inch of ground. John Francis loved Elsie full well enough to have aided her in her life-task. He saw no reason in the duties she had undertaken why she should not fulfil her vows, and in becoming his wife, divide the burden of her responsibilities and care.

But she thought differently. She felt that she had no right to allow his generosity to lead him into such a sacrifice. He was young, and life lay bright and long before him. Should she allow the shadow of her care to project across the sunny path? Should she seek to lay upon his shoulders the burden that weighed her down, and doomed her to a life of toil? She could endure and sacrifice much for the children, so dear to her by the ties of blood—the sacred legacy of her dead parents; but to him they were nothing, save for her sake, and she might have to see him grow weary and discontented with the untimely cares that marriage with her must thrust upon him.

So Elsie and John Francis parted, as they feared for ever. When her lover found that no arguments nor prayers could change her purpose, that she had solemnly recorded her vow to the dead, and was fully prepared to perform it to the uttermost, even to the sacrifice of her dearest hopes and most cherished wishes, he disappeared from the neighbourhood, without a farewell to any who had known him.

After a time a letter came to the parish clergyman to say that he was safe, and about to sail for a foreign land, and from that hour, for all those twenty years, no tidings of John Francis had fallen on Elsie Raymond's ears. When she knew that he was gone and would not return, she very carefully gathered together every little memento of the happy season of her happy love, and locked them in the casket he had given her, thenceforth to be the shrine of her affections; then, sternly and uncomplainingly, she turned to her life-task.

Year after year rolled on. Elsie spun and wove, and directed her maidens and her farm-labourers, and taught and nursed her brothers and sisters, and in all things strove to supply to them the place of the parents they had lost.

In time the wounds of her heart healed, at least they ceased to bleed at every touch, and she learned to find solace in the affection of her children, as she called them, while habit made her duties light, and almost pleasant.

The midnight hour had already passed when Elsie rose to retire. Her long, lonely vigil had made her timid and nervous, and she could hardly repress a shriek of alarm—as just at that moment, a heavy knock was heard at the outer door, and resounded through the house.

But Elsie's only thought was of a summons to some sick or dying bed, for, in that quiet neighbourhood, people were seldom abroad at night on less urgent errands; so smiling at her causeless alarm, and still trembling in spite of her bravery, she undid the fastening of the door, and threw it open.

A tall man, wrapped in a long, dark riding-cloak, stood upon the threshold. By the light of the flaring candle Elsie held, she could not distinguish his features. She only saw the strange eager look of a pair of very bright eyes, as the stranger bowed, in answer to her salutation.

"Madam," he said, "I am benighted, as you see, and in trying to reach the next village have lost my way. I am drenched to the skin, and my horse is too weary to go further through these miry roads; and seeing a light here, I have ventured to crave a shelter for him and for myself, for the remainder of the night. I assure you that you will find me no ungrateful guest."

"Sir," Elsie resumed simply, "the doors of Raymond farm have never been closed to the weary wayfarer. Enter, and a servant will care for your horse."

The stranger bowed again, and passed her silently, as she held back the broad leaf of the door. What was it that, at sight of that tall muffled form, caused her heart to beat so wildly? She put up the bar that secured the door, and then preceded her guest to the apartment she had left.

She stirred the smouldering embers, and threw on fresh wood, which caught the flames that soon leaped cheerily up the broad chimney. Leaving the stranger cowering over the blaze, she went and called the gardener to take charge of the horse that was neighing impatiently at the outer gate.

When she came back, she busied herself, silently, in preparing refreshment for the stranger, who still sat beside the hearth casting curious glances at her as she moved about. Thrill after thrill shot through Elsie's frame, as she met those bright, strange glances. She had begun to feel almost frightened at his singular manner, when he suddenly addressed her.

"Madam," he said, pointing to the row of little shoes, and the overflowing basket of toys, "I see that lonely as is this house, it is not desolate. Human flowers, that brighten so many homes, bloom here. You have little children, beautiful and loving, and, doubtless, a good husband. Pardon me, madam," he added, observing Elsie's emotion; "we who are lonely wanderers up and down the world, are wont to notice, with somewhat of jealousy, the tokens of domestic happiness that is denied to us."

He was silent, as if waiting for an answer, and Elsie, conquering her emotion, answered quietly—

"There are children here, but not mine. I have neither husband nor children," and a faint sigh struggled up from her heart, as she thought of what might have been.

Just then the gardener came stamping in at the kitchen door, and showed himself, shaking the water from his garments. Elsie turned to the stranger—

"Your meal is prepared," she said; "when you have partaken, the servant will show you to your room."

And bidding her guest good-night, she went away to her room, and lay down upon her bed, but not to sleep. Through the long hours, until the late autumn dawn, she tossed restlessly upon her couch, thinking much of her strange guest, and marvelling why his image mingled so continually with her visions of the past.

The next morning, when the breakfast hour was passed, the stranger spoke of his departure.

"Before I go, madam," he said, "I ought to inform you who I am, that you may, at least, know you have not bestowed your kindness on one unworthy."

"For twenty years I have been a wanderer in other lands, a sad, lonely disappointed man. Yet I have ever kept one hope bright and vigorous, the hope of return to my native shores, and the scenes of early happiness."

"I was born and lived till manhood in the midst

of a region much like this in which your home is situated. I was an orphan, but I had a small competence, and many friends. My guardian had a daughter whom I loved, and who acknowledged that my love was returned. We were betrothed, by the consent of her parents, and our wedding-day was very near, when strange misfortunes overwhelmed my Alice. First, her father died a sudden and terrible death; then her mother drooped beneath the blow, and shortly followed; leaving to Alice the care of the younger children, and exacting from her a promise that she would never leave them until they were all provided for. I would willingly have shared the heavy burdens that now fell upon Alice, but she refused to bind me to her life of toil and self-sacrifice. She laid her love, and all her bright hopes, upon the altar of duty, and I, appalled by the sacrifice, and mad with disappointment, fled from my country, and became a wanderer in other lands.

"Elsie, I promised to return when your task was ended! I am here! Have you no word of welcome, after all these years of separation?"

He had no need to ask, for Elsie lay sobbing in the arms opened to receive her, while the little ones looked on wonderingly; and the old gardener, to whom the secret had been imparted the night previous, stood with clasped hands uttering ejaculations of thankfulness.

"Elsie, shall we ever part again?"

"Never," said Elsie, with her quiet simplicity; "never again until death;" and she looked up into his face with the old confiding glance that had greeted him a score of years before.

Very quietly the middle-aged pair settled down at the old homestead, which was beautified and adorned by the wealth John Francis brought from foreign lands, and dearer far to them than any palace home, with the store of memories that people its dim chambers, and all the green demesne which had witnessed their early joys, and their re-union after weary years of separation.

The Matron.

NO. IX.

THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER is a "journal pour tous"—a journal for everybody. Its tales, instructions, and anecdotes; its "Hopes and Helps," and finally its "Matron," speak to all—though not to all at once.

If my remarks seem particularly applicable to those with whom economy should be the chief object, let this be my excuse: that we are often bad economists in proportion to our poverty, and that we are frequently most deficient in the virtue most wanted.

In the present chapter I think it may not be amiss to return to the subject of dinners, particularly as I promised in a former number to explain why a fair proportion of fat with our meat is highly advisable in cold weather. Fat generates heat, and so evidently is this the case, that in the polar regions the food of the natives is almost all fat, consisting, as my readers are probably aware, of whale-blubber, and of the flesh of seals. Some of my young friends might be surprised to learn that an Esquimaux boy would make a much better feast on a pound of tallow candles than on an apple-pie. And not only must the quality but the quantity of food vary according to climate. A native of the frozen zone can eat as much at one meal as would serve an Englishman for four or five. The poor Esquimaux does not devour a great quantity through greediness. The fact is, in very low temperatures a great deal of oily food is necessary for the maintenance of animal heat. Thus, we English people, with our roast beef and plum-pudding at Christmas, have good sense on our side, Frenchmen may ridicule us on account of fare which they consider coarse and greasy; but we know what suits us, and in our cold climate we should become poor shivering creatures if we lived on continental *soup maigre*.

Very different to French fare is what I am about to recommend as suitable for the present season—viz., roast pork. It makes a capital English dinner, and in one respect it is cheaper than either beef or mutton. One eats less of it on account of its richness. The best way to dress it is an important consideration, because its wholesomeness depends on its being properly cooked. It should have a housewife's best attention, in order to render it as nice and savoury as possible. Indeed, it is no trifling matter whether dishes look and smell good. The mistress of a house who loves the members of her family, will agree with me here, when I remind her that those things nourish most that are best relished.

In choosing pork, procure, if possible, that which is dairy-fed. The part called the spare-rib is a nice piece for a family of four or five. Like all white meats it must be thoroughly done, but beware of burning it. Meat that is overdone is wasted. Soyer is so eloquent on this subject, that I will give you his own words. You must imagine him in a cottage, where a piece of beef has just been taken down from a dangle, having been roasted. Alluding to it, he says, "It was lying in the dripping pan, and was a great deal overdone, in fact, dried. Noticing in the course of conversation that the fire was spoiling it still more, I took a plate from the table, and placed it against it, so that it should not burn. The old lady noticed my proceeding, and asked me if I was going to have a bit of dinner with them?"

"No, thank you, my dear madam," replied I.
 "Then let me take away the plate, as it will spoil our dinner."

"How do you make that out?" I asked.
 "Well, the fat is not yet half out of the meat, and my Thomas will not eat fat, unless it is dripping in the crust of pies or puddings."

"I then perceived that the meat was in their estimation a secondary consideration, and that they paid the price of beef for the fat, paying eightpence per pound for the meat, when they could get the fat at fivepence. There was scarcely any nutriment left in the meat—that which weighed five pounds before roasting, weighing hardly three pounds when done."

Serious loss in the quantity of food, alone suffices to show when it is overdone. The general rule for roasting is to allow fifteen minutes to a pound, for roasting with a good fire, and ten or twenty minutes, according as the family like it done. I recommend the extra twenty minutes being given to pork, not only because white meats always require thorough dressing, but because fat meat takes longer in cooking than the same quantity of lean meat. Never imitate the old lady just mentioned by Soyer, who allowed her dinner to dry before the fire, but bear in mind that roast meat should be served up the moment it is done, if it is to be eaten in perfection.

Plenty of vegetables should be eaten with pork, and whether boiled or roasted, we recommend the addition of pease-pudding. I here give you a good receipt for making it.
 Put a pint of split-peas into a cloth, leave room for their swelling, boil in a gallon of soft water, pass them through a sieve or colander, then add a tea-spoonful of salt, half of pepper, two ounces of butter and two eggs, which if scarce can be omitted, beat up, tie again in cloth, boil for one hour and serve it up with greens and potatoes; and particularly apple sauce will make the dinner complete, provided you remember all the accessories, viz., good fresh mustard in the mustard pot, and everything clean and complete, which relates to that important task "laying the cloth." By the way, the cloth should (if possible) be laid half an hour before dinner, in order to ascertain whether anything necessary has been forgotten.

I must be forgiven if I retrace my steps to say a few words about the greens and the apple sauce. Supposing savoy to be the green cabbage chosen, mind they are well washed and soaked in salt and water. The stems should be removed, and two teaspoonfuls of salt and a little soda should be mixed in the half gallon of water, in which the savoy is to be boiled. Now for the apple sauce: Peel six good-sized apples, cut them in four pieces, cut out the core, slice them fine, put into a stewpan with two ounces of brown sugar and a gill of water; stew till in a pulp, and serve it up with pork. As to the potatoes, I hope by this time you boil them to perfection.

Having fixed on roast pork, if you tell your husband what dinner you intend giving him, very likely he will bring home a friend to share the repast. Mind you receive this friend most cordially. And now, ye young wives (for I doubt not there are many such among my readers), mark this precept—Always welcome cordially any friend your husband brings home with him, no matter how unexpectedly this friend may make his appearance. If on such occasions you are well dressed, and your dinner well dressed into the bargain, what could be more *apropos* than the arrival of a guest? But if you are in *deshabille* and the fare scanty, you must atone for these unfortunate circumstances by extra smiles and good humour.

Your husband has a right to select his own company, and it is a wife's duty as well as interest to promote the comfort and happiness of all her husband's guests.

The poor man who dreads a scowl on his wife's face, whenever he thinks fit to take a friend home with him, is, indeed, to be pitied. Single life is lessened compared to a union with an ill-tempered woman.

Small Change.

A SPANISH proverb tells us that four persons are required to make a really good salad: a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a counsellor for salt, and a madman to stir all together.

EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.—Asking a man to lend you money. MORAL PHILOSOPHY.—Refusing to do it.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S DEFINITION OF LOVE.—A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a great deal of lying.

MRS. CHAPONE was asked why she was so scrupulous in coming early to church. "Because," she replied, "it is no part of my religion to disturb the religion of others."

WHY is *a* the most useful letter in the alphabet for a deaf woman?—Because it will make *her* hear.

"Mr. G—," said Erskine, speaking of a barrister of very slender talents, "is the most affecting orator of the day. He never speaks without exciting universal pity."

LOQUACIOUS "parties" would do well to remember the reason given by a Greek philosopher for his taciturnity on an exciting occasion, namely:—"What was to the purpose I could not say, and what was not to the purpose I would not say."

"My lord, the prisoner took a pair of boots from my shop in Holborn and ran away. He says now he only took them in joke." Judge: "Indeed, he carried the joke very far." Witness (eagerly): "Above forty yards, my lord, before I caught him."

TRUTH, they say, lies in a well—

A paradox, forsooth:

For if it lies, as people tell,

How can it, then, be truth?

"Don't talk to me of firmness!" said a cringing Bengalee, in a confidential moment. "I am sixty years old: my teeth, which were firm enough, are nearly all gone, and my tongue, which has always been pliable, is as supple as ever."

"MARY, is your master at home?"—"No, sir, he's out."—"I don't believe it."—"Well, then, he must come down and tell you himself; perhaps you'll believe him!"

WONDERFUL, BUT TRUE.—The residents in the Isle of Wight know how to obtain mutton from Cows!

"PAT, do you love your country?" "Yes, yer honour." "What's the best thing about Ould Ireland, Pat?" "The whisky, yer honour." "Ah, I see, Pat, with all her faults, you love her still!"

"Sir," said an irascible man, excited by a theological argument, to his opposite neighbour who had differed from him—"Sir, I believe you are either a deist or an atheist." "Wrong, sir," was the rejoinder, "I am a dentist."

LIMPING Peter Macnally, a lame attorney, wanted to be enrolled in a volunteer corps. "You'd never do, Peter," said the officer to whom he applied for admission. "The more we told you to march, the more you'd halt."

"MR. SPEAKER," said a patriotic M.P. for an agricultural county, "if the question is put to me, I answer boldly in the affirmative—no."

A BIT OF ADVICE.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
 Don't be haughty and put on airs

With insolent pride of station.

Don't be proud and turn up your nose

At poorer people in plainer clothes;

But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,

That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes;

And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,

Is subject to irritation.

SOME one having praised Longfellow's aphorism, "Suffer and be strong," a matter-of-fact man observed it was only a variation of the old English adage, "Grin and bear it."

If punning is the *lowest kind* of wit, may it not be regarded as the *foundation* of the whole structure?

INTELLIGENCE PER LAST AMERICAN MAIL.—The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river, has been trying to spin a mountain-top.

"PRAY, sir," said a scientific man, "did you ever see a cat-fish?" "No, sir; but I've seen a rope-walk."

WHY is a betting-house keeper like a bride? Give that up? Well, because he is taken for better or worse. (General sensation, and expulsion of punster.)

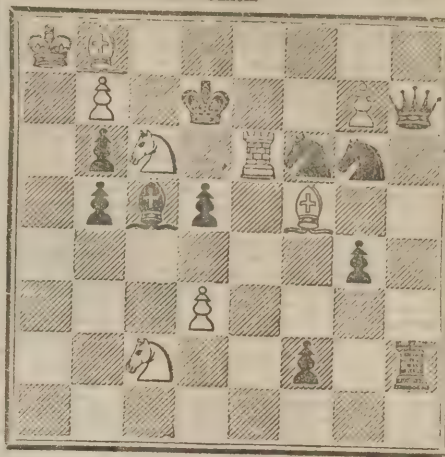
Fox had a great respect for the genius of his rival, Pitt. He used to say, "I never want a word, but he never wants the word."

COCKNEY EPIGRAPH FOR A COOK.—"Peas to his hashes."

If a henpecked husband were to see his scolding wife drowning, what letter of the alphabet would he name? Answer—Let her be! (Letter B.)

Chess.

Problem No. 21. By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.
 BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

BIRMINGHAM CHESS TOURNEY.

Game played by correspondence between Mr. F. G. RAINGER, Norwich, and Mr. G. B. FRASER, Dundee.
 (Concluded.)

WHITE.

Mr. F. G. Rainger.

51. Q to K 7 (ch)

52. Q to K 5 (ch)

53. Q takes Kt P

54. K to R sq

55. P to Q Kt 4

56. Q to Q Kt 7 (ch)

57. Q to Q B 6 (ch)

58. P to Q R 4

59. K to R 2

60. K to Kt sq

61. K to R 2

62. P to K R 4

63. P to K R 5

64. Q takes K R P

65. Q to Q B 6

66. K to R sq

67. P to Q R 5

68. Q to Q B 5 (ch)

69. P to Q R 6

70. Q to K Kt sq

71. K takes Q

72. K to R sq (l)

BLACK.

Mr. G. B. Fraser.

51. B to B 2

52. K to B sq

53. Q to Q 5 (ch)

54. K to K 2 (t)

55. B to Q B 5

56. K to K B 3

57. K to Kt 4

58. Q to Q R 8 (ch)

59. Q to K 4 (ch)

60. Q to K 8 (ch)

61. Q takes Q Kt P

62. K to B 4

63. P takes P

64. B to K B 2

65. Q to K B 5 (ch)

66. P to K R 5

67. Q to K Kt 6

68. K to K B 5

69. Q to K 8 (ch)

70. Q takes Q (ch)

71. K to Kt 6

Drawn game.

(K) Black having already lost game, B, by a serious blunder, risks everything in attempting to win this game; as, lost or drawn, the result of the match would be the same to him.—(l) An exceedingly well played correspondence game.

OXON.—The chess notation to which you refer is attributed to a German player named Koch. We prefer the system which is in general use in this country.

JUNIOR.—The Castle could move either to B or D, or to any of the intervening squares in the position to which you refer, but not to the square marked C.

A NOVICE.—The reply to B to Q B 7 in Problem No. 6, is B to Q B 4. We do not then see how mate could be effected in three moves.

J. ROBINSON.—Your solution of Problem No. 5 is correct.

OXON.—The object of the White Pawn on K 6, in Problem No. 8, is to prevent a very easy mate in three moves, commencing with Kt to K 6.

D. G. P.—The pieces should not be moved until you are satisfied that the Problem is correct.

M. A. R.—Whether the games are drawn or not the first move should be taken alternately.

S. P.—A chess club has recently been established at Norwich with a fair prospect of success.

PHENIX.—We much regret the occurrence to which you refer. We think, however, that chess, beyond all other amusements, is the best that you can pursue under the circumstances.

MAIDSTONE.—If in Problem No. 12 White commences with R takes Kt P, Black replies with B takes B (ch). In Problem No. 13, what is to prevent the King from playing to K 5 after Black has played his Bishop to Q 7, as you propose?

GRAPES.—Do you not overlook the fact that Black in Problem No. 9 can cover the check upon his King with the Bishop if White play R to Q 3, as you propose? 2. What is to prevent R taking R in Problem No. 11, if White for his first move play Kt to K B 4.

EXON.—1. See answer to "Grapes" touching Problem No. 9. 2. B takes B is the proper reply to your move of Q to K 4 in Problem No. 11.

T. SIMPSON.—The best defence to your first move in Problem No. 11 is P to Q 4. We do not then see how mate is to be effected. Bishop to Q Kt 5 in Problem No. 13 is perfectly unavailing, as a re-examination of the position will, no doubt, convince you.

Our Editorial Table.

* * We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—ANNOUNCEMENT OF ANOTHER NEW TALE.—In No. 16 of this Journal (instead of No. 15, as stated in our last week's number) will be commenced another new and original tale, truthfully descriptive and highly instructive, by one of our most popular authoresses, entitled "Hope Evermore; or, Something to Do"—a tale of the Ragged Schools, illustrating the advantages of Temperance.

CHINA.—With No. 16 will be published a splendid Panoramic Map of China. This map, which is remarkable for the accuracy with which it has been designed and the care with which it has been engraved, equals in size the Panoramic Map of India, which was published with No. 1 of the new series of this Journal. The price of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, No. 16, New Series, together with this beautiful Panoramic Map of China, inclusive, will be three-half-pence. In addition to the Panoramic Map, there will be in the number an engraved plan of Canton. On the back of the Panoramic Map will be published an elaborate and carefully prepared view of Hongkong, with the approaches to Canton from that important settlement; and also a mass of statistical and general information, giving a clear insight into the history, products, and capabilities of this vast empire. The events now occurring in China, both political and religious—the deep interest which is felt concerning a country which contains upwards of three hundred millions of inhabitants, or nearly one half of the population of the whole globe—its "crookery metropolis," exclusive customs, ancient colonisation and history, &c. &c., will necessarily render this Panoramic Map and accompanying engravings, upon which no expense has been spared in the drawing, engraving, and electrotyping, of great value and interest, both on account of the engravings themselves and the information which the letterpress supplies. Should our subscribers or the trade experience any difficulty in obtaining the necessary supply of this number, the demand for which cannot fail to be very great, they will oblige by applying direct to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard.

JACK TAR, aged 17, must apply to the "Naval Rendezvous"—which is established in every naval station—if he wants a berth in the royal navy. We think, however, that the only berth a landsman at 17 is likely to obtain in the navy just now, is what sailors call a *wide berth*. Ten to one the officers will have nothing to say to him. The look of hair our friend obligingly incloses for our inspection, is of the hue called by partial friends "auburn," by impartial observers (like ourselves) *red*.

E. SHARP.—The notes *A sharp* and *B flat* are identical. **SOPHIA.**—Of course, in singing, much depends on the manner in which the voice is cultivated; but where the voice is naturally harsh and disagreeable, to attempt to cultivate it to any great extent would be like throwing seed among stones. The chief rules to be observed by young singers are these—sing from the *throat*, not from the *head*; don't strain your voice; take particular care to sound each tone clearly; and particularly avoid the false practice of slurring or dragging the notes. Do not practise too long at once, and avoid fatiguing the voice.

H. W. R. P.—Till within a short period the plates in books of natural history, voyages, &c., were all coloured by hand. Now, however, hand-colouring is being rapidly superseded by colour printing. The plates are printed from woodblocks, whereupon various tints are laid, by the mixture of which different effects are produced. Of course each colour thus applied, involves a separate printing.

FANNY, EDWARD, J. F., A. B.—We receive innumerable questions on the important subject of handwriting. We answer, that for those who have neglected writing, and now wish to acquire the art, and for others who write well, but desire to write better still, the best plan is immediately to procure the "Model Copy-Books" published by Ward and Lock; the price of the complete set will, we believe, be two shillings. They are published in separate numbers at three-pence each.

JERRY.—No. **DYD.**—"constant reader of FAMILY PAPER"—blushes "to an awful extent," particularly in the company of ladies, and wants us to suggest a remedy for this distressing state of things. Let "Dyd," without intruding where he is not wanted, cultivate the society of good refined women, and he will find that his awkward habit of blushing, the result of embarrassment, will gradually wear off.

P. H. MORRISON.—In learning Eastern languages, much will depend on the capacity of the student. We should scarcely, however, counsel our correspondent to undertake the study without the assistance of a master.

J. Y. H.—Inquire of the London Missionary Society. **LYDIA S.**—The cheapest route to Paris is *via* Newhaven and Dieppe; the most expeditious *via* Folkestone and Boulogne; the shortest sea passage is between Dover and Calais.

YARM, who writes to us to know what would be the result of "an irresistible body coming in contact with an immovable body," has either been hoaxed himself, or is trying to hoax us. In the first case we should pity his want of comprehension; in the latter, his lack of good taste.

A THIRSTY SOUL.—"A Thirsty Soul," who has little time for study, yet longs for information on all subjects—on everything that relates to the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdom, and to the wonders of the heavens above, and the earth beneath—wishes for our advice as to the best manner of acquiring a great deal of knowledge in a short space of time. We are happy to have it in our power to satisfy "A Thirsty Soul." To effect his laudable object, he must lose no time in procuring "Science Popularly Explained." This book, containing eight thousand questions and answers on scientific subjects, forms one volume of "John Cassell's Educational Course," and is sold for three and sixpence.

BLANCHE.—Excellent portraits of the Prince and Princess Frederick William of Prussia appeared in No. 188 of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER (Old Series).

CUMBERLAND.—Repeat your question and it shall have our best attention.

B. W.—We thank our correspondent for his good opinion of our FAMILY PAPER, and with regard to his idea "that each subscriber should engage to find another friend to take a copy and thus double the circulation," we can only say we have not the slightest objection to so kindly and reasonable a proposition, and we are vain enough to think that the subscriber's friend would be under quite as deep an obligation as ourselves. In writing music, all European nations use the same signs for the notes.

IRON WORKS.—When cutaneous eruptions proceed from a general lowness in the system, they can be removed by a simple but strengthening diet, and rigid attention to cleanliness, and general regularity. When they proceed from hereditary or inherent disease, an experienced medical man should at once be consulted.

JEFFREY S.—The invention of the organ is of ancient date, though it did not come into general use until the tenth century. The Roman Emperor Julian wrote an epigram in praise of the organ, and Saint Jerome mentions one furnished with twelve pairs of bellows, and whose sound might be heard nearly a mile off. The harmonium is constructed on the principle of the organ.

CONSTANT was accidentally shot on the 5th of November last. Can any of our correspondents tell him how he can extract the gunpowder spots from his face? We fear not.

ART TREASURES.—In reply to the inquiries of numerous subscribers, we beg to announce that we intend (if possible) to complete our "Art Treasures Exhibition" in twelve monthly parts. The price of this magnificent work, unique of its kind, both in letterpress and engravings, will be but eight shillings. Should we be able to carry out our present intention, the entire volume will consist of 480 pages, and contain upwards of 240 engravings, copied from the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the most celebrated masters of the various schools of painting, and executed in the highest style of art.

J. R. G.—The native population of Australia is dying out fast. With few exceptions the indigenous blacks are perfectly useless as co-workers with the white colonists. They are insufferably lazy, and will frequently leave their peaceful avocations to fly off to the woods, with no ostensible reason for such a proceeding. An intelligent lady traveller in New South Wales relates how she once saw a native standing before her husband's *pigsty*, lost in philosophic contemplation of the fat, grunting tenants of that fragrant domicile. "Ah, ah," he broke out at last, "lucky fellows, you; sit in gunyon (hut) all day—white fellow work for you." And this native expressed the feelings of most of his countrymen with regard to the highest earthly felicity.

ZETETIC.—It will depend on the nature of the property he leaves. His freehold estates will go to his eldest son by his first marriage; his copyhold estates and his personal property will be equally distributed between his several children.

NIGEL.—Wedding-cards sent to the mistress of a house, are of course supposed to be addressed to the whole family. The number of bridesmaids is quite optional, ranging from one to four or five.

PUN.—Thanks for your anecdotes. We shall make use of some of them.

R. C. H. JESTON.—Apply to the publishers of the FAMILY PAPER.

LOUISE HARCOURT.—If you have been an attendant at the church you may.

AN ORPHAN GIRL.—The man who divorces his wife for infidelity can marry again; but "An Orphan Girl" does very wrong in keeping company with him until he is freed by law from the tie which still binds him to his unfaithful wife. A marriage with him before the sentence of the Court has dissolved his previous marriage, would be no marriage at all, and would subject the man to the penalties of bigamy.

THEOPHILUS.—Your question is answered in the reply to the queries of "Zetetic."

W. J. T. was bound for seven years, and he ought to serve that time, although in the meanwhile he may have attained his majority, and may not be compelled by law.

QUEST.—A simple undertaking, joint and several, would bind the parties to pay both the interest and principal of whatever you disburse for them.

PICKWICK DIXON.—Your questions are not clearly put, but the pith of your long letter is—has the woman who imagined herself his wife, through the force of a second marriage, any claim in law upon the man who has deceived her? None whatever for alimony for herself, but she can affiliate the children to him.

MARKHAM.—For fourteen years.

ONE OF THE OLDEST SUBSCRIBERS.—The value of a painting in oils depends upon the reputation of the painter and the state of preservation in which it has been kept, not on the material of which it consists. If the rent has been paid yearly, a full year's notice from the date of payment will be requisite, unless there is some special agreement.

J. W. E. O. cannot recover back rent if he waived his right to it by giving a receipt for rent subsequently due, without stating that it was only in acknowledgment of money had on account. Moreover, the debt accrued ten years ago, and unless it has been acknowledged in writing within the last six years, it would be barred by the "Statute of Limitations."

G. GRANT.—Liquid or potable gold is prepared by agitating ether with a solution of terchloride of gold for some time, then allowing it to repose, and decanting the portion which swims above. Liquid silver is prepared in the same way.

INQUIRE.—The Christian population in Calcutta is about 12,500. Of this number, 6,600 are Europeans, 5,000 are Eurasians, or Anglo-Indians (the progeny of white fathers and native mothers), and 850 are Americans. This population is scattered through a large native population, numbering some 400,000, of which 275,000 are Hindoos, 115,000 are Mohammedans, and the remainder are Asiatics.

G. RAMSEY.—Good paste blacking is made thus:—Take one pound of treacle and a pound and a quarter of ivory black, two ounces of sweet oil, and a little strong vinegar. Rub them all well together, and put the whole into a pot for use, or make into cakes, and wrap them in bladder. This may be converted into liquid blacking, by adding a little water or soapsuds.

CHAMPION.—Birdlime is made thus:—Boil the middle bark of holly, gathered in June or July, for six or eight hours in water, until it becomes tender; then drain off the water, and place it in a pit under ground, in layers, with fern, and surround it with stones. Leave it to ferment for two or three weeks, until it forms a sort of mucilage, which must be pounded in a mortar, into a mass, and well rubbed between the hands, in running water, until all the refuse is worked out. Then place it in an earthen vessel, and leave it for four or five days to ferment and purify itself. The portion which adheres to the hands may be washed off with spirits of turpentine.

A WELSH YOUTH.—The D.D. of either Oxford or Cambridge University wears a hood of scarlet cloth. The Master of Arts of the University of Oxford wears a black silk hood lined with red silk, and the Master of Arts of the University of Cambridge wears a black hood lined with white silk. No graduates of any Universities wear hoods lined with ermine, but the Bachelors of Arts of both of our Universities wear hoods lined with white fur.

EDWIN PARKER.—Your indentures are binding, notwithstanding the alteration in the style of the firm.

HORE.—If the parties reside in separate parishes the banns must be published in both parishes, and the parties can then be married in either.

CLERICS can obtain a degree at the London University by offering himself for examination, and satisfying the examiners. At Oxford or Cambridge he can only obtain a degree after three years' residence and many examinations.

J. BLUNDERBICK.—If an order has been made upon you by a magistrate or at "petty sessions," you must continue to pay the appointed allowance until the child is fourteen years of age. If the woman follows you about to your annoyance and the interruption of your business, you can, if you think fit, give her in charge.

B. B.—A lodger who has paid quarterly must give a quarter's notice, unless he has a special agreement to the contrary.

A PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENT.—The publishers of the paper in which a libel appears are liable for damages.

A LITERATE will find all his questions on the subject of ordination answered in the notice to "Alta Petit," in our last Number. Arms once mated belong in perpetuity to the lineal representatives of the matriculator.

A CONSTANT READER.—Apply at any patent office. The expenses will eventually amount to about £120, but a portion only is payable at first, to secure the right, and the balance six months afterwards.

T. D. KENDALL is informed that no member can take his seat in the House of Commons who is not of full age.

HANDWRITING.—ROLAND writes a neat and intelligible hand, which would be better without the flourishes; it is also important in good writing that the letters forming a word join each other; in the specimen before us this is not attended to.—ARTHUR BOLINGBROOK makes his letters peculiarly angular, yet there is a freeness and business style about his writing which we admire.—THEODORE: Very good.—LONGFELLOW: We can scarcely form an opinion, not knowing how long you have been learning; for a school-boy it would be very fair, but too stiff and cramped for business.—SELF-EDUCATED: If success depends upon your handwriting, you stand a good chance of getting the situation.—ANXIOUS: Your note is both badly written and badly indited.

BOSCO THE YOUNGER is desirous of knowing "What sort of a thing is a ghost?" We have no personal acquaintance with ghosts, but we apprehend by the term that the apparition of some deceased person is intended. Ghost is the old Saxon word for spirit, so that, in a certain sense, every man is his own ghost; but this is not the popular idea. Twelve o'clock at night, stormy weather, dismal quarter of the house—that is the sort of time and place for the credulous to imagine they see ghosts. Fluttering white garments, sepulchral odour, strange bluish light—these are the supposed accompaniments. Now we must confess our disbelief in any apparition of the sort. "Ghosts!" says poor Tom Hood; "no such things in nature. All laid long ago, before the wood pavement. What should they come for? The colliers may rise for higher wages, the bread on account of the failure of the crops, the radicals for reform, the rising generation may rise—but that a ghost should rise, merely to make my hair rise, is more than I can fathom!"

RODERICK HASTINGS (who ought to mind his stops) wants to know "what would tan the skin of a small animal." The process is too long for description here. Consult the word "Taxidermy" in an encyclopædia, or a manual on the subject.

ALICE.—The "great plague" of 1665 was brought into England from Holland, where it had raged for some months previously to its appearance here. The mortality was frightful; considerably more than 80,000 persons fell victims to the scourge. In one night 4,000 persons died. The fact that the disorder never reappeared after the rebuilding of the city on an improved plan, subsequently to the great fire of 1666, points significantly to the cause of the terrible visitation.

ROLAND.—To render leather boots and shoes waterproof, take a quarter of an ounce of India rubber, and three-quarters of a pint of oil of turpentine; put them into a pot, tie it over with bladder, and set it in hot water. When dissolved, add hot boiled oil, one pint.

* * All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. I.—No. 15.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TARBLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Angry looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood
If spoken but in kindness.

J. BURBIDGE.

In seeking the destruction of George Markham by entraining him into dissipation and vice, Styles had hitherto felt no other incentive than the mercenary one of gain. His employer paid him for his services, and that was all which he either considered or required. But now personal feelings of envy at the

dawning prosperity of his victim, and revenge for the exposure which had so humbled him, were added to it, and he vowed to leave no means untried to reduce him once more to the level where drunkenness had left him. Full of this resolution he sought the chambers of Carus Kearn, and related word for word everything that had transpired—the story he had artfully concocted, the exposure, and defeat.

The evil-minded man listened to him impatiently; it was enough for him to know that his project, as far as the speaker could be his agent, was at an end; and he cared little for details: they only added to his mortification and disappointment.

"You must have played your cards badly," he observed.

"I played them as they were dealt to me," replied the ruffian. "Who could have foreseen that the old fool who has taken Markham for a partner would have obtained such exact information of my habits and haunts? George must have split upon me. I have always observed," he added, "that your staid,

respectable men of business, as they are called, possess far more cunning and calculation than your jovial, reckless ones. I have done my best, however, and have nothing to reproach myself with."

"You are tired, I suppose, of the undertaking?" said Carus.

The man shrugged his shoulders, and muttered something about his having been defeated.

"Your true bird of prey strikes twice."

Styles regarded him steadily.

"It is the kestrel alone that ceases the pursuit when disappointed in his first swoop," added his employer, with marked emphasis upon the words. "I am far from blaming you for the result; the plan was well laid, and not unskillfully executed. It is impossible to calculate every contingency. Your reward shall be the same as if you had succeeded."

His hearer began to look more cheerful.

"There is a danger far more menacing to my future prospects," resumed the speaker, "to be seen to, and, if possible, guarded against."



CARUS KEARN ATTEMPTS THE DESTRUCTION OF RICHARD MARKHAM.

"The boy at Jersey," observed his hearer; "his grandson."

"You have read my fears aright," replied Carus Kearn. "I more than suspect it. Should it prove so, adieu to all hope of my being his heir, of fulfilling the promise I made of providing handsomely for you in the event of his death, which would leave me a poor man."

"The old fool," muttered his visitor; "after all his threats of what he would do—of never forgiving them."

"There is nothing more unstable than an old man's resolution, unless it be a woman's promise," added Carus Kearn, bitterly. "If the boy is Mr. Bently's grandson I am a ruined man, unless some accident should remove him from my path. But the first point is to ascertain whether it is really the case, or merely the suggestion of my fears. You have seen the lad?"

"Frequently."

"And would know him again?"

"From a hundred."

"Start, then, at once for the island. I need not recommend caution. Make no inquiries; they would lead to no good results, and might excite suspicion. Contrive to see him—that will be enough—and having done so, return to me for instructions."

Tom Styles slowly repeated the word.

"I need not remind you that both our interests are at stake," observed his employer; "it would really grieve me, after your long and faithful services, should I not be able to fulfil my intentions of making a provision for your age, to say nothing of the disappointment on my own account."

"Of course it would," muttered his agent; "but Mr. Carus, you are not the gentleman I take you for if you submit calmly to be done out of your expectations by a boy, the son of George Markham, too!"

The gentleman smiled.

"His father has injured you enough already."

At the allusion to his disappointment with Rachel, the sinister smile vanished from the lips of her cousin, and his dark eyes flashed with all the evil passions of his nature.

"Something ought to be done," continued the speaker.

"Well! well! we shall see," replied Carus.

"And soon!"

"I seldom delay when once I have made up my mind," was the answer. "My first difficulty will be to decide."

"As for a friend, Mr. Carus," exclaimed the respectable Tom Styles, "you need not look far for that."

"Thank you."

"I declare it makes my blood boil to think of your being plundered of a fortune which ought to be yours, and prevented from acting handsomely by your friends as you would like to do, by a brat, the son of a fellow no better than myself. I feel," he added, "as if I could do anything to prevent it."

Although his employer perfectly understood the meaning of the fellow, he made no reply; it was enough for him to know that in the speaker he had discovered an agent as unprincipled as his purpose—as desperate as his designs, which, at present, were dark and undefined: shadows which only required the confirmation of his suspicions respecting our hero to be confirmed, to start into palpable and terrible existence.

There is an enticement—a fatality—a logic—in crime. The first step as invariably leads to a second as a deduction to the consequence.

That same night Tom Styles started for Southampton, where he arrived just in time to catch the steamer for Jersey, at which place he landed on the following morning, and took up his abode at the Lion d'Or, a French hotel, where he considered he should be less likely to be recognised. As a further precaution, he gave himself out as a tradesman just retired from business, who, allured by the reported cheapness and salubrity of the island, had come with an intention of settling.

Richard Markham had now been upwards of a year under the care of the Reverend Mr. Oneas Brown, and the progress of his education had been most satisfactory. The sorrow he felt at his singular separation from his mother had not rendered him blind to the advantages of instruction. Possessing one of those rich intelligences which, like virgin land, when cultivated, make up for past barrenness by present fruitfulness, he had surpassed the expectations of his instructor—his perceptions seemed all but intuitive. He seized upon the difficulties of education, and mastered them with a facility which soon placed him on a par with boys who had passed years under the worthy clergyman's care, and had already achieved a respectable proficiency in Latin;

but his great talent seemed to lie in the acquirement of modern languages, especially the Hindostani, which Mr. Brown, who had formerly been chaplain in India, taught: most of his pupils being destined either for the army or an oriental career.

Richard's great friend at school was Harry Morton, the son of the lawyer at whose house he had passed the New Year's night which had exercised so marked an influence over his future destiny. The youth was about his own age, of a frank, open, loyal disposition; and mutual sympathy drew them towards each other, till perfect confidence existed between them.

When we say "perfect confidence," there was one reservation. Our hero had never forgotten the promise made to Harry's father. The fact of his having passed a night under the lawyer's roof was never hinted at by him.

It is a wise dispensation of providence by which the heart is strengthened in the hour of sorrow or suffering. How frequently have we seen naturally weak natures grow suddenly strong under the pressure of pain or affliction. It proved so in Richard's case; for, although he had never forgotten either his mother or little Mary—indeed a day, scarcely an hour passed, that memory did not revert to them—he endured the separation with fortitude: his instructor had pointed out to him that it was for his good, and given him an assurance which he could not doubt without ingratitude, that they had been placed beyond the reach of want.

His first great trial was at the summer holidays, when his young companions returned to their friends—to happy homes—to those who loved them. For weeks before the event—always an important one in school-boy life—took place, he had to listen to the anticipations of the boys, their plans of amusement during the vacation; and his heart felt heavy—not with envy, for he was a stranger to such passions—but regret.

What would he not have given to have returned to London—to pass only a day or a single hour under the roof of his parents? to have shared their toil if necessary, provided he might once more have received his mother's blessing—his sister's kiss—have witnessed the change which the Reverend Oneas Brown from time to time described to him?

These thoughts naturally made him dull; and one morning, instead of mingling with his young companions on the playground, he retired to a distant part of it to meditate alone—even as the poor stricken deer, when wounded, flies from its joyous fellows in the herd.

His friend Harry soon missed him, and with the perseverance of friendship sought him out. To his surprise he found him in tears.

"What is the matter, Richard?" demanded the sympathising boy, seating himself by his side. "I can't bear to see you so dull and miserable."

"Nothing," replied the youth, trying to force a smile.

"You don't generally cry for nothing," observed his friend, hurt at what appeared a want of confidence. "One would imagine that the approach of holiday time gave you pain."

"And so it does."

"Why so?"

"In the first place, it will separate me from you," replied Richard Markham.

"But you will see your parents and friends," urged Harry Morton; "and our separation will only last for a few weeks."

Great was the astonishment of the speaker when our hero informed him that he was to remain on the island during the vacation. That from circumstances he had given his word not to explain he had no prospect of seeing his parents for a long, long time to come. "Do not think me selfish," he added, "or that I am capable of feeling envious of your happiness; but I cannot avoid drawing the contrast."

"Not return for the holidays!" repeated Harry, in a tone of surprise.

"No."

"Or see your parents?"

"No."

"Why, what have you done to merit such a punishment?" Brown says that you are the best boy in the school, and I can bear witness that you deserve the character."

Richard coloured deeply. The recollection of the circumstance which had placed him in the hands of his mysterious protector pained him severely; for, with the susceptibility of an ingenuous mind, he judged his own conduct far more severely than others would have done.

"It is meant as a precaution rather than a punishment, I believe," he answered.

"Precaution!"

"Yes; for fear I should run away. Have you

never remarked that, of all the boys, I am the only one who receives no pocket-money?"

"We have all noticed that, and thought it so strange."

"Well," said Richard, "I have only to give my word not to quit the island, to have the same allowance as the rest; but I have constantly refused to do so; and now, Harry, ask me no more questions, for I dare not answer them. Promise me not to think badly of me, or like me less, in consequence of what I have told you."

His friend warmly assured him that it would take something far more serious than his not being allowed pocket-money or kept at school during the holidays, to shake the good opinion and friendship he entertained for him. And so the conversation ended between them; but by one at least of the two boys it was not forgotten.

That very day Harry Morton wrote a long letter to his father, in which he described his schoolfellow and friend with all the simple eloquence of boyish enthusiasm; painted his sad position—left alone during the vacation, and concluded by asking his permission to invite Richard home with him.

This letter so interested the worthy lawyer that he showed it to his client, whom we need no longer conceal from our readers to be no other than the wealthy merchant, Mr. Bently. The old man felt deeply affected on perusing it. The description of his grandson's good qualities, his industry and progress in his studies, and the honourable tenacity with which he adhered to his promise, touched him; and if consistently with the design for the reformation of his son-in-law, he could have given his assent to the proposed arrangement, he gladly would have done so. But that was impossible; and by his directions Mr. Morton replied to his son's request by a refusal couched in the kindest terms, but still a firm one, assigning as a reason for not complying with his request, that as the friends of our hero had decided upon his remaining with his tutor during the vacation, he did not think that the Reverend Oneas Brown would be justified in departing from the arrangement.

Poor Harry, he felt terribly disappointed; and the young friends parted with renewed assurances of friendship, and cheered by the prospect of speedily meeting again.

The second evening after his return home, Mr. Bently dined at the house of Harry's father. The unsuspecting youth was easily led to converse on the subject of school and his school companions, and thus the grandfather of our hero obtained the information which so deeply interested him.

"You cannot imagine," said the boy, "how strongly we are all attached to him. Even the Howards, who think themselves superior to the rest of us, because their father is a general and governor of some place abroad, never show the least pride to Richard, and yet they have loads of money, and he is not allowed a sixpence."

"But I suppose his companions share their allowance with him?" observed the merchant.

"There is more than one that would willingly do so," answered Harry, including himself as a matter of course in the number, "but he has always refused to accept it. On half holidays, when a party of pleasure is proposed, he always declines: we know the reason of course, and have tried all kinds of schemes to induce him to join us, but he won't be persuaded; and so lately we have given them up, rather than leave him out."

Mr. Bently felt secretly delighted with this instance of his grandson's spirit of independence, and mentally resolved if he persevered in the line of conduct he had chosen to recompense him richly for his present humiliation and privation.

From that day a singular desire to see Richard took possession of the old man: it soon became so strong that he determined to risk the chance of being recognised by any visitors on the island, rather than forego it. Hence the mysterious absence which had so puzzled Peter Mangles, and excited the curiosity of Carus Kearn.

Richard was reading in the new solitary playground, when his tutor came to him and informed him that a gentleman had arrived from England and wished to see him.

"Is it Mr. Morton?" eagerly demanded the youth.

"No."

His pupil knew of no one else likely to inquire for him.

"It is one who has taken what must appear to you a strange but kind interest in your welfare—the gentleman who intrusted you to Mr. Morton's care. He has heard of the honourable manner in which you have hitherto kept your promise, the satisfactory

progress you are making in your studies. Let me advise you to receive him gratefully, as goodness so unexampled and disinterested merits."

"He has separated me from my mother, sir," answered the boy, seriously.

"For your good," replied the clergyman.

"I cannot see it. True, I am better off, have fine clothes, am well fed, and educated; but all he has done cannot recompense me for the pain it must have caused her. I would forego all to see her but for one moment—to receive her kiss—to know that she is well. It is cruel kindness to wring the heart that never wronged him, under the pretext of my advantage."

"Here comes the gentleman," observed the clergyman, as he saw Mr. Bently advancing from the house towards the spot where they were conversing. "I shall leave you. State your feelings frankly; truthfully, I am sure you will. I doubt not but your benefactor will be able to defend himself."

So saying, the speaker walked to a distant part of the grounds, leaving the merchant and his grandson together, in the hope that an explanation would take place between them; for in his judgment, he felt that the feelings of his pupil were both natural and right.

Richard had risen on the approach of the man who had exercised so extraordinary an influence over his destiny, and stood coldly, but respectfully before him. Young as he was, he entertained a perfect sense of the advantages he was deriving from his bounty, remembered the terrible position from which he had rescued him; but the sentiments of gratitude were chilled by the feeling that they had been purchased by the sacrifice of his mother's peace of mind.

For several moments they contemplated each other in silence. The wealthy merchant felt gratified by the improved appearance of the boy, his gentlemanly bearing, handsome, intelligent countenance, and had he yielded to the impulses of his heart, would have pressed him to it; but the time had not yet arrived in which, consistently with his intentions, he could reveal himself to him.

"I perceive that you recognise me," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"But are you not glad to see me?"

Richard Markham remained silent.

"And yet I have taken a long and somewhat inconvenient journey from no other motive."

There was a feeling of disappointment in the tone of Mr. Bently, as he uttered these words, which did not escape the observation of our hero.

"Ah, sir!" he exclaimed, "why render your bounty and kindness to me incomplete by keeping me from all communication with my parents. You are acting unjustly to yourself, since you render it impossible for me to love you as I ought to do. *As I could love you*," he added; "for something whispers me that you mean well towards me."

"And is this desire to see your parents so strong," demanded the merchant, "that you would sacrifice the prospect of future prosperity to gratify it?"

"Stronger than ever," interrupted the youth. "I dream of them; scarcely a night passes but I see pale faces mourning over me in my sleep, and awake with tears upon my cheek. You have broken my mother's heart," he added, passionately, "and I have been the instrument."

"Perhaps I have merely tried it," replied his grandfather seating himself upon the bank beside him. "Richard, I came here to see a boy, a being whose mind, like virgin parchment, is capable of receiving any inscription. Taking a deep, far deeper, interest than you imagine in your future welfare, I have guarded, as far as is in my power, against any unworthy lesson being written there; but I find that suffering has made you prematurely a man—a man in judgment though not in years—and contrary to my first intentions, will explain my conduct towards you."

"I shall hear you, sir, with patience."

"And justify it."

"I trust so," replied Richard.

"When we first met—and you can never, I am certain, forget the occasion," resumed Mr. Bently—"I made up my mind to snatch you from the precipice upon whose verge you had been led, driven, I might say, by poverty, and the agony of seeing those most dear to you perishing from want. I first ascertained that your story was a true one. In doing so, the history of your parents became known to me—your mother's ill-assorted marriage, and the dissipated, to use no harsher term, conduct of your father."

At this allusion to his father's vice, Richard Markham coloured deeply.

"I asked myself two questions," continued the speaker, "before I decided on the line of conduct I should pursue. The first was, whether it would have been wise to leave you to the contaminating

influence of such an example, by permitting you to remain in communication with a parent who had so far forgotten his duty towards his child?"

"I hear you, sir."

"The second was, whether it might not be possible to save both father and son by keeping the former in ignorance of the fate of the latter, by letting uncertainty haunt him like remorse, follow him closely as his shadow?—for I knew that sorrow was the only real purifier of the heart; and this conviction it was that induced me to turn a deaf ear to your prayers, to send you suddenly from London, destroy all trace by which you might be followed; and, thank heaven, my plan has succeeded. George Markham is no longer a hopeless drunkard, but a reformed man, earning an honourable living by his own industry. When the time arrives that will restore you to him, you need not blush to own him as your father."

The youth clasped his hands in silent gratitude. His heart was too full for words. He knew how the change must have rejoiced his mother.

"With his wife," resumed Mr. Bently, "my task was far more difficult: your loss was a blow which caused my heart to bleed as I inflicted it. I ascertained that a true friend had snatched her from poverty and all but that mental suffering that time only can assuage. She has found consolation in the reformation of her husband, lives in Christian confidence and hope that her boy will one day be restored to her longing arms; has gathered strength in patience."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed our hero, taking him by the hand, "forgive me my cruel, my unjust suspicions of your noble, generous conduct; how have I wronged you!"

"Hear me out," replied Mr. Bently, "and I have done. From this moment you are at liberty to decide for yourself; to return, if you wish it, to your parents. But first weigh the probable consequences. You know better than I can paint to you how frequently the promises of amendment, on the part of your father, have been broken. Will you plunge him again in that degraded state from which sorrow and remorse alone had power to draw him? or, by remaining for a year or two longer in the position I have placed you, give time for his good resolves to take root, habits of temperance and virtue to grow confirmed, attach him to a home of respectability, instead of the tavern and its evil associations? You have your choice."

The first impulse of Richard Markham was to decide on returning to his mother. What prospect, however alluring, could be balanced against her kiss and smile of welcome—restoring happiness to her—feeling her arms around his neck, her tears upon his cheek?—and had he answered on the instant, such would have been his choice; but the gray, piercing eye of his benefactor was fixed upon him with a warning glance. His thoughts reverted to the memorable cottage in the Belvedere-road. He remembered how frequently he had heard his mother declare that she would rather see him dead than dishonoured—witnessed his sister's tears for bread when her sorrowing parent had none to give.

One rash act might renew the trials and temptations again: *he dared not risk it.*

"Decide for me, sir," he said—and the strong agony of filial affection wrung him as the words escaped his lips—"let your wisdom guide my inexperience. I understand you now, and will not murmur at your decision."

"Or refuse me your hand, Richard, when I again come to Jersey to see you," observed Mr. Bently, moved almost to tears by the noble conduct of his grandson.

The boy grasped his hand warmly, and raised it to his lips.

During the rest of the holidays, the old man remained upon the island, the companion of his grandson, who soon became so strongly attached to him, that the termination of his visit was looked forward to with regret.

From that day all restrictions were removed. Richard Markham was allowed the same amount of pocket-money as any other boy.

How he longed for the return of his friend Harry!

CHAPTER XXX.

The darkness of his horrid vices has
Eclipsed the glimmering rays of his frail virtues;
His cruelties, like birds of prey, have plucked
All seeds of nobleness from his false heart;
And now it lies a sad, dull lump of earth.—LEE.

THE next time Tom Styles presented himself at the residence of his unprincipled employer, the latter had no occasion to inquire the result of his visit to Jersey; he read in the looks of the ready tool of his long scheme of villainy, the confirmation of the fears which

haunted him. His wealthy uncle, so stern and relentless towards his erring daughter, had fixed his affections upon her son, whom he had saved,—snatched from the very threshold of a career of crime.

A scowl knit the brow of the manoeuvring nephew: the discovery was a most unpalatable one, for it entailed the necessity of an act which might place him in the power of his confederate, a thing he had much rather have avoided.

"I need not inquire the answer, Styles," Carus exclaimed: "the old man is a greater fool than even I gave him credit for."

"It is George Markham's boy," said his visitor; "he is at school with a clergyman, where only the sons of gentlemen are received, and his grandfather has been twice to visit him there. It seems his heart is quite wrapped up in him. No doubt," he added, weighing every word he uttered, "in order to increase its effect, 'but he intends to make him his heir.'"

"Perhaps," muttered Carus, bitterly.

"Or at least a partner in the firm. *That is what I should have liked to have been.*"

His hearer smiled: he perfectly comprehended the indirect manner by which the speaker let him know the price attached to the service which he imagined would be required at his hands.

"And that you would have been, Styles," he replied, "had I been left the sole head of the house; but with *another* to consult, I fear it will be impossible."

"Why, you don't intend to put up with it?"

"What can I do?"

"You told me to return for instructions."

Now these were the very things Mr. Carus Kearns resolved not to give. The ambitious hint the speaker had thrown out alarmed him; he had no intention of paying so enormously for a service which he could perform with less risk himself.

There is no confidence in the bond of mutual villainy; its perpetrators can never trust each other.

"I should have had occasion to employ you," he observed, "had the affair turned out otherwise; but, as it is—"

"You will submit to be robbed," exclaimed Styles, in a tone of surprise, not unminged with contempt.

"What can I do?"

His visitor replied only by a meaning look.

"Mr. Bently is master of his fortune; and free to dispose of it as he pleases."

"You will see this boy step into your place, then?"

"Even so; if it cannot be avoided."

"But it can be avoided," observed his accomplice, lowering his voice to a whisper; "and I feel so indignant, that were I only assured you would deal fairly by me, I'd find the means of preventing your uncle making a fool of you."

"By violence!" said his employer; then after a pause, he added, "Violence is out of the question, at least with my consent. I might not hesitate at a stroke of *finesse*—but crime, never! never! I must often trust to the chapter of accidents, and leave events to take their course."

"Means to try it himself," thought Styles, and he too took a resolution, the results of which will appear hereafter.

Carus paid him for his visit to Jersey and before dismissing him, gave him strict orders during the ensuing month to keep a strict eye upon the proceedings of the new firm of Thornton and Markham, and report to him by letter daily.

"Wants me out of the way," was the conclusion the disappointed ruffian mentally came to, but without suffering the slightest symptom of discontent to appear, either by word or look.

Styles quitted the chamber with the conviction that he was an ill-used man. He felt disgusted at the want of confidence, the meanness of Carus in undertaking his dirty work himself, when he had so fitting an instrument at hand.

"He may do it himself," he muttered; "but I will take care and be paid for it: with all his cunning, he shan't rob me. Doesn't like the idea of my being a partner. Maybe my chance is as good as his, though he is Mr. Bently's nephew, and I one of his discharged clerks. No, no, Mr. Carus; I have worked for you long enough: it's time I thought of myself."

The blow which Carus meditated, was intended to achieve a double purpose. The first was to remove from his path one who threatened to prove a dangerous rival in his designs upon the fortune of his wealthy relative; the second, to wound the heart of the woman he hated, through its best affections, love for her lost boy. Singly, it is doubtful whether either of the motives would have proved sufficiently strong to induce him to incur the risk of such a crime; but united, they proved irresistible.

In his evil imagination, the ruffian gloated over the disappointment it would cause his uncle, the

agonies of Rachel, and the remorse of George Markham; he thought not of himself, the probability of detection, and the punishment which, sooner or later, overtakes the murderer. Calculation for once was drowned in passion; prudence, in revenge.

There was no feeling of pity for the victim—for the young life he was about to sacrifice—the hopes, aspirations, dreams of the future to be silenced and closed for ever; but, on the contrary, a fiend-like determination to persevere, reckless of everything but the gratification of a wild, insensate hate.

That same evening there chanced to be a masquerade at Her Majesty's Theatre. The opportunity of purchasing a disguise was too good to be lost; and about midnight Carus Kearn entered one of the numerous shops in the Haymarket in which costumes were let or sold. In one of these he purchased himself a pair of artificial mustaches and a military undress.

"I shall never be recognised in these," he thought. He had pondered well over the crime, and calculated every chance, as he thought, of detection. Like other criminals, yielding to the storm of passion, he imagined that he had guarded against every contingency. The fool should have remembered that a clue—fine as the lightest thread of gossamer which waltzes in the summer air—is sufficient to guide the avenging hand of justice when Providence directs the blow.

Whilst making his purchase, a fellow dressed in a greatcoat, his hat pulled over his brows, stood at the window, peering in and watching his every movement.

It was his agent, Tom Styles, who dogged him from the shop to the theatre.

"That is not the only use," thought the ruffian, "Carus Kearn intends to make of his purchase. Mean humbug! to take the bread out of an honest fellow's mouth by doing his dirty work himself!"

"I'll see," he added, after a pause, "if two can't play at the same game: hide-and-seek ain't so difficult to learn."

It was now midsummer, and this time Richard Markham saw the approaching holidays without regret. The explanation which had taken place between himself and his benefactor—for our readers must recollect that the boy still remained in ignorance of the real tie between them—had removed a weight from his heart. Formerly he had reproached himself with his fine clothes and altered position as with a crime, whilst those so dear to him were in poverty and suffering; but now that he knew such to be no longer the case, he waited patiently till his father's habits should be considered sufficiently reformed to admit of his being restored to him again.

Added to all this, he anticipated a visit from the merchant for whose kindness he began to entertain a feeling bordering upon affection. Like his mother, he had been endowed by nature with a grateful heart.

The day at last arrived on which his schoolmates were to return home. Richard accompanied them to the pier—a thing he had never been permitted to do before—and saw them embark.

For the last month the grateful boy had occupied all his leisure time in making sketches of the most interesting views of the island. These he had placed in a small album, and requested Harry to give to Mr. Morton. He had not forgotten his kindness to him.

"To my father!" exclaimed his friend, astonished at the request.

"Yes."

"But why to him?"

"Did not you tell me that he wished to have one or two drawings of the bays?" replied our hero, evasively; for he recollected the promise he had made, and scorned to break it, even indirectly.

"That's true."

"Besides, he is your father, Harry, and, I have no doubt, a kind one: quite reason sufficient for my sending them."

Fortunately the bell of the steamer rang, and there was no time for further explanation on the subject. The speaker had purposely delayed giving the book to his friend in order to avoid it.

Having watched the vessel till it had rounded the point and disappeared behind the rocks, Richard Markham and his tutor returned home.

"Do you expect Mr. Boucher, sir, this vacation?" he inquired.

Boucher was the name his grandfather went by on his visit to the island.

"I do," answered the clergyman, "but not for several days. I am quite as anxious as you can be to see him," he added, "for I feel proud of the progress of my pupil. But what is the particular motive of your asking?"

The youth informed him of a desire he had long entertained to take a pedestrian tour round the island and visit all the bays. As he was now almost a young man, and the tour under ordinary circumstances unattended by danger, the Reverend Oneas Brown at once gave his consent, and it was agreed that our hero should start on the following morning.

Those who are truly admirers of nature and have been accustomed to seek her beauties in the remote track far from the haunts of men, may imagine the delight with which our hero—who, to an artist's eye for the picturesque, joined a poet's enthusiasm and appreciation—gazed upon each fresh scene which some sudden turn in the road, or the ascent of a precipitous rock unfolded to his view; the sense, too, of liberty added to the enjoyment of the balmy air laden with health upon its wings.

In our progress through life we have visited many lands. There are few nooks in Europe but are as familiar to us as the village green on the skirts of which we were born, and over whose verdant turf we have often chased the flying ball in company with our school-companions: and yet we know of few more agreeable spots than Jersey, its extraordinary variety of hill and valley, landscape, and sea view. One must be well acquainted with the island to understand how so many attractions can be crowded into so small a space; and when understood, the wonder will increase.

Richard Markham not being pressed for time, indulged in that dreamy love of leisure which is one of the great pleasures of a poetic temperament. There was not a point of view which he neglected, or did not pause to contemplate with increased admiration and delight, for each appeared more attractive than the former.

On the third day of his tour he reached a picturesque cluster of rocks which inclose one of the numerous bays in this island, and, by stretching into the sea, seal it hermetically from the rest of the land; so that a person left there at low tide would have no chance of escape unless by boat, or the basket and cord by which the fishermen descend who put to sea to follow their perilous occupation, and return by the same means, leaving their barks attached to the rocks below.

The scene was a most tempting one, and Richard felt a strong inclination to sketch it. But how to descend puzzled him. He was not strong enough to let himself down, although many of the sailors were in the habit of doing so—for it required a grasp of iron, and a steady eye.

Just as he thought of abandoning his project of descent, a gentleman in a military undress, to all appearance a tourist, like himself, made his appearance on the rock.

"A lovely scene, young gentleman," observed the stranger, approaching him.

"Very, sir."

"An artist, I perceive."

"Only an amateur one."

"Are you about to sketch the bay?"

"Such was my intention," replied Richard Markham, "but I fear I must forego it."

"Why so?"

"I dare not trust to my own unassisted strength to manage the rope, and there are no other means of descent."

The stranger approached cautiously to the edge of the rock and peered over, regarding the bay very attentively for several minutes.

"Is there not a path round?" he inquired.

Richard explained to him how completely the bay was isolated from the rest of the land—a mere segment of sand scooped out, as it were, from the sides of the rocks, which at each extremity ran far into the sea.

The gentleman regarded the rope attentively, and the rude but strong machinery to which it was attached. To all appearance nothing could be more secure.

"I have an artist's feeling myself," he said, "and can understand your disappointment. You are not very heavy, and the windlass regulates the descent, so, if you like to try, I will let you down."

The offer was thankfully accepted by our hero, who, placing himself in the basket, in which he had previously arranged his traps, gave the obliging gentleman the signal to let him down. At first the stranger did so very carefully, watching the rope as it uncoiled itself from the cylinder. When the basket was about a third way down he paused, held the crank by one hand, and drew from his pocket a large clasp knife.

"Better cut the rope," he muttered. "No one sees me. It will be but one crash, and all will be at an end."

The blade stuck, and the speaker proceeded to open it with his teeth.

Whilst thus occupied, a carriage might have been seen winding slowly along the road. It contained the Reverend Oneas Brown and Mr. Bently. The latter had arrived sooner than he had been expected, and, in his impatience to behold his grandson, started with the worthy clergyman in quest of him.

Richard, who felt naturally very much surprised at the pause in his descent, called out to know the cause; and became alarmed on receiving no answer from above. In the event of anything having occurred to derange the machinery, he knew that his destruction would be inevitable.

Just at the spot where he hung midway between heaven and earth, like Mahomet's coffin, only in a far less satisfactory manner, jutted a portion of rock, sufficiently broad for a man to rest upon. A singular vibration of the cord warned him there was no time to lose. He sprang from the basket and reached the place of safety just as the rope broke.

An instant later and he would have been dashed to pieces.

So entirely absorbed was the assassin in the accomplishment of his horrible design, that he neither heard the rolling of the wheels over the turf nor the footsteps of those who quitted the carriage and advanced towards him. The ruffian had drawn himself to the edge of the rock upon his hands and knees, and was peering down, when the clergyman, in a tone of horror, exclaimed—

"The rope has broken!"

The intended murderer started to his feet at the words.

"It has been cut," added the speaker.

"Cut!" repeated the terror-stricken merchant.

On hearing the voice of his uncle, Carus Kearn started to his feet and fled, not doubting but he had fully accomplished his execrable design. A fellow dressed in a blouse and slouched hat, such as are generally worn by the peasantry of the island, who had all the while been watching him, started off in pursuit.

"Alas!" exclaimed the clergyman, in a tone of the deepest anguish, "the poor boy is killed!"

At the word "killed," Mr. Bently uttered a deep groan, and fell senseless to the ground.

Alarmed by the cries of the driver and Mr. Brown, several of the fishermen hastened from the cottages at a distance. No sooner were they informed of what had taken place, than two or three of them started in pursuit of the murderer.

"My boy! my poor boy!" murmured the merchant.

One of the fishermen, the oldest of the group which had gathered round the carriage, listened.

A faint cry was heard.

"Are any of the boats out?" he inquired.

"Not one," replied his companions.

"It must have been the poor fellow's ghost then."

The cry was repeated, and the more superstitious would have fled, had not the clergyman restrained them.

"Heaven, perhaps," he observed, "has miraculously preserved him. I cannot leave my friend. But some of you ascertain his fate; you shall be well rewarded."

Animated by the hope of gain, and acknowledging the possibility, although they doubted the probability, of any one escaping from such a descent, the men crept to the edge of the rock, and one of them discovered Richard Markham, seated on the projecting point which had afforded him a refuge.

Their first care was to unwind the rest of the rope; fortunately, there was more than enough to reach the place on which our hero was seated. That ascertained, one of the fishermen made a loop at the end, and his companions lowered him down.

It was a moment of intense suspense to all, for the doubt was whether he would be enabled to swing himself sufficiently near the projection, and even in the event of his doing so, whether the momentum, should the youth attempt to catch hold of the rope, might not drag them both off.

A shout announced that the first part of the attempt had succeeded: the man had obtained a footing on the rock.

"What has occurred?" demanded Richard Markham; for it never entered into his imagination that the rope had been purposely cut.

"An accident, sir."

"I thought so. The gentleman must have been very much distressed."

The honest fisherman remained silent. He judged that it would not do to unnerve the youth by telling him that his life had been attempted.

Although the gallant boy assured him that the precaution was unnecessary, the experienced sailor insisted on fastening him securely to the cord by

means, not only of the loop, but his cravat, before he gave the signal to hoist him up.

The precaution was a wise one; for once in the air, the light weight of our hero permitted the rope to vibrate like the pendulum of a clock; and, ten to one, had his safety depended on his grasp alone, that it would have failed him, and he had been dashed to pieces.

So bewildered did he feel when once more secure on terra firma, that it was some moments before he recognised either his tutor or Mr. Bently. The latter, overwhelmed with joy at his escape, and still pale with terror and agitation, could only offer up a silent prayer of thanksgiving.

"My dear boy," exclaimed the Reverend Mr. Oneas Brown, "accept my congratulations."

"My escape has indeed been miraculous," replied our hero, "but I felt the rope was breaking, and contrived to obtain a footing on the rock."

"Breaking!" groaned his grandfather: "it was cut."

"Cut!" repeated Richard, with astonishment.

"Who could have committed such a cruel action? I have never wronged any human being that I am aware of."

Mr. Bently's resolution to conceal the tie between them gave way, in the presence of the danger the speaker had escaped. He pressed him to his heart, acknowledged him to be his grandson, and vowed henceforth he would encircle him with such protection that villainy should be disappointed of its aim.

"My grandfather!" repeated the still bewildered boy, gazing on the old man's agitated countenance.

"This, then, explains all." Before returning to the residence of Mr. Brown, the merchant called the fishermen around him, and distributed the contents of his purse to them. All were rewarded liberally, except the man who had descended in search of our hero. He had not received a single guinea.

"What is your name?" inquired the merchant.

"Jacob Tawgelle, sir," replied the honest fellow, in a tone which evinced surprise, rather than disappointment.

"Come to me to-morrow at the residence of this gentleman," said Mr. Bently, "and you shall have no reason to complain of my liberality; the service you have rendered me is one that a mere gratuity cannot repay. I must see that your future days are placed beyond the reach of want."

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

GAMBLING.

EXTRAVAGANCE is a bad thing at any time of life, but especially a bad thing to start with. It is one of those things which strives after that which we in reality least need; it seldom proceeds honourably in the acquisition of those luxuries it is ambitious to display; it is seldom contented with what it attains; and, in most cases, ends in miserable ruin.

"In my young days they lent me cash that way, which I found very troublesome to pay."

But the chief thing is that extravagance commonly swallows up the virtues; and how to get money by any means—not stopping to inquire whether the means are honourable or not—is the grand problem which has to be solved. Ridiculous as are the excesses of extravagance, repugnant as they are to the right-thinking man, they frequently involve the thoughtless in irretrievable mischief.

Gambling is one of the commonest forms of extravagance, and one of the most prolific sources of criminality. It is the maelstrom in the ocean of life. Against its dark waters, the young especially should be warned; for he that has once entered the current, is borne rapidly and irresistibly forward to that fearful vortex which has already swallowed up its thousands and its tens of thousands.

So frightful is this evil of gambling, so monstrous are the miseries which flow from it, that it appears almost incredible for any sane person to approach it without fear. The hopes it has blighted, the homes it has riddled, the characters it has blasted, the criminalities it has occasioned, the lives which it has cost, all stand forth so plainly that every one who inquires at all must understand how base and vile a thing it is. Yet notwithstanding all this, notwithstanding the families which have been ruined, and the men who have drifted from vice to vice till they have found themselves in the hulks, a penal settlement, or the condemned cell, as guilty of blood, the vice still holds its powerful sway, and is in no want of votaries.

Of course no man deliberately enters on any course of vice for the purpose of utterly ruining himself, body and soul. He does not calmly make up his mind to pursue a certain line of conduct which must inevitably hurl him into inextricable ruin. If he thinks about it before hand at all, he makes a particular exception of his own case. He admits, perhaps, that as a principle the thing is bad, that it has been the bane of tens of thousands, that it has drawn its votaries from every class of society; but he fancies he can stand against it; he will go just so far, and not one step further; he knows when to stop and when to retreat; and, in the panoply of his self-confidence, is willing to do battle with every assailant. He is not so insane as to ruin himself with his eyes open—not he! He would not blast the hopes of his family, and send down the gray hairs of his parents with sorrow to the grave—not he! He would not deliberately plant a dagger in his own heart, or bring disgrace upon his name—not he! but he may still indulge in the excitement for a time; and—so wide awake is he—conscious of all the deceit, and stratagem, and fraud that may be attempted, that he may defy them all, and come away unscathed.

Gambling, as well as all the confraternity of vices, is deceitful. It wears no repulsive aspect; it finds its auxiliaries and best allies in amusement and pleasant company. It wears a "fast" look sometimes, and puts on, along with its sporting trim, a shrewd and cunning manner that commends itself to the uninitiated. It seems to say, The moral portion of the world is slow and dreary, and behind the age; no young man of pluck would care to be of that number. We are the go-ahead, enjoyable section of the community, who are bent on making the best of life and seeing all we can, and not willing, with these self-vaunting moralists, to ride to the grave in a mourning coach with the blinds up. Do you smoke? Do you know the points of a horse? Do you keep a book? Do you play? Do you know anything of those fashionable places known as gaming-houses? Do you frequent a billiard-room? You don't! Why, every man—so says the fascinating gambler—does one, or other, or all these things. They are the indications of manliness. They indicate that a man is a man, and not a milk-sop. Come to So-and-so's billiard-room to-night, and I'll initiate you into the scientific principles of the side stroke.

The poor dupe sees nothing but the recreation. He cannot understand that there is any harm in ivory balls or coloured cards. Then he is gradually shown that the principal amusement of these bloodless battles on green cloth arises from staking something on the chances. He bets. His attention is absorbed by the gay company, the exhilaration of the hour, the excitement connected with the thought that he may win, or the pleasure of knowing that he has won already—he does not stake much at first, but increases as he goes on. He has only come for a little amusement, or to gratify a friend. But he knows not where he stands. He knows not that he is breathing a deadly atmosphere; that beneath the fair exterior and enticing manners of the company before him, every bad passion is concealed. Perhaps their language surprises once or twice, and he is ashamed of it—blushes that he has blushed. His heart, fresh, buoyant, and confiding, contrasts with theirs; they evidently know so much more of life than he does, and he is afraid they should detect his innocence—but all this passes away after a few visits. He exchanges his warm affections for cold-heartedness; his sense of honour for base principle, and his generous sentiments for brutalising selfishness.

The objections which lie against the system of gambling, apply to every description of gambling and every amount staked. It does not signify, as far as this question is concerned, whether you bet a penny on the spinning of a teetotum or a fortune on the running of a horse. It matters not how trivial the stake, or how firm may be one's resolution never to stake large sums, and not to become an habitual gambler. The most inveterate gambler, who is dead to all moral considerations and human feelings, whose swindling operations are carried on upon a gigantic scale, commenced his career by some insignificant bet—at most a bottle of wine, a bundle of cigars, or an oyster supper. No man reaches the lowest depth of villainy by a single step; his progress is gradual: step by step he descends. One restraint after another is removed; one moral principle after another is shattered; the process of hardening the heart and blunting the sensibilities goes on from day to day. Conscience is hushed, until, bereft of every virtue, lost to all honour, humanity partakes the nature of a fiend.

Gambling is established on an unjust principle. It takes the property of another without rendering an

equivalent. This is its specific design. This it openly starts with. It differs from theft chiefly in this particular,—that both parties agree to fleece each other; each is willing to run the risk of being robbed, for the opportunity of attempting to rob his opponent. Of course, in many instances, direct plunder is closely associated with gambling. Marked cards, loaded dice, preconcerted schemes, feed jockeys, hocused horses, then take the place of the "jemmy" of the burglar, the bludgeon of the foot-pad, or the pistol of the highwayman. But where the gambling is so far fair that neither takes an undue advantage of the other, and both risk their money on a chance, a direct violence is done to the moral nature of man. He pursues a career which is ruinous both to himself and his opponent. If he does not lose his money, he loses that sense of integrity which is more valuable than money. He offends against the great law that gives stability and prosperity to society; disturbs the relations of the principles of right and justice to the peace and welfare of the community; and were his example universally followed, all honourable dealings would be at an end, mutual confidence would be broken up, and the bonds of society severed.

The influence of gambling on the life of a gambler is utterly destructive of business habits. The brilliant fortunes made and marred by the fall of dice, the accidental position of a card, or the revolution of a ball, unfit for the more toilsome exercise of productive industry. The mode of gaining money by gambling seems so much easier than by daily toil, and the inducement it appears to hold out to its votaries by the promise of independence and freedom from care, overcome the scruples of a not over-scrupulous conscience. Ordinary business grows insipid in the gambler's estimation. Its routine becomes less and less interesting. His customers abandon him, and he enters upon a career of disgrace and infamy.

Young men in subordinate positions or in places of trust are in more danger than the wealthy. They cannot play the gambler's game for any lengthened time without involving themselves in serious difficulties. Thus it is so many have been ruined for life. They have gambled away everything they possessed, contracted "debts of honour" they were unable to pay, have borrowed the money from their employers, intending, of course, to replace it, have been suspected, taxed with their crime, and have had their youthful prospects blighted by a felon's doom.

And then gambling is destructive of domestic peace and of social happiness. Home has few attractions. The feverish anxiety of the gamester is never satisfied with its calm enjoyment and scenes of innocent delight. The fascinating influence of gambling is upon him; that master passion of his soul forbids all other enjoyment, it engrosses his thoughts, it absorbs his affections. It may be that a faint word of kindness escapes his lips, that a tender ray of affection sometimes crosses his heart, but both are speedily forgotten under the power of the tempter and the tyrant whose sway he is unable to resist. The ancient nations sometimes played for their wives and children as well as house and lands, and though the former are not now ostensibly put forward, they are in reality gambled away with the rest. The gamester deprives his children of a father's love and care, his wife of a husband's solicitude and tenderness, his family of a name, and himself of reputation. He brings himself and all belonging to him to beggary, and even robs them of an honoured grave.

And then gambling leads to other vices. Sins are gregarious. As soon as one is well received and established in the heart, "he taketh unto him seven other spirits more wicked than himself." Intemperance is one of the attendants of gambling. With his betting companions the youth often for the first time tastes strong drink—a few glasses of sparkling champagne! By drink he is excited to play, he drinks to sustain his courage, drinks to celebrate his success, drinks to forget his losses—so that gambling and drink keep the poor victim in a constant state of excitement, like the shuttlecock, beaten to and fro by those two bats until he falls, an idle, broken, useless toy, and is kicked out of the way or trampled under foot.

Other kindred vices there are associated with gambling, and the crimes which it has led to are registered in the Newgate Calendar. The Rugeley murder taught the lesson that the betting man may be led into any enormity—even the murder of his friend—in the service of the gambling demon to whom he has literally sold himself. Instances of murder in connection with gambling are fearfully numerous, especially in America; and where it has not led to crime, it has, in still more numerous cases, led to suicide—the gamester having lost all, utterly and thoroughly bankrupt, has put an end to his life, and

crushed, in a frenzy of guilt and passion, into the presence of his Maker.

Considering gambling in the abstract, regarding its wide-spread influences, and looking at its fearful consequences, we cannot too forcibly urge on our young men to avoid every form of gambling, to shun the company of gamblers, and never, on any occasion or any pretence, to bet. In staking the smallest sum, you stake character and reputation; and the first downward step may plunge you headlong into a gulf of ruin and despair.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

Pessimists are apt to assert that every good action is inspired by a selfish motive. Without agreeing with them in this depreciatory opinion of human nature, we must admit that it is borne out in many instances by the reports of the Charity Commissioners, as was shown in an article which appeared in a recent number of this periodical. There is so much that is interesting, for different reasons, in these reports, relative to the bequests of our ancestors, that we offer a few more extracts from the same source. We commence with a donation made for the benefit of occasional residents in a building in our immediate vicinity: that of Robert Dowe, who, in 1705, gave fifty pounds to the vicar and churchwardens of St. Sepulchre, to the end that they should cause the bell of St. Sepulchre to be tolled on the morning of each execution at Newgate, and cause an exhortation to be delivered to the condemned. In pursuance of his will the sum of £1 6s. 8d. was paid annually out of the parish estate to the sexton; who, however, is not permitted to deliver the exhortation, that having long since been rendered unnecessary by the appointment of a chaplain to the prison of Newgate.

From executions to funerals seems a natural sequence. We find that Thomas Knighton, of Slapton, left, in 1629, property to be in part devoted to the payment of the expenses of all funerals of labourers, their wives and families, of that place, and to provide entertainment for the mourners.

The state of London streets after nightfall in bygone days, with respect to light, may be inferred from the following bequests:—John Cooke, being desirous of affording light to passengers going through Thames-street or St. Michael's-lane, left by will, in 1662, to the churchwardens and vestrymen of St. Michael's, seventy-six pounds; one pound of which was to be laid out in the establishment of a candle, "to be of eight in the pound at the least," to be hung out in a lantern, at the corner of St. Michael's-lane and Thames-street, from nine o'clock at night till four in the morning, from Michaelmas till Lady-day.

A more liberal amount was bequeathed for a similar purpose by John Wardall, who gave to the Grocers' Company a tenement called "The White Bear," in Walbrook, with instructions that they should pay four pounds yearly to the churchwardens of St. Botolph, for the purpose of maintaining "a good and sufficient glass lantern, with a candle," to be fixed at the north-east corner of the parish church of St. Botolph, that passengers might go to and from the waterside all night with more security.

A farm at Threding-green, near Farnham, is subject, by the will of David Salter, to the payment of seventeen shillings per annum for ever; fifteen shillings to be spent for the purpose of relieving the parish clerk, another poor man, and four poor women, of the parish of Farnham-Royal; the money to be laid out in the purchase of six loaves, at twopence apiece, and twelve-pennyworth of herrings; the said bread and herrings to be brought into the parish church on every Sunday morning in Lent; and on every Easter Sunday morning, and there distributed among the said poor people; and two shillings to be expended for a pair of kid gloves, to be given to the parson of the parish for the time being, yearly, on the first Sunday in Lent. The gloves being apparently intended as a bribe to the clergyman to induce him to abstain from throwing any obstacle in the way of his, the testator's, obtaining a cheap immortality.

The bequests of certain quantities of herrings are numerous; and from the terms in which some of these bequests are couched, one is induced to infer either that poor people were very poor in the good old times, or that herrings were then a very expensive and *recherché* comestible. The churchwardens of Felsted, in Essex, distribute, as the gift of Lord Rich, on Ash-Wednesday and the six following Sundays, twelve herrings to each of a certain number of poor householders, who, to be eligible to share in this munificent donation, must be people of irreproachable character and have never had the misfortune to inhabit a workhouse.

In some instances a bequest of herrings is commuted for a trifling sum of money, in which case the poor do not appear to us to get the best of it. We cannot think, for example, that sixpence is a fair equivalent for eighteen herrings. Messrs. Finnis and Smithet were bound by a covenant in their lease to distribute to each of twenty-four poor people—inhabitants of the Isle of Thanet—nine loaves of bread and eighteen herrings in the first week in Lent; and likewise in the middle of Lent. In addition to this they were bound to give to twelve poor inhabitants of the aforesaid Isle, two ells of blanket; and yearly, in every week from the "Invention of the Holy Cross" to the feast of St. John the Baptist, to give to every poor person coming to Salmstone Grange a "dish" of peas. At the time the commissioners made their inquiries, the above-mentioned parties were in the practice of providing, annually, fifty-six pounds of dough, which was made into thirty-six loaves, and distributed at the prescribed period together with sixpence in lieu of the herrings. The blanketing was properly distributed, but as for the peas, they had not been seen for many years; probably because the word "dish" being an indefinite term, it had been construed by the lessees to mean a dish of the very smallest dimensions, consequently, not holding enough peas to make it worth the while of poor people to fetch them.

In some instances gifts were distributed, the origin of which was lost in obscurity, there being neither document nor traditions respecting it; as in the parish of Ducklington, where the rector had, as far back as the memory of man extended, paid ten pounds, which was at one time invested in veal or apple pies, which were given away in church, but subsequently in the purchase of bread given indiscriminately to all who applied for it, according to the number of their families. Not a few farmers were among the applicants, in order, as they said, to keep their right up.

In the previous article on this subject which appeared in this paper, we referred to the bequest by "a maid deceased," of a halfpenny loaf to every person residing in Hampstead. A similar bequest was made by Robert Grainger to the poor inhabitants of Godmanchester, to be divided among them by the churchwardens for the time being, who, however, suffered that duty to devolve upon the baker who made them.

It occasionally occurs that a benevolent individual thinks a little cheese would not be amiss with so much bread. Of this way of thinking was Mr. Richard Crowshaw, goldsmith, of the parish of St. Bartholomew, by the Royal Exchange, who, by his will, dated April 26, 1531, directed that £100 should be invested to provide two shillings weekly for ever, to be expended in the purchase of good cheese, to be divided among those poor people who received bread from different charities in that parish. The report states that the £100 was received by the parish officials, and that two shillings was paid weekly to a cheese-monger, who, once a month, distributed it in the shape of butter or cheese to eight poor women.

The bequest of William Higgs, of Hornchurch, deserves to be mentioned here, not from any oddity in it, but for the thoughtful kindness it displays towards a portion of the community not too much thought of. His will is of comparatively recent date, 1809, and directs that the dividends on £50 stock in the four per cent. bank annuities, should go to purchase a round of beef, plum-pudding, and ale, for the benefit of the children of the charity school of Hornchurch, Romford, and Havering. The above to be cooked and set hot before the children on the day on which the annual charity sermon should be preached on behalf of the school. The same to be continued for ever.

A contrast to the preceding is furnished by the will of Edmund Harman, who directed six and eightpence to be paid to the clergyman who preached the sermon on St. Thomas's day in Tainton Church, and a quarter of barley-meal, to be made into loaves called "cobs," and distributed among the poor children. These bequests were paid out of Lord Dynevor's estate.

Another bequest, which would doubtless have been very acceptable to the "poor children" after devouring the cobs above-mentioned, was made by William Clapham, who directed that the sum of four shillings and fourpence should be paid annually towards supplying the poor scholars of the free school in Giggleswick with a "potation" on St. Gregory's day. While on the subject of potations, we must not omit to mention that William Cooper made a will in 1621, which gave twenty shillings a year out of lands called Whitbars, in Slinford, Sussex, fifteen shillings of which he directed should be expended by the churchwardens and overseers upon a drinking, "in as good

sort as they could," for the poor of the parish, the "drinking" to come off yearly on the feast of the Purification of the Virgin; the other five shillings to the said churchwardens and overseers, "to drink withal themselves for their labour and pains therein." No doubt William Cooper was looked upon as a "jolly dog" in his day, when the estimation in which a man was held depended less on the learning he held in his head than on the quantity of drink he could carry away in his stomach.

In testimony of his gratitude to Providence for preserving him in his travels by sea and land, as well as against malice and practice at home, Sir Thomas Coningsby founded at Hereford a hospital for a chaplain and eleven poor old soldiers or mariners, at the head of whom should be an old soldier of the name of Coningsby, who was to be called the Corporal of Coningsby's Company of Old Servitors, and styled in all their speeches and writings Commander of the Hospital. Touching the apparel of the "Old Servitors," he ordered that each should have, when admitted, a fustian suit of ginger colour, of a soldier-like fashion, seemingly laced, a soldier-like jerkin with half sleeves, and a square shirt, down half the thigh, with a monocado or Spanish cap, a soldier-like sword, with a belt to wear as he goeth abroad, a cloak of red cloth lined with red baize, reaching to the knee, and a seemingly gown of red cloth reaching to the ankle, also lined with red baize, to be worn in the hospital and the city of Hereford, the cloak to be worn in more distant walks and journeys. He further directed that whenever the company went to the cathedral or other public place, the chaplain and corporal should march at the head of the company, the other members following two abreast, all wearing their swords, if the law would permit them.

Perhaps the occupier of a certain farm in Yapham derived small gratification from the compulsory receipt of three shillings and fourpence, the supposed value of a pound of pepper, in return for which he was bound to take care of the minister's horse whenever the minister went to that place to officiate.

At Minehead, in Somersetshire, the commissioners found there existed a fund derived from the dividends on a sum of £1,197 7s. 7d., invested in consolidated bank annuities. The origin of this sum is very curious. In the reign of Charles the Second, an act was passed by which it was enacted that from the 2nd February, 1660, the importation of cattle from beyond the sea, should be deemed a public nuisance, and that any cattle so imported should be seized, one half to go to the person seizing them, and the other half to the poor of the parish in which the seizure should be made; the same applied to the vessel bringing the cattle. Some nine or ten years after the passing of the act, an attempt was made to import a lot of cattle into England, from Ireland. These were landed at the port of Minehead, upon which they were seized, together with the ship, and sold in pursuance of the act, and the proceeds invested by the churchwardens in the manner above-mentioned, and in the purchase of a farm of twenty acres. The income accruing from these two sources is laid out annually in coats, cloaks, blankets, and in gifts of money to the poor.

It is possible that George Staverton may have been actuated by a benevolent motive when he left £6, chargeable annually on his house at Staines, for the double purpose of recreating and regaling the poor of Wokingham, by insuring that a bull should be forthcoming every year for the purpose of being first baited, and then eaten by the said poor. The hide and offal to be sold, and Welsh stockings and boots to be purchased with the proceeds, and given to poor children. The baiting was continued until 1823, when the corporation refused any longer to sanction it. This excited great discontent among the populace, and on at least one occasion, they broke open the stable, and baited the animal in spite of the authorities; and we have an indistinct recollection of having once seen the bull, when taken out for a similar purpose, turn upon his tormentors, and hunt them, and finally throw one of them over a bridge into the water.

Among our numerous readers in London may be some "poor maidens of unblemished reputation" who may be benefited by learning that Richard Bevis, in 1602, left certain property, out of which his executors and their assigns were to pay four pound annually, for ever, to the churchwardens of the parishes of St. Mary Arches, St. Olave, St. John Bow, and All Hallows-on-the-Walls, in sums of twenty shillings to each parish, to be paid to one or two poor maidens on her marriage, provided she had lived in service for not less than two years in one of the above parishes. If any years pass without applicants, the money is allowed to accumulate, and the next claimant receives the twenty shillings together with the arrears;

or if there were two claimants the money was to be divided between them. The two years of service were to immediately precede the marriage.

The town of Reading, however, is perhaps the richest in England in respect to rewards to female servants for long service. John Blagrove, of that town, directed in his will that on every Good Friday morning for ever, his successors in certain property, situate in and about Reading, should pay to the mayor £10 in a new leather purse, £6 13s. 4d. of which was to be paid to a young woman who had lived at least five years in one situation in Reading. The mayor and aldermen were to elect one woman out of each of the three parishes into which Reading is divided. As the fairest way of deciding who among the competitors should receive the money, the testator directed that dice should be provided, and the woman who threw the highest number was to be considered the winner. Subsequently to the establishment of this fund, Martin Annesley, with a desire to alleviate the disappointment of the two losing candidates, made a gift to the corporation of an amount of stock sufficient to produce the annual sum £14, £4 of which was to be paid to the woman who threw the next highest number to the winner in the aforementioned charity; and £3 to her who was fortunate enough to throw the lowest. The other £7 was to be paid in like proportions to the two unsuccessful candidates for a sum devised by the Rev. W. Boudry and J. Richards, also for the purpose of rewarding good maidservants who should remain at least five years in one situation. In this case the amount paid to the "lucky maiden" was considerably larger than in the former, she being entitled to receive the residue of the income derived from certain property, after the payment of all reasonable expenses. The two latter benevolent gentlemen seem to have had a keen eye for a profitable "job," for they expressly stated that the servants of the mayor and aldermen should be excluded from competition as long as three eligible candidates could be found who were servants of other persons. The mode of deciding the contest was the same as in Blagrove's charity—viz., by throwing the dice.

In 1740 Mrs. Rachel Veasey, desiring still further to encourage maidservants, gave to the vicar and churchwardens of the parish of St. Lawrence, in trust, £805 South Sea stock, with the dividends, on which they were to pay, among other things, four guineas each to two servant girls who had lived not less than two years in one place, in Reading. The same to be given yearly, on St. Thomas's day.

We must not omit mention of Archbishop Laud's charity. That unfortunate man provided that, in every third year, twelve poor girls should receive portions of £25 each.

It is interesting to compare these rewards left by our ancestors for servants who should remain in one place for a lengthened period, with those conferred by the Agricultural Association, which held its meeting not long since in Buckinghamshire, and of which Mr. Disraeli is the pride and ornament. All our readers must remember the pompous speeches with which they accompanied the presentation to an old man—as a reward for fifty years' service, in one place—of a sovereign and a pair of breeches.

IDLENESS.

I HAVE heard much talk of the pleasures of idleness, yet it is my firm belief that no one ever yet took pleasure in it. Mere idleness is the most disagreeable state of existence, and both mind and body are continually making efforts to escape from it. It has been said that idleness is the parent of mischief—which is very true; but mischief itself is merely an attempt to escape from the dreary vacuum of idleness. There are many tasks and occupations which a man is unwilling to perform; but let no one think that he is therefore in love with idleness; he turns to something that is more agreeable to his inclination, and doubtless more suited to his nature; but he is not in love with idleness.

A boy may play truant from school because he dislikes books and study; but, depend upon it, he intends doing something the while—to go fishing, or perhaps to take a walk; and who knows but from such excursions both mind and body may derive more benefit than from books and school? Many people go to sleep to escape from idleness—the Spaniards do; and according to the French account, John Bull, the "squire," hangs himself in the month of November; but the French—who are a very sensible people,—attribute the action "*a une grande émeute de se désennuyer*;" he wished to be doing something, say they, and having nothing better to do, has recourse to the cord.

RUINED.

"THE man is ruined—hopelessly ruined!"

The words startled me.

"So bad as that?" said the individual to whom the remark was made.

"Even so bad."

"Of whom are you speaking?" I ventured to ask.

"Of Jacob Atwood."

I started to my feet. He was one of my old, intimate, and long-trying friends.

"Ruined, did you say? That man ruined? Impossible!"

"There is no doubt of it. I received my information from those who have the best right to know."

"What has he done?" I asked, eagerly.

My question was received in silence, as if the meaning were not clearly apprehended.

"Is he a defaulter?"

"No." The answer showed surprise at my question.

"Has he betrayed an honourable trust reposed in him by his fellow-men?"

"No, sir; his integrity is without question. In all his public relations he was true as steel to principle."

"What then? Has he placed any portion of his property beyond the reach of creditors who have just claims upon him?"

"He has given up everything—even to the furniture of his house. Not a shilling has been retained, and he goes forth into the world a ruined man."

"O no," said I, speaking out warmly; "not in any sense a ruined man. The merchant may be ruined, but, thank God! the man is whole."

The little company looked at me for a moment or two, half in surprise.

"The man is all right," I went on. "Only the scaffolding on which the workmen stood who were building up his character, has fallen. Erect, calm, noble, half divine, he stands now, in the sunshine and in the storm. Around his majestic brow the clouds may gather; upon it the tempests may beat; but he is immovable in his great integrity."

Some smiled at my enthusiasm. To them there was nothing of the moral sublime in the ruined merchant. Others looked a little more thoughtful than before; and one said, feebly—

"There is something in that."

Something in that! I should think there was.

It was the first intelligence I had received of my friend's worldly misfortunes, and it grieved me. In the evening I went to see Jacob Atwood. The windows of the elegant residence where he had lived for years were closed. I looked up at the house—it had a deserted aspect. I rung the bell; no one answered my summons.

I could not repress the feeling of sadness that came over me. The trial must have been severe even for a brave heart like his.

"I must find him," said I. And I did find him; but far away from the neighbourhood where merchant princes had their palace-houses. The house into which he had retired with his family looked small, and mean, and comfortless, in comparison with the elegant abode from which he had removed. I rung and was admitted. The parlour into which I was shown was a small room, and the furniture not much better than we often see in the houses of well-to-do mechanics, or clerks on moderate salaries. But everything was in order, and scrupulously neat.

I had made only a hurried observation, when Mr. Atwood entered. He looked something careworn—his face was paler than when I last saw him, his eye a little duller, his smile less cheerful. The marks of trial and suffering were plainly visible. It would have been almost a miracle had it been otherwise. But he did not exhibit the aspect of a ruined man. He grasped my hand warmly, and said it was pleasant to look into the face of an old friend. I offered him words of sympathy.

"The worst is over," he answered, with manly cheerfulness, "and nothing is lost which may not be regained. I have found the bottom, know where I am, and there is strength enough left in me to stand up securely amid the rushing waters. The best of all is, my property, which has been apportioned to my creditors, will pay every debt. That gives my heart its lightest pulsations."

"I heard that you were ruined," said I, as we sat talking together; "but I find that the man is whole. Not a principle invaded by the enemy—not a moral sentiment lost—not a jewel in the crown of honour missing."

He took my hand, and grasping it hard, looked into my face steadily for some moments. Then, in a subdued voice, he made answer—

"I trust that it is even so, my friend. But there were seasons in the worse than Egyptian night

through which I have passed, when the tempter's power seemed about to crush me. For myself I cared little; for my wife and children everything. The thought of seeing them go out from the pleasant home I had provided for them, and step down, far down, to a lower level in the social grade, half distracted me for a time. For them I would have braved everything but dishonour. I could not stoop to that. And so I passed the fiery ordeal, and have come out, I verily believe, a better man. No, no, no, my friend, I am not ruined. I have lost my fortune, but not my integrity."

And so the man stood firm. It was not in the power of any commercial disaster to ruin him. The storm raged furiously; the waves beat madly against him; but he stood immovable, for his feet were upon the solid rock of honour.

WANTING IN LOVE TO EACH OTHER.

Oh! there's a theme to make each dream,
And power to make each hour

As light and sweet as the bloom at our feet

Which is culled from the May-day flower.

Men seek too high for things that are nigh,

Foregoing the help of a brother;

Selfish and blind is the state of the mind

When wanting in love to each other.

Oh! there's a plan to make each man

Happy the whole day through,

Nor need he to roam to better his home

Would we find him but work to do.

There's plenty of soil on which to toil,

And add to the golden dower,

Would men be but wise, and speedily rise

In loving and aiding each other.

Oh! there's a way to make each day,

And power to make each night

Bright as the moon and the sun's afternoon,

Would men be but wise and unite.

There's plenty for all, the great and the small,

And plenty to give to our brother;

We too often waste in our hurry and haste

By wanting in love to each other.

RIGHT REV. SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, D.D., BISHOP OF OXFORD.

THE eminent services of William Wilberforce, the illustrious philanthropist, have conferred an immortality on the family name. Instead of pursuing a career of ambition, this celebrated man resolved to give his abilities, influence, and energies to the cause of human progress. The "odious traffic in human flesh" particularly engaged his attention, and to the abolition of the slave trade he devoted his whole heart and soul. He entered upon life with an income of ten thousand a year, besides the savings of his minority and a considerable inheritance from his uncle. His personal expenditure was by no means extravagant. He did not marry till nearly forty; and his family, when he had one, was not expensive. It was supposed he would leave his children affluent provided for, and so he did, but not in the monetary sense of that term. Misfortune fell upon him. The immediate cause of the disaster was a speculation into which the family were duped. Wilberforce himself had, it was always understood, no personal concern in the affair, but was involved as a guarantee for one of his sons, through whom he lost fifty thousand pounds. But this loss, large as it was, would not have ruined him, had he not impaired his resources by years of unbounded and unostentatious charity. In a letter to his eldest son, the good man says: "I never intended to do more than not exceed my income, Providence having placed me in a situation in which my charities of various kinds were necessarily large. But believe me, there is a special blessing in being liberal to the poor, and on the families of those who have done so; and I doubt not my children will fare better, even in this world, for real happiness, than if I had been saving twenty or thirty thousand pounds of what has been given away."

This anticipation has been wonderfully realised in the case especially of his third son, the present Bishop of Oxford, who by talent of no ordinary kind has risen to the episcopal bench, and whose abilities have invariably been employed in the advancement of popular education.

The subject of our sketch was born in 1805, and was educated at Oriel College, Oxford. There he attained high classical and mathematical honours; and there also, at the age of three-and-twenty, he married the daughter of the Rev. John Sargent. The early death of this devoted and affectionate woman is said to have considerably deepened the natural gravity of his character.

Dr. Wilberforce owed his first preferment to his father's old friend and colleague, Lord Brougham. The history of Brougham's liberality in this instance is not so generally well known as it deserves to be.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE RIGHT REV. SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

He not only ministered to the wants of Wilberforce, which any chancellor would have done, but the activity of his mind discovered the exact wants of the tried champion of liberty, and by delicate attentions to the sons he conferred, without appearing to do so, just the very things which the father most required.

As a preacher and an orator, Bishop Wilberforce is studiously elegant as well as naturally graceful. He is scholarly, pensive, and highly intellectual; he is neither fiery in his sermons nor stormy in debate, and consequently, it is sometimes said he is unimpressive. But he is a thinker who appeals to thinkers—a subtle logician, somewhat metaphysical; but he argues with so much benevolence that he wins golden opinions from those who are opposed to him either in religion or politics.

His intellectual cast of mind, and the elegant simplicity of his style, are observable in those literary productions which he has issued at different times; amongst these may be mentioned "Agathos," "Eucharistica," "Note-book of a Country Clergyman," "The Rocky Island," and several volumes of sermons. Though we may differ from many of the principles set forth in these productions, we cannot but acknowledge that the ability which they exhibit is of no common order, and that they evidence the matured intellect and cultivated taste of their author.

But that which peculiarly distinguishes the career of Bishop Wilberforce, and which favourably contrasts with that of some of those who occupy seats on the same bench, is the interest which he has always taken in educational movements. He is not of that number who would shut out the light of knowledge from the

public; he is not one of those who make education the privilege of a class—the birthright of the titled or the wealthy; he has no fear of any evil consequence resulting from the universal diffusion of useful information; and, whether as a humble vicar or a spiritual peer, he has maintained the same consistency of conduct, and invariably advocated the right of the people to education. He has done good service in this noble work. At the educational conference last year he took an active and very useful part, presiding over that section which had for its object the evidence afforded by the reports of her Majesty's inspectors as to the early age at which children are taken from school. At the inaugural meeting he availed himself of the opportunity of reminding the distinguished personages whom the subject had drawn together, that the great question of our day was not how to provide schools for children, but children for the schools. Of course this is the main difficulty. The impediments in the way of educating the children of the humbler classes are not removed by the erection of new schools; old obstacles have to be removed, and parents and employers awakened to the necessity which exists for the education of the young in all those branches of knowledge which are calculated to make them useful members of society. No man knows this better, or more earnestly advocates education, than the Bishop of Oxford; and in joining the crusade against ignorance he sets a worthy example.

As a churchman Bishop Wilberforce has been eminently successful. He is among the youngest on the episcopal bench. His early preferments were—rectory of Brightstone, archdeaconry of Surrey;

rectory of Alverstone; canonry of Winchester; chaplaincy to Prince Albert; deanery of Westminster. He was consecrated Bishop of Oxford in 1845; he is Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, and Lord High Almoner to the Queen. He is the patron of thirteen livings, and the annual value of his see is £5,000.

THE SIEGE OF RHODES.—IV.

THE second part of the Memoirs of Caoursin is known, as we have said, as the Recital of the Adventures of the Unfortunate Zizim. Bajazet and Zizim, sons of Mahomet II., disputed the inheritance. The two princes, at the head of their respective armies, encountered each other on the road to Bures, in Asia. Zizim, after performing prodigies of valour, was defeated and pursued, and, by a strange turn of fortune, he, who, under the command of Missah, was one of the most daring assailants during the siege, was compelled to seek an asylum with the grand master of Rhodes.

Caoursin, who appears to have played an important part in the romantic adventures of this fugitive prince, narrates, with much feeling, the story of his strange vicissitudes. In the spirit of true chivalry, the grand master hospitably entertained his former enemy. The accompanying engraving represents a banquet given on his arrival. Anubsson, the grand master, and Zizim are seated opposite one another, under a canopy, at a table furnished with a repast. Two other groups occupy the other part of the picture.



ZIZIM DINING WITH THE GRAND MASTER OF RHODES.

At the back the attendants are bringing in provisions; at the side and under the arched entrance are a number of musicians playing on various instruments to "enchant the Mussulman prince." "But," says Caoursin, "Zizim was more surprised than flattered by our manners. Our mode of eating was very inconvenient to him. He tasted our meats on the point of a knife, and regarded everything with wondering curiosity. When our musicians essayed to charm his ear, he seemed but little to appreciate their attention. The only thing he regarded with admiration was the antics of a Turkish slave who had escaped from the mines, and who indulged in an uncouth dance to the harsh dissonance of a barbarous instrument."

The asylum which Zizim found at Rhodes excited the indignation of his brother Bajazet, who threatened the island with his vengeance if the prince was still permitted to remain concealed there, and offered an annual grant of forty thousand crowns to the grand master, on condition that the refugee should be given up, or kept under surveillance. The alternatives were embarrassing; for a host to turn traitor or to become a gaoler was neither Christian nor chivalric. The grand master despatched ambassadors to the pope and other Christian princes, soliciting their advice as to the brother of Bajazet. Caoursin, bearing the missives from the grand master, proceeded in company with the prince. Zizim wished to land in

Hungary, at Sicily, or Egypt, where the enemies of Bajazet were numerous: but policy did not allow of this step, and Zizim was taken to France, while Caoursin proceeded to negotiate the affair at Rome.

Louis XI. gave him but a cool reception; but he was allowed to take up his residence at a small town belonging to the Knights of Malta. There he passed the interval during which the negotiations were being conducted by Caoursin at the papal see. At last permission was obtained for him to come to Rome, the pope offering him an asylum in that city, and thither he proceeded immediately on the receipt of the invitation. It was a strange spectacle, that of the entrance of a Mussulman prince into the metropolis of christendom, and it was made with extraordinary pomp.

Innocent VIII., who had heard of the cruelties committed by the Turks on the Christians in the East, attached considerable importance to the visit of Zizim, and founded fresh hopes upon it. No sooner did Bajazet receive intelligence of his brother's reception, than he forwarded an embassy to Rome, making a similar offer to that which he had submitted to the Knights of Rhodes. Unlike those gallant chevaliers, however, the pope accepted the terms, and engaged to hold Zizim as a hostage for the good faith of the infidels towards Christians in the East. This state of things lasted about three years. About that time

(1492) Innocent VIII. died; and, unhappily for the exile, Alexander VI. was elected to the papedom.

The first thought of the new pope was to secure the person of Zizim, to use that prince for or against Bajazet as the exigencies of the case might require, in opposing the enterprise of the adventurous Charles VIII. On entering Italy at the head of his army, assembled for the conquest of the kingdom of Naples, Charles, who remembered having seen the young Ottoman prince in France, was anxious to relieve his misfortunes. Alexander immediately threw the refugee into the castle of St. Angelo, and kept him in strict confinement. Besieged by the French army, he was at last, however, compelled to sign a treaty, stipulating for the deliverance of the Turkish prince into the hands of the king of France. Zizim was accordingly liberated, and went with Charles VIII. to Naples. On the road, he fell sick of an unknown disease, which baffled the skill of his physicians, and terminated fatally on the 25th of February, 1493. Little doubt could be entertained of the real cause of his death. He had been poisoned by the treachery of Alexander, who thus sought to defeat the schemes of Charles VIII.

Caoursin returned to Rhodes, and spent his latter days in that tranquillity which his long and useful services had so well earned. He arranged the statutes of the order, and on his death, in 1501, the office of

vice-chancellor, which he had held so long, and the duties of which he had so ably discharged, devolved on Barthelemy Poliziano.

The execution of the manuscript from which our designs are accurately copied, is a beautiful specimen of the condition of art in the fifteenth century. It is evident that very great pains have been bestowed upon it by its producer; there is so much delicacy of detail, so much careful elaboration, so much judicious arrangement in every one of the compositions, that the talent of the artist cannot be doubted for a moment, nor its value to the antiquarian overestimated. It is certainly one of the most curious and interesting manuscripts in the Imperial library.

LOVE LEVELS ALL RANKS.

CHAPTER II.

Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning! Its tears and its mists are worth evening's best light.

MOORE.

WE left our young heroine in the act of informing Betsy that she had got her father's permission to accompany Mr. Wiley to London; but if her master saw no objections to the trip, Betsy was instantly alive to all that could be urged.

"And who was to shell the peas, and dust, and sew up that dozen bags her father had brought in the day before?"

"But I'll not always be working like you, Betsy," the child said, indignantly.

"And why not, miss, I'd like to know, bless us? And the child's wits! What's to hinder, when your father earns his honest penny in the sweat of his brow? It's all ailing of books, and young gentlemen, and nonsense. The child's head is turned;" and Betsy shook her own over the ironing-board in a spirit of prophetic foreboding.

But the project was carried out, nevertheless, and Christine, wisely rejecting the offer of Betsy's best ruffled collar, which would have enveloped her like a cape in its ample dimensions, and the fringed parasol which had been the pride of her heart for many a Sunday, could scarcely believe the reality of her good fortune when she found herself in simple gingham frock and wide cape bonnet seated between her father and Mr. Wiley on their way to the city.

She did not heed the disorder and squalor of its environs, looking to the crowd of buildings, the fluttering flags beyond; and, when they really came to the gay shops, and bustle and glitter of a thoroughfare, she seemed suddenly to be transported to fairy-land. It was a never-to-be-forgotten day. Mr. Wiley gave up the morning to his little pupil; and unmindful of fashionable friends or acquaintances whom he might meet, sought out what he knew would best please her. There was an enchanted palace of a picture-gallery, where, at first, she shrank back from the lovely ladies who seemed coming forward from the tall golden frames to meet her; and where, afterwards, she stood dreaming before soft, sunlit landscapes with summer showers drifting up over them, or tall mountains rustling blue and dim in the distance. After that, while the spell of artistic beauty was still upon her, she found herself grasping her companion's hand tightly as they stood in the dim interior of a church, such as he had described to her, watching the light from the stained windows flicker over the kneeling figures of the few worshippers, while the solemn swell of the organ, and the deep-toned voices of the choir thrilled her to tears, not of sadness, but a tender, mournful happiness she could not describe.

When they went out into the sunshine and the stir again, it had lost much of its interest to her, and she was not sorry to hear Mr. Wiley say, "Now we will go and see my mother, and rest awhile;" though, the evening before, as they had planned their day's amusement, she had dreaded this visit most of all, for she knew she should be afraid of such a grand lady as his mother must be.

"Do people really live in these tall, beautiful houses?" Christine asked, as they came to the palaces built by the Divoses of this later generation. And the splendidly dressed women that she passed were marvels of beauty and grace, outshining the lilies of the field in their fluttering raiment.

"This is my mother's house," Mr. Wiley said, at last.

It was not one of those tall, fine houses, though many of them stood close beside it. So Christine had courage to enter, clinging to Mr. Wiley's hand closer than ever as the servant who opened the door eyed her curiously.

Still, the house was unlike anything she had ever imagined in the elegance of its old-fashioned draperies and dark, heavy furniture. There were mirrors, too,

in which she saw herself as if she had been some one else, a shy, shrinking figure, leaning against a great arm-chair covered with heavy brocade now faded from its original brightness. More pictures, though she could not make them out in the dim light; and marble figures on pedestals, motionless and white.

It was a relief when her friend came back again, saying, "Now, then," in his old, familiar tone, and led her up the broad staircase, and through an upper hall to his mother's own room. The lady, reclining in an easy-chair by the open window, was very like her only son in voice and manner. She seemed to understand the child's shyness, and began to talk of the flowers Christine had brought, and thank her for them and for the care and attention Henry said she had given him.

"You have made him well again," she said, making the child sit down on the cushion at her feet, and looking so fondly into her son's face as he tossed the hair back from his broad, white forehead, and threw himself at length upon a lounge near them.

After a while Christine began to feel less strange and shy as she sat there with her hand in Mr. Wiley's, as they always walked about the garden at home, and the mother and son talked on of their own affairs, not flattering her with notice. Their conversation was of some cousin who had come to stay with Mrs. Wiley; and presently they heard a gay voice singing through the hall; and Henry started up with a sudden crimson flush upon his face as the door opened, and this cousin Caroline appeared. School-girl as she was, she seemed already a miniature woman of fashion in dress and ornaments, and a certain coquetry of manner when she saw who was with her aunt.

For Christine, only a half curious, half contemptuous glance that the child scarcely noticed, so absorbed was she in the beauty and grace of this sudden apparition; but on her cousin fell all her most bewitching smiles, and a playful war of words instantly began between them.

These were the grand events of the day, as Christine thought them over in the gray evening light, once more seated in the humble conveyance that had brought them to the city. She had grown wonderfully older and graver, suddenly, as if she had encountered some enchantment such as she had read of, where people were held for years in what seemed the passing of an hour. An enchantment, indeed, from which she was never to be set free, though she could not understand it then, had changed the whole current of her life, and had given new hopes, and purposes, and aims to be worked out slowly in the dreaming girlhood on which she had now fully entered.

CHAPTER III.

"The daughters of the year,

One after one, through that still garden passed.
Each, garlanded with her peculiar flower,
Danced into light, and died into the shade;
And each, in passing, touched with some new grace,
Or seemed to touch her, so that, day by day,
Like one that never wholly can be known,
Her beauty grew."

FIVE years of seed-time and harvest passed. The day talked of by Mr. Wiley had arrived. A railroad, upheld by broad, gray arches of masonry, spanned the sluggish stream, and in part the empty common, trailing its clouds of dust and vapour high above them, and yet leaving the leafy greenery of the gardener's home scarcely sullied by the intrusion.

The land and its products had fulfilled the prophecy and doubled in value, thanks to its noisy neighbour. Still the old life went quietly on; the same frugal industry turned the rich brown soil in spring, and watered the tender plants in the droughts of summer. Outward changes there were: greenhouses filled with rare exotics, and graperies, where clusters almost like those of Eschol hung basking in the sunshine, stretched through the upper garden; and hither, as the city crept nearer and nearer to them, came many a gay party to lounge, and admire and carry away their brilliant spoils.

It was here that the gardener himself was chiefly to be found. His skill and unwearied superintendence guided every helping hand; but the passion of his life was gratified in this more delicate fostering of bud and blossom. Many a visitor stopped to talk with him of other pursuits than those to which his life had been devoted, and all respected the honest simplicity and uprightness of character which he still preserved, the heritage of his Scottish forefathers. Sometimes, but rarely, strangers caught a glimpse of a young girl simply dressed, with no other ornament than the flowers which she wore in the braids of fair hair, wound about her head in an old but graceful fashion.

The house and flower-garden were her especial domain. The house had grown gradually to show the all-pervading taste of a refined and tasteful mistress.

Well-filled book-shelves were the only additions to the furniture of the sitting-room; but the round table had its place near the window, and never wanted its vase of the choicest blossoms, arranged with the same innate love of adornment that had dictated the prodigal bouquets of roses, and blue flags, and peonies, in which the child had delighted. In the window-seat were to be found a work-basket, and a volume or two most prized at the moment; for this was Christine's favourite nook, where she worked, and read, and dreamed away those hours rescued from busier household tasks.

She had never seen her friend since the day of his sudden departure, still kept fresh in her memory by the bitterness of a loss she had forgotten must come. She had not even heard from him after the one package of books he had promised her, and the precious note of remembrance which accompanied them. But the impulse which that friendship had given to her inner life had never passed away. In all things she desired to approach that atmosphere of knowledge and perception in which he lived; and her father, happy to find that she did not pine for companions and the novelty which all young people crave, was well content to furnish such aids as he could to her vigorous self-culture. Nor were they the less dear companions and friends. She neglected no housewifely arts, because they ministered to his comfort; and, for her sake, he roused himself to new interest in pursuits that he had loved in his own youth.

June with its prodigal floral treasures had come once more. Waving foliage, clustering vines, whole beds of spicy pinks, and fragrant mignonette and heliotrope, clumps of old-fashioned garden flowers, and, over all, the pendent blossoms of the acacias, transformed the gardener's cottage to a bower of beauty. Christine's tasteful hands were busy weaving bouquets for the city visitants that thronged the walks; and splendid equipages were drawn up beneath the grateful shade of the willows that bordered the water-course. It was no rare thing to see ladies, as gaily attired as those she held so unapproachable in that grand holiday of her childhood, strolling through the walks, peering curiously at the narrow windows of the cottage, and lavishing epithets of pleasure and admiration on the occupant of this new Eden; while Christine watched them from her sheltered nook, detecting what was false in tone and manner, and unconsciously assuming the more gentle and womanly charm of real elegance and good breeding.

"They toil not, neither do they spin," she often thought, contrasting her lowly lot, void of envy or jealousy, with their butterfly existence, but wondering, nevertheless, if her life would always pass devoid of the change and excitement in which they seemed to live.

"Quick as you can, Christy," said her father's voice, rousing her from such a day-dream. The throng had not set in as yet; and, standing at her window, she had watched, idly, the dismounting of a tall, dashing equestrian, who had strolled away towards the greenhouses with her attendant cavalier. "Old Jacob brought in the order from that gentleman on horseback, and they have but a little time. You are to use plenty of white rosebuds and heliotropes, of course." And away went the busy gardener, leaving the basket of freshly culled buds and flowers for her to arrange.

It did not seem fitting, from the glance she caught of the haughty girl who had so lately passed her window—this selection of pure and delicate blossoms.

"I should have chosen pomegranate bells, and crimson fuchsias, scentless japonicas. She is not gentle or loving;" and she thought so the more as, going to seek her father when her task was ended, she came suddenly upon the pair as they stood before a glowing pyramid of tropical bloom and verdure. They did not see her for the leafy screen at the angle of the narrow pathway; and, startled into sudden shyness, she stood hesitating whether to retreat or advance; a picture herself in her waiting attitude, her simple dress of white according well with the fair throat and unstudied, graceful poise of her well-shaped head with its banded hair. "No; she is proud; she will not return his affection: she cannot understand it." And all this was plainly read in the flashing, half scornful smile of the beautiful woman who pulled so carelessly leaf after leaf of the crimson rose she held, and scattered them on the floor through the white fingers gleaming with jewels. Her cheek, just shaded by the floating plume of her riding-hat, had a colour almost as deep and glowing; and she stood with her eyes looking full into the face of her companion, who had just ceased to speak as their unwilling confidant came upon the scene.

"Once for all, Henry," she said, speaking slowly and distinctly, "let us understand each other. I have always loved you as much as I am capable of

loving, perhaps. Being your wife is out of the question. We are both too poor; and I for one have far too expensive tastes: greenhouses, for instance," she added, laughing lightly. "Come, let us go."

As she turned, Christine could not have escaped without what must have been an awkward encounter to all. She shrank closer behind the orange-trees that sheltered her, but she could not avoid seeing the faces of both as they passed. One strangely familiar; the broad, white forehead contracted now as if with pain, the lips compressed on the ivory handle of the riding-whip he carried. Yes! it was her old friend, too much absorbed in stifling the present pang of wounded pride, and perhaps affection, to heed the past; following the careless steps that had trodden down so relentlessly all bloom and verdure from the future.

To be so near—to know his secret—to see his pain—and yet be passed in forgetful unconsciousness, when her life had been one long, grateful ovation to him! It was hard—very hard!—this abrupt awakening to the reality of their position, and what she must needs have been to him—a passing figure on a busy scene; her very remembrance blotted out! The lady is free again. Yes, she understood it now. The haughty school-girl had grown to the heartless woman of fashion, coldly rejecting love for ambition.

She felt stunned and guilty as she stole away and gained the house again. The sun was obscured by the heavy cloud of a rising shower; the room had suddenly grown low and gloomy; the breath of the heliotrope, from the flowers she still carried, sickened her; and, with a gesture of impatience, she flung them far out into the lawn to wither and die there.

"I have dreamed of this meeting so often," she said to herself, passionately; "of thanking him for all he has done for me, of triumphing in what I have achieved alone, because he told me that I had but to will, and to be what I know I am. And he has never thought of me! Why should he? Why have I expected it? Why should he, indeed?" she groaned inwardly.

Not that she had dreamed of love, either given or returned. Boundless gratitude and the simplest admiration were what she had treasured up for him; but seeing him so spurned had awakened a new emotion. It was as if some one had trampled a flower in the dust, and she had stooped to gather it, and wiped the petals carefully, and placed it in her bosom, knowing all the while that it would wither and die there.

The bright freshness of June did not return again. The shower came slowly down in great, black drops, and heavy, distant mutterings of thunder then passed on, without refreshing the heated soil, leaving a sultry atmosphere and low, trailing clouds behind. It was the commencement of one of those feverish heats that sometimes come thus early in the season with the intensity of August. It might have been the heavy air, so unrefreshing even in the early morning, that took away all zest in her favourite pursuits. As it was, the simple pleasures of her life had suddenly palled upon her. A restless discontent, that made all duty irksome, took the place of the cheerful activity her father so loved to see. This selfish bitterness of spirit, this struggle against her solitary lot in life, for a time blinded her to the change in him. The drought, of necessity, called for more active exertion on his part, and he had by no means the strength of early manhood to meet it; and Christine's sad awakening came with the burning fever and ravings of delirium that summoned her to her father's sick-bed.

Self-reproach could not restore to her the great blessing of her life, which she had so unthankfully overlooked—her father's love and companionship. The bitter remorse of her long and solitary watch was unavailing. Only in death came loving recognition to those heavy eyes, and a blessing, which she took for pardon also. Now she was, indeed, alone; no friend, no relative that she could claim; no one to turn to for comfort or counsel. The narrow grave held all; and she lay in the darkened room, shutting out light and sound, almost incapable of realising the extent of the calamity which had overtaken her.

But daily life will not be cheated of the servitude it exacts from all by grief.

"If I might be so bowld, miss," said old Jacob, appearing on the threshold, his torn straw hat held respectfully in his hand. He had long been employed upon the place, a contemporary of Betsy, who still reigned in the domestic department, as he did among the labourers that were now necessary where the gardener and himself had once accomplished all.

Christine had, for the first time, forced herself to enter the common sitting-room, where she knew her loneliness would be more keenly felt. It had been

tenantless from the first of her father's illness, save for the gloomy occupation of the last two days—the straight and motionless form that had been carried from thence to the grave. Everything still held the formal aspect of the funeral—the chairs ranged against the wall; the books and work laid out of sight; the bird, removed from its accustomed place—the shade of the vines above the window—sang elsewhere. Christine leaned back in her mother's chair, and elevated her eyes with a sudden feeling of suffocation. What a blank and desolate future stretched away before her!

"If I might be so bowld," said the old servant again, rousing her from this miserable trance.

"Jacob, is that you? Yes; come in." And thus bidden, he ventured to unfold his errand.

"If miss could tell me whether the men was to go on with the ditchin', and if thim new beds was to be laid out the day?"

Hitherto he had managed as well as he could without direction, but he could not go on so always, and he wished to show her his zeal in her service.

"Indeed, Jacob, I do not know; I have not thought. Cannot you manage for yourself what ought to be done?"

"Mayhap the mather left some directions; and it's not always a poor man like me can be usin' his own wits."

"But to-day, Jacob; do as you like to-day. I will try to think."

She only grew the more bewildered, until the old man's words suddenly came back to her mind: "Mayhap the mather left some directions." The few keys of the house were in her own possession; and, for the first time in her life, she opened the desk which had been the mysterious admiration of her childhood. The little drawers, inlaid with some dark, foreign wood, it seemed almost wrong to open them; and everywhere were traces of the methodical neatness which had kept the garden in its exact and beautiful order. Bills and receipts, recently filed, filled the desk itself. A few letters were in one compartment; in the next, a little packet, tied with a white riband, and lying upon withered rose-leaves, the few letters of her mother's courtship, the last flowers that she had gathered, preserved sacredly. And then she came upon a lawyer-like packet, sealed and bound with red tape, but directed in her father's hand, not to herself—the well-known name stood out clear and unmistakable: "For Henry Wiley, with the charge of all I may leave behind." The date was long ago—the summer of his visit to them; and Christine understood how one of those long talks, which had interested her so little, had resulted in this inclosure, doubtless the "last will and testament," which alone could guide her since he was gone.

The address was given in full, so that there was no obstacle to forwarding the packet at once, or sending to apprise him of its existence. The quick bound of glad anticipation at seeing the only one she had ever called friend in this her hour of need, was followed by pain, and doubt, and indecision. But the choice was not hers, and she accepted her father's guidance for her, resolving that the old bond should never be alluded to, or even be suffered in remembrance.

"He does not know. It will only be for a little time of grave formality, our intercourse," she said to herself, after a long and miserable conflict. So the packet was sent to its destination; and, once more roused to life and its interests, she awaited the result with feverish impatience.

The twilight of the day in which her messenger had been despatched, long before she could reasonably have expected a reply, the garden gate swung to, its sharp click sounding through the stillness, and a firm, quick tread came up the gravelled walk. Christine knew instantly that he had come. As a child, that step had summoned her to meet him; but now she sat quite still, pressing her hands together, while her heart almost stopped beating. Then, if the day had brought any little grief or trouble, she had stolen her hand into his, and leaning against his shoulder, told it all, to be soothed and comforted. Now, when all her desolate loneliness came suddenly back upon her, she must meet him with the formality of a stranger, summoned only by business, not sympathy.

He came hastily into the room, for the doors were thrown open to the summer night, but paused as she rose with an outward calmness that mocked the tumult within. She had seen for herself the little change time had wrought in him; but he had thought to find the child he had left weeping silently by the great clump of hawthorn.

"I beg your pardon, madam." It was the courtesy of the stranger, not the greeting of a friend. "I thought only of finding Christy, my little friend." Then, as she approached still nearer, and offered her

hand silently, the truth seemed to flash upon him, and he stopped suddenly.

"It cannot be Christine, surely. I had forgotten how years go on. Why did you not write to me before—before it was too late?"

He had, indeed, thought only of the child, and had come out with the feeling of interest newly awakened to take her away to his mother's house. Now, seeing this grave and gentle woman so strangely confided to his care, he scarcely knew how to act, or what suggestion to offer.

"I sent for you, Mr. Wiley, because I did not know of another living person to whom I could go for advice, and my father had directed me to you. He never had forgotten you, I think."

"Did he know I had been away all this time, pushing a young man's fortune in the world? I came here once, just after my return, but I was ill, miserable; and I hurried away without asking for any one."

If she had not been a silent witness to the truth of this, she might not have comprehended how, being so near them, he had turned back from the threshold.

"I must go back to-night"—he felt instinctively that his first plan had failed, of carrying her with him; "but I will come again to-morrow and bring my mother, if she is able. You are all alone. It will not do for you to remain so in this solitary place."

"What am I to do? I do not know. You must tell me if he left any wishes for me to fulfil. It is all so sudden, I do not comprehend it yet."

"You must talk to my mother, Christine, and think of me as your brother now and always. I was your brother, you know, when we said good-by. Let us begin there again."

"If we could but do so," she thought, wistfully, grateful for his kindness, but with a heavier heart each moment that they sat there, so separated by time and circumstance.

"But Henry, my dear," said the more practical Mrs. Wiley, "indeed this is a great deal to take upon yourself, the care of a young, uneducated girl, probably romantic and wilful."

"She is not what you think, mother, if you were only strong enough to drive out there. I do not know where she has been educated, but I always told you they were not common people; and her manner is excellent, only so grave and quiet—too much so, after such a loss as she has had."

"She was very shy, if I remember her—a plain, nervous little thing. I should have thought her grief would have been more boisterous."

"And I thought to find the same, and then imagine my surprise when this tall, graceful girl came forward. Indeed, she must not be left alone; it is not right or proper."

Mrs. Wiley thoughtfully rinsed the delicate china cup she held, and refilled it for her son. It was a comfort to have him with her again after his long absence, and she could not bear to deny him anything. Still, she knew his enthusiastic temperament and headlong impulses often carried him too far. So she put off her decision, and promised to accompany him.

She went unwillingly, for, in the first place, she had come to be a confirmed invalid, and the exertion was a great deal for her; then, again, it was a most embarrassing position. If she offered this "young person," as she called her, mentally, a home, how was she to be placed in the household? Not as a dependent, for Henry had assured her she was secure from want; nor yet as a companion, bred as she had been, and tainted in all probability with the associations of her childhood. "Still, we must do something. They were certainly very kind to Henry years ago, and her father must have placed a great deal of confidence in him," was her last thought as the carriage stopped at the gate.

In her isolated and unconventional life, Christine had not yet assumed the outward garb of mourning. She stood at the house door in her usual simple dress of white, marked only by a black ribbon, fastening it at the throat; pale and grave as Mr. Wiley had described her, but more lovely than even he had thought, seeing her only in the dusk of evening. All latent thoughts of patronage faded away from his mother's mind as she came forward to meet them; and she urged her son's plan, as if her own, with a warmth that surprised as much as it gratified him. And Christine, lovely, grateful, yearning for a woman's sympathy, ceased to reason with herself, and for the time at least consented to become her guest. The more willingly, that, now the excitement was over, the utter loneliness and isolation of her position had forced itself upon her in the long sleepless night which had followed Mr. Wiley's interview. And thus her new life began, transplanted to the sphere for which she had so often yearned, and surrounded

by the solicitude and care of a home. She was very grateful to them both, and happy in being able to serve in any way the gentle invalid lady, condemned to many weary hours of pain and seclusion. As for Mr. Wiley—she deceived herself, as many a wiser woman has done, with the thought of self-conquest—was he not her brother?

At her own home, old Jacob and Betsy nodded out their wise opinions over the kitchen fire, while Mr. Wiley came and went with the authority with which the will had invested him, caring for the orphan's interests as if they had been his own; but these ancient gossips knew nothing of the scornful yet bewildering beauty that haunted his daily life, with a mocking jest at his wondrous philanthropy, and a luring glance belying her proud words.

But this could not always be. The shelter was grateful, but the orphan could only rest, not remain there. She had no real claim upon them. She knew not but that she must labour for her daily bread. Sometimes she coveted such a necessity; her spirits were sinking beneath this forced inaction and the uncertainty of the future. This was what she believed, but in truth she had overtasked herself. Living beneath the same roof; seeing daily that her old faith was not a deception of childhood, but that he was in reality noble and generous, thoughtful and earnest in heart, the old dream became a living reality, and she loved him.

"Do not go. Can you give me half an hour—for business?" explained Mr. Wiley, as he saw his ward's startled look. She had risen to follow his mother from the breakfast-room, for of late she had steadily avoided being alone with him.

"I am sorry to trouble you, but I have arranged everything as far as I could without your approval; and I think—I scarcely know how to tell you; but I think there had better be a sale."

She understood his hesitation, she thought. It was a hard thing to tell her that she had no claim on any home; but she had prepared herself for it. She knew how much her father had expended on his late improvements without having lived to realise the expected increase from them; and she was glad the crisis had come, and she was to know exactly her position and her future dependence. Yet it was hard to think of that home—she had been born and they had died there—passing into the hands of strangers. It must have been so in any event, for she herself could not have assumed the responsibility and care connected with it. That was the only comfort.

"I must see it once more." That was all she could say for a sudden quivering of voice and lip, as she turned to the window to gather composure as she could. In the close city square, on which it opened, the leaves were already falling, and the grass was dry and withered. The first melancholy gusts of autumn whirled the dust from the street in a blinding cloud. She had been with them so many months, yet it scarcely seemed a day; and this was the very room into which she had first been ushered, when, as a child, all was strange and dream-like in the great city. It was not less so now as she leaned, unconscious of the pressure, against the hard framework of the window. How came she, an inmate of this house, the daily companion, almost friend, of the lady she had then looked up to with all a child's awe and reverence? And soon this also would seem unreal, when she should go forth to win her bread among strangers; but she said to herself many times that she was glad the time had come.

When she turned, the room was empty. He was ever thus thoughtful and considerate for his mother, who poured forth continual praises of his almost womanly thoughtfulness and care—and invariably for her; though she had been so cold and thankless, he must have thought her so. Alas, if he only knew how much it cost her to preserve this barrier between them! Even if there had been no other love to engross his heart, what could she have hoped for, poor, friendless, uneducated, inferior in every way to the woman he should marry?

Many delays had arisen, and October's first frosts had withered the foliage and blackened the borders before her wish was accomplished, and she stood once more, and for the last time, in the home of her childhood. She shivered as she gathered her shawl more closely about her, and wandered through the silent, sheltered alleys alone. Even in this little time there were traces of neglect. Dead leaves encumbered the lawn, or had gathered at the crosswalks, as they had never been suffered to remain in her father's lifetime. The first climbing rose that her mother's own hands had planted was broken from its fastenings, and hung down trailing and drooping to the ground. The few dahlias and chrysanthemums that remained in blossom only mocked the general decay. There was nothing to keep her

there; and yet she walked up and down, beneath the leafless trees sighing in the wind, with a swift though unsteady step, a whole lifetime crowded into one wintry twilight. The gray sky, the cold, piercing wind, the withered foliage, the fallen leaves, suited her bitter mood. "Homeless, friendless—save for charity—withered and unclasped, like the rose-tree," was the burden of her thought. Then she stood quite still by the hawthorn, and lived over again the evening that had first brought change and anticipation to a hitherto untroubled life, looking around with a troubled, yearning gaze on these familiar haunts, that memory might do her work as faithfully, and hold them all in keeping for future years.

She did not know of the pitiful, watchful gaze that had followed her all that weary time, or the work that recollection was doing in another heart.

When she turned at last, and came slowly towards the house which she so longed yet dreaded to enter, the faint gleam of the western sky was lost, and night had gathered over all things. She groped her way blindly, for tears as well as darkness, to the room sanctified by all she had ever known of household love; and the long-suppressed sorrow gave way to sobs and bitter moaning that shook her whole frame as she leaned her head on the mantle above that desolate hearth.

"Christy!"

She knew it was madness, but the passionate impulse of the moment could not be resisted. She felt those kindly arms open to receive her; she craved their shelter but for one brief, delirious moment; and so she lay, drawn, as in years gone by, close to a heart beating as strongly as her own, while the circling arm pressed her closely, more closely still.

"If you would but love me, Christy, and let me be your home."

It was part of the dream; and she shivered as she had done in the blast without, when she said "love you!" knowing all that divided them, forgetting nothing of that even in her momentary madness.

"When I think of the little child that nursed and tended me so patiently, years ago," he went on to say, "who had even then such a solitary loving heart; when I see all that she has wrought out unaided; when I know what a daughter she has been, and will be to a mother who needs a daughter's care, the false enchantment of boyhood fades away from a heartless, soulless woman; and I know who holds a nobler sway, if she will but reign, if she will but wait and prove me."

Still she did not answer.

"Only one thing has kept me silent since I first began to picture you *always* in our home, loving, and gentle, and womanly, as now, yet these, of right, as my wife"—and he stooped lower for an instant, until his cheek almost touched the white passive face lying on his breast—"when I came to know that you would be almost an heiress, and that other claimants for what I coveted would not be lacking, or that the world might say I had urged my suit unworthily. But you will not think it, Christy. You knew me long ago; and I had meant to try the test, and stand aside for a time, but I could not. How could I help gathering you here—here—and seeking a right to comfort you?"

It was not all said at once, but brokenly, as if he had guessed the current of her thoughts, and followed it.

"My father loved and trusted you," she answered, in the stillness of the room, that seemed yet shadowed by his presence; "and I—" She could not tell him in words what he had always been to her; but hid her face once more upon his breast, and let the gesture speak.

She had found the only home that could replace that which she was leaving for ever.

[In our next number will appear the opening chapters of a truthfully descriptive and highly instructive tale, entitled, "Hope Evermore; or, Something to Do"—a tale of the Ragged Schools, and illustrative of the advantages of Temperance, by a writer of high repute.]

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.—Newton sinned away his early advantages, and became an abandoned profligate; but the text and hymns his mother had fixed in his mind in his infancy and childhood were never effaced, and finally fastened him to the cross. Cecil tells us that, in the days of his vanity, though he withstood so many pious endeavours, he never could resist his mother's tears. Wilson, late Bishop of Calcutta, in his narrative of intercourse with Belington, the assassin, says he could make him feel nothing till he mentioned his mother, and then he broke into a flood of tears. "In the morning sow thy seed; and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

Chemical Experiments.

The ordeal of fire.—In the year 1851 a French chemist, M. Bontigny d'Evreux, surprised the learned people who had come together at the British Association not a little, by inviting them courteously to accompany him to an ironfoundry hard by (Messrs. Ransome and May's, at Ipswich) and see him perform his ablutions. Now the operation of washing one's hands, though a very necessary operation, is usually nothing particularly agreeable to look at; but when a gentleman like Professor Bontigny expressed his intention of washing his hands in a bath of molten iron, glowing from the furnace, the case was something peculiar. Not only did M. Bontigny fulfil his promise, but he convinced all present, that each and every one could do the same with impunity by following his instructions. The fact is, that if the human hand, slightly moist—as all human hands are—be tranquilly thrust down into molten iron, and tranquilly removed, the laws of nature are such that the skin cannot burn; on the contrary, a feeling of coldness is experienced when it touches the molten metal.

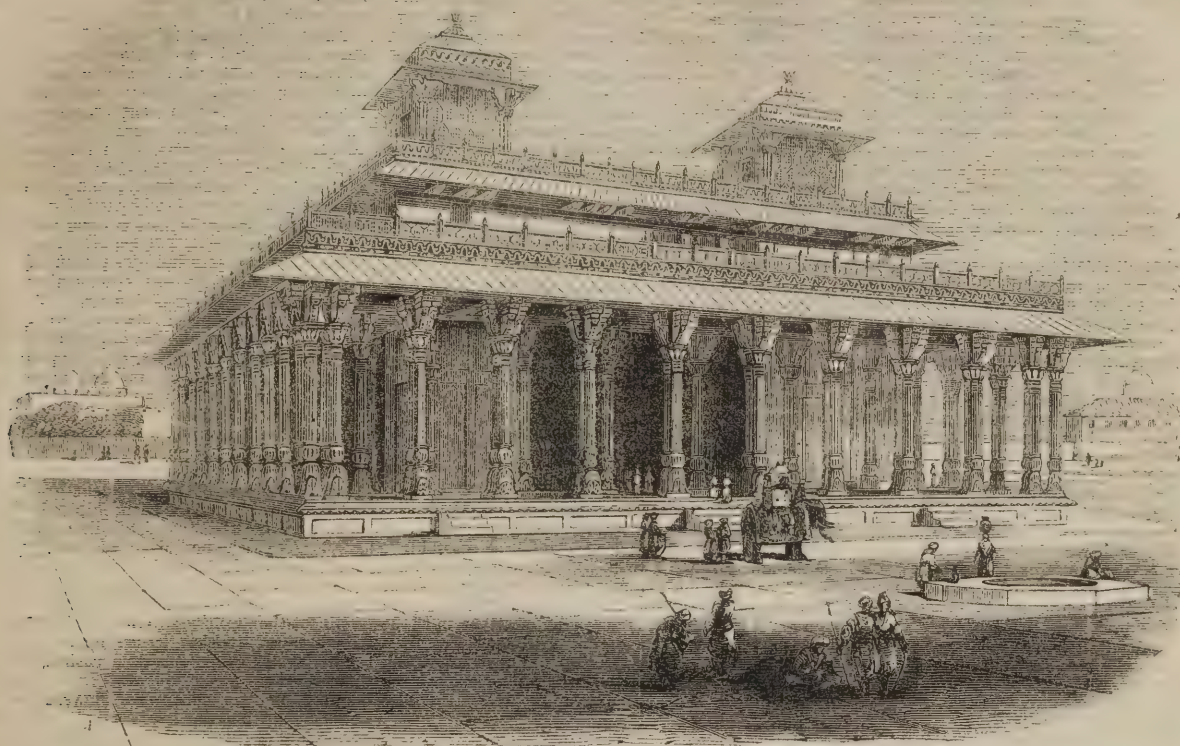
The only points of danger to be anticipated are, lest the hand be dashed into the molten bath instead of quietly immersed in it, and lest the metal be cooled down to such a degree that solidification take place whilst the fingers are immersed in it. The hotter the molten metal, the less danger there positively is, so that when the experimentalist, not able to command the aid of molten iron, uses molten lead as a substitute, as in a lecture-room, for example, he had better take the precaution of moistening his fingers by contact with the tongue before subjecting them to the molten ordeal. The rationale of this curious phenomenon is as follows:—Fluids of various kinds, when they come into contact with very hot bodies, rise in vapour, and sheath with a vaporous layer the exterior of the heated body. In this manner the moisture of the hand supplies a layer of vapour, cutting off all contact with the molten metal; and in like manner, a red-hot ball of silver may be dipped into water without perceptibly affecting the latter for a considerable time. Moments pass, and the silver ball may be seen to continue red-hot and glowing, unaffected by the water around it in any degree. Soon, however, when the silver ball has cooled below a certain pitch, contact ensues, and the water boils turbulently over. Many cases of steam boiler explosions are determined, doubtless, by similar agency. A boiler, from some cause, becomes so exhausted of water that portions of the former are heated to redness, the consequence being that, a layer of vapour interposing itself between the boiler and the water, steam is no longer generated. The engineer now lets in a gush of water, and, strangely enough, the boiler explodes at the instant of its cooling. Wherefore? Because, when cooled to a certain pitch, contact ensued between its sides and the water charge.

For the successful performance of the experiments mentioned, namely, dipping the fingers in molten iron or lead, not the slightest precautions are necessary beyond those mentioned. Nevertheless, to make security doubly sure, the skin, previously to the experiment, may be immersed in a solution of sal ammoniac—a body which readily evolves vapour when brought into contact with a hot surface. An individual, having his feet protected in this manner, may deliberately walk across red-hot bars of iron.

To place a teakettleful of boiling water upon the naked hand without injury.—Whilst a teakettle is boiling upon the fire, and for a few seconds after its removal, a layer of steam exists between the bottom of the teakettle and the water which it contains. Now the layer of steam in question is a bad conductor of heat; wherefore the teakettle may be taken direct from the fire and laid flat upon the hand without giving rise to any disagreeable perception of heat. I have heard the success of this experiment attributed to a deposition of soot upon the outside of the teakettle. This is an error: a perfectly clean teakettle, heated over a charcoal fire, which deposits no soot, may be handled as described above.

To fill with smoke two apparently empty bottles.—Rinse out one bottle with hartshorn and another bottle with spirit of salt; next bring the bottles together mouth to mouth; both will at once be pervaded with white vapours. The vapours in question are composed of sal ammoniac—a solid body generated by the union of two invisible gases.

To reduce tin instantaneously to white powder.—Take a piece of tin-foil—not tin plate, which is merely iron plate covered with tin—lay the foil in a saucer or upon a plate and pour upon it strong aquafortis. Violent chemical action will at once ensue, ruddy vapours will be evolved, and the tin-foil



THE PALACE IN THE FORT OF ALLAHABAD.

ALLAHABAD.

ABOUT four hundred and seventy miles from Calcutta, near the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna, stands the ancient city of Allahabad. It is said to occupy the site of the Palibothra, which took rank amongst the finest cities of the old world. The excellency of its position on two great navigable rivers renders it one of the most eligible seats in India for extensive commerce; but the natural advantages which it undoubtedly possesses have not been rendered available in modern times.

The condition of Allahabad is so reduced from its former greatness, and its decayed mud houses afford so striking a contrast to the stories of its ancient palaces, that the natives call it *Fakeerabad*—an expression equivalent to the City of Mendicants, or Beggar-town.

There is, however, a certain description of sanctity attaching to Allahabad. The extraordinary junction of the sacred rivers—for it is supposed that the Sereswati unites itself underground both to the Ganges and the Jumna—has given an importance to the city which it would not otherwise possess. Thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India annually visit its neighbourhood, for the purpose of bathing in the holy streams. "When a pilgrim arrives, he sits down on the bank of the river, and has his head and body shaved so that each hair may fall into the water, his sacred writings promising him one million of years' residence in heaven for every hair so deposited. After shaving he bathes; and the same day or the next performs the obsequies of his deceased ancestors.

"The tax accruing to government is three rupees each person; but a much greater expense is incurred in gifts to the Brahmins sitting by the river side. Many persons sacrifice their lives at this holy confluence by going in a boat, after the performance of certain ceremonies, to the exact spot where the three rivers unite, where each devotee plunges into the stream with three pots of water tied to his body. Occasionally, also, some lose their lives by the eagerness of these devotees to rush in and bathe at the

most sanctified spot at the precise period of the moon when the immersion possesses the highest efficacy. The Bengalese usually perform the pilgrimages of Gaya, Benares, and Allahabad in one journey, and thereby acquire great merit in the estimation of their countrymen."

The number of pilgrims to Allahabad has in some years amounted to two hundred and twenty thousand.

One of the most interesting structures at Allahabad is the fortress represented in our engraving. It was erected in the year 1583, by the famous Indian Emperor Acbar.* It is a building of very great extent and remarkable strength. Since the British have held possession it has been thoroughly repaired, and rendered all but impregnable. It completely commands the navigation of both rivers, and is regularly and strongly defended. With the exception of this fort there is little to interest the visitor in Allahabad. The town itself, with its paltry houses, is unattractive and unimportant. It has been in the possession of the British since 1765, but the European residences are few and insignificant.

On the breaking out of the revolt at Benares, the mutineers of that station marched on Allahabad, and were joined by the native troops. A frightful slaughter ensued. The officers were at their mess, when the alarm-bugle was sounded to bring them on parade, where they were shot down right and left. Nine young ensigns were bayoneted to death in the mess-room; fifty Europeans were murdered, the treasury plundered, the prisoners released from gaol, the whole station destroyed—house after house stripped and fired. The Sikhs on this, as on so many occasions during the insurrection, behaved splendidly, and rendered most efficient service. The fortress was most gallantly defended, a steady fire being kept up on the city night and day. This was continued till the Madras Fusiliers and other reinforcements came up; they marched out, drove the insurgents from their position, and took possession of the city.

* See No. 9, new series, FAMILY PAPER, p. 136.

will crumble to white powder. Only one metal besides tin (antimony) gives rise to a similar result when similarly treated. Hence an action like that described points to either tin or antimony. But tin is a tough, and antimony is a brittle metal; wherefore the discrimination between them, even by the agency of this one test, is complete.

To reduce metallic lead to the state of powder, which burns immediately on coming into contact with the air.—Dissolve sugar of lead in distilled water, and pour in a solution of tartaric acid, until a white powder ceases to fall. Collect this white powder, dry it, and when dry, pour it into a little glass bottle. Coat the bottle with clay, and dry the clay in an oven. Next lay the bottle amidst some unlighted charcoal, light the charcoal, and raise the heat to redness. Continue the application of heat until smoke no longer escapes from the bottle; finally dextrously stop the mouth of the bottle with a pledget of clay. Remove it now from the fire and allow it to grow cold. The bottle will hold a mixture of charcoal, resulting from the burned tartaric acid, and finely-divided lead. If the contents be poured out, they at once take fire. Several metals burn readily when reduced to the condition of fine powder. Iron is a notable instance of this, but the method of obtaining iron in powder is beyond the competence of a beginner.

To make a liquid which feels cold to the touch, but which renders the hands and face when smeared with it luminous.—Immerse a piece of phosphorus, about the size of a pea, in an ounce or so of ether. After a time, portions of the phosphorus will dissolve, yielding an ethereal solution of that substance. If the hands and face be rubbed with this solution, which is perfectly innocent, the operator will seem on fire, and will pass for a very respectable ghost.

INFERIORS is a term which many are ever ready to apply to those beneath them in station. Men may be our superiors without being our equals, and many may be our nominal inferiors to whom we are by no means equal.

The Matron.

NO. X.

VARIETY is charming, whether in nature or art. Variety is more than charming in cookery, for it is conducive to health, and consequently to happiness.

If our poor soldiers had been blessed with a "Matron" to plan and cater for them, they would not have been nauseated with sodden beef on every day of their lives. When we grow tired of our food, we dislike it: when we dislike our food, it disagrees with us: when food disagrees with us, we fall ill, and not unfrequently die. The monotony of the dinners in our army goes far to account for that frightful mortality England now deplores. There is no economy effected by this stupid sameness: on the contrary, it is most extravagant. By its deleterious effects it wastes human life, and it wastes the treasure of the state into the bargain; for when blunders and neglect have caused the death of one poor soldier, another must be recruited, and this is no small item of expense.

Don't tell me that all this is not a matron's concern. It is the concern of the great English family. None of us ought to look on with indifference and behold our sons, or other people's, hurried to an untimely grave when a little good management might have substituted health and joy for gloom and disease.

I invite those in authority to listen to my advice, and also to procure all the back numbers of "The Matron." They may find in them many a thing it concerns them to know, and of which they seem at present lamentably ignorant. In the meantime I beg my own dear readers to be all the more attentive to the truths I have propounded, and which passing events have illustrated.

In my last number I recommended a dinner to which the master of the house could safely invite a friend. It consisted of roast pork, apple-sauce, peas-pudding, savoy cabbages, and potatoes. I hope the guest had a good appetite, and enjoyed the repast, and that all the family did justice to the dinner. Of course they did not eat up all the meat. Cold, and with cold apple-sauce, the remainder will make an excellent dinner for the next day, with the addition of greens and potatoes. Pancakes ought to follow, because a good quantity of nice dripping from the hot roast pork of the day before, is just what is wanted to fry them. Now for a good receipt for pancakes:—

Break four eggs in a basin, add four tablespoonfuls of flour, and a little salt; beat all well, mixing by degrees half a pint of milk, a little more or less according to the size of the eggs. It must form a thick batter. Add a little powdered cinnamon, or any other spice you fancy. You may make the batter with only two eggs; but then you must use a little more flour and milk. Place the pan on a clear and moderate fire; put in it some of the pork dripping and melt it. A small teacupful of batter will make a good sized pancake. Pour it into the boiling fat. When set, and one side brownish, lay hold of the fryingpan at the extremity of the handle, give it a sudden but slight jerk upwards, and the cake will turn over on the other side, which when brown dish up. Fry one cake for each member of your family, and let them be eaten with sugar, and with lemons, if easily procured.

I can fancy I hear some pale-faced, unhappy wife saying to me—

"Ah, ma'am, what's the use of your teaching me the best way to have my house tidy, my hearth bright, and my bit of dinner tempting, since my husband never gives me a kind word, nor even a smile, do what I may; and when things go wrong in his business, I tremble to hear his step in the passage."

Yes, there are such men as this poor woman's husband—to the disgrace of our country be it spoken—men who vent all their irritation on their unfortunate wives. Is this manly? is this Christian?

I have not spared cross, sulky wives, and I shall not spare surly husbands. They are sure to make homes wretched; even if they are married to saints upon earth.

We all have our trials; and we know very well that the masters of families have their full share of trials. But they should come home in a kind spirit, and endeavour to take counsel with, and procure comfort from their wives, not increase their sorrows by spreading terror and misery where peace and love might reign.

Men have to endure a great deal of fatigue and much contradiction and disappointment in their battle with life; but women have often to endure still more in the performance of their home duties. House-keeping is full of difficulties. In home economy—and

economy is only another word for management—there is the very essence of difficulty:—viz., multifarious details. True, women have good heads to combat with and conquer these difficulties; but when they have done so their efforts should be appreciated. Clever though women may be, they are very sensitive. Sneers and harsh words chill their energies, and diminish their powers; and in the very nature of things, an angry, unjust man cannot have so good and useful a wife as the considerate Christian husband; and how can the surly man expect to have kind, gentle, and amiable children? His precepts will be of little avail, if his example has recommended vulgarity and harshness. The ill-temper of either husband or wife suffices to render home unhappy.

As the irritation occasioned by the trials of life tempts us all (in our turn) to indulge in ill temper, we should earnestly implore divine aid to assist us in conquering this evil propensity. Good humour is the sunshine of home. In its genial warmth all the flowers of life expand.

Hannah More, one of our best moral writers, has a little poem so completely in harmony with my advice, that I think I cannot do better than quote a few verses of it for your edification.

"Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our sorrows from our foibles springs,
Oh, let the ungentle spirit learn from thence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
To bless mankind with clouds of flowing wealth,
With power to grace them or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; but heaven decrees
To all, the gifts of ministr'ing to ease.
Large bounties to bestow, we ask in vain:
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
The tender offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery and all price above;
The mild forbearance of another's fault,
The taunting word suppressed as soon as thought;—
On these heaven bade the choicest gifts descend,
And crushed ill fortune when he gave a friend."

A friend! And what friend should be more kind, gentle, and forgiving to a wife than her own husband? Has he not taken her away from every other friend? In this respect, the humblest married woman who reads these pages, is as worthy of attention as the royal bride, Princess Frederick William of Prussia—for each has left her kindred to follow her husband, and if either is unhappy, the husband is responsible—responsible, at least, for any unhappiness caused by his indulgence in ill temper.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

It is a fact that no man lives without a history which is invaluable to every other man. The remark holds true in regard to the poorest and most ignorant: the pauper who wears out his life in the loneliness of the workhouse, the beggar who solicits alms in the streets, and the obscure, who are not known a yard beyond their own habitation—have each a history which, if it could be properly written, would prove full of pathos and interest. Truly has the poet written "The proper study of mankind is man," and to this study we find ourselves again and again turning with an enthusiasm ever new and young. But, alas! how many noble lives have remained unwritten; and, comparatively speaking, how few biographies challenge the attention of the student who wishes to understand the life of the centuries which have passed away, never to return. A few names only stand out with the brilliancy of fixed stars, and by a powerful fascination fasten our gaze upon them. HUMPHRY DAVY takes his place among them. He was born at Penzance, on the shore of St. Michael's Mount Bay in Cornwall, on the 17th of December, 1778. He was one who even from his cradle gave promise of something bold and adventurous in his future career; for it is left on record that he was a strong, brave infant, that he walked at nine months old, and that before he had arrived at the age of two years he could speak fluently; before even he had learned his letters he could say his little prayers, and detail with eloquence the stories which had been related to him. He had an exceedingly quick perception, and very retentive memory, inasmuch that before he had learned to read he could repeat by heart a considerable part of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Notwithstanding that his natural powers were of a very high order, in the school to which he was sent he made but little progress. Young as he was, he was disgusted with the manner in which knowledge was offered, and at the indiscriminate ear-pulling, which was his master's favourite mode of punishment. Still, his schooldays on the whole formed a happy period in his life; for his companions in study, finding him an attractive story-teller, lavishly heaped upon him the kindness which only boys can bestow, and only boys truly appreciate. And even as a boy he began

those experiments which made his manhood's life so remarkable and useful; so true is it that when we turn our eyes upon the early history of men of genius, we shall find the child the father of the man, prophecies of coming power, and in the actions which at the time attracted but little attention, the germs of deeds which caused the world to pause and wonder. Upon leaving school at the age of fifteen, he seems to have spent a whole year in uncertainty as to what he was to be and do in life. He had no one to advance his worldly interests, and his choice of a profession was left very much to himself.

After having lived for some time in an unsettled state, studying in a desultory manner by fits and starts, and yielding to the allurements of occasional dissipation, and the amusements which constitute the delight of active youth, as fishing, shooting, swimming, and solitary rambles, he was apprenticed to a surgeon then practising in Penzance.

Upon the death of his father, he suddenly became a thoughtful, serious youth, and formed plans of study which he studiously carried out; allotting so much time per day to the various pursuits in which he felt an interest, particularly theology, botany, chemistry, and physics. The manner in which he acquired knowledge was chiefly through his own observations and experiments. For awhile he allowed the ardour of his mind to be wasted by engaging in a vast number of pursuits, but gradually he concentrated all his energies upon the study of chemistry, and soon commenced experiments which undoubtedly laid the foundation of his future eminence. One of these experiments having attracted public attention, an offer was made to him to become an assistant in the pneumatic institution at Bristol, which office the youth accepted; and in this city he found his means of improvement greatly increased, and he also acquired the friendship and esteem of many who were most distinguished in science and literature. As yet he had never visited London; but his fame had excited some attention in the metropolis, and when he journeyed thither in 1799, he was received with the greatest respect by men no less eminent than Coleridge, Gregory, Southey, and Watt. Encouraged by the general approbation which his experiments called forth, he rushed into print, and published essays on light and heat, which, although containing many erroneous views, plainly indicated an original and ingenious mind. His attention to the study of chemistry at this time was most intense and assiduous, and he ran the risk of all enthusiastic students, that of burning himself out before he accomplished anything great and lasting. But a little rest fortunately restored him from a dangerous and painful illness; and when not quite twenty-three years of age he was engaged in the service of the Royal Institution of Great Britain in the capacities of assistant lecturer in chemistry, director of the laboratory, and assistant editor of the journals of the institution, allowed to occupy a room in the house, and received a salary of one hundred guineas per annum. His success at the Royal Institution immediately succeeded his appointment. He did not allow his enviable position to damp his ardour or to be other than a healthful spur to increased exertion; but his splendid career really commenced when he delivered his introductory lecture in the theatre of the Royal Institution to a crowded and enlightened audience. This lecture was afterwards published, and contained an eloquent exposition of the advantages to be derived from the study of the sciences. The most eminent men of the day now began to attend his lectures, and such was his progress in knowledge that the managers of the institution dignified him with the title of Professor. The success of his varied experiments made his lectures extremely popular, while the articles which he occasionally published in the Journal of Science attracted the attention and sympathy of scientific men throughout the country.

Our space will not allow us to examine in detail his various and important discoveries, and a bare mention of some of them must suffice. He paid particular attention to galvanism, tanning, and agricultural chemistry. He prosecuted the most minute inquiries into the nature of the alkalis and earths hitherto undecomposed. He overthrew Lavoisier's theory in respect to the nature of oxymuriatic acid, and gave an entirely new view of the combinations of phosphorus and sulphur. But his grand discovery was that of the safety-lamp, one of the most beneficial applications of science to economical purposes yet made, and by which thousands of lives have been preserved. Upon visiting the mines in Scotland, he became practically acquainted with the dangers which the miners daily incurred, and, with a benevolence eminently characteristic, he gave his whole attention to the remedy; and at last invented a lamp which the miner could use in defiance of fire-damp. This inven-

tion, the certain source of large profit, he presented to the public, not caring to secure to himself the benefit of it by a patent. His memorable words on this occasion were these:—"I have enough for all my views and purposes; more wealth might be troublesome, and distract my attention from those pursuits in which I delight. More wealth could not increase my fame and happiness. It might undoubtedly enable me to put four horses to my carriage, but what would it avail me to have it said, that Sir Humphry Davy drives his carriage and four?"

He was not spared to enjoy a green old age, for when fifty years old the grave opened to receive him. He died covered with honours. The College of Trinity in Dublin testified their sense of his high scientific merits, by conferring on him the degree of LL.D. The honour first of a knight and then of a baronet was granted him, and upon the death of Sir Joseph Banks, the venerable president of the Royal Society, Davy succeeded to the chair, which he retained till forced to quit it by ill health. He left behind him a name of which every Englishman may be proud, and an example by which the poorest child of genius may be stimulated to mental activity and industry.

TO MY SISTER.

ELLIE, there's a timid luster
Dreaming in thy soft, dark eyes,
Like a tender starlight trembling
In the midnight's mystic skies;
And thy features are as faultless
As if carved by Grecian art;
And men bow before thy beauty—
But I love thee for thy heart.

There are thoughts of winged brightness
Hiding in thy spirit's cells,
As young humming-birds of summer
Hide among the lily-bells.
May no sudden autumn drive them
Rudely from their fairy nests;
To fly on through chill and tempest
With worn wings and bleeding breasts.

Last night in the dreary darkness,
When the haunted winds went by,
Fires burned within my bosom,
Till I thought that I must die;
And I felt that it was fearful
To go out alone, alone—
Through the shadow and the silence,
To the eternal and unknown.

Yet the dimness and the mystery
Of the lands beyond the grave,
And the deep and thundering echoes
Of each dark and chilling wave,
That seemed breaking near to sweep me
Down in Death's unsounded sea,
Could not fright this heart, my sister,
From the angel-thought of thee.

We have heard the fairy legends
Of the twilight's dreamy time,
From the same sweet lip together
Falling like a magic chime;
And we've left our home and wandered
Through a waste of Upas dew,
Yet mid wind and blight and blackness,
I have ever found thee true.

It were more than death to leave thee,
Idol of an ardent heart;
And I often ask the angels,
May we never, never part.
Yet the years must bring us changes,
And wherever thou mayest go,
Ellie, may thy fate be brighter
Than thy sister hopes to know.

A HEARTY LAUGH.—What a capital, kindly, honest, jolly, glorious thing a good laugh is! What a tonic! What a digester! What a febrifuge! What an exorciser of evil spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast, or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice, and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discovers the gums of infancy or age, the grinders of folly or the pearls of beauty; whether it racks the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or dimples the visage or moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases, and on all faces, con-torting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human form into the happy shaking and quaking of idiocy, and turning the human countenance into something appropriate to Billy Button's transformation—under every circumstance, and everywhere, a laugh is a glorious thing. Like "a thing of beauty," it is a "joy for ever." There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting, except in the sides, and that goes off. Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You cannot gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one laugher, and one witness, there are forthwith two laughers. And so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when it becomes epidemic!

Small Change.

THE British soldiers found in Delhi an idol with large diamond eyes. That idol was unlike the ghost of Hamlet's father. It had *speculation* in its eyes.

He who finds pleasure in vice and pain in virtue is a novice in both.

SEE what I am, not what my father was, is an old and excellent Arab saying.

ALL men might be better reconciled to their fate if they would recollect that there are two kinds of misfortune at which we ought never to repine—that which we can, and that which we cannot remedy; regret being in the former case unnecessary, in the latter unavailing.

"WOULD you not love to gaze on Niagara for ever?" said a romantic young girl to her less romantic companion. "Oh, no," said he, "I shouldn't like to have a cataract always in my eye."

WHY PRUDENT MEN PROSPER.—The origin of wealth is in a moral feeling—self-denial.—"Here is something I will not consume or throw away—I will take care of it, store it up for the future use of myself or others." The man who first said and acted thus, laid the foundation of a virtue upon earth.

DID you ever think of the principal mistakes in friendships? Mrs. Browning says: "I have observed that disappointment here arises chiefly, not from liking our friends too well, or thinking of them too highly, but rather from an over-estimate of their liking for and opinion of us."

A POSTMASTER, puzzling out a very uncertain superscription on an Irish letter, jocosely remarked to an intelligent son of Erin who stood by, that the Irish brought a hard set of names to this country. "That's a fact, yer honour," replied the Irishman; "but they get harder ones after they arrive here."

"I AM not afraid of a barrel of cider, sir." "I presume not; I guess the barrel of cider would run at your approach."

THE CLOCK.

A mechanic his labour will often discard,
If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work though it strikes.

"I AM willing to split hairs with my opponent all day if he insists on it," said a very distinguished lawyer in a speech at the bar. "Split that then," said the opponent, pulling a coarse specimen from his own head and extending it: "May it please the court, I didn't say *bristles*."

A WRITER of much merit says, that with a wife a husband's faults should be sacred. A woman forgets what is due to herself when she condescends to that refuge of weakness, a female confidant. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable, in her estimation, than his life; and *vice versa*.

"SURE, and I'm heir to an immense estate under my father's will. When he died, he ordered my elder brother to divide the house with me; and, by St. Patrick, he did it—for he tuck the inside himself, and gave me the outside."

LOVERS must not trust too implicitly to any of their five senses. A tender swain reproached his fair one with letting a rival kiss her hand, a fact that she indignantly denied. "But I saw it," "Nay, then," cried the offended fair, "I am now convinced you do not love me, since you believe your eyes in preference to my word."

In fishing, we have occasionally seen a big pike watching a bait, and evidently weighing the chances between getting a good dinner and being a good dinner. He should have been able to weigh very accurately—he had so many scales.

MR. HATCHER, a gentleman of considerable talent, has advertised to bring out a volume of eastern poetry. Inasmuch as the poetical genius of the east end seems to be yet in the egg, we are pleased to see that it is to have a Hatcher.

LIGHT, like the circulating blood which returns to the heart, is supposed to return to the sun, after having performed the functions for which it was emitted from that body. Even so will the soul, our intellectual light, return to its divine source when released from the body, to whose earthly purposes it has ministered.

POETS have been called the "Johnny Horners" of the world, all except the pie with the thumb in it. They are crowded into the corners everywhere. The humblest newspaper has its poets' corner, and so has Westminster Abbey.

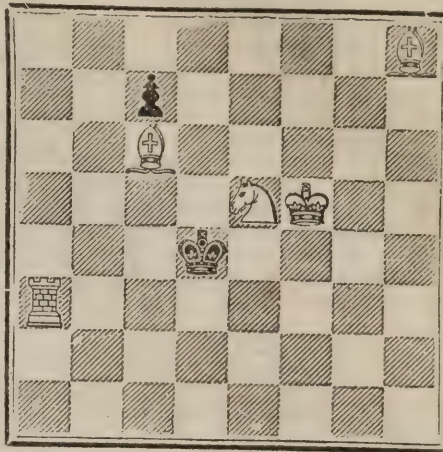
SMART.—A lady, describing an ill-tempered man, says, "He never smiles but he feels ashamed of it."

ERRORS.—A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong; which is but saying that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Chess.

Problem No. 22. By DOMINGO.

BLACK.



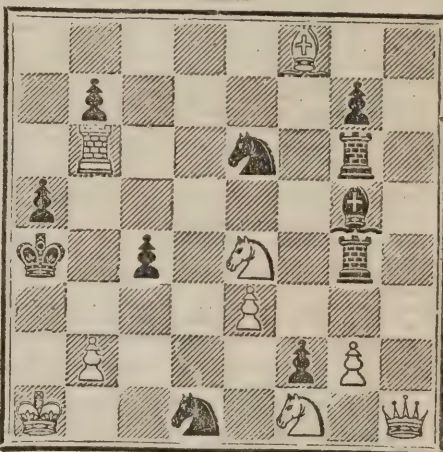
WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Problem No. 23. For the Juveniles.

By Mr. WILLIAM GREENWOOD, Sutton Mill.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 15.

WHITE.
1. R to K Kt 2
2. P takes P
3. R to Q B 2
4. P to Kt 4 (mate)

BLACK.
1. P moves
2. P moves
3. P takes R

Solution of Problem No. 16.

WHITE.
1. Q to K Kt 2
2. Q to Q 5
3. B takes Kt P (ch)
4. Kt mates

BLACK.
1. P to R 6 (a)
2. Kt takes Q (best)
3. Q takes B

(a)

2. Kt takes P (ch)
3. B to Q 6 (ch)
4. Q mates

1. K to K 5
2. K to K 4
3. Kt takes Kt

Solution of Problem No. 17.

WHITE.
1. Kt to Q 5
2. Q to Q B 7 (ch)
3. Q mates

BLACK.
1. Q takes P
2. K takes Kt

Solution of Problem No. 18.

WHITE.
1. B to Q 2
2. B takes P (ch)
3. Kt mates

BLACK.
1. B to R 2 (best)
2. Any move

Solution of Problem No. 19.

WHITE.
1. R takes P (ch)
2. R takes P on K 4
3. B to K B 3 (ch)
4. Q takes P (mate)

BLACK.
1. P takes R
2. B takes R
3. B takes B

Solution of Problem No. 20.

WHITE.
1. Q takes Kt (ch)
2. R takes P (ch)
3. R to B 7 (ch)
4. R to K 6 (dis ch)
5. Kt mates

BLACK.
1. B takes Q
2. K to B sq
3. B takes K
4. K to Kt sq

Our Editorial Table.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE AND TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Commencing with the next number (No. 16), CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER will be published by Messrs. PETTER and GALPIN, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill. If any difficulty should be experienced in obtaining the necessary supply, in consequence of the greatly increasing demand, application is requested to be made to Messrs. Petter and Galpin direct. All the back numbers of the Paper have been reprinted, and may be had upon application. In order to give every person an opportunity to commence with the New Series, no extra charge will be made for the back numbers of the New Series until further notice.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—ANNOUNCEMENT OF ANOTHER NEW TALE.—In our next number will be commenced another new and original tale, truthfully descriptive and highly instructive, by one of our most popular authors, entitled "Hope Evermore; or, Something to Do"—a tale of the Ragged Schools, and illustrative of the advantages of Temperance.

CHINA.—With our next number will be published a splendid Panoramic Map of China. This map, which is remarkable for the accuracy with which it has been designed and the care with which it has been engraved, equals in size the Panoramic Map of India, which was published with No. 1 of the new series of this Journal. The price of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, No. 16, New Series, together with this beautiful Panoramic Map of China, inclusive, will be three-halfpence. In addition to the Panoramic Map, there will be in the number an engraved plan of Canton. On the back of the Panoramic Map will be published an elaborate and carefully prepared view of Hongkong, with the approaches to Canton from that important settlement; and also a mass of statistical and general information, giving a clear insight into the history, products, and capabilities of this vast empire. The events now occurring in China, both political and religious—the deep interest which is felt concerning a country which contains upwards of three hundred millions of inhabitants, or nearly one half of the population of the whole globe—its "crockery metropolis," exclusive customs, ancient colonisation and history, &c. &c., will necessarily render this Panoramic Map and accompanying engravings, upon which no expense has been spared in the drawing, engraving, and electrotyping, of great value and interest, both on account of the engravings themselves and the information which the letterpress supplies. Should our subscribers or the trade experience any difficulty in obtaining the necessary supply of this number, the demand for which cannot fail to be very great, they will oblige by applying direct to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard.

EMILY, LOUISA, and Co. wish to present their minister with a gown, and ask us of what material it should be made, and by whom. It may be made of silk, or of fine bombazine; but it will require to be made by a regular robe-maker.

A BAD WRITER, C. H. E., and OTHERS.—The yearly volume of "The Art Treasures Exhibition" will be completed in May next. "Casell's History of England" will be brought down to the present time.

HUGH CHURCH, SAWNEY, and OTHERS.—We advise you to place no confidence in the persons to whose advertisements you refer.

A LOVER OF NATURE.—You may obtain silk-worms' eggs by applying to Bennet, seedman, centre row, Covent-garden. The inner leaves of young co-lestices may be used for the food of the young worms till they can be supplied with mulberry leaves.

MARY GRIFFITHS.—Surely you and your friends can never get a newspaper, or you would have known that Prince Frederick William of Prussia was a very frequent visitor at the palaces of Queen Victoria for nearly twelve months previous to his marriage with the Princess Royal of England.

A YOUTH. We approve of your wish to be thoroughly well acquainted with the history of your own country, and we gladly further your views by recommending to your attentive perusal the Vols. I. and II. of "Casell's History of England." These books will procure you as much amusement as instruction; and their pages offer that which is so rarely to be found—an impartial history.

J. F. C.—The time for which an apprentice is bound begins from the date of his indentures. All "verbal understandings" are null and void in law.

FLORENCE ADELAIDE need be under no apprehension, as her husband cannot claim the child until it is seven years old. After that age all children, whether male or female, are, in law, the property of the father.

OUR CONSTANT READERS.—Our constant readers have not yet acquired the virtue of patience. Yet we have strongly recommended it in our columns. Owing to the number of our correspondents, we cannot undertake to answer all letters by return of post, but our readers must have confidence in us, and they may rely on being answered in due time, provided their questions are not irrelevant.

M. HOLMES.—The letters *u* and *y* are either consonants or vowels, according to their position. In the word useful, *u* is a consonant, therefore one must not say *a useful man*, but *a useful man*. In the word uninformed, the *u* is a vowel; consequently an *uninformed man* is correct, and a *uninformed man* would be ungrammatical.

E. J. E. T.—We advise you to treat the slander with the contempt it deserves. Your own good conduct will prove the best contradiction. But if the malignity of your enemy induces him to persevere in spreading reports injurious to

your reputation, your only course is to indict him for defamation of character.

HENRY.—For full particulars respecting Schamyl, the Circassian chief, we refer you to No. 29, vol. I. of the old series of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER.

KNOX.—The word *Lerathan* is of Hebrew origin. We answer your last question first, because it is the most sensible of your queries. As to the question how you should behave in the company of a young lady who is, according to your own account, very fond of you, your heart should dictate the answer. But are you sure the young lady is so fond of you? A vain, boasting man is generally the aversion of the fair sex.

BEILINDA.—The best way to preserve the teeth is by attending to the following rules:—Bear in mind that the teeth are bones, thinly covered over with a fine enamel, and that this enamel is more or less substantial in different persons. Whenever this enamel is worn through, by too coarse a powder, or too frequently cleaning the teeth, or is destroyed by a scorbutic humour in the gums, the teeth cannot long remain sound. The teeth are to be cleaned, but with great precaution, for if you wear the enamel off faster by cleaning the outside, than nature supplies it within, your teeth may suffer more by this method than by total neglect. A very safe dentifrice can be procured as follows: Cut a slice of thick bread into squares, and burn it till it becomes charcoal. Pound it, and sift it through a fine muslin. It is then ready for use.

HORACE.—If you wish to form an idea of the divisibility of matter, consider the formation of animalcule, and also the subtlety of scents. It is computed that the millionth part of a grain of musk divides itself into seven quadrillions of parts in scenting a room.

LADY ETHEL.—Your case requires very serious consideration. The jealousy that is the result of ardent passion may be cooled by the chilling influence of time, but there is a jealousy of which egotism and envy form the principal part. When this is the case, the chances of cure are slight indeed. The great French moralist tells us that jealousy is born with love, but does not always die with it. In our opinion, when it outlives love, it is hardly more than a compound of those unamiable feelings we have just mentioned, viz., envy and egotism. "Lady Ethel" begins her communication by putting a question; in our turn we question her. Is your lover amiable, kind, and generous in everything that is unconnected with his love for you? If so, you may reasonably hope for his reformation, and fearlessly place your happiness in his hands. After marriage, love may and ever ought to be as powerful a feeling as before, but it is no longer a restless fever, a sweet delusion, or a bewildering delirium. Courtship is a dream, marriage is a reality. Realities bring men home to themselves, and to rational views, and if "Lady Ethel's" suitor is an amiable young man, and afflicted only with a lover's jealousy, this evil feeling need not haunt him as a husband, supposing our correspondent is ever on the watch to avoid giving him the slightest cause for jealousy.

G. Y.—G. Y., and other inquirers on this subject, will find the following an excellent receipt for whitening the hands. Take a wineglassful of eau-de-Cologne, and another of lemon juice, then scrape two cakes of brown Windsor soap to a powder, and mix well in a mould. When hard it will be an excellent soap for whitening the hands. To make a fine orange marmalade, we recommend you to take very pale Seville oranges, to cut them in quarters, take out the pulp, and put it into a basin; then pick out the skins and seeds, put the peels in a little salt and water, let them stand all night, then boil them in a good quantity of spring water till they are tender, then cut them in very thin slices, and put them to the pulp. To every pound of marmalade put a pound and a half of double refined sugar beaten fine. Boil gently twenty minutes. If it is not clear, boil it five or six minutes longer. Keep stirring it all the time, and avoid breaking the slices. When it is cold, put it into jelly or sweatmeat glasses, and tie them down with brandy paper over them.

JANE OSBORN.—We recommend you to send your portrait immediately. A lover's constancy is strengthened by gazing on the likeness of one to whom he has plighted his troth.

QUESTIST.—Of Caramania, in Asia Minor, the chief cities are Satalia and Barasso.

LETITIA.—"Letitia" writes to us complaining of the cessation of the visits of a young man who was always in attendance while Christmas lasted. Perhaps he has left her because the mince pies and plum puddings are all used up. If so, he is a mere cupboard lover, and quite unworthy of "Letitia," who (being, as she tells us, a constant reader of our Paper) gives proof of sense and judgment.

EDWARD JONES.—For an excellent solution of the difficulties of our mother tongue, we recommend our readers to consult "The English Language," by Professor Fowler, in "Casell's Educational Course."

BEN BOLT.—The following receipt for removing ink-stains only applies to the light parts of your jacket. Get a pint cup or narrow-topped jug, full of boiling water. Place the stained part on the top of the cup, dip it in, then draw it tight over the top of the cup, and while wet and hot, with your finger rub in a little salt of sorrel; the acid should remain on the stained part for half an hour before it is washed. As salt of sorrel is a powerful poison, the paper should be marked *poison*, and kept carefully locked up when not in use.

A. A.; C. C.—As the friends of "A. A." and "C. C." we congratulate *rather* than condole with them on the coolness of the young ladies. It is shocking to think of youths of eighteen losing their valuable time in idle flirtations. Our advice is, Cease to waste thought in idle conjecture, return, heart and soul, to your business, whatever it may be; and if, by good conduct and energy, you achieve wealth and reputation, be certain of this, that young ladies will not be so ready to quarrel with you for nothing.

S. M. B.—Your letter does you great credit, and we shall be happy to assist you in your laudable desire to improve. You say you have taken in "Casell's Educational Course." In the first instance, give your chief attention to the treatise on "The English Language," and, for delighting as well as elevating your mind, study "Science Popularly Explained." We advise you to leave shorthand to your husband, and to

endeavour to add the French language to your list of acquisitions. French is taught with admirable clearness in a beautifully illustrated periodical entitled "The Ladies' Treasury," published by Ward and Lock, Fleet-street.

Y. Z.—The particulars of Joan of Arc's tragic end are as follows:—She was wounded and taken by the English while she was defending Compiègne. The University of Paris, probably anxious to conciliate the Duke of Bedford, then regent, charged Joan with heresy and witchcraft. She was tried by Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, with five other French bishops, one English bishop, assisted by a Dominican friar, vicar of the inquisition, and by the doctors of the University. She was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and to fast on bread and water. At length, being accused of having dressed herself once more in men's clothes, which had been left with her on purpose to tempt her, the judges, who surely had no right to condemn her, since she was a prisoner of war, declared her a relapsed heretic, and condemned to the flames a woman who had saved her king and country.

ANNIE.—There is noble feeling in "Annie's" lines, but they are much too crude for insertion in our paper.

GOLEAR.—If "Golear's" affections are still disengaged, we strongly recommend his immediately relinquishing the acquaintance of the young lady. He should do this both for his own sake and for hers. For his own, because it would be a serious evil for him to be led to form an attachment that displeases his parents; and for hers, because attentions from him may prevent the young lady's receiving proposals of marriage from some other gentleman at liberty to choose for himself.

H. W.—Philip II., who projected the invasion of England, was the identical Spanish monarch who married Queen Mary, daughter of our Henry VIII. But he was not a widower when he planned the conquest of England; he had become the husband of a third wife, Elizabeth of Valois, whom he survived; and finally he married a fourth wife, by whom he had a son. This son succeeded him. Though it appears that Philip II. could not live single, he was by no means under women's influence. His whole energies were bent on exterminating the Reformation. While carrying on his preparations to attack England, every part of his vast empire resounded with the noise of armaments, and every art was used to levy supplies for the great design; but all in vain. The "Invincible Armada" was scattered to the four winds. What the tempest spared, English skill and bravery destroyed. Great was England's triumph on this occasion; but greater still the lesson furnished by the unanimity of our naval commanders. Lord Howard of Effingham, seconded by those great captains, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, was nothing daunted by an enemy whose fleet, dislodged in the form of a half-moon, stretched seven miles from one extreme to another. The British navy was strong with all the strength of unity. The admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham, was a Roman Catholic, but he fully relied on his Protestant captains, commanders, and men; whilst they on their side felt that, whatever might be their admiral's creed, so great was his loyalty, and so dauntless his courage, that he would defend his queen and country "against a world in arms."

H. SULLIVAN.—If you have reason to suppose that your visits excite the least uneasiness in the lady's husband, you should discontinue them, how conscious soever you may be of the purity of your own motives; but it would be foolish to give up a pleasing acquaintance in the vain hope of silencing ever-prating busybodies.

EXCELSIOR.—After the timid manner in which "Excelsior" commenced her letter, we did not expect so bold a request as the loan of a talisman to judge of gentlemen's characters at first sight. We have not yet been entrusted with Ithuriel's spear, but when it reaches us we will, if agreeable to our fair correspondent, test the character of any of the aspirants to her hand. As to bronzing "Excelsior's" Paris plaster figures, our various engagements leave us no leisure for the undertaking.

ROBERT MACFARLANE.—A pursuer is an inferior officer who has charge of the provisions of a ship of war, and has to attend to their quality and to their preservation and distribution among the officers and men. The situation is one of considerable responsibility, and the person who fills it must be well acquainted with the quality of all articles of ordinary consumption, and keep a faithful account of their reception, bestowment, and distribution.

DRAGON.—Apply to the bandmaster of the regiment into whose band you desire admittance, stating your qualifications and your wishes. There are generally many applicants for all such situations, and without a personal interview with the bandmaster, we think you would have little chance of success.

ELLEN SHIRLEY.—"Ellen Shirley" is quite right in supposing that the spring is the season for studying botany. Plants are classed by their blossoms, not their fruits. We cannot recommend her a better work on this subject than the "Outlines of Botany," in "Casell's Educational Course." "Ellen" should never take a country ramble without having it in her basket or reticule. It abounds in illustrations, and it simplifies the science of botany by its judicious explanations.

BLACKSMITH.—Big Ben, for the faulty manufacture of which "poor Mr. Warner was put in the corner," is not the largest bell in Europe by a great deal. The biggest specimen of bell foundry in Europe is the great bell of Moscow, called the "Empress Anne's," weighing 432,000 pounds. Then come several other Russian bells, and then the great bell of Vienna, cast from cannon taken from the Turks at the siege of the city in the seventeenth century. The great bell of St. Paul's weighs 11,400 pounds.

* * * We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

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SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TARTLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI

We but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught,
Return to plague the inventor. This even-
Handed justice doth commend the ingredients
Of the poisoned chalice to our own lips.

SHAKESPEARE.

It is now time that we return to St. Faith's and the simple race who inhabited it, lest our readers should lose some portion of the kind interest which, with their usual benevolence, we doubt not they already begin to feel for poor Simon Gee, the weaver, and his industrious little wife Hester. If the kind-hearted

old man had yielded to the inspiration of his own feelings, he would instantly, on the disappearance of Lillian, have set out in quest of her, but his friends represented that he had no clue to guide him in the search, that Mr. Thornton had already sent notice to the police throughout the district,—in short, that he was far more likely to behold his niece by remaining at home, than in starting on a hopeless voyage of discovery without compass to direct his steps.

Hester—a most important point in deciding him—despite her grief, which fully equalled her husband's, was of the same opinion; and Simon waited day after day till hope grew fainter, and he could endure the state of suspense and uncertainty no longer.

More than once, when his wife returned to the cottage after any temporary absence, she had found the poor fellow seated at his loom, his hand still grasping the shuttle suspended over the warp motionless, and so intently absorbed in his grief that even her return failed to disturb him. It was

evident that this state of things neither could nor ought to endure. His heart was breaking. Any change, even though it terminated in disappointment, was preferable.

Hester was not the only person in the village who suffered from this access of melancholy which rendered her husband's loom idle, although, as his better half, it affected her more closely. More than one farmer's wife was waiting for the thread she had spun being returned to her in the shape of good stout linen cloth; in fact, it was a general calamity, and the matrons of St. Faith's very naturally laid their heads together, to consider how best to put an end to it.

It was resolved that Simon Gee should start from home, for a week or two, in search of Lillian. Those who advised the step had not much confidence in his finding her, but the change, it was considered, would work wonders.

Still it was not without certain, or rather uncertain, misgivings that Hester consented to the step which the general interest, in some sort, rendered imperative,



SIMON OUTWITTED BY MIKE.

and prepared the viaticum for her husband's departure.

As may be supposed, its contents were not extravagant: a change or two of linen, an extra pair of shoes, and five pounds carefully sewn up in the waistband of his—had the Greeks or Latins ever worn the garment in question, we might have spared our own modesty, and that of our readers, by alluding to it under its classical name; but, as they have not done so, we must use an algebraical sign—, not doubting but it will be generally understood what it stands for.

The inhabitants of St. Faith's were nearly all assembled to bid the weaver good-by, and God speed him on his way. Many, and no doubt exceedingly profound, were the cautions, advices, and informations which accompanied their kind wishes. Farmer Minter, who had been twice in London, and consequently looked upon as an authority, warned him emphatically against the cheats of the metropolis; to let no man know where his money was concealed, or how much he carried with him. A second gave him a letter to his brother-in-law, Edward Jones; at the same time assuring him that although he, the writer, had not heard of him for some years, Edward Jones would kindly welcome him for his sake; and added, that although he had forgotten the name of the street in which his relative resided, Simon would have no very great difficulty in finding him out, seeing that he was a tailor, an excellent workman, and consequently *must be well known in London*.

It was not without pain that Hester saw him depart. Hitherto she had entertained rather a high opinion of her husband's sagacity. In her judgment he was not half so simple as the neighbours considered him. But as the time drew near her confidence abated; and she took a precaution which, however unusual, might not, as she imagined, be without its usefulness.

She caused the parish clerk to write Simon's name and address on a piece of parchment, with a request that in the event of his losing his way, or anything occurring to him, he might be sent home and all expenses should be paid.

This she stitched carefully on the back of his waistcoat, and gave him strict injunctions on no account to remove it. The old man promised, and the mind of his wife became partially at rest.

His leave of absence extended for a month.

The time had already elapsed. The weaver, faithful to the long-meditated design of his earlier years, had visited Lincoln, heard great "Tom," proceeded as far as Norwich, and listened to the renowned St. Peter's Mancroft peal; made the acquaintance of the ringers, who, in honour of his arrival, had rung a triple bob-major, consisting of three thousand six hundred and seventy-five changes, the greatest honour Simon had ever received; indeed, in after years, he frequently boasted of it, and when exercising his craft with his companions in his native village would frequently pronounce dogmatically upon any disputed point, by citing the authority of the Norwich ringers.

Hester had received only two letters since his departure, which said letters had been duly read to her friends and neighbours, and commented upon. Despite his utmost endeavours and patient inquiries, he had obtained no intelligence of Lilly; but the remedy had answered: his mind seemed to have recovered its tone.

The brother-in-law of the London tailor was the only one amongst those who heard the letters who did not coincide in the opinion that Simon had displayed great prudence and cleverness on his journey; for, strange to say, he had neither been robbed in London, nor fallen in with those who are only too anxious to exploit, as our French neighbours term it, the simplicity of the rustic visitor to the metropolis; perhaps that very simplicity had been his protection.

The farmer's judgment may be deemed rather hasty, when we state that it had no other foundation than the old man's not succeeding in discovering Edward Jones in London—so plainly too as he had written the address.

Faithful to his promise, the traveller returned to his village on the very day his leave of absence expired, and, we need scarcely observe, was warmly welcomed by the simple inhabitants, who looked upon him with increased respect, since he had seen strange places. They were never tired of listening to his descriptions, especially those of London, the size of St. Paul's, the traffic in the streets, and the number of carriages. More than one silly hinted that he used the traveller's time-honoured privilege, when he asserted that there was more stone in St. Paul's than would build six halls as large as Sir Norman Boothroyd's, or a wall round Meldown Park.

It was evident that the journey had done Simon

Gee a considerable amount of good. It had roused him from that dreamy state of sorrow which is far more dangerous than strong excitement and violent despair, simply because it is more lasting; and, having devoted two or three days to the gossiping natural after a journey, the old man fell once more into the quiet routine of ordinary life: his shuttle might be heard all day by those who passed his cottage-door. The loom was once more at work; and there was little doubt but the good wives of St. Faith's would soon cease to have cause to reproach him for delay in returning their home-spun thread converted into good honest cloth.

In other words, the weaver was making up for lost time by working hard all day; and his industrious little wife, who had seen her purse diminished with regret, began to feel that after all the five pounds had been well laid out.

Had there been another weaver in the place, the result might have been different.

For many years Simon Gee had been accustomed, after a hard day's work, to pass an hour in the clean, well-sanded parlour of the "Boothroyd Arms." Formerly he had been only a listener; travel had made him one of the orators of the society. The clerk no longer pooh-pooh'd his opinions, but, like many other potentates, made an alliance with the enemy he at one time affected to despise, or at any rate to disregard.

We know ourselves of a similar instance, only in a more exalted sphere.

The rustic coterie were assembled as usual. The party consisted of Mr. Minter and the parish clerk, Absalom Myers, Simon, the landlord of the house, and one or two farmers, yeomen, and cotters—for there was very little distinction of rank in St. Faith's.

A report had been circulated that Sir Norman had let the Hall for three years to an exceedingly wealthy city merchant, a friend of Mr. Thornton's; and they were discussing the *pros* and *cons*—the probabilities and improbabilities of such being the case.

"The news be ower good to be true," observed one. "It be some tyrannical, purse-proud upstart, like himself," said another.

A third suggested that such was not likely to be the character of a friend of Mr. Thornton's—a remark in which all agreed; for the county magistrate had increased in popularity since the fatal affair of New Year's eve; and there were even rumours of an intention of bringing him forward to represent the county, in the event of a general election taking place.

Anything to mark their abhorrence of their landlord.

"After all," said Mr. Minter, "it may be only a rumour. Sir Norman, in my opinion, is too proud to let the Hall to any one under the rank of a lord."

The parish clerk shook his head knowingly. "What does he mean, Absalom?" demanded several.

"That Farmer Minter be wrong for once."

"Well, that bea't often the case," ejaculated Simon Gee, who felt doubly grateful to his neighbour since the interest he had shown and the steps he had so promptly taken on the night of Lillian's disappearance.

All agreed to this; but requested the clerk to explain himself. No doubt he had heard something from the rector, who, in the event of any change of residents at the Hall taking place, would be one of the first to know of it.

"Well," replied Absalom, drawing himself up complacently, for he felt flattered at having regained a portion, at least, of his former importance, "the fact is that Meldown Park is let."

"Art thee sure?"

"Certain."

"To whom?"

"A very rich city gentleman," replied their informant, "named Bently. He might have been Lord Mayor of London, if he liked—I heard Mr. Thornton tell Dr. Poundtext so myself; but he refused,—and sheriff as well."

Lord Mayor of London! The assertion was listened to with wonder; for in the minds of his hearers, after the crown, it was the greatest of all earthly dignities; in fact, it was a question with them whether, in the city of London, it was not something greater—an idea very generally entertained, we believe, by those who have the honour of having been born within the sound of Bow-bells.

"I wonder if the gentleman is to have the Home Farm as well," observed Mr. Minter.

This was a point on which the parish clerk, who certainly was in vein that evening, could also gratify the curiosity of his hearers. "Such had been the arrangement of the affair at first, but a very unexpected obstacle had altered it."

"An obstacle!" exclaimed several.

"Yes: the steward refused to give it up."

"Refused!" repeated Simon Gee, with unfeigned astonishment; "why, it is not his. Sir Norman has never granted a lease of it."

"No."

"How can Silex refuse to give it up, then?"

"Those who can explain why his master has kept him as steward so many years after he became incapable of attending to the property must tell you that," answered Absalom, knowingly; "we all know that the old man can twine the baronet round his finger."

"Ay, and untwine him too," added several.

"Make him do as he pleases."

"That be right," added the landlord of the house. "Sir Norman and his lady had both promised my cousin, who married Fletcher's daughter, the house and few acres of land which lie between the South Lodge and the common. Lawyer Marshall had received orders to draw out the lease—he told me so himself—when Mr. Silex stopped it, and let the place to Harry Turner, who had greased his palm for his good word."

At this there was a cry of shame; and many speculations were hazarded as to the probable cause of the old man's unbounded influence over a mind naturally so self-willed and despotic as their landlord's.

One suggested one thing and another another; but all agreed that it could arise from no good—that the steward possessed some hold over his master which the latter dared not brave.

"He is a bad man," exclaimed one of the company, raising his glass of ale to his lips. "Here's confusion to the steward, Mr. Silex!"

The toast was drunk with laughter, mingled with loud shouts of applause. Before they had subsided, the door of the little parlour opened, and a man, wrapped up in a heavy top-coat, made his appearance. The first impression was that it was the subject of their conversation himself, so striking was the resemblance.

"Talk of the devil and—you know the rest," whispered the master of the house, who was the last to perceive the mistake.

"It bea't he."

"It be uncommon loik."

Such were the observations of his friends.

Meanwhile the stranger—who was no other than the steward's twin brother, the returned convict—deliberately folded up his coat, hung up his hat upon a peg, and took a seat, which happened to be disengaged, nearest the fire. An awkward pause had followed his entrance into the room; the speakers being too simple-minded to conceal their embarrassment.

"A cold night," observed Mike.

"Very," said the landlord.

"I have arranged with the landlady to pass the night here; but don't let me disturb you, gentlemen. I shall only take one glass, and warm myself by the fire, before I retire to my room."

All the party assembled in the parlour assured the speaker that they were not in the least disturbed by his presence; that the parlour was a public one, open to him as well as to themselves, and that they had only been talking about the weather and local matters.

The stranger smiled and called for a glass of gin-and-water; he knew exactly how much credit to give to these assertions, for he had overheard a portion of their conversation by listening a few instants at the door before he entered.

The likeness between Mike and the steward was too apparent to escape observation; in fact it might be considered extraordinary. The same long, spare body, thin legs, small head. The only difference was in the teeth; the shark-like set of Andrew's were wanting.

"You are no stranger in these parts, I presume?" observed Mr. Minter, addressing him.

"Never here before," was the reply.

"Indeed!"

"Or heard of the name of the place till the other day."

This appeared still more remarkable, but as the speaker could have no ostensible reason, as his hearers believed, for denying his knowledge of St. Faith's, they believed him, and felt somewhat more at their ease respecting him.

Mike noticed that every eye was fixed upon him, and if he only turned his head or glanced aside, winks and mutual signs of intelligence interchanged. At first he felt somewhat annoyed—the reason of the company's extraordinary conduct did not strike him.

"You don't receive many strangers in this place, I suppose?" he muttered.

"Not many."

"I thought not."

"Why so?"

"Because you stare at them so hardly," replied the returned convict. "I have travelled a great deal in my time both in England and the colonies," he added, "but never experienced such a reception in any house of entertainment I might drop into. But it is Devonshire fashion, I suppose," he added, with a sneer. "I always heard that it was a hundred years behind the rest of the country, and now I am convinced that it is so. Your health, gentlemen, and better manners to you, each and all of you."

Strange to say, this address, which, under other circumstances, might have called forth anything but an agreeable reply, was exceedingly well received. It broke the spell of reserve, and raised a laugh which each felt disposed to join in. How could they feel angry, when each felt that the speaker had cause to complain of the peculiar manner in which his appearance had been received amongst them.

"You are right, quite right," replied Farmer Minter. "But neither the landlord nor any of my friends here meant the least offence. The fact is, we were speaking of a person who is well known amongst us when you dropped in."

"What has that to do with me?" demanded Mike.

"Only that you resemble him as close as one pea does to another," said the former. "In fact, we took you for him at first, didn't we?"

The question was followed by a general assent.

"May I ask the gentleman's name?"

"Mr. Sillex."

"What is he?"

"Steward to Sir Norman Boothroyd, the lord of the manor, and owner of Meldown Park and the adjoining property."

"Ah! very likely," ejaculated Mike; "but I never heard either of him or his master before, that I am aware of."

We need not remind our readers that this was a falsehood, but truth was not one of the gentleman's virtues, whatever other qualities he might possess.

"You have raised my curiosity," added the speaker; "I should like to see the man whom you say is so very like me. No doubt, but he is a good, honest fellow."

There was a general silence.

Mike repeated the observation.

The same result.

"Why, what are you afraid of?" he added.

The word had the desired effect; it released the tongues of the farmers.

"Afraid!" exclaimed several of them; "not a bit. If old Andrew Sillex has any good in him, it has yet to be found out."

"Indeed!"

"The fact is, sir," said Mr. Minter, thinking that Mike was hurt by the comparison, "that the party in question does not bear the best reputation amongst us; and having said that, we had better let the subject drop. You can have no right to feel offended; the resemblance we observed between you is only a personal one."

"Offended!" repeated the convict, with a chuckle. "Oh, no! On the contrary, I am rather amused at it. I know I am no beauty; but foreign travel does wear a man sadly. And so this Mr. Sillex—I think that is the name you called him by—is a sad rascal, is he?"

"A very sad one."

"Miserly, perhaps?"

"He'd skin a flint!" shouted one of the party. "Why, he hasn't bought a suit of clothes for these twenty years—wears all his late master's old ones."

"Is he rich?"

"Very."

"And revengeful?"

"Spiteful as a badger, and has teeth like one," answered the parish clerk, who, being in a perfectly independent position, to which the parishioners had elected him, did not hesitate to express his opinion. "It's my belief he would rob his own brother if he got the chance."

Mike grinned. It was long since he had come to the same conclusion.

"Well," he said, "I intend to remain here for a day or two. I am travelling for my health. Most probably I shall have an opportunity of seeing the person you describe. I am fond of strange characters. He will be quite a study to me."

"Remain here some days!" repeated the landlord.

"Yes."

"Where do you come from?"

"London. Devonshire, they say, is a very healthy place, and I think so. It may be fancy, but I feel as if I were better already."

On hearing that the gentleman came from London, Simon Gee, whose *amour propre* had been slightly piqued more than once by the doubts the parish clerk had expressed of his veracity, appealed to him to

confirm some of his statements, especially the one respecting the size of St. Paul's, and the number of passengers, the vast amount of traffic, &c. &c., in the streets.

The stranger did so; and this naturally led the old man to relate the cause of his visit to the metropolis, and the fruitless result.

"Lost a child!" exclaimed the astonished Mike.

"Yes."

"What was her name?"

"Lillian," replied the weaver, "but we used to call her Lilly."

"Better and better," thought Mike; "I shall learn all I am anxious to learn here. Two birds with one stone. Clever as Andrew thinks himself, he will find that I have outwitted him."

And the ruffian chuckled with delight.

"Come, Simon," exclaimed Mr. Minter, who thought the stranger was pushing his curiosity rather further than the shortness of the acquaintance justified, "it will soon be time to be jogging. But before we separate we must have the old song."

There was a general cry for the "Bell."

In addition to his many other accomplishments, Simon Gee could sing. As a matter of course, the subjects of his songs were generally taken from his favourite art, or in some way connected with it. The one now called for had long been known in St. Faith's by the name of Simon's song; and the old man, after the usual display of modesty—the fear of having a cold, or not being quite in tune—sang the following ballad, to a simple, easy air:—

THE BELL-RINGER'S SONG.

The old church bell, how it booms from the tower,
Sullen and sad as the lone midnight hour;
Life's course it has marked on the dial of time,
From infancy's years to my manhood's wild prime.
And now that my thin locks are whitened by age,
And time in life's volume has reached the last page,
The old church bell with a moral divine,
As it booms from the tower, still marks my decline.

Cold and sadly it sounded as, torn from my heart,
One by one I beheld all life's treasures depart;
Wife, children, and friends, it has tolled to the grave—
I but linger a wreck on humanity's wave.
But time's surge as it rolls shall attain the glad shore,
Where each tempest of passion and feeling is o'er;
And the old church bell bid my steps cease to roam,
As it booms from the tower to welcome me home.

"Bravo!" cried Mike, at the termination of Simon's song; "it was rather a plaintive strain. I should have preferred something a little merrier."

"No doubt, sir," replied the bell-ringer, "but my thoughts are not very merry ones just now, so you must excuse me."

The party was soon after broken up, and the stranger retired to his room after directing the landlord to call him at an early hour the following morning.

On their way home, Minter and Simon naturally exchanged observations of the extraordinary resemblance between Mr. Sillex, the steward and the new guest at the Boothroyd Arms. The weaver, who was one of the most unsuspicious persons in the world, regarded it merely as an accidental likeness, a caprice of nature; not so the former, who expressed himself of a different opinion.

"Can't make it out," he said, "but blood is thicker than water, and if Andrew Sillex had ever had a brother—"

"Ever had a brother," interrupted the little weaver. "Why, didn't you know that the steward had a brother?"

"Never heard a word of it till this moment," replied the astonished farmer.

"Oh yes. But you were a boy at the time that Mr. Sillex first came to these parts, or you must have recollected the quarrel between him and Sanders, the late baronet's head groom, who threw it into his teeth that his own brother had been transported."

"This, then, is the man!" exclaimed his hearer. "I thought there must be something more than accident in such a likeness."

"But the gentleman said he had never heard of the name before," observed the bell-ringer.

"Pshaw!" said the more experienced farmer, "a lie would cost him nothing. My curiosity is roused. I'll keep an eye upon him; mark my words, but we shall hear of his visit to the Home Farm soon."

Here the speakers separated.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Mine enemy hath found me; and, worse than all,
It is an enemy that shares my blood—had the same
Nurture with me.—HEIR OF THE SEAT.

MR. ANDREW SILEX—who, since his return home, had laid aside his suit of black, till circumstances should again render a visit to London necessary, and donned his usual attire—was seated in the

little oak-panelled room in the Home Farm, which served him for an office. Upon the table before him lay the rent-book, copies of leases, receipts, bills, and in short, all the miscellaneous papers which belong to a large property, and the management of it.

The furniture, like the inmate, was exceedingly old-fashioned: half a dozen high-backed chairs, covered with faded brocade—which, in the days of Queen Anne or the first George, perhaps, had worn the freshest gloss—one or two cabinets, and a large iron safe of such massive construction, that it would require the united strength of half a dozen men merely to move it.

The lid of the last-named piece of furniture, if it might be called so, was open, and disclosed a miscellaneous collection of valuables: bags of coin, carefully sealed; papers labelled, and a variety of articles of plate, tarnished for want of use.

On the top of the chest was a parchment carefully folded: it had all the appearance of a will; this parchment the old man took up and read through once or twice without uttering a word by way of comment. Whilst thus occupied his brother entered the room. So cat-like and stealthy were his footsteps, and so absorbed the attention of the reader, that the latter failed to perceive he was no longer alone. The intruder took a seat and regarded him attentively. The chair creaked as he sat on it, but even that failed to attract the attention of the steward.

"Twelve years more," murmured the old man, aloud, "and Alan Boothroyd's child would have been of age."

The convict noted every word he uttered.

"And on Sir Norman's death, entitled to half the estate. I don't see why I should content myself with less."

"Nor I," thought the intruder.

"I will not. I have earned it by my silence, the long years I have waited for the enjoyment. What can Sir Norman or his wife object or complain of? Alice will be rich, too rich for a girl, and I spare them the ignominy of an exposure, of holding them up to the scorn of the world, screening them probably from the hand of justice. No, no! it must be half; not a penny less, I am resolved upon it."

"And quite right, too," exclaimed Mike, aloud.

His brother dropped the parchment hastily into the iron chest, and closed the lid before turning round to ascertain who it was who had dared to intrude upon his privacy; for it was an understood thing at the Home Farm, that when occupied in the oak room, no one should break in upon him.

"Mike!"

"Andrew!"

Such were the exclamations which broke from the lips of the two brothers, who, having uttered them, stood for some time surveying each other in silence. The countenance of the steward expressed rage and mortification at being thus followed, as it were, to his lair. The features of the convict, on the contrary, denoted extreme triumph in having outwitted, as he considered, the prudent, cautious Andrew.

"You here!" exclaimed the former, after a pause.

"Yes. I told you I should find you out."

"You did," answered the steward, bitterly.

"And I have kept my promise?"

"You have," muttered his brother, in the same tone.

"You see, Andrew," said his visitor, "after the loss of that blessed child, whom I took to as naturally as if it had been my own, I felt quite lonesome like in the old place in the Belvedere-road, it were so silent and solitary, especially at nights, when the wind howled round the chimney and gables, making low moaning sounds, just as she used to do. The fact is, I could stand it no longer; so I sold off the furniture—it didn't fetch me much, I promise you—and started to see you—couldn't keep away any longer!"

"And what do you expect to find here?"

"A welcome," replied the convict, boldly, "such as I would have given you had you come to me; and," said Mike, "I am tired of living alone. We are brothers—henceforth let us be companions and pals."

"You are mistaken, then," said Mr. Andrew Sillex, striking the table before him with his clenched hand. "This house is not mine. I have no home to share with you, and if I had—"

"You would refuse it?"

"Exactly."

"You think so," answered Mike, in a mocking tone; "you only think so. Your heart is better, much better than you give it credit for being. For in that case, I should forget that we are twin brothers, go to the nearest magistrate, and make oath that Andrew Sillex, the steward of Sir Norman Boothroyd, came to me on a certain day, and made arrangements for my receiving the stolen child of

Alan Boothroyd, the co-heiress of this estate here. Lady Boothroyd brought her to me, and agreed to pay me fifty pounds a year for keeping her, and five hundred in the event of her death."

"The daughter of Alan Boothroyd?" repeated the steward, turning exceedingly pale.

Mike nodded in the affirmative.

"The co-heiress of this estate?"

"You said so yourself."

"This would lead to an investigation, which neither you nor your mistress would come out of with clean hands," resumed the convict. "Child-stealing is a serious offence, and ain't no more allowable in the rich than the poor."

"And where did you learn this pretty, romantic story?" demanded the steward, trying to look unconcerned.

"Partly in the cottage from Simon Gee."

"You have seen him?"

"And spoken with him," replied his brother; "and partly from your own lips."

"And have you no fear?"

"What have I to fear?" interrupted Mr. Sillex's visitor. "The certificates are all right; you can't get over them. The child died a natural death,—what people may think and say is quite another thing; I've nothing to do with that. I ain't got no character to lose: no one respects me."

"If it's money you require," exclaimed the steward, impatiently, "name the sum, and although I am a poor man, I will if possible content you. But here, I tell you once for all, you cannot remain."

"And here, I tell you once for all, I am determined to remain," answered his visitor, with the most provoking coolness. "I am tired of living by myself, more especially since Jack left me. In London no one will associate with me, for all the neighbours know that I am a returned convict. If I change my abode, it is the same thing—the police are sure to whisper it; but here, in the country, residing with you, acknowledged as your brother, who would venture to suppose such a thing, or, if they did, to breathe it? Ain't you quite as much lord of the manor as Sir Norman Boothroyd himself?"

"You had better take my offer," said Mr. Sillex.

"I tell you I will not take it. It's a home I seek. I want to be respectable again, and there is no other way of my being thought so. You know the consequences if you refuse me."

The features of the steward, which, during the discussion, had grown exceedingly red, now turned very pale; and once or twice he wiped the drops of cold perspiration from his brow with the back of his long bony hand, the same hand whose nervous grasp had so startled the nervous system of Jack, when he placed it caressingly upon his neck.

"It is in vain to struggle with our destiny," he said; "I submit."

"And I am to remain here?"

"Since such is your choice; an evil one, I fear, for both of us."

The tone in which the permission was granted, and the observation which accompanied it, did not escape the notice of Mike, who recollected the warning Jack had given him on the night of his being forcibly sent to sea.

"Look you, brother," he exclaimed, "fair play."

"What do you mean?"

"That I am not to be dealt with as cunningly as—"

"You dealt with Lillian," interrupted the steward. "Is that your meaning, fool? If I had any such wish or intention, I should have welcomed you, instead of refusing you an asylum beneath my roof. It is I, rather, who have cause to fear. Have you forgotten what the boy Jack said about the arsenic?"

It was Mike's turn to look confused.

"The warning has not been lost upon me. Hence arose my objection, that is to say, my chief one, to your remaining. There can be no confidence between us, nothing but mistrust and terror. You will do well, therefore, to reflect before you decide."

"I have reflected."

"And decided?"

"Yes."

The tenant of the Home Farm rang the bell. It was answered by a middle-aged female; to judge from her appearance, a very determined person. Her iron gray hair, being worn over a roll, displayed to its full extent a lofty, wrinkled forehead. Her eyes were dark and deep-set in the head, but it was in the mouth that the character of determination was more particularly displayed; in fact, the development almost amounted to ferocity, so thin were the lips, and so tightly was the superior drawn over the inferior one.

"Margaret," said her master, "my brother has arrived."

The woman regarded Mike long and curiously.

"You will prepare a chamber for him."

"Which?"

"The one over the north porch."

"It has not been slept in since—"

"I know, I know," interrupted Mr. Sillex, hastily; "but you can see to its being well aired. My brother likes retirement, and as he will remain here for some time, it will be as well to arrange for his accommodation at once."

The woman withdrew with a dissatisfied air. It was evident that, whatever her master might feel, she anticipated no great pleasure from the presence of an additional inmate at the Home Farm.

"Umph!" muttered Mike, as Margaret withdrew; "rather a singular looking person for a bachelor's housekeeper. I should have preferred a younger."

"She suits me," replied his brother.

"And a better tempered one."

"I find her obedient enough. But never mind my domestic arrangements; you must be content to take them just as they are. I am too old and too much accustomed to them to change, even for the pleasure of your society. You will not complain of her manner long,—soon he used to it."

There was something so like a sneer in the last observation, that Mike mentally asked himself whether it did not convey a covert threat—in fact, he began to apprehend that there might be more danger in the housekeeper than in her master, and determined to be upon his guard against both.

"Have you any luggage?" inquired Andrew Sillex.

Mike muttered something about a bundle which he had left at the village inn, where he had slept the preceding night. A messenger was sent for it, with directions also to pay the bill, and answer no inquiries.

"Whilst you remain here," said the steward, addressing his unwelcome visitor, "it is my wish and advice that you frequent the village inn as little as possible, and make no acquaintance with the inhabitants of St. Faith's."

"For fear I should hear how rich you are!" exclaimed Mike, with a grin.

"For fear your having been a transported felon should be thrown in your teeth," replied his brother, calmly. "You are mistaken if you imagine the circumstance unknown; a servant of the late baronet once openly reproached me with having a brother a thief, in the Manor Court, before all the tenants."

"And what did you do?—discharge him?"

The steward smiled, and shook his head negatively.

"That would not have been revenge," he said.

"You are right. What became of him?"

"He ruined himself."

"How so?"

"Turned thief. A considerable quantity of plate disappeared from the Hall. This occurred a year or two after the scene at the Manor Court. At first it was supposed the house had been robbed. Detectives were sent for from London. They soon discovered that the thief was one of the household, and recommended that the trunks of all the servants should be searched."

"And wor they?"

"Yes."

"And the plate?"

"Was found secreted in the box of the very man who had reproached me with having a brother a thief," answered Mr. Sillex, calmly. "Poor fellow! I shall never forget how strongly he asserted his innocence. My master and I did all we could to save him; but it was of no use. The laws were very severe in those days; and so they hanged him, Mike, for breach of trust."

The returned convict gave a low chuckle. The speaker looked at him with such well-affected surprise, that the disposition to mirth increased, and he indulged in it till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Capital!" exclaimed Mike, as soon as he could recover himself sufficiently from his fit of mirth to speak.

"What was capital?" demanded his brother, with well-acted astonishment, as if he had been narrating one of the simplest circumstances in the world.

"Why, hanging the fellow, to be sure," was the reply.

"I did not hang him."

"Not with your own hands," observed Mike; "of course not—that would have been a clumsy contrivance; but you tied the cord round his neck quite as effectually as though you had done so. Placed the plate in the babbler's trunk, eh?"

"Nothing of the kind," answered the steward, calmly. "I was absent from Meldown when the event occurred—had been so for some time, on business for my late master, and only returned a day or

two after the discovery. I bore the wretched man no ill-will—why should I? It was the truth he told, and I had always a great respect for the truth, Mike. You look incredulous," he added; "but I can give you a proof that I entertained no resentment towards him, not only in the efforts I made to save him, but in my conduct to his widow, who has remained with me ever since."

His brother gave a long, low whistle—"Whew!"—a habit he had when anything struck him in a new light, or broke suddenly upon his comprehension.

"Well," he said, "that was kind, exceedingly kind. I scarcely gave you credit for so much benevolence. And so the widdie has remained with you ever since?"

"Yes."

"In what capacity?"

"As my housekeeper."

"The woman I have just seen?"

"Even so," said the steward.

The peculiar sound was repeated. Mike saw—or imagined he saw, which with him was much the same thing—a clue to the whole affair. His brother had induced the woman, he doubted not, to place the plate in her husband's trunk, and permitted him to suffer for it. And he began to think that he acted imprudently in trusting himself into the hands of two such very decided personages. Evidently it was not a little they would hesitate at, to remove any one from their path that interfered either with their interest or safety.

Perhaps he was right; but time will decide whether he was so or not.

Our readers doubtless will naturally ask what could have been the motive of Mr. Andrew Sillex in making this extraordinary confidence—a confidence which he must have known would infallibly excite the suspicions of his brother. A little reflection will give the clue to his mode of reasoning.

Mike was naturally of a bitter, sarcastic temper, and he well knew would not fail to make many pointed and disagreeable allusions to his housekeeper, indulge in hints that must naturally create a feeling both of hostility and alarm, and consequently predispose her to assist him in any project he might entertain against him; for Margaret seldom forgave either an insult or an injury.

He was not wrong in his calculations.

The first time her master hinted to her his intentions respecting his brother, the woman refused to have anything to do with the affair; which, as she said, was none of hers: Mike had never offended her.

Sillex smiled.

"When he has," she added, "it will be quite time enough for me to take part against him—besides, is he not your brother?"

Her hearer might have asked whether the man whose death they had compassed between them—for the convict's suspicions of the transaction were founded on truth—had not been her husband; but he forbore; he had no wish to arouse an ill feeling against himself—Margaret being the only person, perhaps, in the world whom he feared to cope with.

He had not long to wait: the scheme worked as he could have wished.

One morning his housekeeper sought him in the little oaken room, which she, of all the servants employed on the Home Farm, alone presumed to enter. Her features were more than usually pale; but there was a fire in her deep-sunken dark eyes which lit them up with an expression yet more terrible than their fulness.

"Well, Margaret," said the steward; "what is it?"

"I have been insulted," replied the woman.

Mr. Sillex shrugged his shoulders.

"By your brother."

The gentleman guessed as much.

"And by your contrivance."

"My contrivance!" repeated Andrew. "You are unreasonable. What interest can I possibly have in setting Mike to insult you?"

"Who else could have told him my tale?" demanded the housekeeper, fixing her flashing eyes fiercely upon him.

"The first person in the village," replied her master, "whom he questioned upon the subject. Why affect this surprise? Your furious jealousy against your husband, your threats of revenge against him, are well known. There is not an old servant on the estate but believes that you placed the proofs of a crime he had never committed where they were found by the officers of justice. You must have seen this general feeling in the manner in which all the inhabitants of St. Faith's avoid you."

The woman wrung her hands and groaned in the agony of recollection and remorse at the part she had enacted in the fearful drama.

"Do they also know who tempted me?" she answered at last.

"Perhaps not; but they suspect it. I am scarcely more beloved by them than yourself," answered Mr. Silex. "But they fear me; now, they only hate you. I can either serve or injure them; you can do neither; therefore they are silent where I am concerned, and speak out boldly respecting you."

"Injure them or not," exclaimed the woman, in a determined tone, "your brother must not remain here."

"How is it to be prevented?"

"By sending him away."

Mr. Silex gave one of his peculiar laughs.

"You forget he is my brother."

"And you forget that the man I sacrificed to your resentment was my husband."

"A faithless one."

"Granted."

"You had proof of that."

"Ample," exclaimed Margaret. "Had there been a doubt, I would have perished rather than have injured a hair of his head. It was on account of this very Mike that you first vowed his destruction. The presence of the man was a silent reproach to me, but his words, his hints, his sneers have become an insult. I repeat, he must quit the Home Farm."

"And I repeat," said the steward, "that I dare not send him away."

"You are in his power?" said the woman.

"To a certain extent."

"And would gladly be released from it?"

"At any price. But you have refused me your assistance in the only way by which I dare venture to rid myself of him."

"I promise it to you now," replied Margaret, in a cool, determined tone. "You are going in the morning to the market at Tiverton. Take your brother with you."

Her master nodded assent.

"Contrive to dine early," continued the speaker, "and return to the Home Farm without supping. The cormorant will be sure to demand food on his arrival. I will have it prepared for him."

"You are aware how suspicious he is," observed the steward. "From the day he first intruded himself here he has never tasted of any food that we have not first partaken of."

"I know—I have seen it," muttered the housekeeper. "But that will prove no obstacle to my revenge. We will both of us eat freely in his presence."

"Both of us," repeated Andrew, fixing his eyes upon her.

"I as well as you," answered the housekeeper.

"You have only to observe one precaution: your brother is passionately, greedily fond of stewed mushrooms. Do not assist yourself to the dish; only take such ones as I shall give you; those you may partake of freely."

"I understand you."

The next day the steward of Meldown Park invited his brother to accompany him to the Tiverton corn-market, which Mike readily assented to, for he began to tire of the monotonous life he led at the Home Farm. As they drove from the house in the gig, Margaret made her appearance with a small basket on her arm.

"Going to the village?" demanded her master, carelessly.

"Only to the home-croft," replied the woman.

"The dews have fallen plentifully, and if I am not mistaken in my calculation, I shall gather an excellent dish of mushrooms."

Mike smacked his lips at the word, and the vehicle drove off.

Margaret smiled bitterly as she gazed after it.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

AMUSEMENTS.

WE propose in this article to offer some few general remarks on the subject of amusement. We have no sympathy with those who would shut out amusement and relaxation of all kinds from society. We believe that human nature requires amusement, and that there is sound philosophy in the old couplet—

"All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy."

But, first of all, we have to consider the

CONFLICTING OPINIONS

on this question:

From time immemorial there has been a difference of opinion among men, and women, too, concerning amusements. There has been a class of sedate, sober people, who have invariably opposed nearly all amusements which another class of more buoyant and light-hearted natures have felt themselves irresistibly impelled to seek. One has whined, and scolded, and snarled at amusements; the other has pleaded for them in right good earnest, and sometimes with a tart sharpness. This difference of opinion has created a war of words, and not unfrequently a war of spirit, which sometimes has been very bitter between the opposing parties. To an observer of this wordy contest, there must often have appeared more real harm in the angry and bitter spirit of the controversy, than in the indulgence of the recreations condemned.

AMUSEMENTS DESERVING ATTENTION.

Of course, on the principle that it is not worth while to quarrel about them, it may be urged amusements are scarcely worth our attention. But so far from such being the case, this question of amusements is one that not a little interests the happiness and well-being of society, and demands our calm consideration. Time is money, and thought more. Whatever is to affect the time and thoughts of men in this great world is vastly important. That which affects their time and thoughts affects their characters, and their characters affect their moral standing, and what affects their moral standing affects their peace and happiness. Then this subject is of immense importance, rising in solemn grandeur before us, and is more than a question of momentary fun and frolic, but one on the decision of which hang immense and far-reaching consequences.

AMUSEMENT A NATURAL INSTINCT.

In the first place, it may not be amiss to observe that amusements are *natural*. It seems that the great and beneficent Creator has written in the heart of every living thing the command, "Amuse thyself." And all beings that are *natural* yield an agreeable and joyous obedience to this divine command.

What mean the frolics of the lamb, the gay prances of the horse, the jocund sports of the dog, the gambols of the squirrel amid the tree-tops, the dances of the birds to their own music, on light, fantastic wings? What means the general joy of the animal creation, spoken out in their sports, their endless diversity of amusements, as varied and gay as the colours among flowers, or the forms of beauty on the clouds of heaven? What means the gladsome gaiety which rings through the morning air of spring, and gives gladness to the sweet hour of sunset? What means the joyous influence which steals into our own hearts when we go out to make nature a friendly visit, provoking us to sing with the birds and frolic with the lambskins? What means that merry-making inspiration which creeps, in the spirit of mirthfulness, along our every nerve, when we meet with a company of friends who have made glad our hearts with a thousand smiles? What mean the games, plays, feasts, festivals, dances, bonfires, and illuminations which are found in all countries and times, and among all nations of the earth, if they do not declare that amusements are as natural as breath, and as universal as life? What mean the innocent jokes which are flung, in playfulness of spirit, at each other, among all people? What mean the glancing coruscations of wit which glitter in the circles of the best men and women of which our world can boast? What mean all the little pleasantries which pass from tongue to tongue like electric sparks of joy, wherever human beings find pleasure in each other's society? They must be regarded as nature's argument for amusements. Moreover, the instructions of mental science are clear upon this point. That teaches that the Creator of the human mind has written out His will upon this subject, in the faculty of mirthfulness which He has given to every human creature, as a part of its mental character.

PROMOTIVE OF HEALTH.

There is much in this world that is dark and gloomy. There are a thousand little troubles, trials, and disappointments, which vex and make us sad. There are hardships, toils, and fatigues, which would wear down and make gloomy our spirits, were it not for this merry-making fellow within us, who spices up life most admirably with his jocularity and sport. Nothing is more paralyzing to the mental energies, or more destructive of moral power, than a fixed and sullen sadness, or a cold, cheerless, benighted state of mind.

Cheerfulness is absolutely essential to the mind's healthy action, or the performance of its proper duties. The mind unmoved by the spirit which dwells in amusements, unvisited by the gales of mirthfulness, is like the ocean sleeping in the cold lap of earth, unmoved by a breeze and unstirred by a tide. It is still, pulseless, powerless, and will soon become stagnant, dead—a great pool of corruption, in which no living thing can dwell, from which no healthful influence can go out. And, as a healthy and uncontaminated body is necessary for a pure and elevated mind, it follows that the intellectual, moral, and social condition of the being within is improved by the vigour and glow of health given by the cheerful influences of amusements. But the question more difficult to decide to the satisfaction of all is, as to what amusements are proper, what gives the glow of health to the physical and moral man, and impair not in any manner the rightful and proper action of either. Some amusements are good and some bad. In nothing is sound judgment more needed than in the choice of amusements. It does not follow that because amusements are proper and useful, everything is proper that is amusing. Very much of the good of amusements depends upon the *kind*, and still more the *amount*.

EXCITING AMUSEMENTS DANGEROUS.

There is always a tendency in the human mind to go to some extreme, to the end of the road it is travelling. Extremes in amusements, like extremes in everything else, are injurious. Whenever they are made unduly exciting, or are carried to excess, they become absolutely evil. They dissipate the mind, intoxicate the brain with the wild enthusiasm of delight, waste the solid energies of the soul, destroy the equilibrium of the faculties, break up their harmonious action, and establish a positive discord within; besides being injurious to the health. To be drunk with amusement is as injurious as to be drunk with alcohol. It is a paralysis of all lofty purposes and moral vigour. A trifling, good-for-nothing thing is a soul intoxicated with amusements.

It is the evil of this excess in amusements that has stamped them with a stigma in the minds of many of the more sedate. They have seen the evil, and deplored it. There is a greater tendency to abuse amusements than almost anything else, on account of their exhilarating effects. They produce a sort of intoxication in the animal spirits, which imparts itself to the mind, and leads it on in a bewilderment of superabundant life, not unfrequently to an injurious excess. Among real lovers of amusements they are almost always abused. They are permitted to occupy too much attention, and the giddy maze of their follies becomes a whirl of dissipation. There is great danger of this among active, buoyant, high-spirited youth. Those of such a nature should be extremely cautious in the kind of amusements they choose, avoiding the most exciting, and in the influence they permit them to have upon their minds. There is great danger in excesses. They should be avoided always. The most scrupulous watchfulness should be entertained by every such youth against these excesses. The gay dream of merriment should never become bewildering, should never unfit us for the performance of our duties, should never make cheerless and uninviting the solid avocations of life.

MENTAL ENJOYMENT.

People usually seek amusements, as they say, "for the fun of it." They seek to "kill time," to dissipate sorrow, for their stimulating effects, &c. They have no high purpose in view, and hence receive no real benefit from them. To have their proper influence, amusements must be sought, not simply to spend a pleasant evening, but for their healthy and invigorating influence upon the body and mind. We should seek them for their real utility. We should enjoy them because we feel that they are right; because they are of real service to moral and accountable beings; because they increase our capacities for real enjoyment; because they harmonise our powers, quicken our activities, accelerate the pulses of both the inner and outer life, humanise our feelings, and refine our sympathies. Most intense is the pleasure of amusements thus rationally enjoyed. They are not then

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move, and live; pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; and none were blest by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name, by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year. And you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening.

merely animal pleasures, but mental enjoyments. They should really stand side by side with the institutions of morality and religion as aids and not enemies to these. There are many excellent and useful amusements which have become degrading in the eyes of most good people from their abuse. They have done real evil, have sown the seeds of vice, and brought forth rich harvests of woe. They have been prostituted to evil till they are now altogether corrupt in their influences. They might be mighty engines for moral good, whereas they are instruments of untold corruption. They have not been sought and enjoyed with a proper view, and have been abused on this account. This abuse has very naturally brought reproach upon the amusements themselves.

If we would regard amusements as a part of our education—a part of the moral training which we must receive to perfect our natures and refine our sympathies, very differently would they be viewed. Much, very much, might well-conducted and well-chosen amusements do to render us more interesting and agreeable to each other, more graceful, free, and natural in our manners, and more ready and able to perform well our various duties in life. Much more cheerful, refined, kind, and happy might society be made by the influence of proper amusements, sought with a view to refine, elevate, and gladden the whole moral and physical being.

LABOUR AND RELAXATION.

To be really useful, amusements should be intimately blended with all the labours of life. Instead of being entirely separated from everything else, and apart by themselves at some chosen place and time, they should mingle with, and colour with a ray of brightness, the whole web of life. They should be made so easy of access, so much at hand, and so easily attained, that without much effort, or expense, or loss of time, they might gladden life with their sunshine every day. When they are sought only at certain seasons of festivity, at long intervals of time, and then with great pomp and *clat*, they are almost sure to be abused. They generally result in absolute evil. They become scenes of improper excitement, and not unfrequently of trouble and discord. They engage too much the thoughts, fix too strongly the attention, they bewilder and dazzle too much the mind. And when they are over, no good can be determined upon with any degree of certainty, and often much evil is clearly the result. Such amusements are unnatural and improper, and should be everywhere discouraged. To be profitable, amusements should be frequent and simple—such as give grace and vigour to the body, animation and buoyancy to the mind, refinement to the manners, and harmony and happiness to the whole being. To do this, they must be skilfully and frequently intermingled with the business, and duties, and ordinary occupations of life. They should give cheerfulness, vivacity, and peace, to every-day life. And in seasons when they can, they should be sought out in doors, in the open, health-giving air, among the bright, gay things of nature—on the hills, amid the vales; in the groves, by the sparkling cascade; where there is life and beauty—where everything has a voice of instruction and a song of joy. And they should be made, so far as possible, intellectually and morally interesting. They should be mingled with our studies, interspersed with our labours, and woven into the web of life; but should always be directed by judgment, and sanctioned by virtue, propriety, and rectitude.

HOME ENJOYMENTS.

It is a clear dictate of reason that the chief scene of amusements should be at home. Around home clusters all that the heart holds dear. Here is the scene of the most of our labours and trials. Here are our chief joys, our bitterest sorrows. Here are nearly all our real experiences in life. Here are our comforts, and here should be our supplies; and here should be the scene of our gaiety, merriment, and pleasure. Here should be the real music of life. Here should be its gladdest pleasures, its mirth and brightness. There is but little danger from an excess of home amusements.

Disipation is usually found abroad. Injurious amusements are nearly all away from home. The evils of amusements are absent from this sacred place. At home amusements may be guarded from all harm. Associates and associations may be such as they should be. Amusements may here be varied at pleasure, and directed at will.

After reason why amusements have become objects of dread with many people is because they have been driven from the sacred protection of the fireside; they have been exiled from the only place where they can be safely indulged in, and banished to places from

which, in truth, modesty and virtue ought to shrink back. They have been forced amid associations corrupt and evil. Having been found in bad company, they have been dishonoured. If they had been kept at home, where they should be, they might still have been honoured guests of that blessed sanctuary. Thousands of youth have been ruined, or greatly injured, in a moral point of view, by feeling compelled to go away from home for the amusements which their natures impelled them to desire.

A proper amount of labour, well-spiced with sunny sports, is almost absolutely necessary to the formation of a firm, hardy physical constitution; and a cheerful and happy mind. Let all youth not only learn to choose and enjoy proper amusements, but let them learn to invent them at home, and use them there, and thus form ideas of such homes as they shall wish to have their own children enjoy. Not half the people know how to make a home. It is one of the greatest and most useful studies of life to learn how to make a home—such a home as men, and women, and children should dwell in. It is a study that should be early introduced to the attention of youth. It would be well if more were written upon this subject, and we purpose in a future article giving some few practical rules and hints as to the best and cheapest kinds of recreation.

THE ICEBERGS.

FIERCE from his ebony throne
The frost-king rose in wrath,
Shaking the depths of his icy zone,
As he rushed on his wayward path.
The wild winds flew to his aid,
At sound of his bugle's blast,
And they launched the barge that their liege had made,
And the armament swept past.
On o'er the silent deep,
The thousand fleets were free,
Unlocked from a century's frigid sleep,
By the inner open sea.
The boreal lights shone red
On each lofty glittering spar,
And the full white sails to the sea outspread
Shook their giant folds afar.
Solemn, and grand, and pale,
Like a band of spectres grim,
Their stern brows wreathed in an icy veil,
They moved through the twilight dim.
And the white gull raised her wing,
And fled from the fearful sight
Of the armament of the fierce frost-king,
As it sailed in awful might.
On till the ardent sun
Met the serried phalanx bold;
When he hung to the tall masts every one
Banners of molten gold.
Gems might not dare to shine,
Nor pearls from the dark sea caves,
By that troop that flashed on the troubled brine,
As they met on the ocean waves.
Minarets pierced the blue,
Changing to every shade
That the rainbow over the fountain's dew,
Or the storm-cloud e'er displayed.
Columns of marble gray,
Adamant architrave,
Palaces decked for a festal day,
Seemed aloft on the surging wave.
Even the palm-tree's head,
Carved by the genii hand,
Grew on the brink of the water's bed,
And towered from the crystal strand.
On to the work of death
Went the frost-king's armament,
Decked with the gems that his icy breath
To their sculptured forms had lent.
Bark built by mortal power
Dared not to try its wrath;
And the seaman trembled, lest any hour
He should wake in its fearful path.
Sons of the ocean saw
Their wonted prowess vain:
And gazed at the giant fleets with awe,
As they sailed o'er the trembling main.
Silent as death, afar
They shine in their beauty fair;
'Tis the frost-king's armament of war.
Ah, mariner, beware!

SOLITUDE.—One ought to love society, if he wishes to enjoy solitude. It is a social nature that solitude works upon with the most various power. If one is misanthropic, and betakes himself to loneliness that he may get away from hateful things, solitude is a silent emptiness to him. But as after a bell has tolled or rung, we hear its sounds dying away in vibrations

fainter and fainter; and, when they have wholly ceased, feel that the very silence is musical, too—so is it with solitude, which is but a few hours of rest between strains of life, and would not be what it is if it did not go from activity to it, and into activity from it.

NOW AND TO-DAY.

Our to-days—how inadequately are they appreciated! Now—in which all the blessings of life are alone included—with what strange indifference do we turn from its rich offerings; to feast our eyes on gardens of delight, that spread away, temptingly, in a future that for ever mocks us with the unattained! There are pearls and diamonds scattered all along the paths we are treading, but we cannot stop to gather them for looking at the mountains of gold that gleam against the far horizon. All of our unhappiness springs from neglected or misspent hours and to-days. The present moment is God's loving gift to man. In it we weave the web of our future, and make its threads bright with sunshine, or dark with evil and suffering.

"Come and kiss me, papa," cried a voice full of music and love.

But papa was in the passage below, with coat, hat, and gloves on, all ready to go forth to the day's business, and little pet Louis was up in his mother's chamber, only half dressed.

"Haven't time now; I'll kiss you when I come home," papa answers back, and then starts from the house in a hurried manner.

A pearl lay at his feet, and Mr. Edwards had failed to lift the precious thing. He would have been so much the richer for life.

"Dear Lu!" he said to himself as he moved along the street, "that kiss would have done us both good, and consumed but half a minute of time; and I hardly think I shall find another half minute so richly freighted with blessing to-day."

At the corner of the next square, Mr. Edwards waited four minutes for an omnibus. It was lost time. Four minutes spent with dear pet Louis, how full of pleasure they would have been—how fragrant their memory through all the day?

When Mr. Edwards arrived at his office neither his morning newspaper nor his bookkeeper was there. So, he could neither get at his books, which were in the fire-safe, nor glean from his *Express* the commercial news or state of the markets. No customers were in at so early an hour. And so Mr. Edwards passed the next twenty minutes in comparative idleness, his mind burdened just enough to make him feel uncomfortable, with the thought of little Louis quivering over the coveted parting kiss.

At the end of twenty minutes, the bookkeeper arrived. The honey of Louis's parting kiss would have sweetened the temper of Mr. Edwards for the day. Without it, under slight annoyances, his spirit grew sour. He spoke to the bookkeeper with slight impatience, and in words of reproof for being late. A sick child was the excuse; and as he looked into his clerk's face, he saw that it was pale with trouble and watching.

Mr. Edwards sighed. The pressure on his feelings was heavier. Everything, during that day, seemed to possess a strange power of annoyance; and to the failure to lift a pearl from his feet in the morning, was added many failures of a like character.

"Will you please to buy an almanac?" said a childish voice near him.

"No, I do not please," was the gruff reply of Mr. Edwards. He spoke, as he looked up, on the moment's impulse. The timid, half-frightened face of a tender child, scarcely a year older than his darling at home, glanced upon him for an instant, and then he saw only the retreating form of a little girl. Before his better feelings prompted a recall of his repulsive words, she was in the street, and out of sight.

This was a little thing in itself, but it told sharply on the feelings of Mr. Edwards, who was naturally a kind-hearted man. He sat very still for a little while, then, sighing again, went on with the letter he was writing when the little almanac-seller disturbed him at his work. Another "now" had passed, leaving a shadow instead of the sunshine it might have bestowed.

"Can you help me out to-day? I have a large note falling due."

"I cannot," replied Mr. Edwards.

The neighbour looked disappointed, and went away.

Now that neighbour had many times obliged Mr. Edwards in a similar way. Our merchant had no balance over at his bank. That may be said for him.

But he had money payable on demand, and could, without inconvenience, have helped his neighbour. He remembered this after it was too late. The "now" had passed again, and left upon his memory another burden of unquiet thought.

And so the hours of that day passed, each one leaving some "now" unimproved—some pearl lying by the wayside—some offered blessing untouched; and when, at a later hour than usual, Mr. Edwards turned his steps homeward, he felt as if he had lost instead of gained a day.

Dear Louis! Away, faster than his feet could carry him, went the heart of Mr. Edwards towards his darling boy. Somehow, the father's imagination would present no other image of the child, except one that showed him in grief for the kiss denied that morning.

"Where is Louis?" were the first words spoken by Mr. Edwards, as he entered the room where his wife was sitting. It was at least an hour after dark.

"In bed and asleep," was the answer. At another time this answer would have produced no unpleasant feelings; now it was felt almost like a painful shock.

Mr. Edwards went to the chamber where Louis lay in his little bed. The gas was burning low: he turned it up, so that the light should fall upon his face. How beautiful it was in its childish innocence! How placid! And yet the father's eyes saw, looking as they did through the medium of a troubled state, a touch of grief upon the lips, and a shade of rebuking sadness on the brow of his darling.

"Precious one!" he said, as he bent to kiss the pure forehead. "I wronged both your heart and mine."

It seemed to him, after the kiss and confession, that the sleeper's face had a more peaceful, loving aspect. For many minutes he stood gazing down upon his unconscious boy; then murmuring to himself, "It shall not be so again, sweet one!"—lowered the gas to a taper flame, and went with noiseless footsteps from the room.

For the gain of half a minute to business, in the morning, what a loss had there been to love and peace and comfort for the space of hours! Let us take care of our nows, and our to-days; for herein lies the true secret of happiness, and the true philosophy of life.

UNHAPPY FAMILIES.

THE number of unhappy families is greater than is generally imagined. My peculiar condition in life has long been such as to enable me to speak on this subject from personal knowledge. In every neighbourhood scenes occur daily, which, if the curtain were raised which hides them from common observation, would strike us with painful surprise. Such scenes I have witnessed where their occurrence had been least expected. Many households, supposed to be united in the bonds of love and fraternal affection, I have found divided and torn by discord and strife.

The domestic relation has been ordained by Providence, and made a source of the highest enjoyment. How sad the thought that any "root of bitterness" should be permitted to spring up within the sacred precincts of this earthly paradise, to poison its joys! And how strange, as well as sad, that this should so often happen in families bearing the Christian name! So far as my observation extends, most of the unhappiness of families proceeds from the mistakes of parents. Proper conduct on their part seldom fails to render them happy in each other, and happy in their children. If such is not their condition, they will probably learn from an impartial examination, that they have themselves had no slight agency in their domestic infelicity.

Some parents are naturally discontented, and pre-disposed to complaining and repining. They seem determined to be unhappy; at least they will not try to be happy. Nothing can satisfy them. They look on the dark side of everything, and allow the most trivial untoward circumstances to give them uneasiness. Though possessing the ordinary comforts of life in superabundance, they imagine their lot to be a peculiarly unfortunate one, and attribute their unhappiness to the faults of others. They never look for the cause within their own breasts, although they see thousands in less favoured circumstances—many in absolute want—comparatively contented and happy. In general they are governed by Christian principle; but "in whatsoever state they are," to be therewith content, is a lesson which they have never practically learned. I have sometimes doubted whether such persons were not more deserving of pity than of blame. Endeavour to convince them that their repining is without sufficient cause, and

you incur their displeasure, and are charged with cruel insensibility to their misfortunes. No family in which either parent is thus disposed, can be a happy one. The unhappiness of a single member of a household, like leaven, pervades the whole mass.

Others are of an excitable, irritable temperament. They are strangers to that capital grace which "suffereth long, and is kind—is not easily provoked." Taking fire at the least offence or indignity, real or imaginary, not only are they destitute of peace and enjoyment themselves, but they keep the whole family in perpetual disquiet. Mrs. M. is a lady of high respectability, esteemed for many good qualities. Her prevailing fault is to be "hasty in her spirit—to be angry." The slightest mistake of a child or servant throws her into a violent passion, which vents itself in harsh and censorious language. Nor are children and servants the only victims of her wrath. He whose rank and authority entitles him to "reverence," does not always escape the infliction of her censure. The inflammability of temper is a fruitful source of those domestic broils which afflict and disgrace so many families.

Many parents are rendered unhappy by disrespectful and undutiful children. But this evil, too, may be generally traced to the errors of the parents. The want of filial respect is the natural consequence of the unkind and disrespectful manner in which the children themselves are treated. In general, kindness and respect will be reciprocated: hence we find that, in most cases, unkind children have been trained by fretful, fault-finding, scolding parents. Mrs. G. is habitually chiding her children, and telling them how bad they are; and, as in the case of Mrs. M., the severest reproofs are administered for trifling faults, or unintentional errors—sometimes on mere surmise, or wrong accusation. To this wrong on her part, is not unfrequently added the cruelty of suppressing the very natural attempt of the child to defend itself against the unjust charge. I have known the mere expression of opinion, in respectful tones, treated as a serious offence. Mrs. P. was engaged at a piece of work. A daughter, almost attained to womanhood, suggested a different, and as she thought, a better way of doing it. Whereupon the mother, conceiving this an impeachment of her judgment, flew into a rage, and administered a bitter rebuke to the "saucy, impudent girl," for assuming to know more than her mother! A copious flow of tears indicated the intensity of the girl's grief.

The unkindness of others appears in excessive rigour. Their children are denied the means of innocent enjoyment. A reasonable favour or gratification is either bluntly refused or is granted with such reluctance or with so many obnoxious conditions, as to render it scarcely worth the taking. There may indeed be excessive indulgence in things in themselves right and proper; and it may sometimes be difficult to determine whether the wish of the child should be gratified. A prudent parent, however, will seldom fail to judge correctly; and the children of such parents will generally acquiesce in their decision.

The spirit-crushing treatment which I have here exposed, alienates that filial regard which is indispensable to domestic felicity, and which gives parents such moral power in the government of their children. It begets an inimical, malevolent feeling towards parents, which often finds utterance in disrespectful language, and becomes the occasion of an outbreak which is perhaps followed by a lecture from the parent on the sin to which the child has been so cruelly provoked. Such treatment also induces in children the habit of lying. To avoid the dreaded "scolding" which the commission of a fault usually incurs, they attempt concealment by prevarication or equivocation; or, if that is not deemed sufficient, by positive denial, or direct falsehood. Disobedience, too, is produced by the same cause. A child may be compelled to do the bidding of a parent whom it does not reverence or respect. But true obedience regards the wishes and feelings of the parent, and springs from love and affection, which every wise parent will endeavour to secure.

Not the least of the bad effects of the error upon which I am animadverting is, that it blunts the moral sensibilities, and renders them impervious to religious impression. Or, if a salutary impression happens to be made, it is speedily eradicated. An angry word, or an undeserved censure, banishes the subject, and inflicts a sting which rankles in the mind for days, and unfits it for calm and profitable contemplation of religious truth. How often do parents thus counteract the force of pious counsels, and wonder why they are not more effectual! Low ideas of religion must children entertain who are told that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," when, from morning till

night, a smile is not seen upon the countenance of their instructors, nor a pleasant word heard, nor a peaceful hour enjoyed. Surely, either religion must be underrated, or the piety of the parents questioned, by their children.

Another consequence of these parental errors is their transmission. Children thus trained, imbibing the spirit and following the example of their parents, in their turn inflict upon their own families the same evil, which in its progress of descent will scarcely stop with the "third and fourth generations."

MR. JOHN WALTER, M.P.

MR. JOHN WALTER, M.P., ranks among the celebrities of our time—not only on account of his parliamentary services, but for his connection with the daily press.

The newspaper press has made such gigantic strides in recent years, that it bears no resemblance to the feeble productions of the time when the leviathan of journalism was launched upon society. The *Times* was established on the 1st of January, 1788, by the grandfather of the present proprietor, and afterwards carried on by the son—the late Mr. John Walter, of Printing-house-square. This gentleman was the author, and up to 1847 was the chief upholder, of the great power and influence which that journal possesses. Mr. John Walter, the present member for Nottingham, is the son and representative in the *Times* office of the gentleman who made the *Times* what it still is—the leading journal of the first country of the world.

Many years ago—we have it upon the authority of the paper itself—the publication of the *Times* was of very little importance in a pecuniary point of view. Although the press generally had struggled on for more than two centuries, it was still in its infancy as a political power, and scarcely a year passed without government prosecutions to crush the little spirit it did show. To send an editor to gaol was an event of ordinary occurrence; and the first Mr. Walter often paid heavily in purse and person for opposition to the ruling powers. Under such circumstances a connection with the press was anything but enviable. The last-named gentleman conferred no great boon upon his son when he admitted him into a share in the *Times*. The concern was not only unprofitable, but its maintenance had become a source of gradually increasing expenditure.

The zeal and skill of the younger Mr. Walter soon caused a marked improvement. In 1803 he became sole manager, and henceforward devoted the whole of his energies to increase the value of the property. In this he succeeded to an extent beyond his expectations. By degrees the paper ascended in the scale of public favour. It exhibited great talent in all its varied departments, and began to assume that political power and influence which now directs and concentrates public opinion in such a manner, that it often modifies, stimulates, or nullifies the legislative proceedings of the country. Mr. Walter was not distinguished so much by brilliancy of talent (though by nobody in the world was talent sought out with more discernment or trouble, or rewarded with more delicacy and munificence) as by the more sterling possession of strict integrity in the management of his journal. As it grew in public favour, its influence and support were sought by successive ministers and government authorities. All sorts of inducements were held forth to secure the approval of the editor of the *Times*. "Early information 'as a favour,' 'ministerial boons,' and other advantages, in the most 'desirable forms,' as Mr. Walter himself observed, were frequently offered, and always refused. Hence the power of the *Times* with the public; its perfect independence constituted its greatness. "It would scarcely be possible," says a distinguished writer, "to enumerate or describe the whole of what, not merely the *Times*, but all the journals of the civilised world owe to Mr. Walter. He first imparted to the daily press its vast range and celerity of information, its authentic accuracy, its universal correspondence, its lucid arrangement and marvellous despatch, and, more than all, its dignity in the social scale, and its political position as the fourth estate of the realm. Mr. Walter was the first to apply steam power for the purposes of printing.

As we have already furnished a detailed account of the progress of the *Times*,* it is unnecessary to say more than to express our admiration for the manner in which that journal is conducted.

As Englishmen we are proud of the *Times*, and we have just reason for being so; not merely because it is an evidence of skillful and successful en-

* See ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER (old series), vol. iv., No. 197, p. 318.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



JOHN WALTER, ESQ., M.P. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

terprise, but because the Herculean power of that Colossus of newspapers has exercised a mighty influence for good over the destinies of the world. Although it has occasionally set itself against public opinion, and sometimes advocated principles and upheld practices which have excited the wonder and indignation of all true-hearted and far-seeing men, yet, in the main, the *Times* has been right, and has wielded its power on the side of truth and justice. As a censor, an advocate, a reformer, it has done good service; convincing by its arguments, withering with its sarcasm, commending by its eloquence, it has become one of our national institutions. It has attacked home abuses, and held up to contempt and ridicule some petty clique of job-mongers; it has uttered its trumpet tone of scorn or indignation, making monarchs tremble, and ministers stand aghast; its grand impersonality has been felt as a predominating power, exerting an unexampled influence over the course of the whole world's affairs.

What Englishman is there who, mindful of these things, is not proud of the *Times*? Who that thinks at all about the work it has accomplished, but is thankful for its existence? Who, that considers the enslaved condition of the continental press—bound hand and foot, and gagged by censors—but rejoices in that liberty which insures the safety of so true and powerful a champion as the *Times*? It was by the extraordinary exertions of the *Times* that one of the most remarkable frauds on the mercantile public was exposed. The labour and expense of the service thus rendered to the commercial community, as well as the lawsuit to which its proprietors were in conse-

quence subjected, called forth a noble testimonial from the bankers and merchants of London to the public-spirited and disinterested course pursued by the *Times* on that occasion. But the noblest work ever accomplished by the *Times*—a labour which will continually reflect upon it the brightest lustre—was that of its unflinching and energetic exposure of the condition of our army in the East. If before the outbreak of the Crimean war the *Times* had never been felt as a gigantic power, it fully asserted itself then. It laid bare the true state of our brave fellows dying in the trenches through sheer neglect; it pointed out the absurdities of that military routine which, blind and deaf to everything but its own idle forms, suffered our men to rot in one place, and their huts and rations in another. The Special Correspondent of the *Times*, with a pen more eloquent and graphic than had ever yet been wielded by newspaper scribe, exposed the official neglect and mismanagement in all that regarded the life, comfort, and efficiency of our gallant army. These pictures, backed by earnest, vigorous, and persevering censures, excited the wrath of the guilty, but awoke responsive echoes in the true British heart, and enforced those reforms which, but for the *Times*, would never have been undertaken.

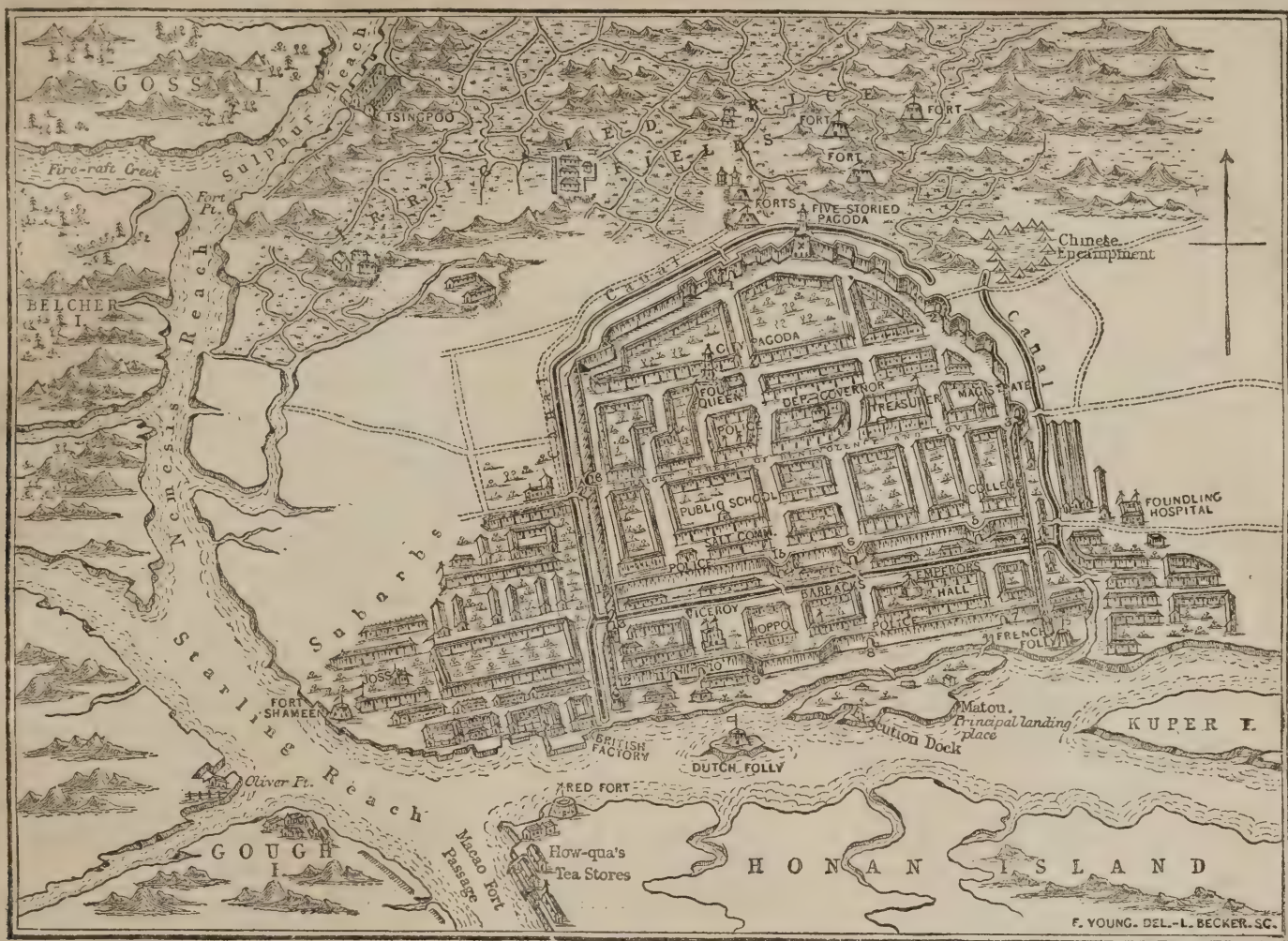
The name of Walter is so identified with the journal, that we cannot mention the one without drawing attention to the other.

As a member of parliament, the late Mr. Walter was distinguished for his sound views and political foresight. The subjects upon which he most frequently addressed the house were the working of the new poor law, the conduct of the commissioners at

Somerset House, and the general condition of the pauper population throughout the United Kingdom. His first attempt to procure the appointment of a committee of inquiry into the whole subject was not successful; and his renewed endeavours to accomplish that object did but partially realise the expectations which he had a right to indulge. A committee, the inquiries of which were restricted by the terms of its appointment, was at length granted. It would be a long and dreary history to narrate the manoeuvres by which the ministers of that day defeated the wise and benevolent purposes with which Mr. Walter laboured in procuring the appointment and endeavouring to direct the labours of that committee. The principles upon which he proceeded are already well known to every reader; and a history of the transactions in which he was then engaged would tend rather to expose the vices which marked the characters of his adversaries, than to illustrate the virtues which adorned his own.

On the 28th of July, 1847, this remarkable man, full of years and honours, submitted to the fate of all, and was succeeded by his son, the present member for Nottingham. He was elected by the constituency of that borough the day after his father's death, and has enjoyed the confidence of the electors ever since.

Mr. Walter inherited many of his father's business and social qualities, as well as the immense property resulting from a long life of fortunate industry. Mr. Walter has continued his father's work in a very worthy manner. Exhibiting the same enterprising spirit, the same generous appreciation of literary



PLAN OF THE CITY OF CANTON.

talent, and the same integrity of purpose, he has brought the *Times* newspaper to its present importance in the political world.

Mr. Walter was born in 1818. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he took second-class honours in Classics. In 1837 he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, and was returned member of parliament for Nottingham in the same year. Mr. Walter is known in political circles as a "liberal conservative," and professes to support those measures which obtain the common support of moderate whigs and moderate Tories. He is married, and has a family. His seat at Bearwood, in the county of Berkshire, is one of the finest in England, the park, lakes, and pleasure-grounds being of extraordinary extent and beauty.

By the aid of Mr. Mayall's excellent photography, we are enabled to present a faithful likeness of Mr. Walter. It represents the man "as he is to-day" with remarkable fidelity.

THE CITY OF CANTON.

THOUGH Peking is the metropolis of the Celestial Empire, the residence of the emperor, and, therefore, ostensibly the head-quarters of Chinese power and magnificence, it cannot be compared, for commercial importance or merchant wealth, to its southern sister, Canton. Lying more in the pathway of European trade—at an easier distance from India, and therefore also from England, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the island of Hongkong, till now our only possession in the empire, the chief city of the south is becoming an object of greater interest, day by day; and, considering the magnitude and variety of the trading operations in which we are engaged with its inhabitants, it is much to be desired that new regulations should be made with regard to the admis-

sion of our countrymen into its streets and squares. To the blandishments and promises of the Chinese commissioners, it is to be hoped our rulers will reply, in the words the Celestial citizens of Canton are fond of inscribing over the doors of their shops and warehouses, "Gossiping and long sitting injure business—former customers have suggested caution—no credit given."

The city of Canton, as shown in the plan accompanying this article, is built on the eastern bank of the Pearl river, which flows out from Canton into the open sea, at about sixty miles below the city. The Pearl river is formed by the junction of three streams, the northern, eastern, and western rivers. The name "Pearl river" is ascribed to the alleged circumstance of a merchant who, several centuries ago, is said to have sailed up Canton river with a bundle of pearls under his arm—a careless proceeding resulting in the loss of his precious burden, which slipped from his grasp and fell into the river, finding a readier market than the unfortunate owner either desired or anticipated. Like London, Canton would be nothing without its suburbs; and these are more than usually interesting to Europeans, from the fact of their being restricted entirely to the space outside the inner south wall of Canton, in their trading operations with the native Celestials. We will now proceed to describe to our readers the accompanying plan of Canton, and to give them, as far as we are able, an idea of the topography of this southern capital of the Chinese empire.

Canton is a square-looking, compactly-built city, surrounded by a strong wall on all four sides,—the south side lying along the banks of the Pearl river. Three large forts, the Red Fort, and the Dutch and French Folly, serve as additional defences on the river side (all these are now, or soon will be, in our hands). There is a large population, nearly a million in all, a circumstance that renders Canton like the Irishman's hot potato "easy to take, but plaguy difficult to hold,"

for the Celestials inhabiting Canton are a trifle treacherous, and much given to stabbing men in the dark. The city is divided, for purposes of police regulation and superintendence, into square departments of about fifty yards each furnished with gates and walls. The streets, about 160 in number, are narrow and close,—the population being much crowded, and unhealthy in consequence. To the north of the city is seen the hilly district, called the "White Cloud Mountains," strengthened with forts served by clumsy and ignorant gunners who wasted powder in a way that excited the contempt and pity of our blue-jackets. The Chinese encampment marked on our plan was occupied by a force of Mantchoo Tartar troops. The five-storeyed pagoda at the north-west angle of the wall, is described as being "no pagoda at all, in the proper sense of the term." It is simply a red brick building five storeys in height, strengthened with artillery, and defended by Chinese artillerymen, who couldn't serve their guns. The English and French took the building at the bayonet's point; and the British flag and the tricolour were planted simultaneously on its roof, where they floated victorious side by side. Towards the centre of the city a large space is covered by the government offices and "departments," the government house towering in the midst. Right through the midst of the city runs the straight street of benevolence and love; and to the south, the great public school occupies an entire division of the town. Proceed further south still, and you come to a strong wall, fortified, and furnished with heavy gates, and marking the southern boundary of the Chinese city.

But we have not yet got to the end of Canton. This wall is merely one of those barriers by which the Chinese of the present day think to keep out the English, as the great wall, built by their ancestors, kept out the Mongol and Mantchoo Tartars two thousand years ago. Shut out from the inner sanctuary of Chinese society by this mass of brick-

work, dwell the representatives of the people at once the support of the Chinese nation, the upholder of its commerce, and the chief thorn in the side of its rulers. The British factory—at the south-east corner of the principal suburb—is the small lump of leaven that leavens the whole mass of persevering, purposeless, short-sighted Chinese industry. These factories are utterly inadequate—in size and accommodation—for our large and increasing trade. They are built on a muddy flat, on the bank of the river, scarcely above high water mark. It is hardly necessary to add that they are damp and unhealthy. The government of China, however, refuse any additional space to its chief and most important customers. It is to be hoped that a word or two on this subject will be said when the treaty comes to be concluded at the end of the present Chinese war.

From the time when the Canton trade was thrown open to private ships, a peculiar branch of industry, which had been pursued for years with much pertinacity and success, increased greatly year by year. This branch of industry was "opium smuggling." Opium is to the Chinese an immense luxury. Underfed as many of them are, the sedative effect a small dose has upon the system has rendered the use of opium as habitual among them as the use of spirits has unfortunately become among too many of our own countrymen;—and they are determined to obtain it under any conditions. The government officials played a deep game with the traders and with their own people—affecting to check the traffic, in accordance with the orders of their government, and secretly conniving at its continuance. Thus an internal smuggling trade was established, which would have been prevented had the Chinese government been sufficiently acute to place, once and for all, a high duty on opium, and then to allow its legal introduction.

The oppressive measures taken by Mr. Commissioner Lin in 1839 against the Canton merchants occasioned the breaking out of the first Chinese war.

By the beginning of January, 1840, the disagreements which had been gradually increasing assumed a very serious aspect. On the 5th the Emperor issued an edict, directing that the trade with England should cease for ever. The Chinese now became determinedly hostile, and an attempt was even made to burn the British fleet. Four thousand English soldiers, fifteen men-of-war, and several steamers had accumulated by the month of June, and a blockade was established from Ningpo to the mouth of the Kiang. A truce was afterwards concluded, and Commissioner Lin was degraded from his office. But the Chinese broke the truce, and in 1841 hostilities were resumed. After some brilliant successes obtained by our countrymen, the island of Hongkong was ceded to the British, who took formal possession of it. The Chinese agreed, moreover, to pay 6,000,000 dollars as the expenses of the war. The emperor disapproved of this arrangement, degraded the minister who had concluded it, and hostilities were resumed.

From that time till August 29th, 1842, the British continued a successful warfare along the Chinese coast, taking in succession Canton, Amoy, Shanghai, and many other places. Several truces were made, and broken by the Chinese; until, on the 29th August, a treaty of peace was signed before Nankin on board the Cornwallis; Sir Henry Pottinger representing the British, and three first-class mandarins the Chinese nation.

The chief advantages we obtained by this treaty were—

1stly. That the Chinese nation paid 21,000,000 dollars towards the expenses of the war.
2ndly. That the five ports—Canton, Amoy, Foo-choo-foo, Ningpo, and Shanghai were thrown open to British trade. Consuls to reside there, and regular tariffs of duties to be established and approved.

3rdly. Hongkong was ceded to the British government as an absolute possession.

Thus ended the first Chinese war.

The commencement of the second is just the old story over again. Emboldened by a long peace, the Chinese recommenced their system of annoyance: Commissioner Yeh acting equally on the principles by which his predecessor Lin had regulated his conduct in the last war; opposing imperturbable effrontery and obstinacy to all attempts at remonstrance and all demands for redress. On the 18th October, 1856, the second war began, in consequence of the famous "lorcha" dispute. The history of our second war, as far as it has gone, singularly resembles that of the first. Again Canton is in our power, and Commissioner Yeh is now our prisoner. The Chinese fortifications are as inadequate to resist Admiral de Saumarez in 1858, as they were to repel Captain Elliot in 1840, and no one who knows the energy of our plenipotentiary, Sir John Bowring, can doubt but

that our next treaty with China will give us new and important advantages, by taking from the hands of the Chinese some of the weapons wherewith they, seeking to injure us, have inflicted deep wounds on themselves, their commerce, and their national prosperity.

The opium traffic has been the cause of much misunderstanding, and is still the subject of great difference of opinion. That opium is introduced into the Chinese dominions in large quantities, there is no doubt; but the fact of its effects upon the people is not so well proved. Opium, the prepared juice of the poppy, is said to have a slightly stimulating and, at the same time, a soothing effect, when taken very moderately; in medicine, it is invaluable. When taken in excess, it acts as a slow but sure poison. The Chinese people are greatly addicted to its use; and scantily supplied with food, as many classes among them are, the want of opium would be felt as a hardship among them. The government, however, looking at the terrible effects the excessive use of opium has produced among the people, discountenance its importation, and hence misunderstandings have frequently arisen. The true question at issue is not, however, whether opium shall be imported into China or not; but whether England shall continue her intercourse with the Celestial empire on terms incompatible with her own honour and dignity. The nation has been appealed to, and has with one voice answered *no*. Thus we are involved in a contest with China; a contest, however, in which no great complications are feared. The result can only be that our relations with that country shall be placed on a new basis; that intercourse shall be free, and commerce relieved from the fetters cast around it by speculating mandarins and lying government officials of the Yeh class, who deceive the people for their own purposes, and can be brought to terms only by the power of an armed force.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,
SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER I.

To work! to work! with hope and joy:
Let us be doing what we can;
Better build school-rooms for the boy,
Than cells and gibbets for the man.

ELIZA COOK.

The lamps were lighted in the streets of London. The shops were one blaze of beauty and of gas.

It was the end of February. Parliament was sitting, like a hen, hatching something; but what, time will prove.

London, like so many of her daughters, is a candle-light beauty. Mother and daughters had arrayed themselves in their best, and all was hope and expectation; for the season had commenced. This alludes, of course, to all, more or less, connected with the great joint-stock banking-house of Dives and Co. The season is bright and gay only for them.

Lazarus and his large family hide from its glare in dark lanes and blind alleys. There they die of want and perish of their sores, within reach of abundance and succour. Their "season" is to come; and if ignorance, famine, and desperation drive some of them to sins that shall shut them out for ever from Abraham's bosom, will the blame and the penalty be theirs alone?

The scribes and Pharisees may and will pass over on the other side, but the good Samaritan will halt on his way and pour into the wounds of that robbed and beaten wayfarer, THE POOR, the oil of pity, and the wine of help. Help for his wasted body, help for his perishing soul, help for his hungry, ragged little ones, who cannot serve two masters, and who, if we do not "compel them to come in," where they can be brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd, must fall a prey to him who, as a roaring lion or a stealthy serpent, is still—as of old—lurking about, seeking whom he may devour.

Night was setting the example of early closing to the shopkeepers of our great metropolis—an example they seemed little inclined to follow: for what is the wear and tear of body or mind, when weighed in the balance with silver and gold?

While the vain, the idle, and the wealthy turn night into day, and purchase by lamp-light, Thrift and Industry will not refuse to sell—and "Early-closing" will be still the shopman's dream.

On the night to which we allude, an elegant carriage stopped at a private house in Jermyn-street.

Two ladies alighted, when the door was opened by a neatly-dressed maid-servant.

They were both young—the one twenty, the other some years more.

The elder of the two, Miss St. Ange (Ellen St. Ange), was very plainly dressed, and had a soft Madonna face, and small, slight figure. The other was fashionably attired, and remarkably beautiful both in form and feature; but a dreary expression of *ennui* and discontent marred the lustre of her eyes and the sweetness of her smile.

"Is Mrs. Golightly ready, Ruth?" asked Miss St. Ange of the tidy maid-servant.

"Oh yes, miss," answered Ruth; "Missus has had her bonnet on this hour and more."

"Be here at ten, Mortimer, and wait for us if we are not back," said Miss St. Ange, gently, but in a tone of command.

The tagged and powdered footmen and the burly coachman touched their hats, and, as soon as the house-door noiselessly closed on their young mistress, the carriage rattled away, and so did they.

There was some mystery—of that they were all convinced: but even their coarse minds—aye, far coarser, beneath their master's gay livery, than those of their poorer brethren in fustian jackets of their own—knew their young lady too well to suspect *her* (as they would have done any other) of "meeting a young man on the sly."

"Taint no use to trouble our 'eads about it," said Burley, the coachman. "I wotes we turns in 'ere, and takes a glass of summut stiffish. I does understand good liquor; but womankind, high or low, wor olls a riddle to me."

While her attendants were enjoying themselves in their way, Ellen St. Ange and her friend, Augusta Pemberton, had been shown into the "parlours" which formed the "home" of Mrs. Golightly.

Augusta Pemberton's palace home was in Carlton-terrace, and Ellen St. Ange's in Belgrave-square. Mrs. Golightly was a sort of companion chaperon to the latter; but she had the love of what she called "a hole of her own," common to those who have been doomed to dwell in the mansions of others; and Ellen had a wise, kind habit of letting people be happy in their own way.

Mrs. Golightly was only Mrs. by courtesy—brevet rank, as she said, a little grimly. She had been a teacher or a governess from sixteen to sixty; and though in humble and dependent circumstances, the habit of command had given her a somewhat imposing air and dictatorial manner.

It is said every woman has a chance of changing her condition at least once in her life; if so, Mrs. Golightly's was yet to come.

She had no liking for mankind, and mankind returned the compliment: there was no love lost between them. She had very strong notions of woman's superiority and supremacy; but she did not find them exactly borne out by Scripture; and as she was religious, and wished to be thought so, she was silent as far as wives were concerned, only occasionally remarking that Adam was no great things as a husband, and his sons had not improved in successive generations. Single women, she contended, had every right and privilege of the male sex.

She was very tall, muscular, and bony, with marked features, a good head, a kind heart, and an accomplished mind; but she was very exclusive, and very jealous. The only person she loved was Ellen St. Ange. Mrs. Golightly was certainly very good, but a little too conscious of her goodness, and too proud of her piety.

Her appearance was singular. She reprobated crinoline and resisted hoops, and would persist in wearing a good-sized bonnet on her head (instead of her back). As her mother had been a Macgregor, she generally wore the Macgregor tartan; and her skirt, cut to a convenient length for walking (she was a great walker), showed an inch of white cotton stocking, and a pair of thick leather boots.

Common sense certainly presided at her toilet; but common sense has so long been banished from the wardrobes of England, that Mrs. Golightly was often followed by idle boys, and told she was a "regular Guy," and asked "who was her hatter."

Mrs. Golightly had her bonnet on, her tartan dress, and scarf, her walking boots, and her worsted gloves. She rose to embrace Ellen St. Ange, and bow to Miss Pemberton, with a large alpaca umbrella clutched in one hand, and a capacious black bag in the other. She did not look altogether pleased. She was the soul of punctuality, and Ellen was a few minutes beyond the appointed time.

Ellen took out of her pocket a written list, and said, "Will you, dear Mrs. Golightly, run your eye over this list, and look out those few things? I want to take them with us."

Mrs. Golightly took up a candle, and with the list retired into the next room.

"As soon as she returns," said Ellen, "we will send for a cab, and then, dear Ada, we will drive to—"

"To the mysterious and enchanted hall which is to cure me of the apathy which is creeping over my spirit—this morbid disgust of life and all its misnamed pleasures. I doubt it, Ellen. The disease has made too rapid and too fatal a progress. I feel, O Ellen! I feel the want—"

"The want of a want, Ada; and that want I am about to supply. You want an interest in life; you want aims and objects worthy to occupy the great, warm, woman heart that now beats so faintly in your breast. The poisoned-sugar-plums of flattery, and the sparkling, intoxicating champagne of pleasure, are not food for your soul. You want nothing of the rich—they want nothing of you; 'The Poor' want everything of you—and you want everything of them."

"Of them, Ellen? What have 'The Poor' to give?"

"All you require: Christian work for a Christian woman; a labour of love; something to do worth the doing; something that will entitle you to that best praise—'She has done what she could.'"

"Dear Ellen, you are an enthusiast; but you cannot warm my heart even by the glowing fire of your own. For me, the wine of life has lost all its sparkle. I cry out—like the Pontic monarch of old—for some fresh pleasure; I would give a kingdom, if I had one, for a new delight."

"And you have, Ada, and I take you at your word; you shall give it. You shall give this tinsel world of fashion, of which you are the Elective Sovereign, the acknowledged Queen. But here comes Mrs. Golightly. Have you got all the things together, dear friend?" asked Ellen.

"Yes, I hope I have forgotten nothing," said Mrs. Golightly, in the resigned voice with which the jealous always betray a sense of wrong. "But when you, my dear, are not so entirely engrossed by Miss Pemberton's agreeable society, your young head is better than mine—"

"But no heart is better than yours, dear old friend!" said Ellen, rising and following the stately Golightly into the adjoining room—her maiden bower—"I have told you why I so want to interest Ada in our work, so don't be jealous, dear old friend."

"Oh, certainly not; it's all very right and proper: only if I'm to be lightly cast aside—"

"Why, who could cast you lightly aside?" said Ellen, laughing, as she placed her small, soft hand on the square, high shoulders of the stalwart dame.

"Be my Minerva, an example shown To all her sex for strength of mind and—bone,"

she added, gaily, "help me to fill Ada's heart with better things, and then you shall have me all to yourself again. Have you sent for a cab?"

"Yes. But why have you dismissed the carriage?"

"Oh, dear friend, are we not told not to let our right hand know what our left hand doeth. What have papa's powdered, pampered footmen to do in the scene that awaits us? And are not the pompous evidences of opulence almost an insult to our starving, perishing brethren?"

"You are right, my darling, always right. I am ready to do what you wish."

CHAPTER II.

I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infixt
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet the cruel scars.
With gentle force, soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live.

COWPER (The Task).

MRS ELLEN ST. ANGE whispered her directions to the cabman, and they set off. They soon emerged from quiet Jermyn-street, and entered the busy, bustling thoroughfares of the town. Falling behind a string of carriages bearing the sons and daughters of Vanity to some gay haunt of worldly pleasure, they progressed at a very slow rate, and now and then they halted entirely.

But the streets of London at night have a deep, exciting interest for all who can think and feel.

The great thoroughfares are so broad and bright, the narrow courts and alleys so dark and dreary. Ada Pemberton, the spoilt child of Wealth and Luxury, the idol of Society, and Leader of Fashion, she who had been protected not merely from sorrow, but from the pain of witnessing it, shuddered to see three ragged, bare-footed, wolf-eyed, children of Famine, one of whom looked in face, form, and bearing like a gentleman's son, and was yet the most ragged and lean of the three, glaring in at shops, where smoking rounds

of beef and legs of mutton, and steaming mounds of plum-pudding, were being deftly carved by rosy, white-aproned men, who had such radiant smiles and soft words for customers, and such scowls and abuse for those three hungry, unremunerative, ragged watchers.

An impulse of pity made Ada throw some silver among those famished, longing little outcasts; but in the scramble that ensued, two strong ticket-porters (passing accidentally) got all, save one fourpenny-piece. These fellows, with their unexpected booty, hastened off to "The Rose and Crown."

The boy who had secured the fourpenny-piece was the one whose superior air Ada had noticed. He rushed into the shop, and came out with a slice of suet pudding, which he divided equally among his ragged mates, only a morsel a piece.

The other boys—whose motto was, "Every man for himself"—secretly voted him a "stupid," a "soft-head," and a "muff." They had fallen in with this poor runaway from a school, who, to escape a flogging, which he deemed disgrace, had braved all "the whips and arrows of outrageous fortune;" and had all but died of hunger in a cellar.

He had learnt at his mother's knee to share whatever she gave him with his brothers, and the habit stuck to him when those brothers were English Kafirs, and when to share was almost to perish.

The little city Arabs and the runaway school-boy after this continued to glare in at the cook-shop window, hungrier and more sick at heart than before.

"So much for impulsive, promiscuous charity, dear Ada," said Ellen.

"Yes," languidly replied Ada. "There's not much encouragement to be charitable in London: one is always taken in. The very twins I have wept over, noticed, fed, and dressed, turn out to be hired; and the pretended mother, who sighs and groans on our doorsteps, is a rank impostor. The old man who got two sovereigns out of me last week for his burnt down house, set fire to it himself (it seems) to compel a fire insurance company to build him a new one, and he is committed for arson."

"You will always be taken in, Miss Pemberton," said Mrs. Golightly, somewhat haughtily, "unless you take the trouble, as we do, to investigate and inquire. It is not money only that is wanted, but time, labour, thought, experience, judgment, and discrimination. These I devote to the poor, and I consider myself something of a philanthropist, though, like the apostle, 'silver and gold have I none.'"

"And Ada will follow your example," said Ellen, anxious to conciliate. "You will help her to bestow her charity wisely."

"Oh, look, look there!" cried Ada, shrinking back in the cab, and covering her face with her hands.

Even Ellen St. Ange, more used than Ada to sights of horror—alias of vice and poverty—grew cold and pale; and Mrs. Golightly set her teeth and clenched her hands.

They were wedged in by several carriages, and transixed close to a gin-palace. It was one blaze of light, bright with its own corruption, as many foul things are, and the pavement and everything near was distinct in a flood of light, like sunshine. The broad sheets of plate-glass glittering in that brassy glare, the handsome white porcelain and ormolu branches that held the gas burners—the landlady, wreathed with smiles, sparkling with bugles, gay with founces, and inflated with crinoline (but with that settled scaly red in her cheeks and across her nose, which destroys beauty and betrays its bane)—her portly husband, with his purple face, fungus nose, and irritable manner—all were in keeping with the bright bottles of liquid fire, the rows of pewter pots (silver bright), the fancy barrels, the plated taps; but in strong and hideous contrast were they with the pinched, blue, ragged, restless, wasted wretches, inside and out; beings with pale faces, sore eyes, red noses, lean, trembling, palsied hands, and fetid breaths, creatures given up body and soul to that evil spirit Gin, or kindred spirits equally deadly and destructive; miserable, deluded beings, with whom it was—

"Drink, drink, drink!
While the cock crows up aloof,
And drink, drink, drink!
While the stars shine thro' the roof."

Working men with wives and children starving at home, and even women who had pawned their wedding-rings, and their shivering children's clothes—as they would have done their own bodies and souls, for drink.

All this is very terrible; but this is to be seen in any low populous neighbourhood, wherever a gin-palace rears its brazen head.

But what had so shocked and terrified the ladies in the cab, who were compelled to remain where

they were, and distinctly to see all that passed, was a not very uncommon tragedy, that had assembled a crowd, growing denser every moment, at the entrance of this public-house.

A poor young woman—who seemed to have little on except an old petticoat, a thin faded gown, and an old tattered, web-like shawl, but with a baby at her lean, wasted breast, and a little half-naked child tottering by her side, clinging to her scanty, ragged skirt—had, with that courage often found among wretched wives of her class, dragged her husband some ten minutes before from "The Rose and Crown," to which the ticket-porters had repaired to spend the money Ada had meant for the starving boys.

Poor wretch! She flattered herself she should be able to lead him home, before the publican should (as he had often done before), kick him penniless and insensible into the gutter, at the hour of closing.

Ada and Ellen had remarked her at that moment with lively interest.

She was young and delicately pretty, in spite of raggedness and want.

"The babbies have had nothing to eat all day, Ben," she said. "I hope thee hasn't spent all thy wages, measter, and what I got at the pawnshop too?"

"Noa, noa, wench, there be shot in the locker yet," hiccupped the brute.

"Give it me. Oh, give it me, Ben!" said the poor wife, crying bitterly.

"Yees, I se give it thee well, thou jade," answered Ben, with the fierce, sudden anger of inebriety—"I'll teach thee to come following, and jawing, and blubbering after me. I'll give it thee!"

"Oh don't 'ee, don't 'ee, daddy," said the little girl; "don't 'ee give it mammy. If ye must lick somebody daddy, lick me. Mammy's been so bad all day, fit to die, daddy! Oh, give mammy some money to buy a dust o' tea, and a mite of sugar, and a loaf, and a ounce o' salt butter. Sixpence I'll do, daddy! and I'll run for my life to get it at the tay grocer's, we're so hungry, dad!"

Just at this moment the wretched little family, whose progress had kept pace with that of the carriages, came into the full glare of another gin-palace.

The road to vice and ruin, on the Broadway to the gates of death, has its baiting places at brief intervals, where the travellers on that dread journey refresh and recruit themselves, and go on more speedily after each halt.

The gin-palace at which they stopped now was about ten minutes' walk from that whence the wretched wife had dragged her ruffian husband. Here he suddenly twisted his arm away from his wife's and darted into the bar, asking with well-simulated composure for a glass of liquor.

His wife hastily giving her babe and little girl into the care of a kind applemoan, sitting at her stall, and with whom she was acquainted, rushed in after him, just as, having tossed off one glass of gin, he was holding it out for another. The first glass was the overwhelming drop.

Rashly she caught his arm, and held it back, saying, "Thee'st had too much, Ben; thee shalt have no more. How can thee, Ben, have the heart to spend every shilling thee earn'st, or that I can get at the pawnshop, on liquor, and we all a-starving at home? The babbies are crying with hunger, and I've not had a drop or a bite this blessed day. I'm downright sick for want of a cup o' tea. Where's all I got at the popshop on Aunt Esther's warm coverlids and silk patchwork quilt? She little thought where they'd go to, dear old soul. I give em' up for the rent, Ben, and you've squandered it all in liquor, you have; and now every stick's been seized; the place is as bare as the back of my hand. You'll drive me to accept brother's offer, you will! I can't see my children starve, and I won't, so that's what it is! If thou drinks a drop more, this blessed night, Ben, I'll take the poor little things and off to Natt's, that I will; so mind that, Ben! It's all along of low company, and drunken, idle chaps. But I won't stand it no longer; so come home. Home, indeed! a fine home you've made it."

Some half-drunken brutes, irritated at her remarks about low company, &c., laughed aloud: one said—"Well, she do wear the breeches, she do, and no mistake!" and another answered, "The gray mare's the best horse, Ben." And all jeered and twitted Ben.

"We'll see that," said Ben, shaking off his stupor, and quite mad with rage and drink, he seized with one hand a pewter pot that hung near him, and staggering after her, with the other hand he caught her by the dull, ragged, long back hair (coiled round a broken comb)—that hair that had once been so glossy and so neatly braided.

She gazed at him as she might have done at a tiger whose claws were in her scalp.

Alas, she knew his symptoms well. She saw his

was no longer maudlin—he was mad. She struggled to free herself, but in vain. He raised his arm, and with the quart pot he struck her savagely on the temple.

It was this blow that Ada saw. "Oh do not, do not strike her," she cried, involuntarily, unconsciously, vainly.

At that very moment, while her eyes and Ellen's were straining to see what became of the woman, who had fallen down as if shot—and while Mrs. Golightly was exclaiming, "There's a type of the modern husband," the cabman turned sharply round the corner, hiding from their distended eyes the woman so savagely beaten down.

Ada sank back, sick and faint, saying, "Oh, I hope the brutal wretch has not hurt her much!"

"Oh, I trust not; but it was a heavy fall," replied Ellen. "I did not see the blow struck. It was your cry, Ada, made me look round, and then she was on the ground."

"It was a cruel blow," replied Ada. "But the wretch being drunk, I hope his arm had lost some of its vile strength; and yet he felled that delicate little woman as 'butcher felleth ox.'"

"I hope," said Ellen, "she sank on the ground to avoid more violence. The bystanders always take part with any one on the ground."

"Men in his rank of life bruise the flesh of their wives, those in a higher sphere their spirit," said Mrs. Golightly; "they're all of a piece."

What would they all have thought and felt, had they known the ghastly fact that the blow they had seen dealt was a fatal one. The wife was dead—the husband was a murderer!

Yes, that blow had fallen heavily, fatally on the throbbing temple of the poor wife. She fell with a low moan; the drunken husband exclaiming, "None o' them games, missus; you're up to a trick or two, but I knows a thing worth two o' that 'ere, and here goes for a good rouser." He was about to kick her poor frail body with his hob-nailed shoes, when three policemen rushed forward. Two laid fast hold of Ben, and one raised the woman. She had ceased to moan. The glare of the gas fell full on a pinched face, ghastly white, stained with blood, and on which the unmistakable change was already wrought.

"You have done for her, you have, and for yourself too, my man!" said one of the police. "It's my belief she's dead."

"Dead!" hiccupped the drunken man; "noa, noa, never say die. She ain't dead, not she; she's a-shammin'. She's ollys a-shammin' summut. She shammed starvation, and got her brother, hump-backed Natt, to interfere—interfere atween man and wife. He'd better just, and I'll settle his hash, I'll cook his goose; I can see she ain't dead. I could rouse her."

"Dead! dead! dead!" was repeated by the crowd, drawing back in horror and in awe. And children who had never seen death, and those around who knew the "fell sergeant" well, felt equally that it was death.

The poor victim, before she entered the gin-palace after her husband, had, as we have said, asked a kind applemoan, whom she knew well, and who was keeping a fruit-stall close by, to hold her baby, and look to her little girl.

The famished baby had made good use of his time, for nestled in the warm and ample bosom of the kind applemoan, he had discovered that she too was a nursing mother, and one overflowing with the milk of human kindness.

Her own baby had been buried by the parish the day before. But the very poor have not time for outward mourning. If they weep at all, it must be while they work.

"Poor baby!" said the applemoan, "thou'rt welcome, thou'rt kindly welcome." And at the same time she gave the little hungry girl the piece of bread and herring she had provided for her own supper; a charitable act which doomed her to go herself supperless to bed. Shall she lose her reward?—surely not.

CHAPTER III.

Hark, hark! for bread my children cry:
A cry that drinks my spirits up.
But 'tis in vain—in vain to try;
Oh, give me back the drunkard's cup—
This cursed chain, 'twill make me mad—
'Twill make me mad.

ELIHALET NOTT.

A DENSE crowd soon gathered round that spot, where a pool of blood told the tale of wife murder.

A body of the police were already there. The dead woman was taken into "The Good Intent."

A woman killed by a drunken husband was not

very welcome, where all buyers and sellers alike "rose up early to follow strong drink." A surgeon had arrived, and had pronounced life extinct.

An inquest must be held on the morrow.

The husband, who had seen his wife carried into "The Good Intent," was madly struggling to get at her, offering to fight the "peelers," as he called the police, and anon, with a momentary glimmer of intelligence, calling on his Esther, and crying and howling bitterly for his Esther, his wife.

The kind applemoan had hidden from the little girl the father's crime and the mother's doom. Herself pale with horror, she did not join the crowd to gratify an idle curiosity; she diverted the child's attention from the fatal scene to the rosy apples on her stall, and taught her how to pile them up in little heaps, "three a penny."

"I wish we could have given something to that good, kind, dear applemoan; I mean the one who took charge of those little ones. She had such a nice, loving face; and I should so like to know that the poor wife was not much hurt. It was such a savage blow, and she so weak and worn. I suppose the applemoan and her stall will be there to-morrow. I should like to drive early there, and inquire, and reward her, too," said Ada, pale and shivering.

"We shall see her again to-night," replied Ellen.

"Do you know her, then?" asked Ada, much surprised.

"Yes; and you shall know her too."

"She is a good soul," said Mrs. Golightly; "but I fear she'll never read. The pains I've taken with her would almost have taught a rhinoceros; but all in vain."

"Oh! she'll surprise you yet," said Ellen; "reading with some of them seems to come all at once, like swimming. You will see another singular character to-night, Ada," she added; "a sweep—a master-sweep, but one who yet works at his grimy trade, and will do so to the end, although he has ample means to live in ease and idleness, if idleness ever could be ease; and the same hand which you may see in the morning black with soot, will, in the evening, lay down the ruddy gold, or delicate banknote even, to aid in any cause that promotes the good of the poor. His name is Jem Goodman. But what is this? another crowd, and I fear another crime."

They had slowly moved away from the scene of death; and the murdered woman was by this time stretched on a table in "The Good Intent."

It was a table round which men habitually met to booze. Often had "Tippling Ben," her husband, caroused at that very board. He was dragged off by the police till the inquest had been held, to be kept in custody at the station-house. Some few expected a verdict of wilful murder, but the majority were confident it would be manslaughter only; in either case a warrant would be obtained, and in the meantime "Tippling Ben" was in charge.

Such tragedies as Esther Darrell's death (in London) are not "nine days' wonders;" nine minutes are more than people can give here to other people's business, if they would mind their own.

Invererate toppers, who did not like the presence of Death, had staggered off to the next gin-palace, and the landlord and landlady, having no customers to help, helped themselves, and did not go to bed sober.

The crowd, Ellen had remarked, was this time gathered round a baker's shop; a man, literally starving—in that stage of hunger which is such agony to endure—had stolen a loaf. The baker gave him in charge, and the police had him by the bare, haggard throat. It was harrowing to see how this man, once a lawyer's clerk, and well-to-do, in the animal instinct of gratifying his hunger, seemed indifferent to disgrace, impending imprisonment, everything but the passionate desire to retain the bread he had stolen, and to stuff some of it into his mouth. When at length it was torn from his iron gripe, a howl like that of a famished wolf, burst from that human throat, and he then moaned piteously.

While all this was going on outside, in an adjoining shop, where, through the plate-glass, women half-naked, and barefooted children, looked in on warm wadded mantles, red woollen skirts, soft fleecy hose, and velvet slippers lined with fur, and where bright ribbons, delicate laces, and gorgeous silks were displayed—

A lady, whose dashing equipage waited at the door, was shut up in the great mercer's private room, to which she had been most mysteriously invited and efficiently escorted, having been examined and detected in secreting about her well-fed, richly-attired person two pieces of lace—a collar and a veil!

She was a lady of rank and fortune, and she had rosewood drawers and mahogany wardrobes, full of laces, collars, and veils at home.

She offered a very handsome *douceur*, her custom, and her patronage, to be let off.

The mercer was a phrenologist. He decided that *Lady Plume* had acquisitiveness very large. He said so with a very wise look to his partner, touching at the same time a bump in his own head, which bump was, sooth to say, frightfully developed, and its existence proved by his present readiness to be bribed.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

Guided by his own predominant organ, he, in spite of the opinion of his partner, who hated the aristocracy, compromised the felony.

Lady Plume shed a few tears, offered her white jewelled hand to both partners, and was conducted to her carriage amid bowing shopmen by the great mercer himself.

She drove home to a large dinner-party, and dashed past, on her way, the starving wretch who, for stealing a loaf, was being dragged off in the custody of two policemen.

CHAPTER IV.

Dare we condemn the hearts we leave
To grope their way in abject gloom,
Yet conscious that we help to weave
The shroud-fold of corruption's loom?
Shall we send forth the poor and stark
All rudderless on stormy seas,
And yet expect their spirit-bark
To ride out every tempest breeze?

ELIZA COOK.

Go, teach the orphan boy to read;
Go, teach the orphan girl to sew.

ALFRED TENNISON.

AND now they have left the gay, bright thoroughfare that leads to St. Paul's. They have passed through Farringdon-street, feebly lighted and very desolate, and after a few minutes of "darkness visible," they have stopped at a building of rude exterior.

Some ragged children were at a door, which they suddenly pushed open, and then rushed up stairs.

The ladies, ordering the cabman to wait for them, got out.

Mrs. Golightly also pushed that door; it opened on a narrow flight of deal steps bearing recent traces of mirth feet.

Ellen beckoned Ada to follow her.

"Who lives here, Ellen?" said Ada, drawing back.

"Charity, surrounded by her little ones," said Ellen. "Fear nothing. You will get more good here than you ever did where marble stairs, richly carpeted, led to gilded saloons."

"I never got any good there," said Ada, bitterly; "so go on, I'll follow thee."

"Shall I lead the way?" asked Mrs. Golightly, preceding them.

"Oh, Ellen!" said Ada, "my heart is sick with all I have seen to-night. Starvation glaring in on plenty; drunkenness urging to brutality; that poor wretch who stole a loaf dragged to prison!"

"You will be more moved yet, Ada," said Ellen. "You have seen poverty goaded to crime; now you will see poverty led to virtue."

So saying, she ascended the narrow stairs, and pushing open a door, Ada found herself in a large upper room, lofty, very well lighted with gas, and filled with many hundreds of children, boys and girls, in every variety of rags and wretchedness; men and women of all ages, and many classes; but all in the worn, ragged, faded livery of poverty; almost all with that pinched look about the nose, that blue shade round the mouth, that anxious expression in the glassy eye, which long privation stamps upon the human face divine. They were all divided into tables or classes, and seated on forms. At each table an earnest teacher (paid or unpaid, alike kind and zealous) presided. Some few of these ragged pupils whom charity and zeal had compelled to come in, and who had been hunted out of filthy dens of crime and sensuality by brave city missionaries, whom nothing could daunt, deter, or disgust, worn out with long exposure to cold, wet, and hunger endured by day and night, soothed by the warmth, and lulled by the sympathy that contrasted so strangely with the ban and the abuse to which they were accustomed, fell fast asleep, and none thought of rousing them.

There were fine, soldierly-looking men, who had braved death in battle abroad, brought down at last by famine at home.

There were pale brows, where Intellect ought to have presided, but Vice had dethroned him, and reigned there instead. Intemperance or other sensuality had brought even genius to this spot.

On most of those faces (even on the least prepossessing) there was attention; on many there was reverence.



TREBIZOND, IN ASIA MINOR.

Ada, as she looked timidly round, awed and abashed, in the venerable presence of misery, felt a spasm in her throat, a chill at her heart, and hot tears rushing to her eyes.

She understood Ellen's drift now. They were in a Ragged School. Yes; they were in the "Green Fields Ragged School."

(To be continued.)

LANDMARKS.

THREE grassy fields, and a ridge of corn,
An old house, and a space
For lilacs 'twixt the road and the door,
And you will know the place.

But not so much by the grassy fields,
And not so much by the space
For lilacs 'twixt the road and the door,
As by a smiling face

That you will see looking out for me—
A face so sweet and gay,
That you cannot take a step beyond
The dear old house all day

TREBIZOND

WITHIN the last three or four years we have been manufacturing histories at a more rapid rate and of a more interesting character than was generally expected in these latter days. Places chiefly attractive to the commercial community and the enterprising speculator have assumed new importance. A little while ago the Turko-Russian business was on hand, and the Black Sea shores, instead of being simple places of trade, resounded to the rattling sound of musketry and the roar of artillery. Happily, this came to an end; and while India was a new

field of action and engrossed public attention, the Black Sea resumed its old aspect—quiet folks, hunted out of their homes by the demon of war, came back again, and peaceful trading vessels ploughed the waves of the Euxine.

On the south-east coast of the Black Sea is the city and seaport of Trebizond. The ancient name of the city was Trapezus, and it was originally founded by settlers from Sinope, who there, at an early period, founded a colony.

Sinope was a parent city, the mother of many children, who in course of time—as daughters will—outshone their mother, and cast the poor dowager into the shade. Trebizond, of all her daughters, was the most successful. It was wooed and won by Commerce, and, with rising credit and a princely fortune, had the honour of entertaining Xenophon and his Ten Thousand at the close of their memorable retreat. Its celebrity outlived many a more pretentious city: for its ships rode the waters, and fortune gave them favouring gales, when the boastful empires of antiquity had crumbled into dust. When the Greek empire was subjugated at the period of the Crusades, its duke, of the Comneni family, assumed the dignity of Emperor. This empire of Trebizond lasted two hundred and fifty years, when the Turks seized it (1460), and have, with varying fortune, maintained their hold of it ever since.

The town of Trebizond is picturesquely situated on the descent of a hill, the foot of which is washed by the sea, while the heights form a background of surpassing grandeur, and impenetrable defence. The central portion of the city is surrounded by a battlemented wall. On either side of this wall there is a deep valley or ravine, across which bridges have been thrown, and which present, with umbrageous trees, and climbing plants, and jagged and broken masses of rock, a romantic and interesting scene.

Trebizond has two harbours flanking the sides of a small peninsula which projects from the town into the

sea. The eastern harbour is most used; it is better defended from the winds, and affords safer anchorage. Previous to the Turkish occupation of Trebizond, it was the seat of an extensive trade; but the exclusion of foreign vessels from the Black Sea interfered with its prosperity, a prosperity which was again to be enjoyed, as there is no doubt of its being the natural emporium of all the countries south-east of the Black Sea. The treaty of Adrianople, which opened the waters of that sea to European vessels, gave new impetus to the rising tendencies of Trebizond; while more recent events have given to it an importance which it did not before possess.

Trebizond within the walls is exceedingly picturesque. The houses are mostly built of white stone, roofed with red tiles, surrounded by a garden planted with tall trees and fragrant flowers; so that the town from the sea presents the appearance of a forest inclosed with castellated walls.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, THE POETICAL SHOEMAKER.

THE highly-gifted author of "The Farmer's Boy" was the youngest child of parents who resided in a village not far from Bury, and was born December 3rd, 1766. His father pursued the business of a tailor, while his mother was a schoolmistress, and instructed her own children with the others. Robert thus learned to read almost as soon as he could talk. About a twelvemonth after the birth of the future poet, the worthy tailor died, leaving the mother a widow, with six small children. She seems, however, to have looked her trial bravely in the face, and to have summoned up all her resolution to meet it in a spirit of resignation, and to provide for the fatherless children. To her youngest son, who was the last tender tie between herself and her departed husband, she was

most ardently attached; he was one very strongly calculated to draw forth the deep and holy sympathies of a mother, for he looked, at eleven years of age, too small and frail to be ever able to get his living by hard labour. At this time he had a brother in London who was maintaining himself by shoemaking; and who, upon his mother's account of Robert, cheerfully and affectionately offered to take him and teach him to make shoes, while another brother offered to clothe him. The mother, on this, took coach for London with her boy, for she said she never should be happy if she did not put him, herself, into the hands of his future protector. She charged her son George, the shoemaker, as he valued a mother's blessing, to watch over Robert, to set him a good example, and never to forget that he had lost his father. George Bloomfield nobly and tenderly discharged the duties belonging to the trust imposed on him. He had but poor quarters in which to receive and welcome the young orphan, for he then worked in a miserable garret, with two turn-up beds, and five companions.

At first, Robert was allowed to enjoy himself as he best could under the circumstances, and was not put to anything like constant work. He was the little messenger of George and his fellow companions. At noon, he went for their dinners, when there were any to fetch; and generally did their errands for them. Thus early, however, did he begin to manifest an amazing thirst for knowledge, and an aptitude for literary pursuits. The workmen were scarcely able to afford many luxuries, but the luxury of a stale newspaper was at their command, and they had been in the habit of reading it in turn; but soon after Robert entered the garret, they appointed him sole reader to the company. At his age, and with his defective education, he frequently met with words which he could not understand; and as this continued to be really a source of grief to the lad, his good brother George contrived to buy him a second-hand dictionary, by the help of which he could in a very little time read and comprehend the long and elaborate speeches of Burke, Fox, and other statesmen. His mind was also improved by coming in contact with other influences of an elevating character.

There was in his day a preacher of the name of Fawcett, who, by his peculiar eloquence, was attracting a large congregation in a dissenting meeting-house in the Old Jewry. He had all the power of a grand actor of tragedy, combined with the familiar freedom of a writer in a magazine. Over young Bloomfield's nature he exercised a mighty influence: the lad, though forced to stand in the aisle, would never, if he could possibly help it, be absent from the meeting-house on the Sabbath day. Through Fawcett's preaching, Robert not only gained the most enlarged notions of Providence, but learned to accentuate what he called *hard* words, and otherwise improve himself. He also went occasionally to a debating society, and waded through an extensive history of England, besides reading books of travel and of geography. These last, however, he always read as a task, and to oblige the workpeople in his brother's garret.

The "London Magazine" was at that time rather popular, and its contents were richly prized by young Bloomfield. The pages in it which were most interesting to him were those devoted to review, for here he became aware of what scholars and writers were doing, and what critics said of their efforts and performances. A favourite portion of the magazine also was what was styled the "Poets' Corner;" and ere long he surprised his companions by reading to them a song which he had composed for the magazine, and which, with much trembling, he sent to the editor thereof, who straightway inserted it.

This was his first appearance in print; and, as is natural, fired his ardour and ambition to become a literary man. He sent several poetical compositions for the "Poets' Corner," which were also inserted, and gave bright promise of what he would accomplish hereafter. He was still very young—quite a boy indeed; but the fire of genius shone forth from his youthful eyes, while his industry and power of application levelled the mountain of ignorance which impeded the full and eloquent expression of his naturally fine gifts and faculties. So hard a student did the boy become, that his brother and the workmen in the garret began to treat him as their superior, and to seek instruction from him.

There now fell in his way books of a poetical character—Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Thomson's "Seasons;" these books Robert literally devoured, assimilating to himself the deep and glowing thoughts of the authors, and reproducing them in images of beauty fresh from the glowing mint of his own ardent imagination. His poetical tendencies were also deeply strengthened by a short residence in the country,

when a temporary misfortune obliged him to return to the home of his mother. Here, with his mind teeming with the fine illustrations with which Thomson's book is filled, and in the midst of the most splendid rural scenery, he, no doubt, by his deep thoughts, laid the foundation of the poem which perhaps more than any other will keep his name alive in the world—"The Farmer's Boy." In the quiet happiness of his fond mother's society, and in retracing the fields where he had first looked on the holy face of nature, far from the smoke, the noise, the contention of the city, he imbibed that love of rural simplicity and rural innocence which fitted him in a great degree to be the writer of such a pastoral.

After having spent two delightful months in the country, Robert returned to London, this time to work in right good earnest for his living. He was not above his work, nor did he fail to do it most creditably and successfully, although occasionally he was filled with the most ardent aspirations for sufficient scope in which to manifest his powers. At twenty years of age he was as good a workman as his brother George, but at the same time he kept up an acquaintance with those literary pursuits and studies which so cheerfully relieve the dull monotony of toil. He studied music, and became a good player on the violin; but, having fallen a victim to the tender passion, he tells us that "he sold his fiddle and got a wife," a comely young woman of the name of Mary Anne Church, of the town of Woolwich. Like many poor men, he got a wife, and had to get household stuff afterwards. It took him some time to get out of ready-furnished lodgings, but by dint of hard working, perseverance, and womanly contriving, he purchased a bed of his own, and hired a room up one pair of stairs (let the address be remembered), at 14, Bell-alley, Coleman-street. In this garret, amid six or seven other workmen, his active mind employed itself in composing "The Farmer's Boy."

Young Bloomfield was at this time a ladies' shoemaker, and worked for a Mr. Davies, of Lombard-street. He was of slender make, of about five feet four inches high, and very dark complexion. He was the embodiment of mildness of temper, and goodness of disposition; and was universally praised by those who were best and most intimately acquainted with his character. His book, when it came to be published, excited general admiration and respect for its author's abilities; literary men vied with each other in the high praises they lavished on it, paid a just tribute to living worth and merit, and did not wait for the tomb to present a tardy and unproductive wreath.

It is beautiful to contemplate the pure and holy love he cherished towards his mother, and indeed for all his beloved relatives; and when the literary world was eloquent in his praises, and review after review proclaimed his talents, it is touching to read the words of his affectionate brother George: "I have in my mind's eye a little boy, not bigger than boys generally are at twelve years old. When I met him and his mother at the inn, he strutted before us just as he came from keeping sheep, hogs, &c., his shoes filled full of stumps of nails in the heels. He looking about him, slipped up; his nails were unused to a flat pavement. I remember viewing him as he scampered up: how small he was! I little thought that that little fatherless boy would be one day known and esteemed by the most learned, the most respected, the wisest, and the best men of the kingdom."

DUST.

From whence does it all come? You may sweep your room twice every day, and you will find that a cloud arises every time the broom and the floor make acquaintance. You may dust every article of furniture, every book, every picture; you may take care to shake your duster out of the window, and your own clothes out in the yard; you may wipe all about the book-shelves and the floor with a damp cloth; and yet, after all your labour, there will be dust. Dust flying in the air; dust settling on the books and tables; dust on the pictures, on the flowers—dust, dust, everywhere. It is discouraging.

You think, perhaps, that 'tis because the room in which you sit is so large; you think that if you were in snugger quarters, there would not be so much of this annoyance; you therefore move into a smaller apartment, but you are worse off now than you were before. You can't turn around quick, nor even heave a sigh, without setting in motion ten thousand tiny particles of dust. You may sweep till your broom falls, and dust till your arms fall off, and the story will be always the same. Even out at sea, where the good ship rides the billows, thousands of miles from land, the dust gathers. It matters not how much the

sailors rub the masts and holystone the decks, the dust will gather, even amid the salt spray of the sea. It is for ever flying and settling wherever there is any solid substance on which it can alight. Where it comes from is no mystery, when we remember what sort of things are ever about us, and what sort of things we are.

"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," is written on clothing, on wood, and iron, and steel, just as truly as it is on our frail, perishing flesh; and the changing and sifting back to its despised original is going on before our very eyes, in each thing that we look upon. Constantly—some rapidly, others with a slower waste—but certainly, all things are returning whence they came. 'Tis enough to make one fear the dust—to make one feel a horror at the atoms falling on one's garments, and one's limbs, to read and understand their language. That language is all of decay and death; of earth, the grave, and worms; of darkness, forgetfulness, and despair. At least, if one cannot look beyond the dust, and see, and take hold of, the eternal life.

How carefully and purely should we step through the world, did we but read, as we walk, all that is written for our admonition and warning. But we go hastily, with careless eye and dumb heart, taking little heed when we should be most studious. Many there be who have deep skill to read the dark sayings written on ancient rocks, who yet have never understood the plain language of the gathering dust.

The Matron.

NO. XI.

Good temper is the sunshine of life, whether in the Queen's palace or the shepherd's hut. But I own it is much easier to be ever recommending good temper than to be ever exercising it.

In my last number I spoke of the misery occasioned at home by a thoroughly ill-tempered man. Such men, alas, exist; but in this highly favoured Christian country I am inclined to hope they are not very common. There is some good feeling among us still. The husbands that abound are men who are "easily put out," as the saying is. Therefore every good, prudent housewife will do well to consider what things do "put out" her husband. From my experience and observation, the horrors of a washing day, and the worry and disobedience of children, are the things that generally "put a man out." Therefore, on the subject of the family wash, and on the management of children, I propose giving a few useful hints.

On coming home tired, and expecting a little comfortable refreshment, warmth, and rest, what can be a greater trial to a man's temper than to find tubs of dirty water by the fireside, wet linen in all directions, and, worst of all, a wife forgetful of her husband, and caring only about the wash?

"How can I help it?" I hear the good lady reply; "you wouldn't have me leave the clothes, and sheets, and blankets dirty? I'm sure I see enough in print about the harm of neglect in washing."

"You are quite right," I reply; "cleanliness is a duty to ourselves, to our families, and to our neighbours; but I am sure it may be carried into effect without destroying the comfort of your husband's fireside."

Of course, with rich people who have plenty of space and plenty of servants, the husband hears and knows nothing of the discomforts and difficulties of the washing-day; but what I am now anxious to do is to assist those who are not rich in conquering the evils of this difficult domestic duty.

In the first place, "Well begun, is half done." If this saying applies to anything, it does most especially to a family wash, for, with good preparation, clothes are washed in less time and more thoroughly than where no sensible precautions have been taken. A receipt for a "washing preparation," that lessens labour and does not injure the clothes, will be welcomed by my female readers of all classes.

The night before your wash, dissolve half a pound of soda in one gallon of boiling water, and pour it on a quarter of a pound of quicklime; cut up the soap you intend using for the wash, and pour the clear water from the lime and soda upon it. It will form a soft mass, ready for use on the next morning.

But the clothes themselves require preparation on the preceding night. Let them all be put into soak, but on no account place them all together. Let the fine things be in one tub and the coarse ones in another. Of the linen, rub with soap the places that are most soiled; for instance, the front and sleeves of children's pinafores, the wristbands and collars of shirts, and the most greasy parts of tablecloths.

Mind also to fill the copper with soft water, and to rinse the tubs, and wipe them inside and out.

As a general rule, do not allow foul clothes to accumulate to such an extent as to require more than a day to get them up.

Save in other things, that you may have a good active washerwoman when you have a large wash about. In fact, the washing-day requires all your intelligence and all your good management. The object you should have in view is this, to see that the washing is got through well, and yet so expeditiously that your husband and children may not have to pay for their clean clothes by discomfort and dangerous exposure to damp air.

Now for one of those rules that should be written in gold—*"Never prefer things to persons."* There is no property, no clothes, no furniture, no, nor money, nor jewels, that is half as valuable as the health and comfort of your husband and children. All your care, forethought, and method should be used to promote the real happiness of home. Take care that your zeal about the means does not make you lose sight of the end. Many respectable mothers and wives err in this respect, in the north country especially. A little anecdote—related by one who knew the Scotch well—will illustrate this.

A lady visiting a humble cottage in the neighbourhood of her own estate, was struck by observing that all the attention of the goodwife was given to airing clothes at the fire, while the Goodman, a poor, helpless, shivering invalid, was trembling with cold, and excluded—for the sake of the precious clothes—from all the benefit and comfort of the blazing faggot. The lady could not avoid interfering, and her disgust was not lessened on hearing that the poor old man was kept in the cold, and his life perhaps sacrificed, in order to make way for the airing of his own dead clothes, or grave clothes!

Here was a fine instance of preferring things to persons, and a proof of the old saying, that "there may be too much of a good thing."

On the other hand, there may be too little.

There may very easily be too little attention to method, arrangements, and preparations for the household wash, respecting which I give the following advice:—

Never attempt washing such heavy things as bed-hangings and counterpanes except in summer or early autumn. Put flannels and coloured things by themselves. Do not use the washing preparation for them.

Wash the coloured things in the usual way, with common soap, while the white things are boiling. For woollens make a good lather. In order to do this, put half a pound of soap in a gallon of water, and boil it till the soap is dissolved. Wash your woollens in water as warm as your hand can bear, adding the prepared lather according as it is wanted; then wring the woollens, and placing them in a rinsing-tub, cover them with boiling water. As soon as they are cool enough to be handled, wring them; then rinse them well in hard water, and for drying spread them out as straight and smooth as possible. So much for woollens; now for a few words about drying, which should follow the washing (I am now alluding to the family wash) as quickly as possible.

Fine weather is so indispensable for drying, that we advise young wives to put off all other household occupations (excepting what is quite necessary) in order to take advantage of fine weather for washing, or rather for drying.

By the way, lace should never be boiled, only scalded.

A few words more, and I take leave of the wash-house for the present. Keep your tubs half full of water, or they will leak and fall to pieces. Have a large bag for clothes-lines, and another for clothes-pegs, and keep these articles (viz. the pegs and lines in their respective bags) in a dry place.

Although I am tempted to give a few directions about mangling, folding, and ironing, I shall reserve these for the first convenient opportunity, because I can fancy I hear anxious mothers asking me how I mean to treat the management of children? I answer that it is my intention to give receipts, rules, and advice, to promote the health, happiness, and real welfare of children, from their infancy till they are twelve years old. As to the receipts for promoting health, I do not promise any magic nostrums, cabalistic charms, or mesmeric wonders. A few judicious receipts for diseases common to children is all I undertake to give, but these receipts will have good authority, and the use of them is only recommended where the danger is not imminent, and where medical aid cannot readily be procured. In following these receipts, mothers will act more wisely than in listening to the advice of some ignorant old women, who pretend to know everything. Great ignorance and credulity still exist on matters relating

to the healing art. Your neighbours abroad recommend you to place common earthworms on a child's throat to relieve him in the croup! and an acquaintance of my own swallowed a live spider to cure herself of an ague!

Small Change.

ALSO, AND LIKEWISE.

A COUNSEL ONCE, of talents vain, a quaker rudely treated,
Who often in his story plain, the word also repeated—
"Also!" said brief, with sneering wit, "won't likewise do as well?"

"No, friend, but if thou wilt permit, their difference I will tell—
Scarlett's a counsel learned, we know, whose talents oft surprise;
Thou art a counsel, friend, also, but surely not likewise."

WHAT is the difference between a field of oats and an author? The oats are usually cut down, and authors are generally cut up.

"JOHN! you took a bad half-sovereign of the inn-keeper the other day. Did you get rid of it?" "Faix, yer honor, I did." "And where did you pass it, John?" "Between two pennies, at a turnpike, yer honour."

"PLAZE sir," said a Hibernian, during the panic, to a professional money-lender, "ye'll discount this bill for me?" "Can't do it," replied the man of business; "it has so many days to run." "True, for ye; but it's December, and the days are all short."

WITNESS cross-examined at Bow-street by counsel: "How do you live?" "Pretty well, sir—generally a joint and pudding at dinner." "I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?" "Oh! I beg pardon; sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes at the chandler's shop." "I mean to ask you, sir, how do you manage to live in London?" "By opening all the windows to let in all the air." (Witness ordered to stand down.)

CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.—"What does cleave mean, papa?" "It means to stick together." "Does John stick wood together when he cleaves it?" "Hem! it means to separate." "Well, then, pa, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?" "Hem! don't ask foolish questions, child."

Is there any word which contains all the vowels? Unquestionably.

WHEN is a punster most like an outlaw? When he is robbing Hood (Robin Hood).

POOR LETTER H.—Rowland Hill made a good remark upon hearing the power of the letter H discussed, whether it were a letter or not. "If it were not, he said, it would be a very serious affair for him, for it would make him ill all the days of his life."

YOUTHFUL INSTRUCTION.—Instruct your son well, or others will instruct him ill. No child goes altogether untaught. Send him to the school of wisdom, or he will go himself to the rival academy kept by the lady with the cap and bells.

A BOY being rebuked by a clergyman for not attending church, said he would do so if allowed to change his seat; but that as it was, half a dozen old women, with their mouths wide open, sat between him and the preacher, and took all the best of the sermon, so that when it came to him it was "pretty stuff."

CONCLUSIVE.—An American paper says, when you see a gentleman at midnight sitting on the step in front of his house, combing his hair with the door-scraper, you may judge he has been out to an evening party.

A PERSON in delicate health being asked by a friend, "If he would venture on an orange," replied, "No, I thank you, I should roll off."

"You Don't, Don't You?"—"Mister, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody who don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?" The answer was, "Yes, I don't."

Two persons of a satiric turn met a neighbour and said, "Friend, we have been disputing whether you are most knave or fool." The man took each of the querists by the arm, so that he was in the middle. "Faith," said he, "I believe I am between both."

THE most remarkable instance of indecision we ever heard of was that of the man who sat up all night, because he could not decide which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

EXPLICIT ANSWERS.—"Where's the rake, Sambo?" "Wid de hoe, massa." "Well, where is the hoe?" "Wid de rake, massa." "Well, where are they both?" "Why both togedder, massa. You pleases to be berry 'ticular dis morning."

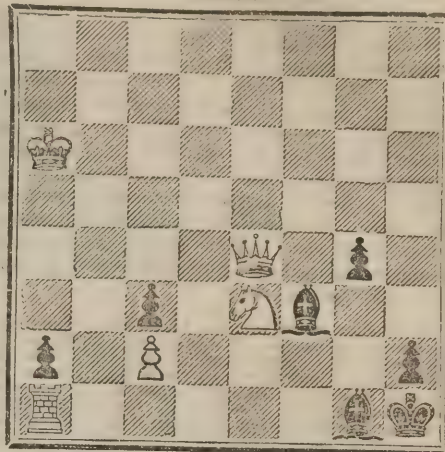
ON DIR.—The submarine wires intend to prosecute an editor for saying they were deranged.

WHY AND BECAUSE.—Why is a blade of grass like a note of hand? Because it is matured by falling dew.

Chess.

Problem No. 24. Mr. J. PHENIX.

BLACK.

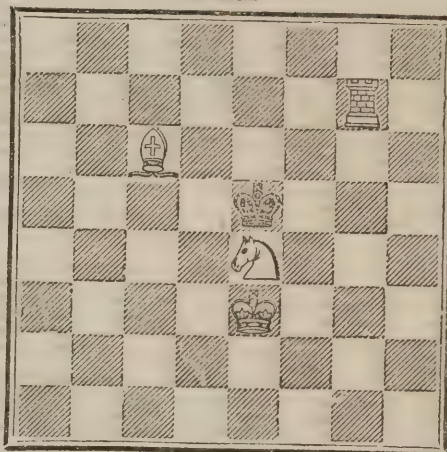


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in five moves.

Problem No. 25. By DOMINO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

F. P. HALL.—The solutions forwarded with your letter of the 2nd February are correct. We are afraid that the alteration which you suggest could not be conveniently adopted.

WILLIAM HIGGS.—We hope your doubts have been removed by the published solution of Problem No. 14. In Problem No. 15 Black should play his P to B 8, and exchange it for a Knight, if White move as you suggest.

A. JOYCE.—Is there no Literary Institution in your neighbourhood at which chess is played? We shall be happy to furnish you with the information which you require on your favouring us with your address on a stamped envelope.

JOHN GILBERT.—The Problems with which you have favoured us are much below our standard; *nil desperandum*—try again.

PAWN.—We do not clearly understand your first question. Any bookseller will procure the works you require.

L. B. H. (Huddersfield).—Your solution of Problem No. 14 is correct. See answer to "William Higgs" as to Problem No. 15. In Problem No. 16 Black has several defences against your proposed mode of attack.

A MECHANIC (Pittoneum).—"Kt from QR 5 to Kt 7" means Knight from Queen's Rook's fifth square to Knight's seventh square. The square on which the King is placed is called the King's square, the square in front of it the King's 2nd square; and the same rule applies to all the other pieces.

Solutions of Problems by R. T. (Southport), No. 18; J. W. Bird, No. 18; J. F. Cadman, Nos. 14 and 15, and Enigmas Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8; G. Farrow, Nos. 16 and 17; John Gilbert, Nos. 14, 16, and 17; T. Simpson, Nos. 14, 15, 16, and 17, and Enigmas Nos. 6, 7, and 8; George Vaughan, Enigma, No. 6; W. M.K., Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18, and Enigmas Nos. 6 and 7; Grapes, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18; John Gilbert, No. 18; Oxon, Nos. 17 and 18; M. A. R., Nos. 16, 17, and 18; R. R., No. 18, and Enigmas Nos. 4, 5, and 6; E. Grant, Nos. 17 and 18, and Enigmas Nos. 6 and 7; G. M., No. 16; A. Novice, Nos. 14 and 15; G. W. S., Nos. 16, 17, and 18; Exon, No. 13; and M. A. R., Nos. 17 and 18.

Mr. John S. will be happy to play any subscriber to the FAMILY PAPER a game of Chess by correspondence Address, 11, Laygate-street, South Shields.

Our Editorial Table.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE AND TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Commencing with the present number (No. 16), CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER will be published by Messrs. PETTER and GALPIN, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill. If any difficulty should be experienced in obtaining the necessary supply, in consequence of the greatly increasing demand, application is requested to be made to Messrs. Petter and Galpin direct. All the back numbers of the Paper have been reprinted, and may be had upon application. In order to give every person an opportunity to commence with the New Series, no extra charge will be made for the back numbers of the New Series until further notice.

JANIE.—If a young lady and a gentleman, both being musical (vocally so), meet in society, there is no objection to their singing duets together; but as everything bordering on forwardness takes from woman's modest dignity, we think the proposal that they should sing together should come from the gentleman, or from a third party. If a gentleman goes out of his way to see a lady home from a party or a lecture, it is graceful and proper in her to thank him. There is a certain arrogance in taking all attentions as a right; it is more amiable in ladies to receive them as favours.

A COUNTRY GIRL has no idea of the difficulty of obtaining an engagement at any theatre, or of the numerous requirements, and the disheartening competition. It is next to impossible to obtain the slightest footing on boards which, in our opinion, it is better for a young girl to scrub than to tread. "A Country Girl" has evidently not received an education to fit her for the higher walks of the drama, and the lower ones are far more laborious and less remunerative than domestic service. Steps taken unknown to parents by girls of eighteen are generally strides on the road to ruin. We advise "A Country Girl" to improve her mind by judicious reading, and to think no more of the stage.

SCHOOLBOY.—The Queen's family name is D'Este. The name Guelph, commonly supposed to be that of the Royal Family of England, is only the name of a religious faction, of which the Electors of Hanover represented the head.

ESTHER.—A poached or fried egg is much more digestible than a boiled one.

R. PAPER.—In speaking to your wife, call her by her christian name. In speaking of her, say "Mrs. Paper," or whatever her real name may be.

NAN WILLIS.—All depilatories are dangerous. A low forehead is not a defect in a woman. The Venus de Medicis is remarkable for the lowness of hers. Nature is so good a workwoman, *art* never improves her design. If one eye is weak, the other always by sympathy is affected more or less; and reading must be discontinued while there is any inflammation or affection of the organ of sight.

TIMOUR asks our opinion of a young lady who would grant the request of a married man when he asked her to give him a kiss. We should think very ill both of the young lady who granted, and the married man who asked for such a token of affection.

KITTY REDBURN seems to us to be over sensitive. This sort of quizzing is as common as it is ill-bred, and if our fair correspondent did not suffer it to annoy her, it would cease to amuse her assailants, who would relinquish it for some other sport.

NED MUSGRAVE.—In affairs of the heart such as yours *really* to be, it is very difficult to advise without a more intimate knowledge of the parties than one letter can convey; but as, from the frank, candid, and manly style of your epistle (and, we may add, of your behaviour to the lady you love), we feel an interest in your welfare, we suggest that you should address your former enslaver *once more*. Write to her in an open, affectionate manner—ask her to make exile seem like home, and a winter in Canada appear an Italian summer, by sharing them with you. Insist on a *decisive* answer; and if she rejects you, and is willing you should emigrate alone, be sure she does not love you, and look elsewhere.

"If she be not fair for thee,
What carest thou how fair she be?"

STANDING is informed that when a gentleman is walking with a lady, whether she be his friend, relative, or intended, he should give her the inside, unless it happens to be muddy, rugged, or in any other way ineligible. It is a gentleman's bounden duty, in all matters, to consult the convenience of the ladies before his own. Whatever is best is woman's right, and the more civilised a country becomes, the greater is the deference paid to the gentler sex.

J. NICHOLLS.—The third finger of the right hand is the engaged finger; but many ladies who are affianced wear the ring on the third finger of the left hand. We can give "J. Nicholls" no unerring text by which to distinguish the real from the false, among his female acquaintance. We should imagine, from our knowledge of the fair sex, that no unengaged lady would run the risk of being supposed to be affianced by any gentleman whose proposals would be acceptable. "J. Nicholls" hand is a good one for a gentleman, but too formal and mercantile for a lady.

W. M. SKINNER.—We cannot insert arithmetical questions or enigmas unless accompanied by correct solutions.

BREVITY.—Your verses were duly received, but we cannot promise their insertion.

ARAMAIS.—Similar "Scraps about Birds" have appeared in numerous publications.

D. JOINER.—Indian ink requires no preparation "to make it flow freely from drawing-pens," except rubbing it on a

clean earthen plate or ink-stone with a sufficient quantity of soft water.

W. O'MIROON (Dover Castle).—To complete the tale of "The Young Pretender," you require No. 206, and also the Supplement, with index and title, to complete Vol. IV.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE modestly asks us to furnish her with "a list of the best works now in publication which will afford her an insight into general knowledge, enable her to converse freely on the principal topics of conversation, quicken the memory, and give a good tone to the mind." Verily, she must choose for herself, for such a list would require a large volume.

J. WILLIAMS.—The streets you inquire about have long since changed their names. "Grub-street" is now known as "Milton-street," "Rosemary-lane" as "Royal Mint-street," &c. &c.

SCOTIA, EDIN, DAVID, T. G., and LAND O' CAKES have sent us *conjectural* replies to an inquiry as to the name of the mother of King David. It is a matter of no importance; and as the Bible, the only reliable authority on the subject, furnishes no answer, the inquiry and conjectures are equally vain.

SCOTIA.—Your inquiries should be directed to the Secretary of the Post-office.

VAIN BEAUTY.—You have done what all our correspondents do not do—chosen an appropriate name. You are dissatisfied with the shape and colour of your arms, and with the hairs that are growing upon them, and also with your general complexion; and wish us to recommend cosmetics which will make your arms appear white and round, which will remove superfluous hairs (which are they?), and which will improve your general complexion. Were we to do this, would it not assist you to become an *artificial*, as well as a "vain" beauty?

ORTON.—Fish is much less nutritious than flesh; but the oily kinds, salmon, eels, herrings, &c., contain more nutriment than cod, haddock, or flounders.

J. O. S.—Your notice would depend entirely on the terms of your tenancy.

EXTRAORDINARY.—Your wall must be *damp*, or you would never have had so much trouble in your whitewashing operations.

A NERVOUS SUFFERER.—We recommend you to have nothing to do with persons of the class to which you refer.

GRAZIELLA.—Green paper on walls is favourable to the eyesight. It has been said, however, that arsenic enters largely into the manufacture of green wall-papers, and that it is consequently highly deleterious to the general health. With regard to a treatise on botany, you cannot do better than purchase Cassell's "Outlines of Botany," forming part of the invaluable "Educational Course."

NERO.—We do not think you would have any chance of a successful engagement as "hotel porter" in Canada.

PENLOPE.—For the discovery of glass (one of the most beautiful things in use) we are indebted to chance. Glass, according to Pliny, was originally found under the following circumstances: Near a river issuing from Mount Carmel, some nitre merchants made a halt. They found no stones on which to place their pots, so they made use of some of their pieces of nitre for this purpose. The fire they had kindled gradually dissolving the nitre, it mixed with the sand, and a transparent matter flowed. This matter, when cold, became glass.

A. T. C.—Our advice is, have nothing to do with "the Grand Duchy of Baden money distribution."

JOHN HURST.—You should apply to a magistrate: he can protect you against your wife's carrying off and selling your property, but a magistrate cannot grant you a divorce. If, however, you can prove your wife's infidelity, there is no doubt of your being ultimately able to procure a divorce, and that without the ruinous expenses that attended such proceedings before the new marriage law. But, observe this, until you have taken some legal step, your wife's ill conduct does not free you from her, nor make it less incumbent on you to support her. We feel it our duty to tell you that you did very wrong in accepting work that separated you, for the whole of the week, from your wife. There is much truth in the old saying, "Wives losing their husbands, oft lose their good name."

GILES DE RETZ.—The handwriting is no certain indication of character. Those who have studied the rules of the Model Copy-Books, published by Ward and Lock, will learn to write an excellent hand, without becoming on that account excellent characters.

SUI GRATULATUR.—Carrying on a correspondence cannot constitute an engagement; for the formation of which, an offer of marriage, made and accepted, is perfectly necessary.

TOMICUS.—We refer "Tomicus" and all other correspondents anxious to receive particulars about Valentine's Day and its patron saint, to "Cassell's Illustrated Almanack" for the present year, 1858. In this almanack they will find the subject treated at length, and also obtain much valuable information on other subjects. The almanack only costs 6d.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—You had better draw up an advertisement, stating your qualifications, and insert it in the newspaper of the greatest respectability and the largest circulation in your native town.

LOUISA.—You write to us describing yourself as a maiden desperately in love, even in danger of committing suicide, and this for a man so bashful, that he has not had courage to reveal his love for you! Are you sure he feels any? But supposing he does, and that he is too timid to own his partiality, we advise you to treat him with the indifference all cowards deserve, and to employ your penetration in selecting a worthier partner from among the other admirers you mention.

FIDDLER DICK.—Beware of the rash attempt of effecting a cure by scalding your face. Extensive scalds are often fatal; and, should you recover from their effects, your face would, in all probability, be more scarred than before. Dr. Cox makes the following observations about smallpox marks:—"Long observation has convinced me that nothing so effectually removes these disfigurements, as gently rubbing

the face with a soft towel immediately after washing. This practice is free from the objections to be made against external applications. It quickens the circulation of the blood, producing exfoliation and the formation of new tissues, and, at the same time, restores to the cheek its healthy colour, which is generally lost by confluent smallpox."

A HOPEFUL LOVER.—There is an earnestness about your communication that deserves a prompt reply. Seek a personal interview with the lady and declare your love. Charming as timidity is in a maiden, it is by no means fascinating in a man; and, though true love has its misgivings in both sexes, it is your duty to repress and conquer such feelings.

INURBANUS.—We consider ourselves a manual of English etiquette, and we do not think it necessary to recommend any other.

C. M. W.—We advise you to be frank. You need not hurt the feelings of the diminutive individual who loves you in vain, but you should distinctly inform her your affections are another's. "You must be cruel only to be kind."

A YOUNG LAWYER.—A Portrait of Lord Campbell appeared in No. 5 of our New Series.

UNE JEUNE FILLE.—An excellent receipt for improving the hair is the following:—Mix nine parts of good olive oil and one part of liquid hartshorn. Rub in a little of this on alternate days. For a scent-bottle we can recommend you nothing more refreshing than eau de Cologne.

TWENTY-ONE.—We refer you to the Royal Marriage Act, by which you will find that the children of the sovereign can only marry members of Royal families and professors of the Protestant faith. The marriage act was passed in consequence of the union of the Duke of Gloucester, George III's brother, with Lady Waldegrave, and that of the Duke of Cumberland with the widow of Colonel Horton.

S. D.—Why is "S. D." so anxious to curl his hair? He should leave such blandishments to the ladies. However, we do not like to refuse his request. He would be disappointed if we only suggested the well known methods of curling tongs and curling papers; therefore, we furnish him with the following receipt to make a curling fluid. Melt a bit of white beeswax, about the size of a filbert kernel, in 1 oz. of olive oil; to this add one or two drops of otto of roses.

IVANHOE.—Wash your head two or three times a week in a lather of soft water and curd soap, taking care to dry your hair thoroughly. A receipt for a curling fluid is given in the answer to "S. D."

A. B. C.—We are anxious to give your distressing case our best attention. For your satisfaction we can assure you that all the symptoms you mention may result from the irregular action of the liver, and that this irregular action may be caused by indigestion. Avoid heavy suppers. In fact, persons in your condition should give up suppers altogether, and take something substantial with tea. Never eat cheese, and when you have the choice, take mutton in preference to beef; for beef disagrees with weak stomachs. At dinner drink plentifully of clear fresh water. Before retiring to rest, use the flesh brush until you have produced a glow on the skin. Read amusing books, and never allow a tale or an anecdote in our FAMILY PAPER to escape your notice. Accept invitations from friends; go on any excursion that does not entail much fatigue; encourage your companions to talk of their own affairs, their own hopes, fears, and sorrows. You will find we all have our trials. By giving your thoughts to others, you prevent their preying on your own mind. Pondering over griefs, real or imaginary, is worse than "an idle waste of thought." It is a habit that depresses the spirits, and consequently injures the digestion. Seek the cheering society of ladies in general, but beware of falling desperately in love with one in particular, since, from your own account of yourself, you are young and have your fortune to make. You should obtain a competency before you think of marriage. Attention to your business, whatever it may be, is a duty your own good sense will point out, but the recovery of your health and spirits is the paramount question at present. We believe you may obtain that desirable object by following the advice we have just given you, supposing you resign yourself to the Divine will in all things, and constantly implore aid from above, on every measure you adopt.

MATTHEW MEANWELL.—There is no objectionable disparity between a man of thirty-three and a girl of eighteen. The objection (in your case) is the unlawful nature of the connection you are projecting. Your deceased wife's sister can never (as the law of England stands) be your real wife, and all the children you might have by her, would be illegitimate.

J. N.—A good durable black is procured by boiling together logwood and cider in an iron pot. Mind you add water for the evaporation.

SELINA.—We advise you to endeavour to retain your native simplicity. Artificial airs and graces will not improve you.

A YOUNG HEIRESS.—You may be certain that your parents have good reason for their decision.

AN OLD MAID.—Refer to "Hoyle's Games."

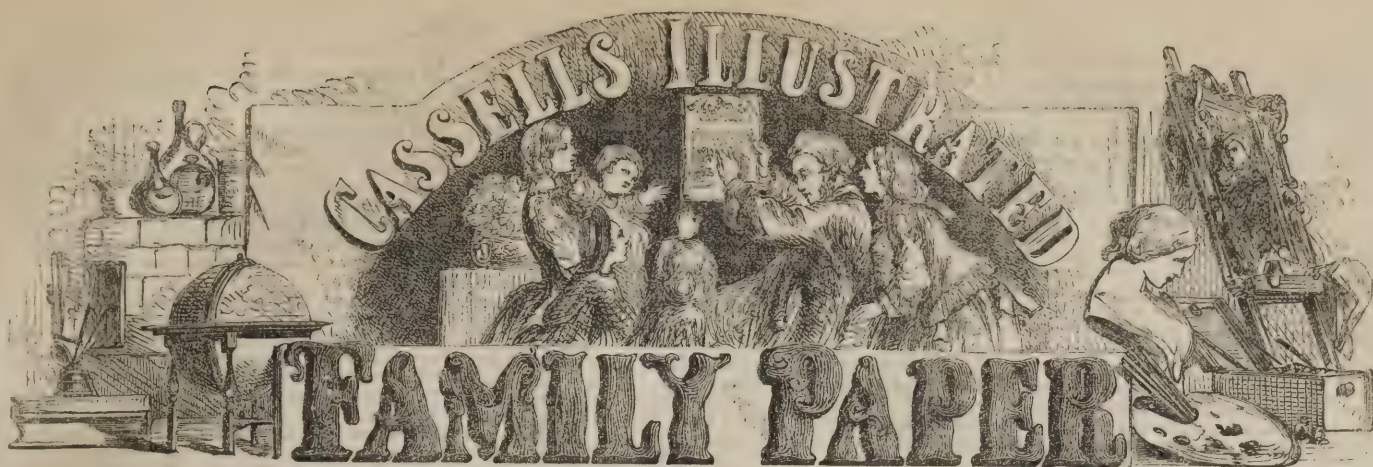
LETTY.—"Letty" has been deeply in love with a young man, but she has quarrelled with him. She has an offer from another gentleman, whom she only esteems as a friend. "Letty" wishes us to advise her about accepting or rejecting her second suitor. We do not consider ardent love necessary to happiness in matrimony. But then, if a woman is not in love with the man she accepts, she must have no tenderness for any other. Unless "Letty" is certain that her first inclination is quite conquered, she cannot innocently accept another offer.

RANK AND FILE.—"Smiles and Tears," and "Latson," were both commenced in No. 1, New Series.

** We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. I.—No. 17.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF LIFE," "DICK TARLETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Judge we by nature?—habit can efface,
Interest overcome, or policy take place.
By actions?—these uncertainty divides.
By passions?—these dissimulation hides.
Opinions?—these still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.—POPE.

WHEN Carus Kearn fled from the scene of the attempted crime, which he firmly believed he had accomplished, our readers will recollect that he was followed by Styles, who felt annoyed at not having been employed on the occasion. It was a breach of confidence between them.

Impelled by his guilty terrors, the unworthy nephew proceeded at a rapid pace, till he reached one of the innumerable narrow gullies worn by the streams in the sides of the hills, and shaded with luxuriant foliage. Into one of these he threw himself, but had scarcely recovered his breath, when his pursuer, leaping through the interlacing underwood, stood before him.

Not recognising his confederate in his disguise, Carus drew a pistol from his belt.

"Hold hard!" exclaimed the ruffian; "don't you know me?"

"You here!"

"Of course I am. Badly managed, Mr. Carus; you had better have trusted me, and not have been seen in it yourself. Penny wise and pound foolish."

So his hearer began to think. Speaking aloud, he muttered something about never supposing that his uncle would have chosen to visit the island again so soon, and added, "that the cards played badly."

"Because you deal them badly," was the reply.

"He cannot have recognised me."

His confidential friend expressed himself not quite so satisfied upon the point.

The assassin had been seen by more than the speaker. Several of the fisherman, stimulated by the liberality of Mr. Bently, and natural indignation at the crime, were upon his track, and their voices might now be heard, calling to each other as they beat the underwood, like sportsmen in search of game.

"It's all up with you," exclaimed Styles; "you had better have trusted me."

Carus Kearn was not only a man of expedients, but of great promptitude in action. He had but one chance of escape.

"Give me your blouse and hat," he exclaimed, at the same time tearing off his own disguise.

The hitherto ready tool of his villainies would have refused, for he had not the slightest idea of bearing the brunt of another man's crime, but the cold touch of the pistol barrel which his employer held to his



CARUS KEARN FIRING AT STYLES.

head, and the determined expression of his blood-shot eyes, decided him: he reluctantly stripped them off.

The instant he had done so Carus put them on; then, turning upon him, fired, having only hesitated to do so till the change was effected.

Styles fell on his face, and the ruffian, believing he had accomplished his purpose, fled. It was the second attempt he had made during the hour to take the life of a fellow creature, and, in both instances, without success. The fellow was not even wounded, the bullet having passed between the arm and his side.

"That is the way you provide for your friends, is it?" muttered the fellow; "very well, Mr. Carus Kearn, at last I know you."

The report of the pistol brought the fishermen to the spot, and, despite the assertions of his innocence, the speaker was secured. How could they doubt his guilt? the military undress coat and cap they had distinctly recognised were lying beside him.

That night Styles slept in the prison at St. Heliers, and information of his capture was at once conveyed to the merchant.

The narrow escape of his grandson had revealed to Mr. Bently a secret he was far from suspecting; namely, that the high-spirited boy had won a place in his affections, which, in the tumult of affairs, he had deemed could never be filled again. How many men vainly pride themselves on having acquired a stoicism, which, after all, is merely artificial,—pronounce their feelings dead, when, in truth, they are only faded for the want of human sympathy. The dew falls, and, like the flower, the leaves of the heart unfold again. The danger Richard had incurred was alone wanting to convince the old man how inexpressibly dear the poor boy had become to him.

That was not the only change produced on him. What the reasoning of Peter Mangles had failed to effect, recent events, and a full conviction of Richard's integrity, had, in some measure, achieved; and he now began to doubt whether he had not too harshly judged the conduct of his son-in-law in the affair of the Indian securities.

Conscience whispered to him that he had.

There was something sickening in the doubt; and he resolved, cost what it might, that his mind should be satisfied upon the point, one way or the other. And the morning after the adventure on the cliffs he quitted the residence of the Reverend Oneas Brown, in company with its owner, to visit Styles, whom he believed to be the author of the crime, in the prison of St. Heliers. Richard would fain have accompanied him; but his grandfather, for reasons of his own, wished for Richard's absence on the occasion.

"I must see the ruffian alone," said the old man. "For once I am determined that cool reason shall sit in judgment; affection must not stand beside to prompt and influence its conclusions."

"But prejudice may," answered the youth, boldly.

"Not now," replied his relative. "Time was when such might have been the case, but I am changed; and humiliating as the conviction, in one sense, must be to me, by heavens, I know of no circumstance that can afford me more pleasure than the proof that I have been deceived in my opinion of your father; that his son will have no cause in after life to blush for the author of his being. Weakness, passion, folly, excess,—all, save crime, may be forgiven. That is irreparable."

"Except by penitence," mildly observed the clergyman, who was present at the conversation.

"Irreparable in this world," added the merchant; "I spoke not of the future."

By the influence of his companion, who was well known and exceedingly respected in the island by the authorities, Mr. Bently obtained a private interview with Styles, whom he found in no very cheerful mood, pacing the courtyard of the prison.

He felt that his position was a critical one. His assertions of innocence disbelieved; proofs terribly against him. Bitterly did he curse the tempter who had first led him into crime.

A ray of hope, a very faint one, gleamed athwart his mind, when he beheld his former employer enter the courtyard of the prison. He knew his firmness, when he had once decided on the accomplishment of an object,—his wealth and influence, how much he would sacrifice to achieve it. Now it was evident that Mr. Bently wished to conceal from the world the interest he had taken in his grandson; to continue the system would be impossible if once he were brought to trial,—everything then must be made public.

Hastily weighing all these things he came to the

conclusion that, unfavourable as appearances were, his case was not so very desperate.

"So," said the merchant, eyeing him sternly, "this is the result of your dissipated, idle, worthless career—a felon! I told you, when your bad conduct forced me to dismiss you from my counting-house, what would be the result; did I not?"

"You did," muttered the ruffian, sulkily.

"It has made you a murderer!" exclaimed the old gentleman, solemnly.

"No, it ain't," answered the prisoner, boldly, "for the boy is not dead,"—he had learnt that fact from one of the turnkeys—"and if he were it wouldn't affect me. It was Carus who tried it on."

Mr. Bently noticed the accusation by a look of incredulity and mingled contempt, so monstrously improbable did it appear.

"You may stare and affect to disbelieve me," continued Styles, "but it is true. What interest could I have in the lad's death? Ask your grandson to describe the man who assisted him to descend the rocks and then cut the rope: confront me with him. I ask nothing but fair play."

"Wretch!" groaned the old man, beginning to suspect that the man was speaking truth. "What injury had the son of George Markham ever done him that he should seek his life?"

"And what injury had his father ever done you," demanded Styles, boldly, "that you should have cast him off to starve? Married your daughter without your consent; pshaw! his blood was as good as hers, his name as respectable; besides, he had her mother's sanction. But you listened to nothing but the evil spirit of pride and revenge within you; promised your nephew to make him your heir. Now, it seems, you have altered your mind, repented of your injustice to George, and think to atone for all by making it up by kindness to his boy, when you know the loss of him is breaking his mother's heart."

There was a truth in the coarse but energetic retort of the criminal, which caused the cheek of the wealthy merchant to turn pale. A day, one little day before, and he would have turned from the speaker in indignant silence; but now he condescended to justify himself to him.

"George was a drunkard," he replied.

"Not when you turned him out of the counting-house," exclaimed the prisoner.

"But he became one."

"After he had struggled as few men struggle to hold a position in the world, and failed for want of a friendly hand to aid him; he was crushed—ruined."

"Not by me," said Mr. Bently, eagerly.

"By you. It's no use denying it. True, you never employed direct means; there was no occasion, when indirect ones answered your purpose as well. He was known to be your son-in-law—the son-in-law of one of the wealthiest merchants in the city. Men naturally wondered why you never assisted him. Did you ever explain the cause? No. If asked respecting him, what was your reply? 'I have cast him off; never speak of him again.' This naturally created a doubt, and you know what a doubt can do in the commercial world. A panic came at last; many a firm fell, not half so honest as George Markham's. Had you but made a sign, he might have been saved; but you remained silent, immovable as your pride, and he fell too."

"Then it was," added the speaker, emphatically, "that he was made a drunkard."

"Made a drunkard," repeated his hearer, slowly, "explain your meaning."

The prisoner smiled knowingly. He had succeeded in raising the curiosity of his visitor, and this was all he wished.

"What is it you would hint?"

"O, nothing; nothing," ejaculated the ruffian; "but it shall all come out on my trial, if I am tried. I shall speak plainly enough then. It will be a rare feast for the newspapers. How the great city houses will chuckle at the disgrace of their great rival in business. All Lombard-street will ring with it."

"What mean you?"

"When it shall be known that Carus Kearn, one of the partners of Bently and Company—ah, well! no matter what."

"Speak, man!" exclaimed the merchant, indignantly, "if you have the slightest hope of obtaining forgiveness of heaven."

The prisoner interrupted him with a half chuckle, half whistle, to intimate how little that consideration weighed upon his mind.

"Or my forbearance," added the speaker.

The second observation arrested the cynical smile upon his lip. The forbearance of Mr. Bently was something tangible, and bearing on the point he wished to arrive at—his escape from the hands of justice.

"I shall say no more till my trial," he replied, in a more respectful tone of voice. "Where would be the good? I can't see it."

The last words were accompanied by a look which plainly indicated that the price he set upon the information which it was in his power to afford, was his personal safety; it was evident that to secure that he would consent to anything.

Mr. Bently reflected for a few minutes, during which prudence struggled with resentment.

"But suppose," he said, "that you should not be brought to trial?"

"In that case," exclaimed Styles, eagerly, "I will confess everything."

"The meaning of the words, 'Then it was that George Markham was made a drunkard?'"

"That too," answered the agent of Carus Kearn.

"And the hint respecting my nephew?"

"I shall keep that secret till after I am cleared of this precious job," replied the fellow, with an air of reviving confidence, for he felt that circumstances were getting more favourable to him. "I must have some security that you will keep faith with me."

"You have my word."

"Humph!"

"Is not that sufficient?"

"For ten thousand pounds—twenty—nay, fifty, for the matter of that," replied the ex-clerk, "because the payment would be dependent on your will; in the present case, the will may exceed the means."

"Be it so," said the merchant. "If you deceive me you will still be in my power, for you cannot quit the island without my knowing it: I have only to give your name to the sheriff to prevent it. How did my nephew know of my visits to Jersey?"

"Caused you to be watched. Your absence from the city on two occasions without leaving your address, even with Peter Mangles, first excited his suspicions. When he discovered your visit to the school, he readily guessed the rest."

"The villain!" murmured his uncle.

Styles shrugged his shoulders to intimate that there was little doubt but the epithet was a correct one.

"The ungrateful villain," repeated Mr. Bently.

"My sister's son too! whom I had destined to be my successor in the firm, whom I have treated like my own child; better!" he added, "far better."

"You may well say that," observed the prisoner.

"But his hatred to George?"

"Bah! George was in his way, and you see that Carus has few scruples how he removes any one whom fortune or accident may place between him and his interests. No sooner was your son-in-law a bankrupt, than your nephew, who caused more than one of his speculations to fail, found me out and proposed to employ me."

"In what way?"

"To promote the ruin of the man he hated. He it was who supplied me with the means of leading George Markham to the tavern, of teaching him to become a drunkard, and directed me to lead him home, when in a state of intoxication, by the street where we were sure to encounter you and Peter Mangles. Your triumph would not have been half complete if you had not witnessed it; besides, there was the danger that at any moment you might relent and his victim be saved, and the best way to stifle all returning pity or sentiment of forgiveness in your breast was by exposing the vice and degradation of your son-in-law."

"It was deeply laid," observed Mr. Bently.

"And cleverly executed," added Styles. "I did my duty, and earned the price of my services."

"Fearfully!" replied his hearer. "The tale you have told me has rent aside the mask, and revealed to me the true nature of the serpent I have cherished."

"Oh! you don't know half your obligations to him yet; but you shall, if you act up to your promise, and get me out of this precious scrape, which after all I don't deserve, and none but a fool would have fallen into."

"Or a villain," exclaimed the merchant, indignantly.

"True," said Styles; "but I can be a useful one."

The gentleman thought so too, and forbore to press him with further questions till the charge should be dismissed.

This, the evidence of our hero easily accomplished. He distinctly swore that Styles was not the person who assisted him to descend the rocks and afterwards cut the rope.

Before quitting the island, Mr. Bently had one more conference with the intended assassin. It took place privately in the library of the Reverend Oneas Brown, and, at the request of the guilty man, without the presence of a single witness.

"Now," said the merchant, when the ruffian presented himself before him, "I have kept my promise."

"You have, sir," answered the man, respectfully, "and I feel grateful to you."

"You must now perform yours."

Styles seemed to hesitate.

"Do not trifle with me," exclaimed his former employer. "The grasp of justice is merely loosened—a word, and her iron hands encircle you again. Remember that, if guiltless of the actual attempt, you were indirectly an accomplice—that all escape from the island is hopeless."

"I know that, sir."

"Why do you hesitate, then?"

"Because what I have to say is so extraordinary, so improbable, that I question whether you will believe me."

"Proceed. I am the best judge of that."

"In the first place, you suspect George Markham of having abstracted securities to the amount of ten thousand pounds from the firm during your absence in India?"

"I do."

"And of having negotiated them while he was in business?"

"Yes."

"You suspect him wrongfully, then; for it is my belief he knows no more about them than his son does, who was not born at the time the robbery took place."

"Whom do you suspect?" demanded Mr. Bently, eagerly.

"It could only be one of two persons," replied Styles, hesitatingly; "Peter Mangles—"

"Stop!" exclaimed the gentlemen, indignantly. "The man you have named is the very soul of honour, integrity, and truth. More than a dozen times he has rejected my offers, nay, more, my entreaties, to accept a share in the firm, which his industry and talent for business has long merited."

"I said one of two persons," remarked the ex-clerk, submissively.

"True! true! and my anger at what appeared an unprincipled slander, was somewhat premature. The other—"

"Is your nephew, Carus Kearn."

"Equally improbable," replied the merchant, although in a less confident tone. "He never had the keys of the iron safe."

"Were there only one set, sir?" demanded Styles.

"But that is a question which, perhaps, I ought not to ask; you can best tell whether it bears upon the transaction or not. All I know is, that at the time the securities were stolen, Carus was involved deeply in railway speculations."

"He never speculates," interrupted the astonished merchant.

Tom Styles smiled significantly.

"It is provided against in our articles of partnership, that he shall enter into no private speculations without the permission of the head of the firm."

"That he did speculate, I know," said the informant, resolutely, "and lost heavy sums. I know, too, that your wife discovered it, and remonstrated with him upon the subject; what else she discovered I am unable to tell. She died before your return."

Mr. Bently fell into deep thought.

"Suddenly, very suddenly."

His hearer started as if something had stung him, for there was a marked emphasis, almost a solemnity in the tone in which the words were uttered.

"A letter she wrote to you could not be found. Who could have had an interest in concealing it? Certainly not George Markham or your daughter, since they relied upon it to obtain your forgiveness of their hasty marriage."

"Proceed," uttered or rather groaned Mr. Bently, upon whose brow large drops of perspiration began to gather—a sign of the agitation and agony he endured.

"Immediately on your return to England you dismissed your son-in-law from the counting-house?"

"I did."

"And your daughter from your home?"

"True, true."

"Who gained by that? Carus—for it increased his prospect of inheriting your great wealth. He rose in favour with you daily. You increased his share in the business, confided everything to him. Now, sir," added the speaker, "will you please to answer me one question?"

"Certainly."

"Who selected the clerk you sent out to India to assist your correspondents there in managing the English branch of their business?"

"My nephew."

"And you sent him against the advice of Peter Mangles?"

"I thought it was jealousy of Carus's influence which prompted the old man's objections. Peter never spoke out."

"Because he is too honest to have done so," was the reply. "He had nothing but suspicions; and for that matter, no more have I; but when I know a man to have committed one act of villainy, I never hesitate to believe him capable of a second. It is a natural consequence, as plain as the rule of three."

His hearer regarded him like a man half stunned by a heavy blow. Every word the speaker uttered was noted, perfectly understood; and yet something else, which he had not uttered—a something far more terrible—appeared to occupy his mind, engrossing every sense and feeling.

"I have one thing more to ask, and I have done," resumed Tom Styles. "When you sent out the clerk recommended by Carus, had the securities been realised?"

"No."

"Have they been realised since?"

"Yes."

"I have done, sir," said the man, quietly. "I have told you all I know, and more,—all I suspect."

"All!" repeated the merchant, emphatically, and at the same time fixing his piercing gray eyes upon him, as if he would read his very soul.

The ruffian remained silent: either he had nothing more to tell, or was resolved to conceal the remaining portion of the dark knowledge in his own heart.

"I believe that at last you have acted honestly," said Mr. Bently, rousing himself like one who has to contend against a sudden stupor. "Are you attached to the man (he could not call him nephew) who has hitherto employed you by any other tie than that of interest?"

"Not in the slightest."

"He has no hold upon your fears?"

"No more than upon yours, sir," replied Styles; "and yet it is not my intention to go near him again: I would starve first!"

"From repentance, I trust."

"No," said the fellow, bluntly; "from a feeling of prudence. He has already attempted my life, in order to screen himself; and now that I have laid bare his character to you, he would find some means of paying his debt to me—never consider it cancelled till I was in my grave. I know him!"

The merchant groaned in mental agony—perhaps at hearing such an opinion of the utter depravity of his nephew, perhaps at a vague suspicion, the very shadow of which was too terrible to be contemplated with calmness; for it was enough to appal reason, and shake his faith in human nature for the rest of his days.

"In that case," he said, "you would have no objection to enter into my employment?"

"Not the slightest, sir."

"You will proceed to London," continued Mr. Bently, giving him money, "by the first packet, and, if wise, absent yourself from your usual haunts. In a week's time seek me at my private residence; I will then give you further instructions. Be faithful—to your own interests, I mean; and you shall find that, although I employ you in no questionable business, I can act as liberally as those who have done so."

"And Sheriff Godfrey, sir?" said the man, pocketing the money.

This was in allusion to the instructions which had been given to that respectable officer not to permit him to quit the island.

"The restriction shall be removed."

"Ah, sir," said Styles, looking at him earnestly, "I begin to feel that the lesson old Peter Mangles sought to impress upon me when a boy was a wise lesson. Honesty is the best policy for all of us. Had I followed his advice, instead of being as I am—a homeless, ill-considered vagabond, ready to do any man's dirty work—I might have been a respectable clerk, in the receipt of three or four hundred a year. Sharples, who was my junior in the counting-house by two years, I am told, is in the receipt of quite as much."

"Quite," replied the merchant. "Before we part let us clearly understand each other. Although I pay you liberally for the services I require, I place not the slightest confidence in you."

"I know you can't. I have been too great a villain; but, thank heaven, not a murderer!"

There was something so bitterly regretful in the tone in which these words were uttered, that Mr. Bently was struck by it.

"Repentance," he added, as he finally dismissed him from his presence, "may do much—not the mask which worn-out vice borrows of hypocrisy, but true repentance springing from the heartfelt sense of past unworthiness. Go," he said, "and pray that

your age may be better than your youth and manhood have been."

Tom Styles walked out of the room with a downcast air. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he felt the bitter degradation arising from the conviction that he was not an honest man.

No sooner was he alone, than the calmness which Mr. Bently had struggled to maintain utterly abandoned him, and he gave way to a violent paroxysm of passionate sorrow—yielded to a feeling which evidently unmanned him.

"I must be satisfied," he murmured, "even if I read the secret from the grave! No, no! it is too horrible to think upon! bad, heartless as he is, Carus cannot have acted with such monstrous ingratitude; there must be a limit even to his crimes. Even if guilty," he added, after a pause, "how could I accuse him? my sister's son! bring dishonour on my gray hairs—on all—all who share his blood, or are connected with him: better let the suspicion rest barred in my own heart for ever."

But the suspicion—which we need scarcely inform our readers referred to the manner of his wife's death—would not rest. It haunted the speaker more constantly even than his shadow, for at sunset shadows are no longer visible; and it was in the lone sleepless hours of the night that the suspicions of the speaker became more vivid. It was present in his dreams, and the first thought of his waking hours.

"I am incapable of deciding," he concluded, "and must consult my old friend Morton on the subject."

Before leaving Jersey Mr. Bently arranged with his grandson's tutor that he should steadily pursue his studies of Hindostani. "It has now," he said, "become doubly of importance to me."

"Not from the desire of wealth, I trust," observed the clergyman.

"No," replied the merchant. "I am rich enough—too rich. Had I been a poorer man, I had been happier, and others spared much guilt."

"I do not understand you."

"How should you?" said his guest. "Your position and secluded residence spares you from mingling in the passions and pursuits of the world. Envy no man," he added, "who is prosperous in his search of wealth, for his path is beset with thorns. Why I wish Richard to perfect himself in the language of the East is that his destination is India."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the clergyman, with surprise.

"Yes."

"And you can part with him?"

"I must."

"Why must, when you are so wealthy?"

"It is necessary to clear the honour of his father."

"I understand," replied Mr. Brown. "He will, I am assured, require no other incentive. But the late danger alarms me for his safety."

"Fear not," exclaimed the merchant. "I will provide for that. It is enough that I know my boy to be menaced. I will set those to watch over him whom his enemy cannot corrupt. You may trust to his grandfather's love and prudence."

In his parting interview with his grandson, the wealthy merchant explained much that the boy had hitherto been kept in ignorance of. It was enough. Richard learned that he was to vindicate his father's name, and he required no other incentive to exertion.

"Before another year has elapsed!" he exclaimed, as he bade his relative farewell, "I shall be prepared to start for India."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

And shall we all condemn and all distrust,
Because some men are false, and some unjust?
Forbid it, heaven! far better 'twere to be
Duded of the fond impossibility,
Of light and radiance which sleep's visions gave,
Than thus to live suspicion's bitter slave.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE conversation with Tom Styles and the dark hints which that worthy person gave, produced a painful effect upon the morbidly sensitive mind of Mr. Bently. The world had lost its brightness; for confidence in his fellow creatures was shaken. Perhaps one of the most difficult lessons in life is, to get over the baneful feelings which repeated acts of deceit and treachery from those we most confide in, engender. His daughter had deceived and disappointed him; now his nephew—and the last blow was, if possible, far more painful than the first.

"We build our faith on ashes," murmured the old man, as he sat one morning at breakfast, after his return to London, in the luxuriously furnished library of his private residence. "I wish I had old Peter Mangles' confidence in my fellow creatures. But it is destroyed, never to return. And this boy, whom I have permitted to grow, as it were, around my heart, to supply his mother's vacant place there, doubtless

he will one day turn and sting me by some act of yet more monstrous ingratitude.

"No, no, I wrong him," he added, after a pause; "hitherto, I have found him truthful and sincere. I must see Morton; in his shrewd sense and knowledge of the world I may find counsel for my mind's disease,—it is a mental physician I require, and not one for the body's ailments and infirmities."

With this resolution the speaker started from his home and drove to the house of the friendly lawyer, whom he fortunately found in his office. The shrewd man of the world was in earnest conversation with his son Harry when he entered, and saw by the countenance of his client, that something painful had occurred; the fact was that he felt surprised at his visit, for he believed him to be still in Jersey.

"You had better leave me, Harry," said his father; "I have business to attend to; and that is a thing, you know, I never neglect."

The boy rose with a disappointed air to quit the room, but the visitor, remembering how warmly Richard had spoken of his schoolfellow, his unvarying kindness and friendship, held out his hand to him. The old man felt a pleasure in speaking with any one who had betrayed an interest in his grandson.

Harry withdrew, for he was about to pay a visit with his mother and sisters, and Mr. Morton and his client were left alone.

"What has occurred, my dear sir?" demanded the former.

"I am almost heartbroken," replied his visitor; "my faith in my fellow creatures is beginning to abandon me."

"Why judge all from one?"

"Because all seem leagued against my happiness," answered the old man, mournfully: "first my child, then my nephew; and later, no doubt, my grandson."

"This is folly," exclaimed the man of law; "pardon the word, it is not the lawyer but the friend who speaks. You heard what my son said at your last visit. Since his return home, scarcely a day has passed that he has not importuned me upon the same theme; and he is not a lad to form a friendship upon light grounds; you heard yourself the enthusiastic terms in which he spoke of Richard."

"He may be deceived."

"Youth is seldom so upon such points. But you have been to Jersey; in fact, I thought you were still there."

"I have been."

"What brought you back so soon?"

"The life of my grandson has been attempted," exclaimed Mr. Bently, in great mental agony.

"His life?"

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"One who has eaten of my bread for years," replied the merchant, "to whose orphan state I proved a father,—my nephew, Carus Kearn. Now do you wonder that I am wretched?"

"Horrible!" ejaculated Mr. Morton.

"That is not the worst," added his visitor.

As collectedly as his agitation would permit, Mr. Bently proceeded to describe not only the manner of the attempt, but the conversation he had had with Tom Styles, and the doubt, the horrible doubt, it had engendered in his mind respecting the death of his wife.

"Assist me, counsel me," he said, as he concluded the sad tale; "for I feel like a child, nerveless and incapable of deciding for myself."

"The first step," replied the lawyer, after a pause, "is to secure, no matter how, at the risk of exposure or not, the safety of your grandson. I feel so interested on that point, that were you capable of neglecting the duty I would see to it myself."

"Thank you," murmured his client, grasping his hand, "thank you. You are the friend I require. Yes, yes, the poor boy's safety before every other consideration."

"However praiseworthy the motives of your conduct," continued Mr. Morton, "I have ever considered your right to separate Richard from his mother as a questionable one. But let that point rest; we have no time to discuss it now; his safety is our first consideration."

"The very first," repeated the merchant, emphatically.

"How do you intend to act?"

"You must advise, assist me."

"It can only be done by one of two ways," observed the lawyer, after a few moments' reflection.

"Name them."

"The first is by employing the evidence of this man Styles to bring your nephew to justice."

"And so proclaim to the world that I have adopted my grandson,—that he is living under the care of the clergyman with whom I have placed him, enabling

his father to claim him; for my right to the boy vanishes before his: any sacrifice rather than that."

"You cannot mean to deprive your daughter for ever of her son."

"No," said the merchant; "only till her husband is reformed. We all know how weak the heart and resolutions of the drunkard are. His boy restored to him, George Markham would soon forget his promises of amendment."

"Perhaps not."

"I will not risk it."

"In that case," said the lawyer, "I must discover some resolute, intelligent person to reside upon the island and watch over Richard's safety. It will not be difficult to find such a man—in fact, I think I can place my hand upon him already; but it will be expensive, for his fidelity must be beyond temptation."

"Spare not for gold," answered the merchant, in a tone of indifference: "I am cursed with too much of the yellow dross already. When will you see him?"

"This very day."

"And he must depart—"

"As quickly as possible," replied Mr. Morton.

"The sooner the better," urged his client; "for I cannot sleep while danger threatens my poor boy. In my dreams I see him struggling with his assassins. Had you beheld him, as I did, clinging to the projecting rock, down the fearful precipice where villainy had cast him, you would wonder that I retain my reason."

"It must have been a terrible moment," observed his hearer.

"It was, indeed."

"I will see the person I allude to. He is a retired officer of the army, a man of energy and parts, who quitted the service in disgust at the favoritism of the system, which leaves merit to pine in obscurity, and prostitutes patronage to family and political influence. He possesses a kindly nature, and I am convinced will feel a pleasure in watching over the safety of your grandson and heir."

"My grandson only," said the merchant.

The lawyer smiled.

"Spare no expense," added the speaker. "I cannot rest till I know Richard is placed under his guardian care. That done, I leave your discretion and friendship to take the necessary steps to ascertain whether the dark suspicion of foul play in my wife's death is well founded or not."

"It is a delicate point," said the lawyer, musingly, "and difficult to ascertain; but not impossible. Should your fears be realised—"

Mr. Bently groaned in agony at the supposition.

"How would you act?"

"Bring the murderer to justice," exclaimed the old man, passionately, "though my heart broke with the shame of the disgrace."

"You are right. No consideration ought to screen a murderer," observed his adviser. "But we must proceed cautiously, not to alarm your nephew, whom I advise you to treat as usual; or excite the suspicions of your servants, several of whom, doubtless, witnessed the death of their mistress."

"Several."

"Learn from them all the particulars you can glean; it is not a difficult matter to set such persons talking; and send the memoranda to me."

Mr. Bently promised to do so, and took his leave.

That same day Mr. Morton had a long interview with Lieutenant Marsh, the officer he had alluded to. They had known each other from boyhood, and a strong feeling of friendship and confidence existed between them. He at once undertook the duty assigned to him.

"When can you leave?" demanded his friend.

"At a day's notice."

It was accordingly arranged that he should do so; and, armed with letters to the Reverend Oneas Brown, explaining the object of his taking up a residence in the island, Lieutenant Marsh quitted London for St. Heliers. It is needless to say that his appointment was most lucrative: such a protector for his grandson was not a man whom Mr. Bently felt disposed to bargain with.

"I will watch over him," said the gallant fellow, "as I would over my own boy. Danger shall only reach him through my heart."

The merchant and lawyer both wrung his hand as they separated.

Meanwhile, the uncle of Carus Kearn had not forgotten the directions of Mr. Morton respecting his servants. He had gleaned from the housekeeper all the particulars of the symptoms which preceded his wife's death, which the good woman attributed to a bilious fever.

Having sealed the memoranda, her master despatched it by a sure messenger to his lawyer.

Mr. Morton was seated at breakfast a few days

after the departure of his agent, charged with the surveillance of our hero, for Jersey; to all appearance never had the worthy man been in better health. He had promised to accompany his wife and children to the Gardens in the Regent's-park; as it was not often that he stole a day from his professional pursuits, the visit was looked forward to as a pleasurable event.

The morning papers were lying upon the table. He was deeply engaged in the columns of the leading journal, when a sudden exclamation escaped him. It was one of surprise.

"Singular!" he muttered.

"What is singular?" demanded his wife.

"An account of a murder, my love—or at least, a supposed one. A case of poisoning, in which the symptoms are so unusual, that—by-the-by," he added, "I fear that I shall not be able to accompany you to-day."

The lady and the children looked, as they felt, disappointed.

"But to make amends, I promise you all a day at Richmond."

"With your society?"

"Yes."

The exchange was accepted; and the gentleman finishing his breakfast, descended to his private office, from whence he despatched a note to Dr. Billington, one of the most eminent practitioners of the day, requesting to see him as soon as possible. It was the same gentleman who had attended Mrs. Bently in her last illness. In a few hours the doctor was with him.

"Hipped, my dear sir, nothing more," said the son of Æsculapius, after listening to the symptoms which the lawyer, with all the skill of a special pleader, set forth as the cause of his sending for him. "You are as healthy, both in body and mind, as I am; a day or two's change of air will set all right."

"I rejoice to hear it," replied the lawyer, "for I place great confidence in your opinion; and yet the cleverest of the profession are sometimes mistaken."

Dr. Billington smiled.

"Here now," continued the speaker, taking up the paper, "is a suspected case of poisoning. Allow me to read it to you."

"Certainly."

"The deceased was taken suddenly ill after retiring to rest. The medical man called in treated her disorder as a bilious fever, the symptoms being the same."

"What were those symptoms?" demanded the visitor.

"Sickness, great depression of the spirits, pains in the abdominal region, accompanied by intermitting spasms of the heart."

"The last are unusual," observed the physician.

"And an injection of blood—not bile—in the vessels of the eye."

"That is still more remarkable."

"And yet one of our first medical men pronounced and treated her case as one of bilious fever. A second one being called in—a man who had practised in India—declared that she had been poisoned."

"Absurd!"

"And yet, doctor, the *post mortem* examination proved that he was right; for in the intestines and stomach of the deceased a strong decoction of the *Lignea Lumeasferia*—a plant found only on the higher ranges of the Himalayas—was discovered, and proved to be the undoubted cause of her death. The first physician had heard of but never seen the fatal drug."

"Few have seen it," replied Dr. Billington; "for it is not used for medicinal purposes in this country, and could only be met with in the cabinet of some enthusiastic botanist."

"Do you think its presence could be detected?" inquired the lawyer.

"Certainly."

"After death?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"Years, perhaps," replied his visitor. "But there is something peculiar, my dear sir, in all this, with you lawyers the reason seldom appears. I now perceive that your sending for me to consult upon your health was a mere pretext; the real object was the subject of our present conversation. Am I not right?"

"You are."

"I could have sworn it," said Dr. Billington. "But are you dealing quite fairly by me, Morton? We have known each other quite long enough to deal, act, and speak without disguise. Explain yourself."

"You attended Mrs. Bently in her last illness?"

"I did."

"It was sudden?"

"Very."

"Now, then, answer me; were the symptoms which preceded her death similar to those which I have just described?"

"I know not the motive of such an extraordinary question," replied the physician, "but it is too serious a one to be trifled with. *They were.*"

"And you had no suspicion of foul play?"

"None; or I should have done my duty."

"That I am certain of," exclaimed the lawyer, extending his hand to him. Then solemnly added, "I must now do mine."

"You say," continued the speaker, after a pause, "that the drug you named is not generally known in Europe, and only to be met with in collections of the curious?"

"I did."

"Are you quite sure that it is not to be purchased in London?"

"Quite," answered the physician,—"that is, in the ordinary way of trade. The Apothecaries' Company have it, but I am certain do not sell it. Stay," he added, suddenly recollecting himself,—"there is an old man whom you may have noticed in the city, from his flowing beard and oriental costume—a Hindoo dealer, named Moorad: it is just possible that he may keep it."

"I must see the man," exclaimed Mr. Morton.

"Nothing more easy," replied his friend; "he resides in Clerkenwell. I am personally known to him, and will accompany you; my carriage is at the door."

In less than an hour the speakers reached the abode of Moorad, whose ostensible trade was that of a dealer in Turkish rhubarb and simples, although it was whispered that he sometimes dealt in merchandise of a more questionable kind. This suspicion—for it amounted to nothing more—caused him to be looked upon with dislike, not unmingled with dread, by his neighbours; not that their opinion ought to be taken as a proof that he merited the evil reputation they gave him, for the ignorant are generally superstitious and the timid unjust. They could not understand the reserve of the old man—the solitude in which he lived; for during the thirty years he had resided amongst them no one had ever been admitted beyond the precincts of his little shop, which, summer and winter, he invariably closed at sunset.

Moorad was seated smoking one of those long Egyptian pipes so prized throughout the East, when the two gentlemen made their appearance. The only evidence he gave of being conscious of their presence was by a slight elevation of the eyebrows.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the physician, as he inhaled the almost stifling atmosphere of the place, "opium." "The Hakim is welcome," said the old man, laying down his pipe. "In what can we pleasure him?"

"I require a drug," replied the physician, "which I have vainly sought to procure in the ordinary way. It is extremely rare in this country."

"Moorad has many rare drugs," replied the dealer.

"And curious?"

"Moorad has many drugs that are curious."

"I require a small quantity of the *Luneasferia*," said the gentleman.

The instant he pronounced the name of the drug, a close observer might have detected a slight lowering of the eyelids, as if to concentrate the gaze—a sure sign with an Asiatic that he is upon his guard.

"The Hakim knows its properties?" observed the dealer.

"Certainly, a subtle poison; used also medicinally in the East, but rejected in Europe on account of the minute care necessary in administering it. Have you any?"

"I have had it in my time," answered the master of the shop, evasively; "but it is a thing so seldom asked for that it does not pay for keeping."

"You have sold it then," exclaimed Mr. Morton, incautiously.

"I did not say that," replied Moorad, sharply.

"Deal frankly with us," said the lawyer; "we are prepared to pay."

At the word "pay," the eyes of the old man glistened; he regarded Dr. Billington significantly, then turned them on the speaker, and from him glanced to the door.

"You must leave us," whispered the physician.

"Why so?"

"He will not speak in the presence of a witness."

Mr. Morton took the hint and quitted the shop. In about half an hour he was joined by his companion.

"Have you succeeded?" demanded the lawyer, as they entered the carriage.

"Partially."

His friend looked disappointed.

"I have obtained a small quantity of the drug, with which I intend to make certain experiments."

The old rogue was too much upon his guard to inform me of the tests by which its presence may be recognised. But I shall discover them with patience and time. I feel certain he knows them," he added.

"Did he confess to whom he had ever sold any of the infernal poison?" asked Mr. Morton.

"No; upon that point he was dumb. And yet I offered him a liberal price—a hundred pounds."

"In gold?"

"No, in notes."

"Try him in gold," said his friend; "I have heard that Orientals are far more impressionable than Europeans. The sight of his idol may tempt him. Double the sum if necessary. The man who has once bartered his conscience must have his price."

"Reasoned like an Old Bailey lawyer," exclaimed the physician, laughingly. "On my next visit to him I will try it."

(To be continued.)

TO A ROSE FOUND BLOOMING IN THE GARDEN AT CHRISTMAS.

DEAR relic of the brighter hours, why lingerest thou alone,
Where late, with gay companions, thy fragrant beauty shone?
The daisy and the daffodil lie slumbering by thy side,
Their fleeting splendour withered—for long ago they died.

The bees that in the summer time would sip thy honeyed breath
Are hid within their wintry beds, or sleep the sleep of death;
And the linnet, and the swallow, too, have sought a warmer home,
So, in the garden's desert waste, thou reignest all alone.

I'll place thee 'mongst the Christmas wreaths, that deck the festive shrine;
Thy paler beauty shall unite with evergreen and pine.
Was it for this thou'st lingered, through winter wind and storm,
To welcome in the blessed day on which the Lord was born?

The violet and the hyacinth await the spring's first breath
To call them from their snowy graves, and break the chains of death.
Fit emblem of that wondrous sleep we know must come to all,
A prelude to a longer life—a waiting for the call.

Thou'rt welcome, then! thou bringest us sweet memories of the past;
For memory's garden still is green, nor feels this chilling blast.
I mind me of the lovely one a year ago we laid
To slumber on a little while, within the church's shade.

Dear Fanny, how we loved her, and we thought she'd pass away
When the autumn leaves were falling, before the shortest day;
Yet lovingly she lingered till the wintry time had come:
Then—angels gently bore her hence up to her heavenly home.

And the winter spread its snowy shroud, above her narrow bed,
And the cold wind whistled rudely, as the solemn words we said;
But we knew our darling felt it not, though she lay beneath the sod,
For her ransomed soul was resting in the bosom of her God.

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tion in finding their own double, an intimate unto whom they may reveal all their secret thoughts, all their darkest fears, all their brightest hopes. Inexperienced in the ways of the world, unsuspicious of men and manners, the young readily make friends. Novelty charms them. They are delighted with a new companion. He is everything that could be desired. After awhile they detect certain flaws in his character, certain asperities in his temper, certain uncongenialities in his mental constitution. A more experienced person would have expected this. The young expect nothing of the sort. They are grievously disappointed, and are ready to trample their idol underfoot.

When we begin to make acquaintance with the world and to choose companions for ourselves, it is necessary to exercise considerable judgment. We should choose our friends as the Vicar of Wakefield's wife chose her wedding gown—something that will wear well.

Cynics sneer at friendship; but who with a warm heart cares for a cynic's sneer? They tell us that friends are not to be found—that the thing called friendship, like the word which indicates it, is but an empty breath. They will not admit the sincerity of disinterested attachment. They make a bitter jest of old familiar faces, bosom cronies, and tried friends. "I have lost a friend," said one, in a burst of feeling. "A friend!" said the cynic, "happy art thou: I never found one."

But who ever supposed the cynic would ever find one? He has not the right spirit within him. He has no fervour and no enthusiasm; and what is friendship without both? What is friendship without a heart? What is a heart without warmth in it—without a good blazing fire of attachment? Who can expect any one to linger beside the cynic's empty grate?

Friendship must be reciprocated, or it is not likely to last. As iron sharpeneth iron, so does the face of a man his friend. As glimmering, half red embers laid together get into the brightest white glow, so are the delights of friendship kept alive by being brought together.

Some people forget their friends, and then rail against them. They cease to see them, forget to ask after them, never write to them, or keep a corner in their hearts for them, and then, when they in their turn become indifferent, complain that there is no such thing as true friendship in the world.

"Friendship," says an elegant writer, "is a vase, which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again—precious ones, never."

There are certain elements which belong to true friendship, and without which it can exist only in name. These are similarity in disposition, kindred tastes, a generous, disinterested, affectionate spirit, elevation of character, and firmness of principle.

A SIMILARITY OF DISPOSITION.

The petulant and the submissive, the impetuous and the considerate, the enterprising and the timid, may indeed exercise over one another an influence for good; the quick impulses of the one may be checked and directed by the more thoughtful character of the other; but there must be in the main the same sort of disposition, otherwise there can be little of that enduring liking which makes up friendship.

It must be the same sort of disposition, otherwise there cannot be that appreciation of each other's conduct that there should be. The timid may, by check and counter-check, by doubts and fears and hesitations, irritate the impetuous, and destroy all sympathy. And the dashing impetuosity of the enterprising and adventurous may terrify the more gentle and docile instinct of the mild and timid. If, however, it is the same sort of disposition—the very same metal cast in different moulds—then there is a reciprocity existing which rightfully bears the sacred name of friendship.

If May and December can never agree, if the inhabitant of the tropics is ill adapted for the severity of a polar winter, and if the Esquimaux would verily melt beneath a tropical sun, difference of disposition is no less striking, nor are its likings and its dislikings, its sympathies and its non-sympathies, less apparent. "Can two walk together except they be agreed?"

KINDRED TASTES

is another important element in true friendship. Here we may observe that a great many idle, and worse than idle, intimacies are contracted under this plea. Pleasure-seeking people, having a general liking for

balls, routs, card-tables, theatres, and amusements of all kinds, suppose, or profess to suppose, that indulgence in the same pursuits, enjoyment of the same amusements, makes them friends. Nothing can be further from the truth than this. They may enjoy the same pleasure with the most opposite tastes. Motives of all sorts may influence them in frequenting such and such places, in going here, there, and everywhere in search of amusement. It may be from anything but an innate and cultivated taste of the particular pursuit which they follow.

What we mean by kindred tastes, is a real liking for the same thing. Reading, for instance, may be a favourite employment for leisure hours, and the congenial friends may appreciate the same description of reading and the same authors. Or music may be equally agreeable to both, and each may appreciate the works of the same composers, or some branch of science or art may awaken the sympathies and call forth the energies of both. In any one of these instances the friends are naturally drawn closer together, and, having one thing in common, they feel themselves more than ever united.

There must be much to interfere with lasting intimacy when, instead of having any taste in common, their tastes are as wide as the poles asunder,—when each is so wedded to his own particular pursuit as to have no interest in any other. One so musical that he is never so well pleased as when calling forth or listening to sweet sounds, or discoursing on the various merits of different composers; the other so absorbed in reading that he has no thought or feeling for anything else, and regards as a most disagreeable interruption the notes of a musical instrument, and who knows nothing, and cares nothing, either for Handel, or Mozart, or Balfe, or Verdi.

Of course there are many people who are not so wedded to one thing as to ignore every other. People of enlarged sympathies and cultivated tastes can appreciate every effort of human genius in literature, science, or art. Such have—notwithstanding some personal predilections—kindred tastes, and are as different from the worshippers of one idea as they are from that great negative school which knows nothing, likes nothing, feels for nothing, and cares for nothing.

A DISINTERESTED, GENEROUS, AND AFFECTIONATE DISPOSITION

is also essential to true friendship. The true friend gives the key of his heart to his chosen friend, and along with that an interest in all that he possesses. He is no "cupboard friend," very kind and mightily agreeable in the days of his friend's prosperity, and either shunning him altogether or liberal only in advice when adversity overtakes him. These sort of friends have been known in all ages of the world. Of such the story of the patriarch of Uz is an example; and of such the proverb of Job's comforter says quite enough. The true friend never forsakes on account of a change in circumstances. His friend is the same to him whether fickle fortune smiles or frowns. He would neither fawn in time of prosperity nor slight in the hour of adversity; and whatever his hand can find to do to help his friend, that thing he does in right good earnest.

This generous and affectionate disposition leads friends to be carefully watchful lest they should cause annoyance or pain without being conscious of it. They know each other's tempers, and like skilful skaters avoid the dangerous parts. It makes them jealous also of one another's honour and good name. They neither decry a friend behind his back nor listen patiently to any attack on his character or reputation. They feel as tenacious about all that concerns him as they do about themselves, and are as watchful of his good fame as of their own.

But to do this requires

ELEVATION OF CHARACTER.

A man must be thoroughly in earnest when he is devoted heart and soul to the interest of his friend. It is not the kind of friendship—falsely so called—which is so common in the world. Those friends who are so united in every enjoyment, so devoted to one another that their attachment would seem to be of the right sort, often grow cold and turn away and find new friends within the twelvemonth. But with such there is no elevation of character. Their loves and likings are the mere caprice of the moment, the result of an ardent temperament, or the impulse of a vulpine sagacity. There is nothing enduring in such friendship. The elements of which it is built are unsubstantial. It is a castle in the air, that a change in the wind will instantaneously dissolve. True friendship must be built on sound principles. Integrity must be the architect; there must be a solid founda-

tion of morality, and the superstructure must be built up of the virtues, while truth enlightens, affection warms, and candour ventilates the edifice.

FIRMNESS OF PRINCIPLE

of course belongs essentially to elevation of character. Integrity, honour, and virtue, are loftier attributes of the mind than any warm attachment of the heart. Loyalty to religion and morality is incumbent on every right-thinking, right-feeling man. Friendship loses its greatest charm when it is stained with the blood of virtuous principle. In fact, it ceases to be friendship when it calls for any such sacrifice.

In the ardour of youthful confidence, with habits unformed and principles swayed by the slightest breath of influence, the heart is easily taken captive. The citadel of the affections is surrendered to a foe who utters the password—Friendship. Craving the interests of social life—longing for some kindred spirit with whom to associate after the toils of the day, many an unhappy youth is led astray. Attracted by the social and apparently generous qualities of some companion, they bestow upon him their friendship and their confidence. But ere they are aware of it insidious poison is infused into their moral nature, and they discover themselves plundered of their character, and with all their aspirations blighted. "The companion of fools shall be destroyed." Instead of shrinking back at the first impure word, they have drawn closer to the centre of the contaminating circle, and have only too late found out their danger.

Let it constantly, then, be borne in mind, that the friend whose friendship is worth possessing must have upright principles, solid qualities of mind and heart. With such a friend you may enjoy the truest pleasure. We can, to such a friend, discharge the heart of its fulness, and double our joys by imparting them, while we lighten our sorrows by having another to share the burden. "No receipt," says Lord Bacon, "openeth the heart, but a true friend, to whom you may impart joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession."

Such friendships are lasting. They call the attributes of our highest nature into action. They bring us out of ourselves. They make us frank, hearty, and hopeful, cherishing the spirit of the rhyme:—

"My own friend, my old friend!
Time's a soldier bold, friend,
Of his lofty prowess
Many a tale is told, friend.
He can mock the conqueror,
Raze his strongest hold, friend,
Fool the stern philosopher,
Win the miser's gold, friend.
But though human nature
Has so frail a mind, friend,
What the tyrant cannot do,
Is to make us cold, friend!"

MR. BROWNLEE'S VISITOR.

MR. BROWNLEE felt comfortable. It was evening, and late in December. Outside the wind had a cold, sharp whistle, and the snow, with which it was laden, had been weaving, since early morning, a shroud for the waning year. Within, the grate glowed, the gas burned brilliantly, wife smiled, and children played in happy unconsciousness of cold, or want, or suffering.

Mr. Brownlee was in his pleasant sitting-room, the walls of which were hung with pictures, the windows draped with curtains, and the floor carpeted with yielding Brussels. He sat by a centre table, on which were new books and the latest numbers of the best monthlies.

Now, all this was calculated to make a man feel comfortable; and Mr. Brownlee was entitled to what he enjoyed, for he was an honourable, intelligent, active, and successful merchant, a good citizen, a loving husband, and a wise and tender parent.

"Wasn't that our bell?" Mr. Brownlee asked, looking up from the page of a book.

"I think so," answered Mrs. Brownlee, and both listened, as the servant moved along the passage. A man's voice was heard.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Mr. Brownlee, "if that were Mr. Lewis." There was a shade of dissatisfaction in his tones.

"Mr. Lewis," said the servant, entering the sitting-room a few moments afterwards.

"Ask him to walk up stairs."

The servant retired. Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee looked at each other; but as their children were present, neither made any remark. But it was understood between them that the visit of Mr. Lewis was mutually regarded as something bordering on an intrusion. They were feeling very comfortable, as

we have seen, shut in from the chilling wintry blasts, and with every comfort around them; and the presence of any stranger, just at that time, could scarcely help being unwelcome.

"Good evening, Mr. Lewis." Mr. Brownlee's voice was kind, if not cordial.

A man plainly, he might say coarsely, dressed, entered the room. His manners were far from being polished; though his rather pale, care-worn face had in it many indications of a natural refinement.

"Good evening," he responded, giving an awkward nod. "Good evening, ma'am," was added, with a nod in turn to Mrs. Brownlee. And then he came forward and took the chair that was offered him, and drawing up to the fire, warmed himself.

"Heavy storm, this," remarked Mr. Brownlee.

"Yes—the snow lies above a foot deep. But you are very comfortable here." And Mr. Lewis glanced around the pleasant room.

"How is your wife to-day?" inquired Mrs. Brownlee.

"Something better, thank you, ma'am. I haven't been able to see her, but the nurse told me that she slept last night, and has less fever to-day. I feel very much encouraged. Oh, dear! If she only gets over it, I shall be so rejoiced!"

"How many children have you?"

"Four, ma'am, and the youngest is just about as old as that dear little girl now in your lap. Oh, dear! It was hard for her to be separated from her mother; but harder for the mother. I'm so in hopes she'll get safely over it soon. I talked with the doctor to-day, and he says that he's no doubt all will come out right."

"I hope so, indeed," said Mrs. Brownlee, kindly.

"How pleasant it is here!" and Mr. Lewis looked all around the room again. "And you are so happy in having all your children around you. Home is a blessed place—blessed even though homely. Mine wasn't like this; but it was a happy home for all that."

"Where are your children now?"

"Scattered all around among relations—poor things! Since my wife's sickness, it's taken all I had saved, and all I could earn, to get her doctored. Oh, if they should cure her now, I shall be so happy!"

"We will hope for the best," said Mr. Brownlee.

"I always do that, but it's been hoping against hope for the last eight or nine months. The darkest hour, they tell us, is just before daybreak. So I comfort myself with thinking the morning is very near."

Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee were touched with the earnestness and simple pathos of their visitor, a poor man from the country, who had brought his wife to one of the city hospitals to be cured, if possible, of a disease that for a time threatened her life. Mr. Brownlee had met him by accident, and from kindness of heart invited him to his house. Mr. Lewis had taken advantage of this invitation to drop in two or three times a week and enjoy the home comforts, and the books and periodicals he found in Mr. Brownlee's pleasant sitting-room. He was not always an entirely welcome guest; and yet, he was so simple-minded, so interested with the children, and manifested so much enjoyment in the books and magazines he found upon the centre table, that neither Mr. Brownlee nor his wife could feel anything but kindness towards their unsophisticated intruder.

On the present occasion, Mr. Lewis, after warming himself by the fire, talking for a time in his own peculiar way, and amusing himself with the children, took up a book, and was soon buried in its pages. Time went gliding by on swift wings, and Mr. Lewis took no note of his flight. Nine o'clock came, and the last child was put to bed, but he went on turning the pages of the book in which he had become interested, wholly unconscious that the long evening had waned so far. Half-past nine found him still buried in its pages.

Mr. Brownlee, who had, for a time, felt pleasure in the poor man's enjoyment of the comforts around him, now began to wish him away.

"I like to be hospitable," he said to himself, "but this is carrying the joke a little too far."

Ten o'clock was rung out at last by the handsome French clock on the mantelpiece, but Mr. Lewis did not heed the warning.

"This is a very interesting book," he said, about five minutes afterwards, looking at Mr. Brownlee, his mild face beaming with true enjoyment. "How pleasant it is here," he added, and then his eyes went back to the page from which he had lifted them.

Mr. Brownlee's heart softened towards the poor man, and yet he could not overcome a feeling of

annoyance at his prolonged stay. He looked at his wife, and his wife looked at him—then they glanced mutually and meaningly at Mr. Lewis. Mrs. Brownlee yawned, and Mr. Brownlee yawned, rather loudly, in concert. But their guest was wholly oblivious. The fascination of the page was complete. Next Mr. Brownlee got up, and commenced pacing the floor; he was too fidgety to sit still. He looked at the clock, the minute hand of which was now almost at thirty, looked at Mr. Lewis, looked at his wife, knit his brows, and then walked on more rapidly than before. At last impatience spoke out.

"Mr. Lewis," said he, "do you know how late it is?" Now, Mr. Brownlee tried to say this with some gentleness; but his real feelings came more fully into his voice than he was aware. It was plain, from the shadow that came instantly over the face of Mr. Lewis, as he closed the book and let it fall upon the table, that he felt rebuked. His eyes glanced from the countenance of Mr. Brownlee to the clock on the mantel.

"Half past ten!" he said, in surprise. "I didn't dream of its being so late. Time passes much quicker here, I think, than it does in some other places. Good evening, sir! Good evening, ma'am! I shall remember your kindness as long as I live. I should not have staid so late. But a book and this pleasant room made me forget myself. At the cheap tavern where I am staying, there is no place to sit down in but the bar; and I don't like drinking, smoking, and swearing. I walk the streets half of the evening, sometimes, but to-night it was too stormy. Good evening, sir. Good evening, ma'am."

And Mr. Lewis turned away, and went forth into the blinding storm, to walk nearly half a mile before gaining his dreary lodging place.

"Poor man!" There was pity in the voice of Mrs. Brownlee.

"And yet," said Mr. Brownlee, speaking in answer to the words of Mr. Lewis, rather than to those of his wife, "I gave him grudgingly of my home-comforts; and suffered a weak, selfish annoyance, while he was drinking in pleasure at every source! What a storm it is!" Mr. Brownlee glanced towards the window, against which had come the snow-laden blast with a heavier rush. "And I have sent this poor man forth to meet its wintry chill, with a pressure on his feelings. A little more patience, a little more consideration, a little more unselfish pleasure in sharing my good gifts with him, would have made his spirit lighter, and mine also. Kindness, humanity, regard for others, ever bear a double blessing; the want of them as surely lays upon hearts a double burden. I was never more conscious of this than I am to-night. I will try not to forget the lesson. The lighting of another's candle at ours should never dim its radiance, as it has dimmed mine to-night."

MARRIAGE.—I look upon a man's attachment to a woman who deserves it, as the greatest possible safeguard to him in his dealings with the world; it keeps him from all those small vices which unfettered youth thinks little of, but which certainly, though slowly, undermine the foundations of better things, till in the end the whole fabric of right and wrong gives way under the assaults of temptation.

THE COST OF A MODERN BELLE.—The following description of a brilliant star in the galaxy of fashion, may be read with interest in the present monetary crisis. "I saw her dancing in the ball. Around her snowy brow were set five hundred pounds; such would have been the answer of any jeweller to the question, 'What are those diamonds?' With the gentle undulation of her bosom there rose and fell exactly thirty pounds ten shillings. The sum were the guise of a brooch of gold and enamel. Her fairy form was invested in ten guineas, represented by a slip of lilac satin; and this was overlaid by thirty guineas more in two skirts of white lace. Tastefully down each side of the latter were six half-crowns, which so many bows of purple ribbon had come to. The lower margin of the thirty guinea skirts were edged with eleven additional guineas, the value of some eight yards of silver fringe a quarter of a yard in depth. Her taper waist, taking zone and clasp together, I calculated to be confined by thirty pounds sterling. Her delicately rounded arms, the glove of spotless kid being added to the gold bracelet which encircled the little wrist may be said to have been adorned with twenty-two pounds five and sixpence, and, putting the silk and satin at the lowest figure, I should say she wore fourteen and sixpence on her feet. Thus altogether was this thing of light, this creature of loveliness, arrayed from top to toe, exclusively of little sundries, in six hundred and forty eight pounds eleven shillings."

M. D. HILL, ESQ., Q.C., RECORDER OF BIRMINGHAM.

MATTHEW DAVENPORT HILL, the eldest child of Thomas Wright and Sarah Hill, was born on the 6th of August, 1792, at Birmingham. The family removed about three years after this event to Kidderminster (where the third son, Rowland, the author of "Penny Postage," was born), and four years later to Wolverhampton. In 1802 they returned to Birmingham, where Mr. Thomas Wright Hill succeeded by purchase to a boarding and day school for boys. In 1804 the subject of this memoir, now the eldest of five children, began to teach in his father's school, and continued to do so, besides giving lessons in other schools and in private families, until 1816; he then left Birmingham to study in London for the bar. He was called to the bar in the Michaelmas Term of 1819. His first case, which was argued in the same term, was a memorable one, viz., *King v. Borrow*, arising out of what was popularly called the Manchester Massacre.

In the following Summer Assizes at Warwick, he conducted the defence of Major Cartwright, who was tried with several other distinguished members of the Reform party for seditious conspiracy at Birmingham. Mr. Hill owed the honour of selection as one of the counsel retained on this occasion to his previous acquaintance with the major, whose warm and intimate friendship he enjoyed until the death of the latter in 1824.

Meanwhile the school at Birmingham had gradually increased in extent and reputation until it had outgrown the house it then occupied. Mr. Rowland Hill, who, with his younger brothers Arthur and Frederic, was now engaged in the management of the school, supplied the plans for a new erection at the neighbouring village of Edgbaston; and though he had had no instruction in the profession of an architect, the house proved to be admirably adapted to the end for which it was built. It became celebrated under the name of Hazelwood School.

In 1822 Mr. M. D. Hill published a work entitled "Public Education," in which he set forth the system pursued there. The book attracted much attention. An article upon it appeared in the "Edinburgh Review;" and through these and other channels the school became widely known. Pupils from foreign countries and distant colonies were sent to receive their education upon the enlightened principles pursued there, and which have been still further developed under the direction of Mr. Arthur Hill, at Bruce Castle, Tottenham, whither the school was removed thirty years ago. To "Public Education" Mr. M. D. Hill owed the friendship of Jeremy Bentham, who, after reading the book, sought the acquaintance of the author.

Mr. Hill was one of the original members of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, founded in 1826, and took an active part in its proceedings, suggesting many of its most successful publications.

In 1831 Mr. Hill was applied to by a gentleman, who, in great distress, begged him to use his influence with his friend Lord Brougham, who was then Chancellor, to endeavour to save the life of a man under sentence of death for forgery. It appeared that the convict had forged a bill upon this gentleman, who had been induced to prosecute only upon the assurance that the man's life would be spared. A verdict of guilty, however, was returned, and the culprit was condemned to die, notwithstanding the assurances the prosecutor had received to the contrary. Mr. Hill communicated with the Chancellor on the subject, and found that the question of the fulfilment of the sentence was already under consideration. Eventually, he was informed that the royal mercy would be extended to this individual; and no subsequent forger has suffered death.

Having taken an active share in the labours of the liberal party to obtain parliamentary reform, he was solicited by the people of Hull to represent them in the first reformed parliament. He accepted their invitation, and after a contest, in which he refused both to canvass and to be chaired, he was returned at the head of the poll for a town which until then had been noted for its corrupt electioneering practices. Mr. William Hutt, also a liberal (now M.P. for Gateshead), was his colleague. But although this attempt to restore a purity of election unknown in Hull since the time of Andrew Marvel, was successful, it could not fail to excite the bitterest hostility against Mr. Hill in those voters who had been accustomed to regard an election as a harvest of bribery and a season of riotous indulgence.

A party of them, from among the lowest of the population, seized upon him while on his way to the hustings, and succeeded, for a moment, in dragging him from his friends, with the intention of throwing

him into one of the docks. Had they accomplished their object, death would have been almost inevitable. Fortunately, his partisans were able to rescue him; and, after a severe struggle, in which he received serious personal injury, he was carried to the house of his friend, the late Richard Cassan, Esq., of Hull, where he was most hospitably and kindly nursed, until his health and strength were restored.

At the public meetings which Mr. Hill attended as candidate, he caused seats to be reserved for the female portion of his constituency, an act of justice which is very unusual in electioneering annals. The ladies of Hull testified their appreciation of it, and of his character as a member, by presenting him, after his retiring from parliament, with a beautiful piece of plate.

Soon after entering the House of Commons, he took up the question of municipal reform, and presented the first petition to parliament on that subject. His labours, however, in this cause may have had an effect in depriving him afterwards of his seat, for at the next election, by the votes of the "freemen" of Hull, as distinguished from those of ordinary voters under the Reform Act, another candidate was elected in his stead. During the short period (not more than two years) that Mr. Hill was a member of the House of Commons he strongly supported the bill for allowing persons charged with felony to employ counsel in their defence, and other amendments of the criminal law. He, moreover, took an active part in obtaining the bill for the establishment of the now flourishing colony of South Australia. He advocated slave emancipation, the repeal of the stamp duty on newspapers, and of the tax on almanacks. In 1833 he moved for a committee of the House of Commons to examine into the claims of the Baron de Bode upon the British Government, which had been pending since the year 1814. Property in France belonging to the baron had been confiscated during the first French revolution, and as a British subject he had claimed indemnification for his losses, from a fund amounting to seven millions sterling which had been paid by the French to the English government for the liquidation of such claims. His application was refused on grounds which he alleged to be unjust, an opinion shared by some of the most eminent lawyers in this country. Mr. Hill failed to carry his motion in 1833, but succeeded when he again brought it forward the following year. The committee sat, Mr. Hill acting as chairman, but a dissolution of parliament prevented it from coming to a decision on the merits of the case. Mr. Hill, aided by Mr. Sergeant Manning, pleaded the cause of the baron as his gratuitous legal advocate, first in 1838 in the Court of Queen's Bench, when he moved for a rule to show cause why a mandamus should not issue to compel the Lords of the Treasury to indemnify his client. In giving judgment Mr. Justice Coleridge, after an elaborate review of the case, decided against him.

This decision, however, did not prevent the Baron de Bode from further prosecuting his claim. His counsel subsequently argued the case in many of the English law courts. Favourable verdicts have frequently been obtained, though they unfortunately were liable to be reversed by a higher tribunal than that in which they were gained. Upon his retiring from the bar in 1851, Mr. Hill necessarily relinquished his professional connection with a cause which he had advocated for nearly twenty years, but he continued to give it all the aid in his power whenever it was brought before parliament. In 1852, upon a motion of Lord Lyndhurst, a select committee of the House of Lords was appointed "to inquire into the allegations of the Baron de Bode's petition, and to report to the House." The committee consisted of sixteen peers, among whom were Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, and Lord Truro. Their report was unanimous, and terminated in strongly recommending the case to the favourable consideration of their lordships.

The dissolution of parliament and change of ministry which followed the session of 1852, diverted attention from this report. In August, 1853, Lord Lyndhurst moved "that the house earnestly recommends the case of the Baron de Bode to the favourable consideration of her Majesty's government." Lord Truro supported the motion; Lord Brougham, who had come prepared to speak in its support, was compelled by sudden indisposition to leave the house during the debate. Several other peers who were favourable to the baron also departed, not anticipating a division. A division, however, took place, when the contents were six, non-contents sixteen. The latter precisely equalling in number the members of the committee of the House of Lords who had reported unanimously in the baron's favour.

In June, 1854, Mr. M. Chambers, in the House of

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



M. D. HILL, ESQ., Q.C., RECORDER OF BIRMINGHAM.

Commons, moved, "that the national good faith requires that the just claims of Baron de Bode, established after protracted investigation, should be satisfied." After a long debate the house divided, when the motion was lost by a small majority. No further effort has been made by the Baron de Bode; but by those to whom the honour of England is dear his claims cannot be regarded as finally dismissed.

Mr. Hill lost his seat for Hull in 1835, and has not since re-entered parliament, having declined the invitations of other constituencies to come forward as their candidate.

He had in 1834 received a silk gown, with a Patent of Precedence.

In December, 1838, there arrived at Liverpool, on their way from America to Van Diemen's Land, under sentence of transportation, twelve Canadians, who had been arrested for political offences during the then recent rebellion in their native colony. It was believed that the conviction of several could not be sustained in law; and by writ of habeas corpus they were conveyed to London. They possessed, however, no friends to enable them to bring their case before an English tribunal; but happily for them it was taken up by the eminent solicitors, Messrs. Ashurst and Gainsford. Mr. Hill led the cause with the aid of Mr. Roebuck and other members of the bar; it is hardly necessary to say that these gentlemen received no fees. The hearings took place in 1839. The court decided against the prisoners; but Lord Chancellor Cottenham having doubts respecting some of the cases, six prisoners were discharged. The others were sent to their destination, in Van Diemen's Land.

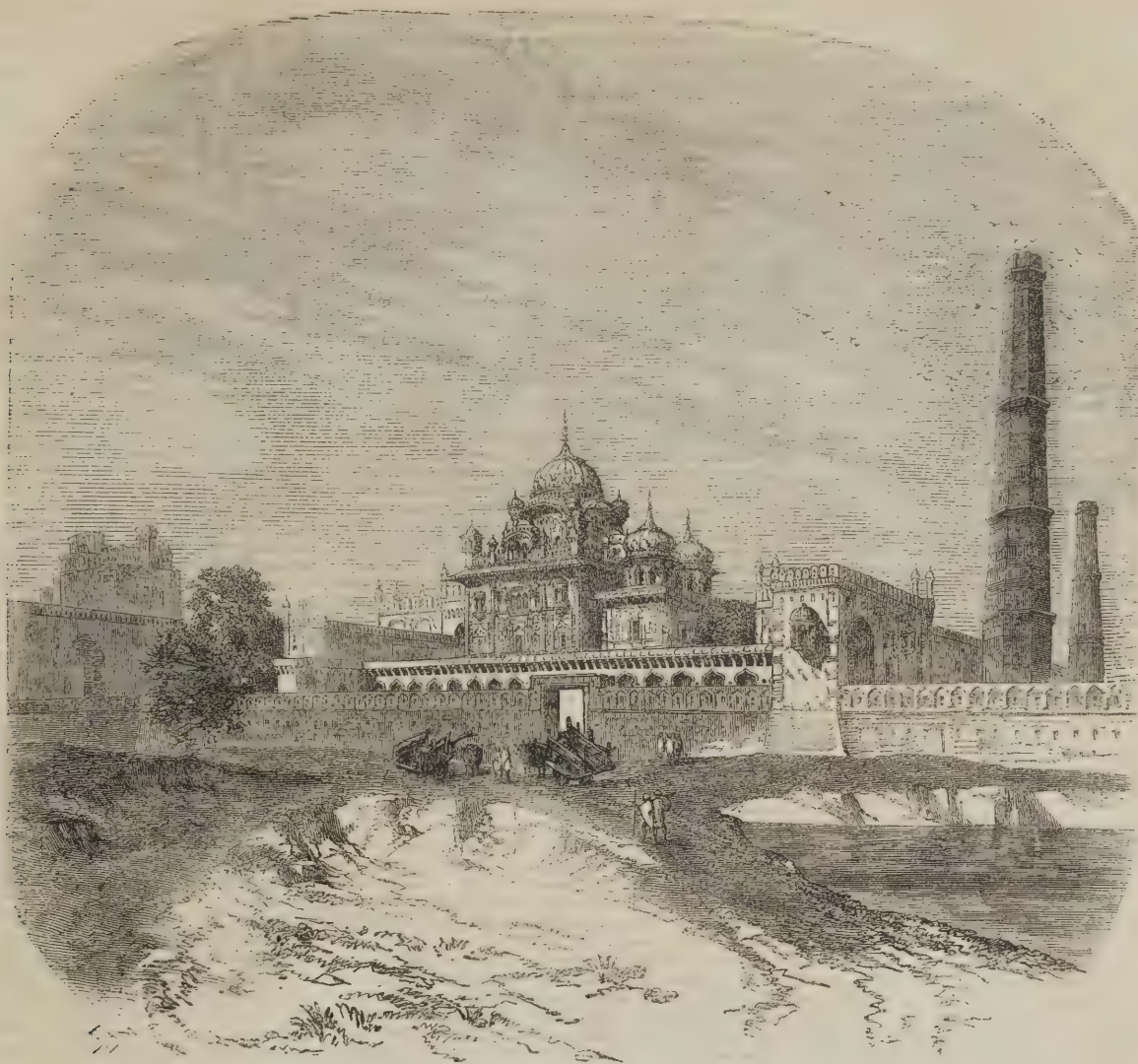
In 1839, when Birmingham was erected into a borough, Mr. Hill was appointed the first recorder of this his native town, and held his opening sessions in July of that year. In the course of his address to the grand jury, he adverted to most of those principles of criminal jurisprudence which in later charges he has more fully developed. These addresses have usually found a place in the leading journals at the time of their delivery, and have not unfrequently been the subject of prolonged and earnest discussion by the press.

The ticket of leave system has afforded a topic for three charges by the recorder of Birmingham. The principle upon which it is founded (namely, that of granting to the prisoner a gradual return to liberty, by which tentative process his fitness for freedom may be ascertained before he is set at large) Mr. Hill regards as sound, and, indeed, as one of those upon which all prison discipline should be based. But the present administration of the ticket of leave system in England and Scotland, whereby licenses are granted, not as a reward for good conduct, or with a view to test the convict's fitness for liberty, but simply because a certain portion of his sentence has expired, the recorder strongly disapproves. In Ireland, under the able management of the present board of directors of convict prisons, the former course is pursued, and is attended with the most satisfactory results. Mr. Hill visited the Irish convict prisons in August, 1857, and at the meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Science, held at Birmingham in October last, in his address to the "Punishment and Reformation Section," over which he presided, he stated the results obtained, together with the gratifying impres-

sion which a thorough examination of those establishments produced on his mind.

But it is, perhaps, the improved mode of dealing with young offenders with which Mr. Hill's name is more identified in the public mind than any other branch of law reform. It has for many years occupied his deep and constant attention. Shortly after entering on the office of recorder he adopted a course with regard to the juvenile prisoners brought before him, which had for a long time been pursued by the magistrates of Warwickshire, and of the success of which sixteen years' attendance at the sessions for that county had enabled him to judge. The plan alluded to is that of returning to their masters and employers—when willing to receive them—those young delinquents who appear not to be hardened in crime, and whom such lenient treatment is likely to reform. Upwards of four hundred youths have been thus dealt with, and the subsequent good conduct of a large proportion of them has proved the soundness of the principle upon which the recorder has acted.

In December, 1851, Mr. Hill presided at a conference (suggested by Miss Mary Carpenter, a zealous labourer in the reformatory cause) on the subject of preventive and reformatory schools, which met at Birmingham; and two years later he took a scarcely less active part at a similar meeting held in the same town. To the first of these conferences (out of which the second may be said to have arisen) is attributed, in great measure, the rapid development throughout the country of that feeling in favour of consigning young criminals to school rather than to prison, which has caused reformatories to spring up in almost every county, and carried Mr.



THE TOMB OF RUNJEET SINGH, AT LAHORE.

Adderley's Juvenile Offenders Act of 1854 through parliament. This statute was explained, and its probable operation indicated, by Mr. Hill, in his address to the grand jury at the sessions following its enactment.

At a somewhat later date, Mr. Hill, acting upon the advice of many friends, began to prepare his numerous charges for publication in a collected form, adding to them much original matter, and passages from various authors illustrating his views, together with many of the newspaper articles which had advocated or controverted his opinions. This book appeared in May, 1857, under the title of "Suggestions for the Repression of Crime." It may be considered as forming a supplement to the excellent work on crime published some years since by the author's brother, Mr. Frederic Hill, formerly one of her Majesty's inspectors of prisons, and now assistant-secretary to the Post-office.

In 1843 Mr. Hill, in conjunction with Lord Brougham and several other friends of law reform, took part in founding the society for the amendment of the law. To this society are owing many of the improvements in our jurisprudence effected since that date; and as it still exists in vigorous action, further benefits may be anticipated from its labours.

In 1851 Mr. Hill was appointed to a commissionership in the Bristol Court of Bankruptcy, which office he still holds.

WEALTH is but a confused lump, till bounty shape and put it into form; but a dead, useless piece of earth, till charity animate and quicken, and by sending it abroad, make it current, and by distributing it to several hands, give it heat and motion.

THE TOMB OF RUNJEET SINGH.

THE Sikhs or Seekhs are of comparatively modern origin. They started into existence as a distinct people about the middle of the fifteenth century. A Hindoo teacher, Nanak by name, was the founder of their race. He, assuming the office of a religious reformer, endeavoured to break down the unsocial restrictions which had for so many ages kept the Hindoo population divided into distinct classes, and was so far successful as to collect a numerous body of disciples, who speedily assumed a substantial form, and became a distinct element in the population of Northern India.

The word Sikh means disciple, and the followers of Nanak have retained that title to the present day.

But the distinct nationality of the Sikhs is referable to a much later period than that of their religious founder. Until the close of the last century they remained in a turbulent feudal condition. About that time a chieftain named Runjeet Singh acquired great influence over them. In 1799 he gained possession of Lahore. He lost no opportunity of turning his arms against the surrounding districts. These he rapidly brought under his control. Although up to that period the Sikhs were undoubtedly the dominant race in those parts, yet the actual boundaries of their dominions were very indistinctly defined. In many provinces Mohammedan governors retained a species of independence. All, however, fell before the arms of Runjeet Singh, who incorporated Mooltan into his kingdom in 1818.

From that date the Punjab was distinctly recognised as a sovereign and independent state. It was placed on a footing of equality with the ancient powers of Hindostan. Runjeet was firmly seated on

his throne, and enjoyed a long and prosperous reign. The government of Runjeet Singh, although a despotism, was far less absolute than most of the native governments in the East. It was vigorous without being either cruel or unnecessarily severe. He maintained an army of about 25,000 regular infantry, 5,000 regular artillery and cavalry, and 50,000 irregular horsemen. He strengthened himself by an alliance with the British, which gave him an opportunity of studying our military discipline, and introducing it into his own army. Moreover, he caused the Sikhs to learn the British artillery practice, in which the pupils became so expert as to give their teachers on a subsequent occasion a memorable proof of their proficiency.

Runjeet Singh died in 1839, and his title and rich territories—without the power to retain the one or wisdom to rule the other—descended to his son and successor. The country became a prey to anarchy. This son was assassinated, and rival chiefs immediately contended for the Punjab. At length, adjusting all minor differences, they united in an invasion of the British dominions. They displayed great bravery, excellent discipline, and skilful generalship, but were defeated in a series of engagements, ending with the battle of Sohraon. This took place on the 10th of February, 1846. The Sikhs lost 10,000 men; the British 2,338 in killed and wounded. The war terminated with the signing of the treaty of Lahore. The Sikhs, however, appear to have entered into this treaty more to gain time than with any other object, for in 1848 they again attacked the British. They were finally defeated at the battle of Goojerat, February 21st, 1849. The formal annexation of the Punjab to the British dominions was made on the 29th of March in the same year.

Sheer Singh, one of the sons of Runjeet Singh, erected to the memory of his renowned father the splendid mausoleum, a representation of which is given in the accompanying engraving. The construction of this monument, which consists almost entirely of clear white marble, occupied seven or eight years. Among the gilded decorations large pictures are painted, representing the principal personages of the reign of Runjeet Singh, and bearing some resemblance to those which are seen in the sculptures of ancient Egypt. The interior, divided by a large corridor into two equal parts, consists of eight apartments covered with gilded and painted figures, analogous to those which are seen outside. The ceilings are exceedingly brilliant, being divided into a number of small compartments, each decorated with some graceful design produced in the richest colouring. In the centre of each apartment is a white marble tomb inlaid with precious stones. These eight sarcophagi contain the ashes of the king, three of his wives, and four of his "faithful" attendants, who voluntarily sacrificed themselves at his funeral obsequies.

This splendid monument is erected within the inclosure of the great mosque of Lahore. The large building which is seen at the end of the fortification, is the stronghold of the citadel, the residence of the native prince, a pensioner of the East India Company.

HOPE EVERMORE; OR, SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER V.

Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us whatever betide—
The Scripture assures us, "the Lord will provide."

The birds without barn or storehouse are fed:
From them let us learn to trust for our bread—
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "the Lord will provide."

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of His grace shall comfort us through;
No doubting or fearing with Christ on our side,
The promise is cheering, "the Lord will provide."

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

THE scene was so new, so startling, and so intensely interesting to the spoilt beauty, the pampered daughter of fashion, that for a few moments she could not reason; she could only feel.

The school-room was large, lofty, and well ventilated. The roof was not ceiled, but intersected by iron beams, on one of which a large black cat sat wrapped in her warm fur, well-fed and portly, looking down, in every sense, on those ragged sons and daughters of men, blinking and winking with her large yellow eyes; and such was the moral power of virtue and order over this little vagrant's home, that not one ragged child turned its eyes from its teacher or its Testament to watch puss, and meditate a "shy" at her.

Young men at college, and misses at finishing schools, are not so well disciplined: less than the presence of that noble black cat diverts their minds and distracts their attention. The whitewashed walls were hung with cards, on which, in large black letters, were printed texts from Scripture, arithmetical tables, progressive reading lessons, maps, coloured pictures of animals, wild and tame.

Ada's attention was arrested as it had never been before—(but perhaps that was because "the heart in waking woke the mind")—by such texts as these:—

"REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH."

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

"THE LORD THY GOD IS A JEALOUS GOD."

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

"HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER."

"BE NOT WEARY OF WELL DOING."

"DO NOT FOLLOW A MULTITUDE TO DO EVIL," and many more in a similar spirit, full of practical piety, and so printed that all who run can read.

Brought for the first time in her vain, aimless life into close contact with the most abject poverty and incontestable destitution,—breathing for the first time an atmosphere which, in spite of all precautions and preventions, had a warm effluvia, as inseparable from the haunts of poverty as freshness and fragrance from the palace-homes of the rich, Ada closed her eyes for a moment as she sank into a chair offered her by a teacher, and felt sick and faint, but far more from inward emotions than from anything from without. When she looked round again she gazed steadily on the gaslight, falling clearly, searchingly

on hundreds of faces, hollow with famine, wasted with fatigue, pallid with sickness or sorrow, pinched with care; some brutalised by habitual or hereditary vice; some humanised by the new influences around them; some old men and women, and even little children, hardened by vain prison discipline, and some melting, softened by the wisdom of mercy. There she saw hardened old faces growing almost young again with the new lights, the new hopes, the regeneration. The old, the wicked old felon, whom galls and the cat-o'-nine-tails had only confirmed in sin, born again, and becoming as a little child, not merely in spirit, but in the child-like trust stealing into the old, crafty eyes; while on the once darkly-shadowed, stony face gleamed something of the sunshine which, tradition says, for ever irradiated the features of him who had seen his Lord—even the dead son of that widow of Nain whom Jesus called back to life). There, too, were little children, with old faces, "hereditary criminals,"—infants who had been taught to steal, trained to steal; some even who had taken high honours in the schools of theft, and from the pockets of an image, dressed like a gentleman or lady, suspended from the roof and hung with bells, had succeeded in abstracting a purse containing sixpences, *without a tinkle being heard*—graduates in horror they, masters of arts, and ready for practice.

Even into the very "dens of thieves," where these boys were taught their vile, perilous trade as pickpockets, had the brave city missionaries penetrated—and God had given them the victory—unharmful as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego of old in the fiery furnace, *because Jesus was with them, too, there*; and safe as Daniel in the den of lions. They had dragged the little victims, whom it had taken such time and trouble to perfect as pickpockets; and they who had been taught that it was a great achievement to steal, and only a crime to be detected, learnt in the different ragged schools to which they were welcomed, to keep the commandments that say, "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods;" and were taught, too, "to do things honestly in the sight of all men." They were losing by degrees the watchful, cunning, frightened look they had acquired during those dark mornings of their lives, when, if they returned empty-handed, having stolen nothing, they were beaten and starved—yet, if detected stealing, were sure to be imprisoned; often their tender skins and young flesh torn by the "cat," or their little minds (superstitious because ignorant), and their poor, young hearts doomed perhaps to the slow torture of solitary confinement.

There Ada saw children who had never been young, who had never pulled a wild flower,—whose eyes had never brightened at a toy,—whose life had known no morning sun,—whose young ears had been used to oaths, curses, vile slang, obscene words, foul jests, hideous blasphemy; whom bodily pain had ceased to affect—they were so used to it;—whose wages of sin had been a few sops of the liquid fire their vile parents poured down their own throats to deaden the gnawings of hunger, the sense of cold—to drown the present, the future, and the past.

Yes, Ada, who had seen life hitherto through a golden mist and a rosy veil, was behind the gay drop-scene now. She saw hundreds of the once "dangerous," the once "perishing" classes, whom an angel, in the shape of the wolf of hunger, the vulture of remorse, or even the demon of despair, had driven to knock at one of those doors, ready to fly open at their trembling touch, and had brought to those courts where destitution is a sufficient introduction, and the rags of wretchedness are the presentation-suits.

Ellen St. Ange had begged Ada to array herself as quietly as possible; but Ada had nothing that was not rich and elegant.

She was dressy and extravagant, even for the class to which she belonged. The only daughter of a baronet with ten thousand a year, and celebrated for her beauty, style, fashion, and luxurious taste in dress, Ada Pemberton had found it easy to spend on herself her ample allowance; nay, she was often in debt, for competition in dress carries the belles of the fashionable world to the verge of dishonesty.

It struck Ada, all at once, as the light fell on bare feet, sore and travel-stained, thin, tattered gowns, torn jackets buttoned over lean, shirtless bodies; and then lighted on the rich, glossy folds of her silk dress, with its velvet-tartan robes, *à la militaire*, on the exquisite texture of her Cashmere shawl, the costly laces of the sleeves that floated about her fair round arms—the bracelets of solid gold that encircled her wrists—her ermine boa and muff—and, above all, the rings that sparkled on her idle, dainty fingers,—yes, it struck Ada, that she, who sat there, so remarkable in such a scene for "the wearing of gold and putting on of apparel," and at whom all the girls were gazing with admiring envy, and the boys

with wonder and curiosity—was not in the sight of God worth more than the ragged urchin at her side; and might, with the cost of one of those rings whose useless blaze seemed now to reproach her, have clothed those ragged ones!

Ellen St. Ange was very simply dressed, and Mrs. Golightly's attire we have already described. Ada found herself the only person present convicted of self-worship, and of lavishing on her own vain person what would have saved so many shorn lambs from the cold winds.

CHAPTER VI.

You have now seen the heart cultivated, the mind informed, and the hands trained to industry and skill. Where? In the ragged school! Who are they thus cared for? Can it be believed that these children are, or rather were, street Arabs, street vermin?—*Prize Essay on Juvenile Delinquency, by MICHAEL HULL, Esq.*

Yes, Ada Pemberton felt as if she had been suddenly brought into court and confronted with that great plaintiff, THE POOR: she herself representing that guilty defendant, THE RICH.

A little stir of pleasurable emotion, and a hum and buzz of grateful love (suppressed as soon as uttered by the ragged children around), greeted Ellen St. Ange, as she passed through the classes of those little ones to offend one of whom is so dread a trespass, entailing so frightful a penalty. Loving, earnest eyes, set in pale, wan faces, that should have been so chubby and so rosy, gazed wistfully after her, as she escorted Ada to the upper end of the room.

There a gentlemen, in whose countenance benevolence and firmness were blended, and in whose eyes a smile seemed to contend with a tear (a tear for the past sorrows, and a smile for the coming hopes of his ragged *protégées*), received her courteously and offered her a seat.

He was honorary master of the whole school and its adjoining refuge.

He was a man engaged in business of his own in the day, but in the evening he was, like his Lord, "about his Father's business," and obeying the last injunction of that Sen: feeding his sheep—feeding his lambs. No hireling he—but, unpaid below, he will be paid above.

Mrs. Golightly—who never hid her candlestick under a bushel, or her talent in a napkin—had taken her seat, rather pompously, as the voluntary teacher of a class.

She was a good creature, but a little vain of being so good, and she gave her instructions to the dusty, way-trodden flowers before her, rather in too loud and lofty a tone, considering that she was teaching those half-dressed, half-starved girls, "that we are all unprofitable servants, that there is none that doeth good, no not one." She looked as if she thought herself a very profitable servant indeed, and as if she were doing a great deal of good.

Not so did Ellen St. Ange sit down to teach her little fold of loving, trusting lambs. She spoke in a soft, gentle, winning voice. She told them of infant Samuel, who had said "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth thee;" of little Timothy who loved the Scriptures; and of their Redeemer, who was once a little child like them, and born in a manger.

Ellen turned to one who had no father or mother, and whom a city missionary had found rolled up like a dog, asleep in the damp cellar of a half-built house. She said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man had not where to lay his head." So you, Tommy Trotter, are better off than the Saviour was; for you have a refuge, a roof.

"Yes, teacher," said the boy, proudly, "and such a warm rug; I does lie snug, now; don't I, just, that's all, teacher? And I don't lie down famish and sick-like from hunger. I has a good blow out of nice, sweet bread, and water so clear, gin can't beat it, teacher."

But the class at which Ellen generally presided was one of girls—little girls—and Ada, with a love of the beautiful and picturesque, which was inherent in her nature, and had been cultivated by education, watched, with lively interest, the faces and forms, and artless movements of two little girls, who were distinguished from those around them by their beauty, their intelligence, and the bright cleanliness of their faces, hands, hair, and their little washed-out, darned, patched, gingham frocks.

As a general rule, the faces and forms of the ragged were not prepossessing. Poverty is no beautifier, and those who live like beasts, get to look very like them too.

Many of these poor little ones were born of parents more sensual and filthy than the swine; more crafty than the fox; more cruel than the tiger; for the lion and the tiger will provide food for their young,

but the drunkard will rob and starve his own children. Yes, experience shows that men given up to drink are far more animal than the so-called "animal world;" brutalised far below the brute that perisheth; because, with the reason given them for better things, they had sought out many inventions, and all of them abominations in the sight of God and man.

No wonder that these children, born in the vile lodging-houses, where all ages and both sexes herd like pigs, and where no decencies of life ever dwelt, should bear, even on their outward forms, tokens and marks to show whence they came. The high cheekbones, the protruding jaws, as Mr. Hill observes, distinguish the "English Kaffirs," as he calls them; and not these alone; in the worst specimens of this worst class the head is generally small in its intellectual and moral developments, but very large in the animal and sensual portion; and if we add to the characteristics the matted, dust-coloured hair, the high shoulders, large joints, shrunken limbs, and splay, discoloured feet, we have the type of the English Kaffir, or City Arab, in his most revolting form. Many of these wretched families have no more respect for marriage than the lower world. Men and women live together like the brutes that perish. In others the wife soon dies; and a step-mother adds her cruelty to that of Fate and a drunken father. Talk of savages, forsooth; need we seek them in dreary pampas or prairies, forests or backwoods? No, they are here, under the bright glare of the gaslights; they are in fierce hordes about our very doors.

Pass through the dens of Saffron-hill by night or day, you will hear noises far worse than the war-whoop; because the war-whoop is the cry of fierce revenge or wild anger, but the English Kaffir's cry includes in its fierce rage blasphemy and filthy passion. Here, too, you will see English children naked, or clothed in rags as fantastic, and more frail than those of their brethren of the Antipodes.

Here, too, an idol is set up, and worshipped with savage gestures and wild yells. That idol is Strong Drink. At the shrine of this idol human blood is often shed. Generally the victim is the wife of his bosom—the mother of his children; hideous curses and fierce imprecations accompany the sacrifice; and the altar is either his own hearth-stone or the doorstep of some gin-palace. What of the "human face divine" can we expect in the offspring of drunkards?

But as every variety of misery has its representatives in the ragged schools, Ada soon discerned many who were not the revolting offspring of habitual vice, just dragged from those dens of thieves, the low lodging-houses, "the gaffs," and small sweet-meat shops of dark lanes and blind alleys.

There were fair children there, perhaps born of young, lovely mothers, who in innocent youth had felt first the love that conquers shame, and then the shame that conquers love (even maternal love), and who, beguiled by their own hearts and some dazzling, winning, specious coxcomb, far above them in rank perhaps, have given birth to beings whom the dread of this world's scorn and the shame that—as we have said—conquers love have compelled them to forsake, to expose, or to trust to Providence—they themselves, perhaps, hiding their burning brows in the cold bosom of some stream, warmer than the hearts that had betrayed them—

"Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world."

Who shall say that in those little ragged outcasts of society, sitting beneath that lamp, the testament in the small hand, and holy truth stealing into the little heart, there may not be

"Maids in whose blue eyes are set,
Some spark of the Plantagenet;"

children whose fathers (at least) may have been allied to those

"Born to tread the crimson carpet,
And to breathe the perfumed airs?"

Yes, the offspring of man's passion, and woman's frailty, has not the brutal expression of the child of low and hardened vice.

And again, the offspring of honest, luckless, humble poverty has its type among those little ones. Many were there whom a mother's industry had saved from want and rags; poor creatures, who, doomed to tug over the wash-tub from morning till night, might have supported their family in comfort, but for the great bane of the poor—the evil spirit that swallows up all the wife's earnings—*Drink*.

In some cases, alas!—and those how trebly sad—might be found those orphans of living parents, the children of a drunken father, and a mother who after long protesting against the vice had succumbed herself to its temptations. Of all the miserable homes from which those little ragged ones came, and in which were often enacted dramas that would freeze

the blood, the most dreadful and ghastly were caused by drink; there were few cases of destitution, starvation, and habitual vice, which did not arise from drunkenness in one or both parents.

CHAPTER VII.

Did we not, *Hermia*, grow together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,
Two loving berries moulded on one stem?
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
And Hope enchanted smiled,
And waved her golden hair.
COLLINS'S ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

THE two beautiful little girls, on whom Ada gazed with an interest which she had never felt in the miniature belles of a juvenile ball, had nothing about them indicative of the more degraded classes to which we have alluded. They were striking contrasts and sweet specimens of angel and gipsy beauty.

The one whom Ellen St. Ange addressed as Hope—Hope Evermore was her name—was a little fair creature, with thick, wavy masses of golden hair, floating round an angel face, with large, upturned, dark blue eyes, full of light, but somewhat pensive and demure for so young a child. She was very fair, with a soft blush that came and went, little red parted lips showing the small even rows of pearl peculiar to infancy.

Though delicate as a little fairy, she was a well-grown girl of seven, with a broad, white chest, and light, agile form, small dimpled hands, and a pretty habit of raising her little, rosy forefinger to keep wilder spirits in order.

She was, in fact, a perfect little monitress to the bright brunette Merry—commonly called Merry Blossom—who was always by Hope Evermore's side.

Merry Blossom was a nut-brown girl of ten, with thick, black hair, glossy and curling, but rather coarse and wiry, and which was always wild and rebellious, in spite of Hope's and her mother's efforts to keep it sleek and in order. Merry had dark brows, beneath which laughed sunny, mischievous eyes of deepest hazel, a cheek like a ruddy apple, a mouth large, and of the red of the berries of the mountain ash, and with teeth, even and very white, proportioned to that mouth, and in singular but characteristic contrast to the soft, small, rosebud lips of little Hope—so delicately tinged and curved. There was another marked difference in these little faces: Merry's black hair grew very low and tufty on a square but not lofty forehead; little Hope's golden braids parted above a high, broad, full, and very white brow. Hope's blue orbs were full of faith and love; in Merry's hazel eyes were mischief, fun, fury, and passion. Yet she was affectionate, and passionately fond of Hope.

There was something irresistibly arch and winning in Merry's smile. In disposition she was quick, volatile, passionate, ready to quarrel, more ready to make up; but often was she checked in her wildest flights and freaks, and moved in her most obstinate moods, by a gentle word of remonstrance from little Hope, or the uplifting of that angel child's tiny, rosy index.

Merry was essentially in the character of her mind and person a daughter of the people—a child of the million. Beauty she had—real and great beauty; but, both in form and colour, it was the very opposite of the poetical, aristocratic type of little Hope's loveliness.

Hope was all delicate ovals, but there was something square and strong-built about Merry. Her arms were well-turned, but already muscular; her hands well-shaped, but large and useful; her shoulders broad—a wise provision, for the shoulders of the poor have much to bear; and already she had a calf to her leg (a very handsome leg, too) that promised Merry would not lag behind in the race of life.

"Our Merry don't want for a good strong understanding of her own," her brother Gregory—"Larky Grigg"—would say, with his hands to his head the while, to avert the "clout" which he knew would be Merry's way of acknowledging the compliment.

As for Larky Grigg himself, there never was such a spirit of fun, frolic, and mischief.

He was a genius, too—self-taught; and, as he said, not merely the cock, but the Cocker of the ragged school.

If he had not been so idle, and so fond of fun, he would have been a wonder. As it was, whenever he gave his attention to anything for five minutes in the way of calculation, the "calculating boy" was a dolt to him. He had a strong mechanical turn, too,—mended all the locks and hinges, and took to pieces, repaired, and put together again, all the clocks, in the neighbourhood.

Larky, too, had displayed his great mechanical

genius in the manufacture of a gun and cannon, which were the wonder and the terror of all the women and girls, and the pride and delight of all the boys and many of the men, particularly Lame Luke, his great ally, who had helped not a little.

Every penny Larky could get went in the secret purchase of gunpowder. Several explosions had occurred on Lame Luke's stall, which would never have been revealed to Apple Blossom, but that Larky's long black eyelashes, and thick eyebrows, and clustering locks had been burnt off (soon to grow again, thicker and blacker than ever), and several blisters had appeared on his broad forehead and peach-like cheeks.

Apple Blossom lived in a blind alley, where she kept two little rooms so tidy, and presided in them with such a sunny face—such a motherly woman-heart, and neat, ready hand—that they were a more pleasant home than many fine houses; but "better the dinner of herbs where love is, than the stalled ox, and hatred therewith."

They need not have lived in two little rooms in a blind alley, and Apple Blossom need not have kept a fruit-stall, but for the bane of her own honest, virtuous life, and of her husband's, Bob Blossom,—in other words, his love of drink.

Larky Grigg's wild freaks sometimes clouded Apple Blossom's open, sunny brow; but Bob's evil habit bowed her head with shame, and bruised her spirit, and cut her to the heart; and then it kept them all so poor and bare, and so low down in the world.

Poor Apple Blossom! she deserved as good a husband as Bob Blossom would have been, had there been nothing fermented or distilled in the world; or had he been man enough not to touch what always made a brute of him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

ADA was intensely interested in watching the different classes, the countenances and manners of the "ragged." Mr. St. Stephen, the superintendent, answered all her questions (many of which betrayed great ignorance of life as it is) with that rare mixture of mirth and pathos, which is the best and truest kind of humour.

At this moment a general, and evidently pleasurable, excitement passed like electricity through those files of ragged, wasted, dust-coloured men, women, and children. Ada inquired the cause.

"Mr. Goodman is just come in," said Mr. St. Stephen. "There he is."

Ada's eyes fell on a man of middle age, dressed as the working-classes dress when they are what they call "cleaned up a bit." He looked, as they generally do, much more picturesque in his workaday suit; but his reverence for the ragged school made him always put on his Sunday best to come and teach in it.

He was a man about fifty, with a head on which chinchilla hair, getting a little thin at the temples, could not conceal the large organs of benevolence and veneration.

In his case character and conduct bore out phrenology. He loved his God "with all his heart, with all his mind, with all his soul, and with all his strength," and he loved his neighbour as himself. The strong light of the centre lamp fell on a very high, broad, intelligent forehead, which projected so much, that the large dark hazel eyes, surmounted by thick black eyebrows, looked deep-set, and gleamed like diamonds in a cavern.

There was feeling, and even refinement in the expression of the mouth, whose kindly smile revealed very white and very even teeth.

Jem Goodman wore a blue coat with brass buttons, a black satin waistcoat, and a very white shirt; but his muscular throat was evidently unused to the stiff, black cravat essential to his idea of "full dress," and every now and then he fidgeted with his forefinger about his neck, until he generally got the ends under his ear, or like a pigtail, at the back of his head.

His hands, in spite of soap and water, bore evidence of his grimy though honourable toil. No ablutions would quite wash out

"The marks of that which once had been,"

and was still his daily occupation.

"There is great intelligence in Mr. Goodman's face," said Ada, "and great kindness too."

"You are right there, madam," said Mr. St. Stephen. "Mr. Goodman ('Jem Goodman,' as he is called) is a remarkable character, a true Christian in every sense of the word. The soundest sense, and the largest, warmest heart man ever possessed, make Jem, though only a sweep (a master sweep), one of

those honest men who are indeed the noblest works of God."

"He is very well off, is he not?" said Ada; "at least so Miss St. Ange told me."

"He is well-to-do," said Mr. St. Stephen, "and yet all he has is the fruit of his own hard earnings. But he would be a wealthy man, were it not for his untiring generosity. If any one is in trouble, Jem is sure to be applied to."

"If the son of a poor widow gets into a scrape, mother and son go naturally to Jem to get him out of it. Jem gives advice. Jem, in extreme cases, even calls in the aid of counsel."

"Often has he saved the few goods of some poor seamstress whose needle, plied night and day, has not been able to keep off a distress for rent. In one family, he finds the old granny in tea, or the grandfather—aged, rheumatic, once a good labourer, but no longer deemed worthy of his hire—the bit of 'baccy,' which article is his all of earthly comfort. Young lasses tell him when the day is fixed, and a new gown or a good wedding dinner is sure to be the result."

"He's godfather to dozens of the little ones about; and if in his neighbourhood you ask an urchin his name, it's more likely to be Jem, or Jem Goodman, than any other; and then it's all done so quietly, so unostentatiously. I'm obliged to leave you now: let me introduce Jem Goodman, miss; he'll supply my place."

"I shall be delighted to know him," said Ada, warmly.

St. Stephen beckoned to Jem, who came at once.

(To be continued.)

Chemical Experiments.

To make a fluid sufficiently luminous to read by, and at the same time not dangerous.—Half fill a small phial with olive or almond oil, and immerse a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea. Allow the phial to stand in a warm place for about twelve hours, and a portion of the phosphorus will dissolve, generating an oily fluid which is exceedingly luminous though not dangerous. It only shines when the cork is removed and the bottle agitated. The light evolved is sufficient to read by, or to see the hours on the dial of a clock or a watch.

Sympathetic ink.—1. Write with a solution of sulphate of iron, and the writing when dry will be quite invisible. Dip the written paper when dry into infusion of galls, or even into tea, and the writing will come out black.

2. Dip the same sort of written paper into solution of yellow prussiate of potash, and the writing will come out blue.

3. Dip a portion of the same sort of paper into solution of red prussiate of potash, and the letters will come out red.

To obtain charcoal from lump sugar without burning the sugar.—Dissolve a few lumps of sugar in the least possible quantity of water, so that a thick syrup may result. Pour oil of vitrol upon the syrup and stir all up by means of a piece of glass. The mixture will become tumid, turn black, and generate an enormous amount of charcoal. Charcoal exists in things where an ordinary observer would little expect to find it. In spirit of wine, for example, and several colourless invisible gases. Chemists can readily demonstrate the existence of such charcoal, and make it come forth; but the methods of doing so would involve apparatus, and would be altogether too difficult for a non-scientific operator.

To melt platinum in the flame of a candle.—Platinum is the most infusible of all metals: the very strongest heat of a smith's forge is insufficient to melt it. Nevertheless, if a piece of platinum-foil be wrapped up in contact with a piece of tin-foil, and the whole held in a candle flame, both melt just as easily as wax would have done.

To imitate a volcano.—1. Mingle together iron filings and flowers of sulphur, in equal proportions by measure, forming the whole into a pasty consistence with water. Bury the mixture a few feet under ground in a warm place, and there let it remain. After the lapse of a few hours the mixture will ignite and scatter the earth all around, after the manner of a volcano, forming a veritable crater.

2. Procure a sheet of tin-foil, and lay it flat upon paper. Next take about an ounce of nitrate of copper, which break into gross powder, and moisten it with water. Spread the mixture rapidly over the sheet of tin-foil, crumple the latter up tightly, and envelop it in one or two sheets of paper. This all done, the sooner you let the mass drop out of your

hands the better, for it will grow hot, take fire, and dart out sparks in every direction.

To produce hartshorn out of two odourless bodies.—Take some quicklime, and sprinkling it with water, allow it to fall to powder. Rub together equal measures of the powdered lime, and sal ammoniac in a mortar. A strong odour of hartshorn will be evolved; indeed a mixture of powdered lime and sal ammoniac is an excellent material to charge smelling bottles with.

To ignite charcoal without the application of fire.—Powder a piece of charcoal minutely, and make it dry and hot. Placing it now in a teacup, and pouring upon it some of the very strongest aquafortis (nitric acid), the charcoal will take fire.

To extract jelly out of bones.—Bones are composed of gelatine, or the matter of jelly, combined with a white earth. The latter can be dissolved easily by soaking the bone in a mixture of one part by measure of spirit of salt, and two parts by measure of water. The operation may require some days to take effect with a large bone, and it may be requisite to renew the acid solvent twice or three times. The exact contour of the bone will be preserved. In this way gelatine is now obtained pretty extensively, and employed in many technical operations.

To get alumina, or pure clay, out of alum.—To a solution of alum add a solution of washing soda, or hartshorn, when a white powder, which is alumina, or pure clay, will fall.

To change the colour of dark hair to light, and to bleach a negro.—Dark hair, if soaked in strong chlorine water, or solution of chloride of lime, has much or the whole of its colour destroyed. I have also seen a piece of negro's skin bleached in a similar manner. Whether the operation would succeed on the living animal I know not: perhaps it might be found rather painful.

To remove a gold ring which has become too tight for the finger on which it is worn.—Apply quicksilver to the ring, and use moderate friction with the finger. The gold breaks at once, because of combination between it and the quicksilver. The latter may be drawn off by the application of sufficient heat, leaving the gold pure, though the ring will necessarily be destroyed.

HOW TO GET A HOUSE OF YOUR OWN.

THE other evening I came home with a couple of sovereigns in my pocket—money that I had earned by out-of-hours work. The fact is, that I'm a clerk in a merchant's counting-house at a salary of a hundred and twenty pounds per annum, and a pretty wife and baby to support out of it.

I suppose this income will sound amazingly small to those whose income is three or four hundred a year, but nevertheless we contrive to live very comfortably upon it. We live on one floor of an unpretending little house, for which we pay £30 per annum, and Kitty—my wife, you'll understand—does all her own work, so that we lay up a neat little sum every year. I've got a balance of forty or fifty pounds at the savings bank, the hoard of several years, and it's astonishing how rich I feel! Why, Rothschild himself isn't an object of envy to me!

Well, I came home with my two sovereigns, and showed them triumphantly to Kitty, who of course was delighted with my industry and thrift.

"Now, my love," said I, "just add this to our account at the bank, and with the interest at the end of the year—"

Forthwith I commenced casting interest and calculating in my brain. Kitty was silent, and rocked the cradle musingly with her foot.

"I've been thinking, Harry," she said, after a moment's pause, "that since you've got this extra money, we might afford to buy a new rug. This is getting dreadfully shabby, my dear—you must see."

I looked dolefully at the rug: it was worn and shabby enough—that was a fact.

"I can get a beautiful new velvet pattern for twenty shillings," resumed my wife.

"Velvet—twenty shillings!" groaned I.

"Well, then, a common tufted rug like this would only cost twelve," said my cautious better half, who, seeing she couldn't carry her first ambitious point, wisely withdrew her guns.

"That's more sensible," said I. "Well, we'll see about it."

"And there's another thing I want," continued my wife, putting her hand coaxingly on my shoulder, "and it's not at all extravagant, either."

"What is it?" I asked, softening rapidly.

"I saw such a lovely silk dress pattern in Canal-street this morning, and I can get it for four-and-

twenty shillings—only four-and-twenty shillings, Harry! It's the cheapest thing I ever saw."

"But haven't you got a very pretty green silk dress?"

"That old thing! Why, Harry, I've worn it ever since we've been married."

"Is it soiled, or ragged?"

"No, of course; but who wants to wear the same green dress for ever? Everybody knows it is the only silk I have."

"Well, what then?"

"That's just a man's question," pouted Kitty. "And I suppose you have not observed how old-fashioned my bonnet is getting!"

"Why, I thought it looked very neat and tasteful since you put on that black velvet winter trimming."

"Of course—you men have no taste in such matters."

We were silent for a moment; I'm afraid we both felt a little cross and out of humour with one another. In fact, on my journey home, I had entertained serious thoughts of exchanging my old silver watch for a more modern time-piece of gold, and had mentally appropriated the two sovereigns to furthering that purpose. Savings-bank reflections had come later.

As we sat before our fire, each wrapped in thought, our neighbour, Mr. Wilmot, knocked at the door. He was employed in the same counting-house as myself, and his wife was an old family friend.

"I want you to congratulate me," he said, taking a seat. "I have purchased that little cottage out on the Bloomingdale-road, to-day."

"What! that beautiful little cottage with the piazzas and lawn, and fruit garden behind?" exclaimed Kitty, almost enviously.

"Is it possible?" I cried. A little cottage home of my own, just like that I had often admired on the Bloomingdale-road, had always been the one crowning ambition of my life—a distant, and almost hopeless point, but no less earnestly desired.

"Why, Wilmot," said I, "how did this happen? You've only been in business eight or ten years longer than I, at a salary but a trifle larger than mine, yet I could as soon buy up the Mint as purchase a cottage like that."

"Well," said my neighbour, "we have all been working to this end for years. My wife has darned, patched, mended, and saved—we have lived on plain fare, and done with the cheapest things. But the magic charm of the whole affair was that we laid aside every penny that was not needed by actual positive want. Yes, I have seen my wife lay by penny pieces one by one."

"Well, you are a lucky fellow," said I, with a sigh.

"Times are hard, you know, just now; the owner was not what you call an economical man, and he was glad to sell, even at a moderate price. So you see that even 'hard times' have helped me!"

When our neighbour was gone, Kitty and I looked meaningly at one another.

"Harry," said she, "the rug isn't so bad, after all, and my green silk will do for a year longer, with care."

"And a silver watch is quite as good for all practical purposes as a gold repeater," said I. "We will set aside all imaginary wants!"

"The two sovereigns must go to the bank," said Kitty, "and I'll economise the coppers, just as Mrs. Wilmot did. Oh, how happy she will be among the roses in that cottage garden next spring!"

Our merry teakettle sung us a cheerful little song over the glowing fire that night, and the burden was "Economy and a home of your own, amid the roses and the country air!"

AN ERROR OF THE PRESS.—A country newspaper, recording the running down of a cow on the railway, said it was "cut into calves!" An astonished naturalist waited on the editor for what the auctioneers call "further information," and received it in the following form:—"Erratum—for calves read halves."

JUST GROUND FOR COMPLAINT.—"The Press," exclaims an American paper, with some bitterness and a great deal of truth, "when at public feasts the dishes are licked clean, the bread crumbled, the nuts are dug out, the glasses are empty, overturned, or broken; the last declaimer of stump-stereotype has finished, the company has two-thirds gone and one-third tired, 'The Press!' fellow-citizens, is then toasted, with a ghastly smile and an asthmatic cheer, in which the public men who are left do not join, though the public men are indebted, nineteen parts out of twenty, to that press for their reputations and fortunes—to the body of educated reporters, for their good taste and discernment in mending so freely their vulgar rhetoric and contemptible grammar."



FORTIFICATIONS OF TREBIZOND.

TREBIZOND.—II.

THE walls of Trebizond are pierced by six gates, one of which, opening on the road to Erzeroum, is surmounted by a Greek inscription. The suburbs of the town are believed to have formed at one time part of the ancient city, and this opinion is confirmed by the site of numerous churches and other edifices in a style of architecture anterior to the Mussulman domination. The modern city, principally the upper part, presents, as we noticed before, a very agreeable aspect: the white houses with their red tops peeping out from a forest of green foliage. The houses are ranged in straight streets, which in some parts have a pavement, but are chiefly destitute of everything approaching either comfort or convenience. Luxury is a commodity which, according to oriental custom, belongs exclusively to the interior. The lower part of the city,

which descends towards the sea, closely resembles a European seaport.

The "lions" of Trebizond are chiefly religious. They number eighteen large mosques, ten little Greek chapels, and a Catholic church. There are seven or eight markets—those picturesque khans of the East—and five public baths for the daily ablutions of the faithful. A beautiful aqueduct, raised on arches, crosses the valley which separates the city from its suburbs, and bestows equally on both its cool refreshing waters. The Genoese, during their traffic with Trebizond, erected a building which still exists. This massive edifice is called by the people Bezestein, and is said to have been originally designed for a powder magazine. It is a large square building, pierced on each side by two windows.

The most remarkable structure in Trebizond is the church of Saint Sophia. It is of small dimensions,

built of hewn stone, in the form of a cross, and divided into a nave and two aisles, lighted by a cupola supported by four marble pillars. The principal entrance is adorned with four white marble Corinthian columns; the Roman eagle is conspicuous over the gate; below it are numbers of small reliefs, and a beautiful cornice runs round the exterior of the edifice.

If from this point we descend the declivity toward the sea shore, we arrive at a peninsula of small extent, on which are situated the ruins of an old palace, called Eski-Serai, constructed probably for the same purpose as the kiosks on the Bosphorus, an agreeable place of retirement for some prince of Trebizond.

There are many interesting spots in and about the city. Perhaps one of the most picturesque is that which our artist has sketched in the ravine dividing

the old city from the new. The full herbage on the mountain, the stately trees, the ruins of ancient buildings, the distinct glimpses of tower and minaret, the oriental costume, the goats at pasture,—all make up an interesting picture, engaging the attention and waking up old memories deep and tender.

The Matron.

NO. XII.

THE treatment of children is an all-important subject. When once I have entered on it, I shall not be disposed to turn to other matters until it is thoroughly considered. I will therefore finish off the topic of my last number (the getting up of the family wash) with a few brief directions about folding, mangling, and ironing.

In the first place, never mangle things that have buttons on them, because the mangle crushes these buttons; but sheets, towels, pillowcases with strings, and table linen, are all the better for being mangled. To facilitate folding, you should have a clean board covered with a linen cloth; and, in the first place, separate things that are to be ironed from things that are to be mangled.

Those that are to be ironed—for instance, shirts, nightgowns, petticoats, &c., &c.—should (with the right side upwards) be folded smoothly and then damped.

For the wash of a moderately-sized family, a quarter of a pound of starch is generally sufficient for the things to be stiffened. Make your starch in the following manner: Dissolve it in cold water, then pour boiling water on it, stirring it well all the time; after this, boil it once or twice. A quarter of a pound will make a washhand-basin full. A lump of sugar melted in the starch prevents its sticking to the iron; and a wax candle stirred in it is an improvement.

Before you begin ironing, always have some rags at hand on which to test the heat of the iron. If you do not take this precaution, you may be sure you will soil or singe the clothes. Iron-stands and iron-holders should form part of the cottage or kitchen furniture. A saucer should never be made to do duty for the one, nor a folded cloth for the other.

For the ironing of dresses, a board about four feet in length, and thirteen inches in width may be used with advantage. On the Continent, where ironing is carried to great perfection, this kind of board is in very general use; an ironing-blanket should be tied on it. The board should be passed through the skirt, and either end of the board should be supported on a firm table. Mind you have a clean cloth on the floor, lest the upper part of the dress should be soiled. In ironing the dress you turn the skirt round the board.

Shirt-ironing is nice delicate work; and ladies' fine linen is best done with slender fingers.

To say the truth, I think ironing deserves a place among the fine arts; and if I had my way, young ladies should be expert in it. I do not say it improves the appearance of the hands, but it need not disfigure them if proper precautions are taken. As to that snowy whiteness, or swan's down softness, which proves that the owners of the hands do nothing at all, we are convinced it does not recommend any girl to a prudent, desirable husband. And now, begging my readers to recollect that the things (after ironing) should never be put away till they have been aired on the horse before the fire, I turn to the management of children.

Begin at the beginning, is the rule I shall follow in my advice on this subject. Of course, my remarks will not, in the first instance, be addressed to the mother; but any inexperienced nurse, whom unexpected circumstances may have induced to undertake the office, will gladly listen to a few useful hints.

Never be in a hurry to dress a new-born infant. On its entrance into this world of woe, let it be carefully wrapped up in the finest, softest flannel that can be procured. Let the nose and mouth be just sufficiently exposed to allow of its breathing freely. Allow it to remain quiet for an hour. Then wash it, quickly and tenderly, in tepid water, without the addition of brandy, gin, or spirit of any kind. Dry it with the softest old linen you have been able to get. Dress it as rapidly as possible, and place it in a warm bed. But recollect this little infant is a human being like yourself, and its lungs require air, or it will cease to breathe; so mind that, in excess of care, you do not cover up its face too closely.

It is a mother's imperative duty to suckle her own child, unless the medical attendant declares it dangerous for her to do so. When this is the case, and where

circumstances render it necessary to "bring up the child by hand," as the saying is, the nature of the food must depend on the age of the infant. At first milk and water, sweetened, may be found sufficient; the following are the right proportions: To one table-spoonful of fresh cow's milk, put two of hot water; and then make it moderately sweet with a little loaf sugar. Do not fall into the error of feeding the child constantly. An infant's stomach requires rest as well as that of a grown person.

It is difficult to give any certain rules as to the number of times a child should be fed during the day and night. Some infants are much "heartier" than others, and require more food; but you must not suppose that every time a child cries it requires food. It may cry from a mere effort of nature to strengthen the lungs; or from something uncomfortable in its clothing—a tight string, or a pricking pin. This leads to the discussion of the importance of the best kind of clothes for infants. An infant's dress is all the better the simpler it is. It is important to have such clothes as can be quickly and easily changed. With regard to pins, no good nurse will allow a baby to have a single pin about it. Every part of an infant's dress should be secured with tape. At about four months old socks may be worn; but in the earlier months they are more productive of inconvenience than advantage.

The food must vary as the child gets stronger. Some recommend mutton broth and beef-tea for infants; but I give the preference to farinaceous food with milk. Rusk, boiled to a pap, sweetened with a little sugar, make good, nourishing food; but one of the finest babies I ever beheld, was supported chiefly on sago and milk made in the following manner: A teacupful of moderately thick sago jelly (which is merely sago boiled in water) to a teacupful of fresh cow's milk sweetened with loaf-sugar. And here I beg your attention to a very important matter, viz., the method of feeding children. There is no cup, spoon, or pap-boat to which they take half so kindly as to the regular feeding-bottles, sold ready for use in all respects at the shops of respectable apothecaries. Even mothers who suckle their infants will do well to accustom the baby to take some of its food from one of these bottles, as the use of it will greatly facilitate the task of weaning. But now we must return to general directions.

Both for the sake of the mother and child, the rooms should be well ventilated; but do not misunderstand me, damp air or keen east wind would do an infant or an invalid more harm even than a closer air.

In following rules we must always use judgment, and consider the influence of surrounding circumstances. In warm weather the windows of the room may safely be opened, in order to ventilate the room; but, in a season like the present, it is better to procure a fresh current of air by opening the door for a few minutes. By means of the chimney a thorough current will be procured; and, on this very account, the mother and the infant should previously be well covered up, in order to counteract any evil that might arise from the slight change of temperature this ventilating will occasion.

Active and constant attention to cleanliness is as necessary to maintain the purity of the air as ventilation itself. Let all slops and foul clothes, of every description, be quickly removed. You will be anxious to do this when I tell you that the growth and health of the infant under your care depends, in a great measure, on the purity of the air it breathes; and the rapid recovery of the mother much depends on the same cause; but we shall treat her case separately. The child is now the subject of our remarks. In tending the child you will become almost as fond of it as if it were your own; and were it to die under your superintendence, your grief would be very great.

To avoid such a sad catastrophe bear in mind that an infant's life hangs on a very slender thread. So delicate is the nervous organisation of an infant, that a powerful scent held to the nose may destroy life. Pray recollect this, and let it teach you caution. There is an instance of a baby being killed by smelling a bunch of violets.

But imprudent exposure to cold is, after all, the most frequent cause of that sad sight—infancy nipped in its bud. If, during the first fortnight, exposure to cold air is not carefully avoided, diarrhoea, difficulty of breathing, cough, catarrh, &c., &c., are the sure consequences, and we all know how soon such consequences may prove fatal.

PROPER USE OF THE WORLD.—God hath not taken all that pains in forming, and framing, and furnishing, and adorning this world, that they who were made by Him to live in it should despise it; it will be enough if they do not love it so immoderately, as to prefer it before Him who made it.

Inventions and Science.

IMPROVEMENTS IN STEAM BOILERS.—These proposed improvements consist:—1st. In constructing boilers with a double casing of plates having a water space between them. 2nd. In constructing a framing called the boiler-frame, formed of a series of tubes filled with water, the ends of which terminate in two hollow discs or boxes of a form made to fit the outer boiler, a space being left at the end next the fire-box for the admission of the flame, which plays around the exterior of the tubes, and passes from thence through an opening in the outer boiler into the flue. 3rd. In constructing a similar frame called the furnace-frame, with hollow tubes filled with water, which he places in the fire-box below the fire. 4th. In introducing in the furnace-frame a series of air tubes passing through the water space, for the admission of air to the back of the furnace, which air is made to pass from the ash-pit in a heated state, and produces combustion. 5th. In introducing a jet of waste steam from the cylinder into the fire-box, in which are placed pieces of scrap iron, which, becoming heated, abstract the oxygen from the steam, and leave the hydrogen to be consumed in the furnace. 6th. It relates to a safety-valve; and the advantages presented are a direct weight acting in opposition to the pressure of steam, and the same, being placed within the receiver or boiler, cannot be tampered with.

ARTIFICIAL MANUFACTURE OF COAL.—At the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, M. de Sénarmont gave an account of recent experiments on the artificial manufacture of coal, made by M. Barhouillet, at St. Etienne. M. Cagniard de Latour had previously submitted woody matters, in closed vessels, to the action of great heat, with the view of obtaining coal, but the only result was bitumen. M. Barhouillet has repeated these experiments, but with two important modifications. Firstly, he interposes a stratum of woody matter between layers of clay; secondly, the vessel is not completely closed but so arranged that the disengaged gas remains a certain time in contact with the mixture of ligneous matter and clay. The temperature to which the mixture was submitted did not generally exceed 392 deg. Fahr. The products resembled coal in every respect, and their appearance varied, according to the nature of the wood used and also with the temperature. Leaves interposed between the strata, left their impression on the coal; these are a little broken on account of the leaves being fresh and soft. Dry leaves would doubtless have given impressions resembling those of nature.

DECAY OF IRON RAILINGS.—Every one must have observed the destructive combination of lead and iron from railings being fixed in stone with the former metal, and the oxygen of the atmosphere keeping up the galvanic action between the two metals. This waste might be prevented by substituting zinc for lead, in which case the galvanic influence would be inverted: the whole of its action would fall on the zinc, and the iron would be preserved; and as zinc is oxidated with difficulty, it would, at the same time, be scarcely acted on; the one remaining uninjured, and the other nearly so. Paint formed of the oxide of zinc, for the same reason, preserves iron exposed to the atmosphere infinitely better than the ordinary paint, which is composed of oxide of lead.

AIR.—It has been found that in the first year of the existence of a good plan of draining, although no water was observed to run, owing to great drought, that extraordinary crops of roots were obtained, and the result has been attributed to letting in the air to the soil by means of the draining pipes. A novel and interesting experiment is now in progress on the Tawstock estate, the property of Sir Bouchier P. Wrey, in North Devon. The field on which the experiment is being conducted by Mr. Cowan, the worthy baronet's agent, is a small one near the village; the soil a loam of good quality, on an absorbent subsoil, and therefore dry in all weathers. The operation referred to consists in making incisions in the soil, and cleaning them out 3 feet deep, 12 inches wide at the top, and tapering down to the diameter of a 2-inch drain pipe in the bottom, 18 feet apart from cutting to cutting, and each cutting running the full breadth of the field; 2-inch drain pipes are laid in along the bottom, fitting tightly, and the earth is then filled in, exactly as if for drainage. But the object here is not to take off water, but to admit of air, the atmospheric air, to the body of the soil.

CONTRIVANCE FOR THE DETECTION OF BURGLARY.—This invention can be readily affixed to any house or set of offices. It is also adapted to gardens and pleasure-grounds, iron safes to contain valuable property, wine-cellars, plate-closets, jewelry-rooms, &c. Its appearance is similar to a clock-face, or the dial

of an electric telegraph; and it is so contrived that no door, window, or gate to which it is applied can possibly be opened without an immediate alarm being given by the ringing of a bell; at the same time a match is struck which lights a candle, thus enabling the inmates, by the face of the indicator, to know what particular apartment has been entered, and also indicate the progress of the unlawful visitor through the premises. A general alarm may be given by it to the inmates by the watchman, or person in whose room the dial is placed (unknown to the deprecator), thus enabling them to prepare for his capture. The apparatus forms an ornament to the room, requires but little space, and after fitting is very inexpensive.

HOW TO MAKE A QUARTERN LOAF OUT OF A DEAL BOARD.

To make wood-flour in perfection, according to Professor Autenrieth, the wood, after having been thoroughly stripped of its bark, is to be sawed transversely into disks about an inch in diameter. The sawdust is to be preserved, and the disks are to be beaten into fibres in a pounding mill. The fibres and sawdust, mixed together, are next to be deprived of everything harsh and bitter, which is soluble in water by boiling them, when fuel is abundant, or by subjecting them for a longer time to the action of cold water, which is easily done by inclosing them in a sling sack, which they only half-till, and beating the sack with a stick, or treading it with the feet in a rivulet. The whole is then to be completely dried, either in the sun or by fire, and repeatedly ground in a flour mill. The ground wood is next baked into small flat cakes with water, rendered slightly mucilaginous by the addition of some decoction of linseed, mallow stalks and leaves, lime-tree bark, or any other such substance. Professor Autenrieth prefers marsh-mallow roots, of which one ounce renders eighteen quarts of water sufficiently mucilaginous, and these serve to form four pounds and a half of wood flour into cakes. These cakes are baked till they are brown on the surface. After this, they are broken to pieces and again ground, until the flour will pass through a fine bolting cloth; and upon the fineness of the flour does its fitness to make bread depend. The flour of a hard wood, such as beech, requires the process of baking and grinding to be repeated. Wood flour does not ferment so readily as wheat flour, but the professor found fifteen pounds of birch-wood flour with three pounds of sour wheaten bread, and two pounds of wheat flour, mixed up with eight measures of new milk, yielded thirty-six pounds of very good bread. The learned professor tried the nutritious properties of wood flour in the first instance upon a young dog. Afterwards he fed two pigs upon it, and then, taking courage from the success of the experiment, he attacked it himself. His family party, he says, ate it in the form of gruel or soup, dumplings and pancakes, all made with as little of any other ingredient as possible, and found them palatable and wholesome. Are we, then, instead of looking upon a human being stretched upon a bare plank as the picture of extreme want and wretchedness, to regard him as reposing in the lap of abundance, and consider, henceforth, the common phrase "bed and board" as compounded of synonymous terms?

SLOW AND RAPID COMPOSITION.

SPEED in composition is a questionable advantage. Poetic history records two names which may represent the rapid and the thoughtful pen—Lopez de Vega and Milton. We see one pouring out verses more rapidly than a secretary could write them; the other building up, in the watches of the dark, a few majestic lines. One leaving his treasures to be easily compressed into a single volume—the other to be spread abundantly over forty-six quartos. One gaining fifteen pounds—the other a hundred thousand ducats. One sitting at the door of his house, when the sun shone, in a coarse coat of gray cloth, and visited only by a few learned men from foreign countries—the other followed by crowds wherever he appeared, while even the children shouted after him with delight. It is only since the earth has fallen on both that the fame and the honour of the Spaniard and the Englishman have been changed. He who nearly finished a comedy before breakfast, now lies motionless in his small niche of monumental biography; and he who, long choosing, began late, is walking up and down, in his singing robes, and with laurel round his head, in the cities of many lands; having his home and his welcome in every devout heart, and upon every learned tongue of the Christian world.

Small Change.

"Have you finished both those bottles of port without assistance, Mr. Gulpitup?" inquired an indignant spouse. "No, my dear, I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira," was the reply.

GARRICK said of Sir John Hill, the physician and author, "The worst I wish the doctor is, that he may be compelled to take his own physic and read his own verses." "You must reverse the punishment," said a wag; "any man who takes the doctor's physic, won't live to read his rhymes."

PAT DOOLAN, at Inkermann, bowed his head to a cannon-ball, which whizzed past, six inches above his bearskin. "Faith," says Pat, "one never loses anything by politeness."

AMONG the pictures by various artists, in London exhibitions, we have "A Country Ball," by Dance; "Poultry Feeding," by Capon; "Moor Game," by Heath; "A Laughing Girl," by Smirke; "Pigs," by Bacon; "Portrait of Myself," by Mee; "View of the Sea-coast," by Sir W. Beechey; and "A Knife-grinder," by Hone.

EIGHT people once dined on the top of the spire of Salisbury Cathedral. "They must have been very sharp set," observed a punster.

A FEW definitions for the next new dictionary. *Age*—The only secret a woman keeps. *Abuse*—Unwelcome truths. *Abridgment*—Compression of anything into a small space, like the abridgment of the statutes into 50 volumes folio. *Absurdity*—Anything advanced by our opponents which we don't understand, or with which we don't agree. *Accommodation*—Obliging a friend to serve yourself; also the "crowding and straw" supplied by the General Omnibus Company.

SUBLINE DESCRIPTION OF AN ESCAPE FROM A MAD BULL.—The bull roared like the rolling thunder, and I ran like the nimble lightning; and springing over the fence with the swiftness of a star falling from the firmament, I tore my trowsers asunder with a crash as loud as if the globe had been shivered by a comet.

WHY is a pretty young lady like a locomotive engine?—Don't give it up—there are lots of reasons. She sends off the sparks, transports the mails (*males*), has a train following her, and passes over the plain.

WHY is an oyster a very strange animal?

Because he's got a beard, without a chin, And is taken out of bed, to be tucked in.

"SAMBO, you blacka tief, Sambo, why you betray dat secret I told you de oder day?" "I betray de secret? I scorn de 'putation. I found I couldn't keep um, so I told um to somebody that could!"

NOTICE!—The man who tried to whistle a bar of soap, has attempted to sing a *stave* of a molasses cask.

"PATRICK, you fool, what makes you steal after that rabbit, when your gun's not loaded?" "Hush, my darlint, the rabbit don't know that."

"PRAY, friend, are you the master of this house?" asked a traveller at an inn. "Yes, sir," answers Boniface; "my wife has been dead these three weeks."

"WILL you have the kindness, sir, to take my great coat to town with you, in your carriage?" "Certainly, my young friend; but how will you get it again?" "Oh, very easily—I shall remain in it."

Do you want to know if a foreigner can pronounce English? Give him the following two lines to read, and see what he makes of them—

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
O'er life's dark lough my way I still pursue.

"How cruel to the little fishes, for people to angle for them!" exclaimed a lady to Charles Lamb, as they looked out of his window, upon the new river. "Not so cruel to the fish as to the worms," answered Elia, "for I have noticed two hundred and fifty worms are used as bait for every fish taken."

THE son of a fond father, when going to war, promised to bring home the head of one of the enemy. His parent replied, "I should be glad to see you come home without a head, provided you come safe."

At a shop-window in Drury-lane there appears the following notice:—"Wanted two apprentices, who will be treated as one of the family." May their appetites be small!

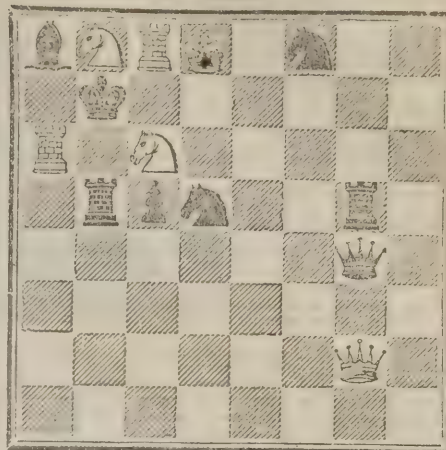
A BRUTE OF A MAN.—"Henry, love, I wish you would throw away that book, and talk with me—I feel so dull." (A long silence and no reply.) "Oh, Henry, my foot is asleep!" "Is it? Well, don't talk, dear, you might wake it."

MOLIERE relied entirely upon the temperance of his diet for the re-establishment of his health. "What use do you make of your physician?" said the king to him one day. "We chat together, sire," said the poet. "He gives me his prescriptions; I never follow them; and so I get well."

Chess.

Problem No. 26. By Nemo.

BLACK.

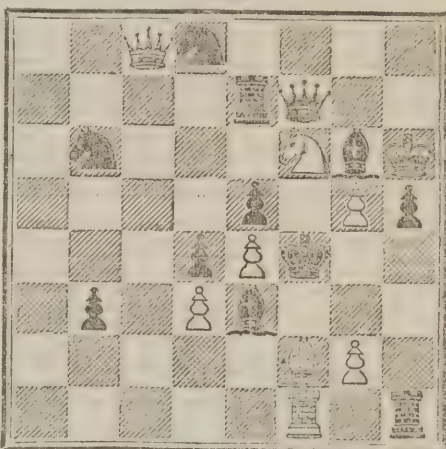


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in five moves.

Problem No. 27. By Mr. WM. GREENWOOD, Sutton Mill.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and draw in four moves.

Game played between Messrs. W. and C.

WHITE. Mr. W.	BLACK. Mr. C.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. B to Q Kt 5	3. B to Q 3
4. P to Q 4	4. Q to K 2
5. Castles	5. P to Q Kt 3
6. P to Q B 3	6. B to Q Kt 2
7. P to Q 5	7. Kt to Q sq
8. B to Q 3	8. P to K B 3
9. P to Q B 4	9. P to K Kt 4
10. Q Kt to B 2	10. P to K R 4
11. B to K 3	11. K Kt to R 3
12. K Kt to K sq	12. Kt to K Kt 5
13. K Kt to Q B 2	13. Q Kt to K B 2
14. B to K 2	14. Castles (Q R)
15. P to Q R 4	15. P to Q R 4
16. Kt to Q Kt 5	16. B to Q B 4
17. B takes B	17. Q takes B
18. Kt to K sq	18. P to Q B 3
19. Kt to Q 3	19. Q to K 2
20. Kt to Q B 3	20. Kt to Q 3
21. Q to Q Kt 3	21. K to Q B 2
22. P to Q B 5	22. P takes P
23. K Kt takes P	23. R to Q Kt sq
24. P takes P	24. P takes P
25. Q R to Q B sq (a)	25. B to Q B sq
26. Kt to Q 6 (ch)	26. P takes Kt
27. Kt to K 6 (dbl ch)	27. K to Q 2
28. R checks and wins	

(a) An insidious move, the object of which Black seems to have overlooked.

FIDDLER DICK, EXON, T. W. S., and T. SIMPSON.—B to K B 8 in Problem No. 13 was, obviously enough, a misprint; B to K 8 was meant.

* Owing to the great increase in the number of our Chess correspondents, it is sometimes difficult to find room for answers to their communications, but they may rest assured that each will receive attention in due course.

Our Editorial Table.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—New Series.—All the back numbers of the new series of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, from the commencement of J. F. Smith's tale, "Smiles and Tears," can still be had at the original price of one penny per number.

T. HASLIP.—The black shining ink you require may be made thus: To one pint of good writing ink, add half an ounce of calcined copperas (copperas burned in a flat shovel until it is white or yellow), and add also gum-arabic in sufficient quantity to make it shine; not too much, or the figures or letters will crack. The specimen you have sent has too much gum in it.

Y. Y. In your choice of nutmegs fix on the largest and heaviest.

DELTA.—The expulsion of air from the lungs, the vibrations made in that air by the glottis, together with the modification of the mouth, tongue, and lips, produce the human voice.

AN ANXIOUS GIRL.—The most unmistakable indication of love is a proposal of marriage, and we advise "An Anxious Girl" to trust to no other indication.

PATTY PACE.—This little poem is lively, and contains some good advice, but we have not at present room for it in our columns.

RUSTINS.—Under the circumstances you mention, you would be justified in offering your arm to the lady.

EDITH SAVILLE.—A good receipt for whitening the hands is the following. Wash them in hot water. Dry them well. Then rub over them a little honey and put on wash-leather gloves. Do all this just before retiring to rest. Wear the gloves all night, unless you find them uncomfortable. "Edith's" brother must adopt the following costume for his wedding day. A blue dress coat with brass buttons, a white satin waistcoat, black trousers, dress boots, white kid gloves, and a white cravat.

AMOR.—"Amor" asks us how he is to gain the affections of a lady, and then wishes to know if there is anything to pay! There is nothing to pay for our advice; but there is love to pay for the love he seeks to gain. We presume "Amor" has some particular lady in view. Let him bear in mind that love excites love. By constant kindness and delicate and respectful attentions let "Amor" make the young lady aware of the state of his heart. Englishmen neglect the ladies too much, and therefore we constantly see the nicest and prettiest girls becoming the brides of foreigners who have taken trouble to please them.

AGAMEMNON is advised to offer his MS. to a London publisher of educational works, who will be able to tell him how to proceed, even if he should not himself become a purchaser. **ACHILLES** is thanked for his sonnets; which are not, however, quite up to our mark.

TWO SISTERS.—To destroy weeds on gravel paths, strew a little salt thinly and evenly over them. If the copper teakettle is kept in thorough repair, and perfectly clean, you need not fear to drink water boiled in it; but be very particular as to the condition in which your kettle is kept. We have never heard of waterproof paper for damp walls.

INVALID.—All flannel is liable to shrink in washing, but the inferior kinds of flannel shrink much more than the more expensive qualities. It is very bad policy, in our opinion, to buy cheap flannel, which may be warranted to wear (out).

OTHELLO.—The skull of any animal, freed from the flesh and hair, may be preserved by being simply washed in brine and water, and then thoroughly dried.

J. E. M.—The manuscript, "The Haunch of Venison," was duly received, and will be forwarded in any way the author points out. If we had been favoured with his address, it would have been acknowledged long ago.

ALBIONIAN.—Ye is a contraction of *the*; *yt.* of *that*. We are obliged by the warm encomiums you pronounce on our new series.

ROXANA.—As we do not keep a register of the criminals executed in England, we cannot undertake to answer "Roxana's" question about the murderers Cooke and Jobling.

ELLA.—"Ella" is seventeen years of age. She is engaged to be married to a gentleman, who is very anxious she should fix the day. On account of her youth, "Ella" fears to take upon herself the duties of married life, but she does not like to vex her lover by asking him to wait. In her perplexity, "Ella" applies to us. This is our answer:—If your suitor is also in his teens, wait a few years by all means; but if he is considerably your senior, and is also a man of sense and discretion, we advise you to consent to an immediate union.

POLLY.—Two reasons are given for the nine of diamonds being called the curse of Scotland: one, that a Scotch member of parliament, part of whose family arms was the nine of diamonds, voted for the introduction of the malt-tax into Scotland; the other, that the Duke of Cumberland wrote on the back of the nine of diamonds the cruel order to give no quarter to the Scots who fought on the side of Charles Edward Stuart at the battle of Culloden.

CLAUDE BLANCHE.—Etiquette in no way sanctions the familiarity of which you speak.

ST. GEORGE.—Under your circumstances, you had better be engaged to the young lady than keep her father and herself in suspense.

A LEARNER.—You will find an excellent series of lessons, both in French and German, in "The Ladies' Treasury," a beautiful Magazine published by Ward and Lock, price 6d.

B. S. M.—Write to the clerk of the Drapers' Company. The other question we cannot answer.

DON'T MOVE.—We advise you to keep to your own motto. From our knowledge of the Continent we think you are less likely to make money there than at home. Photographers are increasing frightfully. Any young man who takes to this business should have some other trade to fall back on when his sitters fail.

IDA MAY.—It is difficult to advise you, because you do not tell us what your actual circumstances are. If you have no income or business, and are partial to the suitor you mention,

marry him by all means. At least you give yourself and your little girl a good chance of a comfortable home. If you are independent as relates to the world, and indifferent as relates to the gentleman, we advise you, both for your own sake and your child's, to leave well alone, and to remain single. We recommend your sister not to think of beaux just yet, but we doubt her following our advice. Your letter and your hand do you credit.

OMEGA.—We know nothing about matrimonial offices. We consider that ladies and gentlemen in search of partners for life, can select them much better for themselves than with the aid of interlopers.

ADA BELL.—There is a time for everything. If you are always reading, it is no wonder you have a headache. Exercise is necessary for health, and by neglecting to take exercise you will ultimately frustrate your laudable wish to improve, for illness inevitably suspends study.

FANNY.—For removing freckles, wash your face every morning with buttermilk.

K. H. G. L. R.—The dress you describe is suitable for a public or private ball. The finger for the engagement ring is the third one of the right hand. Without generally approving of marriages between first cousins, we believe such unions may sometimes turn out very happily.

W. A. J. (who might, by-the-by, have written his letter on a half-sheet of paper, instead of a three-cornered fragment) must write much more neatly and correctly before he can hope for admission into a bank.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—"Wick" is an old Saxon word, signifying "town."

ALICE.—We are not acquainted with any such work.

HUGH LATSON.—The last Chinese war was concluded in 1842. By the treaty of Nanking, five ports were thrown open to the British, and the Chinese paid a large sum for the expenses of the war. We shall, no doubt, soon have the Chinese trade freed from the ridiculous restrictions placed upon it by the celestial citizens.

WILLIAM S.—The art of making glass is very ancient; but the old glass was dark, and hardly semi-transparent. In the reign of the emperor Nero, at Rome, an enormous price was given for two small cups of transparent glass. The art of staining glass for church windows was invented about the tenth century.

F. G. B. wishes to know "who were right, the Cavaliers or the Roundheads, in the time of Oliver Cromwell?" We think both parties were right, at least those among them who chose the side of the king and of the parliament respectively from honest conviction. On the one side we have the great examples of Pym, Hollis, and Hampden; on the other, the noble devotion of the gallant Montrose and the loyal, high-spirited Ormond. It is not likely that such men were entirely wrong, either as Roundheads or Royalists, though they may have had the faults of their time.

ENQUIRER.—The story which tells us how Cleopatra melted a pearl in wine or vinegar, and drank it off to the health of Antony, is not very well authenticated, and was probably only a rumour to which the known extravagance of the Egyptian queen gave rise.

ETHELREDA.—Supposing Noah to be a good, sensible man, we advise you to marry him, and thus get rid of Albert. A receipt for whitening the hands is given in the answer to "Edith Saville."

A CONSTANT READER.—You can easily know if you have an ear for music by discovering whether or not you have the power of recognising airs, and of humming or singing them so that others can recognise them. Some people are quite deficient in ear, and perceive no difference between a polka and a waltz.

TURPIN.—We pity you sincerely. Nine months is a long time to wait after having made a declaration of love. As you have frequently seen the young lady, it cannot be illness that keeps her silent. We suspect she intends accepting you if she can get no one else. Were we in your place, we should prove to her that we cannot be neglected with impunity. We consider that the young lady's conduct sets you at liberty, supposing you wish to pay your addresses in another quarter.

ARTIZAN.—Never allow your tools to lie about, and you will not lose them. It is ungenerous to doubt the honesty of your fellow-workmen, without stronger reasons than those you have adduced in your letter.

KARL.—The *Morgenblatt* is a German paper, published daily. The word translated means morning paper or sheet. It contains articles on general subjects, German chit-chat, and such political matter as the censorship of the press allows to appear. We should scarcely advise you to procure it, if your only object is to improve yourself in German reading. You would find it very expensive.

MATURE.—You are evidently nervous, and thus you become embarrassed and flushed when you appear most at your ease. Speak deliberately and carefully, without hurry or excitement, and you will soon find the symptoms vanish.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Don't know.

ANXIOUS.—Instances of ingratitude should not dismay you. Shakespeare tells us how

"Time hath a wallet at his back,
In which he puts aims for Oblivion,
A huge-fed monster of ingratitude,
Whose scraps are good deeds past."

But, "Anxious," you must not be discouraged. Do good for its own sake. A good deed will not lose its worth because the recipients may be unworthy.

A PERPLEXED ONE.—We cannot avert the danger to which you allude. All you can do is to render the man happy who falls to your lot; for, if you have missed the right gentleman in marrying him, he has very likely missed the right lady in marrying you.

JUVENIA.—The meaning of the word *recalcitrant* is, to kick back, of *recalcitrant*, kicking back. The fire brigade is for the use of the public generally.

DON DIEGO DI CHRISTOVAL.—If you are married by license, it is not necessary for you to state your exact age, but you will have to answer whether you are or are not a minor. In answer to your second question, we have only to say that etiquette makes it necessary to put on mourning for

a grandmother. Your third question can receive a satisfactory reply by addressing a line to Messrs. Petter and Galpin. You can get any or all of the back numbers of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, both old and new series.

H. S.—You state your case remarkably well. It is clear that you wish to do right, but we can assure you there is great danger of your doing wrong. We can readily forgive the irritation felt by Mrs. S. when she saw her husband—a professional man—cleaning the boots of a young lady who was on a visit to her. We dare say you are only conscious of a sincere regard for this young lady, but remember—

"Right and wrong so much resemble,
That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward tremble
Of the soul's balance unto ill."

No casual acquaintance can procure you any advantage that will compensate for the loss of domestic peace. Mrs. S. acknowledges the justice of your statement. This shows she is not blinded by jealousy. Your wife has behaved generously to you. We advise you to be equally magnanimous, and to tell Mrs. S. that you will willingly relinquish the acquaintance of Miss C. if this acquaintance gives her uneasiness.

RACHEL.—We consider seventeen and a half too early an age for an engagement, unless the suitor is independent of the young girl has a fortune of her own.

F. E. B.—The widow of a peer, though only ennobled by her late husband, retains her title on marrying a commoner.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—A receipt for curling hair has been given. Common glue and pitch are the most adhesive substances with which we are acquainted.

LUCY.—We are very sorry for poor "Lucy," but there is nothing in the new marriage law that would make it safe for her to marry again while, in all probability, her first husband is still living.

COAHSLAND.—Thomas Moore was, and Alexandre Dumas is, a member of the Roman Catholic Church. The Irish poet was afflicted with aberration of intellect for a considerable time before his death.

ROSE FANE.—Nearly all the Parisian booksellers publish the Letters of Madame de Sevigné, and of all the French classics. "Rose Fane" could procure them from the publishers, through the medium of any foreign bookseller in London.

HERE I AM.—We presume "Here I am" was seated comfortably at home when he wrote to us. Probably he had just finished the perusal of our paper. Let him continue to cultivate a taste for quiet home pleasures. They will conduce to his health, and consequently to the strength of his voice, about which he seems so anxious.

EFFIE GRAY, ANNIE MARIA.—We thank these ladies for their verses. "Effie Gray's" effusions indicate a pious turn of mind and have some poetical merit. "Annie Maria's" "Broken Vow" is rather pleasing, very sentimental, but the lines are unequal. As yet, the writings of both ladies are too crude for publication.

LILY DALE.—"Lily Dale" may send a valentine to a gentleman if she likes, but as she owns to being young and giddy, we advise her to lose no more time in trifling.

ROSALINA, WILLIAM Y., CAMBRIAN, FREDERICK J. H., MARIA LOUISA.—Cupid is very busy just now. We are inundated with letters from lovers. We shall give them our best attention; for the affairs of the heart are far too important to be neglected. "Rosalina" has two lovers, a soldier and a sailor. She asks us which she should accept. If they have still their fortunes to make, our answer to "Rosalina" is, accept neither. "William Y" is in love with Jessie. He believes his love returned, and yet he lacks courage to speak out. For shame, William; if you don't pluck up a spirit, and make your declaration, some worthier, bolder knight will win your Jessie. "Cambrian" consults us about the best way to make a declaration. As our correspondent writes well, we recommend him to confess his love in a well worded letter. As to a present to the fair lady, a ring is far more significant than a photograph. "Frederick J. H." is desperately in love with a young lady who has a good deal of money; but her parents disapprove of his addresses. "Frederick J. H." has meditated an elopement. Pause, "Frederick." Clandestine marriages almost always turn out ill, and fortune-hunters who contract them are generally disappointed of the money they expected. "Maria Louisa" has just received an excellent offer of marriage, but she will not accept it without our approbation. Her suitor has dark hair. She has some foolish prejudice against dark hair. We advise you, "Maria Louisa," to overcome this prejudice, and to marry expeditiously. Delays are dangerous. As to your husband's dark locks, time will lighten them sooner, perhaps, than you wish.

EMMA JANE.—Avoid scented oils. Let the ends of your hair be occasionally snipped. Brush your hair for several minutes in the morning. Merely comb it in the evening. Wash your head with soft water and honey soap, once every week.

J. PARRY. a constant reader, is answered in the advice given to "Emma Jane."

DIOPHES.—The teacup should always be placed on the right-hand side.

A YOUNG WIFE.—One of the best pieces of advice we can give you, is to keep a strict account of all your expenditure. See that your bills are receipted when paid. File all your receipts and keep them for two or three years. All house-keeping bills should be paid every week, because the correctness of the bills can thus be better ascertained. Have the courage and determination to look over each bill yourself. Thus you will detect, and be enabled to check any inaccuracy or extravagance.

* We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. I.—No. 18.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind.

SHAKESPEARE.

It was a cold night when Andrew Silex and his brother returned from the market at Tiverton to the Home Farm; both felt chilled and hungry, and saw with considerable satisfaction the blazing fire on the hearth, and the table spread with a plentiful supper which the housekeeper had provided.

"Well!" exclaimed Mike, after disembarassing himself of his greatcoat, and the thick worsted scarf twisted in numerous folds around his neck, "this

looks comfortable. Quite as well we did not sup before leaving. I thought you would never have settled about those infernal sheep," he added; "but you sold them at last, and for an excellent price."

"Must attend to Sir Norman's interests," quietly observed his amiable twin; "it's a point of conscience with me: he trusts me with everything connected with the selling and purchasing of stock, and that makes me more particular."

"No doubt," muttered his brother, drily, "he has an excellent steward, and you as excellent a place."

This observation was accompanied by one of the speaker's very knowing winks, and a thrusting of the tongue into the cheek, familiarities which, under present circumstances, the upright, conscientious Mr. Silex did not feel himself called upon to resent.

"They fetched an awful long price," added the convict, alluding to the sheep.

"Pretty well."

"And all paid for on the nail?"

"I rarely give credit."

"I wonder you worn't afraid," continued his brother, musingly, "to return along the dark, lonely cross-roads, with so much money about you. It would have been dangerous in some parts I have been in."

"No doubt," muttered the steward; "but we have no highwaymen in this part of the country: besides, I am known to travel well armed. Then you were with me, and that was a protection. Thieves seldom venture to attack two resolute men like ourselves."

"Of course not," replied Mike. "Two is a protection: still it might a' happened."

"It might," and the steward at the same time mentally asked himself whether the protection alluded to had not, in reality, been a danger; for his brother's distinctions of *meum* and *tuum* were not over nice.

"When you have done settling about robbers and such nonsense," exclaimed Margaret, sharply, "perhaps you will sit down and get your suppers! I have waited long enough for you; more fool for my pains, seeing neither of you appear to have any appetite."



ANDREW SILEX GAINS SOME USEFUL INFORMATION ABOUT MIKE.

Mr. Silex silently drew his chair towards the table. However impatient of observation upon his habits, manners, and actions from others, it was observed that he always received those of the speaker in good part: he did not care to offend her.

"Haven't I an appetite!" said Mike, following his brother's example: "you shall see. Well, I declare! mushrooms! If there is anything I am fond on, it's them."

The woman, without indulging in any observation, proceeded to help them. The steward noticed that, in doing so, she carefully selected the ones she assisted his brother to from the right side of the dish.

It was a great risk they ran, seeing that the poisonous and wholesome esculents were placed together; but Andrew had every confidence in her tact.

"Capital!" exclaimed Mike, eating heartily.

"They are rather nice," said his brother, partaking of them very sparingly.

"You don't appear to enjoy them," observed the former, addressing the housekeeper; "perhaps they ain't a favourite dish of yours?"

"On the contrary," answered the woman, "I am exceedingly fond of them."

"Then allow me to assist you."

Without waiting for a reply the ex-convict seized hold of the spoon, stirred the contents of the dish well together, and, despite the assurances of the housekeeper and his brother, that they had sufficient on their plates, helped them each plentifully to wholesome and poisonous ones alike. It was an embarrassing position for his intended murderers, since not to eat would excite suspicion. Mr. Silex felt horror-struck, and cast an anxious glance towards his confederate, whose features never once changed. She was a person whose presence of mind seldom deserted her.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, in the tone of a person who suddenly recollects something, "how stupid of me. I left the liquor standing on the table in the kitchen, and those lazy, greedy servants—"

The steward gave a dissatisfied umph.

"Never mind," said Mike, whose appetite, ravenous as it had been, was partially appeased; "I'll fetch it for you; don't stir, get your supper."

So saying he disappeared.

The instant they were alone, the woman darted to the sideboard, took from one of the recesses a flask of Florence oil, and emptied the contents into two tumblers, dividing the quantity it contained as nearly as she could guess into equal parts.

"Drink," she said, presenting one of the glasses to Andrew Silex; then without waiting for a reply, she drained the contents of the other.

"I shall be poisoned," whispered the steward.

"No."

"I tell you I shall."

"Drink as I have done, and you may eat with impunity," answered the housekeeper. "My father, who was one of the first herbalists in this part of the country, has told me so a hundred times. I have known him save the lives of a dozen persons, at least, who had been poisoned with mushrooms, with no other remedy. You will be quit for the fright and an hour or two's sickness."

Her confederate made a very wry face; for he felt no inclination for the draught, which he drained, however, to the last drop, then handed back the glass to her.

Just as she had replaced them both upon the sideboard, the ex-convict, returning from the kitchen with the liquor, stared.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed, "how pale you look."

This was addressed to his brother, whose countenance presented a ghastly appearance.

"He is faint," replied the woman: "he fasts too long. I have told him so a hundred times; but it is of no use. He would rather risk his health than spend a shilling."

"I must do my duty to my employer," observed Andrew, meekly.

"Well," said his brother, "you neither on ye look particularly bright. Suppose we try a toothful round. It'll do you good," he added, addressing himself more particularly to his twin.

The offer was accepted. All three partook of a glass of brandy, which had one good effect,—it repressed the nausea which the oil had created, and brought the colour once more to the cheeks of Andrew.

"There, I told yer so!" observed the convict.

"It certainly has done me good!" exclaimed the housekeeper, who acknowledged that she too had felt a little faint from waiting for her supper so long. "I declare my appetite has quite returned. A few more of the mushrooms, if you please?"

Mike helped her plentifully.

"Come, Mr. Silex," added the woman, "I'll assist you."

Without paying the slightest regard to the angry look which the steward gave her, the speaker proceeded to assist him in a similar manner; and then began to eat heartily, in order to encourage him. It was ludicrous to observe the contortions of the old man's features as he followed her example, uncertain whether or not the remedy, on which his confederate so confidently relied, might prove effectual.

"Well," murmured his brother, with a sigh of repletion, "I think I have had enough."

The steward pushed his plate from him; he thought so too; but the housekeeper, with a confidence which nothing could abate, quietly finished the contents of hers.

Although Andrew Silex proposed retiring at once to rest, under pretext that he had to rise early in the morning to attend to certain operations which were being carried on upon the farm, his brother was not to be persuaded. "He could never rest," he declared, "without his nightcap." Not a woollen or cotton one, as our readers in their simplicity might suppose—nothing of the kind; Mike's nightcap consisted neither more nor less than of sundry glasses of gin-and-water.

"Habit is second nature," he philosophically observed, as he mixed the first.

The steward remained upon thorns whilst Mike sat smoking and indulging in his potations. Never had the moments flung so lazily. At last, the usual number of libations having been swallowed, the ex-convict knocked the ashes from his pipe, and admitted that it really was time to go to bed.

Before separating, he shook hands with Andrew and the housekeeper, and, taking his candle from the table, withdrew.

For some minutes the confederates in crime sat regarding each other in silence: the man was the first to speak.

"A pretty scheme!" he observed.

The woman regarded him with an air of pity.

"I was a fool to listen to it," he continued. "It might have been done a dozen other ways, and quite as securely. Who knows but our own lives may pay the penalty of the attempt?"

"From the hands of justice?" demanded Margaret, disdainfully.

"No fear of that," observed her master; "but from having partaken of the accursed dish ourselves."

"You saw me eat of them?"

"I did," answered the steward, who appeared anything but satisfied with the assurance the question was intended to convey.

"And do you think that I am tired of life?"

"I don't exactly know whether you are or not; sometimes I imagine it to be a matter of indifference to you."

"It is not so yet."

There was a marked emphasis on the word "yet."

"What mean you?"

"That the time may come when death will be a welcome release," replied the housekeeper. "It would be so now could I but feel assured the dreams which haunt my pillow would not haunt me also in the grave. Do you never dream?" she added, fixing her dark eyes searchingly upon him.

"Never."

"You are fortunate."

"Or if I do, I forget them," added the old man, with affected indifference.

"It's a lie, Andrew Silex!" exclaimed the woman, sharply. "You do dream; and, what is more, mutter strange words, and groan in your sleep. You forget that your room is next to mine, that a thin partition alone divides them. I often wake up in the dead hours of the night, the cold damp upon my forehead, and trembling in every limb. Then it is I hear you, and know that our punishment, like our crime, is mutual. No, no," she continued, still more wildly, "heaven is too just to permit either of us to escape."

"Nothing of the kind, I tell you," answered her companion, angrily. "If you hear me groan, it is with the pains and cramps of age."

The housekeeper uttered a low, chuckling laugh.

"I feel half inclined," observed the speaker, who began to feel certain premonitory symptoms of an exceedingly unpleasant nature, "to send for Dr. Phrasé."

"It would be useless."

"Why so?"

"Because there is no danger. The remedy we have both taken is an infallible one. Sickness may, nay, will follow it, and pains rack our bodies, but I repeat, our lives are safe."

With this assurance they separated, each retiring to their respective apartments.

Mike had slept rather more than an hour, when a succession of violent spasms, which the great quan-

tity of liquor he had taken for a while suppressed, woke him up. For the first few moments he could not recollect where he was, but imagined himself in his old cottage in the Belvedere-road, and began calling for Jack. The increasing intensity of his agony soon, however, brought him to perfect consciousness.

"Curse those mushrooms!" he muttered; "eat too many of them. I wish I had some brandy in the room. What a fool I was not to bring the bottle up stairs with me!"

He turned first on one side and then on the other, in the vain hope of stilling the pain or falling to sleep again, but sleep and ease both seemed to fly from him. His breath began to grow thick and heavy, and drops of perspiration, wrung from him by the pains he endured, stood thickly on his brow.

Suddenly he started from the bed, and impatiently struck a light.

"I must call them up," he groaned.

Before doing so, the ruffian contemplated his features in the glass. His countenance appeared wan; his eyes bloodshot, with a dark circle beneath them, as if he had received a violent blow; but what alarmed him most was a livid greenish hue upon his lips, and the almost irrepressible inclination he experienced to protrude his tongue from his mouth.

"Pisened!" he groaned, "pisened! and Andrew has done it—the cold-blooded, unnatural villain!—my own twin-brother, too! But I won't die alone."

Terror and anger gave him strength to partially dress himself. Catching up the light, he staggered rather than walked from the room, with the intention of reaching that of his unnatural relative. All his thoughts were of not dying unavenged.

As he approached the chamber-door, he saw a ray of light streaming through the crevices and key-hole.

"Watching, no doubt," he muttered.

A deep groan fell upon his ear.

"What is that?" he asked himself.

It was repeated, accompanied by a low, gurgling noise.

With one kick he burst open the door and entered the chamber. The sight that met his gaze was anything but the one he expected.

Andrew Silex lay extended on his bed, writhing in agonies similar to the ones his brother was enduring, and vomiting violently; his sufferings apparently exceeded those of Mike, whose sense of feeling had been in some measure deadened by the quantities of liquor he had taken, although his state was far more dangerous.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Poisoned," groaned the guilty, terrified wretch; "those cursed mushrooms."

"That's it!" exclaimed the convict, at the same springing towards the bell and ringing it violently. "Your precious housekeeper has done for us both."

The farm servants who slept in the house were speedily alarmed and came running, half-dressed, into the room. Their master could only pronounce the words "Doctor Phrasé."

"Tell him we are pisened," roared Mike.

"The fool," thought the housekeeper, whose chamber was the adjoining one, and who consequently overheard every word that transpired: "both our sufferings will be useless."

Despite the agonies which she too endured, her courage had never deserted her, for she had the most perfect confidence in the antidote she had taken.

One of the men ran to the stable and saddled a horse to ride off for the village Æsculapius; another brought a bottle of brandy from the sideboard below, the ex-convict clutched it eagerly and drank nearly half its contents.

Meantime the steward continued to writhe with pain. "Hadh't 'ee better give measter some?" demanded the man.

"Is there any more in the house?" selfishly inquired the affectionate twin, whom the draught had considerably relieved by stilling for a moment the effects of the poison.

"Plenty below."

"Then bring him some. I shan't part with mine."

The man left the room to do so; and Mike, whose suspicions were now transferred from his brother to the housekeeper, quitted it also. Instead of finding her, as he expected, asleep and well, he discovered her, to his surprise, apparently in a still worse condition than her master—her body twisted with spasms; and yet, strange to say, such was her determination and self-control, that not a single cry had hitherto escaped from her livid lips.

"Accident, I suppose, arter all," thought the convict; and this consideration induced him to call to the servants for more brandy for her. As a matter of course, he never once thought of offering her any from the bottle in his hand: that he considered his own.

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature," had long been one of Mike's mottoes.

Long before the arrival of Doctor Phrase—whom the servant had informed of the cause of illness of the inmates of the Home Farm—the spasms which had awakened the intended victim from his sleep, had returned with redoubled force; and so great was their intensity, that he had fallen upon the floor in Andrew's room, writhing, cursing, groaning, and in this state had been reconveyed to his bed.

Although fond of displaying his learning, even to the most ignorant of his patients, Phrase could act energetically when necessity required it; and he did so in the present instance. Knowing the cause of illness, he had come provided with the proper remedies; and as Mike's case appeared to be the most pressing, he attended to him first, to the great disgust of the steward, who kept impatiently calling for him to come to his assistance.

"Mecaster be a dyin'," exclaimed the man who had ridden over for him. "Doctor, thee ought to look to us first, house-keeper next, and stranger last."

"Nothing of the kind," said the man of science; "they have both vomited and are comparatively safe."

With the assistance of two of the farm-men—for every person in the house was up—the speaker forced open the jaws of Mike, and succeeded in pouring a very powerful emetic down his throat: with the utmost difficulty it was swallowed.

"Now, then, show me to your master's room," said the doctor to one of the domestics; "I have done all in the power of science for his brother."

"Thee hast drenched us rarely," observed one of the countrymen, with a grin.

"Give him warm water every five minutes."

"Ees, I will."

"And call me the instant he vomits."

"The instant he what?" demanded the rustic, not comprehending the word.

"Is sick."

"All right, doctor."

Neither the housekeeper nor the steward required so violent a remedy as their intended victim; but Doctor Phrase was not the man to let escape the slightest opportunity of magnifying his talent and reputation. He pronounced both their cases to be desperate; and although, thanks to the woman's precautions, the process was scarcely necessary, insisted upon their swallowing a potion similar to the one he had administered to Mike.

By the following morning the most dangerous symptoms had disappeared; but all three of his patients continued exceedingly weak.

Never, in the whole course of his existence, had Mr. Sillex felt so deeply mortified; for the first time, his nerve and self-reliance had given way: he had fallen into his own snare. Had he remained firm, the deed might have been accomplished; above all, he dreaded the biting, sarcastic reproaches of the partner of his crime; and then the expense—the cost of burying his brother Mike would have been nothing in comparison to it.

"Narrow escape—very narrow escape," observed the doctor, as he sat by his bedside. "But at last, thanks to my presence of mind, I think I may promise you that you will be quit for the fright."

"You say nothing of the pain," growled the steward.

"Pain, my dear sir, is one of the symptoms we men of science distress ourselves the least about."

"Evidently."

"In the diagnoses of disease—"

"Curse the diagnoses!" muttered Andrew, impatiently. "I have endured a martyrdom, and all through—"

He paused: the word had nearly escaped him.

"The mushrooms, you would say," observed his medical attendant, finishing the sentence for him. "It only shows how exceedingly cautious persons ought to be in eating of them. Nothing more deceptive. Some are edible; others, as you know, are rank poisons."

Andrew Sillex did know it.

"I have serious ideas of publishing a work on fungi."

"On what?"

"By fungi we mean the mushroom tribe," replied the physician, "or, as the ancients designated them, 'the children of the earth,' to indicate the obscurity of their origin; poetical name, very! The moderns have been at a loss in what rank to place them; some referring them to the animal, some to the vegetable, others to the mineral kingdom. Wilcox and Minchhausen have not scrupled to include these bodies among animal productions. The former asserts that fungi consist of innumerable cavities, each inhabited by a polype."

"Pah!" muttered the sick man, impatiently, "nonsense."

"You are right, sir, quite right," continued the man of science; "the opinion is absurd—but not more so than the idea of those who place the fungi in the mineral kingdom because they are sometimes found growing on porous stones, thence called *lapides fungarii*, which must be covered, however, with a little earth, and be watered with tepid water to promote their growth."

"Trajus, king of Bankin, and even Columba attribute them to the superfluous humidity of rotten wood; even the learned Malphizi could not satisfy himself as to the existence of seeds which some botanists pretend to have discovered. As for Micheli—"

"Hang Micheli!" interrupted the steward; "what is the use of your stunning my ears with hard words, which neither of us understand?"

"Pardon my inveterate habit of indulging in the nomenclature of science," replied Dr. Phrase, rather mortified; "it is a weakness; but we are all the slaves of habit. In the work I propose to write, I should give infallible directions by which the edible and poisonous species may be distinguished, and accompany them by remarkable instances of cures; amongst which yours and your worthy brother's would be cited. Perhaps," he added, blandly, "you would like to subscribe to the publication, which will be given to the world by subscription."

Andrew Sillex rather unhandsomely remarked that he did not feel disposed to subscribe to anything. He had no use for books, he never had—not he.

During the several days that Mike kept his bed, he had ample time to turn over in his mind the whole affair. He was naturally of a suspicious nature, and, although he had seen his brother and his housekeeper apparently in a condition equally bad as his own had been, the idea would return to him that it was not altogether the effect of accident, and he determined, if possible, to confirm or dissipate his doubts upon the subject.

For this purpose he proposed to question Dr. Phrase on his next visit.

"Well, doctor," he said, "I wor mortal bad, for certain, but I suppose it be all over now?"

"Quite passed, my dear sir, quite—thanks to my presence of mind and, with all humility, professional skill; a most remarkable case: never saw three persons so near the point of death in all my life."

"Three persons," repeated the ex-convict, deliberately, at the same time fixing his searching gray eyes upon his countenance. "I think you said three?"

"Of course I did: yourself, your brother, and his housekeeper," replied the gentleman, with a bland smile.

"And all equally bad?"

"All."

"Then how is it that Andrew is up afore me?"

"Difference of constitution, my dear sir. Yours, not that I wish to alarm you, is infinitely the more delicate of the two."

"Well, I'm rayther delicate," observed his patient, complacently; "especially of a mornin's. I don't know how it is, but I can't eat of a mornin's. Can you account for it, doctor?"

The medical man hinted to him that his failing appetite might possibly be attributed to his drinking too much over-night. A habit which accounted also for his feeling the effect of the poisonous fungi so much longer and more severely than his brother did, whose valuable life, the speaker complacently added, he had been the happy means of preserving.

"Well, I suppose it is valuable," remarked Mike, whose ideas of value were of the pounds, shillings, and pence character. "How much do you suppose he is worth now? Of course it's between ourselves."

Dr. Phrase was a man far too prudent to hazard an opinion. All he knew was that the steward was reported to be rich, immensely rich; his late master had left him a considerable sum, which every year must have augmented, "for, as you are doubtless aware," he added, "he spends scarcely anything."

His brother was aware of it.

"Unless," added the speaker, "upon his family."

"That ain't much," growled the ex-convict.

"But has he no children?"

"None. I am his only relation; we are brothers—twins, and used to be reckoned uncommon like each other."

The physician mentally acknowledged that the likeness was painfully striking.

"Then, there is no doubt," continued the ruffian, "but the pisening was done by accident?"

"Of course. Who could have an interest in taking your life and that of your estimable relative?" demanded his astonished hearer.

"Them as expected to inherit his fortin," whispered his patient; "his housekeeper, for instance."

"But she suffered as much as either of you," objected the doctor; "believe me, my dear sir, that your suspicions are unfounded."

"Well, I s'pose they are," answered Mike, reluctantly, for he would have liked to have made something out of the affair.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Suspicion is crime's shadow, and
It's fitting punishment.—OLD PLAY.

ALTHOUGH Mike had no good or valid reason to believe that the danger he had run of being poisoned had occurred otherwise than by accident, still he could not rid himself of a vague suspicion that design had something to do with it. He knew that his presence at the farm must be a perpetual annoyance, not only to his brother, but to the housekeeper, and, after due deliberation, he resolved once more to return to London.

"Who knows," he argued, "but another accident may happen, and not end so pleasantly as the first one did?" This was not the only painful impression on his mind. He had not forgotten the parting warning of his nephew Jack, whom he could not think of without certain misgivings. The boy might live to return to England, and, if he did, his uncle knew him quite well enough to feel assured that no consideration would induce the lad to forbear bringing him to justice, and, worse than all, that it was in his power to do so.

"How could I have been such an idiot?" he frequently demanded of himself whenever this unpleasant thought obtruded upon his mind, "as to talk on such matters with Fiddler Dick? I ought to have known that Jack slept like a fox—eyes and ears both open."

Then he would wonder whether his old pal would obtain a ticket of leave or not; and if Bet had succeeded in finding Lillian, whom he felt a desire once more to obtain possession of, especially as he had discovered the meaning of his brother when he declared that the child would one day be worth her weight in gold to him.

He had come to the conclusion that she should prove worth as much to him.

To speak the truth, his position at the farm was a most uncomfortable one. Never had he felt so lonely. The servants were all strictly forbidden to associate with him, and the inhabitants of St. Faith's—angry at the trick he had played in passing himself off as a stranger, and pumping them on the subject of the steward and their landlord—avoided him whenever he made his appearance in the place.

The precaution was a very natural one. They had no inclination to compromise themselves by expressing their opinions any further.

At meals Mike eyed everything most suspiciously; invariably declined being assisted to any but the simplest food; not even to that, till he had first seen his brother and the housekeeper partake of it. Frequently he revenged himself for this privation by throwing out hints of how necessary it was to be cautious, for fear of accidents.

Bitterly did Andrew curse himself for the failure of his scheme. And yet chance had more to do with it than his own weakness. To be sure, he might have contrived some excuse for sending the servants from the farm, but neither he nor his confederate had thought of that.

The ex-convict had packed up his things, and made all necessary inquiries respecting the departure of the coach for Tiverton, before he announced his intention of quitting the place to Andrew, who heard it with surprise not unmingled with satisfaction.

"Yes," said his relative, "I had better go. *Mushroom time will soon be here again*; and there's no knowing what might happen, you and your precious housekeeper bein' so particularly fond on 'em."

"No fear of that," observed the steward, wincing at the allusion. "Not one shall ever appear on my table again."

"And very right too," exclaimed the former; "especially if the same party gathers 'em."

"How could she make such a dreadful mistake!" said Andrew Sillex, wonderingly. "I shall never forget it, were I to live to be a hundred years old."

"Nor I," muttered Mike, emphatically.

"I have never been the same man since," added his brother. "I am sorry you have made up your mind to leave me. The place was dull enough before you came to it, but it will be a thousand times worse when you are gone."

"Can't help it; but somehow I have taken it into my head that I shouldn't have my health here—"

and health is everything. We may still continue friends."

"Certainly," exclaimed the steward. "You will take something before you go?"

"Not a bite or a sup," ejaculated his brother, hastily.

Andrew noticed the tone, and still more the look that accompanied the words; and his conscience whispered him that he had better not press the offer any further.

"Good-by," he said, offering him his hand, "since you will go."

"It will be time enough to say good-by when we have settled," replied the ex-convict, coolly.

"Settled what?"

"You know."

"How should I?—do speak out!"

"You want me to speak out," replied Mike; "well, I will. Look yer, Andrew, although I says nothink about the pisening affair, I has my suspicions; but let them rest: you know that to oblige you I consented to part with my nephew Jack."

"What then?"

"The boy was of great use to me."

"As a thief!" exclaimed Andrew Silex, impatiently.

"That's nothink to do with it—he was of use to me. I've known the boy bring in as much as five counter a week; and who had a better right to it than myself? I brought him up from a pup,—clothed, fed, and educated him."

"Educated!"

"In my way," continued the ruffian, calmly, for he was resolved not to lose his advantage by getting out of temper. "As I said before, I consented to part with him to oblige you, and I naturally looks for compensation."

"Not a penny, not a farthing!" exclaimed the old man, passionately. "I'll not be robbed of my hard-earned savings; not that they are much, for I am poor."

"Very poor," said Mike, with a knowing wink.

"Is this your gratitude for my putting five hundred pounds in your way?"

"How much did it put in yours?"

"Not a penny."

The wink was repeated.

"Not a farthing," continued the speaker; "and I will not submit to your extortion. Fool! idiot that I was! ever to think or care about you."

"You forget that we are twins, Andrew," mildly observed his amiable brother; "and twins should never quarrel. I don't quarrel."

"But you do worse."

"How so?"

"You threaten."

"No—I don't threaten," replied his affectionate relative, mildly; "it's you who threaten me."

"I!" ejaculated Andrew, astonished at the impudence of the assertion.

"You," repeated his brother. "Don't yer threaten to deny me my rights? to force me to go the nearest magistrate—Mr. Thornton, I think, is the gentleman's name, and a very worthy gentleman, by all accounts, I hear he is—and tell him all I know about Lady Boothroyd and Lillian?"

"You dare not do that—you know that you murdered her," retorted his hearer.

"The stificate, Andrew—you forget the stificate," answered Mike, composedly. "I won't such a fool; for once I acted on your plan—prudently. I can defy you there."

"No one will believe you," observed the steward.

"You are a returned convict."

"That won't disgrace me, I reckon," observed the former.

"And have lived on Jack's robberies for years."

"You must find Jack to prove that," said his brother. "But why make all this bother," he added, "when you know as well as I do that you must come to book at last? I'll be reasonable with you."

"Reasonable!"

"I only ask a hundred a year; you can well afford it."

"Can I?" muttered his relative, pale with rage, for the coolness of the speaker annoyed him, if possible, more even than the thought of parting with his money.

"You had better think of it," continued the speaker. "Of course, if things had been agreeable here, and I had found the place likely to agree with my health, I should never have asked it; and good reason for why—I shouldn't have required it. As it is, I can't do with less. You can charge it in your accounts. A hundred a year, more or less, won't signify to her ladyship; but it makes a vast difference to me."

There was an obvious truth in the reflection which struck Mr. Andrew, whose faculties were, generally

speaking, exceedingly obtuse where parting with his own money was in question. Lady Boothroyd, he well knew, avaricious though she might be, would rather sacrifice a much larger sum than the affair should be exposed.

"I'll think of it," said the steward.

"That's right; I'll give you five minutes," said Mike, pulling out his watch, and regarding the time.

"I must have longer."

"How much longer?"

"As many days," replied Andrew Silex.

"And do you think," demanded his brother, "after the particular and affectionate nature of our conversation, that I am such a fool as to wait for your answer here? No, no."

"I'll bring it to you," said Andrew.

"Where?"

"To your house in London," replied the avaricious wretch. "I must see Lady Boothroyd. It was an evil hour in which I trusted you. If I can procure the money for you, I will, but not from my own means. I would rot in a prison, starve, before I consented to be so plundered."

"Starve!" repeated Mike, in an ironical tone.

"Did you ever try it?"

"No."

"I have then, and can tell you it ain't by no means pleasant; but I don't intend to starve again, and it's most unnatural of you to wish me. As to your seeing Lady Boothroyd, there's no objection to that. It's all the same to me," added the speaker, in a philosophical tone, "where the money comes from, provided I gets it."

"You're a great villain."

"We are twins, Andrew," was the reply.

It was finally arranged between the two speakers, who were so well worthy to encounter each other, that the steward should visit Mike in London, at the expiration of a week—matters, he urged, could scarcely be arranged in a shorter time—and give him a definite answer; but not at the cottage in the Belvedere-road. The convict informed him that he had ceased to tenant it, having found it so dull and lonely since the departure of Jack and the death of Lillian. They were to meet at "The Keys," in the Mint.

"Remorse," observed the steward.

"Rubbish," replied his brother: "you don't believe in nothink of the kind."

And with this expression of opinion they separated; the last speaker to return to town at once, for he declined passing another night at the Home Farm.

As the coach—one of the few remaining ones upon the road—conveyed him from St. Faith's to Tiverton, where he was to take the train, Mike mentally congratulated himself upon his success, which, independent of the pecuniary advantages which it promised him, was doubly gratifying to him as a triumph over his brother, whom he had always envied.

"I was right," he thought, as the vehicle drove rapidly through the village; "the girl is likely to prove worth her weight in gold to me as well as to Andrew. I wonder," he added, musingly, "how much he would make of her if he knew all that I could tell him? Tell him!" he repeated: "no, no,—catch me at that—not such a flat as that! He'd promise me halves, and do me, as he did before, out of my share: but I've nicked him this time at any rate!"

Here the amiable speaker, chuckling with delight, threw himself back in the coach, and fell into a profound reverie—from a reverie into sleep, in which he dreamt of his nephew Jack.

Could Mike have seen the fiend-like look, the glance of concentrated hate which Andrew Silex sent after him, he would not have felt quite so assured, perhaps, of his victory over his wealthy brother. The fact was, that the steward was never so really dangerous as when driven into a corner, and to all appearance defeated. On such occasions he gathered all his energies for the task, and rushed to the encounter with a spirit and system of tactics peculiarly his own.

"A hundred a year!" he muttered to himself; "moderate! exceedingly moderate! I wonder he did not ask two. He might have done so just as well when about it. He thinks to terrify me—terrify me," he repeated, with a low chuckle, "who have slept for the last twenty years with the hand of justice suspended over me, and the hangman's rope waiting, as it were, to encircle my neck! Let me see—let me see."

The speaker had two means of proceeding to baffle what he considered the unprincipled attempt of his brother to wrest from him a portion of his dearly earned gold; the first was by discovering what Jack

meant by the threat he held out of hanging him if ever he returned to England. He had not forgot either that or the allusion to Fiddler Dick.

"I must see that man," he said.

The next, to proceed at once to Lady Boothroyd, impart the danger and difficulty of their mutual position to her, and see if through her brother-in-law's influence—the noble earl had long filled the office of Secretary of State for the Home Department—some means might not be contrived of getting Mike out of the way.

Legally of course.

Andrew Silex was for doing everything in a legal, or at any rate in a secure manner. Like his brother, he had an objection to great risks; the affair of the mushrooms being an exception to his system of tactics.

Many persons would have considered a week an inconceivably short space of time to have accomplished all this; but Andrew was a man of genius. Whenever his mind was made up, there were no after considerations or hesitations about him. His decisions might be hastily formed or not, but he adhered to them, and he was consistent—no inconsiderable advantage when a battle is to be lost or won.

He started for London by the next coach; and, on his arrival at the metropolis, directed his way to one of his old haunts. It was years since he had frequented it—a house of call for thieves and pick-pockets, in the neighbourhood of Houndsditch. Here, by indirect inquiries, and the disbursement of a few shillings, judiciously spent in treating the inmates, he succeeded at last in discovering the whereabouts of Fiddler Dick, who, as our readers are aware, had been sentenced to four years' penal servitude, for picking pockets at Southampton.

"In gaol," he mentally repeated: "good; it will answer my purpose better. Your gaol-bird will chatter from mere weariness." Speaking aloud, he asked what had become of Dick's wife.

"Oh, she is with Dexter, his partner," replied his informant.

"No, she ain't," exclaimed a female who was standing near. "Dexter wouldn't have anything to do with her, though they both sold Dick to the police."

"Shocking!" observed the steward; "split on a pal!"

"Well, it was rayther un'ansome," replied the man; "but then, Dick had an awful hasty temper: it was only a word and blow—frequently the blow came fast; and Bet, you know—of course you know Bet?"

"Yes, yes! pray proceed."

"Well, Bet is an uncommon fine 'oman, and wouldn't stand it no longer. The consarn was originally hers."

"What concern?"

"Why the dancing children."

This was fresh information to Mr. Silex. "Fiddler Dick kept dancing children, did he? Umph!" It was remarkable; and he began to entertain a shrewd suspicion that he might eventually obtain some clue to the fate of Lillian,—for he felt anything but convinced of her death.

On his quitting the house, the man whose brains he had been pumping looked after Mr. Andrew Silex for several minutes in silence.

"I don't think he is one of the regulars," he muttered, half aloud.

"Who are you speaking of?" demanded the landlord, a bear-eyed old man, whose white hair ought to have inspired respect, but whose rascally expression of countenance, joined to the evident signs of intemperance traceable in every feature, only excited disgust. "Who isn't one of the regulars?"

"The cove that's just left."

"But he has been."

"Do you know him?"

"I should think I do," replied the landlord.

"Bless you, I know every one in, or who ever has been in the profession. He is getting old, too, but I can name the time when his hair was as black as yours, and his arms as strong. For the matter of that, I wouldn't swear that they are not so now."

"What's his name?"

"You had better let him alone," muttered the landlord.

"Only his name," repeated the man, offering him a glass of liquor.

There was no resisting the attraction. The host of the house tossed it off, and whispered it in the ear of the speaker.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the fellow; "Mike's twin brother. I've heard him speak of him a thousand times."

Catching up his hat, the speaker quitted the house

and walked hastily till he overtook the respectable Mr. Andrew Sillex, whom he touched familiarly upon the shoulder. The steward turned round and regarded him resolutely.

"What would you with me?" he demanded.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the man, "but you have been asking me a great many questions about Fiddler Dick."

"What then? I paid for the information you gave me."

"Answery, sir," replied the former. "I ain't a denying it. But if I knew what you wanted him for—really for—p'raps I could answer your purpose as well."

"I think not."

"Shall I guess it?" demanded the man, with a knowing smile.

"If you please."

"Well, then, you want to learn something about your brother, who was transported at the same 'sized with Dick. I remember the time well, for my misfortune happened to me in the same year."

"Your misfortune!"

"Yes," replied the thief, unblushingly. "I was transported too, but only for fifteen years; Mike got his for life."

This was what had so puzzled his affectionate twin-brother. He had always understood such to be the case, but never ascertained the fact correctly. Mike had invariably denied it to him.

"For life!" he deliberately repeated. "Are you sure of it?"

"Certain."

"How comes it he is back, then?"

"Ticket of leave."

"And not a free pardon?" exclaimed the steward, eagerly.

"Only a ticket of leave," repeated the man.

"Which may be recalled," thought Andrew, with a chuckle, "and which shall be recalled, if Lady Boothroyd has any influence with her noble brother-in-law." So delighted did he feel with the information he had thus unexpectedly acquired, that he thrust a sovereign into the palm of the ex-transport, and renewed his walk.

At the expiration of the week, Mike, punctual as any man would be who expected to get a hundred a year by his punctuality, presented himself at The Keys in the Mint. The house, we are happy to say, no longer exists, for a greater den of crime never polluted the metropolis of any country. It had accommodation for all sorts of characters—men with gold in their pockets and ragged rascals with only a few coppers.

In expectation of his brother's arrival, Mike had asked for a private room; business could not well be talked over in a public one. The ruffian was making himself comfortable over his second glass of gin-and-water when Andrew Sillex made his appearance. There was a quiet, half-satisfied smile upon his countenance, which rather alarmed the susceptible feelings of his twin, who had much rather have seen it dark and gloomy.

"You are come at last," he said. "I have been waiting for you."

"I have been as punctual as possible," replied the steward, blandly. "But business like ours is not arranged in a moment."

"That's true."

"A great deal to think about."

"And have you thought of it?" demanded the ex-convict, emphatically; for there was something in the very placid manner of the speaker that annoyed him. Once or twice he thought of Lillian, but speedily dismissed the idea. There could be no danger, he considered, in that quarter. The certificate made all right.

"Of course I have thought of it, Mike," was the reply.

"And seen her ladyship?"

"And seen her ladyship," repeated his relative, with an ill-concealed chuckle.

"And what does she say? I ain't to be trifled with."

"She has no intention to trifle with you," said his brother, seriously. "And the proof is that she has sent two persons to arrange the annuity with you."

"Lawyers, I suppose?" muttered Mike.

"Not exactly lawyers, but in the law."

Andrew Sillex gave a signal, and two well-dressed men made their appearance. Before the ex-convict could reckon them up, one of them adroitly slipped a pair of handcuffs over his wrists.

"What is this for?" demanded the ruffian.

"Returned convict," replied the officer.

"But I have a ticket of leave."

"It's cancelled."

"Yes, Mike," said the steward; "you made a bad

use of your liberty, and to prevent a repetition of crime, the Secretary of State has given orders that you should serve out the rest of your time."

"The rest of my time!" repeated his brother.

"Why it is for life."

"I know it is," answered the affectionate twin, "and I trust that you may be spared many years to repent the disgrace you have brought upon your name and family."

"For life!" repeated the astonished prisoner; "think of that."

"I have thought of it," said the steward, meekly. "And I bless providence that it has enabled me to provide you with the means of atoning your past crimes."

"Hypocrite!" said Mike, "cold-blooded, rascally hypocrite."

Andrew Sillex raised his eyes, as if mentally wondering at the extent of human depravity.

"He is worse than I am," continued the speaker, addressing himself to the officers. "Why, it is little more than a year since he brought me a child—to murder."

"And did you murder it?" inquired his brother, carelessly.

The persecutor of poor Lillian regarded him with looks of deadly hate and impotent rage, which only provoked a smile from his amiable twin.

"It is your turn now," observed the convict, bitterly; "but the luck may change."

"Scarcely, Mike, scarcely," replied the steward; "the game is now nearly played out."

"Jack may return."

This last suggestion gave his respectable uncle a slight feeling of uneasiness, but he quickly dismissed it, as an improbable contingency.

In less than a week Mike was removed to the hulks at Woolwich. His resolution of not running any great risk had failed to save him: a very small one, to a man of broken character, proved sufficient.

The first person he recognised was his former pal, Fiddler Dick. They shook hands in mournful silence, which the mountebank was the first to break.

"How long?" he inquired.

"Life," groaned the convict. "And you?"

"Four years more."

As the speaker said this his eyes flashed fearfully, accompanied by the drawing down of the corners of his mouth.

Doubtless he thought of Bet.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

The institution of Mutual Improvement Associations affords opportunities for acquiring and imparting knowledge which can scarcely be too highly valued, or too strongly recommended to the young.

A mutual instruction association is a *help one another society*, and the principle on which it is thus founded is sound and good.

Important as it is to help ourselves, to rely on our own exertions, it is equally important that we should avail ourselves of every means conducive to our moral and intellectual progress. Association—the free interchange of thought and feeling—is most likely to aid us in this pursuit. Therefore it should not be neglected. Besides this, it is as incumbent on us to help others as it is to help ourselves. No moral character is complete with the element of beneficence left out of its composition. To get knowledge and to give knowledge have corresponding claims on our ability. On this account, therefore, mutual instruction societies appeal for our help.

There is much more accomplished by such institutions than people are sometimes willing to admit. They are captious, cynical, or censorious about the young men who meet once or twice a week to discuss some topic, or read a valuable work, or deliver an original essay or lecture. But these young men, though their circumstances in life may be humble, their attainments small, their numbers few, are engaged in a right good work. They are improving one another. Diamonds are only to be polished with diamond dust. Intellect is only to be sharpened by intellect. Though these young men attain to no celebrity, their minds are enlarged by their meetings, and society reaps the benefit.

Let us suppose a young man, who cares nothing for reading or any description of intellectual exertion, is induced to attend one of the meetings of a mutual improvement society. He finds a number of men about his own age discussing the merits of some author, or the advantage of some social or political

scheme, or the characteristics of some historical personage. He cannot choose but hear. Novelty has a wonderful attraction. The visitor hears things uttered he never heard of before. He finds his companions freely and intelligently discussing questions of which he knows nothing. A desire to become acquainted with these things is excited within him. He feels his inferiority. That is the sort of thing few people like to feel. Ambition is aroused, and, as long as ambition is honestly directed, it is highly laudable. When he comes away, he thinks over what he has heard. His mental machinery is in motion. The first step towards knowledge is to think. When a man once begins to think, who can predicate the result. Though at first, perhaps, he thinks very erroneously, the habit of thought in time corrects itself. As the desire for knowledge increases, his interest in less noble pursuits decreases proportionately. He loses his sympathy for his old associations. To supply the thirst for knowledge costs some money. The money which found its way to the tavern or the cigar divan is expended in books. And such an instance as we have thus supposed is by no means apocryphal. Many such cases have occurred. We feel sure the experience of many of our readers must tell them so. They who never felt any interest in private study had emulation excited within them at a mutual instruction class; and the result is, that society has another thinking, intelligent, active member,—a man instead of a clod.

One of the peculiar advantages of mutual instruction societies is that we learn the value of union. It is patent to the commonest understanding that much every way is gained by union—that union is strength, and that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. But nowhere is this idea more forcibly impressed on the mind than in the mutual instruction society.

We are told that there are no two blades of grass precisely alike; and it is equally true that there are no two minds precisely similar. And this is a decided advantage. In considering any topic, social, religious, political, historical, we look at it under a somewhat different aspect, and our information about it is in some degree different from that of others. If we are all agreed as to the main principle—all satisfied as to the truth of an assertion—our mode of arriving at this certainty is extremely various, and the thoughts which are thrown out—seed-thoughts broadcast—produce a goodly crop.

In this light a mutual instruction society is a sort of intellectual picnic party, to which everybody brings something, and all are welcome to partake; and where the sweetmeats of pleasantry and the condiments of wit are no less welcome than the substantial viands or the solid bread of plain facts. Argument is wanted, and if it is spiced by humour or made savoury by wit, so much the better; while courtesy in the serving out is indispensable to comfort.

The subjects admissible at a mutual instruction society, as well as the regulations for its management, vary, of course, according to the taste of the members. As to the subjects, in some societies all political topics are shut out, as well as all religious controversies. This may be judicious in some particular cases; but, as religion and politics are in themselves so absorbing in interest, it is to be questioned whether so jealous a guardianship is not too restrictive. But this is a matter for the members of the society themselves to decide. It may be useful, however, to indicate one or two general principles as a guide for the selection of appropriate topics.

REAL IMPORTANCE

is to be borne in mind in deciding on topics for essays or discussions. It is useless to waste ability on a question of no importance,—such as, What song the Syrens sang—How did Shakespeare spell his name?—What was the name of David's mother?—subjects analogous to which we have sometimes seen in the syllabus of young men's societies. It is somewhat absurd to notice the amount of enthusiasm, the frenzied eloquence, occasionally got up on a subject which does not signify two straws to any man, woman, or child on the face of the earth. It is a waste of time and talent, and should never be allowed. Let the subjects be of real importance—either in practical life, or in throwing light on some disputed question.

GENERAL INTEREST

is another thing that has to be considered. There are many questions of real importance, totally destitute of general interest. Such topics should not be chosen. We should rather have those which, even supposing them to be of minor importance, are most calculated to interest the majority. Jeremy Bentham's maxim for good government is applicable to the regulation of

a mutual instruction society, namely, the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

ADMISSIBLE SUBJECTS.

All subjects inoffensive to morality are appropriate. Of course, some are more so than others, but in our mutual instruction societies we should admit all kinds of literature, science, and art that we can get. We are all of us too prone to write up against certain topics "No admission." Let us be free. And this leads me to notice that we are sometimes apt, in our search after knowledge, to fall into the error of supposing that we must concentrate our energies on one object. Such an idea as this is very far from the truth, and ought to be discouraged. We cannot spend our lives over one leaf of the Eden tree. It is only petty minds that do so. Such a man was that pedant who had devoted his whole life to the study of a single mineral, and who owns he had not ascertained a hundredth part of its properties. These men are superficial, these men are truly frivolous. "The statesman who wrote the 'Prince' wrote also comedies and a novel, a treatise on the military art, and poetry without end. Göthe was a botanist as well as a poet and philosopher. Shakespeare seems, by the profuse allusions, 'enamelling with pyed flowers his thoughts of gold,' to have diligently learnt all that his age permitted. And Bacon, the Shakespeare of philosophy, with the same pen with which he destroyed the Aristotelianism of the schoolmen, wrote a treatise on the law, the translation of a Psalm, an essay on plantations, and a cure for the gout!"

MEANS EMPLOYED.

Here I may be allowed to offer a few remarks on the MEANS adopted by mutual instruction societies to attain the object which they have in view.

These means are usually lectures, essays, readings, and discussions.

LECTURING.

Lecturing is an old-fashioned way of getting knowledge. The tongue was as the pen of a ready writer, long before writers, ready or slow, were thought of. The philosophers of old collected their pupils and taught them by lectures—spoken addresses—the philosophy of their systems. Eye to eye, face to face, the master instructed his followers. The old sages had no Hamiltonian method, by which a disciple learned history, ethics, and language, in ten days or a fortnight. And so they lectured, kept on lecturing, and never left off lecturing. Our own Druids never committed any precept to writing, but they lectured, and had an almost inexhaustible theme in their 30,000 verses to lecture about. Lectures went out of fashion at one time, except among the *élite*. They were confined to the aristocracy of letters. But they have been brought into fashion again, and are now a highly popular form of instruction. And there is something in the living voice that stirs the heart like a trumpet. A speaker swaying the passions of a multitude, absorbing the attention of a crowd, is a grand sight; and there can be little doubt that the effect on the majority of hearers of a good lecture, well delivered, is more impressive than the reading of the same lecture in the closet. We are all more or less enthusiastic; enthusiasm excites the latent heat of our hearts: thus heated—like red-hot iron—we are then more easily welded and shaped.

READINGS.

A book is a marvellous production. The making visible the invisible, by certain marks, is so common—common as water and light—that we underrate it sometimes. It is more marvellous than speech. Your voice is feeble—the thoughts you desire to communicate must, in many cases, for ever remain unuttered but for writing. With alphabetic characters, you press your thoughts on paper, and send them sixteen thousand miles away—more—you may speak to sixteen generations of mankind. Ubiquity and immortality are comprised at once.

Bless the man, says Sancho Panza, who invented sleep! Bless the man, say I, who invented books. What delightful companions! Southey has sung:—

"My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold
The lofty men of days gone by,
The mighty minds of old."

We should have all sorts of reading—old books and new books, law, history, divinity, facts, fiction, politics, anything, everything. No matter what the subject is, it is a good thing to read. The man who can read has the key of knowledge in his own hand—the alphabet is the "open sesame" to truth of all sorts.

DISCUSSIONS OR CONVERSATIONS

are highly advantageous. One is very apt to be blind of an eye on moral and intellectual points—that is, we take only one view of a subject or a preacher; read his writings, and listen to his lectures only who agree with us. If the writer, or preacher, or lecturer says "Volo" when we say "Volo," and "Nolo" when we say "Nolo," we wag our heads sagaciously, and remark, "This man has a well-balanced mind." Now, in discussions, we are forced to hear another side of the question. How many people there are in the world who are ignorant of the objections which are to be urged against their favourite theories, and who are therefore surprised that any one should be of a doubtful mind! To talk, as some do, of the age of faith being gone, is utterly a mistake. How many of us go on quoting and repeating fallacies and never doubting them because we have been told they were true! There is so much spurious coinage about—coinage which looks very like lawful money—that it becomes everybody to put it to the test. Now, in discussion you must do it. You must make sure that the piece of intellectual coinage you proffer is really good: for it won't be accepted in faith—it will be tried. If it be spurious it will bend and double up, and you yourself stand in a very invidious position.

WRITING.

Writing original essays, and submitting them to the ordeal of criticism, is another important feature of a mutual instruction society.

One great advantage of writing is certainly this—that, in most cases, our ideas are more clearly developed than when they are unwritten. I think it a wonderful advantage to a man to put his thoughts into shape—to write them down—to look at them in words—written words, and to see whether or not they are as sound and good as when they were but notions unincorporated. I think it excellent to write down one's ideas about a book—to give expression to the feelings and sentiments which the book has aroused; and not to be content with a dreamy notion that the book is a good one or a bad one, as the case may be. I would advise everybody to practise literature; not to become authors in the technical sense of the word, and figure in printers' ink upon rag paper, in prose or poetry, as the case may be—but to study English composition so carefully that they may be capable of expressing their ideas in a correct and intelligible manner; for the fact is that the grossest blunders are committed by the most respectable people, and that those who have received education at academies of unimpeachable reputation, and who move in good society, in too many cases seem fitter to pen sheep than to pen paragraphs.

In forming a mutual instruction society we endeavour to get more and to give more than we could by any other means. First—

TO GET MORE.

The desire to know is strong within us. A certain Greek writer tells us of some man who, in order to save his bees a troublesome journey to Hymettus, cut their wings and placed before them the finest flowers he could select. The poor bees made no honey. Now, in resolving to get more we seek no facile Hamiltonian methods; we resolve to seek our own flowers, to collect their sweetness, and to manufacture honey for ourselves; for, depend upon it, the man who only seeks to gain the easy, ready way of obtaining a smattering will never be worth anything in the end. To be great and to be useful, a man must work—wrestle with hard thoughts and bring into captivity mighty ideas. In resolving to get more we make up our minds to do battle with shallow, headstrong theorists; not, as some one says, to dread the ill-omened flight of philosophy and fancy athwart the good old way, not turning back in dismay at the sight of three magpies. In resolving to get more, we determine to break the chain of credulity, diffidence, cowardice, imitation, systematic education, reverence of literary authorities and established opinions—we resolve to break out of the Castle of Indolence.

TO GIVE MORE.

In resolving to get more we have a purpose in view—to give more. The desire to know and the desire to communicate are the true gemini that bless the world.

"Truth," says Neander, "is designed for all men; and he who serves truth works for all men. What is true and good is no man's own, no man's exclusive gift or privilege; it comes from the Father of Lights, the Giver of every good gift, who lends it to us for the use of all."

"Philosophy, baptised
In the pure waters of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed, and viewing all she sees
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives Him the praise, and forfeits not her own."

We meet to get knowledge, to think, and to feel; we are diversified in the method, but the same in the purpose. From the world of science, with its great and wonderful revelations—from history, with its strange and marvellous details—from poetry, with its floating and delicious music—from philosophy, soothing the reason while it damps the ambition—and from the Book of God, through which, as through a window, we can look up and discern our celestial home.

A noble object is that of the Mutual Instruction Society. A grand theme is that which it suggests; a theme which finds its mottoes in these two moral axioms: KNOWLEDGE IS POWER—UNION IS STRENGTH.

GLENMOIL.

BY GLENTAMMON.

GLENMOIL (pronounced Glenmay) is a beautiful little spot near Peel, in the Isle of Man. There is a legend respecting it, which is something like the following: "When sin first came on earth the fairies were compelled to return to fairy-land, and a curse was pronounced against those who again visited earth. Now it happened one of the fairies had fallen in love with a young woman during his sojourn in Glenmoil, which, by the way, was their favourite haunt; so that he braved the curse and came back. The young lady died; the curse fell upon him, doomed to wander here alone and for ever; he lost his own form, and took up a most hideous one, his only solace being to scatter flowers on his lady-love's grave, and sing songs in the beloved glen of the fairies." The following is supposed to be one of them. Another legend is, that "when the fairies left the glen, they blessed it, and if lovers plight their troth there, the vow can never be broken."

How dearly we love thee, thou lonely Glenmoil!

With thy carpet of verdure and beautiful flowers;
Where at midnight our legions delighted to stray
And weave their bright spells in thy mystical bowers.
By the brook-side we met, when the beams of the sun
From the glad-colour'd west were fast fleeing away,
And the pale stars look'd down as they rose one by one,
Smiling sweetly, but sadly, on lonely Glenmoil.

Then the night pass'd in revel, and on the green sward
In the gay dance we gather'd a beauteous throng;
Or we heard the proud strains of our own fairy bard,
And with golden harps trill'd to the air of his song.
But the time has gone by, and no more shall we tread
In the haunts which are lit by the moon's silver ray;
Yet how fondly we think of the hours that are fled,
And we hallow the memory of lonely Glenmoil.

For the charm we breathed o'er it for ever shall dwell
Like the glory that hangs round the mouldering pile;
And the waterfall murmurs shall constantly tell
Of the wonders we worked in our loved ocean isle.
They are gone like a dream, but remembrance will cling
In pleasure and pain to the things pass'd away,
And Time cannot ravage with ruthless wing
That bright heaven upon earth, our lost, lonely Glenmoil!

A MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

WHILE stopping in Florence, at the "Casa del Bello," my companion and guide was James L. Grover, an American painter of some note, whom I had known well in the land of his nativity. It was Sunday evening, and on the following day I was to start for Bologna. Grover and myself sat upon one of the balconies of our chamber, engaged in conversation over our cigars, and after we had talked awhile of the various things we had seen during the day, he asked me if he had ever told me of his adventure upon the Apennines. I told him I had never heard it.

"Then I must tell it to you," he said, throwing away his cigar, and taking a sip of wine.

I lighted a fresh cigar, and he related to me as follows:—

"Four years ago this summer my brother and two sisters visited me here in Florence. They spent two weeks with me, and then started for Venice, by the way of Bologna, where they had friends whom they were anxious to see. I should have gone with them had I not been engaged upon a work which I had promised to have done within a given time; but, as it was, we made the thing work very well, for my brother expected two thousand dollars by the hands of a friend who was shortly expected from Rome, and it was arranged that I should take the money when it came, and bring it with me to Venice when I got ready to meet them there. My brother left the necessary document for the obtaining of the money, and in due time set out.

"On the very next day I was taken ill, and was confined to my bed a week, but I got out and finished my work just as the friend arrived from Rome with

the money. He delivered it into my hands upon the production of my brother's written instructions, and I set the next Monday as the day on which I would start. I was really not fit to undertake such a journey, but I could not miss seeing my sisters once more before they returned home. I could have sent the money easy enough; but I had promised myself too much pleasure with my dear relatives in Venice to miss it now.

"Monday morning came, and I could not arise from my bed without assistance. A sort of neuralgic affection had seized all my nerves, and I was forced to stay in doors, and resort to hot baths and medicine. But on the following morning I felt able to start, and I did so. Upon reaching Pistoja I learned that there was no diligence to leave before the next day. I could not stand this. I was already behind my time, and, if the thing could be accomplished, I must go on. There was a diligence under the shed, but no one to drive it. 'But can't we hire some one?' I asked. 'If signor will pay,' was the laconic reply. Of course I would pay; and though the sum charged was a pretty round one, yet I did not hesitate. The lumbering vehicle was dragged out; four miserable looking horses were attached, and then a yoke of stout oxen hitched on ahead of them. Two rough-looking fellows were provided, one as a *vetturino* (postillion), and the other to drive the oxen. Thus provided, I took my seat, and the diligence started.

"We were to cross the Apennines by the Pass of *La Collina*, and had just begun to ascend the rugged mountain path when I heard a loud hallooing behind, and in a moment the diligence stopped.

"What's the matter?" I asked poking my head out through the opening by my side.

"Two men want to ride," returned the *vetturino*.

"But I have hired the diligence, and am in a hurry; so drive on. If they wish to ride they must wait until to-morrow."

"But the drivers were not to be governed thus.

"It won't make a bit of difference," they said. "We'll go just as fast; and besides, they'll pay us something."

"By this time the cause of all the trouble made its appearance in the shape of two dark-visaged, black-bearded, powerful men, who looked ugly enough for the incarnation of Murder. I recognised one of them as a fellow whom I had seen hanging about the hotel at Florence, and the other I was confident I had caught a glimpse of just as the diligence left the yard at Pistoja.

"I was upon the point of speaking when the thought occurred to me that I had better keep my knowledge of the Italian language to myself. I might find out the character of the fellows thus. I knew very well that further remonstrance would be useless, for the drivers were stupidly hoggish, and the new applicants were clearly not men to be argued with. The door was opened, and the fellows entered. I occupied the back seat, and they took the seat at the other end, fixing themselves so as to face me. They looked at me out of wicked eyes, and as they threw back their short cloaks I saw that they were well armed.

"Hope we don't trouble you?" said one of them, in coarse Italian, as the diligence started on.

"I gazed inquiringly into his face, but made no reply."

"He repeated the remark.

"No comprehend, signor," I said, shaking my head.

"Ah—English," he suggested, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"No—Irish," I told him.

"Ugh!" he grunted, with another shrug of the broad, massive shoulders, and an awful scowl of the face.

"We had now begun to ascend the mountain in good earnest, and our pace was slow and lumbering. The fellow who drove the oxen made noise enough for an army, while the blows upon both oxen and horses fell hard and thick, but without accomplishing anything. Had I been alone I might have enjoyed the magnificent scenery which unfolded itself below us as we crept up the *Collina*; but as it was I could not think of anything save the two men who had forced themselves upon me. Pretty soon one of them spoke, and though I appeared not to notice them, yet I could see that they were watching me closely.

"Death and destruction!" he uttered, in his own tongue, "we shall be over the precipice if that drunken driver is not careful!"

"I read the fellow's purpose in a moment, and not a movement betrayed my understanding of what he had said. My eyes were half closed, and to all appearance I was unconscious even of their presence.

"He's right. He don't understand us," said one of them.

"All safe," returned the other.

"After this they conversed together quite freely, and I was not long in having my worst fears realised. But not a change could they detect in my countenance. I kept my knowledge as secret as the very grave, and all my feeling was within me. After awhile they became satisfied that I knew nothing of their language, and they became more bold in their speech, and talked their plan all over; and from them I learned the following highly interesting particulars:—

"The one whom I had seen in Florence had by some means learned that I was to carry quite a large sum of money with me across the mountains, and he had come on to Pistoja, where his confederate was, to await my arrival, intending to rob me there, if possible. But when they found that I was to go alone in the diligence, they had a better plan. They would rob me on the mountain. The two drivers were friends of theirs, and were to be paid liberally for allowing themselves to be overcome. The villains talked about cutting my throat, shooting me through the head, or plunging a knife to my heart, and then throwing me over the precipice, as coolly as though they had been planning the death of a fowl for dinner! The place where they were to murder me was about a mile distant, where the road wound round a high crag, with an almost perpendicular wall of rock upon one hand, and a deep chasm on the other.

"This was an interesting position, sure enough. I was weak—weak at best—but doubly weak now with my illness—and the only weapon I had was a single pistol. Either of the brigands could have thrown me over his head with ease, and as for fighting with them, that was out of the question. What could I do? Both the drivers were in league with them. If I leaped from the diligence, I should die on the spot where I landed. If I shot one of the bandits, the other would annihilate me in a moment. I had the gold in a small travelling-bag under my feet, and as the heavy carriage jolted over the stones, the yellow pieces jingled sharply, and I could see the eyes of the villains sparkle like stars.

At length the high, craggy peak was in sight, and I could see where the road wound abruptly around it. Thus far I had been torturing my brains to invent some way of escape, but without effect. I was as thoroughly hedged in as though bound by iron chains. And in a few minutes more all would be over! Still I felt for my pistol, and had it ready.

"Presently the diligence stopped at the foot of an abrupt rise, and the fellow who drove the oxen came and told the bandits they must get out and walk up. They stepped out at once, and in a moment more I heard a slight scuffle. I looked out just in time to see both the drivers lashed together by the arms, back to back. They must have been placed ready for the operation, for the thing had been done with incredible quickness. I drew my pistol and awaited the result. My heart was in my mouth, but the intense excitement rendered me strong for the while.

"In a few seconds one of the villains came and poked the muzzle of a huge pistol into my face.

"Gold! gold!" he said. "Give me gold, or die."

"It was but the work of a second to knock his weapon down with my left hand, while with my right I brought up my own pistol and fired. The ball entered between his eyes, and he reeled back and fell. Then I leaped after him, for I saw his companion coming up upon the other side. I hoped to gain the dead man's pistol, but ere I could do so, the heavy hand of the living bandit was upon my shoulder, and his pistol aimed at my head. With the energy which the presence of death can alone beget, I knocked his weapon down and grappled with him. He hurled me to the ground as though I had been a child; but before he could follow up his advantage, the postillion cried out—

"Hold, Marco! A *vettura* is coming!"

"The robber turned, and in a moment more a heavy *vettura*, with four horses attached, came round the corner, full upon us. I started to my feet, and saw my brother looking from the open window.

"Help! Robbers!" I shouted, with all my might.

"The bandit had taken aim at the *vetturino* of the new team, but he was too late. My brother had comprehended the whole truth in a moment, and with a sure aim, and a quick one, too, he shot the villain through the heart.

"We secured my two drivers, and then matters were quickly explained. I told my brother all that had happened, and he then told me that he had heard of my illness, and was coming back to see me. One of my sisters had been ill at Bologna, so that they had not yet gone to Venice, but were waiting until I should be able to join them. You can imagine how deep our gratitude was, and how fervently we blessed

God for this fortunate interposition. My joy seemed to lift me up from the pain I had suffered, and I felt better than I had before felt for weeks.

And now what should we do next? Should we let the two rascally drivers go, and turn about for Bologna?

"No," said my brother. "Our sisters won't expect us for three days, so we'll carry these villains back and give them up, and to-morrow we'll go over in my *vettura*."

"We tumbled the two dead bodies into the diligence, and then bound the two drivers hand and foot, and tumbled them in after. The oxen were cast adrift, and my brother's *vetturino* mounted and started the heavy team back, while we assumed the control of the *vettura* ourselves.

"The drive down the mountain was quickly performed, and the city of Pistoja was reached without mishap. The two dead men were recognised as old offenders at once, and my testimony very quickly settled the business for the drivers. On the next night we were in Bologna, where my sisters received me with open arms, and two days afterwards we were all in Venice.

"So much for my trip across the Apennines. And let me say to you—if you have ever an occasion to hire a special diligence, with strange drivers, to ride over the mountains of Italy, be sure that you are well armed, and have a trusty friend with you if possible."

A DROP OF WATER.

It is a little thing, 'tis true,
But o'er the aching, burning brow,
It falls with healing power;
One cooling drop may life impart,
And bring pulsation to the heart,
Where all was still before.

One drop may soothe and ease a pain,
And bring back joy and life again,
And tranquillise the mind;
That little drop we deemed so small,
Of little worth, if prized at all,
Will live in memory's shrine.

'Tis thus one kind and soothing word,
Soon as its lute-like sound is heard,
Will soothe the careworn breast;
One well-timed word, when whispered low,
In friendly voice, may banish woe,
And lull each care to rest.

One teardrop shed on sorrow's shrine,
Will dwell within the thinking mind,
For days, for months, for years;
No gem could e'er be shined so dear
As that bright drop, that nearly tear,
That flowed to soften fears.

And oh, if all could know the power
Of little things in sorrow's hour,
There might be less of grief;
One word may wound or break a heart,
Or add a pang to sorrow's smart,
One word may bring relief.

WOMEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE woman who affects learning, and the woman who is learned, are two very different persons. She who by her womanly graces refines society, enlarges the heart, commands admiration, and is more attractive than the dancing saloon or the tavern, is the woman for the times. She who has the mind to grasp any subject, and the common sense to know her true position, is the woman for the times. She who has no foolish *badinage* for addle-pated young men, and will not lend herself to fill up their hours of idleness, or submit herself to their uncultivated tastes, or descend in any way to the level of their degraded minds, but preferring single blessedness and mental liberty to the so-called honour of their miserable alliance—she, old maid though she may be, is one of the women for the times.

The true woman, she who has the advancement of her own sex at heart, will neither taunt man, nor endeavour to imitate him. His sphere is not her sphere, his aspirations not her aspirations. There is room enough in the world for both. Their interests need not clash, their careers need not intersect. Vanity, love of notoriety and display, are not the feelings which should animate the woman for the times. Humble and earnest-hearted are the heroes and heroines of the mightiest achievements. There is a certain order of greatness which, it seems to us, would most beautifully befit a woman. We mean that type which is the highest in the scale of intellectual grandeur, and unites innocence and purity of thought with the highest mental and moral power.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

In the roystering days of the "merry" monarch the first Earl of Shaftesbury was created. Since that period successors to the title have figured more or less favourably before the public; but of all those who have worn the coronet there is not one who has lived and laboured in a sphere at all resembling that which the present Earl has made especially his own.

The name of Lord Shaftesbury is the watchword among as brave an army as ever took the field; and that name will ever be associated with one of the most glorious achievements of the nineteenth century.

With a warm heart and a cool head, a strong will and a willing hand, Lord Shaftesbury has given a wonderful impetus to the Ragged School Movement, which within the last few years has made such rapid progress among us. He has done this, not only by allowing his name to be catalogued with its patrons, and even to appear as its president, but by throwing himself fully into the work, and labouring assiduously and constantly for its success.

The ragged school was the great want of the age. Ignorance and destitution were sowing a plentiful crop, which sooner or later mankind must reap. In our back settlements of London, our brick wildernesses east, north, and south, thousands of untaught children, prematurely old—men of fourteen, women of twelve—were to be found in plenty. Ragged, unwashed, wolfish vagabonds, whose trade was plunder and amusements vice, were growing up by thousands. They were our London Ishmaelites—their hand against every man and every man's hand against them.

Society felt the evil, and felt, also, that it must protect itself. These blighted creatures, these offscourings of the world, must be looked after. The policeman must keep a sharp eye on them; hunt them as wild beasts, from court to alley, from alley to court. They must be shut up in gaols. The lash, the solitary cell, the hulks and penal settlement in prospect, must awe them into virtue. What could people be expected to do with these vagrant children but "put them down," keep them down, trample them down? These children of the dangerous classes were useless; that was the idea: they were the surplus population; and the sooner it was removed the better.

But, happily, there were some clear-sighted men amongst us, who saw the value of these children, and who, as political economists, as well as philanthropists and Christians, dared to assert that it was a duty society owed to itself, to attend to the welfare of these outcast children. They illustrated what should and could be done by opening schools for the ignorant, and, where they had the means, homes for the homeless; and the result has been in thousands of those, on whom society could only be brought to look with horror, becoming honest, virtuous, and useful members of the community.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, and a noble army of right-hearted men and women, have, in the ragged school movement, become the recognised medium of communication between the great mass of society and its hitherto unapproachable classes. The latter felt themselves no longer cut off from intercourse with their fellow-creatures. The schools have had the influence which their promoters anticipated. At home in England we have gained much, our colonies have

also been considerable gainers, and the result for good is seen all over the world.

As foremost man of the ragged school movement, Earl Shaftesbury has become a celebrity. He has laboured in other departments of public usefulness, but the ragged school is that with which his name is most intimately associated.

Earl Shaftesbury was born in 1801, and matriculated at Oxford. In 1826 he was elected member for Woodstock, and, as Lord Ashley, took his seat in the House of Commons. During the administration of the Duke of Wellington, he became a commissioner of the Board of Control. In 1830 he was returned to parliament for the borough of Dorchester, and in the following year for the county of Dorset. In 1834-5 he accepted office under Sir Robert Peel, and was invited to take office again when that distinguished statesman became premier in 1841. On this occasion, however, he declined, on finding that the views of the premier would not permit him to support the Ten Hours Bill. In 1846 he resigned his seat, his constituents expressing dissatisfaction at his support of the repeal of the corn laws; but in a few months he was returned to parliament for Bath, after a severe election contest with Roebuck. In 1851 he succeeded to the peerage.

The philanthropic exertions and evangelical principles of the noble lord have rendered him exceedingly influential in all the religious and social questions of the day. His liberality of sentiment enables him to work agreeably with dissenters as well as churchmen; his sympathies being fully enlisted in the grand effort of doing good, irrespective of religious creed or party politics, to the bodies and souls of the poor and perishing.



THE VOLCANO OF ANTUCO, CHILI

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILI

THE VOLCANO OF ANTUCO.

CHILI, in South America, consists of a narrow strip of country between the Andes and the ocean. Its total area is estimated at 129,700 square miles; but the amount of population is extremely uncertain.

Previous to the invasion of the Spaniards, Chili belonged to the Incas of Peru. But the hope of realising the splendid dream which had allured so many from the coasts of Spain very soon induced a descent on Chili. It was seized by that redoubtable captain, Almagro, under commission from the great Pizarro; and in 1540, with the exception of Valdivia, was annexed to Spain.

After its conquest by the Spaniards, Chili was divided into 360 portions, which were bestowed on the hungry invaders. The Chilean revolution separated Chili from Spain in 1810, and permanently secured its independence, from which date it has rapidly risen in importance and prosperity.

There is much to interest the traveller, both in the physical geography of the country as well as in the manners and customs of the people.

The country gradually increases in elevation from the coast to the great Cordillera of the Andes. This gradual rise is not formed by a series of table lands, but is a broad expansion of the Andes, which stretches forth from the central ridge to the sea, continuously but irregularly diminishing as it approaches the sea. These mountain branches are of considerable height,—being seldom less than a thousand feet above the valleys which intersect them. There is consequently but very little level country; some of these valleys, however, present broad expansions of surface: such, for instance, as the valley of Aconcagua.

The average elevation of the Andes is 13,000 feet above the sea level. Many of the Cordillera peaks rise considerably higher. Most of these loftier peaks are volcanic. The principal one is that of Aconcagua, which is above 23,000 feet in height.

No other portion of the globe is so subject to volcanic action as the countries embosomed by the Andes.

Earthquakes are frequent, and volcanoes numerous, there being no less than nineteen known to be in a state of activity within the Chilean range.

The volcano of Antuco, or Antujo, is situated in the province of the Concepcion, and is washed on one side by the picturesque lake of Luja. This volcano is in a constant state of activity; every few minutes it emits clouds of smoke, more or less dense, accompanied by explosions, the sound of which may be heard at the distance of twelve leagues. About the year 1812 it threw up several streams of lava, a careful examination of which fully bore out the statements of its formidable character at an earlier period. A portion of the mountain, covered with ashes, and almost entirely destitute of vegetation, serves as a refuge for the tribes of wild Indians; the western side, on the contrary, bathed by the waters of the lake, is magnificently clothed with vegetation. The scene presented is one of the most picturesque that can well be imagined. The splendid verdure, in all its variety of tints, contrasting with the craggy heights and basaltic pinnacles of the mountain, conveys an idea of natural grandeur which is in beautiful harmony with the whole of the surrounding prospect.

The conical form of the volcano, and the steepness of its ascent, have rendered it for a long time inaccessible. Every effort to gain its summit was attended by complete failure, until the learned naturalist Pœppig, in 1829, accomplished the ascent. Some years later Claude Gay climbed its craggy heights, accompanied by three servants, one of whom was a Frenchman, and the other two native Chileans. The crater into which the adventurous travellers descended presented the appearance of a gigantic saucer; but it was impossible to form any estimate as to its depth. Huge mountains of snow stretched around them on every side, and perfect stillness prevailed. The explorers drew nearer and nearer to those parts which bore indications of recent eruptions, when suddenly the whole mass trembled, and, with a report resembling that of a park of artillery, a thick black cloud rose into the air, and the man of science, as well as his attendants, precipitately fled. They

had remained long enough, however, to ascertain more about the actual state of Antuco than had hitherto been known; and were in all probability the only human beings who had ever been within close neighbourhood during an eruption.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER IX.

Pause, reader, pause, and deign to look
On one without a name;
Ne'er entered in the ample book
Of Fortune and of Fame
Wedded to peace, he hated strife,
Meek virtues filled his breast;
His coat of arms an honest life,
A spotless heart his crest!

Quartered with this was Innocence,
And thus his motto ran.
A conscience void of all offence,
Before both God and man.
At the great day of wrath, though Pride
Now scorn his pedigree,
Millions shall wish they'd been allied
To that great family.

"JEM GOODMAN, miss," said Mr. St. Stephen. "Goodman by name, and Goodman by nature," he added, smiling kindly, as he laid a hand on "Jem's" broad, "working man's" back. "The poet says, miss, that

'Honest men are the gentlemen of nature.'

If so, Jem's a gentleman indeed. At any rate, I'm proud to call him friend. I think it an honour to press his hand."

Ada rose from her seat—it was a compliment she seldom paid to any man; but she was beginning to feel a reverence for virtue which rank and wealth had never awakened in her.

"Pray be seated, miss," said Jem, blushing, positively blushing, to see so grand a lady bowing before him. "Jem Goodman the sweep;" "and do not take me at Mr. St. Stephen's valuation. He thinks too much of me by half, miss. He doesn't know my shortcomings as I know them. It is not long we have to live in this world, and I want to do what little I can—and all is but little—for that Master who did so much for me."

"You take a great interest in these schools, of course?" said Ada.

"Yes, miss, I do," said Jem Goodman, his eyes sparkling, and his whole face kindling with enthusiasm; "I do, and I have done so from the first. It is my belief that the opening of ragged schools is the first step towards that righteousness which is one day to 'cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.'"

"In 1844 the London Ragged School Union was formed, miss. It was as great a discovery for the souls of the poor, aye, greater, than vaccination for their bodies, and it was as much maligned and opposed; but the Lord was with us, and who could prevail against us? Look at the ragged schools now. The children that used to be perishing in their rags, hunger, filth, and blasphemy, and every vile variety of vice, in the streets, are now gathered into the fold of the true Shepherd, as Micajah Hill says, miss, in his noble essay. William Allen, years ago, and Robert Bell and Joseph Lancaster did much; but the campaign against vice in rags, the crusade against monster evils in little hearts and diminutive bodies, commenced, in the year 1844, with the London Ragged School Union."

"Oh, tell me more about these schools," said Ada.

"Those so coldly named by political economists 'the perishing classes,' owing to these blessed schools, miss," said Jem, "shall not perish; they shall, by and through them, be saved in this world, and better, far better still, in the next. Look around you, miss. But for this ragged school and others like it, all those children—who, by the grace of God on the efforts of man, shall henceforth know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified—would be lurking in thievish corners, grovelling in styres of filth and sensuality, caring, not for honest callings on earth, nor mansions not made with hands, hereafter, but for crime, vice, sin, folly, the basest and most perilous occupations, leading to the prison, the penitentiary, the hulks, Norfolk Island, and the gallows! These little earnest students searching the Scriptures here, are, or rather were, of those whom you have doubtless read of as 'vermin, City Arabs, English Kaffirs, the dangerous, the perishing classes.' They are only dangerous when no man cares for their souls. Now they are no longer perishing; the ragged schools have saved them, and it is well for the nation they have done so. 'Woe unto you, if one of these little ones perish!'"

"I can well understand," said Ada, "how much good it must do to these children, and to society, to have them not merely kept out of the streets, and out of mischief, but taught the precepts of religion, and trained to practise them."

"Oh, miss! you do not see, nor can any one else, half the good that springs from these schools. The children learn to read their bibles here, they go to their poor wretched homes, and they read their bibles there. The little Christian child is often the means appointed to save the soul of its father or mother. A text lisped by an infant, a verse of a hymn warbled by a child, has let in the first ray of gospel truth into the benighted soul, and the flood of glory has followed it! I am a poor man, miss—a working man. It is only natural that I should feel for the poor, the labouring classes. But not I alone. Who are my co-workers? The great and good of all ages. There is a nobleman whose name rises at once from the heart to the trembling lip of all who love the Lord and His lambs. And I may say that no working man has more sympathy with the working classes than that Peer of the realm. Nay, he is himself a working man, a hard-working man. Close by this very spot he himself, in the dead of the night, armed with a dark lantern, and aided by city missionaries, penetrated the foul, damp recesses of some ruined arches, and dragged thence a knot of wretched half-naked boys, huddled together for warmth—human vermin indeed then; but soon after he had placed them here they became Christian lads, and have all done well."

"I know to whom you allude," said Ada; "and even the vain and the worldly venerate that name."

"Its weight has helped to make ragged schools what they are," said Jem. "Here we are able to raise the fallen, the crushed, the benighted, and restore them to the privileges and dignity of their nature. More than one prodigal son has, through this very school, been restored to his father. Many a trembling, doubting wanderer has been led back to

the path of duty; and is it not a blessed privilege to be able, in any way, to promote the moral welfare of our fellow-men? Oh, miss, you, and others like you, should cast in of your abundance: I, like the widow of old, can only contribute my mite."

"When you know me better, Mr. Goodman," said Ada, "I hope you will advise me how to contribute towards this great work. If you will, though we have only met for the first time to-night, I shall feel you are my friend, and shall be very proud of having been introduced to you."

"Fellow labourers in the Lord's vineyard," replied Jem, "do not require to be formally introduced, like fine folks at a ball, young lady. I see you are a recruit."

"A very raw one," said Ada, bowing and blushing, no trace left of the *hauteur* with which, a few hours back, she would have taught a working man to respect in her Sir Augustus Pemberton's daughter.

"And is it not from raw recruits we make our heroes," asked the stranger, with a strong provincial accent, "manfully to fight under Christ's banner? Miss, you only want faith, hope, and charity, and the greatest of these is charity. However, we all need drilling. I'm an old soldier of the Cross, miss, and my experience is at your service. I'm a sweep, miss—a master sweep; but, like St. Paul, I work at my trade. Some ladies would be ashamed to find themselves sitting and conversing with a sweep; and when I'm working for myself, I know my place, miss; but, when I'm working for the Lord, the lords and ladies of this world are only my fellow-servants. Indeed, it is well for them if we work side by side in the same vineyard. As Jem Goodman, the sweep, miss, I bow before you; as fellow Christian and co-worker, a lord has shaken me by the hand, aye, and a lady too. Yes, miss, I was born and bred a sweep: 'twas my trade from the first, and 'twill be to the last; and, though I've made a little money, I want it all, miss—all I've got and all I can earn—to help to feed these sheep—these lambs. The great apostle of the Gentiles, miss, worked with his hands at his own trade (he was a tentmaker), to be a burthen to none; and I cannot consent to be a camberer of the ground. I have two great objects in life, miss—the ragged schools and the temperance movement, with my little 'Working man's reading-room' for these Jem Goodman will live and die a sweep. I'm cleaned up a bit now, miss, but you might chance to see me some morning going my rounds, and then you'd see me black enough."

"As black without, as you are white within, great and good man," said Ada. "You have indeed kept the whiteness of your soul. I know you have visited the widow and orphan in their affliction, and kept yourself unspotted from the world."

"Ah! miss," said Jem, "I feel that at best I'm an unprofitable servant. I never do half the good I plan, and I'm too fond, perhaps, of hearing of my good deeds; but my shortcomings and backslidings make a long, black list, I fear; and I'm too prone to keep, that out of sight and out of mind."

Ada looked up, and tears were in her eyes. Measuring herself and Jem Goodman, in one rapid moment, by the only true standard—the Christian standard—how superior was this sweep to herself!

She thought of the wealth she had so idly squandered; the hours, days, weeks, months, years she had wasted in the vain pursuit of pleasures that did not please, and vanities that had left her heart so desolate! She thought of her aimless existence, her satiety, her disgust, the morbid dejection, the dreary *ennui*, the growing disease of her mind, which, confided in a moment of reckless despair to her early friend, Ellen St. Ange, had induced that wise and loving one to lead her to this spot; and then she contrasted with her own idleness, and selfishness, and vanity, this man—this Christian—this Jem Goodman. An angel of light he seemed to her, although a sweep, working at his trade. She remembered that though he had achieved independence, he still worked on, toiled on, in order to give all he could spare from his simple wants to the great Christian works on which his heart was set.

Jem Goodman was perfectly at his ease in the company of one hitherto so fine a lady as Miss Pemberton. He was a man of great insight into character and of singularly just and upright mind: but common sense was the substratum of his character. Therefore his love for his Saviour did not lead him to fanaticism, nor did his sympathy with the Poor turn him into a socialist or a leveller.

He did not blame Ada as severely as she feared he would for her rich and elegant attire.

He always rendered unto "Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's."

He saw at a glance what she was, and whence she came, and he made many allowances for surrounding influences, and the snares that Vanity spreads for Beauty.

He knew, too, that there must be grades in society, and that if the rich did not spend, the poor could not earn.

Jem knew something of political economy. He was aware that the value of those costly articles of dress was not derived so much from the raw material of which they were composed, as from the labour bestowed upon their fabrication.

What Jem did object to was the absorbing of the labour of the poor, and giving them in return—not food, not fuel, not clothing, but a poisonous and destructive compound, bright to the eye, seductive to the palate, paralysing to the heart, maddening to the brain, destroying the soul.

And this is the case with all intoxicating liquors.

Jem never saw beauty and fashion arrayed in silks, velvets, and satins, without remembering that those costly fabrics came from the weaver's loom; and in a rich array of gorgeous dresses he beheld comfort for the poor man's home. The bright hearth, the pot boiling, the children clothed, fed, taught. Even the jewels which vanity so pompously displayed, conveyed to his mind the one great fact—work, remunerative labour!

Those gems, before they can be dug for, or dived for, polished, set, sold, and sent home, how many must be employed and paid!

Jem Goodman knew—for he read human nature at a glance—that henceforth the beautiful wearer of those rich trappings, would be more intent on clothing the naked than on adorning herself. But he did not condemn her for the Past, as she feared he would; he saw there was good in her nature, and he resolved to help her to bring it into action.

"Now, tell me, Mr. Goodman," said Ada, more respectfully than she was in the habit of addressing men of rank and title, "tell me, who are those very pretty little girls, so closely united and so strongly contrasted? and who is that bright, bold, intellectual looking, handsome boy, so full of fun and mischief, and who seems to care more for the raised forefinger of that little fairy (the golden-haired tiny monstress) than for the teacher's threats or the master's reprimands? Those little girls cannot be sisters."

"No, miss," said Jem Goodman, "you are right there. The little fair girl, with golden hair and blue eyes, is only foster-sister to that wild, black-browed, nut-brown little wench, and to the boy you have so well described."

"And who is the little fairy?—begin with her, please, Mr. Goodman," said Ada.

Jem Goodman paused for a moment. He seemed as if, for some reason or other, the question embarrassed him. He was called away at this moment, but promised to return and comply with Ada's request.

CHAPTER X.

It is drunkenness that mainly fills our gaols; it is drunkenness which sends vagrants into our streets, and calls for the establishment of our ragged schools; it is drunkenness that produces the sluttish mother and brutal father, and drives forth so many sons and daughters to eat the bread of sin and sorrow.—F. BISHOP.

"THAT little girl's name is Hope Evermore," said Jem Goodman, on his return. "She was born in Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, where her mother died."

"And her father?" said Ada; "has she no father? I feel a singular interest in Hope Evermore, Mr. Goodman."

"She excites universal interest," replied Jem Goodman. "I do not know whether her father lives or not, but he forsook her mother. He must have been a bad man to do that. Now, a bad man is almost sure to be a bad father; and a bad father is much worse than none, as many of these little ones here to-night could show you, written in stripes upon their half-starved bodies, or in bruises upon their wasted limbs, by brutes who, both in the case of their wives and their children, mark their own property in black and blue."

Ada shuddered. "Oh, Mr. Goodman!" she said, "are there many such husbands, such fathers?"

"Too many, miss," replied Jem Goodman. "But I scarcely ever knew a sober man, a temperance man, who was a wife or child beater. It's drink that does it. They do it first only when they're in liquor; but drink so brutalises a man, and makes him so quarrelsome and mad-like the next day, that they are ready to kill their wives and children. And some there are, more hardened still, who, in order to get drink, send their little ones out to beg or steal, that they may spend what they bring in at the public-house. And if the poor little victims return empty-handed at night, the disappointed ruffian beats them cruelly."

Ada grew pale, as she listened to facts so terrible

and so new to her. After a pause she said, "Who takes care of this sweet orphan child, Hope Evermore?"

Jem Goodman replied, "A poor young woman was confined, miss, at the same time and in the same ward with Hope's mother. Her name is Betty Blossom; she keeps an apple-stall at the corner of Frankfort-street. She is a fine, fresh, fair, rosy young creature, with a smile like sunshine, a carol like a bird, and a heart all love and pity. A Lancashire girl she was, miss. Lancashire, you know, is famous for its lace." "

"I know," said Ada, "that for their charms they are called 'Lancashire witches.'"

"Just so, miss. And there wasn't a comelier, rosier, or better grown girl than Betty, when she bewitched Bob Blossom. They were both country-bred, and came to London, thinking, as such people think, that the streets of London are paved with gold."

"And how did they get on?"

"As might have been expected, miss. They soon spent what little they had. Betty set up an apple-stall, and Bob goes on errands, beats carpets, mends chair bottoms, and takes his turn at the stall, when Betty wants to see to the children or the meals, and tidy the place up a bit, or stand at the wash-tub."

"What a good hard-working creature," said Ada.

"She's a treasure, miss! That's what she is!" replied Jem Goodman. "The model of a poor man's wife! so good, so patient, so cheerful, so industrious and cleanly, it does one good to see her. She's never tired, never cross—up early and late—Bob always finds a cheerful hearth, nicely swept, with a bright fire, and something hot for his dinner that she knows he likes. She is a most attentive wife to him. Well, miss, as I told you, she keeps an apple-stall—and partly out of compliment to her beauty and her surname, and partly in regard to her calling, the boys have nicknamed her Apple Blossom—and she is known by no other name."

"And what a pretty name, too," said Ada. "How much poetry there often is where one would least expect it."

"Yes, miss," said Jem Goodman, "and noble thought and fine sentiment, of which poetry is only the translation."

"I hope Apple Blossom has a good husband," said Ada, warmly.

"She would have, miss," replied Jem, "but for what changes man into a beast—what causes almost all the misery, beggary, wife-beating, and wife-murder."

"Drink?" faltered Ada.

"Yes, drink," earnestly whispered Jem Goodman.

"Bob Blossom isn't a confirmed drunkard either, miss; he's not a sot exactly; but a very little gets into his head, and soon has the mastery of him; and when he has got that little, he has got drunken companions enough to entice him on to more; and, though he is a quiet, tender-hearted, hardworking man, when he's sober, and doats on his 'pretty Apple Blossom,' as he calls her—proud he is of her too, yes, as proud as proud can be—yet 'when the evil spirit gets possession of a man,' the other 'seven' soon follow; and then there isn't a more contrary, obstinate, quarrelsome fellow far or near. Often and often—though Apple Blossom scorns a lie, and the telling of one almost chokes her—she has put upon a chance blow, or a fall, or some other accident (her wife-heart makes her hide his faults) a black eye, or a bruise, or a hurt, which I know has been given by him who swore at God's altar to love and to cherish her."

"Poor Apple Blossom!" said Ada: "can nothing be done for her? You, Mr. Goodman, who devote yourself and all you have to the great cause of temperance, can you devise nothing?"

"I do not despair, miss," said Jem Goodman; "but there is but one safeguard for such men as Bob Blossom, and that is entire abstinence. I do not say this because I abstain myself. I took the temperance pledge to induce others to do so—for drink never had any temptation for me;—but the experience of a life mainly devoted to the subject convinces me that the pledge is the only safeguard for men who, like Bob Blossom, cannot resist a little, though that little with them always leads to more."

"And can you not get him to join your society?" asked Ada, eagerly.

"I have not yet succeeded, miss. But I never despair. I have hopes yet. I have been for years at it. I hope to prevail yet. I'll do it yet, I hope."

"Amen!" said Ada. "And now tell me a little more about those sweet children—that is, if there is time?"

"Oh, there is plenty of time, miss; the classes go on till nine, then they sing a hymn, and are dismissed with a blessing."

"Whither?" asked Ada.

"Those who have homes, go to them, miss," said Jem Goodman; "those who have none, stay here."

"Here!"

"Yes, miss. There is a refuge attached to the school, a blessed refuge for the houseless—but you shall see that by-and-by."

"Tell me, then, now," said Ada, "how Apple Blossom came to have the charge of that sweet child?"

"I said Hope's mother died in childbirth, miss—but not till she had got Apple Blossom, who was, as I told you, confined in the same ward, and to whom she had taken a great fancy, to promise that if she (poor lady) died, her humble friend Apple Blossom would take charge of her baby, should it survive. Now Apple Blossom, like so many poor, hardworking, devoted women of her class, had not taken proper care of herself, considering her situation (which is a delicate one for all women, high and low). She had been up early and late, out in all weathers, slaving, scrubbing, planning, scheming, forecasting, washing, ironing, and mending, that Bob Blossom and the children, Merry and Larky Grigg there, shouldn't miss her when she was taken ill and obliged to go off to the hospital. 'Twas all to save Bob expense, and to give no trouble at home and to no one, she went in there. I got her the admission, and a noble charity it is. Well, poor soul, she was at the wash-tub, late at night, when her time came, and she got a hurt wringing out Bob's trowsers, the result of which was, her babe was born dead."

"And she took little Hope?" said Ada, eagerly.

"It seemed like a Providence, miss," said Jem Goodman.

"There in one bed was the poor dead lady—she was called 'the lady,' she looked so ladylike, and had seen better days, miss. Well, there she was, with the living child; and in the other the dead babe and the living mother. It was so natural to put the hungering babe to the overflowing fountain, that the good matron granted Apple Blossom's request; and thus the poor lady's dying prayer was granted too. Sweet babe! and sweet Apple Blossom! the wants of both were supplied, miss, when the little velvet lips of baby Hope fastened on the full, warm, kind bosom of Apple Blossom—begging pardon, miss, for making so free."

CHAPTER XI.

Sweet bud of beauty! how wilt thou
Endure the bitter tempest's strife?
Shall thy blue eyes be dimmed?—thy brow
Indented with the cares of life?—DELTA.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

PROVERBS xxxi. 27, 28.

"AND when she left the hospital, did she take the child—little Hope—home with her?" asked Ada of Jem Goodman.

"Yes, miss; she had to get leave, and she got it."

"And did not Bob Blossom object to the expense?"

"Not he, miss. The poor are so kind to each other!—it is a beautiful trait in their nature. I could make you cry, miss, with the proofs I could give you of their generosity and unselfish devotion to each other. Bob (luckily he was out of work, and therefore sober) took to little Hope as if she had been his own. He had looked for a babe, and was as proud and fond of Hope as if she'd been the very one he had looked for."

"How kind and generous of him," said Ada. "In a higher class I doubt whether a father would have welcomed or even tolerated the little substituted baby."

"I dare say not, miss. And Bob had to turn nurse; and Hope was very ailing for a long time, and cost a deal in doctors and doctors' stuff, besides keeping Bob awake, and often up at night, after a hard day's work. That is very trying to a man; but nothing makes Bob unkind but drink. Sober, he has got a woman's heart; but drunk, he is the worst brute going. As I said, being sober, he behaved kindly to his wife and little Hope. Poor Apple Blossom couldn't do much for it but suckle it. She wanted waiting on herself, miss. She said—as those poor, dear creatures always do sooner or later—for making too free before her time. But at last she got about again. Often and often I saw her, and always little Hope with her; and that child has been an angel of comfort to that good foster-mother. But here comes Apple Blossom. She attends the mothers' class. There's the mother's class in the gallery, miss. Poor Apple Blossom! she buried her last baby yesterday; but I see she has got a neighbour's nursing already."

Ada looked in the direction Jem Goodman indicated, and there she saw that same kind applewoman

who had taken charge of the baby and the little girl, and whom Ellen had told her she would see again that night.

But Apple Blossom looked pale and agitated. She trembled violently, and her eyes were red and swollen with weeping.

A poor attempt at mourning for her own buried infant appeared in a faded, washed black ribbon, brown with time, crossed over her straw bonnet, and a rag of black crape round a throat, firm, white, and round as a marble pillar. But in spite of her grief she had the baby at her bosom, and the little toddler by the hand.

Oh, the kindness, the true kindness of the very poor!

Apple Blossom would not send the children to perish at the station-house. It was too late for the union, and the casual wards were such dark dens of filth and misery! She knew she could not take charge of and support these orphans; but she could shelter them for one night at least, until she could consult Jem Goodman, her oracle, and get them through him into the infant nursery, where at stated hours she could visit the babe and suckle it.

She had been "troubling" in her mind how she should dispose of that bountiful supply sent for the little one whom hunger and thirst could reach no more. And here were soft lips ready—and Apple Blossom was a little consoled, as a low coo of intense delight met her ear; for Esther Darrell's baby had never fared so sumptuously before. It's own poor, half-starved mother was not such a nurse as plump, rosy Apple Blossom!

"Something has happened to grieve her," said Jem Goodman. "It is not about her buried little one she's fretting. She promised me she wouldn't cry over that. I showed her it was a mercy. It had water on the brain, and had it lived, it would have been an idiot. No, it is not that. I hope Bob hasn't got drunk and ill-used her. And she has got 'Tipping Ben's' little daughter with her. Esther, Ben's wife, always brings little Ness here herself. I can't understand this."

Ada then told Jem Goodman what she had witnessed. He grew pale as he listened.

"Oh, miss," said he, "that man, Ben Darrell (Tipping Ben, he's called), is one whom I have been long persuading to take the pledge. He had almost given in. I had all but prevailed," he added, tears starting to his eyes as he clasped his hands. "Oh! why did I give way? He bargained and begged so for another week. I said to him—'Ben (Tipping Ben, as you're called to your shame)'—he laughed, for he always liked the name—'don't put it off. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation!' I had him by the hand, but he struggled and got loose. And now he's struck poor Esther, struck her down in the street! He never struck her down before—at least, she told poor Apple Blossom that he never did. Oh! that I had run after him, and clutched him back, like a brand from the burning. Oh! that I had clung to him, knelt to him. It is only Cain who says, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' We are all each other's keepers. And if evil befall Esther and Ben Darrell, Jem Goodman is to blame!" He dashed away his tears, and saying—"Excuse me, miss, I must go and speak to Apple Blossom," he left Ada, and went up into "the mothers' gallery."

CHAPTER XII.

I hope no one who is present here to-day will leave the room without giving himself to the work—for, depend upon it, a greater work cannot be undertaken than to carry out the sublime injunction of our Redeemer, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and I would rather be laughed at with scorn for having failed in such an attempt as this, than be praised for my wisdom, judgment, and knowledge, to have stood still amidst so much sin, misery, and suffering.—THE EARL OF SHAFESBURY, at the opening of the Coram-street ragged school.

JEM GOODMAN found Apple Blossom spelling out texts, sternly taught by Mrs. Golightly. Perhaps that lady was right, and Apple Blossom would never read her Testament fluently—but in her case it mattered little: its precepts were engraved on her heart, and illustrated by her honest, humble, Christian life.

"I hope he will return, and tell me how Esther Darrell is," thought Ada; "and it may be a lesson to Bob Blossom."

Already she knows these people, cares for them, and sympathises with them! She has plenty to do: something to feel for, to care for, now!

Left to herself, Ada rose. Ellen was presiding over a class of older girls, and Ada approached a form, from which the voluntary teacher—a delicate

young governess, who had been up since six—had just left, having become faint from over-exertion of her gentle voice. There Hope Evermore and Merry Blossom sat close together, hand in hand, very lovingly: Hope, in the absence of the teacher, making Merry read the parable of the sower, for Hope was a much better scholar than Merry.

Ada, sitting down beside them, said to Hope—

"Can you read your Testament, little girl?"

"Not very well yet, teacher," answered the child.

Teacher! every child in the ragged school thought, naturally enough, that every lady present was there for active good, not idle curiosity; there to teach, not to trifle. Teacher! the word was a reproach to Ada's heart and conscience. It sent a flush to her cheek, and a pang of remorse to her heart.

The Queen confers dignity by a word; a title by a syllable; she can make a man a knight by calling him "Sir;" and little Hope Evermore has done the same; she has called Ada "teacher;" and by calling her "teacher" has enrolled her one. Ada, as she heard the word, resolved well to deserve the title. And yet, as she looked on the contented, earnest faces, the thought would cross her mind and suggest to her softening heart the question, "Can I do anything that can avail them and my own soul? What am I that I should become a teacher of these little ones? Can I not learn much of them? I may impart book learning and teach them the 'letter,' but I feel it is of them I must learn the *spirit* of the law. No matter; he that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine; and I will do thy will, O Father."

"And who," said Ada, at length, "is that naughty girl the lady is reproving for shuffling her feet, and biting her nails?"

"Potato-heels, teacher," replied Merry, archly, answering instead of Hope.

"No, teacher," said little Hope, raising her forefinger to reprove what she thought ill-natured in Merry, "her real name is Meg Grimes."

"And why do you call her Potato-heels?" asked Ada of Merry.

"Look at her feet, teacher, and you'll see," said Merry, heedless of Hope's raised finger and reproving shake of the little head.

Ada turned to gaze at the great, long, shapeless legs, and large, splay feet of the girl in question. The legs were cased in old worsted stockings of a brownish-black, "a world too wide," tied under the knee, the one by a bit of old rag, the other by a shred of list. The old, worn shoes were down at heel, and Ada smiled to see how exactly Merry had described the unsightly bulges, rough and red, that protruded through the holes in the old stockings, when she called the girl "Potato-heels."

"Some calls her Carrotty Meg, teacher," laughed Merry.

"Her only real name, teacher, is Meg Grimes," persisted little Hope.

"Well, then, I will call her Meg Grimes, my dear little kind girl," said Ada. "How old is she?"

"She don't know her age," said little Hope.

"No, but I does, and so does Larky," said Merry.

"She's turned fifteen, though she aint no taller than I, and can't read, nor sew, nor nothink."

"Is she a good girl?" asked Ada of Hope.

Hope looked down and did not speak.

"She robbed my brother, Larky Grigg, of two-pence to go to the gaff,* but he caught her out, and didn't he pitch into her, that's all," said Merry.

"He let her off some, though, cos she was a gal," said Hope. "Larky Grigg don't like thrashing gals; he never do, none but Meg. He won't her any more, teacher; she don't mean to steal any more—leastways, not from Larky Grigg; and she've promised me not to aggravate him by giving him none of her sauce."

"I say, teacher," continued Merry, "though Hope takes her part, she've pinched Hope cruel to make her give up the collar and cuffs Hope had crocheed for mammy's birthday. Meg wor going to the ball."

"The ball!" said Ada, whose ideas of balls were made up of bright lights and dull people, gay dresses and stupid partners, fresh flowers and faded complexions, good music and bad dancing, fast men and slow talk. "What ball can they go to?"

"A penny ball, teacher," said Merry; "a bad place mammy says it is, and I ain't never to go. It's wrote

up 'Dancing Rooms—admission one penny,' and mother says Meg had better pay a penny to stay away. But there, she'd sold a sight of locoficers one wet night, and she wor going with Stunning Steenie, but she likes Larky Grigg best, only he can't abide her red head and redder heels."

"And how did she get the collar and cuffs?" asked Ada, much interested.

Vainly Hope nudged Merry, shook her head, and tugged her frock—it was a good story, and a sort of jest. Merry would not be restrained.

"Why, teacher, Hope's such a dab at crochet, she've made a shillin' in a day onst, and often four-pence; and these for mammy's birth-day wor bootiful fine. And our matron washed 'em and got them up lovely, and trimmed them with new red ribbon. Hope wor so pleased. Well, teacher, they wor done up in a nice white paper, and as we went home, from school, up comes Meg, harm in harm with Stunning Steenie—them two a-going to that bad place, the gaff, and arter to the penny ball. 'Lend me them ere, Hopy,' says Meg; 'they're just what I want for the ball,' and as Hope wouldn't on no account, she pinched her so Hope dropped the paper. Look there, teacher!" and she held up the little, round, white arm of Hope Evermore. "There's vicious pinches for ye!"

And yet Hope takes her part. Well, Meg got the collar and cuffs, and wore them at the gaff and at the penny ball. But she hadn't much pleasure, for Larky Grigg, who went unknown to mother, dared Stunning Steenie to dance with her in 'em. Steenie's afraid of Larky Grigg, and so poor Potato-heels got no partner, and sat down in a corner crying, Larky and Stunning Steenie both taking sights at her. Oh, she's a reglar bad un, she is! but Larky Grigg and Stunning Steenie made her give up the collar and cuffs that very night; and Hope forgave her."

"They were not much hurt, and our kind matron did 'em up again," said Hope; "besides, Meg never was teach'd no better; she've no nice home, like our'n, and no kind, good mammy, like we. If she had, she wouldn't be so much after the penny balls, and gaffs, and boys, Merry; and she's a most left off kicking and pinching me. But when she would be honest, and mend, her dad and mammy won't let her—they licks her cruel if she don't take home a shillin', and nothing but a few locoficers to make it by. They all lives in a cellar, and no bed—only a few shavins; and often Meg don't get a bit to eat, and yet if she gets a few pence she's all for treating Stunning Steenie and Larky Grigg to roast 'taters and butter, and to the ball.† She ain't mean, poor Meg, and she's very free, and Stunning Steenie uses her very bad. She's often without a meal all day—"

"Except what Hope saves her from her own dinner, teacher," said Merry.

"Oh! Merry gives her some of hers too," said Hope.

"Only to please you, Hope," said Merry.

"And to please Jesus," said little Hope, with child-like simplicity, curtseying as she pronounced the Saviour's name. "Merry knows he taught us to love one another." And she leant her little cheek lovingly on Merry's broad brown shoulder.

Ada looked at the child, who raised her blue eyes, moist with tears, and radiant with light from within; and she thought that Hope's face was as the face of a saint, and her golden hair looked almost like a halo.

"I wish Larky Grigg would leave off teasing Stunning Steenie and mind his lessons," said Hope. "He'll never get into the brigade if he go on so wild."

"Which is Stunning Steenie?" asked Ada; "and why is he called so?"

"Cos of his waistcoat," said Merry, determined to answer. "Look, teacher—he's standing up."

Ada looked, and beheld a great lubberly boy, with a cunning eye, animal expression, yet good-humoured grin. A groom's waistcoat of yellow and black stripes, with a crest button, and which had evidently belonged to some tall, stout man, covered the boy from the nape of the neck to the calves of his legs.

"That waistcoat wor his dad's, teacher," said Merry. "But it wor in the pop-shop. Steenie laid by money to get it out; and when he'd got enough and took it out, he comed here in it so proud, a-saying, 'Ain't it stunning!' So, teacher, ever since we've called him 'Stunning Steenie.'"

"And do you call him so?" asked Ada, of little Hope.

"Yes, teacher, he likes the name, just as Grigg likes

† It is painful, inexpressibly painful, to learn that the dancing-rooms are the places where matches are made up. There the boys go to look out for "mates." Sometimes a match is struck up the first night of meeting, and the parties live together forthwith. Unions take place when the lad is fourteen. Nearly all the costermongers form such alliances, when both parties are under twenty.

to be called Larky Grigg; but Meg don't like to be called 'Potato-heels' or 'Carrotty Meg.' But, oh, Larky Grigg's getting anger, he won't get into the brigade."

"What brigade?"

"The shoe-black brigade. None but good boys gets in, and they earns a sight of money; and Larky would have been one—the matron said so, she heard it from the master—if it wasn't for his wild pranks and Stunning Steenie. Though Larky Grigg's such a scholar, and Steenie ain't out of one syllable, yet he can twist Larky Grigg round his little finger, as mammy says."

"Oh, teacher," said Merry, "Stunning Steenie ain't quite so vicious since he've been here, but he was desper't bad. He's been in prison a sight of times, and privately whipped cruel, and wuss and wuss every time, he says so hisself."

"Oh my, Merry," said Hope, "look at Larky Grigg, he'll be punished, that he will. He've tied Stunning Steenie and Priggin' Peter together by their matted hair. Their heads is bent down now, but whea they looks up, won't he catch it?"

Larky Grigg looked round in triumph at his achievement; but catching the glance of agony in Hope's eyes, and seeing her little hands clasped, he adroitly with his clasp-knife severed the dusty, matted locks he had twisted so cleverly. And Hope breathed freely. "And now," she said, "he's cutting figgers on the bench. They'll take away his knife, that they will; and if they do how's he to finish his clock?" And tears filled her eyes.

"His clock?" said Ada.

"Yes, teacher. Oh, he's so clever: he's almost made a wooden clock, all his self. And as for counting, no one can't puzzle Larky Grigg, and he can puzzle daddy. Oh, I'm so glad there's the bell, and he haven't been found out. He'll get off this time, that he will."

CHAPTER XIII.

Hush! 'tis a holy hour, the quiet room
Seems like a temple; and yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance through the gloom,
The deep stillness, down on infant heads,
With all their clustering locks untouched by care;
And bow'd, as flowers are bowed by night, in prayer.
MRS. HEMANS.

THE bell was rung to summon all to join in a hymn.

Ada had been present at all the grandest oratorios, all the musical festivals. Her senses had been wrought to ecstasy when Jenny Lind's superb voice burst forth, and cathedral arches re-echoed the words—

"I know that my Redeemer liveth!"

but her heart was not touched, nor her spirit softened and aroused, as when the pale lips and haggard throats of "the ragged" uttered that hymn of gratitude and praise.

Ada's rich and cultivated soprano, Ellen St. Ange's flute-like contralto, and Mrs. Golightly's harsh falsetto, joined in that strain with the shrill trebles of the little ones, and the deep bass of many a labourer, once earning a decent livelihood by the loom or plough, and who, but for drink and its consequences, would have been still "worthy of his hire."

The hymn they sung was the following:—

"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.
"Fill each breast with consolation,
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach yon blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise."

(To be continued.)

THAT WILL DO.

"THAT will do" is a phrase of modern invention. The ancients knew of no such expression, or the Egyptians would never have raised the pyramids, nor the Greeks and Romans displayed that love of the beautiful, which led them to impart a poetic grace even to the meanest utensils for household use, as the remains at Pompeii fully testify.

"That will do" is the excuse of mediocrity, unable to soar to better things.

"That will do," applied to household matters, is equally bad, and more annoying to friends, than when applied to dress. You may expect ill-cooked dinners in any house where the heads adopt this maxim.

"That will do" is the enemy to all excellence, and would sap the conscience of the most virtuous man alive, if he hearkened to its dictates. Moralists and others must bear in mind that nothing will "do" but the very best in point of virtue, or they will certainly find out at the last that it will *not* do.

* Speaking of the costermongers' children, Mr. M. Hill says: "Their favourite resort is to the penny gaffs or theatres, and the twopenny hops. Their influence on the growth of juvenile depravity cannot for a moment be doubted. On a Monday night as many as six performances will take place. The audience is composed of children. So precocious are the little things, that the girl of nine will, from constant attendance at such places, have learned to understand the filthiest sayings, and laugh at them as loudly as the grown-up lads round her."



EASTER HOLIDAYS.

EASTER.

EASTER DAY is a festival observed throughout Christendom. It was instituted in honour of the resurrection of our Saviour from the dead. As it occurs at the period known as the Passover amongst the Jews, the associations connected with the festival lead us back to that memorable night when the destroying angel passed over the land of Egypt, and, with the exception of those Hebrews' doors the lintels of which had been marked with blood, there was not a house where there was not one dead.

On this account the French call this festival *Pâques*, from the Greek *pascha*, which is also derived from the Hebrew *pesech*, and which means "passover." That such a name is much more appropriate to the festival than our Saxon term, Easter, there can be no question. Our pagan forefathers made rejoicings at the same time of the year in honour of the goddess Easter, the Astarte of oriental nations. When the

Saxons were converted to Christianity, they changed their heathen festival into a Christian feast, but they did not change the name; and so, as we call our week days by the titles of Saxon deities, we have incorporated this Saxon nomenclature into the ecclesiastical calendar.

The celebration of Easter is attended with a variety of customs peculiar to the different nations of Europe. Easter has its superstitions also; and, as at Christmas time we were taught by old tradition that the ox knelt down in adoration, and that all water blushed and for a moment became wine, so at Easter it is said the sun dances in honour of the resurrection! The obvious folly of so ridiculous a statement does not require comment.

A very ancient custom observed at Easter in some parts of England and throughout Northern Europe, is that of Easter eggs. The practice of sending presents of eggs from the children of one family to those of another, is very old, very pleasant, and very harm-

less. There are various modes adopted to prepare the eggs, one of which is the following:—

The eggs being immersed in hot water for a few moments, the end of a common tallow-candle is made use of to inscribe the names of individuals, dates of particular events, &c. The warmth of the egg renders this a very easy process. Thus inscribed, the egg is placed in a pan of hot water saturated with cochineal or dyewood; the part over which the tallow has been passed is impervious to the operation of the dye, and, consequently, when the egg is removed from the pan, there appears no discoloration of the egg where the inscription has been traced, but the egg presents a white inscription on a coloured ground. The colour, of course, depends upon the taste of the person who prepares the egg; but it is best to make use of much variety of colour.

We live in days of progress. Things which our ancestors thought not unworthy of gray-headed men we leave to our children, and they enjoy them thoroughly:

and in their enjoyment we are sure to participate. Children are delighted, for instance, with these coloured eggs. What a happy group is that which our artist has so graphically sketched; how thoroughly they are enjoying themselves with these piquant treasures, and how heartily they are joining in the sport. Easter eggs, like Christmas trees, are just the things for children.

In Russia, Easter is kept up with amazing solemnity, and is rung in with merry peals from all the churches.* The streets of St. Petersburg are crowded with people waiting for the signal, and, as the clock strikes twelve, people—old and young, rich and poor—fall into one another's arms, crying, "The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen indeed!"

Apart from the religious services of the festival, there is little to be commended in other old Easter customs. The *heaving*, or *lifting*, as it was called, was once exceedingly famous. The practice differed a little in different places. In some places the person to be elevated was laid flat, in others, placed in a sitting posture, in others, accommodated with a chair; but, in all cases, the ceremony was incomplete without three distinct elevations.

Eating tansy pudding is another old custom. The tansy was said to symbolise the bitter herbs used by the Jews at the Paschal feast, but ate with gammon of bacon in order to show a contempt and abhorrence for that ancient people.

Playing at bill—a particular sort of ball, specially consecrated to Easter—is another of the bygone customs in which our ancestors delighted, and in which bishops and lords thought it nothing derogatory or unseemly to engage. In alluding to this custom Brand cites the following lines:

"At stool ball, Lucia, let us play,
For sugar, cakes, or wine;
Or for a tansy let us play,
The loss be mine or thine.
If thou, my dear, a winner be
At trundling of the ball,
The wager thou shalt have, and me
And my misfortunes all."

Theatrical representations or mysteries were formerly got up by the Catholic clergy, and played with success to immense crowds. But that fashion went out when book printing was introduced.

In London the old custom of the Spital Sermon is still kept up. The lord mayor and corporation, and boys of the Blue-coat School, proceed to Christ Church, Newgate-street, or St. Bride's, Fleet-street, to hear a sermon by one of the bishops. There is a dinner afterwards, and sometimes a ball on Easter Monday.

And Easter being holiday time, and Greenwich a pleasant place, within an easy distance, Cockaigne was wont to make its way thither to take a look at all the wonders of the fair, make the perilous ascent, and still more perilous descent, of the hill, and ride wonderful steeple-chases and trotting matches with horse and donkey on Blackheath.

Greenwich offers its attractions still, without the drawback of the fair, and the boats and trains afford cheap and expeditious travelling; so there is every facility for getting—what Londoners really need—a glimpse of green and a breath of air.

Chemical Experiments.

A SAFE FULMINATING POWDER.

WHEN young people take first to the study of chemistry, it is compounds which explode and which burn with fine colours that more especially interest them. Anxious to please my young friends, I shall now describe the manufacture of a fulminating powder that explodes far more violently than gunpowder would do; and which is, nevertheless, perfectly safe, which is more than one can say of gunpowder. Take three parts of nitre (saltpetre), two parts of pure carbonate of potash (ask for it by the name of purified pearlsh), and one part of sulphur. If you have a marble or wedgewood mortar, warm it, and mix in it all the ingredients intimately together, then, finally, when mixed, preserve them in a well-corked or stoppered bottle. If you do not possess a mortar, get the druggist of whom you purchase the materials to mix them for you. Remember well, however, that the materials cannot be retained in paper: the carbonate of potash has so strong an attraction for moisture that it draws it out of even the driest air, and after the lapse of a certain time, varying with

season and the weather, dissolves into a fluid as clear as water, and to which ancient chemists gave the name of *oil of tartar per deliquium*.

The triple material mixed as described is our fulminating powder; it will not explode if fire be applied, in which respect it differs from gunpowder. It is caused to explode in the following manner: Take an iron spoon or ladle, or, in place of either of these, any piece of sheet iron will do. Lay upon the iron about a teaspoonful of the powder, and heat the iron spoon, plate, or ladle over the fire. The powder thus treated soon melts and turns brown; it next bubbles up and evolves a little gas; lastly, it explodes with a dull heavy sound, almost like a cannon. You will perceive that the great safety of the powder in question consists in the fact that it cannot explode until it has been fused.

HOW TO MAKE SALTPETRE.

I shall now explain to you how saltpetre may be made, by two methods. The first being direct, the second indirect.

Direct method.—Procure some aquafortis—half an ounce will do: you must keep it in a stoppered bottle, inasmuch as it would rapidly burn a cork. Take some carbonate of potash (one of the substances used in the preceding experiment), dissolve it in about twice its own weight of water,—though you need not be very particular about the exact quantity,—and add the solution of carbonate of potash to the aquafortis as long as there is any boiling or effervescence. The carbonate of potash will have been changed by this treatment to nitrate of potash, otherwise called nitre or saltpetre, as may be readily proved by dipping a piece of blotting paper into the solution, drying the paper, and touching it with a live coal, or the flame of a candle, when it will burn like touchpaper.

Such, then, is the manner of making nitre or saltpetre artificially, by the direct process; but the method described would be far too costly for practice. All the saltpetre employed in England, and the greatest quantity of that employed by other nations, is collected from the surface of the earth in various parts of the world, more especially India.

It is possible, however, to make saltpetre artificially by an indirect process, less costly than the one already described; and in certain countries the manufacture of this substance, in this way, is protected by government as a matter of great state importance. This is the case in Sweden, for example, where every farmer is obliged to pay a nitre tax in kind. The Swedish government will not compound for it by a money payment; the notion being that the time may come when Sweden might no longer be able to obtain her saltpetre from abroad. This actually was the case with France, during a certain period of the great revolutionary wars. The French commercial fleet having been destroyed, and her commerce with other nations restricted, the French government could no longer obtain that which, even more than money, may be called the sinews of modern war—saltpetre. Fearful lest the wars could not go on, Napoleon (then first consul) sent to his chemists for aid. "We will make our own nitre within six days, sire," was the reply of Berthollet; and the chemist kept his word. The indirect method of preparing nitre, as discovered by the French chemists, was as follows:—They mixed together the mortar of old walls, the floors of stables and of dovecots—any rubbish, in short, which contained either lime or ammonia. This rubbish-mixture being exposed for some time to the air, generates nitrate of lime and ammonia, to which carbonate of potash being added in due proportions, nitrate of potash (the material under consideration) was produced. It is quite worth the operator's while to remember that, if a solution be capable of making touchpaper, it is either a nitrate, an iodate, a bromate, or a chlorate.

EXPERIMENTS WITH NITRE.

Placing a few pieces of nitre in an iron spoon, and making the spoon red hot, or even white hot, you will find the nitre melt, but remain quite incombustible. If, however, when the nitre is thus fused, a fragment of charcoal or of sulphur be dropped into it, then rapid combustion takes place. You will perceive, therefore, that nitre is not a combustible, though it be a supporter of combustion; and you will perhaps begin to perceive the reason of the fact that certain things—gunpowder, for example—are capable of burning violently, although in a closed tube (as a gun) and quite deprived of all contact with atmospheric air.

TO MAKE GUNPOWDER.

Gunpowder, I presume all my readers to be aware, is a compound of sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal, in proportions which slightly vary in different countries, and in the same country according to the purpose for

which the gunpowder is required. If you weigh out, however, twenty-five parts of saltpetre, five of charcoal, and three of sulphur, you will have the proper ingredients for making fine sporting gunpowder, although, however pure the materials employed by a chemical manipulator on the small scale may be, the resulting gunpowder will be none of the best. Firstly, the material can never be pounded so finely as on the large scale; secondly, the operator on the small scale cannot manage very well to get his material in the condition of grains, without which no effective gunpowder can be generated.

He may, however, proceed thus:—Having weighed out all the materials, powder the charcoal carefully, then wet it with water and rub it in a mortar until no more grittiness is perceptible; next mix it with the nitre and sulphur, add water enough to make the whole into a paste, which is to be rubbed in a mortar until the incorporation is as complete as on the small scale it admits of being made. This having been done, the paste is to be removed from the mortar and squeezed, by any means at the operator's disposal, into a hard cake. In practice this hard cake is forced through a parchment sieve, the apertures of which form the grains, which being finely polished by rubbing together in a barrel, the manufacture is complete.

How to analyse gunpowder.—I shall now show you, by means of a very pretty experiment, how gunpowder may be analysed; and the operation will give you a very good idea of the manner in which other chemical analyses are conducted.

Firstly.—Soak the gunpowder in distilled water, by which means the nitre used—only the nitre—will be dissolved out. By filtering through white blotting paper, the nitre will pass through, leaving the charcoal and the sulphur upon the filter.

Next soak the solid part which remains upon the blotting paper with solution of potash (ask for it at the chemist's by the name of liquor potassæ); this used, the sulphur will be dissolved out, leaving nothing but the charcoal behind, when of course the gunpowder will have been analysed.

The nitre may be obtained by placing the solution containing it in a cup or saucer in an oven, or on a warm hob until all the water evaporates away, and the nitre alone in a solid condition remains. The sulphur may be obtained by adding spirit of salt to the potash solution, when a white powder is deposited, which is neither more nor less than sulphur.

The Matron.

NO. XIII.

IN my last chapter I spoke of infantine diseases brought on by carelessness, but I do not mean to say that children would always be well if always well cared-for. In spite of the greatest attention, these fragile beings are frequently ailing.

Few children attain the age of six months without having suffered more or less from either colic, diarrhoea, convulsions, or croup. I proceed, therefore, to give a few simple but efficacious remedies for these dangerous diseases, and they should be administered without delay in all cases where medical aid cannot immediately be procured.

The colic in infants is one of the first evils with which the nurse has to contend; we must, however, except a tendency to vomiting, from which children suffer soon after birth. Half a teaspoonful of castor-oil, sweetened with a little moist sugar, will be found efficacious in removing this unpleasant symptom, but the colic must be differently treated. The symptoms of colic are fits of crying, and drawing up of the feet towards the bowels, which are generally hard to the touch. Within the first or second month you may give the infant two teaspoonfuls of the following mixture every fourth hour:—Eight grains of magnesia, twelve grains of fine powdered rhubarb, one drachm of tincture of rhubarb, and two drachms of syrup of poppies; all mixed together with an ounce and a half of plain mint water. Put all this into a bottle, and mind you shake it before you pour out the medicine.

Diarrhoea may be safely treated in the following manner, provided you only give the medicine I am about to prescribe just after the bowels have acted, otherwise the chalk—an ingredient in the prescription—might check the disease too suddenly. Take of gum-arabic and prepared chalk a drachm of each; of gelsema two drachms; of syrup of white poppies three drachms, and mix them all together with four ounces of water. A dessert spoonful is a dose. If this complaint of the bowels should be accompanied by convulsions, a warm bath may produce salutary results, and, while it is being prepared, woollen cloths, dipped in warm water and wrung dry (providing they retain

* For a description of Easter in Poland, see ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, old series, vol. iii, p. 103.

† See ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, old series, vol. iii, p. 102.

their warmth), may be applied to the extremities, and will greatly relieve the little patient. The most frequent cause of convulsions in an infant is the growth of the teeth. I am not speaking of cutting the teeth—that is a later process. At about the third month fever, pain, diarrhoea, and even convulsions may be occasioned by the enlargement of the teeth in their sockets, but when they pass the jaw the pain will subside. During all the stages of dentition the bowels must be kept moderately open, and mild aperients must be resorted to if necessary. The following medicine—to prevent costiveness—may be safely given to a child of three or four months old:—Take two ounces of syrup of roses, an ounce of manna, and an ounce of fresh drawn oil of sweet almonds; mix them together, and give a teaspoonful as a dose, which repeat, if the first does not prove sufficiently powerful. Between the sixth and ninth month the teeth begin to press against the gums, and fever, pain, and convulsions may again be apprehended. It is then also necessary to use mild aperient medicine if the child's system is confined, but the judicious use of the lancet, by a medical man, is the best means of preventing convulsions.

Mothers must not suppose that the lancing of the gums is a painful operation. It is one from which children derive the greatest relief.

The following medicine may be found to relax the tension of the gums, and to diminish the fever that often accompanies teething. Dissolve one grain of tartar emetic in two ounces of distilled water. Give a teaspoonful in order to produce sickness. Repeat the dose if the first is not efficient.

With regard to the croup, I am certain there is no affectionate mother who would not immediately send for a medical man as soon as the indications of this malady were apparent, and she would be in the right. The croup is one of the most frightful diseases to which children are liable. In a few hours it may prove fatal. Whether it attack an infant, or a child of three, four, or five years, the plan of treatment is much the same, but the older the child, the more painful must be the remedies. However, it is important to make no mistake as to the nature of the disease with which the child is attacked. Cough and hoarseness may have nothing to do with the croup. In the hoarseness that indicates croup there is a shrillness and a ringing sound, and this shrillness is remarkable in the coughing and breathing. In short, air forced through a tube resembles the noise made by a child attacked with the croup. This disease is an inflammation in the membrane which lines the windpipe. It causes difficulty of breathing, stricture, cough, a flushed countenance, and a quick pulse.

An efficient emetic should be given immediately, as it is highly important that vomiting should be brought on. A blister should also be applied to the throat. For an infant of three or four months the emetic given should be mild. At one or two years of age it may be increased in strength, and at three or four a still larger dose may be given. But whatever you may do, in the first instance procure medical advice as soon as possible. In some cases the complaint is so dangerous that recourse is had to the boldest measures to arrest its fatal progress, and croup in its mildest form is still very dangerous. Imprudent exposure to cold and to damp and evening air, is often the cause of the attack.

To turn to a rather less serious subject, I must observe that some parents bring on illness in their children by improperly feeding them.

Old sayings, founded on folly, pass from mother to daughter, and perpetuate disease. The ignorance of some nursing mothers would be laughable, if it were not attended with such serious consequences. A little anecdote will illustrate my assertion.

A lady on visiting a poor woman was surprised to see her hold a pewter pot to the mouth of a child of four months old.

"My good friend," said she, "surely you are not giving beer to your baby?"

"Why not, ma'am?" answered the cottager; "what's good for the mother is good for the child. Mother a sup o' beer, baby a sup o' beer; mother a bit o' bacon, baby a bit o' bacon."

"Indeed," said the lady, "you will injure your child by following this system. Your stomach is in a very different state to that of an infant. I do not think beer good for you; but it is destruction to your baby."

"Lack a day!" said the mother. "I ought to know what's good for babies—I've had half a dozen of 'em."

"And where are they?" said the visitor.

"They're all gone to a better place."

"Do you mean that they are dead?" said the lady.

"Sure enough," replied the good dame.

"And in all probability beer and bacon occasioned their death," observed the lady. "What do you consider they died of?"

"La, ma'am! they died of nothing in particular. What they went off in was the inflammation; but, if you really think the beer and bacon will bring it on, I'll give no more to this bantling; for I love her with all my heart."

"If that is the case," said the visitor, "feed her on sopped bread, on milk and sago,—on anything rather than on beer and bacon."

The cottager followed this advice, and saved one child from "the inflammation."

Small Change.

WHEN Foote was once at Bath, he was asked what fare he usually found at Mr. Delacour's table. "Sir," replied the satirist, "we have always a piece of beef, a saddle of mutton, a couple of chickens, and *Captain Matthews*."

AN Irishman being asked what were the posthumous works of some person, replied, "The works he writes after he is dead."

LINES BY AN ECONOMICAL EPICURE.

Five guineas for a haunch, O shame!

Oh, what expensive cheer!

Yet, here is nothing new to blame,

Ven'son is always—*Deer*.

"I AM absolutely afraid," said an extravagant nobleman, "that I shall die a beggar." "At the rate you go on," replied his lawyer, "I am afraid you will live one."

"MIGHT your name be Smith?" said a lout with a rap at the door loud enough to disturb the occupants of a churchyard. "Yes, it might," answered the disgusted occupant, "but it ain't by a long chalk."

"As you do not belong to my parish," said a clergyman to a begging sailor, with a wooden leg, "you cannot expect that I should relieve you." "Sir," said the sailor, with a noble air, "I lost my leg fighting for all parishes."

THE mayor of an English city once put forth an advertisement previous to the races:—"that no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the course except the horses that are to run."

RECIPE FOR LOVE-LORN SWAINS AND MAIDENS.

Two or three dears and two or three sweets,

Two or three balls and two or three treats;

Two or three serenades giv'n as a lure,

Two or three oaths how much they endure;

Two or three messages sent in one day,

Two or three times led out from the play,

Two or three soft speeches made by the way;

Two or three tickets for two or three times,

Two or three love letters writ all in rhymes;

Two or three months keeping strict to these rules;

Can never fail of making a couple fools.

"JACK, hast thou any money in the stocks?"

"Why, no, Roger, I never had a farthing in the stocks, but I have had my legs in them often enough."

DR. JOHNSON was extremely inattentive at a concert, while a performer was running up the divisions and sub-divisions of notes upon his violin. His friend, to induce him to take greater notice of what was going on, told him how extremely difficult it was. "Difficult, do you call it, sir?" replied the doctor; "I wish it were impossible."

THE tax on receipt stamps was introduced during the premiership of the notoriously improvident Fox. The following lines were written on the occasion:—

"I would," says Fox, "a tax devise,

That shall not fall on me."

"Then tax receipts," Lord North replies,

"For those you never see."

BURKE once mentioned to Fox that he had written a tragedy. "Did you let Garrick see it?" inquired his friend. "No," replied Burke; "I had the folly to write it, but the wit to keep it to myself."

"PRAY, Jack, why did you marry such a little wife?" "Why," said he, "I thought you would have known, that of all evils we should choose the least."

WHY did Lord Byron never wear a wig?—I fancy because his *course hair* (Corsair) was so much admired (sensation).

JACK his own merit sees: this gives him pride,

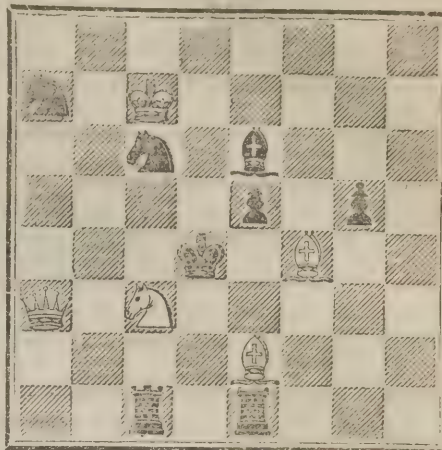
For he sees more than all the world beside.

"DID your fall hurt you?" said one hod-carrier to another, who had fallen from the top of a two-storey house. "Not in the least, honey; 'twas the stoppin' so quick that hurt me."

It is not only hard to distinguish between too little and too much, but between the good and evil intentions of the different reformers. One man calls out "fire!" that he may save the house; another, that he may run away with the furniture.

Chess.

Problem No. 28. By HENRY TURTON, Esq.
BLACK.



White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Solution of Problem No. 21.

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to K sq | 1. K takes Kt |
| 2. R to Q B sq, and mates | |
| next move | |

Solution of Problem No. 22.

- | | |
|----------------|------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to K Kt 7 | 1. K moves |
| 2. B to K R 6 | 2. K moves |
| 3. B mates | |

Solution of Problem No. 23.

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to K R 5 | 1. Any move |
| 2. Q, Kt, or P mates | |

Solution of Problem No. 24.

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to Q Kt 7 | 1. B takes Q |
| 2. K takes B | 2. P to Q Kt 6 |
| 3. K moves | 3. P to K Kt 7 |
| 4. Kt to Q sq | 4. B moves |
| 5. Kt mates | |

Solution of Problem No. 25.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to Q Kt 5 | 1. K to Q 4 (a) |
| 2. K to K B 4 | 2. K to Q 5 or K 3 |
| 3. R or B mates | |
| | (a) |
| 2. B to Q B 4 (ch) | 1. K to K 3 |
| 3. R mates | 2. K moves |

R. R.—Send the challenge; no doubt several chess clubs will respond to it.

GEORGE VAUGHAN AND J. GILBERT.—See answer to "Wm Higgs" in our previous number, touching Problem No. 15.

ST. AUGUSTINE.—You overlook the fact that the Rook would be undefended if, in Problem No. 6, it were to take the P. DOUGLAS.—Problem No. 8 is a very ingenious piece of chess strategy. The only mode of mating is by commencing with R to Kt 5.

OLD PHILO.—We shall feel obliged by your favouring us with diagrams of the positions to which you refer. In casting with the Q R, the King must be placed on Q B sq, and the Rook on Q sq.

R. ELLIS FISHER.—In Problem No. 15 you seem to overlook Black's defence of P to B 8 (Knights the Pawn).

DOUGLAS.—Had you taken with the B at your 23rd move, Black would probably have replied with Q to Kt 7, with a strong counter attack.

Solutions of Problems by Mona, Nos. 15, 16, 17, 18, and 19, and Enigmas Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9; F. G. Ralinger, Nos. 18, 19, and 20; Vite, Nos. 19 and 20; H. T. No. 13; G. Farrow, Nos. 18, 19, and 20; Grapes, No. 20; E. Grant, Nos. 19 and 20; G. W. S., Nos. 16 and 17; Nemo, Nos. 19 and 20; W. Benson, Nos. 19 and 20; C. Austin, Nos. 17, 18, and 20; W. Rich, Nos. 17 and 18; R. Tate, Nos. 19 and 20; M. A. R., Nos. 19 and 20; G. Bailey, Nos. 17, 18, 19, and 20, and Enigmas Nos. 6, 7, and 8; Douglas, Nos. 19 and 20; J. A., Nos. 19 and 20; W. G., Nos. 18 and 19, and Enigmas Nos. 7 and 8; H. Mayo, Nos. 15, 16, 17, and 18; and J. Russell, Nos. 18, 19, and 20, correct.

J. PALMER.—Had White at his 32nd move played R to Q B 6, the following play would probably have been the result:—

- | | |
|--|------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 32. R takes Kt | 32. Kt to Q Kt 2 |
| 33. Q to Q B 7 | 33. B takes R |
| 34. P to R 7, with a winning position. | 34. Q takes Q |

The Problems sent shall be reported upon next week.

D. D.—The Problem is an easy mate in three moves, commencing with R to Kt 7, and mating on Q 8.

B. X. W. will be happy to play a game of Chess by correspondence with any subscriber to the FAMILY PAPER who will be willing to play the King's Bishop opening.

Our Editorial Table.

THOMAS BUTTERFIELD.—Under the circumstances you mention it is more polite to take off your hat than merely to touch it.

W. H.—If your parents are living, we advise you not to take the step to which you allude without consulting them. The circumstance of the young lady's living in the same house we consider quite immaterial, and as to her refusal to walk out with you in the evening, we think it showed a praiseworthy sense of propriety. You say you are eleven years older than the lady you love. You are more likely to make a good husband on this very account.

ADELA.—All depends on whether you receive these presents with the consent of your lawful guardians. Never accept any private mark of regard from a gentleman who is not engaged to you. All that relates to St. Valentine is explained in "Cassell's Illustrated Almanack for 1853."

LILLAS.—To clean your head thoroughly and to avoid the evil you mention, wash it twice a week with soft water and curd soap, but dry your hair thoroughly or you will take cold.

DEVONTIAN.—You speak like a man of honour and good feeling, and we would gladly set your heart at rest; but in your circumstances you can take no decisive step. You must watch the course of events. Contrive to see the young person occasionally. She is sure to reveal her feelings. In her peculiar situation she must prove her preference before you can make a proposal.

BETSEY.—Some cooks consider that a ham is better baked than boiled.

AMY WILSON.—Your taste must be perverted, since it induces you to prefer the man who (during your dangerous illness) showed himself indifferent to you, to one who is attached to you, and who can offer you a good position in society.

B. S.—There are highly respectable families residing in Green-street, Grosvenor-square. In a Court Guide (which you can probably consult at some stationer's in your own town) you can find the names of all the private residents.

APOLLO.—If the bereaved mother, of whom you speak, finds any consolation in your society, we advise you to continue your visits.

ONE IN NEED OF ADVICE.—Great evils require strong remedies. Your unfortunate attachment has evidently taken hold of every thought of your mind and every feeling of your heart. You are much to blame for allowing any passion to exercise such an ascendancy over you. The recovery of inward peace and freedom must be your chief object. Under Providence the best means you can adopt is to procure complete change of scene and occupation. Through this change you will inevitably acquire a new train of reflections; and escape the dominion of one ever-recurring thought. Besides, your efforts to procure a situation, and your preparations to enter upon its duties, will rouse you from the stupor of grief. Exertion, when the spirit is wounded, is very irksome, but you will find it bring its own reward, and very likely you will (amid new influences and associations) soon feel sufficiently fancy-free to listen favourably to proposals from some other admirer.

GEORGE.—So stupendous a structure was the great wall of China, that if all the bricks, stones, and masonry of Great Britain were gathered together, they would not furnish materials enough for a work such as the wall of China, and all the buildings in London put together would not suffice to have formed the towers and turrets which adorned it.

M. G.—It is more economical to purchase varnish than to make it yourself.

ADA MONMOUTH.—We think that by keeping the present, and by giving the gentleman so much of your company, you lead him to infer that he would be accepted should he make you an offer of marriage.

W. BURR.—Butchers are not exempt from serving on juries, but surgeons, physicians, and apothecaries are exempt. This is not on account of the barbarity but the constant exercise of their professions. It seems, however, that formerly butchers were exempt; as the learned Sir H. Spilman says, "In our law, those that were exercised in slaughter of beasts were not received to be triers of the life of a man."

DIANA BUSHELL.—We think you have been too violent. In lovers' quarrels we recommend explanations, not angry up-braidings. When you beg an explanation in a kind, gentle manner, perhaps you will receive one.

CALEB.—It was in 1772 that a revolution took place in Sweden. After this revolution Gustavus III. made himself almost absolute.

FANNY.—In Sir Walter Scott's poem of the "Lady of the Lake," Douglas, the father of the heroine, is an imaginary person—a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus.

ISABEL, MAGGIE, AND ROSE.—The spinning wheel was formerly used by females of all classes. Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom, is represented as proud of her excellence as a spinster. Queens and princesses used to pass their time in spinning; but in our days more efficient and productive machines have quite superseded the favourite old wheel, and we are far from advising young ladies to lose their time in spinning. As to your second question, whether anything can compensate for beauty, we answer you in Thomson's words, who says there is

"Something than beauty dearer
Should we gaze, or on the mind,
Or mind illumined face."

But our young correspondents must recollect that the mind must be cultivated before it can thus illumine the face. In our vocabulary of the language of flowers, the rose means "Love," or "I love you."

MARY JANE M.—The fashionable world abounds in such men as you describe. You have placed your affections on a very unworthy object; and as you value your peace and the future happiness of your life, you must conquer your foolish partiality for one whom we do not hesitate to pronounce heartless and coarse-minded. We form our conclusions from your own statements. If he repays love with indifference, and indifference with love, and if he prefers bold women to

modest ones, may we ask, what kind of a husband he would probably make? But unless you have a good fortune he is not likely to propose to you at all. Love of money and love of pleasure are, probably, his ruling passions. In previous numbers of the new series of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER you will find advice given to young ladies whose trials are similar to your own. You may derive comfort and strength by following the advice contained in previous answers to correspondents.

C. B. A. (Enniskillen), WINTONIX, AND MANY OTHERS.—Our correspondents have, of course, heard of the Lernaean Hydra, the monster of antiquity with a number of heads, that grew all the faster the more you cut them off. We often think that government situations ought to be arranged on the "Hydra" principle, for the more places are given away, the faster do applicants appear. Why should such a number of Englishmen be looking out for employment from the government? Let them look to private enterprise, and self-dependent exertion, and they will find these pay better in the end.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST.—You cannot do better than procure all the numbers of the "Ladies' Treasury," published by Ward and Lock, Fleet-street. The first number was issued last April. In that periodical you will find a very simple and agreeable method of acquiring French.

MYRTLE.—The only redress we can give you hope of procuring, would be through suing your faithless lover for a breach of promise of marriage. But we do not conceal from you that the verdict may be unfavourable, and then you would have endured exposure and incurred expense in vain.

BANGORIAN.—If you do not know which of the ladies you prefer, we advise you to propose to neither, for it is evident you are indifferent to both. Probably they are equally indifferent to you.

H. B.—The weakness you speak of shows that your health is out of order. Do not over fatigue yourself; take nourishing food and avoid late hours.

NELLY BLY.—By the peculiar custom of the county of Kent, a custom called *Gavelkind*, a female having land in her own right, can "alien"—that is, dispose of—it at fifteen years of age. This she could not do in any other county.

W. J. CULMER.—For chapped hands mix half an ounce of spermaceti, half an ounce of white wax, and a wineglassful of sweet oil in a jar. Place it on a hot hob. When all the ingredients are melted together, stir them well, and remove the jar and its contents to a cool place. When cold, the wax, spermaceti, and oil will form an excellent ointment, which rub every night on the chapped hands.

MARY JANE.—Before you can take any further steps, you must be quite convinced that your letter has reached its destination. Where feeling is concerned, we should avoid precipitation, lest repentance come too late.

R. S.—To preserve suit for some weeks, melt it in a slow oven and strain it through a coarse sieve into a jar. Keep it till required for use.

A CONSTANT READER.—State your wishes and qualifications in as few words as possible (in order to lessen expense), and advertise them in an influential newspaper.

DELHI.—We advise "Delhi" not to send the presents back until she has courageously sought an explanation by letter or word of mouth. "Delhi's" suitors may be labouring under some delusion. Always endeavour to come to an understanding.

MINNIE.—On meeting a friend, there is no necessity to introduce her to the friend walking with you. The general rules respecting introductions are these—Introduce gentlemen to ladies, and inferiors to superiors.

LOUISA.—Do not attempt to apologise. But watch for an opportunity to write a very clever, correctly worded letter to the person whose good opinion you fear you have forfeited by inattention to style.

CHARLES BUCKLEY.—Your meeting a young lady at an evening party does not constitute an acquaintanceship, although it may lead to one. On seeing the said young lady in the street, your bowing to her before she recognised you was a breach of etiquette.

MILLY ST. JOHN.—Do not be pressing. Ask for the contribution at the gentleman's leisure.

EDWIN.—Henry Russell has a song in which he introduces "a maniac," or rather a poor wretch driven mad by the cruelty of others. The words of this song are so powerfully written that they deserve the name of a poem.

MAGGIE.—You apply to us to answer a question that time, and time only, can decide. However, you shall have our opinion; as to our advice, you have hitherto acted with so much judgment and discretion that you seem hardly to require advice. We highly approve of your immediately informing your parents of the gentleman's attentions, and you may be quite sure that if these attentions are serious, the gentleman will contrive to procure an introduction to you and your family. On the other hand, he may only be actuated by a passing fancy, and you do well in keeping a watch over your own heart.

MARGARET.—The Prince Frederick William of Prussia is not even presumptive heir to the throne. His father succeeds the present monarch, as presumptive heir, and the Prince Frederick only comes to the throne as his father's heir apparent. Camphor injures the teeth, but powdered charcoal is a good dentifrice.

CHARLIE.—Beware of correcting the inaccuracies of language to which you allude. From your account your tutor has many good qualities. In favour of these overlook a few ungrammatical expressions. We have known a match nearly broken off by an angry discussion about the pronunciation of a word. Let others have their jokes; but for yourself be satisfied if you secure a good, kind husband.

SPES, BUCCALAURUS, A HUMBLE SUBSCRIBER.—These three gentlemen are in different degrees of difficulty. "Spes" evidently wishes to make a declaration (in the way of a valentine), and yet not to implicate himself. As he is so deeply in love, we advise him to brave every danger and boldly try his chance. Faint heart never won fair lady. "Buccalaureus" wishes us to assist him in giving advice to a young lady (he evidently admires), and who has received an anonymous love-letter from a gentleman. He wishes to know what she is to do. Let her do nothing; not take the least notice of the let-

ter; she should also carefully avoid the advances of any stranger who may attempt to accost her under spurious pretences. We feel for "A Humble Subscriber." To be indignant with one we love, occasions us much pain, but if the young lady really has a bad, irritable temper, it is better for him to find it out before than after marriage.

FIDDLER DICK.—If your feet are becoming mis-shapen, it is probably on account of your wearing tight boots. Of this evil practice, corns and bunions are the result.

A YOUNG ENGINEER.—"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," is a quotation from Congreve's "Mourning Bride."

FLORA WILTON.—We doubt the gentleman's meaning anything serious by sending you a lock of his hair, and we do not approve of your sending any of yours in return. You committed no breach of etiquette in taking wine with two gentlemen.

A CAMBRIAN.—Red is the natural colour of coral, but there is a white variety.

LOVING MABEL.—We are not disposed to assist "Loving Mabel" in cultivating the acquaintance of military men, and therefore we decline helping her to find out the residences of officers.

N. B.—The Editorial Table is not intended for arranging appointments or inserting advertisements.

SOPHIA.—Very serious disputes have been occasioned by a lady's dancing with one gentleman when engaged to another.

EMMIE.—Never despair. The belle of the season sometimes remains single, while a retired maiden like yourself meets with an eligible suitor. At seventeen you can afford to wait.

VALENTINE J.—A journeyman painter's wages would be about thirty shillings per week. If you have a comfortable home you will not improve your condition by marrying a journeyman painter.

JOHN REA.—We recommend you to make the young lady a present of a pleasing, instructive book. Such a gift could not be misconstrued.

DOMINIE CAMPSON'S letter is *pro-di-gi-ous-ly* complicated. We can't make out his meaning, but think he had better write to the inspector.

K. M. N. (Inverness).—We are not disposed to inform you where the very destructive drink about which you inquire is to be obtained.

ONE WHO HAS SEEN BETTER TIMES wants to be off to Greenland to fish for seals, and applies to us for information in carrying out his desirable scheme. We think he will have seen much "better times" than he can meet with on the coast of Greenland—and if he intends to follow a seaman's career, we should certainly advise him not to choose a whale-ship in his first voyage.

AN INQUIRER.—The usual way of entering upon an architect's profession is to article yourself to a firm for a certain time. A premium is always required; and in eminent firms, the terms on which pupils are admitted are very high.

B.—There is "strong room for improvement," as Hood said of Newgate prison.

ELIZABETH SMITH.—Heifer beef is most suitable for small families. If you want the best, choose that which has a fine smooth grain, with the lean of a bright red and the fat white, or nearly so.

JONATHAN HENRY.—The celebrated bass singer's name is pronounced as though it were composed of two syllables, for instance, For-mes. Herr, which stands for Mr., has the same sound as our word hair.

OLIVER M.—For the recovery of your voice we can only recommend attention to your general health, moderate daily exercise, and care to avoid exposure to the night air. For mere hoarseness the following is an excellent receipt. Half an ounce of powdered spermaceti, half an ounce of powdered gum-arabic, three drachms of elixir of pargoric, and a tea-spoonful of clarified honey. Mix these ingredients into an electuary, and swallow a little of it slowly when the hoarseness is troublesome.

HUGH LATSON THE SECOND.—Tell the truth to both. When you have done wrong, the best thing is to acknowledge your error, how painful soever the confession may be.

RENA, JOHN SERIOUS, ZARA, MYRTLE.—The correspondents whose names we have just mentioned, are all in trouble. The two first because they cannot get rid of their lovers, the two last because they cannot get any. "Rena's" life is made miserable by the persecuting attentions of a man who is disagreeable to her, but who will not take a denial. Let "Rena" show him our opinion on this subject, viz. "that the man who cannot take a rejection, never deserves an acceptance." "John Serious" has written us a long letter, but a few words would have sufficed. As he never promised marriage, he is at liberty to retreat as soon as the lady's coldness and neglect render her unworthy of those attentions which are generally the precursors of an offer. "Zara" and "Myrtle" have perhaps procured suitors by this time. If not, we advise them to take the unmerited neglect of the gentlemen as philosophically—as possible, and by the acquirement of knowledge, or earnest prosecution of business, to secure to themselves blessings of a more durable nature than man's inconstant love.

M. GAUNTLETT.—Give up the study of music, and learn something else instead. Your admissions, "that you find it difficult to distinguish one tune from another, and that you have no notion how to play them with the right accent," are quite enough to prove you have no musical talent. Don't waste valuable time; for without some natural talent for music, you will never become proficient.

EDITH.—We recommend you to endeavour to procure a situation as under-nursery-maid. You are likely to hear of such a place by inquiring constantly at respectable shops. The other situation you mention requires interest.

* * * We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey—
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way.

GRAY'S Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

WHEN Wellington, years after his crowning victory
which gave peace to harassed Europe, visited Eton

College, he is said to have exclaimed, "It is here that Waterloo was won."

There was some truth, and considering the plain, matter-of-fact mind of the man who uttered it, no little poetry in the assertion; for it cannot be denied that the training, both mental and physical, carried out at our public schools assists largely in developing the intelligence, perseverance, inherent energy, and indomitable courage peculiar to the Saxon race.

England owes more to cricket and rowing than the majority of her sons suspect; for manly sports not only steel the muscles but solidify the brain. The statesman in his cabinet, the lawyer in his chamber, and the man of science in his laboratory, or in that widest of all observatories the boundless field of nature, are in a great measure indebted for their powers of long-enduring mental toil to the healthful exercise of his youth.

We love the self-reliant spirit, disregard of danger, and unmistakable pluck of our schoolboys. We regard even their sauciness, wild escapades, riotous

frolic, and untamable love of fun with only so much gravity as enables us to hide a smile, for we feel that these things, if not quite as they ought to be, are pretty nearly so, and have not the heart to quarrel with them for the difference.

Youth is the spring-time of the future, and ought to be unrestrained in all that is not positively vicious. Twist the sapling, and the tree grows gnarled.

There is but one thing in our public schools to which we seriously object, and that is the monstrous system of fagging—of leaving the weak to the mercy of the strong—of recognising brutality as a right. Its advocates—and they are both learned and great ones—urge that it encourages emulation amongst the boys, stimulates them to hard reading in order to rise to a superior form, and so escape the humiliation.

To this we reply that, if the system of fagging does produce emulation, it can only be the emulation of the gladiator; nay, worse, for in the arena the combatants are equally armed: but what equality we would ask, can exist where the advantages of age



ALFRED WHARTON ATTACKS DAWLISH.

and strength are on the side of the oppressor, and the victim is bound to submission?

The nineteenth century is considered an age of improvement. In science, art, and the diffusion of education it undoubtedly is so; but poor common sense, in one respect at least, remains stationary as ever. Fagging is still permitted both at Eton and Harrow.

Do not be alarmed, gentle readers. We have no intention of indulging in the reminiscences of our own boyish days. We will not carry you back so far as that; but merely request you to revert to the period of our narrative when William Thornton parted from his little sweetheart, Alice, in Meldown Park, the morning after the abduction of Lillian.

He had decided on making friends with her cousin, Viscount Illston, in order to facilitate the chance of their meeting at the Holm, the seat of her uncle, the Earl of Carlington.

Like most only sons, his little lordship had been indulged till he had become intensely selfish, which, added to a feeble constitution and timid nature, rendered him ill-suited to make his way in a public school, where pluck is more respected than birth, and pretension treated with unsparing ridicule.

Most boys have a keen perception of character, especially in those of their own age; and, even when unfavourable, the judgment they form is generally a correct one; no wonder, therefore, that the viscount was anything but popular at Eton, where he had not been sent more than two months before the countess insisted on her husband's removing him. The angry mother could not comprehend the necessity of her son—the heir of an illustrious name, and heaven knows how many thousands a year—submitting to be fagged and treated with equality by coarse plebeian lads, children of nobodies, *parvenus*, destined to work their way up the ladder of life, merely because they happened to know a little more Latin and Greek, and stood in a higher form.

Her ladyship pronounced it both shocking and revolutionary, and, if not absolutely immoral, at least, highly improper.

To her surprise and vexation, the earl only laughed at her request. He had been educated there, so had his father and grandfather. Fagging might not be pleasant; in fact, he had rather an indistinct impression to the contrary, but the greatest men in England had submitted to it. Eton had made him both a statesman and a minister; doubtless, it would do the same for his son.

This was uttered in perfect good faith, for mediocrity is seldom overburdened with modesty, and the noble speaker entertained too high a sense of his own personal merits to suspect for a moment that the unconstitutional influence he exercised in the lower house, where his vast landed possessions enabled him to return three members, had anything to do with his elevation.

William Thornton was a great favourite at Eton—not for his cleverness, for there were several who excelled him in that respect, but because he possessed one of those frank and generous spirits which, whilst they awaken kind sympathies and boyish friendships, afford rich promise of the future man. In a word, he was popular in the school, exactly in the same ratio that the young viscount was disliked.

Some natures are incapable of feeling gratitude, and Illston's was one of them. William assisted him with his exercises, fought his battles for him—only, be it understood, when his *protégé* was put upon, or in the right—and yet his lordship hated him most cordially; hated him for his superiority, the mortifying sense of dependence, but above all for his not having succeeded in procuring his election into the crew of the Mermaid, the great object of his ambition. Not even his protector's popularity could accomplish that.

The boys declared they would not have him, and there was an end of it.

Many of William's friends wondered at his motives. One hinted at "tuft-hunting," but although the accusation was so indignantly scouted that he never ventured to renew it, the change was not approved, and the youth had occasionally to encounter cold looks and unkind words; but he endured them both, for the chance of once more meeting his little playfellow Alice.

Of course it was not love that influenced him. Maiden aunts and bachelor uncles who—we never could understand the reason why—are regarded as learned authorities in such matters, would pronounce the supposition both ridiculous and preposterous.

Logically speaking, we doubt they would be in the right; for the blossom is not the fruit, but merely its sweet precursor.

The heart and flower have both their mysteries, which neither philosophers nor naturalists may read; their profoundest speculations only puzzle us.

As learned and ignorant arrive eventually at the same conclusion, "*that such things are because they are*," would it not be as well to start from it at first?

The first of May was the birthday of the Earl of Carlington; and, consequently, a great festival at the Holm. The tenantry presented an address, which the steward read, and the children of the village school sung an ode to commemorate the anniversary, to which his lordship and his aristocratic guests listened, seated in solemn state on the dais of the great hall.

Such had been the custom for centuries in the family, and the present head was a great stickler for old traditions: precedent was his guide not only in public but private life.

It was upon the occasion we have just alluded to, that his son was permitted to invite half-a-dozen of his schoolfellows to see the stately magnificence of his paternal home, and join in the festivities. As a matter of course, every one expected that William Thornton would be the first whom he selected, and probably the youth anticipated it himself.

It is an old proverb, but a very true one, that you have only to succeed in serving any one ninety-nine times, and fail in the hundredth, to make an enemy for life. Illston had never forgiven William's non-success in getting him elected into the Mermaid. It rankled in his mind, and he displayed its littleness by asking all the crew, with the exception of the one who had tried to secure his election, fought his battles, and every way befriended him.

Schoolboys generally possess an indignant sense of injustice. The non-invited pronounced the conduct of the viscount shabby, the invited secretly thought it so; and one of them, Alfred Wharton, William's great chum, positively refused to accept it; for which piece of quixotism, as Dawlish, the head boy of the school pronounced it, he called him a fool.

There were two lads of the name of Wharton at Eton: the one we have just alluded to, and a younger, Fred, the orphans of a distinguished officer who had died in India, and remarkable for their strong affection for each other.

Alfred, the elder, although richly endowed by nature, both in person and understanding, did not think himself in any way superior to his younger brother, a delicate, thoughtful youth of fourteen, exceedingly reserved and shy. On the contrary, he invariably asserted that Fred possessed talents far superior to his own, which only required time to develop; and he watched over and defended him in all his schoolboy quarrels with a love as untiring as it was beautiful.

If ever the voice of Alfred was heard in anger, in nine instances out of ten the hearers might be sure that some one had offended his brother, for never was a lad more patient on his own account.

At last it became understood in the school that to quarrel with Fred was to provoke an encounter with Alfred; and, as both were generally liked, a quarrel or a battle rarely occurred.

"I am sorry, very sorry," observed William Thornton, as he strolled with his friend towards the Bells of Ouseley, "that you have refused the invitation to the Holm on my account."

"I did so because I felt disgusted with the shabbiness of Illston," was the reply. "Such a friend as you had been to him! It was not your fault they would not have him in the Mermaid. You tried hard enough to get him in."

"Harder than I shall ever do again," said the former; "for his conduct, to say the least of it, is ungrateful."

"You do not care about being invited to the Holm," exclaimed Alfred; "I am certain of that, although Walters insinuated that you had been tuft-hunting."

"He was right," quietly observed William.

His companion appeared surprised.

"I did wish, most earnestly, to be invited to the Holm; but not for the reason Walters imagined," added the speaker.

"That I am sure you did not."

"It was in the hope of meeting a—a friend, a dear little playfellow—Illston's cousin, whom I have known from childhood."

"I never heard you mention him before," observed his friend, archly.

"Did I say him?" exclaimed William.

Alfred smiled.

"You have bowled me out," exclaimed the speaker: "the playfellow of whom I spoke is a girl,—the only child of Sir Norman and Lady Boothbroyd—beautiful as a fairy—not that I have ever seen one—frank, truthful, and loving as yourself. Somehow," he added, "our fathers never could agree; they seldom meet but to quarrel; the baronet is proud of his name and descent,—thinks more of the purity of his

blazon, than any qualities of heart or mind. Mine too is proud in his way, and with better reason, for he has been the architect of his own fortune, and need not blush for the use he has made of it."

"And the little playfellow's name is—?"

"Alice," answered the youth, colouring slightly.

"And a very pretty name too," said his companion, repeating it several times; "I am half in love with it myself."

"One motive for my wishing to see her," said William, "is to return a chain and locket."

"Which she gave you?"

"No: which I found in Meldown Park. Had you not refused the invitation to the Holm, I should have asked you to have been the bearer of it."

"As I have declined to be of the party, Illston may regret his injustice, and ask you," observed Alfred.

"I wish he may—to have the pleasure of refusing him!" exclaimed the youth, impetuously. "No—not even for the gratification of seeing Alice could I now accept his tardy kindness. I never really liked him, and feel it a relief to be quit of my self-imposed task."

That same evening Alfred Wharton informed his friend that he had yielded to the viscount's pressing request, and consented to accompany him to the Holm. "I need not tell you," he added, "that it was on your account: you have only to make a packet of the chain and locket—I will be the bearer."

It is needless to say the arrangement was eagerly accepted by William Thornton, who promised to watch over Fred during his brother's absence.

Alice and her parents had been nearly a week on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Carlington, when her cousin and his schoolfellows arrived. She had never yet seen Illston, and the impatience she expressed did not escape the observation of her aunt and mother. They smiled, nodded, and looked wondrous wise on the occasion. Had they known how slight a share her cousin had in the restlessness the fair child betrayed, they would not have been so sanguine in their auguries.

Alfred Wharton alone read the expression of disappointment on her features as his lordship introduced his companions. He longed for an opportunity of speaking to her and delivering the packet, but neither in the drawing nor dining-room could he contrive one; so resolved to wait till the following day, when, after the fête on the lawn for the tenants and villagers, there was to be a ball in the great hall for the more aristocratic visitors.

It is astonishing at how early an age boys educated at Eton arrive at that "*nil admirari*" kind of feeling which no two words in any other language can half so well express. Not one of his schoolfellows, with the exception of Dawlish, condescended to gratify the vanity of Illston—who expected to see them awestruck—by showing the slightest sign of surprise or admiration at the splendour of the Holm, the train of liveried menials, the costly service of plate, or the illustrious names of his father's guests.

Lads not yet out of their teens challenged peeresses to wine, joined in conversation with statesmen, and appeared as perfectly at home as if they had been accustomed to the society of peeresses and statesmen all their lives.

Some persons may assign this precocious but not ungraceful confidence to the manliness of their sports or the neighbourhood of the court. For our own part, we attribute it to a very different cause—their *white cravats*. Every Eton boy wears a white cravat; and strangers, when they encounter one in the neighbourhood of Windsor, may be sure that the wearer is either an Etonian or a waiter.

The Earl, who had lost nothing of the *esprit de corps* of his school days, for once laid aside his solemn dignity, and complimented the youths on the result of their last rowing-match against Westminster. He even recollected the name of the victorious boat—the Mermaid.

In an instant Alice was all attention. *She remembered it too.*

Illston observed that "every one of his companions belonged to the crew."

"Are they all here?" asked his lordship.

"The stroke oarsman is absent," observed Dawlish.

"You should have invited him," said the peer, addressing his son; "but perhaps he is not one of your friends?"

The Etonians exchanged glances, and the viscount both looked and felt annoyed.

"Oh yes, he is!" exclaimed Alfred Wharton, delighted at the opportunity of displaying his friendship, and exposing the meanness of his lordship, "for he invariably stands up for Illston. There is not a braver or a better fellow in the college than William Thornton."

"The son of a manufacturer, I believe," said Sir

Norman, in a tone of affected contempt. "I think my nephew acted very properly in not inviting him."

"Very properly," repeated his wife, again descending to her role of echo. "A rude, coarse, presuming, ill-mannered boy. I know him."

The eyes of Alice filled with tears at this ungenerous remark, but respect for her parents kept her silent.

"We cannot be speaking of the same person, Lady Boothroyd," observed Alfred Wharton, in a tone so exquisitely yet coldly polite that it was impossible to take offence at it. "The William Thornton I mean is one of Nature's gentlemen—kind, courteous, modest, and unassuming; his manners irreproachable. Every one who knows him loves him. As for his father being in trade," he added, "it may be a misfortune in the opinion of some, but certainly not a reproach."

The ill-principled woman smarted under the spirited rebuke, which cut all the deeper from the polished language in which it was conveyed. Vainly she endeavoured to silence the speaker by elevating her eyebrows and assuming a disdainful air—true friendship is not so easily put out of countenance.

"A very odd boy," she whispered to her sister the countess.

Alice thought him anything but "odd." In her childish judgment she had never listened to any one more truthful and straightforward. She longed to thank him—talk to him of William—of the Mermaid—hear the particulars of the last race, and again regretted that she was not a boy, that papa might send her to Eton.

During the rest of the evening Alfred could not find one single opportunity of executing the commission his friend had intrusted him with.

"To-morrow," he thought, "in the bustle of the ball-room, I shall be more fortunate."

The May day dawned bright and gloriously, as a painter could have desired or nature's poet imagined it; and the sun had scarcely kissed the regal towers of Windsor, which were visible from the Holm, before the friend of William was startled from his slumbers by music upon the lawn beneath his window.

Whilst dressing, he listened to the quaint words and still quaint air which the children of the parish schools sung in honour of the day:—

Come, gentle May, from thy woodland bowers,
Come smiling through April's sunlit showers;
Young Summer, thy bridegroom's impatient to meet thee;
Winter, thy guardian, has fled to the north:
Balm-breathing zephyrs now herald thee forth,
And maidens assemble with sweet songs to greet thee.

Come like a bride, clothed in virgin white;
The gems on thy brow the dewdrops of light;
A tear on thy pale cheek, a sweet smile on thy mouth.
Thy cold tears young Summer shall quickly dry;
Mirth and content sparkle bright in thine eye,
For his kisses are warm with the breath of the south.

By the time the singers had concluded, Alfred Wharton had descended to the lawn. Never had the face of nature appeared more beautiful. The delicate flowers, invited and encouraged by the sun's first kiss, coyly peeping from beneath the sheltering leaves of their parent stem,—the elasticity of the air, laden with the breath of opening spring,—the song-birds' matin strains waking a hundred harmonies instinct with music,—all lent enchantment to the scene, and plunged him in one of those delicious reveries—soft waking dreams, the very poetry of life and youth, to which in after years we oft return, but never can succeed in analysing.

A musical, child-like laugh recalled him to himself. Alice and her governess, Mademoiselle Jaulain, were crossing the grounds for their morning walk. The little gipsy had recognised the friend of William, and given him a hint of her presence.

Alfred was by her side in an instant. It was the very occasion he wished for. At first they spoke of the flowers, the loveliness of the morning, of anything except of him who was uppermost in the minds of both of them. Alice first introduced his name by asking if William had steered the Mermaid in the last race.

"He pulled the stroke-oar," answered the youth, highly amused at the question, and the air of gravity with which it was put. "But how came you to know the name of our boat?"

"I have heard her described so often that I could make a drawing of her," replied the little maiden, with childish glee.

"And what colours would you paint her?"

"Green picked with white."

"You have an excellent memory," whispered Alfred; "is it equally retentive for your friends?"

"I never forget those I love," exclaimed Alice, with a smile.

"Neither do those you love forget you," said her companion; "poor William feels terribly disappointed in not meeting you at the Holm. It was very shabby

of Ilston not to invite him, considering how he has stood up for him."

The fair child shook her head angrily.

"I hope he will not fight his battles for him any more, or write his exercises," she observed; "I would not. But you had better leave me now," she added, "or poor mademoiselle may get scolded."

"For allowing you to converse with me?"

"Yes," answered Alice, artlessly. "Mamma won't like you for speaking so well of William; good-bye. I shall see you at the ball, and will dance with you," she added, "if you ask me."

As a matter of course, the young gentleman did ask her; and, before separating, contrived to place in her hand, unseen by the governess, the little packet his friend had intrusted him with.

Never had the youthful heiress of Sir Norman Boothroyd felt so impatient for the termination of her walk. The song of the birds had lost its melody, and the flowers, of which she was so fond, could only obtain a passing glance. She wondered what William could have sent her, and whether he had written. It was not till her return to the Holm that Alice was enabled to gratify her child-like curiosity.

"What a lovely chain!" she exclaimed, as she drew forth the slender thread of gold and turquoise heart which William Thornton had found on the morning of his last visit to Meldown Park, and sent to her under the impression that it was hers.

There was a note, too, carefully written, in which the writer expressed his half-boyish, half-manly regret at not being able to see her; begged that she would not forget him; and concluded by adding that he had sent the chain and locket, which he had not had an opportunity of conveying to her before.

The young lady naturally considered it a gift: the finder, for fear of his letter falling into her ladyship's hands, forbore to make any allusion to the manner in which he had become possessed of it.

To wear the chain was out of the question; it might have led to inquiries. The heiress, therefore, after having placed it round her neck and sufficiently admired it, reluctantly removed it to be consigned to the safe keeping of an ivory box, in which she guarded her little treasures; one of the most valued of which was a feather from the wing of a favourite dove, that had died upon her bosom, and which she never regarded without a tear.

William Thornton had felt himself perfectly justified in writing to Alice, under the idea that he was restoring a trinket she had lost; but, young as she was, Alice was too good a girl to reply to him without first obtaining the permission of her parents, and that she knew to be impossible.

In the course of the morning the Earl of Carlington, after receiving the congratulations of his family and friends, listened to the address of his numerous tenants, containing the usual stereotyped phrases of "liberal landlord," "friend to agricultural improvement," "influence in the councils of the country," &c. &c. &c.

At the ball in the evening, just as Lady Boothroyd observed to her daughter that it was time she should retire, Alice presented Alfred Wharton, who had danced with her several times, with two flowers from her bouquet—a camelia and a half-opened rosebud; the first he kept for himself, and on his return to Eton the following morning gave the latter to his friend.

Doubtless he had interpreted the donor's intentions rightly.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Was ever such a brother?

Turn over all the stories of the world,
And search through all the memories of mankind,
And find me such a friend. It has outdone all—
Outstripped them sheerly. . . . To die for me,
In all the blossoms of his youth and beauty!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

ILLSTON'S stroke of policy in inviting the members of the Mermaid's crew who had not voted for him to the exclusion of the only one who had, like most acts of selfishness, produced anything but the result he had anticipated. His schoolfellows considered his conduct mean, and all but Dawlish treated him with greater coolness than ever. The friendship of the latter, who, although so young, could keenly calculate his interests, in some measure made up to him for the loss of William's protection; but he had to pay a heavy price for it, for Dawlish was the tyrant of the school, capricious in his favours, and—as most tyrants are—ungenerous, and exacting.

The splendour he had witnessed at the Holm had excited his envy as well as admiration; but, despite his consciousness that the viscount might one day be useful to him, he could not always resist the pleasure of fagging a lord.

A few days after their return to Eton, his new friend, in fulfilment of a promise he had made, proposed the election of Ilston as one of the crew. Alfred Wharton opposed it vehemently, and all but William Thornton sided with him.

The latter declined to vote.

From that day, Dawlish, who had hitherto carried everything with a high hand, became the enemy of Alfred. He could not visit his malice upon him personally, for they were both on the same form, but he found the means to wound him on a point in which he felt far more sensitive,—his younger brother.

A few days after the party at the Holm, the Earl of Carlington and his visitors drove down to Windsor to witness a rowing-match,—Eton against Westminster. Alice and her mother were also of the party; it was one of the happiest days in the life of the fair child: she was to see the Mermaid she had heard so much of,—see it with her own eyes, and witness what it could do; and perhaps obtain an opportunity of exchanging a word with William too.

"There! there she is!" exclaimed Alice, as the boat, impelled by young and vigorous arms, darted like an arrow through the water.

"There who is?" demanded Lady Boothroyd.

"The Mermaid, mamma."

"I can't see the name," said the countess, levelling her glass towards the river.

"The white picked with green," said Alice, who, in her eagerness to watch the contest, stood upright in the carriage. "William pulls the stroke oar, Dawlish and Alfred Wharton the next ones; Murray steers. See, see, mamma, how regularly the oars dip into the water: not a splash—a spray. Beautiful, beautiful! I am sure the Mermaid must win!"

In the excitement of the race—which was closely contested, the winner being not quite half a length in advance—the speaker waved her handkerchief; and when at last the crew of the Mermaid, with a saucy cheer, threw up their oars as they passed the winning-flag, a silvery, happy laugh replied to them.

Few of our readers are so old as to have forgotten the excitement which a cricket-match, a boat-race, or a contest of any kind between the boys of the two rival schools occasioned in their youthful days. The wild joy of the victors, the eager congratulations of their comrades—every one of whom feels that he has a share in their triumph—contrasted with the half sullen, half defiant looks of the defeated, who invariably assign any reason except the right one—the superiority of their opponents—as the cause of their defeat.

That they never admit.

The party from the Holm were not the last to congratulate the crew of the victorious boat on their victory; the earl—statesman as he was—joined heartily in the excitement, which, doubtless, reminded him of his own boyish days.

"Capital rowing!" he exclaimed; "Eton has not degenerated in that—still maintains her old superiority. The Monarch was the crack boat in my time. I pulled the stroke-oar in her when she beat the Vixen. Some remarkable men belonged to her—two bishops and a chief justice."

The boys recollected a lumbering, heavy-built thing called the Monarch rotting bottom upwards in Searle's yard, where it had been lying for years, and laughed at the idea of comparing her to their own light, graceful skiff, which looked, as it danced upon the waters, or cut like an arrow through them, as though it had been launched by the hands of fairy builders.

His lordship, in the gush of his early recollections, requested to shake hands with the victors. As he was an old Etonian, and, moreover, one of her Majesty's ministers, of course he was not refused.

"Who is this young gentleman?" he demanded of his son, as the only member of the crew who had not been invited to the Holm approached the carriage, his handsome countenance flushed with health and exercise.

The viscount hesitated to name him.

"It is William Thornton," exclaimed Alice, extending her hand to him. "Mamma, mamma, will you not speak to him?"

Lady Boothroyd, however, she might feel annoyed by her daughter's frankness—which, *par parenthèse*, she never learnt from her—possessed too much tact not to hide her displeasure, and receive the son of her country neighbour graciously. She even carried her hypocrisy so far as to inquire after the health of his father.

"I thank you," replied the youth, without removing his eyes from the beaming countenance of his former playfellow, "he was quite well when last I had the pleasure of hearing from him. Well, Alice," he added, addressing the fair child, "did you recognise the Mermaid?"

"Knew her in an instant," was the reply; "I have not forgotten—green picked with white."

For one little instant their hands were clasped in each other. Sir Norman began to feel annoyed at the pertinacity of his daughter's regard for the son of the manufacturer.

"Really, Lady Boothroyd," he exclaimed, "you must dismiss Mademoiselle Jaulain: she is not a fit person to have the care of my daughter,—the manners of Alice are rustic to a degree,—no reserve, no dignity."

"Not the least," said her mother.

The eyes of the little offender filled with tears at being so harshly reprov'd at such a moment; but she read in the sympathising glance of William that he judged the cause, and thanked her for having incurred blame for his sake.

Not to increase the ill-humour of the baronet and his lady, he took his leave at once; a faint smile rested for an instant on the features of both the children as they bade farewell, then disappeared.

Years were destined to elapse before they met again; but the memory of that smile rested like a sunbeam in the memory of each.

The rest of the afternoon was devoted by the boys to cricket.

The game was at its height when Dawlish, who had been bowling, called, in angry tones, to Fred Wharton to send back the ball, which had fallen near him.

The boy began to look for it.

"Lazy whelp!" muttered the tyrant, impatiently.

"Look for it!" he shouted aloud, after waiting an instant.

"I cannot find it," replied Fred, who had been anxiously seeking it, for he had not the slightest wish to provoke the brutal temper of the speaker.

To this Dawlish made answer by giving him the lie.

In an instant the quiet, gentle youth ceased his search; his pale cheeks coloured at the word. Young as he was, he had the consciousness of being a gentleman, and he scornfully retorted the insult.

The game became suspended.

"Did you address yourself to me?" demanded his aggressor as he strode up to him.

"Undoubtedly."

"You are an impudent little rascal!" exclaimed Dawlish, seizing him by the arm, "and I have made up my mind to punish you. Strip!"

Fred took no notice of the command.

"Off with your jacket!"

The boy refused: and yet he knew that by doing so he should only provoke a double amount of violence. Although so many years the junior of his assailant, Fred Wharton disdained to ask for mercy, or show the slightest sign of fear; on the contrary, his eyes, generally so calm and dreamy, flashed scorn and defiance on him.

Dawlish had seized his victim by the wrist, which he turned so as to render all resistance on his part impossible. Just as he raised a cane to strike him, Alfred, whose attention had been engrossed at a distant part of the field, dashed between them.

"Has he struck you, Fred?" he demanded.

"Not yet."

"Stand aside, Alfred, or I shall mark you," said the sixth form boy, with a sneer.

"You shall kill me," replied the generous boy, "before you lay a hand upon my brother. I have watched you for some days past. You have sought this occasion—made it. Ask the entire college, and you will not find one to speak an ill word of Fred."

"It is no use to plead character to me," replied Dawlish; "you know the laws of the college as well as I do."

"Quite."

"I have a right to fag him."

"But not to torture him."

"Let him thrash me," whispered Fred in the ear of his brother; "I shan't mind it."

"Torture!" repeated the former speaker; "nothing of the kind,—a little correction will do him good. Stand aside, or I shall hit you, although you are in the sixth form."

He advanced, with the evident intention of seizing the arm of Fred a second time, but a blow from the indignant hand of the elder brother sent him reeling.

"It is a battle then?" observed Dawlish, coolly.

"Since you have provoked it."

Alfred Wharton, though tall of his age, was of an exceedingly delicate constitution, and little suited, judging from appearances, to contend with a lad like Dawlish, two years his senior, stoutly built, and possessing, in addition, a scientific knowledge of that art which royalty, in the days of George the Fourth, condescended to patronise and practise.

In other words, he was an experienced boxer.

The contrast in their persons became still more marked when they had removed their jackets for the fight.

"Not for me," exclaimed Fred, clinging to his brother—"not for me; stay, I—I will apologise to Dawlish; submit to be thrashed, if that will satisfy him."

"Nothing will satisfy him now," replied Alfred; "but you have nothing to blame yourself for, he sought the quarrel—made it."

Although we have witnessed such contests in our boyish days, and, we fear, taken a share in them, we have not the slightest intention of shocking the feelings and good taste of the majority of our readers by entering into a scientific description of the fight between Dawlish and Alfred. One was prompted by brutal passion and a domineering spirit; the other by the fine, manly feeling of fraternal love to protect his younger brother.

For some time it appeared doubtful to the spectators how the combat would end. If the punishment which Wharton received was severe, so also was that which he inflicted.

His assailant observed that every time he struck him in the chest, the gallant youth changed colour. From that moment his victory became assured. He aimed his blows at no other part; and, after a few rounds, they began to tell with fearful effect.

Fred, who stood by, pale as death, his eyes eloquent in the expression of the mental agony he suffered, could endure the sight no longer.

"He will murder him!" he exclaimed.

"Pooh! pooh! nothing of the kind," cried several of the lads, greatly excited by so unusual an event as a battle between two sixth form boys.

Alfred's second saw that his man must soon give in, and Dawlish would celebrate his victory by caning Fred before his brother's face.

"Get some brandy," he whispered to one of his friends. "That will keep him up; his opponent does not half like it."

By the termination of the next round, the messenger had returned with the fiery stimulant, which the spirited lad drank, not to sustain his courage, but his strength.

"Not a tear," he whispered, as he embraced his brother affectionately. "He shall neither fag nor thrash you whilst I live."

The heroic boy kept his word.

During the hour the battle lasted, those around him several times gave him brandy, to enable him to prolong the fight, little suspecting the fatal result destined to arise from their ill-judged conduct.

Dawlish at last became alarmed at the extreme paleness of his antagonist, and asked him if he would give in.

"And see my brother caned?" replied Alfred, fixing his bloodshot eyes upon him.

"Of course."

"Never!"

"Oh, very well; it will give me but little more trouble to finish you. Your pluck is good enough, but you haven't the stamina. I warn you, it will be the last round."

He was right: with undiminished courage the gallant fellow staggered, rather than advanced, to meet him. A few blows were struck. Alfred fell.

There was a faint cheer from the admirers and followers of Dawlish; but it was drowned by the indignant murmurs of his victim's friends.

"He is ill," exclaimed William Thornton, who had vainly attempted to prevent the fight.

"I know what will revive him," said the victor, flourishing the cane over his head, and advancing towards Fred, who was kneeling, overwhelmed with grief and terror, by the side of the dying youth.

A cry, so loud and piercing that it startled all who heard it, arrested the step of the brutal conqueror. Alfred threw his arms round the neck of his brother, as if he would still protect him.

He did so, but it was with the embrace of death.

"Not a step nearer—not a blow!" exclaimed William Thornton, worked up to an intense pitch of fury.

"No, no!" shouted the Etonians.

Dawlish affected to smile, and still advanced, when the speaker, who had turned to regard his friend, warned him back.

"You have murdered him!" he cried. "Respect the dead."

The words were, alas, too true. The gallant boy had rendered up as pure a spirit as ever offered itself a willing sacrifice at the shrine of human love.

Some of our readers, we fear, will pronounce the scene we have described overcharged, and suspect the author of drawing too strongly upon his imagi-

nation. To this we reply, that the circumstance, with the exception, of course, of the names of the parties, is most strictly true. The boy who died was the son of a nobleman distinguished for his position in the House of Peers; and if we do not name him, it is from a desire not to tear open a wound which time perchance has healed.

The papers were filled with accounts of the fight at the time it occurred, and reprobated, even more strongly than we have ventured to do, the system of fagging at our public schools. Truly, precedent is a great thing in England.

Great was the sensation caused in Eton by the death of Alfred Wharton. As a matter of course, his antagonist—for we presume it would be libellous to call him assassin—at once quitted the school, and being well connected, his family purchased him a commission in a regiment bound for India.

The gallant 01st, which the husband of Lady Bell commanded.

So intense was the grief of Fred that it was months before his guardians thought it advisable to permit his return to college. It is needless to say that he was received with the greatest sympathy and kindness; but a marked change seemed to have taken place in his character. The boy who once expressed an almost childish feeling of gratitude for any little acts of kindness, now received them with indifference; avoided all intercourse with his former companions, including even William, and passed his leisure hours in wandering by himself on the borders of the river, or in Windsor Forest.

For some time it was thought that this peculiarity would wear off, that he would resume his former habits and manners; but no—it rather seemed to grow upon him; much curiosity was excited, and his schoolfellows naturally wondered how he contrived to pass his time—what were his amusements?

William Thornton, who had made repeated attempts to renew their former habits of intimacy, resolved to watch him.

After successfully tracing him to one of the most secluded spots in the great park, he suddenly lost all further clue, and was about to give up the attempt when the report of firearms startled him.

At the same moment one of the keepers crossed the path.

"Did you fire?" inquired the youth.

"No, sir."

William turned exceedingly pale; a fearful suspicion struck him.

"But I know who did," added the man. "One of your college gentlemen; he frequently comes here to practise. At first I thought it must be a sham, and kept an eye upon him, till I found it was all right. He is in the gravel pit hard by; rather a lonely place. I often wonder how he came to find it out."

"Can you lead me to it?"

"Willingly," said the keeper. "This way."

After forcing a path for about twenty paces through the thick underwood, the speakers came upon the spot where Fred Wharton had been practising at a card fixed to the stump of a white thorn growing at the bottom of the pit. As they approached, he raised his hand and fired again.

"Not a bad shot," observed the man; "within an inch of the mark."

William slipped half-a-crown into his hand, and whispered to him to leave him.

The next minute he stood alone, contemplating his friend, who, levelling his pistol, discharged it a third time.

The bullet struck the card. The marksman shouted wildly, threw his arms in the air, and pronounced the name of Dawlish.

William Thornton involuntarily repeated it.

His schoolfellow started, and became aware of his presence.

"You have been watching me," he exclaimed, in an angry tone.

"And have I not a right to watch you?" replied the youth, advancing towards him, and placing his hand affectionately upon his shoulder.

"What right?" demanded Fred Wharton, impatiently. "You are not in the sixth form yet."

The bitterness which accompanied the last remark indicated clearly the feeling uppermost in his mind.

"But I am your friend," observed William. "Your dear brother would not have answered me so. He loved me, and understood me better."

For the first time since his return to Eton, tears gushed from the eyes of the poor desolate boy, and he sobbed convulsively.

"This is what I feared," he murmured, when he had regained something like composure. "I can endure harshness, I am steeled against that, but kind words and sympathising looks make a child of

me. How you must despise me for my weakness. But you won't betray me? The friends of Dawlish would only laugh at me."

"He has not a single friend in Eton!" exclaimed his sympathising companion, indignantly. "Even Illston has given up defending him."

At the name of the little viscount, the eyes of the bereaved brother expressed profound contempt. He recollected how vociferously his lordship cheered when Alfred fell.

"What a singular amusement you have chosen," continued the speaker, anxious to change the subject of conversation between them.

"Do you think so?"

"And what address you have attained."

"I hit the mark more readily than at first," replied Fred Wharton. "My tears no longer blind me."

"When did you commence?"

"An hour after Alfred's funeral."

William Thornton took up the pistols under pretence of examining them, but in reality to conceal the surprise and painful suspicion the answer caused him. They were exquisitely finished, a pair of old Mantons' best, and had evidently seen good service.

"They are my father's," said their owner, proudly.

"I have heard that he was a gallant soldier," observed his friend, "and fell in the service of his country; the name and weapons of such a man are a sacred inheritance," he added, seriously.

"True."

"You will never disgrace either?"

"I trust not," exclaimed Fred, colouring deeply, for he read the thought of the speaker.

"It was both a foolish and unnecessary remark. Pray forgive me: but I fancied I heard you pronounce the name of Dawlish the last time you fired."

"You did," answered the youth, calmly; "but what then? Does it follow that I intend to assassinate him? Know me better. Deeply as he has wronged me, I shall never place myself upon his level by a crime; but if ever he gives me an opportunity of calling him to an account—of standing face to face with him with a weapon in my hand—he shall receive as little mercy as he showed to my poor murdered brother."

"You wonder to hear the patient, enduring boy speak thus; but suffering has made me prematurely a man."

"Duelling is not murder," he slowly added.

William Thornton thought that it was; but wisely forbore saying so. In the highly excited state of his friend's feelings, the voice of reason might not have been heard.

"Let us return to Eton," he said, drawing the arm of Fred Wharton in his. "Dawlish has embarked for India to join his regiment. Years may elapse before you meet again."

The young marksman replied only by a peculiar smile.

(To be continued.)

SIR PHILIBERT AND LADY BLANCHE.

SIR PHILIBERT, Knight Templar, stood
Before the Lady Blanche of Orne;
His brow betrayed an angry mood,
And on her face was much of scorn.

"Sir Philibert of Spotten Wood,
Go, follow where your fathers led;
Go, make your boast of valour good,
Or cast your helmet from your head."

"Go, fearing neither fire nor flood,
Or else that day will never dawn
When Philibert of Spotten Wood
Shall wed the Lady Blanche of Orne."

Once, twice, and thrice he paced the floor,
Then turned him to the lady fair,
Whose finger pointed to the door,
And said, with mock heroic air:

"I go, sweet Lady Blanche of Orne;
And when I come again to thee,
Some sign shall on my breast be worn,
And men shall speak in praise of me."

But when the knight returned, I ween
He must have fought as cowards fight;
For not a sign on him was seen,
And men but linked his name with flight.

And when the Lady Blanche a bride
Before the sacred altar stood,
The one whose place was by her side
Was not the Knight of Spotten Wood.

Sir Philibert in solitude
Was no man's praise or lady's care;
And so the saying still was good—
"None but the brave deserve the fair."

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

PERHAPS, without offence, we may be allowed to say a few words on a disease to which we are all subject. It is a malady common to both sexes and to all ages, but it is easier controlled in children than adults. Not all the physicians in England, not the whole body of the College of Surgeons, not all the drugs in Apothecaries' Hall can effect a cure. They cannot minister to a "mind diseased," and therefore throwing "physic to the dogs," would be in nowise contrary to common sense in this particular.

The disease to which we refer is occasionally produced by trivial circumstances. It has often been caused by a badly cooked dinner, or a delayed breakfast, by a dishonoured bill, or a rise and fall in the money market, a hasty word, an unfulfilled promise, a denied request, a disappointment of pleasure, an idle rumour, and sometimes even a shower of rain has been known to cause the most dreadful results.

The disease is in some cases infectious. It has been known to attack a whole family, and to have been communicated from one to the other like measles or the small-pox. The head of the house has been seized by the epidemic while from home. He has returned with the virus in his system. Symptoms of the malady have rapidly developed themselves in his lady; the children and servants have been seized in precisely the same way, until every one in the household has been more or less affected, and the sign of the plague ought certainly to have been painted on the door of the dwelling, with the appropriate inscription, "Have mercy upon us."

The symptoms of the disease vary in different cases. Sometimes the patient is seized with a paroxysm, during which he (or she) utters very strong language in a highly excited manner, and rapidly passes from room to room, banging the doors and discommoding the furniture. In other cases the patient appears to be struck dumb, and suddenly to have lost all energy. A deep silence is preserved. Questions, though frequently repeated, remain unanswered. The appetite generally fails; nothing is eaten, and an utter prostration of the system is noticeable in every movement.

The symptoms, however, are almost endless in their variety, producing in some a kind of temporary insanity, in which they are ready to commit any act of violence; in others a gnawing sensation of desire to inflict suffering on those about them; in some the attacks are sudden, and are not to be accounted for by any known laws: while in others they are invariably traceable to some known origin. In any case the attack is severe while it lasts; and its peculiarities are such that it is extremely painful to wait upon the patient or to remain in his society. Happily, the malady is seldom if ever chronic, and only requires a careful regimen on the part of the sufferer to effect a complete cure.

BAD TEMPER is the disease to which we thus delicately allude; and so prevalent is it, and so destructive in its results, that we think we are right in introducing it among our "Hopes and Helps for the Young."

It is really astonishing how little our moral reflections dwell upon our tempers. How seldom do its errors impress us with any strong regret. We neither blame ourselves nor think that others should blame us on this account. We value a good reputation; and to secure fame or fortune we think no exertion too great; but as to the regulation of temper we rarely give it a thought. We do not reflect how much happiness or how much misery for those who are nearest and dearest to us lies in the control of our temper. We forget that we are all creatures of sympathy. We forget that the harshness of our words, the coldness of our manner, the bitterness of our looks, may inflict deep wounds, that will lie long ere they heal, and may never lose the scar.

It would be impossible to enumerate and classify all the failings of temper, for they are as versatile as the peculiarities of human character. We may, however, glance at bad temper in a few of its more conspicuous forms; but we can only do this in some of its broader distinctions.

THE VIOLENT.

Violence is the coarsest and most brutal form of temper. Selfish passions, unable to bear any constraint, or any contradiction, or any supposed contradiction, blaze into a devouring flame, scathing everything within reach. Violence of temper is the prime element in the tyrannical character. There are as great tyrants—in their limited sphere—ruling over the family circle as ever swayed a sceptre over an empire.

A low, barbarous, ruffian nature, obtuse and unfeeling, can fill to the brim the cup of calamity for those few over whom he exerts authority. The house he calls his castle he can for others make a prison; the liberty of which he boasts he can make to them the direst bondage; the power which should be their guardianship he can make their terror—heaping sorrows without number on his dependent and defenceless victims.

There are wives in England who turn pale at a husband's step, and hurry their trembling children out of the way when "father's coming." There are brothers and sisters with one amongst the number with whom they can never be familiar; one who goes into a passion at every trivial circumstance, and in asserting his or her own independence renders everybody else wretchedly uncomfortable. This sort of spirit, if given a theological direction, makes the bigot, the fanatic, the persecutor; this makes the martinet of the army, the fire-eater of the mess-table, and would make the most absolute of all absolute tyrants, if clothed with imperial insignia. In its passionate paroxysm it loses everything that calls for respect, and in the thoughtful excites more commiseration than fear or hate, for he who can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he whom nobody can please, who—

"Speaks plain cannon, fire, and snaps, and bounce,
And gives the bastinado with his tongue."

THE MOROSE.

As temper of this class has its various forms, so it has likewise manifold sources. It may be found in extreme self-consequence, or in extreme self-dissatisfaction. It may be evidenced by haughty contempt or silent and cold indifference. Such a temper constrains the spirit. It leaves the soul few social attractions or generous desires. It throws gloom where it ought to throw light. It withers the smile half formed. It silences the word half spoken. It robs action of loveliness, and takes all grace from speech. It has no soul of frank and generous appreciation. It seems to live only to prove how much pain one human creature may give to others without reaping any gain or pleasure to himself.

The misery that violence inflicts it inflicts openly—this does it silently: violence often feels its wrong—this never: violence has its moments of deep compunction, but this has no time of tenderness. If a violent temper makes a tyrant, a morose temper makes a cynic; one makes the persecutor and the other the ascetic. If both, therefore, are equal in unkindness, the one is at least more coldly intolerable than the other.

THE REVENGEFUL.

Revenge is very commonly the result of a marriage between pride and vanity. Pride is better than vanity; pride can forget and forgive, but vanity very seldom does either. To the vain or the petty proud, flattery is as the very breath of their nostrils. Rough or disagreeable truth is not to be endured. Sensitive at all points, such persons are hurt when you did not know it and did not intend it. They resent as mortal stabs what was merely meant for a joke. They magnify little slights into great wrongs, and by perpetually gazing at a molehill at last bring themselves to believe it a mountain.

To give tit for tat—*quid pro quo*—is the only thing that can satisfy their morbid vanity. They must revenge every slight—intentional or otherwise, great or small—they catch the transgressor by the throat, and will not let him go till he has paid the uttermost farthing. These anti-social and unmerciful dispositions will make no allowance for the frailty of human nature, or the failings and provocations of their own character; they set themselves up above everything, and to punish an offence, to revenge an insult, would compass heaven and earth.

THE CAPTIOUS.

The captious and discontented are never to be satisfied. They are prompt to complain; are only at peace when they are in a quarrel, only contented when finding fault. Their heads are as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat. They are the most obdurate opponents, because the most prejudiced; they are the least susceptible to conviction, and the last to appreciate kindness.

"All seems infected that the infected spy;
And all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye."

In all waters there are some fish that love to swim against the stream. In every community persons are to be found who delight to be in opposition to everybody else. They are angry without a cause. They glory in their obstinacy. But as stiffnecks are always diseased, and hollow trees the most unbending, so

their inflexibility is a proof of their unsoundness, rather than their strength.

The captious and the discontented would travel from Dan to Beersheba, and at every step of the way cry "It is all barren." No society can please them, no character suit them, no exertion earn approval, and no condition satisfy their wants.

THE CAPRICIOUS.

A capricious temper is the worst of all, for it is the most uncertain. There is nothing on which to calculate. No theory can explain its varieties. And there is no means of refuge or of remedy. Patience may disarm the violent, and subdue the morose; humility may appease the haughty; and carefulness and attention mollify the discontented; but of the capricious you have never the slightest security either for hatred or love. It sits, as it were, on the throne of an eastern sultan, and in a moment makes a slave a prince or a prince a slave; now bestowing wealth and honour, and now ordering the bastinado or the bow-string. Gentle this hour and stern the next, zealous and indifferent, kindly and severe, indulgent and vindictive, charitable and unmerciful, they run incessantly through all modes of feeling. They are more variable than an April day, more changeable than the chameleon,—they have no settled rule for either feeling or action, and their likes and dislikes are without assignable cause or discoverable reason.

We have thus endeavoured to point out a few broad generalities. In such a subject minuteness were impossible. We can give no rules for cure, because we conceive all such rules inefficacious. Each one should ascertain his own special failing, and the remedy must be applied by himself.

EXCUSES OFFERED.

In considering a few of the excuses offered when faults of temper are admitted, we notice—

Natural constitution.—People say they are bad-tempered as they would say they are of a nervous or bilious temperament. They are betrayed when they know it not into wrong speaking or wrong actions. It is their natural constitution, and cannot be cured.

Others plead ill health, or the misfortunes of life. These, they declare, have embittered their constitution, and made them different from what they once were. Fortune and the world have been rough and boisterous in their course. Want of health has thrown gloom over their spirits, and they consequently suffer from a soured disposition.

Others plead errors in training. They were not taught better; were never furnished with right principles; were allowed to have their own way, were spoiled by evil example.

Others urge irresistible provocation. These say, Not to have exhibited passion would have been more than human; that their ebullition of feeling was just and necessary; that they acted precisely as they meant to act, and that they are the aggrieved parties.

None of these excuses hold good. That physical constitution is the root of many of our faults is not to be denied, but it is a mistake to suppose that these faults are incurable. Bodily illness or misfortune may embitter the spirit, but it is neither just nor necessary that they should do so. It is not because we are unhappy that others should be made the same. Evils of training also may be overcome, and eradicated, and when we excuse ourselves on the score that our quarrel was justified, and our passion nothing more than necessary, we are our own judges, and are therefore not likely to be unbiased.

Temper can be controlled. The man who says he cannot help being angry, or sullen, or peevish, deceives himself. We constantly avoid being so when interest or decorum require it. Those whims which strangers would not bear, we cast upon our friends. That temper can be corrected is proved by thousands of instances. It is a glorious achievement, and within the reach of all. Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he who taketh a city.

Kindness is the greatest strength; exerts the strongest influence; does the most good, and receives the brightest reward. A kind and accommodating spirit is the genuine trait of manly character. A Spanish proverb counsels us to grow angry slowly, but wisdom of a higher source forbids us to be angry at all.

Although, as we have said, the disease of a bad temper is not chronic, although it may be cured, it is much easier to arrest its progress in youth than in maturity. Therefore we affectionately call our young readers' attention to themselves. "Know thyself." See to it that habits of temper—violent, morose, discontented, capricious, revengeful—are weeded out of that bit of garden ground, the heart, that the flowers and fruits of peace and purity may have space to grow and to flourish.

WORTH BETTER THAN WEALTH.

"I TELL you, no, Agnes! I won't have it. The fellow only wants my money. I know him—I know him. I know all these dandified jimcracks. They hang around a bag of gold as crows do around carrion. I won't have any such thing. Now you know."

"Father, you judge Walter too harshly. He is a good man—honest and industrious, and—"

"Industrious, say you? I'd like to know what he's got to show for his industry."

"He has a superior education, father."

"Education! Fiddlesticks! Can he live on his education? Can he make money of it?"

"Yes; he can live on it. He has already obtained a good situation as clerk."

"And will earn just about enough to keep him in the fine clothes he wears. I know these fellows. But there's an end on't. If you choose him rather than your poor old father, you can do so. I can live alone—I shan't live long—you can—"

"Stop—stop, father. You have no right to talk so. You know I could not leave you." And Agnes Bremen threw her arms about the old man's neck, and kissed him, and then she left the room.

"It's curious how these young fools act," the miser muttered to himself, after he had watched his child depart. "There's been twenty of the sharks after that girl—twenty of 'em hovering around her, like man-eaters after a dead body. Don't I know what they want? Can't I see? Aha! can't I, though? It's MY MONEY! But Agnes has never loved one of 'em till this Adams came along. The jackanapes! And now she wants to get married at once. Nonsense!"

The old man bowed his head as he spoke, and he saw a drop upon the back of his hand. It was a bright drop, and the rays of the setting sun were playing in it.

"She cried when she kissed me," he whispered, wiping the tear from his hard hand. "I don't see what makes her so tender-hearted. She never took it from me. But she may have taken it from—"

The old man stopped, and a cloud came over his wrinkled brow, for there was a pang in his heart. He remembered the gentle, uncomplaining being who had once been his companion—the mother of his child. He remembered how she became his wife, even when the bloom of manhood had passed from him; how she loved him, and nursed him, and cared for him, and how she taught her child to love and care for him, too. And he remembered how she had never complained, even while suffering, and how she had died, with a smile and a blessing upon her lips, though the gold of her husband brought her no comforts.

Noah Bremen bowed his frosted head more low, and in his heart he wished that he could forget all but the few fleeting joys of his wife. But he could not forget. He could not forget that it had been whispered how his wife might have lived longer, if she had had proper clothing and proper medical attention.

"But it would have cost so much! I saved money!"

Ah—the reflection would not remove the pang. The other memory was uppermost.

Noah Bremen had passed the allotted age of man, being over threescore-and-ten, and all his life had been devoted to accumulating money. He had denied himself every comfort, and his heart had been almost as hard as the gold he hoarded. But as his hair grew more white and spare, and the years came more heavily upon him, he thought more—reflected more. The sweet smile of his dead wife was doing its mission now; and the pure love of his gentle child was a continual remembrance to him that there were better hearts than his own.

At length the miser arose, and passed out from the room. He would have left the hut; but as he reached the little entry way, he heard a voice from the garret. It was his child's. He crept up the rickety stairs, and looked through a crack in the door. He saw Agnes upon her knees. Tears were rolling down her cheeks, and her hands were clasped towards heaven. And she prayed—

"Oh, God! be good to my father, and make his heart warm and peaceful! Make me to love him with all tenderness, and enable me to do well and truly the duty I pledged to my sainted mother! I promised her I would love and care for him always. Father in heaven, help me! Oh! help me!"

The old man crept down the stairs and out of doors, and for a whole hour he walked alone among the trees. He thought again of his wife—again of his child—and then—of his gold! And this was not

the first time he had walked alone there. He did not himself know how great was the influence his child was exerting over him.

Agnes—pure, good, beautiful Agnes—wept long and bitterly in her little garret, and when she had become calm, and her cheeks were dry, she came down and got her supper. But she was not the smiling, happy being that had flitted about the scanty board heretofore.

A few days after this, as Noah Bremen approached his cot one morning, he heard voices from within. He peeped through a rent in the coarse paper curtain, and saw Walter Adams with his child. Her head was upon Walter's shoulder, and his arm was about her.

Walter was an orphan, and had been Agnes' school-mate, and her fervent lover through all the years of opening youth. He was an honourable, virtuous man, and loved the gentle girl because she was so good, and so gentle, and so beautiful. And she loved him, not only because he had captured her heart in bygone time, but because he was, of all her suitors, the only one whose character and habits promised joy and peace for the future.

"I cannot leave my poor old father, Walter," the old man heard his daughter say. "I must live to love and care for him. On all the earth I am the only one left to love him. It is hard! My heart may break! But the pledge of love I gave to my dying mother must be kept."

"And so the great joy-dream of my youth must be changed to this sad reality!" exclaimed Walter, sorrowfully. "I cannot ask you to leave your father, sweet Agnes, for the very truth in you which I worship would be made a lie, could you do so. But I have a prayer—an earnest, sincere prayer. I pray that God, in his mercy, may remove the curse from your father's stooping form!"

"The curse, Walter?"

"Aye—THE GOLD CURSE!" rejoined the youth, fervently. "I hope God may render him penniless."

"What! Penniless?" repeated Agnes, with a start.

"Aye, penniless! for then he would be far more wealthy than he is now. Then he would know how to appreciate the priceless blessing of his sweet Agnes' love, and then the crust might be broken, and his heart grow human again. And, more than all," Walter continued, winding his arm closely about the fair form of his companion, and speaking more deeply, "then I could prove to him my love. Then I could take you to my home—and I could take your father to my home—and we could both love him and care for him while we lived."

Noah Bremen stopped to hear no more, and as he walked away he muttered to himself—

"The rascal! He'd do great things! Me penniless!—And he praying for it!—The young villain!" When the old man gained his accustomed walk among the great sycamores, he wiped something from his eye. He acted as though a mote had been blown in there.

Two weeks passed on, and Agnes grew pale and thin. She did not sing as she used to, nor could she smile as had been her wont. Still she murmured not, nor did her kindness to her father grow less.

"O God! help me to love my father," she prayed one night. "Let not my grief make me forget my duty."

And the old man heard it. One night Noah came home from the city, and in his hand he brought a small trunk. He barred the door, and drew the tattered curtains close.

"See," he said, as he opened the trunk and piled the new bank-notes upon the table. "Look there, Agnes, and see how I have worked in my lifetime. I had no education, but I've laid up money—money—MONEY. How many men would sell me all their brains to-night for this! See—one thousand—two—three—four—five. Count them, Agnes; there's a thousand pounds in each package."

Agnes counted them over, for she thought her father wished it, and she made fifty packages.

"Why have you taken it from the bank, father?" she asked.

"To let it, my child—to let it at a round interest, Agnes. I shall double it, darling—double it—DOUBLE IT."

And while the old man's eyes sparkled with evident satisfaction, his child wore a sad, sorrowful look. And long after that she sat and looked at the working features of her father, and prayed that the Gold Fiend would set him free.

When Agnes retired she left her father up; but ere long she heard him put his little trunk away, and then go to his bed. And then she slept.

Hark! what sound is that? Agnes starts up in affright, and listens. But see! a bright light is gleaming out into the night, and thick volumes of smoke pour into the garret.

"Fire! Fire!" sounded a voice from the entry, and she hears the sharp crackling now, and feels the heat. "Agnes! My child!" And in another moment she meets her father upon the stairs. He is dressed, but she is not.

"Take all your clothing, Agnes, and you can put it on in the entry. The house is all on fire!"

In a few minutes more the father and child stood in the road, the latter with a bundle of clothing in her hand, while the former held a small trunk. They gazed upon the burning building, but neither of them spoke.

And others came running to the scene, but no one tried to stay the flames. And the effort would have been useless had it been made, for the old shell burned like tinder. But more still—no one would have made the effort, even had success been evident, for the miserable old hut had too long occupied one of the fairest spots in the village. There were no other buildings to be endangered, so they let the thing burn.

"You have your money safe," said Agnes.

"Yes. See—I took the trunk. I left the candle burning so that I could watch it. But I went to sleep, and the candle must have fallen over. But I got the trunk!" And as he spoke he held it up and gazed upon it by the light of the flaring ruins.

"That is not the trunk!" whispered Agnes, in affright.

"Nor—" But the old man spoke no further. He saw that he had taken the wrong trunk! This was only filled with old deeds and dusty receipts!

"Ruined! Lost!" groaned Noah Bremen, as he turned from the scattered embers. "I had fifty thousand pounds in that trunk! And where are they now?"

"Never mind," said Agnes, winding her arm about her father's neck, "we'll be happy without it."

"What?" uttered Noah Bremen, gazing into Walter Adam's face. "Do you mean that you will give me a home, too? That you will provide for me, and keep me?"

"Yes," returned the youth, hopefully. "I could never be happy with Agnes, much as I love her, if I thought her poor old father had no home. Come—we'll live together, and be as happy as the days are long."

"But your salary, young man?"

"Is sufficient for us, sir. I have one hundred pounds a year. We can live on that, and lay up something, too."

"Well, well—take her—love her—be good to her—make her happy—don't never—"

When the old man saw the joyous tears leap from his child's eyes he turned away and walked quickly from the house; but he was not so quick but that he heard the blessings that followed him. And when he walked alone beneath the starry heavens he wiped his eyes as though something troubled them.

Gay as a lark was gentle, beautiful Agnes when she became the wife of Walter Adams. The rose bloomed again upon her cheek, and the smiles were upon her happy face like sunshine all the day long.

"Do you pray to God to help you to love me now?" the old man asked, after she had lived with Walter some months.

"Why—what do you mean?" Agnes asked, in surprise.

"You used to pray so, for I have heard you," returned Noah.

A moment the young wife gazed into her parent's face, and then she answered, while she threw her arms about his neck,—

"Oh! I pray that you may be spared to us for long years in peace and happiness; but—love you? Oh! I could not help it if I should try. And Walter loves you, father—he loves you very much, for he has told me so many times."

There was something more than usual in the old man's eye now.

One evening, as the happy trio sat at the tea-table, Walter looked more thoughtful than was his wont.

"What is it, love?" Agnes asked.

"Oh—nothing," the husband said with a smile. "I was only thinking."

"But of what?"

"Only castle-building—that's all."

"In the air, Walter?" asked Noah.

"Yes—very high in the air," the young man returned, with a laugh.

"But tell us what it is."

"Well—I'd as soon tell you as not. Mr. Osgood

is to retire from our firm in a few days. He is well advanced in life, and has made a fortune in the business, and he will live now for comfort and health alone. He has not been very well of late years."

"And is that all?"

"No. I am to be advanced to the post of head book-keeper, with a salary of two hundred pounds."

"And is that all?"

"Yes."

"But what 'castle in the air' is there about that?"

"Oh—that isn't the castle."

"Then what is the castle?" urged the old man, playfully.

"Why, simply this," said Walter, laughing, but yet almost ashamed to tell it: "this noon Mr. Osgood parted me on the shoulder, and said he—in his playful way—'Walter, I'll sell you all my interest here for fifty thousand pounds.'"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Noah Bremen, "and you thought he was in earnest."

"No, no!" quickly returned the young man.

"I did not think that; though I know that the other two partners would willingly have me for an associate."

"But it seems to me old Osgood holds his share in the concern at a high figure."

"Oh, no. It is a very low one. There is a clear capital of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in the business at this moment; and then think of all the standing debts and good-will which goes for nothing."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old man again.

Then Walter laughed; and then Agnes laughed; and then they finished their supper.

On the next evening Walter Adams came in and sank down upon the sofa without speaking. He was pale and agitated, and his eyes had a vacant, wandering look.

"Walter!" cried Agnes, in terror, "what has happened?"

"He's sick," muttered Noah Bremen, without looking round.

"No, no—not sick," returned the young man, starting up; "but I am the victim of some miserable trifling."

"Eh?—how so?" asked old Noah, now turning his chair.

"I'll tell you," said Walter, with a spasmodic effort. "I had some long entries to post this evening, so I remained in the counting-room after the rest had gone. I was still at work when Mr. Osgood came in and placed some papers on my desk, saying, as he did so—'Here, Walter, these are yours.' And then he went out. When I had finished my work, I opened the papers. The first was a sort of inventory of what Osgood had owned in the business, and mounted up, in square numbers, to forty-nine thousand eight hundred and seventy-five pounds. The next paper was a deed conveying the whole vast property to me, and making me a partner in the concern upon equal footing with the other two!"

"Well," said the old man, thumping his foot upon the carpet, and keeping time with his hands, "I don't see anything very bad in that."

"But I do," replied Walter. "It is cruel to trifle with me thus."

There was something in Noah's eye again, but he managed to get it out, and then he spoke thus:

"Walter Adams, when young men used to hover about my child, I believed they were only after my gold; and I knew that in most cases I was correct. I believed the same of you. I knew of nothing but the love of money that could influence human action. My heart had become hardened by it, and my soul darkened. But it was for my sweet child to pour the warmth and light into my bosom. It was for her to keep before me the image of the gentle wife whom I had loved and lost, but, alas! who occupied a place in that love second to my gold. It was for my child to open gradually, but surely, the fount of feeling which had been for a lifetime closed up. I heard her pray for me—pray that she might love me—that she might have help from God to love me; and that was after I had refused to let her be your wife. I saw her grow pale and sorrowful, and I knew I had done it—and she loved me still. And still she prayed God to help her—Help her what? Help her love her father! I was killing her, and she tried to smile upon me. One evening I heard you both conversing in the old hut. My child chose misery with duty to her father rather than break that duty in union with the man she loved. And you uttered a prayer. You prayed that I might be made penniless—Stop! Hear me through. You would then show your disinterestedness. I walked away and pondered. Could it be that I had found a man who would love an old wreck like myself,

with no money. If it was so, then that would break the last layer of crust from my soul. I determined to test you. I had gained a glimmering of light—my heart had begun to grow warm—and I prayed fervently that I might not be disappointed."

"I went to the bank, and drew out fifty thousand pounds in bills. That night my miserable old hut was set on—~~or—a~~—caught fire. I shall always think it was my candle did it. But the old shell burnt down, and room was made for a better building. I came out with a wrong trunk, and the other trunk was burnt up. But the money wasn't in it. No, no. I had that safely stuffed into my bosom and deep pockets, and all buttoned up; and the next day I carried it all back to the bank, and had it put with a few thousand more which I hadn't disturbed. And so my experiment commenced; and I found the full sunshine at last. Aye, Walter, I found you the noble, true man I had prayed for. You took me into your home, and loved me when you thought me penniless, and you took my child to your bosom for just what God had made her. And now, my boy, I've been doing a bit of work in the dark. I've paid Mr. Osgood fifty thousand pounds in cash for his share in the business, and it is all yours. And let me tell you one more thing, my boy—if your two partners can raise fifty thousand pounds more to invest, just tell 'em you can put in five-and-twenty thousand more at twelve hours' notice. Tell 'em that, my boy! Tell 'em old Noah ain't quite ashore yet. Tell 'em he has found a heart—a heart, my boy! Come here, Agnes—come here, Walter. God bless you both—bless you as you have blessed me!"

Nobody pretended that they had motes in the eye now, for the occasion of the weeping was too palpable.

ALBERT SMITH.

THE great success which has attended the subject of our memoir, is a remarkable instance of the value of perseverance—not only in *working*—but in seeking the *right* work. By an energy of disposition and an originality of idea seldom found in combination, Mr. Albert Smith has succeeded in making his name familiar to the public, and he now fairly ranks among the London celebrities.

Mr. Smith was born at Chertsey, Surrey, in May, 1816; his father at the time was practising as a surgeon, and having better means than that profession usually yields in a country town, was enabled to give his son a moderately good education. On attaining a suitable age, and having received a preparatory course of instruction, he entered Merchant Taylors', to complete his studies. Here he formed a determination to follow the same liberal profession as his father, and was consequently articulated as a student in Middlesex Hospital. In this institution he obtained a thorough insight into the mysteries of a medical man's life; he underwent a complete course of study—which he afterwards continued at the Hotel Dieu, in Paris, and ultimately acquired the skill necessary to become a member of the College of Surgeons. He was admitted into this distinguished fraternity in 1838, and thenceforward carried on a respectable practice at Chertsey in conjunction with his father.

A country doctor's life is a dreary one at best. Mr. Smith soon found this out, and not feeling satisfied with the occupation or the gains of his practice, he sought other means of employing leisure time, and strengthening his resources. He was not long in selecting for himself a calling which was destined to supersede the one for which he had been educated. An innate ability led the young surgeon to prefer the pen to the lancet. Accordingly, after a little practice, Mr. Smith betook himself entirely to letters. He found the occupation both pleasant and profitable. He wrote a series of "Sketches in Paris" for the *Mirror*, when that publication was of some importance in the literary world. He gave, too, the experience of his hospital days in a very amusing narrative, called "The Confessions of Jasper Buddie, a Dissecting-room Porter." These and other works were written at Chertsey, while Mr. Smith was serving an apprenticeship to literary labour. His career in the republic of letters may be said to have commenced in 1841, when he entirely gave up his Chertsey medical practice, and settled in London. He commenced writing for the magazines at once; his first article, "A Rencontre with the Brigands," appearing in the March number of *Beetley*. His smart, readable style soon attracted notice, and before many months had passed he was a recognised member of the literary fraternity. Success in magazine writing led to more hazardous experiments. Mr. Smith tried his fortune in building a

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



ALBERT SMITH, ESQ. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

complete book, "The Wassail Bowl," a collection of tales and sketches,—and succeeded. This was followed at intervals by the "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," the "Scattergood Family," the "Marchioness of Brinvilliers," "Christopher Tadpole," and "The Poppleton Legacy." In the meantime, Mr. A. Smith obtained an engagement as a writer for *Punch*, and also for the *Illustrated London News*. To the former periodical he was a frequent and a witty contributor; and to the latter, a dramatic critic of undoubted skill.

Mr. Albert Smith has always been of an active disposition: and although he has had numerous literary engagements on hand, he has found time to write for the stage. A melodrama, called "Blanche Heriot," was produced at the Surrey Theatre with marked success. This line of writing was maintained by a series of extravaganzas and burlesques for the Lyceum Theatre, then under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley. The success of these works led several metropolitan managers to seek the services of Mr. Albert Smith, and the result was the production of a variety of sparkling pieces, showing much skill and knowledge of stage effect. About this time a large demand arose for cheap books for railway and casual reading. The literary market was fairly swamped with shilling works and shilling editions. Mr. A. Smith, ever ready to do the right thing at the right time, profited by the prevailing taste, and issued a series of photographic sketches of London society, in the shape of shilling books. The "Natural History of the Gent" had a remarkable run of popularity; as did also "The Flirt," "Ballet Girl," "Idler upon Town," &c.

We now arrive at another phase in the adventurous life of Mr. Albert Smith. To leap out of a jog-trot system and strike into a new path is characteristic of the man. While enjoying great popularity as a humorous writer, Mr. A. Smith threw up the greater part of his engagements for the purpose of travelling to the East, with the view of publishing a book upon the journey. He remained at Constantinople about a month, and gleaned ample materials for a readable volume. This had scarcely been published, when the indefatigable author was ready with a descriptive account of the journey and a series of pictorial illustrations, arranged into a lecture for an evening's entertainment. This was called "The Overland Mail." It had an excellent run; and ere its attraction had ceased, another project was mapped out by its enterprising author. This—the lucky idea of his life—was the ascent of Mont Blanc! In the autumn of 1851 Mr. Albert Smith accomplished the feat. He brought out his lecture descriptive of the event in the month of March, 1852, and in doing so, laid the foundation of an unprecedented popularity and a splendid fortune. From that day to the present, Albert Smith's lecture has been one of the principal attractions of the metropolis. He has given it every day during the last six years, and frequently twice in a day. The lecture has now been repeated nearly two thousand times! Once in each year Mr. A. Smith takes a vacation of a month or so, and employs it in travelling to Chamounix, where he is looked upon as a magnificent patron, on account of the popularity he has given to the place. To so shrewd an observer, the journey there and the return home are sure to

afford novel materials to introduce into the lecture. By these means, with the addition of amusing recitations, adapted to the circumstances of the day, Mr. A. Smith manages to keep up a wonderful freshness in his entertainment, in spite of its frequent repetition.

It has been represented before the Queen and royal family three times—once at Osborne, once at Windsor Castle, and finally at the lecturer's own home, the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

Since its first production, considerable alterations, additions, and improvements, as some say, have been made in the entertainment. We remember listening to it with a great deal of interest when the "monarch of mountains" was new to London; and in hearing it a few nights since we must own we felt disappointment. The lecture, in our opinion, was neither so amusing nor so instructive; the description of comic character did not make up for the absence of that description of beautiful scenery which we had listened to with so much pleasure on a former occasion. And withal the lecturer was severe with his audience, chiding them for laughing in the wrong place, which of course made them laugh all the more. But notwithstanding this, Mont Blanc is a great attraction, and a very agreeable evening may be passed in the company of its gifted exhibitor. He has made the subject entirely his own, invested it with an attractive charm, and rendered it exceedingly popular. His best book, too, is on the same subject. In the "Story of Mont Blanc" he eschews the funny school, and writes as an able, earnest, eloquent man.



SALTO DE LA LAJA, CHILI.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILI.

SALTO DE LA LAJA.

In his retirement at Bologna, where he passed seventy years of his life, the Abbé Molina could never forget the magnificent scenery of Chili. There he was born, and there the earliest years of his life were spent; and the impressions of the extreme beauty of that fairest region of America could never be effaced from his memory. It was a pleasant occupation for the old man to trace real or supposed resemblances between the land of his birth and the country of his adoption. He insisted upon it that a parallel existed between the two, and that as one bore the title of the Garden of Europe, the other fully merited the title of the Garden of South America. The climate of the two countries was very much the same; both were strips of land greater in length than in breadth; both were divided by a mountain-chain—the Apennines being to Italy what the Corderilla is to Chili—the source of those rivers whose waters fertilise the land and render its vegetation at once valuable and beautiful.

For a long time Molina (born 1740; deceased 1831) was the only authority as to the physical geography and natural history of Chili. Half a century, however, after the appearance of Molina's book, after fifty years' undisputed authority on Chilian questions, the volume of the worthy abbé has been thrown completely into the shade by the appearance of an entirely original and extremely valuable work by Claude

Gay. There is a remarkable difference between the productions of these two authors. The work of the Abbé Molina evidently bears the traces of the memories of his youth, rather than careful examination. The abbé wrote of Chili as it appeared to him,—enamelled with the flowers, gilded with the sunshine of childhood; Claude Gay, on the contrary, has produced a thoroughly practical book, the result of twelve years of devoted enterprise and persevering exertion. He has written of the mountains, rivers, and cascades, as they really exist, not as they shape themselves to a long cherished memory; he has ascertained, by minute examinations, what really constitutes the peculiarities of Chilian climate, soil, productions, and zoology: his work is reliable, and is, consequently, a boon to the world.

The accompanying engraving, from a sketch made by this intrepid traveller, represents a famous waterfall in Chili. The river Laja, which is said to be one of the largest affluents of the Biobio, has its source in the lake bearing the same name, situated at the foot of the volcano of Antuco. After a rapid course of ten or fifteen leagues, it crosses the plain of *los Angeles*, and a short distance from its junction with a stream to which it is tributary, it forms a cascade, celebrated all over the country as the Salto de la Laja. A little below this fall is a second of less extent than the first. There are several other falls, at different parts of the river; but those of the Salto are the easiest and safest, and have consequently the preference. The Salto de la Laja is in reality the

grand junction of the streams which unite the *Angelos* to Chillan, and to Santiago, the capital of Chili.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XIV.

For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain;
May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.

RAGGED SCHOOL SONG BOOK.

When the hymn was over, and the children were dismissed with a blessing, Ada looked round for Jem Goodman; but he had hurried away: Apple Blossom had explained the grief that he had noticed by telling him of the death of Esther Darrell, from her drunken husband's blow, and of that miserable man's apprehension.

Jem Goodman—whose sensitive conscience upbraided him that he had not "compelled" Ben "to come in" and sign the pledge—had rushed off to the

station-house to which Tippling Ben had been conveyed by the police.

Jem had in his pocket a letter the poor wretch had written to him only two days before. And those lines, written in a lucid—*alms* sober—interval, were so full of good intentions, and fair promises, and love of that very wife whose blood was now on his head, and of those little ones whom he had made orphans, that Jem Goodman thought, if he could read it aloud at the inquest, it might save Ben from a verdict of wilful murder.

Then, too, Jem Goodman knew, when the demon that had tempted Ben left him alone in his anguish, what despair, and remorse, and passionate love, and vain longing for the wife he had slain, would fill his wretched mind and tortured heart,—and he wished to be at hand to whisper a name potent to save a sinner's soul, and to tell him of that blood of the Lamb shed for such as he, in which, when dipped, sins scarlet as his become white as wool.

"You wished to speak to Apple Blossom, Miss Pemberton?" said Mrs. Golightly, pompously. "She is in the mother's gallery. I have told her a lady wants to speak with her."

Apple Blossom, flushed with vain efforts to conquer the elements which had baffled her hitherto, was sitting among the "wives, with their faces full of woe," and the widows more desolate still,—for it is only rich widows whose gaiety is proverbial—her Testament on her knee, and dead Esther's babe at her breast.

"And ain't thee afraid to take them two babbies home?" asked a woman with one black eye—black from a recent blow—and the other of a pale mixture of green, blue, and brown—the result of a more remote aggression.

"Drat it, Apple Blossom, your measter must be a soft un; why, if I took home so much as a kitten without his leaf, my shoulders 'ud smart for it; and small blame to him, if any. We've six mouths of our own to feed, and 'tain't reasonable to expect a man to work hard for strange babbies. Wouldn't he wollop me, that's all!"

She was actually proud of her husband's brutality, as an evidence of spirit and wisdom.

"It's only for one night," said Apple Blossom, gently; "and a cup of cold water given in His name to these little ones, won't miss its reward. Bob's very kind-hearted: he'd stint himself, rather than let 'em want."

"Aye," said another, "it's lucky for thee, Apple Blossom, as 'tain't Saturday night. If it wor, thee'd maybe come off as bad as poor Esther Catty there; so don't go for to brag about Bob, lass. I've seen them eyes black afore now."

Apple Blossom blushed crimson, and said, "I never said Bob done it, then."

"No, thee didn't, but others did; and that if thee wasn't a fool, he'd get his six months."

"Bob get his six months!" cried Apple Blossom, very angry; "there's not a better husband going than Bob."

"Ven sober," said the woman.

"Nor a wusser," added another, "than Bob Blossom drunk. I've seed him in liquor scores of times. I tell ye, lass, it's no use deceiving; he's no Christian when he's drunk, he's a rampant heathen."

Apple Blossom sighed, and cast down her eyes full of tears; and at this moment Mrs. Golightly introduced Ada.

Ada sat down by her, talked to her kindly, praised her goodness to little Hope, and to the baby, and little Hussy Darrell.

Apple Blossom had a great share of mother wit and womanly tact. She knew from Jem Goodman that the young lady had seen Esther Darrell struck down, but had no idea the blow was a fatal one; Jem Goodman, with that delicate regard for the feelings of ladies which we so often find in the men of the working classes, had warned Apple Blossom and the other women in the mothers' gallery, not to shock the young lady by telling her of Esther's dreadful death.

He knew how terrible it would be to one so new to her work to be greeted at the onset by wife-murder, committed under her eyes. He knew she would learn it soon enough—the papers would be full of it,—but he dreaded her hearing it suddenly in her then excited state.

Many of the women, with the love of horrors common to their sex and class, longed to tell Ada. But they all revered Jem Goodman; and only ventured so far as nods and groans when Esther Darrell was mentioned; and these conveyed no idea to Ada except that they were a very croaking party.

Ada did not like to offer Apple Blossom any reward before the other women, but she was very anxious to recompense her liberally; and to learn

from herself the whole of little Hope's history, and all she knew of Mrs. Evermore's. She therefore gladly accepted Apple Blossom's pretty, meek invitation to her to call and see her in her own humble home on Sunday—Apple Blossom's day of rest and home; and Ada gladly agreed.

She then, following Mrs. Golightly and Ellen St. Ange, took her leave of the ragged school.

CHAPTER XV.

So these in the lower depths of the great city who are fainting by the way must be restored with bread and meat; these who are shivering with the winter's frost must be warmed and clothed; and we must reach their deepest natures, intellectual and moral, by removing that cramp of physical position, that craving of physical need, which they most distinctly feel.—THE LOWER DEPTHS.

"You would like to see the refuge, I am sure," said Mrs. Golightly, "and Mr. St. Stephen is kind enough to allow us to do so."

Ada's heart was very full of all she had seen—but she did not decline; and they went down the narrow, muddy stairs, soiled by those stains which shall be counted marks of honour above, stains left by the worn shoes or bare feet of the destitute.

But the school-room, touching as it was to any human heart, was not so harrowing to Ada's as the first glance she timidly threw round the refuge. In the school there were so many children, ragged and wretched, it is true, but snatched from perdition, dragged or enticed out of the broad road to perdition, temporal and eternal. Wherever there are children, we think more of the future than the past. The future is a fairy-land, in which the most destitute child has an imaginary freehold; but in this refuge Ada saw only men and women, many of them middle-aged, some old; and the thought connected with them was, what must have been their past, for this to be their present? What a tragedy must the drama of each life have been, even of the poorest heaver of wood and drawer of water, to have ended thus.

And yet, poor as was this shelter, with its wooden trough, and woollen rug by way of bed, and its six ounces of bread, the only food since early morning, how gratefully was it accepted by some who had known what it was to be "houseless by night," who had brooded with water-rats under the arches of bridges, and the damp cellars of unfurnished houses, or been maddened by that perpetual "Move on" of the policeman, words that are so terrible to those that have nowhere to move to. To such, what a blessing would the certainty of shelter in the Night Refuge of Green Fields be! But, alas! though it accommodates many, it cannot accommodate a fiftieth part of those it would gladly receive, and of those to whom its cup of cold water, given in His name, its dry bread and poor pallet, are made sweet food and soft couches by the sympathy, the charity, the tenderness with which they are accorded.

Oh, ye who tread the rich carpets of velvet pile, and who, at night, surrounded by your dear ones, draw round the bright hearth, and the blazing fire, and hug yourselves and your darlings, when you hear the rain patter or the wind howl, or know that it is snowing fast or freezing bitterly, think, not merely of the inmates of the night refuge, but think of those whom it fain would shelter, but cannot, for want of funds, want of room, want of help—and when from that bright fireside you go to the warm bedroom, and the bed of down, think of those who wander away from the refuge foot-sore, heart-broken, starving, and ere you sleep, resolve to aid the funds of that refuge.

It is a cruel thing to talk as some do of the poor being pampered and fostered in idleness by such a refuge as this. Let those who, sitting by bright fires in their easy chairs, write down what they so erroneously call the pampering system, imagine themselves passing a night in this refuge.

Ada, as she passed along the rows of troughs, in each of which lay a prodigal similar to him who had eaten of the husks the swine refused, tried not to meet the hollow, glassy eyes of the refugees; and when she did, if shame sent a pale tinge to their cheeks, it dyed with crimson those of Ada. The blush was in keeping with the blood that painted it—theirs, the poor, pale fluid of want and misery—hers, the rich stream that courses through the veins of the young, wealthy, and prosperous. But all were not prodigals: some were guilty, some only unfortunate. There were amongst the refugees men who had worked hard, and worked in vain; victims of long illnesses, of wicked or careless relatives; mechanics run aground—men who felt, and truly, that it was no disgrace to halt for a night in their journey of sorrow at the refuges God had put into man's heart to establish.

Many who would have felt parish relief, even if

attainable, a sort of stigma, and would have dreaded the "Bumbles" of the union, broke the bread of the refuge with gratitude untinted by shame, and felt—what no one ever felt in a workhouse—that he was kindly welcome.

In passing by the wooden troughs (which some political economists so grudge these destitute and fallen brothers and sisters of ours), Ada's rich silk dress occasionally came in contact with the bare, swollen, blistered feet of those awaiting their turn for the bath or the lavatory. Some of those feet had not the splay, misshapen form of the habitual trampler. Some seemed to Ada's shy and hurried glance of that shape and texture which bespeak gentle birth or breeding.

Those naked, weary, dusty feet must almost all of them have trodden the paths of sin, and all those of sorrow; and their owners drew them back with a pang from that chance contact with Ada's silken robe. But there was a pang in Ada's heart too: that she was clothed so sumptuously, and that, while her own attire had engrossed her thoughts and consumed her means, she had never before thought of the barefooted and ragged.

In the women's ward a new and painful surprise awaited Ada and Ellen St. Ange. They had been together as young girls at a finishing school in Hyde-park, and at that school there was a maid who had waited on them, and was a sort of favourite; Jessy Hawthorn was her name. She was a very beautiful girl of eighteen, but fond of admiration and with a passion for dress. In the next house to Madame La Mode's fashionable establishment lived a nobleman who had two wild sons—those sad beings called gay men. They were fond of watching Jessy going on errands, and working during summer in an arbour on which their back windows looked.

Jessy saw she was admired, and by tip-top gentry, as she called them. She was innocent then, but she wished to be more admired still. She began to wear forbidden ornaments on the sly,—flowers, bangles, blonde, and jewelry from the Lowther Arcade—that is to say, bits of coloured glass set in ormolu. Her mistress detected this, objected, and forbade it. Jessy, in a pet, threw up her place.

Ada and Ellen never knew what had become of her—they had never seen her from that day, when they had argued with her and implored her to give in, and give up the flowers, bangles, and brooches, until they recognised her in a poor creature, sitting erect in one of the troughs in the female ward, and twisting up her long, rich, auburn hair. Both at the same moment recognised her, and exclaimed, "Jessy Hawthorn!"

Yes, they knew her again, though seven years were between Jessy as she was at Madame La Mode's, and Jessy in the Green Fields Night Refuge; and far more than years, vice and sin had wasted and altered her.

But the large, violet eyes, and rich, auburn hair, and the singular beauty of a face, such as Westall delighted to portray, were remarkable even in sickness and rags—Ada and Ellen knew her at a glance.

Poor creature! she had not perceived the ladies, and they watched her for a few minutes unnoticed.

She was gazing on vacancy with those same sloping, violet eyes, (the same, yet, oh how different!) which they had so often admired at school, and every now and then a smile—an inane smile—parted the blue lips, which they remembered to have compared to chiselled coral.

The matron, on being questioned, said her name was Jessy Hawthorn; that she did not seem quite right in her head, and had been found by a missionary at night, in the rain, leaning over Waterloo bridge; he had brought her there, almost delirious with long fasting; that they had fed her carefully, and she seemed better; but, after dosing for a while, had talked in a rambling way about home and her mother, and some one whom she called St. Clair.

"From what I can gather," said the matron, "she has been seduced by some man of rank, who soon got tired of her, and then went rapidly down the slippery hill of vice, till disease and want drove her to meditate suicide."

"Shall I try to rouse her to a sense of her sins?" said Mrs. Golightly. "Shall I tell her what is the portion of the wicked?"

"No," said Ellen's dear friend, "you might kill her outright. Let us tell her rather of the Saviour's judgment on the woman at whom all men were ready to cast stones—'Go, and sin no more.'"

At this moment, the poor girl's eyes lighted on Ellen and Ada. With a wild scream, she drew the woollen rug of her bed over her face and head, and they could see (as she rocked herself to and fro in her agony) that she was sobbing violently.

Ellen St. Ange drew near, and said, "Jessy Hawthorn, do you remember Miss St. Ange and Miss Pemberton? If so, let us speak to you, Jessy: we

come as friends; we wish to serve you—to help you."

"No—no—no, young ladies," said the poor girl, "I am not fit to speak to you now! No one can do me any good now! I would not listen to you when it would have availed so much—I cannot listen now."

"But," said Ellen, "you *must* listen, Jessy, for there is comfort and hope even for you. If you repent, you will be forgiven all."

"Oh,—no—no! I threw up my place, because I mightn't deck my vain body as in my folly I wished. I said I should go home to mother, but I never went nigh. I knew mother wouldn't hold with me. I soon found one who did—Colonel St. Clair offered me a home—a fine lady's home, and flowers and silks, and real jewels. I was tempted more than I could bear, and I sold myself for dress. I didn't even love him, and he soon grew tired of me, and quarrelled with me to make room for another. He was a brute to me—so were others with whom I lived. I lived with them that I might not die of hunger. At last I fell ill, and was left alone to die. I was in a poor lodging; I had pawned all my finery, and even my under-clothing to pay my rent, and I still owed a week; and the woman had abused me—shaking her fist at me, and had told me, if I didn't clear all before noon next day, she'd have me in gaol. I stole out to pawn my flannel petticoat—yes, I got enough to pay her, and I did so; and then I crept out again after fasting two days, and suddenly I thought of the river. Oh, why—why—why did they not let me die? Why am I here? Where is my mother? Do you remember those happy, sinless days? How kind you were! How kind all the ladies were! And I threw up that place! And all for a few flowers, and beads, and a tinsel brooch! Where am I? What is this board, this rug? Where is the river?" she added, starting up, tearing her hair, and beating her bosom.

"You had better leave her to me, ladies," said the matron. "She is excited. I do not like her symptoms. I shall send for our medical adviser; but leave her now. It is the past, realised to her mind by your presence, that distracts her."

"She must be bled, blistered, and restrained by a strait waistcoat," said Mrs. Golightly.

"Oh! I hope not," said Ada.

"Perhaps a sedative would answer better," said Ellen.

At that moment a loud, wild cry burst on their ears.

Ellen had left by Jessy's side a hymn-book, which she recognised. It brought back memories of past innocence, and a sense of present degradation (offspring of sin); and reason, long tottering, gave way at once. She raved of beads, bugles, flowers, St. Clair, and other noble names, that sound very grand and smooth shouted out by powdered footmen in lordly mansions, but which seemed sadly out of place there, screamed out by a maniac in that night refuge, and among those ragged ones. Then she raved of hunger, thirst, Ada, Ellen, her mother, and above all the river.

Jessy Hawthorn was raving mad. The refuge was no place for her, and she was removed to Bedlam.

CHAPTER XVI.

To dew-eyed pity bear the tear,
And hang it on her diadem.

It was with very sad hearts that Ada and Ellen, regaining the cab, drove back to Mrs. Golightly's lodgings in Jermyn-street, where Miss St. Ange's equipage had been long awaiting them.

Mrs. Golightly had availed herself of the opportunity of the discovery of Jessy's downfall to inveigh against the *unfair* sex, beginning with Adam, and going through a long succession of his more guilty sons.

Ada and Ellen had nothing to say: their hearts were too full for utterance (Ada's especially). As Ada deposited her at her own abode, she said—

"Come to me early, very early to-morrow, darling Ellen. I have so much to do, to say, to plan. There is no time to be lost. I have wasted too much already. I want to see Apple Blossom; to hear about Esther and 'Tippling Ben'; to consult Jem Goodman; to enrol myself a teacher at the ragged school; to visit poor, fallen Jessy."

"You have an interest in life, now, Ada," said Ellen.

"Oh, Ellen, how deep, how engrossing, how holy an interest I feel, as if I had never lived before."

"The want of a want—" said Ellen.

"Is supplied," whispered Ada, embracing her.

"Dearest, farewell. My heart is too full for words."

Ada heard from her maid that Lady Pemberton was gone to bed, ill from anxiety caused by another fit that had attacked—Sir Augustus? No: Sultana, her fat and apoplectic lap-dog—centre of all her affections—object of all her solicitude. She only laughed at the growing disease of Ada's mind, she shed tears over the obese and panting Sultana.

Sir Augustus was dining out, and Ada was at liberty to retire to her own room and be still.

She dismissed her maid, closed her door, and threw herself at the foot of the sumptuous bed so gorgeously contrasted with the troughs and rugs, which yet were such a blessing to the ragged and houseless. Ada prayed long and fervently, and tears quietly dropped the while,

"Tears so soft and meek,
They would not stain an angel's cheek."

At length she sought her pillow; and, very, very weary with all she had gone through that night, she closed her eyes, and as she did so visions of what she had seen floated before her. The hungry boys; the tempting cookshop; the ticket-porters; the ruffian drunkard, and his frail wife; the savage blow; the fall; the hungry wretch with his stolen loaf; the ragged school and all its mute appeals; Jem Goodman; Apple Blossom; Merry; Larky Grigg; Stunning Steenie; the refuge and its wolf-eyed denizens; Jessy Hawthorn and her wasted beauty; and, smiling around all, little Hope, with her blue eyes and golden hair, now raising her little, rosy forefinger in warning, now beckoning Ada with it to follow her into crowded, miserable haunts, blind alleys, and dark lanes; and, finally (Ada was dreaming now), to the foot of the Cross, where she knelt side by side with little Hope Evermore.

CHAPTER XVII.

To show us how divine a thing a woman may be made.
WORDSWORTH.

We'll do at once what is to do,
And trust ourselves alone.

IRISH PATRIOT'S SONG.

ADA woke at an early hour, for she had slept soundly through the night.

There was very unusual with her: sleeplessness—terrible attendant of the melancholy engendered by ennui, discontent, and self-reproach—had already become the habitual companion of this young girl's pillow.

Those who lie awake all night are very apt to doze away the whole morning.

This Ada had long been in the habit of doing. Often she did not rise till noon, because she dreaded the long day, with its wearisome succession of heavy hours, its

"Empty fashions, modes, and forms,
Its flatteries paid to fellow worms;"

its lovers whom she could not love, admirers whom she could not admire, occupations that did not interest her, fine talkers that bored, and wits that wearied her; days of *nothing to do*, at least nothing in which the heart, the mind, the soul, took any part.

But on the morning after that great inward change, greater in its effects than any outward one could have been, Ada woke after several hours of sweet sleep and heavenly dreams, and looking round on the elegant costliness of her own apartments, in which all appeared strange and altered, seen by the new light kindled within, she recognised at last that all was unchanged EXCEPT HERSELF. She was a new creature; she no longer exclaimed, as the bright sun of early spring came in through the rich rose-coloured curtains that shrouded her windows, "Would God it were night!" She rejoiced in the sun, for she said to herself, "I am glad morning is come, for I have so much to do!" She did not querulously ring for her maid to bring the strong tea or coffee that only added irritation to dejection, nor did she compel her to endure the effects of that inward unrest which vented itself in scolding, fault-finding, and grumbling.

Ada felt a sort of distaste for the presence of that artificial growth of the hot-bed of fashion—her lady's maid,—with her mincing tones and inaudible steps, her sham condolence with those imaginary woes which she coarsely ridiculed for the amusement of the powdered giants of the servants' hall; who thought "It a pity Mr. Wright hadn't shown up yet, and wished their young missus a good husband, and Miss Pertinette (her maid) another; which," added Townley (my lady's own footman), "Miss Pertinette needn't go far for to seek them manly 'arts as guards the fair."

Ada—even while she indulged in the fine lady habit of grumbling, which "Pertinette," in spite of her assumed sympathy, called in the servants' hall "mizzling"—felt there was no reality in the condolence of her maid.

And now that the *real* woes of others filled her mind, she felt ashamed of all she had felt and expressed about her own ideal sorrows.

As she stood at the window of her dressing-room, which looked into St. James's Park—the morning sun already up, a fresh breeze fanning her cheek and waving the trees, beginning to be sprinkled with bright green buds—and as she contrasted that fair scene without, and the comfort within, the bright fire already burning, the bath already prepared, the room already nicely swept and arranged by the early under housemaid, and a fresh hot-house bouquet on the table, she thought—"How does the morning, so bright for me, dawn in the night refuge of Green Fields? On what haggard faces does this bright sun look in? How do those who so thankfully last night accepted that blessed shelter, grateful for the loaf of bread and cup of cold water given in their Saviour's name, more grateful for the unwonted words of kindness, the look of pity, the voice of sympathy; grateful for a roof to protect them from the wind and rain, and for the wooden trough and woollen rug; they, many of them, used to comfort, some to luxury—how do they feel on waking for the first time in the night refuge—the blissful unconsciousness of sleep over, the morning come—time when 'the churchyard of memory gives up its dead?' Ah! what drooping spirits, what breaking hearts are there! The day has begun, they must up and be doing. What can the destitute do? The rich should find them profitable work. I am of the rich. I must consult Mr. Goodman and see to it."

"How does this morning sun," thought Ada, "search out the damp, dark nooks where those the refuge could not receive have shivered through the night?"

"How does it dawn on Bedlam, where poor Jessy Hawthorn shrieks and groans?"

"How does it mock the misery of that drunken man who struck his wife to the earth before my eyes? those hungry boys who glared in at that cookshop? that miserable man whom it finds, perhaps, in prison for stealing a loaf?"

Hastily Ada went quite unaided through the duties of her morning toilet.

She found she *could* brush out and knot up "the loose train of her amber flowing hair." She *could* put on her own shoes and stockings. She *could* dress herself as neatly as when she was a pupil at Madame la Mode's, with only poor, pretty, neat-handed Jessy Hawthorn to help twenty young ladies. (Ah! poor Jessy, what a pang was there!)

Great was the mincing Pertinette's surprise (there was no pretence about that), when, coming in with her young mistress's breakfast-tray and sham sympathy, she found her dressed, cheerful, kind, gentle, and coming down to breakfast!

"Which," said Pertinette to Townley, "you might have knocked me down with a feather, the surprise so completely turned my nerves."

"Have you heard how mamma is to-day?" asked Ada.

"Tarlatan, mem, says my lady have passed a very precarious night. She would have Sultana in her own room, which the poor dear four-footed creature is a burden to herself, and to every one else, and suffers so much. A change is to be desired, mem, if my lady could but bear to have her put out of her misery. Townley, in spite of his own feelings, which is very exquisite, would do it for the sake of my lady."

"Oh! I trust that will not be required of Townley. While there's life, there's hope," said Ada.

"There's no hope of any rest or peace for Mrs. Tarlatan, or Mr. Townley, mem," said Pertinette. "And even I, as ain't used to the brute creation, or their ways, while you were out, mem, last evening, mem, I was pressed into the service. I hadn't time to trim a cap, or set a stitch for myself—out of one fit into another, out of one bath into another, was that blessed Sultana, and so dangerous, a snarling and a snapping. Mr. Townley had the courage of a mandarin, or he never could have held Sultana down. It is a pity, mem, to risk a Christian's life for a rampant heathen like that dog."

"And how is papa?" Pertinette shook her glossy head, and the pink ribbons of her small lace cap.

"Well, mem, Townley heard Monsieur Vanille, Sir Augustus's new valet, say that Sir Augustus came home from the farewell dinner to the new Governor of ——— decidedly 'cut,' mem."

"Cut"—what do you mean, Pertinette? My father cut? By whom? Remember, I allow of no jokes or impertinent remarks about either of my parents."

"I only repeated Townley's own words, mem," said Pertinette, who was very saucy in an indirect, quiet way, and who felt extremely nettled at the sudden

unexplained change which seemed to cut her out from the confidence she had abused and betrayed; added to which all Pertinette's arrangements for flirtations with Townley, Pomp, and Monsieur Vanille depended on Ada's being a late riser. Early rising in a mistress, ladies'-maids unused to it resent as a personal injury and punishable offence. "But, mem," added Pertinette, "Mr. Pomp, who spoke to Sir Augustus himself, said he was only a little 'screwed.'"

"I do not want to hear the slang of the servants'-hall, Pertinette. If you cannot express yourself properly, you need not speak at all. I have not the least idea what you mean by those incomprehensible vulgarisms, which I forbid you ever to use again," said Ada, sternly.

"Well, mem," said Pertinette, reddening at the unwonted rebuke—which, though often richly deserved, Ada was generally too absent, listless, or self-engrossed to administer—"well, mem" (and here her mean nature rejoiced in the sting she felt she was about to plant in the daughter's heart), "what they really meant, mem, was that Sir Augustus came home (I'm sure, mem, I mean no offence) very much elevated, mem!"

"In other words, degraded," thought Ada, sickening at the recollection of her father's habitual intemperance.

She turned round, trembling with anger and mortification, and intending to order Pertinette out of the room; but a moment's reflection convinced her that it would be both unjust and unwise. The girl had spoken the truth, and so common was it for Sir Augustus to exceed in the matter of wine, that the servants attached very little importance to the occurrence.

"Sir Augustus, mem, could not have been quite himself, for he forced his way up into her ladyship's boudoir, where Sultana, mem, after her bath, was lying wrapped up in shawls beside my lady. And oh, mem, Sir Augustus all but sat down on the poor dear sufferer; oh, how my lady screamed, how Mrs. Tarlatan shrieked and dropped the plate in which she had been cutting up a bit of cold chicken for Sultana's supper. And oh, mem, Sir Augustus being, as I said, not quite himself, actually pulled poor, dear, delicate Sultana off the sofa by her ear, and pitched her yelping and barking to the other end of the room. Luckily she lighted on the ottoman, and no bones was broken. But oh, mem, what a scene; Sir Augustus, his wig perched over one eye, sitting in Sultana's place by the sofa, his arm thrown audaciously round my lady's waist, holding her there against her will, while Sultana was howling piteously, and he singing

'John Thomas, where's your wife?'

and other low songs, which showed he was elevated." "Poor mamma! what did she do?" asked Ada, really anxious about her mother, but her cheeks burning with a daughter's sense of a parent's shame, and tears of filial love and regret filling her beautiful eyes.

"Well, miss, finding strength wouldn't do, my lady tried a 'dodge,' as Townley calls it. She asked Sir Augustus, quite polite like, if he would like a glass of punch. Sir Augustus said, quite gallant like, 'If my lady would mix it, and sweeten the cup.' So up gets my lady, Sir Augustus quite pleased, a singing and shouting,

'She's gone to the Marquis of Granby,
Getting as drunk as she can be.
She won't be home to-night.'

No sooner, mem, was my lady free than, catching up Sultana, who still lay whining on the ottoman, she retired into her bed-room with Tarlatan, and locked the door. I wasn't a-going, mem, to stay there alone, with Sir Augustus singing all sorts of Barcarolles songs"—(Pertinette meant Bacchanalian)—"so I retired, miss, sending Townley to him.

"Townley was obliged to get Monsieur Vanille, and at last Mr. Pomp, and as my lady had spoken of punch, Sir Augustus would have a bowl made.

"As strong as brandy's self, miss; leastways, the taste Townley saved for me."

"And did papa drink it? How wicked of Vanille and Pomp."

"After the first tumbler, miss, Sir Augustus fell fast asleep. Mr. Pomp said so much good liquor mustn't be wasted, and so between them they finished the bowl."

"And what became of papa?"

"Townley and Pomp carried him to bed, lighted by Monsieur Vanille, mem. Shall I go and see if breakfast is laid in the library, mem?"

"Yes. Alas!" thought Ada, "it is not only among the miserable and destitute creatures whom I saw last night, that drunkenness is so great a curse. Here

is my father, a man of iron constitution, great intellect, and kindest nature—a man who might have been so great and good, and have done so much—destroyed mind, body, aye, and perhaps soul, by the habits of intemperance contracted at college. His remarkable beauty of face and form is blotched and bloated by this deadly habit. His intellect is impaired by it, his moral sense is blunted. I heard Dr. Dareall say to mamma's medical man, Finikin Snugly, that *delirium tremens* had set in. Oh, my poor father, what is to be done? If I could bear to speak of a father's sin to a stranger, I would take counsel of Mr. Goodman. At any rate, Ellen would advise me for the best. She, of course, knows it. Alas! who does not? It is written, yes, it is written in the purple veins that disfigure his fine nose. It is confessed by the trembling of his hand, and the stutter of his once eloquent tongue. Oh, that I could save that dear, kind father!"

(To be continued.)

BE GENTLE WITH THY WIFE.

Be gentle! for you little know

How many trials rise;

Although to thee they may be small,
To her of giant size.

Be gentle! though perchance that lip

May speak a murmuring tone,
The heart may beat with kindness yet,
And joy to be thine own.

Be gentle! weary hours of pain

'Tis woman's lot to bear;
Then yield her what support thou canst,
And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle! for the noblest hearts

At times may have some grief,
And even in a pettish word
May seek to find relief.

Be gentle! for unkindness now

May rouse an angry storm,
That all the after years of life
In vain may strive to calm.

Be gentle! none are perfect—

Thou'rt dearer far than life;
Then, husband, bear and still forbear—
Be gentle to thy wife.

Inventions and Science.

BLACK PIGMENT FROM SCHIST.—M. Mareschal has succeeded in making from schist a very solid and brilliant black; it absorbs less oil, covers better, and flows from the brush more perfectly than other black pigments. He operates on schist from which the oil has been extracted by distillation, calcination, or otherwise; the mineral is then powdered and sifted until it is brought to the state of an impalpable powder; the powder is washed and dried by heat. The blacks at present employed by painters are very inferior, by all accounts, to that from schist.

NEW LUBRICATING MATERIAL.—By a recent discovery M. Rohrig has accomplished the removal of the acid principles of fat, and thus obtained a new lubricating material of an amber colour, an aromatic odour, a taste which is not disagreeable, and a consistency approaching that of castor oil. For greasing machinery this substance is preferable to common olive oil and also to neat's foot oil; it oxidises the metals much less, and hardly colours copper, bronze, or brass; it does not run, and it is procurable at a cheap rate.

REMEDY FOR INSECTS IN HERBARIA.—Procure a wooden box capable of holding a dozen parcels of plants, as they are taken from the herbarium, leaving space for a small saucer in which is poured a little sulphuret of carbon. The box being then shut hermetically is left to itself for 24 hours, after which time the subtle vapour having penetrated to the heart of all the sheets every insect is found dead.

HORSE TAMING.—The following simple remedy, easily tried, is said to be the secret of horse taming:—"Procure some horse-caster (the wart of the fore leg of a horse) and grate it fine, some oil of Rhodium and oil of cumin, and keep the three separate in air-tight bottles. Rub a little oil of cumin upon your hand, and approach the horse in the field, on the windward side. Rub your hand gently on the horse's nose, getting a little of the oil on it. You can lead him anywhere. Give him a little castor on a piece of loaf sugar or potato. Put eight drops of oil of Rhodium into a lady's silver thimble, stopping the mouth of the thimble to prevent the oil from running out whilst you open the mouth of the horse, tip the thimble over upon his tongue, and he will follow you like a pet dog. Good grooming, feeding, and gentle treatment are then enjoined to your future slave."

OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

ENGLISH hospitality was one of the most pleasant characteristics of the "good old times." Perhaps, indeed, it was the only pleasant feature they possessed, as it constitutes their chief claim to be called the "merry days" of England.

Saxon thanes and Norman lords gave hospitable entertainments to all comers. They made nothing of grilling a Jew, burning a witch, hanging a retainer, or quietly, with steel or poison, putting a rival out of the way. Brute force was in the ascendant. The sword was the title by which estates were won, and by which they were maintained. The soldier was the highest style of man. Loyalty was shown by military service in the king's behalf. Religion was exhibited by chivalrous invasions of infidel territory. Love was attested by deeds of arms done in honour of bright eyes; and poetry sounded its lyre to the praise of him who had been most devoted to his mistress, most zealous to his God, most loyal to his king, by wielding sword and battle-axe on many a blood-stained field.

In those days, to "entertain strangers" as well as friends was a practical part of religion. The baronial hall, with its oaken walls and rafters, its broad tables, and its ample provisions were at the service of the wayfarer. The rich man sat at the top and the poor man at the bottom; rank asserted itself by remaining above the salt-cellar and allowing poverty to eat and drink below it. Thus the lordling and the vassal were brought into close connection, and some people have supposed that the connection was agreeable. If it was then, it certainly would not be now. The days of proud barons, haughty prelates, and chivalrous knights have passed away—

"The knights are dust,
Their swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

And such hospitality as they offered has passed away with them, and is but little regretted.

But properly to understand any age or any custom, and fairly to estimate its character, we must, by the force of sympathetic imagination, cast ourselves into that age, acquaint ourselves with its leading activities, and endeavour to think and feel as they felt and thought who lived under its dominion. It is neither candid nor useful to measure a past age by our own.

The old baron, with his moated castle, his enslaved hinds, his armed retainers, his priest and jester, hawks and hounds, his well-stored larder, and his empty library, his gigantic person and dwarfed intellect, would cut but a sorry figure nowadays; but he was a great man in his own time. He was the most absolute of tyrants. Within bow-shot of his castle, perhaps, there was a cluster of huts, closely huddled together, where dwelt the *villains regardant*, or peasants belonging to the soil. On these he had his eye continually, as they ploughed the fields, tended the cattle, or drudged in domestic offices. He saw that brawny Hercules of a ploughman, and, snapping him from the plough, made him an armed retainer, turning his sickle to a sword. Or he saw a sharp-witted fool going a bird-nesting in summer weather, and, having his ear tickled by some smart saying, clapped a cap and bells on the witty witless one, and made a fool of him for life. Or it may be that he caught sight of a pretty girl, a nutting in the wood, as he was out riding, with a falcon on his fist, and, charmed by her deep black eyes and rich complexion, ripened by the kisses of the sun, took her for himself—no matter for her will—and left her old father to die of a broken heart. Or he cut off two toes from Will-o'-the-Aspen's favourite dog, lest it should be used in hunting. Or he did anything and everything that suited his own whim—but he was a hearty, hospitable man for all that.

There was rare work when his ample board was spread. The bill of fare often contained many things which we should not regard as delicacies: but what of that?—they who eat them liked them. A roast peacock, a couple of good swans, with brown gravy, a crane, a boar's head, besides all sorts of luxuries from all parts of the world; luxuries—according to John of Salisbury, who had often partaken of them, so he ought to know—"from Babylon, and from Constantinople; from Palestine, and from Alexandria; from Tripoli, Syria, and Phœnicia."

"Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine,
Herons, and bitterns, peacocks, swans, and bustards,
Teal, mallard, pigeon, widgion, and, in fine,
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies, and custards;
And withal they drank old Gascon wine."

Old English cooks were famous in their way. Both Stowe and Holinshed are filled with records of good eating; and even old romance tells, not only of ladies



OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

fair as the dawn, and knights as true as their swords, but of feasts most wondrously sumptuous. Ben Jonson, in "The Alchemist," introduces us to Sir Epicure Mammon, who, gloating on his precious wealth, revels in a glorious dream of gastronomy. Says he to Puff—

"We will be brave, Puff, now we have the medicine. My meat shall come in Indian shells, Dishes of agate, set in gold, and studded With emerald, sapphire, hyacinths, and rubies, The tongues of carp, dormice, and camels' heels, Boiled in the spirit of sol and dissolved pearl— Apicius' diet against the epilepsy: And I will eat these broths with spoon of amber, Heated with diamonds and carbuncle; My footboy shall eat pheasants, calvered salmon, Knots, godwits, lampreys; I myself will have The heads of barbel served instead of salads."

For which I'll say unto my cook, *There's gold, Go forth and be a knight.*"

But it must not for a moment be supposed that every delicacy of the season was invariably served up in a baronial hall. Peter of Blois complains sadly in one of his letters about the treatment which he received, even at court. "A priest or a soldier," says he, "has bread placed before him which is neither kneaded nor leavened, and is made of the dregs of beer; bread like lead, full of bran, and slack-baked; wine spoilt by being either sour or mouldy—thick, greasy, rancid, tasting of pitch, and vapid. I have seen wine set before noblemen so full of dregs, that they were compelled to filter it through their teeth, with closed eyes and loathing stomachs; the fish is four days old, the poultry stinks, and the flesh is carrion."

In justice it must be admitted that such cases were rare, and that generally old English hospitality furnished excellent fare.

In the baronial hall a very mixed company assembled—

"All sorts of people there were seen together, All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses: The fool, with fox's tail and peacock's feather; Pilgrims and penitents, and grave burghesses; The country people, with their coats of leather; Vintners and victuallers, with cans and messes; Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers, and yeomen; Damsels and waiting-maids, and waiting-women."

All the gentlefolk spoke French; some very correctly, others like the lady described by Chaucer—

"After the school of Stratford-le-Bow, For French of Paris she did not know."

But all spoke it after a fashion, because it was the fashion. The subject of conversation was sure to turn on hawking. Gerfalcons, gentils, goshawks, lanners, peregrines, and Norway hawks were familiar phrases. Therefore was the falconer a great man—great as the modern jockey,—he was a knowing fellow, too; he could say, with Sir Tristram—

"There is no hawk which martlet on perch, Whether high towering or a coasting low, But I the measure of her flight can search, And all her prey and all her diet know."

Hawking was in great favour with all sorts of people. "There was not a swaggerer, who more often dipped his nose into the pottle-pot than his fingers into his pouch; there was not a lady, who slew more men with her bright glances than the knights with their trusty swords; there was not a holy-water clerk, or a soul priest, or a lady's confessor, but loved to have a bird on the wrist and a dog under the arm."

In the days of baronial hospitality they kept early hours. There was a common adage which recommended this practice—

"To rise at five, to dine at nine, To sup at five, to bed at nine, Makes a man live to ninety-nine."

When the sport or business of the day was over, they sat down to their repast, a thoroughly substantial meal, about which the devout wish that good digestion might wait on appetite, and health or both, would be no idle compliment.

After supper there were gambols of various sorts. Mummers would sometimes make boisterous mirth, while at others the blind harper would provoke the dance or rouse up wonder by his minstrelsy. A posset at bedtime closed the feasting of the day.

Such was the common life of an old English baron, a race now extinct, and the resuscitation of which, if possible, would bring back anything but "merry days" to England.

MEMOIR OF MR. JOHN SISSON.

AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

For who shall go about To cozen fortune, and be honourable Without the stamp of merit?—SHAKESPEARE.

THE progress of self-educated individuals has always been to philosophic minds an interesting subject for contemplation. It is pleasing to observe the efforts of a man, born in the lowest grade of society, and struggling with poverty, to create for himself a position among men by overcoming all the obstacles to his mental improvement,—obstacles which would deter persons of less energy, and with little natural capacity, from ever making the attempt to succeed.

The history of the labourers in the fields of science and literature furnish numerous examples of self-taught persons; and though many of them have lived long enough to make their names "as familiar in the mouths of men as household words," yet it would be difficult to find a better illustration of innate intellectual capacity than in the life of him who forms the subject of this brief but instructive memoir.

John Sisson, the lamented subject of the following notice, was born May 24th, 1801, at the small village

of Newark, near Peterborough, in Northamptonshire, and he died at Glasgow in the month of November, 1832.

His parents were poor, but very honest and industrious, his father being a farm-labourer. Of his early history we could glean but a scanty account, although the writer of this memoir visited his poor old mother for the purpose of obtaining some information. She said he was taught to read and write at a parish school. His education must have indeed been meagre and defective, for he was employed early to labour in the fields, and went into a regular service at eleven or twelve, the speciality of which we shall shortly enumerate.

But as his good old parent could not furnish any instance of precocity, she spoke of his dutiful and moral conduct with much deep feeling, while precious tears coursed down her cheeks as the vouchers of her sincerity and of the accuracy of her report.*

John Sisson, at the age mentioned above, went to live at Mr. Whitsed's, a general practitioner at that time at Peterborough, to be his groom, footman, &c. &c. And we were told by that gentleman "that the qualities he observed in his new servant interested him greatly in his favour; that he was zealous to do everything correctly, and was conspicuous for his sterling integrity. Yet he considered Sisson particularly timid, so that it was painful to witness the agitation of his manner whenever he undertook anything new to him, or had to execute some novel function; and this it would seem arose from a strong desire to do everything well. For, notwithstanding this *mauvaise honte*, there was an aptitude to learn." The doctor concluded by saying "that he was the best servant he had ever employed."

These particular incidents are worthy of being specially noted, as they will have a significance and interest when we refer to his subsequent career, and to the period when he visited his old master as a friend and companion.

In the house of Dr. Whitsed there resided, as his pupil in medicine, a gentleman of the name of Smith, to whom Sisson was greatly indebted for assistance at the commencement of his studies.

The praiseworthy conduct of this *unpaid* tutor arose from his having observed the lad's eagerness for knowledge, and for acquiring some improvement in his manners; and thus actuated by a truly benevolent spirit, he gave Sisson every assistance to aid him in his pursuit of knowledge, for which he soon manifested a great aptitude. And he quickly acquired some proficiency in the English and Latin grammars, and then he read many of the best classical authors in both languages.

It must have been an interesting picture to observe the medical student in his hours of leisure devoting himself to gratify the mental craving of the groom. And though he never contemplated any notice of this philanthropic act, yet it was evident that he did not consider such a mode of spending his time at all derogatory to his character or respectability. If that gentleman lives, and should read this paper, we assure him that in mentioning the part he had performed in maturing and developing the mind of Mr. Sisson, we are induced to do so from a sense of admiration, for it formed the first epoch of the intellectual life of this student.

The results of this disinterested "labour of love" confirm the truth of the solemn and dying words of Judge Talford, who inculcated the doctrine, that much might be done to elevate the humble and too often neglected portions of the community, if persons of cultivated minds would associate with them, and point out "the way they should go;" and thus by precept and example inculcate in their minds a desire to exercise the powers which give intelligence and moral susceptibility; and thus thousands would be saved from being the slaves of their animal propensities. Mr. Smith also gave Sisson some writing-lessons, and hence it is possible that his caligraphic power had been little exercised, even if he knew pot-hooks and strokes, when he entered the town-service, before the age of twelve. We may also remark that the different lessons he received must have been brief and at irregular periods, owing to the professional engagements of the tutor, and the multifarious duties of a country practitioner's groom and servant of all work.

In the year 1821 Dr. Whitsed removed from Peter-

* Old Mrs. Sisson was most illiterate, not being able to read or write, but her moral organisation gave her a very respectable aspect and a degree of refinement, which not only won our esteem and respect, but gave a surety that her evidence was given to the best of her knowledge. She was a widow. All her neighbours whom the writer interrogated about the Sisson family, spoke of them as worthy, honest, good people, and that the daughters were all in good situations, and most exemplary in their conduct.

borough to Wisbeach, to practise as a physician; and Mr. Walker became his successor, who received, besides the transfer of the business, the continued services of John Sisson. We had many conversations with his new master many years after these events; and he told us, in proof of his ardour for knowledge, that he had ascertained it was his custom to sit up studying until two o'clock in the morning, and at four getting up again, having arranged with a soap-boiler's man to call him. The reason he assigned for taking merely two hours' sleep interested the writer greatly: "that he might go on with his studies without infringing any part of his duties!" And Mr. Walker concluded with saying that he never had so good a servant. To use his own words: "My plate was never so well cleaned, nor my horse so well groomed, nor the garden kept so neatly, nor such exact punctuality in the delivery of the medicines I had prescribed for my patients," &c.

What can be said to this and similar facts by those who assert that education makes the working classes dissatisfied with labour? Our own experience furnishes innumerable examples in refutation of this libel; for it must be a libel to suppose that God gave to men (irrespective of rank or position) similar intellectual and moral attributes, and that in the prosperous they may and ought to be cultivated with great advantage and usefulness to the recipients, but that in the needy these attributes may be left to be untrained and torpid, although there exists that emphatic warning, "that it is not well for the soul to lack knowledge."

Mr. Sisson resided with Mr. Walker nearly three years, so that he was still in service in 1824; yet before he left this situation he had been intrusted to make up the medicines from the daily prescription-book, and was considered quite expert in the business. But it would appear that he was very unambitious, as he simply requested Mr. Walker to procure him a place as light porter in a wholesale drug-house. Soon after this conversation, one of the firm of such an establishment visited Peterborough, to whom was mentioned Sisson's wish; and Mr. Walker gave him, at the same time, a high character for his moral respectability. The gentleman felt interested, and desired an interview; and great was his surprise to find the young man so intelligent, so learned, yet so modest; and he dismissed him with a promise that he would endeavour to serve him. And when he again saw Mr. Walker, he declared it would be a pity and a shame to bury so much talent in a drug warehouse, and he concluded by offering to procure a situation for him with a surgeon, as his dispensing assistant, provided that he was furnished with a written testimonial as to his moral character, similar to the one mentioned orally.

Instead of opposing this plan, Mr. Walker gave Sisson a testimonial, of which any man might have been proud, intimating that, besides being intellectual, he had the greatest probity and honesty—

"The noblest work of God."

This "character" induced his new patron to obtain for him a situation with Mr. Brookes, a surgeon at Ross, in Herefordshire, who treated him with marked kindness. He was paid the salary of an assistant, and resided with the family.

Besides this positive change in his social position, Mr. Brookes, in order to serve him permanently, bound him to himself as an apprentice, and thus enabled him to pass the Apothecaries' Company and the College of Surgeons, and to become a general practitioner.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ELIJAH AND I.

THE house that you see underneath the great pine,
With walls that are painted and doors that are fine,
And meadows and wheat-fields about it, is mine.

On the stony side-hill of the woodland close by,
In a house that is not half so wide nor so high,
Elijah, my miller, lives, richer than I.

When I go to the town to pay tax on my land,
He sits by the chimney, his book in his hand,
And merry of heart as if money were sand.

Of the meadows about him, he owns not a rood,
No stone of the brookside, no stick of the wood;
Yet ne'er lacked Elijah for clothing or food.

'Tis good in his blue eyes the twinkle to see,
That the mill goes awry never troubles his glee;
'Tis I that must pay for the mending—not he.

He laughs while I frown, and he sings while I sigh,
The pleasant love-ditties of days that are by;
So Elijah, my miller, is richer than I.

The Matron.

NO. XIV.

I HOPE my readers are not tired of advice respecting the management of children. The subject is so important that it deserves patient and serious consideration. However, I will avoid being prolix, and after giving a few more prescriptions for the ailments of young children, I will pass on to that more interesting period when reason begins to dawn.

In my last chapter, I treated of dangerous maladies. In this I shall speak of those that become dangerous if neglected. I begin with the thrush,—an evil with which nurses and mothers are only too familiar. The symptoms of this distressing complaint are small white substances inside the mouth. These may be seen lying loose on the tongue. Immediately give a mild opening medicine, supposing the child should be constipated. The following is a good receipt for the aperient:—

Two ounces of common mint-water, and two scruples of calcined magnesia. Mix it all together, and give a dessertspoonful. If not effective, repeat the dose. But you must also take measures for cleansing the mouth. A fine powder of borax and white-sugar may, if properly administered, effect a prompt cure. You should put a very little of this powder into the child's mouth, the tongue will distribute it properly. If, in the thrush, remedies are delayed, the complaint spreads to the throat, stomach, and bowels. The case then becomes serious, and you should have recourse to medical aid.

Another complaint of infancy is sore eyes. For this, mix equal parts of lime water and elder-flower water. Warm the mixture slightly, and foment the eyelids with it. For the fomentation, use soft, old linen rag, and be very careful you do not let a drop of the mixture into the eye.

Yellow gum, or infantile jaundice, looks a much more serious complaint than it really is. Mild aperients are sufficient to remove it.

For any soreness on the skin or about the ears, it is only necessary to wash the parts carefully night and morning in tepid water, and then shake over them lightly a powder thus prepared.—Three parts of wheaten starch in flour, and one part of ceruse; mix them together.

Young children are subject to a variety of disfiguring eruptions on the head. I consider these are often efforts of nature to avert more serious evils. Excepting by the directions of the doctor, do nothing but attend to the greatest cleanliness, and keep the hair quite short. Through checking disorders of this kind by powerful applications, children have been seized with internal maladies that have terminated fatally. At the same time, do not be induced by ignorant old neighbours to encourage these unsightly eruptions, by applying cabbage-leaves or anything of a drawing nature.

Fortunately for infants, mammas and grand-mammas love them, and find out beauties in them almost as soon as they are born. Fathers are not so clear-sighted; but when intelligence dawns—when the sweet young voice can lip the name of the parent, and tottering little feet meet him half-way—then the rapture of the father equals that of the mother; then parental love is often more like a passion than an affection that benefits its object.

A child of two or three is often as troublesome as it is beautiful. It is a greater source of watchfulness and anxiety than when it was a baby. If the mother only looks another way, what mischief ensues. The child gets at a knife and cuts itself frightfully; it pulls the inkstand and spoils a new frock, or worse still, it draws too near the fire and sets itself in a blaze.

A mother's duties cannot be neglected for a moment. But the accidents we have glanced at, prudence would have prevented, by putting the knife and the inkstand out of the child's reach, and by having a high fender for the fire.

But no degree of prudence or forethought can avert the difficulty of training up a child in the way he should go.

Behold that smiling boy, so much like the picture we form to ourselves of a cherub. Yet he has inherited all the faults of our fallen nature, and how soon the tendency to evil shows itself. The subject of education is so well treated in "Hopes and Helps" that I shall only touch on it here; it is the management of the nursery and the play-hour that I am about to consider.

I do not undertake to give you any rules to make your children perfect. There will be no perfect children till there are perfect parents, and that will not be in your lifetime nor in mine either, gentle

reader. But I can give you a few hints, the result of my own experience, that may assist you in your arduous task.

Never be harsh, and always avoid severe punishments. If you allow the irritating ways of children to put you into a passion of anger, you teach them (by your example) to indulge in violent temper. Be very gentle, but be very firm. You have only to determine that it shall be so, and your word becomes law for a little creature dependent on you for everything.

It is selfish weakness that lessens your control over children, that makes your little son (perhaps a rosy prattler of three years old) completely your master. Even for your child's good you will not put yourself to the pain of contradicting him. Do you think the child does not perceive your weakness? He perceives it but too soon, and his wilfulness increases in proportion to your weakness.

I have cautioned you against severe punishments, so I am not about to ask you to inflict any painful chastisement for disobedience or violent temper. In the nursery, as in the country at large, the certainty of a punishment is much more important than the severity of it.

As soon as reason dawns, obedience must be enforced if you have your child's welfare at heart. And to enforce obedience disobedience must be checked. At three years old you can make a child know that it ought to do "as it is bid." You must enforce this lesson; and if words won't do, you must try other means. All children have little indulgences that are not necessary to them.

Be firm in withholding these after an act of disobedience or very violent temper, and tell your child that he has lost the plum, the cake, or the pretty story by not doing what you told him to do. As soon as he can speak he will understand this argument; and if you are firm, and always act on this principle, you may reckon on prompt obedience.

But do not rely too confidently on yourself. The mother's heart is very soft, and the tears of a child very eloquent. Pray to the Almighty to strengthen you in the performance of your important duty, to train up your child to become a blessing to himself and others, instead of a torment—yes, we say a torment; for one unruly child can destroy the comfort of a whole family.

I recommend gentle punishments for childish faults. If persevered in they will certainly be efficacious; and let young mothers reflect on this to their comfort, that, if they have properly trained their first child, the others, led on by the gentle force of example, will give them much less trouble.

I cannot leave off without warning mothers against some injudicious punishments, inflicted by harsh, thoughtless persons: I mean depriving children of their meals, or keeping them in bed. Both of these are injurious to health, and, consequently, should not be practised; but, above all, never punish children by frightening them. Never shut them up in dark rooms, or threaten them with hobgoblins, &c.

The following anecdote shows that fright may prove fatal:—

A child had been left in the care of a maid-servant who wished to be at liberty to amuse herself. In order to keep the child quiet, the wicked girl fastened an ugly, dressed-up figure inside the curtains of the child's bed, telling the poor little thing that the figure would jump on her if she moved.

When the mother returned, and went to the bed to look at her child, it was dead.

Terror is not unfrequently fatal to human life.

Small Change.

A MOST COSTLY PLANT.—A railway plant.

AN EMPTY SOUND.—That of a railway whistle when you are just too late for a train.

A LITTLE man, no saint, said, when reproved for his lack of graces, "He could boast of two negative qualifications, viz., that he never wore a great coat, nor lay long in bed."

GRAVITY AND GRAVITATION.—A schoolmaster, who was as fond of the use of his grog as of the use of the globes, was asked the difference between gravity and gravitation. "When I've drunk five glasses of grog," replied the pedagogue, "my gravity vanishes and my gravitation begins to operate."

A RATHER thick-headed witness in the police court was asked the question whether So-and-so "stood on the defensive?" "No, sir," he innocently replied, "he stood on a bench."

THREEPENCE FOR "FASH."—At a period when hotels were fewer and less attractive in Peterhead than they are now, a native of the sunny south made

a sojourn at the best one of the time. Before leaving he called for his bill—a request that somewhat puzzled the worthy landlord, who was not in the habit of giving written bills, nor by any means an adept at calligraphy. The traveller, however, was to be puzzled in return; for, on glancing at the contents of the bill when produced, he was fairly put to a stand by the following entry—"8d. for fash." "Fash!" exclaimed the indignant Cockney, "what is that? I never got any fash." "Ou na, man," said the landlord, coolly, "but ye g'ied some." "Fash" means trouble in Scotland and the counties far north.

DR. JOHNSON, when in indigent circumstances, was offered a rectory if he would enter into orders; but, sensible of the asperity of his temper, declined it, saying—"I have not the requisites for the office, and I cannot in my conscience shear the flock which I am unable to feed."

"I AM so lame from the railway crash of last week, I can hardly stand," said a limping, hobbling chap.—"Well, then, I hope you intend to sue for damages," said his friend.—"Damages! no, no; I have had damages enough by them; if I sue for anything, it will be for repairs."

PROSELYTISM is often self-love seeking to make converts to our own opinion, disguised as the love of God seeking to win votaries to the true faith.

A SENSIBLE writer puts his strength into his arguments. A silly one puts his into his epithets.

TRUTH is an inexhaustible fountain, from which nobody knows how much he draws.

COMMON revenge is a momentary triumph, the satisfaction of which dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure. It was well said by a wise Roman emperor, that he wished to put an end to all his enemies by converting them into friends.

Two tourists observing a pretty girl in a milliner's shop, the one, an Irishman, proposed to go in and buy a watch-ribbon in order to get a nearer view of her. "Hoot, mon," says his northern friend, "nae occasion to waste siller; let us gang in and speer if she can give us twa saxpences for a shilling."

SPURZHEIM was lecturing on phrenology. "What is to be considered the organ of drunkenness?" said the professor. "The barrel organ," shouted one of the audience.

ONE of the best jingling Latin mottoes is Lord Brougham's—*pro rege, lege, grege*—"for king, law, and people."

Puzzles for the Ingenious.

ENIGMA.

A famous commander, the splendour of whose victories, his extraordinary liberality, and his apparent disinterestedness, seconded his ambitious views, and rendered him (in fact, though not in name) master of all Greece. He was killed in battle. The initials of the eight following places and characters supply the successive letters of the name of the person above referred to.

1. An archbishop of Canterbury who was imprisoned for three years, and was finally beheaded on Tower Hill.
2. A city of England, in which a Roman Emperor lived and died.
3. A Roman historian, distinguished alike for his talents and prodigality.
4. A promontory in the east of Europe, near which a great naval battle was fought.
5. A Roman Emperor, distinguished for his mildness and generosity, and the active part he took in the management of his own affairs.
6. A naval commander, a native of a celebrated maritime republic, he was in the service of several masters; died at the age of 92.
7. A general illustrious for his talents and virtues, gained several victories, and fell in the moment of victory.
8. A distinguished statesman, scholar, and warrior; founded a colony in America, was imprisoned twelve years, and beheaded.

F. W. M. S.

QUESTION.

Given a, b, c , to find q .

QUESTION.

A man went to market with 100 pence. He was to buy a certain number of snipes at 10d., plovers at 8d., larks at 1d., and sparrows at 4d. How many of each kind must he buy so as to have 100 birds for the 100 pence?—A. G. D. R.

Solutions are requested.

Solutions of the historical enigma in No. 10 have been received as follows:—

FULVIA.—1. Fulvia, wife of Marc Antony; 2. Utica, where Cato stabbed himself; 3. Lannes, one of Bonaparte's generals, killed at Essling; 4. Voltaire, a celebrated French author; 5. Intaphernes, a Persian nobleman put to death by Darius; 6. Udoemviri, Athenian magistrates; 7. Symmachus, a Roman prefect.

ANNIE L.

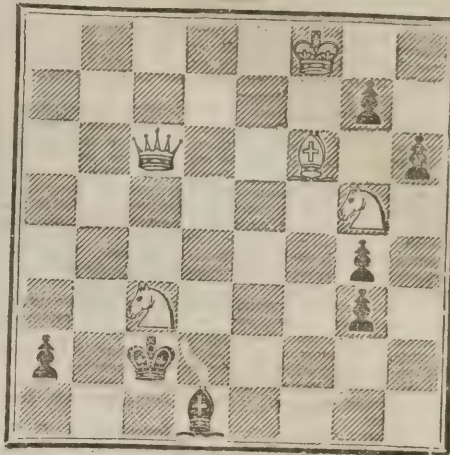
Similar solutions have been received, also, from Erigena, A. D. B. T. Thomas, W. Duncan, Mary, H. S.

Further solutions of the arithmetical question in No. 3 have been received from Fenelon, T. S. Mary, You Know Who, Z. Z., Epailon, John Bate, Joannes, Charlie, and M. Gregory.

Chess.

Problem No. 29. By HENRY TURTON, Esq.

BLACK.

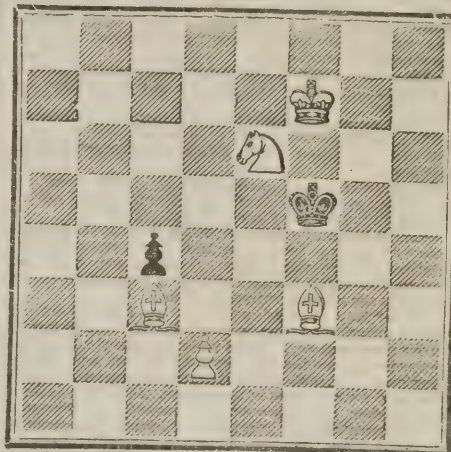


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 30. By DOMINO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 10. By Mr. W. GREENWOOD.

White.—K at K 8, R at Q B 5, B at Q 7, Ks at Q R 4 and Q 5, Ps at K B 2 and K R 6.
Black.—K at Q 3, B at K Kt 4, Ps at Q R 2, Q Kt 5, and K B 6.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

No. 11. By Mr. J. WHITE (Lowick).

White.—K at K 7, Rs at Q 8 and K B 4, Ks at K B 8 and K R 3, P at K B 3.
Black.—K at K 4, Q at K R 4, R at Q B 5, Kt at Q B 4, Ps at K 5 and K Kt 5.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

Solution of Problem No. 26.

WHITE.

1. R to B 7 (ch)
2. Kt to R 5 (dis ch)
3. R takes B (ch)
4. Q to Kt 7 (ch)
5. Kt to B 6 (mate)

BLACK.

1. Kt takes R
2. K takes Kt
3. Kt takes R
4. R takes Q

Solution of Problem No. 27.

WHITE.

1. B to K R 4 (dis ch)
2. Q to K Kt 4 (ch)
3. Kt to K R 5 (ch)
4. P to K Kt 3 (ch)

BLACK.

1. R takes R
2. P takes Q
3. B takes Kt
4. K to K B 6 (giving stalemate).

T. WADE.—Many thanks for the good wishes expressed in your letter. The solutions which accompanied it are correct.

G. BAILEY.—The work to which you refer is the best you can procure upon end games. Apply to our publishers.

EXON.—B takes Kt was meant. We shall always be glad to answer your inquiries.

T. MARTIN, JUN.—Your solutions, with the exception of that of Problem No. 15, are correct. At the 8th move of Black the Pawn can be exchanged for a Kt (checking), if White play as you suggest.

Answers to several correspondents are unavoidably delayed until next week.

Our Editorial Table.

SOPHIE.—You cannot have a nicer receipt for a tea-cake than the following:—Take a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, half a pound of flour, one egg, and a little milk.

A. R. R.—You will weaken your mind if you read nothing but novels. These works are all very well for recreation, and one of the best is Mr. J. F. Smith's tale, entitled "Smiles and Tears." It commenced with the new series of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER.

MAUMEE.—Judging from your well-written letter, you are eligible for a very good situation in a family where the children are young. Hardly anything can be procured without some little trouble and expense, and of course you will not get a situation by merely wishing for one. You had better go to a respectable governess agent in London. Your name and qualifications can be noted down in her book for the fee of five shillings, and as the season is commencing, she will probably be able to procure you a situation.

ANXIOUS.—It is well to keep on the safe side. We advise you gradually to drop the correspondence with the gentleman who is not your suitor.

NORTH.—You must, surely, handle your types too roughly. Lift them gently. Wash your hands frequently, and use a little talcum or oil when your fingers get hard.

LYDIA.—We know no better cure for the scurf in hair than the free use of a good stiff hairbrush every morning.

A. S. P.—The puzzle you have sent is not a "conundrum," but an anagram. It has already appeared in many publications.

A KNIGHT OF THE CLEAVER. ZONCOBARDUS, F. B., MACDUFF, SUANNAH, T. E., A. C. HASTINGS, S. W. H., D. DUNCAN, J. P., A. CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, E. C., VON SMIT, F. MAUMEE, A. EARDSON, BLACKBURN, AFFLICTED JOB, OMEGA, TOM, A PRESENT SUFFERER, SCROFULUS, K. Q., T. R. O., ANNIE, JANE S. L., MANCHESTER, J. BLACKMORE, LONG PRIMER, GAY LUSSAC, M. A. H., A MUSICIAN, STRAP, SMILES AND TEARS, E. J. H.—N, A BOY OF SIXTEEN, J. C. R., SANDY, CUSTALOGA, and several other correspondents, mistake the nature of our vocation. They are all suffering from various ailments, and need medical advice, which we do not undertake to give.

XXX.—The operation you require is very simple, and, in most cases, efficacious. The pain occasioned is slight and momentary.

BOX AND COX.—The simplest and cheapest wash for the hair that we know of, is yellow soap and soft water.

W. WRIGHT.—There is no such book as "Cobden's English Grammar."

RD.—*Bayonets* are so named from their having been first made at Bayonne. The French called them *bayonet à marche*, and first introduced them into their army in 1671.

S. L. F.—You may somewhat hasten the solution of India rubber by placing the bottle in a warm situation, only remember that 'tis inflammable. See that your boots and shoes are thoroughly clean; wash them before the fire, and then apply the mixture with a soft brush.

E. H.—"E. H." is informed that he has not put his question in such a manner as to enable us to answer it with mathematical accuracy. If he takes his idea of musical intervals merely from the key-board of an organ, a pianoforte, or any instrument similarly constructed, A sharp and B flat are perfect and distinct notes of themselves, though convenience and a sufficient approximation of the sound to be conveyed, have rendered it necessary that, on keyed musical instruments, such as the organ, they should be represented by the same black note. The question as to the exact difference is one about which there are various opinions existing in the minds of the most eminent theorists of the day, and it is at present the subject of much discussion. For a detailed inquiry into this matter we recommend our correspondent to refer to Sec. VIII. of "Smith's Harmonies," a very learned work written by Dr. Smith, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and published in the year 1749. In this work the question is treated in a manner showing an amount of thought and research equalled only by the importance and difficulty of the subject.

A CONSTANT READER.—The first move should be made by the lady.

TWO YOUTHS.—You are much more likely to get a living as copying clerks than as actors.

H. J. R.—"Musidora" is one of the heroines of "Thomson's Seasons." "Dorothea" is a principal character in the celebrated tale called "Don Quixote."

ROWLAND.—The most populous people in the world are the Chinese and the Hindoos.

ANNIE E. EUSTON.—We think "Annie E. Euston" better suited to be companion to a gentleman (as his wife), than to a lady as her secretary; but if she clings to the idea of becoming a lady's companion, she must amend her orthography, which, in correctness, does not keep pace with her style.

TOM THUMB.—When you have acquired the art of keeping your arms under water, you have mastered the chief difficulty in swimming.

MONICA GRAY.—You must advertise in a Canadian newspaper, through the medium of a London agent.

TOM.—Nottingham and Leicester are famous for hosiery. J. M. C.—"J. M. C." had better send a servant with cards, and a note expressing his regret that pressure of business prevents his paying his respects in person.

H. J. R.—The pretty story of the Pleiades would exceed our limits. You will find it at length in a classical dictionary. In the meantime we can satisfy your curiosity thus far. The Pleiades were symbols of seven maidens who were to continue maidens, but Maia, on becoming the mother of Mercury, was designated as the lost Pleiad.

EDWARD.—We consider "that where there's a will there's a way." It is next to impossible but what you may find some mutual friend or acquaintance, to bring about an introduction between you and the young lady's parents.

KARA AZICK.—Religion does not prohibit social intercourse. On the contrary, piety, which recommends universal kindness and consideration, gives society its greatest charm. From the tone of your letter, we suspect you are

suffering from the ennui of "nothing to do." We direct your attention to a new tale in this paper, entitled, "Hope Evermore; or, Something to Do." In this tale, the purest sources of pleasure are pointed out to the attentive reader.

SLOW BUT SURE.—We quite sympathise with you in your wish to learn something more than the joiner's trade. You have two years of your apprenticeship before you. Use them well. Read books on mechanics and engineering, and gain all the information you possibly can on these subjects. When your time is up, apply for work *where you are known*. If you manage properly, your character will speak for you, and insure success.

SMILES AND TEARS wonders why the Emperor and Empress of the French were not present at the marriage of the Princess Royal. Our correspondent must remember, firstly, that they are in no way related to either of the families between whom the alliance was formed; and secondly, that rulers of large empires cannot take "trips" from one country to another, as easily as private people can do. "Noblesse oblige," says the old motto—"Nobility obliges," or "Rank has its duties."

DIOCLETIAN.—We really cannot act any longer as judge, umpire, arbitrator, or referee in the matter of "different styles of handwriting."

JACK MANGLES.—The term to "koo-too" to any one, which is synonymous with cringing and fawning, comes from the word "ko-tow," the ceremony of oblation or prostration introduced into China by the Tartars.

SCHOOLBOY.—It was Commodore Anson, not Anderson, who sailed round the world in the Centurion.

INDIAN.—The travelling in the upper provinces in India is principally by palanquins, borne by coolies or bearers. It is called *dahk*, or postal travelling.

E. J. J. is thanked for his good opinion, and for the hearty terms in which it is expressed.

HARRIET.—A. W. will be twenty-one years of age on the 1st of November, 1858.

JOHN JONES, JUNIOR.—L. E. L. was the initial signature of Letitia E. Landon, one of the most pleasing authoresses of the present century. She married Captain Maclean, the governor of Cape Coast Castle, and died by poison—whether taken accidentally or with suicidal purpose, has not been ascertained.

AGNES TRACY.—If you are prevented from becoming a governess by the close attendance your invalid mother requires, you might, perhaps, give some private lessons, in music, drawing, or French. Ornamental embroidery work sometimes proves remunerative, if you are quick in executing and, above all, *clever in designing*. You must adapt your occupation in some measure to the wants of the place where you live. Try and find out if there is not a demand for any kind of work, and seek to supply it. Not knowing your circumstances, or the extent of your capabilities, we can of course only give very general advice. Your letter is well worded. You have evidently good abilities. Do your best, and "hope evermore."

EMMA inquires "what are the best accomplishments to be pursued by young ladies between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one?" We answer, those for which the young ladies show the greatest talent or predilection. It appears to us a great mistake, for instance, to insist on a proficiency in *music* in every young lady. Some people have no natural liking for the art of sound; and the amount of time wasted in "thumping" the piano, at fashionable schools, is lamentable. Better to excel in one accomplishment, than to have a useless smattering of three or four.

A STUDENT.—All the government offices give salaries to the clerks from the date of their entry.

SYBILLA.—In the "Ladies' Treasury," published by Ward and Lock, there is a series of articles entitled "Conduct and Carriage;" here you would find just the kind of information you require on various points of etiquette.

E. KNIGHT.—Ask your bookseller.—T. M.—Apply to the publishers.

JOHN AND THOMAS.—The author of "Monte Christo" and "Royalists and Republicans" is the *elder* Dumas. We do not think goloshes should be worn next the stockings; they are too impervious to be healthy.

A MINER, AND KELLY.—The French lessons in the "Ladies' Treasury," Ward and Lock, would answer your purpose.

MARY ANNIE E.—The publishers of the FAMILY PAPER will supply what you want.

JOHN.—They wouldn't have you on board a man-of-war. The naval schools and tenders supply all the boys they want, and a landsman has no chance of being shipped. Better stay ashore, and read your CASSELL'S PAPER, like a sensible fellow.

Y. W.—The article is not suited to our columns; declined with thanks.

UNION JACK.—'Tis dangerous to tamper with the eyes, but you will, we think, find relief from frequently washing them with warm milk and water, and applying a *very weak* solution of sulphate of zinc.

JOHN BULL.—You cannot sell the articles you speak of without first obtaining a license, nor without affixing a stamp to them varying in price according to the price of your article. Both may be obtained at the Stamp-office, Somerset House, Strand. We know nothing of the "botanical doctors" about whom you inquire.

REDMOND.—The tale by Mr. J. F. Smith, "Phases of Life; or, A Peep Behind the Scenes," commenced in No. 147, and concluded in No. 185.

T. B. C.—The notion that a large reward has ever been offered by the government for the discovery of *perpetual motion*, is without any foundation whatever.

W. B.—The above applies equally to the discovery of "the quadrature of a circle absolutely."

LETITIA RACHEL has been told that "if she can procure 1,000 old postage stamps, they will entitle her to a presentation to the Blue Coat School for her son." We are sorry to inform this poor widow that she has been wholly misinformed.

SILLY SAM.—We have given receipts for the treatment of chilblains before. For the sake of subscribers who have commenced with our new series, we give the following:—One ounce of camphorated spirit of wine, and half an ounce of Goulard's extract of lead; mix, and apply in the usual

way three or four times a day. Or one ounce of white copperas dissolved in one pint of water. These lotions are intended for use before the chilblains are broken. When broken, use the following ointment:—Ointment of nitrate of mercury, one ounce; camphor, one dram; oil of turpentine, two drams; oil of olives, four drams. Mix well together, and apply, by gentle friction, two or three times daily.

CARUS KEARN.—You must endeavour to procure an introduction; your speaking to the lady under the circumstances you describe would be a sad breach of etiquette. Unless you are a coxcomb and allow your vanity to deceive you, there is every reason to hope that the lady feels kindly disposed towards you. This being the case, it is probable that she has discovered in you that moral worth which, with sensible women, outweighs riches. Do not lose confidence; endeavour to carve out your own fortunes, and if, in spite of all your efforts, wealth eludes your grasp, do not consider it as any humiliation to receive fortune with the hand and heart of the woman who loves you. "The mate for beauty should be a man, not a money chest."

VERBINA.—You will find the following a soothing mixture when the cough is troublesome. Take of figs, raisins, and pearl barley, two ounces of each, add half an ounce of liquorice root; boil these ingredients in a pint and a half of water, and strain off the liquor. A small teacupful is a dose.

ANXIOUS, OR VERY ANXIOUS.—State your question again; there must have been some mistake.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.—In the word *Harmonium*, the *h* is sounded, consequently the article *a* must be prefixed. In speaking of a coat or any other garment, it would be highly incorrect to say it *sets* well. It *fits* well is the proper expression. The literal translation of "bête noire" is *black beast*, but the French use it for *torment*. Thus in the sentence you quote, "Work is the bête noire of my life," the meaning is, work is the *torment* of my life.

A LADY.—If the man had been parted from his wife twenty years instead of two, it would not render his marriage with another woman legal while his first wife was living, unless he had procured a divorce, to which her infidelity alone would entitle him.

JAMES.—It was on the 5th of May, 1808, that Bonaparte obliged the Queen of Spain to declare her son, Ferdinand VII., illegitimate; in consequence, Charles IV. resumed the regal title; but on the 10th, having all the royal family in his power, he forced Charles to abdicate, and then sent them into the interior of France; and on the 6th of June caused his brother Joseph to abdicate the throne of Naples, and to be proclaimed King of Spain. Thus, raised to the pinnacle of power, by an irresistible and indomitable will, Bonaparte played with crowned heads as a boy does with nine-pins.

A MOTHER.—You may safely give cocoa to your children. It is very digestible and of a fattening nature.

ADRIANNA.—Supposing you to be forty years old, and still single, you may with propriety take brevet rank, and assume the title of *Mrs.*; but to distinguish you from a married woman you must assume your Christian as well as surname. If you prefer retaining the maidenly *Miss*, you have every right so to do.

AN ENTHUSIAST.—Do not be in a hurry. Perhaps the gentleman's attentions, which have occasioned you so much uneasiness, have been owing to circumstances unknown to you and innocent in themselves. They may have nothing to do with a fresh attachment, and his heart may be true to you. At any rate, do not be influenced by a third party. "Whispering tongues will poison truth." Do not condemn your lover without giving him a hearing.

ROSE.—*William* is the second name of the Prince Frederick of Prussia. He is a member of the Lutheran church.

H. H. L.—You ask us a very delicate question, but we will endeavour to place ourselves in your situation, and to advise you for the best. We take it for granted that you are a recognised acquaintance of the lady whose affections you wish to secure. Until certain of having made some impression, you are unwilling to make an open declaration. Try the effect of poetry. Poetry is the very language of love. When discussing with her the merits of our best poets, of Moore, Scott, Byron, &c., quote some passages from them. Mind they are very sentimental, and mark their effect on her. Or recite some verses in this style:—

"Oh, doubt not nor deem that my heart, like a glass,
Can reflect other features when you are removed;
You have robbed it of all but your image, alas!
And if this be not loving, you have not been loved.
I never deceived you, and yet you condemn.
Is this the reward my fond truth has achieved?
I turn from my friends, and preferred you to them;
And if this be deceiving, you have been deceived."

Supposing you are versed in music, you can make this art an interpreter of your love. But once convinced of the lady's regarding you with interest, hesitate no longer. Declare your love with that frankness that becomes a manly character.

THOMPSON (Bath).—It is perfectly true that the hair may be turned gray in a few hours. A medical man, residing in London, had his dark hair so changed in a single night (while suffering from fear of bankruptcy), that even his friends hardly knew him. In an equally short time grief turned gray the hair of a lady, a connection of Dr. Darnell's. Learned men account for this phenomenon by the supposition that grief and fear change the nature of the secretions forming the hair.

B. PETERS.—If we allow the Chinese to be our masters in the art of tea-making, we should pour the boiling water on the leaves, and then pour the tea out immediately, so as to have the flavour or aroma.

**** We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.**

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. I.—No. 20.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"O time! thou beautifier of the dead,—
Adorner of the ruin—comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled;
Time, the corrector when our judgment errs—
The test of truth, love—sole philosopher."—BYRON.

Two years had elapsed since the attempt made by Carus Kearn upon the life of our hero. The time had been passed by the merchant in frequent visits to Jersey, or in the deepest retirement at Meldown Park, which, as our readers may recollect, he rented from Sir Norman Boothroyd. A singular change had

taken place both in the character and feelings of the old man; he had lost much of his confidence in human nature; a fearful suspicion that his wife had met with foul play haunted him, and it pointed to his nephew as the guilty one. How light did the disobedience of his daughter and the conduct of her husband now appear in comparison with the atrocity of Carus, against whom the exertions of the lawyer had failed to discover the one link wanting in the chain of evidence. No sum, and his offer had been large and tempting, could induce the drug-vender to confess to whom he had sold the rare and curious poison.

Mr. Bently would at once have broken with his unworthy partner, had not one consideration restrained him.

In the first burst of his indignation at the marriage of Rachel, he had written more than one letter to him in which he distinctly asserted his conviction that George Markham had abstracted the securities. The correspondence of the bankers in India through

whom they had been negotiated tended to confirm it. Consequently, the reputation of his son-in-law was at the mercy of his bitterest enemy.

More than once the unprincipled ruffian had threatened to make the proofs public, and blast the rising reputation of the man he hated. The stern menaces of his uncle alone restrained him.

"Disgrace me," he said, "and I not only disinherit you, but remove your name from the firm."

It was the last arrow in the quiver of Carus, and, with such a threat suspended over him, no wonder that he hesitated to discharge it.

Rarely did Mr. Bently now visit the City, a circumstance which both surprised and pained his faithful clerk exceedingly, for Peter Mangles could not comprehend how any man could find either amusement or occupation out of business: he never had. To him the mere thought of retiring from it was like striking a balance in the ledger of life, and writing "Finis" at the bottom of the page.

Since the day he first entered the counting-house,



RICHARD MARKHAM SETS SAIL FOR INDIA.

the old man had not toiled so hardly, or felt so great a weight of responsibility resting upon his shoulders. He could obtain neither advice, direction, nor assistance from his principal, whose invariable reply to his letters was, "Act as you think best."

Peter did act as he thought best, and never had the affairs of the house been in a more prosperous condition. The yearly balance-sheet showed enormous and still increasing profits; but Mangles, instead of being elated, felt nervous and terrified at his own success.

Although Carus Kearn participated largely in the advantages arising to the firm, he was anything but satisfied. Peter Mangles, in the absence of the principal, alone held the signature of the house. To be sure, the old man invariably asked his opinion on all important transactions, but then he as invariably followed his own; and the junior partner found himself reduced to a mere cipher in the presence of his own clerks. This was gall and wormwood to him; it stung his pride and self-consequence, and crippled him in certain speculations he had privately undertaken on his own account.

Worse than all, the dark plotter found himself unable to alter it. There was something in the manner of his uncle—the few brief words he had written in reply to his frequent letters of expostulation—that alarmed him. The shadow of the future appeared to be gathering round him dark and menacing; he would have given worlds to penetrate it, but the power was denied him. To a mind like his, the state of agitation and uncertainty in which he existed was not the least part of his punishment.

Peter Mangles was seated at his desk, buried in some exceedingly complicated accounts. Being pressed for time, he had given strict orders not to be interrupted under any pretence till a certain hour, and naturally felt surprised and annoyed when he heard the door open, and some one enter his den, as the junior clerks facetiously designated the old man's private office.

"I thought I left directions not to be disturbed," he muttered, querulously. "Three, eight, six, ought, three, eight, nine, two."

"Well, what is it?" he added.

Not receiving any reply, he raised his eyes from the column of figures before him, and recognised Mr. Bently, whom he had not seen for several months. Peter dropped the pen, hopped from his stool, and shook his employer warmly by the hand.

"Glad you are come, Richard!" he exclaimed. "My poor brain could not have stood it much longer. What do you think of Burrow's affair? Shall we take Spoozell's agency? The security is ample enough, and two and three quarters per cent. will leave a pretty fair margin. How about the Agra Bank—Puttach's bills—Palgrave's last invoice? Of course you will not give up the insurance—rascally attempt—indigo rising in the market; coffee heavy on hand, and silk worse. Those last advances were only met in time; might have had a quarter per cent. more, but thought it safest to realise."

Here the speaker paused—not for want of subject, but breath; he had not half exhausted the former yet. Just as he was about to recommence, the merchant interrupted him by observing that he knew very little about the affairs.

"What! have you not read my last letters?" demanded Peter.

"As much of them as assured me that you were well," replied his employer.

Here the old clerk gave a dissatisfied "Umph!"

"I leave everything to you," added the speaker.

"But I won't have everything left to me," answered the former, impetuously. "The responsibility is awful—more than I can bear. Something dreadful must happen from such unbusiness-like conduct. You are the head of the firm; it is your duty to attend to its interests."

"I cannot," exclaimed the merchant, in a tone so desponding that it startled Peter, and caused him to examine his features, which were pale and careworn. "Better wind up the affairs of the house at once; we are both rich enough. I am old, and—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted the clerk, impetuously. "Wind up the affairs! Why, it would be sinful—positively sinful, and take years to do it: first firm in the City. You are ill, Richard," he added. "Something has occurred to hip you. Never mind my grumbling. I am something like your old house-dog Ponto—my bark is worse than my bite. Leave everything to me as long as you please: what am I here for? As to your being old, *fi-de-dee!* why, you are only sixty-two. In the last census I read of three deaths over a hundred, and several past ninety."

Mr. Bently faintly smiled.

"I don't wonder at your being unwell," continued the speaker; "been too long out of business; that's it, take my word for it. I feel queer myself if I only miss a day. Follow my advice; better than all the doctors. Go upon 'Change; show yourself. Here are Martineau's bills, Thompson and Patterson's securities. You can't imagine how it will revive you."

"Not to-day, old friend," said the merchant; "not to-day. In a month or two I shall feel stronger—more myself; besides, to-morrow I return to Meldown."

"Ah! there it is," observed Peter Mangles, mournfully. "Meldown—the country! How people contrive to exist in it I can't imagine. No Exchange! no price current! no affairs! It would kill me in a week. Rely upon it that, for health and business, there is no place like London. Look at the beautiful bustle in the City, where every man seems as if he lived for a purpose—had something to do. Only watch," he continued, "the excitement upon 'Change, the fluctuations of the market, the rise and fall in the funds: you have nothing like them in the country."

It is impossible to say how long Peter Mangles might have continued in the same strain; for, like many other respectable old gentlemen, once mounted upon his hobby-horse, it was a difficult thing to tire him; but, fortunately for the patience of our readers, the appearance of the junior partner of the firm acted as a damper upon his enthusiasm and loquacity, and caused him to recollect his accounts.

Hopping back to his stool again, the old man left uncle and nephew to enjoy their conversation by themselves.

Mr. Bently coldly touched the hand extended towards him. As he did so, a close observer must have remarked even that slight courtesy cost him an effort.

"My dear sir," said the hypocrite, trying to look pleased, "I cannot express the happiness I feel at once more seeing you in London. From your long silence, and very brief letters, I feared that you were ill, and more than once have been on the point of running down to Meldown Park."

"I receive no visitors," replied the merchant, drily.

There was an awkward pause in the conversation, during which the scratching of Peter's pen, as he cast up the columns of figures before him, became painfully audible.

"Doubtless you will remain in town some time," observed Carus.

"A day only."

"I am sorry to hear it!" exclaimed the nephew, yielding to his ill humour. "For independent of the pleasure it would afford me to see you daily, your presence would render my position in the firm much more satisfactory."

"Of what do you complain?" demanded his uncle.

Mr. Mangles looked up from his desk; he too felt curious to hear what Carus Kearn had to complain of.

"I have lost your confidence," answered the young man, "and with it all influence in the affairs of the house. It is true your clerk and cashier goes through the form of consulting me, but he invariably acts upon his own judgment, instead of my advice."

"The balance sheet proves that he is right," observed Mr. Bently, drily. "As a man of business I look to results."

"And wisely, too," mentally ejaculated the clerk. "First sensible thing I have heard fall from him for many a day."

"Then he alone is intrusted with the signature of the firm," added Carus, bitterly.

"It is unnecessary that both should have it," replied the merchant; "it might create confusion. Besides, Peter has proved himself my friend, a true and faithful one, through life. He might have been my partner had he desired it. My procurator has been in his hands for years: I shall not insult him by withdrawing it."

The emphatic tone in which this declaration was made, convinced Carus Kearn that any attempt to shake the resolution of his uncle would be useless; he wisely, therefore, dropped the subject. As for Mangles, who had heard every word, a sudden weakness seemed to have attacked him in the eyes. He rubbed them several times with the cuff of his coat—perhaps he was ashamed to be seen using his handkerchief; and mentally pronounced himself a monster of ingratitude, to have grumbled at a little extra work and responsibility being cast upon his shoulders, which he now felt to be strong as those of Atlas.

"Ah, Richard!" he mentally ejaculated, "had you acted as justly to your daughter's husband as to your old clerk, things would have been very different in Lombard-street."

"Peter," said the merchant, as soon as they were once more alone together, "you stick to business too closely."

"Bless me, Mr. Bently!" exclaimed the old man, impatiently, "what else can a man of sense stick to? what would become of the City without it?"

"But we are rich enough."

"It's not the money," replied the clerk, "but the pleasure of making it. How many take delight in dogs and guns, beating through damp woods and covers, trudging over heavy fields, catching dreadful colds, and call it sport? Well, business is my sport, the game I pursue; I couldn't live without it; and, as for toil," he added, "I never knew the meaning of the word till you ceased to share it with me."

His employer, with all his wealth, secretly envied him.

"This cloud, or whatever else you may call it, Richard," continued the speaker, "will soon pass away, and we shall have you in Lombard-street again."

"Perhaps," murmured Mr. Bently.

"I say we shall! Don't look so dull; it reminds me of a bankruptcy. You shall hear no more complaints from me: only"—here the old man hesitated a little—"if anything should go wrong, remember that I have a great many affairs to attend to, and can't give the necessary consideration to all of them. The exchanges are dreadfully fluctuating, Richard."

"Are they?" answered the head of the firm, mechanically; "I have not followed them lately."

It cost Peter Mangles no slight effort to repress a groan, but he did repress it. The idea of his principal not following the variations of the money market both grieved and astonished him. How could he occupy his time?

From the City Mr. Bently drove to the house of his lawyer, to await the arrival of Richard Markham, whom he expected in London that very day. Our hero had completed his education, and had twice, by letter, reminded him of his promise of sending him out to India to obtain the proofs necessary to clear the reputation of his father.

It was this promise that weighed so heavily on the heart of his grandfather; and he resolved, if possible, to make Richard release him from it. The affection he felt for the son of his offending child, resembled in its growth the ivy planted at the foot of some gnarled oak: at first a very slender tendril, then a solitary leaf appeared, both so delicate and unobtrusive that he had scarcely noticed them; in time they gathered strength; the tendril put forth tendrils still more vigorous, until they completely encircled the trunk, reached its branches, hiding the scars and seams of age with their ever verdant foliage.

In a word, Mr. Bently lived but in his grandson, and the thought of separation was worse than death to him.

"Is he here?" he eagerly demanded of his friend Morton, as the latter extended his hand to welcome him.

The lawyer with difficulty repressed a smile. "Not yet," he answered, glancing at the time-piece: "it wants an hour, at least, to the arrival of the train."

"So much," murmured the old man, impatiently. "You received my last letter?"

"I did."

"And the project I wrote of—"

"Is feasible," answered the lawyer, "especially from your influence with the government. I perceive but one difficulty—the boy's own consent."

"He will not refuse my offer," said the merchant, in a tone which indicated less confidence than his words expressed.

"You still believe, then, in the omnipotence of wealth?" observed Mr. Morton, sarcastically.

"Experience hourly proves it," replied Mr. Bently. "There is a fascination in gold few natures can withstand: it blinds the judgment, hardens the heart, and fills the brain with intoxicating dreams; it is the idol all worship, some in crime, others in health or happiness, but all with sacrifice."

"You speak learnedly upon this point," said his legal adviser, with a smile.

"Because I have escaped its influence. Time was I looked upon it as the *summum bonum* of existence, and felt an insane pride in the heaps I had hoarded up. Men bowed to it, and, like an idiot, I fancied the homage paid to the possessor, not the thing possessed. I am not the first," he added, with a sigh, "whose heart has been wedded to ashes."

"And yet you wish Richard to become one of these idolmongers," observed the lawyer, reproachfully.

"I would not die—as I have lived—alone!" exclaimed his client, in a tone of deep emotion. "A hireling's hand to close my eyes, their last glance resting on

cold, unsympathising features; I am not all iron, and shrink from the terror of such a deathbed. Not another word," he added; "you cannot change my purpose."

"I shall not obtrude my advice again," replied Mr. Morton; "and yet I cannot help feeling that it is a severe trial to put your grandson to."

"He will yield," answered the merchant.

"Or pass through the ordeal like gold from fire, the purer for the test. But let us change the subject."

"Willingly. Have you made the inquiries I directed respecting my nephew?"

The legal adviser of Mr. Bently opened his private desk, and drew forth a note-book, the pages of which he turned rapidly over, till he came to one closely written.

"Here it is," he said.

"And the result?"

"Listen. Carus Kearn has been in the habit, for many years past, of speculating largely on his own account; his losses have been heavy, so heavy that the fortune of his wife, or rather that portion of it which came into his hands, is dissipated."

"The fool," muttered his uncle, bitterly.

"Bills are frequently drawn upon him from India."

"Is that certain?" demanded the merchant, eagerly.

"Curry and Company presented them."

Mr. Bently made a memorandum in his pocket-book.

"And the poison—the—"

"I understand you," interrupted the lawyer, willing to spare his client the pain of alluding more particularly to so distressing a subject. "No means have been left untried. My offers have been most tempting, but failed to shake the old dealer's resolution. His fears are stronger than his avarice. He declares that he has not the slightest recollection either of the name or person of the party to whom he sold the deadly drug; but I have not given up the hope of tracing it," he added. "The man you directed me to employ has taken a lodging in the neighbourhood, and is slowly but securely working himself into his confidence. If once I catch him tripping—"

The conversation was broken off by the sound of a carriage drawing up to the door, and the next minute Mr. Bently had the satisfaction of embracing his grandson.

Mr. Morton could scarcely have recognised in the glowing features, well-knit limbs, and manly bearing of the fine young fellow before him, the pale, terror-stricken boy whom his client had brought a prisoner to his house on the memorable New Year's eve. But Richard remembered him, his kindness and sympathy, as well as the painful circumstances under which they had met, and a slight blush suffused his countenance as he extended his hand to him.

The lawyer shook it heartily as he welcomed him to London.

Our hero pronounced the name of his old school-fellow, who had quitted Jersey a year previously for Cambridge.

"He arrived last night," said his father, "for the long vacation, and is as impatient as yourself, my dear boy, to meet you. He knows all that it is necessary he should ever know," he added; "that you are the grandson of my respected client; although for the present the relationship must remain a secret to the world: he will not betray it."

He rang the bell twice, as he concluded; the signal for his son to make his appearance.

Those who have not forgotten the warmth, the charm of boyhood's friendships, can imagine the pleasure of such a meeting. "Harry!" "Richard!" were the only words that escaped from the two friends as they grasped each other by the hand, their eyes glistening with recollections which, even when the hair is gray, and the heart seared with the disappointments of the world, will sometimes startle us by their freshness. We pity, if we do not despise, the cold, harsh nature that can sneer at the feelings and impressions of youth. For our own part, we prize them for their lack of worldliness, their purity and truthfulness; like the flowers of spring, they are the first to adorn the path of life: more brilliant ones may unfold as we advance, but never with equal freshness.

"Your friend will accompany us to Meldown," said Mr. Bently, who had been conversing with Lieutenant Marsh, the gentleman to whom he had confided the task of watching over the safety of his grandson.

"I feared you might find it dull in the country with only my society," he added, with a sigh, "and have persuaded Morton to part with Harry for a week or two."

"Thank you, sir!" exclaimed our hero, gratefully. "But why lessen the pleasure you have afforded me by an unkind thought? You know I never tire of your society."

The lawyer smiled approvingly.

It was not the words—politeness or policy might have suggested them—but the tone in which they were uttered, and the look of the speaker, that carried conviction of his sincerity to the heart of his grandfather.

"I believe you, my dear boy," he said; "I believe you."

During the journey to St. Faith's, Richard was particularly careful not to wound the susceptibility of his aged relative, whose feelings he divined, by betraying any preference for the society of his friend Harry. If Mr. Bently was weak upon the point, it was the weakness of affection, and his grandson respected it.

As the carriage drew up at the hall on the arrival of the party, which included the lieutenant, a magnificent Newfoundland dog came bounding over the lawn and began caressing the merchant.

"What a noble creature," observed both the young men.

"And faithful as he is intelligent," added his owner; "for weeks, I have frequently had no other companion than Nelson."

Richard repeated the name.

The dog regarded him doubtfully.

"Go to him," said Mr. Bently.

The obedient animal placed his huge fore-paws upon the chest of our hero, looked earnestly into his face and whined; there was no need for any further introduction. From that moment they became friends.

Like most old family mansions, the house at Meldown Park was rich in quaint relics of the past. In the great hall were several suits of mail, which had done their wearers good service during the civil wars; and one more ancient than the rest, known by the name of the Crusader's armour.

There was scarcely a room without some memento of the kind. In one, it was a cabinet, which in its day had contained the papers of a statesman, or the silken robes or jewels of some court beauty, whose portrait still adorned the picture gallery, a long, oak-pannelled apartment, running the entire length of the north wing.

This was a favourite spot both with our hero and his friend Harry. Scarcely a morning passed in which the housekeeper had not to leave her more important duties to relate to them the history of one of the family worthies.

But the portrait that most attracted the attention of Richard was a modern one, by Winterhalter, painted with that exquisite truthfulness and life-like expression which characterises the productions of the great German master. It had only lately been added to the collection.

It represented a lovely girl, certainly not more than fifteen years of age, with an arch, gipsy-like expression of countenance, and a smile upon the half-open lips, sunny and bright as those which haunt the dreams of youth.

It was the likeness of Alice.

More than once Harry and Lieutenant Marsh, after having hunted the grounds for our hero in vain, had discovered him gazing dreamily on the picture; and, as may be supposed, were not sparing of the badinage usual on such occasions. Morton accused him with being in love with a painting.

"It is the fate of most men," said the lieutenant, with a smile. "Few are caught by real character; and the reason is obvious: it is so rarely that it is permitted to appear. For my part," he added, "it matters very little whether the painting is executed on canvas or upon flesh and blood. The former is less deceptive of the two."

"Cynic!" exclaimed Richard.

"I should have said philosopher," added Harry.

"And both have been equally in error," replied the soldier; "for I find too much good in human nature to merit the first appellation, and analyse it too little to lay claim to the last. Like our dreaming friend here, I am content to be pleased I know not why, and care not wherefore."

"I am pleased with the portrait," said Richard; "there is so much frankness in the expression. I wonder if it resembles her."

"I should say it does," observed the lieutenant.

"Then there never was a child less like its parents," exclaimed Morton, pointing to the portraits of Sir Norman and his lady by the same master.

"The likeness, at any rate, is a family one," resumed the former speaker, "and resembles her uncle, Alan Boothroyd, whom I knew in India, where we served in the same regiment. Poor Alan!" he added, with a sigh.

"Was he so unfortunate?" demanded the young man.

"The world doubtless thought him so," answered Lieutenant Marsh; "but dreamers like yourself,

Richard, would have pronounced otherwise, for he not only carved his way to rank by his sword—having entered the Company's service as a private—but won the affections of one of the most beautiful girls in India, and carried her off from a host of competitors. Their happiness, however, was but short-lived: a malignant fever carried them off within a few days of each other."

"The brother of Sir Norman Boothroyd a private soldier!" observed our hero, with surprise.

"They were brothers in blood, but not in feelings. Whilst a bachelor, the elder brother was simply vain and ignorant, with a ridiculous sense of his own importance. It was reserved for the evil-minded woman he married to complete the corruption of his heart."

As the party quitted the portrait gallery, the two friends could not avoid wondering how the speaker came to be so well acquainted with the private history of the Boothroyds.

CHAPTER XL.

What is youth? a dancing willow,
Winds behind and rocks before;
Age? a drooping, tottering willow,
On a flat and lazy shore.
Thus fares it still in our decay,
And yet the changing mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

WORDSWORTH.

SEVERAL weeks had elapsed, and neither Mr. Bently nor his grandson had once alluded to what was uppermost in the minds of each—the departure of the latter for India. Once, when our hero, in speaking of the pleasure of possessing a domain like Meldown—the happiness which such a property might enable the owner of it to diffuse around him, the old man smiled.

The hope of detaining Richard in England strengthened.

"He can scarcely refuse," thought his grandfather, "the temptation I can offer."

Like most men of the world, he was mistaken. It never entered into his calculations that there are natures only to be bribed through their feelings—minds in whose judgment gold is as dross compared with the dictates of duty or the impulse of affection.

The two relatives were walking one evening in the park, when Mr. Bently pointed to a magnificent hunter, which one of the grooms was breaking in.

"For you!" he said.

The youth remained silent. He had long suspected the desire of the speaker to be released from the promise he had made him, and the words confirmed it.

"You do not appear pleased with my gift?" observed the merchant, in a tone of disappointment. "Most young men, I imagined, were fond of horses."

"I should indeed be ungrateful," replied the youth, "were I insensible to your kindness. And if I did not thank you as I ought to have done, my silence arose from a circumstance which I fear you have forgotten."

"And that is—"

"My approaching departure for India will render your present useless."

"Richard," said the merchant, seating himself at the foot of an aged oak, whose gnarled and giant branches cast a broad shadow across their path, "it is time that we understood each other. Listen to me patiently, and weigh well every word I am about to utter; for the future, which to you contains long years of happiness and, I trust, respect and honour, to me the last gleam of sunshine I can experience this side of the grave depends on your answer."

"I am rich," resumed the old man. "Time, which has stripped me of the solace of a wife and child's affections, has heaped up in my coffers wealth sufficient to slake even the thirst of avarice, to place pleasure, the world's observance and its honours, within reach of him I name my heir."

He paused to watch the effect his words had produced, but the countenance of his hearer remained impassible. There was no flashing of the eye or quivering of the lip to indicate that he felt touched by the glittering bait thus artfully spread out before him.

"You do not value gold?" added his grandfather, in a tone of disappointment.

"Will it purchase happiness?" demanded our hero.

"The world will tell you that it does."

"Then why are not you happy, sir?"

"The question is boldly put," replied Mr. Bently, after a pause, "and I will answer it truthfully. Because I relied on wealth as the principal, instead of the accessory. When Providence—for I recognise his wonder-working hand—cast you upon my care, I

was a proud, stern man—proud of the success I had achieved in the commercial world, the high standing of the firm I had founded; stern and unbending in my resolution.

"We little know our own hearts," he continued, after a pause. "He is but a fool who imagines that he has fathomed either its strength or weakness. In you the tie of affection so long broken became knit again, the more strongly, perhaps, for having once been severed. I cannot part with you, Richard; the pang would kill me."

It must have been a sterner nature than his grandson's to have heard this avowal unmoved—the tone of almost childish helplessness in which it was pronounced.

"But for awhile," replied the young man: "a year may bring me back to you again."

"Speak not of it," exclaimed the old man, mournfully.

"Your promise!"

"You must release me from it. Do not answer me till you have heard the price I am willing to pay."

At the words *price* and *pay*, Richard Markham drew himself up to his full height. The words grated harshly on his feelings.

"I have already taken steps to obtain the sanction of the Crown to your assuming my name. Should dishonour fall upon your father, it will scarcely affect you; and my fortune—all I possess—shall be settled irrevocably upon you."

"Grandfather! grandfather!" interrupted the youth, impatiently, "what a mercenary, heartless thing you must imagine me. Be more just, both to yourself and me; for years I have consented—and heaven knows the pang the resolution cost me—to abstain from all intercourse with my parents,—bartered my mother's kiss, my sister's love, not for the gold of which you are so proud, but the hope that the uncertainty of my fate might assist in effecting a father's reformation."

"It has effected it," groaned the merchant; "and but for the past, the inexorable past, gladly would I acknowledge him."

"I give no credence to the past you speak of," answered Richard: "my father has been traduced, slandered, made the victim of a foul suspicion he never had an opportunity of disproving. Were I to accept your offer, never could I look him in the face again; he would have the right to despise me."

"My line of conduct is clear," he added. "I must proceed to India. Should Providence bless my enterprise and enable me to clear my parent's name, then and then only shall I possess a claim to his forgiveness for my long and cruel silence."

"His forgiveness!" repeated Mr. Bently, impatiently.

"Respect the father, sir, in presence of the son. I have no right to judge him, or you to tamper with my duty."

"Reflect: all my wealth—"

"Could not weigh against my resolution half so heavily as your wishes, grandfather. If I can resist them, the rest is easy."

"Ingrate!" exclaimed the merchant, bitterly.

"Ingrate," repeated the young man, deeply moved. "Recall that word, sir; it could not come from your heart; it was pride that prompted it. Is it for your wealth that I have loved you? you see I can reject it. Make whom you will your heir, I have no right to murmur at the decision. When the voice of passion is no longer heard, and reason resumes her empire, then, grandfather, you will think more kindly of the boy your bounty snatched from ruin, more justly of his gratitude and affection for you, and cease to blame him because he prefers duty to gold."

"You cannot go to India without my aid," hoarsely murmured Mr. Bently.

"You forget that I am young."

"You have no clue to—"

"God that protected the boy will not desert the man," answered Richard Markham. "Let us part friends. Give me your blessing and farewell."

The merchant rose slowly from his seat beneath the oak. A variety of emotions were contending in his breast—anger, disappointment, and, let us add, kinder feelings, which, as he gazed upon the animated features of the speaker, and saw the tears he vainly attempted to repress, at last prevailed.

Throwing himself upon his neck, he wept bitterly.

"You have conquered," he exclaimed; "and perhaps I love you the better for my defeat. Grant me a few days to recover from the downfall of my hopes—I will not abuse it; a few days to the weakness of an old man's heart, and everything shall be arranged as you desire. I will not try to tempt you again," he added, "from the path you have chosen."

Mr. Bently kept his word: from that day his grand-

son was exposed to no further exhortations to remain,—his grandfather felt they would be useless. Amongst other arrangements for the safety of our hero, and the success of his enterprise, it was settled that he should take the name of a distant branch of the family,—Tyrrell; and that Lieutenant Marsh, who had hitherto so effectually watched over his safety in Jersey, should accompany him,—not in the character of a tutor, but simply as a friend, whose knowledge of the country and advice in any emergency might prove useful to him.

At the end of a month, one of the party at least quitted Meldown Park with a much heavier heart than he had arrived with.

We scarcely need say that it was the merchant.

The stay in town was necessarily a brief one, although it proved sufficient to enable our hero to execute a project he had long entertained of having his portrait taken. When done, he intrusted it to his friend Harry.

"For my dear mother," he said. "It is a painful task that I have confided to you, for you will have to resist her prayers, and tears which are still more eloquent; but my grandfather's secret must be kept; for, should I not live to return, the knowledge of it might steel her heart against him."

The parting between Mr. Bently and his grandson took place on the beach of Southampton, and was delayed until the last moment. Lieutenant Marsh had been some time on board.

The old man would accompany him from the hotel and see him into the boat. It was the last one. The ship *Perseverance* only waited its return to raise anchor and get under weigh.

"No further, dear grandfather," said our hero, alarmed at the old man's paleness.

"Do not fear me, Richard; I will not add to your distress by yielding to the weakness of age, or the feelings of my heart. I shall have time enough to indulge in them when you are gone, and I am once more alone in the world. Everything, yes, I think everything, has been arranged to insure your success in India. Do not spare my credit," he added; "you will but forestall your inheritance."

"All that affection could suggest has been done for me," replied the young man, "save one thing."

The merchant regarded him anxiously.

"You will not be angry with me, sir?"

"I trust not."

"It is my last request."

"Then I am sure I shall not feel angry," said his relative.

"You have a child," said our hero. "True, she has offended you, but she is still your child; and years of coldness and estrangement have not weakened the ties of affection in her heart. Should anything occur—should I not live to return—Forgive me, sir—promise me to forgive her!"

Mr. Bently passed his hand slowly athwart his brow, as if a sudden pain had seized him there. His grandson regarded him attentively and sighed.

"If I have presumed too far upon my influence with you," he continued, "you must blame your own kindness for it. It would have made me so happy."

"Our parting shall not be clouded by unkindness," said the old man, solemnly; "I promise you."

"Bless you, grandfather, bless you!" exclaimed Richard Markham, throwing himself upon his knees, and kissing the hand of the old man. "You have removed the last weight from my mind, and I go now with a strong heart where duty calls me. I shall return, be sure I shall return, and bring my father's vindication with me."

"Heaven grant it."

"Your blessing—once more your blessing."

The merchant pronounced it, and the words were not the less heard on high, because affection caused them to falter on his tongue.

Richard felt that the scene was becoming too painful to be much further prolonged. With a strong effort he tore himself from the embrace of his aged relative, and ran towards the boat, which had all the while been waiting for him.

"Alone!" murmured Mr. Bently, as he stood upon the beach, his hands drooping listlessly—"once more alone!"

Nelson, the great Newfoundland dog, who was seated by his side, looked up into his face, and whined piteously; then ran towards the shore, and barked loudly at the receding boat.

Our hero waved his handkerchief: the animal mistook it for a signal, and, plunging into the surf, struck out vigorously after him.

"Even the brute creation love him," thought the merchant; "no wonder that he has wound himself around my heart."

It was not till the *Perseverance* had raised anchor and set sail that the old man returned to his hotel alone.

For Nelson had succeeded in gaining the boat, and with his young master was on his way to India.

It was no easy task that Harry Morton had undertaken, to convey the portrait of his friend to Rachel, and yet keep the hitherto well-guarded secret of his grandfather. To call upon her without first sending up his card, or the preliminary of an introduction, was out of the question; and there was little likelihood of encountering her in society, which she seldom entered.

In this dilemma he resolved to consult his mother; and he was right in doing so, for a woman's wit will frequently jump at the solution of a difficulty, whilst man's is laboriously arriving at it.

Mrs. Morton, who, from the interest she felt in our hero, had never lost sight of his mother, fortunately recollected that her house was in the same square as the residence of one of her most intimate friends, and that she had frequently seen Mrs. Markham and her daughter walking in the inclosure.

This was sufficient for her son, who resolved to watch till he encountered her there. He had not long to wait.

Rachel and Mary were both surprised by the piercing gaze of a young man, who passed and re-passed several times before the bench on which they were seated at work.

"How rude," said the mother, in an under tone.

Her daughter made no reply: perhaps she thought it more singular than rude.

At last the stranger bowed, and, colouring deeply, demanded if he had not the honour of addressing Mrs. Markham.

The answer was coldly in the affirmative.

"I fear," said the young man, "you deem my manner strange."

Mary, whose blue eyes were sparkling with fun and mischief, gravely inquired what he thought of them himself.

"Even more severely than you can judge them," replied Harry. "And yet, if you knew the cause of my embarrassment," he added, "you would assist me instead of adding to it."

"But not knowing the cause," replied the young lady, demurely, "I wisely abstain from offering any opinion."

"I am the bearer of a message to your mother."

"To me," repeated Rachel, who began to feel that whatever the motive of the intrusion, impertinence had nothing to do with it.

"And a gift," added Harry, "which I am sure you will be happy to receive, since it came from one who must still be very dear to you."

The paleness which overspread the features of Mrs. Markham excited the alarm of Mary, and she imperatively commanded the young man to leave them.

"No—no, it is past," sighed the sorrow-stricken woman, who already divined that she was about to hear some tidings of her lost son. "Pray, proceed. I am strong now, quite strong."

"You have not forgotten—"

"I am a mother, sir!" exclaimed Rachel, in a tone of mingled agony and impatience, which showed the words were wrung from her very heart. "Do not trifle with me. Is my boy dead?"

"On the contrary, he is living and in health," replied the messenger; "worthy the affection of all who know him."

"Then why this mystery? will it never end?"

"That I am unable to explain; but trust me, as far as Richard is concerned, he deplores it deeply. At school we were friends, I might almost add brothers, but fear"—here he glanced at Mary—"that you would deem me a boaster. A brief, very brief period, I trust, will restore him to you: meanwhile, he has intrusted me with this."

He placed in the trembling hands of the agitated woman the portrait of her son.

"Richard, dear Richard!" exclaimed Mary, bursting into tears, as she gazed over her mother's shoulder at the likeness. "He is not much changed—the features are less thoughtful, but there is still the same kind expression."

Neither mother nor daughter observed, whilst they were indulging in their feelings, that the messenger was escaping. Mary was the first to perceive it, and hastened after him—no longer the timid child, but resolute in a sister's love.

"You cannot have the heart," she said, placing her hand upon his arm, "to leave us in this painful uncertainty? You have a mother?"

"A dear, kind one," replied Harry Morton, greatly moved.

"And a sister?"

"Almost as beautiful as yourself."

"Then you will not refuse my prayer; return with me, impart all that you are permitted to tell. You would not break mamma's heart and mine?"

As Richard's messenger had not the slightest desire of doing anything so cruel, he permitted himself to be led back to the seat where the fair pleader had left her mother overcome with emotions of grief and joy.

"Here he is, mamma," cried the excited girl. Those who had watched the scene from a distance must have been puzzled to account for the sudden familiarity between Mrs. Markham and her daughter with a stranger, who remained seated between them more than an hour in deep and, to all appearance, interesting conversation.

When he rose to depart, poor Harry had only two secrets left to tell—his own name and that of the benevolent old gentleman whom he described as the protector of his schoolfellow.

He had even gone so far as to promise to meet them in the square again.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

MUSIC.

AMONG those recreations which are proper as well as pleasant, the cultivation of musical ability takes high rank.

I say musical *ability*, for it is not everybody who possesses the necessary qualifications to enjoy true music. There are some people who find no pleasure in music. I do not believe that this is because they cannot at any time feel its charms, but because their sense of music has been allowed to remain in a condition of inactivity; and consequently they have no relish for "sweet sounds."

Properly to appreciate a painting or sculpture requires an educated eye. Rightly to value a musical composition requires an educated ear. Without there is some natural defect in the physical organisation, I believe that the ear and the eye are both capable of education, and that all, or nearly all, can appreciate music and painting if they will.

Music is the poetry of sound. It embraces harmony, concord, and melody. It moves on velvet wings, waved so gently and gracefully, that naught but onward motion is known or felt. Whatever sound produces the charm of melody in the soul, wakes up all its *Æolian* strings to breathing symphonies within, unheard, but felt like the spirit-notes of a rapt vision, is music. Whatever sounds, or succession of sounds, make us forget that we are dwellers of earth, and lifts us, for the time being, into a world of living harmonies, which come and go, entrance and bewilder, captivate and hold in trembling delight our minds, like the electric colour-dances of the *Aurora Borealis*—is real music. It is a thing to be felt, not described. It is not sound simply; for all sound is not music. It is a peculiar, indescribable running together, or blending of certain smooth sounds of different heights, like the gliding together of the different colours of the rainbow. Its presence is tested only by the charm wrought in the soul.

When the soul is in ecstasy, occasioned by a succession of sounds, we may know that musical numbers are flowing. When a soft sound starts a tear in the eye, we may know that the spirit of music is there. Oh, the rapturous charm of Music! What power it has to soften, melt, enchain, in its spirit-chords of subduing harmony! Truly there is power in music; an almost omnipotent power. It will tyrannise over the soul. It will force it to bow down and worship, it will wring adoration from it, and compel the heart to yield its treasures of love. Every emotion, from the most reverent devotion to the wildest gushes of frolicsome joy, it holds subject to its imperative will. It calls the religious devotee to worship, the patriot to his country's altar, the philanthropist to his generous work, the freeman to the temple of liberty, the friend to the altar of friendship, the lover to the side of his beloved. It elevates, empowers, and strengthens them all. The human soul is a mighty harp, and all its strings vibrate to the gush of music. Yet all souls are not the same harp, nor are all affected alike by its power. Some will listen to the most exquisite music with only an agreeable pleasure, while others are carried heavenward in a whirlwind of bewildering joy.

Different nations have different habits, customs, manners, modes of expression, and different words and languages to convey their thoughts and feelings. But music is felt alike by them all. A stirring strain will touch the well-strung souls of every nation alike. All will dance to a note of joy; all will weep at one of sadness. A lofty strain will bear all to heaven; a jarring discord lower them again to earth. The same masters have made the same music in Norway, Ger-

many, Italy, France, England, America, and all have bowed before it like reeds before the wind. A beautiful proof is this of the kindred nature of all souls, of the existence of a mysterious link of spiritual union, that binds them all together. And the beauty of this proof is heightened when we remember that music is the *voice of love*, and is closely allied to the infinite. Love speaks in tones of music. Love breathes musical airs. Love delights to pour itself out in song. The worshipper chants his praises in strains of lofty music. The lover of freedom speaks his love in song. The lover of beauty sings its praises. The lover of humanity softly breathes his love-notes in strains of sweetest music. Then how beautiful is its universality! The *love* of which it is the voice is equally universal. All souls have *love* within them. It is the all-pervading soul of the universe. Its *voice* is music. It is breathed in the harmony of the spheres, in the anthem of universal nature.

It has been beautifully said that, "Music is the voice of God, and poetry His language." It seems to bear an affinity to Deity. An eloquent writer, in speaking of the impression made on her mind by a musical performance, says: "It expressed to me more of the *infinite* than I ever saw, or heard, or dreamed of, in the realms of nature, art, or imagination." And again: "Music is the soprano, the feminine principle, the heart of the universe. Because it is the voice of Love, because it is the highest type, and aggregate expression of attraction, therefore it is infinite; therefore it pervades all space, and transcends all being, like a divine influx. What the tone is to the word, what expression is to the form, what affection is to thought, what the heart is to the head, what intuition is to argument, what insight is to policy, what religion is to philosophy, what holiness is to heroism, what moral influence is to power, what woman is to man, is music to the universe. Flexible, graceful, and free, it pervades all things, and is limited by none. It is not poetry, but it is the *soul* of poetry; it is not mathematics, but it is the *numbers*, like harmonious proportions in cast iron; it is not in painting, but it shines through colours, and gives them their tone; . . . it is not in architecture, but the stones take their places in harmony with its voice, and stand in 'petrified music.'" In the words of Bettina: "Every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art; and so is music to the soul of love, which also answers not for its workings; for it is the contact of divine with human."

The human voice is the most perfect musical instrument ever made; and well it might be, for it had the most skilful Maker. That voice should be cultivated so as to sing the tones of love to man and to God. Around the fireside, in the social circle, it should sing the voice of love, and at the altar of God it should pour forth melodious praise. Who does not know the softening power of music, especially the music of the human voice? It is like the angel whisperings of kind words in the hour of trouble. Who can be angry when the voice of love speaks in music? Who hears the harsh voice of selfishness, and brutalising passion, when music gathers up her pearly love-notes, to salute the ear with a stray song of paradise? Sing to the wicked man, sing to the disconsolate, sing to the sufferer, sing to the old, and sing to children, for music will inspire them all.

To all youth we would say, Cultivate well the powers of music in your souls, for amply will you be repaid. You who possess the gift for music, shall it be unproductive within you for want of use? Shall the gem never be burnished? Shall you never present it shining to its Giver in a song of praise and worship. It is due to Him that it should be cultivated. How early should children be taught to sing; for what is sweeter than the songs of innocent childhood, so refining, so refreshing, so suggestive of a better world? Music sweetens the cup of bitterness, softens the hand of want, lightens the burdens of life, makes the heart courageous, and the soul cheerfully devout. Into the soul of childhood and youth it pours a tide of redeeming influence. Its first and direct effect is to mentalise the musical performer; not to give him knowledge, nor more wisdom in the practical, business affairs of life, but to stir his mental being into activity, to awaken strong emotions, to move among the powers within as a common electricifier, touching here with tenderness, there with energy, now with holy aspiration, and anon with the inspiring thrill of beauty. It breathes like a miracle of inspiration through the soul, to elevate, refine, and spiritualise. No lethargy can exist in the soul that is pouring forth a tide of musical numbers. Its very recesses are all astir. Everything within becomes active; the perceptions acute, the affections warm, the moral sensibilities quick

and sensitive. When we think how much the world wants awakening, we can think of no power better calculated to do it than that which dwells in the mysterious melodies of music.

But it not only gives an additional warmth, fervour, and vigour to the powers within, it gives refinement. It is opposed to the gross, the low, and the vulgar. Music never suggests vulgarity and baseness—never tends to the coarse and low; but to the shame of humanity be it said, that it has been prostituted to administer to base passions and vile feelings. And so has religion, and reason, and love. But not more are these directly opposed to the vile and coarse than is music. When musical numbers take hold of the mental man with their powerful and vigorous sway, and raise it to that point of activity and fervour scarcely ever attained by any other means, the whole tendency is to the pure, the refined, and the perfect. It is true the increased and cultivated sensibility of musical performers makes them so alive to discord, opposition, harshness, that at times they become much like that sensitive plant called "touch-me-not;" but this is rather the result of outward discord than of inward tendency to irritability. The outward world is not in harmony with their inward world. It is too gross and rough—too discordant and perplexing.

It is to be expected that the sensibility which music cultivates will influence the passionate as well as the moral nature of man; and will at times make anger more acute as well as love. It gives an increased activity to the whole being. And this would show the importance of cultivating all the mental powers in harmony with the musical talent. Much as we prize the influences of music, holy and enrapturing as we believe them to be, we would not press its claims beyond its proper limits. Harmony of mental development should be the grand object of life. The real and all-glorious influences of music are known and felt only when the whole mind is truly and properly cultivated. Then its charm is perfect; then its heaven is created. Music should be an essential part of education. It should be cultivated with numbers, with science, with literature, and poetry; for it is intimately blended with all these,—is the spiritual expression of them all. It should begin ere words are lisped by the infant tongue, and be continued through the whole educational course, yea, through life. On account of its mentalising tendency, it assists rather than retards the educational progress. It renders more active all the mental powers; so that the whole educational work is promoted by the vitalising power of the musical faculties. An education can be acquired more quickly and more effectually with, than without, the cultivation of the musical talent. The time given to that augments as rapidly as time spent in any other way the strength of the mental powers, while it relaxes, unbends, recreates and strengthens them, and thus gives more time to the real work of education. Then let all youth be wise, and educate their talents for good music.

A GREAT MULROONEY STORY.

ALL ABOUT TIM DELANY—HOW HE WINT COORTIN' WID HIS MASTHER, AND THE CONSEQUENCES.

"WANST upon a time—an', sure, that's not so long ago, afther all—there wor a grate frindship betune the familees of the Sullivans an' the O'Briens; but, by raison of their livin' a long ways apart, they niver sot eyes on acher other for many's the year, though they kep' up the ould goodwill by writin' letters back and fore, wid the shuperscupshins of 'Yer humble sarvint to command, Murtoch O'Brien ma bouchal,' or, 'May the heavins be yer bed, and glory be wid ye, Dennis Sullivan a hagar!'"

"Well, the years rowled by, an' in the manetime, the sunshine lived for iver in the house of Murtoch O'Brien, in the shape of a daughter that bate the wureld for beauty; while Dinnis Sullivan wor prouder of his son Maurice nor if he had found all the goold mines of Californy, wid all the joowels of the Aist Injees to the top of 'em. Oh, faix, but ye may be sartin that the ould min in their letters gossiped about the childher, an' that Misther O'Brien, bein' discinded from the anshint kings of Munster, belaved his daughter Norah the aquil of any princess in Eurip and Aishey, lettin' alone the Turkeys and the Roosters—Rooshins, I mane—an' the Jarmans, an' the Frinch, an' all the other haythens."

"Well, by coorse, by-an'-by, young Masther Maurice an' the butyful Miss Norah wor contracted thegither by the ould people; though, it's the thruth I'm sayin', nayther of the youngsters wor beknowin' to it at all, until wan day, when Maurice wor near grown to be a man, his fader up an' told him what

he had done. 'Well an' good!' sez Maurice, for he wor a mighty purty behaved young jintleman; an', wid that, he crasses over the salt say into forrin parts, where he larned to ate frogs in France, an' to sleep undher a feather bed in Jarman, wid his ex-thremities stickin' out. By-an'-by, whin he had finished his eddicashin at the Jarman Univrarsity, by dhrillin' a hole wid a small sword through the arum of wan Count Dondher an' Blixum, an' b' bein' mortally wounded in his undher garmin' hisself, Maurice thravels back to the ould country. Oh, but Dinis Sullivan wor mighty plased to shake hands wid his darling boy agin! an' he grown so tall, an' sthrong, an' manly like.

"Maurice, avourneen!" sez his fadher, tindherly. 'seem' 'tis of age ye are, an' may be I'll not be wid ye long, sure it 'ud be plas' in me to see yees marri'd at wanst to Norah O'Brien,' sez he.

"But how will I tell whether I'll like her or no?" sez Maurice, dub'ously.

"By raison that she's a hairess and a grate beauty," sez the ould jentleman.

"Thim's good things in their way," sez Maurice; 'but may be I'll be ruinashin'd afther all, wid the crooked timper.'

"Make yerself parfairly aisey on that score, Maurice, ma bouchal," sez his fadher. 'Honey isn't swate, nor butther safter.'

"May be 'tis too saft she is," sez Maurice.

"Tare an' ounties!" sez the ould jintleman, in a grate passion. 'What 'ud yees like to have, I'd be plased to know? Isn't Murtoch O'Brien my ould fri'nd, an' wan I niver had a quarrel wid in my life, batin' the bottle he throw'd at my head at ould Trinity, an' the bullet I lodged in his side on the banks of the Liffey one morn? Sure, afther that affeckshinate raymonstrance we wor better fri'nds nor iver we wor before.'

"Well, by this an' by that, seem' the ould jintleman wor bint upon the match, Maurice consints to ride over an' coort the young lady, purvided he might take wid him his fosterer, wan Tim Delaney. Sure I know'd him well, for he wor own cousin to myself by the mudher's side, an' he it wor as tould me this sthory.

"Take him by all manes," sez the ould jintleman. 'I've not the laste objectshin. 'Tis a dacent lad he is, and a bether face or a nater figure, barrin' yer own, Maurice dear, there's not to be found in all the county. He deserves to be put forrid in the wureld. He's not atthegither an' ignoramus nather,' sez he, 'for Fadher Doran thried to bate the humanities into him for the matther of two seasons; an' though he butthers his mattymatticks wid poetical contribushins, an' peppers an' salts the larned langwidges wid aljebraickal cakulations, there's a dale of larnin' in that head of his, av he only understood the manage of it.'

"So, wid that Misher Maurice sed he wor contint, an' sendin' his thrunk on afore him by the faymale stage, he—"

"Stop! stop! Mulroony! I was not aware of any distinction between one stage and another. Will you do me the favour to enlighten me?"

"Arrah, now," said Peter, boldly, "don't I know the differ? Sure, if the coaches as carries the lethers is the male stages, it stands to raison thim as doesn't must be the faymales."

"Humph! Admirably defined! Well, go on."

"An' thin—an' thin—och, wirrasthruel! but I've lost the sthory completely and enthirely, by makin' a dickshunary of myself."

"Let me jog your memory then. Maurice sent his trunk on before—"

"That's it," said Peter, "by the faymale stage, an' set out on horseback wid hisself an' Tim, bright an' early the nixt morn, for Carrigathroid. Well, they hadn't gone more nor a few miles, afore little Micky Dunn, the stable boy, comes tearin' down the road to say that the masther had been taken suddenly wid a fit of the gout, an' that Misher Maurice must go back to attend the sale of Ned Ryan's place, as the ould jintleman wanted it to square off the corner of the upper farm."

"Oh, musha, thin, but what'll I do?" sez Maurice. 'Tis unlucky to turn back; an', besides, my thrunk is gone on afore, wid all the b'utiful clothes in it I brought from France and Jarman.'

"Faix, but that's bad!" sez Tim; 'an' I mis-thrustin' Andy Shehan, the dhriver. May be 'tis bether I'd thravel on afther him?'

"Deed an' deed I think so," sez Maurice. 'An' take this kay along wid ye, Tim,' sez Maurice 'an' sarch if the things isn't spirrited away, or smashed up entirely. An' Tim,' says he, 'there's a letther of inter-juckshin in the thrunk which I want yees to deliver at wanst, for fear the ould squireen'll be onaisey, as he expected me the day. An' Tim,' sez he, lowerin'

his voice, 'I'll be plased if ye'll take it to Carrigathroid yerself, an' see if Miss Norah is half so purty an' good as fadher-sez she is.'

"Why wouldn't she be," sez Tim, 'if the masther sez so?'

"Throth an' I dun' no," sez Maurice; 'but I'd like to larn that aforehand from yer own lips, Tim, avick.'

"Faix, that's aisey enough, I does be thinkin'," sez Tim. 'You folly afther as quick as ye can. Misher Maurice; an', in the manetime,' sez he, 'I'll pay my respects to the family.'

"So, wid that, they took lave of one another, an' Tim thravelled on to the town where the young masther's thrunk wor left, a bit mile or so from O'Brien's, of Carrigathroid."

"Where's thrunk as wor left here by Andy Shehan?" sez he to the woman of the stage-house.

"Up stairs," sez she, 'all safe an' sound.'

"I'll see that," sez he. An' up stairs he goes an' opens the thrunk, an' looks over the clo'es, an' the diamond pins, an' the goold watch, an' the chains an' rings galore; an', sure enough, they wor all there nate an' nice, as Ally Bawn said when the six childher fell into the saft of the bog. Oh, murther, but now comes the strangest part of the sthory. When Tim seen the things forenent him, an' how b'utiful they wor, he begins to wonder how he'd look in thim; an' thin he looks at his coarse clothes, all plastered and besmudgered over wid the dirty wather of the road.

"How will I carry the masther's letther to the big house, an' I looking for all the wureld like a dirty boghtrotter?" sez he. 'Sure I'd be shamefaced to show myself in dacent company. 'Tis a mighty fine thing to be a jintleman,' sez he, lookin' at the thrunk agin. 'Oh, but thim's the grand coats, an' pantaloons, an' goolden things,' sez he; 'sure, I think the likes of 'em wor niver seed afore. May be,' sez he, cogitatin' the matther—'may be Misher Maurice wouldn't be onaisey if I loaned thim of him for a bit while, isphilly as it's his sarvice that I'll be on. Sure, 'tis no harm to thry if they fits me,' sez he. An', afore he know'd it, he wor dhressed in thim b'utiful garmin's, an' lookin' grander nor iver he did in his mortal life. Presently, he flings back the dure, an' discinds the stairs wid all the goold chains a danglin' about his neck, an' wid a fine goold watch fastened by a rael diamond pin to the breast of his flowery silk weskit: 'For,' sez he, 'sure they wouldn't know I had sich purty things, if I didn't show thim.'

"Oh, but it does my heart good to see sich a han'some jintleman!" sez the misthress of the house, makin' a low curchey. 'Didn't I know,' sez she, 'yer honor wor the rael quality the minnit I seen the shine of yer face at the dure. Indade, an' faix, it's the thruth I'm sayin', plase goodness.'

"Arrah, now, be done wid yer blarney," sez Tim, flourishin' a white han'kercher as wor sthronger wid sint nor a flower-garden. 'Don't conthaminate yer centhrifujals by spakin' so odoriferously,' sez he; 'but tell me, like the dacent woman ye are, where'll I sarch for a barber?'

"That's aisey," sez she, 'for shure there's wan next dure to the corner.'

"So, wid that, out goes Tim, houldin' up his pantaloons wid both hands to keep thim clane, an' presently he steps in at the barber's shop as bould as a lord."

"Barber!" sez he.

"Sir," sez a little, thin-shanked man.

"Shave me," sez Tim, settin' hisself down in the big chair, while the little man wor sthrippin' away at the razhier. 'Aisey, my good man,' sez Tim, 'an' cut the stubble clane.'

"Oh, I'll do that same," sez the barber. 'Be du husht, av ye plase.' An', afore Tim could say Larry Houlaghan, his beard wor off.

"Barber," sez Tim.

"Sir," sez the little man.

"Frizzle my head," sez Tim.

"An', widout any goster at all, the spy little man pokes a long iron thing into the fire."

"Oh, murther!" sez Tim. 'What's that?'

"Thim's the curlin'-tongs," sez the barber.

"Oh," sez the cunnin' Tim, turnin' up his nose 'thim's the ould time fashion. May be, ye niver seen the frizzlin' instrument they use in forrin parts?'

"Sorrah one have I seed, barrin' the masheen in my hand," sez the barber.

"Tworn't to be expected of yees, in this outlandish place," sez Tim.

"Hould still, if ye plase," sez the barber, takin' a grip of his hair.

"Och!" sez Tim. 'Lave me go, will yees? But 'tis pullin' all my hair off ye are!'

"Tisn't likely I'd do that, wid my exparience," sez the little man. 'Sure, many's the quality I've

dhressed the heads of in my day.' An' wid that, he saizes hould of another lock of hair, an' gives it a grip and a twist.

"Tundher an' turf!" sez Tim, startin' up in a mighty big passion. 'Would ye burn my head aff afore my eyes? Tisn't a stuck pig I am that ye're singein' for bacon,' sez he.

"Musha, thin, but that's thrue, anyhow," sez the barber. An' on he wint, frizzlin' first one side and thin the other, till, by-an'-by, Tim's head wor all over corkskrews, like a haythen naygur's.

"How will I look?" sez Tim, goin' to a glass. 'Augh! millia! murther! Tisn't my own face that I see yondher?'

"Deed but it is," sez the barber.

"Oh, wirrasthruel!" sez Tim, wringin' his hands. 'What'll I do? 'Tis ruinashin'd I am, clane out an' intihirely! I'll be mistakin' myself for a sthranger!'

"Yea, thin," sez the little man, 'there's no denyin' but yees wonderfully improved in appearance.'

"Botherashin!" sez Tim; 'but how will I ray-cognise myself, I'd like to know?'

"Sure, but he had the throubled look whin he mounted his horse; but, by the time he got to Carrigathroid, his spirits came back agin an' he fasthens the baste to the swingin' bough of a three, an' steps up to the dure an' knocks as bould as Joolyus Saizer."

"Hallo! House! Whoop!"

"What's the matther, my good man?" sez a sarvant, answerin' the dbré.

"Matther?" sez Tim. 'Plinty's the matther. Here's a letther for Misher O'Brien, wid the respects of the owner.'

"Yer name, sir, if ye plase," sez the man.

"Tell him, Misher Sullivan sint it," sez Tim.

"Oh!" sez the man, making a low-bow. 'Obleege me by walkin' in; ye're expected.'

"An', wid that, he marches on afore, Tim followin' afther, an' flings open the dure of a grand room all blazin' wid light, an' sings out—

"Misher Sullivan!"

"Oh, murther!" sez Tim to himself. 'Tis changed I am by that frizzlin' barbarian!'

"Ah, my young fri'nd," sez Misher O'Brien, takin' him by the hand, 'tis plased I am to see ye the day! Let me presint ye to my daughter. Norah, mavourneen, this is Misher Maurice Sullivan.'

"Och, the beauty of the wureld!" sez Tim, quite frustrated. 'Call me Delaney, av ye plase.'

"Ah, I undherstand," sez the ould squireen, wid a smile. 'The Delaneys is yer relashins.'

"Troth, an' indade they are," sez Tim.

"Thim's good blood, I does be thinkin'," sez the squireen.

"Sorrah bether to be found anywhere," sez Tim.

"I beg yer pardn, 'tis standin' ye are the while," sez the ould jintleman. 'Will ye take a sate on the ottimn?'

"Sure, 'tisn't the grand Turkey ye mane?" sez Tim, gettin' frikened.

"Oh no," sez the ould jintleman; 'tis the fine flahool stool standin' forenent ye.'

"Ayeh!" sez Tim. 'The ould name's the bether.'

"May be so," sez the squireen, puttin' on his specktickles, an' starin' at Tim as if he wor a wild baste. An' sorry I am to tell ye that purty Miss Norah likewise hadn't no bether manners, but set starin' too at the bouchal wid her great black eyes."

"What's the matther?" sez Tim, as red as a b'iled lobster. 'Isn't it all right?'

"How will I know?" sez the squireen.

"Och! och!" sez Tim, 'why did I make a "be-hay" of myself? Blessin's on yer darlin' face!' sez he, turnin' to Miss Norah; 'an' may goodness purteet ye! an' the daisies grow up under yer purty feet! an' may all the fairies in Ireland bring good luck to ye, an' a dale of it! But oh, be plased to take pity on a poor boy as is quite dumbfounder'd at yer b'utiful countenance, and burnt into ashes by the blaze from yer eyes! An' now don't be afther collouging wid the ould man that a way, an' I kep' in the dark, like Shaun Dooley, the blind fiddler.'

"Indade, an' in throth, 'tis very mystharious," sez Miss Norah, whisperin' to the fadher. 'Tisn't the first ha'porth of manners the crayther has. Sure I am, I'll not like him, any way.'

"Lave him to me," sez the ould man. 'May be he's bether nor he seems. Get ye gone, acushla, an' order Michael to bring up a pitcher of st'amin' hot potheen; that's the rael stuff to bring out a man's charackther. Misher Sullivan,' sez he, 'as the daughter disappared—Misher Sullivan—'

"Delaney, av ye plase," sez Tim.

"I beg yer pardin, Mistor Delaney Sullivan. May I be so bould, an' m'anin' no offence, as to be axin' ye what makes ye carry all thim goold chains, an' the han'some goold watch, an' the dimont pin, in sich a strhange way?"

"Oh," sez Tim, mightily relaved, an' pokin' the ould man for fun under the fifth rib, 'tis there ye are! Sure, 'tis reasonable, sez he, 'a young jintleman should folly, the fashi'ns."

"Oh," sez the squireen, 'and thim's the fashi'ns, is they?"

"What 'ud they be good for, if they worn't?" sez Tim.

"Faix, nothin' at all, I b'lieve," sez the squireen.

"Whin did ye lave home, Mistor Sullivan?" sez he.

"Delaney, av ye please."

"Blur an' agars!" sez the ould man, 'don't I know that, Mistor Delaney Sullivan?"

"Well," sez Tim to himself, 'tis no matter. Any way, I'll be kilt an' transported, whin Masther Maurice comes. Sure, if he will parset in callin' me Sullivan, 'tisn't good manners to contradiet him."

"An' how did ye lave the family?" sez the squireen.

"Well, an' hearty," sez Tim; 'wid no sarious dishorder, barrin' the loss of a suckin' pig wid the mailes."

"A suckin' pig in the family!" sez the ould man.

"A suckin' pig, did ye say? Sure, thim's not human."

"Och! what'll I be sayin' wid the grate blister on my tongue? Sure, tworn't any pig at all, at all."

"Twas the babby wid the small-pox."

"The smallpox!" shrieks the squireen. "Oh, be aff wid ye! Don't come a near me! I'm frikened to death a'ready!"

"Millia murther!" sez Tim. 'I'll be beside myself prisintly. I don't mane the small-pox, nor the childer. Where 'ud they come from, I'd like to know? But the doctor—no, I don't mane that—the masther—no, not the masther—the weeny. Arrah, botherashin to me, I'd be obliged to ye if ye'd tell me what I mane! for, 'deed an' 'deed, the beauty of the young lady has put the comether on my sinuses entirely."

"Faix, I b'lieve so," sez the squireen. 'But here comes the potheen,' sez he; 'an' 'tis the sovre'nst thing in the wureld for a crooked tongue."

"Mostha, but it's the raal stuff, too!" sez Tim, takin' a long pull at the noggin, an' smackin' his lips.

"An' so ye left the ould folk quite well?" sez the squireen.

"Brave an' hearty," sez Tim. 'The ould man wor brakin' stones to mend the pike wid, an' the ould mother wor knittin' new heels to an ould pair of Connemara stockin's."

"I'm t'understruck!" sez Mistor O'Brien. 'To think that the blood of the Sullivans should demane themselves brakin' stones for a road an' patchin' stockin's!"

"Thim's figgers of spache," sez Tim. 'Sure, I mane shuperintindin' of thim."

"Throth, it's hard to tell what ye mane, Mistor Delaney Sullivan," sez the squireen. 'A young jintleman as is college-bred shouldn't condiscose to quare figgers the likes o' thim. An' now I'll be pleased to have a taste of yer larin'."

"Sure, it 'ud nather be dacent, nor proper, nor expadient, in one of my birth an' breedin', to show off my parts upon a jintleman of your wondherful sagashity. The natheral modesty that is the predominatin' trait in my charackther won't let me. Thim as is my aquls has acknowledged my shupariority; an' the masther hisself couldn't folly me in the langwidges, an' the humanities, an' in single an' double fluckshius, to say nothing of my extinsive ackwirements in algebrayikal mattymattocks, an' the other parts of profane histry of a similar cognashus charackther."

"Spake plainer," sez the squireen, 'for ye does be puzzlin' me wid the hard words as seems to have no sinse in 'em."

"I'd be bothered to find it if they did," sez Tim, elyly, to hisself. But he sez to the squireen, sez he, 'How will I definitively expurgate the profound m'anin' of the anshint frelosophers widout smudherin' ye wid the classicalities? Isn't it the big words as makes the larin'?" Axin' yer pardin, Mistor O'Brien, but 'tis well bekownst to a jintleman of your extraordinary mintal an' quizzical facillities that the construction of the words constitutes the differ of langwidges, of which pothooks an' hangers is the limiuts."

"Bedad, but there's some thruth in that," sez the squireen, 'barrin' the manner of expressin' it."

"Arrah, thim," sez Tim, 'I'm pleased to hear ye say so; an' if it's agreeable to ye, we'll drop the discource for the prisint. To tell ye the blessed thruth, Mistor O'Brien, 'tis dead bate wid the long thravel

I am, an', wid your permission, I'll be bould to throuble yer sarvint to fling me a clane lock o' sthraw in one corner of yer honour's kitchen for the night."

"Oh, but may be the ould squireen didn't stare at Tim wid all his eyes in raal earnest, thim—"

"Sthraw!" sez he. 'Do ye take this for a boc-coch's shealin'? Well, I must say, Mistor Delaney Sullivan, sez he, 'that, for a jintleman's son, born an' brid, 'tis monstherous quare ways ye have.' An', wid that, he rings for the futman, an' tells him to show Tim to bed. 'I'll be wantin', Mistor Sullivan, to spake the sarious word wid ye the mornin' morn, sez the ould man, dhravin' hisself up grand like; 'for, on my conscience, there's many things about ye as does be puzzlin' me extramely."

"Tis no matter," sez Tim to hisself, follyin' after the sarvint. 'Sure, I'm in for it now, anyhow. Ayeh, is thim the stairs? Musha, thim, but 'tis wide enough they are for a drove of fat cattle. Hould on a bit, will ye, or I'll be fallin' over the ballisthers. I wonder where thim crass passiges lades too beyant? Sure, I'd give all I'll be like to have in the wureld to quit the place. Och, Tim Delaney, 'tis a bad ind ye're comin' to wid settin' yerself up for a jintleman; an' begorra, if the young masther mardherers ye entirely, it sarves ye right any way, an' that's no lie."

"Will ye be pleased to inter?" says the sarvint, throwin' open the dure of a big room, where the windys wor all ornaminatid wid butyful curt'ins, an' likewise the grate bed wid goold angels at the corners of the posts, lettin' alone the fringes and the tassels, an' many other butyful things too tadious to min-tion."

"Och," sez Tim, 'is that my bid? How will I git in widout tumblin' myself on the flure? Thim steps, did ye mane? Arrah, now, have done wid yer nonsense! Sure I never heard of goin' to bid wid a step-ladder afore."

"Thim's the fashi'ns," sez the futman.

"Botheration to the fashi'ns!" sez Tim. 'What are ye laughin' at, ye ugly spalpeen? Lave the light, an' go. Oh, murther!" sez Tim, whin he was all alone by hisself. 'If I wor out of this scrape, a thousand goold guineas wouldn't timpt me to do the likes agin."

"An' wid that, he sarches the windys, manein' to make his escape, but they wor too high; an' thim he opens the dure saftly an' looks into the passiges, but they twisted all about, so he didn't thry thim for fear they would be affther takin' him for a robber; so, wid many muttherin's an' moanin's he lays hisself down on the bid wid all his clothes on, an', by-an'-by, falls into a throubled sleep."

"Well, all this time, ye may be sure young Masther Maurice wor not lettin' the grass grow under his feet. So, whin he had bought the land, he takes a fresh baste an' hurries affther Tim. By hard ridin' he got to the town late that same night; an', whin he larned that Tim wor gone up to Carrigathroid all cock-a-hoop in his own fine clo'es an' joels, he flies into a tearin' passion, and makes bould to ride over at wanst. As it happened, the squireen an' Miss Norah wor still up, for the raal genteels do kape mighty late hours; and so it worn't long afore he makes hisself bekownst to the ould jintleman an' his daughter, an' up an' tells 'em his sthory. Oh, but thim they laughed more nor iver they did in their born days afore; more by token that the squireen wor glad to have a disilushin of the mysthery, an' Miss Norah bein' aqilly pleased to find the thrue Masther Maurice wid the best quality manners, an', at the same time, so mortal han'some."

"An' now," sez Maurice, 'what'll I do wid that rogue of a Tim?"

"Lave him to me," sez the squireen, wid a knowin' wink. 'Myself being a justus-o'-pace, a good frikenin' 'll be of service to the saucy omad-haun. But we'll say no more till the morn,' sez he; 'an', in the mane time, we'll thry an' find ye a supper an' a bed."

"Well, to be sure, bright an' airly, while Tim wor tossin' an' tumblin' about in his fine flahool bid, an' dhramin' of witches, an' spooks, an' leprawauns, an' even of the ould bouchal hisself, there's comes a t'undherin' whack at his dure; an' prisintly, in walks four strappin' fellows right to his bedside."

"What's wantin'?" sez Tim, settin' boult up, wid his curly hair all untwistin' itself an' standin' on end like a porkepine's. 'Is it lookin' for me ye are?"

"Troth, but ye're a quick hand at guessin'," sez the biggest man. 'Where's yer masther, ye thafe of the wureld? Tell me that."

"Oh, murther!" sez Tim. 'It's all out!"

"Sure, he confesses it a'ready," sez another.

"Bring him along, Tony."

"Confesses what?" says Tim, wid his face as white as the bed-hangin's. 'Confesses what? Spake out, will ye?"

"The murther!" sez Tony. 'Isn't thim his clo'es ye're wearin' now?"

"Murther? Och! ochone! ochone!" sez Tim, wringin' his hands. 'That I iver lived to see this day! An' is the young masther dead? Why, thim, upon my oath an' my conscience, I never had a hand in it! Sure, 'tis well the darlin' knowed I'd lay down my life for him. Oh, jintlemen, take pity on a poor innocent boy, that's in the black throuble, an' all becase he put on the young masther's things for a bit of spoort."

"An' a purty spoort ye'll find it," sez the futman, for be sure he wor one of thim. 'But here comes Mistor O'Brien."

"Stand aside, all ef ye, an' let me look at the thraitor!" sez the squireen, burstin' into the room. 'Oh, 'tis there ye are, ye villin, wid yer mattymattox an' yer single an' double fluxshins. Saize him, men, wid a sthrong grip, an' bring him to the hall. 'Tis well myself's a magisther, an' can set upon the case at wanst."

"Oh, Mistor O'Brien," sez Tim, dhrappin' on his knees, 'tis innocent I am the day! I'll tell ye about it. You see, the young masther and I—"

"Isn't them his clo'es?" sez the squireen.

"Ayeh! but that's thrue. Let me tell ye, an' hear r'ason. The young masther an' I—"

"Kape yer sthories to yerself," sez the squireen, puttin' on a black frown. 'Why would I listen to yer diabolickle invintions whin thim things is witness agin ye? Hould him fast, boys, an' off wid him. May be I won't live to hang him, affther all."

"Help! help! murther!" sez Tim, strugglin' wid all the power that wor in him. 'I didn't do it! It's clane hands I have! I won't be murthered! Lave me go, I say! What 'ud ye hang a poor innocent for? Murther! murther!"

"All at wanst, as he wor skreekin' and kickin', who should walk in from behind the dure but Mistor Maurice an' Miss Norah."

"Whoop! whoroo!" sez Tim. 'There's the young masther now! Hands off wid ye! Don't ye see him wid Miss Norah?"

"Hould on a minnit, men," sez the squireen. 'May be 'tis a mistake, affther all. Is that young jintleman Mistor Sullivan?"

"Oh, to be sure it is," sez Tim. 'Who else 'ud it be, I'd like to know? Mistor Maurice! Maurice, achorra, spake to thim, av ye please, an' tell thim it's yerself that I see."

"Why will I do that?" sez the young jintleman, laughin'. 'Sure, 'twould be wastin' my breath, an' they knowin' it a'ready."

"Oh, murther! see that now!" sez Tim. 'An' they a frikenin' me out of my seven sinces all the while. Ayeh! Maurice avick, but I forgive ye the bad thrick ye's played me the day."

"Musha, thim, an' thank ye for nothin'," sez Maurice; 'for I does be thinkin' that 'tis yerself, Tim, as is to blame, seein' the fine clo'es on yer back."

"Yea, thim," sez the squireen, burstin' in a great laugh, 'twore hisself, sure enough, as played the bould thrick, an' bothered me all out wid his single an' his double fluxshins; but, bedad, if the thrick wor in his hands last night, sure he'll confess I trumped it dacently this mornin'."

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.

A VERY remarkable circumstance, and an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend are excited in hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as time are also annihilated, so that almost while an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this on record. A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had at the same moment produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and awaking in the fright, found that he had not been in bed ten minutes.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE RIGHT HON. SIDNEY HERBERT, M.P. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

RIGHT HON. SIDNEY HERBERT, M.P.

Among the celebrities of our day the Right Honourable Sydney Herbert takes a distinguished place. As a philanthropist and a statesman, an accomplished scholar, and a practical worker, he has attracted the attention and won the applause of a large section of the public. Those who are opposed to his policy, and, it may be, are equally indifferent to his patronage of art and literature, can scarcely fail to appreciate the beneficial results of those philanthropic schemes which he has originated or fostered. Respect for his ability, as well as gratitude for his good offices, have contributed to make him universally known and appreciated.

He is in the very prime of life, having been born about the year 1810. He is the son of the late Earl of Pembroke—by the daughter of Count Woronzoff—and presumptive heir to the earldom. He was educated at Harrow, matriculated at Oxford, and took his seat in parliament for South Wilts, at the legal age of twenty-one. After the troublous times of the Reform Bill, when the rotten system of representation, which had disfigured our constitution for many a long year, was swept away, the Right Honourable Sydney Herbert became a Peelite, and has ever since remained faithful in his adherence to the fortunes of that political party. With them he bore his share of the obloquy which was cast upon them during the corn law agitation; but, like his chief, he knew very well that it was impossible for any statesman to adopt one fixed line of policy under all circumstances, and that the only question with him when he departed from that line, should be, "Am I actuated by any interested and sinister motive? Do I consider the measure I contemplate called for by the circumstances and necessities of the country?"

It was on these principles that Sidney Herbert, who had formerly been a staunch Protectionist, acted on the question of the repeal of the Corn Laws. He was a member of the government which supported and carried through that measure; and he was nothing daunted by the outcry of inconsistency and apostasy, with which all the members of that government were assailed. Right or wrong, he expressed his honest convictions; if they clashed with former sentiments, he felt no shame in acknowledging that he thought he had been wrong, and was zealously bent on reforming his error.

From 1841 to 1845 he was secretary to the Admiralty; from 1845 to 1846 held office as Secretary at War; to this office he was reappointed in 1852, and accepted for a few weeks the Colonial Secretaryship in 1855.

To his connection with the War Department during the campaign in the Crimea is attributable that memorable act of Christian charity which induced the fairest daughters of England to go forth on a mission of mercy to their sick and wounded countrymen. In 1846 Mr. Sidney Herbert married the daughter of Major-General Ashe A'Court, C.B.; and the humane and patriotic efforts of this lady originated those exertions which, under the superintendence of Florence Nightingale, provided succour for the diseased and disabled soldiers in the East.

The hearty sympathy and co-operation of Mr. Herbert in this and in every other philanthropic scheme has been very fully exhibited. By his exertions impetus was given to that tide of emigration which was sweeping thousands from our densely-populated shores to those lands where, labour being at a premium, working men were in request. His name is most honourably associated with the Emigration Movement; and many a thriving farmer, and

many a well-to-do grazier, in Australia—as well as many a wealthy "digger," have to thank Mr. Sidney Herbert for his benevolent enterprise.

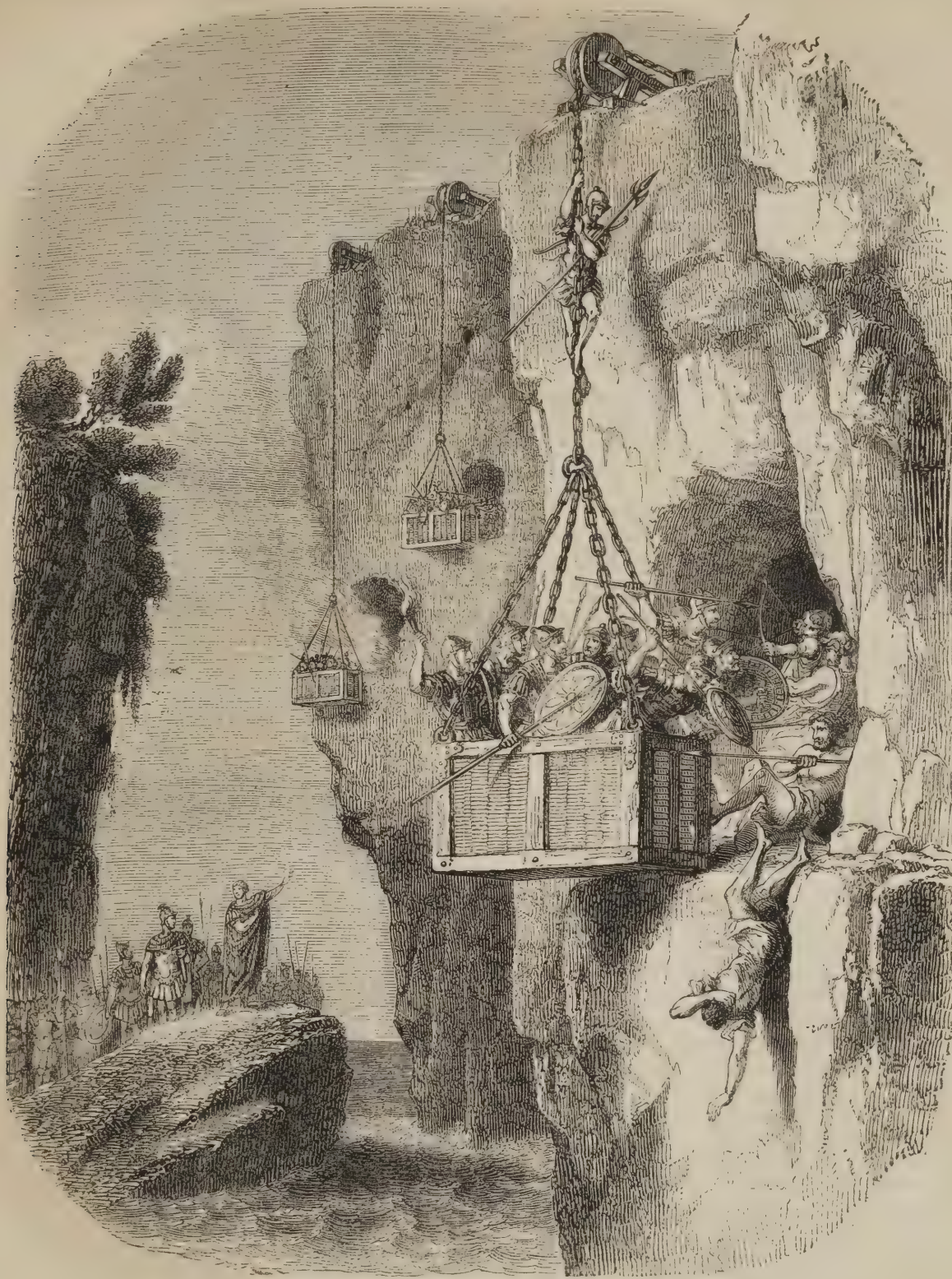
As a connoisseur of art, as an accomplished scholar, as a man of refined taste, and as a munificent patron, Mr. Herbert has won golden opinions from all men. His princely seat at Wilton, Salisbury, is an evidence both of his taste and liberality; while the beautiful church recently erected in its neighbourhood has been built at his sole expense.

HEROD THE GREAT.

WHEN the Roman eagle, lord of all the birds of heaven, had spread its wings over almost every nation on the face of the earth, even the Jews had to make the humiliating confession, "We have no king but Cæsar!"

Palestine became a Roman province; the learning, the civilisation, the chivalry of the Jewish people, all bowed beneath the Roman yoke. The wealth, power, and grandeur of Jewish governors were not only sanctioned by the authority of Cæsar, but were entirely dependent on his will. A slavery more complete, though not so obvious to the senses, than either that of Egypt or of Babylon, prevailed throughout the land, while the Jews themselves were split into factions, religious and political.

Herod, a name familiar to us all on account of its connection with the gospel narrative, was elected to a position of authority in Palestine, at the early age of fifteen. He was a man of surpassing genius and undoubted courage. One of his first acts served to exhibit him in a highly favourable light to the people over whom he ruled. The borders of Syria were infested with robbers, and Herod took the whole



GALILEANS ATTACKED BY HEROD.

band and put them to death. This heroic deed so extended his reputation, that he was considered by his subjects as the author of the repose which they for some time enjoyed; it also favourably recommended him to the notice of Sextus, a kinsman of Caesar, who, pleased with his youthful prowess, undertook to promote his interests at Rome.

But the popularity of Herod excited the malignant enmity of many of the Jews. They hated him on account of his success. They were jealous of his renown, especially when they found he was a favourite with the Emperor. They complained of

the vastness of his revenue, and insinuated doubts of his integrity. An official examination was demanded, which ended in exasperating the young hero against Hyrcanus the high priest, before whom the investigation took place. Hyrcanus, indeed, bore no ill-will to Herod, and was not likely to listen to anything to his prejudice, after being warned by a letter from Rome that the youth was under Caesar's patronage. But Herod, hasty and petulant, could not understand the policy of dissimulation, and would have resented the insinuations which had been made against him, by levelling Jerusalem to the ground, had not his

more cautious friends advised him to act more discreetly.

Herod had to learn a lesson he did not fail to practise in his after life, namely, that coolness and caution are surer counsellors even for questionable purposes than passion and resentment.

At length, when Herod was proclaimed King of Judea by the Roman senate, he had to contend for his possessions with Antigonus before he could set up his authority. Antigonus was a formidable rival. By force and by stratagem he had sought the life of Herod. He found among the Jews a large number

of supporters, and, during the absence of Herod in Italy, had subjugated a considerable part of his dominions. On Herod's return, Antigonus took the field. He represented that it was neither equitable nor expedient to advance Herod to the throne, as he was but a private man, an Idumean by birth, and to be considered in no other light than that of a half Jew. He urged on the Jews that if they were dissatisfied with himself as king, there were several of the royal and sacerdotal line from whom they might select a sovereign. But, backed as he was by a powerful army and the authority of the Roman senate, nothing could withstand Herod; neither arms nor argument could drive him from the field. He advanced upon and captured Joppa; relieved the garrison of Masada; took Rehah, and marched for Jerusalem; the whole country of Galilee was soon reduced, and the army of Herod sat down before the walls of the Holy City.

One of the most difficult matters with which Herod had to contend, was the peculiar character of the country of Galilee. It afforded a refuge to his foes, which, to a less able commander, would have been impenetrable. They fled to the mountains. There, on account of the passages being so narrow and the rocks so steep, it was almost impossible to approach them. In the caverns of the rocks whole communities resided, rushing forth on predatory excursions, and making safe retreat to their fastnesses, if pursued.

On viewing these places, Herod found that it would be equally impossible to creep down to them from above, or scale them from below; and he therefore had recourse to the following contrivance:—He had a number of cases made, to be let down by iron chains from a machine at the summit of the rock; in these cases soldiers were placed, who with hooks, darts, lances, and other weapons, were to destroy the Galileans in their holes, or draw them out and throw them headlong to the bottom, as might be requisite. Considering the depth and danger of the place, it was an exceedingly hazardous experiment.

On lowering one of these cases to the mouth of the great cavern, no one daring to come out, a soldier, impatient of waiting, seized his sword and buckler, and, catching hold of the chain by which the case was suspended, slipped into a cavity of the rock. In this place he slew several of the Galileans with his darts, and, in case of their resistance, drew them out and cast them down the precipice. Those who escaped were terribly alarmed at what they had seen; and some were willing to lay down their arms and accept the terms of mercy which Herod offered. The rest, however, dissuaded them from their purpose, and the work of destruction went on.

The next day the attack was renewed. Large numbers of the Galileans fell victims to the darts of the soldiers; others were drawn out by their long hooks; and at the mouth of these caves fires were lighted, and the unhappy inmates smothered.

"In one cave," says Josephus, "was an old man, who had a wife and seven sons, who earnestly implored him to submit to the enemy. The man, however, took his station at the mouth of the cave, and, as they attempted to pass him, stabbed them one after the other, killing his wife the last. Their bodies he threw down the precipice, and followed them himself, determined rather to die than sacrifice his liberty. While he was thus destroying his family, he reproached Herod on account of the meanness of his extraction, though the prince, who stood at a distance, courted his acceptance of mercy by the most expressive signs in his power."

The vigorous measures adopted by Herod, the free pardons which he offered to those who submitted to his authority, and the severity with which he punished the obdurate, soon established his authority. Antigonus was sent in chains to Rome, where he was privately put to death, and "Herod the Great" reigned over Judea.

But, however great was the skill and prowess of Herod as a soldier, he was guilty of great extortions and cruelties in the pursuit of his ambitious projects; and in vain he tried to banish the memory of his evil acts from his mind by scenes of dissipation. At times he would fly from the sight of men; but on his return from solitude he became more brutal than ever, and in his fits of fury spared neither foes nor friends. Conspiracies were continually formed against him; and, though he exercised the most brutal revenge on all the parties concerned in them, he was continually the prey of suspicion and jealousy, which urged him at last to that crowning act of atrocity and cruelty, the Massacre of the Innocents.

In the thirty-third year of his reign our SAVIOUR was born, whom Herod, in his false interpretation of Scripture, regarded as the temporal king of the Jews; and, to defeat whose claim, he committed the murders over which Jeremiah, in the spirit of prophecy, had already lamented centuries before.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,
SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan,—
The tender, for another's pain—
The unfeeling, for his own.—GRAY.

ADA breakfasted alone, sending a very substantial repast by Monsieur Vanille to her father, and by Tarlatan, her mother's maid, to Lady Pemberton. Both her parents were, or thought themselves, too ill to come down; but they were not too ill to enjoy the excellent chocolate, muffins, eggs, and Perigord pie provided by Mr. Pomp, the butler.

Ada, who for months had breakfasted in her bed on a cup of tea and a bit of toast, enjoyed the pleasant room, the roaring fire, the soft spring air and bright sunshine coming in through the fragrant plants and shrubs that filled the recesses of the window.

The morning papers were on the table, and all the best authors, ancient and modern, richly bound, lined the walls and surrounded her.

Ada's home was the perfection of elegance and costly abundance; and she thought she had never before half appreciated the blessings of that home.

But yet she did not loiter. Her mind was busy with a programme of work to be done; and she saw the sun shine with more satisfaction than she had ever done when a picnic or other pleasure party depended on the weather.

Ada seldom read the papers; but, seated at the breakfast table by herself, while sipping her tea she opened the *Times*.

Her eye fell at once on a paragraph headed, "Another Woman killed by a Drunken Husband."

With a fainting heart and a pale cheek she read—

"Yesterday evening, about half-past seven, a poor young woman, of the name of Esther Darrell, was killed by a brutal, drunken fellow, her husband, by a severe blow on the temple with a pewter pot. It seems that this ruffian, known among his own associates by the name of 'Tippling Ben,' had been dragged by his poor, starving wife—who had a babe at her breast and a child by the hand—from the 'Rose and Crown' public-house, in Fleet-street; and that, as she thought she was getting him home, he rushed into the 'Good Intent.' The ill-starred wife followed him; an altercation ensued; she rushed out; and the brute, pursuing her into the street, struck her savagely on the temple with a quart measure. She fell with a low moan, and was lifted into the 'Good Intent' a corpse. An inquest will be held to-day, when, probably, a verdict of wilful murder will be returned. Great excitement prevails in the neighbourhood, where the unfortunate victim was much pitied and respected."

"This, then, was the result of the savage blow I saw struck," thought Ada, when tears had gushed to her relief, and stolen down her pale cheeks. "Oh! how terrible to have seen a murder—the murder of that devoted wife! I can guess now why Mr. Goodman did not return, and why the women in the mothers' gallery groaned at the mention of Esther's name. That wretched man! he will be hanged for murder!—and yet Mr. Goodman did not speak as if this Ben Darrell were a ruffian and a brute. It was drink that drove him mad: madmen know not what they do. Can they hang him? I am not lawyer enough to decide. But Bob Blossom—will not this check him, and make him put it out of his power to stand in that wretch's place? Sweet Apple Blossom—I hope, I trust it will. How I long to see her honest face again! and bright, black-eyed Merry, and Larkie Grigg—clever, tricky urchin!—and above all, Hope—angel Hope! What comfort I anticipate from the blessed presence of that loving Christian child!"

Ada rose, and went to her own boudoir, a room furnished with everything that taste and affluence could supply—a temple for every Muse and every Grace. But oh, what hours of restless ennui had Ada spent in that enchanting retreat!

It was only two days ago she had struck that superb harp and touched that exquisite piano; and, as there was no harmony in her spirit, the sounds were discord to her ear.

There was the desk at which she had been seated, haughtily declining proposals which she felt were made, not to the woman, but to the heiress. There stood the easel, with the Alpine scene just begun—that scene which had made her wish she could climb

those snowy heights and flee from the palling world of fashion,—in vain, unless she could have also fled from herself!

Ada stood opposite a full-length portrait of a noble-looking youth. He was leaning on the glossy neck of a favourite shooting pony, and several sporting dogs were bounding impatiently around him.

In his frank, noble features, dark violet eyes, and bright, fair hair, there was a strong family likeness to Ada. It was her only brother. That picture had been painted eight years before, when Walter Pemberton was eighteen—the pride and delight of his parents—the darling of Ada's heart, and alas! of another to whom he was dangerously dear; and whom he loved as men love but once in their lives. The object of this passion was Constance Claverton, a poor, very distant relation of Lady Pemberton, whom she had adopted in her infancy, and reared as her companion—half friend, half underling—to bear all those whims and humours which no lady's-maid who is an adept at her art, and knows her value, will ever tolerate.

Constance was a few months younger than Walter. They were much alone, and they loved each other—his was an ardent passion, hers a deep affection. At that time the world had not spoilt him: he wished to marry Constance, and the day he came of age he told his mother so. As it was a day of rejoicing, Sir Augustus was in his cups betimes: it was no use to tell him then.

The rage and surprise of Lady Pemberton knew no bounds—but she dissimulated—she contrived to get her brother, Sir Loftus Hieover, to invite Walter to the Moors, and when he was there she vented on Constance her rage, scorn, and disappointment. She dismissed the poor delicate girl (her own cousin too) with cruelty and ignominy.

She kept Sir Augustus sober a whole morning, that she might point out to the "poor companion" the ruin that she would entail on Walter if she did not resign him, and, as nothing availed to make her promise never to see him again, she was turned out with a few pounds in her pocket, and a recommendation to a Mrs. Martinet, who kept a school at Kensington, and wanted a teacher. Lady Pemberton, at parting, told her that if she ever wrote to Walter, and got him to see her, and cajoled him into marrying her, his father would disinherit, and she herself disown him; and so she was sent off in tears, disgrace, and poverty. And Ada, who loved her tenderly, and under her gentle influence was becoming good and happy, had never seen or heard of her since.

Ada had felt Constance's warm tears on her cheek the morning she went away. Walter's anger was great; but a foreign tour diverted his thoughts, and he was not without a hope, by the aid of his own valet, of discovering Constance's hiding-place.

"And Walter is in India," thought Ada, "and no doubt very unlike that noble, blooming youth; and Ellen is still single, in spite of so many great offers; single, I do believe, for his sake,—and poor, gentle, good Constance, where is she?"

Ada opened a chiffonier drawer, and, touching a secret spring, took from a recess which was thus disclosed a small oval miniature, and a long chain of lustrous golden hair.

The face was a sweet female face of eighteen, very fair, soft, regular features, large blue eyes, and soft, parted lips, long, floating ringlets of gold, and a seraphic expression of love, pity, and patience.

"Poor Constance!" said Ada, kissing the glass, on which a tear had fallen; "where art thou now?—perhaps among kindred angels in the courts of heaven!"

As she put up the miniature, a carriage drove to the door, a knock resounded through the house, and in a few minutes a loud tap at her door announced Ellen St. Ange.

"Welcome, beloved Ellen," said Ada, kissing the fair oval cheek of the pale yet pretty Ellen. "How good of you to come so early!"

"I knew you would be up betimes," said Ellen; "and it is so fine, I have brought my pony phaeton. Such lovely, long-tailed, glossy, black pets. You know I am a good whip,—will you come? The air is so balmy!"

"I want to see Mr. Goodman," said Ada. "Oh! Ellen, do you know, the woman Esther Darrell, whom I saw struck to the ground, was taken up dead?"

"Yes; I have just read it in the paper. Is it not terrible? and all owing to that fatal love of drink. But what is this?" said Ellen, picking up the chain of golden hair which Ada had dropped.

"Do you know whose it is, Ellen?"

"Yes, Constance Claverton's, your mother's beautiful companion, the girl Walter loved,—that fair, meek vision of the long ago!"

"I wish I knew what had become of her," said Ada.

"I fancy Walter must have found her out," said Ellen. "I know she suddenly left Mrs. Martinet's some eight years ago; and it came out after she was gone, that she used to have letters directed to the stationer's, to be left till called for; and that a very handsome young man always met the school out walking."

"Oh, I hope," said Ada, "my brother did not act basely by that good, loving girl; she was so gentle, so confiding."

"I think her own principles would have saved her from sin," said Ellen; "but he loved her too well to have resigned her easily. I know how he loved her; for you know, Ada, I was brought up to look upon him as my future husband, and I loved him as such,—I thought he loved me,—and his parents, of course, as well as my father, ardently wished for our union; but, oh, Ada, the first hour I saw him with Constance, when he came home from college, I saw he loved,—but not me. Ada, you have been unhappy, but you have never known real misery,—that 'slighted love so sair to bide.' But it was good for me. You know who says 'It is good for me to have been afflicted.' Ada, it is good for us all. As for me, if to all my other blessings had been added that greatest of all, happy love,—how selfish I might have become: born an heiress, with so indulgent a father, such kind friends, had Walter loved me, Ada, I should never have shed a tear; and tears, oh Ada, tears soften the soil of the heart and prepare it for the good seed; it is tears that water the blossoms of faith and charity, and make them ever bud anew; but for that anguish I should never have devoted my time and thoughts to a love far better than the love of man. If I am in any way worthy to guide or advise you, Ada, I owe it to that grief which, while it bruises the spirit and almost breaks the heart, is potent to save the soul. And now, come, shall we set off?—and whither?"

"I want to see Mr. Goodman, and to go to the ragged school."

"Put on your bonnet and cloak then, and we will set off."

"Wait for me a moment," said Ada. "I must first say 'good morning' to my mother, and exchange a word with poor papa."

Ada knocked at the door of her father's bed-room.

CHAPTER XIX.

An anxious stomach well
May be endured; so may the throbbing head;
But such a dim delirium—such a dream
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as maddening Pentheus felt
When, baited round Cithaeron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns and double Thebes ascend.
You curse the sluggish past; you curse the wretch—
The felon with unnatural mixture first
Who dared to violate the virgin wine,
And wish that Heaven from mortals had withheld
The grape and all intoxicating bowls.

ARMSTRONG'S Art of Health.

A QUERULOUS "Who's there?" was uttered in a tremulous tone.

"Only Ada, dear papa," replied the young lady.

"Oh! come in, Ada; but don't be boisterous, or shake the room; or bang the door: my nerves are all to pieces to-day, Ady."

"I will be very quiet, my own dear papa. But I am going out with Ellen St. Ange, and I must give you a kiss, and ask you how you are."

Ada's heart was softened by the new influences within her. On a former occasion, had she known that her father had come home inebriated, and was, in consequence, unable to rise, an unfilial feeling of anger and disgust would have prevented her going near him; but "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." The new light kindled within her lighted the path of duty in all its ramifications; and the glow in her young bosom re-acted, not merely on one affection, but on all.

Sir Augustus lay in a stately bed, superbly draped with crimson cabinet hangings, and surmounted by his own grand old coat of arms; but from that bed his intemperate habits and irregular hours had long since banished his fastidious, proud, and still beautiful lady.

The room was darkened, so that at first Ada, coming out of the bright spring sunshine, could scarcely see anything; but as her eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, she saw the once handsome, stately Sir Augustus looking a miserable old wreck—prematurely old, for he was not sixty.

He was propped up in the centre of the large bed by downy pillows, snowy white, that strongly contrasted the brick-dust hue of his vinous face. He

had on a white tasselled night-cap, for he was a little old-fashioned, and the tassel quivered and shook with that perpetual vacillation peculiar to *delirium tremens*.

His face was loose and puffy and his cheeks pendulous, but his shaking hand was very thin, pale, and feverish.

There was a powerful smell of ether in the room, and he was drinking strong green tea, out of a china breakfast-cup, which Ada expected every minute would slip from his nerveless hand.

Ada sat down for a moment on his bed-side.

"You pin me down, Ady," he said, querulously.

Ada started up.

"Don't be sudden; you fidget me; you shake the bed. You're like your mother, never quiet."

"What is the matter, dear papa?"

"Oh, I'm all to pieces! I'm fit for nothing! I've sent for Dr. C—. He must patch me up for the dinner; but I'm fit for nothing. I want to go over Skinfint's accounts. I believe the fellow's cheating me, and grinding all my poor tenantry, and I can do nothing; my head's so bad I can't add up a few figures; and there's your mother, instead of helping me, cares for nothing but that bloated, asthmatic old spaniel. Skinfint has turned poor old Potter out of his farm. Successive generations of Potters have been tenants on the Pemberton estate for centuries, and now Potter must go to the union! And what can I do, in this state? I can't argue with that long-headed Skinfint. Poor Potter!—eighty odd. He used to carry me on his back."

Sir Augustus drew the sheet over his face, and, with that maudlin want of self-control which intoxication produces, sobbed bitterly.

"Your mother might do something in it if she would," he continued. "Skinfint was always afraid of your mother. She's got a very good head, and she knows all about it."

"Papa," said Ada, "you are not well enough to talk about business now; but this evening you will be better."

"Yes; I'm always better at night." (The more's the pity, she thought; as it was owing to that he was able every evening to indulge to excess.)

"Will you, papa, let me go over these affairs with you, and for you? I am no child now, papa. Next week I shall be twenty-one; and I am very good and quick at accounts."

"Well, I had promised to dine with Malmsey at the Travellers', if C— can patch me up for the nonce."

"But if you will give that up, my own darling papa, I will devote the evening to business and you. I am sure you will see that I have as good a head as dear mamma herself."

"I don't know what Sir Croesus Malmsey will say."

"Think, papa, what poor old Potter will feel if Skinfint, who is always as good, or rather as bad as his word, takes advantage of your doing nothing in it, to turn him out, and your oldest tenant goes to the union!"

Sir Augustus actually began to shed tears.

"Then you promise, papa, you won't go out this evening; and we'll set it all to rights. We'll write Skinfint a letter that will astonish him."

"Very well, Ady; you're like your mother: she could always wind me round her little finger, when she thought it worth while to take the trouble. It isn't now—I'm a poor old wreck, body and mind, a burden to myself, and to every one else. I often wish I was dead, Ady."

Ady embraced her father, and when she felt his cheek bathed with hot tears, her own mingled with them.

"Ah, you're a good girl, Ady," he said; "I'll send Townley with an excuse to Malmsey, and we'll spend the evening together. Don't gag me; there, don't smother me; and, above all, don't shake the bed. We'll give it to Skinfint, and set old Potter's heart at rest. And now send Vanille to me. I must have a warm bath and an effervescent draught."

Fondly kissing his hot brow, Ada withdrew on tiptoe.

And that wreck of a man, weeping over a lease cruelly imposed by an insolent steward on a faithful old tenant, began life with a noble intellect, a great heart, a strong frame, an iron constitution, and might have been, but for the demon of intemperance, everything that good and great men desire to be.

Ada then knocked at Lady Pemberton's door. Her ladyship was also in bed; Sultana, in a sort of basinette, panting, wheezing, whining, growling, snarling, and snapping on the bed by her side.

Lady Pemberton's fine, pale, chiselled features were surrounded by Mechlin lace and pale pink ribbons.

"How are you, dear mamma?" she said.

"Half dead," was the reply. "Your father is killing me by inches. It is a miracle that, in his last night's ebrious excitement, he did not kill the only living thing that shows any real affection for me—poor Sultana, your noble brother's pet. If I were not sure that he cannot live long at this rate, I should sue him for a separation on the score of cruelty."

Ada said nothing.

"Oh, I know you side with your father; you have no feeling for me. You make a tremendous fuss about yourself and your bad spirits, of which you ought to be ashamed; young, courted, indulged, and surrounded as you are with luxuries of all kinds; but you have no sympathy for me; and, if your father's cruelty to Sultana had caused her death, you would not have withdrawn your mind, for one moment, from your own nonsensical, morbid melancholy, to sympathise with me, though you know how I value your poor brother's favourite dog, and how fond the poor creature is of me."

"I came to tell you, dear mamma, that I feel much better: the weight is gone from my spirits, and you will not have to complain of me again."

"I never understood the malady; and, therefore, the 'cured in an instant,' I presume by one of Morrison's pills, is an enigma to me. But I am anxious to rise, as that new man, Sneak, says Sultana's best chance is going out in the morning air. I cannot trust her even with Tarlatan. Poor pet," she added, touching, with her taper fingers, the broad but quivering back of the spaniel; "talk of friends! what the poet says is very true, 'A favourite has no friends.' I believe even Tarlatan is jealous of my fondness for the poor creature, which was given to me by my own and only son—my absent, brave, beautiful boy. He said, 'Be kind to Sultana for my sake, mamma;' and I have been kind to her; and she, she never loved any living creatures but my boy and me. She's only a dog, it's true, Ada, but love begets love. Who else loves me, or cares for me? Not you."

Lady Pemberton had tears in her eyes at this climax; and, turning away from Ada, said, or rather sobbed—

"Don't let me trouble you with an isolation of the heart, which excites no sympathy in you. Send Tarlatan to me. I cannot give a thought to anything now—I am too ill and nervous. If you have anything to say, you must choose a better opportunity. *Au revoir!*"

"Good-by, mamma," said Ada, as, thus summarily dismissed, she hastily put on her bonnet and mantle, and hastened to rejoin her friend Ellen.

CHAPTER XX.

O ye, whose souls relentless love has tamed
To soft distress, or friends untimely fallen,
Court not the luxury of tender thought!

ARMSTRONG.

And even the name I have worshipped in vain,
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again:
For to bear is to conquer our fate.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SUDDENLY opening her boudoir door, Ada found Ellen St. Ange gazing through her tears on the beautiful, animated portrait of Walter Pemberton, her first and only love.

Ada and Ellen were going down stairs, followed by Pertinette, laden with cloaks and furs, when Townley came pompously forward, and said to Ada—

"There's a suspicious-looking party, mem, a-hasking, nay, a-hinsisting on seeing you. I've shown him into the library, mem."

"On seeing me, Townley?"

"Yes, mem."

Ada, followed by Ellen, went into the library.

There, a man whom she did not know—not a gentleman, certainly, and not a working man, either—came forward, and served her with a writ of subpoena to appear at the inquest to be held at one o'clock that day, at the "Good Intent" public-house, on the body of Esther Darrell.

"But why am I subpoenaed?" said Ada, turning very pale.

"This letter will explain, miss," said the man, an attorney's clerk. "Hi've nothing to do with it. My name's Slink. Hi honly hacts as subordinate. My principal his Mr. Dodge, of the firm of Dodge and Doombrown, — Street."

Ada opened the letter, and read as follows:—

"Madam,—I am sure you would not wish me to stand on ceremony when a fellow-creature's life is at stake. I have spent the night at the station-house with Ben Darrell, the wretched man whom you saw strike his wife with a quart pot. Poor Esther's brother—whose feelings all can pity and understand—wants to prove at the inquest that the murder was premeditated. You, madam, happen to be the only person who actually saw the blow struck; and, from

what you told me, it did not seem to me that you conceived there was any *malice prepense*, or that the wretched man meant to kill his wife.

"It will go very hard with him in any case, as wife-beating and wife-murder must be punished and put down; but your evidence may give him a chance, and, therefore, I have had you subpoenaed. I know you are a delicate young lady, but a Christian woman's heart will carry you through. I am, madam, your faithful servant,
JAMES GOODMAN."

Ada handed the letter to Ellen.
"I will attend the inquest," said Ada to Mr. Slink, who at once withdrew. "Ellen, you will come with me."

"Of course. Your father or mother—can they attend you?"

"Oh no! as we go along I will tell you why. I shall not even name it to them."

"Well, we will call for Mrs. Golightly: we ought to have some older lady with us."

"Oh yes! that will be very desirable. But, O Ellen, what a responsibility! How can I say what I have to say so as to save this wretched being's life?"

"You can only say the truth, dearest. It is singular that you alone saw the blow struck. I saw the woman fall, and so did Mrs. Golightly; but we were looking at Apple Blossom and her stall, and it was your shriek apprised us of the fact that the man had struck her."

"I am certain he did not mean to kill her," said Ada.

"Then it is your duty, dearest, to convey, as forcibly as you can, that conviction to the jury."

"And I will do my duty," said Ada.

As they entered the elegant phaeton, Ellen driving the sleek, long-tailed ponies, and her own especial groom skipping up behind, fresh from a bet with Townley, who would win the hand of Pertinette, the sun was shining as brightly as if

"Earth contained no grave;" and as if it were not looking in on the dead body of a murdered wife, on the tear-blistered face of a now sobered murderer, and on countless scenes of sorrow and deeds of blood and shame.

CHAPTER XXI.

Maidens, young maidens, come listen to me;
For I am a maiden of ripe sixty-three;
And frae a' I hae seen o' monkind and their ways
I'll still be a maid to the end o' my days.
Then shun the tyrant mon;
Yield neither heart nor hon';
A' be merry while ye can;
Shun wedlock's chains and slavery.

COURTSHIP AND WEDLOCK.

Ada and Ellen found Mrs. Golightly very busy. The strong-minded woman had a literary turn, and was, in fact, "darkly, deeply, desperately blue."

On her return from the ragged school, not being able to compose herself to sleep, she had taken up a review, in which was an article entitled "Woman; her Strength and her Weakness."

It certainly was rather a one-sided view of the great question, and it made woman's strength to consist in her weakness, and her weakness in her strength.

It adroitly disguised, under eloquent verbiage, the fact, that the writer divided women into sultanas and slaves, domestic drudges or well-dressed dolls.

There was an ill-veiled, coaxing contempt in this article which roused all the smouldering wrath of Mrs. Golightly's nature.

There was always a fire ready-laid in her breast; and this article was the torch to kindle the mass. It was blazing when Ellen's pony phaeton drove to the old spinster's door.

After a restless night—arguments, syllogisms, deductions, aphorisms, and perorations fusing and boiling over in her large, excited brain—Mrs. Golightly had sprung from her bed. She had hastily thrown on a very short-waisted flannel wrapper, yellow with time and the wash-tub, and made in the old days of enormous gigot sleeves.

In order to keep her brain as cool as possible for the great work she had in hand, Mrs. Golightly had wound a wet tablecloth round her head, her feet and legs were thrust into a pair of boots similar to those used in very cold climates, and lined with fur. They came up to the knee, and she had had them made on purpose to write in in cold weather.

These boots, a small fur tippet, and a pair of blue spectacles, or rather goggles, completed her writing costume.

As she sat at her desk, dashing along rapidly, her pen scarcely keeping pace with the boiling lava of thought that flowed from that Vesuvius—her excited brain—her maid supplied her with strong green tea and slices of bread and butter and rounds of toast.

As Mrs. Golightly was far too much absorbed and excited to heed the carriage, or the knock at the street door, one of the servants of the house (knowing she was at home) had let the ladies in, and showed them into the front parlour, where Ellen and Ada, without any idea of intruding, found themselves face to face with the inspired but singular-looking authoress.

However, Mrs. Golightly was a lady, and therefore not deficient in self-possession. She was a strong-minded woman, and therefore able to support herself in any emergency.

She was, or thought herself, a genius, and therefore above the small anxieties of mean minds. And at this inspired moment, fire flashing from her eyes, and all woman's rights and wrongs whirling in her brain, and burning in her heart, it was not likely she would care how she looked before Ada Pemberton, a girl whom she had always despised as an idler and a doll.

As for Ellen, the figure that almost convulsed Ada with suppressed laughter was by no means new to her. The total indifference to or unconsciousness of the exquisite absurdity of her own appearance, added much to the comicality of the strong-minded woman's *tout ensemble*.

"Sit down, sit down, my dear Ellen; sit down, Miss Pemberton; let me finish this argument, and then I'll attend to you. Yes," she added, seeing that Ellen took up the Review that had roused her wrath, and indeed "called forth the indignant spirit of the north;" "look at that base, cowardly attack upon woman, the stab in the dark, the sword wreathed in myrtle, the Judas of the press; and then you will guess what I am doing."

Ada and Ellen bent their fair young faces over the page, and in about five minutes Mrs. Golightly threw down her pen and said—

"I think that'll touch him up. He'll find it hard to parry that thrust. He's caught a Tartar!"

"I suppose you are answering this article, dear old friend?" said Ellen.

"Is your reply meant, Mrs. Golightly, for a magazine?" asked Ada.

"No," replied Mrs. Golightly; "I know of no public organ spirited enough to insert it. It shall go forth as a pamphlet; and I think it will make some noise in the world."

Ellen then unfolded her object, and Mrs. Golightly, though not very willing to spend in the cause of a man whom she justly designated "a woman slayer," a day which she had intended to devote to the championship of her own sex, was too good and kind at heart not to feel anxious that Ada should say whatever she could with truth to save a fellow-creature's life.

"I will dress as rapidly as possible, my dear," she said to Ellen, rising, and stalking majestically out of the room in her fur-lined jack-boots; and as she did so, her turban of wet cloth, and her scanty wrapper with its huge gigot sleeves, and small fur tippet, made her seem so irresistibly ludicrous, that both Ada and Ellen could not choose but laugh. Hearing this, she suddenly turned round, and said, very good humouredly, but her eyes flashing with anticipated triumph through her blue goggles, "Let those laugh who win. It is well for you, the Brilliantes and Griseldas of the sex, that there are women like Deborah Golightly to fight your battles." So saying, she closed the inner door, and in a very short time re-appeared in her full walking costume, large bonnet, tartan dress and scarf, and military boots, bag, worsted gloves, and alpaca umbrella.

Mrs. Golightly was very full of the article she had left behind her; but the gems she scattered fell unnoticed, Ada and Ellen were so entirely engrossed by the solemn, awful nature of the business they were engaged in. They thought of the murdered Esther, and the wretched husband, whose mortal span and immortality of bliss or misery might depend on Ada's faltering accents; and above all, of the cause of this dread yet common tragedy—**STRONG DRINK!**

(To be continued.)

INASMUCH as laughter is a faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, we seem to be guilty of a sort of ingratitude, if not impiety, in not exercising it as often as we can. We may say, with Titus, that we have "lost a day" if we have passed it without laughing. The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion, that they call upon their prophet to preserve them from sad faces. "Thank God!" exclaimed Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death-bed, "if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

WANT OF COURAGE.

A GREAT deal of talent is lost to the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented their making the first effort—and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, in order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the brink and think of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon a publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but, at present, a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no time left to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of his life at which man chooses to venture, *if ever*, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.

THE SPECTRE TEXT.

"HANGED by the neck till you be dead,"
The law's judicial voice had said
To one whose hand with blood was red.

The felon staggered from the dock,
And glanced toward the court-room clock,
Whose minutes seemed his hours to mock.

Upon his wrist they clasped the gyves—
(The law holds fast to murderers' lives,
From sentence-time till doom arrives!)

He paused an instant at the street,
The sunshine once again to greet—
Life's sunshine, henceforth doubly sweet!

—Life's sunshine, valued because such!
Then, summoned by the gaoler's touch,
His feet the pavement seemed to clutch.

Though but a strippling 'mid that crowd,
Like an old man's his form was bowed,
But youth found vent—he wept aloud.

As 'mid the thronging mass he sobbed,
All pulses sympathetic throbb'd,
Forgetting now the life he robbed!

The sheriff's men, who gaolward led,
Felt as if following the dead,
And moved along with noiseless tread.

Beside the prison's frowning gate
He passed the threshold of his fate,
And parted with his human hate.

Some keeper by the stair-way saith,
"One moment pause, to give him breath,"
Then whispered, "It belongs to Death!"

As the cell door to swing began
A shudder through his body ran—
'Twas opened by the murdered man!

The spectre-victim's ghastly grin
Welcomed the convict felon in—
Ah! now, at last, he felt his sin.

No eye but his that spectre saw
The grating cell-bolts slowly draw;
Barbing the vengeance of the law!

The felon stood at Murder's throne,
He felt that Murder claimed its own!
—He ne'er again was left alone;

For constantly that spectre said,
"Hanged by the neck till you be dead,"
Until his brain seemed crowned with lead.

And constantly fresh blood was shed
Beneath his feet—upon his head—
Waking—or dreaming in his bed!

Vainly by day or night he plead;
Above the gaoler's sentry-tread
Still came the words of legal dread.

The very fare whereon he fed,
Even the water and the bread,
Sickened him with its dye of red.

To eye and ear came never peace,
Nor did the spectral vengeance cease
Till the grim scaffold gave release!

Ever for souls by crime perplexed,
Remorse will find some spectral text,
Either in this world or the next.



SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

THE OLD COUNTRY SQUIRE, SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

In the days when Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was as paramount at court as her husband his Grace of Marlborough was victorious in the field, English manners were very different from what they are, and the life of a town gallant or a country squire had little in common with the existence of their representatives in 1858.

Where are the coffee-houses, where the wits assembled, and court gossips who retailed all the tattle of St. James's? Where are the old sedans and sturdy chairmen and ubiquitous linkmen? Where are the jolly young watermen, plying for hire and ferrying graceful groups to Ranelagh or the Folly on the Thames? Where are the drums now held which used to assemble all the wit and beauty of London, and where are the duels, fought with the small sword, which used to settle the quarrels in those good old days? Where are the ramilies or tie-wigs, and whither are the full bottoms flown? Where are the little muffs and silver garters buckled below the knee, which attracted admiration at the Rainbow coffee-house in Fleet-street? Where are the thered-heeled shoes and topknots which looked as though the town ladies were carrying a bow steeple on their heads? Where are the square-cut coats, the skirts stuffed with buckram and wire, and long flapped waistcoats reaching to the knee; the feathered hats, the swords that made the dapper sparks look like unplucked birds upon a spit—where are they all?

And what has become of the good old squires?—the boozing, fox-hunting, rattling old squires, the quiet, sedate, stately old squires; the dashing, town-aping, foppish old squires; the worthy, estimable, gentlemanly old squires? Where are they all. Surely they have no modern representatives. Far be it from us to say, or to hint in ever so remote a way, that our squirearchy has degenerated. It may be quite as good, or better, and still not be identical. Where, for instance, can you find a squire like Sir Roger de Coverley? He is the *beau ideal* of the country gentleman of the time of Queen Anne. The portraiture is the best of its kind, and, allowing for

certain eccentricities in the character, is exceedingly close to nature.

We are indebted to Addison for an introduction to Sir Roger de Coverley. He is, no doubt, familiar to many of our readers; who, the more they know of him the better they like him, and for the sake of those who have not yet had an introduction, they will bear with our mentioning some of the distinctive features of this worthy man.

His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know Worcestershire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are opposed to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unrestrained by modes and forms makes him but the more ready and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho-square. It is said he remains a bachelor because he was crossed in love by a perverse, beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him a youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half, and although he at last got over it, because his temper was naturally jovial, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that was in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country, is a great lover of mankind, but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess to love him, and the young men are glad of his company; when

he comes into a house on a visit, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs. Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; he fills the chair at a quarter sessions with great abilities, and gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game act. His servants are all of them sober and staid persons, who have grown old with their master. His valet-de-chambre might be taken for his brother; his butler is gray-headed; his groom is one of the gravest of men, and his coachman has the looks of a privy councillor. His chief companion is a venerable man who has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. Sir Roger's own account of him is, that, being in want of a chaplain, and afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman, rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood something of backgammon. In consequence of this request, the friend looked him out the worthy man on whom the knight has bestowed the parsonage of the parish.

Sir Roger is regular in his attendance at the parish church, and is kind and considerate in his inquiries about the parishioners. All the people love him; and, as he gives a kind word to one and another, or lays his hand on the head of one of the children, everybody praises his goodness, and indeed, he deserves their praises.

His arrangement as to the sermons preached on Sundays, no doubt appear singular in our day. On the parson's first settling with him, he made him a present of all the good sermons which had been preached in England, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Instead of resenting the suggestion as an intrusion on his ecclesiastical functions, the good man digested the sermons into such a series, that they followed one another naturally, and made a continued system of practical divinity. Thus the congregation were edified by Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, and other distinguished clergymen of the Church of England.

Going to church, or following the hounds in the retirement of Worcestershire, or amid the gaiety of Soho, discoursing in his picture gallery, or playing backgammon with the parson, the good old knight stands forth as a worthy specimen of the English squire. He traces the pedigree of the Coverleys for a long period, including, among other celebrities, the last man that won a prize in the tilt-yard, Whitehall; and a great great grandmother, who wrote the best receipt in England for a hasty pudding; another of his relations ruined everybody, but never said a rude thing in his life; and another in his dealings was as punctual as a tradesman and as generous as a gentleman. Of all his ancestors this seems to be the one whom Sir Roger has most closely copied in all his good qualities—qualities which would shine as brilliantly in a modern squire as in one of the days of Queen Anne.

MEMOIR OF MR JOHN SISSON.

AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

(Concluded from page 302.)

In a letter, dated July 26th, 1829, from Mr. Brookes to Dr. Whitsed, the writer says: "As I am informed you take great interest in Mr. Sisson's welfare, it may be agreeable to you to learn that his assiduity and attention to business deserve the highest encomiums. His apprenticeship expires in October, and I hope and wish he may be able to obtain means of completing his professional studies, and also his diploma. I have offered to engage with him, after these objects are accomplished, at a liberal salary, if nothing better offers; but I fear his having such slender pecuniary resources will be an obstacle he will find it difficult to surmount. I feel much interested in his welfare, and shall be most happy to promote his advancement as far as is in my power."

This letter altogether gives surety of the estimation in which he was held.*

By the interest of some of his friends he obtained, through the direct instrumentality of Lord Sandwich, a scholarship at Glasgow, of £20 per annum, and which, with his temperate and simple habits, and rigid sobriety, must nearly have sufficed for all his wants. He had besides the friendship of Professor Walker, the father of his Peterborough master, and the advantage of visiting his family and the benefit of his advice.

In this seminary of science and literature, Mr. Sisson acquired a respectable knowledge of natural history, natural philosophy, and the French, German, and Greek, besides the Latin; whilst he also sedulously cultivated anatomy, physiology, chemistry, and all other departments essential to a well-cultivated medical man. His leisure hours were spent in a moral and agreeable way, so as to improve the sentiments and manners, and to fit him for the most refined society.

Being much respected, he was appointed, when the cholera first made its appearance, to be house-surgeon to the Cholera Hospital at Glasgow; and his attention to the sick, and his labours in the cause of science were above all praise, and he earned for himself the greatest respect.

It was during the frightful ravages of this scourge that he manifested the greatest ardour for the profession he had chosen. And it is but a bare tribute to his memory to state, that there were few, even amongst the most active practitioners, who had devoted themselves to investigate this malignant epidemic, who dissected so many of those who died of the disease. And as he was a patient observer, his notes would be a valuable contribution to the pathology of this malady.

When the cholera abated, Mr. Sisson was appointed fever clerk to the Royal Infirmary, and he now seemed to be on the road to independence. But, alas! in a very few days after he had obtained the situation, his existence was terminated by a malignant fever on the 14th of November, 1832, in his thirty-first year.

We have mentioned, incidentally, his moral status, and, brief as this sketch must be, some idea will have been formed of his great perseverance and natural

intelligence. He was a nice-looking person, and the writer has not a doubt that he gradually improved in appearance in the ratio of his mental improvement. Although we regret that we had not ocular proof from any personal acquaintance with Mr. Sisson, yet we had presumptive evidence for this statement, having been shown a portrait taken of him soon after he went to Mr. Brookes', and another taken at Glasgow a short time before his death. In both the organisation is good. But the change in the aspect (morally and intellectually) of his head and features, tends to prove, indubitably, that education alters, modifies, and improves the cerebral organisation.

And as the collateral corroboration of the actual superiority of Mr. Sisson's mind by systematic culture, we may mention that he visited Dr. Whitsed and his family as a friend and equal, and that his manners and deportment were so refined and agreeable as to render him a companion of a learned man whom he had previously served as a domestic servant.

Dr. Whitsed told the writer that when he had a dinner-party, Mr. Sisson's behaviour gave no indication of any disadvantage of his early training: on the contrary, he was agreeable without any symptom of embarrassment or officiousness; and though he paid proper deference to those who merited it from any intrinsic merit or palpable excellence, yet he had sufficient self-esteem to estimate his own qualifications at their just value. But withal he never manifested that offensive egotism which is too often observed in those who are literally self-taught when such have not associated with those whose minds had been better cultured, or those who, like stars, had manifested a peculiar luminosity from having concentrated their naturally powerful intellect on some special subject.

Mr. Sisson was fortunate in this particular, and he always gave his opinions with modesty, yet in such a way as to evince that he was not doubtful of their correctness. What he had observed with great attention he communicated in a clear manner, without the slightest manifestation of dogmatism.

As some further evidence of the intrinsic value of his character, we may mention that he visited his good old mother, either just before he left Mr. Brookes or after he had commenced his studies at Glasgow; and being in the neighbourhood of Peterborough, he spent a month with Mr. Walker, who assured the writer that he was so highly pleased with his medical information and refined manners, that he intrusted his practice to him for some time (we believe a fortnight), and that during this visit, so great was his *suavitas in modo* and his superior knowledge, that he sat and dined with the same ladies and gentlemen on whom he had formerly waited.

Had he lived a little longer, he would have taken a degree of Doctor of Medicine.

We have mentioned his appointment to the Fever Hospital. He entered this new situation (says a writer in the Edinburgh Phrenological Journal, vol. viii.), with high hopes, about the end of October, having been at the Cholera Hospital from the beginning of the preceding February. He commenced his new duties with equal ardour, and showed his new patients every attention, as he had those at the before-mentioned institution. It appears, that he was anxious to acquire a knowledge of fever. And it is therefore supposed that it was during his continual leaning over the patients, while investigating the state of their lungs with the stethoscope, that he imbibed the seeds of his disease, which, acting on a constitution previously debilitated by the Asiatic cholera and over-study, soon developed itself in an active form, and hurried this promising young man to a premature grave, after about thirteen days' illness!—thus adding another martyr to the healing art, who was deeply regretted by all who had the pleasure of knowing him.

There is not any greater proof needed of the impartiality of our common Father, than in such instances as that of Mr. Sisson. A man born in the midst of poverty, and forced in his boyhood to work for his daily bread, without any, or scarcely any, mind-culture, and without any other prospect than "to plod his weary way" on the path of existence; and yet by the force of circumstances and his own innate capacity, he was ultimately enabled to take an honourable position in a useful and highly important profession.

We may remark, incidentally, that men like Mr. Sisson possess the sort of mind which, when their powers become developed, manifest a degree of freshness and originality, commensurate to their natural intensity and vigour; so as to render them capable of adding new observations and reflections to the sum of human knowledge.

So that, although the subject of this sketch was to

fortune and to fame unknown, yet there is much to learn from his history. He is a well-marked instance of the fact, that there exists, from birth, natural capacity, which is not confined to any grade, but requires genial influences to render "the gift" capable of realising much good, not only to the possessor, but also to the community in which he dwells.

It is for this reason that the biographies of self-taught men have always a certain amount of interest, and furnish some lessons which may be useful to others. In John Sisson's case we find that, during the transition state of his mind, he violated the mental laws without any knowledge of the infringement. For example, his attempt to do with two hours' sleep, which must have injured his bodily health, and rendered him too susceptible.

Every student, should, therefore, profit by this experience, and so regulate the hours of study and relaxation as to insure sound repose and its renovating influence. Just in the same manner that we learn, from our own consciousness, the absolute necessity of attending to the laws which regulate the vital and vegetative functions; in the first case, insuring perfect sanity of mind, and, in the latter, a healthy condition of the body.

It seems, therefore, an inference forced upon us by a perfectly logical process, that Mr. Sisson, from low living (as he principally fed on barley porridge) and labouring incessantly at the Cholera Hospital, by these conjoint means, lowered the standard of the nervous system, and thus rendered himself liable to suffer from contagion among the patients of the fever-house; and to these causes may be traced the reason that his useful career was finished in his thirty-first year. This is the more to be regretted as he was a man of great promise, and would, in all probability, had he lived, have become a contributor to the commonwealth of knowledge, especially in physiology and medicine.

The Matron.

NO. XV.

Young children may be the delight or the torment of a house. It is the mother's especial duty to endeavour to render them the former; but, wayward as all children naturally are, the task appears at first a very difficult one. How gladly do I endeavour to assist the mother with the results of my own experience.

In the first place, I assure you (if you are a mother) that you do wrong in constantly scolding a child. Admonitions and rules are of course necessary even in the nursery, but let them be given in moderation, and rest your hopes of success on more powerful instruments—for instance, on example, and on encouragement. Example acts on a child with a force that it cannot resist; and know this to your comfort, that all the good qualities you have cultivated in yourself may prove so many blessings to your child. Even at three and four, children are the creatures of imitation. Let your child behold you kind and gentle to all around you, and you will soon perceive he catches up your tone, manner, and expressions. Even your habit of keeping a place for everything, and of having everything in its place, influences him, and in his way he begins "putting to rights."

This tendency in young children to imitation may be turned to great good; but, on the other hand, it may be fruitful of evil if you do not keep a watchful eye over your child, and guard him from bad examples. Happily, nature and inclination lead him to cling to you, while your gentle kindness makes him feel safest and happiest when at your side. Then is the best time for you to implant moral and religious truths. Your word is his law. Your child does not question your assertions. Disbelief is an evil of later growth. A young child *has faith*. When you tell him that the Almighty One, who made heaven and earth, and who knows everything, and who can do everything, orders little children to obey their parents, how much weight do you give to this precept of obedience—a precept, in which so many others are comprised; and if, with all a mother's affectionate earnestness, you tell your little boy that the same Almighty Being teaches us to love each other, what a foundation of goodness is laid by these great precepts of love and obedience.

Always remind your child to say grace at meals; and do not let this grace be an unmeaning ceremony, but make him understand that he is thanking his Heavenly Father for the good things before him. And this leads me, to give you a caution which may be a very necessary one, supposing your husband does not come home till the evening. Always manage to

* We may mention that the worthy Mr. Brookes was, some short time afterwards, unfortunately thrown from his horse, whilst on a night visit to some distant patient who had broken his leg, which suddenly terminated his useful life. In his will he had left a legacy of £100 to Mr. Sisson; and when the widow disposed of his practice, the gentleman would not sign the articles until Mr. Sisson gave a bond for £1,000 that he would not practise in the neighbourhood for five years—a document which would not have been demanded had he (Mr. Sisson) not been greatly esteemed and respected by the patients of the deceased.

sit down to dinner with your child or children about the middle of the day. If you are ever so poor and can only afford a light repast, have it in good order, and regularly. It is very bad for children to be kept long fasting. Recollect, that by food strength must be supplied for their growth, and, in this point of view, their dinner is even more important than your own. Let them have meat once a day, if you can afford it; if you cannot, consider what may best supply its place. Rice boiled with milk is very nourishing indeed; and, with a spoonful of treacle, it makes a dish that children are very fond of. Three or four pennyworth of bones stewed in a gallon of water, with a couple of sliced onions and a breakfast-cupful of pearl barley, make a cheap, but wholesome and savoury dinner for poor children, supposing it is kept simmering for two hours. It should be flavoured with salt and pepper, and eaten with plenty of bread. Where children take a great deal of exercise, a suet pudding may be given them for dinner, but it is not very easy of digestion. If it is to be made particularly nice, mix in raisins, and boil it thoroughly for two hours at least. Put raisins in your puddings, in preference to currants, for currants often disagree with children; and you must bear in mind that in childhood the stomach is very easily put out of order, and that a diarrhoea or inward inflammation, brought on by unwholesome trash or unripe fruit, may prove fatal to your child in a few hours; so be on your guard in this respect. New bread is also very injurious. Recollect always to have in your provision of the staff of life the day before, and see to this for the sake of economy as well as health.

But, with all the care in the world, you cannot expect to have your children always rosy and smiling. Hooping-cough, and measles, and other ills, will come, and you must be prepared for them.

It is in times of sickness that you will, more than ever, congratulate yourself on having accustomed your children to prompt obedience. Judge of the agony and self-reproach of a parent who (having always yielded to a blind fondness) cannot influence her child to swallow a medicine necessary to save his life!

Gentle reader, pity such a mother, but let all parents avoid her errors.

Act wisely, and you will soon reap the benefits of judicious training, in the love and welfare of your children; and you will enter into our poet's charming description of domestic bliss. How pleasing are Cotton's lines on a happy young family! They run thus:—

"Our babes shall richest comforts bring:
If tutored right they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We'll train their souls with studious care,
To all that's lovely, good, and fair—
We'll fit them for the skies."

Small Change.

A SPINSTER is an unprotected female, and, of course, a first-rate subject for the exercise of the courage of cowards and the wit of the witless.

WONDERFUL CURE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—After many days' dogged resistance, the *Leviathan* was prevailed upon, at last, to take water for the first time!

"PLEASE, sir, I don't think Mr. Dosim takes his physic reglar," said a doctor's boy to his employer. "Why so?" "Cause vy, he's getting vell so precious fast."

A GOOD constitution is like a money box—its full value is never known till it is broken.

GENIUS is sometimes arrogant; knowledge is always diffident.

A DUEL was fought in Mississippi last week by Mr. T. Knott and Mr. A. W. Shott. The result was that Knott was shot, and Shott was not.

A CONTEMPORARY thinks that "the banks of the country are in a very promising condition." We seriously apprehend that some of them will never be in any other.

A PARISHIONER inquired of his pastor the meaning of this line in Scripture—"He was clothed with curses as with a garment." "It signifies," replied the divine, "that the individual had got a bad habit of swearing."

FRIENDS are like money; it is only our wants that rouse their sleeping value.

THE H's.—There is nothing funnier in Cockney vernacular than Jeames's letter, according to that voracious historian Thackeray, when he is in doubt which to prefer of his two ladyloves, Marry Hann and Hangelina. He writes—"There they stood together, these two young women. I don't know which is the ansamest. I couldn't help comparing

them; and I coudn't help comparing myself to a certing Hannimle I've read of, that found it diffiiklt to make a choice betwixt 2 Bundles of A."

WHEN does a fine lady only move and breathe with freedom? When she has broken her staylace.

JONATHAN BRIGGS, of Newport, has a memory so long, that he is obliged to tie it in a knot to carry it about with him.

"WHEN was Rome built?" inquired a "competitive" examiner. "In the night, sir!" "In the night! how do you make that out?" "Why, sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day."

PATRICK O'BRIEN was one day strolling with a friend through a graveyard, when his eye was arrested by an epitaph which shocked his sense of propriety and veracity. It ran thus:—

"Weep not for me, my children dear;
I am not dead, but sleeping here."
"Well," said Paddy, "if I was dead, I would be honest enough to own it."

COMMERCIAL GENIUS.—*Fond Parent* (to his son):—"Yes, New York is the place to get on in. Look at James: he started without a penny, and has lately failed for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars! Of course, that's an extreme case. I don't expect you to do so well as that. Still, with honesty and industry, I see no reason why you should not, in a few years, fail for fifty thousand dollars."

TELL me with whom thou art found, and I will tell thee who thou art; let me know thy chosen employment, and what to expect from thee I know.

—*Goethe*.

The road that ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for science.

WHAT neat thing produces all manner of untidiness?—Neat gin.

OUR sensibilities may be too weak as well as too strong. They who feel little for themselves will feel little or not at all for others. Nothing can be more different than fortitude and insensibility, the one being a noble principle, the other a mere negation; and yet they are often confounded.

RATHER EQUIVOCAL.—An Irishman, who was giving his testimony in the Boston Municipal Court lately, convulsed the bar, tickled the jury, and raised a smile on the bench by the following statement:—"Ye see, may't plaze yees, that this man got a stroke and fell down. Everybody round called out, 'Ow, he's kilt, he's kilt!' Then I steps up, and I hollied out to the crowd, 'If the man is kilt, why don't yees stand back and give him a little air?'"

A BEGGAR, in Dublin, had been a long time besieging an old gouty, testy, limping gentleman, who crustily refused his mite. "Ah, please your honour's honour," said the mendicant, "I wish your heart was as tender as your toes."

THE following articles are said to have been among the curiosities of an eminent collector:—a pair of ship's stays, a paletot belonging to the heavy swell of the Atlantic, and a log of the wood used in making logarithms.

"WHERE is Bridget?" "Indade, ma'am, she's fast asleep, lookin' at the bread bakin'."

WHY is a man who asks questions the strangest of individuals?—Because he's the *querist*.

THE Abbé de Pradt, who wrote a book on the condition of Europe, modestly begins his work with these words: "There is one man who has saved Europe—it is I."

A PROVINCIAL paper lately gave the following account of a duel: "The one party was wounded severely in the chest, and the other fired in the air." Query: Who wounded the sufferer?

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's inventions upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

THE BABIE.

Næe shoon to hide her tiny toe,
Næe stocking on her feet;
Her supple ankle white as snow,
As early blossoms sweet.

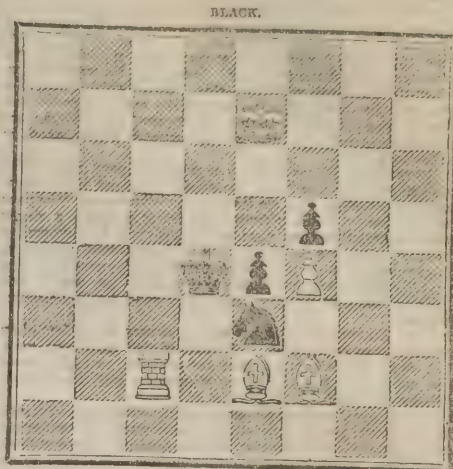
Her simple dress of sprinkled pink—
Her double dimpled chin;
Her puckered lips and balmy meen,
With næe one tooth between.

Her ean, sae like her mother's ean,
Twa gentle liquid things;
Her face—'tis like an angel's face;
We're glad she has no wings.

She is the budding of our love,
A giftie God gied us;
We maun na love the gift over weel,
'Twad be næe blessing thus.

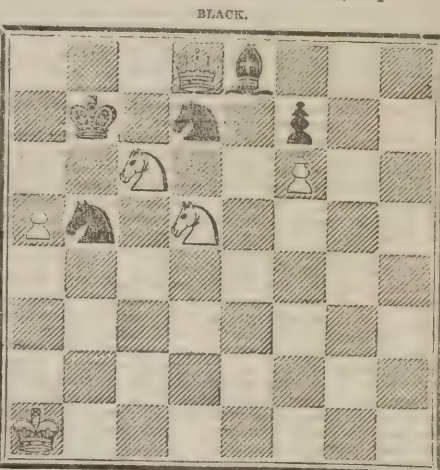
Chess.

Problem No. 31. By DOMINO.



White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Problem No. 32. By HENRY TURTON, Esq.



White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

ENIGMA.

No. 12. By Mr. W. AIREY.

White.—K at Q R 6, Q at K R sq, R at K sq, Kt at K 8, Ps at Q Kt 7 and Q B 4.

Black.—K at Q B 3, Q at K R 5, Rs at K R 2 and K B 2, Bs at K Kt 7 and Q B 2, Ps at Q B 4, K B 6, and K Kt 3.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

L. S. JONES and F. G. H.—We should suggest Kt to K 2 as the best reply to your second move in Problem No. 21.

E. S.—Problem No. 23 can be solved only in the way indicated by the published solution.

A LEARNER.—The King can only relieve himself from check by taking the attacking piece, by interposing a piece or Pawn between such piece, or by moving the King out of check. The square on which the Q B stands is called the Queen's Bishop's square; the square before it, the Queen's Bishop's second square, and so on with the rest.

EBORACUM.—The question depends entirely upon your capacity for the game. You cannot do better than peruse the chess lessons which appeared in our earlier numbers.

M. A. R.—The object of the White Pawn in Problem No. 24, is to prevent a second solution commencing with Q to Q B 2.

L. E. B.—If in Problem No. 22 White play as you propose, the Black King can escape at his third move by playing to Q Kt 3.

E. GRANT.—The removal of the Black Pawn which stands on K Kt 3 in Problem No. 19 would render the position defective. We leave it to your ingenuity to discover why.

W. J. J. (Dartford).—We are obliged by the friendly tone of your communication; the Problem to which you refer did not, however, accompany your letter. You appear to overlook K to Q B B for the last move of Black in Problem No. 21. The solution which we have given is the only correct one.

GRAPES.—In Problem No. 21 Black can delay the mate by covering with his Bishop, if White play as you suggest.

A NOVICE IN CHESS.—What is to prevent the Black King from taking the Kt in Problem No. 21, if White commence with R to K 7?

N. M. C.—A re-examination of Problem No. 18 will, no doubt, convince you that Black cannot play as you propose.

Our Editorial Table.

KATHERINE.—The easiest manner of producing a pretty picture on silk, linen, or other stuffs, is by the beautiful art of *diaphane*. The discovery of this art is owing to the recent invention of printing in colours. You must procure transparent paper, on which the design selected is painted in glass colours. Stretch your silk or other stuff on a frame, then apply (leaving one day between each application) two coatings of diaphanous liquor. Leave it for a week to dry. After this cover it with thin size. When this is dry, the stuff will be in a fit state to receive the coat of varnish and the designs. Observe that for diaphane, the designs are purchased ready for use at an artist's colour shop or depository.

RIVINGTON.—There is some mystery in your case. You give us to understand you are steady and fond of business, and, nevertheless, you are (to use your own words) "as poor as Lazarus." Judging from your letter you are a clever young man, therefore your attentions may be favourably received by young ladies; but, with matrimonial prospects, you must bear in mind that the parents and guardians must be satisfied. To secure their consent we advise you to wait till you can give a better account of your worldly circumstances.

ROSA FLOWERS.—Blotches and rednesses in the face often proceed from indigestion. To remove this complaint, walk out every day when the weather permits, carefully avoid late suppers, and abstain from stimulants until the redness has disappeared.

WARRINGTON.—If your pecuniary circumstances are such as to authorise your proposing to the young lady, you ought to act openly, and, by letter, or in a personal interview with her father, make known your intentions. We take it for granted these are honourable; had they been otherwise, you would not have presumed to consult us respecting them.

MONTGOMERY.—You must carefully watch the course of events. Perhaps circumstances may enable you to show the lady some attention, or to protect her in some danger, or you may be enabled to make her acquaintance through some mutual friend. It would be contrary to propriety to address her without an introduction.

L. P.—With your talents you ought to be able to make an income. We think if you were to advertise in the most respectable and widely-circulated journal of your own town, you would be likely to find employment. You had better mention that your writing is very good.

ANXIOUS GEORGE.—You have everything in your favour. Banish anxiety. We suppose the young lady is residing in the same town as you are. Perhaps she attends the same lecturer, and her parents may consult the same lawyer or doctor as yourself. Professional men are the great mediums of communication between respectable families. Yours are views which you have no reason to conceal, and, considering your circumstances, they are not likely to be discouraged.

LETTY.—St. James's Palace was built on the site of a hospital for lepers. This hospital existed before the Norman conquest, and was dedicated to St. James. Henry the Eighth had it pulled down, and the present edifice erected, from the designs of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex.

ANXIETY.—You must watch your opportunity for improving the acquaintance, and, by proper attention to your appearance, be always prepared to take advantage of an opportunity. When you meet the young lady at the house of a mutual friend, show your regard by constant attention and assiduity; and if the young lady's parents are present, pay them every delicate and respectful attention. This is another mode of ingratiating yourself with her, supposing you have wisely placed your affections. But if you find that the image of the young lady tyrannises over your thoughts, and engrosses them, to the exclusion of the duties of your business or profession, instead of cultivating her society, we advise you to shun it. You are much too young to settle in life, and an absorbing passion would weaken the powers of your mind, and blight your prospects of success. On the other hand, a virtuous and manly love for an amiable young lady might prove your safeguard. But then it must be love, not passion. It must be a feeling that will strengthen you in the pursuit of virtue and eminence—a feeling similar to that which inspired the hero of that pretty little poem entitled "Love was the Spirit that Saved." Of this hero we read that—

"Toil and exertion he dreaded them not,
Urged on by love's powerful voice:
For he said, If success and renown are my lot,
The maiden I love will rejoice."

A BUCHAN LASSIE.—You will find the outlines of the life of Lola Montes in the February number of the "Ladies' Treasury," a work published by Messrs. Ward and Lock. This said "Ladies' Treasury" well deserves its name, as it is replete with amusement, information, and good advice. It appears monthly, is richly illustrated, and costs only sixpence. We are delighted that our paper in its present shape meets with your approbation, and we thank you for the high opinion you express of it.

SOPHIA.—A flush in the face is often occasioned by acidity on the stomach. To correct this, take, on going to bed, a teaspoonful of magnesia mixed up in milk. Repeat the dose once a week.

A SUBSCRIBER.—In "Niagara," the accent is on the second syllable—"Niagara."

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—"Jack Manders," "Days of Childhood," "F. J.," "Conundrums," "W. Redshanks," "Bonnie Jennie," "Pelican," "A Geological Love-letter," "M. O. H.," "How Sacred the Moments," "J. J. Beauram," "Welcome Spring," "Frances S.," "Sketches Taken in the Isle of Wight," "E. E. Hamilton," "Lines on Horseback," "Ocean Spray," "Stars," "J. B.," "To Mary," "James Brady," "Autumn."

"Robin Hood," "A Constant Subscriber," "Union Jack," "A Three Years' Subscriber," "A Sufferer," "A Poor Man," "The Arctic Crusade," "A Sufferer" (Dunbar).—We decline to furnish medical advice. Application should be made to a respectable practitioner.

BENET.—1. We decline to offer an opinion. 2. Wait till you are noticed. 3. Not yet arranged. 4. Abridging legal or other documents.

CANANG.—As you opened the letter, you must pay for it; but, for the information of the young lady who indulged in the joke, we observe that we consider it as stupid as it was vulgar.

EXCELSIOR.—You may keep paste from becoming mouldy, for any length of time, by adding to it a drop of the oil of lavender.

BILLY D.—If you suffer greatly from the evil you mention, you had better have the following receipt made up at a chemist's. Do not attempt to make it yourself. It is better to have scurf in your head, than imprudently to meddle with poisons. Receipt: two ounces of lard and two drachms of sulphuric acid, diluted. Apply this ointment to your head once a day.

ANXIOUS.—Your communication is evidently prompted by a wish to improve. This is the more praiseworthy, as the intellectual progress you have already made is considerable. You have no reason to be discouraged by what you term "the ailments" of your mind. At one-and-twenty feeling and imagination give to novels and romances a charm which they partially lose as we advance in life. You may still continue to read those that are well written, and that have a moral tendency. These works unbend the mind, and procure for us the pleasure of change of scene, without putting us to the inconvenience and expense of a journey. The improvement of your memory is another consideration. You must bring this important power of the mind under control.

B. S. J.—You will find your question answered in "Cassell's Illustrated Almanack" for the present year.

GEORGE W. S. (Clifton).—The error is a typographical one.

MARY EVE.—You had better look over the lists of situations vacant at some respectable registering offices for servants. Of course there are such offices in your native town. If you find nothing to suit, you should advertise (stating your qualifications) in a Bristol or Liverpool paper.

AGENOBA.—It is evident you must decide, and that promptly. We advise you to act with firmness, for the happiness of your life may depend on your present steps. Four years is too long for courtship, where there is no obstacle but the gentleman's cowardly indecision. If your admirer is really attached to you, the following plan will bring him to the point. Write to him, saying that, as a young single lady, you do not consider it consistent with decorum to continue to receive the visits of any gentleman who is not an accepted suitor. This may appear somewhat harsh at first; but, as your parents are not residing with you, you must act for yourself. You can derive no advantage from intimacy with a gentleman who does not propose for you himself, and who probably prevents your receiving other offers.

ADRIAN TOM.—Judging from your letter, you have been very unfairly treated. But, after all, a coquette is not to be regretted. By amiable and lively attentions to other ladies, show the false one that she has not succeeded in breaking your heart.

ESTHER.—*Nankin* colour is the natural tint of the cotton.

MARIAN BRUCE.—For sunburn, take a little scraped horseradish, mixed with warm milk, and rub it on your face and hands. To purify the breath, take every morning from two to five drops of concentrated solution of chloride of soda, in a wine-glassful of spring water.

IAGO.—The object of your affections may be the victim of slander; but we advise you to be very much on your guard. Write to her, informing her of everything you have heard; and, unless she can clearly exculpate herself, shun her company, as you value your welfare here and hereafter. With regard to the cleaning of your book, you must consult a book of trades; but we can furnish you with a receipt for taking stains out of steel, supposing they are occasioned by rust. Thoroughly rub sweet oil into the steel, and, two days after, rub it with unslaked lime (finely powdered), until all the rust disappears.

HEROES OF FAME.—We thank you for the lines you have forwarded us. They breathe a pure, patriotic spirit; but, as yet, the author has not studied the laws of versification sufficiently to do himself credit by appearing in print.

HENRY CHARLES TREE.—The whole of the back numbers of the old series of this Paper can at present be had upon application to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard, price three-halfpence each. The cheaper way, however, is to purchase the Volumes, of which there are four, price 5s. 6d. each in paper covers, free by post for 6s. 6d.; or 7s. 6d. in cloth boards, free by post 9s.

HARRIETTE.—Dear Harriette,—In answering your interesting and elegantly written epistle, we shall endeavour to give you such advice as you might expect from a kind father. The best thing you can do is to conquer the false pride that has prevented your owning your fault. If the gentleman to whom you are engaged has a sister, endeavour to procure her kind offices as mediator. But if no such person exists, you had better write to the gentleman himself, than allow things to go on in this very unsatisfactory state; you should frankly confess your error, for we can assure you, you did very wrong in persisting in corresponding with your sea-side acquaintance, when the gentleman you had accepted as a suitor, disapproved of your so doing.

DAISY.—As an accomplished lady's maid you should understand hair-dressing, dress-making, and getting up fine linen. You should also have a good constitution to enable you to withstand the bad effects of late hours, and a very good temper to help you to put up with the airs of vanity and peevishness which fashionable belles are likely to give themselves. You might expect £40 a year if you were experienced in your business; but as a beginner you may be satisfied with £14.

A STUDENT.—You are correctly informed. The circumstances are as follows. The Duke d'Enghien, son of the Duke of Bourbon, was kidnapped from the territory of the Elector of Baden, hurried away to France, and by order of Napoleon Bonaparte was shot at midnight, on March the 22nd, 1804, in the wood of Vincennes.

CARUS.—We are not surprised at the indifference manifested by a young lady of seventeen, for your friend of sixteen. Of course, she only looks upon him as a boy who should be amusing himself with a bat and ball, instead of losing time in making love. We approve of the advice you have given. Both you and your friend are at a very important time of life. Apply your energies to fitting yourselves to shine in some business or profession, and when you have succeeded you will find plenty of young ladies in their teens willing to listen to you.

BERTHA.—"Outlines of Botany," price 2s. 6d., is one of the best and cheapest books on the subject.

EVA MONTGOMERY.—Evidently your digestion is out of order; but, from the symptoms you describe, we advise you to attend to diet, rather than to take much medicine. If you can choose your own fare, you should dine on fowl, or thoroughly dressed mutton, rather than on beef and puddings. The latter are difficult to digest. You would also derive benefit from the use of a flesh-brush morning and evening, and from drinking freely of good spring water.

ABYLE.—You will find neither of the words you mention in an English dictionary. They belong to the French language; and you should acquire the manner of pronouncing them from a native of France, or from a good French scholar. No combination of letters can furnish you with the exact pronunciation.

OTHELLO.—To introduce yourself to the young lady would be quite at variance with the laws of etiquette; but as you may reasonably conclude you have made a favourable impression, the next thing to do is to endeavour to make yourself regularly acquainted with her, through the medium of a mutual friend. In all probability your fair *valentine* will second your efforts.

AMANDA FITZALEEN.—By instructing your daughters in Cassell's complete "Educational Course," you may render them much better informed than are the generality of young ladies brought up at fashionable and expensive seminaries. You had better write a few lines to the publishers, inclosing a postage-stamp for reply. State that you wish for "Cassell's Educational Course" and the "Model Copy-books," and beg to be informed of the amount of the money-order you are to send, and where you are to make it payable.

ST. MUNGO.—You inform us, St. Mungo, that you are "what is called a good-looking chap;" and you add, that you would take any woman to wife, provided she had cash. Since such are your principles, we decline assisting you to form any matrimonial engagement. In fact, we never met with a woman who (in spite of your looks) was not too good for a man so mercenary as yourself. We are not surprised at your having had many refusals.

H. I. S.—You can obtain the work mentioned through a bookseller, who will also give you information as to price, &c.

ARTHUR.—Fanny Fern is a name assumed by a highly gifted American authoress.

FIDDLER DICK, JOB.—Apply to the publishers of the work in question.

G. F. H.—You had best, if you have musical taste, join a singing class.

A SCRIBE.—About ten shillings. Very good.

ALFRED DE C * * .—In reply to your interesting communication, we can only say that if you follow the wishes of the young lady, and wait until your affairs are settled, in order to declare yourself to her parents, you should in the meantime discontinue your constant visits, otherwise you will be carrying on a clandestine courtship; and from the tone of your letter we conclude you would avoid any ungentlemanly action or double-dealing.

AJAX.—It was in 1809 that Cayenne surrendered to the British and Portuguese.

APPLIANCE.—If you are in circumstances to settle in life, the best thing you can do is to procure the permission of the young ladies' parents to visit their daughter, and endeavour to render yourself acceptable to her. Having met her at the house of a mutual friend, you are no longer a stranger to her, and a respectful, well-worded letter to her lawful guardians, could not give offence.

AN INTERESTED ONE.—You gave very judicious advice to the young lady, and she acted wisely in following it. Had she destroyed the letter instead of returning it, the writer might never have known that his impertinent addresses were treated with the contempt they deserved.

G. G.—We must know what these certain signs are before we can proceed to give you advice.

LANDSDOWN.—In the sentence which you cite—namely, "L'enclos des Chartreux qui n'était pas éloigné," &c., &c.—the word *éloigné* is an adjective.

LIZZIE.—*Adelphi* is a Greek word, and means "brothers." *Madonna* is Italian; it is a name given to the Virgin Mary, and is rendered in English by "Our lady."

AN ILL-USED LOVER.—No legal engagement can be formed by a minor. Besides, you left the lady, and you did not even keep up your intimacy by letter. If she accepted the addresses of another, you have no right on that account to call yourself "An ill-used Lover."

E. A. B.—The initials "R. I. P." represent the Latin sentence, *Requiescat in pace*—translated, "May he rest in peace."

ELIZABETH REAY.—We do not like to recommend depilatories, because we consider them all dangerous. If the hairs of which you complain disfigure your countenance, and are nevertheless few in number, you might perhaps remove them with tweezers. Cutting or shaving them might increase their growth. Better leave nature alone.

F. ALEXANDER.—We will attend to your suggestion.

FIDDLER DICK.—We have recently given a receipt for a curing fluid.

LOGAN, RECHAB, and G. ERGON.—We have before given receipts for the cure of warts. See No. 191, page 271.

* * * We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARTLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

In that bright land where first the sun
Set glorious on this nether world,
Where after day his course has run,
In night his radiant wings are furled;
Where passions wild and feelings deep
In madness revel through the heart;
Where every breeze o'er perfumes sweep,
And rife in their course a part.

AUTHOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

WHAT a task would it involve to trace minutely the progress of civilisation. Cradled in Central India, in that mysterious land where constant tradition has

placed the terrestrial paradise, we should find it developing itself by slow degrees, and invading century after century each part of the globe. Slowly the giant infant extended its huge limbs; one of its earliest efforts was to constitute in a remote corner of the world, China, with its hieroglyphics, artillery, and printing, a rough outline of the wonders it would one day accomplish. Next it founded in the East the great empires of Assyria, Persia, and Chaldea, with their wondrous cities Babylon, Suez, and Persepolis, the earliest capitals of the earth, which now scarcely deigns to retain their trace, but which, whilst the rest of mankind were plunged in darkness, shone in all the splendour of priestly civilisation. The next great step was the colonisation of the isles and borders of the sea, where to a population of husbandmen a race of fishermen and merchants succeeded, from whom sprung the Phœnicians, Phrygians, and Tyrians, to whose stately cities and vast commerce the sacred writings themselves bear witness.

Asia founded at last on the limits of Africa enig-

matical Egypt with its people of priests, merchants, husbandmen, and sailors, a transition from sacerdotal empire to commercial republic, from Babylon to Carthage.

On Egypt repose the three successive civilisations of Asia, Africa, and Europe: it is the keystone of the arch which connects the ancient with the modern world.

Egypt created Greece, which colonised the greater part of Italy, and fell not till its mission was accomplished, its arts and sciences transported to Rome—to that city so wondrously prepared to receive and propagate them.

Vainly did despotism, alarmed at the progress of mankind, attempt to crush the capital of the intellectual world by removing the seat of empire to the shores of the Bosphorus. Byzantium became Stamboul, whilst Rome remained Rome. Civilisation replaced the sword, and all was told. Like the gushing waters of some mighty river, the stream could not be rolled back to its source.



RICHARD MARKHAM'S DRIVE ALONG THE BANKS OF THE HOUGHLY.

Many have asked why civilisation in India, so vigorous in its infancy, should have remained unchanged, and, we fear, unchangeable, in the cradle of its birth. And yet the answer must be apparent to every reflecting mind. Man, in his pride, mistook the outline for the picture, and pronounced it perfect; superstition guarded it by caste, passion by licentiousness, and tyranny by slavery—ignorant that the true watchword of humanity is "On, still on," that immovability is atrophy, and that mind and body perish alike for want of fitting nourishment.

Thus we perceive how the child, although it still remained a child, became the father of a man; weak at first, tottering as he advanced—now receding—now groping his way amid the darkness of error—till Christianity, pouring its arterial blood into his veins, invigorated his feeble system. Thus cartilage became bone, flesh changed to muscle, and nerves hardened into steel, yet still retained their sensitiveness.

On. There is no mistaking the word; for Deity itself pronounced it when it placed the first parents of mankind in a probationary state; and we doubt not but a time will come when this present age, with its wondrous discoveries—steam, gas, electricity—science that can measure the universe, describe the pathway of the stars, the comet's orbit, and read the living rock to read upon its page those secrets of an earlier world which Nature's hand has traced, will be regarded as the mere dawn of intellect and progress.

Such were the reflections, though somewhat less connected, perhaps, which floated through the brain of Richard Markham, or, rather, Richard Tyrrell, as we must henceforth call him, as the *Perseverance*, under the care of native pilots, advanced slowly up the Hooghly, on whose left bank stands Calcutta, the metropolis of British India.

Although the windings of the river, which is well wooded on either side, conceal the City of Palaces from the impatient traveller's sight till the ship has arrived within something less than a mile of anchorage, our hero and a young officer, with whom during the voyage he had contracted an intimacy which had gone far to ripen into friendship, had stationed themselves from the first dawn of day at the bows of the vessel, eager to catch the first glimpse of the tall spires and stately dome of the government house—landmarks which views and descriptions had already made familiar to them.

"There it is!" suddenly exclaimed Fred Wharton, pointing at the same time to the dome as it rose majestically to their gaze. "It can't be more than a mile from us."

"Above three miles," observed an old East Indian, one of their fellow-passengers, who happened to be standing near them. "It is the clearness of the atmosphere which deceives you. Between the shore and the city lies the Maidoun, the Hyde-park of Calcutta."

Having given them this piece of information, the speaker walked away. He had little sympathy either with their curiosity or expectations. He was returning to the scenes of the labour of half a life to finish his official career; the young men were only on the threshold of theirs.

"Do you not long, Tyrrell," demanded the officer, "once more to tread on land?"

"Intensely," replied Richard: "and yet I shall not part with the good ship *Perseverance* without a feeling of regret. During our long voyage I have brought myself to regard her almost as a living thing. In the tempest we experienced in the tropics, when I heard her timbers creak, her cordage strain like the nerves of a strong man in agony,—saw the heavily laden hull, half buried in the wrinkles on old Ocean's breast, then gallantly rise again upon the crest of some huge mountain-wave, toiling and winning her way, I felt as for a friend that suffered; and now that I am about to quit her," he added,—"part from her as from one who has rendered me good service, I can understand why sailors love their ship."

"You will soon forget the poetry of existence at sea," said his companion, with a smile, "in the hot chase of fortune."

"Fortune is not the only motive of my visit to India," replied our hero.

Here he suddenly checked himself, as he caught the eye of Lieutenant Marsh—who, during the voyage, passed as a mere acquaintance—fixed with a warning glance upon him.

"Your temperament," resumed the speaker, "is far more dreamy and imaginative than mine. I have marked you for hours pacing the deck at night, muttering strange words, as if disputing with some invisible antagonist, or gazing on the stars to interrogate them on the soldier's future career. May I not retort, and ask how far such dreaminess is compatible with the exertions necessary to rise in your profession,—to achieve rank and fame?"

"I must answer you in your own words," exclaimed his friend, not altogether pleased, perhaps, that his actions and disposition had been so closely observed. "*Rank and fame are not the only motives of my visit to India.*"

There was a pause in the conversation. Each felt that the other had a secret locked in his own breast.

With our hero's motives the readers are already sufficiently acquainted; what Wharton's were they probably can guess.

The part of the vessel where the speakers were standing suddenly became crowded.

"By your leave, gentlemen," said the second mate, who, with a portion of the crew, began to make preparations for dropping anchor.

A dozen brawny arms were extended, tugging and straining to the accompaniment of a cheerful "Heave, ye-ho!" followed by a splash and the rapid running out of the cable, which had been coiled, like a huge serpent, on the deck. The bower anchor was dropped—the voyage at an end.

It is inconceivable in how short a space of time the ship was surrounded by boats filled with natives, some clamouring for employment, others offering baskets made of palm leaves and filled with fruits: the *ficus religiosa*, the *pepul*, another species of fig, pine-apples, melons, egg-plums, the cooling mangoe dried in the sun while yet green, and the *dalim*, or pomegranate, so frequently celebrated in the love poetry of the East.

The captain of the *Perseverance* was too old a seaman to permit any of these petty traders—proverbially the greatest thieves in India—to set foot on board his ship. The barter was carried on briskly by means of cords let down from the sides, to which the natives attached their baskets, when they were drawn up again, the sailors throwing them empty soda-water bottles—articles much prized—and the passengers money, in exchange.

In the midst of the confusion, screaming, quarrelling, and shouting inseparable from such a mode of transacting business, a boat with a European in the stern put off from the bank, and rowed rapidly alongside. The gentleman stepped upon deck, and shook hands with the commander.

"Why, it is scarcely a month," he exclaimed, "since we received our letters by the *Overland Mail*. Ten days, at least, before we expected you—short passage. Glad to see you."

"Thank you, Mr. Sanford," replied the captain.

Although he had schooled himself for the meeting, Richard started at the name. Fortunately his emotion was unnoticed by all but the lieutenant, who began to observe the visitor attentively.

The managing clerk of the house of Chutnee and Company appeared to be thirty-eight, or at the most forty years of age, and was rather good-looking than otherwise; an advantage, judging from his dress, he seemed perfectly aware of, for his costume would not have disgraced Bond-street or the Park. Light gray trowsers, evidently of European cut, fitted faultlessly over a well-made boot; even the fastidious Brummel might have worn the morning frockcoat—black, of course—which incased his wiry but not inelegant figure; whilst the waistcoat and gloves were of the same colour as his nether garment.

So much for the outward man, whose real portrait we find somewhat more difficult to sketch in a manner not to convey an exaggerated likeness to our readers.

Mr. Sanford's features, though regular, lacked both the refinement and harmony which constitute the type gentleman; and yet few would have ventured to pronounce him vulgar: sensual, perhaps, and something of a *bon vivant*. The true expression of his countenance was exceedingly difficult to catch, being so seldom in repose: an eternal smile upon the lips, and the eyes—blue, and small—restless as those of a newly-caged bird,—at one instant flashing carelessly, the next contracting the pupils, and concentrating their light into a glance piercing as if it would read you through.

As one of the letters he had alluded to concerned our hero intimately, we shall take the opportunity of giving an extract from it, for the benefit of our readers.

It was written by the head of the great Indian firm of Curry and Sons, to their correspondents in Calcutta, Chutnee and Company, to whom the good ship, the *Perseverance*, had been consigned.

After a detailed account of balances, commissions, consignments of indigo, and acceptances, followed by columns of figures perfectly unintelligible to any but City men, the writer proceeded thus:—

"I invoice you by the same ship"—the word "invoice" had been struck out and "send" substituted—"my ward, Richard Tyrrell, a youth in

whose welfare I take great interest. The introduction may ultimately prove advantageous to you, seeing that he will one day become the possessor of an immense fortune, and has a decided inclination for commercial affairs. You will oblige me by paying him every attention, giving him a desk in your counting-house, and initiating him into business habits; also by honouring his draughts upon me, according to this, my letter of advice, to the amount of two thousand pounds per annum. Not that I, by any means, limit his credit to the above-mentioned sum: you need not, therefore, be alarmed if, at any time, he should wish to exceed it."

Mr. Herbert Chutnee read the letter of his valued correspondent twice, and carefully examined the signature. There was something rather unusual in a clerk being sent out from England possessed of such extensive private resources, and for several minutes he felt both surprised and annoyed.

"Must ask him to my house," he muttered: "can't do less. And yet—"

As British merchants in India are, generally speaking, exceedingly hospitable, it may be as well to explain at once the cause of the speaker's hesitation.

Herbert Chutnee, although in the sixtieth year of his age, had lately married a young and beautiful girl not yet out of her teens—the daughter of English parents, who, dying, had left her without fortune. Like most husbands between whom and their wives so great a disparity of age exists, the old gentleman was not only passionately fond of his bride, but inordinately jealous of her.

One word, however, in his correspondent's letter somewhat reassured him; it spoke of his ward as a youth; and he ultimately gave orders to prepare an apartment against his arrival, directed his managing clerk to proceed on board as soon as the *Perseverance* should arrive, and bring the boy on shore.

"By-the-by," said Mr. Sanford, as soon as the first congratulations with the captain were over, "you brought out a lad for us."

"A what?" demanded the commander of the *Perseverance*, glancing at our hero.

"A boy named Tyrrell, whom old Curry has consigned to us."

It was a pity the speaker did not notice the quiet smile which curled the lips of the party designated.

"There is Mr. Tyrrell," said the captain, with a marked emphasis upon the word "Mr." "I shall be happy to introduce you to him."

The two gentlemen advanced towards the bows of the vessel, where Richard and Fred Wharton were still standing together, and the ceremony of introduction was gone through.

"Not such a boy, after all," thought Sanford, as he shook the hand extended to him with a certain amount of cordiality; for he too had read the letter from the head of the great London firm, and indulged, probably, in more than one speculation as to the way the ward of the writer would spend his income—a task in which he had not the slightest objection to assist him.

The hero of our tale at the period of his arrival in India, although only eighteen, was tall, exceedingly well made, and gave promise in his finely-rounded limbs and breadth of chest, of great future strength. His features, as might be expected from his age, were still boyish, but regular and Antinous-like, in a certain seriousness of expression, unless when he smiled, or anger or indignation excited them, on which occasions few faces could be more joyous or animated.

Mr. Sanford, rather inclined to like his new acquaintance than otherwise. One thing, however, puzzled him—the decided resemblance to someone he had seen before. Fortunately, he could not recollect to whom.

Richard was like his father.

"You must allow me," said the managing clerk, in his off-handed, careless manner, "to drive you to the governor's. I mean old Chutnee's, your guardian's correspondent," he added, seeing that our hero did not quite understand him. "Hooker will see to your traps, and send them after us."

"With pleasure," replied the captain, turning to give the order to one of the mates to see to them.

The young traveller's adieux to Fred Wharton and the rest of his fellow-passengers were speedily made. He had previously taken a private one of the lieutenant. With a heart trusting in the success of his enterprise, he stepped into the boat, and in a few minutes set foot on shore.

A tilbury with a spirited horse, whose small head, distended nostrils eagerly sniffing the perfumed air, and delicate limbs, proclaimed its Arab blood, were waiting on the bank. So impatient had the animal become, that the syce, or native groom, could scarcely hold him in.

"Jump up!" exclaimed the owner of the vehicle.

In an instant our hero was seated, and the speaker by his side.

"That will do," said Mr. Sanford to the Hindoo boy; "let go his rein."

Off they started, at a rattling pace, the sycs following leisurely on foot.

The morning was a most lovely one, and mild, as it invariably is in November, after the four months' rains, when the thermometer rarely exceeds 70°.

Despite the busy thoughts which crowded on his brain—the heart-engrossing filial motives that brought him from England to India's land of dreams—the young adventurer much enjoyed the drive, which extended to a considerable distance along the banks of the Hooghly. It was another world to him, with an unknown vegetation waving in fairy-like beauty, spangling earth's carpet with a thousand flowers, above whose perfumed heads the various species of palms rose in regal grace. Nothing could exceed the wondrous contrast of foliage, whose darker shades were relieved by the bright leaves of the neem and the peepul. The magnolia and the babool are both common in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, and the golden-coloured buds of the latter scented the air for miles around.

The river was now left for the Maidoun—the plain lying between the stream and the city. Here the driver drew rein, to enable his companion to contemplate for an instant the receding banks, breaking occasionally into lofty promontories, clothed to the summit with trees, now sinking into graceful undulations.

"Beautiful!" murmured our hero.

"I dare say it is," exclaimed Mr. Sanford; "but I have seen it so frequently that I scarcely notice it now. The charms of a landscape we are familiar with are something like those of a wife."

"I do not understand you," said Richard.

"We cease to appreciate them," added the former, drily.

"Coarse," thought the youth.

"He is a boy, after all," mentally ejaculated the managing clerk, who had fully expected that a hearty laugh would reward what he considered the wit of his observation.

"The horse you drive is an Arab, is it not?" demanded the traveller.

"Right."

"How fleet and graceful!"

"Something like the women of the country, very showy."

"Our racers, I suppose, would stand but little chance in India," observed Richard, who did not choose to notice his last remark.

"There you are wrong," replied his companion, at the same time giving the animal the rein. "The superiority of the English thorough-bred is so well understood that we do not allow them to be entered on any of our race-courses. They'd beat everything," he added, "that ran against them. You seem fond of horses."

"Very."

"Are you a judge?"

"Only of what pleases me."

"I am," continued Mr. Sanford; "can't do me. Many have tried it on, but found it no go. Of course you will keep horses. With your means it would be ridiculous to hire a palanquin, or drive about in a buggy,—all very well for junior clerks or green griffs."

"May I ask what are griffs?" inquired our hero.

"It's the name we give to the cadets when they first come out," answered his new acquaintance, "who in return revenge themselves by calling us civilians Pekins. I shall be most happy," he continued, "to render you any service in my power—introduce you to a capital set of fellows; but you must keep your weather-eye open."

"Must I?"

"Some of them play high."

"I never play," observed the youth.

"Then, in the purchase of horses," resumed the elder, and, as he doubtless considered himself, far the more knowing speaker of the two, "can't be too careful. Nothing is so deceptive as a horse. Men whose bills upon 'Change are good for a million of rupees, think nothing of jockeying their own brother in the sale of one. Take my advice," he added, "never buy a horse of a friend, or purchase a horse without the advice of one."

"Provided he is a judge," observed his companion, greatly amused.

"That of course."

"And happens to be a little more honest than the vendor."

"Hem! Yes, certainly."

By the time the two gentlemen drew up at the residence of the merchant, directly opposite the

Sudder Dowanee Adawlut, or supreme court of justice, Mr. Sanford began to doubt whether the greenhorn was really so very green as he had taken him to be.

Mr. Chutnee did not feel quite so satisfied when he beheld his expected visitor. He secretly wondered what his old friend and highly-valued correspondent Curry meant by designating him as a youth. He considered him a man in person, if not in years; and began to regret the hospitality he had proffered. To do him justice, however, he received him cordially, and directed the *kahsumah*, or butler, to conduct him to his apartment, where the bath was already prepared.

It was not till "tiffin," or luncheon, that our hero was introduced to the lady of the mansion, who, as is usual in India, did not quit her private apartment till a much later hour of the day. Instead of the middle-aged, matronly person, which, judging from the husband, he naturally expected to see, he beheld a beautiful girl reclining on a sofa near an open verandah. A Hindoo child, seated on a cushion at her feet, was busily engaged in arranging flowers, on which, from time to time, her mistress deigned to cast a languid look; while an ayah, in the picturesque costume of her country, stood at a short distance waving a fan of feathers, with a slow, graceful movement, above her head.

"Zamora," said Mr. Chutnee, "I have brought our expected guest to introduce to you."

His wife, without moving from her position, quietly extended her hand to her visitor, and in a low musical voice, bade him welcome to India.

Never had so much loveliness met the gaze of Richard Tyrrell; a loveliness that was heightened by the simple muslin dress without ornament of any kind, unless the single crimson bud where the folds crossed over the bosom could be considered one. We are of opinion that it might, for it contrasted both artistically and coquettishly with the pearly whiteness of her skin.

The face of the youthful bride—she had been married only three months—presented that perfect oval Raphael loved to paint—a type of beauty rarely seen out of Italy. The expression of its features in repose appeared somewhat cold. Few would have suspected, from the lady's habit of keeping her eyes half closed, the world of passion and sensibility veiled beneath their soft and drooping lids, or have read in her delicately but deeply chiselled lips, the energy and devotedness slumbering in her heart, dreaming as it slept,—feelings which a word, a look, might one day awaken.

When animated, the countenance of Zamora resembled the landscape of her own sunny clime, so full of light and life, with rich contrasts, laughing eyes, and jet-like hair, falling in massive curls down her pale cheek, not pale with the hue of sickness, but that pure, healthy, intellectual paleness poets and painters worship.

What the expression of her face might be in sorrow none could tell. Her tears had hitherto been so quickly chased by smiles, that, like the morning dew, they only added fresh perfume and beauty to the flower on which they fell.

One gift—and there are few of our male readers who have not felt its spell—the lady possessed to perfection.

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman."

Soft as the song bird's note wooing its coy mate, or the murmuring wood dove's to her callow young.

"And what think you of India?" she demanded.

"I have scarcely had time to analyse my impressions yet," replied the young man; "everything is so new and strange to me."

"Analyse them!" repeated the lady, with a marked emphasis upon the word; "that is so like you men. Why seek to analyse them? All pleasurable emotions are as evanescent as these poor flowers. Pick them to pieces, and the spell is gone."

"The perfume of the flower lasts but for an hour," observed Richard, modestly.

"Well?"

The eyes of the fair speaker for the first time were directed towards him, pouring a flood of light that set his young imagination wandering.

"I could wish my pleasures to leave something for the heart to dwell upon."

A low musical laugh, joyous as that of a spoiled child, broke from the lips of the fair Zamora; and yet there was nothing mocking in its tone.

"Hearts!" she repeated. "What do men know about hearts?—selfish things!"

"Not all, I trust."

"All!" repeated his hostess, emphatically.

Here the merchant interrupted the conversation by observing that Mr. Tyrrell had letters to present, amongst others one to his Excellency the Governor—

General, and hinted that it was time to take his leave. Probably the husband of sixty did not admire the dissertation upon hearts.

"Letters!" said his wife, waving her little hand impatiently. "Yes, I understand—bits of paper by which Noodle One recommends some unfortunate victim to the kind offices of Noodle Two. But I am glad you have an introduction to the Governor," she continued, addressing herself to our hero: "Send it."

"Will that be respectful?"

"Quite; and what is better, convenient. I know the entire routine—the etiquette—of such affairs. You will receive in return an invitation to a stupid dinner and a pleasant ball. By-the-by, there will be one on the tenth. I shall be delighted to introduce you to the beauties of Calcutta."

"I thought," said Mr. Chutnee, "you had decided on not going."

"Had I?" demanded Zamora, listlessly.

"Positively."

"I have changed my mind, then," replied the spoiled beauty, in the tone of one who felt her will to be law. "Besides, Lady Bell Fourreau tells me that it will be the most splendid one of the season."

"I thought you disliked splendour?"

"So I do," replied his wife, looking round the room; "it costs so much."

The gentleman bit his lip in silence.

At this moment a servant entered the room to inform his master of the arrival of visitors.

Sir Charles Fourreau, the commander of the 61st, Lieut. Dawlish, and several gentlemen were below.

"I suppose I must see them."

"Of course you must," replied Zamora; "probably Sir Charles brings me a message from Lady Bell or dear Lillian?"

These were names perfectly unknown to our hero.

"Go," added the fair speaker; then, fearing that she had pained her husband, whose greatest fault was in having loved her, not wisely but too well, she playfully added, "and take Mr. Tyrrell with you."

The countenance of Mr. Chutnee cleared instantly.

"The opportunity of introducing him to Sir Charles is too valuable to be lost," said the mistress of the mansion. "You will like him, you must like him; he is such a fine soldierly fellow; no wonder his wife chose him in preference to the crowd of beaux who pestered her with their admiration."

Her husband thought she had never spoken so sensibly, or looked more lovely, since the day that made her his.

"And Dawlish?" said Richard, who felt amused and interested at the graphic style in which his fair hostess hit off the character of her friends.

"Oh, I have no opinion to give of him," replied the lady. "Chutnee does not like him; but, understand me, his feeling respecting him is not to be taken for an indication of mine. The women all think him handsome."

The merchant bit his lips.

"And is he?"

"Very handsome," answered Zamora; "and so is my little pet Tiny. Are you not?" she added, in a playful tone.

This was addressed to an Italian greyhound, reposing on a cushion in the verandah. On hearing its name the graceful animal sprang upon the couch of its fair mistress, and expressed its joy, barking and caressing her.

"There, that will do; down, Tiny, down!"

Our hero once more touched the delicate, childlike hand extended to him, and followed his host to the saloon, where Sir Charles and the visitors were waiting for them. From his wealth and high position in the commercial world, Mr. Chutnee was very much respected, and received in the best society of Calcutta, although only a Pekin.

CHAPTER XLII.

'Twas instinct then, that made me shudder as
I looked upon him.

ORRESTES IN ARGOS.

"You have seen my wife," observed the merchant to his guest, as they quitted the room together; "and appear likely to become a favourite with her."

"She is very kind," replied Richard.

"And beautiful," observed the jealous husband, fixing his eyes upon him with an uneasy expression.

"Most beautiful!" exclaimed the youth; "in fact, the loveliest woman I ever beheld." Then blushing at the warmth into which he had been betrayed, he added, "I should not have presumed to make such an observation, perhaps."

"Why not?" demanded his host, affecting a gaiety he was very far from feeling.

"It may appear presumptuous—"

"Modest, or artful, which is it?" mentally asked Mr. Chutnee.

"In a mere boy," added the speaker.

The last observation dissipated for the moment any unfavourable impression, and the merchant began to think that the ward of his old friend and correspondent was not likely to prove, after all, a very dangerous inmate of his establishment, especially when he reflected on the womanly tact with which Zamora had divined his wishes, and avoided being left alone with him.

Jealousy is frequently represented as lynx-eyed: ought it not rather to be painted blind,—mistaking dreams for sight, sunlight for darkness?

Sir Charles Fourreau and the visitors in the saloon welcomed the introduction to our hero with true English cordiality; Dawlish alone held back, and acknowledged it by bowing somewhat stiffly, for he had heard of his friendship with Wharton.

"A young officer who has lately joined my regiment," observed the baronet, as he shook Richard warmly by the hand, "speaks of you enthusiastically. I trust to have the pleasure of cultivating your acquaintance."

Major Plinlimmon, struck by the manly appearance and unaffected bearing of the new-comer, invited him to dine on the following day at the mess.

"It is a pity you are not in the service," observed Dawlish, feeling that he must say something.

"Great pity," repeated the major, eyeing the well-knit figure and broad shoulders of the youth complacently.

"Why so, major?"

"It would have opened the government house to you," replied the first speaker, in a tone so delicately supercilious that, although the impertinence was felt, it was impossible to resent it.

"Mr. Tyrrell will not find the doors of his excellency closed against him," said Mr. Chutnee, who cordially detested Dawlish, "although he is a civilian."

"Indeed!"

"My young friend brought excellent letters of introduction with him."

"Of whose value," replied Dawlish, "no one can be a better judge than yourself."

"They were not *all* commercial ones," continued the merchant, delighted to annoy him. "I have known many a man esteem himself fortunate in being able to quit the service in India after thirty years' service on only half the income our young friend commences life with. His letters to the Governor-General," he added, "are from the Commander-in-Chief and the Chairman of the Company."

The lieutenant bit his lips, and began to consider whether it might not be worth his while to cultivate the friendship of our hero.

Here the visitors took their leave.

"I need not ask the impression your new acquaintances have made," observed Mr. Chutnee. "I can read it in your countenance. You like Sir Charles."

"I think him a perfect specimen of an English gentleman," replied our hero.

"And the major?"

"Kind-hearted, but impetuous and choleric."

"You have a quick perception of character," said his host. "There is but one more."

"I'd rather not express any opinion of that one yet," answered Richard, thoughtfully—a sure sign that it was unfavourable.

It was not without a vague sense of uneasiness that Dawlish beheld the brother of Alfred Wharton join his regiment, and for several days he watched him narrowly; but nothing could be more unpretending than the manners of the new-comer, or coldly polished than the few brief phrases which professional duty compelled them to exchange occasionally; but there all intercourse between them ended. Not a word or look on the part of Fred betrayed the slightest allusion to the past. An impenetrable veil seemed to hide his feelings—the recollection of the outrage, and the bitter sense of wrong which rankled in his heart. The tyrant of his school-days had much rather that he had betrayed impatience, appeared restless in his presence, and been less guarded in his language. The studied impassibility of his former victim annoyed him.

"Curse him," he repeatedly muttered to himself, "his presence will revive the old tale again, and occasion me all kinds of annoyance. If he would only once speak out fairly I should know how to deal with him."

But Fred Wharton did not choose to speak out, for fear it should defeat the cherished design of avenging his brother's death. The officers of the regiment would have pronounced it a boyish quarrel, an unfortunate affair, and justified his former oppressor in refusing to meet him on such grounds. It was

necessary, therefore, to find another quarrel, in which his own conduct should be so irreproachable that no excuse might serve to screen the man whom he looked upon as little better than an assassin.

Dawlish at last began to mistake this guarded conduct for cowardice, and his confidence revived with the supposition.

"The fellow has heard that I am one of the best shots in the service," he concluded, "and is wisely determined not to compromise himself by alluding to the affair. I shall dismiss it from my memory."

This, however, was far more easily said than done. The "affair," as he heartlessly termed it, was not to be forgotten. It haunted him in his dreams, and not infrequently arrested the jest upon his lips, in his waking hours, especially if he detected the calm, thoughtful eyes of Wharton fixed upon him.

They reminded him of his brother's.

About a week after his arrival, Richard had been invited to tiffin at the mess of the gallant 01st. On rising from table, one of the officers proposed an adjournment to the riding-school, in order to try their skill at the target. This was the opportunity Dawlish so ardently desired of displaying his skill and overawing Fred; he therefore seconded the suggestion eagerly.

It was at once agreed to, and the major, who had a soldier's love for every martial exercise, accompanied them. The target was soon raised, and the choleric little Welshman commenced by making an excellent shot, which put him in great good humour.

"I don't think you need be ashamed of that," he exclaimed, complacently, addressing his subaltern.

Dawlish smiled. Plinlimmon's good humour vanished in an instant, and he turned exceedingly red.

"Certainly not," replied the duellist, perceiving the error he had committed.

"My hand is still steady, sir," observed the major, looking him very hard in the face.

"Exceedingly steady, major."

"Glad to hear you think so."

Here the speaker turned angrily away.

Dawlish called for a pack of cards, and selecting from it the ace of hearts directed one of the men to fix it in the centre of the target.

"You will never hit that," observed one of the officers.

The distance was thirty paces.

"Won't I?" replied the vainglorious marksman, at the same time raising his pistol slowly and firing. An involuntary burst of admiration broke from all present, except the two friends. The bullet had struck the card exactly in the pip.

"Hit it, by Jove!" exclaimed the major, forgetting his ill-humour in admiration of the shot.

Dawlish looked round him with a triumphant air, till his eyes encountered those of Fred. Could he believe the evidence of his senses? There was positively a smile upon his lips, and it stung him to the quick.

"Perhaps," he said, pointing to an exquisitely finished weapon—the fellow to the one he had so lately discharged—"Mr. Wharton will favour us with a specimen of his skill?"

"Willingly," answered the youth, taking up a revolver; "if you desire it."

"Not that!" cried several of his brother officers; "you will never hit the mark with that."

"It will suit me," was the reply.

The speaker fired six times in rapid succession. When the smoke cleared off there was a general laugh; but one bullet-mark appeared in the card.

"My dear boy," observed Major Plinlimmon, "that is not the way to fire. You must ask Dawlish to give you a lesson."

The gratified duellist bowed satirically as he assured the marksman of his willingness to do so.

"Take one, you mean!" shouted the senior captain from the bottom of the riding-school. "Never saw such a thing in my life!"

Great was the astonishment of every one present when the speaker informed them each of Wharton's shots had capped the one fired by Dawlish—that is to say, struck the mark in the same place. So extraordinary did it appear, they could not believe it, till examination proved the correctness of his assertion.

The major seized the hand of Fred and shook it warmly, as he pronounced him a credit to the regiment.

"You must have practised from your very infancy," he said.

"On the contrary," replied the young man, "four years since I had never pulled a trigger."

Dawlish turned exceedingly pale: it was exactly the period which had elapsed since the death of Alfred, and he began to suspect that he had mistaken the character of the speaker, with whom, from that day, he resolved to be doubly on his guard.

"It was, indeed, a wonderful shot," he said. "Mr. Wharton has evidently no need of my instructions."

"I should say not," observed the major, emphatically.

It was Fred's turn to bow ironically.

"I should like to make a match with you," added the duellist.

"Delighted."

"For a thousand rupees."

"For any stake you please."

"You have been admirably brought up," exclaimed Plinlimmon, who could not forget the shot.

"By my widowed mother, major," answered the young man.

"Evidently a strong-minded gentlewoman," said his superior officer, "who knew her duty to society, her country, and the army."

Our readers will please to recollect that these are the opinions of a cavalry officer of the old school, and not confound them with those of the author, who, like most writers in painting scenes of life, describes much that he disapproves of.

The party quitted the riding-school, the young men laughing thoughtlessly as they chatted over the amusement of the morning; the elder ones looking rather serious: they began to suspect that the scene which had been acted before their eyes had a hidden meaning, and naturally sought the key to the enigma.

Richard was more strongly impressed than any one of the spectators with this opinion, but he forbore to make any observation on the subject till he had reached the quarters of his companion.

"I am glad you took the conceit out of that fellow Dawlish," he said, as the burdar placed the hookah on the table before them.

Fred faintly smiled.

"I should not like to have a quarrel with you," added our hero.

"You might, with perfect safety."

"How so?"

"Because there is only one being in the world against whom I could ever be induced to employ the proficiency I have attained at the expense of so much time," answered his friend.

"And that one, I suspect, is Dawlish."

Wharton made no reply.

"I cannot comprehend this," exclaimed Richard, painfully impressed by his silence, "and must speak my thoughts, even at the risk of forfeiting your friendship. You have never deliberately acquired this devilish skill with the intention of—No, no!" he added; "forgive me—my thoughts have wronged you!"

"With what intention do you imagine Dawlish acquired his skill?" demanded Fred Wharton, calmly.

"His motives cannot justify yours," observed our hero. "Fred, this is some extraordinary hallucination of your better reason. There is something so horrible, so repugnant in your design, that reflection, I feel assured, must lead you to abandon it. If he has wronged you, leave him to that future to which we all are responsible. Why burden your youth with a remorse, or stain the nobility of your nature by a crime?"

"I have never yet sought a quarrel with him," resumed the young soldier, deeply moved. "But I am prepared for it."

"With the assassin's skill," answered his friend, reproachfully.

Wharton started from his seat, and paced the room in violent agitation. A terrible contest was taking place within him.

"You do not know the provocation I have received," he muttered, hoarsely; "the irreparable agony this man without a heart has inflicted on me—how bitterly he has wrung me. I had a brother—a generous, devoted brother. Dawlish murdered him."

"Murdered him!" repeated his horror-stricken hearer.

"Killed him for defending me."

"Leave him to justice, then."

"Justice!" interrupted the excited young man, passionately. "Think you it was one of those coarse, brutal acts which bring the perpetrator within the reach of laws! No: they fought at school. Alfred was predisposed to consumption, and—spare me the sickening details—he died and left me alone in the world. Had Dawlish expressed sorrow for the deed—felt it as he ought—as any one human would have done—I could have—yes, I think I could have forgiven him: Alfred did before he died."

"From that day," resumed the excited youth, "I devoted myself to acquire the skill you blame. At first I triumphed in the attainment of it, in the thought of striking the assassin—"

"And so becoming a murderer like him."

"Right! right! it would be murder," gasped his

friend. "Fool that I am! the means by which I sought to secure retribution has baffled it; for it would leave my enemy without an equal chance of life. I have endeavoured to close my heart to the conviction, but in vain; conscience repeats, and reason confirms it."

"You abandon your intention, then?" said Richard, taking his hand. "I am sure you will: a soul like yours was never framed for crime."

"Yes," answered the young man, solemnly, and the cold drops which started on his brow bore witness to the agony the resolution cost him. "Unless provoked by such an outrage as, even in your opinion, will justify me, the life of Dawlish is safe."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed our hero; "reason has triumphed over passion. Believe me, I feel your wrongs, and sympathize with all you have endured."

"Do not praise me," murmured Fred Wharton. "It is not for me to praise you," replied his friend.

"To your better angel, who witnessed the contest, belongs the right to hymn the victory."

Although it had been arranged, in order to avoid all suspicion on the part of Sanford, that our hero and Lieutenant Marsh should appear in society as mere casual acquaintances, they contrived to meet regularly and exchange notes of the several proceedings. Sometimes it was during a ride on the banks of the Hooghly; on other occasions at the club, or the saloons of their mutual friends.

Mr. Bently could not have made a more judicious selection of a guardian and adviser for his grandson. Marsh was one of those men whom disappointments had sobered, not soured; who, caring little for society, enter it with their eyes open, and keenly appreciate the tone and character of passing events.

Such a friend, to one so young and inexperienced, with only high principle and generous impulse to guide him, was indeed invaluable.

On the evening after the scene we have just described had taken place, Richard and his mentor met by appointment on horseback at the ghaut or landing place, on the banks of the river, directly opposite the ruined temple dedicated to the goddess Sheva. The sun was setting in a flood of golden light at the back of the crumbling fane, whose broad shadows extended to the marble steps leading to the water's edge.

Both drew rein at the same time, and stood for several minutes contemplating the landscape, whose foliage darkened into deeper and still richer hues as the parting orb descended.

"Well, Richard," said the ex-dragoon, after looking around him to ascertain that they were alone, "have you anything to communicate?"

"Unfortunately, nothing."

"And yet you have been regular in your attendance at the counting-house of Mr. Chutnee?"

"Not a day has passed without my spending several hours there," observed the young man; "but I have not obtained the slightest clue."

The lieutenant looked dissatisfied.

"You do not suspect me of indifference?" exclaimed the speaker.

"I could as soon suspect you of a crime, my dear boy," answered his friend. "If I appear disappointed and impatient, and I confess my feelings partake of both disappointment and impatience, it arises from the state in which I find this magnificent, but long misgoverned land."

"I do not understand you."

"India," continued the soldier, "is on the eve of a convulsion. An outbreak, a storm, to which the simoom's desolating blast is as the spring's first breath, threatens to overwhelm her; and yet our rulers, although daily—nay, almost hourly—warned, remain obstinately blind or impotently incredulous. You doubt my words, and smile at my prophecy," he added. "I am not the first who has acted the part of a Cassandra. All I dare hope is that our mission may be accomplished before the tempest breaks."

"You must cultivate the acquaintance of Sanford," continued his adviser, "more than you have hitherto shown an inclination to do—entertain his project of hiring the house he recommends: this will bring you in contact with its owner, Al Moorad."

"Willingly," answered Richard, "if you advise it; but I cannot see the utility of associating with the Hindoo merchant."

"If rascality has been committed, he possesses the clue to it," replied Marsh. "I have made inquiries, cautiously, of course, respecting his character. Like most of his countrymen, he is extremely avaricious; is only honest so far as the law compels him: in short, is one of those leeches which prey upon the unwary and inexperienced, on their first arrival in this country. Many a man, whose brow is frosted with age and service, is still toiling," he added, "to pay the penalty of having believed in the disinterested offers of Al Moorad."

"Such a man is capable of any crime," observed our hero.

"With the clue I have given, you need not fear him," observed the lieutenant.

At the word "fear" the countenance of his ward and pupil flushed.

"Understand me," added the speaker; "I speak of that fear which honour, integrity, and purity of heart may feel when first they come in contact with avarice, selfishness, and vice—the warning loathing by which virtue protects her image in the heart of youth. Now let us turn our horses' heads towards Calcutta. The theme has not been a very pleasing one; it is time we changed the subject."

"What can break the might of England?" demanded Tyrrell, referring to the previous observations of his friend. "Not the weak, effeminate Asiatic. In a contest it would be lead against steel."

"You forget," observed his friend, "that even lead becomes a fearful weapon when *molten*. I said shake, not break it. I still retain my confidence in the Saxon race. It is the *suffering*, not the end, I dread. I have been more fortunate than you."

"And discovered—"

"A thread—a hair—for I darescarcely call it a clue," interrupted Lieutenant Marsh. "Before quitting England your grandfather informed me that the securities stolen from his house in London were negotiated in India through the native firm of Mooze, Hafaz, and Moorad."

"Yes."

"Have you seen their names in any transactions with Chutnee and Company?"

"No."

"And yet you examined the books?"

"Most carefully."

"Of the three partners, when the transaction took place, one only now survives; the younger, Al Moorad, and he is the intimate friend of Sanford."

"The fellow he has been tormenting me to hire a house of!" exclaimed Tyrrell, "but I have not seen him yet; as if I were not much happier where I am."

"No doubt," observed the soldier, drily, "but that is not the point. The advice I am about to give you, must be followed to the letter; and yet it is the last I should offer, but for that iron yoke, to which we all must bow—necessity, for I fear it will prove distasteful."

"Not from you, my dear sir."

"You must make the acquaintance of Al Moorad, and watch him closely."

"It shall be done," answered our hero, with a sigh. (To be continued.)

MY FLORA.

TELL me, gentles, have you seen

My Flora pass this way?

That you may know the Miss I mean,

Her briefly I'll portray.

No bonnet on her head,

But on her neck she wears:

An oyster-shell, 'tis said,

In size with it compares.

Its shape no eye can brook,

Its use is doubtful, too;

It but imparts a barefaced look,

And brings much cheek to view.

Her dress may please the Swell,

For its swollen exuberance:

She looks a Monster Belle,

In such Big Ben expanse.

Those air-tubes filled with gas,

Might lift her to the moon;

The small boys mark it as they pass,

And screech out, "Ah balloon!"

A parasol she bears

For ornament, not use;

For comfort, gloves she wears

Too tight, and sleeves too loose.

Behind her hangs a hood

Just level with her chin,

An Indian squaw might find it good

To put a baby in.

Of her hair she shows the roots,

Sham flowers the rest conceal;

And she's crippled by her boots

With the military heel:

Streets off, you hear them stalk

Whene'er she ventures out;

And she seems to waddle more than walk,

Her hoops so sway about.

Her figure may be good,

But that no eye can tell;

A mere lay-figure would

Show off her dress as well.

She may have ankles neat,

But they're concealed by skirt,

Which chiefly serves to hide her feet,

And gather up the dirt.

Then, gentles, have you seen,

My Flora this way come?

She cannot have unnoticed been,

She takes up too much room!

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

IMPULSE.

DANGERS OF IMPULSE.

On the outposts of the human soul a sentinel is stationed, whose duty it is to watch for *danger*. When faithful, it warns of both physical and moral danger. Its eye is as an eagle's, and its heart sensitive and easily alarmed. But, strange as it may seem, many youths have deemed it cowardly to listen to the warnings of the sentinel till he has ceased his cry, and the citadel has been overrun by enemies from without and within.

Youthful reader, are you one of this unwise number? Does the cry of this sentinel ring through the arches of your soul, warning of the danger of impulse, and rehearsing in your ears the miserable results of its impetuosities? If not, call him to duty; for above all things else, you need his friendly admonitions.

The dangers of impulsiveness are not chimerical. They are real, positive, and awful.

All very impulsive persons live perpetually among thorns. They do and say, almost daily, things that cause themselves, or somebody else, sore disquietude. When they are so stupid as not to see the improprieties of their own course, they may be causing frequent and deep wounds in the hearts of all who love them best. How often an impulsive person wounds the feelings of his truest friends! His thoughtless words, poisoned, it may be, with the gall-drops of a fit of anger or jealousy, envy or pride, or a momentary flash of displeasure, may cut like two-edged swords to the heart's core. Or, wanting that sweet refinement given by self-control, their very roughness and harshness may "grate horrible discord" in the ears of those that love him, and would gladly be charmed by his sweet words of wisdom and goodness.

UNGOVERNED PASSION.

How much unhappiness is thus caused by the uncontrolled waywardness of impulsive natures! If we were to probe the hearts of all refined and sensitive beings, and express what we should find, we should reveal a great world of misery that is at present unexposed to human gaze. In the secret, silent chambers of the purest, loveliest souls, these sorrows are felt, and felt with a keenness all unknown to less refined and sensitive minds. And what is worse, we thus cause our loveliest and most truly excellent friends to suffer. How mortifying is the thought that such friends are pierced with anguish, occasioned by our want of self-control, by the reckless impulses we nurse within us.

Go into the homes of men where the world's eye cannot enter, and see the desecration of love's hallowed sanctuaries; see companions estranged; see brothers and sisters living as strangers to each other, performing none of those little offices of love that are so sweet and delectable; see children growing up in an atmosphere of icy coldness, and learn the evils of ungoverned passions.

Go again into the world, and witness the strifes, animosities, quarrels, and deplorable scenes of neighbourhood disturbances, and another similar lesson may be learned. Friendships are broken, which long years of faithful confidence and good offices had cemented; and affections are estranged which a thousand cords of tenderness had bound. There is hardly a danger to which youth is exposed, to which the great avenue does not open from the fruitful source of passion.

Read the history of criminals, of all the most unfortunate classes of beings, and you will find that impulse was the rock on which they split. Their first digressions from rectitude were not premeditated. They were the work of haste, of thoughtless impetuosity. They were often yielded to as innocent, were even regarded as sprightly, as evidences of wit, or genius, or strong affection, and not unfrequently they have been imitated by admiring companions. There is a wild, untamed beauty about these impulsive feelings, that often cause youth to admire and imitate them. And they frequently have much the appearance of virtue in their exhibitions, when they are fast leading those who are nursing them on to ruin.

Look at the thousand sorrowful cases of intemperance, spread like wrecks on the ocean's bottom, all over the length and breadth of our land; look at the thousand victims of profligacy of both sexes still more disgusting and degraded; at the unfortunate victims of criminal desire and unhallowed passion who are a confirmation of what has been said. Almost every circle of youth exhibits examples of unbridled impulses. A want of reflection, of thought, of moral force, is visible almost everywhere.

RESTRAINT OF ANIMAL PASSION.

It is necessary that impulse should be held in check, that our animal passions should be put under restraint; necessary not only for our own happiness, or the happiness of those immediately about us, but for the welfare of the world. We talk of reformation, of progress; but little can be our advancement, till youth are taught a strong and vigorous resistance of the rude dominion of the passions. Here is the very place to begin. First of all come the appetites, the general feeders of animal desire. These are pampered in a thousand ways and forms from earliest childhood. They foster a pervading animalism. They stimulate the propensities. They feed the fires of passion. The influence of pampered appetite is a viewless miasma of disease, bringing the entire mind under its death torpor. To make a character what it should be, the moral and intellectual nature should be enthroned. The man should rule the animal. To establish and preserve such a government within us, is the noblest work of human attainment. To resist strong impulses, to subdue powerful passions, to silence the voice of vehement desire, is a strong and noble virtue. And the virtue rises in height, beauty, and grandeur in proportion to the strength of the impulses subdued.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

One of the prominent missions of this age seems to be to develop the individual man. The individual in times past has been lost in the mass. Now he is beginning to be recognised. Man is a microcosm. He has a world in himself. He is an epitome of the universe. To develop a race, each individual must be developed. The development of the individual effects the development of the race. So the government of the individual effects the government of the race. Government is at the bottom of progress. The state or nation that has the best government progresses most; so the individual who governs best himself makes the most rapid progress. Progress is a necessary result of true government. The native energies of the human soul press it to activity. Activity is its primal law. When these energies are controlled, they rush onward in the path of progress with the celerity of thought. Nothing prevents their movement. Like the calm rolling river, they press onward, filling full the channel in which they are destined to move. No counter-currents of passion and back-eddies of disorderly impulse keep them back, or prevent their steady career.

Government is but another name for harmony; and harmony but another name for heaven. Mental harmony is the goal of human perfectibility. It is the balance of all the mental powers in subjection to the will. It is the result of the self-control we are so earnestly recommending. Individual harmony is necessary to effect the social harmony of the masses. We complain of the antagonism of society, the distrust, animosity, and degradation, which pervade the social compact. This is wrong; the fault is with the individual. The discord is in the single soul. Make the individual harmonious and you make the community harmonious. Is the water of the river bitter? It is so because the springs from the mountains send forth bitter streams. Clide not the river till the springs are sweetened.

Does society need reorganising? Is its present organisation base and antagonistic? It is because antagonisms exist in the individual. Organise society upon a closer basis; it will be but bringing firebrand in closer proximity with firebrand, and raising higher the flame of discord. Society is wrong in its organisation, fundamentally wrong. But it is so because of the wrong in its individuals. Our social organisation is on a level with the individuals composing it. Organise a true government in each individual soul; make harmony there and social harmony will follow, and follow just in proportion to individual progress.

Where shall we begin in the great reformation, except with youth? Society is daily passing into their hands. Its great concerns will soon all be theirs. To reform it they must reform themselves; to reform themselves they must control themselves. Reform means control. The drunkard reforms when he controls his appetite; the libertine, when he controls his passion; the thief, when he masters his covetous desire. The great work of human reform, in all its length and breadth, its height and depth, its magnitude and importance, is comprehended in the self-control here recommended to youth. Oh, youth of England! See you the vast importance of this enthronement of reason and conscience, this establishment of law and order within the realms where you are the rightful rulers? See you that your own prosperity, peace, and happiness, that the harmony and progress of the social compact, and the usefulness, power, and glory of your country, are to be

measured by the degree of wisdom and moral force with which you control and direct the mighty and immortal powers which God has placed in your hands?

MY LAST BALL.

I ALWAYS hated balls. I may as well say at once that I am not pretty—not even good-looking. I am small, with small eyes, and neither a good figure, nor an attractive face. There, it is said.

Men don't ask me to dance as often as I would like. I have often sat for an hour talking to old Mrs. Grimsby about her daughters, who never miss a dance, or thinking how much I would like to be in my own room reading my favourite books, or playing with little Rosa down stairs in the drawing-room. When first I went out, I suffered more agony of mind than I can describe from the humiliation of being neglected, and especially from the cutting compassion of my girl friends; but I have got over that now, and balls only bore me.

Why do I go out? Good reader, if you had a mamma and a papa, and brothers and sisters, who refused utterly to believe you when you protested your dislike of society; if it were once or twice hinted to you that your wilfulness in staying at home was prejudicing your prospects of a "good settlement in life," you too would gulp down your squeamishness, and throw yourself under the wheels of the fashionable Juggernaut (I know this is an absurd and hackneyed expression, but let it pass).

I will not pretend that I did not know—when I promised mamma to go to Mrs. Schellering's ball on Tuesday—that John Hunt was to be there. I knew it perfectly, for he had told me so. I did not go to meet him, however, for he came to the house every other day to see me, and our quiet talks suited me far better than any ball-room conversation possibly could. Still I went, and I confess that I looked for him.

What suggested to me to examine his face more closely than usual I cannot tell: but I did scrutinise him, and I fancied—yes, I felt certain—that I saw a smile of triumph there.

"Is the fair recluse really here?" he asked, in a tone which certainly seemed to me to border upon a sneer.

"In the flesh, at all events," I answered, flippantly.

"For the spirit I cannot say as much."

"If the former will honour me with her hand for the next polka, we will try to conjure the latter."

All through the dance I fancied him saying to himself, "How self-sacrificing I am in dancing with this plain little creature, when I might have the belles of the room." Glances from lovely eyes which I intercepted on their way to his seemed to reflect the same thought. He was very agreeable, certainly; but then his agreeableness had an affability about it which almost enraged me.

At the close of the dance we walked through the rooms, and found ourselves sitting at last in a library window. I insisted in vain on his going to dance. He made the usual civil reply, but I could see in his face that he was dying for some one to take me off his hands. There was a cutting sarcasm—at least, I fancied so—in every word he uttered. My feelings at length became so ungovernable that I was ready to cry.

If there was a man I despised it was Fitz-John Q—. He was, or is, a type of the under-bred, coarse, cunning, fashionable "swell." Still I knew him very well; and seeing him pass that way I called him, and pretending that I had something to say to him, asked him to take me off. I felt a mountain-load off my heart when I was alone with him. It was a real pleasure to see his agony at my clinging to his arm. He had engagements, no doubt, which I prevented his fulfilling; but he was so coarse and vulgar that it was delightful to torture him.

John Hunt was in the middle of a story about an adventure of his in the Alps when I left him. He had got as far as where, in pursuit of a chamois, his guide told him that "four feet further on that ledge and he would be a dead man." Had it not been for my thorough consciousness that he was only telling the story in order to increase my obligations to him, I should have been greatly interested.

Half an hour, at least, after the interruption of the story by my departure, I passed the library window. He was there still! Sitting on the same seat, looking out through the half-opened window into the darkness, with a very sombre and gloomy look. He was so handsome—so intellectual.

"Wouldn't you like to sit down?" said my cavalier, Fitz-John, in his increasing desire to get free.

"Not for the world!" said I; and I began to in-

terest the little creature by telling him fanciful stories of the impression he was making on the ladies of our set, till he really enjoyed my society. I began to be perfectly happy, and to enjoy the ball thoroughly. When I caught, at our next turn, John Hunt's eye severely fixed on our two laughing faces I was almost cured of my aversion for society.

I liked it still better when, a few minutes afterward, I noticed John Hunt dancing the Lancers with one of the prettiest girls in the room. She looked so happy—well she might be! He was enjoying himself at last.

Little Fitz-John finally got his liberty, and ran to the refreshment-saloon to recover his spirits. I then fell to the care of Judge —, of the Common Pleas, who, with his gray hairs, makes it a point of duty to "do the civil" to some one lady at every ball. I sat down where I could see the dancing, and while the judge was explaining to me the merits of some promise-of-marriage case, I watched John Hunt dance with three or four ladies, after which he returned to his first partner—the very pretty girl I have mentioned—and, after a dance, walked through the rooms with her on his arm. It suddenly flashed upon me that I had heard, long before, that she was rather disposed to like him. There certainly was something very marked in her way of listening and talking to him. She was so pretty, too.

When they disappeared, I made the judge take me through the rooms; and there, in the identical library window, were John Hunt and his partner, my friend Emma B—, in close conversation. I began to be very angry.

The judge left me to go home at an early hour. I could see nothing of John Hunt. I knew that he was still at the same window with his companion. Mortimer Craddock sat down beside me. I ought to have said before that he was an old friend—a very sensible man of thirty-five, with an ample fortune, and unmarried—a well-known catch, in short. He had, at one time, been supposed by my family to have a partiality for me; but I had always regarded that as a delusion.

This evening he began to converse very earnestly on serious matters. He talked about my family, and my affection for them; about himself, and his weariness of the life he led; and so on. I answered mechanically. Neither John Hunt nor his companion had reappeared in the ball-room.

I asked Mr. Craddock to take me through the library, as I found the air of the ball-room rather close. There, in the same corner, were John Hunt and Emma. She actually had her hand in his, and I saw him draw down the curtain, to hide them as we passed.

It was very quick and sharp, that knife-thrust through my heart; but it was soon over.

We went to supper. By the time we returned (John Hunt and his friend were standing outside the door of the supper-room, and gazed very earnestly at us as we passed) I was in tolerable spirits.

"Miss Blanche," said Mortimer Craddock, when we took our seats on a sofa in a deserted room up stairs, "this is perhaps neither the place nor the time to make the avowal which is on my lips. But I have waited a long time, and as I do not expect an answer now, it matters little when or where you hear it. I love you. I wish to make you my wife. I would try to make you happy. I think I could. Will you marry me?"

Without a moment's hesitation, I answered, "Yes."

"Miss Blanche," pursued Mortimer, slowly and gravely as before, "I am not a young man. I have very little romance in my character. Permit me to ask you to withdraw that answer of yours. I should feel happier if it had been preceded by more reflection."

"This is trifling with my feelings!"

"On the contrary, I do not wish you to hazard your happiness without ample consideration. This day month I will ask you for an answer."

So saying he left me. I was a little bewildered. I had never had an offer before. Mortimer Craddock I had never thought of in the light of a lover. Now, it seems, I was engaged.

I was trying to make out whether the chandelier which overhung the room had been raised or lowered to its present position, when I was startled by a "Blanche, darling!" in my ear.

It was John Hunt's companion—the pretty girl—my friend Emma.

She had come, of course, to confide in me her triumph, and to enjoy the little feminine satisfaction of sympathising with me—for she knew how regular a caller John Hunt was at our house. I put on my liveliest and kindest manner.

"Well, dearest Emma, you have enjoyed the ball?"

"Very much, indeed; and you?"

"Excessively."

"Has Mr. Craddock been amusing?"

Strange to say, during the first words of our conversation, the startling avowal he had made had passed away from my mind; at the mention of his name it rushed upon me, and I blushed scarlet.

"Why," said she, laughing, "one would suppose there was something between you! Blanche, dear, don't look so cross. I have a secret for you. I have made all sorts of promises not to tell it; but I couldn't keep it if my life hung upon the balance."

I knew the secret very well. She was going to say she was engaged to John Hunt. So I answered, with as much of a smile as I could muster, and holding my breath—

"I am ready to hear it."

"You know John Hunt?" I nodded, and a sickening sensation came over me. "Well—he is going to propose to you to-morrow!"

"Say that again," I gasped, in a cruel agony, and doubting whether I had heard her correctly. She repeated the same words.

"Too late, too late!" I sobbed, and felt as though my heart would break.

I fainted, I believe. At all events, the next recollection I have is of being surrounded with kind people near an open window, and of seeing—of all others—John Hunt's face, very anxious and very pale, on the outskirts of the little throng which crowded around me. I shut my eyes. I could not look at him. I went home directly, wishing that I was dead.

When I awoke next morning the following note was handed me:—

"Mr. Mortimer Craddock presents his compliments to Miss Blanche—, and begs to say that, circumstances obliging him to leave the country for a period of years, he is under the necessity of withdrawing the inquiry which he made last evening. He hopes he may be permitted to tender his best wishes for Miss Blanche's happiness in life."

"Wednesday morning."

That day, as Emma had said, John Hunt called, proposed, and—was accepted. I have only just learned that Mr. Craddock, who had remained in the ball-room, had overheard the conversation between Emma and me. I suppose there was no mistaking the tone in which I cried "Too late!"

Inventions and Science.

PREVENTION OF DRAUGHTS FROM DOORS AND WINDOWS.—This simply consists of a slight beading, screwed or nailed round the door-frame, with a narrow slip, or ribbon, of vulcanised india-rubber, fixed in a groove at an angle, so as to form an elastic spring to press against the door when closed, and thus to make the joints air-tight all round. The beading at the foot of the door is so hinged and affixed to the door itself, as to open much like one of the pieces of a parallel ruler, only protected between the two slips, and having a spring between its two pieces and the india-rubber ribbon running along the outer edge, so that as the door closes, a protruding heel of the bead, as it were, is caught by the frame and pressed so as to open the parallel slip and cause its rubbered edge to press upon the floor or carpet, thus efficiently preventing all access of air or draught. Not only draughts, but dust and noise can thus be readily excluded, either by windows or doors. The beading can be had, it appears, either by the foot or yard, or applied where wanted.

USE OF COAL TAR.—A discovery of importance to horticulturists has just been made by a gardener near Bordeaux. The frames in his garden required painting, and, knowing that black was a better colour for attracting heat than any other, he made use of some coal tar which he had purchased at the gas-works, instead of common paint. Since the operation, which took place about two months ago, the gardener has found that all the spiders and other insects which had before infested his frames had disappeared, and the plants which had become feeble, are now perfectly strong and healthy.

VALUE OF THE WILLOW.—The importance of the willow to man has been recognised from the earliest ages, and ropes and twigs were probably among the very first human manufactures in countries where these trees abound. The Romans used the twigs for binding their vines, and tying their reeds in bundles, and made all sorts of baskets of them. A crop of willows was considered so valuable in the time of Cato that he ranks the *salicetum*, or willow-field, next in value to the vineyard and the garden. In France the leaves, whether in a green or dried state, are con-

sidered the very best food for cows and goats; and horses, in some places, are fed entirely upon them from the end of August till November. Horses so fed, it is stated, will travel twenty leagues a day without being fatigued. In the north of Sweden and Norway, as also in Lapland, the inner bark is kiln-dried and ground, for the purpose of mixing with oatmeal in time of scarcity. The bark of the willow and the leaves are astringent; the former is much used in tanning.

TEA-PARTY POLITICS.

I AM glad you are getting acquainted,
I knew you'd be struck by her charms;
But don't say I told you she "painted,"
We're on such very intimate terms.

She's had sweethearts, of course, by the dozen,
"Engagements," some dozens of girls;
But one can't say sharp things of one's cousin—
We're on such very intimate terms.

Of course you are charmed with "the Heiress,"
Whose "grace" is all wriggle and squirms;
They say she's engaged to young Morris—
They're on such very intimate terms.

Her smile 'twould bewilder a nation,
Or break ten poetical firms;
But I know it is all affection—
We're on such very intimate terms!

There's that snaky-eyed belle from the city,
Whose "dad" deals in blubber and sperms,
You'll think her both pretty and witty,
'Till you get upon intimate terms.

And that widow-bewitched, who will weave all
Her weeds into bean-etching forms;
But then we are sisters (in Eve) all,
And must keep on intimate terms.

And thus the "inquiring" stranger
Gets "cramm'd" by those gossiping firms;
B. Biting and D—g—in the Manager,
Who will keep on intimate terms.

But one soon puts 'em "down" if one chooses—
I've a rule to dispel all their "charms;"
Cut each jade, and with those she abuses
Grow at once upon intimate terms!

Chemical Experiments.

WE will this day amuse ourselves with some operations of dyeing and calico-printing, not that we can prosecute these beautiful arts very far, owing to more than one impediment. Firstly, I shall have to bear in mind that many people who read what I write may not have chemical substances at their command, without purchasing them; and though any dyestuffs may be purchased in this civilised land of ours, nevertheless, they cost money. Let us begin with indigo; and, first of all, let us dye with indigo a piece of woollen cloth—a bit of white flannel, for instance. Observe, firstly, that indigo will not dissolve in water; at least, not blue indigo. This circumstance considerably limits the application of the substance, but is conducive to permanency of colour when once imparted.

Strong oil of vitrol dissolves indigo, and generates what is designated by the name of Saxon blue. It is a very useful colour, fixing itself upon woollen without any difficulty; but it does not fix well on cotton or linen; wherefore, in the cotton printing operation, when indigo is employed, a particular process must be had recourse to. In order to make Saxon blue, a piece of indigo must be rubbed in a wedge-wood or glass mortar, with enough oil of vitrol to form it into a paste; this paste being incorporated with water, a piece of white woollen tissue dipped into the latter, a deep blue dye colour is permanently imparted; the sort of colour, indeed, we find in many kinds of blue woollen cloth. Saxon blue, moreover, is employed in the process of dyeing black hats. Every person in the slightest degree acquainted with the harmony of colour is aware that a dead black is very ugly. Most of the blacks we see in fabrics have been dyed on blue for a ground. You will perceive on trial that pieces of woollen fabric dipped into a solution of Saxon blue are permanently dyed. They may be washed, or even boiled, with water, and the colour will remain; not so, however, with respect to linen or calico, as on trial you will soon discover. Indeed, linen is a most ungracious fabric for the reception of any sort of dye.

I will show you now how cotton fabrics may be dyed with indigo. Firstly, we must render the indigo soluble, which we do in a very peculiar way.

Take a lump of indigo, about the size of a bean, grind it in a mortar with an equal bulk of lime and sulphate of iron (the latter you had better ask for

under the name of green copperas). Throw the whole into a small physis bottle, fill the bottle with water, cork it, and place it in a warm place, as, for example, the hob of a fireplace, for some hours. Gradually you will perceive the original deep blue of the indigo has given place to a green, more or less light in colour. This greenish liquid holds indigo dissolved, which becomes blue on exposure to the atmosphere; and, in becoming blue, also becomes insoluble. So it follows then, that if a piece of cotton tissue, calico, for instance, be immersed in this partly decolorised indigo, and subsequently exposed to the air, a permanent blue is the result.

This is a very beautiful process, without which cotton cloths could not be dyed with indigo. Its use is attended with difficulties, however, in the process of calico printing. It is easy enough to impart an indigo ground, but when indigo patterns on ground of some other colour is required, the case is far more difficult, owing to the rapidity with which decolorised and soluble indigo changes to coloured or insoluble indigo when brought into contact with atmospheric air.

Cotton-printing experiment.—Having dyed a piece of calico blue in the manner just described, washed out all superabundant colour, and dried the tissue, I will show you how to remove white patches from it by an ingenious bleaching process. Take some powdered chloride of lime, mix about a spoonful of it with water; next add a few drops of spirit of salt (not more than a few drops, however, or the resulting smell will be very offensive). This done, take a portion out on the end of a glass rod or a piece of wood, and dropping it on the fabric, the indigo blue will be bleached and leave a white spot. Here it may be remarked that one of the most usual methods of making white spots on coloured calico grounds—whether the colour be blue or otherwise—consists in discharging the original colour by means of bleaching agents.

I will next show you how to make scarlet spots on a black ground. Take a few chips of Brazil wood, pour boiling water upon them and make an infusion; or still better, boil them with water in a saucepan, and make a decoction. Next procure some acetate of iron; or what is still more instructive, make it by keeping some vinegar in contact with bits of iron for a few days. The third substance, however, I shall have to mention, you must purchase under the name of dyer's muriate of tin. The ingredients being at hand, as already described, boil a piece of calico with acetate of iron; next remove the calico, dry it, and when dry, immerse it into the Brazil wood-decoction; the tissue will become black. Remove it from the decoction, wash it in pure water, and dry it. Next, dropping a drop of muriate of tin upon the tissue, a scarlet spot will be generated; and you will easily perceive how scarlet patterns might be depicted on black grounds, if means were devised for laying on the muriate of tin by a stamp.

Notwithstanding the variety of colours to be seen upon a piece of printed calico, comparatively few of the colours in question are laid on directly. Many patterns are generated by bleaching the original tint out, to use an intelligible word, or by a discharge process, to use the term employed amongst calico printers. Other patterns are made by stopping out, in a manner which you will readily understand. If before immersing a tissue into a dye solution, certain patches of the material be covered with a hard paste, through which the dyestuff cannot perforate, then necessarily there will be a white spot.

Many patterns are again generated by changing the original colour into another colour by contact with a chemical material; as, for example, the black of Brazil wood, and acetate of iron by contact with muriate of tin into scarlet. I may remark, that most probably a process of cotton printing, not materially different to that employed by us, was known to the ancient Egyptians, whom Pliny describes as using a wonderful sort of dyeing process, by means of which a tissue dipped into one liquid came out in patterns of different colours.

HOGARTH.—The great moral satirist, Hogarth, was once drawing in a room where many of his friends were assembled, and among them a very young woman. As she stood by Hogarth, she expressed a wish to learn to draw caricature. "Alas, young lady," said Hogarth, "it is not a faculty to be envied. Take my advice and never draw caricature; by the long practice of it I have lost the enjoyment of beauty. I never see a face but through a distorted medium; I never have the satisfaction to behold the human face divine." We may suppose that such language from Hogarth would come with great effect; his manner was very earnest, and the confession is well deserving of remembrance.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS BABINGTON LORD MACAULAY. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAULL & POLYBLANK.

LORD MACAULAY.

THE elevation of Thomas Babington Macaulay to the peerage is a graceful compliment to literature. The army, the navy, the pulpit, and the bar have their representatives in the House of Lords. The road to such honours is open to all the members of these professions. Literature, art, and science have been scarcely recognised, and much of the versatile genius of our age and country has been utterly neglected by the state. Indeed, such distinction as titles of nobility can bestow, is of little importance to those great and gifted men, who, like Macaulay, have won for themselves an undying and universal reputation. Genius possesses a nobility of its own, shining bright and calm as the stars of heaven, its glory is neither diminished nor increased by the names by which it may be called. At the same time it indicates right feeling and a proper appreciation of the power of genius when honour is rendered to its possessor, and rewards which the state can bestow are freely given.

In general literature Macaulay holds the highest place. He is a ripe scholar, a rhetorician of great power, a statesman of no ordinary ability, a lyrical poet, and historian. Surely such a man is worthy of a peerage!

Lord Macaulay was born in the year 1800, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire. He graduated at Cambridge, was elected to the Craven scholarship in 1821, gained a fellowship in 1822, and was called

to the bar in 1826. In 1830 he was appointed a Commissioner in Bankruptcy, and obtained a seat in the Commons. He subsequently figured as secretary to the Board of Control, and in 1834 proceeded to India, and was about three years a member of the Supreme Court at Calcutta. In 1839 he accepted the office of Secretary at War. In the following year he was elected member for the city of Edinburgh. In 1846 he was appointed paymaster to the forces, with a seat in the cabinet. He lost his seat for Edinburgh in 1847. In 1848 he was chosen Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. In 1849 he was nominated Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy. In 1852 he was re-elected for Edinburgh. In 1856 resigned his seat; and in September, 1857, was raised to the peerage.

But the life of Lord Macaulay, as a statesman—versatile as are the offices which he has filled, laborious as are the duties which he has discharged—conveys but a very inadequate conception of his ability, or of the extent of the work which he has accomplished. He has won laurels enough in the forum and the senate to satisfy ambition, but his eminent success as an orator and a statesman are eclipsed by his reputation as an author.

Before he was called to the bar he had entered on his literary campaign. He had contributed several poems to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine," and to a periodical called the "Etonian." In 1826 his success as an essayist was established by his article on Milton, in the "Edinburgh Review."

Lord Macaulay's best contributions to "Knight's Quarterly" are "Lays of the Roundheads" and "Lays of the League." Like Scott, says one of his critics, vaulting between Claverhouse and Burley, and entering with equal gusto into the souls of both, Macaulay sings with equal spirit the song of the enthusiastic cavalier and that of the stern Roundhead. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" are said by some to fall under the same category, and to indicate that the artist's sympathy was more with poetry than principles.

The essays, of which "Milton" was the finest, are singularly brilliant—so brilliant, indeed, that the imagination is intoxicated and criticism disarmed. "Milton" was his first-born—the beginning of his strength. It was gorgeous as an eastern tale. His article on Croker's "Boswell" is written in his strongest sarcastic vein—withering up Croker, scorching Boswell, and even touching Johnson himself. His paper on Byron is light and sparkling; and in the essay on Bunyan he discourses most eloquent music of the poor preaching tinker, who in Bedford Gaol composed that immortal book, the "Pilgrim's Progress." His visit to India suggested those magnificent sketches of Clive and Hastings, which have added so much to their author's fame.

His English History is usually considered his best production. It is minute, curious, learned; sparkling with genius, warmed by enthusiasm, and abounding in grandeur of description. His parliamentary career, official insight, lengthened experience, and extensive reading, eminently qualify him for this work;



SUNDAY MORNING. FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM COLLINS, R.A.

SUNDAY MORNING.

SUNDAY morning in the country is more pleasant and peaceful than Sunday morning in town. There is, or there seems to be, a hallowed serenity over everything, in harmony with the sacred associations of the day. The broad, green fields, in which horses, loosened from the plough, are enjoying the warmth of the sunshine, and the sweetness of the grass, together with the lounging kine, blinking their dreamy eyes in the light; the silvery stream, that murmurs around the motionless wheel of the old mill; and the long herbage and the wild flowers that bend before the clover-scented wind; the rustics, in their Sunday clothes, encountered here and there upon the country road, enjoying the luxury of doing nothing, the sunburnt children who are not so noisy in their sports to-day; the distant chiming of bells, spreading their Sabbath music over the land, all increase the calm and peaceful delights of a Sunday in the country.

Going to church in the country is far pleasanter to the senses than turning into a pent-up edifice—no

matter how splendid its architecture—in a populous city. To walk between the sweet-smelling hedgerows, to look on the smooth, velvety fields dotted with cattle, or the upland, with golden crops ripening for the sickle, or the distant winding of a river, or the cluster of poor men's homes, or the old farm, or the old pond shadowed by old trees, where the horses cool their fetlocks in the dusty summer, or to walk through the corn-fields on the Sabbath day—is far more likely to attune our hearts for worship than the sights and sounds of a city street.

And then what a delightful place is an old country church, with its square tower, its casement windows, through which the trees are peeping all the service-time, and its plain simple fittings, old and worn, suggestive of those worshippers whose quaint epitaphs are carved on the stones outside.

Going to church on a Sunday morning in the country is the subject which the artist has chosen for the exercise of his genius. It is a very simple subject, naturally treated, and consequently very attractive. Simplicity and nature have charms which elaborate artifice can never equal.

Filial tenderness is a marked feature in the picture. The aged woman, supported by her children, is going to the old church, where she worshipped when she was a girl, and where she was married. Dobbin is to bear her on the journey, and is fitted with a pillow for that purpose. He looks as if he was not unmindful of the attentions of his little playfellow. Final preparations are being made for the start. One boy is placing a chair to serve his granddame for a mounting-block, a girl busies herself with the adjustment of her brother's boot-lace, the young gentleman, so honoured, holds his prayer-book in his hand, while his more careful sister has placed her books in a handkerchief, so as to wrap them up neatly and save the covers.

An umbrageous perspective stretches out before

the observer, and two or three people are seen upon the road; while the white tower and spire of the old church are defined against a background of green trees.

There is an indescribable charm about the picture; it is one of those productions which suggest more than they display. It reminds us of similar scenes, recalls bygone events, and wakes up old memories, deep and tender.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XXII.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?—SHAKESPEARE.

ADA grew very pale as Ellen's fleet ponies carried them swiftly towards the scene of the last night's murder; but before they reached the "Good Intent" Ada exclaimed, "Surely that is Mr. Goodman!" and Ellen drew up to speak to him.

He was evidently watching for their approach. He was dressed as he had been the night before; but he did not look so bright, and fresh, and spruce.

His eyes were red, his cheeks pale, his open brow clouded with care,—anxiety had made him look almost old and haggard. He had spent the whole night at the station-house with Tippling Ben. And such a night,—when that miserable being had slept off the stupefying effects of the drugged liquor he had

swallowed (and how much of the liquor the poor imbibed was drugged with deadly, maddening poisons), Jem Goodman had the dreadful task of enlightening his still muzzy and bewildered mind as to what had really happened.

Ben had a notion that he had done something very savage and very dreadful; but he did not know what, or if he did, with that sort of cunning which belongs to clouded intellects—(whether clouded by intemperance or idiocy)—he pretended not to know that he had even assaulted his wife.

Whether his ignorance was assumed or not, his agony of mind when compelled to realise the hideous, ghastly fact that he had killed his Esther, was only too real.

The policemen in attendance, and who were answerable for his safety, and who dreaded his attempting his life, insisted on his being handcuffed.

It was partly through their kindness and intercession, and partly through the high character and well-known philanthropy of Jem Goodman, that the latter was allowed to spend the night in Tippling Ben's cell at the station-house. It was, indeed, a terrible night. For Ben's remorse was now vented in wild, fierce cries, now (as he thought of better days and early love) in a low wail, or choking sob.

Now, he reproached Jem Goodman, bitterly reproached him, that he had not forced him to give up strong drink; and then he thanked and blessed him, and, but for his handcuffs, would have hugged him for his constant kindness to poor Esther and the little ones.

The little ones! There was another dreadful thought. Poor little Nussy, he remembered her pleading for her mother and the baby. He never knew before how he loved his blue-eyed Ben. Often in the surly, gloomy reaction and nervous irritation that at morning succeeds to a night of drunkenness, he had cursed baby Ben's clamorous outcry for more than the miserable mother had to give him. How he wished he could hear that cry now. Once he had struck the child in the mother's arms; that was the only time Esther's anger had been fairly roused against him, and then, with flashing eyes and flushing cheeks, she had told him that he was a coward, a brute, a beast, and that she bitterly repented she had disobeyed her father, and slighted her brother Natt's warning, and she wished she had never seen his cruel face; and he had slunk off abashed.

Jem Goodman gave him what comfort he could about the little ones. He told him Apple Blossom was nursing blue-eyed Ben, and that little Nussy had slept warm and snug between Merry Blossom and little Hope Evermore.

"Aye," said the wretched Ben, "warmer than she's slept of late in our poor, bare hole, since I forced poor Esther to pawn the good warm blankets her old maiden-aunt had left her when her marriage, and the large knit lambs'-wool counterpane for winter, and silk patchwork for summer, the old lady had worked at so many years, and left by will to her pretty niece named after her; and who, poor vain old body, she thought the picture of herself. They were all left by will to Esther for her bridal bed; and I made her pawn 'em all; and I've never lied warm since. She stood out a long time, and cried bitter, she did; but I'd had a drop too much, so I swore at her; and the landlord came threatening for his rent, and so she pawned them to pay the rent. But I, brute that I was, got hold of the money, and drank! drank! For three days and nights I never went home; and the landlord put in a distress. O Esther! dear, blessed wench!" he cried, "thou'rt better off now. 'Thine was a bitter lot, indeed! Thy brother Natt said to thee, when first thou toldst him we kept company, 'As thou mak'st thy bed, so must thou lie on it, lass!' And that was when Esther Stone was the pride of the old village of Stoneleigh," he added, sobbing bitterly.

"The baby took kindly to Apple Blossom," said Jem Goodman, trying to comfort him, and turn his thoughts a little. "She'd buried her own baby the day before; and she's such a nursing mother! Little Ben'll pick up, now; he looks as fresh as a rose this morning."

"She ain't a better nuss than my poor gal wor with her fust, and would have been with her last, but for me and the drink,—cuss us both!"

Poor wretch! he was proud of what she had been. She, whom he had slain; she, who lay cold and stiff, and the ghastly gash in her temple! The wife's mortal remains awaiting the verdict, on which, in all probability, the husband's life depended!

"I wished to see you, miss," said Jem Goodman to Ada, "to tell you not to be confused or daunted. Of course I don't wish you, as I know you would not for the world, to say one word in Ben's favour, out of favour to him, or to save his miserable life; but not

to be bullied by her brother or worked upon by the piteous things he, poor fellow, says, to refrain from telling the jury boldly that you are sure Ben did not mean to kill his wife—leastways, if such is your conviction, miss."

"That is indeed my conviction, Mr. Goodman," said Ada, earnestly.

"Why is Esther's brother so anxious Ben should be found guilty?" asked Ellen.

"Well, miss," said Jem, "it's partly human nature, and what a grand writer calls 'the wild justice of revenge,' but it's partly his own nature, too. There were but those two, Natt and Esther Stone, and only a year between them. Old Stone was a farmer, and a widower; his wife died at Natt's birth. He was well-to-do; and the brother and sister were like love-birds, so fond. Esther, being a year older than Natt, was a little mother to him. He doated on her. He was a poor hump-backed fellow, violent in love and hate, as such generally are; delicate, too, and not fit to play with rough boys, who called him 'My lord,' and 'Humpy,' and 'Hunchback,' and made fun of him. One of these was Ben Darrell; but he soon gave over chaffing Natt to please Esther, and licked the boys that bullied Natt, too. And in time he was, from being employed to 'keep birds,' as it's called in Somersetshire, taken as farm servant by old Stone; and when Esther was seventeen, she, the prettiest, neatest lass, and he, the handsomest, best-grown lad in the place, fell in love with each other. Old Stone wouldn't hear of its being a match, and Natt, he was brooding mad over it; and he found out that 'Beau Ben,' as he was called, loved a drop, and cast that up to him. However, 'love will still be lord of all.' Esther went to London. The squire's lady at Stoneleigh was very fond of her, and took her as her own maid; and old farmer Stone and Natt hoped London and high life might put Ben out of her mind and heart. But Esther's was true love; and do what you will, miss, there's no uprooting that, leastways in a true female heart. Before long, Ben left Farmer Stone's service, pretending he was going to emigrate; but he went up to London to take leave of Esther, and that ended, of course, in their getting married."

"Old Stone never forgave her, and, when he died, Natt, who had not forgiven her either, let the farm as it stood for five years, and went out as a farmer to Australia. Well, five years passed, things went wrong: Ben took to drink; and Natt, coming home, heard, from a friend, who pointed out their wretched home, how matters were, and went to the hole where his sister lived. Bare it was; that very day there had been a distress, and Esther and her little ones, not having broken their fast, were sitting on a few bricks, all huddled together for warmth. Ben hadn't been home for three days and nights."

"Well, miss, Natt, it seems, went on his knees to Esther to leave Ben at once and take the two children, and go back to the old place (which was all ready for her) with him. Just then Ben came in tipsy, and, overhearing Natt trying to get his wife and children away, he went up to him and struck him in the face with his open hand, saying, 'You're a poor, hump-backed cripple, or I'd pummel you well; but I'll do for both of ye yet, if I see any more of this; and now get out, or I'll kick ye out.' It seems that Natt, in spite of this drunken violence, in Ben's presence repeated his offer to his sister to share his home with her and her children, treating Ben with a silent scorn that stung him more than any words could have done; and Ben, becoming more and more excited, seized a brick. There was nothing else in the room, for there'd been a distress put in that very day. Now, it seems, miss," said Jem, drily, "leastways, so Ben told me this morning, that when that distress was threatened, he told his wife to send for me, and she wouldn't, no ways."

"No; I can well understand that," said Ellen, "for I am almost sure Darrell was the name of the people whose things Mr. Stephen told me you had twice saved, by paying their rent and all expenses; how could she send to you?"

Jem coloured and proceeded.

"Well, with this brick in his hand, he began swearing he'd do for them both, Esther and Natt Stone; and, perhaps, he would have struck Natt with it, and killed him, had not Esther cried 'Murder!' and two or three neighbours rushed in and parted them. Natt then went his way, intending to consult a lawyer or a magistrate, and Ben slunk back to 'The Rose and Crown.' This happened on the very day of Esther's death; and when Natt returned, primed with advice, and with money, and comforts for his sister, she was a corpse."

"Now, miss," continued Jem Goodman, "you cannot be much surprised to hear that the brother, when he saw the dead body of the sister who, from

his cradle, had been all the world to him, and knew that she had been killed by the very man her love would not allow her to leave (the man who had struck him in the face), that he should have yielded himself up to those demons of hate and revenge, which were never yet cast out of any man's heart but by the Son of God himself, and his great ministers—Faith, Grace, and Prayer. I did not see Natt Stone, miss—I'm thankful I didn't—when first having vainly sought his sister and her little ones in the bare back garret where they had all but starved, he, by dint of inquiries and the police, traced her to the parlour of the 'Good Intent.'

"Being her brother, he was admitted to see the body. They say when first he saw her stone dead, he gave a loud cry, or rather yell, and fell down as if he had been shot. They'd hard work to get him to; and when they did, the landlady (and she ain't soft-hearted in a general way) cried like a young girl, to hear him call upon the dead, cold, wasted woman, that lay so stiff and frozen, and remind her of long nights, through which she had watched and nursed him—of happy days—of wild woods and summer flowers—and merry Christmases, and yule logs, and plenty at home! And then he took out of his poor, crooked breast, a thick, glossy plait of bright, chestnut hair. It shone in the morning sun like bronze, the woman said, and was a good yard long, and tied with blue ribbon; and he matched it with the thin, ragged, dusty hair on Esther's blood-stained temple, and said, 'Ben Darrell made this change!' And then he took out an oval miniature of the sweetest village beauty ever seen, and he said: 'This is what she was when she was content with the love of her poor, hump-backed, crippled brother! Look at those soft, bright eyes; that open brow; those round, peach-like cheeks; those red and laughing lips, and that fair young bosom!'

"And then look here!" he cried. And the woman shrank back; she feared he was going mad, he was so fierce and wild; for, pushing aside the thin, old shawl and faded gown, he bared the neck, through which the bones seemed starting, and there, on the lean bosom, were bruises; some recent, some of paler hue and more ancient date. And she tried to make me believe he never struck her!" hissed Natt. "Look at those marks!—look at the lines on her brow!—the hollow cheeks!—the wasted bosom!—the blue, parched lips! Oh, Esther! oh, my darling!" he cried; "hear me swear that thou shalt be avenged! That brute shall swing for this! I'll see his vile carcass hoisted into the air, amid the shouts and groans of thousands and tens of thousands! For this I'll live; and then—oh, darling!—kind, darling sister!—angel of a dark and troublous life!—sole sunbeam of a cheerless sky!—thou to whom the hunchback was so dear till that brute came between us!—I will join thee, where the drunkard and the murderer can never part us more, since they are not admitted where thou art dwelling now!" He then bound himself by an oath, too terrible to record, to compass the destruction of his sister's murderer."

"But surely the jury, while pitying his anguish, will not be influenced by his passion," said Ellen. "Oh, Mr. Goodman!—oh, Ada!—let us pray that the wretched man's punishment may be one that admits of repentance!"

"Imprisonment for life—transportation; anything but death!" urged Ada. As if Ben's fate were in Jem Goodman's hands.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"E'en Adam, the first o' monkind, was a coof
Ond a coward, that kept fra' the danger aloof;
But when thirsting for knowledge, Ewe pluck'd of the tree,
Oh then was sa' greedy, sa' ready as he!
But mark! the birkie mon
Made a cat's-paw o' her hon,
Ond slunk awa' when a' was dune,
That she the grief and shame might dree."

COURTESHIP AND WEDLOCK.

"THEY'RE just average specimens of the unfair sex," said Mrs. Golightly, "are both Ben Darrell and Natt Stone. Adam himself was a poor, weak creature; and his eldest son was Cain, the first murderer."

"But, madam," said Jem Goodman, smiling, for he knew this old maid and her crochets well, "Mother Eve was the first culprit, surely!"

"I cannot deny that Eve was guilty of the thirst for knowledge," Mr. Goodman. Her intellectual cravings are, in my opinion, nobly contrasted with Adam's dull content; but when Eve had plucked the fruit and tasted, he who could not originate could imitate, and then turn round on her and say, 'The woman tempted me, and I did eat.' I'm more proud, sir, of being a daughter of Eve than of being obliged to own that there is a good deal of the old Adam in

me, as in us all. But, as I said before, such men, or rather fiends, as these—this Ben Darrell, who kills his wife, and this Natt Stone, who, if he can, will get him hanged, out of revenge—are just the sort of instances I require for my pamphlet—'The Rights and Wrongs of Woman.' They say woman is too much the slave of her passions to be intrusted with power. From Cain, downwards, it's man who shows himself unfit to govern woman, since he cannot control himself. But I'll not detain you now, Mr. Goodman; you shall have a copy of my pamphlet as soon as it is out."

Jem Goodman bowed, Mrs. Golightly bridled; and at this moment a little group approached, on their way to the ragged school in Green Fields.

Trotting along, laughing merrily, one hand in Merry Blossom's and the other in Hope Evermore's, was the little unconscious orphan, Nussy, the child of Esther and Ben Darrell.

"I fear," said Jem, "that the little Nussy, who was present when Ben threatened to do for Natt and Esther, will be called by Natt to bear witness to the fact."

"Oh, how dreadful!" cried Ellen, shuddering. "The child may, in that case, cause the father's death."

"I hope it may not be so," said Jem Goodman; "but I know Natt has sworn she shall be called, and a boy, too, who lodges in the next room; Stunning Steenie, they call him."

It was long since Nussy had been so tidy. Hope Evermore had washed and dressed her, and patiently, without hurting her, combed out the tangles of her chestnut hair; while, from her own little scanty wardrobe, she had selected several tiny articles, which she had herself outgrown, and had adapted them to the proud and delighted Nussy. Larky Grigg, too, the most handy and kind-hearted of boys, who, when not led away by Stunning Steenie, or some other idle chap, was—as his mother, Apple Blossom, said—"worth two maids as a help," he had proved her words true.

Larky Grigg had all that faith in, and fondness for, his mother, which, in a boy, generally—nay, always—accompanies great intellect and warm feelings. Considering his frolicsome, fun-loving nature, it was beautiful to see how tender and watchful he was where his mother was concerned. When she came home tired on Saturday evening, looking sadly forward to the domestic duties, so wearisome after a hard day out, she would find Larky on all fours, charring the room, or dollying the clothes; and a tear would sparkle in her fine, large hazel eyes when she saw that this boy, reputed so thoughtless, had fetched all the water, sifted the cinders, chopped the wood; and that among them (Hope Evermore being the presiding genius) they had so managed matters that Apple Blossom could enjoy a rest and a cup of tea.

Larky Grigg had not been idle. He had mended Nussy's little worn shoes; and no cobbler need have been ashamed of that "mend." But Larky Grigg had a great friend a cobbler. This cobbler was a cripple—"Lame Luke," as he was called. He had been a sailor, and had lost one leg, while the other was distorted and impaired.

Lame Luke was not a very good companion for Larky Grigg. He was of wild, roving habits, and often worked hard three days together, that he might drink the rest of the week. But his "long yarns" delighted Larky Grigg; and it was agreed that he should teach Larky Grigg to mend shoes, and Larky should teach him to read and to write, when Larky had mastered that art himself. Larky could sole and heel tidily before Lame Luke could spell c-a-t, or d-o-g. But that was not Larky's fault; it was Lame Luke's misfortune. He could not apply, and Larky could. Larky wanted to get Lame Luke to the "Green Fields Ragged School," to join the adult class; but Lame Luke would not be persuaded to go.

However, we have nothing at this moment to do with Lame Luke, except as explaining how Larky Grigg had learnt to cobble.

Proudly little Nussy strutted and stamped along in the shoes to which Larky had added very thick soles, studded with nails, and proudly Larky, behind (carrying blue-eyed baby Ben to the Ragged School Nursery), heard the ring on the pavement of the nails he had inserted.

Ada thought little Hope Evermore looked lovelier than ever in her almost maternal care of little Nussy.

Merry Blossom was getting a little tired of Nussy, and the trouble of minding her. She wanted to look in at the shops, and gambol and sport; but Hope seemed to have but one thought, and that was "Nussy."

"Why don't you help Hope?" said Jem Goodman to Merry Blossom. "You'll never be half the woman your mother is, if you're so wild and frolicsome!"

"Please, Jem Goodman," said Hope, "Merry have been a great help to me. I don't know what I'd have done without she. She've washed and ironed my old frock for Nussy, and took it in and tucked it up. Oh! Merry's been a very great help to me! And so have Larky Grigg! He've soled and heeled Nussy's shoes. Hold up your foot, Nussy dear!"

And proudly Nussy held up the little foot, with its thick, hob-nailed sole; and proudly Larky Grigg said, "I can sole and heel a sight better than that 'ere, only Hope wor in such a hurry!"

"You did it very well, Larky; and was very kind and willin'," said little Hope, with a condescending patronage of which she was quite unconscious; and Larky Grigg, great, bold, merry, handsome, clever boy, blushed crimson with delight at little Hope's praise, as he said—

"Well, Hope, if you're pleased, so's I."

And as the little girls dropped a curtsy to the ladies, Hope teaching Nussy how to make one, and Larky Grigg giving a pull to his thick black forelock, he shouldered "blue-eyed baby Ben," and the little group went on to the ragged school.

"It is almost time to attend the inquest, ladies," said Jem Goodman.

"Perhaps, as a crowd has assembled outside the 'Good Intent,' you would be less noticed were you to get out of your carriage, and let me pilot you on foot?"

"How interesting and how very curious is the power little Hope Evermore seems to have over those wild spirits, Larky Grigg and Merry Blossom," said Ellen St. Ange.

"It is moral power," said Jem Goodman. "That child is born good. She has no idea of the influence she exerts, nor have they. I hope it will last as they grow up; if so, it will save that fine, clever, wild boy, Larky Grigg, from much evil, and pretty nut-brown Merry from many a snare."

"There's a great deal of the old Adam in Master Larky Grigg," said Mrs. Golightly. "He'll require a tighter hand than little Hope's; and as for Merry Blossom, if she grows up as pretty as she promises to be, the sons of Belial that swarm in this 'City of the Plague' will spread snares not merely for her, but for little Hope herself; but long before that I hope to see a good change wrought by the means of that only magic wand, the pen, and woman protected, and man coerced to some purpose."

All this was to be effected by Mrs. Golightly's "Rights and Wrongs of Woman."

As she spoke, they mingled with the crowd; and Ada trembled violently, and grew very cold and pale, as amid the whispers, and nudges, and elbowings of that crowd, they made their way into the "Good Intent."

CHAPTER XXIV.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
SHAKESPEARE.

THERE was an expression of anxiety and concern on every face.

It seemed a terrible thing to take the first step towards dooming to a violent and ignominious death a man whom most of those present believed to have been quite guiltless of any intent to murder, and to have struck the fatal blow only as a man intoxicated by passion and drink might have done, without even knowing what he was doing. But wife-murder and wife-beating (the first step to wife-murder) had become so prevalent, that the legislature, the country, the public—all felt that wives must be protected, brutal husbands punished, crime prevented, and that examples must be made.

The jury were respectable tradesmen, anxious to do their duty. They were very courteous and polite to Ada.

The coroner was a very gentlemanly man, earnest and thoughtful.

A surgeon was present, who had made a *post mortem* examination of the body. These and the witnesses were the only people present, save Natt Stone, who was unperceived at first, as, cowering in a dark corner, he bided his time, his head bent on his breast, and his hump rising above it, but the whole figure imperceptible, from his dwarfish height, among the sturdy figures assembled.

Ada, although very pale, and trembling violently, gave her evidence clearly and firmly. She said she had seen the blow struck, and, so far from imagining that it was given with murderous intent, she had been surprised to see the woman fall, and had not even supposed that she was seriously hurt.

"You feel convinced, then, in your own mind, that it was a chance blow of drunken passion?" said the coroner.

"Perfectly. I am certain the wretched man

scarcely knew what he was about, and had no intention to inflict even a serious injury."

A buzz of satisfaction was heard; several persons rubbed their hands; but a low groan issued from the dark corner where Natt was hidden.

The next witness was the surgeon, Mr. Probyn. His evidence proved clearly that death had been caused by the blow on the temple, which Ben had inflicted with a quart measure; this fact he enveloped in a mesh of scientific terms and learned speculations and theories; but the coroner elicited it. "Still, that did not amount to much, for every one present was aware that Esther Darrell had died from the effects of a blow given her on the temple by her husband with a pewter-pot; but other facts, also elicited, had a startling effect, very unfavourable to Ben Darrell's cause. One was, that he, Mr. Probyn, had found the body much emaciated; marks of violence on many parts of it; traces of blows or kicks, some recent, some remote; and no food of any kind in the stomach."

Yes, the wife was starving, so were the children; while the husband was getting mad by drink with what would have kept them all well fed and warmly clothed at home. And this is not a very uncommon case; but it is some chance or accident alone that brings it to light.

In answer to a question from the coroner, the surgeon said that, in all probability, the extreme exhaustion of the deceased aided the effect of the blow.

A person of ordinary strength, and who had been properly fed during the day, might have received that blow, and have rallied.

The effect of Mr. Probyn's evidence was very unfavourable to the prisoner.

The jury then proceeded to view the body. The surgeon had already made the *post mortem* examination.

The evidences of the habitual use to which that room was put, were around and about everywhere. A sickening smell of old tobacco, beer, and spirits was in the air. All felt it was the very temple of intemperance.

That table was the altar, and upon it lay the victim; and in many parts were discoloured circles showing where glasses and mugs of different sizes had stood.

Some of the jury who viewed that pale, slight form, so wasted, wan, and so thinly, miserably clad, were men who themselves loved their glass. There were some whom a still small voice within, the voice of conscience, convicted at that moment of having sometimes so exceeded, that they owed it more to God's mercy than their own merits that they were not in Ben Darrell's place.

One man, and he, perhaps, the least temperate of that "sworn twelve," as he gazed on the murdered wife, recorded a vow in his heart, then and there, in that solemn presence—the presence of the Dead—that he would in future avoid, as he would the deadliest poison, all liquor fermented and distilled; and, as he kept his vow, he had the satisfaction of seeing another convert, made by this dread tragedy, in the person of his own wife, who had before been as much addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors as himself.

But to return to the jury. Accustomed as many of them were to sad and ghastly sights, they could not look on that young, emaciated, and devoted wife without a shudder; some grew pale, some sick, and some gazed at the poor hollow cheeks, shadowy form, and long, thin hands through their tears, and turned cold and shuddering away.

A stream of bright sunshine came in and seemed to settle on the small, oval face, and very soft and pretty features of her who had some few years before been the belle and the pride of her native village. The hair, ragged, dusty, neglected, and dishevelled, had once been of rare beauty, and still here and there amid its ripples, a gold light reflected the sunbeams. The long eyelashes looked wet, as they rested on the hollow cheeks; alas, when had they been dry? The expression was calm—a mournful calm. The Wife was gone to her rest; but one could almost have fancied the Mother still mourned for those left to the cold, cold world without her love and care.

There was no ring on her wedded finger. Ben had pawned that for drink.

She was delicately and beautifully formed. The thin, damp, insufficient clothing disclosed a figure, which

"Given to marble, would immortalise a name."

She had been proud of it once; so had troops of friends; so had the poor hunchback brother, who was even so morbidly ashamed of his own, and who was sobbing so bitterly in the adjoining room; and prouder than all, at one time, of her many girlish

beauties, was the wretch who had destroyed her and them.

When the jury returned from viewing the body, the expression of every face seemed to Ada, Ellen, and Jem Goodman, to translate itself into a verdict of "Wilful Murder."

Jem Goodman was then examined. He said, in reply to a question put him by the coroner—"I have always set my face and raised my voice—and will, while I've a face to set and a voice to raise—against drunkenness, and that cruelty to women which drunkenness engenders. No; the object of my life is to put down drunkenness; but—though the poor young woman who lies dead in that room was my friend, and her husband, now trembling for your verdict, and heart-broken for the loss of the very wife he has slain, was for his vice hateful to me, inasmuch as he was an habitual drunkard (for I am a foe to drunkenness and all its votaries)—I will speak up for him so far as this, that I believe he had, when he struck his wife, not only no intention to injure, still less to kill her, but that he was scarcely conscious at the time that he had struck her at all. That guilty wretch, Mr. Coroner, though a fiend to her when drunk, loved her dearly, deeply, truly, when sober. I know that her bereaved brother is here to prove that Ben Darrell had threatened to do for his miserable wife."

"I am, and I will prove it," cried the poor hunchback, energetically, starting to his feet.

These words caused considerable excitement and commotion, and, when order was restored, Jem Goodman continued, in reply to further questions—

"Mr. Stone (Esther Darrell's brother) will speak in his turn, as he is a witness also; but I will first give my evidence in full. I will read you a letter written to me, not quite a week ago, by the very man whom your verdict will certainly send to Newgate in any case; but whether it sends him to the gallows and the bar of judgment, will depend, perhaps, on what power is given me to force upon you the conviction of my own mind. These are the words written to me by Ben Darrell when out of work, penniless, and *sobber*; and they are in answer to an earnest entreaty of mine, that he would do what my experience has convinced me is the *only* thing to save a man, who cannot of himself resist the temptation to drink (and how few working men can), namely, that he would take the pledge. This man who, last night, as you all know, killed his wife, wrote to me, five days ago, thus—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Forgiv the fredum, butt i knows you be my frend. Guv me one weke to make upp my mind, you've amost prevailed. It brakes my art to see Ester, as i luv's beter nor my own sole, look so pittiful, and go so bear. She, blessed wench, as wor so plumb and rossy, and so neat and smartt, and guv upp a cumf'table home, and faith, and brother, and frends, for the likes of i. I see she think i don't luv her now. Oh! Mr. Goodman, culd she and you rede my art *when sobber*, you'd see i dotes on her as much as ever i done; and so i does on my babbies; and, by God's help and yourn, i'll turn over a new leaf yet. I'd zign this blessed day, only Joe Jiles, and Pat, and Davie's accumin to Lunnon to look out for work, and i don't want 'em to think i'm turned teetotaller, which us a thing we olls despised. But onst here, they'll get work, maybe in the Dox, and then i sha'n't see 'em, and out of sight, out of mind; and ples let me off till they's gone, and then i'll zign, and make my poor blessed old gal smile as she uzed to do on your greatfull suvvant, "BENJAMIN DARRELL."

There was silence for some moments after Jem Goodman had read that letter.

The coroner held out his hand for it. The jury-men examined it. The features of all relaxed.

Jem Goodman's heart and spirits rose. His cheek flushed. He said—

"Is it possible that any man can believe that the writer of that letter deliberately, and with malice aforethought, murdered his wife? Oh!" he added, clasping his hands, and tears gushing from his eyes; "had I but grasped him then—then, when good thoughts were stealing into his heart, and the old love was glowing there again; had I said, 'now! now! What are the jeers of Joe, and Pat, and Davie compared to the blessing of God, the smile and kiss of Esther, and the approval of your own conscience?' Had I clung to him then—knelt to him if needful—compelled him to sign—Esther would now have been a happy wife, and Ben Darrell a rescued man."

Jem Goodman here sat down, and covered his face with his hands.

Natt Stone was the next witness. At another time his almost ludicrous deformity might have raised a smile, but no one was in a smiling mood then, and the agony of his earnest features arrested attention

far more than the shortness of his stature or the size of his hump.

In answer to the coroner, he said he was brother to the deceased. He was six-and-twenty, Esther Darrell a year older; that Ben Darrell owed him a grudge because he had opposed the marriage of his sister—a respectable farmer's only daughter, an angel, he said, and his voice grew husky, "an angel of beauty and goodness—with a farm servant, already fond of drink. He ill-used her, sir, from the first; for from the first he spent at the public-house what ought to have kept her decently, at least. Mr. Goodman—doubtless a credible witness, and whom I for one love and honour, for he was very good to my murdered sister—has tried to prove that the brutal man loved his wife and was kind to her *when sober*. As he never was sober to speak of, that does not go for much; but there are marks on her poor body more convincing, more condemning than any words of mine can be; and while he had been guzzling for days and nights, and was a perfect barrel of liquid fire, she—oh! how can I speak the words?—she was dying of hunger: *no food of any kind was found in her stomach*. The blow took greater effect from her previous debility. What of that? That debility was the result of inanition—a cruel, slow, but certain form of murder."

Natt Stone then went on to prove his return after seven years in Australia; his finding his sister in a back garret, in which a distress had just been put, sitting on a few bricks, her children clinging to her; and that, while he was urging her at once to leave her ruffian husband and come with him and her children, first to an inn close at hand, and then home to the dear old farm, the brute came in and struck him in the face; that he still urged his sister to accompany him, when Ben swore if she ever spoke to him again he would do for them both; that he wished he'd done for them before (great excitement); and, seizing a brick, he swore he'd make an end of it then; that Esther cried murder! and people in the adjoining room rushed in and parted them; and that the brute, taking advantage of his vile strength, kicked him (Natt) out of the room; that he hastened to a lawyer for advice, and hearing on his way back with a policeman that Ben Darrell had returned to the public-house, he bought some wine and sandwiches to take to his sister, resolved at all risks to remove her, though she had refused to leave her tyrant, and had said she loved him still.

The room was deserted, and presently a man came rushing in with news that Ben Darrell had killed his wife; and, added he, "*he meant to kill her*." He had said, nay he had sworn *he would do for her*. He had regretted he had not done for her before, and when he saw her again he fulfilled that threat; and if ever justice, Mr. Coroner, demanded a verdict of 'Wilful Murder,' it demanded it now at your hands. The prisoner's little daughter, and a boy who lives in a room adjoining that of the deceased, and overheard all that passed, are here by my desire to substantiate what I have said."

As he spoke, the door opened, and little Nussy Darrell was handed in.

She was an intelligent child of seven, but so small for her age, an average child of four would have been taller and stouter, and have appeared older till you looked in the face, where that precocity and quickness peculiar to the lower classes, convinced you she knew what she was about—and she did, too.

She was on her guard. Her poor mother had taught her always to speak well of her father, always to conceal his faults, his drunkenness, his violence, always to praise him, and to pray for him.

The child could not love that savage drunkard; but she idolised her mother, and whatever that mother told her to do the brave child would have done had she perished for it. She did not know that her mother was dead, or her grief would have been terrible to behold—for the children of the lower classes, unlike those of the higher, know death betimes; but she saw that the questions put to her might criminate her father, and she even assumed stupidity to evade them. To all their astute queries, she constantly replied with the sentences her mother had taught her—

"Dad's a good dad; dad don't drink only a drop or so; dad's so good to mammy, and babbie, and i; dad's a good dad."

As nothing could be made of this witness, she was restored to Apple Blossom who waited for her outside, and two men and a boy who lived in the room adjoining Esther Darrell's, were examined. They confirmed all Natt had said, and the boy, who was no other than Stunnie Steenie (waistcoat and all), swore he heard Ben say he would do for them both (Natt and Esther) yet, and regret he had not done for them afore."

With Stunnie Steenie ended the examination of witnesses.

The jury retired to consult, and at the end of twenty minutes—hours, they seemed to Jem Goodman and Natt Stone—the foreman announced their verdict to be "WILFUL MURDER AGAINST BEN DARRELL."

Natt Stone, as he heard it, uttered a loud cry of exultation, and the next moment fell from his chair in a death-like swoon.

(To be continued.)

THE PILOT'S WIFE.

Bravely the Pilot sailed to sea,
Down the Bay and out of the Narrows;
His sails were trim, and the wind was free,
And his crew were merry as morning sparrows;
But none was blither of heart than he,
As he went sailing out of the Narrows.

He sailed to meet the mighty ships,
From distant countries across the ocean,
With a jolly sea-ditty upon his lips
That sang of a sailor's brave devotion.
So with trolling tongue, and hands on hips,
The Pilot went sailing over the ocean.

But by-and-by the sky grew black,
And he heard the growl of the fierce nor'wester;
So he looked to his boat, and altered her tack,
And cried, "Now, boys, we're about to test her;
For, sure as I float, we're right in the track
Of a tearing, swearing old nor'wester!"

The clouds came down like a wild-fowl flight,
And the north-winds roared their awful chorus;
The lightning flashed through the stormy night,
Till the skies themselves seemed split and porous;
And the brave boat sank in that ocean white,
While crew and captain prayed in chorus!

But the Pilot's wife, from red sunrise,
Sits at the battery, waiting gravely
To see her husband's number arise
When he shall sail through the Narrows bravely.
Ah! how patient and calm her eyes,
As she sits at the battery, waiting gravely!

The boatmen loafing on bench and grass,
As they look on her feel their heart-strings soften;
They touch their hats when they see her pass
To the sad look-out where she sits so often.
"Poor thing!" they cry, "she is crazed, alas!"
And their rough old hearts on a sudden soften.

PICTURES FROM HISTORY.

THE DEATH OF ROLAND

Oh! for a blast of that dread horn
By Fontarabian echoes borne—
The dying hero's call,
That told imperial Charlemagne
The swarthy sons of Paynim Spain
Had wrought his rearguard's fall.—SCOTT.

On the threshold of the middle ages, midway between the rude barbarism which had overwhelmed the Roman empire and the struggling light of civilisation that burst forth in the institution of chivalry, the art of printing, and the extension of navigation, stands a tall and gracious figure, that of Charlemagne, the great German Caesar. The German historians tell us this famous emperor was seven feet in height. His crown, preserved at Vienna, is of such gigantic size as to favour the supposition. Strong and active in person, expert in the tournament and in all warlike exercises, his arm was as resistless as his genius. The ponderous iron lance and the weighty sword, that none but he could lift, were wielded like toys in his powerful grasp. Warlike in presence, majestic in mien, every heart throbbled higher, every head was bowed in reverence when he approached. Never was a man more formed by nature to enforce submission and obedience among rude and warlike races. Wisdom and command sat enthroned on his broad forehead. Every eye sank beneath his piercing, unwavering gaze. Simple in his habits, plain in his attire, he walked forth "every inch a king," in his garment of the fur of the otter, among the gayer and more sumptuous costumes of his courtiers. The handle of his mighty broadsword served him as a seal, and he was wont to say, "What I seal with the sword-hilt I maintain with the blade."

Whatever men of learning Europe could boast of flocked to the court of Charlemagne,—Alcuin, the Anglo-Saxon monk; Turpin, the writer of chronicles; Warnefried, the celebrated Lombard historian; young Eginhard, the biographer of the great Emperor, whose son-in-law he became. It is from the chronicle of Bishop Turpin that we take the following account of the death of a famous knight,—of the paladin whose deeds have won him a deathless fame as the strongest, the bravest, the most generous of the great conqueror's warriors—the emperor's nephew, Roland.

This hero had a sword of such weight and sharpness, that it had become famous throughout the whole empire; it was called *Durandal*.



THE DEATH OF ROLAND.

He had a horn of ivory, wherewith to summon his vassals in war and in the chase. The sound of this was well known in the army of Charlemagne—and the enemies of the emperor learned to distinguish its tones but too well.

Now it happened that the Frankish emperor set forth on an expedition into Spain. He conquered all the land between the Pyrenees and the Ebro, and the swarthy Paynims were fain to do him homage. But they bowed with angry hearts before his footstool, and meditated revenge.

Charlemagne set his face toward the north, and would return across the mountains to France.

Then said Roland the brave: "Sire, go forth with the main body, and I will stay behind, at a little distance, with the rearguard, to watch lest the Saracens meditate treason against you." Thus they departed from the land of the Saracens.

The Paynims did indeed meditate treason. They had assembled their army, and were in readiness to fall upon the rearguard. But one of their spies returned to them in haste, saying, "Take heed

how you attack the Christians, for Roland is with them!"

So they were unwilling to hazard a battle; and the Paynim leader said, "Wait till they have entered the narrow valley of Roncevalles. Then we will bar the passage, and kill them with our arrows and our javelins."

Roland and his companions advanced, not suspecting the design of the foe, through the long and narrow defile that separates Spain from the Frankish land. The lofty peaks of the Pyrenees cast a deep shadow upon the narrow valley, and the wind moaned through the dark pine forests.

Suddenly there was a noise louder than the moan of the wind through the pine branches. Roland lifted his eyes, and lo! the tops of the mountains were covered with armed men, and in the midst floated the red standard of the infidels.

"We are betrayed!" cried he; "good friends, let us die like men." And he set his horn to his mouth, and blew a blast that stirred the courage of his men, as the trumpet stirs the dying war-horse

Now Charlemagne was riding on, and had reached the valley of Argeles. Suddenly he checked his steed, and said to his son-in-law, the faithful Eginhard, who rode at his side:

"Eginhard, didst thou hear nothing?"

"Sire, I heard the echo of the herdsman's horn, as he calls together his flocks on the mountains, for the evening is at hand."

The king continued his way; but he rode more slowly, for the sound seemed to him like the horn of Roland; and a heavy foreboding of evil was upon him.

Meanwhile Roland and his brave comrades were assailed by a storm of arrows and javelins, hailed down upon them by the Saracens on the heights. They strove manfully with the foe, throwing back the weapons on their assailants. But what could they do against so many?

One by one the brave heroes fell—until at last none were left alive save only Roland and his cousin Oliver.

The chief of the Saracens called from the heights, and summoned the two knights to yield.

"I will not yield," cried Roland, "till these firmest rocks shall crumble from their base, and roll into the torrent below."

"Yield thee, then!" shouted the infidel; "for, lo, they are rolling down."

And an immense crag, torn from its resting-place by the Saracens, crashed, with a sound like thunder, into the valley.

With a mighty bound, the two knights sprang aside, and escaped being crushed. "I thank thee," cried Roland; "thou buidest me a ladder," and, aided by Oliver, he sprang on the fragment, and attempted to climb the rock.

With yells of rage, the Saracens rolled down stone after stone upon the two heroes, and the arrows and darts fell around them like hail. Wounded and bleeding, they yet strove gallantly to scale the rocky wall, till, at length, a great fragment, too surely aimed, fell crushingly upon them.

Then the brave Oliver gave up the ghost; but Roland, setting the horn to his mouth, blew a long and wailing blast.

The dying call resounded afar, through the valleys, and, for the second time, the king checked his horse.

"It is my nephew Roland," he cried. "If Roland calls us, he must be betrayed, he must be dying. Back, comrades, back, to help our brother Roland!"

When the returning army reached the dark valley of Roncevalles, the Saracens were in full flight. In the pass lay the corpses of the brave rearguard. Then Charlemagne wept, and cried to his son-in-law—

"Eginhard, dost thou see nothing?"

And Eginhard replied, "Alas, sire, I see two knights crushed under a rock. One is dead—the other still moves, and he holds in his hand a horn of ivory. It is he—it is Roland, who has twice called us to aid him!"

The noble knights were buried where they fell. And for three days the army of the king tarried at Roncevalles to mourn for the brave warriors, and above all for Roland. And by the valour of Charlemagne's brave nephew the valley has become famous to this day.

Such is the account the chronicler gives us of the death of the Paladin Roland.

The Matron.

NO. XVI.

We ended our last number with Cotton's description of domestic bliss. Alas! there is no bliss without alloy. "Some flowers of Eden we yet inherit, but the trail of the serpent is over them all." The most watchful affection cannot ward off all diseases from children. They are almost certain to be attacked; sooner or later, by measles and whooping-cough. The symptoms of measles are as follows:—Shivering, hoarseness, cough, and water flowing from the eyes, which often assume a red appearance. These symptoms precede the eruption. I will furnish a few directions about treatment, in case medical aid cannot be immediately procured; but I advise you to have recourse to professional advice as soon as possible, because mistakes in managing measles often cause this complaint to terminate fatally, although it need not occasion alarm, if judiciously attended to. In the first stage of this complaint, as in those that follow, great care is necessary; as one great danger is exposure to cold, which would drive in the eruption, I advise you to keep your child in a warm, not a hot room, for fear of increasing the fever that always accompanies measles. Another very important point is to maintain the system cool. Aperient medicine must be given and repeated if it does not take effect in due time.

Give a teaspoonful of castor-oil. It might be so mixed in milk as to be hardly perceptible. By a little management, medicine may be rendered almost palatable. Thus senna-tea, if taken with a little sugar and milk, has almost the same taste as tea from China. By way of an aperient for a child with the measles, the following quantity would suffice:—Put of senna leaves a teaspoonful (not heaped) into a tea-pot, and pour on the leaves a quarter of a pint of boiling water. Do not let it stand more than two minutes. Pour off the infusion, adding sugar and milk, and your child will take it, when sufficiently cool, without experiencing any disgust. To prevent disgust is very important. All unnecessary pain retards recovery, while comfort and quiet promote it.

During the fever there will be no inclination to eat, but cooling drinks should be given freely. Tea, apple-water, or toast-and-water, may be taken. That which the child prefers should be prepared for him.

This disease, viz., the measles, will take its course—and, sometimes, a very tedious course it is, even under the most judicious treatment,—but while such treatment is followed, there is seldom much danger to apprehend; but convalescence requires nearly as much care as the illness itself. After the measles, a child should be carefully protected from cold and draughts; and the most digestible and nourishing things should be given to him. The following beverage would prove very soothing, if the symptomatic cough should continue:—

Take of pearl-barley, figs, and raisins, two ounces each, add to this half an ounce of liquorice-root, and boil all together in a pint and a half of water. Strain it off, and take two tablespoonfuls occasionally.

The whooping-cough is more troublesome but less dangerous than the measles; still, it may prove fatal if neglected. For this very distressing cough, I can recommend nothing better than the following mixture:—One tablespoonful of syrup of squills, two teaspoonfuls of paregoric elixir, and one tablespoonful of liquid gum-arabic. A teaspoonful of this, taken when the cough is most trying, will give relief.

Mind the children attacked with this complaint have thick-soled shoes, and warm stockings and clothing, and let them only go out when the weather is decidedly fine. If their appetite is good, they may have their usual fare; but give them neither beer nor wine. Their drink should be of the most cooling kind—barley water, or raspberry vinegar and water, for instance. A saline draught is a very good thing when the whooping-cough produces sickness; but when there is pain in the chest or side, I advise you to consult a medical man, as this pain is a symptom of inflammation, and it must be checked immediately. But, in mild cases of this cough, you may safely treat your child yourself; and I can assure you that you may find the most excellent results from using the embrocation of which I here give you the receipt:—Mix equal parts of turpentine and sweet oil, and rub this well into the chest and between the shoulders before your child gets into bed.

To assist expectoration you may give him half a grain of ipecacuanha powder, in either jam or jelly. The whooping-cough is a wearisome complaint, and it tries the patience both of the patient and the nurse. Sometimes change of air shortens its painful reign; but, at any rate, it yields to time and perseverance in good remedies.

All the illnesses of children rank among the greatest of the unavoidable trials of domestic life; but good may be extracted from evil. How much a parent endears herself to a child by tending him through an illness! It is she who has alleviated his pain, calmed his fears, and soothed and cheered him during tedious sleepless nights. Will he not recollect all her invaluable care through the life she has assisted to preserve?

To turn to a less serious subject, I must warn you (as I did on a different subject in a previous number) not to trust to old sayings in managing children. Among the most delusive of these old sayings is the following:—"Cram a cold, and starve a fever."

In the first place, all severe effects of cold are attended with fever; therefore the cramming system would increase the cold, instead of curing it.

Bathing the feet in warm water on going to bed, putting on an extra blanket to promote perspiration, and abstaining from stimulants, will generally cure a simple cold. Never have recourse to spirits as cures. Yet we know ignorant people have great faith in them.

To a neighbour of mine, who had the influenza, and who was suffering from pains in her head and chest, I recommended a mustard plaster, by way of counter irritation. On seeing her the next morning, I asked her if she had tried it. She replied she had not; for she had been advised to take some rum-and-water instead. Of course she, like so many others, relied on the efficacy of "something hot;" and something hot may do no harm, provided it is hot tea, hot barley-water, or hot gruel; but if "something hot" is hot water with either gin, brandy, or rum, it is likely to increase the fever attendant on a cold.

REPENTANCE.—A good husband will repair his house while the weather is fair, not put it off till winter; a careful pilot will take advantage of the wind and tide, and so put out to sea, not wait till a storm arise. The traveller will take his time on a journey, and mend his pace when night comes on, lest darkness overtake him; the smith will strike while the iron is hot, lest it grow cool, and so he lose his labour; so we ought to make every day the day of repentance; to make use of the present time, so that when we come to die we may have nothing to do but to die.

HANDSOME JOHANN.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT FROM THE GERMAN OF
BERTHOLD AUREBACH.

"He was once a gay and elegant guest, at whose call the landlord was attentive, and the obsequious waiter ran hither and thither, bowing in his short jacket. Now he is himself a waiter, and endeavours with alacrity and attention to fulfil the wishes of the guests." It is a very creditable calling, that of waiter; and, in fact, there is not any honest calling which is not creditable. But the way in which Johann became a waiter was peculiar, so I will relate it for the benefit of my readers.

Johann was the only son of the landlord of "The Three Kings," in a large trading town. "The Three Kings" was much frequented by carriers and country people, who attended the weekly market. The father was a well-to-do, sociable man; he understood the art of entertaining his guests, without giving himself much trouble in so doing, and it was done in a very simple way. He merely let everybody talk as they liked, and he himself listened attentively. This pleased most people greatly, and they said, speaking of him, that he was very entertaining. But at the same time the landlord of "The Three Kings" used his eyes to very good purpose, and the moment he saw the glass of a guest empty he had it immediately filled. In this way he had a very good business, and was liked by every one. The mother also was a very sensible and active woman, who knew how to give good counsel to everybody. In one respect only she was not sensible, nor did she know how to advise herself, at all events, as regarded her son, Johann.

While yet a lad, Johann was self-willed and up to all sorts of mischief. The mother excused and concealed his tricks and his follies whenever possible, and thus he seldom had to suffer sufficiently for his misdeeds. Johann was a lively fellow, and therefore he was destined by his parents to be something better than they, according to the estimate of such people, who always call that *better* which is different to what they possess. Johann, therefore, was to go to the university and study for one of the professions, or to become a merchant; and Johann accordingly studied. In the meantime, the host of the "Three Kings" died; and when his funeral sermon was preached, Johann very coolly said that he did not listen to a word of it.

The mother felt it deeply that Johann was not prepared to assist her in the business. Nor was it likely that he would concern himself about carriers and country people. He now wore smart, primrose-coloured gloves, and made his observations on the world through an eye-glass, which he held fast under his eyebrow in a very elegant and artistic manner.

Johann went into France; and after a few years returned home still more polished and elegant; and by this time he had no inclination to devote himself to any business whatever. With a set of dissipated companions, he might be seen strolling about the town and neighbourhood; sometimes, also, driving, and at other times riding, and always in pursuit of pleasure, so-called. He was a handsome young man, and was known universally as "handsome Johann," which appellation was very agreeable to him.

Among his other "pleasures" he indulged in drinking. From drinking he fell into debt. His mother did not venture to deny him anything. When she was angry with him he laughed at and ridiculed her, for he was not devoid of wit.

Many a time, when the champagne corks were flying at his places of resort, he would say, "It will take a long time ere we have exhausted even one of the Three Kings."

When on any occasion his money was all spent, one of his merry comrades thus aided in obtaining a fresh supply:—

He would take a piece of paper, scribble something upon it, and go to the Three Kings. "Is not Johann here?"

"No; why—what's amiss?" the anxious mother would inquire.

"I hold a bill of Johann's for so much, which is now due. If I cannot have the money he must go to prison," said the false creditor.

With that the mother would weep and lament; but yet she had been known to pay such a demand three or four times over.

Often, for many weeks together, Johann would never make his appearance at home, spending his nights and days in all kind of riot and dissipation, drinking, singing songs, and telling merry stories. And many a time whilst so sitting, long past midnight, he would glance half compassionately, half smiling elegantly, at the waiters on the opposite side of the room, who sat nodding each in his corner wait-

ing for his call and command, but who did not dare to strike in with the songs, nor yet laugh at the merry stories, but must ever wait with patient, silent, and assiduous demeanour.

When, however, the mother died, it was ascertained on the sale of the "Three Kings" and all their effects, that Johann had already exhausted the coffers of two of them. He now took the clear sum of money that remained to him, and went to a fashionable watering-place, where he could sit at the gambling-table with every elegant and wellbred gentleman.

Before he well knew what he was about, however, there was an ebb in the tide of his money, and an amazing flow in an account of debt which stood against him.

What was to be done? He would have fled away from the place, but he had not a single crown piece left. On this he made himself known to the landlord of the hotel where he lodged. This man had a second hotel a little way from the baths, but where the guests were accustomed to resort for pleasure.

Johann was handy and clever, and understood thoroughly the business of a waiter. It was soon arranged, therefore, with the landlord, and he became waiter at this second hotel.

"He was once a gay and elegant guest, at whose call the landlord was attentive, and the obsequious waiter ran hither and thither, bowing in his short jacket. Now he is himself a waiter, and endeavours, with alacrity and attention, to fulfil the wishes of the guests." When, in the silence of night, a drinking party sits around the wine, singing, and joking, and laughing, he sits nodding in his corner, waiting for their summons; yet daring not to laugh with them, nor joke with them, nor sing with them; and a deep sigh often escapes him.

THE BRIDAL.

BY A DECIDEDLY CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Nor a laugh was heard, nor a joyous note
As our friend to the bridal we hurried;
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,
As the bachelor went to be married.

We married him quickly to save his right,
Our heads from the sad sight turning;
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim light
To think him not more discerning.

To think that a bachelor free and bright,
And shy of the sex as we found him,
Should there at the altar, at dead of night,
Be caught in the snare that bound him.

Few and short were the words we said;
Though of wine and cake partaking;
We escorted him home from the scene of dread,
While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we marched adown
From the first to the lowmest story,
And we never have heard from or seen the poor man,
Whom we left alone in his glory.

Small Change.

"GENTLEMEN," said an orator the other day,
"listen to a few words from me, who have been a
working man ever since I was born."

QUESTION—What is the proper dinner hour?
Answer—For the rich, when they choose; for the
poor, when they can.

"HERE, my poor fellow," said a charitable lady to
a beggar, "you can have this loaf, but it's rather
stale." "Thank you, ma'am; to get stale bread is
something new to me."

MONTAIGNE gives as one reason why borrowed
books are so seldom returned, that it is much easier
to retain a book than the passages in it.

"WIT," said a facetious lawyer, "is like a pension
that is given to me,—a good thing well applied."

"I THINK," said a wife who could not agree with
her husband; "I think, Mr. Jones, we had better
divide house: You shall live on one side and I on the
other." "Very well, my dear," replied the wretch;
"you take the outside and I'll have the inside."

"THE ministry have thrown me overboard," said a
disappointed politician, "but I've strengthened to
swim to the other side!"

HUMAN affections are the leaves, the foliage of our
being. They catch every breath; and, in the burden
and heat of the day, they make music and motion in
a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how un-
sightly is human nature!

THE reason Aeneas carried his father with such
ease was because he had Troy weight upon his back,
instead of avoidpoids.

This young Dacotah wins the heart of the maiden

by flinging upon her form the sunbeams reflected
from the little mirror he turns in his hand. So far,
how much happier this world would be if we were all
Dacotahs, and each, with a trap to catch a sunbeam,
should fling the light on paths and hearts that in
this cloudy realm it cannot always reach direct from
heaven.

MR. PEPPER's house was on fire. A large crowd
was soon on the spot, when one of them remarked,
"We've muster'd enough to save Pepper." So it
proved.

DON'T meet troubles half way, for they are not
worth the compliment.

TURN a deaf ear to tale-bearers, and turn them
neck and crop out of your company at the same time.
NONSENSE.—Sense that differs from your own.

WHAT is the lightest ship that man ever embarked
in? Courtship.

THE man who carried out his moral resolutions
did not bring them back again.

A GENTLEMAN wrote as follows to a female rela-
tive—

"How comes it, this delightful weather,
That U and I can't dine together?"

To which she replied:

"My worthy coz, it cannot B;
U cannot come till after T."

"DON'T rob yourself," as the farmer said to the
lawyer when he called him hard names.

THAT was a wise nigger, who, in speaking of the
happiness of married people, said, "Dat ar' pends
altogether how dey enjoy demselves."

DR. SOUTH says, "The tale-bearer and the tale-
hearer should be hanged up both together—the former
by the tongue, the latter by the ear."

In musing upon the wonders of steam, we have
often thought it strange that there should slumber in
yonder tranquil pond a power so tremendous that,
could we condense and direct its energies, it might
cleave the solid earth, and yet so gentle that it may
be governed and made to perform its stupendous
miracles by a child.

"WHAT's fashionable, I'll maintain,
Is always right," cries sprightly Jane;
"Ah, would to heaven," says graver Sue,
"What's right were fashionable too!"

A YOUNG lady being told that her lover was sud-
denly killed, exclaimed: "Oh, that splendid gold
watch of his! Give me that—give me something to
remember him by!"

THE late Sydney Smith being advised by a medical
friend to "walk upon an empty stomach," asked,
"Upon whose stomach?"

VANITY, like laudanum, and other poisonous
medicines, is beneficial in small, though injurious in
large quantities. No man, who is not pleased with
himself, can please others, for it is the belief of his
own grace that makes him graceful and gracious.

An adventurer recently made quite a large specu-
lation in our city by extensive operations on time—
he stole twenty or thirty watches.

"Who's there?" said a patrol to a passing figure,
one dark night. "It's I, patrol, don't be afraid,"
kindly replied an old woman.

It has been remarked as a singular fact that when
people come to what are called *high* words, they gene-
rally use very *low* ones.

"I WRITE for fame," Tom Tagrhyme cried.
"Fame is my mistress, fame's my pride!"
"I give thee joy!" returned a wit;
"For thou the glorious mark hast hit.
To future times, whenever named,
Thy verse for nonsense shall be famed."

A BAD FARCE, called "Fire and Water," was
offered to Garrick. "I know what will be the fate of
this piece," observed the manager. "What can fire
and water produce but a hiss?"

"Boy, boy, where does this road go to?" "I
don't think it goes anywhere. I always see un here
every morning."

"HAVE you anything else here that's old?" lan-
guidly asked a stroller through the ruins of Pompeii.
"Yes, signor, two things," answered a sharp-looking
lazarone; "my grandfather and my shirt."

"In early life," says an Hibernian, writing his
autobiography, "I ran away from my father on dis-
covering that he was only my uncle."

YOUNG LADY: "Pray has that cookery book any
pictures?" "No, ma'am; works of that kind are
not illustrated." "Indeed; but how are we to pre-
pare a good dinner if they give us no plates?"

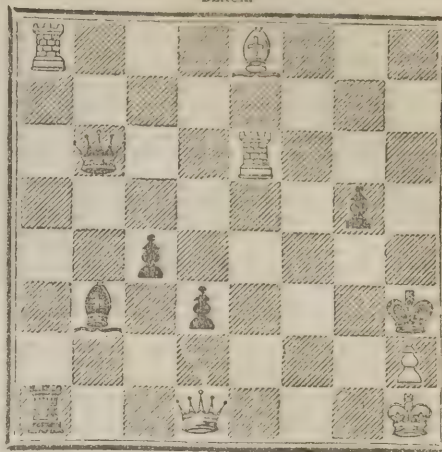
VARIETY.—There is not a mite in the world, which
does not think itself quite the cheese.

THE MUTUAL SYSTEM.—Schoolmaster Log. "Tell
your what, young Suet. Your father has sent me
bad mutton twice; and till he sends me better, I
shan't tell you whether Constantinople is in Timbuc-
too or not."

Chess.

Problem No. 33. By MONA.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

ENIGMA.

No. 13. By Mr. WM. M'KENZIE.

White.—K at Q 8, Kt at Q Kt 8, B at K 8, P at Q Kt 4.
Black.—K at Q Kt sq, Ps at Q B 2, and K R 5.

White to move, and mate in five moves.

Solution of Problem No. 28.

WHITE.
1. B to K 3 (ch)
2. Kt to Q sq (dble ch)
3. Q to K 3 (ch)
4. Q mates

BLACK.
1. K takes B
2. K takes B (best)
3. K takes Kt

Solution of Problem No. 29.

WHITE.
1. Kt to Q Kt sq (dis ch)
2. B to Q R sq
3. Q to Q B 3
4. Q mates

BLACK.
1. K takes Kt (best)
2. P takes Kt
3. Any move

W.—The game shall appear next week. The encounter,
however, is rather brief. We had already corrected the
errors to which you refer.

W. SOUTHEY.—Our space will not permit us to give solutions
of the Problems to which you refer. The solutions will be
forwarded to you if you will favour us with your address
on a stamped envelope. The work you refer to is not now
of any authority on the subject of chess.

J. P. COURTENAY.—We regret to say that we have mislaid
the Problem which we proposed to submit to the Juveniles.
MONA.—Your variation in the solution of Problem No. 14 is
correct. We are always glad to hear from you.

D.—I.—As a first attempt your Problem, although below our
standard of merit, is creditable. You cannot do better than
study the positions of such composers as Messrs. Kling,
Turton, Wormald, and, though last not least, our old con-
tributor "Domino."

DELTA.—Problem No. 15 is quite sound. R to Q Kt 7, as we
have already observed, is of no avail. You overlook the
fact that Black at this third move can *Knight* his Pawn and
give check at the same time.

J. PALMER.—We regret that we have not been able to give
your Problems an earlier examination. Problem No. 1
shall be submitted to the Juveniles. No. 2 is defective;
Black can escape at the third move by playing Kt to Q 3,
threatening mate. No. 3 is a very easy mate in three
moves, commencing with R to K Kt 7.

WILLIAM MARTIN (Trowbridge).—If against a sound defence
on the part of Black, a Problem can be solved in less than
the stipulated number of moves, the position is defective;
but this you have not shown to be the case in the Problem
to which you refer. The answer to your first move is
R takes R or Q takes R; even then, all Black's defences
are not exhausted. The Chess Lessons which we published
in the earlier numbers of the old series of the Paper, will
afford you the information suitable to the present state of
your knowledge of the game.

J. LEB.—We do not understand your solution of Problem
No. 24. If Q to K R 7 is intended for the first move of
White, all that we can say is, try again. Why not adopt
the chess notation now so generally in use in this country.
With regard to the works to which you refer, apply
to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, sending a stamped envelope.

GRAPES.—Your solution of Problem No. 10 did not reach us,
or we should certainly have acknowledged its receipt.

J. B., W. Brett, T. S. H., Jutsum, G. F., and William B. are
referred to an answer to L. E. B. touching Problem No. 22.
Solutions of Problems by Grapes, No. 23; T. Simpson, Nos.
18, 19, 21, 22, and 23; A. S. Moselle, No. 21, 22, and 23;
N. M. C., No. 22; R. T. (Southport), No. 22; Oxon, Nos.
22 and 23; B. D., No. 23; Douglas, Nos. 22 and 23;
J. Palmer, No. 23; W. M'Kenzie, Nos. 20 and 21;
A. Fat Lamb, No. 25; T. Way, No. 24; J. J. S., Nos. 22,
23, and 24; M. A. B., Nos. 23 and 24; E. Grant, Nos. 24
and 25; W. T. B., Nos. 23 and 24; T. Wood, Nos. 22 and
25; R. Hunter, Nos. 23 and 24; C. Anstie, Nos. 24 and
25; and A. Mayhew, No. 25, correct.

Our Editorial Table.

A CORRESPONDENT.—In apprenticing a young girl parents should consider her inclinations, and, if possible, let her follow the bent of them. If she evinces no preference, place her where you can know exactly how she is going on.

AN ANXIOUS SISTER.—Solitude is the nurse of hapless love. This being the case, you should do all in your power to induce your sister to seek the society of cheerful friends. Read amusing books to her; but avoid sentimental tales. Nevertheless, induce her to talk of her own sorrows, though they should all relate to love. It is better she should unburden her heart to an affectionate sister, such as you seem to be, than allow regrets to prey on her own spirits. We would send you the receipt you wish for, did we not think it would do more harm than good.

PHYSICIAN.—"Laura Leonora" wrote to us some weeks ago, and we gave her the best advice in our power. It was our duty to do so. Here the matter ended. If you have reason to believe that "Laura Leonora" is a young lady whom you met eighteen months ago, and whose acquaintance you desire to renew, you should apply to her, or rather to her parents, not to us. Lovers form a considerable part of the population, and we are willing to advise them for their good, but not to make our Editorial Table a means of communication between them.

ONE WHO IS ANXIOUS TO KNOW THE TRUTH.—In reply to yourself, and many others who are anxious to know what it is all about, we beg to state, that we are not aware that the Marquis of Clanricarde has ever been proved guilty of any specific charge brought against him. It appears that some years ago the Marquis of Clanricarde was subpoenaed as a witness in a chancery suit in Ireland, intitled "Handcock versus Delacour," and that an unfavourable impression was then and there created in the public mind against his lordship through the *ex parte* statements of the counsel for the plaintiff, who were anxious to defeat the provisions of a will which had been made in favour of the defendant. To these *ex parte* statements of counsel it must be borne in mind Lord Clanricarde had no opportunity of replying in court, as he was only a witness, and had not therefore the *locus standi* or privileges of either plaintiff or defendant. We would recommend those who feel an interest in the matter, and who are anxious to know both sides of the question, to read the Marquis of Clanricarde's vindication of his conduct in a pamphlet just published. It is certainly a dangerous principle to condemn a man unheard upon the *ex parte* statements of counsel, who are frequently interested in vilifying his character. We cannot enter into the particulars of the case; but the pamphlet, which can be had of any bookseller, contains the arguments which, we presume, Lord Clanricarde intended to have used in parliament if the rules of the house had not prevented him from making his statement.

CENTRE.—Your writing is good enough for a clerk in an office; but we advise you to devote less ink to the flourishes.

ANGLO-SAXON.—The "slogan" is a border war cry.

A SCHOOL-GIRL.—*Bathists*, as applied to the inhabitants of Bath, is an incorrect term. We advise "a school-girl" to avoid such expressions. Coined words are generally vulgar and affected.

JEAN.—You need not acknowledge wedding cards. But you should call on the *happy pair*, after the honeymoon. We advise you not to ask for the former portrait, on presenting a new one. As to the third question, we consider that one handsome bracelet would be a more elegant present than two of inferior value—besides, fashion rather disapproves of *pairs* in bracelets.

REDMOND.—The Emperor of the French was a bachelor when he proposed to Madlle de Montijo (his present wife). This lady is a Spaniard by birth, and no relation to the Emperor.

INTENDING EMIGRANT.—1. "The Model Copy-Books," to which reference was made in a former number, are published in numbers by Ward and Lock, Fleet-street. Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are now ready. 2. Apply to the Emigration Commissioners, Westminster.

E. H.—Perhaps the lady is only putting your affection to the test. You must have patience, and, by unwavering devotion, prove your love sincere. Should she continue to meet your advances with coldness, you can only arrive at the painful conviction that you have given your heart to a flirt. The discovery should call into action all your manliness and power of endurance. Be not tempted to despair. The maid, whose fickleness you deplore, is not the type of womankind. You will probably yet meet with a fond and faithful heart.

JAMES R.—You will find directions for painting slides for magic lanterns in No. 205, page 383.

ANNIE E. BEATRICE.—We have no recollection of having received any "specimen" from you. Had you favoured us with your private address, you would have been answered long ago.

N. E. K.—A courtship of ten years, which has led to no proposal of marriage, is a very unsatisfactory state of things, and is at once injurious to a lady's reputation and a hindrance to her prospects in life. "N. E. K." can, without any breach of etiquette, go to dancing parties unattended by the lady to whom he has been paying his lukewarm addresses, but as his ten years of hesitation show him to be "a laggard in love," it is to be hoped that no lady will grant him her hand, even for a dance.

PARIS.—In strict etiquette you must invite the guests separately. If on intimate terms with them all, the note which you submitted to us, would give no offence, but it is not what the French call *en règle*. In answer to your second question, we have only to say that, to preserve the harmony of tenses, *were* must be used instead of *are*. Therefore, the sentence is, "I was glad to hear that you were going on well."

LADY BOOTHROYD, BEATRICE CHALLONER, A PHOTOGRAPHIC AMATEUR, and A. F. VARLEY.—These are all manifestly from the same person. An answer to the first question can only be obtained, if at all, from those who are intimate with the royal personages to whom it refers.

CHARLIE.—We refer you to the answer given to "Carna."

A. J. C.—You may be assured we shall spare no pains to deserve the commendations you have bestowed upon us.

A. W. C.—We know of no mystical or peculiar meaning attached to the name you have mentioned.

THOMAS B.—You will find a portrait and memoir of the Earl of Shaftesbury in No. 18, New Series, CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER. To answer your other inquiries would require a small volume.

A YOUNG STUDENT.—The *Gordian knot*, according to ancient history, was a knot or harness of Gordius, a king of Phrygia, so very intricate, that there was no finding where it began or ended. An Oracle declared that he who should untie this knot would be master of Asia. Alexander tried to untie it in vain; and, fearing that this his inability might prove an ill augury, he cut it asunder with his sword. In modern language, a *Gordian knot* means an inextricable difficulty; and to *cut the Gordian knot* is to remove a difficulty by bold or unusual measures.

THOMAS B.—*Jewellers' gold* is a mixture of gold and copper, the proportions of which vary. The ordinary proportion is three-fourths of pure gold and one-fourth of copper. *Pure gold* is too soft for ordinary purposes.

MARY JANE.—The colour about which you inquire is *sepie*, a beautiful rich brown pigment, prepared from a dark juice secreted by certain glands of the sepia, or cuttlefish. Its use has almost superseded that of Indian inks.

AMY HERBERT.—You will find the following an excellent recipe for counteracting the bad effects your recent illness has had on your hair:—Make a hair oil, by mixing one part of liquid hartshorn to nine parts of cold-drawn castor-oil, and rub your head with this mixture every morning. Your writing is free and elegant.

ENGINEER.—The word journeyman is probably of French derivation. Were it taken from the old German practice of travelling on terminating apprenticeship, it would be associated with "*Reisen*," German for *travelling*. There is nothing Teutonic in the word journey.

HALLAM.—You have been rightly informed. Harold fell at the battle of Hastings; while his two brothers, fighting by his side, shared his fate. With Harold ended the Saxon monarchy in England.

Z. D. G. C.—You are in error. Marriages are no longer performed at Gretna-green, either with or without licence. But, were they as common as formerly, we should be among the first to dissuade you and the young lady you love from contracting a clandestine union, there or anywhere else. You are now in a dream of passion; but you will awake from this dream. And, in such a union as that you are projecting, will solid, confiding affection follow (as it should do) that sweet delirium of young love? *No!* Your wife will not confide in you when, stung by remorse, she thinks of you as the man who tempted her to defy her father. You will not confide in *her*, when you recollect how easily she yielded to that temptation. Mutual distrust—and, in all probability, mutual hatred—will embitter your lot; and a connection begun in sin will end in sorrow. In your perilous condition, we are unwilling to give only a warning. We will endeavour to counsel and strengthen you. Evil passions, though violent, are weak; but true love, though gentle, is very strong:

"It has been known
To burst a prison, and to shake a throne."

May not your persevering love, coupled with dutiful submission, shake the opposition of the young lady's father? We believe it may, supposing you to be an eligible suitor in other respects. And if you are not so, the marriage could come to no good under any circumstances.

C. M.—Your verses evince talent; but they are too crude for our paper. They are evidently from an inexperienced pen.

LILLIE, MIRIAM, and MARINA.—We thank "Lillie" for the high opinion she expresses of our paper; and we hope she may derive improvement as well as pleasure from its pages. "Lillie" asks what style of beauty we admire. We do not hesitate to answer—moral and intellectual beauty.

"These shall remain, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down—a disregarded thing."

"Miriam" will find an excellent remedy for chilblains given in a recent number; and "Marina" had better purchase a pennyworth of salts of lemon. She should wet the part stained with iron-mould, and gently rub on it a little of the salts. When the stains are removed, wash out all the salts of lemon, as the acid is apt to wear holes in the stuff. Let her look up the acid, as it is of a poisonous nature, and might be mistaken for soda, or some innocent powder.

AMELIA.—If, by a full throat, "Amelia" means a tendency to a goitre, or to what is called in England a Derbyshire neck, it is neither singing nor abstaining from singing that will make much difference in the swelling. It requires medical advice. For "Amelia's" comfort, we can tell her that there are ointments that remove, or greatly diminish, goitres; but they are powerful applications, and must only be used under professional treatment.

WILLIAM TELL.—There are so many life annuity institutions, that we cannot decide which have the claim to preference.

G. H. X.—You will have to pay *three-halfpence* each for the numbers containing the "Arctic Crusoe."

THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.—What do you mean by an "ungrammatical error"?

ALBRECHT.—We do not know whether Dr. Cox be living; but the process to which he refers is only applicable to persons just recovering from the attack; in your case it would be of no avail.

CICERO. Excellent portraits of the Prince and Princess Frederick William and Victoria of Prussia were published in No. 188 of our paper.

ERIN GO BRACH.—Slice the sarsaparilla, put it in a suitable vessel, and pour over it a sufficient quantity of distilled water in a boiling state. Cover the vessel lightly, place it in a warm situation, and macerate it for four hours; then take out the root, bruise it, return it to the liquor, and again macerate for two hours; next, boil down to one quart, and strain. It must be made "fresh and fresh," as it ferments very rapidly.

JOHN CASSELL'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE.—We have had complaints from time to time respecting the difficulty of obtaining some of the parts and numbers of the works included in the abovenamed course. We beg it to be distinctly understood, that the whole of the numbers and parts are still in print; that if the least difficulty be experienced, it must arise from some neglect on the part of the country bookseller or his London agent. "The Educational Course" is published in various portions, to suit the convenience of all—namely, in weekly numbers, 1d. each, or in monthly parts, containing four numbers, 7d., or when five numbers, 8d. The volumes published are I. Science Popularly Explained, containing 4,000 answers to 4,000 questions upon general science, price 3s. 6d., bound in cloth. II. The English Language in its Elements and Forms, with a History of its Origin and Development, price 3s. 6d., bound in cloth. III. Astronography, or Astronomical Geography, with the Use of the Globes, 2s., bound in cloth. IV. Outlines of Botany; illustrated with about 300 engravings, 2s. 6d., bound in cloth. V. Mathematical Science; its Logic and Utility, 2s., bound in cloth. VI. The Elements of Political Economy, by Dr. F. Wayland, 2s., bound in cloth.

SUBSCRIBER.—We are not likely to publish the works to which you refer at present.

BILL SPUGGINS.—Mr. J. F. Smith's tale, "Dick Tarleton," began in No. 106, and was concluded in No. 146.

VIATOR is recommended to go either to Dinan in Brittany, or to Heidelberg in Prussia. In either of these continental towns he might bring up his family with economy, but the unsettled state of French politics is a drawback to the advantages of a residence in France. Heidelberg offers great facilities for the education of boys. Besides this, both German and French can be acquired there with ease.

CHAPEL HILL.—You can have the part you require by sending ninepence in postage stamps to our office, La Belle Sauvage Yard.

MIRIAM TAYLOR.—The *Sibyls* were certain women said to be endowed with a prophetic spirit. Varro states their number to have been ten.

E. L. H. L.—Your lines are inadmissible.

PLUMES.—Strictly speaking a lecture is a *reading*; but it may be either read or pronounced as the speaker or usage may determine.

R. B.—E.—You will find excellent lessons for "acquiring a knowledge of German without a master," in "The Ladies' Treasury," published monthly by Ward and Lock, Fleet Street.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The physiology of yawning is not very obvious: there is much about it that has not yet been explained.

AN AMATEUR CHEMIST.—*Test paper* is paper tinged blue by litmus or lacmus, a peculiar colouring matter procured from a lichen called *Rocella tinctoria*, from which also the purple dyes called archil and cudbear are obtained. Paper thus prepared is reddened by the feeblest acids.

WAT TYLER.—Apply to some skilful surgeon.

W. P. L.—We cannot undertake to furnish a receipt for brewing beer.

G. COOK.—Your pieces are more suitable for some religious periodical.

G. P. (Brighton).—The pamphlet, "Voices from Prisons, &c.," has long been out of print; but the greater portion of the matter, with much additional and very important matter, is contained in a recent publication, "The Great Obstacle to Education, &c.," by John Cassell, which may be had at our publishers, as may also the number you require of the "Educational Course."

MUNICH.—You are not at liberty to marry again, unless you have obtained a legal divorce from your first wife.

A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—You are not at liberty to "do what you like with your own property," under the circumstances you name.

J. T. D.—Yes, perfectly legal.

A YOUTHFUL ASPIRANT.—We cannot undertake to decide character from handwriting.

H.—AQUAFORTIS is nitric acid diluted; the proportion of water must be determined by the amount of strength required.

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SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Foul jealousy, thou turnest love divine
To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart
With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed itself with self-consuming smart:
Of all the passions of the mind, thou vilest art.

SPENSER.

As Mrs. Chutnee had foreseen, our hero, having delivered his letter, received an invitation to the ball at the government house. It was his first introduction to society, and a more brilliant one could scarcely have been desired. Whether it was the safest remains to be seen; for, unhappily, the school of morals in

India is something more than lax—a reproach, in which both sexes share. It is, however, by no means to be considered as a general one. Many of England's daughters retain, even in the hotbed of luxury and passion into which, on their arrival, they are cast, the same virtues and simplicity of character which render their native homes so sacred.

There were two persons who viewed his *entrée* in what was doubtless the highest circle of Calcutta with distaste—Sanford and Dawlish. They decidedly objected to it: the first from jealousy—the mortifying failure of his oft repeated attempts to penetrate the barriers of caste, for, after all, the Hindoos are not the only race who observe it most scrupulously; and the other from a species of dislike which he had conceived against the young stranger. Another, and yet stronger reason for Dawlish's distaste was Richard's friendship with Fred Wharton.

As for Mr. Chutnee, he had not quite made up his mind in what light to regard it. If the ward of his respected correspondent became popular—had what

is called a *succes de société*—it might render him all the more dangerous; on the contrary, his failure would leave him with too much time upon his hands—too much at home.

That was what he particularly wished to be avoided.

The beautiful Zamora was the only person who felt particularly pleased on the occasion. She already felt a strong interest in Richard Tyrrell; his manners were so unassuming, so different from the vain self-sufficiency of the military beaux of the place; his conversation free from the over-strained compliments with which they almost without exception approached her.

Let us not be misunderstood. It was merely an interest such as a sister might feel for a brother—the sympathy of equal age, refined tastes; an interest indeed unmixed with passion, which but too often forms the alloy of friendship between the opposite sexes—the serpent that creeps and lies concealed under Eden's fairest flowers.



RICHARD AND LILLIAN AT THE BALL AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

In the simplicity, and, let us add, the purity of her heart, she contemplated the pleasure of witnessing his emotions on his *entrée* into the world—of assisting to form his opinions—of guiding them—perhaps of sharing his confidence.

"I must present you to Lady Bell," she exclaimed, the same day that the invitation arrived, "and Lillian."

"May I ask, who is Lady Bell?" demanded our hero.

"The most delightful creature in the world," answered the fair enthusiast; "so good, and as beautiful as she is good. Everybody loves her. She is quite the belle of Calcutta. There is not a beauty to compare with her."

"You must permit me to doubt the last assertion," answered the youth, with a frankness which caused Mr. Chutnee to feel exceedingly uneasy, for he observed that his wife slightly blushed at the implied compliment—a thing he had never seen her do before, even when she had received much more decided ones.

Not that there was the slightest occasion for her blushing, the speaker having made the remark in all the soberness of truth. He had noticed that Madam Chutnee was exceedingly lovely, and he admired her as he would have admired a gem or flower. The knowledge that she was a wife precluded in his heart any warmer feeling.

"You have described Lady Bell," said the husband, anxious to direct the conversation into another channel, "but not answered Mr. Tyrrell's question of who she is."

"It is your fault, Herbert," answered the mistress of the mansion; "you always allow me to run on without reflection. Her ladyship," she continued, "is the daughter of the Earl of Clayton, and the wife of Sir Charles Fourreau, who commands the 01st."

"The fine soldier-like man Mr. Chutnee introduced me to?"

"The same," replied the merchant.

"Having no children, she has adopted a very lovely girl, who was cast upon her protection under very peculiar circumstances, and treats her like her own child."

"People do say," observed the merchant, "that Lillian is the daughter of her husband."

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed the lady.

"Why so, my love?"

"Because, if that were the case, Lady Bell could not love and respect him as she does."

Mr. Chutnee felt gratified at his wife's belief in the sincerity of a young and beautiful woman's affection for a husband so many years older than himself.

"You cannot conceive," continued the speaker, "how perfect is the confidence which exists between them. From her rank, amiability, and talent, her society is generally courted. Enter a room, and, where Lady Bell is, there will you find the most distinguished men collected, hanging on her words, basking in the sunshine of her loveliness. If Sir Charles approaches, he regards her with a cheerful smile, nods, perhaps, and passes on; there is no restraint, no jealousy."

A more experienced listener than Richard would doubtless have remarked the slight emphasis upon the last word; but to him the absence of jealousy on the part of the colonel appeared only as the natural consequence of his being married. He could comprehend the jealousy of a lover, but not that of a husband.

"And is this Lillian so exceedingly beautiful?" he asked.

"Exquisitely so," answered Zamora. "So modest and retiring; not the overwhelming loveliness of her protectress, but the quiet grace which steals into the heart. You must guard yours," she continued, laughing, "for I have already written to Lady Bell to engage her *protégée* for the first dance with you."

"Is this art, now, or indifference?" thought Mr. Chutnee.

"I had hoped," replied Richard, "for the honour of another partner,—yourself."

"I seldom dance," observed the lady; "not that I will refuse you, but you will find plenty of time during the evening to dance with me. I am an old married woman," she continued, with mingled archness and demureness. "You must not compromise your chance of a success by walking your first quadrille with me."

As the fairy-like speaker uttered this, she smiled, and shook the long magnificent curls which hung half way down her shoulders.

"Decidedly I must get rid of this young man," thought Mr. Chutnee; "his being in the same house is intolerable."

Sanford, the managing clerk, entertained the same

desire, and from a similar motive. He was already deeply in love, as he termed it, with the wife of his employer, who, had she been asked, would have felt puzzled to recollect there was such a person in her husband's counting-house, so slightly had she noticed him; and the cool, scheming libertine felt annoyed at the presence of one who might possibly become a rival under the same roof with him.

It was with considerable satisfaction, therefore, that he heard his employer that very same day, in the counting-house, ask him whether Mr. Tyrrell had ever spoken to him of setting up an establishment.

"Never, sir," he replied; "neither do I think he has the slightest desire to do so."

The merchant bit his lips.

"And yet he is quite rich enough?"

"Quite!" exclaimed the clerk; "but he appears so happy here."

This was not uttered without intention, and the shot told; the speaker saw the old man writhing beneath its effect.

"Of course," observed Mr. Chutnee, after a pause, "I cannot point out the propriety of his making his abode here a mere temporary affair. It might embroil me with my old friend and correspondent, Curry; but you might hint it to him."

"Certainly, sir, if you desire it."

"I do desire it!" replied his employer, emphatically;

"but without alluding to me."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Sanford.

"The old fool," muttered the last-named speaker, as soon as he was alone. "Jealous! jealous! but without a cause as yet—though how long it would continue so if this youngster remained, is more than I dare venture to speculate upon. His wife is susceptible—she must be, for it is quite out of the question that love was an ingredient in her ill-assorted marriage. Let me see: she is pure even in thought at present; proud and capricious, strangely capricious. If I could only excite the old man's suspicions—lead him to a remonstrance, a rupture—anger might do the rest. I wonder why he has never suspected me."

The last words betrayed the inordinate vanity and conceit of the man. They were the feelings which led him into expenses he could ill afford, and were the key to his character and designs, for it would be monstrous to suppose that aught like love ever entered into the selfish thing he called his heart.

But if love did not, desire and calculation did. He knew that the merchant on his marriage had settled a considerable portion of his fortune upon his bride, and doubted not but the rest would follow, in the event of her surviving him. Consequently, the death of the husband or the disgrace of the wife could only prove a gain to him.

Acting on the hint he had received, when Richard Tyrrell made his appearance at the counting-house, on the following morning, he began to sound him by asking how he liked Calcutta and the prospects of an Indian life.

"I have seen but little of either, yet," was the reply.

"And yet you have dined at the mess of the 01st," observed the clerk.

"O yes."

"And are invited to the ball at the government house."

"That is to come."

"True," replied the fellow, cunningly; "and as you remark, you have scarcely had time or an opportunity of forming your opinions yet. But you will have both as soon as you are established."

"How established?"

"In a house of your own. For, of course, you cannot invite your bachelor acquaintances to Mr. Chutnee's; and would not accept invitations without returning them."

Our hero began to reflect it was the second time Sanford had pressed him on the subject.

"I previously offered you my services," continued the speaker, "to assist you in your arrangements; permit me to renew them."

"Thank you," said Richard; "but really I feel no desire to change my abode; and as for the society you name, care very little about it. I wonder if I could without offence propose an arrangement that would obviate the necessity of doing so."

"Scarcely," observed the clerk, annoyed by what he considered the consummate coolness of the youth. "Mr. Chutnee, one of the wealthiest merchants in India, does not let lodgings."

"There is no mistaking that hint," he thought.

The young man coloured to the temples. Although comparatively ignorant of the world, he was not so simple as to suppose it very likely that the speaker would have ventured to speak thus plainly without a hint from his employer. He felt surprised—slightly

hurt, perhaps—that such a proceeding should have been thought necessary; but angry only with himself, at what he considered his want of tact and ignorance of the world.

"You are very kind," he observed, "and I accept your offer; for really I have not the slightest idea of the necessary arrangements."

"Nothing more simple: a house near the artillery-ground—two salons, a dining-room, bath and sleeping-rooms—and, let me see, about five or six servants—"

"So many!" exclaimed his hearer, with surprise.

"Can't well do with less in India, even a bachelor," observed Mr. Sanford; "first you will require a *khan-sumah*, or butler, with a couple of *khetmitgars*, to attend at table, and a third to act as valet; a *sirdar*, to attend to the lamps; a *bhustie*, or water-carrier, and a *aycee*, or groom, to each horse."

"As for the *sirdar*, to keep accounts—"

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed our hero, laughingly;

"I can attend to those myself."

"Close," thought the clerk.

"How soon?" he added, speaking aloud.

"As speedily as possible," replied Richard; "I give you *carte blanche*."

Mr. Chutnee was delighted at the success of his clerk's tact, and congratulated himself upon having got rid, as he imagined, of a dangerous rival,—not that rivalry, in the proper sense of the word, can exist between youth and age: the advantages are too much on one side.

It was on the morning of the ball that Richard Tyrrell alluded in the course of conversation to his having taken a house near the artillery-ground, and expressed a hope to the merchant that he would honour it, by accepting an invitation to his first dinner.

Zamora looked disappointed.

"Are you really going to leave us?" she demanded.

"It is impossible, my dear madam," replied the youth, "that I should longer intrude upon your hospitality—a hospitality," he added, "which has been as graceful as kind. I may remain years in India, and shall doubtless make many friends, whom I must in turn receive."

"Could you not receive them here?"

"You overwhelm me—such kindness."

Mr. Chutnee, who secretly applauded himself more than ever for the resolution he had come to, now thought it was time for him to express his surprise and regret, which he did so naturally, that our hero believed him, and began to think he had acted precipitately.

"His wife did not believe him."

"Surely," cried the merchant, "a few weeks longer would have made no difference."

Richard bowed.

"How quick you have been about it," added the speaker.

"I had Mr. Sanford's assistance."

"And advice, no doubt," remarked his hostess, in a tone of vexation she did not care to conceal.

"And so you intend to form an establishment," she continued, after a pause—"be your own master. Perhaps you are right. Liberty of action, freedom from all control, is sweet at every age, but above all at yours."

This last observation was accompanied by a glance at her husband, who already began to repent of his manoeuvre. He had never heard his wife speak in so decided a tone before.

"Are you fond of horses?" she suddenly demanded, turning to our hero.

Richard modestly admitted that he was exceedingly fond of them.

"And intend to keep them?"

"Certainly."

"I am glad of that," exclaimed Zamora, joyously. "I am passionately fond of riding too; and now that I shall have a cavalier to escort me, intend to indulge in it. Herbert," she added, "you will see if Colonel Neville has sold the Arab mare he wished you to purchase for me a few days since."

"I thought, my love," observed her husband, deferentially, "that you had given up all idea—"

"I never give up my ideas," interrupted the lady, coldly; "I only postpone the execution of them."

The gentleman bit his lips in silence.

"Adieu," she said, extending her fair hand to the speaker. "I have my toilette to arrange—a care from which your sex is comparatively free."

Tyrrell took the hint and departed.

For several moments the ill-assorted pair—ill-assorted not only in years, but in disposition, for the lady was as open and confiding as her husband was jealous and suspicious—sat regarding each other in silence.

The merchant was the first to break it.

"You are dissatisfied, Zamora," he observed.

The beauty slightly elevated her shoulders.

"You suspect that I have exerted some influence to induce this young man to quit my house: you suspect me wrongfully."

He absolutely coloured beneath the glance of the pair of sparkling eyes that flashed for the first time indignantly, and somewhat contemptuously upon him.

"Not that I view his departure with regret," added the speaker, with an affectation of candour.

A low, musical laugh repaid him for the confession. "He is young and I am old."

"I knew that when I married you," replied the fair young creature, "and yet I gave my consent to our union; but I did not know that you were weakly, ridiculously jealous; had I suspected such to have been the case, I would have toiled, begged, starved, ere I pronounced the fatal 'yes.'"

"Fatal, Zamora?"

"Is it not, since it has destroyed my peace?"

"Gracious Providence!" murmured the old man, "are my suspicions, then, true? is it possible that you love this youth?"

"I know of no one more likely to win a woman's heart," was the reply.

"A mere boy."

"And yet you are jealous of a boy," retorted his wife, impatiently. "Love him! of course I do, as I love everything that is frank, generous, confiding, and truthful. How can I avoid loving him?—do I not love my flowers, my birds?"

"Better than your husband, I fear."

The tone of regret in which the words were spoken touched the heart of the angry beauty.

"Not better than I *did* love him till he doubted me. Herbert! Herbert!" she added, passionately, "what must Richard Tyrrell think? that I am one of those butterflies, that flutter round the flame of passion, mistaking its light for love,—that I am a creature lightly to be won. You have humbled me."

The repentant husband sank on his knees beside the couch on which as usual the fair monitress was reclining, and earnestly entreated to be forgiven.

"Could you see in my heart!" he exclaimed,

"you would pity me; its weakness arises from the bitter sense of my own unworthiness of such perfection, and the difference of our age. I love you, Zamora, not with the boyish feelings of inconstant youth, but the strong love of manhood; life has no hope in which you are not centered. You are my dream, my happiness," he added; "and like the miser I am jealous of my treasure."

"And like the miser would doubtless keep me under lock and key," quietly observed the lady, not in the slightest degree moved by his heroics. "No, Herbert, that will never do. Little as I care for liberty, deprive me of it, and I should pine for fresh air; my affections are only to be won by frank and open confidence,—*suspicion withers them.*"

Mr. Chutnee vowed that he would never permit his suspicions to get the better of his judgment again, nay, even went so far as to propose requesting Richard to remain with them.

Zamora listened to him with a melancholy smile, and shook her head.

"Too late," she said, "too late; the mischief is already done. Our acquaintances will be surprised at his quitting us, at a want of hospitality so unusual in India; will talk, as they love to talk, for evil tongues are active in everything. Richard will hear these hints; and at last believe, perhaps, that he had only to woo and win me."

The excited creature coloured as she spoke, and her eyes, usually half-closed and dreamy, flashed with an expression her husband had never before observed.

"He dares not think so!" he exclaimed. "Should a word or look betray his thought, old as I am, I—"

"Shame!" again interrupted his wife; "it is you who merit the punishment, and not Tyrrell. What does he know of the world?"

"Not much," answered Mr. Chutnee, with a smile.

"I can read your thought," replied his wife, warmly, "as plainly as if you had uttered it. And what do I know of the world, you would have added; but you are wrong, Herbert, very wrong. An instant will sometimes serve to change the girl into the woman; and such a change has just taken place in me—wounded pride has wrought it."

The culprit once more sued for pardon; and this time pleaded his cause so eloquently that the justly offended lady relented.

"On one condition," she replied.

"Name, oh! name it! even though it should be to command me to request him to remain beneath my roof."

"It is now my wish he should depart from it."

Mr. Chutnee felt considerably relieved, and again entreated her to name the terms on which his forgiveness was to be sealed.

"That you do not accompany me to the ball."

He started from his knees as if a serpent had stung him.

"And let you accompany Mr. Tyrrell?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"Alone," repeated Mrs. Chutnee, emphatically.

"Never!" exclaimed her husband, passionately; "my heart would consume in its own fires."

"Unholy ones, I fear," was the reply.

"Be generous," he continued, without heeding the observation. "Why torture me uselessly—why ask what it is impossible I should grant?"

"I knew it was impossible," replied Zamora, mournfully, "for it implies your confidence, and that I now perceive it is not in your nature to bestow. Your refusal has shown me clearly the future which lies before me. Remember," she added, "the choice has been yours, not mine."

"What would the world say?" demanded her husband, hesitatingly.

"You have already given it occasion to speak lightly of me."

"What would Tyrrell himself think?"

"You have already given him the right to think lightly of me."

"What would you say yourself?"

Zamora drew herself up to her full height, and looked like a reproving angel, as the words which followed broke impetuously from her lips.

"I should say," she replied, "my husband is a man who has nobly redeemed his error; that if passion blinded his judgment for an instant, reason has restored it to its healthy tone; and if a thought, an unworthy thought, of another could gain entrance to my heart, the recollection of his conquest, his moral triumph, would chase it from me."

"Go to the ball alone," exclaimed Mr. Chutnee, yielding to the conviction of her sincerity and truth. "Do with me as you will. I am a fool to doubt you."

With these words he left the room.

Scarcely had he disappeared than Zamora clapped her hands and laughed like a spoiled child; and yet it was no part, no studied scene she had enacted; but truthful, every word of it truthful, as her own pure nature. She wished to love her husband; but felt, young as she was, that unless she could respect him all her desire to do so would be vain; and she rejoiced as the bird rejoices that has escaped a snare.

CHAPTER XLIV.

I wandered through the gorgeous rooms,

Mid silken robe and waving plumes,

And there were bright and living rays,

Darting from woman's love-lit eyes,

That far outshone the diamond's blaze,

Than ocean's pearls a richer prize.

AUTHOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

From the variety of military uniforms, the mixture of Oriental and European costume—to say nothing of the loveliness of the women, that being understood as a matter of course—a ball at the Government House in Calcutta is rather a brilliant affair to a young man fresh from college, or the monotony of barrack life in a country town. He soon, however, becomes used to it—tinsel is so very common in the East; and a very little observation gives him the key to a state of society whose features have been stereotyped for the last century at least.

First, there is the Governor-General and his lady, if he chances to have one. In nine instances out of ten, the former is some noble nonentity, whom his party feel bound to provide for; and the latter, a *ci-devant belle spirituelle*, as most women are, in proportion as they are more or less *passées*.

Next follows the motley tribe of official personages—aides-de-camp, judges, secretaries, collectors; with here and there a dethroned rajah, and a sprinkling of native princes—pensioners upon the Company, who have relieved them of the trouble and responsibility of governing their territories.

Their Highnesses never dance; but they have no objection to display their diamonds, and indulge their scorn of the Feringhis, by gazing on the unveiled faces of their wives and daughters.

But what tends most to disenchant him is the knowledge that many of the fair girls, with complexions fresh as their toilettes and transparent as their tarlatan skirts, have been regularly invoiced out to the Indian marriage market by their speculative mammas.

As for the *walt-flowers* of society, we will not abuse the patience of our readers by describing them.

The characteristics are the same in all countries—ennui, scandal, and spleen; with an occasional dash of humour or manoeuvring.

There was a buzz of admiration when the merchant's beautiful wife entered the ball-room at the residence, leaning on the arm of Richard Tyrrell; the good-natured wondered where Mr. Chutnee, whose jealousy was so well known, *could be*: some applauded him for his confidence, others pitied him for the same cause.

"Pooh!" observed Dawlish, in reply to a remark from one of his brother officers; "he is only a boy."

"Such boys are sometimes dangerous," was the answer.

Having made her curtsy to his Excellency, Zamora proceeded at once to that part of the room where Lady Bell, surrounded by her usual bevy of beaux, was seated, and presented her young companion.

"Sir Charles speaks so highly of you," said her ladyship, in answer to our hero's compliment, "that I shall feel delighted to include you in my list of friends. Where is your husband, my love?" she added, turning to his companion.

"At his books and accounts," replied the lady; "at least, I suppose so, for he declined to accompany me."

This was uttered aloud, so that every one might hear it. Lady Bell repressed her inclination to smile; although she shrewdly suspected that there must be some little mystery concealed beneath her words.

At this instant the music was renewed, and she observed that it would be wicked to detain her from the dance.

"I shall not dance to-night," was the reply; "in fact, I should not have been here but for the pleasure of presenting my young friend, Mr. Tyrrell. You received my note?"

"Yes."

"And the reply?"

"Lillian must answer for herself. Here she comes."

Our hero turned as she spoke, and, to his great astonishment, recognised, as he thought, the original of the portrait which had so interested him during his brief sojourn at Weldon Park, in the fair girl who approached, leaning upon the arm of Sir Charles Fourreau—who both looked and felt proud of his fair charge. The orphan was now in her sixteenth year, the bud of promise opening to a flower, whose half unfolded leaves gave tokens of the perfections they would display when time had fully expanded them.

For the first time in his life the heart of Richard felt the spell of beauty; and we all know how delicious are the sensations it inspires.

Lady Bell presented him as the gentleman for whom Mrs. Chutnee had solicited her hand in the dance.

Lillian gave it with a smile.

As he was about leading her to the dancers, Dawlish came up, and requested to be honoured for the next set.

"I am engaged already," replied the fair girl, coldly.

The gentleman both looked and felt annoyed.

"For the succeeding one, then?" he added.

Lillian bowed in acquiescence; there was something in her air which convinced her partner she felt no inclination to dance with him.

"Too late!" observed one of Dawlish's brother officers, who enjoyed his mortification: "engaged."

"To a mere boy, too," added another, repeating the captain's words, when our hero and Miss Chutnee entered the ball-room.

"Such boys are sometimes dangerous."

It was the second time the observation had been made. Dawlish started, and, turning, beheld in the speaker Wharton.

His first impulse was to frown at the presumption of his former victim; but the recollection of the scene in the riding-school and the marvellous shots with the revolver, warned him of his danger. So he forced a smile as if he had only just recognised him.

"Hypocrite!" muttered the cornet to himself, as, faithful to the promise he had made of avoiding all occasion of quarrel, he turned away. "Contempt will soon replace my hatred of him."

There were two persons in the room who, during the dance, watched Richard and his lovely partner with equal curiosity, but widely different feelings. The first was Lieutenant Marsh; he too had been struck by Lillian's resemblance to the portrait, and wondered how the daughter of Sir Norman Boothroyd, as he supposed her, came to be present at a ball at Calcutta.

The second was a tall Hindoo, about thirty years of age, dressed in a caftan of magnificent cashmere, which fitted closely to his sinewy form. Unlike most of his countrymen, he had not even a jambea or

dagger in his girdle, and the only jewel on his person was a solitary ruby in the turban.

It was Al Moorad, the wealthy native banker.

From the immobility of his features, the most curious observer could not have read a thought or feeling that was passing in his mind. With all our civilisation, the Asiatic far exceeds us in cunning mastery over his countenance, which not unfrequently wears a smile whilst the heart is torn by conflicting passions.

At the end of the dance our hero resigned the hand of Lillian, with reluctance, to Dawlish; the instant he had done so the lieutenant joined him.

"How singular," exclaimed the latter. "Has she explained by what extraordinary accident—"

"You are in error," interrupted the young man, with a smile. "Like yourself, I was startled at the resemblance to the portrait of Alice Boothroyd; but this young lady's name is Lillian."

Lieutenant Marsh repeated the name slowly after him.

"And she never heard of Meldown Park till I mentioned it this evening."

"Is it possible?"

"I would stake my life upon her truth," replied our hero, warmly.

Our readers must recollect that at the time of her short residence at St. Faith's the orphan spoke but few words of English.

"She is the ward or *protégée* of Sir Charles and Lady Bell Fourreau," added the speaker, "and was cast upon their care under peculiar circumstances."

"Who told you this?"

"Mrs. Chutnee."

"And did she explain those circumstances?"

"No. I question even if she knew them."

"I must learn them," muttered the lieutenant, as he walked away, "for there must be something more than accident in such a resemblance."

Several times during the evening Richard Tyrrell had again the happiness of dancing with Lillian. If the charms of her person had excited his admiration, he was still more captivated by those of her mind. Never had he met or conceived greater purity of thought and expression,—not an unkind word or ungenerous observation upon any of the many beauties in the room. Of Sir Charles and Lady Bell she spoke in terms of the deepest gratitude and affection.

When he resigned her hand for the last time, it was with a lingering regret that the evening was over; and he requested permission of her ladyship to call and inquire after her health on the following morning.

"Come when you will," was the gracious reply; "we shall always be happy to receive you."

Mrs. Chutnee, who had adhered to her resolution of not dancing, took his arm, and he escorted her to her carriage. During the dancing she had related to Lady Bell the conversation which had taken place between herself and her husband on the subject of our hero.

"You have acted rightly," replied her friend. "Jealousy is a monster that ought to be strangled in the cradle. If there is one thing I love Sir Charles for more than another, it is the unbounded confidence he places in me. I know that men in their selfishness call it love, but it is an error. You punished your husband very rightly."

When Zamora and her cavalier returned home, Mr. Chutnee received his wife with a burst of confidence so unusual that the lady felt quite surprised.

"Thanks!" he exclaimed, "a thousand thanks! You have cured me of my folly. You did not dance once."

"How know you that?"

"The unhappy man had sent a friend to watch."

"You have acted unwisely, Herbert," added the lady, coldly, as she retired to her apartment. "The proof of confidence has yet to be given."

The jealous husband turned aside and cursed himself for his folly.

Before leaving the ball-room at the government house, Richard Tyrrell had accepted an invitation to breakfast with his friend Wharton.

Breakfast in India does not mean the quiet domestic meal such as we understand it in England, but resembles more the *déjeuner à la fourchette* of our Gallic neighbours—a sort of early dinner, at which curries and highly-seasoned dishes are served up, with the accompaniment of wines and sherbets.

The young men naturally referred to the ball in their conversation. The cornet was far too generous and manly to repeat the words Dawlish had used in speaking of our hero—words which he sufficiently resented—but confined his observations to the ladies.

"She is indeed most lovely," he said, speaking of Lillian; "and I have no doubt as fascinating as lovely; for never did I see candour and purity more eloquently

depicted upon the features of any human being. Save one, perhaps."

"Some fair girl in England, doubtless?" said Richard.

"No; the lady I allude to is in Calcutta."

"Indeed!"

"You saw her last night at the ball?"

"I do not recollect."

"Ingrate!" exclaimed Wharton; "I allude to Mrs. Chutnee. You must have been deaf not to have heard the buzz of admiration which greeted her appearance in the room; blind, not to have seen the glances that followed."

Our hero had indeed forgotten her: Lillian had absorbed all his admiration, and he blushed at what he considered his ingratitude.

"True," he said; "but Mrs. Chutnee is married."

"To an old man."

His hearer looked painfully surprised at the tone in which the words were uttered, and looked in his face inquiringly.

"There, do not regard me so seriously," exclaimed the young officer; "I merely spoke to try you. Many, last night, remarked upon the absence of her husband, who is known to be excessively jealous, and made observations which I will not repeat."

"Respecting Mrs. Chutnee?"

Fred nodded his head affirmatively.

"And me?"

"And you."

"Would I had heard them," said our hero, after a pause. "You cannot conceive how this information has annoyed me. I need not say the good-natured remarks were totally undeserved, for a more innocent being does not exist, than the woman, or rather girl—for she is not yet eighteen—they would calumniate. Oh, world, world!" he added, "what must I not expect to find in society, when such malice guards its very threshold."

"Perhaps it is because you are on its threshold," observed his friend. "Scandal is like a watch-dog; pass the entrance, and you are safe."

His visitor looked doubtful.

"I wish you would answer me one question," he said.

"Any," replied his host, "except the names of those who made the observations you complain of. To ask them were to doubt my friendship, to suspect me of moral cowardice in not resenting anything which you could possibly have been called upon to notice."

"I fear I must be silent, then."

The young men did not indulge very long over the luxuries of the table, but proceeded together to pay a morning visit to Lady Bell, who received them with her usual unaffected cheerfulness. Lillian, who was present, blushed slightly as her partner in the last night's dance inquired after her health.

It is astonishing how quickly time runs when passed in the society of those who interest us. Nearly an hour had elapsed before either of the visitors thought of departing, nor would they have done so then, but for the arrival of Sir Charles, Major Plinlimmon, and a party of officers.

Dawlish was one of the number.

"Now that you have arrived to entertain my guests, I shall leave you," observed the mistress of the mansion. "Neither Lillian nor myself have yet recovered from our fatigue."

"Do not let our presence drive you away," observed the major, bowing with all the stately gallantry of the old school.

"Your presence! certainly not," exclaimed her ladyship, laughingly, and at the same extending her hand to him. "How can you be so unjust to yourself to suspect such a thing?"

With a nod to her husband, and a slight inclination to Dawlish, she quitted the room. The last-named gentleman bit his lip. He perfectly understood whose was the presence that drove her away; and his ill-feeling was still further increased by the cordial manner in which her ladyship took leave of the cornet and his companion.

Sir Charles proposed billiards to his guests, but as neither Wharton nor our hero understood the game, a party could not be made up. Chess and a cigar were next suggested,—fortunately for the friends, who felt anxious to leave, the major hated chess.

"I always sleep over it!" he exclaimed.

One of the officers suggested a ride.

"Too hot," was the general reply.

"Well, gentleman," exclaimed their host, good-humouredly, "I have done my best; fix on something yourselves; my imagination is worn out."

Richard pleaded as an excuse for leaving them, that he had an appointment with Sanford to inspect a house he had taken; and Fred Wharton offered to accompany him.

"Away with you," said Sir Charles. "I plainly

perceive that we shall not have any assistance from you, but may pass our morning as accident and the caprice of these gentlemen may direct,—every one for himself in the *melée* of opinions. What say you, Plinlimmon, to a game of *ecarté*?" he added.

The challenge was accepted, for the major being exceedingly stout, seldom felt disposed either to ride or walk unless upon service—that he never shirked. The two friends withdrew, and the rest of the party scattered themselves over the house, some to the billiard-room, others to the garden or library, as books and their counter attractions, cigars and the delicious nargil, prevailed.

The day being intensely warm, the two friends proceeded to view the new abode of our hero in a palanquin. The managing clerk—managing in more senses than one—had arrived before them, to preside, as he said, at the installation.

"Allow me," he exclaimed, with well-affected cordiality, "to welcome you to your own residence, where I trust you will pass many pleasant hours, and have sufficient friendship for me to allow me to share some of them with you."

Our hero smiled at the compliment: a smile pledged him to nothing.

"What think you of the arrangements?" added the speaker.

"I should be difficult to please, indeed," answered the young man, looking round him, "if I did not pronounce them perfect. What think you, Wharton?"

"Happy to change quarters with you," said the cornet, laughingly, "as soon as you are tired of your bungalow, I think they call it."

Mr. Sanford informed him that the word bungalow applied rather to a country residence, a building of less solid construction.

Fred thanked him.

"But who is your landlord?" he added, turning to his friend.

"Al Moorad, the native banker, I believe."

The officer shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you know him?"

"By sight only," answered his friend. "But I have heard no good of the fellow; he bears a bad name in Calcutta."

"Pardon me," observed the managing clerk, "but you must have been misinformed. There is not a more honourable man in the city. His signature is good on 'Change at any time for a lac of rupees."

"I did not speak of his commercial reputation, but his moral character. His cruelty, if the story related is true, to a poor Nautch girl, whom he deluded from one of the temples—"

"We never speak of moral character in India," interrupted Sanford, who evidently did not wish the tale to be related.

The young men regarded him with surprise, not unmixed with a feeling of contempt. There was something so revolting in his cynicism.

"That is," he added, perceiving the error into which he had fallen, "when conversing of the natives. They must not be judged by our standard, nor we by theirs."

"I should trust not!" emphatically exclaimed both the friends.

A tall man, about forty years of age, dressed in the costume of the East, approached the party, and saluted profoundly to our hero.

"Who is this gentleman?" demanded the latter.

"He is your gentleman, or any man's gentleman who pays him twenty-five rupees a month,—in other words, it is your *khanumrah*, or butler."

On hearing his office named, the man bowed yet more reverently than before.

"Humph! rather a remarkable looking person," observed Richard, regarding him attentively. "May I ask his name?"

"Hassan."

Richard repeated it.

"Hassan," said Mr. Sanford, speaking in Hindustani, "here is a pigeon for you to pluck—your new master."

"Ah, sahib!"

"Use him gently."

"As gently as if his feathers were those of a bird of Paradise."

Richard Tyrrell broke into a loud laugh; the clerk and the Hindoo looked surprised, especially the latter, mirth being considered as exceedingly undignified in the East.

"Excuse me, Sanford," said the young man, "but I was thinking what a capital *sworn* interpreter you would make."

"Is it possible that you understand Hindustani?" asked the clerk.

"Perfectly; do you imagine that I was so foolish as to come without a knowledge of it?"

The hypocrite bit his lips, and resolved to be more careful for the future how he spoke his mind before the boy, as he hitherto considered him.

"Being fleeced is the tax all Europeans pay on their arrival in the East," he exclaimed.

"So I presume."

"Old residents seldom escape it," added Mr. Sanford.

"Not when they have a friend!—a disinterested friend!—to advise them?" answered Richard.

"But what is this tale about Al Moorad?" he continued; "perhaps Hassan can inform me. I think you said that he lived with him?"

"True; but you will get nothing from him, he is fidelity itself to those whom he serves, or has served."

The Hindoo saluted at the compliment.

"I perceive, after all," said the new tenant of the place, "that I must trust to my friend Wharton's information; but my curiosity shall not make me forgetful of hospitality. Hassan," he added, "these gentlemen will dine with me; do your best for your master's credit and honour of the establishment."

"The sahib shall have no reason to complain of his servant."

And with this promise the native butler retired to make preparations.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

[TO OUR YOUNG READERS IN PARTICULAR, AND, INDEED, TO ALL OUR SUBSCRIBERS WHO ARE ANXIOUS TO ACQUIRE A KNOWLEDGE OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.—As one Branch of our Hopes and Helps for the Young, we purpose commencing a *Series of Instructions in French*. These will be on a plan which will enable them, with very little effort, to acquire a knowledge of that language, now becoming every day more and more important. These Lessons will be constructed on a plan so simple and perspicuous, that from the very first chapter a student will find that he has learned something, and will be thus encouraged to persevere.]

LANGUAGE.

CONVERSATION is an art. It is not obtained by intuition, but by careful attention and long practice. It is not the best thinker or most profound student that makes the best talker. Sometimes it is directly the reverse. Shallow people wonder at this as if they expected genius and talent to be as startling as Gog and Magog, forgetting that shy men are usually the keenest observers. But however this may be, conversational power is essential to those who mingle much in society. However highly we may value the ore of the mine, we want small change, current coin for daily use. Conversation is the minted coinage of polite life—the circulating medium.

The man who really knows how to talk agreeably is a prize. The requisites for a good talker are general information, clear perception, familiarity with the topics of the day, command of language, and an aptness for listening. A man may possess an immense amount of information without being able to communicate it to others—thus, for want of a clear perception, they may have all their information in one miscellaneous heap—an encyclopedia without alphabetical arrangement. Or, they may be exceedingly well-informed on things remote, while they are totally ignorant of current events. Or, they may have treasures of knowledge of men and things—they may have observed them in all their bearings, but fail, for want of appropriate language, to convey that knowledge to other minds. Lastly, they may know much and talk well—so well, indeed, that they fall in love with their own voice, and forget that other people may not entertain the same strong partiality.

POWERS OF LANGUAGE.

The capabilities and powers of language are great and wonderful. It is so flexible and yielding, so ready and susceptible, that it will take upon itself all the varieties of thought and modes of feeling, all the states of mind and heart which are found in the existence of the human soul, and convey them to others with the utmost ease and simplicity of expression. It will convey our warm impulses of tenderness and love, our earnest sympathies for the sick and sorrowing, our glowing thoughts, and the live embers of our philanthropy. It will fill our minds with the radiant light, and our hearts with the sparkling joy of others. It will open to us treasures of wisdom, which are around us, and which have accumulated in immense profusion, during the slow lapse of centuries in which it has been employed to chronicle the thoughts and deeds of men. It will bring around us the great and the good of all past ages for our friends and companions, and familiarise us with what they saw, and heard, and thought, and felt; and will

inform us of the world as it is. Comprehending, then, the importance of the use of language, we cannot fail to see the necessity of making it a perpetual study. Ordinary thoughts, and the common conceptions of mankind, when clothed in the comely garb of pure, refined, and flowing words, become to us truly delightful, and awaken the sweet and tender sensibilities of our better natures. The conversation of a person of only common abilities and attainments is deeply pleasing, and often thrillingly interesting, when words joined in harmonious relations, and expressive of real refinement and sensibility, are chosen as the symbols of thought and emotion. "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Charmingly delightful are they to a soul of refined and tender sensibilities. They fall upon it like notes of music, and thrill and tremble there in cadences which bring the soul into harmony with all beautiful things.

Therefore, it is incumbent on us all to study the powers of language and to employ it in all its purity and beauty.

HOME THE PROPER SPHERE OF STUDY.

At home, we should accustom ourselves to use pure and appropriate language. Home is not only the proper place for pure and refined language, but it is the place to learn that language which we wish to use abroad.

Home is the place where we form many, if not the most of our habits, both of action and speech. These habits we carry into the world. The vulgarities which we use at home we shall use abroad. The coarse sayings, the low jests, the vulgar phrases, the grammatical blunders, all the verbal improprieties which go to form a part of our home conversation, will enter into our conversation at all times and in all places. If we permit cant sayings, street rignaroles, and clownish vulgarisms to stain our tongues at home, we shall be sure to have them blistered with these same idle, worse than idle, things, in places where we shall be mortified to hear them fall from our own lips. There is but one way to have a pure and chaste speech; that is, to cultivate at home the common use of those words which are at once appropriate and graceful. To be successful in this, we must first cultivate pure and refined thoughts and feelings, and then give the freest, easiest, and most agreeable expression to them that our knowledge of words will permit. Strive always for the most pleasing and musical forms of expression; those which are clear simple, having no double meaning, and at the same time so appropriate and chaste that they would sound equally well anywhere.

In doing this, we need not seek pompous words, great swelling phrases. These, as a general rule, are gross vulgarisms, as offensive to a refined taste as many of a coarser yet simpler nature. What is required is a child-like simplicity of speech, united with a purity of word and diction which cannot offend the ears of the most ardent lovers of literary refinement. We would not recommend any stiffness of speech, or a long, round set of phrases, which come and go like the tide, or that soft, silly, simpering affectedness, which is so strangely precise that each word must be pinched out, by rule, between the tongue and the lips. These are forms of vulgarity as truly detestable as any other. We would have language come from the tongue as easily and as purely as a song from the throat of a bird, and have such language always chosen as shall dress in the most becoming manner the idea to be delivered. To secure this most desirable end language must be our study—our practical everyday study. We should learn, by perpetual practice, to clothe our common ideas in a simple, easy dress, a purely chaste expression, and clothe them with a gracefulness of manner and an elegance of diction which is proper for all places.

MISUSE OF LANGUAGE.

Some people fall into one kind of error, and other people into other sorts of error when they begin talking. Among these we may notice the introduction of inappropriate topics. Forgetting that words cut sharper than knives, they, in the utmost simplicity, utter sentiments and express opinions which lacerate the feelings of those who hear them. There may be circumstances connected with the occupation, the appearance, the personal or family history of another, which, recklessly to touch, is to open up a source of pain and disquietude. There is nothing more intolerable in ordinary conversation than a *political* squabble, except a *religious* controversy. Both—but especially the last—should be carefully avoided, or approached with the greatest amount of delicacy.

Some people exaggerate in their conversation, and this is as annoying as it is pernicious. Everything they see or hear is swollen to gigantic proportions. "All these geese are swans," till you see the birds.

Perhaps from an indefinite consciousness of inability to engage attention by their dearth of interesting realities, they work up the commonest materials into the most showy romances, stirring up the smallest homœopathic sediment of truth into colouring matter, enough for hogsheads of the adulterated article. This is a species of moral petty larceny, as disreputable to the delinquent as it is detrimental to society.

Equally objectionable, though not so morally guilty, is the man who adopts the motley; a weak-minded disciple of the comic school, who regales you with the jokes of the week-before-last's *Punch*, and laughs very heartily at them himself; who is always labouring with a pun, and inflicts a host of poor gray-headed Joe Millers without the slightest remorse. It is a mournful sight to behold a specimen of this class trying with might and main to set the table in a roar! We always look at a man of this sort as the Turk would have his son regard a Frank: "My son," said the Moslem, as he directed his boy's attention to a Frenchman in full costume—latest Paris fashion—"look at that infidel; if you forswear the Prophet, you may live to look like him!" Of course we would not argue that no man should be witty or humorous, that everybody should be staid and solemn; but there are many degrees of difference between a mourning dove and a chattering magpie.

We may remark also that the use of *slang* terms is highly offensive to good taste. We need not enumerate the sort of phrases to which we refer: unhappily, they are too common. Surely none will contend that there is any sense in these thousand good-for-nothing words and phrases. We ought to strike the whole family of these verbal monstrosities from our vocabularies of usual words. They are incorrigible vulgarisms, black spots on the fair face of our beautiful English. What are they worth? Of what use are they? Whom do they benefit? Who likes us any the better for using them? Who regards them as an evidence of either wit, sense, or refinement? What ear do they please? To what taste do they administer? What sense do they gratify? Can you give any respectable, any decent apology, any one of which you yourselves would not be ashamed for their use? Then why use them? Why not cut them out of your conversation, your language? At once determine to use none but chaste, pure, sensible words—words which express clearly and forcibly your thoughts, which are evidences of inward purity and a refined taste?

There is still one more abuse of language to which we wish to refer. We mean profane swearing. Of all useless, worthless, and totally depraved habits, to which men bow in willing, voluntary bondage, the habit of profane swearing heads the list, and crowns the whole. For nearly all evil habits there can be some apology offered, some faint semblance of an excuse, some dim outline of the shadow of a reason, but for this we have never heard the first feeble attempt at a defence. This stands out a monstrous deformity in human language, with none to plead for its life or tell of a single merit belonging to it. In the use of profane language, no idea is to be expressed, no object is to be attained, no end secured, no ear to be pleased, no taste to be gratified, no friendship to be obtained, no appetite to be administered to, no passion to be fed, no title to be acquired, no wealth to be earned, no possible good, either real or imagined, is had in view. They mean nothing. They are wicked cheats, playing a game of deception, attempting to palm off a blustering sound for a substantial thought. Profanity is surely a good witness of a terrible dearth of wisdom, a frightful scarcity of ideas. Nor will any one pretend that there is any good in profanity; for besides being an arrant cheat, it is an idle and wicked use of the names of the greatest and best Being in the universe, the best and truest friend of every human creature.

Every one would be most heartily ashamed of himself should he, by an unlucky slip of the tongue, use profane words in a refined circle of acquaintances.

The utter silliness of profane swearing is well shown in the anecdote of a good Quaker. He had by some accident offended one of his neighbours. The neighbour, to vent his wrath, wrote him a long and most terribly blasphemous letter, being about half made up of profane words. The good Quaker wrote him a very mild reply, of about the same length, in which he interspersed very thickly, in parentheses, the phrase, "*bottles and tongs*," to supply the place of his neighbour's profanity. Now, if all profane swearers would do as the Quaker did, use the phrase "*bottles and tongs*," instead of profane words, they would see what a pigmy atom of sense is found in profane swearing, and what a terrible outrage to pure language it is.

Let us regard these things in a proper light. We dress our bodies with care and taste. We decorate and adorn them. Are not our thoughts of much more value? Whatever ornaments we may give to our physical frame, let us not fail to attire our thoughts in the most chaste and tasteful garments, adorning them with the refined gold and jewels of our language.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

They never loved as thou and I,
Who vindicate the moral—
That aught which sweetens love can lie
In true love's lightest quarrel.

"It is certainly very disagreeable to love another so much."

This original remark was uttered as a stage soliloquy, the little dressing or sitting-room having no other occupant than the very pretty woman who laid down her book with a yawn, and took up a pattern in crochet, lazily netting a few stitches. To one who had never suffered from this excess of idolatry it might be considered rather a singular complaint; but the case stood thus: Flora Hastings had been a wife the very long time of three months and a half. Her wardrobe and house being in complete order, her husband very much at leisure in business, and with ample means, they had found nothing better to do than the modern and very selfish occupation of "living for each other." That is, they had declined all party invitations after the first gloss of the bridal dress was dimmed, and, when seen at all in public, were always together, she leaning upon his arm with an enviable air of self-satisfaction, looking up into his face with a most adoring glance whenever he chanced to speak, and he in turn bending down to catch her most trivial remark with a devotion that would have become a just-engaged lover. If at a concert, he fanned her, he supported her opera-glass, he carried her hood and shawl. But even music, in which they both professed to be amateurs, seemed to have lost its accustomed charm, and they were certain to leave at the end of part first, no matter what were the attractions of the bill to less absorbed spectators.

In short, everybody said—and everybody, when turned gossip, is not over civil or complimentary sometimes—that "they were making fools of themselves, and it could not last for ever." Some people are so envious of anything in which they do not share!

They did not live in the city in the summer season, but at Mr. Hastings' little country-house; large enough, however, to be thoroughly comfortable, and well-fitted, and with a head servant who never bothered her mistress by asking instructions, which were sure to be comprehended in one sentence, "You know best, Margaret." So they lived an idle, fond, and, as they imagined, a perfectly happy life, with flowers which the gardener cultivated, a little music, and the new books of the season. They did not invite any company to Brookside; they did not wish any. Mr. Hastings rode to town between nine and ten, returning by three, and from that time they were constantly together, reading, walking, or driving in the low carriage, one of their late acquisitions.

At first, they thought it delightful to sit together on the verandah, Mr. Hastings enjoying his after-dinner cigar and the newspaper, Flora with the last new novel and an exquisite silver paper-cutter, that had been one of the engagement presents. But they did not get on very well, there was so much talking to do between times, and at last they conceived the happy idea of reading aloud. Four whole days this had been considered the height of enjoyment. They scarcely tasted the dessert, so anxious were they to resume the thread of the story. Then the sewing-chair and the work-basket table took their place outside the casement window, and Flora, with the prettiest and most becoming air of industry, listened to Mr. Hastings, who sat with his feet supported at a considerable angle on the trellis of the porch, his chair artistically balanced, and his head adorned by a broad-leaved straw hat—not because he needed it, but Flora considered it particularly becoming to his dark, Spanish, melodramatic style of face and figure.

And then those little episodes of comment and criticism, the hero and heroine being in all cases judged and tested by their individual experience, and pronounced wanting, if the scales were not poised to the most minute equality.

"A quarrel! My dear Alfred, how can any woman speak unkindly to her husband? I should be ready to bite my tongue off if I could be guilty of it to you."

"My precious love would never think of such a thing, I am sure. But all women have not such angelic tempers, dearest."

"And then some men are so provoking, not in the least like my Alfred. How did it ever, ever happen you should care for me?"

Considering Miss Flora Willis was the prettiest, most admired, and wealthiest young lady of Mr. Hastings' acquaintance, it was rather singular.

"Angel!" It was well the thicket of sweet-briar formed such a perfect screen, as the heavenly epithet was emphasised with a most enraptured kiss.

"How long have we been married, love?" inquired the angel, in the most captivatingly thoughtful mood, her hand looking so very white and small as it rested on his jet-black whisker.

"Three months, fourteen days and a half, my pet," responded the happy husband, with the precision of a country tombstone or obituary notice. "Fifteen weeks to-morrow since I was made so very, very happy."

"And we love each other as dearly as ever. How strange!"

"Yes, more dearly. Very. And they told us we should change!"

Such sarcastic repudiation of the charge as was conveyed in that tone and glance! "They" would have been withered by it; even the blossoms of the sweet-briar shook and trembled.

"You could not be unkind to your poor little Flora?"

"Never, my own darling! And she would not give her husband—"

"Never—never—never!"

The reader is to suppose the blanks filled by an accompaniment between the murmur of an Æolian harp and the coo of a wood-pigeon. And so the poor book fell to the floor; and then it was too dark to see. A walk was proposed through the shaded lanes; and, when they returned, Flora was too weary to listen. The love-quarrel in the tale was left without denouement. Our actual lovers were so happy that they could afford to linger over it.

So it happened that the young wife was reduced to the occupations before described, this warm summer afternoon. Her watch, again and again consulted, was held for at least three-quarters of an hour in her hand, the moments creeping by, and still Alfred had not come. She went out on the verandah and peered through the thickets of shrubbery; but there was no sign of either horse or rider; and, while she stood there disconsolately, she saw the book half hidden by the newspaper just as it had been dropped the night before. "What could keep Alfred so long?" They might have read several chapters before dinner, and found out how the quarrel was made up. But the book must not lie there; and, as she stooped to raise it, the leaves whirled over, opening most invitingly to chapter sixteenth. She could not resist reading on a few pages, still leaning over the railing of the verandah, and then, more absorbed, sat down in the little sewing-chair, and finished the exciting scene. She did not recollect until then the strict agreement they had entered into not to read this particular book separately; but a chapter or two could make no possible difference, she thought, walking up and down the garden path, and listening to every sound.

"It was full an hour beyond the usual time. What could have happened? That horse, she was sure he was not to be trusted, and going so near the railroad especially. Oh, how dreadful it would be if he were brought home dead, or very much injured! How horrible to watch him suffer pain! And then he was obliged to go down to those dreadful wharves. Oh, if he was anything but a shipping merchant! She was kept in such constant fear of small-pox, or typhus fever, or some other shocking disease, all so prevalent this season. He must be ill; yes, he had complained of a headache in the morning. If he did not come in another quarter of an hour, she should certainly go to town in the evening train in search of him." And then she imagined herself driving about in fearful haste, in a very desolate-looking cab, so infinitely wretched that the tears came into her eyes at the very thought.

Imagine her joy, then, at the sound of horses' feet, just as this frantic resolution was taken, and she flew down to the gate to meet Alfred just as he dismounted to open it, receiving as a reward for all her anxieties a shower of kisses and loving epithets, with fond chidings for her unreasonable fears for his safety.

She forgot to inquire for the headache. "Oh, what a warm, disagreeable, uncomfortable day it had been! If people could only live without eating on such days!" And yet the two managed to make a very comfortable dinner, in spite of heat and romance, with a plentiful dessert of strawberries and cream. It was later than their ordinary hour, so much so that it was nearly dark by the time Alfred's cigar was finished. Flora thought he was much longer than usual in smoking,

and discovered, with some impatience, that he had indulged himself in a second; a rather unusual and selfish proceeding, she thought, considering he was so very late, which, by the way, was not yet accounted for. The "angel" had managed to work herself into a slight nervous fever, with the heat and afternoon's restlessness. It even seemed possible, for the instant, that the "king could do wrong." However, the pouting lip was kissed into its full roundness again, as the unconscious offender proposed an adjournment to the dressing-room and lights.

"Don't you think it rather too warm, dearest?" was the mild expostulation of the husband, as Flora prepared to make his knee her easy chair as usual.

"They would never quarrel! Oh, no; they had not even disagreed as yet."

Not a word was uttered in reply; but one weather-wise might have dreaded the portentous silence more than the most abrupt retort, as the injured wife deposited herself on an ottoman instead. After she had been worrying about him all the afternoon, too! She was fairly sick with anxiety; and this was all her thanks!

"And now what shall we do this evening, my precious? Do you feel able to sing to your husband?"

Exerting herself to sing such an oppressive evening! It was just as thoughtful as men usually were. What a selfish, exacting, indifferent race!

"It was too hot." Well, men are only mortal, and even they may feel hurt or startled at an abrupt answer to an ordinary question. But perhaps he had been mistaken; Flora certainly could not have used that tone to him. "Perhaps my darling would rather have me read to her?"

My darling vouchsafed to hand the book, open at the close, instead of the commencement of the sixteenth chapter.

"We did not get quite so far as this. Let me see—about half through, I think."

"I finished it this afternoon."

"Oh, Flora, you remember our agreement. How could you?"

"You did the same thing yesterday!"

"One little paragraph when the cook called you, dear."

"Well, I can't help it. You can read up to me."

"What if I don't choose to?" And Alfred's tone was certainly approaching the key at which Flora maintained the duet. There may have been an added sharp.

"You can do as you please, my dear!"

It was not so much the words as the smile of mock courtesy, and the flash of her eyes as she rose and left him. She had not intended to speak so: she could not tell what evil spirit possessed her; nor did she feel how much expression that single sentence conveyed until she heard—

"I certainly shall, my love!" in a tone he had never used before; so firm, so compressed it seemed; and he, too, deserted the centre-table, and went out into the night air.

She threw herself on the bed, intending at first to go back to his side in a moment and "make it all up." But, as she heard his retreating footsteps, a new resolve flashed through her mind. She would undress and pretend to be asleep when he came; that would punish him properly for attempting to resent anything she might say. It was scarcely an instant's work; the pile of snowy skirts, the light lawn dress, were crushed into a heedless mass of drapery, the little slippers flung carelessly away; and, before Alfred could have reached the gate, the white-robed figure was resting as quiet and calm as if never disturbed by an angry or fearful emotion. One thought troubled her, notwithstanding this outward composure. Perhaps he was seriously angry, and might stay away for a long walk; but no, whatever his intentions, he returned almost immediately and sat down beneath the shaded light. Her heart throbbed with secret exultation; he evidently wished her to come back and allow him to read. He should try a little suspense. She glanced beneath the hand that concealed her face. He looked sad and troubled; but he had resumed his book. Perhaps he thought she would return by the time the chapter was finished; but she would teach him a lesson; he should ask forgiveness, for he had spoken as crossly as herself.

Ah, what had become of all the loving fears and anxieties of that little heart, the fond, restless yearnings of the afternoon, when she thought that to see him safe and well again would be all she could ask of earthly happiness? Where was the self-sacrificing devotion that had then been ready to nurse him through the most frightful illness, regardless of fa-

tigue, exposure, or contagion? She knew he was not happy; she heard him sigh unconsciously as he turned the pages, and that one word, one sigh from her could make him cheerful again; and yet she withheld it. She did not feel really angry; but he would be sure to come soon and sue for a reconciliation, and then she would tell him she was very sorry, and it would be ten times pleasanter than before. Still he did not come, and she was growing very sleepy. She had promised herself never to sleep at variance with her husband, and never before since their marriage had she missed the good-night kiss upon her forehead, or the whispered blessing, their last parting word. She would doze a few minutes, and then go to him, perhaps she thought; he surely would not think of sleeping so. She was very tired, and it was very warm, and then one white, round arm was thrown over the fair linen sheet, and, with flushed cheek, and lips slightly apart, the little lady forgot her ill temper and her vexation together.

She woke from an unhappy dream with a feverish start, a moment after, as she thought at first. But the rooms were quite dark; and there was no sound but the monotonous ticking of the watch under her pillow. A rush of recollection succeeded the troubled waking, and she put out her arms to be sure that she was not dreaming still—that it was really so late. Her husband's pillow was empty! She thought of the sofa by the window in the dressing-room; he certainly could not intend to sleep there, away from her all night! A grieved, sorrowful feeling took the place of the first resentful thoughts; and then pride came back again, as a sound from the next room confirmed her suspicions. It was her husband turning restlessly upon the sofa, with a long, sobbing sigh, as if even in his sleep he felt their estrangement. The first impulse, to go to him, to kneel down and wind her arms around him, and ask his forgiveness, was resisted. It was certainly unkind in him to go to sleep without kissing her a good-night; she should have wakened if he had, and then it would have been all right. A long, rolling crash of thunder broke in upon her reverie; the glare of lightning which accompanied it revealed the sofa and its occupant; and then came a deluge of rain, and she heard the wind beating down the shrubbery before the window. The casements were both open, the rain came drenching in upon the new Brussels carpet, the books upon the centre-table, her work-basket, and there was Alfred, for whose health she had been so anxious, exposed to the wind and dampness. Should she go and close the casement? No; that might waken him, and he would think she had given up to him; besides, she shrank from crossing the rooms at midnight, lighted only by those lurid flashes in the black, angry heavens. Poor, wretched little wife, miserable indeed in her self-torture, lying upon her "widowed marriage pillow," and listening with straining eyes to the crash of the storm without, and the heavy breathing of the sleeper near her! Harder than all to bear was the upbraiding conscience, and the dreary loneliness of the empty room. But, with all this, she sank again into a disturbed, uneasy sleep; and, when she woke again, the cold, sickly daylight was stealing through the room.

At first, she could scarcely recollect what had happened; but, as she sat up leaning upon her elbow, she saw her ornaments thrown in confusion upon the dressing-table, her dress upon the carpet, Alfred's deserted pillow, with the smooth fold of the linen undisturbed, and there he was lying, breathing so heavily that her fears overcame her self-will, and she called him to her side. But there was no answer but a half moan of pain as he threw his arms out wildly, as one in delirium. She was at his side in a moment, lifting the damp masses of his hair, kissing his eyes, his feverish cheeks, calling him by every endearing name; but the submission had come too late, he did not know her; and though he opened his eyes, it was only to close them again, as if the light was painful, with an indistinct, incoherent mutter. She had never seen violent illness before; but she realised in a moment that the fever she had so dreaded was upon him. The headaches—and he had been detained in town only by a visit to his physician, which he did not like to explain to her, fearing to alarm his darling—had been the precursors of a threatening malady which the heat and sudden change of temperature, lying since midnight by the open windows, had developed rapidly. The curtains, the couch, his clothes, his very hair, were drenched in the driving shower, through which he had slept heavily.

Poor little wife, indeed fearfully punished, as she watched many a long day and lonely night ere reason returned, listening to his beseeching tones, begging her not to turn from him, not to be angry at such a trifle, to kiss him once more. And she did rain tears and kisses upon his burning forehead, his lips, his

hair, without hushing those pleading entreaties that almost broke her heart. It was a long, long trial; but reason came at last, and she sobbed with joy and thankfulness, as she had done with anguish and remorse, when she caught the first conscious glance, so full of love for her, the first faint murmur, "My own precious wife!"

Henceforth they lived more wisely; and years after, when the wife was tempted to give utterance to impatient moods, fretful and angry words died away on her lips, rebuked by the remembrance of that terrible agony, lest her husband should die with the words of forgiveness unspoken.

Chemical Experiments.

PROCEEDING with our dyeing operations, I shall now show you how to dye with Prussian blue. This beautiful pigment, like indigo blue, is insoluble, therefore it can only be employed as a dye pigment by an ingenious contrivance, of which, before performing the dyeing operation itself, I will give you some idea by a preliminary experiment. Procure some prussiate of potash;—a yellow salt which, though prussic acid be obtained from it, is not itself a poison. Dissolving a little of the prussiate of potash in water, and adding a few drops of any common solution of iron (acetate of iron, employed in the preceding operation, will answer perfectly well), the whole liquid will assume a lovely blue appearance owing to the formation of Prussian blue. The young operator working at these experiments, will now easily recognise how Prussian blue, though itself insoluble, may be employed as a dye stuff to impart its colour to woven fabrics. The dyer has only to imbue the fabric with an iron-salt in the first instance, afterwards dipping it into solution of prussiate of potash, or the reverse, and the blue colour, being generated within the tissue itself, will be permanent.

The fact may be here remarked, that there are several kinds of Prussian blue, though the sort just mentioned is the most commonly known and the most important.

These few experiments in dyeing, which the reader has now gone through, will have prepared him to understand that the tints which can be permanently imparted to fabrics by direct processes are comparatively few. Direct dyes, or those which take without the aid of any second substance, are called *substantive dyes*: those which require a second substance are called *adjective dyes*; a perfectly appropriate term, which will be easily understood.

Though the ancient Egyptians appear to have been acquainted with the process of calico-printing, it must have been a very rude process when compared with those now employed. Calico-printing could not have been brought to any great perfection, or dyeing either, until the advancement of chemistry beyond what was known to the ancients, and until the discovery of more raw dye materials than were at their disposal. Many of our most beautiful dye substances come from America, wherefore it follows that they could not have been known until subsequent to the year 1492, when America was discovered. Most of the beautiful dye-woods are American, and the animal substance cochineal is also American. Cochineal, by-the-by, is the foundation of most of our modern scarlets and purples—the latter particularly beautiful. The reader will here perhaps ask himself what has become of the much celebrated Tyrian purple, which during the Roman imperial epoch was so greatly valued, and held to be so exclusive, that no one, except he were of the imperial stock, was allowed to wear it. When I record that a pound of wool dyed purple with the celebrated Tyrian pigment fetched a price no less than forty pounds of our money, the reader will perceive in what great estimation it was held. Compared with purples which we possess now, the celebrated dye of Tyre must have been dull and unattractive. I need not write thus doubtfully; I may say is dull and unattractive—seeing that the process of purple dyeing in the old Tyrian way is perfectly well known, and might be followed, if we moderns thought it desirable.

The celebrated Tyrian purple is nothing more than a juice which exists in a particular vein of certain shell fish, found on our coasts and on the coasts of Ireland even more plentifully than on the coasts of Tyre. The jealousy of the Roman emperors limited the knowledge of working in Tyrian purple to certain families; the jealous policy being transferred to the Greeks of the Eastern Empire, a period occurred at last when only the members of one family knew how to perform the operation, and a little later the process was lost entirely.

Curiously enough, an English gentleman, named

Cole, discovered the process in the reign of Charles I. It should be mentioned that a Byzantine princess, Maccrombolitessa by name, happened to see the process of purple-dyeing, and left a record of it; meagre enough, however, inasmuch as the lady mentions little more than the fact that the colour was produced from a shell fish, and that the juice only became purple after exposure to air.

In the reign of Charles I., Mr. Cole, a gentleman resident at Bristol, became acquainted with the circumstance that a poor woman residing on the coast of Ireland, got her living by marking names, in a delicate purple colour, on the corners of pocket-handkerchiefs. Subsequently Mr. Cole became aware of the fact that the Irishwoman marked the pocket-handkerchiefs with the juice of a shell fish. Following out this germ of knowledge, Mr. Cole eventually re-discovered the whole process of using the Tyrian dye, and M. Jussieu, in France, confirmed the discovery of Mr. Cole.

The Tyrian purple was valued so much, because it was a substantive colour, and the only purple then known. There is a tale about the manner of its discovery, which I fear is more pretty than true. The Tyrian Hercules had a sweetheart, it is said, and the lady had a little dog. One day, as the story goes, the little dog went wandering about on the sea shore, and came back with his lips all covered with purple stains. The lady taking a fancy to the colour, told Hercules she could never see him again, until he presented her with a robe dyed with the same purple dye. The dog had been eating the shell-fish. Hercules set himself about discovering the source of the purple, and fortunately succeeded.

As regards scarlet, the ancients had a substitute for cochineal in a little Spanish insect, called the kermes insect. It was a very sorry substitute for cochineal, however; the more particularly, as the ancients could not by chemical methods bring out the colour either of kermes, or (if they had possessed the latter) of cochineal. Our fine scarlets are made by steeping the fabric to be dyed, first in a decoction of cochineal, then in a solution of muriate of tin.

LIFE'S MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

A GOLDEN-COLOURED sky—bright, sunny rays,
Falling upon a garden filled with flowers,
In which fair, laughing childhood gaily plays,
Chasing the fleeting minutes into hours,
While all around is gladness;
Pure, blushing blossoms still untouched with blight;
Bright leaves still bending 'neath the pearly dew;
All prickly briars hidden from the sight;
All things around unfading, all things true;
Unknown the touch of sadness.
Such is Life's Morn!

A warmer glow the sky now wears—a sultry breeze
Is sighing through the groves and shady bowers,
Tinting with many hues the shrubs and trees;
The sparkling dew has vanished—and the flowers
Are slowly dying.
A leaf falls here and there—a thorn is seen;
Content, with trust and childhood, pass away;
Ambition glides upon the altered scene,
And Avarice asserts her powerful sway,
All rule defying.
Such is Life's Noon!

Dark clouds are banishing the lingering light,
And throwing all around a heavy gloom;
Desolate is the garden once so bright,
For at its end is found a yawning tomb.
Death is its keeper!
Yet the clouds scatter, and a Star appears—
A brilliant light it sheds upon the grave,
Disclosing an entrance into heavenly spheres,
And One upon a Throne with power to save
Each dreamless sleeper.
Such is Life's Night!
But ah! when this has passed away,
We dwell in realms of light.

JAMES WHITESIDE, ESQ., M.P.

IRELAND has always furnished her full share of the ranks of those celebrities who have contributed to the power and glory of the British empire. She has given us soldiers and statesmen, lawyers and divines, poets and painters, whose reputations will last as long as our language. The wit and wisdom of Ireland have rendered England good service, as well as added to the lustre of our sister isle. Among these celebrities we may fairly place the subject of our present sketch. As a clever lawyer, an able speaker, a gifted writer, Mr. Whiteside deservedly occupies a high place in public estimation, and his acceptance of office under the new ministry has given general satisfaction, totally irrespective of political views.

An Irishman must without doubt be the best able thoroughly to appreciate Irish affairs. He must therefore be far better qualified to discharge official duties in connection with his own country than any other; and

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



JAMES WHITESIDE, ESQ., M.P. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

the appointment is certain to afford gratification. Although we have come to look upon Ireland as an integral part of the British empire, there is still a feeling of patriotism which does not extend beyond its shores. There is nothing in this which is not referable to the local interest excited in any part of the United Kingdom by the elevation to a place of trust of any local celebrity. It is perfectly natural that we should be gratified at the success of our own countrymen, and especially when the individual is universally esteemed.

Mr. Whiteside was born at Delgany, county Wicklow, in 1806. Delgany is a neat specimen of a pretty Irish hamlet, close to Bellvue, and to the Windgate-road by Bray, and within a mile and a half of the sea. His father was the Rev. William Whiteside, and his brother holds the vicarage of Scarborough. He was educated at the University of Dublin, where he graduated M.A. with honours; he also obtained premiums in the first law class formed in the University of London. In 1830 he was called to the bar, and afterwards attained the rank of Queen's Counsel.

In 1833 he married the daughter of the late William Napier, Esq., of Belfast. In 1851 he was returned as M.P. for Enniskillen, and in the following year was appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland. He held this office from March till December, 1852.

The appointment of Attorney-General for Ireland was offered to him by Lord Derby, and accepted, on the formation of the present ministry. In consequence of this, he resigned his seat for Enniskillen, but was re-elected on the 19th of March last.

Mr. Whiteside is favourably known as an author.

His works on Italy and ancient Rome are valuable and interesting. In politics he is a Conservative, and he has taken a very decided part in opposition to conventual establishments in England.

PICTURES FROM HISTORY.

THE CHRISTIAN ROMAN WARRIOR.

WITH the idea of the old Romans the notion of strength will always be associated. Whatever they built was solid and firm; whatever they wrote was terse and practical. Look at the ruins of their great buildings, and at the sculptured heads of their celebrated emperors and generals. Square, solid, massive strength is everywhere their chief characteristic. The Greeks were distinguished by the polished intellect and the active brain; the Romans by the valiant heart and the strong hand.

It was in a military direction that this strength chiefly manifested itself. When the Romans had lost almost every other quality that distinguished them from the barbarians whom they first despised and afterwards hated and feared—when the Roman patriotism had been undermined by luxury, and the Roman independence sold for the bribe of a sum of money or a lucrative appointment—the old undaunted valour still clung to the national character, and for centuries the Roman empire continued to exist by means of its army alone.

The Roman legions under the empire were very different, both in constitution and equipment, from their ancestors under the republic. Everything depended on them; and consequently no measure

was omitted that could increase their efficiency or render them more formidable. They were better paid, too, than most of our readers would imagine. Already, under Domitian, A.D. 81, the pay of the common soldier was raised to twelve pieces of gold (about ten guineas in our money) annually. The prætorians, who had privileges corresponding with those of our brigades of Guards (though they did not live on boiled beef), received double the pay of the other troops; and, as the wealth of the empire increased, the emolument of the troops rose also. After twenty years' service, each veteran was entitled to receive three thousand denarii (about £104), or an equivalent in land. Altogether, the Roman soldiers were the best remunerated portion of the whole community.

The weapons and accoutrements of the Roman soldier are shown in the accompanying illustration. The Roman soldier, in general, despised all but the most necessary defensive armour. He wore an open helmet, strongly made and of a graceful shape; a breastplate of iron, so contrived as to leave his arms perfectly free, and underneath this a stout cuirass of leather; light boots, sometimes strengthened with iron plates, but so formed as not to hinder the wearer in running, completed his defensive equipment. His weapons of attack were few but formidable. First must be mentioned the Roman *pilum*, or javelin, a most effective kind of spear about six feet long, heavy, and furnished with a head of tempered steel, from fourteen to eighteen inches in length. Against this weapon, hurled by a strong and skilful hand, no cavalry could maintain itself, and even a brave body of barbarian infantry has frequently been thrown into



ST. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK WITH A BEGGAR.

irremediable confusion by a single discharge of Roman pila. When the soldier had thrown his spear, a second and still more formidable weapon came into play—the short sword to wit, with which he followed up his first attack. The cavalry among the Romans used broad swords, like the one represented in our engraving. The infantry had short blades of Spanish steel, hard and sharp, and adapted either for cut or thrust, though the thrust was the mode of attack generally preferred, as inflicting severer wounds on the enemy, while the body of the attacking soldier was less exposed. The shields carried by the infantry were made of light wood covered with a bull's hide, and strengthened with brass plates.

Thus fully armed and accoutred, and taught, moreover, to depend implicitly on themselves and on each other, it is not to be wondered at that the Roman soldiers should long keep the foes of Rome at bay; and one great and important circumstance must be mentioned, which increased the efficiency of many among these warriors, and retarded, for a time, the fall of the giant city and empire.

From the precincts of a province considered as one of the least important among the Roman possessions, there went forth, by divine command, a number of ardent, devoted men, commissioned by a merciful dispensation to go forth into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. Christianity, persecuted by the earlier emperors, and looked upon with disfavour by the best among them down to the time of Constantine, had spread far and wide among all classes; humanising the worst, softening the most ferocious, and shining with increased brightness through each dark cloud of persecution. At first sight it will seem marvellous how the Romans, who believed in such a multitude of deities, should have persecuted the Christians so violently for worshipping their one God. But it must be remembered that the Christians not only abstained from heathen worship, but righteously denounced it as unholy and abominable.

Very rapidly the number of converts increased, and gradually some of them found their way into the army. Here they were at first persecuted, furiously,

rigorously. A Roman cohort of Christians was decimated three times in succession by a cowardly imperial despot, whose jealousy was aroused by the assertions of the soldiers, that their obedience to the Saviour came *before* their oath to the emperor. But after a time even the heathen despots at Rome saw that they could no more stop the spread of Christianity than they could arrest the course of the sun; and thus it was that the army became impregnated with some of that spirit which the language of Scripture forcibly defines as "the salt of the earth."

Martinus, afterwards St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, was one of those men who, to undaunted physical valour, joined a real and fervent spirit of piety. The incident depicted in our engraving forms a well-known episode of his life. Called to active service by an edict of the Emperor Julian, he was passing with his troop near Amiens, when the wail of a desolate mendicant by the roadside arrested his attention. "Let him that hath two coats give to him that hath none," says the unerring precept book. St. Martin had but one cloak. It was, however, a large and ample one,

according to the military fashion of his day. One cut with the gallant broadsword and half the cloak was in the beggar's possession; and Martin rode on, richer than before; for that one deed of real charity formed the foundation-stone of his fame; and not one of the many who have written his subsequent life has forgotten to mention it as a memorial of him.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XXV.

Weak and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.
The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.—COWPER.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." The dreadful tragedy that doomed Esther Darrell to an early grave, and sent Ben Darrell to Newgate to await his trial for the wilful murder of his wife, had produced, at least, one good effect.

It had startled into temporary sobriety many of the associates of "Tippling Ben."

It had strengthened the hands, and sharpened the tongues, of several of the wives in the immediate neighbourhood of the Darrells' late wretched home. If a man took a drop too much, or raised even his voice when his wife reproved him, he was reminded of the murdered Esther and the guilty Ben. Many of the women now had it all their own way. Wages were brought home regularly and cheerfully on Saturday night; the cupboard was no longer bare; the Sunday coat, the best gown and shawl, and the warm blankets of the family bed were redeemed. The family bed, indeed! since in many cases the household boasted no other, and the poor man might have said, like him of old, "My wife and my children are with me in bed." Yes, all were taken out of pawn. There was tea in the caddy, sugar in the basin, bread, butter, and bacon nicely arranged, on a clean though coarse cloth; a cheerful fire threw its ruddy blaze on the poor walls, making them look bright and pleasant, and lighting up the wife's new happy eyes, and the children's now clean, chubby, rosy faces.

The pot boiled, with something good and savoury inside—the kettle sang merrily; and on Sunday the "measter"—not groaning in bed, with sickness and head-ache (the result of Saturday night's debauch), but up betimes, cleanly shaved, and dressed in his best—took his children to some place of worship; the wife the while getting the room "tidied up a bit," and the dinner ready, and herself neat and nice for the afternoon service.

Then was placed on the table a savoury bit of roast pork, stuffed with sage and onions, and sailing in rich brown gravy; or the half-shoulder of mutton and apple-turnovers; or the bit of brisket of beef, baked with a nice, rich, tempting Yorkshire pudding, its brown blisters showing how light and rich it was.

While several of the men thus abstained from drink, and brought their wages home, what comfort reigned, and what plenty love provided?

The long-neglected, dowdy, faded wife, old before her time, lean and sallow, began to take a little pride in herself and her children.

Soap and water, a comb and brush, a cheap but pretty cap, a clean white apron, and, above all, a hopeful, loving, happy heart—converted many a miserable trollop into a bright, neat, pretty woman, and made many a man who had been ashamed of the ragged, wasted being he had made such a wreck, exclaim, "Why, Sally," or "Bet," or "Sukey," or "Jenny," or "Molly," "fine feathers make fine birds. I hasn't seen thee look like that since—"

"Since thee took to drink, measter. But I won't cast that up to thee now. If this sober fit do but last, we'll let bygones be bygones. I wonder how it'll go with Tippling Ben? Hard, I fear. They say poor Esther's brother's sworn he shall swing for it if it costs him every shilling he's worth."

"He never meant to hurt her," the husband would say, looking very sheepish. "He wor drunk, he wor, and struck at random like."

"And ain't that a lesson, measter, to all men not to get drunk? But come, Bill, tea's ready; and a'ter tea I've got such a nice book I wants you to read me. It's called 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room;' for that be pleasant reading."

And so on, in many a humble home.

And in none more than in the two little rooms where Bob and Apple Blossom dwelt, with their children, Larky Grigg and Merry Blossom, and their sweet little foster daughter, Hope Evermore. "Blue-eyed Ben," the luckless Esther's baby, and little Ness, the precocious child, were still at the Blossoms'.

Apple Blossom had grown very fond of the baby, who was nearly twice the size he had been when he first nestled in her fair, full, warm bosom; and Hope and Merry doated on little Nessy.

Bob, being sober, did just what Apple Blossom chose; but Apple Blossom was a good wife and a prudent woman. She had no wish to abuse her influence over Bob, or make him work to maintain any children but his own, Hope excepted. Hope was to her as her own. She loved her so tenderly that she often forgot that she, Merry, had greater claims on her affection. Hope was more like a daughter to Apple Blossom, and a sister to Larky, than the joyous, thoughtless, wilful Merry could be. Merry's motto was, "Pleasure first and business afterwards;" Hope's, "Business first and pleasure afterwards." Merry was too often selfish—thoughtless people generally are; Hope was the most unselfish little creature in the world.

Any idle sport would make Merry forget the fire, the kettle, the bread, and even Truelove, a beautiful white kitten, whom Merry alternately hugged, lugged, coaxed, and teased, but whom Hope loved dearly, and cared for tenderly, both for its own sake and Larky's.

Larky Grigg had rescued it from a group of bad, idle boys, thoughtless, and therefore cruel, with Stunning Steenie at their head.

They were killing it by inches, smothering it in a gutter.

Larky Grigg hated cruelty. With his thick, curly black hair on end, his dark eyes in a blaze, his cheeks flushed, his white teeth set, his breast heaving, and his fists doubled, he had dashed in among these young English Sepoys—Sepoys because at once so cowardly and so cruel—and punched their heads, keeping in *chancery* the while Stunning Steenie's. He had knocked Priggling Peter and two others over, in the very gutter in which they had been holding the poor kitten down, and then he had rushed home to pitying Hope, with the gasping, half-drowned victim.

Hope's care saved its life. It was so fond and gentle, that she called it "Truelove," and it was always called Hope's kitten, although Merry often declared she had as good a right to it as Hope.

Merry often played with Truelove, they were two kittens together; but Hope always fed it. Hope made it a little bed at the foot of her own. Merry often forgot Truelove, Hope never! Truelove was snow-white, with very thick long fur, one blue and one pink eye, and, in short, it was of the Persian breed; and as it grew fat and sleek, its beauty was the theme of all the blind lanes and dark alleys which were "the world" to those who lived in them. Little Nessy, too, grew fond of Truelove, and blue-eyed Ben would crow, and stretch out his rosy, dimpled hands, and clutch Truelove's fat, furry back or long bushy tail.

Apple Blossom could not find it in her kind heart to part with little Nessy and baby Ben till after their mother's funeral.

Natt Stone (the hump-backed brother of the hapless Esther) had as yet taken no notice of the children of that sister whom he had loved so passionately, but he had buried her like a lady. He had caused little Nessy to be arrayed in deep mourning, and had sent the mourning coach for her.

He went in it, too, and officiated himself as chief mourner.

His grief was terrible. He sprang into the grave when the first shovelful of earth rattled on the coffin, and it was only by main strength he was pulled out and forced back into the coach.

The general impression was, that grief had turned his brain; so inconsistent was his love for Esther Darrell, with his indifference to the wants of her poor little ones.

But if he was mad, "there was method in his madness," as was quite clear from the manner in which he set about compassing the ruin and death of him who had killed his sister.

Bob Blossom, who, when sober, was not deficient in common sense, had said to his wife, "I say, Apple Blossom, thee talks of getting little Ness into the Infant Refuge, likewise baby Ben; and in course, thof they're kindly welcome, poor innocent creturs, as long as you deems it advisable, I knows you do not wish 'em to bide here. But thee've got a wise head thof thee hasn't a still tongue, old gal; and thee can wheedle the buds off the bushes, when thee'st a mind, old gal."

"And what o' that, Bob?" said Apple Blossom, smiling and delighted; "what if I can?"

"Why, I thinks if thee took baby Ben in thy arms, and little Nessy by the hand, and found out that 'ere vindictive, hump-backed chap, as is so well off, and has got houses, and lands, and farms, and money laid by, and if thou wast to say, 'Measter Stone, if thou didst really love thy poor sister, show that love by taking care of her babbies, not by hanging her husband'—but put it to un in thy own pleasant, winning way—maybe he'd take to 'em, and they'd be well off, and have a good home, and perhaps come into all his property. He'll never marry—'tain't likely: thee'd not have said 'yes' to him, though thee did ready enough to poor Rob Blossom, thof he wor only a working man."

"Not so over ready, Bob," laughed Apple Blossom; "I led thee a pretty dance."

"A wild-goose chase, missus, only I caught the goose," grinned Bob, "or rather the duck, and plenty of sarse I got with har, too. But what dost say, Apple Blossom? 'tain't a bad idea, is it?"

"No, 'tain't: I'll sleep upon it," said Apple Blossom. "We shall miss 'em, poor dears."

"Yes, that shall us," said Bob, who was nursing "baby Ben," while Apple Blossom was frying a rasher and some cold potatoes for his supper.

"And as for Hope, she's quite a little mother to Nessy."

"Hope's a little mother to us all," said Bob; "I wish our Merry'd take after her. With them little, delicate, pink fingers of her'n, she've patched my breeches beautiful. If I hadn't seen her do it, I'd have sworn 'twas thy work, lass."

"She's made Nessy quite another child—she've cleaned and mended her up so; and baby Ben, too, surprising. But I'm afraid she'll take on when they goes, she have such a loving heart!"

"Where is 'em all?" said Bob; "at the ragged school?"

"Yes, measter; and Jem Goodman's promised to come home with 'em and take a cup of tea."

"He's kindly welcome. I ain't ashamed to see him now," said Bob.

"He wants thee to join his temperance society, measter," said Apple Blossom, shyly, blushing quite scarlet, and the tears sparkling in her eyes.

"No need of that, lass, as he'll see. I can keep sober without a pledge."

"I'd rather thee'd take it, Bob," said Apple Blossom.

"And I'd rather not," said Bob, turning very red.

But Apple Blossom rose, kissed him, and he grew merry again.

Meanwhile Larky Grigg, in spite of his wild, fun-loving nature, had been so influenced by little Hope Evermore's entreaties, by the still small voice within, and by Ada, who was become a regular "voluntary teacher" at the Green Fields Ragged School, that the master began to have very great hopes of him, and, knowing well Larky's singular abilities, to turn over in his own mind what was the best course to pursue to secure the welfare, temporal and eternal, of a boy so wonderfully gifted, but whose very genius, if not guarded by religion and virtue, might (his pleasure-loving nature considered) become a snare.

Jem Goodman was, as usual, at the Green Fields Ragged School, on the Sunday evening to which we allude. But a great sorrow clouded his earnest, noble brow, and weighed down his honest heart. Tippling Ben was in Newgate; Esther was in her grave; Nessy and blue-eyed baby Ben were orphans; thirsty revenge was driving Natt Stone (the murdered woman's brother) mad; and Jem Goodman, with the sensitive conscience which so often belongs to the highest order of virtue, accused *himself* for all this. At early dawn, when he rose from a restless couch to go to his grimy work; at noon-day, when he sat down with little relish to his lonely meal; even in the ragged school, and during the night watches, he was haunted by the thought that had he resolutely turned a deaf ear to Tippling Ben's silly entreaty for another week's respite, and then and there compelled him to sign the pledge, Ben and Esther might now be happy together as those couples where the men had ceased to drink had already become. The brother's wealth might have surrounded them with blessings. Natt Stone had sought them, and with kindest intentions, on his return from Melbourne. The little ones would not now be orphans, and Jem Goodman would never have known remorse.

When Ada and Ellen, to whom he spoke freely on this subject, tried to comfort him, and to prove to him that he was better, far better than any one else they had ever known, and that to them he seemed a saint, Jem would shake his head, and say—

"Ah, ladies, it is not what a man *seems*, but what he *is*. To myself, when I think of Ben Darrell, his

probable doom, and his murdered wife in her early grave, I seem to my own heart a very lukewarm hypocrite."

"You a hypocrite!" cried Ada.

"Yes, miss: either a hypocrite, who professes what he does not in his heart believe, or a cold, unfeeling being, who could stand by and see a brother perish, when he might have saved him."

"But you tried to save him," said Ada.

"If," said Jem, "I had seen Ben Darrell falling into fire or water, or on the brink of a precipice, I should have listened to no idle words of his, I should have snatched him, plucked him back—ay, even if he had struck me to the ground. *Drink, to such a man as 'Tippling Ben,' is a far greater peril than fire, water, or a precipice;* and yet I let him parley with me—I connived at a delay which was destruction. Do I not, then, believe what I preach? Is my life one long lie; or, believing him in peril far greater than death, did I let him bargain for a delay which was destruction to soul and body? . . . No, no, miss, you cannot comfort me; 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness,' but I am not going to yield myself up to a remorse which will paralyse me, and shorten my hand where others are concerned. I have thought much, miss, of what you have been so condescending as to confide to me, about your own dear father."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Goodman," said Ada; "and what do you advise?"

"When I have pondered on it another day or two, miss, I will let you know," said Jem. "I am going now to take the children home to Apple Blossom's, and take a social cup of tea with them."

"Now the funeral is over, will you ask Apple Blossom what day I may call and see her?" said Ada. "I want to ask her about little Hope's mother, and to consult with her about that darling child, whom I love more and more every time I see her. Look at her now—look, Ellen."

Ellen turned to look at Hope. Nussy was in her new mourning, not the very handsome black silk uncle Natt had given her for the funeral, but still one very remarkable in that ragged assembly, and in strong contrast to the thin, old, faded cotton frock, her usual wear.

Nussy was a child of precocious intellect, great vanity, strong passions, and strong affections. She was very proud of being so well dressed. She was stroking down her fine, Orleans skirt, and pointing out, to Merry Blossom and "Potato Heels," the crape folds that trimmed it.

It was affecting to see the little child so proud of that livery of woe, of which she had yet to learn the dreary, desolate meaning. It is not at seven years of age we know what the word "orphan" means. Nussy had doated on her mother, and, when first she understood that she was dead, her violent grief terrified all around her; but, in a few days, it wept itself away. The new mourning and a long ride, in a mourning coach, to that distant village where Esther Darrell was born, and where she was buried—yes, buried, by the good old vicar who had christened her, and in the vault where, for centuries, the old yeoman family of the Stones had been laid,—that long ride had—so impressionable is infancy—let in countless new images, and banished, for a time, that of the thin, pale, tender, ever-weeping mother.

Little Hope, only a few months older than Nussy, but head and shoulders taller, was not only carefully pinning a warm shawl round the orphan's neck, just as a fond mother might have done; but, having wrapped Nussy well up, she was shaking her pretty head with its wealth of golden tresses, and raising her rosy forefinger to warn the little, bright-eyed Nussy of the danger of beauty, while, in a low, sweet voice, she said—

"How proud we are, how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new;
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
That very clothing long before."

"The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer clothes than I.
Let me deck, fine as I will,
These worms and flowers exceed me still."

"Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind.
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the richest Christian's dress."

"It never fades, it ne'er grows old;
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould;
It takes no spot, but still refines—
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines."

"You must learn that little hymn, Nussy," said Hope. "I will teach it thee; Jem Goodman taught it me."

"Are you angry with I, Hopy?" said little Nussy, looking up with a bead-like black eye, round and glittering as a cockatoo's.

"No, no, Nussy," said Hope. "You don't know no better—you never wor taught better; but if you'll be a good child and learn that hymn, and never be proud of your clothes, I'll ask Larky Grigg to take us into the park next Saturday afternoon, and maybe we'll find some daisies."

Here Hope looked up, and seeing that all one party and many others were watching her, she blushed "celestial rosy red," dropped the prettiest little curtsy in the world to the gentlefolks, kissed her little hand to Jem Goodman, held up her finger to Larky, who was slyly—

"Coffee-milling care and sorrow,
With a nose-adapted thumb"—

in other words, furtively "taking a sight" at the broad tartan back of Miss Golightly, who, quite unconscious of the indignity, was pouring eloquent passages from her pamphlet on "Woman's Rights and Wrongs" into the unwilling ear of a voluntary teacher.

Hope, then, in her turn, followed the other children, who always pass in file before the master previous to leaving the school; and they were no sooner outside than, in spite of Potato Heels' efforts to walk with Larky—whom she loved, not wisely, but too well—he caught little Hope in his strong arms, and, in spite of all resistance, ran with her, kissing her repeatedly as he went, all the way back; Jem Goodman leading little Nussy by the hand, and Merry taking care to walk through every puddle as she danced and skipped home.

CHAPTER XXVI.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to welcome us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is not met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

HOWARD PAYNE.

LARKY GRIGG, who had caught up this popular melody from that great patroness of gaffs, penny hops, and ditto concerts, Potato Heels, and who had a good ear and very fine voice, rushed into his mother's tidy little room singing it merrily, in spite of Hope's, "Hush! Larky Grigg. Remember, it's Sunday. If you must sing, Larky dear, sing a hymn."

"Well, Hope," said Larky, putting her down at last on her tiny, pretty little feet, "it's almost as good as a hymn; it's all about home; and a good home on earth is the next place to heaven."

"At any rate, my boy," said Jem Goodman, who had entered, "it's the best place to learn how to prepare for heaven."

Apple Blossom and Bob cordially greeted Jem Goodman, telling him he was kindly welcome, and begging him to make free and fall to.

Merry began at once to help herself furtively to such "waifs and strays" as came in her way—now a pinch of sugar, now a tempting excrescence of the nice home-made loaf, which she contrived to dip unseen in the savoury fat of the bacon.

Hope, who always thought of others first, had meanwhile taken off Nussy's shawl and bonnet, and put them carefully by. She had whispered to Apple Blossom, "Can I help you, mammy?" and had been commissioned in consequence to cut a plate of bread and butter: such a little, delicate hand! and such a great, sharp, buck-handled knife, sharpened and cleaned by Larky, who never did things by halves, and had invented a rude but very efficient machine for sharpening knives.

With this knife, which, in the hand of Merry, and, indeed, most children, would have been a very dangerous weapon, neat-handed Hope had cut the bread and butter to perfection; and she was just finishing off the last slice, when her eye fell on Merry stuffing some brown sugar she had filched into her mouth.

Hope left the table and her task, and, stealing up to Merry, said in a soft whisper, "O Merry! thee knows thee should keep thy hands from picking and stealing; oh! thee knows thee should. Did thee not say to-night in the commandments, 'Thou shalt not steal?'"

"Thee ain't my missus," said Merry, angrily. "Dont let me have none of thy jaw; 'tain't thy sugar, is it?"

"No," said Hope; "I never said it wor. If it wor, Merry, thou'd be kindly welcome; but it's mammy's and dad's, and they've forbid thee to take it; and mammy said if she ever caught thee at it again, she'd hit thee and send thee to bed. Don'tee, Merry, there's a dear, don'tee."

"I'll take care not to be caught out again," said Merry, little thinking that Apple Blossom, who seemed busy at the fireplace, had her eye upon her all the time.

Merry passed the table as if thinking of anything rather than the sugar, and, as she did so, quietly slipped her hand into the sugar-basin, and was withdrawing it full of "brown moist," when, to her own alarm and Hope's dismay and distress, Apple Blossom seized that hand. Soundly she boxed the ears of the convicted and shrieking Merry; and then, taking her by the shoulder, she said, "Honest people don't like the company of thieves and such like. We are all honest here; so get to bed with thee, Merry, and pray God to forgive thee and make thee a better girl."

"I'm so hungry," sobbed Merry, "and it's so dark in there!"

"They love darkness more than light, because their deeds are evil, Merry," said Apple Blossom; "and thy deed wor evil."

"Oh! Jem Goodman," said Merry, clasping her hands, "do beg for me. I'll never do it no more!"

"'Tain't of no use, Jem," said Apple Blossom, very resolutely. "Twice she've been let off, promising never to do it no more. I ain't agoing to be like old Eli; nor I won't spare the rod and spile the child, neither,—going again Solomon, the wisest man as ever spoke, though he wor a king, and them ain't mostly like to set the Thames a-fire."

"Father," sobbed Merry, "let me stay."

"Not if thy mammy's agin it, lass," said Bob, glancing imploringly at the pale but determined mother.

Hope was very white, and tears stood in her large blue eyes; but she saw it was no use to interfere then. And as Merry still implored and resisted, Apple Blossom with a strong arm shoved her into the little inner-room; and Merry was alone in darkness and tears.

This little incident threw a gloom over the party.

Hope so loved the faulty Merry, and had a heart so full of sympathy, she would not eat, or laugh, or talk, or enjoy herself, while Merry was fasting, alone, and in trouble.

Hope sat apart, her tears dropping fast on the long white fur of Truelove. Truelove, being unluckily a white cat, would, in black, sooty, greasy London, have been a great eye-sore to such a worshipper of cleanliness as Apple Blossom, had not little Hope accustomed him from the first to be washed. After that cruel ducking he got in the gutter, Hope gave him a bath of warm water and a lather of soap; and as habit is second nature, and Hope made this a daily habit, Truelove got to like and look for his warm bath.

Truelove was quite a poor man's cat, and almost omnivorous. Nothing came amiss to Truelove, and he thrived upon fare never intended for his feline incisors.

However, it was generally from little Hope's bread and milk that Truelove breakfasted and supped; and Larky Grigg, who was a rare combination of fun and frolic, facts and figures, had by a calculation which Hope was in no situation to refute, not being much of a ready reckoner herself, proved to her that at the rate of one halfpennyworth of milk per day, pussy, who was considered to be no expense at all, would at the end of twelve years—the average life of a cat, barring accidents—have cost pretty nearly the sum of ten pounds!

"How do thee make that out, Larky, dear?" said Hope, opening her large blue eyes in wonder and dismay; "that my darling pet, Truelove, would have costed eight ten pound in the course of twelve year? Thee can't make that out, no ways, Larky Grigg, that thee can't!"

"Yes, I can, though, Hopy; werry easy, too. Listen, lass: in twelve year, there's four thousand three hundred and eighty days. Well, thee can't give the poor dumb creter less than a ha'p'orth a day, can thee, Hopy?"

"Why, no, Larky, one drap wi' another, it makes up all that 'ere."

"Werry well, then, four thousand three hundred and eighty quarters of pints, is one thousand and ninety-fove pints, and that 'ere, at tuppence a point, comes to noine pound two and sixpence; and if thee reckons on the interest o' that 'ere, at fove per cent., thee won't find it much short o' ten pounds, lass, I can tell thee."

Hope sighed, stroked Truelove, and, looking up with tears sparkling in her loving eyes, said—

"I didn't ought to keep her unless I could earn her keep, Larky Grigg."

"Didn't thee? then I says thee did ought; for rather than even to stint the creter thee loves, Hopy, I'd give up play-work and set-to to reg'lar hard labour, that I would, so don't go for to fret about that, Hopy; and don't go for to think, neither, that I tells thee this, my lass, because I begrudges thee the cost of thy Truelove. I'se as fond of Truelove as ever thee's;

and I wouldn't say as much to feather or mother, 'cause these here figgers sets people a-thinkin', and a-reck'ning, and saving, maybe. But I does want thee to listen to me; and when I've worked somethink out in my own head, just let I tell the totle. Why, I've reckoned that what dad spends in liquor, when he go reg'lar like to the 'Good Intent,' would feed and clothe three children comfortable—aye, and pay for their schooling too. We'll say feather tosses off half-a-dozen glasses of gin a day at twopence per glass, and that, Hopy, comes to no less than eighteen pound five in the twelvemonth. So what d'ye say to that, lass?"

"We'll say no more about it, Larky Grigg," little Hope would interpose, with her raised forefinger awing the great, bright, beaming boy. "Honour thy father and thy mother."

"Well, Hopy, don't I honour 'em by showing him what he must be wuth?"

"No, thee don't, by making out he ain't wuth nothink, which no drunkard is. In the Bible you can read what they're worth, Larky; and dad ain't one of 'em. He never dranked all that ere, I'm sure; and now he've leaved off, and don't drink nothink; and 'tain't well in his own son to cast up what he has a-drinked, and so I tells thee. And now, Larky, I must put baby Ben and Nussy to bed."

"I'll help thee, Hopy," said Larky Grigg, who was almost as handy and much stronger than Hope. "I don't mind what I does, lass, if thee'll come when the children's in bed, and sit along of me, and read the Bible with me, and I'll tell thee the value of all the money that's mentioned in Scripture. I made it all out, from a shekel or a talent down to a mite; and the weights and measures, too—cubits, and homers, and ephahs, and all; I've made 'em all out, Hopy, and I wants so to explain them to thee."

"Very well, Larky," said Hope, with that little, weary sigh with which we all prepare to mount another's hobby. "If thee'll be a good lad, and not go about with Stunning Steenie, and Prigging Peter, and the Fox, and them bad boys, I'll try to understand all thy figures. Though I can't say I'm fond of 'em, I'll try to like 'em for thy sake."

Larky and little Hope then put baby Ben and little Nussy to bed. Merry had cried herself into so sound a sleep that she was not disturbed even when little Nussy was laid by her side.

Nussy was in reality only a few months younger than Hope Evermore; but so thoughtful, steady, and motherly was little Hope, and so much was she accustomed to wait on and think for others, while Nussy had always been kept a baby by her poor mother, that, for all practical purposes, Hope was a little woman, and Nussy, in spite of a very precocious cunning, was a mere baby.

(To be continued.)

MARCH ON!

HEAVY and thick the atmosphere,
The prospect narrow, dark, severe—
Yet a few steps the path is clear,
For those few steps, march on!

Dark rocks that frown as if in wrath,
Like giants ranged across the path—
Be sure the gorge some outlet hath,
So trustfully march on!

A deep, wide stream that shines like glass,
Flanked by steep banks of slippery grass—
There is some bridge by which to pass,
So watchfully march on!

A tempest rattling in the wind,
The sun in thunder-robcs enshrined—
Doubt not some shelter soon to find,
Still hopefully march on!

The day goes out—the fog upcrowsds,
Darkness the face of heaven enshrouds—
A voice shall guide thee through the clouds,
So patiently march on!

If Duty set you on the way,
You need not fear—you must not stay;
Still faithfully her word obey,
Still loyally march on!

Let but your aims be high and true,
Your spirit firm, but patient too,
A Titan's strength shall go with you,
Still fearlessly march on!

In one of our London wildernesses, a ruffian, recently, without the slightest provocation, fired a pistol, with apparently deadly intent, at a fashionably-dressed lady. The bullet passed through the huge crinoline, but didn't touch the lady within. "Hang it," said the fellow, "I might as well shoot at random into the top of a big tree, in the expectation of hitting a small squirrel, hidden away among the branches!"

The Matron.

NO. XVII.

In the following chapter I bring to a conclusion the treatment of children, but I shall return to the subject in a little while, for, directly or indirectly, it is interesting to every one of us.

I am now going to treat of children's maladies that are distressing, though not immediately dangerous. I allude to rickets and scrofula. The first-mentioned complaint deprives childhood of its bloom and elasticity, and brings pallor and sickliness in their stead. Rickets are often caused by indigestible food. Light and nutritious diet (such as I recommended in our last number) should be given to all children, but especially to those afflicted with rickets. The greatest cleanliness should also be observed. In mild weather, cold bathing works wonders in this complaint. We are not speaking of infants but of children from two to six or seven years old. However, you should not allow a child to begin cold bathing without first giving him a little aperient medicine. The following tonic should be taken three times a day, after the use of the cold bath has commenced.

A tea-spoonful of syrup of cinnamon, with three grains of the precipitate of the sulphate of iron.

I proceed to consider scrofula, that scourge of our island, that complaint from which hardly any family in England is entirely free. It is a curious fact, that a complaint called king's evil, from the superstitious idea that the monarch's touch could cure it, should at length have carried its devastation into the royal family. So we must think of other remedies for king's evil besides the king's or queen's touch.

Scrofula is an ill that may not only be inherited, but superinduced. That which superinduces it in a child is neglect, bad food, and impure air, and the means that counteract it, where it has come down as a sad heritage from the authors of our being, are the following:—The most digestible and nutritious food, gentle friction on the surface of the body, applied night and morning with a soft flesh brush. Peruvian bark taken occasionally, and above all, sea-bathing, and as protracted a residence by the sea-side as circumstances will allow.

Another source of suffering to children is the presence of worms in the inside. Such attention to diet as I have recommended will generally keep them off; but, where weakness, a pale cheek, a swelled stomach, and a voracious appetite prove the existence of this disease, I recommend the child being taken to a judicious medical man, because calomel is generally necessary in removing worms, and calomel is too strong a medicine to be meddled with excepting by members of the profession. There are some worms that bitters only will expel. Of course the gentleman you consult will try all remedies till he has relieved your child of an evil that might prove fatal, by undermining his strength. Therefore, lose no time where this lamentable complaint exists, and, when once eradicated, be doubly careful about your child's diet.

I now turn from the physical to the moral evils of children, and mind the latter are never fostered by your example; and pray let the following observations sink deep into your heart. You will never teach your child to be truthful by deceiving him, nor make him wise by talking nonsense to him.

I caution you against deceit in training your little boy or girl, not merely because it is wrong, but because it is inexpedient. A child's perceptions are acute. He finds you out, and, to your dismay, soon displays the cunning you have taught him by example.

Never coax children into obedience by false promises. Follow the directions I gave you in a preceding chapter. Teach obedience as soon as reason dawns, and it will become easy because it will be habitual. The false promise system is full of evil. "Come with me, my dear, I've something so pretty for you upstairs," says the silly mother, and when the child gets upstairs and finds nothing at all, what evil feelings are quickened in his little breast, what disappointment, anger, distrust, and revenge; and, besides all this, what a lesson he has had in deceit. That such lessons soon take effect, I will illustrate by a little anecdote that must interest those who, like myself, are intimate with children's ways. It may serve as a warning to those who are not.

The hero of my story is a little fellow, about four or five. He is just recovering from an illness. A lady brought him a toy, rather an injudicious one, for it consisted of a little tin pump, which required water

to make it amusing, and Master Georgie was not to play with water.

A servant, who stood by pitying the child's distress, he being refused water for his pump, "tried on" the favourite deceptive system, assuring the boy that if he only pumped and pumped, water would come. For a few minutes attention was diverted from Master Georgie. He made use of his time, and supplied his pump with water from a jug in the bed-room. "Oh, you naughty boy," was soon heard from the maid-servant's lips; "where did you get that water?" "I didn't get it," says the apt pupil, "it came of itself. You told me, if I pumped and pumped, water would come, and you see it has come."

What more need I say? Never deceive your children unless you want your children to deceive you.

The nonsense-talking system is not as injurious as the deceptive one, but it does harm nevertheless. When a child can understand you, and can express his own feelings, likings, and dislikings, he should not be treated as a baby.

Be as cheerful, aye as merry with a child as you please, the more so the better, but do not be silly. At three and four a child can listen to reason, then why treat him to folly? You should cultivate, not check his reasoning powers. A child's mental capabilities left unemployed prey on himself, and make him wearisome and teasing. "Give me something to play with," "Amuse me," "What shall I do?" are requests mamma's often find it difficult to satisfy. They are prompted by ennui, by craving for occupation. This craving should be satisfied. Mothers answer "How? What can a child of three or four do?" "Many things," I reply; but do not suppose I want a child to do wonders. Forced plants are always delicate, and parents should never aim at making their children prodigies. The intellect should be encouraged, but not forced. A mother may do a great deal for her child's improvement and happiness, by a judicious selection of toys. Of these, some so completely fail in their object that they do not even amuse after the first few minutes. A box of wooden bricks, which exercises a child's ingenuity in forming different structures, and nine-pins that also call forth his skill, are among the toys that charm and occupy children month after month. Those who have had much to do with little children, will agree with me, that it is no trifling advantage to find everything that harmlessly occupies them. But there are things that may occupy them beneficially also; the ivory box of letters may become (through a mother's good management) a little boy's favourite toy. What pleasure he may be taught to take in bringing the letter called for, in making up syllables and adding daily to his stock of words.

Another feeling that may easily be cultivated in little children is pleasure in being made of use. "If you will pick up all the litters, you will be a help to mamma." With this inducement, how the little prattler will bend all his energies to accomplish the task; and how many things might be thought of that would occupy him pleasantly were a similar hope held out to him.

Both boys and girls at three or four, may learn to amuse and occupy themselves in various ways: for instance, with winding string, threading beads, and plaiting (in three) cords or rushes; and, if their mother is wise, she will make a point of putting her children's little work to some use, and of showing them they can do good. The string wound up into a ball, should be put in the closet ready for use; the beads strung should be made into looped fringe, for a teapot stand; and the twisted cord or rushes, sewn together, should be made into mats. Point out to children their own work made serviceable for "papa" or "mamma," and you will foster their love of being useful, a love that should grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength.

ALWAYS BUSY.—The more a man accomplishes the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty. You always find those men the most forward to do good, or to improve the times and manners, who are always busy. Who start our railroads, our steamboats, our machine shops and our manufactories? Men of industry and enterprise. As long as they live they keep at work, doing something to benefit themselves and others. It is just so with a man who is benevolent—the more he gives the more he feels to like giving. We go for activity—in body, in mind, in everything. Let the gold grow not dim, nor the thoughts become stale. Keep all things in motion. We would rather that death should find us scaling a mountain than sinking in a mire—breasting a whirlwind than sneaking from a cloud.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH ON THE CONTINENT.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ROGERS, the poet, meeting a contemporary of Goldsmith, asked him on one occasion what sort of man Goldsmith really was in conversation. "Sir," replied the wiseacre, "he was a fool. The right word never came to him. If you gave him back a bad shilling, he would say, 'Why, it's as good a shilling as ever was born.' You know he ought to have said *coined*. *Coin*, sir, never entered his head. He was a fool, sir."

Poor Goldsmith! it was always his fate to be misunderstood. There were plenty of people ready to give currency to his bulls and his blunders, and but few to appreciate his real merit. They only looked at the false side of the man's character, and made his guileless simplicity a butt for their sarcastic shafts. His unfortunate blunders were declared to be a picture of his whole life. But they who said so were wrong. The character of Goldsmith exhibited many excellent qualities, but not one of them fully developed: he was generous, but at the expense of justice; benevolent, but lacking discretion. Paradoxical as it sounds, his great characteristic was that he was without a characteristic. He was a creature of impulse, and this impulsive action may be traced all through his chequered career.

Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, county of Longford, Ireland, in the year 1728. His father was the Rev. C. Goldsmith, very poor, and very improvident—

"Passing rich on forty pounds a year"

It was a characteristic of the family that the less they had to spend the more prodigally they spent it. In 1730 Goldsmith's father, having been presented to the rectory of Kilkenny West, removed to Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath, and there Oliver commenced his education under the fostering care of Mrs. Elizabeth Delap, and was remarkable for his extreme dullness.

At six years of age he was removed to the sterner government of Mr. Thomas Byrne, where he was again remarkable—chiefly for idleness and illness. But here he began to evince a knack of making verses, and this soon ripened into something above

mediocrity. His friends took him for a genius. They contributed—especially his generous uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine—towards his being sent to college, and so to the university he went. There he trifled away his time and fooled away his money; pawned the books he should have studied, and gave dances and dinners with the money he should have saved. On one occasion his company—a curiously mixed multitude—were abruptly dismissed by college order, and this so enraged Oliver, that he quitted the university with the intention of embarking for America, or any place that offered; but he loitered in Dublin until his resources—derived from borrowing and pawning, and scribbling street ballads for the booksellers at five shillings each—were reduced to one shilling.

Through the mediation of his brother Henry, he afterwards returned to college, but it was only to linger out two years in preparation for a profession for which he had no liking—namely, that of the church. To be obliged to wear a long wig when he liked a short one, or a black coat when he generally dressed in brown, he thought such a restraint upon his liberty, that he was inclined to reject the proposal. He, however, consented to qualify, but spent most of his time in miscellaneous reading or miscellaneous company at a public-house called the "Three Jolly Pigeons;" and when his time came for appearing before the bishop, in the hope of getting ordained, he paid his visit in a pair of scarlet breeches, and had his application refused.

Uncle Contarine, whose faith in his nephew nothing could shake, obtained for him a situation as tutor in a family named Flinn. He did not long retain this post of honour, for, thinking he had been cheated at cards, he threw up his hand and his place together, and went off in dudgeon. He was, in his own estimation, a wealthy man when he received his salary, for after purchasing a horse, he had still thirty pounds good sterling money. So he set off on a rambling expedition, and returned home after three or four weeks with no money, and a pony that he called Fiddleback, the most wretched little pony that ever man beheld.

Having failed in divinity, he now turned his attention to the law. He had made up his mind to

cut a figure at the bar. His friends applauded his resolution, uncle Contarine filled his purse, and he set off for London. But London he did not reach, for falling in with some "good fellows" at Dublin, he spent every penny, and threw himself again on his uncle's generosity.

Medicine still remained, and Goldsmith determined to be a physician. He went to Edinburgh, and from thence to Leyden. There his funds were soon exhausted, more were borrowed, and rapidly spent. As nothing but beggary stared him in the face, poor Noll resolved to turn his musical talent to account, and started as a wandering minstrel on a sentimental journey, with "one shirt, one guinea, and one flute." To play at the doors of cottage homes, to gather around him a little group of delighted listeners, to win their love by his good humour and affection, and thus earn supper and bed,—such was the life he led for many months. At last, after a variety of adventures, he found himself in the great metropolis, leaving hardly a kingdom unvisited or a city where he was not a debtor. The real business of his life had still to begin. As yet he had only been collecting materials for his profession. His last effort to get bread by anything but literature was in the capacity of school teacher, and from this he threw himself heart and soul into the tempest-tost ocean of letters, to sink or swim as the fates should will it.

Literature was in a transition state. The system of patronage was dying out, and the reading public had not yet grown up. The author was at the mercy of the booksellers. It was the period when Grub-street garrets became famous, and when literature as a profession acquired that character for hardship and precariousness which it has never since recovered. He who then adopted it had a bitter cup to drink, and Goldsmith drank it almost to the dregs.

But he had found his true vocation: the round peg was no longer in a triangular hole. He was adapted for his profession—his profession was adapted for him, and he was happy in the discharge of its duties. He loved his labour, whether in Green Arbour-court he was writing with an aching head and a weary heart, clothed in a patched and worn-out suit, beside a rusty grate unconscious of a fire, or whether enter-

taining his friends in the Middle Temple, surrounded by sofas, card-tables, curtains, mirrors, and Wilton carpet, his own person clothed in a suit of Tyrian dye, lined with silk and furnished with gold buttons. Whether in shabby guise and dejected spirits he was slinking out of his lodgings under cover of night, or whether, with bag-wig and sword, he was strutting in the sunshine in the Temple Gardens, he was still the same genial companion, the same kind friend, and, when he had it to give, the same cheerful giver. No matter whether he gave a pound or a penny, he did it with the same heartiness. Widows sat on the stairs and wept when he lay all "a-cold" in the Temple. The poor had loved him living, and shed honest tears when he died.

One of the most natural of our English writers is Goldsmith. His poems are free from false sentiment and faulty construction. He wrote easily, but corrected laboriously. His two comedies have held possession of the stage for almost a century. His "Vicar of Wakefield" is the most touching and truthful novel in our language. His essays are warmed by genial humour and irradiated by sparkling wit. Even his "hack" work for the booksellers, his histories of empires and animals, of kings and crocodiles, are admirable for their purity of style. Whenever he wrote he wrote well. He presented no operatic fairy land, but took nature for his scenery, and men and women for his actors. Wandering with his "Traveller," or resting in his "Deserted Village," involved in the perplexities of the "Good-natured Man," or enjoying the humour of "Tony Lumpkin," listening to the good vicar in his laudable zeal for monogamy, watching the sturdy Burchell striding over the fields, or Moses going to the fair, or Sophia and Olivia discussing the merits of the young squire, and not at all of Mr. Jenkinson's opinion that the world is in its dotage,—we recognise familiar faces—people with whom we have been acquainted or with whom we could associate.

And all through Goldsmith's works, and all through his life, there was a love of home, such as a genuine, simple-hearted man like him could alone feel. Says he:—

"In all my wand'rings through this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flames from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes—my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last."

Goldsmith died on the 5th of April, 1774. With all his blunders and strange doings, he was a gifted, kind-hearted, affectionate man, and one whose literary compositions will ever retain their hold upon the public.

Inventions and Science.

ARTIFICIAL WHITE LIGHT.—The light produced by wax and tallow candles, and by oil and gas under combustion, is yellow in colour; this is the reason why we can scarcely distinguish between blue and green colours at night by artificial illumination. A correspondent of a contemporary makes an inquiry regarding the possibility of obtaining artificial white light, by making it pass through a series of glasses tinted according to the prismatic spectrum, neglecting the yellow ray, of course. A very great improvement in the colour of the artificial light could easily be effected by employing globes or shades of a very faint purple colour. Purple is composed of the red and blue rays of the spectrum, which, properly combined with the yellow ray, produce white.

IMPROVEMENTS IN ORNAMENTAL GLASS BOTTLES.—By this process the bottles are blown as usual, whether of one colour or of glass of two or more colours; and in order to ornament such articles, parts of the surfaces thereof are to be coated with a solution of gutta-percha, &c., and from such coated surfaces parts of the coating are to be removed so as to produce thereon an ornamental device. The articles are then dipped in fluoric acid, combined with sulphuric acid, and the effect will be, that parts of the surfaces of the glass will be dissolving away, and yet both the ornamental design and the other part of the glass will be left clear and bright.

THE GREAT COMET OF 1556.—The question of the identity of the comets of 976 and 1556 has recently formed the subject of an investigation by

M. Hock, of the Observatory of Leyden. M. Hock is of an opinion that the orbit of the comet of 1556 has been determined with tolerable precision, but that the orbit of the comet of 976 is liable to much uncertainty; the calculation of the elements being mainly based upon Chinese observations. He maintains that the discordance between the orbits of the two comets is too great to be accounted for, either by errors of the observations or the effects of planetary perturbation, and, consequently he infers that the two apparitions cannot refer to the same body.

MANUFACTURE OF PAPER FROM RHUBARB FIBRES.—The stalk of the rhubarb plant is passed between rollers to express the juice. The fibre then is well washed, to get therefrom as much of the acid property as possible. The fibre should then be bleached by chloride of lime, &c. To prepare the paper pulp from the fibrous part of the stalk the fibre is placed in a vessel, boiled, and then beaten or torn to pulp by any of the usual methods of reducing rag to pulp. For the manufacture of wine, the juice is taken and boiled, and poured upon lump sugar, yeast is added sufficient to make it ferment; which will take three or four days. It should be then strained and placed into a cask, and the bung not fastened down till it has finished working. The wine should remain for four months, and then be sweetened with fine lump sugar. For spirits the juice should be treated in the same manner as in the first stage of making wine; after the fermentation is ceased it should be placed in a still.

RAILWAY COMMUNICATION.—Any means by which passengers are enabled to communicate with the guard during railway travelling, is of the greatest importance, and we are glad, therefore, at a recent invention admirably adapted for the purpose. Here a bell is fixed in the guard's box, and hung on a spring as low down in the carriage as practicable, and when at rest is supported in a socket in a board. The board or support is so arranged that when a weight falls upon it, or upon a lever connected with it, the board falls, and the bell, being set free, rings. The weight is supported by a cord passing along the train of carriages within reach of the passengers.

THE MOON.—The French *Moniteur* announces that photographic experiments were made in France during the late eclipse of the sun, and these are said to have established the fact that the moon has an atmosphere of about 25 miles in height.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE name of the peasant bard of Scotland is worthy of honourable mention among those who have won for themselves a distinguished place in history. The time has at length come when his biographer may introduce him to public notice without an apology; his virtues are now more readily remembered than his vices. His early sorrows and distresses have made men charitable in respect to the latter, and eloquent about the former.

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a poor hut in Ayrshire. The outward world frowned upon his birth; wild storms raged around the clay-built cottage in which he first saw the light, and shook its walls to the ground, exposing the newborn child to the cold, rough blasts of winter. He used, in after-life, with mock gravity to say that it was no wonder he was so wild, seeing he was born in so wild a time. He was blessed with good parents; he had a mother who could not easily be provoked, who had tender eyes and a loving smile, who could tell her boy old legends, and stories of dark troublous times, and sing to him the lays which had fired the hearts of his ancestors to deeds of daring and of victory. His father was a stern, yet withal tender-hearted man, who had battled with the world, and experienced many of its sorrows and difficulties; the very soul of integrity and honour, but one who could not with all his strivings make much headway in the world, or gain a comfortable subsistence for his family. Things always went wrong with him and his poor seven acres of nursery ground, and he was constantly receiving letters about arrears and debts, which threw the whole family into tears. But in the delight of educating his children, he forgot the troubles of life; with the utmost solicitude he endeavoured to train them aright, and to fit them for an honourable and useful career. Of an evening he would gather his children around him, and teach them all he knew himself; particularly dwelling upon the battles and combats of which their own land had been the scene, and upon the men who had been worthy sons of Scotland. Books, too, he would sometimes read to them. Bunyan's pilgrimage from death unto life, Milton's glorious measure, and Herve's pious musings were among his favourites.

Nor did he neglect set religious instruction. The man who would listen delightedly to three sermons, each of two hours' length, on the Sabbath, was not the one to neglect theology. Theology meant something to him: it was higher in his estimation than all the learning of the schools. The schoolmaster he chose for Robert he selected, not so much on account of literary, as theological attainments. It was Robert's father who inspired that beautiful picture of family religion presented to us in the "Cotter's Saturday Night;" that song which comes over the mind like a slow and solemn strain of music, and in which the soul of the poet aspires above this scene of low thought and care, and reposes in trembling hope on "the bosom of its Father and its God."

In his younger days the poet was much indebted to an old woman of the name of Jenny Wilson. She was the very incarnation of superstition: she had the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, elf-candles, apparitions, giants, enchanted towers, and dragons, who required so many virgins per annum to keep them quiet and respectable. Over the soul of Burns, notwithstanding his boyhood's bravery, Jenny Wilson's stories had mighty influence. They haunted his solitary rambles, and his imagination saw many a ghost in harmless trees or white cows, and heard awful warnings in the rustling of leaves and the sighing of the wind. But her stories did more: they stirred the latent seeds of poesy in the boy's heart—they gave wings to his fancy, and peopled the unseen with shapes of glory and magnificence.

Burns, while yet a youth, had desires and hopes which were but a fore-feeling of his capabilities. He was a quick boy at school, he had a good memory, and, to use his own words, "a sturdy something in his disposition." His conduct as a lad was counted rather old-fashioned. If he could not beat a boy in a playground fight, he would challenge him to an argument upon some question, and beat him in that. He took no delight in the games of his school-fellows: he preferred taking long walks by himself. He used to wander in his play-hours along the coast, watching the ships sailing over the deep, and now and then entering into conversation with the bold smugglers who frequented the region in which he was brought up. So his boyhood glided away.

At nineteen years of age he was a tolerably well educated youth. He had picked up an education, as the saying is. By scraps of time well employed, by conversation with those who knew more than himself, by the reading of books when the day's farming work was over (for his father's circumstances obliged him to put Robert to the plough at an early age), and by the diligent use of such aids to mental culture as were within his reach, he had gathered together a considerable fund of information. But long before the age of nineteen, Robert Burns had shown himself a true poet. He was born one, the faculty within him grew as he grew, and uttered itself in words more and more distinct and forcible as he drew near the age of man. His conscious entrance into the world of poetry was a great era in his life. In short, "twas falling in love that caused the soul of Robert to burst forth into song. 'Twas on an autumn day, and in a field waving with golden corn, while gentle airs were blowing, and the heavens looked down with blessing, that our poet became the subject of emotions which he had never experienced. He was not quite fifteen years of age, and was reaping in the harvest field with a nut-brown maid, a year younger than himself, for his companion. She was binding into sheaves the corn which fell under the sickle of Robert, and her artless disposition and manners bewitched his heart. She had a good voice, and sang sweetly; she had a beautiful little hand, but the cruel nettles and thistles used to sting it, and Robert had to pick out the stings. Returning home in the evening he found himself awkwardly loitering about her path, and the tones of her voice made his heartstrings thrill like an Æolian harp, and his pulse beat a furious ratan when he took her hand to see if there were any more stings in it; and Robert was in love. And oh, lack-a-day! she praised a piece of poetry that a young laddie had made, which caused the fires of jealousy to blaze in her companion's soul, and he exclaimed, indignantly, "But I can make poetry, and I will do it." Thus with him began love and poetry, so true it is, that when one thing is discerned to be beautiful, the eye sees objects of beauty everywhere.

The serious reader will treat this boyish attachment of Burns with contempt; but it must be remembered that it exercised great influence over his nature; it stirred up the earnest within him, and gave him, while it lasted, something to live and work for. It did not last long, and time would fail to tell of all the Nannies and Peggies which captivated him ere

his beard was grown. His heart was as tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or another; and every one, while her reign lasted, was to be the goddess of his life. And here we ought to mention one in whose memory Burns wrote one of his noblest songs, entitled, "Mary in Heaven." Had she lived, no doubt she would have been Robert's wife. Her name was Mary Campbell, a peasant's daughter, and holding no higher office than that of a dairymaid, but so beautiful and good that she won the esteem of all who knew her; and she loved Burns, and plighted her troth to him. One Sunday, in May, they met on the banks of the Ayr, where they took farewell, ere Mary embarked for the West Highlands to arrange for her married life. The lovers stood on each side of a small brook; they laved their hands in the stream, and, holding a bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted, never to meet again. In a few days a malignant fever hurried Mary to her grave, before even Burns had heard of her illness. To the end of his life he kept the anniversary of her death sacred as a sabbath, and on one of these occasions wrote the hymn to which we have alluded.

Early in life we find Robert Burns complaining that it was his great misfortune to be without a distinct idea as to what he was to be and do in life. He had early felt some stirrings of ambition; but, he says, they were as the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops around the walls of his cave, and at the age of twenty-two he was in despair of ever making a figure in the world, and he longed to bid an eternal adieu to all the pains and disquietudes of his weary life. In the future he only saw poverty and obscurity awaiting him, and he did not feel himself possessed of sufficient courage to do battle with them.

He attempted a variety of things by which to gain a livelihood. He betook himself to flax-making and farming, he read books upon agriculture, and tried to settle down as a son of the soil, but all without success. His heart was not in his work. At any time he would stop the plough to look upon a daisy, or to watch the clouds sailing in massive grandeur over his head.

His life at this time was far from pure and upright. He was guilty of the most heartless immorality, and committed sins that in after life he looked back upon with horror. Those sins are now too well known, and we need not direct particular attention to them. In consequence of their commission, and the retribution which was about to fall upon him, he resolved to quit his native land and take ship for Jamaica. It was with an almost broken heart that he prepared to sever himself from the scenes of his childhood, and to give up the hopes of being a poet to his countrymen. He could not but see that he had brought ruin and shame upon his own head, and that the bitter harvest he had to reap was of his own sowing.

But the remainder of his life, and the estimate we have formed of his character, must be reserved until our next number.

Small Change.

EPITAPH IN PÈRE-LA-CHAISE CEMETERY.—"Here lies M. N., the best of husbands and the tenderest of fathers. His inconsolable widow still carries on the business in the Rue Richelieu."

A GRIEVANCE.—"I am a fat man, and require room. I had to travel by diligence from Macon, in France. I sent the rascally garçon from the hotel, to book two places for me, and paid for them. When I came to the office to take my place, I found they had booked one seat for me *inside* and one *out*. Mem. To learn French before I travel in France again."

WHY is a reporter like a pickpocket?—"Because he takes notes, and must have quick fingers to insure success."

A GENTLEMAN asked a poet to write some verses on his new carriage. "Certainly," replied the latter; "a carriage is an excellent subject for the *news*."

MATRIMONY.

Cries Sue to Will, midst matrimonial strife,
"Dark was the hour I first became your wife."
"By all the powers," cries Will, "but that's too bad,
You've banned the only quiet hour we've had."

"Ah, Jones," said a most intolerable bore, "I passed your house yesterday, and thought of looking in." "I am very glad you did pass it," said Jones.

"Bless me," said Miss Tabitha, as she prepared her cup "that cheers but not inebriates," "I have absolutely forgotten to put the tea into the pot." "You are mistaken," answered Birchenhall, the schoolmaster, "a pot without a *t* is impossible."

WHY are sailors badly off in first-class ships?—Because they're expected to serve three masters.

CURIOS CALCULATION.—If one pin was dropped in the hold of the Leviathan the first week, two the next, four the next, eight the next, and so on, doubling the number each time for a year (fifty-two weeks), the number deposited would be 4,509,599,627,370,495; the weight of them, allowing twenty pins to one ounce, would be 628,292,358 tons; and the number of Leviathans, of the tonnage of 22,500 tons each, required to carry them would be 27,924.

A GENTLEMAN was asked to give a definition of nonsense. "Sir," he replied, "to bolt a door with a boiled carrot is nonsense."

CHANGE.

How many minds has Julia got?
It's really hard to say—
But she must have a precious lot,
She changes one each day!

SOME men are like tea. You can't get any goodness out of them, till they have been for some time in hot water.

WHY is first love like a potato?—Because it shoots from the eyes, and becomes less by paring.

LADY-DAY is said to be the only lady whose age is accurately known.

CURIOS FACT.—You must go through three springs before you get to a leap year.

FLOWERS are not trifles, as one might know if he would only think how much pains, so to speak, God has taken with them everywhere; not one unfinished, not one bearing the traces of brush or pencil. Fringing the eternal borders of mountain winter, gracing the pulseless breast of the old, gray granite—everywhere they are humanising. Murderers do not often wear roses in their button-holes. Villains seldom train vines over cottage doors.

In the "Talmud" there is a forcible figure descriptive of the depth of the sea. "Step not in there," runs the passage, "for, seven years ago, a carpenter dropped his axe, and it hath not yet reached the bottom."

A MISSISSIPPI STEAMER.—"Stranger, you know nothing about steamers in the old country. We do the thing here rale smart. The stoker gets orders to pile on lots of wood; the clerk goes round mighty brisk, and collects the fares; the flames come roaring out at the chimney like snapping turtles; the captain sets down on the safety-valve, and we goes right ahead!"

A SPANISH writer remarks of a lady's black eyes, "They were in mourning for the murders they had committed."

SLANDER.—The expansive nature of scandal is told by the poet thus:—

"The flying rumours gathered as they rolled;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargement, too;
On every ear it spread—on every tongue it grew."

CHARLES II.'s politeness did not desert him even in his last moments. He apologised to the courtiers around his deathbed for having "been an unconscionable time a-dying, but hoped they would excuse him."

AN Arab, talking to a French soldier, in Algeria, used the following laconic argument against duelling: "If a man insults you," said the son of the desert, "you may *kill him* on the spot. But is it not foolish to give him an opportunity of killing you as well as of insulting you?"

BEAR-BAITING, a cruel sport which has become almost obsolete in England. It is still occasionally exhibited in the debates in the House of Commons.

"PATRICK, darlin', you shall dine with me soon, on eggs and bacon." "Sure, Jem, dear, then I'll come to ye on a *Fry-day*."

ADVICE to a man not noted for truth-telling:

"Lie on! and my revenge shall be,
To speak the very truth of thee."

ENERGETIC master to lazy servant—"John, John, get up, the day is breaking." "Very well, sir, let him break; he owes us nothing."—(Interval of twenty minutes)—"John, John, here's the sun up before you!" "Very well, sir, he has farther to go than we have." (John receives notice to quit.)

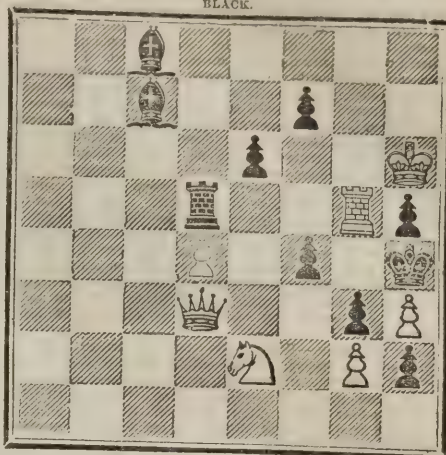
A CELEBRATED Italian miser was carried to the grave at midnight with a procession of torches. A bystander wrote on a slip of paper—

"What numerous lights this wretch's corpse attend,
Who, in his lifetime, saved a candle's end!"

"THE wind's getting round," observed one chilly East Indian to another, after one of our *Easters* had been blowing for three weeks. "I'm glad of it," replied the shivering friend, "for it has been *sharp* long enough."

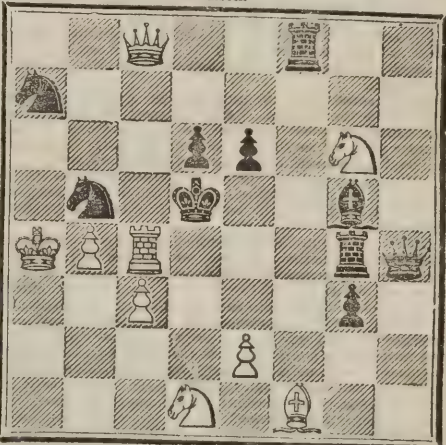
Chess.

Problem No. 34. By Mr. Wm. GREENWOOD.



White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 35. By Mr. W. M'KENZIE.



White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 30.

WHITE.
1. B to K Kt 7
2. P to Q 4
3. B to K R 6
4. Kt mates

BLACK.
Black's moves are forced

Solution of Problem No. 31.

WHITE.
1. B to Q R 6
2. R to Q B 4
3. R or B mates

BLACK.
1. K moves
2. Kt moves.

Solution of Problem No. 32.

WHITE.
1. Q to Q R 8
2. P to R 6
3. Kt mates

BLACK.
1. K takes Q
2. Any move

Game played between R. B. WORMALD, Esq. and Mr. C.

WHITE.
R. B. W.

1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3
3. P to Q 4
4. B to Q B 4
5. P to Q B 3
6. P takes P
7. Castles
8. K Kt to Kt 5
9. P to K B 4
10. K to R sq
11. P to K B 5
12. Q to K R 5
13. P to K B 6
14. P takes Kt P
15. Q takes Kt (ch)
16. Kt to K 6 (dis ch)
17. R to K B 3 (ch)

BLACK.
Mr. C.

1. P to K 4
2. Q Kt to B 3
3. P takes P
4. B checks
5. P takes P
6. B to Q 3
7. Q to K 2 (a)
8. K Kt to R 3
9. B to Q B 4 (ch)
10. P to Q 3
11. Castles
12. Kt to K 4
13. Q to Q 2 (b)
14. K takes P
15. K takes Q
16. K to R 4
17. K to R 5 (c)

And White mated in four moves.

(a) P to Q 3 is the correct move.—(b) Taking P with P would be of no avail.—(c) If K to Kt 3, White would play Kt takes R (ch), winning.
Answers to several correspondents are unavoidably delayed until next week.

Our Editorial Table.

E. RAYMOND and some other correspondents complain that they have looked through our columns in vain for replies to their inquiries. In the first place, we repeat what we have more than once stated, that, in consequence of our very large and continually extending circulation, three weeks must necessarily elapse, even with the most approved appliances, before a reply to any question can be published. In the next place, our correspondence has become so large, we might say, so overwhelming, that it is next to impossible to keep pace with it, though we devote an entire page to that purpose. Notwithstanding this, every communication that is deemed worthy of notice, and especially those which relate to matters of public utility, receive the earliest possible attention. At the same time, we respectfully hint to our correspondents—1. To study brevity. 2. Not to overburden us by sending a great number of questions in one letter. We have on our table one letter containing seventeen questions, relating to as many different subjects. 3. Not to require us to answer questions which concern no individual but the writer. 4. Not to put questions to us which any neighbour or acquaintance could easily answer, or answers to which have been more than once given in our columns. 5. Not to write to us on matters which their own good sense must tell them are highly objectionable.

A POOR PARSON.—Black revive, to restore the colour of black cloth, is prepared thus:—Blue galls, bruised, 4 oz.; logwood, copperas, iron filings, and sumach, of each 1 oz.; vinegar, one quart. Macerate in a close vessel, with heat, for twenty-four hours; then strain off the clear, add the fillings and copperas, and shake it occasionally for a week. Keep it in a corked bottle.

ROVER.—You should be prepared to answer any question put down in the paper, as you cannot tell which of them the Examiners may select.

HIBERNIAN.—Apply to Mr. Mayall, 224, Regent-street, London.

ALLAN SPIERS.—You may get "The Class Examiner in Euclid," for a few pence, at our publishers.

UTTOXETER.—The tale of "The Soldier of Fortune" began in No. 68, and was concluded in No. 105. You can have these at three-halfpence per number by sending to Messrs. Petter and Galpin.

SNAPDRAGON.—The mixture will be equally efficacious without the otto of roses. As to soft corns, the simplest and best remedy is to wear upon the toe or part affected a small circular piece of soft leather, spread with diachylon plaster, and having a hole cut in its centre the size of the corn.

T. CROFT.—The first volume of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, New Series, will be completed in twenty-six weekly numbers. Suitable covers for binding will be ready in due time.

A. W. L.—Acquire in the first instance the art of making a good bow. By the time you have done this you will, probably, have found out something to say without our prompting you. However, we do not like to give your request a flat refusal, for if you should happen to be a bashful man, in the agitation of making a new acquaintance all your ideas and all your presence of mind may be scattered to the four winds. On a first introduction put questions to the lady; you will find she has plenty to say, and her loquacity will remove all awkwardness. As you cannot immediately dash into any very interesting topic, begin by asking her opinion of the place, then find in what estimation she holds the last most remarkable work of some popular author. The proceedings of our volatile neighbours across the channel furnish also inexhaustible themes, and when once you enter upon France and the French your *mauvaise honte* will disappear as if by magic.

CORA.—Supposing the gentleman to be no gay deceiver, you might infer from his wishing to dance the whole evening with you, that he wishes for your company every evening of his life.

MARIA.—We cannot counsel you to betray your own sister, but do not cease to warn her affectionately and earnestly. You must then rest satisfied with doing your duty yourself, and with offering up prayers for your sister's reformation.

JULIET.—Your giving a bible to the gentleman with whom you are on terms of intimacy, is perfectly consistent with propriety. It is possible he may consider the gift as a proof of interest in his welfare, but it is not a kindness on which he could presume.

W. B. S.—The secretary and treasurer of the society you name are at perfect liberty to engage in as many speculations as they please, provided they are not specifically forbidden to do so by the articles, and provided they do not tamper with the funds.

IRISHMAN.—The princesses and princes of England can only marry those of royal blood.

POOR LABOURER.—You must have misunderstood some particulars of your friend's case. No magistrate could have acted as you state.

R. SINNOTT.—You forget that, not only were "all the fountains of the great deep broken up," but "the windows of heaven were opened."

A DEANSTOWNIAN.—A reply to your inquiry would involve us in political discussions, which we are careful to avoid.

PERIPATETIC.—We believe that all the individuals who have aimed at the life of our beloved Sovereign are confined in Bedlam.

HOPE.—We have given your case our best attention. The wig being light and ventilating, is not likely to interfere with the growth of your hair, to promote which you had better persevere in your present plan of washing your head and using friction afterwards. In addition to this, make a point of rubbing your head twice a week with the following mixture:—One part of liquid hartshorn to nine parts of good olive oil.

LADY ETHEL.—As the company which your lover keeps is respectable, we do not consider you justified in dictating to him the exact period of time he is to spend with his friends. We can assure you, Lady Ethel, that if instead of being an affectionate, cheerful companion, you become a severe lecturer, you will see less and less of your lover.

ADOLPHUS.—You are very wrong to pour over small print by candle light. No wonder your eyes are affected. The following wash may afford relief. Put into a common sized phial fifteen drops of laudanum, add two-thirds of rose-water, and for the remaining third fill the bottle with rectified spirits of mildererus. Sponge your eyes with this mixture.

A. H.—In the county of Kent, ladies can dispose of landed property at eighteen years of age; but in other counties of England, men and women attain their majority at the same period, namely, twenty-one years of age. The hair you forward for our inspection would, in a mass, appear auburn.

WILLIAM.—At twenty-four years of age, and in a comfortable business, you require no assistance from us to procure a wife. Determine on cultivating female society. In preceding numbers of the New Series of this Paper you will find advice how to proceed.

DOLLY DORDEN.—The gentleman whose awkwardness occasioned (in the railway carriage) the fall and dispersion of the provisions in your basket, should have offered his assistance in picking them up, but should not have persevered if you had shown any objection to receive his aid.

AN AMATEUR.—Succinic acid is obtained from amber by distilling it. When pure, it is a white, crystalline substance. It was formerly called salt of amber. The mode of procuring ferro-tartaric acid would require more space than we can spare.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—Read the foregoing.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We do not know the agent's name. Any bookseller would, we should think, procure them for you. If you have any further difficulty, send by post direct.

BELLA TRELAWNY.—It seems your lover is jealous, and, we must own, not without cause. You did very wrong in allowing your suitor's brother to become so familiar. He has punished you, and lowered himself by boasting of your foolish proofs of kindness, thus creating angry feelings between you and your lover. You must have patience, and, by much greater attention to propriety, endeavour to obliterate the recollection of your past error.

GRISY.—You are mistaken about a right hand marriage. There is no such expression. You must be thinking of a left hand marriage. This is a connection (of no very reputable nature) which is sometimes formed by German princes with their inferiors in rank, and is called a morganatic marriage. For full particulars respecting St. Valentine, we refer you to "Cassell's Illustrated Almanac for 1858."

BLACK HOOPE.—The Maynooth Grant is a grant of funds from government to the Catholic College of Maynooth.

A. Z.—It is not our intention at present to furnish further details of the fire-escapes used in London. See Nos. 1 and 2 FAMILY PAPER, New Series.

F. CLERK.—Consult a chemist.

W. A. NASTRICK.—"Oblique" pronounced *obleek*.

J. COOPER.—We do not know; it must be a mere tradition.

F. W. CROXDON.—Yes; without the aid of a master.

FRANK ROVER.—The hair sent for our inspection is light auburn, though spiteful people might say, "*Cela tire sur le roux*,"—broadly translated, "It has a tendency to red."

A READER OF THE FAMILY PAPER.—"The Educational Course" contains a variety of interesting and useful information, and is well adapted to your purpose. The whole six volumes complete will cost 15s. 6d.

HARRY WITH THE HEART-ACHE.—Judging from your communication (which is well worded and well written), we have come to the conclusion that the young lady is attached to you, and that what may appear coldness results merely from maidenly reserve. Persevere, by all means.

HINSUTE, A YOUNG RECRUIT, and SIMPLE DAISY.—The question how to remove superfluous hair has been twice answered in the New Series of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER. Our correspondents must carefully examine the editorial columns of the preceding numbers.

ANNIE.—Your verses are pleasing, and evince talent, but your metre is not quite correct. Study prosody, and send us another little poem some time hence. But in the meantime take the advice of a friend. Do not neglect any lucrative employment to devote yourself to poetry. Only give your spare time to the muses.

M. A. BELLE, A MUSIC GIRL, LIMA.—We will endeavour to advise these ladies for the best. "M. A." and "Belle" wish to be told of a remedy for scurf in the head. Washing the head in soft water and Castille soap is the most efficient remedy, and by giving the preference to Castille over other soaps, there is less danger of changing the colour of the hair. Perseveringly brushing the head and hair every night is necessary in conjunction with washing the head once a week. By following this system, a lady whom we know, and who was greatly troubled with the complaint in question, got rid of it completely. "A Music Girl" and "Lima" wish to know of a remedy for scurvy. For this tormenting disease eating carrots has been found efficacious. In fact a ship's crew were cured of it by partaking freely of carrot marmalade, or carrots well boiled down in sugar.

SOPHIA.—A flushed face often proceeds from an irregular circulation of the blood. We recommend you to use the flesh brush freely before going to bed, and on rising in the morning.

CESAR.—You have placed yourself in a very painful situation. We really feel for you, because we perceive you suffer much more than you choose to own. "Take it easy" (one of Marryat's maxims) is all very well, but you have taken things rather "too easy." Your remark to the lady you were addressing, "That you might be courting her merely for her money," was worse than injudicious. As a matter of course, you lost your chance of her. This punishment did not suffice. You went on till you made enemies of every one around you, and lost a good appointment. You ask us to console you in your trouble with a "hint of encouragement," and with sympathy. The latter we cordially give; the former only to an entirely different plan to that you have hitherto adopted. The "don't care" system is sure to lead to bad results. In the present state of society, caution and earnest endeavours can alone insure success. But do not despond. If the loss of the young lady, and the appointment into the bargain, induce you to look into yourself, and to endeavour to effect a reformation in your character, you will not have

suffered in vain. Those around you will soon perceive your improvement; and when next you are in possession of solid advantages, beware of throwing them up lightly.

ADOLESCENS, and a number of other lads, mostly under sixteen years of age, write, requesting to be immediately supplied with "something to make whiskers grow without injury to the skin." We advise them to "bide their time." We have before given receipts for hair oil.

ISOLINDA and CORDELLA.—The proposals you received in the shape of valentines cannot be considered regular offers of marriage; but very likely they were sent to try whether the suitors would have any chance of success on taking more serious measures to secure your hands.

H. E. F.—We advise you to advertise for daily pupils, and to state that you have not any objection to instruct little boys. By doing this you would open a wider field for your exertions. In needlework you would find competitors so numerous, and so well versed in their business, that we do not recommend you to try it until other things have failed.

A FOREIGNER.—In all probability the old saying, "Mind your P's and Q's," originated in the practice of tavern keepers scoring down the debts of customers, and placing p's for pints and q's for quarts.

A LADY'S MAID.—You should place your mistress's pearls in common dry magnesia, and you will restore their colour.

A BOY OF SIXTEEN.—A boy of sixteen, who, judging from his writing and orthography, has not made the best use of his time, is in a great hurry to know when young men should marry. We consider twenty-five a good age, generally speaking, but "as a boy of sixteen" is backward in his education, we advise him to wait until he is thirty.

J. P. WILD (Hull).—"The Educational Course" is an entirely distinct series, and can be obtained of any bookseller. We believe you will have no difficulty in obtaining the other work at the present time.

MARK RAYNER.—The tales by Mr. J. F. Smith which have appeared from time to time in our Paper are not to be obtained in any other form.

CURIOS.—We have given several receipts in former numbers for preparing invisible inks.

B. A. S., T. F. LOVETT, F. M. T., and ADOLESCENS.—"The Model Copy Books," published by Ward and Lock, Fleet-street, price 4d. per number, including postage.

C. WADE.—It was in the reign of William the Conqueror that the halfpenny first came into use. At the accession of this monarch the penny had on it a deep cross, so that it could be broken in two for a halfpenny, or into four for a fourth, or farthing.

LILLIAN.—You had better advertise in the most influential journal to the following effect—that you are anxious to find a situation in a respectable boarding-school, where your instructing younger pupils, and taking care of their wardrobes, would be deemed an equivalent for your board, and for further means of improving yourself. State that you are nineteen years of age, and that you can give good references. Head your advertisement with, "No salary required."

EMMELINE, STUPID CUPID, JOHNNY.—The letters of these three correspondents are now open before us. They all speak of the sorrows of the heart. Poor "Emmeline" is desperately in love; had believed the passion returned; finds out her mistake, and asks us "what she is to do?" She must do without the one she loves—that is pretty clear. To console her under this painful necessity, we remind her that there are plenty of beaux left, and that she would be very silly to make her eyes red with crying, and her heart ache with pining after one who is indifferent to her. Let "Emmeline" call to her aid all the dignity of womanhood, and force her thoughts into other channels. Let her give her energies to her business; and, when she meets the man on whom she foolishly doted, let her learn to say, mentally—

"Know, all disdainful and cold as thou art, My bosom is proud as thine own."

We suspect "Stupid Cupid" will have to cultivate the same degree of indifference we recommend to "Emmeline." As the object of his affections received his attentions, she had no reason to be offended when he entered on the subject of love. In our opinion she is a mere coquette unworthy of our correspondent's regards, and we advise him to banish her from his thoughts, and to fix his affections on a worthier object. "Johnny" must watch the course of events. When meeting the young lady in society, he cannot immediately enter on the subject of his preference, but he can discuss music, poetry, painting, and all subjects that appeal to the finer and softer emotions of the heart. He can propose sending any flower which she expresses an admiration for, and thus easily discover by the reception given to these respectful attentions, whether more serious proofs of regard would be listened to favourably.

MAGGIE.—In so important an affair as the choice of a companion for life, the gentleman is justified in taking his time for investigating the character, tastes, and habits of the young lady towards whom his heart leans. But there should be moderation in all things. After a few months' intimacy there must have been full opportunity of coming to a conclusion one way or the other; and if no declaration follows, there is reason to believe that the constant visitor is a mere trifler, and any girl of sense would withdraw from the company of one whom she had good reason to believe a vacillating, and consequently, a contemptible man.

BONNY MARY.—We advise you to use bran instead of oatmeal. In a muslin bag tie up about half-a-pint of bran. Let it soak in a large wash-hand basin full of tepid water, and wash your face, neck, and arms with it before it becomes cold. We consider honey soap is very good, but in our estimation Castille soap is the purest, though not the most pleasant.

** We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARTLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

And still I looked upon their loveliness,
And sought their nature for similitudes
Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss;
And fairest imagery around me thronged.

POLLOCK.

It is now necessary to explain to our readers how Lillian came to be at the ball given by the Governor-General of India, chaperoned by Lady Bell Fourreau, and treated almost as a daughter by her husband.

When Rose had succeeded in conveying the rescued child on board the vessel which conveyed the gallant 01st to the East, she felt that it

was impossible for her presence to remain long a secret from the colonel. An abrupt discovery might affect, not only the position of her husband, now a soldier and subjected to military discipline, but her own character for straightforward conduct and truth, qualities on which she had hitherto prided herself, and not without just reason. She resolved to take, therefore, the advice of Corporal Stock, and make a friend, if possible, of her new mistress.

Still it was not without misgiving and hesitation that she came to the conclusion; and, even then, did not put it into execution till the ship had passed the Land's End, and the possibility of sending the little intruder back no longer to be feared.

For the first two or three days, her ladyship had paid the usual penalty of those who venture upon the bosom of the ocean for the first time. Neither rank nor beauty are exempt from sea-sickness; fortunately, it did not last long. But, whilst it did, nothing could exceed the unwearied attention Rose paid to the sufferer. Night and day she remained by her pillow,

anticipating every want. The most affectionate mother, watching over her child, could not have shown more devotion. No wonder that her mistress felt grateful, and esteemed herself fortunate in having obtained so excellent a nurse.

The *mal de mer* had passed, and Lady Bell was sufficiently recovered from its effects to dine at table with the ladies and officers of the regiment. Rose had waited purposely for the departure of Sir Charles, before making her appearance in the cabin to dress her ladyship's hair.

"You are ill, I fear," observed her mistress.

"It will soon pass," observed the poor creature, hesitatingly.

"I am sure you are. Your hand trembles, and your eyes appear red, as if with weeping. You have over-tasked yourself in your attentions to me. Never mind my hair," added the kind-hearted woman. "I can arrange it myself. You had better retire to your cabin, and I will send Dr. Burke to you."



LILLIAN ACKNOWLEDGES TO LADY BELL HER LOVE FOR RICHARD.

"I am not ill, my lady; indeed I am not," replied Rose; "at least, not in body."

"In mind, then. You have been weeping?"

"Alas! yes."

"And the cause?"

Rose remained silent. The moment had arrived, and she could not find courage to speak. The words she had arranged in her own mind vanished from her memory.

"What will she not think of me?" she mentally ejaculated. "That I have unworthily deceived her."

"Surely," exclaimed Lady Bell, fixing her eyes inquiringly upon the pale features and quivering lips of her attendant, "your husband has not spoken or acted unkindly to you, after all your patience and suffering? I see he has," she continued, "nothing less could have so distressed you. Oh! these men, these men. They treat our hearts as playthings. Like children, they first pine for our love, and when they have won it, neglect or trifle with us."

Of all the married ladies of our acquaintance, the speaker was about the last whom experience could justify in making such an observation, for her husband perfectly adored her. The only danger she had to dread was that of being spoilt by over-indulgence. How or why she formed such an opinion of our sex it is impossible to explain,—probably it was one of those intuitive perceptions peculiar to woman.

"No, no," sobbed Rose, anxious to exculpate her husband from a suspicion which he did not deserve; "Mark would not pain me for the world; in fact, he never did so willingly."

"And you have no illness?"

"Not of the body, my lady."

Her mistress regarded her earnestly.

"Of the mind, then?" she repeated.

"Alas! yes."

"And you wish to confide it to me?"

"You are my only hope," exclaimed the agitated woman; "for unless your goodness stands between Sir Charles's anger and my fault, I shall lose his good opinion, I fear, for ever."

Faith! It was getting serious; and, grateful as Lady Fourreau felt for the attention and devotion of her new attendant, she hesitated to compromise herself by any direct promise.

"It can't be anything very bad, Rose—morally bad, I mean—I think I may say that I feel assured of that—so confide in me at once. If I ought to befriend you, I will. I can say no more. Speak candidly—truthfully."

Thus encouraged, Rose informed her mistress that on quitting London she and Mark had brought with them the orphan child of a deceased friend, whom they had placed, as they thought, with those who would take care of her, but had been cruelly deceived.

"Was the child related to you?" demanded Lady Bell.

"No."

"Strange that you should have adopted it," was the reply.

Of course, Rose could not explain why they had taken Lillian: that would have been to have exposed the crime of her husband.

"He was the companion of Mark in childhood," she said; "and there were reasons, many reasons, why we could not abandon his orphan. Those whom I had left her with promised to protect her; but, instead of keeping their plighted word, they sold her, heartlessly sold her to a brutal mountebank and a fiend-like woman, who treated her cruelly. I knew not this—indeed I did not, when I entered your ladyship's service. It was not till after you had quitted the hotel in Southampton that I found her in the streets; I was on my way with Stock to embark. When I discovered her, impulse as well as duty prompted me to rescue her from her fearful fate; I concealed her beneath my cloak,—brought her on board—she is here."

"Here?" repeated her hearer, amazed.

"The wife of one of the soldiers has taken charge of her."

"Well," exclaimed Lady Bell, with a benevolent smile, "it is but one more in the vessel; I am glad it is no worse. I don't think Sir Charles will be very angry; if he should, I must intercede for you."

Rose, in the fulness of her gratitude, would have thrown herself at the speaker's feet and thanked her.

"Nonsense," interrupted her ladyship; "do nothing of the kind; it is not much good the best of us can do in this wicked world. There, dry your eyes, and finish dressing my hair. When my toilet is made, let me see your protégée. How old is she?"

"About nine years old, my lady."

"And pretty?"

"Beautiful as a young angel, my lady."

"And her name?"

"Lillian Gee."

In less than an hour after the above conversation, Lillian was secretly brought into the cabin of Lady Fourreau, who, despite her shabby, worn-out frock, felt struck, not only with the extreme beauty of the child, but with the extreme grace of her manner, and that air of distinction which even the poor weaver and his wife had observed. There was no awkward embarrassment in her manner; on the contrary, she looked up smilingly into the face of Lady Bell, and, reading an expression of interest and kindness in her eyes, advanced and placed her little hand in her.

"O Lilly!" exclaimed Rose, "you must not make so free. Pray, excuse her, your ladyship: she does not know that you—"

"Never mind my ladyship," interrupted the kind-hearted woman. "What does she know of such distinctions? You have not over-praised her: she is lovely. I never saw a more aristocratic air. I have no wish to be too curious, so you need not answer my question unless you think fit to do so. Who was her father?"

"Barry Gee, my lady."

"And his rank?"

"He had been a soldier. I never saw her mother."

We all of us are aware that nature certainly does indulge in strange caprices at times. Lady Bell was not one of those women who imagine beauty to be the exclusive privilege of birth. The loveliness of the orphan, therefore, did not surprise her, but her manners and air of refinement did.

"You had better," said her ladyship, "return her for a day or two to the woman who has taken charge of her, till we can make her presentable; then return, and we will arrange everything. Good-by," she added, holding out her hand to the little object of her benevolence.

Lillian took it, and held up her face to be kissed. There was something so natural and confiding in the act, it touched the heart of her protectress, who, with true womanly kindness, touched her cheek with her lips.

"Be a good girl," she said, "and you shall see me again."

"I am always good with those I love," replied the child; "and I am sure that I shall love you. I like to hear you speak; it seems as if I had heard your voice before."

"Indeed!"

"It must have been in my dreams, for I have no recollection of your face—oh, yes," she added, "I know now: it is like my mamma's—my own dear mamma's voice, who used to caress me, and sing to me, long ago, before I crossed the sea."

Lady Bell looked at Rose, inquiringly.

"She was born whilst her father was on foreign service, my lady," observed the latter; "the poor fellow died directly after his return to his native village, and we all supposed her mother to have been foreign too."

"Most likely," thought her mistress: "that may account for her peculiar style of beauty and graceful manner."

Before quitting the cabin, Lady Bell kissed her again, and Rose contrived to take her back to the corporal's wife unseen by Sir Charles. The heart of the poor creature was much lighter. She felt as if half the sin she and her husband had committed in the abduction of Lillian from St. Faith's, had been removed by having found her such a protectress as the wife of Sir Charles Fourreau.

Lady Bell was one of those warm-hearted, impulsive creatures who never perform a kind action by halves. Many persons in her position would have considered that they acted with liberality enough in forgiving Rose for having introduced the orphan on board without permission; but she did more: she resolved to protect her; and, with the assistance of her waiting-woman, actually commenced that same day a wardrobe for Lillian, by cutting up several of her own dresses, and working at them herself.

When completed, Lillian again was sent for.

The lady very naturally anticipated the delight of the child on being clad for the first time, as she imagined, in a frock of silk. To her astonishment, Lilly did not appear in the least surprised. She kissed her ladyship, and thanked her, but expressed neither wonder nor admiration at the beauty of her dress.

"One would really imagine she had been accustomed to silk dresses all her life," thought Lady Bell. "Are you not pleased," she added, speaking aloud, "with your new clothes?"

"I am pleased at being near you," was the reply.

"Can it be art?" mentally ejaculated the donor; "or has some one been tutoring her?"

Rose was too clear-sighted not to read the doubt passing in the mind of her mistress. She felt annoyed at Lilly's want of admiration.

"And do you not thank the good lady for her bounty?" she asked.

"I have thanked her."

"I did not hear you."

"Thanked her as I used to thank my own mamma, long ago, when she gave me a new dress, or brought me fresh flowers—there are no flowers where I have been lately—or sang to me: thanked her," she added, "with a kiss."

"And did your mamma often give you dresses?"

"Very often, when I was good, and had learnt my lessons."

"And what did you learn?"

Lillian pointed to the pianoforte which stood open in the cabin.

There was something so extraordinary in the wife of a common soldier having her infant daughter taught the piano, that Lady Bell began to suspect Rose had imposed upon her, as to the real history and parentage of the child, and was about to declare her doubts to her, till she saw by her countenance that the waiting-woman was quite as much, if not more surprised than herself.

"And so you can play?" she said, addressing her protégée.

The child smiled, and, walking to the instrument, run over one of Cruvelli's early airs, not without some difficulty, for two years at least must have elapsed since she had touched a piano. At first her benefactress suspected she played by ear, till, looking over her, she discovered the fingering to be correct, or nearly so.

"This is singular," she murmured.

Rose was equally puzzled to comprehend it.

"Ah, I have it!" exclaimed her ladyship, struck with a sudden idea. "Her father, no doubt, was a musician in one of the regimental bands."

She regarded her attendant as if to receive a confirmation of the supposition; but the right-minded woman, although it would have relieved her from an unpleasant suspicion, scorned to escape from their embarrassment, by even an indirect falsehood.

"I never heard that he was, my lady."

"And yet you knew him well?"

"From childhood."

"It is singular."

"It is singular," repeated Rose; "but he might have become a musician after he enlisted. His brother is reckoned the best bell-ringer in St. Faith's."

The supposition was plausible; still it did not convince or satisfy her mistress, or explain the silk dresses, which Lillian declared she had been accustomed to: and the lady looked not angry, but hurt.

"Rose," she exclaimed, "I think I have merited that you should deal truthfully with me. I should be sorry, very sorry, to change the opinion I have formed of you."

"Indeed, indeed, my lady, all that I have told you is the truth. I have known her father from childhood. We were born in the same village. He was of a family quite as humble as my own—perhaps, in the world's opinion, more so. He was a reckless idler, but not naturally a vicious man. But idleness is the source of crime. He became a poacher, and to avoid being punished by the lord of the manor, enlisted as a soldier. I was a mere girl at the time, but I recollect it as well as if it occurred but yesterday."

"He went abroad, you say?"

"He did, my lady. Last New Year's eve he unexpectedly returned, bringing Lillian with him. And died," added the speaker, hesitatingly, for she felt that she was treading upon dangerous ground.

"Suddenly?"

"Very suddenly, my lady."

"A natural death?"

Rose turned pale as death, but the natural love of truth did not desert her.

"He was shot," she murmured, "in an affray with the gamekeepers of the lord of the manor."

"And your husband?"

"Was with him," sobbed the terrified wife. "And now you know the tie which binds me to his orphan child. Do not betray him," she added, sinking on her knees; "oh, for pity sake, do not betray him."

There are accents whose verity cannot be mistaken; it is when they are wrung from the heart. Whatever else might remain inexplicable, Lady Bell felt that the speaker had spoken the truth. The rest, she felt, must be left to time—that great solver of all mysteries—to unveil.

Although she had, previous to her marriage, mixed but little in the world, she had seen quite enough of

it to know that very unequal marriages, as well as unions of a less sacred nature, will sometimes take place; and to some such she attributed the birth of her new protégée.

"I am satisfied, Rose," she said, "quite satisfied that I suspected you unjustly. I shall not fall into the error easily again. If confidence is a plant of slow growth, it possesses great vitality, and that is a compensation. You had better leave Lillian with me. I expect Sir Charles in a few minutes; he generally comes half an hour or so before the doctor looks in to give us our morning lesson in Hindostani."

The still anxious and trembling wife of Mark Rayner gathered up the old frock and clothes which the orphan had previously worn, and withdrew.

It was in vain that her protectress, as soon as they were alone, questioned the latter respecting her name and birth. All she knew was that her name was Lillian; that her father wore a red coat with gold something on his shoulders, but she had forgotten the name of them.

"An officer," thought Lady Bell. Then she recollected that in the cavalry the brass wings worn by the privates might easily be mistaken for gold epaulettes by a child of the speaker's tender years.

The child next informed her that she had lost her mamma, and travelled a long way over sea; but could not recollect either the name of the country she left, or that of the ship she sailed in.

Lady Bell felt more and more puzzled, and knew not what to think. The excellent character she had received with Rose, and her own good conduct since she had been in her service, precluded all idea of her having been concerned in any crime. But she did not feel quite so assured of her husband; and, with true woman's instinct, jumped to the conclusion that if anything wrong had been perpetrated Mark was the only real offender, however the fidelity of his wife might induce her to remain a silent, and, as she believed, an unwilling witness.

Of the truth of Lillian's having been sold to mountebanks and exposed in the street there could not be the slightest doubt; for, no sooner did her ladyship allude to the circumstance, than the features of the child turned deadly pale, and she shuddered at the recollection of the horrors she had gone through. Bet and the whip, Fiddler Dick and his peculiar scowl, rose vividly in imagination before her.

"And were you very unhappy?" demanded her ladyship.

The orphan shuddered, and described how she had been beaten.

"And who sold you to them?"

Lillian did not know his name, "But Jack used to call him 'uncle Mike.'"

"Not Rose's husband, then?"

"Oh, no! he brought me from the other people who took care of me."

How far further the fair querist might have pushed her inquiries, or what would have been the ultimate result, it is impossible to state. Their further conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Sir Charles, who, after saluting his wife, observed that she had found a companion.

"And is she not a lovely one?" replied Lady Bell.

The old soldier, who was naturally fond of children, held out his hand to her. Lillian, who had never taken her eyes from him from the instant he entered the state room, ran to him, laid her little head upon his shoulder, and sobbed bitterly.

We need scarcely say that both husband and wife were exceedingly surprised. But the cause of her grief was easily accounted for. Sir Charles was in uniform, and her papa, her own papa, used to wear just such a coat and cap.

"Is she an orphan?" inquired the baronet, after soothing and kissing away her tears.

"Yes."

"Going out to relations in India?"

"She is under the charge of a person who is going out," replied his lady, evasively, for she wished to interest her husband in her protégée before relating her history to him; added to which, she was in momentary expectation of Dr. Burke, the surgeon of the regiment, who, having been in India many years, came regularly to give them lessons in Hindostani.

The learned gentleman speedily made his appearance. Lillian was directed to amuse herself by looking over one of Lady Bell's scrap-books; and the lesson commenced.

First, the instructor read a page from Kellart's work, and requested his pupils to pronounce the words after him. On hearing the sounds of the language of her childhood, the first in which she had lisped her little wants and fears, and which was far more familiar to her than English, tears started into the eyes of Lillian; and she sat gazing on the reader

with breathless interest, but without interrupting him.

After the reading, next came the lesson from the vocabulary. Sir Charles repeated it almost without an error, unless that of pronunciation; not so Lady Bell, her mind and time had been too much occupied, she scarcely remembered a word.

"The day is a most lovely one," said the doctor, in English.

"Bohotee khoobsorat," replied her ladyship in Hindostani.

"I am delighted to see you well," he added.

"Ap bohote meherban ho," said Lady Bell.

"Thank you for your courtesy," continued the tutor.

"What is the first word?" said her ladyship; "only the first."

"Apke," whispered Lillian, who had crept near her. Her benefactress repeated it mechanically.

Suddenly she recollected from whom the prompting came. Surprise mastered every other feeling, and drawing the child towards her, she exclaimed—

"Why, Lillian! do you speak Hindostani?"

Dr. Burke and Sir Charles both questioned her. The former, after regarding her for some time with great earnestness, observed that he felt convinced of having seen her before, every feature of her face appeared so familiar to him.

"In England?" said her ladyship.

"No; it must have been in India," replied the gentleman; "and if I am not very much mistaken, I was the first who received her into this somewhat troublesome world. What is her name?"

"Lillian."

"Lillian what?"

"Gee."

"I certainly never attended a lady of that name," remarked the doctor. "Umph! how very extraordinary that I should not recollect the name of her parents; but something will doubtless occur to bring it to my memory."

When the speaker had taken his leave, Lady Bell related to her husband the story of Rose, concealing from him only that part of it which related to the poisoning of Mark Rayner, and the death of the supposed father. With all his many good qualities, she knew that her husband had an Englishman's aristocratic prejudice against all unlicensed sportsmen; added to which, she felt that it had been revealed to her in confidence, and she was far too honourable to betray it.

"You are not angry with me?" she asked, when she had concluded her singular and somewhat romantic narrative.

"Angry with you!" repeated the gentleman; "why should I feel anger? You have but followed the natural impulse of your benevolent heart. In fact, in the situation in which you were placed, I do not well see how either you or Rose could have acted otherwise—the child could not be sent back again."

"And you will allow her to remain with me?"

"If it will afford you pleasure, certainly."

"Oh, thank you, Charley!" exclaimed his wife, in a tone of delight; "you cannot think how exceedingly happy you have made me."

Here the speaker folded Lillian in her arms; then bade her go and thank Sir Charles for his goodness.

"Bell," said her husband, "I have but one observation to make—don't look so serious, it is not a very long one. In undertaking the charge of this child it is necessary that you decide at once and irrevocably the position she is to hold in the eyes of the world. It must be either that of a dependent or a ward."

"Of a dependent, never."

"In that case," observed the baronet, "you will do well to attend to her education as soon as the vessel arrives in Calcutta. She is gifted with the promise of a beauty which may prove fatal to her happiness, or secure it, according as she is trained."

"Fear not," replied the lady; "I will act kindly."

"That I am sure you will; but you must do something more—act wisely. In the first place, the persons who brought her on board, and who disclaim any tie of blood—were it otherwise, I would be the last to exact such a sacrifice—must forego all claim or authority over her."

"They will be but too happy, I feel assured, to do so."

"In the next, her story must remain a secret between ourselves and Dr. Burke."

"You answer for the doctor," replied her ladyship, "and I will undertake for Rose, her husband, and myself."

"Upon these conditions, then," said Sir Charles, "Lillian is henceforth your ward."

CHAPTER XLVI.

Love is a plant of holier birth
Than any that takes root on earth—
A flower from heaven, which 'tis a crime
To number with the things of time.
Hope in the bud is often blasted;
And beauty in the desert wasted;
But love shall live, and live for ever,
And chance and change shall reach it never.
LIBRARY MARG.

It was a fortunate thing for the heroine of our tale that the union of Sir Charles and Lady Fourreau was unblemished by issue: not that having children of their own would in any respect have altered the resolution they had come to of protecting her; but it must naturally have proved a bar to her creeping as she did into their hearts—engrossing their love and tenderness as an only child might have engrossed those of her parents.

There is something wondrously beautiful in the desire of loving and being beloved, which nature has implanted as an instinct in our hearts. We find it in every position in life: the ignorant and learned, the coarse and refined, are equally sensible of its influence. Even devotion is but a phase, though the holiest one, of this all-absorbing passion.

On the arrival of the baronet and his lady at Calcutta, a governess was procured, and masters of every kind engaged to complete the education of their adopted child, whose happy disposition rendered the course of instruction a pleasure rather than a task to those who taught her. Never had they encountered a richer or more docile intelligence; it was like one of those luxuriant plants which admit of being trained, but, bend them as you will, can only take a graceful form.

From being fond, Sir Charles became proud of her, and his wife felt a gratification so entire and unselfish in her opening beauty and expanding mind, that, had Lillian been her own child, it could not have been more sincere.

In India climate speedily develops girlhood into womanhood, although, from lack of proper education or mental discipline, too frequently a womanhood of passion, caprice, or ambition, without religion or principle to sustain it. No wonder that it quickly fades, as the flowers fade which art has forced into untimely bloom—an ephemeral existence which it cannot prolong, scentless, and useless but for mere ornament.

Lillian, at the age of fifteen, was almost womanly in her person; but that we have already described. We must now say something of her mind, which, thanks to the care and affectionate solicitude of her guardians, was stored with an amount of information, accomplishments, and that which is far better, high and virtuous principle, greater than nine-tenths of the men who breathed their flattering incense in her ear, could appreciate, or the beauties, who envied and hated her, believe had ever fallen to the share of any one of their sex.

We have already related the impression produced upon our hero by the loveliness of Lillian; no wonder, therefore, that he eagerly embraced the opportunity which the good opinion of Sir Charles and his lady afforded him, by visiting frequently at their mansion. Scarcely a party took place without him; and Lady Bell, at last, became so used to him that—to the great annoyance of Dawlish, who fancied himself in love with the orphan—he was consulted on every scheme of pleasure; no one being considered perfect without him.

Delightful as this intercourse was, and heartily as he appeared to relish it, there was one peculiarity which husband and wife more than once remarked, and that was his increasing attention to business. No matter how tempting the invitation, Richard Tyrrell never suffered himself to be drawn from the counting-house of Mr. Chumsee, where he worked with the assiduity of any paid clerk, during the usual hours. For one reported to be rich, this continuous application seemed remarkable.

To our readers, who are already aware of the holiness of his motive—the vindication of his father's fame—it will not appear in the least surprising. Mr. Seaton meditated, like others, upon this peculiarity at first; but soon found it so useful that he ceased to think of it. Evidently the boy, as he somewhat contemptuously considered him when he first had the honour of making his acquaintance, had a taste for commercial affairs; and as the volunteer wrote an exceedingly beautiful hand, a great portion of the correspondence was gradually left to him.

For one so young, our hero acted with no ordinary prudence: he never expressed a desire to be employed in any one department particularly. Actuaries, accounts, bills, securities, any duty which came in his way, he attended to them all.

On more than one occasion he had seen the con-

fidential clerk change colour, and with difficulty suppress the annoyance he felt, whenever a certain Parsee bill-broker, named Haizen Mendrezdie, called at the office. No matter what affair might be upon the *tapis*, or how closely he was pressed, it was cast aside in order to attend to him. This obsequiousness at length became so remarkable that Mr. Chutnee one day observed it.

"Have you any private speculations," he demanded, "with that old rascal, Haizen?"

"You know, sir, that by the terms of our arrangements I am forbidden to enter into any transactions on my own account."

This was strictly true; but the head of the firm was perfectly aware that, like many other stipulations, it might be easily avoided.

"One would imagine," he added, "that you were partners."

Sanford looked confused, but remained silent. He knew the indolent habits of the speaker: that a suspicion might lie dormant for years, and, unless roused by opposition, be only alluded to—not acted upon.

Lady Bell and her adopted daughter were seated in the morning room. It was about three weeks after the ball at the government house. Lillian was occupied at her tambour-frame, and her ladyship reading, when the butler entered with a note, which he presented to his mistress. It was one of those pretty, three-corner ones, such as ladies are in the habit of writing to each other.

"That will do," said Lady Bell; "you need not wait."

The man left the room.

"From Mrs. Chutnee," continued the speaker, handing it to her companion: "an invitation for an excursion to her country house in the hills. I fear Sir Charles will not be able to accompany us."

"In that case," observed Lillian, "you will decline it."

"Well," replied her ladyship, "I can't see that the necessity exactly follows. I am quite old enough to venture into society with no other protection than my years."

"And virtue," she might have added.

"Would you not wish to accept it?"

The fair girl coloured slightly.

"I am answered!" exclaimed her protectress, laughingly. "When a young lady blushes, it is a sign that she is not quite so indifferent as she wishes the world to suppose. I have never spoken upon the subject to you before, but really Tyrrell's attentions are so marked, that it would be blindness to mistake them."

This time Lillian coloured more deeply than before.

"The other evening, when Dawlish engaged you to dance with him, he looked so miserable that I really pitied him."

"My dear mamma, dear and good as you are, may you not be mistaken? Mr. Tyrrell has never named the word love to me."

Lady Bell smiled.

"There are many things understood long before they are expressed," she made answer; "and love is one of them. I am right; I must be right; for to suppose otherwise would be to pronounce a young man whom I esteem—I will even go further, and say I admire—capable of the most heartless coquetry."

"Oh no, no," exclaimed Lillian; "Mr. Tyrrell, I am certain, is incapable of that."

Here she hesitated, and recommenced plying her needle far more assiduously than there appeared the slightest occasion for.

The kind-hearted woman rose from the settee, and, walking to her protégée, placed her arm gently round her waist, and kissed her on the forehead.

"Put down your work," she said, "and let us have a little conversation; by conversation, I mean confidence. Speak as mother and child should speak—freely, and without disguise; or, if you prefer it, like two sisters."

"As mother and child," replied the object of her bounty, hastily, and at the same time warmly returning her caress. "I can have no secrets from you."

"You love Richard Tyrrell?"

"I have never said I loved him," answered Lillian, modestly. "Perhaps I might do so if he were to ask me; but I do not feel assured that is ever likely to be the case. The other evening, at Lady Fourreau's ball, I overheard Dawlish remark to one of his brother officers that Tyrrell appeared very attentive to Mrs. Chutnee."

"Very ungrateful, my love, if he did not," observed her ladyship, with a smile. "Zamora is one of the most charming women of my acquaintance—clever, although her education has been most cruelly neglected, and good—do you mark that, Lilly, good."

"It was not the words, mamma, but the look that accompanied them; it was—"

"Yes, yes; I understand all that. Dawlish is not the first man I have met with who can look the lie he has not the courage to speak—sneer a woman's reputation away. I have encountered a hundred such butterflies in my time. I gave your penetration more credit. He is jealous."

"Of whom?"

"Of Tyrrell; and wanted you to hear his observations. Believe me, that, like everything he does or says, it was not uttered without a purpose."

"If you think so—"

"I know it, because I know him," interrupted the lady, indignantly. "But let us drop the captain for the present, and speak only of Zamora. Have you forgotten the note she sent to me a day or two before the ball at the government house? I am sure you have not—nay more, would wager you can repeat every word of it."

Lillian did not deny the accusation.

"She requested me to hold you engaged to dance with Tyrrell, stating that yours would be the loveliest face in the room. She was not wrong there," added the speaker, with almost maternal pride. "Recollect, she never danced herself once."

"I do remember it."

"And shall I tell you why she did not? Because she wished to avoid inflicting pain upon an old and jealous husband, whom she tries to respect if she cannot love. She has few secrets from me. Rely upon it, if she felt her heart touched by the approach even of an unworthy passion, she would fly the object of it. Mrs. Chutnee will never disgrace either the name of wife or the one she bears."

"Still, mamma, you cannot deny that Mr. Tyrrell appears much more free and unreserved with her than with me."

"A sign that he loves one and feels only a friendship for the other. You see no hesitation or reserve with me."

"That is a very different thing."

Lady Bell smiled gravely; then, breaking into a merry laugh, observed—

"Because I am an old married woman, I suppose."

"No," replied her adopted child; "but because Sir Charles is so good and noble that no man can stand comparison with him. You are the only person in the world I ever saw worthy to be his wife."

These words were uttered with a truthfulness and sincerity which rendered them really flattering to the heart of her hearer, who, as our readers are aware, felt no less proud than fond of her gallant husband.

"And is that all you have to say upon the subject?" she demanded.

"No, mamma; I may as well confess everything to you. Indeed I know not whether there is any merit in my candour; you are so clever that you read every one. I have more than once imagined that Richard felt attached to me. On several occasions he appeared upon the point of declaring his love, when some sudden recollection, like a shadow of the past, or a regret, came over him, and he changed the subject."

Lady Bell regarded her earnestly. She, too, had made a similar observation.

"And he has never declared to you?"

"Never."

"Then I will ask you no further questions," exclaimed Lady Bell. "The first ears that listen to a young girl's avowal of her love should be his whose lips have asked the question. We will accept this invitation," she added; "perhaps it is not made without a purpose."

Lillian faintly smiled.

"I will note his conduct even more closely than I have hitherto done. Trust me," she said, "he will not deceive me. If he really loves you, I shall read the secret from his heart."

"But are you sure he will be there?"

Her protectress pointed to the note. The writer had informed her that he would.

The same day on which the above conversation had taken place our hero had started early, in order to visit a vessel lying in the Hooghly consigned to Chutnee and Company. Sanford drove him down.

The name of the ship was the *Caradoc*.

As Richard stepped on board, he heard an exclamation of surprise, which caused him to look round; it proceeded from a group of sailors, but there was no face amongst them that he recognised; at the same moment the captain advanced upon deck, and with well-affected cordiality invited the visitors to follow him to the cabin.

We need scarcely say that the cry which had attracted the attention of Richard, proceeded from poor Jack, who, despite the years which had passed, recognised his former playfellow. But it was no

wonder his playfellow of other days had failed to recognise him; the eye of a mother could scarcely have done so, so completely was he changed. Ill-usage and suffering had emaciated his features, and his black hair, which he formerly wore with a sort of terrier cut, now hung in almost elfin locks down his pale cheeks; added to which, he had grown exceedingly tall.

Caleb and Bunce, the only friends whom the unfortunate fellow had on board, noticed his agitation, and hinted that it implied the recognition of one who might befriend him.

"Do you know that craft?" demanded the old sailor.

"I believe I have seen him before," replied Jack; "but my memory is not so good as it once was. I may be mistaken."

Caleb saw, from the tears standing in his eyes, that the poor fellow did not believe that such was the case.

"How will you ascertain?"

"I dare not speak to him."

"Then I will for you," exclaimed his friend. "It is only risking a little rough usage if Gall should find it out. My time is nearly up."

"When will mine be?" thought Jack.

"What is the gentleman's name?"

"I don't know," answered the former, hesitatingly, for he feared to compromise our hero by entering into any particulars.

Bunce looked incredulous.

"If he is really the person whom I believe him to be, he will, I am sure, assist me; for his heart is as good as—"

"The captain's is wicked. All right," said Bunce, finishing the simile for him. "I and Caleb are in the captain's crew, and shall have to row him on shore. I'll ask him if he remembers Jack."

"There are so many Jacks," observed his comrade.

"That's true."

"Jack who?"

"Manders," replied the persecuted youth. "If he denies all knowledge of the name, do not trouble him with my sad story; if he remembers it"—and the eyes of the speaker flashed with something of their former brightness as he spoke—"tell him how I have been trepanned on board this floating prison—how treated. He will find means to release me."

"I'll do it," replied Bunce.

"But should the captain overhear you?"

"Let him!" exclaimed the old sailor. "I have long been tired both of the *Caradoc* and its commander, and, once on shore, don't mind telling him my private opinion of him—it would relieve my mind."

How the speaker could call it a private opinion can only be explained by himself, considering that not a man or boy on board but had heard it a hundred times.

The breakfast being over, and business settled in the cabin, Sanford and our hero prepared to return on shore; fortunately, the captain did not accompany them. Poor Jack crept to the side of the vessel, to witness the departure, and once more gratify his eyes and heart with the sight of his former friend.

"It is he," he murmured, as he saw him descend; and the hope that his rescue from the brutal tyranny he had so long endured was at hand, nearly overcame him.

As the boat was bearing round towards the shore, Sanford asked one of the men for a light for his cigar.

"Here is one, your honour," exclaimed Bunce, drawing forth a match from a little brass tinder-box.

"Thank you."

"Rather convenient, ain't it?"

"Very convenient, I should think," replied the managing clerk.

"You can't think how I value it, bless your honour; it was given me by one of the dearest friends I have in the world."

"Bill of Deptford or Portsmouth, I suppose," observed Sanford, laughing, for he felt slightly amused at what he considered a specimen of salt-water sentiment.

"No, it weren't."

"Your wife, perhaps?"

"I ain't got no wife as I knows on," replied Bunce; for he was rather a conscientious sort of personage, and never told a downright falsehood unnecessarily.

"To be sure, there was Susan, at Blackwall; but she afterwards married Pigtail Bill, of the *Exeter*; and Mary, who has had two husbands since we were spliced."

Both the gentlemen laughed.

"And which of them," inquired our hero, "made you that very useful present?"

"Neither of them; it was given me by an old shipmate, named Jack Manders."

Despite his habitual self-possession, Richard changed colour. Fortunately, the eyes of his companion were too completely enveloped in the cloud of smoke from his cigar to perceive the effect the name produced upon him.

Both Bunce and Caleb did; and the former, looking our hero in the face, gave him a knowing wink.

"Do you know," observed Tyrrell, "that I feel very much inclined to let the men row me as far as the ghaut."

"Can't trust that rascally groom with my trap so far," replied his companion.

"But you might drive round and take me up there."

The arrangement was agreed upon; and having thus, by a little presence of mind, got rid of the only person to whom it was dangerous his real name should be known, our hero very quietly ordered the men to pursue their way.

On reaching the watering place, he directed Bunce to quit the boat and follow him.

The old man did so.

"Now, you have something to say to me," he observed, when they stood together on the top step.

"I should think I has," answered the old sailor, knowingly.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

MORAL CULTURE.

GRAND and noble as are the intellectual faculties of the human soul, the moral capacities are infinitely higher. Goodness, charity, constancy, magnanimity, justice, adoration, hope, faith, are among the virtues of the moral man. These are the flowers that bloom in the moral garden. If there is any beauty in them, any odour of heaven, they should be cultivated carefully—cultivated with deep and earnest zeal.

The great end to be attained in the cultivation of the moral powers is moral force—spiritual energy of soul.

Our moral capacity is our imperial crown. In this crown are five jewels, of which the finest and brightest is

VENERATION.

This capacity of Veneration associates man with his Maker: connects the creature with the Creator—things seen with things unseen—the temporal with the eternal. This is the grandest and noblest affection of the soul. It fixes its regards on the sublimest and holiest object in the universe. Its influence in every department of the mind is more salutary than any other. In loving that which is perfect it strives after perfection. It is the basis of religion. It is opposed to all that is evil, and to that which would debase the character or pollute the heart. Its will, so far as it can appreciate and understand it, is founded on the Divine will; it loves to render obedience to the Great Creator, and delights in dependence upon Him. It rejoices in every act of worship. It ponders with delight on the page of inspiration. Its natural language is prayer and praise.

BENEVOLENCE.

The second jewel set in the mental coronal is Benevolence, the love of our fellow-men, the humane, sympathetic feeling—that which seeks the good of others; that which would pour out from the treasures of its munificence gifts of good things upon all. It is that feeling that gave the world a Howard, a Fennell, a Fry. It is that feeling that leads on the reformer, which inspires the philanthropist, which blesses, and curses not. It is the good Samaritan of the heart. It is that which thinketh no evil, and is kind; which hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. It is the angel of mercy which forgives seventy-and-seven times, and still is rich in the treasures of pardon. It visits the sick, smooths the pillow of the dying, drops a tear with the mourner, buries the dead, educates the orphan. It sets free the captive, unburies the slave, instructs the ignorant, relieves the distressed, and preaches good tidings to the poor. Its look is like the face of an angel; its words are more precious than rubies; its voice is sweeter than honey; its hand is softer than down; its step as gentle as love.

But it needs no encomium; it is its own praise; its works are its plaudits. Whoever would be respected, whoever would be beloved, whoever would be useful, would be remembered with pleasure when life is over, must cherish this glorious feeling. Whoever would be truly happy, would feel the real charms of goodness, must cultivate this affection. It is a glorious

affection, because of the number and extent of its objects. It is wide as the world of suffering, deep as the heart of sorrow, extensive as the wants of creation, and boundless as the kingdom of need. Its spirit is the messenger of peace, holding out to wrangling mortals the white flag of truce. It is needed everywhere, in all times and places, in all trades, professions, callings, which men can pursue with pleasure, profit, or honour. The world has too little of it. It has been neglected. It should now be cultivated much, and long, and well. The peace, the happiness, the prosperity of the world depends greatly upon it. Countries need it; communities need it; families need it; individuals need it. It is needed everywhere. Nothing gives a sweeter charm to youth than well-cultivated benevolence, an active charity, a disposition kind to all. Who can properly tell the power and sweetness of kindness? Would you possess them? Then cultivate the benevolent dispositions of your natures. Fail not to do it. Let a glorious activity of universal love mark all your actions and feelings. Be kind, be good, be noble, be generous always. Let your words, your looks, your acts, breathe the spirit of love.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

The third jewel is Conscientiousness—the love of truth and right. It is the spring-source of integrity. It has been said that an honest man is the noblest work of God. It is the inspiration of this sentiment which makes him such, which crowns him with his real nobility. A great writer has said that the two most beautiful things in the material and mental creations are the "the starry heavens and the sentiment of duty in the soul." A sentiment most noble and true. If there is a being beneath the government of the Most High, who is worthy of the heart's esteem and high respect—to whom the soul should bow in willing reverence, and in whose presence it should feel as though by the side of an angel, who awes while he secures our love, it is he who has a strong, a ruling sense of duty in his heart. It appears to us as though there is something of God in the feeling. It fills our souls with heavenly images, and binds our hearts to its possessor. It has a ravishing charm, and works as though by miracle upon our inner senses. This sense of duty in the heart is inspired by conscientiousness. The ultimate end of the authority and office of this sentiment is to impart this sense of duty. The idea of obligation, responsibility, faithfulness to trusts, rectitude, justice, right, is conferred by this faculty. The voice of this sentiment is for right. It has but one law written in the heart of its being, and that is the rule of right. It is a stern, noble representative in man of the attribute of justice in God. It is communicative, like other feelings and desires, imparting itself to others. It wishes to inspire its own glorious spirit everywhere, and make all hearts redolent of its light and the sanctity of heaven. It suffers in the presence of wrong, sorrows at injustice, weeps when any creature fails in duty. How much of sanctity, of holiness, of God-like moral power this faculty, when strong, imparts to the human soul! It is the citadel of moral force, and should be guarded well. Faithfully should it be cultivated. Nothing should prevent a thorough and perpetual cultivation of this right arm of all morality. No luring bait of pleasure, no fancied interests, should prevent an active exercise of this spiritual power. Be assured, my young friends, that your real pleasure and interest are in harmony with this sentiment. Then injure it never; outrage it never; question never its teachings. Be true to its voice, heed its warnings, obey its dictates, walk by its counsels, comply with the letter and spirit of its law. Come what may, frown who will, hearken to the voice of duty.

HOPE.

The fourth jewel in this moral crown is Hope. It is that angel within which whispers of triumph over evil, of the success of good, of the victory of truth, of the achievements of right. "It hopeth all things." It is a strong ingredient of courage. It is the friend of virtue. It is the prophet of "a good time coming." It is full of glorious anticipation. It paints on the sandy wilderness a picture of tranquil beauty—and a picture that we feel assured is no fading mirage to vanish at our approach. It promises to veneration a time when people of all nations shall feel their dependence on the Giver of all good; and in the light of His love shall rejoice in unsullied purity and immortal youth. A time when that which is evil shall be banished for ever; when

"The right with the might and the truth shall be;
And come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see."

It breathes everywhere the idea of victory. Such are its religious sentiments.

Its morality is equally inspiring, rich, and benefi-

cent. It encourages all things good, great, noble. It whispers liberty to the slave, freedom to the captive, health to the sick, home to the wandering, friends to the forsaken, peace to the troubled, supplies to the needy, bread to the hungry, strength to the weak, rest to the weary, life to the dying. It has sunshine in its eye, encouragement on its tongue, and inspiration in its hand. Rich and glorious is hope, and faithfully should it be cultivated. Let its inspiring influence be in the heart of every youth. It will give strength and courage. Let its cheerful words fall ever from his tongue, and his bright smile play ever on its countenance. Entertain well this nymph of goodness. Cultivate well this ever-shining flower of the spirit. It is the evergreen of life in the soul's garden.

FAITH.

The fifth jewel in the imperial crown is Faith, or Spiritual Light. It is the true prophet of the soul, and ever beholds a spiritual life, spiritual relations, labours, and joys. Its office is to teach man that he is a spiritual being, that he has an inward life enshrined in this material encasement, an immortal gem set now in an earthly casket. It assures man that he lives not for this life alone, but for another superior to this, more glorious and real. It dignifies humanity with immortality. It dwells ever upon an unseen world, announcing always that unseen realities are eternal. Virtue, knowledge, wisdom, mercy, love, righteousness, and worship, are among its immortal, unseen realities. Lofty, dignified, transcendently glorious are its teachings, and equally so are its moral influences. It is a faculty of the human soul too much neglected. The things of time and sense, earth and sin, waste its energies and dim its sight. We are too carnal, too earthly. We cultivate not enough our spiritual senses. Let us be wise, and fail not to invigorate our spiritual parts. Life will smile in gladness, and eternity rejoice in glory, if we are faithful in this duty. Youth is the time to commence its cultivation. Youth's powers are pliant and easily trained. Let life be our great school for the cultivation of all our moral powers. Upon the moral sentiments we cannot bestow too much attention. They are vastly important to our happiness and eternal good. We cannot honour them with too much attention. We cannot be too watchful of their good. It should be the end and object of our life to dignify and adorn them.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

ROBERT WILTON was a young man in search of employment.

One morning he was seated in his own little bedroom, attentively reading a letter. Suddenly he changed countenance, and in tones of dismay he read aloud the following sentence:—

"As you do not know French, I have been obliged to take your cousin as my clerk, instead of yourself. I am sorry for this, because I consider you a steady young man, and I know that confidence can be placed in you."

Robert could read no more! The letter that distressed him so much was from his uncle, who was carrying on a large business at the west end of London. His poor nephew was aware that the clerkship thus lost to him would have brought him in £100 a year, besides offering him a pleasant home in his uncle's family. Now, through his ignorance of French, he must remain a burden on his poor mother, who was reduced (from good circumstances) to the necessity of keeping a little shop in Camberwell. True, Robert willingly shared her labours, but his help was not necessary, and he knew that he could assist her much more by getting into a situation, and adding to her small means out of his own salary. Poor Robert was almost in despair, when suddenly he heard the voice of an old schoolfellow on the staircase, and soon afterwards he was shaking hands with his dearest friend. Of course he revealed his sorrow, and George Burton was not slow in comforting him.

"I'm sure," said he to Robert, "your uncle, who has so much in his power, will offer you another situation, if you only contrive to learn French quickly."

"Alas," replied Robert, "how am I to do that?"

"Just what I am going to tell you," said George. "You know what a favourite I was with the French tutor; partly on account of my fondness for his language—partly because I was the son of the schoolmaster, and had more power to make him comfortable than the other boys. This tutor saved up a nice little sum and went back to France, but before he left he had made me as good a French scholar

as he was himself. Last Christmas, I completed my twentieth year, and my father thought I knew quite enough to be his assistant. I was delighted to be promoted to the office, and I can assure you my father gives me a very handsome salary; and now for what relates more immediately to our present purpose. I not only instruct the boys in Latin and English, but French into the bargain, and the parents declare the pupils make more progress in this language now, than they did when there was a French tutor in the house. Our holidays have just begun, and, if you like, I will give you a French lesson every day of the week until our pupils come back."

"Oh, that will be kind of you," answered Robert; "but I fear there is one great obstacle in the way. I don't know grammar, for I've forgotten that of my own language."

"I own that's a pity," said George: "because, in order to make you a thoroughly good French scholar, I must teach you grammar and French too. But, keep up your spirits; I promise you that you shall learn enough to talk French, and to understand the natives, with the aid of a very few rules, and these shall be so simple, that in acquiring them you shall exclaim 'Trouble's a pleasure.' Then, if you think it advisable to acquire an elegant and classical knowledge of French, you must not object to go into a select variety of particulars."

"Oh, dear, kind George," said Robert, "give me the practical knowledge first. When shall we begin?"

"Immediately," answered George. "And, first, you must know that I am about to instruct you on a plan of my own. Where, however, I think other teachers have formed right conclusions, I do not disdain taking a hint from them; for instance, I adopt a method that has been in favour with grammarians from time immemorial—I mean that of spelling the French sounds of our English alphabet. These you will write as I dictate them to you; and when you have them on a sheet of paper under their corresponding letters you should keep them spread before your eyes to assist you in reading and pronouncing French when I am not with you. Now take pen, ink, and paper, and begin the first lesson."

THE FIRST LESSON.

The French alphabet is not sounded like ours; but, remember, it consists of the same number of letters, with this exception—the French leave out the *w*. Now follows the alphabet, with French sounds:—

a b c d e f g h i j k l
ah bay say day eh eff thuy ashe ee zhee kah ell
m n o p q r s t u v x y z
em em enn o pay keu air ess tay ue vay ix e zed

(N.B. I have objected to spelling *y* *eegrek*, because it would mislead pupils, since *y*, sounded in words, has nothing to do with *greek* or *grec*.)

The syllables you have just put under the letters do not, in all instances, give the exact French sounds; but they give them nearly enough to be understood by a French person.

When you come to pronounce words, you must recollect this rule—Do not sound the last consonant. If your grammar has so completely slipped out of your head that you forget what a consonant is, I need only tell you that every letter in the alphabet is a consonant, with the exception of *a, e, i, o, and u*. These five are vowels.

I shall now dictate to you, in French, the names of a few things that would be necessary to your existence and comfort in case you were travelling in France, among people who did not understand English. You had better spell the sound of these words, and learn them all by heart.

NECESSARY WORDS.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	SOUND.
Money	argent	arzhawng
Bread	pain	paing
Water	eau	o
Meat	vien	ver-ahnde
Vegetables	légumes	lay-ooom
Breakfast	déjeuner	dayzhooon
Dinner	dîner	daynny
Tea	thé	ta
Bed	lit	lay
Dry sheets	draps secs	draps
Candle	chandelle	shandell
Towels	essui-main	esswee-mang
Soap	savon	sahwong
Hot water	eau chaude	oh-showd
Waiter	garçon	garssong

You will not deny that the things of which you have just acquired the names are very necessary. The sound, as you have written it, is not quite as correct as you can catch from me, or from a French person; but I cannot always be at your elbow, and the little vocabulary can be your pocket companion. It will

enable you to be understood in France, and that would be a great point gained.

If you learn to put *donnez-moi* before anything you require, you will make a complete, though not a perfectly correct sentence; but it will serve your turn, and make a good beginning. This *donnez-moi*, in English, "give me," is sounded as if it were written *donnay mwa*; the *wa* sounded as in *water*.

If you recollect all I have told you in this first lesson, you have already a little stock of French to "draw upon." To-morrow you must learn more rules, and begin making up sentences; and I must find a nice easy book for you to translate.

THE OTHER SIDE.

A TALE OF BUTTONS.

BREAKFAST was just over at the parsonage; the table was cleared away, the chairs set back, and Mrs. Ashton, in a neat morning-dress, with a pretty little cap on her pretty little head, was standing with her arm over her tall husband's shoulder, looking at the morning paper. And as fine-looking a pair they were as you will be likely to see in a summer's day. The Reverend Clement Ashton was indeed said to be the handsomest man in the parish, and that with good reason; whether he ever had any ideas of his own on the subject, was entirely his own affair.

Mrs. Ashton, as she was styled by the parish—Christiana, as her godfathers and godmothers named her—Chrissey, as her brothers and her husband called her—was not usually regarded as remarkably handsome. Her features were not very regular, and she was not fair; but her eyes, so bright and clear, her figure, so elastic and trim, her abundant hair, and, above all, her frank, easy manners, and the expression of sunny good temper and perfect openness which lighted up her face, made most people consider her a very attractive woman. Every one in the parish liked her, from the two old people who sat in the warm corner near the stove in church, and always came round to get their dinner at the parsonage on Sundays, to Mrs. Dr. Rush, who was by far the grandest lady in the parish.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton had been married about six months, after an engagement of almost three years, during which time they had corresponded vigorously, but had seen very little of each other, for Mr. Ashton was an assistant in an overgrown parish in one of our larger cities, and could seldom be spared; and Chrissey was a teacher in another great city, where she supported herself, and helped, by her labours, to educate one of her brothers for the ministry. It was not till this brother had finished his studies, and was placed on an independent footing, that she had consented to be married.

"George cannot support himself entirely," she said, in answer to the remonstrance of her lover; "he is not strong enough to labour as many of the young men do, and he needs my help. I know that he has talents which will make him eminently useful in the calling he has chosen; I know, too, that if he attempts any more than he is doing, his health will fail, and he will become discouraged. You must content yourself to board awhile longer with your good friend, Mrs. Bicketts, Clement."

And to this resolution she steadfastly adhered, despite Clement's persuasions, and those of George himself, who was very much distressed at the thought that his sister's marriage should be put off on his account. Under these circumstances, the lovers did not see much of each other, and they were finally married, without Chrissey's ever having suspected her husband of any infirmity of temper. She had suffered much on discovering that such was the case, and felt inclined sometimes to wish that she had never been disenchanted; but she was a wise woman; she knew her husband's intrinsic excellences and strength as well as his weakness, and, altering an old maxim to suit her own purposes, she resolved both to endure and to cure.

"What do you set about to-day?" she asked, as Mr. Ashton, having exhausted the paper, arose from the sofa corner.

"Visiting!" replied his reverence. "I must go up to old Mrs. Balcomb's, and see the Joneses, and try to prevail on Phil Taggart to let his children come to the Sunday-school once more. Then, I have to see poor Maggy Carpenter, who is much worse again, and if I have time, I shall get into the omnibus and ride out to the Mills, to see that girl Miss Flower mentioned to me yesterday."

"What a round!" exclaimed Chrissey. "You will never get home to dinner at two o'clock. I think I will put it off till six, and run the risk of being thought 'stuck up,' like poor cousin Lily."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you know they always dine at six, to suit the Doctor's arrangements. One day Lily called about some society matter, on a lady who lives not a hundred miles from her street, about five o'clock in the afternoon. The lady herself came to the door, and Lily was about entering, when she thought she perceived a smell of roast meat in the hall, and said, very politely: 'But, perhaps it is your dinner hour?'"

"No, indeed!" replied madam, with indignation. "We don't dine at this time of day; we are not so stuck up!"

"Poor Lily!" exclaimed Mr. Ashton, laughing; "what did she say?"

"Oh! she did her errand, and retired, of course. There was nothing to be said."

Mr. Ashton turned to go into the study, and, as he did so, his foot caught in the carpet, and he was nearly thrown down. Chrissey started in alarm, but he recovered himself, and said, pettishly enough—

"I do wish you would have that carpet nailed down. I have stumbled over it twenty times in the course of a week, I do believe."

"I thought Amy had fastened it," returned his wife, with perfect mildness. "I am sure I saw her at work there. The door must pull it out of place, I think."

"Oh! of course, there is some excellent reason for its being out of order. It seems to me that, with all your ingenuity, you might find some way of making it more secure."

He turned into his study, shutting the door after him with rather unnecessary force, and Mrs. Ashton returned to the fire and arranged her work-basket for the day with something of a cloud on her fair face. She was not left long undisturbed, for Mr. Ashton's voice was soon heard calling her, in impatient tones. She sighed, but arose and entered the next room, where she found her husband standing before his bureau, partly dressed, and with shirts, cravats, and handkerchiefs scattered about him like a new kind of snow, while his face bore an expression of melancholy reproach, at once painful and slightly ludicrous.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Oh, the old story!" Not a button where it ought to be! not a shirt ready to wear! I do not mean to be unreasonable," he continued, in an agitated voice, as he tumbled over the things, to the manifest discomposure of the clean linen, "but really, Chrissey, I think you might see that my clothes are in order. I am sure I would do more than that for you; but, here I am delayed, and put to the greatest inconvenience, because you cannot sew on these buttons! I should really think that a little of the time you spend in writing to George and Henry might as well be bestowed on me."

This address was delivered in a tone and manner of mournful distress, which might have been justified, perhaps, if Mrs. Ashton had picked his pocket as he was going to church.

"What is the matter with this shirt?" asked Chrissey, quietly examining one of the discarded garments. "It seems to have all the buttons in their places; and this one, too, is quite perfect; and here is another. My dear husband, how many shirts do you usually wear at a time?"

"Oh! it is all very well for you to smile, my love, but, I do assure you, I found several with no means at all of fastening the wristbands. We had breakfast late, and now I shall be detained half an hour, when I ought to be away. I know you mean well, but if you had served a year's apprenticeship with my mother before you were married, it might have been all the better for your housekeeping."

"It might have prevented it altogether," thought Chrissey; but the thought was repressed in a moment. She picked up and replaced the scattered apparel, folded the snowy cravats, warmed her husband's overshoes, and saw that the beautiful little Communion service, presented by a lady of the parish, and consecrated to such sufferers as Maggy Carpenter, was in readiness. Before he left the house, Mr. Ashton had forgotten both his fretfulness and its cause. He kissed his wife, thanked her for her trouble, proposed that she should send for Lily to spend the day with her, and strode away with his usual elastic step and pleasant face.

Chrissey watched him from the door till he turned into the next street, and then went back to the fire-side, and to her own reflections. This fretfulness and tendency to be greatly disturbed at little matters was almost her husband's only fault. He was self-sacrificing to the last degree, faithful and indefatigable, as an apostle almost, in his professional labours, liberal to a fault, and in his administration of parish matters, wise and conciliating to all. He could bear injuries, real injuries, with the greatest

patience, and was never known to harbour resentment.

But with all these good qualities, Mr. Ashton had one fault—a fault which threatened to disturb and finally to destroy the comfort of his married life. If his wife, by extravagance or bad management, had wasted his income and involved him in difficulties, it is probable that he would never have spoken an unkind word to her; but the fact of a button being missing, or a book removed from its place, would produce a lamentation half indignant and half pathetic, which rung in Chrissey's ears, and made her heart ache long after Clement had forgotten the circumstance altogether. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Ashton had never thought of this habit, of which, indeed, he was but imperfectly conscious, as a fault; He thought, indeed, that it was a pity he should be so sensitive, and sometimes said that he wished he had not such a love for order and symmetry, for then he should not be so often annoyed by the disorderly habits of other people. He said to himself that it was one of his peculiar trials—that even Chrissey, perfect as she was, did not come up to his ideas in this respect. But that his peculiar trials, as he was pleased to call them, ever became trials to other people, he did not imagine. He had indeed remarked, in spite of himself, that Christiana's face was not as cheerful nor her spirits as light as when they were first married; and he regretted that the cares of housekeeping should weigh so heavily upon her; but nothing was further from his thoughts than that anything in himself could have produced the change.

Mr. Ashton, exhausted with his day's work, turned towards home with his mind and heart full of all that he had seen and felt. He said very little during dinner, but when the table-cloth was removed, and he sat down in his dressing-gown and slippers before the fire, he related to his wife all the events of the day, describing, with all the enthusiasm of his earnest nature, the patience and holy resignation he had witnessed, and ended by saying—

"Certainly, religion has power to sustain and console, under all trials and under every misfortune."

"Except the loss of a button," replied Chrissey, seriously. "That is a misfortune which neither philosophy nor religion can enable one to sustain."

The Reverend Mr. Ashton started as though a pistol had been discharged at his ear.

"Why, what do you mean, Chrissey?"

"Just what I say," returned Chrissey, with the same soberness. "Yourself, for instance: you can endure with the greatest resignation the loss of friends and fortune; I never saw you ruffled by rudeness or abuse from others, or show any impatience under severe pain; but the loss of a button from your shirts, or a nail from the carpet, gives you a perfect right to be unreasonable, unkind, and—I must say it—un-Christian."

Mr. Ashton arose, and walked up and down the room in some agitation.

"I did not think, my love," he said at last, in a trembling tone, "that you would attach so much importance to a single hasty word. Perhaps I spoke too quickly; but even if it were so, did we not promise to be patient with each other's infirmities? I am sure I am very glad to bear with—"

Mr. Ashton paused: he was an eminently truthful man, and, upon consideration, he really could not remember that he had ever had anything to bear from his wife.

"If it were only once, my dear husband, I should say nothing about it; but you do not seem in the least aware how the habit has grown upon you. There has not been a day this week in which you have not made my heart ache by some such outburst of fretfulness."

Mr. Ashton was astonished; but, as he began to reflect, he was still more surprised to find that his wife's accusation was quite true. One day, it had been about the front-door mat; the next, about a mislaid review, and then about a lost pair of gloves, which after all were found in his own pocket. He felt that it was all true, and as his conscience brought forward one instance after another of unkindness—real unkindness—he sat down again, and covered his face with his hands.

"But that is not the worst," continued Chrissey, becoming agitated in her turn. "I fear—I cannot help fearing—that I shall be led to feel as I ought not towards you. I fear last I shall in time lose the power of respecting my husband; and when respect goes, Clement, love does not last long. This very moment I found myself wishing I had never known you."

Chrissey burst into tears, a very unusual demonstration for her; and Clement, springing up, once more traversed the room once or twice, and then sat down at his wife's side.

"Christiana," he said, mournfully, "is it come to this? I have deserved it—I feel that I have—but to lose your respect, your love—my punishment is greater than I can bear, Chrissey."

"It was but the thought of a moment," replied Christiana, checking her sobs; "but I am frightened that the idea should ever have entered my mind. If I should cease to love you, Clement, I should die. I would rather die this moment."

"God forbid!" ejaculated her husband, clasping her in his arms. "But why, my dearest love, have you never told me of this before?"

"It is neither a grateful nor a gracious office for a wife to reprove her husband, or a woman her pastor," replied Christiana, laying her head on his shoulder; "and if I had not been left here alone all day, I think I should hardly have got up my courage now. But, if you are not angry, I am glad that I have told you all that was in my heart; for, indeed, my dear, it has been a sad, aching heart this long time. And now I must tell you how these two unlucky shirts came to be buttonless."

"No, don't say one word about them, my love," said Clement, penitently. "I will never complain again if the sleeves are missing as well as the buttons."

"But I must tell you, because I really mean to have my housekeeping affairs in as good order as any one. I was looking over your shirts yesterday afternoon, and had put them all to rights but these two, when Mrs. Lennox came in, in great distress, to say that her sister's child was much worse, and they feared dying; so I dropped all, and went over there. You know how it was. No one had any calmness or presence of mind. The child's convulsions were indeed frightful to witness; the mother was in hysterics, and Mrs. Lennox worse than nobody at all. It was nearly midnight before I could get away, and meantime, Anny had put the room in order, and restored the shirts to their places."

Anny now put her head into the room. "If you please, missus, a young woman in the kitchen would like to see missus a minute."

"Missus" arose and went out into the kitchen, and Mr. Ashton, taking a candle from the table, entered the study, and locked himself in. Chrissey waited for him a long time, and at last went and tapped at the door. It was opened with a warm embrace and a fervent kiss, and though there were not many words spoken on either side, there was a light in the eyes of both husband and wife which showed that the understanding was perfect between them.

But I do think, nevertheless, that men's wives ought to sew on their buttons.

HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!

How's my boy—my boy?"

"What's your boy's name, good-wife, And in what good ship sail'd he?"

"My boy John—

He that went to sea—

What care I for the ship, sailor?

My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,

And not know my John?

I might as well have asked some landsman

Yonder down in the town.

There's not an ass in all the parish

But he knows my John

"How's my boy—my boy?

And unless you let me know,

I'll swear you are no sailor,

Blue jacket or no,

Brass buttons or no, sailor,

Anchor and crown or no!

Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton*."

"Speak low, woman—speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,

About my own boy, John?

If I was loud as I am proud

I'd sing him over the town!

Why should I speak low, sailor?"

"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?

What care I for the ship, sailor?

I was never aboard her.

Be she afloat or be she aground,

Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound

Her owners can afford her!

I say, how's my John?"

"Every man on board went down

Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy—my boy?

What care I for the men, sailor?

I'm not their mother—

How's my boy—my boy?

Tell me of him, and no other!

How's my boy—my boy?"

ROBERT STEPHENSON, ESQ., M.P., F.R.S.

ROBERT STEPHENSON is the only son of one of the most remarkable men of modern times—George Stephenson, the engineer. The life of that celebrated man furnishes a striking instance of what may be accomplished by energy and perseverance. He was, in the full sense of the phrase, a self-made man. He rose from among the ashes and slag of a poor colliery village to a position of honour and renown. He attained this position by no unexpected turn of fortune or sudden elevation, but by steady, plodding application, by faithfully discharging every duty, and by firmly maintaining his footing on the ascent from poverty, ignorance, and obscurity, to wealth, intelligence, and station. He was first employed to keep Widow Ainslie's cows from trespassing, and for this he received a shilling a week when he was eight years old. His wages were doubled when he was old enough to hoe turnips and lead horses to the plough. Turning his attention to coal-picking added another shilling to his income. Then he received four shillings as driver of the gin-horse at Black Callerton Colliery. After this he became assistant fireman at the Dewley engine, then full fireman at Midmill, then he was promoted to look after a pumping-engine near Throchley Bridge, for which he received twelve shillings per week, and, rejoicing in his good fortune, he declared himself a made man for life.

When George Stephenson was eighteen years of age he could neither read nor write. He thirsted for knowledge, but possessed no means of satisfying his desire. But when an opportunity occurred he seized it with avidity, spelled words and made pothooks at a night school, fastening on arithmetic with passionate zeal, and in a short time outdoing the "dominie" himself. But then, George Stephenson was not only in love with learning; he—having a heart as well as a head—had wood and won a sensible, good-tempered girl called Fanny Henderson; and when he had saved a trifle, he married her and took her to his home—an upper room in a small cottage at Willington Quay, near Newcastle-on-Tyne.

In this humble abode, on the sixteenth of November, 1803, Robert Stephenson, the subject of our sketch, was born. In addition to his work at the colliery, Stephenson turned his attention to mending shoes and doctoring clocks, by which he realised a few surplus shillings. He was a happy man with his young wife and child; but his happiness, in this respect, was soon brought to a close—his wife died, and poor Robert had to be intrusted to the kindly care of a neighbour. After enduring many misfortunes, George Stephenson, at the age of seven-and-twenty, joined in a small partnership for working the engines at the West Moor pit. This brought him in about a pound a week; but, limited as were his means, he determined that his son Robert should have an education, the want of which he knew too well himself. With this purpose in view he turned every moment to account; rose early, sat up late, and ate the bread of carefulness, so that his son Robert might attain the rudiments of knowledge. He kept him at a village school till he was ten years old, then sent him to the academy of Mr. John Bruce, at Newcastle, and from the education of his son increased his own stock of information. Robert was entered as a member of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Institution, and he and his father toiled over the same books, borrowed from the library. They became companions, not merely as father and son, but fellow-students; and, with books, and plans, and instruments, worked hard together. One of the secretaries of the institution watched their studies with lively interest, helped them with apparatus, and assisted them with his counsel.

But it was necessary that young Stephenson should acquire a practical knowledge of engineering and of colliery works, as without such practical knowledge his books, plans, and instruments would be of little avail. He was accordingly apprenticed to a coal-viewer, and served in this underground employment for three years.

During this time the prospects of the elder Stephenson had been brightening. He was pushing his fortune with success. He had saved money, and attained to some note as an engineer. The progress he had made opened out a new and easier pathway to the son than the father had travelled. He was entered at the University of Edinburgh (1821), and studied under Professors Leslie and Jamieson and Dr. Hope with steady application and remarkable success.

After spending one session at Edinburgh, Robert Stephenson returned to his father, who had established a large steam-engine factory at Newcastle, and commenced an apprenticeship to the business. He

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



ROBERT STEPHENSON, ESQ., M.P. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

applied himself with so much zeal to the pursuit, and gave himself up so thoroughly to its acquisition, that his health suffered, and it became necessary that he should have change of air and scene. An excellent opportunity presented itself. An enterprise was projected for exploring the mines of Venezuela and New Grenada. Thither, as the leader of the expedition, young Stephenson proceeded, and spent four profitable years in South America.

During his son's absence, the engineering business of Mr. George Stephenson was considerably extended, and when Robert returned he found the Liverpool and Manchester line nearly completed, and more work on hand than it seemed possible to accomplish. Entering at once upon the oversight of the factory, he passed three years in all its active operations.

About this time a premium of £500 was offered for the best locomotive engine for railways, "which must consume its own smoke, must not, with its complement of water in the boiler, exceed six tons in weight, and must be capable of drawing after it, on the level of a well-constructed railway, a train of carriages weighing twenty tons, at the rate of ten miles an hour; the winning engine to be sold to the company for not more than £550." Robert Stephenson competed for the prize, which was awarded to his engine, the "Rocket." This locomotive "weighed 4 tons 500 cwt., and drew 12 tons 15 cwt. at an average speed of fourteen, and a maximum of twenty miles an hour."

This was regarded as a very great triumph of engineering skill, and decided at once and for ever the advantage of the locomotive over the stationary engine.

Railways were at that time exciting great public interest. A line was projected between London and Birmingham, and Mr. Robert Stephenson was

appointed to superintend its construction. This line was commenced in 1834, and opened for public traffic in 1838. The work was performed so successfully that railways sprung up in all directions, and with them Mr. Stephenson's fame and fortune.

Soon after the establishment of the independence of Belgium, Mr. Stephenson was consulted on certain proposed railway lines in the Belgian dominions. On the completion of these works he had the honour of receiving from the king the decoration of the ribbon and cross of the Legion of Honour. He subsequently was invited to Norway, to survey a line between Christiania and the Myosen Lake; and, as a recognition of his services, was invested with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Olaf. His engineering abilities have also been exercised in Switzerland and Italy, but the construction of English railways has chiefly occupied his time and attention; and in these he has been eminently successful.

In 1847 Mr. Robert Stephenson completed a magnificent bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle. In 1850 he completed the Tweed viaduct. The most remarkable effort of his engineering skill is the Great Tubular Menai bridge, and its miniature copy over the Conway. This is certainly his most original and daring achievement.

The Chester and Holyhead railway having been projected to connect the two capitals of England and Ireland by the shortest route, it was necessary to conduct the line across the river Conway and the Menai straits. It was at first intended to carry the trains over the suspension bridge already existing at the Menai, by dividing the trains and causing the carriages to be drawn across by horse power, the bridge being considered not strong enough to bear the weight of long trains and heavy locomotives. Some difficulty is understood to have arisen on the

part of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and the company were compelled to build an independent bridge for the railway. A cast-iron bridge, with two or three arches, was at first projected; but this plan was abandoned as dangerous to the navigation of the straits. Mr. Stephenson then proposed a scheme of remarkable boldness and originality. He determined to carry the trains through a wrought iron tube, at a height equal to that of the suspension-bridge. In his narrative of the history of this design, Mr. Stephenson says:—"I stood on the verge of a responsibility from which I confess I had nearly shrunk; the construction of a tubular beam of such gigantic dimensions, on a platform elevated and supported by chains at such a height, did at first present itself as a difficulty of a very formidable nature. Reflection, however, satisfied me that the principles upon which the idea was founded were nothing more than an extension of those daily in use in the profession of the engineer. The method, moreover, of calculating the strength of the structure which I had adopted, was of the simplest and most elementary character, and whatever might be the form of the tube, the principle upon which the calculations were founded was equally applicable, and could not fail to lead to equally accurate results." The result proved the justice of these observations. The tube was completed, tested with entire success in the presence of the most eminent scientific men in the kingdom, and the trains are now carried through it every day in safety.

Mr. Stephenson is the author of a work on "The Locomotive Steam Engine," and another on "The Atmospheric Railway." He has represented the borough of Whitby (Yorkshire) in Parliament since 1847. He is president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and a Fellow of the Royal Society.



CÆSAR AND VERCINGETORIX.

PICTURES FROM HISTORY.

CÆSAR AND VERCINGETORIX.

If a student were asked the question, "When was the Roman empire at the height of its glory and power?" he would probably answer, "At the time of Augustus Cæsar, the period of our Saviour's birth;" and the answer would be sufficiently correct. At the commencement of the empire the world may almost be said to have been divided into a Roman and a non-Roman portion, and all that was not Roman the citizens of the great empire termed barbarian. The "voice of the murmuring of Rome" was heard in every part of the old world. Through every clime did the great city of the Tiber stretch her hand, and "Rome, her mark" was written in legible characters on the face of every kingdom of Europe, of Eastern Asia, and of Southern Africa. Roman oratory prevailed in every assembly, Roman legislation ruled

the world; and no event of importance could happen in which the Romans were not the chief parties concerned. Even in the sacred pages of the New Testament we have evidence how the Roman character was respected, and the Roman power felt. The Pharisees, desirous of tempting the Son of God to his destruction, seek to involve him in a question of payment of tribute to the Roman emperor; and the wavering and reluctant Pilate is prevented from setting free his guiltless prisoner by the denunciation, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend." Saint Paul, too, was fully conscious of his privileges as a Roman citizen, and we all know the effect produced by the apostle's impressive "appeal to Cæsar." Rome, then, filled the world; and, to a superficial observer, there seemed no power sufficiently strong to damage, much less to destroy, the influence and importance of that mighty state.

Yet there existed such a power, and more than once its hand had been severely felt, almost at the

very gates of Rome itself. Far to the north and to the north-west, in the depths of thick forests, amid impassable marshes, and on the banks of great rolling streams, dwelt nations whom the Romans designated by the general name of barbarians, and who presented in almost every particular a striking contrast to the Romans themselves. Five consular armies had these bold barbarians destroyed—long and not ingloriously had they contended with the great Julius Cæsar; and while Rome was in the height of its splendour, three legions, and Varus, their leader, were destroyed by these bold barbarians, who at length came to be regarded with such apprehension, that the name of "Germanicus" was given to a distinguished Roman who had overcome one of their tribes, as a title of nobility and distinction.

Under the reign of Marcus Antoninus these barbarians became more formidable than ever; for the various scattered nations, who, fighting singly, had been singly overcome, now began to unite, and long

and obstinate was the contest, until they were once more subdued and driven back; and in the middle of the third century, during the reign of the Emperor Valerian, they were pressing forward again; and the Romans, fighting everywhere with them, were no longer acting, as in former days, on the offensive, but in desperate self-defence.

Here, then, we have the first great picture of modern history—civilisation and barbarism contending for the empire of the world.

What kind of people were they who thus strove with the Romans, and finally overcame them? Let us look at the two books of reference written by a distinguished Roman general and an equally celebrated historian—Caesar, namely, and Tacitus.

Julius Caesar, as most of our readers well know, wrote a commentary, or, as we may express it, kept a journal of his campaigns against the Gauls. He evidently intended this only as a chronicle of his own successes; but unconsciously he has drawn a vivid picture of the foes against whom he fought. The military character of the barbarians of central Europe appears conspicuously in every page of Caesar's book—and the reader is perforce obliged to make the reflection, as he closes the book, "What formidable enemies these barbarians would have been, had they only possessed the two great elements of military success—union, and discipline."

Of the hardy, warlike character of the barbarians, we can give one or two instances. Ariovistus, one of their generals, replies to a threatening message of Caesar in these words: "Fight us, if you please; you will learn to know us; we are a nation that have been under no roof within the last fourteen years." Further on, Caesar gives us an account of the migration of the warlike Helvetii. Their fighting men numbered ninety-two thousand—a small force where-with to undertake a perilous expedition. The reason of this migration was that they found their territory inadequate to support them, though they numbered only nine to the square mile! They must have, therefore, been unskilled in agriculture. After a conflict with Caesar, one-fourth of the whole nation survived. This sufficiently proves the sanguinary nature of the combats between Romans and barbarians; and a little further on, we find it mentioned by the Roman general, as a matter of course, not even to be dignified by a separate paragraph, that after the taking of one of their towns, fifty-three thousand of the inhabitants were sold into slavery. War was then the chief business of mankind; and in Caesar's commentaries we have a glimpse of the results such a state of things produced.

They fought with the greatest fury. The Nervii, Caesar tells us, stood on the dead bodies of their countrymen as on a mound, and from this ghastly eminence threw back at their foes the darts and javelins the Romans had hurled upon them. Out of six hundred distinguished men among these Nervii, only three survived the fight—out of sixty thousand fighting men, scarcely five hundred. Such were the wars of the Romans and barbarians.

Tacitus, the second writer from whom we glean our information on the subject of the barbarians, lived a hundred years after Caesar's time. He studied the subject deeply, and wrote a profound work—"De Moribus Germanorum"—on the manners of the Germans. Tacitus was an educated, an enlightened, and a far-seeing man. He could almost calculate the time when the storm, so long muttering in the North, would burst upon the Roman empire; and, exasperated at the licentiousness and luxury of his fellow-countrymen, he praises almost extravagantly the manly virtues and simple mode of living among the Germans. His warning voice fell unheeded: the empire rolled on in its course of injustice, cruelty, and vice, and the downfall of Rome followed in due course.

Now the great question: "How was it that the barbarians were enabled to vanquish the Romans in the fourth and fifth centuries, whereas they had in former years been themselves the conquered?" becomes clearer, and is easily answered. The courage of the barbarians, the impetuosity of their attack, seemed irresistible; but, on the other hand, the Romans had union, experience, and discipline. It will thus appear clear to every observer that the barbarians' chance of ultimate success was dependent on their advance in union, experience, and discipline; while the degeneracy of these qualities among the Romans would produce a corresponding loss of influence for the empire. That the barbarians would ultimately succeed there was no doubt; for the contest was like that of an old man against an antagonist in the prime of life—it was a fight of youth against age—of hopeful, advancing attack against retreating, hopeless defence.

Rome became at last thoroughly corrupt. For the

freedom of speech, which had been the boast of every citizen, a submission of thought and action had been substituted; for the military service which each citizen had considered it an honour to perform, mercenary soldiers; for the free government of the republic, the military despotism of the later empire. There was no Augustus now on the throne, to hold in his powerful grasp the contending factions, and turn and guide them as a skilful charioteer manages his restive horses; nor could even the hand of an Augustus at last have kept the Romish factions in check. For in nations, as in individuals, a mighty change is ever at work; and every people must be either advancing or degenerating, as each individual man or woman is ever progressing towards a good or an evil end. The army itself, unchecked in the exercise of its power, and of boundless influence in the affairs of state, quickly became demoralised. The vital principle, the genius of Rome, was gone for ever; and the fall of the empire itself was certain so soon as a combination of various northern tribes should be formed; so soon as the barbarians, abandoning their old and faulty method of attacking in single tribes, should band themselves together in something like union, and substitute disciplined valour for the savage ferocity that had hitherto ruled their warlike operations. Their attack might be delayed by dissensions among themselves, or by the great qualities of any particular general or emperor among their Roman foes, but the contest for life or death was as inevitable as the bursting of a gathering thunderstorm. Nor could the issue of such a contest be doubtful.

Delayed it was—this great effort of the barbarians—delayed by a phenomenon which forms the subject of another of our "pictures from history," the invasion of the Huns. But when this great danger had passed away, the forces of the young and old world—of old effete civilisation against healthy young barbarism—were marshalled to the combat in earnest. Rome gathered together her forces as best she might, and distinct divisions of the northern nations take their positions against her. In Gaul arise the Franks, their very name indicative of freedom; in Spain are the Visigoths; the Burgundians on the Rhone; and the Austrogoths in Italy itself; stronger and stronger these young nations become, until at last one mighty effort is made, the young world has vanquished the old, the western empire falls with a thunder-crash, and the contest of Roman against barbarian and of barbarian against Roman is at an end.

The incident chosen for illustration is taken from one of the most interesting periods of this contest,—a time when the star of the Roman empire still glowed in the zenith, for Caesar led its armies. Vercingetorix, a young Gaulish chieftain, had long opposed the conqueror, and had at length shut himself up with many of his comrades in the town of Alisa, purposing to defend the place to the last extremity. But the misery of the inhabitants at last touched the noble heart of the young hero, and he resolved to give his own life as a ransom for his friends, as Eustache de St. Pierre, many centuries afterwards, devoted himself to death in the good town of Calais. Singly he rode forth from the town, straight into the circle where Caesar sat, and, without a word, he threw his helmet and his sword and javelin at the feet of his foe, in token that he was vanquished—that barbarous valour yielded once more to the power of union and discipline.

His heroism was not met in a kindred spirit. Vercingetorix was considered too dangerous an enemy to remain at large: he was sent to Rome loaded with chains; and, after languishing there a year or two, died in prison; one of the many victims whose blood cried aloud for vengeance upon the insatiate and unscrupulous people whose greedy clutch strove to grasp a world.

FACTS FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.—The last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell. Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for the weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them. Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood. The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attract, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space. The wife who should properly discharge her duties must never have a soul above trifles. Don't trust too much to good temper when you get into an argument. Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products. Let married people take a hint from this provision of nature.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The cups that cheer but not inebriate
Wait on each.—COWPER.

True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

WORDSWORTH.

'Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

HOWARD PAYNE.

MEANWHILE tea—or, rather, supper—had been cleared away by Apple Blossom. The Bible was open on the table, and Jem Goodman had broached the subject next his heart.

Jem had turned to numerous passages in the Old and New Testament where drunkenness is denounced, such as Proverbs xxiii. 31, 32,—“Look not thou upon the wine when it is red; when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.” And again, Isaiah v. 11, 12,—“Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.” Also Habakkuk ii. 15,—“Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink; that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken.” Then again, Ephesians v. 18,—“Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.” Also Romans xiii. 13,—“Walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness.” And, once more, 1st Corinthians vi. 10,—“Know ye not that drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God?”

Bob listened with a curious expression—half of gratitude to Jem for his earnest wish for his good half of obstinate determination “not to give in” and take the pledge.

Now, Bob Blossom was exactly the sort of person for whom the pledge is the only safeguard. If he drank at all he was “fuddled;” and directly he was fuddled, he was resolved to go on, and the gentle, kind man became a fierce, obstinate brute.

“It’s all very true,” said Bob, “what you, Jem, and my wife says about getting drunk; but look at me here. For a fortnight I’ve kept sober; and sober I’ll keep without no pledge. I never did like the thoughts of being pointed at as a teetotaler, and I never shan’t. I don’t like men as can’t do nothink without taking a vow, and signing. It shows such weakness, that’s what it do.”

“Come, now, Bob Blossom,” said Jem, with admirable patience, and smiling kindly as he patted Bob on his broad back. “Did you never take an oath, and sign your name to it?”

“Never,” said Bob; “not I.”

“Oh, Bob!” cried Apple Blossom, with a sweet smile that showed the whole range of her white teeth—rather large, but looking like pearls between lips as red as coral. “You would never have had me for your wife, I’d never have made my mark agin the name of Elizabeth Blossom, if you hadn’t taken a vow—and a very binding one too—in the old church at —. Don’t you mind the happy day, Bob? There stood the dear, kind old vicar, with his silver hair and his white surplice,—he as christened us both and tached us both in the Sunday school to fear God, to put our faith in his blessed Son, and to love our neighbour as ourselves.”

“Aye,” said Bob, “and I went a good bit ayont that ere, for I loved thee a hundred times better than myself; and a prettier bride never looked up from her mother’s bosom to the love in her husband’s eyes. Thee wor bonny in thy white ribbons, and thy maiden blushes—thee wor! Jack Badger said to little Fisher he’d be spliced in double quick time if there wor another Betty Blythe to be had; and little Fisher said there worn’t nothing to come a-nigh thee, far or near, for sweet looks and sweet temper.”

“Well,” said Apple Blossom, blushing, and much pleased, “Hetty Grimshaw was saucy enough to say that I had the best of the bargain. Ah, Bob, Hetty did envy me that day.”

“Did she, then? Well, all the lads envied me! and I took care to speak out. I let ‘em know I wor proud to say ‘I will’ vow: that wor something like a vow; any man might have been proud to take that vow—and to keep it, too!”

“And yet, Bob,” said Jem Goodman, “you will not keep it as you’ll one day wish you had, without you take that further vow—if ‘vow’ you like to call it—which will prevent you ever being overtaken again.

by that which destroys a wife's comfort and confidence and ruins a man's character and constitution, and a family's respectability—strong drink."

Bob scratched his head. "It's so bad for a poor fellow like me," he said, "to sign away his liberty, and bind himself not to have a drop o' beer, even when he's upon a tough job of work."

"Sign away his liberty!" exclaimed Jem Goodman. "The signing of the temperance pledge has given freedom to thousands; and it is because I long to see my friend Bob Blossom emancipated from that vile power which intralls him, that I do so urge, so entreat, so implore him to enroll himself in our army."

"I knows I does take a drop too much a-times, and then I makes a fool of myself: who doesn't under these circumstances?" said Bob, in a whining voice and penitential tone. Then suddenly rising, shaking and rousing himself as for a grand final effort, "But I will make a change. I am resolved to turn over a new leaf."

"Then you will sign, Bob?" cried Jem Goodman, taking out a dog-eared book, upon which was a square piece of paper, with letters printed thereon—

"THE SAFFRON-HILL GOOD SAMARITAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY'S PLEDGE-BOOK."

"Tain't no use pulling that book out," said Bob, rather sulkily. "No, no, Jem, thank ye for nothing; I'm not going to be laughed at and pointed at as a teetotaler. I can keep sober," he added, drawing himself up consequentially, "without none of your pledges. You must take me, indeed, for a baby. I wonder you haven't brought leading-strings along o' that book; and oncest for all, Jem, with regard to drink, Bob Blossom, when he has a mind, can take it good, and leave it good, like a man."

Jem Goodman, for a moment, was somewhat disheartened; he sighed heavily, and said, "I heard those same words from Tippling Ben, Bob."

"Ah!" cried Apple Blossom; "d'ye hear that, Bob? Think of poor Esther, think of the poor orphans! think of the disgrace and the trial, and all coming out in the papers! And she's so respectable—born almost a lady! and he to be tried, and maybe hanged, and then to be seed in the Chamber o' errors at Madame Tussor's for a extra sixpence. Think of Tippling Ben; see what he's come to! Esther's in her grave, a murdered woman, and Ben's in Newgate, and like to be hanged; but if he gets off, he can't ever have no peace. He knows he killed her, and all through drink. Oh, Bob, take warning by Tippling Ben!"

"Tippling Ben's one thing, and Bob Blossom's another. I'll tell thee what, wife, and thee, too, Jem, I'll go on as I se-a-going on for a month at least, and then we'll have another talk about this here."

"Bob Blossom," said Jem Goodman, "Ben Darrell said much the same, and I gave in. Yes, to my eternal remorse, I gave in. Now, I will not have such another backsliding on my conscience. I will not leave thee, Bob, till thou sayest thou wilt sign."

Jem Goodman seized Bob's hand; Apple Blossom threw herself on her knees before him.

"We will not leave thee till thou sayest 'yes,' dear Bob!" said the wife.

"No, Bob, we will not leave thee," cried Jem.

"Then I'll leave thee, wife, and thee, too, Jem. Tain't fair to be so hard on a poor fellow. Get up, wife; that's no place for thee. I ain't to be coaxed or bullied into what goes agin the grain, and ain't according to my ideas of nature or reason."

"Sign! do sign, Bob!" wept Apple Blossom, still at his feet.

"Sign, man, sign, and save thy body and soul," said Jem Goodman, very pale, and tears sparkling in his dark, deep-set eyes.

"Oh, do sign, dad!" murmured the soft voice of little Hope. "Mr. Goodman knows what's best."

"Sign, father, and a-done with it," said Larky Grigg, in his bold voice; "and I'll show thee what one glass o' liquor a day costs in the year, and what thee'll save by sticking to Adam's wine."

"We won't leave thee till thou hast signed," said Apple Blossom.

"No, that we won't!" cried Jem; and "No, daddy, we won't," said Hope; and "No!" echoed bold Larky.

"Well," grumbled Bob, "it has come to a pretty pass, to be bully-ragged in this ere kind o' way. It's all a reglar concocted scheme, I do believe, to get me to put my name to a thing I don't want to do. As the old song goes, 'Britons never shall be slaves;' and you ain't a-going to make a slave o' me, Jem Goodman, I can tell ye. Get up, wife," he added, shaking Apple Blossom off; and seeing tears flowing from the large upraised eyes of little Hope, he exclaimed, while his own followed the example of hers,

"Oh! it is too bad to set that sweet little angel upon me in this manner. And all for what? To get me to sign a pledge to do that that I'm willing and determined to do without. You drives me wild, ye does, among ye!" he added, growing very red and much excited. "Hands off, wife! and you, too, Jem! If you won't leave me, I'll leave you, for a bit; leastways, till I gets cool, and you comes to your senses."

So saying, he caught his hat from its accustomed peg, broke from the grasp of his wife, pushed Jem and Larky Grigg roughly aside, and rushed out of the room and into the street. Poor little Hope tumbled over her three-legged stool; and Truelove, whose long, fluffy tail had been trodden on in the scuffle, set up a loud, protracted mew.

The window was partly open, and the startled inmates, pale and aghast, heard Bob's rapid steps as he hurried along; and caught the words, half sung, half spoken, of his favourite song, "Britons never shall be slaves!"

These were the last words he was heard to speak that night.

After Bob had made this precipitate retreat, all was consternation; not a word was spoken, save by little Hope, who forgot the very sore bump on her own forehead, in her endeavours to coax and comfort her injured and offended Truelove.

Larky Grigg stood irresolute. He had been brought up by his mother, who was the ruling spirit, to show just respect to his father, and therefore he did not at once rush out to dodge Bob; but recollecting, all at once, how anxious his poor mother would be if his father stayed out long, and came home late, he jumped up, caught up his cap, and, exclaiming "I'll go after dad," darted off like an uncartered stag.

Good son, he was determined, if possible, to follow and bring Bob Blossom back before Apple Blossom had grown seriously uneasy.

Poor Jem Goodman, burying his face in his large, brawny hands, gave way for a few moments to mingled and painful emotions.

He thought he had been indiscreet—rather over zealous, too hard upon Bob. And then came on his mind the image of Ben Darrell in Newgate; and of the lifeless corpse of poor Esther, stretched upon the table at the "Good Intent."

Poor Apple Blossom was weeping bitterly. What a change! what a downfall to all her hopes! She had felt sure Bob would give in, when Jem so begged, and she went on her knees to him. "Oh, if he do but sign," she said, "I'll be able to be as merry as Mrs. Wynn, whose measter have a-signed. How light of heart and fast I'd go about my work. If Bob do but sign and give up liquor, I'll be the happiest wife as ever swept a cottage hearth or sung a lullaby."

"Don't take on so, Apple Blossom," said Jem, at last; "we won't despair, we'll have him yet."

"Larky slipped out in the hopes of finding daddy and bringing him back," said little Hope; "and, Jem Goodman, do 'ee read mammy something that will comfort her."

So Jem opened the book of Job, and read what we all have read, with breaking hearts and gushing tears in some hour of more than wonted anguish; for these are texts that seem to echo the groans of every mourner, and then he read some passages of a similar import from the Psalms; and, finding Apple Blossom was weeping more calmly, he turned from the sinner's penitence to the Saviour's promises, and, as he earnestly said, "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted," Apple Blossom, who sat in the corner with her white apron over her head and face, and with little Hope on a low stool at her feet, her sweet face in her mammy's lap—Apple Blossom, through the folds of her apron, said—

"Jem, I am comforted."

Then little Hope climbed up on to her mammy's lap, and, removing the apron, began, with the corner of her own tiny pinafore, to wipe away the fast-falling tears; and kissing the plump, but no longer rosy, cheeks of pretty Apple Blossom, she said, "Don't take on so, mammy, I'm sure daddy will yet be a 'never touch lad.'"

This was the name given at the ragged school to those who formed the temperance society.

"Bless you, my dear little Hope!" and a smile like sunshine seemed to dry up the tears as the loving child, once more seizing her Truelove and holding it tucked under her arm, apparently almost suspended by its neck, an attitude to which it was used, hovered about her foster-mother, with words of comfort and looks of love.

Poor Apple Blossom! before the end of the night of storm which had set in so calmly, she needed all that faith which can overcome mountains—for mountains of misery and difficulty closed her in on every side.

And she had no voice to cheer her but that of Hope;

no head to think for her, no heart to feel, no hand to guide or help her, but that of the little foster-child, who often recalled to her those words, "Some have entertained angels unawares."

Yes—after Jem Goodman had taken his leave, having told Apple Blossom that he should meet the ladies at her house the next day at one, if quite agreeable—time went rapidly on, and neither Bob nor Larky Grigg reappeared.

Hope was very pale, and Apple Blossom proposed to her to go to bed, but yielded to the child's wish to share her mammy's watch. Hour after hour passed; ten, eleven, twelve, one, struck. How swiftly the hours succeeded each other. They always do when we dread their rapid flight.

Apple Blossom and little Hope stole out into the blind alley. It was a lovely night—the sky was of the deepest, clearest azure, the eternal stars shone on the great city. Yes, the firmament was literally bespangled

"—with those isles of light
So wildly, spiritually bright.
Who ever gazed upon them slumbering,
And turned to earth without reaping,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?"

Everything was still in the blind alley. It was Sunday night; and, as the gin-palaces were closed, no drunkards befouled the air and made humanity shudder with the spectacle of men bereft of reason, without being, like the brutes, supplied with instinct. There was nothing stirring save Truelove, who had followed her little mistress out, and was purring aloud and rubbing her soft fur against little Hope's short petticoats and pretty little, sylph-like legs.

Truelove seemed to know there was something wrong, and to wish to comfort Hope.

Just at this moment Apple Blossom saw a policeman in the distance, and resolved to go to him and ask his advice; and Hope would not let her go alone; but, as she tripped along, the child's quick ear caught a mew as of Truelove in pain; she turned round and saw some one stuffing her snowy, furry pet into a bag.

Hope rushed back and soon came up with a dreadful old bundle of rags, hobbling along, a stick in one hand, and a canvas bag in the other.

Hope recognised the terror of the neighbourhood, old "Blear-eyed Bet," the cat-skinner.

Often had Blear-eyed Bet cast a longing glance at Truelove when she saw that beautiful creature coiled up in the window-sill sunning herself, and looking a muff fit for a queen to wear.

Blear-eyed Bet was by profession a fortune-teller, but her income was derived principally from cat-skinning; and it was currently believed that the cats she stole she skinned alive, because their furs are—as it is, alas! well known—only glossy and of price in the market when that fiendish cruelty has been practised.

Now, Blear-eyed Bet was an inveterate gin-drinker. She cared for, lived for nothing but gin. For gin she would not only have skinned a cat, but a child, or even her haggard, horrible old self!

She generally prowled about low, populous neighbourhoods, that abound in cats. When people are too poor to keep themselves, they generally burden themselves with feline dependents (so unthrifty are the very poor!);—and was to any poor feline Philander who fell into Blear-eyed Bet's power! She had savoury bits of fish and cat's-meat, besides other dainties, to tempt the poor victims; and Truelove had been so attracted by the odour they emitted, that she had followed her until the old hag made a grab at her.

Hope, light as air, and fleet as a roe, soon overtook the hobbling old miscreant.

"Stop, stop!" she cried, clutching with her little rosy hands the filthy rags of the old gin-drinker.

"What do you want with me, pretty maid?" said Blear-eyed Bet, emitting a pungent odour of blue ruin as she spoke. "Why ain't you in bed, and asleep? Have you got e'er a copper to give a poor, old, shivering soul?"

"Yes," said Hope, "here's twopence for thee, only give me my cat; thee'st got it in that bag."

The old hag clutched the pence, and then said—

"I've got no cat, child! What would I do with a cat? I can't keep a cat—I can't keep myself."

"You sha'n't keep my cat, you wicked, cruel, old woman," said Hope, fairly roused by a faint mew from within the bag. With a sudden wrench (old Bet being quite off her guard) Hope seized the bag, and sped with it like lightning back to her home.

Apple Blossom was there weeping bitterly. The policeman knew nothing of Bob or Larky, and had answered her very unkindly, as she was stopping him on his way to a cook who awaited him at the area

rails with a steak fried in onions and batter, and whom he loved with that ardent, insatiable passion, called "cupboard love."

Great was Apple Blossom's surprise to see little Hope, after cutting the string tied round the neck of the bag, let out a large black Tom and a tabby kitten; while at the bottom, almost smothered, and partly insensible, was that beloved pet, so dear for Larky's sake, and its own, snowy, furry, Truelove.

The black Tom and the tabby kitten darted through the open door, and were soon far away.

But Truelove was of Persian origin, and had been very daintily nursed, and it was some time before he recovered sufficiently to lap a little milk, and curl himself up asleep before the fire.

This matter settled, Hope and Apple Blossom, shutting the door after them, again stole out into the blind alley.

Still the stars looked brightly, coldly down into eyes that gazed on them through tears of passionate distress.

The clock struck two, and Apple Blossom wrung her hands and sobbed aloud, and little Hope grew pale and cold with terror.

"Hope," she said, "something dreadful must have happened. Dad must have fallen into some hole or cellar, or well, or sommut."

"Perhaps, mammy," said Hope, very shily, and almost afraid of what might be treason to "dad;" "perhaps he've been overtaken again."

"Overtaken, Hope; by whom, child?"

"By temptation, mammy. Some one may have tempted dad with a glass of liquor; and thee knows, mammy, if dad takes one glass, he's sure to take more. Thee've often said so, and I've heerd dad himself say it, too."

"Child, he'd never be so cruel, and so weak, and so false. Why, if he did, he would never look me or Jem in the face again."

Just at that moment Bob Blossom staggered home between two of his pals, drunk, almost dead drunk, but spasmodically hiccupping forth as they led him in, and laid him on his bed, "Britons never shall be slaves."

Yes, on that neat bed, which poor Apple Blossom's labour at the wash-tub kept so white and nice, even in that blind alley, one of the smokiest, foulest of London's low neighbourhoods, they laid the drunkard! His boots were muddy, his clothes soiled. He was very sick. Truly, a hog wallowing in the mire was a nobler spectacle. The children slept in another bed hidden by a screen made up of a clothes-horse and a blanket. They slept too soundly to be disturbed even by his ravings, groans, and hiccoughs. Larky's bed was in the sitting-room.

"Oh, shame! shame!" cried Apple Blossom; "there is no hope left."

"Yes, there is, mammy; dad will take the pledge now, I know he will, when once he's sober again—to-morrow perhaps, mammy. But who is here? Lame Luke, I declare!"

"Lame Luke!" cried Apple Blossom, "at two in the morning, child; he comes from Larky. Oh, something dreadful must have happened. Oh, my dear, good, loving, clever, beautiful boy! my Larky! he's dead! he's dead! If he wasn't dead, he'd never stay out to terrify his poor mother."

"Don't ee take on so, missus," said Lame Luke. "Larky ain't dead nor dying; he's alive and kicking, he is. But, splice my timbers, what a white figure-head your'n is, missus! Come, don't hang out signals of distress. All's well with Larky, though he've been and got into a bit of a scrape, which it ain't no fault of his'n. It seems he wor scudding afore the wind, looking out for his dad, when up sails Prigging Peter, Stunning Steenie, and the 'Fox,' as they calls Joe, besides that 'ere bold young baggage as is called Potato Heels, and is more mischievous nor a dozen lads. Well, them chaps and that wench had a spite agin the feller as keeps the slop-shop, cause he wouldn't give 'em no trust, and they'd hatched a plot to break his winders. I don't know how it come to pass, but they broke 'em sure enough, and though Larky had nothink to do with it, yet, as he wor with them, he wor nabbed by the peelers, and the others got off. He've sent me this here bit of writin', to beg me to call and tell you, missus, he ain't guilty of nothink, and beg you and Hope to cheer up. I wor in bed and asleep, I wor, but I soon got up. I'd go through fire and water to sarve Larky, and so here I be; and if Chete of the slop-shop appears agin Larky Grigg before the magistrate to-morrow, I'll be there to stand by him and speak up for him, and no mistake."

"A peeler brought me this bit o' writin' from Larky Grigg, and says he'll be out to-morrow as sure as a gun. So don't fret, missus, and don't pipe your eye, little one. I'm going to turn in again, I be."

Lame Luke was gone.

Apple Blossom and Hope went on weeping bitterly. Bob Blossom was lying dead drunk on poor Apple Blossom's bed, and Larky Grigg had been taken up, and was spending the night in the station-house.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

There's something every day we live
To pity, and, perhaps, forgive.—BARBAULD.

WHEN Bob Blossom rushed out, as he thought, to escape temptation, he had no idea that he was rushing into it.

He had resolved not to take the pledge; but then he had also resolved to keep as sober as if he had bound himself to do so by vow.

"I never did hold with teetotallers and such like," he said to himself. "Jem's a trump, to be sure; but I should like him all the better if so be he could take a glass, in moderation. Most of 'em—them totle habstinence chaps—seems to me poor milk-and-water sort of fellers, which I don't loike their principle, and never sha'n't. But Jem shall see, and so shall Apple Blossom, for all that, I'll keep sober without the pledge. I don't knock under to Jem Goodman—no, nor any other chaps as can't keep sober without the pledge."

When Bob arrived at this conclusion, he had also arrived at Blackfriars-bridge; and he stood, clean, nice, and respectable in his Sunday's best, watching the fair moon rising, while twilight seemed to

"Melt beneath that moon away."

As Bob Blossom watched the queen of night, and the stars, that seemed forming themselves into a court attending their fair sovereign's levee, his thoughts wandered back to the days when he "went courting" Betty Blythe.

Distinctly on the horizon of his memory rose a little picturesque cottage, with one superb geranium filling the window-sill, in a neat flower-pot and saucer, scarlet with red ochre. The beautiful and fragrant leaves and blossoms of that sweet geranium formed a screen through which peeped the Hebe face of that fair Betty Blythe, whom he had converted into Mrs. Blossom, now commonly called Apple Blossom. How well he remembered the laughing, hazel eyes and cherry lips, and the thick, wavy, black hair which both Larky Grigg and Merry had inherited from their mother.

He saw her again in her maiden beauty, her coy, yet deep, true love.

She was in service—good service, too—and only at home now and then. Her father was a gardener near Preston; her mother was the tidiest old lady in the village; and Betty was their pride. Betty had many wooers, but though she liked to make Bob a little jealous now and then, she never gave a serious thought to any but him.

"Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends."

He was in farm service. Her parents objected, but love prevailed, and they were married.

He loved her then, but he almost thought—and tears filled his eyes as he thought so—that he loved her better now.

She had been, though, somewhat hard to please, coquettish, uncertain, and exacting before marriage; yet, ever since they had exchanged vows before the altar, so good, so meek, so loving, so hard-working. Often had he tried her temper. Sometimes—and he loathed himself, as he remembered it—he had raised his voice, alas, even his hand against that loving, patient, noble-hearted wife. But that was when he had been drinking. What a blot on all his reminiscences was an obstinate black eye his brutal fist had once inflicted, extending from the jetty silken arch of her beautiful eye-brow to that soft, round, peach-like cheek, on which he had printed love's first kiss when she was Betty Blythe; and to which he had brought not merely that foul stain, but such frequent tears since she had been Betty Blossom.

That black eye, not the only one he had given his wife when in his cups, haunted him still. He saw it on the darkening waters, he saw it on the deepening azure of the sky; and when he pressed his rough fists to his eyes, to shut it out, he saw it with his mind's eye on that blackened but precise record which conscience keeps—too often out of sight and mind—till we are prostrated by sickness, sorrow, or some other power we cannot resist; and then conscience holds that minute, dark record to our horror-distended eyes; hisses its accusations in our startled ears; and wakens with it as with a trumpet-blast our slumbering souls, gross hearts, and tampering spirits.

"Well, tain't no use a-bothering about that 'ere," thought Bob. "She've forgived and forgot that, and many others, likewise a bad kick when she wor near her time, which I ought, drunk or sober,

never to have forgot her delicate situation. She used to complain of a pain for some time arter in her side, but she don't now; and I've thankful 'twarn't with me as 'twor with Tippling Ben; and I'll never raise not even my voice, much more my hand or foot against her no more. I won't take no cowardly pledges—'tain't loikely; but I'll be a better, koinder partner to my pretty Apple Blossom than ere a total abstinence chap among 'em is to their wives. A glass or two in moderation never hurted no man—no, nor woman either, though Apple Blossom won't touch nothink but—"

As Bob thus argued with himself, he was leaning idly over the bridge, apparently watching the sailing and the rowing boats that made the river so gay, when a sound slap on his back made him turn round.

"Yes, it be—I knowed it wor Bob Blossom! Gi'e us thy hond, mon. I've right glad to see thee."

"What, Jack, old meate—Jack Badger! Where'er do thee come from? This be a surprise, and a werry pleasant one. But who be them chaps with thee?"

"Why, sure thee haven't forgot Tom Sykes and little Fisher—Harry Fisher, brother to he as beat Misfortune in that 'ere foot-race. He as went by the name of the 'Preston Pet.'"

"Oh!" cried Bob; "I remember that foot-race, and the sight of money I lost a-betting on that same Misfortune; and as for Tom Sykes and Harry Fisher, I knowed 'em a'most as well as I knowed thee, Jack."

Upon this there was a general shaking of hands; and Bob, having unluckily asked what brought his friends to London, Jack Badger proposed that they should all adjourn to the "True Briton," and talk over old times, and what had happened to all of them since they lost sight of Bob, over a glass of good ale, "which," added Jack, "'tain't every house can boast as good a one as we are sure of at the 'True Briton.' This here Lunnun smoke makes me so dry, I've tossed off a good many glasses of old ale to-day, and all the better and none the worse for it. The 'True Briton' has downright good, honest liquor; and if ye doubt my word, come and try. Come, Bob, old meate. Thee didn't used to be the chap to hang back when an old chum proposed a glass."

Bob was puzzled, and he looked so. After what had just occurred he could not ask his friends home. They were all hard drinkers; he knows it, and all who look at them must see it.

They are dressed well enough, to be sure, thought he, in their Sunday best—very smart and tidy, according to a working man's idea of the matter—clean white shirts, blue coats and brass buttons, and dark corduroy trousers, black hats, coloured cravats, and good strong, new highlows; but all their clothes smelt of tobacco-smoke. Jack Badger, since Bob saw him last, has acquired a bottle-nose. Tom Sykes has a blotched face, never seen in a sober man; and as for Harry Fisher, who, to the beer he drinks in company, adds the habit of private tipping at a whisky-bottle, his manner is nervous, listless, excited; his eyelids red; the tip of his nose scarlet; his face pale; and that unmistakable stamp upon the whole man which betrays that most miserable of all created beings—the spirit-drinker.

No, this was not a trio to introduce to Jem Goodman and Apple Blossom; and what pleasure would they, these lovers of strong drink, find in his quiet home, presided over by his total abstinence wife?

Rapidly these thoughts passed through Bob's mind, and then he said, "I'm uncommon vexed, friends, that I can't ax ye to my home, but my wife ain't no-ways well just now."

"Ah," cried Jack, "thy wife, Betty Blythe as wor; how ever is Betty—the beautiful girl she wor, and the neat-handed, smart, tidy lass, too—fresh as a rose, singing like a lark, and with a koind word and koind smile for everybody? Thee did get a prize, Bob!"

Bob's eyes moistened. "Betty, or, as she be called here, Apple Blossom ('cos of an apple-stall she keeps, and my name and hers being so pretty) be just the same, except now and then she get a whim into her head about me."

"About thee? what jealous, eh, Bob? for they be all the same! But come, Bob, me and my mates be quite done up a-trapesing about Lunnun ever since eight this morning. Our time's short. We comed up with excursion tickets, and we've only got three days to see all the grand sights. We wants to see the Queen and Prince Halbert, and the royal babbies, and we must see the wax-work, and the Tower, and the wild beasts; and Sunday ain't no day for sights, but we've seed Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's, and the outside o' Newgate."

"Mind ye never sees the inside," said Bob, with a broad grin.

"In course," said Jack, after laughing at the joke,



THE PET LAMB.

"we wants to see all the soights, so let us go and have a glass of ale together."

Bob winced. He knew his men, and he knew his own weakness: he had never yet been able to stop at one glass: and yet if he exceeded, what a fool, what a wretched, poor, boasting creature he would seem should he be indeed overtaken, after all he had declared to Jem and Apple Blossom, and so he "hemmed," and said—

"I'd rather not take any liquor to-day, Jack."

"Why, whatever have come to you, Bob?" said Jack. "Lunnon surely has not huffed thee up so that thee's above taking a glass of ale with thy old friends, and them old friends in a strange city, and downright tired out?"

"But, Jack," said Bob, "I unluckily came out with only sixpence in my pocket."

"Bless thee, Bob! does thee think we care about thee standing treat. Now, do oblige us, and come and take a glass with us. We want to know the best sights to see; and surely thee wants to hear sommut about thy own native place. Come! Bob Blossom can't be turned stingy, surely. Thee wor ever a free chap."

"None freer," said Tom.

"No, none," echoes Fisher.

Jack upon this took hold of Bob's arm, and led him off towards the "True Briton," followed by Tom and Harry.

Bob gave in, thinking to himself, "Well, nothing shall make me exceed two glasses; there can be no harm in that. I won't have Jack go down home and tell 'em that Bob's turned too proud or too mean to take a glass with an old friend in a strange city, and that after not seeing him for ten years or more." No; he had one sixpence in his pocket, and that would pay for a quart.

Once reconciled to this idea, Bob recovered his

spirits, and they all talked cheerfully of old times, and joked, and laughed, and told anecdotes of former days, and conversed very lovingly together at the "True Briton," near the Borough market.

(To be continued.)

THE PET LAMB.

To fix the attention of the observer, to awaken his interest and to excite his sympathy, is the triumph of an artist's genius. It does not invariably happen that the most pleasing picture is the best; or that when tested by the rules of art, as applied by inflexible critics and connoisseurs, it could be pronounced perfect. On the contrary, it frequently occurs that pictures which give most satisfaction to the public are wanting in those artistic qualities which academical accuracy demands. This, however, was not the case with the late Mr. Collins, from one of whose best productions our engraving is taken. He pleased everybody—critical and uncritical: connoisseurs and people who knew nothing and cared nothing for rules of art were alike gratified by his paintings. When they hung on the walls of the academy crowds gathered round to admire the careful detail, the tender pathos, or genial humour; when they were engraved, they sold largely, because they were just the sort of pictures which people like—home scenes, sturdy men, buxom women, healthful children, thatched cottages, waving cornfields, flocks and herds—things which are seen every day, that require no scholastic sympathy, no historic lore, no travelled experience, to appreciate.

Such a picture is the "Pet Lamb."

The "Pet Lamb" was the joy and pride of its little playmates—Tom, Jack, Martha, Mabel, and the rest—all had a vested interest in the lamb, and the lamb was petted and caressed, and coaxed and cared

for, exciting a pleasant rivalry among the children as to which of them should be most kind and gentle to their favourite. Their wise little heads found out for the poor lamb the most delicious herbage; and their good-humoured little hearts watched its every manœuvre with amazing interest, enticing it into the sunshine for a frolic, or into the barn when the rain came down. It knew them all, and they attached all sorts of meanings to its bleat—now it wanted milk, now grass, now water, now a run on the grass, now a sleep in the shade. They thought there never was so wonderful a lamb as their pet.

But they are poor. Their mother has much ado to find her little fold in food and raiment; and when the lamb—their pet and favourite—is ready for market, it must be sold. It makes her sad at heart to deprive her children of their playmate—but it must be done. If they, poor little ones, were like the little lords and ladies at the park, who live in the old family mansion, and have servants, and horses, and everything at their command—they could afford to keep their pet; but they are poor, and the hard lessons of poverty have to be early learned. Of course the mother keeps the matter secret: childish sorrow is soon over; and anticipation of their loss would only increase it;—why need they know aught of sorrow till the evil day comes? That day has come. The purchaser of the lamb has arrived. His blue-frocked boy—a monster of atrocity in the children's eyes—has come along with him, and that stout cord is to lead away their little pet to captivity and death. While the bargain is being settled, Jowler, the butcher's dog—at any other time an object of interest—stands unnoticed. One of the children goes up to petition for the pet lamb:—"Oh! let it stop! Don't send it away!" Another resents the boy's aggression; and, pushing him from the side of the lamb, bids him go away for a naughty, cruel boy as he is. Another leans on his little favourite, shedding

tears over it; while another offers it a last love-token in a saucer of milk. The eldest boy, cut to the heart himself, but hiding his own sorrow to appease that of the other, tries hard to call their attention to something else—the wild bee burying itself in a bell flower, the gay-winged butterfly sporting among the buds. All the while the pet lamb, unconscious of the grief of its little friends, or of its coming doom, stands unconcerned amongst them. What though the sun shines, and the flowers are bright, and the birds are singing?—to the children there is a shadow over all, for they are learning their first lesson in sorrow.

In after years they may look back on this scene with far different feelings. Other and deeper troubles will have arisen. But the first grief is not to be obliterated from their memory; this love, this loss will be remembered when other loves and losses are forgotten.

The Matron.

NO. XVIII.

I HAVE devoted many chapters to the treatment of children. I have endeavoured to advise mothers for the best in nursing them in illness, and providing them with nutritious, digestible food when they are well. But I feel I have left a great deal unsaid, and I should not be satisfied with myself were I not able to promise my readers I would return to the subject. In the meantime I must remind all those who have the care of children, that one of the things that most conduces to their health, and to the prevention of disease, is attention to cleanliness. Frequent changes of under-garments are far more important to children than handsome new frocks, hats, or bonnets; and a child's skin can hardly be kept in a healthy state unless the whole person (the head included) is washed all over in warm soap and water once a week at least. Never be afraid of the soap's injuring your child's hair. On the contrary, it will greatly improve it. Of this you may be certain; and also that the washing of his head (supposing that you are careful to dry it thoroughly) will promote his general health. Careful mothers should constantly examine the state of their children's hair, for, should little boys and girls chance to come in contact with dirty people, or poor neglected children afflicted with vermin, they will be so themselves.

In this case the small-tooth comb must be used, and the head should be washed in a lather of soft-soap. When the evil is completely removed, the mother must be more than ever careful as to the people her child comes in contact with.

I now turn to a very different question—the preparation for a journey.

In the last century these were all-important. For a journey from London to Bath, a traveller had to be armed as if he were going to the wars. In our quiet times, highwaymen, and all the stirring adventures and hair-breadth escapes connected with their lawless trade are done away with. Barring railway accidents (fearful things, too), the chief dangers that threaten travellers are these—having their pockets picked; sitting in wet clothes; and being put in damp beds. To disappoint the pickpocket, ladies should so manage that their pocket-hole should have no communication with the pocket that holds the purse.

Goloshes of india-rubber should be worn on a journey because they are waterproof; but ladies should take them off when they stop at inns or hotels for above an hour. They are apt to draw the feet, and make them tender.

Mind your cloak or wrapper is well dried wherever you stop for the night. If you have been exposed to rain and wet, then merely hang it up on a peg, it is more likely to give you cold than to protect you from it.

But a damp bed is more dangerous than anything else. Persons placed in damp beds may contract fatal diseases. The following is an excellent method of detecting dampness in a bed:—Let it be well warmed, and, on withdrawing the pan, put between the sheets a clean glass tumbler. It must be in an inverted position. It should remain in the bed a few minutes, and if, on examining it, you find it quite untarnished with steam, you may conclude the bed is dry. Should the glass be moist and clouded, the safest thing you can do is to sleep between the blankets, unless you can have the bed well warmed a second time, so well that it will stand the test of the glass.

I forgot to mention one great danger connected with travelling, viz., that of being too late; but, as this may put off the journey altogether, it can hardly be called one of its perils. Being too late is a domestic disaster, against which we should guard. The general order and method which I have so

strongly recommended is the best preventive, because things kept in order are easy to pack, and, if easy, the packing is quickly done, and we are more likely to be ready too soon than too late. It is often a great advantage to be a few minutes before hand. What cautions the traveller is thus enabled to give or to receive. What a good choice of a place in the coach or railway carriage can be made.

The poor creature who arrives at the starting-point breathless with hurry and anxiety, must take any place he can find, and in his confusion he often leaves his luggage behind. As to the dilatory person who proved actually too late, he may lose a chance of furthering his fortunes—a chance, too, that may never present itself again.

What I advise is this:—Do your packing over-night. Put every article of your dress, and your travelling costume, ready for the next morning. Even have the fire laid, and the kettle half full of water on the hob. Put the breakfast things in readiness, and send for some milk, for you will not be able to get any before the traveller starts, early in the morning. When all this is done, you may go to bed with a light heart, and feel pretty sure you will not be too late.

ROBERT BURNS.

(Concluded from page 351.)

Just as Robert Burns was about to embark for Jamaica, a letter of kindness and sympathy reached him, which caused him to alter his plans, and to look with greater hopefulness upon his future prospects. The poems he had already published had begun to excite some interest, and there were those who determined, notwithstanding his errors, that such a man of genius should not be lost to the world. His fortune suddenly changed for the better, and instead of sailing for a distant land, he accepted an invitation to visit Edinburgh. We enter now upon the second period of his life, when the peasant-boy became for a short time what is called a *liver* in the world of fashion.

To Edinburgh he went, and talked with learned professors, and dined with lords, dukes, and duchesses. He was received everywhere with rapture, received with acclamation as the bard of Caledonia; by the eloquence of his conversation he completely carried duchesses off their feet; he sat down at rich men's banquets, and found himself courted by the wealthy and aristocratic. It was all a dream! After taking two or three delightful tours, he found himself back again in the stern, real world he had for a few moments left, with his farm, which he had neglected, going to ruin. He who had talked with lords and ladies in Edinburgh, found that the only post which society offered him, was that of exciseman. The government of the day cared very little for poetry. When a gentleman, who was dining with Pitt, called his attention to the merits of the poet, that statesman coldly answered, pushing the port, "Lord Melville, the bottle stands with you." And it being found that poor Burns was exercising his mind rather too freely upon political matters, instead of fitting himself for the art of gauging, and practical dry gauging casks and utensils, a message was sent to him to this effect, "It is your duty to gauge casks, not to think!" This was the poet's death-warrant. After this he appeared an altered man; sorrow and care pressed heavily on him, and he walked about with the stamp of death upon his countenance. The commissioners of excise would not even pay him the paltry pittance which was his due, and on this account he was nearly perishing with hunger. Those who met him in the streets took farewell of him, never expecting to see him again, and at last, with a broken heart, he sunk into the grave when only thirty-seven years old.

In giving an estimate of the character of Burns, it is but fair, seeing that so much reproach has been cast upon his name, that we should attempt to separate the wheat from the chaff, and set down wherein he was worthy and deserving of imitation. It is a great mistake to suppose that the poet led a rollicking, thoughtless life, or that he took more pleasure in drunken squabbles than in the joys attached to mental culture. Those who knew him best—who lived with him and saw him every day, have testified (and they are men in every way worthy of credence) that he was by no means the character we might expect him to be from some of his own songs. A great deal has been said and written in respect to the drinking habits of Burns, and it is certainly true that occasionally he was guilty of gross intemperance; but it would be doing him a great injustice to be unmindful of the contempt he experienced for himself when he thus sunk the man and exalted the brute, or to count as nothing his aspirations after what was pure and en-

nobling in character. Notwithstanding his drinking songs, it was his highest delight to escape from the noisy mirth of bacchanalians, and to go out into the dark night to listen to the rushing winds, and to watch the lightnings flashing across the heavens. Solitude was most precious to him. Nothing so enraptured him as to walk alone in the sheltered side of a wood, or a high plantation, on a lovely winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees and raving o'er the plain. He says it was his best season for devotion; his mind was wrapt in a kind of enthusiasm to Him who, in the grand language of the Hebrew bard, "walked upon the wings of the wind."

The knowledge of his own powers and capabilities added strength to his native independence of spirit. He never cowered in the presence of the right honourables of the world, but knew what was due to himself. He met in Edinburgh the most aristocratic personages without blushing or dismay. The Duchess of Gordon was quite surprised that he was not frightened in her presence, and that he maintained his quiet self-possession. Burns, ever on the look-out for souls, could not be brought to believe that fine clothes and a dignified demeanour constituted nobility of character. Beautiful is that little incident in his life in Edinburgh: a young aristocrat was walking with him down one of the fashionable streets, when a west country farmer clad in hoddin gray, happened to cross their path. Burns shook the farmer cordially by the hand, much to the annoyance of the young Edinburgh blood, who took him soundly to task for this defect of taste. "It was not," said Robert, "the gray coat I spoke to, but the man that was under it; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh you and me and ten more such down any day!" In the height of his popularity he was never ashamed of his origin. His language in the highest circles was always in this wise, "I was bred at the plough, and am independent; the poetic genius of my country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. I was bred to the plough, and am independent." This was his brave speech at all times. He was a stiff-necked man in the presence of mammon, but never in the presence of mind. This native resoluteness and independence of spirit never forsook him. When, at last, worn out by illness and anxiety, and waiting the approach of death, he looked over his past life and deeply repented of many things in it; but one thing he did not repent of—that he had been an independent man right through life. Among the last words he wrote were these: "I have often in anticipation listened to some future hackneyed scribbler, with the heavy malice of savage stupidity, saying, 'Burns, notwithstanding the fanfare of independence to be found in his words, dwindled into a paltry exciseman, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the vilest of mankind;' but (writing to a friend) 'in your hands permit me to lodge my disavowal and defiance of these slanderous falsehoods. Burns was a poor man by birth, and an exciseman by necessity; but I will say it, the sterling coin of his honest worth no poverty could debase, and his independent British mind oppression might bend but could not subdue.' These words Burns wrote from the brink of the grave; and in common charity and honesty they must be accepted as sincere and true.

In taking a candid survey of the life of the poet, we are compelled to believe that his virtues were more numerous than his vices. Still, even love for the hero of this sketch must not blind us to the enormity of his errors. We see a man with a nature full of beautiful sensibility, noble understanding, majestic powers, but devoid of that true self-government which, had he been a religious man, would have produced one of the noblest characters that ever adorned the world. He died at thirty-seven—that fatal age for the imprudent,—who, in our human judgment, might have lived to an advanced period of life, had he possessed within himself the power of self-restraint. His history is full of instruction and warning to the youthful portion of the industrial classes; for while we have in his biography abundant testimony that poverty and hard work are no barrier to the soul's growth, that the powers of the mind may be cultivated amidst the hardest outward privations, we are also reminded that the noblest powers may be wrongly applied, and that the most splendid talents cannot prevent a man from becoming a moral wreck, unless they are all in subjection to the will of God. Still, remembering the penitence of the last days of his life, we are fain to write over his grave these lines:—

"Peace to the dead! in Scotia's choir
Of minstrels, great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire
The Phoenix of them all!"

Small Change.

INDIGNANT FEMALE (with energy): "Yes, Mr. Robinson, men are tyrants! Poor wives can't even make their will before they die!"—**HUSBAND (re-sighing):** "Well, my dear, they generally manage to have their will all their life!"

"It is very difficult to live," said a widow with seven girls, all in genteel poverty. "You must husband your time," said a sage friend. "I'd rather husband some of my daughters," answered the poor lady.

A SPECIMEN of anything is called a sample, but a specimen of needlework is something more—it is a sampler.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A GOOD SURGEON.—He should have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand.

WHEN Barney told Bill
He was looking quite ill,
Bill stuck to his habit of impudent joking;
"That's the difference," quoth he,
"Betwixt you and me—
That I'm looking ill, and that you are ill-looking."

"GOOD NEWS, Belhoul," said a wag at Balsora: "the caliph has appointed you governor of all the apes and hogs in the kingdom." "Prepare, then," replied Belhoul, "to obey my commands."

AN advertisement in a country paper begins, "To be let immediately, or sooner, if required," &c.

AN EASY PLACE WITH LITTLE TO DO.—Wanted, at the Crystal Palace, a boy to clean the windows!

HOOD, speaking of a dirty locality, said, "He got the steam-bag going through it."

A MR. HARDY, accused of keeping a gambling-house at San Francisco, California, indignantly rebutted the accusation, by asserting, "He was in gaol for robbery at the time."

"BEN, you bad boy, I am busy now; but when I've time, I'll give you such a flogging." "Pray don't hurry, father; I can wait."

"DEAR me," said a shrewish mamma, "where can that boy have got his temper from? Not from me, I'm sure." "No, indeed, my dear," replied her patient husband; "I can't perceive that you've lost any of yours."

A MAN wrote a note requesting a loan of a noose paper "to read about his friend's marriage."

"WERE you ever in Cork?" said the gay Mrs. Jones, in the blandest of manners and sweetest of tones. "No, madam," said I; "though in Dublin I've been, yet of Cork it is only the drawings I've seen!"

SOME people allow their affairs to become so deranged, that their liabilities quite go out of their mind.

REMARK MADE BY A SAVAGE BACHELOR.—Young ladies who faint when you make them an offer, can be brought to immediately, if you whisper that you are only in joke!

"WELL, Robert, how much did your pig weigh?" "It didn't weigh so much as I expected, and I always thought it wouldn't."

A BRAVE MAN.—One who isn't afraid to wear old clothes till he is able to pay for new.

"WELL, crusty John, how are you this morning?" "Umph! not all myself." "Then I congratulate you, for you must be a gainer by the exchange."

THE most curious thing in the world is a woman that is not curious.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN TO LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER.

"I assure you, ma'am, I never left a lodging but my landlady wept at my departure." *Experienced lodging-house keeper.*—"I hope, sir, it was not because you went away without paying."

"JAMES, how does the thermometer stand to-day?" "On the mantel-piece, mem, leaning against master's picture."

WHY is necessity like a great many barristers?—Because it knows no law.

WHY is silk a good name for a soldier?—Because silk can never be worsted.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

LADIES are like violets. The more modest and retiring they are, the more you love them.

"SAMBO, why is a chimney sweep de happiest man alive?"—"Cos he knows the joys of de fireside."

"No; try again, Sambo."—"Cos none ob de ladies, rich or poor, can do widout him." "No; try again."

"—Gib it up." "Well, because he's always well sooted (suited)."

ADVERTISEMENT IN PROVINCIAL PAPER.—A reward of five pounds is offered for the apprehension of Mr. Patrick O'Maherty, who last week stole the jackass, which same had on a pair of corduroy breeches, with blue eyes, and smokes a short pipe,

much given to squinting, and likewise his shoes are down at heel.

"HAVE you anything like cheese here?" shouted a waggoner, as he halted his team in front of Joe Baird's store. "Yes, sir—ee!" shouted Joe, in reply.

"We have some tallow, very much like it." **HOW TO CATCH THE FRENCH ACCENT.**—Liston went to Paris in 1829, and was one day walking in front of the Hotel Maurice, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth. "What are you doing that for?" asked his intimate friend, Potier. "Why," replied the eccentric man, "I'm learning your language, and I want to catch the accent."

JOHN'S wife and John were tête-à-tête—
She witty was, industrious he;
Says John "I've earned the bread we've ate;"
"And I," says she, "have turned the tea."

"MR. BROWN, the man at No. 190, has shut up shop. What an unlucky house that is. Whom did he succeed?"—"I don't know, but it seems he didn't succeed himself."

"Do make yourselves at home, ladies," said Mrs. Smith to her visitors. "I am at home myself, and I wish you all were."

"SIR," said a burly fellow, of no enviable character, "I have the largest neck of any man in the city." "Very likely," said his neighbour; "and I saw yesterday the largest rope in the city—put that and that together."

A MERRYANDREW, on being asked why he played the fool, replied, "For the same reason that you do—out of want: you do it for want of wit, and I do it for want of money."

TIT FOR TAT.—"John," said a cockney solicitor to his son, "I see you'll never do for an attorney—you have no *hevergy*." "Skuse me, father," said John, "what I want is some of your *chickenary*."

A POOR poet, just as he finished a favourite production at midnight, suddenly exclaimed in ecstasy, that he felt his head surrounded by a blaze of glory. He was not long in realising that his hair had caught fire.

"It is extremely disagreeable to me, madam," said an ill-natured old fellow, "to tell you unpleasant truths." "I have no doubt, sir, that it is extremely disagreeable for you to tell truths of any sort."

Puzzles for the Ingenious.

ANSWERS TO THE ARITHMETICAL QUESTION IN NO. 19.

It was stated that a man was sent to market with 100 pence for the purpose of buying a certain number of snipes at 10d., plovers at 8d., larks at 1d., and sparrows at $\frac{1}{4}$ d. each; and the question was how many of each kind must he buy, so as to have 100 birds for 100 pence. This sum has been variously divided, and some of our correspondents have sent several modes. Two specimens may suffice:—

1 Snipe	10	2 Snipes at 10d. ...	20
4 Plovers at 8d. ...	32	4 Plovers at 8d. ...	32
21 Larks at 1d. ...	21	2 Larks at 1d. ...	2
74 Sparrows at $\frac{1}{4}$ d. ...	37	92 Sparrows at $\frac{1}{4}$ d. ...	46
100	100	100	100

D. DOVE.

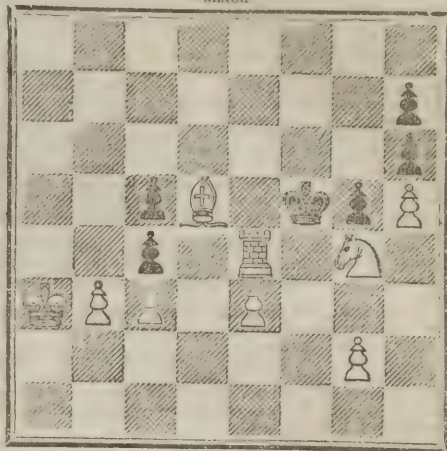
H. S. R.—B.

Other answers have been received, correct in the totals, but varying in the details, from J. H. G. Wright, John Baird, Larky Grigg, Z. M. R. Carr, T. J., Maude Blanche, G. A. Hills, A. G. M., Alpha, J. Lugsdin, W. D. Overell, In a hurry, Inquisitive Tom, W. M., A. Jordan, J. T., P. Mangles, J. B. F., J. Keane, Young'un, A. Constant Reader, A. Young Wife, T. Williams, C. W. B., W. Munro, W. P. B., La B., J. W. B., William of Wykeham, W. Marshall, Boss, T. G. Croft, H. Jackplane, J. T. Y., H. Hoskins, R. W. Jamson, Orsini, W. E. H. W., F. C. D., J. S. (Halifax), R. Lambert, W. M., H. S.—n, J. F. Ashford, W. C. N. B. Taylor, J. B. F., G. B. Jay, G. London, F. Tucker, A. S. Wink, Teb, Whitaker, J. H. H., Harry, J. B. Vincent, T. M. Stonehouse, Fitz, Penn, G. C. Cox, W. Grant (Newport), J. McCallum, J. March, J. Mottram, Jacobus, D. S. Williamson, J. R. C. (Lisburn), M. Mooney, Hamlet, T. C. Half-whistle, H. R. Symons, G. H. Robinson, J. T. Last, R. W., A. Youth of 16, D. F. G., R. J. Watson, Margaret, H. P., J. P. C., J. C. D., J. Kinsey, C. B., P. S. A. Kennedy, G. Wilson, A. H. G. M., R. Scott, C. B. Beaudesert, J. W. Dixon, R. Reid, W. Davey, A. Regular Subscriber, W. G. Painter, M. Simpson, R. Burns, D. J. Blyth, W. Stewart, Aron, Romulus, Roscommon, Jack, H. H. (Horsham), Marco, A. S. Nilson, R. B., D. R. P., W. A. (Keighley), Peterkin, Anthony S., W. Mathieson, D. Macarthy, J. Fraser, A., H. F. McKenzie, W. A. B. B., E. G. Douglas, E. J. L., D. Deobolia, J. W., M. Wagnell, E. F. B., R. Marriott, J. Batchelor, G. Joek, W. Henry, A. G. Smith, J. Hyland, J. R. (Birkacre), J. Hellings, Faddy, W. Gooding, E. J. Davies, W. Hughes, Snipe, Young Gadshead. Henry Hill has sent eleven different statements, each fulfilling the conditions required.

CAVERALLO is correct. If he be, as he states, only 14 years of age, his solution, and the letter accompanying it, do him great credit. We think it might be worth his while to furnish us with his real name and address.

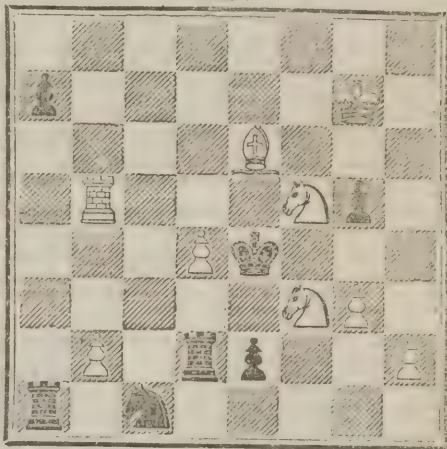
Chess.

Problem No. 36. By Mr. J. STONEHOUSE.
BLACK.



White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 37. By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.
BLACK.



White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

VITE.—Problem No. 22, although exhibiting promise of future excellence, is below our standard of merit.

WORKHOUSE.—The Problem would be defective unless mate could be given against the best defence, in the stipulated number of moves. In Problem No. 26, Black should play K to Q B 3, in reply to your second move.

W. J. (Dartford).—The Problems submitted by you, although correct, are too simple even for our juvenile subscribers.

STATU QUO.—Your Problem can be solved in two moves, e.g., 1. P to K 4 (dis ch) 2. Q to Kt 7 (mates) K to Kt 3.

J. W.—The alteration which you propose to make in Problem No. 29, would render the position defective. Black's reply to White's first move would be K to Q Kt 3, when mate could not be given under eight or ten moves.

DOUGLAS.—1. Problem No. 29 is quite sound; try again. 2. We do not see how the player to whom you refer can, under present circumstances, accept the challenge.

ALFRED HOLLOWAY.—The second Problem submitted by you can also be solved in two moves.

T. SIMPSON.—We shall be glad to know for what purpose Black Pawns are placed on Q Kt 2 and 6 in Problem No. 5.

GRAPES.—In Problem No. 27 you overlook Black's move of R to K R 2 (mating) in reply to White's play of P takes Q.

Q. R.—Your solutions of Problems Nos. 26 and 27 are correct. We shall always be glad to receive your solutions.

CADMUS.—Problem No. 23 is correctly given. Your solution of Problem No. 22 is correct.

VELVET.—If you desire it you can claim a Queen for every Pawn which has been advanced to its eighth square, and may thus have two or more Queens on the board at the same time.

JAMES JONES.—Your inquiry has been replied to through the post.

Solutions of Problems by Geo. Farrow, Nos. 26 and 28; Wm. McKenzie, Nos. 26, 27, and 28; Grapes, Nos. 26, 29, and 30; Crook, No. 26; Cadmus, No. 22; Q. R., No. 26 and 27; F. G. Rainger, No. 28; E. Grant, Nos. 28 and 29; Oxon, No. 29; C. Austin, Nos. 27, 28, and 29; M. A. R., Nos. 27, 28, and 29; G. Bailey, Nos. 26, 27, and 28; Delta, Nos. 27 and 28; R. Hunter, Nos. 26 and 27; Douglas, Nos. 24, 25, and 26; Gaius Amicus, Nos. 27, 28, and 29; Dartford, Nos. 27 and 28; B. T., Nos. 26 and 27; G. T. A., Nos. 27, 28, and 29; and A. Novice, Nos. 24 and 26, correct.

Our Editorial Table.

ETIQUETTE.—Correspondence and interchange of portraits should only take place between ladies and gentlemen when an engagement has been formed. By common consent, the letters placed on the breakfast-table are opened and read by those to whom they are addressed.

HAMLET.—Extravagance in dress is one of the prevailing vices of the age. The young lady who indulges in it, and whom you are thinking of making your wife, is more likely to be confirmed in her weakness by the example of others, than cured by good counsel. Independently of the ruin entailed by lavish expenditure in clothes, an inordinate love of dress has a very bad influence on the mind and heart. We do not wish to deprive the young lady in question of a good husband, but unless you have reason to believe that she means to conquer her foible, it is our duty to advise you to give her up and to seek in another a more reasonable chance of happiness.

INGOMAR.—The initials about which you question us have a very sacred signification. They stand for the Latin words *Jesus Hominum Salvator*: in English, "Jesus the Saviour of Men."

LILLY, NINA, and ELEANOR.—If you have an opportunity of learning music or drawing, give the preference to that for which you have the most talent.

RAMBLER.—Very excellent copying ink may be prepared by adding a teaspoonful of moist sugar to a quarter of a pint of the best black ink. If you have not a proper copying press, lay your damp copying paper upon the writing, and pass over it a warm flat-iron.

FRANK ROARK.—We fear we cannot be of much assistance to you. You might call at our office.

Odices, W. R., E. J. H., Samuel W., Mary, A Soldier, A School Boy, S. Millward, A Swell, Jane A., Stupid Person, W. Coop, Peter Mangles, B. An Invalid, A Macpherson, Billy F., T. Tagrag, Josephus, A Subscriber.—These are all cases of disease or of personal defect, which should be addressed to skilful medical or surgical advisers.

Eastwood, Carus Kearn, S. K., D. H. S., Adolescents, D. T. Carey, An Anxious Inquirer, Gascoigne, A Weary One, R. Inquirer, A. L. J., Coriolanus, Constant Reader, W. M., Cylinder, An Irish Policeman, G. C.—d, Expectans, A. C. Y., Longfellow, Grumpus, L. W. T. H., Intention, Count de Monte Christo, C. Adamson, Hope Evermore.—These are applications as to situations. We regret that it is not in our power to render the writers the assistance they require. Most of the inquiries should have been addressed to the principals or secretaries of the offices into which they wish to enter.

LOO and TRILIA.—To give you as nearly as possible the proper pronunciation of Persia, we advise you to sound it as though it were written *Pursha*. In reply to your second question, we can only say that nothing improves the manners of young gentlemen so much as the society of amiable young ladies. As to the game you mention, never having played at it, we cannot furnish you with its rules.

HELEN.—Your ignorance of music is not a bar to your procuring a situation as governess. A master is almost always taken for this accomplishment.

LEX, ADIS, RUSTICUS.—When "Lex" is dining at a house where any ceremony is observed, the servant takes away his plate and brings him a *second helping* on a clean one. When quite "*en famille*," and when his plate is handed (to the lady who is carving) for a second supply of the same dish, he should leave his knife and fork on the plate to avoid soiling the table-cloth. "**ADIE.**"—The eldest unmarried daughter should preside at the tea-table, unless her mamma prefers retaining her old office. The offering refreshments depends on the distance from which your guests come. If they live in the same town with yourself, it would be superfluous to offer any refreshment; but if your friends have taken a drive or a long walk in order to pay you a visit, you would do well to offer any refreshments that can be quickly brought in. At dinner or supper a lady should remove her gloves. "**RUSTICUS.**" should offer his arm if he has to traverse a room in leading a lady to the piano, but he may hand her to the instrument, supposing she is in its immediate vicinity. In addressing ladies with whose names we are unacquainted, the term *Madam* is more in accordance with modern usage than that of *Miss*.

S. L. S.—We feel very much for your painful situation, but we think we cannot give you more profitable advice than that addressed to another of our recent correspondents named "**Lillian**." To her we refer you.

M. S. M.—Your letter is so good, and evinces so much education, that we regret you can procure no better remuneration than 17s. 6d. a week. Your marriage on such a salary would be very absurd and very wrong. You must persevere in the exercise of your talents, and in all probability you will soon obtain a good situation, and with this the consent of the young person's mother.

LYDIA, M. M. S., A. C., LADOGA, ADA, and KITTY GREEN.—The important subjects on which you severally consult us are these:—Clearing and improving the complexion, thickening the hair, and curing chaps on hands and lips. To begin with the complexion. In this redness, spots, and blotches may arise from some constitutional illness, from a determination of blood to the head, or from acidity in the stomach; for the latter cause, a tea-spoonful of magnesia mixed with milk, and taken once a week, may prove of service. For the former, abstemious diet and keeping the feet constantly warm is the advisable treatment; but a redness that sometimes affects the nose and face may be removed by a weak solution of borax in rose-water. We do not think that cleanliness can be practised without the use of soap, nor do we consider that curl soap can injure the finest skin. For chapped hands, melt in a jar one ounce and a half of spermaceti, half an ounce of white wax, six drachms of powdered camphor, and four tablespoonfuls of olive oil. Chapped lips require a different preparation. Take of beef marrow and white wax an ounce each, three ounces of white pomatum and melt them together (with a small bit of alkanet root in a muslin bag to colour the salve). Melt a l this and strain it while hot.

Apply this as well as the ointment for the hands, if required, on going to bed. We have recently given a very good receipt for thickening the hair, viz., a mixture of nine parts of olive oil and one part of liquid hartshorn. Another receipt, of which we think highly, is the following:—Damp the hair frequently with the following wash thus prepared. In a quart of boiling water melt half an ounce of camphor and one ounce of borax. This wash is said to beautify the hair and even to prevent baldness. "**Lydia**" must pronounce the French word *belle* as though it were written *bell*.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.—A school-boy and several other correspondents ask the origin of All Fools' Day:—

"The first of April, some do say,
Is set apart for All Fools' Day;
But why the people call it so,
Nor I, nor they themselves do know."

The origin of the Fools' festival is ascribed to an incident which happened in the Isle of Chickosk, on the seventh of the moon Ni-ada, which, in the European calendar, makes the first of April. This story is made up of beings natural and supernatural. An evil-disposed demon is always on the watch for an opportunity of doing damage to a worthy prince, who at last saves his country, but loses his own life. It became the fashion to visit a certain place in his honour, ostensibly to look for him, who, of course, was never to be found.

"So did these customs to his memory rise,
From babes that lisp to sages who are wise,
From Chickosk's Isle, told by some sacred man,
The story got abroad and reached Japan;
From thence, by story-tellers it was hurled
Into these islands of the Western world;
Till in its progress through the modern school,
The hallowed forms were turned to ridicule:
And thus the legend of two thousand years
The cause of April All Fools' Day appears."

ALPHA and ROSA.—"Alpha" and "Rosa" are much to blame, but "Alpha's," as the most serious case, must have our first attention. "Alpha" should blush for his weakness. What is the use of a man's physical and moral strength if they are not to be brought into service in the hour of suffering. Suicide, indeed! And that for a disappointment that may be made a blessing in disguise. You, "Alpha," are quite mistaken about the nature of your own feelings. The flame in your heart will soon be extinguished unless you feed it. Read our advice to a desponding lover, in a preceding number of the "New Series" of our Paper. It is addressed to a lady, viz., to "Laura Lenora," but it is applicable to your case; and talk no more of suicide—the most dreadful of crimes, because it leaves no room for repentance. As to "Rosa," she has hardly acted like a rational being. Already engaged to an old man, she goes and promises her hand to a young one. As matters stand she can marry neither, not even the authority of parents can justify her in swearing to love the old gentleman while her affections are another's, nor must she bestow her hand on him who possesses her heart, without obtaining parental consent. "Rosa" is in a painful situation, but she must not despair; many equally tried have performed their duty and regained their peace of mind. Let "Rosa" peruse our answers to correspondents in a recent number, and she will find directions to a fellow sufferer.

MARIA.—You must take everything likely to strengthen your constitution. Even tonics might be of service under medical supervision; but a visit to the sea-side is what we particularly recommend.

E. M. H., who "is called a blue," shows much more sense than those who presume to ridicule her.

ALMA.—According to strict etiquette, you should not have taken the violets; but the anger of your companions appears to us rather the result of envy than of superior discretion.

NILLIE B.—The "Bridge of Sighs" is by Hood. The complete works of this poet would be expensive.

DICK TARTLETON.—The young ladies should be ceremonious with you if they wish you to be so with them; but if you wish to set them an example of proper behaviour, abstain from any degree of familiarity that is not well received.

MR. GOLIGHTLY.—Tea and coffee are always served up at a wedding-breakfast, which, in other respects, should consist of every delicacy of the season.

SERONS.—"Serons" must take for his models of etiquette those of his fellow-servants, who have retained their places for some considerable time. Their having remained stationary shows them to be good models.

A TEMPERANCE MAN.—When tea was first introduced into England, it was sixty shillings a pound. We read of its use as far back as the year 1660.

AN INJURED ONE.—You might sue your false lover for a breach of promise of marriage, but we advise you not to do so. We consider you have escaped from a bad man.

CECILIA.—The expense of a complete divorce used to be at least £400, and an act of parliament was necessary.

LITTLE SORROW.—If we thought the gentleman who has been so long paying his addresses to you was convinced of your attachment, we could hardly find terms strong enough to express our disapprobation of his conduct; but if you induced your lover to believe you indifferent to him, he is not to blame for leaving you.

ERSOM RACER.—The greatest price ever given for a race horse was 6,500 guineas for the two-year-old Hobbie Noble, in 1851.

VIOLET OF THE VALLEY.—We are not surprised at the gentleman's absenting himself. Violence of temper is even more revolting in a woman than in a man. You must endeavour to take your punishment quietly, and so show by constant gentleness that you have acquired command over your feelings.

ANNIE S.—The less you think about admirers the more likely you are to procure one who will be constant for life.

MORDAUNT.—Sovereigns were first coined in the reign of Henry the First, but they were of the value of twenty-two shillings; the modern sovereign was issued in 1816.

PETER HARLE.—Your suggestions have been received, and will be duly considered.

A STUDENT.—We recommend a student to go to his lecture room by a different route, and carefully avoid the shop window at which the pretty girl is to be seen. A student alludes to our receipts for winding up love affairs, but his love affairs had better be given up than wound up. A marriage between a young student and a shop girl would be imprudent, and equally injurious to both parties.

ANTIQUARIAN.—Maldon is supposed to have been the first Roman colony in England.

ORNALDO.—Mary, daughter of Henry the Eighth, was the only English Princess of Wales in her own right.

CYMRO.—In the common course of events, the Princess Frederick William of Prussia can only return to England as a visitor.

ROSE MAYLE, BEATRICE ROLFE, SYDENHAM, LAST THOUGH NOT LEAST.—All these ladies wish to exert their talents profitably, and we do not doubt that there is a good situation somewhere for each and all of them. The difficulty is for the families wanting governesses, and the governesses wanting engagements to come into proper contact; for both parties publicly is the only remedy. Our fair correspondents should make a point of reading every morning the advertising sheet of the most influential papers, and a few shillings will be well spent by each in advertising her various qualifications. We also recommend each to lose no opportunity of mentioning among private friends the object in view. If this advice is followed, we trust success may be the result.

ADONIS, A DOVE, A WELSHMAN, S. J.—If "Adonis" can afford to marry, we advise him to propose to the lady immediately. "A Welshman" should write again and know his fate. Be it what it may, he should bear it like a true Briton.

"A Dove" is not likely to find any happiness with her present suitor; we advise her to discard him. "S. J." may be assured that if "J. B." told us confidentially his name and address, we should reveal them neither to her nor any one else.

BARNY.—Petersburg was commenced by Peter the Great in a little hovel of wood. In 1710 Count Golovkin built the first house of brick, and in the next year the emperor laid the foundation of a house of the same material.

MARIA CHISLETT.—If reserve does not suffice to discourage the advances of which you complain, you must be stern and dignified.

Z. Z.—Water from the artesian well is not prejudicial in watering plants of any kind, unless it is proved to be charged with lime.

ROB ROY.—All you can do is to ask the young lady, M., supposing you were able at a future period to achieve success, you might indulge in the hope of her sharing it with you.

DUMFRIES.—The redness and roughness of complexion, which cause you so much discomfort, may proceed from a scorbutic tendency. In this case you should eat vegetables freely; but if this redness proceeds from indigestion, a very different diet would be advisable. We do not recommend constant applications to doctors, but in your case we think the opinion of a respectable medical man is necessary.

F. ALLEN.—Oil of Rhodium is a yellow fragrant oil, prepared from the wood of *Convolvulus scoparius*. It is often used to adulterate otto of roses. It has been said to be one of the articles used by Mr. Rarey, the American horse-tamer, but this is contradicted.

J. DICKENSON.—"Pairing off" in Parliamentary language, means that practice by which two members of the House of Commons, of opposite political opinions, agree to omit voting in order that one or other, or both, may be absent from the House for a specified time. We cannot undertake to recommend books on particular subjects, as there are so many rival claims.

J. NEVILLE.—An index will be published with the last number of the volume. "Cassell's Illustrated History of England" is published in penny numbers weekly. Two volumes are already completed.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Any letter in old books will let you know the value, and probably purchase, the Bible in your possession.

HOPE EVERMORE.—In reply to numerous correspondents we beg to state that the authoress of "Hope Evermore" is a popular writer, who in this tale makes her *débüt* before the public in this style of literature.

POOR DOG TRAY may remove the oil-stains from his coat by rubbing them with turpentine.

J. J. S.—The fact in the life of Archimedes to which you refer, is an illustration of the doctrine of specific gravities. King Hiero, of Syracuse, had reason to believe that a goldsmith whom he had employed to make his crown had cheated him by purloining a portion of the gold intrusted to him, and he requested his kinsman, Archimedes, to endeavour to detect the fraud. The philosopher was puzzled for some time but while one day in a bath, he observed that he displaced a bulk of water equal to his own body. Perceiving a train of consequences which would lead to the detection of the goldsmith's fraud, he ran naked out of the bath into the street exclaiming "Eureka, Eureka! I have found it, I have found it!" He subsequently proved the fraud by comparing the quantity of water displaced by equal weights of gold and silver. Archimedes was killed by a brutal Roman soldier during the storming of Syracuse, while he was in the act of drawing a geometrical figure on the sand. This event occurred B.C. 212, when he was 75 years old.

G. ROBBARD.—Answers to your question have been repeated in several numbers. You can obtain all the back numbers of Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard. We know of no law forbidding non-conformists to attach a tower and bells to their places of worship.

RODERIC RANDOM.—The numbers of the "Model Copy Books," published by Ward and Lock, will be issued in succession. You must settle your other question yourself.

* * * We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The wounds that pain and grief have made,
Are seldom cured by laughter;
Who has not felt the dreadful blade
As deep the moment after?

But pity from the lips we love
Is friendship's best endeavour;
And, like the rain-drop from above,
Makes all look fresh as ever.—J. BURBIDGE.

It would be difficult to paint the astonishment of our hero on hearing the name of his old companion and playfellow, Jack, pronounced in that distant land, and

under such peculiar circumstances. He had never forgotten the lad—the natural goodness of his disposition, his generosity and lightheartedness; and had long since forgiven the attempt to lure him into the path of crime, in consideration of the motive.

The position in which he was placed compelled him to be careful. It was of the utmost consequence that the name of his father should not transpire; but for that he would at once have demanded news of Jack.

"Now, my man," he said, regarding the old sailor, "it strikes me you have something to impart to me."

"You may well say that, your honour," replied the sea-lawyer, giving his trowers that peculiar hitch which seems to be an indispensable preliminary to every seaman in arranging his ideas. "In the first place, does your honour know Jack Manders?"

"I have certainly heard the name," said Richard, with a smile.

"That's what I call a *judicial* answer," observed Bunce—probably he meant a judicious one; "but no doubt your honour knows best. I ain't no great

judge of landmen, whatever I may be of those of my own craft."

"Well, then, I *do* know him."

"That's hearty!" exclaimed the old man, giving himself another hitch—to express satisfaction, we suppose. "What I call plain sailing. I can understand that. Maybe," he continued, at the same time peering curiously into his face, "you wouldn't mind, if you saw him on a lee shore, stretching out a hand or a rope's end to sarve him."

"On any shore," replied our hero, warmly; "but, where is he?"

"In that devil's craft," whispered the old man, pointing over his shoulder down the river, in the direction of the Caradoc.

"The one I have just visited?"

"*Exactly*."

Like most sailors when conversing with landmen, Bunce was very fond of making use of hard words; and we doubt not but our readers will agree with us, that "*exactly*" is an exceedingly hard one.



RICHARD AND BUNCE PLANNING THE RESCUE OF JACK.

"Why do you call it the devil's craft; and why did he not speak to me?" demanded Richard. "He must have recognised me."

"He 'cognised you, fast enuf," replied Bunce, delighted to display his knowledge of the meaning of the word; "but perhaps the poor lad didn't know whether your honour care to 'cognise him. Besides, if the skipper had seen him speaking to you, it would only have put him on his guard."

His voyage to India had given his hearer sufficient insight into sea phraseology to explain what "skipper" meant.

"And why should he object?" he demanded.

"For fear Jack should find a friend."

"Does he require one?" demanded Richard, earnestly; "if so, I shall feel doubly thankful for my visit to the ship."

"Does he require one?" repeated Bunce. "Does a poor fellow when he has fallen overboard and his vessel is under sail, require a hen-coop to be thrown out to him, to give him a last chance of battling with the waters that are yawning to engulf him? If ever a lad required a friend, Jack Manders does."

"I cannot comprehend you," observed the young man, more puzzled than ever by the peculiarity of the speaker; "what has he done?"

"Done, nothing: he is as honest a lad as ever broke biscuit."

It was a relief to our hero to hear such a character of his former companion.

"He has been trapped on board the Caradoc," continued the sea-lawyer, "and treated worse nor a dog by the captain."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed our hero; "but can he obtain no redress?"

"He tried it in China, but the consul wouldn't listen to him. Twice he cut from the ship at the Cape, but the magistrates gave him up."

"He is an apprentice, then?"

"No, he ain't. Jack has never signed the 'dentures. I put him up to that trick. They have lashed him like a hound, till the crew cried shame, and threatened mutiny; but ain't broke his spirit."

"If Captain Gall has no legal power to detain him, rest assured that he shall not do so," exclaimed his hearer, indignantly. "I shall return at once on board and demand him."

"It would be of no use."

"Then I must apply to the authorities."

"Jack would be murdered before you could get back."

"What am I to do? How can I serve him?"

"I'll tell you," said the old man, who had arranged it all in his own mind. "The skipper is sure to dine on shore."

"He dines with Mr. Chutnee this evening," interrupted Richard.

"Very good, that makes it plain sailing," continued the seaman, turning his quid, and giving a third hitch. "You have a dingie alongside towards dusk."

"But there are so many always rowing round the craft. How will he know which one?"

"Not bad that, for a landsman," thought the old man, for the first time perceiving the difficulty; "pity he ain't a sailor."

"I have it," he exclaimed, speaking aloud; "at night the dingiewallahs—the name for the native boatmen—all carry a light at the bow of their craft. Let yours carry one at the stern; there will be no mistake then. I shall be on the first watch, Jack will only have to descend by one of the haw-sers."

"I see—I comprehend."

"And will you do it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Why, then heaven bless you, young gentleman, whoever you may be!" exclaimed the old seaman, emphatically. "For you will perform a good action, and it will be registered in the great log-book in your favour. Poor fellow, how his heart will be lightened, when I tell him that Providence has raised him up a friend."

"You may add also that it is a true one," said Richard, who felt both interested and indignant at the tale of his former companion and playfellow's sufferings; "one who is both able and willing to protect him. If your captain should by any means suspect your plan, and interfere with its accomplishment, do not despair: I shall at once solicit the interference of the Governor-General."

Mr. Bunce gave a low whistle.

"One of the land nobs," he thought.

"And now it is time," continued Richard, "that we part. Your comrades in the boat are doubtless wondering at your stay. Give them this money to drink my health with. That will prevent all troublesome surmise."

"Lord love you, how well your honour knows us sailors."

"And these," added our hero, offering him two or three pieces of gold, "for yourself."

"No, you don't know us," added the sea-lawyer. "Money for grog, for rowing your honour on shore, or spinning a yarn or two to make a landsman stare, is all right enough; but for having served a comrade—no, no. Bad as the blue-jackets are, they don't sell their services."

"You are an honest fellow," exclaimed Richard Tyrrell, replacing the money in his purse, for he saw that the speaker really meant it. "Give me your hand."

Mr. Bunce, whose ideas of propriety were extremely delicate, extended his hand, but not till he had rubbed the palm several times on his trowsers. The request gratified him more than gold could have done.

"I think you do know us, arter all," said the old man, smilingly. "Remember to-night, and the lamp—"

"At the stern," replied our hero, finishing the sentence for him. "You see I have not forgotten your instructions."

"That youngster deserves to command a seventy-four, and to have me for his coxswain," exclaimed the sea-lawyer, as the object of his admiration disappeared. "Poor Jack! how his heart will be lightened. All for the best, all for the best."

And the speaker descended the steps of the ghaut, singing a verse of Dibdin's well-known popular song—

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
And keeps watch for the life of poor Jack."

And he was right. Each man has a cherub to watch over him, to guide him in danger, and preserve him from the shoals and wrecks of passion—if he would only listen to its voice.

"What have you been after?" demanded Martin, a sailor who was in the pay of Captain Gall.

Bunce smiled.

"Why, we have waited nearly an hour!" added the fellow, sullenly.

"I've been spinning him a yarn."

The rest of the crew laughed: they knew and appreciated the speaker's talent in that peculiar line. Martin, on the contrary, repeated the words in a doubtful tone.

"Yes," continued the old man, showing the money, "and this is what he has given me for the crew."

There was a general cheer.

The spy had nothing more to say. Of course, after such a proof even his suspicions were silenced. All he did was to mentally blame himself that he had not gone up the ghaut with the young landsman himself; and he resolved, if ever he came on board the Caradoc again, to show him particular attention.

In high glee with the success of his mission, Mr. Bunce returned on board the Caradoc: the captain was on deck.

"You have been a plaguy long time," observed the tyrant.

"Can't help it, your honour," replied the old man, touching his cap; "the young gentleman was so curious. No end to his questions about the sea, England, and furrin parts; and so liberal."

The commander turned upon his heel, and walked towards the fore.

"All right," whispered the speaker to Jack, as he passed him; "you have a true friend. Not a word till the skipper is on shore."

The poor fellow felt his eyes fill with tears at the thought that a being was still to be found in the world who felt interested in his fate. He repressed his impatience, however, and began to busy himself with mending one of the sails.

Richard felt that it was a serious task he had undertaken; but it was also a duty, and from that he never shrunk. Jack had shown both him and his sister kindness and sympathy; and he resolved to serve him,—to give him an opportunity of redeeming himself if possible. When he recollected the many good qualities of the poor friendless lad, he trusted the principles of evil were not so deeply ingrafted in him that neither advice nor example could eradicate them.

"I will do my best," he thought; "Providence must decide the rest."

Amongst the servants whom Sanford had engaged for him, was a powerful, active man, who filled the office of head groom. His master had frequently been struck by his intelligence, and the willingness with which he undertook any little commission or office unconnected with his place; a conduct so different from the generality of oriental servants, that he could not fail to notice it.

The name of the man was Zeneb.

To him, therefore, he communicated his instructions that a dingie with the signal agreed upon should towards nightfall approach the Caradoc, and receive any sailor who might descend from the vessel.

The fellow nodded with intelligence.

"The instant he is on board," he added, "row for the ghaut."

"It shall be as the sahib commands," was the reply.

"Should you be pursued?"

"They must row fast to overtake us," said the man. "The English are a wonderful nation, but they cannot compete with the dingiewallahs of the Hooghly."

"Or attacked?"

Zeneb drew from his girdle the long knife which he invariably wore, and felt its point with a significant gesture.

"No bloodshed," said our hero.

"Not if it can be avoided; but I am to bring the sailor to the sahib's dwelling?"

"Yes."

"He shall be there at every risk; but your servant will be prudent."

As a further precaution, a carriage was directed to be in waiting at the landing-place, and not to quit the spot till the evasion should be accomplished.

Willingly would Richard have seen to the escape of Jack Manders himself, but prudence forbade him. It was of the utmost importance for the success of the project which had led him to India that his real name should not transpire; and to divert all suspicion of his having taken any share in the transaction, he felt that it would be best to be absent during the attempt. Could he have seen Jack first, and put him on his guard, the affair would have worn a very different aspect.

With an anxious feeling, which he could not entirely shake off, he dressed for the dinner at Mr. Chutnee's.

Being only a gentleman's party, Zamora was not present.

Never since the day he had been trepanned on board the Caradoc had time lagged so heavily with Jack Manders. He thought the sun would never set; conjured up and imagined a thousand circumstances that might interfere with his tyrant's going on shore, or prevent his own escape from his floating prison. His manner grew so excited as the day advanced, that Caleb and Bunce frequently whispered to him to be upon his guard.

It was not the anticipation of freedom alone—of being once more treated like a human being—but of meeting with one for whom he had always felt a partiality—one who had treated him with kindness. The world had not wasted much upon him.

At last, just as the last rays of the setting luminary were gilding the spires of Calcutta, Captain Gall made his appearance upon deck.

"All right," said the sea-lawyer; "he has mounted royals, sky-scrapers and all."

In other words, the skipper was full dressed.

Cruelty is naturally suspicious. The commander of the Caradoc had observed the flushed countenance of his victim—the air of abstraction with which he stood regarding first the shore and then the sun. As he was about to get into his boat, he called his spy, Martin, to him.

"Have you noticed Jack?" he inquired.

The man nodded.

"Keep an eye upon him."

"Aye, aye, your honour."

"And upon the boats," added the captain.

"Not one shall be lowered without the mate's order."

"I won't quit the deck till you return."

"And should he attempt to swim?"

"He can't swim," replied the man; "so don't make yourself uneasy; and even if he did, a bullet or the sharks would soon reach him."

The captain nodded approvingly, and the boat rowed off, conveying the well-dressed ruffian to mingle in society, sit at an honourable man's board, exchange the courtesies of life with those who, had they suspected a tithe of the cruelty of his nature—the acts of wanton outrage he had perpetrated—would have shrunk from contact with him as from pollution.

Whatever the defects and immoralities of European society may be in Calcutta, brutality to inferiors certainly is not one of them.

Bunce and Caleb had both noticed the whispered conversation between Martin and the skipper, and guessed the purport of it.

"The sneak has received his cue," observed the old man.

Jack looked at him hopelessly.

"Don't despond," said Caleb; "we will balk him yet. You have only to keep up your nerve for

another hour, and then you will be free. Would I had such a prospect," added the poor fellow, with a sigh; "but I have no friends to assist me."

The caution, or rather advice, to keep up his courage was a necessary one; for years of systematic ill-usage had so broken the once daring spirit of the young man, that few could have recognised in him the gallant boy who so bravely rescued Rachel on the bridge from the coarse violence of her cousin, Carus Kearn.

Night at last drew on, and one by one the boats of the native fishermen began to appear upon the river. All seamen in the Hooghly are so accustomed to the sight, that it excites but little attention; sometimes, indeed, when disappointed of a run on shore, the crews will vent their ill-humour by pelting them with the remains of fruit or melon-rinds that encumber the deck.

Martin, not dreaming that any assistance could be expected from any one of the native craft, saw them approach without the slightest suspicion. Jack, he well knew, possessed no means of bribing them, and without a bribe the oriental crosses his arms, and remains inactive. It was the ship's boats, and they were on the lee side, that the spy kept his eye upon.

"There she is," observed Bunce, as a light dingie, with a couple of rowers, and Zeneb holding a lamp at the stern, came directly under the bows of the vessel.

How the heart of Jack beat; and he mentally blessed the chance which had raised him up a friend.

"God bless you," whispered Caleb, wringing his hand; "I shall often think of you."

"And I of you," replied the persecuted lad; "and of dear, kind Bunce. But for your goodness, I should long ere this have found a resting-place beneath the waves. I can't thank you, but my heart is grateful, very grateful."

"Of course it is," replied the old seaman. "I allays said it was in the right place. I shall live to see you a man yet."

"And if ever you meet the skipper," added Jack's fellow apprentice.

The momentary bright flash of the victim's dark eye indicated that all spirit had not deserted him—a leaven of his old courage remained.

"What are you three whispering about there?" demanded Martin, from the lee side of the vessel.

Jack began to descend, his companions shielding him by standing before him.

"What do you mean by you three?" replied Bunce.

"You and the two 'prentices."

"There's only one 'prentice."

"I say there are two."

"And if there are a dozen," observed the sea-lawyer, "what is it to you? How long, I should like to know, have you been in command of the Caradoc?"

The spy, who was a powerful fellow, advanced to meet him; and Bunce, conscious that every moment was of consequence for the fugitive's escape, encountered him half way. Big words were exchanged, in which process Martin got so excited by the reproaches of the old seaman and the jeers of the crew, that he forgot for a while the charge that had been given him.

The quarrel would have terminated in a fight but for the interference of the first mate, who interposed his authority.

"I don't want to fight here," exclaimed the old man, satisfied of having carried his point, and that, by this time, Jack was safe on board the dingie; "but I won't be bullied by him: he ain't no ship's officer yet."

"No more he ain't!" shouted the crew, who generally disliked Martin.

"Where is Jack?" roared the latter.

The name was called again, but no one answered.

"Cut and run," exclaimed the spy; "you'll hear what the captain says."

"More likely murdered and thrown overboard," observed the sea-lawyer, bitterly. "We all know how the skipper has treated him."

"And who aided him," added several.

Martin rushed to the part of the deck where the three conspirators, as he termed them, had been standing. There was no appearance of Jack; but he discovered in the distance a boat rowing rapidly towards the ghaut, and he pointed it out to the first mate.

The canny Scot, conscious that he would have to bear the brunt of the captain's wrath, at once gave orders for the pursuit, and, to insure the carrying out of his intentions, got into the barge himself.

The boast of Zeneb proved to be anything but an idle one. Clever as the Europeans were, they were no match for the dingie-wallahs of the Hooghly, who contrived to maintain the distance between them and their pursuers.

"It is no use, sir," observed Bunce.

"I am the judge of that," replied the officer, in an angry tone; "give way, men!"

The sailors exerted themselves with increased vigour, but only neared the ghaut in time to see Jack and the natives rush up the steps of the landing-place; and, when they reached the top, enter a vehicle, which drove rapidly off.

"The rascals," muttered the mate, in a tone of vexation.

"We know, at least, who aided him to cut and run," observed Martin.

A low chuckle from the old sailor was the only reply he condescended to make to the insinuation. They were in port, and he well knew that Captain Gall would think twice before he ventured to perpetrate any fresh act of brutality whilst within reach of the civil authorities.

The boat rowed slowly back.

Caleb, who had remained on board, saw them mount the side of the vessel with anxious looks; and his relief was great when he perceived that Jack was not of the number. There was no touch of jealousy in his disposition; and yet he could not help secretly regretting that Providence had not raised him up a friend.

Henceforth he would have to bear the brunt of the tyrant's ill-treatment alone,—hitherto he had shared it with his companion in misfortune.

He made a confidant of his feelings to the old seaman.

"Raise you up a friend," repeated the sea-lawyer; "it will. Jack won't forget his old messmate, take my word for it."

"But he is powerless."

"His protector is not," was the reply.

"I wonder who he is?" observed the boy.

"Can't tell, but he deserves to be an admiral!" exclaimed Bunce; "for his heart is in the right place. He understands a sailor."

"Do you know his name?"

"Never asked it."

"And did Jack never tell it to you?"

"Never; and what is more, I didn't ask him. Won't there be a hurricane when the skipper comes on board?"

The boy shuddered.

"Cheer up."

"I can't—I foresee all that I shall have to endure."

"Fear not, but trust in Providence,

Wherever you may be."

said the old man, repeating the words of one of his favourite songs: "it is sure to send a favourable wind in time. If you were not a 'prentice, something might be done. It might be done now," he added, with a look of peculiar meaning, "if we could only lay our hands on your 'dentures. You understand me—where are they kept?"

"In the captain's cabin," replied the young man.

"Get them," whispered his adviser, "and snap your fingers at him."

For the first time the idea of possessing himself of the fatal deed which bound him to his slavery entered the heart of the apprentice.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

As letters some hand has invisibly traced
When held to the flame will steal out to the sight,
So many a feeling that long seemed effaced
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

MOORE.

It required all the powers of self-command which our hero possessed over himself—and they were naturally great—to enable him to control not only his feelings of impatience, but the disgust he felt at coming in contact with Captain Gall, whom he looked upon as one of those brutes who take a keen delight in human sufferings. But for the peculiarity of his own position, he would have told him what he thought of his conduct, and reproached him with it.

"You don't take your wine," observed Mr. Chutnee. Our hero filled his glass and passed the decanter; observing, as he did so, that he had but a poor head for drinking.

"Heart, you mean," replied Sanford, maliciously; for he rejoiced in the opportunity of exciting the jealousy of his employer. "That, I fear, is absent."

The merchant began to look uneasy.

"And very natural, too, at his age," added the captain. "When I was a youngster I fell in love with every fresh face. Happy to take wine with you, Mr. Tyrrell."

Richard forced himself to comply with the invitation.

"You make no reply to the accusation," observed the host, with a sickly smile.

"What reply can I make?" replied the young man. "It is the mere badinage of society, and the

submitting to it the penalty which youth pays upon its *entrée*. If I am dull and dispirited, you may thank your guest."

"Thank me!" repeated Captain Gall, in a tone of surprise.

"My visit to the ship this morning."

"Why, you scarcely drank anything; did he, Sanford?"

"Certainly not," said the clerk.

"Not of wine. I trust I shall never have that excuse to make," observed our hero. "But the sight of the Caradoc reminded me of dear old England, and those I left behind me."

"Home-sick," exclaimed the commander.

"Love-sick, more likely," added the confidential clerk.

"Perhaps neither—perhaps both," replied Richard. "At any rate, I'll not feel myself called upon to take you into my confidence or listen to my confession; I am not so young as that."

"I can appeal to Mr. Chutnee," said the clerk, "if you have not lost much of your animal spirits since you came to India."

The merchant confirmed the speaker in his assertion. He was anxious, if possible, to lead him into something like an avowal of his opinions and feelings; and his guest, who saw the ruse, determined to gratify and punish him at the same time.

"Perhaps I was not in love then," he observed.

The jealous husband winced.

"You are now?" he observed.

His guest shrugged his shoulders.

"Mr. Tyrrell is a great admirer of beauty," observed Sanford.

"Have I ever made you my confidant upon the subject?" demanded our hero, somewhat haughtily.

"I really think the conversation has gone quite far enough,—not that I am naturally of a captious disposition, but there is such a thing as self-respect."

"And self-conceit," mentally ejaculated the mortified clerk.

At this part of the conversation a servant entered the drawing-room to invite the gentlemen to take coffee with the lady of the mansion. Mr. Chutnee felt annoyed, but was naturally too wellbred to offer any objection.

"You must offer my excuses," said Richard, rising to depart, for he had recognised Zeneb, the sycee, as he rode past the verandah, leading his horse, and knew by the sign of intelligence he gave him that the project had succeeded. "I have an engagement."

"A rendezvous," exclaimed Captain Gall, laughingly.

"Well," replied the young man, smiling, "for once I do not mind confessing that it is a rendezvous; and that has been the cause of my abstraction and impatience. Are you satisfied with the admission?"

"Perfectly," cried the gentlemen; and Sanford quoted the well known lines of the poet and fabulist Gay—

"And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place."

In perfect good-humour at the storm of badinage, the young man took his leave, and the merchant, with a much lighter heart, invited the remaining guests to follow him to the salon, to take coffee with his wife.

"Where is Mr. Tyrrell?" demanded the lady, in a tone of disappointment.

"He has left."

"How stupid."

"I pressed him to remain," observed her husband, fixing his eyes upon her, to mark the effect of his words, "but he pleaded one of those engagements which youth looks forward to with impatience."

Zamora did not appear to understand him.

"Where the heart is occupied," added the speaker.

"Ah! yes! I know!" she exclaimed, with a cheerful smile; "he was quite right to go under such circumstances. I should have insisted upon his leaving."

In the purity and innocence of her nature, she naturally concluded that our hero had gone to a party at Sir Charles Fourreau's, or where he would meet Lillian.

Her husband felt both puzzled and gratified. Puzzled at the readiness with which she had comprehended his not over-delicate insinuation, and gratified at the indifference with which she listened to it.

"Is it coldness," thought Sanford, "or is it art?"

As for the captain, his was one of those coarse natures that seldom feel surprised at any self-development of passion or frailty on the part of his fellow creatures.

As Richard was not present, Mrs. Chutnee cared very little about her husband's remaining guests, and with

that tact peculiar to women, permitted the conversation gradually to drop. The consequence was, they speedily took their leave.

"Zamora," observed her husband, as soon as they were alone, "you have vexed me by the levity of your words to-night."

The lady looked in his face with an air of innocent surprise.

"I do not comprehend you."

"When I told you of the cause of Tyrrell's absence—that he had gone to a rendezvous with—but I will not enter into particulars—you absolutely smiled."

"And why should I not smile?" demanded his wife. "Do you imagine that it is any secret from me?"

It was the gentleman's turn to be mystified.

"What can be more natural?" she added; "they are both young."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Why, of Tyrrell and Lillian. Of whom else should I speak?"

"I made no allusion to Lillian," observed the merchant, gravely, "but to a rendezvous of a very different character."

The lady, hitherto cold and impassible as usual, started to her feet, her dark eyes flashing with scorn and incredulity.

"And is it to me," she exclaimed, "that you degraded yourself by uttering such a falsehood? Oh, shame, man, shame! Respect your wife if you wish the world to respect her. Richard Tyrrell is all but the declared lover of Lillian; and, what is more, is worthy of her love. Oh, what a tainted imagination some men have!"

"It is possible," faltered Mr. Chutnee, dreadfully confused, "that I misunderstood—"

"It is certain you misunderstood him!" interrupted Zamora. "His heart is pure as the first flowers of spring—pure with its early love, its dreams of innocence and sensibility, its gushing music which makes harmony in all things."

"And what know you of such love?" demanded her husband, uneasily.

"I have dreamt of it," replied Zamora, with a low, musical laugh, "dreamt of it. And whilst I find happiness in dreams it is neither kind nor prudent to awaken me. I fear," she added, "we shall never understand each other till it is too late."

There was a tone of sadness in the last words of the speaker which fell reproachfully on the ear of the merchant; who began, for the first time, to suspect that he had not done justice to the purity of his wife or the honour of Richard Tyrrell. But jealousy is always unjust. Like the lull of the tempest, its intervals only serve to augment the force of the succeeding wave.

When our hero arrived at his home, he hastened to the little pavilion at the bottom of the garden, which he had directed to be got ready for the reception of his expected guest.

The youth felt dreadfully humiliated as he stood, half-starved and ragged, in the presence of his former companion.

"Jack!" exclaimed his protector, holding out a hand to him.

The poor fellow raised his eyes to his face hesitatingly. There were the old familiar features—the smile—the look of kindness—he grasped it warmly, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Richard wisely permitted them to flow on, for they relieved his heart. He knew that the feelings which prompted them were better indulged in than restrained.

"Sit down," he said, after a pause, "and let me know from your own lips all that has occurred. But first tell me one thing, and set my mind at rest."

"What is that, sir?"

"Have you mentioned my name,—I mean the name of my father?"

"No; I only spoke of you as one whom I had formerly known."

This assurance relieved the mind of our hero from a heavy load. Satisfied that his secret was safe, he thought only of serving his former companion.

"Why do you call me 'sir'?" he asked.

Jack looked first at the speaker and then glanced at his own wretched, and all but ragged, appearance.

"We will soon remedy that," exclaimed our hero, joyously; "and, what is more, redeem you from the tyrant you have escaped from. The old seaman who first spoke to me about you, told me that you had not signed your indentures."

"Never."

"That is fortunate,—not but means might have been found to break them, if you had. Have you supped?"

Jack informed him that he had.

"Let me learn how you became a sailor,—in short, all that has occurred since we parted on that fatal New Year's eve, when—"

"I tempted you to sin," added the fugitive, with a blush of shame; "but I meant no harm, thought no harm, for I had never been taught the difference between right and wrong. I saw that you were in want, your mother and sister starving, and offered the only help in my power,—but I know better now."

"And who taught you better?" asked his hearer.

"An angel."

Richard smiled.

"It must have been," continued the youth, "for the words of the prayer we used to say together, the only one I ever heard, have never been forgotten. Frequently, when, mad with the ill-usage of the captain, hopeless, desponding, wretched, I have felt tempted to end my misery by dropping from the yardarm into the hissing waters, they returned to me, and I made up my mind to struggle on."

"And what were those words?" inquired Richard.

"Lead us not into temptation," replied Jack, solemnly. "I often repeated them to myself at night, when the companions of my watch were drinking, or telling tales of home that made my heart sad; for I had no home, no one to care for me; and they chased bad thoughts. Sometimes I wondered what had become of you; and, when the brute to whom my precious uncles had disposed of me treated me with cruelty till life became a burden, owned that it was only a fitting punishment for having sought to make you as dishonest as myself."

"I am glad to hear you speak thus," observed his friend, gravely; "for it conveys an assurance that you regret your past mode of life, and are anxious to redeem the future; but proceed. I have given orders against all interruption."

Jack began his narrative from the time of his quitting the speaker in the park; and when he described his mother and her assailant on the bridge, and his own share in rescuing her, the grateful son grasped his hand warmly.

"Poor mother!" he sighed.

"Have you not seen her?"

"No."

Jack regarded him with surprise.

"But I know that she is well and happy," added our hero—"happy as far as being placed above want can make her. Proceed with your own adventures; mine you shall be made acquainted with afterwards."

The young man listened attentively to the visit of Mr. Silex to the house of Mike in the Belvidere-road, and the arrangement respecting the child; but nothing could exceed his astonishment when the narrator informed him that the name of the girl was Lillian.

"Lillian?" he repeated.

"That was the name they gave her."

"Describe her."

Jack did so, and, although years had elapsed, the portrait he drew was still so faithful that not a doubt remained upon the mind of his hearer. He had heard various rumours respecting her birth; that she owed her present position to the caprice, as the world called it, but as he understood it, to the benevolence of Sir Charles and Lady Bell.

"And you know the lady who brought her to Mike?"

"Yes."

"She is called—"

"Lady Boothroyd," answered the youth. "I have not forgotten that; or that my uncle Andrew lives at the Home Farm. If ever I live," he added, with a flush of resentment, "I shall know where to find him."

He next proceeded to describe the manner in which he had been trepanned on board the Caradoc; and entered into details which we will not harrow the feelings of our readers by repeating.

"But for the kindness of Caleb, who was almost as great a sufferer as myself," he added, "and the old seaman who spoke to you in my behalf, life would have been insupportable; it was a heavy burden even with their sympathy."

"No doubt," ejaculated Richard.

"My uncles must have paid the captain well to take me."

"Guilt is seldom chary of its coin when safety is the price. But did you never, in any of the ports you put in at, attempt to escape?"

"Twice," replied the sufferer; "both in China and at the Cape; but neither consul nor magistrate would listen to me."

"Why not?"

"The captain told them I had been a thief."

"But you were also a human being!" exclaimed his former companion, indignantly, "and that ought to have been sufficient; but look up, better

days have dawned. I have not forgotten your past kindness to my sister Mary or myself."

"To you, sir?"

"Call me Richard."

Jack Manders looked in his face, and faintly smiled.

"I must now tell you of my adventures," continued our hero, "which have been nearly as strange as your own. The gentleman whom we saw in the park listened to my tale of distress and temptation with a pitying ear; and, finding it a true one, took an interest in me, sent me to school, and educated me."

"Oh, thank heaven!" exclaimed his hearer, clasping his hands, "I have not your ruin to answer for. When I saw how well you were dressed, that you had servants, a home of your own, I suspected—"

"That your lesson had taken root?"

"Yes."

"Fortunately it did not, nor ever will, I trust. My benefactor gave me his family name."

This was perfectly true, Tyrrell had been the name of Mr. Bently's mother.

"And sent me out to India for a purpose which I will one day explain to you, enough at present that it is an honourable one; but you must promise me, Jack, to forget that I ever bore any other appellation than the one I am at present known by."

"And what is that?"

"Richard Tyrrell."

Jack repeated it several times to himself, and faithfully promised never to address him or speak of him by any other.

"As long as you observe that promise," said our hero, "you are safe, even if Captain Gall should discover you are beneath my roof, for I have both the power and will to protect you—perhaps, also, to assist your friend Caleb."

His hearer could only look his thanks.

"He, too, is an apprentice to this monster. you say?"

"Yes."

"And has signed his indentures?"

"Yes."

"He must be a subject for after consideration. My present plan is that you should remain here quietly till the Caradoc has sailed. Leave Caleb to my care. You will require some time to recover your health and good looks. When the ship is gone, and the accusation of your having been a pickpocket no longer hangs over you, you can appear freely in Calcutta. Are you satisfied?"

"Oh, yes! not only satisfied, but grateful."

"It is settled, then."

"I will be your servant."

"No, Jack," replied our hero, giving him his hand, "my friend. Prosperity has not destroyed my memory. I know the temptations, the arts which led your youth astray, and am resolved on giving you an opportunity of redeeming yourself."

The poor fellow could only look his thanks.

"Man judges the crime, God the temptation," added Richard, seriously. "I have felt the last, though, happily, I escaped the former."

"Happily indeed!"

"And now tell me, have you never thought of the girl you described to me—of the pretty Lillian?"

"Thought of her!" exclaimed her former protector; "aye, a thousand times. And it has added to my sufferings. Left to the mercy of Mike; and I know what that means," he added, with a shudder.

"What if she has escaped him?"

His hearer shook his head incredulously.

"And were in India?"

"Impossible."

"All things are possible," observed our hero. "Providence is wiser than we know or can imagine. I have not the slightest doubt that what I tell you is correct; but I will ascertain to-morrow."

"Oh, let me see her!" exclaimed Jack, with deep earnestness; "let me see her. It will take a weight from my heart."

Richard regarded him earnestly. The idea that the poor fellow loved her struck him, but was instantly dismissed: both were so young when they were separated by the clever contrivance of the twin brothers.

"All in good time," he said.

"You cannot tell what I owe her."

"Owe her!"

"Yes. She taught me the prayer I told you of."

"It was, indeed, a lesson to be grateful for; and one we all have need of," observed our hero. "Good night," he added; "in the morning, I will see you again."

The two young men, who had known each other as boys, and in poverty, shook hands and separated; but not to sleep, for neither of them could forget the ad-

ventures of the day. Poor Jack, how his heart bounded with gratitude at the conviction that he had found, at last, some being to care for him—that existence was not all a blank. Had his protector demanded his life at that moment, in the fulness of his feelings he would have sacrificed it freely in his service.

Lillian had given the uncared-for outcast his first idea of a God; his friend had now reconciled him to humanity by the golden links of sympathy and kindness.

Although greatly surprised at what his *protégé* had told him respecting the orphan, our hero felt that the fair girl was dearer to him for her misfortunes. Her birth might be obscure; but what cared he for its adventitious advantages? He would not barter one grace or virtue in the being he loved for the noblest name the herald's page e'er blazoned.

As he was to start in two days for his visit to Mrs. Chutnee's country-house, it was necessary to consider how he should dispose of Jack. To take him with him without first relating his history, and consulting Sir Charles, was out of the question; to leave him in his own house alone appeared still more objectionable. Captain Gall might discover his retreat, and force him, in the absence of his protector, to return on board the *Caradoc*. In this dilemma he determined to apply to Wharton.

He would have consulted his friend Marsh, but, strange to say, the lieutenant had quitted Calcutta two days after the ball at the government house, and given his ward no other explanation of his departure than a hastily written note, in which he stated his intention of returning in the course of a week or two.

"Bring him here," said the young officer, the instant Richard had explained the difficulty: "he will be safe enough till you come back. I will take charge of him."

"The thing I most wish," replied his visitor, "and yet hesitate to accept."

"Why hesitate?"

"He is only a common sailor."

"What has that to do with his remaining with me, if you desire it?"

"A runaway from his ship."

At this piece of information his friend looked a little serious.

"One of the Queen's ships?" he demanded.

"No."

"Hang the merchant service!" exclaimed Wharton, with a laugh.

"He was trepanned on board," added Richard.

"Poor fellow."

"And been most brutally used."

"Bring him at once," repeated the officer. "His captain will never think of asking for him here; and, if he does, I shall know how to answer him. Why do you hesitate?"

"Simply because your generous offer, should I accept it, entails on me the necessity of explaining."

"Not a word—a syllable," interrupted Fred. "You wrong my friendship when you suppose it necessary. We know, and, I believe, understand each other. My servant is an excellent fellow, he has lived with me from boyhood. I can rely on his discretion."

"You are a generous fellow, Wharton," exclaimed his friend; "and I feel that, in justice to myself, I ought to tell you all."

"You shall do yourself justice on your return from the hills," replied the young officer. "I have no time to listen to you now; bring your *protégé*, and make yourself easy as to his safety. It is enough for me to know," he added, "that you feel interested in his welfare."

An hour afterwards, Jack Manders was transferred to the quarters of the speaker.

(To be continued.)

Wrr.—There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men—than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, teaching age, and pain, and care to smile—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men near together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavour of the mind! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marl."

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

PRIDE.

PRIDE and Vanity are twins. Vanity is sometimes regarded as a feminine foible, and pride one which is more essentially masculine. The fact is, however, pride and vanity are common to both sexes. We propose to offer a few observations on pride.

Pride pervades all hearts to a certain extent—or, rather, to an uncertain extent: the same in its nature, it is only diversified in its degree. Some are proud of their learning; some are proud of their virtue, and some of their piety. There is a pride of generosity, a pride of genius, of originality, of money, of rank, of birth—nay, some people are proud that they are not proud: it is a paradoxical Proteus, always changing, but perpetually the same.

Pride glories in what it possesses; it acts as a stimulant in many instances, for it is ambitious to be something—while vanity is content only to appear to be something.

Pride is sometimes an inspiration to useful deeds. One may be habitually actuated by high self-respect, and not be criminally self-complaisant; since a just consciousness of self is nobleness of spirit—that firm panoply of him who is neither frigid nor fractious, but social and sincere. A man without self-respect is akin to a brute. While pride makes some persons ridiculous, it probably prevents many from becoming so. It often imparts unwonted strength to those who would otherwise perpetually recline under the ignominious languor of sated wishes and effeminate desires. Sublime results are sometimes produced by the worst passions of mankind.

But, while thus much may be said for pride, how poor and insignificant it becomes when judged by the standard of purity and truth. It may open the niggard's purse, plant cities, found empires, store libraries, build churches—but for what a mean purpose—what a poor, wretched, detestable leverage wherewith to lift the world.

Pride, if it has done some good, has done more harm. We may take it as a general rule, that they who are the least acquainted with others and with their own real character, will possess the most exalted motives with respect to themselves.

"Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine:
Earth, for whose use? Pride answers, 'Tis for mine."

But this proud appropriation is as absurd as it is arrogant.

Pride also prompts men to misinterpret the very disgraces they encounter, and then to overate them. This is the chief source of party spirit. "Only by pride cometh contention." Polemical antagonists are generally bigots. They are no less enslaved to their own notions than they are contemptuous towards those of others.

Nothing is so contemptible as contempt. It is impossible to remain long under its power without being dwarfed by its influence.

"He who feels contempt
For any living thing hath faculties
Which he has never used; and thought with him
Is in his infancy."

The stern and heroic qualities of man demand for their support that profound lowliness which, to some people, appears opposed to the grandest development.

The self-complacent eye often turns to the multitude in search of commendation, and is never long and steadfastly fixed on elevated pursuits. Arrogance thus carries in itself a most enervating spell, which all who would hope to live a virtuous and beneficent life must studiously avoid.

When pride obtains the mastery, the mind is fairly on the road to ruin. It has the same ruinous effect, whatever particular direction it may take. It may flaunt in all the gewgaws of ostentation; may assert itself in empire and conquest; and, forgetting that hero dust is as vile as other clay, may rest in imaginary security till defeat or death overtake it. Or it may be so well satisfied of its own excellence as to imagine that no virtue is wanting, and that none of its virtues would bear a higher polish. Or it may lead an individual to suppose that he has attained all the learning of the schools; that he has accomplished the circle of the sciences; that, having enjoyed the shade of academic bowers, he has nothing left to learn. Or it may take a lower form, and become complacent with itself because it comes of a good old family—the sapless branch of a decaying tree. Or it may be content with its social position, and, because admitted to an insignificant clique, which it denominates "society," look with contempt on those who breathe another atmosphere. Or it may even grow proud of its personal appearance, and, on the score of a good figure or handsome face, feel itself something

above the common herd. And this feeling, in one form or other, is met with in all classes. Titled and untitled, educated and illiterate, rude and more refined, are all alike in this, and all equally to be regarded with pity by the good and wise.

There is no fit place for pride in the human heart. The only thing of which a man might be thought to be honestly proud is the very thing that exorcises that evil spirit—namely, good sense and virtuous principle. These are brighter jewels than ever shone in a monarch's diadem, and these are obtainable by all.

"What though on homely fare we dine;
Wear hoddens gray, and a' that?

Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;
A man's a man for a' that."

And that man is ever so much more of a man who cultivates his heart and his intellect to the best of his ability; who faithfully discharges every duty; who maintains an honest independence—neither fawning to the wealthy nor arrogant to the poor; but keeping a clear conscience, and the happy conviction that he is sustaining an upright and honourable position. Better, far better, is he than are those scornors who shall themselves be scorned; for "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF ACQUIRING THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

CHAPTER II.

ROBERT sat down to the second lesson with a beaming countenance. He said he saw his way before him, and that he felt sure he should not starve in France, even if he knew nothing more than his dear friend George had taught him in the first lesson.

"I am delighted to find you are pleased with the progress you have already made," observed George. "Courage, and a proper degree of confidence in one's powers, and satisfaction with one's own progress, are feelings necessary to success; and many fail entirely through discouraging these feelings. To be pleased at every little new acquirement, and always to bear in mind the Scotch proverb that 'Many a little makes a mickle,' is particularly advantageous in learning a foreign language. In this undertaking you should avoid shyness almost as carefully as if it were a sin. And now I am going to examine you."

Robert proved to his friend that he recollected all the words and rules in the first chapter, and George proceeded to state his plan for the second lesson.

"Of course," said he, "you recollect the names of the five vowels?"

"I do," said Robert, repeating them correctly, even without referring to the *syllabic* alphabet.

"The vowel-sounds," proceeded George, "particularly require the attention of Englishmen. It is for want of acquiring these that people are in a manner obliged to give you that silly but familiar answer, 'I understand French, but I can't speak it.' I repeat it—the vowel-sounds in French require your chief attention, for the sounds of the consonants (always remembering the omission of the final consonant) are much the same as our own. The vowels in French are only five in number, and just now you repeated them singly with perfect correctness. It is when they are placed in couples and triples, forming what the learned call *diphthongs* or *triphthongs*, that they want explanation; but when that has been given and listened to with attention, the difficulty vanishes. And take courage from this remark, that the sounds of these diphthongs and triphthongs, as introduced in two or three words, is, when acquired, *acquired* for the same vowel or vocal syllable recurring in a hundred, or, perhaps, a thousand words.

"We will now consider the vowels *a* and *e*. First let us see all the changes *a* can undergo.

"Standing alone, the French sound our *a*, *ah*. If it has an *i* after it, thus, *ai*, then it is sounded *a*. If it has an *u* after it, thus, *au*, it is sounded *o*.

"I will give you examples of these sounds in little useful sentences that you must learn by heart.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	SOUND.
Give me the purse.	Donnez-moi la bourse.	Donnay mwah lah boorse.
I am hungry.	J'ai faim.	Sha fang.
Tell the boy.	Dites au garçon.	Deetes o garson.

"Now, Robert," said George, "when in reading you meet with any of these vowel sounds, viz., *a*, *ai*, or *au*, you ought immediately to know how to pronounce them.

"Next come the changes that take place in the vowel *e*. The French in their alphabet give it the sound of our *e*; yet, in reality, it has only that sound when it receives little accents over it, or is placed with certain other letters. Excepting under the circumstances mentioned, *e* has in French the sound of our *e* in the

word *er*; but mind *this*, you are not to add on to the *e* any of the sound of the *r*. *E* with *i* and *n* acquires the sound of *ang*. *E* with *u* or *ux* has much the same sound as *u* standing alone—and this is not a very easy sound to describe. You can soon catch it from me; but when you are practising it alone, you had better make it a kind of *half-way house* between our *oo* and our *u*. It is neither so full as the one, nor so sharp as the other. One of our grammarians has described the French *u*, *eu*, and *eux* (for they are one) to be like the sound made by a person just preparing to whistle. Now recollect all these hints, and pronounce *e* with its variations in the following examples. But I must first tell you that, with a short stroke over it from right to left, or left to right, *e* is always sounded like our *a*; as also when made into a syllable with the following consonants—*t*, *s*, *z*, or *st*.

"On account of its importance, I must repeat this rule: that the *e*, unaccented and without the addition just mentioned, is *not* sounded *a*, but like our *e* in *er*. The *r* being carefully omitted.

EXAMPLES.		
ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	SOUND.
I am here.	Je suis ici.	Je swees eesee.
There is the mark.	Voilà l'impreinte.	Vvalah laum-prangte.
And thou art all kindness, dear little Mary. He is there.	Et tu es toute bonté, chère Marie. Il est là.	A tu a toote bon-tay, sharepeteete Mabree. Ill a lah.

"Thus you see, Robert, of the five vowels, we have this morning fairly considered two, with their *diphthongs* and their sounds, according to the company they are placed in. If you recollect all that you have written down in this, the second lesson, you will have made important steps towards good pronunciation; and though acquiring sounds is nothing like so amusing as learning sentences perceiving clear illustrations of short rules, or translating lively, useful French sayings, still, as pronunciation must be acquired, the sooner it is done the better. And now for a few sentences to show our neighbours over the water how polite we can be.

"I shall make you spell the sounds of the French, but by recollecting my rules, you will soon be able to pronounce without this assistance.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	SOUND.
I am delighted to see you.	Je suis charmé de vous voir.	She swee sharmay de voo vwar.
I hope you are well.	J'espère que vous portez bien.	Shesspare ke voo voo portay bee-ang.
A thousand thanks.	Mille remerciements.	Meel remarece-maung.
I look forward to the pleasure of seeing you again.	Au revoir.	O revwar.

LESSONS IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

In compliance with the repeated request of many youthful readers, the editor has determined on giving in our "Hopes and Helps" a series of instructive and entertaining lessons on the Elements of Natural Science.

The plan adopted will be similar to that of a highly successful work issued some time since by Mr. Cassell, and forming the first volume of his Educational Course.

Especially pains will be taken that everything shall be placed before the reader in the clearest light. Young students are more often puzzled by *words* than by *things*; they can understand the idea, but are confounded by the language in which the idea is conveyed. To state scientific facts without employing the technicalities of science, will be one of the principal features of the following lessons. Where technical words are the only proper words that can be used, they will be fully explained.

In order that the groundwork of each science may be distinctly understood, the method pursued will be that of ascending from particulars to generals—from effects to causes. The lessons will also be copiously illustrated with diagrams.

The lessons will be confined to facts of universal interest, and to the elucidation of leading principles. While they are especially intended for the young, it is hoped that they may be found to contain something of practical value to more advanced students.

LESSON I.—MECHANICAL PROPERTIES OF BODIES.

1. Is a piece of wood, or a pebble, or an iron bar, all solid matter?—It is part matter and part empty space.

2. Is there as much matter in a piece of wood as in an iron bar of the same size?—There is less matter and more empty space in the wood than in the iron.

3. How is this fact generally expressed?—It is

said that the iron is *denser*, or more compact, than wood.

4. What are the empty spaces in the interior of bodies called?—*Pores*. The pores are visible in many substances; for example, in sponge, cork, and some kinds of wood.

5. Are the pores in the interior of bodies entirely devoid of matter of any kind?—The pores contain air in even the densest substances.

6. Can a body of matter be divided into smaller and smaller parts without any apparent limit?—It can.

7. What are the two ways in which matter can be divided and subdivided?—*Mechanically*, that is, by pounding, grinding, &c.; and by *solution*.

8. Give an example of the minute subdivision of matter by solution.—A grain of blue vitriol, smaller than the smallest pea, will give a blue tinge to half a gallon of water containing 20 drops of spirits of hartshorn. In this half gallon there are 250,000 drops.

9. Are there any last particles that cannot be divided any further?—Chemistry informs us that there are.

10. What are these indivisible particles called?—*Atoms*. Every body of matter is made up of indivisible atoms.

11. Are these atoms so close together as to be in actual contact?—They are not; they always stand apart from each other.

12. What holds them together?—Each particle pulls the others toward it, or attracts them, just as a magnet attracts a piece of iron that is brought near it.

13. What is this attraction between atoms called?—The attraction of *cohesion*, or simply *cohesion*.

14. Why do not the atoms rush together, and all bodies become perfectly solid?—Because the heat collected between or around the atoms exerts a repulsion, and keeps them a certain distance apart.

15. How do we know that heat has this effect?—If the heat be increased the particles are forced farther apart, and if it be diminished they draw nearer together.

16. What is said of the forces of attraction and repulsion exerted between the atoms of bodies?—That their energy is enormously great.

17. Illustrate the astonishing energy of the attraction between atoms.—The strongest iron wire of one quarter of an inch in thickness, could not be broken by the united strength of five horses.

18. Illustrate the repulsion exerted between atoms from the effect of heat.—The explosive force of gunpowder projects heavy cannon balls to great distances, and rends the hardest rocks into fragments.

19. Have substances different mechanical properties?—They have; for example, iron is *hard*, and chalk is *soft*; glass is *brittle*, and gold is *malleable*.

20. Are there any other metals that are malleable, or that can be hammered out into leaves, or rolled into sheets, besides gold?—Silver, lead, aluminum, tin, copper, zinc, platinum, and iron are all malleable.

21. What is meant when it is said that a certain metal, or other substance, is *ductile*?—That it can be drawn out into a wire or thread.

22. What metals are ductile?—Platinum, silver, copper, and gold. Zinc, tin, and lead are also ductile in an inferior degree.

23. What may be said of melted glass?—That it is very ductile. It can be drawn out or spun into fine threads.

THE TWO MAY-DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

Order is Heaven's first law.

SLAM! bang! went the doors of an elegant house in one of the finest streets in the city of Boston, as two handsome boys passed from the dining-room to the library, and from thence to the parlour, in search of something. In his rude haste, one of them knocked over a little sister, who was coming through the entry, and when she cried with fright, only said, very harshly, "Well, then, keep out of the way."

At length they found what they were after, which was a riding-whip, in the hand of a little fellow, who, astride a chair, was enjoying a fine morning ride, with his little eyes and cheeks sparkling with delight. Quickly was this joy dispelled, however, by the boy, who, twitching it out of his hand, gave him a cut with it, saying: "There, take that, and learn not to meddle with my things again."

Running to his mother, little Johnny told her, through his sobs and tears, that nurse gave him the whip, and said he might play with it till George wanted it. She pacified him, and they went to the window to see the boys mount their horses, which stood at the door, and ride off.

It was a pleasant morning. An early breakfast had been hastily dispatched by the lads, in order that they might join a party of boys who were going on a May-day excursion.

As they passed out of sight, Mrs. Miner, who had been looking with a mother's delight at the fine appearance they made, turned from the window and took her place again at the breakfast-table with her husband and younger children. Then, on examination, one might see that her countenance was not all expressive of delight; it looked somewhat anxious, and Mr. Miner looked quite serious; at length he said—

"Mary, I think you did wrong to let George go to ride after what he did yesterday. You said he not only disobeyed you, but told a direct falsehood; if so, you should not have indulged him to-day. But I must go to business; good morning."

"Well," said Mrs. Miner, when he had left, "that is very kind, truly, of a May-day, not to ask me if I wanted to ride, or anything! And he wants me to teach the boys more, forsooth! But there is no need of it, and I won't make a slave of myself so."

Yet Mrs. Miner did not feel happy or comfortable. She knew her husband did not feel satisfied with her, and she did not with herself, and altogether she passed a gloomy day.

CHAPTER II.

Upon thy heart is laid a spell
Holy and precious—oh, guard it well.

JAMES and George returned from their ride in as good order as could be expected, the horses alone having appeared to suffer from their recklessness. They gave their mother an account of their day's adventures, whom they had seen, &c., but, from sundry whisperings and winkings between the two, it appeared very probable that some part of the day's performance had been kept back; indeed, on James refusing to lend George his knife, George was heard to say, "If you don't, I'll tell all about it," and the knife was handed over quickly. If there was any secret, it remained in their own bosoms. Yet from that May-day there seemed to be a change come over the spirit of these two lads.

Having never been properly controlled, they were always restless and rude, but now they took no notice of anything pertaining to the family, but appeared as if something of an absorbing nature was continually in their thoughts.

Mr. Miner often inquired of his wife if she knew what the boys were about when they were out of school. "About their play," she supposed; "they were not at home much."

Soon after May-day Mrs. Miner had remarked a couple of ill-looking fellows several times inquiring after James and George, and on asking who they were, and what they wanted with the boys, they told her they kept a refreshment saloon, to which the lads went on May-day, and had a small sum owing them which they wanted to get.

Although their father had forbidden them to run in debt for anything, yet Mrs. Miner thought, rather than have a "fuss," she would say nothing about it. Little thought she that by so doing she would have a more serious "fuss," one that would make her heart ache through her life long.

It was a warm day in August. Mrs. Miner sat in her room feeling not well, and just then thinking of the change she had observed in the boys, when she heard the front door open and voices and feet as of many persons below. Alarmed, she stepped into the hall, and, looking down, beheld a number of men, among whom were two police officers and James and George. The officers inquired for Mr. Miner, in his absence for her, and told her, as gently as they could, that they had just surprised a company of counterfeiters whom they had been watching some time, and as her sons had been seen several times in company with them at a certain refreshment saloon, they felt obliged to search their rooms.

Horror-stricken, yet knowing it must be done, and hoping, yet not without fear, that her boys had not fallen so low in dishonesty, she permitted them to ascend to the rooms—they had bedrooms adjoining. In George's was found nothing; but, shocking to relate! in James's were found not only counterfeit money in abundance, and a large amount of good money which had been obtained in exchange for bad, but also materials of various kinds for counterfeiting! These were so secretly placed under the carpet, and even under the floor itself, that no one would have thought it could have been discovered; but police officers are accustomed to find things; and James was taken off before his mother's eyes, to be locked up as a criminal!

Although nothing was found in George's room,

yet she knew well they had been together in it, and that George, being the older, was most to blame.

That fatal May-day! The keeper of the refreshment saloon, on the watch for weak subjects to draw into his net of iniquity, had fathomed the character and lax principles of the boys, and by cajoling and feasting and, alas! by drinking with them too, had won them over to be his tools. Once in his fangs, although they wished to get back, threats of exposing them if they did kept them until the accidental exposure took place.

The trial came on. James was of course found guilty, but, in consideration of his youth, and it being his first offence, his sentence was commuted on condition of his being sent a long voyage to sea. But the judge made some remarks to parents which it would be well for the youth of our land were they hung before every parent's eye in letters of gold.

James appeared very penitent, reflected upon no one but himself, yet he said he thought boys could not be brought up too strictly; that George and himself had been out nights and absent days engaged in almost everything bad, which, had they been more strictly managed, they could not have done; that he had often felt ashamed and wished to stop, but George had prevented him.

Mrs. Miner and her husband were now plunged into the depths of woe. James went immediately to sea; and though George had not been tried, yet they knew he was as false in his principles and more confirmed in vice than James, and a much worse character, inasmuch as he evinced no penitence, but a sullen, dogged determination to do as he pleased still, and not be controlled.

At length Mr. Miner concluded the only thing he could do with him was to send him with a very pious, excellent captain of a ship—an uncle of his—on a voyage. Thus the two beautiful boys, on whom Mrs. Miner had looked with a mother's delight on May-day, thinking they would "get through the world by their shrewdness as well as by good principles," were banished from her in disgrace, and one of them for ever; for, tenderly brought up as he had been at home, and not submitting to his fate very cheerfully, George soon sank under a change of condition, and was cut down in the spring-time of his life.

Often at night, when the winds howled, would Mrs. Miner shudder, and, as she thought of the two sweet babes she had once nestled to her bosom, who were now far away, buffeting the waves and the winds, scalding tears would bedew her pillow—tears not unmingled with self-accusings that she had not looked more to their real good than to appearance.

CHAPTER III.

We were not born for lives of ease,
Ourselves alone to aid and please;
To each a daily task is given—
A labour which shall fit for heaven.
When duty calls let love grow warm—
Amid the sunshine and the storm;
With faith life's trials boldly breast,
And come a conqueror to thy rest.
Bear on, bear bravely on!

Time takes us rapidly on; the boy soon becomes a man, the child a father.

James Miner had returned home. With a fortitude and determination worthy of commendation, he had borne his punishment, reformed, been a successful merchant some years, settled, not in his own country, for there a stigma attached to his name, and always would, but having married a lovely girl, he had been established many years on the banks of the Hudson, where we now find him living with a sweet family of children of his own.

To give a fair insight into the character of his wife, and her management with the family, we have chosen another May-day, and the more readily, that the disagreeable and sad reminiscences of the other may be obliterated by the cheerful ones of this in a well-regulated family.

The 30th of April closed pleasantly, and gave the many little heads looking forward to the next day bright waking visions of going a-Maying, and rainbow dreams of roses and posies gathered on May-day.

"Mother," said Albert, the second son, "I want to be awaked at four o'clock; the girls from the town are coming up this way, and I want to be out early to meet them. Will you please have me awaked?"

"Well, that depends very much on who the girls are," said his mother. On being informed, and approving the companionship, she readily acquiesced.

"May I have the pony, mother, and will you lend me your riding-whip?" said James, the eldest son. "Charley Horton is coming to ride with me on horse-

back. Will you please get it out to-night, as I am afraid you will not be up as early as I wish to start?" After inquiring where and how long they were going, she agreed.

"I doin Maying, too; pease wate me up four o'tot, mamma," lisped Winny, three years old, a request in which Julia and two other little fellows joined.

Mrs. James Miner gave orders to the nurse to waken the two eldest boys, as they desired; but was not surprised, on rising at six o'clock, to have it to do again—a chilly morning not having tempted one from their beds.

"Now let me see which will be down the quickest and look the neatest. Papa is in the library already for prayers, and the bell will ring in two minutes," said the mother.

After this exercise, as might be expected, a pleasant breakfast followed. Then Albert went to meet the little girls, while James made himself ready for his ride, having received his mother's whip, with a request not to lose it, as, being a birthday present from himself, she valued it highly.

A sudden shower brought them both back very soon, however, with James's friend, and they were obliged, by the rain, to remain housed all the forenoon. Mrs. Miner, though in delicate health, with some ingenuity invented satisfactory amusements for them all, and an early dinner, to which she invited the young friend, finished, very pleasantly, one half of the day.

Notwithstanding the disappointment of all in not "going a-Maying," and of Mrs. Miner, too, whose husband had remained from his business to take her a drive, they were all cheerful and happy. Well-regulated tempers prevented grumbling at what they knew was not to be altered, and, when "a story from mother" was called for by all, she felt that she was repaid as she sat with her little flock around her in their innocent admiration and love, for all the hours she had spent in their service, and, giving them the "good-night kiss," the younger ones retired, the two eldest, alone, remaining up.

CHAPTER IV.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight called unto household mirth,
By the pleasant tale, or the legend old,
In that ring of happy faces told,
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
In the parting prayer and the kind 'good-night,'
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.
Bless thou that gift; it hath gentle might—
A guardian power, and a guiding light.

"WELL," said Mr. Miner to them, "how have you spent the day, boys? Rather dull, I suppose."

"Oh, no, very pleasant! Mamma told us some of her stories, and we had some nuts to pick, and somehow the day has flown very quickly and happily."

"Why don't you ask me to tell you a story, sometimes?" inquired he.

At this both boys laughed, and said, "We did not think you knew any."

"Well, I do; I know one at least," looking significantly at his wife, and colouring a little. "I know one which your mother and myself have often talked of telling you: it is a story of folly, guilt, and its punishment; and when I tell you it is of myself I must speak, you will see it is not very pleasant. Your mother has wished to save me the pain, but I knew she could not enter into my feelings of guilt and repentance, and I wish it to be a lesson to you."

Although Mr. Miner was much respected in the town, and had many friends, yet he was aware there were those in town who knew his unfortunate early history, and he feared his sons would hear it garbled and incorrect, so he chose to tell them himself; though, as he told his wife, it was a sore punishment for his errors to tell them to his own sons. With deep feeling on all sides, he told them of his childhood and youth; of his disobedience to, and his disrespect of, his mother—of his first step in error—then the first untruth—then his first debt at the refreshment saloon, which ended in involving him in deep crime, though he had no intention it should. Then he portrayed the misery he endured in the separation from all he loved, as an outcast from home and its comforts; the hardships of the voyage; when sick, no mother to nurse him, no word of kindness to soothe him; and, when he saw the hearts of his sons were touched, and sobs and tears told their sympathy, he said, "Remember, my sons, to avoid the beginning of sin—the first step is a dangerous course. You sometimes think your mother and I are very strict with you. Would that my parents had been more strict with me! I should never have had the humiliating disclosure to make you have just heard. Parents

cannot be too strict on the score of *principles*; and those parents do not realise the duties involved in the parental relation who do not mark every deviation from rectitude with some token of displeasure."

After praying with them, Mr. Miner dismissed them to bed, feeling glad his task was performed, for he saw it would have a salutary influence in the years of temptation now before them.

As they left the room, Mrs. Miner's heart thrilled with joy to think they were such good boys, so docile, so obedient, so truthful; and, as one of them had of late shown decided religious inclinations, she felt very hopeful and happy. As soon as the door closed, Mr. Miner exclaimed, "What can I say to convey to you, my dear wife, my feelings in regard to the manner in which you have brought up these boys? My heart is full when I see them; and think it is all your management, by the goodness of God, that has made them what they are. I am so little at home, so fitful, know so little how to talk to children, they would never have been what they are without you. But God will repay you in raising up these children to surround you in your old age, and 'call you blessed.'" Precious indeed were these words to Mrs. Miner; for no true woman's heart but loves the praise of her husband; and she thought this was the happiest day of her life, and had been a pleasant, profitable MAY-DAY to them all.

"Life's duties, well performed,
Will render sweet results."

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

THE Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, son of the late Sir John Gladstone (an eminent Liverpool merchant), and third brother to the present baronet, was born in Liverpool, in December, 1809. His educational studies were commenced at Eton, and completed at Christchurch, Oxford.

On leaving college he devoted a short time to travel on the Continent, and soon after his return was elected to parliament in the conservative interest for the borough of Newark. This was in the year 1832, when the struggle of parties was drawing to a conclusion, so that a new member had but little chance of gaining distinction. Mr. Gladstone's mercantile origin, the success of his university career, and his habits of business, attracted the attention of the late Sir Robert Peel, who appointed him one of the Lords of the Treasury in the cabinet of 1834-5. A few months afterwards, and Mr. Gladstone was transferred to the Colonial Office as Under-Secretary. He did not, however, remain long in that position, as Sir Robert Peel and the whole of his party sustained a severe defeat, and were compelled to resign. The ministry of Lord Melbourne succeeded, and during its continuance Mr. Gladstone occupied a seat on the opposition benches. The general election of 1841 restored the conservatives to power; they were again under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel. Mr. Gladstone was sworn a member of the privy council, appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and Master of the Mint. In consequence of the chief of the former department being in the House of Peers, it became Mr. Gladstone's duty to explain and defend, in the House of Commons, the commercial policy of the government—a duty for which he was especially fitted. Sir Robert Peel understood this, and intrusted to him the revision of the tariff of 1842. Although Sir Robert's was the guiding spirit in that important work, it is only justice to Mr. Gladstone to record that the modelling of the new tariff, and the execution of its details, were almost entirely his work. It is scarcely necessary to add that the measure received the approbation of the country, and passed both houses with scarcely any alteration.

Mr. Gladstone now became a marked man. In his actions, as well as in his speeches, he showed himself a sincere admirer of his great chief. The leading principles of that statesman were evidently engrafted on his mind; and, to a certain extent, have remained so ever since. In May, 1843, Mr. Gladstone quitted the post of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and succeeded Lord Ripon at the head of the same department. He held the appointment until 1845, when he resigned on the question of the Maynooth Grant, being one on which he entertained a different opinion from that of his colleagues. Shortly before the memorable declaration of Sir Robert Peel on the Corn Laws, Mr. Gladstone had resumed office as Secretary for the Colonies. The new secretary expressed his readiness to support the changed policy of his chief, but was unable to do so in consequence of losing his seat in the House of Commons.

The general election of 1847 amply compensated

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P., D.C.L. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

Mr. Gladstone for the loss of his Newark seat. He was then chosen as the representative in parliament of the University of Oxford. In the meantime the government of Sir Robert Peel had succumbed to the attacks of Mr. Disraeli and his party. Lord John Russell took the helm, and Mr. Gladstone once more went over to the opposition side. During this state of affairs, he had frequent opportunities of exhibiting his debating powers. The questions of university reform and the last remaining Jewish disabilities were more than once agitated. On these and other points Mr. Gladstone was charged with inconsistency, which ultimately cost him the friendship of the conservative party. He frequently opposed them; and finally, when the Earl of Derby formed his short-lived ministry, in February, 1852, he refused the offer of a leading position in the cabinet. On the production of Mr. Disraeli's financial statement towards the end of the same year, Mr. Gladstone took a prominent part in opposing it. He delivered an exceedingly able speech against the budget; he took the various propositions into hand, one by one, and condemned them with a force and eloquence which had great influence in a house numbering nearly six hundred members. Moreover, Mr. Gladstone animadverted, with strong emphasis, on the licence of language which Mr. Disraeli had used, and the phrases he had applied to the characters of public men. This spirited and dignified rebuke created a

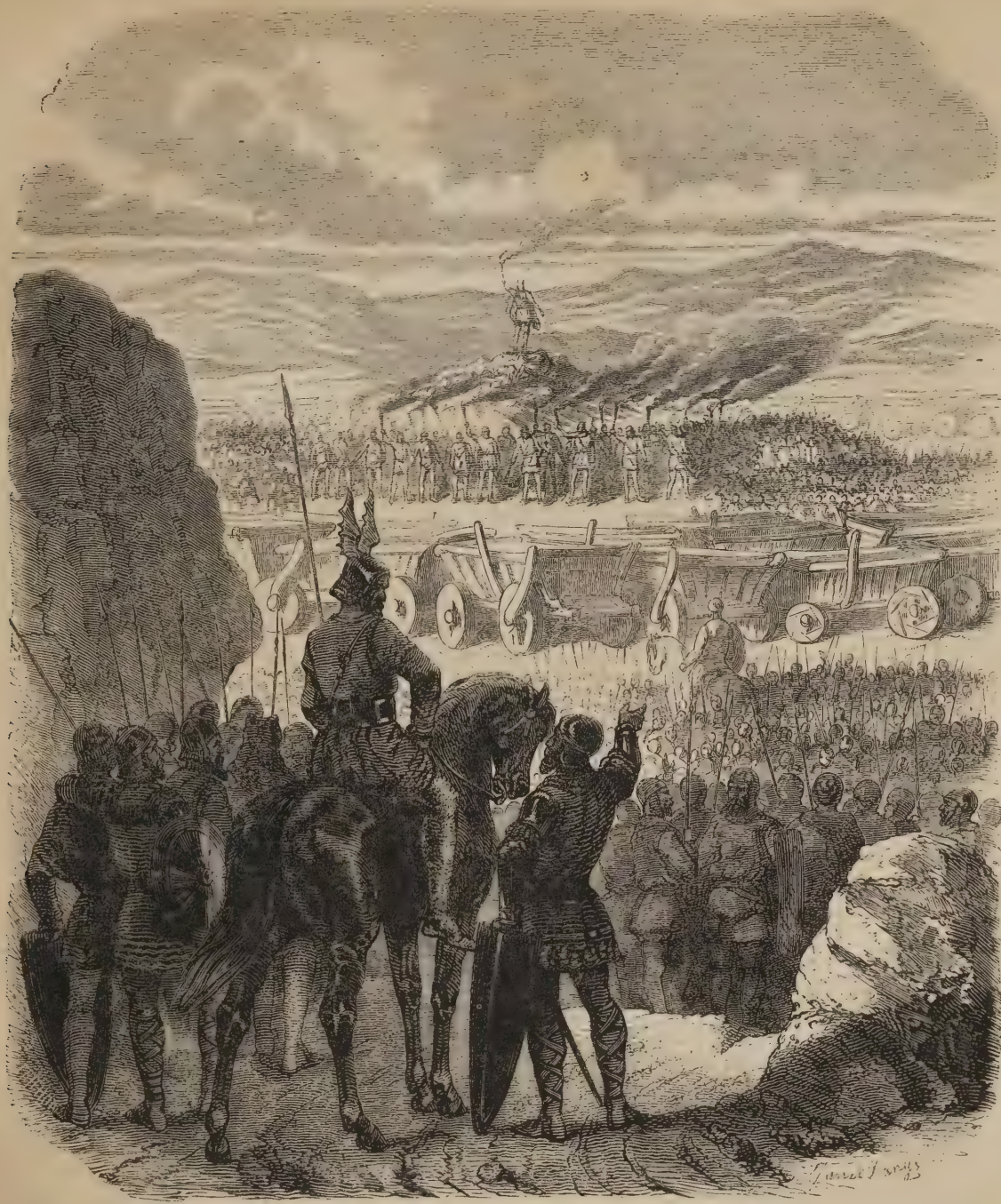
marked sensation in the house. Finally the budget was rejected by a majority of nineteen, a result mainly due to the opposition speech alluded to. A resignation of the cabinet followed, and on the accession of Lord Aberdeen to power, Mr. Gladstone was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. This was a position to try the skill of the right hon. gentleman, more especially on the question of finance. His budget was looked for with interest; and, when it arrived, it was acknowledged to be bold, statesman-like, and original. In some features, the new financial scheme resembled that introduced by the Derby party. For instance, the tea duties were dealt with in the way suggested by them. In like manner, the world is indebted to each party respectively for suggesting and applying the income-tax to earnings as low as two pounds per week. Instead, however, of reducing the tax upon beer, Mr. Gladstone grappled with the evils of the soap-duty. This he removed, as well as the tax upon advertisements, and the compulsory stamp upon newspapers. These, and some other propositions, were so favourably received, that Mr. Gladstone was enabled to carry his income-tax bill, although the commons were somewhat startled by the hon. member's boldness in demanding it for so long a period as seven years. Among the permanent results of the chancellor's budget, we may mention a comparatively free and unshackled press, cheap daily and weekly papers all over the kingdom, and an

arrangement of receipt-stamp duties at once simple, satisfactory, and productive to the revenue.

The breaking up of the Aberdeen ministry, and the reconstruction of the cabinet under the leadership of Lord Palmerston, is fresh in the public memory. Mr. Gladstone was connected with it for a short time only.

Out of parliament, Mr. Gladstone has always been esteemed a valuable member of society. As an author, he has gained considerable distinction, although his works have been confined to theology and fiscal questions. Lord Macaulay, in reviewing some of his pamphlets in the *Edinburgh*, spoke of the author as "a young man whose abilities and demeanour had obtained for him the respect and goodwill of all parties."

In 1851, Mr. Gladstone was at Naples, for a short stay, and was astonished to find that from 20,000 to 30,000 Neapolitan subjects of eminent station, and undoubted loyalty, were imprisoned and suffering the greatest cruelty, on account of political disaffection. Among them were cabinet ministers, ambassadors, and the best known representatives of the people. Mr. Gladstone exerted himself with great energy to ameliorate their condition; but failing to make any impression upon King Ferdinand of Naples, returned to England, and wrote to Lord Aberdeen a letter of indignant expostulation, urging the English government to use its influence in the matter. The publication of this letter excited considerable interest, both



THE COURAGE OF ATILA SECURES HIS RETREAT.

in this country and on the Continent. It was translated into every European language. Lord Palmerston officially sent it to the court of every European state, and at length some relaxation was conceded in favour of the unhappy prisoners.

By this noble effort in the cause of humanity, Mr. Gladstone gained more fame and respect than any amount of parliamentary success could confer.

Mr. Gladstone is a remarkably good speaker. His command of language is perfect, and his expression ready and fluent. He is one of the few debaters who are listened to with close attention from the moment he rises to the close of his speech. Whenever he speaks upon a question he is sure to clothe it in a new language, no matter how threadbare it may have been worn. By the dignity of his style and the graceful flow of his periods, he invests a subject with interest when the fluent talk of "unadorned eloquence" has exhausted the patience of the house. He is a D.C.L. of Oxford.

PICTURES FROM HISTORY.

ATILA, THE SCOURGE OF GOD.

IN the early part of the fifth century, when the northern or Gothic nations were hotly contending with the tottering empire of Rome for the dominion of Europe; when new communities were settling in Spain and Germany, and the Franks were beginning in Gaul to assert, first their own freedom, and then their sway over their weak neighbours; when Christianity was beginning to assert its influence over the wild barbarians in the Helvetian morasses and in the German woods, and the dawn of a better day seemed to glimmer over the world through the dark shades of barbarism, superstition, and cruelty, there crept a storm over Europe, that had well-nigh crushed and blighted in its fury the tender blossom of new civilisation. From the steppes of central Asia, the

desolate region lying between the frozen tracts of Siberia and the lofty Himalaya range, there arose a race of men, who, pouring over Europe like a swarm of locusts, devoured every green thing, and left behind them ruin, misery, and desolation. Innumerable as the sands on the sea-shore, pitiless as the blast that swept their native plains, they were in themselves sufficiently calculated to inspire fear in the minds of the half-civilised tribes against whom they turned their arms; but the terror caused by the first arrival reached its culminating point, when they were marshalled at last, not by a rude, unthinking savage, but by a leader who united to consummate cunning and dauntless valour, the most unbounded and un pitying ferocity; a king who, by vast successes in the field, and the pitiless rancour with which he hunted down his foes, acquired a name pronounced by his enemies with fear and trembling, and came to be known throughout the length and breadth of Europe as the "Scourge of God," the red

with which an outraged Providence was supposed to smite the nations of the earth.

The Huns, for so these formidable strangers were called, were wandering tribes of the Tartar plains. Possessing no fixed abode, they wandered from place to place, as dwellers in tents and keepers of cattle. Their aspect was hideous to behold. They had flat noses, huge heads, broad shoulders, and huge muscular arms. They were short of stature, and their thin legs, weak and crooked, seemed unable to support the huge square bodies and enormous heads which appeared rather to belong to evil demons than to mortal men. Thus they seldom appeared on foot, all their warlike evolutions, all their manœuvres of advance and retreat, of attack and defence being executed on horseback. When once mounted, horse and man seemed to form but one creature, and almost to realise the ancient superstition concerning the centaurs. Their skill in archery struck a chill to the hearts even of the brave Goths; and with "their tough lances thrusting sure," and their harsh voices yelling like the howls of savage beasts above the din of battle, they swarmed like wolves through the affrighted fields of southern and central Europe. One horrible custom they had, that completed the disgust and abhorrence with which these ferocious strangers were regarded—they ate their meat raw. Each warrior placed upon his horse's back, beneath the saddle, a great piece of beef or horseflesh; and when the action of riding had rendered the fragment somewhat tender, the savage would devour it with the voracity of a famished tiger, washing down his savage repast with huge draughts of sour milk. Such were the Huns. Ferocious beyond the imaginings of the dark times in which they lived, barbarous beyond the conception of the inhabitants of benighted Europe, they proved fit agents to execute the decrees of the wild, cruel despot, who deluged the West with blood, while he called himself an instrument—a scourge in the hand of the Almighty.

Attila was one of those mighty spirits which arise from time to time, endowed to all appearance with the power and will to crush a world. He was worshipped as a god by his followers, whom he led from victory to victory, while he ruled them with a rod of iron. "Where his horses' hoofs had trod," said superstition, "the grass could grow no more." Smiling fields and populous cities stood before him; but a howling wilderness marked the track his savage hordes had taken. From the borders of the Black Sea to the banks of the Rhine he led the Huns, laying waste the country as he went. The affrighted populace fled everywhere before him; and there were not a few who asserted, in the extremity of their fear, that the end of the world had come, and that the final judgments foretold in the Scriptures were about to fall on the earth, by the hand of the "Scourge of God."

The Eastern Empire was the first to suffer from the invader's fury. Greece was laid waste from end to end, and Constantinople only escaped destruction by the payment of a tremendous ransom. Onward through central Europe, towards Gaul, swept the mighty torrent; and among the country people there still survive tales of the horrors that accompanied the march of those ruthless men; still are to be found in various parts of Germany great mounds and fortifications of earth, erected in the vain hope of checking the foe in his onward course, and distinguished by the names of Hun's Mountains and Hun's Ditches. Isolated attempts were, however, far too feeble against such an invasion, and right onward, past the Rhine, came the hordes of Attila. Nothing stopped their progress, and the fate of Europe trembled in the balance.

Then at last there seems to have flashed upon the minds of the scathed nations of the West the great idea that in union alone could a sure defence be found. Franks and Visigoths, Gauls and Romans forgot for a moment their mutual animosities, and resolved to stand side by side to repel the common enemy. Near Chalons, on the broad plains of the river Marne, the nations of the West stood arrayed to make one desperate stand against their terrible antagonist. There stood Theodoric, the brave monarch of the Visigoths, with Merovig, the great warrior, the founder of the first race of Frankish kings, and the Romish Gauls, under their last brave consul, Etius. On the other side came Attila, with his innumerable legions of horsemen, and a crowd of barbarians whom he had pressed into his service as auxiliaries. The monarch of the Huns fully understood the importance of the crisis; and in his harangue to his troops before the battle promised great rewards to the brave who should insure him victory, and menaced with death the cowards who should flee.

The battle was obstinate and bloody. So long as the arrow and the javelin were the weapons of attack, the Huns had the advantage; but when darts and

spears had been hurled, and the combatants came to closer quarters, Roman discipline and stubborn Gothic valour began to tell. Foaming with rage, Attila saw his promised victory escaping from him; and when evening came, and two hundred thousand of his followers lay dead upon the field, he sullenly gave the signal for retreat; and the deepening night put an end to the carnage.

Then followed a night of suspense, in which neither side knew what the enemy were doing. When morning dawned, it shone upon a scene calculated in those rude times to excite the admiration even of an exasperated foe. During the hours of darkness the Huns had formed a complete fortification, after their fashion, with the wagons which always followed in their train. Within the inclosure formed by these carriages stood the warriors in a deep circle, rank upon rank, many of them holding torches in their hands. In the centre they had raised an immense pile formed of the wooden saddles of their horses, the yokes of the oxen, and all the timber they could collect; and on the summit of the giant mound towered, torch in hand, the form of Attila. Driven to desperation by the unlooked-for reverses of the previous day, the savage king had determined to fire the pile and perish in the flames rather than fall a captive into the hands of his foes.

Courage, even if it were the courage of despair, was the quality most respected in those days of warfare. Etius and Merovig declined attacking an enemy so humbled, yet so proud in his abasement. They remained at some distance; and slowly and silently Attila drew off the remains of his army, and retired beyond the Rhine. The "Scourge of God" was broken, and Europe breathed more freely.

Yet another year, and the savage king succumbed to a monarch more powerful and pitiless than himself—even to the grim King of Terrors. He had menaced Rome with the remains of his army—a horde still formidable, even after the losses they had sustained, by their numbers and ferocity. But a dark presentiment seemed suddenly to fall upon him; he drew off his men, and retired to Upper Italy, where he died.

His followers mourned deeply for their great chief. They interred him in a golden coffin, inclosed in an outer shell of silver; and the slaves who had dug his grave were all slain, that none might be tempted, by the wealth deposited there, to disturb the monarch's resting-place. Then, with mourning and lamentation, the Huns fled back toward the east; and to this day no man knows where the "Scourge of God" lies buried.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Obsta principiis.—HORACE.

Beware of the first step.

THE "True Briton" depended for its support upon the frequenters of the market. On Sunday evening, of course, there were but few customers.

The landlord, who was at once very brisk and very corpulent—as so many of his race are—stood at the entrance, leaning his portly frame against the doorpost. He was very neat and nice, for he had a tidy wife—a little bit of a vixen, and he dreaded her spirit even more than he loved that in the bottles that adorned his shelves. He very seldom got tipsy; but in his jolly red face and bloated form you can see that, somehow or other, he takes more than is good for him. A white apron, very clean and fine, adorned his "corporation," and bespoke his calling. He was lazily "blowing a cloud"—quietly enjoying his clay pipe, a yard long, and white as snow, his sleepy eye following with a dreamy pleasure the curling wreaths that issued from the bowl.

As the four friends approached mine host of the "True Briton," his small eyes twinkled with satisfaction. He gave them a hearty welcome.

"How do ye do, gentlemen? Glad to see ye. It has turned out very fine arter the rain. This way, if ye please."

He led the way to an inner room, smart with a gay paper, coloured sporting prints glazed and framed, a sanded floor, benches, tables, a strong smell of spirits, beer, and tobacco-smoke, and a fire which only wanted a judicious poke or stir to blaze up cheerfully. That poke the busy, joyous landlord gave it. Nor was his tongue silent as he rattled the fire-irons. His talk was lively but disconnected—something of everything. "Shocking accident, gentlemen, the

running down that small craft by the great steamer, The Lord of the Isles. By-the-bye, what's the opinion of the country? Will the government be able to stand? Did ye hear of the terrible fire in Holborn last night, and no lives lost? There'll be some splendid running for the Derby. How's the latest odds?" (pulling out a small card from his waistcoat pocket.) "What'll ye take, gentlemen?"

"Bring us a quart," said Jack.

"Stout or half-and-half, gentlemen?—only tapped a barrel of porter yesterday."

"Noa, noa, landlord; we knows nothing of half-and-half in our part o' the country. Bring us a quart of ale, good strong ale—that's the stuff, ain't it, lads?"

"Nothing beats a glass of ale, after all," replied Bob.

"Yes," said Fisher, "there are many ways things than that (and some better," he muttered to himself, as he thought of his own favourite tippie, "old Tom.")

A foaming tankard was soon on the table; but the cockney fashion of all drinking out of the same pewter pot was not relished by our Lancashire lads.

"Landlord, bring glasses," cried Jack.

"Yes, sir, here they are."

"And, landlord, a paper of baccy and four pipes."

No sooner said than done—they are there.

Poor Bob! at any other time he would have enjoyed these jovial preparations. Now he feels anything but comfortable. He sees his friends are preparing for a regular booze. "I won't take more than a glass or two of ale," he said to himself; "no, that I won't. If I had not met with these 'ere chaps, not a drop should have passed my lips this 'ere blessed day. Not for the wealth of the Injees, after all that they have said, and all I said, would I let my dear Apple Blossom see me the least bit the worse for liquor?"

"Drink, Bob, drink!" cried Jack, cutting Bob's soliloquy short. "Thee ain't half the jolly, friendly chap thee wor!"

"Ain't I, though? that's all thee knows about it, is it?" said Bob, putting the fatal glass to his lips with "Here's luck!" and he drank off the liquor.

Luck! Ah, it was bad luck for Bob Blossom! He smacked his lips, wiped them (in rustic fashion) with the back of his hand, and, with considerable gusto, said, "Well, that there's a glass of downright, fust-rate, reg'lar good ale, and no mistake!"

And this opinion was re-echoed by the whole party.

"Come, Bob, I know you're fond of a pipe," said Jack. "Lay to, and charge. Let us be comfortable: it's long since we wor so together."

Bob hesitates, but of course he is overpersuaded: outward influence and inward inclination—what are his resolves against such united powers? Seated so comfortably among his mates of the long ago; the bright fire blazing; the clear amber ale smiling and sparkling before him; the soothing influence of the weed stealing over his senses; Jack telling him he's himself again—the dear, merry Bob of former days; a sense of popularity and excitement, the result of the moderate stimulus of the first glass,—poor Bob! he no longer shrinks from Tom and Harry as sots; he looks upon them now as hearty, cheerful fellows; and every glass he takes drowns some good resolve, and freshens some latent seed of evil.

Three quarts were finished, and Bob said to himself, "I'd go now, that I would, only it would look so mean like. With the only sixpence in my pocket I must and will pay for the next quart. We shall be quits then, and I'm off. Moderation: that's the doctrine I'll preach up to Jen Goodman, and show him that, say what he may, I can and will practice it, too. Here, landlord; won't you drink with us?"

"Certainly, gentlemen. Here's all your good healths."

"Thank you," replied all the guests. Bob seized the pewter pot, which was again empty, gave it a loud "ran-tan-tan" on the table (Bob was getting excited), and cried, "Fill it again, landlord. I'll stand treat this time." And with an effort—judicious when the result was considered—Bob hunted out of the depths of his pocket his solitary sixpence, and produced it just as the fourth quart foamed on the table.

"Drink, Fisher, drink!" said Bob, who was growing merry. "It's somehut to drink like a fish, but thee be a Fisher—that's somehut more."

Fisher complied; and, after awhile, his tongue, which had been silent—for he was a quiet boozier—was unloosed, and he began to sing a song:—

"Three jolly post-boys
Met at the 'Dragon';
And they determined,
And they determined,
And they determined
To have another flagon."

He had got so far when he was stopped short. "Begging pardon, gentlemen," said the landlord, "it's Sunday evening. There ain't no singing allowed."

"Then I'll give you a toast," said Fisher—"Here's the health of all old friends down in Lancashire."

The quart Bob had paid for was finished. Bob got on his legs, intending to be off.

Jack Badger stopped him with a pull and a jerk, and a "Sit you down, do, Bob."

"Why," says Bob, "my wife's not well, and she'll be fidgeting about me."

"Not she," said Jack. "And if she wor, all 'ud be right when you tells her you've been having a glass along of your old friend and meate, Jack Badger. I s'pose Betty ain't the gal to grudge her measter a comfortable glass with a friend or so, is she?"

"Why," said Bob, "my wife's been set agen liquor by one Jem Goodman. I've nothing to say agin Jem; he's a good, kind fellow—a deal too sober and too pious to be of the same kidney with me; but he's a teetotaler, and my wife's one, too."

"I've heerd o' that 'ere chap, Bob," said Jack Badger. "Ye moinds Grimshaw—Phil Grimshaw, as wor up in Lunnun here two year ago. He told me that 'ere Jem Goodman was all'ys hanging about your house; and he hates total abstinence chaps. He says all that 'ere cold water makes 'em cold-blooded. Phil said he wor sure that Jem Goodman wor a Mormonite; and he said, too—but maning no offence, meate—thee wor blind to let that 'ere canting fellow come pretending to be looking arter your soul, when all he wor arter wor your wife's pretty face."

"No, 'tain't; and Phil Grimshaw's a liar and a beast, to go for to think, for to speak of my wife, coupling her name w' that of any man; and, if ever I catches 'im I'll give 'im a downright good licking, for making free with her name. And 'tain't fair by Jem, neither; Jem's a cut above me, in the way of being so good and so pious; but Jem's a true friend, and he's proved it."

"Well, Bob, I meant no harm, and I don't think Phil meant none. He cracked thee up sky high, and thy wife, too."

"Did he, though," said Bob, relenting, and getting a little maudlin; "then here's his health."

"Besides," said Jack Badger, "them teetotalers ain't much unlike other men: Mormonites many of 'em is at heart. Some of 'em, when they've got round the women (and all pretty women loikes soft sawdur), turns out to be elders, and gets off to the Promised Land with a sight of wives. I'm thy friend, Bob, thy oldest meate. I wouldn't loike to see thee broken-hearted, and thy pretty Apple Blossom, as thee calls her, spirited away to be used worse than a dog, out there."

"No fear of that," said Bob. "My wife's as fond o' me as on the day we married; ay, fonder for the matter o' that. Jem Goodman I respects; and, thanking you all the same, I won't have another word on the subject."

But the seed of jealousy was sown, and, again and again, Bob, in his half-clouded mind, reverted to the subject he had forbidden Jack to touch upon.

By this time—as each man had contributed his quota, and paid for his share, so each had imbibed a quart of the strong, "knock 'em down" ale—Bob has passed the Rubicon; after a quart of such a brew, he was not master of his will; and as he could not control himself, of course he could not control his mates.

They were much better seasoned toppers than Bob, who for a fortnight had not drunk at all, and never could stand much.

His feeble resistance was soon overcome. Lancashire men are very free with their money. Jack Badger ordered "More liquor, more baccy," and plied Bob, not merely with the strong ale, but with stories of his native village, bits of rustic scandal, births, deaths, marriages, ups and downs, imprisonments, transportations, and a long ghostly story of how Jerry Jackson came to be hanged for killing his sweetheart, when she swore she'd never marry a drunkard—meaning him. Bob tried to contribute his share to the conversation, but a slight impediment in his speech made what he had to say quite unintelligible; and after taking another glass to clear his throat, his head got so confused, he lost the thread of his discourse. But the others were all talking together by this time, one telling how old Jeremiah Entwistle had bolted to Mericay (the old sinner!) and left his wife charged to the parish. Another, how Tim Ramsbottom, when out poaching, had the barrel of his gun "busted," and the contents lodged in his right arm; and how he had to have it cut off at the infirmary, and how Harriet Boothman married him all the same, saying, if he'd lost his arm, he should not lose his wife too, and she'd

be his right arm—and she wor, too! How Gomesal and Kenshaw had listed as soldiers, and Openshaw gone to sea to get away from his scolding wife. How the squire stormed when the railway cut through his park; how the old rector had got a young curate, and how the rector's daughter made such a fuss with him, and how they both played the new organ in the old church.

With such topics, all of great interest to one who loved his native village, the time and the liquor came and went almost unnoticed. It was getting very late: they were all downright fuddled, and Bob was very nearly drunk.

He began to boast of the beauty of his pretty Apple Blossom, and to defy Saffron-hill to show her match.

In his pot-valour, he swore he'd not leave "Phil" a whole bone in his skin; and then, with sudden and ebrious jealousy, he began to brood over the idea of Jem Goodman's being too dear to Apple Blossom, and admiring her too much.

Then Fisher begins to boast of the brother who beat Misfortune in the foot-race; Tom, that he himself is the pet of the petticoats; and Jack, that there's not a man in London so good a judge of a fine woman as himself.

Bob promises them they shall see his wife; and being by this time three sheets in the wind, tells them they're the jolliest fellows he ever met.

Jack assures Bob he had always had a profound respect for him, since he was a young 'un.

A maudlin fondness now seizes on them all—they begin to whine, to embrace; staggering, they seize each other's hands and sing, or rather, shout in chorus, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

The landlord here steps in to remind them again that it's Sunday evening, and no singing allowed.

Bob then hiccoughs out an account of the attempt of Jem Goodman and Apple Blossom to make him sign the pledge.

"What!" stammered Jack, "be thee crowed over by that teetotal chap? If I wor thee, lad, I'd not stand it; I'd be measter in my own house, I'd kick that fellow out. One of 'em said to me, 'Ye drinks like a baste.' 'No, I don't,' says I; 'ye does.' 'How so?' says he. 'Why, bastes drink water, don't 'em?' said I; 'and so do thee, and so don't I.' I had un there; he hadn't a word to say; he never tackled me again."

"Moderation's my motter!" hiccoughed Bob, as he sat down and laid his head on the table; adding, "Britons never—shall—be slaves!" and with these words, he fell fast asleep.

At this moment the clock struck two (at that time there was no act for closing on Sunday night).

In came the landlord, who, shaking Bob, said, "Come, my man, it's time you went home to your wife and family. Here, lend a hand, will you?" The others were too much fuddled to be of any real use. So the landlord roused the pot-boy, and he, with the aid of two good-natured policemen (who, knowing and respecting Apple Blossom, decided on conveying Bob home, instead of to the station-house), lugged, dragged, and half carried him to his own door. With a sort of half consciousness that he had reached his home, Bob, as they laid him on the bed, hiccoughed out, "Moderation's my motter. *Britons never shall be slaves!*" When they were gone, and Apple Blossom was alone with him, hearing a gurgling noise in his throat, she brought a light, and, seeing he was black in the face, she loosened his cravat, and unbuttoned his waistcoat. As she did so he opened a blear, bloodshot, swimming eye, in which there was no speculation, and hiccoughed again, "Moderation's my motter. *Britons never shall be slaves!*"

CHAPTER XXX.

A noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one;
Full of unchecked, unbidden joy,
Of dread of books, of love of fun;
And with a clear and ready smile,
Unshadowed by a thought of guile.—WILLIS.

THE night poor Apple Blossom spent in tears of shame, watching the man who, from a loving Christian husband, was sunk by inebriety into a loathsome, sottish brute, for the time being far below "the brute that perisheth," Larky Grigg passed in the Station-house.

Larky Grigg was very much distressed at this mishap, but principally on account of his dear mother and his sweet, loving little foster-sister, Hope Evermore.

It was very distressing and very unpleasant, certainly, to be shivering on a stone bench, instead of lying warm and snug in his sofa bed, watching the red embers of the parlour fire; his mother sleeping close by, and little Hope—whom, in fun, he used to call his "guardian angel"—calling out to him from

the inner room not to forget his prayers and his hymn,—nay, sometimes slipping out in her little white nightgown, and unbound hair, like some cherub from on high, to kneel by his side, and join her sweet voice to his in praise and prayer.

It was not that any one was unkind to him. Indeed, one policeman, whose beat was partly through Larky's own neighbourhood, and whom he knew a little, having once mended a mangle for his wife, offered to take a message to his friends, and as Larky (though a genius in his way) could not write fluently, the policeman wrote for him on a flyleaf of a little hymn-book in Larky's pocket, that note to Lame Luke, which had in some degree allayed the terror and distress of poor Apple Blossom and little Hope Evermore.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Touch not pitch, lest ye be defiled.

For Satan finds some mischief still

For idle hands to do.—WATTS.

POOR Larky himself scarcely understood how he came to be in his present unfortunate position.

He had rushed out to endeavour to overtake and bring back his father, and he had sped swiftly along the lanes, alleys, and streets, in which, densely populated as they were, there was yet a sort of Sabbath stillness—not the sweet fragrant repose of Sunday evening in the country, but a kind of dreary, torpid gloom.

Bells, distant and near, were ringing, as people of various parishes came out of church. Men, unable, for want of money, to get drunk at the gin palaces, went to bed sober and sulky. They missed the accustomed stimulant, and abused the poor wives, who had not even wherewith to buy bread, because they could not enable them to get fuddled at home with gin or beer.

It was a cold, clear night, and people who had homes, and beds, and firesides, enjoyed them, and felt no wish to encounter the keen east wind, which seemed to love to cut through the thin, tattered garb, and search out the bones and marrow of those who felt its icy sharpness as the lean and hungry only can.

Larky, perceiving that there was no chance of finding his father, and contrasting his warm, snug little home, with sweet Hope by his side, Truelove purring in her lap, and his Bible open before him, to the cold, dark streets and cutting wind, resolved to get home as fast as he could.

He had retraced his steps, and was again approaching Little Back Thomas-street, close to Duck-lane, where the Blossoms lived, when he heard his own name pronounced by several familiar voices.

The place was a low, poor street, very dimly lighted, and two or three unfinished houses formed a favourite hiding-place for very bad and dangerous characters.

These houses were exactly opposite a shop, the sort of shop common in such neighbourhoods—the shop of Messrs. Chete and Grudge; men who were growing enormously rich by grinding down the poor, selling them the worst goods (if goods the very bad articles supplied could be called), yes, the worst goods at the best prices—highest charge and lowest quality being the motto of Messrs. Chete and Grudge.

Unfortunately, most of their customers, being at once of the working and drinking classes, could not pay ready money, and were in the shopkeeper's debt, *alias*, in his power.

Among the very poor, the debtor's choice is always Hobson's choice—that or none; and "none" were starvation for the children, with the addition to the wife from a brutal, drunken husband of what he would call a precious good hiding, and the poor white slave, "a dreadful bad one."

However, the enormous price charged by these licensed sharks was not detected by the poor in the very small quantities they purchased—the half-ounces and quarters of ounces; for no one in those parts, save Larky Grigg, had the head or the inclination to calculate that when his mother paid one penny three farthings for half-an-ounce of tea of the worst description (full of little stems and black dust), she was paying the price of a first-rate article: namely, four-and-eightpence per pound. And so on with sugar, butter, cheese, candles, and all common necessities.

Now, Chete and Grudge were always approached with smiles and cringes, and meek remarks about the weather, and humble inquiries after their own precious healths, and that of their good ladies and blessed little miss or master; but behind their broad, pompous backs, where the brazen hearts (meet emblem of their own) fastened the white shop apron, they were run down by those whom they were running up long bills.

Among the many whom they had mortally offended, were Stunning Steenie, Frigging Peter, and Potato-heels, *alias* Carrot Meg. Not only had

they repeatedly refused them any trust, but on their loitering in the shop, muttering and grumbling, Chete had sprung over his counter, seized a broom handle, and expelled them all three with blows that left bruises, and words that left stings. There was yet one other boy who would have rejoiced to do Chete and Grudge any evil turn; this was a little fellow of the name of Fox, whose face strangely resembled that of his namesake of the fields. He had a deeper cause of revenge and wrath. One night (he had fasted four-and-twenty hours, for both his parents were gin-drinkers), he had filched a bit of mouldy cheese and a rasher of rusty bacon, exhibited on a sort of wooden stand outside the shop of Chete and Grudge. He had been seen, detected, arrested, tried, convicted, and sent to prison. Yes, he went to prison (where, by-the-by, he was twice privately whipped) a comparatively innocent boy, but without principle, untaught, and scarcely aware that he had a soul. He came out, after three months' close contact with old offenders, an adept at thieves' slang, burning with revenge, his wits sharpened, and resolved to live by them; his character irretrievably lost, a proof of the result of prison discipline on the very young. He was ready for any "spree" in which the object was to annoy or injure those who had persecuted him. Boy as he was, he felt a sense of degradation, and a consciousness that he had lost not only such an amount of respectability as every boy has who has never been convicted of any offence, and never been within the walls of a prison; but he felt, too, that he had lost a certain inward sense of comfort and security which can never co-exist with a plotting head, a deceitful heart, and a guilty conscience. His parents had disappeared during his stay in prison, and when he came out, but for the intimacies he had formed in gaol, he must have perished of want.

It was by this respectable quartet that Larky was called, and, perceiving Carrot Meg's shaggy and fiery head peering out of the dark doorway of one of the unfinished houses, Larky stopped, and, with a leap, he was among them.

Rapidly they told him they were about to smash the large shop-windows of Chete and Grudge, who, as they sold tobacco and snuff, were open on Sunday. And, before Larky could express the disapprobation he felt, they had hurled several stones at the windows, partially unshrouded even on the Sabbath; and, calling to Larky to follow, they had started off through the unglazed back windows, and let themselves down into a bit of waste ground beyond. Larky, who had not made himself acquainted with the geography of the place as they had done, was at a loss how to act, and had decided on regaining the street and returning home, when he found himself suddenly confronted by a policeman and Mr. Chete: the former with a red face, fair, bushy whiskers, and a broad grin; the latter, bold, smooth-faced, livid with rage and revenge, not unmixed with fear, and keeping wisely behind K of the B division.

"Caught in the act, you young scoundrel," said Chete, as the bull's-eye lantern of K of the B division flashed full on the bold, handsome face of Larky Grigg, which was flushed with surprise, but yet lighted by a smile he could not quite repress, as he saw Chete in his night-cap, dressing gown, and slippers, trembling behind the policeman, the white tassel of his cap quivering with the coward beating of his bad heart. "And that mischievous young serpent wor a sort of pet of Mrs. Chete's. I'll pet her for this 'ere. I give 'im in charge, police."

Vainly Larky protested his innocence, and appealed to the past; the long years his mother had dealt at Chete's, and his own orderly behaviour. He was dragged off, as we know; and this retrospect is merely to account for subsequent events, when he appeared before the — magistrate.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Unhappy woman, still thy lot must be
A dream of love or a reality
Of unshared sorrow!—BRIDE OF SIENNA.

POOR Apple Blossom had a terrible night of it. Little Hope cried herself to sleep as she thought of Larky Grigg at the station-house, and no one shared that wretched, but, alas! too common watch of the wife of a drunkard.

After hours of sickness, disgusting and unutterable, and fits of mad rage in which he had struck poor Apple Blossom in the face as she bent over him to hold a cup of water to his dry, swollen lips, and which blow had blackened one of her bright eyes, and made her pretty nose bleed profusely; and after a savage kick in her bosom, when she had vainly tried to get off his muddy boots, he had subsided from rage into stupor, and at last had fallen fast asleep.

Apple Blossom could not make up her mind to lie

down by so degraded and disgusting a creature—groaning, snoring, grunting, and hiccupping, in a sleep compared to which, that of an overgorged hog was a soft, sweet slumber.

Cold, miserable, her heart burning with shame, anger, and disgust for him she had sworn to love, honour, and obey, and her mind tortured with anxiety about poor Larky, and suffering from bodily pain, she could not rest,—she was glad when she saw morning beginning to dawn on the black, low, squalid houses opposite her window; and leaving the room, she closed the door, to shut out the hideous image of man converted into a brute, and began to light a fire, boil the water, and get the children's breakfast ready.

How she missed her dear Larky! His were indeed helping hands.

Apple Blossom resolved to trust her stall that day to little Hope, and to go herself to the station to see after her darling boy.

Merry, who could not be trusted with the stall (at least till she had redeemed her character for honesty), should take little Nessy to the ragged school, and baby Ben to the infant refuge.

It was with great pain Apple Blossom remembered that she had promised Jem Goodman to be at home about eleven to receive a visit from "the ladies" (Ellen, Ada, and Mrs. Golightly).

It never occurred to her not to see them; to say "Not at home," as some less conscientious, and of a lower standard, though higher sphere, would have done.

All she troubled herself about was, how she should conceal from these ladies (Mrs. Golightly especially) that Bob had got drunk, and had struck her.

Her nose was swollen, her eye was black; and, worse still, a sickening pain in her bosom caused her every now and then a feeling of faintness she had never before experienced.

Ere long she heard the children stirring; and, as Bob still slept, and she knew he would wake to a maddening headache and the sharpest stings of remorse, she made Merry and Nessy dress as quickly and quietly as they could, and step gently out of the room. Of baby Ben she quieted the hungry uproar at that fair bosom on which he thrived so wonderfully. Hope alone still slept on.

Sleep is such a necessity in childhood; and the little angel girl, for the first time in her life, had not closed her eyes till long after midnight.

Apple Blossom gave one hurried glance at the snoring, snorting, dirty, tumbled, muddy, discoloured, shaggy Bob, as he lay still in his muddy boots and his soiled clothes, with his face heated and swollen, and mouth agape.

She gazed and shuddered as the dawn looked in upon and lighted up so revolting a being; and then she gazed long and fondly on little Hope, who lay in the deep, trance-like sleep of an over-tired child, her beloved and rescued Truelove curled up on her little pillow, and as fast asleep as herself.

The morning light seemed enamoured of those thick waves of golden hair, that round, soft face, paler than its wont, and bearing traces of recent tears; those full, snowy lids, with the long, dark lashes still wet and divided; and those small, rosy hands crossed on the little bosom, suggesting thoughts of that symbol under which that little one was so early enrolled; for Hope was already a faithful little soldier of Christ, enlisted "manfully to fight under his banner against the world, the flesh, and the devil."

"And perhaps," thought poor Apple Blossom, "Bob, in his infancy, looked like that sweet child—a cherub in his sleep. I have seen him very fair and pleasant to look on by my side, even lately. O sin, sin! what hast thou done!"

Just at this moment Bob woke, parched with the burning thirst of the drunkard.

"Water! water!" he cried; "do ye hear? water!"

And Apple Blossom filled a jug with fresh water; and as his trembling hands could not hold it to his dry lips, she raised his hot, throbbing head, which sank on that faithful and fair bosom his vile foot had kicked so savagely; and with her help the cooling stream went down a throat that seemed lined with fire.

It was a quart jug, but Bob Blossom emptied it!

He uttered no thanks; he was ashamed, surely, and did not look Apple Blossom in the face. But after that long, cooling draught, he uttered a deep sigh of intense gratification.

Apple Blossom shook up and smoothed his hot and tumbled pillow, removed his boots (he no longer kicked, plunged, and resisted) from his swollen, blistered feet, covered him over with a warm blanket and quilt, pinned up a dark shawl to exclude the now bright light, and left him to the sleep which again closed his aching, burning lids.

Did he deserve all this? Not he. But Apple Blossom was, in her own humble way, a model wife.

"He may break his vow, and break my heart," said Apple Blossom; "he may despise his duty, and degrade himself; but his backslidings would not excuse mine. I am his wife, I took him for better for worse. The worse he is, the weaker he is, the more he wants a helpmeet. He'll be sorry and ashamed, too, I know he will, when he comes to himself, and sees what he's done. I hope he haven't done me a mischief that can't be cured. But my bosom aches cruel; I feel very sick, and very queer. I'll give the children their breakfasts, and have a cup o' tea, and then I'll go and see if Jem can't take me to see poor Larky. It would be a lonesome thing for him as feels for every one in trouble—and helps every one, if he can, out of it too—if nobody wor to be there to comfort him or speak up for him before the judge."

"It's ten to one if he gets a bite or a sup. What-ever possessed him to run out arter his dad? I won't speak unkind of Bob, and I'll try not to think unkind of him, nuther, 'cause he be my husband, and I be his lawful woife; but if my boy gits into trouble through trying to find he, I know I shall tell him, plump, he warn't wuth it. He's a lost man, as Jem says, if he don't give up drink and take the pledge; and if he's lost, Grigg's to be lost, too, it seem, for trying to find him."

"If I sets off at onst, I dare say I'll be back before the ladies calls, and before Bob's stirring, or Hope either. The dear little wench never closed her eyes till past two! I declare, if she and her Truelove ain't pratty enough to be put in a show! I zeed nothink to come anigh them, as they lies there, at Madame Tussor's, when I wor fust married. Nothink short of wax-work ever could come up to Hope. I remember our squire's little lady had a doll sent her a present—such a pictur', with its flaxen curls, and pink cheeks, and blue eyes, and red lips—'twor something like Hope; but even that didn't beat Hope—leastways, when Hope's dressed a little nice and neat."

Wax-work and dolls are always the *beau-idéal* of beauty with the uneducated.

It was a poor compliment to that sleeping Psyche, to compare her to any wax ever moulded!

(To be continued.)

QUARREL OF THE THUNDER AND THE SEA.

The kindly Thunder call'd
At midnight to the Sea,
Which, rising up in wrath, exclaim'd,
"What is thy will with me?"

"Yield up the noble forms
That in thy caverns hide—
The beautiful, the brave of earth—
Her glory and her pride."

"She ventured on my breast
Those jewels," said the Sea;
"If she hath not skill her own to keep,
Say—what is that to me?"

Then loud the Thunder spoke,
Beckoning the Tempest nigh—
"Thou wert a robber from thy birth,
We'll search thee till we die."

Out laughed the mocking Sea—
"On!—do your worst with speed;
There's none, save the Strong Angel's Eyes,
My secret cells shall read."

"But when, at his command,
These depths restore the dead,
Where wilt thou be, thou Windy Voice,
When clouds and skies have fled?"

SPEAKING WELL OF OTHERS.—If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora-box, which, when opened, fills every house and every neighbourhood with pain and sorrow. How many enmities and heart-burnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy, and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission like foul fiends, to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections, and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults which might seem to justify animadversion. It is a good rule, however, when there is occasion for fault-finding, to do it privately to the erring one. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will generally be taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failings of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian, and shows a despicable heart.



HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

HEIDELBERG.

Who has not heard of the great tun of Heidelberg?—that large wine-butt which held an ocean of liquor, and was supposed to indicate by its goodly proportions the hospitality of its owners, the old Palatine Electors. It was devised in feudal times, and was then capable of containing twenty-one pipes. A new tun was constructed in 1664, which held six hundred hogsheads. Surely the most bibulous must have cried content at so magnificent a supply. Mynheer Van Dunk must have been satisfied: but it was soon emptied. French soldiers, thirsty with fighting, and convivial on account of victory, drank it dry in 1668. Not long afterwards a third tun was constructed, which held eight hundred hogsheads, and was kept full of the best Rhenish wine. Was kept full—it has been emptied long ago. The liquor it once contained has fuddled the brains, dimmed the sight, cracked the voice, shaken the limbs, blurred the honour, marred the fortune of old German toppers for the last time; and, as a dry and withered shell from which the kernel has long been removed, the empty old tun—empty as the heads of the good fellows for whose pleasure it was made—lies buried in the vaults at Heidelberg. There it is still to be seen—but it is not much of a sight; and if it were, this one attraction, if attraction it be, would scarcely repay the trouble of a descent into the subterranean region of the castle.

But Heidelberg has other attractions. For centuries it was the capital of the German Electorate, and is consequently associated with all that is most interesting in the history of Germany. The aspect of the

castle itself is imposing. It is a solid square building, comprehending all the varieties of architecture which prevailed from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. Partially destroyed, and partially rebuilt; altered, amended, increased, diminished, by successive Electors, it is one of the most curious structures in Germany. Count Rodolph I. commenced, or is reported to have commenced, the old schloss or palace, which subsequently became the Castle of Heidelberg. The Gothic portions of the building are ascribed to him. Robert the Red, under the influence of religious zeal, built a chapel; Robert III., with a taste for architectural splendour, erected a new frontage; Frederick the Victorious, under the pressure of belligerent neighbours, strengthened all its fortifications; but to Otto Henry belongs the credit of the grace and beauty of Heidelberg, which make it one of the finest monuments of the revival of art.

Taken and retaken many times during the thirty years' war, it was given up on the peace of Westphalia to Prince Charles Louis, who thoroughly repaired the building; but it suffered still more in the war undertaken by Louis XIV. to support the cause of Philip of Orleans. These repeated calamities, together with the removal of the electoral residence to Mannheim, ultimately brought desolation upon Heidelberg; but as a ruin it continues to awaken curiosity and excites admiration.

Once in three years it has been the custom to hold a sacred concert in the ruined hall of the castle. These musical entertainments are invariably well attended, and the effect is singularly impressive.

It has often been regretted that a building so magnificent as that of Heidelberg—a building which

possesses so many varied attractions, and is so intimately associated with all the stirring events which mark the history of Germany—should be suffered to fall into decay. It has been worn and mutilated by time and fortune. The lapse of centuries, the devastations of war have dealt hardly with it; like an old soldier, it is scarred as well as wrinkled. But it is beautiful in its decay; and the man of taste would shrink from any effort at restoration, lest it should suffer by any ill-directed repairs. Seen as it is, the graces of art and nature are charmingly combined. The foliage is its arabesque, and its arabesque is foliage. One stands in doubt which most to admire, the green leaves of nature, or the stone leaves of art. The eye wanders with delight over the long range of windows, the elaborate carving, the tall gables, the curious pinnacles, the whole structure replete with ornament, remarkable for variety and grandeur. As a ruin, Heidelberg is full of interest; but neatly repaired, newly fitted and decorated, with a refreshment room up stairs, it would sink into insignificance, and excite contempt.

MASCULINE INDEPENDENCE.—Masculine independence of mind is the first requisite for the formation of a character of real manly worth. The man who suffers himself to be deceived and carried away by his own weakness may be a very amiable person in other respects, but cannot be called a good man. Such beings should not find favour in the eyes of a woman; for a truly beautiful and purely feminine nature should be attracted only by what is highest and noblest in the character of man.

The Matron.

NO. XIX.

THE dangers of travelling formed the subject of the last number; but there are dangers everywhere—in stopping at home, and in starting for a journey; dangers by rail, by river, and by road; dangers on the great deep; dangers in England; dangers abroad. Of dangers at home I shall speak before I conclude this chapter, but I commence by reverting to the subject last treated. I mean those dangers in travelling that may be averted. I spoke of the danger of having pockets so placed that the *light-fingered gentry* find them out too easily; of catching cold by resuming wrappers that have been hung up, instead of being dried; and I touched on the bad consequences of being too late. But now, supposing you were in time, and have fairly started, I warn you against too easily making acquaintance with strangers.

I will suppose that you belong to the respectable working classes, that almost for the first time you are quitting your native village, to visit some distant relation, or to go for the first time into a situation.

Let youths and maidens both recollect that the world is but too well stocked with those whose object it is to lure the unwary into some trap or other, to turn them to their own profit, and then, and ultimately, to leave them to ruin and misery.

Always keep in view the object of your journey, and let nothing divert you from it. Keep your affairs to yourselves, and do not fall back into the silly chattering ways of children, by telling everybody everything about yourself. But if you should happen to have revealed the object of your journey, distrust any one who tries to make you alter your plan by promise of a better place, or of greater gain. You have no right (at the instigation of strangers) to alter arrangements that have had the sanction of your parents and guardians, and you would expose yourselves to numberless dangers and evils by so doing.

If you are going on a whole day's journey be provided with your own refreshments; for instance, with a little basket filled with sandwiches, cakes, and a few oranges. Should you feel to want more, take at the inn or station a cup of tea or coffee. As a general rule, do not accept of refreshments offered by travelling companions; and never be induced to play at any game of chance with people you meet in steam-boats, railway-carriages, or coaches. It is not an uncommon practice with sharpers (and sharpers may look very respectable) to lure thoughtless travellers into games, and then to cheat them out of all their money. Just fancy what your feelings would be, were you, through your own imprudence, to find yourself suddenly without a shilling in your pocket, far, far away from your home, your family, and your friends.

Supposing you have been travelling by rail, and stop at some important terminus—such as London, Manchester, or Liverpool—you must prepare for an unpleasant task in selecting your luggage from the piles of trunks and boxes belonging to other people. Never omit (in your preparations for a journey) to fix a direction on the various packages belonging to yourself; and if you paste a square of bright-coloured paper, or tie a piece of scarlet ribbon or red tape on each of your boxes, you will assist yourself in distinguishing them from other people's things, and be better able to point them out to the railway porter as your own. In fact, anything that lessens the trouble of clearing and securing one's luggage is desirable; for old travellers will tell you that looking after luggage is the most unpleasant part of a journey.

Young people, on arriving in a strange town, should be careful whose directions they follow in reaching their destination.

Families expecting servants from the country should make a point of sending some one to meet them. But if a youth or a young girl find no one to meet him or her at the station, the best way is to seek directions of the railway officials rather than to ask them of strangers; and, if our young travellers can possibly afford it, the sooner they place themselves and their luggage in any carriage standing near the station the better. That money is well spent which prevents their losing their way in a strange place, and falling into the snares of wicked, ill-disposed people.

I hope my readers may derive some benefit from the preceding remarks. I have addressed them principally to the working classes, but, to a certain extent, they may be useful to inexperienced travellers in all ranks of life.

In the next chapter I intend treating a very dif-

ferent subject, and offering a few rules for averting a danger that constantly threatens our homes. I mean fire. The frightful destruction of life and property occasioned by the ravages of this devouring element, may generally be traced to a single act of domestic carelessness. To warn people against such acts, and to endeavour to prevent one of our greatest blessings being turned into our direst curse, certainly comes within the province of "The Matron."

PROVIDENCE

"From seeming evil, still educing good."

THE stone upon the wayside seed that fell,
And kept the spring rain from it, kept it too
From the bird's mouth; and in that silent cell

It quickened, after many days, and grew,
Till, by-and-by, a rose, a single one,
Lifted its little face unto the sun.

It chanced, a wicked man approached one day,
And saw the tender, piteous look it wore:
Perhaps one like it, somewhere far away,

Grew in a garden-bed, or by the door
That he in childish days had played around,
For his knees, trembling, sank upon the ground.

Then, o'er this piece of bleeding earth, the tears

Of penitence were wrung, until at last

The golden key of love—that sin for years

In his unquiet soul had rusted fast—

Was loosened, and his heart, that very hour,

Opened to God's good sunshine, like a flower.

Chemical Experiments.

Hotness and Coldness.—If you ask me the difference between hotness and coldness, candidly let me say I do not know. Absolute difference there is certainly none; all being a matter of degree. The metal quicksilver may be frozen, and when frozen it is so intensely cold that if in its icy condition it be dipped into water as cold as water can be cooled, without freezing outright, it melts, and the water is immediately converted into ice. A lump of this frozen quicksilver is scarcely less dangerous to handle than a lump of red hot iron; for curiously here, as in other cases where extreme cold is involved, the effects are very similar to those of extreme heat. Travellers in the arctic and antarctic regions describe the peculiar burning sensation experienced on touching in those latitudes pieces of metal which have been exposed to external influences. When, during our war with America, a regiment of West Indian blacks was sent to Canada to guard the frontier, those children of the warmer south were sadly puzzled as well as punished by the occurrence of frequent frost-bites. They would have it to be that their toes were on fire—an opinion almost confirmed in their estimation by the phenomenon of their breath being visible. In point of fact, not only is there no specific difference between heat and cold, but many of the sensations and effects of both are similar.

Even the word "boiling," which we so constantly use in the sense of indicating the existence of an extremely hot fluid, may be sometimes occasioned by the application of cold. Of this I shall now mention an example:—Procure a Florence flask, and also a cork, cut tapering so that it may just fit the mouth of the flask without pressure. About quarter fill the flask with water, and, supporting the flask over a fire or a spirit-lamp flame, cause the water to boil violently. The next step of the operation requires some address. The object is to cork the flask and remove the source of heat at one and the same instant. This will be two persons' work. It may be well to remark that if the cork has been accurately fitted at the first, not the slightest pressure will be necessary in order to induce its fitting.

Supposing the operation to have been well performed, dipping the flask in cold water (the cooler the better) will cause it to boil. Here, then, is an example of boiling produced by reduction of temperature. The explanation is simply this. Boiling occurs whenever the force of heat, acting within a liquid, is sufficient to drive it into vapour, with a force sufficient to overcome the atmospheric pressure. The less the atmospheric pressure, the more readily does boiling occur, in certain liquids—ether, for example—without the application of any heat whatever. Water cannot be caused to boil without the aid of some extraneous heat. Very little heat, however, will suffice if atmospheric pressure be taken away. Now, in the experiment just described, the application of cold water externally condenses the steam within, and thus removes atmospheric pressure.

As a general rule, it may be observed that, whenever steam or vapour is evolved, so, in like manner, is heat; steam and vapour being, in point of fact,

the representatives of heat dissipated. A remembrance of the fact just stated will explain the mode of action of porous unglazed water jars and butter coolers. Water being poured within, portions of it exude and, of course, evaporate; by evaporation they necessarily produce cold, and the cold thus developed taking effect through the materials of the vessel, the contents are also cooled.

Liquids which evaporate or pass into vapour more readily than water produce still more cold, and in direct proportion to their volatility. Ether is a remarkable example of this. The cold produced by the evaporation of ether may be readily experienced by pouring a little upon the surface of the skin, and leaving it uncovered. If, however, the part be covered with the hand, or a piece of oilskin, or almost any impervious material, then instead of cold a sensation of heat will be experienced.

Though the preceding experiment demonstrates the production of cold, it does not inform us concerning the precise degree of cold, nor does it show us any positive effects of cold. The latter demonstration, however, can easily be made. If a small bulb, blown at the extremity of a glass tube, and very thin, be filled with water, and wrapped round with cotton wool; if now the cotton wool be imbued with ether, and allowed to fall on it drop by drop, cold will be generated so rapidly, owing to the removal of heat by evaporation, that the water contained in the glass bulb will freeze.

It is possible (but the prosecution of the experiment requires an air-pump) to so arrange matters that one fluid shall boil and another freeze at one and the same time, and by one and the same cause. If the reader of this possess an air-pump, he will experience no difficulty in performing it; at any rate, he will experience no difficulty in understanding my description.

Having poured some ether into a wineglass, plunge into the latter a thin tube holding a very little water. This being done, exhaust the air-pump receiver, when necessarily the ether will be converted into vapour; the latter robbing the water of heat until complete freezing takes place.

By way of conclusion to my remarks at present, let me call your attention to the curious fact that if oil of vitriol be added to water, the result is elevated temperature; if, however, oil of vitriol be added to ice, then the temperature of the latter is still further diminished.

Not merely does the formation of vapours from liquids involve the consumption of heat, but also the formation of liquids out of solids. When ice accumulates before our doors we throw salt upon it, and the ice melts. During that melting, however, the temperature, far from being elevated, is reduced many degrees. All the cases just noticed will help to show how few are the positive ideas we are justified in attaching to heat and cold.

THE GOOD SERVANT.

THE rich landed proprietor, Mr. Forman, had a good servant. A little circumstance made his good-heartedness known in the first instance, and a great number of others afterwards proved the fact.

The servant had not the remotest idea that any human eye saw him at the time when his master first became aware of his good qualities; and all actions so performed are the most to be admired: they are very seldom outwardly rewarded, nevertheless they have a good paymaster, who has always ready money at hand—and that is the privy councillor in the heart. He who knows himself to be on good terms with him need not mind either what he or other people are called in this world.

One hot summer noon, the farm-servant, Konrad, came in from the fields with his team. Both horses were in the first place fed, and the harness taken off; for every one knows, who knows anything on the subject, that a horse can never take its proper rest so long as it has any part of its harness or gears upon its body. Yet there are many who will not know this because they like to save themselves trouble. But Forman's Konrad was not one of these; and it is very probable that his own dinner afterwards tasted all the better because he had done all in his power to put his animals in the best condition to enjoy theirs.

There is among smokers a yet undecided question—namely, which pipe is the most delicious—that after breakfast, that after dinner, or that after supper. Our Konrad enjoyed them all equally. He was not a cigar smoker. He took a great deal of pains to clean out his pipe and keep it in good order, so that he might have thorough enjoyment of it; whilst the

cigar-smoker just lights it, smokes it a while, then throws the rest away.

It was a peculiar pleasure to Konrad to seat himself after dinner on a stone horse-block outside the stable door, and clean the stem of his pipe with a straw; during which he very frequently laid the bowl of his pipe upon the sill of the little stable window. As he was thus sitting one day, having finished cleaning his pipe, he lifted his hand to reach the bowl, which unfortunately rolled inward and fell into the stall upon a bundle of straw. On this, down came Konrad, and went into the stable to look for his pipe-head, but scarcely was he within the doorway when he suddenly stopped. He saw that the horse had laid itself down, and he knew that the moment he went into the stall it would start from its refreshing and necessary rest. Therefore, he came out again, re-seated himself quietly on the horseblock, and put the pipe end into his mouth, without being able to smoke a whiff.

His master, who had observed this action from his window, now walked out, and coming up to him, inquired—

"Why are you not smoking, Konrad: have you broken your pipe?"

"No, it has only rolled down into the stable; but I will not disturb the horse; I would rather wait till I am in the field than do that."

"You are a good fellow," said Mr. Forman, and handed to him his own silver-mounted pipe, which he was himself then smoking. "There, take that," he said, "as my thanks for your kindness to those animals which cannot themselves thank you. You will do well; for he who is merciful towards an animal will be just towards his fellow-man. I hope we shall remain together as long as we live."

And so it happened.

Small Change.

A STEWARD wrote to a bookseller in London for some books to fit up his master's library, in the following terms:—"In the first place I want six feet of theology, the same quantity of metaphysics, and near a yard of old civil law in folio."

A GENTLEMAN having written a letter, concluded it as follows:—"Give Everybody's love to Everybody, so that Nobody may be aggrieved by Anybody being forgotten by Somebody."

Wood is the thing, after all, as the man with a deal leg said when the mad dog bit it.

Joe hates a hypocrite, which plainly shows Self-love is not a fault of Joe's.

SOME men use their friends as others do their clothes—throw them off whenever they are well worn. GOLD is an idol worshipped in all climates, without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

"HAVE you been much at sea?" "Why, no, not exactly; but my brother married an admiral's daughter." "Were you ever abroad?" "No, not exactly; but my mother's maiden name was French."

The law of the road is a paradox quite,

For in orderly riding along,

If you go to the left you are sure to go right,

But if you go right you go wrong.

UPON the 19th of May, 1790, the memorable dark day, a lady wrote to Dr. Byles of Boston, U.S., as follows:—"Dear Doctor, how do you account for this darkness?" He replied, "Dear Madam, I am as much in the dark as you are."

"PRAY, sir, do you sell pies?" said a gentleman, as he strolled into a pastrycook's shop. "Oh yes, sir," replied the pastrycook, "pies of all sorts." "Why, then," said the gentleman, "let me have a mag-pie."

A GERMAN gentleman, in the course of a strict cross-examination on a trial during the Oxford Circuit, was asked to state the exact age of the defendant. "Dirty" (thirty), was the reply. "And pray, sir, are you his senior, and by how many years?" "Why, sir, I am dirty-two."

CHARITY obliges not to mistrust a man; prudence not to trust him before we know him.

GOLD is so ductile, learned chemists say,

That half an ounce will stretch a wondrous way;

The metal's base, or else the chemists are,

For, now-a-days, our sovereigns won't go far!

"THE fire is going out, Miss Filkins." "I know it, Mr. Green; and if you would act wisely, you would follow its example."

AUNT BETSY has said many good things—among the rest, that a newspaper is like a wife, because every man ought to have one of his own.

MISSING from Killarney, Lane O'Fogerty; she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black, with red hair, and tortoiseshell combs behind her ears, and large black spots all down her back, which squints awfully.

"PLEASE, sir," said a little girl, who was sweeping crossings for a living, "you have given me a bad penny." "Never mind, little girl, you may keep it for your honesty."

EACH of us, says Plato, is not born for himself alone; but our country claims one part, our parents another, and our friends the remainder.

A CELEBRATED barrister, retired from practice, was one day asked his sincere opinion of the law. "Why the fact is," rejoined he, "if any man was to claim the coat upon my back, and threaten my refusal with a law-suit, he should certainly have it, lest, in defending my coat, I should lose my waistcoat also."

A WAG, speaking of the embarkation of troops, said: "Notwithstanding many of them leave blooming wives behind, they go away in transports."

Puzzles for the Ingenious.

Two bars of standard gold bullion, weighing 40 pounds Troy each, are purchased with notes promising to pay the bearer on demand £3,730. Three similar bars are purchased with Exchequer notes, promising to pay the Exchequer, on demand £5,607. A bar in each lot is at the same price, and four of them at an advance, one upon the other, of two-pence per ounce. What is the price per ounce of each of the bars?

NEMO.

FOR SOLUTION BY JUVENILES.

A teacher of an infant school bought 150 nuts, to be divided between the children of her class (composed of both sexes), to be given so that the girls were to receive one more each than the boys. Subsequently, two of the elder children agreed to give both their portions to be equally divided between the rest, which amounted to three each—how many boys and girls had she in her class?

F. GILDER.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA IN NO. 19, PAGE 303.

LYSANDER, a celebrated Spartan commander. At Egospotamos he totally destroyed the Athenian fleet, with the loss of 117 ships and 3,000 men. This action put an end to the Peloponnesian war, which had raged twenty-seven years between Athens and Sparta. Aspiring to universal power, he nominated thirty of his creatures to govern Athens, and endeavoured to make the crown of Sparta elective. He was killed in battle with the Haliartians, B.C. 394.

The first letters of the names following form the name LYSANDER:—

1. Laud, archbishop of Canterbury, was beheaded A.D. 1645.

2. York, where Severus died A.D. 211.

3. Sallust, a celebrated Roman historian, whose chief works were a history of Rome, a history of Cataline's conspiracy, and of the wars of Jugurtha. He was questor and consul; but, disgracing himself by his licentiousness and depravity, he was expelled the senate. Being appointed governor of Numidia, he had recourse to the greatest tyranny and plunder to minister to his pleasures. He died B.C. 35.

4. Actium, a promontory in Epirus, famous for the naval victory near which Augustus obtained over Antony and Cleopatra, B.C. 31.

5. Nerva, the thirteenth Roman emperor. Died A.D. 98.

6. Doria, Andréa Doria, "the father and liberator of his country," was a celebrated commander and patriot of Genoa. He lost his parents in early life, and after having served under several princes, he accepted service under Francis I.; but being dissatisfied with that prince's proceedings in regard to the affairs of Genoa, he finally served under Charles V., who created him "Prince of Meli and Yarsi," and offered to make him king of Genoa, but he refused to subvert the constitution of that republic. He died in 1560, at the age of ninety-two.

7. Epaminondas, a Theban commander, and, perhaps, the brightest example of private virtue and military accomplishments of ancient times. At Leuctra, B.C. 371, he defeated the Lacedæmonians, and delivered the Thebans from their yoke. He was slain at Mantinea, B.C. 363.

8. Raleigh, the distinguished statesman, scholar, and warrior, formed the settlement of Virginia in 1616. After being imprisoned twelve years for alleged complicity in a conspiracy to place the Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne, was employed in an unsuccessful expedition against the Spaniards, and on his return beheaded in 1618.

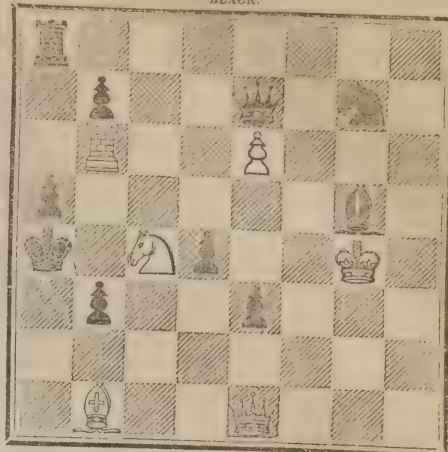
G. TAYLOR.

Correct answers have been received also from A. G. Smith, Alcibiades, Lapstone, J. Hyland, Theta, Arun, J. Wheeler, Wilhelmina, Maud Blanche, Saunterer, R. Clear, The Douglas, Demetrius Doboodle, A. D. (Perth), Simon Gee, E. J. A., Zetetic, T. H. Alderdice, A. D. Boyd, An Admirer of Correct Pronunciation, W. B., T. H. Alderdice.

Further replies to the question as to purchasing 100 birds for 100 pence, have been received from Joseph, Paul, and William (Grantham), W. Sutherland, Small Change, H. Getwood, H. P. S., J. J. Smedley, Master T. C., T. Wylie, G. W. Balmah, D. T., T. P. W., G. P. W., Trebor, W. J. Freestone, R. Reid, R. Stronach, H. Wynn, F. Gilder, W. Tongue, W. S. McKay, Mona, B. and J. Haslam, E. Raymond, A. Appleford, J. M. (Newlyn), G. C. Holwell, Lapstone, Saunterer, E. J. A., Montbar, R. Henderson, J. Batho, S. F. M., Book-keeping by D. E., A. Crawford, A. Gilder's Apprentice, T. H. Tinkler, Rhododendron, S. Thompson, F. J. Fox, Lucy Crane, A. L. A. H., A. Sheffield Night-schoolboy, B. J. Dean.

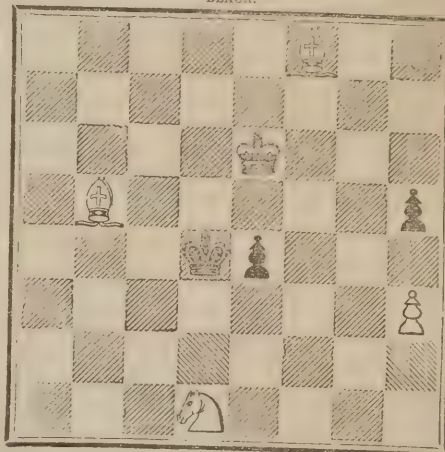
Chess.

Problem No. 38. By Mr. WM. GREENWOOD.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 39. By A. M. BAKER, Esq.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move, and checkmate in five moves.

Game played between the late Mr. E. WILLIAMS and Mr. S.

Mr. W. giving the odds of the Q R.

- | WHITE.
Mr. W. | BLACK.
Mr. S. |
|------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. K Kt to B 3 | 3. P to K Kt 4 |
| 4. B to Q B 4 | 4. P to K Kt 5 |
| 5. Castles | 5. P takes Kt |
| 6. Q takes P | 6. K Kt to B 3 (a) |
| 7. P to Q 4 (b) | 7. B to Kt 2 |
| 8. P to K 5 | 8. Castles (c) |
| 9. P takes Kt | 9. Q takes P |
| 10. P to Q B 3 | 10. P to Q 3 |
| 11. Q B takes P | 11. B to K 3 |
| 12. B to Q 3 | 12. Q B to B 4 |
| 13. B takes B | 13. Q takes B |
| 14. Q takes Q Kt P | 14. Kt to Q 2 |
| 15. B takes Q P | 15. Q R to Kt sq |
| 16. Q takes Q B P | 16. Q to Q B 7 |
| 17. Kt to R 3 (d) | 17. Q takes Q Kt P |
| 18. Q takes Kt | 18. Q takes Q B P |
| 19. B takes K R | 19. B takes Q P (ch) |
| 20. K to R sq | 20. R takes B |
| 21. Kt to Kt 5 | 21. Q to Q 6 (e) |
| 22. Q to Kt 4 (ch) | 22. B to Kt 2 |
| 23. Q to B 5 | 23. R to K sq |
| 24. Q takes P (ch) | 24. K to R sq |
| 25. Kt to B 7 (f) | 25. R to K B sq |
| 26. Q takes R (ch) | 26. B takes Q |
| 27. R takes B (ch) | 27. K to Kt 2 |
| 28. Kt to K 6 (ch) | 28. K to R 3 |
| 29. R to B 6 (ch) | 29. K to R 4 |
| 30. Kt to B 4 (ch) and wins. | |

(a) The usual move at this point is Q to K B 3, but Black being two pieces in advance ventures upon this move.

(b) P to K 5 would not have been so good, on account of Black's reply of P to Q 4, which would break up the attack.

(c) Black, desirous of saving his King from further embarrassment, sacrifices the Kt.

(d) Had White allowed Black to take Q Kt P with R, he could hardly have saved his game.

(e) These moves are well calculated.

Our Editorial Table.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR READERS AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

Our next number will contain a faithful Portrait, from a photograph by Mayall, of J. F. SMITH, Esq., author of "Dick Tarleton," "Minnie Grey," "Soldier of Fortune," "Phases of Life," &c. &c.

* NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—We are obliged to ask the indulgence of some of our subscribers who are waiting for back numbers of the New Series. The whole are being reprinted, and will be ready for delivery forthwith. The delay has arisen from the best of all causes, namely, the great increase in the demand, the *bona fide* circulation of the new series having reached 296,000—a result at which we feel sure our readers will rejoice as much as ourselves. N.B.—The back numbers of the Old Series are kept in print.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If we should ever keep our readers anxiously waiting for answers, we must beg it may be attributed to the marvellous increase of our correspondence, and not to any neglect on our part. The appreciation our advice has received, renders us, if possible, more than ever anxious to enlighten our readers on doubtful points, to gratify laudable curiosity on scientific and general subjects, and above all, to give advice and consolation to those who apply to us in their sorrows and disappointments. Of the last mentioned class of our correspondents, lovers form the principal part. As there is often a similarity in their sufferings, we recommend one lover to read, not only the answer addressed to himself, but also that which is intended to solace any wounded heart.

Another word or two to our correspondents. It is evident that several who sign themselves "constant readers" are not very attentive readers, or they would not send us questions, answers to which have repeatedly appeared in our columns. We have to complain that so many of our correspondents are exorbitant in their demands upon our space and our time. We have on our table letters, in some of which three, four, six, and eight questions are put; in seven letters there are no fewer than thirty-one questions on as many different subjects, some of which would require reference to directories, shipping-lists, consultations with surgeons, physicians, and other professional gentlemen, to say nothing of the space which clear and definite answers would occupy.

DRAYTON.—What your cousin tells you of the Australian dog is perfectly true. Dogs in a state of nature never bark. They whine and howl. It is only among those that are domesticated that barking is habitual. It is said that even the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt have not this faculty; and Columbus found that the dogs he had previously carried to America had lost their propensity to bark. The barking of a dog seems to be an effort to speak, acquired from keeping company with man.

ROSE REED AND CAREY.—As these young ladies have very likely escaped a watery grave through the inconstancy of one of their admirers, we advise them to leave things as they are and to rest satisfied with excursions by land.

CABIN BOY.—The mariner's compass was first invented by Flavio Gioia, of Amalfi, in the kingdom of Naples, A.D. 1302. JOSEPHUS.—"Cassell's Educational Course" is re-issued in weekly numbers, three-halfpence each. The first volume, "Science Popularly Explained," is complete in twenty numbers. The first chapter of a course of very easy French lessons will be found in No. 23 of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER.

MARIA.—Straw plait may be bleached by immersing it in a weak solution of chloride of lime, and afterwards washing it well in water.

EFFEMINATUS, A LOVER OF LITERATURE.—See the advice given to "Marian Bruce" in No. 20, page 320.

I O U.—is the correct legal form.

EMMA JANE, D. N. N., AND OTHERS.—Mr. J. F. Smith's tale, "Smiles and Tears," began with the first number of the new series, bearing date December 5.

GOETHE.—Our quotation from Goethe had no reference whatever to you. We cannot encourage you to emigrate.

M.—The French Dictionary was published in 1854; but the advertisement of it is renewed from time to time.

W. CARPENTER.—A good razor paste is thus prepared:—Prepared putty powder, 1 oz.; powdered oxalic acid, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz.; powdered gum, 20 grains. Make it into a stiff paste with water, and spread it evenly and thinly over the strop. With very little friction this paste gives a fine edge; its efficiency is increased by moistening it.

W. M. G.—There have been eleven painters, more or less celebrated, of the name of *Franck*, but we know of no one who spelt his name *Franks*.

H. J. W.—You will require a license to sell tea, price 11s. 6d.

ONE IGNORANT.—*Dipsomania* (from two Greek words, "thirst" and "madness") is a name given to a disease which consists in an insatiable desire for alcoholic drinks. *Meliora* means "better things."

E. A. M. D. has not re-stated her questions, and we cannot engage to search for them.

MR. GEORGE SISSON.—This gentleman, while acknowledging the correctness of our memoir of his late brother, in reference to his exemplary industry and talents, wishes us to state that the writer is misinformed as to their mother being "very illiterate, and unable to read or write." On the contrary, he says, "She taught all her children to read and write, and was scholar enough to perform all the necessary caligraphic transactions in connection with their father's business, which was that of a farm bailiff, buying and selling stock, &c."

QUEEN MAY.—If at the time of placing the ring on the lady's finger no allusion was made to matrimony, the giving

and receiving the ring could not constitute an engagement; but supposing the gentleman had no serious intentions, his conduct was very deceptive and reprehensible.

VALENTINE, FLORA, A SENSITIVE ONE, ROSA, AND ELIZABETH.—We advise "Valentine" to make the gentleman no present until he has made her one, to walk with him only in well frequented promenades, and to dispense entirely with the familiarity she mentions. "Flora" must recollect that their persons should be judged rather by their actions than their professions. This being the case, she should shun a man who could be so forgetful of propriety. "A Sensitive One" (who expresses herself remarkably well) must be on her guard lest she become too sensitive. We give her this caution without approving of the conduct of the gentleman. Etiquette as well as good feeling should have induced him to refrain from smoking when he found it was disagreeable to "A Sensitive One;" but as he is, on the main, kind-hearted and generous, we recommend his being forgiven this once. In "Rosa's" case we see no reason for John's not proposing if he really loves her, and we advise her to endeavour to drive him from her heart if he does not soon declare himself honourably. "Elizabeth" is not likely to be the chosen partner of a professional musician, unless her manners are very superior to her writing and her orthography. Our candid opinion is, that the pianist has no real regard for her, and we consider she would be much happier with a suitor of her own rank in life.

LOFTUS.—You are right; the mustard plant is not finer in Durham than in any other county, but this condiment is called Durham mustard from the following circumstance. It occurred to an old woman of the name of Clements, residing in Durham, to grind the seed in a mill and pass it through the several processes which are resorted to in making flour from wheat. Mrs. Clements kept the secret for years. She supplied the principal towns in the kingdom with her Durham mustard, and George I. approved of it and rendered it fashionable.

BEAUTY.—In reply to your question we can only state, that the "Matron" is written originally and solely for CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER. When the numbers are completed, it will probably be reproduced in a cheap form suited to the requirements of the million.

YOUTH AND AGE.—There is no reason why sleeping with a healthy though elderly lady should be injurious to the health of a little girl, excepting that the fear of disturbing this old lady might impose a restraint on the child, and this, by making her uncomfortable, would disturb her rest. To your second question the reply is, all excess in feeling is wrong, and generally produces a reaction. The passionate friendship you describe often precedes a quarrel, and final estrangement.

A COUNTRY GILL.—It was under the auspices of George III., and in the year 1768, that the Royal Academy was founded. Sir Joshua Reynolds was the first President. To him have succeeded Sir Benjamin West, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Martin Arthur Shee, and Sir Charles Eastlake.

HAMLET.—The colour and appearance of your hair, and also of your nose, depend on your general health. The limpness of hair you describe, indicates weakness. If you are not very liable to catch cold, we advise you, after the weather has become warm, to commence cold bathing (having first taken a couple of warm baths). But recollect that after bathing, you should always take sufficient exercise to promote free circulation of the blood. We recommend you to leave off using pomatum and light oil, and to use red oil. Strange as the assertion may appear, it gives an auburn hue to red hair.

L. M. N.—The pretty plumage of the Robin Red Breast, and the pleasing familiarity of its habits would make it a favourite; but there is a legend current in the West of France, that must induce us to look at this little bird with peculiar interest. This legend tells us, that while our Saviour was bearing his cross, one of these birds took a thorn from his crown, which dyed its breast; and ever since that time, Robin Redbreasts have been the friends of man.

A SAILOR.—We can readily believe that your assertions respecting the influence of the moon in warm climates are received with incredulity. You are right, nevertheless. Meat exposed to the rays of the moon in Bermuda will putrefy directly; and to sleep in the rays of the moon, while inhabiting that island, exposes one to contract dangerous and virulent fevers. Temporary blindness is another dreadful effect of exposure to the rays of the moon in high latitudes.

MARCUS.—The true love you have shown must reap its reward. Be frank with the object of your affections, and write her a letter something similar to that you have addressed to us. Do not forget to tell her that until you trembled for her life you had not been fully aware of the extent of your devotion to her. Do not (out of false delicacy) fear to touch on the sad result of her accident—viz., the loss of a limb. Assure her that this loss does not in the least alter your admiration and love. On perusing your letter she will be reassured; and we are much mistaken if the chilling reserve that distresses you so much does not make way for tenderness and gratitude.

MARIA, ISABELL, and many others.—Complexions, freckles, spots, flushed faces, hair-washes, and red noses, have been treated of at large in recent numbers of Cassell's New Series of the ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER. To these numbers we refer correspondents. We are unwilling to tire our readers with repetitions.

COLO.—Your letter is that of a clever, capable man. With perseverance you will probably secure some lucrative employment. Until you have done so your overtures are not likely to be well received by the lady's father.

DECOUC.—Your case is a painful one, but stammering may be got over, supposing the organs of articulation are uninjured. Persevere for three or four months in the simple remedy of reading aloud with the teeth closed. Do this for at least two hours in the course of each day.

A BERWICKSHIRE LABOURER'S WIFE.—Your request is reasonable, and it shall meet with attention.

A CONSTANT READER, BLUETT BAWN, AN ANXIOUS ONE, N. A. C.—"A Constant Reader," who is pretty, tall, and of the prepossessing age of seventeen, has no comfort in life because she is stout—forgetting that stoutness, when accompanied with a tall stature, is very much admired. "A

Constant Reader" must reflect on the many advantages she possesses, and cultivate a thankful rather than a repining spirit. With activity, attention to general health, and moderate exercise, there is little fear of our correspondent's becoming too fat: she is much more likely to become thin when fairly exposed to the trials and conflicts of life. "Bluett Bawn" complains, not because he is so fat, but because he is so dark. Owing to this he declares he has long been vainly trying to get a wife. There is some strange mystery about this. Dark men are generally admired by the ladies. Some of the gentlemen of the present day get strange notions into their heads, and seem to think that ladies should court instead of being courted. We suspect "Bluett Bawn" belongs to this class. Let him change his tactics—become very polite and attentive to the fair. Let him banish bashfulness;

— and we will bet
There'll be a Mrs. Bluett yet."

"An Anxious One" seems quite satisfied with her appearance, and (if her account of herself is correct) not without cause. But she does not seem to be appreciated at home. She asks our advice as to whether she ought to go into service, but before we have had time to make up our mind, she tells us of a gentleman she loves, and actually thinks we would assist her in introducing herself to him. This shows how little "An Anxious One" is aware of our horror of forwardness in the fair sex. As our correspondent is not happy at home, we think the wisest thing she can do is to go into service. If her love is reciprocated, the object of it will not lose sight of her. If otherwise, the less she sees of him the better. "N. A. C.'s" case is rather a puzzling one. That the young lady allowed her acquaintance to be made in a manner so contrary to the laws of etiquette, does not speak for her discretion, but if "N. A. C." has entered into an engagement he cannot honourably break it off, on account of an imprudence into which he lured the lady, and of course knew of when he proposed to her.

CHARLES MOSHEW.—We should be the last to put you in communication with fortune-tellers, for we greatly approve of the law which renders their impositions punishable.

MARGARET LAURIE.—The ring received in marriage with the first husband, must be removed before that of the second can (in the marriage ceremony) be placed on the finger. No law is laid down respecting the arm to be offered to an engaged lady. Her convenience must decide the point. In a public concert or ball-room you are only expected to show attentions to your own private friends.

M. TRURO.—There exists an act of parliament passed in the reign of George III. by which an individual, giving a false character of a servant, is exposed to an action if any ill consequences occur from such conduct.

ZETETIE.—We highly approve of your conduct. The young lady (by the behaviour you describe) has forfeited all claim either to your love or friendship.

A SCHOOLBOY.—You do not seem to have acquired even a faint idea of the amount of a billion. A correct idea of the sum is beyond the limits of the human mind. You will be of our opinion when we tell you that if Adam at the beginning of his existence had begun to count, and continued to do so, and was counting still, he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of our globe, have counted nearly enough.

CORNELIA.—A little dry wheaten bran rubbed frequently on the hands, will prevent their perspiring so much as to soil your lace or embroidery.

M. G. E.—A good black dye is formed by boiling logwood and green copperas in water.

HENRY M.—g.—You complain of our answer to "Valentine J.," without knowing what "Valentine J.'s" circumstances really were. You will certainly admit that they might have been such as to receive no improvement from marrying a journeyman with thirty shillings a week. On the other hand, we are willing to own that a sober, active, and kind-hearted young man might comfortably maintain an industrious, economical wife on the salary mentioned above.

J. BARTHO.—If your son were twenty-one years of age, before the expiration of his apprenticeship, he is bound to serve his master for the period of his time during which he was absent, if it be within seven years next after the expiration of such term.

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.—Unless you are in a condition to settle in life, you had better not endeavour to gain the affections, and divert the attention of a governess from her important and profitable avocations.

A FRIEND OF SOCIETY.—Kilmahnam is a town in Ireland, in a valley half a mile from Dublin. It was the seat of government before the castle at Dublin was appropriated to that purpose. Cadiz is a fortified city in Andalusia, Spain.

ISA.—Cantyre, or Kintyre (not Cantire), is in Argyleshire, in the Western Highlands of Scotland.

W. J. SAUNDERS.—Apply at the office of the City Chamberlain.

H. MONTGOMERY.—Any respectable bookseller will obtain for you the volume you desire.

CLEANLINESS.—Use a stiffish brush, and finely powdered charcoal.

ANXIOUS.—You can have the numbers you need from Messrs. Petter and Galpin, or by order from any respectable bookseller in your own town.

E. P.—Inquire of some Islington bookseller.

BOUCHON.—Consult the Parliamentary Returns of Exports and Imports published annually.

J. HAW.—The work is out of print; but you had better apply to the publisher.

** We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. I.—No. 25.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1858.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



JOHN FREDERICK SMITH, ESQ.
AUTHOR OF "SMILES AND TEARS," "DICK TARTLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," ETC

J. F. SMITH, ESQ.

IN compliance with the express desire of a very large number of subscribers, we have great pleasure in presenting the accompanying portrait of one who has contributed so much to the entertainment and instruction of our readers.

Mr. J. F. Smith is one of the most popular novelists of our age. His works, in their original language, have met with the most unequivocal success, not only in England but the Colonies and United States of America, whilst translations from them, both in fastidious France, deep-thinking Germany, as well as in Spain, have been received most enthusiastically. Few writers possess more varied powers. While awakening the interest of every intellectual reader, faithfully describing scenes of home life, graphically sketching the various phases of English character, there is still so much insight into the human heart, and so much knowledge of human nature, that his tales are universally acceptable. These are the characteristics of all truly great writers. They are not "cribbed, cabined, and confined" by national predilections. Their books have more than local interest; they depend on no single or contemporary sympathy—but are wide in their philanthropy and deep in their significance.

The novels of Mr. J. F. Smith are familiar to our subscribers. They have followed with interest the hair-breadth "scapes of the "Soldier of Fortune;" have joined company with "Dick Tarleton" in all the varied circumstances of his chequered career; have watched the shifting scenes of the "Phases of Life;" have caught the strain of the pibroch, and gazed on the gallant march of the "Young Pretender;" while from week to week his "Smiles and Tears" has excited such universal sympathy, that it has been generally pronounced the most successful work of his prolific pen. Comment on these varied productions is unnecessary. The characters which Mr. J. F. Smith has so ably drawn are realities; they are the result of extensive experience and close observation. The scenes which he has described are no mere fancy sketches; the stories which he has constructed have a truthfulness about them which insures a lengthened vitality. The high moral tone of this gentleman's compositions is a marked and honourable feature. He never panders to vice, nor paints the brutal and abandoned in attractive colours. While he has stood forth as the unflinching advocate of the poor, the wretched, and the ignorant, he has never shunned to denounce vice, whether clothed in rags or purple.

We confidently believe that Mr. J. F. Smith has rendered essential service to the cause of human progress by his highly popular fictions. He is an undoubted favourite with the reading public, and well deserves the success he has achieved. It is with great pleasure, therefore, we once more remind our subscribers that the services of this justly popular author are secured exclusively for the FAMILY PAPER, an intimation rendered necessary from his bearing a name certainly not uncommon. Mr. J. F. Smith is a native of Norwich, whose inhabitants, we doubt not, feel justly proud of including in the number of their fellow-citizens a gentleman whose name has become a household word throughout England.

ENDURE HARDSHIP.—As a gladiator trained the body, so must we train the mind to self-sacrifice, "to endure all things," to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny roads as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion at least of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease, and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek—his sinking heart confess
The might, the majesty of loveliness?

BYRON.

THE first great epoch in the dawn of manhood is when the heart finds a voice whispering the name of one loved being—when her image haunts us, and a thousand waking dreams possess the brain, painting a happy, but, alas! too often unreal, future. At this important crisis our hero had arrived; feelings, whose novelty both pleased and startled him, burst into existence—feelings graceful and tender as the earliest flowers of spring—delicious buds of opening promise.

Conscious of the importance of the motives which brought him to India, and the peculiar position in which, from the concealment of his name, he was placed, he struggled for awhile to repress the rising passion; but the task proved beyond his strength. It was in vain that he devoted himself with increased assiduity to the business of Mr. Chutnee's counting-house—even there the recollection of Lillian pursued him—or endeavoured to stifle the new-born passion by violent exercise when the affairs of the day were over. After galloping his thorough-bred Arab along the banks of the Hooghly, as desperately as if he were riding a race against time, his course invariably ended in a call at the residence of Sir Charles Fourreau, till the noble animal he bestrode became at last so well acquainted with the road which lead to it that his master had only to give him the rein, and he would proceed there of his own accord.

Neither was Lillian heart-whole. The blind god's spell had shadowed her with its musing, melancholy influence. During the day she appeared sad, lost in commune with her own thoughts, or indulging in that delicious dreaminess which renders the eye and ear inattentive to surrounding influences.

Lady Bell, who loved her with a mother's love, was not slow to perceive this change in the manner of her adopted child, and perfectly comprehended the cause. Affection is ever watchful. She had long since perceived the state of Richard's feelings with pleasure—for, of all the young men of her acquaintance, he was the only one to whom she could have consigned the innocent and lovely girl with the full and intimate conviction that, as far as manliness of heart, high principle, and devoted love, could insure the happiness of woman, he was calculated to do so.

One point alone puzzled and baffled her penetration. Although she had with infinite tact given him more than one occasion of declaring himself, he had hitherto avoided an *eclaircissement*.

His hesitation annoyed her, but did not shake her confidence in his honour or the purity of his intentions.

What a weak thing the resolution of man is when the heart rebels against its being carried out.

Richard had argued himself into the conviction that, with a sacred duty to perform, it would be wrong in him, *very wrong*, to yield to what he considered a weakness, by attempting to win the heart of Lillian under a feigned name. In the natural delicacy of his sentiments, probably he considered it something more than weakness—dishonourable.

Win the heart of Lillian! alas! it was no longer to be won, the prize was his already.

How frequently do we see resolves which those who make them vainly pronounce to be of iron, conclusions which reason has pronounced unimpeachable, give way before a word, a look, or, above all, a tear? His nature must be stern indeed when it can resist the last, especially when it falls from the eyes of those we love.

With a mind more determined than ever not to pledge the happiness of the fair girl to a future which still appeared dark and uncertain, Richard Tyrrell, at the close of his daily occupation in the counting-house, mounted his horse as usual, in the hope that action, the excitement of dashing at the whirlwind's pace along the undulating banks of the river, might cool the fever in his heart. But it was not to be cooled; exercise seemed rather to increase it. Vainly the young horseman wooed the breeze which at sunset plays along the stream; it seemed but to fan the flame. Tired out at last he relaxed the rein, and his horse cantered off in the usual direction.

"I can turn at the ghaat," thought its rider.

The landing-place was passed, but it was with the full resolution of taking the *next* turning, which led to his own home. Somehow, doubtless the youthful portion of our readers can explain why, the second intention proved as unstable as the first, and the foaming Arab drew up on the parade-ground in front of the residence of Sir Charles.

Several grooms hastened to take his horse; it was a contest amongst them which should succeed, for they had frequently experienced its rider's generosity.

On entering the saloon, Richard found that it was untenanted. Neither Lady Bell nor her adopted child were there. The former was engaged in giving directions to Rose for the journey on the following day to the hills. The veranda, which looked upon an extensive garden at the back of the house, invited him to walk forth in the hope of finding them.

Lillian, a prey to her secret meditations, had only preceded him a few minutes. He discovered her seated under the shade of a wide-spreading peepul tree, whose rich flowers sent forth a delicious perfume.

His approach was unnoticed till he stood before her. The fair girl, conscious upon whom her thoughts had been engaged, started to her feet and blushed deeply as she extended her hand to him.

It trembled within his.

"I thought I should find you here," he exclaimed. "The saloon is untenanted."

"Lady Bell is engaged," replied the maiden; "and the freshness of the evening tempted me to the garden. I will inform her ladyship that you are here."

"Do not let me drive you away," said our hero, still retaining her hand in his. "It is the hour for enjoying the beauty of nature."

The eyes of the speaker were riveted upon one of her masterpieces. Never had he seen her look so lovely.

The lovers—for unconsciously they were such—lingered for a few moments, watching one of those glorious sunsets which Claude might have mistaken for an Indian scene, so broad was the flood of golden light upon the slopes of the garden and the distant hills crested with the feathery palm and underwood of richly-tinted foliage.

Both were silent; they felt too happy in each other's society to break the spell by words which neither dared to make the echo of their thoughts.

The air, laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers, whose delicate leaves it scarcely ruffled in its course, was so calm and still, that the buzz of the myriad insects, and amongst others the fire-fly, which already began to put forth its phosphorescent light, could be distinctly heard.

But although the voices of the youthful pair were hushed, their hearts communicated through their mutual sympathy with the beautiful in nature. Their eyes, too, were eloquent; for, scarcely had one discovered some fresh charm in the glowing landscape, than a glance pointed it out, and communicated the pleasure it afforded to the other.

To Lillian this dream-like happiness was as unalloyed as her own innocent nature. If her feelings were deep, they were also calm as the placid lake which encircling mountains screen from the storm's rude breath. Not so her companion's—there was an alloy in his felicity; his heart longed to speak, to pour forth the eloquent passion of a love, whose burning words rose to his lips.

The thought of the future, however, still restrained him.

"This scene is indeed beautiful," observed Richard Tyrrell, at last breaking the silence. "Never till this moment did I appreciate the full loveliness of the Indian landscape—its graceful palms, brilliant vegetation, undulating hills, and cloudless skies. Its beauties, compared with those of our distant island home, are of a less tender, thoughtful character, if I may be allowed the expression, but far more magnificent."

"You have described in a few words the characteristics of both lands," she replied. "India is magnificent, and you appear so charmed with its glorious skies, its dreams, and poetry, that I presume it is your intention to remain in it."

"Perhaps!"

Lillian regarded him inquiringly.

"I am like a bark without rudder or compass at present," he continued, "at the mercy of the waves or accident; they may cast me on some desert shore, without one hope for the wrecked heart to shelter in."

"Say, rather, on some verdant isle," observed his companion, in a tone which betrayed the deep interest she felt in his welfare, "where you may find a home of happiness and sweet content. Fie, Richard, fie!" she added, for she had long since ceased to address

him by the formal appellation of Mr. Tyrrell; "why doubt the goodness of Providence or the energies of your own highly gifted nature?"

"It is not energy I require," answered the young man. "I am sure not."

"Or an aim; unfortunately, I possess both. It is that I perceive as yet no termination to the task I have imposed—the difficulties appear impassable."

"Impassable!" repeated the orphan, "to perseverance and—"

She hesitated, not liking to pronounce the word.

"Wealth!" he exclaimed, finishing the sentence for her. "True, I am rich, but the heart has other feelings and aspirations than those which gold can gratify."

Lillian blushed deeply, and turned aside. "Love," he continued, "leaping with the word the barriers of prudence and reserve which he had lately pronounced impassable. "Nay, turn not from me, for my destiny, my future happiness, depend upon this moment. I love you, Lillian, not with a boyish passion that were unworthy of you; but with manhood's fervour, reason's constancy. I know that I am unworthy of the return I ask; but one word—one little word—will make me less so, for it will give me hope, fresh courage to accomplish the sacred task I have assigned myself."

Both the speakers were children of nature, perfectly unfettered by the cold and artful forms which too frequently destroy the ingenuousness of youth. The word he alluded to, the word which was to exercise such an extraordinary influence over his future destiny, was spoken, or rather whispered, for Lillian breathed it forth so gently that none but a lover's ears could have caught the sound.

In an instant he was upon his knees, covering her trembling hand with a thousand kisses, and uttering vows which, when the heart is true, are graven upon it indelibly as on the granite; when false, transient as those which passion writes on sand.

We need not paint the intoxication of the moment when first the lip of woman breathes into the ear of manhood the confession of its love. The soul expands—enters on a new existence—and all around partakes of Eden's bliss.

"Oh, Richard," exclaimed the fair girl, "I have acted selfishly, ungenerously by you. Take back the vow I never should have received."

"What mean you?"

"That I am poor—"

"Rich, Lillian," interrupted her lover. "Rich in life's best graces—beauty, gentleness, and goodness. Such were an angel's dower."

"My birth too humble. The affection of Sir Charles and Lady Bell are my only passport to the circles I move in—the consideration which surrounds me."

"Is virtue nothing?" he replied. "Do not wrong yourself or the world by supposing that all men estimate your sex by the adventitious advantages of birth and fortune. No, Lillian, no, had you been as poor and humble as you paint yourself, my heart could never know another choice."

For several moments the speakers stood absorbed in their dream of love; but, to Richard, mingling with that dream came other thoughts. The declaration of his passion, and the avowal that it was shared, rendered an explanation with Sir Charles and Lady Bell imperative. Honour demanded it; and faithful to its dictates, he resolved at once to obey them by candidly revealing to the guardians of Lillian the circumstances under which he quitted England.

Fortunately he had in his pocket-book a letter which he had received that very day from his grandfather.

Drawing the arm of the fair girl within his, he led her towards the house, where he found both the baronet and her ladyship in the saloon.

As they quitted the garden, an Indian girl, named Kehoda, who had attended upon Lillian from the time of her arrival in Calcutta, emerged from a clump of trees, where she had been a concealed witness of their interview. Like an ill-omened shadow she glided from the grounds in an opposite direction, yet turned occasionally to watch the youthful pair, on whom she cast looks of hate and passion.

"In the garden so late," observed Sir Charles, seriously; "you forget, Lillian, that the night dews are dangerous."

The gravity of the speaker's tone and manner was occasioned by a feeling that Richard Tyrrell had not yet made his intentions as clear as he considered he ought to have done. Lady Bell, with a woman's tact, perceived at once what had occurred; and, taking Lillian by the arm, she led her from the room, leaving the two gentlemen to come to an explanation.

"Sir Charles," said our hero, with manly frankness, "I am glad that I have found you: for I could not have endured the suspense of a night, scarcely of an hour. The time has arrived when I must claim your indulgence."

The soldier bowed.

"And assistance: for I have deceived you."

His hearer looked surprised.

"I love Lillian."

"That I have long perceived," replied her guardian, "and wondered at your silence."

"She has blessed me by the avowal of her love," continued the youth; "and the happiness or misery of my life must depend on your decision."

"A few minutes since," said Sir Charles, "and I should have answered that this confession had fulfilled one of the secret wishes of my heart; but now I pause. I am a soldier, Mr. Tyrrell, and have a soldier's ideas of honour and straightforwardness, that cannot understand deceit. If the confessions which I presume, you are about to make merely imply that you are poor, I reply frankly, and at once, that fortune is not a consideration."

"I am rich enough, and shall, in all probability, one day be more so," replied the lover of Lillian.

"Perhaps it may affect your birth," observed the gentleman. "I have no prejudice on that score. The parents of my ward were, I believe, of humble origin."

"My birth," said Richard, "is as respectable as your own, Sir Charles—not noble, I avow—"

"If character, Mr. Tyrrell," interrupted the baronet, "I state at once that unblemished honour is an indispensable condition. Lillian must never blush for the name of her husband."

"The name of Tyrrell is not mine."

"Indeed!"

"It was the name of my maternal grandmother."

His hearer bowed stiffly.

"I am the grandson of one of the wealthiest of our English merchants—a man whose character stands high in the mart of trade, and unsullied in the eyes of the world. It was by his consent—nay, I may add entreaty—that I visited India under an assumed name."

"And the motive?"

"To rescue my father from an unmerited accusation—to clear his honour in my grandfather's eyes and in those of the world."

With the eloquence of truth and nature, our hero proceeded to relate the circumstances of his mother's marriage, her parents' anger and disappointment, the fatal weakness of her husband, the poverty into which they had fallen, his own temptation and its consequences. When he had done he concluded by placing in the hands of Sir Charles the last letter he had received from Mr. Bently.

There was something extraordinary in the narration; but, confirmed as it was by certain passages in his grandfather's letter, Sir Charles became convinced of its truthfulness. What but a high sense of honour could have induced the speaker to avow circumstances so painful to his feelings, humiliating to his pride, when he had but to maintain silence on the subject and all would have passed unsuspected? The recommendation of Mr. Curry and the introduction of the house of Chutnee and Company would have lulled all suspicion.

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Sir Charles, extending his hand to him, which the young man shook most cordially; "strange as your story is, I believe every word of it; and will not conceal from you that you have removed a most unpleasant suspicion from my mind. When you spoke of having deceived me, I expected something far more terrible. The concealment of your real name, under the circumstances, was not only advisable but necessary."

"And I may hope—"

"Everything," replied the guardian of Lillian. "But you are both too young to think of marriage yet. Another year, my term of service will have expired, and I shall return to England."

"Alas!" exclaimed Richard, "my task may not be accomplished."

"Pooh! like most lovers, you first create a demon, and then turn pale at the monster you have made. We will bring the affair to an end long before the time arrives. You have given me a right by your confidence to interfere."

"What is the name of the firm," he added, "through which the acceptances were cashed in India?"

"Al Moorad and Company," replied our hero.

"Of Calcutta?"

"Yes."

The baronet made a note in his pocket-book.

"The senior partner," he observed, "died about two years since enormously wealthy. By his will, he directed that all his capital should be withdrawn from the firm, and distributed to his heirs; and I have heard that his successors are embarrassed occasionally for want of funds."

"I can answer that it is so," replied the young

man; "twice, within the week, has Al Moorad been at our counting-house to solicit accommodation."

Sir Charles made a second memorandum.

"Have you much paper of his?" he asked.

"About five hundred and fifty thousand rupees."

"And what said Mr. Chutnee?"

"Declined his request; but Sanford, the managing clerk, talked him over till he consented. If there has been foul play, Sanford is the man I suspect."

"What are his antecedents?"

"He was a clerk in my relative's commercial establishment."

"Who sent him out to India?"

"My grandfather, on the recommendation of his nephew, Carus Kearny, who, at one time, was destined to be the husband of my mother."

"And do you suspect this nephew?"

"I do," replied Richard, "but it is without proof."

"Good," muttered the old soldier, pleased with his candour.

"In the next place, his uncle always avoided speaking of him in my presence."

"That is strange," observed Sir Charles Fourreau, musingly; "perhaps Mr. Bently feared to excite your jealousy."

"On what subject?"

"His fortune."

"It might have been mine before I came to India," answered our hero, modestly, "for the old man loves me, and when I first stated to him my intention of quitting England, of devoting my energies to clearing my father's fame, offered to settle his vast wealth on me irrevocably by deed of gift."

"Without conditions?"

"On the contrary, he wished to impose two."

"May I ask them?"

"The first was that I should consent to bear his name."

"You might have accepted that," observed Sir Charles.

"I did."

"And the second?"

"That I renounced all intercourse with my parents."

"Which you rejected?"

"With scorn," replied the young man; "for I would not barter the love of my dear mother and sister Mary for all the coined wealth of the universe; it would have been an act of infamy and cowardice, for I should have fixed the brand of reprobation on my father."

"You acted rightly," said his hearer, deeply moved by the manly, spirited conduct of the youth, who continued—

"If I consented to the estrangement for years from my parents which my grandfather enforced, it was from the conviction that the sorrow and self-reproach occasioned by my loss were necessary to confirm an erring father in the path of reformation, and not from an ignoble desire of personal advantage, or doubt of his honesty. I could as soon," he added, "doubt the truth of heaven, the purity of Lillian, or the kind friendship of Sir Charles Fourreau."

"It was your own proposal, then, to come to India and hunt out the core of this sad mystery?"

"It was."

"And your grandfather?"

"Consented most reluctantly; for I will not conceal from you that his suspicions, amounting almost to a conviction, are unfavourable to my father. He provided me, however, with the means of maintaining the position which I one day trust to hold; used his influence to procure me letters from the prime minister to the governor-general, and an introduction to the house of Chutnee and Company."

"But why the latter?"

"I selected it."

"Because this Sanford is the managing clerk there?"

"Even so."

"And wisely, too, my dear boy. I see it all; there is not a part or fragment of your somewhat singular history but dovetails and tallies with strict truth. You may find my assistance of more value than you at first imagined: I know something of the Indian character and the key to unlock their hearts. But come," he continued, "neither my wife nor my ward must be kept in suspense as to the result of our conversation. I will myself confide as much as I deem necessary to the former."

"And Lillian?"

"I authorise—nay, advise you to conceal all this from her," replied the baronet. "It can answer no good purpose to cloud the dawn of her young happiness with doubts and fears. The heart of a girl, when love first enters it, is easily alarmed by the thought of danger to the object of its choice."

Taking his visitor by the arm, the speaker proceeded with him from the *salon* to the *boudoir* of his

wife, where the ladies were anxiously expecting their arrival—the orphan all blushes and agitation, and Lady Bell not quite satisfied at what she considered a somewhat unnecessary delay.

A smile from her husband reassured her. Drawing Lillian towards him, he kissed her with the utmost tenderness; then, placing her hand in Richard's, left the room. His wife only waited to bestow a similar favour upon our hero, to follow him. "You have spoken with my guardian?" inquired Lillian, modestly.

"I have; he is the best and noblest of mankind—he understood me, believed, trusted me, where many might have doubted. I shall owe to his confidence and your love the happiness of my life."

The simple-minded girl expressed no surprise, for she felt none. How could it enter her imagination, as she gazed upon the eloquent features and listened to the penetrating accents of his voice, that any one could doubt his truth?

It appeared monstrous—impossible.

CHAPTER L.

Sisters of Acheron, go hand in hand,
Go dance around the bow'r, inclose them in,
And tell them that I sent you to salute them.
Profane the ground, and, for the ambrosial rose
And breath of jessamine, let hemlock blacken,
And deadly nightshade poison all the air;
Let serpents, twining up the trees, let fall
Their hissing necks upon them from above,
And mingle kisses, such as I would give them.

YOUNG.

At daybreak the following morning the happy party started on horseback, to pay their promised visit to Mrs. Chutnee at her country residence, situated in a sheltered nook amongst the undulating chain of hills which form the right bank of the Hooghly.

The ladies wore riding habits of the thinnest nankeen, and large straw hats to guard them from the sun, which even at that early hour darted its burning rays upon the bosom of the earth, absorbing with a bacchanal's thirsty kiss the dew of the preceding night. The baronet and our hero, like all travellers in India, were dressed in white cotton frockcoats and trousers; whilst the costumes of the native grooms, of Kehoda, Lillian's Hindoo attendant, and the military undress of Corporal Stock, who never permitted his master to go anywhere without him, added to the picturesque appearance of the group which Nelson, Richard's Newfoundland dog, preceded, bounding with joy. Despite his thick curly coat, and incessant gambols, the noble animal appeared to suffer less from the heat than either the horses or their riders. Their place of destination was one of those delicious retreats the merchant princes of India prize themselves on possessing in the immediate neighbourhood of Calcutta, to which they generally retreat with their families during the intense heat of the summer months. Architecturally speaking, the house had not a single beauty to recommend it, and resembled a huge bungalow rather than a mansion, being a low, irregular pile, one storey high, with a broad veranda running the entire length of the facade, and connecting it with the offices, which stood a little apart from the principal building.

Art could not have added to, however unsuccessfully it might have marred, the loveliness of the spot, where nature reigned in graceful luxuriance. At the back of the house rose a thick wood, enfolding it in its shade; above the trees rose the feathery crest of the regal palm, defying rivalry; whilst the flowering poplar, and magnificent magnolia, perfumed every breath of air with the fragrance of their blossoms.

In front of this retreat, which, it must be confessed, the merchant had selected with great taste, was a small lake well stocked with gold fish and water fowl; on its banks, the blue-crested crane might be seen watching with patient gravity, till its finny prey approached the shallow waters, when suddenly it would dart its long neck beneath them, and spreading its strong wings, rise with some scaly victim struggling helplessly in its beak.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Lillian, as the party simultaneously drew rein to gaze upon the scene we have attempted to describe.

"England has spots that may compare to it," quietly observed Sir Charles, after a pause.

Rose, who was in attendance upon Lady Bell, sighed at the remark. India to her was a land of exile—not of promise.

"Do you not think so?" added the speaker, addressing himself to our hero.

How could our hero agree with him? True, he had contemplated many a spot of great beauty, both in Jersey and Devonshire—but never with Lillian by

his side. Her presence would have transformed even a desert into fairy-land; and the landscape must have been sterile indeed which, under such circumstances, he would not have pronounced unrivalled.

"How is it possible Mr. Tyrrell should be of your opinion?" demanded Lady Bell.

"Why not?"

"Why not?" repeated her ladyship, laughingly. "O you men, you men! what unimaginative creatures you are, with eyes only for the material. Do you remember the fish-pond at the Cedars?"

"Perfectly," answered her husband, slightly embarrassed, for he began to comprehend her.

The Cedars was the name of the seat of the two maiden aunts of his wife, and the place where Sir Charles had wooed and won his bride.

"And the boat, the tame ducks, the rustic seat under the old elm?"

"Can I ever forget them?" exclaimed the baronet, gallantly.

"You once pronounced that little pond, with its creamy, mantling face, more picturesque than the Lake of Geneva; and the fat ducks, the rustic seat, and elm—"

"The most romantic accessories!" interrupted the gentleman. "And I think so still. There, I have said my *mea culpa*; forgive me!"

The pardon was conveyed to him in a smile.

"Richard," said the speaker, good-humouredly, "be careful of your vows. Remember that every word will be written down against you, and that to break or forget a single one of them will be considered little short of treason and punished accordingly."

"I have no fear," replied our hero, with a glance of intense affection towards Lillian; "for mine are registered in my heart."

At this moment Nelson, who probably considered that the speakers had indulged in their contemplation of the scene long enough, bounded forwards with a joyous bark, dashed into the lake, scattering the terrified water-fowl in all directions. At the repeated call of his master the noble animal returned, shaking his dripping coat, and looking as penitent as any well-bred dog could be expected to look after such an escapade.

The visitors once more gave their horses the rein, for Zamora appeared in the veranda waving her handkerchief with child-like joy in sign of welcome, and a short canter brought the party to the house.

After the usual greetings, the mistress of the mansion, leaving the gentlemen to the care of her husband, conducted the ladies to their rooms, to change their travelling costume.

"Lillian," she said, after regarding her attentively, "how you are changed!"

The fair girl blushed deeply.

"You have lost that sad and thoughtful air, which lately cast a shadow on your features," she continued. "Were I to read your heart through your eyes, I should say it danced for joy."

"And you would judge rightly," answered Lady Bell, drawing her adopted daughter towards her. "We must have no secrets, my love," she added, "from Zamora."

"No, mamma."

With a bright and sunny smile—which could only have been reflected from a pure and virtuous heart—Mrs. Chutnee threw her arms round the orphan and kissed her; she comprehended her happiness. There was no occasion for words—the action expressed her sympathy far more eloquently.

"I believe," exclaimed the speaker, after a moment's thoughtfulness, "that I ought to feel terribly disappointed."

Her visitors repeated the word with surprise.

"And exceedingly ill-used," continued her hostess, with difficulty repressing one of her joyous laughs. "I had made up my mind that the *éclaircissement* should take place here—arranged such a pretty surprise—instead of which, I am the party surprised."

"You will forgive me," said Lillian: "it was not my fault."

"I believe it was your fault," replied Zamora, gravely; "you have no business to look so provokingly beautiful. How could the poor fellow help it? And I can't even be bridesmaid on the occasion. Will any one divorce me," she added; "only for a day—one little day?"

"Your husband might object to that," observed her ladyship, laughingly.

"Not unlikely," answered Mrs. Chutnee, "men are so unreasonable. Not all, Lillian," she continued, with a smile of encouragement; "Sir Charles, for instance, is one exception."

"And Richard is another," observed the fair girl, in a tone so gentle and full of confidence that it sounded like the murmuring of a happy dream.

Left to herself, our heroine fell into one of those

delicious reveries which haunt the heart of youth,—occasionally visit it in age, melting the frost winter has gathered round it. There is something too sacred in that which Shakespeare has felicitously characterised as

"Maiden meditation fancy free,"

for the pen to describe. In fact, we know of no pen, save his own, qualified for the task; and even he shrank from it. How, then, can we presume to venture on the attempt? As well seek to paint the tints of the rainbow, or the ever-varying hues of the feathery-crested waves kissed by the sunset ray.

Raising her eyes suddenly, Lillian beheld her attendant, Kehoda, standing with her arms folded at a short distance from her. There was something in the features of the Indian girl which, had she been a stranger, would have startled her—her large, dreamy eyes were riveted upon her face, with what seemed a menacing expression, and her lips, from which the colour had fled, were closely compressed together.

"Are you ill?" demanded her mistress, kindly.

The sound of her voice seemed to break the spell under which the Hindoo girl laboured, and in an instant her countenance resumed its ordinary calm repose.

"Not ill," was the reply; "it is the heart that suffers."

Our heroine regarded her with surprise.

"Kehoda," added the girl, "was born near this spot, and has a sister in the temple of the goddess Mariatele, a few miles distant."

"And you would visit her!" exclaimed Lillian; "renew the love of childhood—fold her in your arms—listen to the words of affection?"

The Hindoo bowed gracefully.

"Depart at once," added the speaker. "It would be cruel to detain you."

Kehoda muttered something about assisting her to dress.

"A few minutes will suffice for that," observed her happy mistress. "Twine these flowers in my hair, and—there, I can do the rest myself."

The toilette of the fair speaker was speedily completed, who, renewing the permission she had previously given, quitted the room, leaving her attendant by herself.

"I must go," muttered Kehoda, as soon as the receding footsteps of Lillian warned her that she was alone. "I am summoned, and dare not disobey the token, which can only be meant for me."

She pointed as she spoke to a superb lotus flower surrounded by blossoms of the yellow tamisk, forming the centre of a large bouquet placed conspicuously on the dressing-table.

"It means danger to one or both of them," she continued, musingly; "but why should I regret it? Richard Tyrrell has no love for the poor Indian girl; his heart is fixed upon her mistress. And hers upon him," she added, bitterly; "I can read it in the blush which mantles her pale face whenever he is named; but, oh, she does not, cannot love him with a love like mine!"

Here the speaker crossed her arms over her bosom, and seated herself upon the ground, despondingly.

"What can the Christian girls know of love?" she resumed, in a tone of sorrow. "The sun, which disdains to kiss their sickly cheeks, kindles no passion in their hearts, which are cold as the waters of oblivion. Why should she be preferred to me?" she continued. "Am I less beautiful? my form less graceful? Could he but see me as I once appeared, within the temple, before the priests, who, to further their dark policy, condemned me to quit its sacred precincts and assume the garb of servitude, to act the part of spy upon the race they fear."

Rising from her lowly seat, the speaker drew her veil around her, after the manner of her countrywomen when they wish to avoid being recognised, and quitted the house. As she glided like a shadow into the wood, her eyes fell upon our hero and Lillian standing together in the veranda, and the sight increased the bitterness of her feelings.

"Smile whilst you may," she muttered between her close-set teeth. "Soon will your joy be changed to grief, for night does not more surely follow the close of day than the hate of Kehoda and those she serves shall overtake you."

To avoid a repetition of a sight so distasteful to her jealous feelings, the unhappy girl—unhappy in her misplaced passion—plunged into the deepest recesses of the wood, every winding of which from childhood had been familiar to her, and with feverish steps pursued her way till she stood in front of the temple of Mariatele.

To such of our readers as are unacquainted with the peculiarities of the Hindoo mythology, it may be necessary to state that Mariatele is the name of a goddess who is supposed to take the pariahs, thieves, —including the respectable fraternity of Thugs, or



THE DECLARATION

strangers—and the outcasts of every caste, under her immediate protection. If her temples are not the most magnificent, they at least class with the richest in India. It is in their recesses that the Nautch or dancing girls are trained, rites and mysteries celebrated which good taste forbids us to describe, and the mere toleration of which is a reproach to the Christian rulers of India.

How could the Hindoo—who, after all, is more logical in his reasoning than we give him credit for—believe that Englishmen were sincere in the faith they professed, when they saw them not only subsidising the priesthood of an obscene, idolatrous worship, but too often witnessing its horrors?

We have a fearful account to give of our conduct in India—may the future atone for the past!

The chief of the temple was an aged Brahmin, named Nadir, a man exceedingly well known to the native inhabitants of Calcutta from his reputed sanctity; and, we regret to add, to the young officers and cadets of the Indian army, many of whom were in the habit of visiting him at the shrine of the false deity he served. He was a tall, venerable-looking man, with a long, flowing beard, white as snow, and a face puckered into a thousand wrinkles, especially about the eyes, which, when not cast down (as they generally were) towards the earth, betrayed great cunning and mingled ferocity of expression.

Al Moorad and Nadir were seated upon a pile of cushions, in one of the most secret recesses of the temple—a large vaulted chamber, upon whose walls native artists had painted the incarnations of Vishnu. The countenance of the banker betrayed great irritation and impatience, whilst that of his companion appeared calm and passionless.

"Wait," said the latter, emphatically, "Time vanquishes all save faith."

"Wait!" repeated his disciple, in an angry tone: "I have waited till my heart is turned to gall. I tell you, father, that I love this Christian girl wildly—madly—hopelessly!"

"Not hopelessly," answered the priest, "since I have promised to make her yours: and when did Nadir break his word?"

"It is on the faith of that promise," observed Al Moorad, "that I have sold myself—risked life and fortune upon a project which—"

"Must succeed," added the old man; "the gods have willed it. The hour of our shame and subjugation is passing rapidly away. The rule of the infidel conquerors of India's hundred thrones will soon be broken!"

"You believe this," exclaimed his hearer, "with your experience?"

"The gods have willed it!" repeated the Brahmin, in the same cold and unimpassioned tone. "It is written in the holy Vedas!"

This was an assertion which no faithful follower would dare dispute, unanswerable from an ambitious priesthood, who pretend to an exclusive right of interpreting the sacred books.

"You know, father, that I have a rival," said the Hindoo, after a pause.

"I have not forgotten him," was the reply; and the eyes of the speaker sparkled with hate.

"A successful one?"

"So my spy informs me."

"You promised to remove him," added Al Moorad, moodily.

"And will keep my promise," answered the old priest. "To accomplish it, I have summoned Kehoda to the temple. The token hath gone forth."

"She may disobey it." The priest touched the mystical cord, the emblem of his sacerdotal rank, which hung from his right shoulder.

"You forget," he said, "that she is a sworn servant of the temple, and that the penalty of disobedience is death."

Libertine and heartless as he was, his hearer shuddered: for, being one of the initiated, he knew the peculiar kind of death the speaker alluded to.

We cannot explain ourselves more clearly on the subject, but many a retired Indian officer, when he peruses these pages, will comprehend it. The suttee and infanticide were not the only murders committed under the sanction of priesthood in India.

In order to cheer the spirits of his guest and wife

away the hours till the arrival of the girl, Nadir clapped his hands thrice, a signal for the *alma*, or dancing girls, of the temple to appear. Probably they had expected to be summoned: for, in an instant, they came bounding in to the sound of distant music, and executed one of their religious dances.

As they concluded, Kehoda made her appearance—no longer clad in the simple costume which she wore in the house of Sir Charles Forreau, but in a light dress tissue, which floated like a silver mist around her form, half veiling its exquisite proportions. Strings of pearls were round her neck, and bangles of gold upon her ankles and arms.

At a second signal from the priest, all the females except the last came retired, and she stood with her arms folded in an attitude of profound respect before him.

"It is well," said the old man, "you have received my summons."

"On entering the house of the Frangi, the sacred lotus, emblem of duty, and the tamrisk, token of death for disobedience, met my gaze."

"And how like you this residence with the Christians in Calcutta?" demanded Nadir, eyeing her curiously.

"As the flower of the garden when transported to the desert," replied the girl. "My heart consumes there."

"For love, perhaps."

For an instant the *alma* girl appeared slightly agitated, then, raising her dark eyes, and fixing them reproachfully upon the speaker, she asked, in a subdued tone—

"What has the initiated and devoted to Maratelo to do with love?"

The old man nodded approvingly.

"True," he said; "the question was a needless one. Hold forth your hand."

Kehoda extended it towards him. He rubbed the palm and fingers with the leaves of some plant which he took from a small packet in his girdle.

"Have you faith?" he asked.

"I have faith," was the response.

"Draw forth the contents of yonder vessel, then."

answered the Brahmin, at the same time pointing to a vase of porcelain in one corner of the room.

Kehoda did as she was commanded, first removing the lid. The instant that she did so, the head of the cobra—the deadliest of the serpent tribe—rose above the opening, its hood distended in sign of anger, and hissing fearfully; but, without a moment's hesitation, the girl grasped it gently in her hand—when, strange to say, the rage of the reptile seemed gradually to subside; and, although she held it gently, it made no effort either to bite or to escape.

"What am I to do with it?" she demanded, without moving a muscle of her features, or betraying the least symptom of fear. Probably she was aware that the precaution taken was an efficient antidote.

"Return to the house of the merchant Chutnee," replied Nadir.

"The will of the priest is law to Kehoda," answered the girl.

"And place the cobra in the bed of the young Englishman, Tyrell."

For an instant the girl appeared to hesitate; but the knowledge of the dreadful fate that awaited her should she betray her feelings, nerved her with desperate courage, and she once more exclaimed aloud—

"The will of the priest is law to Kehoda."

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

SINCERITY.

HONESTY belongs as much to language and life as to the pocket. A man who is insincere in his expressions, and who regulates his outer life by principles for which he has no reverence in his heart, is dishonest—even though he pays every account with scrupulous punctuality. There are thousands of dishonest talkers and dishonest lives in the world, and against joining their ranks youth cannot be too strongly warned. We would say to our young readers, forget not that important element in every upright character—sincerity. Remember that sincerity will adorn your intellect and ennoble your heart; that it will make you respected and esteemed in the sight of all true men; that it will make your life attractive, your language forcible, your influence benign.

In the first place, the companionship of the sincere is most attractive to all men of merit. "Of all the divinities that nature has discovered to the mind of man, the most beautiful is truth." So said one of the heathen writers. Christianity teaches us the same lesson, and the word of inspiration tells us "the lips of truth shall be established for ever."

The sincere man verifies to himself and all the world that "he is a freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves beside." His latent virtues render him fascinating, and his purity of purpose is a constant source of solace and defence. His honesty may offend the flippant, or exasperate the vicious, but it wins the favour of all those whose favour is of solid worth. It insures also an inward satisfaction which amply repays any loss it may occasion. Morally, we are not to be like oarsmen pulling one way and looking another. We are not to be outwardly what we are not inwardly. We have not to play a part, but to live a life. A little sterling gold—though obscured—is far better than a great deal of burnished and ostentatious brass. And just so a little plain sincerity is more really valuable than the most complete and elaborate counterfeit.

We remark, in the second place, that the language of sincerity is always the more forcible. The way to speak with power, or to write burning words, is to speak and write honestly. He who draws from his own sincere convictions, will touch and thrill kindred sentiments in every other breast. Hence the wisdom of Sidney's maxim, "Look into thy heart and write."

Superficial minds usually lack sincerity—strong ones never; for those who are honest in their opposition, right or wrong, found their reason and their conduct on what they feel to be true. "Let him," says Thomas Carlyle, "who would move and convince others, be first moved and convinced himself."

No man can be first-rate who is not thoroughly sincere. An experienced barrister once remarked, that he never feared the effect upon a jury of a lawyer who did not believe in his heart that his client ought to have a verdict.

In the third place, we notice that the influence of the sincere man is in every way benign. Men by force elevate empires, which under force are again speedily reduced to ruin. Sooner or later force over-

comes force. But sincerity is invincible. The man who utters a great truth, or makes an important discovery in the physical or intellectual world, has accomplished something which no force can destroy, and which is left for the use and profit of all succeeding ages.

In every period of the world's history men have arisen who, in the benign influence of their lives, have proved that sincerity is the element of the greatest power. By these men the world has been advanced. They have not marched triumphant over the globe—terror heralding their approach, and desolation following in their train—but they have accomplished great and active victories, beside which those of Cyrus, Alexander, and Caesar sink into insignificance. They have dwelt in some obscure quarter, they have been poor, persecuted, and despised, but they have worked on bravely; and have left the world better than they found it. Sincerity is a homely virtue that finds its proper place in daily conduct, and in the commonest affairs of life; and which, wherever it exists, imparts dignity and nobility to the character. We cannot, therefore, urge too strongly on the reader the necessity and advantage of sincerity in all the affairs of life. Be true—be honest—an honest man is the noblest work of God.

FRENCH LESSONS.

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF ACQUIRING THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

CHAPTER III.

ON the following morning, instead of receiving the usual salutation, George was greeted with a correct repetition of all the French sentences dictated to Robert during the preceding lesson.

"I do so long to have acquired the pronunciation, dear George," said the pupil, when his French was exhausted, "and to be able to read anything placed before me without putting your patience and ingenuity to so severe a test, by making you spell every sound for me."

"I am glad to see you are ambitious, Robert," replied his friend. "You may be sure the sooner you can run alone, the better pleased I shall be; and by acquiring the vowel sounds we left unconsidered during the last lesson, you will be taking a very important step."

"A and e you are now quite familiar with, and you know how in French these letters are sounded, in all their modifications. I and o will form the chief subject of to-day's study. As to u, it was included in the remarks about e; and if you were really as attentive as you seemed to be, you must have conquered the sound of that very peculiar vowel."

"On referring to your alphabet with sounds, you will perceive that in French the general sound of i is that of our e. We will now go on to consider its sound when formed into a syllable with other letters."

"I with e, t, s, or l, is sounded the same as when alone, but if the consonant placed after the i should itself be followed by a vowel, then that consonant is sounded."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	SOUND.
It is terrible.	C'est terrible.	Say terreeble.
You are little.	Vous êtes petit.	Voozate pee-tee.
The child is pleasing.	L'enfant est gentil.	Longfaung ashong-tee.
She is pretty.	Elle est jolie.	Ella shoole.
No, said he.	Non, dit il.	Nong, dectee.
A last resource.	Un pis-aller.	Ung pee-zallay.
He is there.	Il est là.	Ill a lah.

"In French the vowel o has much the same sound as with us, and when made into a syllable with t, s, or p, it sounds just the same as if it were alone; but if, when these consonants are placed after o, a vowel should follow them, then the said consonants must be sounded."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	SOUND.
A modern thing.	Une chose moderne.	Une shoze modairn.
What! so soon?	Comment! si tôt?	Kommaung! see toe?
Here are the backs.	Voici les dos.	Vwacie lay doe.
It is too much.	C'est trop.	Say tro.
The first people in the town.	Les notables de la ville.	Lay notahble de lah veel.
Do you dare?	Osez-vous?	Ozay voo.
Too ardent.	Trop ardente.	Trop ardente.

"I have not yet quite done with o. When i, is, or it are placed after it, it has the sound of wa in the word water."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	SOUND.
For myself, I like	Moi je l'aime.	Mwa she laime.
I see you.	Je vous vois.	She voo vwa.
He owes me six pence.	Il me doit six sous.	Ill me dwa see soos.
	Anglais.	Aunglay.

"But the s or t placed after the oi must be sounded if followed by a vowel."

EXAMPLES.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	SOUND.
He must be good.	Il doit être sage.	Ill dwat altre sahshé.
Be attentive.	Sois attentif.	Swas ahtaungtiff.

"So much for the vowel sounds; and, to tell you the truth, I am glad we have reached the last one. They test the patience both of teacher and learner."

"The consonants are so much like our own in their influence on syllables, that I do not think we need enter into any great detail about them, particularly as I take it for granted you always have the sounded alphabet open before you. Our th (in pronouncing which foreigners find so much difficulty) the French pronounce as though it were a simple t, but they hardly use it except in words they borrow from other languages."

"As I am tired now of giving explanations about sounds, I feel certain, Robert, you must be so too; and we will quickly turn to something else. I would not on any account that in learning French you should become acquainted with the disgust that follows weariness."

"In the next lesson we will finish up the sounds of letters, and then have some fresh, useful sentences and indispensable words, and in due time will follow rules, to enable you to make up these words into correct sentences yourself."

"Let me now dictate to you a little anecdote. Don't look so frightened. If I spell the words aloud, surely you can write them down, and when I have translated them, you can understand them. Now, Robert, take your pen and begin."

ANECDOTE (IN FRENCH).

"On observait à M. de Montal que les ennemis paraissaient être supérieurs en nombre. 'Soyons courageux,' dit-il, 'nous les compterons quand nous les aurons défaits.'"

ANECDOTE (AS SOUNDED).

"Ong obzervait ah M. de Mongtah! ke lays enne-mee pahraysait aitre supayreure ong nombre. 'Soyoyong koorahshu,' dectee, 'noo lay konterong kaung noo lays orong dayfay.'"

ANECDOTE (IN ENGLISH).

"It was observed to Mr. Montal that the enemy appeared superior in numbers. 'Take courage,' answered he, 'we will count our enemies when we have conquered them.'"

"On observait means, literally translated, 'they observed,' as on is an indefinite pronoun which stands for 'they,' although it has no exact equivalent in English. Now, by to-morrow I expect you will be able to stand an examination in all the vowel-sounds, and to repeat the anecdote by heart. To repeat it in French, I mean; for I have dictated to you the sound as well as the meaning of the words."

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON II.

MECHANICAL PROPERTIES OF BODIES (continued).

24. Why does a piece of india-rubber when stretched fly back if left to itself?—Because the particles, when displaced, tend to recover their former position.

25. Do we observe the same tendency under other circumstances?—We do; for example, when we squeeze an india-rubber ball in our hand, or bend a piece of whalebone.

26. What is said of such a substance?—That it is elastic.

27. Mention other highly elastic substances.—Glass, ivory, steel, air, and all gases.

28. In how many different states does matter exist?—In three states—solid, liquid, and gaseous. A stone is solid, water is liquid, and air is gaseous.

29. How may a substance be made to pass from one of these states into another?—By increasing or diminishing the amount of heat which it contains. Water is converted into vapour by heat, and into ice by cold.

30. Suppose two polished plates of glass or metal are laid one on the other, and slightly pressed?—It will be found, if we undertake to separate them, that they stick together.

31. What is the force that holds the plates together called?—Attraction of adhesion, or simply adhesion.

32. What is the reason, that if two panes of common window glass are placed on each other they do not adhere?—Because they are not even and smooth enough to come into close contact.

33. Mention one or two familiar facts that are to be explained by adhesion.—The marks made in writing with chalk or a lead pencil; the sticking of dust to the walls and furniture of rooms.

34. Does adhesion manifest itself between liquids and solids?—It does; if I dip my finger into water it becomes wet, because a film of water adheres to it.

35. Mention other illustrations of adhesion between liquids and solids.—Writing with ink, painting, varnishing, smearing, rubbing surfaces in machinery with oil.

36. Does attraction manifest itself between bodies at a distance, as well as between those which are in close contact?—It does: the earth attracts all bodies, and causes them, if unsupported, to fall toward its surface.

MECHANICS OF SOLIDS.

INERTIA OF MATTER—PRODUCTION OF MOTION.

37. Do we ever see a chair in a room, or a stone on level ground, set itself in motion of its own accord?—We do not.

38. To start such a body, what must be done?—It must be pushed, or pulled, or struck, with a certain force.

39. If a stone or a ball be rolled on the ground, it goes only a certain distance and then stops. Does it stop itself of its own accord?—It does not; it encounters a resisting force, which gradually checks its motion, and finally stops it.

40. What is this resisting force called?—Friction; it arises from the roughness of the ground.

41. Can you mention any facts which go to show that there is such a force in operation in the case supposed?—If a boy undertakes to draw a hand sledge on the bare ground, he must pull quite hard, but on the smooth snow he can draw it very easily.

42. Suppose a round stone be rolled on smooth ice?—It would go much farther than on the rough ground; the smoother the ice is the farther it will go.

43. We sometimes see a moving body, as a rolling ball, suddenly move off in a new direction. Does it change the direction of its motion by its own inherent power?—It does not; it is made to take a new direction by striking against some obstacle, or by receiving a blow from one side.

44. In view of what has now been stated, what may we conclude?—That matter is perfectly passive, or inert.

45. By what are all the motions and changes of motions that we observe produced?—By the action of external forces upon bodies.

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

It was a warm, pleasant evening in November, and our ship was off the coast of Tripoli. A party of us, who sat upon the quarter-deck, had been conversing upon various subjects concerning the vast desert to the southward of us.

"I think you have travelled across the desert?" said one of our number, addressing the captain.

"Not exactly," replied Captain Bushwick. "Some years ago I spent a few months in Abyssinia and the country south of it."

"Was it there you had your adventure with the lion?"

"Ah—you've heard of that scrape, eh?"

"Only that you had such an adventure, captain. Your mate told me you had met the animal."

"Well, I have; and if you would like to hear the yarn, I will tell it."

A vote was immediately and unanimously carried that Captain Bushwick have permission to relate his adventure; and without further preliminaries he proceeded:—

"It is now five-and-twenty years since I took the notion to travel amongst the African natives. I had an uncle living in Mocha, engaged in trade there, and I had gone out to see him. He was going into Abyssinia on business, and I accompanied him. Our party consisted of six—my uncle and self, and four Nubian servants. These Nubians were faithful fellows, and long tried, and were, moreover, strong and fearless, having lived with my relative several years. When the business was over, I proposed that we should take a trip to the southward and see the country. The Nubians were anxious to go, and, after a deal of persuasion, my uncle consented to the arrangement."

"On the seventh day we reached a large lake upon the extreme southern border of Abyssinia, where we pitched our tent, and then went to hunting for game, we having been informed that we should find plenty of both fish and fowl in this region. Our luck was moderate, much more so than I had expected, and my uncle was bent on returning; but I was determined to have a few more trials."

"The only boat we had been able to find was a small canoe, fashioned from a log, and one morning I declared that I would take a cruise in it if some one

would accompany me. The canoe would not carry more than two of us with any degree of safety; and as all four of the Nubians offered to go, I was obliged to make my own selection. So I took Lari, the youngest of the lot, but the brightest and most cool and brave in the presence of danger. I took my rifle and pistols, while Lari took his rifle and spear; and thus equipped we set out. The canoe was easily managed while we kept our proper places, and all went on finely until afternoon. It was very warm and sultry, and I had removed my pistol-belt, and laid it in the bottom of the boat with my rifle. Lari had just proposed turning back, when I saw a large flock of birds settle down upon a tree close by the shore, and I bade my companion to help me paddle in that direction. He did not object, for he wanted a shot at them himself."

"We had come to within a dozen fathoms of the shore, when a quick, loud cry from Lari startled me from my aim, and in the next instant the canoe struck upon some hard substance."

"A rock?" I asked.

"A hippopotamus!" the Nubian shouted, springing back towards me.

"Hardly had the words escaped his lips before a huge black head was lifted above the gunwales, and as I cast my eyes over into the water, I saw the whole body of the monster. It was as large as an elephant, but ten times more hideous in look. Its mouth was opened to a distance of three feet, or more, and its great teeth, all of a foot in length, looked like destruction itself. He seized the bows of our boat in his capacious jaws, and crushed it like an egg-shell. With all the force I could muster I leaped into the water, and struck out for the shore. I never swam faster, though when I reached the land I found that the hippopotamus had not followed us, having sunk to the bottom, probably as soon as he had destroyed the canoe."

"We were now in a quandary. We had come quite twelve or fifteen miles from the camp, and we must foot it back the best way we could. If we could have followed the shore the task would have been easy enough, but this we could not do, for a deep, dark swamp, overgrown with reeds and bushes, and gnarled trees, lay between us and our tent, so we must strike up into the wood upon the higher land and make the best of it. Our only weapons were two knives and Lari's spear. The latter he had grasped as he started from the boat, but the rifles and pistols were at the bottom of the lake. I bade my companion to take the lead, and he did so."

"For three hours we tugged on through a thick, matted forest, and at the end of that time we reached the edge of a wide expanse of rocky desert. There were clumps of bushes scattered over the place, but they looked dry and parched. Here we took an observation, and finally decided to keep down upon the right-hand side of the rocky plain, knowing that the lake must lie in that direction. By the time we had passed over half the length of the barren waste the sun was behind the trees. A little while afterwards, just as the dark shadows spread over the whole width of the plain, Lari uttered a low 'hist!' and placed his hand upon my arm."

"Do you hear anything?" he asked me.

"I listened a moment, and told him, yes. 'Perhaps they are coming after us.'"

"Who are they?" said he.

"Our party," I answered.

"That fellow walks on four feet, and has a weight equal to all the men we have left behind. Hark again." "I did so, and could now plainly distinguish the tread of some heavy animal."

"Is it a lion, do you think?" I asked.

"Lari hesitated a moment, and then, grasping me by the arm, he pointed into the wood."

"Look!—See!—There!" he cried, whirling me half around as he spoke.

"I did look—and I saw a sight—a sight that made my hair start and my heart leap. Not a rifle!—not even a pistol!—and yet there—not twenty yards distant—was a huge Nubian lion crawling towards us. I could see his eyes burn; I could see his long tail sweep the grass; and I could see that he was advancing for a spring."

"He's hungry," said the Nubian, 'or he wouldn't be coming on in that way.'"

"Then he'll attack us?" I suggested.

"Of course he will."

"And not a weapon for defence!"

"I have my spear," returned Lari. 'Now to the back of these bushes—quick—and let him come. Have your knife out in case of need.'"

"I hardly knew what my companion meant, but I saw, just upon our left, a clump of bushes bearing a small, red berry. They were not over four feet high, and occupied a space some eight feet long by four wide."

When we had gained a position behind them, I looked for the lion. He had stopped as he saw us take this covert, but we were not hidden from his sight, as there were openings in the foliage through which both parties could obtain a view of each other."

"We are gone!" said I, trembling with fear, as I saw the huge monster settle upon his belly and move towards us."

"Perhaps not," whispered Lari, without taking his eye from the lion. 'Keep still—don't move for your life!'"

"But what can you do with that spear?" I asked.

"Perhaps nothing; but wait and see."

"I did wait; but though it was but a few moments yet it was a season of terrible suspense to me. I am not a coward, nor was I ever one; but come to be situated as I was then, with a full-grown lion before you—not twenty yards off—and only a little patch of bushes for an apology for a shelter through which the beast could watch your every movement, and with that unearthly, purring, roaring growl, hardly perceptible in tone, but making the air tremble with its intensity—have all this, as I had it then, and if you don't tremble, then you're made of sterner stuff than I am."

"Once I cast my eyes upon Lari, who was at my right, and I saw that he was as calm as a rock. His great brown eye was fixed upon the lion with a burning gaze, and his teeth were set like the jaws of a vice. He was upon his right knee, with his left foot braced before him, and his long spear, which he held with a firm grasp, had the end of the shaft set against the hard ground behind him, with the sharp steel head elevated just to the top of the bushes."

"Hist!" he uttered, gathering himself for an effort; and as I turned I saw the lion cautiously advancing upon his belly. When about five yards off he stopped and gathered himself for a spring. I saw his huge claws settle into the ground, and I saw his great, shaggy head start upward as he left his couch. With my heart as still as death I bowed my head, and shrank down towards the earth. I heard a shock—a momentary struggle—a crashing sound, as of the breaking of wood, and then I was knocked over by a heavy body's coming in contact with my right shoulder. With a powerful effort I struggled from beneath the weight, and gained my feet."

"The first thing I saw was Lari, for it was he who had fallen upon me. The next was the lion, who lay only a few feet off, with the head of the spear buried deep in his throat, the shaft being broken off about midway. He was roaring with a deep, hoarse sound, and tearing the dirt up with his claws."

"I think that found his heart before it broke," said Lari, as he gained his feet. 'If the shaft had held I'd have pinned him through the heart, and sent him twenty feet over behind us. But, I tell ye, he's a heavy one to lift.'"

"The monster was dead in a few minutes, and we then held an examination. The lance-head had entered the lower part of the throat, directly beneath the fore-shoulders, and gone clean through the heart."

"You must have had a good aim," said I.

"But 'twas a good mark," replied Lari. 'When I saw him coming I just turned the point right for his heart, and he killed himself.'"

"It was all very simple, and it may have been very easily done; but, I assure you, a man must have a pretty steady nerve to do it effectually."

"We could not move the lion then, nor could we stop to take his skin off, for it was very nearly dark. So we resolved to wait until morning, and then have help."

"When we reached the lower corner of the waste, we saw a glimmering of water through the trees; and, upon pushing our way down, we were lucky enough to find ourselves only a few rods from the tent. On the next morning we all went out together, and found the lion just as we had left him. His body measured, from the end of his nose to the insertion of his tail, eight feet and nine inches; and, when standing, he must have been nearly five feet high. We took off his skin very carefully, and when I reached home I had it stuffed and set up. It looks very innocent now, as my children pat it with their hands; but I never look at it without thinking of the time when it looked terrible enough to me."

ARAB PROVERBS.—If your friend is made of honey, do not eat him all up. If you travel through the country of the blind, be blind yourself. When you are the anvil, have patience; when you are the hammer, strike straight and well. He who cannot take a hint, cannot comprehend a long explanation. Take counsel of one greater, and one less than yourself, and, afterward, form your own opinion.



THE SWING. FROM A PAINTING BY F. GOODALL, A.R.C.

CHILDREN AT PLAY

CHILDREN at play are a pleasant sight to the kind-hearted observer who has not yet forgotten his own youthful days. If a man or woman has no love for children—no enjoyment in their company—no sympathy with their sport—there is something wrong in them, depend on that. Children soften the heart; foster kindly feelings; recall the pleasant passages of our own childhood; make us forgetful of age and infirmity, of toil and trouble; and in their company we may throw aside all restraint, and become as unsophisticated and open-hearted as we were before the world taught us another lesson.

With a geniality of spirit that is positively cheering, an American poet, looking on such a scene as that which the artist has pictured, indited the following lines:—

"I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And it makes his pulses fly
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

"I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old,
And my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true—it is very true,
I'm old, and I bide my time;
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

"Play on, play on, I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring,
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet may slip on the seedy floor,
But I care not for the fall.

"I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go,
For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low.

But the grave is dark, and the heart will fall
In treading its gloomy way;
Yet it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay."

Our picture describes itself. Story there is none to tell. Children at play is something always to be seen—in pent-up city courts, or in open country parts—and always to be admired. The artist has given us a merry, light-hearted group—full of frolic, and has arrayed them so well, and bestowed on them, with magic pencil, so much vitality and so much vivacity, that the whole scene is thoroughly natural in every particular.

AFRICAN DISCOVERY.

THERE is invariably an immense attraction in that which is unknown—a *terra incognita* always possesses interest to excite curiosity and provoke enterprise. It was so when Columbus discovered America,* and is so now since Livingstone—the modern Columbus—has opened up, to some extent, the long-hidden resources of the African continent.

With regard to Africa there has been felt in all ages much interest and curiosity. Her extensive shores which seemed to baffle the daring navigator, her sandy plains inexorably shutting out intruders, her mighty rivers irrigating unexplored regions, and having their sources in inaccessible localities, have united in awakening and sustaining an anxiety to become acquainted with the mysterious regions which were, to all appearance, closed against intruders.

All that was known about Africa in early times was vague and inconclusive. The Carthaginians, who, of course, were the best acquainted with it, prevented other commercial powers from penetrating into the country. Herodotus relates a curious story of the circumnavigation of Africa. The truth of the statement has been seriously questioned, and the learned have taken up both sides with laudable zeal, but no very im-

portant result. The Romans do not appear to have made any strenuous effort to visit the interior of Africa. The merchants of Alexandria opened a trade with the country, and profited much by its slaves and its gold; but as to what the Africans were "at home," and what sort of a home it was, never enlisted their sympathies, nor excited their curiosity.

Ptolemy's geography is considered the most complete geographical treatise of ancient times. But his ideas of Africa are by no means precise. He seems to have fallen into grievous errors, and to have blundered sadly about the extent and position of the country he described. The knowledge he acquired about it was chiefly derived from the caravans; and the course taken by these travellers had never advanced beyond certain steps in the great search, so that they knew nothing of the interval separating northern from central Africa.

In the seventh century the followers of Mohammed, inspired by religious zeal, and animated by the desire of conquest, poured forth from Arabia, and spread along the Mediterranean coast of Africa, planting cities and establishing kingdoms with marvellous celerity and consummate skill. But it was not till the grand career of maritime discovery fairly set in, that African enterprise began to take possession of the European mind. Speculators heard of gold mines rich in inexhaustible treasure; and for gold they were ready to embark in any hazardous undertaking. Vigorous efforts were made to penetrate into the interior. There was a report of some mighty monarch or bishop, who was supposed to rule all things in the unexplored regions, and whose will was law. This was the mysterious Prester John. The name is supposed to have originated in the reports brought by early travellers of a Nestorian bishop, or Christian prince in Abyssinia. To the court of this great king every African traveller resolved to go; yet Prester John was never to be found.

But Africa had other treasures. People were interested in the source of the Niger, the gold producing streams, and the trade of Timbuctoo. An English company was formed in 1618, for the purpose of penetrating thither by ascending the Gambia; but the difficulties were so great, and the resistance of the

* See ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER (Old Series), Vol. IV.



WATERFALL IN PRINCE'S ISLAND, GULF OF GUINEA.

natives so pertinacious, that the effort was virtually abandoned. About a century later, a great effort was made to open a communication with the land of gold, but it ended in signal failure. The spirit of African discovery burst forth with renewed ardour in 1788, when an African Association was formed of the leading scientific celebrities of that period. The result of the expedition sent out by the association was so encouraging that the enthusiasm for African discovery was raised higher than ever. Mungo Park's investigation threw a flood of light on African geography, which served to increase public curiosity and to excite speculation. Under Sir John Barrow a still more extensive and organised effort was made. It was attended by severe disasters; but this did not shake the perseverance of the British government, nor the zeal of private enterprise. To Clapperton and Oudney, to Lander and M'Gregor Laird, to Cowan, Donovan, Campbell, Owen—most of all and latest of all, to Livingstone, a debt of gratitude is owing for their indefatigable exertions, and for the important discoveries which they here made.

The expedition of Livingstone to South Africa will form a crisis in the history of that interesting country, and the advantageous results of that expedition cannot be over-estimated. It opens up a new world to industry and enterprise—a new field for the benevolent exertion of the philosopher and the Christian.

Our illustration is thoroughly characteristic of African scenery. It was sketched in Prince's Island, in the Gulf of Guinea.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,
SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food.

WORDSWORTH.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look in her face, and you'll forget them all.

POPE.

MERRY BLOSSOM, who, in spite of many faults, had a good, warm, affectionate heart, and was always very anxious to atone, and eager to be forgiven, did all in her power to assist her mother. Silent, humble, and very ready and active, she washed and dressed little Nussy and baby Ben, gave them their breakfast, and begged so hard, as Hope still slept, to be allowed, after taking the children to school, to come back and keep the stall for her mother, that Apple Blossom, moved by her tears, her penitence, and her promises, and aware how much she would need her aid, consented, with many stipulations and warnings.

Merry was very sorry to think her father had got drunk, and she cried to see the evidence of his crime on her mother's dear face; and she was more distressed still to hear of Larky's misfortune. That being

a new trial, struck her much more forcibly than one to which she had been used from her cradle—her father's coming home reeling at night, and lying ill in bed the next day.

But Merry was very volatile, and she was soon quite engrossed by the new and important duties of her office. She was to sit at the fruit stall,—she was to set out and sell the apples, oranges, chestnuts, and cocoa-nuts.

How nice she would make them look! how civil she would be! How many she would sell! and how strictly she would keep an account of every farthing! Merry's eyes danced with joy, her plump cheeks were crimson. How she brushed her clustering black hair, and washed her round face, till it shone from within with honest pleasure, and from without with friction and yellow soap. Merry looked very pretty!

Apple Blossom in winter generally pinned a scarlet woollen handkerchief over her pretty head, and round her handsome face, fastening it beneath her polished, rounded, satin chin. A clean white apron, very coarse, also formed part of her costume. Little Merry assumed the scarlet handkerchief and the white apron, and looked like little Red Riding Hood, before she has listened to the wolf.

No sooner was Merry off with Nussy and baby Ben, than Apple Blossom took her bonnet and shawl, and began to get ready to go in search of Jem Goodman. As the poor creature went to the little glass that hung near the window, to "settle herself a bit," she started to see how Bob's savage blows had disfigured her,

One eye was blood-shot, and discoloured all round with green, blue, and black. Her pretty little nose was swollen, her cheeks were pale—she looked wretched.

"I cannot go out such a fright as that 'ere," thought Apple Blossom. She was a very pretty woman; and though with very little vanity, yet she knew she was handsome, and did not like to look a fright. "I declare I'm ashamed to show myself, I never zeed such a figger. I've a great mind not to go out; and yet, if I doan't, what's to become of poor Larky Grigg? Jem doan't know nothink about his misfortune, that's sartain. If he did he'd have been here afore now; Jem all'ys wor a friend in need, and that's a friend indeed! But, after all, what's looks compared to Larky? Beauty's only skin-deep; that my poor face can prove. He'd rather see me as black as a African from Africa than not see me at all; so here goes. I'll just set another jug of water by Bob, and then I won't let the grass grow under my feet. I'll be back in time for the ladies. The more people sees me, the more Bob'll be ashamed; and it's nothing but shame will make him take the pledge. I've all'ys hid up his bad usage, but I'd better not have done it, may be. It's hard to tell right from wrong in this world. But it can't be right to let Larky come afore the judge without a friend to speak for him."

Apple Blossom made the best of her way to Jem Goodman's. She passed Merry on the road, and saw her presiding cheerfully at her stall and selling briskly.

Many people looked with pity at the black eye, which all attributed to Bob Blossom. In that neighbourhood his weakness was well known; and also poor Apple Blossom's merits were acknowledged.

It was in a very tidy house that Jem Goodman lodged. A little maid he had taken out of charity opened the door, and Apple Blossom heard to her dismay that he was not at home.

Peggy, the little maid, who was very talkative, hastened to explain that master was gone out on business—first, to see a lawyer about Tippling Ben, and then to see Ben himself at Newgate; "which," added the girl, "this is a day for seeing the poor guilty creatures; and master won't be home till dinner-time; which I hope he won't be late, else the bit of roast meat will be over-done, and the taters too. Taters ain't wuth eating when they has to stand."

Apple Blossom was in no mood to listen to idle talk. She turned away, weeping bitterly. As the door closed, a man accosted her. It was Sam Slybrute, one of Bob's boon companions.

"What's up now, missus?" said he, "any trouble? Can I help you? How's Bob?"

"Middling, thank ye, Sam Slybrute," said Apple Blossom, meekly. It had struck her that Sam Slybrute would go with her to see after Larky.

"Ah, only middling I fear. 'Twarnt my fault, missus, this time, any ways. And the last time he took a drop too much and hit you (a month ago now) 'twarnt my fault; but my mother-in-law, she wouldn't take no denial, and Bob's so quarrelsome in his cups—'twarnt no use. And now I see he's been at his old pranks. Lor! never cry about it, Apple Blossom. You're handsomer so nor any other in her best looks."

"Tain't about that I'm crying, Sam Slybrute, it's about Larky Grigg."

She then explained what had happened, and Sam Slybrute—who knew, as he said, all the hins and houts, and all about such matters, and had often been had up before a magistrate after a night in the station-house—offered to escort her to the police-office, where, in all probability, Larky Grigg was being examined relative to the alleged offence of maliciously and afrethought breaking the shop-windows of Messrs. Cheete and Grudge, general dealers.

Apple Blossom felt so forlorn, ignorant, and helpless, that she was glad even of the advice and company of Sam Slybrute; though, on ordinary occasions, he was an object of some distrust, and even dislike, to her.

"You wor looking arter Mr. Goodman, warn't you, missus?" said Sam.

"Yes," replied Apple Blossom, simply. "He's such a kind friend of ourn. If he'd been in he'd a gone along of me. I needn't have troubled you then, Sam."

"No trouble at all, missus. Do Bob and Jem Goodman pull together?"

"Bob knows Jem's his best friend," said Apple Blossom, not choosing to discuss her husband's weaknesses with Sam Slybrute.

"Jem Goodman's a very good sort of man," said Sam Slybrute.

"He's an hangel on hearth, that's what he is!" said Apple Blossom.

Sam noted the words, and the warmth with which they were uttered; and there was an evil glitter in his eye, and something very false in his smile, as he replied—

"Well, there ain't many of them now-a-days, missus. Hangels don't wist every 'ouse. There's more of t'other sort—but here we are. Now, don't'ee be flabbergasted, Apple Blossom, don't'ee now. If Larky have a done wrong, it's a fust offence, and they won't be hard with him."

"Larky has done no wrong," said Apple Blossom, passionately. "He's the best, steadiest boy in the world; he's a good son to me; and a good son can't be a bad boy, Sam Slybrute, no more nor a bad son can be a good 'un."

Sam Slybrute turned very red, and stole a quick, sly, angry glance at Apple Blossom to see if she meant that at him.

Sam Slybrute knew that it was said he had been very cruel to a poor old crippled mother, whose only fault was over-indulgence of him; and that when he was in full work he had let her want, and creep into the union to die.

"Steady, is he?" said Sam. "Then he takes after his mother, not his fayther; for when we've carried Bob home some nights he warn't so over steady,—no, that he warn't."

The kind policeman who had taken charge of Larky Grigg's note, and who had a slight acquaintance with Apple Blossom, admitted her and Sam Slybrute, after a brief parley, to appear as witnesses on Larky's side. The magistrate had just disposed of several aggravated cases of drunkenness and violence attendant on that vice, by sentencing the culprits to a month's imprisonment with hard labour.

Doleful indeed was the appearance of these votaries of the (misnamed) jolly god.

Many of them had been taken up on Saturday night, after having squandered in drink a great part of their week's wages, thus robbing their wives and children even of bread.

Some had been taken off by the police for kicking and beating their wretched wives when the poor victims went to fetch them home. Some for fighting like wild beasts with those whom they seemed to love as brothers till the animal was roused by fiery spirits, and man, made in the image of his Maker, assumed that of something lower and more revolting than the swine.

Livid, haggard, in many cases blood-stained, muddy, unkempt, unshorn, humbled, dirty, cold, hungry, and stupefied were these wretches, who, but for drink, would have been whistling at their work, well fed, well covered, happy and fresh for the day's labour from the night's rest, and looking forward through the day to the welcome home again—to the neat, warm hearth, the smiling, happy wife, and the plump, rosy, loving, obedient children. What a sad proof of the prevalence of this brutish vice does every police-court in London present on Monday morning.

The week's wages, spent in a great measure during the Saturday night at the public-house, so often securing a Sabbath lost at the station-house, and a sentence to be fined or to hard labour for a month or more in the house of correction.

Yet these selfish, cruel wretches had wives, haggard, wasted, hungry, and tattered, waiting outside, ready to forgive, refusing to prosecute—even when disfigured with bruises, and sore and aching with blows—and weeping in passionate despair when "Tom," or "Joe," or "Bill," or "Jack"—loved in spite of all as woman only loves—was sent to hard labour at Coldbath-fields instead of hard drinking at home.

These cases summarily dismissed by a magistrate, whose bright eyes, shining through his gold-rimmed spectacles, clear complexion, steady voice and hand, energetic manner, and manly bearing, told that he, at least, had "never applied hot and rebellious liquors to his blood," Larky Grigg's case came on.

The magistrate had a fine forehead. Both the perceptive and reflective organs were fully developed; and, as the hair was no longer in the first luxuriance of youth, benevolence was also apparent.

He took a long and scrutinising survey of Larky Grigg through his spectacles; and, in all probability, the result was favourable, for he did not address him with the mingled pity and contempt with which he had addressed the drunkards.

Larky looked pale; for he had for the first time in his life slept on a stone bench, instead of in a warm bed, and he had tormented himself a good deal about the anxiety which he knew his mother and Hope would feel—his father too, if sober; but Larky's mind was eminently philosophical; and after the first hour, he remembered that fretting would do no good, and would make him ill; that "what can't be cured, must

be endured;" and that in all probability, as he had done nothing wrong, except in having, even against Apple Blossom's and Hope's advice, formed an intimacy with Stunning Steenis and Prigging Peter he might drive his own affair from his mind, and by the aid of a bit of charcoal, he commenced working out some calculations on the white-washed walls of the station-house.

Sleep, gentle but irresistible sovereign of the young, surprised him thus employed, and he did not wake till the policeman on duty shook him to rouse him to the necessity of going before the MAGISTRATE, to answer the charge of Mr. Chete, for breaking his shop-windows, maliciously and with evil intent.

Larky Grigg had been brought up by Apple Blossom in habits of personal cleanliness and neatness, not common in that rank of life. He obtained leave to wash his face and hands. Of all who were in durance vile at the same time, none but himself had even wished to perform any ablution.

Larky, by the aid of cold water, yellow soap, and a coarse towel, made himself shine like a silver spoon. He had a pocket comb, with which he brought his clustering black hair into order. He was in his Sunday's best, and though somewhat pale, his appearance was singularly prepossessing, and even interesting. The magistrate felt it to be so, and that impression was shared by every one present, save Chete, who was still livid with revenge, and trembling with passion.

Poor Larky! a tear twinkled in his fine black eyes as he found himself in the same place with those really guilty of great offences. At first he hung his head a little; but recollecting that he had done nothing to be ashamed of, he raised it, looked round, and perceiving his mother—who, as we have said, had got admitted by stating the case to a policeman, and was there as a witness to her boy's uniform good conduct—the orient blush of quick surprise suffused the boy's bold, handsome, intelligent face, a smile of unutterable love, sympathy, and gratitude lighted up his features, and, parting his lips, showed his white, even teeth, and, with an involuntary feeling of duty and reverence towards that good, loving mother, Larky Grigg bowed his head.

The filial reverence of this act in one of a rank of life in which outward demonstrations of such a dutiful feeling are far more rare than even its inward existence, did not escape the quick glance of the magistrate, who, in one moment, detected the relationship between Apple Blossom and Larky by the strong resemblance of features, colouring, and expression.

"That's a bit of reg'lar play-acting, that is, your wushup," said Mr. Chete, who saw the effect on the magistrate's mind of Larky's bow and smile when he saw his mother; "that's picked up at them low, scandalous gaffs that chap's so fond of."

"What is the charge against the boy?" said the magistrate, addressing the policeman who had taken Larky Grigg into custody.

The policeman stated that he had taken Gregory Blossom (commonly called Larky Grigg) in charge by order of Mr. Chete, who accused him of maliciously breaking his shop-windows; and that, certainly, stones had been thrown from the empty house where he and Mr. Chete found the boy; and that he (the boy) was quite alone there when they discovered him, and seemed not a little startled and confused.

Larky saw, with dismay, the reporters busy taking down the evidence; and he remembered with alarm that all that was said against him, and which he could not disprove, would be published in the papers, and read by "the ladies" who had shown him so much kindness, and whom he loved so well, and by many others who, of course, would believe whatever they saw in print. Besides this, he was well aware that, as he could not disprove what Mr. Chete and the policeman affirmed, he might be sent to prison, and Larky thought if he was so disgraced and degraded, he could never bear to look Hope or his mother in the face again.

Larky began to feel very uneasy, to grow very pale, even his lips were white, and there was a choking sob in his throat, and an agony in his innocent young heart. But Larky had been early taught by Apple Blossom and Jem Goodman to pray—to pray for help against despair in adversity, and against security and vain-glory in prosperity. A fervent, though a silent, prayer then ascended to heaven from the boy's inmost heart; and that prayer, winged by faith, brought down comfort, confidence, and patience into his soul.

Mr. Chete was then examined. His was in truth a villainous countenance, and a head which phrenology would shudder at.

The magistrate felt he could not be a good man; but he listened patiently while Chete, with a forehead

like an adder's, a small, cunning eye, sensual mouth, and long, red, snipe-like nose, bedrid by spectacles, and turning up at the point, said, in a voice trembling with revenge and rage, and naturally very shrill and squeaky—

"Your wuship, last night, I was sittin' at supper with Mrs. Chete, your wuship; and, as we were having a bit of a grill off a turkey, says I, 'My dear, get a bottle of Cayenne to season it,' which she had just ris for to do so, when rattle came several stones, and crack went the shop windows, partly open to haccommodate the public, which I'm a licensed dealer in cigars, snuff, and tobacco, your wuship, kind a general dealer besides, your wuship. A minute later, and Mrs. Chete might have been a corpse: for the cayenne was in the very window broke by that young vampire and sarpiant. He looks, my lord, for all the world as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, but these wouldn't choke him, your wuship, for all that copy o' his countenance. It's a Providence, my lord, that I ar'n't at this moment a widower, which it's well known Mrs. Chete is in a very delicate sitivation, and expecting he-time; and it's my opinion that 'ere young ruffin—he's well known to have a great head for calcoolating, he's called the calcoolating boy, he is; and I'd even thoughts of taking him into my service as shop boy—it's my opinion, hoping no offence, he'd reckoned on Mrs. Chete's sitivation, and thought to do for her, and, perhaps, break my 'art, your wuship. Well, your wuship, when she hears the smash, 'Oh!' she cries, a-sittin' down, 'that's quite turned my nerves;' and she was as white as a curd.

"So out rushes I, and, seeing a policeman at the further end of the street, my lord, I calls him; with him I makes for the empty houses opposite, and there I finds—not them I expected, your wuship, but one I'd always the highest opinion of—quite a pet of Mrs. Chete's, your wuship. But it don't do, my lord, to pet such low creturs: there ain't no gratitude in 'em, and you can't put it into 'em, your wuship."

"Are you certain that boy threw the stones?" asked the magistrate.

"There warn't no other cretur near, your wuship," said Chete. "In course he denied it, and began a cock and a bull story, your wuship; but I give him in charge, and I do hope, my lord, your wuship'll order him to prison; and I'd take it very kind of your wuship if he was to be privately whipped."

"More so than he would, I dare say," said the magistrate. "Now, what's his name—Gregory Blossom?"

"Commonly called Larky Grigg," said the policeman.

"What's that—an alias?" asked the magistrate, looking very sternly at Larky.

"No, sir; it's only a nickname. Larky means full of fun, and Grigg's the short of Gregory," said the policeman.

"I hope your love of fun, boy, has not brought you to this disgraceful situation. You will find it poor fun to be sent to the house of correction, with hard labour and a whipping."

Larky Grigg started, turned scarlet, then ghastly white; tears gushed from his eyes; for a moment, he seemed about to faint; but a little cry of extreme pain escaping his sobbing mother, he controlled himself by that strong effort of will peculiar to the great and good, whatever their station, and, in a firm voice, he said—

"Don't cry, mother dear. I'm as innocent as his worship; and when I've told his worship the whole truth, he'll see the rights of it."

Chete rubbed his ugly, dirty, grasping hands. "Whipping's the thing for 'em, your wuship! they dreads that. Why, I was whipped like a nigger when I was a lad. If I hadn't abeen, I shouldn't be what I am now."

"That I can readily believe," said the magistrate, without moving a muscle.

Chete rubbed his hands again.

"What have you to say, Gregory Blossom?" said his worship.

"Not guilty," said Larky, who thought he was on his trial, and that that was the proper foria; "not guilty, your worship, not guilty, my lord."

Larky had noted (he was very observant) how often the cringing Chete had said "my lord," and "your worship," and therefore he determined to copy what he supposed was right, and threw in the right and the wrong titles as often as he could.

"How came you in that empty house opposite Mr. Chete's?"

"Ay, answer that," said Chete.

"I was coming home, my lord," said Larky.

"Where had you been?"

"To look after father, your worship."

"What for?"

"Mother and Mr. Goodman wanted him, your worship."

"For what purpose?"

"To take the pledge; and father, your worship, wouldn't be persuaded, and, half in a spree, ran off; and seeing mother so cut up, likewise Mr. Goodman, I rushed out after father; but I couldn't see him, not nowhere, and, as 'twas bitter cold, I wor hurrying home, when I heard voices as I knowed, calling, 'Larky! Larky Grigg!' so I see the head of a gal I knows at the doorway, and I sprung across the road and went in. There was some boys with stones in their hands; and no sooner did I come in than they axed me to throw some, too, at Chete's windows, 'cause they owed him a grudge. I owed Mr. Chete no grudge, and wouldn't have done him no harm, any way—taint loikely—so I told 'em; so says they, 'Well, here goes. You're a white-livered chap arter all, Larky; but, no matter, we'll do the trick.' So they throws the stones, and, the next moment, off they scampers out at the back windows—leastways, the holes where they is to be; 'twas woundy dark, and I didn't know my way, and was just a-thinking of getting back into the street, when in comes a policeman, flashing his bull's-eye lantern in my face, and Mr. Chete accusing me of breaking his windows, and give me in charge; and that, your worship, is the whole truth; and, if I was to die this very day, I'd say the same."

"What are the names of the boys and of the girl who called to you?"

Larky hesitated to answer.

"What are their names, boy?" said the magistrate, sternly.

"I cannot answer that question, my lord," said Larky Grigg, blushing deeply. Every eye was on him; people who had begun to smile upon him now looked very stern.

"Why can you not tell me their names? You make me suspect that there were no boys there but yourself."

Chete rubbed his hands.

"Once more," said the magistrate, "why do you refuse to tell their names?"

"Because, your worship," said Larky Grigg, "it's against my principle to peach, or in any way to betray a pal."

As he spoke he looked like a young hero—his eyes flashed, his lips were compressed, his hands clenched.

"That's another bit of play-acting, my lord," said Chete. "Your wurship might see that at any penny gaff."

"Have you seen it there?" asked the magistrate.

"Not I, your worship. I'm a pious man—a family man. If I went inside a theatre I should expect the roof to fall on my guilty head."

"I fear," said the magistrate, "if you persist, Gregory Blossom, in refusing to give the names and addresses of the boys, we must consider them to be fictitious, and without 'a local habitation and a name.' Consider it well, if they do exist. It is a false principle you are going upon. Unless you can verify what you have said, I must sentence you to be imprisoned for fourteen days with hard labour, and —"

"To be privately whipped, your wuship," put in Mr. Chete.

"I am here to administer justice myself," said his worship, haughtily.

Mr. Chete begged a thousand pardons.

"And," continued the magistrate, "I hope, if you can give their names you will for the sake of your mother."

"Oh! do, Larky, do, my good, dear boy," sobbed his mother.

Larky turned very pale, and the tears came bubbling up.

"I cannot," he said. "I cannot peach. I cannot betray a pal. I must go to prison."

Just at this moment there was a stir at the door. After a short parley a policeman came to say that there was at the outside door, demanding to be admitted, a little girl dragging one much older, and that the little one insisted on seeing his worship, as she had brought with her the girl who had been in the empty house, and who knew the boys who had committed the offence for which Larky was given in charge.

The magistrate's brow unbent.

"Show the girls in," he said.

A buzz of admiration and surprise passed through the court, as in came, eagerly making her way to the bench, and dragging Potato-heels with her, little Hope Evermore. In her haste she had forgotten her bonnet, and her exquisite gold hair streamed from her pretty head on her bare shoulders; her large blue eyes were dilate and burning; her cheeks glowed, her forefinger was raised.

"Beautiful!" "Lovely!" "Cherub!" "Angel!" whispered the assembled crowd.

"My lord," said the little girl, panting with haste, "Larky Grigg is innocent; this girl, Meg Grimes, knows he is. I overheard her say she know'd who had broken Chete's windows, and she'd a great mind to tell, only she was afeard, besides not liking to peach. I persuaded her to come here, and she can't deny her own words. Come, Meg, speak up for Larky; don't see Larky sent to prison for a fault he didn't do, don't ee, Meg!"

Meg's appearance excited much laughter.

Meg never looked very tidy or very pretty, but on this occasion her wild, red hair stood on end, her dress was in tatters, her lip was cut and swollen, there was blood on her face and neck, and her large, red heels protruding over slip-shod shoes, justified her title to the nickname of Potato-heels. She buried her fingers in her mouth, and looked very silly.

"How old are you, my little girl?" said the magistrate to Hope Evermore, smiling lovingly at that brave angel child.

"Going for eight, my lord," replied Hope, with a pretty curtesy.

"What is your name?"

"Hope Evermore, your worship."

"Do you know the nature of an oath?"

"Yes, my lord."

"What is an oath? Bring the Testament here."

"An oath, my lord, is the calling God to witness I'm speaking truth; and if I do that when I'm telling a lie, I'll, maybe, be struck down dead with that lie on my tongue, like Ananias and Sapphira was."

"Let her kiss the book," said the magistrate. "Few grown persons would have answered so well."

"Where do you go to school, little girl?"

"I go to the Green Fields Ragged School, my lord."

"Then it's a good school, and you're a credit to it."

Then, turning to Meg, he said—

"Now, girl, what's your name?"

"Meg Grimes."

"How old are you?"

"Going fifteen."

"Do you know the nature of an oath?"

"Yes! I've took 'em afore. I kisses the bible and calls God to witness I speaks true."

"Administer the oath," said the magistrate.

Meg kissed the book.

"What do you know about the breaking of Mr. Chete's shop windows?"

"Twarn't Larky Grigg done it."

"Who was it?"

"Twarn't Larky Grigg."

"That's not enough. We must know who did it," said the magistrate, "else Gregory Blossom, who was found on the spot, will be sent to prison, and perhaps whipped."

"Larky whipped!" cried Hope; "oh! Meg, do ye hear that; you who love Larky, now speak out!"

"I don't like to peach about pals," said Meg; "but if Larky's to be whipped for their doings, I suppose I must, though they'll half murder me—I knows 'em will, they're such cruel brutes. I'm afeard, and besides, I don't like to peach."

"Think of Larky Grigg," said Hope; "look at him, Meg."

Meg cast one look at Larky, pale and trembling, —that was enough.

"Larky shan't be punished for them chaps," she said.

"How did it happen?" asked the magistrate.

"Well then, my lord, Mr. Chete had behaved shameful bad to three chaps as owed him a grudge. Mr. Chete sells very bad things, very dear, and often won't trust—Chete by name and chete by natur."

"My lord," said Chete, "this is defamation."

"It's truth," said Meg.

"Keep to the point in question," said the magistrate.

Meg continued—

"Three boys resolved to break Chete's windors, and I went with 'em to see the fun, 'twor a reg'lar spree. Just as they'd got ready, Larky passed. We called him in, and told him what we were arter, and axed him to jine. He wouldn't no ways. He took Chete's part, he did. So the chaps throwed the stones, smash went the windors, and off we hurried, calling Larky to follow. I don't know why he didn't. When I heard he wor took up, I said to Stunning Steenie, Prigging Peter, and the Fox, says I, 'Taint fair to let Larky bear the blame;' 'but,' says they, 'he's never been up afore, he'll get off easy; we're knowed—we'll come bad off;' and then they goes off to hide under Blackfriars-bridge."

The magistrate here gave a look to the policeman, who understood it, and darted off.

"Then what are their names?" asked the magistrate.

"I can't tell upon 'em," said Meg.

"Then I can," said his worship; "they are Stunning Steenie, Prigging Peter, and the Fox."

"I never said they wor, or they worn't," said Meg.

"Yes, you did. Where are they hiding?"

"I can't say."

"Then I can, under Blackfriars-bridge."

"Lor, you be a knowing beak, you be," said Meg.

"I have sent for them," said the magistrate.

"They knows you, my lord," said Meg.

"Indeed, I do not think I know them."

"More people knows Tom fool than Tom fool knows," saucily replied Meg.

Just at this moment in came three policemen bringing in Stunning Steenie, Prigging Peter, and the Fox. The young scoundrels had resisted manfully.

After a few questions they were convicted, Larky acquitted, and the culprits sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment with hard labour.

Vainly Mr. Chete pleaded for the private whipping, in which he had such faith.

The magistrate thought it brutalised human beings to treat them like brutes. He never ordered corporal punishment.

Stunning Steenie, Prigging Peter, and the Fox went off vowing Potato-heels should smart for it, and that they'd do for her when they came out.

Larky was complimented by the magistrate, who had some little talk with him, and told him to call on him, as he might be able to help him to a situation. He expressed great interest in little Hope, who was weeping for joy at Larky's acquittal.

Mr. Chete put his hand in his pocket, intending to give Larky half-a-crown, but when his fingers touched the coin, he could not make up his mind to part with it, and he gave him his blessing instead. But Larky's greatest joy was when he found himself in the embrace of his mother, little Hope the while fondly kissing his hand. The party left the police court amid the acclamations of those who had seldom witnessed so interesting a case. Potato-heels was in such favour with Apple Blossom, that she invited her to dinner. And the whole party hastened back in high spirits, to be in time to receive "the ladies."

Hope, the first moment she was alone with Larky Grigg, said, raising her little rosy forefinger, "Never go with bad boys again, dear Larky. Oh, Larky! when I heard all about it from Meg, I prayed to God for you, and you see He sent me, and enabled me to prevail with Meg to speak the truth. Thank Him on your knees, dear Larky."

(To be continued.)

WHAT WE ALL THINK.

THAT age was older once than now,
In spite of locks untimely shed,
Or silvered on the youthful brow;
That babes make love and children wed.
That sunshine had a heavenly glow,
Which faded with those "good old days,"
When winters came with deeper snow,
And autumns with a softer haze.
That—mother, sister, wife, or child—
The "best of women" each has known,
Were schoolboys ever half so wild?
How young the grandpapas have grown!
That but for this our souls were free,
And but for that our lives were blest;
That in some season yet to be
Our cares will leave us time to rest.
When'er we groan with ache or pain,
Some common ailment of the race—
Though doctors think the matter plain—
That ours is "a peculiar case."
That when like babes with fingers burned
We count one bitter maxim more,
Our lesson all the world has learned,
And men are wiser than before.
That when we sob o'er fancied woes,
The angels hovering overhead
Count every plying drop that flows,
And love us for the tears we shed.
That when we stand with tearless eye
And turn the beggar from our door,
They still approve us when we sigh,
"Ah, had I but one thousand more!"
That weakness smoothed the path of sin,
In half the slips our youth has known;
And whatso'er its blame has been,
That Mercy flowers on faults outgrown.
Though temples crowd the crumbled brink
O'erhanging truth's eternal flow,
Their tablets bold with what we think,
Their echoes dumb to what we know;
That one unquestioned text we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above,
Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed
Can burn or blot it: GOD IS LOVE!

Chemical Experiments.

COLOURED FLAMES.

Most young people who take a fancy to chemistry begin by performing experiments which result in fire, flames, or explosion. Too often the appearance is observed without ascertaining, far less remembering, the reason of it. I shall occupy you on this occasion with a few coloured flames, and we will endeavour to turn the appearances you observe to some good account.

Firstly, observe the peculiar yellow colour occasioned by throwing common salt on the fire. It is a dull yellow colour, which will be rendered still more evident by powdering a little salt, wetting it with spirit of wine, and setting fire to the mixture. The human countenance, when seen by the light of common salt and spirit of wine set on fire as described, is perfectly ghastly. The colour of things depends upon the sort of light which they reflect. Pure white light is composed of the three colours, blue, red, and yellow. An object which absorbs all three passes for black to the eye; an object which absorbs none, reflecting the whole, passes for white; an object which absorbs all except red, appears red; and so on for the two remaining primitive colours. Now, the flame produced when common salt and spirit of wine are mixed together and ignited is almost pure yellow; of course, therefore, it cannot reflect blue or red. Now, in the human countenance there is much red, as every one knows—there is yellow, too. It follows, then, that a pure yellow light will only develop the yellow, whilst the reds and blues must necessarily tell as blacks.

Common salt is a soda-salt, as, I presume, most readers of this notice are aware. Now, potash and its combinations so nearly, in many respects, resemble soda and its combinations that any easy means of discriminating the two is desirable. The chemist remembers, then, that all soda-salts tinge flame of a peculiar yellowish colour; whereas, all potash salts tinge it violet. It is surprising how readily and on how small a quantity of the material under examination the discriminative experiment may be performed. It is by no means necessary to mix the salt under examination with spirit of wine. It suffices to dip a bit of thread into the solution to be examined, and immerse the string thus saturated in the faint halo on the exterior of the flame of a candle. If the thread be previously immersed in candle grease the distinctive colour of that with which it is saturated will be rendered all the more obvious.

Alcohol may be caused to evolve a lovely green flame, by incorporating it with boracic acid, previously fused in an iron spoon and powdered. Salts of copper, moreover, have the property of yielding a green flame, as may be readily seen by dipping a copper wire, first into a little vinegar, and afterwards plunging it into the flame of a spirit-lamp or a candle. Indeed, if the flame be strong, the preliminary dipping of the copper wire into vinegar may be dispensed with. Baryta and its combinations are substances which also turn flame green. If it be desired to tinge alcohol with baryta green, the muriate of baryta (more properly called the chloride of barium) is the most eligible body; when, however, it is desired to tinge fireworks with a green tint, then the nitrate of baryta is called into requisition. Similarly as baryta and its combinations tinge flame green, so strontia and its combinations tinge flame red. Muriate of strontia and its combinations may be employed for mixing with alcohol, but it is the nitrate of strontia which the firework-maker uses.

I will now describe how spirit of wine (alcohol) may be made to ignite without touching it with flame. Powder a little chlorate of potash (a material which has already come more than once before our notice), and mix a pinch of it with about a tablespoonful of the spirit. If now a few drops of oil of vitriol be thrown in, the whole will take fire. Whether the alcohol be pure, or united with any of the substances already described as capable of tinting it, the result will be similar.

As we have been dealing in the course of this paper with fire and flame, I cannot do better than conclude it by explaining how lightning flashes are produced in the theatres. The cryptogamic plants called lycopodium produce what is sometimes called lycopodium-seed. The term seed is wrong—as a little book published by Mr. Cassell on Botany will inform you—but, seed or no seed, it is the material which actors employ for producing their lightning. Trying to burn lycopodium (you can procure it at the druggist's under that name), you will hardly succeed at first. In vain may you touch a heap of it with a burning stick, or even a flame—the lycopodium will not ignite. But if a little of it be sprinkled into flame, it burns furiously, evolving a brilliant white light. The way lightning is managed on the stage is this:—A long tin box is procured, something like a pepper-box; that is to say, its cover is perforated. The box, however, which contains the lycopodium, is in the shape of a flambeau, and near the perforated cone is placed a bit of sponge saturated with spirit of wine. This sponge, being ignited, burns with an insignificant sort of flame, scarcely visible until the box is shook, and the lycopodium made to enter the burning spirit. Then, it at once takes fire, and produces the brilliant white light which passes for lightning on the stage. As regards the stage manufacture of thunder, it is so completely out of my line, that I must be content with indicating how an Irishman said it was produced: namely, by rolling about large stones in an empty bowl.

LETITIA'S BRIDAL GIFTS.

"COME, Letitia, and see how your friends love you; we have arranged your gifts. Some have come since last evening."

And two lovely young women, hand in hand, went slowly from one room to another, where stood a table beautifully ornamented with flowers, and laden with superb silver, jewelry, vases, and all the choice and rare achievements of modern art.

About the table were two or three young girls, who had busied themselves with the arrangement of the table, and now stood looking on with much satisfaction.

It was the affectionate plan of these friends and Letitia's sisters to receive all these gifts and arrange them before she saw them, that she might have all the enjoyment without any of the trouble and loss of time; for Letitia was about to perpetrate marriage, and her time was very full, as we all know, from intuition, that the time of young expectants must necessarily be.

Letitia looked a moment at the glittering table, and immediately burst into tears, as she was bound to do, and would have been very hard-hearted not to do; for though Love had followed her and watched over her all the days of her life, and prosperity had smoothed the path before her, yet here were testimonials which she had earned by her sweetness of temper, her honest, courageous friendship for her companions, her fine talents, and her good principles. And she felt a glow of inward joy and gratitude, deeper, perhaps, than she had ever felt before; for she saw that her life had not been unworthy of its great requirements.

Prosperity may be compared to a garden, in which grow choice fruits against sunny walls. Careful hands turn the peach to the sun, guard it from the insect, the shower, and the frost; and it ripens into a rare, delicious flavour. The richness of the garden may breed a race of poisonous and destructive creatures, making the gardener's task no easy one. He must watch his peach; but, if heaven is propitious, and the gardener watchful, the fruit is like that which grew in the gardens of the Hesperides, and fills the world with its fragrance.

Letitia had been cared for like the peach. Heaven had given her a sweet and lovely appearance and noble talents; fond, careful parents had nurtured and tended the precious fruit; the long summer of an uninterrupted prosperity had perfected what nature so well began; and Mr. Vaughan, walking along the sunny parterre, saw the fruit, and—selfish man—plucked it. But here the simile ends, for Letitia was not made to be eaten.

"Here, Letitia, wipe your eyes; they will have crying enough to do hereafter. See this perfect vase which Blanche has sent you."

"And this lovely set of mosaics from Mrs. Emory—"

"And this pair of silver pitchers, which will hold a pipe of wine—"

"And this loveliest of bracelets—"

"And this fan—"

"And set of gold forks and spoons—"

"And gold *tête-à-tête* set—"

"And here, dear Letitia, a cameo from dear Gertrude. A most exquisite thing! Two angels flying through space; the one angel guarding the other. See how sweetly regal the face of the one, how trustful that of the other! And here is her letter:—"

"Dear Sister,—Thus did you guard me when we were together; and thus, I hope, may we one day float through the soft atmosphere of a better world."

"GERTRUDE."

Letitia took the little ornament and kissed it. It was from her younger sister, who had married and gone abroad, and who could not return for the marriage of this beloved older sister, but who sent her

this token. It was long before Letitia could look at anything else.

"But, Letitia, the great surprise remains. Here!" And Caroline drew a curtain, and revealed a superb piano, a gift from Mr. Vaughan's father.

Letitia felt the keenest delight. Music was her passion; and she sat immediately down to the superb instrument, and ran her fingers over it. It was thoughtful of her future papa to give her a piano. She thought with pleasure of the many hours of delight which this piano would give her—so pleasantly associated, too, with her wedding.

But a shade of disappointment crept over her face—Frederick had sent nothing. Frederick, the bridegroom, was he to be distanced in anything, even the giving of presents? No; for the cunning damsels had foreseen and arranged everything in a scientific manner. All the emotions were to come in proper sequence.

A beautiful little table of Marqueterie came to light, which was only a casket of things more beautiful than itself. It opened in every direction, and revealed camels'-hair shawls; lace in all arrangements; elegant handkerchiefs, marked with Letitia's cipher; gloves; and many other belongings of a lady's wardrobe. In one of the drawers was a card, on which was written,

"For my wife."

That little legend was worth all the rest. There was written the most eloquent word in the language; the word most full of all emotion, all trust, all hope!

Yes! Frederick had distanced them all. Things which could only pertain to *herself*—the shawl that folded her fair figure, the glove that covered her little hand, the lace that gave grace to her most stately toilet—all alike were from him; and her jealous, womanly pride rejoiced that his presents were the most beautiful and well-chosen of all.

Then the card! We will not say what became of that. Every woman knows; and it is of no consequence that the men, who are conceited enough already, should ever know.

But it is time to dress for the wedding, and we must go.

Grace Afton, Letitia's friend, and one of the Machiavels of the policy of the wedding-presents, was the next victim sacrificed at the altar, and from Letitia's gorgeous and grand wedding she returned to prepare for her own simple and quiet one.

Grace Afton was the daughter of one of those men who seem to live on the uncertain surface of a glittering bubble. No house so gay, no expenditure so lavish as that of Mr. Afton; no dinners so good, no dressing so extravagant, no visits so constant as those indulged in by the Aftons. One day Mr. Afton's last bubble burst, and there was no convenient bubble near for him to step on, and he, poor man! stepped into another world, where, it is hoped, he found something better than a bubble.

There was a "little something," as there always is, for the family; but they became *gentely* poor, sustained by their old friends, and holding their own position in society, but no longer the gay and successful Aftons of former times.

Grace, pretty, stylish creature, attracted young Mr. Liston, who was beginning life as an author, and had already made a name. Mr. Liston had a small fortune, and did not care for more, but was a favourite—and deservedly so—in society; Grace had very little education, and was not at all prepared to recognise what was most valuable in her lover's character, but "somehow" (that invaluable word) she fell in love with him. It was considered a very poor thing for both. Liston, every one said, might have done so much better; he might even have married Serafina Quesado, the great West Indian heiress, who liked him; or Alice Bruen, the Miss Counts of the place, who was not indifferent to him; but he foolishly preferred a girl he liked—with nothing.

The club thought he had done a very "green" thing; and Alice Bruen married immediately a man she detested, to spite him, which was a very sensible thing to do, as she is at present convinced.

Grace was thought to have done a very foolish thing, for young Veau, with his immense fortune, began to look attentively at her when she danced, and even leaned over her opera-box one entire scene of the "Trovatore," which was thought by some to be encouragement enough; and perhaps if Grace had assiduously flattered and courted Veau for a year, he might have thrown her the handkerchief. It would have been a very handsome handkerchief undoubtedly, but Grace did not wait for it, but took Liston's plain one.

So, perhaps, all things considered, it was not unnatural that Grace looked rather enviously on Letitia, and thought that fortune had been unjust. Her own bridal gifts were pretty and useful, but not superb;

for by a certain magnetic power wealth attracts wealth, and every one's purse opened wider for Letitia than for Grace. People said, "Letitia's gifts will all be so handsome it will not do for me to send anything plain; but poor Grace will have a much plainer establishment, and will be glad of any little tasteful thing." Then Liston stood alone in the world, and there were no rich relatives to shower down silver teacups; on either side, a few books, bronzes, tasteful, quiet ornaments, and some rare and beautiful antique gems from Liston, the spoils of a Roman winter, were the bridal gifts of Grace; a few old friends of her father contributed some handsome pieces of silver, but the "show" was poor compared with that of Letitia's.

Grace looked at the meagre preparation, and shed a few tears. To her surprise one pearly tear fell down on her lap, turned amber-coloured, and, gradually taking shape, became a little glittering snake. It crawled down her dress, and, writhing about after the fashion of its tribe, finally reached the table, and ascended its standard by little lithe movements. Reaching the table-top, it settled down in graceful curves, and remained as still and rigid as if really carved out of amber. Grace was somewhat astonished, of course; but reaching out her hand for it, she took it up, and discovered that it was a real and very graceful little amber *presse papier*, and would look very well on an *etagère*. Before she had time to consider how very profitable it would be if all the tears of discontented young women could be turned into amber ornaments, her fairy godmother, a very nice little old woman-fairy, appeared, looking very displeased.

"Ah! my dear, I trust every fit of crying you have over the superior fortunes of others may result in a large crop of serpents, and every one turn and sting you, if they will only run out of your eyes instead of your mouth. Ah! how ugly, and venomous, and yellow he looks!" And at that moment Snakey's eyes sparkled; his little delicate tongue wriggled; he looked as if he were tasting a reputation.

"See, dear Grace, that creature is a distillation of your brewing. Could you believe it? Could I believe it—looking at your delicate face—your sweet lips! and you a bride, the chosen among women. What would Liston say?"

"Well, Fairy Godmother, I am not so bad. I was only quietly regretting that I had not as much on my bridal table as Letitia has, and I don't know why that little snake should have run out of my eyes. I am sure that was not as bad as if I had spoken ill of any one, or had done anything wrong."

"That little snake is the representative of a large family, dear Grace, and he has providentially been caught, so as to tell you where his tribe congregates, that you may smoke out the whole race. Those animals live, I am sorry to say, in the secret warm foldings of the human heart, and your false human life steadily warms them into existence. They might be stifled if this terrible warming process did not go on all the time. If each and every one of you could only stand nobly on your great high pinnacle of humanity, living an individual life, regardless of all this foolish emulation, as you might do, and as some of you have done, then these creatures would die, and you would be comfortable. I have found that a great idea is a very good vermifuge. Poetry, humanity, love, maternity—but how I am *spreading*. I should include it all in one word."

"Religion, you mean. No, dear Fairy Godmother, call it by all these other names. They are nearer my weakness; they are less abstract. I am reached by them."

"True, dear child. Then let me give you an axiom from a man I very much respected—Dr. Franklin."

The Fairy here adjusted her false front, took a delicate pinch of snuff, and looked sentimental. It was an idea to which she always, perhaps, lent a colouring, that she and the Doctor had had a flirtation!

"Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation; use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly."

"A course of conduct systematically pursued, my dear," said the Fairy Godmother (who was a little dogmatical), "although it may not kill the serpents at once, is apt to so starve them that they die at length. If you have the strength to walk in bravely and strangle them; if you can say at once, 'Die, little disturbers! I will not listen to your poisonous suggestions; you shall not come between me and peace,' then you are a very great woman, and I have nothing more to say; but if you are weak, and would fain be strong, then I would recommend you to the words of—in fact, there is no use mincing matters—my old admirer, Dr. Franklin."

"Fairy Godmother, have you ever thought why Fortune is so very unequal?"

"Dear, I am a Yankee, and must answer your question by asking another. You saw Letitia receive her presents. Which affected her most?"

"Her sister's cameo, her piano, and lastly and most powerfully, her lover's gifts," and Grace cast a fond look toward the Roman gems.

"Fraternal feeling, taste, love. So far, very good; and now you know Letitia—tell me, if your positions were reversed, would she have cried over the superiority of your fortune?"

"No, she would not. Letitia is too elevated a person. She would have rejoiced, and have enjoyed my fortune as her own." Grace said all this with quite a glow, for she was an honest little thing.

"Very good—*very good*. The snakes are being exterminated. Then let me tell you that Letitia has been well chosen for the ordeal of prosperity. That, of all others, my dear Grace, is the climate which nurses the snakes! that rich, tropical climate of eternal sunshine! Oh, what noxious growths it can put forth! what poisonous and what monstrous creations! Firstly, Idleness, the slime in which these things take birth; then Excess, which educates them; then diseased Sensation, which makes the mind a prey to the gangrene of the worst passions."

"Good gracious! I hope Letitia isn't coming to all this."

"No! Letitia will be a happy wife—the joyful mother of children. She will be honoured and cared for. The wind shall not visit her cheek too roughly; and she shall be able to bear it without vainglory or presumption. But she will still suffer; for is she not God's creature; to be fitted for his eternal world? and is not her life here, like yours and all others, a probation? She is to be tried with prosperity; that is all. And let me tell you what that brings. She has a clear, comprehensive mind, which will tell her the immense uses and power of wealth; an enlarged conscience, which will demand that she administers her trust well. There is work enough for one poor little woman. Then prosperity almost always has its peculiar disappointments and trials, which wrinkle the brow and depress the spirits, such as losses, defection of tried and trusted servants, and the like. Then, more potent than all, it separates husband and wife, while adversity draws them together. Each is necessarily independent of the other. The bonds which draw them together are few; there is no mutual dependence, save of mutual tastes. The husband may like his wife's music, and she his literary tastes, but there is no mutual *sacrifice*—an important bond, dear Grace. Then detraction and envy (your little snake) will follow her like shadows, nestle in her footstool, climb to her very chamber-door. She shall never have peace from them! So, does she not need all she has—her noble principles, her strong sense, her warm affections? Yes, all of them."

The snake had gone to sleep during this homily of the Fairy Godmother. There he lay, a mere amber toy, pretty in his lithe, graceful curves and transparent texture, a silent and motionless stone.

"Hark! who knocks? I am off. Good-by, dear," and the Fairy Godmother disappeared.

Enter Agnes, a bridesmaid.

"Well, Gracey, how pretty everything is! how tasteful! Do you know I thought the display at Letitia's perfectly *disgusting*—such taste! And I have heard *such* stories of Mr. Vaughan—been so gay! Well, well, if anything will only take down Letitia's pride! Ugh! what an ugly little snake! Ah! does he bite? Oh no, only a *presse papier*. I am sure, however, as I took hold of him he stung me."

"It is amber, and perhaps may have some electrical effect. You may be highly charged, and have received a shock."

"Well, it is an ugly creature. I would not have it about. See, it absolutely snaps its eye at me!"

"Fancy, dear Grace—fancy."

"Well, good morning. You have been crying, I declare—begin to repent, hey?"

Enter Fairy Godmother, with her front hair awry, and a colour on her cheek probably gained in rapid descent from the chimney.

"My dear, keep that snake as a talisman. It really stung Agnes; it recognised a nestful of its kindred. Whenever such a tongue as that's let loose, do you let loose the snake, no matter how much he bites, only be careful that he is the only one you keep about you."

Two breakfast tables await our presence, we are expected at both. First Letitia's, as befits its superior elegance.

"The sun on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,

By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand,
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

Mr. Vaughan sat at the table reading the paper. The light fell from a beautiful window, with its artistic tracery, on the table, which threw back the light from its burnished surfaces of silver and glass. A conservatory opened from the room, and lent its fragrance and beauty to the morning. Now and then a bird trilled a note from his pretty cage among the flowers, and a fountain plashed in a marble basin surrounded by lilies. So much had art emulated nature, that one's senses were irresistibly compelled to believe that summer reigned, and that the snow outside the window was an illusion.

Mrs. Vaughan entered presently. Her husband rose and kissed her hand. "You are pale this morning; not ill, I hope?"

"No, only fatigued; I was so late last night. Three balls! but I was obliged to show myself at all of them; and you—I hoped to meet you at Mrs. Calton's; where were you?"

"Oh, I dined at Montgomery's, you know; and then looked in at the club; and stayed late at whist, feeling little disposed for a ball."

At this moment a beautiful child was brought in by his nurse; both father and mother turned to kiss and caress him.

"How is he, Rosine? Has he slept well?"

"*Passablement*, madame."

"I want him to walk to-day."

"*Mais*, madame. Madame knows I have such weak ankles."

"Ah! well, you can go in the carriage."

"Rosine is such a tyrant," said Mrs. Vaughan, laughing.

"Why keep her, then?"

"Oh, all good nurses are, particularly French ones. If you could only have competent ones without tempers and wills, it would do very well; but you must take them as they come; and Rosine is very competent. She keeps him beautifully dressed, and is very kind to him, and her accent is perfect; so I must submit to a few *airs*."

"Do rest to-day, dear Letitia! you look very pale."

"Oh! rest! impossible! I must go to my society at twelve, after spending an hour with my baby; and then I must make at least twenty visits. I shall be very glad if I can rest twenty minutes before dressing for dinner. Remember, to-day we have the two young foreigners to dinner; and to the Browns' this evening. You will not fall me?"

Letitia observed her husband looking anxiously at his watch.

"Excuse me, dear wife, I must be off. I have a busy day before me, and, I fear, some trouble. Gardner, my head clerk, has been behaving oddly; I fear he has been somewhat dishonest, poor fellow! So good, so competent a clerk! He is married to a little, vain woman, who evidently makes you her model in dress, as she sees you in the street, and I fear she spends more than he makes. So I am in no mood for dinners. It is not a cheering spectacle to see a man ruined by an amiable weakness. I wish I could ever find a day to spend at home with you; but, good morning! Try and rest, dear, and get back your bright eyes."

So the man of fortune, driven by invisible scourges, was forced away from his luxurious breakfast-room, his beautiful wife and child, to a counting-house where trouble of all sorts awaited him, and where he toiled until dark; then coming hurriedly up to town to dress for a dinner, which he ate without an appetite and presided at while his heart was far away with his disgraced and discharged clerk, one of the many victims of our false and ruinous style of living.

And Letitia left with a sigh her pretty nursery and its sweet little tenant for a round of duties which her wealth and commanding position required of her. She came home happier than her husband, for her day had been blessed with some opportunities of doing good, and its record went not unworthily up to heaven. Yet she was worn and pale, and even her exquisite toilet at dinner did not conceal from the anxious and loving eyes of her husband that this daily and nightly effort was telling upon his wife, and causing her roses to wither all too soon.

In a very neat little dining-room, which has for its ornaments some good engravings, a few flowers growing, and a green vine twined about the window in place of stone tracery, we come to our second breakfast. It is a plain, neat little affair, not elegant, but quite inexpensive. A bright coal-fire gives

it cheerfulness, the same gorgeous sun illuminates it that brought out the superb points of Letitia's grand apartment. At the table are Liston and Grace, talking and laughing.

"So your book will not be published this spring!"

"No, and farewell to our continental summer."

"That is a disappointment. I had hoped to see the Alps this season."

"A disappointment! Grace, you speak as if you had simply lost an opportunity to go to the theatre. Does it not deserve a more 'falling inflection' than that?"

"Well, no, Alfred. I am so happy, so much more so than I dared to hope, that I can well afford to wait another year for this great enjoyment. Then the boy may be able to go with us; now he is too young—hear him crow up stairs! By-the-way, I am about to tell you of something pleasant. We are invited to dine with Letitia on Thursday. I met her to-day, as I was returning from the German school, dispensing her charities. How that woman works!"

"Yes, too much. I saw her yesterday, and thought I had never seen her so lovely—but a trifle pale."

"Oh, she looks dreadfully!"

"No, she does not, Grace; that is your jealousy, because I praised her so much. She simply looks as all gay ladies look who go every night to some heated party, who dine, pay visits and the like all the time, and have also hearts and minds which must be attended to. They burn the candle at both ends."

"And how do I look?"

"Very old, and wrinkled, and ugly. Mrs. Liston, do not expect to induce me to become complimentary at such short notice. But good-by. At three I will come to go with you to see those pictures."

Grace and Liston had overcome the world. They were content to live plainly, dress plainly, receive their friends unostentatiously, and, in fact, to have all the gold without any of the glitter. They thus spared themselves a great deal of trouble and many heart-burnings, and were in the enjoyment still of all that their elegant tastes demanded. Every one liked to come to their house; no one envied Grace her camels'-hair shawl, or Liston his fast horses, because they had no such luxuries; but no one was more eagerly sought for than Liston as a companion, and all the women, even, acknowledged that Grace had never been so handsome in her life.

It occurred to Grace shortly after this conversation to look on her *etagère* for the little amber snake which had once shown such vitality. For several years it had remained in yellow composure, only showing its potency by giving an electrical shock occasionally to some slanderer or careless talker; but Grace remembered that, for some time, she had not seen it. She now looked for it in vain. It was gone. It had crawled off probably to some more elegant mansion. It was a luxurious snake, and liked more riotous living; at any rate it was gone. Grace never saw it again, and the places that had known it knew it no more for ever.

THE FIRST KISS.

Who has forgotten the emotions inspired by the first kiss? Pierce Pungent has exhausted himself in a vain attempt to describe what may be remembered, but cannot and should not be told. He says:

"We never believed Pope's line,

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain,"

till we once accidentally got a kiss awarded to us at a game of forfeits, some fifty years ago. *Eheu! fugaces!* The fair one in question was the secret idol of our heart. Oh, those cerulean eyes! those flowing silken tresses! that exquisite waist, which seemed the isthmus of earth and elysium. How we longed to make our arms the only railroad of that region, transferring the wild Atlantic of our boyish admiration into the calm Pacific of reciprocated love! But we must tear ourselves away from our geography and return to our sheep, or, rather, our lamb, for our heart's worship was only eighteen pence a pound—confound the butchers! the high price of meat has confused our notions—we mean, she was only eighteen years of age. When we found ourselves entitled to a kiss by the sacred game of forfeits, the keenness of the rapture almost grew into a toothache. A kiss seemed more than we could manage; it grew into Titanic dimensions. We had a vague notion of asking the company to help us out by sharing our bliss, as the school-boy who, when he hears of his two hundred pound cake being on the road, promises all his comrades a slice, but when it arrives he keeps it all to himself!

"A kiss from Mary! and all to our own cheek! Oh! and then the blushing shame of a first love,

vulgarly called calf, came over us, and we stood looking at our Mary's lips as a thief does at the galleys! Oh! those sunny eyes! Oh! those luxuriant tresses! as she shook them off her radiant face, as a dove shakes her feathers and a dog his hide, in order to leave more cheek to kiss! Oh! those provoking lips, pursed up ready, like the peak of Teneriffe, to catch the first kiss of love, that rosy light from heaven! Oh! that circling dimple, couched in her cheek like laughing wile! And oh! that moment when she said, 'Well, if Cousin Pierce won't kiss me, I'll kiss him!' She stooped down—my sight grew dim—my heart beat fast, as though I had swallowed a dose of prussic acid; her lips touched mine; the world slid away, as it does when we soar in a balloon; and we were carried away into a calm delirium, which has never altogether left us."

The Matron.

NO. XX.

WHAT vast treasures have been consumed by fire! Arsenals and theatres, houses of legislation, palaces, and temples of prayer,—nothing comes amiss to the destroyer. Yet, vast as may be the ruinous consequences of conflagrations, they can generally be traced to the carelessness of individuals. Some thoughtless official has over-heated a flue, neglected to extinguish a light, or left combustible matter too near the fire. Even precautionary measures often prove abortive through servants' neglect. Thus, in the case of the fire at the Tower of London (many years ago), the first time the water-tank was resorted to, it was found dry! Neglect in the high and the low, in the rulers and the ruled—in this one word neglect we have the secret of almost all the devastation caused by fire. True, the dire calamity does sometimes descend on us like a judgment from above, in the shape of lightning; but how few are these instances compared with conflagrations caused by carelessness!

Fire let loose on our homes is the subject of the present chapter, and I shall try to point out both cause and remedy.

Now let us consider a few of the most frequent causes of fires at home.

First and foremost, neglecting to have your chimney swept.

2nd. Leaving the poker in the fire till it gets red hot, and (very likely) falls out and sets fire to any combustible thing within its reach.

3rd. Leaving lucifer matches about; letting them fall on the ground, be trodden on, and set fire to your clothes, or those of your children.

4th. Letting children go too near fires, or carry about candles.

5th. Having candles put up in so loose and careless a manner that they fall about, right and left, and often envelop the sloven in flames.

6th. Ladies (when their crinoline, hoops, or capes are so large that they hardly know their own dimensions) sitting, standing, or dancing incautiously near the fire.

7th. Reading in bed by candle-light.

8th. In summer time, placing candles near windows, with the sash up and the curtains down.

9th. Keeping spirits of turpentine so near the fire that it ignites.

Most of the preceding causes need only to be mentioned in order to be avoided; but the two last-mentioned dangers, and also those incurred by ladies in crinolines, require some comment. I begin with *reading in bed by candle-light*. This practice is so dangerous, that it is like madness to indulge in it. You will agree with me when I remind you how likely the stillness of night and the warmth of bed are to draw a person to sleep; and as sleep comes on unawares, consider how likely the contact of your night-dress and the lighted candle must be. The lady in the crinoline would not be in such danger as the lady reading in bed, did she constantly bear in mind how very far she extends. The lamentable part of her case is the difficulty of extinguishing the flame, should her dress unluckily have come in contact with it. To smother the flames is the great object, and to do this the air must be destroyed; but her dress, balloon-like, is inflated with air, and its inflated state is maintained by means of wood, whalebone, or steel. However, she must follow, as far as possible, the rules for all persons on fire.

Immediately lie down on the ground, because flame tends upwards; and if you have been able to seize a piece of carpet, a hearthrug, or a heavy shawl, wrap it round you, and roll on the ground in it; thus you will probably extinguish the flames. If there is no wrapper handy, you may partially

protect your neck and head by throwing your own clothes over them, never omitting to lie down, and to roll over anything wrapped around you. In the meantime, it is to be hoped that your screams will have attracted help; but do not run about the room: the air occasioned by your running feeds the flame.

In case of a chimney on fire, handfuls of flour of sulphur, thrown into the grate, will extinguish the flame; and a wet blanket must be immediately applied to the front of the fire-place.

From what cause soever fire may have arisen, the great object is, to maintain one's presence of mind when the alarm is actually given. Bear in mind that even a small quantity of water may obviate great danger. Get a bucket of water, and wet the blankets through it. Spread out these blankets on the floor of the room where the fire is. Should it have broken out in your own apartment, use the following means in escaping:—Crawl with your face near the ground. How dense soever the smoke may be, near the floor the air is pure, and may be inhaled. If you have to come downstairs, put a pillow before your face, and a wet blanket round your body, recollecting to hold your breath as much as possible.

Should the alarm be given when you are in your own house, with your children, you need hardly be told, first of all, to direct all your energies to the saving of life, and to let property be a secondary consideration. Avoid as much as possible opening doors or windows, for this increases fire, by letting in fresh air. When you have collected every human being in the house, calmly consider the best means of escape. Sometimes there is perfectly easy access to the roof of an adjoining house. Should the staircase be passable, I have already given rules how you are to descend it. Supposing there is no escape but through the window, getting down by a knotted rope is thought the best means; but if a leap cannot be avoided, feather-beds or mattresses should be thrown out first, that by jumping on them you may be less injured by your fall. Should you use the fire-escapes, fasten them to the bed-posts, and send down the children by the sack, fastened to a rope. Do not forget to beware of the spikes; and when your dear ones have reached the ground in safety, take good courage, and lower yourselves.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

A YOUTH would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But she was rich and he was poor,
And so it might not be.
A lady never could wear—
Her mother held it firm—
A gown that came of an India plant,
And not of an India worm!
And so the cruel word was spoken,
And so it was two hearts were broken.
A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But he was high and she was low,
And so it might not be.
A man who had worn a spur
In ancient battle won,
Had sent it down, with great renown,
To gild his future son!
And so the cruel word was spoken,
And so it was two hearts were broken.
A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But their sires disputed about the Mass,
And so it might not be.
A couple of wicked kings,
Three hundred years ago,
Had played at a royal game of chess,
And the Church had been a pawn!
And so the cruel word was spoken,
And so it was two hearts were broken.

PADDY IN THE WITNESS-BOX.—A certain witness, in an action for assault and battery, mixed things up considerably in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Dennis came to him and struck him, he proceeded: "So, yer honour, I just hauled off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog cum along, and I hit him again." "Hit the dog?" "No, yer honour, hit Dennis. And then I up wid a stun and throwed it at him, and it rolled him over and over." "Threw a stone at Dennis?" "At the dog, yer honour; and he got up and hit me again." "The dog?" "No, Dennis. And wid that he stuck his tail betwixt his legs and run off." "Dennis?" "No, the dog. And when he came back at me, he got me down and pounded me, yer honour." "The dog came back at you?" "No, Dennis, yer honour; and he isn't hurt any at all." "Who isn't hurt?" "The dog, yer honour."

Small Change.

DR. JACKSON, the elder, of Boston, meeting his old friend Josiah Quincy (both past eighty years of age) on the sidewalk, accosted him with, "Well, Mr. Quincy, how much longer do you intend to live?"—"Till I send for a doctor," was the quick reply.—"And when did you send for one last?" inquired Dr. J.—"Just eighty-six years ago!" answered Mr Quincy, adding the precise date of his birth.

"LET the toast be—dear woman!" as the hungry husband said to his wife, who was in a hurry to clear off the breakfast-table.

A LADY wrote upon a window some verses intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath:—

The lady whose resolve these words betoken,
Wrote them on glass, to show it may be broken.

"OH, Johnny!" said one little boy to another, "let us play fighting! and you stand on the table; that's the fort; and I'll be the enemy, and undermine the fort, and blow it up—take the table by the legs, you know, and tip you over. Won't it be fun?" Johnny was doubtful, and suggested that Charley should stand upon the table, or else he must decline playing.

FRIENDSHIP is silent and makes no parade; the true heart dances no hornpipe on the tongue.

THE following words, if spelt backwards or forwards, are the same—Name no one man.

THE patient mule, which travels night and day, will, in the end, go further than the Arabian courser. —*Persian Researches*.

WHY is a clever detective like a precocious genius? Because he possesses great quickness of apprehension.

OLD Sir James Herring was remonstrated with for not rising earlier, and advised to make up his mind to it. "I can make up my mind to it," said he, "but I cannot make up my body."

"JOHN, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?"—"Yes, sir; attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again."

CHARLES BANNISTER going into a pastrycook's shop with Parsons, the latter gentleman was very curious in examining an electric eel, and inquired of Bannister what sort of a pie he thought it would make. "A shock-ing one," was the reply.

TRUE joy is a sincere and sober emotion; and they are miserably out who take laughing for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave mind. —*Seneca*.

A COXCOMB, teasing Dr. Parr with an account of his petty ailments, complained that he never could go out without catching a cold in his head. "No wonder," returned the doctor; "you always go out without anything in it."

"ARE those pure canaries," asked a gentleman of a bird-fancier, with whom he was negotiating for a pair. "Yes, sir," said the dealer, confidentially; "I raised them 'ere birds from this very canary seed."

IN a recent ride to Peoria, says a country editor, we discovered the following placard upon a gatepost:—for Sail too story Hows And ben the Oner Xpex to Go 2 californny."

A PERSON looking at some skeletons the other day, asked a young doctor present where he got them. He replied, "We raised them."

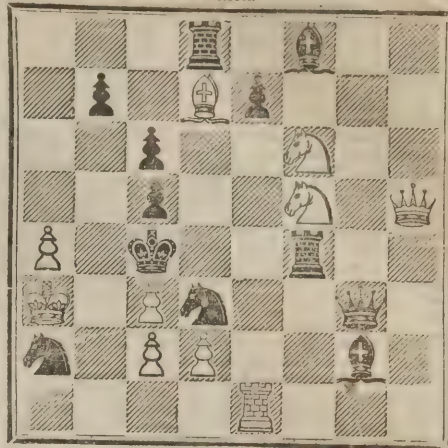
ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A GRAIN of prudence is worth a pound of craft.
Boasters are cousins to liars.
Confession of a fault makes half amends.
Denying a fault doubles it.
Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.
Foolish fear doubles danger.
God reacheth us good things by our own hands.
He has hard work who has nothing to do.
It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.
Knavery is the worst trade.
Learning makes a man fit company for himself.
Modesty is a guard to virtue.
Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.
One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.
Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.
Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.
Richest is he that wants least.
Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater.
The boughs that bear most hang lowest.
Upright walking is sure walking.
Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.
Wise men make more opportunities than they find.
You will never lose by doing a good turn.
Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

Chess.

Problem No. 40. By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.

BLACK.

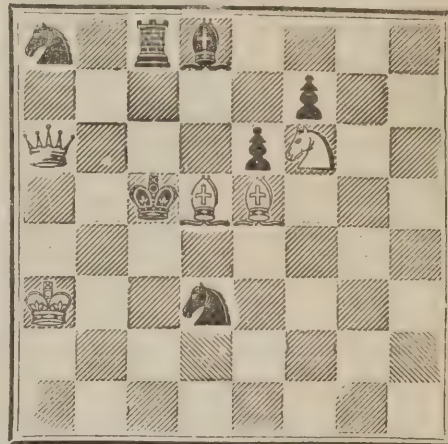


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Problem No. 41. For the Juveniles. By DOMINO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 30.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to K Kt 7	Black's moves are forced
2. P to Q 4	
3. B to K R 6	
4. Kt mates	

Solution of Problem No. 33.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to Q 7	1. Q to K Kt 8 (ch)
2. K takes Q	2. R takes Q (ch)
3. K to R sq (dis ch)	3. K to R 5 or P moves.
4. R mates	

Solution of Problem No. 34.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q Kt 5	1. R takes Q
2. P moves	2. R takes P
3. Kt to Q 4	3. Any move
4. Kt or R mates	

T. B. SMITH.—You are incorrect in your observations on Problem No. 31. Your second move gives stalemate.

TROS. J. LEEMING.—The Problems sent by you are not sufficiently interesting for publication. We shall be happy to examine the other positions to which you refer.

ROMULUS.—1. There is no difference between the two. 2. In solving a Problem it is necessary, of course, that mate should be effected against the soundest defence on the part of Black.

G. H. COOKE.—You omitted to send the solution of your Problem.

J. PHENIX.—Many thanks for your letter and the Problems which accompanied it.

Solutions of Problems by R. Thompson (Southport), Nos. 31 and 32; Grapes, Nos. 31 and 32; Ars sur Mosello, No. 30, and Enigmas Nos. 10 and 11; F. G. Rainger, Nos. 29, 30, 31, and 32; Oxon, No. 32; M. A. R., Nos. 31 and 32; J. Russell, Nos. 29, 30, and 31; E. Grant, Nos. 31 and 32; R. Hunter, Nos. 31 and 32; Douglas, Nos. 29, 30, and 31; C. Austin, Nos. 30, 31, and 32; J. McCoy, Nos. 31 and 32; J. Palmer, Nos. 31 and 32; Caisse Amicus, Nos. 30, 31, and 32; D. W. S., Nos. 30 and 32; Inquendo, Nos. 30 and 32; A. Mayhew, Nos. 30 and 31; G. Farrow, Nos. 30, 31, and 32.

Our Editorial Table.

A YOUNG STUDENT.—The work about which you inquire is entitled *Astronomy*; or, *Astronomical Geography*, and is admirably adapted for your purpose. It forms the second volume of the "Educational Course." The first volume of the series, *Science Popularly Explained* (576 pp. for 3s. 6d.), you will also find extremely useful. The other volumes of the "Course" include *Outlines of Botany*, *English Language in its Elements and Forms*, *Utility of Mathematics*, and *Political Economy*.

"THE LADIES' TREASURY," price sixpence, monthly, is the most useful, instructive, and entertaining magazine for ladies. This beautiful periodical is profusely illustrated. The May number, now ready, contains—*Conduct and Character*; or, *Rules for the Guidance of Young Ladies in their Intercourse with the World*; *Easy Lessons in French and German*; *Fancy Work*, by Mrs. Warren; *Paper Flowers*; the commencement of a new and original tale of great interest, entitled "Unmeaning Attentions," by the author of "Lucy Blair," &c. &c. The illustrations in this number are more than usually good, and comprise a beautiful view of Heidelberg, "Family Enjoyments," "The Bride," &c.

X. Y. Z., STUDENT, ADMIRER, CONSTANT READER FROM THE BEGINNING, and other correspondents, address us under some apprehension that our circulation may be affected by the numerous publications which threaten to compete with us for the favour of the public. We beg to assure our kind friends that their fears are entirely groundless. Our circulation is based upon too solid an appreciation of the merits of our Paper to be affected by competitors of the class to which our correspondents refer. As the education of the people has progressed, the masses have become more and more enlightened, and are, in consequence, now well able to discriminate between the pretensions of mere transient, platitudinous, and witless productions, and the sterling value of established periodicals like our own, upon which no expense is spared, and from which no available talent is withheld, which can render it acceptable to high and low, rich and poor, young and old. We can have no safer or more satisfactory proof of the permanency of our popularity than the fact that, in spite of the unusual competition of the ephemeral rivals who have sprung up, mushroom-like, during the last few months, our circulation has reached a higher point than it had ever before attained. We have, indeed, no doubt that, with the assistance of that persevering propagandism which some of our correspondents assure us they are determined to employ, CASSELL'S PAPER will attain a sale not yet reached by any other periodical. We will continue to do our part towards producing this result.

REDMOND, PRIMROSE, JOHN McMAHON, PETER.—"Redmond," Alexander Dumas, sen., is the father of Alexander Dumas, jun. They are both authors. You will find your wish anticipated, and that there is a faithful likeness of J. F. Smith in this number of our Paper.—"Primrose" is referred to the answer given to "Moss Rosebud."—"John McMahon" should not give the forward lady an "uncivil notice"—but a very decided one—that her preference is not returned. As to making the acquaintance of the young lady he admires, "John" will find hints in a former number how to proceed with propriety.—"Peter" objects to writing, so he cannot forward his suit until the lady's return. When that takes place, we think he has a good chance of a favourable reception, but he must make up his mind, or some other suitor may do so before him.

YOUR WELCOME GUEST, Edward, Securable, Despondency, Broekley, Brickmaker, An Impatient Subscriber, M. J. H., Army and Helen, Alma, Tamora, A. Veitch, Emma Jane, A New Subscriber, A Young Farmer, Fiddler Dick, P. Stringer, Dumfries, R. E. M. H., A. Owen, R. Markham, W. Coop, F. G. F., M. T. Hull (Burnley), H. N., A Reader of Cassell's, Alfred, F. W., A Subscriber, and several other correspondents, afflicted with various bodily ailments or defects, can only receive reliable advice from skillful medical practitioners. Remedies for corns, warts, &c. we have given repeatedly, as well as washes for the hands and face.

P. Q.—We are not astonished at your being struck with the antiquity of some of the buildings in Holborn, but Furnival's Inn can hardly be called an antiquity, because it was completely rebuilt by Mr. Peto in 1819. The Inn that formerly stood on this site was the town mansion of Sir William le Furnival, who flourished in the reign of Richard II.

TOPSY, SUSAN, A CONSTANT READER.—"Topsy:" Under the circumstances, it would be contrary to etiquette to ask a gentleman to write to you.—If "Susan's" white ribbons are of satin, she may make them look almost as well as new ones by rubbing them (in the first instance) with stone blue and flannel, and afterwards with crumbs of bread; to sarcenet, she had better apply the bread only.—"A Constant Reader" will find a remedy for a flushed face given in a recent number. As to arsenic, it is a deadly mineral poison, and we advise her to have nothing to do with it.

PETER THINKIN.—We have already expressed our opinion of the folly of boys of sixteen wasting their valuable time in flirtations, but you, Peter, have not a moment to lose, for your incorrect orthography shows you to be backward in your education.

CATHERINE.—We refer "Catherine" to the answers given to "H. Yates."

WARTERTON.—Tears, blushes, laughter, and all physical symptoms of mental excitement, prove the constant influence of mind over matter. The explanation of the causes of these symptoms would occupy a treatise, and perhaps give little satisfaction after all. We think when you are introduced as "the new shopman," your alacrity and zeal in waiting on the customers will give more satisfaction than any set speech we could dictate.

ALICE, U. R. T.—The unsightly pimples respecting which you ask our advice, are not very easily removed. They are called by some "worm pimples," by others "grubs," but it is quite a mistake to imagine there is any vitality in them. They result from obstructed perspiration. They should be

gradually pressed out of every pore, or they will remain and nothing will dislodge them. When the pimples are removed, the skin should at night be anointed with a salve made of the following ingredients:—1 oz. of pounded bitter almonds, 1 oz. of barley-flour, mixed with a table-spoonful of honey into a smooth paste.

T. S.—Manure has little effect on a wet soil, and gypsum, which so beneficially stimulates dry soils, is lost on wet ones.

CURIOS CALCULATION.—Under this title a correspondent has forwarded to us a calculation respecting pins dropped daily into the hold of the Leviathan. The paragraph appeared in No. 22 of our journal. From several letters we have since received, it seems that the calculation is erroneous. "J. A. H." informs us that it has been incorrectly copied from a contemporary, to which he forwarded it for insertion. "Will you allow me, therefore," he says, "as the original promoter of that curious calculation, to give you the correct results thereof. The number of pins dropped according to your paper is stated to be 4,509,599,627,370,495; it should be 4,508,599,627,370,495. You state the weight of them to be 628,299,358 tons, allowing 20 pins to the ounce, it should be allowing 200 pins to the ounce." Our correspondent "J. A. H." has our best thanks. Thomas Bethel Leeman, N. O., Peterkin, A. Constant Reader, G. T. Taylor, J. B., and Thomas Later, have also furnished solutions.

ANNETTE.—The apostrophe to London is by Cowper. It runs thus:

"London—opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London! Babylon of old,
Not more the glory of the earth than she
A more accomplished world's chief glory now."

MARGUERITE.—When introducing the second sister in a family you should merely put her Christian before her surname. Miss M. or N. junior is an incorrect expression.

A MERRY GRIG had better not apply Fuller's earth to her skin, but follow the rules for improving the complexion given in a preceding number. We do not think "A Merry Grig" need be alarmed at awaking with cold eyeballs and eyelids. Awaking with hot ones would be more indicative of ill-health. We advise "Merry Grig" to beware of entertaining a very "tender sentiment" for a gentleman who could have her without declaring himself.

HOPE EVERMORE.—The seventh day of the week is Saturday. The Jews conscientiously observe this as the Sabbath, because they are so directed by the law of Moses, which is the rule of their faith and practice.

D. C. L.—Your statement has excited our sympathy. If you have not heard of, or from your wife for seven years, the law allows you to believe her dead, and leaves you at liberty to marry again. If, however, after you have done so, your first wife should return and claim you, your second marriage would be declared illegal, though you would not be subjected to any criminal indictment.

EGG-BOILER.—We believe the opinion to be a "vulgar error."

F. G. F.—The first and second volumes of "Cassell's Illustrated History of England," may still be obtained in numbers, at one penny each; but it would be more convenient to purchase it in volumes.

JACK.—Have nothing to do with the proposed "investment."

W. ROBERTS.—You are greatly mistaken. Please to repeat your question.

MACEETH.—A "bill of sale" is a deed given by a person as a security for some consideration received, such as a loan of money, &c. It empowers the person who holds it to sell the property in the event of the loan, &c., not being repaid according to the conditions.

A VERY OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Try a solution of isinglass in weak spirit, or try your present solution somewhat weaker.

AJAX, A. A.—Wash the parts affected every morning and night with warm water and yellow soap.

D. A. MACSLAN.—The composition of which the ornaments for picture frames are formed, consists of whitening finely powdered, made into a kind of paste or putty with melted glue. The ornaments must be moulded or formed immediately after the composition is made, as it very soon becomes hard.

SNAKE.—We really cannot instruct you in the art of feeding, keeping, and training slow worms, vipers, or adders.

JACK MANDERS.—Good lemonade powders may be made thus:—To two pounds of loaf sugar, finely powdered, add a quarter of an ounce of citric acid, also powdered, and half a dram of essence of lemon; mix well.

J. H.—The numbers of our Old Series may still be obtained of Messrs. Petter and Galpin, Bell Sauvage Yard; but the price, for reasons we have before stated, will be three halfpence per number.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Capern (the poet) resides at Bideford, North Devon.

A COUNTRYMAN.—St. James's Park received its name from Henry VIII. It was then a wild, wet field. Charles II. improved and planted it, and the game of mall and ball was played there by the nobility in 1638. It has since received numerous improvements.

N. W.—Calchas and Mopsus were celebrated soothsayers and inveterate rivals.

HOMO.—We fear your plaid is injured beyond recovery.

R. WALTON.—Our series of "Easy French Lessons" commenced in No. 23.

HENRY.—Gum paste is simply gum arabic dissolved in soft water. If closely corked it will keep good for at least three months.

MAGGIE.—The best remedies we can recommend are active and industrious employment, abstemiousness, both as to solids and fluids, and regular exercise.

A STUART.—Most assuredly Queen Victoria is a descendant of the Stuarts through Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I. of England, and sixth of Scotland.

THOMSON.—It does not follow that because a person is reprieved, that he is therefore pardoned; his sentence may be reversed, or its execution may be only suspended for a time.

HENRY B. might possibly overcome his extreme nervousness by going more into society. Why does he not improve his handwriting? It is really disgraceful.

J. LISTER.—We received your enigma; but we have already published one exactly similar.

PHILIP.—You need not be in constant "pain" because of your Lancashire dialect. Read the best authors aloud; listen attentively to good speakers, and do not associate too freely with those who, like yourself, speak broad Lancashire, and you will be able to overcome that which causes you so much anxiety.

VIOLET AMY.—The final *e* is not sounded in Anne, Therese, Louise, or Auguste; in Julie, Eugenie, and Emilie, the *e* is sounded as *e*; and in Louise, Therese, &c., the *se* is sounded long and soft.

AN ENSIGN.—According to a decision pronounced by the Lord Chancellor in 1855, you are not entitled to any part of the property. It is true that in a case in Chancery, where a testator had left his property to his cousins, the Vice-Chancellor Stuart held that this included first cousins once removed, as also second cousins; but the Lord Chancellor, in the year above mentioned, reversed this decision, and held that first cousins were alone entitled to the benefit of the will.

EMMA, A FOND AND TRUE LOVER, AUGUSTA GRACE, A BRIDE ELECT.—"Emma's" case seems most piteous, but we trust her heart is not so near breaking as she supposes. Very likely the letter she expected to receive from her lover has been intercepted or lost. Things do not always go on so smoothly in France as in England. The best thing "Emma" can do, is (if possible) to return to her own country.—As "A Fond and True Lover" does not find our poetry sufficiently strong, he had better compose some verses for the lady in his own ardent strain.—"Augusta Grace" can, without impropriety, write to ascertain the fate of the portrait.—"A Bride Elect" (who should have come first instead of last) is informed that the bridesmaids sit down to breakfast in the same dresses they wore in church, and that the cake should be cut by the bride.

F. B., MYRTLE, BAYLEAF, F. K., A DOUBTFUL LOVER.—If "F. B." requires to be taught how to make a proposal, we advise him to put off his intended nuptials until he has grown wiser and older.—"Myrtle" should show the letter to her parents, and follow their advice respecting it.—"Bayleaf" blames Adrian Tom for complaining to us about her conduct; but her foolish question, as to whether she ought to write to a gentleman who has never written to her, makes us conclude that Tom did not complain without cause.—"F. K." must be very young indeed, to suppose that pity and love are one. A person's pain and suffering may call forth our pity, but his personal or mental qualities must excite our admiration before we can love him.—"A Doubtful Lover" cannot offend the lady by offering the ticket, at the same time he should not be hurt or discouraged if the lady refuses it.

A TRAVELLER.—We disagree with you about the statue of Queen Elizabeth at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, Fleet-street. We consider it a fine piece of art. It was formerly placed on the western side of Lud-gate, and it is referred to by Defoe in describing that structure as "a fine figure of the famous Queen Elizabeth."

ETIQUETTE.—Repeat your questions.

IGNORAMUS.—The word should be pronounced as if written—Fo-toog'-grafe.

JOHN (Derby).—A catalogue may be obtained at the publishers'. We cannot reply to your first question.

A CONSTANT READER.—You must get two or three friends to join with you in starting your debating society, and then spread among your acquaintance the pleasure and profit which arise from attending its meetings. Make it interesting, and you are tolerably sure to succeed.

COPENICUS.—We are obliged for the information.

SELF-EDUCATED.—The "Model Copy Books" are published by Ward and Lock, Fleet-street.

RED RALPH.—The puzzle is no puzzle, and is, besides, very old.

READER.—You are right.—ETON: We decline to furnish the information.—E. S.: Why destroy the chirping crickets? We, at all events, will have nothing to do with it.

INQUIRER.—1. When two members, opposed on any question before the House, agree that neither will vote, they are said to *pair off*. 2. We decline passing any opinion as to the respectability of the office. 3. Teetotalism is not "taught" in all ragged schools. 4. Apply to the district registrar. 5. Not without a hawkers' license.

RHODODENDRON.—The rapid growth of London renders it difficult to define its extent. London really reaches from Blackwall to Chelsea, and from Walworth to Holloway. This would make its length seven miles, and its breadth four and a-half. The common statement, however, as to its size is, that it is six miles long and three and-a-half wide. It covers an area of sixteen square miles.

F. E. (An Old Subscriber).—The Zollverein (*zoll*, duty, *verein*, union) is a German commercial union, including the following states—Prussia, Luxembourg, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, Baden, Electoral Hesse, Ducal Hesse, Thuringian Union, Brunswick, Nassau, and Frankfurt-on-the-Maine. In order to promote, as they believe, the interest of their respective countries, they are banded together by levying a tariff, or scale of duties, on the manufactures and produce of foreign countries entering the different states of the Union.

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE NEW SERIES.—A few practical lessons in bookkeeping would be more useful than any treatise on the subject. Your suggestions will meet with the consideration they deserve.

F. O.—1. Phonography. 2. Among our "Living Celebrities" men of all classes may be included—but self-made reformers will not be left out.

J. C.—We are obliged by your "kindness," but cannot accept it.

**** We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.**

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARTLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

Wisdom's self

Oft seeks for sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings.

MILTON.

GRIEF is not the only passion which courts the solitude of nature: joy, too, flees from the busy hum of human life, to indulge in contemplation, to brood o'er budding hopes, and nurse sweet fancies which the careless world might either mock at in its lightness, or chill for want of sympathy.

Like most lovers plunged in the dream of a first

passion, Richard felt this peculiar desire to be alone, to commune with himself, paint sun pictures of a happy future, without any other witness to his feelings than the birds, the trees, and flowers.

No sooner, therefore, had the ladies retired during the great heat of the day to their siesta—an indulgence as general in India as in Italy or Spain—than our hero, instead of joining his host and Sir Charles in the billiard-room, the idler's last but certainly not best resource, quitted the house, and wandered into the neighbouring wood, to seek beneath its more than Valambrosian shade a cool retreat from the noontide sun—a confidant in whose discreet ear he might pour forth his young heart's first music, confide its waking reveries, delicious musings, nor fear that babbling tongues would betray the almost sacred trust.

Not that nature should be painted dumb—on the contrary, her voice surpasses human eloquence; her lessons are drawn from herself; she instructs, delights, astonishes, and amuses, but never repeats: her confidences are of herself alone.

Love! The cynic may sneer, and pronounce it weakness; but wisdom knows that it is strength—for it is not only the incentive of youth, but the energy of manhood, and the solace of age. What a sad, dull thing existence would become without it! Ambition, avarice, or the less ignoble thirst for fame, may replace it in the brain, as fever replaces warmth, but never in the heart; and desolate indeed is that shrine upon whose altar a pure and virtuous love has never offered sacrifice.

Love! What does it not comprise?—The wife's affection, the child's obedience, the husband's and the father's tenderness, the mother's fondness—all that is true and beautiful in humanity. Deity has not disdained to symbolise itself in that one expressive word. Therefore we bid the world love on, that youth may draw strength from its generous impulse, and embalm sweet memories for age to rest upon.

We pity the man who never dreams. We speak not of visions that crowd the sleeper's pillow—they are common even to the coarsest, most unimaginative



KEHODA DANCING BEFORE RICHARD.

natures—but of those glorious day-dreams, golden reveries which haunt life's waking hours, anticipate the wing of time, and paint in rainbow hues a happy future. Such images are like pictures seen in a camera—Providence may never realise them, but it is something to have seen them.

Our more youthful readers can readily imagine the feelings of our hero as he wandered into the depths of the dark Indian forest, whose interlacing boughs formed a leafy canopy over his head, excluding the midday sun. A more delicious spot for self-communion could not have been chosen. The only sounds that broke the stillness of the scene were the hum of insect life and the song-bird's note.

It was not long before he came to a secluded dell, inclosed with trees on either side. From the giant branches of one of these a hammock hung suspended, and seemed to invite him to repose. After several attempts, he succeeded at last in taking possession of the swinging cradle—no very easy achievement, as all who have tried it can testify; and, having lighted a cheroot to keep off the mosquitos, he gradually yielded himself to the indulgence of those reveries which make the heart's rich music.

He thought of Lillian—drew in imagination a future home of love blessed with her presence; then of the moment that should restore him to his mother's arms, his sister's kiss, a father's blessing. In the trustfulness of his years, he saw that father's fame cleared even from the suspicion of a crime, and the past—the sorrowful past—atoned.

"Let others pray for wealth, for power, or fame," he murmured, as the visions of happiness his imagination had conjured up filled his eyes with tears; "if heaven grants me these, I ask no more."

Richard had been plunged some time in that dreamy state in which

Visions of heaven with thoughts of earth combine
To form a whole, half human, half divine,

when the sound of music stole gently on his ear, and recalled his wandering senses from the ideal future to the present.

On the undulating sward, at a short distance from the hammock, stood a female figure, whose proportions were entirely concealed by the ample saffron veil peculiar to the Nautch girls of India.

It was Kehoda, on her return from the temple of Mariatele.

Richard had frequently seen her on his visits to the house of Sir Charles Fourreau, and the looks she had cast on him had not passed unnoticed; even his inexperience had interpreted them; but his heart—to say nothing of his principles—was filled with too pure a love to be scathed by the glance of passion.

Being veiled, of course he failed to recognise her. There is something exceedingly touching in many of the native Indian airs, to one of which the lovesick Nautch girl sang the following simple, but impassioned lay:—

There is music in the air,
But my ear is deaf to gladness;
Changed to murmurs of despair
Ev'ry note of joy hath grown;
And my heart is filled with sadness,
For on earth I am alone.

Lips I heed not press their suit,
Breathing vows whose words are gladless
As the minstrel's broken lute,
On the desert idly thrown;
And my heart is wrung to madness,
For on earth I am alone.

Involuntarily our hero pronounced the name of Kehoda, well knowing that no other Indian maiden could address him in such strains.

In an instant, the saffron veil which enveloped her form was dashed aside, and the Nautch girl appeared in the same sparkling, embroidered dress she had worn in the temple. Heavy bangles of gold glittered on her arms and ankles, and the flowers of the scarlet pepul were bound in the long tresses of her hair, which fell in rich profusion half way down her graceful figure, whilst passion and triumph flashed from her dark, dreamy eyes.

He must have been cold indeed to the spell of beauty, who could gaze unmoved upon her, as, bounding forwards with a graceful step, she commenced one of the dances peculiar to her profession.

We know not whether the old poet Suckling ever visited India or not, but are inclined to think he did, so admirably would his quaint lines describe her—

"Her feet, beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out.
As if they fear'd the light,
And, oh! she dances such a way—
No sun, upon an Easter day,
Is half so fine a sight."

Perhaps we ought to explain, for the information of

our non-antiquarian readers, that it was a common belief in Suckling's time that the sun danced in the heavens for joy on Easter Sunday—the day of the resurrection. There was much poetry in many of these old superstitions, and we often feel inclined to regret that all but the memory of them has passed away.

Richard, who had half raised himself in his hammock, gazed upon her as he would have gazed upon a lovely picture, but with feelings of admiration alone. Her singular beauty made no impression upon his heart. The one great charm, the spell, the crowning grace of womanhood, was wanting—modesty. The wondrous tissues human skill hath fashioned—the silken veil—the jewelled zone—the treasures of the loom or mine cannot replace it. It is the beautiful garment the hand of the Creator clothed our first mother with—the inheritance even of her poorest daughters: pity that any should be found to cast the gift aside.

At the end of the dance the Nautch girl approached the hammock, and stood with her arms folded before our hero.

Again he repeated her name.

"Alone," murmured Kehoda, "I am alone."

"What seek you?" demanded the youth, with surprise.

"What seeks the bird," exclaimed the Indian, passionately, "when the dull rains are past, and earth puts forth its earliest flowers? I am alone."

The last words of the speaker in the picturesque language of the East imply, "I am unloved;" and Tyrrell was too well acquainted with its metaphorical expressions not to understand her.

"You know, Kehoda," he replied, "that my heart is another's. I have no love to give."

"You scorn me," muttered the girl, in a sorrowful tone.

"No," answered the object of her passion, kindly. "I have no scorn in my nature, unless for crime; for weakness I have only pity. I would not uproot the simplest flower," he continued, "unless to replant it in a more genial soil, far less pluck, then cast it from me like a worthless weed to perish. Even if my heart were free, we could be naught but strangers to each other; the difference of our faith forbids it."

"Thy temple shall be mine," replied the girl; "thy cold and sunless land my home. I have risked my life in loving thee, think not I would regret my country."

"This is madness! folly!" said the young man, more and more embarrassed by her perseverance.

"You think me poor," urged Kehoda.

"It is not wealth that could tempt me," interrupted Richard. "I have more than I desire of the shining dross already."

"Hear me," continued the maiden, rapidly, seeing that the speaker was about to leave her. "You know not, dream not of the value of the gift you have rejected. Answer me one question."

"You must ask it briefly, then," observed our hero, vexed at her importunity.

"What honours would your island Queen bestow upon the man who preserved the brightest jewel in her crown—rescued his countrymen from slaughter, their wives and children from desolation?"

"The highest that a subject can attain," replied Richard Tyrrell.

"I offer them."

"You!"

"With my love."

The prediction of his friend Marsh that British supremacy in India was threatened with some terrible convulsion, flashed on the recollection of her hearer; but, notwithstanding his earnest desire to hear more, he scorned to trifle with her feelings, or feign a love he could never feel.

"Kehoda," he replied, "if you indeed—as your words imply—possess the knowledge of any danger menacing my countrymen, reveal it, for your own—for your country's sake. The vengeance of England will be terrible!"

"More terrible than her rule?" replied the Nautch girl, scornfully. "Has it not levelled the thrones of her princes—reduced the successors of the imperial race of Timour to a vassal state—profaned our temples—scoffed at our laws and priesthood? You know the only means," she added, "to unseal my lips."

"I am sorry for you," answered the youth; "sorry for the misery and crime your obstinacy will bring on all your race."

So saying he walked away, leaving Kehoda a prey to disappointment and the shame of a rejected love. For several minutes after his departure she stood rooted to the spot, a living image of despair: tears filled her eyes, which lately flashed with hope, and fell upon her sun-kissed cheek. Suddenly she dashed them aside, as ashamed of her weakness, and her

agitated features gradually resumed their usually calm expression.

"Past," she murmured, "my dream of life is past! I would have saved him; but not for another—not for the pale-faced girl preferred to me! It is his fate: why should I seek to stay it?"

With thoughtful step the speaker returned to the spot beneath the plantain tree, where she had stood whilst chanting her impassioned lay, and raised from its root a round ball composed of grass and leaves, in which the priest had concealed the deadly cobra. Without the slightest symptom of fear or disgust, Kehoda drew forth the serpent, which curled round her wrist, but made no effort either to escape or inflict its deadly bite.

Doubtless the juice of the plant with which Nadir had rubbed her hand was an efficient protection.

"The avenger!" she murmured, gazing on the reptile; "the avenger!"

Carefully enveloping it once more in its leafy nest, the Indian girl drew her veil around her so as to conceal her peculiar costume, and walked with a hurried step towards the residence of Mr. Chutnee.

As Kehoda disappeared, a Hindoo, dressed in the garb of a fakir, crept from out the thick brushwood from which secure retreat he had been a concealed spectator of her interview with our hero. With a menacing glance, he cautiously followed her footsteps.

The words which he had heard made a far greater impression upon the mind of Richard Tyrrell than the beauty of the temptress had produced upon his heart, and he felt anxious to impart his suspicions to Sir Charles; but, on his return to the house, he found the ladies assembled in the saloon. Not to alarm them unnecessarily, he determined, therefore, to write.

Several times during the evening both Lady Bell and Mrs. Chutnee rallied him upon his abstraction; Lillian, too, appeared anxious. With an effort, therefore, he cast off the gloomy humour which oppressed him; and, when the hour of separation came, the circumstance was forgotten by all but himself.

Instead of retiring to rest, the youth seated himself at his writing-desk to draw up a report of the conversation, which, without compromising the weakness of the Nautch girl—he possessed too manly a spirit for that—might serve to put the commander of the gallant 01st upon his guard.

The task was both a difficult and a delicate one. The writer became so absorbed in it, that the low, sullen growl of the Newfoundland dog, crouched at his feet, failed to disturb him. When at last compelled to notice it, it was merely by—

"Quiet, Nelson, quiet."

But Nelson would not be quiet; the sagacious brute had perceived the presence of the deadly cobra, which, not liking its resting-place, had crept from the bed, and was gliding about the floor.

The restlessness of the sagacious brute became at last so troublesome, that our hero rose from his seat to drive him from the room, when in an instant he became transfixed with horror: within three feet of him was the serpent. Alarmed and angry at his sudden movement, it had coiled itself up, its head waving with a quick, undulating motion, its hood distended—a sure sign that it was prepared to spring.

Terror kept the young man motionless. He both saw and felt his danger; but, like the victim of the oppressive nightmare, was unable to stir hand or foot. The dog was equally alarmed, for it whined piteously. The instant the cobra made its spring, the noble animal caught it in his teeth, and the spine was broken—but not before it had coiled round the muzzle of its captor, and inflicted its deadly bite.

The action, followed by the plaintive cry of Nelson, broke the spell. Richard sprang forward and crushed the head of the venomous reptile beneath his heel.

Alarmed by the noise, Sir Charles and Mr. Chutnee, accompanied by Corporal Stock and several native servants, rushed into his room.

They found Richard with his preserver in his arms, sponging its already swollen lips.

"What has occurred?" demanded the baronet.

"A cobra!" exclaimed the merchant, in a tone of surprise. "This is most unusual: they are seldom found so near Calcutta."

Richard entreated his aid to save the life of the affectionate creature whose courage had preserved him. His host shook his head.

"European skill cannot avail him," he replied; "the antidote is unknown to all but Brahmins of the highest caste."

His master still continued to bathe the lips of Nelson. The faithful animal appeared sensible of his kindness: once or twice he wagged his tail gently, and looked in his face with an expression so eloquent

that it wrung the heart of our hero. In less than ten minutes after receiving the bite, a fearful convulsion shook the limbs of the dog, which gave one howl and expired.

On examining the bed, the leaves and grass in which the reptile had been concealed were discovered, and it was evident that a murder had been attempted.

The native servants were all closely questioned—all but Kehoda; she had disappeared.

After such a discovery, further concealment would have been superfluous. Richard related both to Sir Charles and Mr. Chutnee the interview between himself and the Nautch girl.

The following morning the party returned to Calcutta.

Not to alarm the ladies, the cause of their sudden departure was concealed from them till their arrival there.

CHAPTER LII.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold,
How that pity was due to a dove,
That it ever attended the bold—
And she called it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

SHENSTONE.

In the midst of his own happiness, and the feeling was bright and strong as youth and love could make it, Richard Tyrrell did not forget the duty he had undertaken to the poor, forlorn youth, who had once been his companion; and, in the eyes of the world, almost, if not quite, his equal.

In their long and frequent conversations, he found occasion to study his character, and quickly discovered that his errors had truly been errors of ignorance. No one had ever taught him that honesty was to be adhered to for honesty's sake. All he knew was that the world both looked upon and treated him as a pariah, and he had retaliated, as outcasts generally do.

Regularly did our hero devote several hours daily in teaching Jack to read and write, and it was extraordinary how rapid a progress he made. Gratitude is a powerful incentive.

"Now, Jack," said his instructor, "when you have mastered the next two rules of arithmetic, and put your words together a little better, I promise you a recompense you little dream of."

"I don't require any," replied his pupil. "Your kindness to me is quite recompense enough."

"Aye, but you will enjoy this!"

"I won't have it!" exclaimed Jack Manders, with something like his former speech and determination. "You have done enough for me already, more than my whole life can ever repay."

"Suppose it was to present you to an old friend again?"

"Poor Caleb?" answered the former.

"I don't mean Caleb."

"I have no other friend."

"Have you forgotten Lillian?"

Her former protector bounded from his seat as if he had received an unexpected electrical shock, and stood for an instant mute with surprise and emotion.

"Don't jest with me," he said; "pray don't jest with me. How should Lilly be in India? Poor little angel, her sorrows are over, I trust, by this time."

"I trust so, too," observed Richard, smilingly.

Jack Manders looked at him anxiously.

"But not in the way you suppose. Circumstances which I must explain hereafter, for I am not yet in possession of all the facts myself, drew on the orphan the protection of one of the noblest and best of men. He and his wife have reared her like their own child. She accompanied them from England."

"Oh, Mr. Richard!" exclaimed the lad; "can this be true? And yet I am a fool to ask it—for Providence, that you so often talked to me about, watched over you. And why should I doubt her escaping from the cruelty of Mike and Andrew, and the fine lady who employed them?"

It is needless to say how earnestly Jack devoted himself to the task of self-improvement. His instructor, even sooner than he expected, found himself called upon to fulfil his promise.

Previous to doing so, he found it necessary once more to consult Sir Charles Fourreau, for he looked upon his recommendation to conceal a portion of his early life from Lillian in the light of a command.

"This is indeed remarkable," exclaimed the gallant soldier, when he had heard him to an end; "and Providence, which is wiser than poor blind mortals dream of, is working for our good. This is the first time

that I have heard of Lady Boothroyd having been mixed up in the affair. I must see Rose and her husband."

Both were sent for. Mark Rayner, whose exemplary conduct in his regiment, to say nothing of the influence of Lady Bell, had won for him the grade of sergeant-major, was quickly summoned, together with his wife, to the presence of the colonel. When they beheld him seated in the library with our hero by his side, both dreaded that the explanation they felt anxious to avoid was now inevitable, for they had remarked the attentions of Richard to Lillian.

"Mark," said the baronet, "I have sent for you in order to obtain some information respecting my adopted child which you alone can give. That you will afford it me, and truthfully, it would be injustice to doubt."

"Certainly, colonel."

"Whose child is Lillian?"

"The daughter of an old comrade and school-fellow," replied the husband of Rose, "named Barney Gee, who was formerly a soldier in India."

"And related to you?"

"No, colonel."

"How came you, then, to take charge of his orphan, and, having done so, to place her in the hands of a wretch who treated her with cruelty?"

"Speak, Mark," said his wife: "better to suffer for truthfulness, than deceive those who have so nobly befriended us."

"Had she no relatives to protect her?"

"Yes: an uncle—one of the kindest, simplest-hearted beings in the world—Simon Gee, a weaver in our village."

"Did he reject her?" inquired the baronet.

"No."

"Die, then?"

"No."

"What am I to understand?"

"That she was stolen from him!" exclaimed Rose.

The colonel knit his brows as he repeated the words, "stolen from him." He was one of those men who never compromise with principle.

"By whom?"

"By my unhappy husband," replied Rose, "and myself; for I shared his guilt. But it was forced upon us. Vainly we struggled to avoid the crime,—we had fallen into the hands of one who mocked at our prayers, and knew not the meaning of pity."

"Lady Boothroyd?" demanded the baronet.

The unhappy wife, believing that the vindictive woman had fulfilled her threat, and denounced Mark as the murderer of the keeper, could scarcely articulate the word "Yes."

"And her motives?"

Rose briefly related the dispute which had so long existed between Sir Norman and his tenants, touching the right of shooting on the common, the arrival of Barney Gee on New Year's eve, the poaching party, and its fatal results.

"Mark, I presume, was one of them?" observed Sir Charles.

"He was."

"I will not press you with any further questions," said the gentleman, "although my opinion is clear that he yielded to a groundless fear. For, even had he been present on the occasion, and fired the fatal shot, a thing difficult to prove, the crime could only have amounted to manslaughter."

These words were the first gleam of consolation respecting the horrible event which had exercised such a fatal influence upon her happiness that Rose had received, for they afforded her hope, lessened the fear which haunted her, and she looked towards her husband in surprise, mingled with speechless gratitude.

"Still I cannot comprehend her ladyship's motives," continued the speaker, "for such an extraordinary step."

"Pride!" exclaimed Rose. "After poor Barney's death, a paper was found upon him signed by Lieutenant Alan Boothroyd, the brother of Sir Norman, stating that the wounded man had saved his life. The whole village cried shame upon the heartless lord of the manor; and she felt that whilst Lillian remained at St. Faith's, the events of New Year's eve would not be forgotten."

"Possible," thought the gentleman, "but improbable, for the abduction was a clear case of felony." Then, speaking aloud, he asked "if there was any doubt of Lillian being really the child of Barney?"

"Not the least!" exclaimed both husband and wife: "he brought her with him on the night of his arrival, and left her in the care of his brother."

Having dismissed them with the assurance that he should still continue his protection to Mark, the worthy man turned to our hero, who had hitherto

listened in silence to the conversation, and asked his opinion.

"I believe her ladyship had some other motive," replied Richard Tyrrell, decidedly; "the one assigned is ridiculously inadequate."

"I think so, too; and to discover it shall be the object of my endeavours. You know the man, I believe, to whose charge she gave poor Lillian?"

"Yes."

"And his character?"

"Most vile: he forced his nephew to dishonesty."

"All of which confirms my suspicions," observed the baronet. "The story of your former companion interests me, independently of his protection of Lillian, who has spoken of him and described him to me a thousand times. I will prepare her for the meeting," he added, "by relating to her as much of your story as is necessary to explain the kind interest you have taken in his welfare."

The following day Jack, who had already recovered something of his former appearance, and been well dressed by his protector, accompanied him to the residence of Sir Charles Fourreau. Lillian, whose grateful heart recollected him only as a boy, sprang forward to meet him, with the apparent intention of offering her cheek to his salute. But a feeling of maidenly modesty restrained her, and she extended her hand, exclaiming—

"Oh! how happy I feel at once more beholding you."

Jack coloured deeply. He scarcely recognised in the graceful, lovely girl before him the timid child that trembled at every word Mike uttered, and in her helplessness had clung to him for his protection. He now saw her surrounded by affectionate friends, in the splendid home of her second parents; and yet, somehow, the change did not afford him unmixed pleasure; it made the distance between them too apparent.

"You are very good, miss," he faltered, "to recollect me!"

"Call me Lilly," replied our heroine, her eyes filling with tears. "And as for recollecting you, my heart must be insensible to every sentiment of gratitude before I forget you. Were you not to me as a brother?"

"A very humble one."

"But a true one," interrupted the fair girl. "Tell me all that has passed since Mike took you from the cottage; I am anxious to learn."

With some slight hesitation, for Jack Manders had never before found himself in such society, the poor fellow narrated the cruel manner in which his uncle had trepanned him, the brutal treatment he had experienced on board the Caradoc, where, but for the kindness of Bunce and Caleb, he must have succumbed to the captain's systematic persecution.

"Heaven reward them for their goodness," sighed Lillian, deeply moved at the recital of her former companion's sufferings.

"Who is this Caleb?" inquired Lady Bell.

"An apprentice on board ship."

"And how was he treated?"

"Scarcely better than myself."

"Richard," exclaimed Lillian, her countenance flushed with indignation at the tale of sorrow, "can we not contrive some means to rescue this poor fellow from the heartless tyranny of his captain?"

"I have been thinking of it," replied our hero.

"Alas, he has signed his indentures," added Jack.

The fair pleader turned an imploring look upon Sir Charles.

"I can take but one step to liberate him from his slavery," observed his guardian.

"And that is?"

"By an appeal to a court of justice."

"Captain Gall would murder him," exclaimed Jack, "before it could be decided. I tried it in China, before the consul."

"And the result?"

"They refused to listen to me," replied the young man, blushing deeply, for he but too well remembered the cause.

"Can nothing be done?" said Lillian, anxiously.

"Of course there can," answered Lady Bell, whose beneficent heart rejoiced in alleviating sorrow in whatever form it presented itself to her notice. "The first thing will be to get him on shore."

"I will undertake that," exclaimed our hero.

"And the next?" said her husband, smilingly—for there is little doubt he had an inkling of her purpose.

"Enlist him into your regiment," answered his wife.

"A court of justice alone could compel you to give him up."

"That is true."

"Where the question must first be tried."

"Soon could not have come to a more wise conclusion."

"And his friends could then bring forward proofs of cruelty sufficient to justify the breaking of the indentures, or whatever you call them."

There was very little doubt but Lady Bell had suggested the only real solution of the difficulty; and the question was, how to proceed to insure the escape of Caleb. As a matter of course, Sir Charles could take no part in that.

"Go away, Charlie," exclaimed his wife. "We are plotting treason. You must not listen to us."

"Certainly not."

"Or thwart us."

"Still less."

"When the time comes for you to act as an ally, you shall be called upon," added the lady, playfully.

The baronet withdrew to the veranda, lit a cigar, and, seeing Major Plinlimmon walking on the parade-ground, hastened to join him.

"Now that we are alone, the council of war is opened," resumed her ladyship, with mock gravity. "In the first place, you will require assistance: for, no doubt, since the escape of Jack, the monster of a captain has taken double precautions, to prevent his companion's following his example."

This was pronounced a positive conclusion.

"In the first place, there is Rayner."

"You forget," observed Lillian, "that he is a soldier."

"He need not go in uniform," was the reply to the objection; "and we can trust to him. There are several of the officers," she continued; "but, on second thoughts, which some wise heads pronounce to be invariably the best, we will not employ them."

"I must suggest one exception," said Richard.

"And who is that in favour of?"

"Fred Wharton."

"Your melancholy friend," exclaimed Lady Bell, with a laugh. "I had forgotten him; he may be trusted: for, beneath an armour of reserve, I am much deceived if there beats not a kind heart."

"You only do him justice."

"I had forgotten all this while that we have a friend in the enemy's camp, a sailor on board the Caradoc," exclaimed Richard.

"And what is his name?" inquired Lillian.

Our hero looked at Jack for a reply; he had forgotten it.

"Bunce," replied the youth.

Lady Bell gravely wrote it down in her note-book, and then ran over the contents of the page on which she had all the time been scribbling.

"Let me see," she exclaimed, "our opponents are Captain Gall, his mate, and the crew of the Caradoc, minus Bunce."

"Exactly so."

"To meet them we have, Richard, myself—"

"A tower of strength," said Richard, gallantly.

"Thank you, but don't interrupt me," replied the lady. "Next, Lieutenant Fred Wharton, and Jack Manders. Why, what are we deliberating about?" she added; "the odds are so completely in our favour that I almost fear we shall be accused of cowardice in the event of employing all our strength."

At this good-humoured sally there was a general smile.

"Still, we wait for orders," observed our hero.

"You shall have them."

Lady Bell hastily wrote a few lines, tore them from the case, and placed them in the hands of Richard.

"Excellent!" he exclaimed; "this cannot fail. Your ladyship would make an excellent commander-in-chief."

"You being my aide-de-camp, I suppose!" replied the lady. "But seriously, I think my project cannot fail, for it has humanity on its side, and zealous hearts to execute it."

The council being ended, Sir Charles was beckoned to rejoin them.

Full of his generous design of liberating Caleb from the tyranny of Captain Gall, Richard Tyrrell lost no time in securing the assistance of the young cornet—the very fellow to feel his heart swell at a story of oppression, for he had suffered from it; and the memory of wrong is one of the last that fades.

The usually impassible countenance of Fred Wharton flushed as he listened to the description of the poor lad's sufferings; and his clear blue eyes—in which thought and contemplation revealed themselves—flashed with a fire which a casual observer would have deemed them incapable of concentrating or expressing.

Calm does not always prove content;
But, like the frost on Etna's brow,
Too oft it hides the fires unspent,
Which rage beneath the chilling snow.

"Will you assist me?" demanded our hero, as he concluded his narrative.

"Will I not?" exclaimed the young man, warmly. "The question is almost a treason to our friendship: for it is to suppose me heartless."

"Not so. But the object of our benevolent exertion is one so far removed from your sphere that possibly you might feel—"

The speaker paused and hesitated.

"Go on," said his friend.

"But slight interest in the fortunes of a poor sailor lad. His birth, I believe, is exceedingly humble; but his heart—"

"It is from his heart I judge him," exclaimed Charles Wharton. "I am sick of the herald's mockery—the idol-worship which the wrongly-judging world pays to the adventitious accidents of rank and fortune. If ever I felt thankful for my own position in the social scale, it arises from the fact that it permitted me to choose my friends without reference to the opinions and prejudices of society—to grasp honour by the hand wherever I encountered it, and select worth instead of tinsel, gold instead of pinchbeck—although the latter may have received the stamp of fashion. Fashion!" he added, warmly, "I detest it! it is the mask hiding a moral death's head—the painting which veils the sepulchre!"

"In that case," observed Richard, quietly, "all we have to do is to concert the means."

"There," said the cornet, "I must trust entirely to you. I have an arm to assist, but a poor head to invent. What is it you propose?"

"Our first care must be to let Caleb know that he has friends who are both willing and able to assist him."

"Certainly."

"The next to contrive the means of his evasion from the Caradoc, which, I fear, may be difficult, for, since the escape of Jack Manders, the ruffianly commander is more than ever on his guard."

"Why not appeal to justice?"

"It would be useless. The poor fellow is an apprentice. His tyrant has him completely in his power."

"Surely the evidence of Jack, describing the treatment he has received—"

"Impossible."

"How so?"

"I cannot explain my reasons to you, but they are imperative. Only as a last resource can the victim I have already rescued from his brutal tyranny appear against him in a court of justice."

Our readers are perfectly aware of what those reasons were. Richard Tyrrell did not wish it to be known that his former companion and playfellow had ever lived by the exertion of a talent which, however ingenious, society has long since decided upon reprobating; or, in other words, that he had been a pick-pocket.

"Do you doubt me?" added the speaker.

"No," exclaimed the young man, seriously. "For what is friendship if a doubt can shake it? Proceed."

"The secret is not mine," observed our hero, "or it would have been no longer one. It affects only my friend."

"He is your friend, then?"

"A very humble one," said Richard; "but not the less valued on that account. We were boys—I may say children together, and circumstances made me attached to him. He had fallen into evil hands. The man who should have protected him turned out his greatest enemy."

"The old story," ejaculated Wharton.

"Sought to corrupt his heart by implanting lessons of vice, and training him to crime, before he had reached an age to distinguish the difference between them."

"The wretch!"

"In the midst of this social degradation poor Jack displayed such goodness of heart, that an angel might have wept over his errors, and would have judged them far more mercifully than man."

"There you are right," exclaimed his hearer.

"Man judges the crime alone—Heaven the temptation. But pray proceed. I have no longer any wish to listen to details which honour requires should be concealed. On one point, at least," he added, with a smile, "I may praise myself."

"And what is that?" inquired Richard Tyrrell, with a slight feeling of surprise. "I never heard you yet praise yourself for any one good quality, although your nature teems with them. Even more than just to others," he added, "you are severe only to yourself."

"I was simply about to remark that my friendship is stronger, far stronger, than my curiosity; and now let us change the subject. I am sick of the eternal *Ego* in conversation. Our first step is to communicate with the lad Caleb."

"It is."

"How do you propose to accomplish it? Not by going on board the Caradoc yourself, and accepting the ruffian's hospitality? You cannot wear a mask, even with a wretch like Captain Gall."

"Certainly not," replied his friend, emphatically. "As for the means of communicating with him, I have already arranged that. The after proceeding we must leave to fortune and the chapter of accidents. You know Hirim?"

"Your native groom? yes."

"The boy is intelligent," said his master, "speaks English perfectly; and what is better for our purpose, is truthful and devoted to me. Since I threatened to dismiss my steward for ill-using him, I believe he would risk his life for me."

"Which only proves," observed Wharton, "that few soils are so barren but the seeds of gratitude will take root in them, and expand, in time, into a hardy flower. You intend to make Hirim your medium of communication with the ship."

"I have so arranged it."

"Has the commander ever seen him?"

"I believe he has."

"Will he not recognise him—not by his features, but your livery?"

"That is the only risk; and to obviate it I intend to disguise him in the dress of one of the dingie boys, who ply their trade in fruit from ship to ship in the Hooghly. It is possible that he may not succeed in getting on board the first, or even the second time; but, by selling his wares cheaply, and furnishing himself with the freshest, I have little doubt of his ultimately succeeding."

"How will he recognise Caleb?" demanded his hearer.

"Jack has described his person so minutely that he cannot mistake him," answered our hero. "Besides, you have no idea how quick and clever Hirim is. Nature, in one of her caprices, has given him the tact of a diplomat, the agility of a monkey, and the cunning of a serpent."

"An epigram which characterises the wisdom of the east," exclaimed the young soldier, with a smile. "You ought to have been a portrait-painter, instead of a merchant."

(To be continued.)

YOUTH AND MIDDLE AGE.

She is lovely and I love her, though as yet I dare not speak; All were lost to me, perchance, should I my breathless silence break;

Now, at least, I dare to gaze for ever on that dear young face— Dare to follow all her footsteps—dare to haunt her dwelling-place.

Is there love in those shy glances, as they gently rest on me? Is there hope in those sweet blushes, as they deepen while they flee?

May I deem the first faint tremblings of that virgin heart my own?

Can I dare to trust the tenderness that lingers in her tone?

Dream thus fondly, dream thus ever, if thou canst, oh, weary heart!

Think not of the hopeless years that lie before thee when we part:

Let a long and sunny future cheat thee with its promised bliss; Youth is not for ever vanished, or thou could'st not love like this!

Eyes can gaze as fondly, dearest, 'neath a care-worn, wrinkled brow,

As before the locks that shadow them were silver-tinged as now;

Yet thy wealth of youth and beauty, and thy spirit glad and free,

Can they mate with one who offers but a heart that yearns for thee?

If she loves me, in that moment I am young for evermore; If she leaves me, I am old, and life's sweet spring is o'er;

Yet I linger, fearing ever, on the threshold of my joy, Or perhaps beside the gateway that opens to destroy.

Let me bask a little longer in that pure and fearless smile: Let me linger in the sunshine but yet a little while;

For cold the mists will gather round my pathway dark and slow,

When her sweet lips once have uttered a kind and pitying No!

THE gallant Colonel McClung was addicted to fits of abstract thinking, even in the presence of his friends. The following will illustrate this peculiarity, and the epigrammatic mode of thought which made it so. I was once sitting at the dinner-table opposite him; between us was an antediluvian duck, which I was making desperate efforts to disintegrate. I observed the Colonel regarding me with a steady smile, and remarked, "Colonel, you appear to be amused at my awkwardness." "No, sir," replied he, "I was thinking why the term *duck* was used as a word of endearment, and *goose* one of reproach."

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

EDUCATION is but half complete when the mind only is cultivated. It is necessary that the body as well as the mind should be trained and educated. To a great extent the mind is dependent on the body. They are so closely identified that neither can work well without the other is in health, but the body would suffer less from an enfeebled mind, than the mind from an enfeebled body.

Physical education is of the utmost importance, and is one of those things in which the ancients were better informed than we are.

"I hold it as a doctrine," says an eminent writer, "that the mind in its utmost perfection must not be utterly ignorant of any species of human knowledge or accomplishment within its reach; and that the body, being part of us, and that part most prominent and visible, has also a legitimate right to its careful education—for we are not all soul. The frame should indeed be the servant of the mind; but neglect or scorn the slave too much and he rebels, and may become the tyrant in his turn. The notion of this all-accomplishment, mental and corporeal, is an old one; it is one upon which the character of the ancient nations, and of Athens especially, was formed. . . . The bath and the gymnasium, which made a necessary part of their existence, served without an effort to harmonise, to strengthen, and to embellish."

Gymnastics, the art by which physical education is effected, is a Greek word. It signifies stripped of clothing encumbrances. Its purpose is to impart strength and agility to the human body by exercise; this is best accomplished by dispensing with all superfluous articles of dress—hence the appropriateness of the word.

In Athens the gymnastics assumed a scientific form, and were taught in the academy, lyceum, and places especially appropriated to the purpose outside the city.

At Rome, as well as in Greece, gymnastics were taught as an art necessary to the proper development of man.

In the middle ages athletic sports represented a new form of the old gymnastics, and the pastimes of the English were chiefly those which tended to strengthen the muscles and give energy and freedom to the limbs.

Physical education is in our age regarded as a science. Our gymnastic exercises are founded on scientific principles. The mechanical construction of the human body has been attentively considered, and its motive agents have been divided into two kinds. The bones we call the passive agents, and the muscles we describe as the active agents. Exercise develops those muscles which are mainly employed in it; thus the arm of a blacksmith is always found strong and muscular. But as the bones and muscles of the body are called into requisition, important results are to be observed in the enlargement of the internal system; thus active exercise with the arms expands the chest, and one of its most valuable effects is the greater freedom which it gives to respiration. The breathing in its turn affects the energetic actions of the heart, consequently circulates the blood more rapidly through the whole body, and thus accelerates and improves digestion.

Walking, running, leaping, riding, rowing, wrestling, all have their advantages, and all more or less act favourably on the physical functions of the body. Athletic games, such as cricket or football, are also highly beneficial; and while they afford amusement, confer solid good on those who practise them. The whole of the energetic operations of the body have a corresponding effect upon the mind. While they impart activity to the body they invigorate the mind.

We recommend our readers to cultivate physical exercises—they are positively useful. Whether or not they study gymnastics as a science, let them not neglect active exertion. The river and the field, in this bright summer weather, are exceedingly attractive; and time spent in those pursuits which tend to the development of the human frame is never spent in vain.

If it is a duty incumbent on us to cultivate our intellectual and moral faculties, it is no less a duty to strengthen and develop our physical organs. This important part of education should never be neglected—never can be neglected without injury to the whole man. Physical as well as mental exercise may be carried to excess, and the result in either is an enervated system; but, properly used, nothing is more valuable than exercise to secure health and happiness.

FRENCH LESSONS; OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH. CHAPTER IV.

"Now for the consonants, George," said Robert, as he joyfully sat down to the fourth lesson. "If you remember, we talked about the *th*, and you told me that the French seldom use it, but that when they do employ it, they sound it like our *t*."

"Exactly so," answered George; "and now, as I know you like to see the little difficulties placed before you, to give you the opportunity of conquering them, I will tell you the names of most of the consonants that in French differ from ours. They are *c, m, n, t, g, j*. I see that you are looking at me quite reproachfully, Robert," added George, half smiling; "what is the meaning of that expression in your countenance?"

"It means," said Robert, "that I am rather disappointed. You said, the other day, that the French and English consonants were nearly alike."

"And so they are," retorted George, "when taken singly; but the French have rather a teasing habit of putting together a great many letters, and giving to this assemblage only one sound. It is a peculiarity in the language, and you must become familiar with it. I'll just give you an instance of it. The French sound *ai* just as we do our *a*. Now, that you may gain something we'll make a sentence with *ai* in it."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	SOUND.
They were there.	Ils étaient là.	Ees ettay lah.

"It is to give you a few easy rules for conquering the sound of the '*many joined in one*' that I am obliged to enter somewhat into detail."

"We start with *c*. Before *a* and *o*, *c* is sounded like *k*. Before *i* and *e* it is sounded like *s*; but even before *a* and *o* the French sound *c* like *s*, if it has a little mark under it, thus (*ç*). This mark is called a cedilla."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	SOUND.
That will be for to-morrow.	Ça sera pour demain.	Sah serraah poor demang.

"I will not detain you with other examples on the sound of *c*, because it offers little difficulty. We will get on to *m*. When *m* is at the beginning of a word or syllable, it has just the same sound as our *m*; and this is also the case when it is immediately followed by a vowel; but if used in a syllable, followed by any other consonant than another *m*, it takes much the sound of the following syllable *aum*."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	SOUND.
Mary is there.	Marie est là.	Mahree a lah.
Emulation does good.	L'émulation fait du bien.	Lemmulahseon fay du beang.
I see the mark.	Je vois l'empreinte.	She vwa l'aum-prangte.

"*M* placed between *i* and a consonant has the sound of our word *am*. Instance—*l'impertinence, l'impertinence*. *G* is a good deal like the same letter in our own alphabet. It is hard before an *a* or an *o*; that is, it sounds like our *g* in *garden* and *got*. It is soft before *e* and *i*, viz., it sounds something like our *g* in *gin*, and *generous*. Now observe, I say something like, for when the French *g* comes before *e* and *i*, it has a tendency to the sound of our *sh*. When you talk with French people, you will find it is not exactly that sound, but you will easily catch the pronunciation—in fact, you have already acquired it from me; and the *g* (before *i* and *e*) and the *j* (in all instances) sounded as we sound *sh*, would be tolerably correct."

"*S* sounds like our *a*, with *e* or *ai* before it. *Z* also sounds like our *a*, with *e* or *ai* preceding it."

"*X* is not sounded, excepting when followed by a vowel, and then it takes the sound of *s*."

"The remarks I have just made about *m* could be applied almost verbatim to *n*. *N* sounds like our *n* at the beginning of a word, and with a vowel after it; but it sounds like the syllable *ang* when followed by a consonant, or when preceded by the vowels *ai*; and there is an instance in which *ai* placed before *n* produces the sound *ang*, and that instance shall head the examples illustrating *n*."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	SOUND.
I am hungry.	J'ai faim.	Shay fang.
No, I thank you.	Non, je vous remercie.	Nong, zhe voo remairsee.
It is inestimable.	C'est inestimable.	Set inesteeimahble.
It's all the same to me.	Cela m'est indifférent.	Slah met angdef-fayrang.

"Now follows *t*—and there is something about *t* so curious that it will make you laugh. Let the French put what letters they choose before *t*, the result is the production of a sound like our *a*: so that *et, est, ait, and aient*, all sound like our *a*."

"Thus, Robert, you have passed in review the principal difficulties of pronunciation in French."

"The next thing you must do is to look back to that part of our lessons where the rules for the sounds of the letters (both vowels and consonants) begin. You will find we have considered fourteen letters. In sixteen days from the present time, I expect you to be able to repeat every word of this discussion about the sounds of the letters. To accomplish this take *one letter daily*, with its modifications and examples. At the end of sixteen days the whole will be familiar to you, and no French sentences ought to frighten you. A foolish person may observe, 'What's the good of my being able to read them, if I can't understand them?' Great good, I reply: French people will be able to understand them, and so will you very soon; and when you have in your hand the promised book, and read of things you are likely to want, and of circumstances in which (supposing you visit France) you are likely to be placed, I am much mistaken if you do not astonish the natives, and, what is more, if you answer my expectations, you will soon know enough to astonish your uncle. You look surprised, and you wish to remind me that he is a good French scholar. I know he is; but things are much changed since he was in France. When there, he had nothing to do with stations, trains, or railroads; and I doubt whether he knows the French names for all these things. Perhaps we could puzzle him, if we asked him to tell us directly the names for the terminus, the train, the station, and the excursion train."

"But to prevent your being puzzled, I beg you will write down the French of all these words immediately."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	SOUND.
The train.	Le convoi.	Le kongvwa.
The station.	L'embarcadère.	Laumbarkahdare.
The excursion train.	Le train de plaisir.	Le trang de play-seer.
The terminus.	Le débarcadère.	Le daybarkahdare.

"The time is soon coming, Robert," said George, "when you will have to make out all the sounds of the words without my spelling them. You have only to recollect the few rules I have given you; and how pleased you will be when you can read out a whole French book written by yourself."

"Written by myself, George! You are jesting."

"No, indeed I am not," said George. "You shall write it, and I shall dictate it; and the name of this important book shall be—"

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	SOUND.
A journey to Paris.	Un voyage à Paris.	Ung voyashe ah Pahree.

"It will be in the form of conversations; and I mean it to contain every word and sentence necessary for common use, either at home or abroad."

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON III.

PRODUCTION OF MOTION (continued).

46. How is the *VELOCITY*, or rate of motion, of a moving body measured?—By the space which the body passes over in a second, or any other interval of time.

47. If there were no friction, or other resistance in operation, would the continued exertion of a force be necessary to keep up the motion?—It would not; a body once set in motion would move on for ever with the same velocity, and in the same direction.

48. Can we realise this supposition of a motion free from all resistances?—We cannot; in every case of motion on the earth there is, of necessity, some resistance in play.

49. To keep up the motion of a body unchanged, what, then, is necessary?—That a force should be continually exerted just sufficient to overcome the resistance.

50. Illustrate.—When a horse draws a loaded wagon at a uniform pace, of some three miles an hour, his muscular effort continually overcomes the friction.

51. Give another illustration of the same principle.—When a railway train proceeds at an unvarying speed, of say twenty-five miles per hour, the power of the locomotive neutralises all the resistances, and so keeps up the velocity acquired at the outset.

52. Is any particular amount of force required to overcome the inertia of a body and set the body in motion?—The smallest force would produce some motion, no matter how large the body might be, if it were not opposed by a resistance.

53. How has this truth been strikingly illustrated?—It has been said that the kick of a fly moves the earth.

54. Give another illustration.—If there were no friction to be counteracted, a small boy could set a railway train in motion.

55. Is there any exception to the general truth that bodies of matter do not move of their own accord?—There is; a man, or any animal, can move, or stop moving, at pleasure.

56. Do external forces take effect upon men and animals, as well as upon ordinary bodies of inert matter?—They do; if the support upon which we stand gives way, we fall to the ground, just as a body of inert matter would.

57. Every one knows that if a horse, when going fast, suddenly stops, his rider is thrown forward—what is the reason of this?—It is owing to the inertia of matter; the rider merely retains the motion he had in common with the horse.

58. How do you explain the fact that, when a man jumps from a carriage in rapid motion, he falls forward as soon as his feet strike the ground?—In the same way; he is going forward just as fast when he reaches the ground as when he left the carriage.

Fig. 1.



59. When a circus rider, standing on a galloping horse, wishes to leap over a rope, what does he do?—He merely jumps up, and allows the motion which he has to carry him past it.

EFFECTS OF FORCES UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES.

60. When a force acts by PULLING, as when a horse draws a wagon, what is it called?—A *force of traction*.

61. When a force acts by PUSHING from behind or from above, what is it termed?—A *force of pressure*.

62. Will the same blow from a club communicate as great a velocity to a large ball as to a small one?—It will not; if the large ball contains twice as much matter as the small one, it will go only one half as fast.

63. The velocity imparted to any body perfectly free to move, by a given amount of force, depends, then, upon what?—Upon the quantity of matter in the body. If the mass be great, the velocity is proportionately small.

64. That the same velocity may be imparted to a large mass as to a small one, what is necessary?—The force applied must be greater in the same proportion that the mass is larger.

65. How can the effect of a force on a body be counteracted, so that no motion will ensue?—By applying a force of equal intensity in the opposite direction.

66. Illustrate by an example.—If two men of equal strength pull at opposite ends of the same rope, it will not move.

67. Suppose two blows of equal force are given to the same ball, at the same moment, in opposite directions?—The ball will remain at rest, just as if it had not been struck at all.

68. When a body moves forward constantly at the same rate, as when a horse trots for two hours with the same speed, what kind of motion is it said to have?—A *uniform motion*.

69. When a body goes faster and faster every instant, as a falling stone does, what is its motion called?—*Accelerated motion*.

70. When a stone is thrown upward, it moves slower and slower every instant; what motion is it said to have?—*Retarded motion*.

LEAVES.

What is life, and what are we?
Only leaves upon a tree;
Green to-day, to-morrow here,
Then we are no longer here!

Others, fair and brave as we,
Grew, of old, upon the tree;
Now they crumble in the mould,
With their histories unknown.

So shall we—it is our lot:
Thus to die and be forgot:
By-and-by the tree will fall—
One oblivion waits for all.

WHAT WOMEN TALK ABOUT.

THERE is scarcely a book, humorous or poetic, satirical or romantic, in the language, that has not some allusions to the tongue of woman. That "little member"—as it is commonly called with respectful gravity, as one speaks of a terrible and potent though invisible agency—has commanded the attention of the world so entirely, so many good jokes, so many poor ones, have been made over it, that there seems little left to say on the subject. But as long as the language endures there will be written and read lives of Washington and Napoleon—stories about love are as interesting to-day as they were when Romeo and Juliet first "did" the balcony scene, and will be as long as time lasts. To say all in a curt way, there are some subjects which are inexhaustible, and of these (without intending a joke) is woman's talk.

That women can talk, and do talk well, is as true and as generously acknowledged by their natural enemies, the opposite sex, as that they sometimes talk foolishly and too much. The charm of woman's conversation is well remembered and immortalised by many a wit and memoir-writer. Some philosophers, who have weighed the important subject with deliberation and care, have decided that it was more fascinating than beauty, this power of attractive conversation; but have, unfortunately for the theory, generally married very handsome women who talked very foolishly. However, the philosopher and his theory should never be called upon to answer for the weakness of the man.

Women can talk well, there is no doubt, but do they?

In the first place, what do they talk much about?

Firstly, DRESS.

Secondly, EACH OTHER.

Thirdly, SERVANTS.

Now the first, rightly considered, is a very pretty subject. The mind can scarcely paint a lovelier picture than that of a room full of pretty girls, all charmingly dressed, talking of colours and costume; wondering whether an ivy wreath running over white muslin would be becoming, and pausing to remember how beautiful the clematis looked, last summer, running over the white trellis in the country; or grouping the red poppies together to loop up the yellow crape, remembering the while how the cornfields "waved in the wind," suggestive of yellow crape and poppies!

It reminds one of Diana and her nymphs, of all that is classic and beautiful—and this sweet power of dress cannot be overrated; but it also reminds us that this talk is generally so vapid—so wanting in all that is fanciful, in the best sense of that word—so false in taste—that we would almost repudiate the subject; and while we would beg that dress might always be handsome and appropriate, we would almost ask that it might never again be spoken of.

For dress is not now chosen for its becomingness, but for its display; and in talking of it, women forget that it is dress which is subordinate to the woman. Woman has become subordinate to dress. To hear beautiful, well-educated, charming women spend their entire mornings and evenings in wondering why Mrs. Macwhirter wears real point over blue, while Mrs. Macstinger wears Brussels over yellow, is a most painful waste of the taste, the fancy, and the wit which does undoubtedly belong to the speakers, if they would but speak what they do know.

But the subject ascends from the simply foolish and idle into the dangerous, when we approach the second head of our discourse—*Each other*. The hand is palsied with its inability to grasp this part of its work. What do not ladies say about each other? Men dare not, however much they hate each other, talk freely of the vices, fancied or real, of their fellows. The law lays a potent finger on their lips, but none on the mouth of women.

It is too true, unfortunately, that our lives in the present day offer but few objects of competition to woman, and at the same time woman is as ambitious as man. She has all the desire to conquer worlds, but no worlds to conquer. After being educated as well, if not better than most men, she enters the world and finds nothing to strive for but the attention of gentlemen, pre-eminence in dress and style, and the dangerous distinction of being much talked about. These are her worldly prizes: for these she must strive, for these she must exert her talents, her charms, and all these efforts are degrading.

For we do not count the probability of her falling in love, wisely and well, marrying the man most suited to her, as one which is so common as to be other than an exception to the rule; for even in this free country, where every one marries (it is supposed) his or her unbiased choice, the thirst for distinction and pre-eminence is so intense that

worldly marriages are almost as common as love matches. But for the sake of the argument we will take the fortunate exception, and show how even then woman is exposed to the temptations of envy and detraction.

She loves and is beloved—so far she is safe; but her day must be spent (taking the average) in competition with her servants, in small and uninteresting duties which give her mind no food, no occupation. If she has ever in mind that she is keeping in order a machine which, if allowed to get rusty, will creak horribly and disarrange a vast edifice—if she can remember that if she leaves this pin unset, or that wheel unturned, the consequence will be fearful, she may go on with a semblance of content to the end, and, remembering Milton's glorious line,

"They also serve who only stand and wait,"

may look with calmness on the sacrifice of powers which she knows are "too good for the place," and add to her other virtues the sublimest of all, cheerful patience; but if she is less great than this (which frequently happens), she is annoyed and fretful, she must have some amusement, she finds a sort of relief in dress and company, and alas, in *talk*; and it is vexatious to "see some women succeeding, you don't know how," and the tongue once loosed it is a difficult steed to rein in, and hence scandal and its horrors so acrid and intense that the poor subject may well say,

"So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost:
Evil, be thou my good."

What meannesses have not women committed under the influence of that most belittling passion, "a desire to succeed in society!" What detraction and even falsehood is not pressed into the service! and yet, remove this temptation and place this same woman in a position where she is called on to succour distress, and she mounts again to her original high position! She will not shrink from the night-watches by the sick-bed. She will not forget the poor—she still prays; but would that she could remember to hold her tongue!

So long as society is organised as it now is, these passions will be aroused. Beauty, talent, success will always be followed by envy and detraction as by shadows.

But somewhat of the fell malignity of passions can be softened by simply not expressing what one feels. An idea spoken is a much stronger thing than an idea thought. The hatreds that we tell of are much harder plants to weed out than the hatreds which, in silence and in sorrow, we endeavour to free ourselves from. In this very city of ours thousands of instances daily occur where, if one or two words had been left unspoken, the ill-feeling would have died away; but the words were spoken, and their "echo is endless!"

One lady, feeling a mortal aversion to another lady, goes to the house of a friend on some idle pretence, and introduces the subject of the general bad nature of lady No. 2. Fortunately the friend is a true one, and is not influenced, and stops the scandal by causing lady No. 2 to clear herself. But those little words of lady No. 1 resounded far and wide, and affect whole families; dissensions grow up apace, and instead of an ill-feeling between two people, there comes ill-feelings between two hundred. Now if lady No. 1 had staid at home that morning, and had not said a word, the ill-feeling might have died a natural death; some future day she and No. 2 might have been friends; but now a broad gulf lies between them, and nothing but time and the influence of a higher Power can bring them together.

Servants! Servants!

"If you knew the trouble I have had with Bridget!"

The "most elegant pisantry in the world" have to answer for a great deal. If they have done nothing more, they have lowered the tone of conversation in our ladies. We suppose, if we could enter all the handsome, well-lighted dining-rooms of our luxurious city this evening, we should find nine-tenths of the women telling their poor tired husbands of the shortcomings of Catherine, and Mary, and Lucy, and Margaret, while he would rather hear almost anything else, even of the unpaid bills. One very neat, methodical housekeeper once took her husband up into the fourth story of her house, and showed him a table which had not been dusted. "There," said she; "can you imagine a deeper grade of vice than that Margaret is guilty of? I have told her to dust that table every day since she has been here."

"My dear," said the husband, solemnly, "I have to-day been cheated out of a thousand pounds, I have had a forgery brought to my attention, two murderers were brought into court before my face. I looked at them with horror, but anything like the guilt of Margaret remains for me yet to see!"

The solemnity of these remarks, we have reason to believe, checked the volubility of one lady for some time.

We all have very noble sentiments about making home happy, no doubt; we all wish to make the "fireside," and so forth, attractive, and perhaps we succeed; but then again perhaps we might succeed better; at any rate it would not make the fire on the domestic altar any less bright if we weeded our conversation of these three topics, particularly the latter.

Women can talk well and wittily of the events of the day, of music, of all the arts—in fact, most women have a gift that way, and can describe a picture, a play, a public speaker, better than men; and it being their peculiar and proud province to make the world more agreeable to man, how can they throw away the immense privilege? Man is the king of this world; he should have a royal consort.

One may say that a good temper would be the cure of all the evils herein described. True enough, if one were never annoyed by a dilatory dress-maker, or an unbecoming dress, or no dresses at all, or ruffled by a slanderous report, or worn out with poor servants—if these ills of life found all serene and composed, one should be simply perfect, and nothing more need be said or written; but we have not attained to that dull level of perfection. To be those "faultless monsters whom the world ne'er saw" would be worse than to mount the perpetual hobbies of dress, parties, scandal, servants; but greatest virtues being faults overcome, we can improve very greatly without running much risk of becoming perfect.

Women, when together, do not talk much of love, except in quiet parlours in the country. There little groups, or more often two, speculate on the great subject. The sentimental woman is rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth. The busy life of cities, the wonderful exertions our women have to make to attain even the poor prizes which the world offers them, precludes sentiment. Perhaps that is well. The Rosa-Matilda school was not a good one, but it might be worse; and some women of unoccupied minds and hearts have found a worse in the novels of Balzac and his contemporaries. But we have little to fear from this; a few may feel the vitiating influence, but the many are too busy and too pure. The individual who always

"Finds some work
For idle hands to do."

according to Dr. Watts, would seem to find his occupation gone in this country.

We have simply skimmed the surface of society, and have quoted the style of talk of many women. Far be it from our intention to say that no women talk better. The image of many a beloved mother, many a good wife, many an attractive and most admirable person, rises up to silence such an assertion. But we believe it not unfair to say that the conversation which is cultivated in fashionable circles, and even in the more exclusive home circles, is, among women, flat, foolish, and most unprofitable. Its chief spice is abuse, and that is a very poor spice to use. Still, as we before said,

"Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below."

Straws sometimes show which way the wind blows, however; and there is no surer way of becoming envious, flippant, and undevout than to talk as if we were.

There is, in a library in Belgravia, a statue of Silence, with finger on lip. The effect of the statue is said to be electrical. Every one who looks at it immediately stops talking. If we could have one in our parlours how admirable the effect would be! To be in the full tide of furious talk, to look up, and see this marble finger perpetually raised!

"Come, then, expressive Silence!"

We all know some people who say more by saying nothing at all than all the rest of the world achieve by talking perpetually. Let us then cultivate, as one step toward reformation, the "great talent of silence;" and, as another step, let us discard the three most fascinating subjects to woman, and the three most detestable ones to man.

We have not touched at all the possibility of making these subjects interesting and instructive. Perhaps there exists that Circe from whose lips even the evil doings of servants may come clothed in golden utterances; but she is indeed a Circe, and to be avoided by her unfortunate sisters, for they would only contract her faults without her fascination, and that result we have all seen and felt.

Nor can the remedy be so readily pointed out as the disease. But that we leave, with much confidence,

to the discretion of the fair speakers. Our women find out very readily what is becoming in all other senses of the word. Let them find out, as undoubtedly they will, what is most so in conversation.

THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG.

It is not in the wild valley, flanked with birchen slopes, and stretching far away among the craggy hills, that the music of the blackbird floats upon the evening breeze. There you may listen delighted to the gentle song of the mavis; but here, in this plain, covered with corn-fields, and skirted with gardens, sit thee down on the green turf by the gliding brook, and mark the little black speck, stuck as it were upon the top twig of that tall poplar. It is a blackbird; for now the sweet strain, loud but mellowed by distance, comes upon the ear, inspiring pleasant thoughts, and banishing care and sorrow. The bird has evidently learnt his part by long practice, for he sits sedately and in full consciousness of superiority. Ceasing at intervals, he renews the strain, varying so that, although you can trace an occasional repetition of notes, the staves are never precisely the same. You may sit an hour or longer, and yet the song will be continued; and, in the neighbouring gardens, many rival songsters will sometimes raise their voices at once, or delight you with alternate strains. And now what is the purpose of all this melody? We can only conjecture that it is the expression of the perfect happiness which the creature is enjoying, when, uncared by care, conscious of security, and aware of the presence of his mate, he instinctively pours forth his soul in joy, and gratitude, and love. He does not sing to amuse his mate, as many have supposed, for he often sings in winter, when he is not yet mated; nor does he sing to beguile his solitude, for now he is not solitary; but he sings because all his wants are satisfied, his whole frame glowing with health, and because his Maker has gifted him with the power of uttering sweet sounds.

Chemical Experiments.

ARSENICAL PAPER.

THERE has been a great deal of discussion of late relative to the injurious consequences arising from certain green papers employed for paper hangings. I remember once reading an account of a certain Prussian policeman, who, coming into a private house in a manner which policemen think right and proper in Prussia, but which would be quite wrong and improper in England, and perceiving that the walls were hung with brilliant green paper, immediately tore it down, fearing lest the health of the inmates might be damaged by its remaining there. Now you must be made aware, if you do not already know, that all the most beautiful greens which one finds on paper, are arsenical greens, and the important question arises thus: Are they or are they not dangerous? On this point we have very precise testimony indeed.

Public attention was first drawn in England to the injurious nature of these green arsenical papers about a year and a half ago, when a medical gentleman resident in Birmingham—then as well as now, I believe—made known his experience. It appears that being very partial to green, the gentleman in question caused his study, a little room lighted with gas, to be hung with green paper. The inmate could not at all understand the painful symptoms from which he began to suffer very soon after the paper-hanging operation; until at length the symptoms of arsenical poisoning became so marked, that he began in earnest to try to discover the cause of this. He succeeded in proving without doubt that the heat of the gas flame sufficed to evolve a considerable amount of arsenic, and arsenic, poisonous enough though it be when taken into the stomach, is still more poisonous when taken into the lungs.

I will mention now how you yourself, without any apparatus almost, may demonstrate the existence of arsenic in nearly every specimen of bright green paper which you can lay your hands upon. Firstly, set a bit of such paper on fire, and notice how strongly the smoke evolved smells of onion or garlic. This in itself is an almost unfailing sign (under the conditions involved) of arsenic. Not more than a hundred years ago, so imperfect were the means at the disposal of chemists for the discovery of arsenic, that a celebrated German writer on poisons recommended, in a suspected case of poisoning by arsenic, the burning of the whole body—the peculiar colour evolved during burning being particularly noticed!

This was rough practice for the occasion; nevertheless, the garlicky smell is a very good rough indication of arsenic. By following the subjoined directions, any person, however little adept in chemical matters, may succeed in evolving the arsenic, and obtaining it in a metallic form. Procure a physis bottle, to the mouth of which a cork is attached perforated with a hole, and into the perforation the stem of a tobacco-pipe is thrust. Place a few fragments of the paper in question into the bottle, then a few fragments of the metal zinc; moisten the whole with a few tea-spoonfuls of pure water; lastly add about one tea-spoonful of oil of vitriol, and close the whole with the perforated cork. Wait a moment or two, then apply a candle-flame to the end of the tobacco-pipe, so that the gas which escapes may inflame, and hold a piece of white porcelain over the flame, and in contact with it when burning. A black spot will appear on the porcelain, which spot is arsenic, so reduced to its metallic state. There are very many other methods of discovering the presence of arsenic, and actually of obtaining it; but I shall not mention them here, because they would be far more likely to confuse the learner than to be of assistance to him. If these first notions set forth in these papers create any love for chemistry, there are plenty of books which will carry the learner further.

GENERAL THOMPSON.

"WHAT is a radical? One who seeks the root of the evil of which he complains; one that knows what is amiss, and goes to work the right way to rectify it. Every man is a radical, irrespective of party politics, which we leave others to discuss, who shuts his mouth to keep out lies. Does any man go to a doctor and ask for a cure that is not radical? All men have been radicals who ever did any good since the world began. Adam was a radical when he cleared the first place from rubbish for Eve to live in. Noah was a radical when, hearing the world was to be drowned, he went about such a common sense proceeding as making himself a ship to swim in. An antediluvian whig would have laid half-a-dozen sticks together for an ark, and called it 'a virtual representation.'" Such is part of the definition of a radical by that sage old soldier and statesman whose portrait we present.

General Thompson is a liberal of the old school. The incidents of his life would furnish materials for a dozen novels. He has served and commanded both in the army and navy; in two hemispheres; going through fire and water; in contests with Frenchmen in the Peninsula, South Americans at Buenos Ayres, slave traders on the coast of Africa, Arabs round the Persian Gulf, and Hindoos up the Ganges. In the midst of moving incidents in flood and field, he mastered the French language, also Spanish and Arabic; studied Jeremy Bentham; wrote pamphlets on law and morals; negotiated commercial treaties; and qualified himself for a brilliant campaign in the field of literature and politics.

General Thompson is one of those who sustained the real respectability of the popular cause when to be a radical was to be little less than infamous. It was the fashion in those days to ridicule as ignorant, illiterate, vulgar anarchists, those who held opinions that are now regarded as anything but extreme. People in these days can form no idea of the tyranny exercised towards men of liberal opinions, who had not gone through the ordeal of fashionable instruction, or who had not received an university education. Hence the vast importance of a man like Thompson, who, on their own chosen ground, was the equal of almost all the oligarchical deriders of the masses—not only graduate of a university, but a distinguished prize man of a famous college; both a classical scholar and mathematician of high order, familiar with the whole range of *belles lettres*, of some eloquence in speech, and prompt, pungent wit on paper; versed in political economy, conversant with mercantile matters, no stranger to commerce, at home in military and naval affairs from actual experience, and the jurisprudence of nations from his residence abroad—such was General Thompson, and such he still is, a man who has not only grown gray, but white as snow in his laudable zeal for the public good.

We may here briefly notice the leading facts of his eventful career, naturally beginning with his birth, which took place at Hull, in 1788. His father, who long sat for Midhurst, Sussex, was a banker, and an active adherent to the cause of Wesleyan Methodism. Perronet Thompson was educated at the grammar school of his native town. He took a bachelor's degree at Queen's College, Cambridge, in 1802, and the following year entered

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



MAJOR-GENERAL THOMPSON, M.P., F.R.S. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WATKIN.

the navy, and served three years under Vice-Admiral Gambier. In 1806 he exchanged the navy for the army. As second lieutenant in the rifle corps, he was present at the attack on Buenos Ayres, and was one of the many British officers who were captured in that disastrous affair. On his liberation from South America he returned to England, where he resumed his acquaintance with his father's early friend, Wilberforce. In 1808 he was sent out to Sierra Leone. There he set to work with all his energy to put down the slave trade, and fully to carry out the principles of the Negro Emancipation Act. His exertions met with little encouragement at home, and still less favour from the slave dealers, who at length induced Lord Castlereagh to recall him. Another governor was accordingly nominated, and, in 1812, Perronet Thompson returned to active military service. At the peace of 1814 he was promoted to the rank of captain, and served in India, Persia, and South America. In 1821 he returned to England, and in 1825 was promoted to the rank of major. He was subsequently made lieutenant-colonel, and became major-general in 1854. Retiring on half-pay, he became leader of the radicals, and began to distinguish himself both as a politician and a man of letters. For ten years he wrote many of the ablest papers on current public questions that appeared in the *Westminster Review*, of which journal he was for some time joint editor and proprietor with Dr. Bowring. He possessed high claims to the position he occupied in the Corn Law struggle; for twelve years before the controversy began, he wrote "The Catechism of the Corn Laws," which contained

the substance of all that was subsequently elaborated by Mr. Cobden and his coadjutors.

He was returned to parliament for Hull in 1835, and represented that constituency till 1837. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Preston in 1835, for Maidstone in 1837, for Marylebone in 1838, for Manchester in 1839, for Hull in 1841, and for Sunderland in 1845. He sat for Bradford from 1847 to 1852, when he was defeated; but again elected in 1857.

The following lines are strikingly appropriate, and with them we conclude this sketch:—

- " His hath been a life of travel,
Viewing cities—studying men;
Tangled sophisms to unravel,
Artful knots t' unite again.
His to dissipate delusion,
Truth to drag from error's den,
And to make deceit's confusion
Plain, as honesty is plain.
- " Ever battling with the oppressed,
Against the oppressor we shall stand;
Blest as generous men are blessed,
Who, with ready, out-stretched hand,
Aid the weak and raise the lowly,
Firm through all vicissitude—
His the mission high and lowly,
Trusted to the free—the good.
- " Not a hair-breadth will he wander
When conviction points his way;
Censures scare him not nor slander,
To turn back, or halt, or stray;
No temptation can allure him,
Ask what liberty commands,
In her service you insure him,
Midst her firmest, foremost bands.

" Ready wit, and racy diction,
Illustrations quaint and new;
Fancy's touch without her fiction,
Truth adorned, but still most true.
Class, creed, country, do not narrow
His affections, nor control;
Straight as flies the archer's arrow,
Straight he speeds him to his goal.

" What's the goal! emancipation!
Slavery's fetters to unbind;
Liberty for every nation,
Love and peace for all mankind!
Rights maintaining—wrongs redressing,
Law revered and understood,
Sovereignty both blest and blessing,
Universal brotherhood."

THE GROTTO OF MARTINSWAND.

ONCE seen, the Tyrolese country is never to be forgotten. There is about its scenery that grandeur and beauty which are indelibly impressed on the memory; its lofty mountain range, its snow-covered heights, its green, fruitful valleys, its picturesque villages, its straw-hatted men and sugar-loaf capped women, its wild sports, and its quiet homes, are to be remembered with pleasure. For a kindly hospitable people are the Tyrolese, and a bright sunshiny spot is the Tyrol.

Round about Innspruck (the capital) there are some charming bits of scenery—barren highlands, fruitful lowlands, gray old mountains looking down at themselves in placid lakes, little villages, and stray houses



THE GROTTA OF MARTINSWAND.

in acres of rye and buckwheat, and here and there some natural curiosity—some lion, which every tourist in common courtesy is bound to visit.

And one of these lions is the grotto of Martinswand (Martin's Wall), the locality of which is represented in our engraving. Here is the still water, encircled by luxuriant herbage and lofty trees that nevertheless

shrink into mere shrubs under the shadow of the magnificent mountain. Well, more than half way up this mountain the observer will notice a dark, cavernous recess; that is the Grotto of Martinswand.

The grotto opens on the steep acclivity of the mountain. It is nearly sixty feet high, and about thirteen feet deep. It has, since 1767, been used as

a sort of chapel, and in it have been placed a crucifix and two statues, one representing the Virgin Mary, and the other the apostle St. John. Thither flock pilgrims to recite their prayers in memory of the marvellous escape of Maximilian I., who met with a serious accident while pursuing his favourite diversion, the chamois-hunt. He fell over the edge of

a perpendicular cliff a hundred feet, but was saved, notwithstanding, by the courage of a brave Tyrolean. It appears, from what the peasants relate, that Maximilian had three of the ordinary fastenings used by the chamois-hunters on each foot; that five of the six gave way, and that he hung suspended by the sixth. In this perilous position he remained for some time; that the country people assembled from all parts; that they offered their prayers at the foot of the mountain; rang the church bells; carried the holy sacrament to the spot; that they were exceedingly pious, but not at all practical, till a poor huntsman, Zipps by name, bethought him of a plan to save the emperor. He ascended the mountain, lowered cords and grappling-irons to the unfortunate prince; was rejoiced to find himself understood; still more, that the emperor was strong enough to avail himself of the means of rescue; most of all was he rejoiced when the escape was over, and safe and sound, in life and limb, Maximilian stood by his side, and, in the gratitude of his heart, made Zipps the peasant, Zipps the peer.

This happened—or is reported to have happened—three hundred and fifty years ago: the grotto marks the spot. It may be true, or it may not. People are at liberty to believe it or reject it, as they please; but at all events, the thing is quite within the range of probability: and as to the scenery, which, after all, is the chief attraction to the tourist, there is nothing more striking in the Tyrol.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,
SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Oh, for a law to noose the villain's neck
Who starves his own, who persecutes the blood
He gave them, in his children's veins, and hates
And wrongs the woman he has sworn to love.

COWPER.

APPLE BLOSSOM's heart was lightened of a great load when her darling boy, her only son, her Larkie Grigg, left the police-court; not merely without a stain on his pure though humble name, but evidently raised in the opinion of the worthy magistrate and all present by the indirect proofs of his honest and straightforward nature, which the cross-examination of Carrot Meg had elicited.

There were volumes of appreciation and approbation in the grave smile with which "his Worship" recognised Larkie Grigg's low bow of heartfelt thankfulness, and there was a touching courtesy (always to be found in a true gentleman towards any woman) in the grace with which he returned Apple Blossom's deep obeisance, and, "May God bless and reward your Worship for the justice you have done this day, to the best son that ever comforted a mother's sore heart."

Sam Slybrute, who liked to share in any sort of triumph, noted, what mother and son, and even sweet little Hope Evermore were too engrossed to observe; namely, that the magistrate, referring to his notes, copied into a little pocket-book of his own the name and address of Larkie Grigg.

Many were the castles in the air built on this slight foundation. But the very poor, who have not even a cottage on earth, very soon run up the loftiest castles in the air.

Sam Slybrute still hung on to the Blossom party. He had a sort of vague hope, that some kind of carouse would celebrate Larkie's triumphant acquittal.

He forgot that the only person likely to propose a glass in honour of Larkie's return home, was not only not present, but, as he shrewdly guessed, not likely or able to appear.

They were approaching their own neighbourhood, when Hope suddenly exclaimed, "Where's Meg! poor Meg! mammy? it was all owing to Meg, that we got Larkie Grigg back safe. Do'ee give her a bit of our dinner, mammy. Do, dear mammy."

Hope had been clinging fondly to the arm of her rescued Larkie, clasping round the firm muscular limb of the son of the people, her own delicate, taper, and rose-tipped fingers, making him tell her every particular of his meeting with the bad boys, and of his dreary night at the station-house; all he had thought, felt, and suffered. But even Larkie Grigg could not make Hope forget Meg, who had told the truth (certainly almost by accident), but still she had told the truth, and saved Larkie Grigg from disgrace, imprisonment, hard labour, vile associates, and perhaps, oh, horror of horrors! a whipping! And in

saving Larkie Grigg from all this, from what had she not saved his mother and his little foster sister?

"Let us go back, dear Larkie Grigg," she said, "and see where Meg is." Larkie agreed, and Apple Blossom hastened home. Sam Slybrute, still led on by the ignis fatuus hope of something to drink, kept by her side. It was a hope which yielded to a surly despair, when having reached her little room, Apple Blossom asked him in, saying—

"Thank'ee, kindly, Slybrute, for thy help, and thy company. I'm a-going to make a cup o' tea, and fry a few taters and herrings by way of a bit o' dinner; will thystay and share our poor meal? My children and I never drink any strong liquors, so I won't offer thee any; and of course, thee guesses, Slybrute, that Bob had too much last night, and pays for it to-day, as he always do, by losing a day's work and lying ill in bed with a splittin' head-ache, and the thirst upon him. But, come, Slybrute, I'll make you a good strong cup o' tea."

"No, thank ye, Apple Blossom; I hates tea, and teetotalers into the bargain—the present company always excepted, you know. I own I's dry, uncommon dry; there's somehut very choky in them police-courts; but I'll go and talk mother-in-law over—her corkscrew don't want much oiling; and if fair words don't butter no parsnips, they does mother-in-law; butters she up to some purpose, they does. We had a bit of a shindy this morning, but she don't like drinking alone, she don't; she'll be very glad to have I back to hob-nob with her; so, good-bye to thee, Apple Blossom. I's glad Larkie's come off with flyin' colours. I hears Bob in there a-crying out for water. Lor! what a poor head Bob have; he always had, poor feller. He'll be a teetotaler some day."

"I hope he may, Slybrute," said Apple Blossom, as she filled a jug.

Slybrute took his leave, murmuring to himself: "They're a beggarly set, them teetotalers; people be, to be sure. Here, three blessed hours have I been in the police-court for she, and not so much as a glass o' gin or a pot o' beer, by way of compliment. I declares, I loike old mother-in-law better nor e'er a one of them: she be hearty. Liquor may make the temper and the face a little fiery; but then, it do warm up the heart, too. Them teetotalers' veins seems to me full of cold water; and no wonder, seeing how they guzzles it down. I'll get mother-in-law to make a regular good 'brew'; I'm perished, just; I am out o' work, and out o' heart, and down in the mouth, and down in the world. Slops o' tea or cold water won't make me forget that I haven't a day's work before me, nor a shilling to call my own. That mother-in-law of mine, who has just come to Lunnon, is complete my missus, and teaching Kitty to be as bad as herself. But mother-in-law's a trump, after all; her 'brew' will drive all trouble out of my head and heart—leastways, for a bit. A man that is drunk is as great as a king. What 'ud I do to-day, out o' work and out o' sorts, if I hadn't mother-in-law and her whisky to turn to? I begin to be glad the old lady won't budge. What would I do to-day, without liquor? Out o' work, too."

He forgot that it was owing to liquor that he was out of work. He had been dismissed by a master builder very reluctantly (for Sam Slybrute, when sober, was a capital workman, earning thirty shillings a week, and worthy of his hire), dismissed for almost habitual drunkenness; and, but for old Mrs. Piche's arrival, he would have been turned into the streets, or into the union with his wife and babe.

It was very fortunate they had a home with her, but very unlucky that it was a home where his bad habit was confirmed, and where his love of liquor alone gave him a claim, and made him welcome. Mrs. Piche hated lonely drinking, and, when she summed up the long, black catalogue of Sam Slybrute's faults and vices, she generally wound up by remarking that all she could say in his favour was, that he was no water-drinking, total-abstinence chap, but could take his glass like a man, and enjoy it like a Christian (what curious ideas of a Christian's attributes have those who trust to themselves and their own criterion, and not to the written word of God). However, this boundless capability for imbibing alcohol in her opinion made up for many crimes and misdemeanours.

Larkie Grigg and little Hope Evermore found Carrot Meg beset by some pals of Stunning Steenie's, Prigg Peter's, and the Fox's, who were pelting her with snow-balls, and calling her "tell-tale" and "blab," with other opprobrious names, unfit for our pages.

Poor Potato-heels! she cut a very ludicrous figure: her wild, tangled, curling hair, red as fire, on end on her head like a blaze of flames—her ragged dress, almost torn off—her face flushed—her large, white teeth, or rather tusks, contrasted with the sealing-

wax red of her thick lips and open mouth, giving her the appearance of some wild animal in a rage—her clenched hands—the red heels, that, bulging through her rusty, black, worsted stockings, explained and justified her nickname—and her wild cries of rage and defiance, all reminded one of pictures of some young savage, or even demon.

There were about four ragged, stunted, street boys at her when Larkie appeared.

Larkie's bravery and skill as a boxer and wrestler, a skill acquired from Lame Luke, were well known.

Not one of these cowards would have stood his ground a moment, but Larkie stole upon them from behind, punched the head of one, rolled another in the snow, knocked a third down, and let the fourth take to flight, and then he and Hope helped Meg to put herself a little to rights.

It was touching to see little Hope taking a small pincushion from her pocket (the darling was so notable and orderly), pinning up the wild tatters of the ragged girl's wretched frock, smoothing her obstinate, spiral, wiry, red locks of matted hair, stroking her down, and touching her up, until at last Meg Grimes looked a little better, rather than worse, than usual.

Larkie Grigg, giving one hand to Meg, and the other to Hope Evermore, ran with them at full speed back to his own home to dinner.

CHAPTER XXXV.

For man must work and woman must weep—
There are few to earn and many to keep.

OLD SONG.

All the care
Ingenuous parsimony takes, but just
Saves the small inventory—bed and stool,
Skillet and old carved chest—from public sale.

COWPER.

DINNER!

There is something very affecting in the dinner of "the Poor"—at least when he who should enable the wife to provide a comfortable meal is, either by illness or vice (the vice of drunkenness more especially and generally), out of work, and therefore out of pay.

Tea is almost always the result of such a state of things in country cot, or small, close London room. And such tea!—often without milk or sugar—and with nothing to eat but a little dry bread or a few cold potatoes!

This to be the principal meal of the day, for the able-bodied adult poor, and their hungry, growing children! But it was not quite so bad as this at Apple Blossom's, on the occasion to which we allude.

She was very honest, and very thrifty; and, on a day when Bob could not earn anything, she was resolved not to spend much. But still, she made some very good tea, and fried some red herrings and some cold potatoes, so as to make a dish that seemed to all those hungry ones (Meg especially) most tempting, both to the sense of taste and smell. Nor did it offend the eye—the meals of the poor so often, alas! do; for everything—cloth, crockery, knives and forks—shone with cleanliness; and Apple Blossom cooked to perfection.

Merry's dinner was carried to her (by little Hope) in a clean, hot, white basin; and Apple Blossom, hearing Bob groan, went in to ask him what he would have.

A basin of tea and a bit of dry toast were the objects of his desires, and these Apple Blossom got ready, and took them to him, as nice and inviting as if he had deserved all her love and care, and were laid up through a chance sickness, not through his own vile and besetting sin.

Apple Blossom did her duty by Bob, but of course she could not—hurt, wounded, and disappointed as she felt—approach him with that playful tenderness and winning confidence which were among her greatest charms.

Bob was no longer savage, brutal, and unmanageable, but he was sullen, downcast, and reserved.

He watched Apple Blossom out of the corners of a half-shut, bloodshot eye, as she placed the tea and dry toast on a table beside him, and then he saw that she was bruised, her nose swollen, her eye blackened, her complexion pale, her looks dejected, tired, haggard.

He loathed himself as he recalled the scene at the "True Briton;" and the thought crossed his mind, for the first time in his life, that no woman could love a man who could use her thus; that Apple Blossom did not love him, but that duty made her endure a man and a fate which she could not escape.

There was great anguish to the wretched Bob in this thought, for he doated on his wife. She was as pretty (in his eyes, and almost as much so in reality) as on the day he married her.

He loved her bright, laughing eyes, her plump, firm cheeks—the red and white that made the nickname of Apple Blossom so appropriate; the open

brow, so sunny and so candid; the red lips of a mouth, which was rather too large for regular beauty, but was finely formed, and whose ready smile, or hearty laugh, showed such large, even, brilliant teeth. True, a little matron cap concealed her still clustering hair, and the slight girl he had married had now the fine full figure of the ripened woman.

"That sylph-like form—'twere idle now to flatter—
Had grown, indeed, considerably fatter."

Apple Blossom had no longer the promise of being a fine woman. She was one, with broad shoulders, a very full bust, but still a finely-shaped waist; in all other respects a full-sized, full-blown, blooming young matron. But of all her charms what had Bob left her—at least, what did he blink at from his bed, with that bloodshot, and now tear-dimmed eye?

Apple Blossom was unlike her usual self. Her hair, owing to that night of anxiety and watchfulness, was now dragged, dull and uncared for, off a sad and sorrowful brow; one eye was blackened; the rose and lily were gone from her face; her soft, bright, velvet skin looked dark and discoloured; her pretty little nose was still swollen; her mouth was pale, and had no smile; its corners, where generally love nestled, were drawn down. There was no trimness in her waist; no care in her dress. She was bent, weighed down, neglected.

"There's tea and dry toast, Bob," she said, in low, sad tones. "Can thee take it without help?"

"Yes," said Bob, nettled that she did not raise his head of her own accord, and pillow it on her bosom, "I want no help—leastways," he muttered to himself, "none that's grudged."

Apple Blossom did not appear to hear him.

Bob, in spite of racking agony in his head, redeemed his boast. He took up the basin and the toast, and, having drank the tea and eaten the toast, he lay down again, turned his face to the wall, and pretended to sleep.

But there was no sleep in that aching head—no peace in that tormented heart.

The thought that Apple Blossom did not love him—had ceased to love him—was soon followed by the (to him) terrible idea that she loved some one else. Jack Badger's words came back to his mind. Jem Goodman!—Ha! how Apple Blossom always welcomed and praised him! How often he came—how much they were together!

Bob tossed about in a positive fever of jealousy. He could have killed Jem Goodman then and there, but he resolved to watch—to wait—to bide his time.

Meanwhile the poor dinner of the little contented Christian family went on merrily. To Meg it was a perfect feast. And then to be near Larky Grigg!—to be thanked by him and little Hope, and praised by Apple Blossom for speaking the truth! Meg was wild with delight. For the first time in her life she felt herself almost respectable—a person of importance. She tried not to scratch her head, bite her nails, shuffle with her feet, or do anything for which she was always reprov'd.

She was very stiff and awkward in her efforts to behave politely; twice nearly choked herself in trying to drink quietly; and greatly amused Larky, who was endeavouring to count the pins in her old frock, and the wild, spiral, matted curls of her porcupine head.

Hope, seeing what Larky Grigg was doing, shook her pretty golden head, and raised her little forefinger, and prevented some practical jokes he was about to play off on Meg by saying, "O Larky Grigg! but for Meg and her speaking up for thee, in spite of Stunning Steenie, Prigging Peter, and the Fox, where would thee be now?"

"Thee must all take theeselves off to the ragged school," said Apple Blossom. "Thee'll be expected there, and only in the way here, for I expects the ladies to call; so, Larky, good lad, take 'em along of thee. I'll tidy up the place a bit."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Her lot is on you; to be found untidied
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;
Meekly to bear with wrongs, to cheer decay,
And oh! to love thro' all things, therefore pray!

MRS. HENANS.

The remnants of the poor meal were cleared away, the little room was put to rights, the hearth was swept, a cheerful fire blazed, Apple Blossom dressed herself neatly, smoothed her rich hair, and hid as much as she could the marks of Bob's drunken brutality. She had washed her honest, handsome face until it shone again; her best cap, her clean collar and cuffs, neat dark stuff gown, and white apron, were a very suitable and becoming costume. But still poor Apple Blossom did not look herself, nor feel herself either.

There was a sick, low, hysterical flutter at her heart, a shivering dread of she knew not what, a feeling of deep and bitter disappointment, and, added to all this, there was a constant, dull, aching pain, and occasionally a sharp pang in that poor, faithful breast which Bob had kicked in his drunken rage.

Had not Apple Blossom herself looked so sad there would have been something almost pleasant in the aspect of that little, humble, tidy parlour.

As it was also a kitchen, pans and saucepans, bright as gold and silver, adorned one side and reflected the warm glow of the fire.

Coloured prints of the Queen and Prince Consort filled the place of honour over the mantel-shelf.

The great and good Howard of the past century, and the noble Howard of this, the Earl of Shaftesbury, flanked the Queen and Prince; and then came two little highly-coloured likenesses of Bob Blossom and Betty Blythe, as they appeared when asked in church; and, certainly, if they had so appeared, matrimony had vastly improved them.

For Bob in a blue coat, brass buttons, white cravat, cornelian brooch, stiffly-curved hair, and dull, heavy, face, looked both an idiot and a clown, while in reality he was, when sober, a fine, manly, intelligent-looking fellow; not a gentleman, certainly, but what is much better, a bright, brave, handsome man.

While Miss Betty Blythe, with bows and plaits of hair on the top of her head, staring black eyes, very round face, earmine cheeks, cherry mouth, small body, short waist, yellow dress, and coral necklace, brooch, and ear-rings, was a very inferior person to Apple Blossom, whom any painter might have converted into an Eve or a Madonna.

There were as chimney ornaments some curious models in wood and cardboard by Larky; and there were tufts of feathers given to Merry by a bird-seller who lived close by.

A bit of green baize covered the floor; an old dark mahogany table was in the centre, and on it the large old family Bible, and Apple Blossom's work-box (given to her when she was Miss Blythe) and her work-basket, the ragged school magazines, and a few other tracts and books.

The walls were covered with Scripture prints, highly coloured and illuminated by Larky and Hope with gold and silver tinsel. And there were some hideous, small-eyed, flat-mouthed, bulbous-nosed, dreary, dingy little pictures of creatures so ugly and lifeless, they seemed scarcely human; and there were photographs of lovely little Hope Evermore, Hebe-like Merry, bold, handsome Larky, large-eyed, wizen-faced, picturesque Nessy, and chubby, cherub-like, blue-eyed baby Ben.

The whole lot, frames and all, done for eighteen pence.

Devoutly believed in and warmly admired by all the neighbourhood, and much valued by simple people, who believe every picture like, and all they see in print, true!

As Apple Blossom sat in Bob's easy chair (there were chairs of all sizes, from a large old arm-chair to baby Ben's little low straw ditto), sighing and stitching, stitching and sighing, and now and then dropping a tear on the frock she was mending, she heard gentle voices at the door, followed by a knock, and she hastened to admit "the ladies."

Apple Blossom's manner had not its usual cheerful, modest ease, for she was ashamed of her black eye, her swollen nose, and pale cheeks, and she felt that though Ada and Ellen made a point of looking away, the keen glance of Mrs. Golightly, sharpened by a pair of refulgent, powerfully magnifying spectacles, was fixed inquiringly, and almost angrily, upon her.

"Are the children at the ragged school?" asked Ellen, eager to say something to break the awkward silence.

"Yes, miss," replied Apple Blossom, trying to smile, "all but Merry—she's keeping my stall to-day. I'm not that well—"

"Where's your husband?" asked Mrs. Golightly, in an almost sepulchral voice. "Is he at work?"

Apple Blossom started and reddened all over. She hesitated for a moment, and then she said:

"Bob's ailing, too, ma'am! he's obliged to keep his bed."

"What's his ailment?" asked Mrs. Golightly, as if she were a very brow-beating counsel for the plaintiff, cross-examining a witness for the defendant.

"He's bad in his head and in his inside, ma'am," said Apple Blossom.

"So I suspected," said Mrs. Golightly; "but his worst disease is here," touching her heart.

"No," said Apple Blossom, raising her eyes and boldly confronting Mrs. Golightly's spectacles and all; "Bob's all right there, ma'am."

"As right, poor woman, as you are here!" and Mrs. Golightly touched her own large masculine forehead.

"Well, ma'am, barring that I never could take to book-learning, little or big, my head-piece ain't much to complain of; I've brought up my family decent enough. I've kept matters together pretty tidy considering. I don't owe nobody nothink, and I hope I does my duty to God and man, as far as my poor abilities and means goes, and allowing for the infirmities of human nature—and that we can't none of us do nothink of ourselves to help ourselves."

"You make too much allowance for the infirmities of human nature, woman," said Mrs. Golightly. "You do not do your duty to God or man, or you'd break your wicked husband of drunkenness. You'd not let him squander in liquor, what ought to maintain his wife and family in comfort. You wouldn't let him knock you about. Nay, no fims, woman! 'Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord.' What Blossom is, can be read written in black and blue on your poor temple."

"It's long since he was overtook, ma'am," said Apple Blossom, crying. "Sober, he's the best husband ever woman had, the kindest, gentlest, goodest—he's an angel, sober."

"Then, why don't you keep him sober? Why don't he take the pledge?"

"He's so much agen it."

"Then, why don't you take your children, and what money you have, and go to him and say—If you don't take the pledge, I'll sell off every stiek and take my children and emigrate with them? Why don't you do that?"

There was a quiet, quaint humour in Apple Blossom, and, all unlettered as she was, she was not deficient in mother wit and quickness of perception, but she had all the respect for "gentry" of the genuine country-bred woman, and she did not answer until Mrs. Golightly, drawing closer to her, and speaking more sternly, and glaring more fiercely even than before, said—

"Why do you not threaten, and if necessary leave him?"

"Because, ma'am," said Apple Blossom, "when I went to church along of Bob, we got married."

"What does the fool mean?" cried Mrs. Golightly. "Of course you got married."

"Manning no offence, you never wor married, wor you, ma'am?"

"No, thanks to a merciful Providence, I never was."

"If you had abeen, ma'am, you'd have knowed that when a woman marries, she swears to love, honour, and obey her husband."

"Not if he turns out a brute, a beast—for what else is a drunkard?"

"In coorse, ma'am," said Apple Blossom, "I can't argufy with a bookish lady like you, 'tain't likely; but as far as I can see, I took Bob for 'better for wuss,' and I swore to forsake all others and cleave to he, and to keep him in sickness and in health."

"But you don't keep him in health, woman, by letting him get tipsy, do you? Isn't he now laid up in his bed, and unable to do his work and earn his wages, because he's been drinking again? That is not the way to keep him in health, is it?"

"No, ma'am; and I does my best to hinder him; and for nigh three weeks he hasn't been overtook. If he's ever quite cured, and do take the pledge, it'll be along of I. If I wor to leave 'un, he'd soon take up with them low, guzzling pals o' his, and he'd drink hisself into his grave. I dare say a broken heart 'ud soon bring me to moine; but that ain't the end of all, as I heerd at the ragged school from that 'ere great rousing speaker. The gates o' death is the entrance to life; arter the grave comes the judgment; and how 'ud I stand at that bar if I'd forsook poor Bob, and left him to ruin hisself, and he the kindest, best partner in the world when he is sober, and wouldn't never be no other if it warn't for the drink?"

Mrs. Golightly shrugged her shoulders, and looked at poor Apple Blossom with a smile of ineffable contempt, mingled with pity. Apple Blossom bore this very well, and, to divert attention from herself, took out of a drawer in an old oaken bureau some of little Hope's triumphs in crochet, and copy-books of Larky's; but this was not allowed to go on long.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Yon cottager who plies at her own door,
Pillows and bobbin, all her little store,
Content, tho' mean, and cheerful, if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the live-long day.

She reads her Bible, and believes it true,—
A bliss the brilliant Frenchman never knew.

COWPER.

"I WONDER," at length burst in Mrs. Golightly, addressing Ellen St. Ange (and taking the while a very crabbed-looking roll of closely-written foolscap out of her pocket), "whether this poor white

slave could catch any sense of her degradation and her wrongs, and be roused to anything like resistance to oppression, by the opening of my pamphlet?"

"Oh! I should think not," said Ada, who had already heard that terrible, wordy cannonade three times.

"I am sure, dear friend, she could not understand a word of it," said Ellen, who heard it whenever she was alone with Mrs. Golightly; for that lady never made any addition or alteration in her pamphlet without insisting on reading it to Ellen St. Ange, and always proposed to begin at the beginning, ostensibly that Ellen might judge of it *as a whole*, but, in reality, because she had, as she thought, brought all her best field-pieces into play at the onset.

"I am not of your opinion, young ladies. At any rate, I shall give it a trial."

Ellen smiled, and Ada bowed. Ellen was all kindness, and never could find it in her heart to check or wound her old true friend.

"Just to prepare and awaken her mind," said Mrs. Golightly, "I will ask her a few questions. My good woman," she then said, addressing Apple Blossom, "are you aware that you, even you, crushed, beaten, degraded being that you are, have in that bruised, battered body an immortal soul? that you have rights which you ought to enforce, and wrongs which it is your duty to get redressed? Now, think before you answer me. The woman has a good philosophical development," she said to Ellen, as Apple Blossom put her well-shaped, red, hard-working hand to her pale, broad, throbbing forehead, to aid her in the laborious process of thinking. "With her head, I cannot think what it is makes a fool of her."

"Her heart," suggested Ellen.

"You have hit it—you have hit it, my dear!" almost screamed the excited Golightly; "and throughout the whole female population we find the fond heart misleading the wise head. Well, Apple Blossom, what do you consider to be your rights and wrongs?"

"Well, ma'am," said Apple Blossom, "I am, as you know, no scholar, but 'twor only last week as I spelled over to you at the ragged school some texts of Scripture, as Larky Grigg have since a-helped me to get by heart. You, ma'am, who read 'em off so glib-like, maybe don't get 'em so much by heart, as a body may say, as poor as I, as goes over and over them again and again like! Now one of them texts is our Lord's own words, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth,' and another wor, 'But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil,' and again, 'Be not high-minded.' And more than all, ma'am, 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.' That's all in the sermon on the mount, ma'am, and Larky Grigg, as knows it off by heart, is teaching me to get it off, too. And, ma'am, I wor a long time spelling out to you what the apostle Peter says, 'Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands, that if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives, while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear.' Now, ma'am," and here Apple Blossom drew up her fine womanly form, and a bright glow suffused her face and neck, "I think that's woman's best of rights, to be allowed by the grace of God to win over her husband, the lover of her youth, the fayther of her bairns, he as works hard to keep her. Moin do, ma'am,—Bob do when he gets a job, and no mistake, over hours, till he comes home down-right beat, and so proud to put the wages into my hand, knowin' I ain't one of your dressy, spending gad-about, but that I'll make it go as far as I can. That's Bob's way when he's sober. I'll get him yet to leave off drinkin' or any other bad way he've felled into. And as to woman's wrongs, I read to you, ma'am, in St. Paul, 'If we will marry, we shall have trouble in the flesh,' and so wrongs we must put up with, for what are our wrongs compared to those of our blessed Lord? How was he beaten and spit upon, and nailed to the cross! He as never did or thought the thing that was wrong."

"You are quite right," said Mrs. Golightly, a little taken aback by one who, simple and untutored as she was, was a much better Christian and even theologian than the learned and spirited Golightly,—"you are quite right to get as many texts of Scripture by heart as you can, but they none of them exactly meet the exigencies of the case. There is nothing in Scripture to forbid your leaving a drunken brute who ill-uses you."

"Only," said Apple Blossom, "St. Paul says, in a chapter you taught me, 'Let not the wife depart from her husband.' I don't see how I can go off to Australy with the bairns without departing from him, ma'am. But I'm a poor, ignorant creatur, and your a larned, bookish lady; may be, you can tell me how to do boath."

"I will tell you what, on second thoughts, I consider a better course for you to pursue; and one which you can carry out without disobeying St. Paul's injunction."

"That's what I'd be downright thankful to hear, ma'am," said Apple Blossom.

"Listen, then!" said Mrs. Golightly, her eyes blazing, clenching her hands, and turning fire-colour; "have him up! appear against him! show your bruises! and take my word, woman, he'll get his deserts. And while his fingers are picking oakum, they may itch to be at you, but they'll itch in vain!"

Mrs. Golightly had risen in her wrath, and looked like an old Amazon about to destroy a foe.

Apple Blossom rose, too; deadly pale, even her lips white, and large tears in her eyes. She pressed her hands on her full bosom, as if to keep down her beating heart. Several times she tried to speak, in vain. At length she gasped forth, "Excuse me, ma'am, I can hear no more. I appear against my Bob!—I get the law of him, poor fellow!—I show the bruises he gave me while he wor in liquor, then, and no one half so ashamed of having marked a 'ooman, his own wife, too, as Bob when he comes to!—I try to get him in trouble!—I lie down in my warm bed at night, and think that through me Bob's a-shivering on a straw mattress in prison; that the head that for fifteen years has rested on my buzzom's bowed with shame; no pillow to lie upon, and can't never hold itself up again, no more as it have done? Ah, ma'am, it's clear you knows nothink of a wife's feelings. I'd rather die by Bob's hand when he's drunk, than do what 'd break his poor heart, sober! Seventy times seven, if he sin against me ever so bad, seventy times seven, I'll forgive him still!"

"My good woman," said Mrs. Golightly, "you interpret Scripture too literally. Do you suppose that when our Saviour says, 'If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off,' he means you really to pluck out your eye and cut off your hand?"

"No, ma'am; our superintendent, Mr. Stephen his blessed self, at the ragged school, taught I that that wor a figgur of speech, and that what wor meant was *not the eye or the hand, but any habit, affection, or sin that stood between us and salvation; and that might be, perhaps, as dear to us as a right eye or a right hand*. Them's what we've to pluck out or to cut off, ma'am."

"Well spoken, Apple Blossom," said Ada. "Oh, what encouragement is the case of this poor and uneducated woman to Ragged Schools, and their wise, benevolent, and Christian founders and supporters!"

Ellen, her eyes moist with tears, took Apple Blossom's hand, and said, "I shall tell Mr. Stephen how you answered that question, Apple Blossom. I am sure he will be pleased with you; and so will all who have helped to prepare the soil of your heart for the good seed!"

"A work at which no one has toiled so hard and so incessantly as myself," said Mrs. Golightly. "Whatever Apple Blossom knows she owes to me."

"I'm sure, ma'am, I'm very thankful to you, and the 'mother' class teachers. I learns a lot one way and t'other; leastways I would, if I had the head for it. I ain't 'cute enough to explain nothink, but it seem to I, I learns to read of you, ma'am, and to feel of Mr. Stephen."

"I wish I could say you learn to read," said Mrs. Golightly. "However, Miss St. Ange says it will come all at once; and, certainly, I do think the great pains I have taken, and the admirable system I have pursued (one I invented myself), have succeeded better than even I was aware of till to-day in opening Apple Blossom's mind; so much so that, partly to enlighten her, and partly to reward her, I shall read her the opening of my pamphlet, entitled, Apple Blossom! 'The Rights and Wrongs of Woman.' Put down your work, my good creature, and give me your undivided attention."

Apple Blossom did as she was ordered, clasped her hands on her lap, and looked very earnest and demure. Ellen tried to avoid catching Ada's glance of humorous annoyance.

Mrs. Golightly spread the terrible-looking sheets of foolscap—so closely written, and even to the eye, so very forbidding—before her on the table. With a nervous gripe she untied, clutched off, and flung down beside her on the floor her large black beaver bonnet, pushed back her grizzled curls, and, clearing her voice in a very loud and rather irritating manner, she began:—

"The Rights and Wrongs of Woman: Rights which have yet to be recognised, and Wrongs which shall yet be Redressed."

"Well, that's foine, any ways, that is!" said Apple Blossom; "that do sound grand, that do!"

Mrs. Golightly bowed, with a little smile at Apple Blossom's tribute. Like many other authors, she was very vain; but, like them, very irritable too. She liked the tribute, but she hated the interruption.

"You must not make any remark until I pause, my good Apple Blossom," she said, kindly. "Restrain your enthusiasm until I allow you to give it vent."

Mrs. Golightly again cleared her voice.

"The Rights and Wrongs of Woman," she said, in a very loud and excited tone.

"Rights which have yet to be recognised, and Wrongs which shall yet be redressed."

"It is a melancholy, but an incontrovertible, fact, that more than one moiety of the population of the United Kingdom (that kingdom which boasts of the abolition of slavery) is yet composed of slaves—white slaves, female slaves, beings whom the state considers eligible for punishment, but not for reward."

"Intellectually (and in spite of tyrants, chains, and bondage), intellectually enlightened, morally responsible, physically and mentally, acutely sensitive to pain and pleasure, freedom and slavery; and yet, as wives, legal nonentities, and even as spinsters, widows (or, in the old law term, *femmes soles*), shut out alike from all public careers. These bondwomen are excluded from the senate, the bar, the pulpit; refused admittance to the groves of Academus, not allowed even to enter the porch of the temple, not permitted to sit even at the feet of Gamaliel. Trained from the cradle in habits of helplessness, dependence, and vanity, with which they go to their unhonoured graves. Toys, dolls, drudges, sultanas or slaves, Odaliques or scape-goats, in other words, WOMEN; and yet, in spite of all that laws, made by man, can do to crush—in spite of all that customs established by man can do to enslave—in spite of all that fashion (in other words, man's base policy) can do to encroach—some women in all ages have been found with genius so potent and self-sufficing, energy so resolute, and will so indomitable, that they have taught the world the fallacy of the old misnamed sage's axiom that 'there is a sex in the soul,' and have convinced the most bigoted advocates of female bondage, that if so much would be done by woman, *in spite* of her fetters, she could challenge man to any moral lists, any mental tournament—any conflict in which bodily strength (lowest of attributes, and most eminent in the brute creation; but to which alone woman owns her subjection) were not brought into play. If these fetters, which are worn from the cradle to the grave (some hidden in roses, as in the case of young beauties, some with the iron entering into the very soul, as in that of the pure, noble, despised race, coarsely designated old maids), if these fetters, we say, were never put on; if the girl were trained as the boy is trained, if beauty and dress, and futile accomplishments were not made the objects of an immortal being's life, woman, who, even as it is, has done so much, would, by the aid of her genius, her fortitude, her energy, and her virtues, take an intellectual stand at least equal to, and often far above, that of her now contemptuous oppressor. What mothers, what wives, what daughters, what sisters, and, above all, what citizens would such women be!"

So earnestly and vehemently was Mrs. Golightly engaged in her oration (for it was nothing less), that she did not perceive that poor Apple Blossom, who, as we know, had been up all night, had, after vainly trying to follow Mrs. Golightly, sunk into a sound sleep; and that Ada, who had spent the night in an assiduous watch by her father's bed-side, had also been unable to resist the soporific influence of the monotonous tone of the champion of her sex.

Ellen alone was listening attentively, when a gentle knock was heard. It did not arrest the orator nor wake the sleepers; but, being repeated, Ellen rose and, in doing so, disturbed Mrs. Golightly, who, looking angrily up, saw Apple Blossom and Ada asleep, and Ellen moving towards the door.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, bitterly, "what avail my efforts? Women are content to be slaves. Speak to them of a new fashion in dress, they are in raptures; talk to them of their social regeneration, they fall asleep! But it is education does this, and—"

At this moment Apple Blossom and Ada, missing, even in their sleep, the monotonous tones that had lulled them to rest, awoke, and were both declaring (as people always do in such cases) that they had only closed their eyes for a moment, when Jem Goodman entered.

(To be continued.)

AN INFERENCE.—A man, being assured that the sun never rose in the west, said it was very strange, as he had a cousin in Iowa who was always writing how pleasant it was in that district. He concluded it must be all moonshine.



LA FLEUR TAKING LEAVE OF HIS FRIENDS AT MONTREUIL.

STERNE.

LAURENCE STERNE is an author of whose works everybody has heard, and about whom everybody can talk, but of whom very few form an impartial opinion. "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey" are standard books. Uncle Toby, the elder Shandy, Corporal Trim, Yorick, La Fleur, Dr. Slop, and the rest, have achieved an immortality. But it is a small minority who read the volumes in which they figure. Sparkling and brilliant, touching and pathetic as they are—playing on the heart-strings, and calling forth responsive notes—they are left untouched on the shelves of the library; people contenting themselves with fragments gathered here and there, and endlessly repeated.

There is something in the style of Sterne's books which fails at first sight to interest an ordinary reader, and much that is offensive to all moral readers: the humour is subtle and ethereal, but the want of decency is plain and palpable—one looks in vain for simplicity, and one is ruffled by the whim and caprice of the sentiment. The careful, thoughtful reader is amply repaid by an attentive perusal of either his story or his journey; but the eccentric affectation of both are uninviting to the majority. And thus it is that the books are neglected. There are beauties enough to be found in them, but they have to be sought, and literary oungers give up the search.

It is a hundred years ago, or thereabouts, since Tristram Shandy was first published. Its author was born in Ireland, in 1713, was educated by a cousin, matriculated at Cambridge, entered holy orders and became incumbent of Satten, and Prebend of York. At Satten he lived for a score of years, "reading, painting, fiddling, and shooting, with occasional quarrels with his brethren of the cloth, with whom he was no favourite." For that matter he was no favourite with anybody, for he put all his fine feelings on paper, and while sentimentalising over an ass, or dropping a tear for a starling, was hard and morose enough in real life. After the publication of his Tristram Shandy, he went to France and touched Italy (it was a jour-

ney then), and on his return published a record of his wanderings, or an imaginary picture of what his wanderings might have been. He also issued a large number of sermons, most of which are excellent as moral essays, exquisite in pathos, and forcible in appeal—eccentric and abrupt, and consequently striking, but withal too humorous for a church pulpit, and with now and then an expression approaching the profane.

When Sterne came to London he was petted and popular. He had made a hit, and lion hunters trapped him for their entertainments. David Garrick says of him, "He degenerated in London like an ill-transplanted shrub: the incense of the great spoiled his head, and their ragouts his stomach. He grew sickly and proud—an invalid in body and mind." He had often expressed a wish to die at an inn, where a few gold guineas would purchase the few cold offices he might require. His wish was in one sense gratified. He died at his lodgings in London, with none but a hired nurse to close his eyes.

The subject of our engraving is taken from a scene in the "Sentimental Journey."

The sentimental traveller wanted a valet. The landlord at Montreuil knew of "a clever young fellow who would be very proud of the honour to serve an Englishman," because "the nation was so generous."

La Fleur is the clever young man in question. Once introduced, the genuine look and air of the fellow determines the matter in his favour: so he is hired first, and asked, secondly, what he can do. Do! he can beat a drum and play a march or two upon a fife. Can he do nothing else? *Oh qu'oui!* he can make spatterdashes and play a little on the fiddle.

"The next morning La Fleur entered upon his employment. I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half-dozen shirts and silk pair of breeches, and bid him fasten all upon the chaise, get the horses put to, and desire the landlord to come in with his bill.

"*C'est un garçon de bonne fortune,*" said the landlord, pointing through the window to half a dozen wenches, who had got round about La Fleur, and

were most kindly taking their leave of him, as the postillion was leading out the horses. La Fleur kissed all their hands, round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promised he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

"The young fellow," said the landlord, 'is beloved by all the town, and there is scarce a corner in Montreuil where the want of him will not be felt; he has but one misfortune—he is always in love!'"

The character of La Fleur is not altogether imaginary. A recent writer says:—"That excellent man was born in Burgundy; from his infancy he felt an insatiable desire for travelling, and at eight years of age fled from the paternal roof, and set out to seek his fortune. Having led a wandering life two years, he enlisted as a soldier, remained a drummer in the French army six years, deserted in the dress of a peasant, arrived at Montreuil-sur-Mer, and was presented to Sterne covered with rags, but with an erect bearing, a piercing eye, and a ruddy complexion."

RICHES AND POVERTY.—That poverty is a real evil, it would be absurd to deny; and that it is the parent of many other evils, moral no less than physical, experience teaches, and will for ever teach us. Not only that poverty that stands between its victims and the common comforts, almost necessities of life, is thus pregnant with sorrow and sin, but that, too, which closes the access to every elegant enjoyment, and binds down to petty cares and worldly anxieties the time, the thought, the whole spirit. But to believe that the reverse of all this must in itself be happiness is to have little experience indeed of life, with all its varieties, of pain and disappointment, of blighted hopes, of unavailing repentance. Some, who have never known what it is to possess riches, believe that the power of dispensing them must, and does bring happiness; but in vain does "the widow's heart sing for joy" if no chord in the breast of her benefactor echoes to the sound of her rejoicings. If personal regrets have closed the heart to sympathy, he may be beneficent, but the blessings of beneficence do not return upon him.

The Matron.

NO. XXI.

FIRE, and escape from fire, furnished the subject of the last chapter. We left off where the whole family was rescued; but had saved nothing but their lives. Perhaps, the poor father gazes for a moment on the savings of years, as the fire is reducing his *all* to ashes.

"A beggared outcast must he roam,
But one sweet solace checks despair;
He counts the loved ones of his home,
Not one dear head is wanting there."

SCHILLER.

Those who have live stock find (when fire breaks out) the greatest difficulty in removing horses. They are such nervous creatures that, nearly paralysed by fear, neither coaxing nor blows avail. Still, very difficult things can be done if one only knows the right way. Supposing it is a saddle-horse that you wish to extricate, place the saddle on his back and he becomes so docile that you can lead him out of the stable in spite of the threatening danger. In case it is a draught-horse you wish to lead out, throw the harness over him and you will succeed. I suppose this means is so effectual because the badges of his subjection banish from the horse every feeling but the necessity of his habitual obedience.

I now turn from fire to water, from the dangers of "the devouring flame" to those of the more devouring flood.

How many poor mothers will see the return of this delightful summer season with alarm; because, it may lure their sons to risk their precious lives in sailing, bathing, or boating. Now, I do not hesitate to say that boating on our rivers, where steamboats ply, is fraught with danger when only boys are rowing or steering the boat; and parents and guardians ought to exercise their authority to avert bad consequences.

It is all very well to know how to swim; but there are cases in which swimming avails little, and such cases are not unfrequent.

I recollect it was the opinion of an old friend of mine, an East India captain, that there was more danger in boating in Chelsea-reach than in going in a sailing-vessel to India.

How often a young party sets off in the morning full of glee to be plunged in despair before sunset.

It's a good thing in this life of trials to be prepared for the worst; and really sometimes where water parties seem to be conducted with the greatest prudence, fatal accidents occur, especially in small boats on the River Thames, whether beyond London or Westminster bridge. The fact is, the great swell caused by the river steamers upsets the little boats, unless steered and propelled by very strong, experienced hands. I fancy I can hear some of my young readers exclaiming, "Oh, there's no danger for me, I can swim." But, as I observed before, there are cases in which swimming is of little avail; cases (on our river) in which one sticks in the mud, is wedged in between other boats, or has one's head dashed against the balustrade of a bridge. And supposing the upset happens in an open space and in clear water, how often those that can swim are drowned in trying to extricate others who cannot. And now, my young friends, do listen to the advice of one, who has been very nearly drowned herself, and who knows how invaluable a little of the calmness which knowledge gives would have been to her in the moment of danger.

I address myself first to those who cannot swim. Should you ever find yourself suddenly plunged into deep water, remember you are sure to rise to the surface. The object is to keep there. To effect this, *mind you keep your arms under water*. By a slight paddling motion, you may so regulate the position of your head, as also to keep your mouth and nose above water. While you do this you cannot sink; and remember to keep one leg a little forward, the other a little backward. And now for the most important thing of all. When succour comes, do not grasp hold of the person who advances to save you. I know it is the most natural thing to do; but what are the consequences? You take away all chance both from yourself and your friend.

Secondly, instead of disconcerting the efforts to save you, remember that the water contributes so greatly to hold you up, that by a very little support and pulling, your friend will be able to drag you to the boat or the shore. His plan will be to seize you by the hair. You will have to throw yourself on your back, and, by kicking against the water, to urge yourself in the direction intimated. Do your utmost to keep your face upwards, your neck stiff, and the back of your head in the water.

Now for a few cautions to your brave deliverer. Never suppose you can lift the person in danger out of the water: by attempting it you will sink yourself. While swimming, all you can do is gently to hold up the person by the hair, and to draw him to a place of safety. Thus, swimming with your strongest arm, dragging on your friend with the other, and taking care, of course, that the faces of both of you are above water (you on your breast, and he floating on his back), you may, side by side, reach the boat or shore. What cheers will greet you then from the assembled crowd! what blessings from your trembling, anxious friends!

With the thoughts of preservation of human life from drowning, the life-boat—the light of all nations and of the Royal Humane Society—come naturally before the mind's eye. But it is not within my province to enlarge on these things; a few more precautions of a very domestic nature will suffice.

When going on the water put on shoes instead of boots. The latter greatly increase the difficulty of swimming. If you should fall into the water with a common black hat on your head, snatch it off, and hold it with your hand inside the crown, and the top downwards. While you can keep the inside free from water, it acts as a buoy, and enables you to keep your mouth above water till help reaches you.

Now for a cheap life belt, one which might be used either by a lady or a gentleman. If you have an old boa, take out the wool, and fill it with fine cork cuttings instead. In any case of danger this life-belt may be tied round the body with strong ribbon, which should be fastened to the boa for the purpose.

But recollecting the rules I have given for your proceedings when suddenly immersed in the water, is more important than to furnish yourself with a great variety of life-belts. Knowledge gives presence of mind, and presence of mind is (under Providence) our great deliverer.

THE NEWLY MARRIED; OR, A GOOD LESSON.

"Oh dear! this weather is cool enough for November," said Mr. Ashton; "I wish, dear, you would order some fire to be made; I declare I am shivering all over."

"Well," said his wife, "I think that would be superlatively ridiculous to have my grates soiled after they have been cleaned so nicely, and my summer fire-papers are up."

"Oh, nonsense! what are the grates made for but to use? If they are so very nice, why cover them up with those papers?"

But the wife remained immovable and inflexible.

"Say, Emily, may I ring the bell and order a fire?"

"No, no," quickly interposed his wife; "I have just got my rooms decorated for the summer, and I won't have them touched."

"Decorated for the summer! I wish I could live in a place where it was considered a crime to clean your house more than once in twelve years!"

"Then I should be more particular than I now am," said Emily, "for fear I might get poisoned before my time came. Men seem not to have any perception of dirt. It is fortunate somebody has."

"I don't care; it is unreasonable to close up the fire-place so soon," muttered her husband.

"What! at this season of the year, almost the middle of June? We ought to expect summer weather by this time."

"Suppose we should have callers to-day?"

"No one will call to-day, I should rather imagine. I think the clouds predict a storm."

"In doors or out?" inquired her husband, roughly.

Just at this moment the door-bell rang, which betokened something more than an errand-boy or pedlar. Presently a visitor was ushered in.

"Ah! good-morning, Mr. Norris," exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Ashton; "when did you arrive?"

"About an hour ago," replied the visitor. "This is singular weather for June," he continued; "it's more like November."

"It is, indeed. I have been telling my wife that we ought to have a good fire. Emily, dear, don't you think I had better ring the bell and order a fire?"

Emily frowned, and cast an impatient look at her husband. Mr. Norris quickly read the answer.

"Oh, I am not cold," protested Mr. Norris, with shivering limbs; "do not have a fire made for me. I have called rather early I am already aware—hope you will excuse me—but as I had some particular business with you, Mr. Ashton, I thought you might be at home at this hour."

"I am glad to see you," said Mr. Ashton.

After a short time, Mr. Norris took his leave.

"Small favours received, acknowledged, and gratefully accepted, and larger ones in proportion," said Emily, "as soon as the visitor had closed the door. 'I gave orders this morning to the servants to say, if any one came and inquired for us, that we had gone into the country.'"

"For my part, I was glad to see Norris," said Mr. Ashton, "as well as mortified at the cool reception we gave him. Poor fellow! he had the shivers when he went out. I must ask him to tea to-morrow. Say, sha'n't I, Emily?"

"Well, if you must, why, you must, I suppose; but—"

"But what? Have you any objection?"

"Nothing, only I have just got my table-service nicely cleaned and polished, and my table-cloths all put away with the exception of those we have for our own use."

"Capital!" said Mr. Ashton. "How proud I shall feel to have things look so nice! I don't doubt if Mr. Norris takes tea here that he will be a married man in less than a year. What do you think, Emily, eh?"

At this pleasant turn of affairs, Emily did not feel to have things look so nice! I don't doubt if Mr. Norris takes tea here that he will be a married man in less than a year. What do you think, Emily, eh?

Emily took things to heart. Everything in house-keeping appeared burdensome to her. She trusted nobody; she was continually finding fault. Servants were "the greatest plague in life," flies a source of irritation, moths were horrible; and all the daily vexations of life tended to make this a world of tribulation and anguish.

She had been married about two years, and wanted to be considered an excellent housekeeper. So she was, so far as neatness and punctuality was concerned; but when we consider comfort and happiness in another point of view, she missed it decidedly.

When her husband came home, she would commence repeating in detail all her little trials with her domestics during the day, and she would generally conclude with the sorrowful reflection that she should not live long, and he might see whom he would get that would keep things in as nice order as she did.

"Well, why don't you dismiss them?" said Mr. Ashton, impatiently.

"What would be the use of that? I cannot do the work. I did not get married to make a slave of myself, or to put my hands out of shape by doing housework. There was Tom—he came with a recommendation full a yard long; and Susan did the work for one family thirteen years—she too came to me highly recommended; and another thing, she will come and go when she pleases, and say what she pleases."

"She is punctual in her work, is she not?" inquired Mr. Ashton.

"Oh, yes, she always does her work quickly and neatly; but she will not allow me to give her any advice about it—is even saucy enough to tell me sometimes that if she were to follow my directions in cooking she would have nothing fit to set on the table."

"I am very sorry that you have so many trials, my dear. I have a great many in my business, and have secretly hoped that you might be spared all these little trials, that you might be able to divert my mind in an agreeable chit-chat when I return home weary and dispirited."

"Have you seen Mr. Barre to-day?" inquired Emily.

"No, I have not," replied Mr. Ashton, glad to turn the conversation.

"Come, tea is ready," said Emily.

They both sat down in silence, and appeared to be wrapped in their own thoughts.

Soon after tea, the door-bell rang, and visitors were announced. The evening passed off in lively conversation. The hour for retirement came. Both went to bed with a resolution that nothing should occur to cloud the sky over their matrimonial life. For many times, our young wife had contrived to feel sad, and make her husband as gloomy as if some real misfortune were hanging over them.

"What say you, Emily, to giving up housekeeping and going into lodgings?" said Mr. Ashton, after another chapter of the servants' deficiencies, and shortcomings, and overgrown ideas as to "what was their place, and what was not." "I should like to try it, at any rate," continued he.

"Why, Mr. Ashton! I thought you wanted to keep

house, because you could have so much more liberty, and—

"Well, Emily, so I did: but it is more for your sake than my own that I would make the change. I see your housekeeping is a source of torment to you. It has been nothing but one uninterrupted chain of complaints ever since we were married. Precious little comfort do I see!"

These remarks sank heavily into the heart of the young wife, and she could not refrain from weeping passionately over them when she was alone. One day, while conning over the ills of life, she said—"I know what I'll do—I'll just run over and see my good and valued friend, Mrs. Wilson." And so she went. Mrs. Wilson was a friend from infancy; to her she unfolded the whole matter—her whole heart and all her troubles.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Wilson, smiling kindly, "you are young yet, that is all."

"Well, dear Mrs. Wilson, is there no hope while I am a young housekeeper to make my husband happy? Still, I would like to have everything in perfect neatness, move in a perfect system, and yet have quietness and ease."

"In the first place, the object of good housekeeping is comfort, and comfort implies quiet and ease. Always try and have everything pleasant for your husband. If you have any trials of a trivial nature, never mention them. With youth, health, means, and last, though not least, a husband that you dearly love, what right have petty trifles to intervene between you and happiness?"

"Oh well, but I have the worst domestics in the world! They will not let me instruct them at all; and nothing is done as I should do it."

"I think I heard you say, not long since, that they were very neat and prompt," said Mrs. Wilson.

"Oh, yes; but they will not let me command them at all. I cannot exercise any dignity whatever in my own house."

"Do not exact too much," said Mrs. Wilson.

"Yes—but they are so obstinate."

"Don't you think, by your own short experience, that perfect obedience is the most difficult of human virtues?"

"Well, perhaps so," said Emily. "But how is it that you take everything easily, Mrs. Wilson?"

"By keeping a general superintendence; by not interfering too much with my servants, encouraging them when I have an opportunity, and sympathising with them in their trials; in short, by endeavouring to make everything as pleasant as possible by an even course with my husband and servants. Don't let little difficulties grow into large ones. You will find them much easier to conquer. One must pass over much to get through life happily."

Emily went home, firmly resolved to put in practice the good advice given her. Mr. Ashton soon observed the change, and, with great delight, remarked that he did not envy a man his "single blessedness" while he had such a sure recipe for crushed spirits—a pleasant wife, and, in short, a Happy Home.

Small Change.

WHEN Algernon Sydney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his handwriting—he said: "When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, He gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

MARKET REPORT.—"Tim plates are flat, lead heavy, iron dull, Champagne is brisk, rhubarb and senna are drugs, starch is stiffening, and paper is stationary. There is no life in dead hags, but considerable animation in old cheese."

ONE of our finest writers says that "the nightly dews come down upon us like blessings." How very differently the daily dews come down upon us in these hard times.

"I WOULD do anything to gratify you, I would go to the end of the world to please you," said a fervent lover to the object of his affections. "Well, sir, go there and stay, and I shall be pleased."

WE know of a beautiful girl, who would prove a capital speculation for a fortune-hunter of the right sort. Her voice is of silver, her hair of gold, her teeth of pearl, her cheeks of rubies, and her eyes of diamonds.

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.—There is no trial of friendship but adversity. He that is not ashamed of my bonds, nor daunted with my checks, not aliened with my disgrace, is a friend for me; one drachm of that man's love is worth a world of false and inconsistent formality.—Bishop Hall.

If you wish your children to revere things pure and lovely, and of good report, set them the example. POMPOSITY REBUKED.—"Westminster Hall," said pompous Lord Thurlow, "is open alike to the richest and the poorest." "Yes, my lord," said Erskine, "and so is the London Tavern."

A CANNIBAL.—A lady advertises in a country paper that she wants a man for "breakfast and tea." SOME great genius has discovered that the "centre of gravity" may be found in a Quaker meeting.

"My boy, what does your mother do for a living?" was asked of a little barefooted urchin. "She eats cold victuals, sir."

PATRICK O'FLAHERTY said that his wife was very ungrateful, for "whin I married her she hadn't a rag to her back, and now she's covered with 'em."

THREE things despise—a brawler in a workshop, a fool in fine clothes, and a slanderer everywhere.

"NED, who is the girl I saw you walking with?" "Miss Hogg." "Hogg, Hogg,—well, she's to be pitied for having such a name." "So I think," rejoined Ned; "I pitied her so much that I offered her mine, and she's going to take it soon."

AN American paper has this advertisement, "Two sisters want washing." How many, besides the two sisters, want washing?

MOST of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

"CIVILITY and good breeding," says Lord Chesterfield, "are as much matters of interest as honesty or virtue."

A CANTAB asked a Cambridge clown, "If he could conjugate—knew verb or noun—Or etymologise what a duel meant?" Sure "from do-ill—a life mispent."

THE liar who possesseth the courage to mock heaven in the face, will turn his back when he contendeth with men.

"JOHN, what is the past of see?" "Seen, sir." "No, it is saw—recollect that." "Yes, sir. Then if a sea-fish swims by me, it becomes a saw-fish when it is past, and can't be seen." "You may go home, John."

A WATERING-PLACE.—The essentials for a watering-place may be given as—sea, salt, sun, shingle, sand, shrimps, shells, steamers, ships, and sailors.

THE mind has more room in it than most people think, if they would but furnish the apartments.

FEW take care to live well, but many to live long, though it is in a man's power to do the former and not the latter.

MILTON, when blind, married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colours," replied Milton, "but I daresay you are right, for I feel the thorns daily."

"Who pigs are these, my lad?" "Who, they belong to that there big sow." "No! I mean who is their master?" "Who, again answered the lad, 'that little 'un there: he's a rare 'un to feight.'"

AN enterprising furrier "respectfully announces to ladies who wish genuine furs, that he makes muffs, boas, &c., out of their own skins!"

JAMES I., in a capricious mood, threatened the Lord Mayor with removing the seat of royalty, the meetings of parliament, &c., from the capital. "Your Majesty at least," replied the mayor, "will be graciously pleased to leave us the River Thames."

LABOUR was the son of Necessity, the nursing of Hope, and the pupil of Art; he had the strength of his mother, the spirit of his nurse, and the dexterity of his governess, and came down upon earth to oppose the devastations of Famine.

HE that blows the coals in quarrels has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if a spark fly in his face.

VICE can never know itself and virtue; but virtue knows both itself and vice.

VERY few persons have sense enough to despise the praise of a fool.

LOTTY LOWE.

LOTTY LOWE, Lotty Lowe,
You know my love, you know my woe;
I think of you where'er I go,
You charming, wicked, Lotty Lowe!

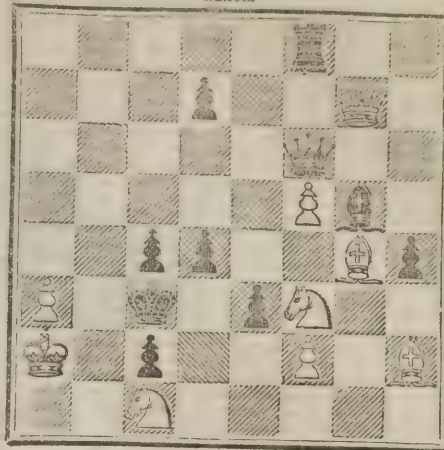
Lotty Lowe, Lotty Lowe,
See the crested corn-ears grow—
My love for you grows twice as fast,
But at this rate things cannot last.

Lotty Lowe, Lotty Lowe,
I wonder if your tears will flow,
If you some day behold a grave
Down by old Thames' transparent wave.

Ah, Lotty Lowe, the summer dies!
Ah, Lotty Lowe, the green leaf dies!
I need not fall, I need not flee,
If you a summer make for me!

Chess.

Problem No. 42. By Mr. WILLIAM GREENWOOD.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Game played between Messrs. WORMALD and CADMAN.

WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. Wormald.	Mr. Cadman.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. B to Q B 4	2. B to Q B 4
3. P to Q Kt 4	3. B takes P
4. P to K B 4	4. Q to K 2 (a)
5. Q to K 2	5. P takes P
6. K Kt to B 3	6. P to K Kt 4
7. P to Q B 3	7. B to Q R 4
8. Castles	8. P to Q 3
9. P to Q 4	9. B to K Kt 5
10. R to K sq	10. Q Kt to B 3
11. P to K 5	11. P takes P
12. B to Q R 3	12. Q to Q 2
13. P to Q 5	13. Q Kt to K 2
14. Q takes K P	14. P to K B 3
15. Q to K 2	15. P to K R 4
16. B to Q Kt 5 (b)	16. P to Q B 3
17. P takes P	17. P takes P
18. Q B takes Q Kt	18. B checks
19. K to R sq	19. B to K 6 (c)
20. B takes K B P (d)	20. Kt takes B
21. R to Q sq	21. Q to Q Kt 2
22. B to Q R 6	22. Q to K 2
23. Q to Q B 4	23. Q to K 5
24. Q Kt to Q 2	24. Q takes Q
25. Kt takes Q (b)	25. Kt to K 5
26. Kt to Q 6 (ch)	26. Kt takes Kt
27. R takes Kt	27. B takes Kt
28. P takes B	28. P to Q B 4
29. R to K Kt 6	29. Q R to Kt sq
30. R takes K Kt P	30. R to Q Kt 7
31. R to Q sq	31. K to B 2
32. B checks	32. K to B 3
33. Q R to Q 5 (e)	33. R to Kt 8 (ch)
34. K to Kt 2	34. R to K Kt 8 (ch) wins

(a) P to Q 4 is the usual play. The move made, however, is very strong.—(b) He ought to have played K to R sq first. The move made is premature and affords Black a loophole of escape from the attack.—(c) A saving clause for Black, preserving the piece and retorting the attack on his opponent.—(d) Perhaps B to Q B 5 would have been better. White, however, was unwilling to exchange his K B.—(e) This slip loses at once. He should have played the other R to Q 5, and the game would have been drawn.

Solution of Problem No. 35.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K B 4	1. R takes R (best)
2. Kt to K 3 (ch)	2. K to K 5
3. Q takes P mates	

Solution of Problem No. 36.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to R 4	1. P takes P
2. P to B 4	2. P moves
3. B to K Kt 8	3. Any move
4. B takes P mates	

Solution of Problem No. 37.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to Q 5 (ch)	1. K takes Kt (best)
2. Kt to K Kt 5	2. Any move
Mates accordingly	

Solution of Problem No. 38.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to K B 5	1. Q to Q R 6
2. P moves	2. Kt takes B (best)
3. P to K 8 and exchanges for a B	3. R takes B
4. Q takes P (mate)	

* Owing to the great increase in the number of our Chess correspondents, it is sometimes difficult to find room for answers to all their communications, but they may rest assured that each will receive attention in due course.

Our Editorial Table.

ONE WHO HAS PASSED THROUGH THE HORROES OF FAGGING.—We do not often receive vulgar or intemperate letters, and if we did we should not of course reply to them. If we deviate from this course in the present instance, it is because a principle, which we believe a sacred one, has been called in question. Our correspondent is a staunch advocate of the system of fagging, still maintained at our public schools—a system to which the author of "Smiles and Tears" is as strongly, but somewhat more courteously opposed. The only argument—assertion, perhaps, would have been a better word—that we feel called upon to notice, is the extraordinary one, "That all emulation would cease without it." A proposition we emphatically deny, believing it to be a libel on the future manhood of the country to suppose that the desire of escaping from a degrading tyranny, or the questionable pleasure of exercising it over others, is the only incentive to be employed in training youth. In the public schools of France fagging is unknown; yet we question if its most bigoted partizan will venture to deny the existence of emulation amongst their pupils. The number of remarkable men they annually send forth would render such an assertion ridiculous. Unhesitatingly we repeat our conviction that it is not only unnecessary but brutal and degrading. The boy who feels no other incentive to learning than the fear of being caned, flogged, and kicked by those in a class above him, will never distinguish himself either as a scholar or a gentleman; and the boy who first learns at school to be a bully by the help of the fagging system, will more than probably retain his amiable propensities through life, though their exercise may be a good deal restricted, perhaps confined to anonymous invectives of the class with which we have been favoured.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The best solvent for india-rubber is naphtha. The solution may be hastened by warmth, but it must be borne in mind that it is inflammable.

INDIGNANT.—You will find it next to impossible to make the outside of a house "permanently white" if your house is in the metropolis. The walls are usually coated with "Parker's cement," called also "compo," or "Roman cement," and then painted. You have no foundation for accusing us of "partiality."

HARD UP.—As a wheelwright you might, perhaps, obtain employment in some parts of the United States, but not, we think, as a book-keeper.

A SCHOOL-BOY.—It is impossible for us to tell you for certain whether the sun is inhabited or not. The great Arago thought that it might be peopled by beings similar to ourselves, and Sir William Herschel was of opinion that it was not only inhabited, but thickly inhabited.

FICTITIOUS.—We decline giving an opinion on your question. It has been discussed in the House of Commons year after year without any satisfactory result.

E. T. C.—Apply to the Secretary of the Leviathan.

TIPLING BEN.—You must select some name less liable to suspicion, if you hope to obtain a situation in the Fire Brigade or as prison warder. Why do so many of our correspondents adopt such exceptionable signatures?

A CONSTANT READER.—You are at liberty to remove shrubs, flower-roots, &c., such as you can pull up without digging, but trees—except gooseberry and currant, and such like—become the property of the landlord.

BEE SWING asks us to give him the origin of all the names now in use! Is he aware how many of our numbers this would occupy?

PRO TEMPORE.—We sincerely feel for your distress, but we do not consider your case desperate. May not some enemy have calumniated you to your lover, and his protracted silence be occasioned by a misunderstanding? On the other hand, it is possible that, thrown into fresh company by his new appointment, some other young girl may have captivated his fickle heart, and, in the intoxication of the moment, he may make your rival his bride. Should this be the case, a feeling of duty will come to the assistance of your common sense, and you will learn by degrees to conquer an unfortunate passion, and to find solace (if not in another attachment) at least in the prosecution of your duty. If you carefully read our Editorial Tables, you will find you have fellow-sufferers of both sexes. We think your letter (of which you sent us the copy) was rather harsh.

CORTE KEW.—What clothes?

A. B.—The present market in Covent Garden was built in 1830, at the expense of the Duke of Bedford, the ground landlord.

JOHN J. W.—Your lines are pretty enough for a lady's album, but are not fitted for publication.

LILLY VALE, D. D., BEATRICE, OLD BREWER.—"Lilly Vale's" hair is brown.—"D. D." need only read, recollect, and discuss the topics treated in this Paper, to render her conversation pleasing and intellectual. With regard to French, she may easily acquire it by studying the new method for learning that language, the publication of which begins in No. 23 of this Periodical.—"Beatrice" may safely use camphor and borax for the hair. She should make the wash in the following manner:—Dissolve half an ounce of borax and a quarter of an ounce of camphor in a pint of boiling water. When cold it is fit for use. Damp the hair with it three or four times a week.—"Old Brewer's" is a very sad case. His wife is inexorable, supposing he does his utmost to make her home comfortable, and that she prefers idling and chattering with her neighbours to remaining with him and making him cheerful and happy. We advise her quickly to return to her duty, or she may repent when it is too late.

JACK ROBINSON.—The canvasser will hold you bound by your order, unless you can prove that you countermanded it within a reasonable time. You had better repeat the countermand, and have it duly witnessed.

POLLY, GEORGE MARKHAM, PADDY.—"Polly" must refrain from smiling at strange gentlemen, unless she wishes to be considered forward and vulgar.—"George Markham:" Aberration of intellect may follow severe bodily illness, or any

very great grief. Under these circumstances the sufferer may, in course of time, and with proper remedies, permanently recover medical sanity; but if the lady of whom you speak is afflicted with constitutional or hereditary madness, admitting only of lucid intervals, you must be mad yourself to think of uniting your fate to hers. For twisting gun-barrels, we refer you to a gunsmith.—"Paddy" will show a mean and ungenerous spirit if he forsakes the lady who accepted his attentions from the first, in order to return to one who repulsed him, and who may now be encouraging him only to rob another of an admirer.

ELSIE, PROTECTOR, MOSS ROSEBUD.—"Elsie:" We strongly recommend you to wait a little longer. You are too young to know your own mind. If, at sixteen, you take the first man who offers you, may, when too late, discover him to be quite uncalculated to make you happy.—"Protector:" In spite of the delicacy of the subject, and the chance of misconstruction, you must warn the young lady of the danger in which she is placed. The man you describe belongs to a class that should be shunned by every member of the female sex who values her reputation and peace of mind.—"Moss Rosebud" should apply the curling-fluid as she would hair-oil; but if her hair is long, she had better use curling-paper. For preserving sea-weed, first of all wash it in fresh water, and having placed it on a paper in a large dish, spread it out in a natural form, with a good-sized camel-hair brush. You must sound "apropos" as if written "ah-pro-po."

BLUE EYES, KATE HOWARD, MADGE, ROLAND.—"Blue Eyes" has no reason to believe the gentleman in love with her merely because he has looked at her.—"Kate Howard," who is twenty-one years of age, asks us if we do not think it is time for her to look out for a nice, steady, domesticated man. Our reply is, that it is the gentlemen who should be looking out; the ladies should be sought, and the gentlemen should seek. "Kate" may rest assured she will be found out (in spite of the retirement that makes her so anxious) by her future husband, if such be the will of Heaven. Let her continue to be intent on the performance of her duty, and leave the future to Providence. We are glad "Kate" likes our Paper, and we hope she will occupy herself thoroughly with mental improvement.—"Madge's" hair is of an ardent auburn. If "Roland" is convinced he loves the lady, and that she returns his love, he had better marry her as soon as possible.

YOUNG CURIOUS.—Copper articles may be "silvered" by an application of a mixture made as follows:—To one small teaspoonful of nitrate of silver add one and a half of powdered alum, six of cream of tartar, and six of salt. Make the articles very clean, and rub them well over with as much of the above as may be required, applying it with a piece of wash-leather slightly wetted. Polish with dry soft leather. The above quantity may be varied, only observing the proportions.

W. MARTIN.—You should consult the taste of your lady-love; but if you put her name, or any compliments, in the inside page, you will have to pay the ordinary letter postage.

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.—You must first prepare your maps or engravings with size made of isinglass; if the paper be soft, too coats will be required. Crystal varnish is composed of Canada balsam and rectified oil of turpentine, equal parts; but it is not easily made by an amateur, and had better be purchased of a varnish maker.

MRS. TIDY.—The reason why your gilt frames have so soon become tarnished and discoloured, is most likely because the work has been executed without one particle of gold. In most of the "cheap gilding," the metal used is copper beaten out into very thin plates, and afterwards rendered yellow, like gold, by exposing them to the fumes of zinc.

A SHOPKEEPER.—We believe that the serious expense attendant on the use of voltaic electricity for the purposes of illumination, is the great drawback to its use. There is reason to fear, that until some new discovery is made, it will remain a scientific, though certainly a very beautiful, toy.

FARMER FRANK.—The original name of guano is *huano*, which is a term in the Quichua dialect, meaning "animal dung." As the word is now generally used, it is an abbreviation of *pishu huano*, "bird dung."

ANVIL.—The application of a little spermaceti ointment will generally prevent chaps on the lips.

QUESTIONER.—You can obtain our FAMILY PAPER by order of any bookseller. One penny stamp will cover the postage of three numbers. Your remaining eight questions must "bide their time."

A YOUNG TRADESMAN.—Inquire of your baker.

WILLIAM II.—Your question is answered in a recent number.

SUSAN.—We refer you to the Bible for pictures of excellence in women, and for directions to attain such excellence. We advise you especially to study the thirty-first chapter of the Book of Proverbs, and the third chapter of the First Epistle general of Peter.

R. ELDRIDGE.—You could not purchase such merino as is produced from the wool of the Spanish sheep at the low price you mention. In reply to your questions about the Merino sheep, you will be surprised to hear that it travels every season from the cool mountains of the north of Spain to feed in the winter on the southern and warm plains of Andalusia, Mancha, and Estremadura. Of these well-clad travellers there are supposed to be about 10,000,000, and they are guarded by 50,000 shepherds and 30,000 dogs.

EMMELINE, STELLA.—"Emmeline" and "Stella," who wish us to assist them in "getting beaux," should remember that it is much wiser in young ladies to give their energies to the cultivation of useful and pleasing talents, and thus to deserve admiration, than to be so very anxious about securing admirers. The more ladies do to "get beaux," the fewer they are likely to obtain. "Fly, and they follow; follow, and they fly."

ELIZABETH LUCY.—You may clean soiled kid gloves by rubbing them with spirits of hartshorn on a bit of flannel.

FLORENCE MAY.—Of course a child born in England is English by birth; but, politically speaking, he is of his father's country. Thus, if Scotland had still its separate sovereign, your son would be a subject of that sovereign.

T. H. P.—In your walks through the metropolis you should not omit to inspect the statue of Charles I., at Charing-cross. It is of bronze, and it was cast by Le Sueur in 1633. The king is well represented. He is in armour, and of the size of life. The horse is remarkably spirited. The pedestal, which is also fine, is the work of Grinling Gibbons. This statue of King Charles was once condemned by the Parliament to be broken in pieces; but one Pennant, who had purchased it, contrived privately to bury it whole.

S. B.—We do not consider that gentlemen with red hair are more deceitful than those who can boast of black or golden locks.

N. V.—You complain you have suffered from lumbago more this spring than during the whole winter. Try this remedy: sprinkle some turpentine over a flannel previously wrung out in the hottest water possible, and apply it to the part affected. Repeat the process till you find relief.

MARIE JANE.—In our Editorial Tables of the New Series, Marie Jane will find plenty of cures for unhappy love.

AN ANGLER.—We are aware of the truth of your assertion. Fish have voices. As to tench, they croak like frogs.

X. Y. Z.—All you can do is to treat the young gentleman more politely when next he calls.

L. BAKER.—That a poker laid across a dull fire revives it, is not an old woman's tale. The poker concentrates the heat, and makes a draught through the fire.

BLANCHE GEETRUDE.—To remove the pimples growing on your temples, bathe them several times a day with lukewarm water and a sponge; but first rub the sponge over a piece of common yellow soap. There are valuable properties in soap besides those that conduce to cleanliness. The young lady you describe must be handsome; but we should not admire her unless she were also discreet, amiable, and intellectual.

A COOKMAID.—To cleanse bottles, put in them pieces of brown paper; then fill them up with water. Shake the bottles, leave them for a day or two, and then rinse them with pure water.

A THREE YEARS'-OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We refer you to the answer given in a recent number.

JESSIE, LETITIA, A CONSTANT READER OF CASSELL'S FAMILY PAPER, EFFIE.—If the gentleman who accompanies "Jessie" to the Crystal Palace, &c., is an intimate friend, she should not deprive him of the pleasure of defraying her expenses on the trip. It is difficult to lay down rules on the subject of the propriety of gentlemen treating ladies, but we will just observe, that if one gentleman takes a party of four or five ladies to any exhibition, it would be imposing on his kindness, if the ladies allowed him to treat the whole party. In this, as in everything else, one must be guided by circumstances. Gentlemen, however, who wish to please the ladies, should, above all things, avoid betraying a mean, stingy spirit.—"Letitia" cannot in strict etiquette visit the gentleman to whom she is engaged, unless this gentleman's relative (also invited by the gentleman) is a near connection and of mature years.—We think that "A Constant Reader," &c. would indicate a warmer feeling than esteem, either by asking the gentleman for his portrait, or by making him a present.—As to "Effie," her bowing to the gentleman on meeting him in the street must depend on his having been formally introduced to her at the ball. If formally introduced, she may bow to him with perfect propriety.

G. HODGE.—Water may contain animalcules and yet be fit to drink. It is only when these minute creatures are dead and corrupt that they make the water unwholesome.

IVY.—There is no reason why an engaged lady should absent herself from a ball, merely because her suitor cannot accompany her, but within a few days of the wedding it is thought more decorous for the bride elect to absent herself from parties. In the meantime she may receive as many presents from her intended as he is disposed to offer.

CROOKING JACK.—It is evident your voice is not yet formed. On this account, and also because you suffer from a bleeding at the nose, we advise you to abstain from singing for some months.

BARNY GEE, DAISY, MANGLE.—The object of "Barny Gee's" affection appears to us to have met with some one she prefers to "Barny." This would explain her long silence. From her wish to conceal her proceedings from her mother, and her inconstancy to our correspondent, we consider that any one who selects her will have a bad bargain.—"Daisy" would, on the contrary, make an excellent wife, taking it for granted that she really feels the sentiments she expresses. Amiability and gentleness have an attractive power that never fails in the long run; and we trust that "Daisy" will soon be able to tell us that she has met with some one who deserves to be the object of her pure and warm affections.—As to Mr. "Mangle," we are disposed to think he is too diffident. Residing in the same neighbourhood with the lady, and frequenting the same church, he is sure to find some means of procuring an introduction, if he sets about it in real earnest. At thirty years of age he should be certain that "a faint heart never won fair lady yet."

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NEW SERIES. VOL. II.—No. 27.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH.

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARBLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER LIII.

As brightest rays pierce through the darkest clouds,
There dawns a hope, when all seems hopeless
To the wretch's gaze.

OLD PLAY

From the day of Jack's escape, Captain Gall had no other victim on whom he dared to exercise the brutal tyranny of his cruel nature than poor Caleb, whom he suspected of having assisted the fugitive to leave the ship. His first impulse, after questioning him more like an Old Bailey lawyer than a seaman, and failing to obtain the least clue, was to order the boy to be lashed up for punishment.

"We are in port," suggested the first mate. The captain repeated the order with an oath. "Weel," said the cautious Scot, "ye mun e'en gang your ain gate. It's no' my affair, but I ken the consequence."

He repeated the order to the men.

We need scarcely remind our readers that for the commander of a merchantman to flog a sailor in port, within appeal to the civil authorities, is a stretch of power almost unheard-of in the service, and totally at variance with maritime law—a fact no man on board the Caradoc was better aware of than Bunce.

It was not without reason that the crew had given him the name of the sea-lawyer.

The old seaman heard the order with astonishment.

"What!" he exclaimed, as Caleb, who—hopeless of avoiding his punishment—had already begun to strip; "you don't mean to stand it?"

"What can I do?" replied the lad, mournfully.

"Refuse."

"It would be useless."

"I don't know that; I'll back you for one."

Several of the crew promised to stand by him, for all were sick of the rough usage the victim had so long been subjected to.

"Did you hear me?" shouted the captain, furious that his orders had not yet been obeyed.

There was a cry of shame.

Being in port gave the ruffian confidence—he knew how slight a chance the men would have of obtaining justice in India. He strutted, therefore, into the midst of them, his eyes flashing fire, breathing curses, threats, and imprecations on their heads.

"This," he exclaimed, "is mutiny—but we are not at sea now."

"That's why you have no right to flog him," replied Bunce. "It's against both law and justice. You may stare, and look big, Captain Gall," he added, "but I ain't afeard on you—you know I am speaking the truth."

As our readers are aware, it was not the first occa-



CALEB ENLISTING IN FRED WHARTON'S REGIMENT.

sion on which the speaker had interposed between his commander and his apprentice; and this last attempt filled the cup of bitterness and ill-feeling towards him.

"Dog!" he exclaimed, enraged at not being able to carry out his design of punishing Caleb; "you have done nothing but preach mutiny since I shipped you on board the Caradoc."

"Deuced glad to unship," replied the old man.

This, however, was not the captain's game. The difficulty of procuring fresh hands in Calcutta is too well known to all who have traded to the port. It not being prudent, therefore, to punish him by turning him adrift, by which he would only inflict a loss upon himself, Captain Gall determined to make, not only Bunce, but the entire crew feel his resentment in another way—by stopping their liberty, and not allowing one of the men to go on shore.

To accomplish this, he had only to go before a magistrate, and make oath of his suspicion of their intention to desert,—backed by Mr. Chutnee's interest, to whom he was consigned, there would be little difficulty.

With this resolution he retired to his cabin to dress, previous to going on shore.

"Saved for the present," murmured the lad.

The mate now came forward, and ordered the men to their duty. This was a command they could not lawfully refuse to obey, and consequently the old sailor and the poor outraged boy were left together.

"Thank you," said the former.

"Thank me! for what?" demanded Bunce.

"Your kindness."

"Well, there may be something in that," replied the seaman, musingly, "as far as feelin' goes; but I wouldn't give a broken, mouldy biscuit for the man who hadn't the pluck to stand up for his mate. Captains would never be tyrants if the crews only stuck by one another."

"I fear for you."

"For me!" exclaimed the former, turning his quid, and giving his inexpressibles the true professional hitch. "Lord, bless you, I ain't a-goin' to give the skipper no hold on me; it ain't for nothin' the crew christened me the sea-lawyer. I know my game. I only wish I could see yours as clearly; but those infernal 'dentures' ain't left you a single pint in the compass to steer your course by. How much longer have they to run, do you know?"

"About two years."

"Sorry for it."

"I shall be dead by that time," observed Caleb, with a sigh; "and, if it were not for my poor mother, I should scarcely regret it, but she has no one to look up to for protection but me."

"And yet she 'prenticed you to the skipper?"

"Not my mother, but her husband."

"Your father?"

"My father-in-law," replied the boy. "Every one thought him such an excellent man; people said when she married him that he would prove a father to her fatherless son."

Bunce gave an emphatic whistle,—with his usual perspicacity, he began to see through the whole affair.

"Money, I suppose," he observed.

"When I am of age."

"And if you die before?"

"It goes to my mother, and consequently to her husband," replied Caleb; "and now you know the reason why Captain Gall was selected for my skipper. I only wonder that he has not driven me to throw myself overboard long since. I have often thought of it."

"Never think of it again, then," exclaimed the old man; "not that a sailor ought to fear death when it is the will of Providence to call him, for it's my belief the road to heaven from the bottom of the sea is quite as near as from the churchyard, and may be a shorter tack. I wish you were safely out of the clutches of our infernal skipper."

"I wish so, too."

"Jack escaped him," continued Bunce, musingly, "and why shouldn't you?"

"Jack had a friend."

"Providence may raise you up one. Take an old sailor's advice—never return home till you are one-and-twenty, what the land lawyers call being of age, and then you may overhaul the accounts of that shark of a father-in-law of yours in safety."

The eyes of Caleb sparkled at the thought.

"I must think," added the speaker. "I have unravelled many a tangled yarn in my time; but this is rather more knotted than usual. Howsoever, never despair."

"I will not."

"And no more thoughts about jumping overboard. Do you hear?"

Caleb promised that he would not.

"It would only be just what your enemy wishes," added his adviser; "and, above all, don't try it in the Hooghly. The crocodiles have ugly jaws, and are a deuced sight worse than the skipper."

Their conversation was broken up by the appearance of Captain Gall upon the deck of the Caradoc. He was dressed ready to go on shore. Calling to his mate, he directed him to get the boat ready.

It was lowered with alacrity,—for not a man on board but felt delighted at the thought of his absence from the vessel, although it should last only for a few hours.

"Fraser," said the commander, as he stepped into it, "you will not allow any one to quit the ship."

The Scot touched his cap.

"Or to come on board."

"Not Mr. Chutnee, sir?"

"Of course you may admit him," replied the captain. "Seeing that he is part owner, I don't very well see how to prevent it."

"Nor any of the dingiewallahs with vegetables and fruit?"

"I mean Europeans," said his superior, angrily, for he felt assured that Jack Manders could never have escaped and remained concealed so long in Calcutta, had he not contrived to interest some one of his countrymen in his favour.

The speaker had not quitted his ship more than half an hour before a boat, rowed by several natives, came alongside. It was filled with the choicest fruits, which a boy about sixteen years of age expressed himself anxious to barter.

"You no soda-bottles?" he shouted, holding up a basket of magnificent mangoes.

The mate shook his head.

"Me sell cheap."

"Got no money."

"But you got rum, old clothes, anything. Me have pretty things—shells, boxes for ladies, and dis for sahib."

The lad held up several of those carved articles, such as card and cigar-cases, work-boxes, inlaid with ivory, for which the native workmen are celebrated. The canny Scot, thinking he might procure a bargain, could not resist the temptation, but made signs to him to come on board.

In a second, the boy, who was no other than the sycee or groom of our hero, was upon deck, his goods spread out before him. As he sold remarkably cheap, the sailors bought freely. The mate felt anxious to purchase an elegant basket, the price of which was five rupees.

The agent of Richard had paid ten for it in the bazaar that very morning, only an hour previously.

"Four," said the Scot.

"No, me must have five."

"Four is enough," exclaimed the mate, holding out the money, thinking the sight of it might tempt him.

"And you give me soda-water bottles?"

"I told you we had none."

"Old clothes, den."

The mate recollected that he had an old jacket and trowsers in his cabin. The present appeared an excellent occasion for disposing of them to the best advantage. Telling the boy not to part with the article till his return, he left the deck to fetch them.

"You no buy something?" said the sycee, addressing Caleb, who stood leaning disconsolately against the mast, regarding the scene.

"I have no money," replied the lad, sorrowfully.

"I trust you."

"I have no friend to give them to," added Caleb, with a sigh, "even if I were to purchase them."

"No friend!"

"Not one."

"You forget Jack," whispered the lad, in excellent English.

Caleb started. The name brought the warm blood into his cheek, and caused his heart to beat with a feeling which had long been a stranger to it—hope. It seemed as if Providence at last had heard his prayer.

"Ah," continued the speaker, seeing by the glance of intelligence which passed between them, that he understood, "you no money. Me like English sailor-man—good for me—me give you nut for notink."

Several of the men laughed and declared that it must be an empty one—in all their experience they had never known a native give anything before.

The boy smiled and shook his head.

"No, no!" he exclaimed; "nut very good inside; try it."

Caleb took the hint and darted with it down the cabin, just as the mate made his appearance upon deck with the old clothes he had been to fetch. As a

matter of course, the lad did not higgie long over his bargain, but accepted the four rupees and the jacket and trowsers for his basket.

"I should like to have the fellow to it," observed the Scot, examining it admiringly. "Have you got one?"

The boy nodded in the affirmative.

"Will you bring it?"

"For five rupees."

"Well," said the purchaser, "we won't quarrel about the price; come on board in the evening, and I'll see what I can do with you."

The agent of our hero returned to his boat, which soon rowed rapidly away.

On reaching the fore-castle, Caleb cracked the nut, and was not deceived in his expectations: for he found in it a note, not written by Jack, but purporting to come from him.

It ran thus—

"The gentleman who assisted me to escape from the Caradoc has heard how badly you are treated by the captain, and is anxious to rescue you. The person who will give you this may be trusted with your reply; have one ready against his next visit to the ship, and consult Bunce as to the means."

Tears dimmed the eyes of the lad several times as he perused it. There was something so unusual in any one taking an interest in his welfare, that it touched his heart.

His first care was to communicate its contents to the sea-lawyer.

"All right," said the sailor; "I knew that young fellow," alluding to our hero, "was a trump. Bless him, he deserves to be an admiral. We'll soon have you out of dock, and that is better than pitching yourself overboard, ain't it? Never doubt Providence again," he added; "she has an especial care for sailors. The difficulty will be to get you clear of the ship."

"I can swim," exclaimed the boy, eagerly.

"You forget the crocodiles," answered Bunce, drily. "Better not try a race with them. I remember once upon land to have seen a couple of hounds following a hare—coursing, I think they call it. It was curious to see how they doubled and turned upon their prey, till they ran it down at last; but, Lord bless you! their coursing was nothing compared with the crocodiles."

Caleb shuddered at the thoughts the words of the speaker suggested.

"That plan must be given up."

"I have it!" exclaimed the old man, suddenly.

"The cargo is not cleared yet. In the morning there will be several barrels of dry goods to land."

"Well."

"I will head you up in one of them, and, once on shore, you must trust to a clean pair of heels and the chapter of accidents for the rest."

"But where am I to go when on shore?"

"Providence will direct you."

"How find Jack?"

His adviser still made the same reply.

Caleb did not like the risk. The project might be feasible, but there was one danger attending it: once headed in the cask, it would be impossible for him to release himself without some assistance.

Bunce admitted the validity of the objection. "I have it!" he exclaimed. "What a couple of fools we are to be casting about for an anchor when we have three ready for use on the occasion."

"Three!" repeated the young man.

The old sailor pointed to the ship's boats.

"The skipper," he said, "gives a spread to some of the landmen to-morrow, and not one of the boats will be hauled on deck; the second mate will be ashore, and Fraser left in charge of the crew."

"I see."

"When all is quiet except the feasters in the cabin, slip down the side, and cut the rope."

"But the oars will not be in her."

"The tide will drift you," replied the seaman, in answer to the objection. "When did the Hindoo boy say he should be on board again?"

"The note says in the morning."

"Write an answer."

"Should it be found upon me?" urged Caleb.

"I'll take charge of it, and give it to him."

"Should it be found on you?"

"Well, they can't hang me for three words, tho' I once heard one of the land-lubbers say that a line of a man's handwriting might be twisted into a rope for his neck. Besides, they could never prove it to be my writing, seeing as I never learnt."

"But what am I to write?"

"To-morrow night, twelve!—that will be sufficient," said Bunce. "The youngster who befriended Jack will understand it; take my word for it, he will be upon the watch, and keep a sharp look-out."

The scheme was arranged accordingly; the words as the speaker suggested, written upon the back of an old card, and carefully stowed away in the pocket of Bunce till the opportunity should arrive for using it.

In the course of the day Captain Gall returned on board the Caradoc, accompanied by a party of the Calcutta police, which the authorities had sent upon his representation of the mutinous spirit of his crew. One of the men was stationed at the gangway with strict orders to allow no one to descend or come on deck without the permission of the captain or the first mate.

The next morning the sycee again made his appearance. Fraser, who was waiting for him, called out that he should fasten the basket he had brought with him to the end of a line.

"You send me de money first."

The Scot shook his head. He had not intended to pay him for it in rupees, but in old clothes.

"Den me must see dem," exclaimed the pretended fruit and curiosity dealer. "De last jacket very bad—very."

"There can't be much harm," thought the officer, "in letting him come on board. The skipper is not stirring yet; he will never know it."

Having come to this conclusion he gave the order, and the messenger of Richard mounted the side of the vessel. He had the basket in one hand, and could only use the other to grasp the rope.

Bunce stepped forward to assist him, and the instant he stepped upon deck slid the card in his palm. The boy conveyed it to his girdle unobserved.

The old sailor walked away.

Having accomplished the object of his visit, the pretended dealer did not higgie longer than was absolutely necessary in order to avoid suspicion over the bargain; but, taking the clothes at a rupee less than the mate's valuation of them for his basket, he descended by the same means to his boat again, and quickly rowed out of sight.

One person only had recognised him—the officer of police on guard, who knew him to be the sycee, or groom, of the young Englishman who drove so frequently about the streets of Calcutta. With the cunning of an Asiatic, he kept his knowledge of him to himself, thinking it would be time enough to use it if anything occurred, and a reward should be offered. Your true oriental never does anything without a recompense.

The party, which consisted of Sanford and several of Mr. Chutnee's clerks, came on board at sunset to dine with the captain, and remained till a late hour.

Their host, at the conclusion of the evening, saw them to his boat.

"Police on deck!" observed the head clerk, as he was about to descend the gangway; "what's up, captain?"

"A mutinous spirit on board," replied the latter, "but I know how to lay it. They haven't got a child to deal with."

"Lay it in the Red Sea," hiccupped one of his guests, "that is the place."

The witticism was rewarded with a laugh.

"You can't lay any spirits in the Hooghly," added the speaker. "I should like to see the spirit you talk of."

"That may be easily done," said the captain, at the same time shouting for Caleb.

But no Caleb answered him, and to the rage and disappointment of his persecutor may be better imagined than described, when he discovered that his victim had contrived to baffle his precautions and escape from the Caradoc.

As a matter of course, not one of the crew had the slightest idea how the lad had got away.

"Look to the boats!" roared the first mate.

It was soon found out that one was missing, and the curses of the commander became loud and fearful. "Pshaw!" said Sanford, coolly. "Why make all this fuss for a mere boy; doubtless he has gone on shore for a spree."

"I'd give twenty rupees rather than lose him," replied his host, savagely.

The officer of police pricked up his ears.

"Nay, thirty for the matter of that. He must have had some assistance from the shore. He is the second apprentice I have lost."

"Thirty rupees," said the policeman, "and you shall have him back."

"Do you know where he is?"

"No."

"What do you mean, then, by promising to bring him back?"

"I can find him; no one was ever lost in Calcutta."

"You may rely on what he says," observed Sanford. "There are no better bloodhounds in the East than our police. I feel rather curious to see

how the affair will end. Speak out!" he added, addressing the man.

"And the money?"

"I will guarantee it."

The Hindoo shook his head.

"Pay him it," said the clerk, turning to the commander of the Caradoc. "If he fails in keeping his promise, I shall know how to recover it from him. The head of his office is my particular friend."

The money was counted to the man; for, avaricious as Captain Gall naturally was, the passion for gold was second only to revenge.

The policeman placed the rupees carefully in his girdle.

"Now speak!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"A boy came on board the Caradoc this morning, under pretence of selling an inlaid basket to the mate. He accepted a rupee, a few old ragged clothes, worth at the most two rupees more, for an article which must have cost ten, at least."

"The rascal!"

"Fool, I should say," observed the clerk.

"He was no dealer."

"How do you know that?" demanded the captain, eagerly.

"Because I have seen him for the last three months in the service of a wealthy young Englishman, who resides in Calcutta. The gentleman is a friend of Mr. Sanford's."

"And his name?" demanded the latter.

"Hiram."

"What, Tyrrell's groom?"

"The same."

"Whew!" whistled the confidential clerk of Mr. Chutnee; "this, then, explains the refusal of Tyrrell to join our party. If he has mixed himself in the affair, you had better give it up as a bad job," he added, addressing himself to the captain. "He has ingratiated himself with all the big wigs of Calcutta, visits at the government house, is hand and glove with Sir Charles Fourreau, and dines with the judges. Your case must be clear indeed to succeed against him in a court of law."

Had he been less excited with wine, in all probability the commander of the Caradoc would have remembered that his case, as far as Jack was concerned, was anything but clear. Caleb was his apprentice; he held him fast, as far as writing and parchment could affect that, and he determined to proceed to the residence of our hero.

"I will see him at once!" he exclaimed.

"What for?"

"To recover my apprentices; doubtless they are both there. If Mr. Tyrrell were the friend of all the authorities in India, he should not interfere between me and my crew. Will you accompany me?"

Sanford would fain have excused himself, for our hero was one of the few persons whom he did not like the idea of quarrelling with, or taking an active part against; not that he liked, but because he feared him.

At last, however, he permitted himself to be persuaded; and descending to the boat with the captain and the police officers, they rowed off together.

"Ill luck go with them," muttered Bunce. "What have the land lubbers to do with it? But they never can let us sailors alone; they take as natterally to tormenting as a gull does to water. I'd rather be put on the black list for six months, or drink three water grog for the rest of the cruise," he added, emphatically, "than see either of the poor lads on board the Caradoc agin."

"Ye'll see Caleb again, at any rate," observed the mate, who overheard him. "There is no getting over his indentures."

"I don't believe he is 'dentured," replied the old man, sullenly.

"Ye are out of your reckoning there, maister sea-lawyer," said the young Scotchman, "for I saw them myself this verra mornin', when I took the ship's charter out o' the captain's desk; he wanted it to take on shore wi' him."

"Perhaps you are out of your reckoning," retorted Bunce.

"That's no possible."

"Did you read them, then?"

"No occasion for that."

"How could you tell one paper from another if you did not?" demanded the sailor, with half-suppressed curiosity.

"Our readers must recollect that with all his legal learning, of which he was not a little vain, the speaker could not read. His object in putting the question was to obtain such a description of the indentures as might enable him to distinguish them from any other document."

"They don't happen to be written on paper," answered the young Scotchman, proud of the oppor-

tunity of displaying his knowledge, "but upon parchment."

His hearer mentally repeated the word.

"And have three or four seals and signatures," added the mate.

The sea-lawyer indulged in a wink, a habit he had contracted when satisfied with himself.

It was not without reason that he felt so on the present occasion, for, to repeat his own graphic expression, "he had washed out the mate's scuppers most effectually," and obtained the information he required.

Everything seemed to favour his designs of obtaining possession of the deed which bound poor Caleb to his persecutor, for the steward, having no longer the two apprentices to assist him, requested the second officer to lend him one of the hands to help clearing the captain's cabin.

"Take Bunce," answered the mate.

Bunce obeyed, trying to look as if he did not like the job. An hour afterwards the *dentures*, as he called them, were safe at the bottom of the Hooghly, tied with a piece of spun yarn round an old marline-spike.

"A bad skipper makes a bad crew," thought Bunce, as he quietly dropped them overboard. "It ain't *exactly* what I should call fair sailin'; but with a foul wind, and driven on a lee shore, a poor fellow is often obliged to get the weather gauge of his conscience, and tack as he can."

With this bit of mental philosophy, the old sailor descended the fore-castle to turn in—his watch for the night being ended.

CHAPTER LIV.

"How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day."
OLD SONG.

The escape from the Caradoc had been no less cleverly executed than planned. In the bustle of the party which Captain Gall had given on board, Caleb contrived to descend unnoticed to one of the boats at the stern, cut the rope, and drifted with the tide till he reached one of the numerous landing places, where our hero and Jack Manders were on the look-out.

No sooner did they perceive him than they put off, and took him in tow. Our readers may imagine the joy of the fugitive at once more meeting with his former companion in misfortune.

"I can never repay you, sir!" he exclaimed, addressing himself to Richard. "I little thought that any one would have interested himself in my fate."

"You have nothing to repay," replied our hero, kindly; "your assistance and sympathy to my friend here, merits all that I can do for you; to say nothing of the indignation every Englishman must feel at the tyranny, you have so long endured."

At that moment Jack Manders felt exceedingly proud and grateful Richard had called him friend.

In a few minutes the party landed, and, entering a carriage driven by the native groom, who had resumed his usual dress, started for the cavalry barracks, where Fred Wharton, who was officer of the guard, for some time had been anxiously expecting them.

"Have you succeeded?" he hastily demanded.

Our hero pointed to Caleb.

The cornet, whose feelings were invariably excited in favour of any one who had suffered from cruelty and oppression, congratulated the runaway sailor warmly.

"Should your interference in my behalf cause you annoyance, I shall never forgive myself," observed the young man.

"Do not think of that," answered Wharton; "neither my friend nor myself are ever likely to undertake a foolish, mad adventure; or, having entered upon an honourable one, to abandon it lightly. To give those who are interested in your welfare a right to protect you," added the speaker, "you must enter the service of the Queen."

"Anything," exclaimed the young man, gratefully; "rather than return to the Caradoc again. Even the grave!" he murmured, in an under-tone.

The officer rang the bell; it was answered by Mark Rayner, whose appearance was so greatly improved by his smart uniform, that his old acquaintances at St. Faith's would scarcely have recognised him.

"Here is a recruit for you, sergeant," said the cornet, "and one that will do the regiment credit, if I mistake not."

"At least I will never disgrace it, sir," observed the fugitive, respectfully.

The shilling was given, and the sergeant about to retire with Caleb from the room, when the sound of voices was heard at the entrance of the guard-house.

All started to their feet.
 "Pursued!" faltered Caleb, turning exceedingly pale; whilst Jack, who, since his residence on shore, had recovered no small portion of his former audacity, began quietly to arm himself.

Voices were again heard demanding admission, and amongst them that of Captain Gall might be easily recognised.

"Put down those pistols, Jack," said his protector. His protégé reluctantly obeyed him.
 "And remember, not a word unless you are addressed. Mr. Wharton is the only person here to reply to these visitors."

"They had better retire to the other room," observed the cornet, "whilst we receive them."

In a few seconds Captain Gall, Sanford, and two or three of Mr. Chutnee's clerks made their appearance, followed by the police. They were evidently excited, not only by wine, but by the chase after the runaways.

"So, Mr. Tyrrell," exclaimed the commander of the Caradoc, "I have discovered your pretty manoeuvres at last!"

"Is this addressed to me?" demanded our hero, indignantly.

"Of course it is," replied the ruffian, in an insolent tone. "Do you call yourself a gentleman to colleague with a set of mutinous rascals—assist them to desert from their ship, and hide from justice?"

"What I call or consider myself," replied our hero, calmly, "has very little to do with the question. But I will tell you what I consider you—a wretch, whose brutality has brought shame upon a profession to which he is a disgrace; a thing without one sentiment of humanity or proper feeling; a creature with the form, language, and name of an Englishman, but the soul of an American slave-driver—nay, worse, a hangman's spirit."

Captain Gall coloured deeply. It was the first time in his career he had ever been addressed in such terms—and by a mere boy, too! The youth of the speaker rendered the sting of his words doubly painful.

"I am not accountable to you for my conduct," he replied, with a sneer. "I am come for my runaway apprentices."

"Indeed!"

"Are they here?"

"Your victims are," answered Richard.

"And do you intend to give them up?"

"Not whilst there is law or justice to protect the injured in Calcutta!" exclaimed the young man, in a tone of indignation. "I would as soon abandon the lamb to the tiger, as any human being to your mercy. If you feel aggrieved, the courts of law are open to you. But I warn you that I will carry it from tribunal to tribunal, have your crew examined as witnesses, and hold your conduct up to the execration of an indignant public before I yield them up."

"Both here?" repeated the ruffian; "you said they."

"I did."

"Caleb is my apprentice: I have his indentures to prove it."

"Caleb has enlisted in my regiment," observed Fred Wharton, coolly; "if you have any legal right to his services, it must be proved elsewhere."

The tyrant and bully would have remonstrated, but the speaker cut him short by ordering the sergeant to clear the guard-house—a duty which Mark Rayners and his comrades performed with alacrity.

Captain Gall and his party quitted the place, threatening the law and muttering menaces, which the officer and his friend listened to with the contempt they merited. The two fugitives re-appeared from the inner room; both were armed to the teeth. There was a desperate determination in their looks—the deadly paleness of their features and flashing eyes.

"Saved!" muttered Caleb, when he discovered that his persecutor had retreated.

"I have but one regret," added Jack; "that I did not send a bullet whistling through the coward's brain."

At an early hour the following day, Mr. Sanford proceeded to the house of his employer, eager to relate the adventure of the preceding night to Mr. Chutnee—an adventure which, in his opinion, did not redound very much to the credit of our hero.

"Is it not strange," he added, "that a young gentleman of Mr. Tyrrell's position and fortune should compromise himself in the affairs of a common sailor?"

"Is humanity so rare in your sex?" demanded Zamora, who was present, and had heard the story of poor Caleb from Lady Bell.

The merchant remained silent.

"The fellow is only an apprentice," observed the managing clerk.

"Only an apprentice," repeated the lady, scornfully; "the earthworm is an aristocrat, in its way."

Sanford bit his lips to repress the retort; prudence forbade him to indulge; but he felt the sarcasm keenly; and the more so from the consciousness of having deserved it.

"Had I known," he said, addressing himself to Mr. Chutnee rather than to his wife, "that Mr. Tyrrell possessed so warm an advocate, I should not have presumed to censure his conduct."

Zamora regarded the speaker earnestly for an instant, then broke into a low, musical laugh. There was sadness rather than mirth in the sound.

"You see, Herbert," she exclaimed, turning to her husband, reproachfully, "the consequence of your folly. Order that man away; I feel heart-sick in his presence."

"Send Captain Gall to me as soon as he arrives," said the merchant, angrily. "Not a word, sir; I will speak with you in the counting-house."

"The idiot!" muttered Sanford, as he quitted the room. "She twists and turns him at her pleasure; his heart-strings are in her hand. There is madness in an old man's love, but rarely confidence; and in that lies my hope of avenging myself for her scorn and insolence," he added.

Several times during the day, the managing clerk muttered the word "earthworm" to himself. It had evidently stung him.

"You were wrong, Zamora," observed her husband, as soon as they were alone. "Sanford had not the slightest idea of offending you; his remark was a very natural one. I doubt not but the poor fellow is cudgelling his brains to find out the cause of your anger."

Mrs. Chutnee shook her head mournfully, she was not to be convinced.

"I cannot bear to see you unhappy," added the speaker, in accents of self-reproach,—"to feel that my love has destroyed you."

"Not your love, Herbert, but your suspicions."

"Are they groundless?" demanded the jealous man.

There was something both terrible and sad in the glance with which the outraged wife, a mere child in years, regarded him.

"You would like to be convinced they are," she replied, with suppressed emotion.

"I would give worlds were they mine to offer!" exclaimed the jealous husband; "the fortune it has been the labour of a life to gain; more—all that remains of that life itself!"

"I can give you the proof," observed Zamora, "but the price of my condescension to justify myself will prove a heavy one. It is the—"

"It shall be freely paid," interrupted the merchant, blinded to her real meaning by the madness of his jealousy, "though it should leave me bankrupt."

"Be it so," answered Mrs. Chutnee, coldly. "In a few hours you shall be satisfied. And now," she added, "remember your promise. You must use your influence with the captain of the Caradoc to obtain the liberty of Caleb."

"He shall be free as air," exclaimed the delighted husband. "Fear not but I will bring the fellow to reason."

"Man, man!" exclaimed Zamora, as he quitted the room; "ungenerous and selfish! You either cannot or will not understand our nature. That I should live to be humbled by him I once regarded with the filial affection of a child—whom I have so tried to love. Had the heart he has wronged been all of clay, his suspicions might have made me the thing I was not born to be. I must nerve myself for my task," she added. "Pride and conscious purity will sustain me."

When Mr. Chutnee arrived at the counting-house he found Captain Gall waiting impatiently to see him. The tyrant trusted to his influence to replace both the runaways in his power once more, despite the loss of Caleb's indentures, which he had discovered on returning to his ship.

"I have heard it all," said the merchant, interrupting his statement, "and the treatment to which the lads have been subjected."

At this observation the countenance of his visitor fell.

"The only chance of avoiding a disgraceful exposure," added the speaker, "is at once to abandon all claim to their services."

"Never," exclaimed the ruffian, emphatically, "if there is law or justice in Calcutta. I can prove, by the evidence of my first mate, that one of the rascals is my apprentice, although his indentures have been stolen. He has no right to enlist—they must give him up."

"And you will listen to no advice or representation on the subject?"

"None."

"In that case," said Mr. Chutnee, "I must remind you, Captain Gall, that I own two-thirds of the Caradoc."

"And that I am her commander," observed his visitor, sullenly.

"As long as you remain part owner," added the merchant, coolly, "not an hour longer, unless by my appointment. In the event of any disagreement between us," he continued, at the same time drawing a bundle of papers from his desk, "it is provided that either party may buy the other out. Now, the ship is valued at fifteen thousand pounds: are you prepared to pay me ten?"

"Ten devils!" muttered his visitor.

"I must give you a cheque for five, then, and—"

"Stop, sir!" roared the crest-fallen captain; "surely you cannot mean to—"

"I mean exactly what I say," calmly observed the gentleman.

"Consider the example to the crew."

Mr. Chutnee began filling in the cheque.

"The loss, the humiliation."

Mr. Chutnee signed it.

"I give in," said the defeated ruffian, with a scowl. "It is not the treatment I have a right to expect."

An hour later, the merchant returned to his house, and placed the discharge of Jack Manders and Caleb—legally drawn up, and signed by their persecutor—in the hands of his wife.

Zamora received it with a faint smile.

"In the evening," she said, "you will accompany me in a visit I intend to pay."

"Willingly, my love. To whom?"

"To our late guests—Lady Bell and Lillian."

As the cancelling of Caleb's indentures by Captain Gall did away with the necessity of his becoming a soldier, his benefactor paid the smart-money for him, and the poor fellow found himself once more a free agent. Words can scarcely paint his joy; it was as immeasurable as his gratitude.

"And what do you intend to do with him?" demanded Sir Charles Fourreau, when the affair was finally settled; "perhaps you had better have left him in the regiment."

"Her ladyship thinks not," said our hero.

This was an unanswerable reason, and, like a dutiful husband, the commander of the 01st inquired no further.

"The young man," added Richard, "is exceedingly well educated, and quite capable of a clerkship, which I have no doubt I shall be able to procure him."

"In Mr. Chutnee's counting-house?"

"Yes."

"Admirably arranged!" exclaimed the baronet.

"I see it all. You will have a friend on whom you can rely to watch the proceedings of Sanford. You ought to have been in the army."

"You forget, Sir Charles, what an able adviser I have had in Lady Bell," observed our hero. "Her assistance is invaluable; you can't imagine how cleverly she gets over every difficulty."

"Can't I?" said Sir Charles, with a sly smile. "My dear boy, when you have been a husband as long as I have, the last thing to surprise you will be the tactics of your wife."

As a natural consequence of the active part he had taken in the escape of Caleb from the Caradoc, Hirim, the Hindoo boy, and the young sailor became friends; an alliance, offensive and defensive, to use a diplomatic phrase, existed between them, to which, as a matter of course, Jack Manders was one of the high contracting parties.

On the evening of Caleb's return to the residence of our hero, Hirim appeared exceedingly thoughtful.

His companions rallied him, and asked the cause.

"Something bad will come," he answered.

"From the captain?"

"No; Hassan and Al Moorad, the banker who own this house, meet together every night."

"What for?" demanded Jack.

"Evil," replied the Hindoo, and his eyes sparkled with curiosity and intelligence; "but me not know what evil; me tink 'gainst sahib."

"Against Richard Tyrrell?" exclaimed both the young men, indignantly.

The syce nodded his head.

"We will know what it is for," observed Manders.

"Where do they meet?"

"In de garden of de temple, every night—dis night."

The information was sufficient. The two grateful fellows, whom our hero had rescued from the tyranny of Captain Gall, resolved to be there.

(To be continued.)

RALPH, THE BRICK-MAKER'S BOY.

THE ground of the brick-yard is burning and bare;
By the hedgerow are plenty of shady spots,
But Ralph, when he gets a white apron to wear,
Plays in the mortar, and shapes it to pots.

That is his mother's house over the hill,
With the pitcher of pinks in the window, so sweet,
And Ralph is her darling, and sets at his will,
In the soft bricks, the prints of his bare little feet.

Poor soul!—she is homely, and wrinkled, and old,
And work is her portion, but what does she care
For herself, since no neighbour has need to be told
That her darling has beauty enough, and to spare?

Low down on the limbs of the prickly sweet-brier
Are handfuls of roses, but still he will push
His cheek through the thorns, for the one red as fire,
That grows out of reach at the top of the bush.

Sometimes the old brick-maker, sunburnt and bent,
Will tug him about on his shoulder awhile,
Whereat, growing restless instead of content,
He scarcely repays the good man with a smile.

He makes of a stray piece of cedar a shelf,
Sometimes, where he sets up his pots in the sun,
And then, growing vexed with his work or himself,
He breaks them, and tramples down every one.

From the time when the locust puts on the white mass
Of his odorous plumes, till in summer's decay
His bright yellow jacket he throws on the grass,
And braves the bleak wind, he is busy each day.

I know it is all in his own wilful way,
Yet sigh as I see him a-working so hard,
His hands and his apron so heavy with clay,
He scarcely can toddle about in the yard.

My heart often says to me, wherefore employ
Your thoughts in a fashion so pitiful? then,
Reflecting, I see in the brick-maker's boy
A type of the work and the wisdom of men.

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

TALKING AND TALKERS.

MAN has sometimes been defined as a talking animal. But there are two objections to this definition. First, because certain of the feathered tribes can distinctly articulate; and second, because the majority of men do not know how to talk at all. When we say they do not know how to talk, we mean with propriety. They employ words but they do not build up sentences: they make lingual rubbish heaps. The loose careless mode of expression which is unfortunately so common has made our conversation a mere bye-word: and its unintelligible jargon has been carried from the ordinary daily gossip to the platform and the rostrum, and speechmakers bewilder themselves and their hearers in an inextricable labyrinth of phrases.

Now it is really a matter of importance that young men should know how to express themselves with simplicity and elegance. And it is possible for any young man, supposing he is not a stammerer (and even that is curable), to acquire an intelligible and graceful style of delivery. It will undoubtedly cost him some trouble—no part of mental or physical education is perfected without—but the trouble it occasions will be amply repaid.

A most important rule to start with is, never to speak without thought. Think twice before you speak once. Take time to think that you may save time in speech. Comprehend clearly what you have to communicate, and then endeavour to make it equally clear to the person or persons whom you address. Say everything in your best style. Let your questions be pertinent, and your answers explicit. Elegance consists in the purity and clearness of language. Purity requires choice and proper words. Ambiguous words should always be avoided. Ambiguity of expression is sometimes distressing, and always confusing. To cultivate that which is excellent, and carefully to avoid that which is objectionable requires a constant effort. Hence the importance of always attending to it everywhere. After we have practised it awhile it will become easy; when easy it will be pleasant; when pleasant we shall do it frequently; "by frequency of act a thing grows into a habit, and a confirmed habit is a second kind of nature."

As the first blow is half the battle, so to begin the correction of a bad habit is half the cure. The majority of people in all ranks of life have become so accustomed to the unintelligible style of English conversation, that it is a difficult matter to attempt anything else.

"In most countries," says a popular writer, "people of the highest stations, if they do not express their ideas with all the accuracy and formality of a treatise

on logic, preserve, at least, with a certain degree of jealousy, the habit of a clear and easy eloquence in conversation. In France, to talk the language well is still the indispensable accomplishment of a gentleman. Society preserves the happy diction and the graceful phrase, which literature has stamped with its authority. But in England people even in the best and most fastidious society are not remarkable for cultivating the more pure or brilliant order of conversation as the evidence of *ton* and the attribute of rank."

The blame of incorrect and unintelligible conversation belongs to all classes, but this does not make the blame the less. If some dandies hesitate and hum and draw, and others wander in a maze of words of doubtful meaning, and others float on a stream of flippant verbiage—wrong oftener than right, and flowing nobody knows where—it is necessary that something should be done to eradicate the evil. The best way to mend a social error is to begin at home. If it is common to be slovenly in conversation let us be uncommon. If there is the risk of being denounced as pedantic, let us boldly dare the penalty. If it is necessary that a reform should be introduced, let us be pioneers in the reformation.

This description of study may be carried on in all places, at all times, under all circumstances. Felicity of expression will always be a valuable auxiliary in our battle of life. By the force of our example we induce others to adopt our plan, and experience the satisfaction which arises from a sense of doing good.

Let us think before we speak. Understand clearly what we have to say, and "pick and pack" from our Saxon vernacular, until the right word is in the right place.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT this time George had to transact a little business for his father. It occasioned a short interruption in the French lessons, but Robert turned the interval to such good account that when next he met his kind friend and preceptor, he was able to undergo a successful examination in the sounds of the vowels, whether single, in diphthongs, or triphthongs; he had also mastered the differences between the sounds of the consonants in English and French. George was delighted with his pupil's zeal, and he asked him if he would try to read a letter he had that morning received from his old French tutor. Robert consented to do so, and with some trepidation he read the letter, with only a little help from George.

"Now," said the latter, "you have conquered the greatest difficulty—the pronunciation. I do not mean to say your accent is as yet completely French; there are some refinements to be acquired,—the *liquid* sounds, for instance; but as you pronounce well enough to be understood by a French person, I shall not trouble you with the liquid sounds just yet, but pass on to the grammar of the language. Now don't be frightened. In the first lesson I gave you to understand, that a little grammar would be necessary, because, as you cannot immediately mix with the natives, you must, with the assistance of theory, make up for practice.

"The grammar of any language is the art of writing and speaking that language correctly. Grammar is divided into four parts—Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody."

"And those four parts," said Robert, dolefully, "I fear I never shall master."

At this observation George could not help laughing. "Why, my boy," said he, "you have already been mastering orthography without knowing it. True, I have not made you spell long words yet, but syllables make words, and this morning, in the examination you underwent, you proved to me that the orthography, or spelling, of the most difficult French words would soon be quite familiar to you."

"What, then," exclaimed Robert, his countenance brightening, "is orthography nothing but spelling?"

"Spelling forms the principal part of it," replied George, "and the discussions on sounds and letters, introduced in voluminous grammars, are not necessary for our present purpose. It is by writing under my dictation that you will perfect yourself in orthography; and now we pass on to etymology."

"Etymology teaches us all that relates to the ten parts into which all language is divided. Of these ten parts of speech, the two first are the article and the noun. We, English people, make very little difficulty about our articles. We have but three—*a*, *an*, and *the*. We only put *a* or *an* before single things, but we put *the* before more than one, or many things. Our articles are just the same, when used

for men, women, or inanimate things; in grammatical language, for nouns masculine, feminine, or neuter. The French have divided everything into masculine and feminine, they do not even admit of a neuter, and they change (in learned language, *decline*) their article accordingly as it is placed before a masculine or a feminine noun. And here comes a little consolation for you: there is nothing easier to understand than the explanation of a noun, or substantive; for it has two names, but we will keep to the *noun*, as being the shortest.

"Well, then, a noun is the name of everything you can hear, see, feel, or understand. In fact, a noun is a *thing*, neither more nor less. I told you that the French divide everything into masculine or feminine; and in this division they show more respect for sound than sense. Fancy their making *stone*, *feminine*—there's a compliment to the fair sex; and if *stone* is feminine, of course it requires a feminine article; for, as I told you before, the articles, in French, are declined (or changed) accordingly as they are placed before nouns masculine or feminine, singular or plural. I need hardly inform you that singular means *one*, and plural more than one. Now for the French of our little articles, *a*, *an*, and *the*.

ENGLISH.
A and an.
The.

FRENCH.
Un, une.
Le, la.

And now, Robert, recollect that to articles and nouns belong number and gender. In this lesson I say nothing about *case*, I only speak of number and gender. Of course, the French, like ourselves, never put *un* (*a* or *an*) before nouns in the plural; and like us they divide their articles into definite and indefinite. Our *the* (*le*) is the former, and *a* or *an* (*un*), the latter.

"You are now going to write, under my direction, a list of articles and nouns likely to be useful to you in 'The journey to Paris' I mean you to undertake; and as I hope you will make an excellent breakfast before you start, we will begin with a few things relating to it. It is no longer necessary that I should spell the sounds.*

ENGLISH.

The tea
The coffee
The chocolate
The cream
The milk
The sugar
The rolls
The new bread
The stale bread
The ham
The spoons
The knives
The forks
The cup
The saucer
The tea-pot
The milk-jug
The sugar
The arm-chair
The sofa
The chair
The table

FRENCH.

Le thé, m.
Le café, m.
Le chocolat, m.
La crème, f.
Le lait, m.
Le sucre, m.
Les petits pains, m.
Le pain tendre, m.
Le pain rassis, m.
Le jambon, m.
Les cuillers, f. (*kuleair*)
Les couteaux, m.
Les fourchettes, f.
La tasse, f.
La soucoupe, f.
La théière, f.
Le pot-au-lait, m.
Le sucre, m.
Le fauteuil, m.
Le sofa, m.
La chaise, f.
La table, f.

"So much for articles and nouns," said George "Now mind, Robert, when I see you to-morrow, I expect that, on my saying the English of these articles and nouns, you should be able to tell me the French of them, and also of the following sentences, in which they are introduced.

"Imagine that you and I are breakfasting together on the morning of 'Le voyage à Paris.'

"Such intimate friends as we are would, in French fashion, address each other as *thée* and *thou*; but, to make the dialogue of more general utility, I use *you* (in grammatical language), the second person plural.

ENGLISH.

The breakfast before the journey.
Here you are. That's right, dear Robert.
It is ten minutes to seven.
Of course you will breakfast with me?
Take this arm-chair, and make yourself comfortable.
Will you take tea, coffee, or chocolate?
Here is excellent cream.
Give me some of it, please, with a cup of tea.
Do you prefer new or stale bread?
The stale, if you please; it is more wholesome.
Now take a little ham and a good cup of coffee.

FRENCH.

Le déjeuner avant le départ.
Vous voici. C'est bien, cher Robert.
Il est sept heures moins dix minutes.
Sans doute, vous déjeunerez avec moi.
Prenez ce fauteuil, et mettez vous à votre aise.
Prendrez-vous du thé, du café, ou du chocolat?
Voici d'excellente crème.
En donnez-moi, s'il vous plaît, avec une tasse de thé.
Préférez-vous le pain tendre ou rassis?
Le pain rassis, s'il vous plaît; c'est plus sain.
A présent prenez un peu de jambon et une tasse de bon café.

I have made an excellent breakfast.
J'ai déjeuné à merveille.

* m. stands for masculine and f. for feminine.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON IV.

GRAVITY, AND OTHER FORCES.

71. When either end of a magnet is brought near a small nail lying on a table, what happens?—The nail is drawn into contact with the magnet, and is there held by a considerable force.

Fig. 2.



72. What is this force called?—The attraction of the magnet.

73. What is the reason that if a stone or other body be raised from the ground and then left to itself, it falls with an accelerated motion?—Because the earth continually attracts it, just as a magnet attracts a nail.

74. What is this force of attraction called?—Gravity, or the Attraction of Gravitation.

75. What is the entire force which draws the body down called?—The weight of the body.

76. What is meant when it is said that a body is heavy?—That it has weight.

77. How may a heavy body be prevented from falling?—By placing it on some solid support, or suspending it from some fixed point above.

78. Illustrate by an example.—A book put on a table is supported and cannot fall. A lamp suspended by a rod or chain from the ceiling of a church is thereby prevented from falling.

79. With what force does the book press upon the table, and the lamp pull downward upon the chain?—With its own weight.

80. Are all bodies equally heavy?—They are not; their weight is in proportion to the quantity of matter they contain.

81. Have two different substances the same weight when of the same bulk?—They have not. A piece of iron is denser, or contains more matter, than a piece of wood of the same size, and it is also heavier.

82. How is the fact that one substance is, from its essential nature, heavier than another often expressed?—It is said that its *specific gravity* is greater.

83. What amount of force must we exert upward to lift a heavy weight from the ground?—A force a little greater than the weight of the body.

84. When a grocer puts a quantity of sugar in his scales, and says that it weighs a pound, what is meant?—That the weight or downward pressure of the sugar, is the same as that of the pound weight which balances it in the other scale.

85. Is the quantity of matter also the same in each scale?—It is.

86. Give an example of the operation of another force similar to gravity.—The elastic force of a steel spring gradually uncoiling drives the wheels of a watch.

87. Are all forces of the same essential nature with gravity?—Some forces act by a sudden impulse, and produce their whole effect in an instant, or in a very short interval of time.

88. Give an instance of motion produced by such an impulsive force.—The explosive force of gunpowder impels a ball with great velocity out of a gun.

89. Why should a heavy iron ball shot from a cannon strike with such destructive force against any solid obstacle that it meets.—All the force that was expended in projecting it from the cannon is suddenly exerted against the immovable obstacle.

90. What is the force which a moving body exerts, or is capable of exerting, against an immovable obstacle called?—The *momentum* of the body.

MOMENTUM OF A MOVING BODY.

91. What does the momentum of a moving body depend upon?—Its mass and its velocity.

92. Which has the greatest momentum, a cannon ball or a musket ball fired with the same velocity?—A cannon ball; it will strike a wall with greater force because its mass is greater.

93. Why are very heavy cannon balls used to batter down the walls of a besieged fortress?—Because of the great momentum with which they strike.

94. Light comes to us from the sun at the astonishing rate of 192,000 miles per second; if we suppose it to consist of particles a thousand times smaller than the smallest shot, with what force would a particle of light strike?—With a force equal to the momentum of a half ounce ball fired with the velocity of 2,000 feet per second.

95. What is this an instance of?—A very great momentum, resulting from the enormous velocity of a very small particle of matter.

96. What is the reason that when two trains of railroad carriages, on the same track, meet under full speed, the effects of the collision are so destructive?

—The masses in motion are very great, and they also rush together with great velocity.

97. Give one or two familiar examples of important effects produced by momentum.—A nail is easily driven by a hammer. Red hot iron is wrought into any shape by a blacksmith with his sledge hammer.

98. What is a *PILE*?—A long stick of timber, sharpened at one end, that it may more easily be driven into the ground.

99. How are piles driven far into the ground?—By the momentum of a heavy mass of iron let fall upon the top.

100. Are the useful applications of momentum confined to solid bodies in motion?—They are not. The force of running water is used to drive mill-wheels. The wind impels ships across the sea; and on land turns the windmill.

WRECKED UPON THE ROCKS.

In the autumn of 1850, as I was steaming down Lake Erie, from Sandusky City to Buffalo, I formed some acquaintance with an elderly gentleman, who was also a passenger. Mr. Warren, for so he gave me his name, had been one of the early adventurers in the western country, and especially along the lake shore; and finding me interested in matters pertaining to early times, he took not a little pains in pointing out to me, from the deck of the steamer, the different localities where important events had occurred connected with the early settlement of the country. With each locality he had a story to tell—either longer or shorter, as the case may be; but the most remarkable one of all, and which I am going to relate, occurred to himself and a small party of his dearest friends.

"Do you see that dark line, yonder?" he said, pointing to the distant shore.

"I see something," I replied, "that resembles a small cloud stretched along the horizon."

"Well, that, sir, is not literally a cloud, though it proved a cloud of sorrow to me."

As he said this, in a voice somewhat tremulous with emotion, I looked up, and observed a tear stealing down his aged cheek.

"Ah! my friend," he pursued, shaking his gray head solemnly, and passing his hand across his eyes, "the sight of that dark spot yonder brings up a dark memory, and makes me weep as a child rather than as a man. It was a great many years ago," he continued, "and I have since lived to experience a great many changes and reverses—have lived to see one friend after another taken down to his narrow home—but the events of that awful day are as vividly in my recollection now, looming above all others, as if they had occurred but yesterday. Excuse me a few minutes, and I will tell you the story," he added; and turning away, he seated himself, buried his face in his hands, and did not again alter his position till the dark line he referred to had faded from my view.

At length he looked up, as one starting from a dream; and, having swept the horizon with his still keen, bright eye, he turned to me and requested me to take a seat beside him.

"That dark line I pointed out to you," he resumed, and which—thank Heaven!—is now gone from my sight, is an almost perpendicular bluff of rocks, of from sixty to eighty feet in height; upon the base of which the storm-raised waves dash with wild fury, throwing a fine white spray high into the air, and filling the listening ear with an almost deafening roar, not unlike the thunders of Niagara. I heard it once, as a dreadful requiem over the loved and lost, and Heaven grant that I may never hear it again!"

Here he paused, as if overpowered with the recollection, brushed another tear from his eye, and once more resumed—

"It was many years ago—I need not tell you how many, for time counts as nothing in those great events that rend the heart—it was many years ago, I say, that a small party of us—consisting of my mother, sister, a younger brother, and a young and lovely maiden to whom I was engaged—embarked in a Canadian bateau at a point far down the lake, with the intention of finishing the remainder of our long journey from the eastward by water, and joining a few friends who had gone before us, and settled just below the rapids of the Maumee.

"For several days we had good sailing—the weather fair and the wind in our favour—in consequence of which our hearts became light and buoyant, for we felt that we were near our journey's end, and should soon be mingled with those we sought. But who knows aught of the future? who has a right to say that joy and happiness are his?—for in a single moment all his brightest hopes may be

dashed for ever, and he be either overtaken by death, or by a calamity that shall make him a life-long mourner!

"One day, with the most gloomy apprehensions—with a presentiment that made me wretched—I saw a storm begin to gather, and I watched it with feelings of the most painful anxiety. It was not long in gathering, but loomed up quickly and fearfully, and, almost ere any one save me was aware of the danger, it burst upon us with fury.

"I had taken in sail, and prepared for it as well as I could, but the first dash nearly capsized us, the waves suddenly rose, and threw their spray completely over us, and we began to drift towards the dark bluff which I pointed out to you. All was now excitement and confusion on board, for all believed that we should soon go to the bottom. I pretended to have a stout heart, and to laugh at their fears, and so quieted them in some degree. But to tell you the truth, I was fearfully alarmed myself, for the boat at once became unmanageable, and set rapidly toward the rocky shore, upon which the surge was now beating frightfully, and I felt that nothing short of an interposition of Providence could save us from being dashed to pieces.

"I spoke not of my fears, however, till I saw it was vain to hope—till I beheld the rocks looming up, black and fearful, immediately before us, the waves lashing them terrifically, throwing up their white spray, and rolling back with a crash which could be heard amid the howlings of the storm—and then I told my friends, shouting the words above the roarings of the tempest, that it was time to commend our souls to God, for we were about to pass the dread portals of eternity, and enter his awful presence.

"The scene that followed I may only describe as wild, fearful, terrible—each clinging to the other in the most agonised distress, and all appealing to God for mercy. The painful and horrible suspense of waiting for death while staring it in the face was of short duration; we seemed but as a bubble on the crest of the angry waters, which now bore us swifter and swifter to our doom; and suddenly, while we all stood locked, as it were, in each other's embrace, we struck. There was a fearful crash—loud shrieks that seemed blended into one despairing cry, and the hissing waves rolled over us.

"We all went down clinging to each other, knotted as it were together, and whirled about in the seething waters, till at length, as we rose to the surface, we seemed to be caught by an unusually large wave, and thrown violently upon a narrow shelf of the rock, where, the huge wave instantly retreating, we were left comparatively dry. From the time of going under till we were thrown upon the rock, I had not for a single moment lost my presence of mind, and though now half stunned and bruised by the concussion, I instantly comprehended all that had happened, and that, if I would save myself and friends, it must be done ere the return of such another wave as had placed us in our present position.

"Instantly I worked myself loose from my almost death-gripping companions, dragged them back as far as I could, shouted in their ears the joyful news of their escape, and then got between them and the water, so that, in their bewildered state, they might not roll back to their destruction. I had scarcely succeeded in making them understand what had happened, and they were just beginning to gather themselves upon their feet—my brother with as little presence of mind as any—when I saw another huge wave returning, and quick as thought threw them down, and fell prostrate across their bodies. The wave came, amid our shrieks of terror, and completely submerged us, but not to a sufficient depth to fling us from the rock, and again retreating, left us as before.

"This occurred at intervals of about a minute, and it took me several of these to make my friends comprehend that we were comparatively safe, though in a perilous position—to give them, in fact, a true understanding of the whole matter, and then the task of keeping them where they were became less laborious to me, because of their assistance.

"I now for the first had a little time to look about me, which I eagerly employed in ascertaining what might be our chances for escape. But, alas! I saw nothing to give me any hope. It was an awful scene—a scene to excite feelings of the blackest despair! The shelf upon which we had been thrown was narrow, some ten or fifteen feet in length, and about five feet above the level of the boiling and seething surge, while behind us and over us was a high, black, overhanging rock, the top of which our position did not permit us to see. There was no chance of escape except by the water, and there the wreck of our boat, in a hundred pieces, was whirling about on the foam-crested waves and frothing eddies,

the storm the while still raging in wild fury, and the shrieking winds, the descending torrents, and the lashing waves, making a horrid concert for our affrighted senses.

"My son," shrieked my mother, in a voice of despair, "there seems to be no hope for us. It would have been better had we perished at once, and so ended our misery."

"While there is life there is hope," I replied, in the same shrill, shrieking tone—the only human sound that could be heard amid the howlings of the tempest.

"Let me not recall that scene—the recollection of which, even now, after a long lapse of years, makes the blood run cold in my veins. But little was said by any—for, as I have remarked, the human voice could only be heard when pitched in its highest key—and each was too terribly impressed with the sense of our desolation, to give vent to the feelings of agony which stirred the depths of our inmost souls."

"We clung there together for hours—in almost silent waiting, watching, and trembling—and then, with unspeakable misery, we saw the night close in upon us—shutting out the horrid view, it is true—but leaving us as it were only the sense of feeling that each other was there. Oh, that long and terrible night! an age to me of horror—the storm still unabated—the shrieking winds driving coldly through our drenched garments, and ever and anon a large wave engulfing us! There was no chance for sleep—but only for thought—thought, the wildest, most terrible, most agonising! If we looked around, our gaze encountered nothing but the deepest blackness, or here and there the phosphorescent light of the foaming waters, which seemed to our now distracted fancies only a sepulchral light to guide us to destruction."

"Somewhere about midnight, as near as I may judge—feeling weak, faint, cold, and benumbed—through the painful position in which I had thus far clung to my friends, and my continual submersion beneath the rushing and retiring waves—I released my hold for a few moments, in order to chafe my limbs. But scarcely had I done so, when I was suddenly startled by a wild shriek; and, on feeling for my companions, I found to my horror that my mother and brother were gone! leaving only my dear sister, my beloved Mary, and myself upon the rock."

"I need not dwell upon that night. If your imagination cannot fill the picture of woe which I have so imperfectly sketched, you will never form an idea of my feelings, for language has no power to describe them."

"Morning broke at last—after that long, long night of horror—the storm still raging as furiously as ever—but only three of us alive to know the miseries of living. By the returning light we once more surveyed the awful scene around us; and there, upon the rocks below, but at some distance from where we were, we beheld the bodies of my mother and brother, locked in each other's arms, the lashing waves just sufficiently swaying them about to give an appearance of life. But they were dead!—cold in death!—and the sight so affected my poor sister, that she arose with a shriek, and, whether intentionally or accidentally, plunged over into the boiling surge."

"Almost beside myself with the accumulated horrors, I threw my arms around my only companion, my beloved Mary, and held her down by my side."

"And thus I sat for hours, in a state of comparative stupefaction, gazing upon the storm-maddened lake, but with a kind of stony gaze that scarcely had speculation in it."

"When I again turned to Mary I found she had fainted, though how long she had been in that condition I did not know. This in some measure recalled me to myself; and I began to chafe her limbs, calling upon her dear name in the wildest tones of despair. She did not revive immediately, and I had just begun to think that she had perished in my arms, when I saw signs of returning life, and redoubled my exertions. At last I had the joy of seeing her open her eyes, and of knowing that her senses had returned. She now looked wildly around her, and scarcely comprehending what had occurred, asked for her absent friends."

"They are gone, dear Mary," said I, with a bursting heart; "they will return to us no more; you are all that is left to me now; and may God in his mercy either preserve you, or take us both together to the land of spirits!"

"Yes," she replied, faintly—so faintly that I had to put my ear close to catch the words—"and we must perish too—but we will perish together. We must die—we cannot live—we cannot escape—and so

let us die at once, and join those who have gone before us!"

"In God's own good time!" I rejoined. "We have no right to take our lives in our own hands. He gave and must take. It is our duty to be ready at His call."

"But I cannot survive this!" she said; "death is an hundred times preferable to this agonising suspense!"

"I encouraged her as well as one in my situation could; I repeated that while there was life there was hope; I used every argument, and every term of endearment I could think of, to persuade her to cling to life; and at last she seemed to be more resigned to her fate—the fate of waiting and watching with me for the coming death."

"Why should I dwell upon that horrible scene? Why live over again in relation the agony I suffered in reality? No! rather let me hurry on to the awful close—for awful it was, and made these then black hairs turn white in the very prime of manhood."

"Mary gradually drooped—grew faint for the want of food—grew benumbed and torpid through repeated drenchings of the chilling waters; and at length, when another night began to close around us, with the storm still unabated, I feebly, but painfully, foresaw that, should I still live on, I must soon live alone—be the last survivor of that once happy group."

"My forebodings were awfully fulfilled! Another night set in—and proved, O God! the last to the last being I then had in the wide world to love! I had gradually grown weak myself—so weak that I could scarcely keep my hold upon the rocks—to which I still clung with the instincts of life, and for the preservation of my poor Mary, who had long since given up the attempt of preserving herself."

"But the end came. A larger wave than ever burst over us, loosed my feeble hold, dashed me against the rocks behind, and left me half stunned and bleeding on the very verge of the abyss. I crawled up again, and felt for Mary. Great Heaven! she was not there—she was gone! With a shriek of despair I threw myself flat upon my face, determined to make no further effort for life."

"But God, in his inscrutable providence, saw fit to preserve me. The storm had now reached its height, and from that awful moment it began to abate. The morning found me alive, but alone; and the angry waves which had snatched from me all I prized on earth, were gradually subsiding to quietude, as if satisfied with their work of destruction."

"More dead than alive, I kept my position upon the rocks through that day and another night; and then, being discovered by some Canadian fishermen, I was taken off, and conveyed to their home on the other side of the lake. There, after a long and delirious illness, I finally recovered, and learned that the bodies of my friends had been found, taken from the water, and decently interred upon the American shore."

"I have many times since," concluded the aged narrator, in a tremulous voice, "visited the humble grave where they still quietly repose together, and never but with a regret that I did not sleep beside them. It was then, over that lonely grave, I took a solemn oath to be true to my first love; and you now behold me a wifeless and childless old man, whose only abiding hope is that I shall soon join them in a better world!"

THE MOSS ROSE.

THE angel of flowers one day
Beneath a rose-tree lay
(That spirit to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds in dew of heaven);
Awaking from his slight repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
"Oh, choicest object of my care!
Still fairest found when all is fair—
For the sweet shade thou'st given me
Ask what thou wilt—'tis granted thee."
"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused in silent thought,
What grace was there the flower had not?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws:
And, clothed in Nature's simplest wood,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

DURING a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher put the following question: "Can any boy name me an animal of the order *edentata*—that is, a front-toothless animal?" A boy (whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good mark) replied, "I can." "Well, what is the animal?" asked the teacher. "My grandmother!" replied the boy, with glee.

THE NEW LORD CHANCELLOR.

SIR FREDERIC THESIGER, the distinguished advocate lately elevated to the peerage as Baron Chelmsford, and appointed to the important office of Lord High Chancellor, was born in London in the year 1794. His father held an official situation in the West Indies, and his uncle was an officer who distinguished himself under Lord Nelson at the Battle of Copenhagen.

In early life the subject of our sketch took a liking to the sea, and obtained a birth as midshipman in "The Cambrian." On board this ship the young sailor saw some active service, made voyages to different parts of the world, and among other affairs, assisted at the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807. Although engaged upon the sea, sharing the toil and the dangers of a sailor's life, the young man's prospects were exceedingly good. His father had become possessed of considerable property and a large estate on the Island of St. Vincent, and the young seaman was looked upon as its future master. But fate ordained it otherwise. The eruption of the Souffrier Mountain took place in 1812, and destroyed the whole of the estate of the Thesigers, as well as all property in the surrounding districts. The eruption was as remarkable as it was dreadful. The volcanic matter covered not only the whole of the Island of St. Vincent, but also a number of ships at a great distance at sea. It even extended to the Island of Barbadoes, upon which vast quantities of the lighted particles were deposited the same morning. The disaster was so severe, that the British parliament voted a grant of £25,000 for the sufferers; this afforded some relief to the poorer inhabitants, but it did not mitigate the loss of the Thesigers. Their patrimony was completely swallowed up.

Young Thesiger was now a lad of eighteen, and feeling himself thrown upon his own resources, he determined to study some profitable profession. That of the law appeared more suitable than any other. Accordingly, he underwent the usual course of probation in the office of a master, and was called to the bar at Gray's-inn in 1818. He selected the Home Circuit as the scene of his future labours, and for two-and-twenty years diligently pursued his professional duties, without seeking any other distinction than that of a clever, pains-taking lawyer. As "Mr. Sergeant Thesiger," the learned gentleman earned an enviable reputation on the Circuit; and, in grateful remembrance of his success, he has now chosen the name of one of its principal towns—Chelmsford—as that by which he will in future be known and spoken of in history.

At length Mr. Thesiger was induced to seek parliamentary honours, and was fortunate enough to find a patron in the Duke of Marlborough, whose property and family interest was (and always is) sufficient to secure the election for Woodstock. The learned gentleman's introduction into the House of Commons was greeted very warmly; for by this time he had gained much celebrity by his mode of conducting law cases, and had distinguished himself in the management of petitions on disputed elections. His first speech as a member of parliament was against the policy of Lord Palmerston on the Chinese war, and the second was in defence of Sir James Graham, when that gentleman was charged with opening and detaining certain letters in the post-office. He joined in most of the debates between 1840 and 1844, and voted with the late Sir Robert Peel on the question of the Corn Laws. In 1844 Sir Frederic was appointed Solicitor-General. By accepting office under government, the learned gentleman lost his seat for the borough of Woodstock, but was enabled to resume his legislative duties through the kindness of the electors of Abingdon. While representing this borough, and while Sir Robert Peel was still in power, the death of Sir William Follet gave an opportunity for further advancement. Sir Frederic was made Attorney-General; but did not hold the situation long, as the ministry broke up soon after. It is worthy of mention that had it lasted a few days longer, Sir Frederic would have been elevated to the bench as Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. That appointment became vacant, and, according to precedent, the learned gentleman, as Attorney-General, would have been selected for promotion. As it was, the good fortune fell to the share of Sir Thomas Wilde, afterwards Lord Truro. Such things are ruled by the chapter of accidents, and Sir Frederic had to submit to his fate. When the general election of 1852 occurred, he relinquished his seat for Abingdon, and was returned for the borough of Stamford. In the same year, Lord Derby reappointed the learned gentleman to the office of Attorney-General, a situation which he held

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

until the next change of government, and then returned to the comparative privacy of his own practice.

The parliamentary life of Lord Chelmsford has not been particularly remarkable. During his tenure of office, first as solicitor, and afterwards as attorney-general, it became his duty to conduct the law business of the country, and to speak continually on technical questions as they arose. Beyond this very little occurred. The learned gentleman always upheld the Protestant institutions of the country. When the Ecclesiastical Titles Assumption Bill was before the House of Commons, the learned advocate went heart and soul into the discussion, and succeeded in putting the government in a minority when they showed themselves unwilling to give the bill the decided character he wished. He has taken a leading part in opposing the admission of Jews into parliament, and as actively resisted the attempts which have been made to alter the law with respect to marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

Lord Chelmsford's professional career during the last fifteen or twenty years was highly successful. He commanded one of the most extensive practices at the common law bar. Among the many interesting cases in which he was engaged may be mentioned the celebrated criminal conversation case "*Norton v. Lord Melbourne*." The defendant occupied the conspicuous position of prime minister of England. Partly on this account, partly from the usual morbid taste for scandal, and partly from the ability with which the case was conducted, the public interest in the matter was worked up to an extraordinary pitch of excitement. The defence was in-

trusted to Sir Frederic Thesiger, now Lord Chelmsford, and to Mr. Campbell, now Lord Campbell, the present Lord Chief Justice of England. Another case of a similar kind was that of "*Heaviside v. Lardner*," in which Lord Chelmsford gained a verdict for the enormous sum of £10,000. This affair caused considerable emotion in the scientific world, as the defendant was the celebrated Dr. Lardner, renowned for his eminent philosophical attainments. Not less worthy of mention is the case of an alleged breach of promise of marriage, "*Smith v. Earl Ferrers*." Lord Chelmsford represented the noble defendant, and startled the court by pronouncing the whole of the letters upon which the case was founded to be forgeries, concocted with the view to extort money. Sir Fitzroy Kelly was counsel for the plaintiff, and hearing the line of defence about to be adopted, said "he could imagine that if any one was wicked enough to commit a forgery of a promise of marriage, or to extort money by means of conspiracy and forgery, that such a person might fabricate a few lines or a signature to support such promise; but for a young lady to deliberately sit down and forge such a mass of papers as he had before him, appeared incomprehensible and not to be credited." Nevertheless, it was so, and the case afforded a striking proof of the fallacy of the general notion that fraud of a most ingenious kind is inconsistent with youth, education, and social position. "*The Queen v. Dunn*," in February, 1847, was another of Lord Chelmsford's remarkable cases. Miss Burdett Coutts, a lady well known for her Christian and amiable disposition, had been the victim of a course of conduct on the part of

Mr. Dunn of the most offensive and annoying character: presenting her with letters at one time most affectionate, and at another with formal demands for compensation for some imaginary wrong or breach of an agreement. The annoyance at last became so serious that the lady sought the advice of Lord Chelmsford. He recommended that Mr. Dunn should be watched, and, the moment he placed himself in such a position as to render himself legally responsible, the opportunity should be seized for commencing an action at law. Some time after this Mr. Dunn made an affidavit in the Court of Bankruptcy, in which he alleged as facts statements which were grossly false; amongst others, that he had written authority from Miss Coutts to draw upon the eminent banking firm of Messrs. Coutts and Co. A prosecution was instituted, and Miss Coutts, upon being examined on oath, contradicted *in toto* the statements of Dunn. The trial resulted in his conviction, and the late Lord Denman, after a very severe admonition, sentenced him to eighteen months' imprisonment.

The elevation of Lord Chelmsford to the highest law office in the kingdom, is a well-deserved climax to a long career, marked by great perseverance, skill, and success. On his lordship's entry into the House of Lords he was warmly congratulated from all sides of the chamber. The many eminent law lords who distinguish that assembly vied with each other in giving welcome to Lord Chelmsford as the new Lord Chancellor.

His lordship is now in the sixty-fourth year of his age, but looks much younger, and is in possession of



THE CHURCH OF ST. WILLIAM OF THE DESERT.

all the mental and bodily vigour of the prime of life. Our portrait is from a fine photograph recently taken by Mr. Mayall.

Lord Chelmsford is married, and has a large family, one of his daughters being the wife of Brigadier-General Inglis, who lately distinguished himself by his gallant defence of the Residency of Lucknow, and was rewarded by a K.C.B. for his services.

ST. WILLIAM OF THE DESERT.

CHRISTENDOM boasts of more than seven champions. In the annals of chivalry there are, beside these, names that bear comparison with any of the chosen number. St. George of England, St. Denis of France, St. James of Spain, St. Anthony of Italy, St. Andrew

of Scotland, St. Patrick of Ireland, St. David of Wales, accomplished great things in their day; and far be it from us to touch their well-won honours with unhallowed hands; especially as the wisdom of our ancestors has selected these worthies as national patrons. At the same time there were scores of brave knights ready to do battle with Jew, Turk, and misbelieving pagan, and to pluck the beard of the soldan himself, whose names have not met with that honourable mention which they so fairly earned.

Now here is an instance. In most parts of the world St. William of the Desert is a name unknown to fame. Who is St. William, when did he live, where was he born, where buried, what did he accomplish, and why should his name be associated with the desert?—Very appropriate questions; all of which, and a thousand more if you please, the pea-

santry of Southern France can answer, and, as old John Willet pointed out the mounting block before the Maypole door as incontestible evidence that on that very spot Queen Bess once boxed a page's ears, so the peasants will show you all sorts of places round about the neighbourhood distinguished for heroic deeds done by saintly chivalrous William a thousand years ago. There is the castle, there the dizzy height, there the deep valley, there the roaring water-course, all associated with the life of St. William. Most of all is the church dedicated to his memory and founded by himself. It is a curious and interesting structure. Better than any written description of it is the picture we present, the lofty mountain and tall trees rising up behind conveying an idea of the physical features of the surrounding country. It is scenery such as would

form an excellent background to a group of bandits, and such as Salvator Rosa would have enjoyed. There are craggy heights lifting their heads to the sky, and precipices lost in unknown depths. There are strips of verdure here and there, and cheerful homes; and there are caves or grottoes, which superstition has filled with ghosts and tradition with the bones of murdered men: besides this there are impetuous torrents, chafing on their rocky boundaries and rushing over their rugged beds with a brawling voice; and to every place there is a legend, and in almost every legend St. William of the Desert plays a conspicuous part.

The wild grandeur of the district is singularly impressive; but there is no impropriety in calling it a desert. It is a wilderness of rock and waterfall, quite in keeping with the stories which are told of the dark deeds done in its mountain passes.

St. William was born in the ninth century. He was grandson of Charles Martel (the hammer), and was reared in a school of barbaric chivalry. From the force with which he hammered down the Saracens, he might have adopted his grandfather's surname, but, without the name, he carried on the work which his grandsire had so ably begun. He tore down the Saracen ensigns, trampled them under his feet, drove the Moslems before him like frightened sheep, destroyed their strongholds, defied their prowess, and conducted himself like a peerless paragon of chivalry. And, besides this, he built up churches, and endowed monasteries, and established peaceful colonies, and cultivated waste lands, and introduced just laws, and punished acts of depredation, so that, as a man of peace as well as a man of war, he was esteemed by the people, and his memory was fondly cherished when he lay sleeping his last sleep, under a stone in the chancel. He was canonised two hundred years after his death, and a monument, with an elaborate inscription, was erected in his honour.

Among the marvellous things related of St. William, is that of an extraordinary leap which he once made on horseback from the highest rock, right over the Herault, without suffering the slightest inconvenience. But the most remarkable story of all, and one which is related with extraordinary versatility, is that of Gellone the giant. If anybody doubts the existence of this formidable ogre, he is requested to observe the remains of his stronghold; he is led up towards the ruins of an old castle, called the Giant's Chamber; and, if the sight of that is not convincing, then the sceptic is unworthy to be told this chivalrous adventure of the great St. William.

A monster of iniquity was Gellone, the giant. Like Blanderion (whose veritable history is related in the "Seven Champions"), he might have had written over his castle,

"Let simple passengers take heed betime,
When up this mountain they intend to climb;"

but no such intimation being given, many and many a hapless traveller was killed and cooked to furnish forth the giant's table. He snapped up plump villagers and dainty children, and set fire to villages to warm his hands by the blaze. He entertained a relish for things atrocious, and was never so happy as when making other people miserable. Now, the giant Blanderion was attacked and overthrown by St. Anthony, of Italy, and St. William of the Desert undertook to do the same for the giant Gellone. How he accomplished his self-imposed task is variously related. According to one legend, he boldly marched up to the ogre's castle, summoned the monster to single combat, and so harassed and worried the man-mountain—after the fashion of St. Anthony of Italy—that he was at length completely exhausted, and at the mercy of his diminutive assailant, who straightway cut off his head and confiscated his property. Another authority informs us that, in the disguise of a pilgrim, St. William of the Desert asked hospitality of the giant; that his grim entertainer was particularly kind—meaning, possibly, to make of him for supper a nice little grill, and led his guest out on the rocky terrace to show him the prospect. The terrace overhung a deep precipice. The pilgrim was delighted. The giant was gratified at the pilgrim's delight. With extraordinary politeness he led him from spot to spot, so that he might catch the most picturesque aspect of the scene. The pilgrim was in raptures. Something attracted his attention below. What was that? The giant, without the smallest hesitation, looked over to observe what it was that had occasioned the inquiry. Availing himself of this excellent opportunity, St. William gave him one good thrust, and, with the howl of a wild beast, the giant fell into the gulf below.

This is the staple story of St. William of the Desert. There are many other legends more or less romantic and more or less fabulous; but true it is that

St. William of the Desert was a great man in his time; that he has left behind him a good name, and a church which excites the admiration of artist, antiquary, and tourist.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.

SHAKESPEARE.

When better thoughts of conscience born,
With sinners wake at morn;
When from our fevered couch we start,
With feeble pulse and sinking heart.

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

JEM bowed to the ladies, and nodded to Apple Blossom, who tried to hide from his view the blackened eye and bruised temple, which she knew he would ascribe to their true and terrible source. At another time Jem Goodman would have remarked the constraint of Apple Blossom's manner, her keeping one hand to her eye, and above all, her pallid, careworn, and dejected look; she, generally so merry, so hearty, and so full of interest in everything. But Jem Goodman himself was very pale, much preoccupied; his eyes were red with weeping, his voice faltered, and his hand shook.

He had been for two hours in Newgate with Ben Darrell. He had been trying to comfort a broken-hearted wretch, to kindle heavenly hope in a mind darkened by the murkiest despair.

If it is heart-rending to witness bodily agony without being able to relieve it, it is infinitely more so to behold the writhings of a conscience tortured by remorse.

It is a wonderful and mysterious thing, that conscience will sleep sound throughout a long and guilty life. It will seem that the guilty mind had kept no record of its deeds of evil, either great or small; and yet, if bodily disease, approaching death, or anything occurs to destroy the mental balance, and conscience wakes, there wakes with him a ghastly memory, by whose sepulchral lamp every detail and record of crime becomes distinctly legible to the trembling, shrinking sinner. All who have attended the guilty when under the influence of despair, or even dejection, must have remarked this. How these records have been kept, that are so fresh, so legible at the close of a long life of sin, it would puzzle science to explain; but so it is.

Jem Goodman listened to one detail after another. Every fault and sin of Ben Darrell's life was laid before him. A terrible and ever-haunting dread of the world beyond the grave overcame the wretched man.

Jem Goodman tried to prove to him that he could do nothing for himself; that there was but one name potent to save; that he must call on that name, and believe in it; and that, if he did so in penitence and faith, his soul would be saved alive.

Ben Darrell, however, was not in a state to listen to this excellent teaching.

He had always led a careless life. For some years he had been fond of liquor; for some months he had lived for, cared for nothing else.

He missed the poisonous stimulants to which he had accustomed his brain. A terrible reaction of unutterable depression followed upon his enforced abstinence.

Two thoughts haunted him night and day: the one, a passionate desire to destroy himself; the other, an agonising and vain longing for the wife he had so long ill-used, slighted—so savagely destroyed, and now so loved and so bewailed.

Jem Goodman helped him to obtain the assistance of counsel: but Natt Stone had secured the most eminent advocates in such cases. They were retained by him with utter recklessness of expense, on the side of revenge, and not justice.

Jem Goodman could not rally, though he tried to do so. Even the account of Larky Grigg's night at the station-house, which, at any other time, would have interested him so intensely, fell flat on a pre-occupied attention.

He declined Apple Blossom's offer to make him, what the poor consider an universal panacea, "a good hot cup o' tea."

There was something to be suggested by him to Ben Darrell's counsel, and he was only waiting the appointed time for an interview with him.

Jem brightened up a little, however, when Ellen St. Ange expressed a wish to go over Newgate, a

desire she had long felt, and to take the opportunity of speaking to the unfortunate Ben Darrell.

"Perhaps," she said, "it might be given to me to say something to comfort him; at any rate, I have often found, in visiting sick labourers on my father's estate, that those who were impatient with the clergyman and the squire, have been very gentle, docile, and even thankful, when I have tried to comfort them. There is an innate chivalry of feeling, an instinct courtesy, an untaught politeness in all Britons, whether the sons of the soil and the loom, or its lords and masters, that makes me think Ben Darrell would, perhaps, be more teachable with Ada and me than with even Mr. Goodman."

"I am sure I could rouse him to a full sense of his heinous sins, and his perilous situation, both of mind and body," said Mrs. Golightly.

"He does not require rousing, madam," replied Jem Goodman. "It was with a view to soothing and softening his poor, guilty mind into somewhat of a mood to receive the word, that I thought Miss Ellen's offer so opportune, like."

"I shall have nothing to do with soothing that savage wife-killer," said Mrs. Golightly. "For every sigh he caused his murdered wife, I hope he will have to pay with a howl or a groan. I have no pity for such miscreants."

"Not when they repent, dear friend?" said Ellen.

"They never do repent," replied Mrs. Golightly. "If that villain were acquitted to-morrow, he'd drink again, marry again, and in all probability be in Newgate again for killing his second wife."

"Ah," said Jem, "it's generally believed that when he leaves Newgate, ma'am, it'll be for the scaffold!"

"Do you think he will be found guilty?" asked Ellen; "guilty of murder?"

"I do, miss; and so does he."

"Then I will go and see him!" exclaimed Ellen, clasping her hands, and growing very pale. "Ada, you will come with me? and you, too, dear old friend? I will get papa to write to the Lord Mayor, or one of the Sheriffs, for permission to see the prisoner and go over the prison. But you must come with us, dear old friend, and I am sure when you see the poor distracted, tortured wretch, you will help us to save his soul, if nothing can be done to save his body. And perhaps, when we talk to him of the Saviour, who died a more cruel death than that which threatens him, solely to save sinners, he may shed those tears that soften the soil of the heart (the long hardened heart of unbelief), and they may fit it to receive the good seed. You must go with us, Mr. Goodman," said Ellen.

"Oh, pray do," said Ada.

"I am a M'Gregor," cried Mrs. Golightly, "and therefore I need not assure you that I am no coward; but I certainly shall not trust myself and you young ladies in a place full of acknowledged felons and murderers, unless Mr. Goodman gives us his protection. There are very few men to whom I would trust myself at all, and certainly the inmates of Newgate are not among the number."

"I shall be proud and happy to attend you, ladies," said Jem, "but you need be under no fear, noways. The governor's a noble gentleman. I'm sure, to look at him he might be a prince. He's as firm as a rock, and yet as mild as mother's milk—kind he is, too, to all the prisoners as kind as koinde. He'll most like show you over Newgate himself, and both from fear and love they'll mind their manners if he do, for they're fit to wuship him. They knows he's measter there, but they knows, too, he's a kind and pitying one."

"I shall take the opportunity of asking him some questions that bear upon an argument in my pamphlet," said Mrs. Golightly; "and if I find he has any taste for literature, perhaps I may read him the opening. I hope it will not have the soporific effect on him it has had on those it was meant to benefit—I trust it won't send him to sleep."

"They say," replied Jem, "he's always wide awake, ma'am—leastways, that he always sleeps with one eye open."

"I wish you to hear the introduction to my 'Rights and Wrongs of Woman,' Mr. Goodman," said Mrs. Golightly, taking out the terrible MS.

"It must be another time, ma'am," said Jem, "thanking you, kindly, all the same; but my time's up. I'm going straight to Mr. Quibble's chambers; but, whenever you wish to visit Newgate, and poor, miserable Ben Darrell, I'm at your service, ladies." So saying, and bowing to Mrs. Golightly, Ada, and Ellen, and nodding kindly to Apple Blossom, Jem Goodman hurried away.

"Where is Hope?" Mrs. Golightly said "I wanted to see her. If she's not spoilt, she'll be worth something."

"She's kin to an angel, she is," said Apple Blossom. "She's a downright blessing in the house, ma'am; and I don't think nothink can spoil her."

Just at this moment, as if in confirmation of Apple Blossom's praise, in hobbled Lame Luke. He had a white paper parcel in his hand, and in spite of his roughness and dirt the parcel was unsoiled and uncrumpled: he had carried it so carefully, poor fellow! He laid it gently down on the table, and seeing Apple Blossom had visitors, ladies, too, he turned very red, and made a low, hurried, sailor's bow; and, in return for the amiable smiles and nods of Ada and Ellen, was about to explain his object in calling, and to invite Apple Blossom to open the parcel, but at this moment Mrs. Golightly rose, and seeing an end of pink ribbon peeping out of the white paper, and being herself rather a meddler and a pry, she said—

"What vain trappings are these, woman? What are the contents of that parcel, and what is your business here, fellow? Pah! you smell of beer and smoke. Are you fit to come into our presence? I believe you are drunk, sirrah."

"No, I bea'n't," said Luke, turning his quid in his mouth. "I be as sober as ever you be, old lady, splice my timbers if I bea'n't; and I haven't taken any greater fancy to your figgur-head than you has to mine. There's no love lost atween us."

Mrs. Golightly stalked slowly up to him.

Lame Luke could have stood a broadside aboard ship with all hands piped, as he himself said, better than the menacing glare of those blazing, spectacled eyes. He suddenly, as he told Larky Grigg, resolved to weigh anchor, slip cable, hoist his ensign, and set off full sail, for he felt the rocks were ahead and the breakers were near.

In other words, Lame Luke hobbled off as fast as he could. Mrs. Golightly, snuffing the air, which certainly was redolent of the "baccy" he was chewing, exclaimed, "Who's that low, drunken fellow, Apple Blossom? No wonder Bob is such a cast-away if you make such a wretched sot as that welcome here."

"He very seldom comes, ma'am," said Apple Blossom. "He ain't no chum of my Bob's."

"What rubbish is that he's brought you?—a present from his low, drunken, pestiferous self, I suppose."

"O lor! no, mem. He ain't one to make no presents. All he has he spends on hisself. I think it's the children have got him to bring me somehut from the ragged school. He's unkinmon fond of the children—Larky Grigg especial; and they doats on him; and Larky hopes to get him to the school."

"A promising pupil, certainly!" said Mrs. Golightly.

"Mr. Stephen have made good scollards, and, better still, good Christians, ma'am, of worse nor he. He'd be roight glad to take Lame Luke in hand, he would. He've got his eye upon him. He will have him in one of the adult classes. Lor, ma'am! his be that true charity St. Paul speaks o', and which you told me to get by heart: the charity that hopeth all things, believeth all things, and is not puffed up."

"No one has a higher opinion than I have of Mr. Stephen," said Mrs. Golightly; "and I believe the admiration is mutual. I have a great mind to send him the opening chapters of my pamphlet, Ellen. He would appreciate them. But, now, I insist on knowing what finery that drunken, reprobate old sailor has dared to bring hither."

Apple Blossom opened the parcel. It contained a very pretty cap of fine crochet, trimmed with pink ribbon.

In Larky's round hand was written, "For their dear mammy, from her dutiful and loving children,

"LARKY GRIGG,

"MERRY BLOSSOM,

"HOPE EVERMORE."

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

"Those that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

"Dearest Mammy,—We all saw you were in trouble, but we did not like to take notice. We hope what we send will comfort you up. Hope has done the crochet, Larky bought the ribbon, and Merry the cotton. So no more at present from your loving and dutiful children,

"GREGORY BLOSSOM,

"MERRY BLOSSOM,

"HOPE EVERMORE."

"Green Fields Ragged School, March 15th, 18—."

This was written carefully on lines, and evidently with the help and under the guidance of a teacher. Ellen and Ada blushed deeply: perhaps they were in the secret.

Apple Blossom was deeply affected; tears poured down her cheeks as she said, "Bless them! they saw I wor well nigh broken-hearted, and not one of 'em

ever axed me what I wor frettin' about. Ain't they Christian children? Don't they spake up for ragged school? Bless 'em, bless 'em! And God will bless 'em. And it's Hope—that little angel, Hope—as always puts those thoughts into their heads, and those feelings into their hearts. I didn't ought to be so downcast about Bob, when I've got such comfort in the bairns. I know what I'll do; I'll put that cap by; and I'll never put it on till the blessed day that my Bob takes the pledge."

"Then, my good woman, I fear you'll never wear it," said Mrs. Golightly; "and no great matter, pink ribbons are ill-suited to your station; and I wonder that Hope, who of course is at the bottom of this, showed such a vain, gaudy taste."

"O ma'am, Merry's had a voice in it, I'm sure. But lor, 'tain't too foine for the holiday I'll keep it for. How it have cheered me up, to be sure. I feel a'most certain he'll take the pledge and give up the ruinous drink, and I'll wear the cap yet."

"The cap and bells, you ought to wear," said Mrs. Golightly; "but there's no arguing with fools. However, I've no more time to waste now."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Had she a father? Had she a mother?
Had she a sister? Had she a brother?
Yet was there a nearer one
Or, and a dearer one,
Still than all other?—HOOD.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY took out her large gold repeater. "Nor have I any time to read any more just now," she added, "for I have an appointment with a publisher in Queen-street, relative to my pamphlet. I will call for you on my return. I mean to walk for the sake of the exercise, and were I to suit my pace to yours, young ladies, I should be late; and the man who does not see how important to society is a work like mine, will not await me with smiles, as he would if this MS. were that of some frivolous novel of fashionable life, or some highly-coloured story of illicit love."

So saying, Mrs. Golightly stalked out of the house, and strode away in the direction of Queen-street.

"Lor, what a grand-spoken, bookish lady she is, to be sure," said Apple Blossom. "I did drop off to sleep, I'm ashamed to say it, but I wor up all night, and wor quite overtired, like. But lor, them foine, grand, long words, they're a world too foine to be any 'quaintances of mine. There warn't half a dozen of 'em as I ever heerd before. Some of 'em seemed to me first cousins to Latin and Greek, they sounds so grand. Lor, that will be a foine book; none but fust-rate scollards can make head or tail of it. Please, miss, what's it all about?"

"Well, I hardly know," said Ada; "for I, too, dropped asleep. But just now I want to talk of something else; I want to know all about Hope Evermore. Where is she now?"

"She's taken Ness and baby Ben to school, miss: thanks to you for the kind help that pays what little their keep costs;—we'll see what their Uncle Stone 'll do for them. She's as good as any growed-up daughter to me."

"You knew her mother, did you not?" asked Ada.

"Oh yes, miss, we wor in trouble together: we both laid in at Queen Charlotte's Hospital; and, as we both wor very bad, and had crule bad times, we got quite friendly together. Trouble seems somehow to soften the heart, miss, and put people on a level, as it were. Else she, poor dear, wor a lady bred and born."

"No one could see her and hear her speak, and not feel sure o' that, and it wor pitiful (that it wor) to see her a-lying so patient, for all the world like one of we poor bodies, in that narrow, humble bed; her head as low as our'n, her fine noble face on the coarse pillow, and her delicate, white hand, just like that of a marble statue, on the common coloured quilt of that poor bed."

"And then her patience, her thankfulness: never finding no fault, saying how clean, and nice, and quiet it wor there, and how thankful we poor creatures ought to be—evening herself to us. But all as come anigh her felt she warn't one of us; the very doctor, and matron, and everybody called her 'ma'am,' and spoke to her, whether they would or no, as if she'd been a lady in her own grand house, not a poor ooman lying-in in a hospital. It was pitiful to see the likes of she, with her name over the little rack above her bed—

'CONSTANTIA EVERMORE.'

"When she was lifted out, I saw her large, beautiful eyes looking at it through her tears; and then she smiled and said it reminded her of the zoological gardens, where every forrin baste's name wor stuck up over his den. And the doctor,

who come in just then, and heerd her, and wor very pleasant, and seemed much taken with her, said, that, in the case of she, it wor more like a ticket to tell the name of some beautiful forrin flower; and she blushed, poor dear lady, and sighed; and I heerd her say, 'Beauty, what's it worth? it may win love, but it can't keep it.'

"Did the lady tell you anything of her history?" asked Ada.

"Not much, miss; but she did say enough for me to see that she'd married for love, and been forsok: for a poor gal died while we wor there, one as had a child, and no husband to take a pride in it, and she said to me, 'Well, Apple Blossom,' she loved to call me by what she said wor a very sweet name, and reminded her of spring, and the country, and happy days; so says she, 'Well, Apple Blossom, however bad one's lot, there's always some one worse off. I can bear want and pain, but the sense of guilt and shame I couldn't bear.'

"So I made so bold as asked, 'Is you a widder, ma'am?' 'Not that I knows for,' says she; 'but it's harder still to have a husband and no husband, and to bring a child into the world that, without being made an orphan by the will of God, is one through the cruelty and inconstancy of man; and then, with many tears, she told me she knew she should never leave that house alive, and made me promise—if she died, and I could get leave—that I'd take her baby. 'That'll live,' she said, 'I feels it'll live, and I fancies it'll be a girl; and if it is,' said she, 'promise to be a mother to it, and bring it up in humble life and honest poverty. I wish—if she grows up ever so ladylike and beautiful—I wish she may never be noticed by no gay gentleman or man of fashion.' And she busted out cryin', and said, 'Oh, Apple Blossom! those gay, thoughtless men—they don't know the value of a heart; they don't want a wife—she's only in their way. They may, when they're in debt, be glad to marry some grand, rich lady, to pay their bills, and keep 'em in luxuries; but woe to the poor gal that thinks, because a gay man of fashion loves her, and insists on making her his wife, when he can't get her any other way, that her love will make him steady, or suffice for his happiness.' All this time, miss, she could hardly speak for sobbing. I begged her not to take on so—she'd do herself a mischief, maybe, and feel the effects of it arter, when the blessed babe was born."

"There won't be no 'arter' for me in this world, Apple Blossom," said she. 'I've suffered too much, but I forgive it all, I forgive them, I forgive him; only if you has, as I hope you will, the charge of my girl' (worn't it curious that she know'd it would be a gal); 'bring her up as your own, make her a good hard-working Christian like yourself; let her marry some working man that loves his God and his bible, and wants a wife and knows how to value a good one, and will be proud of her, and kind to her, and faithful to her; but keep her from any gay, fashionable man, young or old, as you would from a beast of prey.'

"I promised all she wished, and begged her to be quiet. She closed her eyes for a bit, and then she sat up in bed and asked me—

"Have you a son, my good, kind Apple Blossom?"

"In course I has," says I, 'my Grigg—Gregory's his name. He worn't called Larky then, he worn't breeched even, but he wor a fine truth-telling, quick little fellow, and so I tould the poor lady, as says, 'Then I see it all afore me. You'll be a mother to my babe, and it'll be a gal. Let it be called Hope. My mother's name wor Hope. And you'll bring her up, and they'll be as brother and sister till such time as their hearts speaks; and your son must be a good, feeling, hardworking man, and if he is, and he loves the poor orphan gal, I wish her no better lot than to be an honest Christian working man's wife. But never let her know her father was a gentleman till she's grown up, not then, unless she's a steady, good, pious gal; and never let a gay or fashionable man come near her.' By this time her poor thin face wor flushed, and her eyes shining like stars. I tried to make her lie down, and keep quiet; 'twor no use. She said she knew she should never see another sun, and she was prepared and glad to die; and she gave me a curious old-fashioned box, locked, and a letter with the key in it, and made me promise, when she was no more, to give it as directed, and she wouldn't rest till I'd put it under my pillow, and the letter in my box, and the direction wor 'Mr. James Goodman, Stamford-street, Blackfriars,' and I believe he knows a sight about the poor lady; but I never dared ask him no questions to spake of. And then she insisted on my accepting of her shawl and many other things—and just then she was took bad, and soon after I wor took bad too. We'd both dreadful times, miss. It was long before I know'd anything that was going on."

"When I came to myself, I saw that my poor babe was dead and the sweet lady, hers was alive, just as she had foretold, but she was a corpse; and the kind matron let me suckle Hopy; and when I got well I applied for the nursing of her and got it, and a blessing she's ever been to me—and that's all I know, miss; but Jem Goodman knows more, only he's as close as wax about it; but the Trudges, where she lodged, poor lady, afore Jem Goodman got her into Queen Charlotte's Lying-in-Hospital, they knows a deal about her; and they've got picters she draw'd—so nat'ral—and books, and a watch she sold 'em for board and lodging."

"And who are the Trudges?" asked Ada.
"A very honest couple, miss; and a very happy one now, for Tim Trudge has taken the pledge; and so he's a good husband and father, and is laying by money; but, before Jem Goodman got him to sign, he used to beat his wife and children, and drink up all he earned. There was an execution for rent in the house, and Jem lent Tim the money to get the bailiffs out; and Tim wor so thankful he signed the pledge that very day, and he's never broke it, and never won't. Oh, they're such a happy pair now, and such good, prosperous children they have—all earning somehut; and it's such a pleasant, Christian home," and Apple Blossom sighed. "That's the effect of the pledge, miss."

"And where do they live? Do you think they would tell me all they remember of Hope's mother?" asked Ada.

"Oh, yes, miss. They've moved from where she was with them, up to Pimlico; and all their little ones goes to a ragged school, which for its size is as good as our'n. It's in Duck-lane, Pye-street, Westminster, miss. I knows the young person that's teacher there—such a clever, good, pious, young creature. If you goes to Pimlico to see Milly Trudge, I hope you'll go and look in at that ragged school, miss; it'll do your heart good to see the little, clean, happy faces, that would be so dirty, sickly, and wicked, but for that school."

"I shall be delighted to visit it," said Ada. "But where shall I find Milly Trudge?"

"In Little Ebury-street, miss, number —. Two neat parlours she've got, and a pleasant, honest creetur' you'll find her; and always ready to talk of the poor lady, who lodged with her both before and a'ter she wor married. She's very kind to Hope, for her poor mammy's sake, and often makes her a cake, and gives her a frock or a bonnet, or a pair of shoes. She's offered more nor onst, now Tim's taken the pledge, and they're thrivin' in consequence, to take Hope off our hands. But it 'ud break our hearts to part with Hope. And as to Larky, it seem a'most as if all the poor lady's words wor to come true, miss; for he calls her his little woife, and she looks a'ter him, and mends his things, and lectures him, and tries to keep him steady, just like a wife. And I'm sure they doat on each other, they does. There ain't no love lost between them two."

"And Merry," asked Ellen, "does she love Hope?"

"Don't she just, miss?" replied Apple Blossom. "I wor a going to say they're like sisters; but 'tain't that exactly. Hope, tho' she's three years younger than Merry, is like a mother to that wild, gathless, dear little wench of mine. And Merry minds her, too. If it wor a good deed in us, as Jem Goodman says it wor, to take charge of Hope, I'm sure it's brought a blessing with it. She's our greatest comfort; we'd be lost without her."

"Have you any idea what her father was?" asked Ada.

"Well, miss," said Apple Blossom, "the Trudges knows more nor I do. But I thinks Mr. Evermore were a lawyer of some kind. Out o' the Temple, I think he come. One o' they as hides green heads under gray wigs. A handsome, dressy, gay, drinking sort of a swell I heer'd he wor. And, I believe, the marriage wor private, and kept from his friends; and that he got tired of his poor wife and went abroad. I'm sure he must have used her cruel, from the way she spoke of gay men, and her dread that the gal she was so sure her child would be, should ever fall into the power of one o' those grand, gay swells."

Just at this moment Mrs. Golightly returned; they saw her stride past the small windows. Her tall form reached the top of the sash.

She came in flushed, her eyes flashing, looking much excited, and with the MS. in her hand.

"Come, young ladies," she said; "your respective papas will be expecting you."

"What is the matter, dear friend?" asked Ellen. "You look agitated and vexed."

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Golightly, "I am very wrong to let such trifles upset me; but since I left you I have seen some half-dozen publishers. They all refuse to publish my pamphlet, even on half profits."

"Half profits," said Ellen. "I thought you meant to sell the copyright of the first edition outright."

"So I did, my dear; but there must be two parties to a bargain—buyer and seller. Now, I was willing to sell, but those unenterprising fools are not willing to buy."

"Then you will publish it on half profits with one of them, I suppose," said Ellen.

"There's not one of them has energy, taste, or wisdom to see that he might make a fortune by printing it on those terms. I read Sneer and Jeer a few sentences, and I was quite willing to go through the opening chapters; but the chuckling, giggling noodles rudely stopped me by assuring me they had heard enough to convince them that no good could accrue to them or me from the publication. So I snatched up the MS. and rushed out of the shop. Had I stayed I must have struck them—it is so provoking to see people so blind to their own interests."

"And what will you do, dear friend?" asked Ellen. "Will all your trouble be lost?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed, very bitterly, Mrs. Golightly. "I should have thought you, Ellen, knew me better. Why, rather than not publish that pamphlet, I'd end my days in the Queen's Bench. Opposition only rouses me. Dr. Johnson says, 'Industry is never wholly lost.' He might have added, 'Genius is sure to find its own way to fame.' I know those fellows, Jeer and Sneer, of Queen-street, Undersale and Overcharge, Whim and Wail, Bluster, and even Wasp and Nettle—on all of whom I have called—don't like the tone and object of my pamphlet. The emancipation of woman is to the Englishman what that of the slave is to the American. But, mark my words, my pamphlet comes out this day month. I'll have it placarded in letters a foot long wherever a placard can be stuck. Every omnibus shall carry with its burthen of our base oppressors hurrying from their crushed, terrified, and stay-at-home wives to the City, there to idle and flirt under the excuse and plea of business, those electric words, 'The Rights and Wrongs of Woman.' Men shall carry the announcement about the crowded streets, slung round their backs and breasts, as they do that of some idle show — 'Tom Thumb,' 'The Bearded Woman,' or 'Madame Tussaud's.' I shall not rest till it is out. I'll make all those fellows—those publishers—when they hear the noise it makes, ready to hang themselves for having refused to publish it."

So saying, and nodding to Apple Blossom, Mrs. Golightly strode away, followed by Ada and Ellen, who took a kind leave of their poor, suffering protégée, Ellen forcing upon her a sum wrapped up in paper, and telling her, if she did not want it herself, to distribute it among those who did, or spend it on her little adopted darling, Hope, and the orphans, Nessy and blue-eyed Ben, the baby.

(To be continued.)

A HOME FOR ALL.

The king unto his palace proud
Returneth from the throne,—
The noble to his castle hoar,
The peasant to his cottage door,
The monk to cloister lone.

The soldier hasteth to his camp,
The sailor dares the deeps,
The traveller spreads his tent at night
That flecks the forest-green with white,
And 'neath its shelter sleeps.

The Greenland hunter scoops a cell
Beneath incumbent snows,
The son of Afric to his kraal,
The Indian to his wigwam frail
With cane-like roof-tree goes.

The eagle knows his eyried cliff,
The lion loves his lair,
The beaver builds his lodge of rest,
Foxes have holes, and birds their nest.—
Where dwell the houseless?—Where?

There is a mansion free to all,
Whence none are turned away,
Even those who ne'er had home before,
Are welcome through its unlock'd door
To enter in, and stay.

No fee of gold the lodgers pay,
In that sepulchral bower;
But "dust to dust" on forehead white
Doth give each applicant the right
Of mastership and power.

No gorgeous robes the inmates wear,
No paintings deck the wall,
It bath no revelry by night,
No casement fair with taper'd light,
No downy couch, or hearth-stone bright,
Yet,—'tis the home for all.

INVINCIBLE fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decay of it invisible.—*Talfer.*

ANECDOTES OF RACHEL.

SINCE the death of the great *tragédienne* the Parisian journals have been filled with reminiscences of various parts of her career, and anecdotes characteristic of her who so long delighted the French people.

Her parents, as is known, were poor Jews. The mother kept a second-hand clothing stall in Paris, and the two sisters, Eliza Rachel and Rebecca, contributed their share to the family commissariat by singing in the streets, when M. Choron, an old gentleman, formerly director of the Opera, but then teacher of singing and declamation, was induced to give the girls instructions in singing. After being there some time the parents desired again to make them useful. Choron writes his opinion of the merits of the two children: "Eliza (Rachel) will require a little more time, for she has a worse memory and works less than her sister, who is considerably more thoughtful, and understands with greater facility."

Her genius for tragedy being discovered, she was sent to a school of declamation, and having, at a trial declamation, elicited the approval of some of the first critics, she was placed for farther instruction under Samson, the celebrated professor. It is stated that only with the greatest difficulty could she be induced to give up her predilection for comedy—another instance of the errors in self-judgment true genius sometimes falls into.

At length came an engagement at the Gymnase.

"That name, Eliza, will not suit the bill at all," said the director to her, when the arrangement was made. "Have you no other?"

"My name is Elizabeth Rachel."

"Come, that is better! Rachel is a name which will be remembered, and which is not borne by everybody. Call yourself in future Rachel. The selection of a name is of more consequence than you may imagine."

So she came to be Rachel. She made her *début* on the 25th of April, 1837, in a poor play, "La Vendéenne," written expressly for her. But few of the critics recognised her marvellous power. Jules Janin was the only one who hailed in proper terms the rising star. He takes to himself the credit of being the Rachel discoverer. Her success, however, was rapid. It may be estimated by her income. She began with a salary of 3,000 francs per year. The next year the authorities of the theatre to which she was then attached voluntarily raised her stipend from 4,000 to 20,000 francs; and, finally, when acting independently, her income was estimated at 400,000 francs per annum.

Mademoiselle Mars appears to have been one of the first to recognise her great genius. One who with her witnessed Rachel's *début*, says:—

"When Camille appeared on the stage Mademoiselle Mars followed her attentively; then, turning to me, she said, with a half nod and a sigh of hearty satisfaction, 'She walks well!' Those who are acquainted with the theatre, well know what praise was contained in these simple words, especially from the lips of Mars."

Among the letters of Mademoiselle Rachel which are now seeing the light, is this one to a well-known Hebrew banker:—

"MONSIEUR—My friend M. asserts that I need only write *one word* to you to obtain for him fifty shares in the Austrian railways. If you will be kind enough to add fifty more for each extra word, the surplus will be for your ever devoted RACHEL."

There was in her character a curious mixture of genuine liberality and benevolence, and Israelitish meanness. A young author, very poor, had completed a three-act comedy in verse. He presented it to the Théâtre Français, and it was rejected. The poet was in despair, when Rachel took him on one side. "I know an Englishman who has a mania for unpublished MSS.," she said to him; "will you let him have yours for 1,000 francs?" The poet gladly consented; the actress gave him the money and kept him to dinner. A week later the MS. was magnificently bound and placed in her private library.

On one occasion she had to write a letter of thanks to the Home Minister, M. Baroche. Before sending it, she showed it to Arsene Houssaye, who advised her to recopy it, and correct some orthographical errors. "Oh, bah!" she replied, "let them stand. Thus my letter will appear all the more sincere."

Rachel was superstitious, and had an especial horror of dining thirteen at table. She herself told of such a dinner on occasion of the success of Victor Hugo's "Angelo." "What has become of the thirteen?" she asked. "Hugo and his wife at Jersey; Girardin and his wife—she is dead; Pradier is gone; Alfred de Musset, gone; Gérard de Nerval, a suicide; Count D'Orsay, dead; my sister Rebecca, dead. I alone survive." And now she, too, is gone.



CROESUS AND HIS SON.

PICTURES FROM HISTORY.

CROESUS AND HIS SON.

WHEN we speak of a man whose efforts to amass wealth have been crowned with more than the average amount of success, we are accustomed to say, "He is as rich as Croesus." When Paterfamilias, that long-suffering individual, is, at length, driven to remonstrate, under the injury of an unusual number of dressmakers' and milliners' bills, debts contracted by the ladies of his family (who nevertheless have *nothing to wear*), he indignantly declares that he ought to be "as rich as Croesus" to discharge such exorbitant claims; and Widow Weltum, who keeps the weekly school, at which little boys learn to read and write a little, and to suck slate-pencil a good deal, sarcastically inquires of such pupils as are late with their hebdomadal pence, whether their parents supposed that she, Widow Weltum, is "as rich as Croesus" (Croesus she pronounces it), "to be kept waiting for her money in that manner?" The saying has grown into a proverb, and a familiar one. Without disrespect to our readers, we may take it for granted that many of them have both heard and used the expression without any very definite idea as to its application.

Be it known unto all such, that Croesus was a king of Lydia, famous for his wealth and magnificence. Lydia is one of the small kingdoms into which, in old times, Asia Minor was divided. Nearly six hundred years before the birth of our Saviour did this Croesus live, and yet the fame of his wealth has kept his name from oblivion during twenty-five centuries. He must, indeed, have been a very rich king, as kings went then; but a little margin must be allowed in reading the description left us of his wealth by Herodotus, the father of history, who was fond of dealing in the marvellous. Strabo tells us of certain gold mines belonging to Croesus, who appears to have obtained the bulk of his wealth from these "diggings." The celebrated river Pactolus, of the golden sands, likewise flowed through his dominions, and gold-washing is proverbially a lucrative occupation.

Croesus, like many other rich people, became a little ostentatious, and was fond of exhibiting his riches and splendour to the admiring gaze of strangers. When Solon, one of the seven sages of Greece, came to visit him, the king displayed all his magnificence to dazzle the eyes of the philosopher, and got considerably snubbed for his pains—Solon evidently regarding the wealth of Croesus as a matter of very

little moment. So caustic and severe were the remarks of the sage on this occasion, that Æsop, the fabulist, who was staying at the court of Croesus—resting himself, perhaps, after his fatiguing search for "a man"—took the visitor to task, observing, "Solon, we should either not come near princes, or speak such things as are agreeable to them." "Say, rather," replied the imperturbable Solon, "we should either not come near them, or speak such things as are good for them." Whereupon the fabulist, having for once found his man, was silent.

But Croesus would not listen to Solon's counsels, and allowed the sage to depart in disgrace. He soon found, to his cost, that there was one thing stronger even than gold, and that this strong material was cold iron. In an evil hour he engaged in a war with the Persians, and the great conqueror Cyrus was soon marching against him; and the Lydians had no chance against the discipline and valour of the troops of the Medes and Persians. Sardis, the capital, was threatened, besieged, and taken by stratagem; and then it was that the incident occurred which forms the subject of our illustration.

The victorious invaders were fighting their way along the walls of the citadel. The best and bravest of the Lydian defenders had already fallen, and Croesus himself was disputing the ground of his capital with the conquerors, foot by foot, and inch by inch. He was fighting a little in advance of his troops, being the last in the retreat, as became a king. Closely pressed by the foe, his foot suddenly slipped, and a Persian soldier swung his blood-stained sword, with a shout of triumph, over the head of the prostrate monarch. Another moment, and the career of Croesus would have terminated in a soldier's death.

But loving eyes had been watching the king, and beamed on him with the light of mingled affection and terror, as he lay prostrate on the ground, and the trooper's sword waved above him. The only surviving son of Croesus, a young man dumb from his birth, had taken part in the perils and reverses of the siege, and was fighting within a few yards of him when he fell. Horror and affright at his father's desperate position, and an intense desire to render him aid, took possession of the youth's soul. With desperate bounds he rushed forward to prevent what seemed, alas, inevitable; and, straining his throat almost to bursting with a mighty effort to articulate, "the strings of his tongue," to use the impressive language of scripture, "were loosened, and he spake plainly." "Soldier!" shouted the dumb man, "spare him! It is Croesus—it is the king!"

The evening of that day saw Croesus a prisoner in

the hands of Cyrus; his boasted wealth the conqueror's spoil; his army dead around him. But he had learned that there were greater treasures than piles of silver and heaps of gold; a greater treasure in the iron energy and the strong arm that could win an empire and hold it, when won; and greater, infinitely greater treasure in the love that could conquer a terrible affliction upon which the skill of the cunning physicians of Lydia had been employed for years in vain.

Reader, if you have a loving parent, wife, or child, you may justly say you are as rich as Croesus; for you have the treasure which the Lydian monarch learned to prize, when it remained to him after his stores of gold and silver had fallen into the conqueror's hands. Prize it, wealthy reader; and never, never give away the most enduring treasure earth can give—even love that conquers all things.

THREE WEEKS WITH THE STOCK-BROKERS.

My friend Miles Plenderleath had often told me to try my luck. He said that young hands always won—that there was a Providence which watched over them, as there is in the case of poor Jack and drunken men. He added that I had only to follow his advice, and I would infallibly double my money in thirty days. As to Agua Frias, he said it was plain that they were going up; it was equally certain that West Mariposas were going down; which would I do—buy Agua Frias or sell West Mariposas?

I said I would rather buy Agua Frias—fancying, from his allusion to selling West Mariposas that he took for granted that I owned some, and not liking to confess that I didn't.

So I gave him £200, just what I realised from my share of Uncle Jotham's estate, and he, the day after, handed me a paper to the effect that Messrs. Bull, Bear, and Co., brokers, had purchased per my order, and for my account, one hundred Agua Frias at eighty odd. I didn't sleep much that night. I snoozed on going to bed, and woke up dreaming that the Agua Frias had been sold by the sheriff for taxes. Then I began to fancy that, as I owned, prospectively, a hundred shares of Agua Frias, I might be elected a director, and I knew that Messrs. Tallow, Grease, and Co., my employers, would never stand that. At times I reflected on the possible decline in the value of the stock, and I saw my £200 melting away at the rate of £20 a day, until all was gone, and Bull, Bear, and Co., were after me, furiously

demanding more margin. This vision recurred so frequently, that toward morning I made up my mind to close the transaction and get back the money I had deposited. I fell asleep on this resolution.

Before I was dressed next morning, Miles was in my room.

"Doing pretty well, old boy!" said he, joyously. "Agua Frias went up a quarter last evening."

"The deuce they did!" I answered, rapidly figuring up my profits at the advance.

"Yes, sir! and they're bound to go to ninety. Mark my word!"

"Do you think so?"

I decided, on the whole, that I would not sell out as yet. I went to the shop, and read all the money articles. Flam was a fool, evidently—he sneered at Agua Frias; but Blam was great, and Cram was eloquent, positively sublime. I cannot say that I was as attentive to my duties as bookkeeper of Messrs. Tallow, Grease, and Co., as I ought to have been. I did my work mechanically and carelessly.

That day Agua Frias went up one per cent. Next morning I began to feel excited. My profits were £20, one month's salary. I went to the office as usual, but I could scarcely endure the drudgery. The idea of working hard and figuring round for £6, at Messrs. Tallow, Grease, and Co., as their clerks were in the habit of doing, seemed to me the acme of meanness when a hundred could so easily be made.

In the course of the next ten days Agua Frias rose four, five, six, and eight, consecutively. I had nearly doubled my money. Miles was, after all, a true friend, and a sagacious operator. I could, at any time I chose to realise, make in the fortnight nearly as much as my whole salary for a year. Needless to add that I paid very little attention to my duties. Several accounts which ought to have been posted were left over for several days; one, a matter of some consequence, a purchase of candle-wicks for the Society for the Enlightenment of the Andaman Islanders, I actually lost. It was subsequently found under Flam's money article. Old Tallow was snappish, and hinted that whatever happened to me, the books of the house must be properly kept. Young Grease took me aside, in his kind, friendly way, and said—

"Mr. Flat" (that's my name), "I see how it is. You must be aware that we perceive you have not been as careful of your business as usual of late. I can see at a glance that there's a lady in the case. Now, my dear boy, take my advice, and hurry it up. You're ruining yourself for business by hanging off and on. Get married at once, and we'll do the right thing about salary."

I looked very sternly at Mr. Grease, and thanked him, saying that he was mistaken; that I did not contemplate matrimony at present; and that so long as I remained in it, my situation appeared to me to be suitably salaried.

He replied, "Oh! if that is the case, very well." And I, knowing that I had made twice as much as he had within the month, felt rather exultant at having put him down.

Next day a clerk of Messrs. Bull, Bear, and Co. invited me to the office of these eminent brokers. Old Mr. Bull, a fat old gentleman, with a sleek head, received me in a very friendly manner, and observed that the stock which I had purchased through them had risen considerably since my purchase; that I could now sell out and make £200 profit; that he thought that was a great deal of money; that he understood that I was a bookkeeper in a grocery-establishment, and without venturing to give me advice, he would rather, if I chose to speculate in stocks, that I did it through some other house than theirs.

The old man spent a long while in making this speech, and took considerable pains to soften down those parts which reflected on my act; but I felt what he said none the less, and I answered promptly—

"Mr. Bull, when I want advice I will ask for it. I will close the operation you mention—(you see, I wanted him to fancy that this was only one of my operations, and a small one too)—not because you advise it, or because I think it expedient in a business point of view, but simply because I do not wish to have further dealings with your house."

Old Mr. Bull looked mightily subdued. He made a few remarks about the inevitable ruin of young men who speculate in stocks, and almost beseeched of me to stick to my employment; but I was in no humour to listen to counsel; I demanded my check rudely, got it, and left.

I had, as Miles had prophesied, doubled my money in a little over a fortnight. We dined together that evening (I paid for the dinner), and when I heard Miles talk about stocks, I could not explain to myself why he was not as rich as George Hudson, he appeared

to know so much more than any one else. When I asked him the reason in a playful manner, he laughed, and said he could make all he wanted, and desired no more. He was a bachelor, he said, and forty pounds a week satisfied his modest necessities. Would I try another bottle of Chateau-Margaux?

We agreed that night to go into more stock speculations. I had a check for £400 in my pocket, and could raise £100 more. With this for my share, we could buy more Agua Frias, gold quartz crushing, and Toledo, Rock Island, Galena, Panama—and I don't know how many other stocks besides. He knew so much more than I did, that I did little else but listen, open-mouthed, to his convincing arguments, and drink the wine. The end of it was that I handed him over two checks—that of Bull, Bear, and Co., and another upon my cousin, who was my private banker, for the five hundred I had saved.

Next day I was notified that Mr. Curbstone (a liberal broker, as Miles said, not such an exacting rascal as old Bull or Bear) had bought, per my order and for my account, more stocks than I have now room to enumerate.

I sat down at Tallow, Grease, and Co.'s desk, and figured up my profits. At the rate of profit which I had made in my first venture, these last would net me £1,600. That, with what I had, would enable me to keep a fast horse, to make a few presents to Maria, and, in the spring, to go to Paris, and see life as became a gentleman. I ran out at one to see the first board; everything was up; my profits had already begun. When I returned to the office my brain was in a whirl. A pile of accounts lay on my desk to be entered. Some of them had lain there several days.

Mr. Grease came in, drew my attention to them, and left. I spent the afternoon in figuring up my profits at various rates. Toward evening, I was preparing to leave; I wished to call and see the second board before going home; old Mr. Tallow looked into the office, and, turning to Wax and Stearine's account, he exclaimed,

"Why, Mr. Flat, I don't see that last transaction with these people entered!"

"Ah!" said I, carelessly; "then I suppose I must enter it to-morrow."

"Mr. Flat, sir, that's not the way we do business, sir, I'd have you to know, sir!" and the old man's voice rose.

"Don't get into a heat, Mr. Tallow," said I, feeling no small contempt for the old man, for the whole amount of the account in question was not equal to a day's profits on a hundred shares; "the fact is, I'm tired of keeping your books."

"Mr. Jones," said he to the cashier, "draw a check for Mr. Flat's balance."

"Never mind the pence," said I, proudly.

So I left the employ of Tallow, Grease, and Co., and felt myself free to engage in the delightful and lucrative occupation into which Miles had initiated me.

Next day I was in Capel-court early. My new friend, Curbstone, introduced me to several of his friends, who were well acquainted with stocks; he told them the nature of my operations. I took a pretty high stand at first with them, not knowing their means; but we soon became familiar. They all said that I would make my fortune in a month. Bill Put, a leading authority, assured me that the West Mariposas were about to declare a half-yearly dividend of nine per cent.; he had it, confidentially, from the president. Tim Call confided to me that the Barings and the Bank of England had undertaken to lend ten millions to the Mariquita, at four per cent. interest; he had it from a director, and it might be relied upon. Jack Shyster was authorised to state that the East India Company was about to buy the Rock Island Road, taking the stock at ten per cent. premium. These facts comforted me a good deal, and though the stocks which I had bought rather declined during the day, I readily believed that the decline was what they called a "natural reaction," and dined very snugly with Put, Call, and a couple of other good fellows (who, by-the-way, obligingly let me pay the bill), at the Capel-court restaurant.

Next day stocks fell one to two per cent. I felt uneasy. I did not, however, foot up the losses against me at present prices. It could do no good. I called on Curbstone in the morning. He was radiant.

"Nothing in it, my dear fellow! All a device of the rascally bears! We'll have them on the hip presently."

What comforted me more than all this was that the Timbuctoo Mining Company, in which I had bought a hundred shares, was rapidly advancing. As Curbstone said, I was sure to make money in that, whatever happened to the other stocks.

That afternoon stocks fell heavily. I was very unhappy. I called on all my Capel-court friends, but they were all engaged. On my way home I got into conversation with the omnibus-driver, and asked him his view of the stock-market?

He confessed that he knew nothing about it, but he didn't see how then there mines could make such a profit as they said.

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" said I; and I got down and walked home.

My landlady, to whom I propounded a few questions about West Mariposas, further exasperated me by stating that the brokers were most uncivil people, and she hoped they'd all "go to smash"—and serve 'em right!

I slept little that night. Of course I called on Curbstone before he left his boarding-house. He had no doubt about the future, he said. The world could not always be deluded by the wiles of the villainous, lying, dishonest, vile, scoundrelly, thievish bears. There must come a ray of sunshine sooner or later. The only thing was to hold on—and while he was on this head, he thought it was but right that he should suggest that my margin was nearly exhausted, and could I let him have a little more money?

I promised to call on him, and went into the city. On my way I fell in with Jones, one of Curbstone's acquaintances. He, like myself, had bought stocks, and was disgusted by the fall. He held in his hand Flam's last money article, which was opposed to a rise in the stock-market; and we agreed that a more knavish, lying rogue than Flam did not exist. Jones promised to get his uncle, the paper-maker, to call on the editor of Flam's paper, and have the fellow discharged.

When I saw the Stock List that morning it took away my breath. Stocks—all my stocks—had fallen from three to five per cent. "How, in the name of all that is reasonable, did this happen?" said I to a broker.

"Why, sir, you see, that fellow Curbstone, and his friends, went in to hammer down the market, and had it all their own way. Great operator, Curbstone!"

"But he's the very man who persuaded me to buy."

"Ah! very likely; you should have got out in time. He turns like an eel; you never know where to find him. A great operator, Curbstone. Good-morning!"

I hurried, furious, to Curbstone's office. As I entered, a clerk handed me a note. It stated, in brief, that Mr. Curbstone had closed all my contracts, for want of more margin, and that the transaction left me in his debt in the sum of £95, which he desired me to pay forthwith. I was overwhelmed.

But one hope was left. The shares in the Timbuctoo Mining Company had risen that very morning four per cent. My profit on these would at least enable me to pay my debts. I hastened to the office of old Scallywag, who had bought them for me.

"Sir," said he, when he saw me, "this is a hard dispensation. Providence punishes us cruelly at times."

"What do you mean?"

"The fall in stocks, of course. My dear young friend, you are young and elastic; misfortunes glide off from you—glance, I may say, like a musket-ball on the ice. But an old man like me—oh! Providence is very hard!" And the old man put his hand to his eyes.

I was somewhat touched by the old gentleman's sympathy for me, and added, more cheerily than I had thought I could, "At all events, Mr. Scallywag, our Timbuctoo is all right. There is a balance in my favour of some six per cent., and I will thank you to realise it."

"Poor young man!"

"Can you let me have a check?"

"Why!" he answered, sharply, "haven't you heard?"

"No. What?"

"I failed this morning."

How I got home I know not. I remember looking at Mrs. Scallywag's carriage, and wondering what part of it, or of the horses, or of the lady, my £100 had paid for. In the course of the evening, in the depth of my agony, I told my story to my landlady, who gave me notice that at the end of the week my room would be wanted.

I am now living in a wretched little attic in Tottenham Court Road. I have no employment. Old Tallow declines to reinstate me, of course. Grease lent me £2 to go on with, he says. If any of you will employ me, at even £1 a week, pray send word to the editor of this journal, and you may rely upon it that you will not catch me stock-gambling again—so long, at all events, as I continue sane.

The Matron.

NO. XXII.

THOSE who would rather be unprepared for misfortunes than give a thought to unpleasant events, will have disapproved of the two last chapters of the MATRON. But I believe sensible people will thank me for giving them hints how to act in times of terror and difficulty. I am not more partial to horrors than other people, but as accidents and illnesses will occur, it is well to be prepared for them. After advising a mother what she had best do in case a dear child should be brought home to her apparently drowned, I intend to return (as requested) to the subject of cheap dinners, &c. Afterwards I propose suggesting to my readers how they may get the most for their money in the purchase of clothes; and how, by judicious mending, they may, in the words of the immortal Burns—

"Make auld clothes look
Amaist as gude as new."

But I must first turn to the poor mother, who, after long and torturing suspense, has all her fears confirmed—and, accompanied by a gaping, curious crowd, beholds the livid, motionless body of her son brought back to her.

I now address the mother. First of all, send without delay for medical assistance; but, in the meantime, do not lose one moment. Take off every article of the child's wet clothing, and place him in a warm bed between the blankets, with the head gently raised. Place bottles filled with very warm (but, of course, not dangerously hot) water to the arm-pits, the soles of the feet, and between the thighs. In rubbing the surface of the body (which should be done with hardly any intermission), have a warm worsted stocking on your hand. By this means more irritation is occasioned, and returning circulation better promoted. But do everything gently. Clear away all froth and mucus from the nose and the mouth. Put the pipe of a common bellows in one nostril, remembering to close the other, and also the mouth at the same time, softly drawing downward, and pushing gently backward the upper part of the windpipe, with the object of allowing a more free admission of air. Then blow the bellows gently, in order to inflate the lungs, till the chest be raised a little. At this moment set the mouth and nostrils free, and gently press the chest. Repeat this until you perceive symptoms of life. Then apply smelling-salts to the nose, and, as a medicine, give a little warm wine and water, but gradually, as the powers of swallowing are still very weak.

In former times a horrid practice existed of rolling on casks persons apparently drowned. This was done with the idea that the body might be thus emptied of water, but it was a process more likely to extinguish than revive the spark of man's existence! for the heart, overloaded with blood, would probably burst through such a proceeding.

Not long ago there appeared in an influential journal, a letter recommending, in cases of suspended animation from immersion in water, the placing the person on the chest, and gently rocking him a little from side to side, as you might a barrel, the half of which you were cleaning with a little water. The movement produced by this rocking was thought to restore the action of the lungs. But the friction, &c., &c., in the plan of treatment recommended above, is one that may safely be relied on. The remedies should be continued for at least twelve hours, unless, in the meantime, recovery has taken place. Then warmth, quiet, restoratives, with continued medical supervision, and constant watching will alone be necessary.

Other dangers attendant on this fine summer season are the accidents that so frequently happen in excursions by land. Recollect that jumping out of any carriage in motion is very dangerous; because, the vehicle having communicated to your body a different movement to that you give yourself by jumping, you are very likely to come down on your head. However, if you are driving out, and see no chance of safety but in leaving the vehicle, get out from behind; but, generally speaking, the safest course is to remain quietly seated.

If overtaken by a storm of thunder and lightning, avoid trees. If the storm visits you when you are at home, avoid being seated in a draught. According to the advice of a learned lecturer I heard at the Panopticon, a feather-bed is the best thing to be on in a violent storm. Dr. Franklin's advice to persons in fear of lightning is, that they should sit in the middle of the room, not under a metal lustre or any other conductor; and that they should place their feet on another chair. He adds that it would be still safer to place two or three beds or mattresses in the

middle of a room, and place the chairs upon them. If, in spite of all these precautions, any person should be struck by the lightning, the best way is to throw water upon him immediately. This plan restores lightning-struck persons who are apparently dead.

Must I add to the dangers of the summer the temptation of being urged by thirst to indulge too freely in strong drink? Alas! to the poor wife, the husband, who is brought home senseless from the effects of liquor, is almost as alarming a sight as her beloved son, pale, breathless, and dripping from the river.

Her first care must be to raise her intoxicated husband's head. She must see that he does not get a chill; and she must keep the surface of his skin warm. As soon as he is capable of swallowing, she should induce him to take a mustard emetic.

One more danger that summer brings with it (and it concludes this chapter of accidents) is a "*coup de soleil*," or sun-stroke. Treat for this as you would for the effects of lightning, that is, throw some cold water over the person struck.

Small Change.

AN avaricious man is like a sandy desert, that sucks in all the rain, but yields no fruitful herbs to the inhabitants.

LONGFELLOW, in his beautiful story of "Kavanagh," calls Sunday "the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week." A pretty idea.

AN advertisement in a provincial paper states that an active servant is wanted, "who must be a plain cook and able to dress a little boy five years old." Are the advertisers cannibals? And (we ask only for information), with what sauce do they eat little boys five years old?

AN author, complaining of the injustice of the press in condemning his new tragedy, said the censures were unjust, for the audience did not hiss it. "No," replied the friend, "how could they yawn and hiss together?"

A COUPLE of Belgian giants are now in the city for the purpose of exhibition. They are so long, that it takes two days to exhibit them.

MAN'S riches are to be estimated rather by the fewness of his wants than the greatness of his possessions.

"PRAY, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?" "Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical sonority, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in a verbal profundity." "Thank you, sir."

A FAVOURITE mode of introduction in Brazil is said to be: "This is my friend; if he steals anything from you, I am responsible for it."

SOME one says, that "human heads are like hogs-heads—the less they contain, the louder the report they give of themselves. The smaller the calibre of the mind, the greater the bore of a perpetually open mouth."

THERE have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a lady: "A gentleman is a human being combining a woman's tenderness and a man's courage."

COMPLIMENTS may be offered in all sincerity, and yet have a very equivocal sound, as in the case of the city knight unable to aspirate the letter H, who, being deputed to address William III., exclaimed, "Future ages, recording your Majesty's exploits, will pronounce you to have been a Nero."

The following advertisement appeared in an Irish paper:—"Whereas, John Hall has fraudulently taken away several articles of wearing apparel without my knowledge; this is therefore to inform him that if he does not forthwith return the same, his name shall be made public."

"MAY it please your honour," said a lawyer, recently, addressing one of the bench, "I brought the prisoner here on a *habeas corpus*." "That's a good one!" said a fellow in an under tone, who stood in the rear of the court, "I'm blowed if I haint seen him come here in a cab."

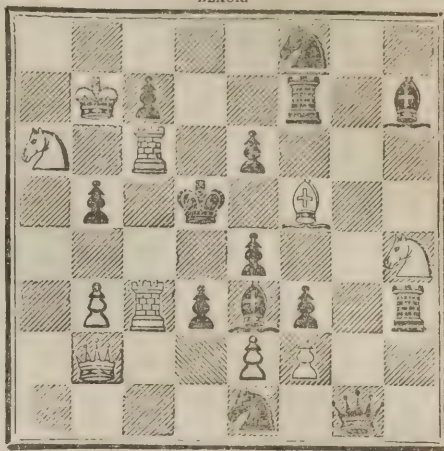
WE are sent to the ant to learn industry; to the dove to learn innocence; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not go to the robin redbreast, who chants as cheerfully in winter as in summer, to learn equanimity and patience?

A HIBERNIAN had come far to see Niagara, and while he gazed upon it, a friend asked him if it was not the most wonderful thing he had ever seen; to which he replied, "Never a bit, man—never a bit. Sure, it's no wonder at all that the wather should fall down there, for I'd like to know what could hinder it!"

Chess.

Problem No. 43. By Mr. WILLIAM GREENWOOD.

BLACK.

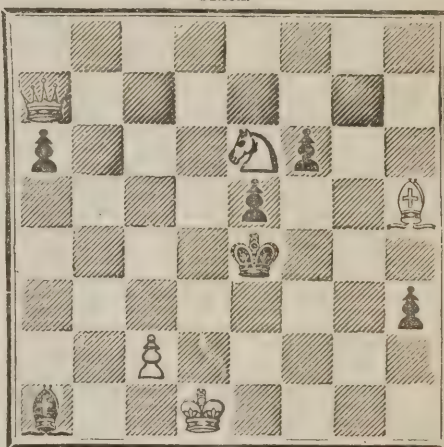


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 44. By F. G. RAINGER, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

W. COATES.—The Problem submitted by you is not quite up to the mark. We are gratified at your expressions of good will towards our Journal.

VITE.—Your Problem shall be submitted to the Juveniles.

MONA.—You are correct as regards Enigma No. 13; the Kt should have been placed on the Bishop's instead of the Knight's square.

GRAPES.—Your solution of Problem No. 10 is perfectly sound.

FLUKE.—Problem No. 35 cannot be solved as you suggest. The black Pawn which stands on K 3 would be defended by the Rook.

DOMINGUEZ.—P to K 4 would be the proper defence to your first move in Problem No. 34. The price of the work to which you refer is 5s.

ROBERT BURNS.—You cannot do better than peruse the Chess Lessons which appeared in the earlier numbers of the Old Series of the FAMILY PAPER.

ROOK.—You cannot, as in draughts, take more than one piece at a time.

J. KYLE.—If, in Problem No. 35, Q checks at Q Kt 7, Black replies with K takes R. Where then is the mate?

R. D.—You did wrong to advance your K B P at the 14th move. Kt to Q B 6 would have prevented your adversary from Castling.

Solutions of Problems by F. G. Rainger, Nos. 34, 35, and 36; Fluke, No. 33; D. W. O. (Sligo), No. 32; R. T. (Southport), No. 33; Grapes, Nos. 34 and 35; W. Coates, Nos. 31 and 32; W. Dale, Nos. 29 and 30; W. McKenzie, Nos. 30, 31, 32, and 33; and Enigmas Nos. 11 and 12; Ars-sur-Moselle, Nos. 31 and 32; and Enigma No. 12; Grapes, Nos. 10 and 33; Mona, Nos. 28, 29, 30, 31, and 32; and Enigmas Nos. 11 and 12; G. D., Nos. 30 and 31; Dominguez, No. 35; J. Russell, Nos. 34 and 35; M. A. R., Nos. 34 and 35; Oxon, Nos. 33, 34, and 35; R. Hunter, Nos. 33 and 34; E. Grant, No. 34; Caisse Amicus, Nos. 33, 34, and 35; and Enigma No. 12; D. W. S., No. 35; D. White, No. 35, and Enigmas Nos. 11 and 12, correct.

* Owing to the great increase in the number of our Chess correspondents, it is sometimes difficult to find room for answers to all their communications, but they may rest assured that each will receive attention in due course.

Our Editorial Table.

REBECCA MARY.—The children of your father's first cousin are your second cousins.

H. O. DORSET.—You must suit your conversation to the tastes and disposition of the young lady you are addressing. We cannot furnish you with subjects that will please all. With regard to your second question, we can only say that there have been very celebrated beauties in both styles. We recommend a letter as the means of making a proposal of marriage, and we think it advisable that the gentleman should be five years older than the lady.

LIZZIE.—You should frequently snip the ends of your hair, to prevent its splitting. Where cockroaches abound, a light should be kept burning, as it tends to scare them. If this does not succeed, you must consult a vermin-destroyer.

AN ADMIRER OF DR. JOHNSON.—Abyssinia, the scene of the great Dr. Johnson's beautiful and imaginative tale of "Rasselas," is a very ancient kingdom in Upper Ethiopia.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We consider the hair forwarded for our inspection is rather pretty than otherwise. By candle-light it is almost golden; by daylight it is of an undecided colour.

ESTHER.—It is quite true that when it is said Rome conquered the world, our own "tight little island" is included in the conquests. Agricola was the general who finally established Roman rule in Britain.

ALICE MARY.—"Alice Mary," who is very clever in fancy works, should advertise, stating her qualifications. She might very likely find purchasers for the articles she has made, in ladies keeping stalls at charity bazaars. Many remedies have been already given for flushed faces.

VAN VOORST.—We can easily understand your being proud of Rotterdam; but when you ask what there is in the South to equal it? we beg to remind you of Venice, built on seventy-two little islands, and of the canals of Venice, with nearly five hundred bridges over them.

LEMON BLOSSOM, FLORENCE MORINA, A CONSTANT READER.—We strongly advise "Lemon Blossom" to have nothing more to say to her faithless lover. It is well for her she has found out her suitor's real character before marriage. She would indeed be imprudent if she now put herself into the power of a man she knows to be heartless. "Florence Morina's" case is similar to "Lemon Blossom's"; but, as "Florence" has other suitors, she had better turn her thoughts to the selection of the worthiest among them. We trust she will be enabled to do this without any great effort; for, in the heart of a sensible woman, love never long survives esteem. "A Constant Reader" has only one honourable course—that of remaining faithful to her engagement.

J. D., TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO, DOUBTFUL.—These three gentlemen are all paying attentions to two ladies at the same time, and they seem to think that we can advise them how to avert the evils that generally result from indecision. Our opinion is, that neither "J. D.," "Tria Juncta in Uno," nor "Doubtful" know anything about love. Where this passion exists there is no doubt as to the object that inspires it. We recommend these gentlemen to lose no more time in courting any of the ladies of whom they speak, but to return heart and soul to their business, and not to get into a scrape without having even love to plead for an excuse.

JACK MANDERS, A. G. W., C. T.—The manner to cultivate and to maintain friendly relations with young ladies has been treated of at large in a recent number, and many directions have been given on the management of the hair. "C. T." should make his offer in an eloquent and pathetic letter.

B. M.—It does not seem, from your communication, that the lady ever professed any attachment for you. Recently she has acknowledged her indifference, and

"Too late for redress, but too soon for your ease,

You saw her, you loved her, and wished you could please.

And now, with regret, and deep anguish you find

Words and looks were but civil that once you thought kind."

Your case, though sad, is a very common one; but, at any rate, you have not been deceived, and you should not talk of "giving up" that which you never possessed; and do not forget, that if the lady who captivated you should marry another gentleman to-morrow, you are still her debtor, since she was the means of inducing you to attend a place of worship. If you continue to be steady, you may be sure of soon finding some lady to listen to you.

OSCAR.—The ring given you by the lady would have the most elegant and gentlemanly effect on the little finger of the right hand.

LEILA.—A pale complexion does not necessarily indicate ill-health, and a flat chest is preferable to what is generally called a pigeon-chest. Of course, when we say preferable, we allude to the conformation most favourable to strength.

MAY LILY.—There is something peculiar in your communication. You are engaged to a respectable young man, who is much attached to you, and yet you are demurring as to whether or not you shall encourage another lover. Let your indecision cease. You must break entirely with the man who is willing to marry you immediately, before you can in honour give a thought to his rival. But do not attempt anything rashly. Recollect that this rival cannot marry you till after the death of his parents. How does he know that he will outlive his parents? His forming any plans with reference to the death of those who should be so dear to him, shows great want of proper feeling, and we advise you to banish the remembrance of him from your heart, and to keep true to your present engagement.

W. JAMES.—Use warm water and yellow soap night and morning.

PATERFAMILIAS.—1. The volumes of our New Series will be issued half-yearly. 2. Very good Sunday reading may be found in a work entitled "The Great Sermons of the Great Preachers," published by Ward and Lock, 153, Fleet-street, London, in sixpenny monthly parts, and in two volumes price 4s. each, or in one volume complete, price 7s. 6d.

YOUNG BOB.—Mr. Rarey, the celebrated horse tamer, is a native of Columbus, Ohio. The use of drugs or chemicals in the process of taming is positively denied on the best possible authority.

A POOR BUT CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER wishes to know how many churches there are in England bearing the name of St. Luke. Can any of our correspondents inform him?

FILIUS.—Your question has been solved again and again.

D. W. DARWIN.—Consult the last census.

VIATOR.—We have already furnished several articles on photography.

D. HAYWARD.—How can we possibly divine who has sent you a photographic likeness, when you yourself have no clue?

ANCIENT COINS.—The coins you name are not particularly valuable.

EAST INDIA COMPANY.—Apply at the India House, Leaden-hall-street.

CAIRBREE.—The "Child's Educator" may be had in twelve parts, 6d. each, or complete, bound in cloth, price 8s. The Almanacks, with the exception of that of the present year, are out of print.

J. EVANS.—Apply at the Horse Guards.

A LEARNER.—*Pro rata* means "in proportion;" it is a term sometimes employed by merchants, intimating that each person must reap the profit or sustain the loss *pro rata* to his interest, that is, in proportion to his stock. *Pro re nata* means "according to exigencies or circumstances." *Pro re nata* meeting, or proceeding, is a proceeding taken, or a meeting called, on the emergence of some occurrence or circumstance requiring it.

ONE WHO TRIES TO IMPROVE.—You ask, "What is the reason that the Bible is not translated into the intelligible English language now in use? It would then be much better understood by the poorer class." Your question, and the subsequent remarks, surprise us. The opinion of competent judges is, that the present translation is a model specimen of pure English; and as to its not being understood by the poor, there are hundreds of thousands, and even children of very tender age, who perfectly understand every portion of it, so far as regards their conduct through life, and their preparations for a happy eternity.

ZUMAS.—We cannot tell you "how to bottle porter so as to give it a head."

H. BROOKS.—The translation is, "Never despair while you are under the divine protection."

CHARLES VAVASSEUR.—To prepare *chlorine*, mix together in a glass flask, or retort, strong muriatic acid with half of its weight of finely powdered peroxide of manganese. Chlorine gas is immediately evolved, even in the cold, but much more rapidly on the application of a gentle heat. A cheaper method is to pour sulphuric acid, diluted with water, upon a mixture of common salt and biniodide of manganese previously placed in a retort.

J. MONRO.—Advertise in a daily newspaper.

WHITE EBONY.—You must first get your cocoa-nut shells turned by a turner; they may then be polished with French polish; but, as they present but a dull and uninteresting appearance, the best plan is to have them carved.

ALPHA MORLEY.—Study carefully the lessons in French now publishing weekly in our Journal. You will not require any books at present.

C. NAILOR.—The latitude of Manchester is 53° 27' north; longitude 2° 10' west.

J. C. B.—The celebrated cornet-à-piston player's name is pronounced *Ke-nig*.

CIVIS.—The present population of London is about 2,422,000; that of Manchester, 345,986.

ONE ABOUT TO EMIGRATE.—The most effectual preventive for sea-sickness is the horizontal position. Where there is much pain, a few drops of laudanum may be taken with advantage, or an opium plaster may be applied over the region of the stomach. A little warm weak drink, to which one or two drops of creosote have been added, is said to prevent any disposition to sickness, provided excess in eating and drinking is at the same time avoided.

A RAILWAY PORTER.—We do not write to decide wagers. The *plural*, certainly, should have been employed, though the singular is very frequently used, in similar circumstances, by the best writers.

H. MASON.—The first volume of our New Series will have been completed and published before this meets your eye.

DELTA.—Apply for a license to the Inland Revenue Office. **FRED WHARTON.**—We decline furnishing you with "a receipt for a sleeping powder which shall produce a *VERY sound sleep*, and be immediate in its effects."

A LOVER OF LIBERTY.—The trial of Dr. Bernard produced a good deal of excitement, but you are mistaken in supposing it the most interesting one within the last hundred years. There was the trial of Queen Caroline in the early part of this century, and that of Warren Hastings, Governor of India, which took place towards the close of the last century. In the first the wife of George IV. was tried for her life on the charge of infidelity to her husband. She was acquitted, as was also Warren Hastings, accused of misgovernment and of cruelty to the natives of India. The chief instigator of bringing Hastings to trial was the renowned Irish orator, Edmund Burke. The epigram written on the occasion is so pointed that it may please our readers:—

"I've often wondered that on Irish ground
No venomous reptile ever could be found;
But nature, willing to perform her work,
Sav'd all her venom to complete a Burke."

A CORRESPONDENT.—We do not recommend soft soap as a substitute for those soaps generally used by ladies, but if you refer to the "Matron" of May the 15th, you will find information given about the use to which soft soap should be applied.

CART.—We decline directing people how to make themselves pale; we would rather assist them to become rosy and healthy. All that relates to flushes, unbecoming redness of the face, pimples, &c., has recently been treated of in this Paper.

ADA.—The Pyrenees, like the Alps, are in parts covered with perpetual snow; therefore in your journey you will see some of the beautiful effects of Swiss scenery.

MINNIE.—Our "Chemical Experiments" are original. They are especially prepared by an eminent chemist.

BESSIE L.—We advise you to use prepared chalk as a tooth-powder. We think it much better for preserving the teeth than carbonate of soda. But whatever you use as a tooth-powder, beware of brushing the teeth with too hard a brush. The enamel is more delicate than you suppose.

FOWLER, JAMES, L. SMITH, TOM, L. Y.—Do not give way to grief; your trials, though not uncommon, are, we own, great, but patience and presence of mind can cope with great misfortunes and imminent peril. You should read the lives of those who have seen adversity, particularly peruse the biography of travellers both by land and water. We will just give you an instance of what can be done by resolution under the most frightful circumstances—a ship on fire. The ship was the *Boyne*, a first-rate man-of-war. When the dreadful conflagration happened, a marine (with a wife and child), finding no other means of escape, took a sheep from the pens, and bracing his infant son on the animal's back, dropped them into the sea. "There," said he, "turn to the land, and God be with you." Encouraged by her husband's resolution, his wife leaped into the sea, and the husband followed her, holding her above water till a boat came to their relief. The sheep with the greatest steadiness made for the shore, and safely landed his young charge.

A FRENCHMAN.—A Frenchman "who has been several years in England," should have known by this time that there are some French syllables that cannot be rendered to a nicety by English ones. In the admirable course of "French Lessons" now published in the FAMILY PAPER, the pupil is furnished with rules that enable him to speak and read French correctly, even though he may never have heard a word from French lips. Should he, after going through the course of lessons above-mentioned, mix with the natives, he will easily acquire those little refinements which written directions cannot give in all their perfection. The "French Lessons" convey good instruction in general grammar. On this account we recommend them to the attention of "A Frenchman." By studying them he may learn to avoid repeating the error he has committed, viz., that of continuing in the first person a communication begun in the third.

MRS. GRUNDY.—"Mrs. Grundy" is informed that, in the *major* scale, the semitones are from the third to the fourth degree and from the seventh to the eighth. In the *minor* (on the contrary) the first semitone is, in ascending and descending, from the second to the third degree. The second semitone varies: it is, in ascending, between the seventh and eighth, and, in descending, between the sixth and fifth degrees.

A NOVEL QUIRIST.—For a cheap bandoline, put half a teaspoonful of pure gum arabic into a phial nearly full of cold water. Let it stand for a day. Stir it up with a knitting-needle. Scent with two drops of attar of roses, and it will be fit for use. A receipt for a curling-fluid has been already given. Questions respecting writing are answered *en masse*.

ADA WILTON.—The name *Harriette* is supposed to be derived from "arriette," the Italian for "a little air." Anne, or Anna, is a Scripture name. Young ladies of your age should be thinking of improving themselves, not of procuring admirers. You, in particular, should devote yourself to your education, as you are evidently backward.

A PUPIL TEACHER.—Many people are in your predicament, and find great difficulty in impressing dates and numbers on their memory. We advise you to have recourse to "Memoria Technica," which consists in assigning a letter to a number, and, consequently, a syllable to a collection of numbers.

AGENSOR.—If a gentleman goes to *dine* at a friend's house, he leaves his hat and stick in the hall; if he goes merely to pay a visit, he takes them up with him into the drawing-room.

FILLY GRAY.—The husband is liable for the wife's debts contracted before marriage. As to your husband, of course he can be summonsed. The case would be tried before a magistrate, who would decide for or against the plaintiff.

FRITZ.—We cannot insure the success of any remedy, for some people are so liable to sickness, that even riding in a carriage makes them feel uncomfortable. Perhaps for such persons there is no effectual cure for sea-sickness, but we believe, in a general way, keeping to the following rules will tend to avert it. Mind you do not go hungry on board, nor when there begin eating fat, indigestible substances. Avoid chilling your stomach by keeping your mouth open, uttering useless exclamations. Fix your eyes on something level with your sight, and particularly avoid seizing hold of any part of the vessel. A contemporary recommends a traveller to have good, well-made gingerbread in his pocket, and to eat a small portion of it now and then, in order to keep the stomach and throat warm—a very important point, and one which we consider more safely and certainly attained than by taking spirits. Avoid eating eggs on board. Of course, if your voyage is a long one, you need not be so very careful when you have acquired what sailors call your *sea-legs*.

SHIZA SOON.—Your own resolution must cure you of the habit of frowning; but a wet cloth applied to the forehead at night, and bound round the head while sleeping, is thought to prevent the formation of wrinkles.

A Bad Writer, J. E. P., Bernard, R. H., R. B.—e, Jonathan, A. Constant Reader, Typo, A. Prentice, J. S. R. S., Small Change, A. Subscriber (Beverley), and several other correspondents, ask us to recommend the best works on a great variety of subjects. In most instances we decline, for the simple reason, that there are so many rival claims. Were we to recommend a book written or published by Mr. A., Mr. B. would immediately assert his claim to notice, if not to preference. Comparisons would be instituted; and, as Mrs. Malaprop observes, "Comparisons are odorous."

* * We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

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SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER LV.

Confidence is a chain, whose golden bands
Unite two hearts in one. Break but a link,
And they are severed, ne'er to join again—
Wide as the poles asunder. OLD PLAY.

On their way to Lady Bell's, Mr. Chutnee ventured more than once to remind his wife of the promise she had made, of proving, even to his satisfaction, that his jealousy had been groundless.

"Patience," answered the lady, calmly; "the proof may arrive too soon."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the aged husband.

"You forget the price," observed Zamora.

"It shall be freely paid," answered the merchant, with a smile. "It would take more than one caprice to shake my fortune."

On arriving at the house of Sir Charles, they found the drawing-room, as usual, crowded by the belles and beaux of Calcutta, for it was her ladyship's reception night.

Whilst the gentleman was paying his compliments to Lady Bell, Lillian, who had been struck by the unusual paleness of his wife, glided to her side, and, twining her arm in hers, led her to the balcony.

From the balcony they descended to the garden.

"You are suffering," observed the orphan, affectionately, at the same time offering Zamora a small crystal flask of perfumes.

"Not in body," answered her friend, "but in mind—in heart."

Her companion heard the reply with astonishment.

"You," she exclaimed, "whom all deem so happy!"

"I might have been, but Herbert's jealousy destroys my peace of mind. I cannot smile but he imagines I am thinking of another, or look melancholy but he accuses me of regretting that I ever consented to be his. He has no confidence in me," she added, "and that renders my task more bitter."

"Bitter!" repeated Lillian, in a tone of painful surprise: "I thought you loved him."

"I did, as you love Sir Charles—like a father. I was a child—a mere infant—when he asked me to become his wife. Had he asked me for the life-blood of my heart I should have given it him; and so we married."

"Poor Zamora!"

"Oh! I was not unhappy, for at first he surrounded me with flowers, music, pictures—all that renders life intellectual and beautiful; gave me jewels—I never cared for them—and appeared so happy that I felt happy too."

"And will again. Herbert will soon see the folly, the injustice of his suspicions," observed Lillian.



THE EXPLANATION: JEALOUSY REPROVED

"It does not follow because he is old that you should not love him."

"No, it does not exactly follow."

"Look at Lady Bell and my kind guardian," added Lilly; "he is old enough to be her father."

"True."

"And they are happy."

"Because he never doubted her."

"Jealousy must be a dreadful feeling," observed our heroine. "I wonder what it is like."

Zamora looked at her mournfully.

"I hope I shall never feel it."

"Heaven forbid you ever should!" exclaimed her friend, in a deeply agitated tone, and at the same time kissing her. "It must be something dreadful, to inspire the cruel, unjust thoughts my husband entertains."

"Oh, you must laugh him out of them," replied the fair girl, cheerfully. "What temper in the world could resist your smiles?"

"You flatter me."

"Ask Richard if I do," continued the former speaker. "He told me," she added, with artless innocence, "that when he first beheld you he thought you the most beautiful woman he had ever seen."

Zamora blushed deeply, and cast her eyes upon the ground.

"You must not be angry with him."

"I am not angry," murmured the wife of Mr. Chutnee.

"Remember, it was told to me in confidence; only I have no secrets from you," continued the orphan. "He never imagined, poor fellow, that I should turn traitress and repeat every word he said. You must not betray me."

"Never!"

The word was most emphatically uttered.

"And when we are married," exclaimed the artless girl, "if Herbert should act unkindly and tease you, you shall come and stay with us till he has recovered his good humour, and you feel disposed to forgive him. I have no patience," she added, passing her arms round the waist of her friend; "jealous of you! Why, as Richard says, you have only to present yourself with that innocent face and look of purity at the gates of Paradise, and the angels who guard the entrance would roll them back upon their golden hinges with a smile, and let you in without a question."

"Did Mr. Tyrrell say this?" demanded her hearer, greatly agitated.

"Yes; but why do you call him Mr. Tyrrell?"

"It was no common praise," murmured Mrs. Chutnee to herself; "and I must study to deserve it. I will deserve it."

With a sudden effort, she threw off the sadness which appeared to weigh her spirits down, broke out into a musical, joyous laugh, and kissed her companion several times.

"What an ungrateful thing you must esteem me, Lilly," she exclaimed, "to annoy you with my complainings, at a moment you are so happy, too. I did not think that I had been so selfish; but you know what an impulsive creature I am. The thought of my heart rises at once to my lips; and, like a giddy bird, rests there only for an instant before it is uttered. I never could dissemble."

"Heaven forbid you ever should."

"At least, not with those I love," added the lady, correcting herself. "As for the world, we are compelled, especially when married, to act a part in it—to smile when our hearts are heavy—simply because our lord and master—man—either cannot, or will not understand us."

"Is Herbert so exceedingly unreasonable?" demanded Lillian, archly.

"Fearfully."

"Why not consult Lady Bell?"

"She would only laugh at me: she is happy."

"I, too, am happy," observed Lilly, "and yet I do not laugh at you."

"You are too good to do so."

"Time will cure your husband of his foolish conduct."

"Never!" exclaimed Mrs. Chutnee; "and that is the great source of my uneasiness. Would you believe it, he was jealous because I accompanied Richard—there, I have not called him Mr. Tyrrell this time—to the ball at the government house?"

"How absurd!" replied the maiden, laughing and clapping her hands like one who felt greatly amused at the idea; "why, you had previously written to ask me to dance with him."

"Had I not?"

"And like a dear, true friend, said more flattering things of me than I ever can deserve," added Lillian, for her lover had told her all.

"My husband has even hinted that I wished his death."

"How wicked! but I can understand him. You are so much younger than himself, that he fears his beautiful widow might very soon forget her weeds."

"I shall never live to be a widow," replied the lady; "for if I should, most certainly never be a wife again, but change to a devotee or coquette. I have not exactly made up my mind which."

The escape of the speakers from the drawing-room to the garden, although rapidly executed, had not been unobserved, for Mr. Chutnee and our hero had perceived the movement, and took the first occasion to follow them.

The merchant, however, being the more experienced tactician of the two, contrived to arrive first.

His wife's description had in no one point exaggerated the state of her husband's feelings. He was jealous—foolishly jealous—not only of our hero, but of every man younger than himself.

Seeing that she was alone with Lillian, and her countenance flushed with excitement, he guessed that Zamora had been complaining of his suspicions.

"The guilty do not complain," he thought; "perhaps I am wrong," and a better feeling came over him. The serpent, for an instant, was laid at rest.

"I don't think I ought to shake hands with you," exclaimed Lilly, only half extending her own towards him, as he made his appearance in the garden.

"And why not?"

"Because I find my dear, kind friend out of spirits."

"Are you certain that is my fault?"

"Of course I am; whose else could it be? She never used to be dull till you took all kinds of ridiculous and whimsical crochets into your head. Besides, you have placed me in a very awkward position for a young lady."

"You!" repeated the astonished merchant.

"Yes, me. You have compelled me to tell you what you have no right to learn, and what it is very wrong you should learn before it is properly announced."

"I have promised him that he should be satisfied," observed Zamora, "at any sacrifice."

The curiosity of her husband was roused, and he entreated an explanation.

"You must not receive it in that position, then," replied Lillian, blushing.

"How, then?"

"Upon your knees. Do you hesitate? Oh, very well, sir. Now, I shall not tell you. Let us join Lady Bell."

This was addressed to Mrs. Chutnee, who took her arm.

"Stay! stay! There, I obey. I am upon my knees!" exclaimed the gentleman, suiting the action to his words; "and now that I am there, tell me what sin I have ignorantly committed?"

"Pained me very much."

"But how?"

"By placing me in an embarrassing situation."

"I can't understand."

"Is it not an embarrassing one," said the fair girl, poutingly, "when you force me to confess that—that—that—"

"In heaven's name, what?"

"That I am engaged to be married to Mr. Tyrrell."

The jealous husband started to his feet as if a load had been suddenly removed from his heart.

"And with the consent of Sir Charles?"

"Of course. Richard would never have thought of me but for my kind friend Zamora, who told him I had more virtues than any woman except herself and Lady Bell ever boasted of; and persuaded him—kind creature, you will say, no doubt—that I was almost as beautiful as herself. Before I had ever even seen him," added the speaker, "she had written to engage me to dance with him at the ball at the government house."

"Fool!" murmured the penitent husband; "fool!"

"Well," said our heroine, "the word is rather a harsh one; but don't merit it for the future, and, above all, no saucy looks. If you betray my secret, I shall be compelled, in self-defence, to say why I confessed it, and you may guess which of us will be the most laughed at then."

So saying, she bounded from the pathway, leaving Herbert Chutnee and his wife by themselves.

For several moments the repentant man stood silent and abashed before the youthful creature whose inexperience he had betrayed into a disproportionate marriage. Suspicion had given place to confidence, and he felt, perhaps, how deeply he had sinned.

"Can you forgive me, Zamora?" he stammered.

"I can pardon any one who asks me," replied the lady, coldly.

He advanced, and would have taken her hand.

"But not restore my confidence," she added.

"That, once broken, can never be reunited, You

were unwise to destroy it, for it was the surest safeguard of my feelings and conduct. Whilst I could look up to you with reverence and affection, both were safe."

"And now?"

"You have set my heart a-dreaming," exclaimed Zamora, passionately; "and I ask what might have been my fate if I had united it with one of my own age, whose pleasures would have been mine, whose pursuits the same; who, confident in his own truth and honour, had never insulted me by a suspicion of mine. You are astonished to hear me speak thus," she continued, "but I am no longer a child; suffering has made me a woman. Had you acted as you ought to have done, I should have remained a child still."

"Hear me, Zamora. I can again—"

"Make no rash promises, for they are changeable as the winds—unstable as water, and will be broken as soon as made. It needs but for some brainless puppy to pay a compliment to your wife—cause her to smile by his fatuity, perhaps—to till your heart with jealous pangs again. I dare not trust you."

"Yet hear me."

"I will not trust you," added the girl-like creature, in a tone of resolution, which startled him. "You have shown me my destiny, and I submit to it; for the future, a life of care, every word to be weighed before my lips pronounce it, every look guarded lest you should take offence. Would I had known it sooner."

"Zamora!" exclaimed her husband, "these cruel words inflict a deeper pang than all I have yet endured. You know I live but in your smiles, that my soul is so devotedly yours; I know no other existence. Listen to me!"

"I am listening."

"I have not long to live, for I am old; I blame myself when I reflect how much older than yourself. I am rich; make but my few remaining years happy, and all that I possess shall be yours."

Mrs. Chutnee smiled disdainfully.

"You know not yet what wealth can purchase."

"Too painfully," she answered, with a shudder.

"You will drive me mad."

"You have made me wretched."

"Is there no hope?"

"None," replied Zamora. "Henceforth I shall be to you only as a daughter, for you have broken all other ties between us; but, like a daughter who knows her duty, I will consult your pleasure in everything. I give up society—I never cared for its flatteries and pleasures—renounce the companionship of all but my own sad thoughts: I cannot, if I would, divorce myself from them. The poor bird you have limed will remain a prisoner in its gilded cage. If its song is hushed, you have only yourself to blame."

"Zamora!" cried Mr. Chutnee, greatly agitated, "this is cruelty to yourself—to me,—the very refinement of an angry woman's vengeance."

"And yet I am not angry," observed his wife, calmly.

"Can I endure the torture of seeing you wither in solitude, and know that my love has fallen like a blight upon your happiness?"

"Not your love, but your jealousy."

"By heavens," he added, "I would rather a thousand times see you in the world—the idol of every worshipper who sunned himself in your beauty."

"I require no worshippers."

"Friends, then."

"I shall still have Lillian and Lady Bell—but perhaps you will be jealous of them."

"Hear me!"

"More," exclaimed the angry beauty, bursting into a passionate flood of tears; "you have humiliated me—humiliated me to myself. Point out any one action of my life which justifies you in supposing that I would fling my heart unasked at the feet of one who cares nothing for me—more, who is the plighted husband of another."

"It was unjust," murmured the merchant. "It was a fatal hour which witnessed the entrance of Richard Tyrrell beneath my roof."

"You made it so."

"Granted," said her husband.

"The kind-hearted boy!" she added; "he little thought, whilst speaking to me with a brother's frankness, that every word he uttered was watched and weighed by lynx-eyed jealousy, that every smile was misconstrued! And yet you could affect friendship for him! Poor humanity! how easily the clay of which thou art composed receives the vilest impressions!"

"I will ask his forgiveness," said Mr. Chutnee, very humbly.

The eyes of Zamora flashed fire, and her child-like,

beautiful lips curled with an expression of scorn so intense, that it startled the weak and doting old man.

"What!" she cried, "let him know that any one dared suspect me of thrusting my love unasked upon him; of breaking the vow I have sworn to him before whom all vows are sacred? Never, never!"

"What can I do?" demanded the merchant, in a tone of helplessness.

"Nothing. We must both submit to our punishment—I, for thinking that an old man, whom I was once weak enough to love, with his affection could bestow his confidence; you, for having doubted where wisdom should have bade you trust."

All this appeared so strange to Herbert Chutnee, that it was no wonder he felt bewildered. Great as his error had been, he felt that the penalty was still greater, and began to experience something very like anger and impatience.

"You forget," he said, "that you are my wife."

"I cannot forget it."

"And that I have rights which—"

Zamora broke into a laugh; not one of those light and musical ones, which speak the heart at ease, but a sharp, metallic one, whose peculiar sounds indicate the depth of the vibration.

"Rights!" she repeated; "rights over a child whom you have betrayed into marriage, only to make her wretched; for I was happy enough at school with my flowers and books, and young companions. Urge them upon me and I quit your house—break the last tie between us."

"And give yourself up to another!" exclaimed her husband, furiously.

"Never," replied his wife, calmly. "I shall not cease to respect myself, even if driven to cease to respect you."

"This is torture!"

"I know it is," observed his wife, coolly; "but the instrument has been invented by yourself."

With these words the speaker returned to the house, despite the entreaties and remonstrances of the man who for the future was only to be to her as a father. In his despair he bitterly cursed his own folly, for every feeling of jealousy respecting Richard Tyrrell was at an end, at the very moment, perhaps, when, if he could have read his wife's heart, he might have found most cause for jealousy.

The truth was that Zamora doubted her own heart; not its virtue, for an impure thought had never yet sullied it; but her husband's groundless suspicions, groundless, at least, in the first instance, had caused her to think more than she otherwise would have done of our hero; and, to her astonishment and terror, the announcement of his engagement with Lillian had caused her a pang.

Well might she accuse Herbert Chutnee of folly in setting her young heart dreaming.

When he made his appearance in the drawing-room, for he did not rejoin the gentlemen at their wine, he saw his wife seated between Lady Bell and Lillian. She had extorted from the latter a solemn promise never to reveal the secret she had confided to her, not even to her protectress.

"I am glad you are come," cried her ladyship. "Zamora is the most unreasonable creature. I really am afraid you spoil her. Use your influence."

"I fear you overrate it," murmured the husband, with a sigh.

"She absolutely refuses to join us in a party to-morrow to one of the lovely islands on the Hooghly. Did you ever hear of such caprice?"

"Why not accept it, my love?" demanded Herbert; "you once were fond of the water."

The insulted beauty shook her head.

"I can trust you," he added, in the vain hope of conciliating her by a display of confidence which, even in his present position, cost him an effort to affect, "to the care of our friends."

"Is not that a temptation?" cried Lady Bell, laughingly.

"Not the slightest."

"It is not every wife that can say as much."

Lillian was about to speak, but a look from her friend, reminding her of her promise, restrained her.

At this instant Richard entered the drawing-room. The mutual glances between him and the fair girl he had wooed and won, convinced the merchant how groundless had been his fears.

Zamora regarded her husband with a cold smile.

"Come, Mr. Tyrrell," said the latter, "you must try the effect of your eloquence."

"Upon what subject?"

"A pleasant party."

"Oh, then, I promise to be very eloquent."

"My wife refuses to join it," added Mr. Chutnee, "because I cannot accompany her. You must reason her out of her caprice."

The speaker led our hero up to the musnud on

which the ladies were seated. Bowing in the style of an oriental presenting a petition, he proffered his request.

"Rejected," said Zamora; then, turning to the mortified husband, she added, ironically, "You see I can keep my resolution."

Herbert Chutnee began to feel exceedingly alarmed, and feared she would keep her word.

CHAPTER LVI.

Oh, think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and these last fatal periods;
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Made up of horror all, and big with death.—ADDISON.

WHILE the scenes we have just described were taking place in the garden and drawing-room of Lady Bell, Caleb and Jack Manders had accompanied the sycee Hirim to the grove surrounding the temple where Hassan and Al Moorad were in the habit of holding their secret meetings, for we scarcely need inform our readers that the wily Hindoo domestic was a household spy upon the movements and proceedings of our hero; his fidelity, if he possessed any portion of that virtue, being engaged to his former master.

The young men had not long concealed themselves by creeping beneath the underwood, before the parties whom they came to watch approached, in deep and earnest conversation. The banker was evidently trying to persuade his companion to something which the fellow either felt declined to, or had not been bribed sufficiently high to undertake.

How Jack envied the groom his knowledge of the language. He felt convinced that some mischief was plotting against his benefactor, and would have given worlds to unravel it.

The words of the principal speaker appeared to make but little impression upon Hassan, till they were joined by a venerable-looking priest, who issued from the temple. At his approach both the Hindoos bowed with the deepest reverence.

Caleb laid his hand upon the arm of Hirim to attract his attention to the new-comer, and found, to his surprise, that the boy trembled violently.

"Not unlike Uncle Andrew," thought Jack Manders, as he gazed upon the countenance of the old man—a reflection which did not increase his good opinion of him.

The appearance of the priest produced a marked change in the conduct of Hassan, whose hesitations and objections seemed at once to vanish. He received a small silken bag, which the former extended towards him, and placed it in his breast.

Immediately afterwards all three entered the temple, and the concealed spectators of their interview cautiously withdrew.

"Who is that old man, Hirim?" demanded Jack.

"Oh! do not ask me," replied the boy, with a shudder.

"What were they talking about?"

"Deen," said the boy, sullenly.

"What is that?"

"Faith. I am sorry I brought you to the place."

"Faith," repeated Jack Manders; "umph! may be; but to speak plainly, I have not much faith in your answer."

"Why did you shake and tremble," inquired Caleb, "when I placed my hand upon you?"

"I have spoken the truth," muttered the sycee, in a sullen tone, "and you have no right to doubt me. When I thought ill was brooding against the sahib Tyrrell, I made you acquainted with my suspicions; but Hirim will not betray his faith!"

This was the only answer they could get from him, and it was far from being satisfactory to either of his companions, who determined to impart their suspicions to our hero, and get him to watch the next night.

"He will ferret it out," said Jack, in confidence to Caleb. "He speaks their lingo as plainly as I do English."

Unfortunately, his benefactor quitted for the counting-house of Mr. Chutnee the following day before Jack could impart to him what had occurred.

Richard had not forgotten the hint Lieutenant Marsh had given him respecting Al Moorad. As the head of one of the largest native banking firms in Calcutta, he was well-known in English society, in which he frequently moved, and was looked upon as one of the most enlightened of his race, the least affected by the prejudices of caste, and the debasing superstitions which render the effeminate Asiatic so contemptible in the eyes of every European.

More than once our hero had detected the eyes of the banker fixed upon himself and Lillian as they danced together, or snatched a few hasty words of conversation in society. On such occasions Al Moorad,

instead of appearing confused, would smile, advance, and chat with them.

It might have been friendly—from any but an Asiatic, it must have been deemed so; but in no country are men more clever in masking every emotion or feeling than in the East. "He is but a driveller," says the proverb, "who knows not how to dissemble."

The gentleman in question had read the proverbs of the Hindoo philosophers and writers very carefully; in fact, made a study of them.

Richard was seated in the counting-house of Mr. Chutnee, where his mornings were generally spent, when the party in question entered, and inquired, in no very amicable tone, for Mr. Sanford.

"He is in the private room with the principal of the house," answered one of the clerks.

"You had better inform him," observed our hero.

On hearing the voice, the subtle oriental instantly became all smiles, and inquired most affectionately after his health.

"Quite well, I thank you," said the youth, writing away in the ledger.

"I was not aware that you were a clerk," added the visitor.

"How else should I learn the business?"

"Very true."

Sanford made his appearance, and, recognising the party who had inquired for him, looked exceedingly confused, despite his effort to conceal it.

"Some rascality in hand," thought Richard, but without appearing to pay the least attention to them.

Al Moorad and the managing clerk of Mr. Chutnee retired to one of the windows, where a long and animated conversation ensued. The native banker drew from his pocket a letter, took from it a bill, and handed it to Sanford, who shrugged his shoulders, and muttered something in a very humble tone.

"Dishonoured," thought our hero.

He was not far wrong.

Again the whispered conversation was resumed. At first Al Moorad seemed unbending and haughty, then gradually appeared to yield to the entreaties or representations of the clerk; and once or twice Richard fancied that he could detect a glance towards himself; and yet, what could he have to do with their affairs?

At last they shook hands—a sure sign that some piece of chicanery, after having been duly discussed, had been concluded.

Mr. Sanford saw the Hindoo to the door of the banking house; then returned and stopped at the desk where Richard was writing.

"A troublesome fellow," he exclaimed, alluding to his late visitor; "all natives are alike. The man is as rich as Croesus, if ever there was such a person; and yet he is frightened out of his wits about a paltry bill for five hundred pounds."

"Indeed!"

"Good as the bank of Calcutta."

"So I should suppose," remarked his hearer, pretending to take very little interest in the affair. "I know Mr. Curry would not hesitate to discount Chutnee's signature for ten times that amount, or even more."

"I should think not," exclaimed the managing clerk, with a laugh at his simplicity; "but it does not happen to be the governor's signature."

"I thought it might have been."

"It is mine."

"Yours!"

"Drawn upon the junior partner of the great house of Bently, Kearns, and Company, Lombard-street, London."

Although the heart of the young man beat violently, not the slightest movement of his features betrayed the surprise he felt.

"Perhaps you know them?"

"I never set foot but in one counting-house in England in my life," replied Richard, evasively, "and that was Mr. Curry's. Perhaps," he added, as if struck by a sudden idea, "you forgot to advise your correspondent on the subject."

"No, I did not."

"No effects, then?" exclaimed our hero, laughingly.

"Plenty. The fact is, that several years I have drawn upon him to the same amount, and never before had my bill dishonoured. Something serious must have occurred, or he never would have disappointed me."

"Is your agency so valuable, then?"

"No, but my—," he paused, and replaced the word "silence," which he intended to utter, by—"friendship is."

"I wonder," he added, "if you could discount for me; it would really be of service to me. I have an excellent speculation of indigo in hand—has advanced money to the planter; but if I force a sale—"

"You forget that I have not commenced business yet," observed the young man, carelessly; "but let me look at your bill."

Sanford placed it eagerly in his hand.

"Is this the gentleman's acceptance?" said Richard, pointing to the signature of Carus.

"That I can assure you of. I receive one every year in blank. Some infernal mistake must have occurred. What say you?"

"That I must inquire first respecting the stability of the house. I may have heard the name of the firm before, but most certainly know nothing of its standing in the market."

"For heaven's sake do not make any inquiries of Chutnee," said the managing clerk, greatly alarmed. "By our articles I am bound down not to trade on my own account; and, in fact, I seldom do, unless something very tempting drops in my way. The governor would never forgive me. Since his wife's illness he has been in the temper of a hyena."

"Is Madame Chutnee ill, then?" demanded his hearer, forgetting in his sympathy for Zamora the point in view.

"Her ayah says she is fretting herself to a skeleton."

"And the disease?"

"No one knows. She has had scores of doctors, both native and European, to attend her. But I think I could guess it," added the speaker, lowering his voice, and at the same time giving our hero a peculiar look.

"Indeed!"

"She has discovered that she has got an old husband," whispered Sanford, "and that captivity is still captivity, although passed in a golden cage."

"Very likely," thought the youth, for he himself had frequently wondered how a mere child came to wed a man so much older than herself.

"Well," added the speaker, "what do you say to it?"

"That I must make inquiries."

"Hang it! do it at once; you are rich."

"But not rich enough to lose five hundred pounds."

"When will you give me an answer?"

"To-morrow."

That same evening Richard Tyrrell related all that had taken place to his friend and adviser, Lieutenant Marsh, and asked his opinion whether he should comply with Sanford's request or not.

"By all means, my dear boy," replied the old soldier, after a few moments' reflection. "It is of importance to obtain proof of the connection between this Carus Kearn, your father's calumniator, and his agent—for so I sincerely believe it will turn out that Sanford is, and long has been."

"And what am I to do with the bill when I have discounted it?" demanded our hero, who did not exactly see the use which might be made of it.

"Give it to me."

"Willingly."

"And I will transmit it to your grandfather, who has other and far more serious cause of offence against his nephew. He never confided to me the exact particulars, but I shall never forget his countenance when he alluded to it."

"Have you ever seen this Carus?" inquired Richard.

"Only once."

"And what is he like?"

"Tall and gentlemanly enough in his bearing," answered the lieutenant, "and has all the usages of good society, which, as a matter of course, he has long been accustomed to mingle in; but his countenance did not please me. The features are regular enough; it was from the expression of the eyes and mouth that I drew an unfavourable inference. The former are dark, piercing, and ever restless. When he addresses you, instead of meeting your gaze with open, honest frankness, he steals furtive glances, and seems embarrassed if by accident you fix his gaze. The latter," he added, "is sensual, cruel, and vindictive."

"A sad picture," observed our hero.

"But a true one," answered his friend.

The next day, Richard Tyrrell, when Sanford spoke to him on the subject of the accommodation, expressed his readiness to oblige him, adding that he had received so excellent an account of the position of the firm of Bently, Carus Kearn, and Company, that he felt perfectly satisfied.

The managing clerk was profuse in his thanks, and the transaction concluded that same day, very much to the satisfaction of the holder of the bill, which was at once handed to the lieutenant to forward to England.

At the end of a week, Al Moorad again made his appearance at the banking-house of Mr Chutnee,

and inquired with great impatience as usual for Sanford.

"Not in," replied the junior clerk.

"Will he be long?"

"Can't tell."

"It is of importance."

"You will find him at Exchange," observed our hero, saluting him.

The oriental bowed with his usual suppleness, thanked him, and took his leave; but in less than an hour returned again, accompanied by the managing clerk; they both approached the desk at which Richard was writing, and requested a few minutes' private conversation with him.

"With me?" repeated the youth, in a tone of surprise. "You had better come with me into Mr. Chutnee's private room; he will not be here for an hour at least," he added, looking at his watch.

The proposal was acceded to.

Richard could not avoid being struck by the great difference in the manner of the two men. Al Moorad was cold, self-possessed, and wary as a snake, calculating its spring. His companion, on the contrary, greatly agitated, and nervously excited.

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Sanford, "you recollect the bill."

"The one I discounted?"

"Yes."

"Considering it was my first transaction—commercial one, I mean," answered Richard Tyrrell, laughingly, "it would be strange if I did not; five per cent., not a bad hit for a young beginner."

"Money in India frequently brings twelve," observed the Hindoo banker, in a soft, insinuating tone.

"With risk."

"Certainly."

"I have received advices from England by the mail of yesterday," resumed the managing clerk, impatiently. "It was some infernal mistake of the man's who presented the bill. I knew Carus would never trifle with me."

"I recollect you said so at the time."

"He has transmitted me the money."

"Glad to hear it."

"I wish, therefore, you would let me have the bill back again, and as for the discount, that can be easily settled."

"Very easily indeed," answered our hero, "were it in my power to do as you request me."

"Why, you have never parted with it?"

"Sent it to England."

The two visitors exchanged uneasy glances.

"Provoking!" muttered one.

"Kismet!" ejaculated the other.

For the benefit of such of our readers as may not be acquainted with oriental languages, we beg leave to inform them that the last word signifies fate, and is generally used by the natives of the East to express the action of an over-ruling and all-wise Providence.

"Why did you not ask me to keep it?" demanded the young man, anxious, if possible, to obtain some further clue.

"I never thought that Carus would forward the money," was the reply.

"If he is so rich, it will not inconvenience him."

"It is not that," interrupted Sanford, hastily, "but the—in short, it must be disagreeable to any man of his position in the commercial world, to have his bill returned. I suppose," he added, "that it will be presented through the house of Curry and Company?"

"It is the only firm I have any monetary connection with, as you well know," observed the young man evasively.

As the speakers quitted the room, Al Moorad dropped a paper from his girdle. Richard saw it fall, and his first impulse was to secure it. As he was in the act of stooping to raise it, a blush suffused his cheek.

"No," he murmured, "not by dishonourable means. The battle must be so fought, that when the victory is won, I need not shame to claim it."

"See what you have left," he exclaimed, aloud, just as they reached the door.

The Hindoo sprang upon the paper, like some wild animal, with a single bound, and his features appeared ghastly pale as he raised it.

"You should have claimed a reward, Tyrrell," said the managing clerk; "it is not often that our friend drops Treasury bonds."

"That paper is not a Treasury bond," observed our hero.

"True, the colour is different. What made you so eager to recover it? I thought it must have been for a lac of rupees, at least."

The native banker touched first his forehead, then

his lips with the paper, and slowly replaced it in his girdle.

The two Europeans knew by this action that it was something of a religious character; and the speaker pronounced the word *deen*.

Which word signifies faith.

The Hindoo nodded in the affirmative.

Tyrrell only felt half satisfied that the explanation was the correct one, but, as he had no means of satisfying himself upon the point, he made no further remark, and permitted them to take their leave.

That same evening, on paying his usual visit to Sir Charles, he found Lillian in tears and Lady Bell looking very serious.

"What has occurred?" he eagerly demanded.

"The regiment is ordered to Delhi."

"And when does it march?"

"In five days."

"So soon!"

This was addressed to the protectress of the fair girl, whose heart was mourning over its first sorrow. Could she have foreseen all that it would have to bear and suffer, she would have reserved her tears; but Providence mercifully veils the page of the future. Were it displayed to our gaze, the present would lose its charm.

"The Sepoys," said her ladyship, "have shown signs of disaffection,—something about cartridges, I believe; but Sir Charles says it is only a pretence."

Her hearer thought of the warning words of his friend the lieutenant.

"Should there be danger," he observed, "surely, Lady Bell, you would be better in Calcutta."

The generous-minded woman drew herself up to her full height, and her bright eyes flashed scornfully.

"I forgive you, Richard," she made answer, "for two reasons: the first, because you are a lover, and naturally feel anxious for Lillian, to say nothing of the pain of a separation, which can only prove temporary; for when the governor and council have recovered from their fright, the 01st will, I have no doubt, be ordered back again."

"And the second?"

"That my husband thinks exactly as you do."

"Then I am sure you will yield."

"That by no means follows," exclaimed her ladyship, archly. "When I married Sir Charles, he would have quitted the service, but I refused to listen to it, for I knew how closely he felt wedded to his profession. In becoming the wife of a soldier, I accepted all the inconveniences of my choice, even to the packing up of my dresses, the derangement of my boudoir, and the breaking off of so many pleasant acquaintances."

"You forget the danger."

"There is none."

Lillian, however, was not of the same opinion, and she trembled not only for the safety of her protector, who had acted towards her like a parent, but at the thought of a separation from the man she loved.

"Here comes Rose, too, looking as wretched as if her husband were already in front of the enemy!" exclaimed the lady, as the wife of Mark Rayner made her appearance in the drawing-room, her eyes red with weeping. "Why, Rose," she added, "I gave you credit for more courage."

Lilly, who had thrown her arms round the neck of her foster mother, tried to kiss away her tears.

"It is not that," sobbed the woman, "not that."

"What is it, then?"

"Mark has been placed under arrest by order of Major Plinlimmon."

"That horrible little major," observed her ladyship, "is always doing some disagreeable thing or another."

"It cannot be for any very grave offence," said our hero; "we will all intercede with Sir Charles for him."

Rose wrung her hands.

"He will release him," whispered Lillian.

"He dares not," murmured the distracted wife; "it is for no slight breach of discipline, but a far more serious charge."

"Drunkenness?"

"No."

"What then?"

"For having released a prisoner who was placed under his care. My husband commanded the prison guard."

"And the name of the prisoner?"

"Sanderson."

"Poor Rose," said her protectress, when she heard the name, "this is indeed unfortunate. The plot thickens, and the long-concealed truth must soon be known. Better to have told it at once."

(To be continued.)

A FISHERMAN.

A FISHERMAN leaned on a garden gate
He often used to pass:
'Twas sunset, and two little boys
Were playing on the grass.

The watch-dog by the door-stone sat,
And bayed the rising moon,
And the mother milked her cow and sung
An old and pleasant tune.

The children left their play and ran,
And leaning on her knee,
She milked the milk into their mouths,
Laughing with girlish glee.

And as she carried her frothy pail,
Slow to the rustic door,
One little one held at her skirt behind,
And the other one before.

She stopped, and hugging both their heads
Against her loving breast,
They looked like two bright little birds
A-peeping from one nest.

The sunburnt fisher went his way,
Sighing alas, alas!
It was not for the little boys
That played upon the grass.

And when he came where cold, gray stones
Were standing, many a pair,
He put his net from his shoulder down—
His little boy was there.

Hopes and Hells for the Young.

GOOD READING.

Born in reading and speaking a careful attention to pronunciation is essential. Good reading is more rarely to be heard than is commonly supposed, and requires more care than is usually bestowed upon it. By noticing some of the faults of bad reading, we may excite the diligence of those who are anxious to avoid them; and, as bad pronunciation is the common failing, we shall devote our space this week to pointing out in what these faults chiefly consist.

Nothing is more disagreeable than reading too loud. It annoys the hearers; it inconveniences the reader; it obscures the sense of the author. It arises either from ignorance or affectation. Some people read too loud because they have never considered how objectionable it is; others adopt the practice on account of its singularity. The former may be pardoned and corrected; the latter is unpardonable, and those who adopt it are seldom cured, being wiser in their own conceit "than seven wise men who can render a reason."

Another fault is when the voice is too low. This may be less inconvenient to the reader, but is almost equally disagreeable to the hearer as an overstrained effort. Whatever it may arise from, it looks like indolence or inattention, either of which is a tacit insult to the listener, as it intimates the unconcern of the reader in what he is reading, and how little he is himself interested in what he imagines will interest other people.

Another fault is a thick, hasty utterance. By such a process long words are cut short, and short words frequently omitted, or blended with their next-door neighbours, until sense is utterly lost, and reading becomes "gabble." This may arise from defective organs of speech; but in most cases is attributable to a bad habit early acquired, and confirmed by long use.

To read too quick or too slow is equally objectionable. Rapid reading frequently sacrifices the sense of the author to the facile ability of the reader, while it confuses the hearer, and deprives him of half the good things which are uttered. Railway travelling is not adapted for the seeker after the picturesque; he loses the beauties of the landscape in his hurried transit, however important such hasty travelling may be on certain occasions. It is precisely the same with the railway style of reading; and a reader should always have a regard for the memory and understanding of his hearers. They want to enjoy the author, not to arrive at the end of the book.

But very annoying, on the other hand, is a too slow reader. This is most faulty in reading trifles that do not require attention. It is then most tedious. It is, however, a fault rarely to be found, unless in aged people, or those who naturally speak so in common conversation. But most disagreeable in slow readers is the manner which some of them have of adopting a drowsy, sleepy tone—tone indeed is a very important part in good or bad reading.

An irregular or uneven voice is distressing. It rises or falls by fits and starts; is elevated or de-

pressed unnaturally and unseasonably, without regard to sense or stops; it begins a sentence in a high voice, and gradually lowers into a growl; or it begins with a low note, and gradually becomes shrill; or it rises and falls in the same sentence, beginning and ending on the same note.

Sometimes the tone adopted—we employ this term advisedly, for it is never natural—is flat, dull, and uniform, without emphasis or cadence, or any regard to the subject in hand. This fault is often acquired in the routine lessons of school, and is retained in maturity. It is decidedly bad. It may serve well enough for a reading-boy in a printing-office, or an attorney's clerk reading a deed; in neither of which cases emphasis is expected, nor, indeed, is necessary, but otherwise, it is most objectionable. It deprives the hearer of the greatest part of the benefit or advantage he might receive by a close attention to the weighty and interesting parts of the subject, which should always be distinguished by pointed pronunciation. A just pronunciation is an excellent commentary.

But the commonest fault is that of reading in a tone. The large majority of ordinary readers invariably intone. They have one voice—good, bad, or indifferent—for every-day affairs; but set them to read a paragraph, and they assume a tone unnatural to themselves. They become instantly artificial. They clatter or drawl, are tediously monotonous or ostentatiously affected, and are as unlike themselves as it is possible to be.

Next week we purpose offering a few remarks on the acquisition of a correct style of reading; but in concluding these observations on faulty pronunciation, we may notice that both good writing, good reading, and effective speaking depend on their being natural. Readers should endeavour to enter into the spirit of the writer, and, feeling what they have to read, express it—not in an overstrained style, or with exaggerated force, or artificial effect—but in the same natural and easy manner which they would adopt if they were speaking their own words instead of reading those of another.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

LUCY.—It is evident you are not perfect in English pronunciation, or you would not have supposed it possible that *viande* in French, sounded as if written *veaunde*, could be pronounced *veaundee*. Would you sound *tune*, *tunee*? In English the final *e* gives length to the sound, but is itself mute. The French letter *u* has been discussed already.

G. L.—In general the final consonant is not sounded. Where, by means of the English spelling, we direct you to sound it, rely upon it, it should be pronounced. There are exceptions to every rule. The mark you speak of is a circumflex accent. Like the acute and grave accent it gives the *e* the sound of *a*. Example, *le dé*, the thimble; *la mère*, the mother; *le même*, the same.

A READER FROM THE FIRST.—Short words and easy conversations will follow in abundance.

A YORKSHIRE LAD.—A little useful vocabulary may be made of all the words given you in the lessons. You can easily collect these chapters; and as to the sentences, you should learn them by heart.

AN ADMIRER OF CORRECT PRONUNCIATION, AND MIRIAM TAYLOR.—We thank you both for the high opinion you express of the French Lessons. We will endeavour to be still more explicit to you respecting the French sound represented in English by a final *g*. Certainly, in the word bread, *pain* (French), pronounced *paing*, the *g* is not "in its full force," if by full force you mean the harsh sound as in garden. English people who give this harsh sound to a final *g*, are guilty of a provincialism. Instead of the soft liquid *g*, they give it a harsh sound, as in *plague*.

CHAPTER VI.

"I REALLY begin to like grammar," said Robert, as he sat down to listen to his kind friend's instructions. "I only wish I had mastered all those provoking parts of speech."

"Be patient, and soon you will have done so," replied George. "You acquired a good idea of the article and noun in the last lesson; now we will take another couple into consideration, viz., the pronoun and the verb."

"As grammarians tell you, the pronoun is a word used instead of a noun to avoid the too frequent repetition of the same word. An example will explain to you directly what a pronoun really is, so you shall have an example—Robert is attentive; he recollects all his teacher says. He will soon speak, read, and understand French." Now tell me which is the pronoun in this sentence.

"He, to be sure," answered Robert, after a moment's consideration. "for it stands instead of Robert, a noun. I know myself to be a noun, for you told me every thing is a noun."

"Bravo!" cried George. "And now for the verb. A verb is a word that means to do anything, or to be

anything. When I say, 'You write French,' which is the verb in that sentence?"

"Write," answered Robert; "for I know that to write is to do something, so it must be a verb."

"In this sentence, 'I am pleased with you,' can you find out the verb?" asked George.

Robert looked puzzled for a minute.

"Is it *am*?" said he, anxiously.

"Of course it is," replied George.

"I almost guessed it," said the pupil; "for you will own *am* and *be* do not sound at all alike."

"That remark of yours," said the teacher, "leads to a very important point, viz., that verbs (and now you know what a verb is) undergo great changes when they are conjugated. And conjugated means their being variously used—whether in the *present*, *past*, or *future tense* or *time*; secondly, whether by one person or two, or more, and this difference is called number; thirdly, whether *by me*, *by you*, or *by your mother*. The three persons just mentioned representing the first, second, and third person. And now I have explained to you what boys learn by rote, and understand nothing about; that to verbs belong tense, number, and person. Excellent grammarians enter into more minute divisions. They also talk about mood or manner of the verb. I shall explain all this to you in due time. Even now you must glance at the moods; it would puzzle you just now to do more. The present, past, and future are the tenses we shall consider; and you must learn what are called *auxiliary*, or helping verbs. As to the moods or manner of the verb, we will only speak of three in this lesson: the infinitive, which expresses the verb in a vague, undetermined manner; the indicative, which simply asserts; and the imperative, which commands. We English people use, with the auxiliary verbs, the imperfect verbs *shall* and *will*, as you will soon see in the conjugation of the all-important helping verbs, *to have* and *to be*."

"But," said Robert, "I do not see, according to your explanation, that *to have* is a verb at all. It does not mean *to do* or *to be* anything."

"There is some justice in your remark, Robert. But, though *to have* is not exactly *to be* or *to do*, on consideration you will find that it does signify to be in possession of something."

"Yes, so it does," replied Robert.

"And now," said his friend, "you are about to make little sentences out of parts of speech with which you are tolerably familiar, viz., with the pronoun, verb, article, and noun. In the first place, we will conjugate the verb *to have*."

INFINITIVE MOOD.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
To have.	Avoir.
INDICATIVE MOOD.	
Present Tense.	Le Présent.
Singular.	Singulier.
I have the pen.	J'ai la plume.
Thou hast the ink.	Tu as l'encre.
He, she, or it has the apple.	Il ou elle a la pomme.
Plural.	Pluriel.
We have the pencil.	Nous avons le crayon.
You have the flower.	Vous avez la fleur.
They have the money.	Ils ont l'argent.
Past.	Le Passé (Imparfait).
I had the bread.	J'avais le pain.
Thou hadst the salt.	Tu avais le sel.
He had the water.	Il avait l'eau.
Future.	Le Futur
I shall have the chair.	J'aurai la chaise.
You shall have the carpet.	Tu auras le tapis.
He shall have the table.	Il aura la table.
Imperative Mood.	Présent.
Have the dog.	Aye le chien.
Let him have the cat.	Qu'il ait la chatte.
Have (you) the bird.	Ayez l'oiseau.
Let them have the plate.	Qu'ils aient l'assiette.

"Now, I advise you, Robert," said George, "to learn all these tenses by heart; then make a writing exercise of them. Cover the English, and write it out by consulting the French; then cover the French, and write it by consulting the English."

"I consider you have made good progress in this lesson, although in the first part of it there was hardly a word of French. Everything you learnt was a vehicle for acquiring French, and you will thank me for the directions given as you proceed. It is to-day

a little too late for the 'Voyage à Paris,' we will go on with that to-morrow. In the meantime, I must teach you how to say 'yes' and 'no,' and also dictate to you the names of the days in the week, and of the four seasons."

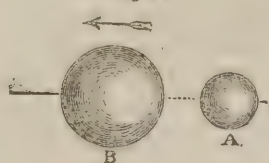
ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	SOUND.
Yes, madam.	Oui, madame.	We, maladum.
No, sir.	Non, monsieur.	Nong, mosue.
<i>Days of the week.</i>	<i>Les jours de la semaine.</i>	
Sunday	Dimanche	
Monday	Lundi	
Tuesday	Mardi	
Wednesday	Mercredi	
Thursday	Jendredi	
Friday	Vendredi	
Saturday	Samedi.	
<i>The seasons.</i>	<i>Les saisons.</i>	
Spring	Le printemps *	
Summer	L'été	
Autumn	L'automne *	
Winter.	L'hiver	

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON V

ACTION AND REACTION.

101. Suppose the two bodies, A and B, represented in Fig. 3, are both moving in the direction indicated by the arrow, and that A overtakes B, and comes into collision with it, what will be the result?—A will lose a portion of its momentum, and B will gain an equal amount.

Fig. 3



102. How is this generally expressed?—It is said that A acts on B, and B reacts on A; and that the action and reaction are equal, and directly opposed to each other.

103. Is it universally true that whatever force one body exerts upon another, the second body exerts on the first in the opposite direction?—It is; and action and reaction are always equal and directly opposed.

104. Illustrate this important principle by a simple example.—A book lying on a table presses on it by the equal reaction of the table.

105. Mention another familiar illustration.—If we clap our hands, each hand receives the same blow.

106. Suppose a man pulls at one end of a rope that is attached to a post?—The post pulls at the other end just as hard as he does.

107. A magnet attracts a piece of iron that is brought near it: according to the principle of action and reaction, what is also true?—That the iron attracts the magnet with an equal force.

108. Does the same principle hold good in the case of the attraction which the earth exerts upon bodies at its surface?—It does. All bodies react upon the earth with a force equal to the earth's attraction.

109.—Does the earth then move to meet a falling stone?—It does; but, owing to its enormous mass, its motion is exceedingly slow in comparison with that of the stone.

110. Has the principle of the equality of action and reaction anything to do with the voluntary motions of men and animals?—It has; the immediate cause of all such motions is the reaction of something against which the muscular force of the animal is exerted.

111. Illustrate.—When we walk, it is the reaction of the earth to the force we exert that enables us to move.

112. How does a bird fly?—It strikes the air with its wings, and the reaction of the air bears it forward.

113. How does a fish swim?—By the reaction of the water to the pressure which it exerts against it with its fins and tail.

114. Is the principle the same in every other case of motion in which the original source of power is within the moving body?—It is; for example, a steamboat is propelled by the reaction of the water to the pressure of the revolving paddles.

115. If a large ship comes into collision with a small vessel at sea, do they receive the same or a different shock?—The same.

EFFECTS OF COLLISION ON THE MOTION OF BODIES.

116. When two balls, moving on the same line, as in Fig. 3, come into collision, what are the circumstances of their motion after the collision?—If they

* Where there is any great difficulty we still think it advisable to spell the sound; the pupil is, therefore, informed that "printemps" is sounded as if it were written *prangtlong*; and "automne" as if written *oh-tone*.

are inelastic, they keep on together; but if they are elastic, like India-rubber or ivory, they separate, and take different velocities.

117. Why do elastic balls separate after collision?—Because they are both compressed by the shock, and then recover their form with a certain force, which urges them asunder.

118. How may this effect be illustrated?—The result is the same as if there were a steel spring between the two bodies, that was compressed by the shock, and then recovered itself.

Fig. 4

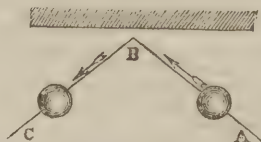


119. If an elastic ivory ball should come against another of the same size at rest, what would be the effect of the collision?—The moving ball would stop, and its motion would be taken up by the other.

120. Does a blow from a club, given to an India-rubber ball, send it off any faster because the ball is elastic?—It does; nearly twice as fast.

121. If an elastic ball be thrown obliquely against an immovable wall, as shown in Fig. 5, in what direction will it glance off?—If it be thrown in a direction A B, it will bound off in another direction, B C, equally oblique to the wall.

Fig. 5



122. If an India-rubber ball were perfectly elastic, how high would it rebound if dropped on the floor?—To the height from which it fell.

RELATIVE MOTION.

123. What is relative motion?—The motion of one body with respect to another which is also in motion.

124. Give an example.—A man walking on the deck of a ship that is under sail is in motion relative to the bow or stern of the ship, and the whole ship at the same time moves forward and carries him along.

125. Suppose he were to run toward the stern at the same rate that the ship goes forward?—He would keep continually over the same point on the surface of the water. While he would be in motion relatively to the ship, he would be at rest in relation to the water.

126. If, as a steamboat was leaving her wharf, a person standing at the stern should throw an apple directly backward with the same velocity that the vessel is going forward, how would the apple appear to move to a person on shore?—It would be seen to drop directly down into the water.

127. If two trains or carriages on the same railroad were proceeding in opposite directions, at the respective rates of 20 miles and 30 miles per hour, with what velocity would they approach?—Fifty miles per hour.

128. If they were proceeding in the same direction, what would their relative velocity be?—Ten miles per hour. They would approach at this rate if the faster of the two trains were behind the other.

COMPOUND MOTION.

129. Can the same body have two different motions at the same time?—It can; some examples have just been given.

130. What is the actual motion that has at the same time two or more different motions called?—Compound motion.

131. Give an example of compound motion.—The case of a boat rowed across a river at the same time that it is carried down the stream by the current.

132. If the boat should be rowed steadily across the river, in the direction A B, and should be carried down by a uniform current a distance B D, what line would it actually follow?—The straight line A D.

133. Suppose two persons were to kick the same football at the same instant, the one toward B and the other toward C, what direction would it take?—A direction, A D, intermediate between the directions in which the two blows were given.

134. Would either impulse change the velocity in the direction of the other?—It would not.

135. If one impulse would have sent it to B in a second, and the other to C, where would it be from the joint action of the two at the end of a second?—It would be at D.

136. If a boy, while in the act of running along the line E F, should throw a ball from A toward B, would the ball go directly to B?—It would not; it would continue to go forward as fast as the boy does; and so, having two motions, would pursue an intermediate line of direction, as A D.

137. Where must another boy, who wishes to catch the ball, stand?—Somewhere on the line A D; and thus in advance of the line of direction in which it was thrown from A.

138. Suppose a man, riding in a wagon, tosses an apple directly upward, will it come into his hands again?—It will; because it moves along horizontally as fast as the man does.

THE TWO PICTURES.

"How beautiful!" And two men paused before the window of a print-seller.

The picture which had called forth from one of the men this admiring exclamation, was a showy bit of landscape, painted for effect, and well calculated to deceive an unpractised eye.

"I must inquire the price," said the speaker, whose name was Godwyn, and he drew his companion into the shop.

"What do you ask for that landscape in the window?"

"Ten pounds," replied the picture-seller; "and it is worth twenty. But the owner wants money, and must sell, even at so great a sacrifice."

"Who is the artist?"

A name not familiar to either of the men was given. But, as they were only posted up in art news indifferently well, and did not care to make their ignorance known, no further question was asked. The name was accepted as belonging to an artist of celebrity.

"I must have that picture, Martin; it is a gem," Godwyn spoke aside to his friend.

"We have a companion piece by the same artist," said the picture-seller, whose ears, all on the alert, had overheard the remark.

"Indeed! Let us see the two together."

The paintings were placed side by side.

"Charming!—beautiful!—exquisite!" were the exclamations with which their exhibition was greeted.

"I will take one of them," said Godwyn. "And you the other." Looking towards his friend Martin.

"I don't know about that," answered the latter. "The pictures are certainly very tempting. But I am not just sure that I can spare ten pounds to-day for an article of simple luxury."

"They're cheap as dirt," said Godwyn. "Better take one. You'll not have another chance like this soon."

But Martin hesitated, debating the money-question involved, and finally decided to let the companion-piece remain where it was for the present. Godwyn paid down ten pounds, and ordered one of the pictures to be sent home.

The two men left the picture-dealer's and walked on, Godwyn elated by his purchase, and Martin well satisfied at having successfully resisted the temptation to spend the sum of ten pounds for a painting, when he had other use for his money.

"You will regret not having bought that picture," said Godwyn. "It is a gem, and is offered at half its value."

"I love pictures," he answered. "They are to me a source of unalloyed pleasure. But my income is yet too limited to permit an indulgence of this taste. The common wants of life, and the charities which may not be disregarded, keep me without a surplus to expend in the merely ornamental."

"I am no better off than you are," said Godwyn. "But a portion of my income must go in the direction of beauty and ornament. Bare walls are my abhorrence."

At this moment a cry of warning reached the ears of the two men, and, looking forward along the street, they saw a horse, attached to an empty wagon, dashing towards them at a frightful speed. A little in advance stood a cart, backed up to the pavement. Before the owner of this, an Irishman, had time to turn his horse, the runaway was upon him, and, one of the shafts striking his poor beast on the head, killed him on the spot.

"Poor fellow," said Martin, in a tone of pity, as he heard the Irishman bewail his loss.

"Come," said Godwyn, drawing upon the arm of

his friend. "It's a mercy for the poor, half-starved beast."

But Martin stood still, and began to ask the Irishman questions. His looks, corroborating his replies, satisfied him that the loss he had just met was the loss of means for getting bread for his children. The man was in deep distress.

"I can't wait here," Godwyn spoke, with some impatience. "Come, or I shall have to leave you. That picture will be home before I get there."

"Go on, then. I must look a little further into this case," said Martin, quite in earnest.

"Humph! You'll have your hands full if you stop to look into every case of this kind," Godwyn spoke a little contemptuously, and then went forward.

"Ah, Martin," said he, as the latter entered his shop about two hours afterwards. "How comes on your Irishman and his dead horse?" There was an amused expression on his face.

"Badly enough at present," he answered. "Poor fellow! the death of his horse is to him indeed a calamity,—like the burning of a mechanic's shop with all his tools, or the sinking of a merchant's ship, wherein was all his fortune. But I think we can put him all right with the world again, and at a very small cost to ourselves. I propose that five individuals contribute two pounds each, and buy him another horse. Here is the list. I have put down my name, and Gregg has followed suit. You will make the third, and I know who to calculate on for the fourth and fifth subscriptions."

Martin only partly unfolded his subscription paper, for a strong negative came instantly into the face of Godwyn.

"In two pence to make two pound subscriptions for the purchase of cart-horses for beggarly Irishmen," he answered. "If I once undertook that business, I should soon have my hands full. Take my advice, and keep your money, your time, and your pleasant feelings, and don't waste either in the thankless task of collecting money to pay for dead horses."

But Martin, though disappointed, was not turned from his good purpose. He succeeded in getting seven pounds subscribed, and then, adding three pounds from his own purse, he went to the humble abode of the poor Irishman, whom he found, half stupid with despondency, amid his sorrowful wife and children.

"Come, come, Jimmy Maguire," he said, cheerfully, "this will never do. Brighten up, man!"

"There's no brightening up for me, yer honour," replied Jimmy, sadly. "Poor Barny is kilt dead," and he drew his hand across his eyes. "The cart's of no use now, and if I was to die for it, I couldn't find money to buy another horse. Och! yer honour, and what is to become of us all?"

The picture that Martin looked upon in that humble abode lay all in deep shadow. There was not upon it a single gleam of sunshine.

"What did Barny cost?"

"I paid seven pounds for him, hard-earned money, and he was chape at that, yer honour."

"Find another horse as good, or even a little better than Barny, and I will buy him for you, Jimmy. Some kind gentlemen have placed money in my hands for that purpose."

Broad dashes of sunlight fell instantly on the living picture, which lay a moment before in deepest shadow.

"Oh, sir! Is it indeed as you say?" Jimmy caught the arm of Mr. Martin, and looked into his face almost wildly.

"Just as I say, Jimmy Maguire. Find the horse, and I will make him yours."

From the valley of grief and despair to the mountain-top of joy, the Irishman's household passed, as by a single stride. They overwhelmed their benefactor with noisy gratitude, and placed him at once high in the calendar of saints.

That evening Mr. Godwyn sat alone in his parlour. The picture was on the wall, but his eyes were already more than half satisfied with its beauty, and ceased to turn themselves towards it for pleasure. A friend had been invited home at tea-time to look at this picture. He had an artist's eye, and knew a good painting from a bad one. Unfortunately for Mr. Godwyn, he detected glaring faults in the landscape, and did not hesitate to pronounce it a fourth rate affair, and dear at the price which had been paid. Mr. Godwyn was unhappy.

On the same evening sat Martin alone, gazing at a picture, the sight of which gave him inexpressible pleasure. It was not hanging upon the parlour walls, inclosed in gilded frame, but grouped in his thought, and vivid as life itself. We need not describe this picture. The reader knows that it represented the poor Irishman and his delighted family. Imagina-

tion has painted it in richest colourings, and memory was enshrining it in perennial beauty. There was no power in time to rob that picture of its charming freshness. Its possession could not bring a reproving thought; no critic was skilled enough in art to find a defect, and thus lessen the owner's appreciation. It was worth a thousand such pictures as the one his friend had already ceased to value.

This lesson, reader, is for us all.

If we were as ready to hang the chambers of our minds with beautiful pictures, as we are the walls of our houses, what pleasures would we lay up in store for the time to come. As we grow older, we insensibly fall into the habit of looking inwards. We see more with the eyes of the mind than we do with the eyes of the body—oftener gaze upon the pictures that cluster on memory's walls, than upon those which hang on the walls of our dwellings. Oh! let us then give beauty and happiness to the future by daily acts of kindness—by tender charities—by deeds of human love. These will group themselves into pictures, upon which, as years glide away, and the eyes look more and more inwards, we shall gaze with purest delight; for time cannot deface them, neither will familiarity rob them of a living interest.

THE LIFE OF ENGLISH STUDENTS AT HEIDELBERG.

To the Editor of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER.
Heidelberg, May, 1853.

HERE I am at last, a jolly student of medicine, at the old Karl-Rupert University of Heidelberg. I believe in the old proverb, "When you are among the Turks, do as the Turks do;" so, exactly three months ago, just before matriculation, I bought the longest pair of boots, almost concealing the os femoris, the shortest bob-coat, not quite covering my os pelvis, that I could find. I also purchased two or three pipes, one about a yard long, which Kitchan has to light for me; and a map for the lectures. Add a small, dumpy cap, and my beer-mug, and then allow me to introduce your humble servant—a thorough and thorough German student. The English bull turned German butterfly. I like the rig. It's bold and effective; there is *ton* about it, and you feel more like a real Teuton in it.

My first four weeks I fear did not smell much of medicine. I went round under the auspices of lusty Burschen beer-drinkers, inducting myself generally into the mysteries of beer and duels. This forms the quintessence of student-life here. Not a traveller passes this place without going to see the duels, or coming home very late from some beer-kneipe, very drunk. Jones comes over from London. He wants to see a duel. Could I introduce him to some one? Oh! certainly. So I introduce Jones to Mr. Saufenheimer, with whom he sees a duel, and gets also an invitation to the kneipe or club that evening. The next day I meet Jones, looking rather seedy. "How are you, Jones? Did you have a good time last night?" "Oh, capital! splendid!" "What did you do?"

"Oh! you see, we—we went up to their room there, and sat down, and drank some beer now and then, and—and—oh! I tell you we had a capital time, I assure you." Now, the real state of the case is, that Jones was brought home by four students, and put to bed; and beyond a cloudy recollection of pipes, beer, and tobacco, dancing, singing, and hugging, smoke, swords, and swearing eternal friendship to everybody—beyond this, his account of things is very indistinct. Saufenheimer likes to put travellers through in this style. There was my friend H—, of Bristol, who will probably remember the very mellow state in which he reached his couch not long ago. You won't forget, shall you, H—, that ornamental painting on the house, not in water colours, which you worked out so handsomely that evening after you got home? You remember the half-sovereign you had to pay to get it removed? Blazes! how the good Frau Stockenhausen raved when she first saw that illustration adorning her clean white front.

We have five corps or fighting clubs here, numbering about one hundred and fifty members altogether; and if you wish for a "muss" or a "row" you can have it at the shortest notice. Generally speaking, we are in a perpetual stew of some kind all the time. From eight to ten duels a day, for at least four days in the week, is about the general average. They begin at eight in the morning, and get through at about one or two o'clock. Of course, the "powers that be" wink at this state of things. It's a vent-hole for hot blood, and, if stopped, might burst out somewhere in the form of a revolution, or something, perhaps, equally dangerous: so they say, we will let

them alone so long as they don't kill one another. These duels are of three kinds: first, for a trial of skill simply; second, the half-serious, without cap and breeches; third, the serious, with pistols, rapiers, or the sabre. The first one originates as follows:—One corps sends another a challenge, saying, "We have six men ready to fight six of yours of equal standing." The challenge is of course accepted, and Tom, Dick, Bob, and Harry, without knowing with whom, agree to fight, with the chances of getting a chop in the face, which will disfigure them for life. This kind of duel cannot exceed fifteen minutes. The combatants having been duly beleathered and bandaged by the doctor, are led forth into the hall, looking very much like two overgrown haystacks. An umpire having been selected, and the combatants taken their places, the duel proceeds in this manner:—

UMPIRE.—"Silentium—silentium!"

A dead silence ensues.

FIRST SECOND.—"Auf die mensur fertig, los!" From our position, Ready—fight. (Slap, slap—slush, slash—slap, flash, whack.)

SECOND SEC.—"Halt!"

FIRST SEC.—"Weshalb"—why?

SECOND SEC.—"Klinge ist gesprungen"—your blade is sprung.

FIRST SEC.—(to the Umpire), "Is the blade sprung?"

UMP.—"The blade is sprung."

This constitutes a round. They then fall back, fight the blade, and commence anew.

The second kind, the half-serious, originates in this manner: Two students pass one another on the sidewalk; one accidentally pushes the other off; whereupon the latter turns round, and wants to know if he meant anything by that. No. 1 replies that he did or did not, just as No. 2 likes. No. 2 accordingly calls him a *dumme Junge*, and says he will fight him, *ohne mütze und punkhosen* (without cap and breeches).

The third kind I can illustrate by a duel which took place a few days before my arrival.

A Herr von S., for some supposed insult, had knocked down another student, and jumped on his face with the heels of his boots. The next morning there was a sabre duel at the Hirschgasse. On the third round, Von S. received a cut in the forehead which knocked him senseless. He was carried into an adjoining room, where, for two weeks, he lay vibrating between life and death. Soon after he began to recover, and at the expiration of the eighth week was just able to leave the house. I have since learned that he has been shot dead in a pistol duel.

The wounds received in the two first kinds of duels are always on the face, but never dangerous. It seems to me that they rather covet their possession.

Surely a German degree procured at the cost of so much contamination and danger of body and mind is dearly purchased.

THE CUIRASS.

SHE wound her arms lovingly
About his stalwart shoulder,
And she pressed his steel-clad bosom to her own,
And said, "May Heaven's mercy
Through the raging battle nurse ye;
For if you die, you will not die alone!"

He said, "See how thou'rt mirrored
In this stainless, polished cuirass;
Thus, so long as life is left me, shalt thy form
In my heart be brightly painted,
Like an image mild and sainted,
That will shield me through the battle and the storm!"

But when the sun was setting
O'er the black and distant mountains,
From the tower where she sat watching, she beheld
A cavalcade wind slowly
Through the gorges melancholy,
While the death-bell from the convent chapel knelled.

And the stalwart knight lay laxly
On his shield, upheld by bearers,
And the lances of his comrades were reversed;
And she knew by his great pallor
That his mighty heart of valour
Had ceased to hold the image that it nursed.

So she lay upon his bosom,
While the dimmed and bloody cuirass
No more mirrored her pale features; and she died—
And they buried them together
Where the purple-blossomed heather
Waved above them on the lonely mountain-side.

ALCOHOL was first invented and used to stain the cheeks of the ladies of Arabia—950 years ago. It still reddens the human face.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G., ETC. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT WATKINS.

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE K.G. P.C.,
D.C.L.

THERE are some men who seem to belong to two eras, and to connect in their own person a present and a bygone generation. Such a man is the Marquis of Lansdowne. For a longer period than any living statesman, he has taken an active part in political life. Fifty-two years ago he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the administration known as "All the Talents," and which included Granville, Fox, Sheridan, Sidmouth, Erskine, and others of equal renown. One can hardly realise the immense sweep of time over which the public career of the noble marquis extends. We of this age think that the period of Earl Grey and the Reform Bill is somewhat far distant; that Canning is among the classics as to time; that Liverpool and Castlereagh days belong to the mists of history; and as for Pitt and Fox, we regard them with the veneration we offer to any other antiquities. But even in these remote periods, Lansdowne was a distinguished statesman—a cabinet minister, when the whole continent was allied against us.

The Marquis of Lansdowne was born in the year 1780. He was educated at Westminster, was a pupil of Dugald Stewart at Edinburgh, and matriculated at Cambridge. In 1802 he entered Parliament for Calne, and in 1806 he was returned for the University of Cambridge; triumphing over Lord Palmerston, by whom, however, he was defeated in the following year. In 1809 he was called to the upper house, by the death of his half-brother, as Marquis of Laun-

downe. There he joined the opposition, particularly distinguishing himself in resisting the measures adopted both before and after the Manchester massacre. Gradually, however, the moderate toryism of Canning began to make itself felt, and the opposition of the marquis underwent a proportionate mitigation, so that in 1827 he accepted a seat in the cabinet as Home Secretary. This, however, he only held for a few months, resigning the seals of office on the death of Canning, and being succeeded by the late Sir Robert Peel.

On the retirement of Wellington and Peel, in 1830, the Marquis of Lansdowne took the presidency of the council in the cabinet of Earl Grey, and was one of the most energetic in urging those political and social reforms which were then agitating the public mind. No doubt, with his great wealth, high descent, consistent bearing, and *prestige*, as a disciple of Fox, he might have guided the helm of state instead of Melbourne. But the marquis was content with the privileges, without the responsibilities, of position. The emoluments of office were to him no object, but a seat at the cabinet council table was agreeable to his taste. Accordingly, we find him filling under Melbourne the same post as under Grey, namely, that of Lord President of the Council; and he occupied the same post of dignified irresponsibility under Russell.

During the premiership of Grey and Melbourne, the presence of these peers in the upper house left the Marquis of Lansdowne leisure to take only such part as he pleased in public affairs; but, on the formation of the Russell cabinet, the conducting of public business in the Lords devolved upon him; and he who had for many a year been a mere holiday participator in parlia-

mentary affairs, suddenly exhibited all the tact, boldness, promptitude, and dexterity befitting one aspiring to lead large bodies of his fellow-men.

On the occasion of his resigning office in 1852—to all appearance for ever—it was universally felt that the glowing eulogium passed on him by his political rival, the Earl of Derby, was something more than a routine courtesy. It was admitted on all hands that the marquis deserved everything that was said of him, and the best proof that he did so was conveyed in the circumstance which soon after followed. When the Derby government was overthrown, the Sovereign, and the leaders of the two parties embraced in the coalition ministry, resorted to the advice of the Marquis of Lansdowne. At his suggestion, all minor differences were merged, and Russell and Aberdeen agreed to meet in a spirit of generous mutual forbearance. The Marquis of Lansdowne himself accepted a seat in the cabinet, and was generally regarded as referee and umpire in every matter of dispute. He continued in office under Palmerston, and rendered good service to his former antagonist, with that pleasant equanimity which is so characteristic of him, and which no opposition can disturb.

The Marquis of Lansdowne is a munificent patron of art and literature. All his feelings are thoroughly English—cordial, generous, earnest. His princely mansion, Lansdowne House, is one of the richest storehouses of *virtu*. He has been vice-president of the Literary Fund for a great number of years; and in that capacity, as well as by his constant private liberality, he has relieved the wants of many an exhausted son of toil in the profession of letters. His high position, distinguished abilities, and princely resources,



CASCADE IN THE ISLAND OF MOBELI.

THE COMOROS.

have ever ministered to the best interests of society. Leader of the moderate Whigs, he has never been blinded by party zeal, but has preserved that integrity and independence of character which have won for him golden opinions of all men.

In the Mozambique channel, between the African continent and Madagascar, is a cluster of small islands called the Comoros. They consist of the Great

Comoro, the principal island of the group, Anjouan, Mobeli, Mayotte, and a number of islets around the coasts of each, like satellites attendant on the planets.

These islands are well watered, and produce most

of the plants, and all the fruits, peculiar to India, together with those of that part of Africa in the neighbourhood of which the islands are situated.

Anjouan is inhabited by a colony of Arabs. The tradition is that the Prince of Yemen, after many a long and disastrous war, was at last completely vanquished and compelled to take refuge, with his family and a few of his faithful subjects, in the Comoro Islands; that a frightful storm destroyed all but a few of his vessels, and that he and those who were with him were wrecked on the coast of Anjouan, which he henceforward selected as his home, while he exercised lordship over the whole group. There, in barbaric state, a chief or sultan still holds his court; but his authority does not extend to the other islands. Each has its separate sovereignty, and its own individual history of intrigue and usurpation. Not long since a grand fête was given in honour of the arrival of some European visitors, who observed with surprise the magnificent decorations of the palace. Cloth of gold and silver, costly silks and precious stones, troops of richly caparisoned servants, tables spread with every oriental dainty, made up a picture like a scene for the Arabian nights. The same sort of splendour belongs to the potentates of the other islands, although not to the same extent as in Anjouan.

But the natural beauties of Anjouan are equalled, and in some degree surpassed by those of the neighbouring islands. A white little mosque situated to the north-east, and called the American chapel, serves as a beacon to seamen approaching the shore of Mobeli. Below it are coral reefs, which require careful navigation to avoid, especially as this part of the coast is exposed to terrible storms and sudden tempests. The island is watered by several rivers, which abound in fish, particularly carp and eels of extraordinary size and delicacy of flavour. Waterfalls add much to the varied beauty of the landscape, while the luxuriant vegetation by which they are surrounded affords an agreeable retreat during the heat of the day. The cascade represented in our engraving gives the reader an idea of this charming oasis. Verdure and freshness gratify the eye, the ear is pleased with the music of the waterfall, the air is redolent with perfume, and withal there is over all the scene that quietness and solemnity which insensibly fix the attention and elevate the thoughts.

The Great Comoro or Angazija is, as we have before noticed, the largest of the group. It is evidently of volcanic origin and is covered with lava; two lofty mountains, one to the north and the other to the south of the island afford a gentle descent to the sea, and from their summits is commanded a splendid view of the channel. This island boasts five-and-twenty towns. Moroni, the capital, stands on the south-west coast, and is the residence of Sultan Achmet.

The religion of the people is chiefly Mahomedan, and their habits resemble those of the Arabians more than those of any other people. Agriculture is conducted with considerable success, but on strictly conservative principles, while much ingenuity is shown in several of their manufactures. The pasture lands in all the islands are good, and the cattle of first-rate quality. Though most of the people carry formidable sabres, they are a harmless, inoffensive race, and entertain profound respect for the western powers. Although the Comoros are but little known, they are an exceedingly interesting and valuable group; they might indeed be rendered still more valuable were not the inhabitants jealous of any interference in their "good old rules."

RISE IN THE WORLD.—Now that a man may make money, and rise in the world, and associate himself, unrepined, with people once above him, not only is the natural discontentedness of humanity developed to an unheard-of extent, whatever a man's position, but it becomes a veritable shame to him to remain in the state he was born in, and everybody thinks it his duty to try to be a "gentleman." Persons who have any influence in the management of public institutions for charitable education know how common this feeling has become. Hardly a day passes but they receive letters from mothers who want all their six or eight sons to go to college, and make the grand tour in the long vacation, and who think there is something wrong in the foundation of society, because this is not possible. Out of every ten letters of this kind, nine will allege, as the reason of the writers' impotency, their desire to keep their families in such and such a "station of life." There is no real desire for the safety, the discipline, or the moral good of the children—only a horror of the inexpressible, pitiable calamity of their living a step or two lower on the mole-hill of the world—a calamity to be averted at any cost whatever of struggle, anxiety, and shortening of life itself.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,
SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XL.

If there's a tear so soft and meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that that pious fathers shed
Above a duteous daughter's head.

WALTER SCOTT.

Ada had, indeed, now plenty to do.

Her poor father took up several hours of her now useful day.

She devoted a good deal of that time to writing for him, making calculations, reading letters from his tenants, and answering them.

She was getting his affairs into a desirable order. At school she had been the pride and glory of the writing and arithmetic master, and now all her "practice," "fractions," and smattering of algebra came into play.

Her poor father found inexpressible comfort in her sympathy and help were his only solace.

He was a kind-hearted man, and, but for his habitual excess, he would have been a clear-headed one; but his brain was generally clouded in the morning by the fumes of the choice wines he indulged in at night: his nerves were shattered, his brain affected, his whole constitution out of order.

He had always loved Ada; he doted on her now.

True Christianity shining on the human heart seems to have a sun-like power of bringing all the virtues into full bloom.

Ada's attendance at the Ragged School in Green Fields—and nothing ever prevented her attending daily as a voluntary teacher—seemed to have awakened in her heart long-slumbering feelings of filial piety, devotion, and duty.

Lady Pemberton was gone to Brighton, under the pretext that her health required sea air and change of scene, but in reality—at least, so Tarlatan told Pertinette—Sultana was the true cause of her ladyship's visit to the sea-side; "which," added Tarlatan, "as my own nerves require bracing, and Townley is of the party, I make no objection to the change of hair."

It was affecting to see the entire dependence on his young daughter of a man still in the prime of life—once a good scholar, who, but for wine, would have taken high honours; once an M.P., from whose natural eloquence his party expected much; but wine muddled his brain and unheeded his tongue;—a kind landlord, inheriting not merely the estates, but the popularity of his father, who was indeed—

"A fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time."

But, as his son never went to bed sober, he never rose with a head fit for business.

His steward—a hard man, but an active one—got all the power, for he did all the work, until Ada, under the new influences that she owed (under heaven) to Ellen, Jem Goodman, and the Green Fields Ragged School, just in time, took her father's affairs in hand.

The unjust steward was agast. He had to render an account, and a very strict one, too.

His own system of grinding down the poor, to swell his own hoards, was exposed.

The rents were lowered instead of raised. The poor, old Trotters, who were on the eve of separation and the workhouse, were reinstated in their little farm.

Skinflint, the steward, was dismissed; and, until a suitable person could be found to supply his place, Ada was her father's steward.

And the poor of Pemberton blessed the Christian heart and hand that dealt so wisely and so kindly with them all.

Her father blessed her, Heaven blessed her, her little ragged pupils blessed her.

Ada has plenty to do. Where are the weary hours that seemed so slow and so heavy of wing? where is the listless apathy, the morbid, restless ennui, the fretful impatience, the void, the craving? The happy day begun at six, and glided by the morning sun, freshened by the morning breeze, is too short for the pleasant duties of her Christian life.

Pertinette has given warning. Early rising, ragged schools, book-keeping—all these things are odious to Pertinette. She told Tarlatan, in a letter she wrote to her at Brighton, that "Miss Hada was sunk below contempt. Her hours was the low hours of the kennel"—Pertinette meant the *cantille*—all elegant pleasures had given way to the lowest pursuits. That "Miss Pemberton was 'and and glove with a

sweep; and when she wasn't haddin' hup sums, like a butcher's wife, to please her crackbrained par, she was going about with that methody Miss Ellen St. Ange, to ragged schools and refuges, and at last had got off to Newgate! So," ended Pertinette, "I'm quite thrown away on a mistress of such low tastes. She dresses like a Quaker; nothink comes down to me—there's nothink I'd disfigure myself by wearing. Mr. Skinflint's turned out of his stewardship at Pemberton: a man who did know a fine woman when he saw her, and made the place tolerable at Christmas; and I'm so sick of the whole concern, I've given warning: and Miss P. (as used to be quite hunder my thumb, and do just as I pleased, and not be able to move without me) is so hardened, she don't care a pin. So, as Lady Vacant Stare wants a maid, I shall offer; and as there can't be no impediment in my character, you'll hear of me next from Park-lane.

"With best respects to Mr. Townley, and a good smart pinch to that rampant heathen of a Sultana,

"I remain

"Your friend and wellwisher,

"PERTINETTE PINK."

CHAPTER XLI.

"That which is wanted to hold together the bursting bonds of the different classes of this country, is not kindness, but SYMPATHY."—The words that JUDGE TALFOURD died in uttering.

THE day after their visit to Apple Blossom, and the memorable *vencontre* of Mrs. Golightly with the publishers, Amy, Ellen, and the champion of her sex, had arranged, after visiting the Green Fields Ragged School as usual, to repair to Newgate.

They wished to see, not only that prison, mixed up as it was in their minds with so many recollections and associations, but the wretched man whose trial was fast approaching at the Central Criminal Court, Ben Darrell.

Mr. St. Ange, Ellen's father, had at her request written to one of the sheriffs for permission to see the prison, and had received a most kind and courteous reply, granting the favour asked.

Jem Goodman was to meet them at the Green Fields Ragged School, and escort them to Newgate.

Ada's hours were indeed become as Pertinette had said, those of the "kennel." Ada was in earnest.

Ever since little Hope had addressed her as "teacher," Ada had by constant and zealous attendance, whenever it were possible without neglecting some duty more sacred and important still, taken her place as voluntary teacher of a class.

Just at this time the young and delicate governess who generally presided at the class in which were Hope Evermore and Merry Blossom, was taken so ill that she actually could not attend, and Ada, owing to her great interest in Hope, was delighted to be asked to fill the vacant chair.

The word "teacher" no longer conveyed a reproach to her heart, no longer sounded as a knell to her ear.

Ada was very gentle, sympathising, and cheerful. She had been highly educated in all but the one thing needful, and that one thing she had now acquired.

The little girls of her class (peculiarly alive, as most children are, to amiability of temper, kindness of heart, and fascination of manner) had grown very fond of Ada.

It was affecting to one, so decidedly of the unemonstrative class (for the higher we go, the colder we get, in the figurative as well as the actual sense), to see hollow eyes brighten at her approach, and a tinge of colour mount to the little thin cheeks, which, in infancy, should have been so round, and were mostly so wan, and the bones looking so high and sharp.

Not that this was the case with Hope, Merry, or even little Ness; and as for blue-eyed baby Ben, so well had he thriven with his kind nurse Apple Blossom, that he would have carried off the prize at a baby-show in America.

On the morning of the projected visit to Newgate, Ada found her little class unusually demure: even "Potato-heels," *alias* Carrotty Meg, *alias* Maggie Grimes, did not shuffle her feet, scratch her head, or bite her nails as much as usual.

Little Ness seemed to be an object of especial solicitude. Larky Grigg nodded kindly at her several times, and contrived to give her a bite of an apple which his mother had put in his pocket; Hope stroked her hair, and lifted her on to the bench; and even Merry, wild, thoughtless Merry, spoke gently to her and forbore to tease her.

These little ones knew that "the ladies" were going to Newgate, and that they were sure to see

Ness's father there. Her dad in prison—for the murder of her mother, too!

There is no class so sympathising as the very poorest; and, young as they were, they had the feelings of their class, and they pitied Ben Darrell's little daughter—and they showed their pity, too, in a manner which, when Ada fully understood their conduct, surprised and touched her.

Just before Ada prepared to leave her class—in answer to a message from Ellen, saying it was time to go—little Hope came up to her, with a blush that suffused her cherub face and neck; and, raising her large blue eyes, moist with tears, she said—

"Teacher, you be going to see Ness's dad, beant' you?"

"Yes, my dear," said Ada.

Hope made a sign to Larky, who, as his class was over, came at her call, with a book wrapped up carefully in paper.

"We've put all our money together, teacher," said Hope, taking the book from Larky, "to buy Ness's dad this Testament. Little Ness have put a sixpence out of the shilling the lady gave her, and the master, Mr. Stephen, his very self, have writ all our names. See, teacher, how beautiful it's wrote:—"

"To Ben Darrell, in his great trouble.

From NESSY DARRELL,

HOPE EVERMORE.

MERRY BLOSSOM, and

GREGORY BLOSSOM;

"Hoping he'll seek and find comfort in this book, and our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for sinners."

"Will you give it him, please teacher, with our love; and this too, please teacher," said Hope, taking out of her pocket a paper-bag of sweets. "These is sure to cheer him up a bit—there's bull's-eyes, and toffy, and barley-sugar drops, and elicampane, and all-sorts. He can't be off liking 'em."

"Do give 'em to him, ma'am," said Larky; "and tell him, be it how it may, Ness and baby Ben sha'n't ever want for a friend while Larky Grigg lives," the brave, kind boy colouring scarlet, and the water sparkling in his dark eyes, drew himself up, and his broad chest heaved; and as he clenched his well-made, hard-working hand, it did not seem an idle boast, boy as he was.

"And I'll take care of them, too," said Hope, quietly, but earnestly.

"And so will I," said Merry, who meant it at the time, but was far too volatile to mean anything long.

Hope then led Ness up to Ada, just as a mother might have done, and said—

"Little Ness wants to send a kiss and a message to her daddy." Whispering to her the words, "My love and duty to poor dad, and tell him to put his trust in the Lord, and he will save him," which Ness repeated after her, and then lifted her up, with her arms round her waist from behind, as children do, that she might kiss Ada, as proxy for her father.

This affecting little scene over, Ada joined Ellen St. Ange, Mrs. Golightly, and Jem Goodman.

At the entrance of the street, they found their carriage waiting, and drove towards Newgate; and as Jem went on foot, they were some time at the prison gate before he joined them; but Ada and Ellen found food for thought and observation as they stood at that dread entrance, and Mrs. Golightly took out of her large black bag the MS. of her "Rights and Wrongs of Woman," and began to con over some choice, pet bits to herself; intending, if an opportunity occurred, and she found it practicable, to read them to the governor.

It was with a feeling of deep awe that Ada and Ellen found themselves before the dark, frowning, and massive gateway of the prison of Newgate. That gateway has in itself something dread, solemn, and imposing; and countless associations increase this impression.

On the handsome granite blocks of which it is composed, the smoke and soot of the great city have thrown a dark veil which make it seem a Niobe sitting in stone, and shrouded in black, at the entrance of the dread abode of bold Crime, pallid Fear, weeping Penitence, and wailing Woe.

The ladies did not choose to drive up in a gay carriage, with powdered footmen in dashing liveries, all tags, sticks, and plush, to that solemn retreat of trouble and terror, or that their well-fed, rosy, gaily-dressed, and smiling lacqueys should insult by their insouciance and careless ease the group of anxious, pale, shame-bowed, tear-stained, terror-stricken friends of the prisoners within, who had assembled without, waiting for admittance.

Very, very shabby was the garb of some of these "winter friends." But there they were; for the poor are hardly ever known to forsake a friend in trouble. What a noble example do they set in this to the "summer friends" of the fashionable world.

They made way for the ladies, poor, dear souls, though many of them were in tears and ashamed to look up, since their nearest and dearest had brought disgrace on their honest names.

Mrs. Golightly was giving herself a few airs, for she thought she recognised among some of the younger women, wives whose husbands had been committed to Newgate for attempting to murder them; and she was very severe on what she called "the spaniel temper" of her sex.

But Ellen and Ada tried to quiet her, lest she should hurt the feelings of any to whom a harsh word might be the overflowing drop of that cup of sorrow, just then filled to the brim.

As usual whenever they went among their poorer brothers and sisters, they found an instinctive courtesy, a true spirit of politeness, and a wish to pay a delicate deference (which they would never have dreamt of requiring or expecting) to their rank, sex, and station.

"I hope, young lady," said a poor, bent, old widow to Ada, seeing her cheek grow white and her eyes fill with tears, as she gazed at the grated archway, and the strong iron spikes, "I hope you haven't the sick-pain at your young heart that's heavy at my old one. I hope no one very dear to you is inside."

"No," said Ada, gently; "I am going to see the prison, but there is a man inside in whom I take an interest. He killed his wife, it is true, but not intentionally, I am certain. He was drunk, and she tried to pull him away from the public-house; but he didn't know what he did, and never meant to kill her."

"His name, miss?" faltered the old widow.

"Ben Darrell," said Ada.

"And you think he didn't mean to kill her?" cried the old woman, eagerly.

"I know he did not—I saw the blow struck."

"Bless you, bless you, for those words—Heaven bless you, miss!" said the poor old widow, falling on her knees on the pavement, and clasping Ada's hand. "Forgive me, miss, for making so free; but I'm his mother. The bad news found me in bed, very bad. But, though he's not been much of a son to me, since he took to drink, though he wor a good son afore, his trouble makes me feel I'm a mother still, miss: I can't think of by-gones, and he in Newgate."

"Poor creature!" said Ada; "where have you come from?"

"I've walked from Stratford-le-Bow, miss. I'm in the union there, but they let me out to come and see him. If they hadn't, I'd have gone wild. Oh, miss, he was as fine a boy onst as you'd see in a summer's day. He'd his poor father's eyes, miss, as black as a sloe, and such curly brown hair, and such features, and skin—he beat the waxwork, he did; and, lor, his heart wor tender then as a gal's; and his smile, it felt like sunshine in the dear old cottage by the brook. How he loved his poor mother then: every penny he got at work he brought me. He couldn't bear to see me drudge. I wor always a poor sickly body, arter I became a lone widder; and, when he'd had a hard day's work, he'd tidy up the place, and wait on me, as if I'd been a lady. Oh, my—Oh, my—and now he's here. Oh, miss," she added, "up to seventeen he wor my pride and comfort; and then, as he could sing a good song, he was axed out, where drink wor given him; and he, as had never dranked nothink but water, or a cup o' tea, took to it kindly; but, for a time, love kept him mostly sober, for the prettiest girl in the village, his master's daughter, fell in love with my boy, and well she might, there warn't such another far or near. But arter they got married, he took to drink reg'lar, and here's the end of it."

"Are you not very tired?" said Ada.

"I'm fit to die, miss. I'm a poor, broken-hearted cripple, that's what I am; and this will just bring me to the grave; and no matter, I'm no use to no one now; and he've got babbies, too."

"They are cared for," said Ada. "Would you like to see them?"

"I should and I shouldn't, miss. I can't do nothink for 'em. All I can do is to creep back to the union and die. Ah, I little thought onst I'd die in a union, and be buried by the parish. I wor the prettiest gal, and the tidiest, far or near. My father wor sexton and parish clerk o' Stoneleigh, and, when I married Ben Darrell, feather to my poor lad inside, I had two hundred pounds o' my own; but Ben set up a small chandler's shop, and matters went wrong, and he died broken-hearted, and I'm sure to do the same. I as wor—"

Ada, seeing there would be no end to her regrets, gave the poor, afflicted widow half-a-sovereign, and with it words so kind and gentle, that they outweighed the welcome gift.

At this moment Jem Goodman came up; the massive, spiked gate opened, and our party entered Newgate.

It felt cool, and seemed dark to those who came out of the sunny streets and breezy, morning air.

The first impression on the minds of the ladies was the hopelessness, the impossibility of escape to those committed as prisoners. Everything seemed so strong, so solid, so immovable, as if no Samson could uproot those pillars, or remove a stone; as if, indeed, it all must last until the elements should melt with fervent heat, and the heavens be as a scroll.

And yet human will, human ingenuity, human craft, and almost superhuman perseverance, have more than once contrived and effected escape even from Newgate!

But the first impression of every one entering that dread court is that those gates, like Dante's, shut out hope in this world for ever.

Our party had to inscribe their names in a book kept for the purpose; and, while they were doing so, the governor, to whom they had sent their introduction, came himself to receive them. They were very pale, and almost trembling, with a deep sense of all that had been suffered in times past and present, within those dark, strong walls.

It was cheering to them to see in the governor not, as they expected, a stern, austere man—a personification rather of justice than mercy—but one on whose broad brow benevolence sat as on a throne; and who, whilst his bearing and countenance denoted an indomitable will, and a firmness that nothing could shake, had that sympathetic expression in his eyes and smile which showed that justice in him would always be tempered by mercy; and that if he was a rock to guard the miserable beings under his keeping, he was also one to protect them;—there could be no escape from his dominion, but whatever rights, privileges, and indulgences the discipline of the prison allowed, one felt sure he would take care the prisoners should enjoy.

He was a very tall and very handsome man, with a military air, which showed that he had served his queen. Our party found him extremely courteous and well-informed, and with that dash of humour which brightens up and helps on the solemn drama of life, even where—as in Newgate—it is one long tragedy.

Mrs. Golightly—although by profession and practice a man-hater—was, in spite of herself, impressed in favour of one so polite and kind; and who, out of regard to her sex and age, perhaps, more than to herself, answered all her questions, and escorted her and her young charges all over the prison, giving them the most interesting and graphic account of everything that excited their curiosity, or awakened their sympathy; and to heads that could think and hearts that could feel, what was there that did not excite their liveliest curiosity, and awaken their deepest sympathy?

At the very onset, Jem Goodman put to Mrs. Golightly a question as to whether his services were required, since he wished, if not, to have a long talk with Ben Darrell, and to introduce his poor mother to him?

Mrs. Golightly—glancing at the commanding and stalwart form of the governor, and seeing plenty of turnkeys in attendance, who looked very like policemen—expressed herself satisfied to dispense with Jem's presence, remarking, "She was no coward."

There, in a small room, the walls of which were all of glass, like a conservatory, a pale young man was in earnest conference with a gentleman, who, on account of the peculiarity of the case, had been summoned by the prisoner's solicitor to a personal interview with Ben Darrell, and in whom Ada recognised the celebrated counsel——. She had seen him at gay dinner-parties, and danced with him at gayer balls; but she had no idea of the earnestness, the fervour of his nature, till she saw him in close consultation with a man whose life would probably depend on his defence.

He did not see Ada—he saw nothing but the pale, anxious face of the wretched culprit before him.

The governor explained to the ladies that the prisoners were only permitted to receive their counsel in that glazed room, in order that all that passed might be distinctly seen by an officer in attendance.

Indeed, next to the impossibility of escape—which was the first idea which the interior of Newgate conveyed to the mind—came the ever-haunting sense of an eye upon you night and day.

Ah, if they had but remembered that the eye of the Creator is ever upon them, they need not have been thus haunted by that of the creature! Of course this watchfulness is necessary, especially after condemnation, and most especially in cases where the probability of a sentence of death drives the wretched culprit to despair.

There were holes in the wall communicating from the staircase with the prisoner's pallet.

He could never, even in the dead of the night, sleeping or waking, feel sure that he was not watched; but he could not know for certain that he was.

The governor led them through the kitchen, where a much better dinner than most of them deserved was being prepared for the prisoners (would that the poor in our unions fared like our prisoners). And Ada's heart grew sick and faint, when she heard that on their way to execution the prisoners always passed through that kitchen.

With that great power of realising the sufferings of others which is the secret of all human sympathy, Ada felt her steps falter, and her strength fail, as her small foot, in its delicate gray kid boot, stepped where tread so slowly and heavily the cold feet of those who know that in a few moments, before assembled multitudes, they, the instant before alive, and as far as the body goes, well; conscious, breathing, hearts beating, heads thinking, and pulses throbbing, will be strangled by a rope, while their eyes are blinded, their necks broken, and their bodies in the rude air swinging. No wonder that at these thoughts, Ada's cheeks and lips grew white, and her tears fell like rain.

Our party went into all the cells, a turnkey preceding them, who caused the prisoner or prisoners to draw up like soldiers being drilled.

The governor always kindly said, on entering, "Well, my man," or, "My man, have you anything to say to me?" and several times the question elicited a request for paper, and permission to write to a wife or a mother. *It was always granted kindly and readily.*

The cells did not at all realise Ada's "Ann Radcliffe" ideas of cells. They were more like dormitories in continental colleges—large, lofty, airy, very clean, and, to minds at ease, almost comfortable.

The governor asked each prisoner for what he had been sent there, and by far the greater number answered for "passing," that is for passing bad money.

They all looked healthy, and, though a blush of shame crossed the faces of some, especially one or two who had been gentlemen and were in for forgery, they generally did not look very unhappy or discontented.

They answered the question as to the crime they were accused of with great alacrity, and some almost cheerfully, perhaps fearing the visitors might imagine they had committed murder, or done something compared to which "passing," in their opinion, was a peccadillo. It was evident the governor was very popular, and any little grievance was told him with a trust and confidence, that spoke volumes for the kindness of his heart and gentleness of his temper.

They visited all the wards, the female as well as the male.

There were but few female prisoners, and even these few were not in for great crimes, and seemed, for the most part, plain, homely women of the lowest orders. But there was one, a pretty young woman, who was apart, alone, and in tears. The matron, a very kind and lady-like person, said, "She heard yesterday that her child was dangerously ill."

"Oh, if it should die!" sobbed the young mother. "You have not heard of it to-day?" said the governor, kindly.

"No, no, governor!" said the girl. "Oh, I dread to hear!"

"We are expecting every moment to hear," said the sympathising matron.

"What are you in for?" asked the governor.

The girl blushed crimson.

"I was drunk, sir, when I done it."

"Did what?"

"I bit off the ear of the policeman that took me in charge. Oh, my child, my child!"

"See what drink has brought you to," said the governor.

At this moment a message came to the matron: "The child was better—it was out of danger."

"Thank God!" said the young mother, falling on her knees. "Oh, governor, oh, matron, and you ladies, hear me swear, as soon as I get out, I will not touch drink again."

Ada and Ellen then spoke to the governor of Ben Darrell, and heard, with a shudder, that the governor thought he would be found guilty, and sentenced to death.

Ada told him all she had seen.

He said he thought the evidence that he had threatened to do for them both (brother and sister), would be looked upon as constituting evidence of "malice prepense, and intent to do murder," and would probably hang him. "The legislature is so resolved to put down wife-beating, leading as it so often does to wife-murder," he said, "that I fear he has no chance."

"And serve him right too," said Mrs. Golightly.

"I only wish a few more examples could be made. Pray, governor," she added, "how does he conduct himself?"

"Sometimes he is docile enough, and tries to read his bible and prays fervently," said the governor; "at others his despair is frightful to behold, and his violence is such we are obliged to handcuff him. Indeed, when you go into his cell, you will see the fire-place is grated; this has been done since, in a paroxysm of mental agony, possibly maddening to his brain, he threw himself suddenly on the fire, and before he could be removed, had severely burnt his head and face."

Just at this moment Jem Goodman, who was well known to the governor, who had a great regard for him, came up, and taking the governor aside, spoke earnestly with him for a few minutes.

On his return to the ladies, the governor said—"He has just had an interview with his mother. Poor old soul! she, it seems, fainted, and he was much moved. Our kind matron has taken her into her room to give her some refreshment. She had better visit him again in a day or two," he said; "they were both too agitated, I hear, for the interview to be prolonged with safety."

In one court the ladies saw numbers of men walking round and round rapidly, earnestly, silently, heads stooping forwards, their eyes bent on the ground. In another a young, handsome man, of elegant exterior, paced the court by himself with downcast looks and folded arms. He had been junior partner in a merchant's firm, and he had forged acceptances. Although he did not raise his eyes, a sudden crimson blush betrayed his consciousness that visitors saw him in his shame and agony.

"A lovely young wife visits him whenever the rules permit. She is awaiting him now," said the governor.

"Alas!" cried Mrs. Golightly, "what misery these wretches entail on their poor wives!"

"From what I hear," said the governor, "it was mistaken love for her led him to sin. He married above him. She is of a noble family. Her friends looked down on the young merchant. He, knowing how all classes in England revere wealth and what is often falsely supposed to be its evidence—lavish expenditure, launched out, lived like a prince, gave parties to dukes and duchesses, forged the names of some great correspondents of his house, and is here! But his wife does not forsake him, though all the world beside does!"

"I am now going to take you into the most interesting cell of all," said the governor, leading the way to one where three boys, two of them small and young children, were confined.

On the table were books and slates. Juvenile prisoners are taught in Newgate; some, perhaps, who have never been taught before.

To the usual question, one who looked cunning and hardened, answered, "For passing;" the next, "For stealing a neck of mutton."

"First offence?"

"No, sir."

"What was the first?"

"I took a bit o' bacon, sir."

"And being let off for that, you thought you'd escape with a neck of mutton."

The boy hung his head.

"And you, boy?" asked the governor, of a pretty, rather innocent-looking boy; "what are you in for?"

"I took six apples, sir."

A painful silence followed.

The ladies did not know whether it would be right to comment on the sad system of juvenile imprisonment before the governor of the prison, all kind and discriminating as he was.

But all felt that it was a cruel error in judges, for a fault which in a school or nursery would be punished as boys' faults are, to doom a child to Newgate, and brand him for ever as a felon; or, in the language of his class, a gaol-bird.

Reformatories are the places for juvenile offenders; and Ada thought, had he been at a ragged school, he would never have stolen those apples at all.

They then visited the chapel, which in Newgate had so many solemn and harrowing associations; since there, those on the brink of eternity first, perhaps, had felt a ray of hope lighten the despair of their hearts, and had first given a serious thought to their Saviour and their souls; had first felt their sins were indeed as scarlet, and resolved to dip them in that blood of the Lamb which would make them white as wool.

On leaving the chapel, Ada asked to see Ben Darrell, and told the governor of the children's message and presents, showing him the book, the comfits, and briefly sketching Hope, Larky, Merry, little Ness, and blue-eyed Ben.

Jem Goodman had returned to the wretched man, whose eternal salvation he hoped might be secured, even if his wretched, wasted body were doomed to perish on the scaffold.

The governor—who had listened with great interest to Ada, as she told him of the children, and showed him their presents—consented to their visiting Ben Darrell; and, after showing them a curious collection (interesting to all, but especially so to phrenologists) of the heads of all the notorious criminals that had been confined in Newgate, and taking them into the kitchens and places where the irons, handcuffs, &c., were kept—he sent to summon Jem Goodman to escort them to Ben Darrell's presence.

Before they left the place where the irons shone so bright and looked so terrible, they saw those of sterner times—massive, heavy, torturing they must have been—those of the present day looking like bracelets and linklets in comparison. And yet Dick Turpin had escaped in spite of those very identical irons, and so had Jack Sheppard.

"How much more merciful is the system now!" said Ellen St. Ange.

"Yes," replied the governor; "what used to be done by irons and coercion, we do now by discipline, moral power, and constant watchfulness. But we have still one great want—one that will be supplied ere long—a separate cell for each prisoner. While we are obliged to put them together, they corrupt each other. Solitude is the nurse of thought, and thought of penitence. Bad as people are, they would be much worse if they were never alone; and such companionship as that of criminals can lead to no good, and must do much harm. But in all things we are doing away as much as possible with brute force, and substituting moral and mental discipline."

"Mind against matter any day," said Mrs. Golightly, about to take out her MS.; but just at this moment Jem Goodman came to escort them to Ben Darrell's cell.

The prisoners generally saw their friends through a grating; but as the wretched Ben Darrell was too ill, from the effects of his burns, to leave his pallet, he was allowed to see them in his cell.

The governor himself, who took a lively interest in Ben, led the way.

(To be continued.)

PLEASURE BORN OF PAIN.

THERE is a pleasure born of pain
When all its outward signs depart,
A triumph, when the steadfast brain
Floats calmly o'er the struggling heart.

By slow degrees this pleasure came;
Just as a little rill of rain
Flows slowly o'er a level plain
Before it earns itself a name.

When Hope had folded up her wings,
And Sorrow had me by the hand
To lead me to the Tearful Land
Where Memory in secret stings,—

When Pain had license to bestow
Her malison upon my heart,
And I had borne my bitter part,
And tasted of the fruit of wo,—

When suffering with sore defeat,
And wounded by the shafts of Shame,
I sought to hide my guilty name,
And gathered ashes round my feet,—

Then, then it was, just when the night
Was darkest, that there came to me
The first wave of that endless sea
Whose waters give a calm delight.

There was a pleasure for my pain,
There was a triumph in defeat,
The bitter slowly changed to sweet;
And reason was enthroned again.

Above the breakers of my heart
A calmness floated, such as gives
A strength to him who truly lives,
And firmly acts his little part.

The pain—the struggle—were not long;
I heeded not their transient power,
For in that short and bitter hour
I learned to "suffer and be strong."

MARRIAGE.—A bachelor was saying, "Next to no wife, a good wife is best." "Nay," said a gentlewoman, "next to a good wife, no wife is the best." We wish to all married people the outward happiness which (anno 1605) happened to a couple in the city of Delph, in Holland, living most lovingly together seventy-five years in wedlock, till the man being one hundred and three, and the woman ninety-nine years of age, died within three hours of each other, and were buried in the same grave.



CYRUS AND ASTYAGES.

PICTURES FROM HISTORY.

THE CHILD'S REPROOF; OR, CYRUS AND ASTYAGES.

In a former number of this journal, in speaking of the wealthy King Croesus, mention was made of Cyrus, the conqueror of that unfortunate rich man. We have here a picture from the life of Cyrus himself—one of those instructive glimpses into the manners and customs of antiquity which history affords us here and there, among much that is apocryphal and of doubtful authenticity.

Six hundred years before the birth of our Saviour, Persia was the most powerful empire in the world. When Greece consisted but of a few struggling republics, and Rome was only a small city of half-civilised warriors, the Persian monarchy was a large and flourishing state, maintaining large armies, practising all the arts of civilisation, and giving laws to a great number of provinces. In the year B.C. 559 was born the greatest king who ever sat on the Persian throne—the man who put an end to the Babylonian empire, and to the long, dreary Jewish captivity of seventy years—whose fame will live in history when the remembrance of other conquerors and kings has vanished from the face of the earth—for his name is chronicled in the imperishable pages of the Bible. This man was Cyrus, justly called the Great.

In the time of Cyrus the Persian government was entirely of an absolute nature. The king possessed supreme and uncontrolled authority over all his subjects. Life and death hung upon the word of his mouth; the wealth or poverty of every man in his dominions depended entirely upon his sovereign will. Thus, it became a matter of grave import that the future possessor of such unbridled sway should be properly prepared for the duties of sovereignty; and from each Persian prince's fifth year his education began. The royal children were committed to the care of the magi, or priests, for the improvement of their minds, and the formation of their moral character. They were at the same time trained to the use of arms, and accustomed to witness the admini-

stration of justice, that they might learn to respect the laws.

On such principles had the education of the young prince Cyrus been conducted, until he reached his twelfth year; and then he was sent to live for a time at the family of his grandfather—Astyages, king of the Medes—that he might learn something of the ways and customs of that monarch's court.

Accustomed as the boy-prince had been to habits of temperance and moderation, he was not a little surprised at the strange customs he saw practised in his grandfather's palace. Each day concluded with a festival, and the young guest was first surprised and then shocked to see the courtiers, and even their royal master himself, act as if they were deprived of reason before the conclusion of the banquet. They shouted, danced, and sang—spoke words of idle import, and behaved more like riotous madmen than a company of sage and highborn personages.

For a few days the young prince looked on in silence; but after a week had elapsed he came forward, and, to the astonishment of Astyages, desired to be invested with the dignity of cupbearer to the king.

"I shall fulfil the duties of my office better than Saccas, your present cupbearer," he alleged.

Amused at the fancy of the young lad, Astyages granted his request.

"Ho, Saccas," he cried, "thou art a lost man! Cyrus hath taken away thine office."

The custom of the court required that the cupbearer should fill the king's goblet from a great golden vessel; that he should then pour a few drops from the goblet into his left hand and drink them, before presenting the cup to the king.

Cyrus rose from the table with a serious face. He seized the cup and wiped it with a silken napkin, as he had observed Saccas, his predecessor, had done; then he filled it with wine, and, taking the goblet between his thumb and forefinger, handed it at once to his grandfather.

"Thou hast not learnt thine office," said Astyages, laughing; "for thou hast omitted the most important point. I must see thee taste the wine."

"I forgot nothing," said the boy, quietly.

"Wouldst thou then change the custom of the Medes, my fair grandson? Why didst thou not taste the wine, as Saccas hath always done?"

"I feared," replied Cyrus, "that Saccas had poisoned it."

Astyages began to laugh anew.

"How!" he cried, with feigned anger; "wouldst thou poison me, Saccas?"

"He hath done so already," interrupted Cyrus.

Now the king laughed yet more loudly. "So Saccas, the friend of my heart, hath poisoned me!" he shouted. "But tell me, Cyrus, how did it occur?"

There was no answering smile on the boy's handsome face as the king looked smilingly at him. Stretching forth his hand, he gravely replied, "I have watched the poison day by day. These seven days hath Saccas poured out wine for thee, O king, and for these thy guests; and when ye had drunk of the cup, your senses departed. Ye shouted, and sprang, and spake words of foolishness—yea, a child would not have gone unproved had he uttered in his folly the words ye spake. Thy guests forgot that they were thy servants, and thou, O Astyages, that thou wert a king. How shall I say, then, that the wine hath not been poisoned that can thus turn to foolishness the words of grave and aged men?"

Astyages laughed no more. That reproof, uttered by the lips of a child, had sunk deep into his heart, and into the heart of each gray-bearded toper at his table. The wine-cup no longer circled that night at the Median monarch's feast. He and his guests sat abashed before the heroic boy, of whose later years we read in the unchangeable page of Holy Writ, that "The Lord stirred up the heart of Cyrus, king of Persia, that the same king Cyrus made a decree to build up again the house of God."

A GRECIAN sage being asked why philosophers always ran after rich men, while rich men never courted philosophers, replied, "Because the latter know they want money, while the former haven't sense enough to know they want wisdom."

The Matron.

NO. XXIII.

I HAVE recently been speaking of evils from without, but inward or mental shocks will sometimes produce apparent death by what is called a concussion of the brain; and a person who had never seen such an attack might believe it had really proved fatal. Strange to say, these shocks may be occasioned by joy as well as grief. So bear this in mind, that if you have any very important news to tell your friend or neighbour you should prepare him for it by degrees; for all sudden and violent emotions of the heart endanger life. But here I must beg my readers not to suppose, from rules given in the last chapter, and a few added here (before I resume the subject of cheap cookery), that I recommend doing without medical aid in alarming cases. Far from it. The sooner a doctor can be procured the better. My directions are only given to enable you to make the most of every moment that passes, ere a doctor arrives.

A little knowledge will prevent your being so scared that you are incapable of action. Perhaps some of you have read how a young country girl applied the knowledge she had picked up somehow or other to the saving the life of a fellow creature? She was in the field with a labouring man, who accidentally cut an artery in his arm. He would very soon have bled to death, as the arteries communicate immediately with the heart, but the young girl slipped off her garter, and with it tightly bound the bleeding arm above the wound. Thus she checked the bleeding until further aid could be procured, and saved the poor man's life. But had she been quite ignorant, she would not have known in the least what to do.

We were speaking of violent shocks producing unconsciousness. First, untie strings of every description, in order that nothing may interfere with the breathing; and here remark particularly, that this should be done in fits of every description, whether faintings, hysterics, apoplexy, or insensibility from drunkenness—in fact, in any case of apparent death, or in what the doctors call suspended animation.

In unconsciousness from a shock, raise the head gently; ascertain if there is bleeding from any part, and, having put hot bottles to the feet, apply smelling salts to the nose. Should any one near you fall down in a fit of apoplexy, and you may be sure it is apoplexy if the following symptoms show themselves, viz.—if the breathing is slow and snorting, the pupils enlarged; and if, on tickling the feet, no sensation is evidently produced—while you are waiting for the surgeon, and after you have loosened every string, &c., see that the head is raised. Put mustard and hot water to the feet, and, if you have them at hand, put leeches to the temples; if not, bathe them with cold water. I cannot leave this painful subject without alluding to another equally painful, perhaps more so—suspended animation, caused not by accident or illness, but by the intention of some rash spirit, bewildered, perhaps maddened, by suffering.

Dreadful as is the idea of suicide, there is no one who reads this paper who does not know it is a reality.

Supposing water to have been the element sought by the deluded youth or maiden seeking an end (alas! the beginning) to her sorrows, on extricating the body the rules given respecting the apparently drowned should of course be followed; but, if hanging has been selected, you must in the first instance loose the cord, or whatever suspended the person, and, in addition to the means used for suspended animation in water, apply eight or ten leeches to the temples.

We now turn to the less serious but very important subject of cheap living. According to request, I shall endeavour to assist families living on incomes varying from nine to thirteen shillings a week; and I shall apply the experience I have gained at home and abroad in furnishing them with bills of fare that shall comprise nice, wholesome food, while at the same time it shall be suited to their straitened circumstances. However, before I advise them about cookery, I should like to give them a few hints on making and saving as much as possible.

I first address myself to mothers. I take it for granted that you and your husband are industrious people, and are ever on the look-out for honest gain; but is this the case with your children? Even little children may be made very useful, if parents really endeavour to make them so. This remark applies especially to children in the country. They may be trained to find real pleasure in collecting, from hedges and fields, what, but for their industrious little fingers, might be left quite unappropriated.

Violets, primroses, cowslips, watercresses—all these

"wildlings of nature" are by common consent free to the children of the poor, and the rich are often pleased to purchase them. Thus, while idle, ill-trained boys and girls are fighting, or tormenting dumb animals, sensible children are finding much more real pleasure in making their little collections, which they turn into money that is actually made to contribute to the improvement of their food and clothing. Always make your children feel pleased and happy in thus helping their parents and themselves. Praise them for so doing, and you will soon find they take a real delight in becoming thus early the "architects of their own fortune."

On this subject, and others connected with the all-important subject of living comfortably on a very small income, I shall enlarge in the next chapter of the MATRON.

PIN-MONEY AND NEEDLE-MONEY.

My lovely friend, Clara Ronderton, has received, in lieu of the balance of pin-money to which she was entitled from her generous father, "a few trifles" from Tiffany's. £50 a month is the *bagatelle* on which this economical young lady contrives to dress herself, and supply herself with gloves, pomades, and *extraits* *Lubin*; and to her credit be it observed that she is rarely seen in rags. Such is the fruit of good training and early habits of moderation and self-denial.

Strange vicissitudes of fortune! Thirty years ago, Josiah Ronderton was a porter in the house of Stiggs & Co., Grocers. Everybody remembers the great house of Stiggs, whose operations could change the face of the market in a day. Josiah was a steady, hard-working young man, who was thoroughly trusted by his employers, and who employed his evenings in acquiring a knowledge of book-keeping and commerce. After working as a porter for several years, Josiah one day accosted the head of the house, old Dave Stiggs—

"Sir, I'm not satisfied with my position; I wish you would take me into the office, and let me do some of the writing and accounts. I don't care about salary, but I want to rise."

Old Dave fell back with amazement, and made his porter repeat his request.

"Joe, my boy," said he at length, "you're a fool! It's all nonsense talking about rising. Stay where you are; you've got a good berth, and I'll give you an extra £5 note for turkeys at Christmas. Roll casks, Joe, roll casks; that's your vocation."

"Very good, Mr. Stiggs," said Joe, who was too wise to make a scene.

Young Stiggs, who had had a hearty laugh over the story of poor Joe's request, and whose beautiful wife, and splendid house, and fast horses, and magnificent career generally, were the delight of the town—young Stiggs, I say, trampled on Joe's toes pretty roughly. He was a gentleman of a pretty humour, and would chaff poor Joe; as—

"I say, Joe, it strikes me you're not so active as you used to be! you don't roll the casks fast enough. Has anybody been setting you above your trade, Joe?" or, "Joe, my boy, we're losing money fast; ah! how devilish lucky you are to be a porter, and sure of your pay every Saturday!"

To all of which Joe only answered, "True, Mr. Stiggs, very true. But we'll do better."

One day, it was some few years ago, a foolish and insane idea possessed the people of this country. They would not believe that the Royal British Bank was the most useful, and the safest, and the best institution in the country. David Stiggs was one of the few who opposed this delusion. He maintained that the Eastern and especially the Royal British Bank were impregnable, and when any sold their stock, Dave Stiggs bought. He and Nick Biddle, he said, could fight the rest of the merchants. The fight was long and tough; but it ended—alas for the vanity of human triumphs!—in the victory of an insane public, and in the overthrow of the Royal British Bank and the Eastern, and that of Nick Biddle and old Dave Stiggs.

A few weeks thereafter, soon after Dave had blown out his brains in his despair at being ruined, the shop which he had occupied was refitted, and a new announcement hung out. It bore the name of "Josiah Ronderton, Commission Merchant."

Young Livingston Stiggs swore it was the best joke he had ever heard; "Egad, the fella was our porter!" For his own part, the failure of the house concerned him little. He had been well trained to business, and was remarkably industrious and shrewd. He would work his way out of his embarrassments, and then build up a new fortune; and he bestirred himself manfully. It was, however, no easy task; the bank-

rupt court was the only refuge for Livingston Stiggs—who took the benefit of it, got whitewashed, and started afresh.

But the taint of the old house hung round him. The enemies whom the prosperity of the father had created avenged themselves on the son. He met obstacles—unexpected, unaccountable obstacles—on every side. The best of the business of the old house of Stiggs and Co. had descended lineally to Josiah Ronderton. New business proved unprofitable; and so, after a long struggle, Livingston Stiggs failed again.

This time the breakdown was final. The man's energy had been wasted. He sank, and, disease supervening, he became dependent on his wife—the beautiful, dashing creature who had been the belle of the city—for support. She died, heart-broken; and, at last, the only livelihood of the son and heir of Livingston Stiggs was obtained from the needle-money of his daughter. She had been born in finest linen, cradled in richest lace, decked out in child's-clothes of silk and satin: she burns her candle to the socket every night now, working—to support her father—for the family of her grandfather's porter, Josiah Ronderton.

Strange contrast!—pin-money and needle-money. But, take the world as a whole, and there's but a generation between them. The father, rich: the son, poor; the children of the nabob dying in garrets or hospitals provided by the munificence of the children of the nabob's servants; the daughter of Cæsar intriguing to secure for her daughter the gracious smile of the son of Cæsar's stable-boy: such is our history—in this money-getting and scheming country. Scheme we never so wisely, we never can contrive to do more than the law allows to testators; namely, to provide for two generations of our posterity; the third generation, the great-grandchildren, are beyond our reach and our power; and, in nine instances out of ten, the great-grandchildren of every rich man will be poor, and of every poor man rich. There is hope as well as sorrow in the thought.

THE WIFE'S LAMENT.

The grave hath won thee, best beloved,
Thou beautiful and bright!
And death hath marbled o'er thy brow,
And quenched the glorious light
From out the brightly flashing eye,
That e'er was turned on me
With love and tenderness—O, who
Might dream that this would be?

What mean these glittering forms of wealth,
This hollow pomp and pride?
A cold, dark void is in my heart—
Thou'rt absent from my side.
'Tis mockery to a spirit crushed,
Their worth's for ever fled;
Alas, I only feel that thou
Art numbered with the dead!

And can I live and see thee thus,
So pale, and calm, and still?
O, take me to thy breast, beloved,
My heart is faint and chill!
Thou canst not—e'en love's anguished cry
Fails to unlock thine ear;
And ne'er may sorrow's pleading voice
Call forth one answering tear.

Look up, beloved and cherished one,
Gaze once upon my brow;
Mark well the furrows grief hath wrought,
Look once upon my woe.
Art silent still? O, agony,
To plead my cause in vain,
And know that ne'er on earth thy voice
Will soothe my grief again!

Then take me from this world, beloved!
I plead—I wildly crave
But this one blessing, since all light
And joy are in the grave.
O, hear'st thou not this last wild prayer?
Thou dost not—all is vain:
And naught but hollow agony
And grief's despair remain.

MISTAKES ABOUT INDEPENDENCE.—How great the mistakes of parents who labour all their lives to render their children independent, and either neglect their moral and intellectual training, or commit it entirely to others. Keep children in their proper place. Stimulate them to exertion. Keep them sparingly in pocket money. Deny yourselves many social pleasures for their sake. Enter with them into amusements which minister to physical and intellectual health; and welcome associates who will enlighten their minds and improve their morals. Let no engagement whatever interfere with school preparations. Regard their teachers as the noblest of men, and set a higher value upon the progress which they make, under their tuition, than upon silver and gold.

Small Change.

WHY is the letter S like a sewing machine?—Because it is makes needles needless!

THE book-keeper who fell from a column of figures is still in a critical state.

A POOR excuse is said to be better than none. An inebriate recently excused himself on the ground that it wasn't he, but his health that had been drunk.

IN the hearing of an Irish case for an assault and battery, a counsel, while cross-examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped at. "Four glasses of ale." "What next?" "Two glasses of whisky." "What next?" "One glass of brandy." "What next?" "A fight."

WE have heard a woman of the world say, "The state of widowhood is inconvenient—for one must assume all the modesty of a young girl, without being able to feign her ignorance."

HAS a finer thought ever been penned than that Knowles put into the mouth of Virginius?—

"I hear a voice so soft that nothing comes
Twixt it and silence!"

THE man who did not think it respectable to bring up his children to work, has just heard from his three sons. One of them was a driver on a canal, another had been taken up as a vagrant, and the third had gone to a public institution to learn the shoe business under a keeper.

A TEACHER had been explaining to his class the points of the compass, and all were drawn up in front, toward the north.—"Now, what's before you, John?"—"The north, sir."—"And what behind you, Tommy?"—"My coat-tail, sir," said he, trying at the same time to get a glimpse of it.

THE Maréchal d'Étrées, aged one hundred and three, heard of the death of the Duke de Treame at the age of ninety-three. "I am very sorry for it," said the Maréchal, "but not surprised; he was a poor worn-out creature; I always said that man would never live long."

A VERDANT Yankee expectant for office was advised the other day to apply for the consulship at the Lobos Islands, *vice Guano removed*. He had his letter written before he discovered the joke.

"IN my fertile country," said a Leicestershire man, "you could turn a horse into a field new-mown, and the next morning the grass would be grown above his hoofs." "Pooh! that's nothing," cried a Yorkshireman; "you may turn a horse into a field in Yorkshire, and not be able to find him next morning."

HOW TO CONQUER HABITS.—Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold of us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

A PERSON complaining of the smallness of some chops brought to table, an incorrigible wag observed, "Probably the sheep was fed on short commons."

BOSWELL observing to Johnson that there was no instance of a beggar dying for want in the streets of Scotland. "I believe, sir, you are very right," says Johnson; "but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

IT is better to have a clear conscience and be censured, than to have a bad one and be flattered.

MANY have been ruined by their fortunes; many have escaped ruin by the want of fortunes. To obtain it, the great have become little, and the little great.

MOTHER! What comfort there is in the name which gives assurance of a love that can neither change nor fail!

AN Irishman received a challenge to fight a duel, but declined. On being asked the reason, "Och," said Pat, "would you have me leave his mother an orphan?"

A LAZY fellow once declared in public company that he could not find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to work for it."

"I AM thy father's spirit," as the bottle said to the boy when he found it hid in the wood-pile, and wondered what it was.

A CONTEMPORARY inquires if the young ladies of the present day are fitted for wives? We think it a much more important inquiry whether they are fitted for husbands.

A MACHINE for "pumping" witnesses is among the hydraulics patented last week. The inventor is first cousin to the old man who made leather spikes.

A BACHELOR friend of ours, says a correspondent, returning the other evening from an assembly, in a crowded coach, declared with a groan, that he had not the slightest objection to "rings on his fingers," but had a most unequivocal aversion to "belles on his toes."

ONE poor man told another that his new coat was too short for him. "True," answered he of the short skirts: "I assure you, however, it will be long enough before I get another."

WHEN it rains hardest, people catch most soft water. AN old lady combated the idea of the moon being inhabited by remarking, with emphasis, that the idea was incredible—"For," said she, "what becomes of the people in the moon when there is nothing left of it but a little streak?"

AN acquaintance of ours last week succeeded in picking a lock that had defied the skill of all the experts of the country. He picked it for himself from among a dozen other kinds without a moment's hesitation.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE MERCENARY.—Before you marry a lady for her money, consider what an encumbrance you will find your wife, in the event of having lost or spent all she was worth.

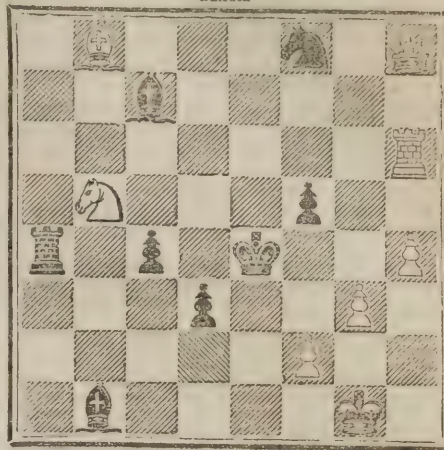
Puzzles for the Ingenious.

According to request we offer our readers a few riddles for solution. We trust they will contribute to their amusement, and agreeably exercise their ingenuity. The answers will be given in a subsequent number. We place promiscuously charades, enigmas, and conundrums, as we consider them all equally worthy of attention.

- (1) By my first a true friend must a true friend address,
Since their intercourse no other form will admit;
And the vows of affection that lovers profess,
On my second too often are found to be writ.
My whole is the number that all have assigned,
To the charms that thou hast both in person and mind.
- (2) To make out my first the great Chitty would try,
And endeavour my second to make it;
Of my whole I am sensible when you are by,
And I heartily wish you'd partake it.
- (3) A word of three letters, easy and short,
Spells backwards and forwards the same;
It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart,
And to beauty lays principal claim.
- (4) What fine English animal first checked the crowing of
the French cock?
- (5) By my first I must own ladies judge of a beau,
And if this is not good they think him but so so;
My next ladies do when they give a whole heart
For one that is pierced through in every part;
In my whole the romantic and lovers will sit,
Till aroused by the pangs of a rheumatic fit.
- (6) Two sisters at a birth were born,
Rosy and dewy as the morn;
True as the sailor to his lass,
Yet words between them often pass.
At morn they part, but then at night,
They meet again and all is right;
And, what in nymphs you ne'er discover,
They are contented with each other.
- (7) My elevation to the stocks I owe,
Nor bulls nor bears I fear, yet won't dissemble;
A run upon the bank would make me tremble.
Frank, free, and generous, I yet engage
In the injurious passions of the age;
Give balls and routs, but, though I may be rough,
My company would cheer you—that's enough.
- (8) A word there is of plural number,
A foe to peace and tranquil slumber;
Now any word you choose to take,
By adding s you plural make;
But if you add an s to this,
Strange is the metamorphosis.
Plural is plural then no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.
- (9) My fetid first will charm your eyes,
My second lurks in shelves and pies,
My whole's whole fame in lying lies.
- (10) If you go as far as the railway carriage will take you,
what heathen deity do you behold?
- (11) Why, in looking at you, do I increase the difficulty of
crossing Ludgate-hill on a wet day in November?
- (12) What's worn on the head, and what makes a good
pudding,
Comes into the mind and goes out of a sudden?
When careless cook my first has broken,
And of it has her mistress spoken,
My second will ensue;
My whole is frugal fare, at best—
I shall not tell you how 'tis dressed—
That task remains for you.
- (14) If the god of shepherds fell into the river Thames,
what cooking utensil would he resemble when he
was taken out?
- (15) What two letters in the alphabet has the Leviathan
most reason to dread?
- (16) If spectacles could speak, what learned man of an-
tiquity would they name?
- (17) Why is a telescope like a man who sends a shabby
gift?

Chess.

Problem No. 45. By W. HOLT, Esq.
BLACK.

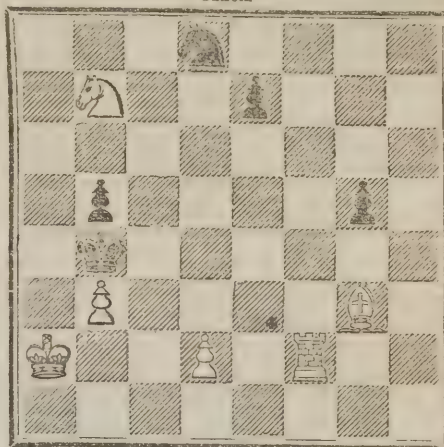


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 46. For the Juveniles. By T. P. COURTENAY,
Esq. (Dunkinly).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 39.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|------------------|-------------|
| 1. P moves | 1. P moves |
| 2. B to K 2 | 2. K to K 5 |
| 3. B to K Kt 7 | 3. K to K 5 |
| 4. B to K 5 (ch) | 4. K to K 5 |
| 5. Kt mates | |

Solution of Problem No. 40.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Q to K B 3 | 1. Q takes Q (best) |
| 2. Kt to Q 5 | 2. Any move |
| 3. B or Kt mates | |

Solution of Problem No. 41.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|------------------|-------------|
| 1. Q to Q R 4 | 1. Any move |
| 2. Q or Kt mates | |

Solution of Problem No. 42.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. B to K 5 | 1. Q takes Q |
| 2. P to K B 6 | 2. Q or B takes P |
| 3. B to K B 5 | 3. Any move |
| 4. B or Kt mates | |

M. A. R.—If in the Problem to which you refer, Black's Q P were to take the Bishop, mate would ensue next move; B takes K P; mate would also be given in two moves if Black were to take R with Q, as the Pawn would go to Queen and mate.

RICHARD MARKHAM.—The fact of your King having been checked does not prevent him from Castling if neither he nor the Rook with which he Castles has not been moved. A NOVICE.—A piece or pawn touched must be played, unless at the moment of touching it the player says, "J'adoube," or words to that effect.

A RUSTIC.—We believe the subscription to the St. Georges' Chess Club is £1 1s. to those members who reside more than five miles from London. We do not think that the fact of your being in London daily makes any difference.

Our Editorial Table.

NOTICE. COMPLETION OF VOL. I.

Now Ready, handsomely bound in cloth gilt, price 4s. 6d., the First Volume of the New Series of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, containing upwards of One Hundred beautifully-executed Engravings, which include Twenty-six Portraits of Living Celebrities. The volume may also be obtained in paper covers, price 3s.

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NOTICE.—The Portrait of John Frederick Smith, Esq., author of "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c., in No. 25, is from a photograph by Mayall, of 224-226, Regent-street.

O. H. C.—What is meant by the double government of India, is the authority vested in the East India Company and the Board of Control. Previous to the establishment of the Board of Control in 1784, the government of British India was exercised exclusively by the directors of the East India Company. The immense extent of the territorial possessions of the company, together with their financial embarrassments, to say nothing of the abuses which had crept into their government, justified the ministry in interfering and establishing, by Pitt's famous India Bill, a Board of Control, which should take the oversight, and act as a check on the proceedings of the company. The board consists of six members of the privy council appointed by the Sovereign, two of the principal secretaries of state being always members. The president of the board is, in fact, Secretary of State for India. The authority of the board extends over all the civil and military affairs of British India. All letters or despatches sent out by the Court of Directors are submitted to the board, which may also require certain despatches to be forwarded by the directors, and may, on its own authority, forward despatches without the consent, or without consulting the company. The supreme authority is vested in the governor-general of India, who is nominated by the directors, subject to the approval of the sovereign. The governor-general in council is privileged to make laws for British India, which can only be annulled by higher authority—namely, the Board of Control or the Court of Directors, either of which may approve or disapprove, annul or ratify his acts. India has thus a double government, and it is the maintenance, modification, or discontinuance of this complex rule, which now engages the attention of the legislature.

P. GUSTAVUS.—Montenegro is the country inhabited by the Montenegrins. It lies to the east of the Austrian territory. It consists of several high valleys, sloping to the south-east, the waters of which flow into Turkish Albania by two streams, supplying the gulf of Scutari. The inhabitants of Montenegro are Slavonians; that is, they are of the same origin as the Russians; and their language is a dialect of the Russian language. They are Christians, belonging to the Greek Church. They are governed by a bishop, assisted by a council of the chief families. But, in spite of the religious nature of their government, the Montenegrins are a very warlike people. They are much given to plunder, and have been, as they now are, constantly at war with Turkey. In the last century they greatly distinguished themselves against the French, who had taken forcible possession of the neighbouring republic of Ragusa. The Montenegrins rushed down from the mountains, and a desperate battle ensued; but they were at length driven back to their mountains. They derive the name of Montenegrins from the two words *monte* and *negro*; the former signifying "mountain;" the latter, "black."

QUEERIST.—The late Helene Louise Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans, was the daughter of Frederick Louis, Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin, a small German state. She was born in 1814, and was, therefore, only in her forty-fourth year at the date of her death. She was bred a Protestant, and maintained, through all the trials and temptations of her chequered career, a high character for piety, probity, and feminine purity. She has left two sons, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, of whom the former is the heir of the Louis Philippe or Orleans dynasty.

L. MASON.—Unfortunately, there is good ground for accusing the great French philosopher, Laplace, of scepticism; but we must inform you that not long before his death he expressed to our countryman, Professor Sedgwick, a great change of opinion. His words, as nearly as the translation will render them, were as follows:—"I have lived long enough to know, what at one time I did not believe, that no society can be upheld in happiness and honour without the sentiments of religion."

ANNIE DADSON.—*Nemesis*, called also *Adrastia*, was the fabled goddess of revenge. In painting, she is generally represented as following closely after some guilty individual in the darkness of night, with a flaming sword. When it is said of any individual that he has his *Nemesis*, it means that he is in constant dread of punishment overtaking him, on account of some real or supposed fault or crime.

ARGUS, ANNIE PARISH, SILLY SALLY, T. C.—"Argus:" Napoleon the First did really bequeath a legacy to Cantillon for attempting to assassinate the Duke of Wellington. Tennyson is at present poet-laureate.—"Annie Parish:" The word "architect" is pronounced as if written *arkitekt*. It comes to us from the French language.—"Silly Sally:" A bishop is addressed as "My Lord;" so is also a law baron. In speaking to majors and captains, it is not elegant to repeat their military titles very often.—"T. C.:" The "Arabian Nights" are translated from the Arabic.

R. S.—If you refer to history, you will find that ladies were not always excluded from Parliament. In the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. four abbesses were summoned to Parliament, and in the reign of Edward III. a great many countesses were represented in Parliament by their proxies.

A. B.—In the reign of Queen Elizabeth an act of parliament was passed to prevent the exportation of wool; and, to keep in mind that wool was the great source of our national wealth, woollucks for the judges were placed in the House of Lords.

EFFIE.—We quite understand the wonder you experience in listening to the noise produced by placing a sea-shell to your ear. Fancy likens this noise to the roar of the sea, and poetical minds have compared the sound to the wail of the shell for its native ocean. The fact is, the noise is caused by the hollow form of the shell, its polished surface enabling it to receive and give back the beatings of all sounds that chance to be trembling in the air around the shell.

VERGILIUS.—You would first have to lay down one hundred guineas caution money, afterwards used in paying the expenses of the call; next, about £45 admission fees. The yearly expenses vary according to the lun at which the student enters. It is usual to read the first year with a conveyancer, the second with an equity draughtsman, and the third with a special pleader. The fees to each are one hundred guineas. The whole expense would be about £500.

A LOVER OF FLOWERS.—*Faded flowers* may generally be restored by immersing them half way up their stems in very hot water, and allowing them to remain in it till it cools, or till they have recovered. They must then be removed, the *coddled* portion of the stems cut off, and placed in clean, cold water. This plan will succeed, except as to some of the most valuable flowers.

C. MATHEWS, alias TOM PIGGOT, alias J. BECKET.—The first stone of St. Paul's Cathedral was laid June 21, 1675; the choir was opened for Divine worship, December 2, 1696; the whole edifice was completed in 1710, with the exception of some decorations. The New Royal Exchange, commenced in 1840, was opened by the Queen in state, October 28, 1844. We do not keep a racing calendar.

J. J. (SCHOOLBOY).—Columbus was born in the territories of Genoa, in 1442. He first saw the main land of America during a third voyage, commenced in 1498; but Amerigo Vesputius had visited that continent before him, and from him it took its name—America. Columbus died at Valladolid, May 20, 1506.

A MOTHER.—Abstain from salted or dried meats, use a good proportion of green vegetable food, and use lemonade as a beverage.

C. DUBOIS.—It is impossible for us to say how much taller you will grow. By the use of proper aliments and exercise, you will probably gain a few inches by the time you are twenty-one.

ANTIQUITY.—We cannot state why a horseshoe was considered fortunate. The practice of nailing one on a house or barn to keep away evil is an exploded folly.

CARACTACUS, as a railway clerk, must fulfil the duties which belong to the department which he undertakes. It is impossible to define what he *might* have to do while we are ignorant of the position he is likely to hold.

C. L.—We regret that we cannot trace the fate of the Eastern Queen, which, as you state, "set sail from Liverpool for New Orleans, May 7, 1851." Perhaps some correspondent can inform us.

H. S. Y.—The national debt is about nine hundred millions sterling.

AN EARNEST INQUIRER.—As you are evidently advanced in your education, there is little doubt that, by stating your qualifications, and proposing to teach the younger pupils in a ladies' seminary for the advantage of following the classes of the elder pupils, you might, according to your own expressed desire, obtain such an education in the higher branches of instruction as would fit you for a governess in a gentleman's or nobleman's family.

ALEXANDRINA SALTER, TAMERLANE, HAR, SNOWBIRD.—"Alexandrina" writes to us in great perplexity, but she must take courage. Despair is never excusable; but to give up hoping at twenty years of age is perfectly absurd. We do not perceive from her letter that she is "no scholar." We deduce from it that she is very well suited for a situation in a fashionable warehouse, and that she might, soon fit herself for the duties of a nursery governess.—"Tamerlane" must not indulge in jealousy and suspicion. As a lover, he is likely to give way to both. Probably the elder of the kirk merely felt a fatherly regard for the young lady.—"Har" is quite justified in resigning the correspondence, but not in doing so without mentioning the cause. Let him act openly and like a man, and tell the young lady that her breaking her promise is the cause of the cessation of his letters.—"Snowbird" must persevere in the remedy. Air and exercise are the best means of procuring a healthy complexion. His third question should be put to a tax-gatherer.

AN INQUIRER.—Your first question should have been addressed to some eminent medical practitioner. As to the second, if the Bible does not give you the information you wish, it is in vain for you to seek it elsewhere.

S. C. B.—We know nothing of the intention of the Sultan of Turkey to bestow medals on the Crimean soldiers beyond newspaper report.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, W. B.—We commend you, as a youth of fourteen, for not wishing longer to burden your parents. Your writing is very good, and as you say you can also cipher well, we think you need not fear obtaining a good situation.

DELTA, F. JOHNSTONE, R. F. P.—"Delta:" We doubt whether any hair dyes are perfectly safe; but in a recent number you will find the subject treated of at length.—"F. Johnstone" is in good health, he will find his hair much improved by pouring cold water over it every morning, and rubbing it dry with a coarse towel.—"The lines of R. F. P." have both power and promise; but here and there they are so indistinctly written, we had difficulty in making out his meaning.

H. J. W.—The Windsor uniform consists of a blue coat with red collar and cuffs.

DAWLISH.—Cases to contain twenty-six numbers, or one volume of our ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, may be obtained through any bookseller, or of Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage-yard, at 1s. 6d. each, gilt lettered on the side and back.

J. C. Y.—You do not require the assistance of an attorney in binding your son apprentice.

QUESTIONER.—We certainly have never endeavoured to increase the circulation of our Paper by affording subscribers a chance of gaining a watch by lottery.

RODERICK.—The "Art Treasures Exhibition" will be completed in sixty-five numbers. The volume will be ready June 1, price 8s., in handsome cloth boards.

J. MACDONALD.—You must be content to let the stains in your skin wear out.

SING SONG POLLY.—*Persian sherbet* is made various ways. The most simple is composed of water, lemon-juice, and sugar, with some perfumed cakes dissolved in it, and an infusion of rose-water. Another kind is made with violets, honey, juice of raisins, &c. Another is made thus:—Boil in three pints of water, six or eight stalks of green rhubarb, and a quarter of a pound of good raisins or figs, sliced. When the water has boiled about half an hour, strain it, and stir into it a small quantity of rose-water, and orange or lemon syrup to the taste. Another:—Crush a pound of picked strawberries in a mortar; add to them a quart of water, and pour into a basin, with a lemon sliced, and a tea-spoonful of orange flower water, and let it remain for two or three hours. Put one pound of refined sugar into another basin, cover it with muslin, through which pour the strawberry juice. After as much has run out as will, squeeze out the remainder. When the sugar is all dissolved, strain again, and set the vessel containing it in a very cold place, or on ice. The Persian sherbet of the shops, generally sold in powder, is mostly made of cream of tartar and powdered lump sugar in equal quantities, with a few drops of essence of orange and lemons, and, sometimes, some slight perfume.

H. YATES.—The following ointment is good for removing sunburns and freckles:—Into half a pint of new milk put two table-spoonfuls of fresh cream; add to this a table-spoonful of eau-de-cologne, the juice of a lemon, a tea-spoonful of powdered loaf-sugar, and a bit of alum about half the size of a nut. Boil these ingredients, skim them well, and, when cool, the mixture is fit for use. Anoint the face with a little of it before going to bed.

AYR, MACBETH, SALMON, COLLEEN ASTHORE.—"Ayr:" The marriages of which you speak are legal in Scotland.—"Macbeth:" You would find the training for the stage quite as dull and less profitable than your present avocation.—"Salmon:" The convenience of the lady, and not the relation in which she stands to you, must decide on the propriety of offering the right or the left arm. The noises you make in sleep, viz., speaking loud, &c., indicate indigestion. Never go to bed directly after supper.—"Colleen Asthore:" We will give you our opinion on any manuscript you choose to submit to us.

RAMORNY.—The salaries of attorneys' clerks vary from £100 to £150 per annum; those of copying clerks are about £50.

LAURA.—We cannot undertake furnishing receipts for brewing any description of beer. With regard to imparting a whiteness to the keys of a pianoforte, we can only furnish you with a process for bleaching ivory. It should be exposed to the sun, under glasses, having been first brushed with pumice-stone (burnt and made into a paste with water).

KATE EASTWOOD, SILVIA, COSMO.—We decline assisting "Kate Eastwood" in writing letters to officers, or enlightening her on the subject of their uniforms, or outward adornments; but we strongly advise her not to present her portrait to any gentlemen to whom she is not engaged.—"Silvia," we advise her to select a handsome desk as a present for the gentleman in question.—"Cosmo" need not use black-edged paper in writing to his intended bride, although the lady has lost a near relative. An engagement constitutes no relationship, although it is to be hoped it will lead to one.

ADELA.—"Adela" wishes to know how to cultivate a pair of eyebrows. We advise her to try castor oil pomatum, and to arrange her hair so as to prevent the bands or curls from touching the eyebrows, for it is supposed that, if they come constantly in contact with the hair of the head, their growth is checked.

J. M'LEAN.—Captain Maryatt has been dead between three and four years.

LEXIUS.—Apply the lotion to the part affected two or three times a day.

DARKIE.—Your application should have been made to the proprietors, or the secretary, of the "Great Leviathan."

QUALIFICATIONS, &c., FOR SITUATIONS in the Army, Navy, various branches of the Civil Service, counting-house clerks, shopmen, assistants, &c.—Applications of this class have been received from H. W. Bowen, J. S. Cooper, A. Celt, En Avant, Salt, Express, Caractacus, W. Harris, C. E. M., Vertus Taurus, Edward of Ella, a Yorkshireman, R. C. Lisle, J. Dexter, W. Willies, Godfrey, A Tipperary Boy, &c. &c. With the sincerest desire to serve these correspondents, we regret our inability to give them satisfactory directions. In most instances, it would be better for them to make direct application to the principals, or the secretaries or actuaries of the establishments with which they wish to be connected, stating age, qualifications, &c. Some of the above, we are sorry to say, would be at once rejected, on account of deficient scholarship.

**** We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.**

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER LVII.

A prison is a house of care.
A place where none can thrive;
A touchstone true to try a friend—
A grave for one alive.
Sometimes a place of right;
Sometimes a place of wrong;
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men among.

INSCRIPTION ON EDINBURGH TOLBOOTH.

BEFORE relating the circumstances under which Sanderson became a private in the same regiment with Mark Rayner, we must leave India for awhile,

and request our readers to return with us to England; promising that the voyage shall not be a very tedious one.

"Presto," as the charlatan says, and it is accomplished. We are no longer in the city of palaces on the banks of the Hooghly, but in Kent, at the gate of one of the vast naval arsenals in which the true power and greatness of the British empire are centred; where we shall find two characters in our tale, not yet forgotten, we trust, by our readers.

When Fiddler Dick became an inmate of the dockyard at Chatham, like most convicts on their arrival, he displayed great insubordination and violence; but the iron discipline of the establishment very soon brought him to another state of mind, and taught him that a different line of conduct was necessary, if he wished to pass his seven years pleasantly, or obtain a mitigation.

Gradually, therefore, he cooled down, and began to show a disposition to listen to the advice and exhortations of the chaplain, who, flattering himself that he

had at last succeeded in producing an impression upon his dissolute nature, felt an interest in him.

It was something like the pride which the keeper of a menagerie feels in displaying his powers over the ferocious animal he has tamed.

We need not inform our readers that it was all pretence on the part of the convict: neither penitence nor remorse had ever touched his stubborn nature—but calculation had. Seven years was a long period of time to look forward to, to bear the burning desire of vengeance which he entertained against his faithless partner Bet, and writhe beneath the impotence of gratifying it. He could have stood four, but seven was too much; the number haunted him, and he determined, if possible, to abridge it.

It was just as he had made up his mind to this new line of conduct, that his former companion in misfortune—as he was pleased to term his previous detection and condemnation—joined him.

One of the wits of the place—for even amongst the miserable slaves of the Dockyard there are such per-



THE UNWELCOME VISITOR.

sons—parodied, on the arrival of Mike, the well-known epitaph, "They were beautiful in their lives, and in death they were not separated," by chalking on the wall, "They were pals in youth, and lagged together in their age."

It was not long before Mr. Fiddler Dick began to experience the benefit of the change in his conduct; for no sooner was it known by the keepers and guardians that his was a case in which the chaplain felt an interest, than they grew somewhat indulgent—treated him much less harshly.

They too were wise in their generation. Any report a refractory convict might make of their ill-usage of him, they well knew would meet with but little attention; from a reformed one, who frequently required the advice and consolation of the chaplain, whom the governor had spoken to in a tone of encouragement, it was a very different thing.

Amongst the fraternity of which Dick and his friend Mike were not undistinguished members, the means by which the rigour of imprisonment may be mitigated, and the period of penal servitude shortened, are as well known, calculated, and discussed, as the chances which may arise in any other profession.

As a matter of course, the intimacy between the two convicts was renewed. There being no false delicacy or shame on either side, the hours of meals and relaxation, and Sundays especially, were devoted to private and confidential conversation on their affairs.

One thing seriously annoyed Dick, and put his friendship to a severe test: Mike either could not, or would not, become pious; but frequently in chapel, whilst his companion sang vociferously, or *groaned*, which he frequently did at certain parts of the sermon, the old sinner would sit watching him, with a broad grin upon his features.

The cynical rascal had evidently a keen sense of the ridiculous.

"I'll tell you what it is, old feller," said the youngest of the two convicts as they paced up and down the large, vaulted apartment, in which they were allowed to take exercise in wet weather, "I shall be obliged to cut your acquaintance."

"Why so?"

"The parson says you are a reprobate. Why won't you be converted? It ain't so very hard after the fast. You'd find yer advantage in it."

"Have you found any?"

Dick replied by a knowing wink.

"Well, I dare say yer has," continued the speaker; "and it ain't by no means the wust dodge I ha' knowed on; but it 'ud be no use to me; they'll never let me out."

"Why not?"

"Case there's too many great uns in the world as has an interest in a-keepin' me in," replied the convict, with an air of importance. There is a pride even in crime. Your housebreaker looks with contempt on a poor petty-larceny rogue. "I ain't sent here for anything I have done; for, as you know, I was always partikler not to run any great risks."

"What wor yer sent here for?"

"For fear of what I might say; and what makes it mor' aggravating, my own brother sent me here."

"Something like my Bet," muttered his hearer, with a fearful expression. "But I never knew you had a brother."

"Oh yes, a twin."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised now," observed Dick, "if that affair of Lilly's warn't at the bottom on it."

"You are right."

"Well, you may as well tell me all about it. Poor gal, I've no doubt Bet 'as done for her afore this."

"No, she ain't."

"You don't know her."

"I tell you she ain't," repeated Mike; "and I ought to know, seeing as she came to me the day after your misfortune, to ask for the share of the money I promised you, and I pumped it all out on her."

"You didn't give it her!" exclaimed the convict, with an expression of hatred so ferocious that even the speaker, accustomed as he was to his violence and temper, could not refrain from shuddering.

"Give it her," he repeated; "wot do yer take me for?"

"But you got it."

"Well, perhaps I did."

"All right," said Fiddler Dick, "cut on."

"Well," answered Mike, "it was this brother of mine I was speakin' on as brought the kid to me—I wish I'd never seen her."

"So do I," interrupted his friend.

"Jack found out for me where he lived. Would you believe it, the unnatural villain is rich, has a farm, servants, land—in short, lives like a gentleman.

But that has nothing to do with it; only he is very respectable."

"Was the child his'n?"

"No."

"Whose, then?"

"Can't exactly make out," answered the former gaoler of Lillian, who did not choose to impart more than was necessary for elucidating his position, and the hopelessness he felt of any remission of the sentence he had been sent back to the hulks to serve; "all I know is, there was a lady, a real born lady in the case."

"And she paid the money?"

"Well, she did," answered Mike, hesitatingly; "but not till after you were in quod, or you'd ha' heard from me."

The mountebank drew down the corners of his mouth in that peculiar manner we have before described.

"Of course I should," he said, pointing with the thumb of his right hand over the left shoulder.

"You don't doubt me?" exclaimed his partner in iniquity.

"It's of little use if I did, seeing that the counters are all gone by this time, I'll be bound."

"No, they ain't," whispered the old convict.

Fiddler Dick pricked up his ears at this piece of intelligence, which to him was exceedingly interesting, for he naturally considered that he had a moral, if not a legal, claim to a part of it.

"Why, yer ain't got it with yer?" he exclaimed, at the same time slapping Mike familiarly on the back. "Well, you are a downy one. Only to think of doin' the searchers!"

"But it ain't here," quietly observed the old man; "do you think if it wor I'd be such a fool to allude to it?"

His pal looked disappointed. The reasoning was too conclusive in his own mind for him to doubt it.

"Not so green as that," continued the speaker. "No; I concealed it in a place known only to myself, and where only myself can find it, and where it will remain, unless I get out of this cursed place."

"Mike! Mike!" exclaimed his respectable friend, in a tone of tender reproachfulness, "you'd never be so unnatural as to rob a true pal of his share?"

"I'll take care he never robs me of mine," replied the old man; "so it's no use a-trying that on. If we get out together, maybe I should not mind a-division."

"How much is it?"

"More than enough to take us both to Amerikey, and leave us something to begin life on," answered Mike, evasively, for he did not think proper to name the exact sum to him. Like a prudent man, he always calculated on the eventualities that might arise.

"It was over fifty, then!" exclaimed Fiddler Dick.

"Over two fifties," whispered his pal.

"I thought so," muttered the former, bitterly.

"Well, that was business," observed the old convict. "Of course, I won't a-going to let you share, and I take all the risk; and a pretty risk it has turned out! What good is the tin to me, and I here?"

"Why won't you be converted?" demanded the ex-mountebank, in a persuasive tone; "it's the easiest thing in the world: only to—"

"I know all about it," interrupted his hearer, impatiently; "and would a tried it, as well as you; only, as I told you afore, I knowd it would be no use."

"Can't see it."

"But I can. Why else am I here, and my ticket-of-leave called in? I ain't done nothing fresh. Let me explain it all. You'll never see the rights on it unless I do."

"Explain away, old snake."

After receiving this gracious permission, his respected friend resumed his narrative.

"As I told you," he said, "Jack discovered where my precious brother, my twin wor a livin', and feeling quite lonely like—for the boy had gone to sea—I thought I'd just visit him. Well, I did, and a pretty visit I made of it, for he and his housekeeper nearly pised me with musherons."

"Cleverly done."

"Very. Whilst staying with him I learnt something—what that something was I ain't agoin' to tell you, so it's no use a-prickin' up your ears; but it was a curious secret."

"About Lilly?" hastily demanded Fiddler Dick.

"About Lilly."

"And I here," muttered the husband of Bet, in a tone of bitterness between his teeth. "She shall pay for it if ever I get free."

"No doubt of that," observed Mike, quietly. "In fact, I told her as much—but that is your affair, and nothin' to my pint. Well, I natterally thought I might just as well turn an honest penny by the secret I had gained, and I told Andrew so."

"Who is Andrew?"

"My beautiful twin brother."

"All right; go on."

"He promised to meet me in London at the 'Keys' in the Mint. I had given him eight days; if I'd known all I might have given him longer. Well, what do you think he does?"

"No idea."

"He goes to my lord mayor, or some other lord, who is one of the queen's ministers, and related to the lady I told yer on, and gets me sent here to sarve out the rest of my time."

"Why that is for life!" exclaimed his companion.

"Exactly."

Fiddler Dick gave an expressive whistle. It might be intended to convey his admiration of the tact of Andrew, or an indication of surprise at the extraordinary account he had just listened to.

"And now," added the convict, "you see why I don't think it worth while to be converted; yours is a different case. I should think they'd let you out in another year or so, for yer does it exceedingly well; and groans and turns up the whites of yer eyes as natterally as life. But it would be no use to me, mine is a settled pint; there's a black mark against my name. I am here for life."

"Well, I 'spose yer are," philosophically observed his friend.

"Unless—"

Here the old man hesitated.

"Unless what?"

"When you get out, you help me to escape," whispered Mike. "In that case we would share the money between us."

It was some time before Fiddler Dick could be brought to entertain the project. In the first place, he did not like the risk of the undertaking; in the second, he felt far from assured that Mike really had the money he spoke of, and that the tale he had told had any other foundation than his own fertile imagination. On the latter point he soon had an opportunity of coming to a correct conclusion. In conversing with one of the prison authorities, who, since the chaplain had become interested in him, had been more than usually indulgent, he observed that the government would have no very great bargain with Mike.

"Why not?" inquired the official.

"He is so old."

"We don't care for his labour," was the reply.

"Then I suppose you will soon let him out."

The man shook his head mysteriously.

"Can't make it out," added the mountebank. "He says he ain't done nothing fresh—but then we all says that," he added, with a hypocritical grimace, "afore we is converted, specially on our trials."

"But he has not been tried."

Here was confirmation at least of one portion of Mike's statement, and his friend began to think the rest of it might possibly be equally true.

"Why, you don't mean to say," he exclaimed, "that they sent him back on the old affair?"

"But I do though."

"That's 'ard."

"It is not quite usual," replied the man. "Perhaps I ought not to allude to these things; but I don't mind telling you. The Secretary of State, Lord Carlington, cancelled his ticket-of-leave."

"What for?"

"Because he had done something either to offend or excite suspicion, I suppose," replied his informant; "but if ain't my place to make observations on the conduct of my betters. Still, I must say it does appear hard. Our orders are to guard him very strictly."

"Why, there is no danger of his escape."

"Not much," said the official: "he is so old. Were he an active young fellow like you, there might be some risk, now."

"Not in the least," answered Fiddler Dick: "I have only three more years to serve; and I ain't in a hurry to leave the place afore my principles is confirmed. The world is so full of temptations."

"Very true."

"And we are none of us perfect."

The keeper agreed with him.

"I might fall into the horror of my ways again."

"That's what the governor said," replied the man, "when the chaplain spoke to him the other day about recommending you to government for a ticket-of-leave."

The eyes of the mountebank sparkled with an expression of intense ferocity at hearing how the above-named functionary had interfered to deprive him of the good offices of the clergyman. The ruffian felt as if he could have strangled him.

"And what said the parson?" he asked, with some difficulty mastering his rage.

"That he considered your reformation complete."
 "Ah, he is a good man," exclaimed the convict, "and has a searching spirit: he can read the 'art.' I am sure he has squeezed all the bitterness and blackness out of mine, for it was once very black."

His hearer looked as if he believed him.
 "I am content to remain my time," he added, turning up the white of his eyes, "if he thinks it best."

"Are you?"

"Or to go," added Dick.
 "Well, that I can believe," observed the man, who seemed but little edified by the speaker's pretended resignation. "It's an awfully dull place; I am heartily tired of it, for one."

"You!" repeated the convict; "why you have an excellent berth."

"Pretty well."

"Good wages."

"Things are very dear in Chatham."

"Chance of promotion."

"A very slow one," answered the keeper. "When I first accepted the situation, I was fool enough to let them know that I did not intend to remain in it long, and so they pass others over my head. Do you know how I came to get it?"

"Ain't the least idea."

"Well, as you appear a better sort of fellow than most who are here, I don't care if I tell you."

Fiddler Dick expressed himself highly flattered at the confidence, and piously expressed a hope that he was not altogether undeserving of it.

"Father and uncle were two of the independent electors of my native town."

"And where may that be?" inquired his hearer.

"Swill Thorpe, in Somersetshire."

"Don't know it."

"Well, it ain't a very large place," observed the keeper, "though it does send two members to parliament. I wish it never had sent them, for it has been my ruin."

The party whom the speaker was thus gradually admitting into his confidence, looked as if he should very much like to be informed how the fact of the borough of Swill Thorpe returning two members to the legislature, could have acted so injuriously on the prospects and career of the speaker.

"I'll tell you how," continued the man. "When I was a boy, our member—the Honourable Sloper Seedy—always promised father and uncle that he would procure me a place under government. The consequence was, that instead of being brought up to a trade, like the rest of my brothers, I was looked upon as the gentleman of the family—indulged when the others were punished, or kept to work."

"And that turned out badly?"

"Right there—very badly; for after father and uncle's death, the Honourable Sloper Seedy forgot his promise; and the gentleman of the family became the beggar. Thinking I was provided for, father left everything to my two brothers, who are now well to do in the world—one as a master builder, and the other as a respectable baker."

"Hadm't you their interest?"

"Not a bit of it; they always voted against the member, which so exasperated him that he forgot his promise, and I shouldn't now have got this beggarly place but for the last election."

"I see. Held off till you had it."

"I have no vote."

"How did you get it, then?"

"Why you see, three days before the election took place, I waited on the gentleman. I was in—in short, I wasn't half so well dressed as I am now. I told him that he had ruined me by his promises, and threatened, unless he did something for me there and then, to go down to Swill Thorpe and expose him and myself too upon the hustings."

"And no fool neither," ejaculated Fiddler Dick.

"I never had no notion of your parliament men. I—that is, a friend of mine who got into trouble in the pick-pocketing line, told me in confidence that he never found anything worth taking in a member's pocket."

"I can believe him," observed the man. "Well, the result was that the Hon. Sloper Seedy—seedy enough to me—got me this place, where I have been now going on for two years. I have saved nearly enough to pay my passage out to America, where I intend to settle as soon as I can make out the rest of the passage money."

"That's where I intend to go when my time's up," said the convict.

"Indeed!"

"How curious if we should meet there."

"Very curious indeed."

"But you'll not own the likes of me then," observed Fiddler Dick.

"I ain't proud," was the reply.

"I should be glad to see you, and no mistake!" exclaimed the former, his feelings highly gratified by the admission. "Bless you, you wouldn't know me, this place does *disfigure a man so*; nature has no chance here."

This was an allusion to his cherished locks, which ere now had fallen before the ruthless scissors of the authorities, and whose loss had grieved him more than even his imprisonment.

"Well," said the man, with a smile, at the same time regarding the closely-shorn bullet-head of the speaker, "a little hair might be an improvement."

"Improvement!" repeated the convict, bitterly; "I tell yer, yer wouldn't know me with my 'air, especially when it was fresh 'iled."

The bell, the signal for the prisoners to retire for the night, soon afterwards rang, and the conversation ended, but Dick did not forget the acquaintance he had thus unexpectedly made. Something whispered it might one day prove useful to him, for events had already cast their shadow before them.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Oh, the fairy form is ne'er forgot
 That first love traced;
 It lingers haunts the greenest spot
 In memory's waste.—MOORE.

It is now time that we return to two characters in our tale who, although they have not occupied a very prominent position, have, we doubt not, secured a niche in the recollections of our readers. We allude to William Thornton and Alice Boothroyd, who had not met since the day of the boat race at Eton; doubtless, to the great satisfaction of the managing mother, who had other and far more ambitious views for her daughter—views in which her husband, Sir Norman, fully shared.

William's career at the university had been a most honourable one—to the intense disgust of his old schoolfellow, Viscount Illston, who, as a matter of course, cut his former protector at Cambridge. The *parvenu* had carried off the honours of his year; stood for a fellowship; and, what was more to the purpose, had the good fortune to obtain it.

When we say the good fortune, we allude, of course, to the distinction. The wealth of his father rendered the income attached to it a matter of very secondary importance to William.

The gratification which his success gave amply repaid the young man for the year's really hard labour—for reading is labour—which he had devoted to the achievement of his success. But, still something was wanting to crown his triumph, and to make him feel that it really was a success. We scarce need to say it was the smile of Alice.

Frequently, when seated in his room at college, poring over his mathematics by the midnight lamp, the figures would disappear, or become so confused that it was impossible longer to recognise them; or, in other words, the problem would change to a still more difficult one—the features of a fair young girl, which imagination had substituted in their place.

And now that the victory was won, his toil rewarded, it did seem rather hard that the smile, whose light would have been his sweetest recompense, should be wanting; but nothing is perfect in this world—not even a senior wrangler's triumph.

Lord Illston had taken his degree as a matter of right; being the son of a peer he was intitled to it—an honorary one.

Alice was no longer a child. In thought and feeling, even more than in years, she was now a woman. Nature had been liberal, not only in the endowments of person, but in those mental gifts which add a charm to beauty, and lend a lasting grace when mere personal ones have vanished. Lady Boothroyd—who, since the establishment of the family in London, had completely established her sway over the weak vacillating mind of her husband—did not know what to make of her. She appeared to be without ambition—a peculiarity her mother could by no means comprehend. In her disappointment she pronounced her an exceedingly odd girl.

Those who knew her best considered her a right-thinking one.

To her father, whose weakness she saw and pitied, the fair girl was affectionate and submissive as a child should be: to her mother, respectful; but it was evident that the mercenary woman was far from possessing that hold upon her affections which the tie of nature would seem to warrant.

One morning, when chatting with her ladyship upon the future prospects of their heiress, the butler entered the room with a card.

"For me?" inquired his mistress.

"For Sir Norman, my lady."

The man presented it to the baronet, who took it listlessly, and read the name, "Major Hawley, Punjab Horse."

"Do you know him?" asked the gentleman, handing it to his wife. "I have not the slightest recollection of such a person."

"Nor I," was the reply.

"Not at home," said the master of the house.

An idea suddenly struck Lady Boothroyd; that it was the name of the regiment in which her brother-in-law, the unfortunate Allan, had served; and with that restlessness which invariably accompanies the consciousness of guilty actions, she decided on seeing him.

"You had better receive him," she said; "I believe he is from India."

Her husband coloured at the word.

"At home," she added.

The butler quitted the room.

"What is it you suspect?" faltered the baronet.

"That it is some friend of your brother Allan's," replied his wife; "and there is much respecting him that I wish to learn. Show no surprise," she added, "at any statement he may make, no matter how strange or improbable it may appear to you."

"I do not comprehend you."

"It is not necessary that you should," was the dry rejoinder; "and I have not time now to explain my motives. You shall know them hereafter. I have spared you no inconsiderable annoyance, by keeping from you a secret, which, after the visit of this man, I suspect will be no longer a secret."

"One word," she added, as she heard approaching steps in the antechamber; "not a word of Barry Gee."

The baronet felt uneasy at the name: for it brought painful and unpleasant recollections to his mind.

The next instant the visitor was announced.

Major Hawley proved to be a true specimen of the Indian officer—most of whom have to fight their way to rank and distinction. He was rather rough and soldierlike in his appearance, with great shrewdness in his features mingled with manliness and kindness.

"I have to apologise, Sir Norman," said the gentleman, "for what I fear must appear rather a singular visit; for my name, I doubt not, is that of a stranger to you."

The baronet bowed, and admitted that he certainly never had heard of him; then paused, evidently in expectation that his visitor would proceed.

"You perceive," continued the major, pointing to his card, which was still lying on the salver, "that I served in the Punjab Horse."

The master of the house stiffly intimated that he was aware of that fact.

"In which your late brother served."

"Indeed," said the baronet, dryly.

"We were friends, great friends," resumed the gentleman; "in fact, poor Allan had few secrets from me. I am aware that he had not the happiness of being on—what shall I say—happy terms with his family."

"Was it to inform Sir Norman of that circumstance," inquired her ladyship, in a sarcastic tone, "that we are honoured by Major Hawley's visit?"

"A clever woman," thought the old soldier, eyeing her critically. "I can understand why poor Allan was an outcast from his home—his sister-in-law did not like him."

Speaking aloud, he said, "Certainly not, Lady Boothroyd; for no doubt the death of my gallant friend buried all unkind feelings in the hearts of his surviving relatives."

"Of course it did!" exclaimed the baronet.

"Although I had many reasons to complain of Allan in his lifetime, I forgave him when I heard of his death. His family acted as was proper on the occasion; the whole establishment were put in mourning."

"And a tablet recording his death erected in the chancel of St. Faith's Church," added her ladyship.

"He asked for bread, and they gave him a stone," mentally ejaculated the officer.

"We, of course, have nothing to reproach ourselves with," continued the artful woman; "neither do we wish to dwell upon the follies, obstinacy, and errors which drove Allan from England; it would be painful."

"For me to hear," interrupted their visitor, who knew how heartlessly the outcast brother had been treated. "I will therefore spare you what I have no doubt would be equally painful—the task of repeating them. I am aware of everything; for, as I said before, we were fast friends. I was present at his marriage."

"Marriage!" exclaimed Sir Norman, half starting from his chair, for it was the first time he had heard of such an event.

A look from his wife warned him to be cautious.

"You seem surprised."

"I—really—you—"

"Major Hawley cannot wonder if the subject is rather a distasteful one. Amongst military men I am aware a *mésalliance* is looked upon with indulgence; but we cannot forget what Allan owed to his family."

"And to his brother as the head of it," observed Sir Norman, proudly.

"You seem to be labouring under a singular error," said the gentleman, "respecting the wife of my friend. In point of family, the lady was every way unexceptionable—the sister of a distinguished officer, who quitted the service with the respect and regret of all who knew him."

"And may I inquire the name?" asked her ladyship.

"Is it possible you are not acquainted with it?"

"Were I, my question would be unnecessary."

"True, very true," answered the major. "Pardon me the observation. The name of the lady was Lillian Marsh. But I will at once proceed to the purport of my visit."

"If you please."

"My wife accompanied me to England."

Sir Norman mentally wondered how Mrs. Major Hawley's visit to England could possibly interest him.

"She is naturally anxious to see her goddaughter."

"He must be mad," thought the baronet, who began to feel rather alarmed.

Not so her ladyship—she perfectly understood him.

"Perhaps," said the gentleman, "you will permit Miss Boothroyd to visit us."

"Are we playing at a game of cross purposes, major?" demanded the astonished master of the house. "You send up your card, avow yourself a perfect stranger, and coolly ask whether I will permit my daughter to visit you. What am I to understand from this?"

"You are in error, Sir Norman; I spoke of your niece, Lillian Boothroyd, the daughter of my deceased friend, Allan."

The surprise of the uncle was too genuine, and that of her ladyship too well acted, to permit their visitor to doubt for an instant the assurance that it was the first time they had ever heard either of Allan's marriage, or of his having left a daughter.

"What!" exclaimed the major, "did not his old servant, Barny Gee, bring her to England to you?"

"Certainly not," replied both husband and wife.

"Did he not arrive himself?"

This was a delicate question, and a vulgar criminal would have boldly denied it, but Lady Boothroyd, with the tactics of superior iniquity, met the danger boldly.

"He did arrive at St. Faith's, but was shot an hour after his arrival, in a poaching affray, at Meldown Park. It was a shocking affair," she added. "Springthorp, one of Sir Norman's keepers, was murdered that same night."

"Poor fellow!" ejaculated the major. "And did he come alone?"

"I believe he brought a child with him."

"That child, Lady Boothroyd, was your niece."

"Is it possible?"

"My niece?" faltered the baronet.

"Yes. Have you never seen her?"

"Never," replied the affectionate uncle.

"Or heard of her claim upon you?"

"How can you suppose such a dreadful thing?" exclaimed Lady Boothroyd. "Although justly offended with Allan, neither my husband nor myself would have permitted his daughter to remain a dependent on the brother of this Barny Gee you spoke of. I saw the child once, and offered to place her in my school at St. Faith's, little dreaming that it was the child of Allan."

Her visitor regarded her doubtfully.

"But my offer was refused," she added. "A few days afterwards the health of Sir Norman rendered a visit to London necessary; and since then we have let Meldown Park."

"Were no papers found upon the body of Barny?" asked the gentleman, after a pause, during which he had vainly tried to collect his thoughts.

"Never that I heard of."

"And the child?"

"Is still, for anything I can tell to the contrary, at St. Faith's with her supposed or real relatives," replied the artful woman.

"And what do you intend to do?"

"Nothing."

"I thought so," muttered the officer, dryly.

"What can we do?" demanded the lady. "Prove that the child is really the daughter of Allan, and you will find my husband and myself are not only ready, but anxious to acknowledge her; but you cannot expect that either of us will undertake the responsibility of introducing into society, as our niece, a

young person who may ultimately prove to be the daughter of a common soldier."

There was something so exceedingly plausible in all this, that Major Hawley suspended his judgment until he had consulted his wife, whose opinion he had long been accustomed to look up to; for, like most women, she possessed, not only a quick perception of character, but was a keen judge of motives as well as actions.

"I must cause inquiries to be made," he observed. "In which we shall be most happy to assist you," replied her ladyship. "Sir Norman will give you a letter to his steward and solicitor—both very excellent persons."

"Why not accompany me?"

The baronet shook his head at the proposal, and looked to his clever wife to make a reply to it.

"My dear major, you forget the peculiar position in which we are placed. It is not the mere acknowledgment of our niece, but the providing for her," said Lady Boothroyd, "that we must undertake; but first her claims must be proved. There ought to be no doubt on that point."

"Certainly not."

"All we demand are the proofs; produce them, and then judge us by our conduct."

"Nothing can be fairer."

With this observation, Major Hawley took his leave, certainly more favourably impressed than he had expected, both with the baronet and his lady.

"So," observed Sir Norman, as soon as they were alone, "Allan married after all, on purpose to dis-appoint me."

His wife smiled. "And this girl," added her husband, "who in the event of my death without an heir male, comes in for half the estate,—do you imagine I will acknowledge her?"

"When I do."

"Never."

"Norman," said his wife, "it is now time that I explained the steps I have taken. I have long been in possession of this dreadful secret."

"And kept it from me?"

"From all the world. But you in particular; I wished to guard your peace of mind."

"You were wrong!" exclaimed the baronet, angrily. "I should have taken steps which now I fear it will be too late to take. You have robbed, by your weakness, Alice of half her fortune. Illston will never marry her," he added, "without Meldown for her dowry."

"It will be hers."

"What mean you?"

"That if I have been secret I have not been idle. Let the major produce the girl, if he can, bring forth his proofs, we may laugh at his malice, for the day before we quitted home the child disappeared."

"Disappeared," repeated Sir Norman, slowly.

"Was stolen."

"And has never since been heard of," added his wife, in a whisper.

"She may be found."

"They must seek her in the grave, then," exclaimed the woman, in a triumphant tone, "for I possess the certificate of her death. She died beneath the roof of the party in whose hands I placed her."

Her husband breathed again.

"You ran a great risk," he observed.

"The stake was a great one," replied his wife.

"Think you, I would see the fruit of so many years' toil and manœuvring snatched from me? No; I acted even before I had proofs that Lillian was the daughter of your brother. Sillex, who saw her first, suspected it from the extraordinary likeness. He imparted his suspicions to me, and now you know all. We may defy detection."

Shortly after the visit of Major Hawley, Viscount Illston arrived to pay his usual morning visit to his aunt and Sir Norman, on which occasions Alice was always expected to make her appearance in the drawing-room; a terrible annoyance, but one the poor girl found herself compelled to submit to by her manœuvring mother, whose intention of sacrificing her to her cousin she already suspected.

If there is one display more certain than another to create disgust in the mind of a refined and delicate girl, it is the vulgar confidence of success. Illston treated the heiress of Meldown Park as if she ought to feel herself highly honoured, even by the distant prospect of his alliance; made no effort to conceal the utter heartlessness of his character; but, on the contrary, appeared to take an insane delight in painting himself in the worst of colours. Perhaps it was in the hope of annoying her—for he half divined the childish attachment which existed between Alice and William Thornton, whom he hated.

"You have had a visitor, I perceive, this morning,"

observed his lordship, as he threw himself upon a chaise longue near the window.

"How can he have known of Hawley's visit?" thought the baronet.

"Not a creature," replied her ladyship, coolly.

Her nephew regarded her doubtfully.

"You are the first who has called," added his cousin, who had not been informed of the major's visit. Illston felt satisfied: he could believe her.

"It was a very natural supposition," he observed;

"for, as I drove into the square, I met that puppy, Thornton, crossing it."

"How could you suppose such a person would visit here?" demanded the baronet, in a tone of great disdain.

"So very improbable," added her ladyship.

Alice remained silent.

"I thought you were friends in the country," said the viscount with a smile, for he saw that he had annoyed his cousin, and rejoiced in the unmanly triumph.

"In the country, nephew," exclaimed Lady Boothroyd, "one is expected—nay, almost compelled, to know all kinds of disagreeable persons; there are interests and political connections to keep up; but in London it is quite a different affair."

"You thought Thornton disagreeable, then?"

"Extremely."

"A puppy," muttered Sir Norman.

"And you, coz," added his lordship, fixing his eyes upon those of Alice, in the hope of embarrassing her, "may I ask your opinion of him?"

"I have not seen him since he was a boy," replied the young lady.

"But as a boy?" urged the visitor, perseveringly.

"That he was one of the noblest, finest-hearted beings I ever knew," answered the heiress, with a firmness which startled her parents and the puppy who felt a dastardly pleasure in persecuting her;

"brave, generous, and talented. But I need not repeat his merits to Viscount Illston," she added, warmly—"his bravery he must recollect, seeing how frequently it was exerted to protect him at Eton; or his generosity, for he never condescended to remind him of it. As for his talents, William Thornton's success at the university places them beyond dispute. Being a *parvenu*—I think that is the word, is it not, cousin?—his honours were not merely honorary."

"Alice!" exclaimed her mother, angrily, "how can you make such unfeminine observations? What can you possibly know about the university?"

"Or William Thornton?" added her father, indignantly.

The viscount felt deeply mortified. It was not the first time his attacks upon his former protector and schoolfellow had met with a similar reproof.

"Illston," observed his aunt, as the young nobleman took his leave, "you are playing a foolish game; instead of reminding Alice on every occasion of her old playfellow, why not suffer her to forget him?"

"She can't forget him," muttered her nephew; "she loves him."

"Ridiculous," answered her ladyship.

"I tell you that she does; the fellow walks through the square a dozen times in the course of the day."

"Possibly."

"And Alice meets him."

"Illston," said the ambitious woman, without betraying the slightest symptom either of anger or surprise, "your last assertion is false, and you know that it is so. You heard what Alice said just now in the drawing-room, that she had never seen William Thornton since he was a boy. I would stake my existence upon her truth—she is incapable of descending to a lie."

"But they might meet," observed the gentleman, sullenly.

"That is a very different affair," answered Lady Boothroyd, "and worthy of consideration. I will take efficient steps to guard against such a *contre-temps*. And now for a piece of friendly advice," she continued: "trouble yourself about this Thornton less, and occupy yourself with Alice more. She is a singular girl and possesses a will, which even I cannot always succeed in bending."

"I shall never attempt it," observed the young man, with affected indifference.

"Meldown is worth the trial," said his aunt, dryly. "In the hands of an active, popular possessor, it would carry the county."

"I'd rather break it," muttered the viscount to himself, as he drove to his club; "and I will break it if ever I become her husband, for I feel inclined to hate her already. As my wife," he philosophically added, "doubtless, I should detest her."

The hint her nephew had given of William's frequent promenades in the square was not lost upon Lady Boothroyd, who took her measures accordingly.

Every servant in the house was bribed; and the consequence was that a letter, in which, disappointed in his repeated attempts at meeting with Alice, her former playfellow had written to declare his passion, fell into the hands of her mother.

It was answered in a friendly, not unkind spirit, apparently by the heiress herself, rejecting his suit, but expressing a hope that they might still continue friends, and requesting him not to write again.

We need scarcely say that the reply was a forgery; and for some time William himself felt disposed to doubt its authenticity, till he read in the *Morning Post* the announcement of an engagement between the only daughter and heiress of Sir Norman and Lady Boothroyd, and Viscount Illston; then he doubted no longer.

"Sold!" he murmured; "faith, happiness, and love bartered for a coronet. Poor Alice! may she never live to repent her choice, or regret the heart she has rejected."

Little did he imagine, while he thus blamed her, how wholly and devotedly that heart was his.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

GOOD READING.

In our last article we pointed out some of the principal varieties of bad reading. We proceed to notice some of the essential qualities requisite for accuracy of pronunciation and agreeable and correct reading.

Let your voice be neither too loud nor too low. Consider to which of these defects you are most liable. If your voice be too low, converse with those who experience a difficulty in hearing, and this will necessitate your speaking loudly and clearly. If your voice is too loud, accustom yourself to talk with those whose voices are low, and the contrast afforded by your voice with theirs will naturally tend to correct it.

Pronounce all your words clearly and distinctly. Attend diligently to the meaning, weight, and propriety of every sentence. Mark by your voice every emphatic word in it. This will not only be an advantage to yourself, but a double one to your hearers, for it will give them time to do the same, and excite their attention when they see yours is fixed. Read so that every one of your hearers may understand the sense of what you are reading. Some may be of readier apprehension than others; but you must not be guided by these, but read so as to be understood by those who are slow to comprehend.

To read gracefully and emphatically, you must fully enter into the meaning of your author, and endeavour to convey precisely those thoughts and feelings which were in his mind when the work was composed. By the style in which the composition is read, an author may be either enlightened or obscured, or an entirely different idea conveyed from that which was originally intended. The art of good reading is simply to convey the exact meaning of the author; and hence we should adopt nothing but a natural, easy, and graceful variation of the voice, suitable to the subject.

Some are more ready than others in apprehending the sense of an author, and expressing that sense by the graceful modulation of the voice; but all are capable of doing so to a certain extent. Accuracy, if not brilliancy, is within the reach of all.

That which requires our first attention is the right sound of words. For this purpose principles of pronunciation should be studied, and a pronouncing dictionary often consulted. The utility of such a practice will be felt, not only by those who are liable to fall into gross and palpable error, but by those who have never sufficiently considered those minute variations in sound and accent which do not betray any direct impropriety, but leave a bad impression on the ear of a well educated individual. While English orthography and pronunciation remain as they are, it is not enough that we should study analogy, or adopt any fixed rule; it is necessary that we should rather adopt the custom of the best educated classes.

The next subject which demands attention is punctuation. The sense of any written composition depends on what we commonly call the stops—commas, semi-colons, colons, and periods. Misplace these, and the meaning of an author may be entirely reversed. Carelessness with regard to punctuation is a common fault, but none the less reprehensible. But the loose mode in which these points are now employed may be some excuse for the little attention they receive. An intelligent reader will mark the sense of his author, and if it be possible—as it often

is—to render the sense by a change in the punctuation, have no hesitation in doing so.

The next and most important thing to be regarded is a just emphasis. What accent is to a word, emphasis is to a sentence. They are to be distinguished by a fuller, stronger sound of voice wherever they are found. The sense will always discover where they should be placed. But it requires care and attention, as a wrong emphasis, like incorrect punctuation, may completely reverse or utterly destroy the author's meaning.

Cadence is the direct opposite of emphasis. The voice is raised in emphasis but lowered in cadence, and when rightly managed, has an exceedingly agreeable and musical effect. Besides cadence of voice there is cadence of style; such cadence usually occurs at the end of a sentence, unless it closes with an emphatic word.

In poetry, as well as in prose, the same rules should be observed, and the sense and spirit of the author be considered beyond everything else. In reading verse, for instance, some unthinking readers favour the measure or rhyme instead of the sense. This, it is scarcely necessary to observe, is a gross error. The reader should concern himself to bring out the meaning of the poet, not to display the musical jingle of his rhymes. If you read prose or verse, with proper pause, emphasis, and cadence, with a pronunciation varied and governed by the sense, and it be not harmonious and beautiful, the fault is not in the reader, but in the author.

FRENCH LESSONS.

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF ACQUIRING THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

AU REVOIR, A LEARNER, HOBSON'S CHOICE, GARGON.—Some of our correspondents (mentioned above) will have found their questions answered in the preceding chapter; but we must again endeavour to impress on the minds of students that in spelling the French sounds, it is intended that the learner should give the written syllable exactly the same sound it would have in English. Consequently, in any syllable intended to imitate the French, the final *e* must be mute, because it is so in English; and the final consonant must be sounded for the same reason. In reply to those who complain that some of the sounds furnished are not exactly those of French words, we answer, that we are aware of this fact, and that the sounds are merely offered as assistances, and great assistances they will prove to the intelligent, industrious scholar; and it is in justice to such scholars that we must decline to fill up the short space allowed us in answering too many questions. Let students go on with the "French Lessons," and go on with confidence and hope. They will find every succeeding rule answer some doubt. If all our readers required us to explain our explanations, the whole paper would be filled with our French lessons.

BISKERLITH.—We think a dictionary is not yet necessary for you.

JOHN H. TAIT.—We thank you for your suggestion.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN next the friends met, Robert told George what a pleasant, improving exercise his last suggestions had procured for him. "I mean," added he, "the writing out and translating from French into English, and from English into French, the lesson I learn by heart."

"Have a copybook both for the English and French translation," replied George, "and make it a kind of record of your progress, by leaving all the corrections (made by comparing it with the original), and by remarking particularly if they become less and less frequent as you proceed. When, in the 'Voyage à Paris,' the dialogue is too long for one exercise, you can divide the translation of it into two or even more parts, according to your leisure and convenience. But I hope you have not forgotten the auxiliary verb *avoir*," added George.

Robert replied by repeating the tenses of the verb.

After expressing his satisfaction, George begged Robert to have his pen and ink in readiness, "but," said he, "before you begin the verb *to be*, I should like to explain to you the nature of an adjective and an adverb. Unlike some grammarians, I have thought it best to put them together, because they are like each other, inasmuch as they both point out a quality. The adjective shows the nature or quality of the noun, and the adverb, the quality or manner of the verb. I shall soon see if you have understood me, by asking you to find out the adjective and the adverb in the following sentence, 'Robert writes a good style, and he speaks correctly.'"

"Good is the adjective, and correctly is the adverb," replied Robert. "This time I'm sure I'm right, for your explanation was so clear, it would have been next to impossible to misunderstand you."

"Then now, Robert," said George, "since you understand the nature of an adjective and an adverb, in addition to that of the article, noun, pronoun, and

verb, I hope all your fears of being conquered by the ten parts of speech have vanished."

"Indeed they have," said the pupil; "and I now long to set about the verb *to be*."

"Well then, begin with the infinitive. In the other moods an adjective shall follow the verb."

INFINITIVE MOOD.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
To be.	Etre.

INDICATIVE MOOD.

Present.	Le Présent.
I am contented.	Je suis satisfait.
Thou art rich.	Tu es riche.
He is obedient.	Il est obéissant.
We are faithful.	Nous sommes fidèles.
You are unfaithful.	Vous êtes infidèles.
They are poor.	Ils sont pauvres.
Past.	Le Passé (Imparfait).
I was grateful.	J'étais reconnaissant.
Thou wast glad.	Tu étais content.
He was weak.	Il était faible.
We were learned.	Nous étions savants.
You were strong.	Vous étiez forts.
They were idle.	Ils étaient paresseux.
Future.	Le Futur.
I shall or will be proud.	Je serai fier.
Thou shalt or wilt be sad.	Tu seras triste.
He shall or will be sincere.	Il sera sincère.
We shall or will be timid.	Nous serons timides.
You shall or will be pious.	Vous serez pieux.
They shall or will be active.	Ils seront actifs.

IMPERATIVE MOOD.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
Be thou alone.	Sois seul.
Let him be amiable.	Qu'il soit aimable.
Be you or do you be kind.	Soyez bienveillant.
Let them be laborious.	Qu'ils soient laborieux.

"I wish you now to remark, Robert," said George, "that in my plan I endeavour not only to furnish you with rules sufficient to give you a fair knowledge of French grammar, but also to supply you with plenty of useful words in the vocabulary, and with sentences in the 'Voyage, &c.' Now for the vocabulary; but first repeat to me the days of the week and the seasons of the year."

"Very well remembered," said George, when Robert had complied with his request. "You can now proceed to the months."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
The Months.	Les Mois.
January	Janvier
February	Février
March	Mars
April	Avril
May	Mai
June	Juin
July	Juillet
August	Août
September	Septembre
October	Octobre
November	Novembre
December	Décembre

"I hope we shall go on with preparations for our journey to-day," said the pupil, anxiously.

"We shall actually start," replied the teacher, with a smile. "If you recollect, you had just had a good breakfast, and the next consideration was about your luggage."

CONTINUATION OF LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
You must soon set off.	Il faut bientôt partir.
Have you packed your trunks?	Avez-vous fait vos malles?
Yes, but I do not take much luggage; it is so inconvenient.	Oui, mais je ne prends pas beaucoup de bagage; c'est fort embarrassant.
You ought to have a padlock for your carpet-bag, and a lock for your portmanteau.	Il vous faut un cadenas pour votre sac de nuit, et une serrure pour votre valise.
Now embrace your mother, and tell her you'll bring her something very pretty from Paris, and that you will be back in a month from the present time.	Embrassez votre mère, et dites lui que vous lui apporterez de Paris quelque chose de joli, et que vous serez de retour d'ici à un mois.
Come, here's the cab. Mary, see that all our things are put in.	Venez, voici le cabriolet. Marie, voyez qu'on y mette toutes nos affaires.

* *Etaient* is sounded as if written *ettay*.

† *Solent* is sounded *sola*, giving the *wa* the same sound as it has in *water*. In *étaient* and *solent* the final *t* is sounded before a vowel.

‡ *On*.—Difficulties have been found in the pronunciation of this word. To assist learners, the sound has been thus written *ong*; but they must beware of giving the sound of the *o* as in our word *song*. The *o* is that used in the exclamation, *oh!* and perhaps the sound would be more correctly written *ohng*, but it is sounded *oh* if immediately followed by a vowel; and when pronounced *ohng* before a consonant, students must particularly observe that the *g* is the final liquid *g*, as in our word *spring*, not the harsh *g*, as in *got* and *garden*.

Coachman, take us to the Dover railway station.
Wait a minute; see if you have forgotten anything.
Have you your money, your keys, and your passport?
I have everything.
That's right.
Coachman, go rather quickly. Here we are.
At what o'clock does the train start?
At ten o'clock.
If we go from Dover to Boulogne, how long will the passage be?
Don't think about that yet. Let us secure tickets for Dover, for the bell is ringing.

Cocher, conduisez nous au chemin de fer de Douvres. Attendez un instant; n'avez-vous rien oublié.
Avez-vous votre argent, vos clefs, et votre passe-port?
J'ai tout.
C'est bon.
Cocher, menez un peu vite. Nous voici.
A quelle heure part le convoi?
A dix heures.
Si nous allons de Douvres à Boulogne, combien durera le trajet?
N'y pensez pas encore. Procurons les billets pour Douvres, car l'horloge sonne.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON VI. MOTION IN A CURVED LINE.

139. Does a ball fired from a gun pursue a straight line through the air?—It follows a curved line.

140. Why does it not proceed in the direction in which it was fired?—Because its weight continually draws it downward into a new direction.

141. How far could a cannon ball be fired if it were not retarded by the resistance of the air?—More than 30 miles.

142. What is the greatest distance that a cannon ball has actually been projected?—Only about three and a half miles; so great is the effect of the resistance of the air.

143. If a bullet pursues a curved line through the air, how is it that a marksman, in firing a rifle, aims at the mark he wishes to hit?—The line of fire is somewhat inclined to the line of aim, and intersects it.

144. Illustrate by Fig. 6.— $a b$ is the line of aim,



Fig. 6.

and $c d$ is the line in which the bullet leaves the gun. The bullet follows the curved line, and is on the line of aim at the points m and n .

145. To what height could a cannon ball be fired vertically upward, if it were not for the resistance of the air?—Sixteen miles.

146. With what velocity and force would it return to the earth?—With the same that it leaves the gun.

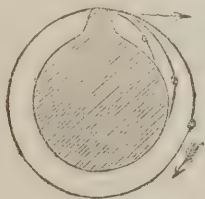


Fig. 7.

147. With what velocity should a cannon ball be projected horizontally from the top of a mountain, to go entirely around the earth, supposing that it did not encounter the air?—About five miles per second.

148. Mention other instances of motion in a curved line.—The drops of water in a fountain rise and fall in beautiful curves. Brooks and rivers often flow through verdant valleys in graceful serpentine lines.

149. What kind of motion has the moon in space?—The moon moves in a vast circle around the earth.

150. What force is it that continually draws the moon out of its direction of motion into a circle?—The attraction of the earth.

151. How much less is this force at the distance of the moon than at the earth's surface?—About 3,600 times less.

CENTRIFUGAL FORCE.

152. When a stone is whirled round in a sling held in the hand, it is perceived that it pulls outward upon the hand; what is this force that acts along the string from the centre outward called?—The *Centrifugal Force*.

153. What name is given to the force which draws the stone inward and keeps it in the circle?—*Centripetal Force*.

154. How are these two forces related to each other?—They are of equal intensity, and pull in opposite directions at the two ends of the string.

155. Explain more particularly.—The centripetal force pulls inward at the inner end, and the centrifugal force pulls outward at the outer end.

156. What keeps the cord stretched?—These two forces pulling at its two ends; just as a rope is stretched by two men pulling at the ends.

157. Suppose the stone should be whirled more rapidly, what would be the consequence?—The opposing centripetal and centrifugal forces would be increased, and the string might break.

158. If the string should be suddenly released from the hand, or should break, what would be the result?—The stone would fly off in a tangent, as Fig. 8 shows.



Fig. 8.

159. How does that appear?—As soon as the string gives way, there is no longer any force operating to change its direction, and it continues on, by virtue of its inertia, in the direction in which it is moving at that instant.

160. Does the centrifugal force have any effect after the string gives way?—It does not; it instantly ceases to act.

161. Are the same two forces in operation in other cases of circular motion, as in the revolution of the moon around the earth, and of the earth around the sun?—They are; the centripetal force in these cases is the attraction of the central body around which the revolution is performed.



Fig. 9.

162. Suppose a round body turns about an axis, like a top?—All its parts will be animated by a centrifugal force pulling directly outward from the axis, as represented in Fig. 9.

163. What parts of the rotating body will be urged outward by the greatest force?—Those which are most remote from the axis. This is indicated in the figure by the comparative size of the arrows.

164. How may the action of the centrifugal force, in the case of a rotating body, be illustrated experimentally?—By an apparatus consisting of two circular iron or brass hoops, so thin as to be flexible, and an arrangement for setting them in rapid rotation around an upright rod to which they are attached.

LITTLE THINGS.

KATY CLEVELAND had been married only a single month. What ails the sweet young bride? Her eyes look as if she had been weeping. That curve upon her lips is not the arching beauty of a smile. Has Edward spoken unkindly? or refused some darling request? Has he left her to be gone a week? or failed to return at the appointed time after a few days' absence? No, none of these. Then why has grief visited her gentle bosom?—for grieving she is, as she sits there by the window, still as an eglis.

Do not smile at the answer we give you—

“Edward has only forgotten the expected kiss at parting, and gone forth to his daily business, leaving a shadow upon the spirit of his young wife.”

You smile in the face of our caution! It is such a little thing. And you say, if Katy Cleveland is going to make a bracket to hang troubles upon out of every trifle like this, she will soon have her whole house tapestried with gloom.

But it was no trifle to Katy. The young husband's kiss may be nothing to you—not even held to the value of a pepper-corn—but it was of priceless value to the bride. She had even come to look forward to the daily partings and meetings with a pleasant anticipation of the unfailing kiss—that sweet token of love.

But the token had been withheld at last; and on the closing day of their “honeymoon.” How ominous! Was the husband's shadow already thrown across the threshold of their home?

Acts we all instinctively regard as the representatives of thoughts or feelings. The kiss, with Katy, was an expression of love; its denial an evidence of failing warmth on the part of her idolised young husband. She had no other interpretation. No wonder, therefore, that tears dimmed her eyes; no wonder that a veil was on her countenance. It was the bride's first sorrow.

Away to his warehouse Edward Cleveland had gone, wholly unconscious of the shadow he had left behind him. He did not even remember that, in parting, he had withheld the usual kiss. Thoughts of business had intruded themselves even into his home, and claimed to share the hours sacred to domestic tranquillity. The merchant had risen for the time superior to the husband.

When Edward met his wife at the falling of twilight, it was with a lover's ardour. Not only one kiss was bestowed, but many. In the warm sunshine of his presence the clouds which had veiled her spirit for hours were scattered into nothingness.

And yet the memory of that forgotten kiss remained as an unwelcome guest. On the next day, and the next, and every day for a week, the expected kiss was given; yet, ever and ever, in her hours of loneliness, would thought go wandering back to the hour when her husband left her without this token of his love, and trouble the crystal waters of her soul.

At the end of a week the kiss was forgotten again; nor was this all: Edward had shown on one occasion a spirit of impatience, and spoken words that smote upon her feelings with a sharp pain. He had not meant to speak unkindly—had not even felt so; but Katy had seemed unusually obtuse in some matters about which Edward sought to interest her, and her dulness provoked him.

“You are a little simpleton!” He spoke half in sport, half in earnest, his brows slightly contracting. “Why, a girl fourteen years of age could see through it all!”

He observed that the colour on her cheeks deepened, that the expression of her eyes changed, and that she turned her face partly away from him; but he never imagined the degree of pain his lightly spoken censure had occasioned. It never entered into his heart to conceive of the darkness of the veil which suddenly came between her spirit and the sunlight.

And so Edward felt a degree of contempt for the quality of her understanding. “A little simpleton!” Ah! if the words were half-playfully spoken, they had a meaning. He would not have said them if he had not discovered a feebleness of comprehension below what he had believed to exist. Could the young wife's thoughts reach to any other conclusion? No!

These were little things—trifles compared with the great troubles of life that come to all, and that were in store for Katy Cleveland as surely as for the rest. But they need not have been, and would not have been, if Edward had not concealed his thoughts, and had felt towards Katy as tenderly as in the beginning. How very guarded was the lover in all his words and actions. He never forgot the parting kiss; never was betrayed into a lightly spoken word, that carried with it a sting for the heart of his betrothed. Oh, no! had he deceived Katy as to his real character and feelings? We cannot give a freely-spoken yea or nay to this. He had not meant to deceive her; and yet certain semblances were put on, and the lover appeared to have more perfections than really existed in the man.

“Ah, well, is not this ever so?” Perhaps it is. With certain qualifications to the sentiment, the lover is always a dissembler. If not, when he assumes the husband he thinks it no longer needful to give voice to the tender sentiments that pervade his bosom. It is enough for his wife to know that he loves her. But she looks for signs and tokens as of old, and these failing, she sits often athirst by the dried-up fountains from which once gushed out refreshing waters.

Almost timidly did Katy look into her husband's face when he returned home. Every hour during his absence, and almost every minute of every hour, had she thought of his depreciating words; and she felt that he too must be thinking of them all the time, and with something of disappointment, if not alienation. But she was in error here. Edward had forgotten them almost as soon as uttered; and nothing would have surprised him more than the fact that Katy was grieving over them. He met her with the most ardent of kisses, the sweetest of smiles, and the tenderness of words; and she was happy again.

But the evening did not pass wholly free from shadows. Edward was developing by degrees the peculiarities of his character, which had many aspects not yet seen by his wife. He had selfish qualities—as all men have—and peculiarities, that,

to some, would show themselves as offences. One fault was impatience. This he had repressed, though often under strong temptation to let his feelings leap into unseemly words. He was, moreover, a man disposed to musing in silence. His business fully occupied his thoughts during business hours, and intruded itself even into the times and seasons that should have been sacred to domestic peace. A thorough mercantile education had given him habits of order and punctuality. He was one of your minute men—orderly, punctual, a little sarcastic, and impatient! Ah, Katy Cleveland! you have a trial before you with this husband of yours, who is far from being the perfect man your girlish imagination pictured. And yet he loves you as the apple of his eye, and would on no account give you pain.

"There it is again!" Edward had gone to the bookcase which stood in their sitting-room, to get a volume. Vexation was apparent in his tones.

"What's the matter?" inquired Katy, whose heart began to beat quicker.

"Who is it that disarranges these books so shockingly?"

"No one, dear. Nobody touches them but myself," replied Katy.

"Then it is time you had learned a little order. Just look here! Do you see this volume of Byron upside down, and out of its place in the series? And here are two books laid on the tops of others, instead of being set in upon the shelf; and here is another with the front, instead of the back, turned outward. Such disorder annoys me terribly! Of all things, I like to see order; and most of all in a woman. I hardly expected to find it so seriously lacking in my wife."

Edward was annoyed, and did not very carefully modulate his tones. They struck very harshly, and with an angry intonation, upon the ears of Katy, whose heart was too full to permit her to make an answer.

"The fact is," continued Edward, "I am a little disappointed in you."

Ah! This was too bad! The blow given, with not a thought of its force, reached instantly the fountain of tears, and they gushed in a flood over the cheeks of Katy.

Now, what had Edward said to occasion such a burst of grief! He was not conscious of cruel words. Only lightly had he laid his hand upon her—lightly, if not lovingly—and this was the effect! Must he never speak out when he saw affairs go wrong? Must he let all things fall into disorder, and yet hold his peace? This was asking too much. It was unreasonable.

"Katy," he spoke rather sternly, "I thought you a reasonable woman. But, all this is very unreasonable!"

Now, Katy, for all her sensitiveness, had some spirit; and there was sufficient pride in her heart to cause it, even in pain, to lift itself indignantly against the one who thrust at her too sharply—even if that one were her husband. Her tears ceased to flow, and she made answer—

"And I thought you a kind and reasonable man!"

People who utter harsh words usually evince surprise—often indignation—when coin of like quality is returned to them in exchange. Edward Cleveland was for a moment or two half confounded at this unlooked-for response. He had, in as mild a way as possible (?), pointed out a disorderly habit that was exceedingly annoying, and lo! his wife assumed an air of injured innocence!

"And pray, madam, in what respect have I shown myself lacking in kindness and reason?"

Edward turned full upon his wife as he made this interrogation, and looked with knit brows into her face.

"In making the position of two or three books on a library shelf of more importance than a kind and gentle demeanour towards your wife, who has no thought or wish but to please you."

Well and timely spoken, Katy Cleveland. There are always two sides to every question—two aspects in which to view all misunderstandings between individuals—husband and wife not excepted. Far better it was to give Edward this revelation of your thoughts than to hide them away from his perceptions, and leave him under the wayward influence of his own partial views. It was a statement of the case altogether unexpected; yet so forcibly put that the young husband found himself shamed by an irresistible conviction of wrong.

"Right, Katy, dear!"

It took a few moments for common sense and kind feelings to overcome the young man's pride. But the closing sentence of his wife had dispelled his trifling anger, and left but small resistance. He spoke cheerfully, even tenderly—shutting the bookcase

door at the same moment—and drawing an arm around her waist, pressed her closely to his side.

"Yes; you are right, darling!" he said. "The position of a book is a small matter compared to words and tones that make the heart bound with pleasure or flutter in pain. These little things annoy me sometimes. It is a weakness. But I will overcome it, and never speak to you in unkindness again, though every book in the house be scattered on the floors."

Katy smiled lovingly into his face, through eyes that swam in tears.

"I did not dream that such things annoyed you, Edward," she made answer. "Father never seemed to notice them; though mother has scolded a great deal about my want of order."

"Men are different in this respect. Anything in disorder is sure to disturb me. I have many times wished it were otherwise. But habits are strong."

"Bear with me a little while," Katy made answer, "and I will endeavour to reform my bad habits. Want of order is, I believe, one of my most serious failings; but it shall not stand between me and my good husband, as an originator of strife. Only Edward!"

The young wife paused. A slight unsteadiness of voice betrayed itself on the last word.

"Say on, love. Only what?"

"Have patience with me. New lessons are not learned in a day. I shall often forget—often act but imperfectly."

"And will you have patience with me also, Katy?"

"With you! In what?"

"Patience with my impatience. One of my besetting sins lies here. I feel quickly and speak quickly. When things are not just to my mind, anger stirs in my heart."

"It will be very hard for me to bear with your displeasure," said Katy, growing more serious. "If you speak to me harshly or unkindly, I shall not be able to keep back the tears. Will you have patience with them, dear?"

"Yes, yes; and kiss them away, or smile them into rainbows," replied the husband with lover-like ardour.

Here was a good beginning. Katy's reaction upon Edward—a reaction that surprised herself almost as much as it surprised him—had brought him back to reason. She had held up a mirror before his eyes, and rather startled him with his own distorted image.

But the world was not made in a day, as the old adage has it, and habits of mind are too real things to be overcome and set aside on the first earnest effort. Katy's want of order and punctuality, and Edward's impatience, came into rather strong conflict ere the week had passed; and there were frowns and anger on the one side, and tears upon the other. After a brief estrangement, good sense and right feeling brought back the discordant strings of their life into harmony again.

One of the little things that annoyed Edward Cleveland, was his wife's habit of lingering in conversation with friends, when she knew that he was waiting for her. As for instance—they were at a social party, and the hour for returning had come. They left the parlour together, he going to the gentleman's dressing-room for his hat and overcoat, and she to one of the chambers for her bonnet and furs. Of course, he was ready first. It did not take him two minutes to draw on his coat, and take up his hat. At the end of the fourth minute, he began to think it time for Katy to make her appearance. But Katy and an old friend were in earnest conversation about some matter in which both had an interest, and she had not at the end of five minutes even taken her bonnet from the bed. At the end of ten minutes, she said, "I must be going. Edward is waiting for me."

And she drew on her bonnet and tied the strings.

"How becoming!" said the friend, referring to the bonnet. "I never saw you look so well in anything."

This turned their talk into a new channel, and five minutes more were consumed; at the end of which period, Katy said, as she took up hastily her furs—

"I'm forgetting myself! Edward is waiting."

But the friend started a new subject, and five minutes more were consumed. When Katy came, at last, with slow steps, talking still to her friend, and her husband met her on the stairs, she saw that his face was clouded. To him, the time he had been walking impatiently the dressing-room floor seemed full an hour; to her, the time she had been chatting with a friend, not over five minutes.

Edward was able to keep back from his tongue an indignant rebuke only long enough to get fairly out of the house. Then he said—

"Katy! This is insufferable! And if you treat me so again, I'll leave you to get home as best you can!"

Upon the pleasant state of feeling left by the evening's social recreations, what a chilling pall was this

to fling! Katy had drawn her hand within his arm, and was leaning toward him; but, the pressure of her hand relaxed instantly.

"More than half an hour have you kept me waiting, with my heavy coat on, momentarily expecting you to appear!"

"No, Edward; it was not ten minutes," replied Katy, in a husky voice.

"Beg your pardon! It was three times ten minutes! But, one ten would have been more than twice too long. I never saw such a thoughtless creature!"

Katy had done wrong, and she saw it: but, not to an extent that warranted such an angry state of feeling in her husband. The time she had talked with her friend passed so quickly, that she could not believe more than ten minutes had flown away—but even to keep her husband waiting, under the circumstances, for ten minutes, she felt to be wrong; and had he not spoken so angrily, she would have acknowledged her error, and promised never again to offend in a similar way. As it was, she simply remained silent, while he, in the excitement of his unhappy state, added other words of rebuke no more carefully chosen.

It was very, very hard, under the circumstances, for Katy, suffering as she was from the indignant rebuke of her husband, to think clearly and feel rightly. The punishment was, in her view, altogether beyond the offence. He talked on, but she remained silent.

At last he began to feel that he was saying too much. Katy had not meant to offend him. Hers was only a thoughtless act, which his impatience had magnified into a crime, and which he had punished as if it had been a crime. Had his young wife given way to her feelings, she would have wept herself to sleep that night, refusing to be comforted. But there was common sense, right feeling, and a great deal of true perception in that thoughtless little brain of hers. She knew that her husband loved her; and she knew that she had done wrong in trespassing on his naturally impatient disposition. So, as soon as they were home, she gave vent to all the feelings of her heart in a passionate appeal to her husband's affection.

Edward Cleveland caught his young wife to his heart, and while he held her there tightly, covered her lips with kisses.

"Oh, these little things!—these little things!" he said; "how like foxes do they spoil our tender grapes! But, dear Katy, it must no longer be. Do not try my faulty patience over much, and I will hold my hand hard against the weaknesses of character which have, already, troubled our peace."

"Speak freely and frankly, Edward," was the reply—"only speak kindly. I will never of set purpose give you pain or annoyance. The dearest wish of my heart is to make you happy; the light of my life is in your loving smiles."

It was far better thus to understand each other. A world of unhappiness in the future Katy saved herself and husband. A true word, firmly spoken, will bring a man to reason quicker than a gallon of tears. Calm, firm remonstrance is always better in a wife than weeping or poodly silence. The first a husband can understand; to the latter he has no key of interpretation.

Many trials had Katy with her order-loving, impatient husband; but she knew his heart to be full of love for her, and the little things that some wives would have magnified into barriers of separation she swept aside with a gentle hand, and set herself to the work of preventing their future interposition. She had her reward.

SONG OF THE SUN.

"O, I am a painter," the Sun he cried,
As he drove his steeds in a cloudless sky;
"I crimson the rose, and the lily is dyed
With the colours that fall from my burning eye—
I picture the shadows that sleep in the vale—
On the mountain's crest, and the quiet stream—
I sketch on the ocean the snowy sail,
And the earth grows golden beneath my beam.

"The world is a picture, when I awake
And gather the curtains of night away;
The world is a blank, when slumber I take,
And lives but in dreams of the coming day;
I give to the spring a mantle green,
And a violet wreath to the budding May;
I give to the Summer a golden sheen,
To the roystering autumn his red and gray!

"I paint the earth in its wintry shroud;
I paint the earth in its gayest gear;
From a palette of mist I draw the cloud,
And I place a pearl on a falling tear:
O, I am a painter, and but for me—
Over the earth, and the sea and sky—
There never a picture was, or would be,
To thrill the heart or gladden the eye."

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE, BART., D.C.L. V.P.R.S., ETC. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAULL AND POLYBLANK.

SIR B. C. BRODIE, BART., D.C.L., V.P.R.S., &c.

HAPPY is the nation that has no history, is a remark frequently made; and if history is but the record of battles, triumphs, and defeats, there is much truth in the observation. The glory of arms, the intrigues of cabinets, the quarrels and reconciliations of royal houses form the bulk, and, in common estimation, the most interesting part of national chronicles. And the story of a man's life, the career of one individual, is thought to be most attractive when filled with remarkable alternations of fortune, of dashing enterprise, and hair-breadth 'scape. But such elements as these have no place in the biography of those who have really rendered the best service to the world. The life of a quiet worker possesses no such features. This is especially the case with a medical practitioner. His consulting-rooms may be crowded with patients, hundreds of students may be instructed by him, his reputation may extend far and wide, and for years he may render incalculable benefit to the afflicted—but what, after all, is there to tell of such a man?—what but a slight variation of the Persian epitome of universal biography: he was born—he was useful—he died.

No name is better known than that of Sir B. C. Brodie; no man has been more useful, no man is more generally esteemed, and no man has risen higher in the profession which he adorns. But in furnishing a biographical notice of this gentleman there is but little to relate.

He is the descendant of an old Scottish family. His grandfather in the middle of the last century settled in London. His father was a clergyman,

Rector of Winterslow, Wilts, where the subject of our memoir was born, June 9th, 1788.

He received a private education at home; and subsequently attended the Anatomy lectures delivered at the Hunterian School in Great Windmill-street. At twenty years of age he became a pupil of Sir Everard Home, at St. George's Hospital. For seven years he employed his time in teaching anatomy in the old rooms where he had previously studied. He was afterwards appointed surgeon to St. George's Hospital, where he gave a course of lectures on Surgery, which were so popular, and so well attended, that he continued to deliver them down to 1830. In that year he began his clinical lectures, which he addressed gratuitously to the hospital students. He was appointed Anatomical Professor to the Royal College of Surgeons in 1819, and there he delivered four courses of lectures on Comparative Anatomy. In 1823 he received the appointment of Surgeon-in-Ordinary to his Majesty King George IV.; and on the death of Sir Everard Home, in 1832, succeeded that distinguished man as Sergeant-Surgeon to King William IV.—a position he still holds under her present Majesty. A baronetcy was conferred upon him in 1834. In 1837 he delivered the annual oration at the Royal College of Surgeons on the anniversary of the birthday of the late Sir John Hunter; and that oration fully deserved all the commendations which were so freely bestowed on it.

Sir Benjamin Brodie can wield the pen as well as handle the lancet, and, notwithstanding his numerous engagements and the scant leisure which such a man can find, he has managed to compose several works of immense utility to the profession. Among these

may be mentioned his "Physiological Papers," originally published in the Transactions of the Royal Society, chiefly relating to animal heat and the physiological action of poisons; and a series of essays, entitled "Psychological Inquiries," intended to illustrate the relation of the mental faculties and the physical organisation. He is a member of various learned societies, and received from the university of Oxford, in 1851, the honorary degree of D.C.L.

Such is a brief summary of the life of Sir Benjamin Brodie; but these facts and dates convey but a very inadequate notion of the amount of toil, the extent of influence, the deserved popularity of this great man. He possesses in an eminent degree those essential qualities for a successful surgeon—the eagle eye, the lion's heart, the lady's hand. He has conferred in his own practice incalculable benefit on society; while as a demonstrator and lecturer he has trained some of the best and cleverest men in the profession.

It is with much satisfaction we present the portrait of so eminent a "living celebrity"—a man who, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, has done the state good service.

SOUTH AMERICA: THE GUANACO

BETWEEN the physical characteristics of the old and of the new world there exists an immense difference. A vigorous vegetation, abundant rather than delicate, extensive forests, wide plains of magnificent verdure, a soil everywhere irrigated and everywhere productive,—these are the wealth of America. Nature has



HUNTING THE GUANACO.

lavished upon her with a liberal hand those gifts which are the most useful to a rising people. With its vegetable treasures still waiting for the hand of man to cultivate and employ, every year adds to the preciousness of its inexhaustible fertility. The Indian—the primitive owner of these vast territories—shows himself unconscious of the value of his possessions, or incapable of turning them to account. He drives no ploughshare through the soil: hunting is his livelihood, and war his holiday; the land which is sufficient to support millions, serves only as a hunting ground for a few scattered inhabitants, while the old world is exhausted by long cultivation, and overloaded with an increasing population.

The most peculiar and striking features of South America are those flat regions—oceans of rich vegetation—distinguished as Llanos, Selvas, and Pampas. Since the discovery of the new continent, says Humboldt, in his "Pictures of Nature," its plains have become habitable to man. Here and there, towns have sprung up on the shores of the Steppe rivers, built to facilitate the intercourse between the coasts and the Orinoco district. Everywhere, throughout these vast districts, the inhabitants have begun to rear cattle. At distances of a day's journey from each other, we see detached huts, woven together with reeds and thongs, and covered with ox-hides. Innumerable herds of oxen, horses, and mules, estimated at a million and a half, roam over the steppe in a state of wildness. This spectacle involuntarily reminds the contemplative observer of the adaptability granted by an all-provident nature to certain plants and animals. Like the farinaceous fruits of Ceres, the ox and horse have followed man over the whole surface of the earth—from the Ganges to the Rio de la Plata, and from the sea-coast of Africa to the mountainous plains of Antisana, which lie higher than the Peak of Teneriffe.

But, although those plants and animals most serviceable to man readily multiply in the new

world, that great continent has its own distinguishing features, and the animal and vegetable life of its lofty heights, and its primeval forests, are especially serviceable to man in that particular part of the globe. There is a special adaptability of certain animals, for instance, to certain localities. What the camel is to the sandy plains of Africa and Asia, is the llama to the table lands and mountain chains of America. When alive it serves as a beast of burden; and when killed, its flesh furnishes a wholesome and excellent food; while its hair is readily converted into a useful and comfortable fabric, which forms the principal clothing of the Indians. Herds of llamas are kept with very little difficulty. They are allowed to graze in the mountain during the day, and are shut up in an inclosure for the night.

Of the llama there are several varieties. That from which the common llama is derived is the guanaco, an animal found in all parts of the Andes, from the straits of Magellan to the north of Peru. They live together in herds, sometimes of considerable extent; at others, including not more than seven. They are light and graceful in form, of a pale brown in colour, but their hair is not so long as that of the domesticated species. Although less important in actual value than the tame llama, the guanacos are very frequently chased by the Chilian hunters. When thus pursued they exhibit some courage, and great strength and speed. Occasionally they will turn upon the dogs and hunters and show fight; but their real safety is in flight, for, if they can once gain the rocky precipices, they may defy the best trained hound and most practised hunter. When the guanaco finds itself pursued, it will stand as if uncertain how to act; till, pressed by the close proximity of its pursuers, it takes to flight, and speeds over the plain like the wind.

If taken when young the guanaco is capable of being domesticated, although it never loses its inclination for a wild life; but to tame a full-grown guanaco

is beyond all the ability of man: it will not be charmed, charm he never so wisely.

The hunting of the guanaco is said to afford excellent sport, and Indians and Spaniards engage in it with considerable ardour. On the plains it is chased by the hounds, and with considerable adroitness the hunters cast their lassos or looped cords, as buffaloes are captured on the prairies, but if the animal is pursued to its mountain fastnesses, the sport partakes of all the excitement and danger of the chamois-hunt in Switzerland, and is rarely attended with success.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XLII.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
For, though men keep my outward man
Within their locks and bars,
Yet, in the faith of Christ, I can
Mount higher than the stars.

It was a long, large, lofty room, with a paved floor, a deal table, a clean, narrow bed, and a good fire, protected by strong projecting, semicircular bars of iron. The light coming in from the windows, set high up in the thick walls, admitted the rays from above with that effect so dear to painters of high lights and deep shadows, which always gives a something picturesque and impressive to the commonest scene of every-day life. What, then, was their effect in that dread cell, where so many had groaned and wept through the night that preceded an ignominious death?

This room, which had often been used as the condemned cell, had witnessed many a strong man's agony—many a wrestle between despair and hope. What distracted forms had paced up and down that well-worn pavement! what bitter tears of remorse and unutterable regret had dropped on that table—that pallet!

Oh! with what an agony of mortal dread had the condemned seen the gray light of their last day on earth steal through those high, deeply ensconced windows!

There were writing materials on the table, and many good books—a Bible, a Prayer-book, Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," "The Christian Year," with its sweet strains, so full of faith, hope, charity, penitence, and pardon; and a well-worn volume which Ben's poor mother had brought with her—her own constant companion, but gladly resigned to her miserable son—"The Golden Treasury" (Bogatzsky's excellent little collection of texts, exhortations, and hymns for every day in the year).

As the turnkey entered, Jem Goodman started to his feet: he had been kneeling by the narrow pallet, praying with Ben, who, after a paroxysm of mental agony dreadful to witness, had fallen into a heavy sleep.

He did not wake, even when our party entered; and the Governor would not have him aroused.

Jem said, "I think, sir, the doctor's stuff has something sleepy in it. I fancied he rather feared poor Ben's head wouldn't stand so much troubling all day, and getting no sleep at night—he hasn't slept for a week!"

"I think he is under the influence of opium," said Ellen; "he is so still."

There he lay, that strong-built, muscular, and handsome young man, the light coming in on his crisp, close, curling locks of rich brown hair—those locks of which his poor mother had so fond a memory. His face was partly turned to the wall; but something might be seen of a bold, handsome, regular profile, generally sunburnt, weather-beaten, and, alas! latterly, blotched and blurred by intemperance, but pale enough now!

He breathed gently, poor, poor wretch! And as all present gazed on his muscular throat, broad shoulders, and powerful frame, the idea would force itself on every mind—"What will even the bodily agony be, when that strong, muscular being, in the prime of his existence, is suddenly hurled from fulness of health and life into a violent death?"

Tears were in Ellen's and Ada's eyes; and even Mrs. Golightly, who had on her spectacles, muttered something about dust, and took them off to wipe them: a very suspicious-looking mist dimmed those refulgent magnifiers!

Suddenly Ben Darrell spoke in his sleep. He was dreaming one of those pleasant, vivid dreams the sedative he had taken was sure to cause. In that dream, Ben Darrell was a young, an innocent, a happy lad once more, and courting that very Esther whom he had since slain, and who now lay alone in her coffin.

"Here's the first v'lets I've found, Esther," he said. "Take 'em quick, my own love, for I think Natt's on the watch. It's full moon to-night, darling; will ye meet me down by the barley-mow, when Natt's asleep? The brook's so clear, you can see your sweet face in it, Esther; and the meadows is so green and soft to tread on, like velvet, lassie; and, oh, the may's a'most as sweet as thee—there's the white, like thy bosom, and the pink, like thy cheek; and so fresh and nutty it do smell. Say thee'll come out at the back gate when Natt's getting his nap. I'll not join thee till thee gets behind the barley-mow, out o' sight; but I'll creep along t'other side o' the hedge to watch over thee."

And then, in that fine, natural tenor, to which his mother attributed his ruin, making him, as it did, popular at drinking-parties, he sang, in his sleep,

"From the white blossomed sloe, my dear Chloe requested
A sprig, her fair breast to adorn;
'No, by Heaven,' I exclaimed, 'may I perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a thorn.'"

Bless your sweet face and your kind heart, Esther; I'll leave thee now for fear of Natt. One kiss, dear; and you'll be true, tho' I be beneath ye, lass, and only a poor laboring-man. I'll love ye so, gin ye'll be mine, ye shall never, never rue the day ye said 'Yes'."

"Poor fellow!" said Jem; but at this moment, with a wild cry, Ben Darrell woke, woke from that sweet dream of early love, to the consciousness that he had killed that dearly loved and loving Esther, who had trusted him so tenderly, and that, instead of the sweet hawthorn hedge, the babbling brook, the velvet sod, and the barley-mow, he was in his cell in Newgate on a charge of murder—her murder—wife murder!

With an agony like his, strangers could not cope.

Ada gently put the testament on the table, and the sweets beside it, telling him, as well as her voice, husky with emotion, would allow, the little story connected with the gifts. At each word she spoke, Ben Darrell's agony increased; but he sobbed forth "Bless them! bless you, young lady! I can't thank you as I ought; speak for me, Jem."

Thinking their presence only increased his distress, the ladies took their leave, and the Governor kindly allowed Jem Goodman to remain a little longer with the wretched Ben.

Mrs. Golightly, who had intended introducing the subject of her pamphlet, was herself too much affected by Ben Darrell's agony to think of anything else; and, with sorrowing hearts, and many reflections on the horrors and evils of drunkenness, our party, thanking the kind and courteous governor, left the dark and cloister-like prison, and came out almost surprised—after that heavy stillness, that dread hush, those stern impassable walls, those iron gratings, and fierce spikes, and that sense of coercion and restraint inseparable from a prison—to find the world without so careless, so noisy, so bustling, and so gay; all hurrying on their errands of business and pleasure, not merely as if earth contained no tomb, but as if it had no prisons, no scaffolds.

Yes, there in the crowded city, the bees of trade were busy intent only on gain, and the pleasure-seekers were fluttering in the spring breeze, and basking in the sunshine, like butterflies who have but a brief life here, and no hereafter.

CHAPTER XLIII.

There's a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE ladies regained their carriage in silence. They were all much impressed, much affected, with what they had seen and heard. Even Mrs. Golightly had forgotten her pamphlet, and "Woman's Rights and Wrongs," in the sense of Ben Darrell's dreadful despair.

At the corner of that street, which led to the ragged schools, a little group, drawn up at the corner, and waiting patiently, as they had waited for more than an hour, caught Ada's eye, and caused her instantly to pull the check-string.

This group consisted of Hope Evermore, Merry Blossom, Nessy Darrell, and Larky Grigg, as usual, shouldering blue-eyed baby Ben.

They were on their way home to dinner, when it struck Hope (thoughtful, gentle, motherly little Hope) that the ladies would pass that corner on their way from Newgate; and that if they watched for the carriage they might hear how poor Ben Darrell was, and how he liked his Testament and bag of sweets.

Hope mentioned her thought to Larky (her privy counsellor), who at once decided on staying at the corner till the ladies passed in their carriage.

Merry was delighted; and as there was a little bit of waste ground round that corner, she proposed that baby Ben should be put to sit down; and that they should have a game at chuck-farthing, or push-pin; and Potato-heels coming up at this moment, ready, as she always was, for "a spree," Merry began her arrangements; but it was not to be, for Hope stopped all by saying—

"You be getting on too fast, Larky and Merry; you don't see what I means for ye to do. Larky, good lad! afore we settles here at all, you must run over to mammy's stall and ax her leaf; and if she gives leaf, it'll only be for we to wait here quiet—not to be a-playing in the street, like bad, idle boys and gals."

"Then what be I to do, Hopy?" said Larky, docile as the great, brave, strong boy always was with little Hope.

"Thee be to run off to mammy's stall, Larky, at onst, lad, and ax might we stand quiet here to watch for the ladies, and ax about Ben Darrell; and more nor that, baby Ben mustn't be put to sit on the damp ground, noways. Give him here while you, Larky, runs off to mammy. I'll hold un."

"No, that thee sha'n't, Hopy," said Larky; "he's too big and heavy now, bless un! Here, you Meg," he added, in a voice of authority, "take baby Ben, and mind you don't put un down, d'ye hear? and talk to un, and let un play with them carrots o' thine. Don't let me find un dull or a-cryin' when I comes back, or I'll call thee Potato-heels for a month to come, and pitch into thee, too."

"I am willin' to hold baby Ben, Larky," said Meg. "I never said no other."

"Meg is always kind to baby Ben," said Hope. "Then why didn't she offer to take un off my

hands, Hopy? But there, I'se off; I'll be back like winky."

And so he was, with Apple Blossom's permission for the little group to wait till the ladies passed.

How patiently those children wait! How patiently the poor always wait! Trained from the cradle, all have had a long apprenticeship in waiting "for the good time coming." But it will come. It is coming, and its first steps are towards ragged schools and temperance halls.

When all the parents keep out of the public-houses, the children out of the streets, and in the ragged schools,—then, oh! then, the good time will indeed be come.

The ladies ordered the coachman to draw up to the corner, where that patient little group awaited them.

The children, with natural discrimination and delicacy (amounting to tact), did not all press forward; they even hung back—Larky Grigg pulling his forelock, and the little girls curtseying—until Ada made a sign to Hope and Larky to come and speak to her.

Larky, putting baby Ben into Meg's arms, took Hope by the hand and brought her to the carriage door.

"Lift the little girl into the carriage," said Ada to the tall footman.

The man appeared not to hear.

"Lift the little girl into the carriage, Puff," said Ada, in a voice slightly raised, and with a colour considerably heightened.

Puff's was a very good place, or he would have rebelled; as it was, he obeyed, but blew the tips of his white gloves after, as he turned aside, just as if he had been ordered to lift in a dusty dog; yet little Hope was bright with cleanliness; but she was of what Puff—who copied Pertinette—called also "the kennel," "the lower horders," "the working classes." Puff himself did no work.

He told Pertinette at supper, that when "Miss Hader ordered him to lift a beggarly brat out of the 'kennel' hinto the carriage, you might have knocked him down with a stick."

"And I wouldn't have done it," said Pertinette, "if I'd been knocked down with a stick; but there's no proper spirit left in the servants' all."

"There's no lack of it in the softer sex," said Puff, hoping to conciliate Pertinette.

"Softer sex!" said the angry damsel: "if we judge by hearts, that epitaph may apply to females; if by heads, it's better suited to the lords of the creation."

Mr. Puff was not a match for Pertinette in repartee, so he stole off to his club.

"How be poor Ben Darrell, teacher?" asked motherly little Hope.

"He's not been well, my dear," said Ada.

"Wor he glad of them sweets, teacher," asked the child, "and of the Testament?"

"He will be when he's a little better, I dare say."

"What did he say, ma'am?"

"He sent his blessing to you all."

"Oh, that be a comfort, that be!" said Hope: "that be somebunt to tell Nessy. Nessy often cry and fret arter her poor mother, especial o' nights; but she don't seem to care much for her dad: but I've telled her her mother's better off—most like in heaven. It's her father she ought to pray for, ain't it, teacher? She don't never think about him, except just when she says her reglar prayers at night; but her poor mother's always in her mind."

"Love begets love," thought Ada, kissing the golden-haired, seraphic little Hope, and ordering Puff to lift her out of the carriage, in the same irresistible voice with which she had ordered him to lift her in.

Hope looked up with her large blue eyes full of wonder at the height and splendour of the great, rosy, powdered giant, who, having no feeling for anything but himself, and no fancy for anything but high life and Pertinette, never relaxed one showy feature as Hope smiled in his face.

Larky gladly received back his little foster-sister, and with a quick sense of Puff's contempt of one so dear and sacred in his eyes, wished he'd been a few years older, and a good many inches taller, and then he thought if he could but meet Mr. Puff, out of a presence he revered (that of Ada), he should like of all things to make the powder fly out of that primly curled hair, and to see Mr. Puff measure his gaudy length in the gutter.

Let us hope that before Larky has acquired the strength to do this, he will also have acquired that far greater requisite—the control of the inclination.

Ada looked from the carriage window and saw the little group trotting merrily home to their mammy's; Larky with baby Ben on his shoulder, and leading Hope by one hand, while she held little Nessy by the other.

Potato-heels and Merry Blossom were behind, indulging in a few pranks, which Hope observing by suddenly turning round, she got Larky to order, Meg on before.

And Meg, who loved and feared Larky, obeyed at once. Merry had no pleasure by herself, so she ran on before, too, and Ada saw them all turn into the blind alley, where was their little humble Christian home, and their poor dinner, or rather tea, ready for them.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The course of true love never did run smooth.
SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Ada reached home and crossed the hall on her way to her father's room, she saw on a table, among many other cards, one of very small dimensions, but (to judge by the blush that suffused her face) of greater importance than any other.

This card was edged with black, and the name engraved upon it was "The Hon. Gerald St. Maur."

Among the notes was one directed to herself; the envelope was a mourning one, the seal was black. Ada carried both the note and the card up with her into her dressing-room, having altered her intention of going at once to her father's room.

Gerald St. Maur was the second son of the Earl of Arncliffe, whose estate adjoined that of the Pembertons. As children they had been very intimate; and, when he was a young man, home from Oxford for the vacations, and Ada was beginning to think herself a woman, he was very much smitten with her, and she preferred him to any other gentleman of her acquaintance.

As a partner for a dance he was unexceptionable; and at that time dancing was one of the chief delights of Ada's young and glad life.

There was no engagement between them; but he was so devoted to his attentions, and so jealous of her slightest notice of any other man, that Ada felt sure he only waited his coming of age (when he would inherit a handsome independence in right of his mother) to offer her his hand.

At present, as she was only sixteen and he not twenty, both knew their friends would laugh at an engagement, and forbid a correspondence.

Gerald, to please Ada, who revered intellectual eminence in man, had read occasionally very hard at college. We say occasionally, for he belonged to a college where he was constantly thrown with a set of gay men of his own rank in life; and sometimes wine and boating parties, hunting, and other amusements, drew him from his books, and then the influence of Ada waned.

There was a great peculiarity in Gerald St. Maur. Whatever occupied his attention for the time, engrossed all the power of his mind and feelings of his heart.

He loved Ada; and, while occupied in endeavouring to prove his affection and win hers, he had not a thought or a glance for any other person; but if, even in the midst of an occupation so entrancing to most young lovers, Ada succeeded in interesting him in a piece of music (he was very musical), a drawing (he drew well), or a book, she was for a time forgotten.

Once, when walking by her side, with her and her governess, at Pemberton, she awakened his attention to the rare beauty of a butterfly on the wing. He darted off in search of it, got interested in the chase, and, forgetting that the ladies were left alone on the wild heath far from home, he darted off, pursued the "winged gem" over hill and dale, hedge and ditch, garden and grove, brake and briar,—lost his way, missed the butterfly, and returned homelate and quite knocked up, to find Ada not a little piqued at having had to return without him, and to receive a good scolding from Lady Pemberton.

To this absorption in whatever he engaged in, he owed his success at his examinations, and his estrangement from Ada.

However, he was gifted with remarkable powers, and no little ambition.

As he was a second son, he knew, if he were ever to be great and distinguished, it must be by the cultivation and energy of his mind; and he read so hard a few months before he went up, that a first class (the highest honour the university could confer) was the reward.

Ada, who had not yet been introduced, was at Pemberton when his name appeared in the *Times*, in the class list as a first.

She said nothing while in the company of others; but, when she found an excuse to escape to her own room, she fell on her knees, and her tears gushed forth as she said, "Dear, dear Gerald! Heaven bless

him! How hard he must have worked; and it was to please me he did so!"

She was all day in an inward tumult, and expected he would rush down by the express to tell her of his success and receive her congratulations.

She was dressed betimes in the style which she knew he preferred. Her hair was arranged in the long ringlets he loved so well. She watched, and watched, and started at every sound, and two days passed, and he did not come.

The fact was, he had left Oxford for London with a set of gay friends, glorying in a "pass," very proud of Gerald and his honours, which they considered were reflected on their order, their college, and themselves.

Sir Cecil Charleville, his greatest intimate, persuaded him to come and lunch with him at his father's house, before starting for Pemberton. It was a pleasant house. Cecil had many beautiful sisters and merry brothers. They were in a state of great excitement, getting up private theatricals, painting scenes, deciding on dresses, learning parts.

Gerald St. Maur was fond of acting; he had a great talent for genteel comedy. While he was helping Miss Charleville to paint a drop scene (his whole soul in the task, and Ada for the time forgotten) a message came to announce that the gentleman who was to play Charles Surface in the "School for Scandal," was laid up with the measles! Gerald knew the part; he had played it. He was soon enlisted, and—until the play was over, a week from that time—nothing else occupied his thoughts, or even occurred to his mind.

Yes; it was a week after he had taken his first class at Oxford, that, the excitement being over, and the reaction set in, conscience reproached Gerald with letting the paltry pleasures, connected with these private theatricals, make him forgetful of Ada; and, slyly giving his gay friends the slip at a brilliant *déjeuner* at Lady Roseville's, the morning after the performance, he set off by train for Pemberton. Ada had been deeply wounded, and seriously hurt at his long delay. When he did come she received him with a coldness and hauteur which he well deserved, and very ill brooked. It contrasted so forcibly and so disagreeably with the encouragement he had received from all the lovely sisters of his friend Sir Cecil, and the almost maternal kindness of their handsome, "downy" mamma.

And yet, in Ada's presence, beautiful and dignified as she was, he was himself amazed that he could have let anything induce him to offer her the slight, as a delay, at such a time, certainly was.

The occupation and engagement which had seemed so potent in town, appeared even to himself too paltry to be even pleaded.

He spoke of indisposition as the cause of his delay; and Ada, pointing to the *Court Journal*, said, "How distressing it must have been to you, *Mr. St. Maur*, to have figured at these private theatricals, as I see here you did, if you were indeed so indisposed. You are quite a martyr to your new friends!"

Mr. St. Maur! he who had always been "Gerald," since "in infancy they played." A martyr to his new friends he was indeed, if they had made Ada despise him. He began, in truth, rather to despise himself. He tried all he could to reinstate himself in her favour. In vain! she would not see him a moment alone; she would not grant him a *tête-à-tête*. She treated him with cold and rather haughty politeness, and seemed even glad to get rid of him.

It was but *seeming*. Gerald thought it real. He went back to town; and the contrast of his reception there, with that which he had met with at Pemberton consoled and exhilarated him. It reinstated him in his own opinion.

So he allowed Sir Cecil to propose him at his clubs, and introduce him wherever the gayest people met, in the best houses in town, to dance or dine. Mothers and daughters welcomed him into the garden of roses—artificial ones, perhaps, but looking so real, Gerald was quite "taken in"—but not "done for." Ada was still enshrined in his inner heart. He never dreamt of any other woman as a partner for life. A polka or a waltz was another matter.

He drowned thought in iced champagne. He suffered his gay friends to lead him into every kind of gaiety, and, alas, even dissipation.

He was very handsome, tall, and of an elegant figure, not naturally vain, but soon rendered a Lothario by the ladies, and a coxcomb by the tailors, who named a coat after him, the "St. Maur."

He soon belonged to all the most fashionable clubs, where his wit made him popular. He patronised the ballet; and St. Maur's throwing a bouquet made the fortune of a *dansusee*.

Insensibly he acquired that rather disdainful, jeering *insouciance* of manner of a man about town;

and with talents to make him great, and originally much that was noble and good in his nature, he was nothing but "a fast man."

It was in this character Ada met him again and again, when first she was introduced into the world of fashion.

In her own heart there was still a deep, unconfessed interest in Gerald St. Maur. And that heart fluttered at his approach, and felt desolate as he passed her in the gay crowd, with a distant bow, or formal recognition.

She heard of his dissipation, his extravagance, his excesses; she saw his coxcombry and affectation, and she did not pause to consider that, perhaps, had she been less implacable, he might have been more worthy.

Perhaps to this unacknowledged but real and disappointed love, the dejection of her spirit, to which we alluded at the opening of this tale, was in some degree owing.

Certain it is, that when an affair of honour, or rather dishonour (connected with some bold ballerina, whose *pirouettes* had turned the brains of several young coxcombs), drove Gerald St. Maur abroad, in doubt whether he would not have the brand of Cain on his brow, Ada grew more than ever weary of the world, and sunk into the despondency of which we spoke in our first chapters.

And now, after an absence of two years, spent in travelling in the East and on the Continent, Gerald St. Maur is again in London. The Earl, his father, is dead, and his brother (crippled and sickly) has succeeded to the title.

There is every probability that Gerald will one day be himself Earl of Arncliffe, for his brother is very unlikely to marry, and not very likely to live long.

But Ada attaches no importance to this probability, but old memories, feelings, and associations, are very busy at her heart, and she sobs as she holds in her hand the unopened note.

What can have made him call?

What can he have to write to her about?

She has only to break that seal in order to ascertain, and yet she hesitates.

Pertinette is hovering about, throwing a wrapper over her young lady's shoulders, and preparing to dress her hair; hoping, as she had often done before, and as Abigail so often do, to read the mysterious note over her shoulder. But Ada, telling her she will dress her hair herself, dismisses her. Pertinette peeped through the keyhole, after Ada had bolted the door, "Which," she said to Puff, "I thought it was my duty to know what was going on, as I can't think her quite right in her mind, with all her low tastes and pursuits, so unlike mine, and so contrary to the fine young lady she was when I entered her service; which, to wait on a teetotaler, or teacher in a ragged school, never came into my calculation." And so, while Pertinette watched through the keyhole, she saw her young mistress weep.

Pertinette had an active search in all Ada's haunts while she was at dinner, hoping to see the contents of the black-edged note; but it was safe in Ada's bosom, and Pertinette was unsatisfied.

There was nothing in the note itself to make Ada weep; but what associations and regrets it may have conjured up who can tell? Its contents were as follows:—

"Gerald St. Maur is again in London, after two years of exile.

"During that exile his thoughts, saddened by anxieties (now removed) connected with the necessity for banishment, often strayed to Pemberton, its dear shades, green meadows, bright hearths, and the sweet welcome that used to await him—that of his early friend, Ada Pemberton.

"He made a vow, when straying among the pyramids, ever haunted by a memory; and again, when stretched on a sick bed in the south of France, and when, neglected and deserted, he recalled his illness as a boy at Pemberton, with Ada for his little angel nurse—yes, he made a vow that the first visit he paid on his return to London should be to that 'fair spirit' to whom he owes the little all of good he ever achieved, and who, if she knew how he has regretted his ingratitude, would forgive and welcome her friend of the long ago."

"GERALD ST. MAUR.

"Unless formally forbidden, G. St. M. will call on Miss Pemberton at twelve to-morrow."

Ada smiled to see that, had she been inclined to forbid the visit, it would not have been possible: Gerald St. Maur had given no address.

"I must see him," she said, "and I will receive him kindly. We may still be friends—why not? but nothing more. His interests are not my interests; his views are not my views. What does the exquisite, who gives his name to coats and carriages, care

for the ragged schools, that interest me so deeply, and occupy so much of my heart and my time? What can the Sybarite, remarkable even among his frivolous and sensual fellows for his power of imbibing iced champagne, care for that temperance movement which it is one of the great objects of my life to promote?"

CHAPTER XLV.

We have been friends together, in sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the linden trees in infancy we played.
OLD SONG.

I remember, I remember, how my little lovers came,
With a flower, or a cherry, or a new-invented game.
Now I've you, love—now I've you, love, and you bow before
me there,
But you know you're not so true, love, as those little lovers
were.

We have said that Ada was become one of the working classes, and she worked hard, too. In the Lord's vineyard few were more zealous.

Mr. Stephen and Jem Goodman laid out her work for her, and helped her with advice, and cheered her with encouragement.

Ellen toiled side by side with her, amazed at the perseverance, the untiring energy of one hitherto so listless and so languid—astonished at the mine she herself had sprung.

Ada was a woman of singular powers of mind and body. Not one in thousands, perhaps, could have done all and endured all that she did; but all could do something in so great and good a cause, and if all did that something—if every young lady of fashion and more humble daughter of man contributed some little share of time, trouble, money, clothes, help, and, above all, sympathy, to the great cause of the ragged schools, the cause of those little ones of whom our Saviour speaks so tenderly—there would not be a ragged outcast left to say, "No one careth for my soul!"—there would not be a listless, languid victim of *ennui*, pining for want of something to do.

Ada spent the evening with her poor father, who was confined to his room by a severe attack of torturing gout, born of "fruity port."

Ada was become her father's greatest solace and most efficient help. She was installed as his private secretary, amanuensis, and accountant; opened and answered all his letters, and decided for him on all points. With her clear young head she had soon got all his accounts in order, and set all his affairs to rights.

The dismissal of Skinflint gave Ada an opportunity of repairing the evil he had done. She knew every tenant on the Pemberton estate, and she advised Sir Augustus according to her intimate knowledge of the circumstances of each. All the tenants had their rents lowered, as we stated, and some of the very poor had their cottages granted them rent-free.

The income did not suffer; there was a blessing on every good deed. Sir Augustus no longer dreaded letters that had the Pemberton postmark; they were now generally letters breathing blessings and thanks, rather than groans and expostulations. There was another curious compensation soon to be made to Sir Augustus for any diminution his mercy might have caused in his receipts.

Sir Augustus Pemberton was first cousin to the Earl of Glenlonely, and—before the earl married, late in life, and had a son and daughter—he was next heir to his title and estates; which, being Scotch, descended, as so many Scotch titles do, to heirs general. So that had the son died, the daughter, at the earl's death, would have been in her own right Countess of Glenlonely. Of course, Sir Augustus's chance of succeeding to the title and estates was very small and remote, when to the hale old man, the Earl of Glenlonely, with his strong Scotch constitution, a son and daughter were born, who inherited his iron frame and robust health.

What, then, was Ada's surprise when, on the very morning on which Gerald had proposed to call, and before she had recovered from the excitement attendant on his return, she received a letter addressed to her father, with a foreign post-mark (Genoa) and a black wafer. She opened it, as by Sir Augustus's desire she did all his letters, and, with a beating heart and changing colour, found it was from Lord Glenlonely's valet at Genoa, to say that a storm having arisen when his master, the earl, with his son, Lord Eaglescliffe, and his daughter, Lady Alberta Pemberton, were imprudently sailing in the Gulf of Genoa in a pleasure boat, they had all been drowned; and the valet thought it his duty at once to apprise the next heir, and to recommend himself to his favourable notice.

Ada did not shriek, or faint, or go into hysterics, or

rush into her father's room to startle him, perhaps, into a fit. She sat down, a little pale, but quite collected, to consider what she had best do. It was a great change, a great accession of wealth, rank, influence; "and," she added, bowing her head, "therefore of responsibility. My father at this moment is Earl of Glenlonely, my mother is a countess, my beloved brother is Lord Eaglescliffe, and I am Lady Ada Pemberton. To-morrow, perhaps this very evening the papers will announce the frightful accident that has sent three souls so suddenly to their last account, and so increases at once our power and our responsibility. Mamma will hurry back to town—poor mamma! she has so often wished she were a peeress, so often even regretted that she had rejected old Lord Ogle, so envied every one entitled to wear a coronet and a peeress's robes, and now she can take her place where she has so vainly pined to be. As for poor papa, it will make no great difference to him, unless some happy change in his health enables him to enjoy these new honours.

"My brother! It is a great thing for him; I hope it will bring him back at once. Alas! I speak as if I were certain he was alive and well, and it is a year since we heard from him. As for myself, I do not see that it makes any difference to me: in the gay world it might do so; but I have done with the gay world. It won't matter much to my little pupils in Green Fields whether their teacher is 'miss,' or 'my lady.' I shall go there, all the same, this very morning. I shall not disturb papa until he sends for me, as usual; and I shall not even mention it to Gerald St. Maur. He will hear it when the papers get hold of it, and, perhaps, come to tell me of it.

"I shall smile when I answer, 'I had heard it when last I saw you.'

"Thank Heaven! no bitter personal regret is mixed with this surprise. I never saw those cousins but once, and scarcely remember their features."

(To be continued.)

THE KING IN CHECK.

AN EPISODE FROM THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

"WHERE are the soldiers?" is the question asked by almost every Frenchman who visits England for the first time. "Where do you English hide your military?" asks the German who has traversed our London streets for hours without meeting with any sign of our warlike strength beyond an occasional grenadier, striding along with the Crimean medal displayed on his breast, or a big life-guardsmen, resplendent in shining helmet and jackboots. Happily for us, every Englishman is able to give a very plain answer to a question of this kind. With the exception of one or two "crack" regiments, our soldiers are kept for use and not for show. They are distributed over the country, and kept in barracks as much as possible; and our system of voluntary enlistment gives us the double advantage of securing stronger and healthier men than the swarms of blue or gray-coated conscripts who coerce the populace of Paris, swagger through the streets of Berlin, or beg "a coopek to buy tobacco" from the stranger in Warsaw or St. Petersburg.

Sitting by our firesides grumbling over high taxes and low wages, we Englishmen would sometimes do well to look a little more closely than we do at the other side of the question, and to be thankful for the privileges we enjoy; and as one of the chief of these we must reckon the absence at all times of anything like military despotism among us. The soldier's profession, honourable as it undoubtedly is when its duties are conscientiously discharged, has always been looked upon in England as the result of an unavoidable necessity; and thus our standing army is numerically small, and justifies the wondering inquiry of the foreigner, "Where are the soldiers?"

That men are not wanting when occasion calls for them, let the experience of the late Russian and of the present Indian war testify. Our army was never in a more efficient state than when the labours of the Paris congress terminated in the re-establishment of peace; and in the Indian struggle—now, we trust, almost terminated—the scheme for a volunteer corps was never carried out, simply because the required number of men could be obtained without difficulty in the ordinary way of enlistment. We seem tacitly to have agreed that government should be carried on—except on extraordinary occasions—by the civil power; that man was not intended to go through life with a musket on his shoulder, but rather with a spade, or a trowel, or a pen in his hand; and that, if it is necessary to take men from their natural avocations to perform what are called military duties, the fewer we thus devote to a number of years of busy

idleness, the better it will be for the community at large.

In France the case has been widely different. There we have seen a military power, in the service of the government, gradually growing up, until the army has become a grievous burden upon the people, and an instrument of oppression and wrong. From the time when Louis, called Capet, from the great size of his head, founded, in 987, the third or Capetian dynasty of French monarchs, until that dark February morning, eight hundred and five years later, when the head of the sixteenth Louis fell from the scaffold, there had been a continual struggle between the governing classes and the governed; and it was the army, raised by injustice and maintained by extortion, that became the chief instrument, first of the tyranny of the French kings, and then of their punishment.

Six hundred years ago the governments of France and England were very much on the same footing. Philip Augustus ruled in France on principles similar to those on which the lion-hearted Richard based his government in England. Does it not seem strange, therefore, that the English should have gone on gaining more and more liberty, while the French people lost the privileges they once possessed, and sunk deeper and deeper into difficulty and bondage, until the whole fabric of the Capetian monarchy was carried away in the wild hurricane of the great revolution of 1789?

The answer is simple enough. The English continually managed to keep their kings in check by retaining the power of taxation. The king could not maintain an army without money. Without an army he could not overawe the people; and the people, as represented by the parliament, would not give him the money unless he employed it in the way they chose. Thus, during all the reigns of the Tudors, the parliament kept an ascendancy over the kings—held them, as it were, in check; and those monarchs, although they were sufficiently inclined to tyrannise, had sense enough to see that the people would not be trifled with; and managed, by well-timed concessions, to maintain their sway.

The Stuarts were not so well advised. The unhappy Charles I. tried the experiment of maintaining an army without the consent of parliament; and we all know the result. The people triumphed, and since that time the king has been held more in check than ever; so that a witty writer has not unaptly defined our constitutional monarchy of the present day as one where the sovereign "reigns very little, and hardly governs at all."

The French were not so fortunate. They fell at one period of their history into such a state of serfdom that slavery itself, if it were not foreign triumph, appeared to them a state of happiness and glory; and in congratulating themselves on their escape from a foreign dominion, they forgot that their own kings were gradually reducing them to a state of bondage, for want of some wholesome check on the exercise of their power.

Henry V. of England, the hero of Harfleur and of Agincourt, was crowned king in the French capital. He died; and under the guidance of the heroic Joan of Arc, the French drove the English back across the channel. Charles VII. was crowned by the Maid of Orleans; and in a fatal hour, the French allowed their victorious monarch to establish a military force, and allotted a perpetual tax, unchecked by the will of any representative assembly, for the support of the army.

There was the great and fatal blunder. The principle had been conceded, that the king might keep troops around him in time of peace; and as might have been expected, the king employed the mighty engine which had been placed in his hand, first to putting down the nobles, and then to suppressing any murmur of discontent that might struggle forth from the townspeople and peasantry.

If there existed any hope that the liberty of France might yet be regained, it vanished like a morning mist under the dominion of Louis XI., the son and successor of Charles the victorious. Charles had chastised the French with whips—Louis chastised them with scorpions. Charles had been invested, by the uncalculating enthusiasm of his people, with a power he scarce knew how to wield—Louis, astute and cunning, turned this power to the very best advantage. Like a skilful player at chess, he used his various pieces, and foremost among them the army, with such good effect, that his enemies were successively cleared from the political chessboard, until at last not one remained to cry "Check to the king."

Certain opponents he had, however, whom it was no light matter to clear from the board, either by hidden artifice or open force; and foremost among these was Charles, Duke of Burgundy.



THE KING IN CHECK.

Charles the Bold, or as he might have been more accurately designated, the Headstrong, was the very opposite of the man to whom as king of France he owed fealty, but who was in truth his most bitter and dangerous enemy. Charles was a tall, strong soldier, ever ready to appeal to arms, and governing his court of Burgundy by the loudness of his stentorian voice, and not unfrequently by the weight of his heavy hand, applied unsparingly to the head or shoulders of a retainer who displeased him. Louis was small and spare, caustic and severe in speech, but with a certain dignity of manner. Charles tried to intimidate his foes by a display of strength; Louis, fully conscious of the extent of his powers, fawned on his adversary until he had lulled suspicion, and then pounced upon him suddenly, with a cat-like spring. Charles, with the laxity of a robber-knight in all religious matters, had still some general notions of right and wrong; Louis, a slave to the most abject superstition, was yet thoroughly unscrupulous, and relentlessly cruel in his vengeance.

Craft triumphed over brute strength, and Louis came off victorious in the contest with Charles. Once, and once only, did the duke manage to put the king thoroughly in check. It occurred thus.

Louis, who knew the bluff hearty character of the duke, conceived the bold and politic idea of visiting Charles in the impregnable Burgundian fortress of Peronne, there to negotiate a treaty. He foresaw that Charles, flattered by the trust reposed in him, would grant easier terms than could be obtained under ordinary circumstances. Therefore, attended by only a few friends, the King of France left his army, and set forth to visit his turbulent and powerful vassal.

At first, everything went well. Louis was met at the gate of Peronne by Charles, and entered the town, leaning his hand on the duke's shoulder, with every appearance of intimacy and confidence. A costly banquet had been prepared to do him honour, and everything promised well for the future amity of the two rivals.

But suddenly a terrible change came over the aspect of affairs. Louis had been intriguing with the duke's

vassals, to seduce them from their allegiance; and in the midst of their hilarity Charles of Burgundy and his court received the astounding intelligence that the citizens of Liege, aided by the king's troops and money, had revolted, and had killed their bishop, a friend and close ally of the house of Burgundy. The treachery of Louis was but too apparent, and in a moment his position changed from that of a successful intriguer, who had practised on the good-nature and flattered the vanity of a rival, to the condition of a convicted traitor, thoroughly in the power of the man he had wronged. Never was a king more completely in check.

That night was a time of sore temptation to the Duke of Burgundy. He had been wronged, outraged, duped, and the man who had compassed his ruin, while he presented the smiling face of friendship, was in his power. Again and again he paced his chamber, with hurried strides, meditating on the fearful question, "Should he take the king's life, and thus by a single blow avenge the injuries of the past, and avert the dangers that menaced him in the future?"

The struggle was long, but humanity triumphed at last. Intelligence came, moreover, which showed that the report of the bishop's death was incorrect; and Charles saw, as his fury abated, that he had not even the excuse to be found in the stern law of "blood for blood" if he became a regicide. He was not a man to forego altogether the thoughts of vengeance. Therefore, the next morning, he waited on his royal captive, at the head of some of his chief courtiers, and in the Tower of Peronne was Louis XI. compelled to sign a treaty of a very different nature from the one he had meditated. With head depressed, and a heart full of bitterness, he was compelled to ride forth with the duke to witness the punishment of the rebellious citizens of Liege. His schemes of evil had recoiled on himself: he had dug a pit, and had himself fallen therein.

There is not in all history a more striking picture of retribution than is presented in the artless narrative of the historian Philip de Comines, when he speaks of the latter days of Louis XI., the successful,

moody tyrant. Successful in his intrigues, unresisted in his oppressions, with nothing to apprehend from foes abroad, the king was at length admonished of the frailty of all earthly grandeur, by a terrible and ominous warning. A first, and then a second fit of epilepsy seized him—an attack so violent, that he lay without sense or motion, and his attendants thought he was dead. He regained his consciousness, but the pleasure of existence had fled—the horror of death was upon him. "He came back to Tours," says Comines, "where he kept himself so close that very few were admitted to see him; for he was grown jealous of all his courtiers, and afraid that they would either depose or deprive him of some part of his royal authority. He did many odd things, which made some believe that his senses were impaired; but they knew not his humours. As to his jealousy, all princes are prone to it, especially those who are wise, have many enemies, and have oppressed many people, as our master had done. Besides, he found that he was not beloved by the nobility of the kingdom, nor by many of the commons—for he had taxed them more than any of his predecessors, though he now had some thoughts of easing them, as I said before; but he should have begun sooner. Nobody was admitted into the place in which he kept himself, but his domestic servants and his archers, which were four hundred, some of whom kept constant guard at the gate, while others walked continually about to prevent his being surprised. Round about the castle he caused a lattice or iron gate to be set up, spikes of iron planted in the wall, and a kind of crow's feet with several points to be placed along the ditch, wherever there was a possibility for any person to enter. Besides which, he caused watch-houses to be made, all of thick iron and full of holes, out of which they might shoot at their pleasure, in which he placed forty of his crossbows, who were to be on their guard night and day. He left no person of whom he had any suspicion, either in town or country, but he sent orders not only to warn, but to conduct them away. To look upon him, one would have thought him to be rather a dead than a living man. No person durst ask a favour, or scarce speak to him about any-

thing. He inflicted very severe punishments, removed officers, disbanded soldiers."

He tried every art to prolong his life. He sent for a celebrated physician, and fell abjectly on his knees, begging the learned man, for pity's sake, to lengthen his days. He sent agents into all parts of the world to purchase rarities on which he gazed with lacklustre eye, for his relish for such things had departed. Suspicious of every one about him, and a torment to himself, he died at last, a memorable example of the horrors that attend even successful guilt.

The Matron.

NO. XXIV.

I SPOKE in the last chapter of the various things children can collect and turn to profit. There are many other ways in which the young members of a family may add to the income. How often people are delighted to meet with an intelligent little boy, to go on an errand, or to take a parcel. Many a sixpence may be earned in this way; and here I must earnestly warn mothers never to allow foolish pride to stand in the way of their children's advancement. Perhaps you were brought up in comfort, and have lost some social advantages by marriage. Then, if you can't give your children a fortune, don't do anything that will prevent their making one for themselves.

Useful, handy children often secure friends who enable them to rise in the world. But your young ones will take no pride nor pleasure in usefulness, if your conversation consists of idle boasts of former times, or if they see you ashamed of their "turning an honest penny."

Think it no disgrace to profit by the kindness of neighbours, whether rich or poor. Supposing the gentry have coal clubs, or clothing clubs, to assist families with small means during the long trials of winter, do not reject the help of these clubs, though you may remember the time when you helped others, instead of requiring help yourself.

Poverty is no disgrace. The ancients, in their philosophical, poetical mythology, made a divinity of poverty. They considered her the mother of industry and arts. The majority of men who have distinguished themselves in science or art, have been born poor. George Stephenson, who, as the inventor of the railway carriage, was the greatest promoter of civilisation, first saw the light in a mud-hovel. He lived to see himself courted by the wealthy and the noble; but in his early days he was a poor, industrious lad, glad of every help held out to him,—perhaps gleaned in the fields of those whose property was afterwards doubled in value by his inventive powers.

We should receive help as willingly as we would give it. Mutual assistance is more than the law of our nature, it is the law of God. As one of our best writers observes, "The beast retires to his shelter, and the bird flies to its nest; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow-creature. The greatest stranger in this world was He that came to save it. He never had a house, as if to see what hospitality was left amongst us."

With such an example as this before us, how unbecoming would it be in us, poor, sinful mortals, to be above accepting any assistance we can procure honourably. But there are little helps that people give with the greatest pleasure, because they lose nothing by what they impart. For instance, orderly children are allowed to pick up sticks on large estates. As to turnip-tops, if you engage to gather them without injuring the roots, you may generally have leave to do so. Cheese whey and fresh buttermilk are wholesome, nourishing drinks. Some dairy-keepers freely give them to those who ask for them; others sell them at a very cheap rate. In the Netherlands, the peasantry make of rice and buttermilk (boiled into a kind of pap) a very important part of their food; and in this buttermilk pap there is more real nourishment than in many of the soups and jellies served up at the tables of the great.

To prove the excellence of oatmeal as diet, I need only point to the hardy sons of Scotland. That long-lived, clear-sighted race make it their food as we do bread. Probably it will never become so generally used here as it is in North Briton, but I strongly recommend oatmeal porridge as cheap and excellent food for children, and grown people will find a basin of porridge make a very nice supper. I advise you to prepare it in the following manner: Mix in cold water as much meal as will make a smooth paste; drop this into boiling water, which should be constantly stirred till it boils fast and thickens. If you are not in a hurry to partake of it, you will do well to let it stand aside for twenty minutes, where it may

just keep boiling, but mind it does not burn. It is a good plan to put the oatmeal, you intend to use at breakfast, into a little water over night, in order to let it soak. The object of this is to enable the oatmeal to expand, for then a smaller quantity thickens the porridge than if it were boiled without soaking. Manage it as I have directed you, and you will find one ounce of oatmeal make one quart of porridge.

The "strabout" of the northern counties and the Scotch "brose" are much the same as the porridge for which I have just given a receipt. The principal difference consists in the extra boiling which the porridge receives, and which, I think, makes it more digestible for English constitutions.

I am now addressing myself chiefly to country people, although the inhabitants of towns may also take good hints from these remarks, but some future observations will be intended for their especial benefit. The art of living comfortably on very little is so all-important, that I do not mean to slight it, or in any degree to hurry over so interesting a subject.

I mean to give a good variety of receipts for economical and savoury meals, and hints for good cheap fuel, clothes, and lodging. Afterwards I intend drawing out a table of necessary expenses, for the assistance of those who now find it difficult "to make both ends meet."

UNCLE JOE IN COURT.

JOE BASSET was a queer genius—"Uncle Joe" everybody called him—and, though possessing but very few of the goods of this world, yet he was one of the most useful men in town. If any one wanted an odd job done, he was the man to do it. In short, he was a sort of universal "Man Friday," and for a consideration he would perform any work which might be called for. He was a happy old fellow; as full of fun as an egg is full of meat, and he could crack some very hard jokes without hurting anybody. He owned a little hut at the back of the village, to which was attached a few acres of good land; and besides this he had a cow, and some other items of stock. He lived quite comfortably, and the impression had gone abroad that he had managed to lay up some money.

Captain Daniel Lober, who had recently settled in the town, owned a fine piece of land adjoining Uncle Joe's lot, and he was not long in making himself very disagreeable to our good Man Friday. He was a proud, selfish person, and a little mean withal. Uncle Joe had some geese and they ran upon Lober's land; upon which the indignant captain threatened to shoot them if he caught them there again.

"Ef ye'd make yer fence tighter my geese wouldn't git through," meekly suggested poor Joe.

"My fence is as tight as the law requires," answered the doughty captain; and with this he walked away.

So Uncle Joe had to go to work and tighten the fence, and put larger yokes upon his geese.

Lober's next move was against Joe's hens. He swore that he would shoot them if they were not kept out of his lot. Joe built a hen-house, and placed his feathered bipeds therein; but it was a sore trial to him, and people sympathised with him, though they could not help him.

One season Captain Lober ploughed up his land—some ten acres of it—and sowed it with wheat. The grain came on finely, and the owner used to take men out there to show them his field. It was acknowledged to be the best piece of wheat in town. But the captain was destined to a piece of ill-fortune which he had not thought of. This land was at some distance from his dwelling, and when busy at other points a week or two might pass without his visiting it. One afternoon he came to see his wheat, and when he reached the edge of the field he stood aghast at the sight which met his gaze. The tall stout grain was trodden and trampled down over half of the lot, presenting a scene of havoc and destruction truly horrible to behold; and the astounded owner was at no loss to account for the desolation, for near the centre of the lot he saw a horse. It was a gaunt, heavy-built animal, of a dingy white colour; and though evidently well stricken with years, yet he capered and frisked about with marvellous spirit—now cropping a few of the well filled wheat-heads, and anon trampling away upon the devoted grain, as though he were treading the wine-vat.

I should not dare to tell all the oaths which Captain Lober then and there poured forth; but they were terrible ones, and the white foam stood upon his lips as he raved. As soon as he could collect his thoughts, he started for Uncle Joe's. He knew that Joe must have seen the horse in there—for the

animal could not have been less than three or four days at the work—and perhaps the depredator might belong to Joe. Just as the captain reached the road, he met Sam Warner. Sam was not a temperance man, nor did he belong to the church, but he was a particular friend of Uncle Joe, and didn't think much of Daniel Lober.

"Mr. Warner," cried the captain, trembling all over with rage, "does Joe Basset own a horse?"

"Yaas; b'lieve he does, squire," returned Sam.

"Is it a white one?"

"Kind o' whitish."

"How old is it?"

"Wal—'tain't very old nor very young; but it's kind o' shaky raound the knees."

Captain Lober posted off to Uncle Joe's cot, and found the old fellow at work about the premises.

"Mr. Basset," he said, with awful meaning, "do you own a horse?"

"Wal—I rather calkilate as how't I dew, squire," answered the old fellow.

"And did you know that your horse has destroyed more than half of my wheat?"

"Je-rew-salem! Yeou doan't say so, squire!" exclaimed Joe, in terror.

"It is a fact, sir; and now you may settle it, or suffer the consequences."

"But, squire—rally—I can't believe it. My hoss is sich a quiet critter."

"Are you willing to settle it?" cried the captain, madly.

"But, squire—rally—I couldn't pay ye noth'n—sartin I couldn't."

"Then you'll pay somebody else. You know that your horse has been in my field."

"I couldn't swar 'at he hadn't, that's a fact."

"That's enough!" and with this the captain went off. He went to one of the assessors, from whom he learned that Joe owned some £50 worth of property; and then he went to a lawyer's, and had Joe Basset sued, setting the damages at £20. The lawyer sent Joe a letter; but the old fellow refused to take any notice of it, and the case was carried into court, Captain Lober having sworn that he would push Uncle Joe to the last extremity.

The court was in session, and the day for the trial arrived. The room was crowded, for a whisper had gone abroad that Uncle Joe would get the best of it. Finally the case was called on, and Lober's counsel made a statement of the cause which had led to the suit, enlarging upon the damage which had been done to his client's property, and explaining how little the transgressor had seemed to care for it.

"What is the defence?"

Nobody seemed to know.

"Is the defendant in court?"

All eyes were turned upon Uncle Joe, and he arose.

"Are you the defendant in this case?" asked the court.

"Me?" returned Joe, with a vacant stare.

"Yes—*you*."

"He is, your honour," said Lober's lawyer.

"Have you got counsel, sir?" the judge resumed.

"Not I knows on," replied Joe, with a half foolish, half wicked look.

"You are probably aware of the reason why you have been called here," pursued the court, seeming to pity the man's foolishness.

"I s'pose it's for some kind o' complaint Capt'n Lober's been a makin'."

"Exactly," said Lober's counsel. "Your horse has destroyed much property belonging to my client."

"Guess not, 'squire," returned Joe, "cause that's onpossible. My hoss couldn't do no sich thing."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why I haint got no hoss as is capable of doin' so much mischief."

"We'll leave that for others to decide," said the council, with a very significant nod of the head.

"You own a horse?"

"Why—"

"We want none of your *why's*! You own a horse?"

"But I want to 'xplain. Capt'n Lober, he come to me, a bilin' over with wrath, and axed me did I own a hoss, and I told him yes. Then he biled over more—made lots o' threats—and went off in a heap o' passion afore I could 'xplain."

"But do you deny that your hoss was in my client's field?"

"It couldn't a' been thar unless somebody put it thar."

"That's not the thing. Do you deny that your horse did this damage?"

"Sartin, I do."

"Your's is a white horse?"

"Rathe of a yallerish cast, 'squire."

"And poor, and old?"

"A leetle shaky, I think."

"Then how do you know that it was not your horse that did this damage?"

"That's jest the pint I wanted to 'plain, 'squire," answered Uncle Joe, very earnestly, and with imperious gravity. "Ef anybody'd axed me this afore I come up here, I should a' told 'em all about it. The fact is, 'squire, I never owned but one hoss in the world, and I don't never expect to—an' that ere is a—saw-hoss!"

The court smiled, and hid its face behind a book. The captain's counsel looked very blank, while the captain himself turned very red and very pale by turns. In the meantime the spectators came nigh splitting with laughter. Some attempt was made to reprimand Uncle Joe for this result; but he was so simple and honest on the occasion that all blame fell where it righteously belonged—upon the man who had brought the suit. It was very easily proved that Joe never owned a "live hoss," and he was sent about his business.

It was a small affair, perhaps, but it made a great noise; and so hot and heavy were the various remarks that came showering down upon Daniel Lober, that in less than a month he was glad to sell out and move. After this Uncle Joe's geese and hens wandered about without the fear of being shot; but his "old hoss" never went away, save when it rode upon its owner's shoulder.

Small Change.

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman, endeavouring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. "Can't say, sir—he can't give an account of himself." "Of course not. How can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

LOLA Montez says it is strange to see what pains men and women take to catch each other, and how very little pains they take to hold on to them.

"I SHOULD'N'T care much about the bugs," said a thin, pale lodger to his landlady, "but the fact is, ma'am, I hain't got the blood to spare—you see that yourself?"

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "Yes, but you don't know what a difficult task I find it."

WHEN you hear the phrase, "I may say without vanity," you may be sure some characteristic vanity will follow in the same breath.

"WOULDN'T you know this youth to be my son?" "Oh, yes, the maker's name is stamped on the blade."

THE attention of young farmers has been called to the fact that the most effectual way to destroy weeds is to marry a widow.

"MR. LEMON has come over to our party," said a politician, exultingly, to an opponent. "Well, if your party has nothing stronger than Lemon-aid to recruit with, it must be in a bad way."

No one, says Dean Loker, will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things. To please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad. This last rule of the dean's is rarely violated in society.

WHAT is the best key for a Christmas-box?—A tur-key.

A SAILOR dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant.—"Wretch!" said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, "where the devil did you come from?"—"An' sure, I came from the north of Ireland, yer honour."

Those people who turn up their noses at the world, might do well to reflect that it is as good a world as they were ever in, and a much better one than they are likely ever to get into again.

An ambitious politician, in a published speech, prays that at least a piece of the mantle of Henry Clay may fall upon him. We wonder if Mr. Clay's mantle-piece wouldn't answer as well as a piece of his mantle.

A CERTAIN editor, who has had a controversy with us, suggests that he and we look each other in the face; but he would have the advantage of us. He would have much the better prospect.

A GOOD action is never thrown away, and perhaps that is the reason why we find so few of them.

A TIPPLER who had his load on "fetched up" against the side of a house which had been newly-painted. Shoving himself clear by a vigorous effort, he took a glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hand, and exclaimed, "Well, that is a careless trick in whoever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for people to run against."

"How do you and your friends feel now?" said an exultant politician in one of our western counties, to a rather irritable member of the defeated party. "I suppose," said the latter, "we feel just as Lazarus did when he was licked by the dogs."

OIL and truth will get uppermost at last.

"I'm afloat! I'm afloat!" screamed a young lady of powerful lungs, and fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano. "I should think you were," growled an old bachelor, "judging from the squall you raise."

HANDSOME features alone are incapable of expressing real beauty, as speech alone is incapable of expressing wit.

THE nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought which never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

HOPE.—A sentiment exhibited in the wag of a dog's tail, when he's waiting for a bone.

A WELL-KNOWN political economist says:—"We pay best—1st, those who destroy us—generals; 2nd, those who cheat us—politicians and quacks; 3rd, those who amuse us—singers and musicians; and least of all, those who instruct us—ministers, authors, schoolmasters, and editors."

MOTTO FOR A SUB-EDITOR.—Aut scissors, aut nullus.

A LADY being about to marry a small man was told that he was a very bad fellow. "Well," says she, "if he's bad, there's one comfort—there is very little of him."

PLUMPNESS AND ENVY.—One of the worst things to fatten on is envy. In our opinion, it is as difficult for a grudging man to raise a double chin, as it is for a bankrupt to raise a loan. Plumpness comes not from roast beef, but from a good heart and cheerful disposition.

Two weasels found an egg. "Let us not fight for it," said the elder weasel, "but enter into partnership." "Very good," said weasel the younger. So taking the egg between them, each sucks the other end. "My children," said Redtapes, the attorney, "though you have but one client between you, make the most of him."

Puzzles for the Ingenious.

QUESTION I. by NEMO, in No. 24, page 383.

Answer:—2 Bars of Gold, 40lbs. each, sold for £3,730.
1 Bar 40 x 12 x 480 ozs. at £3 17s. 10½d. per oz. £1,869
1 Bar 40 x 12 x 480 ozs. at £3 17s. 6½d. per oz. £1,861
2 Bars £3,730

3 Bars of Gold, 40lbs. each, sold for £5,697.
1 Bar 40lbs. or 480 ozs. at £3 17s. 8½d. per oz. £1,865
1 Bar 40lbs. or 480 ozs. at £3 17s. 10½d. per oz. £1,869
1 Bar 40lbs. or 480 ozs. at £3 18s. 0½d. per oz. £1,878
3 Bars £5,697

OLD HICKORY.

Similar answers have been received from Lucy Cram, Montbar, Marco, D. F. G., W. P., David, J. E. Watson, Leoni, Mark, Q. Marison, D. R. P., and J. Simpson. Answers, with slight fractional differences from the above, from H. B. (Stockport), A. Miner, K. H., R. L. (Salford), H. J. N., N. J. Hill, Puer, Euclid, P. George, H. Brookhouse, J. R. Furneaux, and Juvenis.

QUESTION II. as to 150 Nuts, &c. By F. GILDER.

Answer:—The class contained four boys and seven girls. Each boy received 13 nuts, and each girl 14 nuts, total 150. Then two of the elder children agreed to give both their portions to be equally divided between the rest.

There were nine scholars remaining, and the two eldest children's (boy and girl) share of the nuts amounted to 13 and 14 or 27 nuts; then, if nine scholars have 27 nuts equally divided between them, they will receive three nuts each.

R. W. JAMSON.

Correct answers have been received also from G. H. Hills, J. T. Last, W. Shearer, Ivanhoe, Stella, The Irish Lad, M. H. Charles, H. J. N., Adolescents, Euclid, J. R. Furneaux, Lucy Cram, and D. R. P.

Incorrect: Belzoni and Thomas H.

FOR SOLUTION.

1. What is that which lives upon its own substance, and dies when it has devoured itself?
2. Two men went to a fair to buy sheep. When they came to the fair they were ascertaining how much money they had got. B said to A, "If you give me one half of your money I shall have £200." "But," said A, "If you give me one third of your money, along with what I have, I shall have £100." Question: How much money had each of them?

NEMO'S (Nans).

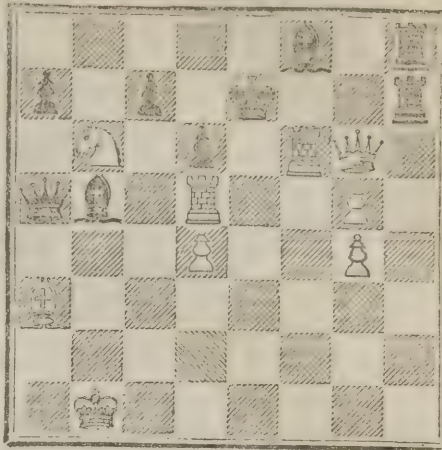
Further answers to the Arithmetical Question in No. 10, have been received from Elliot, Tom Whittington, H. Wynn, A. Sendall, W. S. Marshall, A. G. D. R., D. Bacon, S. Mee, E. G. L. H., Kate Martin, W. Rayner, W. Reed, T. Calvert, J. Driscoll, J. R. Furneaux, J. C. Grace, Lansdown, H. C. P. W., and Henderson Dixon.

Further answers to the Historical Enigma in No. 19, have been received from J. B. P., Mary B., C. Lettison, L. P. (Peter), Nemo, and Erigena.

Chess.

Problem No. 47. By ALPHA.

BLACK.

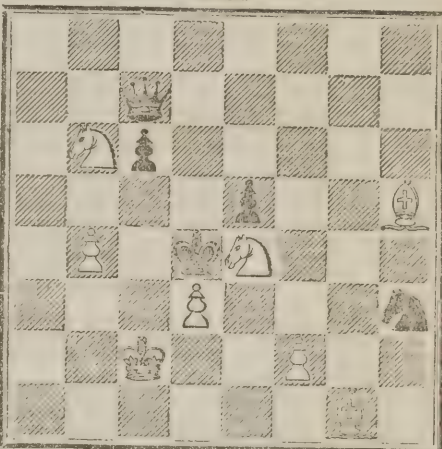


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 48. E. D. C. (Islington).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 43.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 2	1. P takes Kt
2. P to K B 4	2. P takes P (en pass.)
3. R to Q B 5 (ch)	3. B takes K
4. P to K 4 (mate)	

X. Y. Z.—You are incorrect in your observations on Problem No. 28 and 29.

QUEEN'S KNIGHT.—There was no legal objection to your casting under the circumstances to which you refer.

GRAPES.—Your observations on Problem No. 27 are correct; we misread your solution, which we find to be quite sound.

C. AUSTIN.—The Rook in Castling cannot check as it passes; it can only do so when you quit your hold of the piece.

A NOVICE.—If a player play out of his turn, his adversary may choose whether the move shall remain or be repeated.

T. SIMPSON.—We are much obliged by your explanation. We had overlooked the result of removing the Pawns in the Problem to which you refer; it shall appear shortly.

K. FILLING.—Your solution does not indicate the Problem to which you refer, nor is it applicable to any that we have published.

Solutions of Problems by Mona, Nos. 34 and 35; D. W. O. (Sligo), Nos. 34, 35, and 38; J. P. (Nos. 39 and 41); W. McKenzie, Nos. 34, 35, 36, 37, and 38; H. (Nos. 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100); F. G. Rainger, Nos. 38, 39, 40; T. Martin, jun., Nos. 39 and 40; R. T. (Southport), No. 39; Oxon, Nos. 39 and 40; W. Helt, Nos. 38, 39, and 40; E. Grant, Nos. 38, 39, and 40; Caise Amicus, Nos. 39 and 40; C. Austin, Nos. 38, 39, and 40; Queen's Knight, Nos. 37, 38, 39, and 40; and W. D. T., Nos. 40 and 41 correct.

* Owing to the great increase in the number of our Chess correspondents, it is sometimes difficult to find room for answers to all their communications, but they may rest assured that each will receive attention in due course.

Our Editorial Table.

R. R. CATO, AND MANY OTHERS.—The First Volume of the New Series of the Paper may be obtained, post free, for 3s. 8d. in paper covers, and 5s. 4d. in extra cloth gilt. Address, inclosing stamps or post-office order, to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

J. A. C.—The Chinese "sensitive leaves and figures" are not, as you suppose, cut from the leaf of any tree, but from "goldbeater's skin." The figures curl up or remain flat, according to the degree of warmth in the person upon whose hand they are laid; and this, it is pretended by some, is indicative of the temperament of such person.

KITTY.—Fuller's-earth is found in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex; but the finest and most plentiful at Waneden, near Woburn, Bedfordshire.

BOOKSHELVES.—Boil a portion of alkanet root in linseed oil; apply it, while warm, to the wood, once or more, according to the depth of the colour required: when dry, polish with a piece of woollen cloth, upon which beeswax has been rubbed.—"Cassell's History of England" will be completed in four volumes.—You can obtain lists by inclosing a stamp to Messrs. Petter and Galpin.

NEPUS has again amused himself by sending us four letters, bearing as many different signatures, male and female. Can he not find better employment?

A SUNDAY SCHOLAR.—We believe that the number of children in the day-schools of England and Wales is about 1,500,000.

RUSTICS.—To cook *asparagus*, cut the white stalks off about six inches from the head; soak them in cold water, tie them in small bundles, and boil them rather quick. Be careful not to overdo them, or the heads will be broken. Toast a slice of bread brown on both sides, dip it in the water, and lay it on a dish. When the asparagus is done, lay it upon the toast, leaving the white ends outwards each way. Pour melted butter over the toast and green parts. To cook *artichokes*, trim a few of the outside leaves off, and cut the stalks even. If young, boil for half an hour. Serve with melted butter, in as many small cups as there are artichokes to help with each, having clipped off the sharp points of the leaves. *Seakale* may be cooked as asparagus; only, before boiling, cut out the black parts of the roots; wash well, and tie it together.

W. S. P. D.—The moulds for composition ornaments are usually made of wood—box or pear-tree. If they be merely mouldings, they may be run with planes; if flowers, or other elaborate designs, they must be cut in the wood by an experienced wood-carver. For some purposes, moulds made of plaster of Paris may suffice.

IGNORAMUS.—*Allopathy* is opposed to *homœopathy*. *Allopathy* is that method of medical practice in which there is an attempt to cure disease by the production of a condition of the system either different from, opposite to, or incompatible with, the condition essential to the disease to be cured. *Homœopathy* is a mode of treating diseases, which consists in the administration of a medicine capable of exciting in healthy persons symptoms closely similar to those of the disease it is desired to cure.

ALPHA.—For a freezing mixture, take one pound of muriate of ammonia and one pound of nitrate of potash. When required for use, add to them rather more than double the weight of water.

A BOY TWELVE YEARS OLD will find a receipt for copying ink, and directions for using it, in No. 23, page 368.

FRANCIS DESPORTES.—You had better submit a specimen of your drawing (an Academy figure) to the keeper of the Royal Academy; he will then give you directions how to proceed. "The Art Treasures Exhibition" is now completed. You can obtain an elegant cloth gilt cover for binding, post free, from Messrs. Petter and Galpin for 1s. 8d. Similar cases for the first Volume of our New Series may be had, post free, for 1s. 10d.

RICHARD MARKHAM.—The following is an excellent formula for making ginger-beer for sale: Four pounds of lump sugar; bruised ginger, from which the dust has been sifted, a quarter of a pound; cream of tartar, a quarter of a pound; three or four lemons, sliced. Pour on these four gallons of boiling-water; cover up, to keep the steam from escaping, until it is just lukewarm; then strain, and add eight ounces of yeast. Let it work for three or four days, according to the weather. Skim, strain through clean flannel, bottle, and fasten down the corks. This may be used in two or three days; but it will be better if kept longer. You may use moist sugar, instead of lump, if you think proper.—You can send a letter to a private soldier in India by affixing to it one penny postage-stamp.

THESPIA.—The first Royal license for theatres was that granted to Shakespeare, &c., in 1603, to act plays at the Globe, Bankside, or in any part of England. Long before that period, however, what were called "Mysteries" were represented in open fields. Plays were suspended from 1633 till 1660, when Charles II. licensed two companies, Killigrew's and Davenant's. Tragedies, it is said, were first acted at Athens, by Thespis, B.C. 535; comedies, at the same place, B.C. 562.

A SAILOR-BOY.—The Chinese claim the invention of the mariner's compass. They ascribe it to their Emperor Hong-Ti, who, they say, was a grandson of Noah. Some of their historians refer the invention of it to a later date, 1115 B.C. The *flour-de-lis* was made the ornament of the northern radius of the compass in honour of Charles of Anjou, whose device it was, and who was the reigning King of Sicily at the time of this great discovery.

A TRAVELLER.—An excellent anti-attrition mixture may be made by working one pound of plumbago (black lead) into four pounds of hog's-lard or tallow. This applied to wheels, spindles, or machinery will greatly prevent friction.

T. GURNEY.—Very fine *lemonade* may be made by slicing four good lemons, adding four ounces of lump sugar, and pouring upon them one quart of boiling water. Cover up close till cold. A cheaper form is the following:—one ounce of cream of tartar, two lemons sliced, six ounces of moist sugar, two quarts of boiling water.

W. J. TUCK.—A *toxophilite* is a lover of archery. The term is derived from two Greek words, signifying a bow or arrow, and a lover.

KATE.—See the foregoing.

TOXOPHILITE (2).—You certainly have no ground of complaint against your master. Your own inadvertence in giving a receipt before you obtained the money, placed you in the difficulty of which you complain.

E. W. A. J. D., H. E. H., ROSE BUD, M. M. C., FUTITIA, VOLO-MILES-ESSE, W. H. G. L., R. E., EVANGELINE HAMILTON, FRANCES.—It is against the laws of decorum to "redeem a forfeit" in the manner you mention.—In addressing a person, neither stare nor cast down your eyes; adopt the medium.—An improving book is the present we recommend.—Lovers should clear up misunderstandings as soon as possible. If the gentleman will not take the first step the lady should do so.—A lady should not accept a gentleman's portrait if he is not her suitor, unless on very intimate terms with the family.—A gentleman engaged to one sister, need not make the other a present on her wedding; but if he is disposed to give the bride anything, let it be a pretty work-box.—Let the lady enter church first. After the service, do not look about to recognise friends till you have left the sacred edifice.—"M. M. C." should avoid the gentlemen of whom she speaks, and advertise for a place where a good penwoman would be required.—"Evangeline" must improve herself before she undertakes the situation of a governess. A moderate knowledge of French and music suffices where the pupils are very young.

S. P. and W. G., JEMIMA, LARKY GRIGG, CLEVELAND, MISS S. ROVER.—We advise you on no account to leave home yet. Consult us some time hence, when by your letter you can show some advancement in education.—"Jemima" must write the word thus—"Bridesmaid." The other question should be addressed to Mr. J. F. Smith.—Those who have tender feet may harden them by washing them in salt and water.—We have no confidence in the sincerity or firmness of the attachments of young gentlemen and ladies of ten years old.—"Miss S. Rover's" hair is of a light pretty brown.

AN IGNORANT GIRL may become learned in French by studying the "French Lessons" published in this paper. Sir Frederic Thesiger was raised to the rank of Lord Chancellor by the title of Baron Chelmsford. The gordin knot which excites your curiosity was so named from the following incident in ancient history. Gordius, of Phrygia Major, being raised from the plough to the throne, placed the harness or furniture of his wain and oxen in the temple of Apollo, tied in such a knot that the monarchy of the world was promised to him that could untie it. Alexander tried in vain to do so. At length he cut it with his sword.

X. Y.—If you can settle the affair in any other manner, avoid a law-suit. Take warning by the law-suit between Talbot and Lisle v. Berkely. This law-suit was continued by the heirs of the parties concerned, and lasted one hundred and twenty years. Only look at a house in *Chancery*, and learn prudence. Law-suits are good things for lawyers, seldom so for their clients:

"A shell to each I do decree,
The oyster is the lawyer's fee."

EMMA.—We can quite understand your anxiety respecting your bird. Are you sure there are no insects in the cage or the drawers? Evidently your parrot is ill. For sick birds, generally, bread and milk with canary seed boiled in it is recommended. A little refined liquorice in the water is also thought advisable; and to keep away vermin put a little bag of sulphur inside the cage.

IDA MAY, T. M. C., LILLIAN, C. DASHWOOD.—It is not necessary to introduce to each other those ladies who meet at your house in a morning call. You must wait till the lady bows to you; when she has done so, your duty is to make the first move towards a meeting.—At the altar the lady stands at the gentleman's left side. Under other circumstances, she may stand at his right or left indiscriminately, and take his right or left arm with equal propriety.—You must make this distinction—with some prefixed, the word is *cheese*; with a number before it, *cheeses*.

A GERMAN.—Yes, we do think we are still improving. The progress of national intelligence—particularly that of the female population—is instanced by recent reports of the Postmaster-General, showing an immense increase in the circulation of letters. Now, as ladies are so fond of letter-writing, we repeat that this fact shows an increase of female intelligence, and is indicative of the progress of female intelligence. It seems that the number of letters delivered during the last year in England, Scotland, and Ireland, is about 504 millions, showing an increase of 428 millions over the year previous to the introduction of the penny postage. It is a curious fact, that the total number of letters posted in the gigantic Russian empire in the year 1855, was about equal to the number posted during the same period in the single town of Manchester and its suburbs.

DAISY.—We attribute the habit you complain of—namely, that of unintentionally talking to yourself—to absence and listlessness of mind. Arouse your thoughts by reading interesting books, and peruse attentively the "Hopes and Helps for the Young" published in this paper.

LOVE AND TRIALS.—You may certainly consider yourself free, if you can prove that indifference has caused the gentleman's protracted silence.

ALISON GREIG.—For an offensive breath, take of the concentrated solution of chloride of soda from two to five drops in a wine-glassful of pure spring water. Swallow the mixture every morning.

M. A. T. G.—As the gentleman has not fulfilled his engagement, you are free from yours; but we advise you to give your lover a few months' grace, that you may ascertain the cause of his non-appearance.

ANXIOUS.—"Anxious" should take the first opportunity of showing her cold-hearted suitor that she is as indifferent to him as he is to her.

AN INVALID.—We advise you to avoid new cheese; it is much less wholesome than old cheese; a little of which, say a tea-spoonful, is rather beneficial than otherwise, supposing you take it scraped.

T. M. B.—It is said that the first Christian church erected in England was at Glastonbury, about A.D. 60. The first Sunday-school was founded by Ludwig Hacker, between the years 1740 and 1747, at Ephrata, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. The first Sunday-school in England was instituted at Gloucester, by Robert Raikes, about 1782. Of the opening of the first day-school in England we have no record.

JACOBUS.—A cheerful circle of young people may derive much entertainment from any of the three following games:—Musical Magnetism; How, When, and Where? or Proverbs. Musical Magnetism is simple enough. One of the company takes her seat at the piano, another leaves the room, in the meantime some small object is hidden with the knowledge of all the company, excepting the absent individual, who, on his return to the room, is directed to the discovery of the hidden object by the sound of the music; the tones becoming louder and louder as he approaches what he seeks. In How, When, and Where, each member of the company leaves the room; during his absence a word is fixed on, and when he comes back he is to discover what this word is by the answers he receives to the question (put to every one present in succession), How do you like it? When do you like it? Where do you like it? Proverbs also render the departure of one of the company necessary. Of course, each goes in his turn, while the company fix on a well-known proverb. It should be rather a short one. The absentee on returning may, in order to find out the proverb, ask any question he likes of the members of the company, who should sit in a semi-circle, and be questioned in rotation. It is incumbent in answering, that each individual should give successively one word of the proverb chosen, but this word may be mixed up with other subjects in the funniest manner possible in order to puzzle the questioner.

CARUS.—We are not surprised at your getting into so many scrapes for lying in bed so late. Take the advice of the great Duke of Wellington, and "Let the first turn in the morning be a turn out."

MERRY.—Since you only contracted your present marriage after seven years had elapsed without your hearing anything of your first husband, you cannot (should he chance to return) be indicted for bigamy.

PHILOMUND.—A twelvemonths' courtship is a bad thing for the lady if it leads to nothing satisfactory. We think under the circumstances you might be sued.

ONE WHO IS ANXIOUS TO GET ON.—1. Mix more with society and you will gradually grow out of your habit of blushing. 2. We are much obliged for your good wishes.

NELLY G.—The use of vinegar would, probably, reduce your size; but it would, no doubt, seriously injure your health, and possibly abridge your life. A spare diet, simple fluids, regular and constant exercise, however painful it may be at first, are the safest and best rules with which we are acquainted.

A YOUNG BANKER'S CLERK.—The discoverer of the gold-fields in Australia was Mr. E. H. Hargraves, a man of extraordinary energy of character, the son of a lieutenant in the Sussex Militia. Having previously visited San Francisco, he had reason to believe, from circumstances, that gold might be found in Australia. He made trial, and found some. This was in 1851. He communicated his discovery; and the results are now pretty well known.

D. D. DUNCE.—To cut off the entail is to prevent the property from coming into the possession of those for whom it was intended by the original donor. This can only be done by the tenant in tail, and not by the tenant for life. The tenant for life has no power of alienating the property without the consent of the tenant in tail, who, to give that consent, must be of full age. Illegitimate children can take property bequeathed to them; they are neither the heirs-at-law, nor the personal representatives of any who preceded them.

R. W. had better apply to a philosophical instrument maker.

MARY B.—You may impart a fine orange yellow colour to your silks, and in a lesser degree, by the use of the following preparation:—Cut some roll annatto into small pieces, and boil it with an equal weight of pearlash; then dilute it with water to the strength you wish. Immerse the articles, previously rinsed in clean water, in the dye, and give them a good boil; then drain them out, and rinse them well in clean water.

CIUDAD RODRIGO.—We can only account for the illusions in colour by supposing some defect in your organs of vision.

F. P. R. X.—We fear you will not be able to recover a farthing. We know of no such lecturer or dispensary.

A SCHOOL-GIRL.—Your suggestion will not be lost sight of.

A HARD-UP AND ILL-USED PAIR.—You will find plenty of receipts for nice, cheap, and nourishing food in the "Matron"—a chapter on domestic economy—which appears weekly in this paper.

A. M. A. M. C.—If you arranged the affair for ten pounds you can make no further claim. Of a child not born in wedlock the mother is the sole guardian.

MARIA MATHEWS.—You must prove a will within the year to avoid penalties; but your having neglected to do so does not invalidate the document.

SAM.—Lucifer matches are so named on account of lucifer being derived from the two Latin words, *lux*, light, and *fero*, I bear.

FIRST LOVE.—You cannot sue a gentleman for a breach of promise on account of an offer made when he was a minor.

J. WILLIAMS.—We cannot say who would be willing to publish your poems.

PADMAM.—*Ambulant* means walking about.

JUNIOR.—The salary of the Lord Chancellor is £10,000, with a retiring pension of £4,000.

* * We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER LIX.

It often falls in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne by wrong,
Through avarice, or power, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong;
But justice, though her doom she do prolong,
Yet at the last will her own cause right.

SPENCER.

THERE are many crimes frequently committed in the world, which justice either cannot or will not reach; but in neither case is it to be supposed that the perpetrator escapes scot free—far from it. When human justice fails to strike the blow, the hand of Providence

supplies its place; and reaches the criminal through the workings of his conscience, the disappointment of the hopes for which he sinned, or the indifference which follows the realisation of them; proving how worthless is the thing to attain which he has paid the price of self-respect, untroubled sleep, and the world's good opinion.

Although Andrew Silex had, as we have seen, succeeded in ridding himself both of his brother and nephew—for no better reason than that the one was troublesome, and the second likely to become so—he was far from feeling happy. Age pressed upon him; he began to count his years, and the probability of living to enjoy the promised recompense, for which he had plunged into crime, and violated the tie of nature. The affair of Jack gave him the deepest concern; the threat of the poor boy frequently rang in his ears—that he should live to return and thank him.

He frequently heard it in the lone hour of the night, when his head pressed an uneasy pillow. In

the old oak parlour where he loved to sit and count his hoards, a voice would sometimes echo it.

Decidedly, Andrew Silex was not a happy man: he had so long been prosperous in his career of villainy, that even success began to be indifferent to him.

A few days after the interview described in the preceding chapter, just as he was about to quit the Home Farm on his weekly visit to Tiverton, a chaise and pair drove up to the door, and a gentleman and lady alighted.

The old man felt surprised, for he received few visitors.

"Can we see the steward of Sir Norman Boothroyd?" demanded Major Hawley, for it was no other than the comrade of poor Allan.

"I am Mr. Silex," answered Andrew.

The inquirer placed a letter in his hand.

Whilst he is reading it, we will describe the persons of his visitors.

The major was a tall, military-looking man, of



ANDREW SILEX AND HIS VISITORS.

about five-and-forty years of age. Long years of service under an Indian sun had bronzed his features to a hue which imparted additional sternness to their naturally stern expression. There was great decision both in his eyes and lips: the former were gray and piercing, the latter thin, and closely compressed.

Mrs. Major Hawley was a very little woman, with a wasp-like figure, and a countenance so full of life and animation, that it was only by a great stretch of imagination those who beheld her could imagine she ever indulged in sleep. Her eyes (a woman's character may generally be read in her eyes) were small, but so black and piercing that at times their glance became positively painful, and would have been embarrassing but for the strong expression of benevolence and good nature which every one might read in them,—that is to say, when the feelings of their owner were not excited by scorn, indignation, or suspicion of unworthiness; then, as we before observed, their glance became really embarrassing and insupportable.

Whilst Andrew Sillex was reading the letter of Sir Norman, which, we scarcely need state, her ladyship had dictated, the aforesaid eyes were fixed upon him with a very peculiar expression.

The lady was summing him up, and the result did not appear to be very favourable.

Avaling ourselves of our privilege as an author, we shall read the letter at the same time as the steward.

It ran thus:—

"Mr. Sillex,—The bearer of this, Major Hawley, a friend of my deceased brother, Allan Boothroyd, late of the Punjab Horse, has very much surprised me by informing me that my poor brother was married in India."

The old man had got thus far when he cast a dissatisfied glance under his spectacles at the bearer of the missive.

"A witness," he mentally ejaculated.

"The gentleman further states that the child which the unfortunate man, Barney Gee, brought to St. Faith's with him, and which my lady informs me his brother, Simon Gee, and Hester, his wife, took charge of, is my niece."

"He must be mad," mentally ejaculated the steward, "to write thus."

"Unfortunately he has no proofs of this."

The reader breathed more freely.

"You will assist him by every means in your power to discover whether Barney Gee left any papers in the hands of his family, or any other person. Should legal assistance be necessary, send for my lawyer, Marshall, from Exeter. Although it will prove an expense to provide for, and establish my niece, in the event of her proving to be such—for Allan died, as he lived, exceedingly poor—still, Lady Boothroyd and myself are both anxious and willing to do our duty."

"As the major appears a very excellent person, although a little brusque in his manner, you will pay him every attention; and, the hall being let, offer him the hospitality of the Home Farm."

"Well," said the gentleman, in a tone of impatience, as the reader, after twice perusing the letter, folded it carefully, and placed it in his huge black leather pocket-book, "what do you say?"

"That I don't believe a word of it," replied Andrew. "The girl was no more Allan Boothroyd's daughter than she was mine."

"How do you know?"

"Simon Gee and Hester, his wife, both acknowledged and adopted her as their niece; and they are poor."

"Well?"

"Would they have done so without proof?"

"That remains to be seen," observed Mrs. Major Hawley, for the first time breaking silence; "I can set the doubt at rest in a few minutes. Take me to their cottage; show me the girl. I was present at her birth; if she is my Lillian, she has a mark under her right ear—a ruby spot no larger than the blossom of a poppy flower."

"Well, that is singular," said the steward, "and unfortunate at the same time, for that would have decided the question."

"What is unfortunate?" demanded the major.

"That the child should have been stolen from the cottage of Barney and his wife, by gipsies, it is supposed, only a few weeks after her arrival."

"Stolen!" repeated Mrs. Hawley.

"And has never since been heard of."

"Don't believe a word of it!" exclaimed the lady, in a tone of disappointment. "If Lillian has been stolen, it has not been by gipsies."

"By whom, then?" said Mr. Sillex, with provoking calmness.

"Those who had an interest in making away with her."

"And who might they be? I know of no such persons. The child of Allan Boothroyd," he added, deliberately, "would have been dependent on the charity of her uncle and aunt; and persons of their rank don't generally involve themselves in crime to get rid of relations who are beggars. They must have some interest."

"Pride," pronounced the lady.

Mr. Sillex only smiled.

"Besides," she continued, "I am far from being convinced that the daughter of Allan would have been so poor as you describe. His brother has no male heir."

"But he has a daughter," observed the steward.

"The estates are large."

"They go with the title."

"That would depend upon the will of the late baronet."

At this home-thrust Mr. Sillex felt that it would be advisable to change his tactics. Evidently the speaker was not a person to be put off lightly. He did not half like her tone and manner whilst addressing him, and still less the glance of her very peculiar dark eyes.

"All this, madam," he said, "is no concern of mine. I have only to carry out the instructions of Sir Norman, which are to afford you every assistance in your inquiries, and offer you the hospitality of the Home Farm."

"Assistance!" repeated the lady, disdainfully, "after sending us down here upon a fool's errand!"

"That was not my master's fault."

"How do you make that out?"

"He never heard, I dare be bound, that there was such a person as the child of Barney Gee—for so I must still call her—in the place, for he was ill at the time."

"But his wife knew it," replied the major.

"Oh, yes. Her ladyship offered to send her to her own school, but Simon and Hester refused to part with her; which makes me think they had good reasons for knowing the truth of her being their niece or not."

"And you believe Lady Boothroyd never heard of Lillian's being stolen?"

"I feel certain that she never did," answered the man. "I never thought it worth while to trouble her about such a trivial circumstance, and she has no correspondents at St. Faith's."

"Trivial circumstance!" repeated his visitors.

"Supposing that the girl is not their niece."

"And supposing that she is?"

"Why, then it would be a widely different affair," answered the steward, "for they would be obliged to take charge of her, educate, and provide for her. They could not, for the sake of the family name, suffer her to live upon the charity of a poor weaver; and what is more, they would not, little love as there was between the two brothers."

"I can believe in your master's pride," observed Mrs. Major Hawley, with a certain amount of bitterness, for she recollected the story poor Allan had frequently related to her of his unnatural treatment of him.

"But not his generosity," observed the steward.

"No."

It was no wonder that with this opinion, neither husband nor wife condescended to accept the hospitality of the Home Farm, which Mr. Sillex was not very anxious to press upon them. He had a natural dislike to visitors, and only offered it in compliance with the express directions of Sir Norman.

So, instead of becoming his guests, the worthy couple directed the postboys to drive to the village, to the "King's Arms," where they ultimately installed themselves for a few days; and almost immediately after their arrival sent for Simon Gee and his wife Hester to visit them.

"I wish Marshall were here," muttered the steward, as he saw them depart. "They are likely to prove troublesome customers, and it will require a lawyer to deal with them. I must send off one of the men with a note to him, and give up my own journey to Tiverton; it won't do for me to be out of the way whilst they remain."

With this intention he returned to the house, and seated himself in his sanctum to write the note proposed. Just as he was about to seal it there was a gentle tap at the door of the room.

"Come in," cried the old man, impatiently.

The housekeeper made her appearance.

"Well, what is it?" demanded her master, in no very amiable mood; for when out of temper, even Margaret felt it.

"You are writing to Marshall?" she replied.

"I have written to him."

"Uselessly."

"How do you know?"

"Because he has just alighted at the door."

Andrew Sillex started from his chair at the intelligence, and, after looking carefully round, to see that no private papers were lying about—for he knew the prying disposition of the lawyer—directed the woman to show him into the oak parlour, saying that he would see him there.

The woman looked surprised: it was the first time, since she had resided at the farm, she had ever known Andrew Sillex receive any one in that particular room.

In a few minutes Mr. Marshall made his appearance. He was a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, about fifty years of age, with an air of well-to-doishness in the world which a mere casual observer might very naturally mistake for great respectability. After the usual compliments had passed between them, the new-comer took a seat, for he felt tired with his ride.

"You were about to send for me," he observed.

"How did you know that?" demanded the master of the Home Farm, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Your housekeeper told me so."

"She had better have minded her own business," was the ungracious rejoinder; "I don't like any one to interfere with mine. But I was about to send for you."

"And may I ask the reason?—to make your will, perhaps. You are right, my dear sir, decidedly right. No one can tell what may happen; not that I wish to alarm you, but you are not looking so well, that is to say, quite so well as your friends—and I include myself in the list of them—could wish."

"My will has been made already," answered the steward, dryly, "and I have not the slightest intention of changing the disposition I have made of my property; not that I have much to leave, for I am a poor man, Mr. Marshall, a very poor one, whatever the world may say to the contrary."

The lawyer smiled, and although the possessor of a very excellent practice, mentally wished that he was half as rich.

"I say that I am poor!" added the old man, vehemently. "You ought not to be weak enough to believe the stories which the fools of St. Faith's tell respecting my supposed wealth."

"No doubt greatly exaggerated by them," observed his visitor.

"I should think it was."

"But still considerable, my dear sir, very considerable; for you have always been a careful man."

"Well, there is no crime in that."

"Decidedly not," replied the lawyer; "but since I cannot be useful to you in the making of your will, perhaps you will be kind enough to inform me on what point I can offer my services."

"It's on Sir Norman's account."

"Indeed! he generally instructs me himself," observed the lawyer, not altogether pleased at receiving the orders of his wealthy client through another channel than the original one.

"And now you must be content to receive them through me," observed the old man, with a broad grin, which displayed his shark-like teeth; "not that the affair is very important."

"You must leave me to judge of that. The law, my dear sir, beautiful and simple as it is in principle, has certain complexities and difficulties in practice which none but an experienced hand can disentangle. I have known many a man's property placed in jeopardy from the neglect of what he considered, and what perhaps at first was a mere trifle."

"But Sir Norman's property," answered Andrew Sillex, who loved to play with the impatience of the speaker, "is not in jeopardy."

"Difficult to say, very."

The old man handed him the letter. Mr. Marshall read it carefully over, and then perused it again; but the second time he made only a pretence of reading it, for his keen, ferret-like eyes, instead of resting on the page, glanced over his spectacles, and scrutinised the countenance of the steward: not that he could read much there; his features were quite as impassible as his own.

"I wish I could read all that is passing in the brain of that old dissembler," thought the man of law. "It would offer me a clue to a mystery I have long sought; but it's no use trying to pump him: he is as impenetrable as the granite and suspicious as a fox."

The gentleman came to this conclusion after long experience. He had frequently made the attempt to pump the occupant of the Home Farm, and failed.

"What is to be done in this affair?" he asked.

"I thought you were to advise me," replied Andrew.

"Hem! Certainly—yes, but to advise, I must be in possession of all the particulars of the case."

"Haven't you read them?"
"I have read the letter," was the reply of the man of law: "but you, no doubt have private instructions for me?"

"Not one."
 "That is singular."
 "No, it is not," said the steward, with a broad grin, "and for the simple reason that there is no mystery to conceal, and consequently no instructions to give. If the child in question should prove the daughter of Allan Boothroyd, we are quite ready to recognise her."

"We," repeated the lawyer, with a marked accent on the plural pronoun.
 "When I say we, I mean Sir Norman and his lady."

"Exactly so!"
 Andrew took up the county paper and pretended to read it; he was tired of being cross-examined by his visitor.

"And where is this girl?" inquired Mr. Marshall.
 "How can I tell?"
 "That is singular."

"Not in the least, seeing that the gipsies stole her a few days after her arrival in St. Faith's, from the cottage of Simon Gee, the weaver."
 "Gipsies stole her!" repeated Marshall, emphatically.

"I told you so."
 "And upon what proof do you assert that they were gipsies?"
 "Common report."

"Is seldom correct," observed the lawyer, dryly.
 "Perhaps not," replied the old man, impatiently.
 "But I question if it is more liable to err than that restless, meddling suspicion which discovers a mystery in a mouse trap—crime in the simplest actions of life. I begin to tire of this. Why don't you speak out plainly, instead of beating about the bushes, and ask me at once whether *we* (I use the plural advisedly this time) have anything to fear from the inquiries of this Major Hawley and the prying curiosity of his wife, who appears ten times more curious than her husband?"

"Because—"
 "You think I am not prepared to answer it?"
 "Perhaps so."
 "Well, then, I am prepared. We have nothing either to conceal or fear; but we have the possibility of an imposition to guard against, and that is why I was about to send for you. If you find the proofs of the girl's identity sufficiently clear, we are prepared at once to acknowledge her, that is, *when she is found*."

"Hem!" said the lawyer, clearing his throat by a preliminary cough. "At last I clearly understand yours and Sir Norman's wishes."

"It took a deuced long time to make you comprehend them," growled the angry Mr. Sillex; "but it's like you lawyers: if you perceive a mole-hill at a distance, you are sure to magnify it into a mountain."

"Sometimes, Mr. Steward, sometimes," replied Marshall, good humouredly. "Don't be too hard upon the profession. It has done your master good service, especially in the affair of the entails."

"In what!" exclaimed the old man, turning exceedingly pale.

"The affair of the entails."

"Why, you don't mean that he has—"
 "Suffered fine and recovery; and consequently cut off the entails upon Meldown Park and the adjoining estate. Bless me," he added, "were you not aware of the circumstance?"

Mr. Sillex was not aware of it.
 "True," continued the speaker, "Sir Norman recommended secrecy; but how could I suppose for an instant that the caution was intended to apply to you?"

"How, indeed!" muttered the steward, bitterly.
 "You will not betray me?"

"Why should I?" demanded the occupant of the Home Farm, who suppressed his feelings of resentment and mortification by a violent effort. "What can it possibly signify to me that Sir Norman has cut off the entail of my old master's estate? I am not one of the heirs. I have no interest, either in future expectation or present—certainly not. No doubt," he added, "but he acted by the advice of my lady."

"No doubt," repeated the lawyer. "Rather a remarkable person, Lady Boothroyd; in fact, I might say, very remarkable."

"You might."

"Do you know that I once formed a very different opinion of her—thought her a quiet, soulless creature without an opinion, energy, or will of her own; but I was greatly deceived."

"Greatly," groaned Andrew Sillex.

"She is a master spirit."
 "She is an ungrateful, manœuvring woman," exclaimed the steward, bitterly; "and has laboured to deprive me of the confidence of her husband. But she will fail, as others have failed before. I tell you, Marshall," he added, "that the disentailing process you have described, is worthless, absolutely worthless; and you will have to go through the entire proceedings again."

"Why so, my dear sir?"
 "Because my consent is first necessary, and will not be given till—"

He hesitated, unwilling to complete the phrase.
 "He is first settled with," thought the lawyer. "I imagined as much."

"Let us start for the village," added Mr. Sillex. "Do your best in this affair, sift the evidence to the utmost; and that done, we will speak further—perhaps on the affair of the entail."

"As you please, my dear sir, as you please," answered Mr. Marshall. "I shall feel only too happy to serve you. Never do anything without the advice of your lawyer," he added, "never."

"For the future I will not."

CHAPTER LX.

But truth shall yet be heard—no human power
 Can stifle or corrupt her purposes.—CRÆON.

No sooner was it rumoured in St. Faith's that a gentleman and lady had arrived at the King's Arms, and were making inquiries respecting the lost Lillian, than an unusual degree of excitement took place. The village, since the departure of the family from the hall, had enjoyed several years of such profound quiet, that the change was welcomed with pleasure.

"Truth will out," observed one.
 "I always thought the mystery would be cleared up," added a second.

A third pointed towards the hall, and shook his head knowingly.

Meanwhile, Simon Gee and his wife, who had been sent for by the major, were both seated in the parlour of the "King's Arms." The old weaver was a little nervous at first, but the kind tone in which the questions were put to him, to say nothing of the presence of his strong-minded helpmate, soon placed him at his ease.

"You say that your late brother arrived on New Year's eve," began the major, "now four years since."

"That is the time exactly, sir."

"At what hour did he arrive?"

"Midnight. I was waiting for my comrades to ring the old year out and the new one in. I am sure," he added, "that I shall never forget the surprise poor Barny's sudden appearance gave me."

"Had he the child with him?"

"Wrapped in his cloak, sir."

"Did he state whose child it was?" demanded Mrs. Major Hawley.

"His own, of course."

"In express words?"

"Well," replied the old man, "I couldn't swear that he said so in express words, but of course it must have been his—whose else could it have been? Besides, it was so very like him; was it not, Hester?"

The honest woman, put upon her veracity, could not confirm the opinion of her husband, much as she would like to have done so.

"I can't say that," she replied; "the pretty creature had not Barny's nose or eyes. In fact, I always supposed that she resembled her mother, who, no doubt, was some foreign lady."

"And why do you suppose her to have been a lady?" demanded the major's wife, seizing with ready tact upon the word.

"Because Lilly was such a singular child."

"And do none but ladies have singular children?"

"Ay, but she had been so accustomed to be waited upon. Whenever she desired anything, she looked surprised if it was not brought to her; and when brought, took it as a matter of course. Poor people's children don't do that—at least, not in St. Faith's."

The major and his lady exchanged glances. Probably they recognised in the peculiarity some trait of their lost god-daughter.

At this moment Mr. Thornton, farmer Minter, Marshall, the lawyer, and Andrew Sillex, were announced; and the inquiry, from the presence of the magistrate, assumed almost a legal form.

"Did Sir Norman Boothroyd ever see the child?" continued the gentleman.

"Never, sir," answered Simon; "he was ill at the time."

"But Mr. Sillex and her ladyship did," added Hester, "and he will tell you what a pretty creature she was. Poor Lilly! every one loved her—she was the pet of the village."

"That she was," exclaimed farmer Minter, bluntly. "My dame grieved for her as if she had been one of her own. A curse upon the bad, heartless wretches who stole her!"

A deep "Amen!" broke from all present.

"And what said her ladyship?"

"Oh! she was very kind and affable, as she always is to the poor," answered the wife of Simon Gee. "Every one knows that if my lady had her way things would have been very different at St. Faith's; but, poor thing, she hadn't a spirit of her own—Sir Norman ruled her in everything."

Here the steward and the lawyer smiled.

"She offered to place Lilly in her school," continued the speaker; "but we didn't like to let her go there."

"Why not?"

"Simon and I didn't want to part with her."

"Would it not have been for her advantage?"

"We loved her, sir."

This was the only answer which could be wrung from Hester Gee. The fact was, she had no other motives to assign for having declined the patronising offer of the lady of the manor.

"And did she appear offended at your refusal?"

"No, sir."

Here Simon coughed, to remind his wife of a little circumstance which she seemed to have forgotten. The quick ear of Mrs. Hawley detected the peculiar note; probably she had frequently uttered it herself, for she, too, was a great tactician in household management, which, as a matter of course, includes every species of conjugal telegraphing.

"Do speak out, my good man," she exclaimed, "if you have anything to say. You need not look at your wife so earnestly."

"I wanted to remind her," said the weaver, "that after my lady quitted our poor cottage, we both thought she had been a little out of temper."

"That's true," said Hester; "but not at our refusal to part with Lilly—it was at a foolish observation of mine."

"Will you repeat that observation?" asked Mr. Thornton, for the first time breaking silence. "You will excuse my interference, sir," he added, addressing himself to the major, "but, at the time of the child's disappearance, I felt great interest in the affair, and did my best to unravel it."

"That you did," exclaimed all present.

The gentlemen shook hands, and exchanged cards. "Well, gentlemen, having no children of my own, it was only natural that I should feel proud and fond of Lilly," resumed Hester Gee, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron. "I am sure, the cottage has been lonely enough without her. In my pride I observed that Lilly's eyes and hair were the exact colour of Miss Alice's."

"And who is Miss Alice?" demanded the major, quickly.

"The daughter of Sir Norman and Lady Boothroyd."

Andrew Sillex bit his lips with vexation, and the lawyer began to think that the affair was not quite so clear as the old man had led him to suppose.

"This is important," said Mrs. Hawley, emphatically, "for the girl whom you supposed the daughter of the soldier, Barny Gee—who, to my certain knowledge, never was married—was in reality the child of Lieutenant Allan Boothroyd."

There was a general exclamation of surprise from all present.

"I was her god-mother," added the speaker.

"And Barny, who served in my regiment," added her husband, "on the death of Allan, with whom he lived several years as servant, was intrusted with Lillian, to bring her to England."

"This explains much," observed the magistrate, "which has hitherto been left in darkness—a motive for the abduction."

"Pardon me," observed the lawyer, blandly, "but it explains nothing of the kind. I see no proof of the gentleman's assertion that the lieutenant ever had either a wife or child."

"I was present at his marriage," said the major.

"And I at the birth of Lilly," added his wife.

"Supposing such to have been the case," resumed Mr. Marshall, "where is the proof that the child Barny brought over was the daughter?"

"I can't think it, gentlemen," muttered Simon Gee; "it must have been my brother's child."

Hester was of the same opinion. It pained her to think that any other had a superior claim to the love of the fair young creature who had succeeded in winding herself so closely round her heart, and whose loss was still so deeply mourned.

"All these are points which a judicial investigation—which, I plainly perceive, must follow this discovery—alone can clear up. The arrival of Major

Hawley and his lady, and the statement they have made, give a new complexion to the affair, by supplying a motive for the abduction."

"You are wrong there," observed Mr. Marshall; "for it would be affectation to affect ignorance of the party at whom your suspicions glance. The daughter of the late Allan Boothroyd, supposing—I say supposing—he left one, would be entirely dependent on the charity of her relatives."

"Is the inheritance of a name nothing?" demanded the major, sternly.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. That was not his affair, he said; he was only present to watch the investigation on the part of Sir Norman Boothroyd, whose instructions had been most liberal.

"Have you any objection to produce them?" demanded Mr. Thornton.

"None whatever."

The baronet's letter to Sillex was publicly read.

"You hear," said Andrew Sillex; "Sir Norman only waits to be convinced that the girl is really his niece, to acknowledge her."

"I don't believe a word of it," replied farmer Minter; "you may remember, sir, at the time the child was stolen, I expressed my suspicion of him."

This was addressed to Mr. Thornton.

"You did," said the worthy magistrate, "and had I known what has this day been stated, my conduct would have been different; I should have directed the searches of the police in another direction."

This observation was received with a loud cheer, and assertions that Mr. Thornton was ever ready to prove himself the poor man's friend.

"You will please to recollect," observed the lawyer, who by this time had lost all confidence in the moral innocence of his client, "that this is not a judicial investigation, and with all due respect to the gentleman who spoke last, I must consider his remarks as extremely out of place and uncalled for."

There was a general call upon the speaker to explain himself.

"Nothing more easy. Mr. Thornton could not act in the affair," answered the man of law, in a tone of confidence.

"Not act!" repeated the major.

"Ridiculous!" said his wife.

"He is a magistrate," cried farmer Minter.

"And a good one," added Simon Gee.

"These are all facts which I am not disposed to deny," continued the legal adviser of Sir Norman, as soon as he could obtain a hearing. "But this is my position, and I defy all the gentlemen of the long robe in Westminster Hall to shake it."

"State it, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Major Hawley. "Pray let us hear your famous position. I should like to have an explanation, vastly."

"In the first place, supposing Lillian to be the child of the deceased Barney Gee—"

"But she was not Barney Gee's child," interrupted the more impatient amongst the crowd, who had gradually assembled in the parlour of the village inn.

"I said supposed," answered the speaker. "There would be no motive; to which I might add, the character of my respected client ought to place him above suspicion. In the next—"

"Aye, let us hear the next!" shouted several.

"If Lillian is the daughter of his late brother, Lieutenant Allan Boothroyd, Sir Norman, as her uncle, is her only legal guardian, and, consequently, would be perfectly justified in removing her from the care of these, no doubt, very excellent persons, who could have no legal rights over her."

The proposition was so clear, that even the most violent opponents of the baronet were reluctantly compelled to admit it; and a general feeling of disappointment might be traced on the features of all present.

Andrew Sillex began to consider the speaker more favourably than he had hitherto done.

"Evidently a clever fellow," he thought, as he looked round him with an air of triumph.

"As Mr. Marshall has stated, this is neither a magisterial nor a judicial investigation," observed Mr. Thornton; "it will be useless, therefore, to discuss it further. But if your client is not legally responsible for his conduct in this affair to the inhabitants of St. Faith's, he is morally responsible; and I, for one, shall feel most delighted at seeing him come free from imputation."

"He can't," said farmer Minter, in a tone of bitterness.

"That remains to be seen," returned the lawyer. "I am sorry to observe," he continued, "the feeling which still prevails against your landlord. I should have thought, after the generosity of his conduct in the affair of his manorial rights over the common, a better state of things might have been expected; but I will not touch upon that subject further."

"He had not a leg to stand upon," shouted several of the tenants.

"Forced to give them up," added others.

"This is the case: in the first place, produce the girl whom you state to be the niece of Sir Norman."

"You know he can't," replied the major's lady, bitterly.

"In the next, prove her to be the daughter of the deceased Lieutenant Allan Boothroyd."

"And what then?"

"My client will not only acknowledge but receive her into his family, and act by her as the tie between them calls upon him to act," answered the lawyer. "If, after this plain statement, you persist in your ill-opinion, I shall only observe that you have made up your minds from prejudice and not from proof."

"You have hit it rightly," observed the steward; "but they were always an evil-minded, dissatisfied race. You know," he added, appealing to those present, "that when Sir Norman was in the wrong, I blamed him as freely as any one could; but now that I know him to be in the right, I feel it is my duty to stand up for him."

"It is evident," said Major Hawley, "that the affair cannot end here. On my return to London, I shall take counsel's opinion upon the subject. In the meantime, I have one more question to ask."

There was instantly silence in the room.

"Did Barney Gee leave any papers behind him?"

"Only his discharge from the army," replied Simon, "which I have kept by me ever since. His enemies said he had deserted."

"And no others were found?"

"None."

The major sat down with an air of disappointment. "Oh, that I could only recollect the last words of poor Barney," thought the farmer. "But it be no use trying."

The next day the major and his lady, sadly disappointed in the result of their visit, left St. Faith's and returned to London.

CHAPTER LXI.

Sincerity, thou first of virtues, let
No mortal leave thy onward path.

ADDISON.

GREATLY as Major Hawley and his wife felt mortified by the result of their visit to St. Faith's, neither of them were persons to sit quietly down under their disappointment; on the contrary, it stimulated them to increased exertion. They both suspected foul play had been used to conceal from the eyes of the world the daughter of Allan Boothroyd, and determined to take legal advice.

By a singular coincidence, the lawyer, whom the major's agent recommended, proved to be no other than our reader's old acquaintance, Mr. Morton.

"The statement you have made has greatly interested me," he observed, "for I know something of the Boothroyd family, although I have never been professionally concerned for them; but my predecessor—the gentleman to whose business I succeeded—made the will of the late baronet."

"Which left his younger nephew with no other dependence than his sword," observed the lady, indignantly; "an unnatural old—but then, he was a bachelor," she added, as if in that word all human iniquities were comprised.

"The estates, I know, went with the title," answered the lawyer, with a smile. "But if I remember rightly there was a codicil."

"Cannot the fact be ascertained?" demanded the major.

"I should think it might; the party who drew it is still living. I will see him—that shall be my first step; as in the event of any bequest, contingency, or reversion in favour of Allan or his descendants, a motive would be supplied; at present I can discover none."

"You must be very blind then," said Mrs. Major Hawley, dryly. "Pride!"

"Selfishness," added her husband.

"I mean tangible motives, such as the law would recognise," said Mr. Morton. "Our next proceeding must be to issue advertisements, offering a reward for any clue to the lost child."

"In the Devonshire papers?" suggested his new client.

"I have more faith in the London ones," replied the lawyer; "for although the actual abduction took place in the country, rely upon it the child was brought to London to be disposed of. Consider the facilities which our overgrown metropolis presents either for crime or its concealment."

At the word crime, Mrs. Major Hawley turned pale. Childless herself, her heart clung with fond affection to the memory of her god-daughter.

"They could never have been so heartless," she exclaimed, indignantly, "as to harm her!"

"Imprudent, you mean," observed her husband. "Neither Sir Norman or his lady appears troubled with much heart."

Mr. Morton mentally thought that the speaker was right.

Every day during the next week the following advertisement appeared in most of the morning and evening papers:—

"One hundred guineas reward will be paid to any person or persons who can afford information respecting the fate of a female child, named Lillian, who was stolen in the year 1847 from the parties with whom she resided at St. Faith's, a village in Devonshire; and an equal sum is hereby offered for the detection of the perpetrator or perpetrators of the crime. The child in question has dark hair and eyes, was rather tall of her age, and at the time of her abduction spoke English imperfectly, having been born in India, from which country she had only lately arrived.—Apply," &c. &c.

Sir Norman and Lady Boothroyd were seated at the breakfast-table, when Alice, struck by the singularity of the advertisement, read it aloud.

Neither of her parents could conceal the confusion and annoyance it caused them.

"Lillian!" repeated the young lady; "surely I must have heard that name before. I recollect, it was the name of the poor soldier's child who—"

Here she suddenly paused, unwilling to pain her father by reminding him of the death of Barney Gee.

"Was shot poaching on the lands of Meldown," said her mother, finishing the sentence for her; "and by his death defeated public justice, for there is little doubt but he murdered the keeper Springthorp."

Alice shuddered, and remained for several minutes absorbed in thought.

"Mamma! mamma!" she suddenly exclaimed, "in what year did we quit Meldown Park?"

"In —," replied her father, who looked upon his departure from his ancestral home as an historical event.

"The very year that—"

"Silence, Alice!" said her ladyship, in an imperative tone; for she felt annoyed that her daughter had not forgotten the adventure in the pavilion at Meldown Park. "Neither Sir Norman nor myself feel sufficient interest in the affair to dwell upon it any further."

Alice obeyed, and alluded to the subject no more. But thought is independent of the will, and she could not help reflecting on the subject seriously and painfully, for the description of Lillian in the advertisement, the foreign words she had heard the prisoner utter, and which the rector had pronounced to be Hindostani, convinced her the child of Barney Gee and the gipsy girl, as her mother had designated her, were the same; and consequently, that her ladyship was a sharer in the crime of her abduction.

Just as Mr. Morton almost despaired of any satisfactory result from the advertisements, he was met one morning on his way to Westminster by a stout, coarse-looking woman, who inquired his name.

The gentleman gave it.

"But are you the lawyer who put the 'tisement in the papers 'bout Lilly?" she demanded.

Mr. Morton eagerly assured her that he was, and requested her to return with him to his office.

"No, no," replied Bet, for the female was no other than the faithless partner of Fiddler Dick, "you don't catch me within four walls. What I have got to say, you must listen to in the street. You want to find Lilly!"

"And will pay for any information, that is to say, authentic information, regarding her," said the lawyer.

"I must have something in hand," observed the woman; then, seeing that Mr. Morton hesitated, she added, "If I hadn't a knowed her, how should I ha' knowed that they called her Lilly?"

"Right," said the gentleman, placing five sovereigns in her hand; "there is an earnest of what you may expect should your information prove of importance."

"Well," said Bet, pocketing the money, "this looks like business. You must find a man named Dexter."

"What is he?"

"A rascal who cheated me out of my bizziness," replied the angry woman, "after my husband met with his misfortune. Lilly was 'prenticed to us to learn the tumbling trade."

Mr. Morton shuddered.

"He said he hadn't got her," she continued; "but I never believed him. Find him; and then, may be, I can tell you more."

"But where am I to seek him?"

"Oh, he is always about, either with a gaff or at the fairs."

"And where, when he is found," added the lawyer, "am I to seek you?"

"I shall turn up," answered Bet.

"Had you not better give me your address?"

"My what?"

"Tell me where you live?"

The woman shuddered; and, drawing her ragged cloak around her, regarded him with an expression of mistrust.

"No, Mr. Lawyer. I ain't such a fool as that! For years I ain't let any living creature know where my home is—if it can be called a home. A dog wouldn't take up its quarters there. But no matter for that; it's safe! He will soon be out," she added, in a low tone.

"He! Of whom are you speaking?"

"My husband—Fiddler Dick!"

"It ought to have been for life," she murmured. "The police deceived me. It ought to have been for life. But I ain't a-goin' to trouble you with that. When you have found Dexter, put another 'tisement in the papers, and I'll come *forwards* agin."

Finding that threats and persuasions were alike powerless to induce the woman to alter her determination, Mr. Morton suffered her to depart; for it was quite evident that she would only give her evidence in her own way.

It was not the first time he had met with such a witness.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

THE ability to express their thoughts in public with clearness and accuracy is exceedingly important to young men. There are many occasions on which they may be under the necessity of speaking in public, and it is highly desirable that they should be prepared for such an event. A few suggestions may, therefore, be usefully introduced here—suggestions of a plain, practical character, on a plain, practical topic.

In public speaking be natural. Study your own disposition, your own capability, the extent of your own physical and mental resources. Attempt nothing that is beyond your reach. Do that which you can do, and beware of exhibiting ignorance or affectation in a vain effort to be profound or eloquent.

Study the disposition of those whom you address. That which may affect, convince, or delight one description of audience, may produce an entirely different effect on another. Consider the capacity of your hearers. That which may be novel and interesting to one class, may be stale and wearisome to another. Above all, consider what is most likely to tell on your audience. An orator, it has been said, should be acquainted with all the avenues to the human heart. It is necessary that he should pursue that avenue which leads most directly to the citadel, and to do so he must take into account the condition of the fortress.

Study to be natural in your voice and manner. Nothing is more offensive to good taste than affectation. Never use art unless you have art enough to conceal it. Be frank, open, and sincere in your manner of delivery, appealing in a manly way to the good sense and good feeling of your audience.

Endeavour to preserve your own composure. The discomfiture of a speaker is distressing to his hearers. A flutter and timidity of spirit—the common weakness of young and inexperienced persons—is a great hindrance both to their pronunciation and invention. No trouble should be accounted too great if it result in overcoming this failing. Assurance and self-command may be attained, and the following hints have been suggested as calculated to superinduce a proper degree of both.

1. To be entire master of your subject, and a consciousness that you deliver to your audience nothing but what is well worth their hearing, will give you a good degree of courage.

2. Endeavour to be wholly engaged in your subject; and when the mind is intent upon, and warmed with it, it will forget that awful deference it before paid to the audience, which was so apt to disconcert it.

3. If the sight of your hearers, or any of them, discomposes you, keep your eyes from them.

Let your pronunciation be exact, and your intonation of voice appropriate to your subject. The best method of attaining both is frequently to listen to those who excel in them. At the same time, guard against adopting the mannerism of any great orator. What is perfectly natural in him must, if it be adopted by imitation, be singularly unnatural in you.

Under the word Pronunciation, the ancient masters of oratory comprehended action as well as speech. A natural and graceful movement renders elocution

impressive; but to be really impressive it must be appropriate. No action is as bad as no emphasis. An affected vehemence of action is as bad as an affected vehemence of voice.

With respect to what really constitutes appropriate action, ancient and modern writers are agreed that the parts of the body to be principally employed are the head, the face, the eyes, the hands, and the upper part of the whole person. There are some actions which require to be avoided, such as a frequent movement of the left hand, extending the hands violently above the head, or, indeed, anything that touches extravagance. But the best plan to be adopted, better than any rule of art, is to eschew the rules of art altogether, and endeavour to be so thoroughly impressed with that which you are uttering as to feel every passion you indicate, witness every scene you describe, firmly believe all you utter,—then your action will become natural and appropriate, and have its due influence on your audience.

Follow the instructions which Hamlet gives to the players, when he cautions them against "mouthing a speech." Says he—"Let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature."

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH. CHAPTER VIII.

"TO-DAY, Robert," said George, "I shall explain to you the meaning of a participle and a preposition. A participle has its name from its participating in the nature of a verb and an adjective. If I ask you to parse, that is, to tell the parts of speech of this sentence, 'A kind relation is loved,' you would at once recollect that *loved* must be a verb. With a pronoun immediately before it, it would be a verb, but after any tense of either of the auxiliary verbs it is a participle. Strange to say, if placed before a noun, *loved* becomes an adjective. Thus, you see that, according to its position, the same word can be an adjective, a verb, or a participle."

"I quite understand that, George," answered Robert; "I only hope that the preposition will not offer any greater difficulty."

"I think it offers less," replied the instructor. "Prepositions are almost all short words, serving to show the relation that things and persons bear to each other. Before you have time to puzzle yourself about prepositions, I'll give you an example of one—'I am near you.'"

"Near is the preposition," said Robert, after a moment's reflection.

"To be sure it is," said George, "and you shall have half-a-dozen more prepositions, with the corresponding French word—"

"Of, *de*; for, *pour*; after, *après*; among, *parmi*; upon, *sur*; against, *contre*."

"Now take your pen and add to your stock of useful words. Begin with the lord of creation."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
A man	Un homme*
A woman	Une femme†
A boy	Un garçon
A girl	Une fille
A child	Un enfant
A bachelor	Un célibataire
A married man	Un homme marié
A married woman	Une femme mariée
A widower	Un veuf
A widow	Une veuve
A father	Un père
A mother	Une mère
The son	Le fils
The daughter	La fille
The sister	La sœur
The brother	Le frère
The elder brother	L'aîné
The younger brother	Le cadet
The twins	Les jumeaux
The grandfather	Le grand-père
The grandmother	La grand-mère
The aunt	La tante
The uncle	L'oncle
The nephew	Le neveu
The cousin (male and female).	{ Le cousin (masculine) La cousine (feminine).

"How I do wish I knew the French of every English word!" exclaimed Robert.

"I wish you did," replied George; "but this knowledge would not suffice to make you a good French scholar, although it would be very useful in its way. When you know French, you will not only adopt French words, but French construction. Some of our commonest sentences would be perfectly ridiculous if literally translated into French. A

Frenchman would smile if you said to him, 'Comment faites vous faites?' for 'How do you do?' We in our turn should be disposed to laugh if he said to us, 'How you carry you?' yet this is the literal translation of 'Comment vous portez-vous?' the correct manner of saying 'How do you do?' in French.

"Good construction, by which I mean placing the words in the right place, belongs properly to syntax, but I mean to give you an *inkling* of it even before you are out of etymology. And another thing that will amuse you, and that I shall direct you to do, is to compare the idioms, or peculiarities, of the two languages. The sentences that you learn by heart in the 'Voyage à Paris' will greatly assist you in French construction, because by habit you will acquire some knowledge of the position of words before rules give the reason for such positions. Have you quite understood all that?"

"Yes, perfectly," said Robert; "but I must tell you I do not comprehend what is the use of the circumflex accent. I have not forgotten that, like the acute and the grave, it always gives the sound of our *a* to the French *e*; but as you tell me sometimes to put it on other vowels besides *e*, I own it puzzles me a little."

"I am glad you have not forgotten what I *did* tell you about accents," answered the teacher. "I will now enter a little more into detail, and I will begin with the puzzler, the circumflex accent. Not only does it give the French *e* the sound of our *a*, but on what vowel soever it is placed, it gives great fullness to the sound of that vowel, because it is used to supply the place of the *s* that was thought necessary by old French writers. If you were to meet with a book written in the time of Louis XIV., you would find *le même* (the same) written *le mesme*, and *tôt* (soon) written *tost*. I should like you now to write down words showing the circumflex accent on every one of the five vowels. Begin with *pâté* (pie); *tête* (head); *dîner* (dinner); *côte* (rib); *brûlure* (burn). So much for the circumflex. The acute accent, or little stroke from right to left (´), and the grave accent, or stroke from left to right (`), have rather different influences. The acute not only renders the *e*—*a*, but also gives it a sharp, short sound. The grave accent also renders the *e*—*a*, but it gives a long, protracted sound. The *e* in *été* (summer) is short and sharp; in *mère* (mother) it is long. The grave accent is applied to *a* when it is used as a preposition; but you must never put it on an *a* used as a verb, thus, *il a* (he has).

"The French use some signs and marks in much the same manner as we do, viz., they apply the note of interrogation (?) to ask a question, and the note of admiration (!) to express surprise, or any sudden emotion of the mind, but the apostrophe (') has with them quite a different office to that to which we chiefly apply it. They do not make it mark possession thus: 'Robert's pen,' 'Your mother's dress.' In French the apostrophe stands in the place of a vowel, and in order that you may very soon see this explained by an example, remark the following, *l'âme*, the soul, instead of *la âme*. The apostrophe is introduced to avoid what in learned language is called a *hiatus*, a harsh pronunciation produced by the sound of one vowel after another."

"We dislike the *hiatus* as much as the French do, and to avoid it we change a into *an* before a vowel; we do not say a angel, but an angel."

"As to the hyphen (-) it serves, as with us, to form a compound word, thus '*dois-je*?' (ought I?) Strange to say, the French sometimes compound a word with two hyphens, in the following manner, '*a-t-il*?' (has he?) In the compound *a-t-il*, the *t* admits of no translation, it is merely introduced to avoid the *hiatus*. The diæresis (¨) in French gives a distinct sound to any vowel over which you may find it placed."

"Now, Robert, we have done with discussions on all those little marks, which puzzled you a good deal when you did not know how they influenced the words. I shall not dictate anything more this morning, for I never wish to overload your memory, and you have ample subject for study till we meet again."

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON VII.

CENTRIFUGAL FORCE (continued).

165. If the hoops (see 164) are made to turn rapidly, what will be the result? They will be flattened at the top and bottom, and bulge out at the middle.

166. If a ball of moist clay, or other yielding material, should be set whirling about an axis, what

* Homme is sounded as *omme* would be in English.

† Femme, as if written *fahm*.

* The French for hyphen is *trait-d'union*.

† For diæresis *diérèse* or *tréma*.

would happen? It would be more or less flattened, in a similar manner.

167. Might it be brought to the form of a flat disc? It might, if the material should be sufficiently tenacious, by making it turn rapidly.

168. How does the potter make use of the centrifugal force to aid him in his useful handicraft?—A piece of clay is placed on a rapidly moving flat wheel, and the clay flattens out in endeavouring to move from the centre; with the aid of his fingers and a little tool, he, with great dexterity, turns cup after cup, and saucer after saucer.

169. How is our common window glass manufactured into sheets?—A mass of molten glass, on an iron rod, is made to turn rapidly round; it spreads out on the table into a thin round plate, from which afterwards are cut different sized panes.

170. It has been ascertained that the earth is somewhat flattened at its poles—what is the explanation of this curious fact?—The earth rotates about an axis, and it took that form under the influence of the centrifugal force, ages ago, when its entire mass was in a fluid state.

171. It is well known that large grindstones, turned rapidly by machinery, are occasionally broken into fragments that fly in every direction—what force is it that produces these violent effects? The centrifugal force. This pulls outward with such energy as to overcome the cohesion between the particles of the stone, and the fragments fly off in a tangent.

172. Why can we not turn a sharp corner when running fast? Because the effort we make is opposed by an energetic centrifugal force.

173. What is the reason that a train of railway carriages, in passing rapidly around a curve on a railroad, is liable to be thrown off the track? The centrifugal force in operation causes the flanges on the outside wheels to press against the outer rails.

174. Why do the circus rider and his horse lean toward the centre of the ring?—To counteract the effect of the centrifugal force. A skater, for the same reason, leans to the inside, when he is describing a curve on the ice.

CENTRE OF GRAVITY.

175. If a rod or cane be placed on the edge of a stationary body, by sliding it along we may find a point about which the weights of the two parts will balance each other; what is this point called?—The centre of gravity of the rod. Every body has its centre of gravity, or point about which, if supported, the body will balance itself in any position.

176. Why has the name centre of gravity been given to this point?—Because the entire weight of the body may be considered as collected, and taking effect there.

177. Illustrate.—The body is drawn down by its weight, just as if a man were pulling downward with a certain force upon a cord attached to its centre of gravity.

STABILITY OF HEAVY BODIES.

178. When is a heavy body said to be STABLE, or to have STABILITY?—When it is so supported that if disturbed from its position, it will fall back again.

179. Give an example.—The pendulum of a clock, or a plumb-line.

180. How is it with a body of any form suspended from a point directly over its centre of gravity, or with bodies standing on their bases?—They are all stable.

181. When is a body said to be UNSTABLE?—When it is poised on a point or edge directly under its centre of gravity; so that if disturbed from its position it will upset.

182. Give another example.—A pole standing on one end; if it be displaced, in the least, from that position, it will upset.

183. How may an upright pole be balanced on the finger, and kept from falling for some time?—By shifting the position of the finger from one side to the other, so as to counteract the tendency to fall.

184. What is the general rule with regard to the movements of a heavy body disturbed from its position of rest?—Its centre of gravity tends to the lowest possible position, and finally settles there.

185. Mention one or two illustrations of this tendency.—The oscillations, to and fro, of the pendulum of a clock, or the similar movements of a swing.

186. In order that a body standing on the level ground may have stability, what is necessary?—That the centre of gravity should be directly over some point of the base of contact.

187. Suppose the centre of gravity overhangs the base?—The body will upset.

188. Does the stability of a body depend on the breadth of its base?—It does; the broader the base the greater the stability.

189. Mention a familiar case in which this principle is applied.—The legs of chairs are commonly spread out below the seat to give them greater firmness and security.

190. Mention other instances of the application of the same principle.—Candlesticks, table lamps, goblets, wine-glasses, and many other articles of household furniture, have stability given to them by a broad foundation.

SALT LAKE CITY AND ITS ENVIRONS.

THIS may not be an inappropriate time to place on record, for future reference, a few memoranda of the curious people whose final extinction the Mormon expedition is likely to achieve. In the year 1830, one Joseph Smith, an idle person, who had lived upon the credulity of his acquaintance, associated himself with other knaves, and pretended to have discovered, through the aid of Divine revelation, the "Book of Mormon," which was a sort of supplement to the Bible. Joseph Smith, like other impostors, found dupes, and planted his new sect at Kirtland, Ohio. From thence they removed to Jackson county, Missouri, where they proposed to remain. Meanwhile, however, their religious tenets had gained wind, and excited strenuous opposition on the part of the religious people residing in that part of the country. The most offensive of the Mormon principles was that which tolerated, if it did not enjoin, polygamy. It would appear, from very fair evidence, that this doctrine was ingrafted upon the Mormon theology in subservience to the licentiousness of its founder. Mistress Joseph Smith was guardian of a family of girls, orphans, who lived in her house. Two of these fell victims to the wickedness of Smith, who, smarting under the just indignation of his wife, adopted polygamy that he might violate the laws of God and man without risk of domestic brawls. The bulk of his followers accepted the demoralising doctrine without demur.

Not so the people of Missouri, who were neighbours of the Mormons. They rebelled against Joe Smith's profanity and licentiousness; and, after a brief struggle, he resolved to remove further west. Nauvoo, in Illinois, was their chosen home. Here the Mormon community lived in prosperity for many years. They built themselves a magnificent temple, and laid out a fair city. Joe Smith was mayor, and, in fact, irresponsible despot. He exercised a power which was inconsistent with the State authority, and carried out doctrines which were abhorrent to the Christians of his neighbourhood. A feud sprung up between the Mormons and the people of the adjacent counties. It culminated in 1844, when both parties came to open warfare, and the chief of the Mormons, Joe Smith, was shot dead by an enraged mob, while in the jail of Carthage.

The sect continued for a brief period to inhabit their home at Nauvoo; but, the animosity of the neighbours being by no means quenched, but rather gaining ground each successive month, the Mormons at last resolved, under the guidance of Brigham Young, Smith's successor, to seek a new home, beyond the authority of the States. In the early part of 1846 the bulk of the Mormon community left Nauvoo. Their first stopping-place was just without the western boundary of the United States, on the borders of the Missouri. Here they inclosed land, planted crops, and spent twelve months in no enviable condition.

In the spring of 1847 Brigham Young dispatched a party to discover a new home, far from the Gentiles, and on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. In July of that year, President Young, with the remainder of the sect, set foot in the Valley of Salt Lake. The site was singularly favourable. It was landlocked on all sides. In winter it was perfectly inaccessible, the passes in the mountain ranges being completely blocked with snow. Though the land was not very fertile, nor the climate as genial as might have been wished, the site was not unfavourable for agricultural operations, or permanent settlement. It possessed the singular advantage of being one thousand miles distant—by a hard and dangerous route—from any civilised establishments.

At a glance Brigham Young detected the advantages of the locality. He had a pretended vision straightway, directing him to build a temple of the Latter-day Saints to the Lord, in a favourable position, on the border of the Wahsatch range. His people, with astonishing credulity, accepted the revelation, and fell to work at once.

That autumn the ground adjacent to the temple was laid out and surveyed. Streets and squares were traced for a large city. Six thousand acres were fenced in, ploughed, and sown. Still, during the

winter of that year, the Mormons so narrowly escaped starvation that they were obliged to tear from the roofs of their huts the skins of wild beasts, with which they had been covered, and to eat them. In the spring, Brigham Young brought reinforcements, and supplies of cattle and provisions; and, by dint of great exertions, the little colony found itself, at the end of a few months, in a self-supporting condition. Grist and saw-mills had been erected; and considerable quantities of grain, melons, potatoes, and corn had been raised. Other settlements had been made, at some little distance from the main city, with every prospect of prosperity. A council house had been erected, and the temple was in a fair way of completion.

Finding himself at length undisputed sovereign of a fine territory, the false prophet now resolved to inaugurate his political régime. He erected the settlement over which he presided, together with the adjacent territory, into an independent commonwealth, by the name of the State of Deseret. He applied to the Congress of the United States for admission to the Union on an equal footing with the other states; and, at the same time, he dispatched trusty emissaries to almost every populous country in the world, to enlist recruits for the cause of Mormonism. He was more successful in the latter than in the former design. He obtained immense accessions of numerical strength for his sect. Hundreds and thousands of dissatisfied persons of both sexes, in the United States, and in almost every country of Europe, professed Mormonism, and sent delegations to Salt Lake City. The stream of emigration was incessant. Men, women, cattle, machinery, stores of every kind, flowed freely into Salt Lake City, and the settlement thrived accordingly. To do Brigham Young justice, the government of the settlement was administered in such a manner as to develop its resources and increase its wealth.

But the State of Deseret was not admitted into the Union. Instead, the Mormon settlement was duly erected into a territory, and a territorial government established. Collisions had already taken place between United States officers and the local authorities. To avoid the recurrence of such accidents, the President appointed the Mormon magistrates United States officers. Brigham Young was commissioned as United States Territorial Governor and Indian Agent. It was a timid avoidance of an ultimately unavoidable collision.

That collision has now come. The Mormons are resolutely determined not to submit to any authorities save those elected by themselves. They have rebelled against the magistrates set over them by the United States; they have expelled the judges, and destroyed the records of their courts. It is said that they have been accessory to the murder of United States citizens. Certain it is that neither life nor property are secure in the territory which they inhabit, and that no redress for injuries perpetrated upon United States citizens can be obtained from the Mormon courts. It is equally certain that, at the present time, the followers of Brigham Young are in open rebellion against the United States, and that by this time they have either surrendered as prisoners of war, or a terrible conflict has ensued between them and the force of United States troops under the orders of General Johnston.

The Salt Lake City covers twelve square miles of ground, being four miles in length by three in breadth. The streets are all at right angles to each other; they are 122 feet wide, with sidewalks of 20 feet on each side. Each block is 40 rods square, and is divided into eight lots, of an acre and a quarter each. A city ordinance requires each house to be planted at a distance of twenty feet from the street, and the intervening space to be shaded with trees. At first sight, it seems a city at least as large as New York, with a million or so of inhabitants. The size of the lots and the diffusion of the buildings will at once account for the extent of ground covered by the city.

Travellers who have crossed the plains describe the site and distribution of the city as singularly prepossessing. The traveller comes upon it after a long and weary march over arid plains almost destitute of vegetation, and wholly devoid of every pleasing object. On descending the slope of the Wahsatch range, his eye suddenly embraces the valley in which the city rests. On the west flows the Jordan, which unites Great Salt and Utah lakes. On the south, for a distance of twenty-five miles, stretches an unbroken plain, intersected by several little streams. On the east and north the mountain-range slopes downward, in a series of steps. One of these gives birth to a miniature torrent, which comes gushing out of the rock. Another is the source of a hot spring, which the Mormons have ingeniously turned to excellent account for the construction of warm-baths.

The houses are mostly constructed of adobe, or burnt bricks; and, with few exceptions, are—like the dwellings in Central America and Mexico—long, low, straggling edifices. They are well thatched, and generally comfortable. A few of the public buildings possess higher claims to architectural eminence; but carriage is so dear, that they must remain few and far between. The most striking feature in Salt Lake City is the admirable system of internal water-works. It is a miniature Venice. A stream, which originally flowed through the site covered by the city, has been diverted into a number of channels running through each street. Every resident thus has a never-failing supply of good water at his own door, and is enabled to raise trees and flowers, which, in that climate, never could be grown without this artificial irrigation.

Such is the city which is by this time, we hope, in the possession of the United States troops. It is understood that, if there be any fighting, it will take place in the mountain-passes behind which the city nestles. The city itself is indefensible against an enemy who has crossed the mountains. A few weeks more will enable us to judge with more accuracy of the intentions of the Mormons.

RAGGED SCHOOLS:

THEIR RISE, PROGRESS, AND RESULTS.

THE tale of "Hope Evermore; or, Something to Do," published weekly in this journal—and in which the interest of a romance is combined with the realities of the ragged school (of which the heroine is a pupil)—has awakened in many of our readers a great desire to know more of the origin and history of these schools. This knowledge cannot be fully conveyed in the course of the tale itself without impeding its action; but yet we are eager to meet this demand, for we are ourselves among the warmest admirers and most earnest advocates of these schools,—and we are so well convinced that the closer the scrutiny to which they are subjected, the more beneficial will they be found to have proved to society at large, and to the Destitute in particular, that we are glad to be called upon to furnish some details of their origin, rise, and progress; and, by laying bare their workings, and tracing out their results, to be able to give a "reason for the faith that is in us."

That faith is, that it is through the ragged schools that the worse than heathen darkness of the City Arabs—the English Kaffirs—the dangerous, the perishing classes—the "human vermin," as they have long been most inhumanly called by those who have never studied to raise, but only to crush them—will give way to the Gospel light; and the most brutish ignorance and swinish sensuality yield to the patient, persevering teaching of God's word in those schools where none are too ragged and wretched to be admitted.

Nay, the most destitute of the children of the poor are the most welcome to those Christian teachers, who know that to protect Poverty from leaguings with Crime, Education must awaken the mind to the deformity of Vice—the beauty of Virtue, and lovely Religion must sit at the door of each young heart.

Nor does she disdain to do so, even though that little heart beat beneath a patched fustian jacket or a tattered pinafore.

Those who are in the habit of visiting ragged schools, must have been amazed at the wonderful amount of knowledge rapidly and accurately acquired by the little pupils, and that not parrot-like, by rote, but well-digested, thoroughly understood. There are no schools for the higher classes where a better system is pursued, or where more pains is taken, or more zeal evinced, by teachers and pupils.

"The one thing needful" is ever kept in view: whatever they do is "done unto the Lord." We have heard answers from little ragged ones, that would not have disgraced divines; and yet, till they were enticed, led, driven, or dragged into these schools, they knew not that they had a soul or a Saviour—and, perhaps, had seldom had their faces washed, or their hair combed, till they were admitted to a ragged school.

Cleanliness, which, as the old saying has it, is next to godliness, is rigidly enforced; and the humanising influence of gentleness and courtesy in the teachers soon works an important change in the imitative and emulative mind, and the plastic limbs and manners of the little outcast boys and girls.

Who that remembers what the streets of the metropolis were, before the establishment of ragged schools, can doubt the immense benefit to all classes of these heaven-suggested institutions?

At one time the whole juvenile population of The Ragged, infested the streets; dabbling in the gutter,

wallowing in the mire, gambling with farthings (or even pins), on the pavement; uncombed, unwashed, untaught, too ragged to be admitted to any decent school, the streets were to them school and home. Schools where they became adepts in foul, filthy language, cursing, swearing, thieving, lying; home, because there they ate their wretched meals, loathsome, almost poisonous, in some instances, as authentic records prove; offal of the vilest kind, stale dog's meat, and vegetable refuse, being greedily devoured by English children born and bred in the metropolis of the world—the Christian City, the Temple of Charity;—yes it was home, for here they indulged in their demoralising amusements, carried on their small peculations by day, and at night slept under some archway, on some doorstep, or in the cellars of some unfinished or deserted house.

Now, by the grace of God on the efforts of man, the greater part of these miserable little outcasts are gathered under the roofs of the hundred and fifty-seven ragged school institutions—which are so many folds of the true Shepherd, where his lambs (and many of his sheep too) are brought to him,—saved from the roaring lions, the wily serpents, the hungry wolves, that lie in wait for the unwary,—and fitted to pass through this world so that they may come to inherit the kingdom of Christ.

It is now thirteen years since the "Ragged School Union" was established. At that time there were thirty thousand children growing up in the streets in idleness, ignorance, and vice—literally without God in the world; and who, if they had been aware that they possessed immortal spirits, might well have exclaimed, "No man careth for our souls!"

One hundred and fifty-seven ragged schools are now established, by means of the Ragged School Union, for the support of free schools for the destitute poor of London and its suburbs.

The name—the truly great and noble name—of the Earl of Shaftesbury, as president, gains and lends lustre at the head of this the most important of all charitable institutions. Yes, that name in such places—

"Comes like the south wind over a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

Zealous, competent, and pious teachers in these ragged schools care, not merely for the immortal souls, but for the perishing bodies of these little outcasts. There are two thousand four hundred and sixty-one voluntary teachers; one hundred and sixty paid teachers in day schools; one hundred and thirty-six paid teachers in week-night schools; fifty-nine paid refuge and industrial masters and mistresses. And all these teachers, paid and voluntary, work together heart and soul.

The ragged have not only everything to learn, but much to unlearn. But the teachers have the faith that can remove mountains; and mountains there are to remove in the shape of vagrant habits, evil communications that corrupt good manners, and still more good thoughts; foul memories, lazy, inert temperaments, the result of hereditary corruption—bad air, wretched, insufficient food, exposure, and debasing influences of all kinds. But faith does remove these mountains for those who are not weary of well-doing.

"The principles inculcated are unsectarian, and wholly based upon the Bible."

The object of the Ragged School Union is to provide free education for destitute, neglected children in London and its suburbs. The education it designs to afford the objects of its care, who are numbered by tens of thousands, is secular, moral, and religious. While it seeks to educate the ignorant, it also endeavours to induce habits of industry, and to provide a refuge for the friendless and fallen, and such as might be a prey to the vigilant seducer.

Those who have given evidence of their desire to reform, it aids by granting a free passage to the colonies, and seeks to benefit not only the child, but the parents for time and eternity.

Connected with ragged schools, there are fifteen refuges, where five hundred inmates are fed, lodged, clothed, and educated.

Upwards of 500 boys and girls have emigrated to the colonies.

In March 1857, 402 boys and girls received prizes for having remained in their situations upwards of twelve months, with good characters.

Who can ponder on that simple statement so unostentatiously put forth, without experiencing the sensations of David—

"When Israel's crowned mourner felt
The dull cold stone within him melt."

And what dull cold stones must those hearts be that could allow beings with such capabilities of good as these 402 boys and girls have revealed, to perish in this world and the next.

We shudder to think of the reproach that attaches

to those times when there were no ragged schools, and to those who are still indifferent or opposed to this great and holy union for propagating the Gospel and its civilising influences among our own heathens! our own savages!

How can those "who read their Bible and believe it true" say with their lips—"Woe unto you if one of these little ones perish!" and then, without an effort to save, calmly look upon them, talk of and even legislate for them, as the "Perishing Classes?"

"Ragged schools," says the report, "are like missionary stations in low neighbourhoods; having in many cases connected with them industrial classes, clothing clubs, penny banks, mothers' meetings, libraries, reading rooms, places of worship for the extremely poor, now diffusing light, health, and peace amidst a benighted, far too long neglected population."

We are not surprised to hear that the expenditure of these schools, open to all that are ragged, wretched, and destitute, has of late exceeded their income, and that by £4,600. To meet this surplus outlay, the committee of the Ragged School Union has been obliged to render special aid.

But for this, some of these schools and refuges must have been closed, the efficacy of others lessened, and the number of scholars considerably reduced.

We own we look with terror at the possibility of such a result. To close a ragged school is to shut the little ones out of the fold of the true Shepherd—to leave them to the wolves—to exclude them from the presence of him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

This article is not written with any view of making an appeal to public charity on behalf of ragged schools; but if it should lead people to ponder on the vital importance of these institutions, the natural wish of all good Christian hearts will be to aid in the greatest of Christian works.

Many people would gladly give—either of their abundance or cast in their mite—for the good of the poor, but are deterred from the exercise of benevolence by the fear of imposition, and of encouraging idleness or vice, while they are themselves practising the greatest of virtues—charity. To such the ragged schools afford an opportunity of giving wisely, each according to his means.

Contributions are received by the secretary, Mr. Joseph G. Gent, 1, Exeter-hall, Strand, London.

Some of these schools are in great need of help. There is one held where formerly a thieves' public-house existed, in Pear-street and Duck-lane, Westminster (hon. secretary, Mr. Gustard, 40, Stanley-street, Pimlico). Its funds greatly require assistance. The neighbourhood is a very poor, low, and densely crowded one. This school is invaluable to all classes, and the teacher most zealous, clever, loving, and beloved. It is a small matter compared to that first established, and foremost in all respects, the Field-lane Ragged School; the Lamb and Flag, and others, may be as well conducted, and are more ably supported; but, considering its locality, and its proximity to the Courts of Law and the Houses of Lords and Commons, it is important, and a little help would make it very efficient. But there is not one school in the union that is not a blessing to society, and that does not deserve the support and the gratitude of all thinking people.

That interesting institution, the Shoe Black Brigade, is an offshoot of ragged schools. Those picturesque, willing boys, with their beaming faces,—red, blue, yellow, and royal purple jackets, who enliven the metropolis, are contributed in great numbers by ragged schools, boys being appointed as a reward for merit. In the year 1846 they earned £2,981, and cleaned 708,990 pairs of boots; and, doubtless, by this time the amount is greatly increased.

The great object of ragged schools is to fit their scholars to earn an honest livelihood, and to do their duty to God and man; and the practical result proves the wisdom of the system.

THE DANGER OF AN UNKNOWN TONGUE.—The love of fun is not unknown among the serious-looking Chinamen, who are thickly collected in some parts of the Australian colonies. A storekeeper wishing to advertise his articles in the Chinese language, engaged a celestial to paint him a sign, expecting, of course that it would be a very enticing one. It did not answer his expectations, however, for the only perceptible effect it had on the relations of the sun and moon was to excite a grin of the broadest dimensions. By a considerable bribe he obtained a translation in English of the advertisement, and found it to be as follows:—"Don't buy anything here—storekeeper a rogue."

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



J. C. EWART, ESQ., M.P. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

J. C. EWART, ESQ., M.P. FOR LIVERPOOL.

As the greatest emporium of British commerce next to London, Liverpool assumes a highly important position, and one which is rapidly on the increase, and has been fairly and honourably earned. Liverpool merchants are men of mark. They have helped to extend our commercial relations with every other part of the world; and to their intelligence and enterprise many of our mercantile advantages are solely attributable. Their warehouses are stored with the world's wealth. Their ships are riding on all waters. Their influence is felt at the furthest extremity of the globe; and, after London, Liverpool is better known than any other port in the trading countries of the earth.

But Liverpool is not so exclusively occupied with her commercial enterprise as to be insensible to the advantages of educational progress, nor sordid enough to disregard her higher obligations to the nation in the way of accomplishing something for her literature, science, and art. Several valuable institutions for the promotion of education and the advancement of knowledge owe their existence to the liberality of the merchants of Liverpool. The example of the celebrated Mr. Roscoe, projector of the Liverpool Royal Institution, has exercised a wonderful influence in creating and diffusing a taste for literature among the people. For schools and charitable societies Liverpool also holds a high place; and her townsmen have never forgotten the responsibility which rests upon them, in connection with that mixed multitude which trade and commerce have there collected.

And there are distinguished men of Liverpool whose name have cast a lustre on the history of our country. The name of Ewart is amongst this number. As Liverpool merchants the Ewart family acquired opulence and position. In their commercial dealings they set an excellent example of intelligence, diligence, and integrity. The scions of that house have figured before the public as public men; and in that capacity have laboured long and arduously for what they have considered to be the public benefit. To Mr. William Ewart, M.P. for Dumfries, we are indebted for many noble efforts to abolish capital punishment, and for the actual erasure from our statutes of capital punishment for offences less than murder. His name, also, is intimately associated with the agitation for free public libraries; and for this alone he is entitled to the warmest thanks of all who value the means of obtaining for the masses a sound and liberal acquaintance with general literature.

Mr. Joseph Christopher Ewart, whose portrait we have much pleasure in presenting to our readers, is the third son of the late William Ewart, and brother of the present M.P. for Dumfries. He was born in the year 1799, and was educated at Eton. His inclination led him to engage in trade and commerce, and, while his brother was reading for the bar, he was devoting his attention to the business of the firm, to quay and counting house. After some years of active employment, he retired from trade, and applied himself, more fully than he had hitherto done, to the business of public life. As a liberal, in favour of national education, and a "further extension

of the suffrage suited to the advancing spirit of the age," he entered the political arena. Popular education and the extension of the suffrage are, in his opinion, indissolubly connected. He holds, we believe, in common with many other clear-headed, far-seeing men, that education must prepare the way for the suffrage, and must thus fit men both to appreciate its advantages, and rightly to exercise its privileges.

Mr. Ewart unsuccessfully contested Liverpool in 1852; he was returned in March, 1855. He is also Deputy-Lieutenant of the county.

As an enterprising capitalist Mr. Ewart is well known. When it had been successfully proved by Lieutenant Waghorn that the overland route to India was the shortest and the best, Mr. Ewart, with other merchants, readily embarked in the project; and, in 1836, established the Peninsular and Oriental Company. The first steamer on this line was started in 1838; and since that period its successes have been steadily increasing. The Peninsular and Oriental Company have built some of the finest vessels, and, with the exception of the Leviathan, the largest in the world.

Mr. Ewart has also been connected with the London and North-Western Railway, and still holds office as director, both on the board of that railway, and on that of the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

THE Spaniards have a truthful saying: "When it is past noon with a favourite, night comes on apace."



LANDSCAPE ON THE BANKS OF THE GARGILLESSE.

GARGILLESSE, IN CENTRAL FRANCE.

THANKS to a better tone of public feeling than formerly prevailed (we mean in the days when Bull and Frog were "natural enemies"), artists and poets are willing to acknowledge that France is in reality *La Belle*; and that it is not essential to cross the Alps in search of enchanting scenery and soft blue skies. France is not "all barren." On the contrary, it abounds in all that is best calculated to gratify the searcher after the picturesque, as well as the Dryasdust antiquarian. Its mountains and valleys, cities and villages, delicious oases in sterile deserts, are all exceedingly attractive; there is a charming variety about its landscapes which few countries can equal. Although it has been the fashion for tourists to complain of the dull uniformity of France, there have been certain districts which have disarmed prejudice and even captivated the captious. The swelling hills and cornfields of Normandy, its winding rivers, tempting orchards, and rich pastures; the hard, dull, frowning scenery of Brittany, its barren moors and storm-beaten coasts; the undulating country, hill, dale, lake, and streamlet of the Pyrenees, the mountains crowned with crystal, and the valleys clothed with sheen; the sun-burnt, dusty roads and bleached fields of Provence; the laughing gardens of Touraine; the luxuriant vegetation and umbrageous foliage of Dauphiny; all these are well known to English tourists, and by pen and pencil to English stay-at-homes.

But the best parts of France are still unexplored.

The central districts are almost entirely neglected. We drive by post within sight of some of the loveliest scenery in the whole country, and are careless of the beauties which thus lie in our path. The steam-horse dashes over fertile plains, and beautiful green valleys, and we remain all insensible to their charms; in our search after novelty we overlook those scenes which are most novel. Even the French know little and care little about the midland parts of their empire—Auvergne, Berry, and Dauphiny.

Bourges, the central city of French nationality, is now nothing but a dull town, with little trade, and less manufacture going on within its circuit. Yet, in the days of Charles VII., Bourges rivalled Paris in importance. There are still some interesting monuments there to be seen, but the place itself has sunk into a stagnant state, that nothing seems capable of moving—dull and flat as the plains by which it is surrounded.

But if man has forgotten to be progressive and industrious, nature has not forgotten to be bountiful and beautiful, and in the neighbourhood of Bourges there is some of the most delightful scenery to which France can lay claim. After leaving the railway at Argentin, a carriage drive, of about six miles on the banks of the Creuse, brings the tourist to that part of lower Berry from which the journey must be continued either on foot or on one of the sturdy donkeys of the province; the walk is decidedly the most agreeable, and the character of the scenery amply repays for the additional fatigue.

The country is like Switzerland in miniature; the

hills and valleys, the rocky passes here and there, the winding river—all remind the traveller of the land of Tell and Höfer. At the bottom of a romantic gorge, wild and impetuous in the winter, but as calm as a lake in the summer, is a tributary of the Creuse. It is commonly known as the Gargillesse—a little torrent, singing its wild music amongst the rocks and ravines, which answer its song with their own long echoing melody.

Gargillesse is agreeably situated near the confluence of the stream, and for tranquil beauty is not to be surpassed. It is a nest hidden among verdure, protected from the cold winds by masses of rock, and watered by the silver stream. A few humble cottages cluster round the old castle, and the church, an ancient structure, has been recently repaired, and adds much to the picturesque aspect of the scene. The country round Gargillesse is extremely fertile, and furnishes some of the richest pasture land in the province. Dotted with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, it encircles the village with a green zone.

That so attractive a spot should be so little known appears singular. The French themselves are only beginning to find out the beauties of the central parts of France, and of Gargillesse in particular. That tourists should overlook it is no matter of surprise, for tourists are invariably gregarious, and must travel in multitudes. However, we may hope that when Gargillesse is better known, it will be the more appreciated, and grow betimes into one of the most celebrated haunts, as it is one of the prettiest, of our pilgrim tourists.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,
SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Not all the pomp and pride of state
Can make man truly good or great.

ANON.

THE first surprise over, at this unexpected freak of fortune, Ada repaired, as usual, to the Green Fields Ragged School, and taught her little class as patiently and as lovingly as if she had been still Miss Pemberton, and had not been raised to a height, that, at one time, would have made her giddy.

She heard from little Hope that her mammy (Apple Blossom) continued very poorly. Hope was the only one present of the Blossom family, except Nussy. Blue-eyed Ben was in the infant refuge.

"Mammy've got a bad pain here," said the little girl, laying her tiny, rosy-tipped fingers on her fair, fat, open chest, "and Merry's obliged to mind mammy's stall again to-day. Mammy turns sick, like, when she stands up. Larky's stayed to take care of mammy this morning, and I've to be with her this afternoon. Larky's a good, handy, willing lad, teacher," she said; "and I've told him not to let the fire out, mammy's so chilly, she's got the shivers; and he've promised to have water biling, and not to stay on his arrands. I think, teacher, we'll make somehut of Larky yet—don't you?"

"And where's Meggie Grimes?" asked Ada. "She's away without leave. Where is she? Do you know, Hope?"

"I do know, but I mustn't tell," said Hope, blushing all over celestial, rosy red, with one little finger on her coral lips.

"But I may," said precocious black-eyed Nussy, "and I will tell you, teacher."

"Don'tee, don'tee," whispered Hope; "Meg'll get anger."

"And sarve her right," said Nussy, showing a black-and-blue pinch on her arm; "that's her doing. I hope she'll get well served out by Stunning Steenie, and Prigging Peter, and the Fox, that I do—a spiteful cure!"

"Stunning Steenie," said Ada, "why, he's in prison, and so are the others."

"Yes, teacher, but this is the day they're let to see their friends; and Potato-heels, as you call Meggie, sold a sight of lucifers last night, and got two shillings, and she've spent it all in pudden, and trotters, and tripe, an' she's off to Coldbath-fields with this grand trate for them boys. But I thinks, as it's all a-owing to her they got nabbed, she'd better not go a-nigh. I'm sure if they can get at her they'll pitch into her; and 'tain't pudden, and tripe, and trotters as'll save her bacon; though I dare say, if they ain't perverted, they'll not be long eating all Meg's trate up. She'll catch it there, and she'll catch it here—for she never axed no leaf. Oh, she's a owdacious, mischievous cure!—that's what she is, teacher."

"It wor very kind of Meg, teacher," said little Hope, "to spend all her money in buying things for them bad boys; and, though she wor cruel hungry herself, she wouldn't touch a crumb of pudden (such a temptations pudden it wor, teacher,—such a many plumbs!) but she wouldn't trust herself to look at it; no, nor even to think of the trotters, or to have a bite of the tripe herself. She often do fret about Stunning Steenie, a-saying it wor all her peaching got him nabbed; but when I asks her if she'd rather have had Larky in for a fault he didn't do, than Stunning Steenie for what he done, she can't say she would; only she cries, and says Larky's no uge to she, though she likes him a sight best; but Stunning Steenie will go along with her—if she trates him—to the gaff and the penny dances, and Larky won't, on no account—not with roast taters and butter into the bargain, teacher!"

Ada was much amused by the simplicity of little Hope's account of Meg's views and feelings; and surprised that Ellen St. Ange (generally so regular and punctual) had not appeared at the ragged school that day. She resolved to hurry to her house, calling in on her way back to see how poor Apple Blossom was, for she did not like the symptoms little Hope had described.

Mr. Stephen, who had seen Apple Blossom late the evening before, and who took a very great interest in her—good, humble, model wife of a working man that she was—told her he felt sure that something serious ailed the usually buxom, rosy Apple Blossom.

"I cannot cross-examine her on the subject," he said; "but you might do so, perhaps, Miss Pember-

ton. It's my opinion Bob Blossom has given her an unlucky blow. I fear she's hurt, though she won't own it."

Ada grew pale at the thought, and, thanking Mr. Stephen for his advice, she, in company with another lady visitor, left the ragged school, told her footman, who waited for her at some little distance, where to order the carriage to meet her, and took her way to the blind alley where Apple Blossom lived.

The little room was very tidy, the hearth was swept, the grate blacked, the stone bath-bricked, the water was boiling, the humble dinner tea set out, and Larky was making a bit of toast, to try to tempt his mother to eat.

"Mother's so bad," said the affectionate boy, with tears in his fine black eyes, "so bad, teacher. She's as white as a curd, and turns sick and giddy, and seems so low. I had thought now I'm so big and strong, and, as Mr. Stephen says, fit to earn my own living, of trying to get work; but if I does, what'll poor mammy do? Hope has all the will, but she hasn't the strength, and Merry's so wild, there's no dependence to be placed on she no more nor on a eel, teacher. I'm making mother a cup o' tea and a bit o' butter toast; she've not broke her fast this blessed day."

"And where's your father?" asked Ada.

"Feather's out at work. He started at six, and I've cooked his meals, and took 'em to him, and he ain't a-coming home till late; he's a-going to work over hours at a bricklaying job."

"Is he quite well, Larky Grigg?" said Ada.

"No, teacher, that he ain't, and he's quite down in the mouth. But 'tain't no wonder considering, arter all, dad wor overtooked. Mother's lying in, there on the bed, teacher—she ain't asleep; she'll be right glad to see you, I know she will."

Upon this Ada went in. Apple Blossom was low, and looked pale and anxious, but would not own that there was anything serious the matter with her. She would not hear of having any advice from Ada's doctor, and said if she wanted doctor's stuff, she knew of a doctor who came from her own native place, that she'd rather go to than to the Queen's physician; but that she'd get well without any doctors. All she wanted was peace of mind, and to see Bob take the pledge; and then, poor soul, she cried bitterly.

Ada tried to comfort her, and just at this moment the children came home from the ragged school, and little Hope, stealing in on tiptoe, glided up to Apple Blossom, and laid her rosy cheek on the hard, pale face of her foster-mother, and Apple Blossom said—

"Here is one of my best earthly comforts, miss; she's an angel in our home, is this darling little Hope of our'n. See what a lad she've made of our Larky Grigg. It's all her doing—leastways, with the blessing of God and the ragged schools. But for Hope he might have turned out like Stunning Steenie, a bad, idle street boy, and then my heart would have been broke outright. Bless thee, Hope, dear, dear child."

Ada took a kind leave of Apple Blossom and her little golden-haired, blue-eyed, rose-lipped girl, and reaching her carriage, drove to Ellen's home in Grosvenor-square.

Ada heard that Miss St. Ange was in Jermyn-street, at Mrs. Golightly's, and thither she accordingly drove.

The secret of Ellen's non-appearance at the Green Fields Ragged School was at once explained.

Mrs. Golightly was in bed very ill.

"I hope there is no danger," said Ada, earnestly, seeing Ellen looking pale and anxious.

"Not now, I trust," said Ellen, bursting into tears, for she was warmly attached to her old friend and chaperone. "Since she has been bled, her senses have returned."

"What has been the matter?" asked Ada.

"It was an accident," replied Ellen; "but in consequence of the excited state of her brain, from dwelling on 'The Rights and Wrongs of Woman,' and the exertion and fatigue of writing night and day at this pamphlet, its effects have been more serious than they would otherwise have been."

"How did it happen?"

"Why, it seems yesterday afternoon, while writing a very exciting part of her pamphlet, it suddenly struck my poor friend that Sneer and Bluster, in — Lane, — Road, were enterprising publishers, of liberal sentiments, and that they would probably, if not purchase her MS., at least bring it out on half profits, or at worst on commission. She instantly ordered a cab, and without paying that attention to her dress which she would have done had she been less excited, and while her maid was gone into her room to get her bonnet, scarf, &c. &c. &c., she darted into the passage, opened the door herself, stepped into the cab, and ordered the man to drive

her to the office of Sneer and Bluster, — Lane, — Road. Now, poor dear! she was so full of her pamphlet, and so engrossed by the subject, that it never struck her, that she was in no state to go out and present herself to a publisher, or indeed to any one."

"How was she dressed?" asked Ada, trying not to smile.

"I grieve to say she was in her writing costume," said Ellen.

"Not her short flannel gown with the high gigot sleeves, and her fur boots?"

"Yes."

"And the wet tablecloth round her head?"

"Alas, yes!"

"What a shame of the cabman to take her in that state."

"It seems he was half tipsy, and enjoyed the joke. Well, nothing happened till they got to Messrs. Sneer and Bluster's. She had been there before, and knew that Sneer's room was right through the office. As it was dusk, and rather late, no one seems to have seen her until, in answer to her sharp knock at the door, some one said, 'Come in.' And the next moment she found herself in a blaze of light from several gas-burners, and in the presence of Sneer and Bluster, who were squaring accounts and drinking brandy and water together."

"What did they say and do? Of course they thought her mad!"

"I dare say they did. It seems she went in with her MS., and, placing it before Sneer, she said—

"'This is my work! It is a pamphlet on the 'Rights and Wrongs of Woman; Rights that have yet to be Recognised, and Wrongs that shall yet be Redressed.' Are you man enough to publish it?"

"Sneer, it seems, imagining she was an escaped lunatic, thought it best and safest to humour her; giving a look to Bluster to suggest that he should step out and procure assistance. My poor friend, much pleased by the artful, terror-prompted courtesy of Sneer's manner, who actually agreed to pay her fifty pounds for the copyright of the first edition, sat down, and proceeded to read her favourite opening aloud, when, suddenly looking up, she saw in a large looking-glass that fronted her, Bluster, on tip-toe, letting in two men, who seemed to her armed with ropes and a strait waistcoat."

"That glance was enough."

"This room, which at one time had formed part of the office, had, as you may have seen in some large mercer's, a small flight of mahogany stairs, leading to a kind of little writing closet, with a table, a stool, a large ink horn, and several huge volumes of account books."

"My poor friend's idea was, that, dreading the result of her work in the emancipation of her sex, these men had determined to *finesse* until they could seize, gag, imprison, and perhaps murder her. But before Bluster, who, it seems, is an arrant coward, could touch her, she had darted up these stairs, having first, with wonderful presence of mind, thrust her MS. in her bosom."

"From this height, she exclaimed—

"'Cowards, artful cowards, the first who attempts to climb these stairs shall receive one of these books on his head and this ink in his face. I am, by my mother's side, a Macgregor. Do you remember how Helen Macgregor, wife of Rob Roy, defended the mountain pass? I am another Helen Macgregor. Ah! you may well turn pale and tremble, pitiful poltroons, base deceivers. It was, then, a trick—you only pretended to bargain, that you might destroy me; and while deceiving me into an idea that you meant to purchase and publish my 'Rights and Wrongs of Woman,' all you aimed at was burking them and silencing me."

"At this moment two of the clerks, urged by Sneer, made an effort to ascend the stairs with the intention of bringing my poor friend down by force. But she felt the advantage of her position, and being, as I said before, in a highly excited state and under a wrong impression altogether, she seized the large account books, and hurled them one at one clerk and one at another, aimed a third at Sneer, who was trying to get out of the room, and who fell to the ground, his spectacles smashed and his nose bleeding, and then seizing the ink-horn she threw it at the bald head of Bluster; it cut the smooth surface, that shone like the bowl of a silver soup ladle, and the ink streamed over his face and clothes."

"By this time the row and the cries of the wounded brought in the police. My poor friend's stock of missiles was exhausted, and a few resolute policemen succeeded in capturing her; but not till, to avoid them, she had attempted to spring from the height where she stood, and, in so doing, met with a fall which stunned her completely."

"The publishers refusing to give her in charge, she was brought home in a state of insensibility by the cabman, who, beginning to clamour for his fare, recognised her; a policeman bearing her company, and every one believing her to be a mad woman broken loose from her keeper. I was immediately sent for, and so was a doctor, who at first seemed to apprehend congestion of the brain. However, after bleeding her copiously, she opened her eyes, recognised me, asked for her MS., which luckily was safe, murmured something about artful cowards, base, sordid tricksters, miserable bullies, and rights and wrongs, and composed herself to sleep. The doctor, it seems, had administered a strong sedative, and he has assured me that all danger is averted, and that, in all probability, she will be almost herself to-morrow; while, perhaps, this accident, by compelling her to submit to leeching, bleeding, and other remedies, may have saved her from a brain fever."

Ada, finding Ellen resolved to watch by her poor friend till she woke, took her leave, and had only just had time to change her dress and descend to the drawing-room, when the door was thrown open, and Mr. Puff announced—

"Mr. Gerald St. Maur!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.—IRISH MELODIES.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eyes;
In all her gestures dignity and love.—MILTON.

I love the upward path that leads to heaven.—ANON.

ADA rose to receive her early friend and playfellow with a flutter at the heart, and a blush of most pleasurable emotion.

She was herself a little surprised to find she cared so much about one of whom she had latterly thought so little; but there are often feelings, and strong feelings, too, lying in the depths of our hearts of which we are ourselves unconscious until something occurs to wake them from their long repose.

As for Gerald himself, his delight at so cordial and animated a greeting was quite unmistakable.

He held Ada's hand, and seeing the almost tearful welcome in her eyes, he pressed it to his lips.

"Come, none of your foreign gallantry here," said Ada, blushing more deeply still as she snatched her hand away.

"Why, I am going to kiss the Queen's fair hand to-morrow, Ada—Miss Pemberton, I mean; and surely—"

"Surely," said Ada, "as I am not a queen, I have no right to the homage due to one."

"You are the queen of beauty," said Gerald.

Ada laughed.

"Oh, Mr. St. Maur," she said, "have you not learnt the art of flattery better than to use a trite old commonplace, fit only for a valentine?"

"I never was a flatterer," said Gerald. "I only said what I thought. You were always in my eyes 'beautiful exceedingly'; but either I had forgotten how beautiful, or you have gained many charms I never saw in you before."

And it was true. Early hours, an approving conscience, a deep, strong, wholesome interest in life—in short, "something to do," had restored the peach-like bloom of Ada's cheek, the roundness of her fine form, the sunny light of her soft, brilliant eyes, the clearness of her complexion, and the ruby of her lip; but, more than this, it had completely removed the dreary expression of discontent and *ennui*, and chased from her fine brow the lines that vexation of spirit had begun to trace.

Her dress was no longer the costly, overwhelming dress of a vain woman, with money at her command to gratify every whim of her own, and every interested dream of her modish milliner's. It was the sort of dress evidently adopted by a Christian lady in earnest about higher matters than those that pertain to beauty and display.

And yet Gerald thought nothing could have been devised by a Parisian coquette to set off that great beauty of form and face which Ada certainly possessed, to such advantage.

Her long and abundant hair, with its golden ripples glittering in the morning sun, was not as he had often seen it before, elaborately plaited and expanded by *Pertinette*, and its beauty hidden by ribbons and laces, but was simply braided round her oval face; one long thick tress of what the initiated call the "back hair" was plaited and brought like a coronet round the small Grecian head, while a rich coil of similar plaits formed a scroll behind and fell in loops on the shoulders.

A simple lilac batiste, very ample, and embroidered richly with white, fitted her fine form, while all her

adornment consisted in a collar and sleeves of fine lace, a gold chain round her long white throat, merely to secure the watch hidden in her bosom, and which was now become no idle ornament or fine lady appendage, but a faithful monitor, marking those hours, every one of which had its appointed duty. A miniature, richly set, of her brother formed her brooch, and those of her father and mother clasped two thick cables of gold round her wrists. She had a little black silk apron with pockets full of ragged school reports, lists of the wants of children in her own little class, practical directions from Ellen St. Ange and Jem Goodman, a note-book, a pencil, her charity purse, and several prospectuses connected with different temperance and ragged school meetings.

What a contrast to the contents of the pockets of her fine flounced silks, before that memorable evening of her first visit to the Green Fields Ragged School.

When Gerald St. Maur was announced, she was working, not at any fine, useless, ornamental work, but at a little lilac gingham frock for her favourite, Hope Evermore.

Gerald felt that a great change had come over Ada—a great change for the better—but he could not tell what it was. It pervaded not merely her person but her manners, her expression, her voice. She was as cheerful as ever, but there was nothing sarcastic or bitter in her mirth.

She was kinder—at least, there seemed more earnestness in her kindness.

She no longer resented, as she had formerly done, his neglect in not coming down at once to Pemberton.

At that time Ada only felt for herself; now others occupied all her thoughts.

She was a truly Christian woman now, and what more amiable character can there be?

"And are you as gay as ever?" asked Gerald. "Fandango, ball, and rout; opera, park, play; still living in a world of gaiety—turning night into day? You have a wonderful constitution to live such a life, and look more blooming than ever."

"But I do not live that frivolous and profitless life now," said Ada. "I go very little into society."

"What do you do, then, to fill up your time?"

"My father's health is, alas! become so bad that he needs a great deal of attendance, added to which I am, for the time being, his steward, and manage all his affairs."

"And that cruel rogue Skinflint?"

"Is dismissed."

"Bravo! I knew you had a head fit for a chancellor of the exchequer. But your evenings?"

"They are not the long evenings or restless nights of the fine lady. I rise at six, and therefore I am glad to retire as soon as I have read to my father, and done all I can for him."

"But still, accounts and nursing cannot fill up the long day, that begins at six a.m. and ends at ten or eleven p.m. Ah! you have some new interest in life, and you will not own it to your oldest, truest, warmest friend."

Gerald St. Maur felt jealous.

"You are right, Gerald, I have a new interest in life, an inspiring, an engrossing interest. It fills my heart, my mind, my soul. It has renewed my spirit, driven away *ennui*, dejection, discontent. It makes me independent of the vain world. For the first time I seem to live."

"Stop, Ada!" said Gerald, very pale. "You do not know the pain you are causing me. You have formed some new intimacy?"

"I have."

"What is the name of the man who has wrought this mighty change?"

"Two men are concerned in it!" said Ada, smiling.

"Two!"

"Yes, two, Gerald."

"And their names are?"

"Jem Goodman and Mr. Stephen."

Gerald looked at her as if he thought she was becoming insane.

"What are they? Who are they? I never heard of them before. I never met them," he said, bitterly.

"So much the worse for you," she replied. "All I am, I owe to them; this change in my life and heart is all their doing."

"For pity's sake, Ada, do not mystify me thus; tell me, at once, what and who they are—Jem Goodman and Mr. Stephen—what can they be?"

"Jem Goodman is a sweep—a master sweep, though."

"A master sweep!" exclaimed Gerald, really uneasy about the state of her mind. "What can it matter whether he is a master sweep or not, if he is a sweep at all; what can he be to you, except in his vocation of a sweep?"

"You shall hear that, presently," said Ada, very quietly.

"And Mr. Stephen?"

"He is the honorary master of a ragged school—Jem Goodman is a voluntary teacher in that school. Mr. Stephen is a man of great intellect, large sympathies, and noble heart, who devotes his life to the service of his Great Master, and the poorest of his fellow-creatures—the ragged—those of whom you have heard as 'City Arabs,' 'English Kaffirs,' 'human vermin,' 'the dangerous,' the 'perishing classes.' Through him, and those like him, they are rescued on earth, and fitted for heaven; and Jem Goodman unites to his devotion to ragged schools, that to the temperance movement, on which he believes, as I do, too, that the welfare of the poor depends. Now, do you begin to understand, O Gerald, that it is no love for man as an individual that has wrought this change in me, but love for my Saviour, and the creatures for whom he died?"

"I am very glad, at any rate," said Gerald, "that it is no earthly lover that so engrosses your time and thoughts, Ada. The feelings you describe do not necessarily exclude all interest and affection for some one of your own rank of life, deserving (if any one could be deserving) of the rose of the world, and the dearest, loveliest, and best of her sex!"

"They exclude, Gerald," said Ada, firmly, and almost solemnly, "all interest of the kind you glance at, in any man who could not enter warmly into my views—who would not be a co-worker with me in the great cause of temperance and ragged schools. I cannot stoop from the heights I have reached to return to the petty interests, pleasures, and occupations of vanity and ambition. My heart is in my work, and I could only give my affection to one who loved that work as much as I do."

"You were ever an enthusiast, Ada," said Gerald, eager to turn the conversation. For, though he felt every moment more and more interested in, and captivated by, the glowing, animated, and lovely girl before him, he was not at all prepared to bind himself to be a co-worker with her in causes at which he, in common with other thoughtless, uninvestigating idlers, had always sneered—temperance and ragged schools! No, no! Ada must give up her exclusive devotion to them, or she must give up Gerald St. Maur!

He little dreamed how much dearer to her was the great work she had in hand, than even his aristocratic, handsome self.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The million flit as gay,

As if created only like the fly,
That spreads his motley wings in the eye of noon—
To sport their season, and be seen no more.—COWPER.

A SHORT silence ensued, and then Ada said—

"And now, in my turn, let me ask you a few questions. What are you doing? what are you going to do?"

"Oh, nothing particular. I shall hang about town till the season is over. I have my clubs, and London parties will be a novelty to me now. I shall do my best to get you to let me ride in the park with you every day, and dance with you, or attend you to the opera, every night. I mean thoroughly to enjoy myself, which I cannot do without your sweet company, Ada."

"Then there is but one way of obtaining my sweet company, Gerald. You must rise to my level—I cannot sink to yours."

"Bend to the level of a sweep—I beg pardon, a master sweep!" said Gerald.

"Ah, you never could rise to his level, as you will own if you ever know that great and good man. Oh, Gerald! that a being of your capabilities, talents, energies, position, and prospects should be nothing but a lounge in club windows, and a very bad dancer at London balls!"

"Why, what would you have me to do, Ada?"

"Do! why, could you not easily get into parliament?"

"Oh, yes; I could easily get returned for one of Arncliffe's boroughs; but what good would it do me, Ada?"

"Gerald, the question is, not what good it would do you, but, what good it would enable you to do to others. The number on your banner should not be No. 1, but No. 1,000,000. If you were in parliament, with the eloquence which I know you have, and the heart I hope you have, you might bring in and carry out measures that would make you a blessing to your poor and suffering brethren. And now I must go to my father. I have an important matter to communicate, and fear the effect of any surprise in his weak state."

*Ada then rapidly told Gerald of the great change in their rank and fortunes, which had so unexpectedly taken place.

"How calmly you talk of what would drive most young ladies of fashion wild with joy," he said. "I am not a lady of fashion," she replied. "I am rejoiced if increased wealth and higher rank enable me to do more in the great causes I have so much at heart; but at present I dread the effect on both my parents: my father is so ill, and my mother is at Brighton, also an invalid. I can break it to my father, but I dread the effect on my mother, either of a letter, or of hearing it suddenly from a stranger, or reading it in the paper. You do not know how much poor mamma has coveted a coronet."

"Let me go down to Brighton, Ada, and break it to her," said Gerald. "I was always a favourite with Lady Pemberton, and I will do it as gently as if she were my own mother. Do not refuse me the delight of being of some little use to you, Ada. Sit down and write a line for me to take to your mother, and trust the rest to me. I shall set off at once, and it will be a charity to employ me, for I have nothing to do."

Ada was glad to be relieved of so great a responsibility connected with such a sudden and wondrous accession of importance, rank, wealth, and station to a mother who so greatly overvalued these pomps and vanities, and who had impaired a fine constitution by late hours, enervating habits, a selfish, fretful temper, an aimless life, and a succession of fashionable physicians for imaginary diseases.

It was a great comfort to Ada, that news which, suddenly imparted, might almost cause a fit (for joy, like grief, has killed weak people before now) should be unfolded by one so full of tact and tenderness, and whom her mother so liked and respected.

To Gerald it was delightful to do anything for Ada—to be employed by her, associated with her mother, mixed up in her affairs.

The note was soon written, and then they shook hands and parted; Gerald St. Maur saying to himself, "She is ten times lovelier than ever, and, as she has formed no other attachment, I shall formally propose; and I think, as I feel pretty sure she loved me once, and does so still, the old love will drive these new crochets out of her head. If I'd proposed two years ago they'd never have taken hold of her fancy. I'll talk to Lady Pemberton about it."

Ada, as she remained a few minutes musing alone before she went to her father, said to herself, "Travel has improved his manners, and there is certainly something manly and endearing about him. He seems to be more in earnest than of yore. There is an unmistakable affection in his eyes and manner. I think he will propose. More than once he was on the point of doing so. Ah! what ecstasy would that conviction have caused me once: now it is mixed with pain—for if he does I shall refuse him, and that is a result I would fain avoid, as equally torturing to both of us. But could I swear to love, honour, and obey a man who takes no interest in the great objects of my life, who is even now disposed to ridicule and disparage those great causes to which I have devoted myself, and who, if once invested with the power, would probably interdict my teaching in ragged schools, and associating myself with the temperance movement? No, no. If I ever do give myself a master, it shall be one whose heart is in my work, and whose hand shall help and support me on my upward way, not drag me back into the wastes of vanity and Slough of Despond!"

(To be continued.)

HOME TREASURES.

You bid me leave the land I love,
The land that gave me birth,
To search for hidden treasures, which
Lie buried in the earth.
You bid me leave the friends of youth,
In other climes to roam,
But to return and find at last
Those treasures safe at home.

You say that in that favoured land
Are mines of wealth untold;
That they who wander gather fast
A store of precious gold.
But what are riches, I would ask,
When broken down in health?
Useless and vain in sorrow's hour
Is all earth's boasted wealth.

Then ask me not to leave the land,
The land which gave me birth,
To search for treasures which lie hid
Within the caves of earth.
No, no, these treasures I can find,
And have not far to roam;
I'll find them midst the happiness
Of my beloved home.

The Matron.

NO. XXV.

In this chapter I am tempted to speak of a preparation of oats, that furnishes nice cooling food in hot weather. It is called *Budram*. A great deal of it is eaten by working men in the principality of Wales. Some of my readers might like to try it, just for a change. Put in an earthen pan two gallons of oats to four gallons of cold water—stir them well together—cover the pan with a coarse cloth, and let it stand in a warm place—the chimney-corner for instance—mind you stir it occasionally. It becomes slightly acid in four or five days, and then you should use it. You must strain off all the liquor, and boil it quickly in a large saucepan. Stir it well, in order to keep it smooth. Pour it into basins that have been dipped in cold water. If put in a cool place, it becomes a stiff jelly, that should be eaten with cold milk, and you can add salt or sugar according to your taste. There is one drawback to the advantage of making *Budram* in this manner, you make no use of the meal in soak, so it is not exactly cheap food; but if you find that your husband and children like the jelly, and that it agrees with them, you might prepare it in a more frugal manner, but then the jelly would not be quite clear. However, they may not mind that. Put a gallon of coarsely ground oatmeal in two gallons of water. Let it stand twenty-four hours, but stir it now and then. When you wish to cook it, pour the whole into a saucepan. Stir it thoroughly, or it will burn or become lumpy. It should boil half an hour, and then be poured into basins. In a little while it becomes a jelly, and as it is a very common food among the labouring men in Wales, I do not doubt they find it very nourishing. But something of a savoury dinner is more to the English taste, and I also think that a savoury dinner is best suited to persons in health. For the morning and evening meal, oatmeal porridge, made in the manner recommended in the last chapter, is not only very nice if flavoured with sugar or salt (according to taste), but excessively nourishing.

But I beg my readers not to suppose that I undervalue the advantages of tea, coffee, and cocoa. As wholesome drinks they have beneficial effects, of which the general consumers are little aware; and I intend giving directions for preparing them in the most inexpensive manner. At present my purpose is to offer a few suggestions, by following which a clever person may prepare a better dinner for a certain number of pence, than a thoughtless spendthrift would provide for an equal number of shillings; and in the remarks about to follow, let it be observed that I shall give receipts for things that, when cooked, people of all classes would consider nice—in fact, for things I should be happy to partake of myself.

Custom often commits great blunders, and directs us to slight what may be quite as good as what it directs us to purchase. This is particularly the case with the different parts of animals killed for food. True, some improvement is taking place, and now rich people have too much sense to suppose that ox-cheeks and ox-tails have not some good in them to make excellent soup; and Soyer has shown that the meat from the ox-cheek may be made quite a delicacy. A bullock's liver, which may be had at a very low rate, is also nice. By doing it thoroughly, without suffering it to boil, an excellent dish may be made of it; and by the following manner of cooking it will render it most palatable:—Take a piece of bullock's liver, weighing three pounds. Do not cut it, but put it in a fryingpan with two rashers of bacon, or a little dripping or lard. Brown it all round. Take out the liver and bacon, and rinse the pan with about a quart of water. Do not throw this water away, but put it in a saucepan, with a quarter of a pound of rice, four or five onions, some carrots, turnips, or any vegetable you happen to have at hand.

When you have boiled the vegetables till they are tender and the liquor is nicely thickened with the rice, put in the bacon and liver. Cover the saucepan and place it beside the fire to keep as hot as possible without boiling. Let it stand in this position about twenty minutes, then turn the liver so that it may be done on both sides. In another twenty minutes serve it up; and as it furnishes a dish of good meat and vegetables, you will not find it necessary to eat bread with it. A moderate sized family could dine sufficiently for two days on this nourishing food. Of course on the second day you will warm it up. It will be quite as good as on the first day, and it will be to you a greater economy of time to dress enough for two days while you are about it.

Kidneys in a potato-pie would make a very nice

dinner for the third day. This dish should be thus prepared:—Have of beef or mutton kidneys about a pound and a half. Cut the kidneys in slices of half an inch thick, and with a little dripping, salt, and pepper, brown them in a fryingpan. They must not be done thoroughly, because they will have more cooking in the potato-pie. Take four pounds of potatoes boiled until they are soft enough to be mashed. You should mash them with half a pint of milk and three ounces of dripping, then having greased the dish, put in half of your mashed potatoes and lay on them the sliced kidneys (already browned), with about a tea-cupful of finely chopped up onions and a little parsley and thyme. Then lay the remainder of the mashed potatoes at top; and having pressed down the whole, bake this excellent pie for one hour. If your family is small there will be enough of it left to warm up for the next day.

I have in reserve plenty more receipts for cheap, palatable dinners; but fear lest some of my remarks in the last chapter should have been misunderstood induces me to revert to them. I allude to what I said about employing young children. Let no mother suppose that I recommend children's giving their school-time to collecting any thing of any kind, either for sale or use. The poorest child in these dominions has a soul as precious as that of the heir-apparent. As soon as reason dawns, it is the duty both of father and mother to see to the religious and moral training of the children; and parents should even make sacrifices to have their young ones trained in a knowledge of their duty to their Maker and their fellow-creatures. But school-time, at the utmost, does not take up half the day, and on Wednesdays and Saturdays only a quarter of it. It is the spare time that children have on their hands, after school is over, that I wish parents to teach them to turn to account for their own profit and that of their father and mother; and I know from experience that children are happier in little occupations in which they feel they are being useful, than in throwing away four or five hours in play. Still, mere diversion has great advantages when taken in moderation. The true lover of the working classes is always happy to behold children enjoying themselves in due season; and even the aged look on with pleasure—

"When all the village train, from labour free,
Lead up their sports beneath the spreading tree."

PICTURES FROM HISTORY.

THE VASE OF SOISSONS.

At the beginning of the fifth century, when Attila, the "scourge of God," and his Tartar followers were devastating southern Europe, and the northern nations were founding rude but powerful kingdoms,—the Visigoths, in Spain; the Ostrogoths, in Italy; and the Burgundians, in central and southern Germany,—there arose, in the fertile plains of Gaul, a remarkable race of savage warriors.

They called themselves Franks, or *free men*. They prided themselves on their liberty, which they guarded with zealous care. Though mutual interest linked them together in a large band, each man ruled supreme in his own family, executing justice, rewarding and punishing at his own pleasure, unchecked by law, and unrestrained by fear of any higher authority. Chiefs there were indeed among these savage warriors,—men who were looked up to by the nation for their superior sagacity, experience, or valour. But it was only in affairs concerning the whole people that these chiefs could exercise anything like supremacy or rule. More savage than the redoubtable Northmen, who were afterwards the terror of Europe, more lawless than the wild Huns, who were looked upon as the scourge and curse of every country whose evil destiny brought them, like a swarm of locusts, into its coasts, the Franks still possessed within themselves the elements of greatness and power—namely, strength, endurance, and intellectual power. Like the wild horse of the prairies, they could be made useful and even valuable; but they required a hand that should tame them—a will stronger than theirs to which they should be brought to bend their stubborn necks in obedience. Such a power arose in the year 481 in the person of the great chief Clovis, who may be regarded as the founder of the French empire.

Until the time of Clovis, the leaders among the Franks had been merely military chiefs, chosen at the commencement of a war, and invested with authority only so long as the war should last. The warriors were bound by a rude sentiment of honour to follow wherever the king should lead them, to rally round him in time of danger, and to sacrifice



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their lives, if need were, for the safety of their nation and the freedom of the Frankish name. But when the strife ceased, the power of the king expired also. The booty was divided into shares, and the king received his part like any other warrior. He was paid by a larger share of the spoils for the greater responsibility he had undertaken, but this was all. He had no right to dispose of a single chest of treasure, or to decide on the life or death of a single prisoner of war. The jealous Franks were far too proud of their freedom to allow any man to rule them as Theodoric ruled the Visigoths, or Attila the Huns; and thus, while the other nations were settling down into comparative civilisation, building cities, and practising rude husbandry with primitive implements, the Franks were still a savage race of marauders, living by plunder and robbery.

Under Clovis the aspect of the nation changed entirely. This remarkable man contrived to obtain a complete ascendancy over the Franks; to be a king not only in name but in deed, to preserve during the days of peace the authority his predecessors had only enjoyed in time of war. When he first commenced his conquests in 481, the Franks were a wandering tribe, plundering the towns and villages of the more peaceful inhabitants of Gaul. At his death, in 511, he left among his sons an empire larger in extent than the present France, containing a Christian population—rude indeed, and warlike, but no longer dwellers in tents and vagabonds on the face of the earth. The means by which he obtained his ascendancy, and the difficulties he had to encounter, are vividly illustrated in one of the earliest anecdotes recorded in French history—the story of the Vase of Soissons.

The particulars are as follows:—There happened to be among the treasures in the cathedral at Rheims a vase of silver wrought with great skill, and highly valued alike for its intrinsic worth and as a specimen of the craft of the silversmith. One day, some Frankish warriors, pursuing a fugitive enemy through the streets, broke open the gates of the cathedral, penetrated to the very altar, and carried off the vase. The clergy were grieved at the loss, and the bishop

of Rheims came in person to Clovis, to beg for its restitution. Clovis, who afterwards embraced Christianity himself, was always well disposed towards the church. He replied that the vase had no doubt been placed among the booty taken during the war, and promised to ask that it should be given up, when the lots were apportioned. So the bishop and his attendants departed, somewhat comforted by this reply.

Not long afterwards, the day came for apportioning the spoils. The Frankish warriors were drawn up in a circle on a plain near Soissons. In the centre of the group lay heaped a glittering pile, the spoils of the recent war. There were mingled in motley confusion rich suits of armour, not unfrequently stained with the life-blood of the last wearers. There were jewels, and gold, and silver, carpets, head-pieces, and even household furniture, and horses' saddles and bridles—everything that could tempt the rapacity of those undisciplined hordes was there heaped together; and a little apart had been placed, by the direction of Clovis, the silver vase, whose loss was so deeply deplored by the clergy and inhabitants of the good city of Rheims.

"My friends," said the king, "before we apportion the spoils, I would crave at your hands yonder vase of silver. It was taken from the cathedral of Rheims, and I have even promised the bishop it shall be restored to him."

One of the chiefs advanced from the circle and spoke in the name of the rest.

"How shall we refuse the prayer of our valiant leader?" he cried. "Take the vase, O king, and do therewith as seemeth good to thee."

The other chiefs waved their weapons, and raised a shout of joyful acquiescence.

"Do you all consent?" demanded the king.

"All!" shouted a thousand voices. But then there came forward from among the ranks a grim-visaged savage, clad in the skin of a bear, and brandishing a mighty axe.

"Are we Franks," he yelled, "or are we slaves, that we must yield up the spoil of our swords and

spears at a king's behest? Thou shalt have nothing," he continued, turning upon Clovis, "but thy share, as apportioned to thee by fate. If the priest must needs have his bauble, let him take it, with the mark of the Frank thereon." And, raising his axe, he discharged a mighty blow upon the vase, crushing its beautiful proportions into shapeless deformity.

The eye of the Frankish king gleamed darkly, but he spoke never a word. Turning to the circle of warriors around him, he thanked them calmly for granting his request; and then he gave the mutilated vase into the hands of the affrighted priest, who stood ready to bear away the precious relic. Then the business of apportioning the spoil commenced; and not by word or gesture did the king reveal the deep anger that was tearing his heart, as the fabled vulture is described tearing the vitals of Prometheus.

Months rolled on, and the remembrance of the incident had vanished from the minds of most of the Frankish warriors, who deemed that by the king it was forgotten also. Then came the great assembly of the Field of March, when all the power of the Frankish nation was mustered as at a great review, and when the king was accustomed to pass before the ranks, observing the arms and equipment of each, and rejoicing in the sturdy strength and martial bearing of the warriors.

Clovis strode silently along the line, closely inspecting the men, as was his wont. Not a word of commendation had passed his lips, and nearly the whole long line had been reviewed. At last he stopped abruptly before a gigantic Frank, who bore a ponderous axe, and was clothed in the skin of a bear.

"Thy weapon is sullied, Frank," he said; "how darest thou show thyself to thy king with thine axe thus dim and rusty?" And, seizing the offending weapon from the warrior's hand, he cast it indignantly on the earth.

The Frank stooped to pick it up; but in that instant the sword of the monarch whistled above his head, and he fell a corpse upon the green turf.

"Thus hath he smitten the vase at Soissons," said Clovis, looking sternly round on the startled faces of the warriors. And he sheathed his sword without another word.

The grim warriors made no murmuring. "He hath insulted our king before us all," they said; "and our king hath avenged himself openly. It is well done."

Such were the Franks, and thus did Clovis establish his power among them.

OLD LETTERS.

CAME they from sinner or from saint,
Cast them in, for the fire is faint;
The fire is faint, and the frost is strong,
And these old letters have lived too long.

How welcome once it matters not:
Their worth away with time has sped,
The love is over, the hope is dead,
And the old friend has forgot.

Cast them in! they're hard to keep,
And will not let one's memory sleep,
For hints of age, and tales of change:
Oh, but the turns of life are strange!

The world whereof they speak is gone—
How bright they came, and how dim they part,
These passing ages of the heart,
While life and we wear on.

Cast them in! why should they last,
When the light we read them by is past,
And never again will glid our days?
Up like a banner goes the blaze:

It is waste paper, and nothing more,
Some have been treasured up for years,
Some are blotted with heavy tears,
And some our dreams read o'er.

These are sprinkled with many a vow—
The love was never as warm as now.
Those by a trusty hand were penned:
Woe is me for that friendship's end.

There goes a page of boyish rhyme!
That was a sheet of good advice;
We took our own way on the ice,
And learned the worth of it all in time.

One glossy curl of wavy gold
Was hid in this burning letter's fold:
'Tis long since that golden head grew gray,
And the grave where it rests is far away!
Up in its might the broad flame flashes,
And there they lie, in what all our aims,
Seekings, and strivings, hopes and schemes,
Must come to—dust and ashes!

THE FATE OF A QUEEN;

OR, THE BEAUTIFUL LOUISA D'ORLEANS.

It was an apartment in the palace of Charles II., king of Spain. The magnificence of the seventeenth century was visible throughout all its arrangements, and the gorgeous taste, distinguishing the Spanish ladies of that period, was conspicuous in almost a ludicrous degree, in the person occupying the apartment. Arrayed in costly robes, such as a queen might wear on presentation days, sat a woman, old, wrinkled, and savage-looking, her lips contracted into a pinched, malicious expression, her little black eyes sparkling with hate, and her long, thin, bony fingers eagerly held out to receive something from the hands of one of the royal household.

"Indeed, indeed, my lady duchess," pleaded the man, who stood at the door of the room, as if loth to come further, "I cannot leave them here without orders from the queen. You know what a special charge she gave me on the very morning she left the palace, and it is as much as my place is worth to have them out of my sight at all."

"Bring them here, fellow!" said the lady, enraged to find her authority questioned. "Bring them here, and I will let you find that I have something to order. Nay," she continued, springing across the room as nimbly as her age permitted, closing the door and locking it, "you shall obey me. Take the creatures out of the basket, instantly."

The man reluctantly opened the basket, carefully releasing from it two beautiful parrots of a very rare plumage. They perched on his hand and shoulder, apparently delighted at their escape from the basket, and began chattering in French. Reaching out her hands, the old woman caught them, and, in a moment, she had wrung the necks of both with her lank, skinny fingers, and thrust them hastily back. A spot of blood fell to the floor; for so violently had she twisted the delicate throat of the smallest, that the skin was wholly ruptured.

She started, and grew pale for an instant, as she saw it staining the pure white of the finely-plastered floor, pure and smooth as marble; but recovering her-

self, she turned to the man and told him to take them away. He stood clasping his hands together, and exclaiming, in a confused jumble of French and Spanish, over the poor dead birds.

Unlocking the door, she applied her satin slipper to the basket, and would probably have done the same to the man, had he not hastened out of the room to remove the birds to a place where they could be immediately stuffed and mounted, so as to resemble life as much as possible before the queen should return.

This idea getting possession of his head, he went away, forbearing to give utterance to the bitter oaths which had nearly escaped his lips. Closing the door, the panting old woman threw herself down upon a pile of cushions covered with gold brocade, sprinkling her hands as she lay with some odorous perfume from a richly-cut bottle.

"No more French chattering from them. I would I could rid the palace of her as easily. I would like to do it myself, if it were only that I should hear no more of the queen's sweet temper and amiability. Fugh! I hate her."

It did not keep her awake, however, for in a short time she slept as soundly as if she had taken a draught from Lethe, instead of the richly-spiced cordial which accompanied her noon meal, and of which no head but one as strong as that of the Duchess of Terranueva could have withstood the effects. For the lady who had just executed this piece of spiteful malice was none other than the first lady of honour (Camarrera Mayor) to Louisa d'Orleans, the Queen of Spain and consort of Charles II. Descended by her father from the royal house of Arragon, and by her mother from Fernando Cortez, who left her mines of gold and a principality, the duchess was haughty, proud, and arrogant even more than her Spanish blood entitled her to be. Unscrupulous she certainly was in regard to the means of destroying anything that offended her—as in the case of her cousin, Don Carlos of Arragon, whom she actually hired bravos to despatch, because he aspired to Terranueva, which she inherited in her own right. From her husband she held the title also of Duchess of Monteleone.

Previous to her being called to the queen's hotsehold, she had resided in magnificence with her daughter-in-law, the second duchess of Monteleone; but wherever she was, she claimed rule as a right which her rank and talents gave her.

When Charles—himself a mere boy, bashful, inexperienced, and ignorant—brought to his throne the young and lovely Louisa d'Orleans, and summoned the duchess to his household as lady of honour to the queen, a fierce hatred seemed to possess the soul of one who could not bear to witness youth and beauty in another, now that her own was gone for ever. Confident of her superiority to the "married babies," as she contemptuously termed them, she claimed and exerted a sway, which, at any other court, would have utterly ruined her. But Charles was careless and inconsiderate, and the queen was all sweetness; and so both tacitly acknowledged her influence.

Louisa d'Orleans, daughter of the Duke of Orleans, brother to the French king by Henrietta of England, was about eighteen years of age when proposals were made to her from the youthful king of Spain. She shrank with horror from the formality and gloom of the Spanish court, so different as she apprehended from the light and joyous character of that of her uncle, the French king.

And, indeed, had Charles welcomed her to a fairy bower, with sunshine smiling down upon it all the year through, it would not have tempted her; for, alas, the noble maiden's heart was no longer hers to bestow. Long since, even from her childhood, it had clung tenderly to that of her cousin, the Dauphin of France.

When, therefore, her kingly uncle accepted the offer of Charles for Louisa, and she remonstrated against it, Louis told her that he could have asked no better for his own daughter. "Ah, sire," she replied, "but you could, if you pleased, have done so much better for your niece!"

But the laws of courts over hearts are despotic, and the fair and noble Louisa, stifling the emotions she dared not betray, hid her bleeding heart under the bridal flowers, and became the queen of Spain.

From the moment of the bridal she had hidden from every eye the sight of her sufferings; and so sweetly and amiably had she performed every duty of her blameless and innocent life, in a court where pride, craftiness, and intrigue abounded, that Charles, ignorant, bashful, and a woman-hater generally, gave her the admiration and consideration which she truly deserved.

To the last of her brief existence, he greeted her as when he met her on the bridge leading to the Isle of Pheasants, and received her from the hand of the Marquis of Astorga, exclaiming, "My queen! my

queen!" Not all the dreary discomforts of that tedious and stormy travel by which she arrived at Madrid, could disturb the sweetness and equanimity of that temper which won every heart, save that of the vindictive Duchess of Terranueva; nor, although mortified by the ignorance of the king, who did not even know the names of several important towns in his own dominion, did she ever show, by a single look or expression, that she was not perfectly satisfied with his wisdom and attainments. Still, had she truly loved him, his indifferent manner at times would have caused her the most excruciating grief; as, for instance, when she wished to repeat a summer excursion which had once given her great pleasure, she was coolly refused on the plea of expense; yet, almost immediately afterwards, he set off for the Escorial, attended by two or three of his courtiers.

Still amiable, Louisa sent thither an affectionate letter, accompanied by the gift of a splendid diamond ring. In return, the king sent her a casket of gold filigree, containing some beads of precious wood, set with diamonds. A little note was therein, which she eagerly opened. It contained these words—

"Madam, there is a great storm of wind here. I have killed six wolves."

Probably this was the only letter which he ever wrote her.

Whatever was developed in Charles of a high or manly nature, was indisputably owing to Louisa. For his sake, she learned, privately, the Spanish dances; and received for this accomplishment his delighted exclamation of "My rena!"

The sway of the Duchess of Terranueva now became insupportable. Not a day passed that did not witness some demonstration of her intolerable pride and haughtiness of demeanour, not only to the whole court, which she kept in incessant broils, but towards the king and queen.

These repeated instances called forth the fiery temper of the king, whose wide mouth, and thick Austrian lips, sometimes gave the lie to his fair hair, delicate complexion, and the remarkable sweetness of his eyes—showing that he could, on provocation, become terrible. He swore big oaths that she should be displaced, and was already on the watch for a suitable person to fill her situation. The Duchess d'Albuquerque, the Duchess d'Infantado, and the Marchioness de Los Velez were the principal aspirants. Don Pedro of Arragon asked an audience of her one morning, and gave her the unexpected advice to remove herself from court, as quietly as possible, lest a public dismissal might ensue.

Stung with rage, she refused to believe that he had any authority for thus advising her. Rushing unannounced into the king's presence, she related the insult, and asked his majesty's permission to leave a situation in which she was allowed to meet with such affronts.

"Certainly," answered Charles, "you are at perfect liberty to leave the place whenever you choose."

She was petrified with rage and amazement. Not even royalty had ever dared to speak thus to the duchess. She sprang from his presence, and as the queen was not yet risen, she entered her chamber without the usual ceremonies.

With her habitual sweetness, Louisa said, "I regret, madam, that anything so unpleasant should have occurred—"

Before she could speak further, the duchess struck her hand violently upon a small table, and caught up a splendid Chinese fan, much valued by her majesty, breaking it in pieces, and throwing the glittering fragments around the chamber.

"It is quite beneath the dignity of a consort of Spain to lament the dismissal of her Camarrera Mayor," she said, haughtily.

Her departure occasioned the most lively satisfaction, and her situation was soon filled more acceptably by the Duchess d'Albuquerque, who adopted an entirely different policy, being as good, gentle, and obliging, as her predecessor had been the reverse.

As if the fate of Henrietta of England had been entailed on her fair and beautiful daughter, consigning her, after a few brief years of life, to an early grave, Louisa began to exhibit the same symptoms as her mother had done. Returning from riding on horseback, an exercise which was admirably adapted to her figure, and in which she excelled, she complained of violent and distressing pain. More than at any other time, the king had been struck with the wondrous beauty of "My rena" on this occasion. She rode a spirited jennet of his own choosing, and was attired magnificently, in a riding dress of black cloth, with rich gold buttons fastening the habit and sleeves. A Spanish hat and feathers adorned her head, and her little fairy-like gloves were closed by diamond buttons. As she took these buttons from the splendid

casket, which no hands save her own ever opened, the superb pearl, called Peregrina, as large as a small pear, hanging to a diamond clasp, which formed her present from Charles, when they first met, caught her eye. She held it up playfully, as if to remind him of that meeting, and caught his admiring gaze. It brought forth her blushes like a girl's. Perhaps there was another remembrance mingled with his, that she blushed to recall. That, too, was the hour in which she felt imperatively called upon to shut out from her loving heart the image of her cousin.

A momentary faintness, in which the blush was supplanted by deathly paleness, alarmed the king. He sprang towards her, but already she had recovered, and almost shrunk from his clasp arms. She attributed it to the close perfume of the orange and jasmine trees which were standing in silver cases about the room; and with this first prevarication on her lips (a rare instance in a Frenchwoman!) she buttoned on the diminutive gloves, and went slowly down the grand staircase, to the courtyard of the palace, where grooms were walking the superb animals up and down, while awaiting the royal pair. As the groom held out his hand for the little foot which the queen was about to place in it, Charles, impelled by a sudden gallantry, which, it must be confessed, did not often possess him, sprang forward, and received it in his own.

"Quite recovered, my rena?" he asked, tenderly. "Quite," she answered, but even as she spoke, a sudden pang shot through her frame. She pressed her hand upon her heart, as if absolutely to crush out the pain, and the paleness returned to her cheek; but this time Charles was mounting his horse and did not perceive it.

She rode superbly that day—her gay jennet distancing the other animals—and then, when carried almost out of sight, she would return with a bright smile on her cheek, and an apparent elasticity of spirits that seemed unconquerable by sickness or sorrow.

It was after this ride that she began gradually to droop; and in February, 1689, the flower of Spanish queens closed the beautiful eyes that never beamed but in sweetness upon all. Whether the fatal poison, of which she was supposed to be the victim, was introduced into her food, or into the flowers she so loved to inhale, is one of the mysteries that cannot be divulged until the earth gives up its dead. The dull, heavy formalities of the Spanish court, which the light and airy graces of Louisa d'Orleans had softened into something more elastic, resumed their sway after her death, never, perhaps, to be again touched into beauty by so sweet a spirit as hers. All tender and delicate memories cluster around her name; and even the proud and haughty Spaniards cherish the records of her gentle and unstained life with tenderness and respect, as the best and most beloved by her subjects of all the queens of Spain.

Small Change.

A MAN in praising porter, said it was an excellent beverage; that though taken in great quantities, it always made him fat. "I have seen the time when it made you lean." "When, I should be glad to know?" said the eulogist. "Why, no longer since that last night—against the wall."

A CAPITAL way to prevent the smell of cooking in a house: Have nothing for breakfast, and warm it up for dinner and supper.

HE that can please nobody is not so much to be puffed as he whom nobody can please.

"A dandy is a thing that would
Be a young lady if he could;
But since he can't, does all he can,
To let you know he's not a man."

THE ex-president of the Conundrum Club perpetrates another atrocity, viz.:—"What is that which no man wants, which if any man has he would not part with for untold wealth?" Answer, "A bald head."

JEAN, jester to Charles IX., once tried his master's nerve by rushing into his room one morning with the exclamation—"Oh, sire, such news! Four thousand men have risen in the city!"—"What!" cried the startled king; "with what intention have they risen?"—"Well," said Jean, placing his finger upon his nose, "probably with the intention of lying down again at bedtime."

"I TELL you wat, Julius, I had a monstrous 'spute wid massa dis mornin', down to de cotton patch."—"You don't see so, Cassar; wat, you 'spute wid massa?"—"Yes, I tell you for one hour we 'spute togedder down in de cotton patch."—"Wa, wa,

wat you 'spute about?"—"Why, you see, Julius, massa come down da whar I was hoein', and massa he say squash grow best on sandy ground, an' I say so too; and dar we 'spute about it for more'n one hour!"

MUST HAVE BEEN AN IRISHMAN.—"I never shot a bird in my life," said some one to his friend, who replied, "I never shot anything in the shape of a bird, but a squirrel, which I killed with a stone, when it fell into the river, and was drowned."

TO A BOTTLE.

'Tis very strange that you and I
Together cannot pull;
For you are full when I am dry,
And dry when I am full.

HE only is truly independent in the world, who can maintain himself by his individual exertions.

A YOUTH, with a turn for figures, had five eggs to boil, and being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them a quarter of an hour altogether.

"I NEVER complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet and became contented with my lot."

"I SAY, Jim," said a ploughman, the other day, to his companion, "I know of a new-fashioned Mackintosh to keep out the wet." "What is that?" "Why, if you eat a red-herring in the morning, for breakfast, you'll be dry all the day."

How many young men are carried away by a fine, musical, charming voice—a pretty, light-footed, reeling, ball-room dancer—a lazy, lounging, street-yarn-ing flirt—an oily-tongued, hollow-hearted, deceptive piano-pounder, and regret their folly when, alas, too late!

"My birth-day!"—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!
When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old!
And as Youth counts the shining links,
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.

"ONE word more, and I have done." How we dread to hear this sentence from the lips of a speaker at public meetings! It is always a sure indication that he is bracing up for a fresh start.

"THIS tenement to let. Inquire next door." The place was in a dilapidated, wretched condition. Bannister, however, inquired the rent, &c. These particulars gained, he asked, "Do you let anything with it?"—"No," was the reply; "why do you ask?"—"Because," said the wit, "if you let it alone, it will tumble down!"

"QUILLS are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another!"

WHEN Dr. H. and Serjeant A. were walking arm-in-arm, a wag observed to a friend, "Those two are just equal to one highwayman." "Why so?" was the response. "Because," rejoined the wag, "it's a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life."

WHAT is it you must keep after giving it to another? Your word.

AN Irish paper, describing a late duel, says that one of the combatants was shot through the fleshy part of the thigh bone.

MARRIAGE.—A good woman is not thoroughly known before marriage. Of how many sweet domestic virtues may not she be possessed, of which even he who values her most highly is unaware, until he has placed her in his own mansion to be the guardian angel of his household-happiness.

A WISE MAGISTRATE.—That was a very learned and thoughtful mayor of Shrewsbury, to whom Lord Mansfield remarked at dinner, "Your town appears very old." To which his honour the mayor replied, "It was always so, please your lordship."

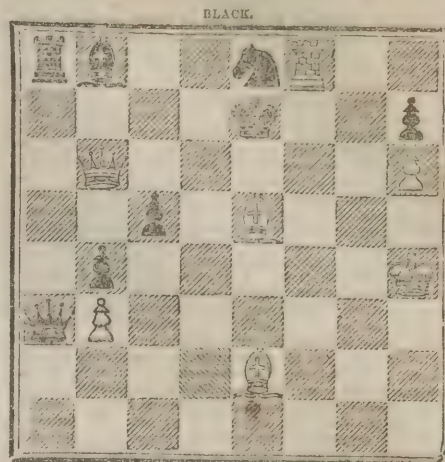
A YANKEE ADVERTISEMENT.—A down-easter advertises for a wife in the following manner: "Any gal what's got a cow, a good feather bed with comfortable fixins, five hundred dollars in hard pewter; one that's had the measles and understands tendin' children, can find a customer for life, by writin' a small *billy duz*, addressed to Q. Z., and sticking it in a crack of Uncle Ebenezer's barn, back side, joinin' the hogpen."

As a clergyman was performing the funeral service, a woman came and pulled him by the sleeve in the middle of it. "Sir, I must speak to you immediately." "Well, then, what is the matter?" "Why, sir, you are going to bury a man who died of the small-pox near my poor husband who never had it."

DIVORCE.—Cutting for fresh partners.

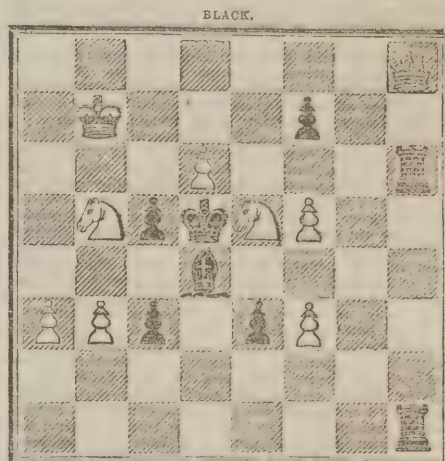
Chess.

Problem No. 49. By H. TURTON, Esq.



White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Problem No. 50. By ALFRED KEMPE, Esq.



White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Game Played between C. F. SMITH and J. N. SMITH.

WHITE.

Mr. C. F. Smith.

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. B to Q B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4
5. P to Q B 3
6. P to Q 4
7. P takes P
8. Castles
9. B to Q Kt 2
10. B to Q Kt 5
11. Q takes B
12. P to K 5
13. B takes Kt
14. B to Q 5
15. Kt to Q B 3
16. R takes B
17. B to Q Kt 3
18. Kt to K 4
19. R to Q sq
20. P to K Kt 4
21. B takes P
22. B takes P
23. Q to K 5
24. R checks
25. R takes Q Kt P
26. Q to K B 3
27. K to K Kt 2

BLACK.

Mr. J. N. Smith.

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to Q B 4
4. B takes P
5. B to Q B 4
6. P takes P
7. B to Q Kt 3
8. P to Q 3
9. B to K Kt 5 (a)
10. B takes Kt
11. K to B sq
12. B takes P
13. B takes B
14. Kt to K R 3
15. B takes R
16. P to Q B 3
17. P takes P
18. P to Q B 4 (b)
19. Q to Q R 4
20. P to Q B 5
21. Q to Q Kt 5
22. K to K 2
23. K takes B
24. K to K 3
25. Kt takes P
26. Q to K 8 (ch)
27. K R to K B sq

And White mates in seven moves.
(a) Kt to K B 3 is the true defence.—(b) Q to K 2 would have been much better.

W. COATES.—Your Problem, shall be reported upon shortly.
A PERPLEXED JUVENILE.—The key move to Problem No. 41 is Q to Q R 4.

E. FLAYER, JUN.—Stalemate can be effected in one move in the Problem submitted by you.

W. GREENWOOD.—Many thanks for your excellent batch of Problems.

Answers to several correspondents are unavoidably delayed until next week.

Our Editorial Table.

A CONSTANT READER.—The waters of Cheltenham owe their virtue to the quantity of sulphate of soda, or chloride of sodium, which they contain in large proportions. The persons most benefited by the use of them are those who, after a long residence in hot climates, are affected with diseased liver; and also those who, by indulgence in what—a sad misnomer—is called "good living," have weakened their digestive organs.

M. T. (Slough).—According to Sir Richard Phillips, the reason why children die in such large proportions is, that their diseases cannot be explained, and because their organs are not habituated to the functions of life. Of human beings born, half die before twenty-six, and two-thirds before fifty.

JEMIMA JONES.—"Jemima" is informed that the late Duke of Wellington was born at Dangan Castle (county Meath, Ireland), in March, 1769. He was first sent to Eton, whence, being destined for the army, he was removed to the military college at Angiers, in France. He obtained his first commission, in the 73rd regiment, in 1787; and rose, in 1793, to be lieutenant-col. of the 53rd. In 1794 he ably covered and protected the retreat of the Duke of York in Holland, and became a colonel in 1796. In the same year, after a narrow escape of shipwreck, he landed in India with his regiment, where his brother, Lord Mornington, arrived the next year, as Governor-General. Of his subsequent achievements he has been his own—and the best—historian. His style is the exponent of the man. Truth—without which there can be no real greatness—was his polar star in every region; honour, and to do his duty, his object in every act. His shrine of renown was approached through the temple of virtue; and he trusted to a grateful country to provide means to support a dignity carved out with an untarnished sword.

X. Z.—You wish to know why the gun-cotton, that made such a sensation a few years ago, is never heard of now. The reason that this invention of M. Schönbein is no longer considered valuable may thus be stated. The gun-cotton cannot be brought under control. It ignites spontaneously; that is, catches fire of itself, at a temperature of about 90 degrees.

ELIZA.—The Court of Divorce is presided over by Sir C. Cresswell, a very able and accomplished lawyer. Many sentences of dissolution of marriage have lately been pronounced; but they were all cases of gross and flagrant immorality, and only one of them was tried by the intervention of a jury.

ALICIA, A TIMID GIRL.—We beg you will conquer your fears. In spite of some modern oratory there neither is, nor has been any imminent danger of war with France. But should war be forced upon us, and England be threatened as it was fifty years ago, young ladies ought to have too much confidence in their countrymen to be afraid. Read the accounts of the great captains of the last century. English skill and courage rose with the occasion. Think of Rodney, a man unaided by high birth or connections. Follow him in a few of his steps to eminence. Intrusted with the command of a squadron, he set sail for Gibraltar. In his way thither he first took a rich convoy of Spanish merchantmen; afterwards defeated a fleet of Spanish men-of-war, taking the admiral, Don Sangara's ship, and three other ships of the line. A few months after he fought a most obstinate battle with a superior French fleet under the Count de Guiche, in the West Indies; and in 1782 he obtained a most glorious victory, in the neighbourhood of Jamaica, over another French fleet, commanded by the Count de Grasse, taking the admiral's own ship of 110 guns. For these heroic achievements he was raised to the peerage, an honour he justly deserved. Then call to mind the indomitable valour of British warriors of the present day. Think of their achievements in the Crimea, and of the dauntless valour with which they subdued, and are still subduing, millions of ruthless mutineers in the East. Recollect all this, and, as an English girl, blush for your fears.

CURIOS.—Gold sovereigns, value 20s., were in use in 1532; value 24s., 1550; value 30s., 1552; and again, value 20s., from 1821 to the present time.

MORETON.—We agree with you that it is an unpleasant novelty for us to see other countries "getting a-head" of us in anything that relates to the arts and sciences. But certain it is that the electric telegraph (for the original idea of which we have to thank Mr. James Bain, an ingenious mechanic) has long since attained greater development in America than with us. To prove this we need only instance the practice of transmitting whole printed messages, as being carried out in the new world. It is Professor Morse, of America, whom his countrymen and the world at large have to thank for this improved working of the electric telegraph. The process of the learned Professor's apparatus is comparatively simple, and may be thus described:—Its distinguishing feature is the pressure of a blunt style, or pen, on the surface of a scroll of paper, moved by clock-work over a yielding substance. A momentary impression leaves a depressed dot; a longer continuance of the action, a short line or stroke. These dots and strokes, by their combination, form letters, something like the following, which are marked upon the paper:—

..... &c. Professor Morse has contrived seven ways of forming and breaking the circuit at such intervals, as to produce the requisite combinations of strokes and dots. The simplest and best is the contact (by the pressure of the hand) of a metallic stud with the surface of a miniature anvil, thus completing the circuit and depressing the style or pen at the extremity of the line. When the circuit is broken by the elevation of the key, which carries the stud, a spring raises the style or blunt pen, and leaves a vacant space on the moving scroll until the succeeding completion of the circuit. Any of our correspondents who devoted their attention to the production and perusal of this telegraphic language, would soon become familiar with it.

S. G.—Had you intended to show great cordiality you might have met your friend at the door. She on her part committed a solecism in good breeding by reproving you before a comparative stranger.

J. M. O.—"Chiario oscuro," in Italian, or "clear obscure," in English, from the Latin, *clarus*, "clear," and *obscurus*, "obscure," is a term used by painters, to denote the particular distribution of the lights and shades of a piece, with respect to the effect of the whole; also a design of two colours.

E. C. IN DANGER.—Moderate your indignation, and, at least, delay vengeance till you have calmly ascertained whether there is just ground for it. We have seen a good deal of the world, and, we believe, that generally speaking, ladies can by modest dignity protect themselves. Are you sure the object of your affections did not encourage your rival to take the unbecoming liberty of which you complain? If the lady is perfectly innocent of coquetry, and if in embracing her against her will your rival used violence, she can indict the aggressor for an assault. He would thus be more justly and more severely punished than by any rash deed of yours.

JOHN BULL.—As yet, no hippopotamus has been born in the Zoological Gardens; but this is no reason that none ever should come into being among us; for, although the hippopotamus is the native of a hot climate, the recent birth of a young one in Paris shows that the species may be propagated under a temperate sky. It was in the "Jardin des Plantes" that a little hippopotamus made its appearance last May, on the 10th day of the month. It was seen at the top of the water of the tank occupied by its mother. After swimming about a while, the little creature attempted to get on dry ground; but, the descent from the sleeping apartment of the parent hippopotami not being sloped, the young one had some difficulty in raising its weight out of the water. The mother then came to its help; but, in her endeavours to assist her offspring up the step, she unfortunately so bruised and injured its tender body, that it died the same evening.

A LITTLE BOY.—You may give flies as much to eat as you please, you cannot make them grow, for when once an insect has attained its winged state it never increases in size.

VENETIA S.—The holes in your beads are, most probably, made with a fine drill; and you will injure or destroy them by any attempt to enlarge them.

PULPITAGUS.—You can obtain the first volume, New Series, of our journal by post, on sending 3s. 8d. to Messrs. Petter and Galpin. Apply diluted nitric acid (aqua fortis) to your warts twice a day, by means of a piece of pointed wood.

HOPELESS.—There seems to be no connection between the practice to which you refer and blushing. Try cold bathing.

NEVER GIVE UP.—We do not see that there is any appeal from the decision of the County Court. Unless you are well known, or have influential friends, your proposal to publish your life, under the idea of selling one thousand copies, at one shilling each, would only increase your embarrassment.

A TRADESMAN.—We have already given receipts for making good black writing ink.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The signification of the term "*belles-lettres*" is somewhat vague. It includes general literature, though, by some, it is confined to *polite* literature; as rhetoric, poetry, history, and philology.

A YOUTHFUL BARD.—"The World before the Flood" is one of the late James Montgomery's best poems. It is out of print; but you may perhaps obtain a copy at some second-hand bookseller's.

L. H. W.—You may make a kaleidoscope with either two or three glasses; those with *three* are the most perfect.

IMAGINATION.—The articles must be written in long hand, in ink, on one side only of the paper (ordinary letter-paper), and in a clear, legible hand.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Write to the Master, or the Secretary, of the Marines' School, Woolwich.

T. BROWN.—Stones may be polished by the use of emery, spread on a rubber made of felt, or of thick, close-grained, woollen cloth. Begin with a coarse emery, then with a second, finer; a third, finer still; and then polish off with "polisher's putty." Each degree of fineness must have its own rubber. The water used should be soft.

OSBORNE.—You will find receipts for lemonade, both powder and liquid, in recent numbers of our journal. See No. 25, p. 400, &c.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—There is no law to prevent a person from insuring your life, if a company is willing to forego the usual inquiries and examinations; but no respectable company would, we think, do this.

POETICAL COMPOSITIONS.—We have on hand some hundred verses, some of which contain beautiful thoughts and excellent sentiments, but which, for various reasons, we are unable to insert in our journal. Some are defective in measure; some do not arrive in proper season; some refer to merely personal matters; some are more suitable for religious periodicals; and most of them are much too long for our use. To some of the writers we would say, "Confine yourselves to prose;" to others, "Wait a little longer."

W. MORLEY.—Coloured prints and drawings must be prepared for varnishing, by receiving one or two coats of isinglass size. The varnish used is spirit varnish; most commonly, "white, hard varnish." The process is delicate, and somewhat difficult, especially with respect to drawings.

A BOOK-HUNTER.—The tract about which you inquire, "The Christian State of Matrimony, wherein Husbands and Wives may learn to keep house together with Love," was written by Miles Coverdale, one of the first English reformers. You will find it difficult to obtain a copy.

HARRY.—We are astonished that two opinions should be expressed about the meaning of the words "upwards of." Of course, they mean "more than," "higher than."

CARRIE RALSTON.—The death of Pliny took place under the following circumstances: being at Misenum, during an eruption of Vesuvius, his anxiety to make observations on that phenomenon prevented him from taking proper precautions for his own safety, and he was suffocated by the sulphureous vapour.

B. ONDY.—You are too late in the season to obtain silk-worms' eggs.

ALEXANDER W.—By abstemiousness, useful occupation of your thoughts, and cold bathing, you may, we think, recover a healthy tone, without having recourse to designing adventures.

ATTILA.—If you reside in the parish you must pay whatever rates are levied by the properly constituted authorities. **JOHN B.**—The last quarterly return of the Registrar-General states that the natural increase of the population of the United Kingdom amounts to about 750 daily.

GO-A-HEAD.—If you knew what a swarm of young men are seeking engagements in London as "drapers' assistants," you would not be very ready to add to their number, especially if, as you state, you are in "a comfortable and first-rate country establishment."

PERSEVERANCE.—Read much when alone, aloud; but in as soft a tone as possible.

A. B. C.—We know of no establishment where you can purchase "lectures which have never been read to the public."

FATEMAN.—The punishment of beheading was introduced into England by William the Conqueror.

B. H.—Unless the native of Lancashire had property to the amount of five pounds within one of the English dioceses, the probability is that no will of his is proved in any English court.

H. H.—Your parents have a moral but not a legal claim for the money lent you during your minority.

R. SIME.—The parish register of births, marriages, and deaths, have been regularly kept for more than a century.

J. D. MASSINGHAM.—The work is out of print.

A SUFFERER. COATS, X. Y. Z., AFFLICTION, D. W., are suffering from various bodily diseases and infirmities. They should consult skilful medical practitioners.

FATIOR.—We have reason to believe that the party you name is unworthy of your confidence.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Marionettes are puppets.

HAWK-EYE.—If you send 5s. 2d., either in postage-stamps or post-office order, the numbers you require will be immediately forwarded to you by post.

BOB.—We are not very fond of giving directions for the preparation of explosives; but you will find what you ask for in No. 13, page 206.

CISSIE.—Read No. 26. "The dear old dog" came to an untimely end; but he was the means of saving his master's life.

A. MONTRESOR.—We fear your "tremendous scar" will remain with you through life; but you had better consult some skilful surgeon.

MARRUGO.—Upon application to a magistrate an order of protection will be granted to you under the new act.

R. S.—The Rev. Dr. Steinkopf, minister of the Savoy Church, Strand, was among the earliest promoters of the Bible Society.

M. A. H.—If the claim can fairly be made out, the owners are answerable to the representatives of the lost scamen.

STEPHEN.—The word "gipsy" is probably a corruption of "Egyptian."

E. B.—You cannot sue, for breach of promise, a man who is willing to marry you as soon as he can find the means of supporting you.

E. MONK.—You may make good manure of the mowings and sweepings of your lawns by constantly soaking them in house slops of any kind; but you should sprinkle them now and then with charcoal.

AMELIA CLIFTON.—Your personal property goes to your mother; your real property to your next of kin, who is your heir-at-law.

J. FILBERTON.—"J. Filberton" is informed that the massacre of the Jews in London was ordered by Richard the First, "for fear of the enchantments they were wont to practice."

COBBS.—Try to arrange matters amicably. If you cannot do so, it is to the Court of Chancery you must apply in all cases against executors.

A POLICEMAN.—2s. 6d. and a fraction per day.

A FRENCHMAN.—"A Frenchman" who wishes to see and taste everything that is good in England before he returns to his own country, should partake at Greenwich of a dinner of whitebait. The noble hospital for the aged seamen will excite his admiration; and as to the little fish, they are such as he can only procure in England. They are peculiar to the river Thames. Some naturalists think this diminutive fish is a species of itself; others that it is the young of a larger kind of fish. The former opinion seems most generally received. Whitebait is now in season; it should be eaten quite fresh and hot, after having been fried in butter.

LUCY.—We think you will act wisely in placing the sum you speak of in the savings' bank, but you cannot send it by another person, because your first deposit must be made by yourself, so that the institution may take a specimen of your handwriting, and set down some particulars for your future identification.

E. J. A. L. has sent us a recipe for making black ink, which he recommends as "very cheap and very good." It is at the service of our readers: bruised gall-nuts, eight ounces; green copperas, three ounces; gum arabic, two ounces and a half; indigo, fifteen grains; sugar-candy, two ounces; vinegar, three pints; rain water, five pints. We may add,—boil the galls in the water for about an hour; then add the other ingredients. Stir frequently, till all are dissolved. Place the whole in a stone bottle, cork up, and put it at the back of the hob, or sufficiently near to get a little warmth, for about four weeks, shaking it occasionally.

P. E., A. G., AND J. BRINDLE.—The mistake was corrected in No. 25, p. 400.

ERLIE RANULPH.—The usual proportions are, one ounce of powdered logwood, and the same quantity of copperas.

G. A. P.—Her Majesty's Opera-house in the Haymarket will accommodate a larger audience than the theatre recently built in Covent-garden.

**** We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.**

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER LXII.

How shall our thoughts avoid the various snare?
Or wisdom to our cautioned soul declare,
The various shapes thou pleasest to employ,
When bent to hurt and certain to destroy?—PRIOR

OUR hero had not long returned from his visit to the country seat of Mr. Chutnee, before he felt a lassitude that rendered him not only indifferent to the active exertions, but even the pleasures of his age. At first he attributed it to the change of climate or the increasing heat of the weather, and imagined that he

was merely paying the penalty which every native of Europe is supposed to pay when he exchanges the temperate atmosphere of his native land for the burning one of the East.

He was reclining in a state of dreamy listlessness upon a chaise longue which the servants had placed in the veranda, in order that he might catch the slightest breeze which came from the Hooghly, when Fred Wharton called. The young officer, who had been absent from Calcutta upon military duty, felt exceedingly shocked when he beheld the change that had taken place in his friend; the eye was dim, half glazed, and a sickly pallor had overspread the features lately so redolent with health.

"In heaven's name, my dear fellow," he exclaimed, as the invalid languidly held out a hand to welcome him, "tell me what has occurred."

"Occurred!" repeated the sufferer; "nothing."

"You are ill?"

"I can scarcely term it an illness," was the reply, "for I feel no pain; merely a lassitude which has in-

vaded my entire system. In a day or two it will pass, no doubt, and I shall be myself again."

"Have you had advice?" demanded his visitor.

"Advice!" repeated Richard, with an effort to smile. "No; it is not so serious as that. I do not feel pain: it is merely—a kind of—"

Here a slight fit of coughing interrupted the speaker; and his friend observed that, as he wiped his lips, the handkerchief was tinged with green.

"Have you been eating fruit?" he asked.

"No; I have lost all appetite; but it is merely a slight indisposition, and will pass now you have returned. I have been too much alone. Your society will soon set me to rights again. You will stay and dine with me."

"I will do more," replied Fred Wharton.

Tyrrell regarded him inquiringly.

"I will take up my quarters and remain with you till you have recovered," continued the young man. "Not a word. I won't be refused. I have only to drop a line to the colonel to obtain leave of absence."



TYRRELL SAVED BY THE NATIVE PHYSICIAN.

"You must not state the reason," exclaimed our hero, raising himself from the couch; "it might create alarm."

"Trust to my prudence."

"For, after all, it is nothing. I feel ashamed of my weakness in giving way to it: for two days I have not had sufficient resolution to rise and quit the house. Is it not unaccountable?"

Here the poor fellow fell back, as if overcome by the exertion he had made, in describing his feelings to his friend.

"Do not excite yourself," said the latter. "But tell me what is the peculiar symptoms you complain of."

"A desire to sleep."

"And do you sleep?"

"I have not closed my eyes for the last two nights."

"Have you any other feelings?"

"A choking sensation on my lungs."

Here the invalid coughed again, and the slight froth tinged with green, which Fred had previously observed, rose again to his lips.

"I must write my note at once," observed the latter, looking round for the necessary materials; but not seeing any, he rang the bell.

Hassan, the khansumrah, or butler, entered the apartment. A slight shade of surprise, and perhaps displeasure, crossed the features of the Hindoo, when he perceived the presence of the young officer.

"Your master is ill," observed the latter.

"The sahib pays the penalty which Europeans pay when they arrive in India," was the reply. "He will be better soon."

"But I have never paid it!"

The native servant shrugged his shoulders.

"Why did you not send for advice?" demanded Wharton, who began to experience a sensation of dislike at the coldness of tone and manner with which Hassan spoke of his master's sufferings.

"The sahib would not hear of it."

"But I insist upon it. Bring me pens and paper."

The khansumrah saluted and withdrew.

"Don't speak angrily to him, Fred," said our hero.

"The poor fellow has been very attentive to me—scarcely left me an instant."

"Have you received any visitors?" inquired Wharton.

"No—that is, I believe not."

"Perhaps you gave orders to be denied?"

"No."

"Strange no one should have called."

On being reminded of the fact, Tyrrell confessed that it was strange, and added that doubtless he should be well enough on the following day to quit the house, and resume his usual occupation.

"Where is Jack Manders all this while?"

"I have sent him to the office for letters, for, as I hear, the English mail has arrived."

Hassan returned, and placed before his master's friend the writing materials he had demanded; then, folding his arms, stood in an attitude of attention at a distant part of the saloon.

"What are you waiting for?" inquired the officer, seeing that he showed no intention of quitting the room.

"The sahib's letter."

"When written I will send for you," was the reply.

"You need not wait."

The butler once more saluted and disappeared.

Naturally Fred Wharton was anything but inclined to suspect the actions or motives of his fellow men; still, there was something so sudden in the illness of his friend, and so unusual in the symptoms, that he felt alarmed. The manner, too, of Hassan did not altogether satisfy him, and he came to the resolution of not sending his letter to the colonel by him, but to wait the return of Jack.

It was nearly an hour before the faithful fellow made his appearance. During the interval the Hindoo had twice found an excuse for entering the room, and each time asked if he should take the letter.

A dry negative was the reply, and the fellow withdrew, bowing with more than oriental servility to conceal the scowl of disappointment which darkened his features.

"I don't at all share the confidence you feel in your butler," observed the young officer. "I may be wrong—I trust I am—but if ever I saw designing villainy stamped upon the face of any one, it is upon his."

Tyrrell regarded him with surprise: he could not comprehend the sudden prejudice of the speaker.

"Who recommended him to you?" added Fred.

"Sanford, if you remember."

"Right; I was present."

Impatient at the non-arrival of Manders, whom he had directed the native servant to send to him,

Wharton quitted the room of his sick friend, and, crossing the courtyard, entered the offices. To his anger and astonishment, the first person he perceived was Jack.

"How long have you been here?" he demanded.

"An hour at least," answered the poor fellow. "I am so glad you have called," he added, "for I fear Mr. Tyrrell is very ill."

"And yet you did not come near to inquire."

"Hassan ordered me not."

"Why not?"

"He said you were engaged."

"I told him to send you to me the instant you returned," exclaimed Fred Wharton. "I don't understand all this mystery, and fear there has been some foul play against my poor friend."

The eyes of Jack sparkled with anger. He, too, had been haunted by the same suspicions.

"If I could only prove it," he exclaimed, "I'd wring the rascal's neck. I won't leave the house again," he added: "it was a fool's errand the Hindoo sent me out on, there is no mail arrived from England."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain. Mr. Wharton told me so."

Things began to look still more suspiciously. Fred's presence of mind, however, did not desert him.

"You must quit the house once more," he said, "for you are the only person in whom I dare trust. Take this letter to Sir Charles Fourreau; give it into his hand; tell him how ill Mr. Tyrrell has been, and request him from me to send Dr. Burke, and call himself. In fact, I cannot understand why he has not done so already."

Jack rose from the bench on which he had been seated to depart; as he did so the speaker observed that he behaved extremely listlessly of manner—that his eyes, which had lately flashed with rage, like those of his master now appeared dull and heavy.

"Why, Manders," said the officer, "you, too, are not well."

"Don't mind me, sir," replied the honest fellow; "think only of Mr. Richard. I am suffering from the same complaint; but I bore up in order not to alarm him. Hassan says it's the change of climate, that all Europeans feel it, but I don't believe him. I have been both in China and India before, and never experienced anything like it."

Wharton saw the messenger to the entrance of the house, and watched him till he had crossed the street on his way to the artillery barracks, before he returned to the sick room of his friend, on reaching which he found Hassan trying to persuade him to take a cooling drink which he had prepared.

"I can't," sighed the invalid; "the odour of it revolts me."

"It will do the sahib good," added the Hindoo, pressing it to his lips.

"Set it down," said the stern voice of the officer, who did not choose to express all he felt and thought. "Mr. Tyrrell will take it when he feels disposed."

"It is nauseous," murmured Richard.

"But it cools the fever of the blood," replied the khansumrah, without the slightest change of countenance: "Europe has no such medicine."

"Perhaps not," observed Wharton, taking it from his hand, and smelling it. "I will give it to him when he feels more disposed; now go and prepare dinner. I shall remain and dine with your master."

The Hindoo was about to quit the room; on reaching the door he paused and said,

"In my way to the market," he said, "I can deliver the letter of the sahib."

"It is gone already."

Hassan disappeared without a word.

"I feel exceedingly faint," sighed the sick youth. His friend, who by this time was seriously alarmed, scarcely knew how to act, or what to do. On looking round, he fortunately discovered a liquor-stand upon one of the side-tables. Pouring out a glass, he held it to the lips of the sufferer, who at once drank it off.

A violent spasm followed, the poor youth rolled in agony upon his couch, and drew his breath with such difficulty, that his friend feared lest the froth which kept bubbling to his lips, should choke him. After a few minutes the agony ceased, and he became calm again.

"Thank heaven!" he murmured, "it is past. Where is Jack?"

"I have sent him with my letter. Sir Charles and Dr. Burke will soon be here."

Richard could only express his gratitude by a silent pressure of the hand, for he felt too much exhausted to speak.

"How feel you now?"

"Better," he murmured; "much better. I think

that I shall sleep that is all I require to restore me."

Fred Wharton took the hand of his friend in his, and sat by his side till sleep sealed the weary eyelids of the sufferer, whose breath came thick and heavily, as if labouring under some extraordinary oppression of the chest.

"This is no natural illness," thought the officer, and yet he knew not what else to attribute it to; for, although the manner of the Hindoo khansumrah had created a vague impression in his mind, he was far from suspecting the fatal truth, that his friend had been poisoned. Had he been longer a resident in India, the probabilities are that he would at once have divined the cause.

Sir Charles Fourreau and the officers were at mess when they were disturbed by the loud, angry tones of Jack Manders—who, despite the refusal of the waiters to admit him, or to disturb the colonel at table—would insist in forcing his way into the room.

"What the deuce is all this row about?" demanded Major Plinlimmon, angrily. "Can't we eat our dinners, like Christian gentlemen and officers, in peace? Has a mutiny broke out?" he demanded.

"See what is the matter," said the colonel to one of the servants.

In a few minutes the man returned, and related what had taken place.

Apologising to his brother officers for quitting the table, the baronet walked to the ante-room, where he found poor Jack still disputing with the waiters and servants. On hearing the voice of the colonel there was a general silence.

"What is the meaning of this disturbance?" asked Sir Charles.

The messenger—who seemed half fainting, for he, too, it must be remembered, was suffering from the same cause as our hero—placed the letter in the hand of the speaker, who perused it attentively.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the gentleman; "Mr. Tyrrell ill!"

"Dying, I am afraid, sir."

"When I called, his servants told me he was absent."

"It was not by his orders, Sir Charles. I am afraid there has been foul play."

"Ask Burke to come to me," said the colonel to one of the men.

The doctor instantly joined him. A few words explained what had occurred.

Dr. Burke had passed many years of his life in India; and, being a great lover not only of his profession but of science in general, had paid more than usual attention to the diseases peculiar to the East. There were few points connected with the literature, religion, or the natural history of the country that he had not made himself acquainted with.

His first words were to request the messenger to describe minutely the symptoms of his master's illness.

"The same as mine, sir," faltered the poor fellow, who appeared half choked with the effort to speak—"the same as mine."

Here Jack was seized with a fit of coughing, similar to those our hero suffered from.

The doctor noticed the green froth upon his lips. Carefully wiping them with his handkerchief, he observed it closely for a few minutes. As he did so, Sir Charles Fourreau observed that his countenance changed.

"Nothing very serious, I trust," observed the colonel.

"Bring me some brandy," said the doctor, hastily, to one of the waiters, without appearing to notice the question; "quickly."

It was brought and with some difficulty forced down the throat of Jack Manders, and similar convulsive spasms to the one which had so shaken the frame of our hero took place.

"Let him be removed to Mr. Tyrrell's in a palanquin, as quickly as possible," exclaimed the man of science. "Sir Charles, you will at once proceed there, and administer to the unfortunate gentleman stimulants every quarter of an hour, till I arrive."

"Is there danger?" demanded the baronet.

The expressive look of Dr. Burke, who felt a warm interest in the fate of Richard ever since he had heard of his attachment to Lillian, warned the speaker that he considered it imminent.

"The fever?" he whispered.

"Worse."

"Worse!" repeated the colonel.

"Poisoned."

The baronet uttered a deep groan, as he thought of his ward.

"And, worst of all," added the speaker, "by the only drug to which I do not possess an antidote. You have heard of the root?"

"Never."

"I have no time, then, to explain it now. Hasten to Tyrrell, at once. I will seek the native physician, Mirza Algee,—he is the only man in Calcutta who possesses sufficient skill to save him."

It was so evidently a matter of life and death that Sir Charles Fourreau hesitated not an instant. Jumping into the first palanquin in the barrack-yard, he directed the bearers to carry him to the residence of our hero. Poor Jack followed in another.

Although Dr. Burke had no time to explain to the colonel what he meant by the root, there is no reason why we, who are not equally pressed, should not do so to gratify the curiosity of our readers.

India, through all ages, has been celebrated for its poisons. In that land of passion and of crime, it would seem as if nature, for reasons not granted man to scrutinise, had placed the means of death within the reach of all—a means as various and subtle as the arts of those who employ them.

The root, as it is emphatically called, grows something like the truffle—underground. It puts forth neither leaf nor flower in its natural state, but resembles an irregular-shaped piece of dried cork. The natives who seek for it know by certain indications where to dig for it.

It requires to come in contact with living animal matter to develop its latent powers of vegetating. Ground to an impalpable powder, and mixed in a glass of water, or mingled with food, it is sometimes administered.

Once received into the system, a sickly languor takes possession of the victim, accompanied by a choking sensation. The latter is caused by the singular fact that each particle which has been swallowed begins in a few hours to vegetate, sending forth a long, slimy thread. These threads interlace one within the other till suffocation ensues.

Although Dr. Burke, except in very peculiar cases, would have laughed at the idea of consulting a native physician, in the present instance he did not hesitate for an instant, well knowing that it was the only chance of saving the life of our hero.

When his palanquin stopped before the door of the Hakim Mirza Algee, he found the old man seated upon his carpet, in the courtyard of his mansion, performing his evening prayers. They were no strangers to each other.

Orientalists rarely permit themselves to betray a feeling either of curiosity or astonishment. Yet a close observer might have detected, as the old man muttered his prayers, a peculiar glance from the corner of his half-closed eyes, directed towards his visitor, who waited with patience till he had concluded, well knowing that no earthly business could be attended to till the last bead was told, and his devotions finished. Here, *par parenthèse*, we ought, perhaps, to explain that the Indian fakirs and devotees count their beads in the same manner as the catholics.

"May your shadow be never the less," said his visitor, as the hakim, after closing his eyes, commenced swaying his body to and fro with a peculiar, snake-like motion.

"I am my lord's slave," was the reply.

"Is your health good?"

"Disease dies in the presence of the hakim of hakims. Whose dog is Mirza that he should be ill before him?"

"My soul is enlightened by your praise."

Having gone through the usual form of compliments, which mean about the same thing as compliments in Europe, only they are much more tedious, the doctor explained the reason of his visit.

The oriental stroked his beard and smiled.

"Will you not come with me?" he demanded, hastily.

"Is thy servant a *yezid* that he should do this thing?" demanded the oriental, with a sarcastic expression upon his wrinkled features. "If the angel of death flies not at his presence, who is the lord of wisdom and of sense, what hope is there that he will spread his wings at my bidding?"

"But the youth may die."

"Allah *kerim*! what is written is written."

"Will you not pleasure me in this?"

"It is his *kismet*."

Kismet means fate.

"The hakim of the feringees," added the speaker, scoffs at our knowledge; let him try his own."

"I scoff at no man's knowledge," replied his visitor, with difficulty repressing his rising anger, "being well aware that my brother practitioners in the East possess secrets which are peculiar to them and their art."

"It is so," answered Mirza, somewhat mollified.

"The wisdom of countries differ."

"That is truth."

"Each land has its learning."

"My lord hath said it."

"The poor youth for whom I solicit your aid has taken the root," added the doctor, "and what can the learning of Europe do to save him?"

"Nothing," answered the native physician, emphatically.

"Save him, and gold shall be poured forth like water."

"Gold is good."

"And the fame of Mirza Algee proclaimed to the confusion of the science of the hakim of Frangistan, and the glory of the East."

"In a few minutes I will attend my brother," exclaimed the old man, whose avarice and vanity were both excited.

So saying, he quitted the small square piece of carpet, commonly called a praying carpet, from its being used only on devotional occasions, and walked into one of the rooms of the house. In a few minutes he returned, holding a small box in his hand, and began calling loudly for his palanquin bearers.

Impatient at the delay, Dr. Burke further won his good opinion by inviting him to share his. The Hindoo bowed assent, and they started at once for the house of our hero.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Trembling between life and death,
Back I call thy parting breath;
Thou' thy soul be on the wing,
O'er thy cold clay hovering,
By words no human tongue may tell,
Which bind the moonbeams in this spell,
Arrest the light stars on their track,
Fleeting soul, I call thee back.

AUTHOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

On the arrival of Sir Charles Fourreau with Jack Manders at the house of our hero, Hassan, the khansumah, received them with the usual obsequious salam, then stood with his arms folded over his breast to await his questions or orders.

"How is your master?" demanded the baronet.

"He sleeps."

"Thank heaven."

"The Hindoo secretly smiled.

"Prepare a bed instantly for this poor fellow," said the baronet; "I expect Dr. Burke, the physician of my regiment, in a few minutes."

"The hakims of Europe are wise," observed Hassan, with a covert sneer; "doubtless, the danger will fly at his approach."

"I trust so," answered the unsuspicious colonel.

After seeing Jack, who prayed to be carried into the same room where his master was lying, removed from the palanquin, he made the best of his way to the saloon where Richard was still sleeping and Fred Wharton watching by his side.

The two officers exchanged a silent pressure of the hand.

"You may speak," said the youngest; "his slumber appears to be almost lethargic—see how heavily he breathes."

The baronet approached and gazed with deep emotion on the pale, wan features which he had so lately beheld beaming with health and animation; the change shocked him greatly.

"There has been treachery," he said, "infernal treachery. Burke declares that our friend is poisoned."

At this confirmation of his suspicions, Fred Wharton started from his seat and began pacing the room in violent agitation.

"Monstrous!" he resumed; "whom has he ever wronged? I cannot point out one single enemy."

The baronet shook his head mournfully.

"It cannot have been for plunder."

"No."

"What then?"

"Either revenge or jealousy," answered the colonel; "but this is not the moment to investigate the truth. Our first care must be to cure him. Burke has gone to fetch the native physician, Mirza Algee, the hakim most skilled in the poisons of the East."

"Will it be safe to trust him?"

"We must trust him—it is our last hope."

Several of the servants, including the *ayees*, now entered the saloon bearing Jack between them. Hassan followed. On seeing the latter, the suspicions of Wharton returned with additional force.

"Rascal!" he exclaimed, "if anything fatal occurs, you shall swing for it."

The Hindoo looked up with well-acted surprise.

"What said the *sahib*?"

The words were repeated.

The khansumah answered them by a cold, disdainful smile.

"Speak," said the baronet: "what is the meaning of this sudden desolation?"

He pointed as he spoke to Jack and Richard, as

they lay each extended and unable to speak upon a sofa.

"Is thy servant a hakim," replied the man, "that he should explain these things? The flower fades, while the root is still within the earth, and who can tell the reason why. It is *kismet*."

Sir Charles was sufficiently an orientalist to know the meaning of the word.

"I will tell you what your destiny shall be," he muttered, sternly, "if it be proved that you have tampered in this deed."

Hassan regarded him calmly.

"A rope, and a felon's grave," added the baronet.

"Be it as you have said," answered the man. "The innocent are strong, and there is justice in Calcutta for the Hindoo, as well as the feringee."

At this moment, Dr. Burke made his appearance. On seeing him, the khansumah only smiled; but when he saw the native physician, Mirza Algee, following him with his box of drugs, his countenance underwent so palpable a change, that it was impossible to mistake his emotion.

He would have quitted the room, but Fred Wharton sprang between him and the door.

"Murderer!" he said, "I arrest you."

"I am innocent."

"That remains to be seen."

Sir Charles was so convinced of the fellow's guilt, that calling to his palanquin bearers, he gave him in charge to two of the strongest, and directed one of the others to go for a party of the police, into whose custody he was ultimately consigned.

The hakim advanced to the couch on which his patient was reposing, and felt first his chest and then his pulse.

"The root," he slowly pronounced.

"I thought so," exclaimed Dr. Burke, who, with all his skill, found himself, in this peculiar case, reduced to act the part of a spectator.

"His sleep does not seem natural," observed Sir Charles.

"What have you given him?" demanded Mirza, addressing the young officer, whom he had found watching the sufferer.

Fred Wharton pointed to the liquor stand.

A grim smile passed over the features of the Hindoo.

"Good," he said: "ignorance, in this instance, has performed the work of knowledge."

He next advanced to one of the side tables, and examined the draught which Hassan had pressed upon the lips of the sufferer, and which still remained untasted. Wharton had resisted the attempt which the assassin had twice made to remove it, and explained why he had prevented his friend from taking it.

"Good," repeated the hakim. "Had he but swallowed a single mouthful, not all the science of India could have saved him: it is the *kersunas* water, which promotes the growth of the root."

"The villain!" exclaimed all present, struck with horror at the infernal malice of the khansumah.

The old man opened the box—which he had never for an instant permitted to quit his grasp—and taking from it what appeared like a piece of pumice-stone, began rasping it rapidly. Doctor Burke regarded it curiously, and with such evident desire to examine it that the hakim motioned him to a distance.

"The West has its secrets," he exclaimed, "and I seek not to penetrate them: let my brother in knowledge respect the wisdom of the East."

This was a plain intimation that no examination of his specific would be permitted.

When he had grated about as much as would cover the surface of a shilling, he called for a glass of milk.

One of the native servants brought it.

The Hindoo examined it carefully, and, satisfied that it was unadulterated, he slowly dropped the powder into it, muttering at the same time words in an unknown tongue.

The English physician smiled: he fully comprehended that the verse, or whatever the old man might be reciting, could only be by way of blind—that the real virtue of the remedy lay in the powder.

"Now raise him up," said the hakim.

Sir Charles and Fred did as he directed.

"Hold back his head."

It was done.

"Grasp him firmly," added Mirza, "as you would cling to life. Violent convulsions will follow. Let not feeling at the sight of his sufferings unnerve you. Should you release him the consequences will be fatal."

His patient was placed exactly in the position he required, yet still the physician paused. The friends of the sufferer began to grow impatient, they could not understand why he delayed to administer the remedy.

"Patience," observed the old man, "is the mother of wisdom."

Gradually the milk in the glass began to effervesce. Mirza approached it to the lips of our hero, and despite his struggles, forced the contents down his throat, notwithstanding his efforts to reject it.

It was well that he had informed those who witnessed him of the consequences of the draught, or the fatal effects he had predicted in all probability would have ensued. A violent convulsion took place; the eyeballs of the patient appeared distended with agony.

Even Burke, who had watched the proceedings with all the curiosity natural to his profession, could scarcely endure to look upon him. Sir Charles and Fred felt terribly agitated.

"Has the dose been sufficient?" demanded the former.

"A grain more or less were death."

Still the convulsions continued; they had lasted now several minutes, and so intense was their violence, that fatal effects were anticipated.

"Poor Lilly!" thought the baronet, who fully expected to see our hero expire under the violence of his sufferings, "this will be a sad blow to thy young and loving heart."

At last a deep groan broke from the patient, whose limbs writhed in agony.

"Hold him fast," said the hakim, sternly.

A second followed.

"Be not surprised," he added, "at what I am about to do."

Clenching his long, meagre hand, he struck the patient a violent blow upon the chest.

"Monster!" exclaimed Fred, "you have destroyed him!"

"I have saved him," replied Mirza, calmly. A violent fit of vomiting followed the blow.

For nearly a quarter of an hour the sickness continued. Strange to say, the matter ejected consisted of long fibrous threads, green, resembling, in everything save colour, the seaweed cast upon the beach.

The quantity was enormous.

At the expiration of a quarter of an hour the sufferer appeared to breathe more freely, and he asked to be laid back upon the couch.

"Hold him up," repeated the hakim; "if he responds he dies."

As a matter of course, after such a caution, the entreaty of our hero to be permitted to recline back upon the sofa was unheeded; Fred and Sir Charles continued to support him.

Dr. Burke observed with intense interest that the ends of the last fibres were tinged with blood, and he pointed out the fact to the hakim, who nodded his head.

"Aye," he said, "they were already rooted on the lungs; it is five days, at least, since he took the poison."

When the sickness had entirely subsided, the old man prepared a draught in which he mingled various drugs and simples. His patient swallowed it with far less difficulty than the first.

Mirza anxiously watched its effects.

"Allah kerim!" he exclaimed, after a pause: "the last fibre is removed, and the youth is saved."

A sigh of relief broke from all present.

"Lay him down."

They did as he directed.

"He will sleep for hours, but his slumbers must be watched."

Sir Charles and Wharton both declared their intention of passing the night by the sufferer.

"It is well," said the old man. "Should he wake, give him stimulants; but, beware how you break his sleep, leave nature to herself."

The same process had now to be gone through with Jack Manders, whose sufferings were far less acute than Tyrrel's, for he had not taken the fatal root till several days after him.

The hakim, having completed his task, was about to depart.

"Stay," said the baronet; "you have saved a life that is very dear to me, and to all who know him."

"His star has been fortunate."

"Let this speak the gratitude of his friends."

He placed in the shrivelled hand of the Hindoo a purse filled with gold, and, drawing from his finger a valuable diamond ring, added it to the gift.

Mirza Algee raised the sparkling gem to his head, after the manner of orientals, and then kissed it.

"May your shadow be never the less!" he exclaimed.

Sir Charles thanked him for his wishes.

"And health and wealth attend you."

"Should the former fail," observed the baronet, who really felt impressed with his skill, "I shall send for the hakim Mirza."

"Who will be at the sahib's disposal, though the angel of death stood at his side."

"I have said it," he added, emphatically.

"Brother," said Dr. Burke, "would you have any objection to give or sell me a portion of that peculiar-looking stone?"

This was in allusion to the one he had rasped and put into the draught which saved the life of our hero.

"It is not a stone," replied the old man, drily.

"Root, then?"

"It is not a root."

"Perhaps you will term it a fungus."

The hakim seemed slightly annoyed, for the English physician had hit upon the truth; the remedy was a peculiar species of fungi, found only in the remotest province of India, and which, when dried in the sun, became so hard, and so closely resembled pumice stone, that the first error of the speaker was easily accounted for.

"I may neither sell it nor give it," replied the old man; "I can only administer it to those who suffer."

"But why keep such a secret to yourself?"

"Knowledge is a pearl more precious than gold. Farewell."

So saying the hakim quitted the house.

CHAPTER LXIV.

He that has nature in him must be grateful:

'Tis the Creator's primary great law.

That links the chain of beings to each other.

MADDEN.

OUR readers will doubtless wonder why, after the scene which Jack Manders, Caleb, and the sycee had witnessed in the garden of the temple, precautions had not been taken to prevent the perpetration of the crime which so nearly succeeded in depriving its victim of existence, and that the intention which the former expressed, of bringing his master on a future occasion to the spot, had not been carried out.

It would have been so, had not the deadly root been administered by Hassan the very next day; the languor which immediately ensued rendered the victim incapable of exertion, added to which the groom had disappeared.

The adventure, therefore, had been dismissed from the minds of all but Caleb, who felt that natural impatience which the grateful heart experiences to prove its devotion to its benefactor. Night after night he had returned to the spot, without success; no second interview had taken place between the Brahmin and Al Moorad; or, if it had, it must have been held in the recesses of the temple, where he was unable to penetrate.

The illness of Richard and Jack, from its very nature, appeared to him as the natural effects of the climate—nothing more. Hereafter he believed the assurance which the former gave him, that the next day he should be better.

On the night which followed the detection of the assassin, Caleb was at his post as usual, crouching beneath the thick flowering shrubs in front of the temple. One of those vague presentiments of ill, which most of us in our lives have received without ever being able to account for, weighed upon his spirits; he felt dull and wretched—as if he had once more found himself on board the Caradoc, subject to the tyranny of Captain Gall.

He had been more than an hour on his post when the sound of a footstep startled him, and, unfortunately, he raised his head before the intruder, who proved to be one of the servants of the temple, had passed him. The action was but momentary, for the sense of his imprudence struck him, and he concealed himself again; trusting that he had not been seen. But the quick eye of the Hindoo had marked him; although, with that self-possession and cunning so peculiar to his caste, he betrayed neither surprise nor fear, and passed on without interrupting the low, monotonous chant he had been singing.

"A lucky escape!" mentally ejaculated Caleb, as the object of his fear disappeared beneath the archway of the temple. "I wish I could have seen the fellow's face," he added, "for I feel certain that he is not unknown to me."

He was right; the man had long been employed as a spy about the residence of our hero. Hassan had engaged him in the ostensible capacity of a *bheestie* or water carrier, and he was now on his way to inform Al Moorad and the chief Brahmin of the detection of their scheme and the imprisonment of their agent.

We must leave poor Caleb for awhile, and follow the native into the interior of the idol's temple.

The hall in which the banker and his confederate were seated was one of the most elaborately decorated in the edifice; the walls painted with representations of the incarnations of Vishnu, and the emblem of

Bramah, the supreme deity of the Hindoos. Of the latter deity, singular to say, they have no idol; and the reason assigned for it in the "Veda," or sacred book, is as follows:—

"Of him whose glory is so great there is no image. He is the incomprehensible being who illumines all, delights all, and from whom all proceeds; that by which we live when born, and that to which all must return."

The residence of Bramah is supposed to be in the triangle of Quivelinga, in the centre of a rose.

Had we space, and did not fear to tire our readers by digressions which, however interesting to the antiquarian, or in a literary point, would be foreign to the progress of our tale, we should feel disposed to pursue the reflections which the peculiarity of the symbol of the supreme god of India has awakened. As it is, we must resign the task, merely observing that the ungleamed plains of Hindoo literature are rich in truths, disjointed relics of the past, shreds from the many-coloured garment of old Time—worthless to the ignorant or thoughtless, but to the patient and the learned hieroglyphic keys to the past—spells by which investigation separates truth from fiction.

There is little doubt but the compilers of the Bhagavat had a knowledge of the sacred writings. One expression, in particular, recalls the tremendous I AM of Scripture. As the work is not generally known, we will quote it, before resuming the thread of our narrative:—

"Even I was at first; not any other thing—that which exists, unperceived, supreme."

"I am the creation and dissolution of the whole universe: there is nothing greater than I, and all things hang upon me, even as precious gems on a string."

"I am moisture in the water, light in the sun and moon, sound in the firmament, human nature in mankind, sweet-smelling savour in the earth, glory in the source of light."

"In all things I am life; and in animals I am desire, regulated by moral fitness."

We have indulged in these extracts from the sacred writings of the Hindoos, to show that, however debased the latter have become through the craft and ambition of their priesthood, there was nothing originally in their faith to render them incapable of receiving the great truths of Christianity.

Al Moorad was in high spirits. The last report he had received represented his successful rival at the point of death; the next one he doubted not would confirm it.

"Father," he exclaimed, addressing the Brahmin, who was seated by his side, "the work goes bravely on. One of the hated race of our oppressors, by this time, stands before the judgment-seat of Yamen."

The old man faintly smiled.

"Still, I could have wished," continued the speaker, "that you had not spared Kehoda."

"Spared her!" repeated the aged bigot; "for what? the tremendous sacrifice which has too long been neglected."

"She may escape."

"Impossible!" replied the former. "She is at the chief temple of the offended goddess. Mariatele watches over her."

"The wretched groom, too," muttered the banker.

"He is faithful."

Al Moorad made a gesture of incredulity.

"He would not sacrifice his faith, even to the love of his master," added the speaker. "He must live."

"And yet it would be more prudent to—"

"He shall live!" interrupted the Brahmin, in a tone which admitted of no reply: for the wealthy Hindoo banker was wholly in his power. "And now, urge me no more upon the subject. Although the death of every son and daughter of the Christian race has been decreed, have we not, in pity to thy weakness, consented to spare this Lillian?"

The Hindoo bowed his head, to conceal the mortification he felt at the dictatorial air and words of the speaker.

The servant of the temple entered the hall, and, after inclining with profound respect before the Brahmin, stood, with his arms folded over his chest, waiting until he should question him.

"Now, is the Christian dead?" demanded Al Moorad, hastily.

The man made no reply.

"It is permitted thee to speak," said his superior.

"The sahib Tyrrel has escaped."

"Impossible!" exclaimed both the conspirators.

"The English hakim and the officer came to the house," resumed the messenger, "and brought with them the father of knowledge—Mirza Algee, at whose presence the angel of death fled. He administered the antidote, known only to the sacred race."

"Curse him!" muttered the banker.

"It is like the feringees," calmly observed the Brahmin, who, apart from the general hatred he felt to all of European blood and the desire of obliging his confederate, had no particular motive in wishing for the death of our hero: "it was not his destiny to die."

"Father," exclaimed the Hindoo, with a sudden burst of passion, "you have never loved, never felt the gnawing pangs of jealousy, the agony of knowing that a rival—a successful, happy rival—is by the side of her you worship, the companion of her walks, the sharer of her thoughts and smiles."

The Brahmin eyed him with a look of cold disdain, as if such feelings were far beneath one of his sacred caste, and yet a keen observer might have detected a latent expression on his features, indicating that the frost of age, which rested on his wrinkled brow, had not yet stifled every emotion of the heart; for if love were extinct, ambition still reigned there.

"And Hassan!" he exclaimed, suddenly struck by the danger of discovery to his project.

"Is in prison."

The priest clapped his hands thrice, and several attendants entered. Hastily writing a few lines upon his tablet, he gave it to one of them.

"To Arad, the moonshee," he said, "who resides near the prison."

The man withdrew.

"There is danger," whispered Al Moorad.

"I have guarded against it," replied the old man, with a cynical smile. "Before the dawn, Hassan will be beyond the reach of his enemies."

"Free?"

"The freedom of death," answered the Brahmin, in a tone of indifference; for, like most Asiatics, he recked but little of human life. "You may withdraw," he added, waving his hand to the spy.

The man, instead of obeying him, folded his arms and remained motionless—a sign that he had something further to communicate.

"Speak."

"In passing through the wood in front of the temple, I saw that I was watched."

"By whom?"

"A Christian of the servants of the sahib Tyrrell. I took upon myself to order his arrest."

A grim smile of satisfaction rested on the features of the aged bigot: he had now a Christian in his power.

Caleb was brought into his presence, bound with cords, and the ends of a shawl thrust into his mouth to prevent the possibility of an alarm. The banker laid his hand upon the weapon he wore in his girdle, and, doubtless, would have made short work with the helpless captive, had not his companion restrained him.

"Blood must not be shed within these walls," he said; "to Bramah will I offer him. A Christian and a renegade from our holy faith are now within my power—the sacrifice will be complete."

"Should he escape?"

"Fear not. Long before the dawn of another day he shall be far from Calcutta, on his way to the great temple of Mariatele."

Al Moorad disliked the delay, but circumstances compelled him to submit.

The precaution taken by the cunning priest to prevent his secret being betrayed proved an effectual one, for on the following morning, when Sir Charles Fourrean visited the police court to prefer a charge of attempted assassination against the khansumam Hassan, human justice had been forestalled; the ruffian had been found dead in his cell.

A serpent of a peculiarly venomous kind had stung him, though how it came there no one could explain.

It was not generally found in that part of India.

(To be continued.)

BOAT SONG.

On! beautiful, beautiful over the waters
Glimmer, like sapphire, the rays of the sun;
And sweetly we'll row till the last rosy glow
Of the sunset has faded, and daylight is done.

See how yon islands like phantoms are floating,
And winds toss the blossoms all over the wave,
And, dreamy and wild, like a gay, sportive child,
The beautiful billows our pinnacles lave.

Enough for this life is the joy we are taking,
While over the lake, in the moonlight so gay,
We merrily float and rock to each note
Of the echoing bugle and clarion gay!

Hopes and Helys for the Young.

PROFITABLE READING.

WE have already offered some remarks on books, to show their importance, and some suggestions as to how to read in public so as to give the sense of the author. A word of advice and direction as to the best means of deriving the largest amount of benefit from reading may be acceptable. And we begin by noticing that we should—

Read with attention.—There are hosts of inattentive readers. They skim books, so they say, and if by this means they get all the cream, it might not be an objectionable method; but, in nine cases out of ten, there is no such result. They close the book no wiser than when they opened it. They have made no effort to grasp the meaning of the writer. They forget all they read; and all they remember is indistinct and more likely to lead them into error than guide them into truth. A strong effort of the will to bind down the thoughts to any subject taken in hand, is positively necessary and practically possible—it ought to be done—it may be done—it must be done, if we would read with profit.

Then we must *understand what we read.* Unless we apprehend the sentiments of an author, we are none the wiser. His thoughts are expressed in his words. We must therefore know the meaning of his words. This is easy, for dictionaries are cheap. When we have procured a good dictionary, we should study it frequently. When we come to an incomprehensible word in any volume we are reading, we must turn to our dictionary, and find out what it means. Never skip the hard words and guess the sense. If there is any *thought* you cannot understand, think it over, turn it round and round, look at it on every side, and never give it up in despair; above all, never lose the sense of a thought for want of understanding the meaning of words.

It is an excellent plan to *commit portions of what we read to memory.* We have memories as we have hands and feet, *for use.* The extent to which our memories can be improved is incalculable. Like the body, its strength depends on exercise. Observe the brawny arm of the smith. It has grown strong and muscular by constant use. It is precisely the same with our mental faculties. In strengthening the memory, the best way is not to attempt too much at the commencement. Let the first lesson be short, add a little to it everyday. Not a single day should be allowed to pass without adding something to our mental store.

Another capital plan is to *read with pencil in hand,* and mark the margin of our books for future reference. This, common integrity teaches us, must only be done with our own books. It saves time. It more forcibly impresses the mind, and it enables us to judge our past thoughts at a future period—to "talk with our past hours."

It is well to *take extracts.* This is a fine exercise. Writing out a paragraph once is equal to reading it several times over. And then it is important to have a note-book filled with good thoughts, culled from the best authors. Such a volume of extracts is a real treasure; it will furnish a condensed library; and, in the process of copying, our style and writing are improved. We attend to paragraphs, capitals, stops—for in extracting we keep our eyes open and follow the printer. Our mode of expression insensibly becomes better. We adopt, without knowing it, a more graceful form of speech.

It is well to *write on the subject about which we have been reading.* When we put our thoughts on paper, it is like turning our minds inside out. If we want to know what is in a purse, we pour its contents on the table; and then we can readily distinguish the coppers from the silver, and the silver from the gold. Until we have done this we may mistake farthings for sovereigns. Many a man has persuaded himself that he possessed an abundance of golden thoughts, but on submitting them to paper, discovered them to be nothing but copper; and men who believed they had nothing but copper, suddenly discovered that their thoughts were virgin gold. Put your thoughts on paper. Test them with pen and ink.

Talk about what we have read. We may just as well converse about what is useful, nay, a thousand times better than that which is useless, and nothing can be more interesting than the subject of a good book. Talk about what you have read. If it is not worth talking about, it is not worth reading. If it is bad, why debase yourself by reading it; if it is worthless, why waste your time over it; if it is good, why keep it to yourself?

In conclusion, we would say be *economical.* Make the most of your time. Take care of the minutes, the

hours will take care of themselves. Devote your leisure time to reading and thinking. Never attempt the first without the last—they should be inseparable. Never be afraid to question your author, and to stop him in his loftiest flight or profoundest depths with the question: Is it so?

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH. CHAPTER IX.

As the weather had become intensely hot, George went to give his friend a French lesson in the cool of the evening. It struck him that Robert's countenance looked remarkably animated. George asked him if he had been reading anything very eloquent, or making a speech, or—

"You need not continue your cross-examination," said Robert: "for I have been making a speech, but only a short one. I was refreshing myself, taking tea, when one of my mother's neighbours dropped in accidentally. This neighbour is a Miss Cribb. She is daily governess in the family of a Mr. Plum, a retired tradesman. My dear mother could not help boasting to her a little of the great progress I was making in French. Instead of listening with satisfaction, Miss Cribb seemed quite indignant when she heard that I was already learning dialogues, and writing, and translating what I learnt."

"That's not the way I should have taught your son," exclaimed she; and then added, turning to me, 'You ought to have been kept for three months at the articles.'

"Forgive my differing from you, Miss Cribb," said I, with all the calmness I could collect, 'but I am quite certain if it had been profitable for me to linger so long over the first part of speech, that my friend George would have directed me to do so. I have unbounded confidence in my instructor.' Having said this, I rose and politely wished Miss Cribb 'good evening.'

"I am very glad, Robert," said George (evidently much pleased), "that you have such confidence in me. Encourage the feeling; it will promote your success as a pupil, and mine as a teacher. Miss Cribb's pupils must advance very slowly if they are kept so long over the article—a part of speech that certainly offers more difficulty in French than in English, but nothing very serious, after all. Of this, as of the seven parts of speech that follow, you have a very correct idea, nothing more; but it was all I wished to give you. Details will be given when, in due time, we revert to things you have lightly touched upon. At length you shall enter into particulars, that even Miss Cribb shall allow that you have a sufficient number of directions given you; but they shall all be intelligible directions—in fact, rules, of which you shall see the illustrations; for I shall keep to my original plan of making theory and practice go hand in hand; and I promise you that you shall not find the details of etymology more difficult than the outlines. As to the article, you will soon understand every one of its peculiarities—aye, and know as much about it as Miss Cribb herself. I shall give you, at the end of my lesson, an exercise on the article, by means of which you will be able to master many of the difficulties to which Miss Cribb has alluded. We shall also dwell some time on the noun, because of the *unlucky* practice the French have adopted of making inanimate things masculine and feminine. The gender is determined by the termination of the word; and, to accustom your ear to distinguish between masculine and feminine terminations, even before we classify them, I shall direct you to affix *m* to the masculine nouns, and *f* to the feminine ones; and, of course, this will only be necessary with inanimate objects; others speak for themselves."

"Yes," said Robert, with a smile; "and the feminine nouns sometimes speak (like Miss Cribb) a little too much."

"Hush, hush!" exclaimed George; "not a word against the ladies. I am quite a Frenchman in my admiration of the fair sex. And now pray don't forget that there are two of the parts of speech still left undefined—the conjunction and the interjection."

"Conjunctions, like prepositions, are generally short words; but they perform a very different office to that assigned to the preposition. There are two kinds of prepositions—the conjunction copulative, and the conjunction disjunctive. The former serves to connect words and sentences, the latter to disjoin them. Example of the copulative—'Vous et moi' (You and I). Example of the disjunctive—'Ni vous ni moi' (Neither you nor I). The interjection expresses any sudden emotion, as 'Oh! Hélas! Hola!' (Oh! Alas! Holloa!)

"In to-day's vocabulary you shall write the French of sacred words, and of some things that belong to sacred subjects—"

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
Religion	La religion (f)
The Holy Scriptures	La sainte écriture (f)
The Gospel	L'évangile (m)
God	Dieu
The Almighty	Le Tout-puissant
The Lord Jesus Christ	Le Seigneur Jésus Christ*
The Holy Ghost	Le Saint Esprit
The apostles	Les apôtres
The evangelists	Les évangélistes
A missionary	Un missionnaire
A church	Une église (f)
A chapel	Une chapelle (f)
A minister	Un ministre
A clergyman	Un ecclésiastique
Prayers	Les prières (f pl)
Hymns	Les cantiques (f pl)

"Of course, Robert," said George, "there are as many words of a serious nature in French as there are in English, but you cannot learn them all at once. And now, if you are not tired, we will resume the dialogue.

"If you remember, we left off at the railway station. You may recollect that the travellers (that is, you and I) had not taken their tickets. Well, they change their plan of route, as you will see by what follows.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
I have altered my mind.	Je me ravise. Nous n'avons pas encore les billets (m pl) pour Douvres; si cela vous est agréable, allons à Paris par Newhaven et Dieppe.
We have not yet the tickets for Dover; and, if it is agreeable to you, let us go to Paris by Newhaven and Dieppe.	
I shall be delighted to do so.	De tout mon cœur (m). Nous jouirons des plus beaux points (m pl) de vue, et nous verrons de belles et anciennes villes (f pl).
We shall enjoy beautiful prospects, and see some fine old towns.	
We can set off in a little less than a quarter of an hour.	Nous partirons dans un petit quart (m) d'heure (f).
Shall we go by a first or a second-class carriage?	Irons-nous par une voiture (f) de première ou de seconde classe? (f)
Let us go by a first-class carriage.	Allons par une voiture de première classe.
Where have you put our luggage?	Où avez-vous mis notre bagage? (m)
There it is, sir.	Il est là, monsieur.
We have good places.	Nous avons de bonnes places (f).
I like to have my back to the engine; one escapes the wind and dust.	J'aime avoir le dos (m) tourné à la locomotive (f); ainsi on évite le vent (m) et la poussière (f).
What a length this train is!	Que le convoi (m) est long!
We shall go at a rapid rate presently.	Tout-à-l'heure nous irons bon train (m).
With what rapidity the objects near us seem to pass.	Avec quelle rapidité (f) les objets (m pl) paraissent se succéder!
I hope there is not any danger.	J'espère qu'il n'y a pas de danger (m).
The look-out is making signals, and the train is stopping.	Le cantonnier (m) fait des signaux (m pl), et le convoi (m) s'arrête.
Perhaps the engine is off the rails.	Peut-être que la machine (f) déraile.
Fear nothing. The engine-man has put on the brakes, because we are approaching a siding.	Ne craignez rien (m). Le mécanicien a servi les freins (m pl), parce que nous approchons d'une gare (f) d'arrêt (m).
You comfort me.	Vous me rassurez.
I am beginning to be hungry.	Je commence à avoir faim (f).
So much the better. At there is a refreshment room.	Tant mieux. A — il y a un buffet (m).
And how long do they stop there?	Et combien de temps (m) s'y arrêtent-ils?
A full quarter of an hour.	Un bon quart (m) d'heure (f).
How one enjoys the beautiful country views!	On jouit des belles vues (f) de la campagne!
It is like a fine panorama.	Il semble qu'on voit un beau panorama (m).

EXERCISE ON THE ARTICLE.

1. I have the *plaisance* of the waiter. 2. Speak to the waiter and tell him to set the table. 3. The mistress of the house is good. 4. The cat of the mistress of the house is ugly. 5. God created man and woman, birds, animals, fishes, fruits, fishes, and insects; he has made gold, silver, copper, diamonds, iron, and the other metals. 6. The willow of the diamonds pleases (to) me.

* The name of our Saviour is sounded according to the rules for pronunciation already given: and observe particularly, that, excepting before a vowel, the final *s* in the first word, and the *st* in the second, are mute.

† "Cantiques" is sounded as if written *kan-teek*. Observe, also, that (m) is added to masculine nouns, (f) to those that are feminine, and that (pl) is added either to the *m* or the *f* when nouns are used in the plural number.

the eye. 7. The neatness of the plates, (of the) dishes, (of the) forks, (of the) knives, please (to) the eyes. 8. The taste of (the) water is pleasant; but I prefer that of (the) wine. 9. The son of the master of the house said to the daughter of the mistress of the school, that the room was not warm. 10. Man and woman are the children of God. 11. Dogs are good, but cats are treacherous. 12. Good oranges are better than good apples. 13. France and England are two fine countries. 14. I love fresh eggs, white bread, milk, cream, and good butter. 15. Give me the cups, saucers, decanters, glasses, dishes, and sugar-pot, which are on the table. 16. The books of the father, sister, mother, and brothers of the son of the master of the house are beautiful. 17. The rich are not always happier than the poor.

A KEY TO THE EXERCISE.

1. J'ai la serviette du garçon. 2. Parlez au garçon et dites lui de mettre la table. 3. La maîtresse de la maison est bonne. 4. Le chat de la maîtresse de la maison est méchant. 5. Dieu créa l'homme et la femme, les oiseaux, les animaux, les fleurs, les fruits, les poissons, et les insectes; il a fait l'or, l'argent, le cuivre, les diamants, le fer, et les autres métaux. 6. L'éclat des diamants plaît à Paul. 7. La propreté des assiettes, des plats, des fourchettes, des couteaux, plaît aux yeux. 8. Le goût de l'eau est agréable; mais je préfère celui du vin. 9. Le fils du maître de la maison dit à la fille de la maîtresse de l'école, que la chambre n'était pas chaude. 10. L'homme et la femme sont les enfants de Dieu. 11. Les chiens sont bons, mais les chats sont traîtres. 12. Les bonnes oranges sont meilleures que les bonnes pommes. 13. La France et l'Angleterre sont deux beaux pays. 14. J'aime les œufs frais, le pain blanc, la crème, et le bon beurre. 15. Donnez-moi les tasses, les soucoupes, les carafes, les verres, les plats, et le sucrier, qui sont sur la table. 16. Les livres du père, de la sœur, de la mère, et des frères du fils du maître de la maison sont beaux. 17. Les riches ne sont pas toujours plus heureux que les pauvres.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON VIII.

STABILITY OF HEAVY BODIES (continued).

191. Is the stability of a body standing on a level surface the greater for the centre of gravity being low? It is. It will require a greater displacement to overturn it. It will also be less liable to upset if placed on a sloping surface.



Fig. 10.

192. Illustrate by a familiar fact.—A wagon loaded with stone is less liable to upset than one loaded with hay.

193. By what are ATTITUDES controlled?—By the necessity of preserving the centre of gravity.

194. Illustrate by an example.—If a man carries a load on his back, he stoops forward to keep the centre of gravity over his feet.

195. Suppose he bears a load in one hand or on one shoulder?—He leans to the other side, and if he carries it in his arms he leans backward, for the same purpose.

196. If he thrusts one leg out, what must he do?—He must throw his arms to the opposite side, or incline his body in that direction, to balance it.

197. How does the rope dancer perform his feats of agility?—He balances himself with a heavy pole which he holds in his hands. He counteracts any tendency to fall on the one side by thrusting the pole toward the other side.

198. How long will a wall or tower stand securely?—So long as the perpendicular line drawn through its centre of gravity falls within its base.

199. How is this illustrated?—A striking illustration is furnished by the celebrated leaning tower of Pisa, which is 315 feet high, with an inclination from the perpendicular of 12 feet.

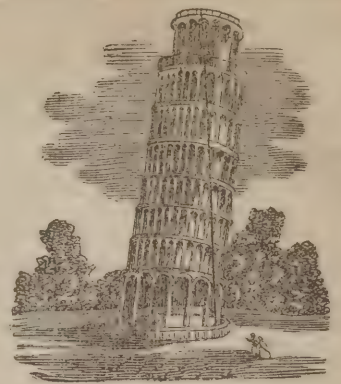


Fig. 11.

NOTE.—In the accompanying diagram the line from the summit to the ground, passing through the centre of gravity, falls within the base, and the tower stands securely. If, however, the tower was carried a little higher, the perpendicular line passing through the centre would fall without the base, and the structure could no longer support itself.

THE LEVER.

200. What is a lever?—It is a bar of wood or metal, movable around a fixed point called the fulcrum.

201. For what general purpose is the lever used?—To raise a weight, or overcome a resistance greater than the power exerted; in other words, to gain power.

202. How many kinds of levers are there?—Three; divided according to the relative position of the power, the weight, and the fulcrum.

203. Describe the difference which distinguishes them from one another.—In a lever of the first kind, the fulcrum is between the power and the weight. In the second, the weight is between the fulcrum and the power. In the third, the power is between the fulcrum and the weight.

204. Are the power and weight always applied on opposite sides of the fulcrum?—No; they are sometimes applied on the same side.

205. What is necessary to gain power, by the use of the lever?—That the power should act at a point farther from the fulcrum than the weight does.

206. If the distance of the power from the fulcrum is twice as great as the distance of the weight, how much greater is the weight than the power which balances it?—It is twice as great. If the distance of the power is three times that of the weight, the weight is three times the power, and so on.

207. What is the distance of the power or weight from the fulcrum called?—The lever arm, or leverage, of the force.

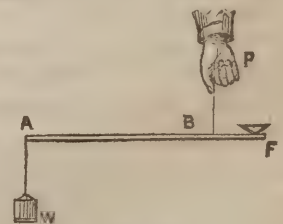


Fig. 12.

208. In the case of the lever represented in Fig. 12, which is the greater, the power, P, or the weight, W?—The power; because it acts nearer the fulcrum, or with a smaller leverage than the weight.

209. It seems, then, that with this lever we lose power instead of gaining it—can it be used to any advantage?—It can be advantageously used when it is desirable to obtain a more rapid motion.

210. Show that we may gain speed with it.—When this form of lever turns around its fulcrum, F, the point, A, at which the resistance acts, moves faster than the point B, at which the power acts.

211. How does the loss of power compare with the gain of speed?—We lose power in the same proportion that we gain speed.

212. Can this be avoided in any mechanical contrivance?—It cannot. There is often more power at command than is needed to overcome the resistance.

213. Give an example of the application of this kind of lever.—The treddle of a turning lathe, represented in Fig. 13. A small motion of the foot causes the spindle to turn rapidly.

214. Explain the figure.—The treddle is a flat piece of board, movable about one end; the foot

presses on the treadle near that end, and the pressure is transmitted by means of a rod from the other end to the spindle of the lathe.

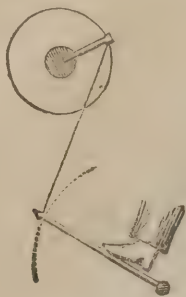


Fig. 13.

215. Mention another, and the most interesting, application of this form of lever.—Our limbs, and the limbs of most animals, are levers of this description.

216. Explain, by the example of a man undertaking to raise a weight in his hand, by bending his arm at the elbow-joint, as represented in Fig. 14.—The elbow-joint is the fulcrum, and a strong muscle attached to the bone of the arm on the upper side, and just below the joint, is the power. In Fig. 14, *a* is the joint or fulcrum, and the muscle is at *b*.



Fig. 14.

217. What is the advantage of this arrangement?—A slight contraction of the muscle gives considerable motion to the limb.

218. In raising a heavy weight from the floor and holding it out at arm's length, the whole arm acts as a lever, with the fulcrum at the shoulder joint—how does the contractile force of the muscle at the shoulder joint compare with the weight raised?—To hold 50 pounds at arm's length requires an expenditure of muscular force at the shoulder equal to 2,450 pounds.

219. Has this feat ever been performed?—It has, by men of very great strength.

220. If we gain power with certain levers, do we not lose velocity in the same proportion?—We do. It moves only half as fast when the lever is in motion; and the weight is twice as great as the power.

221. How is it with other mechanical contrivances or machines?—We can in no way gain power without losing speed in an equal proportion.

222. A man can easily lift a stone weighing 10 pounds to the height of 3 feet; suppose he should undertake, with the same muscular force, to raise a stone weighing 100 pounds to the same height, with the aid of a machine, how much longer would it take?—It would take ten times as long; and the force would have to be exerted through a distance of 30 feet.

223. Give an example of the application of the lever.—A pump-handle; or a bar used to pry up a heavy weight, as in Fig. 15.



Fig. 15.

224. Mention other instances of the useful application of the same form of lever.—The common balance, for weighing bodies; and the steelyard, used for the same purpose.

225. On what principle does an oar act?—On the principle of the lever.

226. Where is the fulcrum?—The resistance of the water to the blade of the oar is the fulcrum: the boat is the weight or resistance, and the hand of the rower is the power.

THOMAS FAIRBAIRN.

THERE is no class of her citizens of which England has more reason to be proud than the class of civil engineers. At the head of this class stand George and Robert Stephenson, father and son, and William and Thomas Fairbairn, also father and son. Emerging from the lowliest ranks, these men show of what sterling metal the body of the English people is made. Appearing at the very moment when they were wanted, these men also illustrate the flexibility of adaptation and fecundity of supply with which society in these favoured lands is endowed. But for these men, of small value would have been the coals of Durham, the enterprise of Lancashire, the cotton of the United States. In virtue of their genius, industry, and skill, myriads of human beings are now living in ease, if not abundance, who would never have been living at all; and the most distant parts of the globe are brought into mutually beneficial contact, which otherwise would have been sundered in space, and alienated in heart. Men such as these are, then, the true benefactors of humankind. These are they that senates and princes ought to honour, and these are they whose names a grateful posterity will encircle with undying fame. Yet are these the very persons who care least for popular favour. It is not that they are insensible to the good opinion of their fellow men, but so ample, so full, so enduring, are the satisfactions they enjoy in the simple exercise of their powers, and the constant employment of their activities; that they are to a great extent independent of all external things, and quietly and contentedly leave the world to take its own course, concerned only to confer upon it the largest amount of pure and lasting good.

Of the two Fairbairns, William, the elder, still lives to enjoy the hard-earned fruits of a life of honourable enterprise. Tough and plastic as the best of his own iron, he has raised himself from the forge and the hammer to culture, respect, wealth, and position: Loved in his family, valued among his fellow citizens, honoured in his profession, and highly estimated throughout the world, he enjoys a hale and vigorous old age, surrounded on all sides with silent or speaking testimonies to the usefulness of his laborious life. His son, Thomas Fairbairn, whose portrait stands at the head of this memoir, was born in Manchester in the year 1823. Not unnaturally he embraced the profession of engineering, in which his father had already achieved a high reputation. Passing through the several grades of service, and making himself a proficient at every step, Mr. Thomas Fairbairn took the control of the vast establishment conducted by his father in Manchester, when in 1854 that gentleman retired from the active pursuits of business. In this important position Mr. Thomas Fairbairn has displayed that calm and persevering enterprise, that fertility of resource, that unwearied industry which characterises the merchants of Manchester. In another prominent feature of their character Mr. Thomas Fairbairn has gained distinguished honour. "Manchester men" are full of practical benevolence. It is a gross error to suppose that they find no pleasure except in money-making. Vast fortunes doubtless they do accumulate. Equally true is it that they spend large sums for the simple promotion of the public good. From long and intimate acquaintance with Manchester society, the writer feels himself justified in declaring that nowhere is there a larger amount of money-giving, as well as money-making. The chief reason is this, namely, that nowhere is there a larger amount of superfluity. And why? because everybody, including the richest, lives far within his means. "Enough and to spare," therefore, is the order of the day. The fact receives illustration from the late commercial crisis. That crisis which fell like a hurricane on New York, Glasgow, Liverpool, Hamburg, &c., passed over Manchester with slight and transient damage. A higher credit than can result from pecuniary liberality may be claimed for Manchester tradesmen. They are not scholars; they may easily be surpassed in drawing-room refinements; they must be blamed for letting Owen's College pine for lack of students; but possessing sterling sense, good hearts, active and vigorous minds, all disciplined and balanced by constant exercise and varied information, they have a keen and full perception of what is for their own real good and the real good both of all around them, and of their country at large. Hence they are sound politicians, good economists, considerate employers, and, in the true sense of the term, benefactors of all whose condition they can affect. How many of the great undertakings, the high thoughts, the noble sympathies of the present day have been either originated or fostered and matured in the metropolis of the cotton manufacture!

In exemplification of these observations, we may point to Mr. Thomas Fairbairn. For several years he has, under a well-known signature, been a leading contributor to the *Times* newspaper. His communications, ranging over a great variety of subjects, have been marked by that practical good sense and impartial good will which seek and go far to secure "the greatest good of the greatest number." In this laudable spirit, and with equal point of force, he has written on the relations of employer and employed; on the present state of British manufacture, as compared with previous states; on legislation, as it affects manufacturing interests; on parliamentary reform; on banking, &c. When, in 1851-2, the manufacturing districts were sorely disturbed, and their prosperity seriously imperilled by associated bodies of working engineers, Mr. Fairbairn, by his contributions to the *Times*, greatly contributed to the diffusion of exact and reliable information, and gradually prepared the way for a return of masters and men to a good understanding.

The same practical benevolence actuated Mr. Fairbairn, in taking a foremost part in the Great Exhibition of Art Treasures, with which Manchester honoured itself in the year 1857. The rise, progress, and success of this enterprise was something marvellous. A few gentlemen, well-known and highly esteemed in their own circles, but of no great repute beyond, met together, and at once contributed nearly £20,000, as a guarantee fund for the purpose of preparing the way for an Exhibition of Art Treasures of the United Kingdom. The £20,000 soon became £40,000, and, ere long, reached £80,000. Foremost among the guarantors appeared Mr. Fairbairn's name. It was a rare specimen of benevolence for a gentleman to contribute his £500 or his £1,000 towards a matter of taste. The liberality was crowned with success. Prepared to pay as much as was required, even to the last pound, the generous originators have not been called upon to pay one penny. The exhibition was self-supporting. Better still, a surplus remains of from £3,000 to £4,000. This is a great result. Most important is it to show, by actual instances, that enterprises for popular pleasure and profit may be made to pay their own cost, and even have something in hand for similar purposes. Great as are the services rendered by Mr. Fairbairn and the other members of the executive committee, they have done most good of all by the wonderful pecuniary success they have achieved by wisdom, care, and skill, never equalled in a similar effort.

Those of their fellow-citizens by whom they are best known, will be the readiest to declare that their election to the duties of the executive was a happy thing for the undertaking. What that undertaking should effect depended on the idea entertained of its object by those who were at the centre. Should it be a mere show—a display of beauty in art—an appeal to the eye, to the taste? Objects worthy in themselves, yet not the worthiest; and none but the worthiest would satisfy Mr. Fairbairn and his associates. If properly studied, what more truly or more beneficially educational than art? Educational, then, it was resolved the exhibition should be. For this end, every proper means was taken, and educational the exhibition was. Of course, there was a full share of mere gaiety and display; but thousands brought away from those halls impressions no less durable than pure, refining, and ennobling; and a much larger number of persons, varying no less in rank than in culture, had tastes called into existence whence many will derive ever-growing pleasures. Specially gratifying is it that so many of the working classes frequent the exhibition. The refinement of the taste is intimately connected with the improvement of the character. Already signs are visible of the beneficial effects on the moral tone of the district, which may be observed by the vigilant eye of intelligence. The permanent exhibition in Peel Park, Salford, is visited by the people far more than before; the parks of the city in general prove more attractive; the free-libraries are busy; and two "people's colleges"—one in Manchester, another in Salford—have been recently set on foot.

The numerous benefits conferred by Mr. Fairbairn on Manchester and his native country, have not failed to call forth acknowledgments. The Queen, in visiting the Exhibition in June, 1857, intimated her willingness to confer on Mr. Fairbairn, with others, the honour of knighthood. That gentleman did not, however, feel at liberty to profit by her Majesty's gracious disposition. It was not because he undervalued honours bestowed by the hand of royalty; but he held that such honours can answer their proper end only in being discriminative. At present knighthood is vulgarised in England. Gained by persons whose sole claim is money or mayoralty, and whose

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THOMAS FAIRBAIRN, ESQ. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. MENNAH.

chief function in society is to vend this bane or the other, knighthood can be desired by none who are conscious of solid worth. If a bauble of the sort must be retained by the monarch for the delectation of some of her spoiled and overgrown children, let there be an order of merit which the best in the nation shall think it worthy to struggle for; and then men like the subject of this notice may descend into the arena without discredit. Something of the kind was received by Mr. Fairbairn when the King of the Belgians presented to him a private gold medal as a mark of his approval of the exhibition, and of the pleasure his Majesty experienced during his visit to Manchester. The pleasure Mr. Fairbairn hence derived was renewed by an expression of satisfaction on the part of his fellow-citizens.

On Wednesday, 30th of the last year, the Mayor of Manchester, Ivie Mackie, Esq., gave a *déjeuner* at the Town-hall of that city, for the purpose of presenting to the Executive Committee of the Art Treasures Exhibition a resolution of approval and thanks adopted by the Council some days before.

There sat down eighty gentlemen, comprising, besides the members of the corporation, several of the most highly respected members of the community. The resolution ran as follows:—"That this Council is deeply impressed with the great advantages conferred upon this city, and the community at large, by the recent Exhibition of Art Treasures of the United Kingdom—an exhibition of works of art unrivalled in magnitude and value, the examination and study of which were eminently calculated

to improve the knowledge and elevate the taste of all visitors; and, by bringing together different classes not accustomed to associate, to promote goodwill and kindly feeling amongst all sections of the people. That, gratefully acknowledging the munificent liberality with which the heavy expenses to be incurred were originally guaranteed, as also the noble manner in which the applications made for the loans of works of art were responded to by the contributors, this Council feels called upon, as representing, and on behalf of, the citizens of Manchester, in an especial manner to tender its thanks to Thomas Fairbairn, Esq., the chairman, Sir James Watts, Thomas Ashton, William Entwistle, Joseph Heron, Edmund Potter, and Sigismund J. Stern, Esqrs., the members of the Executive Committee, for their disinterested and arduous labours; for the untiring zeal and unremitting attention, which, during so lengthened a period, they devoted to the undertaking; for the judgment and ability which characterised all their proceedings and arrangements, and which so largely contributed to render completely successful the most memorable exhibition of modern times, conferring lasting fame and honour upon the city in which it has been held."

In returning thanks for the compliment, Mr. Fairbairn, among other suitable remarks, observed:—"We acknowledge, with peculiar pleasure, the steady and excellent support that was extended to the exhibition by its visitors of all ranks and classes; and, fortunately, we can also record, with unfeigned satisfaction and pride, the admirable conduct of the

humbler classes, who, on this occasion as on many previous ones, proved themselves most jealous guardians of the safety of property and the truest friends of order."

TRENT.

THE foundation of the city of Trent is lost in the mists of antiquity. In the time of Augustus it was elevated to the rank of a Roman colony, and assigned to the Pepiria family. It was then the principal city of that part of Italy which extended to the east of the Lake of Garda, and which at the beginning of Roman history was occupied partly by the Etruscans and partly by the Euganeans, or Cisalpine Gauls. It was for a long period regarded as a place of considerable importance.

In the division of Italy by Augustus, it was comprised in the tenth department. After the fall of the Roman Empire, it passed into the hands of the Goths, and formed one of the thirty-six duchies of Lombardy.

At the beginning of the eleventh century Trent became a marquisate independent of Italy; in 1802 it passed from under the domination of Austria, and was ceded to Bavaria; in 1810 it was re-united to the kingdom of Italy; and in 1815 annexed to the province of the Tyrol.

These vicissitudes explain the architectural peculiarities of the city of Trent, and the diversity of style which is noticeable in its public buildings.

The city is formed by a half circle, flanked by two



THE CITY OF TRENT.

massive gate towers. The Adige flowing around the walls divides the town from the verdant fields which stand around it, and the effect is singularly beautiful. The eye wanders from the old castle to the modern convent of the Capuchins; and from the magnificent villas to the little church, which, on the summit of a hill, stands out boldly against the deep blue sky. Everything is picturesque—everything in harmony—nature and art combine to render the appearance of the city and its suburbs peculiarly attractive.

Within the walls there is much to engage the attention. Here the contrasts between wealth and poverty, luxury and misery are most striking. The two extremes of society are strongly blended together—Lazarus sitting in the hall of Dives. There are but two or three streets which present anything at all approaching that regularity of building common in most European cities. The disposition of the streets is without plan, and the buildings—huddled together in juxtaposition—are the strangest ever seen. Here is a splendid palace, flanked by a hovel falling into ruin. Here is an edifice, the basement of which is decorated with all the wealth of art, but whose upper storeys would figure appropriately in the worst city's worst rookery. The handsome gothic windows, the elegant balconies, the costly mouldings crowned by some heavy roof and upper storeys, supported by huge timbers, are repaired with rough planks, ominously overhanging the street below, as if the main effort of the builder had been to test how far the law of gravity would allow a wall to depart from the perpendicular.

The contrast of the buildings in this city—the city of princes and beggars, rags and riches—is its most remarkable feature. Next to this are the multitude of clock-towers and belfries—rude erections of the middle ages. One of these, near the Place du

Dôme, is perhaps the most barbarous in all Italy. By the way, this same public square is a curious place. The surrounding houses date from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In addition to the usual extravagance of gable and chimney, the fronts are covered with gigantic paintings. On of them represents a procession of Hercules, his attendants being fantastically coloured white and blue. But the grand square is worthy the consideration of the artist and the tourist. It has much to interest both. The old houses, the antique fountain, the gay groups of peasants and country carts, make up a singular but pleasing picture.

One of the most interesting buildings is the palace of Galasse. The delicacy of its architecture in the style of the Renaissance, is rendered more than usually agreeable by the uncouth ugliness of the structures which surround it.

The people are proud of their churches, and regard with particular satisfaction that of St. Mary the Great. It is that in which the famous council of Trent assembled from 1545 to 1560. The memory of this illustrious assembly is preserved by a wretched picture black with age, which still exists on one of the walls.

Trent, notwithstanding its ancient origin, contains no remains of antique art, with the exception of a fine head of the god Terminus, and a bas-relief representing a cock-fight in the style of a fragment found at Innsbruck.

In following one of the three principal roads in the direction of Verona, Padua, and Germany, we arrive at a celebrated precipice formed by the embankment of the Adige. It is the precipice of Ponte Alto. At some distance from this is erected, under the shadow of cypress and other trees, a monastery. It

is impossible to convey any adequate conception of the melancholy beauty of the landscape, seen from this spot at the setting of the summer sun. The soft sweetness of the evening affects the senses. The city sends up its murmur of activity. The pastures are dotted with cattle. Passing by as in a dream, you see the half-naked mountaineer, and the peasant women with their dark eyes and olive complexions; while the last rays of the sun linger fondly, as though unwilling to depart, on the summit of the hills, till the moon rises and bathes everything in a soft flood of silvery light.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XLIX.

He builds too low who builds beneath the skies.
COWPER

GREAT events, like great misfortunes, love a crowd.

Already two very important occurrences have startled Ada out of her habitual composure,—the most unexpected and astonishing catastrophe that secured to her father the title and estates of the earl, his cousin, and the return of Gerald St. Maur, the only man in whom she had ever felt that warm and passionate interest which at one time would have made her gladly accept the offer of his hand and heart.

But Ada, though still fully alive to all the charms of Gerald's frank, manly nature, is no longer the

impulsive, rash, unthinking creature she was. She is no longer dependent on Gerald for peace and happiness. A purer fountain has been opened to her than that over which first love presides, and where at one moment the waters dance and sparkle, and at another all is drought and disappointment.

At one time Ada had looked up to Gerald, so learned, so gifted. Now Ada feels that in the only true wisdom she is much fitter to lead him than he her; and reverence—so great an element in woman's love—is gone from her feelings towards him.

Compared with the men with whom she has of late been associated—the God-loving, earnest, wise, thoughtful Jem Goodman and Mr. Stephen, Gerald's aims seem so paltry, so selfish, so vain,—fashionable clubs and balls in Belgravia or May-fair.

Never—never—never will she give up her high mission and forsake her Saviour and her work for such a vain and frivolous existence.

If she ever marries Gerald, it must be when he has made himself worthy of her; and of that there seems no chance.

We have said events, like misfortunes, love a crowd; and Ada found it so when, just as she was going to see her father, she was told that Mr. Goodman begged to speak with her.

Ada ran down to the library to welcome him. He looked very pale and grave; and, as Ada begged him to be seated, he passed his hand over his face, and it was with a great effort, and with tears in his eyes, that he said—

"I came, miss, to give you the first intimation of what I know will shock your kind heart; but, as a principal witness, you must be prepared. Poor Ben Darrell's trial comes on at the Central Criminal Court this day week."

"How is he?" faltered Ada.

"Ill in mind and body, miss, but I think there's a dawn of peace and hope for his soul. He thinks it'll go agin him, miss, he won't hear no other; and he says—though he never meant to kill his poor wife, and had no idea what he was about—he deserves to die again and again for his cruelty to her and the little ones."

"But you do not think he will be found guilty?"

"They do in the prison, miss, and they're not often out. He was heard to swear he'd do for her; and, though the man and woman, their neighbours, as heard him, had disappeared—and if it warn't for she, Stunning Steenie mightn't go for much—yet, Natt Stone has spent hundreds to find 'em out, and get 'em ready to appear; and then, miss, wife-beating and wife-murder are the crying sins of these times, and the legislature is doing all it can to make examples, and this do seem a very bad case indeed. He three days and three nights at hard drink, and she no food at all; and yet he loved her. It was all the drink. Oh, miss! if they do hang him, what a lesson to drunkards!"

"Oh, I hope it will not come to that, Mr. Goodman," said Ada.

Jem shook his head; he evidently thought it would. "And, about your papa, miss?" said Jem Goodman; "you mentioned, miss, that you wished me to see the good gentleman. I shall not have much leisure, miss, now, till Ben Darrell's trial is over, and his fate decided one way or the other, but, if Sir Augustus was agreeable, this morning, miss."

"I have spoken to him much and often about you, Mr. Goodman," said Ada, "and yesterday he said he should so like to see you. I will go and ask him now, if he is willing to receive your visit."

"I hope he knows, miss, that I'm a poor, unlearned man, only wise—"

"Wise unto salvation, and that is wise enough," said Ada. "I will go to my father, and return directly."

In a few minutes Ada did return.

"My father will see you at once, Mr. Goodman," she said. "He is very low, nervous, and dejected to-day. He has had a bad night, and I am afraid you will think he looks very ill. But don't let him see that you think so, for he is very nervous about himself, and his doctor told me he must be cheered up, or he would not answer for the consequences. I have told you that he had at one time an iron constitution, but it has been sorely tried. I cannot say how, but you will guess. Follow me. I wished to send for the clergyman to talk to him and read to him, he is so full of terrors. But Dr. McGlossom assured me if I did, papa would take alarm; and in his present state, a shock might be fatal."

Ada led the way to her father's room. He was sitting up in an arm-chair by the fire, and looked, as invalids always do, much worse and weaker than when in bed. But ill or well, there was always a kindly, courtly grace about Sir Augustus, and he bowed as politely as if his visitor had been a noble-

man, and held out the thin, tremulous hand, in the peculiar shaking and twitching of which, Jem, who had made intemperance a study, recognised the earliest stage of *delirium tremens*.

"Give Mr. Goodman a chair, Ady," said the invalid. "I'm glad to see you, sir," he added, addressing Jem. "My daughter has told me so much in your praise and in that of your principles, that I'm very glad to make your acquaintance."

"Ah, sir," said Jem, "it's but little we can do; but that little it's our duty to do."

This was Jem's favourite opening remark. And then he took out his handkerchief. He was not a little affected to see so fine and gracious a man, and one evidently not much passed the prime of life, so beaten down—trampled down under foot by the same demon that had brought Ben Darrell, perhaps, to the gallows.

"Nay," said Sir Augustus, "my good girl there gives a very different account of you. She tells me of wonders you have done and are daily doing."

"Has she told you my principles, sir, and by what means, and by God's blessing, I have been enabled to do what you are so kind as to call wonders?"

"She has given me some idea of your views, sir; but I should like to hear them explained more fully. I'm a poor wreck, sir; and I begin to think I've gone on a wrong system. And if it should please God to spare me for a few years longer, for her sake and—"

Here bodily and mental weakness overpowered him, and he wept.

Mr. Goodman made a sign to Ada to leave him alone with her father. Ada gently approached, kissed his trembling, hot hand, and saying, "Papa, I'll go and see if your medicine is come," left the room.

"You see that bottle, Mr. Goodman," said Sir Augustus, pointing to a table on which stood a spirit-stand, a wine-glass, a tumbler, and a glass jug full of cold water. "Give me a glass of brandy; I feel as if I were dying."

Jem Goodman felt his pulse. "There is no danger," he said; "and I cannot, even at your own request, Sir Augustus, administer poison to you. You are low, hot, feverish—all these symptoms that liquid fire will in the end increase, though it may for a moment seem to enliven you."

"Give it me, or I shall faint," said Sir Augustus. "It is too late."

"No, sir; it is just the time."

He went to the table and poured out a glassful of the clear iced water Ada had placed there for Jem Goodman's own use. "Now, drink this, sir!" he said.

"I have not drunk a glass of water since I was a boy."

"Try its effect," said Jem, earnestly; "and may God, in his great mercy, bless it to you."

Sir Augustus drank a large draught.

"It is refreshing," he said. "I had no idea water was such pleasant drink."

"Now, Sir Augustus," said Jem, going to the washing-stand, pouring out a basin of cold water, and bringing a sponge and towel, "will you be advised by me? I am here to do you what good I can. You say you grow daily weaker and weaker; that shows the system you are going on does not answer. Will you give mine a fair trial? I believe it is not too late, and that you can, with God's blessing, be restored to health of body far better than you have enjoyed of late, and of mind and soul such as you have never known."

"Work your will, my good sir," said the baronet, kindly; "but I fear it is too late."

Jem Goodman then sponged the hot head, flushed and yet flabby face, chest, arms, and hands of Sir Augustus with the cold water, rubbing them dry with a coarse towel until the friction produced a glow, and then he persuaded him to drink what was left in the tumbler.

"I must say I feel revived and refreshed," said Sir Augustus. "I am much obliged to you, Mr. Goodman."

"Now," said Jem, having carefully covered up each part he had rubbed, and once more wrapped up the invalid in his flannels and silk wadded wrapper, "I am going to open the window."

He did so. It opened on a balcony gay with flowers, bright in the sun, and stirred by the west wind.

"Take my arm," said Jem; "let me help you out on to the balcony for a few minutes."

"How delightful!" said Sir Augustus. "I have not breathed this air for a month."

"You feel stronger now," said Jem; "and, if you will allow me, I will, when you return to your arm-chair, explain to you my principles, and the experience on which they are founded. I have a few

reports to read to you, and, from what I have seen, I feel certain that, if you will promise me to abstain from all stimulants till I see you again, I shall find you, ere long, convalescent."

After some demur, the promise was given.

Sir Augustus, who had naturally a quick insight into character, soon discovered the fervent philanthropy, and true disinterestedness of Jem Goodman's nature. He grew intensely interested in his sketch of his principles, his experience, and his own life, enlivened as it was by many anecdotes of a humorous nature, and rendered interesting by touching episodes of tragic interest, all connected with strong drink.

When Ada returned, which she did not do until her father's bell rang for his early dinner, she found a great improvement in his looks and spirits. He declared he felt something very like an appetite, for the first time for many weeks; and cordially he thanked Jem Goodman, and begged him to repeat his visit as soon and as often as possible.

Jem gladly promised compliance—explained to Ada that whenever her father felt unusually faint, low, and feverish, cold water, externally and internally, was to be resorted to; that he had promised to abstain from every kind of stimulant until they met again; pointed to several works on the great subject of temperance which he wished Ada to read to her father—and then took his leave, amid the thanks of both, to hurry off on another errand of mercy, namely, to see Ben Darrell in Newgate, and try to comfort his heart, raise his spirits, and save his soul.

Sir Augustus ate a bit of whiting and a slice of the breast of a chicken with something very like a relish.

And after his dinner Ada told him the important news of his accession to the title and fortune of his cousins.

He certainly was moved by it, but not half as much so as Ada had expected.

It touched her heart to hear him say, "I'm glad of it, Ada, for your sake and your mother's. She always so coveted a title, and the precedence it brings. And oh, Ady, if Mr. Goodman is right, and it is *not too late*, and I can yet be saved by a life of abstinence from the effects of one of intemperance, the temperance cause, my girl, shall have a powerful advocate in Augustus, Earl of Glenlonely, and I'll build a refuge for all poor reformed drunkards who are willing to take the pledge, and Jem Goodman shall be its master, with a handsome salary, good rooms, coals, and candles, as the advertisements say."

Ada was overjoyed; her father was in good spirits. He smiled—he who had not smiled at all for a month, not such a smile for years. How in her heart she blessed Jem Goodman and the temperance movement. Oh, if her father were indeed saved and restored to himself, to her, and to society!

"I did not sleep at all last night, Ady," he said. "If you will help me to my bed-room, I will lie down for an hour. Bring one of those books Mr. Goodman brought. Your sweet voice, my angel child, will lull me to sleep."

Ada read, and for awhile he listened; then by degrees his eyes closed and he fell into a sound sleep, a sleep so calm and so free from the starts and spasms she had of late remarked in his brief slumbers, that she felt sure a great change for the better had commenced. No wonder that the affectionate Christian daughter felt her tears fall, and the name of Jem Goodman rise to her lips as she sank on her knees in earnest, grateful prayer.

Her father woke at the end of two hours much refreshed, and Ada proposed to him to have tea with her in her own little boudoir, which was on the same floor.

Both father and daughter thoroughly enjoyed that quiet little repast.

CHAPTER L.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
That none but poets know.—COWPER.

Mrs. GOLIGHTLY recovered rapidly. She—as she herself boasted—had "never applied hot and rebellious liquors to her blood."

She was of an iron constitution. Her mother was a Scotchwoman, who had lived to be a hundred, and then died from an accident.

This was Mrs. Golightly's first serious illness, and it was brought on, as she herself said, by a species of intemperance, and would teach her a sort of moral and intellectual abstinence for the future. She had entered so warmly—heart, brain, spirit, and soul—into her work, and had so often remained at her desk (after Ellen had left her) till dawn, that she was already over wrought and upset, when the interview-

with the publishers put the finishing stroke to her excitement.

A determination to succeed, in spite of what she considered a base combination against her, her book, and her sex, induced her, although her head ached, her pulses throbbed, and her face was flushed, to return to her desk; and it was while fired by a sense of her own and her sex's "rights and wrongs," that the thought of Messrs. Sneer and Bluster, who had published some works written by women in their own defence, crossed her excited, and now disordered, mind. We would not on any account lower this excellent lady in our readers' opinion, but it is quite certain that when she rushed out in her writing costume, her mental balance was a little disturbed. It was the natural result of dwelling too long and too exclusively on one subject, and it should be a lesson to all not to do so, for if the strong-minded Mrs. Golightly could not do it with impunity, those of smaller heads and more delicate organisation, of course, would incur a still greater risk by devoting themselves too entirely to one pursuit.

However, after some dozen of leeches had gratified their thirst for blood, and after she had been cupped, blistered, and well dosed, to all of which she submitted because she was not quite herself, Mrs. Golightly, looking very leaden, hollow, and gaunt, but perfectly rational, was enabled to thank Ellen for her watchful love, to understand what had happened, and to inquire after her beloved MS.

Luckily it was safe; and on the fourth day after her attack, Mrs. Golightly was able to get up, and enjoy a roast chicken, mashed potatoes, and batter pudding, with her kind and devoted pupil-patroness, Ellen St. Ange.

The absence of Mrs. Golightly, and still more that of gentle, kind, endearing Ellen, had been remarked at the Green Fields Ragged School—indeed, Ada, who attended regularly, and would have done so, had she, instead of becoming an earl's daughter, been a duchess in her own right, Ada—or rather Lady Ada Pemberton—was touched by the deep and affectionate anxiety evinced during the illness of the strong-minded woman—not merely by the children of her own class, who knew her well, but by the poor women in the mothers' gallery, who were a good deal afraid of her, but yet did ample justice to her zeal, her perseverance, and her resolution to spare neither them nor herself in the acquirement of knowledge.

"Poor dear old soul!" said Apple Blossom. "I hope 'tain't with her as Festus said it wor with St. Paul, as she her blessed self read to us the last time she wor here."

"What do ye mean, Apple Blossom?" asked one of the women, looking up from her work. "I don't remember nothink as Festus said to Paul."

"Don't 'ee, then, Molly Muddle," said Apple Blossom; "and thee can read and write dacent, and is a good scholar; and I—poor Mrs. Golightly used to say I shouldn't never come to read like a Christen, and yet I remembers Festus said to St. Paul, 'Much larnin' doth make thee mad!' And I'm sure, if much larnin' will make a body mad, it's no wonder if Mrs. Golightly is downright crazy—for oh, the book she've wrote, if it wor Latin and Greek, it couldn't sound grander or be more forrin to anythink I ever heerd. I couldn't understand not two loines in a page. But I know it wor somethink about some poor females as she knows on, that's got more wrongs nor rights, and is kept in bondage, and ignorance, never tached nothink; and no pleasure in life, not like we, with our homes and childern, and all our comforts!" Poor Apple Blossom! a tear trembled in her beautiful eyes as she tried to speak cheerily, and as if she were happy in her husband and her home; but that tear stole down a pale cheek (Apple Blossom's cheek used to have the downy blush of a peach), and that forced smile played on lips that no longer boasted the bright scarlet of the mountain ash-berry.

"Don't go for to make no brags, Apple Blossom," said Molly Muddle; "them forrin women as you says her book wor about, warn't wuss off nor we. I ha'n't seed Pat this blessed week. He wor paid up for a tough job out at Hackney, he and that drunken chap Slybrute; and though he knowed the rent wor over due, and I and the babbies downright starving, he've gone off with Slybrute, drinking and pleasuring, and never comed aught. Looker here," and, sobbing, she lifted up her thin, faded skirt, "I've had to pawn my flannel petticoat, and," holding out her hand, "my wedding ring, too; and every stick would have been seized, only Mr. Goodman happened to meet me, crying on my way to the landlady; and he went with me, and bless his gen'rous, Christian spirit, he paid one month, and got him to let t'other run on till we see what Pat's about. Lor, I knows what he's about!"

"Well," said Apple Blossom, "till Pat comes to his senses, Molly Muddle, I can lend thee a warm woollen petticoat, lass, and kindly welcome thee'll be. Come home with me this evening, and I'll give it to thee."

"Thank 'ee kindly, Apple Blossom," said Molly, glad of the petticoat, but a little envious of the better fortunes of her friend. "I can't make out no ways how ye keep things tidy about ye, for Bob's no better than Pat when drink's consarned. Slybrute told a fine yarn about meeting you with both your eyes bunged up, and your nose broken, and your lip cut, a-going afore the beak to speak up for Larky. Now we knows who bungs up your eyes, Apple Blossom, and spiles your beauty for ye."

"And we knows, too," said Sally Slink—a woman marked and scarred with the small-pox, blind of one eye, and with a hair lip—"who admires your fine, wax-work face and black hair, Apple Blossom."

"Ye be a good woman, I will say that," said Molly Muddle, "but if it plased Providence to take Bob, I think it 'ud be your own fault if ye warn't soon a Good-man."

They all laughed at this sally, except Apple Blossom, who was hurt and vexed at it. That very day Bob had muttered something between his teeth, which sounded very like an ill word—and a jealous one, too—about Jem Goodman. Between Bob and herself there was something approaching to coldness and estrangement, and had been ever since that luckless night at the "True Briton," when he had been, as little Hope had prophesied, "overtaken."

Jem Goodman's friendship was—next to the dutiful affection of her brave, bright Larky Grigg, and the grateful, beautiful love of Hope Evermore—poor Apple Blossom's chief comfort.

Indeed, she had no one else to turn to for help, advice, and consolation; but if this pure and Christian friendship caused the slightest feeling of jealousy in Bob's heart, or exposed him to any suspicion or misconstruction, Apple Blossom felt she must give up one of the best blessings of her now unhappy life.

This feeling was confirmed when Sally, returning to the charge, said—

"Maybe, Molly, if you were as despart 'ansome as Apple Blossom, you'd not be obliged to part with your flannel petticoat and wedding-ring. Jem Goodman's very free with his money, when his fancy goes along with it."

Sally was very jealous of Apple Blossom's beauty, and being single, and very anxious to be married—and particularly to Jem Goodman—she attributed his indifference not to her repulsive appearance and indifferent character, but to his affection for Apple Blossom. In the hope of getting him as a husband, she had quitted a very good place when he had lost his old housekeeper, and offered to supply her place without wages; and as he certainly did consult Apple Blossom, and did not accept Sally's offer, the latter owed poor Apple Blossom a bitter grudge—all the more so because she failed to get another place, and being fond of drink, soon came down to great poverty, and had even been glad, more than once, to pass the night in the female refuge.

"I don't know what thee means, lass," said Apple Blossom, very red, and her eyes flashing fire through their tears; "Jem Goodman's a good friend to all of us, and he's very fond of Bob, and a true friend to Bob."

"As fond of Bob as he is of you?" said Sally.

"Yes, quite."

"Oh, come, that's too much of a good thing," said Sally.

"We can't none of us swaller that 'ere," said Molly.

"Do you mean to say," said Sally, "that Jem Goodman never helped you out of no trouble unbeknown to Bob? There now, look at her colour!" cried Sally.

Poor Apple Blossom! Bob had earned nothing for a whole week; or at least, had brought home nothing. Her own little trade had not thriven, owing to wet weather and her own bad health. And at that very moment, she had in her bosom half-a-sovereign, which Jem, guessing she was, in his own language, "short," had offered to lend her as a brother might have done, and which she had accepted as if she had been his young sister.

"Come, own the truth, woman," said Sally; "'tain't my place to judge you."

"Why," said Molly Muddle, "there's naught to be ashamed on; Jem Goodman have helped us all in our troubles, one time or another."

"But not unbeknownst to your husbands," persisted Sally.

"He've helped thee afore this, and more nor onst," said Apple Blossom, recovering.

"But I ain't got no husband; you took care o' that," said Sally.

"I!" said Apple Blossom; "what had I to do with it? I never know'd you had a chance; and if you had, 'twouldn't be no business of mine."

"You made it business of your'n, then," said the bitter Sally. "A word to the wise; and don't go for to despise your betters, just because they ain't got a pair o' staring black eyes and a great round red and white face. Every Jill shall have her Jack is just the same as every Jack shall have his Jill; and for all your fine beauty, when I finds my Jack he sha'n't be a drunken brute of a feller that'll blacken my eyes for me, I can tell ye that."

"I see Jem Goodman coming," said Apple Blossom, very white, but standing up like a statue of Diana's self, firm, calm, and pure, "and Mr. Stephen's with him. I shall just call 'em both, to hear me ax Mr. Goodman afore ye all whether he ever zeed the look in my eye, or heerd the word from my lip, to make him think that I wor one ever to give a thought to any man but Bob. No, that I ain't, as everybody as knows me can testify. Not if t'other wor the finest-grow'd, freshest-coloured chap you'd meet in a summer day; and I wor such a poor, silly, weak, vile, mean-spirited creatur' as to be false at heart to my Bob. Jem Goodman ain't the man to ruin his friend and his friend's wife, I can tell 'ee. Jem Goodman knows the ten commandments, and keeps 'em, too,—the same which God spake in the twentieth chapter of Exodus," she added, much excited and her eyes flashing. "My own poor, erring, but beloved Bob—I'm zure Mr. Stephen and Jem Goodman'll tell you you've done him and me great and cruel wrong; and that it's a crying shame, that's what it be."

So saying, she turned to go in search of Jem; but Sally, holding her by the gown, said, "Why you ain't never a-going to get me into trouble for what I said just in a bit of a lark. But if ye be, I won't stay to hear it. I've got a night's musing to do, and lucky for me I have; for if you goes for to make mischief for me, I sha'n't come here again in a hurry."

So saying, she slipped away, and stole out of the ragged school.

And poor Apple Blossom, partly from a feeling of modest dislike to broach the subject to Jem Goodman, and partly from a great hatred of making mischief for Sally Slink, sat down and cried bitterly, but said nothing.

When she rose to go home, Molly followed her for the flannel petticoat of which Apple Blossom had so kindly offered her the loan; and, as Apple Blossom took it out of a drawer well filled with tidy clothes, Molly Muddle, who, in addition to being the wife of a sot, was a slattern, a gossip, and fond of spirits herself, wondered how a poor apple-woman whose husband drank, could have such a sight of good clothes; and began to think Sally's suspicions must be true.

The idle and extravagant, in the destitution they bring upon themselves, never ascribe to honest industry and thrift the comfort and abundance which they can contrive to insure in all ranks of life, if constantly practised.

CHAPTER LI.

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.—SHAKESPEARE.

Poor Apple Blossom's trials for the day were not over. She had returned from "the mothers' class" much wounded and excited; and of late any emotion had caused the once strong, rosy Apple Blossom to feel an almost deadly sickness, followed by something very like a swoon.

Ever since that dreadful night when Bob Blossom had returned dead drunk from the "True Briton," and in his selfish and brutal violence had kicked her in her fond and faithful bosom, while she was trying to pull off his muddy boots, a great change had taken place in Apple Blossom's health; and as to her fine buoyant spirit it had almost forsaken her.

In that full, fair bosom, which still supplied some of the cravings (though not all of them) of the now ruddy, chubby baby Ben, poor Apple Blossom frequently felt a gnawing, sickening pain; and with an agony, in which distress on Bob's account had a great share, she discovered that exactly where he had kicked her, there was a small hard lump. She was quite alone when she made this discovery, undressing herself; not as she once had done with a light heart after a hard day's work, and chatting merrily to Bob already in bed, over the small events of the day; small in themselves, but of more import-

ance to her than a change of ministry, or a royal marriage.

No, there had been no hearty and complete reconciliation between Bob and Apple Blossom since that night at the "True Briton." Not that Apple Blossom was unforgiving, she was willing, and even eager to forgive and forget, not merely his backsliding after all his boast and confidence, but the brutality of his conduct when he was drunk. It was Bob who hung back.

For the first time in his life Bob was jealous.

The seeds of this dreadful upas-tree of the heart had been sown by Jack Badger at the "True Briton," and the growth was rapid and rank in its luxuriance.

Apple Blossom had no idea of its existence, and in her perfect innocence she praised and consulted Jem Goodman as much as ever.

Bob's manner towards both his wife and this true friend had assumed a sort of dogged restraint. He often came back suddenly and when not at all expected. That was of no consequence, for there was not that hour of the night or day when Apple Blossom could have been found doing anything that Bob in his right senses could have taken umbrage at.

Bob had also assumed a sort of bravado about drink, and hinted that people who were afraid of an honest glass, were mostly people who had secrets they were afraid of letting out; and that he thought the total abstinents "wor mostly a cold-blooded, cowardly set o' Mormonites, and from all he'd zeed, and the more he zeed, the more he was determined never to sign none o' their cowardly, unmanly pledges."

Of course, Jack Badger and little Fisher, as long as they were in London, backed him up in this resolve, and when they were gone Sam Slybrute got his ear, and having a grudge against both Apple Blossom and Jem Goodman, he worked on the growing jealousy which Bob in his cups soon betrayed to one so crafty and full of evil as Slybrute.

We have said Apple Blossom was alone, when first she discovered a small hard lump just where Bob had kicked her, and where she had, ever since that brutal kick, suffered such sickening pain.

Yes, she was alone although it was past ten. A sudden and dreadful thought seemed to strike her, and she came all over first red, then pale, hot and cold, and trembled violently. Tears gushed from her eyes, and she clasped her hands. A cold perspiration broke out all over her, and kneeling down by that bed on the edge of which she had been sitting when she made this discovery, she prayed long and fervently.

Everything was quiet. All the children slept; even bold Larky. She went into the front room in which he lay, and took down from a shelf above his head, an old worn copy of "Buchan's Domestic Medicine." She was, as we know, a very poor scholar, and she could make nothing out of it. But the next day, she asked Larky to read her about measles, as a child in the next house had that complaint; and then she begged him to read her all about cancer; assigning as a reason for her curiosity, the fact that a poor woman in the London Hospital, and with whom she was acquainted, had been pronounced afflicted with a cancer in the breast, and had to undergo the dreadful and dangerous operation of amputation.

She told Larky to turn down the leaf, and he, suspecting nothing, did so.

She listened very attentively while he read all the dreadful symptoms of this appalling disease; and often, when she was alone, she took down the book and tried to spell out by herself the sickening account of this loathsome infliction. She succeeded, at last, in making it out from first to last.

Meanwhile her health was visibly impaired. She grew daily weaker and more nervous. Her fine bloom left her cheeks,—the sparkle was extinguished in her large hazel eyes, and the scarlet of her lips faded to a pale, dull pink; her features sharpened,—an anxious expression settled on her fine face,—the lump in her bosom grew larger and harder, and the weight at her heart more grievous and intolerable.

Things were in this state for some time. Jem Goodman grieved to see Apple Blossom so altered, but, like many others, attributed the change to a natural cause; and, indeed, he was so engrossed by Ben Darrell and his protracted trial, that Apple Blossom's misery, and Bob's return, "like the sow that is washed to her wallowing in the mire"—in other words, to those habits of intemperance he had at one time conquered—were almost unnoticed in his constant attendance on the miserable Ben Darrell, both in court and in Newgate.

Apple Blossom had, as we have said, a doctor who came from her own village, near Preston. He was a

kind, old-fashioned man, and had settled in London to be near a son who was walking the hospitals when first the old gentleman came up to town, but had since passed his examination, and been taken into partnership by his father.

However, it was the old father in whom Apple Blossom placed all her confidence. She would not have consulted the young dressey son, who smoked cigars and wore moustaches, and was called "gay!" for all the world; nor, on such a delicate matter, would she have breathed a word to any but her own kind old friend the parish doctor of — her native village, who had brought her, and all in the village (her contemporaries) into the world, vaccinated her, attended her parents in all their illnesses, even the last, and herself in some of her confinements — to him, with many tears and blushes, she revealed the disease, hidden from all the world, more especially from Bob. Poor Apple Blossom, she invented a little story to account for the injury—if ever this was a white lie (which we doubt, since the father of all lies is so black) that was the one Apple Blossom told Dr. Doser—"Dr." he was always called, though, of course, only dubbed so by his poor patients; and that lie, while pretending to believe it, Dr. Doser saw through, and knew as well as if the poor wife had told him so, that a brutal kick from Bob when drunk had caused this disease and all poor Apple Blossom's sufferings.

Apple Blossom had occasionally indulged, in spite of Buchan, in hopes that she might be mistaken, and the evil not of the deadly nature her symptoms, as compared with those in the book, rendered probable; but after Dr. Doser had examined the poor, fast-wasting bosom, and been compelled by her to tell her the truth, she entertained no further hope or doubt, and murmuring with pale lips, "Father, thy will be done!" "Poor Bob!" and "My poor children!" she went home, to think very seriously over a terrible ordeal, which the doctor had told her she must go through, if she wished to do her duty as a wife and mother, and save her life for the sake of those to whom that life was so invaluable.

Dr. Doser did not wish to hurry her; he told her that the insidious disease would probably remain for some time in a torpid state, but that the ultimate development was inevitable, and he advised her to consult her husband.

Her husband! Apple Blossom shuddered at the thought. She did not like to cause him the agony of remorse and shame, which she felt sure he must feel when the consequences of his own foul sin were forced upon his mind—there was one reason against it. Then poor Apple Blossom was a woman and a loving one; not vain, but she had always been admired for her beauty. Bob had always been proud of her pure, strong, healthful nature. How could she reveal to him that she had a loathsome, unsightly, foul disease, only to be got rid of (if at all) by an operation that would disfigure her for ever!

Then she wished she could die, but the next moment she blamed herself for the wish. A wife, a mother! how selfish to wish to die!

To die and leave her bright bold Larky; Merry so pretty, so thoughtless, so ready for the snares that a mother alone could warn her against; Hope, little angel Hope—Hope who, ever since she had been ill, had waited upon her with the submission of a child, the devotion of a saint, and the self-sacrifice of a martyr; Hope who daily grew more and more exquisitely and dangerously lovely, whose mother had confided her to poor Apple Blossom with her dying breath. Bob, who, if he lost his wife, would probably, like so many others that she had known, be persuaded by sottish associates to drink to drown care, and at last drink himself to death, or into the Union.

No, it was sinful to wish to die. It was her duty to submit to anything that would save her life.

Apple Blossom had just decided on this, upon the very evening of her dispute with "Sally Slink" in the mothers' gallery, and was sitting, as we said, alone, preparing to undress.

She had taken out of her bosom the half-sovereign Jem Goodman had lent her, and laid it on a little table beside her, with her cap, her mittens, her apron, and other matters which tidy Apple Blossom always folded neatly up at night.

The children, as we have said, were asleep. Merry flushed, and dreaming of a holiday and tea-drinking to take place at the ragged school, and Hope, her long, soft, brown eye-lashes wet, and tears, scarcely dry, on the faint rose of her cheeks; for Nessy was to go, the next day, to the — Female Orphan Asylum, Ellen St. Ange having got her admitted.

Suddenly, Apple Blossom started, she felt, although she had not heard him come in, that Bob was in the next room.

Bob now always came in unexpectedly and

stealthily. The door was ajar, and Apple Blossom did not know whether Bob had seen her or not, but she thrust the half-sovereign back into her bosom; he was most likely (coming home at that hour) fuddled, and, when he was so, he always seized on any money that met his eye; and often, of late especially, he was very quarrelsome.

She had just put the half-sovereign into her bosom, and was fastening her dress, preparatory to going to him to ask him if he wanted anything, and to see what state he was in, when, with two strides, he crossed the little room, and stood over her. He was fresh from a carouse with Slybrute and other boon companions, and they had been poisoning his mind, and exciting his jealousy about his wife and Jem Goodman; and Slybrute even ventured to repeat what he had heard from his own wife at tea—the story, with many additions, told her by Molly Muddle, of what had passed that day in the mother's gallery; and of Apple Blossom's shame and confusion when accused of receiving money from Jem Goodman, unbeknown to her husband.

Fired with jealousy, he had stolen home, crept in like a thief in the night, and, sobered by the violence of his passions, had stood, for some minutes, at the partly-open door, watching Apple Blossom, and glaring on the half-sovereign, which seemed to him to confirm all he had heard.

He laid his hand very roughly on Apple Blossom's shoulder, and said—

"What hast thee done with that half-sovereign?"

"Lor, Bob! how thee do startle a body," said Apple Blossom, looking up.

"Thee didn't used to be startled when I comed a-nigh thee, lass!" said Bob, his eyes full of fire, but his voice deep and husky.

"And thee didn't used to stay away at bed time, and steal in more like a thief than the master of the house, Bob," sobbed Apple Blossom.

"Measter! I am measter, and I'll be measter,—thy measter, as thee'll foind; and I'll not be laughed at as a fool while thee runs thy rigs along of one I'll pay out if ever I see un dangleing after thy skirts agin. Who guv thee the half-a-sovereign—thee'd better speak, I won't stand no sulks, I ain't in the humour," and he shook her rudely.

"No one guv me no half-sovereign, Bob," she said, with streaming eyes; "thee as should bring in thy earnings, and as did used to, haven't guv me a sovereign, no, nor a half-sovereign either, this month past."

"Where did thee get the half-sovereign I zeed on this table five minutes agone; and what have thee done with it?"

"I borrowed it, Bob, to pay the rent and other small matters. I borrowed it of Jem Goodman."

"Give it me," growled Bob, "or by —"

"I won't give it thee to make thee a greater beast and sot than thee is. Thou'rt half-seas over already, Bob."

"A beast and a sot be I; that's the duty to thy husband Jem Goodman teaches thee, is it? If thee won't give it, I'll take it, lass; and, what's more, I'll force it down his hypocritical throat. He can't swallow a glass of honest liquor; he shall swallow this, my lass, and let's see if this will help his psalm-singing."

So saying he caught her by the back hair in his drunken, jealous rage with one hand, and held her back by the long, jetty coils, in which his fingers were twisted, while with the other he tore the small gold coin from her bosom, in spite of her cries, her sobs, and her piteous exclamations of "Oh, Bob Blossom, is it indeed thee, and can I be the same Betty Blythe thee swore to love and cherish! Be still and I'll g'e it thee; but, if I does, the poor bits o' things'll be seized for the rent."

"Let 'em be seized," growled Bob, with an expletive with which we will not sully our pages, and he rushed out of the house.

Poor Apple Blossom called after him in vain; she darted to the door, but he was out of sight; and then she returned and sat down again on her bed and wept bitterly, her face hidden in her hands.

Presently she felt a soft arm thrown round her neck, and a warm little velvet lip on her throat.

"Mammy, don't ee cry, there's a good mammy. I heard dad a-scoolding thee, mammy. He've been overtaken again; but don't ee give way, mammy. Mr. Stephen says there's them as have been overtaken seventy times seven as have come at last to be 'never touch lads;' and, mammy, thee must forgive dad, even if he offend ag'in thee seventy times seven."

"Oh! my child, I've no comfort left; no hope—no hope."

"Why, ain't I Hope?" said the sweet child, who, having climbed up behind her mammy on the bed, now slipped into her lap, and nestled there. "I'm



THE RAG-PICKERS OF PARIS.

Hope, surely; and Lark's a great comfort, to say nothing of Merry, who've promised me to mind and be steady, and not take a'ter Meg. Get to bed, dear, dear mammy, and I'll tuck thee up. Thee do look so pale, and thy dear eyes so red and swelled. Here's thy night-dress, mammy, and here's thy night-cap. How wild thy hair is! and what a great red mark on thy shoulder!"

It was the mark left by Bob's gripe.

Apple Blossom yielded to little Hope's persuasion, put on her night-clothes, and lay down in bed. Hope got in too—just, as she said, to warm poor mammy up a bit, and then get out into her own little bed. But, while Hope was singing the last verse of the Evening Hymn—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"

her blue eyes closed, her voice died away, and her cherub head sank on Apple Blossom's shoulder—poor Apple Blossom! who, soothed by the sympathy, cheered by the faith, and lulled by the hymn of the little girl, had also fallen into a quiet sleep

(To be continued.)

THE RAG-PICKERS OF PARIS.

It is not a miserable makeshift, as you would suppose, dear reader,—not a temporary expedient, resorted to in the times of necessity and heavy want for the sake of a morsel of bread—rag-picking, in Paris, is a regularly constituted trade—a pursuit to which a certain number of persons devote themselves day by day and year by year—groping and grovelling in the kennels, among garbage and offal, for the rags that have been trodden under foot in the street-fight, or have fallen from the degraded body of some wretched outcast. Year by year do the families of *chiffonniers* or rag-pickers (from *chiffon*, a fragment) sally forth from their slums and alleys to pursue their noisome trade. "Once a chiffonnier, always a chiffonnier," seems to be the dreary motto of their calling; save when, at rare intervals, a political "movement" gives them the fierce excitement of defending a barricade, until, after an *émeute* of a certain number of days or hours, they sink back into the degradation from which they have emerged. Hopeless, reckless, and desperate—ready to take advantage of anything that will offer the chance of a few hours' license—the chiffonnier

of Paris is neither the safest nor the most desirable member of the large class who live from hand to mouth; rising in the morning with a very vague notion of where they shall sleep at night, and whom the Parisians designate by the expressive title of *gagne-petits*, or "earn-littles."

It is half-past eleven o'clock at night. Paris is asleep—rich Paris on its bed of down, behind the heavy curtains; poor Paris, in its attic, shivering on the bed of straw. The industry of the day has ceased, and men are taking breath for the fresh struggle of the morrow. But the pulse of the city never stands still. Now commences the nocturnal industry that shuns the face of day. Nocturnal industry comes creeping down the Rue Mouffetard, in the shape of the chiffonnier and his family. Each member is armed with a long stick with a hook at the end, used in turning over the unsavoury materials which form the staple of their merchandise. In the left hand each carries a lantern; and on each stooping back swings a large wicker basket—dubbed, by Parisian wit, a "Cashmere of osiers." Uponestreet, and down another, through the broad boulevard, up the narrow, tortuous lane goes the stooping procession; old rags, old bones, old bits of iron, things so apparently worthless that the wonder at their ever being purchased is only exceeded by the amazement at the idea of their ever being sold again, by the buyers. All nameless scraps of uninviting appearance, are turned over carefully with the iron hook and deposited in the chiffonnier's basket; and so, through hour after hour of the night, he plies his noisome trade.

It is four o'clock in the morning. The gray dawn is already struggling with night for the mastery, and the light in the chiffonnier's lantern is reduced to a guttering, flickering stump. Then, at some chosen street corner, the wife and daughter, who have been distributing their search throughout various streets, rejoin the father of the family—notes are compared as to the success of each—and I have heard of chiffonniers who could produce gold pieces, obtained by no honest means, after meeting the dissipated men of fashion reeling home through Paris streets—a few ferocious words of menace to the unfortunate girl whose *hotte*, or basket, is light (she looks light and thin enough herself, though her wasted form is too heavy a burden for her tottering limbs)—a whispered word of consultation, and the whole party march off.

At a dirty, tumble-down house, in a back alley, they stop, and the father knocks with his hook or *crochet* at the door. An old crone looks down from

an upper window. With a satisfied grunt, she withdraws her wicked-looking old head, after a moment's inspection. She knows well enough why her customer comes so early. He has not a sou in his pocket, and the dram-shop opens in half an hour. He drums impatiently on the shutter—"Make haste, *la mère*," he cries; "do you want to keep me here all day?"

The bargain is soon struck. The rags are shaken out into a fragrant heap on the floor of a cellar, and bought at a rough estimate of their bulk. But the old buyer has a notable advantage over the miserable company of sellers. They are impatient to be off to the dram-shop which will open in half an hour. Not the father and mother only, mark you. The poor thin girl and the precocious boy, are alike anxious to buy the poison which will ruin them body and soul, unless a pitying Providence snatch the fatal draught from their lips. So, with much shrewd diplomacy on the part of the old crone, and much savage impatience from the chiffonnier, the bargain is concluded, and the party adjourn to the dram-shop, whose door a sleepy, slatternly woman is now unbarring.

What will they do now? It is not difficult to guess. If their money holds out, they will drink poisonous compounds of vitriol and other abominations, for three or four hours. Then the fresh-looking, white-capped servant maids, leading out chubby children for their morning walk, and the healthy trim-looking artisan going forth to his daily labour, will hear drunken shouts or maudling snatches of low songs; and with stooping form, glazed eyes, and uncertain steps, the chiffonnier will be found, slinking home to his den where he hides his misery from the sight of day. There he will throw himself down; and, if his gains have not been greater, or the liquor he has imbibed more poisonous than usual, he will be ready to sally forth again at night, as the clock strikes ten, to resume his industry, with a like result.

But sometimes the potent morning's draught is too strong for his poor muddled brain. Then, unable to stagger further, benumbed by the poison he has imbibed, and insensible even to his own degradation, the chiffonnier falls down in the street, and his career ends as it began—in the kennel.

It must not be supposed, however, that all the followers of "street industry" in Paris are as fallen as the chiffonnier; far from it. The man who sells liquorice-water—the *marchand de coco*—the purveyor of pies at six sous apiece,—and even the

décrotteur, or shoe-black, who cleans your boots and brushes your coat for a sou—all these frequently show marks of a certain humble prosperity, and look as if they were, in their small way, beforehand with the world. But the chiffonnier, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is a miserable wreck, without the chance, or the faculty, of rising. Why is this?

Because, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he will spend his earnings in that dram-shop, where they sell liquor so cheap, and which opens so early in the morning!

THE PEASANT GIRL OF ROME.

The long Italian summer day was in its glowing noontide. There was not the slightest breeze to fan the close, almost suffocating atmosphere, and the sun seemed to hang from the sky like an immense globe of actual fire, scorching all it looked upon.

Within the walls of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, a boy of thirteen years was standing before an easel, on which he was anxiously endeavouring to imitate the perfections of the Madonna of Michael Angelo. A loaf of brown bread and a jar of water stood beside him, from which he was evidently about to make his noontide meal; and, from time to time, he cast a look upon it that told of the healthy appetite of a hungry lad, which such meagre fare could hardly satisfy.

"I wonder if my father thinks I shall become a better painter by starving upon bread and water," said the boy, musingly, as his distaste for the dinner seemed to increase. "I would like to be in Dresden now, this hot, stifling day, instead of among these musty arches, and partake of such a dinner as only my own dear mother can cook."

At this moment a deep and somewhat harsh voice called to him from one of the distant aisles to make haste and finish his dinner, and not be dreaming all day.

"Dreaming!" said the boy, softly. "I sleep too hard at night, and work too hard by day, to leave much room for dreaming."

He turned to the unsatisfying lunch, however, and then continued his work, although the beads of perspiration stood thickly upon his fair, white forehead, and almost dripped from the long, shining curls of his auburn hair. He worked silently and without intermission, until the dim light of the chapel was fading into darkness; but even then the harsh voice asked if he could not see a little longer.

"No, father," answered the boy, "my eyes are aching now; and these last touches will have to be effaced to-morrow. Let me go now, for my head is dizzy."

At the door of the chapel the father joined him, and seeing that the boy looked really ill, he began to be alarmed. He had not noticed before that his son was so emaciated, nor had the thought occurred to him that the mouldering walls, and damp, humid air of the chapel, were sapping the life from which he had hoped so much.

"You shall have a change, Antonio, indeed you shall," said the father, in a softer tone than he had used before. "Next week—nay, to-morrow, perhaps." The child's large, melancholy-looking eyes sparkled; he thought that his father was going to propose going home for a season, until this terrible weather was over. The next words struck a chill to his homesick heart. "To-morrow, perhaps, you will commence your studies at the Vatican. I am impatient to have you begin to follow Raphael."

"Dearest father," said the boy, sadly, "I am afraid I shall never realise your hopes of my becoming a great painter. I love the art sometimes, but, at others, I do so weary of the details. If I could but become a painter without this wearisome study! But, father, do not frown so. I am not thinking of giving it up, but only warning you that I shall, after all, do no great things in my profession."

"You will not disappoint me, Antonio, if you are only true to yourself. I will give you time to recruit a little before you commence at the Vatican. You shall not study there to-morrow, but only go there as a visitor. Does that suit you?"

A faint smile and nod was the boy's answer. "A fresh breeze on my forehead, a good run in the open air, and my mother's nice food, would do me more good," he said to himself. But he knew that his father would call him childish for thinking of food or play; and so the weary lad reached his home in one of the humblest quarters of Rome, and threw himself on the bed, where he slept heavily, until his father roused him at early dawn. Then a hasty and scanty repast, and he followed his father along the streets in his way to the Vatican. Here the boy's real and innate love of art made him forget himself and his weariness before the inimitable paintings of the divine Raphael.

His father saw his entranced look as he stood before these beautiful creations, and whispered to himself: "The boy will be a painter yet."

Antonio Raphael Mengo was born in Bohemia in 1728. His father, a Danish artist, settled in Dresden after the birth of this child. When the boy was a mere infant, the father decided that he should be a distinguished painter, laying his plans to that effect even before he knew he would possess an ordinary capacity. His joy was unbounded when the little creature began to exhibit the most lively sense of the beautiful; and at the age of six years he began to instruct him in oil, miniature, and enamel painting.

The father's grand error was in not allowing Antonio to be a child. In his zeal for his favourite art, he forgot that the physical nature needs culture and relaxation, and that to be truly intellectual as a man, the child must first become a healthy animal. But, like most enthusiasts, he rode his hobby too far; and although Antonio readily became all that his father wished, yet the memory of his overtaken youth embittered his life, and the privations which he endured in pursuit of art, naturally lessened his enjoyment of it.

Three years passed away, however, and Antonio returned to Dresden. Soon after his return, when he was not quite seventeen, Augustus appointed him court painter. He had now become enthusiastically attached to his art. At the age of twenty he executed a painting of the Holy Family, which elicited great admiration. This was the crowning excellence of his youthful compositions, and he was appointed as principal court painter, probably upon the strength of this piece. It was executed at Rome, for he now began to feel that he could paint better under the inspiration of Italian scenes than on the banks of the Elbe. Forgetting the home-sickness and heart-sickness that deepened the sombre twilight of the Sistine Chapel.

In one of his walks in the outskirts of Rome, he saw a beautiful peasant girl, whom he wished much to secure as a model for one of his figures in the Holy Family, which painting he was about to commence. She was surrounded by a troop of boys and girls, evidently, from the resemblance, her own brothers and sisters. They were teasing her to sing for them to dance, and the sweet, loving look which she bent upon them as she complied with their request, was too charming for Antonio to resist. Her voice—such a voice as is only heard in Italy—completed the charm. It need not be added that Antonio found his way again and again to the spot, in order to impress his mind fully with her image, hoping to be able to transfer it to the canvas without troubling her to sit to him. He found it difficult, however, to do justice to her face, and he set off one morning to ask her to come once at least to his studio, to enable him to make the alterations which it needed, to satisfy his sense of her beauty.

It was a sylvan place, that of Allegra's abode. Her father, a vine-dresser, but above the common peasantry by habits, principles, and education, had stimulated his children to more than ordinary attainments, while they still kept the innocent and graceful simplicity of their rank. It was to him that the painter applied for permission to introduce his daughter's figure into his work, and Minetti thought that so honest a face as Antonio possessed might surely be trusted. Still his fatherly care induced him to wait for her in the ante-room of the studio, at several successive sittings, till he was assured his child was as safe in the care of the painter as in his own. Had she descended from a line of kings, Antonio could not have been more deeply respectful than he was to the peasant girl.

One more sitting, and then Allegra might be lost to him for ever. This was the thought which revealed to the painter the state of his own heart. Young, inexperienced, and unambitious, save in the single matter of his profession, Antonio would not have blushed to exhibit the Italian peasant girl to the whole world as his chosen wife. His father, he knew, had higher hopes for him; but his gentle mother would smile and be so content with his choice. He thought of all these things while she was sitting there with her calm, serene, and deeply religious face, her soft, liquid eyes turned upward as if in prayer, and her long hair lying in thick flutings of jet upon her cheek and neck. There were tears, too, in those beautiful eyes; and Antonio was not blind to the belief that it was for him she wept—for the breaking of those tender ties which their short intercourse had established between them.

"Allegra!" he said, in the lowest tones of that voice which had been such sweet music to her ear, "could you leave your home and kindred, to follow the uncertain fortunes of an artist?"

She did not, could not comprehend his meaning at once, and her wondering look made him repeat his words. When, at length, she understood him, her

face lighted up like the sunshine of an April day. That night there were both sorrow and happiness in the vine-dresser's home; for Allegra was the light of that home, and although they rejoiced in her new hopes, still it would be very desolate without her presence.

It was summer when the young bridegroom carried his beautiful bride to the pleasant home on the banks of the Elbe; and the father and mother welcomed with kindness the chosen of their son.

Daily, almost hourly, Antonio's reputation increased, and with it came troops of friends, powerful ones too, and each and all paid the homage of the heart to the beauty and virtues of the artist's peasant-wife. At twenty-six, Antonio was appointed director of the new academy in the capitol. Invited to Spain by Charles III., he executed the Descent from the Cross, and other paintings; and returning to Rome, where he was now induced to take up his residence, he was employed by the pope on a large allegorical painting in fresco. Here he collected a vast number of drawings, vases, engravings, and all the expensive paraphernalia of his art; and everything which a refined taste and the ample compensation of his labours could command, was bestowed upon Allegra and his children. Beautiful as seraphs, these children were not destined to a long life, but most of them passed away in early childhood. But they lived upon their father's canvas, some with the dark eyes and raven hair of their mother, and some with golden locks, and orbs "soft as the blue eyes of a poet's child," the true German complexion.

Another summer day in Rome. The setting sun sheds its last gleam over a long procession, the slow passing on of which indicates that no festal nor triumphal occasion has called out the thronging multitude. There are the great, the gifted, and the mighty. Princes, and nobles, and poets, the flower of Roman station and Roman genius, thought it no degradation to follow him to the grave, who was deemed worthy to lie beside the divine Raphael. And lo! there cometh the peasant girl of the Tiber, with her fair children, to gaze once more upon that noble face which for twenty-eight years she has never looked on save in joy, until now.

A noble monument marks the resting-place of the artist, beside him who was his model upon earth. It was erected to his memory by his friend, the Cavalier d'Azara. Another, erected by the empress of Russia, stands in St. Peter's; so that the mighty of the earth may well be said to bear deep tribute to the memory of the lonely and unknown child, who brooded through the silent hours at the Sistine Chapel over the thought that genius would never come to him.

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely—strong or weary,
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no party, church, or faction;
Trust no "leaders" in the fight;
But in every word and action
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no forms of guilty passion,
Flourds can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right.

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light;
Star upon our path abiding,
Trust in God and DO THE RIGHT.

A LAMP THAT WILL BURN TWELVE MONTHS WITHOUT REPLENISHING.—Take a stick of phosphorus and put it into a large dry phial, not corked, and it will afford a light sufficient to discern any object in a room, when held near it. The phial should be kept in a cool place, where there is no great current of air, and it will continue its luminous appearance for more than twelve months.

The Matron.

NO. XXVI.

My readers may recollect that I told them I had plenty more receipts for nice cheap dinners. I will now endeavour to furnish them with some. The first dish I shall recommend is a stew, the meat of which is composed of the "pluck" of a calf or sheep. These parts of the animal sell for half the price of the prime meat; but that which makes them so very profitable is that there is not any bone in them. Take two pounds of the pluck, cut in pieces; half a pound of rice, a third of a pound of Scotch pearl barley, two or three onions chopped, and some turnips and carrots sliced. Pour over these ingredients two quarts and a half of water; but, if you have liquor in which either meat or bones have been boiled, of course it would make the stew richer. Add one table-spoonful of salt, and a tea-spoonful of pepper, and stew it slowly for two hours. You will most likely have enough for two days' dinner; but, mind you do not put away the remainder in the same pan in which it was cooked; pour it out into some other vessel, and put it away in a cool place.

In the last chapter I mentioned a potato-pie, and gave a receipt for it. You may remember that the meat composing the principal part of it was kidney. Bear in mind it had better be bullock's kidney; that is the cheapest. Sheep's kidneys, serving as a relish for rich people's dinners, are not sold at so low a price. I will suppose that in the potato-pie you have used half of the quantity bought of bullock's kidney, and that you wish to give your husband a change for the next day's dinner, yet you do not know how to effect it. In the first instance, parboil the kidneys; then take a cabbage, two onions chopped up, and three pounds of boiled potatoes. Mix these vegetables well together, and season them according to taste. Put them over the fire with two ounces of dripping, and a tea-cupful of broth. When the vegetables are tender, drop in the bullock's kidney, cut in slices about a quarter of an inch thick. Keep it on the fire for about twenty minutes, and then dish it up. It is sure to be liked.

Another good dinner can be made of that which a thoughtless person throws away, after making soup of it—I mean a milt. To render a milt an agreeable article of diet, you should soak it three or four hours in salt and water, with a little vinegar. When you take it out of the water, mind you wipe it dry, and sew some nice stuffing into it; but supposing you have two milts, you had better sew them together, having first put the seasoning (for which I am about to give the receipt) between them. Chop up a small quantity of sage, parsley, and thyme, with two large onions. Place these in a basin, and add to the ingredients two table-spoonfuls of oatmeal, and a tea-spoonful of salt, and a quarter ditto of pepper. As before directed, let this stuffing be sewn between the two milts. Lay outside the milt a rasher of bacon, and send it to the bake-house, or if you have an oven of your own, bake it for one hour. Should neither of these plans be convenient for you, you may contrive to do it in a frying-pan, but mind your fire is not fierce, for on account of the seasoning it will require to be done very gradually, and thoroughly.

Before I give you any more receipts, I must caution young housekeepers not to think all vegetable liquor equally wholesome. That in which potatoes have been boiled, unlike the liquor of most other vegetables, is unwholesome, and, not only so, it discolours and gives an unpleasant flavour. Therefore mind you parboil your potatoes, before you add them to soups, stews, pies, or any other savoury dish.

Now, for the sake of a little variety combined with utility, let us give a little thought to tea and coffee. These beverages greatly add to the comfort of civilised man, and assist in forming a cheap, wholesome, and palatable bill of fare. Every year sixty millions of pounds of tea are made into drink in the British islands, besides thirty millions of pounds of coffee, also put to the same use.

I have already told you that there are properties in tea, coffee, and cocoa that are little known to the multitude. In the first place, tea contains a flesh-making substance resembling that of the meal of peas; but this is not the substance to which I must particularly direct your attention,—a substance which gives to tea, and also to coffee and cocoa, a property that is not generally appreciated. This substance is a white powder which chemists call *theine*. Of course it was the duty of learned men to discover the properties and the influence of this white powder, or *theine*. They have done so, and the result of their investigation is as follows: that this white powder contained in tea has, when swallowed in a moderate

quantity, a wonderful sustaining strength. It is even asserted that if a man has half a pound of bread taken from his meals, and three grains of the white powder of tea, or *theine*, added in its stead, his body does not miss the bread. In fact, this white powder is found by philosophers to be adapted to supply the substance which the nerves and brain lose by "wear and tear;" it is, in fact, nerve food. When we consider all this, can we be surprised at the cheering, enlivening effect of a good cup of tea?

Small Change.

It is unquestionably true that charity covers a multitude of sins, but we are more than half afraid that crinolines covers a multitude of sinners.

ALBERT SMITH once wrote an article in *Blackwood*, signed "A. S." "Tut," said Jerrold, on reading the initials, "what a pity Smith will tell only two-thirds of the truth!"

"THAT cat has got a cold," said a friend to Jerrold, pointing to a domestic favourite. "Yes," Jerrold replied, "the poor thing is subject to cat-arrrh."

LET no repugnance to the single state
Lead to a union with a worthless mate.
Although, 'tis true, you'll find full many a fool
Who'd make old maids the butt of ridicule;
A single lady, though advanced in life,
Is much more happy than an ill-matched wife.

A GENTLEMAN, on taking an edition of Gibbon's *Rome* to a book-shop in Bath to be bound, was asked whether he would have it bound in Russia? "Oh, no," he replied, "Russia is too far off. I will have it done here."

It seems so easy to be good-natured, I wonder anybody takes the trouble to be anything else.

A VERY distinguished philosopher says that whatever is most useful is most beautiful. We utterly deny it. A dog's nose is not half so comely as that of a beautiful lady, but twice as good for smelling.

A SPRIGHTLY book has just been published, entitled "*Lectures to Married Men*." The author was probably mistaken in supposing that there was any lack of such lectures. They are said to be very abundant. But *curtains* are generally drawn over them.

PERHAPS men are the most imitative animals in all the world of nature. Only one ass ever spoke like a man, but hundreds of thousands of men are daily talking like asses.

HUMAN life is one great Saturday, in which the world should get ready for Sunday, closing up accounts with time, and putting things in order for a holiday.

THE surest way to lose your health is to be all the time drinking that of other folks.

"CAN you return my love, dearest Julia?" "Certainly, sir. I don't want it, I'm sure."

MANY men are very entertaining at a first interview, but then they are exhausted; at a second meeting we find them flat and monotonous. Like hand-organs we have heard all their tunes, and, unlike those instruments, they are not readily new barreled.

LOVERS, whose only desire is to take long and romantic walks beneath the moon, are not long in discovering, after marriage, that they cannot subsist on moonshine.

"MASTER at home?" "No, sir, he's out." "Mistress at home?" "No, sir, she's out." "Then I'll step in and sit by the fire." "That's out, too, sir."

ONE of the Mormon editors in Deseret says that his church rests on the shoulders of Brigham Young and Elder Kimball, whom he calls "a firm base." We fear that it might be more correct to call them a base firm.

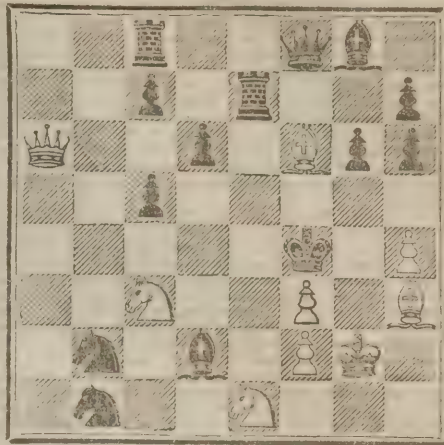
"You don't seem to know how to take me," said a vulgar fellow to a gentleman he had insulted. "Yes, I do," said the gentleman, taking him by the nose.

THE ladies of the congregation of Dr. —, Edinburgh, lately determined to present the doctor with a pulpit gown. The doctor, on the Sunday after it was presented, intimated to the people in the church: "The ladies have been kind enough to present me with a pulpit gown; but lest any member should object to my wearing it, I sha'n't put it on yet, and will hear objections on Thursday night." Nobody came to object, but an old lady. The doctor said, "Well, Janet, what objections have you to the pulpit gown?" "Awful, sir," said Janet, "we never read of the Apostle Paul wearing a gown!" The doctor said (and there was a significance in the reply), "You are quite right, Janet; but we never read of St. Paul wearing breeks (trousers)!" That satisfied the old lady.

Chess.

Problem No. 51. By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.

BLACK.

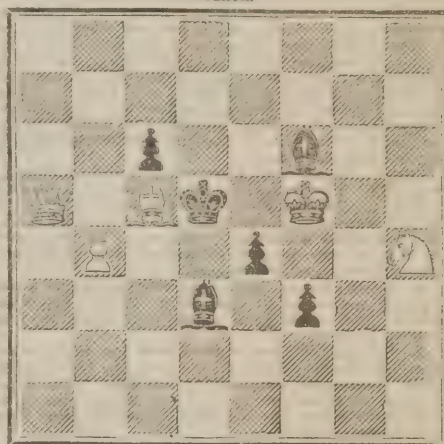


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 52. By C. W. (of Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Solution of Problem No. 45.

WHITE.
1. R to K Kt 6
2. Kt to Q B 3
3. Q takes Kt
4. Q mates

BLACK.
1. K to K B 6 (best)
2. Kt to K R 2
3. Any move

Solution of Problem No. 46.

WHITE.
1. R to K B 4 (ch)
2. B to K sq
3. P to Q 4, discovers mate

BLACK.
1. P takes R
2. Any move.

C. ROBERTS.—Try the reply of P to K 3 to your first move in Problem No. 40. In Problem No. 41 you overlook the escape of the Black King to Q 5, or the move of R to Q B 4, if White play as you suggest.

M. O.—Your Problem possesses scarcely sufficient interest for publication.

JAMES WEBSTER.—In Problem No. 1 we do not see how mate can be prevented at the 3rd move if White commence with Kt to Q K 7 (ch) followed with B to Q 5. Problem No. 2, from the peculiarity of its conditions, is inadmissible. W. S. (Dartford).—The moves should be recalled and the King placed out of check.

EXON.—Your Problem shall be reported upon next week. The friendly tone of your letter affords us much gratification.

S. C. S.—The game of double chess is but rarely played, and we cannot recommend its practice to you.

Solutions of Problems by F. G. Rainger, Nos. 41 and 42; J. Phenix, No. 42; Mona, Nos. 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, and 44; Ars-sur-Moselle, Nos. 38 and 39; T. Martin, Jun., Nos. 33, 39, and 40; Grapes, Nos. 42 and 44; M. A. R., Nos. 41, 42, 43, and 44; W. D. T., Nos. 42, 43, and 44; Calise Amiens, Nos. 43 and 44; E. Grant, Nos. 42 and 43; Queen's Knight, No. 44; W. Helt, Nos. 43 and 44; Oxon, No. 44; A. Novice, Nos. 41 and 44; Douglas, 41 and 44; and J. A. B., Nos. 41 and 42, correct.

E. Grant, C. Austin, F. G., F. G. R., R. B. W., D. W. O., W. B., J. W., C. W. (of Sunbury), J. Phenix, and W. Helt, your communications have been replied to through the post.

Our Editorial Table.

B. SMITH.—For the greatest ornithological novelty at the Zoological Gardens—viz, the *mooruk*—we are indebted to Dr. Bennett, a gentleman well known for his scientific attainments. He purchased this bird of a Captain Derlin, who makes annual trips from Sydney to New Britain, whence he brought this new specimen of the ostrich family. It has created a great sensation. The natives of New Britain call it the *mooruk* on account of the sound of its note. Dr. Bennett, well knowing the curiosity this bird would excite in England, determined to present it to the Zoological Society, with which he has long been a corresponding member. Through the united care of Dr. Planky and the captain and officers of the British Merchant, the *mooruk* has safely reached England, and the Zoological Gardens; and it now makes its appearance between the ostriches and the apes.

A FAMILY MAN.—When you come to London you can take your children to see the Leviathan without exposing them to the least danger. This vessel, the wonder of art, is, in her present position off Deptford, admirably placed for picturesque effect. The water forms a kind of bay, and she is surrounded by objects that show off her huge size by comparison. A strong rail, breast high, runs all round the deck, so that you may travel from stem to stern; and as you look over bow or taff-rail, you have a view almost as extensive as that which the Monument commands. Then you should compare the huge vessel on which you stand with the ordinary vessels constantly passing up and down the river. The visitor should go down below, and stand in the great saloon, as vast and almost as lofty as Freemasons' Hall. He should inspect the private sleeping cabins, each as large as an ordinary bed-room, and what is still more important, admirably ventilated. Before he leaves the vessel he should dive down into the abyss of the engine-room, or he will not be able to form a correct idea of the size of the Leviathan. Captain Harrison and his chief officers are constantly on board; thus safety, order, and good management are secured.

AN AMATEUR CHEMIST.—*Alcohol* is the name applied to pure or highly rectified spirit, obtained from fermented liquors by distillation. It consists of hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon. It is extremely light and inflammable, and a powerful stimulant and antiseptic. It is the intoxicating principle of all vinous and spirituous liquors, as wine, brandy, whisky, ale, &c.; but as it was first procured from wine it has retained the name of *spirit of wine*. All writers on materia medica now rank alcohol among the most powerful and fatal of narcotic vegetable poisons.

ZADIG.—The author of "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia," was Sophia de Cottin, a celebrated French lady, the daughter of a merchant at Bourdeaux. She was born in 1772, and at the age of eighteen married M. Cottin, a banker in Paris, who died, leaving her a beautiful young widow at twenty-two. As to your other question, we may say, who shall decide when doctors (or critics) disagree?

A FARMER'S SON.—A *grange*, properly speaking, is a corn farm; it was, originally, a place where the rents and tithes, paid in grain to religious houses, were deposited; from *granum*, grain.

H. WALKER.—We have referred your note to the author. The "purple kind of death rife among the Indian priesthood," cannot well be described in our Paper. But if you have an opportunity of consulting those fragments of the Vedas which have been published, you will get the information you require.

VERDANT GREEN.—Bruised cloves, or a few drops of creosote will prevent mouldiness in ink. If your "agreement to serve for a certain time" was for a consideration, or recompense, it is legally binding. Your third question we cannot comprehend.

CAROLUS.—A penny stamp must be affixed to all receipts for forty shillings and upwards.

DAWLISH.—The apparatus required for silvering mirrors, is far too expensive for a youth, to say nothing of the delicacy of the process.

W. MASON.—Gum arabic.

AYRSHIRE, HUMBLE BEE, and several other correspondents.—Mr. J. F. Smith's interesting tale, "Smiles and Tears," you will find is continued in Volume II. of our journal, New Series.

TIMOTHY LIGHT (Engineer).—If you can prove what you say, you may break off the engagement without any risk.

A RAILWAY CLERK, ARCTIC CRUSOE.—We believe that railway clerks are not obliged to furnish change for passengers. At any rate, it would save much time and trouble to all parties if passengers were to provide themselves with change before applying for their tickets.

J. ROPER.—A Ghaut (Indian) is either a pass through a mountain, or stairs descending to a river.

M. T.—The best way to avoid being imposed upon by adulterations, is to purchase of respectable dealers.

A READER OF CASSELL'S PAPER.—Metals may be silvered thus:—Take one part of precipitated silver powder, mixed with two parts each of cream of tartar and common salt. Clean the surface of the metal well, and then apply the mixture with a piece of soft leather.

SELF-EDUCATOR.—You will find valuable lessons in Logic, Rhetoric, and all the other forms of the English Language, with choice specimens in illustration, in one of the volumes of "Cassell's Educational Course," entitled, "The English Language, in its Elements and Forms;" a thick volume, price 3s. 6d., bound. It may be had free by post, of Messrs. Petter and Galpin, for 4s.—We have little faith in the remedy of which you speak.

T. C.—We have travelled to Paris by various routes, and are therefore tolerably well acquainted with the relative advantages of each. You ask us our opinion of the route by Dieppe. We reply, first, that it is economical. First-class throughout, £1 5s.; second-class, £1. We have crossed the channel several times, and on no occasion has the sea-passage extended beyond five hours. The steamers are first-rate, not only powerful as steamers, but beautiful sailers.

In our opinion efficient servants, polite and attentive to passengers, are a most important element in rendering a sea-passage pleasant; and we are happy in bearing our testimony, that in all our voyages, we never met with a more civil or obliging crew, from the captain to the steward's boy, than on these vessels. You say you have only a few pounds at your disposal, and you want to see as much as possible in a fortnight. Well, you can make a very agreeable tour to Paris. Take your ticket through. Four days are allowed you to make the journey. You can stay at Dieppe for a night. Twice we have adopted this plan. There are several good hotels: that which we patronised was the "Queen Victoria," and its arrangements were excellent—obliging servants, moderate charges, and first-rate accommodation. From Dieppe you can proceed to Rouen. The scenery is the most picturesque in France. Leaving Dieppe early in the morning, four or five hours may be spent at the romantic old city of Rouen—a city intimately associated with some of the most interesting events in our own history. From thence to Paris, you pass through a country abounding in historic sites, and other remarkable places. All these things interest the traveller, and make a long journey short. With respect to your passport, first obtain a letter from your banker or your minister—churchman or dissenter—a magistrate, or an M.P.—a surgeon, or solicitor. You can forward this letter to Mr. W. J. Adams, Fleet-street, who will, for a small charge, attend to all the necessary formalities, get your passport signed, *visé*, and sent to you.

DICK TABLETON.—You can have four numbers of our Journal sent to you, by post, for 6d., or five numbers for 7d.

RADICAL.—Apply to one of the county members. J. T. (Newcastle).—We entertain a high opinion of Mr. Curwen's Tonic Sol Fa method of teaching music.

EDIN.—There is no animal in existence resembling what is called the unicorn in heraldic representations. The creature so named in the Scriptures, is supposed to be the rhinoceros. The sea unicorn, called *narval*, is of the whale kind, and is remarkable for a long horn growing out of his nose, of a substance closely resembling ivory.

KATHLEEN.—The *corn-crake*, or *land-rail*, is a migratory bird, found among grass, corn, broom, or furze. It makes its appearance in England, Scotland, and Ireland in the month of April, and takes its departure to warmer climates before the approach of winter. Its cry is very singular, and may be imitated by rubbing the blade of a knife on an indented bone, by which it may be decoyed into a net.—The E. C. appended to our address denotes the postal district in which our office is situated, namely, the East Central.

M. R.—Wash night and morning in lukewarm water, into which two or three drops of sulphate of zinc have been introduced.

W. F. G. (N. S. W.).—You will be able to obtain our publications from Robertson, Bookseller, Melbourne.

J. S.—If you and your brothers and sisters cannot agree about your deceased brother's umbrella, you had better sell it, and divide the proceeds!

A VICTIM TO — J. Newland, Spotted Jack, A. B. Y., Bonus Avunculus, Orlando, John Bull, A Belfast Rioter (I), Mackbeth and Malcolm, A. H., Angelina.—These are cases of bodily ailments, or physical infirmities, in the treatment of which you will require the advice and attendance of a respectable practitioner.

J. WILSON.—Your letter does you credit. To meet the circumstances of youths and others situated as yourself, "Cassell's Educational Course" has been re-issued in weekly numbers, 1½d. each, and in monthly parts, 7d. or 8½d. each. The first volume, "Science Popularly explained," containing 574 pages, may be had complete, bound in cloth, 3s. 6d.

MARY SPRAY.—You may make a good rice cake thus:—mix ten ounces of ground rice, three ounces of flour, and eight ounces of pounded sugar. Beat up eight yolks and six whites of eggs, and the peel of a lemon shred so fine that it is quite mashed; sift the flour, &c., into these by degrees; mix the whole well in a tin stew-pan over a very slow fire with a whisk, then put it immediately into the oven in a well-buttered tin; and bake for about forty minutes. *Arrow-root* cakes, thus:—take eight yolks of eggs and half the whites, with some lemon peel to flavour, and a little rose water, half a pound of pounded sugar, and a quarter of a pound of arrowroot stirred in very carefully. Beat the eggs for nearly an hour, and after the arrowroot is added it must be constantly beaten until it is put into the mould. Bake in a slow oven. Your other questions must stand over for the present.

J. WAX.—The marriage fees at a parish church, not including license, are 7s. 6d. The parties to be married must have resided in the parish for at least three weeks.

Z.—Apply to the Divorce Court, Westminster, for directions as to procedure, list of fees, &c.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER will require a recommendation from a Member of Parliament before he can obtain the situation of a letter carrier in the General Post Office. The salaries vary from 12s. to 21s. per week.

COBRA DE CAPELLE.—(A strange signature for a lady). To prepare ice creams and ice waters proceed as follows:—Choose the coolest part of the house; get a pail and place in it a few pounds of ice broken very small, throwing among it a large handful of rock salt. Having prepared your cream, according to directions presently to be given, put it into a pewter ice pot and cover it; place this in the middle of the pail, and draw the ice closely round the pot. Stir the ice and salt briskly round, removing to the centre the parts that freeze round the edges. There should be holes at the bottom of the bucket to let off the ice as it thaws.—To a pound of preserved fruit of any kind, or to new fruits as they appear in season, beaten into a pulp, add a quart of cream, the juice of two lemons to improve the flavour, and sweeten to taste. Rub the whole through a fine hair sieve, and if the fruit be red, add a little cochineal colouring. *Lemon ice* is prepared in a similar way, using, for the same quantity, the juice of four lemons and the peel of one grated, two gills of lemon syrup, and one pint of cream. Mix, pass through a sieve, and freeze. There are other varieties and cheaper modes, which we may furnish in a subsequent number. Receipts for lemonade and ginger beer we have already given.

R. LETHED.—"R. Lethed" complains that all the views he has seen of India give him no new ideas, and that the towns and villages look very much like towns and villages in Europe. "R. Lethed" should recollect that towns, &c., are works of art. It is the natural produce of India that renders it so distinct from anything he has ever seen. As painting does not satisfy "R. Lethed," perhaps poetry may convey to his mind some idea of the scenery in the glorious Eastern Peninsula.

"Where sacred Ganges pours along the plain,
And Indus rolls to swell the eastern main,
What awful scenes the curious mind delight—
What wonders burst upon the dazzled sight.
There giant palms lift high their tufted heads,
The plain wide its graceful foliage spreads;
Wild in the woods the active monkey springs,
The chattering parrot claps her painted wings.
'Mid tall bamboos lies hid the deadly snake,
The tiger couches in the tangled brake,
The spotted axis bounds in fear away,
The leopard darts on his defenceless prey.
In reedy moors or dreary forests rude,
The ancient haunts of solemn solitude,
The huge rhinoceros rends the crashing boughs,
And stately elephants untroubled browse."

We trust "R. Lethed" will not consider this description would apply to England; but certainly it forms a striking contrast to our happy isle, with its well cultivated plains, flower-clad valleys, and meads dotted with peaceful flocks and herds.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We fear that the defect of which you complain is past the skill of surgery.

W. R. B.—The work about which you inquire is still on sale.

HOUSEWIFE.—A cheap cement or covering for jars or bottles may be made thus:—Stir into half a pound of beeswax, one pound of powdered rosin, melted together; on moving it from the fire, stir in as much brickdust as will make the mixture of the consistency of melted sealingwax. Place it, while warm, around jar covers; dip in corked bottles. *Saleratus*, the article so often mentioned in American cookery books, is a carbonate of potash. Carbonate of soda may be substituted.

J. MCMAHON.—Please to repeat your questions. Your lines are hardly up to our mark. Your suggestions are under consideration.

CHARLIE.—Unless we know the cause of your "spots," we cannot tell you how to remove them.

A WORKING MAN.—For admission into "the City Police force," your application should be made at the Chief Commissioner's office.

MAZATLAN.—Wait patiently.

RICHARD MARKHAM.—Your eggs will probably be hatched before you see this. You may obtain mulberry leaves at the herb shops in Covent Garden Market.

B. ODDY.—Silkworm's eggs may be obtained at the same shops.

L. TAYLOR.—We do not approve of your violent condemnation of those placed in authority over you; nevertheless, we heartily wish that, for the benefit of settlers in Australia, a firmer tenure of land could be granted. Not merely on account of the profit that emigrants may derive from the gold mines, but from the fertility of its soil, is Australia a highly favoured country. And then its vast treasures of copper should not be forgotten. Did you ever hear how, with the view of working the Burra-Burra mines (about ninety miles from Adelaide), a company was formed, three years ago, with a capital of only two thousand pounds? In three weeks from the purchasing of the mine, they raised two hundred tons of pure red oxide of copper. They have now built a village, containing several hundred inhabitants. They have completed smelting works, and have sunk their excavations to the depth of 144 feet, and a mile and a half in length. Wonderful to say, they have raised, in one year, 7,200 tons of copper ore, worth, on an average, at least £25 per ton.

MELISSA, MOLLY BAWN, and LILLIAS.—You will find the following an excellent wash to prevent sun-burn:—Take one drachm of camphor, two drachms of borax, one drachm of Roman alum, half an ounce of sugar-candy, and one pint of ox-gall. Mix the ingredients, and stir them well together, repeating the process three or four times a day, until the mixture becomes transparent. Then strain it through filtering paper, and it is fit for use. But apply it only once a day, and in the following manner:—wet the corner of a linen towel in the mixture, and wash your face and hands with it on rising in the morning. Afterwards proceed with your ablutions as usual.

F. P. J.—Your question refers to a journal of the private management of which we know nothing.

R. R.—161, W. Seymour-street, Portman-square.

W. T. ROBERTS.—Write the lessons off first, and then commit them to memory.

M. H.—The name of the Princess Charlotte's medical attendant was Sir Richard Croft.

PHILOLOGUS.—Your transpositions are very ingenious; but the word on which you have exercised your ingenuity, causes us, respectfully, to decline their insertion.

PEEBLEAN.—Why not repay the 20s. in four equal parts, 5s. each?

HUMBLE BEE.—Use your knife rather than your fingers.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—You propose a dangerous expedient. Firmness and patience will, no doubt, prove your safety.

H. V. (L. DERRY).—If you personally present a cheque payable to self, a stamp is not necessary.

** We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

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SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG FETTERED," ETC.

CHAPTER LXV.

No counsel from our cruel wills can win us,
But ill's once done, we bear our guilt within us.

FORD.

THE cause of the march of the gallant 01st to Delhi soon became apparent. The government had taken alarm at the spirit of insubordination manifested by the native troops: the forces on which, with a blindness partaking of fatuity, England had hitherto confided the stability of her dominions in the East.

When the news first begun to be whispered in Calcutta, the young officers and many civilians merely laughed at it. Nothing could shake their

faith in the fidelity of the native army. They regarded it as a mere passing ebullition, arising from some caprice of caste, or an attempt to avail themselves of the absence of the larger portion of the Queen's troops in Persia, to extort an augmentation of pay or batta. The greased cartridges they looked upon as the pretext.

In the last opinion, most probably, they were not far wrong, for the Hindoo, like the European, seldom gives the reason for his act, it is generally veiled by the excuse.

A few old residents in India viewed the affair in a widely different light. They had long been aware of the spirit of disaffection, which, like the smouldering fire, only waited a favourable occasion to burst forth, and spread destruction around; but even they were far from imagining the horrors which were soon to be perpetrated—horrors destined to desolate many an English home, and leave an indelible stain upon the page of history, when treating of our rule in India.

It is astonishing how few men, till the events of the late war, ever formed a correct notion of the sepooy character; and yet the data for a sound judgment were ample. Their religion was and is a religion of cruelty founded on an appeal to the worst passions of humanity. The Asiatic character is naturally deceitful, and truth a stranger to it.

All orientals, without exception, deem it a meritorious act to deceive the European; and after so many years of contact with us and governed by us, it is a sad blot upon the policy of Englishmen, but an admitted one, that they neither love nor respect us.

The fact is, they look upon us as hypocrites; and when we calmly and dispassionately consider all the circumstances which have attended the progress of our empire in the East, we can scarcely feel surprised that they have come to such a conclusion.

Let us examine them.

In the first place, the conquerors vaunted the superiority of their religion; proclaimed the faith of the Hindoo a blasphemy and a mockery; yet at the same



RICHARD CONFIDES HIS SECRET TO LILLIAN.

time absolutely assigned revenues for the maintenance of its idolatrous worship—levied a tax upon the countless multitude of pilgrims who flocked to the obscene ceremonies of Juggernaut, whose horrid idol was annually dragged forth in procession, whilst English soldiers kept the line, and paid military honours to the Moloch god.

The British government proclaimed disinterestedness as a principle, and displayed the most grasping avarice as a practice. Not a native ever did, or probably ever will, believe that the tortures inflicted upon them to exact the taxes were inflicted without its knowledge; and, notwithstanding the denial in parliament, we venture to assert that few Englishmen will be found who are not of the same opinion.

Neither were the lives of our countrymen in India calculated to awaken respect. The majority lived in a state of open immorality—professed Christianity but practised paganism; not in its grosser form of idolatry, perhaps, but in abandoning themselves to those vices they professed to abhor.

No wonder the Hindoo pronounced the religion of the conquerors a mockery; that the haughty Brahmin, who at least paid the homage of external observance to his faith, both hated and despised us, and, like the tiger, only wanted the favourable moment to make the fatal spring.

That moment had now arrived, and the utter want of precaution—steps that the simplest prudence might have dictated—all tended to make the insurrection as successful for a while as it was destined to prove remorseless and bloody.

Last and not least amongst the heavy charges to which England is called, morally, at least, to answer, is the reckless, grasping spirit shown in the aggrandizement of our possessions. State after state became absorbed, entire kingdoms annexed; and yet at the same time, with a fatuity which no other nation in the world would have been guilty of, we allowed the fallen possessors of the thrones we had abolished to maintain a royal state.

Thus the shadow of the great Mogul still sat enthroned at Delhi, with all the external symbols of sovereignty. The ex-king of Oude resided and received royal honours at Calcutta; and the number of petty princes who continued to exist under similar conditions is so great that it would exceed the limits of our pages to enumerate them.

We have often wondered how England came to fall into so palpable an error, and, after much reflection, came to the conclusion that it arose from our fatal love of imitation—the German element ingrafted upon the Saxon stock.

Germany mediated a number of potentates, more or less considerable—that is to say, deprived them of their possessions, yet left them the externals of royalty—and England aped Germany in the East, as she is gradually doing at home.

If the example is less striking here, it is that we have no princes to mediatise.

The approaching departure of Sir Charles and his family for Delhi was a sad blow to the hero of our tale. Fain would he have accompanied them; but a tie stronger even than that of love—honour—chained him to Calcutta, at least for the present, and he could not break its fetters without abandoning the hope which had first brought him to India.

"I cannot comprehend," observed Lady Bell, when the approaching departure was talked over, "why you should not go with us."

Lillian looked the same.

In this dilemma, the baronet, like a gallant soldier, came to his rescue, for he alone of the speakers understood the cause.

"Simply, my love, because he has a reason," he replied.

The lady gave one of her pretty little shrugs, which, in those of her sex, mean so much or so little.

"And that I, for one," added her husband, "should blame him for a dereliction of duty."

There was no mistaking that.

"Duty," repeated her ladyship, emphatically—for her warm, affectionate heart grieved for the disappointment of her adopted child—"that is the word with which you lords of the creation always try to silence us."

"I am glad you said *try*," observed her husband, with a smile.

"Duty," continued the lady, "duty: a word which means everything or nothing, when we ask for reasons."

Sir Charles both looked and felt annoyed. "Dear Lady Bell," exclaimed our hero, "you cannot doubt but the first wish of my heart is to accompany you and Lillian—to watch over you and guard you; but it is impossible. Did you know how imperative are the motives which retain me here you would pity me."

"But I do not know them," replied her ladyship, dryly.

"You forget, my love," observed the baronet, mildly, "that I do."

"True."

"And approve them."

The marked emphasis upon the word approve, reminded the fair rebel to conjugal authority that she was becoming a little, only a very little, unreasonable.

"It is not from a selfish motive that I wish it," she said, after a pause.

"That I am sure of," replied Richard, warmly.

"Poor Lillian has never uttered a word upon the subject."

Her lover regarded the sorrowing girl gratefully.

"But after the attempts upon your life," continued her protectress, "which we can neither of us think of without terror, you cannot wonder at our feeling. And now the secret is out. You men are such conceited things," she added, "that I am compelled to explain myself in order to avoid rendering you more vain than nature has made you."

"Do you admit such a thing to be possible?" demanded Sir Charles Fourreau, with a good-humoured smile, for the explanation had touched the right chord in his heart. In fact, he was not without certain misgivings himself upon the subject of his young friend's safety.

With that tact which distinguishes not only her sex, but the speaker in particular, her ladyship contrived to lead her husband from the drawing-room, so that the lovers might be left together.

"And do you think me unkind, Lillian?" demanded our hero, touched by the expression of sorrow on her features.

"No, Richard," replied the fair girl, in a tremulous voice; "it is your danger, not my own weak, childish desire to have you near me, which distresses me. You have an enemy in India."

"Most men meet with an enemy in their path in life, and whether in India or England makes but little difference," was the reply.

"You are wrong—believe me, you are wrong. Little as I have seen and can remember of my father's land, I feel that there the danger is comparatively harmless; the passions of mankind are under subjection to the law of reason—here, they rage in all their fierceness."

"Humanity is the same everywhere," observed her lover.

Lillian shook her head incredulously.

"It is only its phases that vary," added the speaker.

"I have heard such fearful tales of their violence in the East," said the poor girl; "and we have witnessed one such fatal example that you cannot wonder at my terror. Be careful, Richard," she continued, "for my sake, and the sake of all who love you. Should—"

Here her feelings so far overcame her that she was unable to proceed, and burst into a flood of tears.

As most of our readers have loved in their time—if not, we pity them—it will be quite unnecessary to recapitulate the arguments and reasons her lover made use of to calm her sorrow, or the precautions he promised to use to guard against the menaced danger, which he professed to laugh to scorn; and yet, at the instant he made the assertion, a chill ran through his veins, for he recollected the pangs he had endured—the dangers he had escaped.

"You forget, too," he added, "that Jack is with me; that he would lay down his life in my defence."

"I have no doubt of his fidelity," replied the fair girl, "but—"

"Still this doubt?"

"What precautions can avail against the deadly skill of the poisoner. I have heard such fearful examples of it."

"Dismiss them from your mind, Lillian," answered her lover. "Providence is no more blind in India than in Europe. Remember how it watched over your own infant years."

"I should be ungrateful to forget it."

"The friends it raised you up."

"They have indeed been second parents to me."

"My own life proves that she has been equally friendly to me," resumed her lover, who felt that the woman on whom he had bestowed his affection was equally entitled to his confidence. In fact, he had frequently reproached himself for having listened to the advice of Sir Charles, although given with the best of motives, and kept the secret from her.

Lillian regarded him with surprise.

"I must tell you," he said, "that my early years were steeped in poverty to the very brim—a poverty as desolate as yours."

"No, Richard, no—impossible!" exclaimed the

maiden. "You must have had friends who loved you."

"True, I had a mother and a sister."

"Then your fate could not have been as desolate as mine."

"Not when I saw them starving?"

His hearer repeated the word with terror and astonishment.

"And, half mad at the sight," resumed her lover, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "my heart and brain both on fire, I rushed into the streets—the pitiless streets of London—to procure them food at any sacrifice—even the sacrifice of honour."

"Terrible!"

"You will not blame me, Lillian?" said the youth, gazing on her with feelings of deep emotion.

"Not even if you fell, Richard!" exclaimed the affectionate girl, enthusiastically. "The motive might not have sanctified, but, at least, it would have excused the crime."

"But I did not fall," said our hero, after a pause. "That Providence on which I still rely, watched over me."

"Thank heaven!"

"On the brink of crime, I was saved by my grandfather, who, angry at my mother's having married the man of her heart without his sanction, had cast her off to penury and want."

"Can there be such a nature?"

"Do not blame him. I, at least, have not the right, for he has proved kind to me; neither dare I judge him, for there was much in the conduct of my unhappy father to justify his resentment—he was a drunkard. Happily, you do not know all the misery that word implies."

Lillian shuddered: she recollected, but too well, the scenes she had witnessed whilst under the roof of Mike, in the Belvedere-road.

"My grandfather adopted me," continued the speaker.

"Bless him for that. His heart could not have been all of clay. One chord, at least, was human."

"Educated me," added her lover, "and has ever manifested the warmest affection for me."

"Could he do otherwise?"

Richard smiled: there is no flattery like that which falls from the lips of those we love.

"No doubt," exclaimed the fair girl, "he became reconciled to his offending child; your influence must have accomplished that."

"Alas, no."

"Did you seek it?"

"Most earnestly."

"And failed?"

"There was a reason, which reason brought me to India. My father, who had been a clerk in my grandfather's house previous to his marriage, was suspected of having abstracted certain securities, which had been realised in India. There were no proofs—that is to say, positive proofs; for those who planned and executed the dishonest act, and then with devilish cunning contrived to cast suspicion upon my parent, never dared to make the accusation public."

"Thank Providence."

"Still it hangs over him."

"Your grandfather, Richard! surely if he loves you he will never make it; it would be cruel, unjust!"

"He never would, but his enemy might; and the dread of such a disgrace upon the name of my grandfather, has prevented the reconciliation. Now, Lillian, mark me," added her lover, impressively; "the children of the poor are naturally observant. Want is a stern instructress; her pupils become prematurely old, and whilst others of their age think only of amusements, dreams of happiness, they learn to scan and measure the character, temper, strength, and weakness of those who come in daily contact with them."

"That is true," observed his hearer, sadly. "My own brief experience can bear witness to your words."

"Well, then, I have watched my father well—know his weakness and his strength. He never swerved from the path of strict integrity."

"His son could not be deceived."

"I am sure of it," he continued, "sure as that I live and breathe, sure as that you, with eyes beaming with love and confidence, are standing here beside me. He has redeemed himself nobly, redeemed himself, and is now, if not rich, at least respected and in honour."

"But if your grandfather loves you," observed Lillian, "he never could have the heart to disgrace the name you bear."

"It is not in his power to prevent it."

"How so?"

"In the first burst of anger and disappointment at my mother's marriage, which he only learnt on his

return from India, the old man, who had discovered the loss of the securities, accused my father."

"Openly?"

"Alas! no—would that he had."

"Where, then, is the danger?" demanded his hearer.

"He accused him to the man who once expected to be his son-in-law, and the heir of his immense fortune, —to his own nephew, and, unfortunately, by letter. Had he done so publicly, much misery might have been avoided."

"And the name of this nephew?"

"Carus Kearn."

Lillian repeated it twice.

"This imprudent, because unjust, act," resumed our hero, "has borne with it bitter punishment. My grandfather, I believe, is now sincerely anxious to be reconciled to his offending child; but fears the revengeful nature of his nephew, whose villainy he more than suspects; for there is little doubt but, on the downfall of his long-cherished designs upon the fortune of his relative, Carus Kearn would at once make use of the fatal letter to blast the rising reputation and prosperity of the man he so deeply hates."

"Still I do not comprehend," observed the fair girl, after a pause, "the motive of your coming to India."

"That is soon told."

"Or the necessity of your remaining in Calcutta."

"You shall learn both," replied Richard. "Shortly after the discovery that the securities had been abstracted, my relative, at the request of his old correspondent, Mr. Chutnee, sent out a clerk from England, which clerk was selected from his own office, by the recommendation of his nephew."

"I see, I see."

"It was in Calcutta that the securities were cashed."

"And the clerk is?"

"Mr. Sanford."

"But surely your presence must put him on his guard," observed the maiden. "He must feel that you are watching him."

"I am here under the assumed name of Tyrrell; but Sir Charles," added the speaker, hastily, "to whom I have related my story, knows my real one and the motives of my concealment, for I could not endure the thought of deception towards one who has proved a second parent towards you."

"You are right, Richard—very right!" exclaimed the adopted daughter of the baronet, "he is the very soul of honour; but will Mr. Chutnee keep your secret as faithfully as my benefactor?"

"I have never intrusted him with it."

"Not!" repeated Lillian, with surprise.

"He knows me only as Mr. Tyrrell. It was under that name another of his correspondents, Mr. Curry, the head of the great house of Curry and Sons in London, introduced me."

"How kind!"

"Curry is my grandfather's oldest friend," added our hero. "And now, Lillian, you know my history. If it has not been revealed to you before, it arose from no want of confidence, but in obedience to the advice of Sir Charles Fourreau. You are aware also of the motive which chains me here."

"A motive too sacred to be broken by any wish or caprice of mine!" exclaimed the rightly-judging girl. "It is your duty to remain, and clear, if possible, the reputation of your father. I shall feel your absence," she continued—"feel it severely,—the more so that the danger you have so lately escaped has not revealed the name of your secret enemy."

"I expect in a few days," replied the young man, "the return of a valued friend; who, at my grandfather's request, accompanied me from England."

"Mr. Wharton?"

"No; a Lieutenant Marsh."

"Singular," said Lillian.

"Why so?"

"I remember seeing him at the government house, and shall never forget the peculiar look he gave me."

"I can explain that."

"You?"

"Yes; at the residence of my grandfather, Mel-down Park—a seat he hired for a few years from Sir Norman Boothroyd—there is a portrait of his only child and heiress, painted by Winterhalter, so like you in every respect, that it was impossible Marsh should not have been struck by it, seeing that we both admired it together."

"Flatterer!" said Lillian, with a smile. Then, musing for an instant, she repeated the name of "Boothroyd" several times, in an under tone.

"Something in my narrative," observed her lover, "seems to have struck you particularly."

"Yes; the name. I feel convinced that I have

heard it before, though when or where I do not now recollect; but it will return to my memory as many things have done since I have been in India."

"You do not think my refusal to accompany you to Delhi unkind, then?" said our hero.

"Unkind!" repeated the maiden; "no. I should love you less, Richard, were you capable of being diverted from the path you have chosen, by the tears or wishes of a silly girl like myself, even though you love her. It is man's place to be guided by duty, woman's by affection; follow yours, and leave to an all-wise Providence the rest."

CHAPTER LXVI.

I part with thee,
As wretches that are doubtful of hereafter,
Part with their lives, unwilling, loth, and fearful,
And trembling at futurity.—Rowe.

We will not attempt to describe the pain of the lovers at parting, certain there are many of the readers of the tale who have doubtless experienced a similar agony; and their memories can picture it more graphically than the pen of an author can describe it.

There was one person who felt surprised and annoyed that our hero did not accompany Sir Charles and his family to Delhi. It was Mr. Chutnee; all his jealousy, which had slumbered for a time, revived.

Young, rich, and perfectly uncontrolled in his movements as Richard was, he could not understand the motives which retained him in Calcutta. His love of business seemed inadequate to explain them, and he mentally attributed it to a passion for his young and innocent wife; for his insane jealousy had returned.

Unfortunately the merchant had lately fallen into a habit of consulting his managing clerk—*managing* in more senses than one. Although he had never avowed the suspicions which were gradually undermining his peace of mind and destroying his domestic happiness, the veil he threw over them was so transparent that a child might have penetrated it. Sanford both saw and rejoiced at his uneasiness, and considered how he might turn the sort of tacit understanding established between them upon the subject to the advancement of his own guilty views.

"You have heard," said Mr. Chutnee, "of the departure of the *Oist* for Delhi?"

"I have, sir," replied the clerk. "We have made heavy advances to the planters, and should any outbreak occur—"

"Pshaw! It is not the money I am thinking of," interrupted the old man, impatiently.

His hearer already divined as much.

"I have little fear of losing that," added the speaker.

"Still, things look threateningly."

"Let them threaten," replied Mr. Chutnee. "The yoke of England is too firmly fixed upon their necks for a rebellious movement to shake it off."

"Not if the insurrection proved a military one?"

"I see you are one of those croakers who have lost faith in the stability of British power in India," observed his employer. "You have not watched its growth as I have."

The speaker had passed the greater portion of his life in India, having come over when a boy.

"Wherever England plants her foot, she is inviolable."

"Eventually, perhaps," observed his more clear-sighted hearer.

"But that is not the point: you have, doubtless, heard that our young friend Mr. Tyrrell is engaged to the ward of Sir Charles?"

Mr. Sanford had heard as much.

"Is it not strange that he does not accompany them—for a few months, at least?"

The hypocrite admitted that it was rather strange.

"How do you account for it?"

"His intense application to business."

"Pshaw!"

"Or some tie we are ignorant of, which detains him in Calcutta; in fact, I have frequently thought—"

Here the artful fellow hesitated, and tried to look confused, as if he had gone farther in his confidence than he intended.

"What have you thought?"

"Nothing—a mere surmise."

"Your surmise, then?"

"I cannot utter that."

"Why not?"

"It might prove unjust."

"Do speak plainly," said the merchant, impatiently.

"You are one of those men who move in the world

with your eyes open, and are not likely to come to an incorrect conclusion."

"But I have come to no conclusion yet."

"Your surmise, then."

"Well, sir, since you will have it," replied his confidential clerk, "I must own that I have frequently wondered why Mr. Tyrrell, who is so rich already, and the heir to a still greater fortune—according to your correspondent, Curry's, account—should so devote himself to business."

"It is rather singular," observed Mr. Chutnee, moodily.

"He is more regular in his attendance at the office than any paid clerk."

"That is true."

"And the suggestion naturally is —"

"Speak it."

"That it covers some design," added the former speaker: "a laudable one, no doubt, for I would be the last person in the world to insinuate anything against his honour."

Mr. Chutnee turned pale with conflicting emotions, as the unprincipled man, who perceived, and secretly smiled at his folly, thus heartlessly sported with his feelings.

"Had I been the lover of Lillian—I mean *really* her lover," added the clerk, "the chain must have been a strong one to detain me here."

The jealous husband groaned.

"I know," continued his tormentor, "that Lady Bell expressed considerable surprise at his determination."

"And well she might."

"Tried to shake it."

"And failed."

"Evidently, since Tyrrell remains. But since you feel interested in the matter, there are means by which we might obtain a clue to his motives."

"Name them."

"They might prove expensive."

"Count not the cost," replied the merchant.

"Amongst the servants, natives whom Mr. Tyrrell has engaged, there is one who formerly lived with me. Like most of his caste, he is accessible to a bribe; in fact, there is scarcely an act gold would not tempt him to commit. Now I know that his master has lately had a very strong cabinet made of zebra wood, with locks from Europe."

"Well?"

"It can't be to keep his money in."

"Certainly not," replied his employer; "he draws upon me for that, and never in any considerable sums."

"Truly, sir."

"What can he guard in it?"

"Letters."

Had a serpent stung him, the jealous man could not have started more suddenly; for the look which accompanied the word conveyed far more than the mere word itself.

"And you think that this fellow—" he faltered.

"I am sure of it," replied the clerk, seeing that his employer had still too much shame left to explain his meaning more clearly.

"I must be satisfied," exclaimed Mr. Chutnee, "even though the knowledge insure the misery of all my future days. You must obtain possession of the letters."

"That will be impossible."

"How so? Have I misunderstood you?"

"You forget the lock, sir," replied the clerk. "But the cabinet might be removed whilst Mr. Tyrrell is at the office, and—"

"I understand you. An act of—No, no; I cannot descend to that. Is there no other way?"

"I fear not."

"Then must I risk it!"

The eyes of the clerk flashed with a momentary expression of triumph at the thought of persuading the wealthy merchant, whom he secretly hated, to compromise himself by an act of felony.

"Will you undertake it?" said his dupe.

"If you desire it, I will."

"Spare not for money; it is the key to every Asiatic's heart," added Mr. Chutnee. "Reflect on the impatience which is devouring me, poisoning my existence, and do what you have promised at once."

With this understanding, they separated.

It was a fortunate circumstance for our hero and the success of the design which brought him to India, that—before the unprincipled plan could be put into execution—his friend Lieutenant Marsh arrived from his mysterious journey.

"Where have you been?" demanded his ward, after the first congratulations had passed between them.

"In the Punjab," replied his guardian.

Richard repeated the name of the place with surprise.

"Where I have been on an errand in which your happiness is concerned," added the old soldier.

"Mine?"

"Yours and Lillian's."

"Do explain."

"You recollect the portrait we both admired at Meldown Park?" said the gentleman.

"Perfectly."

"And my observation that it resembled the late Allan Boothroyd, the younger brother of Sir Norman?"

"That, too, I remember," observed Richard.

"At the same time, I did not explain to you that the woman Allan married was my only sister. On seeing Lillian at the ball, I was struck by the resemblance, and cautiously made inquiries. The result has been a firm conviction in my own mind that she is my niece."

"Impossible!"

"There is nothing half so strange as the truth," observed the lieutenant, with a smile, "and experience proves it daily. At present, understand me, it is only a conviction; but soon I trust to obtain the proofs. Had Sir Charles not left for Delhi, my task would have been easy."

"But why not proceed at once then?" demanded Tyrrell, with considerable excitement.

"And leave you again alone?"

"Yes."

"Not after the infamous attempt which has been made upon your life," replied Marsh. "It might be renewed, and if successful, I could never face your grandfather, who has confided you to my care, again."

"Think not of me."

"I can comprehend your feelings," said Marsh, "but you must also make allowance for mine. I have a sacred duty to perform, and will not shrink from it. My private affairs must wait."

Knowing how useless it would be to attempt to turn him from a purpose thus seriously decided upon, his hearer remained silent.

"Listen to me, Richard," continued the speaker; "it is evident that you have an enemy unscrupulous and cunning to deal with: the death in prison of your khansumah Hassan could not have been accomplished unless that enemy had powerful friends."

"I have frequently thought so," answered the young man.

"The repetition of the attempt must be guarded against."

"But how?"

"By dismissing every native from your service, and engaging European ones in their place."

"And then?"

"Next you must permit me to take up my abode with you—not as a guardian, I do not ask it in that character, but as a friend."

"In either character," exclaimed the young man, extending his hand to him, "you will be welcome."

Lieutenant Marsh pressed it cordially.

"I will watch over your safety. They must be cunning if they deceive me, for a long residence in India has given me a knowledge of their ways. I will answer for your safety."

CHAPTER LXVII.

Night is the mask of crime, and opportunity
The bait that tempts us.—WEBSTER.

SANFORD was not the kind of man to permit a project, on the results of which he calculated so greatly, to remain like an idle dream within his brain; on the contrary, he proceeded to make arrangements for carrying it into execution immediately. As he stated to Mr. Chutnee, when the unprincipled scheme was first proposed, the concocter of it found little difficulty in bribing the domestic, who readily undertook to admit him and his companions to the house of our hero on the following night, for, in order to insure success, the managing clerk had decided on accompanying his agents. Unfortunately, however, for him, the very morning the attempt was to be made, Richard, in compliance with the advice of his friend Marsh, dismissed every native from his service, consequently Jack Manders and an Englishman, named Edwards, who had brought out horses for the governor-general, were the only persons in the house beside himself and the lieutenant.

Sanford, with his usual mistrust, had made the payment of the sum he had promised to the faithless servant contingent on success, which stipulation induced the equally cunning Asiatic to conceal from him the fact of his dismissal. By hiding in the courtyard he doubted not but he could perform his part of the agreement; unbar the gates, and admit the party to the house.

Jack and the groom were seated in the dining-room long after our hero and his friend had retired to rest.

The grateful fellow was relating to his new acquaintance the attempt which had been made upon the life of his benefactor, and described his own sufferings from the poisonous root.

"I can believe it," observed the man; "this is not my first visit to India. I came out with the marquis, and once saw one of the conjurers or priests perform a trick that many a Newmarket jockey would give a trifle to get hold of."

"And what was that?" demanded his hearer.

"I scarcely like to tell you, lest you should think that I was kicking over the traces, and stretching the rein too far."

"No fear of that, after all I have seen and heard," said Jack.

"Well, then," continued the man, "we had been three weeks trying to break in a charger for his lordship, a fiery, vicious brute, the dread of the stable; it had nearly killed one poor fellow, and thrown me twice. I am not reckoned the worst horseman in the world. We were exercising it in the *Madden*, as they call it, when a little withered old man—I think they said he came from the hills—offered to ride him, without saddle or bridle. Of course, I and Jem—Jem was my fellow servant—both laughed at him, but a gentleman, who was standing near, advised us to let him try."

"And did you?"

"We did. The fellow passed his hands once or twice over the head and face of the horse; then jumped upon his back and rode him thrice round the course with a single hair."

"A single hair!" repeated Jack, with astonishment.

"That was the strangest thing of all," said Edwards. "He twisted one hair of the charger's mane round his finger and guided him with it as easily as if it had been the strongest bit in the stables."

"It didn't last, I suppose?"

"No," answered the groom, "I only wish it had. When Jem or I mounted him, the brute was as vicious as ever. You must have been pretty lonely," he added, looking round him, "before I came."

"Mr. Tyrrell dismissed the native servants from the house this morning," replied Jack. "Henceforth he is resolved to employ only Englishmen."

"And very right too!" observed his companion.

Manders related in his turn some portion of his own adventures; but what he most dwelt upon was the mysterious disappearance of his old friend and companion in misfortune, Caleb, whose persecutions from Captain Gall he described.

"Do you think his skipper nabbed him again?" inquired Edwards; "he seems to have been a bad one."

Before Jack could inform him that the Caradoc had sailed some days previous to the loss of his friend, both the speakers were startled by a noise in the adjoining saloon.

It sounded as if one of the heavy punkahs had been held back, and suddenly let fall against the window.

"What is that?" exclaimed the groom, starting from his seat.

"Hush!" whispered Jack Manders, at the same time extinguishing the light; "there are strangers in the house."

"Thieves?"

"Or something worse," was the reply.

"Shall I give an alarm?" demanded Edwards, in the same under-tone.

"Let us first see what the danger is like," replied his companion, who was not easily terrified, and whose self-possession was increased by the knowledge that the intruders, whoever they might be, could only approach the chamber of Richard by passing through the apartment he and his companion were in.

For some time past the speaker had made it a point, especially at night, to be well armed. Drawing a revolver from his pocket, he placed it in the hand of the groom, and both advanced stealthily towards the door of communication between the dining-room and the saloon.

Applying his eye to the keyhole, Jack beheld three men in the dresses usually worn by natives; two of them were carrying off the zebra-wood cabinet in which he knew that our hero kept his private papers; whilst the third appeared to direct the operation.

Without a moment's hesitation, the faithful fellow threw open the door and discharged his revolver at the plunderers; Edwards followed his example.

Two of the thieves fell, the third escaped.

The report of the weapons speedily brought Richard and the lieutenant from their chambers. Both were well armed. There was no occasion to ask an explanation of the scene before them—the overturned

cabinet, and the bodies of the wounded men, rendered it but too apparent.

"Are you hit, Jack?" demanded our hero, anxiously; for his first thoughts were of his faithful, though humble friend.

"Not a scratch, sir," replied Manders; "the shots you heard were fired by us. We have winged two of them."

"This fellow is dead," observed Edwards, turning over one of the bodies with his foot. "As for this," he added, approaching the second and giving it a kick—

"I soon shall be," muttered the guilty wretch.

All present started at the sound of his voice, for the words were uttered in English.

"Sanford!" exclaimed our hero, who was the first to recognise him. "What motive could have induced you to attempt a crime like this?"

The wounded man pointed to the cabinet.

"Had you obtained possession of it," said the speaker, "you would have been disappointed in your hopes of plunder; it contains only papers and letters."

"It was those I wished to see," replied the clerk, speaking with great difficulty, for the bullet had penetrated one of his lungs, and the blood rose gurgling to his throat with every effort he made. "There is a mystery about you which I feel affects me. I resolved to fathom it; and that jealous old fool, Chutnee, he encouraged me; gave me money to bribe my accomplices with, in the hope of detecting proofs of your correspondence with his wife."

"I never received a line from her in my life," said Richard, indignantly. "His suspicions are as false as his conduct is now proved infamous."

A party of police, which the lieutenant had sent for, as well as a surgeon, now arrived. The latter, after a brief examination of Sanford's wound, pronounced it to be mortal.

"Don't let them send me to a prison," murmured the unhappy man; "I haven't done you any very serious wrong."

"At such a moment I could pardon it, were it ten times greater," replied Tyrrell. "Think of other forgiveness than that of a poor, frail being like myself. There is a future, Sanford, and a Judge from whom no secrets are hidden—we cannot deceive Him."

"I have committed no crime," said the dying man, "that is, no great one."

"Nor concealed any?"

The question agitated the clerk fearfully. It seemed as if each word acted like a probe upon his half-seared conscience.

"Who," he demanded,—"who is he that asks me?"

"Richard Markham, not Tyrrell—the name is but an assumed one—the son of the man whose reputation you and Carus Kearn contrived to blast between you."

At the name of Carus, Sanford became greatly excited, and cursed him as the cause of his ruin.

"A bad end," he muttered, "a bad end. Peter Mangles always foretold that it would fall upon us both. It has overtaken me; it will be the turn of Carus next."

This last idea seemed to afford him considerable satisfaction.

Richard Tyrrell, instead of attempting to excite his evil feelings towards the partner of his iniquities, acted a far nobler, and, as it ultimately proved, a wiser part, by speaking to him of forgiveness and mercy.

"Well, I suppose I must forgive him,—at least, I'll try to do so," replied the dying clerk; "but you don't know what a villain he has been. Repeat that prayer again," he added; "I feel as if it did me good to listen to it."

Richard Markham complied with his request, and prayed by him long and fervently.

A few minutes only before Sanford expired, he drew from his bosom a small key, and placed it in the hands of our hero.

"When I am dead," he said; "when I am dead."

These were the last words he ever uttered, for suffocation soon afterwards ensued, and the struggle of life was ended.

(To be continued.)

THE most difficult department of learning is learning to unlearn. Drawing a mistake or prejudice out of the head is as painful as drawing a tooth, and the patient never thanks the operator. No man likes to admit that his favourite opinion, perhaps the only child of his mind, is an illegitimate one. Sluggish intellects are ever the most obstinate, for that which it has cost us much to acquire, it costs us much to give up; and the older we get the more closely we cling to errors.

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

WHATEVER study you pursue, to whatever branch of knowledge you turn your attention, the importance of time must be borne in mind, and its precious moments gathered up as gold-dust.

The value of time is so obvious, that it is unnecessary to enforce it by argument. But the proper way to show our estimation of its value is to employ it usefully. To do this, we shall find it an excellent plan to allot certain hours for certain purposes, to make for ourselves a time-table, and to adhere to it with the utmost regularity.

This is the method which most successful men have adopted, in whatever position of life they have distinguished themselves. They have said, I will read for so long a time each day; I will devote so much of the day to business, so much to study, so much to rest and recreation. They have arranged their plans consistently and practically, and have steadily pursued them. Erratic genius spurs any such systematic course, and highly gifted genius may do without—it can bear no restraint—Pegasus never adapts himself to harness; but to all persons of merely ordinary ability, to the great majority of mankind, such arrangement is conducive to much good, and to such these remarks are addressed.

We noticed that most of those who have become eminent in literature or science have divided their time according to a fixed rule. King Alfred divided his day into three portions—eight hours to business, eight hours to study, eight hours to recreation and repose. Other examples might be mentioned, but this familiar illustration of our old Saxon monarch is enough. Of course, in dividing our time we must consult ourselves. It is useless for us to adopt the plan of somebody else. We must consider our own position. How are we circumstanced? How many hours is it necessary that we should labour? We are not to be slothful in business. We have to win our bread, and this must take precedence. To exhaust ourselves with prolonged studies, if those studies impair our constitution and unfit us for our daily avocations, is worse than unwise. But, at the same time, we must recollect that the mind and body may be trained so as to undergo and cheerfully sustain an astonishing amount of exercise. Supposing we begin to study, and find ourselves weary and exhausted, we must not take it for granted that such exhaustion is inevitably connected with study. We must gradually train ourselves to such efforts, and we shall find that the mind as well as the body is strengthened by exercise.

Again, we must consider our health. There is always to be taken into the account the difference between the delicate and the robust. There are some whom no amount of training will enable to undergo the same mental or physical exercise. To attempt anything of the sort would be extremely detrimental. At the same time, the common expression that people can't tell what they can do till they try, is as true of mental effort as of everything else.

On your state of health must depend the rest and recreation which you require. By the term rest we mean sleep, and by recreation we mean a change of employment. Whether we are simply seeking amusement, or steadily acquiring information, we must be employed. We must be doing something. Recreation should divert our minds from our common pursuits; and, properly diverted, our hours of recreation may become seasons of improvement. What time can we devote to recreation, and how can we best render our recreations profitable? These are questions which our readers must answer for themselves.

It is probable that four or five hours, and, in some cases, even more, are at our disposal every day. But, to realise this, we must gather up our fragments, so that nothing be lost. An occasional five or ten minutes is of importance. By wasting these we throw away years of life. But, in order to avail ourselves of them, we must have something always in hand. It was thus Elihu Burritt became so competent a linguist. That philosopher was wise who affixed to the door of his study the inscription, "Time is my estate; if I lose an hour, how shall I pay the debt?"

We would urge very earnestly on our young readers the necessity of a right use of Valuable Time. We would suggest that they should all strive to make the best use of all the time they have. We would ask them to set about some systematic arrangement: to undertake some task, so as to work with an object, say the acquisition of French, or the Elementary Principles of Natural Philosophy, and we would

encourage them to persevere, and not to recede from their purpose, nor to give it up in despair, because often interrupted.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.
CHAPTER X.

[TO FRENCH CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received a great many communications on the subject of the "French Lessons." The letters of the students shall receive our best attention, and we will endeavour to remove all difficulties; and here we must again impress on the minds of learners that it is by the attentive perusal of the lessons that they must seek the solution of their doubts. There is not any "royal road" to the French language, any more than to geometry; and, like Euclid, we can only solve one problem after another, and not all at once.]

"MISS CRIBB would think I was following her advice, Robert," said George, at the beginning of the next lesson, "if she heard me say, Now you shall write another exercise on the articles. But the fact is, the study of the peculiarities of the first part of speech comes now in the natural order of things. You have acquired a correct idea of all the parts of speech, and you may safely enter into details.

"By the exercises on the article, you will see in what cases the French employ this little word where we omit it, and vice versa. And you will also learn to translate properly that useful word, *some*. Thus, in the following sentence, 'Donnez moi du fruit, s'il vous plaît.'—Give me some fruit, if you please, 'le du' is merely the genitive case of the article *le* (the). But the exercises will speak for themselves.

"You had now better add to your vocabulary a few words relating to the Universe.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
Nature	La nature (f)
Matter	La matière (f)
The sky; heaven	Le ciel (m)
The sun	Le soleil (m)
Sunrise	Le lever du soleil (m)
Sunset	Le coucher du soleil
The moon	La lune
Moon-light	Le clair de lune
The new moon	La nouvelle lune
The full moon	La pleine lune
The stars	Les astres (m pl)
A star	Une étoile (f)
A fixed star	Une étoile fixe (f)
The polar star	L'étoile polaire (f)
The earth	La terre (f)
The milky way	La voie lactée
A fluid	Un fluide (m)
A solid	Un solide (m)
Gas	Un gaz (m)
A continent	Un continent (m)
An island	Une île (f)
A peninsula	Une presqu'île (f)
An isthmus	Un isthme (m)
A cape	Un cap (m)
A promontory	Un promontoire (m)
Latitude	La latitude (f)
Longitude	La longitude (f)
The meridian	Le méridien (m)
The tropics	Les tropiques (m pl)
The poles	Les pôles (m pl)
A plain	Une plaine (f)
The sea-shore	Le rivage (m)
A valley	Une vallée (f)
A rock	Un rocher (m)
A sand-bank	Un banc de sable (m)
A shoal	Un bas-fond (m)
Breakers	Des brisants (m pl)
Pebbles	Des cailloux (m pl)
The sand	La sable (f)
A mountain	Une montagne (f)
A hill	Une colline (f).

"To-morrow you must learn the names of the different divisions of water, but to-day you can add to your stock the names of the four points of the compass."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
The cardinal points	Les points cardinaux
The north	Le nord
The south	Le midi
The east	L'est
The west	L'ouest

"Now, Robert, I see you are all impatient to go on with your journey to Paris; but I can only allow you to go a very little way, for there is something of great importance to which I must direct your attention.

CONTINUATION OF LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
What is that dark hole, yonder?	Qu'est-ce que ce trou (m) noir, là-bas?
Do you not know? It is a tunnel.	Ne savez-vous pas? C'est un tunnel (m).
Do you like going through the tunnels?	Aimez-vous traverser les tunnels (m pl)?
Not particularly. But I do not much mind them if they are lighted.	Pas trop. Mais je ne m'en soucie pas, s'ils sont éclairés.

How glad I am we are now out of that dark gulf! Que je suis charmé nous voicil hors de ce gouffre (m) noir!

And very soon we shall be at the refreshment-room. All's well. Here it is. Et bientôt nous arriverons au buffet (m). C'est bon. Le voici.

"I think, Robert," said George, smiling, "we may safely leave our travellers here for a time, while I speak of the important subject to which I alluded. This subject is the similarity that exists between many French and English words, and—what will please you still more—the identity of several of them, and also the manner in which the French have naturalised some of our words, after giving them a few French touches; and now for a few examples (taken at random) of the observations I have just made. Our word *packet-boat* the French have made their own, and call it *paquebot*. The train they call *train*, as well as *convoi*. Roast beef they term *rosbif*, and *beefsteak*—*bifstick*. Even our favourite word *comfortable* they have naturalised, and call it *confortable*. But let us consider the words that are similar to ours—words that have, in fact, one and the same derivation. Do pay particular attention to what I am about to say; for by so doing, your progress in the French language will be amazingly facilitated; and, though the subject belongs, strictly speaking, to what the learned call the physiology of language, I think I can simplify it so that it shall not be more difficult than grammar.

"Our language is a compound of other languages. If you refer to a book in which I know you take great delight, I mean 'Cassell's Illustrated History of England,' you will find that the Romans, Saxons, and Normans have successively held sway in this island. Therefore, besides the language of the original inhabitants—the settlers from the opposite parts of Gaul—the language we speak is compounded of Roman, or Latin; Norman, or French; and also of Saxon. This leads to an important fact for you, Robert. All the words in our language which are of Roman or Norman derivation, are much the same in French as in English.* Almost every word in our language that ends in *tion* or in *ble* is nearly if not exactly the same in French as in English. But, of course, you must pronounce every French word according to the rules I have given you for French pronunciation. You can only tell how much French you acquire through attention to the preceding remarks by taking up an English spelling-book and counting the very great number of English words that do end in *tion* and *ble*. But here remark particularly that the *tion* is pronounced in French just as we should sound *see-ohng*; and take care that I do not hear you giving to the final *g* the harsh sound of *g* as we hear it in *gust*, *good*, *great*. The liquid sound of the final *n* in French words is represented by the *ng* as we sound it in *thing*. But, mark me, I do not say that the final French *n* is represented by the *ng* as uneducated people pronounce *ng* in the north of England, and as you yourself, Robert, sometimes commit the blunder of pronouncing it. I know you have been a good deal in the 'north country'; and you talk about *nothingue* (actually sounding the final *g* as that letter is pronounced in *plague* and *rogue*). But the unlearned in the south are quite as inaccurate, for if you, Robert, chance now and then to talk about *nothingue*, the Londoners are apt to shock the ear of the educated with their *nothink*."

ON THE PARTITIVE WORDS "SOME" AND "ANY."

1. I have some apples, but I have no knife. 2. Give me some soup and some wine. 3. Will you have some beef, some roast veal, or some vegetables? I (should prefer) beef, m. (veau rôti), ou légumes? je préférerais some codfish, some partridges, and some goose. 4. I have bought some pepper, some salt and some mustard. 5. I have seen some fine oranges, some excellent chickens, and some bad pigeons on the table. 6. Have you some fruit for dinner? Yes, but I have no wine. 7. I have seen some coxcombs in the public garden to-day. 8. We have eaten some green peas and some petty patees. 9. The memory of great men is always respected. 10. Have you any (roast meat)? No, but we have some excellent (boiled meat). 11. Do you choose fat or lean? A little of both. 12. If you have any cheese, give me some.

* The Roman or Latin language being the fountain-head of the Norman and French languages, accounts for this fact.

me some. 13. (There are) some raspberries and strawberries.
m'en. voilà framboises f. fraises. f.
 14. Put some oil and vinegar into the salad. 15.
mettez huile f. vinaigre m. dans salade. f.
 Eat some vegetables. Will you have any sauce? 16.
mangez légumes. m. voulez sauce? f.
 Shall I help you to some fish? 17. Help the gentleman to
(vous offrirai-je) poisson? f. versez à monsieur
 some champagne; have you offered any (to the lady)?
(en offert) (à madame)?
 Yes, but she prefers water. 18. Will you take some tea?
oui, mais préfère eau. m. voulez-vous prendre thé? m.
 Yes, I will take some with pleasure. 19. (Help yourself to)
(s'en prendrai avec plaisir). prenez
 some sugar and milk.
sucré m. lait. m.

DES EXPRESSIONS PARTITIVES, "SOME" ET "ANY."

1. J'ai des pommes, mais je n'ai pas de couteau. 2. Donnez-moi de la soupe et du vin. 3. Voulez-vous du bœuf, du veau rôti, ou des légumes? Je préférerais de la morue, de la perdrix, et de foie. 4. J'ai acheté du poivre, du sel, et de la moutarde. 5. J'ai vu de belles oranges, d'excellents poulets, et de mauvais pigeons, sur la table. 6. Avez-vous du fruit pour diner? Oui, mais je n'ai pas de vin. 7. J'ai vu des petits-maitres dans le jardin public aujourd'hui. 8. Nous avons mangé des petits-pois et des petits-pâtés. 9. La mémoire des grands hommes est toujours respectée. 10. Avez-vous du rôti? Non, mais nous avons d'excellent bouilli. 11. Voulez-vous du gras ou du maigre? Un peu de l'un et de l'autre. 12. Si vous avez du fromage, donnez-m'en. 13. Voilà des framboises et des fraises. 14. Mettez de l'huile et du vinaigre dans la salade. 15. Mangez des légumes. Voulez-vous de la sauce? 16. Vous offrirai-je du poisson? 17. Versez du champagne à Monsieur; en avez-vous offert à Madame? Oui, mais elle préfère de l'eau. 18. Voulez-vous prendre du thé? Oui, j'en prendrai avec plaisir. 19. Prenez du sucre et du lait.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON IX.

THE LEVER (continued.)

227. Give a few examples of double levers; that is, of two levers turning about the same fulcrum.—Scissors, shears, nippers, and nut-crackers are double levers.

228. Where is the fulcrum?—At the joint.

229. Mention two or three examples of double levers of the third kind.—Tongs, sheep-shears, tweezers.

230. What advantage is gained by the use of them?—By a slight movement of the fingers the ends are brought together rapidly.

231. Can levers be combined, so as to overcome a greater resistance?—They can; such a combination is called a *Compound Lever*.

232. Can you mention an instance of an important application of the compound lever?—The large platform scale is essentially a compound lever.

233. Describe it.—The platform rests on several levers which are connected with the side lever that supports the sliding weight; this weight, when brought to the proper notch of the lever, balances the load of hay, or coal, that rests on the platform.

THE PULLEY.

234. What is a *PULLEY*?—A small wheel movable about an axis, and turned by a rope that lies in a groove cut around its edge.

235. Fig. 16 represents a pulley with a fixed axis, and for that reason called a *FIXED PULLEY*—for what general purpose is it used?—A power, P, applied at one end of the rope, supports, or gives motion to, a weight, W, suspended from the other end.



Fig. 16.

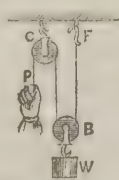


Fig. 17.

236. How does the power compare with the weight which it sustains?—It is just equal to it.

237. Describe the arrangement of pulleys shown in Fig. 17.—One end of the rope that hangs down from the fixed pulley is passed underneath another pulley, and then brought up and fastened to a fixed point, F.

238. Where is the weight suspended?—From the centre of the lower, or *Movable Pulley*.

239. When the end of the rope at which the power, P, acts is pulled down, what will take place?—The lower pulley will go up and take the weight with it.

240. How much greater is the weight than the power that supports it?—It is twice as great.

241. To raise the weight one foot, how far must

the end of the rope be pulled down by the power?—Two feet.

242. What is the construction of the common tackle so much used in raising heavy bodies to considerable heights?—It consists of several pulleys, placed side by side in two frames, or *blocks*—one fixed and the other movable. The same rope passes around all the pulleys.

243. Where does the power act?—At one end of this rope: and the other end is attached to the fixed block.

244. How much greater is the weight than the power which sustains it?—Four times, if there are two movable pulleys; six times if there are three, and so on.

245. Are there any other mechanical contrivances, or *MACHINES*, by which power can be gained, besides the lever and pulley?—There are; those in most common use are known by the names of the—*Wheel and Axle, Inclined Plane, Wedge, and Screw*.

246. What are these machines, together with the lever and pulley, called?—The *Mechanical Powers*.

THE WHEEL AND AXLE.

247. What does Fig. 18 represent?—A *Wheel and Axle*.

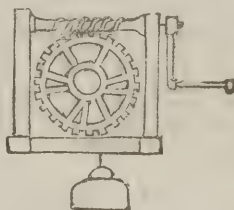


Fig. 18.

248. Where are the power and weight applied?—The power acts on the circumference of the wheel by means of a rope, and the weight is attached to a rope that passes off from the axle.

249. If the diameter of the wheel is ten times that of the axle, how great a weight will the power sustain?—A weight ten times as great as the power.

250. How is the power applied to it?—The hand grasps hold of wooden pins inserted in the rim of the wheel.

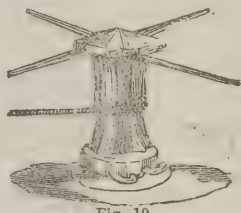


Fig. 19.

251. Explain Fig. 19.—It represents the *capstan*, used on board ships in lowering and raising the anchor, and on land in moving buildings.

252. What is the power by which the capstan is worked on ship board?—The combined strength of a number of sailors, applied to several handspikes inserted in the axle.

253. How may the power and motion of one wheel be transferred to another?—By an *endless band* passing round the two wheels.

254. What is the more common method?—By means of projecting pieces, called *cogs* or *teeth*, set on the rims of the two wheels.

REVERSES.

On a dark, lowering afternoon in the beginning of winter, a young man might have been seen riding over an extensive prairie in the far west. While he was deliberating in his mind as to the best course to take, an elderly gentleman rode hastily by him. The young man called to him for information, wishing to know if there was any house in the vicinity at which he might pass the night, and, if not, as to the probability of his reaching the nearest village before the storm could overtake them.

"The storm has already commenced, sir," replied the other, and as he spoke the flakes of snow began to fall thick and fast. "There is no house of entertainment near; indeed, mine is the only house that deserves to be so called within a mile. If you will do me the favour to stop there, you shall find yourself welcome. We can at least give you comfortable lodgings, which you would not find, I fear, anywhere else in this neighbourhood."

The young man thanked him warmly, but declined intruding on his hospitality, saying that he was accustomed to the deprivations of the pioneers, and could no doubt rest comfortably in some of those rude cabins the other seemed to despise.

"Oh, no! I could not think of allowing you to ride in search of shelter in such a storm as this threatens to be. I must insist on your accompanying me."

They soon reached the house, a pretty English cottage, standing on one of those knolls common in the western prairies; and, as Mr. Manning threw open the door of the room in which the family were assembled, he turned to his companion—

"What name shall I say?"

"Wardour, John Wardour, from Ohio," replied the young man.

"Ah!" said Mr. Manning, in a tone which said plainly that the name was a familiar one, and he fixed on him a scrutinising gaze; then recollecting himself, he turned to the group collected around the blazing fire, and introduced them to the stranger as—"My daughter, Miss Henrietta Manning; Miss Ward; Miss Lovell, my niece; Mr. Ward; Mr. Francis Manning, my son."

Feeling reassured, after a while, by their apparent forgetfulness of his presence, he ventured to examine the group before him. Miss Manning and Miss Ward were about the same height, and if they had not been friends, might be called rival belles. Though Miss Manning's full, erect form, and majestic carriage, and the noble and perfect outline of her features would have induced almost every person to pronounce her the more beautiful, yet there were few but were glad to turn from the calm, haughty, and almost disdainful glance of her full blue eye to her more animated and easily pleased friend. Easily pleased, yes, that was the great charm that Kate Ward exercised; and with it, when Henrietta could only count her thousands, Kate could count her tens of thousands of victims. Little Carry Lovell, without possessing any great beauty or grace, was yet a greater favourite with all classes than either of the others; for, while Henrietta was called cold and proud, and Kate vain and capricious, by those who were clear-sighted enough not to be blinded by the vivacity of the one, or the beauty of the other, Caroline's gentle, unassuming, and considerate manner preserved her from all harsh criticisms. The second daughter in the numerous family of a poor physician, she had all her life been accustomed to work and think more for others than herself, and that had given a quiet, unselfish tone to her mind, which, with her cheerful disposition, charmed all who came in contact with her. Her father lived only a few miles from Mr. Manning's; and she had ridden over to spend a few days with her cousin and Miss Ward, who had been an old school-mate and very intimate friend of Henrietta's when she was finishing her education in Philadelphia.

Mr. Francis Manning was rather a reckless, good-natured young man, a great favourite with everybody, his father in particular, who indulged him in every freak or whim which his extravagant fancy dictated. Mr. Wardour had heard often of the family before, and he knew there was another son, Julian, the eldest of the family, a reserved and melancholy man in society, who had obtained the reputation of being very peculiar and eccentric.

Mr. Wardour had met Julian several times in the course of his travels, for he was an itinerant Methodist preacher, and had been very much interested in him on account of the resolution, self-denial, and energy he had shown in the course he had marked out for himself, and the many kind deeds he had heard of his doing.

The group around the fire had also heard of Mr. Wardour, as every now and then a curious scrutinising glance at him testified; so he resigned himself to circumstances and his own thoughts, their course being very rarely interrupted by an observation from any of the party till towards the close of the evening, when Carry Lovell, taking compassion on his loneliness, sat down by him, and entered into conversation. The most exquisite music in the world would have seemed discord to him contrasted with the effect of her sweet voice, burdened as he had been for many hours with a sense of loneliness which he had never experienced so thoroughly, for never before had he been thrown with people who seemed to have so little sympathy with him. Out of gratitude he exerted himself to entertain her, and talked of his travels and adventures so interestingly that the earnest attention of Carry drew on her more than once a wondering glance from the cold proud eye of Miss Manning.

As soon as Mr. Wardour retired, Kate Ward gravely congratulated Caroline on the conquest she had no doubt made, and on the brilliant prospect

open to her of becoming a Methodist clergyman's wife, especially dwelling on the fine opportunities for travelling that would be afforded her. Caroline bore the raillery with her usual good humour, insinuating that it was caused by jealousy on the part of Kate, who would have been as much interested as she was if she had been a listener.

"He told me, among other things," continued Carry, "that he had been a missionary to the Indians, and that while there he had become acquainted with cousin Julian, and that he had never met a man for whom, on so short an acquaintance, he had formed so decided a friendship."

"Julian has a singular taste in selecting his friends," said Mr. Manning, rather contemptuously; and yet he felt more kindly towards Mr. Wardour for this discovery, for he knew better, and therefore appreciated more thoroughly than any one else, the purity and strength of his son's principles; and to be his friend he knew it was necessary to be a man of uprightness as well as of intellect.

Mr. Wardour, who had reluctantly consented to stay on account of the inclemency of the weather, now busied himself in assisting Frank in making a sleigh.

Under his direction one was constructed which promised to answer all the expectations of the makers; and, when they were all collected round the fire in the evening, the subject of reverses of fortune being introduced, Mr. Wardour related a striking one as having occurred within his knowledge.

"About fourteen years ago," he said, "a lady came to our village in the western part of Ohio, who had married some years before one of the wealthiest men in New York. He died, leaving her with six children, the eldest a boy of about twelve, and—as she and all her friends supposed—in affluent circumstances; but, through the villainy of his partner, in whom he had always placed the utmost confidence, the widow found herself deprived of all her fortune; and so cunningly had the fraud been contrived that she could obtain no reparation. Thrown thus penniless upon the world, she might have starved if a cousin of hers, who had married a gentleman in our village, had not sent for her, and offered her a home till she could find means to obtain one herself. She came, with all her children; and, in a few months, was able to establish herself as seamstress in a small house; and her oldest boy, who had given promise of becoming a fine scholar, was obliged to learn a trade. As he was about my age, my father, at my solicitation, took charge of him; and lately he has been able to relieve his mother almost entirely of the charge of the other children. But her trials and sufferings for the first few years were very painful."

"That was a very sad lot," said Miss Ward.

"What became of the wicked partner?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Wardour. "He left New York a short time before the widow—Mrs. Deane's—departure, and she had never heard from him. She told me that he had a lovely family, for whose sake he had probably committed the crime."

No one had noticed Mr. Manning's countenance, or it would have created some remark: his earnest attention, his start when the name of the widow was mentioned, and the dark shade that passed over his face; but he said nothing, and soon after, without his usual good-night, retired.

The next morning rose cold, clear, and bright; and after breakfast Mr. Wardour, declining the offer of a ride in the sleigh, which was pressed on him by the gentlemen, left the house, bearing with him the good wishes and kind feelings of all, even of the haughty Henrietta, who had regarded him at first with so much contempt.

About an hour after, the sleigh, so covered with superb buffalo skins as to hide its rough outside, stood before the door, drawn by two fine horses, which Francis was holding in with all his strength, and calling impatiently for his sister and her friends to make haste. They came in time, as almost everything will, if one only has patience to wait for it, laughing and talking, wondering how they should all get in, and declaring that it was the most comfortable sleigh they had ever seen. Mr. Manning stood by, assisting, but with such a troubled, anxious countenance that his daughter asked him several times if he were not well.

Mr. Wardour had passed the prairie, and was riding leisurely along on the main road, which wound around the foot of a hill at some little distance from a precipice overhanging a river flowing at its base. His eye was wandering carelessly over the scene, but his thoughts were with those whom he had left that morning, especially the gentle Carry Lovell, when he heard the loud gingle of bells and quick tramp of horses' feet, and saw close upon him the sleigh with its precious freight, drawn by the

infuriated horses, with the reins loose about their necks, that were almost leaping directly towards the precipice. It was his first thought to spring from his horse, and, seizing the reins, he contrived so to change their direction that they ran along the road, but it was some time before he could stop them.

When he succeeded, he was almost frightened at the situation of the occupants. Kate Ward was in a violent paroxysm of hysterics, which Carry Lovell, herself pale and trembling, was vainly endeavouring to soothe, while Henrietta lay motionless and apparently dead in the arms of Mr. Ward, and Edward was nowhere to be seen. He was thrown out soon after the horses first started, so Mr. Ward said, about half a mile further back. Turning the horses, which had been apparently much frightened, but now seemed quiet, Mr. Wardour led them back in the same direction they had come, and found Mr. Manning lying stunned and senseless in the road. His head had struck a stone, and was apparently much hurt. He was laid carefully in the sleigh, and sadly and slowly they proceeded homeward.

Late in the evening, Mr. Manning sent for Mr. Wardour. He was so pale and haggard that the kind young man started; but Mr. Manning would not allow him to speak, but, motioning him to a chair, said: "These last two days have been the most trying, and yet I hope the most beneficial ones I have ever passed. I never saw so clearly the worthlessness of those objects in whose pursuit I have passed my whole life. And, while I was standing over the almost lifeless bodies of my children, I renewed a resolution which I have often formed, but never yet had courage to put in practice. I feel a confidence in you which induces me to tell you what, two days ago, I would rather have died than have breathed to any one, in the hope that you may strengthen and confirm me in the resolve I know by experience to be very weak. But, first, you must promise never to reveal what I relate without my consent."

Mr. Wardour readily promised, and Mr. Manning continued:—

"You recollect the widow, Mrs. Deane, of whom you were speaking the other night? I was her husband's partner! You would not blame me so much, perhaps, if you knew all the circumstances. But I will not attempt to justify myself. I will only say that I had no choice between taking the step I did and utter poverty. But I will say I have never known a peaceful mom nt since. Though nothing could be proved against me, the public feeling was so strong, and showed itself so openly in the coolness of my old friends, that I was glad to leave the city, and retreat to this wilderness. By some accident, Julian, who was spending a few days in New York, heard of what I was accused. He recalled some circumstances which proved my guilt conclusively, and hastened homeward to entreat me to make restitution. I was several times on the point of yielding, but the thought of my other children restrained me. Now I am resolved to continue firm. Poor Henrietta! She little knew what agony I was enduring while she was talking the other night. Neither she nor Francis must have a suspicion of the truth. I have written to Julian, who will be here to-morrow, probably, and then we can decide what to do."

"You had better try now to sleep a few hours, if possible," said Mr. Wardour; "you seem very much in need of rest."

"Yes," replied Mr. Manning. "I have not slept for three nights. I will follow your advice."

Nothing could exceed the joy of Julian when he heard his father's resolution, except his sorrow at his brother's precarious situation. Nothing could be done while they were all so anxious about him. And in the meantime Julian exerted himself to obtain a professorship, then vacant in a college in one of the Eastern States, and being eminently qualified, was successful. So that, by the time Francis—who, contrary to the opinion of the doctors, did recover, thanks to his robust constitution—was well enough to hear of their loss of fortune, Julian had not only a comfortable but a delightful home to offer to his family in one of the pleasant New England villages.

Six weeks after the eventful ride, Henrietta was standing alone by her open window, with the bright moonlight falling in floods over her exquisite figure and statue-like face. The air was cold, but she felt it not; for Mr. Wardour had left her not an hour before, and she had at last yielded willingly to a discovery she might have made some days before. But, though she had suspected it, she could not endure the thought that the proud, aristocratic Henrietta Manning should love the poor Methodist, the son of a mechanic. And so filled was her mind with the delightful visions of her future life, which her fancy pictured before her, that it was morning before she closed her eyes.

She was aroused by a kiss on the forehead.

"I have come to bid you good-by, Henrietta," said the voice of her cousin Carrie. The room was so darkened that neither could see the other. "Father has come for me sooner than I expected; and I would not have wakened you, but I wanted to tell you something before I went. Mr. Wardour was here last night, you know?"

"Yes. What of it?" said Henrietta, starting up. "Why, a great deal, *ma belle cousine*. He came to ask me—I may as well say it in plain English—to marry him, and 'of course I said yes; and so I wanted to tell you first, and ask you to be bridesmaid. Will you?"

"Yes, yes, certainly. When is it to take place?" "Next spring, I think; I don't know. Good-by. Father is impatient, I fancy, by this time;" and, with a hasty embrace, Carry left her cousin alone to the pangs of unrequited love.

For nearly the whole day, her room, on the plea of a headache, was closed to all who came to ask for her; and the sun was setting before she could summon resolution to meet any one. When, at last, she ventured to the parlour, where Francis was sitting in an easy chair, with Kate by him, pretending to read to him, their gaiety seemed so discordant to her feelings that she retreated to a sofa in a dark corner; and, throwing herself upon it, begged to be left unnoticed. Julian had been closeted nearly all day with his father, settling his business for him, as he was intending to set out the next day to prepare his new home for the reception of his father, brother, and sister. But now his firm, quick tread was heard approaching.

"I am glad to see you down," said he to Henrietta, sitting by her, and drawing her towards him. "I have some rather disagreeable news for you; and you too, Francis;" and he went on to announce them the complete loss of all their fortune; and told them of the home he had secured for them.

They both bore the intelligence much better than Julian had expected. Henrietta indeed seemed perfectly indifferent. Her mind was so filled with her peculiar sorrows, that she hardly realised this misfortune. That they were to change their residence was all that made an impression on her, and at that she was pleased.

"Now, Kate," began Francis, with an earnest, troubled look.

"Now, Frank, I hope you are not going to accuse me of being mercenary. If you are, I will never forgive you. I have enough for us both, and Henrietta too, at least to begin with; and with your wonderful genius I should not wonder if we were as rich as Rothschild before long."

"Ah, Kate, that was all nonsense of mine; for I would not like father to know how badly I felt, more for you than myself, though. To think that I should have nothing but my own poor self to offer you, after all; and it is a very serious matter to be a poor man's wife, as, if you venture to try it, you will find."

"I never intend to be a poor man's wife, at least not long; and therefore I am resolved to marry a man of such remarkable genius. I know I am not fitted in the slightest degree for that elevated station; and so I give you fair warning that I can neither mend nor make, bake nor brew, nor spin, nor do any of those notable acts of housewifery that all young ladies are bound to know; and for all that I am determined to marry you, and no one else."

That Francis was willing, no one can doubt; and, when April came with its south winds and showers, they were married; and, in the course of time, Kate's prophecy was fulfilled, for Francis showed, if not genius, great skill and energy in his business. The day after Francis' marriage (Carrie and Mr. Wardour had been married a week or two before), Mr. Manning and his daughter left the old home for the new with less regret than, six months before, either would have thought possible.

Henrietta had never been fond of society, and therefore neither her father nor Julian thought it strange that she kept herself almost entirely secluded from the people in the village. Neither did they wonder much that, though her hand was often sought, it was never given. Her father seemed so wrapped up in her that it was cruel even to think of leaving him; but, when he died, and left her alone with her brother, she wrote to Carry, begging for one of the numerous little family which were growing up around her. The sacrifice was too great; Carry could not consent to part with any of her darlings.

But when, nearly twenty years after Henrietta had left her western home, a feeble invalid, bowed down more by grief than age, stood before her, leading two children, she recognised John Wardour, changed as he was, and knew that he brought her the legacy her cousin had left her.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE HON. P. J. LOCKE KING, M.P. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

"They are all that remain to me," said he, mournfully, after the first painful interview was over. "Their mother and six others have gone before where I hope soon to follow them. Under any other circumstances I would not leave them till I was taken from them; but my health would not permit me to watch over them as I should. My little Henrietta I will confide entirely to you; but, if I should recover my health, I must reclaim John."

"John and Henrietta?" muttered, half unconsciously, Miss Manning.

"Yes, she was named for you. You know my wife loved you like a sister."

Mr. Wardour left in a week or two; and, the next time they received information of him, he was dead. Henrietta lived long and usefully, and her two adopted children mourned for her as they would have sorrowed for their mother.

MR. LOCKE KING, M.P.

THE HON. PETER JOHN LOCKE KING, M.P., the representative of East Surrey, is a younger brother of the Earl of Lovelace, and is son of the seventh Lord King by the eldest daughter of the first Earl Fortescue. He was born in December, 1811, at Ockham Park, Ripley, Surrey. He commenced his education at Harrow School, and completed it at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself, and took the degree of Master of Arts in the year 1833.

On the completion of his academical career, Mr. Locke King evinced an ambition for parliamentary

distinction, and showing a liberal tendency, notwithstanding his relationship with the party generally opposed to progressive movements, he soon found a market for his abilities. His family influence no doubt helped him to secure the good graces of the electors of East Surrey, but his success was principally due to the enlarged views he expressed upon different questions of education and domestic policy. He professed to be an earnest advocate of the ballot, as it is one of the means by which electioneering corruption could be checked. He held that the protection of secret voting was certain to promote the independence of the elector, and so lead to an improvement of the House of Commons as an exponent of the opinions of the people at large. He also saw the necessity of extending the franchise, and early identified himself as an earnest reformer on this particular question.

Mr. King has, moreover, devoted himself strenuously to improve the law of succession to the real property of parties who die intestate. He strongly opposed himself to the injustice of the law which makes a difference, where a parent has made no difference, between one child and the other children of the same family; a law by which a widowed mother and a whole family of dependent and helpless children (said Mr. King) are rendered destitute, in order that one member of the same family may, through their poverty, become powerful, pampered, and luxurious. He wanted to see "the old feudal law as to landed property brought into harmony with the law of common sense and modern usage as to personal goods and chattels, so as to remove the anomalies which now exist, and which often cause,

in the second generation, one first cousin of a family to become a peer of the realm, while another cousin is serving on starvation wages as a governess, or sent out to keep sheep in Australia." Himself a younger member of a wealthy family, although far more fortunate than the extreme case he mentioned, Mr. King was well able to discuss the matter, and to point out the evils of the law relating to the division of the property of persons dying intestate. He did so, feelingly, and convinced many of his hearers that he had truth and justice on his side.

The question more particularly advocated by Mr. Locke King is the extension of the county franchise. In this matter he has the support of many leading members of the House, and the adoption of his views seems to be only a matter of time. He proposes extending the county franchise to £10 occupiers, a measure which would greatly increase the number of electors, and diminish the influence of family connections. Mr. King's measure to this effect was brought into the House of Commons in 1851, and has been annually discussed ever since.

Mr. King is a quiet, gentlemanly man, and transacts his parliamentary business to the satisfaction of all with whom he comes in contact. As a speaker, he is popular, for he always goes to the pith of his subject, and discusses its merits with a lawyer-like ability, evidently beginning at the right place, and continuing in that course to the end. He is listened to with great attention, even when he speaks late, which is saying a great deal of an independent member of parliament, unless he occupies a very marked position, like Mr. Bright or Mr. Disraeli.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Mayall.



OBERSTEIN, ON THE RHINE.

OBERSTEIN

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground;
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round.

THE Duchy of Oldenburg is a small state between Prussia and Bavaria, watered by a fine river, a tributary of the Rhine. The rocky acclivities through which the stream forces its way are crowned with the debris of ancient castles, mementoes of the rugged days when this fatherland was ruled by those fierce lords whose iron will was supported by their iron hands.

Oberstein, represented in the accompanying engraving, is a city built on one of these rocky heights, and is one of the many beautiful pictures with which Germany attracts the tourist. Its old castle, old watch-tower, old church, old houses, old wall, old steps, with its clear river, its deep sky, and the verdure of its hills, possess an indescribable charm.

The hills which rise up behind the old-fashioned houses, are crowned by two castles; one of which is in tolerable repair, while the other has long been abandoned, and is now nothing more than a ruined tower covered with ivy.

Beneath these ruins, in a cavern of the mountain, is built, like a swallow's nest, a little Gothic church,

the belfry of which peeps out from the cavern, and is sharply defined against the side of the mountain. The ascent to this church is a matter of some difficulty, but it is well worth more than the trouble it costs. The old porch is very romantic in its appearance; the church windows are filled with devices by Albert Durer; there are besides some quaint old pictures and curious tombs—old sepulchres of the Oberstein worthies.

The porch of the church commands a panoramic view, unsurpassed of its kind in Europe. Oldenburg lies like a map before you. Fields, pastures, meadows, dotted with cattle; an undulating country with yellow corn patches on the upland, and rivers

and lakes, embroidering, as with silver lace, the green vesture of the duchy.

There is much to attract the artist, the tourist, or the idler—every one who has anything of romance, poetry, or the picturesque in their hearts. On the hill, in the gothic church, among the ruins, amid the decadence of man's art, and the eternal youth of nature, one may muse and dream. Or, on the river, in whose clear, still depths old Oberstein regards her beautiful face as in a mirror, one may recall the past, give the imagination wings, and resign oneself entirely to the influences of the hour and the place. But Oberstein, or, indeed, any part of Oldenburg, is not likely to gratify the practical business man, whose motto is "go ahead." For Oldenburg has lagged in the race of progress. The industry of its inhabitants is principally rural; but they do not produce sufficient corn for home consumption, and though their horses and cattle are of a superior breed, they do not turn them to any very profitable account, and are content to go on in primitive fashion, both as farmers and graziers. The chief branches of manufacturing industry are spinning and weaving, but these are pursued only as auxiliary occupations by the agricultural population. The trade of the duchy also is exceedingly limited, and its commerce is principally confined to a coasting traffic with the neighbouring countries.

ALONE.

ALONE with all the busy crowd
Who throng life's narrow streets,
No sympathy among the proud
My eager spirit meets.

Alone, alone, no kindred heart
Responsive beats to mine;
None with the stranger claim a part
Mid the dark scenes of time.

Alone, when at the kindly word
From sympathetic hearts,
My spirit's inmost depths are stirred,
And tears of joy will start.

Alone upon this happy earth,
Where all seems bright and gay,
And every breeze wafts joy and mirth
While speeding on its way.

With lips of love and eyes of light
That kindred others meet,
But loving words, and glances bright,
The stranger never greet.

But when this weary life is o'er,
This heart, now cold and chill,
May meet upon that heavenly shore
With those who love it still.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER LII.

Desdemona. And yet I fear you, for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so. Why, I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel, I fear.
Othello. Think on thy sins.—SHAKESPEARE.

BOB BLOSSOM was sobered for a moment by the passionate jealousy, which had never before found vent in words. He rushed out with the intention, he had so savagely expressed, of forcing down Jem Goodman's throat the half-sovereign which that kind and good man had so generously lent his wife; and, although there was something wild in his eye, and almost insane in his groundless rage, there was no outward evidence left of his having taken a drop too much, as he would himself have called the being very nearly, if not quite, tipsy.

It was not that he exactly suspected Apple Blossom's conduct, or doubted Jem Goodman's honour. He did not take the coarse view, even in his cups, that his vile and sordid associates did, of the intimacy he had always been proud of, and encouraged until that fatal night at the "True Briton."

He knew the purity of Apple Blossom's heart. He knew the integrity of Jem Goodman's character.

All that Jack Badger and Sam Slybrute had been able to do was to fill him with a vague jealousy of Apple Blossom's affection, and an almost fiend-like rage at the idea, that she must hate the man who had proved such a weak, vain, idle boaster, the beast who had returned to her in a loathsome state of dead drunkenness after all his promises, and the brute who had struck her, kicked her, swore at her, abused and cursed her, even while she was trying to do her utmost to help and comfort him.

With the, to him, maddening thought, that she must hate himself, came that, not less irritating, that she must compare her dull, sulky, selfish, sordid husband, unshorn, ill-dressed, haggard, and squandering his few and uncertain earnings on drink, that made him alternately stupid and excitable, with that clean, neat, kindly, self-denying, self-sacrificing friend, who never spoke but to comfort, never came but to do some service, and would rather have wanted himself than have let Apple Blossom do so.

"She's my wife, and she can't help herself," he would say to himself a dozen times a day; "but if she won't, if she won't free to choose now, it's my opinion she'd prefer Jem Goodman to Bob Blossom." And this thought was so intolerable to him that, to get rid of it by a temporary oblivion, he hurried off to the "Good Intent," the "Rose and Crown," the "True Briton,"—anywhere where alcohol could be procured for ready money, or where he could get trust; and very often on these occasions Slybrute shared in the carouse.

When Bob Blossom got out of the alley in which he lived into Holborn, it struck him all at once that he did not know where to find Jem Goodman. Since Ben Darrell's trial had been going on, he had, with the sanction of the humane and noble-hearted Governor of Newgate, spent much time with the wretched Ben, who seemed to find no comfort in any other person.

"I dare say he's a-praying and singing psalms along of Ben Darrell inside Newgate now," said Bob to himself, pausing for a moment before the illuminated windows of the "Rose and Crown."

As his evil genius, in the shape of a bad habit, would have it, Sam Slybrute came up at this moment. "Let's have a glass together, Bob," he said.

"No," said Bob; "no, meate. I ain't in the mind to."

"What! have Jem Goodman been a-preaching to ye, as well as to pretty Apple Blossom?"

"Hang him!" said Bob.

"With all my heart," laughed Sam Slybrute. "I haven't the least objection. I shouldn't care if every teetotaler as ever signed the pledge wor hanging as high as heaven. But what's set thee up, man? Apple Blossom's a good wife to you. She may like his smooth tongue and soft sawder, cos vy? she's a ooman; but he'd never make her forget her duty to you."

"I ain't afeared o' that. I'd trust her all the world over. But you wor right—he have lent her money; she never denied it; and I've got it here; and I'm half minded to chuck it in his face, or force it down his throat. I don't choose no man to seem koinder to she nor I do! I had a tussle with her for it, but I've got it,—here it is!"

Sam Slybrute's small, bloodshot, pig-like eyes twinkled at the sight of the slender bit of gold between Bob's broad finger and thumb. "Turn in here," he said; "let's talk it all over quietly, over a glass. I ain't much for violence and forcing things down people's throats."

"That 'ere money shall go down my throat and Bob's, in the shape of good liquor," he said to himself, "instead of going bodily down that teetotal Mormonite's."

After a feeble attempt at resistance, Bob accompanied Sam Slybrute.

Bob had already had far more than was good for him; and he was, on account of what he had taken before, all the more easily upset by the liquor he now so freely imbibed.

It was a protracted carouse. Even Sam—hard-headed, well-seasoned toper—was much elevated; Bob was drunk.

Bob had laid the half-sovereign and some half-pence on the table before him, when first they went in, saying, "I can't spend more nor they few coppers; that 'ere yellow-boy ain't mine. If I don't force it down Jem Goodman's throat, I shall give it un back, and beg un not to meddle with my wife or my household affairs. I'll take a glass or so for company's sake and then go home."

The glass or so, however, as Slybrute had foreseen, put Bob completely in his power. On they boozed hour after hour, till the landlord refused to supply any more liquor, and told them they must cash up, as it was closing time.

Slybrute, pretending to be a great deal more drunk than he was, allowed the landlord to take possession of the half-sovereign; and there was no change out of it, for Bob had broken two or three glasses in drinking confusion to all teetotalers.

But they staggered together—Slybrute half-seas-over; Bob, as usual, quite drunk.

"Hollo!" cried the landlord, looking after them with a lantern, as he saw them rolling and swaying

about arm-in-arm and turning into a dark street, where several unfinished houses had their cellars as yet open, and, as is usual in low neighbourhoods, no fence or protection of any kind.

"Hollo! you there!" cried the landlord, "mind where you go. There's ugly holes. Steady, there!"

But it was too late. Slybrute saw the danger and tried to avoid it; but Bob did not relinquish his hold of his mate's arm, nay, as he felt himself going, he clutched it the tighter, and down they both went with a heavy and terrible crash, into the deep, dark excavations meant for cellars.

The landlord, who saw the fall, and heard Slybrute's yell, calling "Police" at the top of his voice, rushed to the brink of the black descent, and there he saw, among the stones, bricks, and mud, not yet cleared away, the two boon companions, forming now one muddy, bleeding mass.

Bob Blossom above and Slybrute below.

CHAPTER LIII.

I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin, delirious with its dread.—BYRON.

WE hope that our readers are sufficiently interested in Bob Blossom to be anxious to learn the result of the frightful accident with which we closed our last chapter; and, though there are other important events following each other, as they generally do in real life, in rapid succession when once the march has commenced in earnest, we will relieve their anxiety by informing them that when, after a considerable interval, the police reached the spot, and when, after one longer still, the two wretched men were lifted up out of the holes, which were one day to be cellars, and carried on stretchers to the London Hospital, both were insensible and covered with blood.

They presented a hideous spectacle, and they smelt so powerfully of spirits, beer, and tobacco, that there could be no doubt on the minds of any one present as to the cause of the catastrophe.

The result of a careful examination on the part of the house-surgeons was that Bob Blossom had broken a leg, but was not otherwise seriously injured; Sam Slybrute, on the contrary, who had fallen under Bob, pitching on a heap of bricks, and on the back of his head, was suffering from concussion of the brain, had two ribs broken, and compound fracture of the thigh.

A heavy price to pay for a night of sordid, swinish, sensual indulgence.

Bob's leg was soon set and he was pronounced likely to do well, if the heated state of his blood from his recent intemperance, did not cause inflammation and prevent the knitting of the bone.

Poor wretch! he lay in a drunken sleep or stupor—unconscious of all that had passed—in a neat little white bed in the London Hospital, while in earnest consultation—as earnest and as conscientious as if he had been a prince of the blood—several eminent surgeons in the operating room argued the *pros* and *cons* of immediate amputation in the case of Slybrute, who was stretched on the table, luckily for him in a state of perfect unconsciousness.

Slybrute was a gigantic fellow, huge-limbed, low-browed, bull-necked; sordidness and sensuality in every line of his bloated, repulsive face; but they were as anxious to save him as if he had been one of the brightest and best of God's creatures.

It was the life they thought of—not the man.

And the ultimate decision was in favour of immediate amputation.

Slybrute, could he have been consulted, would have preferred death. He was very proud of his strength, his gigantic proportions, and the day's work he could do when he chose; but it was quite unknown to himself that nearly a fourth of his whole person was removed at the hip joint, with consummate skill. It was a case that admitted of no delay. The whole limb, from the hip to the ankle, was completely crushed; and the heavy fall on the head had caused severe concussion of the brain. The inevitable hemorrhage probably saved his life.

No one knew the address of Bob Blossom or Sam Slybrute. Even the landlord of the "Rose and Crown," when questioned by the police, could not enlighten them on this point; and their irregular habits were now so confirmed, that no great anxiety was felt in their wretched homes when for two days they neither returned, nor sent any message to explain their absence. At last, however, poor Apple Blossom began to grow seriously uneasy, and Larky Grigg commenced an active inquiry.

In Sam Slybrute's home his mother-in-law, with whom he constantly boozed, missed him far more than the once pretty, but now haggard, little wife, whose front teeth he had knocked out, and who

generally had a black eye of his cowardly infiction; but both were willing to await his return.

His mother-in-law, in spite of his good fellowship over the whisky toddy, comforted herself and his wife by the assurance that "nought never comes to harm, and that a bad half-crown is sure to come back."

We must leave Bob Blossom and Sam Slybrute—victims of strong drink as they were—for the present, to repent at leisure in their hospital beds, while we return to inquire after the fate of Ben Darrell, whose protracted trial at the Old Bailey is drawing to a close, and about the saving of whose life Jem Goodman has very little hope, while none whatever remains in the breast of Ben Darrell himself.

But even if Jem Goodman could not succeed in saving the miserable remnant of his earthly life, he has done for him what was far better—he has awakened in his once hardened heart a lively faith and a fervent penitence.

Faith and penitence! We need nothing more to open to us the gates of everlasting life. And on those gates the eyes of Ben Darrell were fixed.

CHAPTER LIV.

"But, after all, the numbers murdered by violent hands will give us but a faint idea of the fatal consequences that follow the use of inebriating drinks. He who starves his wife and children, or breaks their hearts by his cruelty, and ruins their morals by his example, destroys as effectually, though far more cruelly, than he who employs the razor, the pistol, or the dagger; yet this mode of destruction is life everywhere."—*ANTI-BACCHUS, an Essay by Rev. B. Parsons.*

THE court of the Old Bailey was densely crowded. Ben Darrell's trial for the murder of his wife had attracted a great deal of attention, because just at this time, a party in parliament was making strenuous efforts to protect women from the brutality of their husbands.

The crown lawyer, himself an M.P., had brought in a bill for the punishment of assaults on women and children.

He was a man of fervid eloquence, persuasive, impassioned, always carrying his hearers along with him; and, on the popular subject of wife-beating and wife-murder, able to draw tears, if not from stones, at least from hearts almost as hard.

All the witnesses had been examined and cross-examined again and again.

On the day of Ada's and Jem Goodman's examination the jury looked less gloomily and moodily at the prisoner, and probably at that time would have returned a verdict of "not guilty;" probably the judge on the bench, after the perusal of Ben Darrell's letter to Jem Goodman, would have summed up in his favour.

But Natt Stone and his witnesses completely turned the scale against the wretched man.

The touching proof of the murdered wife's clinging with forgiving love, in the evidence Natt gave of her refusal to leave him, even when she might have taken her children with her to the dear old home, and have lived there in peace and comfort, affected many to tears; but none wept so bitterly at this part of the evidence as the miserable prisoner in the dock.

His sobs convulsed his strong frame again. When Stunning Steenie—whose term of imprisonment was over, and who was in court, waistcoat and all—swore to Ben Darrell's threats, that he would yet do for his wife, and that he had sworn with an oath that he regretted he had not done for her before, a shudder passed through the court. But by far the greatest impression was produced—as it had been at the inquest—by the fact that no food of any kind was found in her stomach, and that there were many bruises, and marks of severe ill-usage, both recent and remote, on her wasted body.

Poor Ben Darrell did not once look up, and the public naturally decided that he was a down-looking fellow; but he groaned when he heard the evidence of starvation and violence, and his counsel—the best to be had, and who had done all man could do to save his wretched client—glancing at the lowering brow of the judge, and the excited faces and flashing eyes of the jury, felt there was no hope.

He had spoken long and eloquently, but, even to himself, it was evident he made little impression, and that little became less after the crown lawyer's eloquent, passionate, and most touching rejoinder. After harrowing up the feelings of the jury by a picture of Esther Darrell's early love, and lifelong devotion, and the unspeakable miseries of her married life—herself and children starving at home, while the prisoner at the bar was wallowing in excess, and squandering not merely whatever he could earn, but whatever he could raise on her little property, in drink, up to the time that he fulfilled his threat, and

murdered her,—he suddenly lowered his voice, and said—

"It is not for the sake of that angelic, though humble, victim—that loving, patient, devoted wife—that I press for a conviction: wife-murder—murder of the truest, fondest, gentlest wife that ever called a ruffian husband!—not for her sake. After 'life's fitful fever she sleeps well;' and, had her spirit a voice, I have no doubt, she would plead for the life of the man who so remorselessly slew her. No, it is not for her—it is for the sake of the whole wedded female world that I require you to find the prisoner at the bar guilty. On your verdict hangs not merely his miserable, blood-stained existence—but that of hundreds of loving, patient wives, especially among the working classes, whose brutal, sottish husbands can only be frightened from crimes like that of the prisoner at the bar by seeing that capital punishment, however often remitted in other cases, is never remitted in that of wife-murder. Let the prisoner at the bar escape, and no woman wedded to a sot can feel safe for an hour. Make an example of one wife-slayer—who, as the evidence proves, was an habitual wife-beater—and you save thousands of innocent lives. Many a sottish sensualist will see, in the fate of the prisoner at the bar, the result of strong drink; and the first punishment of one criminal may restore peace and comfort to many a wretched home—starving, bruised, and half-broken-hearted wife, and perishing little ones. The greatest of poets has said—

'Murder, most foul, as at the best it is;
But this most foul, base, and unnatural.'

"I ask you, gentlemen of the jury, to re-consider the evidence, and see if those lines do not apply to this piteous case, even more forcibly than to that which they were written to illustrate.

"Remember, credible witnesses have sworn they heard the prisoner swear he would do for his wife. Remember, her poor, wasted body was covered with bruises, recent and remote. Remember, no food at all was found in her stomach, and then acquit him of wife-murder if you can, if you dare."

The summing-up of the judge was, in many respects, a counterpart of the crown lawyer's rejoinders, and his own bias was observable throughout, even while, as a matter of course, he urged the jury, if they had any doubt, &c. &c. &c., to give the prisoner the benefit of that doubt.

The jury retired, but did not remain long in consultation, and, when the foreman, in answer to the usual question, replied that they found the prisoner "GUILTY," they only announced what all had expected. When questioned by the judge, as to whether he had anything to urge why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, Ben Darrell, for the first time, looked up, and, bowing to the judge, said—

"Nothing, my lord. I deserve to die, for it's quite true that I squandered in liquor what ought to have kept my wife and children decent and comfortable. It's true that, when in liquor, I often ill-used her cruel. It's true that she and the little ones were starving. It's true, too, that I threatened to do for her; but it's true, also, and God in heaven, and thou, Esther, blessed wench as wor, and angel now, knows the same, I never meant to do for her; and, when I struck her the blow as killed her, I'd no more thoughts of doing for her than I has, at this blessed moment, of doing for you, my lord. It's all along of strong drink," he added, "that I'm to be cut off in my prime. And if there's any drunkards here, let 'em take warning by Ben Darrell, and never touch a drop of liquor more."

The judge then put on the terrible black cap, and proceeded to pass sentence of death, preceding those dread and solemn words, with an earnest appeal to the miserable prisoner to repent of his cruel and cowardly crime, and wisely making his sentence a sermon to all drunkards and wife-beaters.

When his lordship came to the words "Benjamin Darrell, if you have indulged in any hope of a recommendation to mercy, and a commutation of your sentence, I implore you to drive it from your mind, and fix your thoughts entirely on things above. Your time on earth is short, but not too short if you employ it well to secure you the pardon of that Saviour who died for sinners, and who said to the penitent, believing thief on the cross, 'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' Benjamin Darrell, there is no limit to God's mercy in heaven, but the safety of others, of wives especially, compels justice to shut out all further mercy on earth. Therefore, for this cruel murder of which the jury have found you 'guilty,' the murder of your loving, patient, devoted wife, you shall be taken from the prison to the place of execution, to be hanged by the neck till you are dead, and the Lord God Almighty have mercy on your guilty soul."

Ben Darrell remained still, white, and rigid as marble, while the judge addressed him, his eyes fixed on his lordship's pale and agitated face, and then he suddenly exclaimed—

"My lord, I deserve to die; but to the last I'll say I never meant to kill her; and I'd rather die nor live, for living, I'd never cease to reflect on myself; and dying, it's my faith, I'll find mercy in heaven, and see my blessed Esther there."

The prisoner was then removed; and Jem Goodman, pale and worn, accompanied him, by permission, back to his cell.

It was Thursday afternoon, and Ben Darrell's execution was fixed for the following Monday.

Natt Stone (brother of the murdered Esther) had been present during the whole of the trial. When in the witness-box, his passionate vehemence formed a curious contrast to the tranquil resignation of the prisoner—varied only by fits of sobbing or deep dejection, as different parts of the evidence recalled his brutal behaviour to his devoted Esther.

Natt Stone was always among the first to arrive. He seemed to live without food or sleep; for his days were spent in court, and his nights in acting as a sort of voluntary patrol round the walls of Newgate. He seemed to think Ben Darrell might yet escape if he were not always watching that grated, spiked, and hopeless-looking gate. His eyes were blood-shot, restless, fiery; his pale face sharp with fasting; his movements spasmodic—twitching his fingers, grinding his teeth, and, at times, tearing his hair and stamping his feet. While the jury were consulting, his nails tore the flesh of the palms of his hands, which were soon filled with blood; and when the verdict "Guilty" was heard, a cry of joy and exultation escaped him.

All Thursday night Natt Stone paced up and down watching the gates of Newgate.

CHAPTER LV.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a bow.—POPE.

The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease;
On the rich couch sink with becoming woe,
Dress'd in a robe for sickness or for show.—IBID.

THE trial of the miserable Ben Darrell had been a source of great and painful excitement to Lady Ada Pemberton; but she was supported by the presence of her dear friend Ellen St. Ange, and by the advice of Jem Goodman, who snatched any little time he could spare from Ben Darrell to devote it to her father, now Augustus, Earl of Glenlonely, and better still, a reformed drunkard—a resolute abstainer, and consequently a convalescent.

Ada's mother, now the Countess of Glenlonely, had not yet arrived in town. Ada had not at all overrated the effect on her mother's mind of this sudden and most unlooked-for elevation to that peerage which to her was paradise.

Imaginary woes and sham illnesses, often worked up into real ones by artful doctors, had made Lady Glenlonely, to herself and others, an invalid for many years; but the first real swoon she had ever known (yet how many had she imitated) was when first Gerald St. Maur tenderly, as if he were announcing her husband's or her daughter's death, informed her of the accident to her husband's cousins. She started from the sofa on which she was reclining, propped up by pillows and covered with cashmeres—Sultana in her basinette by her side—she clasped her hands, became first crimson, then white as marble, and exclaimed—

"If they are all dead, Sir Augustus is Earl of Glenlonely, I am Countess of Glenlonely, my boy will yet be a peer of a realm!"

And the next moment her strength forsook her, she fell forward, and, had not Gerald caught her in his arms, she might have fallen with her face on the bars of the grate.

Gerald for some moments feared she was dead, so much like death was this protracted swoon. As soon as he had laid her on the sofa, wisely removing the pillows and laying her head level with her feet (a precaution always to be observed in such cases), he rang for Tarlatan, and when that finikin fine lady had arrived, he rushed out for Lady Glenlonely's doctor.

Tarlatan knew perfectly well how to proceed with sham fits, but had not the least idea what to do in a real one; and summoning Townley to her aid, went off herself into a fit of hysterics.

Sultana behaved much better, and appeared on this trying occasion the more human of the two. She waddled out of her basinette—wonderful instinct of

the canine race! she had never stirred when a sham fit was going on—she whined piteously, and began assiduously to lick her poor, cold, lifeless mistress's hands and face with her warm, wet, peach-blossom tongue.

She was thus engaged when Gerald St. Maur returned with the doctor.

The doctor was a shrewd and humorous man; and, seeing the nature of Tarlatan's hysterics and Townley's pretended alarm, he said—"That's a case for the cold water cure. Carry her down into the scullery just as she is, my man, and dash a bucket of cold water over her. If that doesn't bring her to, repeat the operation; and if she's still in this state, let me know, and I'll come down and pump upon her."

Tarlatan suffered Townley to carry her down as far as the hall, and then she opened her eyes, sighed, and declared she felt better; begged Townley to take the keys out of her apron pocket, and get her a glass of rum, neat. This he did, first helping himself to two; and Tarlatan, after sipping the rum, declared herself much better, and tripped briskly up to her own room to re-arrange her cap and her ringlets, and get rid of the smell of the potent spirit she had imbibed.

Meanwhile the recovery of Lady Glenlonely was a much more serious matter.

All ordinary remedies failed to recall her to life. Gerald began to think with horror of many instances he had read and heard of where sudden joy had caused death; and even Dr. M'Mode began to look anxious.

Sultana, who really loved her indulgent mistress, had been by this accident converted from a fat, panting bundle, into an active intelligent being. She whined incessantly, and positively sprang from the sofa to come round and raise herself by her fore-feet to lick Lady Glenlonely's white cheek, and pretty pale ear.

"It is more than a common fainting-fit," said Dr. M'Mode, "and I fear cupping will be necessary."

In a few minutes a surgeon was sent for. Her ladyship was cupped; and, as the blood flowed, consciousness was restored; the colour came back to her fine face and chiselled lips.

She opened her large blue eyes, and seeing Gerald tenderly supporting her, she said, holding out her hand to him—

"Tell me, Gerald; was it all a dream, or am I Countess of Glenlonely?"

Gerald, imploring her to keep quiet, lest she should never wear the peeress's coronet and robes she had so sighed for, re-assured her.

Sultana barked and bounded for joy; and Tarlatan, who had kept aloof during the operation—declaring the sight of blood always turned her nerves, now came back to help her lady to her room, and to put her to bed.

It was several days, however, before she was sufficiently recovered to travel even to London.

Gerald remained at the hotel in attendance on her, as Ada's having been subpoenaed as a witness at Ben Darrell's trial made it impossible for her to go down to her mother; nor did Lady Glenlonely wish it. In her new delight she found far more sympathy in Tarlatan than she expected in Ada.

And Gerald, who was admitted to her dressing-room, and who, of course, wished to conciliate his future mother-in-law, listened to her schemes of worldly ambition and worldly grandeur with a patience she had never found in her own daughter.

Gerald, in return, confided to Lady Glenlonely his hopes of obtaining Ada's hand, and his intention of offering himself at once as her husband; and Lady Glenlonely highly approved of her young friend as a suitor for her daughter.

Lord Glenlonely and Lady Ada were at breakfast in her little boudoir.

He was now so much better that he was able to rise and lie on her sofa, and listen to all her plans and projects.

Ada was pale, and her eyes were red with weeping. The newspaper was not yet come in; but, the night before, Jem Goodman had sent up Larky Grigg to inform her of the result of Ben Darrell's trial; and Larky had added the intelligence that "Feather had not been home for three days, and mother was not only very ill, but getting downright terrified; and that but for Hope everything would go wrong; for Merry was up to all sorts of tricks with Carrot Meg, and wor running such rigs. Hope had not only to set all to right at home but to mind the stall; and Apple Blossom had begged Mr. Stephen to give it well to Meg and Merry, and not to let 'em out of the ragged school till she fetched Merry home."

All this was very bad news; and Ada wept bitterly for the wretched Ben Darrell.

She took Larky Grigg into her father's room and introduced him to the earl; and having a note to

write to Ellen St. Ange, whose messenger waited for an answer, she left Larky Grigg, whose fine face and thick, curly black hair shone with cleanliness, and whose poor fustian dress Apple Blossom had washed so nicely, standing modest but not awkward before the kind old invalid, in his silken wadded wrapper, velvet cap, and furred slippers, his aristocratic head and face, gray hair, frail, worn look, and wan, white hand.

They formed a curious contrast, did the boy and the old man.

Lord Glenlonely, who had heard all about Larky Grigg from Ada, took a great interest in the bold, bright, clean boy, so full of natural politeness, instinct, courtesy, and innate grace; and whose fine black eyes moistened as he spoke of his mother's illness and his father's absence; while they sparkled and his cheeks glowed as he described all the virtues and marvellous doings of little Hope Evermore in the time of unwonted trial.

"It's a great pity," added Larky Grigg, seeing the real interest the kind, noble-looking old gentleman took in all his troubles; "it's a great pity our Merry don't take after our Hope; then she'd be a comfort and a help to mother; but then, sir, all her delight is that 'ere Meg Grimes—Carrot Meg, as she's called."

"I know, my boy," said Lord Glenlonely, "Potato Heels."

"Did you ever see her, sir?" asked Larky.

"With my mind's eye, my boy," said the earl. "I can see her shock head of red hair, and her freckled face, and great white teeth, and red lips; and all her rags and jags, and her black legs, and her potato heels."

"Well, I never," said Larky; "that's the very model of her. And now 'Stunning Steenie's out o' prison, thof he licked her crule for peaching on him, and so did Prigging Peter and the Fox, she've come round 'em by trating 'em to the gaff agin, and to the penny ball, and roast tatis and butter. She had such a treat one night with her loocifers, she had, sir. It was very wet, and a gentleman with a young lady—the size of Meg—a-getting out of a fine carriage at Astley's, seeing her wet through, took pity on her, and gived her half-a-crown, and off she ran and got hold of Stunning Steenie, and Prigging Peter, and the Fox, and tried to get Merry and I, but that warn't no go, sir. I've gived my word to mother I'll never go again to them bad and low places, and if mother don't like I to go, t'aint likely she'd let Merry go. It's a wussur place for gals nor for boys, sir, and so Meg said to Stunning Steenie, thof he licked her crule, and so had t'others, that if they'd never cast up her having a-peached to the beak no more, she'd trate 'em as long as that 'ere half-crown lasted; and then I caught her a-winking to Merry to get her to go along of 'em, but I soon spiled that sport, sir."

"What did you do, my boy?" said Lord Glenlonely, much interested.

"Why, sir, I said to Merry—'Merry, lass, get in there, and go and sit with mother; beant thee ashamed of giggling and gaping here, and mother in trouble about feather, and poorly herself, and no one but Hope to spake a word o' comfort, or to do a stroke o' work.' So, sir, Merry turned as red as a cherry, and went in looking very down in the mouth, and then I spake up, and I said—

"'Lookee here, Stunning Steenie and Prigging Peter, and Joe, alias Fox, and you, Potato Heels! you're a bad lot, that's what you are; and a mean lot, and it's thanks to little Hope, and not to none o' you, I won't imprisoned, and whipped, and disgraced, and ruined for your doings. If I had a been 'twould a broke my mother's heart and ruined my good name. Howsomever, thanks to Hope, 'twarn't come to pass, and a miss is as good as a mile. But it's showed me what sort you are—mean, false, white-livered, pitiful creatures as 'ud let a pal, an innocent pal, suffer while you kept a whole skin. Onst for all, I despises the whole lot o' you; and I can lick ye all, as ye well knows, one at a time or all together, as convanient. Don't make no odds to me which way 'tis. Well then, now I tells you all, including you Potato Heels, alias Carrot Meg, if you ever 'ices my sister Merry into a gaff or a penny ball, or any of them low, vicious places, I'll give ye all a reglar good licking all round, beginning with you, Stunning Steenie, and winding up with you, Meg, by way of a finish. Now I tells you that, and I'll do it too as sure as my name's Larky Grigg.'"

"Well done, my boy!" said Lord Glenlonely, taking a sovereign out of his waistcoat pocket; "here's something for you. What'll ye do with this?"

"Give it to mother, sir," said Larky, turning very red and tears of joy in his eyes. "O sir, it'll pay the rent that poor mother's a-fretting about night and

day. Oh, Heaven bless and reward you, sir! With your loaf, I'll run all the way home; the grass won't grow under my feet, I promise you, sir! Poor mother, this will comfort her sore heart! Good-bye to you, sir; my duty to Miss."

"Good-bye, my fine boy," said Lord Glenlonely, as Larky, not even in his haste and his joy forgetful of "manners," pulled his thick, jetty forelock, and left the room, gently and carefully shutting the door after him.

But once in the open street, how he sped along—brave, bold, warm-hearted Larky! Good son! Apple Blossom has some comfort left. The wife must weep; but the mother is not all desolate if she has a son like thee—a loving, faithful, Christian lad, who honours his father and his mother, and whose days shall, therefore, be long in the land.

Yes, he honours his father and his mother; taught to keep that commandment and nine others, and to keep them well, at the Green Fields Ragged School!

(To be continued.)

MIDNIGHT.

'Tis midnight, and no single ray
Of starlight gilds the gloom,
But darkness deep as that holds sway
Which reigns within the tomb.
But there's a midnight of the heart—
A heart by sin debased,
When not a ray of hope will dart
Its beams across the waste.

'Tis midnight, and the howling winds
Shriek an unearthly wail,
As if some spirit, lost, its sins
Bemoaned upon the gale.
But there are soul-complainings none
Save God himself may hear,
More mournful than the saddest tone
Borne on the night wind drear.

And wildly beats the midnight storm,
And loud the thunders roll,
Till seems to quake earth's trembling form
From distant pole to pole;
But there are tempests in the breast
Of mortal men so wild,
The stormy element's unrest
Compared seems meek and mild.

And fiercely streams the lightning's glare
Across the gloom of night,
Till realms infernal through the air
Seem bursting on our sight.
And human passions sometimes flame
In feeling's potent hour,
Till Jove's own thunderbolts grow tame
Beside their scathing power.

But there's a land beyond the tomb,
Whose skies are ever bright;
Nor night, nor storms, nor darkness come
To cloud their peaceful light.
And there are souls on that fair shore
That know no grief nor care;
And sorrow, passion, pain, no more
Assail the dwellers there.

PICTURES FROM HISTORY.

CHARLES V. AT ST. JUST.

CHARLES V., Emperor of Germany, and King of Spain, was born at Ghent in the year 1500. He ascended the throne of Spain at the age of sixteen, and three years later, on the death of Maximilian, succeeded to the empire of Germany. He was the first prince of his age, in rank and dignity; and, whether we consider the greatness, the variety, or the success of his undertakings, was the most conspicuous. The very beginning of his public life was involved in trouble, his right of succession to the German empire being warmly disputed by Francis I. of France; a dispute which was the immediate occasion of a sanguinary and desolating war, and the cause of that rivalry between the two monarchs, the *animus* of which is still to be detected in the writings of Spanish and French historians.

Between Francis I. and Charles V. there was in every particular a striking and remarkable contrast. Francis formed his resolution suddenly, prosecuted it with enthusiastic ardour, pushed on with adventurous courage, but soon tired of his own exploits, and gave up, through carelessness or impatience, that which dashing enterprise and determined bravery had attained. Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness. Having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and from the execution of it, neither danger nor disappointment could turn him aside. He would not for one repulse, nor for a hundred, forego the purpose he had resolved to effect. If Francis, by his impetuous activity, disconcerted the emperor's best-laid plans, Charles, by a more



CHARLES V AT ST. JUST.

calm, but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repulsed his most vigorous efforts.

After a disastrous war, during which Charles V. made a league with Henry VIII. of England, Francis I. was taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia. It was on this occasion that Francis wrote to his mother—"All is lost, except our honour." There was much rejoicing, both in Germany and England, on receipt of the news. Nothing could be more melancholy than the situation of France. Her king in captivity; her most distinguished generals and the flower of her army taken or slain; powerful and triumphant enemies on all sides ready to seize her as a spoil. But Charles assumed an air of singular composure and moderation. He had expected defeat, but he made no sign of surprise or joy when he heard of his victory. He was as calm and collected as man could be; and, though surrounded by all the magnificence of a court, appeared a fit inhabitant for the cloister. He commiserated, or affected to commiserate, the fall of his rival; and, as he read the despatches, he moralised on the uncertainty of human greatness.

Treaties of peace having been ratified, Charles turned his arms against Africa, where he was successful in several engagements. Soon after this, hostilities were renewed with France, which soaked with blood the plains of Champagne and Picardy. In 1541 Charles attempted the conquest of Algiers, but failed. Another war with France, with fluctuating success, the confederation of the protestant princes of Germany—taking their stand for liberty of conscience—these, and other antagonistic circumstances, together with his declining health, induced Charles to adopt a long cherished plan, namely, the exchange of his throne for the retirement of the cloister.

The emperor Charles V., at the age of fifty-five, resigned his immense empire to his son, Philip, husband of Mary, queen of England. Thus Spain, the Netherlands, Naples, Sicily, Milan, and the new and beautiful lands of South America, were surrendered by the monarch who, in camp and council, had made himself famous throughout the world. On the 25th of October, 1555, Charles, in an assembly of the States of the Netherlands, formally resigned the government of these countries to Philip, and, in a few months later, he also put him in possession of all his other governments. He then retired to the monastery of St. Just, Estremadura, on the borders of Spain and

Portugal, where this powerful king, who had so long exercised so great an influence on the destinies of Europe, shrank into the condition of a private gentleman, retaining only a few servants and a single horse for his own use, and employing his abundant leisure in religious exercises, in gardening, and clock-making. And finding that he could never make two clocks go precisely alike, he is said to have discovered what it would have been of infinite use if he had discovered at the beginning instead of the end of his career, and could have impressed practically on his successors—namely, if no two clocks can be made to agree, how is it likely that millions of men can be compelled to do so on any given point of religious opinion.

A prey to the sharpest physical suffering, Charles had long entertained the idea of seeking repose in the privacy of a cloister. He had invariably manifested the deepest interest in monastic institutions, and the warmest solicitude for the welfare of the monks, especially of the order of St. Jerome. To this order belonged the monastery of St. Just. It was surrounded by a forest of chestnuts and olives; a small stream passed immediately before it; the site was extremely picturesque, and particularly attractive to those "who would ambition shun." When the king had once tasted the pleasures of retirement, nothing could induce him to come forth again to take part in the busy pageant of government and state. It has been said that he regretted the choice that he had made—that the eagle chafed at the bars of the cage into which it had come so willingly. But certain it is, that when besought to resume his state and glory, he positively and definitely refused.

ANECDOTES OF ELEPHANTS.

TRAVELLERS in the East are apt to deal in the marvellous, and their accounts of the elephant, as of everything else, must be received with caution. Sensible of the high estimation in which the understanding of elephants is held, they scruple not to invent numerous fables for the amusement of their wondering audiences, who eagerly devour them.

A few of the many wonderful stories that are in circulation about elephants we are now about to publish for the amusement of our readers. They

may, however, be relied upon with the most implicit confidence.

The practice in India of reducing to submission an elephant that has been taken in a state of wildness, is by retaining it for a long time fastened to a large tree with strong ropes. The custom formerly was to starve an elephant thus captured, but now it is to feed it well, and omit no inducement to render the animal gentle. Its intended *mohout*, or driver, supplies it with choice food, gradually habituating it to his voice and touch, and ultimately rendering it completely familiar. Thus, in course of time, the animal will answer to its name, lie down and rise again when commanded, and even allow the *mohout* to sit on its back. When sufficiently reconciled it is unbound from the tree, and driven out to water, and is gradually made accustomed to bear a small load of grass or boughs for its own diet.

An elephant, like a horse or a dog, becomes more tractable by good usage than by harsh practices. And it is extremely curious that sometimes their tempers will take a complete reverse when the conduct towards them is altered from severity to mildness. Of this a proof is found in the deportment of a very fine male elephant in the possession of a gentleman at Chittagong, which he endeavoured for two years in vain to render tractable. The elephant was repeatedly offered for sale at a low price. But no one would purchase it—its character was so well known. It is customary in that district to have the firewood, which is cut into stumps of about a foot or less in diameter, and perhaps five or six feet long, piled regularly; and this work is usually done by elephants, who, when properly trained, will do it as well as any labourer. The animal in question could not be induced to perform this drudgery, and all attempts to enforce its obedience having proved fruitless, its master at last gave up the point. To his utter astonishment, the elephant suddenly became good-tempered, and went of its own free will to the wood-yard, where it not only exerted itself greatly but was, in the regularity of its work, at least equal to those which had more practice.

A gentleman bought a female elephant at the sale of a deceased person's effects, not having the least idea that she was a *koomkie*, or decoy elephant, which to him would not have been any recommendation, as he was not a dealer in elephants. He resided for a short time at the place of sale, and

repeatedly refused handsome offers for his late purchase. In fact, many persons seemed desirous to obtain this elephant—a circumstance that he could not account for, as he was ignorant of her qualifications—and all kept carefully secret upon the subject, lest a knowledge of them might cause him to overrate an animal that each hoped at some time to obtain. The *mohout*, or driver, equally anxious to get out of a line replete with danger, and more willing to be in the service of a gentleman than with dealers, both on account of better wages and less drudgery, carefully forbore to reveal the value of the elephant to his master.

One morning *Lutchmee Pearee* (as the elephant was called) was not to be found. For several days no intelligence could be obtained of the truant. In fact, she was given over as lost. It was supposed, as more likely than otherwise, that she had strayed into the neighbouring jungle, and joined with the wild herds. Thus no prospect remained of recovering her, unless by chance.

Conceiving their hopes were at an end, the many who had offered to purchase her did not scruple to reveal that she was a *koomkie*, or decoy elephant. As is common on such occasions, they joined in lamenting the loss of so very valuable an animal.

However, about a week after, *Lutchmee* made her appearance. She was secured and kept in a place of safety. Shortly after her master went on her to take a ride. He happened to proceed towards the skirts of a very heavy grass jungle, into which *Lutchmee* frequently attempted to turn, but was as often prevented by the *mohout*. Both master and man now suspected that she was become rather wild, and might prove dangerous. At length *Lutchmee* became quite restive, and, in defiance of all control, dashed into the jungle, nor did she stop until arriving at a thick patch of timber-trees. To the utter astonishment of her terrified burden, there was a large male discovered, round whose fore-legs the iron chain with which *Lutchmee* was ordinarily fastened during the night at her piquets was twined, so as to secure her prize in the most complete manner.

Now in this we cannot find anything repugnant to the general conduct of elephants, nor to that probability which, to those acquainted with their nature, may be requisite to produce a belief that the story may be true. It is proper to remark that many elephants are in the habit of tying their own legs at night, and that they perform other acts which tend to display the admirable sense of feeling they possess in their trunks. The sons of the *mohouts* are generally much attached to their elephants, and take great pleasure in teaching the young ones, which are extremely playful, a variety of tricks, such as taking off the turbans of natives in the streets, and lifting them up to the driver as he sits on their neck, throwing stones or clods of earth, which many do with great precision; picking up money, and, indeed, even discriminating between copper and silver.

A gentleman, who has written an account of India, says that he had once a *chunchul* (a young female elephant) of about six feet high, quite a "pickle"—up to all kinds of tricks, in which she appeared to take great delight. Once, however, her pranks caused much inconvenience. In marching from Dacca to Dinapore, she exercised her talents during the night, and not only untied her own ropes, but liberated several other elephants that were in the camp, some of them rather wild; and when the corps was to march in the morning, the tents were delayed for some hours, while persons were sent to catch the elephants, which were found some distance off, at the foot of the Gongapersand Hills.

The first, according to Suetonius, who exhibited elephant rope-dancers, was Galba, at Rome. The manner of teaching them to dance on the ground was simple enough (by the association of music and a hot floor), but we are not informed how they were taught to skip the rope, or whether it was the tight or the slack rope, or how high the rope might be. The silence of history on these points is fortunate for the *figurantes* of the present day, since, but for this, their fame might have been utterly eclipsed.

Elephants may, in the days of old Rome, have been taught to dance on the rope, but when was an elephant ever known to skip on a rope over the heads of an audience, or to caper amidst a blaze of fire fifty feet aloft in the air, as was done in the days of our grandfathers by Madame Saqui? What would Aristotle have thought of his dancing elephants if he had seen her?

Among the numerous interesting anecdotes of the elephant, we may narrate the following:—

At Delhi, an elephant, passing along the streets, put his trunk into a tailor's shop where several people were at work; one of them pricked the end of it with his needle: the animal passed on, but, from the next

dirty pool, filled his trunk with muddy water, returned to the shop, and spurted every drop among the people who had offended him and spoiled their work.

A soldier refused to give the road to an elephant and his conductor, at which the elephant was highly affronted. Some days after, meeting the soldier upon the banks of a river, at a time when he had not his keeper with him, he seized him with his trunk, ducked him several times in the water, and let him go; he then walked off, seemingly much pleased (or laughing in his way) at thus having retaliated the affront he had received.

Elephants, though they never fail to retaliate an affront, are remarkably mild and gentle in their disposition.

When once tamed, their attachment to their keeper is very strong. They seem to live but to serve and obey him, and, when treated with kindness, testify their gratitude by fulfilling all his desires; and, caressing him with affectionate fondness, receive his commands with attention, and execute them with punctuality and zeal.

Elephants live to a great age. Some authors have asserted that an elephant lives four or five hundred years; but the most credible inform us that he seldom lives above a hundred or a hundred and fifty years.

He is endowed with a most retentive memory, a fine sense of feeling, and a quick hearing. He is very fond of music, and seems animated by the beat of the drum and the sound of trumpets. He is passionately fond of perfumes of all kind, but more especially of fragrant flowers.

The elephant in size surpasses all other terrestrial creatures, and in understanding he is inferior to none, man excepted.

Of the brute creation, the elephant, the dog, the ape, and the beaver, are generally the most admired for their sagacity. But Buffon says the genius of the dog is borrowed, being instructed by man in almost everything he knows. The monkey has only the appearance of wisdom, and the beaver is only sensible with regard to itself and those of its species. The elephant is superior to all three of them, being possessed of all their most eminent qualities. To judge correctly of their relative value, we must acknowledge him at least to possess the judgment of the beaver, the dexterity of the monkey, the sentiment of the dog, and, in addition to these qualifications, he has the peculiar advantage of strength, size, and longevity.

The sagacity peculiar to elephants was well displayed by those animals when the British army under Sir David Ochterlony were ascending the Ghauts to attack the Nepaulese forces in their mountain fortresses. An eye-witness, after describing the ascent of the army by means of projecting rocks and boughs in one particular part of the march, gives an account of the conduct of the elephants. "Having got all the men up," he says, "they were at a loss for expedients how to get the elephants up."

They cut a good deal of the most prominent part of the hill away, and laid trees on the ascent as a footing for those animals. The elephants were then made to approach it. The first one did so with reluctance and fear. He looked up and shook his head; and, when forced by his driver, he roared piteously.

"There can be no question, in my opinion," continues the writer, "that this sagacious animal was competent instinctively to judge of the practicability of the artificial flight of steps thus constructed; for the moment that some little alteration had been made, he seemed willing to approach. He then commenced his examination and scrutiny, by pressing with his trunk the trees that had been thrown across; and, after this, he put his fore leg on with great caution, raising the fore part of his body so as to throw its weight on the tree. This done, he seemed satisfied as to its stability.

"The next step for him to ascend by was a projecting rock, which we could not remove.

"Here the same sagacious examination took place, the elephant keeping his flat side close to the side of the bank, and leaning against it.

"The next step was against a tree; but this, on the first pressure of his trunk, he did not like. Here his driver made use of the most endearing epithets, such as 'Wonderful, my life,' 'Well done, my dear,' 'My dove,' 'My son,' 'My wife;' but all these endearing appellations, of which elephants are so fond, could not induce him to try again. Force was at length resorted to, and the elephant roared terrifically, but would not move. Something was then removed. He seemed satisfied as before; and he in time ascended that stupendous ghaut. On his reaching the top, his delight was visible in a most eminent degree; he caressed his keeper, and threw the dirt about in a most playful manner.

"Another elephant, a much younger animal, was now to follow. He had watched the ascent of the other with the most intense interest, making motions all the while, as though he was assisting him, by shouldering him up the acclivity—such gestures as I have seen some men make when spectators of gymnastic exercises. When he saw his comrade up, he evinced his pleasure by giving a salute something like the sound of a trumpet.

"When called upon to take his turn, however, he seemed much alarmed, and would not act at all without force. When he was two steps up, he slipped, but recovered himself by digging his toes into the earth. With the exception of this little incident, he ascended exceedingly well.

"When this elephant was near the top, the other, who had already performed his task, extended his trunk to the assistance of his brother in distress, round which the younger one twined his, and thus reached the summit of the ghaut in safety. Having both accomplished their task, their greeting was as cordial as if they had been long separated from each other, and had just escaped from some perilous achievement. They mutually embraced each other, and stood face to face for a considerable time, as if whispering congratulations. Their driver then made them salam to the general, who ordered them five rupees each for sweetmeats. On this reward of their merit being ordered, their driver immediately made them return thanks by another salam."

Another traveller in India thus gives an account of the sensations on being conveyed on the back of an elephant:—

"The elephant," says he, "was commanded to kneel down, and by the help of his tail, which one man held up to form a step, I succeeded in mounting. Another command being given, he rose, and I was lifted into the air to a height at which I certainly never before travelled.

"His motion was not unpleasant; but whenever he found himself incommoded by the heat, he occasionally put his trunk into his mouth, where he had some means of secreting water; and this he disgorged into it, and then squirted over his body, thus keeping the surface of his skin moist and cool by evaporation, though in a manner not very agreeable to his riders.

"The road we travelled was particularly hilly and rugged, sometimes passing over loose rocks, and everywhere full of deep ruts; yet the animal never made a false step, nor did he jolt us in descending the most precipitous steep. His tread was so soft it could not be heard; and on one or two occasions, where the stones were perpendicular for two or three feet, he let his foot down so gently, that he did not in the least shake his riders."

We will close our extracts with the following graphic account of the shooting of an elephant in Ceylon. Twilight had been rapidly drawing on, and the sportsmen were about to retire to their arbour for the night, when, in the jungle over the water, to their left, something of a dazzling whiteness attracted their attention. It was the splendid tusks of a full-grown elephant, perfect in all his points; but what a time to present himself! just as it was getting dark, and a quarter of a mile only between him and the hunters.

"However," observes the narrator, "as tuskers are far from common in Ceylon, and this appeared to be a most noble specimen, it was determined to attack him: not a moment was lost in brief preparation. In shirt and trousers, and one gun each, away we started, with the wind in our favour—an indispensable advantage. We kept close to the jungle until we reached the spot the elephant had first appeared at; and, after one look at our pans, committed ourselves to the open ground, walking down right upon him. He was slowly making his way to the lake, with his back to us, now and then stopping to pull a tuft of lemon grass, and raising his trunk in the air to collect intelligence. As we approached him—treading as lightly as possible—a deep, low grumbling—not unworthy of being compared to distant thunder—told us his suspicions were awakened. No time then was to be lost, so we moved quicker, when, being about twenty yards from him, he all at once wheeled round, and with a shrill, angry cry that made the woods resound, stalked furiously towards us. I happened to have the first fire—it was a front shot; but his head was too high from his nearness, and my ball, entering in the hollow above the eye, skimmed his brain instead of entering it. S. flashed in the pan, so did E., and it was *saute qui peut* when T. fired. For one moment the huge beast was stationary—then fell at his full length on the turf—his eyes glazed and legs stretched out, as stiff as if he had been carved in stone—the ball had entered behind the ear, and lodged deep in the brain."

The Matron.

NO. XXVII.

I PROMISED to speak of the best manner of preparing tea, coffee, and cocoa. I need hardly tell the youngest housekeeper that there can be no good tea made unless the water boils thoroughly, but there is one fact, not so generally known, viz., that the tea is best when made with water that has just boiled for the first time. Another useful hint about tea-making, is this. If you are able to choose, select a round tea-pot, rather than an oval one, and if you care about giving a good second cup, do not brew the tea with a very little water first, but half fill the pot, let it stand two or three minutes, then add what more water you require, and mind never drain the pot. You cannot make good tea for six persons with less than an ounce of tea. Black tea is generally considered more wholesome than green, but you should take the infusion of neither green nor black just before going to bed, as tea is exciting, and banishes sleep.

It is nevertheless a valuable article of consumption. It is to be regretted that tea, with all its advantages, should continue at so high a price. This is owing to the Custom-house duties, and hopes are held out of their being abolished.

Those who cannot possibly afford tea, yet wish for some warm cheering beverage, should gather young strawberry leaves, dry them carefully, keep them in a canister, and use them like ordinary tea.

Coffee is very nourishing if taken with milk. To have an excellent cup of coffee, one should grind the berry immediately before making it, but some prefer buying it ready ground, with a mixture of chicory in it. As thick coffee is very unwholesome, and coffee-pots with strainers very expensive, the plan of making I recommend is one adopted on the Continent, viz., to have a flannel bag placed inside the coffee-pot. Half a tea-cupful of coffee put into this bag will be sufficient for five or six persons, provided the water is quite boiling, but if you wish to be more economical put in only a quarter of a tea-cupful of ground coffee. Make of this half the quantity you require, then remove the bag from the coffee-pot, and boil it in as much more water as you wish to convert into coffee. Then add it to what you made in the first instance. It will be very tolerable, and as free from the grounds as if made more expensively.

As for cocoa, it is a more economical beverage than either tea or coffee, and it contains greater nourishment than either. You had better make it in a coffee pot. A table-spoonful of the cocoa makes a pint and a half. Of this liquid, if you can possibly manage it, half should be milk. You should keep the cocoa and milk and water on the fire for about ten minutes; and mind you stir it all the time to make it smooth and rich. It is palatable either with or without sugar.

I have now also a few words to say to young wives on the subject of breakfasts and suppers. Children can make an excellent breakfast on bread and milk, and bread and butter, or porridge, but husbands and fathers often require something more substantial, even where they cannot afford bacon or any fresh animal food. A clever woman can make a nice savoury dish out of "odds and ends" that the thoughtless throw into the hog-tub. If a few cold potatoes and scraps of pork are left from the dinner of the day before, they would not look very inviting if placed on the table as you found them in the safe or cupboard, but if the potatoes are nicely mashed, the bits of meat chopped, and the whole browned together before the fire, or in the frying-pan, a very good little dish is furnished. For young men who have strong digestions, a slice of suet pudding heated, in the manner we have just described, is not to be despised. I do not particularly recommend red herrings; they are very thirst-exciting, and therefore are apt to induce people to drink more than is good for the constitution. Where eggs are very plentiful, I recommend them; and a working man may rest assured that if he eats a couple, he has taken what is very supporting.

I have mentioned two things that could be cooked up for breakfast; but where a wife is really in earnest in her wish to prepare a nice morning meal, she will plan all sorts of relishes herself. I will only mention one more, viz., a savoury pancake, simply made with flour, water, and a little chopped onion, all fried of a nice light brown in some dripping.

If the husband gets these nice little, inexpensive relishes, it is the good management of the wife he has to thank for them, for no remnants can be nicely warmed or fried without a good clear fire, and a good clear fire requires forethought and arrangement; and even if there should be a good clear fire, things are

burnt, not browned, if the frying-pan is neglected and dirty.

Universal as is the custom of eating bread and cheese for supper, I can assure my readers, on the authority of those who have studied the chemistry of food, that there is less nourishment in cheese than in the various articles of diet I have been discussing; less than in rice, or oatmeal-porridge, or in bread and milk; and, moreover, cheese is very difficult of digestion, and by no means a cheap article of food. At any rate, it is a good plan to vary the supper, and if cheese is taken three times a week, to sup on some savoury preparation of meal, rice, or vegetables on the other four nights.

Small Change.

THE following advertisement appears in an Illinois paper, from a man in the pursuit of business under difficulties:—"Take notice,—I have moved my residence; my shop is in the fore-room of the jail. All persons wishing to see me will please call, as my business is so that I can't leave.—Yours most truly, "Charles R. Johnson."

Joy, temperance, and repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

"OH, pray let me have my way this time!" said a young gentleman to his lady-love. "Well, Willy, I suppose I must, this once; but you know that after we are married, I shall always have a Will of my own."

THE following appears upon the clerk's record in Castlebar:—"Voted, that the March meeting be in April."

A SURGEON once waited on an eccentric old gentleman with his bill for medicines and visits. The patient agreed to pay for the pills, and return the visits.

"I SAY, Mick, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones, to be sure; your honour wouldn't be thinking I would plant boiled ones."

WE are near ingratitude when a benefit weighs upon us.—*Madame de Lespinasse.*

A "BAIT" may be defined as one animal impaled upon a hook in order to torture a second for the amusement of a third. Were the latter to change places with either of the two former (which might generally be done with very little loss to society) it would enable a man using the bait to form a better notion of the pastime he is in the habit of pursuing. To make some approximation to strict retributive justice, he should gorge the bait, and his tormentor should have all the humanity and ingenuity of an experienced angler.

"PAT," said an English gentleman to his servant, "what's all that noise in the street?"—"Oh, nothing, sir; they're only forcing a man to volunteer."

"I WISH you would pay a little attention, sir," said a stage-manager to a careless actor. "Well, I am paying as little as I can," was the calm reply.

WOMEN are never stronger than when they arm themselves with their weakness.—*Madame de Deffaut.*

It has been said that the American Indians and the American ladies differ in this—the former whoop only in battle, the latter hoop always.

DELIBERATE with caution, but act with decision. Either yield with graciousness or oppose with firmness.

OLD Mrs. Darnley is a pattern of household economy. She says she has made a pair of socks last fifteen years, by only knitting new feet to them every winter, and new legs every other winter.

Mrs. PARTINGTON has seen an article in the papers headed, "Conspiracy to murder Bill." She wants to know who "Bill" is.

ENVY is as malignant in a paltry waiting wench as in the vainest or most ambitious lady of the court. It is always an infallible mark of the basest nature; and merit in the lowest, as well as in the highest station, must feel the shaft of envy's constant agents—falsehood and slander.—*Maccllin.*

"SMOKE your pipe," as the coal said to the stove. "CORN bread?" said the Irish waiter; "we haven't got it; an' is it corn bafe (beef) ye mane?"

WHY is blindman's buff like sympathy? Because it's a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature.

As the next thing to having wisdom ourselves is to profit by that of others, so the next thing to having merit ourselves is to take care that the meritorious profit by us; for he that rewards the deserving makes himself one of the number.

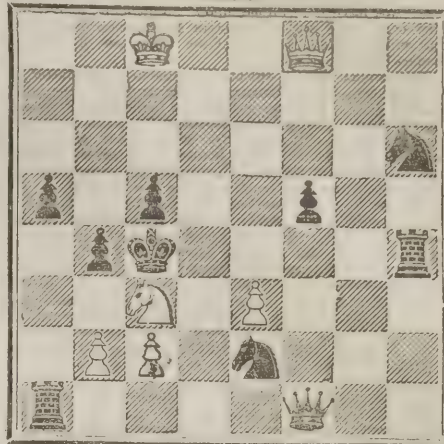
TRUTH is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please by its resemblance to it.—*Shaftesbury.*

FRIENDSHIP often ends in love; but love in friendship—never.

Chess.

Problem No. 53. By HENRY TURTON, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

CHESS TOURNEY.

The following game, which, we believe, will be new to most of our subscribers, was played in the second series of the late Home Circle Chess Tourney.

WHITE. Mr. R.	BLACK. Alpha.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. B to Q Kt 5	3. P to Q R 3
4. B to Q R 4	4. K Kt to B 3
5. Q to K 2	5. P to Q Kt 4
6. B to Q Kt 3	6. K B to Q B 4
7. P to Q R 4 (a)	7. P to Q Kt 5 (b)
8. B takes K B P (ch)	8. K takes B
9. Q to Q B 4 (ch)	9. K to K sq
10. Q takes B	10. Kt takes K P
11. Q to K 3	11. Kt to K B 3
12. Kt takes P	12. Kt takes Kt
13. Q takes Kt (ch)	13. K to B 2
14. Castles	14. P to Q R 4
15. P to Q 3	16. K R to K sq
16. Q to K Kt 3 (c)	16. Q R to R 3 (d)
17. Q to K B 3 (e)	17. P to Q 4
18. B to K B 4	18. Q B to Kt 5
19. Q to K Kt 3	19. B to K 3
20. R to Q B sq (f)	20. Kt to K R 4
21. B to K Kt 5 (g)	21. Q to Q 2
22. Q to K R 4	22. Q R to Kt 3 (h)
23. P to K B 3	23. R to K 4
24. P to K B 4	24. K R to K B 4
25. R to K sq	25. Q to K 3
26. Q to K R 3	26. P to K R 3
27. Kt to Q 2	27. P takes B
28. R takes B	28. Kt takes K B P
29. R takes Q	29. Kt takes Q (ch)
30. P takes Kt	30. R takes R
31. Kt to Q Kt 3	31. K R to K 4
32. R to K B sq (ch)	32. K to Kt 3
33. Kt to Q 4	33. R to K B 3
34. Kt to K B 3	34. R to K 7
35. R to B 2	35. R takes R
36. K takes R	36. K to R 4
37. K to Kt 3	37. R takes Kt (ch) (i)
38. K takes B	38. K to R 5
39. P to Q B 3	39. P takes P
40. P takes P	40. K takes P
41. P to Q 4	41. K takes P
42. K to Kt 4	42. K to Kt 7
43. K takes P	43. K to B 6
44. K to B 5	44. K to K 6
45. K to K 5	45. P to Kt 4
46. K to B 5	46. K to Q 6

White resigns.

Notes by Alpha.—(a) Well played; in any case the first player now obtains an advantage in position.—(b) This loses a Pawn; a singular oversight in a correspondence game.—(c) We incline to think that Q to K B 4, crippling the action of the adverse Knight, would have been embarrassing to Black.—(d) An important and well-timed coup, bringing the Rook at once into active service.—(e) Very weak; with the object, no doubt, of preventing the adverse Bishop being moved to Knight's 2nd; it was, however, of much greater importance to bring out the pieces on his left wing.—(f) Had he played R to K sq he would have lost a Pawn; nevertheless, we believe it to have been his best move.—(g) Perhaps his best play; if instead, he take Q B P with B, he loses a piece.—(h) The attack is prosecuted with the utmost vigour; this move virtually decides the game in Black's favour.—(i) The shortest road to victory.

Robert Webster will be happy to play a game of chess by correspondence with any amateur of fair strength.

Owing to the great increase in the number of our Chess correspondents, it is sometimes difficult to find room for answers to all their communications, but they may rest assured that each will receive attention in due course.

Our Editorial Table.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION.—As we find, from numerous letters, that our correspondents are still doubtful of the correct pronunciation of certain French words, notwithstanding the explicit rules we have laid down in our "French Lessons," we have determined upon commencing, in our next number, a more amplified system of French pronunciation, that will, we trust, remove all the difficulties of which our readers have complained.

SOPHONISBA.—"Sophonisba" is invited to pass the latter part of her midsummer holidays at a watering place in the Isle of Thanet, but she hesitates accepting the invitation, because she has been reading of the advance the sea is making in that quarter, and she fears the whole island may be submerged while she is in it. "Sophonisba" may banish her fears, and accept the invitation. We can tell her exactly in what degree the ocean is advancing on the Isle of Thanet. It is gaining on its eastern coast one yard per annum. Old Father Ocean is taking still greater liberties with the north-eastern coast of our island. From Sutherland to the Humber villages have been absorbed, and the encroachment of the water is four yards per annum. Ravenspur and Hyde have long since disappeared, and Spurnhead is in danger. Ancient Cromer is in the sea. Dunwich, once a considerable town and port, has now but twenty houses; and Harwich will soon be an island. Thus, we hope, we have shown "Sophonisba" that she may just as well go to Margate, Ramsgate, or Broadstairs, as to any other sea-side town on the eastern coast.

PETER GREATHEAD.—You are mistaken in supposing that Paisley (the third "priest in succession at the Gretna-Green altar") was a blacksmith. He was a smuggler, and afterwards a tobaccoist. He was probably called "old blacksmith," from the mythological idea of Vulcan's being employed to rivet matrimonial chains. Paisley commenced his trade as a "marrying man" about 1789. During the latter part of his professional career, whenever called upon to officiate, he walked the streets, dressed in his canonicals, with all the dignity of a bishop.

A CIVIL ENGINEER.—Napoleon the III., the present Emperor of the French, was born at the Tuileries, April the 20th, 1808. He, and the King of Rome, his cousin, were the only two princes of the Buonaparte family born under the shadow of the imperial dignity. Louis Napoleon's sponsors were his uncle, the great Napoleon, and his aunt, the Empress Marie Louise.

CAMILLA GREY.—The operas of Don Giovanni, Figaro, and Il Flauto Magico are by Mozart. This great composer was born in the year 1756, at Salzburg, in Austria. He visited England in 1784, and remained in this country till the following year. He was lost to his friends, and to the musical world, of which he was the great ornament, at the early age of thirty-six.

INGRAM.—The remuneration made to reporters of the press varies. Casual reporters are paid according to the length of their communications. Regular reporters receive from £2 to £5 per week; and, for the first-class papers, and during the sittings of Parliament, £6 6s.

MARY SPRAY.—Plain biscuits are made thus:—Mix up wheaten flour, and a little salt, in as small a portion of water as will cause it, after long kneading and rolling, to hold together. Beat it well with the rolling pin, then roll it out to about one-third of an inch thick, cut it into biscuits, and bake in a quick oven. Watch that they do not burn. Digestive biscuits are made in the same way, but with wheat-meal, and about half-an-inch thick. For buttered biscuits, rub half-a-pound of butter into a quartern of flour, then wet with a pint of warm water and a little good yeast. Break down the dough, prove it well, and bake in a good strong heat.

ESTHER.—"Esther's" mamma has a quantity of fruit in her garden, more than she requires for herself and family. She would like to preserve some for the winter, but is deterred by the expense of sugar. If she follows the receipt we are about to give, she can preserve the fruit without sugar:—"Pick the fruit from the stalks; drop it into bottles. Put one drachm of alum into four gallons of boiling water; let it boil till it is cold, and then fill the bottles with it; bung them tight; then put them into a copper of cold water, and heat it to 176 degrees. Then tie them over with bladder, and seal them."

ELLEN ST. ANGE.—Your still remaining single would not prevent an action for breach of promise being maintained against you, if you refuse to ratify an engagement into which you had entered, but the other plea that you advance, may cause your suitor to be non-suited. We allude to his having deceived you about his age. You thought you were going to marry a young man, whose tastes would, for the next twenty years, be in harmony with your own, but a cousin of your lover revealed to you that, instead of being only thirty-five, your lover is turned fifty. On charging him with his real age, you tell us that he could not deny it. In our opinion you are not legally bound to keep an engagement into which you were inveigled under false pretences.

CHARLES.—"Charles" has been, for four years, in love "with a good-looking and most amiable young lady," yet he does not know whether she would accept him or not! At any rate, the young lady does not add frankness to her other charming qualities, or she would not have kept "Charles" in painful doubt year after year. We do not recommend him unnecessarily to expose himself to a mortifying refusal, but, if he is not very soon convinced that his regard for his first love is reciprocated, we advise him to hesitate no longer, but to devote himself to the other lady of whose affections he is convinced. Should the "first love" feel herself aggrieved by her lover's defalcation, it is not "Charles" she should blame, but her own injudicious assumption of indifference. If, however, the indifference was real, we congratulate "Charles" on being still sufficiently heart-whole to turn his thoughts to another fair one.

W. S.—A lac of rupees is one hundred thousand rupees, which, at 2s. sterling each, amount to £10,000.

US LECTURER.—Get a good Gazetteer

CLARA V. wishes to obtain "a situation as a clerk, or something of that kind, in the civil service." We know of no such situation for which females would be considered eligible.

A. C. (Aberdeen).—The first number of CASSELL'S FAMILY PAPER was published December 31, 1853.

A LAWYER'S CLERK.—The Acts of Parliament are published by the printers to her Majesty the Queen.

A SUBSCRIBER (Islington) will find the incident of Jack Cade striking London Stone in Shakespeare's play of Richard II.

ANNA.—For clearing the skin, flour of sulphur in milk may be used with advantage, but as the milk soon turns sour, only mix sufficient for one day's use. Put a tea-spoonful of sulphur in a small tea-cup of fresh milk, and wash your face with it morning and evening.

G. M.—Two volumes of "Cassell's Illustrated History of England" are completed, and may be had, bound in cloth, at 6s. each. The third volume is now in the course of publication, in weekly numbers, 1d. each, or in monthly parts, 5d. or 6d. each; and the work will be completed in four volumes.

K. WARREN, LILY DALE, H. C. SREEP, AND SOME OTHERS.—Please to repeat your questions, as we have not time to search through six weeks' correspondence.

A KITCHEN-Maid.—To destroy black-beetles or cockroaches, mix well a teacupful of oatmeal with half that quantity of plaster of Paris, and a little powdered sugar, and strew it on the floor, or in the chinks which they frequent.

ISABELLA.—"Isabella" has taken a situation as governess. She is living in a very retired part of the country. While her pupils are at their lessons, she is cheerful enough, but when, in the evening, they join their parents, and leave her to solitude, the thought of her isolation, and of the loved circle at home, from which she is separated by more than a hundred miles, quite overwhelms her. She is occasionally invited to join the evening party in the drawing-room, but she generally declines. Here we think she is in the wrong, for although she might not meet with the cordial reception that every well educated lady deserves, the change of scene, the topics discussed by the company, and the necessity of appearing cheerful, would check the progress of melancholy.

During her evenings of solitude in the schoolroom, instead of mourning her separation from her friends, let her busy herself with some pretty piece of fancy work for them, or some elegant little present that, when given, or sent, will show them that they are, "though absent, dear."

G. W. CARTER.—The ink stains may be removed from your handkerchief by means of a little salt of lemons, or tartaric acid, and hot water. The spots should be afterwards thoroughly rinsed in warm water before touching them with soap.

CUDJOE.—The life and travels of Dr. Livingstone may be obtained of any respectable bookseller.

A SUBSCRIBER.—No. 65 of the "Art Treasures Exhibition," price one penny, contains frontispiece, titlepage, preface, and index.

CRESCENT CITY.—Length of finger is, doubtless, of importance to a performer on the piano-forte, or organ; but skilful teaching and practice will enable you to overcome your difficulty.

R. B. (Dundee).—There is no law in France, by which the "goods, gear, and monies of foreigners dying in that country can be claimed by the government," unless the person deceased is suspected of treasonable practices.

A DISCIPLE OF HYMEN.—The opinion expressed by some of your friends, as to the results of the union of persons having hair of a particular colour, has no foundation in reason or in fact.

A. B. S.—We cannot be continually repeating receipts for the cure of warts, &c. See No. 191, page 271.

JENNIE.—It is strange that "Jennie," who is in the early bloom of womanhood, good looking, and (judging from her letter) well educated, should find no more suitable object on which to bestow ardent affection, than a married man. True, she tells us he is legally separated from his wife, and endeavouring to procure a divorce, with all-sufficient grounds for deserving it, but in the meantime his attentions to "Jennie" relax, and she begins to think she has not only "loved unwisely, but too well." Should her fears be groundless, we have only to wish her all the happiness she seems to deserve; but, if she finds she had cause for suspicion, we advise her to submit as cheerfully as possible. A marriage with a man just divorced from another woman would, at any rate, be an ill-omened match, and although disappointed love is a bitter draught, "Jennie" may also find it a wholesome one.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—You may obtain all the numbers of the "Ladies' Treasury" of any respectable bookseller; or by application to the publishers, Messrs. Ward and Lock, 155, Fleet-street. Fifteen Numbers have already been published, Sixpence each.

OBSERVER.—The planet about which you inquire is Venus.

J. R. BRUCE.—Wash your oily bottles well with warm suds, made from strong yellow soap.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—You cannot compel a "Collector of Inland Revenue," or, indeed, any other person, to take more than 19s. 6d. in silver, in payment of any demand.

ELIZABETH M.—You are right in your conjecture as to the peer referred to in the tale of "Hope Evermore." Put no faith whatever in the promises of the lady who advertises "to tell people what will happen to them in the course of their lives."

PERTHENSIS.—To stain ivory a bright red, soak the pieces for a few minutes in very weak aquafortis and water, and then immerse them in an infusion of cochineal in water of ammonia. Or, boil the pieces, with a pound of Brazil dust, in one gallon of water for three hours, then add a quarter of a pound of alum and boil for one hour more.

STAFFA.—Charles Lever is a native of Ireland; he is yet living, and resides in Dublin.

PERCUTATOR.—You are, doubtless, aware that your inquiry as to whether heat exists in friction, involves principles which have been discussed from the days of Bacon to the present time; perhaps, as you say, "some of the scientific readers of the FAMILY PAPER will be so good

as to answer;" we give the inquiry, therefore, in your own words:—"An Calor in motu consistit?"

J. P. U.—The ages at which government situations may be obtained vary; for subordinate situations, generally speaking, the candidate should not be more than twenty-five. Physical infirmities, such as you have named, would be regarded as a disqualification.

TENAX.—As the fees accompanying briefs confided to counsel are merely honorary gratuities, they are not bound to return them, even if the services required are not rendered; though we should suppose that no right-minded counsellor would retain a fee when he was compelled to be absent, or refused to undertake the cause.

EAGA.—If the Poor Law Guardians have accepted the sureties furnished by their collector, and the collector is guilty of defalcations, they (the Guardians) are certainly responsible.

H. C. G.—Time alone can decide "whether Mr. Rarey's method of horse taming is a lasting one, or whether the horse is subdued only for a season."—Dr. Parr died at Hatton, March 26, 1825, in his 79th year. The rest of your questions must stand over for the present.

PENAX.—You may safely use the device and crest which you have submitted to us, without subjecting yourself to the duty on armorial bearings.

H. T. (S.)—Unless the freehold be entailed, it will be the property of the daughter on the death of the old man; but his wife may put in a claim for a third of the proceeds.

J. ANSELL, BOLINGBROKE, AND OTHERS.—We have several times given receipts for making lemonade, ginger beer, &c.; recently, in No. 29.

ALICE.—"Alice" has gained the affections of a young man of respectability, and of "gentle, though reserved manners;" but "Alice's" lover having, unfortunately, offended the young lady's friends, was afraid to betray his love, lest some "unpleasantness" might be felt by the object of it. In the meantime circumstances occur which make "Alice's" lover doubtful as to her regard for him, and report says that he is paying attentions to another lady. Our advice is this, if "Alice's" parents overcome their objections to her lover, let her communicate with him in a style as frank and affectionate as if no report of inconstancy had reached her ear. It is inconsistent with good sense and good feeling, to take for granted a report that may be only "title tattle." By the manner in which "Alice's" letter is received, she will be able to form a correct conclusion as to whether she is, or is not, beloved.

A TOWHIST.—Of course you feel hurt at the refusal of your present, viz., the Strasbourg pie. But you may assure your sister, on the authority of the celebrated Alexis Soyer, that the luxury of the "foie gras" is not obtained by cruel means. We give you Soyer's own words:—"After having carefully examined the subject, I can assure you that there is not a word of truth in the general belief. Up to the age of eight months," he adds, "the geese are allowed to feed at full liberty in the open air; they are then brought to market, and purchased by the persons whose occupations it is to fatten them for killing. They are placed in coops, and fed, for about a month or five weeks, three times a day, with wheat, and allowed as much water as they please. Each bird eats about a bushel of corn during the process of fattening; the water of Strasbourg, it is said, contributes to increase the volume of the liver. When sufficiently fat they are killed, having been treated with the greatest attention and humanity during the whole period of their incarceration, and entirely removed from any unusual heat."

ANNIE AND MARCUS.—Your gratifying communication has been duly received. We are delighted our advice proved beneficial, and we hope you may long enjoy the sweets of pure and virtuous love.

T. R.—The Bruces, as a royal family, are of more ancient date than the Stuarts. The first Scotch king of the latter family claimed the throne in right of his affinity by marriage to the daughter of David Bruce.

ISOCELES, W. H. G., JOHN W., W. H. L. S., A LAD OF FOURTEEN, JOHN —, E. T., OSCAR, HAMISH, MACDONALD, FLORENCE, A WEEKLY READER, H. R., PEDESTRIAN.—We cannot recommend cosmetics, nor furnish medical advice.

EMMELINE ST. CLAIR.—We strongly disapprove of your applying magnesia to your face. Minerals, in any form, are injurious to the skin, but a tea-spoonful of magnesia, taken in milk twice a week, while fasting, would probably relieve the unpleasant feelings of which you complain, by removing acidity and assisting digestion. To promote healthy perspiration, there is nothing so advisable as drinking freely of pure spring water, but beware of taking it when you are heated by exercise.

A. A. A.—We forbear from expressing our opinion of the publication about which you inquire. We recommend our correspondents, in all such cases, to refer at once to practitioners of acknowledged respectability and high standing.

CONTRIBUTORS by the following correspondents are respectfully declined:—Endymion, W. G., Lethi T. M. A., Lyneside, The Gold-digger's Boy, Anonymous, W. D. C., Ambitious, Benjamin's Brother.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In some few instances letters are addressed to us, the postage of which has not been prepaid; these we are compelled to reject.

BRADFORD (Yorkshire).—You will find full and important information on the sciences you name in the first volume of "Cassell's Educational Course," entitled "Science Popularly Explained," a volume containing upwards of 500 pages, for 3s. 6d.

W. H. C.—We believe white lead is usually employed, but you had better consult a glazier.

P. E. AND A. J.—The mistake was corrected in No. 25.

**** We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.**

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould,
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round—a hideous form—
Howling amid the midnight storm.—COLLINS.

THE 01st had been three weeks on their march towards Delhi. Each day, as they advanced into the interior of the country, rumours of fresh insurrections reached them. Stations abandoned, officers murdered by the men they commanded, a few hours after the oath of fidelity had been clamorously and voluntarily renewed. Treasures looted, and women and

children butchered in a manner too horrible to be described in our pages. It now became painfully evident that the rebellion, instead of remaining isolated, had become general, that the *prestige* of the English name and arms could no longer hold the infuriated sepoys in subjection. The spell was broken. It had never been a hallowed one, for the qualities of justice, mercy, and, above all, *example* were wanting.

The position of Sir Charles Fourreau, on whom a vast amount of responsibility rested, was a most painful one. With only a single regiment, surrounded by countless enemies or doubtful friends, his military duties required not only a cool head but a firm heart. No wonder that the latter sometimes failed him, when he thought of his wife and Lillian, who bore bravely up amidst scenes of danger and terror that might have blanched the soldier's cheek, and caused the iron nerve of manhood to quail. At each fresh tale of outrage, massacre, and crime, the mental agony of the veteran increased; and bitterly did he regret having yielded to their entreaties to

permit them to accompany him upon his march. Had they been safe in Calcutta, how different would have been his feelings, how undivided his energies.

Lady Bell and her adopted daughter were not the only ladies with the regiment. The wives of Dr. Burke and the senior captain shared their perils. The former, a merry, strong-minded woman, had gone through the Sikh campaign, and seemed actually to enjoy the excitement of the march and its dangers; the lightness with which she treated the latter, and her wild flow of spirits served to keep up those of her companions.

As for the officers and privates, nothing could exceed their gallantry and devotion to the fair companions of their perils. At the mess, in the tent, or bivouac, they repeatedly vowed to perish to the last man in their defence; and we doubt not, had the stern necessity arisen, they would have nobly kept their word.

It was at the close of a long day's march that the 01st entered a long straggling village about six miles



ACBAR'S EMISSARY DELIVERS HIS LETTER TO SIR CHARLES.

distance from the temple of Gonitsche, and the fort of Abra, held by a native rajah named Acbar, who had received not only an increase of territory, but many important favours from the English government.

Up to the arrival of the regiment, the wily Asiatic had not declared himself either for or against the insurgents, but contented himself by collecting provisions and gathering his forces in his stronghold.

As Sir Charles and the major entered the village at the head of the first column, the former observed with secret misgiving that the place was all but deserted. Neither the native police magistrate nor the collector made their appearance; not a male inhabitant was to be seen; a few women only gazed upon them sullenly as they advanced, looking the curses they dared not yet give utterance to.

"Humph!" muttered the major, in a dissatisfied tone, "our reception appears anything but friendly."

"Decidedly hostile, I should say," observed his commander. "And yet, after the letters of Acbar, his solemn assurances of fidelity—"

"Springes to catch woodcocks," interrupted Plinlimmon. "I would not trust one of the rascals. Remember Cawnpore."

The commander of the 01st shuddered and cast a nervous glance towards the carriage in which the ladies were riding.

"I know," he replied, "that the rajah is one of the few native princes on whom the governor-general and council place reliance."

"More fools they," said the major, drily. "But you are the best judge. I have no wish to obtrude my advice."

"Obtrude!" repeated Sir Charles; "is it possible you can do me the injustice to suppose that it is not highly prized. I am a man of few words; but never can I forget the firm support I have received, not only from yourself, Major Plinlimmon, but every officer of my regiment. If I have not always been guided by it," he continued, after a pause, "it was from no vain reliance upon my own judgment, but the fear that my motives might be misconstrued."

"Misconstrued!" exclaimed his brother officer. "By whom? There is not a man in the 01st but knows you to be as brave as you are prudent. Were I to speak my mind, I should say braver. For our last advance has been hazardous; we ought to have waited till Anson's forces came up."

"I know it—I feel it now," replied the baronet, with a sigh of bitter regret. "But had I done so, the reason, in all probability, would have been misjudged."

"Impossible!"

"You forget I am a husband."

"No, I don't!" exclaimed the warm-hearted Welshman; "more than enough has been done for honour; and if any one dares assert, hint, or insinuate the contrary, David Ap Oel Plinlimmon, major in her Majesty's 01st, is ready to give him the lie, and meet him and settle the difference like a gentleman and an officer afterwards. As for Lady Bell," he continued, "I cannot sufficiently express my admiration—never a look or word of complaint, always a pleasant smile and a cheerful word. She and Lillian are the only women I ever met worthy of being soldiers' wives."

"You forget the doctor's helpmate," observed the colonel, greatly gratified.

"Humph," ejaculated the major, drily; "she is a fine specimen of a female trooper, and an excellent partner for Burke. In the Sikh war, I am told, she more than once handled a musket, and brought down her man."

Here the adjutant rode up, and requested orders for bivouacing the men for the night. Before they could be given, an officer of the rajah, escorted by a dozen horsemen, was seen entering the village at the opposite extremity; a train of bullock carts with provisions followed in the rear.

After salaming with more than oriental servility, he placed a letter from his chief in the hands of Sir Charles.

Burke was summoned from the rear to interpret it.

The rajah, after a profusion of expressions of fidelity, informed the commander of the gallant 01st that he had been absent collecting his men, and had only just heard of the approach of his regiment. That in token of goodwill towards his allies, he had forwarded a supply of provisions, and proposed paying him a visit on the following morning.

"Do you think the writer may be trusted?" asked the colonel, as the doctor concluded the reading of the rajah's missive.

Before answering the question, Burke inquired of the bearer why his master had not come himself.

"He has not quitted his saddle for twelve hours," replied the messenger, "and his highness suffers from the jungle fever, which, as the hakim knows, is always more intense after sunset."

"The reason is a good reason," said Burke, replying in Hindostanee. Then, turning to the colonel, he added in English, "There can be no doubt of the rajah's fidelity. His highness has been collecting his forces."

Here Plinlimmon gave a short, dissatisfied cough.

"And has sent provisions for the regiment," added the speaker, hastily, to prevent the officer of Acbar from noticing the major's incredulity; "it would be both impolitic and unjust to doubt him."

The messenger was dismissed with the thanks of Sir Charles to his master, for the timely supplies he had brought, and the assurance that his visit on the following morning would be received with pleasure.

As the wily Asiatic rode away, there was a subdued expression of triumph in his half-closed eyes, and a sinister smile upon his lips.

"I have no faith in the rajah or his promises," observed the major, in a very decided tone, as the messenger disappeared.

"Nor I," added the doctor, calmly.

The two officers regarded him with surprise.

"But that is no reason why we should tell him so," continued the speaker; "the fellow who has left us, evidently understood English. I watched the expression of his countenance, his ill-concealed anxiety, when the colonel asked if I thought his master might be trusted."

"Burke," exclaimed his commander, "you would have made an admirable diplomat; you deceived even me."

Whilst the quarters of the men were being arranged for the night, Sir Charles Fourreau alighted for a few minutes at the house of the collector, which had been taken possession of for headquarters. Lady Bell and Lillian both met him with a cheerful smile, but he could see that it was forced. For several days they had made it a rule not to ask any questions, for fear that the answers might be painful.

The doctor's wife, on the contrary, not feeling called upon to exercise such abnegation of the privileges of her sex, assailed him with a shower of questions, which, each time the gentleman hesitated, she interpreted in her own peculiar way. She was a short, wiry woman, well calculated either for exertion or endurance, with a determined but not unfeminine expression of face. Her campaign with the Sikhs had given a military tone to her conversation, both original and amusing.

"Well, colonel," she exclaimed, "the rajah has sent provisions."

"Yes."

"Is he coming himself?"

"In the morning."

The dark eyes of the lady flashed with sudden intelligence. Fixing them with a peculiar expression upon the speaker, she observed, in a quiet tone, "That she trusted the 01st would be prepared to give him a fitting reception."

"Of course we shall do our best," replied the commander, in a careless tone, not to alarm his wife and Lillian; "but we have scant means of ceremony here."

"Sorry for it," muttered Mrs. Burke, drily; "especially as his highness may arrive sooner than you expect, and take you unawares. I shall be ready," she added, at the same time opening a small valise and taking from it a pair of exquisitely finished pistols, which she coolly examined before proceeding to load them.

The colonel perceived the effect which the appearance of the weapons, and still more the manner of the speaker, produced upon Lady Bell, and made her a sign to desist; but the quick eye of his wife detected it.

"O Charles," she exclaimed, reproachfully, and at the same time throwing herself into his arms; "am I no longer worthy of your confidence?"

"Of all that man ever bestowed on woman," replied her husband, embracing her affectionately.

"Why don't you tell her, then?" said Mrs. Burke, at the same time snapping the lock of one of her weapons; "suspense is worse than certainty. She can bear it, so can Lillian. You know their affection and goodness, but not their strength; men seldom do. It was years," she added, snapping the pistol a second time, "before Burke found out mine, but he knows it by this time."

Despite their anxiety, which predominated over every other feeling, her hearers could not refrain from smiling.

"That is right!" cried the good-humoured creature. "Glad to see you smile again. Look in her eyes, Sir Charles, and then ask yourself if Lady Bell has not courage."

"I never doubted it," replied the baronet; "but why try it by an unnecessary alarm?"

"When campaigning, always keep your force on the alert," answered the little Amazon, as she rammed a bullet into one of her weapons.

"Bell," said her husband, "I will no longer conceal from you that the conduct of the rajah is suspicious."

"I should think it was!"

"His promise to visit me in the morning, most probably, is intended to throw me off my guard."

"A child might see through it."

"And the desertion of the village," continued the baronet, "by the native police magistrate and collector, is a still more unfavourable sign."

"Exactly what I think."

We scarcely need inform our readers that the commentaries upon the statements of Sir Charles Fourreau, proceeded from the doctor's wife.

"In short," continued the commander of the 01st, "there is a possibility—nay, more, a probability of our being attacked; but fear not," he added, tenderly, "there is not a man in the regiment that would not die for you."

"Or woman either," said Mrs. Burke.

"I have not the slightest dread of ever falling alive into the hands of the barbarians," observed Lady Bell, with a calm smile.

In the midst of the danger which threatened her benefactress, Lillian found one consolation—Richard was not with them to share it; he, at least, was safe at Calcutta. Hers was no selfish love, but one of those pure, disinterested affections which hallow the heart of woman, even as an angel's presence consecrates the shrine in which it dwells.

Fred Wharton now made his appearance. During the latter part of the march, when the peril became daily more imminent, he had ridden, as frequently as his regimental duty would permit, by the side of the carriage which conveyed the wife of his commander and her adopted child. There had been no ostentatious parade of protection, but that unobtrusive, brother-like care, which proved the deep interest he felt in their safety. No wonder, therefore, that the feeling of confidence had gradually strengthened between them, and that he was warmly welcomed both by Lady Bell and our heroine.

"By-the-bye, colonel," he exclaimed, as if he had but just recollected the cause of his visit, "the major has been inquiring for you: he wishes to consult you respecting the disposition of the men."

"I thought we had arranged it," said Sir Charles, slightly annoyed at being obliged to quit his wife and Lillian.

A glance from his subaltern informed him that his presence was desired for other reasons than the one stated, and he rose to depart.

"Plinlimmon," he added, "is so sensitive on the subject of military etiquette, as if I were jealous of my authority."

With this observation he quitted the room, promising to return in a few minutes, instead of which nearly an hour elapsed before he rejoined those who were so dear to him.

No sooner had he left them, than Lady Bell motioned to her visitor to take a seat beside herself and her protégée.

"I am glad my husband has quitted us," said the wife of his commander, "for I have long wished to speak with you."

"With me?" repeated the colonel, with surprise.

"And to demand—nay, if necessary, entreat—a service from you."

"Is it possible," exclaimed the young officer, "that it lies in my power to be of use to you? I need not say with what pleasure I shall obey your slightest wish."

"You promise me?"

"Yes."

"On your word as a soldier and a gentleman?" demanded her ladyship, at the same time fixing her eyes searchingly upon his.

A pause of several instants succeeded, during which the speakers remained gazing upon each other: the colonel endeavouring to read in the expression of the fair suppliant's features the nature of the request, which he trembled to divine; the high-born Englishwoman to note if his courage or resolution were likely to fail him—for it was no common task she was about to impose.

"A few minutes since," said the officer, "I should have given the pledge you demand unhesitatingly; but now, I—I must first hear your request before I bind myself by so solemn a promise."

"I leave it to your honour to judge of its propriety," urged Lady Bell.

Wharton turned fearfully pale, and the drops of perspiration which gathered on his brow bore witness to the agony he endured.

"I must hear it first," he repeated.

"You shall, then, since you insist upon it," replied her ladyship, calmly. "I have long since marked

you as one capable of great, if not heroic deeds. I speak not of the strife of war—most men are brave; it is the moral courage I have remarked in you that prompts my prayer, which you are too good, too generous to refuse. Had you a wife, a sister, or the being you most loved, with the regiment, would you permit her to fall a living victim in the hands of those who sport with woman's agony and woman's shame? Answer me, Wharton. What would be the last proof of your affection under such circumstances?"

"Spare me!" groaned the young man; "spare me!" "You would preserve her honour at the expense of her life," continued Lady Bell; "send her unpolluted to the throne of Him who judges alike the motive and the act; I am sure you would. Hear my request. Should my husband fall, and numbers prevail against our slender force, promise me, Wharton, that neither Lillian nor myself shall become the scorn of our heathen enemy."

"What is it you demand—a murder?" "No, a sacrifice," replied Lillian, in accents so soft and gentle that they fell like a seraph's prayer upon his ear.

"And break the heart of the true friend that loves me?" exclaimed the officer. "Impossible! It is too horrible. Nature revolts at the bare contemplation of such a deed. Tyrrell would curse me—hate me for a—"

"He would bless you," interrupted the orphan; "bless the firm hand and the true heart that spared him the pang of years, the life of agony, the recollection of a wrong, to her he loved, my cheek would burn to name. I have a claim, Wharton, a sister's claim to your protection—to shield me from dishonour; for are not you and Richard brothers in heart though not in blood?"

For several minutes the young cornet remained buried in the deepest reflection; not a word escaped him, but the quivering muscles of his face and compressed lips bore witness to the mental struggle he endured.

"Lillian," said her benefactress, in a tone so free from emotion and excitement that it rendered the resolution which animated her almost sublime, "since the friend in whom we both relied deserts us—since manhood's courage fails, a woman's arm shall shield you. Child of my love, whom Providence has called me to protect and guide, rest satisfied; living, no rebel's arm shall ever clasp you."

The orphan threw herself upon the neck of the heroic woman, and mingled her thanks with tears and kisses.

Wharton could resist no longer.

"Lady," he exclaimed, and every word he uttered seemed wrung from his very heart, "you have prevailed. I accept the fearful task you have assigned me. Do not speak! do not thank me!" he added, with a burst of manly sorrow, "lest the sound of your voice—the appalling horror of such a sacrifice—unnerves my resolution, and I recall my promise, cancelling it in tears."

They already fell so fast as almost to choke his utterance.

"Heaven will not permit the fearful deed," he murmured; "it is too just, too merciful; so good, so pure, and beautiful!"

"Others as pure," observed Lady Bell, gravely, "have not been spared. You are a generous fellow, Wharton, and need not blush at what coarse minds might term weakness; such tears honour your manhood, instead of shaming it. Receive the only thanks," she added, "it may ever be in my power to bestow for the vast service you have promised me."

Without the slightest hesitation or embarrassment, her ladyship parted the clustering hair from the sun-burnt brow of the young officer, and touched it with her lips. A cold shudder ran through his frame as he felt the contact; it seemed like the seal to a fatal bond—a contract with death.

Lillian followed the example of her benefactress.

"Richard will need no souvenir to guard my memory," she whispered. "Tell him that the last word my lips pronounced was his name—my last thought—save one—was of him."

"And that?" "The fair girl, with the sweetness of a martyr's resignation, gently raised her hand and pointed heavenward."

CHAPTER LXIX.

The tempest tries the pilot's skill.—OLD PLAY.

WHEN Sir Charles Fourreau arrived at the quarters of Major Plinlimmon, he found the choleric Welshman and most of the officers of the regiment impatiently awaiting his presence. In the same room with them was a tall, gaunt-looking fakir, his hands

bound behind him, and guarded by a couple of soldiers.

The fellow had been detected spying out the exact position of the regiment, and the arrangements for keeping guard during the night, &c. He had been captured by the patrol in the attempt to conceal himself in one of the deserted houses in the village.

From the crowd of females who gathered round the door of the building, and the deep interest they betrayed for his safety, Dr. Burke, who again acted as interpreter, concluded not only that the prisoner must be well known but a person of great reputed sanctity.

To every question addressed to him, the old man had hitherto maintained an obstinate silence.

"Won't speak, won't he!" Sir Charles heard Plinlimmon exclaim, as he approached the group. "Brace the triangles; the cat may make him find his tongue."

The fakir, who evidently understood the menace, smiled disdainfully. Death, under such circumstances, would be the crown of glory—the martyr's palm—the consummation of his most ardent wish.

To such a man, it had no terrors.

The commander of the 01st was speedily put in possession of the facts of the case.

As there appeared no positive proof that the prisoner was other than he seemed—one of those wandering fanatics who are the pest of India—he hesitated to carry out the suggestion of the major, as an act of possible injustice.

"The lash will never make him speak," observed Dr. Burke; "he would die under it."

"What is it you advise?"

"It is my opinion he is no fakir," replied the man of science, eyeing the prisoner as critically as a jockey might do the points of a horse. "He has the type of a much higher caste—the features of the Brahmin."

At this observation, the old man, despite his endeavours to conceal it, appeared evidently disconcerted.

"How are we to ascertain it?" inquired the colonel.

"Nothing more easy," said the doctor; "a Brahmin never removes from his person the mystical cord which in infancy is placed around his neck."

"A cord!" repeated the major, "and round their necks, too! Very sensible arrangement; spares a world of trouble when their time comes!"

"Its real signification, I believe, has never been ascertained. Question ten Brahmins on the subject, and it is as many chances to one but they each give a different explanation of it."

"I do not know," observed Sir Charles, "even should your suspicion prove correct, how the confirmation of it would unveil the designs of our enemies."

"Leave that to me," exclaimed Doctor Burke; "if he proves to be a Brahmin, he shall find that I have not studied the Vedas for nothing."

The old man glanced upon the speaker with eyes so full of hatred and terror, and a countenance expressive of such diabolical passion, that he resembled some animal of prey hunted to its lair, rather than a human being.

"Strip him to the waist," said the colonel, turning to the soldiers who guarded him.

The men waited for no second order, but tore off the ragged mantle which enveloped the form of their prisoner. The suspicion of the doctor was confirmed—from his right shoulder hung the mystic cord.

"Slay me," exclaimed the Brahmin, speaking in excellent English, "but dare not to profane my person."

"Your fate is in your own hands," replied the commander of the 01st. "You are a detected spy, and the penalty is death."

"I am prepared to pay it," said the captive, cheerfully. "The law of the Christian is always just."

There was a slight touch of irony in the tone of the speaker which did not pass unnoticed by those around him.

"You may escape it," observed Sir Charles.

"How?"

"By revealing to us the design of the rajah Acbar."

"Christian," demanded the old man, calmly, "what bribe would induce you to betray the men under your command—deliver them up to the enemy—to sell the honour of your country?"

"Insolent rascal!" muttered Major Plinlimmon, "to suppose such a thing possible in a British officer."

"Not all the wealth of India," replied the baronet. The Brahmin drew himself proudly up.

"The Hindoo," he exclaimed, "has also a country, compared to which Europe is as the morass and the jungle a few wretched pariahs have reclaimed—a civilisation before which the learning and science of the western world are but as things of yesterday."

"And yet we have held your land," observed Sir Charles, struck by the tone of his reply.

"As the tiger holds its prey," retorted the prisoner—"by the fangs."

"The spy is condemned in all honourable warfare," "And yet you employ him."

"But we do not turn our weapons against helpless women and children," answered Sir Charles Fourreau; "or perpetrate outrages which language has no fitting words to name."

"Each nation has its own peculiar mode of warfare," was the quiet rejoinder.

"The observation is a just one," observed Dr. Burke. "You have fallen into our hands, and cannot complain if we make reprisals."

"I am prepared for death," said the Brahmin.

"And the manner?"

"Is indifferent to me."

"We shall see."

"I fear you not!" exclaimed the fanatic; "for, beyond the violence and cruelties with which man goads his fellow, I behold the spirit's freedom from its home of clay—its absorption into the Eternal Being—its endless ages of blissful contemplation."

The faith of the Hindoo, after all, as professed by the higher castes, is not the gross idolatry and superstition Europeans have been taught to believe.

Dr. Burke, who, with the permission of Sir Charles, had now taken the direction of affairs, whispered his instructions to one of the men, who quitted the house, but in a short time returned with a bowl of blood taken from one of the sacred bulls, which in India are permitted to wander where they please: no native would, under any circumstances, presume to drive them from his fields, however great the devastation, but, on the contrary, caress and fondle them.

The Brahmin shuddered,—he foresaw the trial that awaited him.

"Priest," said the doctor, "the blood of the sacrifice to Bramah has been shed; the fire is ready. In the latter I will first consume the sacred cord, and order the soldiers to pour the former down thy throat."

A groan of horror broke from the prisoner. Any ordinary pollution he might have resisted; for, according to his faith, a few thousand years of purgatory might have restored him to his caste, but the one now threatened, destroyed it for ever.

"You know the alternative."

Had death been at his command, the Hindoo would gladly have accepted it, but his guards held him firmly.

Like most of his race he was a fatalist, and believed the resolute band of Europeans who held him in their power, to be so completely hemmed in by the approaching columns of insurgents, that, after all, his treason to the cause could scarcely affect its ultimate triumph.

"And what pledge have I," he demanded, "that in the event of my accepting your terms, you will keep faith with me?"

"The honour of a British officer," replied Sir Charles Fourreau.

"Release me, then."

The colonel was about to give the order to that effect, when a look from the doctor restrained him.

"When you have fulfilled the conditions."

"Well, then," said the Brahmin, "the Rajah Acbar has sworn allegiance to the throne of Delhi."

"The perjured villain," muttered Major Plinlimmon.

"The forces of the Nena are advancing; you are in an open country, without the possibility of either advancing or retreating. The fort, your last hope, is too strongly manned to be taken."

"You forget the temple," observed Burke.

The priest replied only by a glance of the most intense hatred.

"Has the rajah any intention of attacking us before the dawn?" asked Sir Charles.

His prisoner hesitated.

"Remember," continued the speaker, "that it is only on condition of the most ample confession that I gave my honour. Deceive me in a single point, and I at once recall the pledge."

"He has."

"At what hour?"

"Midnight."

"He shall find us prepared to receive him," exclaimed the commander of the 01st. "You will remain a prisoner till the morning, when, if your statements prove true, you shall recover your liberty."

The Brahmin was committed to the care of a sergeant and four of the best men of the regiment, with directions to shoot him if he attempted to escape—an order they were not likely to trifle with, for the news of the massacre of Cawnpore and nameless outrages perpetrated upon women and children, as well as officers, had raised them to a pitch of fury bordering upon madness.

A council of officers was immediately called to de-

cide what was best to be done in the emergency, and, strange to say, the opinion of one who could scarcely be looked upon as a military man was adopted.

Dr. Burke proposed that they should at once march from the village, and take possession of the temple. From a boy, whom he had questioned, he had acquired the certainty that it was well stocked with provisions.

The next difficulty was, to find a messenger to carry intelligence of their position to General Anson, who was rapidly marching towards Delhi; a dilemma from which Mark Rayner—whom our readers have lost sight of for some time, but, we trust, not forgotten—relieved them.

CHAPTER LXX.

Our crimes, like shadows, pursue us still.—OLD PROVERB.

FOR some time after his arrival in India Mark Rayner found himself, comparatively speaking, a happy and contented man. True, the recollection of the past would occasionally cast a shadow of doubt, if not of terror, upon his mind; but he dismissed it as speedily as possible, trusting, as most of us trust, hopefully, but blindly, to the future.

By exemplary and unremitting attention to his military duties, and the protection of Sir Charles, he had risen to the grade of sergeant-major, whilst the kindness of Lady Bell, who treated Rose more like a humble friend than a dependent, rendered their exile less painful than either husband or wife had ventured to anticipate.

Mark had not long attained his last promotion when a draught of recruits arrived from the dépôt in England, and amongst others Sanders, his companion on the fatal new year's night when Barney Gee and the keeper of Sir Norman both met their untimely death.

Sanders at first appeared highly pleased at finding his former friend in a position to be of service to him; but the feeling did not last long. Envy and jealousy succeeded, and he gratified his naturally malignant disposition either by wantonly braving his authority, or occasionally throwing out dark hints as to the cause of his leaving England and joining the 01st.

It was a matter of deep mortification to Mark to be compelled to endure all this. It was in vain that he reasoned and expostulated with the fellow privately, gave him a portion of his pay, and screened his faults, till the men of his troop openly murmured at his partiality.

"You will be my ruin," he frequently remarked to him, and it was not long before the prediction was accomplished.

Sanders had been sent to the guard-house for being intoxicated; and, unfortunately, Mark commanded the guard. In his fury the drunken ruffian would listen neither to entreaty nor remonstrance; he would have his liberty. It was only to avoid being accused before the men of murder, that the unhappy sergeant connived at his escape.

For this offence he had been deprived of his stripes. The entreaties of Lady Bell and Lillian had saved him from further and yet more degrading consequences. So that when his persecutor, who had been speedily taken in one of the low neighbourhoods of Calcutta, was brought back to the regiment, he found his former protector reduced to the same rank as himself.

This satisfied him, and for awhile he left him unmolested.

Mark, who bitterly regretted his degradation—more, perhaps, on his wife's account than his own—had long since resolved, if ever an opportunity of redeeming himself should occur, to embrace it, even at the risk of life. In the necessity of sending a messenger to hasten the approach of General Anson, such an occasion now presented itself. He spoke the language fluently, and from his black hair and beard, and his naturally swarthy complexion, which the sun of India had rendered still more dark, might possibly pass for a native, unsuspected.

Vainly Rose endeavoured to dissuade him from the undertaking; she felt only as a fond devoted wife; her husband, as one who had a character to redeem, a stain to wash out, a name to win.

These were not the only motives which prompted him; to do him justice, they were but secondary to the gratitude the generous conduct of the colonel and Lady Bell had inspired.

Firm in the resolution he had taken, he marched at once to the hut where Sir Charles was still holding consultation with his officers, and volunteered for the dangerous enterprise.

Mark was ordered to retire whilst his offer was being considered. Dawlish, who had taken an intense

dislike to him from his connection, real or supposed, with Lillian, was the only one who opposed it, and even he objected indirectly.

"A fellow who has been reduced to the ranks," he observed, "can scarcely be trusted. Probably his object is to creep out of danger, or desert."

The major reminded him that the dangers Mark was likely to encounter by remaining with his regiment were slight, in comparison with those he would have to brave in the event of his offer being accepted; "and as for deserting," he added, "he could do that at any time."

The former muttered something about knowing the language.

"Speaks it better than any officer in the regiment," replied the doctor, in answer to the second objection; "but I perfectly understand Dawlish's motive."

The latter coloured—a proof that it was not a very honourable one, and his brother officers looked surprised.

"He wishes," added Burke, with a slight—only a very slight smile—"to undertake the dangerous task himself."

"In that case," exclaimed Plinlimmon, "the colonel, I am convinced, will be the last to disappoint so honourable an ambition."

"Certainly," replied Sir Charles.

Dawlish hastily assured the commander that had he possessed even a slight knowledge of Hindostanee, nothing would have delighted him more; still, if ordered to attempt it, he was ready, quite ready.

Mark was called in and questioned by his commander.

"In what way do you propose to cross the country, and meet the general?" was the first question put to him.

"Disguised as a native."

"You must be well armed," observed Plinlimmon.

"Pardon, major," replied the volunteer, saluting him respectfully, "but I should prefer going without arms of any kind."

"But not without money, I suppose?" suggested Dawlish.

"Not a rupee," answered Mark; "money would be as valueless to bribe—in the event of my being detected—as arms to protect me. I have considered of my purpose well," he added, "and am convinced that my only chance of success will be in assuming the dress of one of those fanatics whom I have so often noticed in Calcutta. I believe I can imitate their wild cant and manners so as to defy detection."

"And in the event of success, what recompense do you expect?" inquired his colonel.

"The satisfaction of having done my duty," replied the poor fellow, in a tone which went far to prove his sincerity—"of having served those," he added, "who have befriended me—of showing that I am not ungrateful."

"It's the best thing we can do," whispered Plinlimmon in the ear of his commander; "not that I quite comprehend the fellow."

"I do," replied Sir Charles; with which observation the discussion ended. Mark, being informed that his offer was accepted, retired to prepare for his almost forlorn enterprise.

The necessary disguise was easily procured in a Hindoo village deserted by all its male inhabitants.

Within an hour Mark made his appearance at the quarters of the colonel, accompanied by Doctor Burke, who had assisted at the metamorphosis of the English soldier into an Indian fakir, and good-naturedly furnished him with such hints and suggestions as might prove serviceable to him in his perilous enterprise.

So complete was the change, that on their return into the room, neither Lady Bell nor Lillian recognised him—it was the eye of affection only that his disguise could not deceive. Rose knew him in an instant, and threw herself upon his shoulders.

"Pardon her, colonel," said the poor fellow, deeply moved; "if you only knew all that she has endured for my sake. I am ready now," he added, gently removing her arms from his neck, "quite ready to receive your last orders."

They were soon given, for time and danger pressed.

"You will describe our position to Anson," said Sir Charles, speaking with stern and soldier-like brevity. "Tell him that the 01st will hold out against any odds the rebels may bring against them, to the last man—bid him hasten to succour if he can, if not to avenge us."

Lillian had been informed that a letter might compromise the success as well as safety of the emissary, and forbore sending a line to Richard: as a token of what might prove a last farewell, she had cut off a lock of her long silken hair, and placed it in the hands of Mark.

"You know for whom," she said. "God speed you! we will pray for you!"

The disguised soldier pressed his wife in one long, lingering embrace of love and agony. Then, without uttering a word, saluted his officers, and darted from the room.

Meanwhile Major Plinlimmon had not been idle. After duly considering the position of affairs, he had come to the resolution, subject of course to the approval of his commanding officer, to station himself with a party of men in the wood which skirted the village, and give the traitorous rajah and his troops a warm reception. Even if it failed to throw them into confusion, it would give time to fire the village, and allow the main body of the regiment to penetrate the jungle on their way to the temple, now their last hope.

When the colonel heard his plan, he warmly approved it; but at the same time urged, that as it was the post of danger, he ought to command the party in person.

"And so deprive me of the credit," replied the major, who perfectly comprehended the sensitive honour which feared to be misjudged. "No; let us adhere to our first arrangement. Whether the 01st returns to England or leaves its last man in India, rely upon it," he added, "that the courage of its commander will remain as untarnished as that of the best that ever bore his name; and if any one doubts it, refer him to David Ap Oel Plinlimmon."

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

METHOD.

A LITTLE method is a great help in every intellectual effort. Any plan is better than no plan. We alluded last week to dividing our time into available portions for labour and for leisure, and thus turning leisure and labour to the best account. We now suggest an additional plan, which we believe will be found to be of great advantage.

First of all, we would recommend our young friends to keep a diary. We can imagine that their reply will be, "We have nothing to put in it—nothing to say—nothing worthy of paper and ink."

Our answer is, "If it is your life, it is valuable to you. If it contains a faithful record of your daily doings, it is worth all the trouble it occasions; and it will incite to worthier deeds and nobler efforts than would otherwise have been undertaken."

What an interesting volume is a daily journal; how affecting to the writer. He lives his life over again, as he turns page after page of that closely written manuscript. He is old now; it may be, his few locks are gray; but he is young as he reads. From the faded ink come forth old faces, old familiar scenes, old hopes, old fears; he talks with his past hours; he overleaps all intervening time; he hears old voices, and if tears leap unbidden to his eyes, they are not tears to be regretted; if the still waters of the heart are stirred, they are troubled as by an angel, and there is healing in the troubling.

But for strictly plain, practical purposes, a diary is particularly useful. You know what you did, what you failed to do, what you purposed to do; where you went, whom you met—last Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. You can account for your time, about which it is as necessary to be strict as about money. Carefully enough you would balance your books, and make them right to a halfpenny; it should be the same with time; and to do this, a diary is a very great help.

A diary must be kept with diligence. Entries must be made with regularity. We must not neglect it for days together, otherwise it will lose its interest and its chief utility—accuracy.

A diary must be kept with integrity. We must deal fairly with ourselves. We must set down those things which we have really done, or which we intend doing; and express those sentiments which we really feel. Nothing is so bad as a made-up diary—a daily journal full of artificialities. Honestly and uprightly let us set down the things we have done—good, bad, or indifferent—and plainly express the sentiments we feel: it is only thus that our diary can be really useful to ourselves or to anybody else.

Another excellent plan is, as we observed before, to make extracts from any book we are reading. It is also worth while to take note of any important fact we may hear of in conversation, or the name and character of any volume referring to any particular subject, or indeed of anything that may by any means be useful to us. "When found, make a note of," is excellent advice. But we may possibly make endless notes without profit, if we adopt neither plan nor arrangement with respect to them. The best

thing we can do is to classify all our notes—to catalogue all our jottings. Let us have a table-book with an alphabetical arrangement, and carefully index all our entries. By this means we facilitate all our future labours, and gradually become the possessors of a great store of invaluable matter. Whenever we note down a fact, or a date, or an extract, we enter it at the same time in our index, and whenever we want to find whether we have anything in our note-book bearing on any given subject, we have simply to turn to our index and ascertain without any difficulty. It will be obvious to our readers that a plan is really useful.

In our readings, also, a capital plan for thoroughly mastering the contents of any book is to draw up a brief outline of its purpose and character. This keeps our mental machinery in motion. It is better than the routine work of copying, and is worth all the trouble which it costs. A little home-made literature of this kind cannot be too highly appreciated; it argues that we have reasoned as well as read.

But while we recommend different methods of intellectual exercise, our young readers must determine for themselves those which are adapted to their circumstances. All that we can do is to urge upon them the necessity for a plan of action, and to point out the indisputable benefit which results from well arranged method.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XI.

TO CORRESPONDENTS ON THE SUBJECT OF THE "FRENCH LESSONS."—We heartily thank the students who have so favourably received our endeavours to instruct them in the French language, and we hope they will consider the addition of the exercises, with the key, or *corrigé*, as an important addition and improvement. We would willingly accede to the request of some of our readers, to continue the spelling of the French sounds, but not only would our doing so oblige us to exceed our limits, but the previous explanation of the sounds of the letters, and also of that of letters combined, should enable pupils to be independent of constant assistance in the way of pronunciation. Nevertheless, we are aware that great difficulties are experienced by some beginners in the French language, and, therefore, to meet the requirements of some without retarding the progress of others, a regular system of pronunciation, entering into very ample detail, has been added. This system does not interfere with, nor shorten the length of the lessons; they consist, as before, of conversation, rules, illustrations, vocabulary, and dialogue. The system we allude to will speak for itself. But the part offered to our readers with this day's lesson, can hardly be called the commencement of it, being rather an introduction to the commencement, than the commencement itself. Nevertheless the attentive perusal of this introduction is perfectly necessary to elucidate what is to follow.

"GEORGE," said Robert, as he settled to his French studies, "do you mean that I should continue writing out the sentences that I learn by heart, now that you leave me an exercise to write in your absence?"

"Yes, I wish you to write out the 'Voyage à Paris' by heart, when you find time to do so," said George; "but if you are obliged to neglect writing the dialogue or the exercise, I would sooner you neglected the dialogue, provided you learnt it thoroughly by heart. The exercises require great attention, and, for your own sake, I beg you will write them as much as possible without the assistance of the 'corrigé,' or key, by which I mean the whole exercise written in correct French. Now, although by means of this 'corrigé' you are enabled to become partly your own instructor, I should like you always to show me your exercise as you wrote and corrected it in the first instance. The number of corrections will be to me one test of the progress you are making. And now for some rules," said the teacher.

"The variations in articles are regulated in the French language by three considerations, their gender, number, and case. Gender is in French either masculine or feminine. Number, either singular or plural. The cases are four in number, for we moderns do not consider the vocative and ablative as distinct cases. The nominative simply names a thing; the genitive or possessive marks possession; the dative indicates a movement towards a thing; and the accusative or objective shows the object of an action. All this is rather vague until brought into practice, but with practice you will easily understand the nature of cases. The variations caused by cases are termed declensions. To-day you shall decline, in French, the definite article (the), in the masculine and feminine gender, and in the singular and plural number."

	SINGULAR.		PLURAL.	English.
Nom.	Mas.	Fem.		
Gen.	du	de la	les	the
Dat.	au	à la	des	of the
Acc.	le	la	aux	to the
			les	the

"Before a word beginning with a vowel, the definite article is in the nominative (*l'*); in the genitive, (*de l'*); in the dative, (*à l'*); and in the accusative, (*l'*); and here's one comfort for you, Robert, the definite article is the same in the singular both for masculine and feminine nouns, supposing they begin with a vowel. For plural nouns beginning with a vowel, the definite article is written exactly as it is for nouns beginning with a consonant, but (according to a rule already given) the final consonant of the article is sounded. The indefinite article (*a*) has, of course, no plural, therefore you will only write the singular in its different cases, and in the masculine and feminine."

	Mas.	Fem.	English.
Nom.	un	une	a
Gen.	d'un	d'une	of a
Dat.	à un	à une	to a
Acc.	un	une	a

"You already know that by a literal translation of French into English you would not produce good French sentences, but the exercises you are now engaged in writing will teach you not only the variations of the parts of speech, but the genius or idiom of the French language. Thus, in the exercise you are to prepare for me for the next lesson, you will be able to practise your ear in the right use, or correct omission of the article."

1. Do you know these proverbs? Poverty is no crime; (*connaissez-vous ces proverbes? pauvreté n'est pas vice*; m. content is the greatest blessing. 2. Fifty men accompanied m. *plus grand des biens*. m. *hommes* (I accompanied him in his flight. 3. The two men who killed him (*pagèrent*) dans sa fuite. f. *hommes qui* (*le tuèrent*) died in misery. 4. God is the Supreme Being who *moururent de misère*. f. *Dieu* (*être suprême*) qui governs the world. 5. I (set out) for Paris to-morrow. *gouverne monde*. m. *pars* demain. 6. Venus was the goddess of beauty. 7. Napoleon and *déesse* beauté. f.

- Alexander the Great are the greatest monarchs who have *Alexandre grand* *plus grands monarques* qui aient ever reigned. 8. What a difference between the worship of *jamais existé*. *quelle* *culte* m. the God of the Christians and that of the gods of the *Dieu m.* *Chrétiens m.* *celui* *dieux m.* Pagans! 9. The Pagans had a great number of gods and *Payens! m.* *Payens* *grand nombre m.* *dieux* demi-gods. 10. Come (and see me) on Monday or Thursday. *demi-dieux.* *venez (me voir)* *Lundi m.* *Mardi m.* 11. September and October are two fine months in France. *Septembre* *Octobre* *beaux mois m.* *en* — f. 12. The works of Dante are not better written than those of *ouvrages Dante* *mieux écrits que ceux* Tasso. 13. How many years have you lived in France? *Tasse.* *combien années* *vécu* — ? 14. She has as much wit as you, and more judgment than *your brother.* 15. A great number of people were killed *notre frère.* *grand nombre m.* *personnes tuées* yesterday. 16. Many women (get married) without knowing *bien femmes (se marient)* *savoir* how or why. 17. Several young ladies have told me that *ni* *jeunes personnes f.* (*m'on dit*) *que* you hated marriage. 18. Several of my friends have left *détestiez mariage. m.* *mes amis m.* *sont partis* for America.

CORRIGÉ.

1. Connaissez-vous ces proverbes? Pauvreté n'est pas vice; contentement est le plus grand des biens. 2. Cinq-vingt hommes l'accompagnèrent dans sa fuite. 3. Les deux hommes qui le tuèrent moururent de misère. 4. Dieu est l'être suprême qui gouverne le monde. 5. Je pars demain pour Paris. 6. Vénus était la déesse de la beauté. 7. Napoléon et Alexandre le grand sont les plus grands monarques qui aient jamais existé. 8. Quelle différence entre le culte du Dieu des Chrétiens et celui des dieux des Payens. 9. Les Payens avaient un grand nombre de dieux et de demi-dieux. 10. Venez me voir Lundi ou Mardi. 11. Septembre et Octobre sont deux beaux mois en France. 12. Les ouvrages du Dante ne sont pas mieux écrits que ceux du Tasse. 13. Combien d'années avez-vous vécu en France? 14. Elle a autant d'esprit que vous, et plus de jugement que votre frère. 15. Un grand nombre de personnes furent tuées hier. 16. Bien des femmes se marient sans savoir ni comment ni pourquoi. 17. Plusieurs jeunes personnes m'ont dit que vous détestiez le mariage. 18. Plusieurs de mes amis sont partis pour l'Amérique.

"The vocabulary follows next, Robert," observed George; "and, in fact, it must conclude this lesson, for those declensions have taken up a long time."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
The ocean	L'océan (m)
The sea	La mer (f)
A bay	Une baie (f)
A gulf	Un golfe (m)
A lake	Un lac (m)
A river	Un fleuve (m)
A mouth	Une embouchure (f)
An arm of the sea	Un bras de mer (m)
A dike	Une digue (f)
A ford	Un gué (m)
A sluice	Une écluse (f)
A sewer	Un égout (m)
A tide	Une marée (f)
The port	Le port (m)
A spring	Une source (f)
A torrent	Un torrent (m)
The waves	Les vagues (f pl)

ON FRENCH PRONUNCIATION.

"The French alphabet is composed of twenty-five letters; *a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, x, y, z.*

W does not belong to the French language; if it is sometimes used in the orthography of some foreign names, it is only in order to preserve to those names their nationality, and we recommend you to give that letter the same sound that it has in the language from which the name is derived.

These twenty-five letters are divided into consonants and vowels.

The vowels are five in number; *a, e, i, o, u.* The letter *y* is sometimes considered as a vowel, sometimes as a diphthong.

These letters are called vowels, because they are sounded by a simple emission of the voice. But these five or six vowels combined together, and with some of the consonants, produce other simple sounds, which, preceded or followed by the consonants, compose the musical vocabulary of the French language.

These simple sounds are twenty in number, as follows:

a, é, e, è, ê, i, î, o, ô, u, û, eu, ei, ou, oi, an, in, on, un.

These twenty simple sounds are sometimes represented by the assemblage of other letters.

We will now examine these twenty sounds separately; and in order to enable pupils to recognise them when represented by other letters, and to refer to the similar sounds in the English language, we will mark them by numbers from one to nineteen, one of the numbers being used twice, as may be seen in the following list:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
a, é, e, è, ê, i, î, o, ô, u, û, eu, ei, ou, oi, an, in, on, un.

When any vowel or consonant should be mute, it will be marked with a cipher (0).

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON X.

THE INCLINED PLANE.

255. What does Fig. 20 show?—An Inclined Plane.



Fig. 20.

256. Is any advantage gained by the use of the inclined plane?—The weight of the body is greater than the power necessary to draw it up the inclined plane; and many times greater if the slope is very gradual.

257. Mention a familiar case in which the inclined plane is usefully applied.—It is applied in rolling barrels of flour up a sloping plank into a wagon; also in lowering hogsheads of sugar, or molasses, by means of an inclined plank, into a cellar.

258. Mention other instances of the practical application of the inclined plane.—Inclined planes on railroads; also the inclined ways down which a new ship is launched.

THE WEDGE.

259. What is a WEDGE?—A triangular block of wood or iron.

260. For what is it used?—To split large blocks of wood or stone, to separate bodies that are firmly pressed together, &c.

261. What is the power?—It is usually a blow from a hammer, applied to the head of the wedge.

262. Is a blow commonly more effective than a steady pressure?—It is; a moderate blow from a hammer will drive a nail, but a heavy weight placed on the head of the nail will scarcely force it in.

263. Where do the resistances act that are overcome by the blow given to the head of the wedge?—Against the two sides, and by pressure.

264. Mention an instance of a special application of the wedge.—Ships are sometimes raised in docks by driving wedges under their keels.

265. Give another instance.—The wedge is used with great effect in the *Wedge Press*, to extract oil from the seeds of certain vegetables.

266. On what principle do all cutting instruments, as chisels, knives, razors, saws, &c., act?—On the principle of the wedge.



Fig. 21.

THE SCREW.

267. What does Fig. 22 represent?—A *Screw*.
 268. What is the projecting part that winds spirally round the upright cylinder called?—The *Thread* of the screw.

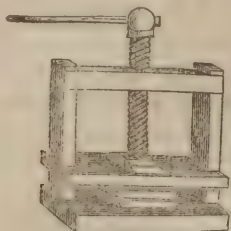


Fig. 22.

269. Where is the power applied?—Generally at the end of a long handspike, inserted in one end of the screw.

270. Where does the power take effect against the resistance?—At the other end of the screw.

271. What is the nut?—It is a hollow cylindrical piece within which the screw turns. It is firmly fastened to a frame, and has a spiral groove cut round its interior, into which the thread of the screw fits.

272. When the screw is turned round once, how far does the end advance?—Through a space equal to the distance between two contiguous threads.

273. Does the power at the end of the lever act through a much greater distance than the resistance at the end of the screw?—It does; and this shows that the screw must be a very powerful machine.

274. What else does it show?—That to obtain the greatest gain of power the threads of the screw must be close together, and the lever as long as possible.

275. Mention some of the more important applications of the screw.—The Screw Press, represented in Fig. 22. The screw is also used in elevating buildings, and raising ships in docks.

276. What are some of the purposes to which this powerful press is applied?—To express juices from fruits, and oil from seeds of vegetables.

277. For what other purposes is it used?—To stamp coins, and to compress paper, cotton, and other soft and bulky materials, into a compact mass for more convenient transportation.

COMBINATIONS OF THE MECHANICAL POWERS.

278. What is the essential construction of the larger and more powerful machines in use?—The different mechanical powers are variously combined in their construction; machines of enormous power are thus obtained.

279. What does Fig. 23 represent?—A combination of the screw with the wheel and axle, called the *Endless Screw*.



Fig. 23.

280. How does it work?—By turning the winch the screw revolves, its threads press against the teeth of the wheel, and cause it to turn and draw up the weight.

281. How great a weight could a man raise with the endless screw, properly constructed?—A weight of several tons.

282. What other combinations are in common use?—Very powerful machines for raising heavy weights, as blocks of stone used in building, and large iron castings, are formed by combining the wheel and axle with pulleys.

283. In the working of all such powerful machines does the weight rise very slowly?—It does; just in proportion to the power gained.

284. Is it possible, in the nature of things, to realise perpetual motion: that is, to construct a machine which will run of itself for any length of time, raise weights, and do other work without the aid of any external force?—Perpetual motion is a mechanical impossibility. A machine is merely the means by which some mechanical agent does work, and cannot possibly do any more work than the agent does in keeping it in motion.

285. Is there not, in fact, a certain amount of the moving power always wasted in the working of a machine?—There is; the friction and other incidental resistances generally consume a good deal of the working power.

286. In the machinery of mills and factories, is it the object to overcome great resistances?—It is

not; but to obtain a variety of movements from the one motion of the point at which the propelling power acts.

THE PENDULUM.

287. What is a pendulum?—It is a heavy body suspended from a fixed point, and swinging to and fro, or oscillating, by its own weight.

288. How does the pendulum measure off time?—By its oscillations it divides time into equal parts.

289. Into what equal parts does the ordinary clock pendulum divide time?—Into seconds. It is said to beat seconds.

290. How many seconds are there in a day?—86,400.

291. By what is the wheelwork of a clock kept in motion?—Usually by a weight suspended by a cord that passes over one of the wheels.

292. Suppose the pendulum of a clock were to be removed, what would happen?—The clock would run down very rapidly.

293. What, then, is the office of the pendulum?—It checks the movement of the train of wheels, and causes the wheel with which it is immediately connected to revolve at a certain rate.

294. At what rate does that wheel revolve?—So as to make one complete turn in exactly one minute, or sixty seconds; the seconds hand is carried round by it.

295. What effect has the shortening of a pendulum upon its rate of motion?—It makes it oscillate faster.

296. What is the length of the seconds pendulum?—39½ inches, or about 3¼ feet.

297. What is the length of the pendulum of a mantel-clock, that beats half seconds?—One quarter of the length of the seconds pendulum.

298. How long must a pendulum be to make one oscillation in a minute?—More than two miles long.

299. What is the moving power of a watch?—A spiral steel spring, called the *main spring*, coiled up within a small drum. The inner end is firmly fastened, and the outer end is attached to the interior of the drum.

300. How does it move the wheels?—It gradually uncoils, carries the little drum round and all the wheels connected with it.

301. How is the drum connected with the first wheel?—By means of a chain that passes from the one to the other.

302. What regulates the motion of the wheels of a watch, in place of the pendulum?—An oscillating wheel, called the *balance wheel*.

303. What moves the balance wheel?—A delicate spiral spring, called the *hair spring*.

304. What makes it oscillate to and fro?—When the spring unwinds it winds up again, or passes to the other side of its natural position, and that brings it back.

I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND.

O, WOULD I were a married man,
 My house all full of glee;
 A smiling partner by my side,
 And children round my knee.
 The cause why I'm a bachelor
 Not hard it is to find;
 The fact is, that I really can't—
 I can't make up my mind!

There's Juliana Lilywhite—
 I know that she would drop
 Into my loving arms, if I
 Would but the question "pop;"
 With Carry Cowslip, too, I should
 No difficulty find;
 She would not hesitate, but I—
 I can't make up my mind!

There's Angelina Marigold,
 Who would with me elope,
 If to her window I would fix
 A ladder made of rope!
 She's gentle and she's beautiful,
 Her purse is richly lined;
 And she'd have me in spite of "pa," but I—
 I can't make up my mind!

Now, when I walk along the street,
 Girls' roguish looks I catch,
 As with a sneer they say "There goes
 A rusty-fusty loach!"
 Well, I'll resolve this very day
 Some sort of wife to find;
 I'll wed—I think I will—O, dear,
 I can't make up my mind!

ALUMINUM.—An important discovery, according to a contemporary, has just been made at Florence; a simple workman having found out the means of making aluminum in a manner much less expensive than has hitherto been known.

THE FLOOD-LOCKED PRISON.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

I NEVER saw a man yet," said my friend, "who hadn't, at some period of his life, had one or more very narrow escapes from death. 'An inch farther this way,' or, 'an inch farther that way,' and death would have been certain. Miracles of preservation form part of the experience of all; and, when we consider how slight a cause often leads to fatal results, it is no wonder that the theory of miraculous interposition is so universally cherished. I have had a good many narrow escapes in my day, but I think the smallest chance I ever had of preserving my life occurred last summer. It's the only time that I really gave up all hope, and prepared to die.

"Charley Poole and myself were spending a few weeks in Conway, New Hampshire, stopping with that prince of landlords, Jonathan Dow, of the Conway House, and amusing ourselves as opportunity offered. Our chief source of amusement, however, was in trout-fishing upon Swift River. This is, as its name indicates, a wild, dashing stream, taking its rise among the mountains, and emptying itself into the Saco not far from our hotel. One morning Charley and I set out for a day's sport. We rode up about six miles, and having left our team in charge of a farmer who lived near the river, we walked up some four miles further, intending to fish down to this point. When we reached the place where we were to commence fishing, I waded across, thus taking one side of the stream, while my companion took the other.

"We had been fishing an hour or so, when I discovered that huge clouds were rolling up over the mountains with every prospect of a shower. But I was too busy to think of rain then. The trout were biting freely, and I brought them ashore almost as fast as I could take care of them. At last the rain came, sweeping down like a cloud from the dark slopes of old Mote, and I was forced to find shelter. Charley had gone up into the woods on his side, but I found a snug place close at hand. Not a dozen yards from where I stood when the rain began to pour down, was a large rock projecting from the bank, beneath which was a cover as good as a house; and under it I crept.

"The river's bank was high and steep here, presenting an almost perpendicular surface of hard, coarse marl and gravel. The rock which served me for a roof seemed to be a projection from a ledge, as the bottom upon which I sat was of solid rock, extending for some distance above and below me. As I gazed around I imagined that this place had been fashioned on purpose for a shelter. The overhanging rock was so low that no rain could beat in upon me, and then there was a sort of rocky barrier all about me, which prevented the little muddy streams that began to run down the bank from pouring in upon my seat. This barrier had been formed in part by the wearing away of the surface within, where a furious eddy probably worked in seasons of freshet, and partly by other rocks which had been deposited there by the spring-time torrents.

"The rain poured down with increasing fury, and at the end of half an hour I began to think of leaving my shelter and finding some place where I could cross the river, for I knew that if it held out much longer all chances of crossing would be gone, as the stream always swelled rapidly when it rained heavily upon the mountains. I was pondering upon the subject of crawling out, and had just made up my mind to do so, when I heard a low, rumbling sound over my head. I looked up, and saw the rock above me in motion. I dared not attempt to spring out, for I might be caught by the falling mass, so I started quickly to the extreme back of the retreat, and as I did so, the ponderous roof came down with a dull, heavy crash. It had rested, near its centre, upon the rock which formed the rear wall of the corner, but the projecting portion was by far the thickest and heaviest. That portion of the bank which had held it in its former place had become loosened by the streams which ran down its surface, and the ground had thus given up its hold, and let the rock follow its own inclination of gravity.

"As soon as I found that the rock had stopped, and was likely to fall no further, I began to think again of getting out; and when I had fairly recovered my senses, which had become somewhat scattered by the catastrophe, I crawled forward; but—there was a worse fate than fright in store for me. I was shut in! Not an aperture could I find large enough to put my head through! The barrier which had kept back the muddy streams from the bank from pouring in upon me now served as a wall, and the heavy roof rested upon it so evenly that all

loopholes for escape were stopped. I tried to move those rocks which were detached from the ledge, but I might as well have put my strength against a mountain. I soon convinced myself that no power of mine could set me free from my prison, and I then began to cry out for help. I hoped that my companion might hear me, though it was hoping against hope, for the river was roaring with a sound that completely drowned my voice as it left my lips.

"But the sum of terror was not yet complete. As I lay upon my hard bed, almost exhausted, the water began to pour in upon me through a chink at the upper side of the cover. At first I thought it was from the bank, but I soon found out my mistake. It came from the river! The stream was rising rapidly! The rain was falling in torrents, and I knew that ere long the swelling tide must increase fourfold. I had seen the river fill its banks in six hours, rising as many feet in that time. My place of retreat was not a foot above the level of low water, and I had not over three feet of room from the bottom to the top. The water must have risen nearly two feet already, else it could not have come in over the barrier. Another foot, and I should be lost!

"In came the torrent, dashing and whirling about me, and in ten minutes the water within was level with the water without. There was only about twelve inches now between the water and the rock overhead. I was upon my knees, and with the top of my head against the solid roof, the flood reached to within two inches of my chin. I could look out through one of the apertures, and see the foaming, hissing torrent as it dashed on, bearing trees and bushes, and logs upon its murky bosom; and I felt, my life rushing on with it. I screamed with all my power—screamed till I was hoarse—and then I madly braced myself against the ponderous rock that had fallen down upon me. I strained every nerve and every muscle—I tore my clothing from my back—I bruised my flesh—but all to no purpose. I was shut in, as though by a solid rock, and Prometheus himself was not more securely bound.

"When this paroxysm was past I began to reflect. The water was now up to my chin, and its rise was increasing in rapidity. Thousands of new brooklets were finding their way to the river, and I knew that in a few minutes more the flood would reach to the roof! I felt that I must die! It was a hard thought, but I could not escape it. The thunder roared and rumbled over the mountain tops, but the lightning would not strike for me. I prayed that a bolt might shiver my prison bars, and then I prayed that it might strike me. Anything would have been preferable to the lingering death before me. Finally the water reached my lips, and I turned my face upward; but the respite was short. The water gathered about my ears, and a thousand torrents seemed dashing upon my brain. The roar was intense beyond conception. There was a rolling as of ten thousand thunders upon the sensitive membrane of the ear, and I grew dizzy with the sound. But when the flood reached to my lips, I started back to life. In a few moments more all would be over. I cannot tell you all the thoughts that flashed through my mind then. I can only tell the final thought. It was of one I loved with all my soul, and of the two little prattling beings who might soon be fatherless. I know that I had cried aloud in my agony—pronouncing the names of my wife and children—and that I had asked God to keep and bless them. I had pressed my hand upon my bursting heart, and was just ready to sink back into my watery grave, when there came a shock that made the solid rock tremble. I felt the ponderous mass above me in motion, and in a moment more it was swayed from its position, and I leaped up.

"The furious torrent hurled me against the rock; but this sudden diversion in my favour recalled all my scattered energies, and I cast about me for support. I found that the rock which had served me for a roof and for a prison-bar, and against which the current now held me, had been hurled over upon its side, and was there stationary. I managed to climb to the top of it, and from thence I reached the bank, and clambered up; and, as soon as I gained a place of safety, I sank down utterly exhausted.

"When I revived, the rain had ceased falling, and the dark clouds were rolling away to the eastward, but the torrent below me was roaring and dashing as madly as ever. And I was able to see now to what I must have owed my escape. When the projecting rock under which I had sought shelter lost its hold in the bank, it must have swayed down the stream so far that it was very nearly balanced upon the rocks that formed the lower wall, or barrier, of my prison. As the water reached it, which it of course did when my last breathing space was gone, one of

those huge logs, which came sweeping down by hundreds, must have been hurled against it with a force sufficient to topple it over. Those who have seen large logs borne upon the bosom of our mountain torrents, know with what marvellous force they strike anything that comes in their way.

"I was lame and sore, but I was able to walk, and finally I started for the hotel. I had a hard road to travel, through the woods and wild pastures, but I reached home at length, just as the sun was going down, and found Charley, with two or three others, upon the point of starting off in search of me. He had known nothing of my danger, and aware that I could not cross the river after it began to rise, he had supposed I would walk home upon the other side at my leisure; so he felt no concern until the day began to wear away without my return. However, I was safe, and under the kind care of my good host and his estimable lady I soon regained my strength, and was able to go up Swift River after trout again."

ANCHORED.

As, after sailing over stormy seas,
A ship, full freighted from a foreign shore,
Comes pressing landward in the freshened breeze,
Where swarthy headlands breast the billows' roar;

And in its sea-sought anchorage calmly swings,
When graybeard Twilight glooms the murmuring bay,
Folting to rest its long-exerted wings,
Kissed by the cool lips of the ocean spray—

So has my soul at length its anchorage found
In the still harbour of a sweet content,
Land-locked from fears that beat with ceaseless sound
On coasts foam-flecked with surges chill and spent.

No fretting cares disturb its sheltered calm,
Or break the silence of its full repose;
The breeze blows sweetly over beds of balm,
And soothes for ever old memorial woes.

And as the sailor in the harbour dreams,
In silent watches, of his venturesome life,
And in the swells of far-off music seems
To hear the songs once wooing him to strife

So, floating safely on the sheltered sea,
Floated by the lazy ebbing of the tide,
I dream of all my life had longed to be,
In vain ambition of its restless pride.

I dream of all the bright alluring aims
That gleamed from far upon its hither way;
Yet, ever faded, as the star whose flames
Pale in the brilliance of the coming day;

The hopes that flashed athwart the western sky,
When life and love walked proudly hand in hand,
Yet ever sank before the eager eye,
Like looming castles in a mirage land.

I drink again the melody that floats,
I seem to feel the odorous breezes blow,
I hear the we come of a thousand throats—
But in fruition do not long to go.

The calm of manhood lulls the wild desires
That stirred me once a tender-hearted boy;
But cannot still the trembling of the lyres
That flood the soul with memories of joy.

In wayside harbours of life's quietude,
Each idle wave that plashes on the shore,
Thrills with old songs the tranquil thoughts that brood
On buried fancies soul endured once more.

The past is past, yet to our life belongs
The fairest hues that made its past divine,
The full-toned music of its sweetest songs,
The warm, rich splendour of its summer shine.

DOMESTIC EXPENSES.

EVERY wife knows her husband's income, or ought to know it. That knowledge should be the guide of her conduct. A clear understanding respecting domestic expenses is necessary to the peace of every dwelling. If it be little, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." If it be ample, let it be enjoyed with all thankfulness. We believe that partners in privation are more to each other than partners in wealth. Those who have suffered together love more than those who have rejoiced together. Love is "the drop of honey in the draught of gall." When the wife, seeing her duty, has made up her mind to this, she will brighten her little home with smiles that will make it a region of perpetual sunshine. She will never even imply a wish for things which are the appendages of wealth. She knows they could only be purchased at a cost from which she turns shudderingly. Following with the acuteness of a quickened affection every turn of

her husband's thoughts, if she should see that he leans towards the world's good things, that he gives orders to his wine-merchant beyond the bounds of their enforced temperate indulgence, that city luxuries are sent home to her, then let her bestir herself for his safety and her own, for they are indissolubly united. If he bring her home expensive boxes of sweetmeats, half-a-dozen packages of French gloves, or even a half-crown *bouquet*, then let her remember that these things are the beginning of evil. Let her take her woman's power into her own hands, and by all the gentle arts of love, and the powerful arguments of truth, let her win him back to contentment with the lot that Heaven has bestowed, and so forcing him to acknowledge that its best blessing is his wife.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

ARGYLL is a title famous in history. The memory of the heroic and unfortunate earl, who figured so conspicuously in the great civil war, is tinged with melancholy, on account of his unhappy fate. He was arraigned, after the restoration of Charles II., for having connived at the usurpation, and was deprived of the benefit of those acts of indemnity which had been issued; he was condemned on the evidence of private letters, treacherously revealed by General Monk, and was sent to the block, where he suffered with a courage and resolution worthy of his former conduct. The king was afterwards so sensible of the iniquity of this sentence, that he restored the estate to Lord Lorn, the son of the Marquis.

In the troublous times of James II., Archibald, grandson of the Earl of Argyll who suffered in the previous reign, took up arms against the arbitrary enactments of that monarch; but he met with inadequate support. The greater part of those who joined him were his own vassals, and the courage of these was but the result of that sense of clanishness which bound them to their lord. The expedition was unsuccessful. He had under his command a body of about 2,500 men, but was soon involved in inextricable difficulties. His arms and ammunition were seized, his provisions and convoys intercepted, his men deserted, he was harassed on both sides, in front and rear, his stringent efforts failed to keep the poor remnant of his army together, it diminished daily, passed away like a mist on the mountains, and Argyll fell into the hands of his enemies, was conducted to Edinburgh, where, after experiencing many indignities with a gallant spirit, he was publicly executed. He suffered upon an old sentence of attainder which had been passed against him; and as that was universally admitted to be unjust, his death was regarded as a real murder.

The spirit of the sire lived in his son. When James II. was driven from the throne, and William of Orange was welcomed on the English shores as the friend and champion of Protestant liberty, there was not a sterner foe to the Jacobite nor a firmer friend to the reigning sovereign than the Earl of Argyll. And the intrepid bravery of the Campbells, with their chief Argyll at their head, was enlisted on the royal side, and was exerted in those great continental wars which were fomented by the fourteenth Louis of France. The earl, raised to the ducal rank, distinguished himself under Marlborough in Flanders, and was appointed governor of Minorca and Gibraltar.

The dukes of Argyll (since the creation of the title there have been eight in all) have continued to occupy a distinguished and honourable position. As the events of history have produced changes in society, and new circumstances have called for new efforts, the house of Argyll has acted its part in the great work of social progress. When that work had to be accomplished with the sword, the Campbells were ready to use it or to perish by it. Political problems need no such rough solution now; but the spirit which animated them animates them still; and in the person of the present noble duke we have an example of how much good service a nobleman can render by tongue and pen.

The Duke of Argyll has entered boldly and enthusiastically into those questions most important to Scotland and to the United Kingdom. He has devoted considerable time, indefatigable labour, and consummate skill to the elucidation of that controversy which rent the church of Scotland, and threatened more disastrous results than were happily realised. It is not often that a duke becomes the exponent of differences in ecclesiastical government; that he appears before the world as a polemical student; but such is the case with the Duke of Argyll. His largest and most celebrated production is "Presbytery Examined." This was published in 1848. It clearly shows the thorough acquaintance which his

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.T., P.C. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

Grace has with his subject; that he has spared no pains and feared no laborious exertion to trace the history of the progress of presbytery in Scotland upwards to the days of John Knox. The style is clear, the reasoning cogent, and the text not overburdened with historical research. Whatever opinion may be formed of the object of the volume—and about a book which is so strong in its defence of presbytery against prelacy, variety of opinion is certain to exist—the great merit of the work as a literary production cannot be denied.

Public attention was first directed to the noble author, while as yet he was but nineteen years old, and bore the title of Marquis of Lorn. He then published a "Letter to the Peers, from a Peer's Son." In this letter he ably discussed the constitutional principles involved in the celebrated Auchterarder case—asserting the rights of the Presbyterian church against the patron and the government.

The ability which characterised this letter was more fully developed in his "Presbytery Examined," and has been shown in other than polemical discussion. Of enlarged mind and vigorous intellect; of keen judgment and cultivated taste; uniting the advantages of education with strong natural talent, the Duke of Argyll is distinguished both in literary and scientific circles. His easy, fluent, graceful, and pleasing style of address render him a favourite on the platform; and he has not thought it beneath his dignity to become lecturer at several mechanics' institutions, and so evidence his sincere and hearty sympathy with the sons of toil.

As a ready debater, he takes a considerable share

in the business of the Upper House. He has held office under the Earl of Aberdeen, and in the late ministry of Lord Palmerston.

His Grace was born in the year 1823. In 1844 he married the Lady Elizabeth Georgiana Gower, eldest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, and niece of the Earl of Carlisle. In 1847 he succeeded to the dukedom, on his father's decease; in 1851, was elected Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews; in 1852, he accepted office in the Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal, and, under Lord Palmerston, as Postmaster General; in 1854 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

THE TYROL.

SWITZERLAND and the Tyrol are so closely connected that they appear to belong indissolubly to one another. They resemble each other in nearly every particular—the same scenery, the same habits, the same history, the same love of liberty: but the difference is generally admitted to be in favour of the Tyrolese.

And the tourist, rambling over the gray mountains, and through the green valleys, will find in the Tyrol much to interest and to gratify a love of the picturesque.

The locality represented in the accompanying engraving is a specimen of the magnificent scenery of the country.

The remarkable group of rocks which are seen beyond the bridge, lifting their craggy heads to the sky, form the chief feature of one of the principal

valleys of the Tyrol. They are situated at a short distance from the inn at Landro, on the Ampezzo road, in Pusterthal, but are visible for miles and miles around. Seen from different points of view, they assume a variety of aspect, and have accordingly been called by every description of name which caprice could invent or which their appearance in some cases suggested. Here they are, three strong fortresses, wherein have been shut up for a thousand years three cruel barons of the olden times, whose villainy and treachery made them the terror of the neighbourhood, but who, by saint or soldier, were turned to stone as by the Gorgon's head. There they are, three castles, wherein sleep three beautiful princesses, under the spell of an enchanter's wand, waiting for the coming of some heroic youth to emancipate them from the power of the wizards. Ah! me, where is such a hero to be found? Here they are, three miraculous pieces of architecture, that at a given signal, namely, the lifting of a saint's white hand, are transformed into gorgeous cathedrals, with towers and spires innumerable, long echoing aisles, and fretted roofs and stained windows richly dight—all brilliantly illuminated, and reverberating to the intoning of ghostly priests. There, three gray masses, which we should commonly call needles, are wreathed with old legends—varied and beautiful as the clouds which are above them.

The whole district abounds in natural monuments, which have originated a host of legends; Hohlenstein, for instance, at the extremity of a valley surrounded by mountains, is one of them. One of the mountains, more brilliant in its appearance than the rest, is the subject of three or four different



VIEW IN THE TYROL: THE THREE TOWERS.

stories laid in the mythical age of "once upon a time." The valley of Pusterthal, though not so picturesque as the Innthal, the Etschthal, or the Stubai-thal, is yet so full of interest and beauty as amply to repay a visit, while it prepares for the more magnificent scenery of northern and western Tyrol. The Tyrol is traversed throughout its whole extent by the main ridge of the Alps, which here has some of

the loftiest summits. Mount Orteler rises 12,823 feet; and the Gross Gluckner 12,567 feet above the sea level. Exclusive of this gigantic chain, an inferior ridge divides the country into three portions. Some of these extensive mountain-tracts are covered with immense glaciers—the accumulated snows of ages. The whole country is essentially mountainous. The valleys do not occupy a tenth part of its extent.

Here, there, everywhere, rise up the granite mountains—their feet clothed with forests, their snow-crowned heads hidden in the clouds. But it is to this striking feature in its physical aspect to which the Tyrol is indebted for the preservation of its old manners and customs. The dress of the peasantry is peculiar. The men wear straw hats ornamented with ribbons and nosegays; the dress of the women con-

sists of thick, short gowns, stockings with cross stripes, and a cap tapering in the shape of a sugar-loaf. Music and dancing, ride-shooting, and athletic exercises are the favourite amusements of the Tyrolese. They entertain a natural repugnance to the discipline of a military life, and all attempts to extend the Austrian conscription into their province have hitherto failed. They are not found in foreign armies, and their village inns have not yet become English hotels.

The Tyrol is the place to seek retirement from the noise and bustle of the modern Babylon. As yet, enterprising companies, with their diligent engineers and army of navvies, have not interlarded that country with broad and narrow gauge. Of course, the locomotive is inevitable—of course, stations and up and down lines, and telegraphs must come—of course, the day must come when tourists, arriving per express, shall be met on the Himalaya and in Central Africa; but, as yet, the Tyrol is a place for repose, where one may lead the life of a hermit, at a convenient distance from the *mare magnum* of the world.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,
SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER LXI.

Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman—therefore may be wooed,
She is a woman—therefore may be won.

SHAKESPEARE.

And should not this content you?
I am thy husband, and that must content you.
The Honeymoon.

To return to Lady Ada and her father—they were, as we have said, at breakfast in her boudoir when the morning papers and the post came in.

The earl seized on the *Times*, leaving it to Ada to open the letters and read to him any that were in any way important or interesting.

There was one in a well-known hand that sent a blush to Ada's cheek; and, fearing to betray her emotion, she slipped it quietly into her pocket, resolved to read it at her leisure, and prepared to go through many other epistles; some from the now happy tenant farmers and grateful cottagers at Pemberton; some, congratulations on the unexpected succession of her father to the title and estates of his cousin; some on matters connected with his taking his seat in the House of Lords, as soon as his health permitted. Begging letters in every variety increased twenty-fold since he had become an earl. Entreaties for his patronage from people of every rank—old college friends, barristers begging for judgeships, stipendiary magistracies, consulships; curates asking for livings; and young ladies, who had just published a poem or a novel, "feeling sure his lordship would befriend an humble votary of the muse;" then came humbler entreaties for small clerkships; every post that man could fill people seemed to think the new earl must have to bestow, and that before he had even taken his seat in the House of Lords.

It was some time before Lady Ada had waded through this mass of correspondence, and read to her father whatever she thought would interest or amuse him in the *Times*.

Ada had engaged, as Mrs. Golightly was pretty nearly recovered, to go with Ellen St. Ange to the ragged school that morning, and to call on poor Apple Blossom; and Lord Glenlonely, now that he no longer excited his brain and heated his blood with stimulants, was so gentle, kind, unselfish, and considerate, and as anxious as Ada herself for her performance of every Christian duty,—made no querulous objection when she rose to depart, but begged her to place near him the "Ragged School Magazine," that admirable essay by the Rev. B. Parsons called "Anti-Bacchus," and some other works on the same subject, which Jem Goodman had left with him.

Ada kissed him affectionately, and hurried to her dressing-room to put on her bonnet and shawl; but first she bolted the door, sat down, and took out the, as yet, unopened letter, the sight of which had so agitated her at breakfast.

She read, with a changing cheek, the following lines:—

"My dearest Ada!—I can no longer remain silent. I must tell you how much lovelier you are than ever, and how much more entirely than of yore I love—nay, adore you.

"It is not merely in beauty of feature, form, and colouring that you so far surpass the picture painted

on the memory of my heart, and cherished there; but it seems to me, oh, Ada! that there is a holy, a heavenly purity, an angelic sweetness, a muse-like grace, a queenly dignity about you now, which I never noticed before.

"If I were a painter, Ada, I could transmit your face to posterity as the most perfect of Madonnas. I love even that virtuous enthusiasm (which I own I cannot share) which lights up your lovely features when you speak of the ragged schools which you adorn by your presence, and the temperance movement which you advocate with such enchanting eloquence.

"Ada, it were affectation in me to pretend that I think you do not care for me. The roses that suffused your lovely face, and the tears that stood in your dear haunting eyes when we met again, convinced me that I was forgiven, but not forgotten.

"Ada, we loved each other in childhood; we loved in youth. Let me lay my proposals before your parents.

"My brother, who admires you beyond any other woman, will enable me to make settlements that prudence will not disapprove; and, with regard to your new interests, or rather fancies—I will not call them whims, Ada,—I can only say that I will not oppose—at least, not seriously—any pursuit that interests you, although I do hope, with your mother, who, as you know, dislikes both ragged schools and this temperance movement, that, as a wife, you will have other and deeper interests, and will find no time for the occupations which, Lady Glenlonely tells me, now almost engross you.

"I love your enthusiasm, Ada; only I hope to turn it into other channels.

"At any rate, be sure I shall never oppose your wishes; and that, if you agree to be mine, your happiness will be my chief study, and that I shall devote my life to you only.

"I am, dear friend of the long ago! beautiful and beloved Ada!

"Your devoted

"GERALD ST. MAUR.

"P.S.—I have thought, as you could not leave town, that I could not serve and please you better, dearest Ada, than by devoting myself to your mother, who Dr. M'Mode thinks may safely return the day after tomorrow, when I shall have the pleasure of escorting her to Carlton-terrace. In the meantime—if you are generous, you will not keep me in suspense—how shall I pass the time till the post brings me a letter from Ada?"

"Poor Gerald!" said Ada to herself; "he has little notion what that letter will be! I will not keep him in suspense! He was once very dear to me! He is still more to me than any other; but the great work in which I am engaged is dearer far. It is not the whim of a moment, it is the object of a life; and I will put on no shackles that can impede me in running the race that is set before me!

Ada sat down to her desk and wrote—

"My dear Gerald,—Old friendship sanctions my addressing you thus, and indeed you have ever been dear to me since we were children together. You are dear to me still, and will ever be so; but I am thankful to say that other and nobler objects are much dearer to me than you.

"What you and my mother call fancies, *you had almost said 'whims,'* are the greatest and holiest, and, I may add, dearest objects of my life."

"I have put my hand to the plough, and I shall not look back. I have no wish to look back on those dreary wastes, rank with the weeds of selfishness, vanity, and sloth, where once I stagnated and pined. I have work to do now—strengthening, inspiring, engrossing work! the soil to till, the seed to sow, the rank weeds to root out, the golden grain to gather in.

"The soil, Gerald, is the hearts—the little hearts—of my pupils at the ragged school; the seed is the word of God, which it is my privilege to be allowed to sow; the rank weeds are the sins, the faults, the foibles that will creep in; the golden grain is the faith of which good works is the evidence; and of such faith so evidenced, I have many touching proofs in the little ones whom I love to teach—the lambs of Christ's fold. The ragged school, then, for the benefit of the children of the poor—and the temperance movement for the salvation of their parents, are now the great objects of the oncelistless, aimless, weary life of your early friend.

"I could give my hand to no man who would not be a co-worker, a zealous co-worker with me in these great and holy causes.

"I could not swear to love, honour, and obey a man whose pursuits and ambition seem to me so paltry and so mean compared to my own. *Not to oppose* would not suffice in my husband—he must entitle himself to my reverence by exceeding me in

zeal. Judge, then, what chance you have, and turn your thoughts to some one whose tastes, pursuits, and objects are more in harmony with your own.

"I thank you for all your kindness to my mother, and I shall ever welcome you with pleasure as an early friend. Any closer union would only be productive of misery to both.

"What would be my despair were I bound to a man like you—with talents so great, position so available, eloquence so enthralling—who would not enter parliament, where he might be a champion of the poor, because he did not see what good it would do himself!—and who would lounge away at clubs and parties the time that, well-spent, might save not only his own soul, but the souls and bodies of his poorer brethren. How I should blush for him, and for myself!

"I am ever, dear Gerald,

"Your true friend,

"ADA PEMBERTON."

This letter sealed and despatched, Ada drove off in search of Ellen St. Ange, whom she found at Mrs. Golightly's apartments in Jermyn-street. The strong-minded woman was quite herself again, and was correcting the last proofs of her pamphlet, which she had got printed at her own expense, and which was to be had of herself only, at No. —, Jermyn-street, St. James's.

Mrs. Golightly was in very high spirits, and remarked to Ada that "the desire accomplished is sweet to the soul," that she was perfectly satisfied with her own work, and that she had very little doubt the public would purchase the pamphlet out of curiosity; but that as long as they did purchase it, and read it, her object was gained. Women must at least look into a pamphlet which so nearly concerned themselves, and she had very little doubt that in many a home where groaned the beaten drudge, or lolled the over-dressed doll, a sense of her rights and wrongs would kindle in the breast of many a true woman, and her social regeneration and emancipation would commence.

Mrs. Golightly much wished to read to Lady Ada and Ellen St. Ange the whole of her pamphlet in its now complete form, but Ada could not be persuaded to stay, she longed to be at the ragged school; she was pining with anxiety to hear how the wretched Ben Darrell bore his terrible sentence of fast approaching death. She wanted to see poor Apple Blossom, and hear from her how the pain she had complained of was, and what had become of Bob Blossom. But above all she longed to press sweet little Hope to her bosom, to kiss her cherub cheeks, see the soft light of her upraised blue eyes, stroke her rich locks of silky gold, hear her pretty little prattle, so wise in its simplicity, and tell her what a good child she was for her love to poor Apple Blossom.

CHAPTER LXII.

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy:
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on.—SHAKESPEARE.

And to be wrath with what we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.

COLERIDGE.

As soon as Bob Blossom came to himself, he was required to give his own address, and that of his more unfortunate companion in guilt and in misfortune, Sam Slybrute.

So far no one knew who they were. The landlord, whose cries had summoned the police to the cellars into which these wretched men had fallen, knew them only as two of the working men who occasionally squandered their hard earnings on liquid fire, or gave their money for that which is not bread (although there are some doctors who maintain that good beer is liquid bread).

It was not at his house that Bob Blossom and Sam Slybrute habitually boozed, and, therefore, he knew very little about them, nor had he any very kindly feeling towards them; for he was quite sure they squandered in strong drink a great deal more than ever crossed his itching palm, or that of his smart wife, and he grudged every sixpence that went into the till of any other publican, out of the pocket of any working man who had ever tasted his liquor.

As both Bob Blossom and Sam Slybrute were perfectly insensible when they were placed on stretchers and taken to the London Hospital, and, as the police knew nothing about them, it was impossible to apprise their unhappy wives. But both Apple Blossom and the once pretty tidy Kitty Slybrute were tolerably sure, in their own minds, that their husbands were indulging in their now habitual intemperance, and they did not endure the agonies of terror and suspense, which they would certainly have felt had these men been the kind, considerate, and

sober husbands they had been before they had been hardened by habitual sin, brutalised by swinish excess, and soddened and stupefied by drink.

With regard to Slybrute, he was become so savage, so sarcastic, so grumbling, and so brutal at home, though once a pleasant fellow (a little fond of quizzing, but only pleasantly so), that Mrs. Slybrute, who had been recently confined, found his absence an inexpressible relief.

How can men expect that they can be really welcome in homes, where their brutality fills the hearts of their wives and little ones with terror. The smallest child sent supperless to bed, to cry itself to sleep knows, if reason has dawned on its mind at all, that "Dad at the public" is drinking away the money that ought to have fed itself, its famished mammy, and its little brothers and sisters.

The children of the very poor are very precocious, for they are, of course, by the smallness of the miserable tenement (called home) compelled to hear and see all that passes.

Surely the little one begins to look with inward horror, dread, and disapproval on the drunken, cruel father, and no drunken father was more cruel or more dreaded than the gigantic, savage, and malignant Sam Slybrute.

The only person who felt much anxiety about his safety, or any great wish for his re-appearance, was his wife's mother, old Mrs. Robson, herself a confirmed toper, and who had come from Shilbottle, near Alnwick, on the death of her husband (an innkeeper), to be near her only daughter.

Kitty Robson had been, as so many of the Northumberland lassies are, a perfect "rose of the north," and Sam Slybrute had won her heart when engaged on a railway near her native village.

As she had the prospect of a little money, and was so pretty, and had been at a boarding school, and, as her mother said, knew "the French and the music," her parents refused to hear of her marrying a working man, though he was making two pounds a week, and was a fine man, even among those sons of Anak, the men of Northumberland.

So silly Kitty ran away with Sam to Gretna, not far off, and there she indeed "married in haste to repent at leisure."

It was six years since she had left her home, and when her mother arrived at her wretched little home in Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, she did not know her.

Slybrute, from having been fond of a glass, had grown to be fond of nothing else. He was a brute in his cups, and was seldom out of them. When Mrs. Robson appeared in deep widow's weeds, with her scarlet face, fiery temper, and irritable manner, her large twelve dog-hampers of whisky and Scotch ale, and all her belongings, to settle near her daughter, or if possible with her, she asked the miserable, wasted Kitty herself, if Mrs. Slybrute lived there.

Even her mother could not recognise in that wan, sallow, neglected, downcast creature, with a black eye, and broken front teeth, a thin old gown, ragged hair, dirty cap, and unlaced boots (the very type of a drunkard's wife), that fair Euphrosyne—that opening rose—that bright, joyous girl with the glossy, golden hair, the starry eyes, the peach blossom and snow-drop complexion, the pearly teeth and ruby lips, the trim waist, neat ankle and dainty foot, whose bright beauty, wild grace, and merry wit used to attract to "The Black Bull" more lads than even Mrs. Robson's famous "brew," or old Job Robson's celebrated "go ahead ale." It was not till poor Kitty burst into tears, as she cried out, "Mither, dinna ye ken your ain bairn?" that Mrs. Robson recognised her Kitty.

When Sam Slybrute came home that night, thinking, as usual, to lay about him right and left, his poor wife and wretched little ones offering no resistance, he found himself suddenly collared and soundly buffeted in the face by a tall, bony, muscular woman, who, being sober (for once), had a great advantage over himself, who was more than half-seas-over, and whom he only knew to be his mother-in-law, for it was almost dark, by his wife's calling out "Mither! mither! give over, will ye? Sam'll be a sight to be seen the morn, if ye punish him that rate."

In that one sound thrashing Mrs. Robson completely established her supremacy over Slybrute; and when, the next day, he being sober, understood that old Robson had left her "comf'able, and that if he behaved himself it'd be all the better for him," he began to conciliate the old lady, and as a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, so the mutual love of alcohol formed a bond between Mrs. Robson and Sam Slybrute; and the "brew," namely, a sort of very strong whisky-punch, for which she had been famous in the north, occupied their time and attention at all hours of the day.

The wretched, wasted wife, the lean, imp-like

children, with large heads and puny bodies (they all had that disease so common to the children of drunkards—water on the brain), even the baby at the wasted breast sucked in this slow poison—"the brew."

However, although Mrs. Robson, who hated a lonely booze, was generally well-affected towards such a boon companion as Sam Slybrute, there was one great improvement wrought by her presence. He had been in the habit of jeering and sneering at the lean, wan, ragged, wretched rags of poor Kitty, his wife, and, in order to taunt and wound her, would laud to the skies Apple Blossom or any other fine plump, rosy, beautiful woman whose charms formed a contrast to what his brutality had made of his poor wife; although, before her marriage, she might have compared roses and lilies with Apple Blossom herself.

The first time he began this bantering in Mrs. Robson's presence, she had just made "the brew," and Kitty was sitting, looking very ragged, broken-spirited, and wretched, by her baby's cradle, when Slybrute cried—

"Drat it, wench! do bind up your hair, and mend your clothes a bit. There ain't such a trollop going. Lor, to compare now your holler yallor cheeks, and them broken snags of your'n, with Apple Blossom's bright skin, and white teeth, and her neat, tidy dress, and smooth hair, a-shining for all the world like black satin, and—"

But the speech ended in a long, loud howl, for Mrs. Robson, who had listened with ill-repressed fury till then, suddenly dashed at the brutal, jeering face of Slybrute the tumbler in which she had mixed his "brew;" its whole contents deluged his bristly, red head, and redder face, and, for the moment, blinded him. It was not enough to sting him a little, though not seriously to scald him.

He thought himself more hurt than he was. He had started to his feet intending, as he clutched hold of the first thing at hand, namely, a pewter salt-cellar, to take summary vengeance on his mother-in-law, but she too had risen, and looked so formidable, armed with the whisky bottle, that as the pain abated, he thought better of it, and sank back on his seat, the blood trickling down from a cut in his forehead, and saying, "Whatever are ye up to now, mother-in-lor, and what have I done to offend ye? If ye worn't a fe-male, and my mother-in-lor, I'd return that ere compliment, and with interest too. I loikes your 'brew' a main better inside nor out. Whatever have I done to ye, mother-in-lor, to make ye fly at a feller like that?"

"Don't mother-in-lor me," said Mrs. Robson, with a strong Northumbrian burr in her accent, "until ye can treat my daughter as a decent Christian should trate his wife, ye poor, mane, cowardly, pitiful brute—ye ruffin ye—with yer tongue that bites like a serpent's tooth. Ye'd better not let it wag in praise of any other woman's looks, and to run down my lassie's in my hearing, I can tell ye. When you talked over Kitty Robson to marry you agin my will, and her poor father's will, which he's now a angel in heaven, and hears ye, she was the glory of Shilbottle for beauty—the Rose of the North was the name she went by—and no queen's pearl necklace could beat her teeth. As for her hair, it was so much floss silk; and a neater, livelier, smarter lass, never went to church o' Sundays than Kitty Robson, till your shadow darkened her path, ye brute. Who's made her cheeks hollow, and her skin sallow? who broke her pretty teeth, and her gay spirit, and her loving heart? who's often blackened her eyes, and her lips, too? It's done, and it can't be undone; but don't let me hear you twit her with the looks of no other woman that may be aint married to a ruffin, or I'll leave you no looks to boast on, I can tell ye, Sam Slybrute; and more nor that, I've got a tidy farm at Shilbottle, and my poor, dear Job, he left me a snug bit of money, too; and if you don't change your goings on, and keep a civil tongue in your head, I'll take Kitty and the bairns, and off to the north with 'em; and ye shall rot in gaol before I'll let ye have a sixpence. So now go and beg my girl's pardon; and if she'll forgive ye, I'll make a fresh brew, and drink to your amendment. You're very proud of your strength, and your being such a great, well-grown fellow, which no one can't say but you are a fine man; but lor, an illness or a mishap would soon pull you down, Sam. You may come to be saller and holler, too; and them great, white, grinning teeth of your'n—why, if you caught a fall when you're screwed—and what's more likely?—you might have 'em all knocked out, and them great limbs of yours broke, and you a poor cripple."

"I'm sure I meant no harm, mother-in-lor," said Sam Slybrute; "Kitty, there, knows I wor reg'lar drunk when I broke them teeth of her'n. I never hit her when I'm sober, nor nothink to speak of!"

"Ye sha'n't hit her, drunk or sober, now I'm here, ye brute; I'll tear yer eyes out first!"

"I ain't a-going for to offer to, mother-in-lor," said Sam Slybrute; "and I'm sure I begs Kitty's pardon, if what I said hurted her. If I be a little proud of my six feet three and my strength, it's 'cause I can do a better day's work nor most men (leastways, when I can get it); and if I prides myself on being a well-grow'd, good-looking chap, it's all to please the ladies—meaning," he added, hastily, seeing the red ferocity of his mother-in-law's small, keen eyes—"meaning you and Kitty, mother-in-lor—I never looks after no other, bless ye!"

"You'd better not, Sam Slybrute," said Mrs. Robson, with dignity, "if you expect us to look after you!"

CHAPTER LVIII.

Know you the cause of all your careworn years,
Your days of sorrow and your nights of tears?
Love you—and are you sad? and would you know
Why tale of love is ever traced by woe?
Ask, ask, your heart; you've raised an idol there.
Yet God would reign alone. Your love, your care,
Each meek attention, earthly love may share.
But you mistake your worship while you pour
At earthly shrine your prayers.—BRIDE OF SIENA.

THE conversation recorded in the last chapter occurred on the very day of the accident. That event made Mrs. Robson's remarks assume, when recalled afterwards, something of the force of a prophecy; for the next time the wife and mother of Sam Slybrute saw him was when Bob Blossom, having, on the third day from that of the accident, recovered his consciousness, had been compelled to give his own name and address, and that of his companion. Sam Slybrute was lying, his head and face frightfully bruised and swollen, one eye dreadfully injured, all his front teeth knocked out, his right arm broken, and his right leg and thigh taken off at the hip joint. He was not quite sensible, and his tongue was so cut he could not articulate.

Mrs. Robson was a little disposed to crow over him, even while she wiped away a tear, and produced a bottle of whisky, which, being against the regulations, she was compelled to take back again.

But the wife, poor Kitty—whom no ill-usage had been able quite to estrange; who, loving as woman only loves, forgave as woman only can forgive—no sooner saw the gaunt form of her handsome, brutal ruffian of a husband, stretched on the scant hospital bed, his face and head still swollen and discoloured, his lips cut, one eye apparently destroyed, and no appearance of recognition in his battered face, than, uttering a piercing shriek, she fell on her knees by the bedside, exclaiming, "Oh, Sam! oh, dear, dear husband! speak to me; look at me; say you know your poor Kitty! If I have ever offended you, forgive me; let me stay with you and nurse you. Oh, dear, dear love, what have they done to you?"

But Sam Slybrute, although not quite unconscious, was too surly and ill-conditioned to say one word of comfort to his weeping wife. He did nothing but groan and toss his head about; and the attendants, thinking his wife's presence and lamentations agitated him, gently raised and led her into an adjoining room, where her mother and the surgeon, as kindly and cautiously as possible, informed her of the real nature of her husband's accident, and of the crushing and compound fracture of his thigh which had rendered amputation necessary to save his life.

She listened with distended eyes, pale lips, and face of ashy hue, and then faintly exclaimed—

"And they have cut off one of his legs!—cut it off at the hip; and he's a cripple for life. He that was so proud of his fine strong limbs. Oh, Sam! Sam! Sam! to go on crutches! Oh, let me go to him!—let me go to him! When he knows what they've done to him his heart will break." She rose to return to him, but with the effort a deadly faintness came over her, and, had not the surgeon supported her, she would have fallen to the ground; as it was, she swooned away in the surgeon's arms; and so weakened had she been, by years of misery, ill-health, and ill-usage, and so dreadful was the shock her feelings had sustained, that she remained a long time in a state of perfect insensibility, in spite of every restorative that science and experience could suggest.

Alas! only too soon, the wife awoke to a sense of what was before her, with such a husband as Sam Slybrute crippled for life.

CHAPTER LIX.

My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour altered.

SHAKESPEARE.

MEANWHILE a scene not much less affecting had been going on in the ward where Bob Blossom lay, pale,

miserable, and heartily ashamed of himself, but, unluckily, ashamed to own that he was so.

Directly Apple Blossom heard what had befallen Bob, and where he was, she determined to go and see him. Luckily it was a day and hour when patients were allowed to see their friends.

Apple Blossom took Larky Grigg with her, and, although very ill herself, she set out at once for the London Hospital; and her poor heart beat wildly as she was ushered through the lofty, clean, quiet wards, and at last found herself by her husband's bedside.

At one time, Apple Blossom would have thrown herself on the ground in a grief as wild, and a despair as passionate as poor Kitty's, and certainly Bob deserved much better of his wife than Slybrute did of his. But Apple Blossom, though a very fond, devoted wife, was not the blind, silly creature Kitty was.

Bob was beginning to lose his wife's respect; and a sensible woman will do her duty to the last by a man she despises, but she cannot love him.

However, it was in a very gentle voice that, leaning over him, she said—

"I'm roight sorry to foind thee here, Bob; but I'm thankful, too, it's no worsor. I've brought thee some linen and a few things to make thee comfortable in this basket, Bob. Can I do anything for thee?"

"Nothink, thankee, Betty."

He had not called her Betty since she had received the pretty name of Apple Blossom. But he was ashamed and rather sullen; and besides this his wife had not thrown her arms round his neck as she would once have done. She had shed no tears of joy at seeing him again. There was a restraint, an involuntary coldness in her manner.

Again his jealous suspicions rushed back upon his mind and heart. "She don't love me. I've lost her love, anyway, that's clear," he said to himself. "She is a good soul, and thinks a woundy lot about dooty and the ten-commandments, and all that she learns in the Bible, and at the ragged school; and all that Larky, and Hope, and Merry taches her out o' them little books; but love can't be tached. She loved me onst, and I knows the difference."

While Apple Blossom, pale, sad, and very quiet, sat by Bob's little white bed, looking, not at Bob, but in reality at vacancy, the large tears gathering in her eyes, Larky Grigg, who dearly loved his father, came forward.

"How are ye, dad?" he said, sobbing to see his father lying there, pale and helpless, on a bed in a hospital. "How are ye, dad?"

"Why, middling, my boy, considering," said Bob. "They tells me I'm doing uncommon well, and that I'll be out and about in another month or so."

"Won't 'ee be home, dad, for a whole month?" said Larky.

"Why, Larky, wouldn't you rather have my room than my company? Some people would, I'm sure!" said Bob, bitterly.

"Lor, feather, who be they? Home don't seem like home without dad, and so Hope wor saying this very morning."

"Bless her little kind, loving heart," said Bob. "Tain't every female has that feelin'." and he glanced at his wife, whose thoughts were fixed on a subject which generally engrossed them now, namely, what would become of Larky Grigg, and Merry, and Hope if her own disease proved mortal, and she had to leave them to the care of a drunken father? What if she should die under the operation which, as the only chance of saving her life, she had almost resolved to submit to? And then, what would the agony be?

For some time past this one terrible subject, in all its torturing phases, had occupied the unhappy woman's mind; and in spite of the loving and forgiving nature of her heart, a feeling of bitterness would arise in defiance of all her efforts to subdue it, as she thought that it was to a kick of his, given when in a state of sottish, swinish drunkenness, and while she was performing kindly, wife-like offices, that she owed the presence of a loathsome, deadly disease, which in all probability would send her down before her time into the dark grave, and make her children orphans (for she foresaw that Bob would give himself up to drink when she was gone—and how doubly are those orphans whose sole remaining parent is given up to strong drink). And she must leave the sunny earth, and her little once happy home, and all her pleasant duties, and die a lingering, agonising death, or live a wretched, mutilated being, because Bob would not be persuaded when it was yet time, and would not do the only thing to save him from temptation, namely, sign the pledge.

Bob—who knew nothing of what was passing in his wife's mind, for she had resolved, come what would, he should be spared (if possible) the agony of knowing the injury he had done her—felt much

piqued and nettled at her sitting there so silent and so absent.

"I hope," said Larky, "thy leg ain't downright broke, is it, dad?"

"Why, yes it be, Larky, and no mistake. I caught a fall, my boy. I and Sam Slybrute wor walking along arm in arm, it wor woundy dark, and we never seed the cellars, so my foot slipped, and over we went, I fell a top o' he, and I only broke my leg, a simple fracture, the doctor calls it; but he, I hears, he's come off mortal bad. He've got his right arm broke, and his right leg and thigh wor crushed as if a injine on the rail had been over him. They hardly thought he'd live through the operation, but, as the doctor says, live or die, it's their duty to do all they can to save life. And they've saved his'n anyway, but I hear he's loike to lose an eye, and all his front teeth knocked out. Poor Sam! he wor so proud o' his strength, and his figure, and his good looks. He'll be a poor moottilated cripple now, anyway. He'd better have died on the spot, and I'm sure he'll think so when he comes to be quite himself, and sees himself on crutches, with no teeth, and only one eye."

"Ah, but dad," said Larky, "think of his soul! He'll have time to repent now, and if he'd died then, what would have become of him? 'As the tree falleth, so shall it lie.'"

"Whatever will he do when he comes out?" asked Apple Blossom.

"His wife don't bear him no malice," said Bob, red-dening, "though he have used her crule. She'd work her fingers to the bone for him, and he've got a mother-in-law well-to-do; they'll be koind to Sam, though he have done the thing as wor wrong. Kitty Slybrute don't attend no 'mothers' meetings,' nor no ragged schools, and ain't no teetotaler, but quite t'other. She loike a drop, she do; and I think it warms her heart, for she doats on Sam, and is allys ready to kiss and be friends; and she hasn't no methodies about her, to set her up in her own conceit, and make her look down on him she swore to love, honour, and obey—there ain't no go-between there. Sam told me himself, if he ever caught one a-talking over his wife, about pledges, and such loike, he'd get rid of him in no time—kick him to old Nick, and no mistake."

"That wouldn't be the way to get rid of him, Bob," said Apple Blossom, forcing a smile; "Sam'd meet him there again."

"Maybe he moight, maybe he moightn't, Betty; there be wuss than Sam going. As he says, 'he ain't no hypocrite, and never wor, and there must be some good in un, for his woife to be so fond on him. He have done crule things by she, and broke her front teeth—which it ain't every pratty wench could forgive that—but lor, she did; he tould me she did, and never cast it up to him. She had somethink to forgive, and she done it, too; that's what I calls Christin.'"

Little did he think what a much deadlier wrong he had done—what a much greater injury Apple Blossom had forgiven! and not only had never cast up to him, but—in her wife-like tenderness, loyalty, and devotion—had concealed from all the world as his deed, and even from himself!

(To be continued.)

The Matron.

NO. XXVIII.

In the present chapter I shall speak of things interesting both to town and country people; but in the first instance I revert to a subject already treated at some length, viz., supper.

It is not a very orderly proceeding to "go back to tea" after having finished supper, but a few more hints suggest themselves to my mind, and I wish young housekeepers to have the advantage of them.

In order to keep your tea-kettle free from chalk stones, let a clean oyster shell be in it. The shell attracts the chalky particles to itself, and frees your kettle from them. Another hint is about the use of a little carbonate of soda. Very likely this has been recommended to you before, but the important thing is to know the exact quantity you should use. If much of this carbonate is put into the pot, the tea becomes positively nauseous; small portions, by softening the water, make a little tea go a great way. If your party consists of four or five persons, put in with 3½ spoonfuls of tea, as much carbonate of soda as will stand on the third part of a threepenny piece. Having scalded the pot, put in tea and soda together, and proceed as usual; but we frankly own that great connoisseurs in tea consider the soda diminishes

the fineness of its flavour, and where economy is not so important it may as well be left out. We mentioned dried strawberry leaves as a substitute for tea; there are other leaves that also answer the purpose if properly prepared; mint and balm mixed together, either dried or fresh, make a pleasant tea. If fresh, take a handful of the tops, place them in a tea-pot, pour over them about a quart of boiling water, and let the pot stand from five to eight minutes. If dry, one half the quantity.

Hawthorn leaves, picked and dried, make another good substitute for tea, but you should mix with the hawthorn leaves about a tenth part each of balm and green sage.

I have mentioned various things that children may have for the gathering, and there are many others I could point out that might be profitable, and turned to great account in cooking. But I must first speak on a very important subject, viz., the danger of children's gathering and eating poisons, mistaking them for wholesome herbs or berries. In national schools abroad it is part of children's education to learn to distinguish noxious from innocent plants. I wish it were so with us, but since it is not, the only thing is to forbid children to taste anything they are not certain about; and even parents should be careful how they trust to their own knowledge, if they have not had means of acquiring knowledge about plants, roots, and berries. Very great care is required in the selection of mushrooms, called, in learned language, *fungi*. Of these, the wholesome and eatable are to be sought in open plains, dry pastures, and waste lands. Their texture is compact, and their flesh white. The poisonous generally grow in damp places, shaded by wood, and in animal matter in a state of decomposition. The colour of the noxious fungi is either pale yellow, blood red, or greenish.

Of berries, children should be particularly careful. The berry of the wild honeysuckle is more beautiful than the currant, and that of the deadly nightshade is very pleasing to the sight; both are poisonous. The black berry, the whortleberry, and the red berry, left on the wild rose-buds after the blossom has passed away, are the only berries children should gather. Sloes, crab-apples, and nuts are easily discerned. All of these may be gathered and taken home, but only the nuts are fit to eat raw. There are various strong poisons among wild plants. Parsley and hemlock are very similar in appearance. Almost all those plants that have spotted blossoms, like the foxglove, are poisonous, as are also those with stems containing a milky juice,—the lettuce excepted, and this is unwholesome, eaten in a great quantity.

Not long ago a whole family was nearly poisoned by mistaking a deleterious root for horse-radish.

It would not come exactly within my province to enter into greater details on this subject. What I recommend is that mothers should get all the information possible concerning plants, &c., from some experienced gardener. Happily gardeners have not yet disappeared from our land, and they are generally communicative, good-natured, intelligent men, those from the "north country" especially.

All that I have said about the imprudence of tasting at random any wild plant or berry, is as applicable to town children taking a trip into the country as to those who have never left their native village. In fact, there is more danger for town-bred people than for others, for inhabitants of the country pick up a few important facts almost naturally. I must not end this chapter without another caution. Not only in lanes, on heaths, and on commons does danger lurk, but even in the cultivated field and in the crop ripe for harvest there is need of prudence. A painful death from strangling may be occasioned by the attempt to swallow the spur of rye. This grain, so beautiful when ripe, attracts the admiration of all; but the waving fibres that render its appearance peculiarly graceful are so rough that, on reaching the human throat, they have the effect of a deadly weapon.

THE LITTLE GRAY CLOAK.

THERE's a little gray cloak that goes trotting about—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
There's a something beneath it, I have not a doubt—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!

In sunshine or rain, in pleasures or pain,
Wherever I go or whatever I do,
Like a sprite of the air, 'tis now here and now there—
I see it before me—that little gray cloak.

I have faithfully sworn—to the oath I will own—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!
That the little gray cloak shan't go trotting alone—
Heigh ho, the little gray cloak!

I'll step by its side, and I'll take for my guide
Whatever may be in its mysteries hid;
I shall fear not the storm—it will keep us both warm—
For broad are the folds of that little gray cloak!



THE GOTHs AND THE ROMANS.

PICTURES FROM HISTORY.

ALARIC AND THE GOTHs.

"THE next day, the gates having been beaten in (which no one now any longer defended), and our soldiers having rushed in, Cæsar sold (as slaves) the whole section of that stronghold. Those who bought the men told him the number of captives—it was fifty-three thousand."

Thus runs a passage in the second book of the Commentaries of Caius Julius Cæsar, Roman general and conqueror of the barbarians fifty years before the birth of our Saviour; and very significant are the words of the military journalist. Here are fifty-three thousand human beings sold into slavery, on the fall of a fortified city, into which, as a desperate expedient, they had thrown themselves; and in a paragraph of half-a-dozen lines, the circumstance is barely mentioned, as an everyday occurrence, and a thing of no moment. What must have been the state of society, when such outrages were looked upon as things of course.

But retribution came upon the aggressive Romans—and, in the first instance, in the shape of the Goths from Scandinavia. These powerful strangers migrated southward during the earlier years of the empire, and settled on the banks of the rushing Danube, of the Borysthenes (the Dnieper of the present day), and the Tanais or Don. Others called Visigoths, or Goths of the West, established themselves in the regions of Dacia. Tradition tells that the ancestors of these Goths sailed under the command of Berig, their king, from their ancient home in Gothland, in Sweden, and first landed at Gothiscantzia, the present Dantzig. One of the ships arrived later than the rest, whereupon the crew were hailed with a shout of "Gepidæ! Gepidæ!" gapers or idlers, by which they were long afterwards distinguished. Be this as it may, they continued their journey to the south, the horde increasing like an avalanche as it rolled on towards Italy. The Saxons, celebrated from the earliest times as one of the most warlike nations of central Europe, opposed the advancing nation to such good purpose, as to compel them to turn aside towards the East; and thus it was that their first establishment on the frontier of the Roman empire was so near the Black Sea. In the great Gothic migration the Goths were joined by many considerable tribes, among whom the most worthy of mention are the Longovardi, or Long-

spears, from Denmark; the Heruli, from the Scandinavian peninsula; the Vandals, from the shores of the Baltic; the Rugii, from the island of Rügen; the Allemanni, a race composed of a number of tribes, *alle mannen*, signifying *all men*; the Marcomanni, or men of the March, and many others.

The repeated acts of cruelty and treachery perpetrated by the Romans on the new-comers, naturally brought forth reprisals; and in the commencement of the third century we find the Emperor Caracalla absolutely paying tribute to the Goths to secure their friendship. A Goth, Maximin, became at length absolutely Emperor of Rome; and A.D. 250 the Goths formally invaded the empire, gaining the great battle of Berea, and putting 100,000 men to the sword.

From this time a continual series of attacks occur; sometimes checked for a time by the measures of energetic conquerors, among whom Aurelian deserves honourable mention, but almost always resulting in great damage to the provinces attacked. Greece was particularly open to their ravages, and was several times devastated by them. On one occasion the magnificent collection of books at Athens was about to be burnt, when a Gothic commander, rising up in the council, advised his colleagues to leave the Greeks their books, pithily observing "that while the Greeks plied their pens so vigorously, they would have no time to learn the use of their swords."

The Emperor Gallienus entered into an alliance with them—a sure sign of weakness. In the renewed forays which ensued, the Goths took numberless Roman prisoners, whom they carried away into the interior of their country. Many of these Roman prisoners were Christians, able and anxious to spread the light of truth throughout barbarian Europe; and it might truly be said, in the words of Scripture, that "The nations which sat in darkness saw a great light," when the morning of the Gospel dawned upon the country of those brave barbarians, and the mighty Gothic people became converts to the Christian faith.

There rose among the Goths a descendant of the Balti, Alaric, a mighty warrior, who carried fire and sword into the territory of the Romans. Honorius, the emperor, too weak to oppose the invader personally, sent against him Stilicho, a brave Vandal, who twice succeeded in hemming Alaric in between the mountains in such a manner as to make him sue for peace. But again Alaric undertook an invasion of Italy; and was again defeated and brought to terms by Stilicho, who might yet have saved the Roman empire but for the treachery of Honorius him-

self. That miserable despot, jealous of the influence Stilicho had gained over the troops, accused him of carrying on a secret correspondence with Alaric, and caused him to be put to death, with the wives and children of 30,000 Germans in his service. This was signing his own death-warrant. Alaric placed himself at the head of the warriors whose wives and children had been thus ruthlessly sacrificed, and, with his success assured by the death of Rome's best general, he marched straight upon Rome, leaving Honorius helplessly shut up in Ravenna. Capitulation was the only course left open to the terror-stricken Romans. They sued for peace, which was granted by Alaric, on payment of 5,000 pounds weight of gold, 30,000 of silver, and a large proportion of the articles of commerce brought to Rome to supply the luxury of the citizens. The Romans were in despair. "What will be left to us?" they inquired, aghast at the conqueror's exactions. "Life," sternly replied Alaric. "We are still numerous," they continued, with an attempted display of a courage they were far from feeling. "Come out, then," replied the Goth; "the thicker the hay, the easier it is to mow." The Romans had no resource but submission; and the famous golden statue of Victory was melted down to meet the conqueror's demands.

Leaving Rome, Alaric marched to Lower Italy, intending to visit Africa; but a fatal illness seized him, and he died almost suddenly. For three days the Goths wept over their gallant leader; then they turned aside the river Busento from its course, and buried their king in the bed of the river with his armour, his horse, and the chief of the spoils he had taken. The river was then once more turned into its bed; the waves of the Busento rolled over the hero's corpse, and to this day no man knows the place where Alaric, the conqueror of Rome, lies buried.

Honorius himself had remained inactive at Ravenna. The following story appears almost incredible; but, as it is told by several historians, we give it for what it is worth:—

When Honorius, they say, was told at Ravenna that "Roma" was lost, he exhibited the utmost concern, believing that "Roma," a favourite bird of his, was meant. On discovering, however, that the capital of his empire was alluded to, he became at once consoled.

How deep must have been the degradation of a monarch of whom such a story, whether it be true or false, could, with any degree of probability, be repeated.

DEATH OF MARQUETTE.

To western wilds, in days of old,
A pious pilgrim journeyed on;
And many a weary league he won,
By holy faith and prayer upheld.

His was a faith that judged as loss
All thoughts which tended not above;
All love which was not Christ-like love,
Each burden which was not the cross.

And over prairie, over lake,
Adown the mighty western flood
He passed, esteeming it but good
To suffer for his Master's sake.

The dusky children of the wood
Pressed, awe-struck, round to hear his voice,
The while he bade their hearts rejoice
In language little understood:

For when he spoke of love and peace,
Related wondrous tales to them
Of Calvary and Bethlehem,
And bade their thoughts of God increase,

Their untaught spirits rather made
A god of him, whose priestly guise
Seemed marvellous unto their eyes,
With rosary and shaven head.

Long time he laboured thus and prayed:
Repenting not that he had cast
The world behind him, and at last
His life a sacrifice had made.

Alone beneath the vaulted sky,
Beside an altar rude he knelt;
And with the pains of death scarce felt,
He laid him down in peace to die.

Ah, fitting 'twas that his pure soul
Should pass thus peacefully away:
That in the light and calm of day,
The pilgrim should attain his goal!

And where to-day his ashes rest,
The Indian gazes on the lake,
Believing that its waters break,
Or calmly lie, at his behest.

MY VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.—No. I.

I SHALL never forget that fine summer day. Truly the spirit was stirred within me as a steady breeze along the shore curled the surface of the ocean-waters, while all was covered with dancing waves, fringing every rock, as it jutted forth, with snow-white foam; and the sea vanished in the distance and blended with the splendidly clouded sky. I gazed, too, on a stately ship, with her canvas finely spread,—the light falling gently on the surface of her sails, as

"She walked the water like a thing of life;" and then on another, another, and another, all pursuing their outward-bound course. Pleasant was the thought of cargoes, fraught with the conveniences, comforts, and indulgences of life; of letters teeming, not only with the details of commerce, but with the tidings which friendship delights to waft over the ocean, and with the warm responses of fond and loving hearts; and delightful was it to imagine the crowd at some destined port assembling to catch the first glimpse of the in-coming ship, while in the midst of it were eyes eager to gaze on those long lost to sight, hands throbbing with expectation of another's cordial grasp, and tongues thrilling for the shout of "Welcome! welcome! welcome!"

I was aroused from my reverie by a hearty inquiry, "What, is that *you*?" Instantly a warm hand was thrust into mine, which yielded as promptly its own return; and, after a few words of a kind which had long been familiar to us, I took the arm of a school-fellow, only a few years my senior, and from whom I had now been separated for many a day. How much was there mutually to tell of occurrences during the interval; then many an hour was occupied in tracing, as far as possible, the career of our early associates, chequered by incidents of success and disaster; and, ever and anon, some story would arise of our early friendship, of the circumstances under which we first met, and of our thoughts, impressions, and feelings, when, for the first time, we looked each other in the face. Of course, we decided at once that we must now be together, and so we were till the laborious and urgent duties of life compelled us to separate.

We were one day on the sands, conversing as we sauntered along. Dry at low water, these sands are frequented, during every successive season, by multitudes of visitors. One broad ridge becomes, whenever the tide is down, a favourite resort. Here young mothers, prepared by previous knowledge and discipline to play their all-important part—mark with delight the invigorating gambols of their children. See that noble boy, an adept in digging sand and filling his

barrow, teaching his art to a little group, who have been only looking on in admiration of his skill, but each of whom is now eager to begin. His sister, a little older than himself, is seated on a small mass of rock, all-absorbed in some wondrous tale; while the baby laughs and crows in high glee, conscious of a joyous feeling, though knowing not whence it comes. On each side stretches far away the stream of juvenile life; but alas! in many a little party there appears no mother; a hired servant, instead of a parent, is there, while it may be you may witness a blow, or hear some harsh words which will go to your heart.

"How strange it is," said Wilton, as we roamed along, "that when people want a simile for hardness, they generally take a rock. Why don't they say 'as hard as putty?' Rock is often found almost or quite as soft. There is a deposit of stiff blue clay, called *galt*, denominated also *Folkestone marl*, and *blue-chalk marl*; and so the people who vend such things, take a mass of it about the size of a saucer, press into it a few fossils, let it become hard, and then sell it to some one who knows no better, as a natural production. The term rock is properly applied to all the substances that constitute the crust of the globe, from the soft clays that lie beneath our feet, and the loose sand and gravel that yield to every step, to the granite that forms the highest Alps, or the porphyry that crowns the peaks of the Andes."

"I wonder," said I, "if you could recall that piece of one of our old lessons on the difference between *stratified* and *unstratified* rocks: I very much doubt if I could."

"Let's see!" said Tom. "Granite, porphyry, and serpentine, are among the *unstratified* rocks, and occur in enormous masses, only broken by irregular fissures in different directions. *Stratified* rocks, on the contrary, exhibit a regular structure of layers or beds, to which the Latin word *strata* is applied. They cover the largest part of the earth's surface; consisting essentially of one or more of three kinds of matter only—clays, limestones, and sandstones, more or less hard. The beds vary from the thickness of paper to that of many yards, and are sometimes divided by a thin layer of soft matter, called a *seam*; but, at other times, the surfaces of the upper and lower bed are so closely joined together that they can only be separated by a considerable force." There, old boy, is that it?"

"I have no doubt of it to a word—a letter. But then, you know, you always had such a knack at remembering things."

"Other people might have greater power of memory, if they would. Hawkins, you recollect, used to say, 'I'll make a memorandum of *that*;' and so, instead of storing it in his memory, as he ought to have done, he put it down on a piece of paper, only to forget that he had ever done so. Depend upon it that Memory is like a friend who loves to be trusted; and if you withdraw your confidence, is it at all wonderful that you should lose your friend? Let a person give up the exercise of this valuable power, and he may, perhaps, sink into the state of the man who was so accustomed to forget his own wife, that he asked her—save the mark!—to put a wafer on her forehead, that he might distinguish her in a party!"

"You will admit, doubtless, that there is a great difference as to memory, in original endowment?"

"Yes, but not so great as many people suppose. What would my right arm have been, if from my childhood I had kept it inactive, or strapped it up for every effort I proposed to make? Who could have prevented my being a cripple, if I had been constantly going on crutches? Exercise—*due* exercise is essential to the health and vigour of every mental, as well as every bodily power. And an important part of this is the habitual effort to remember things, instead of words—mere words."

"I cordially agree with you, Wilton," said I. "But, if you object to the phrase, '*hard* as a rock,' that of *stable* as a rock is almost, if not quite, as exceptionable. Poetry only can speak of 'everlasting hills,' and 'eternal rocks.' While the mountains, valleys, and plains, and the interior of a country are undergoing a slow but constant change by the combined power of the atmosphere and running waters, its coasts and shores are exposed to destruction from the action of the waves and the encroachments of the sea. How many masses of *débris* have we beheld as we have paced up and down this walk by the sea-side! The sand on which we now tread is the crumbling of a sandstone rock; the clay soil, more or less tenacious, is the crumbling of a clay rock of the same quality; and a calcareous soil is the crumbling of limestone. Only let these crumbling be mixed, and there arises a soil of intermediate qualities. These, being neither sandy, clayey, nor

calcareous, are the principal elements of the more open, fertile, and valuable loams, to which we are indebted for the most precious fruits of the earth."

"Just so," said Wilton. "Our old friend, Farmer Thomson, whom we used to visit, and whose hospitality was never more enjoyed than by us in our school-days, little thought to how many rocks he was indebted for his rich soil, which the plough so successfully turned up, and for the fertile meadows in which his sheep and cattle acquired such beauty and fatness."

"What a contrast," said I, "are such scenes to tracts of sand like this, where, exposed to the atmosphere, as they are, all is monotonous and desert. Their surface is too loose and uncertain, and water finds its way through them with too great facility to admit the growth of a variety of vegetables, or to yield food and shelter to many of the animal tribes. Such is the character of many extensive sand deposits under the sea, and yet the sandy sea-shore is not without its attractions."

"True," said Wilton; "if serenity is loved, where can it be enjoyed more completely than in gazing on the ocean, still and waveless? Where is a bosom so unruffled as that of the glassy sea? How can it possibly be more tranquil than in the evening of a fine summer day, when the sun has nearly descended to the western horizon, when the sea-breeze has died away in the offing, and the land-breeze has not yet begun to blow? Then a golden light irradiating the entire surface of the sea, fades into delicate tints of purplish green; and even when the sun has gone down, there is a rivalry among the hues of russet and gray, as to which of them shall give most softness to the neighbouring landscape; all is silence, absolute silence, for no pebble rolls, no ripple stirs, and no wing rustles."

"I remember," said I, "being exceedingly struck by the Ulverston Sands, that majestic barrier, as Wordsworth calls it, to the lake scenery; and assuredly those splendid mountains and noble valleys are never seen to such advantage, as after the passage of that boundary has been made. As the tide ebbs in Morecombe Bay, these sandy tracts are left perfectly dry, twice a day, to the extent of several miles, except in the channels of the rivers Kent and Leven. There the pedestrian tourists, bearing their knapsacks of indispensables, the people of the neighbouring districts, long accustomed to trudge it over hill and vale; the cart laden with fish or vegetables; the gig of the commercial traveller; and the carriages of fashionable visitors, may all be seen to pass. From Hest Bank, the point entering on the sands on the eastern shore, to Kent's Bank, is not much less than eleven miles. A small island, bearing the traces of an oratory, built by the monks of Furness, is observable midway between these shores, and on the south of the usual track. Strange is the indisposition so often apparent, to guard against peril. Many seem utterly reckless, plunging headlong into danger. No one should attempt to cross these sands without first making due inquiry at Lancaster or Ulverston. At either of these places the proper time for so doing may be easily ascertained, and the road safely traversed over a sandy level, stretching far and wide, the whole of which, a few hours after, will be covered by the sea. Yet, for want of this precaution, scarcely a year elapses but one or more persons, careless or foolhardy, are lost in this most interesting part of our country. The view of the distant mountains, and the crags and scars rising from the edge of the plain, can never be forgotten after being once witnessed."

"I have passed that way," said Wilton, "and was charmed with the prospect. But now we come on a portion of sand over which the waves have passed, and so the sand is rippled too. How deeply suggestive are the markings here! It may be that the sand-ripples of to-day will confide to men of distant ages some of those truths which the ripples of by-gone days reveal to us. For though these marks and the undulations left by the water on the surface, where regular minute ridges of sand follow each other in an orderly manner, like the furrows of a field, may appear to some so fugitive as to demand no notice; yet, in these marks on the sand, the geologist traces a resemblance which links them with time immeasurably distant in the past history of the world, and with impressions on rocks which have survived the decay of centuries, but which were, in their origin, of no more apparent stability than these foot-prints of ours on the sand. Walking with eye intent on such a margin as this, he sees that these ripples leave their mark on the sand at only small depth, while larger waves impress it more deeply. Thus, when he finds the ripple-mark on the sandstone or other rock but slightly raised, he readily infers that these deposits were formed when the shallow waters alone washed over them. Again, when, as is

often the case, they are seen to be covered by deposits of hundreds of feet in thickness, he has clear evidence that on that spot the ancient sea-shore underwent a great lowering, or the level of the ocean a great rise, since those buried ripple-marks were impressed by the waves on the sand. And so, by a careful examination of these tide traces, he can infer the depth and other circumstances of the waters that made them; and learn how, by a gradual depression, the base of that sea was lowered, in relation to the ocean level, hundreds, perhaps thousands of feet, so as to admit of the successive accumulation of sand sediments, containing the remains of new races of marine animals and land plants. But, the spirit that walks abroad at noon is hunger; now, then, let us go and satisfy our physical appetites."

(To be continued.)

Small Change.

A SHARP APPRENTICE.—"William," said a carpenter to his apprentice, "as I shall be absent to-day, I wish you to grind all the tools." "Yes, sir." The carpenter came home at night. "William, have you ground all the tools?" "All but the handsaw," said Bill; "I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that."

WASHING shirts, says an exchange paper, wears them out. When they get dirty, rub them over with chalk. "Economy is wealth."

THERE are three things women throw away—their time, their health, and money.—*Madame Geoffrin.*

WHOEVER educates this year's girls becomes the benefactor of last year's boys.

WHEN is an author most like a puppy?—When he carries his tale with him.

ONE of his old acquaintances went one day to see Fontenelle at his country house, and said he had come to eat a bit of dinner. "What shall we have? Do you like 'sparagus'?" said Fontenelle. "If you please, but with oil." "Oil! I prefer them with sauce." "But sauce disagrees with me," replied the guest. "Well, well, we shall eat them with oil." Fontenelle then went out to give his orders; but on his return found his poor acquaintance dead of an apoplexy. Running to the head of the stairs, he called out, "Cook! dress the 'sparagus with sauce!" The man who "saw the joke," it is said, used a spy-glass.

"My dear," said a smiling spouse to her other half, "I'm going a shopping to-day, and want a little change." "Pooh!" responded the savage, "that would be no change at all; you go a shopping every day."

CONJUGATION OF THE VERB "TO SEE."—S-a-w, did see. Sordid C., whom Esau went to sea to see, says he saw saucy Cesar saw Esau's see-saw for fire-wood to cook up an a-mal-gum for the poor old sea-saw that he saw suffering from toothache contracted while cutting through the equinoctial line during a biting gnaw-wester. Had, you see, Sawney Been in much trouble in cutting his eye-teeth, this is the eye-dent-tickle "old saw" he would have used to cut 'em with. Has Uncle Jonathan an "old hoss" to match?

A FRIEND of ours boasts that the ladies have lately sent him a dozen pairs of slippers. He must be a slippery fellow.

A WORD TO THE WEAKER VESSEL.—A lady who obstinately persists in wearing hoops ought not to complain of being ridiculed. If she will make a barrel of herself, she must expect to be treated as a butt.

TRUTH often displeases a lively soul, but it always persuades a just mind.—*Madame de Riccoboni.*

A HOUSE-PAINTER painted a door so exactly in imitation of oak that last year it put forth a quantity of leaves, and grew an excellent crop of acorns.

"Do you keep nails here?" asked a sleepy-looking lad, walking into a hardware shop the other day. "Yes," replied the gentlemanly proprietor; "we keep all kinds of nails. What kind will you have, sir, and how many?" "Well," said the boy, sliding towards the door, "I'll take a pound of finger nails and about a pound and a half of toe nails."

He who thinks his place below him, will certainly be below his place.

"PATRICK dear, come in and go to bed jist," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from the fair in a decidedly "how come you so" state. "You must be dreadful tired, shure, wid your long walk." "Arrah! git away wid your nonsense," said Pat. "It wasn't the length of the way at all that fatigued me; 'twas the breadth of it!"

NOTICE was recently served upon Thomas Clark, of this metropolis, that the walls of a building owned by him had been condemned and would be pulled

down. It was found that Mr. Clark had been in prison for more than forty years for contempt of court! Dickens's Circumlocution Office was no creature of the fancy.

WILLIE'S MUSICAL ADVENTURES.—(From the *New York Punch*).—"Meet me by moonlight alone," as Willie the garotter warbled to the old gent with a gold watch and five hundred dollars. "Come, oh, come with me," sang the officer, taking him to the station-house.—"Welcome, welcome home," responded the turnkey, on locking him up.—"Go where glory waits thee," sang the judge, as he sentenced William to six months on the island.—"Wait for the waggon, and we'll all take a ride," hummed the officer, whilst attending the arrival of Black Maria, the prison van.—"We meet to part no more," warbled the keeper, warmly grasping Willie by the handcuffs.—"Home, sweet home," sighed Willie, as he put on the zebra suit.

A PRACTICAL joke was once attempted to be played on Mr. Erskine, as he went one day to Westminster Hall, with his ample bag crammed full of briefs. Some waggish barristers hired a Jew's boy to go and ask him if he had "any old clo' to sell?" "No, you little Hebrew imp," exclaimed the indignant counsellor, "they are all new suits."

A MORAL writer asks how a divorced husband and wife can repair the injury done to their children. Perhaps they can in most cases best repair it by repairing themselves.

Puzzles for the Ingenious.

FOR SOLUTION.

Forty-five pounds ten shillings was the sum taken at a theatre on a certain night. The seats in the boxes were charged 2s. 10d. each; those in the pit, 1s. 9d.; and those in the gallery, 1s. 4d. There were twice as many places taken in the gallery as in the boxes, and the number of places taken in the pit were half as many as those taken in the boxes and gallery put together. Question: How many places were taken in the pit, gallery, and boxes respectively?

A PUZZLER!

Some weeks ago, the following was presented for solution:—"Given A B C to find Q." This seems to have baffled the ingenuity of all our readers; and, as we have reason to believe it will continue to baffle them, we may as well present a solution.—Given A B C, or C A B, proceed through Turnham Green to find Kew.

Answer to QUESTION I, in No. 29, p. 47.

Question:—"What is that which lives upon its own substance, and dies when it has devoured itself?"

Answer:—A candle. This answer has been returned by Geoffrey; Inquisitive Joe; Trebo; P. George; Sensible; J. R. Furneaux; L. V. O.; Gabriel; Scotswood Road; A. L. E.; R. W. Gamson.

Incorrect: J. Jenkins; C. J. Hartley; Zeminda; P. O'Malley; C. Jerdan.

Answer to QUESTION II.

Suppose $x = A$'s money

and $y = B$'s "

Then $y + \frac{1}{2}x = £200$

and $x + \frac{1}{3}y = £100$

$y + \frac{1}{2}x = £200$

$\frac{1}{2}x = £200 - y$

$x = £400 - 2y$

$x = \frac{1}{3}y = £100$ by substitution.

$5y + 3 = £300$

$5y = £297$

$y = £59.40$

$x + \frac{1}{2}y = £100$

$x = £100 - 60$

$x = £40$

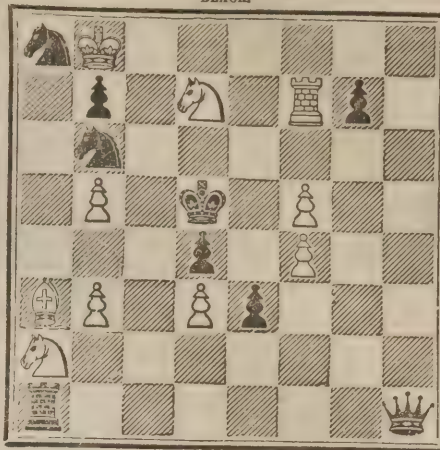
Answer: A had £40 and B had £180.

Correct answers have been received also from T. M. Green; E. W.; J. T. Last; J. Macintosh; J. O. H.; E. P. B.; M. Halligan; H. Ayling; A. Total Abster; J. S. Somers; J. Wright; D. R. P.; J. H. D.; Champion of England; Moulton; W. Bogle; T. W. Croker; Ambrosius; J. Davis; Raleigh; Aramis; E. J. Larkin; J. Manders; Alfred; W. S. Marshall; Perth; J. R. W. L.; H. W. Groves; Faber; R. W. Jamson; W. S. Lumb; David J.; T. H. Macpherson; B. Russell; J. Lugsdin; A. Perth Reader; G. H. Hillis; Lichfield; Jacobus; H. Spiers; Zamora; H. C. Barclay; G. J. F.; J. Taylor; A. Glasgow Dressmaker; Truth; Alexander; W. Armstrong; J. Ugarte; Zary (Dundee); H. J.; Pythias; W. Clementson; E. G. M.; J. Blatherwick; Anvil; Peter; Phaedrus; G. H. Booth; T. P. Woodburn; W. Shearer; J. Larkin; Old Hickory; T. R.; R. Clear; R. Wilker; H. Hetherington; T. Rehsa; Sensible; J. S. Unsworth; Lackland; A. Boy of 10; W. S. C.; P. George; Bristolensis; Darvell; R. Curley; W. Wakeman; W. Bade; L. V. O.; T. Y. Baker; A. S.; T. Whittington; D. F. G.; J. H. Elstob; T. Walters; A. T. A.; T. Tigmuto; Trebo; Lismahago; J. Jenkins; Gabriel; Inquisitive Joe; W. H. Taylor; J. R. Watson; W. Walker; T. Robertson; Freadamite; Nelson Lee; G. F. B.; Hal M. K.; H. R. Simons; Geoffrey; The Stranger; M. Highgate; E. Finn; W. Stewart; J. M. Miller; Colliery Jamie; C. J. Hartley; Scotswood Road; A. L. E.; J. R. Furneaux; Ocelo; Perseverance; Perio; Z.; G. Palmer; P. O'Malley; Nil; R. B. B. (Limerick); Pope; Jasper; C. Jerdan; Flaminius; S. Arnold; J. Lytleton; S. W. Elmes; F. Armstrong.

Incorrect: Faber.

Chess.

Problem No. 54 By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Game played between Messrs. PINDAR and WORMALD.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| Mr. Wormald. | Mr. Pindar. |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. B to Q B 4 | 3. P to Q Kt 4 |
| 4. B takes P | 4. P to Q B 3 |
| 5. B to Q B 4 | 5. P to Q 4 |
| 6. P takes P | 6. Q checks |
| 7. K to B sq | 7. P to K B 6 (a) |
| 8. P to Q 3 | 8. P takes Kt P (ch) |
| 9. K takes P | 9. B to K Kt 5 |
| 10. Q to K B sq | 10. B to Q B 4 (b) |
| 11. B to K B 4 | 11. K Kt to B 3 |
| 12. B to K Kt 3 | 12. Q to K R 4 |
| 13. Q to K sq (ch) | 13. K to B sq (c) |
| 14. P to K R 3 | 14. B to Q 2 |
| 15. P to Q 6 (d) | 15. Kt to Q 4 |
| 16. B takes Kt | 16. Q takes B (ch) |
| 17. Q to K 4 | 17. Q Kt to R 3 |
| 18. Q Kt to B 3 | 18. Q to K 3 |
| 19. Q R to K sq | 19. Q to K B 3 |
| 20. Q to K 7 (ch) | 20. Q takes Q |
| 21. R takes Q | 21. B to K 3 |
| 22. Q Kt to K 4 | 22. B to Q Kt 3 |
| 23. K Kt to B 3 | 23. Q R to K sq |
| 24. R takes R (ch) | 24. K takes R |
| 25. K Kt to K Kt 5 | 25. K to Q 2 |
| 26. R to K B sq | 26. P to K B 3 |
| 27. R takes K B P (e) | 27. B takes K R P (ch) |
| 28. K takes B | 28. P takes R |
| 29. Kt takes P (ch) | 29. K to Q B sq |
| 30. P to Q 7 (ch) | 30. K to Kt 2 |
| 31. Kt to K 6 | 31. Kt to Q B 4 (f) |
| 32. P Queens (ch) | 32. R takes Q |
| 33. Kt takes R | 33. B takes Kt |
| 34. Kt takes K R P | 34. B to Q Kt 3 |
| 35. B to K 5 | 35. Kt to K 3 |
| 36. K to Kt 4 | 36. P to Q R 3 |
| 37. Kt to K B 6 | |

And the game (which is in White's favour) was obliged to be left unfinished.

(a) Mr. W. informs us that he has frequently adopted this form of defence with success against strong players. It certainly seems to deserve notice. Perhaps White would have done better had he at his fifth move played his B to K 2 instead of to Q B 4.—(b) Threatening mate in two moves.—(c) Perhaps K to Q sq or Q 3 would have been preferable to this move, as it would have prevented the effectual advance of the Q P, and also have given freedom to Black's K R.—(d) This P is a thorn in Black's side for the rest of the game.—(e) Ingenious; he obtains an ample equivalent for the exchange.—(f) White now threatens Kt to K 8, and Black's best course seems to be the one adopted, giving up the exchange.

Solution of Problem No. 47.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|--------------------|--------------|
| 1. R to K B 7 (ch) | 1. R takes R |
| 2. Q to K 6 (ch) | 2. K takes Q |
| 3. R to K 5 (ch) | 3. P takes R |
| 4. P mates | |

Solution of Problem No. 48.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Kt to K Kt 3 | 1. Q takes Kt (a) |
| 2. Kt to K B 5 (ch) | 2. K moves |
| 3. B to K B 7 (mates) | |
| | (a) |
| 2. P to K B 4 (dis ch) | 1. P to K 5 |
| 3. Kt mates | 2. Kt takes B |

J. D. R., J. Palmer, M. A. R., E. Grant, R. B. W., H. T., Domino, and W. G., have been replied to through the post.

Our Editorial Table.

ERRATUM.—No. 28, page 29, in the anecdote respecting CYTUS, for B. C. 99, read B. C. 599.

BLUE BELL.—In reply to your question—viz., is there any truth in the saying that it rains on St. Swithin's Day, viz., the 15th of July, there will be rain for forty days afterwards? we give you the words of Mr. Howard, the meteorologist:—"The action commonly entertained on this subject, if put strictly to the test of experience at any one station in this part of the island (London), will be found fallacious. To do justice to popular observations, I may now state that in the majority of our summers, a showery period, which with some latitude as to time and circumstances, may be admitted to constitute daily rain for forty days, does come on about the time indicated by this tradition; not that any long space before is often so dry as to mark distinctly its commencement." St. Swithin was *Chancellor of the Exchequer* in the time of our Saxon King Ethelbert. He was also the great patron-saint of the cathedral and city of Winchester. The skull of St. Swithin is known to have been deposited in Canterbury Cathedral, but where his body was buried seems quite unknown.

JAMES RAMSDALE (Manchester).—Dr. Pusey is the Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford. For his views on certain theological points, we refer you to his publications. Your note is not over courteous.

A TRUE SCOT.—The two small w's, under the neck of the medallion of her Majesty on the penny pieces, are the initials of the late medallist, William Wyon.

A READER OF NEWSPAPERS.—The proper orthography of the two words *sanitary* and *sanatory* has not been determined. We believe the first to be the correct form. The word is derived immediately from the French *sanitaire*, which is from the Latin *sanitas*, health, or state of health; and hence sanitary has been applied to laws and regulations which tend to promote the public or general health. *Sanatory* more properly means *sanative* or *curative*. The root of both words, however, is the same.

X. R. X.—The son can take which name he pleases, and the law makes the marriage, contracted under the selected name, legal. The wife, therefore, cannot legally "marry again."

A. S.—The authorship of Junius' letters is still a matter of uncertainty; the probabilities are in favour of Sir Philip Francis, but it is not easy to give "the reasons why he should have kept the secret."

C. MERCEUR (L.K.).—The word, *invicta*, under the crest of a certain insurance company, means *unconquered*. You cannot change the colour of flowers that are *blown*. Some florists try experiments for this purpose on the *roots* and *buds*, but they do not publish the process.

IDA DALHEIMER.—The chosen haunts of the cuckoos are warm and temperate climates. The only two species that show themselves in our quarter of the globe never appear but in warm weather, and quit it on the first approach of cold weather. Even the mild temperature of an Italian winter is not sufficient to retard their return to the sultry groves of northern Africa.

A GROWING BOY OF 12.—We think you may bathe with advantage three times a week, due regard being paid to the temperature of the body. For a person in good health, the best time for bathing is early in the morning, but avoid bathing after a full meal.

G. CALTHORP.—Soldiers may "rise from the ranks to be captains, without purchasing a commission, through merit," but the cases are rare.

TROO.—The word *posy* is a contraction of *poesy*, which is from the Latin and Greek *poesis*, the work of a poet, or poetry. *Posy* originally meant *verses* presented with a nosegay, or bunch of flowers, and hence the term came to be applied to the flowers themselves; it still means a motto, or a verse upon a ring: thus Shakespeare,—

"A paltry ring, whose *posy* was,
"Love me, and leave me not."

LARKY GRIGG.—You should apply to the "Admiralty Civil Department," office, Somerset House, Strand.

W. GARDEB.—Apply as the last.

MELIORA.—No license is required for removing goods with horse and cart, or van.

WATER-BARREL.—Belisarius was one of the commanders under the Emperor Justinian, and the greatest general of declining Rome. In the latter portion of his days he was doomed, undeservedly, to misfortune and disgrace; but the story of his deprivation of sight, and begging in the streets of Constantinople, is a fiction of later times, altogether unsupported.

MERRILLE PLACE.—The War Office is in Pall Mall (late Buckingham House).

JOHNSON.—The mixtures considered the most efficacious for destroying the vermin to which you allude, are highly poisonous; and, after all, these cannot be applied to "mattresses, bed furniture, folds of dresses," and other articles which you enumerate. Great cleanliness and incessant hunting, are the surest modes of destruction. We give one form of receipt, reminding the reader that it is a *deadly poison*:—corrosive sublimate and muriatic acid, of each one ounce; water, four ounces. Dissolve, then add turpentine and decoction of tobacco, of each three quarters of a pint. Mix. For the decoction of tobacco, boil two ounces of tobacco in a pint of water. This mixture must be applied with a paint brush.

M. SPIERS (Maidstone).—*Spurge* is the name commonly given to the different species of British plants of the genus *Euphorbia*; they abound with a milky juice, which is pungent and poisonous.

W. H. B. H.—Vasco de Gama was a celebrated navigator and naval commander. He was born at Sines, a maritime town in Portugal. He made important discoveries on the Eastern coasts of Africa and the seas adjacent to the East Indies. He died in Cochin China in 1525.

DOUBTFUL GEORGE.—1. The law to which you refer cannot be—is not intended to be—*retrospective* in its influence. The marriage, therefore, which you suppose to have taken place

would be illegal. 2. An illegitimate child may possess property regularly bequeathed to him; but not in mere virtue of his natural relationship; the law says, "*filius noster, nullius filius*," which means that "an illegitimate son is the son of nobody."

A CLERGYMAN OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH is thanked for his suggestions, which shall have our best consideration. We have, there is no doubt, laboured under the disadvantages to which our clerical correspondent refers, but the experience we have had of the people at large, and of the working classes in particular, convinces us that we need not fear as to the result of our efforts. If, indeed, by our own unassisted enterprise and energy we have succeeded in surrounding ourselves with so enormous a constituency, who appreciate our labours, what might we not effect with the aid, and through the influence, to which our correspondent refers? Under all circumstances we shall persevere in the course we have marked out for ourselves, and though we may not have received that assistance and support to which we feel we are entitled, from those who wish to promote the dissemination of a pure and wholesome literature, we congratulate ourselves upon the extraordinary success we have achieved, and cherish with satisfaction the knowledge that so much good has already resulted from our efforts.

P. C. 34, X.—You will gain the information you require by writing to the secretaries of the clubs.

CORNWALLIS (Hull).—If you deduct discount from the amount of 40s. you, of course, reduce the amount below 40s. and render a *stamped* receipt unnecessary.

OBLIGED QUERRIST.—No "injurious effect is likely to result from the moderate use of prepared ices during this hot season."

VILLE.—The proper pronunciation of *ville* is *veal*.

GIL BLAS.—You will find advertisements respecting New Zealand vessels, &c., in all the leading daily papers.

A SUFFERER.—Bathe your eyelids every morning with rose-water.

W. F.—You ask us how you are to remove spots of grease "from the covers of books;" but you have forgotten to state of what substance the covers are made.

ENTERPRISE.—Your proposed remedy would, we think, prove far more unsightly and unpleasant than the defect of which you complain. As to "strengthening the voice," that, if the lungs be sound, may be accomplished by exercise.

QUESTOR.—Apply to the Herald's Office, Doctors' Commons, London. **AN ENTERPRIZER**.—Not that we know of.

MALCOLM.—No. **TERRAL'S LYRE**.—Consult the ability and taste of the amateur. **SELF-BETROTHED** had best spell his name correctly, a variation can only cause confusion. **R. J. MASON** does not state his qualifications. **BONNY** may rely on our attention. **Z. A.**—Yes. **F. W. C.**—Yes. **PETER HANDLEY**.—The delay must arise from post-office neglect.

S. T. P.—You will not get into the office of any respectable civil engineer without paying a handsome premium, except through private friendship.

HENRY AND TOM.—Consult the shipping lists. But we do not think it likely that linen-drappers' apprentices are likely to "obtain a living" in New Zealand.

E. S. H. (Gravesend).—The "French lessons" began in No. 23. You can obtain the numbers, by order, of any respectable bookseller or news agent in your town.

A RESPONDING ONE.—We do not think your case as serious as you do yourself, but we will consider it attentively. There is an old proverb, "All's well that ends well." We are not about to dispute the truth of this saying, all we wish to prove to you is, that things seldom end well that begin ill. Now just mark the course of the *affaire de cœur* that has plunged you in such deep distress. In the first place, you encouraged it, if not contrary to the authority of your parents, at least in opposition to their known wishes. They desired you to remain at home on account of the expected visit of a gentleman of great worth and high reputation, whose alliance they coveted because they thought him likely to make you happy, but you could have no peace until you had accepted an invitation to visit a friend, at whose house you knew you were to meet a gentleman, more remarkable for agreeable, than estimable, qualities. In his charming company, you were so intoxicated by his compliments and attentions, that you found a week pass like a dream, but at the ball that took place on the eve of your departure, your admirer's devotion was not proof against the attraction of new beauties, and you spent a dull evening, for though others courted, he neglected you. Cease to deceive yourself. He does not love you. Novelty has great charms for a flirt; it has none for a man truly in love. Do not hesitate for a moment; refuse the next invitation that would throw you again into his company. Determine to receive the polite attentions of your father's friend, and determine also to make yourself agreeable to him. The very effort will do you good. It will draw you from dangerous musing, and from indulging in vain wishes, and one conquest over yourself will lead to another, until you will look back and wonder how a heartless man could have exercised such power over you.

ESTHER AND ANNIE.—"Esther" and "Annie" should reflect that every earthly pleasure has its drawback. They have been "supremely happy" at the sea-side, riding over the downs, reading interesting books while the fresh breeze fanned their cheeks, walking on the pier by moonlight, and bathing in the sea before breakfast; but—and there is a but to everything—they have become so dreadfully sun-burnt and freckled, that they declare they have ceased to be fair beauties without becoming brunettes. "Esther" and "Annie" would not mind the sun-burn—it is on account of the freckles that they appeal to us for aid. We will give their case attention. We must, however, consider the cause of the freckles before we proceed to the cure. According to chemists, most combustible things have carbon for their basis, so has the skin, and if exposed to the heat it becomes spotted or charred. The iron and oxygen in the blood assist to produce this effect. Thus freckles are occasioned. Both fair and dark people are subject to them, but they show a preference for red-haired beauties, and why? because *les cheveux roux* result from a red coloured oil, strongly impregnated with iron. In order, then, to remove freckles, we must have recourse to such chemicals as will

remove existing combinations. Freckles are situated in the second or middle membrane of the skin, therefore we should begin the cure by applying a mild balsam to the surface. For this purpose take 1oz. of bitter almonds, 1oz. of barley flour, and a table-spoonful of honey. Mix these ingredients into a paste, and anoint the face with it at night. Mind you wash it off in the morning. After using this for a few days, you may apply a lotion thus prepared:—Mix well together a drachm of muriatic acid, half a pint of rain water, and half a tea-spoonful of spirit of lavender. Apply some of this to the freckles, twice a day, with a camel's hair brush.

S. WHITFORD.—To enable you to become patient under the fear of being stung by wasps, bees, or gnats, we advise you to think of all the horrors and dangers (from venomous creatures) that the inhabitants of the torrid zone are exposed to in hot weather. Think of the mosquito, the scorpion, the deadly serpent! But to return to our minor torments, if you should unluckily be stung by a wasp or a bee, spread over the part affected a plaster of salad oil and common salt. If you cannot immediately procure oil, moisten the salt with vinegar or water. Should so alarming an accident as swallowing a wasp (in fruit or food of any kind) happen to you, or any one near you, let a tea-spoonful of salt be immediately taken, in order to kill the wasp and heal the sting, but send immediately for medical advice, that any ulterior bad effects may be averted.

MARY.—The boxes and other articles belonging to a servant cannot be legally seized for rent and taxes due from her master. For an answer to your other question you must apply to a skilful medical practitioner.

E. CORREIGN wishes us to tell her "how to make, or where to obtain, *arsenic-cakes*," she having heard that such cakes have the property of making the eaters "fat, rosy, &c." We caution her against the use of so deadly an ingredient. As to the mark on her sister's arm, it is doubtful whether it will ever be wholly eradicated.

A CONSTANT READER and **MABEL D.** both address us on the same day. The first is fifteen years old, and, considering himself much too *tall*, wishes to know how his growth may be checked; while "Mabel," aged seventeen, is much shorter than she wishes, and asks us for a receipt to make her grow tall! Our young correspondents should be satisfied with their stature, their complexion, the colour of their hair, &c., &c. At least, we cannot help them.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST.—The marriage between J. S. and C. G. is legal, notwithstanding the circumstances you have named; though the parties have exposed themselves to the charge of perjury as to the matter of their residence.

AN INVALID.—We cannot recommend the institution about which you make inquiry.

AN INQUIRER.—Apply to the Office of Inland Revenue, Somerset House, Strand.

U. W. M.—You may extract ink marks from linen by the application of salt of lemons or tartaric acid.

JACQUES.—Our reply to F. P. R. X. applied to an institution about which he made inquiry.

J. ANDREW.—*Ibid*, or *ibidem*, is a Latin adverb, signifying there, or in the same place, or from the same author.

AN IGNORANT PERSON.—Strings made of india-rubber will not answer in the construction of an *Æolian harp*.

E. G. M.—The word "hilarity" is from the Latin *hilaritas*, joyful, merry; it means mirth, merriment, gaiety, and differs from joy. Joy, excited by good news or prosperity, is an affection of the mind; hilarity is excited by social pleasure, drinking, and other things which rouse the animal spirits.

OLIVIA L. L. must obtain proper medical advice.

F. M. (Chapel-hall) can obtain the three missing numbers by post, upon sending 6d. to the office in La Belle Sauvage Yard.

NELLY must choose for herself; but she need not be in a hurry.

BOB.—The "*Selah*" in the Psalms is generally supposed to be a musical mark, signifying silence, or a pause in the performance of the song.

C. D. W. D.—The marks tattooed in the skin are not to be eradicated.

IGNORAMUS.—The emphasis should be laid on the second syllable, thus, "*Po-lyc-ra-tes*."

A RECHABITE will find a good receipt for making the black ticket inks in No. 17, page 272.

EXCELSIOR, **FLORENTIA**, **R. O'MALLEY**, AND OTHERS.—To prescribe with safety for the removal of pimples, &c., the cause of their appearance must be first ascertained. They are, for the most part, efforts of nature for the riddance of inward impurities, and to check them would prove injurious.

UN DE VOS AMIS.—The age at which it is proper for a youth to leave his country home for London, must be regulated by circumstances; we can lay down no fixed rule.

ONE DEEPLY IN LOVE.—Your taking "a walk every morning about five o'clock" would, doubtless, "benefit your health;" but how this is to "increase the warmth of your lady's attachment to you," we do not exactly perceive.

H. K. (Ledbury).—As you are so anxious to improve your handwriting, we recommend you to practice the system contained in Ward and Lock's "Model Copy Books." They are published monthly at threepence each—No. 158, Fleet-street, E. C.

HUDEBRAS.—Many exercises, in Latin, French, German, &c., are submitted to us for examination and correction. We have neither time nor space for reply. At the first glance, however, we perceive that your Latin composition is incorrect.

AN ANXIOUS SUBSCRIBER may obtain the numbers containing the tale of "The Young Pretender" (Nos. 186 to 206, old series), for 2s. 6d., or if sent by post, for 3s.

* * * We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

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SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXI.

One woe doth tread upon another's heels,
So fast they follow.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE temple of Mariatele was situated on the brow of a gently sloping hill, one of a chain intersecting a vast plain, cultivated only in patches, the rest jungle, marsh, and forest. Although not originally intended as a place of defence, it was, like most of the religious edifices in India, a structure of considerable strength, being surrounded by a square inclosure of solid masonry, with loop-holes for musketry, and

lofty towers at each angle, not unlike the *campanile* of Italy in their general design, but far more fantastically ornamented.

From its superior elevation the temple commanded the neighbouring fort, a comparatively modern building, scarcely a mile to the westward; and so obvious were its advantages, in a strategical point of view, that it had long been the ambition of the rajah to obtain possession of it, in order to convert it into the seat of his power. But the opposition of the Brahmins and the superstition of the people, who held the shrine in peculiar reverence, had hitherto defeated his designs. It was not without reluctance that the former consented—after he had taken a solemn oath upon the Vedas not to attempt anything against their rights—to Acbar's removing some of his heavy guns and ammunition to their walls for security, so that, if driven from the fort, he might be enabled to make a second stand against their mutual enemies.

His treasures, wrung from the oppressed and enslaved tillers of the soil, were received far more

willingly. The only entrance to the quadrangle was by a single gate, on either side of which the architect had placed the sacred bull, each a colossal monolith. In the interior rose the shrine, profusely decorated with sculptured monstrosities, both externally and in the interior; it contained also several ranges of low-roofed buildings which served as storehouses, and abodes of the priests and pilgrims who annually visited the temple. Such was the place to which Sir Charles Fourreau had determined to retreat with his gallant regiment, and await the arrival of the forces rapidly advancing to the siege of Delhi.

The precautions which the British commander had taken in placing a line of sentinels to prevent all communications between the fort and the inhabitants of the village, and the apparent neglect of establishing any outpost, convinced the traitorous rajah that the report of his emissary was correct, that his design of attacking them was unsuspected, and that the solitary band must fall surprised and unprepared.

Great, therefore, was his astonishment when the



A SUCCESSFUL SALLY.

advancing column of his force, in emerging from the wood, which had, as they supposed, screened their approach, were received by a regular volley, which left many a saddle empty, and sent the riderless horses mad with pain and terror, galloping in confusion over the plain.

Before the rebels could recover from their panic the volley was renewed.

"Well done!" exclaimed Major Plinlimmon, delighted with the success of his plan; "steady, men; clear the village."

The troop formed three a-breast as coolly as if they had been at a review or on parade, and dashed at full speed through the long straggling street. As they proceeded, those who had been placed to fire the houses, joined them, and their retreat was masked by a line of flame.

The main body of the regiment had already penetrated a considerable distance into the jungle, when the first volley of the major's party was heard. Sir Charles, who had hitherto kept by the side of the carriage occupied by the ladies, instantly drew rein and listened.

In a few minutes the firing was repeated.

"Your place is no longer here," observed his wife, extending her hand to him.

"God protect you, Bell!" exclaimed the agitated husband, folding her in a passionate embrace. "A very short time will decide our fate."

"I am quite prepared," murmured the heroic woman, at the same time casting a glance towards Wharton, who, pale as death, rode at the opposite side of the vehicle.

Imprinting a hasty kiss upon the brow of Lillian, the gallant veteran disappeared, and placed himself at the head of his men. The tribute to human love and human weakness had been paid; his life was now his country's.

A mental prayer for his safety rose to the mercysat on high from the hearts of his wife and adopted child, as he rode off.

"How far is the temple?" inquired her ladyship of the young cornet, in a tone which she endeavoured to render firm.

"About a mile from the skirts of the jungle."

"And that?"

"Stretches two miles further."

From the nature of the ground, the advance of the party was necessarily slow, and for some time not a sound was heard, except the heavy tramp of the horses as their hoofs fell with a dull, heavy tread upon the tangled grass, or splashed in the pools of stagnant water from which the poisonous malaria exhaled.

"We are followed!" exclaimed Mrs. Burke, breaking the painful silence.

Fred Wharton reined up his horse to listen. The approach of cavalry was distinctly heard. It was either Major Plinlimmon and his men, or the victorious enemy. The doubt was too agonising to be endured. Burying his spurs into the flanks of his charger, he galloped off towards the rear-guard.

"Did you hear the firing?" he demanded of the senior captain who commanded it.

"Twice," replied the officer. "There is music in the ring."

"And a pretty lively tune it is," observed the doctor. "Trust the major for that; he is pursued. The rebels have avoided the burning village by a detour."

"And must overtake us."

"Little doubt of that."

The heart of the cornet beat wildly, as he thought of the fearful promise he had made.

"When the major comes up," continued the speaker, "we must make a stand to enable our comrades and the ladies to reach the temple."

During his ride, Wharton had noticed that the long grass, from the excessive drought, rustled dry and crisply beneath his horse's feet, and an idea, almost as desperate as their situation, struck him.

"I have it," he said: "let us fire the jungle."

There was a pause before the commander of the handful of men who formed the rear-guard replied to him.

"It is our only chance," he replied at last; the next instant he gave the word to halt.

Each soldier drew his rein and sat silently and unconcerned in his saddle, as if on the old parade-ground at Calcutta. The order was given, and the mode of executing it explained. Half the party dismounted, and began cutting, with their sabres, the long grass and reeds, which they formed into bundles, and placed at equal distances. By the time they had completed their task, their comrades rode up.

"Ride for your lives," shouted Plinlimmon, the instant he recognised them; "the rebels are at least two thousand strong."

"And how far off?" demanded the captain.

"About a mile."

"Plenty of time, major," said Dr. Burke, coolly.

In all probability the choleric Welshman would have made some not very complimentary rejoinder on finding his authority so unceremoniously treated, had not shortness of breath prevented him. Before he could recover it, Burke had explained to him the suggestion of Wharton, and the steps already taken to carry it into execution.

"Capital!" exclaimed the major; "we'll smoke the rascals."

Drawing his men into a wide gully, or ravine, which intersected the jungle for several miles, the captain gave orders to the dismounted hussars to fire the grass. The red flames rose rapidly, and dense volumes of smoke began to spread like a veil of darkness through the atmosphere.

Several of the brave fellows volunteered to ride in various directions, scattering their burning brands, in order to increase the conflagration. The slight wind fortunately proved in a favourable direction; and when the rebel rajah and his forces came up, they found an impassable barrier of fire between them and the gallant band they had looked upon as an easy prey. Vainly they tried to penetrate it; foiled in the attempt, their next endeavour was to pass beyond the limits of the sea of flame. But the flames were swifter than their steeds; the disappointed chief cursed the Christians in the impotence of his fury, and reluctantly gave orders for a retreat, consoling himself with the reflection that in a hostile country and unsupported by their countrymen, the isolated band of heroes must ultimately perish.

In his rage and mortification he had forgotten the temple, and the indomitable energies of the Saxon race, destined to be once more proved to the world by a succession of achievements unparalleled in the history of modern warfare. If the English government appears to take an insane pleasure in being always unprepared, late events have proved how nobly Englishmen can redeem their errors.

The deep regret is that the price should be so costly.

The danger which menaced the rear-guard of the gallant 01st was far from being over yet, for the fire spread with a rapidity which threatened not only the pursuers but the pursued, forcing the latter in several instances to make long and painful detours from the track to avoid it. Sometimes they were startled by a mingled herd of frightened deer and antelopes dashing madly past them, hunted by the pitiless flames, which crept stealthily along the ground, where the grass proved scant or low, then rose into fury, like a pack of hounds in full cry suddenly opening on the scent, when they came to a more luxuriant vegetation.

It was singular to notice the effect which terror had produced upon the animal creation. Leopards, especially the cheetah or hunting species, mingled with the flying herd without attempting to select a victim—fear had subdued the ferocity of their nature, and more than one royal tiger crossed the path of the retreating soldiers, the head close to the ground, and tail hanging like a torpid snake between its legs.

So passionately fond was Major Plinlimmon of the chase, that, had he been riding for less than life, nothing could have restrained him from his favourite sport.

We must now leave the retreating party for awhile, and request the attention of our readers whilst we describe what was going on in the great quadrangle of the temple, where the inhabitants of the now blazing village, by command of the Brahmins and the rajah, had conveyed not only their provisions and cattle but whatever else of value they possessed.

Al Moorad, Nadir, the chief priest, the native magistrate and collector were standing in the light gallery which ran round the principal dome of the building, watching the progress of the flames. There was an expression of intense satisfaction on the withered face of the Brahmin, who doubted not but an instalment of the debt of hatred, due by the Christian rulers of his country, had been paid. A shade of anxiety, on the contrary, rested on the features of the banker. As for their companions, they continued to gaze with that marked apathy peculiar to Asiatics. They had been forced into the rebellion; the priesthood had assured them of success, and they trusted to their promise as to the oracles of fate.

"How rapidly the flames extend," observed Al Moorad, addressing Nadir.

"The land shall be purged with fire," replied the old man—"is it not written in the Vedas?"—and prepared for the last incarnation of Vishnu.

"I may rely on Achar's promise to respect the life of Lillian?"

"As on mine."

"Should he behold her face and be fascinated by her charms?" urged the former speaker, seized with a sudden feeling of jealousy.

"He has a mistress far more beautiful," answered the Brahmin, impatiently—"ambition and the desire of avenging the wrongs of his outraged race; besides," he added, "have we not a pledge that might satisfy even a lover's doubts? Are not his treasures concealed within the temple—his heavy guns and ammunition?"

"He may require them," observed the banker, "to hold his fort."

"Not so; it is sufficiently armed already."

Here the two speakers were interrupted by the native police magistrate calling their attention to the progress of the flames, which, by this time, had spread so widely that it was evident they had extended beyond the village.

"Achar has fired the jungle!" exclaimed Nadir, in a tone of triumph. "Not a Christian will escape him."

"And Lillian—the prize for which I have risked so much," exclaimed Al Moorad.

"Doubtless is in his hands," answered the priest, calmly. "I sent a sure and faithful agent to the village, who would have returned ere this had the design of the rajah been suspected."

The speaker alluded to the pretended fakir who had fallen, as we have seen, into the hands of the colonel of the 01st.

Before emerging from the jungle, the main body of the regiment was overtaken by the major and his party. As the latter rode up, Sir Charles pressed his hand warmly, and thanked him for the skill and courage with which he had executed his instructions.

"The idea of setting fire to the long grass," he observed, "was a master-stroke; it has placed an impenetrable barrier between ourselves and the rebels."

"Little doubt of that," replied the Welshman, wiping the dust and perspiration from his brow; "but the credit of the plan belongs to another."

"To whom?"

"Wharton," answered Plinlimmon.

"Where is he?" inquired the commander.

"Riding by the carriage with Lady Bell and the ladies."

At the name of his wife the lips of the veteran slightly quivered.

"By heavens, Fourreau!" continued the speaker, "she is a noble creature. Her voice sounded as cheerfully when we came up with her as in her drawing-room at Calcutta."

"But don't you think this plan of Wharton's may be turned to account?"

"In what way?"

"By concealing our approach to the temple."

The idea was no sooner suggested than acted upon, and a number of men sent forwards with orders to fire the skirts of the jungle, which soon sent forth a vast cloud of flame and smoke, under cover of which the regiment dashed rapidly across the plain, and took possession of the gate before the crowd within the quadrangle suspected that the enemy, of whose destruction they felt so confident, were in the vicinity.

As not even a guard had been posted within the court, resistance was useless, scarcely any attempt being made to oppose their entrance, and the fugitives were masters of the place before Nadir and his companions were aware of their danger. At first the aged Brahmin mistook them for the rajah and his victorious troops. Great was his rage and disappointment when he discovered that they were the hated English.

"May the gods of India," he exclaimed, "confound them in their impious triumph. The shrine of Mariatete is profaned."

"And what is worse," added Al Moorad, "we shall be prisoners."

The native police magistrate and collector, who knew how little reason they had to expect mercy at the hands of the victors, appeared panic struck.

"Not so," replied the priest; "the goddess will preserve us."

The banker gave an inarticulate "Umph!" Probably from his long association with Europeans, his faith was not so lively as it had once been.

"There is a means of escape known only to those of my sacred order," continued the speaker; "swear by the Vedas never to reveal it, and you shall share my flight."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the required oath was readily taken: that done, Nadir descended from the gallery to the temple, and calling his brother Brahmins around him, proceeded with them to a large recess at the back of the shrine.

"Let the doors be closed," he exclaimed.

With the assistance of his companions, the heavy bronze gates were rolled upon their hinges.

"Now draw the bolts," cried Al Moorad.

"Not a bolt must be drawn," replied the chief priest, "or the Christians will suspect the path by which we escape them; there is no other means of egress visible."

At the command of the speaker, one of the younger Brahmins sprang upon the altar, surmounted by the statue of the goddess, and pressed a spring concealed in the folds of her girdle. A low rumbling noise was heard, as the idol slowly moved aside, and disclosed a narrow staircase descending through the altar, which was of solid stone.

Nadir was the last to disappear, and long before the enemy had penetrated beyond the quadrangle of the temple, the statue of the goddess Mariatele had resumed its accustomed place.

On reaching the bottom of the staircase, the fugitives found themselves in an immense hall or subterranean temple, adorned with grotesque sculptures cut in the solid rock. From this hall, passages diverged in various directions, some leading to prisons, others to those secret shrines where rites were celebrated too fearful to be described, and to which only the initiated were admitted. But what chiefly attracted the attention of the banker and collector were ten long brass guns ranged against the wall. They were evidently of European make, and had been sent by the rajah for safety, in the event of his fort falling into the hands of the English.

"Could we have foreseen this blow," observed the former, "we might have defended the temple against the accursed feringshees."

"The wisdom of the wise has been confounded," replied the chief Brahmin bitterly; "it is some consolation that we have not fallen into their hands."

"But the ammunition and treasures of Acbar have," said the magistrate.

The old man smiled: the treasures were the last things he was likely to have forgotten.

"The goddess has rebuked us for our pride and self-reliance," he made answer; "for, after all, what is the sum of human knowledge? Less than nothing. Mariatele will turn our seeming defeat into a holy triumph."

"But we shall starve here," said the collector, not much delighted at the prospect before him.

"Mariatele will feed her votaries."

"What if the British should discover the entrance from the shrine?"

"Mariatele will defend us," replied the Brahmin. "Let this assurance console you: alive, we shall never fall into their hands. There is ammunition enough in this cavern temple to rend the massive roof asunder, and involve the Christians in the same destruction with ourselves."

The Hindoo appeared anything but gratified at this intelligence. He was a heavy, oleaginous-looking man, with a sensual expression of countenance, and evidently possessed little or no ambition to obtain the honours of martyrdom.

Several of the Brahmins, having lit their torches at the brazen lamps which illuminated the hall, now led the way through one of the numerous passages, till they arrived at a row of cells, each cut in the solid rock. The doors which closed them were of iron; and Al Moorad observed that massive chains were drawn across two of them.

He glanced at his companion with an inquiring look.

"Keboda!" whispered Nadir, as he pointed to the first.

The banker shuddered. He knew the fate reserved, by the inexorable laws of the priesthood, for the unhappy Nautch girl.

"The Christian prisoner," added the speaker, pausing for an instant opposite the second door. "In ten days the moon will be at its full, and the festival of the goddess be celebrated; then shall the sacrifice be accomplished."

We scarcely need inform our readers that the captive to whom the hoary bigot referred was no other than their old acquaintance Caleb, who had fallen into his power on the night he watched the escape of the chief Brahmin and Al Moorad in the garden of the temple near Calcutta.

The cell to which Nadir conducted his guests proved to be considerably larger than the rest, and was furnished with a low divan running round three sides of it. Upon this the old man seated himself, and motioned to them to take their places beside him.

The collector muttered something about food, but his request was unheeded, for his host appeared absorbed in prayer. When he had concluded, he clasped his hands thrice, the usual mode of summoning attendants in the East, and a number of priests entered, bearing trays, on which were piled fruits and rice.

During the repast, Nadir sat apart. He was of far too high a caste to risk pollution by partaking of the

same food with his confederates. When they had concluded, he commanded the vessels they had eaten from to be broken in his presence.

The collector and the police magistrate were conducted to a place of repose.

"Is this your promise, father?" said Al Moorad, in a reproachful accent, as soon as they were alone.

"What promise?"

"That Lillian should be in my power. Instead of which her accursed countrymen have made themselves masters of the temple. We are, or soon shall be, in theirs."

"Youth is impatient," observed the Brahmin, drily.

"And age deceitful," retorted the banker. "Frown as you will; I know that I am in your hands, but I also know that my services are indispensable to the success of the cause you have so much at heart. I am one of the keystones of the great confederacy—the agent of the moneyed interests, who hold the balance of success or failure."

"Am I omnipotent?" demanded the old man, without the slightest indication of passion or resentment. "Can I foretell the hour or the manner in which the goddess will execute her promise, and place the Christian maiden in your power? But that she will execute it, I feel assured: she is already within her temple."

"And her countrymen with her," replied his confederate, impatiently.

"Have we not the means of watching their proceedings?" continued Nadir. "What is to prevent our seizing some favourable occasion, and bearing her to this secure retreat?"

The anger of his guest gradually cooled at this suggestion.

"Accomplish that," he exclaimed, "and hand and brain—heart and soul—you shall find me devoted to the cause."

"I would rather the motive were a purer one," observed the priest; "but gold is seldom found without alloy—the jewel-cup of Jaseed was not a perfect gem."

"I love!" answered Al Moorad.

"A Christian!" muttered the Brahmin, with a sneer.

"Still, I love."

His host repeated the word in a tone of cold disdain.

"I have no sympathy," he added, "with the idle passion; neither can I comprehend the weakness which renders mind the slave of matter. She is a daughter of that race whose arts have uprooted the hundred thrones of India—insulted our faith, destroyed our laws; and yet, because accident has moulded her features in a pleasing form, and her skin is fairer than the daughters of the East, you worship her."

"It is my fate," replied Al Moorad, gloomily.

"Say, rather, your folly," muttered the old man, bitterly. "But I will reason with you on this theme no more. Mariatele will enable her votary to redeem the pledge he has made."

On retiring to the cell Nadir had directed to be prepared for him, the banker recognised, to his surprise and discontent, the ayce or groom formerly in the service of our hero. The superstitious reverence of the Hindoo boy for the chief Brahmin had stifled in his breast the sentiment of gratitude, at least for a while, and the old man, pleased with his devotion, had received him into the temple.

"He accuses me of madness," thought Al Moorad, alluding to his host. "His own blind confidence may yet betray us."

For many hours after the successful attempt to take possession of the temple by the 01st, both officers and men were busily occupied in expelling attendant servants and every native who had taken shelter within its walls. The victors discovered to their satisfaction, not only that the place was amply supplied with provisions, but with excellent water from several wells cut in the solid rock. Had it been equally well furnished with ammunition and guns of heavy metal, its possessors might have held out against any force the treacherous rajah could bring into the field against them.

As the numerous worshippers of the goddess were driven forth, they indulged in impotent curses against the soldiers, who either listened to them with philosophic indifference, or replied by urging their loitering steps with the flat of their sabres.

Whilst the exodus of the Hindoos was being carried out, Lady Bell and her companions remained seated in the carriage, guarded by half a dozen dismounted troopers and Fred Wharton.

The features of the young officer, though blackened by smoke and exertion, had resumed their usual self-possession; terror and mental agony no longer agitated him, and his voice sounded cheerfully as he

congratulated her ladyship and Lillian upon their safety.

"It is safety," replied Lillian, looking round her with a faint smile.

"At least, for the present," observed her protectress, with a glance at the corner, which reminded him of his promise.

"The worst is past now, I trust," he said, in a low tone.

"To be sure it is," exclaimed Mrs. Burke, who during the retreat through the fiery jungle had maintained the utmost coolness and presence of mind.

"Within good stone walls I have no fear of ten times the number of rebels. Has any one seen the doctor? but I suppose he is looking after our poor, brave, wounded fellows. I wonder if he requires any assistance?"

Fearing that such might be the case, the strong-minded woman leaped lightly from the vehicle in quest of him, pushing her way through the crowd of natives, whom the soldiers were driving to the gate.

The quadrangle and buildings which it inclosed were cleared at last. Not a Hindoo except the prisoner remained. The latter was now led before Sir Charles and the group of officers, who had gathered round the carriage.

The eyes of the fakir appeared blood-shot, and his countenance haggard, with ill-suppressed rage and mortification.

"The temple is ours," observed the major, with a chuckle of satisfaction, "and your rebel rascal of a rajah is disappointed of his prey. I shall live to repay him," he added, "for the hard chase he has given me."

"Threatened men live long."

"Glad to hear it," said Dawlish, who was far from looking on his present position as a satisfactory one.

"Have I not kept faith with you?" demanded the pretended fakir, reproachfully.

"You have."

"Why, then, am I a captive?"

"You are no longer one," replied the colonel, "but at liberty to depart upon the instant. The word of a British officer, once pledged, is inviolable. All I wish to ascertain is whether you will bear a message from me to the miserable rebel Acbar."

"To the mighty prince whom the gods of India protect!" exclaimed the old man, disdainfully.

"And whom we will hang from the highest tower of this temple," added Plinlimmon, by way of commentary, "should he fall into our hands. England has but one method of dealing with traitors."

"We have already proved her tender mercies," observed the Brahmin, bitterly.

"He is but a tool," said Sir Charles, "in the hands of yet more designing villains. Tell him," he added, "to read the future, in the history of the past. The giant that slept might be taken at disadvantage, but England is now fairly roused. By timely submission he may yet hope to escape with life."

The prisoner replied only by a scornful laugh.

Finding the attempt to make any impression upon the fanatic useless, the commander of the 01st directed a sergeant and file of men to conduct him to the gate of the temple and set him at liberty. Strange to say, he showed no inclination to depart; but, on the contrary, pleaded hard for permission to remain with his captors, urging as a reason that his countrymen would scorn him for the weakness he had been guilty of.

"The shelter of a cell, and a handful of rice, are all I ask," he added.

"He must have a poor idea of the intelligence of Englishmen," observed the colonel, turning to his officers, "to imagine them weak enough to fall into so palpable a snare."

"Should I not be still your captive?" said the fakir.

"But now you were impatient to be at liberty."

"That was to try the value of the Christian's word."

"It is stronger even than his patience," exclaimed Sir Charles. "Begone, old hypocrite! tempt not my anger further: we need no spy within our walls, there are traitors enough without them."

At a sign from the commander, the sergeant and men led the Brahmin towards the gates, saw him fairly through, and then closed them behind him.

A shout rose from the soldiers as they saw the last native expelled.

The released prisoner turned and shook his clenched hands menacingly towards the temple.

"Christians!" he exclaimed, with a bitter laugh, "soon shall we meet again."

Day had dawned long before arrangements could be made even for the ladies to retire to rest. After some consultation, the shrine or recess containing the statue of the goddess was decided upon as the securest

place, and Rose and the corporal proceeded at once to arrange and make it as comfortable as possible. There Lady Bell and our heroine, worn out with the fatigue and excitement they had endured, retired to snatch a few hours' repose.

The captain's wife and Mrs. Burke made their apartment in one of the adjoining cells.

For several days not the slightest attempt was made on the part of the rebels to disturb the regiment in its new position. Provisions they had in plenty, consisting of rice and meat; the colonel having directed all the cattle, which the natives, with short-sighted policy, had sent for safety to the temple, to be killed and salted.

Meanwhile the rajah was not idle. He perfectly well knew the danger he had incurred, should the British government succeed in re-establishing its former supremacy; but the die was cast, he had compromised himself by a cowardly and treacherous attack upon the Queen's forces, and decided upon following up his treason by a second attempt, which he trusted would prove more successful than the first.

To secure this, he sent out emissaries with a flaming proclamation, describing how he had driven the English from the village, and forced the remnant of the fugitives to take shelter from his victorious arms in the temple of Mariatele; and concluded by calling upon every Hindoo to take arms to avenge the insulted goddess, and fight for his faith and caste.

Many of his countrymen flocked to his standard in consequence of this appeal to their fanaticism, and he soon found himself in a position to attempt the recovery of the sacred edifice by assault; to take it by surprise he well knew to be hopeless, the garrison kept too good a look-out for that.

For more than a week such had been the position of affairs, when one morning at daybreak the sentinel who kept watch from the same lofty gallery running round the principal dome in which Nadir and Al Moorad had witnessed the conflagration of the jungle, gave an alarm by firing off his carbine—a signal that the enemy were approaching.

In a few minutes every man was at his post. "But for a single twenty-four pounder!" exclaimed Major Plinlimmon, as he stood watching the dusky columns advancing across the plain.

"It is useless wishing," answered the colonel, with a sigh; "we must depend upon our small arms; and should it come to close quarters, our good swords."

"Surely they will never venture to attack us without artillery," muttered Dawlish.

"It would seem so," said Burke, who had joined the group, and been watching the forces of the rajah with his glass. "No," he added, and there was a slight shade of disappointment in his tone; "they have two field-pieces with them. I can discern the bullock-train."

"They must be ours," replied the colonel.

"Certainly," added Plinlimmon, as if it was the easiest thing in the world to take them.

"They will take good care, I suspect, not to come within reach of our rifles. The attempt will be a dangerous one," observed Burke.

"The greater the honour if it succeeds, doctor," replied Sir Charles Fourreau. "I shall lead the party myself."

"That's hardly fair, colonel."

"Major!"

"You have a wife," whispered Plinlimmon; "now I am one of those useless things called old bachelors. My life is of no value."

The veteran thanked him warmly, but firmly refused to accept his offer, which was the more disinterested, seeing that he who made it would succeed to the command of the regiment in the event of its colonel falling.

Silently they continued to watch the enemy till they reached the open space of ground between the temple and the jungle, where they formed, with the intention of waiting till their heavy guns came up.

"Now is the time to attack them," exclaimed the colonel, who had previously given his orders.

A party of three hundred men were already mounted in the quadrangle. The gates were thrown open, and they issued forth.

"Reserve your fire," exclaimed their commander, "till within shot; then dash at the field-pieces; capture them if possible, but spike them, at all hazards."

The soldiers gave a hearty cheer as they gallantly rushed forward to meet the enemy.

CHAPTER LXXII.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?—GRAY.

In his impatience to revenge his late defeat and distinguish himself in the eyes of his countrymen by some brilliant act against the English, the rajah had

taken the field without waiting the arrival of a large body of sepoys, who were on their way to reinforce him. This *levée* consisted chiefly of undisciplined horsemen, drawn together by the artful promises of the priests or the hope of plunder, and native policemen, brave enough in action against thieves and criminals, but totally unaccustomed to act in concert.

"The Christians rush on their destruction," cried Nadir, the chief Brahmin, who occupied a conspicuous place in the group of officers near the prince.

"It might have been made more certain," observed Acbar, bitterly, "had you consented to discover to us the secret path by which you obtained egress from the temple."

"Your glory in crushing them will be the greater," replied the old man, who felt that it might be anything but politic to afford the speaker, whose ambition was well known to him, the information he sought.

As the compact body of English advanced across the plain, it became evident that their object was the capture of the guns before they could be brought into position. To prevent this, the rajah placed himself at the head of a portion of his cavalry to intercept them.

The shock of the encounter was terrific. Had the numbers of the 01st been anything like a proportion to the rebels, their superiority of weight in men and horses must have given them an easy victory; even as it was, it forced the enemy to recoil, like the waves first breaking on some isolated rock, then gradually closing round it.

In a short space of time the little band of heroes were enveloped in a cloud of assailants, who still kept at a respectful distance, receding as the former advanced, not to lessen the space between them, but pouring in volleys the while, which told fearfully on the ranks of the British.

Major Plinlimmon, Wharton, and the remaining officers of the 01st, who stood watching the struggle from the walls of the temple, became greatly excited. It was evident that their comrades were in a position of no little danger; and more than once it was debated whether the entire regiment ought not to sally forth and support them. The recollection of the ladies, and what would be their fate in the event of failure, alone restrained them.

"I can look no longer," exclaimed the major, handing the glass to one of his companions. "If the colonel's orders had not been so strict—"

"You must break through them," said a gentle voice near them.

The officers turned and recognised Lady Bell and Lillian. Neither could repress their anxiety whilst one so dear to them was exposing his life in an almost hopeless encounter with the wily enemy.

"What will become of you, should fortune turn against us?" demanded the major.

"We should know how to die," answered the heroic woman, calmly, and at the same time fixing her regards on Wharton. "Haste, gentlemen! bestow not a single thought upon us. The blood of brave men is being shed—uselessly shed; for there are odds against which human courage must succumb."

"By heavens! that was a noble charge," cried the delighted doctor, who had caught up the glass, and been steadily regarding the contest on the open plain.

The struggling band of English had suddenly wheeled round, and cut their way through the body of natives between them and the guns.

"Now," he added, with still greater excitement, "now is the time."

The major hesitated no longer, but directed his remaining men to mount. In an inconceivably brief space of time every soldier was in his saddle, eager to share in the gallant deeds of his comrades—to conquer or die with them.

An old sergeant, with a guard of twenty men, alone remained within the walls to protect the females, and hold the gates against the enemy, should any attempt be made to obtain possession of the temple.

At a terrific pace the gallant fellows dashed through the open portal to the assistance of their countrymen. There was something sublime in the stern expression of each sunburnt countenance when Plinlimmon gave the word to charge. The men fell like an avalanche upon the astonished foe. Riders and horses alike gave way. The 01st poured like a torrent through the ranks of the rebels, who this time did not close around them.

The rajah saw his danger, and, turning from the party under the command of Sir Charles, which he deemed his reserve quite strong enough to deal with, directed his followers to serry their ranks to meet the fresh attack.

To do the rebel leader justice, he showed no want of personal courage, but led them fearlessly to the encounter.

The colonel, who saw the move which had been made to support him, instead of dashing at the guns, as Acbar expected, wheeled round with the remnant of his band to attack the natives in the rear.

Acbar began to feel that his position was getting desperate, and galloping his horse at the major, who by this time appeared almost breathless with exertion, would have cut him down, had not a shot from the unerring hand of Wharton shattered his sword arm, and caused the uplifted weapon to fall from his nerveless grasp.

The English set up a shout of triumph, and made a desperate effort to capture the fallen rebel leader, in which they must have succeeded, had not his own men—excited to madness by the fanatical exhortations of the Brahmin Nadir, who, although unarmed, had exposed himself in the deadliest of the fight—closed round him, and bore him from the plain.

The contest was now virtually at an end, for the confusion caused by the fall of their chief soon became a panic, and they fled towards the fort. The only body of the enemy that now remained were those surrounding the guns, and they already began to waver.

"I owe you a life, Wharton," said the major, coolly. "I shan't forget the debt."

"You have paid it a hundred times," replied the colonel, "in your gallantry on the field."

"All right!" exclaimed the warm-hearted Welshman; "but we must have those infernal guns. By heavens! they are getting them in position."

Not an instant was to be lost. With unabated courage the 01st formed once more and reached the mound before the gunners could discharge them. In a few minutes every man was sabred, not a rebel remained capable of offering the slightest resistance: all but the wounded and dead had fled.

Then rose a cheer, such as Englishmen alone can give; a cheer which told of victory, hardly and dearly won, for many a brave fellow had purchased it with his life blood.

The dying soldiers faintly joined in, and those whose sands were too nearly run, expired with a smile of proud satisfaction on their grim, sunburnt features, conscious that they had done their duty.

As the cheering cry was repeated, a white scarf fluttered in the air from the walls of the temple.

"It was against orders, Colonel Fourreau," said the major, as his commander, covered with dust and blood, rode up to the spot where the last struggle had taken place, "but, under the circumstances, I thought—"

Sir Charles cut the speaker short by warmly thanking him for his timely aid, and added that his courage and prompt decision had saved the regiment.

"You are not wounded, I trust?" observed the gratified Plinlimmon.

"Not a scratch," replied the colonel.

"And yet you were in the thickest. Hard pounding,—never saw harder in all my experience."

It was no time to bandy compliments. The wounded had still to be removed to the temple, together with the guns so bravely captured, and the ammunition wagons.

This proved to be a task of no small danger, for the rebels, who had partially recovered from their panic, were now forming again under the protection of the fort, whose cannon began to open on the victors.

As the bullocks which dragged them had been slain, a portion of the men dismounted, and attached their own horses to the pieces. The wounded were collected, and the gallant but diminished 01st slowly withdrew from the scene of their hard-won triumph.

As they approached the temple, officers and soldiers recognised the wife of their commander and Lillian on the walls. They remembered the courageous words the former had spoken when urging them to the rescue of their comrades, and saluted them with a shout of triumph.

A brief but heartfelt prayer of gratitude to Him whose will decides the fate of battles rose from the lips of Lady Bell and our heroine, when they beheld Sir Charles advancing at the head of his men, in safety and unwounded.

"Let us descend and meet him," exclaimed Lillian. Her protectress needed no second invitation.

A hasty embrace and a few whispered words of congratulation were all that passed between them when her husband rode into the quadrangle.

"I must see to the accommodation of my brave wounded men," said the baronet, as he gently unloosed the arms of Lillian from his neck. "Burke will find his hands full, I fear."

"We will assist him!" exclaimed both the ladies.

"It is but little we can do to prove our gratitude to our brave defenders, but that little shall be done cheerfully."

"It is woman's true mission," observed Sir Charles,

as he saw them depart upon their errand of mercy. "Life would be a hard struggle," he added, "did not her sweetness temper it."

Not knowing how soon the enemy might venture upon another attack, every man, except the wounded and those who were attending upon them, was speedily engaged in conveying the guns they had captured at such a fearful expense of life, to the walls, and bringing them in a position to bear upon the fort. Their commander, major, and officers, all lent their aid, and in a few hours the pieces were placed.

"I wish," said Plinlimmon, patting one of them affectionately, "that we had half a dozen more like you. Colonel," he added, "it is some years since I quitted the Artillery, but I don't think I have quite forgotten my practice. I should like to try their range."

"As soon as you please, major," replied the baronet. The largest of the two pieces, a twenty-four pounder, was carefully charged, and the gallant Welshman, having levelled it at a body of the enemy manœuvring in front of the fort, discharged it with his own hand. The ball evidently took effect, for the rebels dispersed in confusion.

"Huzzah!" shouted the major, greatly excited; "they will have tough work to take the temple yet."

The colonel sighed: he thought of the gallant fellows who had fallen.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

EXTRAVAGANCE is more common in youth than in age. Avarice is strange to the young, but carefulness is sometimes mistaken for it. The careful man is no miser. Let no such fear intrude itself into the generous heart of youth. Such a thought may make shipwreck of good principles by taking the helm out of the hand of Reason, and rendering the young mariner indifferent to the shoals and quicksands which obstruct the channels of extravagance.

Solomon says: "There is treasure to be desired, and oil in the dwelling of the wise; but a foolish man spendeth it up." The frugal are prosperous; but the extravagant come to ruin. They revel for awhile in enjoyment, but penniless, hungry, and barefoot, in the end, they have to quit their pleasures. This is not only the case of those of large means, who have broad acres to mortgage when cash is exhausted, and bill-discounters have grown dubious. Spendthrifts are found in all the phases of society—spendthrifts striving after that which they least need—not scrupulous as to the means by which their luxuries are purchased, never content with the pleasures so obtained, but utterly deaf to conscience and blind to consequences.

Those who rely on their own prudent exertions, and properly improve their talents, are under no necessity of suffering either penury or disgrace. On the contrary, the indolent and extravagant will soon exhaust the most ample resources, and involve themselves in the greatest contempt. The prodigal is ruined rather by what he fancifully desires than by what he really needs. He goes on buying that which he does not want, until he wants that which he cannot buy. It is possible to be rich with a small income, and poor with an ample fortune. The difference lies between spending and saving. How much money is squandered on that which is utterly useless, not only by those who have abundance for which they neither toil nor spin, but by those who work hard for their wages, and eat bread in the sweat of their face. Money melts away rapidly, but, properly taken care of, it may build a bulwark between ourselves and future poverty. Frugality and self-denial now, may save us from want and sorrow in the future, and surely we should think of worn-out self as well as of present self—not only of to-day but of to-morrow, and of the day after to-morrow, too. Admirable in this respect is the maxim—"Can I do without it? can I spend less? can I save more?"

But the extravagant man seldom adopts an honourable course of conduct when he would acquire those things which he is ambitious to display or anxious to enjoy. Moderation is the silken string that runs through the pearl chain of all the virtues; and the string once broken, the pearls are scattered. When people begin to make a show which they cannot afford, either in dress, or home, or pursuits, or anything else, virtue is threatened. We increase our own unhappiness by multiplying our wants. We attempt to dazzle our acquaintance, and to assert our equality with those above us, and we sacrifice our interest and peace of mind. The eyes of

other people are the eyes that ruin us. Necessity soon compels the spendthrift to retrench or adopt dishonourable means for procuring money. It is easy to see what course he would be likely to pursue, and what consequences he will soon incur.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It is easier to extinguish the first extravagant desire, than to restrain the flame of ungovernable passion. But the spendthrift practises no such prudent forethought. Prodigious of means, he is avaricious of indulgence. Frivolous pursuits, hollow amusements, expensive habits of all kinds, will soon prove that riches make themselves wings and fly away. "It is hard," says a quaint proverb, "for an empty bag to stand upright," and it is equally hard for the extravagant man to avert penury and disgrace. If integrity be sacrificed, as indeed it often is, this only aggravates the evil a thousand-fold. Criminality then joins company with poverty, and he who breakfasted with plenty, sups with infamy.

And this is no fanciful or exaggerated picture. There are thousands who, placed in positions of respectability in their youth, have, by their extravagance, their desire to vie with more wealthy companions, brought themselves to ruin and disgrace. They have gone on slowly but surely. They have first left prudence behind, then they have lost sight of moderation, then they have surrendered their integrity, and soon they become amenable to the laws of their country.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XII.

"I SHALL give you your last exercise on the articles to-day," said George to his friend Robert. "You see there is not any great difficulty about them, but do bear in mind that our words *some* and *any* are generally rendered in French by the genitive case of the definite article, viz., by *du* in the masculine, *de la* in the feminine; by *de l'* for nouns beginning with a vowel, and by *des* for the plural of both masculine and feminine nouns beginning with either vowels or consonants. You must also remember what you have illustrated in the exercises, viz., that the French sometimes use the article where we do not do so, and that they occasionally omit it where we use it.

"Before the ordinal numbers, after the Christian names of sovereigns, no article is used in French, and before nouns of quantity and measure the definite article is used. In many instances the article is adopted or omitted in the same manner as in English.

EXERCISE.

1. All the (friends) I had have deserted me in my (amis m. que) (m'ont déserté) dans mon misfortune. 2. Everybody says that the king will declare (malheur m. tout monde dit que roi déclarera) war with England. 3. (Every one) says that you have more (guerre f. à Angleterre. chacun dit que) qualities but less brilliancy than your rival. 4. He has (qualités mais éclat m. que votre) never any money, but it is not because he has no (jamais argent m. mais ce) fortune. 5. He has many of the faults and qualities (f. plusieurs défauts m. qualités f.) which we admired in his father. 6. Give me an ell of (que admira dans son père. donnez-moi aune f.) the same ribbon which you have given to my sister. 7. (même ruban m. que donné ma sœur.)

A great number of the persons who were at the ball (grand nombre personnes f. qui bal m.) last night will sail for France to-morrow. 8. The Duke (hier soir partiront pour Duc) of Berry, the son of Charles the Tenth, was murdered by (fils Dix, fut assassiné par) Louvel. 9. Henry the Fifth, the legitimate king of France, (cinq. roi légitime) is now in England. 10. Corn (sells for) eight shillings (maintenant en Angleterre. blé m. se vend) a bushel. 11. Veal and beef cost fivepence a pound. (boisseau m. veau m. bœuf m. content livre f.) 12. This lace sells at two crowns an ell. 13. My brother (cette dentelle se vend aune f. mon) goes to France three times a year. 14. My sons and (va en fois an m. mes fils) daughters make six shillings a week. 15. The more I (mes filles gagnent semaine f. plus) see your daughter, the more I love her. 16. What a (vois votre fille f. l'aime) beautiful morning! let us go into the country. 17. Of (belle matinée f. allons à campagne f.) all the ladies who were at the ball yesterday, your (toutes dames qui bal m. vos) sisters were the most pleased. 18. Chateaubriand and (sœurs se sont amusées.)

Lamartine are the authors whom I like the best, and the (auteurs m. que aime mieux, philosophes of the eighteenth century are those whom I (philosophes dix-huitième siècle m. ceux que) like the least. 19. The small and the large house which (moins. petite grande maison f. que) we have seen to-day are equally convenient to me. 20. (vues aujourd'hui ne conviennent également.)

The first and second floor of this house please me (premier — étage m. cette maison f. me plaisent.) 21. The young and pretty lady whom we met this (jeune jolie demoiselle que avons rencontrée ce) morning is the sister of my wife. (sœur ma femme.)

CORRIGE.

1. Tous les amis que j'avais m'ont déserté dans mon malheur. 2. Tout le monde dit que le roi déclarera la guerre à l'Angleterre. 3. Chacun dit que vous avez plus de qualités mais moins d'éclat que votre rival. 4. Il n'a jamais d'argent, mais ce n'est pas parcequ'il n'a pas de fortune. 5. Il a plusieurs des défauts et des qualités que nous admirons dans son père. 6. Donnez-moi une aune du même ruban que vous avez donné à ma sœur. 7. Un grand nombre des personnes qui étaient au bal hier soir, partiront demain pour la France. 8. Le Duc de Berry, fils de Charles Dix, fut assassiné par Louvel. 9. Henri V., roi légitime de la France, est maintenant en Angleterre. 10. Le blé se vend huit shillings le boisseau. 11. Le veau et le bœuf content dix sous la livre. 12. Cette dentelle se vend deux couronnes l'aune. 13. Mon frère va en France trois fois par an. 14. Mes fils et mes filles gagnent six couronnes par semaine. 15. Plus je vois votre fille, plus je l'aime. 16. Quelle belle matinée! allons à la campagne. 17. De toutes les dames qui étaient hier au bal, vos sœurs se sont le plus amusées. 18. Chateaubriand et Lamartine sont les auteurs que j'aime le mieux, et les philosophes du dix-huitième siècle sont ceux que j'aime le moins. 19. La petite et la grande maison que nous avons vues aujourd'hui me conviennent également. 20. Le premier et le second étage de cette maison me plaisent. 21. La jeune et jolie demoiselle que nous avons rencontrée ce matin, est la sœur de ma femme.

"And now, Robert, let us talk a little," observed the instructor. "Tell me if you think you will soon be able to speak French fluently?"

"I fear not very soon, George," said Robert, "for although I must have made a good deal of progress, since I have learnt so many things, that were quite new to me, still my confidence has not increased with my acquisitions, and the more rules I find there are belonging to every part of speech, the more afraid I am of committing an error whenever I open my mouth."

"Well, I'm glad you've spoken out plainly," answered George, "because you give me the opportunity of warning you that you will never speak French until you banish your foolish timidity, a timidity that has its origin in an improper pride. Why should you expect to do a thing well that you have never done before? It is only practice that makes perfect, and how are you ever to be perfect if you do not practice? Whether with Miss Cribb or with any Frenchman you may happen to meet, let me advise you to speak 'à tort ou à travers,' a proverb we should translate 'right or wrong.' Introduce every French word you know as often as you can, and talk half English rather than not talk at all. When once you have embarked in conversation, don't puzzle yourself about rules. Be determined to do your best, and be satisfied with it. Of course, when you are studying the language, you cannot be too attentive or too particular, and the more words and sentences you learn by heart the greater stock you will have to draw upon, but for talking it is confidence must be your watchword. Besides, your remarks will direct your companion's replies, and thus you may learn 'des façons de parler' (modes of speaking), that a shy, silent youth would never have heard. And now take your pen and add to your vocabulary. You have a tolerable stock of words relating to land and water. Those you will write to-day will be about the atmosphere."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
The climate	Le climat (m)
The cold	Le froid (m)
The heat	La chaleur (f)
The dawn	L'aurore (f)
A breeze	Une brise (f)
The squall	La bourrasque (f)
Thunder	La foudre (f), le tonnerre (m)
Lightning	L'éclair (m)
A heavy shower	Une averse (f)
An avalanche	Une avalanche (f)
An aurora borealis	Une aurore boréale (f)
A storm	Un orage (m)
Frost	La gelée (f)
Snow	La neige (f)
Ice	La glace (f)
Hail	La grêle (f)
Fog	Le brouillard (m)
Mist	La brume (f)
Calm	Le calme (m)
The rain	La pluie (f)
The dew	La rosée (f)
Drought	La sécheresse (f)
The trade winds	Les vents alisés (m pl)
The wind	Le vent (m)
A waterspout	Une trombe (f).

"To-morrow, Robert," observed George, "you shall make a study apart of the manner in which the French express themselves about the weather; for, in this respect, the idioms of their language differ essentially from ours. They generally use the verb *faire* (to make) where we employ the verb *être* (to be). Suppose, now, we continue our 'Journey to Paris,'"

"With all my heart; or, rather," added Robert, smiling, "Avec tout mon cœur."
 "Bravo!" said George. "I see you have taken my advice in good part, and that you are determined to speak out boldly; for, although your sentence was not quite correct, it did very well, and your remark is the means of gaining for you a knowledge of the correct phrase—viz., 'De tout mon cœur.'"

CONTINUATION OF

LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
Here we are again in the carriage, and somewhat refreshed.	Nous voici encore en voiture (f), et un peu recomfortés.
I hope we shall have no more tunnels; I never could become accustomed to them.	J'espère que nous n'aurons plus de tunnels (m pl); je ne pourrais jamais m'y habituer.
I believe in a little while you would not care about them. They are lighted, and not very long.	Jé crois qu'en peu de temps (m) je n'y ferais pas attention. Pourvu qu'ils fussent éclairés, et pas trop longs.
I am happy to say we are out of this dismal cavern. You are rather nervous.	Moi je suis charmé d'être sorti de cet abîme (m). Vous êtes un peu timide.
I do not quite agree with you; you must own that tunnels are dismal caverns, and that all those who are not accustomed to them enter them with a shudder.	Pardonnez-moi; il faut convenir que les tunnels (m) sont des gouffres (m pl) noirs, et que ceux qui n'y sont pas habitués n'y entrent qu'en tremblant.
If I were a smoker I would now light a cigar.	Si j'étais fumeur j'allumerais un cigare (m).
You would not dare; smoking is forbidden in the carriages.	Vous n'oseriez pas; il est défendu de fumer dans les voitures (f pl).
I can assure you one of my friends told me he smoked all the way from Mulhausen to Bâle.	Jé vous assure qu'un de mes amis m'a dit qu'il a fumé en allant de Mülhausen à Bâle.
Yes, but that was in France, where they have carriages on purpose for smokers.	C'est qu'il y a en France des voitures réservées pour les fumeurs.
That's quite a different thing. I wish I could procure a good description of a locomotive.	C'est autre chose (f). Que je voudrais avoir une idée succincte d'une locomotive.
I will tell you all I know about it.	Jé vous en dirai tout ce que j'en sais.
You are very kind. May I take the liberty of begging you to avoid scientific terms?	Vous êtes bien aimable. Est-ce que j'ose vous prier d'éviter les termes scientifiques?
I will explain the scientific words of which I make use.	J'expliquerai tous les mots difficiles dont je me sers.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

[It is in compliance with the earnest request of numerous correspondents that we have returned to our explanations of the difficulties of French pronunciation. The system we are now pursuing must prove successful if our readers will only devote a little of their time and energy to the careful study of these lessons, which require much patient attention. It is not without very sufficient reasons for so doing that we have repeated in this and the former lesson some of the information we have already given. The first few lessons are the key to the whole system, and it is therefore necessary to learn them thoroughly, and keep them constantly in view.]

OF VOWELS.—THE SOUND *a*.

This letter, without an accent, sounds as the same letter in the English word *at*. The same sound is

the result of the combination of the two letters *ea*, and is marked thus in all the words in which the consonant *g*, placed before them, should be sounded soft, as will be explained in speaking of this letter;

as in the words *il engagea, il partagea*. Therefore, *a* and *ea*, having the same sound, will be marked by

the same number, *a, ea*.

The grave accent, which is placed over the *a* to

show that this word *à* is a preposition, and not the third person singular of the verb *to have*, in the present of the indicative, having no influence over the sound of that letter, *à* with a grave accent will receive the number (1) also. This sound is also produced by the letter *e* before *mm*, as in the word

femme, woman; and also by the letters *em*, in the word *ennoblir* (to make a person noble), which is pronounced *en-no-blir*; in *solennel*, which is pronounced

so-len-nel. Thus the sound *à*, in the word *at*, &c.—

which is represented in French by *a, ea, à, e, en*—will be recognised by the number (1) placed over these five signs; as, *a, ea, à, e, en*.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY: LESSON XI.

MECHANICS OF FLUIDS.

TRANSMISSION OF PRESSURE BY LIQUIDS.

305. WHAT is the characteristic property of a fluid?—That its particles yield to the slightest force, and move freely among themselves.

306. Water and the air are both fluids, but we call one a liquid and the other a gas—how does a gas differ from a liquid?—Its particles are wider asunder, and instead of being held together by a mutual attraction, repel each other, and are confined by an external pressure.

307. If a force of pressure be applied at an orifice in the cover of a vessel full of water, what will be the effect?—The pressure will be transmitted through the entire mass of water confined in the vessel, and take effect, without diminution, against the bottom, sides, and top of the vessel.

308. Would the result be the same if the pressure were applied at an opening made in either side or in the bottom of the vessel?—It would.

309. If the hole be of the size of a square inch, and the pressure ten pounds, what will the pressure be against each square inch of the containing vessel?—Ten pounds.

310. What is the important principle just stated called?—The principle of equal pressure.

311. In what powerful machine is this principle applied?—In the Hydraulic Press.

312. What is its construction?—It consists of two metallic cylindrical vessels, of very unequal size, communicating with each other by a small pipe; each vessel is provided with a water-tight piston.

313. How does it act?—A pressure is applied to the small piston, by forcing down the lever, and this is transmitted and takes effect upward against the large piston.

314. Explain further.—The water that is forced into the large vessel is prevented from coming back by a valve set in the pipe.

315. How is its place supplied?—By more water flowing into the small vessel, from a reservoir near at hand, when its piston is raised again.

316. Suppose the small piston to be of the size of one square inch, and the large one of 1,000 square inches, a pressure of one pound upon the small piston will be attended with how great a pressure against the large piston?—1,000 pounds.

317. Suppose, now, the lever to increase the power 20 times, and that a man presses on the end of the lever with his whole weight (150 lbs.), how great a pressure would take effect?—3,000,000 lbs., or 1,339 tons.

318. To realise this enormous pressure, and raise the large piston one foot, through what space would the end of the lever have to be worked?—3½ miles.

319. How does the hydraulic press compare with other machines in power?—It is the most powerful of all machines.

320. What are some of the purposes to which it has been applied?—To press paper, cloth, hay, &c., and to uproot trees.

321. Mention other applications.—To test the strength of ropes, chains, and building materials; also to raise ships in docks.

322. Does any pressure that may be applied to a confined mass of water, take effect against the surface of any solid that is immersed in the water?—It does.

323. If no pressure were to be applied to water confined in a vessel, by means of a piston fitted to an opening in the cover, would there not still be a certain pressure in action at the opening?—The pressure of the atmosphere, 15 pounds to the square inch, would be exerted upon the exposed surface of the water.

324. Are fishes, in their liquid element, exposed to the pressure of the atmosphere?—They are; the atmosphere presses on the level surface of every body of water, and its pressure is transmitted through the whole mass of the water.

325. Will a body of air confined in a close vessel transmit any external pressure that may be applied to it, after the same manner that water does?—It will; the only difference is that the air is compressed by an external pressure into a smaller space.

PRESSURE OF HEAVY FLUIDS.

326. Suppose we have three open vessels, having bottoms of the same size, and filled with water to the same height—will the water press, by its own weight, with more force on the bottom of the large vessel than upon that of the small one?—It will not; the amount of pressure will be the same on the bottom of each of the three vessels, and will be equal to the weight of the column of water in the other vessel.

227. What is this remarkable principle called?—The Hydrostatic Paradox.

328. What is the height at which the water stands above the surface pressed, and upon which alone the pressure per square inch depends, called?—The Head of Water.

329. If the depth, or head of water, be increased, how will the pressure be affected?—If the depth becomes twice as great, the pressure will also be twice as great, and so on.

330. Does the pressure increase in the same manner in descending to different depths in the same vessel?—It does. In either of the three vessels mentioned, the pressure on a square inch is only half as great at half the depth as at the bottom.

331. In deep reservoirs, lakes, rivers, &c., what is the pressure at the depth of 34 feet?—Very nearly 15 pounds on a square inch, and 2,125 pounds, or a little less than one ton on a square foot.

332. For every additional 34 feet of depth, how much greater is the pressure?—Fifteen pounds on a square inch.

333. Does the downward pressure on any layer take effect laterally throughout the layer, and against the sides of the vessel?—It does; it is transmitted in every direction through the layer, in accordance with the principle of equal pressure.

334. Suppose a body were immersed in water at a certain depth, would the pressure of the water take effect against its sides?—It would; every square inch would experience a pressure increasing with the depth of immersion.

335. Suppose an empty bottle, tightly closed by a glass stopper, were let down into the sea, what would be the tendency of the pressures against all sides of it?—To crush it in.

336. Have bottles actually thus been crushed in?—The common square bottles have, at the depth of 60 feet or so.

337. When an iron pipe is used to convey water into a city from a large reservoir, what is the head of water upon which the pressure against the whole interior of the pipe depends?—The depth of the pipe below the level of the water in the reservoir.

338. What would the pressure be if the head were 100 feet?—43½ pounds on each square inch.

339. Suppose a small orifice were made in the top of the pipe, how high would the water spout?—Nearly up to the level of the water in the reservoir.

340. If two vessels, containing the same liquid, communicate with each other, will the liquid stand at the same height in each?—It will.

341. Give an example of the operation of this principle.—Water is conveyed into cities by large iron pipes, and rises in small pipes in the houses to the level, or nearly so, of the water in the distant reservoir.

LIFE'S DISTRUST.

My footsteps ne'er again shall press
 The earth aside of thine;
 Nor shall we roam together, where
 The golden sunbeams shine;
 And never shall we flowers pluck
 From out the forest glade,
 To worship in our "heart of hearts"
 All things that God has made.
 For on our path a shadow is
 That chills us to the soul,
 And causes waves of dark distrust
 Between our hearts to roll.
 Oh, ne'er again shall love's own wings
 Be round us as of yore!
 Nor thou with me see through the gates
 Which lead to pleasure's shore.
 For that unsightly shadow rests
 Upon thy path and mine,
 And doubts and fears have mingled with
 Our feelings, once divine.
 Then fare thee well! the golden bowl
 Of friendship now is shattered;
 And 'midst the wreck of happiness
 Our joys and hopes are scattered.

LAWFUL STRUGGLES.—When we feel any pressure of distress we are not to conclude that we can only obey the will of heaven by languishing under it, any more than when we perceive the pain of thirst we are to imagine that water is prohibited. Of misfortune it never can be certainly known whether, as proceeding from the hand of God, it is an act of favour or of punishment; but since all the ordinary dispensations of Providence are to be interpreted according to the general analogy of things, we may conclude that we have a right to remove one inconvenience as well as another; that we are only to take care that we purchase not ease with guilt; and that our Maker's purpose, whether of reward or severity, may be answered by the labours which he lays us under the necessity of performing.

ASCENT AND DESCENT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

THE ascent of Mount Vesuvius is a most inspiring excursion. You leave Naples, after breakfast, at nine o'clock, climb to the volcano, examine the crater at your leisure, and at five or six o'clock in the afternoon are on your way back to dinner in the city. Neapolitan hospitality has so levelled the way, modified the slopes, anticipated all the traveller's desires, that unless you choose to make difficulties, you need not undergo any extraordinary fatigue. The Neapolitans like only easy pleasures. Compared to Vesuvius, the most inconsiderable Swiss mountain exacts more patience and strength. There are many ways of contemplating the ascent of Vesuvius. Each one, according to his character, cherishes different associations: one will bring back the *ennui* he carried thither; another will see only poetry, and yet another only amusement in the undertaking. Rich and *blasés* travellers go in their carriages to the Hermitage, which is about two-thirds of the way up. But if you wish to travel truly, you must go on foot, alone or with one companion. You leave all care at the base of the mountain, and abandon eyes, heart, and soul to the spectacle before you. At each turn of the path, you halt and gaze, enjoying all the changes of the perspective, surrender yourself to the enchantment of a splendid sky, and that azure sea to which waves of blackened lava seem sweeping between banks of fruits and flowers; you enjoy the intoxication of all the fermentations ascending from the bosom of nature; you are moved at the remembrance of cities buried under cinders and subterranean fires. A soft and distant melancholy elevates the sentiment of admiration. Thus you arrive, moved and palpitating, at the summit, raised above yourself, so to speak. Then, when from the midst of sulphurous exhalations, from the height of this calined foam, this soil, blackened, desolated, burning and quaking with the growlings of the yawning furnace, you gaze down at distant Naples, beautiful and white as marble, its glittering gulf sowed with gem-like islands, and reflecting all the fires of the sun, what contemplative soul does not feel, in all its profundity, the unparalleled contrast which inspired Chateaubriand with this exclamation, "It is Paradise seen from Hades!" For another, and the more numerous class of travellers, the ascent of Vesuvius differs very little from a donkey-ride at Montmorency. They find out a few days beforehand, at the different hotels, what strangers are disposed to join the party. One fine morning, after a breakfast of Fusaro oysters, washed down with white wine of Ischia, the joyous band hurries in carriages to Portici. From the first houses they come to, a dusty crowd of guides and animals, shouting, neighing, and braying, pouring into the streets, surround the carriages, and block up access to the house of Salvador. This is the name of an old and famous guide. He has left several sons; some have inherited his profession, and own a large and fine farm, situated almost at the foot of Vesuvius. Prices are discussed, donkeys and horses examined, and the air rings with merry peals of laughter. He who is most ridiculously fitted out is most jovial. The procession issues noisily from the houses, and begins to crowd the fine road which winds through the vineyards. While singing, storytelling, discussing, shouting, and laughing, they arrive at the Hermitage. This interlude ended, the hacks are remounted, and they gallop on. But, finally, the verdure ceases; the lava lies under foot, and the peak ascends abruptly. Now is the time to dismount. The most delicate lady might walk without assistance by stepping from one block of lava to another, as you cross a brook on stepping stones. But this would be too simple an operation. The arm of a cavalier is scarcely more so, but the rude jolts of a litter borne by two muscular Neapolitans are more amusing. At least there is some "local colour" in hanging gently by one hand to a rope the guide pulls after him. The least false step is a new source of shouts and laughter. On the way up, instructive experiments are made. At the first indication of heat in the soil, at the first vapours of sulphur, a stick and some bits of paper are introduced into the fissure. The smoke rises, the stick blackens, the paper burns—great applause! But it is near the crater that nerve and wit are rekindled. Let a puff of smoke and a few stones rise and fall, what exclamations, boasts, flights, and rallies! Neapolitan coins are handed to the guides, who place them on the fiery scoria issuing from the volcano, and immerse them with the end of a stick. The lava cools round the cent, and the coins are cherished as indisputable proofs of a perilous ascent of Vesuvius. As for the descent, the guide lead you to a slope

covered with ashes. You take care to strike your heels in deeply and bend backward, and go down at a run. In five minutes you traverse a space it took you more than half an hour to climb. Some, from awkwardness, stumble and slide down, but all meet safely at the base.

MICHAEL FARADAY, LL.D.

THE poet says—

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime."

And, indeed, this is the grand lesson of biography. Men of giant souls but of dwarf-like circumstances, rich in wisdom but poor in wealth, have emerged from their inconspicuous positions, have resolved to do something, and have never been turned aside from their purpose. They have worked on through good report and through evil report. With a bold front and piercing eye, they have been daunted by no danger, nor repelled by any obstacle—but have persevered without the slightest doubt of a final triumph. Days and nights, their fortune, their health, and everything dear in existence, they have consecrated to the success of their particular enterprise. They have grappled with, and have overcome, the most stubborn difficulties, and have never relaxed either hand or foot so long as vitality remained. Ability for arduous undertakings is lodged in every human breast—a grand gift from God; but only the persevering worker knows how much this latent power can achieve, and he can only tell when his efforts have been crowned with success. The aspiring competitor in this race of life must early fix his eye in a specific direction, then, with unflinching step, must he press toward the mark. The doubtful, the hesitating never succeed.

The subject of our sketch is another illustration, added to the many which already exist, of the great things to be accomplished by persevering industry. In Faraday we have an example of the triumphs of self-reliance. He is a self-made man. He has come forth from obscurity and risen to a lofty and noble eminence. He has fought a hard battle and has conquered. To his scientific inventions England, nay, the world, is deeply indebted. And yet Faraday is not one of those who have been devoted from their youth to the profession of which he is so bright an ornament. He was not born great, nor has greatness been thrust upon him. He has achieved it by the force of his strong intellect, his ardent temperament, his determined will.

Michael Faraday is the son of a working blacksmith. He was born at Newington, Surrey, September 22, 1791. He received but a scanty education, at an ordinary day-school in the neighbourhood, and was early apprenticed to a bookbinder in London. The pursuit was not congenial to him. He panted for better things. Science allured him with her charms; but it seemed that her brilliant domains were never to be trodden by him: he must stand afar off and admire what he could never hope to enjoy—applauding triumphs he could never hope to achieve. But Michael Faraday did not grow sick at heart. He did not forsake his business nor sigh over his humble occupation. He steadily worked on in his vocation, filling up his leisure time with such scientific instruction as he could obtain. The few improving works which fell into his hands he read with avidity. Among these were Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Chemistry," and a treatise on "Electricity." He manufactured philosophical apparatus, toiled, and studied, and perseveringly, industriously collected information. He was a prodigy in the shop. His master was proud of him, and one day called the attention of a customer to an electrical machine which his young man had made.

This gentleman was delighted with the intelligence and skill of the young student, and took him to the Royal Institution to hear Davy lecture. In a letter to a friend, Faraday himself thus relates the circumstance:—

"My dear sir,—You asked me to give you an account of my first introduction to Sir H. Davy, which I am very happy to do, and think the circumstance will bear testimony to the goodness of his heart. When I was a bookseller's apprentice, I was very fond of experiment and very averse to trade. It happened that a gentleman, a member of the Royal Institution, took me to hear some of Sir H. Davy's last lectures in Albemarle-street. I took notes, and afterwards wrote them out more fairly in a quarto volume. My desire to escape from trade, which I thought vicious and selfish, and to enter into the service of science, which I imagined made its pursuers amiable and liberal, induced me at last to take the bold and simple step of writing to Sir H. Davy expressing my wishes, and a hope that if an opportunity

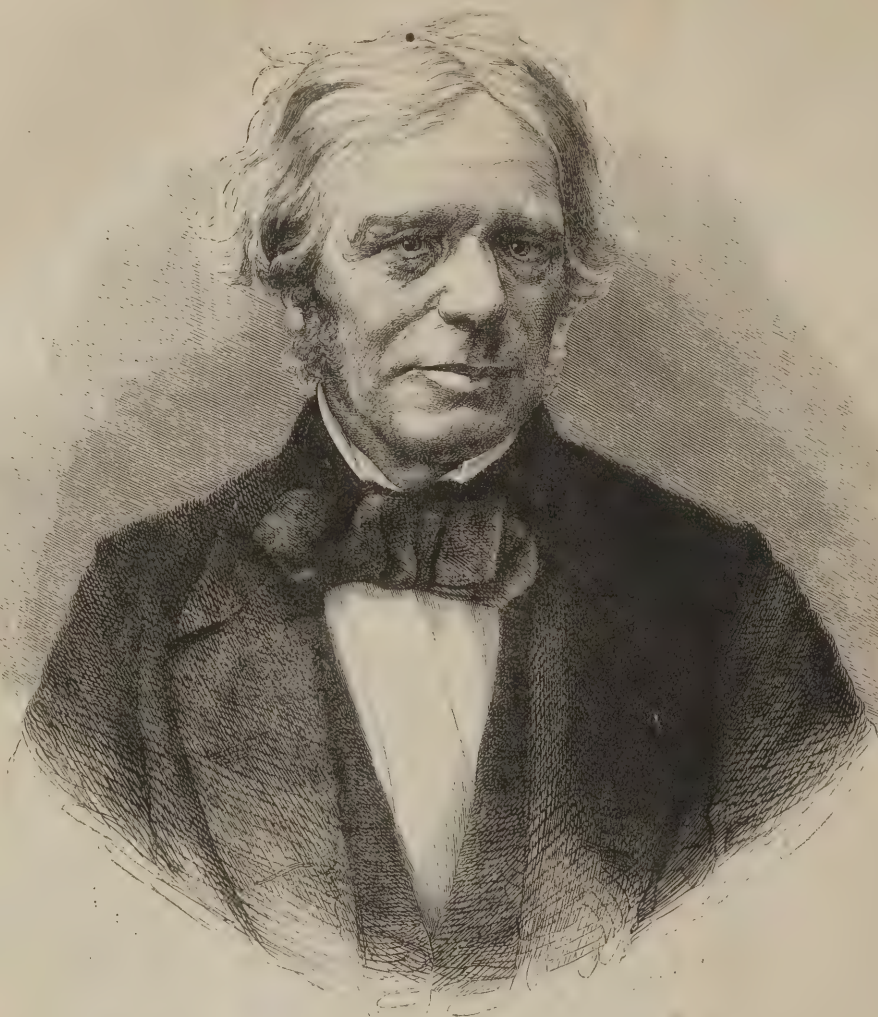
came in his way he would favour my views; at the same time I sent the notes I had taken at his lectures. The answer, which makes all the point of my communication, I send you in the original, requesting you to take great care of it, and to let me have it back, for you may imagine how much I value it. You will observe that this took place at the end of the year 1812, and early in 1813 he requested to see me, and told me of the situation of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, then just vacant. At the same time that he thus gratified my desire as to scientific employment he still advised me not to give up the prospects I had before me, telling me that science was a harsh mistress, and, in a pecuniary point of view, but poorly remunerated those who devoted themselves to her service. He smiled at my notions of the superior moral feelings of philosophic men, and said he would leave me to the experience of a few years to set me right on the matter. Finally, through his good efforts, I went to the Royal Institution early in March, 1813, as assistant in the laboratory; and in October of the same year went with him abroad as his assistant in experiments and in writing. I returned with him in April, 1815, resumed my station in the Royal Institution, and have, as you know, ever since remained there. I am, dear sir, very truly yours, M. FARADAY."

The reply of Sir H. Davy to Faraday's first letter, was as follows:—"Sir,—I am far from displeased with the proof you have given me of your confidence, and which displays your zeal, power of memory, and attention. I am obliged to go out of town, and shall not be settled in town till the end of January; I will then see you at any time you wish. It would gratify me to be of any service to you. I wish it may be in my power. I am, sir, your obedient humble servant, H. DAVY."

Sir Humphry Davy had known what it was to aspire. He had experienced the difficulties which beset the path of the young and inexperienced student—no wonder he should feel an interest in Faraday. And once engaged in his favourite occupation, such a man as Faraday was certain to succeed. What else is there to tell but the story of his success? In 1820, after laborious investigation, he discovered the chloride of carbon. In 1821 he ascertained the mutual rotation of a magnetic pole and an electric current. Steadily pursuing the subject of electric phenomena, for the results of his experiments he received, in 1846, the Royal and the Romford medals. His researches were almost exclusively conducted in the Royal Institution. He has now risen to the highest rank among European philosophers. He has conscientiously devoted all his powers to the elucidation of the most important theories of science. He has rendered good practical service in every department of scientific investigation; he has succeeded in extending the boundaries of the scientific world, and by the simplicity of his lectures and publications, has familiarised the popular mind with scientific truth. In the words of a recent writer we may say:—"Faraday combines in a rare extent great boldness in speculating with great caution in concluding. His patience and perseverance as a worker are as remarkable as his originality as a thinker, and his skill as an expositor; and with an ingenuity in devising experiments and a manipulative skill and dexterity in performing them, never, we believe, surpassed, he combines an accuracy and fidelity in working such as brilliant experimentalists and dextrous manipulators often fail to exhibit. Half truths with him are hateful things, and he grudges neither thought, nor time, nor labour, not to speak of expense, provided they will bring him certainty of information. His aim is a decided Yes, or a decided No, or the attainment of the certainty that the problem is one which man cannot answer either way. The cheerful acknowledgement of the labours of others, the patient study of all reasonable objections to his own most cherished views, the frank confession of changes of opinion, where that has occurred, the lowly estimate of himself, and the lofty, nay, solemn estimate of the dignity of his vocation as an unfold of the works of God, make us love as much as we honour our great electrician, and should prompt our young men to imitate his spirit, which they may all do, as well as rival him in his discoveries, in which they may be less successful."

Dr. Faraday's reputation is universal. His ability is recognised by the learned societies of every country in Europe. In 1823 he was elected Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences, Paris. Two years later he became a Member of the Royal Society—in 1832. He is a Knight of the Prussian Order of Merit, and a Commander of the Legion of Honour. In 1835 Mr. Faraday received from the Government—then under the leadership of Melbourne—a well-deserved pension of three hundred a

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



MICHAEL FARADAY, ESQ., LL.D., F.R.S., ETC. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

year; and received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Oxford. One of Mr. Faraday's most popular works is that on "Chemical Manipulations;" but his great work, in which he has ably investigated the reciprocal relations of light, heat, magnetism, and electricity, is entitled "Researches in Electricity."

THE SAHARA.

THE sandy plains of Africa are characteristic of that quarter of the globe. Travellers who have crossed those dreary wastes retain a vivid impression of their journey. Stay-at-homes, who never saw, and never will see, the desert, are familiar with its dread solitudes, its transparent atmosphere, its intense sunshine, its scorching heat, its parched sands, its deadly simooms. Everybody knows something or other of the desert. We picture to ourselves those terrible plains, picture vividly, even though we have never beheld them. We notice the high mounds of sand, shifting with every change of wind; on the right hand, sand—on the left hand, sand—behind us, sand—before us, sand—over us, a flaming sun that darts its beams upon us as through a burning-lens, and threatens to destroy our caravan. Here are the men of the plains, leading our camels—the ships of the desert—and we grow sick and weary, and there settles over us a gloom we cannot dispel.

The desert is a sepulchre. Death stares us in the face. We stumble over his victims. Bleached bones serve us for mile-stones. The caravan is hushed. We urge our camels forward. There is the fear of the

deadly simoom—the dread of the deceitful mirage. Pomegranates and citrons we have none. Cold pebbles are at a premium. The drainings of the water-skins are as nectar. There is dust in every pore, and fever in every vein. Why does our camel sniff the air and jog on with a quicker but more irksome motion? Why do our guides bow down their heads, and cry "*Il Allah!*" What is it we see?—Water, clear as crystal; palm-trees, bright as emeralds, their fan-leaves waving like banners against the sapphire sky. It is an oasis. Here is a sweet asylum, a pleasant haven—a leafy canopy above, cool, refreshing water at our feet; date-clusters over our heads, while we, at our ease, are stretched on odoriferous grass.

But it often happens, and it is so in this case, that the Imagination is a better artist than Experience. The desert is not all that it is represented to be—its wastes are neither so terrible, nor its oases so beautiful, as we have been taught to believe.

Most people are aware that Sahara is the name given to that immense tract of African territory which extends for a thousand miles between the Atlantic and the Red Sea, and from the Atlas Chain to the Soudan. It covers nine-tenths of the whole extent of the great plain of Africa. It is divided into two parts by a tract of stony country, by which it is traversed from north to south. That portion of the desert which extends between this tract and the Atlantic Ocean is almost entirely covered with a fine sand, which being agitated by the wind, rises in sand-spouts. In the division of the desert which extends from the above-named stony tract on the one side, and Egypt and Nubia on the other, the surface is

covered with gravel rather than sand, and in many places with hard clay. The desert is not, as is commonly believed, a wide plain, but an undulating country clothed with a scanty vegetation and dotted with verdant and well-watered oases. The Arabs, struck by the aspect of the desert, to which the strong easterly winds communicate an extraordinary appearance, have bestowed on it the poetical title of *Bahr bela Ma*—dry ocean, or, sea without water. Geologists, in fact, regard the Sahara as a locality formerly covered by the sea, and the peculiarities of its physical geography bear out this theory.

Lakes and rivers are numerous, though but little known; many of the latter are dried up, and their beds, which are broad and deep, are in every sense *hamadah*, or desert. Among those which are in some degree navigable may be noticed the Draa, which is about the width of the Seine, at Paris. The valley watered by this stream is exceedingly fertile, and bears comparison with the tropical regions of America. Of the lakes there are two descriptions—the salt lakes, which are dried up during the summer, and those whose waters fertilise and enrich the oases of the Sahara.

Indeed, all the western parts of the Sahara would be totally impassable were it not that it is here and there interspersed with these oases, compared by the ancients to the spots on a leopard's skin. These insulated spots,

"Tufted isles,

That verdant rise amid the Libyan wilds,"

are often the seat of a numerous population. Some of them, particularly those on the east side of the Great Desert, are very extensive. The country of Fezzan is, for example, nothing but an oasis. These



THE OASIS IN THE DESERT.

oases are usually depressions below the level of the plain. The water which appears in them seems to be derived from more elevated regions, and to be conveyed through the substratum of clay beneath the land surface of limestone, and to owe its rise to the removal in those places of the superficial stratum which enables it to reach the surface.

There are several peopled oases which serve as the chief dwelling places of a tribe. The French conquests in Algeria, and the explorations of indefatigable travellers in the unknown regions of the African

continent, have brought to light many of these places with which we have been hitherto unacquainted. About three days' journey to the west of El Aghoat, is an oasis called El Maia (little water), the appearance of which is accurately given in the accompanying illustration. An old draw-well and some Arab structures, though of no great account, render El Maia a somewhat important place; while its soft grassy carpet, luxuriant foliage, magnificent dates, and refreshing water make it as agreeable as it is important.

The extreme beauty and fertility, which nearly all travellers agree in attributing to the "oasis of the desert," undoubtedly owe much of their renown to the contrast which they offer to the surrounding sterility. Those only who have toiled for days amid a pathless, burning sand can form an idea of the delight experienced at falling in with one of these cities of refuge—*islands of the blessed in the ocean of desolation*. In Italy, or England, or France, they would excite no attention, but in Sahara they are as a paradise. The graceful palm-tree, with its taper

stem, its long, narrow leaves, and its abundant crop of dates, indicates not only a secure resting place from a toilsome journey, but a sure relief from want. It is no matter of surprise, under these circumstances, that these oases should excite so much delight, or that their praises should be so enthusiastically sung.

The inhabitants of the Sahara belong almost exclusively to the white race. The most numerous, and, in fact, the real masters of the territory, are the Tonareg, a race of bandits who live on the pillage of the caravans and on the contributions which they levy on all travellers. Their favourite proverb is, "The night is good for the poor and brave." The Tonareg, true descendants of the ancient Libyans, call themselves *Imoschars*. The Azgars, Hoggars, Kalouls, and others, are different branches of the same great family, leading the same wandering life, and engaged in the same depredations.

To the west of the country of the Tonaregs, the desert is occupied by Arab tribes of blood more or less pure, but all nomadic in their habits. The Arabs have a reputation as bad as that of their neighbours. One of their tribes, the Faris, are characterised by a very significant proverb:—"When thou meetest a Fari and a Faai (a viper of the desert), kill the Fari and let the viper escape."

Besides these there are several mixed tribes about whom but little is known, and even that is not to their credit. They preserve, however, a sort of caste, the chief distinctions of which are the Hassanes, the Marabouts, the Zenagues, the Laratines. The Hassanes are warriors of the Arab race; their vassals are the Zenagues, a race indigenous to the desert. The Marabouts are of an inferior class, but are esteemed on account of their religious character; while the Laratines are the lowest of all—the common negro slaves.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,
SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER LX.

The moral lesson would be invaluable, no doubt—to the little children, who played at "hanging" for a week afterwards; to the professional gentlemen, who had been picking pockets at the gallows-foot; to the mothers, who promised their children that if they were good they should see the next man hung; and to the mass of readers of the narrative in the newspapers.—CHARLES DICKENS.

"FEATHER," said Larky, after reflecting for some time on what he should say to give an agreeable turn to the conversation, "Ben Darrell be found guilty. He's to be hanged next Monday."

Bob turned pale.

"It's a wondrous shame," he said; "he never meant to kill his wife, any more than I moine."

Apple Blossom started. What if Bob, too, in the end, should have killed his wife? If she died of a cancer caused by his kick, or expired under the operation, in the eye of the law it might be manslaughter, but it was slow murder, for all that!

"Stunning Steenie, and Prigging Peter, and the Fox, and a sight more of 'em, are a-going to see him hanged, dad," said Larky, "and so is Potato Heels, and all I can say won't put her off going; and she wanted to get me to go, and Merry. She had half a-ticed Merry to go on the sly; but I've told her if she offers for to git Merry to do such a crule, black-guardly think, I'll wallop her well—and as for Merry, mother's spoked to her about it. If Potato Heels goes, I've told her I'll never be friends with her no more, and she sha'n't come to our house, nor spake to Merry nor Hope. But she's set up by Stunning Steenie and Prigging Peter, and she've sold a sight o' loocifers, and got a haul another way—one the Fox put her up to—and she's going to give 'em all a fine trate of roast taters and butter, and maybe some gin."

"What was the other way she got a haul?" asked Bob.

"Why, she took a mess o' cold gruel and grits, that she found in an old tin can, and seeing a elderly lady—or, as they calls 'em, a 'doll'—dressed wery foine in figured silk, stuck out wery wide, and walking wery stately, she got up close, and spilled it over her dress, behind; and then she went up, sidling and curtseying, and said, 'I begs your parding, lady, but there's a sight o' summat on your dress. I see a gal come behind you, and then run away for her life.' 'Oh, lor! whatever shall I do?' says the lady, who'd nothink but a bit of a pocket-handkerchief, all lace and work, in her hand. 'I'll wipe it off with my apron, my lady,' says Meg; 'if I does it at onst it won't be none the wuss, and it don't

matter for the likes of me, but it do for you, my lady,' says Meg, with another curtsey, 'for I'm sure you're as bootiful as wax-work, and fit to be a queen, or to be married to the Lord Mayor. I said, when first I seed you a-coming along, 'Well, she be stunning, she be.' So she set to and wiped it all off, the lady a-praising and a-thanking her all the time; and when she'd done, she axed her her name, and where she went to school, and what she'd learnt, and praised her up sky-high; and asked her if she'd like to be cleaned and tidied up, and wait on a lady, and whether her schoolmistress would speak up for her, and a deal more;—and give her a two-shilling piece: and the Fox says he ought to go snacks for putting her up to the dodge, but she won't agree, noways, to that; but is a-going to treat 'em all to gin, and roast taters, and butter, when they goes to see Ben Darrell hanged."

"Which they sha'n't do," said Apple Blossom. "They're hardened enough, without no such brutal soights as that 'ere. I'll tell Mr. Stephen what they're up to, and I hopes he'll lock 'em all up, and Meg, too, on Monday morning. It's sickening to think of their going to see the poor feller's agonies, ain't it, Bob?"

"Oh! I ain't for no such soights," said Bob. "I never seed but one man hanged, and that wor Tawell; and I didn't see much o' that; for, jest as he wor put under the noose, I turned sick and giddy, and fainted away as dead as if I had been a gal."

"That showed the kindness of thy heart, Bob," said Apple Blossom. "Thee wor allys soft-hearted."

"And soft-headed, too," said Bob, "or I'd not be in this plight, lass."

"Poor Bob!" said Apple Blossom, taking his hand, and bending over him to kiss him. "Jem's tooked up a'most entirely just now with poor Ben Darrell; but, when all's over, maybe you'd like me to bring Jem, that he may talk matters over, and give ye a little comfort."

"Maybe I wouldn't loike no such thing," said Bob, red as fire, and his eyes flashing. "And moind, woife, and you, Larky, moind, I don't want nor choose to have no tittle abstinence chaps a comeng galliwanting here along of my woife, nor a darkening my doors at home while I'm away."

"Oh! but, feather," said Larky Grigg, "Jem Goodman don't darken no doors, and don't galliwant. He brightens every home he wists, he do."

"Well, he sha'n't brighten moine, then," said Bob; "so moind that."

Apple Blossom was about to speak, but the time allotted to visitors had expired, and merely saying, "Good bye, Bob; I wish thee better, in more ways nor one," she left the ward, Larky Grigg following, after having knelt down for a minute by his father's bed to pray God to bless and restore him, and having kissed Bob's now pale hand and dropped upon it that gem in the sight of heaven—the tear of filial piety.

Apple Blossom and Larky Grigg then left the hospital, and returned to their humble home, having seen Kitty Slybrute, pale as death, half carried into a cab, and driven off, in company with her mother, Mrs. Robson.

CHAPTER LXI.

I feel ashamed and degraded at the brutal curiosity which took me to that brutal sight, and I pray Almighty God to cause this disgraceful sin to pass from among us, and to cleanse our land of blood.—THACKERAY.

The fatal Monday has dawned at length.

The rays of a lovely spring morning stream through the small, deeply embossed, grated windows of the condemned cell at Newgate.

Ben Darrell—who has spent the previous day, and the greater part of the night, in fervent prayer, in listening to the earnest exhortations of the reverend the ordinary, and in conversation with Jem Goodman about his soul, his mother, and his children—had dropped asleep at last, fairly exhausted. Even while he sat upon his hard and narrow bed, a change, a great change had come over Ben Darrell. And, oh, how had Jem Goodman toiled and prayed night and day to effect that change! Ben Darrell—who had so long lived without God in the world, and had never realised to himself his Saviour, his soul, or his sins—was now a firm believer.

Repentance and faith now sat, like two angels, among the ruins of his broken heart. He was no longer either taving like a madman, or sobbing like a child, or stupid like an idiot; he was calm, brave, patient, now. He thought of the Son of God—the sinless—on the cross, and then it did not seem much that he—the sinful—should die on the scaffold.

The change in the outward man was as great as that in the inward one; but that change had been wrought at first, and while terror maddened, and shame bowed him, and while the future loomed dark as the present and the past.

In that ghastly, that terrible time his crisp and clustering black locks had turned white, he had wasted away almost to a skeleton, despair had traced deep lines on his brow, and painted dark circles round his eyes; his form was bowed and shrunk; his skin dry and livid. In a few weeks Ben Darrell seemed to have aged more than twenty years.

That change in his outward appearance, and which was caused by the agony of his remorse, his terror, and his shame, was not done away with when earthly tortures gave way to heavenly hopes. The evil was wrought, and even a respite would not repair the harm already done; he must always be a gray, bent, silver-haired, shattered man, old before his time.

His poor old mother lived to know that he who, as a boy, had been her pride—her joy—her comfort—her all! had been found guilty. That terrible journey to London, and the agony of that interview with her son, poor Ben, in Newgate, had shaken her, poor frail old creature, almost into her grave.

She crept back to the union, went to bed very ill, and all but died in the night. But she was spared, and sent her blessing to her son. It was all she had to send, and Jem Goodman took care to convey it to him.

Ben wept when he heard his fond, kind old mother was so ill. A mother's death always seems to uproot the strongest ties—all feel as if a part of their own being dies with their mother, and is buried with her. It would have been a great blow to Ben Darrell if his mother had died.

When a parent dies it is as if the tree were uprooted, and the branches must droop. But Ben Darrell, who seemed to have given up his heart, mind, thoughts, feelings, and opinions, to the guidance of Jem Goodman, took comfort when Jem bade him do so, and when he pointed out that even had she died, it would have been a mercy and a Providence for her to be spared the agony of knowing that he had been doomed on earth—till she welcomed him, washed in the blood of the Lamb, in the courts of heaven. That she had sent him her blessing; and that as her years had already far exceeded the allotted age of man, so was her strength nothing but labour and sorrow. Ben, hearing this, dried his tears; resolved to bear his fate, whatever it might be, without repining; and looked forward to meeting her and his Esther in a better world, even if she never rallied enough to bid him adieu on earth.

On the preceding Sunday, the Rev. Mr. Davis (the ordinary of the gaol at Newgate) had preached what is called "the condemned sermon" in the chapel of the prison.

Ben Darrell listened with earnest and devout attention, and fervently joined in the responses.

When, in the litany, the prayer was offered up against sudden death, a loud groan escaped him, and he involuntarily clasped his throat, pressing it so tightly for a moment or so that the veins of his forehead filled, his face grew purple, and two turnkeys, who were closely watching him, were about to seize his hands, thinking he meditated strangling himself.

But he had no such intention, it was almost unconsciously he clutched his throat; in his despair and terror he had often done it before, as if to realise to himself what the agony would be, and in the hope of accustoming his mind to the terrible contact with the rope.

He joined fervently in the prayers, and with that fine natural tenor and good ear, to which his poor mother had attributed his ruin, he joined in the fourth and fifth verses of the 39th Psalm:—

"Lord, let me know my term of days;
How soon my life will end."

When in the communion service the words, "Thou shalt do no murder" struck like a knell on his ear and on his heart, and every eye in that crowded chapel was turned almost instinctively on the prisoner, a deep flush rose like a cloud over his pale face, and then left it white as marble.

Often during the sermon his eyes filled with tears.

The text was from the 6th verse of the 9th chapter of Genesis:—"Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made he man." It was, as such discourses always are, preached for the condemned, and at him; but the preacher was rather "a son of consolation" than of thunder. He did not dwell so much on the terrors of the law, as on the hopes—the consolations—the blessings of the Gospel! He pointed out that the prisoner's time was short, but, he added, that of the penitent thief on the cross was shorter still—and yet our blessed Lord said to him "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." "There is no crime so black," he added, "that it cannot be washed out in tears of penitence and the blood of the Lamb; to-morrow you will see the sun for the last time."

earth—oh, may you so employ the few hours that remain to you, that you may see the Sun of Glory when you wake from the sleep of death. Oh, may God have mercy on your soul." So deeply was Ben Darrell affected by this discourse, that he could not have reached his cell without the aid of the turnkey specially appointed to take charge of him. When he reached the condemned cell he threw himself on his knees by his bed, and wept and prayed till Jem Goodman arrived, bringing little Nussy and baby Ben for him to take his last farewell of them.

He was much struck with the wonderful improvement in the appearance of the children. They had been, when he had seen them last, solely owing to drink and him, so lean, ragged, dirty, wretched, and wan! and now they were plump, rosy, so very clean, and in their best mourning; and little Hope had combed, and brushed, and arranged little Nussy's hair so nicely, having washed and oiled it, and tied it with black ribbon; and made so much of a few flaxen rings, that seemed borrowed from the silk-worm, and which peeped out from under baby Ben's pretty cap, which Hope had got a teacher at the Ragged School to quilt up for this sad occasion, and to adorn with a black cockade. Baby Ben, that wasted, pinched, wolf-eyed baby, whom his father remembered all head, and legs, and arms, was now, for rosy chubbiness and dimpled gladness, a cherub worthy of Giorgione's pencil.

Jem brought him in on one arm, leading little Nussy by the hand.

Baby Ben looked round, but not liking what he saw, hid his face on Jem's shoulder; little Nussy scarcely knew her father again, he was so altered; but had he not been so, she had no fond or pleasant recollections of him, and she clung to Jem Goodman and hung back. She was a dry-eyed child, and seldom shed a tear. Baby Ben, when his father would kiss him, roared lustily, and as poor Ben explained to little Nussy, that he should never see her more, but that he hoped she would be a good girl, and grow up like her mother in heaven, she thought of her mother, and did what the sight of her father (even though she knew he was going to be hanged) had failed to do,—she cried bitterly.

Ben then blessed them both, embraced them once more, and allowed Jem Goodman to take them away, making him promise to return as soon as possible. Poor wretch! he felt a sort of safety and comfort in Jem's presence, and Jem had obtained permission to be with him to the last!

CHAPTER LXII.

"That's he! that's he!" you hear the people say, as the devoted man came up.—THACKERAY.

WHAT an awful night was that for Ben Darrell!

We generally read in accounts of nights preceding executions that the miserable victims of their own sins—of a great and fatal mistake in government—sleep soundly and breakfast heartily! That, to the thinking mind, is more awful at such a time than the night of prayer and the morning of fasting which, with Ben Darrell, preceded the dreaded hour.

It is terrible to fall over a precipice with your eyes open, and with your mind prepared; but to roll over in a fit, or in one's sleep, seems more terrible still.

Nature, however, sank into a fitful repose at about two in the morning, and the turnkeys (two of whom watched him constantly) said that his dreams were pleasant dreams, that he smiled and talked of stars, and angels, and flowers, and of his mother, and Esther. At four o'clock, in fulfilment of his promise, permission having been granted by the authorities, Jem Goodman arrived, looking paler and more wretched than the wretched Ben Darrell himself. He had laid down for a few hours, that he might have strength to support the poor wretch to the last by words of faith and love, but he was too excited to sleep. Jem Goodman was, in truth, very ill, but he would not own it to himself or give way in the least, while there was yet anything to be done for Ben Darrell.

Ben Darrell was so afraid of losing in sleep and unconsciousness any of the few precious moments that remained to him for penitence and prayer, that he had made Jem Goodman promise, should he have dropped asleep and be slumbering when he arrived, to wake him.

It was a dreadful office to exact of friendship; but Jem was, in his own quiet way, a hero; he had given his word and he kept it!

The turnkeys, who liked and pitied poor Ben Darrell, who since the change Jem had made in his inward feelings had been most gentle, meek, and amiable, thought it cruel to rouse the poor fellow from such a sweet sleep, and such happy dreams, to

all the ghastly realities of his last morning on earth; but Jem's view of the matter was not theirs—besides, he had given his word! He never broke his word!

But he stood for a moment, summoning all his energies for the painful duty he had to perform, for he had seen a sight that had unnerved him, and a deadly faintness had crept over him as he gazed upon it.

This was nothing less than the hideous black stage containing the drop. Just as Jem reached Newgate it was being wheeled out of a shed in the press-yard; and there it stood—oh! how horrible an object in that lovely morning light!—opposite the Debtors'-gate.

Carpenters were busily at work, fitting up the posts and the beams that formed the gibbet; and every sound of their hammers seemed to fall on Jem's heart!

Poor, wretched Ben Darrell! Jem had become quite attached to him; almost as he might have done to a child. And no wonder! He so clung to Jem—so loved—so believed in him!

Early as it was (scarcely four!) crowds of people were assembled to watch the ghastly preparations; and, among the foremost and the most eager, Jem Goodman, with a shudder, recognised Natt Stone, the murdered woman's brother!

He seemed never to rest, to take no food—to require none; but to live on his revenge, or rather his hopes of it. And certainly, to look on him, you would not have said that it was wholesome food.

He, too, was wasted to a shadow, and was ghastly white. He looked more misshapen, more shrunken, more deformed than ever, as—with eyes full of lurid fire, and a smile of exultation which was almost a grin—he watched the erection of the scaffold, and clutched, in his long bony fingers, money, which he meant to give the carpenters for drink, if he could find an opportunity of approaching them.

From that gibbet, which stood out so black and grim against the rosy and golden light of a spring morning, Natt Stone turned to watch the rays that gleamed through the little grated window above the Debtors'-door. He knew that door was also the door of the kitchen, and that all condemned criminals pass through that kitchen to the place of execution; and, in his vindictive and almost insane delight, he rejoiced to think that they were probably hanging that place with black, and fitting it for the funeral procession of his sister's murderer. He delighted to see the light dance on the metal of the tools the carpenters were using, and on the black posts of the gibbet itself. Streams of people, of all ranks and ages, and of both sexes, were pouring in. If at four o'clock there were such numbers, what would it be by eight!

But Ben Darrell's trial had excited an immense amount of public attention and interest; wife-beating and wife-murder were the prevailing crimes of the day. The Legislature had resolved to make examples of all men who murdered the beings they had sworn to love and cherish. There were circumstances, too, that gave a hue of romance to this case. The devotion of the wife—the love and revenge of her brother—the newspaper accounts of their early love—her youth, beauty—her clinging tenderness, and his cruelty and ill-usage—the fact that no food of any kind had been found in her stomach at the post-mortem examination, and of her yet refusing to leave him and go with her children to enjoy competence without him,—all these, and countless other details, had given an immense interest to this case, and rendered Ben Darrell an object of the execration and detestation of the mob—of the female portion of it especially.

An unusual number of women had assembled, feeling a sort of personal gratification in the extinction of such a husband.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Suck, baby! suck! Mother's love grows by giving!
Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting!
Black manhood comes, when riotous, guilty living
Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting!
Kiss, baby! kiss! Mother's lips shine in kisses!
Press those sweet lips that give and take a blessing!
Black manhood comes, when riotous, guilty biases
Tender thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressing!
Cling, baby! cling! Mother's love loves such forces!
Strain the sweet neck that bends still to thy clinging!
Black manhood comes, when riotous, guilty courses
Leave thee a spectacle in the rude air swinging!

CHARLES LAMB.

JEM GOODMAN was obliged to shake the wretched Ben before he could wake him; he was in such a sweet sleep—he was dreaming such blissful dreams. And when he was awake, and sat up bolt upright in his bed, it was some time before he could realise to himself where he was, or what was going to happen.

He did so at last, as his eye fell on the turnkeys and the barred windows; and the colour, which in sleep had returned to his cheek, faded away, and left it ghastly white.

He smelt some salts Jem had brought with him, and rallying a little, asked the hour.

It was half-past four.

"Three hours and a half," he said, "and then the agonies of death! And then, perhaps, I too, as the preacher said, may be, like the penitent thief on the cross, with Him in Paradise. Oh, Mr. Goodman, I hope I may be supported by the arm of faith! I hope I shall die game; and not go to—to the scaffold like one who thinks there ain't no life but that he's obliged to give up. I've one wish very strong on me, Mr. Goodman, and that's to shake hands with Natt Stone before I dies. I knows he's done his wust—I knows that but for him I'd may be have got off! But he's her brother; and I'd like to tell him, with my last breath, I never meant to kill her—never knowed I'd killed her. I'd like to ax his pardon, and give him mine—to forgive, as I hope to be forgiven."

Jem Goodman, moved by these words, accompanied as they were by tears, rose, and went in search of Natt Stone. He found him still watching the gibbet, and the gathering masses of people, to whom a hanging was a festival.

"Tell him," said Natt, in reply to Jem Goodman's entreaties and arguments, "that, were I to live a thousand years, I'd never forgive him; and that had he even a thousand lives, he'd deserve to lose them all. Tell him, I should think I had consented to my darling's murder, if I shook the cruel, coward hand, red with her blood—tell him, that he has made the whole world a desert and a howling wilderness to me, and that I live only to see his vile carcass swinging in the air, and his body cut down and buried in a quick-lime grave—tell him, he has cursed me, and I curse him."

Jem Goodman, seeing nothing could be done with a man whose passionate revenge bordered on insanity, exclaimed, "You call yourself a Christian, Natt Stone, and yet you will not forgive a dying man. What if you were to be called, sudden-like, to your last account? How could you expect to be forgiven when you have refused to fulfil the conditions on which alone a sinner can hope for pardon—'forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us?'"

"Don't talk to me, man!" cried Natt, with a wild fire in his eye, and a hoarse scream in his voice; "or if you want Scripture, look out all the texts against murder. Yell see there what murderers are fit for, from Cain who killed his brother, down to the brute, Ben Darrell, who killed his wife—my Esther—my darling! but who's to swing for it in"—and he looked at his watch, pointing with his lean finger the while to the hands—"three hours sixteen minutes and a half. I only live to see him swinging, and I wouldn't touch the cruel, mean hand, red with my blessed darling sister's blood, no, not to go straight to heaven out of the fiery furnace burning here," and he pressed his slim, long, claw-like fingers on his misshapen but dastard breast!

"Ben Darrell is better off than thee, man," said Jem Goodman. "He has sinned grievously, but he has fervently repented. His state is better than thine."

Natt Stone laughed wildly—hoarsely—bitterly, and sidled quickly off.

Jem Goodman paused for a moment. "It is not yet five," he said, "and there may be time. If the Home Secretary had but done as I so implored him, and put into her Majesty's hand that letter poor Ben wrote me, and which, both at the inquest and the trial, almost turned the tide in his favour—who can tell? If the Queen were but to read that letter herself, her quick perceptions aiding her kind womanly heart would make her respite Ben. May be there's that one chance left, but then there's one too that I may be too late. What, if I should miss the time, would be Ben Darrell's feelings, if he thought I forsook him at the last moment!"

Jem Goodman thought deeply for a moment, with clasped hands and upraised eyes—perhaps he prayed! Suddenly he hailed a Hansom cab that passed at that moment, having just deposited some young fools, who wished to see a man hanged, because to them it would be something new, and everything with them was becoming old before its time—weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable (themselves included).

Jem promised the cabman double pay to drive with double speed to the private residence of the Home Secretary.

Fate, fortune, or rather Providence, seemed to favour Jem Goodman on his errand of mercy. Just as his cab drove up to the gate of the lordly resi-



ST. HELIER'S, JERSEY.

dence of the Home Secretary, he himself was handing out his lady wife and fair daughter, all three just returned from one of the most brilliant balls ever given even here by a French ambassador. Jem saw the morning light dazzle the dull, sleepy, tired eyes of the elder lady, and fall on the brilliants, which being cold, hard stones, gave back ray for ray, even at that hour; and then it searched out the hollows of the prematurely pale cheeks of the young votary of pleasure, who seemed drooping and faded as the bouquet she held in her fevered, languid hand, while with the other she tossed back the now unveiled tresses of her flaxen hair. It lighted, too, the broad, benevolent, and thoughtful brow of the Home Secretary. Jem, bold in his cause, respectfully accosted the great man, who instantly recognised in Jem one who had headed a deputation on a former occasion, and whom he had twice honoured with an interview relative to Ben Darrell.

He led the way at once to his library. What passed there we cannot here divulge, but in a few minutes after, the carriage was ordered round again, and the Home Secretary, requesting Jem Goodman to dismiss his cab, and to step in before him, gave an order to his coachman, and sprang into the carriage, saying, "Cheer up, good man, good Samaritan! There's hope yet, from what you say of the man and from his conduct in prison, of the truth of his continued assertions that he did not mean to kill his wife. I begin to think with you. The Queen is an early riser. The day has already begun for her."

"God bless her!" murmured Jem. "Bless her for the good example, too little followed, which she sets in that, as in everything else, to all the female world."

(To be continued.)

MY VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.—No. II.

"ARE you," I asked, "a conchologist, Wilton?"

"Perhaps I may be regarded as one," he replied;

"but, mind you, *with a difference*."

"Why, what can the difference be?"

"It is this: some people are entirely absorbed in collecting shells; while I want to gather all the information I can as to their inhabitants. I know a gentleman who had spent a large sum of money, and that carefully too, on specimens of such dwellings, but had you asked him to describe the structures, habits, and instincts of any former occupants, he would have been seriously at fault."

"Well, then, I am satisfied that yours is the wiser course; and you would, by the way, furnish another example of your habitual kindness, if you would favour me with some scraps of your knowledge on shells and their inhabitants."

"Most cheerfully," said Wilton. "I was visiting the Channel Islands, and as there are two large oyster-banks, one off Guernsey, the other off Jersey, belonging to an immense region of these creatures which extends along the coast of Norway, I determined to see if, having often eaten oysters without thinking about them, I could calmly and carefully think about them without eating them."

"Naturalist-like, my friend," I replied; "and so, doubtless, you formed an intimate acquaintance with these delicate and dainty shell-fish."

"Shell-fish!" shouted Wilton; "why a fish has a skeleton, it swims by its fins, and works its tail as a rudder; and an oyster has *no* skeleton, *no* fins, *no* tail; how then can it be a fish? What comparison can you find between an oyster and a turbot, a salmon, or a sole?"

"Clearly," I answered, "there is no resemblance between them; but in windows and in shop-fronts where oysters, as well as crabs and lobsters, are sold, you will see in large letters the words 'SHELL-FISH'; and, if I am not greatly mistaken, you will find the term still in many volumes of Natural History."

"That only shows," said Wilton, "that the 'purveyors' and the men of science are so far alike in fault; the latter being the greater transgressors. I could recommend them a far better course than the one they so commonly take, and that would be the using of the plainest as well as the most accurate names for plants and animals. The other day I passed through the gardens of the Royal Botanical Society, and every name I saw there was the scientific one, which very few out of the multitude who go there can possibly understand; and yet some of these very men who directed it should be so will speak of an oyster as a shell-fish. Three cheers, I say, for the man, whoever he may be, whether his name be *tailed*, or *tailless*, standing all alone, or having appended to it the initials of learned and scientific societies—who will tell us precisely what a thing is, and in the simplest form that language allows."

"What, then," I asked, "is an oyster?"

"I need not tell you," replied Wilton, "that the Latin word *mollis* means soft; as then there are a

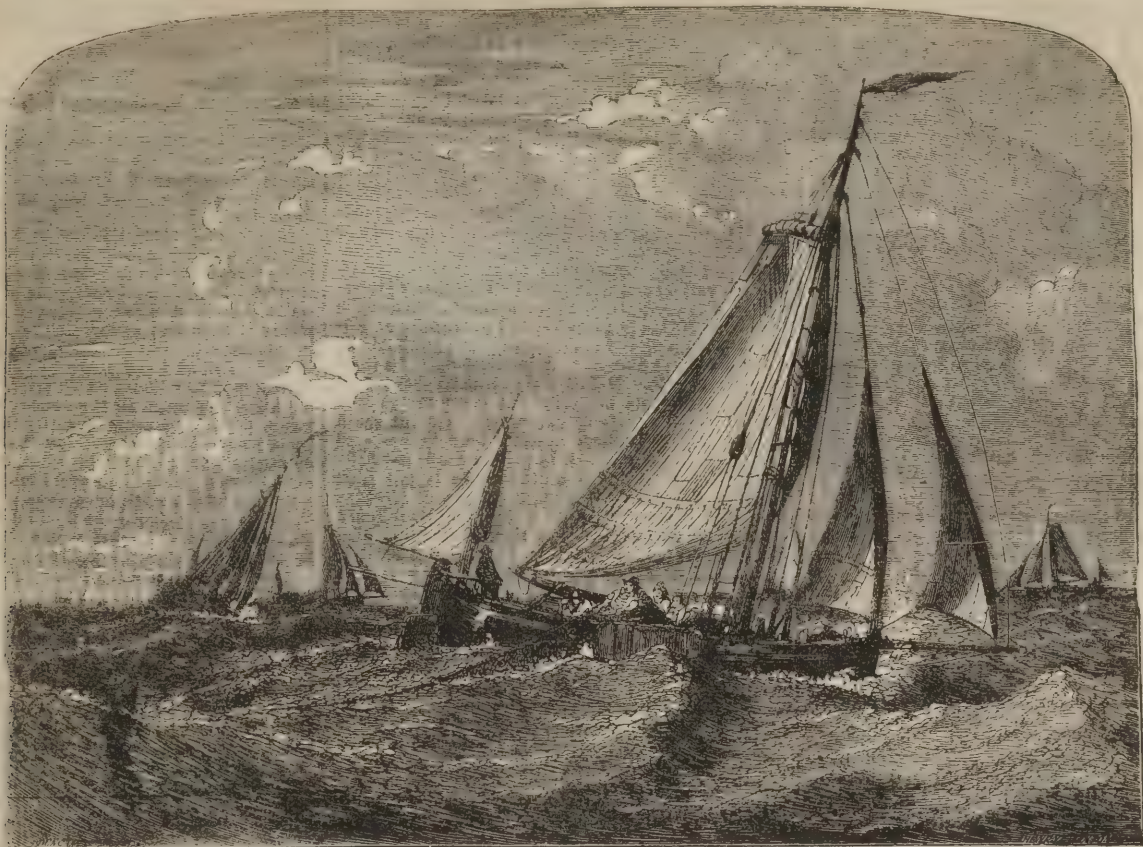
great many soft-bodied creatures, naturalists very properly class them altogether as *mollusca*; and, consequently, each one is a *mollusc*. Now a mollusc may be nude and shell-less, such as the common slug, the Eolis of the ocean, and many more; if its shell consists of one piece, it is called a *uni-valve*; if it has two pieces, it is called a *bi-valve*; if it has more than two, it is called a *multi-valve*. An oyster, therefore, is, properly speaking, a bi-valved mollusc. Still further, it is commonly associated with a river: with the Mersey, which rises in Yorkshire from different sources, in Clough Moss and Holme Moss; the Swale, which divides the Isle of Sheppey from the rest of Kent; and the Colne, which flows in the neighbourhood of Colchester. But no river on the face of the earth provides for the production of this delicacy; it is, undoubtedly, of marine origin. So liable, however, are the distinctive marks of these creatures to change, and thence to form individual varieties, that it is extremely difficult to establish any brief description of the *ostrea edulis*, the edible oyster. Not merely have the oysters of different coasts their peculiarities, but every bay, estuary, harbour, or space in the sea, has its local vicissitudes as to the supplies of food, depth of water, currents, tides, and other influential causes, all of which manifestly affect the figure or the shell of this species of oyster."

"I suppose, however," I suggested, "there is a general agreement as to structure and habits."

"There is," said Wilton; "in these respects only, oysters are all alike. If one of them be microscopically examined, it will be found as perfect as the elephant, the camel, or the giraffe; discovering no deficiency and no redundancy. It has a mouth with no kind of teeth, but bordered by four thin lips ranged on the two sides of the orifice; a stomach, surrounded by the liver; a heart, consisting of an auricle and a ventricle, by which a complete circulation is maintained of a white, or bluish white blood; breathing organs, most exquisitely constructed, serving also the purpose of bringing nutriment to the oyster; a mantle, which wraps up all these organs as an outer skin; and a strong muscle, called the *adductor*, because it instantly closes the shell whenever it is desirable."

"I confess," said I, "I could never have imagined what you have now described. But, then, how is the shell produced?"

"Every oyster, though so minute at first, that a million or two of them would only occupy a single



FISHING SMACKS.

square inch, is born *with* a shell. It grows, however, so rapidly that on the third day it is a quarter of an inch in width, and in three months it is as large as a shilling; the shell must therefore be enlarged in exact proportion to the expansion of the creature. A shell, be it observed, is formed of two substances: one is animal, the other is mineral. The former resembles in its chemical properties *albumen*, a substance so called from the Latin for the white of an egg, in which it exists abundantly, and in its purest natural state—or *gelatine*, the name of which is taken from the word to congeal, to freeze, and is applied to a concrete substance, transparent, and soluble in water. If a shell or a piece of one be placed in a glass vessel and diluted nitric acid be thrown in, a soft, floating substance will soon be apparent, consisting of net-like membranes. Here, then, is the basis of the shell; it became what it was by having mineral particles interspersed throughout, so as to become of a hard and stony character. It is the mantle, or outer covering of the oyster, that secretes and combines these two substances—the animal and the mineral. Réaumur, the celebrated French naturalist, cut a piece out of a snail's shell, and passed a piece of leather through the opening, that it might lie underneath the broken edges, and, therefore, between the snail's body and his shell. What, then, was the result? The side of the leather that lay upon the shell continued as it was; while the side of the leather that lay upon the snail's body was covered with calcareous matter. Two facts were consequently placed beyond all doubt: one was that the shell did nothing to repair itself; the other was that the materials for repairing it were yielded by the snail. The oyster, similarly endowed, gives to the valves of its shell successive edgings of membrane, which, secreting carbonate of lime, speedily becoming hard, is converted into a shelly layer; the process being repeated at intervals, every newly-formed layer enlarges the diameter of the shell; and thus the shell corresponds in its increase with the growth of the tenant."

"Thank you, Wilton," said I. "I should never have imagined that there was so much that is curious in connection with an oyster; and I heartily congratulate you on the success of your Jersey studies."

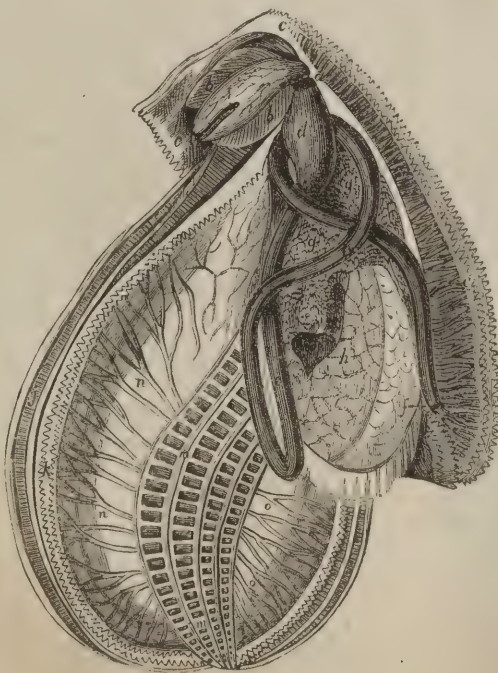
"We are yet far," he replied, "from exhausting

the present subject. Perfect adjustment is everywhere apparent, and that, too, in every successive stage of the oyster's growth. As one example, the two valves of the shell are not loose, like the plate

that holds the bachelor's solitary muffin, and the one a-top to preserve its warmth! nor are they like the paper covers of a book, which are torn off by a slight wrench; on the contrary, they are united at the back by an artificially-constructed hinge-joint. In a pair of fresh oyster-shells, weighing 3,488 grains, the entire spring of the hinge weighed three grains and a half; and its elastic parts, when placed in the centre of the flat valve, was equal to the pressure of three pounds fifteen ounces avoirdupois. How firmly it unites the shells is evident from the experiments of the Hon. Robert Boyle. He put an oyster into a very small receiver of an air-pump, and kept it in long enough, he says, 'to have killed successively three or four birds or beasts, &c., but it was not thereby killed,' nor for aught he could perceive, considerably disturbed; only, at each suck, he saw that the air it contained escaped at the edge. About twenty-four hours after he found that this one, with another placed in the receiver at the same time, was alive. On another occasion he put an oyster into a phial full of water before he placed it in the receiver, that the motion of the bubbles expected from the oyster might be seen more distinctly; yet this oyster proved so strong as to keep itself close shut, and repressed the eruption of the bubbles. The adaptation of the adductor muscle supplies another instance of perfect adjustment during the successive stages of an oyster's growth."

"Is the oyster fit to be eaten when it is mature?" I asked.

"It is not," replied my friend. "Were the rock-oyster taken from its bed—were its shells separated, and were the little creature they contained dragged from his house, you would pronounce it, on being tasted, not very agreeable. The quality of the oyster depends greatly on the nature of the bed of the sea at the point where the bank lies. Where the ground is calcareous, oysters are tender and friable; where it is hard, they are more solid and heavy; where the channel is marly or clayey, they are softer and contain more animal gluten; and on a slimy bank they are more rich and oily. And in this there is no mystery."



Organs of the oyster:—(a), the mouth; (b), the lips; (c, c), the mantle; (d), the stomach; (e), the intestines; (f), its extremity; (g), part of the liver; (h), the heart; (i), the adductor muscle; (j), the margin of the breathing organs; (k), the right lobe of the mantle; (n, n, o, o), the vessels which distribute themselves through the mantle; (m), the large canal receiving the vessels of the breathing organs.

In calcareous ground the food of the oyster will be largely mixed with calcareous matter, which will go to swell the shell without increasing the bulk of the body. But such will not be the case when the oyster rests on a hard rock; the food not being calcareous will make the creature plumper, while the shell will be proportionately thin. 'Native' oysters (the best, you well know) are all reared in artificial beds; the rock-oysters, in an early stage of their being, are therefore brought to them. Such beds are said to have been commenced in England about the year 1700, by the Essex and Kent Company of Dredgers, for keeping up a supply for the London markets, and they have been continued to the present day."

"True," said I; "and such beds are to be met with in various other places of Great Britain."

"They are," said Wilton. "Bishop Spratt—as to knowledge, by the way, rather a *whale* than a *sprat*—proposed the study of oyster-beds as well worthy the sages, who, under the guidance of his co-bishop, Wilkins, laid the foundation-stones of the Royal Society. 'Though the British oysters,' he says, 'have been famous in the world ever since the island was discovered, yet the skill how to order them aright has been so little considered among ourselves that we see at this day it is confined (the bishop evidently alludes to Essex) to some narrow creeks of a single county.' Now don't you feel a rising and kindling respect for a man who, two hundred years ago, had sufficient sagacity to perceive the value of skill in ordering things aright? What but this has been the means of raising Britain to its present eminence? And onward she will go in the physical, mental, and moral improvement of her people, just in proportion as she attains and employs skill in ordering things aright. If I were a schoolboy, I'd throw up my cap and shout, 'Honour to the memory of Bishop Spratt!' His remarks, doubtless, led to oyster-beds receiving attention never before paid them; and, consequently, to the great increase of the property of their owners. You might as well think of leaving land unvisited and untouched as an oyster-bed to itself; and as the agriculturist knows full well, that to have a succession of crops, he must put into the soil what he takes out in grain, so the owner of an oyster-bed will be careful that it is duly replenished. As, too, the farmer roots up his thistles and keeps up his fences, that the cattle may not invade his wheat-fields, so he who has oyster-beds will do all he can to keep his 'natives' free from the plants and animals by which they would otherwise be infested, particularly in the spring. If carefully kept, a farm, like an oyster-bed, will last long; but if neglected, it will soon be buried in sand, only to be reclaimed at a proportionate expense. Often have I thought what a scene of pure animal enjoyment is an oyster-bed! The creatures congregated there may seem dormant, yet all the functions of vitality are highly pleasurable. The world beyond—its cares and joys—its storms and calms—its volcanoes of passion and its lake-like repose, are all indifferent to that oyster-world! To each oyster (how unlike ourselves!) epicurism is absolutely lawful; his neighbour has on him no claim for sympathy or service; yet that little heart beats pleasantly, sending the vital current to the utmost extremity of the minutest vessel; while the mighty ocean and the river, too, are subservient to its joys."

"That, I should say, Wilton, is not merely imaginary, but true; excuse the interruption, which I could not prevent."

Again he proceeded:—"It has of late years been considered no compliment to say of a youth or a man that he is *green*, of which the history of the notorious Mr. Verdant Green, the very embodying of a raw, rash, and therefore luckless wight, is a memorable example. And yet, as some persons have a penchant for green gooseberries on their way to be red; and others a liking for green pickles, heedless of the verdigris that makes them so; so many in this land, as well as across the Channel, have preferred to all others the flavour of green oysters. In France special effort has been made to supply this so-called delicacy: a small reservoir being chosen, and the sea water admitted into it being allowed to remain there until the stones with which it was paved have become green. Bishop Spratt describes the same course as taken in his time. The oysters, still deposited in beds in the river Blackwater, at Mersea and at Tollesbury, have a deeper colour than those which are placed in the Colne; and some years ago, a demand being made by some Dutch merchants for green oysters, effort was made here also to produce them, but the demand has gradually declined. I question if you could now find in England a green oyster."

"I, at least, sustain no loss," I added.

"Nor I," said Wilton. "Oysters, whether obtained

from the open sea or artificial beds, are taken, you are doubtless aware, by means of dredges. It is an old saying that oysters should only be eaten when there is an *r* in the month. This arises from old and still existing acts of parliament. One of these I will 'do' out of old into modern English: 'Also be it required of those that drag for oysters and mussels out of season, that it is (to be understood) restrained from the beginning of the month of May until the day of the exaltation of the holy cross, that is to say, the 14th of September.' Bishop Spratt says: 'There are great penalties by the Admiralty Court laid upon those that fish out of those grounds which the court appoints, or that destroy the cultch, or that take any oysters that are not of size.' And in the reigns of Georges III. and IV. various acts were passed for the better preservation of oyster-beds, and prevention of trespass upon them. To dredge in an oyster-bed unlawfully or wilfully is to be guilty of a misdemeanour, punishable by a fine not exceeding £20, or imprisonment for three calendar months. Not only are artificial oyster-beds claimed as private property, but many in the open sea, on various parts of our coast. On the south coast, however, 'summer oysters' may be procured so delicate in flavour that, to use the words of Christopher North, 'they are worthy to be lapped from the briny board by the lambent tongue of Neptune himself.' Some oysters grow to an extraordinary size. Thus we have heard of their shells being used as vessels for holy-water. Mr. Thompson, a naturalist, also states that he selected four large oysters from about 500 taken from the beds in Belfast Bay, where they lie at a depth from 12 to 25 fathoms, and that on two being weighed before opened each one weighed a pound and a half; the third, one pound and three-quarters; and the fourth, two pounds, imperial weight. The two largest oysters, on being taken from their shells, weighed each an ounce and a half; and the others somewhat less. The shells were in length from five and a half to six and a half inches; and in depth, with the valve closed, two and a half inches."

"To calculate the number of oysters taken," I remarked, "must be simply impossible."

"It is," said Wilton. "It is stated by Dr. Knapp that the number procured annually from the Norman coast for the use of the Channel Islands and English markets, cannot be less than eight hundred thousand tubs, each tub containing two English bushels; and in some years three times that quantity is believed to be procured from those banks during the season. As many as three hundred cutters have been employed in dredging. Milne Edwards and Andouin state that during the year 1828 the total number dredged on the French bank of this region was about fifty-two millions. These French oyster banks, they say, yield a produce valued at from eight hundred thousand to nine hundred thousand francs a year. Oysters, which are still sold out of the smacks at Billingsgate, may also be obtained at Hungerford. The real 'Miltons' and the 'Colchesters' are among the most expensive kinds. The costermongers buy oysters of 'a good middling quality.' At the commencement of the season the bushel, more or less heaped up, costs 14s.; the general price is 9s. or 10s.; but they have been 16s. or 18s. In 1848 very large-shelled oysters, the animals being very small, were brought in from the Sussex coast, and had an enormous sale in Thames-street and near the Borough-market. These 'scuttle-mouths,' as they were called, were usually thrown down in a yard, had a few pails of water dashed over them, and were then placed on a barrow or conveyed to a stall. But some of the better class of dealers laid down their oysters carefully, and gave them oatmeal to fatten on. The number of oysters sold by the costermongers amounts to 124,000,000 a year. These at four a penny would realise the large sum of £129,650. We may, therefore, safely assume that £125,000 is spent yearly in oysters in the streets of London."

LINES FOR MUSIC.

Ah, tell me not that other eyes
Are half so fair as thine;
Though some are bluer than the skies,
And some through blackness shine.

I've seen them flash like meteor's ray,
And melt in softness clear;
But soon their beauty fades away—
Thine, thine alone are dear.

Thine eyes emit a purer light—
A brighter, softer beam
Than e'er again can greet my sight
In daylight or in dream.

To me they're sweetest when they rise
And smile with love on mine—
Then tell me not that other eyes
Are half so fair as thine.

The Matron.

NO. XXIX.

I SPOKE in the last chapter of poisons in plants and berries; but there are other poisons equally to be dreaded. I mean those that lurk in the air. All classes of society are exposed to the danger of the poison communicated by close, unwholesome air. Then comes the question, what makes air close and unwholesome?

In the first place, its having been breathed by animals, whether men or brutes; in the second, its being fraught with the fumes of any decaying substances. I can fancy I hear some of my readers exclaim, "Well, if we've nothing else, we've always plenty of fresh air; so we've no reason to fear poison in this respect." But the question is, have you plenty of air? I think I can prove to you that your conclusion may be founded on an error, and that you do not know how much air is necessary for every human being, nor the immense quantity that every human being renders unfit for breathing. Every single person, no matter who, a king in his robes, or a beggar in his rags, spoils a gallon of air every minute. If a person were shut up in a small room, from which the access of fresh air was excluded, he would die in a few hours, without taking any other poison than the air which he had himself rendered deadly by breathing it.

There are a great many people, and perhaps yourself among the number, who very often have not enough air for the preservation of health. If the room in which you sleep is low and small, you should beware of closely shutting the door and the window, for, by so doing, you soon render the air oppressive and unwholesome. If, on rising, you throw open the window, you are struck with the contrast, and charmed with the sweetness of the morning breeze; but the air which you and your children breathe ought always to be sweet, and when it is habitually otherwise, all kinds of illnesses are the consequence. Perhaps you will reply, I have an old father living with me; he suffers from rheumatism, and he dreads every breath of air. Now, I say to your father, that impure air is as dangerous for him as it is for you, and that it is likely to increase the pain of his rheumatism by increasing the fever, to which pain always gives rise. Still I greatly disapprove of people's sitting in chilling draughts. All I wish to impress upon you is, the necessity of a free current of air in your sitting and sleeping apartments, in order to protect you from the danger of breathing poisonous air, viz., that which has already been inhaled. And attention to this point, in the present warm weather, is much more important than when cold renders fires necessary, for fires make a current of air for themselves, and though they consume a great deal of air, they are the means of purifying the remainder for human beings.

In India, necessity has been the mother of invention, and by means of great fans our countrymen are kept cool. These fans are nothing more than broad and stiff canvas hung up near the ceiling, and made to flap backwards and forwards constantly, by being pulled by ropes. In books that treat of the Indian mode of life, you find this fan called a *punka*. In our climate this contrivance is not necessary, but it is necessary that we should constantly make for the air a passage in and out. The result of my study of this important subject is, that I am enabled to suggest to you three different ways for ventilating rooms that are too close. First, I shall speak of the sleeping apartment, but I may as well observe, that in warm, still summer weather, the window may be left partly open during the whole night, for even if some damps should arise, they are wholesome compared to the danger of spoilt air; but for the autumn, spring, and winter, the following plan may be carried out with great advantage.

Take a large gimlet, and with it make a row of holes through the upper part of the window-frame in your bed-room. Let them be just above the glass. To prevent the rain from running in, you should slope them downwards; and you might have in readiness a few little pegs of wood, to stop some of these holes, in case the wind from outside should blow too violently. Supposing you have no chimney in your room, you should make corresponding holes in the door; for this principle should be impressed on your mind, that a free current of air is necessary, and for this there must be a passage out as well as a passage in.

Another plan is to take out a pane of glass from the window, and to put in its place a plate of zinc, pierced with holes. The zinc you can buy cheap at any ironmonger's. When you have done this, the chimney or the door, left a little open, will secure proper ventilation. The third plan is rather more

complicated, and it is attended with some expense. However, it is effectual, and as CASSELL'S FAMILY PAPER is read by high and low, rich and poor, some of my readers may think fit to adopt it.

Have a pipe of pierced or perforated zinc entirely across the house, just under the ceiling, and let it pass through the walls into the open air. Close with a plug the end of the pipe exposed to the wind that happens to be prevalent, leaving a free passage for the escape of heated air through the other end. Make also holes through the door, near the bottom, so that they may allow as much room for the current of air as the bore of the zinc pipe. Such precautions as these would obviate the great danger of breathing spoilt air; but they would do little good to those who allow decayed substances to accumulate round their dwellings. These substances necessarily infect the air; and how are you to continue in health if the very air you breathe is poison? Therefore pigsties, manure-heaps, and stagnant water, must be removed from the immediate vicinity of your dwelling—that is, if you wish to preserve yourselves and children from wasting sickness or suddenly fatal disease; in fact, from such epidemics as, in former times, took the shape of plagues, and, in our day, have re-appeared in the almost equally dreaded form of cholera.

Small Charge.

DURING an election a candidate called upon a tradesman and solicited his vote. "I would rather vote for old Nick than for you," was the reply. "But in case your friend should not come forward," said the candidate, "might I then count upon your assistance?"

SOME say, speak your mind upon all occasions. We think a far better rule would be to speak it only when it is worth speaking.

EAST ETHIOPIAN.—Say, nigga, cum and hab de pleasure ob dinin' wid your most humble serpent, wen't you, heh? "Why, look here, Sam—I'm not particular in my sociashuns; but I wish to know fus before I yail myself ob your polite imptimashun, whar you hab your lodjins?" "No difference, nigga, whar I lodge. I don't ax you to sleep wid me, but only to eat dinner in a greecable sociumbility."

"We must confess the faults of our favourite, in order to obtain credit to our praises of his excellences." "Well, Charley," said a gentleman to one of our Ragged-school shoe-black brigade, "how do you get along these hard times?" "Why, sir, I contrive to rub on."

NOTHING is farther than earth from heaven; nothing is nearer than heaven to earth.

A SHOEMAKER, for the purpose of eclipsing an opponent, who lived opposite to him, put over his door the well-known motto of "*Mens conscia recti*" (a mind conscious of rectitude). His adversary, to outdo him, placed a bill in his window with these words: "*Mens and Women's conscia recti*!"

To place wit before good sense is to place the superfluous before the necessary.—*Madame de Maintenon*.

DISTRESSING KINDNESS.—A sheriff's officer is a man who never leaves another in distress.

AN UNKIND REMARK.—With many women, going to church is little better than looking into a bonnet shop.

Love without money has been compared to a pair of shiny-leather boots without soles.

An innocent young sportsman, in order to shoot a squirrel on the top of a tree, climbed another close by; and on being asked the reason of so foolish a freak, said: "That he didn't want to strain the gun by a long shot."

GREAT powers and natural gifts do not bring privileges to their possessor, so much as they bring duties.

THE covetous person lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world; to take in everything, and part with nothing.

SCOLDING, says a good-for-nothing old bachelor, is the pepper of matrimony, and the ladies are the pepper-boxes.

A WITNESS in an Irish court of justice stated that he was suddenly roused from his slumbers by a blow on his head. "And how did you find yourself?" asked the counsel. "Fast asleep," replied the witness.

When her young lover went away,
In vain she tried her grief to hide;
In one short night her hair turned gray—
She'd quite forgot to have it dyed.

"No man in the nation is more indebted to the people than I am," said an old office-holder. "Indeed, sir, how much of their money have you taken?"

A CONCEPT of knowledge is the greatest enemy of knowledge, and the greatest argument of ignorance.

It is one main point of happiness that he that is happy doth know and judge himself to be so. The knowledge and consideration of it is the fruition of it. "Good morning, Patrick; slippery this morning." "Slippery! and he jabsers it's nothing else, yer honor: upon my word, I slipped down three times without getting up once."

DESPOTISM can no more exist in a nation until the liberty of the press is destroyed than the night can happen before the sun is set.

SOMEBODY says that the oldest husbandry he knows of is the marrying of a widower in clover with a woman in weeds.

It is dangerous to take liberties with great men, unless we know them thoroughly. The keeper will hardly put his head into the lion's mouth upon a short acquaintance.

NOTHING is so difficult as the apparent ease of a clear and glowing style. Those graces, which, from their presumed facility, encourage all to attempt an imitation of them, are usually the most inimitable.

It may seem a little remarkable that, in these days, the greatest part of the white-washing is done with ink.

A POWER above all human responsibility ought to be above all human attainment. He that is unwilling may do harm, but he that is unable can't.

No one except God cares for more than a small particle of the universe.

MERIAM, the philosopher, calculates the whole depth of all the rain and snow (if melted) which has fallen within thirty-two years at about one hundred and fifteen feet. If it had all remained where it fell, the largest merchant ships might sail direct from London to York. How fortunate it is that it "dried up!"

THERE are two temples of God; the one the universe, the other the rational soul.

A FRENCH princess being told that the poor in Paris were dying of starvation, said, "What silly people! Before I'd starve, I'd eat brown bread and mutton."

THE prevailing mania for red petticoats is a more harmless kind of scarlet fever than the rage for a scarlet coat.

We recently saw two men quarrelling. One of them was excessively violent at first, but became perfectly calm the moment the other got violent. He was cured as doctors sometimes cure maladies—by counter-irritation.

MOCK AUCTION.

Who, when I wandered on my way,
Upon a bright autumnal day,
With wailing voice urged me to stay?
The Auctioneer.

Who, when he saw this rural ass,
By his large shop-door slowly pass,
For my good gold did give me brass?
The Auctioneer.

Who, when with pockets full of tin,
I tarried to go in and win,
Took out the tin and took me in?
The Auctioneer.

Who taught me—lesson ne'er forgot!—
That from the fascinating spot
Though I would go, the watch would not?
The Auctioneer.

Who, when I bought a pencil nice,
At a most reasonable price,
Sold me a hundred in a trice?
The Auctioneer.

Who smiled at me, when with alight
I found that I could neither right
Myself, nor make the pencil write?
The Auctioneer.

Who, when I bought pins with a view
To the gay shawl of Nancy Drew,
With the same pins did stick me too?
The Auctioneer.

Who, rolling his complacent quid,
Knocked down to me what'er was bid,
And when I bid not, said I did?
The Auctioneer.

Who—brother asses! coming down
To see the wonders of the town—
Though you be green soon does you brown?
The Auctioneer.

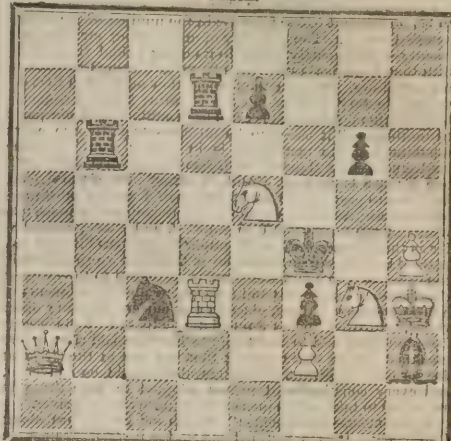
Who knows, though it was never told,
When you come down so brave and bold,
That he will sell and you be sold?
The Auctioneer.

O pewter pins! O rings of brass,
Intended for the country lass!
O Phineas Snodkin, rural ass!
O Auctioneer!

Chess.

Problem No. 55. By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.

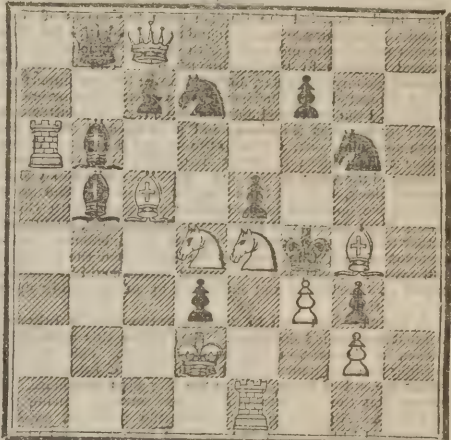
BLACK.



White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Problem No. 56. By WILLIAM GREENWOOD, Sutton Mill.

BLACK.



White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

J. P. COURTNEY.—We regret the occurrence of the error to which you refer, but it was certainly due to the illegibility of your manuscript.

K. PILLING.—Your question was replied to in our 29th number.

T. BROWN.—In reply to your first move in Problem No. 49, Black would play K takes R, where then would be the mate? In Problem No. 50, K takes P is an effectual rejoinder to Kt to Q B 7.

C. B. AND E. B.—If, in Problem No. 41, Black plays R to Q Kt sq, the reply is obviously Q to Q B 6 (mate). You have failed in solving Problem No. 46.

F. CALLIS.—We have to thank you for your suggestion with regard to the juveniles. You have correctly solved Problem Nos. 45 and 46.

J. H. COOKE.—The Problem with which you have favoured us is much below our standard. Forms on which you can submit your Problems will be sent to you on your favouring us with your address on a stamped envelope.

R. W. S.—A Pawn on Black's K R 7 would render the Problem sound; but the position would not be sufficiently interesting for publication.

G. TURNER.—If a piece or Pawn be misplaced at the beginning of the game, either player may insist upon the mistake being rectified, if he discover it before playing his 4th move, but not afterwards.

Solutions of Problems by D. W. O., Nos. 45, 46, 47, and 48; K. Pilling, No. 46; Grapes, Nos. 46, 49, and 50; Esperance, No. 46; Isaac Phenix, Nos. 43 and 44; T. Todd, No. 48; W. McKenzie, Nos. 46, 47, and 48; T. Martin, jun., Nos. 42, 43, 44, and 45; M. A. R., Nos. 48 and 49; B. W., Nos. 47, 48, and 49; E. Grant, No. 47 and 48; Robert Wormald, Nos. 46, 48, and 50; A. K., Nos. 47, 48, and 49; Oxon, Nos. 48 and 49; Douglas, Nos. 47, 48, and 49; James Palmer, Nos. 47 and 48; C. Austin, Nos. 47, 48, and 49; Jacob B., Nos. 44, 45, and 46; R. W. Grey, Nos. 45 and 46; W. Heit, Nos. 45, 46, and 48, correct; all others wrong.

* Owing to the great increase in the number of our Chess correspondents, it is sometimes difficult to find room for answers to all their communications, but they may rest assured that each will receive attention in due course.

Our Editorial Table.

A MOTHER, A CLERK IN THE CITY, AN INHABITANT OF PIMLICO, A STUDENT AT KING'S COLLEGE.—We will endeavour to answer your questions satisfactorily. In the first place, the water of the River Thames is more foul than it used to be, on account of the increase in the number of the sewers emptied into it. The difficulty of maintaining our river in a cleanly state is partly owing to its being a tidal river. The filth that it carries away when it ebbs, it brings back to us when it flows. It is on the Corporation of London that devolves the duty of cleansing the Thames; but the responsibility of this important task has been shifted from one party to another until it seems to be no one's duty, though every inhabitant of the metropolis is in danger from its being neglected. Several measures of remedy have been proposed; one of these is to erect a wall on either side of the stream, and thus to prevent the accumulation of decaying substances on the shore. Another is to construct intercepting tunnels, into which all the sewers shall be emptied, and which, carried as far as the Essex Coast, are to empty themselves into the sea. A third is to deodorise all the sewers. What we should do in the meantime, to avert infection, is to attend to the greatest cleanliness in our homes and persons, to purify, by means of a little chloride of lime, placed in a saucer, or some other vessel, the air of rooms immediately exposed to the breeze from the river, and to avoid approaching the said river before breakfast. It is while fasting that we are in the greatest danger from infection. Meetings also should be convened, and every constitutional means adopted to urge those in authority to take active measures for purifying the river.

A RECLUSE.—"A Recluse" wishes for particulars about Cherbourg. It is a fortified city and seaport of France, on the northern coast of the department of La Manche, and it is one of the principal stations of the navy. Cherbourg is 190 miles from Paris, and it is exactly opposite the Isle of Wight. According to Froissart, it was founded by Cæsar when he invaded Gaul. In 1418 this city was besieged by the English, to whom, after three months' resistance, it surrendered; but in 1450 it was retaken by Charles VII., who finally expelled the English from the coasts of Normandy. Cherbourg contains a population of about 15,000. The houses are of stone and roofed with slate, of which there are several quarries in the neighbourhood. The streets are narrow, gloomy, irregular, and uncleanly; but one important thing connected with Cherbourg is its great *digue*, or break-water, and the excavated dock for the navy. The latter was made by the first Napoleon, and it is scooped out of the earth and solid rock, a little to the west of the city. At low water it has a depth of twenty-five feet, and it is capable of holding sixty ships of the line. This port has also a commercial dock, distinct from that of the navy. The great interest we now feel in everything connected with Cherbourg is on account of the recent fortifications, calculated rather to facilitate aggression than to afford defence. Independent of this, Cherbourg is the terminus of the principal railways of France, and its gigantic armies could be concentrated at Cherbourg, and embarked in an incredibly short space of time.

A YOUTH.—You wish to know why the days in July and August are termed dog-days. They derive this name from *Sirius*, or *Canicula*, in English the dog-star. This star, according to our almanacs, rises on the third of July, and sets about the end of August, when the dog days terminate. It seems that the ancients suffered very severely during the dog days. Authors, quoting from the ancients, express themselves thus:—"On the day the dog-star rises in the morning, the sea boils, wine turns sour, dogs begin to grow mad, the bile increases and irritates, and all animals grow mad." The Romans sacrificed a brown dog every year to Canicula, at his first rising, to appease his rage. We do not exactly sacrifice dogs, but we tie them up or muzzle them, lest they should bite those around them, and thus communicate the dreadful madness to which they are particularly liable in the heat of the dog-days. An amusing "*jeu d'esprit*" was elicited some years ago by the edict of a certain mayor, who ordered the tying up of all dogs. It ran thus:—

"Good mister mayor,
All dogs declare
The beam of justice falters;
To miss the puppies sure she's blind,
And only dogs are now consigned
To muzzles or to halters."

The best way to prevent madness in dogs is to supply them plentifully with water in which a small piece of stone sulphur has been placed, and to prevent their being exposed to the sun's rays.

EFFIE.—The potato disease is not a new malady, nor is it confined to the potato. It is a curious fact that in the Annual Register for 1805, there is an article attributing the potato disease to the aphid—an insect invisible from its minuteness. It is stated that "in some years the aphides are so numerous as to cause almost a total failure of the hop and potato plantations, in other years the peas are equally injured, while exotics raised in stoves and greenhouses are frequently destroyed by the depredations of these insects."

A SOLDIER'S BRIDE.—In spite of the dreadful mortality in the army caused by recent neglect and mismanagement, the mode of life of a soldier should (with proper attention from authorities) be quite as favourable to longevity as that of a sailor. Sir Henry Hallford, in 1837, had in the returns of the establishments of Greenwich and Chelsea hospitals, the former of which (Greenwich) had 2,710 pensioners, the latter (Chelsea) only 508. Now it was stated to Sir Henry, that of 2,710, several had reached the age of 80, and even of 90 years, but very rarely indeed 100. Whereas at Chelsea, containing only 500, scarcely a year passed in which some one does not die at 100. The erection of barracks built with a view to health, has been lately mooted in parliament. When this project is carried into execution we trust we shall hear no more heartrending accounts of regiments decimated by disease in times of peace.

T. H. R.—Apply to the Secretary at the Admiralty.—A *paraclete* is, properly, a comforter; one called to aid, or support, or solace; hence, the term is applied to the Holy Spirit.—The terms "*Iambic*," "*Trocheic*," &c., relate to poetic measures. *Iambic* pertains to the iambus, a poetic foot, consisting of two syllables, a short one followed by a long one. The *Trocheic* consists of a long and a short. The most common form of the *Trocheic* is that which is composed of a perfect dimeter, followed by a dimeter wanting the last half foot: such as—

"Färe thee wëll, and if för ëvër,
Still för ëvër färe thee wëll;
Eë'n though unförforgiving, nëvër
Gäinst thee shall my heart rëbël."

BELLE, W. H.—Lord Nelson was born at Thorpe, in Norfolk, September 29, 1758, and died on the 21st of October, in consequence of a wound from a musket-ball, received in the battle at Trafalgar.—"Cassell's Illustrated History of England" may be obtained in weekly numbers, one penny each.

N. ANDREWS must not allow the bad habit of which he complains to master him. He must blot out "cannot" from his vocabulary.

A TEASED ONE.—It is decidedly wrong for you, or any one, to tell your friends that "you shall be glad to see them at any time," and then tell your servant to say "you are not at home whenever they call."

T. C. S.—You tell us you have thought of writing to the young lady you love, stating all particulars, and you add you are certain she would refuse you! Then do not write. It is a bad thing to be mortified by a rejection, and you, who have your business to attend to, should not be kept in painful suspense. Act like a man, make up your mind, and propose to some young woman whose parents approve of you. By taking a decisive step, you do what is most beneficial for yourself, and also for the daughter of your former master.

R. M.—The curling fluid you are so anxious to procure is easily made. In one ounce of olive oil, melt a bit of white beeswax about the size of a pea, add a couple of drops of otto of roses, and use the fluid as you would hair-oil.

ERNEST.—The publicity given to every event partly accounts for the existence of a *fashion* in horrible crimes. The reading of dreadful deeds excites in morbid and wicked minds the idea of imitating these crimes, but then in such minds the original suggestions would have been equally criminal; and publicity, while it makes crimes known, puts the unwary on their guard and leads to measures of punishment and prevention. An unshackled press is not only the basis of constitutional liberty but the means of redress for all social evils.

Z. Z.—You use the old verb "*to hob nob*" incorrectly. It should be employed in a jocular manner, to ask a person whether he will have a glass of something or not. "*Hob nob*" appears to be derived from the Saxon *habben*, "*to have*" and *nabben*, "*not to have*."

ALICE.—In the first case you mention, the mere removal of the hat, without shaking hands, would have been more correct. In the second, we consider that you and your sister had a claim on the gentleman for a safe escort home.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—The last plague that visited London was in the year 1665, and occurred in the reign of Charles II. People who catch this disease sometimes die in a moment, as if they had been struck down by a blow. Hence it is termed the plague, from a Greek word that signifies to strike. At the time of this awful visitation, London was one of the dirtiest cities in the whole world. It is now one of the most cleanly, and, as the purification of the Thames may be said to be resolved upon, we think an "Anxious One" may dismiss her fears.

MABEL L.—"Mabel L." who is engaged to one gentleman, inquires whether, in his absence, she is at liberty to accept the escort of another from a party or a lecture. There is no objection to "Mabel's" accepting the escort of a respectable acquaintance, but should he display any lover-like attention it will be her duty immediately to repulse him.

AN INVALID.—Why don't you tell your doctor the real cause of your indisposition at once? If you cannot confide such matters to him you ought not to employ him.

BILLY BARBER.—If the wife dies first, her property, unless entailed, otherwise settled, or consisting of freehold land, goes to her husband; if the husband dies first, the wife will take half of the personality, if there is no issue of the marriage, and a third of the revenue of the freehold estates; if both husband and wife die, it goes to the nearest relation—that is, supposing no will to have been made, disposing otherwise of the property.

FLAMINIUS.—The French word *prestige* signifies, literally, "illusion," or "charm." It is more commonly used metaphorically, as when we say, "Such a one will lose his prestige;" that is, he will cease to possess that charm which caused so many to behold him with admiration, &c.

C. VAVASSOUR.—We have before stated that, in consequence of the numerous accidents which have happened from the use of detonating balls, we decline giving directions for the manufacture of them.

MISS MINNIE.—"Miss Minnie" is going to the "Polytechnic Institution" when she visits London, during the summer vacation. She wishes us to tell her the meaning of the word "Polytechnic." The meaning of this word is as follows:—"denoting or comprehending many arts."

LILLIAN STANHOPE.—There is no etiquette to regulate precedence in speaking. Let the individual who first thinks of something to say start the conversation.

COUNT D'ORSAY writes to ask where he is to place commas, full stops, &c., in the address of a letter. He will find clear and ample directions for correct punctuation in "Cassell's Educational Course," Vol. II., "The English Language, in its Elements and Forms."

LAURA, WHISKERS, RUSTICA, ZELPH, VIOLET.—We approve of your resolution. An interesting book is an appropriate present for a youth of sixteen.—Moderate friction and cold water should be applied to the head, on rising in the morning; but, in giving this advice, a good state of general health is taken for granted.—When the visitor has intro-

duced her friend to the lady of the house, it is for the latter to introduce the said friend to the members of her family who subsequently enter. If ladies accost you while walking with your brother, he should raise his hat, whether they are known to him or not. In a ball-room, and elsewhere, it is the lady's duty first to recognise the gentleman.—We perceive little proof of inspiration in your sister's lines. However, the following part of her poem is to the point:—

"But I hope when this you see,
You will write a note to me."

—From your letter, we are led to consider you a sensible, well disposed young person; and we think, if you stated your acquirements, by advertisement, in an influential journal, you might procure a situation as companion to an elderly lady, or as governess to very young children. If you are quite inexperienced, you might do well to state that for the first year no salary would be required.

AGGIE.—We refer "Aggie" to the answer just given to "Violet."

SHAMROCK.—An undue proportion of lime in the system is the cause of premature gray hair. You should carefully avoid hard water, either for drinking pure, or when converted into tea, coffee, or soup. We give you this advice because hard water is always strongly impregnated with lime. You may soften water by boiling it. Let it become cold, and then use it as a beverage.

A YOUTH OF SEVENTEEN.—The origin of the game of cricket is disputed. In its infant state, it is not unlikely it was the old game, *club and ball*. M. Bonstetten, of Berne, considers it originally an Icelandic game; but there is little doubt that it is a gradual improvement of club and ball—for the old bat, as seen in the picture of the Pavilion in Lord's ground, has the bend of the club.

WOULD-BE.—Mr. J. F. Smith's tale, "Smiles and Tears," commenced in No. 1 of the new series; and the tale, "Hope Evermore; or, Something to Do," in No. 16.

SIGMA.—The best glue, that used by cabinet-makers for their finest work, is that made in thin transparent cakes, commonly called Dutch glue. Great care must be taken in making the joints of the wood true, and in freeing them from every particle of dust or grit.

A YOUNG COACHMAN.—To clean white boot tops, dissolve one ounce of oxalic acid in a pint of soft water, and keep it in a bottle well corked. Dip a soft sponge into the mixture to clean the tops with, and if any spots do not disappear, rub them with a little fine Bath brickdust. Sponge the tops afterwards with clean water. When dry, polish with a soft brush, or a piece of flannel. For brown tops, take a pint of skimmed milk, half an ounce of spirits of salts, half an ounce of spirits of red lavender, one ounce of gum arabic, and the juice of two lemons. Mix well, and keep it in a bottle closely corked. Rub the tops with a sponge dipped in this mixture, and when dry polish as before directed.

H. J. K. W.—We greatly prefer the old and well understood English word *receipt* to the Latin word *recipe*, which is understood but by few.—The servants of naval and military men alone are entitled to the cockade.

GALUS.—You may obtain the cost of a galvanic machine from any maker of scientific apparatus.

FAIRPLAY.—The hours during which you are required to work for your master must be determined by the rule of the trade to which you are apprenticed.

PURNELL'S THIRD GRACE.—Prince Frederick William of Prussia is a member of the Lutheran Church.

LORD OF THE ISLES.—The patches of burnt grass on the railway cuttings, are occasioned by the showers of sparks falling from the funnels.—A jack is a young pike.

C. DOUGLAS.—You should have written to the journal from which you quote.

RUFUS.—The salary of the Premier is £5,000.

FISHERMAN.—Roach caught in winter, or in the cooler months, are the best.

A STUDENT.—"Tu quoque" means "thou also."

KEMO KIMO.—We are obliged by your scraps, but we cannot avail ourselves of them.

JOHN MAYER.—You will find directions for making ice-cream in No. 31, page 80.

P. K. C.—From a very early period the summer solstice was celebrated with peculiar ceremonies, amongst which the kindling of fires formed a conspicuous feature. These were called bon-fires, and were a sign of goodwill amongst neighbours. In an old metrical description of the customs common on the midsummer festival, we read—

Then doth the joyful feast of John
The Baptist take his turn,
When bon-fires great with lofty flame
In every town do burn.

They were a part of the heathen customs which celebrated the summer solstice. They were intended to do honour to the feasts of John the Baptist. They were regarded as being conducive to health. They were chosen as the place where old quarrels might be made up, and new friendships formed.

JOHN D. (Manchester). We have no means of ascertaining.—**CHARLES VAVASSEUR.** We decline to recommend. **J. S.: Thanks.**—**W. S.: No.**—**O. H. C.: Consult our French Lessons.**—**X. Y. (Brighton): Yes.**—**J. E.: Be careful.** We decline to give an opinion.—**A. D., H. A., SYLVESTER, FIDDLER DICK, FANNY, A SUBSCRIBER, B. S., A CONSTANT READER, ANOTHER SUBSCRIBER, DICK,** will receive attention in our Lessons in French.

W. G. E. WILCOX.—You are most likely to obtain reliable information from some member of the Cork constabulary.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE BEGINNING.—It will cost you 7s. 6d. to send the first volume of our Paper to India by post. The postage alone will be 3s.

* * We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Ha! blessed sleep! 'tis the gifted spell
To wake in shadows scenes remembered well,
To set the chain'd imagination free
And paint in rainbow-hues what'er might be.
Visions of heaven, with thoughts of earth combine,
And frame a whole—half human, half divine.

AUTHOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

WORN by the excitement of the day, and still more so by the reaction which followed on the retreat of the enemy, Lillian, Lady Bell, and Rose, having assisted Doctor Burke and his courageous little wife

in attending on the wounded soldiers, were about to quit the scene of their charitable labours to snatch a few hours' repose.

As they passed before the pallets of the sufferers, many a half-uttered groan of anguish was suppressed or changed to blessings on their heads. Stern, rough men had felt the hallowing influence of woman's presence and woman's sympathy.

Just as the wife of Mark Rayner reached the door of the temporary hospital, she heard her name pronounced in a tone of mingled energy and despair. It proceeded from her husband's old companion, Sanders, who was dangerously, if not mortally wounded, for, in addition to a fearful gash on the sword-arm, a musket-ball had penetrated his lungs, and the internal hemorrhage threatened suffocation.

"Don't leave me, Rose," he murmured, as she bent over him; "don't leave me in this horrid place to die alone."

"I will but speak a few words with my lady," replied the kind-hearted woman—forgetting, at the

sight of his ghastly features and the agony which distorted them, her own dislike to him, and the evil influence he had exercised over Mark—"and then return."

"Don't be long, or—or——"

The fit of coughing which followed, and the rising of the blood in his throat, prevented Sanders from completing the sentence, but the threatening expression of his eyes explained the rest.

In a few minutes Rose returned and seated herself at the side of his pallet. The dying man grasped her hand convulsively, as if to prevent her quitting him.

"You can do him no good," observed the doctor "by remaining here, and had better follow your mistress. The toil of the day has fatigued you enough already."

"I must have some one to watch by me," said Sanders, speaking with difficulty. "I am choking—choking——"

"One of your comrades can do that."

"I'll have Rose—no one but Rose—or——she knows



AN ADVENTURE IN THE JUNGLE

what I mean. You may stare," added the wounded soldier, "but I am under no command now. I am dying—I feel that I am—I know it."

"Permit me to remain, sir," whispered the woman; "I have a motive."

"Be it as you please," answered Burke; "but I fear that you are taxing yourself beyond your strength."

"You hear what the doctor says," observed Rose, soothingly; "release my hand—you hurt me; besides, I can then attend to you much better."

"And you will not quit me?"

"No; I promise."

Sanders slowly relaxed his grasp, observing, as he did so, that he could trust her word, for she always spoke the truth.

"Would I had done the same!" he added, in a scarcely audible tone; "would I had done the same!"

In the hope of lessening the sufferings of the dying man, his self-constituted nurse directed one of the hospital orderlies to bring her a truss or two of rice straw, and an additional blanket; with these she contrived to make the hard pallet on which he had been placed a little more comfortable; but what afforded him most relief was the propping up of his head and chest. The blood no longer threatened to choke him.

"I can breathe better now," he murmured. "Thank you—thank you!"

For some time the speaker appeared buried in profound reflection; and Rose, trusting that a sense of the errors of his past life, and the awful account he must soon give before the judgment seat on high, occupied his thoughts, knelt by his side, and in a low, gentle tone began to pray.

There was little eloquence, and still less learning in her supplications; but they were sincere and fervent, strong in their very weakness, and beautiful in their simple, unaffected piety. Such prayers, we are taught, find acceptance more readily than those clothed in the grandeur of high-sounding phrase.

God loves simplicity, and inclines the ear to the heart, not the words of those who address him.

At the sound of her voice the dying man became restless again, and made a faint sign with his hand for her to cease.

"Don't pray," he muttered, "don't pray; it's of no use; there is no forgiveness for a wretch like me."

"There is forgiveness for all," answered the woman, meekly, "who ask it in a humble spirit, and with a contrite heart."

"Ah! but you don't know."

"What?"

"Nothing! nothing!"

Here Sanders pressed his lips firmly together, as if to prevent the words which hovered on them from escaping.

Having in her simple prayer spoken of the mercy which the justly offended Creator shows to true repentance, Rose next touched upon the terror of His judgments on the hardened sinner.

The sufferer, as he listened to her, forgot the agony of his wounds—they were lost in the yet deeper pangs of an awakened conscience.

"Shall I read to you?" asked the wife of Mark Rayner, at the same time opening her pocket bible.

"Not from that book! not from that!" cried Sanders; "it bears witness, terrible witness against me. I will confess all," he added, with a sudden effort; "where is your husband?"

"You know that he is absent on the forlorn hope of conveying tidings of our position to General Anson. I shall never see him again," she added, with a burst of sorrow.

"Gone!" said the dying man; "dead, perhaps—well, well, it could do him no good now."

And he relapsed into his former moody silence.

A hope of she knew not what—a sudden light—flashed upon the devoted Rose.

"Sanders," she exclaimed, kneeling by the side of his pallet, "if you have anything to confess which may clear my husband of the horrid charge which hangs over him, which has driven us both to crime, exiled us from our native country, do not bear the secret with you to the grave. We were children together," she added, "our parents lie side by side in the village churchyard where we have so often played together. Feel for my agony—for Mark's despair."

Tears interrupted her words,—she could make no further appeal, but remained with streaming eyes fixed imploringly on those of the dying man.

"What good will it do to confess," replied the man, "since you will never see Mark again?"

"It will clear his good name," sobbed the wife.

"And blacken mine," added Sanders, bitterly.

"No, no, they think badly enough of me at St. Faith's already."

It was in vain that Rose entreated him to relent,—the fit of shortlived repentance had passed away.

Dr. Burke, who had overheard every word that passed, now approached the bedside of the patient, and placed his finger upon his pulse.

"Sanders," he said, "you have but half an hour to live."

The words were coldly but impressively uttered, and fell upon the ears of the murderer of poor Springthorpe with terrible distinctness.

"It is but a brief space of time," continued the speaker, "to make your peace on high, to atone the errors of a misspent life. Let me warn you not to trifle with it. The judgment which follows death is far more terrible than death itself."

Then fell upon the soul of the guilty man a darkness far more appalling than the shadow of the valley of death—the darkness of despair. Grasping the hand of Rose, he entreated her, with frantic vehemence, to pray for him, then tried to recollect his childhood's prayer.

"I cannot pray," he groaned—"words are denied me."

"And will be till you have made atonement," observed the doctor; "worm—atom—dust, thou canst not wrestle with thy Maker."

"I will confess!" shrieked the affrighted wretch. "I am going: the blood is rising to my throat again. Mark is innocent of the life of Springthorpe: mine was the hand that fired the fatal shot."

The devoted, long-enduring wife sank upon her knees in a transport of joy and gratitude.

"Now the secret is out," added the dying man, "don't leave me—pray with me."

"How came a leaf from the Bible Lady Boothroyd had given me to be used as wadding to your gun?" gently inquired Rose.

"Raise me up," said Sanders, faintly. "I may as well tell you everything. You recollect," he added, after his request had been complied with, "that I called at your cottage on New Year's eve?"

"Perfectly well."

"And that you called Mark into your chamber to persuade him not to leave the house with me? That ruffled me. Well, whilst you were speaking with him—I guessed what you were saying—a queer thought came over me. The Evil One put it into my head, I suppose. I saw your Bible lying on the drawers—tore a leaf out of it, and charged my gun."

"That fatal leaf," said Rose, "placed my husband and myself in the power of Lady Boothroyd—compelled us to consent to—"

"Steal Lillian," observed the man. "I know that, too; for I listened at your cottage window, and overheard her threats when she called. After you and your husband had quitted St. Faith's," he continued, speaking with increased difficulty, "I could not rest. I fancied every one in the place regarded me suspiciously, so I started for London. The little money I took with me was soon spent; then I enlisted, and—but you know the rest."

So important did this confession appear to Dr. Burke, that he at once reduced it to writing; and, sending for the officer of the guard, caused Sanders to sign it in his presence.

A feeling of calm content and deep thankfulness fell on the heart of the long-suffering wife. The husband of her youth—the being whom she had clung to with woman's faith and love—was cleared of the crime which drove him into exile, and free to revisit once more his native land—to walk erect before his fellow men, nor fear the eye of justice should discover the brand of Cain upon his brow. True, he might not live to return to her, for a thousand perils threatened him in the task he had undertaken; but past mercies bade her look hopefully to the future, and even should he fall, his memory would remain to her, pure from the stain of blood.

In the midst of her triumph, the grateful woman did not forget the dying sinner by whose side she had promised to remain. Rose prayed with him to the last, and when the spirit fled to its account, a heartfelt prayer for forgiveness accompanied it to the mercy-seat.

It is now time that we return to Lady Bell and Lillian, who had long since retired to the sanctuary, where, overcome with fatigue and excitement, a sweet sleep, accompanied by yet sweeter dreams, came over them; each dream of the being dearest to her heart; the wife—of the gallant soldier whom Providence had preserved to her; the fair girl—of him to whom she had given her faith, whose manly love was destined to prove the light of her existence.

Little did the orphan imagine when she laid her head upon her pillow, and sank to rest in that unhallowed spot, how terrible would prove her waking hour.

Lady Bell and her adopted child had been sleeping for some time, when a light vapour rose through the perforated stones of the altar, and gradually filled the

whole apartment. It evidently possessed some narcotic quality, for as it spread, the breath of both became deeper. At last the statue of the goddess slowly moved aside, and the chief Brahmin, followed by two attendants of the temple, emerged from the secret staircase.

The two latter were armed with long knives. Nadir alone was defenceless; his sacerdotal rank prohibited the shedding of blood by his own hands, although he might sanction and even command it in others.

"They sleep," said the old man; "the drug hath wrought its purpose. Raise the girl, and bear her to the cavern."

So profound were their slumbers, that neither Lillian nor her protectress felt the rude hands of the midnight ruffians untwine the arms in which they enfolded each other, and it was well they did not, or the lives of both might have been the sacrifice.

Folding the unconscious Lillian in a shawl they had brought with them for the purpose, the two servitors bore her silently towards the altar, and finally disappeared with her through the aperture.

The chief Brahmin looked cautiously round him before retreating, and perceived that the gates of the sanctuary were barred on the inside. With a stealthy step he crept towards them, and drew back the bolt, then retreated by the same path his victim had been conveyed.

"Mariatele," he murmured, as he descended the steps, "hath enabled her minister to redeem his promise."

In a few seconds the statue of the goddess resumed its accustomed place upon the altar, and not a trace of the nocturnal visitors remained.

When Lady Bell awoke, at a late hour in the morning, she naturally felt surprised at the absence of her adopted child; but, finding the gates of the sanctuary unbarred, concluded that the fair girl, unwilling to disturb her, had quitted the sanctuary to visit the wounded men in the hospital alone. Thither she directed her steps, and her first inquiries were for Lillian.

Neither the doctor nor his wife had seen her.

A vague uneasiness, but unaccompanied by a suspicion of treachery, came over her, and, calling Rose to accompany her, she proceeded to seek for her through the temple.

As the search proved fruitless, the feeling of uneasiness changed to alarm, and alarm to terror. Not a trace of the lost one could be discovered.

"Gone!" exclaimed the unhappy woman, as she read in the agitated features of her husband that he, too, had been unsuccessful. "My child has been carried from me."

"Do not alarm yourself needlessly, Bell," replied Sir Charles, assuming a confidence he was far from feeling; "every nook shall be explored."

Major Plinlimmon and the rest of the officers who were un wounded, were roused, and all joined eagerly in seeking the lost girl. Not a nook or cell within the building was left unexplored. Even the wells were examined, to ascertain if she had fallen into one of them; but, we need not say, with the same result.

Men and officers looked inquiringly in each others' faces, as if there to read a clue to the mystery. The feeling of security had vanished; it was evident there was either a traitor amongst them, or that the enemy possessed some means of access to the temple known only to themselves.

The baronet and his wife were bewildered with despair.

"Poor Richard!" murmured the former; "who shall tell him this?"

At the name of his friend, Fred Wharton, who had been one of the most active in the search, could not suppress a groan of anguish.

"There must be treason somewhere," he exclaimed, passionately.

"I will answer for the men as for myself," observed the major. "There is not one of them but would have risked his life a hundred times in her defence. Can't make it out; the mystery is inexplicable."

"You promised, Wharton," said Lady Bell, clasping the young soldier convulsively by the arm, "you pledged your honour that neither Lillian nor myself living should fall into the hands of our enemies. Forgive me," she added, seeing how deeply her words had pained him; "I am unjust—sorrow has made me; but you will save her—will you not save her?"

"I would give my life to redeem or to avenge her," replied the cornet, energetically. "A moment—only a moment to collect my thoughts," he added. "You both returned at the same hour last night?"

"We did."

"And slept within the sanctuary?"

"Yes."

"Were the gates barred as usual?"
 "I closed and fastened them myself," replied her ladyship, "but on my waking found them open."
 "Then Lillian must have withdrawn the bolt," observed Sir Charles, "and some infernal treachery has been used to lure her from the temple."

By mutual consent the speakers now proceeded to the spot where the lost one had slept. Vainly they examined the walls and pavement of the recess. Not the slightest appearance of any other entrance than the usual one could be discovered. The altar and statue underwent the same scrutiny. Both appeared carved from a single stone, and their enormous weight disarmed suspicion.

"Lost!" murmured Lady Bell, throwing herself, with a passionate burst of grief, into the arms of her husband, "lost to us for ever!"

"I will not believe it," exclaimed Fred Wharton: "to do so were to doubt the justice of that Providence which watches over the innocent and good. A secret conviction assures me that Lillian will be restored to us, unharmed and pure as her own unsullied thoughts."

Sir Charles Fourreau shook his head mournfully. He could not share the enthusiastic confidence of the young soldier.

The mysterious disappearance of one so generally beloved, dimmed the joy of the hardly won victory. Not a soldier of the gallant and devoted band but regretted the loss, and sympathised with the sorrow of their commander and his noble-hearted wife, who mourned for the hapless girl as deeply as if she had been the offspring of their blood, instead of the child of their adoption.

Poor Rose shared in their affliction. It was a sad blow to her, at the very moment, too, when Providence seemed to have dispelled the cloud which had so long dimmed her happiness. Fortunately, that strong feeling of religion which in every trouble had been her stay, sustained and enabled her to impart consolation where it was most needed.

As for Major Plinlimmon, his wrath knew no bounds. At one moment he suspected the fidelity of his men; the next, declared his firm, unshakable conviction in their loyalty, and promised more rewards than his patrimony twice told could pay, for the recovery of his favourite Lillian.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood bate her usual height;
 You may as well use questions with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their tall tops, and to make no noise,
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
 You may as well do anything most hard,
 As seek to soften that—(than which what's harder?)
 His cruel heart. SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Lillian recovered from the lethargic slumber in which the cunning device of Nadir had thrown her, she found herself a prisoner in a small square cell cut in the solid rock, and lit only by a brazen lamp, suspended by a chain from the arched roof. Her first impression was that she had fallen into a hideous dream; and she closed her eyes again, trusting that on re-opening them it would disperse—that she would find herself in the sanctuary by the side of her adopted mother, whose name she gently murmured.

Involuntarily she stretched forth her arms from the pallet upon which the priests had placed her; but the grasp of affection did not encounter hers. With a cry of terror she started to her feet.

"Where am I?" cried the agitated girl, looking wildly round her. "This is no dream, but reality—hideous reality. What has happened,—am I in a tomb or prison?"

Twice she repeated the word "prison" to herself. Then, pressing her hands upon her burning brow, exclaimed, "For what am I reserved?"

With frantic eagerness she sprang towards the door. It proved too strongly barred to yield to her weak efforts, whilst the rock-sculptured walls of her prison cell echoed back her cries, as if in mockery of her vain attempts to force an egress from it.

Exhausted with her efforts, the hapless prisoner cast herself despairingly upon her pallet, where she remained buried in hopeless grief.

Suddenly she heard her name pronounced; and, raising her head from its sad pillow, beheld the Hindoo banker, no longer clad in the sober garb he had worn in Calcutta, but dressed like an Eastern prince, his belt and armlets glittering with gems.

"Lillian," repeated the traitor.

The sound of his voice convinced her she was not mistaken. Half mad with joy at beholding one whom she had known in happier times, who had frequently

been a guest at the house of Sir Charles, she threw herself at his feet, and implored him to save her.

"You will conduct me from this hideous place," she cried, "and restore me to my friends. You are too good, too generous to wage war against the happiness of a feeble girl. You will save me; will you not save me?"

"Your liberty," replied Al Moorad, "depends upon yourself."

There was something in the look which accompanied his words which caused the captive to retreat from him.

"On one condition," he added, "you shall be free this instant."

In a mournful tone Lillian repeated the word "condition."

"I love you," continued the artful villain; "not with the sickly, puny passion which Europe's sons term love, but with the ardour of the East. Consent to be mine and life shall seem a golden holiday—a summer's dream. The wealth of Asia shall deck your matchless form; your every wish be anticipated. More, for your sake, I will forego the vow of hatred I have sworn against the Christian spoilers of my country, and use my influence to preserve your friends."

"Thou knowest that I love another," answered the maiden; "that my plighted troth is his."

The Hindoo regarded her with a cynical smile.

"Besides," she added, speaking yet more earnestly, "our faiths are different—I am a Christian, thou art an idolater."

"We can overleap that barrier," observed Al Moorad, attempting to take her hand. "A love like mine mocks at such vain distinctions."

"Love!" exclaimed the terrified girl, in mournful accents; "true love is not a selfish passion; it seeks not happiness at the expense of another's misery. What have I done?—how offended thee, that thou shouldst pass like a dark shadow between me and the sun of my existence? It is true that I am in thy power," she added; "but that, if thou hast one spark of manhood left, will be my protection and safety. I have friends who will ransom me richly."

"The wealth of Ind," replied her oppressor, "would not redeem thee. One smile from those sweet lips is far more precious to me than all the treasures of ravaged India. I need not the gold of the English."

"Fear their vengeance, then," said Lillian, trying to assume a courage she was far from feeling. "The rajah has already been defeated in his attack upon the temple."

"Still thou art in my power," observed the banker, "in a spot where the invader's foot hath never trod." "My countrymen may find me, even here; and if living, release—if dead, avenge."

"Girl," replied the banker, "I would fain owe the happiness I seek to thy own consent. Al Moorad is not the least distinguished or the poorest of his race. Conform to the faith of India's gods, who have proved their superiority in the downfall of the Christians, the dispersion of their power, and I will wed thee according to the rights of Brahma."

"Deny my God!" exclaimed the captive, indignantly; "efface the baptismal seal of regeneration from my brow—become the scorn and pity of all who love me? never—never! Death were a thousand times more preferable. But you are not serious; such fearful words can only be meant as a trial of my constancy and faith."

"Death!" repeated the Hindoo; "I almost believe that thou wouldst brave it; but there are trials which precede it."

The licentious look of the speaker explained his meaning more fully than his words.

"Kill me," answered Lillian, "and I will pardon thee."

"Men do not slay the thing they love," said Al Moorad. "Thy life is far more precious to me than even the triumph of my race. I will not act ungenerously. Four-and-twenty hours I give thee to reflect upon my offer, then—"

"Have pity on my tears—my agony!" interrupted the unhappy girl, fearful lest her ears should be polluted by a menace in words which would stain her cheek with shame;—"have pity on me and let me die!"

"Have I not suffered, too," retorted the Indian, "and had my agonies?—seen thee leaning on another's arm—gazing with love-lit eyes upon his features—drinking with willing ears the music of his flattering tongue—and veiled my feelings beneath a smile, even whilst my heart dropped blood?"

At this allusion to her lover and the happy hours she had passed with him, Lillian yielded to her tears, the sight of which excited the jealous passion of her persecutor almost to madness. In his rage he would have clasped her in his loathsome embrace, had not

the frantic shrieks of the hapless girl appalled him.

"I will not break faith with thee," he said;—"the delay I promised shall be kept inviolate: use it wisely for reflection."

So saying he hurried from the cell, the door of which he fastened carefully after him.

Completely crushed by the agonies she had endured, and the terrors of her situation, his captive sank fainting on the floor of her prison, and insensibility released her for a while from the consciousness of her misery.

As Al Moorad threaded the narrow, winding passage which led to that part of the cavern temple occupied by the chief Brahmin and the priests, he fancied that he discerned in the gloom the slight figure of the sycee retreating before him. If so, the boy must have been watching his interview with Lillian; and he at once imparted his suspicions to Nadir.

The old man listened incredulously.

"A lover's jealousy," he replied; "Hirim is powerless to protect her."

"But he may betray the secret entrance to her friends," urged the banker.

"When he knows its mystery," said the hoary Brahmin, impatiently. "Your imagination must have deceived you," he added, "for a hundred eyes are on him, and as many arms ready to immolate him at the first sign of treachery. Trust to the experience of age: it will not deceive thee."

"You do not know his cunning," observed his confederate.

"I know his faith," retorted the priest. "He betrayed the master whom he loved, rather than the project that accident had revealed to him; urge me upon this theme no further."

"But what if I obtain proof of his treason?"

The eyes of the Brahmin flashed with a momentary fire, which proved that the snows of age had not subdued the fiercer passions of his nature, but merely changed the objects which excited them. If love and its thousand sympathies were extinct within his heart, ambition and priestly intolerance reigned in their place with equal sway.

"I will offer him," he exclaimed, "with Kehoda and the Christian Caleb, a sacrifice to the outraged goddess; but it must be proved," he added, resuming his wonted calmness—"proved to the evidence of ear and sight, probability and reason; my confidence is yet unshaken in him. He sought me willingly—"

"That might hide a purpose," observed Al Moorad. "Confessed that he had overheard our plan of poisoning the Englishman Tyrrell by the ministry of Hassan, that he would have saved him could he have done so without denouncing the chief of his faith, and implored me, as he could not remain and see his master die, to receive him in the temple."

"And you believed him?"

"Yes; for the fool is honest. It was not his fault that the Englishman escaped the effects of the poisoned root, or that our agent perished to conceal our share in the attempt."

Little did the speakers imagine that every word they uttered was overheard by the party most interested in their conversation. At the door of the cell the sycee lay crouched, his ear close to the ground to catch the sound of their voices. When the Brahmin declared his horrible resolution of sacrificing him to Mariatele with his other victims, in the event of his proving treacherous, a thrill of terror ran through his frame, accompanied by a pang of remorse at the recollection of his weakness in abandoning to his fate the master who had been so kind to him. But the feeling soon gave place to joy, on learning that their machinations had failed—that the sahib Tyrrell lived; and he crept stealthily from the spot, fearing to risk detection.

It would be difficult to say what resolution animated him; certain it was that since he had been an inmate of the temple his faith in the sanctity of Nadir and the priests had been considerably shaken, if not altogether destroyed.

He had been admitted behind the veil, and had contemplated the pollution of the sanctuary.

CHAPTER LXXV.

O grief beyond all other griefs! when fate
 First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
 In the wide world, without that only tie
 For which it wish'd to live, or fear'd to die.

MOORE.

LITTLE did our hero imagine that at the very moment when fortune seemed disposed to crown with success the enterprise which brought him to India, danger in its most appalling form threatened the fair girl whose image haunted alike his dreams and waking hours, whose life was henceforth so entwined with his, that,

like twin roses on one stem, they must either sweetly bloom or fade together.

Such is the destiny of all true passions, of love, conceived in purity and truth, and nurtured by mutual sympathies.

The confession of Sanford, that he had been urged by the jealous promptings of Mr. Chutnee to undertake the criminal enterprise which had terminated so fatally to himself, was an embarrassing one. Not on the merchant's account—there was little desire to spare him—but on Zamora's, whose proud and sensitive nature Richard well knew would be doubly wounded by the exposure of her husband's unjust suspicions, and by her name being brought in question as the cause of it.

In India, from the very luxuriance of the soil, the ranker the weed the swifter its growth. An observation which applies to moral as well as vegetable ones; for in no country does that foulest of all weeds, scandal, take deeper root or propagate itself more quickly. A few hours suffice to ripen a word, uttered in levity or malice, into a suspicion—a suspicion into an assertion—and a reputation withers as rapidly as a flower.

It was decided that Lieutenant Marsh and our hero should wait on Mr. Chutnee before giving their evidence at the inquiry which the magistrates were about to hold, touching the death of the confidential clerk, lest, as the former shrewdly observed, the insane jealousy he had conceived of our hero might induce him to throw obstacles in the way of the examination of Sanford's papers, upon which so much depended.

Having come to this conclusion, they started at an early hour for the residence of the merchant, whom they found seated at the breakfast-table with his wife. He had heard of the fatal result of the scheme which he had been weak enough to sanction, if not to plan, and a shade of mingled displeasure and uneasiness clouded his naturally sombre features. The lady appeared cold and reserved.

The English mail had just arrived, and a packet of letters from his correspondents in London lay unopened on the table before him.

"Strange," he said, as he turned them listlessly over; "here is a letter for you."

"From England?"

"Yes."

"Who can have written to me?" exclaimed Zamora, in a tone of surprise. "I have no living relatives or friends there."

"Sealed with black, too," observed her husband, examining it suspiciously.

Had he been alone, the probabilities are that the vague, restless jealousy which haunted him might have prompted him to open the letter; that not being the case, he handed it to her with an air of affected confidence. He forgot the adage that "our old sins are sure to find us."

As Mrs. Chutnee perused it, her husband watched, with secret uneasiness, every movement and expression of her features, in the hope of obtaining some clue to the contents. Suddenly her countenance flushed, and then became exceedingly pale.

"No ill tidings?" he asked, unable any longer to conceal his anxiety.

"Most painful ones," replied his wife, with a sigh.

"Indeed!"

To the great annoyance of the gentleman, she placed the letter in her bosom.

"If there is any point on which my advice or assistance—" observed the merchant.

"Neither," interrupted Zamora, whose eyes by this time were filled with tears.

The jealousy, suspicion, and anger of her husband had reached their culminating point, and he could no longer restrain his impatience.

"I must insist," he said, "upon reading that letter."

"It will afford you but little pleasure," answered the lady, with a bitter smile. After an instant's reflection, she added, "Although I deny the right of a husband to pry into his wife's correspondence, on one condition, Herbert, you shall."

"Name your condition, madam," muttered Mr. Chutnee, impatiently.

"That you answer me one question."

"Willingly."

"Did you ever, previous to or since our marriage, receive a letter from my aunt, Margaret Esmond? I am answered," she continued, after a pause—"answered by the blush which proves you are still sensible to the shame of a mean, unworthy action. Why were the letters of my only relative—and that relative a woman, too—kept from me? what a cold, ungrateful being she must have thought me!"

"It was wrong," said the abashed and detected man.

"Say despicable," replied his wife, without being

in the slightest degree moved by his humiliation. "How vile! how utterly vile does your conduct appear, now that the mask of deceit has fallen. For years I was taught to believe myself a friendless orphan, the dependent of your charity, and I loved you for your benevolence; little dreaming that your selfish arts deprived me of the affection and knowledge of one whose heart yearned with affection for her sister's child; who dying, forgave her seeming ingratitude, and left her the heiress of her fortune. There is the letter, Herbert," she added; "I will not break my promise."

She drew it from her bosom and placed it upon the table as she concluded her cold and cutting reproaches. The merchant caught it up and read it eagerly; it was from the lawyer of the deceased lady, informing Mrs. Chutnee that her aunt, who, from the fact of no reply ever having been received to the numerous letters she had sent, long believed her dead, having accidentally heard both of her existence and marriage, had by her last will and testament bequeathed her entire fortune—

(The words which followed seared the eyeballs of the unhappy, jealous husband.)

"To and for her sole use and enjoyment."

He dropped the letter with a deep-drawn sigh; the deceit of years was exposed. The bequest came too late to prevent the sacrifice of Zamora to the selfish passion which he mis-named love, but it rendered her no longer dependent on him.

"You will not leave me!" he exclaimed, in a tone of voice so humble and subdued, it showed how completely he was crushed. "I cannot have many years to live."

"Not whilst you respect the conditions under which I consented to remain beneath your roof," coldly answered his wife. "Attempt to break them," she added, "and I sail for England by the first vessel."

At this moment one of the servants announced the visit of Lieutenant Marsh and Mr. Tyrrell. The hour was so unusual for a call, either of ceremony or business, that the merchant felt uneasy. With the consciousness of guilt he foresaw a painful if not humiliating scene.

"I will see the gentlemen in the library," he said.

"And why not here?" observed Zamora, whose glance detected his confusion; "they are neither of them strangers."

"In the library!" repeated Mr. Chutnee, still more emphatically, trusting to carry his point by a show of determination he was very far from feeling.

His wife, with womanly tact, did not choose to press her wish in the presence of a servant, neither did she think fit to relinquish it, but simply directed the man to inform the visitors that she desired to see them before they quitted the house.

The domestic salaamed and withdrew.

"You tried me hard," said the merchant, fixing his eyes upon her resentfully.

"We have both been tried, Herbert," she replied.

"You consider yourself free then to act as you please?"

"Free as the bird," exclaimed Zamora, "who finds the chain which bound it is of thread, not iron. In daring to suspect me," she added, "you first weakened the tie which united us, and the discovery of the baseness of the means by which you led me to suppose myself the friendless object of your bounty, and worked on my gratitude to marry you, has destroyed the affection I once felt—for despite the disparity of our years, I loved you, loved you for the warm heart and generous feelings so cleverly assumed."

"And now?"

"Ask me not what my present feelings are. I tremble to analyse them. One thing alone is clear to me—that in ceasing to respect my husband, I have not ceased to respect myself."

When Mr. Chutnee met his visitors in the library, he tried to receive them with an appearance of cordiality, but the effort was so evidently strained, that neither of them were deceived by it.

The lieutenant at once proceeded to explain the purport of their visit.

"You have doubtless heard," he said, "of the attempt to plunder the house of my young friend here, and the death of one of the robbers?"

The merchant repeated the words "death" and "robbers." In his confusion he scarcely knew what to say.

"The unfortunate man," added our hero, "proves to be your clerk, Mr. Sanford."

"Impossible!" ejaculated his confederate.

"Who, before breathing his last, made a full confession," resumed the old soldier, "and gave into the hands of Mr. Tyrrell the key of a desk containing his private papers, which papers are of importance to the future prospects, I may say happiness, of my friend."

"I cannot give them up," exclaimed Mr. Chutnee,

hastily, for he felt a secret satisfaction in thwarting the interests of one whom he regarded as the cause of his domestic unhappiness. "Mr. Tyrrell is neither the executor nor heir of the deceased."

"In that case it will be my painful duty," observed the lieutenant, "to make public the assertion of the dying man—that he was urged by you to undertake the criminal enterprise in which he met his death."

"By me!—ridiculous! What motive?"

"Ask your own heart," interrupted Richard, "and you will find an answer in the unjust suspicions which have poisoned its better feelings and wronged the purity it should have trusted. My happiness—the fame of one most dear to me—depend upon the possession of those papers. You surely cannot be so cruel and unjust as to withhold them from me."

"I am not to be taught my duty," said the merchant, coldly.

"I am afraid you will never feel it, Herbert," said his wife, who at the same moment entered the apartment. "You see to what degradation you have reduced me. I have overheard every word that has transpired."

Her husband bit his lips with mortification.

"You must give up the papers," added the speaker.

"Never," said Mr. Chutnee, sullenly.

Zamora turned from him with an expression of pain and disappointment.

"The world has read you a strange lesson, Richard," she observed, "since you landed in Calcutta. You little thought that I should ever condescend to act the eavesdropper, or my husband the thief."

"Thief, madam!" exclaimed the merchant, indignantly.

"How else do you designate those who rob, or league with robbers?" demanded the lady, coldly.

"But I am tired of this wretched warfare. Lieutenant Marsh, when does the next vessel sail for England?"

"In fifteen days."

"I shall sail with it," said Mrs. Chutnee, firmly.

"My presence shall not be made the excuse of crime or injustice."

This last threat prevailed, and her husband at once consented to give up the papers, which consisted of the letters of Carus Kearny; and amongst others one in the handwriting of our hero's grandmother, addressed to Mr. Bently, with the following superscription:—

"To be read only by my husband, in the event of my death."

Although the unscrupulous hand of Sanford had violated the injunction, and broken the seal, Richard religiously respected it.

Placing all the correspondence in an envelope, he carefully sealed and committed it to the charge of his friend and guardian.

"You will be the bearer of it to England," he said.

"And you?"

"Will follow Lillian," replied our hero. "I have paid my debt to duty, although the struggle has been a severe one, and love now asserts its claims."

"You hear!" said Mrs. Chutnee, addressing her husband; "the imaginary rival you have thought fit to be jealous of is at least a noble one, and worthy a woman's heart."

"I cannot argue the point with you, Richard," observed his friend; "for feeling, if not reason, tells me you are right; but I must accompany you in the search. We either return to England together," he added, "or leave our bones in India."

As neither argument nor entreaty could shake the speaker's resolution, the packet was despatched through the usual channel to Mr. Bently; and the next day the hero of our tale, accompanied by Jack Manders and his guardian, well armed and mounted, started from Calcutta, all three wearing the costume of the native travellers.

There was but little difficulty in following the route which the regiment had taken; and for several days the party pursued their way unmolested.

The first adventure which befel them occurred in a jungle, where Richard, whose impatience generally led him in advance of his companions, unexpectedly found himself face to face with one of those ferocious monsters, the scourge of India—a royal tiger. So absorbed was he in his reveries, that it was only by the sudden terror of his horse, which refused to proceed, that our hero was made aware of his danger. The half-famished brute was already prepared to make its deadly spring, when Jack, perceiving his master's peril, levelled his rifle and fired.

The bullet wounded the animal slightly in the neck. Enraged with the pain, it paused for an instant; then crouched again, lashing its sides furiously with its tail.

"Fly!" shouted the lieutenant, who by this time had joined them.

At that same instant a shot was fired from the jungle, and the ball entered the monster's brain.

The three travellers looked around, wondering from whence the timely aid had come, and discovered a wretched, gaunt, half-starved-looking man, in the dress of a fakir, making his way through the underwood.

Tyrrell expressed his gratitude in Hindustani. To his astonishment, his preserver replied to him in English.

"Is it possible that you have forgotten me?" he said. "But I ought not to be surprised at it: the mother who bore me, and the wife who loved me would scarcely recognise me now."

Suddenly our hero grasped his arm, and pronounced the name of "Mark Rayner."

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

SMALL SAVINGS.

WHAT shall I do with my money? is an important question; but, like Mrs. Glass's celebrated receipt for cooking a hare—namely, first to catch the animal—it is necessary first of all to have money before you ask, What shall I do with it?

Money is not to be despised. The wise man says it "answereth all things;" and it is not money, but the inordinate love of gain which is emphatically declared in the Scripture to be the "root of all evil." Money properly used can give comfort to yourself and happiness to others; it can make you respectable and respected; it can gain for you an honourable and independent position, and can secure leisure and purchase recreation when they are most needed. How are you to get money? how are you to build a barrier between yourself and poverty? how are you to obtain a position of independence? Wishing and waiting will never win wealth. You must not wait for a prize in the world's lottery; you may search the lists daily, and never find yourself "nearest of kin" to Ceresus; you may look in vain for a nabob uncle with a liver as yellow as his guineas; you may sigh away your life in the aspiration for some grand speculation which shall suddenly elevate you to the pinnacle of fortune. The plain fact is, you must save.

Fortunes grow. There are plenty of men ready to stand forth and to tell us how they once started in the world with only a few halfpence in their pockets, but how, by steady industry, careful management, and unwavering perseverance, they have attained rank and fortune.

There is a truth of universal application in the simple words "Gather up the fragments." Be frugal; don't waste; save, save, save. A penny saved is a penny earned. An old horsehoe was the making of Samuel Budget's fortune. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves. Be neither a miser nor a prodigal, but let nothing be lost.

Savings' banks have created during the period which has elapsed since their establishment, habits of forethought and economy—a frame of mind disposed to regard a future and substantial advantage, rather than the indulgence of a momentary gratification. The temptations to dissipation and extravagance everywhere present themselves in a great city, and its population should therefore be armed with an additional degree of prudence. The advantages held out by savings' banks, have induced thousands of young persons to lay by sums which would otherwise have been imperceptibly wasted, and thus the foundation has been laid for future opulence.

Only a penny! a penny a week is four and fourpence a year; a penny a day is £1 10s. 5d. a year—pence make shillings, shillings pounds; guineas are gregarious. They are sure to flock together; when one pound is saved, it is a nest-egg for a fortune.

Money is power. Money makes money. Those who have little can get more; the difficulty lies in getting the little. What we say is, "Save." Do not idly waste your money on things you do not want. Odd pence of themselves will do but little; but odd pence multiplied by odd pence change into ringing silver; and by the true alchemy of provident habits are transmuted to gold.

Savings' banks are often the means of moral reform. They cause the future to predominate over the present, and raise men in the scale of social being. However neglected a man may have been, however debased by vicious tastes, self-respect may be made to return, hope may look forward to a brighter future, and the day when the first few pence were laid by,

when self-indulgence was for the first time conquered, will be marked as a red letter day in his Calendar.

And then savings' banks help to secure domestic comfort. The faithful endeavour to discharge one social duty gradually leads to the discharge of all. In the home that was once a dreary, cold, uncomfortable place, where everything went awry, and where nothing seemed in its proper place or wore a tidy look, but where now confusion is cleared up, and everything orderly and neat, we may trace the effects of those savings which made the first impression and roused the first desire for independence.

Great things can be done with little means if we only strive to do them. Fortunes grow as well as everything else. Stones upon stone the pyramids were raised. Not by sudden impulse, but by laborious and constant application the learned man attains knowledge; and just so the thrifty man, the steady, thoughtful worker saves penny after penny, shilling after shilling, pound after pound, that he may at length obtain Honest Independence.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XIII.

"GEORGE," said Robert to his friend, at their next meeting, "you remarked the other day, that there were a great many words in the French language exactly like, or very similar to the corresponding words in our language. I should so like to hear a little more on this subject, for I am sure it would help me wonderfully in finding words to express myself in the courteous manner you so strongly recommend."

"I am quite sure it would do so," answered George, "and, therefore, the first part of this lesson shall be given to observations on these resemblances. I have already told you that words ending in *tion* are, generally speaking, the same in both languages, and this is also the case with words ending in *ble*, *ce*, *de*, *ge*, *ne*, and *ent*. You shall make a little table illustrating this observation. The following words have the same letters in both languages, as have also many others with the same final syllable:—

- 1.—*ble*. Table, insensible, noble, capable.
- 2.—*ce*. Prudence, force, place, eminence.*
- 3.—*de*. Grade, préluce, servitude.
- 4.—*ge*. Large, charge, passage.
- 5.—*ne*. Famine, scène, doctrine.
- 6.—*ent*. Content, éminent, prudent.

"And now," added George, "I will give you another rule that will help you to furnish yourself with more French words. Observe that any of our words with the following terminations may be made into French words with very slight alterations. You shall make another little table of these alterations."

Words in	or change into	our	as actor	acteur
"	our	"	our	colours
"	ous	"	eux	dangerous
"	ty	"	té	vanity
"	cy	"	ce	clémency
"	ory	"	oire	conservatory
"	ary	"	aire	militaire

"I shall give you a few more rules of this kind; and if you are very attentive they will help you to several thousand French words."

"Oh, that is encouragement," said Robert, joyfully; "you may safely reckon on my attention. Do you recollect that for to-day's vocabulary you said I should learn some idioms about weather, and the weather is so constant a topic of conversation, I should like to express myself correctly about it."

"Then if that is the case, Robert," replied his friend, "always recollect when speaking of the weather, to use the verb *to make* instead of the verb *to be*. You shall see this illustrated directly; and we will talk of the weather and all its variations, and we must treat of it in the present, past, and future. Thus, 'Il fait beau temps, il a fait beau temps, il fera beau temps;' in English, 'It is, has been, or will be fine weather.'"[†]

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
It is cold.	Il fait froid.
It has been cold.	Il a fait froid.
It will be cold.	Il fera froid.
It is warm.	Il fait chaud.
It has been warm.	Il a fait chaud.
It will be warm.	Il fera chaud.
It is raining.	Il pleut.‡
It has rained.	Il a plu.
It will rain.	Il pleuvra.

* Observe we say many words with these endings are the same in both languages. It must not be supposed that all are the same; and of course the French pronunciation must be given to them as carefully as if they were entirely different to our corresponding words.

† For bad weather substitute the word *mauvais*, bad, for *beau*, fine.

‡ It is not necessary to use the verb *faire* with *pleuvoir*, to rain, or *neiger*, to snow.

It is windy.
It has been windy.
It will be windy.
It is snowing.
It has been snowing.
It will snow.

Il fait du vent.
Il a fait du vent.
Il fera du vent.
Il neige.
Il a neigé.
Il neigera.

"The verb *faire* is not generally applied to *geler*, to freeze, nor to *geler*, to hail; therefore we render it *freezes*, it has frozen, or it will freeze by *il gèle*, *il a gelé*, *il gèlera*, and it hails, it has hailed, or it will hail by *il grêle*, *il a grêlé*, *il grêlera*.

"Your exercise to-day will be on the gender of substantives, and you will write it ill or well accordingly as you remember or forget the following rules. Of course you recollect that everything animate and inanimate is either masculine or feminine, in the French language.

"The first rule is that nouns ending in a consonant are masculine when they have any other final than *a*, *eur*, and *ion*, to which must be added *son*, preceded by a vowel. This rule includes thousands of words, and it has no exception but the following words, thirty-one in number, which are feminine:—

"*Chair*, flesh; *brebis*, sheep; *boisson*, drink; *chanson*, song; *clef*, key; *cour*, court; *cuisse*, spoon; *cuisson*, baking; *dent*, tooth; *dot*, portion; *façon*, making; *faim*, hunger; *fin*, end; *fois*, once; *forêt*, forest; *hart*, halter; *leçon*, lesson; *main*, hand; *maman*, mamma; *mer*, sea; *mort*, death; *moisson*, harvest; *mousson*, monsoon; *nef*, body of the church; *nuît*, night; *part*, part; *rançon*, ransom; *soif*, thirst; *souris*, mouse; *tour*, tower; *vis*, screw.

"The second rule is that all adjectives and verbs substantively used are masculine, whatever be their termination. All trees are also of the masculine gender."

EXERCISE.

1. There is a mouse. 2. Laughter is peculiar to man. *voilà souris. f. le rire est propre à l'homme.*
3. The freshness of the complexion indicates health. 4. He has had a fit. 5. A stroke of the sun is dangerous. 6. A coup de soleil est dangereux. 7. I have seen often comes from a recollection. 8. There is a magnificent body of the church. 9. A brave man is admired by the ladies. 10. The end all is known. 11. Give me a long lesson. 12. fin tout se sait. 13. Conduite c'est le sort. 14. The bee tree is the ornament of the forest. 15. Le hêtre est l'ornement de la forêt. 16. I eat a roll at breakfast. 17. Je mange un petit pain au déjeuner. 18. The sheep is timid. 19. Do not say a word. 20. Here is the important. 21. The night is very long. 22. La nuit est très longue.

CORRIGE.

1. Voilà une souris. 2. Le rire est propre à l'homme. 3. La fraîcheur du teint indique la santé. 4. Il a eu un accès. 5. Un coup de soleil est dangereux. 6. Un souvenir vient souvent d'un souvenir. 7. J'ai vu la nef. 8. Voilà un chêne magnifique. 9. Un brave est admiré des dames. 10. La fin tout se sait. 11. Donnez-moi une longue leçon. 12. Où est la clef? 13. La conduite c'est le sort. 14. Le hêtre est l'ornement de la forêt. 15. Le soulier protège le pied. 16. Je mange un petit-pain au déjeuner. 17. La brebis est timide. 18. La façon d'une robe est très importante. 19. Ne dites rien. 20. Voici le tabouret. 21. La nuit est très longue.

"And now I hope to hear something about the locomotive," remarked the pupil.

"True," said George; "it was the subject of conversation in the last dialogue; but you must not expect many details. You would find the sentences too difficult to commit to memory. Besides, you must first learn to talk well on common subjects. I wish you to know how to ask for everything you are likely to want; to be able to reciprocate civilities, and to answer unhesitatingly the questions that French men are sure to put about the French language—how long you have learnt it—how you like it—what difficulties you find in it. However, I shall not altogether disappoint you about the locomotive, and now I start with it."

CONTINUATION OF

LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
In the first place, a locomotive is an engine with four or six wheels.	D'abord, une locomotive c'est une machine à quatre ou à six roues.
Pardon me, but I knew that before.	Pardonnez-moi, mais je savais déjà cela.
Have patience; you shall hear something that you	Ayez de la patience; vous entendrez quelque chose

* The numbers 1 and 2 mark the position the words are to take in the sentence.

did not know. Besides the wheels, the locomotive has a fire-place, a chimney, a boiler, and one or more steam cylinders or tubes.

Don't go further yet. Let me think of all these things first. Now I am ready. Tell me all the rest.

Well, the steam cylinders have pistons, or rods. These pistons work the connecting rods. Well, then, these connecting rods communicate their movement to the driving wheels. I thank you a thousand times. Now I understand what a locomotive is. And here we are at the terminus.

How time passes in conversation! The carriages are being opened. Let us get out. Let us see about our luggage.

que vous ne saviez pas. Outre les roues, la locomotive a un foyer, une cheminée, une chaudière, et uno ou deux cylindres à vapeur.

N'allez pas encore plus loin. Permettez-moi de penser un peu à tout cela. A présent je suis prêt. Dites-moi le reste.

Bon, les cylindres à vapeur ont des pistons, ou des bielles. Ces pistons mettent en jeu les bielles. Eh, bien, ces bielles communiquent leur mouvement aux roues.

Je vous remercie mille fois. Je comprends à présent ce que c'est qu'une locomotive. Et nous voici au débarcadere. Quel temps se passa dans la conversation! On ouvre les portières.

Descendons. Allons chercher nos malles.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

OF THE SOUND *a*.

The sound of *a*, with the circumflex accent (*â*), is nearly similar to that of the letter *a* in *arm*. The circumflex accent is the result of the suppression of the letter *s* after the vowel, as it was used in the old

French orthography in the words *asmes*, now *âmes*, *paste*, now *pâte*, &c.

The same sound is produced by the union of the two letters *ea*, and is expressed thus in all the words in which the consonant *g*, placed before them, should be sounded soft, as we will explain when speaking of this letter; as in the words *nous engageâmes*, *nous*

partageâmes. Therefore, *â* and *ea*, sounding exactly

alike, will be marked by the same number (2): as *â*, *ea*.

OF THE SOUND, *e e*.

The letter *e*, without an accent, is either mute, or corresponds to that of the letter *e* in the word *her*.

It is mute at the end of a word, and sometimes at the end of a syllable in the middle of a word; it will

then be marked with a cypher over it; as *e*, in the words *âme*, *pâte*, *appartement*, &c.

It has the sound of *e* in *her* at the end of all monosyllables, and sometimes at the end of syllables in the middle of a word, when this letter is sounded at all; it will then be marked with the number (3) over it; as *e*.

When the letter *e* is mute, it does not sound at all; as in the words *victoire*, *armée*, which are pronounced

as if written *victoir*, *armé*.

It is mute, when joined to *nt*, in the third person plural of verbs; as *étaient*, *paraient*, *aimaient*.

It is also mute at the end of words, when followed by the letter *s*; as *victoires*, *armées*.

When the *e* mute, that is to say, without an accent, is followed by the letter *i*, it has the same sound as in English in the words *appellation*, *rebel*, and will be marked with the number (5) over it, as well as all the sounds which are nearly similar in French.

The sound of *e* in *her* is represented by *ai* in several senses of the verb *faire*, to make; as, *nous faisons*, *je fais*, &c.

Thus the sound marked (3) is produced by the letter *e*, and by the combination *ai*.

OF THE SOUND *e*.

The sound *e* is similar to that of the English letters *ai* in the word *fail*, &c.; as in *boné*, *café*, *thé*.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XII. MECHANICS OF FLUIDS.

BUOYANT ACTION OF LIQUIDS ON IMMERSED SOLIDS.

342. What is the reason that when a stone, or any other body, held in the hand, is entirely immersed in water, it tends downward with less force than before, as if it had lost part of its weight?—The upward pressure of the water on the under part of the stone is greater than the downward pressure on the upper part.

343. The excess of pressure underneath will then tend to support the weight of the body—what is this called?—The *buoyant effort* of the liquid.

344. What is its amount?—It is equal to the weight of the liquid which the body displaces.

345. What will happen, then, if the liquid is denser and heavier than the body?—The body will rise to the surface, and float with a certain part above the surface.

346. Illustrate by an example.—A cork, if put under water, will rise and float with three quarters of its bulk out of water.

347. A cannon ball, which sinks so readily in water, will float on quicksilver—what is the explanation of this curious fact?—Quicksilver is more than thirteen times heavier than water, and is heavier than iron.

348. Would a cannon ball have any less tendency to sink at the depth of a mile in the ocean than just below the surface?—It would not, unless the water is denser at that great depth. In point of fact its density is only about $\frac{1}{10}$ th greater at that depth.

349. What weight will a floating body, as an empty cask, or a boat bear up without sinking?—The excess of the weight of water that it can displace above its own weight.

350. Suppose a ship is loaded with a cargo weighing 800 tons, how much more water does she displace than when unloaded?—An amount weighing 800 tons. When unloaded, the quantity of water displaced will be equal in weight to the entire weight of the ship.

351. What is the explanation of the fact that iron boats are constructed which draw less water than similar boats built of wood?—The entire weight of the iron boat is less than that of the boat constructed of wood.

352. If an iceberg, of a regular form, is seen at sea floating with 50 feet out of water, what is its depth below the surface of the sea?—270 feet.

WATER WHEELS.

353. By what is the machinery of mills and factories often driven?—By water wheels; the most common forms are represented in Figs. 24, 25, and 26.

354. What is the wheel represented in Fig. 24 called?—An *Overshot Wheel*. The water shoots over the top into the buckets that are set on the rim.

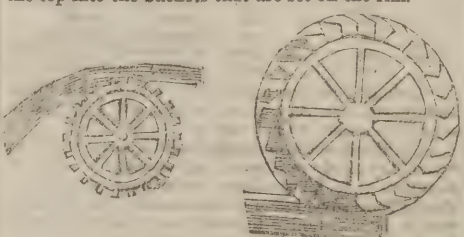


Fig. 24.

355. What is it that moves the wheel?—The weight of the water in the buckets. The buckets are full on one side of the wheel and empty on the other.

356. What is the wheel shown in Fig. 25 called?—An *Undershot Wheel*. The water shoots under the wheel, and strikes against the floats at the bottom.

357. Explain Fig. 26.—It represents a wheel intermediate between the other two, called the *Breast Wheel*.

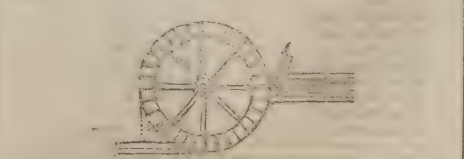


Fig. 26.

358. Where does the water come on to the wheel?—Somewhere between the top and bottom, frequently about midway.

359. Which is the most efficient of these three wheels?—The overshot wheel.

360. Are there any other forms of water wheel in use?—There are also wheels that whirl around horizontally, called *Turbines*. (Fig. 27.)



Fig. 27.

361. What may be said of these?—That they are the most efficient form of water wheels, and have lately come into extensive use.

MR. RAREY'S ART OF HORSE TAMING.

THE remarkable success which has attended Mr. Rarey's experiments in horse-taming, has excited considerable curiosity and interest. His first announcements met with a doubtful reception; orthodox old horse-breakers, who knew no other cure for a vicious animal than whip and spur, were unwilling to acknowledge the possibility of any other plan; the majority of people were disposed to regard it as a nine days' wonder, a successful bit of hocus-pocus horse-charming that might be amusing, but could never be useful; there were but few persons who felt any real confidence in the power of the horse-tamer—these, of course, were acquainted with his transatlantic experience, and were prepared, at all events, for an impartial trial. The trial was made in the presence of competent judges and gentlemen whose position and character rendered their testimony of the highest value, and was attended with complete success. Subscription lists were opened under the auspices of Tattersall's, and were rapidly filled up by the titled and the wealthy. Mr. Rarey's reputation spread far and wide. The taming of Cruizer was alone sufficient to establish his fame. Every imaginable plan which fertile invention could devise was confidently put forth as Mr. Rarey's system. The favourite idea for a long time was that he drugged the horses with some agreeable narcotic, the extraordinary influence of which lasted a life-time. Mr. Rarey's plan was boldly announced, as being exhibited every night at a well-known circus, and Mr. Rarey was challenged to deny it if he could. In the meantime the secret had been communicated to a large number of his pupils. These, thoroughly satisfied of the genuineness of his plan, came to his rescue, and a newspaper controversy sprang up. Mr. Rarey became the topic of the day; and the question, "How is it possible for him to accomplish what he does?" was being constantly advanced, but never satisfactorily answered. Such being the case, Mr. Rarey's own actual statements with regard to the plan he adopts, are exceedingly valuable, and we have much gratification in submitting some of these statements to our readers.

First of all, Mr. Rarey founds his theory on these three leading characteristics of the horse. 1st. That he is so constituted by nature that he will not offer resistance to any order which he comprehends, if made consistently with the laws of his nature. 2nd. That he has no consciousness of his strength beyond his experience, and can be managed by our will without the application of force. 3rd. That we can in compliance with the laws of his nature, by which he examines all things new to him, take any object, however frightful, around, over, or on him, that does not inflict pain, without exciting his fear.

We know, from a natural course of reasoning, that there has never been an effect without a cause, and we infer from this that there can be no action, either in animate or inanimate matter, without there first being some cause to produce it. And from this self-evident fact we know that there is some cause for every impulse or movement of either mind or matter, and that this law governs every action or movement of the animal kingdom. Then, according to this theory, there must be some cause before fear can exist; and, if fear exists from the effect of

imagination, and not from the infliction of real pain, it can be removed by complying with those laws of nature by which the horse examines an object, and determines upon its innocence or vice.

A log or stump by the road-side may be, in the imagination of the horse, some great beast about to pounce upon him; but after you take him up to it and let him stand by it a little while, and touch it with his nose, and go through his process of examination, he will not care anything more about it. And the same principle and process will have the same effect with any other object, however frightful in appearance, in which there is no harm. Take a boy that has been frightened by a false face, or any other object that he could not comprehend at once; but let him take that face or object in his hands and examine it, and he will not care anything more about it. This is a demonstration of the same principle.

The true philosophy of the taming process consists in the recognition of these facts, and in founding upon them the establishment of a confidence between the man and the horse. The animal must be gently taught that man is his superior, at the same time that he is his friend, and that obedience must be rendered to his will.

With some slight variations in the process, the principle of horse taming is the same in its application to all horses, irrespective of their condition or character. Supposing we are about to practice on an untrained colt, Mr. Rarey tells us we must take with us, when we go into a stable, a long switch whip, with a good silk cracker, so as to make a sharp report, which, if handled with dexterity, and accompanied with a sharp word, will be sufficient to enliven the spirits of any horse. With this whip in our right hand, with the lash pointing backwards, we enter the stable alone. It is a great disadvantage in training a horse to have any one in the stable with us; we should be entirely alone, so as to have nothing to divert the attention of the animal. "When you have entered the stable, stand still, and let your horse look at you a minute or two, and as soon as he is settled in one place, approach him slowly, with both arms stationary, your right hanging by your side, holding the whip as directed, and the left bent at the elbow, with your hand projecting. As you approach him, go not too much towards his head or croup, do not make him move either forward or backward, but keep your horse stationary; if he does move a little either forward or backward, step a little to the right or left very cautiously, this will keep him in one place. As you get very near him, draw a little to his shoulder, and stop a few seconds. If you are in his reach he will turn his head and smell your hand, not that he has any preference for your hand, but because that is projecting, and is the nearest portion of your body to the horse. This all colts will do, and they will smell your naked hand just as quickly as they will anything that you can put in it, and with just as good an effect, however much some men have preached the doctrine of taming horses by giving them the scent of articles from the hand. This is a mistake. As soon as he puts his nose to your hand, caress him, always using a very light, soft hand, merely touching the horse, always rubbing the way the hair lies, so that your hand will pass along as smoothly as possible. As you stand by his side, you may find it more convenient to rub his neck or the side of his head, which will answer the same purpose as rubbing his forehead. Favour every inclination of the horse to smell or touch you with his nose. Always follow each touch or communication of this kind with the most tender and affectionate caresses, accompanied with a kind look, and pleasant word of some sort, such as 'Ho! my little boy!' 'Pretty boy!' 'Nice lady!' or something of that kind, constantly repeating the same words, with the same kind, steady tone of voice; for the horse soon learns to read the expression of the face and voice, and will know as well when fear, love, or anger prevails, as you know your own feelings; two of which, *fear and anger*, a good horseman should never feel."

This should be continued for some time, but not too long at once. Mr. Rarey possesses personally a peculiar command over horses—a genius for taming them, which students must not attempt to rival. The more haste the less speed is true with respect to horse-taming. Injudicious hurry on our part will considerably delay, even if it does not altogether prevent the success of an experiment. Fondling the horse, caressing him on the forehead with gentleness, and talking to him kindly, gradually win his confidence. Handle his ears but with extreme caution, stroke his neck, pat his back, but on his exhibiting uneasiness return to the forehead, and go over the process again until he will permit you to touch any part of his body or legs without flinching.

Mr. Rarey then proceeds to instruct us how to govern a horse if it be very wild or has a strong vicious habit.

"Take up," he says, "one fore foot, and bend his knee till his hoof is bottom upwards, and nearly touching his body; then slip a loop over his knee, and up until it comes above the pastern joint, to keep it up, being careful to draw the loop together between the hoof and pastern joint with a second strap of some kind, to prevent the loop from slipping down and coming off. This will leave the horse standing on three legs; you can now handle him as you wish, for it is utterly impossible for him to kick in this position. There is something in this operation of taking up one foot that conquers a horse quicker and better than anything else you can do to him. There is no process in the world equal to it to break a kicking horse, for several reasons. First, there is a principle of this kind in the nature of the horse: that by conquering one member you conquer to a great extent the whole horse.

"When you first fasten up a horse's foot he will sometimes become exasperated, and strike with his knee, trying every possible way to get it down; but as he cannot do that, he will soon give up.

"This will conquer him better than anything you could do, and without any possible danger of hurting himself or you either, for you can tie up his foot and sit down and look at him until he gives in. When you find that he is conquered, go to him, let down his foot, rub his leg with your hand, caress him, and let him rest a little; then put it up again. Repeat this a few times, always putting up the same foot, and he will soon learn to travel on three legs, so that you can drive him some distance. As soon as he gets a little used to this way of travelling, put on your harness, and hitch him to a sulky. If he is the worst kicking horse that ever raised a foot, you need not be fearful of his doing any damage while he has one foot up, for he cannot kick, neither can he run fast enough to do any harm. And if he is the wildest horse that ever had harness on, and has run away every time he has been hitched, you can now hitch him in a sulky, and drive him as you please.

"Everything that we want to teach the horse must be commenced in some way to give him an idea of what you want him to do, and then be repeated till he learns it perfectly. To make a horse lie down, bend his left fore leg and slip a loop over it, so that he cannot get it down. Then put a circingle around his body, and fasten one end of a long strap around the other fore leg, just above the hoof. Place the other end under the circingle, so as to keep the strap in the right direction; take a short hold of it with your right hand; stand on the left side of the horse, grasp the bit in your left hand, pull steadily on the strap with your right; bear against his shoulder till you cause him to move. As soon as he lifts his weight, your pulling will raise the other foot, and he will have to come on his knees. Keep the strap tight in your hand, so that he cannot straighten his leg if he rises up. Hold him in this position, and turn his head towards you; bear against his side with your shoulder, not hard, but with a steady, equal pressure, and in about ten minutes he will lie down. As soon as he lies down, he will be completely conquered, and you can handle him as you please. Take off the straps, and straighten out his legs; rub him lightly about the face and neck with your hand the way the hair lies; handle all his legs, and after he has lain ten or twenty minutes, let him get up again. After resting him a short time make him lie down as before. Repeat the operation three or four times, which will be sufficient for one lesson. Give him two lessons a day, and when you have given him four lessons, he will lie down by taking hold of one foot. As soon as he is well broken to lie down in this way, tap him on the opposite leg with a stick when you take hold of his foot, and in a few days he will lie down from the mere motion of the stick. Supposing you wish to make a horse follow you proceed thus:—

"Turn him into a large stable or shed, where there is no chance to get out, with a halter or bridle on. Go to him and soothe him a little, take hold of his halter and turn him towards you, at the same time touching him lightly over the hips with a long whip. Lead him the length of the stable, rubbing him on the neck, and saying in a steady tone of voice as you lead him, 'Come along, boy!' or use his name instead of 'boy,' if you choose. Every time you turn touch him slightly with the whip, to make him step up close to you, and then caress him with your hand. He will soon learn to hurry up to escape the whip and be caressed, and you can make him follow you around without taking hold of the halter. If he should stop and turn from you, give him a few sharp cuts about the hind legs, and he will soon turn his head towards

you, when you must always caress him. A few lessons of this kind will make him run after you. In twenty or thirty minutes he will follow you about the stable. No horse should be tamed more than half an hour at a time."

THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

We have many popular preachers. The various denominations of Christians have their own particular favourites. There are also preachers who are popular with all denominations—who have a reputation which brings together all sorts and conditions of men. Popularity arises from a variety of causes; sometimes from a very illegitimate source—from some oddity of manner, eccentricity of expression, coupled with more impudence than intelligence; but such popularity is difficult to maintain, and can never extend beyond the circles of the uneducated classes.

Now, it has been said that you may get everything better in London than in the country: it has even been hinted that all is a desert beyond Hyde-park-corner. The majority of the best preachers—like the best of everything else—is in the metropolis. These stars rise in country parts, and culminate in London. It is so in all the dissenting denominations, and it is so in the Established Church.

About the Church, however, there has been grievous complaint made that good preachers are scarce. It is not that intelligence or devotion, education or refinement, religion, zeal, or practical philanthropy are wanting, but that tact of adapting the discourses to the minds of those whom they address; to present the truth in a popular and attractive manner—thoughts that pierce and words that burn.

Yet the Church has a goodly number of such preachers, and their success affords encouragement to others. It is evident that their success is not the result of extraordinary genius or of rare endowments, but that it is the consequence of clearness, simplicity, and earnestness. These men have felt the power of what they have to utter; it has affected their own hearts. They declare in the plain vernacular, with no attempt at brilliant oratory, the messages they have to deliver; their appeals, entreaties, encouragements, arguments, are all earnest, and such preaching is sure to tell upon the heart and conscience. Eminent among such preachers is the present Bishop of Carlisle. For years he has been one of the most popular divines in the church; for years he has been working zealously, not only in the pulpit, but in connection with every scheme of Christian usefulness. Commanding in person, graceful in action, with an expressive countenance, and well-attuned voice, he possesses all those outward qualifications which go so far in impressing the minds of an ordinary congregation; while, in addition to these, he has that universal sympathy and Christian benevolence which is sure to find its way to the minds and hearts of his hearers.

The Hon. Henry Montague Villiers is the youngest surviving brother of the Earl of Clarendon. He was born in London in the year 1813, was educated at Westminster, elected to a scholarship at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1834. For some years he held the vicarage of Kenilworth, in Warwickshire. There the simple earnestness which he had always exhibited was more fully developed; and in the discharge of his pastoral duties he won the favour and the confidence of his parishioners. Like Cowper's model preacher, it might be said of him—

"Simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty man."

At Kenilworth he had opportunity of exercising his active benevolence in many varied ways; in none more interesting or more useful than in the schools connected with the parish.

In 1837, the subject of our sketch entered the "holy estate of matrimony" with a daughter of Mr. Hulton, of Hulton Park, Lancashire. In 1841 he was presented by the Crown to the rectory of St. George's, Bloomsbury. For fifteen years his ministrations in that large and populous parish were attended with eminent success. He was admired and beloved. Acceptable for his plain, straightforward honesty to rich and poor alike, his popularity rapidly extended. His church was filled to overflowing. His active benevolence was shown in the anxiety which he invariably manifested for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the people. Speaking of him while rector

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE HON. AND RIGHT REV. HENRY LORD BISHOP OF CARLISLE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE DOWNES.

of St. George's, the author of the "London Pulpit" says—

"In the Church there is not a man who can read its stately service with more effect. And that service, well read to the hearer in a fitting mood, is a sermon in itself. Nor does Mr. Villiers' merit end here. He is no dull drone when the service is over and the sermon has begun. He does not indulge in a moral essay that can never influence the conscience or fire the heart. On the contrary, he is exceedingly active and energetic in the pulpit. He looks his congregation in the face, he directs his discourse to them. He takes care that not a single word shall lose its aim. His voice is heard distinctly in every part of his crowded and enormous church. The common truths of orthodox Christianity are those which form the staple of his discourses. To convert and to edify are his aim. Philosophy and the world's lore he passes by. His plainness makes him popular. The poorest can understand what he says."

His reputation won favour for him in high places, and the energetic and popular rector was made Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's. On the death of Dr. Percy, in 1856, he was raised to the see of Carlisle. He did not attain this distinction without exciting some captious criticism. It was urged that too great a preference was shown for the "evangelical" above the "high church" party, but the exemplary manner in which Dr. Villiers has fulfilled his duties, and the impartiality of his conduct to the clergymen of his diocese, have disarmed opposition, and have extended the popularity which has distinguished his whole career.

MOUSTIERS.

The little town of Moustiers, about four-and-twenty miles from Digne, stands on the edge of a precipice and at the foot of a very high mountain clothed with verdure and studded with trees. The name of the town appears to have originated in a corruption of the Latin word *monasterium*; the site, it is said, being formerly occupied by a religious house, founded by the monks of Lérins towards the close of the eleventh century. A chapel, dedicated to Our Lady of Beauveyer, may still be seen between the acclivities of two lofty mountains. To the summit of each of these mountains is attached a strong chain, in the centre of which, immediately over the valley, is a star of five points. This star is introduced in the old escutcheon of Moustiers.

The chain, which was detached from the mountains in 1793, and carried to the chief town of the district, has lately been restored to its old position, as it is an object of great interest to travellers and of pride to the townsfolk, though few people think it worth while to ask anything about its origin, history, or purpose.

An historical memoir of the town of Moustiers was written about 1756, by John Solome, a native of the town, and vicar-general to the Archbishop of Riez. In 1842 the first part of this memoir was printed at Digne; it forms a 12mo pamphlet of fifty-five pages; the second part, printed in 1849, is contained in an 8vo pamphlet of seventy-nine pages, but it has not had an extensive sale.

In this work the curious reader naturally looks

for some account of the mysterious chain, but John Solome has but few particulars to furnish.

It is very disagreeable, says he, and very disgraceful to us to be unable to inform our children, or foreign visitors to Moustiers, of the true origin of this iron chain, or even of its exact age.

This chain, attached to the summit of our two mountains, extends from one to the other, a distance of a hundred rods, or following Soleri and Bonche, of two hundred and fifty rods. The chain was formerly composed of different links of iron attached one to the other by rings, while from the centre hung a smaller chain from which was suspended a star of five points, double gilt, and five hand breadths in diameter, according to Bentel, who had it measured when it fell, and of M. Saint-Vint, archbishop of Riez, who had it repaired. The star fell down in 1685, and that fragment of it which is still to be seen is of copper faced with brass.

The chain—according to the traditionary story current in the locality—owes its existence to a vow made by a knight of Rhodes, a native of Moustiers, who was delivered, by the miraculous interference of the Holy Virgin, from Mohammedan captivity. The name of the knight is unknown, the date of the occurrence is uncertain—a very gross piece of negligence on the part of the old historians. Who was this knight? From what noble family did he spring, what noble house did he found, what deeds of valour did he achieve, what sufferings did he undergo; was he in the full glory of his manhood when he pined in the Moorish gaol, or was he stricken in years; how many Moslem skulls had he cracked with his good



MOUSTIERS, IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE LOWER ALPS, FRANCE.

sword, how many infidel thrusts had he parried with his good shield—who shall say? The author of the pamphlet to which allusion has been made, takes considerable trouble to ascertain the name and fortune of this trusty chevalier. He has done all that man can do to hunt up the antecedents of his hero, and to account for the chain, but his researches have not been successful. Ever and anon he has been attracted by some new light, which he has

ardently and enthusiastically followed, but which has turned out to be nothing but an *ignis fatuus*—a mere literary will-o'-the-wisp. However, M. Abbé La Clue, prior of Moustiers, "had the goodness" to communicate to him, in 1719, an extract from an old book, "belonging to M. Antoine Riquetti, knight, Marquis of Mirabeau, Count of Beaumont, brigadier in the army of the king," &c. &c., which stated that Girard de Riquetti, the Lord of Aighin, presented a silver hand to the church; and that Anne Riquetti, cousin-german to the said Girard, gave "a star to the iron chain between the rocks of Our Lady at Moustiers."

The question of the star and the chain, however, is still involved in mystery. The research of John Solome has been fruitless, he is doubtful all through his book, and hesitating at the very end of it, so that whether the mystery will ever be cleared up is extremely uncertain; but, whether, supposing the chain of evidence to be as clear as the tangible chain itself, any good would come of it, is no less problematical.

Moustiers is delightfully situated in one of the most picturesque parts of the Lower Alps, and, irrespective of legendary interests, is worth a visit from all tourists in search of novelty, or of invalids in the pursuit of health.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,
SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Can I say, halt! to time?—LOUIS XI.

MEANWHILE time crept, or rather galloped on, and poor Ben Darrell began to wonder why Jem came not. Jem seemed to him, poor wretch, to be his guardian angel. He was talking with the turnkeys, and telling them of Jem Goodman's brotherly love—of his inward peace, and heavenly hopes.

By this time the sound, as of the ocean in its wrath, reached even the interior of the prison.

It was now broad day, and all London, at least all its worst and vilest of both sexes, seemed to have assembled within view of the gibbet. There they were joking, jostling, squabbling, fighting, cursing, swearing; women with young babies in their arms and at their breasts, hastening on to get a nearer view of the gibbet at the risk of their own lives, and those of their "sucking babes." Swarms of juvenile pickpockets were busy at their perilous trade—many were taken in the act by the vigilant police. The Fox, Prigging Peter, and Stunning Steenie had meditated doing a little at their old trade; but luckily for them, Mr. Stephen, apprised of their intention of seeing Ben Darrell hanged, and thinking such ghastly sights much more likely to harden than to soften the heart, had outwitted them. While Potato Heels awaited them with her basket of grub (roasted potatoes, butter, bread, and saveloys), they had been detained till past the usual hour of execution (eight o'clock by St. Sepulchre's church) by Mr. Stephen, who had appointed them to meet him at the ragged school, and had managed to keep them there till he knew all must be over.

Every kind of villain and every species of abandoned women were assembled in the streets near the prison, and a horrible kind of joyousness seemed to agitate the dark waves of this human ocean.

At some of the windows that commanded a near and good view of the gallows, were some young men of fashion and some shameless, overdressed women. These gentlemen and ladies were enjoying "an execution breakfast," and toasting each other in iced champagne, which servants in livery handed to them. All this within sight of that gibbet! Nay, it was the object with them of many a witless joke. The mob was very impatient and in a very ill-humour. The sky was clouding over and rain was beginning to fall. Rain adds greatly to the dreariness of such a scene, and to the ill-temper and ferocity of the crowd.

Within, the culprit was listening to the last pious exhortations of the ordinary. In fervent faith and earnest penitence, only disturbed by the unexplained absence of Jem Goodman, Ben Darrell, at his own request, and for the first time in his life, took the sacrament.

By the advice of the ordinary and the friendly turnkeys, he then drank a cup of tea and ate a bit of bread.

Poor fellow! he had great difficulty in swallowing it—the pattern of the cup was the same as that of the first—and only set he had ever bought when he

was newly married, and the recollection of happy breakfasts with his Esther, in the long ago, rushed on his mind, and sent floods of tears from his heart to his eyes. His own situation did not cause those tears, it was not the dread of the now fast approaching doom, it was the memory of Esther and of the long ago.

The turnkeys, who took a great pride in the idea that Ben Darrell would "die game," as they expressed it, were very uneasy at the sight of his tears. They persuaded him to wash them away, and to meet his fate and the dense crowd outside "like a man."

Ben Darrell made a great effort; he asked to be allowed to take leave of the governor and other of the authorities, who had been very kind and merciful to him. This request was complied with; they all shook hands with him; nor was it any disgrace to those manly hearts that their eyes were moist the while.

The hour is near at hand now.

A new—a terrible actor enters on the dread scene. Ben Darrell shuddered.

Even those accustomed to such scenes felt sick and cold, for it was Calcraft who now approached the prisoner.

Oh! the dreadful reality given to the ghastly scene when he proceeded to pinion Ben Darrell, who, though his flesh crept and quivered, and his eyes were distended, his lips white, and his heart beating violently, and a cold sweat breaking out over his whole person, prayed inwardly for strength, and submitted quietly to be pinioned, only saying, "Where is Mr. Goodman? He cannot have forsaken me at my utmost need; and my poor mother—where is she?"

CHAPTER LXV.

"He knew his trade," said his admirers in the crowd, "did Calcraft." Another roar—a howl; hootings, groans, and screams of fainting women. The crowd swaying to and fro; the glazed hats and batons of the policemen shining in the sun like meteors.—CHARLES DICKENS.

As Calcraft passed out at the debtors' door, the deep bell of St. Paul's struck eight, and that of St. Sepulchre began to toll the funeral dirge.

The assembled thousands expecting the prisoner, and at first mistaking Calcraft for Ben Darrell, set up a loud, a deafening shout, or rather howl; and, at the same moment, a tremendous peal of thunder seemed to re-echo that shout.

The sky by this time was densely dark; and clap succeeded clap, and flash after flash lighted the countless eager eyes of the mob, and played on the black gibbet and the stolid face of Calcraft.

The rain poured down in torrents as the ordinary in his black gown came slowly forth, reading the burial service—while still tolled on the funeral bell of St. Sepulchre's.

At last came the criminal himself.

Ben Darrell is face to face with that dense mob; and the yells, groans, howls, and shrieks with which he is greeted send a flush to his pale face, and for a moment draw his thoughts from the cross, and his upturned eyes from heaven.

As usual in an English mob on such an occasion, "Hats off!" was the cry.

Even at that moment he thought of Jem Goodman, and gently said to the ordinary, "Please, your reverence, give a dying man's best thanks and blessing to Jem Goodman, and my love and duty to mother and my little ones."

Probably Ben Darrell's appearance was less revolting than the mob had expected, for there was no second demonstration below; but heaven's artillery was louder than ever; and while Calcraft was fixing the halter round the criminal's neck, there was a clap so tremendous and protracted, that the executioner's hand shook, and every one felt as if the God who speaks in the thunder was angry with what was going on.

It was a most solemn scene. There was a momentary lull while the ordinary read the burial service, and the words, "*Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down as a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.*"

Even at that moment the words brought to Ben Darrell's mind his mother—she of whom he was born, and many little incidents he had been told (as connected with his birth), and at the words "Cut down as a flower," he remembered cowslipped fields and violets, and the gathering them for Esther. And even while these thoughts rushed, against his will, through his mind, Calcraft fixed the rope, and began to draw over the prisoner's face a white night-cap, so thin that the features could be seen through it; but before he went beneath the platform and drew the

bolt that sustained the drop, Ben Darrell suddenly begged leave of the ordinary to address a few words to the mob.

"I want to tell them, your reverence," he said, "that it's drink has brought me here."

"Remove the cap," said the ordinary to Calcraft, "and let the prisoner speak." Calcraft obeyed.

In a firm voice, and while the colour rose to his pale, thin, but still handsome face, Ben Darrell, from that dread platform, spoke words that sank into many a guilty heart.

"Men and women," he cried, "before I go to judgment, I wish to tell you what has brought me here!—and I do so that you may all take warning. Drink, strong drink's the cause, which I onst wor a happy, respectable, working man, and the fond husband of the best, dearest, and beautifullest of wives, am here, in a few moments to be hanged by the neck till I am dead, dead, dead! and then cut down and buried in a quick-lime grave, and not to lie by her dear side as we onst, in happier times, looked for with cheerful hopes of being happy in death and in eternity. For wife murder I am to die! I don't deny I killed her; but I done it in liquor! I never meant to do it—I never know'd I'd done it till the next day. I'm no schollard, and I can't speak no grand book words—but I spakes the truth and that's all as can be expected of a man—a dying man—as'll be dead in a few minutes! All you've heard of my having said I'd do for her, ain't nothink to the pint. I say here, as I'll have to say soon before my heavenly Judge, I never meant to kill my blessed Esther—and I wor so drunk I never know'd I'd done it! I says this, fellow-drunkards, male and female, not to excuse myself, but to warn you. I deservs to die—but don't you go the same way and come to the same trouble—dunt'es! I've often been in your place, don't you come to be in moine! I've ris betimes as you done to-day to see a fellow creature hanged—and then I've hurried off to the public and drunk away all that should have kept my wife and family. Don't you do this—as many of you means, perhaps, to do to-day. Give up drinking and you'll never come to die a death like this of shame and agony on a public gallows. So no more at present, but God bless you all—and farewell and amen!"

"I'm ready now, reverend sir," he said to the ordinary; and by this time an almost reverential silence pervaded that late noisy, riotous, and angry multitude, and many women were in tears.

Again Calcraft adjusted the fatal cap, and Ben Darrell murmured to himself—

"Farewell, poor mother! poor bairns! my little Ness and my baby Ben; farewell, Jem Goodman! May the Lord of Mercy take pity on you and on my guilty soul!"

Just at this moment a loud cry of "Respite! respite! Stop! in the Queen's name, stop!" burst on the startled crowd, and on Ben Darrell's ears; and a mounted official cried, in a stentorian voice, holding up his credentials, and his "order of release"—"It is the royal will that the execution be stayed: the sentence is commuted."

Had Jem Goodman prevailed?

That letter, which Ben Darrell's good angel had prompted him to write to Jem Goodman—had it saved his life? Had it carried conviction to the mind and heart of the most merciful, and yet most just, of earthly sovereigns? Was it as her Majesty's Home Secretary had opined? While the daughters of Fashion were sleeping on their beds of down, was the Queen already up and doing? With a rapid, keen perception, had she mastered the truth?

These are things we can only presume to guess at, we have no right to assert them; we only know that commutation of punishment was the result of Jem Goodman's last impassioned appeal to the Home Secretary, to whom he had before pleaded in vain.

The Home Secretary, in such an urgent case, to save time, had been the bearer of the Queen's respite himself; driving Jem Goodman to the spot in his own carriage, as quickly as those fleet horses could speed—full gallop, all the way.

The crowd—always loud and violent in its expressions—hurrah'd and applauded more vehemently than they had yelled and howled. Ben Darrell no sooner understood that his life was spared, and felt Calcraft's hands removing the cap, than the nerve that had hitherto sustained him, and which would have sustained him to the last, gave way at once. A ghastly pallor stole over his face, an icy coldness crept over his whole body.

"I thank thee, Lord of Mercy," burst from his now white lips. "Mother, bairns, Jem—bless you!" and the next moment he fell back in a death-like swoon, and was only saved from a heavy fall by the extended arms of Calcraft.

When Ben Darrell came to himself, he was in the

governor's room. He had been so long insensible that those around began to fear he was dead.

His old mother, who had come to take her leave of him (as it seemed too late), was kneeling beside him, weeping passionately; and Jem Goodman was bending tenderly over him.

His sentence was commuted to transportation for life; for Justice has her claims, as well as Mercy.

How often some good angel seems to prompt us to do things from which we anticipate nothing, and which yet may turn the scale in our favour!

Whether the letter Ben Darrell wrote to Jem Goodman convinced his Queen that he loved his wife, and never meant to kill her, and decided her gracious Majesty in favour of a respite—or, rather, a commutation of sentence—we may not decide; but certain it is that the sudden thought that he ought to warn the assembled drunkards of the perils of strong drink, and the few minutes his simple, heart-felt exhortation occupied, gave time for the Home Secretary and Jem Goodman to reach the spot.

When our better angel prompts us to some good deed, let us yield at once to the blessed influence; we know not but that it comes direct from heaven, and may lead to heaven also.

The general feeling among the crowd was one of satisfaction; for there is no dense English crowd where good feeling does not predominate.

And Ben Darrell's awful words had had their influence with many, who went straight to their homes or to their work, instead of rushing to the gin-palaces or low pot-houses.

The fashionable men and their shameless female companions voted the whole thing "a bore," and a "take-in," and "a regular do," and entered their gay carriages, and drove discontentedly away.

But in some hearts there was a lively, a chastened, and a grateful joy. The poor old mother, Jem Goodman, and the rescued Ben Darrell himself,—what words shall tell their gratitude and gladness?—but there is in every human heart an echo to the deep sigh of relief and thankfulness that burst from theirs; and to such hearts, we trust, we address ourselves.

There had been, as usual, many accidents; and one little, deformed man, who had been much excited throughout the whole ghastly scene, and had climbed a lamp-post the better to see the execution, had, when the wretched culprit was respited, fallen from his post with a loud cry of despair, and been taken up dead.

That man was Natt Stone!

CHAPTER LXVI.

A favourite has no friends.—GRAY.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.—POPE.

THERE is no earthly bliss without alloy.

Lady Glenlonely recovered from her illness, and arrived in Carlton Terrace in the highest spirits.

From a baronet's wife she had suddenly, and by an incident so unexpected as to savour of romance (if such things did not occasionally occur in real life), obtained an object at one time as little to be hoped for as it was ardently desired.

Lady Pemberton no more—she was now Countess of Glenlonely.

But in the excitement, the engrossing and absorbing vanity of her thoughts and feelings, she had relaxed a good deal in her care of Sultana.

"A favourite has no friends," Sultana had none in either Tarlatan or Townley. Taken up with themselves and with each other (particularly at the station, where Tarlatan had all her own finery and all her lady's to look after, and Townley had to look after Tarlatan), they forgot to watch vigilantly over Sultana.

Sultana was lost—stolen, in all probability,—but lost, stolen, or strayed she certainly was.

This terrible fact was not discovered till they reached home.

Sultana travelled in a basinette, well covered up. It was Tarlatan's duty to look to her every now and then, and administer some refreshment. Tarlatan, Townley, and Sultana were in the second class. The new countess and Gerald St. Maur in the first.

When they arrived at the E—C—Station, Lady Glenlonely (late Pemberton), leaning on Gerald's arm, in passing Tarlatan, and when about to step into her carriage, stopped to peep into the basinette, while Tarlatan carried it; and Sultana gave a low whine of recognition and kissed her ladyship's white and jewelled hand, ungloved on purpose; and that was the last caress!

But it was some time before the countess discovered her loss. She was taken up with herself and Gerald.

Gerald had received Ada's letter; but "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and he thought, with bounding heart, he might win her yet.

He felt he was not worthy of the Ada she was become; but he thought, too, it was in his power to become worthy of her!

How mean, paltry, and selfish did his own aims, objects, and wishes seem when compared with hers!

But if he could raise his mind, enlarge his sympathies, devote his great talents to great Christian objects; walk side by side with the chosen of his heart along that uphill path that leads at last to heaven, might he not be worthy of her then—at least, might not she think him so? He would try! and first he would get into parliament, and then he would, as Ada had suggested, inscribe on his banner, not No. 1, but No. 1,000,000.

With his position, his family influence, his name, his talents, his scholarship, and his eloquence, what might he not do in parliament, not for himself, but for "the poor?" How much might he not help Ada!

He would make her love him yet; he would make her proud of him; he would make her glad of such a head to guide, such a heart to sympathise with her, such a hand to help her.

And as he took this view of the case, he did not despair.

"She shall be mine, yet," he said to himself, "and proud to be so."

However, he intended Ada to consider that he looked upon her rejection as final, and that he had nothing to do but lament it and submit.

Perhaps he hoped by this delicate and mournful resignation to awaken in her breast a feeling of regret; and certainly when Ada, hastening down to welcome her mother home, heard that he had refused to come in, and had gone away pale and dejected, she did feel a pang at her heart, and a few tears sprang to her eyes.

Lady Glenlonely was so delighted with her Augustus, now he was a peer, that she showed him a tenderness and a sprightly good humour she had scarcely ever exhibited since their marriage, and was delighted to see that "the earl," as she loved to call him, was, owing to Jem Goodman's advice, quite a convalescent. The abstinence he had practised, and the simple, yet excellent system he was going upon had wrought a rapid and marvellous change for the better in his health, appearance, and temper.

"Oh, how well he will look in his coronet and his robes, when he is called upon to wear them, Ada," said her ladyship, kissing his now cool cheek, and throwing her arms round a neck no longer unable to hold up the aching, heavy head; "I declare, I'm quite in love with him again."

"And no longer regret old love?"

"Hush," said the countess; "even when you were a commoner and I had my choice of you all, I fixed on you, so that comes with a very bad grace from you. Oh, by the bye, Ada, ring for Tarlatan; I want Sultana; I wonder she has not brought the sweet pet in. I want papa to see how much the sea air has improved the lovely creature."

"There was room," said the earl.

"Room for what, dear?"

"For improvement," said his lordship.

In answer to the bell which Ada rang, Townley came in.

Townley was very pale and trembling.

"What's the matter, Townley," said the earl.

"I'm sure you look none the better for the sea air. Why, the man's got the ague."

"Are you ill, Townley?" asked Lady Glenlonely.

"No, my lady; only a little upset and overcome."

"Tell Tarlatan to bring Sultana here directly," said Lady Glenlonely; "and, if you feel ill, send for Bolus."

Townley tried to speak, but failed. He gasped, stammered, and hurried out of the room, rushed down into the housekeeper's room, where Tarlatan was in strong hysterics, and exclaimed, "It's no use; I can't tell my lady of her loss; it requires more nerve than I've got. Mr. Puff's the gentleman to do it; his nerve's surpris'n; and, not being my lady's own footman, he don't know what a blow it will be to her."

The bell rang again.

In spite of her assumed unconsciousness Tarlatan heard it, and kicked, and screamed, and stamped, beat her head, and tore her hair more than ever.

Mr. Puff would not be the bearer of the dreadful news; but Pertinette, who, as she was going in a day or two, was not very sorry to annoy, said, "Never put a label on your sex again, gentlemen; we've ten times your pluck, so here goes."

With that, Pertinette caught up the basinette, and repaired to the library.

She put it down at the door, and, taking out her pocket-handkerchief, began to weep.

"What's the matter?" shrieked Lady Glenlonely. "Pertinette, bring the basinette here. Ah! I see it all; she's dead—she's dead!"

"No, my lady," sobbed Pertinette; "would she were dead! it's worse than that."

"Worse! what can be worse?"

"This is worse," said Pertinette, taking up a large stone; "she's been stolen—stolen at the station—stolen while Mr. Townley and Mrs. Tarlatan were counting your ladyship's luggage; and now Townley's gone to bed with the shivers, and Mrs. Tarlatan is in all the hagonies of a hysterical fit."

"My poor Sultana; my dear, dear, lovely, fond, darling Sultana!" said her ladyship, bursting into tears. "What shall I do?"

Lord Glenlonely never could bear to see his wife weep. He rose and went to her, and said, "She's only been stolen, my love, for the reward they know you're sure to offer. You'll have her back, never fear. Ada, write out an advertisement, offering a handsome reward. Let it be put in the papers, and placarded too, particularly at and near the station. Here, give me the pen and ink; I'll do it myself. But don't sob so, my life; you'll quite unman me."

"There may be some hope," said her ladyship, "but I shall not have a moment's peace till I see her again; and I think Townley and Tarlatan so much to blame, I shall dismiss them both."

When Pertinette reported this in the servants' hall, the "historical fit" was renewed, and Townley had another attack of the shivers.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Though human, thou did'st not deceive me;
Though woman, thou didst not forsake;
Though loved, thou forbest to grieve me;
Though slander'd, thou couldst never shake.

Thou trusted—thou didst not disdain me;
Though parted, it was not to fly;
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me;
Nor mute, that the world might bely.—BYRON.

THE death of Natt Stone made a great difference in the fate and fortunes of little Ness and Baby Ben.

They were his heirs-at-law. It was not owing to any will or wish of his that they inherited his property; he had been entirely engrossed by plans for compassing Ben Darrell's end—he had never thought of his own, but that the farm and all the rest of the property was entailed on the issue of a daughter if the son left none.

The Farm was worth three hundred a year, and might by a newer and more judicious system of farming, drainage, &c., be made much more valuable. Then there was the stock, the furniture, the implements, and besides all this, Natt Stone had two thousand pounds in the funds.

The wretched Ben Darrell is gone out as a convict, and his poor feeble old mother (oh, the mighty power of maternal love!) has, aided by Ellen and Ada, set sail to join him at Sydney. (It was to Sydney convicts were sent a few years ago.)

"He'll be too wretched, young lady," she said to Ada, "if he's alone in a strange country, with the thought of his poor dead wife, and no one to speak to but rogues and ruffians—which, though he's gone out as a convict, he ain't wicked at heart like they—and no creature to know what he really is; he'll find some comfort in his poor old mother, I know; and if he lives, I'm sure he'll be so steady, and do so well (for he swears he'll never touch drink more); he'll be let off, and get his liberty; and then we'll settle by a brook and build a place as much like our old home as may be: for, such a workman as he is, he'll have it up in no time!"

"But, if he does get his liberty for good conduct, wouldn't you like to come back with him?"

"No, miss," said the poor, pale old woman, the hectic flush of pride and shame suffusing her cheeks. "I've always been respected and respectable, and I couldn't live to be pitied and looked down upon, and have Ben pointed at as a man who escaped the gallows, and have what he done, drunk, cast up to him by those who'll hate him for being sober."

"But his children," said Ada, "will he not wish for them?"

"It would be cruel to them, miss; and I hope he'll consider his parting from them as part of his punishment. They, you know, miss, come in to all their uncle's property; and with the property they're to take the name of 'Stone,' and a good thing too, miss. I wish they may never hear their father's name, or suffer, poor innocents, for his crime; and as they've a great property, I dare say the world'll be civil enough to them. And now, miss, I have only to thank you and the other dear ladies for all you've done, and for my passage-money, and all the sight of



ELIZABETH CASTLE, JERSEY.

comforts I takes with me; and if prayers—the prayers of a poor widow—can bring down blessings on your beautiful young heads, you'll be richly blest."

And so, strong in her mother-love, though seventy-six, and till then so feeble, Widow Darrell crossed a hemisphere; and the first face Ben saw when he landed was the face of that devoted mother.

(To be continued.)

MY VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.—No. III.

THE rays of the summer sun had parched the earth. The ponds were empty, the mill-streams dry, and even the river was shrinking into a mere rivulet. The common with its sunburnt herbage invaded the woodland to the very leaves of the trees, and the foliage of those nearest it were beginning to assume the tints of autumn. In vain did the languid spirit seek for solace in its wonted shade; even there was no coolness; but silence reigned, for the voice of every bird was hushed, and as the burning air had drained every nectary of its honey, there was no humming over the drooping flowers. Every one we met was saying, as he wiped his dripping brow: "It is really the hottest day we have had this summer," and well he might, for the earth, when struck by the foot, had a sort of metallic ring, and where we looked for the blue sky, it was a dome of brass.

People inland exclaimed: "How I long for the sea-side!" Yet, even there is no exhilarating breeze. The ocean is still living water, but there is only now and then a gentle ripple, showing a play of delightfully transparent colours; the gurgling among the pebbles is scarcely audible, and a thread of silvery foam marks out where the refreshed land is met by the refreshing waters. Or it may realise that specimen of Crabbe's marine painting:—

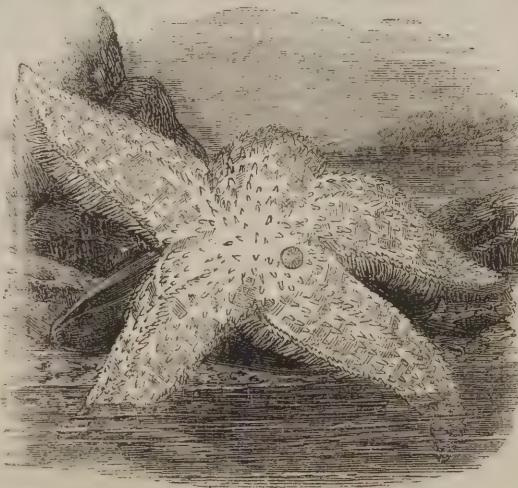
"A sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Like twinkling streams in bright confusion move
(For, heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its face contends).
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion; swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking; curling to the strand,
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
Ships in the calm seem anchored, for they glide
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide.
Art thou not present this calm scene before,
Where all beside is pebbly length of shore,
And, far as eye can reach, it can discern no more?"

Wilton and I had sought and found the coolest place we could; amusing one another with varied reminiscences, and with imaginings, equally diversified, of what *might* happen; for though the celebrated Mr. Macawber was *always* looking for "something to turn up," you and I, gentle reader, occasionally indulge in that inspiring occupation—as you are doubtless disposed most cordially to acknowledge.

A pause at length occurred: when, suddenly remembering our conversation about oysters, I said:

"Do you recollect that the naturalist Wilton promised to tell me something more about shells?"

"Then," replied Wilton, "the naturalist, as you call him, is ready at any moment to fulfil his engagement."



THE CROSS-FISH.

'Rocks, rough with limpets and brown tangle weeds,
Jut here and there; whilst, on the steady cliff,
Its cable sure the crafty mussel spins,
Lashing itself for safety to the rock

Here and there,
Speckled with slaty spots of green, that tell
Where 'neath their emerald fringes cockles hide
Strange shells, the marvel of old ocean's bed,
Are strewn around.'

But, if you ask with Calder Campbell—

'Have they been always here?
Or came they hither from far distant shores,
Unwilling captives of careering waves?'—

then 'there's the rub.' Some things I cannot tell you; and about others so much might be said, that, unless we could be together as many weeks as we are likely to be days, a large part must remain untold."

"Alas!" said I, "that so it should be on so many occasions of human life. Where, however, would you now like to begin?"

"With the mollusc," said Wilton, "rather than the shell; as I have a special regard for my friend, and only a subordinate interest in his house. You will observe, it is a very minute creature, for some molluscs are extremely small, and eight hundred and eighty others of a larger size were sent, with their dwellings, a short time ago, in a penny stamped letter from Glasgow to Edinburgh. Yet, however infinitesimal, the little inmate enlarges its house as it suffers a personal expansion, with as much skill as is manifested by the giants of his race. Looking at one of these when shrunk within its shell, you might well deem any animal that could hide itself there as too small and weak to carry about a burden larger and heavier than itself; and that safety might be here advantageously changed for relief from so much heaviness of armour, and from such an impediment to every journey. And yet I could show you that there is, happily, no such exemption. I have a fine specimen of *Cassia tuberosa*, which measures fully ten inches in length, and upwards of eight in breadth, and another of *Strombus gigas*, which is nearly a foot in length; and yet, though the weight of the former is four pounds two ounces, and that of the latter four pounds nine ounces, each creature creeps under its load with apparent ease. Nor would you be surprised at this were you to see the latter, for example, actually in motion; for the seeming disproportion between the contained animal and the containing shell would then have disappeared. On issuing from its shell, the animal has grown visibly, has assumed a portlier size, and appears far better fitted than might have been imagined for its enterprise. The body has suddenly become tumid and elastic, the skin and exterior organs stretched and displayed, and the under surface—called the foot—has grown in length and breadth, and, with additional firmness, it has acquired the capability of being directed, bent, and modified in shape to a considerable degree, as the surface of the road to be traversed may require."

"I wonder not now, Wilton," said I, "at the course you have taken, the interest associated with



OYSTER DREDGING.

the shell is immensely augmented by the study of the indwellers."

"It is," said Wilton, "and your conviction of it will increase just in proportion as you look into this matter. Every shell is 'precisely adapted to the circumstances in which its inhabitant has to live. Some are so light as to float on the surface of the water, while others, as we have seen, are more compact and ponderous; and in all such instances, the animal matter blends more equally with the earthy particles, and binds them very strongly together. In shells of this kind the carbonate of lime has more or less of a crystalline arrangement; the minute crystals being rhomb-like, having equal sides, and the opposite sides parallel, but the angles unequal or more like prisms, whose bases are any similar plane figures, and whose sides are parallelograms—and even more minute arrangements still may be clearly pointed out. On the outer surface of oyster-shells there are *striae*, fine thread-like lines or streaks. And on this fact, Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell justly remark: 'We should be inclined to say that the earthy matter crystallises, were it not that the striated or fibrous appearance differs in the direction of the fibres in each succession of strata, each layer having the striae composing it parallel to one another, but directed obliquely to the layer previously formed, and the shell exhibiting a strong texture arranged upon well-known mechanical principles.'"

"The increase of shells," I observed, "whatever their structure is, I suppose, in all cases ascribable to the mantle of the occupant?"

"It is," said Wilton. "The mantle of a mollusc is most certainly a wonder-worker. As, too, the new portion of shell is always similar in shape, and takes its form from that part of the mantle which is pushed out, shells must be exceedingly various. The simplest form is that of the limpet; successive edgings accord with its growth, and on the maturity of the limpet its dwelling is complete. But when the mantle is more active on one side of the opening than on the other, we have a spiral shell, in which each successive portion, forming an entire circle, is called a *whorl*. They are generally found with the whorls turning towards the right, which arises from the left side of the mantle being the more active, as the heart and bloodvessels of the mollusc are on that side; in a few, however, they are on the right side, and then the whorls of the shell are turned to the left. The knobs or spines projecting from shells arise from the mantle altering its form and dividing into thick or slender branches, which form hollow spines, gradually filled up with shelly matter, and eventually becoming solid. Many of these creatures construct a door to their shell; the more solid being fixed to the foot of the creature, and are enlarged in size as the shell is increased."

"The mantle is a real magician," said I, "secreting the living membrane, which, in its turn, not only

yields earthy particles, but these of a shape precisely adapted to the end to be secured; and then arranging them in the best possible order. Why, with all due honour to our architects and builders of human kind, they might say to some of these shell-makers, as our old friend Major Dalgetty used to do, 'Permit me to be astonished.'"

"I think so, too," said Wilton; "but even here we must not stop. Wonderful as the mantle is in this power of building, it is no less so in its power of decorating; for the colours of shells are owing to glands placed on the margin of the mantle. An accordance is often observable between the pattern or tracing on the shell, and the colours as arranged on the mantle. Thus, in the Banded Snail, there are just as many coloured spots on the edge of the mantle as there are coloured zones on the shell, and if you remove a part of the shell for experiment, the piece reproduced will be brown exactly opposite the brown

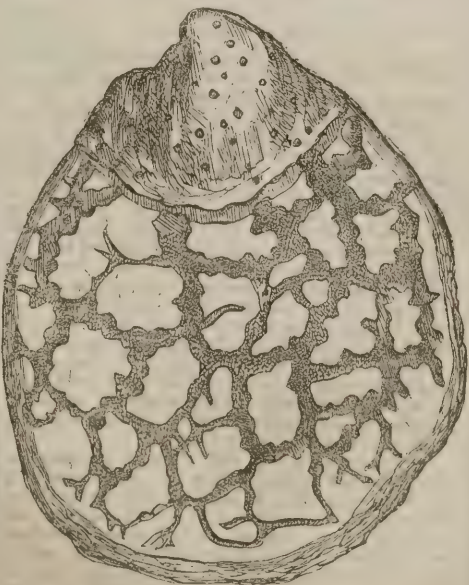
brilliancy. Shells, be it remembered, of every shape, density, and colour, from those which are extremely small to such as are large enough to contain holy water—as you have seen, perhaps, in one of the churches of Paris—are all in their increase and decoration the products of this magician-like mantle."

"Have we reached now," said I, "the close of the series of a mollusc's marvels?"

"By no means," said Wilton. "Not long ago Virey wrote, 'the molluscs are the poor and the afflicted among created beings; they seem to ask pity from other animals,'—only to show, however, that he knows nothing about them. They have certainly every power they want. It was long known that slugs and snails were attracted to fresh food; and Cuvier thought that the entire surface of the skin had the power of detecting odours, as if each creature were an animated and independent nose. But it has now been demonstrated that even such humble creatures as sea-slugs have organs of smell elaborately constructed. Strange too as it may seem, the sense most generally possessed by shell-covered creatures is that of hearing, and the ear, moreover, is an exceedingly curious structure, consisting of one or more parts, each supplied with its special auditory nerve. In this little cavity are sparry, crystalline bodies, composed of carbonate of lime, varying in number in different species, but all in constant motion, vibrating backwards and forwards, rotating on their own axis, or rushing with violent motion towards the centre of their prison, whence they are as violently repelled. And then, numbers of molluscs have the power of vision. The common *Acallopp* has not only eyes, but they are placed in a very extraordinary position, being arranged in shining rows along the borders of the creature's mantle,—as if a man should bear a row of eyes instead of buttons on his coat and vest—a fitting place if, indeed, he were like the *Acallopp*—without a head."

"Is there now," I asked, "any considerable sale of shells?"

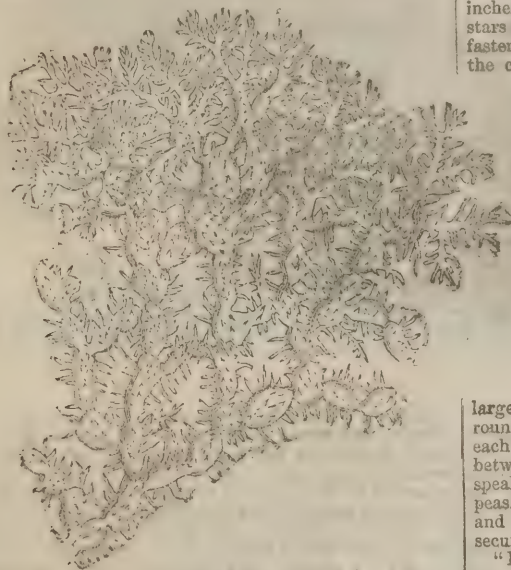
"There is," said Wilton. "Some time ago a small shell was sold, not two inches long, and withal broken and damaged, for the sum of thirty guineas. Shells, such as conches, cowries, and ear-shells—so called from their resemblance to the human ear—are largely imported as parts of cargoes, and are sold to the principal dealers by weight. They vary in price from eight shillings to five pounds per hundredweight. The conches, found only in the West India Islands, are used principally for grotto-work and garden ornaments. The others, chiefly brought from the Indian Ocean and the China Seas, are used for chimney ornaments, and for inlaying the tops of work-tables and other articles of furniture. The shells specially valued are almost invariably small, and of an endless variety of shapes. They are brought from all parts of the world, land as well as sea—lakes, rivers, and oceans alike furnishing speci-



THE RIDDLED OYSTER-SHELL.

part of the mantle, and yellow in the other parts. The brilliancy of the colour of shell depends on the health of the mollusc, and on its food, light, and heat. Those which remain in wood, chalk, or lime have little or no colour, while those which inhabit tropical countries are often remarkable for their beauty and

mens to the collection. They are called 'cabinet shells.' Even Australia is continually ransacked for the obtaining of new varieties. 'I have been shown,' says Mr. Mayhew, 'a shell of the snail kind, found in the woods of New Holland, and purchased by a dealer for two pounds, on which he confidently reckoned to make a considerable profit.' I have been informed that there is not a river in England but contains valuable shells; that even in the Thames there are shells worth from ten shillings to one pound each. Although 'cabinet' shells are collected from all parts, yet by far the greater number come from the Indian Ocean. They are generally collected by the natives, who sell them to captains and mates of vessels trading to those parts, and very often to sailors, all of whom frequently speculate to a con-



THE CLIONA.

siderable extent in these things, and have no difficulty in disposing of them as soon as they arrive in this country, for there is not a shell-dealer in London who has not a regular staff of persons stationed at Gravesend to board the home-bound ships at the Nore, and sometimes as far off as the Downs, for the purpose of purchasing shells. It usually happens that when three or four of these persons meet on board the same ship, an animated competition takes place, so that the shells on board are generally bought up long before the ship arrives in London. Many persons from this country go out to various parts of the world for the sole purpose of procuring shells, and they may be found from the Western coast of Africa to the shores of New South Wales, along the Persian Gulf, in Ceylon, the Malaccas, China, and the Islands of the Pacific, where they employ the natives in dredging the bed of the ocean, and are by this means continually adding to the almost innumerable varieties which are already known. The manufacture of shell bracelets is one of the indigenous arts of Bengal, in which the caste of Sankari at Decca excel. The *chanks* of which they are made are large concave shells, from six to seven inches long, and of a pure white colour. They are imported into Calcutta from Ramnad and South India, opposite to Ceylon, and from the Maldivé Islands."

"I confess," said I, "that I had no idea of such a string of facts being produced in answer to my question. What other topic is there on which you can now enlighten me?"

"I think," said Wilton, "it will suffice for the present to remark, that a very curious chapter of natural history might be written on the enemies of shelled creatures. Among those of oysters, for example, is the race of sea-stars, and of these the cross-fish is especially voracious. The oyster fishermen fancy that the cross-fish loses its rays in consequence of its oyster-hunting propensities; that, insinuating cunningly an arm between the gaping shells, in order to whip out the tempting morsel, it is overmatched by the oyster's instinct; it closes the shell, and holds fast the aggressive ray. What then does the sea-star do? It prefers leaving its ray in the grip of the oyster to a death by so humble a creature; emulating, in fact, the warrior, who, finding 'the struggle vain,' then promptly flung

his arms away,
And safety sought in flight."

Link gives a vignette representing the mode of attack, with the motto, '*Sic struit insidias*,' which we may thus English—'Caught in his own trap,' or, in algebraic phrase—'Minus a ray, minus an oyster;' a double loss, like that of the dog carrying a piece of meat over a brook, which you and I read in our childhood, but may not have profited by it as we ought in the days of our 'wisdom-teeth.' Sea-stars may frequently be found feeding on their prey, though unprovided with an oyster knife. They clasp the oyster with their rays, and seem to suck it out of its shell, 'with their mouths pouting out the lobes of the stomach.' They can project the central parts of their stomachs in the manner of a proboscis. In some instances, these creatures seem to act, like poachers, in bands. A naturalist observed on the sea-shore, when the tide, having retired, had left only a few inches of clear water on the sand, numbers of sea-stars rolling about in compact balls, five or six being fastened together by the interlacing of their rays. In the centre of one of these living circles, he saw a



THE DRILLS.

large, oyster-looking creature, grasped closely round, the shells were partially open, the mouth of each sea-star was in contact with their edge, while between the shells were inserted bladders, so to speak, some as large as filberts and others the size of peas, through which oozed an acrid fluid, paralysing and killing the oyster, by which the banquet was secured."

"Many thanks, Wilton," said I; "I gratefully accept the triumphs of the sea-star as the *finale*."

"As you are so thankful," he replied, "you shall have one more fact, as a *bonus*. There is a sponge-like creature, called the *Cliona*, provided with little drills, and with these it so riddles the shells of an oyster as often to make a meal of the inmate."

(To be continued.)

Chemical Experiments.

IRON IN THE BLOOD.

PERHAPS you have been told that iron exists in the blood; not only in the blood is it found, but in the flesh also, and the hair likewise.

I shall describe an experiment now, by which you may demonstrate the existence of iron in any of these things; but you must not imagine I am going to give you a process by which the iron can be obtained bodily, and made evident in its ordinary condition to the eye. That could be done, too; but the operation would be far too difficult for any person save a professed chemist—who, in his turn, would not take the trouble, resting perfectly content with the much simpler operation I am now about to describe.

By way of introduction to our experiment, however, I must explain to you that not always do chemists actually obtain the bodies concerning the presence of which they are assured. Perhaps when they do, it must be considered an exceptional case; at any rate, one may rest quite assured as to the existence of iron anywhere, without giving ourselves the trouble of extracting the iron.

Do you not remember that when, in the prosecution of our dyeing experiments, we desired to make a tint of Prussian blue, we accomplished our desire by bringing yellow prussiate of potash into contact with acetate of iron? Any salt of iron would have done—any ordinary salt, I mean; wherefore, if we can get any material out of blood which, when brought into contact with yellow prussiate of potash, affects the latter blue, the affecting substance necessarily must contain iron. Well, having put a little blood into an earthen crucible—you have not a crucible of platinum or of silver, I suppose; and an iron spoon would confuse the operation—apply heat until all the blood is charred, and nothing more burns away. Next pour the ashes resulting into a clean cup, moisten them with a few drops of pure spirit of salt, then add

some pure water—distilled water, I mean—and, lastly, a solution of prussiate of potash. I have not the slightest doubt that a pure blue colour will result, and I know very well that such a result is only compatible with the existence of iron in the material operated upon. The young chemical student cannot generally bring himself to repose faith in these indirect tests of the presence of different bodies. He will not study chemistry very long, however, without feeling assured that such indirect tests are far better than the process of actually getting the substance operated upon.

Having shown you how to demonstrate the presence of iron in the blood by means of yellow prussiate of potash, it may now be added that tincture of gall nuts might have been substituted for yellow prussiate of potash. With tincture of gall nuts, however, we should no longer have had a blue, but a black colour—we should have had veritable writing ink, in point of fact.

Considering that the blood contains iron, it is a remarkable fact that chemists have not yet been able to determine the exact condition in which the iron exists. Inasmuch as the blood is red, and rust of iron is red, people formerly jumped at the conclusion that the redness of blood depended solely on iron. Modern experiment has by no means confirmed that view of the case. Physiologists, at this time, do not venture to express themselves with confidence respecting the cause of blood-redness.

As we set out by demonstrating the existence of one curious substance in the blood, we will finish, if you please, by demonstrating the presence of another, not only in blood, but in wool, feathers, and indeed almost every soft animal body. The substance to which I now advert is brimstone. It exists almost everywhere throughout the animal body. It may be extracted by the accomplished chemist in its own proper form, but we must content ourselves with gaining evidence of its presence in a collateral way, as we were obliged to content ourselves in the case of iron.

We will not operate upon the blood this time, but upon a feather. Having, then, procured a feather, proceed according to the following description:—Obtain a little litharge, which is a preparation of lead, warm it with a little liquor potassæ in a tea-cup, and, having allowed the litharge to subside, pour off the clear liquor into another vessel. If you immerse a feather into this liquid and heat the two, a silver spoon will suffice for the heating, though a glass tube, closed at one end, and known as a test tube, is still better; and, if the feather becomes coloured black, as it assuredly will, undoubted evidence will have been gained of the presence of sulphur in the feather, no other substances, under similar circumstances, being able to give similar appearances.

The Matron.

NO. XIX.

I HAVE been requested to give directions about preserving fruit, and I gladly comply; but I shall be rather concise, as the subject has already been touched upon in a recent number of our paper.

In the last four or five chapters I have addressed myself chiefly to those who wish to make the best of very small means. As they are engaged in a difficult task, I consider they have a great claim on my attention, and even on the subject of preserving I shall think of them first.

The general rule of weighing a pound of loaf sugar to a pound of fruit, would not suit you, who wish to economise every sixpence. You would prefer having your jam of rather an inferior colour, and making it at a cheaper rate.

The fruits which you intend to preserve should always be gathered in dry weather, and they should be used as soon as they are picked. It is a mistake to let them stand and grow stale. For any quantity of fruit, weigh half the quantity of moist sugar, but do not mix it with the fruit until you have first boiled the latter separately, then add the sugar and boil the whole for one hour. Much less boiling is generally prescribed, but it is by sufficient boiling that the jam's fermenting is prevented; and though boiling lessens the quantity, still it is an economical proceeding to boil it thoroughly, because this plan makes it keep. Besides, the more the fruit is boiled, the less sugar is required. I do not mean that you can put less than half a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, but then that is much less than is used in a common way. The best pan for preserving is one lined with earthenware. Copper pans are dangerous, for the acid of the fruit causes verdigris, if the greatest care is not observed; but with earthenware there is nothing to be feared.

I think it is not generally known that rhubarb, such as is used for tarts, makes an excellent preserve; and as rhubarb is very cheap this is an important thing to know. In making rhubarb jam, weigh the sugar (moist or loaf) as for any summer fruit, viz., half a pound to a pound of rhubarb. Boil the rhubarb for about twenty minutes; throw away the water; add the sugar to the rhubarb, and boil the whole for three quarters of an hour.

Almost all the rules I have given for economical preserving, apply to more expensive jams; but for these loaf sugar, instead of moist, can be used, and choice fruits instead of common ones, but whatever sugar is employed, I must again repeat, it is all important that the fruit should be well boiled.

The old plan of covering jams with paper dipped in brandy is quite unnecessary, for if it is properly, that is, sufficiently boiled, it only requires to be tied down with white paper; and this, in order to protect it from dust rather than with a view to keep it.

Jelly requires an equal weight of sugar; and as both red and black currant jelly are useful in illness, I add a few directions for making them.

It is not necessary to strip the fruit from the stalks for making jelly. Fill a large jar with clean, dry, fresh-gathered currants. Place the jar in a large saucepan of boiling water, on a clear fire. Let the jar remain in the saucepan for half an hour, or until the currants have dissolved into juice. Then pass the contents of the jar through a hair sieve, and to every pint of juice weigh a pound of loaf sugar. Then put juice and sugar into the preserving pan, and, on a moderate fire, simmer the whole until the scum of the sugar rises to the top. This must be removed. You will know when you have boiled the juice and sugar sufficiently, by putting a few drops of the juice to cool on a spoon; if it soon jellies, it is boiled enough, and all you have to do is to pass it through a flannel jelly bag. It should be poured into the glasses or jars in which it is to be kept while yet in a liquid state.

From the preceding remarks and directions, it will be seen that jelly is an expensive article; but those who can afford it, do well to have a little of it in the house for the use of their own families, and for that of any poor neighbour in illness. A spoonful of red currant jelly in water makes a nice cooling drink in fever, and black currant jelly is of great service in some cases of sore throat. Blackberries, apples, oranges, or mulberries—in short any fruit that yields juice plentifully—can be converted into jelly by following the rules given for black and red currant jelly. In the next chapter I shall give a few directions for making pickles in the most inexpensive manner—not that I recommend their constant use, as I am far from considering them wholesome; but in warm weather, when cold meat is sometimes preferred to hot, a little pickle is a pleasant addition, rendering the fat of meat much more palatable.

Small Change.

CALL a lady "a chicken," and ten to one she is angry at you. Tell her she is "no chicken," and twenty to one she is still angrier.

It is a very consolatory reflection that death, whilst putting an end to the enjoyments of some, terminates the sufferings of all. He is a silent, peaceful, benign genius, who rocks our second childhood to sleep in the cradle of the coffin.

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

A LANDSCAPE is the silent voice of nature, speaking in forms and colours. The artist, who can reduce these vocal visions to painted writing, has a companionship with the outward world, an enjoyment of its beauties, and a consequent sweetness in his communion with the Creator, of the most hallowing description.

A MAN who lighted his cigar with a ballad and had a headache the next day, said he had a singing in his head, and thought it must be the ballad.

In the great struggles of life, men should press ever forward. Those who cherish too much pride of ancestry, lose the race by looking always backwards.

The following colloquy took place between Counsellor Sealingwax and a witness who "would talk back."—"Do I understand you to say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?" "Yes, sir; 'cause why—she confessed she was." "And you also swear she worked for you after this confession?" "Yes, sir." "Then we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities

are confessed to you?" "Of course; how else would I get assistance from a lawyer?"

MEN of genius are often dull and heavy in society, as the blazing meteor when it descends to the earth is only a stone.

A VERY famous author, who travelled through the country a few years ago, said in his book, after his return home, that he found only one hotel where he was supplied with enough water to wash himself thoroughly. He must have been a very dirty dog.

So much of our time is preparation, so much is routine, and so much retrospect, that the pith of each man's genius contracts itself to a very few hours.

NEITHER contentment nor discontentment arises from the outward condition, but from the inward disposition.

A BOTHERING fellow, meeting a coal merchant, inquired what a chaldron of coals would come to?—The coal merchant began to consider, and knowing that the question was put to him for mere idle curiosity, deliberately answered, "Sir, if they're well burnt they'll come to ashes."

JERROLD went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled all his friends. Jerrold said to his host, on entering the room: "My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends mustered!"

He submits himself to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.

IMITATION is the sincerest flattery.

"I BELIEVE that mine will be the fate of Abel," said a wife to her husband, one day. "Why so?" inquired the husband. "Because Abel was killed by a club, and your club will kill me if you continue to go to it every night."

GREAT warriors, like great earthquakes, are mainly remembered for the mischief they have done.

WHY are sheep the most dissipated and unfortunate of animals? Because they gambol in their youth, frequent the turf, are very often blacklegs, and are universally fleeced.

KNIVES never become martyrs for the sake of their opinions, but a great many fools do.

"WHAT would you be, dearest," said Walter to his sweetheart, "if I were to press the seal of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I should be stationary."

A CORSET-MAKER advertises that she is selling her stock at a sacrifice. Probably she means of health and life.

RUSHO WIT.—At a north country inn, the boots being called, a shrimp of a lad, in rustic attire, presented himself. "Well, are you the boots?" The youth, supposing, no doubt, that the gentleman was up to a joke, replied, "No! I'm the stockings, sur." The traveller, not exactly pleased with the answer, asked him "what he meant by such a reply?" "Wha," repeated the boy, in a sort of a simple laugh, "I'm the stockings, sur." "Stockings! What do you mean by stockings, you impertinent snapper, you?" "Wha, sur," said the boy, with an unaltered countenance, "I'm under boots, so ha must be stockings, sur."

WATER is a bad thing upon the brain, but a very good one upon the stomach.

ROYAL favourites are often obliged to carry their complaisance further than they meant. They live for their master's pleasure, and they die for his convenience.

GOOD ADVICE.—Be slow in choosing a friend, and slower to change him; courteous to all; intimate with few; slight no man for poverty, nor esteem any one for his wealth.

WOULDEST THOU BE BEAUTIFUL?

WOULDEST thou indeed be beautiful,
Though thou shouldst sacrifice
All other charms more worthy praise
To that one gift of price?

WOULDEST thou indeed be beautiful
When beauty fades so soon?
Beauty is woman's weakest charm,
And nature's poorest boon.

WOULDEST have a cheek of morning hue,
A star-like, beaming eye,
A rosebud lip and ringlets soft?
These change, and fade, and die.

Beauty may win thee, for a day,
The prize of many hearts;
But never will it send for thee
The ties that love imparts.

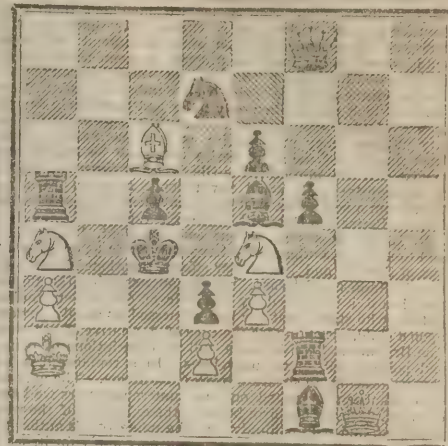
It will not find a friend more firm,
Or make a heart more true;
Its greatest charm is novelty;
Then give it but its due;

And wish not to be beautiful;
But ask a lasting grace,
Attractions that the angels see
In each sweet, loving face.

Chess.

Problem No. 57. By Mr. M. LANCASTER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Game played between Messrs. WORMALD and FENDAR at the third meeting of the West Yorkshire Chess Association, at Halifax.

WHITE.

Mr. Wormald.

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to B 3
3. B to Q Kt 5
4. B to Q R 4
5. P to Q 4
6. B to Q Kt 3
7. Castles
8. P to Q 5
9. B to K Kt 5
10. B takes Kt
11. Q Kt to B 3
12. Q Kt to K 2
13. P to Q B 4
14. Q Kt to K R 3
15. P to K R 5
16. Q to K 2
17. K Kt to K R 4
18. K Kt to B 5
19. Q to Q 2
20. P to K B 4
21. Kt takes B
22. P to K B 5
23. Kt takes P
24. R takes B
25. Q R to K B sq
26. R takes R
27. Q to K B 2
28. Q to K R 4
29. P takes P
30. B to Q sq
31. B to K Kt 4
32. R to K R 5
33. P to Q R 3 (e)
34. K to R sq
35. B to K 6
36. P to K Kt 4
37. K to Kt 2
38. B to K B 5 (ch)
39. R takes R P
40. Q to K R 5 (ch)
41. P to K R 4
42. R to K R 7
43. R to K 6

BLACK.

Mr. Fendar.

1. P to K 4
2. Q Kt to B 3
3. P to Q R 3
4. K Kt to B 2
5. P to Q Kt 4
6. B to Q 3 (a)
7. Q to K 2
8. Kt to Q sq
9. P to K R 3
10. Q takes B
11. Castles
12. P to Q B 4
13. B to K 2
14. P to Q 3
15. Q to K Kt 3
16. P to K B 3 (b)
17. Q to K B 2
18. K to B 2
19. R to K Kt sq
20. P to K Kt 3
21. Q takes Kt
22. P takes K B P
23. B takes Kt
24. R to K Kt 4
25. R takes R
26. Kt to Q Kt 2
27. R to K B sq
28. Q to K Kt 2
29. P takes P
30. P to Q B 5
31. Kt to Q sq (d)
32. Ks to K B 3
33. Kt to K Kt 4 (f)
34. Kt to K B 2 (g)
35. R to K Kt sq (h)
36. R to K B sq
37. Kt to K Kt 4 (i)
38. K to Kt sq
39. K to B 2
40. K to K 2
41. Kt to K B 2
42. Q to K Kt sq

Resigns.

(a) This defence gives Black a cramped position. But has he any better move? If he play P takes P, White replies with P to K 5, with a powerful attack.—(b) Had he advanced the Pawn to K B 4, White might have replied with P takes Q Kt P, threatening Kt takes P, &c.—(c) To prevent Black from dislodging K Kt with the K Kt P.—(d) His only move to save his K R P.—(e) An all important move, as will be seen shortly.—(f) Well played; tempting White to check and win the K R P.—(g) His only move to avoid loss.—(h) Again his only move.—(i) Black's moves are now exhausted; the K R P which has had so long the point of attack must fall.

Solution of Problem No. 49.

WHITE.

1. Q to K 6 (ch)
2. R takes Kt (ch)
3. B mates

BLACK.

1. K takes Q (a)
2. Any move

(a)

2. B to K R 5
3. Q or B mates

1. K takes B
2. Any move

Solution of Problem No. 50.

WHITE.

1. Q to K B 6
2. Kt to Q B 4
3. Either Kt mates

BLACK.

1. R takes Q
2. Any move

Black has other defences, but none to delay the mate beyond the third move.

Our Editorial Table.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

IN order that no difficulty might attend the procuring of the back numbers of our New Series, we have kept them continually in print, without extra charge. As these reprints, however, are attended with so much additional cost as to entail considerable loss, we propose, as soon as Mr. J. F. Smith's exciting tale of "Smiles and Tears" is completed, to discontinue the issue of the back numbers of Vol. I., New Series, which will be then only to be had completely bound in the volume. Our readers are therefore requested to order any numbers they may require as soon as possible. Any back number of the New Series may now be had at one penny, and any number of the Old Series at three halfpence, as heretofore; and should any difficulty arise in procuring them from a bookseller, postage stamps can be forwarded to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard.

R. L. T.—In answer to our correspondent, "R. L. T.," and to numerous others, who have written to us on the subject of the root and its peculiar effects, mentioned in chapter 62 of "Smiles and Tears," we can only say that the author first heard it described by the wife of one of our Indian judges, who stated that she had witnessed its deadly powers upon a child, placed under the care of a relative of her own. The Brahminical writings are full of descriptions of drugs and poisons still more marvellous. In a romance it is not always possible to separate truth from fiction. The author, who has been consulted on the numerous letters we have received, declares his firm belief in the existence of the root described, and will willingly give the name of his authority to any scientific correspondent who may apply for it, with her address.

X. Y. Z.—"X. Y. Z.," who is at Weymouth, is in great grief, because his visit to the seaside only lasts a week longer. He dreads the idea of coming back to London, where, he says, the prospect never changes, consisting constantly of a row of brick houses; but, thanks to the tides, he says that, at Weymouth, he enjoys, from his bed-room window, an ever changing scene; and he wishes us to tell him something about these wonderful tides. We are most willing to do so. We must, however, begin by observing that it is a question on which doctors disagree; but we may safely state that the grand exciting cause of the tides is the force called attraction, the moon being the chief among the agents through which it acts. The moon, in her orbit, or journey round the earth, souths (as astronomers call it) on every meridian fifty-two minutes later one day than the other. The tides are only created when the moon is about two hours from the meridian. Thus, influenced by the moon, they happen fifty-two minutes later one day than the preceding one. Twice, in every day of twenty-four hours, the water advances and recedes; and thus, at least, one opportunity is given to "X. Y. Z.," and to all who visit the coast, to follow the retiring waves, and examine some portion of the wonders of the sea. But "X. Y. Z.," and all his friends, must beware of being so engrossed in the occupation as to forget that the sea flows as well as ebbs, and that tide and time wait for no man.

CHARLES VERNON.—The marriage in a registrar's office is a civil contract, quite as binding in point of law as marriage in a church. The parties to whom you allude must have been guilty of perjury in the false statements they made as to their age, or the registrar would not have joined them in wedlock. As they were, however, both marriageable, according to the act of parliament, their union cannot now be dissolved, though they are themselves liable to a criminal indictment.

INQUIRER.—The term "blue stocking," applied to certain ladies of literary taste, has been traced to the Society della Calza, formed at Venice in 1400, the members of which, when they met, were distinguished by the colour of their stockings, blue being the colour which particularly prevailed. The title rejected in 1590, crossed the Alps, and found a congenial soil in Parisian society, where it was used as the brand of female pedantry; it then came to England, and for some time marked the vanity of certain female literary coteries.

LEONIDAS.—Water was first conveyed to London by leaden pipes in 1237, during the reign of Henry II. The New River water was brought to London by Sir Hugh Middleton, in 1613. It was conveyed to the streets through wooden pipes, and through small leaden ones to the houses.

FANNY.—You are under a great mistake regarding the antiquity of the Prussian throne. The kingdom of Prussia only dates from 1701. Its first king was Frederick. To him succeeded Frederick II., surnamed the Great, since whom three Frederick Williams have ascended the throne of Prussia. The crown of France is, on the contrary, the most ancient in Europe. If we reckon the Buonaparte Family as a dynasty, we must assign five dynasties to French history. We begin with Clovis, A.D. 481, to Childeric III., 742; the Carolingian, from Pepin, 751, to Louis V., 986; the Capetian, from Hugh Capet, 987, to Charles IV., 1321; the Valois, from Philip VI., 1328, to Henry III., 1574; the Bourbons, from 1589 to 1848. But our readers must bear in mind that the sway of the Bourbons was interrupted by Republican and Imperial rule. In 1789, the French Revolutionists abolished monarchy; in 1804 the first Napoleon was crowned Emperor of France; in 1815 the Bourbons regained the crown, in the person of Louis XVIII., and lost it in that of Louis Philippe, in 1848. On the deposition of the last King of the French, a Republic was proclaimed. This lasted till 1852, when Louis Napoleon (the reigning monarch), nephew of Napoleon I., was elected Emperor of the French, under the title of Napoleon III., the deceased son of the first Emperor being looked upon as Napoleon II.

A BAYLEAF.—True; windows do not seem to come to us from the Latin, Norman, or Saxon language. It is supposed to be taken from the Welsh term, *ymyd dor*, a door for the wind. A window is still called *windor* in Lancashire.

OSBERT, MARION, ANXIOUS MARY, PORTEUS, R. P., CECILE.—In Hindostan the accent is on the last syllable. Do not talk of "trusting to fate." Trust in Providence and do your duty, viz., refuse to give your hand to one man while

your heart is another's.—We disapprove of spirits of camphor for the complexion. You will find the subject treated in a recent number of our paper.—Apply at respectable shops.—"Cecile" will find sound and suitable advice by attentively perusing "Hopes and Helps for the Young," an article published weekly in this paper.

THE ARCTIC CRUSOE.—Copper is used to alloy gold coin, in order that it may be rendered sufficiently hard to stand the wear to which it is exposed. The amount of copper used in sovereigns is in the proportion of one to twelve. Of this alloy twenty troy pounds are coined into 934 sovereigns and one half-sovereign. The standard silver of our coin is an alloy of eleven ounces, two pennyweights of pure silver, and eighteen pennyweights of copper to the pound troy, and this weight is coined into sixty-six shillings.

B. T. F. C., RENWICK WILLIAMS, BEATRICE ISABEL AGNES SINCLAIR, Y. Y. Y., OCIELLA.—We cannot approve of your acting in defiance of your parents' wishes, besides, we are convinced that by so doing you would bring unhappiness on yourself, and on the young lady. In other respects we do not consider the circumstances you mention as hindrances to a happy union.—At your age indigestion often occasions an irregular circulation of the blood; we can only recommend great attention to your general health.—If you are young yourself, choose the young suitor; if advanced in years, take the old gentleman.—Moles are beauty spots; but even if they were not so, you could not with safety attempt their removal.—All depends on the circumstances of your first suitor. If you are likely to have to wait some years before "he is able to keep you," we advise you, supposing you are not seriously in love with, nor actually engaged to him, to give the decided preference to the man who can marry you immediately. By politely refusing the sweetmeats, you do not commit any breach of etiquette.

A WOULD-BE ACTOR had better think again before he acts. OLD DOG TRAY.—The affinity you name is not one of those forbidden by law.—Undine is pronounced as if spelt, Unden.

JOHAN.—You may obtain a judicial separation, but you are not at liberty to marry again, unless you can prove an act of infidelity. C. K. N.: See No. 25, page 400.—MAJOR HAWLEY: See No. 32, page 96.

T. W. R. should study a more courteous style. *Arbroath*, a contraction of *Aberbrothwick*, is the name of a town in Scotland, in the county of Forfar, at the mouth of the rivulet Brothie, from which its name comes. It is 58 miles N. E. of Edinburgh.

A. B. C.—See No. 29, page 48. NEMO.—Times of starting and fares vary so frequently, that you had better obtain the most recent railway guide, or the list last published by the company whose train you wish to employ.

G. H.—We believe the company about which you inquire, to be every way entitled to confidence.

A. B. C.—The operation of the "Forbes Mackenzie Act" is at present confined to Scotland.

DAHLIA.—"Dahlia," who has been reading "Peveril of the Peak," wishes to know how the Isle of Man became annexed to the British crown. It was sold to the reigning monarch by the Duke of Athol, who obtained it by inheritance from the Earl of Derby.

G. RANDALL, GOODNESS, T. G. X. W. W., ELIZA BOORN, A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—"Are you going to come?" is inadmissible: "Are you coming?" is the correct mode of expression.—A lady's assuming a gentleman's apparel is highly indecorous, and might, under certain circumstances, be indictable.—You must not expect perfection, for you are evidently very far from perfect yourself. Should any young girl who is steady, industrious, and good tempered, be willing to accept you, we advise you to marry her without delay, and by unremitting kindness and attention to prove you are worthy of her.—Wash your feet every morning in tepid water, and change your stockings daily. Do not attempt by any quack medicines or applications to check the perspiration, as you might thereby bring on serious, if not fatal illness.—Love only brings happiness when it is mutual, and we frankly own it is very unlikely that the gentleman, for whom you entertain such passionate regard, would be disposed to become your lover and suitor while you continue completely uneducated. Instead of wasting your time in watching for any man, settle down seriously to improve yourself in writing and spelling. When you feel you have made some progress, consult us again, and you shall have our best advice.

M. S.—"M. S.," whose cold and haughty manner has lost her the chance of an offer of marriage, can only determine to make herself more agreeable. Under present circumstances, it would be inconsistent with feminine dignity to make any advances to her former lover.

W. W.—Sugar was not known in Europe till about 1150; but the use of honey is of very ancient date.

KATE'S LOVER, A. C., ANNIE ARMETTE, A. J. S., ELLA BROSE, MOSS-ROSE BUD.—We greatly admire all the domestic qualities which you tell us are possessed by Kate, and we trust that your friends will soon learn to do her justice.—The hair is of a bonny brown.—Keep up your spirits; you have lost no time as yet. You see you are not so completely isolated but that our Paper finds you out, and most likely a good suitor will also find you out. Very likely you are difficult to please.—Alas! time turns dark hair light but too soon.—The inconsistency you describe is quite excusable; it would justify you in giving up the lady.—An ear for tune is not necessary for success in dancing. If you have an ear for time, we advise you to learn to dance, for the sake of exercise and pleasure.—If the gentleman is ashamed of devoting himself to you in company, we advise you to reject all his private proofs of regard.

Z.—You say you are tormented by moths. To drive them away, place an open bottle, containing spirits of turpentine, in your wardrobe.

ELIZABETH.—Your case is a serious one, and we have given it much consideration; the result of which is that we advise you to be frank. If your suitor is the generous man you describe him to be, he will admire the courage and

self-sacrifice that prompted your avowal, and, conscious of his own weaknesses, he may overlook yours. At any rate, you have little chance of securing happiness by continuing to deceive one who has every right to your confidence.

J. N., CLARE FITZHERBERT, JENNY L., MAUDE BLANCHE, (2nd) MOSS-ROSE BUD, BELLE ARNETTE, PURPLE VIOLET.—A lady is excusable who breaks off an engagement with a gentleman, and refuses to give her reasons for so doing.—A clergyman who has been a deacon for one year can be ordained a priest.—Of the couple to be married, the lady or the gentleman must have remained three weeks in the parish in which the marriage is to be solemnised, even though the marriage is to be by license. We do not consider eight years too great a disparity, provided it is the gentleman who is the senior.—The lock forwarded for our inspection is decidedly of fair hair.—Endeavour to gain the gentleman's affections by deserving them.—May you long continue in your innocence, and never have anything to blush for.—If the ring is considered by our correspondent as a token of engagement, she should wear it on the third finger of the right hand; but, if no declaration accompanied the gift, we fear it can only be looked upon as an unmeaning attention.—In eighteen months a gentleman should have made up his mind; and if, in this protracted period, he has neither had courage nor resolution to do so, we consider him unworthy of a place in a young lady's affections.

W. F. LAIDLAW.—You should endeavour to procure a letter of introduction from some mutual friend. If no such friend exists, be ever on the alert to show the young ladies parents some delicate attention. Only persevere, and you are sure to find some means of forming the wished-for acquaintance, without infringing on the rules of etiquette. No importance should be attached to sentiments contained in valentines.

JUNO.—The origin of the saying, "Let the cat out of the bag" was as follows:—It was formerly the trick of a countryman to substitute a cat for a sucking-pig, and bring "poor puss" to market in a bag. A discovery of the cheat gave rise to the expression, "letting the cat out of the bag," or causing premature disclosure.

EVA.—A young lady, travelling alone, should not encourage the advances of gentlemen towards acquaintanceship; but good breeding requires that polite attentions should be politely received.

ALICE.—"Alice" complains, and with reason, of a gentleman who, in the company of a lady, does nothing but pour over a book or a newspaper. "Alice's" acquaintance must be a man of very bad taste to prefer a book to a lady's conversation; and he must be very indifferent to etiquette, thus to indulge his bad taste.

SENSITIVE.—Sensitive wishes to know how to keep young men constant. We think she should at least limit her aspirations to her own individual swain. If she teaches him fidelity she will have achieved a triumph, for hear what a poet says on this subject:—

"Find me an end unto a ring,
Turn water back unto its spring,
Make heaven stand still and mountains fly,
Then bring a man to constancy."

ERNESTINE.—Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, was the author of the celebrated moral work called "Telemachus." Fenelon was born in 1651, and died in 1700.

MEALY-MOUTHED.—Dr. Johnson supposes the term "mealy-mouthed" to be taken from animals who, having sore or tender mouths, are unable to grind their grain, and must, therefore, be fed with meal. Used metaphorically it means soft-mouthed, unable to speak freely.

C. E. R.—The 45 numbers of the "Art Treasures Exhibition" will cost you 3s. 9d., postage 8d. You can have them sent to your address by post, on remitting 4s. 5d. to the publishers.

VANDYKE.—You may depend on the fidelity of the likenesses of our "Living Celebrities." You are mistaken as to the authorship of "Hope Evermore."

JUSTITIA.—The mother's appeal must be to the Poor Law Guardians of the parish.

H. C. SREER.—Your question concerning the mode of painting slides for magic lanterns was answered long ago.—The name *Anstralsia* was first given to the fifth great division of the world by De Broses, a French counsellor, about the year 1766. It is now generally called *Australia*. Captain Cook first made known the East Coast of *Australia* in 1770. Numerous discoveries have since been made.

T. C. P.—The answer we gave was on good authority; but an unaccountable degree of mystery envelops the subject; and those who should be the best informed are unable to say for certain in what part of the British dominions the man who saved them from foreign invasion, the man who alone could cope with Napoleon Buonaparte—in a word, the great Wellington—first saw the light.

JOHN BRIGET.—Henry VIII. was a Tudor. We decline furnishing particulars as to poisons.

S. KITSON T.—You ask "at what age ought females to begin courting." We answer, never, as "they should be wooed and not unsought be won."

JOHN SIMON.—The tale "Dick Tarleton" commenced in No. 106 and ended in No. 146; that of "The Soldier of Fortune" commenced in No. 68 and ended in No. 105.

DUNCOMBE.—First give your plaster figure a coating of linseed oil; next a coating of dark green paint mixed up chiefly with spirits of turpentine. While this second coating is yet in a clammy state, on the most prominent parts, those which, if the article were really bronze, are most likely to be worn bright, apply with a dabber of cotton or a camel's hair pencil a little metallic bronze powder.

** We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. II.—No. 36.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

'Tis said that the lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity;
And the power on high that can shield the good,
Thus from the tyrant of the wood,
Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well
From the hands of the leaguering infidel.—BYRON.

"How is it," exclaimed our hero, "that I find you thus disguised? and why are you absent from your regiment? What has occurred?"

"I am starving," replied Mark, in a hoarse voice;

"give me food; I have not tasted any these three days!"

Like most travellers in India, the friends were well provided, and Jack hastily set before him an abundant supply.

"But one word," added Richard, "to relieve my anxiety—Lillian?"

"Well when I left her," answered the hungry man, ravenously seizing on the first morsel presented to him, and devouring it like a famished wolf.

Having appeased his appetite at last, Mark Rayner, although he still continued to cast longing glances at the remnants of the repast which Jack was replacing in the saddle bags, intimated his readiness to relate the circumstances which had taken place since the departure of the 61st from Calcutta.

Day by day the disguised soldier described the march of the regiment till it arrived at the village where the treacherous attack was made. When he came to the escape through the blazing jungle, and the refuge within the walls of the temple, the admira-

tion and excitement of his hearers broke forth in words they could no longer repress.

"Gallant fellows!" exclaimed the lieutenant, his professional pride deeply gratified by the narrative. "Sir Charles has proved himself worthy to command them."

"And Lillian," inquired Richard, who thought less of the glory his countrymen had won than of her danger: "how did she bear the horrors of such a scene?"

"I cannot tell you how nobly," replied Mark, his feelings warming at the recollection; "and they were no common terrors that assailed her, for she and Lady Bell had both heard of the fearful massacre of Cawn-pore, and knew the fate that would await them should they fall into the hands of their enemies. But they were prepared to meet it," he added, solemnly.

"How prepared?" demanded his hearers, in a tone of surprise.

"I ought to have said escape it," answered the soldier in a whisper, "by death. Rose told me that



THE ATTACK UPON THE RUINED TOWER.

she overheard Lady Bell exact a solemn promise from your friend, Mr. Wharton, not to suffer them to fall alive into the power of the rebels."

The lover bit his lips to repress his strong emotion. More than once he essayed to speak, but a rising something in his throat choked his utterance.

"It would have been murder," sobbed Jack Manders; "and yet I could not have blamed the noble gentleman."

"A sacrifice, rather," observed the lieutenant, "and one which, if heaven did not approve, its mercy might have pardoned. Noble, generous Wharton, thank Heaven, he was not called upon to carry out his fatal promise!"

"Who can tell what has since occurred?" exclaimed our hero, mournfully. "The attack may have been renewed with more success, and their defenders slain, or pitiless hunger may have done the work of the sword."

"Little fear of the latter," answered Mark, hopefully. "The place was well provisioned, for the villagers had driven most of their cattle to the temple for security."

"Is the building a strong one?" inquired Marsh.

The husband of Rose described it in terms sufficiently clear to make the old soldier comprehend the advantages it afforded for defence.

"I would risk my life," he exclaimed, "that it is still holding out; our gallant fellows would keep the place against any force that was not backed by artillery. There lies the only danger."

"Had the rajah any cannon?" eagerly demanded Richard, turning to the disguised trooper.

"I believe not, sir."

"And his fort?"

"Appeared a straggling place of no great strength."

These and many similar questions had to be answered before Mark was permitted to renew his narrative, which proved to be one of extreme suffering and privation.

For days after quitting the temple he had wandered, without daring to trust to the protection of his disguise, through the wood and jungle, avoiding the villages by day, and sleeping at night in the branches of some lofty tree, for the possession of which more than once he had to combat with the ferocious jaguar. When driven by hunger to approach some isolated dwelling, he had rested but a few instants; but, the cravings of hunger once satisfied, he had returned to the shelter of the woods again.

It was a painful task, as well as a dangerous one, that Mark Rayner had undertaken; but a double motive urged and animated him: the first was the recovery of the good opinion of Sir Charles; the second, and strongest one, the safety of Rose, whose fate was involved in that of her mistress and the regiment. Whenever he found his courage failing, the recollection of all his wife had endured for his sake reanimated him, and he pressed forward, trusting against dangers that might have appalled the strongest nerves, and hoping almost against hope.

At last the perseverance of the wanderer was rewarded; and, just as his overtaken powers of endurance gave way, he encountered the first division of the avenging force on its march towards Delhi.

His melancholy message was soon told.

The intelligence that the gallant 01st were beleaguered in their solitary position by overwhelming numbers of the rebels, deeply moved the officer who commanded the advancing troops; but he could do nothing without orders from General Anson, to whom he forwarded the messenger. The decision of the former was prompt and soldierly. The regiment must be relieved at any risk, and Mark was once more despatched with promises of speedy succour. Worn as he was, the brave fellow readily undertook the task; and had proceeded thus far on his return, when Providence made him the instrument of preserving the life of our hero.

It was some time after he had concluded his narrative before his hearers, who had listened with breathless attention, could find words to express their admiration of his fidelity and endurance.

Richard was the first to speak.

"You have acted nobly, Mark," he said; "and whatever your past errors, your present conduct has redeemed them. Rose may well be proud of her husband. I no longer wonder at her enduring confidence and love; but tell me," he added, "and candidly, for I have a heart nerved to bear the worst of evils, rather than suspense, what think you are the chances that Sir Charles and his gallant band have been enabled to hold out?"

"I regard it as certain," replied the messenger, "against any force unprovided with artillery, and even then the struggle would be a desperate one; not a man in the 01st but would sell his life dearly."

"There is no fear of a surrender, then," said the lieutenant.

"You forget, sir, there are women with them," answered the disguised trooper, gloomily.

"Right!" exclaimed the soldier, "the question was a needless one; how far is the temple from this place?"

"For troops about ten days' march."

"We can accomplish it in three," observed Richard, eagerly. "Counsellor—guardian—friend, let us not lose an instant. Heart and brain are both on fire till I know whether I have a hope to defend or a life to throw away."

A consultation was held as to the best means of providing Mark, whom it would have been cruelty to have abandoned, with a horse.

"Leave that to me," exclaimed Jack Manders, in a tone of confidence. "You remember the house where we purchased rice and fowls this morning?"

Both his companions recollected it.

"Well," continued the speaker, "the owner of it has a powerful, vicious-looking brute—something like the one the major used to ride in Calcutta. I noticed it tethered in the field. It is not more than an hour's ride from here; wait, and I'll undertake to bring it back with me."

His companions insisted on accompanying him—the more especially as Mark, who knew the country, informed them that, by retracing their path a few miles, they might avoid several large villages whose inhabitants had joined the rebels, and at the same time shorten their journey by a day.

They had not proceeded far when a sudden turn in the jungle brought them within pistol-shot of the owner of the animal they were in search of. The fellow was mounted on its back, and had evidently been following their track; with what intentions might easily be guessed, for he was armed to the teeth.

At the sight of the three friends, he would have turned bridle and fled, but more than one ride covered him.

"Are ye robbers?" he demanded, trying to conceal his fear.

"Have we not paid you for the food we bought?" replied the lieutenant; "robbers are not generally so honest."

"We require your horse," added our hero, impetuously; "name the sum at which you estimate him, and it shall be counted down to you."

"I won't sell him," answered the Hindoo, sullenly.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Mark Rayner—who had approached nearer to the horseman than his companions—"but it belongs to the 01st! I can swear to him, even at this distance."

This exclamation, which was imprudently uttered in English, at once confirmed the suspicions of the Indian, who, levelling a pistol at the speaker, shot him in the left arm; fortunately, the wound proved only to be a flesh one, and was speedily avenged. A ball from Jack's revolver settling not only the first account, but the question of the ownership of the horse, which the marksman caught by the bridle as its rider fell from it.

Richard and the lieutenant dismounted, and bound up Mark's arm with their handkerchiefs.

"It is nothing," said the wounded man, smiling cheerfully. "An hour since I felt as if I could give up life without a struggle; I can defend it now," he added, "for I feel once more that I have something to live for."

Arming himself with the weapons of the dead man, the speaker leaped into the vacant saddle, and the party resumed their journey anxiously but hopefully, for Providence seemed to be watching over them. As they proceeded on their way more than one mental prayer was offered up for the safety of the helpless women whose fate hung trembling in the balance.

It is now time that we returned to the cell in which Lillian was confined, awaiting the return of her persecutor.

Here we may be permitted to remark how simple, yet inscrutable are the means by which the All-directing Power, which holds the universe in its span, controls the strong will and actions of humanity, working all things to its own end. An insect passing from one district to another, may bear contagion and death upon its wings, and the inhaling of a flower produce madness.

When Al Moorad entered the cell at the expiration of the hours he had granted his victim for reflection, he found her suffering from one of those pestilential fevers whose ravages in a few hours break the spell of beauty and reduce the sufferer to the brink of the grave.

Lillian appeared perfectly conscious of the fatal malady which had seized her, and saw him approach

without fear—almost without a shudder; for the wing of the angel of death hovered over her, and its shadow was a protection.

"My prayer has been heard," she said; "and He in whom I trusted has displayed his power."

"What mean you?" he demanded.

"Approach and read an answer in the fever that consumes me," replied the fair girl, tottering from her couch till she stood directly under the light of the brazen lamp, which partially illumined her prison. "Aye, gaze upon me," she added; "contemplate your work. Approach—I fear you not, for my touch is death. Affection would fly from me—how much more lawless passion!"

"At least I shall have the consolation of knowing," muttered the disappointed Hindoo, "that thou hast never been another's, that the hated Tyrrell—"

On hearing the name of her lover, the suffering girl uttered a shriek so loud and piercing that it echoed through the vaulted passages. Reason, which till that moment had maintained its balance, gave way, and she fell into wild and incoherent ravings.

"I am death's bride!" she exclaimed. "No living bridegroom may clasp me. Come and receive the kiss of immortality from my burning lips—come, let me lead thee to the grave—peace, peace is there."

Terrified at the approach of his victim, the banker retreated towards the door of the cell. Lillian followed him with a scornful and triumphant laugh, for, even in her madness, she marked his terror.

"My tomb will avenge me," she added; "it shall send forth pestilence and desolation. Only to think, the hunter caught in his own snare!"

Unable longer to endure the horror of the scene, Al Moorad rushed from the prison, and sought the apartment of Nadir. It was some time before he could make the old man understand the cause of his terror.

"It is the will of the goddess," observed the latter, "and must be submitted to. I cannot vanquish death."

"Father," said his confederate, passionately, "thou knowest how devotedly I love this girl—how I have risked wealth, station, life to obtain her. To see her snatched from me, just as the prize was within my reach, is more than I can bear. Out of thy wisdom—and thou hast many secrets—find me the means to save her."

The Brahmin remained impassable, and made no answer to his appeal.

"Save her," repeated the speaker, "and half my wealth shall pay the ransom of her life."

The old man slowly repeated the word "half."

"All, then, take all! Leave me a beggar if thou wilt; I can welcome poverty, if Lillian share it with me."

"I must first see the Christian girl," observed the priest. "If the fever proves not too far advanced, my knowledge may do much. But there is a stage," he added, "beyond which all remedies are useless."

Rising from his seat, Nadir accompanied Al Moorad back to the cell where he had left Lillian. They found her senseless upon the pallet to which she had staggered back.

"Raise her," said the Brahmin.

His companion hesitated; the love of life was stronger even than his passions, although he was their slave.

"And yet you love," continued the old man, in an ironical tone.

Without the slightest symptom of hesitation or fear the speaker placed his fingers upon the pulse of Lillian, and counted its beatings; then raised the lids of her half-closed eyes, and examined them anxiously.

"Speak! is there hope?" demanded the banker.

"There is; but so frail, the slightest breath, the gossamer's weight would break it. You must avoid her presence; should reason return, and the girl recognise you, all the wisdom of our race were powerless to save her."

His confederate eyed him suspiciously.

"As you please," said the Brahmin, preparing to depart. "I speak not twice."

"Forgive me. I will be obedient, follow like a child thy slightest behests; it was a momentary hesitation."

"Say rather a suspicion," replied the priest, who, with his usual cunning, had easily divined what was passing in his mind; "but I forgive thee. Follow me."

"Where to?"

"The cell of Kehoda. When the maiden wakes from the deep slumber into which the draught I am about to prepare will cast her, the first voice which falls upon her ear must be a friendly one; the first features that meet her gaze, those she has been accustomed to, or madness may be the consequence."

"Should the girl refuse to attend upon her former mistress?" observed the banker, anxiously, for he was aware of her mad passion for our hero.

"She dares not. Life is sweet," was the reply.

"I thought she was condemned?"

"I have the power of pardon," answered the priest, at the same time touching the mystic cord which hung from his shoulder.

"Will she trust your promise?"

"Kehoda knows that the word of Nadir is inviolable."

By this time the speakers had reached the prison of the Nautch girl, whom, on throwing open the door, they discovered sitting listlessly upon the ground, clad in a saffron-coloured dress—the badge of the condemned. All fire and animation had vanished from her features. It was evident that she had endured not only mental, but great bodily suffering.

As the visitors entered, the Brahmin made the peculiar sign which imposes the most absolute silence upon the votaries of Mariatele.

"Listen to me," he said.

The prisoner raised her eyes.

"Thou hast been condemned by the laws of the temple, not for violating thy vow of obedience, but seeking to violate it. Had the former been the case, not even my power could have interposed between thee and the awful doom our laws pronounce; as it is, the presence of the chief Brahmin brings mercy."

At the word "mercy" Kehoda looked up into his face doubtfully.

"On certain conditions," he added.

This time she believed him.

"The English infidels are within the walls of the upper temple," continued the old man; "but we have one of their accursed race a prisoner in our hands."

On hearing that there was an English prisoner, the Nautch girl all but broke the silence which the sign, given by the speaker when he first entered the cell, had imposed. Doubtless, she suspected that it was Richard. The Brahmin, who read her thoughts, quickly undeceived her.

"Your former mistress," he said, "whom Al Moorad loves. The deadly fire burns in her veins, and threatens the seat of life. Wilt thou undertake to tend upon her?"

Kehoda nodded her head.

"Watch her hour by hour, and minute by minute, and carry out my instructions to the letter?"

Again the prisoner made the same sign of assent.

"In that case thy forfeit life shall be spared," said the old man, "and thy past crime forgiven. I remove the seal of silence from thy lips; again it is permitted thee to speak."

The first use Kehoda made of the privilege thus unexpectedly restored to her, was to fall at the feet of the aged Brahmin and pour forth a flood of thanks, mingled with vows of fidelity for the future.

"As time proves thee," said her judge, totally unmoved by the vehemence of her protestations, "so will it judge thee."

Calling to his attendants, a crowd of whom filled the passage, he directed them to remove the chain which held the prisoner to the stone column in the centre of her cell, permitting her only sufficient space to circulate around it; his commands were instantly obeyed.

"Now follow me," he said; "I will conduct thee to thy charge."

An hour afterwards Kehoda was installed in the cell of Lillian, whom she watched over with a devotion and tenderness great as the truest affection could have inspired; and yet it was not love, but fear, which urged her, at each fresh cry, to bathe her burning brow, and soothe her ravings with endearing words. She knew that every movement she made was watched—that unseen eyes were upon her.

Meanwhile Hirim, the groom, was not an idle spectator of what was passing within the temple. Since he had mingled with the priests, and witnessed the illustration their lives afforded of their morals, the boy had lost all the superstitious reverence with which he once regarded them. His residence became hateful to him, and he determined to seize the first opportunity of escape.

It was necessary, however, to be cautious.

For some time he was aware that the chief Brahmin found some secret means of quitting the subterranean temple. This he resolved to discover; but the proceeding required caution, for his life would be the certain forfeit should he be detected.

The attempts of the poor boy were for a long time fruitless. At last it struck him that the mystery was in some manner connected with a cell reputed to be of great sanctity, into which Nadir regularly retired after the evening prayer, for the purpose of

meditation; whilst there the severest orders were given that no one should venture to disturb him.

"I can but risk it," thought the boy. "Life is not worth much held at the will of a task-master."

Armed by this reasoning, he resolved, after watching the old man to his retreat, to follow him. The place proved empty. Evidently the secret egress must be from this spot,—a careful examination of which enabled him to discover that the seat of the cell was movable. Satisfied with his first success, he withdrew.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

Presence of mind and courage in distress,
Are more than armies to procure success.

DRYDEN.

WE trust that our readers have not forgotten the sailor-boy Caleb, who for several weeks had been a close prisoner in the hands of the chief Brahmin. The hoary bigot had more than once announced his horrible intention of offering him a sacrifice to the goddess Mariatele. Great as had been the poor lad's bodily sufferings whilst on board the Caradoc, they were trivial in comparison with the mental ones he endured week after week in his solitary cell, anticipating the fate that awaited him; for Nadir, with a refinement of cruelty, had informed him of the purpose for which he was reserved.

At times, the terror of the lone captive drove him to the very verge of madness; and he doubted the justice of that Providence whose ways are veiled in clouds impenetrable to human gaze. In his calmer moments he prayed and gathered strength from that source where in affliction or danger true courage only may be found.

At first he had relied on the endeavour which he doubted not our hero and Jack would make to discover the place of his confinement. But as time rolled on, the hope gradually became fainter and fainter, till despair, then apathy, and lastly, a better feeling—resignation, supplied their place.

"I can but die," he thought, "and whether my bones rest in this den, in ocean's depths, or repose in the village churchyard where my father's lie, my soul will rise and confront my murderers before the judgment-seat."

Gradually the poor fellow brought himself to contemplate his fate with calmness—to calculate the duration of the sufferings he would have to endure before death released him from the hands of his pagan persecutors.

One night, long after the steps of the Brahmins and servitors of the temple had ceased to echo through the vaulted passages, as the prisoner lay awake, meditating these bitter fancies, he heard the chain cautiously removed from the door of his cell. He listened in breathless agitation: all again was silent, save the thick pulsations of his heart, beating like a bird against the bars of its cage; whilst darkness—impenetrable darkness, added to his terror.

After a long seclusion from light and liberty, it is extraordinary how acute the sense of hearing becomes, and sounds that are lost or disregarded amid the hum of busy life, strike on the ear with painful distinctness.

Presently, the door was partially rolled aside, and a suppressed breathing like the smothered hiss of a serpent, or some creeping thing, came stealing along the floor. Caleb had heard of the artful means by which the Brahmins destroy those they hate: he remembered the narrow escape of Richard from the fangs of the deadly cobra, and doubted not but he himself was about to be made the victim of some such hideous death.

Just as the long-suppressed shriek of agony and terror was on the point of breaking from his lips, he heard his name pronounced; and the sigh of relief that escaped him indicated to the intruder, whoever he might be, the exact spot in the dungeon to which he was chained.

"Hush!" whispered the same voice.

"Who are you?"

"A friend."

How the heart of the poor captive bounded at the word, but this time it was with joy.

"Hirim," added the speaker, creeping still closer towards him.

Caleb remembered the name of the sycee, with whom he and Jack had been on the most friendly terms, and the love of life, the hope of liberty returned.

"Hush!" repeated his visitor, in the same low, cautious tone, "do not speak till I am near to you."

In a few seconds Caleb felt the pressure of the speaker's hand upon his arm, and eagerly returned the friendly grasp. It is impossible to describe the feelings of the youth at finding himself once more the object of human sympathy. The touch,

like an electric shock, vibrated through his emaciated frame, stringing his nerves with new-born energy.

"I have risked my life to seek you," said the boy; "but I could not bear the thought of escaping alone, and leaving you to the horrible fate the Brahmins reserve you for. Oh, that I had known them sooner," he added, in an accent of self-reproach—"oh, that I had known them sooner!"

At the word "escape," the blood rushed to the heart of his former companion, and he clasped the speaker convulsively.

"Are you chained?" whispered the speaker.

"Yes."

"Is your chain a strong one? Do not speak, let me feel it."

Caleb silently guided the hand of Hirim to a large ring of bronze which encircled his waist.

"Is that the only one?"

"Yes."

"That is fortunate," answered the sycee. "I have brought a file with me; you must contrive to cut it through during the next two days: the third night from this I will come for you. I have discovered the means of leaving this fearful place. Be cautious: and when the priests arrive turn the part of the ring you have tampered with under your arm; they will not observe it then. Do you understand me?"

A silent, grateful pressure of the hand assured him that the captive did.

It can scarcely be said that the above directions were spoken—they were breathed rather—to the listener, whose ears eagerly drank in every word.

Despite the caution which, for both their sakes, it was necessary to observe, Caleb could not refrain from asking the cause of the shrieks he had heard from one of the adjoining cells, and why cannon had been fired. Great was his astonishment and joy when informed that a regiment of his countrymen were in possession of the upper temple.

It seemed almost impious to despair, and the 01st so near.

"But the shrieks, Hirim," he said, "the shrieks—you have not explained them."

The boy shuddered.

"I have not heard them for the last few days in my waking hours, but they seemed to pierce my very brain, and are re-echoed in my sleep."

"You remember the sahib's daughter, whom our good young master loved?" replied the sycee.

"Miss Lillian?"

"Yes. She is a prisoner; the rich banker, Al Moorad, loves her, and—"

He paused—Caleb grasped his arm convulsively.

"The monster!" he groaned; "poor girl—poor girl! and no one to protect her."

"The fever protected her," continued his visitor "Kehoda, the Nautch girl, who was to have been sacrificed with you, has been pardoned by Nadir, on condition that she watched over her."

"The pestilence saved her!" exclaimed the young Englishman, interrupting him; "thank Heaven for that, even though it saved her at the expense of life."

"On the contrary, she has nearly recovered," said the sycee, "and this very night I heard the banker boast to the chief Brahmin that in three days she should be his."

"Never!" whispered the captive, with fearful energy; "we must save her."

"Impossible!"

"I tell you we must," repeated Caleb. "There is nothing impossible in a cause so pure and holy that angels would weep its loss. In three days did you say?"

"Yes," answered his visitor, hesitatingly.

"In two I will have filed through this infernal chain," continued the grateful youth, with breathless eagerness. "You must procure me arms—a knife—anything; then fly to alarm Sir Charles Fourreau, whilst I remain to watch over her."

With that vacillating spirit so natural to an Asiatic, Hirim began to regret that he had not availed himself of the discovery he had made, and fled alone. The reasoning, entreaties, but above all, the recollection of the kindness he had received at the hands of our hero at last prevailed, strengthened his better feelings, and he at length consented; but added, "that all hope of rescuing her would be useless, for the means of communication between the upper and lower temples were known only to the Brahmins."

"You forget the path you have discovered," urged Caleb.

"It leads to a half-ruined tower near the fort," answered the boy.

"Could not the English soldiers penetrate by that?"

"Impossible!"

"Why so?"

"There is room only for one to pass at a time."

through the low vaulted passage, every step of which is mined. At the first alarm Nadir would fire the train, and so cut off all communication. You had better fly with me," he added, "and leave Lillian to her destiny."

This was an arrangement, however, to which her countryman would by no means consent; and he so far prevailed that his visitor agreed they should make their escape on the second instead of waiting for the third night.

Feeling that he had remained longer than prudence justified him, Hirim, after once more shaking hands with the captive, withdrew in the same cautious manner from the cell—the door of which he no sooner closed, than a low grating sound might have been heard within the walls.

Caleb was already at work with the file upon his chains.

The struggle between life and death in the frame of Lillian had been a severe one. At times the forces of the contending principles appeared so equally balanced that a hair—a breath might have inclined the scale on either side. But, after several days of intense suffering, the skill of Nadir, who was learned beyond most of his caste in all the science of the East, and the untiring care of Kehoda, prevailed; the disease was vanquished, but it left its victim reduced to all but child-like weakness.

When informed of the certain recovery of the prisoner, Al Moorad expressed his satisfaction merely by a cynical smile. Lillian, he felt assured, could not a second time escape him. Everything seemed to favour his designs. The treacherous rajah had collected an overwhelming force, and was about to attack the temple. All fear of succour, therefore, from her friends he considered vain.

The chief Brahmin shared in his confidence, as well he might; for did not the Mogul reign in the marble palace of Delhi, and was not the massacre of Cawnpore unavenged?

"We will crush the infidels," he said, "like a nest of ants; the outraged and insulted gods of India have given them to our power."

"When will the assault take place?" inquired his confederate.

"Acbar waits but the arrival of the Begum's troops; a council is to be held to-morrow. I must be present to restrain rival pretensions, animate the lukeworm, and promise rewards to those who hesitate."

"When do you leave your present retreat?" inquired the banker.

"This night," answered the old man.

"I thought you said the council would not be held till the morrow?"

"Look on me," replied Nadir: "the snows of age are on my brow; but they have neither frozen my intelligence nor memory. The experience of my past life bids me trust to no man. Whilst my secret remains locked within my own breast, I am its master—once revealed, I become its slave. Think you," he added, "that even to Acbar I would explain the secret of the entrance to this secure abode?"

"And to avoid betraying it you quit it in darkness and mystery," observed his companion. "Well, perhaps you are right. But how are we," he continued, struck by a thought which did not appear to afford him unmitigated satisfaction, "whom you have introduced here, to pass once more to the light of day?"

"By the shrine above," said the old man, without moving a muscle of his countenance. "I can trust to you," he added: "have you not sworn upon the Vedas?"

"So have the collector and the police magistrate."

"Concern not yourself for their safety," interrupted the Brahmin, with a slight degree of irritation at being thus questioned. "What the goddess of the place decrees, her ministers will find the means to execute."

Al Moorad did not feel altogether satisfied with the assurance, and for the first time he mentally asked himself whether he had acted wisely in placing himself so unreservedly in the power of the astute Nadir, whose wisdom consisted in a great measure of cunning, which could only be equalled by his ambition and bigotry.

No doubt our readers will rejoice with us that the gallant 01st still held out against the attacks which had been made upon them by the rebel rajah, whose forces had thrice been driven from the walls of the temple, and, what rendered the defeat more mortifying, forced to retreat by the very guns which had been taken from them when they made their first attempt. Sorrow for the loss of his adopted child, so strangely and inexplicably torn from him, had not diminished the energy of the veteran who commanded the beleaguered garrison; on the contrary, it appeared to have armed him with a stern determination to

perish rather than yield the solitary post in which he was called upon to maintain not only the honour of England, but the prestige of her name and arms. In this resolution officers and men all shared; and, although the privations they endured were necessarily great, not a murmur was to be heard, or a word uttered that did not breathe of vengeance.

Dawlish, who commanded the guard at the gate, was smoking his cigar and chatting with one of his brother officers, when the latter suddenly broke off the conversation by pointing to a group of four horsemen, riding at a fearful rate towards the temple; they were pursued by the rajah's cavalry.

"They may be friends!" exclaimed the sub. "Had you not better order the gates to be opened? If enemies, they are not numerous enough to cause us much annoyance."

Dawlish raised a powerful glass which he held in his hand, and something very like a smile of satisfaction rested for an instant on his features.

"Natives!" he replied; "decidedly natives, my dear fellow. How can you be deceived by so clumsy an artifice?"

The cornet did not think that he was deceived, and asked for the glass, which his companion declined to part with; he required it to watch their manœuvres himself.

As the fugitives approached they uttered loud cries, and waved their swords.

"I am positive they are our countrymen," observed the young man. I distinctly caught the word 'open.'"

"An old ruse," observed his superior; "most of the rebel sepoys speak our language."

"But suppose you are in error," urged the first speaker.

"I will take the responsibility," answered Dawlish, in a tone which, although it failed to convince the speaker, silenced him.

The four riders rode close to the gate, evidently expecting that it would be thrown open, to afford them the friendly shelter they so urgently required; but, disappointed in the hope, paused for an instant, and rode on.

"Tell the colonel," shouted the last, "to hold out. Succour is on the march to relieve him."

"By heavens, it is Mark Rayner!" exclaimed the major, who at the same instant made his appearance upon the platform over the archway. "Why did you not order the gates to be opened?"

This was addressed to Dawlish, who muttered something about prudence and an unfortunate mistake.

"Mistake!" repeated the major, angrily; "you deserve to be shot for your prudence—it has cost the lives of brave men."

The soldiers of the guard began to murmur.

"Give them a volley," said the speaker, pointing to the pursuing party, who had incautiously advanced within gun shot of the walls. "It is the only chance the prudence of Captain Dawlish has left them."

The order was obeyed, not only with hearty good will, but with a precision that left more than one saddle empty.

The confusion in which the unexpected firing threw the small body of cavalry, gave the fugitives time to reach a half-ruined tower, standing between the temple and the fort.

"By heavens, but they have another," exclaimed Plinlimmon, greatly excited, for from his position every movement was painfully distinct to him; "see, they have succeeded in closing the gates."

"It will prove their tomb, I fear," observed Sir Charles Fourreau, whom the report of what had taken place had brought to the walls. "We are too much reduced to attempt a sortie."

"They are within reach of our cannon," observed the cornet, who had first descried the approach of Mark Rayner and his companions, whom we scarcely need inform our readers were no other than Richard, the lieutenant, and Jack Manders. "Don't you think, colonel, we might bring them to bear?"

The change of position of the only two pieces of ordnance the besieged regiment possessed was immediately ordered; and the soldiers worked with such hearty good will that the alterations were speedily effected.

The first shot dispersed the cloud of horsemen, who withdrew to a distance, still keeping, however, in such a position as might enable them to intercept the fugitives, should they sally forth and attempt to retrace their way to the temple.

"The advantage unfortunately proved only a momentary one, for the alarm once given, the troops of Acbar issued in such numbers from the fort that all idea of attacking them on the part of the 01st would have been madness. A party of the rebels

now dismounted and approached the tower, but were received by a volley from our hero and his friends, who fired through the loopholes of the building. Several times it was repeated and told with deadly effect.

The probabilities are, that had Sir Charles been aware that Richard was one of the defenders of that lone tower, feeling might have conquered the dictates of prudence and duty, and urged him to make a desperate attempt to rescue him, although it must have terminated in the destruction of the relieving party.

"Brave fellows!" muttered the major, his eyes still riveted on the scene of action; "pity it is of no use; they must perish."

His words proved prophetic, for whilst the assault on the tower was being continued, the rajah himself issued from the fort, followed by a body of officers and sepoys.

A piece of heavy ordnance was dragged up, and the rebel chief himself directed his men in bringing it to bear upon the tower and the desperate men who were fighting for their lives against such fearful odds.

"It is a painful thing," said the colonel, turning aside, "to see brave men die; but we are powerless to aid them."

The mournful silence of those around sufficiently justified his opinion.

"There goes the first shot!" exclaimed the major, as the cannon of the enemy belched forth its iron shower; "their shelter will soon be a heap of ruins."

"Better they should be buried beneath them," observed Wharton, "than fall alive into the hands of those who have never yet shown mercy."

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

TEMPTATION.

TEMPTATION is a common evil to which we are all exposed, and to which the thoughtless readily succumb. To the youthful and the inexperienced, the temptations of a great city are exceedingly dangerous, and demand more than ordinary circumspection. We are in

"A world, where lust of pleasure, grandeur, gold,
Three demons that divide its realm between them,
With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's restless heart—their sport, their flying ball,
Till, with the giddy circle sick and tired,
It pants for peace, and drops into despair."

The wise seaman is careful about his "lead, log, and look-out"—three guarantees of safety amid shoals and quicksands. He runs close-reefed in a gale, and has a sharp eye to every lurking ledge or lee shore; and such a navigator is comparatively safe; while he who slumbers during the watch, or hoists all sail in a tempest, is sure to be wrecked. The strand of life's sea is strewn with the mutilated thousands who have perished on the murderous reef of temptation by foolish carelessness or vaunting self-confidence.

Temptation is the sworn foe of purity and peace. It rules with diversified tyranny over all classes of mankind. Some it arrogantly compels; others it with blandishments beguiles; some it takes captive by surprise; and rules over others with false shame or foolish fear. But it is most dangerous on account of its insidious character. It overcomes us by stealth. Those who would not for a moment think of madly leaping from a high tower, may yet be persuaded to descend step by step. The greatest and most fearful results spring from causes apparently insignificant. Some passion not checked in the bud, some viper not crushed in the egg, some vicious scene revisited with increased delight, the occasion of indulgence sought after, the desire of pleasing carried to excess, corrupt books read with satisfaction,—these are frequently the sources of ruin, which, increasing their force with alarming speed, soon become a torrent inundating the principles of virtue, and involving the character in inevitable ruin.

Self-confidence in the presence of temptation is most dangerous of all. "I can take care of myself," has been the favourite expression of many a ruined man. "A man cannot be ruined," says an old writer, "until he has made himself confident to the contrary." Observe that young man: he has come to town the hope of his parents, the pride of his friends, and with every prospect of outrunning their fondest expectations with regard to his success. His bosom swells with a noble ambition, and his cheek has never been tinged with the first hue of guilt. But by almost imperceptible degrees he is involved in mischief. He forms intimacies with unworthy associates; he familiarises himself with habits of thought and

modes of expression of which he would formerly have been ashamed. He oversteps the boundary of prudence, and then his descent becomes rapid; character, prospects, hopes, are all lost, and as some early friend mourns over the wreck, he may express his musings in the language of our great bard:—

"We were
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
We were as twin lambs, that did frisk i' the sun
And bleat the one to the other; what we changed
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill doing: no, nor dream'd
That any did. But, ah!—
Temptations have since been born to us!"

It is often those who are the least suspicious who are the first to fall into the clutches of the perfidious. Meaning no harm, they are unsuspecting, and, consequently, unprepared for any evil. They are deceived and betrayed, and sink by degrees. We fall into the snare as readily by harbouring noxious principles and vain thoughts as by the practice of vicious habits. The former are secretly or openly the friends of the latter. There is a German legend of a man who had resisted all the temptations earth could offer. The demon opened to his gaze the marvels beneath the earth: trees effulgent with diamond fruits, pillars of gold and precious stones, fountains of water of a million hues, and over all a delicious music instead of air. The tempter succeeded; envy and extravagant desire were created in the heart that had been calm before.

Our greatest dangers are never clothed in the most repulsive forms. They wear an alluring aspect, but are no less fatal on that account. Perpetual watchfulness is essential to our safety. Temptation should be avoided where it is possible; we need not go out of our way to tempt temptation; and temptation when it comes to us must be boldly resisted. We know not the strength hidden within us until temptation calls it forth. Every evil we make our own slave by subjugation—instead of our tyrant by indulgence—becomes an efficient auxiliary for good. The Sandwich Islanders believed that the strength and courage of the enemies they slew passed into themselves. In like manner, but in a nobler sense, we win strength from the temptation we resist.

"Our desires are the feet of the soul;" on these we stand or fall. Apostolic practice is the best guide for ourselves—"I keep under my body." He possesses little of the dignity of a man whose heart is led by his senses; and he is still less a Christian whose senses are not restrained by his heart.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH. CHAPTER XIV.

ROBERT looked so pleased when next George visited him, that the latter could not help asking him if he had acquired a fortune since they last met.

"Not exactly," said Robert; "but I have acquired two hundred French words, and this without any dictionary, and merely by employing the method you explained to me in the last lesson. Just look, I have written the English on one side, and the French on another, though in many cases the spelling in both languages is exactly the same."

"You have shown great zeal and industry," answered George, "but you must recollect, I only said that most nouns with such and such terminations were the same in both languages. However, as out of two hundred I find you have only made mistakes in ten, you may judge how many words the application of the rule enables you to learn. Should you like to hear a little more on the same subject?"

"Of course I should," said Robert.

"Well, then, sit down to write, and I will resume my old office of dictating.
"A great many nouns ending in *y* may be made into French words by changing the *y* into *ie*, for instance, tragedy, *tragédie*; fury, *furie*; but don't forget that those ending in *ty* are made into French by converting the *ty* into *té*. You learnt this in the last lesson.

"Now we will speak about the verbs that can be transformed into our neighbours' language. Most of our English verbs that end in *ise*, *use*, and *ute*, can be changed into French by adding an *r* to the final, thus, realise, *réaliser*; abuse, *abuser*; refute, *réfuter*. Remark, that to verbs that end in *bute* and *tute*, this rule does not apply. You must make them French by changing the *ute* into *uer*, thus, to contribute, *contribuer*; to institute, *instituer*.

"But, while you appreciate these little helps, you must not suppose that they will enable you to dispense with a vocabulary; and, now I think of it, it

strikes me you do not know the cardinal numbers in French, so contrive this morning to add them to your stock."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
Cardinal Numbers.	Nombres Cardinaux.
One	Un
Two	Deux
Three	Trois
Four	Quatre
Five	Cinq
Six	Six
Seven	Sept
Eight	Huit
Nine	Neuf
Ten	Dix
Eleven	Onze
Twelve	Douze
Thirteen	Treize
Fourteen	Quatorze
Fifteen	Quinze
Sixteen	Seize
Seventeen	Dix-sept
Eighteen	Dix-huit
Nineteen	Dix-neuf
Twenty	Vingt
Twenty-one	Vingt-et-un
Twenty-two	Vingt-deux
Twenty-three, &c.	Vingt-trois
Thirty	Trente
Forty	Quarante
Fifty	Cinquante
Sixty	Soixante
Seventy	Soixante-dix
Seventy-one	Soixante-onze
Seventy-two	Soixante-deux
Eighty	Quatre-vingt
Ninety	Quatre-vingt-dix
One hundred	Cent
Five hundred	Cinq cent
Five hundred and twenty	Cinq cent vingt
One thousand	Mille
Two thousand	Deux mille
One hundred thousand	Cent mille
One million	Un million.

"I could see, Robert," remarked the teacher, "how surprised you were at having to write down 'soixante-dix,' 'soixante-onze,' 'soixante-douze,' which in our language would be sixty-ten, sixty-eleven, sixty-twelve, &c. I own I think it is rather an awkward manner of expressing these numbers. The old-fashioned way is to render seventy by 'septante,' and ninety by 'nonante,' instead of 'quatre-vingt-dix;' but old-fashioned expressions are as much ridiculed as old-fashioned clothes, so you must accustom yourself to the sound of sixty and eighty with all the teens after them; and observe that the *one*, 'un,' has always the conjunction *and*, 'et,' between it and the preceding number.

"Now we must think about the genders of nouns, and with this consideration we must remark their endings. You already know that it is the final letters that indicate the gender of inanimate things. Now, I do not deny that people may talk French quite fluently, and with a perfectly French accent, without being certain about the genders; but you cannot be a correct and elegant scholar while you remain in ignorance of them. You have learnt most of the masculine terminations; and also the words which, having these terminations, are exceptions, and consequently of the feminine gender.

"You recollect that all trees are masculine; so are also the names of shrubs, colours, days, months, and seasons. Nouns ending in *a*, *i*, *o*, *u*, are masculine, and so are those that end in *é* accented, if not preceded by a *t*—as 'opéra,' 'souci,' 'château,' 'thé,' 'blé;' in English, opera, care, castle, tea, corn. The exceptions to this rule are *eau*, *glu*, *peau*, *tribu*, *vertu*. Age, *âge*, *uge*, *oire*, *acle*, *avme*, *ème*, *isme*, and *ome* are masculine, as *un nuage*, a cloud; *un piège*, a snare; *un déluge*, a flood; but then you must except—*la gloire*, the glory; *une écriture*, an inkstand; *l'histoire*, the history; *une racloire*, a shuttle; *la machoire*, the jaw; *la nageoire*, the fin; *une passoire*, a colander; *la victoire*, the victory. Crème, cream, is another exception; and so are *page*, *page*; *rage*, *rage*; *cage*, *cage*; *image*, *image*.

EXERCISE.

- Have the goodness to give me some * tea with milk
ayez bonté de me donner thé avec du lait
- Do not take milk.
ne prenez pas du lait
- Let me give you some cream.
permettez-moi de vous donner crème
- Here is the ham, and there is the mustard.
voici jambon, voilà moutarde. f.
- At lunch we ate some bread, cheese, and
au goûter nous mangémes pain, du fromage, et de la salade.
- At dinner they served up soup, fish,
au dîner on servit de la soupe, du poisson, roast meat, and pastry.
- We have had some oranges.
du rôti, et de la pâtisserie. nous avons eu oranges.
- Write your exercise and pay attention. I admire
écrivez votre thème faites attention. J'admire

* Observe that *some*, rendered by *du* (masculine), *de la* (feminine), and *des* (plural), is often expressed in French, when in English it is only understood.

the flowers of the field. 10. An important affair
les fleurs f. champ. une (2) importante (1) affaire
prevented me. 11. Bring the coat, the hat, and the stick.
m'empêcha. apportez l'habit, le chapeau, bâton.
12. He saw the shipwreck of the hopes of the nation.
il voyait naufrage espérances f. nation.
13. The condition of man is uncertain. 14.
condition f. de l'homme est incertaine.
Do not forget the oath. 15. Yesterday I saw a rat.
n'oubliez pas serment. hier je vis rat.
16. Shall you go to the bridge? 17. Write a page of his-
irez-vous au pont? écrivez d'his-
tory. 18. We have had a fine summer. 19. Where is the
toire. nous avons eu bel été. où est
knife? 20. Go to the market. 21. Buy some bread and
couteau? allez au marché. achetez pain
some butter. 22. Make use of the right hand. 23.
beurre. servez-vous de la (2) droite (1) main.
The first Monday of the month, I give a lesson in the
premier Lundi du mois, je donne leçon dans la
house of the merchant. 24. Spring is a fine season.
maison f. négociant. le printemps est belle saison.

THE KEY OF THE EXERCISE. LE CORRIGE DU THEME.

1. Ayez la bonté de me donner du thé avec du lait et du sucre. 2. Ne prenez pas du lait. 3. Permettez-moi de vous donner de la crème. 4. Voici le jambon, et voilà la moutarde. 5. Au goûter nous mangémes du pain, du fromage, et de la salade. 6. Au dîner on servit de la soupe, du poisson, du rôti, et de la pâtisserie. 7. Nous avons eu des oranges. 8. Ecrivez votre thème et faites attention. 9. J'admire les fleurs du champ. 10. Une affaire importante m'empêcha. 11. Apportez l'habit, le chapeau, et le bâton. 12. Il voyait le naufrage des espérances de la nation. 13. La condition de l'homme est incertaine. 14. N'oubliez pas le serment. 15. Hier je vis un rat. 16. Irez-vous au pont. 17. Ecrivez une page d'histoire. 18. Nous-avons eu un bel été. 19. Où est le couteau? 20. Allez au marché. 21. Achetez du pain et du beurre. 22. Servez-vous de la main droite. 23. Le premier Lundi du mois, je donne une leçon dans la maison du négociant. 24. Le printemps est une belle saison.

CONTINUATION OF

LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

The packet-boat leaves in a quarter of an hour. Le paquebôt part dans un quart d'heure.
Have our things taken to the boat. Faites porter nos effets au bateau.
At length we have embarked. Enfin nous voilà embarqués.
You change colour. What is the matter? Vous changez de couleur. Qu'avez-vous?
My head reels. La tête me tourne.
How, already? Comment, déjà?
What shall I do? Que ferai-je?
Mind you do not eat anything fat. Do not open your mouth to utter cries; it chills the stomach: rather eat a little good ginger-bread. Surtout ne mangez rien de gras. N'ouvrez pas la bouche pour jeter des cris cela refroidit l'estomac. mangez plutôt un peu de pain d'épice.
I have not any. Je n'en ai pas.
I have some: I bought it on purpose. Moi j'en ai: je l'ai acheté exprès.
I cannot eat anything. I suffer horribly. Je ne puis rien manger. Je souffre horriblement.
You must take courage. Il faut prendre courage.
I am sick. I am going below for a minute. I am dying. J'ai mal au cœur. Je vais descendre un instant. Je me meurs.
Fear nothing. One does not die of sea-sickness. The sea is rather rough. Ne craignez rien. On ne meurt pas de mal de mer. La mer est un peu agitée.
I shall stop on deck. The fresh air is beneficial. I feel a little better. Je veux rester sur le pont. Le grand air fait du bien. Je me sens un peu mieux.
That's right; for we shall soon enter the port. Alas! the tide is low. C'est bon, car nous allons entrer dans le port. Hélas! la marée est basse.
We shall be obliged to land in a small boat. Nous serons obligés de débarquer en chaloupe.
Here we are, safely arrived. Nous voici, heureusement arrivés.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

The sound of our *a* is produced by the combination of the following letters; *ai* in the word *aigu*, sharp;
ai in *gai*, *jay*; *ée* in *année*, year; *œ*, in *œsophage*,
œsophagus; *er* at the end of a word, when the following word begins with a consonant or *h* aspirated; sometimes these two letters, *er*, have a different sound at the end of certain words, which they keep in the middle of all words; it is that of *e'* in the

† The definite article is often employed by the French in sentences in which we should suppress it. We refer the student to the exercises on the articles.

‡ *Il faut*, from the verb *falloir*, to be necessary, is one of the most useful idioms of the French language. *Il faut* represents so many English expressions, that they cannot all be given in this note. "It is necessary," "I must," "you must," "he must," "we must," and "they must," can all be rendered by *il faut*. It is also used in other senses, to which attention will be directed in the course of the lessons.

§ *Avoir mal au cœur* is literally "to have a pain at the heart." With the French it signifies to be sick. *Avoir mal au, à la, or aux* is the idiom for all personal pains. Thus we must say, *J'ai mal à la tête*, I have a headache, to express "I have a headache," "I have the toothache."

abbreviation of the English word *ever*, in poetry *e'er*. But we will mark this sound when speaking of the consonant *r* itself.

This sound is also produced by the two letters *es*, in the second person plural of the verbs: as *vous lisez*, you read; *vous aimez*, you love, &c.; also in the noun *nez*, nose; and in the preposition *chez*, which has no equivalent in English, and means *at one's house*.

This sound is also produced by the letters *es*, as in *bontés*; by the letters *ef*, in *clef*, a key, and *efs*, in *clefs*; by the letters *ed*, as in *piéd*, foot, and *eds*, as in *piéds*, feet; by the letters *ais*, in *je sais*, I know, and *ait*, in *il sait*, he knows.

Thus the sound *é*, marked *é*, is the result of the following combinations of letters: *ai, ei, ee, æ, er, ez, es, ef, eds, eds, ais, ait*, and *et*, which will therefore be found marked with the number (4) over them.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XIII. MECHANICS OF FLUIDS. PRESSURE OF THE AIR.

362. The body of air confined within a vessel, or room, presses outward against the walls of its inclosure—what is this outward pressure called?—The *Elastic Force*, or *Pressure of the Air*.

363. What have you to say of the condition of any limited portion of the external air?—It presses outward in the same manner.

364. What sustains and counteracts this outward pressure?—The equal inward pressure of the surrounding air.

365. If we apply the mouth to the upper end of a small glass tube, which has the lower end under water, and withdraw the air from it by suction, what will take place?—The water will rise in the tube and enter the mouth.

366. What causes it to rise after the air has been removed from the tube?—The pressure of the air upon the surface of the water outside of the tube.

367. It is often said, in such cases, that we draw the water up by suction—what do we really do?—We simply remove the air from the tube, and then the pressure of the outer air crowds the water into the empty space, or *vacuum*, formed within the tube.

368. Why does not the same pressure force the water up the tube before the air is withdrawn?—Because the elastic pressure of the air within the tube is equal to this transmitted pressure, and neutralises it.

369. If I were to take a glass tube, 33 inches long, fill it with quicksilver, and close the open end with the finger, then invert the tube, dip the lower end in a vessel of quicksilver, and then remove the finger, what would be the result?—The quicksilver would fall in the tube, until it stood about 30 inches above the level in the vessel.



Fig. 28.

changes in the weather.

370. What supports the column of quicksilver 30 inches high?—The pressure of the air on the surface of the quicksilver outside of the tube.

371. If the open end of the tube were of the size of a square inch, what would be the weight of the column of quicksilver supported by the atmospheric pressure?—Nearly 15 pounds.

372. What, then, is the pressure of the air in pounds on every square inch?—About 15 pounds; and 2,125 pounds, or nearly a ton on every square foot.

373. What is a BAROMETER?—It is simply the contrivance represented in Fig. 28, provided with a scale for reading off the height of the mercury in the tube.

374. What does it make known?—The amount of the pressure of the air at any time.

375. Does this pressure vary?—Somewhat from day to day, with variations of temperature, and

376. If a barometer be taken to the top of a mountain, or carried up in a balloon, does the mercury continue to stand at the same height in the tube?—It does not; it falls more and more the higher the barometer is carried.

377. What does this show?—That the pressure of the atmosphere gradually decreases from the earth's surface upward.

378. What may we infer from this fact?—That the pressure of the air at any point is the weight of the entire column of air that rests on that point.

379. Can the height of a mountain be determined by observing how much the mercury in the barometer falls, when the barometer is carried from the bottom to the top of the mountain?—It can; near the level of the sea an ascent of 93 feet is attended with a fall of one tenth of an inch in the height of the barometer.

380. How high will the atmospheric pressure cause water to rise in a very long tube from which the air has been removed?—Thirty-four feet.

381. How may the pressure of the air on solids be readily shown experimentally?—By taking a tube, open at one end, into which a solid piston has been fitted air-tight.

382. If a small orifice be made at the bottom of the tube, and the piston be pressed down to the bottom—on closing this orifice and undertaking to raise the piston, what will be observed?—The piston will be held down with considerable force; as it rises, a vacuum will be formed below it, and so the pressure of the air on its upper side has to be overcome.

BLIND MINNIE.

"BLIND—blind! Can it be possible? Alas, my poor father—my poor sister!"

"What is the matter? What has so distressed you, my dear fellow?" exclaimed a young man, entering the room where sat his sick friend, propped in a large chair by pillows.

"Read this, Frank," said the invalid, handing him a letter; then, burying his face in his thin hands, he trembled with anguish.

"This is truly sorrowful news," ejaculated his companion.

"What will become of them? My lovely Minnie—my poor infirm father! They will die of want, or—the hospital. Oh, misery! and the sufferer again bent down, and wept in agony.

"Is it really so sad as that? Do you not exaggerate in your distress? Have they no friends—no relatives?" asked his friend.

"None on whom they have any claim," answered the invalid. "My father has none, and my mother's relations would never notice her after her marriage with my father."

"This is indeed heart-rending," cried Frank Howard. "Something must be done for them; but we will think of it after you have rested awhile. At present you are overcome by the shock. Come and lie down," and, perceiving that his friend had fainted, Frank lifted him upon the bed and applied restoratives, which soon brought him to consciousness. A violent burst of grief followed, which Frank at length succeeded in soothing; and the sick man lay in apparent listlessness. Frank seated himself at the bedside, and soon became lost in thought. Suddenly, snapping his fingers, he joyously exclaimed, "Cheer up, man. I have it. It is a glorious plan."

"How—what?" And the wan face of the sufferer for an instant beamed with hope.

"Send for them to come here."

"Impossible!"

"Not at all! on the contrary, nothing easier. Our salaries for the last six months will pay their passage to us, and enable us to hire a comfortable apartment for them when they arrive. It's a splendid idea."

"Alas! Frank," objected his companion, gloomily, "your plan would be admirable were I in health; but I may not live, and, under the most hopeful circumstances, months must pass before I shall again be able to labour. What, meanwhile, will support them?"

"Be not so downcast, my dear friend. Remember the lessons you used to impress upon me. The merciful Father of mankind has never yet forsaken one who trusted in his help. Only have faith. Do as well as you can, and God will provide the rest. And how you wrong me, too, Frank!" he continued, taking his hand. "When I came here an orphan, friendless and homeless, you adopted me as your brother. Have I not, then, a right to claim your father and sister as mine, and do my share towards their support, as a dutiful son and brother? Don't look at me so doubtfully. It shall be so, I say."

"What an unselfish, noble soul you have, Frank!" exclaimed the invalid. "But I cannot consent to this

self-sacrifice, for I feel that I shall never recover. You would then—"

"In such a sad case," interrupted Frank, hastily, "I could and would glory to be their sole support, but I anticipate no such calamity. On the contrary," he added, cheerfully, "I predict that in a few days you will be well again, and that the two Frank Howards will, arm-in-arm, take their long-accustomed way to the office of Robson and Co., there to puzzle anew old John, the porter, who can never comprehend the possibility of two people of the 'same identical' name, as he says, finding their way to Bombay from such different countries, and there living together, 'just as though they wasn't but one person after all.' And shame upon us, for a couple of ungrateful fellows! Have not our employers generously offered to continue your salary during your sickness, so that, even should you linger a long time, which heaven forbid, you have ample means of subsistence for them and yourself."

"Oh, you comforting angel!" ejaculated the invalid.

"Nonsense, you stupid boy!" laughingly cried his friend. "Just let me manage it, and you shall acknowledge that, though no angel, I am a right sensible young fellow, and an honour to my Yankee blood and birth for planning."

The sick young man pressed his hand, yet objected to the plan, as being too hazardous; but, after a rather lengthy discussion, strength, as usual, though not often in so generous a cause, conquered weakness. The letter was written and despatched, offering to Mr. Howard and his blind daughter a home with their son in India.

Mr. John Howard, our sick hero's father, had wooed and won the fair Minnie Dale upon the lovely borders of Loch Lomond, in Scotland. He was one of a class very common throughout Europe—a poor artist; and Minnie's wealthy parents, therefore, opposed the union. But love—who will not always be reasonable—led the fair girl to yield to the persuasions of her lover, and to marry him without the consent of her parents, who refused to pardon her, or notice her again. She accompanied her husband to London, where he obtained scanty employment from some of the picture-dealers. Music had been a favourite pursuit with Minnie. She had become a good performer upon the harp, and was thus enabled to assist her husband, by giving lessons to a few pupils in a boarding-school; but their united and unremitting exertions, and the strictest economy, barely sufficed for the support of themselves and their son and daughter, who had been given unto them.

They had but one friend on earth, Mr. Howard's only brother, whose means, although limited, were often and generously brought forward in aid of their own insufficient funds. When Frank was about twelve years of age, this uncle determined to seek to better his fortunes as a merchant in India, whither he invited his young nephew to accompany him as assistant.

His parents were loth to part with their son; but they were too poor to support him longer. He must work for himself; and this opportunity with his uncle offered many advantages, which might never again be opened to him. The boy was eager to go. India was, to his young mind, a place where gold was to be picked up in the streets, or, at least, where a fortune might be amassed speedily. He already saw, in his glorious anticipations, his parents living in comfort and ease, and his lovely little sister Minnie grown into a lovelier woman, accomplished, educated among the daughters of nobles, all through his exertions. His parents consented to let their boy go; and, with tearful eyes and sad heart for the present separation, but full of joyous hopes for the future, Frank started with his uncle, on board the ship Admiral, for Bombay. But—alas! for his air-castles!—his uncle, in endeavouring to aid the sailors during a fearful storm, was knocked overboard by a blow from a suddenly shifted sail, and drowned instantly; so that, on arriving at the land of his golden dreams, the poor boy found himself alone, without a friend, except the captain with whom he had made the long voyage, from whom he could claim assistance or advice. Through the kindness of this captain, he was enabled to procure a room and board in the family of a missionary. This good man and his wife advised the boy to return with the captain to England, as he was unfitted, both by youth and inexperience, to struggle alone for a livelihood, to battle and hold his footing among the set of men with whom he would be thrown, most of them adventurers, like himself, and eager of gain, and unscrupulous, in many cases, in imposing upon and ensnaring the unwary. This advice was, no doubt, correct; but it struck like ice upon the heart of the poor boy.

How could he return to be a burden to his parents, who could with difficulty support themselves and their little six years old Minnie? At least, he would not do it without making some effort to gain employment here. True, he was a stranger, unknown, and with no friend, save the captain, to whom he could apply for recommendation. He might be rudely repulsed, perchance insulted; but Frank was no coward. He boldly examined the unpromising circumstances which surrounded him. He believed his appearance would be in his favour, for the society of his parents, who had been almost his sole companions, had served to give him a certain gentlemanly refinement of manner. His father had carefully instructed him in the rudiments, at least, of a good education. His handwriting was neat, and he was an excellent arithmetician for his age. Besides, he was not afraid of labour. He would do almost anything that was honourable. Try, he would. If one merchant repulsed him, another might receive him. Youth is so full of hope! Having procured from Mr. Braun, the missionary, the addresses of the principal merchants in Bombay, he hastened to prepare himself outwardly for his adventurous expedition. The thought suddenly struck him that his uncle's name might be of some assistance, and he opened, for the first time since his arrival, his uncle's trunk. In seeking among his papers for a card bearing his uncle's name, his eye fell upon a small package of letters, bearing the names of some of the very merchants whose addresses Mr. Braun had given him. They were introductory letters! With a cry of surprise and joy, he seized these treasures, and sallied forth.

We will not follow our young hero in his long and fatiguing search. Suffice it, that after repeated and insulting repulses, he at length succeeded in procuring a situation, which offered him the means of present subsistence. He entered upon his new duties the following day; and his efforts to please his employers were so satisfactory, that, when the year for which they had engaged him had expired, they increased his salary to a sum sufficient to enable him to send to his parents a considerable remittance. A letter from his father, a few months later, informed him that this remittance had arrived just in time to aid in paying the expenses for the funeral of his mother, whose health had been gradually failing for many years under the discomfort and hardship to which she had been unavoidably subjected since her marriage. They were on the eve of selling her harp, in their distress, when Frank's gift had so opportunely relieved them from this necessity, to Minnie's great comfort; for, besides the value of the harp to them, as having been used by her mother, Minnie herself had become, young as she was, quite a proficient upon the instrument, of which she was very fond.

Frank continued to send them frequently such sums of money as he could save from his salary and his own small wants; and these, with the aid of Minnie's exertions (she had become very skillful in embroidery, as well as in designing, and obtained as much employment as she could undertake in both of these arts), had lately placed them in a state of comfort which they had never before known, and provided many a luxury to soothe the declining health of Mr. Howard.

It might have been four years before the date of our story that Frank Howard, who had now been for several years in the employ of Robson and Co., was shipping some cases of silk goods at one of the wharfs of Bombay, when he noticed a youth, apparently of his own age, watching him with a sad, earnest gaze. Frank accosted him, and found that he had worked his passage from America to Bombay. Having had a dispute with his step-father, which ended in his being driven from his home, he had, in a fit of anger, taken the first vessel which met his eye, to remove him from the shores where he felt himself so ill-treated and unhappy. He had no desire to go to sea again, but "guessed he should have to do it," as he was an utter stranger in Bombay, and had no means of gaining a livelihood.

Struck by the handsome, open countenance of the stranger, and interested in his story, as well as sorry for his present friendless position, Frank invited him to dine with him, saying that he would afterwards take him to Robson and Co., who were in need of an assistant packer, and might, perhaps, be willing to try him. The stranger gladly consented, and, on their way to Frank's boarding-house, said—

"May I ask to whom I am indebted for such unexpected, generous kindness?"

"I am from England," answered his companion, "and my name is Francis Howard."

"Impossible!" cried the stranger.

"And why impossible?"

"Because that's my name."

"Nonsense! You are surely jesting, now!"

"No, on my honour," replied the stranger; "I was baptised Francis Howard, and ever since rejoiced in the more familiar title of Frank."

"Well, this is the strangest coincidence!" ejaculated our Frank, and the two boys laughed merrily.

After dinner, Frank introduced his new acquaintance to Mr. Robson. When he mentioned his name, the merry old gentleman called to his brother: "John, John, come here. This is as good as a play."

He explained the circumstances.

"Faith," replied his brother, "and they are almost as similar in looks as in name. Give our Frank a pair of dark eyes and a little more sinew, and I defy you to know them apart;" then, shaking hands with the stranger, he added, "We will take you in our service on the recommendation of our friend, your namesake, and if you serve us as faithfully as he has done, we shall have no cause to regret our confidence."

Our Frank soon discovered the generous, honourable nature of his American namesake, shared his apartment with him, and adopted him as his brother. Their devoted affection had known no change up to the present date, when they had nearly attained manhood, being about twenty years of age. No wonder that the American Frank should demand, as his right, to look upon his friend's relatives as his also.

A few weeks before the scene with which our story opened, Frank Howard, while assisting to lift a bale of goods into a vessel, had received a severe blow on the chest, which knocked him backwards. He was taken up stunned, and carried home. A physician was immediately called, but, after a careful examination of the injury, pronounced it impossible that he should ever entirely recover from the effects of it. This decision was, however, concealed from the two friends, and the brothers Robson offered to continue the invalid's salary during his illness, even should it be a long one. His friend determined that their generosity should cause them no loss; he, therefore, took the sick man's responsible situation in their office in addition to his own lighter one. Howard had been for several days free from great pain, and Frank, not perceiving his increasing weakness, imagined him convalescing; and when he wrote the letter in his name, inviting Howard's father and sister to come out to them, he mentioned nothing of his illness, believing that ere they could arrive Howard would be quite well again. But the intelligence of his sister's misfortune had been too great a shock for his exhausted frame. Violent bodily suffering again seized him; and though, after many weary days, the racking pain was lulled, it became evident even to the hopeful eyes of Frank that his poor friend was worn out and must die. But months passed, and the poor fellow still lingered, never complaining, and sometimes slightly rallying for a few hours. At length, one evening, as Frank sat wistfully gazing upon the still emaciated face of the sufferer, the latter suddenly beckoned him to his bedside, and whispered—

"Frank, my dear friend, I ought not longer to conceal from you what I had long known myself, that I cannot recover. I now feel that death is not many days distant from me. We shall soon be separated by the only power which could have parted us. Do you not see that I am right?"

A groan and a shudder from the young man beside him was his only reply.

"My friend," continued the sufferer, "be not distressed for my sake. To me personally death will be but a relief from suffering. I fear it not; I am ready. But for you, and still more for those helpless ones who will now so soon be here, I would gladly have the cup pass from me. For their sakes I have earnestly prayed to God that my life might be spared; but he wills otherwise, and I must be satisfied. I know, my brother, that my father and sister will never want shelter or food while you live. I give them, under God, into your charge—to your protection. You will never abandon them, of that I feel sure. Now I see plainly the providence of God in directing me towards you on that day when you sat alone on the pier. He drew my heart towards you that you might be raised up to be a son unto my father in my place."

His friend pressed his hand fervently; and, after a pause, Howard continued:—"My father, in all probability, must soon die, for he is very infirm; but my sister—she may need your care through a long lifetime. Will you not sometimes weary of the burden, Frank, and blame me for having imposed upon you a charge which will cause you so much self-sacrifice and—"

"Fear not!" interrupted Frank, in a firm, earnest tone. "I swear to you that, while I live, she shall never lack a brother and protector."

(To be continued.)

VOICES.

THERE are voices we shall never hear again

As we heard them long ago,
Save in the mournful midnight rain,
In the wind, as it murmurs its moaning strain
In the water's complaining flow.

Some through the boundless blue have soared
Up to the land of light,
To the fanns we have loved they are never restored,
And their mystic music is only poured
On silence, and on the night.

Some, that in happy years of yore
We heard with a passionate thrill,
Have lost the magic to charm us more;
And though their spell is for ever o'er,
Their memory liveth still.

And still, as we catch a reflected gleam
Of the loves and the hopes gone by,
We hear, like music is heard in a dream,
Voices remembered, and charmed, that seem
A marvel of melody.

Some have departed, and some have grown strange.

Those voices of long ago,
And we sigh—as we yearn for the wider range—
That death is better, far better than change:
Alas, that we loved them so!

RT. HON. LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, K.G., M.P.

No living statesman has been more continuously before the public than Viscount Palmerston. He has held office under governments of every shade of politics, he has fought many battles, weathered many storms, has invited confidence, and excited indignation; but by talents of no mean order, and triumphs of no small importance, he has fairly earned from friend and foe the assertion made about him by the late Sir Robert Peel—"We are all proud of him." Without at all entering on the question which ended in his resignation of office, and in the formation of the new ministry, we furnish a brief outline of the career of this eminent statesman. At the same time we have pleasure in presenting an engraved portrait from a photograph by Herbert Watkin, taken on the seventy-third anniversary of his lordship's birthday.

Viscount Palmerston claims lineage as, ancient and as noble as that of any family in the peerage. The family of Temple can be traced directly and legitimately from a son of Leofric, of Mercia, who founded the abbey of Coventry, and who married lady Godiva. The accomplished Sir W. Temple, the eminent minister in the reigns of James, William, and Anne, was also among his lordship's more recent predecessors. He was born in 1784. He was educated at Harrow, and then, as was the fashion with certain scions of noble houses of liberal tendencies, went to Edinburgh to study moral philosophy, under the celebrated Dugald Stewart, for two years; after which he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he became an honorary M.A. in 1806.

His lordship commenced his parliamentary career almost as soon as he was of age by contesting the representation of the University of Cambridge with Lord Henry Petty—now Marquis of Lansdowne. This was in 1806. He was unsuccessful in this attempt, but was soon afterwards "appointed" representative of the pocket borough of Bletchingly, and was introduced into official life as a junior lord of the Admiralty.

The young Irish peer, as yet without the slightest distinction in the political world, held the last-named appointment for about two years, shifting his parliamentary services from Bletchingly to Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and from thence to the University of Cambridge. He then succeeded to the secretaryship of the War Department. His lordship entered this office in 1809, and retained it, with but very trifling interruption, for the extraordinary period of twenty years! In the meantime, many governments had flourished and perished, each in political opinion as opposite to its predecessor as one could well imagine; yet Lord Palmerston managed to agree with them all. He appears to have been the most docile of subordinates and the most unobtrusive of senators. His love of office seemed to beget a sort of cleverness in adapting himself to the circumstances of the day—not the least effective step being a careful study of what Carlyle calls the "talent of silence." His lordship was seldom heard in debate, except when discussing the business of his own department, or when the annual estimates were under consideration.

At length the noble viscount began to take a more prominent part. In 1830 he abandoned his tory and liberal-conservative friends, to join the whig government of Earl Grey, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Those were stirring times, both at home and abroad, so that his lordship had ample opportu-

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE RIGHT HON. LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, K.G., M.P. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT WATKINS.

ties of showing his skill in political debate. His views on the foreign policy of England were (and always have been) vehemently discussed and opposed; his lordship displayed undeniable ability in defending his opinions and remarkable zeal in attacking his opponents.

Lord Palmerston's reign in the Foreign Office was subjected to a brief interruption by the advent of Sir Robert Peel's first administration. This was exceedingly short-lived, and the noble viscount resumed his seat under the rule of Lord Melbourne, until the ministry of that statesman in its turn gave way to the strength of the opposition. Sir Robert's second and more effective attempt to form a conservative government left Lord Palmerston again out of office.

His lordship occupied his comparative leisure in endeavouring to enforce upon the ministry the chief points of his policy with reference to foreign affairs.

On the accession of Lord John Russell the subject of our sketch resumed the direction of the foreign department. The most important matters which he was called upon to manage, and which may be recollected from their recent occurrence, were the troubles in Portugal, the Swiss question, the great revolutionary movements of 1848, the Spanish difficulty of the same year, the Greek question, and, finally, the Hungarian war and the protection of the fugitive Hungarian chiefs. Lord Palmerston's foreign policy throughout the administration of Lord John Russell was the subject of unceasing attack by men of all

shades of political opinion. The opposition was brought to a climax in 1848, when a motion of impeachment was carried in the upper house; but the Commons refused to indorse their lordships' verdict. The tide of unpopularity was in a measure turned by the late Sir Robert Peel, who opposed the foreign secretary's policy on the matter in question, but employed the expression to which we have already alluded—"We are all proud of him"—a sentiment which, from the long services of the noble lord, was cheered by the house and echoed by the country. A short time after a banquet was given to his lordship by the members of the Reform Club, and his portrait was presented by public subscription to Lady Palmerston.

The short administration of Lord Derby followed, and this was in its turn followed by the "coalition" ministry of the Earl of Aberdeen, with Lord Palmerston holding the seals of the Home Department. The weakness of the latter cabinet was the stepping-stone by which Lord Palmerston attained the Premiership of England. He entered on this important office in the spring of 1855, and, as all the world knows, continued to hold it till within a very recent period.

Limited as we are in space, and indisposed as we are to introduce political matters into our journal, we can give nothing but the merest outline of his lordship's long and active life, otherwise we might touch upon many matters of foreign and domestic interest which have been directed or influenced by

Lord Palmerston during the last half century; we might moralise, too, upon the caprice of Fortune—proverbially she is prone to neglect the good and the deserving; but it is not often she smiles for fifty years together upon the actions of a politician, however great his ability may be.

Lord Palmerston is what may be described as a fluent speaker rather than an orator. Long experience has taught his lordship the art of dwelling upon the high lights of his subject without touching upon its shadows, so that, in answering questions, giving explanations, or in defending his policy, he has a ready way of making his case good. Although nearly seventy-four years of age, his lordship is exceedingly active, walks smartly but stoops a little, and when in the House seldom, if ever, sleeps.

His lordship sits with his hat on, his arms folded, and his face in deep shadow, apparently unconscious of all that is going on; a spectator would think him the least interested party in the House, until some unlucky member provokes a rejoinder, he then starts to his legs and glibly talks over the matter in question, showing a thorough acquaintance with all its details, and with all that has been said thereon.

As a debater, properly so called, he is inferior to none—his replies are always admirable, and none the less so on account of the invariable good humour and tact which characterise them, though the latter is sometimes thought to border on the flippant or the frivolous.



THE FOREST OF ARCACHON, IN THE GIRONDE.

ARCACHON.

THE forest of Arcachon, in the Gironde, is but little known to tourists, with the exception of those who

seek sea-bathing in its immediate neighbourhood. The baths, indeed, have attracted much attention, and speculators have constructed a railway through a line of country where no previous traffic existed;

a little town, bearing the name of the forest, has also sprung up; an agricultural association, for the redemption of the barren Landes, has been formed; so that, upon the whole, Arcachon is gradually

emerging from obscurity, and promises to become notorious. At present, however, the assertion with which we started is undeniable—Arcachon is but little known to tourists.

But it deserves to be known. How much of picturesque scenery is entirely overlooked by the very seekers after the picturesque. How much that is romantic and interesting fails to excite inquiry or engage attention, simply on account of tourists putting their faith in guide-books, and remaining wilfully blind to everything but what therein is recommended to their notice. This is not as it should be; but what is and what ought to be are two very different things, and until these two are united, our tourists will insist upon flocking together on pilgrimage to the same shrines.

How attractive is a grand old forest, where the

"Murmuring pines and hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic—
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms;
When from its rocky caves the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

A forest such as this is that of Arcachon. The aged oaks and other venerable trees present in their foliage the most pleasing varieties of verdure and freshness, and afford a remarkable contrast to the lofty pine trees, whose towering summits are covered with an unchangeable green canopy. It is a pleasant thing to wander in their sylvan solitude to trace the wagon-path that dwindles away into a slender sheep-track, and by-and-by is altogether lost in a low undergrowth of shrubs and plants; to wander there in the obscurity—for the intermingling boughs above us give but slight entrance to the sun—amongst the robust and gigantic trunks, the quietude and solemnity of the scene is deeply impressive, and is very far from being devoid of interest.

Within the last few years plantations of pines have been formed by the French government at Arcachon, and the observer is struck with the contrast between the recently planted saplings and the indigenous trees of the forest. Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to ascertain the pecuniary success of the experiment; but there is a probability that these plantations may ultimately produce a considerable revenue.

The pines of Arcachon are preferred to those of the more inland forests of the Landes; the pitch and turpentine which they yield is of a very superior quality. The forest is the property of a large number of the country people, but is held by a remarkable tenure.

In virtue of a concession of Frederick de Foix, *capital of Buch*,* known in the country under the name of *baillette* of 1543, all the inhabitants having their legal dwelling within the communes of Teste and Guyan have the right to fell those trees which they may require for the construction of their houses, granges, stables, or barns. This privilege is regulated by a syndic, who establishes a system amongst the proprietors, so that each may be proportionately charged. This proportion is not determined by the extent of the land, but by the quantity of resinous matter yielded by the trees. Thus, the holder of a large section of the forest has not always the largest number of valuable trees, and consequently pays less than the small holder. It is difficult to conceive of a tenure more wild or antiquated, or more fatal to the interests of all who are concerned in it. The proprietors are but little disposed to care about a forest so rudely and so unjustly controlled. They kill the goose which lays the golden eggs, in felling those trees which constitute the real property of the district—but what else could they do under so unwise a system of management?

Independently of the right to fell the pines for building purposes, the inhabitants are permitted to carry away, without limit and under no surveillance, all the dead firs of the forest, and oak-trees at their pleasure. Living or dead, the magnificent oaks are at the mercy of the woodmen. Without a possibility of interference, the labourer wields his axe, and threatens to leave a desert in place of a forest. These oaks are valued in all parts of the world, but they are allowed here to be absolutely destroyed for want of proper supervision.

The produce of the Landes dates from very ancient times. An old writer bestows the epithet of *piceous*, or producers of pitch, on the people of that district. The resinous matter which flows from the trees is put into a cauldron and boiled over a quick fire. The essence of turpentine, which forms the most valuable

product, is distilled and condensed in an alembic. The peculiarly unpleasant odour of the turpentine is removed by a new process, which, without in any degree affecting the material, frees it from its objectionable smell.

Properly managed, the forest of Arcachon, and those of the Landes generally, would become exceedingly valuable. As it is, nothing but destruction is before them, unless the project of government plantations is more effectually carried out, or better regulations introduced by the authorities.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Or jealousy with rankling tooth

That truly gnaws the secret heart.—GRAY.

BOB BLOSSOM did not recover as rapidly as had at first been anticipated.

The low fever of his mind retarded the knitting of the bone, for it heated his blood and impaired both his sleep and his appetite. He was suffering from one of the subtlest and most torturing of poisons—jealousy; an unacknowledged, silent, smouldering, sullen, groundless jealousy.

Yes, he was jealous, jealous almost to insanity, of Apple Blossom's respect and regard for Jem Goodman, and of the noble, pure, and Christian interest that good man took in that now unhappy wife.

Apple Blossom, though growing daily weaker, more low, and anxious in mind, and more faded and wasted in person, never suffered her own feelings of dejection and pain to prevent her visiting her husband in the hospital whenever the regulations allowed her to do so.

But it was with her a matter of duty—cold duty—not of the vivid, ardent pleasure, the warm, wife-like, passionate delight, it would once have been to Apple Blossom to come, after long, dreary days and lonely, sleepless, endless nights, to comfort, and cheer, and caress her beloved Bob.

But what pleasure can it be to any woman to be subject to the lynx-eyed scrutiny, the querulous cross-questioning, the insulting disbelief, the cutting sarcasm, the bitter retort of a jealous husband; one who, instead of suspecting her conduct, ought to be trying to repent of and amend his own? One whose gross and sensual sin had thrown on the poor wife, ill, perhaps incurably so, through his brutality, the whole burthen of the family; at least, till Larky could endure it no longer, and had begun to earn an honest shilling or penny as the case might be—now by going on an errand, now by holding a gentleman's horse, or standing by a chaise, and occasionally by hawking about delicate little articles of fancy work, crochet, &c. &c. made by Hope, or ingenious articles in tin and wire work, most adroitly manufactured by himself.

It was fortunate that these good and clever children (for Merry would help sometimes) had started this little source of profit, for the stall was no longer what it had been.

Apple Blossom's blooming looks, quiet humour, and kind, merry tongue, had been a great attraction at her stall, and besides when she was well in body, and at ease in her mind, she was such a capital caterer.

Her fruit was always good, her charges moderate, and her conduct fair and obliging.

The working men used to buy an orange, or an apple, or half a pint of nuts, for the sake of a pleasant word or two with Apple Blossom; and as to the children, she did not put them off, as so many do, with mouldy oranges, shrivelled nuts, and rotten apples.

The little hot farthing, so tightly clutched in the small, grimy hand, was received as kindly as a sovereign would have been.

The child always had a "good pennyworth for his penny."

Apple Blossom had children of her own. She wouldn't sell unwholesome fruit to any child, because it was her motto to do as she would be done by.

At one time Apple Blossom's stall was the most flourishing of its kind in the whole metropolis.

Now, both Apple Blossom and her stall were getting very low indeed.

She had not health, strength, spirit, or energy to rise, as she had done, before dawn to go to market.

She seemed to have almost lost the power of setting out her stall; and, as for presiding at it, every one told her she looked fitter to be in bed, and so she was.

Every one pitied poor Apple Blossom and censured Bob, and that pained and distressed the good, loyal wife.

Hope and Merry did what they could for the stall, and at it; but matters were getting worse and worse. They were but children, and, with all they could do, they were often cheated.

Yes, the stall was going down rapidly.

It was lucky that Larky's tin and wire works, and Hope's crochet brought in a few shillings weekly, or the incomes would have fallen very short of the inevitable out-goings.

Jem Goodman had gone down to Manchester, where he had a widowed sister dangerously ill, and whose only comfort he was.

The Earl of Glenlonely, who was quite convalescent, had repaired to Pemberton for a little change of air, and had begged Ada to accompany him, and Ellen St. Ange was with Mrs. Golightly at Brighton, that champion of her sex requiring a few sea-baths and sea-breezes to enable her to carry out with proper zeal and energy all her schemes and plans for the triumphant success of her pamphlet.

Thus Apple Blossom, in her hour of bitter and protracted trial, had no one to consult with, but the innocent, inexperienced children, who often seemed to her to be indeed "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves," but yet, who could not enter into her harrowing anxieties while she concealed their cause, or be of any use in a case of disease and perhaps death.

Sam Slybrute, wondrous to relate, did not die, but he lost one eye, and the other was seriously affected (generally when one eye is impaired, the other suffers from sympathy); and he was not only a cripple, but likely to be a blind cripple too.

Apple Blossom had, as we have said, no comfort in her visits to Bob in the London Hospital, nor did she seem to give him any.

One subject occupied him, and it was one he would not have touched on for worlds; but yet every word he said had some reference to it, in his own mind, though not so palpably that Apple Blossom could detect it.

Thus, if he asked her when she had attended the mothers' meeting, and whom she had seen there, all his desire was to know if she had seen and spoken with Jem.

But Jem, as we have said, was at Manchester; and, as the jealous extract poison out of everything, he associated the increased pallor and sharpness of Apple Blossom's face, and the extreme dejection and abstraction of her manner to this absence; and he thought he would rather she saw him than long for him. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," he said to himself; and, had there been any love in the case—which we are thankful to say there was not—he would have been right: a lover's absence is often more softening to a woman's heart than his presence.

But Apple Blossom had never given a thought of love or a sigh from her pure wife-heart to any man but the lover of her youth, the husband of her heart, and the father of her children.

Slybrute and Bob were now in the same ward, and their beds were very close together. Slybrute had no comfort in his own misery so great as that of working on Bob's weakness.

He contrived to contrast the spaniel-like devotion of his Kitty with the reserved and somewhat cold manner of Apple Blossom; and then he would say, "Spoilt wives are like spoilt bairns, meate—there's no love or gratitude in 'em. But if you want 'em to follow you like dogs you must treat 'em like dogs; that's the principle I goes upon, and you sees the consequences."

'A spaniel, a wife, and a walnut tree,

The more you beat 'em the better they be.'

Why, maimed, crippled, and disfigured as I am, Kitty's fit to worship me; and your missus, though, in your white linen and after your long holiday, you looks like a lord and ain't a pin the worse, never takes no notice at all. I'd make her, though, if she was moine; and if she'd got any casting fellow in her head, I'd punch him out of it; and if he'd got into her heart, I'd break it for her."

Slybrute was a sort of coarse, brutal lingo.

"And now, meate, I'll tell you what I'd do. Don't tell thee wofe thee's a coming out, but steal on her unawares. Didn't she say something about not being able to come next week? Be sure she's up to somebat she didn't exactly ought to; and if I wor thee, I'd be one too many for her, for I'd be up to somebat too—I'd be up to snuff. It's my opinion, if you goes quietly and cunningly to work, and goes home quite on the sly, you'll find him as Apple Blossom once called to me a 'hangel on hearth' a-trying to comfort her."

"You means Jem Goodman, meate," said Bob, his

* *Capital*, Gascon word, signifying *chief* or *lord*. The capital of Buch, John of Grailly, is celebrated in the wars of the fourteenth century.

eyes blazing, white as the sheet he clutched, and gnashing his teeth.

"I mentions no names; but I never holds with young and pretty woives having any buzzom friends but their own measters. I've no belief, meate, in friendship atween men and women; in a woman's nature it allays turns to love, and there beant many Josephs going, I can tell 'ee, and it's my opinion Jem Goodman beant one of 'em if there wor. But I'd know the rights of it if I wor thee, Bob," said Sam.

"And that I will too, meate," groaned Bob; "and thank thee roundly, meate, for putting me up to it. Thee be my best friend, and I take it very kind of thee—crippled, and moolated, and half blind—to think so much about my troubles, which they ain't to be named with yourn."

"Ain't 'em though!" said Slybrute. "I'll tell thee what it is, Bob, I wouldn't change places now. There you are, with all your limbs sound, and here I be, a good fourth of me most likely on the dissecting-room table, and yet I'd rather be as I am than I'd know my Kitty thought any man but me 'a hangell on hearth." I never talks about love matters—there's nothing spooney about me—but I doats on my Kitty, and it's my believe she wuships the very ground I treads on—she do; and I'd rather have a broken limb, meate, nor a broken heart: at any rate, I'd know the rights of it."

This was very artfully put. In his cold, cruel heart he did not care what became of Kitty, and he would have sold her to the Sepoys to have been again the fine, strong, robust man he was the day of the accident; but he knew how to work on Bob's feelings. He envied Bob; he always had envied him Apple Blossom's love; and he grudged him bitterly his wondrous escape from the consequences of that drunken bout which had made him what he was. He began to hate Bob, and to wish to work his ruin and despair.

He seems on a fair way to do so; for the fire he has kindled in poor Bob's simple nature seems to be burning up all that was good in him, and at that moment he could gladly have slain both his best friend, Jem Goodman, and his fond, true, suffering wife, if he could have seen them together; and he might have seen them together (but for Jem's absence at Manchester) consulting what was to be done to save him, and make him what both felt he might yet be—a blessing to himself and his family.

There was but one thing in the way, and that was—strong drink!

CHAPTER LXIX.

The work that should to-day be wrought.

Defer not till to-morrow;

The aid that should within be sought,

Scorn from without to borrow.

ANON.

APPLE BLOSSOM's little plot was woven, her plan was formed, her resolution taken.

Her country doctor, in whom she had such entire confidence, and with whom of late she had had many secret consultations, had informed her the last time he had examined her poor breast, that there was no time to be lost, and that if she wished to be spared to her husband and children, she must decide on undergoing the operation; which, in his opinion, alone offered a chance of saving her useful life.

He was in his own way, though a very kind old fellow, a great advocate of the knife; and as he firmly believed extirpation or amputation to be necessary, he urged it on Apple Blossom, and proposed a plan for the speedy, prompt, and secret carrying out of his scheme.

Apple Blossom on her return from visiting Bob, sick at heart, and bitterly grieved at his coldness and apparent want of confidence, and at the estrangement that seemed to increase daily and hourly, had fallen on her knees by her now lonely bed, and prayed long and fervently for guidance from on high; the result was that for her children's sake—those children who, if she died, might be left to a drunkard's care, or rather neglect—she resolved to save her miserable life if possible; and as she rose from her knees, and dashed the large scalding tears from her eyes, there was in that poor, pious, lowly heart, the faith of a saint, and the self-devotion and resignation of a martyr.

But there was still much to do.

Jem Goodman was expected in town in a day or two; his poor sister was gone to her rest, but he had smoothed the way. Yes,

"She was gone to the grave, but we will not deplore her, Since God was her refuge, her ransom, her guide; He gave her, He took her, and soon shall restore her, Where death hath no sting, for the Saviour hath died."

Apple Blossom resolved to call on her old friend and crony, Mrs. Trudge, who knew so much of little Hope's mother, and as Mrs. Trudge was "a

great scholar," to get her to write for her to Jem Goodman. Besides this, she wanted her to come, if possible, and watch over her little household for a week or more.

Mrs. Trudge often went out as a sick nurse or a monthly nurse, and therefore she could do this without putting her own husband and family to any inconvenience.

She often did it for money, and it would not have been like one of that kindly, loving, helping class, "the poor," not to do it more gladly still for love, where a sick and suffering neighbour was concerned.

The poor do indeed love their neighbours as themselves.

Mrs. Trudge, too, was very fond of Hope, and being a little romantic, and seeing Larky Grigg so clever, and so likely in her opinion to come to be "Lord Mayor," she delighted to watch the attachment that had sprung up between him and Hope. And in fine, she used to call them Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and ask their leave to go through Temple Bar.

The country doctor's plan was, at his own expense (he had been a parish doctor, and parish doctors are often angels to the poor) to take a little pleasant, quiet room at Brompton for Apple Blossom. The woman of the house was a nurse, and was to tend her after the operation, and be with her while it was performed by himself and his son.

To the children it was merely to be said that the doctor considered a little quiet and change of air necessary for Apple Blossom, and that Mrs. Trudge had kindly promised to come and keep them company while their mammy was away.

In case of a longer absence than she had at first contemplated, Larky, Hope, and Merry were to go to see their dad with Mrs. Trudge, and the same explanation was to be given to him.

Larky turned very pale when his mother first explained this to him. It was such a strange—such a wonderful thing for his mammy to go from her home, for a week, too; she who had never slept a night away from her home since her marriage! He seemed inclined to cry—to suspect something—to question, and even to rebel; but little Hope, though her cheeks too were pale, and her blue eyes full of tears, checked him with her upraised finger, and her "Larky, good lad, mammy knows best. 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' Larky; and don't go for to ax more nor mammy chuses to tell thee of her own accord. All thee've got to do, lad, is to try so to behave thyself that thee may be loike a feather here while dad's bad in the hospital; and I'll try hard while mammy's away to be a mother to thee and Merry. Let's see how much we can make and sell, Larky, good lad,—thee at thy tin and wire work, and I at my crochet and bead work; and Merry, good lass, thee be prime at the fruit stall, thee be; and we'll be reglar at ragged school all the same. So don't fret, mammy, but come back as soon as thee can—do, there's a dear, dear mammy!"

Poor Apple Blossom! how she strained the lovely, loving Christian child to her heart; and how her tears gushed forth as she thought that it was possible she might die under the operation, and these darlings be orphans indeed. "But for their sakes, O Father," she said, "I will go through it; and if it is thy will that I should never come back alive no more, thy will, not mine, be done, and the orphans will have thee for their father."

Poor Merry showed a great deal of good feeling and love for her mother.

Her volatile nature was quite sobered for a time, and her energy about the fruit-stall recalled that of Apple Blossom in her best days, while her zeal and civility were rewarded by a very great increase of custom.

The children were at the ragged school when Mrs. Trudge arrived to install herself in the little home; and Apple Blossom told her the whole affecting story of her illness and its result, and dictated the following letter to Jem Goodman:—

"Dear Mr. Goodman,—You knows I've been hailing for some time bak, but you don't know the hiddin cawse, which it's a kansor in my brest, and to be cut off is my only 'opes of life being spared, so 'as made up my mind according, for the sake of Bob and the bairns.

"My own good, kind doctor will do it, and has took me a rume, at his own cost, at Plesent-row, Brumton.

"All will be over by three to-morrow aternune, and what I wants is you to cum and see me, and how all gose hon, and whether it's God's will i lives or dyse.

"I've praid to be derekto roit, and I feele I'm doin' the thing that is roite. So no more at presente; butt, iff it's God's wil to tak me to hi'self, watch

over Bob, gett him to jine the temp'rance folke, and don't let him know he dun it, unless he won't be persuaded without.

"Be a feather to littel hangel Hope, and to 'em all. Oh, my Larky Grigg, and my Merry! So no more. My 'ead swims, my 'art sinks. Tea thousand blessings for all ye goodness, and the same to Mr. Stephin, and the dere, koind lades. Tell Bob I bles and prase for him. But thinks may go roight, and all be 'appy ag'in, below if not above.

"Your dootiful, poor

"APPLE BLOSSOM."

"It's lucky I'm a first-rate sholard," said Mrs. Trudge, as she directed the enclosed; "but I ollys wor a great speller."

She was convinced "the letter," as it was called, was a model of orthography and calligraphy; and, considering her advantages had consisted in a few weeks at a penny school in her childhood, it was a wonderful production.

"Have a cup o' tea afore ye goes, Apple Blossom?" said Trudge, assuming the office of mistress, and exercising hospitality to Apple Blossom in her own house.

"No, thank'ee koindly," said Apple Blossom: "I'm that sick I can't touch nothink. I'll be better in the hair. Good bye, Bess, and bless 'em all for me."

She repressed her tears, tied on her bonnet, and was gone!

CHAPTER LXX.

How often woman takes a high degree

In sorrow's, fortitude's, and suffering's school;

A member of that university,

Where those great masters, Faith and Patience, rule.

ANON.

At one o'clock all was ready in the little sunny parlour of No. 1, Pleasant-row, Brompton.

The country doctor had sent his cases of instruments, and word that he and his son were on their way.

The mistress of the house, who was a monthly nurse, was in office, and pleased to be so. She had set out a table covered with a white cloth, and a formidable array of basins of cold water, sponges, napkins, towels, vinegar, brandy, and salts. She herself was in a clean cap, and with a large nursing apron, flushed and excited.

Apple Blossom was up and dressed. She had not closed her eyes all night; indeed, it had been chiefly spent in prayer. She was white as marble, not a tinge of colour even in her lips; her large black eyes were dilated, her hands were clasped, her form erect, her teeth were set. The spirit of a martyr animated that loving woman's heart. She had arranged her hair, washed and dressed herself neatly; she would not add to the sickly horrors of that scene.

Mrs. Posset looked at her in amazement, and declared her to be a perfect "Nero"—of course, meaning hero.

At length there was a knock at the door. Mrs. Posset declared it gave her a shock, and turned her nerve. Apple Blossom smiled a faint smile, and the fussy little parish doctor who had brought her into this world of woe entered, followed by his son, the young surgeon who had so recently passed his examination.

They both shook hands kindly with Apple Blossom. The old man called her a "dear, brave gal," and the young one pronounced her "a trump," and "a brick."

"Now, if all's ready, we'll go to work at once," said the little old doctor. "Mrs. Posset, get the patient ready. Harry, my boy, we'll better take off our coats and put on our sleeves and aprons."

He then took out his keys, and Apple Blossom felt a something like an icy eel creep over her back, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth as the little shining key turned in the lock, and all the bright and terrible instruments met her eyes.

The two surgeons looked, sooth to say, a little like butchers as they put on their large bibbed aprons and tucked up their sleeves.

Mrs. Posset was about to bind Apple Blossom to her chair, but she pleaded for freedom, saying, "I cannot bear to be tied down. I had rather not be bound; I will not stir; let me be as I be; you'll see I'll not move so mooch as a finger. I'll just hold your hand toight, Mrs. Posset, and that'll steady me."

"No, it won't, when ye feels the first cut of the knife. Dear heart alive! you can't be off shrinking," said Mrs. Posset. "Do be persuaded, my dear soul. Flesh and blood can't stand it."

"No, but the spirit can," said Apple Blossom; "and moine has got strength from on high. I thinks of Bob and the bairns, and what'll they do without me? and then I can bear anything."

The old parish doctor (Dosem) felt Apple Blossom's pulse, and said, "Be it so; let her have her own way, Posset. Now, are we ready?"

And he rubbed his hands and smiled; not that he was at all unfeeling—he was very kind-hearted, and very fond of Apple Blossom; but habit had familiarised him with every kind of amputation, he was so great an advocate of the knife.

It was a dreadful moment.

Apple Blossom sat pale, beautiful, and rigid as marble, in an arm chair, clutching tightly with one hand the wrist of Mrs. Posset, with the other the elbow of the chair. Exactly opposite to her was an engraving of the Crucifixion; and her large black eyes dilated, but not tearful—rather dry and shining with the awful excitement of the moment—were fixed on that beauteous, God-like head crowned with thorns, and bowed in deference to the will of a heavenly Father; those hands and feet pierced with nails, and that blest body in its dying agonies.

"See what the Son of God, the Lord of love, suffered to save sinners," said Apple Blossom, almost unconsciously; "and shall the loikes of me flinch? No, no; I'm ready, sir."

Mrs. Posset had prepared Apple Blossom for the operation, and the younger doctor came forward, knife in hand (as having the firmer hand and steadier nerve). He was to perform the operation under the direction and superintendence of his father.

A regular son of Sangrado was this youth, and with what Astley Cooper said a surgeon should have, "the hand of a lady, and the heart of a lion." He took a sort of pride and pleasure in any amputation or extirpation that required daring, skill, and nerve.

"I am ready, sir," repeated Apple Blossom, murmuring a fervent prayer, while her eyes were still fixed on the crucified Redeemer.

Mrs. Posset turned away her head, and the old parish doctor wiped off the large, damp drops that burst out on Apple Blossom's brow.

The young surgeon was about to inflict the first gash, when the door opened and Jem Goodman, pale and panting, cried, "Stop! stop! stop, doctor! Thank heaven, I am not too late."

"What do you mean by this interruption, sir?" said the old doctor. "Don't you know that this poor woman's life depends on the operation she has nerved herself to undergo?"

"In five minutes we'd have made a neat job of it," said the young Sawbones. "*Ne sutor, &c.*; I do wish people would mind their own business."

"It seems to me necessary for you to mind yours, young sir," said Jem. "I think before undertaking such an operation as this, you should at least have got first-rate advice; and as you haven't done so, I have. You know the names of Sir Astley Cooper and Mr. G—: in two minutes they'll be here, and if they decide this must be done to save her life, I've nothing to say but 'God give her strength to bear it.' If, as I hope and believe, modern science has other resources, I shall thank Heaven I arrived in time. Ah! there's the carriage; I caught the doctors coming from the hospital, and, when I told them the case, they promised to be here in no time, and here they are."

Poor Apple Blossom! as Jem entered the room, with an instinct of shame, and that sweet, womanly modesty which never forsook her, she had drawn her shawl around her, and there she remained, listening with a beating heart and changing cheek to Jem's words, half sorry for the delay, half hoping that the ordeal she had nerved herself to go through, might yet be escaped.

The two eminent surgeons came in.

Apple Blossom tried to rise and curtsy.

"Don't stir, my good woman," said Sir Astley, kindly patting her on the back; "we've no time for ceremony now, if you please."

"Here, G—; look here."

And the keen eyes of both those great anatomists were fixed upon the poor, faithful, diseased bosom.

And a few scientific words were uttered in a low and rapid voice; and Apple Blossom felt faint with the new hope, more so than with the old despair.

Meanwhile, the parish doctor, at a respectful distance, stood rubbing his hands, but less cheerfully, and smiling, but more faintly. The young surgeon, his son, still held the knife ready. Jem Goodman had turned away in silent prayer, and Mrs. Posset arranged her sponges, basins, and napkins.

At length the sentence came forth—

"The knife's not wanted here," he said. "Come, young son of Galen, put up your weapon; and never use it when you can avoid it."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the parish doctor, "and of course I speak humbly and under correction, but this schirrus or cancer was first caused in this poor woman's breast by a kick given her by her husband when in liquor. Now, sir, what but amputation can avail when schirrus or cancer has developed itself to—"

"Nothing. I agree with you, good sir; but this is

not a cancer—this," and he used some hard Latin words, lengthy and sonorous, which we fear to repeat, lest we be found guilty of

"Just enough of learning to misguide."

"This is—as you ought to have known, gentlemen—this is," and again learned words were thundered forth. "You have mistaken the nature of this swelling; and the remedies you have prescribed under a false impression have irritated and inflamed an indolent tumor, which, though doubtless caused by the drunken husband's kick, is not cancer. A bread and water poultice, a little alterative medicine, change of air, and above all peace of mind, will make this breast as healthy in the course of a couple of months as the other. Here, let me write a prescription. And you, sir," he added turning to Jem Goodman, "let us know how the patient progresses. If needful, we'll visit her again; if not, any day before twelve let her call at—Curzon-street, May Fair. And for you, young man, another time don't be so ready with the knife. Come G—, time's up!"

"We're due at Lord Fastliver's; no such luck there," said Mr. G—; "no sparing the knife there! Good bye!"

"Good day to you all. Don't rise, good woman; take your medicine regularly, and apply a fresh poultice night and morning. By-the-bye, can you make a poultice? No, not you—few women can. This is the way to do it properly:—Take the crumb of a stale penny loaf, put it in a basin, pour boiling water on it; cover the basin with a plate, let it stand five minutes, then drain off the water, and apply the softened bread warm to the breast. Good day!"

Off they went, with a quiet rapidity peculiar to eminent practitioners of the medical profession, and then poor Apple Blossom gave way, and her long pent-up feelings found vent in an hysterical passion of tears, and wild bursts of laughter.

Then, too, it became known to those present that Bob Blossom himself had been a witness of all that had passed, having followed Jem Goodman—burning with jealousy, mad with hate and revenge, and convinced that he was about to unravel a complicated and tangled intrigue, and to detect and expose a false friend and a faithless wife!

Urged by Sam Slybrute, he had concealed from Apple Blossom, during her last visit, his approaching dismissal as "cured" from the London Hospital.

He had crept stealthily to the neighbourhood of his home; there he had watched (hidden behind a dead wall at the back of his house).

He had ascertained Apple Blossom's retreat; and, convinced that Jem Goodman would join her, he had dodged him from his home in Stamford-street, to Mrs. Posset's, at Brompton. With jealous and avenging wrath he had stolen in unnoticed after Jem; and, unnoticed, he had followed him upstairs.

With what sickening shame, repentance, and remorse he, at one glance, read the whole tale of his own sin, and his devoted wife's suffering and peril, as he saw her in the arm-chair, pale, resolute, and her bosom bared, awaiting the first incision of the knife.

In the tumult of emotions of all present, the surprise and the rescue, the low moan he uttered was unheard, and he shrunk behind a screen near the door, to await the decision of the doctors.

When they were gone, forth from his hiding-place came the heart-stricken, shame-bowed, and repentant man.

Apple Blossom, after an hysterical emotion, that at once relieved and exhausted her, had sunk back insensible in the arm-chair.

A few simple restoratives were applied, but perhaps the most potent was the sound of "the one loved voice."

Bob was kneeling beside her, his arms were thrown round her, his head was in her lap.

"It's Bob," he cried, "poor, guilty, miserable, repentant Bob. Look on me, darling, angel wife, Betty Blythe, Apple Blossom, love of my youth, wife o' my buzzom, mother o' my bairns; patient, kind, fond, true wife, good wife, look on the poor, penitent, weeping, heart-breakin' Bob, do'ee, do'ee. I seed there wor a secret heavy at thy heart. I see there wor someth weighing on the dear, blessed mind. I little thought that I'd hurt thy dear, fond, faithful buzzom so bad loike, and that thee wor all of a shiver with dread of all thee'd have to go through, and maybe, after all, no use, like poor Mrs. Grimshaw, as had a cancer cut out of one breast, and then it come in t'other, and when that wor cut off, it come in the back and killed her. Oh, my dear, dear wife, what have thee suffered, and all along of the drink and I!"

Here his sobs choked his utterance, and his tears fell fast on her bosom, and then he clung around her, and kissed her hands, her very dress. At last he

drew her beloved head on his shoulder, and hid her face in his agitated bosom.

"Let me whisper to thee, lass," he said, as Apple Blossom murmured faintly, "Bob, husband, Ise down-right glad to see thee. Don't 'ee take on so; don't 'ee, Bob!"

"Listen, lass," he cried; "I'm ready now to do what thee and Jem there have been at me so long about; I'll do it now. Come, Jem, I'm ready; take me where thee wilt; I'll put it beyond me even to cost my blessed woife another tear. And to think I've been mad enough to be jealous of thee, true friend—of thee, faithful, fond, darling woife! Come, Jem, I'm ready. I'll not kiss my own dear Betty till I've done what you both wishes—but stop a minute, Ise uncommon dry; I mean to have just one glass first." And he laughed in the recovered gladness of his buoyant heart, "just one glass, no more."

"A glass!" cried Apple Blossom, in dismay.

"A glass, man!" said Jem Goodman, sternly.

"Yes, a glass, woife; a glass, friend; but only a glass o' water; for my throat's that dry, I feels well-nigh choking; won't that a clean take in—a glass of water was all I meant; and as strong drink has nigh lost me a woife and a leg, I'll stick to water in future, and see what that'll do for me. So come, Jem, I'll join temperance folk at onst, and I'll make you and my darling woife, there, ashamed of me no more."

So saying, he drank off a tumbler of clear, cold water, which Mrs. Posset handed to him, and went out with Jem Goodman.

The parish doctor and his son, having carefully packed up their instruments, took their leave, not a little disappointed and crest-fallen, but prophesying that after all it must come to the knife.

Apple Blossom had now no such fear. Her heart was lightened of a heavy, a dreadful load; and with something of the gladness of former days, she prepared against the return of Jem Goodman and Bob Blossom a dinner-tea, comprising a few simple luxuries so dear to the children of temperance—good tea, roasted potatoes, a few radishes, and a little fruit.

Oh, when Jem brought back Bob Blossom, enrolled in the great army of abstainers, how he enjoyed his Apple Blossom's modest joy, and the pleasant little feast she had so neatly prepared.

(To be continued.)

MY VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.—No. IV.

"I WAS thinking," said Wilton, "as I came hither to join you, that if we were to string together eating, drinking, dressing, lounging in libraries, smoking cigars, staring out of windows, sauntering on the Esplanade, walking up and down the pier, pointing a telescope towards a distant ship, bathing occasionally, or sailing on a tranquil sea, buying at an auction, reading novels, and making a sketch to which only the artist, or the artist's admirers attach any value, the principal occupations of a watering-place would all be told."

"I concur with you," I replied, "tacking on to your list, however, the use of donkeys and horses with the saddle, and the employment of these animals in all kinds of vehicles, from the humblest of carts to the most splendid of carriages."

"I hope, however," said Wilton, "we shall yet improve as a people, by examining, instead of merely looking at the objects above, beneath, and around; and thus, by exercising our intellects, greatly heighten our pleasures. Paley, walking by the sea-side in a calm eve, observing a thick mist stretching along the coast, and always retiring with the water, and discovering to his surprise that the mist was filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water or the wet sand, exclaims, 'If any motion of a minute animal could express delight, it was this; suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment, what a sum collectively of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!' Nor can we doubt that the sight of these little creatures afforded to him on this occasion a higher and purer satisfaction than any of their race had ever yielded him before."

"I have often stopped in the midst of eating these delicacies," said I, "to admire the structure of a shrimp."

"It is indeed," said Wilton, "a beautiful little creature. Its outer covering consists of a thin shell of a green and transparent colour, spotted with gray. It is divided between the head and tail into six parts, each of which works into the next, like the portions of a coat of mail, thus combining hardness with flexibility, while the body is defended without impeding its motions. The tail, consisting of a wing-like apparatus of four parts, which can be folded



THE FISH MARKET, LOWESTOFT.

compactly, or extended at pleasure, is admirably adapted to propel the shrimp. The head is provided with a pair of feelers as long as the body, and the two forelegs are made to act as a hand, having jointed forceps for the seizure of food. Three pairs of legs are placed on the fore part of the body; and behind are five other pairs of legs, which are much shorter, and which diminishing successively in size, are fringed with bristles. The fore part of the head has on each side a fan-like wing, feathered on each side, transparent, and so flexible, as greatly to aid the motions of the shrimp."

"I have often seen shrimps taken," said I, "by means of a net, used alike by man, woman, and child, wading up to the knees and pushing it along, and by fishermen who go out for the same purpose in boats. Their colour is changed by boiling to that which they wear when placed on our tables. Some years ago, a friend of mine saw at Brighton boiled shrimps everywhere, but unboiled nowhere, and suggested to a woman who sold them that they were probably alive before they were boiled. 'They were never alive,' she replied, 'while I had anything to do with them; for they all came from London as they are.' It was clear, therefore, that many of our metropolitans who would not touch a shrimp at home, ate others exactly in the same state at the sea-side."

"These remarkable beings," said Wilton, "belong to the order of the crustacea, of which the lobster and crab are well-known examples. A careful examination of the lobster will amply repay us the attention. The head and thorax belong to one portion, covered above by a shield, and below by a narrow plastron, to the sides of which the legs are attached. The lower portions of the plastron are defended by seven broad, arched plates—said by some to have been the origin of plate armour—beautifully hinged, and overlapping each other in succession. The lobster's limbs are admirably adapted to the services

they are to perform, among which may be noticed the left-hand pincers, firmly toothed, for the purpose of seizing and catching its prey; and the right-hand pincers, destined to hold anchor-like to any fixed object, and thus firmly to moor the animal amidst the dashing of the tempest-tossed waters. The lobster has organs of hearing on the basal joint of the larger pair of antennæ, underneath which is a little cell filled with fluid, and a branch of the nerve of the antennæ running

powerful muscles—an efficient apparatus for reducing the food to a pulp, so that it undergoes a second and more complete mastication before the commencement of digestion takes place. So energetic is the stroke of the tail, that the lobster can propel itself in a backward direction to a distance of eighteen or twenty feet. If the sides of the shield be taken away, a shallow chamber will be observed on each side, enclosing a series of pyramidal tufts beautifully covering the breathing organs of the creature."

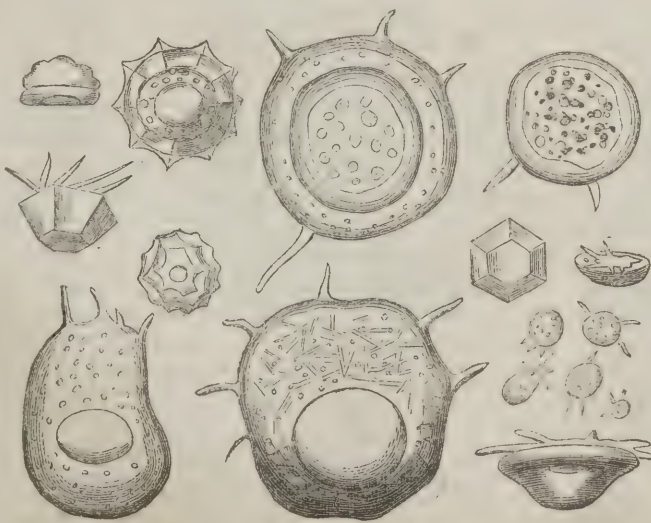
"Am I not right," I asked, "in believing that animals of this kind cast their outer coverings?"

"You are: the covering of the lobster, for example, does not, like the shell of the oyster, admit of increase as the animal grows; and it is, therefore, changed at intervals until the creature has attained maturity. Not only the scales of the body, but the eyes, the lining membrane of the stomach, and the teeth, are all periodically thrown off. Perfectly shut up in his armour, the soft body of the lobster cannot increase, but now it suddenly pushes forth its growth, the vital energies are, as it were, put to the task of enlarging the frame, and as soon as this is done, a new coat of armour is acquired, which is again to be cast off when the proper period arrives. To the process just described, that passed through by the crab bears a strong resemblance. To the crustacea, the loss of a leg, or two, is a matter of little importance. Whenever a limb is injured, the creature breaks it off at the joint nearest the trunk, where the growth will more speedily recommence. No pain seems to attend this singular process; the new claw, however, remains unprotected with a hard shell till the

next general moult, and, though equally perfect, never acquires the size of the corresponding ones."

"I think," said I, "there are many kinds of crabs."

"There are," said Wilton; "the velvet-crabs of our coasts—so called from the velvety substance



ANIMALCULES FORMING ROCKS.

through it; and it is by the vibration of the water that the sensation is conveyed, though probably not very definitely or acutely. It has a mouth capable of crushing very hard substances, and a stomach provided with three hard-grinding teeth, moved by

with which the shells are covered, and which extends even to the limbs of the animal—are among the most beautiful in appearance. They are of a reddish colour, tinged with blue. One of them, very commonly found, has colours remarkably bright; it is about two inches and a half long, and is much esteemed for food. The children of fishermen are often employed in crab-catching, as these animals are found on a rocky beach at low water, hidden under stones and in crevices. A stick, having a hook at the end of it, is put into these retreats, and the crab instantly grasping it, is drawn out; but only a small number, and these not of the finest sort, are taken in this manner, as the largest and strongest betake themselves to the sea on the ebbing of the tide. Crab, like lobster-fishing, is practised with creels, made of dry osier, and baited with bits of fish; they are then weighted with stones and dropped in some favourable situation. Mr. Ball, of Dublin, once had a domesticated crayfish, which he kept in a glass pan, in water not more than an inch and a half deep; previous experiments having shown that in deeper water—probably from want of sufficient aeration—this animal did not live long. By degrees his prisoner became very bold; and when he held his fingers at the edges of the vessel, the crayfish assailed them with promptness and energy. About a year after Mr. Ball had had him, he perceived, as he thought, a second crayfish with him: on examination, he found it to be his old coat, which he had left in a most perfect state. The crayfish had now lost his heroism, and fluttered about in the greatest agitation. He was quite soft; and every time Mr. Ball entered the room during the next two days he exhibited the wildest terror. On the third day he appeared to gain confidence, and ventured to use his nippers, though with some timidity. In about a week, however, he became bolder than ever; his weapons were sharper, and he appeared stronger, and a nip from him was no joke. He lived in all about two years, during which time his food was a very few worms, at very uncertain times,—perhaps he did not get fifty altogether. Mr. Ball concludes that some person, presuming to poach in his pond, and getting pinched, pulled out the crayfish, who thus got a fall and died from the injury it received. The water was never changed, but some was occasionally added to supply the loss by evaporation.

"I have heard," said I, "that the hermit, or soldier crab, is a singular creature."

"It is," said Wilton. "The hinder part of the body has no armour of defence; it has merely a membranous covering. How, then, shall it escape being bruised and broken among the rough stones of a rocky beach, when the rolling tide lashes the seashore? and how shall it be secure when attacked by its enemies? A provision for these purposes is made in the instinct of the animal. It selects an empty shell from the beach suited to its size, introduces its tail backwards, and in the winding recesses of its new dwelling is perfectly secure; while the hermit crab of our own shores has a large pincer claw with which it both shuts and guards the circumference of the shell. Mr. Salter has amusingly described the process of the soldier's 'moving house.' His plan was to put a naked soldier into a large glass jar of seawater with one shell, the latter about proportioned in size to the former. The crab he describes as proceeding in the following way, in three instances:—'Appearing to see the shell in the distance, the animal crawled up to it for the purpose of seeing if the house were to let, and this circumstance he discovered, not by sight, but touch. Upon reaching the shell he hooked two of his legs into its open mouth, and thrusting them as far down into its cavity as possible, commenced scrambling round the edge. He was evidently probing to discover if there were really an inhabitant. In each case the crab pursued this probing operation in the same direction—commencing on the projecting side of the shell, and ending on the receding side. Having performed this process once round, he instantly, in the twinkling of an eye, erected straight his head, and whisked himself over the smooth lip of the shell into its tube with a rapid alacrity that was perfectly marvellous. And then, in his vastly improved position, he looked so funny—such at-homeishness there was in it; he was so different from the poor houseless vagabond with a drivelling tail, that we had seen miserably crawling about a moment before: he looked right up in your face, and said, as plainly as looks can speak, 'How d'ye do? here I am, quite at home already.' I never saw it without laughing.' The whelk-shell is very commonly appropriated by the soldier-crab. A friend of mine met with thirteen specimens of it, provided with this habitation, in the course of one hour's walk on the beach at Dover. In some instances the indweller has to defend his abode against

the envious assaults of others who wish to possess it. Even when danger threatens, the soldier cautiously looks out as it moves rapidly over the shore. As the right claw is generally larger than the other, it is protruded when the animal is at rest; but on the approach of danger, it retreats far into its shell, and putting the left claw over the head, clasps it down with the right limb, and so carefully ensconces itself that, unless the shell is broken, it is not easily injured. A crab will defend its dwelling with great energy and fierceness, and he is often opposed with the same qualities. I have known one of these creatures attack another, whose dwelling he coveted, in the most determined manner; even pushing him bodily from his house, hurling him to a distance, and then ruthlessly taking possession of the castle he had stormed. The soldier-crabs are much employed by the fishermen, who call them 'wigs,' or 'whigs,' as bait for cod; for which purpose they answer very well for immediate use, although the original possessors and builders of the house—the whelks—are much preferred for night-lines, as they remain more firmly on the hook."

I had been musing on these facts for some time in silence, when Wilton suddenly startled me by saying—

"There, too, is a creature worth looking at; about half an inch high, rooted by the base of its stalk to the seaweed, formed not, indeed, of one piece, like the stem of a plant, but a pile of small pieces, all held together by a living membrane. What is there at its summit? A sea-star, it might be said, for it is like one, though minute, yet not brilliantly tinted like some of these creatures, but with here and there a patch of colour, which may presage a brighter hue. See how it sways its delicate stem to and fro, and is twisting its tiny arms in all directions in quest of food. It is an image of the encrinure, the stone-lily, having a skeleton composed of a vast multitude of pieces: for Parkinson says that in one kind there are 26,000; and Buckland estimates those of another to amount to 150,000. Place one of these minute beings in a vessel of sea-water at night, and will you find it there as you then saw it? Oh, no; the sea-star has left its stalk and moves about, free from encumbrance. All the species in the older rocks have the circular stem, with but one exception. The animal occupied a fixed position at the bottom of the ocean, like its modern representatives, or was attached to floating pieces of wood, merely moving itself as far as it could reach by bending its very flexible column, so admirably adapted to its purpose. The little bones, or joints, with a central perforation, commonly occur singly in the northern counties, where they are called 'wheel-stones,' and 'St. Cuthbert's beads,' from the fact of their being strung as beads, and used formerly as rosaries. You know the lines

'On a rock by Lindisfern
St. Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name.'

By the way, would it not astonish the multitude to say that a large part of the rocks once lived?"

"I should think it would," said I; "but what have you to state as to this matter?"

"Why," said Wilton, "that with the very substance of our globe shells have much to do, and that every one of these had once an inhabitant. Chalk is entirely a marine deposit, upheaved in the course of ages by subterranean forces, broken into cliffs and long lines of undulating hills; while in some places, the marine covering being removed, the fresh-water deposits that lie beneath are disclosed. The eye can easily trace, at Dover, for instance, on the base of the cliff the various strata or layers into which it is divided; in some parts having dark and regular lines of intervening flints, and in others having none. It is evident, therefore, that the chalky mass was once deposited in a fluid state at the bottom of a very deep sea, and that during the process shells, corallines, and various other creatures sank and were embedded in it, each layer becoming consolidated before the next, either of chalk or flint, was formed upon it. Heated waters and vapours have probably produced the nodules and veins of flint so abundant in the upper chalk. That the silicious matter was perfectly fluid before its consolidation, is proved not only by the sharp moulds and impressions of shells and other bodies retained by the flints, but also by the presence of zoophytes and sponges, which swarm in some of the cretaceous strata. Siliceous matter is insoluble in water of the ordinary temperature, yet experiment has shown that its solution readily takes place in vapour heated a little above that of fused cast-iron. Silicious deposits are also known to be formed by intermittent boiling fountains. Thus, from the crater of the volcanic mountain of Tongariro, in New Zealand, rising more than 6,000 feet

above the level of the sea, jets of vapour and streams of boiling water, highly charged with siliceous matter, are continually issuing forth. Dashing down the flanks of the volcano, in cascades and torrents, they empty themselves into the lakes at its base; and as the temperature of the water diminishes, silicious matter is deposited in vast sheets, and incrustations of flint are thrown down on the extraneous substances lying in the course of these volcanic waters. Nor is it less remarkable that they also precipitate siliceous matter in the state of stalagmitic concretions, and in nodules resembling in colour and solidity the flints of the English chalk. That organic bodies are transmitted into flint by an agency of this kind has been satisfactorily demonstrated."

"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction!" said I; "so I suppose you have something yet to add on the former vitality of rocks?"

"Certainly," said Wilton; "though ours is the 'touch and go' style, you know. Lying upon and filling up depressions in the chalk is our great tertiary formation, abounding with shells, some absolutely gigantic. The beds comprising this formation are covered by others of a peculiar soft, white stone, including much gypsum, and resembling chalk, but nearly of the nature of pumice-stone. This substance is very remarkable, from its being formed, at least one tenth of its bulk, of animalcules, among which have been recognised no fewer than thirty marine creatures. The size of one of these animalcules amounts on an average, and in the greater part, to one two hundred and eighty-eighth of a line, which equals one-sixth of the thickness of a human hair. The globule of the human blood is not much smaller. Those of a frog are twice as large as one of these creatures. A cubic inch would contain, on an average, about forty-one thousand millions of these animals. Of this aggregate, one hundred and eighty-seven millions go to a grain. Numbers of these animalcules have coverings or shields of flint, and a single shield of the *gastrolonella* weighs about the one-hundred-and-eighty-seven millionth part of a grain. But here we must stop; we have just left time for another meal; and then, only because I must go, I am off by the rail."

The Matron.

NO. XXXI.

I WILL now keep my promise, and give some directions about pickling. I begin with walnuts. They are now green, and just fit for use.

Make some brine, consisting of four table-spoonfuls of salt, and a gallon of water. Whatever quantity of walnuts you may have, cover them with brine made in the above-mentioned proportions. Let them remain in the salt and water, or brine, for nine days, putting fresh brine to them every other day. Then put them into vinegar and water, in equal quantities, having first sprinkled the walnuts with salt. Then boil them up once in the vinegar and water, after this strain them and put them into jars. Then take the strongest vinegar you can procure, to every quart of which add one ounce of white pepper, one ounce of cloves, the same quantity of whole ginger, twelve chalcots, four bay leaves, and a stick of horse radish cut in pieces; boil all these up together, and pour it hot over the walnuts. Then put as much mustard-seed over them as the bottles will admit of, and tie them down close.

Onions are pickled in the following manner:—Take small ones, and strip off the outer skin. Boil them in water till they begin to grow tender; then drain them dry, and when they are cold strip off two more of the skins, and dry them with a soft linen rag; put them into a stone jar, and to every quart of onions add five bay leaves, two races of ginger, sliced, and a quarter of an ounce of mace. Then take some vinegar, and to each quart put two ounces of salt. Boil the salt and vinegar together, skim it clean, and when it is cold fill up the jar of onions with it, and then tie them down carefully.

Mushrooms may be pickled for your own use if you are well off, and if you are not for an article of sale.

You should procure nice mushroom buttons, and (with the bottom of the stalks cut off) throw them into brine made as directed for soaking the walnuts. Let them remain in the brine for one day. When you take them out wipe them one by one. Then put some milk and water in a stew-pan on the fire. As soon as it boils put the mushrooms into it, and let them continue boiling for three minutes. Then strain them; after this spread them on a clean dry cloth, and cover them with a similar cloth. When they are quite dry put them into bottles with a few corns of white pepper and some mace; fill up the bottles with good strong vinegar, and tie them down tight.

French beans make a very nice pickle, and as they grow very plentifully, my readers may be glad to have a few directions about them. Let the beans be young, wipe them clean, cut off the stalks, and string them; put them into a clean dry jar, and prepare the pickle for them as follows:—The quantity of vinegar you will require must depend on the quantity of your beans. However, to every gallon of vinegar put one nutmeg, cut into quarters, an ounce of whole ginger, cut into small pieces, a quarter of an ounce of mace, and the same quantity of cloves and whole pepper. Boil these up together and pour them boiling hot upon the beans; cover them up, and let them stand two days. Then pour the pickle away from the beans into a perfectly clean saucepan, boil up again, and then pour the pickle again over the beans. Let them stand for three days. Then in a saucepan lined with earthenware boil up once, the beans and the pickle together. Then take them off, put them into jars, and lay a plate over the top. Let them stand till they are quite cold, and tie them down with care. Girkins, you may pickle in exactly the same manner.

And now I come to the most homely pickle of all, yet to my taste it is as good as any—I mean red cabbage. In the first instance, procure a fine large red cabbage, cut it into thin slices, put it into a cullender, and sprinkle a handful of salt over it. To a quart of vinegar put an ounce of allspice, and boil them well together. Place your cabbage in a jar, and as soon as the vinegar is cold, pour it over the cabbage. It will be fit for use in a few days; but mind it is always kept well tied down.

I have yet to add a few general directions about pickling. Always have stone jars for your pickles, and keep them in a thoroughly dry closet, or else the vinegar will lose its acidity. Another caution is, never put a metal spoon into the jars, but make use of a wooden one that has a long handle to it, and holes in the bowl. Put bladder over the mouth of the jars, and leather over this bladder, thus the air will be thoroughly excluded, and mind you tie the jar down well after taking any pickle out.

I hope this chapter on pickles will be welcome to my readers. I do not recommend the constant use of pickles, as they are not very digestible, but I consider a little of them taken now and then is wholesome, and they are very "handy" when the dinner consists principally of cold meat, or when a nice little lunch or supper must quickly be prepared for an unexpected guest.

Small Change.

If you are disquieted at anything, you should consider with yourself, is the thing of that worth, that for I should so disturb myself, and lose my peace and tranquillity?

UPON the 19th of May, 1790, the memorable dark day, a lady wrote to Dr. Byles, as follows:—"Dear Doctor, how do you account for this darkness?" He replied, "Dear Madam, I am as much in the dark as you are."

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.

A GENTLEMAN, having written a letter, concluded it as follows:—"Give Everybody's love to Everybody, so that Nobody may be aggrieved by Anybody being forgotten by Somebody."

"I THOUGHT you were born on the first of April," said a benedict to his lovely wife, who had mentioned the twenty-first as her birthday.—"Most people would think so from my choice of a husband," she replied.

A GREEK maid being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, answered, "I will bring him what is more valuable than any treasure—a heart unspotted and virtue without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

"THE wicked don't live out half their days," said a good man to his negro servant. "Dat is queer," said Cuffy. "Him no live out half his day? Den I s'pose he die 'bout 'leven o'clock in de forenoon."

AN inscription, it is said, may be found in an Italian grave-yard: "Here lies Etella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

SATIRE is an ugly weapon in the work of reform. It tears asunder, it cauterises, it blisters. No one is really made better by it. The one assailed, though he may fear the sting, will never be better through its application, though he may seem so. A satirist lives all the time in boiling water.

THERE are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows to our heart when we have.

AN attorney before a bench of magistrates, a short time ago, told the bench, with great gravity, "That he had two witnesses in court in behalf of his client and they would be sure to speak the truth, for he had no opportunity to communicate with them!"

"CAN you tell me, Bill, how it is that a rooster always keeps his feathers sleek and smooth?" "No," said Bill. "Well, he always carries his comb with him."

SLANDER.—The expansive nature of scandal is told by the poet thus:—

"The flying rumours gathered as they rolled;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargement, too;
On every ear it spread—on every tongue it grew."

"You always lose your temper in my company," said an individual of doubtful reputation to a gentleman. "True, sir, and I shouldn't wonder if I lost everything I have about me."

WHEN the Princess Helena was born, it was told the Princess Royal that she had got a little sister. "Oh! that is delightful," cried innocent little royalty; "do let me go and tell mamma!"

THERE is a man of my acquaintance who thinks that "Hon." placed before a man's name stands for honest.

BE ON THE WATCH.

He that a watch will wear this must he do—
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

"Six feet in his boots?" exclaimed old Mrs. Beeswax. "What will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as reasonably tell me that a man had six heads in his hat."

THAT was a very singular mistake made by Digg, at the wedding, who, when introduced to the bride, wished that she might enjoy many returns of the present happy occasion.

T I M E
I T E M
M E T I
E M I T

This word, Time, is the only word in the English language which can be thus arranged, and the different transpositions thereof are all at the same time Latin words. These words, in English as well as in Latin, may be read either upward or downward, forward or backward. The English words, *time*, *item*, *meti*, and *emit* (to send forth), are mentioned above; and of the Latin ones (1) Time, signifies fear thou; (2) Item—likewise; (3) Meti—to be measured; (4) Emit—he buys.

THE RIVER'S BANK.

So many untold years have passed,

As birds with bright wings flee,

Since we beside that river's edge

Sat down in childish glee.

The day was beautiful and calm,

We happy as the day,

The very waters seemed to laugh

Like children in their play.

You sat and told me fairy tales,

And both believed them true,

You from your faith in all things bright,

I from my trust in you.

You told me that in after years

We'd dwell beside that stream,

And all the while the waters laughed,

So pleasant was the dream.

I asked you if an elfin queen

Had made your eyes so blue—

And then the waters louder laughed,

As if they thought it true.

The sunlight played amid your hair—

It loved you as its child;

And if I had a childish pain,

I lost it when you smiled.

We launched our barks upon the waves,

And marked them dance and shine;

Your's safely gained the other shore—

The waters buried mine!

Your face was like an angel's then,

Its look has scarcely changed;

You dwell beside that river yet,

While I afar have ranged.

You might believe in fairies still,

Your life has been so fair—

Some vestal nun serenely calm

Might have the look you wear.

The hopes which blossom o'er your heart,

Are like the flowers of yore—

You still cling roses on the tide,

And still they gain the shore!

The laughing glee of that bright day

Departed from me long,

Perchance those dreaming waters keep

The echo of its song.

Ah no! the throbbing of my heart

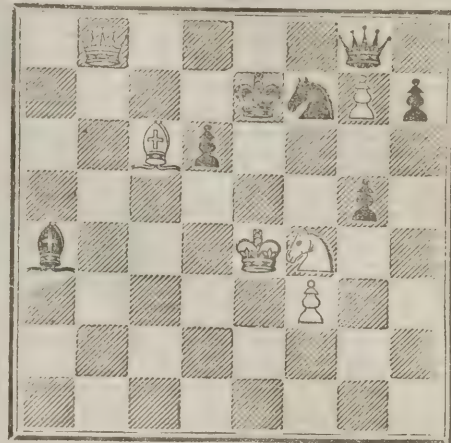
Would hush its pleasant tone,

To hear the summer music there

Is left for you alone.

Chess.

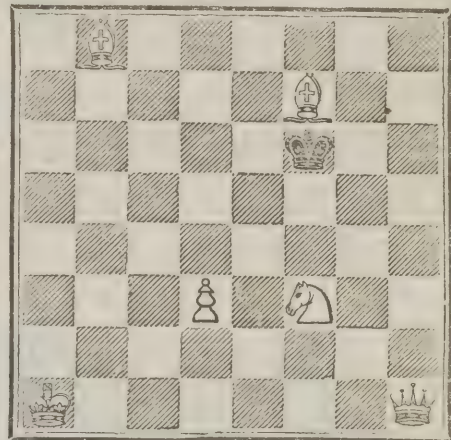
Problem No. 58. By Mr. W. MITCHESON, Esq.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 59. By C. W. of Sunbury.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 51.

WHITE.
1. Q to Q R 4 (ch)
2. Q to Q 7
3. Q to K 6
4. Mates according to Black's play

BLACK.
1. P covers (best)
2. P to K R 4 (a)
3. Any move

(a)

3. Q to Kt 4 (ch)
4. Q mates

2. Q takes B
3. K moves

Solution of Problem No. 52.*

WHITE.
1. Q to Q R 2 (ch)
2. Kt to K Kt 2
3. Q takes K Kt P
4. Q mates

BLACK.
1. B to Q B 5
2. P takes Kt
3. Any move

*A Black Pawn was by accident omitted from Black's Q R 3rd in this Problem.

EDWARD PLAYER, JUN.—Problems sent for insertion must be accompanied by their solutions.

HERR KÖNIG.—R to K 8 is Black's best reply to your proposed move of R to K 8 in Problem No. 50. Mate cannot then be effected in two more moves. Your solution of Problem No. 49 is correct.

T. POTTER.—We cannot undertake to examine Problems which are not submitted to us on diagrams. The requisite forms can be forwarded to you on your sending us your name and address on a stamped envelope.

W. F. KENDER.—Black's best defence to your first move in Problem No. 49 is Kt to Q Kt 2, mate cannot then be given in two more moves. In Problem No. 50 Black should play K to K 2, instead of Q 2, when the Kt has taken the Pawn which stands on Black's K B 2.

Solutions by Grapes, Nos. 47, 48, 51, and 52; T. Martin, Jun., Nos. 47, 48, 49, and 50; D. W. O. (Sligo), No. 49; Esperance, No. 49; Herr König, No. 49; W. W. S., Nos. 49 and 50; M. A. R., Nos. 50 and 51; T. Potter, Nos. 49, 50, and 51; E. Grant, Nos. 50 and 51; James B., No. 50; C. Austin, Nos. 51 and 52; Douglas, Nos. 50, 51, and 52; B. W., Nos. 50, 51, and 52; R. Wakelin, Nos. 48, 49, 50, and 51; G. T., Nos. 50, 51, and 52; C. Mayhew, Nos. 50 and 51; T. Wade, No. 50; and G. S. T., Nos. 50 and 51, correct.

Our Editorial Table.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

In order that no difficulty might attend the procuring of the back numbers of our New Series, we have kept them continually in print, without extra charge. As these reprints, however, are attended with so much additional cost as to entail considerable loss, we propose, as soon as Mr. J. F. Smith's exciting tale of "Smiles and Tears" is completed, to discontinue the issue of the back numbers of Vol. I. New Series, which will be then only to be had completely bound in the volume. Our readers are therefore requested to order any numbers they may require as soon as possible. Any back number of the New Series may now be had at one penny, and any number of the Old Series at three halfpence, as heretofore; and should any difficulty arise in procuring them from a bookseller, postage stamps can be forwarded to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard.

JOHN A. N.—The *Chiltern Hills* are a range of chalk eminences separating the counties of Bedford and Hertford, passing through the middle of Bucks, from Tring in Hertfordshire to Henley in Oxfordshire. Formerly these hills were covered with thick beechwood, and sheltered numerous robbers. To put these down and protect the inhabitants, an officer was appointed under the Crown, called the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, which were Barnham, Desborough, and Stoke. The duties of the stewardship have long since ceased, but the office itself is retained for a particular purpose. A member of the House of Commons, not in any respect disqualified, can only vacate his seat by his acceptance of this office, or some other nominal office in the gift of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

QUID.—"Revenons à nos moutons" (let us return to our sheep) is a proverb taken from an old French play, "Patelin," where a woollen-draper is brought in, pleading against his shepherd concerning some sheep the shepherd had stolen from him, continued digressing from the point to speak of a piece of cloth, which his antagonist's attorney had likewise robbed him of, which made the judges call out to the draper, "Revenons à nos moutons!" It is now used among friends, either in conversation or in writing, after a digression from the subject in hand, and is equivalent to—"Let us return to our subject."

EMMELINE.—The widow of the man who died intestate and without issue, will take half the personal property of which he was possessed at the time of his death, and one-third of the revenue of his freehold estates. The heir-at-law and the personal representatives will succeed to the rest of his property.

A HOUSEKEEPER.—You ask us how you can prepare chloride of lime so as to use it as a liquid. Before we give you the receipt we must warn you that it is a very powerful preparation, and it is dangerous to use much of it. It has an injurious effect on the lungs. It takes the colour out of dresses and furniture, and burns holes in linen; but, properly applied, it is very valuable as a disinfectant. The way to prepare it for use is as follows:—Stir one pound of the chloride of lime into four gallons of water; allow it to settle for two or three hours. Then pour off the clear solution and keep it well corked and bottled. The rooms of houses in which there is fever should be sprinkled with it morning and evening, but during the process fresh air should be admitted. To destroy the bad smell from drains, &c., pour into them a quart of the mixture with a pail of water. Observe also that water in cisterns may be purified by putting about a pint of this liquid to one hundred gallons of water. Another valuable property of the liquid chloride of lime is to remove the smell of paint in a single day. Sprinkle the newly-painted room with it, and put some of it in the corners of the apartments, in dishes or saucers. When, added to all this, we tell you that this preparation, poured into the crevices of bedsteads, destroys bugs, we think you will allow that we have given you very valuable directions respecting this recently discovered disinfectant.

L. M. P.—In reply to your question, as to whether persons can be forced into a madhouse on the affidavit of two physicians, we are sorry to say that they can, and in this respect the law requires immediate alteration; for as it stands at present, there is not an individual whose personal liberty is safe. Physicians form a very respectable body, but at the same time a very numerous one. The less worthy among them are as likely to be influenced by bribes, as the unprincipled members of any other profession, and thus they furnish ready tools for ruthless and designing men. We consider it a lamentable absurdity, that upon the mere word of two individuals of any description, persons may be thrown into confinement at the instigation of an enemy anxious to get rid of them. You ask if there is any remedy for persons thus imprisoned? Certainly there is none for the poor victim himself. Should he have friends aware of the injustice done to him, they can, with difficulty and expense, cause to be issued what is termed a writ of "habeas corpus," or a command to have the person confined brought into a court of justice. But this is poor amends, if any, for in the meantime the victim of unjust imprisonment in a madhouse, surrounded, no doubt, by circumstances of a horrible and frightful character, depressed by the prospect of perpetual confinement, and wrung with an intolerable sense of injury, may have been driven to madness, though perfectly sane before his unjust arrest. There should exist no possibility of confining an individual in a madhouse, until an inquiry has taken place as public as that which precedes confinement in any other prison. This is necessary for the safety of society in general, and imperatively so for that of unprotected women.

A CHEVALIER.—You are right, there has been a question of removing Temple Bar, but it is doubtful whether this removal would do any permanent good, for the obstructions to carriages are as great on Ludgate Hill as in the Strand and in Fleet-street. Taking another view of the subject, we should lose in Temple-bar a most interesting and characteristic landmark of the metropolis, and the only one of the city boundaries now remaining. However, Temple-bar is

not so ancient as you seem to think. It was built by Sir Christopher Wren, after the great fire of London in 1666. It is of Portland stone, and of the Corinthian order of architecture. Over the gateway on the east side, in two niches, are statues of Queen Elizabeth and James I., with the royal arms over the keystone; and on the west side are statues of Charles I. and II., in Roman togas.

OLIVIA.—The friend who has informed you that for the southern coast of England no protection has been provided is in error. The ships intended for the Channel fleet are to be brought forward immediately and put in commission. The active and popular admiral, Sir Charles Howe Freemantle, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of this fleet. Sir Charles is in his 56th year. This is young for an admiral. He has had great experience, and he is full of strength and energy. We think that great discretion has been shown in selecting this officer from a great number of competitors.

A SISTER.—We are able in some degree to allay your fears respecting the health of your brother, whose business obliges him to remain in London, and in the immediate vicinity of the Thames. The deodorisation of which we spoke in a recent number has commenced, and the miasma, or unpleasant smell, has diminished. The black appearance of the water excites alarm in the first instance, but scientific research has dissipated this feeling, and on excellent authority we can inform you that this dark hue is a good indication. This inky appearance of the river is caused by the iron in the clay of the river's bed. This clay has fixed and retained the sulphuretted hydrogen or poisonous vapour, and greatly contributed to our safety. Nevertheless, the vapours from the Thames (though less deadly than they would have been but for the clay-bed of the river) are offensive and unhealthy, and they produce headache, giddiness, and nausea. We hope that those in authority will not relax in their efforts to purify the Thames, for there is greater cause of uneasiness for the autumn than for the summer, as the human constitution has less power to resist infection when the frame is relaxed by previous heat. It should be remembered that the plague of London, that carried off so many thousands of inhabitants, did not happen in June or July, but in September.

ELLEN BRUCE.—"Ellen Bruce" has been reading of Robin Hood, of his courtesy, his daring, and his generosity. She declares she is quite in love with him, but adds she would not have troubled us about this, but for a series of provocations she has received. Her brother declares that there never was such a person as Robin Hood; no, nor as King Arthur; nor even William Tell. In reply to "Ellen" we will only observe, that without any intention of fighting in support of all the heroes of past times, we consider that her brother takes too much upon himself, in denying the existence of one, or any of the three worthies mentioned above. He may think his scepticism a proof of vast research; we look upon it in a very different light. As to his sister's *beau idéal*, Robin Hood, the author of the "Popular History of England" accepts Robin Hood as a real personage, and considers that there may have been a succession of Robin Hoods, during the long term of Norman tyranny; but whoever he was, and in whatever reign he lived, Robin Hood is the representation of the never-ending protest of the people against misrule. In the Robin Hood ballads, the detestation of the oppressors was long kept alive; and having put aside the exaggeration of these ballads, we feel that we are in the natural regions of poetry, surrounded by adventures that might have been real, and by men that have human hearts in their bosoms.

HARRY.—To produce blue flame, take seven ounces of nitrate of potash, two ounces of powder of crude antimony, one ounce of sulphur vivum, half an ounce of gunpowder, three drachms of king's yellow, and one drachm of oil of lavender. Mix well together.

JAMES DANIEL.—We have several times given excellent receipts for the removal of warts. See No. 191, page 271.

A YOUNG CHEMIST surprises us by asking us to "furnish him with a simple method of making distilled water." The water must be evaporated, and subsequently condensed by means of a still and refrigerator, or other similar apparatus.

ONE WITH COARSE RED HANDS.—To remove the roughness of the skin use sand balls, or sand, or pounded pumice-stone, with the soap. The hands may be whitened by the use of a little chloride of lime and warm water; but this should be used only occasionally, and should be well washed off with clean water.

A CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE must, in the first place, select a clean, dry place in which to deposit her furs; she should then place some strong spices, as cloves, pimento, &c., wrapped in muslin, amongst them.

ROB ROY.—You will find it very difficult "to keep flies out of the room;" but by placing the following mixture in various parts of the room, in small saucers, you may destroy them rapidly.—Mix one tea-spoonful of black pepper and two tea-spoonfuls of moist sugar in a table-spoonful of milk.

J. B.—You will ruin your drawing if you apply cream to it. Milk, carefully skimmed, so that no particle of cream remains, will answer your purpose.

ANNIE ROWLAND.—Though we place no faith in the assertion of the poet you have quoted, it is not for you, "not yet nineteen years of age," to give way to feelings of despondency. The desire to "love and be beloved" is natural; but have patience. Cultivate the adornments of the mind, and years of happiness may yet be yours.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY, GEORGE HENRY TAYLOR, WILLIAM, PATTY ANXIOUS.—To the "Lily of the Valley's" first questions we answer, that if she wishes to speak in the prater perfect, she should make use of the first mode of expression; if in the prater pluperfect, the latter is correct. She may rely on the directions given for pronunciation, and she cannot do better than persevere in the study of "The Lessons."—We strongly recommend "George Henry" to bend all his energies to induce his parents to consent to his marriage with the young lady he loves. We consider her aptitude for business more than an equivalent for the fortune of the other lady.—"William" must not be in a hurry. At twenty-one a man often mistakes a fancy for a passion. If his love stands the test of time, say a twelvemonth, let him propose, supposing always that the lady's constancy has also

stood this test.—The only bar "Patty Anxious's" lover is suited for is the prisoner's bar, supposing he is so unprincipled as to endeavour to induce a young girl to elope with him from school. If "Patty" wishes to avoid disgrace and misery, she will grant this intending barrister no more interviews.

AN INQUIRER.—By all means let the inscription be in English, and in the exact words of our Bible translation.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—M. Jullien is a native of France. Your lines are not suited to our Journal.

ST. CLAIR.—The mark on your wrist is indelible.

E. LOVETT.—The English of *moyen âge* is "middle age." W. B. S. (Sunderland).—You have not stated by what tenure the person who has so greatly increased the value of the house holds the property, or at whose expense its value has been enhanced; without the knowledge of those circumstances we cannot advise you how to act.

J. CELIA ROSS.—Your case is a sad one; but it does not admit of legal redress. Try the power of persuasion upon the wrongdoer.

J. R. (Dundee).—An excise officer is just as amenable to a creditor as any other of her Majesty's subjects.

A YOUNG TRADESMAN FROM HOME.—Your master has power to employ you as you state; but if he neglects to instruct you in the business to learn which you were apprenticed, you may complain before a magistrate.

J. DEEDS.—Be sure, "J. Deeds," that everything may be made of use, and marigolds, though not remarkably pretty as flowers, should not be neglected. When dried, they improve the flavour of broth and soup.

F. H. J.—Your hint shall be taken into consideration.

MINNIE.—A fine voice is a valuable gift, and one that should not be neglected. We think if you make inquiries, you might hear of public schools or singing classes in which you might gain instruction at little or no expense.

CLARA (Colchester).—"Clara" of Colchester informs us that her eyes are blue, and wishes us to tell her of something to make them sparkle. In our opinion, the finest eyes are those that sparkle with intelligence, and intelligence is promoted by study.

MARY MAY.—"Mary May" has probably some business which occupies her by day; but she might further her laudable wish to improve in spelling and writing by going regularly to an evening seminary.

HORTENSE.—"Hortense" should not recognise the gentleman under the circumstances mentioned.

A DROOPING LILY.—"A Drooping Lily," in her touching and well-worded communication, does not tell us on what grounds her father refused to consent to the union she so earnestly desired; but putting together "the errors not a few" which "Drooping Lily's" lover confessed, and the harshness which his conduct to "Lily" imply, we are tempted to conclude that "Lily's" father did not act without good reason. Woman's love is often blind, a father's is very clear-sighted. Ernest's resentment at the neglect shown him by "Lily's" father ought not to have extended to "Lily" herself. To add to her grief was very unfeeling. He should have given her the option of trying what time would do, and of seeing if she could not induce her father to consent. We are glad to hear that another gentleman was able to console her; for although in the first anguish she would not listen to his suit, it showed her at least that she had still the power to please; and this consciousness must have saved her from that painful want of self-appreciation, one of the worst consequences of a disappointment in love. Now comes the question whether, if at any future time Ernest should renew his attentions, "Lily" would do well to reinstate him in her favour? We answer no; for the man who is harsh and inconsiderate as a lover, is not likely to make a kind, indulgent husband.

R. POUNCE.—Good authorities pronounce *Trafalgar* with the accent on the last syllable, but custom accents the second syllable.

AMY A., A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, MISS E. G.—Receipts for improving the hair and for making it curl are so constantly requested by our readers, that we think our "Editorial Table" must (by some) be read over with little attention, for we have frequently discussed these subjects. However, at the request of the above-mentioned correspondents, we return to them. To strengthen and improve the hair, damp it frequently with a wash prepared in the following manner: Dissolve in one quart of boiling water one ounce of borax and half an ounce of camphor. When cool the solution will be ready for use. This wash not only cleanses and beautifies, but strengthens the hair, preserves the colour, and prevents baldness. A good curling fluid can be made in the following manner:—Melt a piece of white beeswax, about the size of a filbert kernel, or large pea, in one ounce of olive oil. To this add two drops of otto of roses. Apply it to the hair as you would pomatum.

MADEIRINE MAITLAND is referred to No. 24, page 360.

CONSTANCE MAUD.—For the object you have in view, we recommend your studying the French Lessons we are now publishing in this paper.

IGNORAMUS.—Unless love for the lady prompts you earnestly to wish for a union with her, we consider the disparity in your ages too great. But if you feel convinced you can form an attachment for no other woman, you had better have a wife seven years older than yourself than no wife at all.

W. S. GREEN.—You had better watch the working of the new society before you connect yourself with it.

G. W. B.—Your marriage should have been registered by the minister before you left the church.

Z. A.—Wedgewood was the improver of our pottery ware.

* * We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

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SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARTLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Courage! the gift of God and manhood's crown.
OLD PLAY.

ALTHOUGH it was with a feeling of bitter disappointment that our hero and his companions found the gates of the temple closed against them by the obstinacy or error of Dawlish, it did not make them unjust. Not one of the party blamed the excessive prudence which forced them to seek the precarious shelter of the ruined tower in order to avoid their pursuers, who had hunted them like bloodhounds

through the still blackened jungle till their panting steeds were well nigh exhausted with fatigue.

On reaching the entrance to their retreat, the riders, without one instant's hesitation, abandoned them; and by uniting their efforts, succeeded at last in forcing the massive doors back on their rusty hinges, and drawing the ponderous bars.

Having accomplished that, they had time to look around them.

The building had evidently been constructed with a view to defence. The walls were constructed of rough, unhewn stone, without aperture of any kind, except a row of loopholes just large enough for musketry.

So far they were fortunate.

A broken staircase led to a vaulted chamber beneath. The lieutenant and Richard descended to examine it, whilst Mark Rayner and Jack kept watch above.

After groping carefully round the walls—for the place was too obscure to trust to sight alone—they satisfied themselves there existed no means of egress

from the vault; consequently they were safe from any attack in that direction. One singularity, however, forcibly struck our hero: the walls appeared to be constructed with superior care and choice of materials from the rest of the building.

"Strange!" he exclaimed.

"What is strange?" demanded his companion.

Richard pointed out the peculiarity he had noticed; when Marsh, to satisfy himself, struck a light by means of his pistol, and, setting fire to the muslin scarf he wore twisted round his turban, had time during the temporary blaze to examine the chamber more minutely.

Its walls were built of long square blocks of sandstone, tallying in size, and curiously sculptured in high relief with subjects taken from the incarnations of Vishnu and the Hindoo mythology.

Evidently it had been intended for some religious purpose.

Under any other circumstances they would have examined it with interest; but the report of their



LILLIAN'S PERIL AND PROVIDENTIAL RESCUE.

companions' revolvers recalled them to the apartment above. As they emerged from the vault, a bullet which had passed through one of the loopholes, slightly grazed the temple of Richard. Fortunately, the enemy, three of whom had already fallen, were too much intimidated to fire except at random.

"We can never hope to hold this place," observed the lieutenant.

At the same time he cast his eyes around to ascertain if there were any means of reaching the chamber above, and from thence passing to the roof of the tower.

The staircase had been taken away.

"Our friends by this time must have perceived their fatal error," said our hero. "They never will desert us."

"Sir Charles will do his duty," was the reply of his more experienced friend.

"And that is?"

"Not to risk the lives of his men in an attempt which must end not only in their destruction, but in that of the helpless beings who have no other protectors. Were you his own son," added the veteran, "he would endure the misery of seeing you perish before his sight, rather than abandon his post for an instant."

There was a silence of several minutes; each felt that he was listening to his doom, and heard it without a murmur—although it seemed hard, very hard to die, and their countrymen so near them.

Suddenly the firing ceased, and they listened eagerly.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Mark Rayner, greatly excited; "but the regiment has made a charge upon the rebels."

The lieutenant shook his head incredulously.

Jack Manders, who, to do him justice, regretted the peril of his benefactor more than his own, could endure the harassing suspense no longer. He mounted with desperate courage to one of the loopholes, to ascertain why hostilities had ceased. A glance sufficed to explain it, and he hastily withdrew his head, just in time to avoid the volley of bullets which came rattling against the aperture.

"They are piling brushwood and timber," he said, "against the gates, in order to smoke us out of our retreat."

"Or force an entrance by fire," observed Richard.

It appeared a cruel doom to men in the pride and strength of mankind to perish by such means. To die, suffocated like the wolf and wild fox in their lair, or rush forth to be hacked to pieces by the countless bands of fanatics, who already gloated in anticipation over the sufferings of their victims; but no hope, or means of escape, presented itself, and the lieutenant cast his glances once more despairingly on the broken stairs which led to the upper vault of the tower.

Jack, who followed the direction of his eyes with his own, reflected for a few seconds, then, drawing forth his clasp knife, began to rip the boots from off his swollen feet—the only possible way of removing them.

"What are you doing?" demanded our hero, mournfully, for he suspected that the horrors of their situation had impaired the poor fellow's reason.

Jack pointed to the broken stairs.

"Impossible," said Richard.

"I ain't so sure of that," replied his companion in misfortune: "I ain't been to sea for nothing. Many a night, when the waves dashed over the deck of the Caradoc, and the cold, white, feathery foam came splashing in my face, half blinding me with the salt spray, I have mounted aloft to reef sails, and balanced myself like a sea bird at the end of the yard, on a space not broader than one of those broken stones."

"You will never reach it," observed his benefactor; "and only add to your sufferings. My faithful friend, we must die together."

Jack repeated the word "friend" in an undertone several times, as if to give himself courage, and then without further hesitation commenced the difficult and dangerous ascent. At the same instant he did so, the enemy, as if aware that their prey was making a last desperate attempt to escape them, recommenced firing, and the bullets once more came whistling through the loopholes of the tower.

The sepoy were armed with our own rifles, and used them well.

With anxious eyes, the fugitives watched the efforts of Jack, who clung to the broken stones which projected from the wall with the tenacity of youth, struggling desperately for life. More than once, as he hung suspended by his bleeding hands, the poor fellow cast a despairing look towards the still distant aperture; and would have relaxed his grasp, had not a cheering word from our hero encouraged him. At the sound of his voice, his half-relaxed muscles re-

covered their tension; and, by an almost superhuman exertion of his remaining strength, he contrived to reach a stone, which projected further than the rest.

This afforded him time to pause and recover breath.

Meanwhile it was only by keeping their backs to the gates, that the remaining three could avoid the shower of bullets which, with deadly precision, the besiegers continued to pour through the loopholes. The lieutenant had advised his companions to reserve their fire, for the stock of ammunition was getting low, till the last moment; still they kept a wary eye upon the only aperture by which the enemy could ascertain their exact position, and the first bronzed visage that appeared, received a ball that scattered its owner's brains.

There was a loud yell of fury and defiance as the sepoy fell.

Another rebel, who made a similar attempt, shared the same fate, from the cool, steady hand of Mark.

"There is wisdom in all things," says the poet, "even in the trials and sufferings which temper both body and mind." Had Jack not been subjected for years to the brutal treatment he had experienced at the hands of Captain Gall, his powers of endurance must have given way; for not only were his feet lacerated by the sharp points of the projecting stones, but his fingers, which from time to time he was obliged to thrust like wedges between the interstices, were cut to the bone, and his nails torn to the quick.

More than half an hour elapsed before the poor fellow succeeded in reaching the opening in the roof, which, after all, was not more than thirty feet high.

With an effort, which caused the sinews of his arms to rise like strained cordage, he swung himself through, and then sank exhausted.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed our hero; "one, at least, may escape."

Mark Rayner now began to examine the means of ascent, for the thought of Rose and the love of life became strong within him, and he resolved to make the attempt.

Richard called to Jack Manders several times before receiving a reply. When it reached him it was in so low a tone that the speaker was evidently struggling to recover breath.

Here Mark, who had raised himself about four feet by the projecting stones, fell heavily.

"He can never accomplish it," whispered the lieutenant: "his weight is against him; for my own part, I shall not make the attempt, but I wish you to try it."

"And leave you to the mercy of our ferocious enemies?" answered Richard; "never."

The veteran entreated him urgently.

"It is of no use," was the reply; "I can only answer in your own words, spoken the day before we started from Calcutta."

"I do not recollect them."

"We both of us return to England," said Richard, repeating them, "or leave our bones in India to bleach together."

Just as Mark Rayner was about to renew the attempt, Jack called to him to desist.

"Why?" shouted the soldier.

The reply came in the form of a thickly knotted rope, which the former had discovered in the chamber above, and now let down to his companions, first making one end of it fast to a stone column, round which ran a spiral staircase, leading to the roof.

The ascent now became easy; and in a few minutes the four fugitives, who had so bravely struggled for life, stood once more together.

"You have saved us!" exclaimed the last three, shaking hands with their preserver, who looked joyfully in the face of his friend and benefactor, and smiled.

The thought of having been useful to him repaid his sufferings.

The first thing was to draw up the rope, which was evidently intended for the purpose to which they had applied it; the next, to mount at once to the roof of the tower, to the edge of which Mark cautiously crept.

"Down!" he cried; "they are watching us."

The words were followed by several shots, which fell harmlessly.

Lieutenant Marsh now undertook to conduct their proceedings. Advancing in the same cautious manner that Mark had done, he perceived at a glance the design of the enemy. They had piled brushwood and timber against the gates of their retreat, and were about to fire the pile.

Silently he pointed to a huge stone which had become detached by time from the parapet, and indicated to his companions, by a movement of the finger, the direction in which he wished them to roll it.

It required all their united strength to move it; even Jack's was brought into requisition. Just as they got it to the very verge of the roof, the veteran called to them to stop.

"Wait," he said, "till I give the signal."

Several sepoy approached the pile which the rajah—by the advice of Nadir, who had his own reasons for not destroying the tower by artillery—had ordered to be gathered against the gates; but at the very instant they were about to apply their torches, the lieutenant pronounced the word "Now!" and the ponderous stone fell, crushing three of them into a hideous, misshapen mass.

A shout of mingled rage and despair from the besiegers followed.

Marsh pointed to a second stone; and before the wild yells of their enemies had died away, the resolute Englishmen were quietly dragging it to the requisite position.

The second stone fell, and with a still more fatal result to those who thirsted so eagerly for their blood.

Then it was that the rajah, turning to the chief Brahmin, declared he would no longer sacrifice his men to his caprice of sparing the building, but at once open his great guns upon it.

Despite his effort to conceal it, the countenance of Nadir became troubled, and he bitterly regretted having quitted his retreat.

Why he did so will appear in the course of events. "It has been consecrated," he said, "to the deities of India, and may not be destroyed without sacrilege."

"I will erect one far more magnificent," answered the prince, with an incredulous smile, for he began to suspect the motives of the speaker. "The gods will pardon the crime," he added, "if crime there be, in consideration of the sacrifice of the infidels who fall with it."

"Beware," said the priest, "how you interpret their will; it is the soldier's duty to fight, the Brahmin's to announce—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Acbar; "it is the reason, not the pretext that can move me from my purpose. If you have nothing better to urge than a superstitious veneration for a few old stones, I shall give the order to fire."

The features of Nadir became suddenly calm and expressionless. Whatever his motives, he had made up his mind to submit to the destruction of the tower rather than betray them.

"As you please," he made answer; "the counsels of age are thrown away upon impetuous youth. The chief is wiser than the sage in his own conceit; may he never live to discover the bitter truth."

With an impatient movement of his hand the rajah gave the signal to the gunners. A report which shook the ground followed, and the balls from the two field pieces striking the gates shattered them into countless fragments.

Sir Charles and his brother officers, who were watching the proceedings from the walls of the temple, turned aside in despair. The besiegers had removed to the other side of the tower, and were out of the range of the two solitary guns mounted on the walls of the temple.

"Poor fellows," he groaned; "it is all over with them."

His men impatiently demanded to be led to the rescue of their countrymen.

"Too late," muttered the major, whose courage was as warm as his temper. "This is the hardest trial of my life."

Here the fiery Welshman turned aside to conceal his rage and vexation.

Wharton, to whom great and heroic deeds, whether in action or endurance, possessed a peculiar charm, had for some time been watching the defence made by four men against unequal numbers with breathless interest.

"They will perish," he exclaimed, "worthy the name of Englishmen," as the fugitives kept hurrying from their elevated position a shower of stones upon the rebels, who thrice attempted to enter the shattered gates, but were as frequently repulsed.

The lieutenant of Acbar approached to give directions; a shot from the revolver of our hero, who had purposely reserved his fire, brought him from his horse. The rebels retreated, bearing the body with them.

Enraged beyond measure at the successful resistance of four worn-out Englishmen, the rajah now gave orders to bury them in the ruins of the tower they had so bravely defended. A native artilleryman, a deserter from the Bengal army, altered the elevation of the guns, and the work of destruction commenced in earnest.

Nadir smiled when he beheld the upper portion of the tower rapidly falling beneath the cannon of his ally.

"Raze it to the ground," he said. "I now withdraw my prohibition. Their hands are stained with the blood of the faithful. Let the asylum they have chosen prove their tomb."

Such, in all probability, was but too likely to be the case. The remaining battlements had fallen before the devoted band had retreated from their perilous position to the second chamber, the roof of which already began to crack above their heads.

"Let us descend," said the lieutenant.

"We may as well die here," observed Mark Rayner, despairingly.

"That is not the Christian's thought," replied the veteran, who, during the prolonged and terrible contest, had never for an instant lost his self-possession. "It is our duty to struggle to the last for life; man has no right to abandon it."

Urged by his reproof, the soldier began letting down the rope by which they had mounted. Richard was the first to descend.

"Here," he said, "we must make our last stand," when his companions joined him. "I, for one, am determined not to fling the slightest chance of life away; but I am equally resolved," he added, "not to fall alive into the hands of wretches who possess no other claim to humanity than the form and name."

Each one expressed a similar determination, and they mutually shook hands.

"We forget," exclaimed Marsh, struck by a sudden recollection, "that we have one more chance for safety."

Richard regarded him inquiringly.

The old soldier pointed to the aperture leading to the vault below. Despite their courage and resolution, an involuntary hesitation betrayed itself. Death from the falling roof and crumbling walls appeared horrible enough; but it was merely compared with the certainty of perishing by hunger and the pangs of thirst, sealed by the ruins in that living tomb.

A terrific crash was heard overhead: the first roof had fallen in; and the second was shattered by the superincumbent weight, that it was evident the next discharge of the enemy's cannon must bring it down.

Marsh gently laid his hand upon the arm of our hero and led him to the vault, which, as we before observed, was of far more massive construction than the rest of the building, which soon afterwards came tumbling down as if an earthquake had shaken it.

The cloud of dust which penetrated their retreat—we might say grave, for there appeared no possible means of escape—almost choked them; but the solid roof resisted the shock.

"We are preserved," said the lieutenant, who was the first to break the awful silence which succeeded.

"To starve," murmured Mark Rayner, despondingly.

Jack Manders groped his way to the spot where our hero was standing, and grasped his hand. He felt resigned, nay, almost content, to die by the side of one who had proved so true a friend to him.

"Here is my flask," he whispered; "it is more than half filled with wine."

Richard distributed it in equal portions to his friends, not forgetting to compel the speaker to take his share.

"I have many regrets at quitting life," he observed; "but it is not the slightest, that I shall never have the means, Jack, of proving how deeply I feel your fidelity and friendship for me."

"You can prove it," replied the nephew of Andrew Silcox, in an under tone.

"How?"

"By repeating to me the prayer which Lillian tried to teach me. I should like to hear it again, and from your lips."

There was a pause: the name of the fair girl, whom he so fondly loved, unmoved the heart of his benefactor; but the weakness, if weakness it might be called, lasted only for a few moments.

"Right," he said; "even here I have a duty to perform, let me not neglect it. Although ignorant of much I ought to know, He to whom our supplications are addressed will direct me."

The two friends knelt and prayed together.

When the rebel force beheld the downfall of the tower they set up a loud shout of triumph and derision, directed rather to the garrison of the temple, whose guns they were too cautious to approach, than to their victims, whom they believed beyond the reach of insult or of outrage.

"There fell as brave fellows," observed Sir Charles, "as ever bore the name of Englishmen. Poor Mark Rayner, it will be a sad blow to his wife—just as his good name was cleared too. Who could have been his companions?"

The question was not addressed to any one of the group near him, but the eyes of Wharton instantly

sought those of Dawlish, which sank beneath his searching expression.

"If I were certain," he exclaimed, struck by a sudden suspicion, which he instantly checked.

"What?" demanded Plinlimmon.

"Nothing, major; one of those thoughts which sometimes tempt our better judgment, and lead us into error. Mine," he added, "was too terrible to be repeated."

CHAPTER LXXIX.

But, oh, the doleful sight that then we see!

We turned our look, and on the other side

A grisly shape of famine mought we see,

With greedy looks and gaping mouth, that cried,

Her body thin and bare as any bone,

Whereto was left nought but the skin alone.

SACKVILLE.

On the second night, the sycee, faithful to his promise, made his way to the cell of Caleb. Something of an extraordinary character had evidently occurred to alarm the inmates of the subterranean abode: Nadir, the chief Brahmin, was absent, and the subordinate priests, deprived of their head, wandered about the rock-hewn temple in a state of alarm and confusion; consequently, it was long past midnight before the boy ventured to visit his friend.

The prisoner, who had been counting the hours impatiently, could scarcely restrain his joy when he heard the door of his dungeon cautiously rolled back, his heart beat violently, for he felt that the moment of liberty was at hand.

Again, as on his previous visit, Hirim approached his lips to the ear of the youth before uttering a word; when he did speak, so intense was the silence that reigned around, his half-breathed whispers seemed to wake the sleepless echoes of the place.

"Have you filed the chain?" he asked.

Caleb caught his hand, and directed it to the ring which encircled his body; it was filed through as he had directed, just under the arm.

"Now drink of this, it will give you strength," added the speaker, giving him a flask filled with palm wine. The youth drank it eagerly, and as the invigorating draught cooled his parched lips, it imparted fresh energy and strength; he felt, should the necessity arrive, that he could once more make a struggle for life and freedom.

"I am ready!" he exclaimed, in an under tone; "prepared for any risk."

"Not yet," was the reply.

The speaker had brought with him a dress, similar to those worn by the servants of the temple, and silently assisted him to arrange it.

"Lillian!" said Caleb, for even in the joy he felt at the prospect of his own escape from captivity and a fearful death, the grateful fellow had not forgotten his fellow victim.

The sycee made no reply.

"I will not fly without her," added the speaker.

"There is but one chance of saving her," answered the boy, at last, "and it depends upon our quitting this place. Each night since I last saw you, I have listened at her cell; Kehoda never quits it for an instant."

"She is her servant," observed Caleb.

"She is the servant of the temple, and dares not assist her flight, even if her heart prompted her," said Hirim: "the penalty would be fearful. Besides," he added, "I have listened to her words, and overheard her urging Lillian to listen to the love of Al Moorad."

Caleb reflected for an instant. He had no cause to doubt either the sincerity or truth of one who had risked his life to serve him; added to which fear-and-twenty hours still intervened between the time the banker had appointed to make his last attempt to win or force the maiden to his wishes. Once free himself, he might apprise his countrymen of the place of her concealment. Sir Charles Fourreau and the gallant 61st he well knew would risk everything to save her. It was the best plan, for, after all, what could the arms of two mere youths achieve against a host of fanatics, in the event of a discovery?

"Lead on," he whispered; "I am ready."

The two speakers crept stealthily from the cell, the door of which the Hindoo closed and carefully replaced the chain.

"Trust to your disguise," he said, "and follow me boldly. Look not to the right or left, and keep on the darkest sides of the passages."

The fugitives—each one with his hand upon his weapon, ready to defend his life in case of discovery—proceeded through the rock-sculptured labyrinth of vaults and corridors without interruption till they reached a hall of loftier proportions and larger extent than any they had yet entered.

Caleb shuddered, as his eyes fell upon a rough altar like the one in the sanctuary above, formed of a single

stone, and crowned with the statue of Mariatele. Fixed to the huge block were fetters of bronze, evidently for the purpose of attaching the victims offered to the goddess.

About half-a-dozen servitors and as many Naulch girls were sleeping on carpets spread in front of the idol, at the back of which was the cell where the chief Brahmin so frequently retired.

Hirim glided like a shadow past his countrymen, till he reached the entrance to it, then paused an instant for his companion. As the latter joined him one of the sleepers awoke.

"Who passes?" he demanded, aloud.

Neither of the young men uttered a word.

"Speak," added the priest, "in the name of the goddess and her symbol."

The sycee drew Caleb into the cell, and closed the door after him. An instant after and the sound of a gong was heard. The inmates of the temple were alarmed, and Al Moorad and a crowd of fanatics speedily filled the hall.

The absence of Nadir, whose authority being supreme, directed all things at his will, had left the priesthood without a head. It was some time, therefore, before an explanation could be obtained, for all were asking questions, which one only could reply to.

At last it was clearly understood that the priest had seen two persons enter the cell where none save the chief Brahmin ever ventured.

There was a cry of horror, such an act being looked upon as sacrilege by the numerous dupes of the old man's supposed sanctity. Al Moorad, less superstitious than those around him, tried the door: it was fastened.

"Bring me the means to force it," he exclaimed.

All who heard him shuddered; not one stirred.

He repeated his order, which in all probability would have been equally unattended to, had not a Brahmin, known to be in the confidence of Nadir, made his appearance. He was a venerable-looking man, and, next to his chief, possessed the greatest authority.

"The Christian prisoner," he exclaimed, "has escaped, and the boy Hirim has been the instrument and companion of his flight."

On hearing this the proposal of Al Moorad was at once complied with, and the door of the cell broken open. When those who had penetrated the sacred precincts—sacred at least in their eyes—looked around them, the place was empty. Some accused the Brahmin of having mistaken his dreams for reality; others declared that Mariatele had worked a miracle; but the banker believed in neither supposition—he thought only on the escape of Caleb, its possible consequences, and with a determined look he turned aside, directing his steps towards the prison of Lillian.

For forty-eight hours our hero and his three companions had been the inmates of the lonely vault in which they had taken refuge; sealed, as it were, within a living tomb by the enormous mass of stone which the falling of the tower had piled above them. They were without hope, except that Christian one which can alone sustain us when earth and all of earth appear to have abandoned us.

In addition to the pangs of hunger, the prisoners,—for such they really were, although no bolts were drawn, or living being kept guard over them—had suffered severely from the pangs of hunger, and still more from those of thirst, when the lieutenant, whose coolness and self-possession had not for an instant deserted him, in placing his hands against the walls discovered that they were damp, and proposed to his fellow-sufferers to lick the moisture from the stones. The suggestion was eagerly complied with, and in a few minutes the blood-swollen lips, which cracked and burned at every effort to speak, became less painful.

"Why should we make a fruitless attempt to prolong existence?" murmured Mark Rayner.

"Simply because it is our duty to do so," observed Richard. "My hopes of escaping from this living death are faint as yours; still I am determined not to give the slightest chance away. The means of lessening the pangs of thirst have already been vouchsafed to us, who can limit the mercy of God? It is boundless as his power, and may reach us even here."

"Do not let the courage of two boys shame your manhood, Mark," added the lieutenant; "see how patient poor Jack is, and his sufferings have been intense."

"I feel better now," said the latter; "the fire is quenched in my throat, and my head no longer throbs as if it would split; I almost fancy that I could sleep."

Strange to say, a similar inclination crept over his companions, who, no longer tormented by the fiery thirst which had lately consumed them, soon sank to rest.

The hero of our tale was the last to close his eyes, for he had thoughts which wrung his heart with agony and bitter regrets.

As is frequently the case after any violent reaction, either of pain or pleasure, the dreams of the sleepers were peaceful. We have heard many an old soldier declare that he has slept calmly upon the battlefield, amid the dying and the dead, and dreamt of home and of those who were most dear to him.

No wonder, then, if the visions of the lover were of Lillian. In his sleep, she appeared before him decked in her sunny smiles and modest beauty; he saw her beckon him to advance towards her, but a river, whose waters were dark and agitated, seemed to roll between them, and he hesitated; she beckoned him again, and, in his dream, he overleaped the barrier, and awoke with the imaginary effort.

Several minutes elapsed before Richard could persuade himself that he was not still sleeping.

A portion of the wall of the cell appeared to have been rent away, and he distinctly perceived two figures dressed in the garb of Hindoos standing at the aperture. Both were armed, and one of them carried a lamp.

Once convinced that it was a reality, and not a vision of his disordered imagination, Richard started to his feet and called to his companions to awake.

"It is Mr. Tyrrell's voice!" exclaimed Caleb, rushing forward and clasping his knees. "Don't you know me, sir? Caleb—the sailor you rescued from the Caradoc."

"And Hirim, your servant," added the sycee.

It was some time before our hero could recover his surprise, or either of the party find words to explain the chain of accident and adventure which had once more brought them together; but when at last they did mutually comprehend them, the hearts of all were filled with gratitude and astonishment.

"Who, after this," observed the lieutenant, "shall despair? From the depths of the earth the prayer of the captive has been heard and answered."

Mark Rayner bowed his head; the words sounded like a reproof.

As yet not a word had been uttered respecting Lillian.

"I am convinced," said our hero, after reflecting for an instant upon what he had heard, "that there exists a communication between the temple and the subterranean den you have described."

Hirim looked doubtfully.

"There must be," observed Caleb, eagerly; "how else could the daughter of Sir Charles have been made a prisoner and conveyed there?"

On hearing that Lillian was a captive, everything like deliberation or hesitation at once gave way. What were dangers—the disadvantages of numbers—nay, the certainty of death itself, weighed against her safety? Lillian in the hands of the heathen rebels! wretches who had never yet shown pity or forbearance to those within their power! There was a horror in the thought which seemed to nerve her lover's arm with more than human strength.

"Perhaps," observed the lieutenant, in the hope of calming his excitement, "the Brahmins may have obtained possession of her person by way of hostage."

Richard repeated the word mechanically.

"Not so," replied Caleb; "there is one who loves her; Hirim knows his name."

"Al Moorad," said the sycee, in answer to the question his master's lips refused to ask.

Our hero repeated it, bitterly: his heart had already divined it, for he had detected the cold and snake-like glances which the wily banker, on more than one occasion, had cast on him and the fair girl.

As for Jack Manders, he was already on his feet and examining his revolver. On hearing of Lillian's danger he no longer felt sensible of pain.

Following the sycee, who bore the lamp, the speakers threaded the narrow, winding succession of vaulted passages which connected the fallen tower with the subterranean temple. To one at least of the party they appeared interminable. The heart and brain of Richard throbbed with impatience.

"Shall we never arrive?" he murmured.

"Patience," replied the lieutenant, calmly. "Doubt not that Providence which has so unexpectedly befriended us; it seldom leaves its designs imperfect or unaccomplished."

With a groan of mental anguish the despairing lover once more pursued his way.

When Al Moorad directed his steps towards the cell of his captive, it was with the full intention of bringing matters to an issue, by compelling Lillian to go through the ceremony of a marriage with him. The escape of Caleb had alarmed him. There was a possibility that succour might arrive; and the heartless ruffian knew too well the temper of her country-

men not to be aware of the doom he might expect if once he fell into their hands.

"At least," he thought, "I will have one triumph over the hated race—the dearest, vengeance can ask or fortune grant!"

On entering the cell—and it was the first time he had done so since her recovery—even the callous nature of the oppressor was touched by the ravages which disease had made in the person of Lillian. Her features were pale—as if life and death were struggling for mastery, and the latter all but victor. The brilliancy of her dark eyes alone remained unimpaired, and they flashed with all the scorn of virtuous indignation, though not unmixed with terror, when the wily Hindoo presented himself before her.

"Don't leave me," she whispered to the Nautch girl, who guessed what the visit of the banker forebode. "I was kind to you once, and you loved me. Pray do not leave me," she repeated; "at least, till I am dead."

Kehoda hesitated; despite her jealousy of her former mistress, and mad passion for our hero, something like a feeling of pity was awakened in her breast.

Al Moorad motioned her a second time to quit the cell.

"Why am I not obeyed?" he demanded.

"The chief Brahmin placed me here," replied the girl.

"Do I not speak by his authority?" exclaimed the banker. "Have you forgotten the condition on which he spared your forfeit life—forfeit by your love for one who mocked and scorned you?"

The momentary feeling of commiseration for her former mistress faded in the heart of his hearer.

"Will you tempt his wrath again?" added the speaker. "Have you so soon forgotten the doom which a word, a look may recall?"

Kehoda shuddered at the recollection, and, drawing her saffron-coloured veil over her features, silently glided through the still open door of the cell, which Al Moorad closed after her.

He could not fasten it, the bolts being only on the outward side.

No sooner did she find herself alone with her oppressor than a sensation of calm amounting to confidence replaced the terror which Lillian had previously felt. It seemed as if her guardian angel whispered that he was watching over her.

"You remember my last visit?" said the banker, addressing her.

"Alas! yes."

"And the offer I made you?"

"That too."

"Well, then," said Al Moorad, struck by her collected manner, which he could not understand, "I await your answer."

"What answer can a Christian maiden give to such an offer?" replied his prisoner. "It is an insult to have heard, it would be pollution to dwell upon it."

"You brave me, then!" muttered the licentious ruffian, trying to work himself into a frenzy of passion, which might excuse the violence he meditated.

"No," replied Lillian. "I would appeal to your reason and mercy. Look upon me—compare me with the girl whom you first saw, surrounded by loving friends, happy in their affection, in her own grateful basking in the sunshine of existence, and then ask yourself what you have made me. You have deprived me of these blessings," she added, "and yet I can forgive you."

"Forgive me!" repeated Al Moorad, astonished at the tone her words had taken.

"On one condition."

He repeated her words.

"I am dying. Restore me to my friends—let my last sigh be drawn in the presence of those I love, and—"

"Never!" interrupted the Hindoo.

"Let me die in peace, then," exclaimed the captive, with a look of resignation. "Seek not to trample on a broken flower. Why persecute me? why attempt to sully the last remaining drops in the all but exhausted cup of life?"

"What!" exclaimed the banker, mockingly, "abandon the hope for which I have risked wealth, and it may be, safety; resign it when the fulfilment is within my reach? Never; such cold-blooded virtue may exist in Europe's passionless sons—the children of the East are strangers to it."

"Kill me," said Lillian, throwing herself at his feet; "death has no terrors, compared with dishonour. Kill me, and I will call it mercy; a blow, a single blow, will suffice. The thread of life is so nearly broken."

"It will hold, at least," was the brutal rejoinder, "until I have made you my wife according to the custom of this country."

Her persecutor attempted to seize her, and doubtless would have proceeded to yet further violence had not the door been suddenly dashed open by our hero, who had preceded his companions. Richard Tyrrell had heard the despairing shriek which echoed through the vaulted passages; the next instant Lillian lay senseless on his manly breast, and Al Moorad prostrate at his feet.

"Saved!" he exclaimed, pressing her with convulsive joy. "Angel of purity, look up—revive!—bless me with the assurance that you live!"

Lillian faintly murmured his name.

So absorbed were the feelings of our hero by the piteous scene he had witnessed, that he forgot for an instant the presence of the cowardly aggressor, who by this time had recovered from his confusion, and silently drawn a weapon from his girdle.

The sword, however, and the hand that grasped it, speedily fell beneath a blow which Jack Manders—who was the first to follow his benefactor—inflicted, severing the arm at the wrist.

Al Moorad uttered a loud cry; before he could repeat it his voice was silenced for ever.

Surrounded by his faithful friends, our hero succeeded in bearing his still senseless burden through the throng of Brahmins, who by this time had gathered to prevent their escape. Fortunately they were unarmed, and the fugitives succeeded in once more reaching the secret entrance by which they had penetrated.

This time, however, their enemies followed.

The rescued victim of lust and crime was in brave hands, and had brave hearts to defend her. Jack Manders, when he recognised her pale features as she lay more like a corpse than a living thing in the arms of her lover, forgot hunger, thirst—all that he had endured, and fought with the fury, if not the strength of the lion. Not a Hindoo braved a second blow; and when his sword broke in his blood-stained hands, the shots of his revolver told with fearful execution.

Neither were Mark Rayner and the lieutenant idle.

"Where will this passage lead to?" exclaimed the former, when he found they had entered a different one to that they came by.

"No matter where," replied our hero, greatly excited; "Heaven is visibly on our side, and will direct our steps."

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

THE editor is in receipt of a large number of letters from all parts of the country, and from individuals of different positions in life, all young, urgently pressing the question—How are we to improve? In them the desire to be something better than they are has already been called forth. They feel their deficiency of education, they aspire to knowledge, and they seek to advance their position in life. Their ambition is laudable. It is a bad sign when people are supinely satisfied—not willing to strive for anything beyond them; going through their ordinary labour with the routine of cattle, and, like the cattle, caring only to satisfy their appetites and to sleep. We have heard this called contentment. If it be true contentment, give us discontent. We require emulation. Without this we can make no advancement. The sluggish brain must be awakened and set in motion; the sluggish heart must be made to palpitate with a more rapid action; and the sluggish body must be roused into exertion.

In numerous instances this has been done. The mind has been set a-thinking; the heart has felt the power of emulation; the body has been subjugated to the high authority of the soul. But how to act, what to attempt first, in order to proceed—these are the questions which agitate the breast of the youthful aspirant. They write to the editor of this journal, freely, openly; and our interest is awakened by the perusal of their letters. They are earnest. They are real. They are important. This "hand" in a cotton-mill—this apprentice in the shop—this worker at forge or bench—these toilers, earning bread by the sweat of their brow, are fired with a noble ambition, and what are they to do?

We offer a few plain practical remarks on this topic, endeavouring, without alluding to them by name, to meet the peculiar difficulties of a large number of our correspondents.

First of all, take stock of your inner self. How much or how little do you know already? What sort of education have you received? Can you read well? Can you write tolerably? do you know anything of figures? It is evident from the letters of several of

our correspondents, as well as from the statements which they make, that of writing they know little, and of spelling, less. A casual observer might arrive at the conclusion that the writers of some of these letters were incapable of any intellectual effort. But the conclusion would be unwarranted and unjust. It would be unjust because the most illiterate may become learned, and because these ill-spelt, ill-written letters contain sentiments and expressions which indicate very considerable ability, which show that the writers have both good sense and good principles, that they are wanting not in wisdom but in knowledge.

Now, in taking stock of your inner self, ascertain what education, commonly so called, you have received. What do you know? What can you do? In what particulars are you chiefly deficient? As it is necessary to make a solid foundation before any important superstructure can be raised, so is it necessary for you to begin with the groundwork before you attempt any of the higher departments of education. Can you read and write with accuracy and facility? People are often mistaken about their acquaintance with both these arts. Do not fall into the same error. Spare no pains in reading so as thoroughly to understand what you read, and in writing, that you may express yourself in accordance with the grammatical structure of our language. Master the English grammar. This is of great importance to every youth who aspires to improve himself. And this insures not only a present but an ulterior advantage. It will help you to comprehend, far more readily than would otherwise be the case, the structure of foreign languages. Besides acquainting yourself with English grammar, familiarise yourself with an English dictionary. Never mind the trouble or the slow progress you may make at first. Go on steadily with your work, and speed will be gradually attained. In reading the compositions of some authors, you meet with words about the meaning of which you are uncertain. Do not continue in that dubious state. Turn to your dictionary and discover their meaning. In writing, it sometimes happens you are uncertain as to the spelling of a word. Do not hazard an experiment in orthography. Turn to your dictionary and make sure of what you are about. This seems exceedingly simple; but, simple as it is, how many neglect to do anything of the sort. They guess at the meaning of words, and spell them as they think they must be spelt; and so they fail to comprehend an author, and make their own ignorance apparent in every letter they write. Now, those who desire to improve themselves must resolve on hard work; and the hardest work they are almost sure to encounter at the outset of their journey.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XV.

At the next lesson, George said he wished to examine his pupil in the rules he had given him about the terminations, because, added he, "by recollecting that words with such and such final syllables are the same in both languages, you are not only able to furnish yourself with a great many words but to understand a vast number that you will meet with in French books, without the trouble and delay of referring to a dictionary."

After questioning Robert as to what he recollected on this subject, and finding that he had been very attentive, the teacher proceeded to the subject of the gender of nouns.

"To-day," said he, "we proceed to the study of feminine terminations. In the first place, recollect that substantives ending in *x*, *eur*, *ion*, and also in *son*, when the *s* is preceded by a vowel, are feminine. For instance, *la paix*, the peace; *la chaleur*, the heat; *la nation*, the nation; *la maison*, the house. But this rule has exceptions, and here they are: *le crucifix*, the crucifix; *le choix*, the choice; *le flux*, the flux; *le reflux*, the reflux; *le prix*, the price; *l'auteur*, the author; *le bonheur*, the happiness; *le cœur*, the heart; *le dishonneur*, the dishonour; *l'équateur*, the equator; *l'honneur*, the honour; *le labeur*, the labour; *le malheur*, the misfortune; *les larmes*, the tears; *le bastion*, the bastion; *un champion*, a champion; *un lampion*, a lamp; *un million*, a million; *un scorpion*, a scorpion; *le septentrion*, the north; *le blazon*, heraldry; *un gazon*, a green turf; *l'horizon*, the horizon; *un oison*, a gosling; *le poison*, the poison; *un tison*, a brand.

"I advise you, Robert," said George, "to commit these exceptions to memory. Though not very interesting in themselves, they will acquire an interest when you consider that the recollecting them is a step towards a correct knowledge of the French language. To attain this, it would be very silly in you to grudge a couple of hours' attentive study to

writing exercises or learning rules, words, or sentences by heart. Remember how many, for the sake of acquiring French, leave their comfortable homes and dear friends, and sojourn for a twelvemonth or more on the continent. How much expense, trouble, and anxiety do those young people spare their parents, by diligently acquiring at home a language it is so desirable they should know."

"I hope," said Robert, anxiously, "that you do not think I grudge the time I am devoting to my French studies. I find in them one of my greatest pleasures."

"I am delighted to hear you say so, Robert," replied George; "and I have every reason to be satisfied with your attention and progress. The observations I made had no other object than to reconcile you to those details which belong to the grammars of all languages, and which certainly would be tedious but for the consideration of the advantage which familiarity with them must obtain for us. Your reply has quite re-assured me. I find you are not impatient of details; therefore I am confident of your success."

"We were speaking about the feminine terminations of substantives: add the following to the list you have already made:—

"Those nouns are feminine which terminate in *té*, *tié*, *ée*, *ie*, *ue*, *ace*, *ade*, *ude*, *anse*, *ence*, *anse*, *ense*, *ière*, *ure*, *lle*, *mme*, *nne*, *rre*, *sse*, *tle*; for instance:—*la piété*, the piety; *la pensée*, the thought; *la vie*, the life; *la vue*, the sight; *la glace*, the ice. The exceptions are, however, numerous, and as they consist of useful words, we will make of them to-day's vocabulary. Of course, you will recollect that all these you are about to write are masculine, since they are exceptions to the feminine."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
A legal resolution	Un arrêté
An atheist	Un athée
An augury	Un augure
The butter	Le beurre
A coach	Un carrosse
A honeysuckle	Un chèvrefeuille
A churchyard	Un cimetière
A codicil	Un codicille
A colossus	Un colosse
A committee	Un comité
A county	Un comté
The side	Le côté
The back	Le derrière
The liver	Le foie
The space	Un espace
The genius	Le génie
A degree	Un grade
A conflagration	Un incendie
An interval	Un intervalle
A libel	Un libelle
A mausoleum	Un mausolée
A murmur	Un murmure
A flower-garden	Un parterre
A perjury	Un parjure
An umbrella	Un parapluie
A pie	Un pâté
The prelude	Le prélude
The silence	Le silence
The thunder	Le tonnerre
The treaty	Le traité
The trophy	Le trophée

"E mute has been considered a feminine termination, but there are so many exceptions that the rule falls to the ground. However, there are more feminine words ending in *e* mute than masculine ones. After all, rules respecting the genders of inanimate things are merely helps. It is through reading, and through familiarity with the language, that you will overcome the difficulty introduced by rendering masculine and feminine things in reality neither the one nor the other."

"In the exercise you are to prepare for me, do not fail to observe, Robert," said George, "that the (*f*) or (*m*) is only added to those nouns, the gender of which has not been made quite evident in the preceding rules; also remember that in most of the examples the definite article is to be used in French, though omitted in English."

EXERCISE.

1. I see the beauty of this fable. 2. He has a horror of vice. 3. Give me some fruit. 4. Has he some meat? 5. Take some salt. 6. There is some oil. 7. We have some pickles. 8. Shall I offer you some chicken? 9. I will take some broth. 10. Bring some water. 11. Put some vinegar in the salad. 12. Have you some ink and some pens? 13. He has received gold and silver. 14. We value health, frugality, liberty, and vigour of mind and body. 15. He

admires the love of virtue, the fear of God, fidelity, to every one, and moderation in prosperity. 16. I wish you strength in adversity, courage, good morals, and a horror of flattery. 17. The rose, the tulip, the narcissus, the jasmine, the lily, and the honeysuckle, are the delight of the garden. 18. I love poetry, painting, and music. 19. Night and day are equally necessary to man. 20. The mind of man without culture is like a rough diamond.

admire la beauté de cette fable. 2. Il a l'horreur du vice. 3. Donnez-moi du fruit. 4. A-t-il de la viande? 5. Prenez du sel. 6. Voilà de l'huile. 7. Nous avons des cornichons. 8. Vous offrirai-je du poulet? 9. Je prendrai du bouillon. 10. Apportez-moi de l'eau. 11. Mettez du vinaigre dans la salade. 12. Avez-vous de l'encre et des plumes? 13. Il a reçu de l'oreille de l'argent. 14. Nous estimons la santé, la frugalité, la liberté, et la vigueur de l'esprit et du corps. 15. Il admire l'amour de la vertu, la crainte de Dieu, la fidélité envers tout le monde, et la modération dans la prospérité. 16. Je vous souhaite la force dans l'adversité, le courage, les bonnes mœurs, et l'horreur de la flatterie. 17. La rose, la tulipe, le narcissus, le jasmin, le lis, le chèvrefeuille sont les délices du jardin. 18. J'aime la poésie, la peinture, et la musique. 19. La nuit et le jour sont également nécessaires à l'homme. 20. L'esprit de l'homme sans culture est comme un (2) brut (1) diamant.

THE KEY OF THE EXERCISE.

LE CORRIGE DU THEME.

1. Je vois la beauté de cette fable. 2. Il a l'horreur du vice. 3. Donnez-moi du fruit. 4. A-t-il de la viande? 5. Prenez du sel. 6. Voilà de l'huile. 7. Nous avons des cornichons. 8. Vous offrirai-je du poulet? 9. Je prendrai du bouillon. 10. Apportez-moi de l'eau. 11. Mettez du vinaigre dans la salade. 12. Avez-vous de l'encre et des plumes? 13. Il a reçu de l'oreille de l'argent. 14. Nous estimons la santé, la frugalité, la liberté, et la vigueur de l'esprit et du corps. 15. Il admire l'amour de la vertu, la crainte de Dieu, la fidélité envers tout le monde, et la modération dans la prospérité. 16. Je vous souhaite la force dans l'adversité, le courage, les bonnes mœurs, et l'horreur de la flatterie. 17. La rose, la tulipe, le narcissus, le jasmin, le lis, le chèvrefeuille sont les délices du jardin. 18. J'aime la poésie, la peinture, et la musique. 19. La nuit et le jour sont également nécessaires à l'homme. 20. L'esprit de l'homme sans culture est comme un diamant brut.

CONTINUATION OF

LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

How pleased I am. Here we are at Dieppe. Where is the best hotel? There are several that are very good. May I venture to ask you to point out the best? I want to be comfortable, as we say in our country. In that case go to the Victoria Hotel. In what direction is it? It is on the quay. I will send some one to conduct you there. Ah! Our passports are wanted. Here they are. Whence do you come? Where are you going? We come from London, and we are going to Paris. Ah! All right. You have had your passport signed at the French embassy? Yes; I know it is all in good order. The custom-house officers ask if you have anything to declare. I have two articles liable to duty; you will find them on the top of my trunk. Que je suis content. Nous voici à Dieppe. Où est le meilleur hôtel? Il y en a plusieurs qui sont fort bons. Est-ce que j'ose vous prier de m'indiquer le meilleur? Je veux être confortable, comme on dit chez-nous. En ce cas allez à l'hôtel de la Reine Victoria. De quel côté est-ce? C'est sur le quai. Je vous y ferais conduire. Ah! On demande nos passeports. Les voici. D'où venez-vous? Où allez-vous? Nous venons de Londres, et nous allons à Paris. Ah! C'est bon. Vous avez fait viser votre passe-port à l'ambassade de France? Oui; je sais bien que c'est tout en règle. Les douaniers demandent si vous avez quelque chose à déclarer. J'ai deux objets soumis aux droits; vous les trouverez en haut de ma malle.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

OF THE SOUND È.

The sound è, with the grave accent over the *e*, is nearly similar to that of the English *e* in *ever*, an abbreviation for *ever*, &c. This sound has several slight shades of variation, but so difficult to describe and to perceive in pronouncing, that we will not mention them here; it belongs to a teacher to illustrate them to his pupils.

The same sound is produced by the following combinations of letters; *ai*, *ei*, *aie*, *es*, *ait*, *aïs*, *ès*, *ets*, *er*, *es*, *o*, see the preceding sound; as in the words *aide*, help;

* *Il y en a*, translated *there are*, would be literally *he there of them has*. With us this would be absurd; but in French it is an elegant, concise mode of expression. The use of *y* is explained apart. *En* means of them; and the pupil (to speak like a native) should use this word as often as possible. Example: "I have some of them," *J'en ai*. "Give me some of them," *Donnez-m'en*.

† *Chez-nous* is an expressive word for home; but, used by any one abroad, it may be made to signify our country. ‡ *Y* is one of the most useful words (if a letter can be called a word) in the whole French language. The exact translation of it is *there*; but it always implies the preposition to. For instance: *J'y vais*, "I am going there, or to that place." *Mettez-y du sucre*, "Put there some sugar;" or, "Put some sugar to it." I also renders our preposition of with a pronoun: *Pensez-y*, "Think of it." *Ya-t-il beaucoup de monde*, sentence, and asks a question: *Ya-t-il beaucoup de monde*, "Is there much company?" or, literally translated, "There has he much company?"—the *t* being merely used for the sake of the sound.

90 5 1 5 0 5 5
monnaie, money; *baieine*, whale; *baie*, bay; *les*, the
 (plural); *il aimait*, he loved; *j'aimais*, I loved;
 1 5 0 5 0 5 5
accès, access; *secret*, secret; *secrets*, secrets; *mer*,
 sea.

The sound *ê* is also produced by the letter *e*, without the grave accent, when in the same syllable this letter *e* is followed by a consonant which is pronounced; as in the words, *bec*, *sep*, *set*, *enfer*, in which the consonants *c*, *p*, *l*, *r*, are sounded.

OF THE SOUND *ê*.

The sound *ê*, with the circumflex accent, resembles that of the letter *e*, in the words *there*, *where*, when these words are pronounced with great emphasis.

This sound is of the same nature as the preceding *ê*, but a little broader, and requires the mouth to be a little more open; it results from the suppression of the letter *s* in the words where it belongs; as *mesme*,
 6 0 6 0
now même: *estes*, now *êtes*, &c.; and is intended to preserve to those words the same pronunciation they had before.

This sound *ê* is also produced by *âi*, as in the words *ainé*, the eldest; *faîte*, the top of a house, &c.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XIV. MECHANICS OF FLUIDS.

AIR PUMP.

383.—What is an AIR PUMP?—It is a contrivance by means of which the air confined within a vessel can be removed from it, and a vacuum obtained.

384. Its essential parts are represented in Fig. 29—what are they?—An upright cylinder, C, F, into which a piston, P, is fitted air tight.

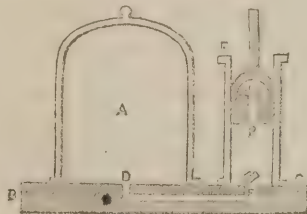


Fig. 29.

385. Is this piston solid?—It has an opening at its centre, covered by a valve that opens upward. There is another valve opening upward, fitted to an orifice at E, in the bottom of the pump.

386. Where does this orifice in the bottom of the pump lead to?—It leads, by means of a small pipe, D, to the vessel, A, from which the air is to be removed. This vessel is called the Receiver.

387. Suppose the piston is pressed down to the bottom of the pump, what happens when it is drawn up?—The pressure of the air in the pipe opens the lower valve, and air flows through the opening from the receiver, and fills the empty space which the piston leaves behind it.

388. What happens when the piston is forced down again?—All the air that is below it passes through the open valve in the piston, and mixes with the external air.

389. When the piston is raised again, what takes place?—More air flows out of the receiver; and, in this way, by repeatedly raising and depressing the piston, the air may be nearly all withdrawn from the receiver.

390. Whenever the piston is raised, the pressure of the air upon it has to be overcome—how is the power requisite for this obtained?—In some pumps by means of a long lever; but the more common expedient is to combine two pumps in such a manner that the pressures on the two pistons will balance each other.

391. What was the celebrated experiment performed by Otto Von Guericke, the inventor of the air pump?—It was an experiment made by him to prove that the pressure of the air acts in all directions, and not only downwards, as had been previously asserted.

392. Describe it briefly.—Two hollow hemispheres of copper were nicely fitted to each other, and the

space within them exhausted of air, through a cock by means of an air pump. These hemispheres are represented in Fig. 30.

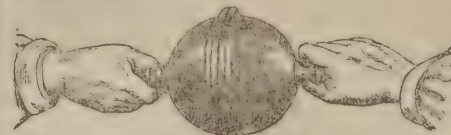


Fig. 30.

393. What was then done?—It was then found that the hemispheres were held together so firmly by the pressure of the external air, that several horses could not exert sufficient force to separate them.

PUMPS FOR RAISING WATER.

394. What does Fig. 31 represent?—The common sucking pump.

395. Describe it.—It consists of two tubes of unequal size, one on the top of the other, D, F, and an air-tight piston, P, that can be moved up and down in the upper tube, D, by applying the power, B, to the piston rod. There are also two valves opening upward, one at S, and the other in the piston.

396. What is the use of the valves?—They allow the air or water to pass up through the opening over which they are placed, but prevent it from going down again.

397. When the piston is worked up and down, what is the effect?—The air is first pumped out; as it is removed, the water rises in the lower pipe, then into the body of the pump, and finally gets above the piston and is delivered at the spout, E.

398. What causes the water to rise in the pump in proportion as the air in it is removed?—The pressure of the air outside of the pump on the surface of the water in the well.

399. Is there another form of pump?—There is, called the Forcing Pump. The piston is solid, and the upper valve is differently arranged.

400. How does it operate?—The air is pumped out, and the water rises to the piston, just as in the sucking pump.

401. What takes place after that?—Whenever the piston is forced down, the water below it is driven up the pipe, and through the valve.

402. Does not the water pass from this pipe into a closed vessel; what is this vessel called?—An air vessel.

403. For what purpose is it used?—The water that is forced into it crowds the air in it to the upper part, and this condensed air pressing on the surface of the water impels it up the ascending pipe in a constant stream.

404. What kind of pump is used in the FIRE ENGINE?—The forcing pump; the long handles which the firemen move up and down work two force pumps.

405. Into what do these two pumps force the water?—Into an air-tight box. From this it is driven out through the pipe and hose in a constant stream.

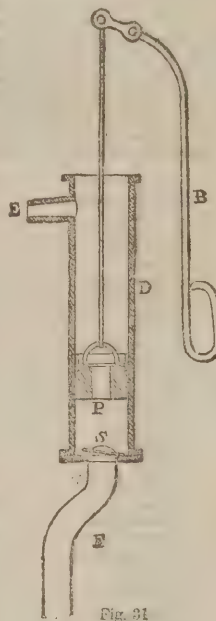


Fig. 31.

BLIND MINNIE.

(Continued from page 151.)

THE excitement of the conversation we recorded in the last chapter exhausted the sufferer, and it was some time before he was sufficiently recovered to thank his friend and adopted brother for the promise he had made.

At length, Frank arose suddenly, and, approaching the bed, said—

"My dear fellow, are you strong enough to talk a little more with me?"

"Yes, I feel very much better to-night," answered Howard.

"One thing gives me anxiety," continued Frank. "Your family are proud, and unwilling to receive aid from strangers. Your sister has inherited that pride; this is evident from her former letters to you. I fear she will refuse to recognise my right to claim a brother's privilege of protecting her. How shall I be able to persuade her to consider me thus?"

"I have also thought of that, Frank," said the other; "but I think we can overcome their objections. The steamer which brings them arrives this week. I hope to linger to embrace them once again before I go to rejoin my blessed mother. I will tell them of the ties between us, ties which your long tender care of me has rendered even more indissoluble than those which nature alone forms; and, with my dying breath, I will enjoin upon you and upon them mutual protection and affection, that you shall be unto them a son and brother, and that they shall cherish you as such. They will not refuse at first for my sake, nor afterwards through confidence and love for you yourself. Or, should I not live to see them, I will write to them; and to true noble souls like theirs and yours the expressed wishes of the dead will be sacred."

"'Tis a well-thought-of plan; God grant it success!" responded his friend, warmly. "And now let me arrange your pillows, that you may sleep, for you have been gazing at me until your eyes must ache; and you must rest, if you would keep your strength."

The next morning, Frank, at his friend's request, placed by his bedside writing materials, which Howard said he should use as the day advanced; but when, during the day, Frank returned home, he found the writing materials untouched, and his friend lying peaceful and cold. He summoned assistance, and every effort was made to restore life to the rigid limbs, but in vain; the spirit had fled, apparently without a struggle or a pang.

It was deemed advisable to inter the body as soon as possible; and, a few hours later, our hero returned to his now companionless chamber with a desolation of heart such as he had never before felt.

As he sat lonely in the dim twilight, the thought of those who were so soon to arrive and claim his care came over him. How should he meet them? Would they trust him, and receive him instead of the relative they expected? How should he announce to them their heart-rending sorrow? Would not the shock be too great for the feeble old man and the delicate girl to bear, unprepared as they were for such intelligence? During these distressing reflections, a plan flashed upon his mind like a ray of light. Might he not pass for his friend, meet the old father as his own son, and then, after they became settled in their new home, break the sad truth to them gradually? He might easily do it, as Mr. Howard had not seen his son since the latter was a mere child. He was now nearly blind, and very weak. Minnie was but six years old when her brother had left them. She was now blind, and could not detect the difference between her brother and himself. He would do this, and acquire, by his devoted attention and care, the right to protect and console them; then he would undeceive them.

Reader, can you, from your heart, condemn him quite that he received this suggestion, not as the temptation of an evil spirit, but as an illumination from heaven? that when, on the next day, the Victoria entered the port, he mastered his emotion, and prepared to meet the new-comers as their rightful protector? that he embraced the old man with the warmth and respect of a son? that he pressed the young girl to his heart with a tenderness which their mutual loss, although unknown to her, rendered a sacred and genuine feeling with him? that when her soft voice called him "brother," his lips tremblingly responded "my sister?"

The old man had been so much weakened by the long and fatiguing overland route that he could not walk without support. Frank lifted him to a carriage, while Minnie followed, led by their faithful servant, Ann. This good woman had entered into the service

"IT IS I,—BE NOT AFRAID."

FRIEND, in every woe and care,
 Hearer of our inmost prayer,
 Which at dawn of morning gray
 Ere the shadows fleet away,
 All unclothed by language stems,
 And before Thy footstool kneels,
 Friend Eternal, Friend Divine,
 Be our warmest praises Thine.

O'er this world's tempestuous tide,
 Be our pole-star and our guide;
 Through the suns, wild and dark,
 Thundering make the lonely bark.
 Tho' the tempest wake in dread,
 Tho' the wrecks be round us spread,
 Let Thy promise be our aid,
 "It is I,—be not afraid."

of Mr. Howard about two years before Minnie's affliction, and had become so much attached to her that, when her brother had written that they should bring with them an English attendant, she had offered to leave her home and friends to accompany her dear young lady to India.

On arriving at the apartments prepared for them, the old man was placed upon a couch, which Frank made comfortable for him by pillows, and then, while Ann attended to the bringing and placing of their trunks, seated himself at some distance, and watched Minnie with astonishment as she hovered around her father, gently smoothing his thin hair, passing her soft hand across his brow, or speaking to him in her gentle voice. Howard had often spoken of his lovely sister, Frank, therefore, expected to see a delicate, pretty blonde; but for the purity and angelic type of face, for the holy expression of serenity and love of the brow and closed eyelids—for the smile of ineffable peace which ever hovered over her features—he was totally unprepared. Frank gazed upon her with a look of almost terror: for her impression upon him was as a vision from heaven, for which there could be no home upon earth. He remained speechless and bewildered until Minnie, feeling her way to where he sat, caressingly passed her hands over his face, and exclaimed—

"Brother, what a strong, large man you have grown! The boy of my childish recollections was so small and delicate, that I can scarcely realise that this great man can be my little brother. But why are you so silent?" she asked, after a pause, as he made no reply. "Talk to me!"

"I am lost in admiration of you," answered he, rousing himself and pressing her hands to his lips.

"Ah, now I know you are my brother, you silly boy. Just so you used to behave to me years ago. Do you know, for a long time after you left us, I used seriously to miss the incense of adoration you were so constantly offering me? 'Tis well you left home, for you would have made a very vain, silly girl of me. But do tell me when you will bring your friend to visit us. You wrote so much about him, your second self, that I long to know him."

Frank started up, and pushing her aside, paced the room rapidly. What should he answer? He looked upon the pallid face of the old man, who lay weak and helpless, and who must so soon die, then upon the wondering young girl, whose fragile frame looked as though a severe shock might break it.

"Is it not my duty," thought he, "to continue for the present my false character, to spare this dying father the knowledge that his few remaining days on earth are soothed by a stranger's care? that he must leave his Minnie without one relative on earth? My vow to his son, my grateful affection, could not console him. Does not Minnie herself need all her strength to bear the loss which must so soon come upon her? She will need a brother's sheltering arm. They are so happy now in the belief that I belong to them as truly by nature as by affection! No, I must not undeceive them—not yet. God will surely pardon the deceit in such distressing circumstances."

"Why are you thus agitated, my brother?" cried the young girl. "Pray, come to me—speak to me."

By a violent effort, conquering his emotion, he approached her, and answered, in a low, broken voice—

"Minnie, my sister, our brother we shall never again see on earth. The all-merciful Father has taken him, I trust, into a life of eternal and infinite joy; but he has left me very sad and desolate."

"Oh, my brother, how mournful! Did you then love him so deeply?"

"Love him? Better than aught else on earth. Minnie, pardon me, not that you are less beloved; but for years he has been my constant companion and guide, for his clear judgment saw the right at a glance, and his pure, strong soul had power to strengthen and soothe mine when I felt restless and weary. We had never parted for a single day. We were bound together by the closest ties of sympathy and mutual love."

"Alas, how sadly you must miss him! But when did he die, and how?"

"Yesterday he left me, and—"

"How fortunate that we have arrived so soon!" interrupted Minnie. "Can we not assist to make your life less lonely without him? Dear Frank," she added, fervently, throwing her arms around him, "I may not fill his place in your heart or life; but oh, I will love you better than he could have done! for I will love you as friend, sister, mother, all combined."

"God bless you!" ejaculated Frank. "But will you never leave me? You are so lovely! Oh, pro-

mise me that you will not forsake me so long as we both live!"

"Brother, how can you doubt that? I do promise I will never leave you until you send me away." Then, in a tone of sadness, she added: "Why, Frank, to whom should I go? a poor blind girl. Where should I seek other protection?"

"You shall never need other, my sweet sister, so long as heaven grants me strength."

"I am sure of that, Frank, and I rejoice to be dependent upon you; but even a weak blind girl need not be utterly helpless. I have no doubt I can procure a few pupils for the harp, and thus aid you a little."

"Minnie, you insult me!" exclaimed Frank, in a tone of distress. "Do you not believe me capable and willing to support you, without requiring labour from those delicate little fingers?"

"Oh, brother, I did not mean to wound you! I only would—"

"Minnie," he interrupted, seizing her hands, "do not speak of such things. For the present, at all events, your duties are around that couch, they will not be light or easy. I shall not be able to aid you much in them. Are you strong enough to tend alone that dying old man?"

"Dying? Frank, do you think him dying? Is there no hope of his recovery?" asked the young girl, eagerly.

"I fear not," answered Frank; "but while life remains, there is still hope. Be not downhearted. You must keep yourself cheerful and strong for his sake," but, as he said this, he glanced doubtfully at the slight figure beside him.

"I will! I will! Poor, dear, old father!" murmured the young girl, in a sorrowful voice.

"And now, Minnie, I must leave you. Can you do without my assistance?"

"Oh, yes, brother! My good Ann is with me," answered Minnie; "you forget her. But you will surely return to us to-night! Father has been so feeble that he has had no opportunity of talking with you; and we have not yet spoken of our mother," she added, turning her sightless face toward the couch where the old man lay sleeping quietly as an infant.

Frank returned, with a bursting heart, to his own chamber. There, where each object which met his eye was sacred from association with his lost friend, where space itself seemed filled with his presence, the young man knelt and prayed God's pardon for the deceit he had been tempted to practise towards the father and sister of his friend, that it might work good, and not evil unto them. He again renewed his vow to serve and protect them until they should be beyond his aid, and besought the all-wise Father to instruct him how he might best and most faithfully perform that vow, that when the proper moment came for him to cast aside his disguise, strength might be granted him to make the confession, and power to soothe and console the sorrow he must cause. And no monitor within warned him that now was the time, that he ought at once to confess his deceit, even at the risk, nay, almost with the certainty, that the sudden blow would hasten the death of the old father, and leave the young girl desolate and alone (for the young man judged rightly, that his protection, under such circumstances, she would not accept), that a continuation in deception, no matter for what end, was unpardonable in the sight of God. On the contrary, he arose strengthened in his course, and with renewed courage to stifle the emotion which had so nearly betrayed him in his first interview with those who were henceforth to look upon him as their sole earthly stay. For their sakes, he must, at least for a few months, wear the mask he had donned.

Frank returned in the evening to his newly-adopted relatives, and listened, with apparent calmness, to the old man as he spoke of his lost Minnie, his wife—the only subject which had now power to rouse him from the mental weakness into which long physical suffering had thrown him.

Neither father nor daughter could see the changes which rapidly passed over the young man's face when the old man would say: "My son, your mother," or when the fair girl laid her gentle arm around his neck, and said: "Oh, brother, she loved you so well! One of her last wishes was that we might be again united, that our father might have the happiness, which was denied her, of seeing you again. Her last breath blest you!" then, bending her head, allowed her tears silently to flow, a weakness in which, despite his self-restraint, he could not help joining her.

Days passed into weeks, weeks to months, and still old Mr. Howard, although more helpless daily, lingered under the watchful care of his son and fair

daughter. The physician, Dr. Hall, could do nothing for him; nevertheless, he persisted in paying almost daily visits to the old man. The true object of these visits was, however, the gentle girl, who sat so patiently at her sick father's side, busy, in her quiet way, with her needle, which she used with dexterity, notwithstanding her blindness, or moved noiselessly around the bed or through the chamber, performing various little necessary duties of a housekeeper with the precision and neatness of a keen-sighted matron. The young doctor would sometimes forget his patients for hours together, watching the quiet motions of her slight form, or listening to her soft, heart-touching voice. At times, he would unconsciously gaze upon her pure face with an adoration which, although she could not see it (by that species of magnetic influence which, inexplicable, is still undeniable), she felt, and which would bring the blush to her cheeks, tingling them with the pure hue which the morning sun spreads over the freshly fallen snow upon a mountain side.

They had already been nearly six months in Bombay when, about sunset one evening, the old man, after having lain for several hours in a state of unconsciousness, called his children to him, intrusted Minnie anew to her brother's care, blessed them both, and requested Frank to read to him certain portions of Scripture, after which, he desired Minnie to sing a hymn which her mother had composed and taught her. The poor girl seated herself upon the bed beside him, and, taking his hand within hers, began in a trembling voice. Frank saw that the old man was dying, and, ere she had sung the concluding line of the hymn, his spirit passed away.

Minnie lay for some time speechless, tearless, embracing the stiff form of her father; then, with a sudden burst of grief, she threw her arms around Frank, who stood at the bedside.

"Sister!" exclaimed he, pressing her fervently to him, "we stand alone now! We must be all in all to each other. Oh, love me, Minnie!"

"Brother, whom have I now but you to love?"

"Minnie, will you cling to me, love me, whatever the future may bring?"

Her tears choked her utterance; but a fond embrace answered him.

"God in heaven bless you, my Minnie!" he said, in a tone which was almost a groan, as he thought of the startling, mournful revelation he must make to her ere many hours.

Meanwhile he must attend to the present emergencies. With the assistance of Ann and her friend, the landlord's wife, all arrangements were made for the burial, and the next day, followed by Frank, Dr. Hall, and the brothers Robson, the old man was laid by the side of his son; this fact was, however, known to Frank alone.

Poor Minnie's grief was so intense that Frank's heart was wrung. He could not summon fortitude to add to her misery, or rather to withdraw from her her only consolation, which was her trust in him.

Thus a week passed, at the end of which, Dr. Hall sought our hero, told him he loved his sister, and begged his aid in proffering his suit. His aid! Frank was paralysed. The idea of Minnie's marrying had never entered his mind. The young physician spoke eloquently of his deep love for her, of the unceasing tenderness with which his affection should make bright her earthly path; each word found a wildly responsive echo in Frank's heart also. His own feelings were for the first time revealed to him. Now the truth flashed upon him; his love for Minnie was not the brother's love he had imagined, but a yearning, jealous devotion, which, during the intimate intercourse and seclusion of their life during the past few months, had taken deep root, and spread through every fibre of his heart with a strength which now overpowered him. Its stormy throbbing choked his voice as he attempted to stammer some reply; then, with a deep groan, he fell senseless.

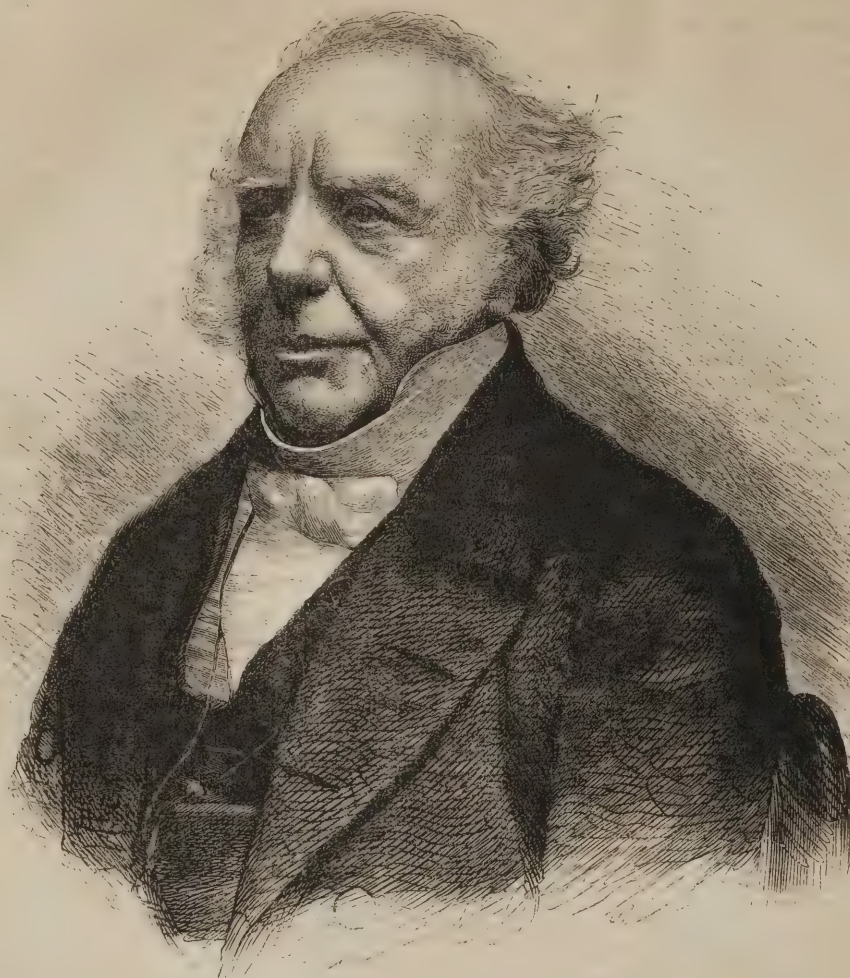
As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he abruptly left the astonished physician, rushed to his own home, and, passing rapidly through the room where Minnie sat, heedless of her question, "Brother, what has brought you home so early?" locked himself in his own chamber.

Who can picture the anguish with which his soul was torn? He raved wildly, until recalled to reason by Minnie's voice at the door, beseeching him, in tones of terror, to tell her what misfortune had so distressed him. The sound of the beloved voice sent a shudder through his frame; then, conquering himself, he replied, in a hollow tone, "Don't be alarmed, Minnie. Leave me alone for a while. I will come and speak with you afterwards."

Sorrowfully, the poor girl obeyed.

(To be continued.)

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE REV. ANDREW REED, D.D. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

REV. ANDREW REED, D.D.

ENGLAND is pre-eminent among the nations of the earth: her people are in every land, her ships are upon every sea, her influence is felt in both hemispheres. It is no idle boast that upon her dominions the sun never sets. But there is one striking peculiarity which distinguishes England from other countries—she is essentially the land of charities. Benevolence is her characteristic. Far beyond the victories she has achieved, the colonies she has planted, the commerce she has extended, the trade she has opened, and the prosperity she has won, is the fact that England has accomplished more for the poor, the afflicted, and the oppressed than any other nation in the world.

Throughout the length and breadth of our land the practical influence of English benevolence is exhibited in asylums of every description, to meet the wants of all the objects of our charity. If we cannot unloose the tongue of the dumb, restore the ears of the deaf, and open the eyes of the blind, we can do much to alleviate the sufferings of the afflicted in blind schools and deaf and dumb asylums, and provide for the wants of those who stand so much in need of sympathy and assistance. Though we cannot restore reason to the maniac, nor impart intelligence to the idiot, there is much that we can accomplish for the comfort and safety of the former and the affectionate nurture of the latter. Though we can neither ward off the approach of old age nor extreme poverty, we can provide harbours of refuge for those who have been long buffeted in the stormy voyage of life. And though it is not within our power to stay the shaft of death, and to preserve the lives of parents so that they may train up their children in the path of rectitude, we may take the parents' place, and with tender solicitude provide for those destitute orphans.

To help the helpless is a duty incumbent upon us. England has been singularly faithful to this obligation. She has given her wealth with a liberal hand. She has sought out objects of benevolence, without waiting for misery and disease to be thrust before her sight. She has foreseen the evil and provided the remedy. Englishmen and Englishwomen have ever been ready for this good work. They have not spared their own personal exertions; they have not been content to make their charity simply to consist in a banker's check—they have worked hard and given time and toil in addition to their money. It was said by the great Napoleon that we English were a nation of shopkeepers, but we have earned a better title—we are a nation of philanthropists.

Amongst English philanthropists the name of Dr. Andrew Reed deserves a high place. He has spent his life in efforts of a purely benevolent character; and to him, and to his exertions, we as a people are deeply indebted. The victories of the soldier; the successful diplomacy of the statesman; the talent of the orator; the genius of the painter and of the poet, elicit our warmest admiration. But while their brilliant triumphs attract our attention and call forth our applause, we sometimes forget those quiet, unobtrusive workers who are building up our national prosperity on the best and surest foundations. Amongst these quiet workers we count our philanthropists, and in their ranks we are ready to accord a distinguished position to the subject of our sketch.

To the exertions of Dr. Andrew Reed we owe several of our most useful charitable institutions, amongst which may be mentioned the following:—the London Orphan Asylum, Clapton, established 1813, having been in operation five-and-forty years, maintaining, clothing, and educating during that period between two and three thousand children.

The Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead, established 1827, consequently it has been in operation thirty-one years, during which period it has maintained, clothed, and educated from early infancy—some from the age of six weeks—till thirteen or fourteen years old, nearly two thousand children.

The Asylum for Fatherless Children, Stamford-hill, established 1844, thus being in active operation for fourteen years, and providing for destitute orphans a home and parental care.

Asylum for Idiots, established 1847, for the care and education of the idiot and imbecile—making a wide distinction between the two classes—and, by the gradually extended application of all the combined resources of an infirmary, a school, and a sanitarium, preparing the patients, as far as possible, for the duties and enjoyments of life. The operations of this institution—originally commenced at Highgate and Colchester, and afterwards at Reigate, Surrey—have been recently extended, and a very handsome and commodious building erected at Reigate.

The Royal Hospital, for patients discharged from the general hospitals as incurable, is another instance of Dr. Reed's charitable and successful exertions.

The most recent success achieved by this benevolent veteran in connection with other equally charitable gentlemen, is the establishment of a new orphan asylum at Coulsden, near Croydon, the opening of which was celebrated only a few days since, in the presence of a numerous and influential company, the Earl of Carlisle presiding.

These various efforts of Dr. Reed, for the sick, the orphan, the idiot, are far beyond our praise. He, and those with whom he has been so nobly associated, have not forgotten nor neglected the obligations resting upon them, and upon us all, as God's almoners.

Dr. Reed is an Independent minister, of Wycliffe



THE CHAPEL OF TRONS, IN THE GRISONS.

Chapel, Commercial-road, London. He was born November 27th, 1788, and is, therefore, in his seventy-first year. It was originally intended that he should follow the business of a watchmaker, but his predilection for the Christian ministry was so evident that it attracted the attention of his friends, and from the Rev. Matthew Wilkes he received instruction and encouragement. He completed his education at Hackney College, and entered on the duties of the ministry, in which he has since continued to labour with eminent success. In 1819 he published a work entitled "No Fiction," which attained considerable popularity, having passed through several editions. A visit to America, undertaken at the request of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, was the occasion of another work in two volumes, which possessed the recommendation of a faithful and complete account of his tour in the New World, and was not, as so many of such books are, a caricature of the Americans.

But it is not as Independent minister, nor as the author of some successful works, that we introduce the portrait of Dr. Andrew Reed in our "Living Celebrities." We regard him as a philanthropist—as one who has accomplished great things for the helpless, the poor, and the wretched. He has through life been thus engaged, and not only has he never received a salary in any case, but has in all instances been among the largest contributors to the funds. The practical

benevolence of his life is worthy, not only of our approval, but of our imitation also. The best method of showing how much we appreciate his exertions is to assist him in carrying them out; so far as it is practicable, to do as he has done, that we may make the world the better by our precepts and by our practice.

GRISONS: THE CHAPEL AT TRONS.

THE Grisons, with the exception of Berne, is the most extensive canton of Switzerland. It ranks fiftieth in the confederation; its estimated area is three thousand square miles, with a population, three-fourths of which are protestants, of nearly a hundred thousand. In the greater part of its extent, it is inclosed by the Austrian territories, but is cut off from them, as well as from the rest of Switzerland, by lofty mountain ranges. Indeed, the whole canton is one mass of mountains and valleys: there is not a single plain worthy of notice.

The Grisons comprises a number of small republics, allied with one another, but exercising independent rights. These are united into what are called Hoch Gerichte, or high jurisdictions, which are again united into three leagues, respectively denominated, the Graü Bunden (Grey League), the Gotteshaus Bund (League of the House of God), and the Zehn-gerichte (Tenth Jurisdiction League). These leagues

elect the members of the Supreme Federal Legislative Council, which meets every year at Chur. Chur, Mayenfeld, and Hanz are the chief towns of the canton, but there are smaller and less important places, which, nevertheless, possess a superior attraction on account of the historical interest associated with them.

The little town of Trons is situated in the valley of Vorder Rheinthal, which beginning in the Ober Alps, descends to Coire, protecting the infancy of the Rhine to that point where it becomes navigable.

A short distance from Trons, a small chapel attracts attention; it is half covered by the venerable branches of a plane tree, the age of which, according to the tradition of the neighbourhood, is seven hundred years. At the beginning of the fifteenth century the peasants of the country, seeking for some means of escaping from the yoke of their feudal lords—whose ruined castles still crown the heights—took refuge in the forest which surrounded Trons; and in 1424 the deputies of the commoners of the valley assembled under the old plantains, formed the federation known as the Grey League, which resulted in the establishment of the Grison republic.

In 1824 the fourth jubilee of this event was celebrated at Trons. In commemoration of the circumstance, a chapel was erected in immediate proximity to the tree, and dedicated to Saint Anne. In 1836, the edifice was restored by the Swiss confederation.

The walls of the church are ornamented with two frescoes, more curious than beautiful; the first represents the Duke of Brunner and Puttinger, Abbé of Dissentis, taking the oath of federation; the second is the renewal of the oath in 1778. Over the portico is the following inscription:—"To ye who invoke liberty: Where the spirit of God is, there is liberty; our fathers trusted in Thee, Lord, and Thou didst make them free."

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,
SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER LXXI.

Domestic happiness—thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall.

BOB BLOSSOM kept his word.

Of all the sober working men, whose wives were happy women, and whose children were rosy, well fed, well clad, well taught, none could beat Bob Blossom.

There soon was plenty in the late bare cupboard, peace and love at the hearth, and trust and confidence in the heart.

Sir Astley and Mr. G. were right: the swelling with the long, hard Latin name in Apple Blossom's breast proved not to be what the parish doctor called schirrus, or cancer. It yielded promptly to the remedies prescribed; and, ere long, Apple Blossom, as blooming, plump, and merry as ever, sat at her now well furnished, well frequented stall; and Bob Blossom never wanted for a day's work, or, better still, for the will and the power to do it.

Everything now went happily on; and Ada, having heard while at Pemberton with her father, and Ellen, while at Brighton with the convalescent Mrs. Golightly, of the happy change in Bob Blossom, had sent (the same idea striking both these kind and Christian minds) money and contributions for a feast in honour of this great event.

Ada had forwarded tempting fruit and tarts, Ellen a chicken pie and a noble cake. Ada begged that Apple Blossom would take a holiday, and go by train or steamer a few miles into the country, and have a happy day with her own little household and as many of her friends as she chose; and she had forwarded the funds for this little festival.

Ellen had also sent a sum to be spent in some commemoration of the blessed change in Bob.

Apple Blossom invited Jem Goodman, the Trudges, Mrs. Posset, and, at Larky's entreaty, Lame Luke; and at that of Hope and Merry, poor Potato Heels.

Little Ness was a young lady now, and at a boarding-school, or else she, too, would have been of the party.

A party more purely happy and innocently gay never sailed up the Thames to land at Richmond.

Apple Blossom looked very buxom in the crochet cap with the pink ribbons, that cap that had so offended the precise Mrs. Golightly.

The sky was unclouded, and so were the brows and hearts of the happy holiday folk.

Jem Goodman dearly loved the country—most good people do. There was a deep and double spring of joy in his good heart. He had saved Ben Darrell from the gallows, and Bob Blossom from perdition; and as he thought how his efforts had been blessed, his heart danced for joy, and the serious Jem danced and sported with the children in the gladness of his heart.

The Trudges were very good, quiet people. They had known bitter sorrow and pinching want, for Tom Trudge had not always been a sober man, nor his wife a well-dressed, happy woman; but they were so now, for Tom Trudge was one of the temperance party, and their children were enrolled in the Band of Hope.

The elder boy, about fourteen, "Young Tom," as he was called, was a good-looking, handy lad, apprenticed to a carpenter, and on this holiday he seemed, boy as he was, as much smitten with Merry Blossom's bright eyes, black hair, rosy cheeks, and white teeth as our Larky Grigg really was with the delicate beauty of little golden-haired Hope.

As for Potato Heels, she begged so hard to have Stunning Steenie invited, that, as there had been marked symptoms of a great improvement in that quarter, he was asked to join the party, and, for a week before it came off, he and Potato Heels were busily engaged in cleaning the waistcoat, rubbing up the buttons, and mending the button-holes; and one of the teachers at the Green Fields Schools presented Potato Heels with a new pair of black cotton stockings, and Mr. Stephens himself gave her a

pair of new shoes. These articles added very much to her respectability, though perhaps not to her comfort. Those used to go barefoot or slipshod do not find it so great a hardship as the being neatly shod.

Hope insisted on Meg's washing her carrot head of spiral, matted curls, and in fact her face and person; and when that wild, porcupine head of hair was brushed, oiled, parted, and plaited neatly round her head, shining like copper in the bright spring sun, and when the real colour of Meg's skin appeared after several lathers of yellow soap, and proved to be very fair—white and pink, and when Apple Blossom had given her a light print dress, which had been her own in her girlhood, and Hope had cleaned up and trimmed an old straw bonnet, washing the ribbons herself, Potato Heels, *alias* Carrot Meg, looked rather a pretty girl—at least, Stunning Steenie seemed to think so.

Yes, there were three pairs of young lovers at this little fête.

First, in beauty and in virtue, Hope Evermore and her Larky Grigg; next, young Tom Trudge and laughing, nut-brown Merry Blossom; and last, though not least, Stunning Steenie and—on this occasion we will not call her Potato Heels or Carrot Meg—Margaret Grimes.

Hope and Merry were very neatly dressed in pretty lilac gingham frocks and capes which Ada had made for them, and pretty straw bonnets, trimmed with white, a present from Ellen St. Ange.

Of all the gay parties that have ever floated on the fair bosom of the silver Thames to sport upon the emerald sod of Richmond Park, none were ever more truly happy. Bob Blossom felt almost as much in love with his kind, "pretty Apple Blossom" as he had done when she was Betty Blythe; and never had she respected him so much, for never had he deserved her respect so well as now that he had done more than if he had conquered an army, since he had conquered an habitual vice.

In Apple Blossom's now bright and loving eyes her Bob was a hero.

Through long after years that holiday was one of the greenest of green spots in memory's waste; and they all rose the next day the happier and the better for their delightful holiday.

CHAPTER LXXII.

She grew sick as he grew well,
Ha! ha! The wooing o't.—BURNS.

ADA and Ellen returned as soon as they possibly could to town, and to their duties at the Green Fields Ragged School.

Ada was not in her wonted spirits; she was somewhat pale and restless, but more energetic than ever in the cause of temperance and the education of the destitute.

Mrs. Golightly was perfectly recovered, and a grand event engrossed her masculine mind. Her pamphlet was on the eve of publication.

After her *rencontre* with Sneer and Bluster, she wisely gave up all hopes of getting any fashionable publisher to have anything to do with it.

She resolved to get it printed, and then to announce it as to be had of the author only, at 301, Jermyn-street, St. James's.

Mr. St. Ange, a widower, and a very reserved, melancholy man, an antiquarian, who lived principally in his own study and in the British Museum, but who had a great respect for intellect in woman, and a great regard for one who had been a mother to his motherless girl, hearing from Ellen of her old friend's illness, disappointments, and *rencontres* with the publishers, and plans for being her own bookseller, gave Ellen a cheque for two hundred pounds, saying—

"Give this to Mrs. Golightly, with my kind regards and best wishes. Tell her I have long wished and intended to offer her a tribute of respect and esteem, and of gratitude for her constant care of you, my Ellen. Now, if she is really resolved to publish her pamphlet, (and why not, since she's a very clever woman?) tell her—from one who has published a great deal, and bought his experience very dear, as one always does that priceless commodity at first hand—that the great secret of success in a literary *début* is advertising. Any work can be advertised into a certain degree of fame, although none but a work of merit can achieve a permanent reputation. Many an admirable work has been crushed for want of advertising; and advertising must be done boldly, freely. *Homœopathic advertising* is of no avail at all; it is money quite thrown away. This sum, judiciously laid out in advertising, will go far to insure the success of our old friend's pamphlet, and I am

sure nothing would please her so much as a brilliant success for her 'Rights and Wrongs of Woman.'

Ellen was of the same opinion. She thanked her kind and generous father; and, fondly embracing him, hastened off to Mrs. Golightly's with his advice and his contribution.

Mrs. Golightly gladly accepted a gift which she felt she had well deserved; and the advice Mr. St. Ange had sent her through Ellen agreeing exactly with her own opinion, she hastened to avail herself of it.

One day that Ada called at Mrs. Golightly's—having vainly sought Ellen in Belgrave-square—she was surprised to see the pavement of a great part of the street near Mrs. Golightly's blocked up by cripples of every description, male and female: the lame, the halt, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the man that had no legs, the man that had one,—all were there.

As she approached, she found the passage was full of them, and that they were being fitted up with enormous placards strung over their breasts and backs; and in the brightest colours, and largest type, announcing that—

This day is published, at No. 301, Jermyn-street, St. James's,
THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF WOMAN.

BY DEBORAH GOLIGHTLY.

Price One Shilling.

"You see by this assembly," said Mrs. Golightly, "that I am ready for the battle."

"But why have you collected all these cripples and afflicted creatures?" asked Ada.

"To kill two birds with one stone," replied Mrs. Golightly. "Not only will they progress so slowly that all will have time to read the placard, but ambition and charity thus go hand in hand."

In due time all the placard-bearers were despatched, armed not only with the announcement of the pamphlet, but with numbers of copies of the pamphlet.

In addition to this device, every omnibus, as Mrs. Golightly had intended, bore her advertisement inside and out; every newspaper and magazine proclaimed the publication; every dead wall, post, gate, pillar, and hoarding had it in flaming colours and gigantic letters. Railway stations, piers, shops windows were alive with it. A large van paraded it all over London, and steamers sailing up and down the Thames paraded in giant letters the words,

READ

THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF WOMAN.

BY DEBORAH GOLIGHTLY.

Price 1s.

301, Jermyn-street, St. James's.

Mr. St. Ange's two hundred pounds did not last long; Mrs. Golightly, fired with success, embarked in the same venture the savings of her life, and Ellen and Ada contributed fifty pounds each. But the money was not thrown away. It soon returned a thousand per cent. The result of Mrs. Golightly's advertising was a brilliant success.

At the end of the third day there was not one copy left of the first edition; at the end of a month the sale had reached half a million. Mrs. Golightly was famous.

Mrs. Golightly had an account at a banker's.

Mrs. Golightly had set to work on a new pamphlet, to be brought out on the same principle as her first, and to be called, "MAN: his Bodily Strength and Mental Debility; and, How to Subdue the One and Remedy the Other." By the author of 'The Rights and Wrongs of Woman.'

Mrs. Golightly was the author of the day, whose first work had commanded the largest sale, and the before one critic had dipped his pen in honey or in gall, to write her up, or cry her down; and Sneer said to Bluster, as they sat in the little office (the memorable scene of Mrs. Golightly's spirited defence), squaring their accounts, and sipping brandy and water—

"We've missed a good thing, Bluster, hang it! That old mad woman's pamphlet's a tremendous hit. I wish we could have foreseen it. The woman wasn't half as mad as we've been. Hang it! Half a million sale! Why, we might have each set up a Brougham."

"Yes," replied Bluster; "it's a bore, that's what it is; and an ugly scar you've got on your bald head, Sneer, and always will have into the bargain. You're a marked man, my boy."

"I wish I'd taken her pamphlet. She'd have let me have it, and thank ye, too, for forty pounds down."

"And I wish I'd had her off to the station-house after that assault, that's what we ought to have done; and if that policeman hadn't been quite a new hand, he'd have insisted on taking her there. That would have ended, perhaps, by her getting into a

lunatic asylum, and then we should never have heard of her pamphlet, or its confounded success."

"Well, it can't be helped now. If one has a chance in this world one hasn't 'nous' to avail oneself of it."

"Exactly; that pamphlet would have been a great hit, and we refused it, and there's a loss on every book we've lately published; and I suppose it would be no use to try to get her next."

"Oh, no; we could never come up to her figure, now; besides, between ourselves, Sneer, I'm rather afraid of her."

"Well, here's to her downfall; take another glass, my boy."

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Oh love, what is it in this world of ours,
That makes it fatal to be loved? Ah, why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?—BYRON.

ONE morning at breakfast, Ada read in the *Times* the return of Gerald St. Maur to parliament, as member for his brother's borough of Arnsdale.

The colour, which latterly had forsaken her cheek, mounted to her temples, and the water sparkled in her eyes, for she thought, "I advised him to get into parliament; perhaps it is to please me he has done this." All that day Ada was absent, and rather melancholy; she sighed often, blushed without any apparent cause, and more than once, luckily when alone, burst into tears.

Pertinette was gone. She was installed at Lady Vacant Star's, and had such a very hard place of it, with a woman of fashion who had neither heart nor mind, that she regretted the mistress who had such a taste for the kennel.

Lord Glenlonely was in better health than he had been for years. He had taken his seat in the House of Lords. He continued to receive Jem Goodman, and to follow his advice; and the destitute classes had a warm, a powerful, and an eloquent advocate in the upper House, in Lord Glenlonely.

The asylum for reformed drunkards was founded by him, and the mastership was offered to Jem Goodman; but though he took a great interest in the charity, and spared no time or trouble in advising and arranging, he refused the office as requiring, in his opinion, a man of better education.

One great happiness and triumph awaited Jem Goodman and the temperance party, and that was, Lord Glenlonely's consenting to take the chair at a great meeting of the friends of temperance at Hall; and in a brilliant and most effective speech, giving the history of his own experience of both indulgence and abstinence, he told the whole story of his first interview with Jem Goodman, and its result; and that speech made many converts.

Lady Glenlonely was still bewailing her beloved Sultana. She had doubled and trebled the amount of the reward originally offered, but in vain.

Townley and Tarlatan were to quit her service unless Sultana were brought back within a week.

As they knew they should not change for the better, and heard from Pertinette at Lady Vacant Star's she had to work twice as hard, and did not live half as well as at Lord Glenlonely's, they tried all in their power to recover Sultana; but in vain.

Lady Glenlonely really felt the loss of the poor dog intensely. It had been her son's, her only boy's, and he had begged her to take care of Sultana till his return. The cross, over-fed, spoilt creature was so fond of her, and her only! And the doubt as to her fate was worse than any certainty could have been. This anxiety threw a cloud and a gloom over all her new glories, new honours.

One day that Ada was at the ragged school, and Lord Glenlonely in the House of Lords, Lady Glenlonely was sitting in her own boudoir, alone, a book in her hand, but her thoughts with her lost favourite, when in rushed Townley, followed by Tarlatan, with a dog in her arms. This dog sprang out of them at the sight of Lady Glenlonely, and the well-known bark of Sultana met her ear. But at first it was impossible to recognise the obese, waddling, puffy, broad-backed spaniel, in the lean, active, very thin, hungry-looking creature, who bounded on to Lady Glenlonely's lap, licked her face, her hands; jumped, frisked, frolicked, begged, danced; in short, though certainly half starved, she had reason to say, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," for she was cured of all her bodily ailments, and all her faults of temper; and from being one of the fattest, most snapping, snarling, dropsical, asthmatic, and inactive of canine favourites, was now as thin as a greyhound, as active as a roe, and the best-tempered, most willing and docile creature in the world.

It was very touching to see the poor wretch,

looking so lank and chopfallen, sitting up to beg, dancing on her hind legs, bowing, opening and shutting the door, fetching and carrying, and practising a variety of accomplishments for which she had been famous in her puppyhood, and had resorted to as a chance of conciliating Blear-eyed Bet and old Blarney, and which now had become habitual with her.

Lady Glenlonely was in raptures at the return of her pet, but in tears, too, at these new accomplishments; at one moment rejoicing at beholding it, at another weeping over its dwindled body. She was very anxious to know all particulars connected with its abduction.

Townley and Tarlatan (now quite restored to favour) could only inform her that a young lad, who was a great favourite of Lady Ada's, and who had been there several times before, during her ladyship's absence, had brought that blessed Sultana back in a basket, and was waiting below, "in course," said Townley, "for the reward; but only professing to want to know if her ladyship wished to ask any particulars about the finding of her pet."

Lady Glenlonely was very anxious to know all about the recovery of her treasure; and Townley went to summon the lad, who proved to be no other than our dear young friend Larky Grigg, his fine black eyes blazing with triumph, his cheeks flushed, and his dress showing signs of a recent scuffle.

Lady Glenlonely's questions elicited the following account:—

"My lady," began Larky Grigg (having been duly impressed below in the servants' hall with the necessity of addressing the countess as "My lady," and "Your ladyship," and bringing in those magic words on all occasions—they knew how sweet were those labial liquid sounds to her ear.)

"My lady, I'm as glad as ever your ladyship be to have found your favourite, which, my lady, your ladyship being Miss, or rather my Lady Adar's mar, is the cause why every boy, and gal, too, in the Green Field's Ragged School would go through fire and water to serve her, and all as belongs to her."

Lady Glenlonely listened languidly to this tribute to Ada's merits, stroking her poor, thin, shrunken, soiled pet the while with her white, jewelled, taper fingers.

"To the point, my good boy," she said. "Where was the sweet pet hid?"

"If you means the dog, my lady—that 'ere Sooltaner—I found her tied up cral toight in an alley not very far from where we lives, but a very low, dirty, tumble-down place it is, and all bad characters living there. There's a wretched, drunken old 'ooman, which her name is Blear-eyed Bet, and she get her living by cat-skinning. And in the same house lives a dog-stealer—a vicious old man, as the boys calls old Blarney, 'cause he've got such a tongue, and he is such a false, canting old rogue, my lady, maning no offence. Well, my lady, hearing as how your ladyship's dog wor stole, I had my eyes open, and so had another boy at our school, called Stunning Steenie, which his feather's a rat-catcher, and quite thick, loike, with old Blarney and Blear-eyed Bet. In course, my ladyship, as Mr. Stephen says, there ain't no true friendships between bad people—'tain't loikely; but they smokes and gets drunk together; so I axed Stunning Steenie, my lady, whether his feather know'd of old Blarney having any dog in his yard answering the description of Sooltaner—them large eyes and short phiz, and with that 'ere spot on her forehead, and them very long, wavy ears, and them frills of hair round her feet, and that 'ere tail like the Oss Guards wears in their helmets; and so I heered there wor, only he was rather close, my lady, and not liking to peach about his dad's pal. I was just a-going to inform the peelers—leastways the police, my lady, when, going home first for a bit o' dinner, loike, I found Hope—our Hope, my lady—Hope Evermore—you've heered speak of Hope, maybe, my lady?"

Lady Glenlonely nodded; for even she had been much interested by Ada's account of that lovely child.

"In course you have, my lady—so fond as Miss—I mean Lady—Ada is of her. Well, she wor crying her blessed blue eyes out, and when she saw me—

"O Larky, Larky Grigg!" sobbed she, "my Truelove's gone—my pussy's stolen. I'll never see her more!" "Ah! but you shall, though," said I. "How long has she been missing?" "Since morning," said Hope; "and oh, Larky! Meg says it's wicked old Blear-eyed Bet's day for cat-skinning; and she met her hurrying along to her bad home, with her bag stuffed out ever so big."

And then, my lady, Hope sobbed worse nor ever. So says I, 'Don't ee fret, Hope; maybe I'll be in time yet to save Truelove.' So off I runs, Hope crying after me not to venture

among them sepoys; for, though she loved her Truelove much, she loved me more; and they're a low, crool, bad lot, my lady, in that 'ere Paradise-row, as it's called. But I warn't afraid, my lady; I only thought of Hope's grief and poor Truelove's danger; and I rushed along, and I made such way, that I got to the old wretch's house, my lady, in no time. I knowed it by the cat-skins a-hanging out to dry, all fresh-loike. I looked in at the broken winder, my lady, and I saw what made my blood run cold—one poor dying cat nearly skinned, and the old hag forcing Truelove's head into an old boot, and Blarney—the vile old Blarney—a-helping of her. They got some good bites and scratches, that they did, though; for Truelove's got a spirit of her own, tho' she be such a fond, loving cretur; and doat so on our Hope. Lor! how them crool old creturs cussed and swore, and how Truelove fought, and kicked, and scratched, and mewed; but there wor two to one, and they mastered her. But I stole to the crazy old door, my lady. It wor fastened, but few locks can baffle me,—for I've studied their pedigree, my lady,—and least of all such a common, rusty old thing as that 'ere. I had it off in no time, my lady, and then I opened the door gently, and stole in; and before they knew I wor there, my lady, I'd tripped up Blear-eyed Bet, and knocked old Blarney over; and soon I had Truelove in my arms, with her head in the boot, and even in the boot purring for joy, for she's more sence than many human creturs, and she knowed me, and give a little fond mew she only gives in a general way when Hope strokes her; but lor! she know'd I come from Hope, my lady, and she got quiet in her mind—though, when fust I see her, her tail wor more like a muff nor a tail. She, my lady, is snow-white, and wuth no end to any one, but wuth thousands to Hope, and to me, for Hope's sake, my lady. Well, I soon got her head out, though I'd hard stripes to do it, my lady; and I believe in a little while she'd have been suffocated, strangled, or somehut.

"The two crool, vicious old brutes soon picked themselves up, my lady, and swore if I didn't give 'em the cat, and get out they'd do for me; and the old 'ooman took up a poker and the man a knife—the very knife they used for skinning alive; but just at this moment two peelers came in (that's policemen, my lady)—they knowed Hope's cat well enough, for we're on their beat, and they often stops to stroke it.

"It was Hope had sent them, fearing they'd do for me. They saw the other poor skinned cat, quivering in its dying agonies, and they took both them old ruffians in charge at onst; and just as we were going to leave their 'orrid, close 'ole of a house, a-smelling so of cats, and gin, and smoke, and all sorts, and not a breath of hair, Truelove, a-purring and rubbing herself agin my shoulder and lying in my breast, I heard a dog bark, my lady, in the little back room. I instantly remembered Sooltaner wor missing, and I looked in and there she wor, poor cretur, tied to a crazy old bed-post so tight, it's a wonder she warn't choked, my lady. And there was all the rewards you've offered, my lady, stuck up against the wall, just where she, poor heathen, could look up with her large, pitiful eyes, and see 'em all. Now, I'd had an 'int from Steenie that old Blarney was waiting for a larger reward, still—'twor only a 'int, 'cause of his being his feather's pal. I told one of the peelers all about it, and he agreed to loose the dog and chance it about the consequences, purvided he shared the reward, which it's no more nor his due, my lady, as he's a poor man with a large family; leastways, he married a cook double his age, as always waylaid him on his beat with somehut nice for supper, which she passed herself off for a widow with no incumbrances, and onst she got married to him nine children turned up, and he's a good father to 'em all; and mother's an old friend of his'n, my lady, and has a respect for him, considering his having made such a fool of hisself to go for to be taked in like that 'ere; and if he hadn't a-listened to Hope, and a-come'd arter me, they two old brutes 'nd maybe a-finished me off, and poor Truelove would have been skinned alive, and Sooltaner have stayed there half-starved, and been used cruelly till a higher reward wor offered, which, my lady, every one said you'd maybe offer a hundred pound, as you loved Sooltaner better nor a Christian. On the way back, my lady, we met Hope. Oh, how she jumped for joy, and hugged me first and Truelove next, and called me her dear, dear Larky and good lad! and we fed both Sooltaner and Truelove, and they wor so hungry, they seemed as if they'd never have done! and I'd have been here earlier, my lady, only I had to appear before the magistrate to prove the charge against 'Blear-eyed Bet' and 'Old Blarney,' and they've got their six months with hard labour, my lady."

"And serve them richly right!" said the countess. "Can there be such fiends in human shape as to skin cats alive?"

"Yes, lady; and brutes a'most as bad as won't buy no skins as ain't took off living dumb creatures; for they says they've not the same gloss off a dead cat as a living one. In that wretched little back parlour, my lady, where Sooltaner wor tied up, there wor a tub full of dead bodies of skinned cats, smelling dreadful, and ready to be throwed in the river at night; and there wor two other dogs tied up besides Sooltaner. The police is going to advertise them, my lady."

"You're a brave, noble boy," said the countess. "Here's the reward; share it with the policeman, and I shall consult Lord Glenlonely and Lady Ada what more I can do for you."

The countess rang the bell, and ordered Townley to see that Larky Grigg and the policeman had a good dinner; and then she sent for Tarlatan and ordered her to prepare a bath and some minced chicken for her recovered treasure, who in due time became almost as fat, diseased, unwieldy, and ill-tempered as before her abduction.

For some time past Ada had heard with intense interest, and a delight of which the vivacity surprised even herself, that Gerald St. Maur was treading in the steps of that great and good earl, to whom ragged schools owe their rise and progress.

He had enlisted in the great and holy cause of philanthropy. He had espoused that not less important, of temperance; he had subscribed largely to many institutions; he had been on the platform at many meetings connected with ragged schools and the temperance movement, and he had been in the chair more than once, and had spoken with a fervid eloquence which came straight from the heart, although his classical attainments lent a brilliant poetical beauty and logical power to his noble speech.

Ada heard all this with a beating heart, a glowing cheek, and rising tears.

He was becoming all she could wish, all she could love, all she could revere, but yet he came not. He had adopted her views, her suggestions, her advice, but he had resigned her. He was content to tread that upward path alone. He was good, happy; he, too, had "something to do." He no longer thought of her, loved her, sighed for her. She had refused him, as she now began to think, harshly, coldly, thanklessly. Why did she so long to tell him she was proud of him. Had she not rejected him; what was she to him, what was he to her?

"Here's Gerald St. Maur's maiden speech, Ada," said her father one morning at breakfast; "I heard him deliver it, and I never heard so good a maiden speech, and seldom so fine a one from experienced speakers. He was loudly and repeatedly cheered."

"What was the subject of his speech, papa?" asked Ada, trying to look unconcerned.

"One after your own heart, my love," said her father. "I almost thought you must have suggested it. Its object was twofold: to obtain a government grant for endowing a night refuge for all those whom the present refuges cannot accommodate, and an asylum for reformed drunkards of broken constitutions who are unfit for hard work. I can tell you, Ada, that he has already got the ear of the house. He held them all spell-bound for three hours, and the motion was carried by a large majority. He'll be another S— if he goes on in the same path. And by the time he's Lord Arncliffe, he'll be one of the few for whom the city may be saved. And Ada," said Lord Glenlonely, looking archly at her changing cheek, and noting the emotion she could not control or conceal, "I shook hands with him after his speech, and he asked me if he might call to-day to hear your opinion of it; and I gave him leave. I hope I have not done wrong, dearest?"

"Take the paper up-stairs with you, Ada," said Lady Glenlonely, "and read Gerald's speech through. It will seem so very odd if, when he calls, you know nothing about it."

Ada did so, glad to escape. The speech was a long one. Its perusal occupied at least an hour. It captivated her fancy; it enchanted her mind; it satisfied her heart. At the touching pictures of human misery and destitution her tears fell like rain; at the rousing appeals to a nation's help and sympathy her cheek glowed—her heart beat!

"O Gerald, how I do love thee!" burst involuntarily, unconsciously from her lips, as she dropped the paper and buried her tear-stained face in her hands, not dreaming that there was any one present but herself.

She started, then, when Gerald St. Maur, who had entered unperceived and had heard her impassioned exclamation, fell at her feet and said, "O Ada, angel of this dark and troublous world, repeat those blessed

words!—say you love me, Ada!—say you will be mine!—say you think I am becoming more worthy of you!"

And Ada threw her arms round his neck and pressed him to her heart, as she said, "Yes, Gerald, I cannot only love, I revere you, now! Take me, dearest and best; and may I prove to be in every sense a help meet for thee! May we together so employ our time here that we may never, never be severed, but be united through all eternity!"

Lord and Lady Glenlonely cordially approved of their daughter's choice, and as there was on both sides that passionate yet pure love which always ought to warm and gladden the hearts of affianced lovers, there could be no reason for postponing the union ardently desired by both.

(To be continued.)

The Matron.

NO. XXXII.

PRESERVING and pickling have furnished the subjects of the last two numbers, and I have still a few words to say about pickles; but my readers need not fear that I have left off giving hints on that all-important question—how to live comfortably on small means. Such hints are generally very welcome; and even those who are rich, and who peruse these pages with interest, will be glad to have lessons in economy, not only that they may be the better able to advise their poorer brethren, but that on a large scale they may be assisted in practising it themselves.

I said I had not quite finished the subject of pickling. In summer and in early autumn there is a beautiful yellow flower that grows luxuriantly in the gardens of the rich and poor. It is the nasturtium. When the leaves or petals of the flower drop, a green knob is left behind. This is in reality the seed-vessel of the plant; but if a quantity of these nasturtium seed-vessels be collected and merely steeped in cold vinegar, they make a nice pickle, that keeps as long as any of those about which I have given directions.

I can fancy I hear a prudent housewife exclaim, "I have plenty of nasturtiums in my garden, and I should be glad enough to turn them to account as pickles, to make my husband and children relish the cold dinner I'm now and then obliged to give them; but, to tell you the truth, I grudge the money for the vinegar. Vinegar is now tencepence a quart, and I can do a great deal with tencepence."

In answer to this prudent mother, I am glad to say that I can give directions to enable her and others to make good vinegar at home for threepence a quart.

Set apart two or three black quart bottles, and allow half a pound of coarse brown sugar and a teaspoonful of solid yeast for each bottle. Then take a large stone jar and cover—mind it is clean, as you are to use it for the vinegar. Supposing three bottles of vinegar are required, let a pound and a half of coarse brown sugar be placed in the jar, and two quarts and a half of boiling water be poured over it. Stir it thoroughly. When nearly cold, let three spoonfuls of yeast also be stirred into it, and repeatedly dip up a little and pour it back, to make the whole mix well. Then cover it and put it in a warm place to work. A chimney corner is well suited for the purpose; but mind you do not place it too near a fierce fire. After working two or three days, it should be strained for bottling. Particular care should be taken to have the above-mentioned bottles clean and dry, and in the first instance a wineglassful of good common vinegar should be put into each bottle. Another thing to be observed is this:—Tie a bit of muslin over the tops of the bottles, to keep out the flies while admitting the air. It is necessary that the bottles should stand in a warm place, either near the fire, or in the heat of the sun. Of course they must be protected from rain. Under slates in a sunny aspect would not be a bad place for them. In a few weeks each bottle will contain excellent vinegar. And mark this, when the bottles are emptied and it is required to make more vinegar in a similar manner, mind you do not wash the bottles. You need not put a glassful of vinegar in them, as you did in the first instance, for what hangs around them will be sufficient to forward the new vinegar. And now I return to the subject of living well on a little.

One of the prime things that prevents those who are neither idle nor intemperate from getting into comfortable circumstances is illness, and one of the principal causes of illness is breathing a bad, impure air. Some weeks back, I entered into details respecting the best manner of ventilating or airing apartments, but I did not allude to the choice of a

dwelling house. Many among us have it not in their power to *pitch their tents* where they please; but sometimes the family question is, "Where shall we go? We must leave this house. What neighbourhood shall we fix on next?"

Dear readers, should you be asking the question, let me prompt a reply. Supposing your abode must, of necessity, be in a town, let it be in an airy, open street, and by no means in a court or alley. As for the difference of the rent, this will be more than saved by the better health you will all enjoy through breathing a purer air: for, on good authority, I can tell you that the average duration of sickness among those who live in open streets is half a week each per year; but mark the difference, among those who live in courts it is two and a half weeks per year. Think of this. The inhabitants of courts and alleys suffer five times as much sickness as those who choose more open situations. Besides, one sad and solemn fact must be remembered, sickness leads to death, not improbably to the death of the husband, whose earnings may be the only support of the poor wife and helpless young ones. This husband may be a fine strong man in the very prime of life. What of this? Fever, the consequences of impure air in close crowded courts, so far from sparing the young and the strong, seems to have a preference for them. Judge, then, if there would be any economy in living in such courts, even if you were offered a house rent-free in one of them. The fact is, no such courts ought to exist, and I hope to see the day when the improved plan of dwelling houses for people of all classes will prevent the poorest from resorting to close, damp, unhealthy alleys. Half of the children born in them die before they become five years of age, while of those who are born and live in open streets only one-fourth die before that age, and I do not doubt that the greater proportion of these might be saved, if the advice of the friends of the working classes respecting food, cleanliness, and temperance were more heeded; but one thing is certain, that it is all important to health to make a sensible selection of a dwelling.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

RETURNING from a visit to New Orleans, we were fortunate enough to secure a passage in a steam-boat with but few passengers. Among the ladies, one especially interested us. She was the widow of a wealthy planter, and was returning with only one child to her father's home. Her devotion to the child was very touching, and the eyes of her old black nurse would fill with tears as she besought her mistress "not to love that boy too much, or the Lord would take him away from her."

We passed through the canal at Louisville, and stopped for a few minutes at the wharf, when the nurse, wishing to see the city, walked out on the guard at the back of the boat, where, by a sudden effort, the child sprang from her arms into the terrible current that swept towards the falls, and disappeared immediately. The confusion which ensued attracted the attention of a gentleman who was in the front part of the boat quietly reading. Rising hastily, he asked for some article the child had worn. The nurse handed him a tiny apron she had torn off in her effort to retain the child in her arms. Turning to a splendid Newfoundland dog that was eagerly watching his countenance, he pointed first to the apron, and then to the spot where the child had gone under.

In an instant the noble dog leaped into the rushing water, and he also soon disappeared. By this time the excitement was intense, and some persons on shore supposing the dog was lost as well as the child, procured a boat and started off in search of the body. Just at this moment the dog was seen far away with something in his mouth. Bravely he struggled with the waves; but it was evident his strength was fast failing, and more than one breast gave a sigh of relief as the boat reached him, and it was announced that he had the child, and it was still alive. They were brought to the shore—the dog and the child. Giving a single glance to satisfy herself that the child was really living, the young mother rushed forward, and sinking beside the dog, threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears. Not many could view the sight unmoved, and as she caressed and kissed his shaggy head, she looked up to its owner and said—"Oh, sir, I must have this dog! I am rich; take all I have, everything, but give me my child's preserver!" The gentleman smiled, and patting his dog's head, said—"I am very glad he has been of service to you; but nothing could induce me to part with him."



A ROYAL SLUGGARD OF THE MEROVINGIAN RACE.

PICTURES FROM HISTORY.

THE "ROIS FAINÉANTS," OR SLUGGARD KINGS.

AFTER the death of Clovis, the powerful chief whose mode of administering justice we have already described, a succession of semi-barbarous kings reigned over France for about two centuries and a half. The history of the Merovingians, as they were called, from their supposed descent from Merovée, a Frankish chief (Merovée, or Mer-wig, meaning in the Frankish language Great Warrior), reigned in France during a period of about two centuries and a half, and their annals form one of the blackest pages in the annals of the human race. Our Saxon ancestors were neither refined nor gentle. Their laws were in many instances arbitrary and severe, and their rule despotic and heavy. But the history of the Saxon heptarchy appears as a record of mercy in comparison with the atrocities of the Merovingian Franks. Clovis chastised his subjects with whips; but his successors chastised them with scorpions. Clovis was unscrupulous and ferocious—in fact, a clever barbarian; but his descendants surpassed him by far in ferocity, while they never equalled him in administrative power. From the death of Clovis, in 511, to the accession of Charles Martel, the grandfather of Charlemagne, to the dignity of major-domo or mayor of the palace (about 718), the reader of French history has to wade through a dreary catalogue of barbarism and crime, without finding any great or glorious name to arrest his interest or enchain his attention.

Each monarch seems to have reigned, like Damocles, with a sword suspended over his head. The fear of assassination brooded like a dark shadow over every one of the early French kings; and that such a fear is no light thing is proved by its effects upon the iron frame even of such a man as Cromwell. The nearest relations of a king were his most deadly enemies: for it was from impatient heirs to the throne that the chief danger of assassination came. The precautions taken against this danger were as horrible and unnatural as the peril itself. The accession of each king was usually accompanied by the murder of all those of his family whom ambition or consanguinity rendered likely to attempt anything against the reigning monarch's safety. The hand of the father was raised against the son; brothers fought for supremacy, not by means of armies and generals, but personally, and with the rage of infuriated brutes. Women joined in the contest; and in one instance

the long rivalry between two queens, Fredegunda and Brunehild, was terminated by the horrible death of the conquered princess, Brunehild. Fredegunda, with unheard-of barbarity, ordered that her rival should be torn to pieces by wild horses, which fearful sentence was literally executed. A single passage from the history of Fredegunda and her husband, Chilperic, will give the reader an idea of the state of government under the Merovingian kings in France.

This Chilperic has been called by historians the Nero of France; and though by his vices he well merited the appellation, his contemporaries seem equally with himself to have incurred the reproach of cruelty. Chilperic was not, however, an ordinary tyrant, who sacrifices everything to his personal interest, and listens only to the voice of his ambition or fear. He was an adept in wickedness, and seemed to inflict suffering for the mere pleasure of witnessing it. His modes of punishment were as various as they were horrible, and the invention of new tortures became one of his daily amusements. He would frequently order some grievous punishment to be inflicted upon an entire community. Whole districts and towns were by his command laid waste with fire and sword; and, far from feeling compassion for the innocent victims of his fury, he would take a pride in seeing his instructions carried out to the very letter. When he gave directions for the sacking of a town or the murder of a suspected nobleman, he generally concluded with the frightful injunction—"and should any one neglect to fulfil these commands, he is to be punished by having his eyes torn out."

This is how he ruled in his own family. In the year 680 a terrible disease had carried off many of the Franks. The plague was particularly fatal to children, and the two sons of Fredegunda had fallen victims to its ravages. The grief of the queen at their loss was increased by the thought that the Prince Clovis, a son of Chilperic by Andovera, a divorced queen, would succeed to the throne. Her rage and jealousy were increased by the imprudent conduct of the prince himself, who boasted of his good fortune in thus surviving his brothers. With refined cruelty Fredegunda prevailed on Chilperic to despatch his son to the Castle of Brain, where the plague was raging furiously. Her design failed—the young prince visited the infected region and returned unharmed. But Fredegunda was not to be baffled. She accused Andovera, Clovis's mother, of having

employed the arts of sorcery to procure the death of her children; and it was but too easy to persuade the brutal Chilperic of the guilt of his discarded wife. By dint of torture, a confession was wrung from the unhappy Andovera, who was thereupon cruelly put to death, while Clovis was delivered, bound, to Fredegunda. Three days were employed in extracting from the captive prince the names of his chief friends and partisans. Then he was led away and stabbed to death with a dagger. The bleeding weapon was brought to Chilperic, with a false account that Clovis had stabbed himself. The tyrant smiled grimly at the transparent device; but made no remark. A cruel persecution of all the friends of Clovis was a fitting termination of the tragedy; and Chilperic and Fredegunda congratulated themselves on their prospects of at length reigning in safety.

The natural result of such a rule was the almost total extinction of the royal family. There ultimately remained but a very few youthful scions of the race *chevelu*, or long-haired race—for flowing locks were a sign of royalty among the Franks. Then it was that the German or Austrasian mayor of the palace gradually assumed the entire government of the country; the kings themselves becoming known only as "fainéants," or sluggards. The mayor of the palace was the real monarch. From him all authority emanated, and to him all appeals were made.

In one of the royal palaces or farms, surrounded by all the rude luxury of the seventh and eighth century, sat the nominal chief of the Franks, utterly unconscious of the progress of affairs, and entirely incapable of taking any part in the government. On public occasions only he was produced and shown to the people. Then the royal carriage or wagon drawn by oxen drove slowly through the Champ de Mars, the half idiotic king reclining listlessly on his cushions, or staring wildly about him, at the unaccustomed crowd of faces. At last Pepin, surnamed *Le Bref*, the Short, an energetic mayor of the palace, sent to Rome, and asked the pope Zachary to determine the pithy question: "Whether the man who had the power should be king, or the man who had merely the name?" "The name and the power should go together," answered the politic pope. "Whereupon," says the chronicler, "Pepin caused Childeric (the last Merovingian monarch) to have his long hair cut off, and to be immured in a convent for the rest of his days." Pepin assumed the regal title, and the rule of the sluggard kings was at an end.

TO MARY.

My Mary, many changeful years,
With all their smiles and all their tears,
With all their hopes and joys have past,
Like dreams, since I beheld thee last.
I am the child you loved no more,
And my light-hearted youth is o'er;
The eyes whose brightness won your praise,
Have quenched in floods of tears their rays;
And on the temples, once so fair,
Shines many a thread of silver hair;
And the young limbs that could not go
With any motion staid or slow,
Now bear me onward, sad and sage,
O'er the dull path of middle age.
Mary, your childhood's loving mate
Hath proved a strangely varied fate;
Hath wrestled oft with wasting care,
And hungry want, and cold despair;
But by God's grace her own right hand
Hath earned her place and power to stand,
Companion of the high and strong;
Acknowledged as a child of song;
She hath been hated and maligned
By those she *thought* were true and kind;
Been sought, and honoured, and caressed,
As dearest friend, and welcome guest,
By those who once but as a name
Sounded from the high hills of fame;
But weary, poor, and desolate,
Or gay amid the rich and great,
Mary, her heart was ne'er untrue
To her glad childhood's love for you.
I never think of you, beloved,
But other memories are moved.
I see my long-lost mother's smile,
And hear her loving voice the while;
And through the years I backward glide
To sit with Mary, at her side,
And dream that thou and I once more
Are children, as we were of yore.

THE MOCKER.

DEAR reader, believe me when I tell you that I am not one of those self-wise, conceited persons who are continually taxing people—better, perhaps, than themselves—with troublesome or impertinent precepts. I like to look at human nature on its fairest side; but alas! wherever in human character there is sunshine, there is sure to be shadow also. I was, not long since, painfully re-assured of this truth. It so chanced that I was paying a visit to a dear and valued friend, who resides in one of the prettiest of the pleasant D— villages, and she (who, in a quiet way, I observed, was the Sister of Charity and Lady Bountiful of the place) had not long before been called to visit a sick gentleman at the little hotel of the town. Let me tell the story as she told it to me. I use her own words:—

"He was weeping violently when I entered his room, but soon becoming calmer, he thanked me gratefully for my attention and sympathy, and, after a time, taking my hand, said, with mournful impressiveness: 'My dear madam, I feel impelled to speak, and your kindness inspires me with confidence. Devote ten minutes to me, and I will impart a lesson worth ten years' experience to any young man you may fall in with, who is taking the first step downwards.'"

"Wine is said in Scripture to 'make glad the heart of man.' Wine is said by the poets to be the balm of grief, the dew of beauty, the philter of love. What that is gracious and graceful is it not said to be? Clustering grapes entwined the brow of its divinity, and wine is said to be a libation worthy of the gods. Fools, fools, fools! They need to have poured forth their blood and tears like me, to know that it is a fountain of eternal destruction. Do not, dear madam, fancy that I allude to *drunkenness*; do not class me in your imagination with the sensual brute who degrades himself to the filthiness of intoxication. Against a vice so flagrant, how easy to arm one's virtue! No; the true danger lies many degrees within that fearful limit, and the Spartans who warned their sons against wine by the exhibition of their drunken Helots, fulfilled their duty blindly. Drunkenness implies, in fact, an extinction of the very faculties of evil. The enfeebled arm can deal no mortal blow; the staggering step retards the perpetration of sin. The drunkard is an idiot, a thing which children mock at, and women chastise. It is the man whose temperament is excited, not overpowered, by wine, to whom the snare is fatal. Do not suppose me the apostle of a temperance society, when I assert on my word, on my honour, that, after three glasses of wine, I am no longer master of my actions. Without being at the moment conscious of the change, I begin to see, feel, hear, and reason differently. The minor transitions between good and evil are forgotten; as some one

says, 'The lava boils in my bosom.' Three more, and I become a madman.'

"But this constitutes a positive physical infirmity," said I. 'You must, of course, regard yourself as an exception.'

"No. I am convinced the case is common. Among my own acquaintance, I know fifty men who are pleasant companions in the morning, but intolerable after dinner,—men who neither like wine nor indulge in it, but who, while simply fulfilling the forms and ceremonies of society, frequently become odious to others, and a burden to themselves.'

"I expressed my belief that he was correct.

"I know that I am correct," he answered. 'Listen: At Christ Church, Oxford, I gained the distinction of "a double first," and was the acknowledged best scholar of my year. My last term over, all that remained for me was to preside over a farewell oyster-supper. I was unaccustomed to wine, for my parents had probably taken silent note of the infirmity of my nature, and wisely guarded me from any early intimacy with the maddening cup; but now a very small allowance of the fiery tavern liquid which forms the nectar of all similar festivities, sufficed to elevate my spirits to frenzy. A row ensued, and I lost caste.'

"I was 'the only son of my mother, and she was a widow.' Glad at length to escape from her pale face and gloomy weeds, I entered the army. At Christ Church, I was known as the 'peace-maker;' I never had a quarrel—I never had an enemy. Yet, twelve months after joining the army, I was considered a troublesome fellow. I had fought one of my brother officers, and was on the most uncomfortable terms with four others. I fancied I hated my profession, when in fact I only hated myself. I left the army, and went home to my mother. Here my peace of mind came back to me at once. There was no one to bear me company over the bottle. I was my mother's constant companion. I became healthy, happy, beloved.'

"Beloved in a lover's sense?"

"A pained expression overspread his face; but he continued, gravely:—

"A young and very beautiful girl deigned to encourage the veneration with which I regarded her. My mother assured her I was the best of sons; I readily promised to be the best of husbands. She believed in both, accepted me, married me, and in welcoming home my gentle, lovely Mary, all remembrance of past unhappiness seemed obliterated. 'Our position in the world, if not brilliant, was honourable. My mother's table renewed those hospitalities over which my father loved to preside. Mary's three brothers were our constant guests, and in entertaining them, I once more became irritable and ill at ease. My mother, who could conceive no fault in my disposition, ascribed to poor Mary all the discredit of the change. She took a dislike to her daughter-in-law—nay, even to Mrs. Wargrave's family, friends, and acquaintances. She saw, after they had been dining with me, that I grew morose and irritable, and attributed the fault to my guests, rather than to the wine their company compelled me to swallow.'

"Your wife was probably more discerning.'

"No. On such subjects, women are not enlightened by experience. Mary, perhaps, ascribed my irritability to infirmity of temper. She found me, perhaps, less good-humoured than she had expected, and more easily moved by trifles. The morning is the portion of the day in which married people live least in each other's society, and my evenings seldom passed without a political squabble, or a storm with the servants. The tea was cold; the newspaper did not arrive in time, or the minister had been guilty of some grave mistake in politics. I was in fault.

"Fortunately, poor Mary's time was engrossed by preparations for the arrival of her first child—a pledge of domestic happiness calculated to reconcile a woman to even greater vexations than those arising from her husband's irritability. Mary palliated all my bursts of temper by declaring that *any* man might possess the insipid quality of good-humour; but that Wargrave, if sometimes hasty, had the best heart and the best principles in the world. As soon as our little boy made his appearance, she excited the contempt of her lady acquaintances by trusting that Harry would in all respects resemble his father. Heaven bless her for her blindness!

"Among my wife's female friends, was a certain Marion Cavendish, her cousin, young, handsome, richer, and almost as handsome as herself, but gifted with that intemperate vivacity which health and prosperity inspired. Marion was a gay, fearless creature—the only person who did not shrink from my fits of ill-temper. When I scolded, she bantered; when I appeared sullen, she laughed me into cheerfulness. We usually met in morning visits, when I was in a mood to receive her raileries graciously.

To this playful girl it unluckily occurred to suggest to her cousin, 'Why don't you manage Wargrave as I do? Why don't you laugh and tease him out of his perversity?' And Mary, to whose disposition and manner all these tricks were foreign, soon began to assume a most provoking sportiveness in our domestic disputes; would seize me by the hair, the sleeve; point her fingers at me when I was sullen, and laugh heartily when I indulged in a reproof. I vow to Heaven there were moments when this innocent folly made me hate her. 'It does not become you to ape the monkey tricks of your cousin!' cried I, one night, when she had amused herself by fillying water at me across the table while I was engaged in an intemperate political debate with an old brother officer. 'In trying to make me look like a fool, you only make a fool of yourself!'—"Don't be intimidated by a few words," laughed Miss Cavendish, when this ebullition was reported to her. 'Men and nettles must be bullied into tameness. They have a sting only for those who are afraid of them. Persevere.'

"She *did* persevere; and on another occasion, equally ill-timed, again the angry husband retorted severely upon the wife he loved. 'You must not banter him *in company*,' said Marion; 'he is one of those men who hate being shown up before others. But when you are alone, take your revenge. Treat his anger as a jest. Prove to him you are not afraid of him; and since he chooses to behave like a child, argue with him as children are argued with.'

"It was on my return from a dinner at my club, that Mary attempted to put these mischievous precepts into practice. I was late, too late; for, against my will, I had been detained by the jovial party; but, instead of encouraging the apologies I was inclined to offer for having kept her watching, Mary, who had been beguiling the time of my absence in her dressing-room with an entertaining book, by which her spirits were considerably exhilarated, began to laugh at my excuses, to banter, to mock me. I begged her to desist. She persisted. I grew angry. She replied to my invectives by a thousand absurd accusations invented to justify her mirth. I bade her be silent. She only laughed more loudly. I stamped, swore, raved. She approached me in mimicry of my violence. I struck her.

"I know not what followed this act of brutality. I have a faint impression of kneeling, and imploring, and offering the sacrifice of my life in atonement. But I have a vivid one of the manner which, from that moment, poor Mary assumed in my presence. She jested no more; she never laughed again. I fancied that she sometimes betrayed an apprehension of leaving our child alone in the room with me. Perhaps she thought me mad. She was right. The brief insanity inspired by wine had alone caused me to raise my hand against her. I knew the secret had been kept from her brothers; but there *was* a person whose interference between me and my wife I dreaded more than theirs. A brother of Marion Cavendish, who had loved Mary from her childhood, wooed her, and been refused, shortly after her acquaintance with myself. This fellow I never could endure.

"Horace Cavendish was the reverse of his sister—grave, even to dejection, and cold and dignified in his demeanour. Mary had a high opinion of him, although she had preferred the vivacity of my manner and the impetuosity of my character. I began to hate him, for I felt little in his presence. I saw that he was my superior in temper and breeding—that he would have made a happier woman of my wife. Yet I had no pretext for dismissing him from my house. He came, and came, and was constantly there, day after day. He could not but have seen that he was odious to me, yet he had not the delicacy to withdraw from our society. Perhaps he thought his presence necessary to protect his cousin. Perhaps he thought I was not to be trusted with the deposit of her happiness. I now became guarded. My temperance was that of an anchorite. On the pretext of health, I refrained for many months from wine, and became myself again. I wanted to win back the confidence of my wife.

"At this period, there occurred a family festival, from which I could not absent myself—the wedding of Marion Cavendish. We met to eat, jest, and be merry. It was settled that I should drink the bride's health, and Mrs. Wargrave extended her glass towards me, as if to make a pledge of reconciliation. How eagerly I grasped it! Of my free will I took a second glass. The bridegroom was to be toasted; then the family into which Marion was marrying. At length the health of Mrs. Wargrave was proposed. Could I do otherwise than honour it in a bumper? I looked towards her for further kindness; but instead of the expected smile, I saw her pale, trembling, anxious. My kindling glances and heated countenance perhaps reminded her of the fatal

night which had been the origin of our misunderstanding.

"Yes, she trembled, and I saw, or fancied I saw, a look of sympathy and intelligence pass between her and Horace Cavendish. I turned fiercely towards him. He regarded me with contempt; that look, at least, I did not misinterpret, but I revenged it. In the mood that then had possession of me, it was easy to give offence. We quarrelled. I saw that he regarded me as a venomous reptile to be crushed, and I looked upon him as the lover of Mary. We met at sunrise. Both were sober then. I shot him through the heart. I was arrested, tried for murder, and acquitted.

"On the plea of severe indisposition, Mary had refrained from visiting me in prison. Soon after my liberation, I received a letter. From my wife? No; it was a lawyer's letter, informing me with technical precision that his client, Mrs. Wargrave, had withdrawn herself from my roof, and proposed to reside with her brothers. I sought out her place of refuge, and forced myself into her presence. A terrible scene ensued, in the course of which I tore our child rudely from her arms, and in the struggle it fell violently to the floor, and became a cripple for life.

"For fourteen months I was confined in a mad-house, a raving maniac. The influence of wine, passion, horror, had superinduced epilepsy, from which I was only roused to a state of the wildest frenzy. Careful treatment and solitude gradually restored me. For some time after my recovery, I became a wanderer on the continent, with the intention of wasting the remnant of my blighted existence in restless obscurity. I at length returned, however, to England; and, in the course of my aimless travels, arrived at this place, where the illness under which I am now suffering seized me."

"I quitted this unfortunate man, after tendering him every consolation that lay in my power. That night the report of a pistol was heard in his room, and the poor sufferer was discovered dead upon the floor!"

Verily, "wine is a mocker."

Small Change.

A HIGH rent—a hole in the crown of your hat. Though the glory of dying for one's country is granted to but few, the privilege of living for it is denied to none.

WHAT part of a ship is like a farmer?—The tiller. A SOCIETY composed of none but the wicked could not exist; it contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and, without a flood, would be swept away from the earth by the deluge of its own iniquity.

WHAT is the oldest tree in America?—The elder-tree.

ALL politeness is owing to liberty. We polish one another, and rub off our corners and rough sides by a sort of amicable collision. To restrain this is inevitably to bring a rust upon men's understandings.

"That's a flame of mine," as the bellows said to the fire.

HE who always receives but never gives, acquires, as a matter of course, a narrow, contracted, selfish character. His soul has no expansion, no benevolent impulses, no elevation of aim. He learns to feel, and think, and care only for himself.

WHAT day of the year is a command to go a-head?—March 4th.

A FATHER called his son into a crowded carriage, saying, "Ben-jam-in!"

WHEN you see a small waist, think how great a waste of health it represents.

SLEEP—a cloak drawn around us at the side-scene, as we leave the stage awhile.

WHAT word is that which, if you take away the first letter, all will still remain?—Ball.

A HARMLESS hilarity and a buoyant cheerfulness are not infrequent concomitants of genius; and we are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.

WE should thank him who attacks our opinions with skill and vigour; for in defending them, we learn the value and the grounds of them.

A COUNTRY editor speaks of a recent storm which "roared so loud that you couldn't hear a dog bark." We suppose that the bark of the dogs, like an occasional bark off the coast, was lost in the Sound.

A PREACHER, walking through a grave-yard and reading the epitaphs, said—"Here lie the dead, and here the living lie."

WHAT is that which increases the effect by diminishing the cause?—A pair of snufflers.

JERROLD met a fop one day, who languidly offered him two fingers. Jerrold, not to be outdone, thrust forward a single finger, saying, "Well, who shall it be?"

A MORNING paper contains the marriages of Martin Briggs to Louisa Schooner, Everard Boatman to Margaret Scull, and George Shipp to Phoebe Cutter.

"Boy! did you let off that gun?" exclaimed an enraged schoolmaster. "Yes, master." "Well, what do you think I will do to you?" "Why, let me off."

WHEN a young man complains bitterly that a young lady has no heart, it is a pretty certain sign that she at least has *his*.

WE may always joke when we please, if we are always careful to please when we joke.

THE truest self-respect is not to think of self.

AN old lady was in the habit of talking to Jerrold in a gloomy, depressing manner, presenting to him only the sad side of life. "Hang it," said Jerrold, one day, after a long and sombre interview, "she wouldn't allow there was a bright side to the moon!"

WE recently had a fine smooth-bore gun. We merely left it exposed over-night, and it was *rifled*.

A VERY distinguished philosopher says, that whatever is most useful is most beautiful. We utterly deny it. A dog's nose is not half so comely as that of a beautiful lady, but twice as good for smelling.

WE find in a contemporary paper a long essay on the advantages of burning coal. The editor says that it is "from a great manufacturer," but we think it more likely to be from a *grate*-manufacturer.

A COBBLER in the north, who also professes to teach music, has the following sign on his door:—

"Delighted task to mend the tender boot,
And teach the young idea how to flate."

Puzzles for the Ingenious.

I. I want a trench in my garden. A says he can do it in ten days; B requires twelve days; C fourteen days. Supposing that, for the sake of dispatch, I set them all three to work together, in what time will my trench be made?

G. J. W.

II. A person passed 1-6th of his age in childhood, 1-12th of it in youth, 1-7th of it + 5 years in matrimony; he had then a son whom he survived four years, and who reached only half the age of his father. At what age did this person die?

G. J. W.

Answers are requested.

Solutions of the QUESTION in Vol. II., p. 111.

I. Let $4x$ = number of people in gallery
 $2x$ = number of people in boxes
 $3x$ = number of people in pit
 Then $68x + 68x + 64x = 10,920$
 $195x = 10,920$
 $x = 56$

$56 \times 4 = 224$ in gallery
 $56 \times 2 = 112$ in boxes
 $56 \times 3 = 168$ in pit

Answer.

F. S.

II. Boxes..... 112 at 2 10 = 15 17 4
 Gallery... 224 at 1 4 = 14 18 8
 Pit..... 168 at 1 9 = 14 14 0

£45 10 0—Proof.
 JACOBES.

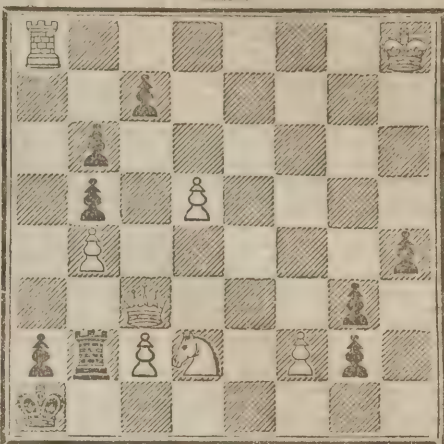
Correct answers have been received, also, from Grapes; S. Butcher; S. J. Armon; E. L. Bartlett; J. Blatherwick; J. G. B.; F. Ashby; F. J. Cherington; F. Marshall; Balliol; A. Swintonian; S. A. K. M. G.; R. Hunter; W. Royle; H. Wardle; E. W.; R. W. Jamson; Alfred R.; H. W. Groves; T. Ormerod; Nimis; N. McLaren; T. Pearson; R. Woodland; T. R. T.; J. M.; Lichfield; J. F. P. (Ayrshire); G. Brown; A. Booth; T. E. Bateman; B. Coombs; R. Algar; C. J. P.; Always Ready; J. Burt; The Duke; A. Courtney; W. Stewart; T. B. Smith; T. Calvert; Prestonian; C. E. M. (Newbury); Ingenious; J. S.; Galashiels; J. Milne; T. Y. C. Y.; S. Mee; Peter; P. J. Mooney; E. Larkin; H. Casey; F. W. Hargraves; W. Pinkerton; I. T. F. T.; T. Jones; J. S. Eland; P. W. M.; T. Storer; J. R. Watson; H. Ignoramus; Blyth; J. A. Backworth; J. Mellor; L. V. O. Philoctetes; G. J. Fuller; Old Hickory; N. Harriman; Z.; Ziz; Algebra; W. B. (Salford); G. W. Bennett; A. I. Q.; J. P. Penicuik; D. F. G.; W. H. Wilkins; J. Brown; G. A. P.; G. B. Jay; E. Freeland; G. F. Burnett; Trebo; R. Marsland; W. Rain; P. George; Lucy Cram; R. Bolton; M. Gillan; Hallewell; H. Chick; G. J. (Belfast); Alpha; J. H. Shaylor; J. T. Last; S. M. Schofield; G. T. Horwood; M. Halligan; A. Bennett; D. Knight; F. J. Linton; R. O. D.; Filius Laboris; W. Howden; Periodical; Scotswood Road; J. B. C.; J. Robinson; Self-taught; W. J. Freestone; Champion of England; W. Millar; T. H. M'Pherson; T. Kirkman; Montbar; Lucknow; J. D. (Plymouth); J. Larkin; M. Stenhouse; Samuel B.; H. C. Barclay; J. Bartlett; Liza Barnes; H. R. Turner; R. Fosdick; A. Sherborne Calant; T. Nunn; W. Bove; D. R. P.; E. Lemon; A. Joiner; Ignoramus (2); C. J. (Stockport); J. Craig; W. Lewis; W. X.; Ineskiething; G. S.; Carlawerock; D. R. P.; Nemo; A. C. P. T.; William S. C.; N. E. D.; T. W. (Uffculme); St. Alban's; G. W. Balmain; M. M. Cornick; W. C. Adams; S. J. (Dudley); J. Parker; P. Cronin; W. A. (Brighton); T. M'urray.

Incorrect.—W. Moss; T. Holding; J. Paine.

Chess.

Problem No. 60. For this ingenious stratagem we are indebted to HENRY TURTON, Esq.

BLACK.

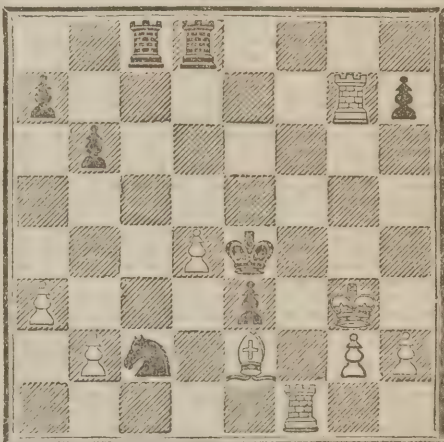


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 61. By F. G. RAINGER, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves. This position occurred in actual play between Mr. Rainger (White), and another amateur.

AN INQUIRER.—If a player agree to checkmate with a particular piece or Pawn, or on a particular square, or engage to force his adversary to stalemate or check him, he is not restricted to any number of moves.

D. W. S.—In the variation to which you refer, V. H. der Laza suggests 9, Q to K sq, and this move Mr. Staunton prefers to Q to K R 5.

D. W. O.—The game sent (and for which we are obliged) shall be examined at the earliest opportunity.

A LAD OF ELEVEN.—We know nothing whatever of the game of double Chess. The Problem submitted shall be reported upon shortly.

J. C. A.—Problem No. 1 is much too easy for our column. No. 2 is defective; Black can delay the mate at the 3rd move by playing Kt to Q Kt 6.

Solutions by D. W. O. (Sligo), Nos. 51 and 52; Mona, Nos. 51 and 52; T. Martin, jun., Nos. 51 and 52; W. Ross, Nos. 51, 52, and 53; M. A. R., No. 52; Douglas, No. 53; G. T., No. 53; R. Wakelin, Nos. 52 and 53; R. T., No. 53; T. Potter, No. 53; G. Davie, Nos. 51, 52, and 53; E. Grant, Nos. 52 and 53; B. W., No. 53; C. Austin, No. 53; W. Helt, 50, 51, 52, and 53; and F. C. A., Nos. 52 and 53, correct.

63* In the game between Messrs. Pindar and Wormald, published in No. 33, Mr. Pindar was by an oversight represented as having played the black men. The game was clearly in his favour.

NOTICES OF CHESS CLUBS.

IPSWICH CHESS CLUB.

This club, which a few months back numbered about half a dozen members only, has lately received new life and spirit through the strenuous exertions of T. Gocher, Esq. The club now consists of 55 members, and is very strong in good players, Messrs. Gocher and C. White (C. W. of Salisbury) being able to contend on even terms with many of the best players in the kingdom. Messrs. Wallis, Vulliamy, Biddle, and Dr. Chevallier are also very strong players.

The members meet every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday in the Saloon at the Mechanics' Institute, Ipswich.

The Chairman is T. Gocher, Esq., and the Secretary, C. White, Esq.

Our Editorial Table.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

In order that no difficulty might attend the procuring of the back numbers of our New Series, we have kept them continually in print, without extra charge. As these reprints, however, are attended with so much additional cost as to entail considerable loss, we propose, as soon as Mr. J. F. Smith's exciting tale of "Smiles and Tears" is completed, to discontinue the issue of the back numbers of Vol. I., New Series, which will be then only to be had completely bound in the volume. Our readers are therefore requested to order any numbers they may require as soon as possible. Any back number of the New Series may now be had at one penny, and any number of the Old Series at three halfpence, as heretofore; and should any difficulty arise in procuring them from a bookseller, postage stamps can be forwarded to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard.

MARY BLIGH.—We can easily understand how much you have been enjoying yourself in the country during the harvest time, and how interesting it has been to you to be taken back to Scripture times while watching the gleaners. This ancient custom of gleaning has existed three thousand years and upwards, as testified by Ruth, who gathered three pecks and over in a day. It has well been observed (alluding to gleaning), that if it were not then first instituted, it was secured and regulated by an especial ordinance of the Almighty to the Israelites in the wilderness, as a privilege to be fully enjoyed by the poor of the land whenever their triumphant enemies should enter into Canaan. The corners were to be left unreaped, and even the forgotten sheaf was not to be fetched away by the owner, but to be left for the poor and the stranger, the fatherless and the widow. Far distant be the day when gleaners shall meet with discouragement in Old England. Nevertheless, the assertion of the surly landlord of whom you speak, is correct so far, leasing or gleaning is a permission, not a right. No one has by the common law of England a right to glean in a harvest field.

ONE WHO SEEKS INFORMATION.—You tell us the grottoes erected at the corners of our streets have attracted your attention, and that you much wish to know in what old rite or legend the custom of building them originates. Mr. Thomas, an excellent antiquarian, considers that in the grottoes formed of oyster shells and lighted with a candle, to which on St. James's Day (August the 5th) we are invited to contribute by cries of "Pray remember the grotto," we have a record of the celebrated shrine of St. James at Compostella. Such grottoes may have been formerly erected on the anniversary of St. James by persons as an invitation to those who could not visit Compostella to show their reverence for the saint by alms-giving to their poorer brethren. On St. James's Day oysters used to come into London, and there is a popular notion that whoever eats oysters on that day will never want money for the rest of the year.

ONE WHO KNOWS BUT LITTLE FRENCH.—The French celebrate the fête-day rather than the birth-day, so that there is not a very great choice of mottoes, such as you require. Since it is a friend you are addressing, perhaps this might please you: "L'amour passe, l'amitié reste." Love passes away, friendship remains; or, "Toujours fidèle," Ever constant. If your friend is at a distance this would not be inappropriate—"Loin des yeux, près du cœur." Of this our motto is a free translation: Though lost to sight to memory dear. If "One who knows but little French" perseveres with the "French Lessons" we are now publishing in this Paper, she will soon know a great deal, and be able to find out French phrases and mottoes for herself.

IGNORAMUS.—The *Poet Laureate* in Great Britain was formerly an officer of the king's household, whose business it was to compose an ode annually for the king's birthday and for the new year. The title was first given in the time of Edward IV. Under Queen Anne the appointment of laureate was part of the patronage of the Lord Chamberlain; at the close of the reign of George III. the custom of requiring annual odes was discontinued.

BESSIE.—"Bessie" gives us an account of a dreadful storm that has done great damage in her neighbourhood. She was at home with her mamma and sisters, but she felt very much frightened nevertheless. She tells us she once heard a lecture about thunder and lightning, and only wishes she could recollect what was said about the precautions people should take to protect themselves from thunder and lightning. "Bessie" should not talk of protecting herself from thunder and lightning. She has little to fear from the thunder; it is only the lightning that endangers. This we own sometimes strikes people blind, and mysteriously extinguishes life. Dr. Franklin recommends people to avoid the neighbourhood of fire-places. Lightning often enters by the chimney, on account of the internal coating of soot, which is one of the bodies for which, as for metals, lightning evinces a preference. For the same reason, "Bessie" should avoid as much as possible metals, gildings, and mirrors, on account of their quicksilver. The best place is in the middle of the room; unless, indeed, there should be a lamp or chandelier hanging from the ceiling. Mattresses and feather beds are not conductors of lightning, therefore in a very violent storm it would not be a bad plan for "Bessie" to go off to bed. If she has not a feather bed, the more mattresses she has under her the safer she will be.

ADOLPHUS BEST.—Since you have some interest in the unclaimed dividends, you had better consult the list at Herbert's Library in Cheapside; but the arrangement of the work makes it difficult for a stranger to search it with accuracy. There are several lists, and the information given in the one is not repeated in the next. Then there are several sorts of stock lists in each, and an alphabetical arrangement under each head.

LYDIA LAVENDER.—A good *pot pourri* may be made thus:—Take one handful of each of the following: damask roses, jasmine, clove, gilliflowers, knotted marjoram, lemon thyme, lavender, rosemary, and myrtle; a few sprigs of mint, two or three bay leaves the rind of half a lemon; a tea-spoonful

of powdered cloves; and a few sprigs of balm of Gilead. Chop them all up together, and put them in layers, sprinkling each layer with pounded bay salt, till the *pot* is filled. About half a handful of orange-blossoms will be a valuable addition. If all the ingredients cannot be obtained at once, put them in as you get them, but throw in a little salt with every new article.

EMILY.—The term *pansy*, in French *pensée*, was probably applied to this flower (also called "heart's-ease") from its fanciful or variegated appearance. If this etymology be correct, *pansy* is from the French *penser*, which is derived from the Latin *pensare*, "to weigh," "to ponder," "to think;" or, more simply, from the "odoriferous *panacea*" of Virgil. Our Shakespeare makes *Ophelia* say,

"There are *pansies*, that's for thought."

And Milton speaks of "the *pansy peaked* (that is, fancifully tinged) with jet." *Panacea* properly means, "a remedy for all diseases;" and hence, perhaps, the term "heart's-ease."

A YOUNG MODELLEE.—Antonio Canova was born at Possagno, Venice, November 1, 1757. His parents were poor, his father being a stone-cutter, and his mother a humble rustic. At a very tender age he began to make models in clay. His merit being discovered, he was patronised by the Senator *Falier*, and rose, by degrees, to the highest eminence in the profession of a sculptor. He died, October 13, 1822, in the 65th year of his age, at his native place, where he was buried, amidst great demonstrations of general respect.

RUS.—Warburton relates that "Roland" and "Oliver" were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits were rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose the saying, "a *Roland* for an *Oliver*," amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, to signify the matching one incredible lie with another.

A. FIELDING.—We are sorry to find you complaining so bitterly of your shortness of stature; we do not, however, think that "change of diet," much less "considerable pain and anxiety of mind," or even "smoking moderately," will increase your height. But why such "pain and anxiety?" We have had many great men who were small in size. To say nothing of living celebrities, we call to mind Dr. Isaac Watts, who, when, on one occasion, twitted on account of his diminutive stature, repeated the following impromptu:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span;
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man."

G. DINNING.—If your kid gloves are not so soiled as to require wetting, rub them well with powdered French chalk. Put on the gloves, place a little of the chalk in the palm of each hand, and rub them in the same way that you would wash your hands with soap and water. If they require washing, have ready a little new milk in one saucer, and a piece of brown soap in another, and a clean towel folded twice double. Dip a piece of flannel in the milk, rub a good quantity of soap on the wetted flannel, and rub the glove downwards towards the tips of the fingers, holding it firmly with the left hand. Then lay flat to dry.

CAROLINE.—"Caroline" wishes to know if music could be taught in a manner similar to that in which we are giving instruction in the French language. The theory might thus be acquired, but of course, for the practice of instrumental music, the pupil must possess an instrument. "Caroline's" second request is, to be furnished with a cure for nervousness, "without long, hard-named medicines." We comply with "Caroline's" wish, and confidently recommend plenty of fresh air and exercise, as the best remedy for nervousness, and supposing the exercise was taken with a lively, pleasant companion, it would be all the more efficacious, as cheerfulness would be promoted; and cheerfulness is an excellent remedy for nervous patients.

VIRMEW RIVER.—We recommend neither the one nor the other of the rash measures you propose. Parents are not inexorable tyrants. When they oppose the wishes of their children, it is generally forecasting love that prompts the opposition. Is there anything in your own habits or conduct to cause dislike or mistrust? If on close examination you find that there is, immediately set about reforming it. At any rate

"Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

MONTGOMERIE.—The oldest newspapers now in circulation are *The London Gazette*, first issued in 1665; the *St. James's Chronicle*, issued about 1715, and the *Leeds Mercury*, issued about 1720.

D. KNIGHT.—You will find the solution in No. 23, page 367.

C. K. B.—The passage to which you refer occurs in the second part of Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, act iv., scene vi. Jack Cade and his followers enter Cannon-street; he strikes his staff on London Stone, saying—"Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that at the city's cost the conduits run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforth it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer." We are obliged to our correspondent J. R. Bruce.

B. C. M. asks us "what the Baptist believes?" The distinguishing peculiarity of Baptists from other Dissenters is chiefly with regard to baptism. Baptists contend that believers are proper subjects for baptism, consequently they administer the rite to adults only. They found their opinion on the language of the commission—"He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved;" and they declare that infant baptism was never practiced by the Apostles. They also argue that immersing the whole body in water is according to the Apostolic practice, and not sprinkling, as is the ordinary method adopted by the majority of Christians. They do not hold that baptism is essential to salvation.

W. G. R. M., O. C. H., J. H., S. N. B., LILY, NORVAL, FIDLER DICK, JACK, X. Y. Z., A SUBSCRIBER, ANOTHER SUBSCRIBER.—The prices of the volumes may be readily obtained from any respectable bookseller. We cannot too frequently refer to books in our Editorial Table.

G. TOBY.—Your first cousin's children would be your first cousins, first remove.

J. H. J.—The saccharine principle is found in all vegetables that contain starch, but chiefly in the sugar cane, maple, &c.

P. A. W.—A good blacking for harness, &c., is made as follows:—Melt two ounces of mutton suet with six ounces of beeswax; add six ounces of sugar-candy, two ounces of soft soap dissolved in water, and one ounce of indigo finely powdered. When melted and well mixed, add a gill of turpentine. Lay it on the harness with a sponge, and polish off with a brush.

SOUTHPORTIAN.—The cost of a university education varies considerably according to tastes and habits. With strict economy, the ordinary expenses may be met for about £90 a year.

A YOUNGSTER.—If the "abusive language" by which you are annoyed be libellous, and is "published," by being uttered in the presence of a witness, you can indict the offender by what is called a criminal information. It is not necessary for this purpose that any assault should have been committed.

MARIA B.—English court plaster, commonly called "sticking plaster," is made thus:—Stretch upon a frame a piece of black silk, and with a camel's hair brush pass over it three or more coats of isinglass dissolved in boiling water. To give it an agreeable odour, it is usual, when applying the last coat, to mix in a little compound tincture of benzoin with the isinglass. The colour can be varied by taking silk of any desired shade. The intervals between the application of the coats should be sufficiently long to admit of a thorough drying of each.

A FARMER'S SON, ELLEN SUTTON, C. F. V., H. ROSE, ALESSANDRO BRUCANI, AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, FLORA MACDONALD, BOOTS, JAMES ROWE.—These have all put questions to us as to cures for various bodily ailments. They require medical advice, which we do not undertake to furnish.

MIRZA ALGEE.—"Excelsior" means more lofty, or more elevated. The *anaconda* is a large snake, a species of boa; it is used by some of the inhabitants of Ceylon for food.

SALAD SAUCES.—A correspondent strongly recommends the following:—Take the yolks of two eggs boiled hard, a dessert-spoonful of old Cheshire cheese grated, a little made mustard, a table-spoonful of ketchup, and a table-spoonful of good vinegar. When these are well mixed together, add four table-spoonfuls of salad oil, and beat till the oil is intimately mixed with the other ingredients.

JACQUES JAFFER.—A "power of attorney" will cost a guinea. If you obtain the proper form you can fill it up without the aid of a solicitor.

AN OLD SOLDIER.—You may certainly reside in Guernsey at a considerably less cost than in London, but you will not be able by such residence to free yourself from the obligations incurred by debts contracted in England.

NARBERTHAN.—The specimens you have sent us appear to be copper pyrites.

G. I. H.—It is usual, in suddenly discharging a servant, to give him a month's wages, unless in cases of dishonesty or gross misconduct. Masters and mistresses can be compelled to give a discharged servant a character when applied to for that purpose.

L. JOICE.—We are admirers of pewter dishes and plates, and can quite understand the feeling that makes your grand-mamma set such a value on the pewter service left by her father. Until within the last century pewter was in common use for the table among the middle and even the upper classes of society, wooden trenchers and bowls being used among the poor. A good stock of pewter was considered a mark of wealth. It was an heir-loom in families for several generations. Pewter is still used in many farm houses, but, we are sorry to say, it is becoming more and more rare.

DUBITAS, J. H. A., BEAVER.—The regiment spoken of in Mr. J. F. Smith's tale as the 01st, is so named for obvious reasons. The *circumstances* have some foundation in fact; the names, of course, are assumed.

IGNORAMUS.—A discussion as to the merits of "church rates, state grants, and patronage," is not suited to our columns.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—The injury done to your green silk dress by lime can only be repaired by a regular dyer.

DECLINED, WITH THANKS.—H. Pressly; J. M. Kent; A Tradesman's Wife; E. Lewin; Poet; C. S.; W. X.; G. J. Dixon; V. North; J. Reid; C. Shephard; Charles; W. Liddal; E. O. F.; Fidella; Patience Hope; W. G. C. Woods; J. S.; A Subscriber (Torquay); Ross; G. Clark; S. Stone (Nottingham); Doubtful; R. P. T.; J. Lugdin; Poetica; John Halifax.

W. E. T. C.—The stocking loom was invented by Mr. Lea, of Woodboro', near Nottingham, in the year 1590.

N. B. W. RAWLINS, AN INTENDING EMIGRANT.—Apply to the Emigration Commissioners, Westminster.

VANITAS.—"Vanitas" complains of hairs growing on the tip of his nose. If he be resolved upon removing them, it must be done, one by one, with a minute pair of tweezers. In the thirty-second number of the "New Series" of this Paper he will find an excellent recipe for clearing his complexion.

FAIRPLAY.—We beg to thank "Fairplay" for his courteous communication, and, at the same time, to acknowledge that the poem in No. 23, New Series, which forms part of the article entitled "Children at Play," is from the pen of the gifted Eliza Cook.

F.K.—You may tell the friend with whom you have had the argument, that it is legal for a lady or gentleman to marry either his first or second cousin; and it is quite a vulgar error to suppose that first cousins may lawfully marry and second cousins may not. Whether such marriages, we mean marriages between near relatives, are advisable, is another question.

* * We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARTLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXX.

Hear me; for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrows with my song; as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed—
A cloud that gathered shape; for it may be
That while I speak of it, a little while,
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

TENNISON.

FROM the day when the beleaguered garrison beheld the destruction of the tower in which their countrymen had taken refuge, a feeling of despondency fell on them—a sad foreboding that their own fate was

not far distant—that the promised succour, if ever it did arrive, would make its appearance only to avenge their fall, and not in time to save them.

The men pined although they did not murmur at the inactivity to which the stern necessity of their position condemned them. Theirs was the courage which preferred to brave death in the open field—confront the grisly monarch face to face, amid the pomp and panoply of glorious war, the trumpet's clang, the cannon's roar, and all the mad excitement of the battle scene. The monotony of their present life—the dull, unvarying round of guard, relief, and drill—fatigued their spirits more than the severest active service could have done.

With all the defects of our military system, there is this peculiar merit in the British soldier—the hour of danger always finds him prepared. It is in vain that sullen routine, a mongrel cross between prejudice and the martinet, confines his limbs in a uniform that cripples action—half chokes him by the torture of the collar—or does all it can to superinduce

apoplexy by compelling him to bear the weight of an enormous bearskin upon his aching brow under a burning sun. Let the bugle sound to action, and he rises from his bed of fever, ague, or pestilence, ready to shed his blood for the honour of the country which abandons him to the tender mercies of ignorance, obstinacy, and incapacity.

England has too long been prodigal of the muscles and sinews of her sons; and, probably, will continue so as long as the anvil and the plough furnish the supply demanded. Once let that supply fail, and she will perceive her error; probably as most errors are perceived—*when it is too late*.

Those two last words have often set the seal upon the fortunes of an individual; and why not on a nation's fate?

The commander of the 61st was more to be pitied than the hardest worked soldier in his regiment. Independent of the vast weight of responsibility cast upon him, he had the burden of a double and personal sorrow to bear—to console his heartbroken wife for



THE MYSTERY OF THE STATUE OF MARIATELE REVEALED.

the loss of her adopted child, and stifle the emotions of regret in his own manly breast, not to add poignancy to hers.

"Were I but assured that she were dead!" Lady Bell would frequently exclaim;—"dead in unsullied purity and honour, I might support the blow; time would reconcile me to her loss; but the dread—the nameless dread—that haunts me, waking or sleeping! I see her in the hands of ferocious sepoy; imagination conjures up terrors that blanch my cheek to dwell upon,—which it would kill me to find words to utter."

Sometimes in the bitterness of her grief she would call upon Wharton to rescue the bride of his friend—reproach him with coldness, inactivity; and when made sensible of her injustice by the sorrowful silence of the young officer, hastily repair her error and implore his forgiveness.

It was a bereavement that all sympathised in save one—Dawlish; but even he affected to do so, especially since the error which had proved so fatal to our hero and his companions; for the men began to look coldly on him, as if they suspected his courage.

"But for his prudence," they drily repeated, and it was extraordinary how they dwelt upon the word, "our comrade, Mark Rayner, and those who were with him, might have been saved."

As for Corporal Stock, he held him in positive aversion, and barely condescended to salute him when he passed in the quadrangle.

"He may be my officer, colonel," said the old man, sullenly, in answer to a reproof which Sir Charles addressed to him on the subject, "but he is no man; he has never once spoken a word of consolation or regret to poor Rose, although his obstinacy caused the death of her husband."

"It was an error on the side of prudence," observed the baronet; "some men are guided by the head, others by the heart."

The corporal gave a dry, inarticulate humph!

"Discipline must be kept up," continued the speaker; "as an old soldier, no one knows its necessity better than yourself; do not let me have to find fault with you again."

Stock promised, and made one or two ineffectual attempts to keep his word; but, finding that to be impossible, he did the next best thing—avoided all occasions of meeting Dawlish, by confining himself to the quarters of the colonel and Lady Bell.

Sir Charles and his wife were seated in the sanctuary of the temple, on the evening of the third day after the fall of the tower. They were speaking of their lost one, so loved and mourned, when the officer who commanded the guard sent to inform him that an aged fakir demanded admittance at the gate; adding that, from the old man's signs, he suspected he had some communication to make respecting Mark Rayner and his companions.

"Admit him!" exclaimed Rose, whose heart bounded with that lingering hope which woman clings to, almost against reason—"pray admit him! Heaven, in its mercy, may have interposed to save him!"

The colonel shook his head, despondingly. He knew how unwise it was to encourage so improbable a supposition.

"I will see the man," he said.

"Lose not an instant," urged his wife, with a sigh. "I can feel for poor Rose's agonies; there is no pang like uncertainty, when it regards the fate of those we love."

The gallant veteran waited only for the arrival of the corporal—for since the mysterious disappearance of Lillian he had never permitted her ladyship to remain alone or without protection for a single instant—and then quitted the place.

"Oh, my lady," sobbed Rose, "do you think there is any chance, any hope that I shall ever see my husband again?"

"All things are possible," replied her mistress, forgetting for an instant her own sorrow. "If not on earth," she added, "at least in heaven—there, where I trust soon to rejoin my own lost Lillian."

In the hour of their mutual anguish, the distinction of rank—the artificial ties by which the world separates the children of one common family—marks the select with the word *society*, and brands the less favoured ones with the pariah's stamp—were forgotten; and, true to the instincts of humanity, the two speakers, each born in a widely different sphere of life, mingled their sorrows together.

Grief is a sad leveller: we have heard of genteel poverty, genteel distress, but never of genteel tears.

Perhaps some genteel lexicographer, shocked at the poverty of our language, will invent a word to meet the difficulty. When he has done so, we promise to give it publicity through the medium of our widely circulated pages.

On reaching the gates, the commander of the garrison found Fred Wharton, Burke, and a group of officers parleying with an aged fakir, who obstinately refused to impart the object of his visit to any but the colonel himself.

"Here is the sahib," said the doctor, who had acted as interpreter to the others.

The Hindoo did not appear to doubt him, for Sir Charles Fourreau was one of those men who bear the impress of command; nature had written "gentleman" upon his brow, the accident of birth merely confirmed it.

By his directions the gates were opened, the visitor admitted, and Burke directed to examine him.

"Who are you?" demanded the latter, eyeing the old man with a scrutinising glance.

"As thou seest—a follower of Vishnu—devoted to prayer, penance, and poverty; a thing of dust and sin."

"All is not that is," replied the doctor, quoting from one of the Brahminical writers, who, generally speaking, are so full of paradoxes and conceits, that it would seem the highest efforts of their genius have been devoted to puzzle instead of instruct their votaries.

This was done, not to display his own learning, but to ascertain whether the fakir would understand him or not—for he somewhat doubted his claim to the garb he wore.

If an impostor, the fellow was, at any rate, a clever one, for he never moved a single muscle of his wrinkled countenance.

"The sahib speaks, doubtless, with the wisdom of his own land," he observed, in a tone of apathy, as if he did not comprehend him.

The next question was to call upon him to explain the motive of his visit.

"The feringees," answered the old man, "are rich. If they live in the land of mist and clouds, they know how to win the gold and gems of India." And, trusting to their liberality, he had brought them several papers which had belonged to their countrymen who were so lately crushed beneath the ruins of the tower.

"Where did you obtain them?" demanded the doctor.

"From the saddle-bags of one of their horses."

As most of his hearers had seen Mark and his companions dismount and abandon their steeds to the enemy, the assertion was not doubted. The papers were given up, and a suitable reward paid to the speaker.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Sir Charles, as he glanced rapidly over the leaves of a rough diary which Richard had kept; "so young and good, to have perished by such a death!"

The attention of Fred Wharton became painfully excited. He had never been able to shake off the impression that our hero might be one of the fugitives, and his old feeling of hatred against Dawlish began to revive in all its intensity.

"You speak of Tyrrell?" he said.

"Poor Tyrrell!" repeated the colonel; "one pang at least was spared him: he died without knowing the sad fate of her he so truly loved. I must conceal this last blow," he added, "from my wife; her heart is too severely wrung already."

The interview which we have just described, took place by torchlight at the gates of the temple. As the speaker was turning away, the fakir begged to be permitted to pass the night within the walls, urging as a plea his great age, and the ill-usage he would be certain to experience from his countrymen should they discover he had been in communication with the English.

"Gold pays for all risks," observed Burke, pointing to the bag of rupees the fellow still held in his hand.

"Except the risk of life," replied the man.

"Even for that," added the former; "you urge a useless prayer."

The real or pretended fakir—for not even the doctor could come to a satisfactory conclusion on the point—renewed his entreaties, but the colonel was inexorable. There was too much at stake to risk the safety, not only of the men, but the helpless females within the walls by allowing him to remain.

As the aged hypocrite—for hypocrite he was—slowly retraced his steps, a half-naked man, wounded and covered with dust, dashed through the still open gates. A dozen carbines were levelled at him; but before a trigger could be pulled, he called out, in excellent English—

"Close them! the enemy are at my heels!"

It needed no second order from the commander to cause the direction thus strangely given to be obeyed. The gates were rolled back, the bolts drawn, and the alarm sounded.

"Safe!" shouted the new-comer, wildly, "safe!" as he fell, exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood, upon the ground.

Several of the soldiers raised him, and were in the act of bearing him to the guard-house, when the Hindoo, who in the confusion and surprise had remained unnoticed, drawing a long knife from his girdle, sprang upon the senseless man, and would have buried the blade in his throat, had not the quick eye of Wharton perceived his murderous intention. Darting between them, he turned his arm aside, at the cost of a slight wound to himself.

"Do not harm him," he exclaimed to the troopers; "but bind him securely."

The treacherous Hindoo, whose character and intentions no longer admitted of any doubt, was speedily placed beyond the possibility of effecting any further injury, either to himself or others, by his captors binding his arms behind his back with their sword belts.

In their indignation, they would far more willingly have placed them round his neck.

Expecting an immediate attack, Sir Charles Fourreau gave orders to man the walls, and in a few minutes every soldier of the gallant 01st was at his post, ready and eager for action. The alarm, however, proved a false one, for the party of rebels who had followed the fugitive were neither sufficiently strong nor brave enough to approach within gun-shot of the temple; but finding their prey had escaped them, sullenly returned to the fort.

Leaving a sufficient number of men to prevent a surprise, the colonel and most of his officers repaired to the guard-house, to hear the examination of the prisoner and their rescued countryman, who proved to be a soldier whom General Anson had despatched to announce the approach of a portion of his force to relieve them.

Unfortunately he had fallen into the hands of the barbarous rajah Acbar, been wounded, and stripped of everything.

"In three days, you say, we may expect the arrival of our friends?" observed the commander.

"You may rely upon it, colonel," answered the man, who, thanks to the care of Doctor Burke, had recovered perfect consciousness. "Shoot me like a dog if I deceive you."

On hearing this welcome intelligence, it was impossible to repress a hearty cheer. The eyes of the prisoner sparkled like those of a serpent. There was something absolutely terrible in their expression of hate.

"And who are you?" demanded the doctor, addressing him.

The fakir made no answer.

"There are means," added his questioner, "to force you to speak. Where the lives of brave men are at stake, a false pity cannot be listened to."

"I can tell your honour who he is," exclaimed the messenger of General Anson, regarding the Hindoo with no very amicable expression; "I know the old rascal again, though he is dressed in rags. He was rigged in other colours this morning," he added, "when he promised the rajah to blow up the temple and the garrison."

At these words a thrill of horror ran through the veins of all who heard them.

"He thought," continued the speaker, "that I did not understand his lingo; but I did. I haven't been in the Company's service twenty years for nothing."

"You forget, my good fellow," observed Sir Charles, "to inform us who or what he is."

"I can't tell your honour his name," answered the man, saluting him; "but this—I know, he is the head priest of this very temple, and escaped from it after you took possession."

"By what means?" hastily demanded the baronet, a sudden light breaking in upon him.

"He didn't say that, your honour."

Sir Charles turned aside to conceal his disappointment.

"You have heard," said Doctor Burke, addressing Nadir—for the prisoner was no other than the chief Brahmin, who had taken the desperate step of disguising himself as a fakir in order to return to his subterranean abode, from which the fall of the tower had excluded him.

"You need not speak Hindostani," interrupted the soldier; "he speaks English as naturally as you or I can."

"Does he?" exclaimed Major Plinlimmon, who had been compelled to observe an unwilling silence, from the supposition that the prisoner understood no other language than his own; "then, by the colonel's permission, I propose that we blow the old rascal from one of our guns, unless he explains by what means he quitted the place."

Nadir smiled disdainfully. If ambitious, he was

also a fanatic, and death for him had no terrors. Besides, he had long since prepared himself for an hour like the present.

"I have sworn my tongue should never reveal it," he replied, "or my finger point the way, and I dare not break my oath; but promise to me that living or dead no outrage shall be offered to my caste, or insult to my person, and I will find the means to indicate it."

"We promise you," answered the colonel and his officers.

"It must be by the only deity I ever could discover that you worshipped."

"And that is?"

"Honour," replied the Hindoo, scornfully; for even in the condition to which he found himself reduced, he could not refrain from marking his sense of the incompatibility of the lives of most Englishmen in India with their professions as Christians.

The pledge was given in the form he desired it.

"Now," said Nadir, after a few moments' reflection, "remove from my waist this ragged cloak and vest, and lay bare my body."

His directions were complied with; when, in addition to the Brahminical cord which those of his caste never part from, there appeared a broad belt around his waist. It was inscribed with a variety of characters, some having an astronomical, and others a religious, signification: amongst others, the sacred triangle was the most conspicuous. Strange that the Hebrew and the Hindoo should symbolise the Supreme Deity by the same sign.

The clasp which confined the belt was of jewel-work; in the centre of it glittered a large emerald, polished but uncut, like most of the gems of the East.

"Press the stone," said the Brahmin, in a firm voice.

The doctor did so, when a slight click was heard, as if a spring had been suddenly acted upon, and the blood gushed over his hand. A small blade, artfully concealed within the clasp, had penetrated the wearer's heart, who expired without uttering a groan or word, with a smile of proud defiance on his withered lips.

"The cunning rascal!" exclaimed the major.

"He has kept faith with us," observed Burke; "this belt contains, I doubt not, every secret connected with the temple and his order."

"We shall defeat him yet," observed the colonel.

"Alas, no; none but a Brahmin of the highest caste can read it."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

Affection's ear is prompt, and swift to catch
The faintest echo of the voice it loves;
Grief quickens every sense.—OLD PLAY.

WHILE the scene, which terminated in the death of the Brahmin Nadir, was taking place, Lady Bell and Rose, guarded by Corporal Stock, who had strict orders not to quit or lose sight of them for an instant, remained in the sanctuary, impatiently awaiting the return of Sir Charles, whose prolonged absence began to alarm his anxious wife; for affection hath as many fears as joys—and grief for the loss of her adopted child had not rendered her less sensible to the danger of one who was, if possible, still dearer to her.

"I hear the hurrying tread of men," she exclaimed, starting from the couch on which Rose had persuaded her to repose herself; "something unusual must have occurred."

Her companions listened, but all was once more still. "The enemy may have approached the place," added her ladyship, with increased excitement, "haste and see."

This was addressed to the old soldier, who, faithful to his consign, shook his head.

"You forget, my lady, that I am on guard," he replied, "and dare not quit my post till the colonel relieves me."

"This suspense is killing me," murmured the wife of his commander, impatiently. "I feel the fever of impatience in my heart—in every vein; I am treated like a child; even Stock no longer obeys me—he, too, is like the rest."

The wrinkled features of the corporal became yet more wrinkled on hearing this reproach, so little merited—for he would have died to prove his fidelity, either to her or his master; and for an instant he felt inclined to obey her. His hesitation, however, like his emotion, lasted only for an instant; he recollected his orders, and, shouldering his carbine, began to pace the narrow limits of the sanctuary.

"I will go," said Rose, advancing towards the door, but the old man barred her passage.

"Can't pass," he exclaimed, with military sternness.

"Prisoners!" ejaculated both the females.

"Must obey the consign; the colonel's commands were, not to lose sight of either of you."

"Stock," whispered Rose, "this to our dear lady!"

"I will go," exclaimed Lady Bell, with sudden energy; "only violence shall detain me here."

The corporal closed the gates and placed himself before them.

"Dare you oppose me?" added the excited woman.

"A word—a last word," replied the sentinel, mournfully; "for if you pass the threshold before Sir Charles arrives, you will never hear me utter another. My dear master shall never accuse me of disobedience as a soldier, or treachery as a man. He has trusted me with the dearest thing he has on earth. I never deceived him yet; you wouldn't disgrace an old soldier's gray hairs, and break his heart?"

"Forgive me, Stock," replied his mistress, her better feelings returning at his simple appeal. "I did not intend to be so cruel, but grief—grief has distracted me. I will wait, and, if reason holds out against this agony of suspense—wait patiently my husband's return. You are not angry with me?"

"Angry, my lady!" repeated the faithful fellow, at the same time letting the butt of his carbine fall upon the marble pavement; "an angel could not be angry with you, however much he might weep to see you suffer. This time," he added, "I feel assured your fears for the colonel are groundless. Had the enemy ventured to attack the place, we must have heard their guns ere this."

"The bugle call!" replied his mistress, incredulously; "you forget that, Stock."

"A false alarm, my lady; nothing more. See how calm I am."

These words, and the stillness which reigned within the temple, somewhat reassured the anxious wife.

"I never enter this place," she observed, addressing her companion, "but a feeling of terror and breathless expectation creeps over me. The minutes I pass here appear hours. Here it was I last beheld my child—kissed her as she lay sleeping by my side, and blessed her with affection's fondest blessing. Here it was that she was torn from me; and the mystery which shrouds her fate adds to the agony of the bereavement. Had I seen her dead, dead in her purity and innocence," she continued, wringing her hands, "I could have borne it: the thought that heaven had received one angel more would have consoled me."

"Dear lady, let us pray for her," said Rose; "it is all that is left us now."

"My life has been one prayer since I lost her," sobbed Lady Bell, yielding to a passionate flood of tears; "but it has not been answered—it has not been answered. By day she is never absent from my thoughts. At night I see her in my dreams—pale, struggling against ruffian hands that—. Her shrieks—I hear them now. Reason, mock me not! They pierce my brain! Lillian! my child! Lillian!"

Overcome by the intense emotion which imagination, as those who heard her supposed, alone had conjured up, Lady Bell staggered towards the altar, from which the grim statue of the goddess frowned as if in mockery of her sorrows, and would have fallen had not the wife of Mark Rayner caught her in her arms.

"This is terrible," she said, addressing the corporal; "we must remove her from this place, or madness may ensue. Her mind is giving way."

"No!" gasped the sufferer, pointing towards the idol; "there, there—Lillian—there!"

The old soldier and Rose both listened, not a sound was to be heard. The latter raised her mistress in her arms, and would have borne her to the couch; but, with a sudden effort, she broke from her and sprang towards the altar, which she clasped frantically. Her companion followed, and for the first time fancied she could distinguish a faint cry.

"Hark!" she said.

"You, too!" exclaimed Stock; "I thought you had more firmness."

"My mistress is not deceived!" said Rose. "I heard a cry; there," she added, her eyes dilating with terror, "it came from that accursed idol!"

On hearing this confirmation of her own impression, Lady Bell, who was too greatly agitated to speak, grasped her hand, and drew her yet nearer to the stone.

The report of firearms was now heard, followed by shouts. The corporal felt bewildered, for the sounds appeared to rise from beneath the pavement. Without further hesitation, he fired off his own piece, to alarm the garrison; and in a few moments, Sir Charles, followed by several officers, and a party of his men, came rushing hastily into the sanctuary.

"What has occurred?" demanded the baronet.

At the sound of his voice, his wife threw herself into his arms, and gasped forth the name of Lillian. She was unable to utter more, but stood like some statue, spell-bound, one arm extended towards the altar.

"We have heard voices from beneath the earth," said Rose.

"Firearms, colonel," added the corporal.

The report, which sounded like subterranean thunder, was again heard, followed by shouts and cries: there was no mistaking the yells of the Hindoos.

"Down with the idol!" exclaimed the baronet.

In an instant, the soldiers, who were greatly excited, commenced an attack, with the butt ends of their carbines and muskets, for they were variously armed, upon the statue of the goddess, which for a time resisted their utmost efforts, till Fred Wharton, who actively superintended the affair, observed that it vibrated on one side, sprang on the altar, and, calling to Stock to hand him his carbine, began dealing a succession of blows with it at the feet of the statue.

"Strike only in this direction!" he cried.

The men obeyed him, and in a few minutes the ponderous figure reeled.

A piercing shriek, which seemed to rise from the bowels of the earth, added fresh energy to their efforts, and, with a hideous crash, the idol fell, disclosing the entrance to the secret passage.

"Give them a volley!" shouted the major, who began to feel greatly excited.

A dozen men leaped upon the altar and levelled their carbines down the yawning opening.

"Recover arms!" exclaimed Wharton, in a voice of thunder; and, such was the force of discipline, that the men involuntarily obeyed. "There is a female," he added; "some appear to be defending her, and—"

With a cry of agony, which sounded as if wrung from his very heart, he sprang into the opening and disappeared.

A dozen brave and resolute fellows followed him.

The few minutes which followed appeared an age of agony to Sir Charles and Lady Bell; neither knew what to hope or fear. At last the figure of a man, whose features were so disfigured by smoke and blood the eye of hate or affection could not have recognised him, emerged from the passage, bearing a female. With one last effort of remaining strength he leaped from the altar, placed his insensible burden in the arms of Lady Bell, and sank exhausted at her feet.

"Lillian!" shrieked the agitated woman, clasping her recovered treasure fondly to her breast, "my child, my child!"

The first sign of returning consciousness given by the fair girl was faintly murmuring the name of her lover.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Doctor Burke, who had been busied in wiping the blood from the features of our hero, "but it is Mr. Tyrrell!"

Surprise followed upon surprise, and a cry of mingled terror and joy broke from Rose as she threw her arms round the neck of her husband, who, severely wounded, staggered from the subterranean den.

His three companions quickly followed, the lieutenant being the last.

"More men," he said, pointing to the secret passage.

The loud cries and report of firearms explained more rapidly than words could have done the nature of the deadly contest that was taking place below, and the soldiers, who by this time crowded the place to suffocation, hastened to support their comrades; it was a contest which should descend the first. Their colonel would have headed them, but for once Major Plinlimmon proved insubordinate to that discipline it had been the pride and study of his life to maintain.

"My duty!" he exclaimed. "You, colonel, command the garrison, I lead the sortie. You must not deprive me of the honour, positively you must not."

And, with an agility which, considering his years and obesity, had something in it almost miraculous—in fact, the speaker, in after life, never clearly understood himself how he accomplished such a feat—the generous-hearted Welshman sprang with a single bound upon the altar, and, before a word of reply or remonstrance could reach him, disappeared.

"Mark," murmured the agitated Rose, "restored to me from the grave; look up! Providence has cleared your name; your hands are free from the blood of Springthorp. Sanders on his death-bed confessed everything. He it was who on New Year's night loaded his gun with the leaf torn from my Bible. Look up," she repeated; "you have one."

more a country—a home—a wife who has ever loved you, who will die with you."

The eyes of the wounded man met hers, and a faint smile proved that he fully comprehended the blest intelligence.

Meanwhile the doctor and his active little wife were anything but idle. With the assistance of Lady Bell, who seemed to have recovered all her former presence of mind and energy of character, she had removed Lillian to her own apartment, and succeeded in restoring her to perfect consciousness.

Again the sufferer murmured the name of Richard. "Safe, love, quite safe," said Mrs. Burke; "the doctor is with him."

"Dying! And for me! for me!"

"No, no," answered Lady Bell, who would once more have pressed her to her heart and wept over her, had not her companion, who had more presence of mind, wisely restrained her.

"Lillian," she said, taking the hands of the fair girl in hers, and at the same time looking earnestly into her eyes, "you know I never deceive any one; you can believe me?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, then, Mr. Tyrrell is neither dying nor dead, only hurt—a flesh wound or two, which I would undertake to cure myself without troubling the doctor. Compose yourself for his sake—for all our sakes, and you shall see him—presently," she added, for in her eagerness to calm the agitated spirits of Lillian, the kind-hearted woman had asserted all that she hoped, rather than knew to be true.

The firm and almost stern tone in which these assurances were given did more to satisfy the sufferer than the most tender endearments could have done. Believing that her lover was no longer in danger, the rescued girl threw her arms round the neck of her adopted parent, and wept upon her bosom.

This time her tears were those of joy.

"Restored to you and my dear father!" she sobbed; "once more in the arms of those who love me! Is it real? Let me hear your voice, to prove to me that it is not a happy dream. Mother, pronounce the name of your child: call me Lillian—your own Lillian!"

The warm tears which fell fast upon her neck were the only answer she received.

"Real," cried Lillian, with a burst of gratitude, "real, and not a dream. Heaven has heard my prayers, and snatched me from the depths of the earth to light and happiness once more, restored me to you," she added, "still worthy of your love."

These words relieved her second parent from a doubt which wrung her heart with anguish to reflect upon; and for a time they continued to mingle their tears and caresses in silence.

Intense joy, like intense sorrow, seldom finds expression in language; its eloquence consists in tears.

Meanwhile the gallant 01st, under the command of the major, were far from idle; but continued to maintain a desperate contest with the Brahmins and numerous servitors of the goddess, who, to do them justice, fought bravely, though vainly; for the soldiers, excited by the carnage, and maddened by the recollection of Cawnpore, attacked them with irresistible fury—quarter being neither given nor taken on either side. In less than an hour they succeeded in driving them from hall to hall, from shrine to shrine, till everything like serious opposition was at an end, and the subterranean abode of cruelty and superstition completely in their power.

Amongst the dead was the Nautch girl, Kehoda, who in her jealous madness at seeing her former mistress rescued, and in the arms of our hero, had been the loddest in urging on her countrymen to interrupt their flight. A shot, fired at random, had ended her crimes and sorrows together.

"Well," said the major, seating himself upon one of the numerous idols which the soldiers had battered down, in order to recover his all but exhausted breath, "this is a discovery! Who would have imagined that such a nest of hornets existed so near to us, or that poor Lillian was their prisoner."

"Not the only discovery we have made," observed Wharton, at the same time pointing to the guns of the rajah, arranged systematically in order at the entrance end of the hall.

Plinlimmon started up half frantic with delight.

"Twenty-four pounders, by the harp of Hoel!" he exclaimed, patting them fondly; "talk of music, I would not exchange the music they can discourse for the sweetest singers of Italy. In capital order, too," he added, after examining them carefully, "and fit for service; the fools had not even the sense to spike them."

Two persons alone had been spared—the collector and the police magistrate, and they owed their lives

to the interference of one of the officers, rather than the pity of the men.

"Why bring them to me?" demanded the major, angrily, as they were dragged before him each with his arms bound behind his back.

"We were here against our will!" exclaimed both the terrified wretches.

"No doubt of it," answered the Welshman, drily.

"And are servants, faithful servants of the Company," added the collector.

"Take them to the colonel, and see if he will believe 'em," said Major Plinlimmon, who, despite his fiery temper, did not like to give the order for taking their lives in cold blood.

"We can render you an immense service, and, at the same time, prove our fidelity," observed the magistrate, for the first time breaking silence.

"Bah!" replied the old soldier, angrily; "our swords had already done all the service we require. Take them away."

The Hindoo pointed to the guns.

Fred Wharton whispered a few words in the ear of his superior officer, who heard him at first impatiently, but gradually appeared to yield to his representations.

"Well," he exclaimed, addressing his prisoner, "what is it?"

"You have the cannon," said the collector.

"No thanks to you for that," interrupted the major.

"But you have neither balls nor sufficient ammunition," added the police magistrate, "to render them available."

This was one of those disagreeable truths there was no parrying. The supply of both was fearfully low.

"We can supply you with both," continued the speaker, "on condition that our lives are spared. More," he added, in a whisper: "point out to you the secret treasury of the temple."

"Hang the treasure!" interrupted the old soldier; "it's the powder and balls I require. Keep your promise respecting them, and, although it goes against my heart's grain to let two such sneaking, cowardly, shuffling, rascally curs escape the cord they so richly merit, I pass my word for your miserable safety."

The two Hindoos, eager to seal the compact beyond the power of recalling it with honour, proceeded at once to explain how Nadir had caused the passage leading from the ruined tower to the temple to be undermined, and had buried a vast quantity of ammunition there.

"Now then, for the treasure," said the major, as soon as he had satisfied himself, by actual inspection, that his prisoners had spoken truly.

The Hindoos hesitated; they imagined that the speaker had rescinded that part of the arrangement, and hoped to appropriate it to their own use.

"What!" exclaimed the speaker, "do you imagine that I will consent to rob my brave fellows of their prize to enrich a couple of traitorous rebels? No, no; the promise must be kept to the letter on either side, or not at all."

With bitter reluctance, which nothing but the fear of death could have overcome, the magistrate and collector led them to the cell formerly occupied by the chief Brahmin, and pointed to a stone in the centre of the pavement. By the united exertions of the soldiers the huge block was raised, discovering a recess, in which the vast accumulations of years of fraud and superstition were stored; jewels of widows who had perished by the infamous suttee, bags of coined gold, heap after heap, were handed up, and last of all a packet of papers.

"I will take charge of these," observed the major. "Burke will be able to make something out of them"—a supposition which proved correct, for the doctor with very little difficulty succeeded in deciphering the characters in which they were written, and the discovery afforded one of the hundred clues to the plans and movements of the rebel sepoys.

To guard against all possibility of a surprise, a guard was left in the lower temple whilst Plinlimmon and the rest of the party proceeded to rejoin their comrades in the one above.

Leaving the major to report the discovery they had made to Sir Charles, Fred Wharton hastened to seek out his friend, whose voice he had recognised in time to prevent the order, so incautiously given, to fire down the secret staircase, from being carried into effect. By his presence of mind he had saved not only the life of Richard, but, in all probability, that of Lillian.

As he anticipated, he found our hero in the quarters of the colonel, who, with Burke, were watching by his side. The latter had just finished dressing the numerous wounds of his patient when the young soldier entered the cell.

The features of the sufferer, now that the blood

and smoke had been washed from them, appeared pale, rivalling the sculptured marble in their whiteness; still there was a feeling of content, nay, almost of happiness, in their expression; for, whether he lived or died, the lover knew that Lillian was rescued from the hands of her oppressor, and guarded by the jealous vigilance of affection, not a second time to be deceived, and ready, as he had proved himself, to die, if necessary, in her defence.

On seeing Wharton, he tried to hold out his hand, but it fell helplessly by his side, loss of blood had so weakened him.

"Not a word, my dear boy," said the doctor, placing his finger upon his lips: "I must positively forbid it. I am commander here; all must obey my orders now."

Wharton could not resist the melancholy satisfaction of grasping his friend's hand: it gently returned the pressure.

"You must see the major," whispered the young officer in the ear of his commander: "he has intelligence of importance."

Sir Charles rose at the call of duty, and, though his heart was wrung with grief, calmly quitted his seat by the side of the wounded sufferer and left the place.

"Lillian!" faintly murmured our hero, at the same time fixing his eyes imploringly upon his friend, as if assured that from his lips he would be sure to hear the truth.

"Is uninjured," said Burke; "my wife has assured me so. Strange," he muttered to himself, "that the opiate has taken no effect."

Still the eyes of Richard remained riveted upon those of Wharton.

"I can understand why it has not," observed the latter. "The pangs of doubt are stronger than your drugs, or even the agony of his wounds. I will satisfy him," he added, "at any risk."

So saying, he disappeared, and in a few moments returned with Lady Bell, who, bending over the couch of our hero, gently kissed him.

"Lillian sleeps," she whispered, soothingly; "the terrors she has passed through have exhausted her."

The poor fellow, unable to speak, pointed to her tears.

"They are for you, Richard," she added, "for is not the life of Lillian entwined with yours? Live for her dear sake—for the sake of home and all who love you; and in the morning, provided the doctor does not oppose it, I will bring her to you. Think what her heart must suffer, should she see you thus pale and feeble."

"Not a syllable," said Burke, addressing the wounded youth; "I can forgive his doubting my assertion—for doctors are permitted sometimes to deceive their patients; but nothing can excuse a doubt of words uttered by such lips."

A faint smile rested for an instant on the pale features of his patient, who soon afterwards fell into a gentle slumber, his hand resting in that of his faithful friend.

"What hope?" whispered Wharton to the doctor. "But a slender one," answered the kind-hearted man, in the same under tone. "Should fever set in no earthly skill can save him. It was a bold experiment you tried," he added, "but it has so far been successful that it calmed the agitation of his mind. The rest depends on Providence."

So saying, the speaker withdrew to attend to the wounded men who claimed his care. During the remaining hours of the night, the young soldier remained anxiously watching by the sleeper's side.

(To be continued.)

OUR HOMES SHOULD BE BEAUTIFUL.

NOT only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render the intercourse of home amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say easily, for there are persons who think that a home cannot be benefited without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower-garden, and to surround your dwelling with those simple beauties which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. If you will let the sunshine and the dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you than any artist. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs ivy around the ruin, and over the stump of a withered tree twines the graceful vine. A thousand arts she practises to animate the sense and please the mind. Follow her example, and do for yourself what she is always labouring to do for you. Beauty is one of God's chosen forms of power.

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

WRITING is one of the most marvellous inventions—if it be an invention—to which the human intellect ever gave birth. That one should write, and another should read—should comprehend the meaning attaching to that remarkable combination of signs, and by means of them should understand the intentions of their writer, is something almost miraculous. It is common to us; and thus familiarised to the nature and power of letters, we enjoy the benefit without astonishment.

You can read. Perhaps your education is very limited. At a day school, for a short time in your early life, you learned to read, or perhaps this privilege was obtained at a Sunday school—all the week days being occupied in hard toil. Well; no matter how you acquired the art, you can read. And that, you say, is all. That is all! Is this the utterance of despondency? Is it the language of complaint? Do you sigh because you never enjoyed the happy shade of academic bowers? Do you imagine because you were never trained in the seminaries or colleges of our land, that the highway of knowledge is closed against you; and that you can never attain any position of excellence? Banish that thought. Look at the matter fairly. Observe how many there are who, notwithstanding their so-called advantages, have never risen above mediocrity; and how many there are who, without other help than that of a strong will, have reached the loftiest pinnacle of fame. You can read, and that is all. Instead of this being an occasion for despondency, let it be the key-note of a jubilant song. You can read, and that is all; for he who can read can accomplish all. In his own hand he holds the key of the temple of learning—a key that will open every lock, and admit to all the hidden chambers of its secret penetralia, that will thereby disclose to his enraptured gaze jewels more precious than Golconda yields, and gold more valuable and more durable than that of Australia. You can read. Step by step this leads you forward, and affords new pleasures at every turn. The stars in their courses above, the earth with its marvels beneath, the versatility and grandeur of nature around, the history of the world, the lore of the sage, the science of the philosopher, the dream of the poet, are all yours. You follow them into their own land, and hear them in their own language. But the key which admits you to all this is of homely form and of common material: you can read, and that is all.

If you can read, you want books. If you are bent on improvement, you require good books. Formerly the tolls on the highway of learning were so expensive that few could afford to travel that road. Good books were dear, so dear that only the wealthy could buy them. But we live in an age of cheap literature. The tolls are reduced so much that anybody can afford to pay them. Good books are cheap.

Now, if you can read, and are really anxious about improvement, you will naturally desire to begin with your own language, and to acquaint yourself thoroughly with the English grammar. There are thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen who do not understand English. Why is this? Because they never gave themselves the trouble to study an English grammar. Because they considered English grammar a hard and uninviting pursuit, and because the grammarians, or writers of grammar, fortified them in this opinion by making the grammar as dull, and dry, and dreary as it was possible for them to do. This suggests the question which many of our correspondents have submitted—What grammar can I read, so as to understand it? Is there an intelligible grammar to be had?

We answer in the affirmative. Of all the books issued on this important subject, we can confidently recommend that of Professor Fowler, published in "The Educational Course." This work treats of the "English Language, in its Elements and Forms; with a History of its Origin and Development." In addition to the ordinary matter of an English grammar, viz., the laws and structure of our language, which will be found full of valuable instruction, the work treats of the historical elements of the language, describing all its various forms; with ample illustrations from the best writers. Such a work is worthy the attention of all conditions—of that of the ripe scholar, as well as the youthful pupil; but it is especially adapted for the use of those who are bent on self-improvement. To such the book is a real boon, as it is published at a price which places it within the reach of all.* As

* It may be had complete, neatly bound, for 3s. 6d.; in weekly numbers, at 1d.; or in monthly parts, 7d.

the depository of the wisdom and experience of past generations, the English language has come to us by inheritance, to be transmitted to the ages to come, enlarged and, if possible, improved. To the self-improver, therefore, the English language should form the first subject of study, as we should all venerate our native tongue as the first of our benefactors—the awakener and stirrer of our spiritual thoughts.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XVI.

"CAN you repeat the cardinal numbers?" said George to his pupil, at the commencement of the following lesson.

"With perfect ease," replied Robert.

"Then," said the teacher, "take up your pen and write the ordinal numbers. When you have done this, we will discuss an important point, viz., the way in which the French express themselves about the date of the year and the day of the month."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
Ordinal Numbers.	Nombres Ordinaux.
The first.	Le premier.
The second.	Le second.
The third.	Le troisième.
The fourth.	Le quatrième.
The fifth.	Le cinquième.
The sixth.	Le sixième.
The seventh.	Le septième.
The eighth.	Le huitième.
The ninth.	Le neuvième.
The tenth.	Le dixième.
The eleventh.	Le onzième.
The twelfth.	Le douzième.
The thirteenth.	Le treizième.
The fourteenth.	Le quatorzième.
The fifteenth.	Le quinzième.
The sixteenth.	Le seizième.
The seventeenth.	Le dix-septième.
The eighteenth.	Le dix-huitième.
The nineteenth.	Le dix-neuvième.
The twentieth.	Le vingtième.
The twenty-first.	Le vingt-et-unième.
The twenty-second.	Le vingt-deuxième.
The thirtieth.	Le trentième.
The fortieth.	Le quarantième.
The fiftieth.	Le cinquantième.
The sixtieth.	Le soixantième.
The seventieth.	Le soixante-dixième.
The eightieth.	Le quatre-vingtième.
The ninetieth.	Le quatre-vingt-dixième.
The hundredth.	Le centième.
The thousandth.	Le millième.
The millionth.	Le millionième.
The last but one.	L'avant-dernier.
The last.	Le dernier.

"Now for the date of the year. For instance, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight. Of course, in figures the French would represent this date in the same manner as we do; but with letters they write it thus, 'Mil huit cent cinquante-huit.' Observe that this *mille* is contracted into *mil*, and that there is not any *s* to *cent*, as there would be if *cent* were used in a common sense, thus, 'Deux cents hommes,' 'Two hundred men.'

"In speaking of the day of the month, the French use cardinal where we use ordinal numbers; but there is one exception,—they do not say *le un*, for the first of the month, but *le premier*. An example will explain this best. Supposing, on the first day of the month, I ask you, 'Quel jour du mois avons nous?' 'What day of the month is it?' you would answer, 'C'est le premier jour du mois'; but if it were the second, third, or fourth, &c. you would have to answer, 'C'est le deux, le trois, le quatre,' &c. 'C'est le vingt-et-un' is the correct expression for 'It is the twenty-first.' 'C'est le vingt-deux, le vingt-trois,' &c. for 'It is the twenty-second, the twenty-third,' &c.; but, for 'The last day of the month,' you should say, 'Le dernier jour du mois.'

"These idioms relating to the date of the year, and the day of the month, are so important, that I shall refer to them again when, in the course of things, we come to the numeral adjectives; but the rules I have given you to-day will be very useful to you; and as they have taken up a good portion of the time I can spare you to-day, we must put off the continuation of the 'Voyage à Paris' till next lesson. In doing this, I follow the plan I have pursued with you from the beginning; namely, that of making you dwell on whatever became most important in your pursuit of the attainment of French. You have sometimes been obliged to neglect one or other department, according to circumstances; but until you had mastered it, I have never allowed you to lose sight of any branch of study in the French language.

"The formation of the plural of nouns is our next consideration. Generally speaking, the French, like ourselves, form the plural by adding an *s* to the

singular; but this remark does not apply to any French nouns that end in *s*, *x*, or *z*. They are the same in the singular and the plural. Thus—*le fils*, the son; *les fils*, the sons; *la voix*, the voice; *les voix*, the voices; *le nez*, the nose; *les nez*, the noses. Nouns ending in *au*, *eu*, and *ou*, form their plural by adding an *x* to the singular; for instance, *le bateau*, the boat; *les bateaux*, the boats; *le feu*, the fire; *les feux*, the fires; *le vœu*, the vow; *les vœux*, the vows. Nouns of one syllable ending in *al*, form their plural by adding *s* to the singular, but you must except *mal*, evil, which makes *maux*, evils; and nouns, of more than one syllable, ending in *al* also change this final for *aux* in the plural, thus, *le cheval*, the horse; *les chevaux*, the horses. The simple addition of an *s* forms the plural of words ending in *ou*, but there are exceptions to this rule, for instance, *chou*, cabbage; *caillou*, pebble; *bijou*, jewel; *genou*, knee; *hibou*, owl; and *joujou*, plaything; form their plural by adding *x* to the singular; and *email*, enamel; *bail*, bail; *soupirail*, vent-hole; and *travail*, labour, form their plural by changing *ail* into *aux*.

"Words of more than one syllable, ending in *nt*, become plural by exchanging the *t* for an *s*, but words of only one syllable, ending in *nt*, do not drop the *t*, but add an *s* to the original word. Now for an example of these rules—*le moment*, the moment; *les moments*, the moments; *le gant*, the glove; *les gants*, the gloves.

"The French, like ourselves, have some words that form their plural, irrespective of all rules. For instance, *ail*, garlic; *aule*, heads of garlic; *bétail*, cattle; *bestiaux*, cattle (when not used as collective nouns); *aïeul*, grandfather; *aïeux*, ancestors; *ciel*, heaven; *cieux*, heavens.

"In the exercise I am about to give you, observe that where a line is placed under a word, it signifies that the said word is the same in French as it is in English. Until you have committed to memory the rules for the formation of the plural, you will often have to refer to them, and also to recollect that some words written the same, form their plural differently, if used in a different sense. Thus the grandfathers, if not meaning the ancestors, should be written *aïeuls*, not *aïeux*. The skies of a picture should be *les ciels*, not *les cieux*. The word *enfant*, child (contrary to the general rule of words of more than one syllable ending in *nt*), forms its plural by the addition of *s* to the singular.

"Another thing I wrote for you to observe is, that in the 'corrigé,' this semicircular mark *˘* indicates that the final letter blends with the beginning of the next word.

EXERCISE.

FORMATION OF THE PLURAL IN NOUNS.

1. All these nuts are bad, but the cherries are good. 2. Children (are fond of play). 3. (Are there any) rooms to let? 4. (Your daughter's teeth) are very white. 5. Have you heard the birds singing in the woods? their voices are very sweet. 6. Your sister's jewels are beautiful. 7. The gods of the Pagans were despicable. 8. What delightful spots! 9. Where are your hats, gentlemen? 10. I have bought some cabbages and some turnips. 11. English horses are faster than French horses. 12. Have you seen the wild beasts? 13. Will you be so kind as to offer some fans to the ladies? 14. Your sister's eyes are black. 15. Italy is one of the finest countries in Europe. 16. The smoke of the sacrifice of Abel rose to the skies. 17. The works of the fortifications of Paris displaced much (to) the people. 18. My two grandfathers have filled very high situations. 19. My ancestors have always lived at the Court. 20. Posterity will admire the victories of these generals. 21. Where are the estates of your fathers? 22. The playthings of these children are very pretty. 23. Where are your scissors? 24. The funeral took place yesterday. 25. You have some pretty pictures. 26. Give me three knives and two forks. 27. The skies of these pictures are too blue.

THE KEY OF THE EXERCISE.
LE CORRIGE DU THEME.

1. Toutes ces noix sont mauvaises, mais les cerises sont bonnes. 2. Les enfants aiment à jouer. 3. Y-a-t-il des chambres à louer? 4. Les dents de votre fille sont très blanches. 5. Avez-vous entendu les oiseaux chanter dans les bois? 6. Les bijoux de votre sœur sont superbes. 7. Les deux des Payens étaient méprisables. 8. Quels lieux charmants! 9. Oh sont vos chapeaux, Messieurs? 10. J'ai acheté des choux, et des navets. 11. Les chevaux anglais sont plus vites que les chevaux français. 12. Avez-vous vu les bêtes sauvages? 13. Voulez-vous être assez bon pour offrir des éventails aux dames? 14. Les yeux de votre sœur sont noirs. 15. L'Italie est un des plus beaux pays dans l'Europe. 16. La fumée du sacrifice d'Abel s'éleva jusqu'aux cieux. 17. Les travaux des fortifications de Paris dépassaient beaucoup au peuple. 18. Mes deux aïeux ont occupé de très hautes situations. 19. Mes aïeux ont toujours vécu à la Cour. 20. La postérité admirera les victoires de ces généraux. 21. Oh sont les terres de vos pères? 22. Les joujoux de ces enfants sont très jolis. 23. Oh sont vos ciseaux? 24. Les funérailles eurent lieu hier. 25. Vous avez de jolis tableaux. 26. Donnez-moi trois couteaux et deux fourchettes. 27. Les ciels de ces tableaux sont trop bleus.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

OF THE SOUND *i*.

This sound is similar to that of the English letter *i* in the word *heat*, &c.

This sound has no difficulty when represented by the letter *i*; but it is also produced by *y*, and then some explanations are necessary.

The letter *y* is preceded either by a vowel or a consonant; when preceded by a consonant, *y* sounds

exactly like *i*: as in the words *symétrie*, symmetry;

sybille, *sybil*, &c.; but when this letter is preceded by a vowel, then it takes sometimes the place of *i*; the first *i* is joined with the preceding vowel, and forms a diphthong with it, as we shall see hereafter, in speaking of these sounds; and the other *i* either forms a syllable by itself or is joined to the next letter or letters to form a syllable with them; as in the words *abbaye*, convent, which is pronounced as if

written *abbai-ye*; *moyen*, which is pronounced *moi-ien*, in which *oi* and *ien* form two diphthongs; but there are words in which *y*, although placed between two

vowels, keeps its natural sound of *i*, as in *payen*.

In the verbs whose infinitive is written with a *y*, as *envoyer*, to send, *payer*, to pay, &c., the letter *y* may be followed by a mute syllable; if the next syllable is mute, *y* is replaced by *i*, which then sounds as this letter would, according to the formation of

the syllable; as in the words *je paie*, I pay, *j'envoie*,

I send, *ils paient*, they pay, *ils envoient*, they send; if the next syllable is not mute, then *y* sounds as *i*, as we have already said; as in the words *nous payons*,

nous pai-ions, we pay; *vous essayez*, *vous essayez* (the two sounds ("i") must be pronounced quickly).

In some tenses of these verbs, as the imperfect and present of the subjunctive, the letter *y* is followed by an *i*; as *nous envoyions*, we sent; *que nous essayions*, then *y* sounds as a single *i*, and the words, being written as with *i*, are pronounced, as has been stated above; *nous envoi-ions*, *que nous essayi-ions*—*oi*, *ion*, forming two diphthongs.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XV.

MECHANICS OF FLUIDS.

THE SIPHON.

406. What is a siphon?—It is a bent tube, having its two branches of unequal length. Fig. 32.

407. To what general purpose is it applied?—To draw water and other liquids from vessels.

408. How does it operate?—The shorter leg is plunged into the vessel of water, the mouth is then applied to the lower end, and the siphon filled with water by suction.

409. Will the water continue to run after the mouth is taken away?—It will.

410. The pressure of the air on the water in the vessel should fill the siphon with water as soon as the air is sucked out of it—but why should the water afterward flow steadily out at the lower end?—

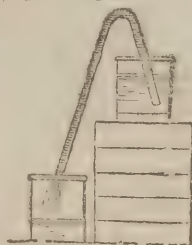


Fig. 32.

Because there is a pressure in all parts of the tube to keep it flowing in that direction.

411. Show that this is the case at the top of the siphon.—The pressure of the air acts upward at both ends of the siphon; and the pressure at each end is loaded with the weight of water in that leg.

412. What follows from that?—The pressure at the end of the short leg has the smallest load upon it, therefore the pressure transmitted from that end to the top of the siphon will be the greatest.

SOUND.

NATURE AND PRODUCTION OF SOUND.

413. What kind of motion has a stretched cord when it is drawn to one side, and suddenly let go?—It vibrates to and fro, like a pendulum. This is represented in Fig. 33. The dotted lines show the extent of the vibrations.

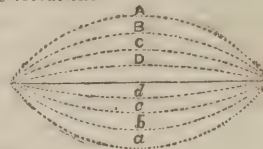


Fig. 33.

414. How is the nature of sonorous vibrations illustrated in the diagram?—The central line in the figure represents an extended cord or wire. Suppose this cord to be forcibly drawn out to A, and let go, it would immediately recover its original position by virtue of its elasticity; but when it reached the central point it would have acquired so much momentum as to pass onward to a; thence it would vibrate back in the same manner to B, and back again to b; so on with the other letters, until it at length returned to a state of rest.

415. What happens during each vibration of the cord?—The cord acts against the air with a certain force, and sound is produced.

416. How is sound produced by a vibrating cord, or any other vibrating body?—The vibrations of the sounding body are communicated to the surrounding air; and spreading in all directions through the air, reach the ear.

417. What is the impression they make on the nerves within the ear called?—The Sensation of Sound.

418. What does the vibratory or trembling motion imparted to the air, and spreading out in all directions from the body, form?—A spherical Wave of Sound.

419. Do the particles rise and fall in a wave of sound, as in a wave of water?—They do not; they move forward and backward through a very short distance—that is, directly from and toward the sounding body.

420. Does a sounding body send out a regular succession of waves, corresponding to the successive vibrations?—It does.

421. What does each wave convey to the ear?—The slight impulse with which the body acts against the air, and originates the wave.

422. If we consider only the trembling movement that is conveyed, or propagated, by a single line of particles reaching from the body to the ear—what have we?—What is sometimes called a Ray of Sound.

423. Does a sounding body send out rays of sound in all directions?—It does; and they all proceed with the same velocity.

424. Do sounds differ in their character or quality?—They do. We distinguish between the crack of a whip, the report of a pistol, and the blow of a hammer; the sounds produced by the filing of a saw are harsh and grating to the ear, while the notes of a flute are soft and pleasing.

425. How is it that the ear thus distinguishes between sounds?—The vibrations of sounding bodies are all faithfully repeated in the ear; and all their peculiarities are impressed on the delicate nerves of the ear.

426. Mention a fact or two in illustration of the great delicacy of the human ear.—A practised ear can distinguish between two sounds, the one having 80 vibrations in a second, and the other 81. It can also distinguish the different instruments of a band, when playing together the same note.

427. When a larp string is struck, or an empty glass tumbler tapped with the finger-nail, why do we hear a MUSICAL SOUND?—Because the vibrations of the string or glass are repeated with perfect regularity.

428. When the impulses on the ear succeed each other at exactly equal intervals, the sound is then a pleasing one—does the ear take notice of the rapidity of the vibrations?—It does, with the greatest nicety. If one musical string vibrates more rapidly than another, it produces a sound of a higher Pitch.

BLIND MINNIE.

(Continued from page 167.)

FRANK strove to calm himself to think of what was now before him—of the disclosures he must now make. A feeling of utter despair crept over him as he anticipated the consequences of his confession. He felt sure that Minnie's guileless soul would not alone not approve of, but would not comprehend the train of reasoning which had been so powerful upon his mind—that she would never consent to receive his protection as a husband, whom she had so long considered as a brother. Would she not rather turn shudderingly from one who had so deceived her? Would she not, to escape him, turn gladly to the honest, manly affection of the young physician? She might perchance even now return his regard! The thought was maddening. In fevered fancy, he saw her turn from him with abhorrence, and take refuge in the strong, loving arms of his rival. He felt that Dr. Hall was worthy of her trust, while he, by his fault, although committed through an earnest, however misguided desire for her happiness, had forfeited his claim to her respect and confidence. The punishment was, perhaps, merited; but it seemed too severe to bear. He sat with clenched hands, and groaned in speechless agony; he could not pray. His mind was paralysed; his heart alone spoke loudly in its terrible forebodings. Thus the dreadful hours passed until twilight, when Minnie, who had been eagerly waiting for him, and anxiously listening to every sound from his chamber, unable longer to bear this painful suspense, again knocked upon his door, and entreated of him, in mercy, to come and tell her what had happened, that she could not wait longer. He mechanically rose, opened the door, and suffered the young girl to lead him to their accustomed seat; then, clinging to him, she said—

"Brother, dearest brother, tell me your misfortune! Let me share your sorrow!"

Shrinking from her, in a hasty voice he replied— "Ah, yes! sadly you must share it." Then, gathering sudden energy, he began: "Minnie, Dr. Hall came to me to-day, and said—Minnie, he wishes to marry you."

"To marry me, brother! Why do you jest in this strange fashion?"

"Jest," repeated the young man, bitterly; "'tis no jest. He loves you; he has asked me to tell you so, and I—here his voice became broken, and he convulsively exclaimed—"oh, how can I part from you!"

"Frank, can it be that you have given yourself and me so much needless distress for such a cause? I will not leave you. I marry? No, no—never! You surely would not have me do so!"

"Minnie, do you not love him?"

"Love him! Why do you speak so?" cried the young girl. "He is so good—so generous! I esteem him; but love! I love no one but you, my own dear brother! I will stay with you, and no one else shall serve me so long as we both live."

These words brought life and warmth again to Frank's heart, but not happiness. He felt that he must go on, and hoarsely asked—

"If you had no brother, Minnie, would you then—"

"Then would I?" slowly repeated the young girl. "How can I answer such an absurd supposition? Then—then—yes, he is so true, so noble; perhaps his love would win mine. Yes, I should then probably accept the protection so generously offered. But God be praised that no such alternative is necessary! How happy I am that I have a brother willing to cherish me—nay, loving me so intensely that the bare possibility of losing my valuable self overwhelms him with misery so violent that I had prepared myself to hear of some calamity, such as the world had never before suffered!"

Frank pressed her hands to his lips and eyes, without attempting a reply. Minnie continued—

"But that good Dr. Hall! How sorry I am! How could he fancy me? A blind girl may do well enough for a sister; but for one voluntarily to select as a wife—'tis incomprehensible! Frank, do you know I think his offer to me may have been prompted rather by the romantic generosity of his character than by any idea that I can make him happy? I understand it now. He imagines my situation a cheerless one; he wishes to bring comfort and tender care to lighten my darkness. Ah, the noble soul! But we will show him, while we thank him, and bless his goodness, how happy we are together—that my brother so surrounds me with his thoughtful kindness, and so fills my heart, that I need no one else. Oh, Frank!" she exclaimed, after a pause, "how relieved I feel! You have made me very wretched this afternoon."

"And do you forgive me?" he asked.

"Yes; that is on condition that you promise never no wrong me again by such evil imaginings. And now let us no longer talk of these things. Oh, I feel 'to happy!' and, for the first time since the death of her father, the young girl's face beamed with an expression of joyful-heartedness.

Frank watched her with most agitated emotions. She was so lovely, so confiding in her happiness, he had no courage to check her childlike trust. He allowed her to ramble on, uninterruptedly, from one subject to another, until he, too, gradually became calm, and at length lively. The evening stole away; they parted for the night, his bitter secret still confined to his own breast.

Day after day passed, each filled with business cares to the young man; for each evening, Minnie had some plan of amusement. Either she wished to hear Frank read aloud, or he must walk out with her; then she would sing to him one of the ballads which, as she told him, their mother had loved. She would suddenly cease singing to relate to him some scene which her song awakened in her memory; often some incident of pain or want which had befallen her parents during past years; and the tears would flow fast upon her soft cheek. At such times, Frank would even rejoice that he had kept his secret, that thus he might ever save the fair girl from such suffering in the future; but in the quiet of his own chamber, the feeling that sooner or later she must know the truth would startle him, and he would struggle with himself for courage to confess it at once; but the recollection that she had told him that, had her brother not sent for them, they should have gone to one of the asylums for the poor and sick in England, since they would never consent to accept of private charities, &c., opened to his view such a train of miseries to the young girl, as the consequence of his confession, that he felt almost persuaded that he was not wrong in continuing to deceive her, since thus alone could he fulfil his promises and her brother's wishes. Often, too, his ever-increasing love for her would urge him to tell her, and entreat her to become his wife; but a glance at the guileless purity of her face, would send his secret shrinking back into the home where it had so long lain hidden. I do not defend him—I say not that he was right; but, reader, let those alone who have been tempted on all points as sorely as was our hero, and who have withstood the temptation, judge him. We must pity him.

During this time, Frank received from America some astonishing and pleasing news. Some acres of land, which his own father had purchased in one of the western territories, and had presented to his son while the latter was an infant, having become necessary to the government for public use, had been bought for a very considerable sum of money from Mr. Elm, his step-father. Mr. Elm was a man of the strictest integrity, notwithstanding his uncharitable judgment against his step-son (though, in the affair which separated them, Frank afterwards acknowledged that he himself had been most in fault), and made unceasing efforts, private and public, to discover the young man, if he were alive.

Frank had, on his arrival in India, written a letter to his little half-sister (his mother had been dead three years), and intrusted it to one of the sailors of the vessel which had brought him over, to be delivered to her; this the good sailor had faithfully done. The child, fearing her father's displeasure, had never dared tell him of the receipt of this letter until now, when she knew that his anxiety to hear of the young man would make her communication welcome. His step-father had at once written to him, informing him of his unexpected wealth.

Poor Frank! He could ask sympathy of no one in his good fortune. How he longed to call upon Minnie to share his joy! but it was impossible. Frank wrote to Mr. Elm, thanking him for his kindness, and requesting him to send him a specified amount, and to make profitable investment of the balance in the United States, whither he hoped some future day to return.

If Minnie might not share the knowledge of his new wealth, at least she should enjoy the benefits it could confer. He delighted to surround her with comfort and luxury—to indulge her fondness for books—to gratify her tastes in every way. Hearing that there was an excellent harp to be bought at a private sale, he purchased it, and enjoyed Minnie's delicious surprise as he noiselessly placed it before her, and begged her to strike a few chords for him. He describes it as the happiest moment he had ever yet known, when, with a cry of joy, and a gush of tears, Minnie alternately embraced the harp and the donor.

Nor did Frank forget their faithful attendant, Ann. He rejoiced her heart by many a gift for her comfort or pleasure, and enabled her to give many a pleasant

tea-party to the select circle of friends she had made during her residence in Bombay. Ann sometimes received these favours with grateful thanks; but, at others, she would seriously reproach the young man for his waste of money, "just as if he had a gold mine," she said. Minnie, too, would often rebel against what she called his "extravagant fondness" for herself, declaring that he must stint himself to lavish upon her luxuries which were suited to a princess; but the young man would merrily protest that she was a princess, and that he could afford far more than she could ever require.

Frank's greatest enjoyment was to deck their cheerful, airy parlour like a fairy bower with all the most lovely flowers that luxuriant land afforded; then to watch her angelic smile, her sylph-like form, as she floated among them, the "fairest lily of all the bower;" or to sit at her feet, with the soft, balmy breeze playing around them, and read to her, or hear her sing, or listen to the unworldly expression of her serene, heavenly-pure thoughts. They received no visitors; the past was forgotten in the dream-like present. True, each day, life presented to Frank its most unromantic business-face; but at twilight he entered the charmed atmosphere of his home, there to dream himself in Paradise until the morrow's sun.

Minnie, too, felt perfectly contented with her seclusion from the world. From childhood, she had been accustomed to few companions; she, therefore, missed them not. If, during the warm, long day, she felt fatigued by her usual light occupations, she would listen to her good Ann as she told the legends of India, which had taken great hold upon the poor woman's fancy—of the strange, heathenish, yet poetical customs of the people, which her friends had witnessed. Minnie would while away many hours with her harp, either in practising, or recalling the dear old melodies her mother had taught her in her childhood, or she would improvise melody and words, awakened by the feelings of the moment; then, in the evening, her brother was always there, loving and kind. What could she desire more? Naught, save that now and then a sigh would escape her that she could not see the beautiful objects by which her brother had surrounded her—that she could not look upon his face, nor upon the luxuriant nature around them; for she felt that the perfumed breeze which so gently waved her hair, and which she could hear softly rustling through the apartment, must come over a land enchanting to behold, of which her brother gave her such glowing descriptions. But she murmured not, feeling how mercifully Providence had provided for her need in the tender care of her brother. They were both very, very happy.

One evening, their quiet, dreamy life was disturbed by a knock at the door, and then the hearty voice of the younger Mr. Robson, asking for Frank Howard, who started to his feet just in time to greet his employer.

"Frank, my lad, and my fair young lady," said the latter, "excuse my intrusion. I have just read in one of my European papers something which I thought might be of interest to you both. But bless me, Frank, if this is not the fairest bit of God's handiwork I ever set eyes upon!" cried the old gentleman, gazing in admiring surprise upon Minnie. "You are a cunning fellow to keep your sister so quietly hidden here, and wise, too; otherwise such a pearl would not long be yours."

Frank bent down his head, and kissed Minnie's fair hands to conceal the painful emotion these words awakened; then answered, hastily—

"Truly, sir, she is to me a pearl beyond all price. Life would be a weary journey without her brightening, cheering presence."

"I can well believe it, my boy. May you never lose her, unless, indeed, you give her to me. I am positively in love with her already. Don't seize her poor little hands so vehemently. She is in no danger from me now; but were my years and gray hairs fewer—then—then—"

The old gentleman imprinted a kiss upon the hand of the fair girl which spoke of tender interest.

So thought Frank, and he replied in a tone half jest, half earnest: "Tis lucky for me, my dear sir, that you do consider yourself beyond being my rival—otherwise you might do incalculable mischief."

"I should try it, I promise you; yet I don't know that you would be in much danger, for she could not have a more adoring lover than you seem to be," said Mr. Robson, glancing at the young couple before him and then around the room with an approving smile. Turning to Minnie, he added: "He proves how deeply he values his jewel, by the tasteful casket in which he has enshrined it. You remind me, lovely lady, of an enchanted princess, in your flower-decked prison."

To be continued.

ALONE.

Patient and faithful, and tender and true,
Praying, and thinking, and working for you—
Bearing all-silently sorrow for years—
Hopefully striving to conquer my fears;
Say, did my patience, my tenderness, truth,
Merit not more than the blight of my youth?

Give me once more my wild energy back,
Give me the hopes that illumined life's track;
Give me the faith that I wasted on you—
Give me the love that I squandered thereto.
You cannot: too lightly you cast them aside,
And for you and all others those feelings have died.

Yet, though the hopes that I cherished are dead,
And though the light from my spirit hath fled,
Though 'twas doubting in God when I doubted in you—
As my standard and type of the real and the true;
O'er the wreck of my life I would never repine,
If the peace I have lost were but added to thine.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE, K.C., P.C.

We have much gratification in presenting to our readers the accompanying portrait of the Earl of Carlisle. It is a faithful copy of an excellent photograph by Mayall, and will no doubt be recognised as a very successful likeness. The distinguished nobleman whom we are thus enabled to introduce enjoys a widely-extended popularity; and while as a peer of the realm he is entitled to respectful homage, while as a statesman he has claims on the gratitude of his countrymen, his nobler claim is that of his hearty sympathy with all that concerns the welfare and progress of the people, and on this account we offer him our best tribute of thanks.

The Earl of Carlisle has invariably shown his attachment to the people. He has not estranged himself from the multitude, nor prided himself in his inherited nobility. In him the labours of the educationist have met with a warm friend and an earnest and indefatigable supporter; and, whether giving liberally from his purse, or advocating the popular cause in the senate, or lecturing on some interesting topic to an audience of mechanics, he has co-operated manfully in the good work of human progress, and has won for himself a brighter glory than can be conferred by a coronet.

The earldom of Carlisle dates from the thirteenth year of the reign of King Charles II. (1661.) The present earl is the seventh inheritor of the title. He was born in the year 1802, but until his accession to the earldom in 1848, he bore by courtesy the title of Lord Morpeth. At an early age he entered on public life, and was for several years attached to the British embassy at St. Petersburg. He was subsequently returned to parliament for Yorkshire, and was nominated to the chief secretaryship for Ireland under the Melbourne ministry.

In Ireland Lord Morpeth won golden opinions of all men. He was universally beloved. And he well deserved all the favourable things which were said of him, all the sympathy of his friends, and all the concessions frankly made by his political opponents. He was an earnest, truthful man, unwilling to shirk any responsibility, and keenly alive to the obligations which rested upon him.

When the Whigs were reinstated in 1846, the Earl of Carlisle was appointed Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and succeeded Lord Campbell as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. On the accession of Lord Palmerston to the premiership in 1855, he received the appointment of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. When the advisability of abolishing this office was debated last year in the house, Mr. Disraeli tendered a delicate but well-earned compliment to the earl, a compliment all the more valuable on account of their political antagonism.

"Now, we are told," said he, "that Lord Carlisle is a dancer, and that he knows the difference between a bull and a pig. I sat in this house for ten years with Lord Carlisle; and let me remind the house that these were not ordinary times. This house then reckoned amongst its members probably a greater number of celebrated men than it ever contained at any other time. At other times, indeed, there may have been individual examples of higher intellectual powers, but a greater number of great men never flourished than during these ten years. Lord Morpeth met them upon equal terms. Lord Morpeth took a great part in our greatest debates. Lord Morpeth was a man remarkable by his knowledge, his accomplishments, and his commanding eloquence. Lord Morpeth had been secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, and these honourable gentlemen pay no compliment to the House of Commons, where he filled so considerable a space, when they say that having come to Ireland, it is found out that Lord

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CARLISLE, K.G., P.C. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

OLD CASTLE, NEAR BADEN.

Morpeth is only a dancer, and one who can decide between the merits of bulls and pigs."

The idle and trivial objections urged against the noble earl were unworthy of the dignified position held by those who made them; and the charge made against the vice-royalty, namely, that it was corrupt in its influence, was one which could never be maintained while the office was held by a nobleman so far above suspicion as the Earl of Carlisle. No single instance could be alleged of a corrupt exercise of the patronage attached to that dignity. What was said of another viceroy may fairly be said of Carlisle: "He lives in the hearts and recollections of the people, whose interests he laboured to promote, and whose affairs he administered."

The Earl of Carlisle is an eloquent and impressive speaker. His oratory is chaste and elegant; his illustrations appropriately selected, and his arguments clear and logical. He possesses the ability of adapting himself to his audience in no ordinary degree; and, whether addressing his peers or lecturing at a mechanics' institute, he is comprehensive without diffuseness, polished without affectation, and forcible without violence.

As a man of letters, the Earl of Carlisle has acquired an honourable reputation. He travelled in America a few years ago, and, in the form of lectures, has given the result of his experience to the world. He has since visited the East, and has published his impressions of his tour under the title of "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters." His lordship is also a munificent patron of art, and his family seat, Castle Howard, contains a splendid collection of pictures, and is especially rich in the works of English masters.

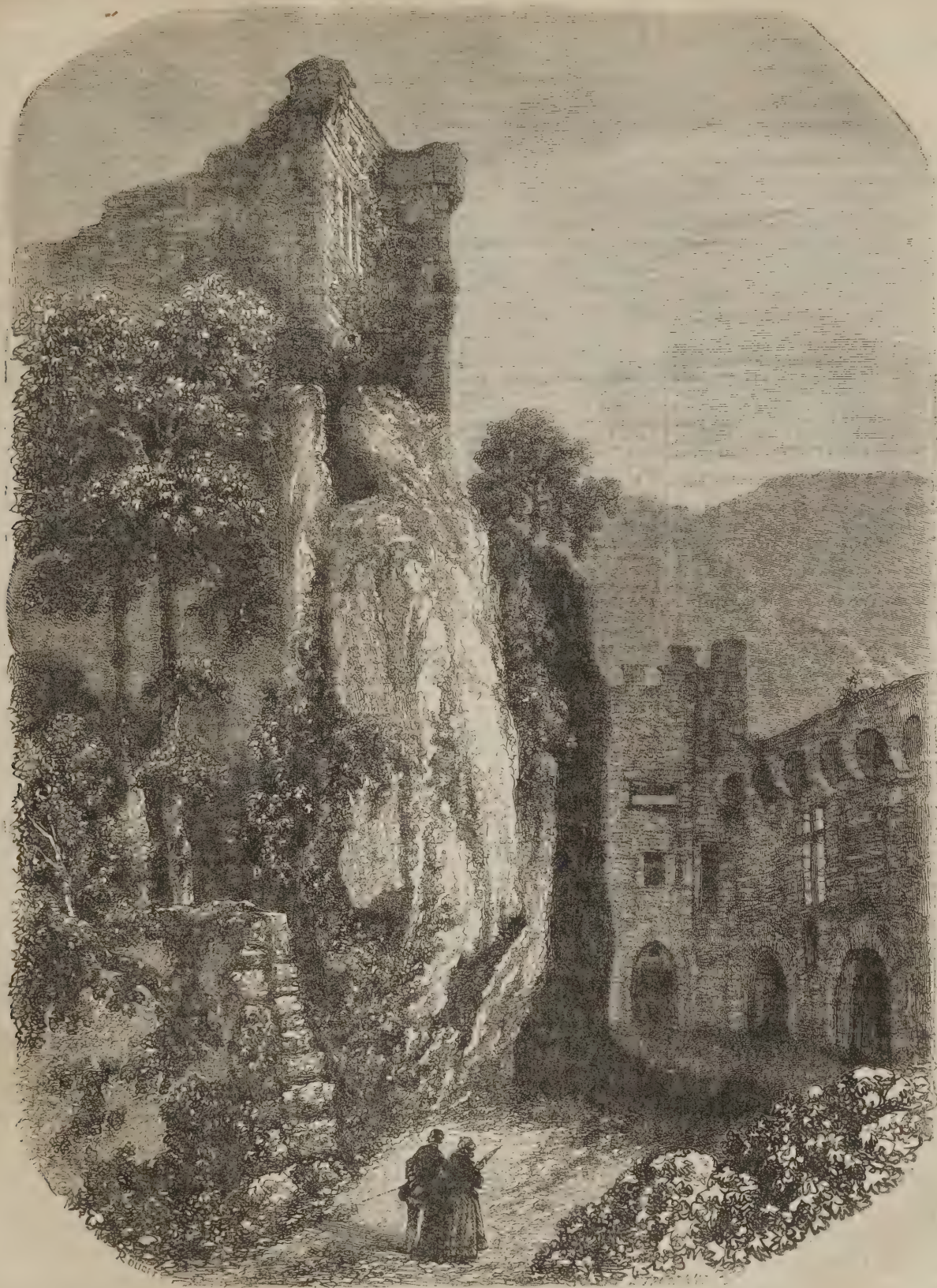
Less than an hour's journey from Baden, by the green lanes and the pine and oak forest, are the ruins of an old castle covering the summit of the Schlossberg, and inviting the attention of all pleasure-seeking tourists.

Long ago, when the world was eighteen centuries younger, the Romans built a tower on that mountain; and their work has formed the nucleus of all the subsequent erections, enlarged, rebuilt, or modified by the margraves of the duchy. One of these, in the fifteenth century, built a strong bastion and surrounded it with walls; later, the Margrave Christopher began and completed a noble castle, imposing in appearance, commodious in arrangement, and of almost invulnerable strength. The margrave was proud of his work. Baden regarded it with admiration. The stony strength of the castle would "laugh a siege to scorn." So it maintained its reputation till 1689, when the French generals looking on the structure with anything but favour, and believing that its destruction would be conducive to the success of their own operations, brought to bear upon it the united efforts of a siege train and a well-contrived mine, the result of which is seen in the picturesque ruin which it is the bounden duty of all tourists to visit.

Vanitas vanitatum. Behold it is written everywhere. Old Roman tower, mediæval structure, modern castle, blown into a romantic ruin by French guns, and coming to be nothing more than a place for holiday resort. The builders of these old castles little anticipated the result of their labours. The

grand old knights of chivalry, and the fair ladies who inflamed their love, they thought not of the tribes that would come up to quaff champagne or drink bottled porter in their baronial mansions.

But the romantic ruin on the top of the Schlossberg, after being blown into a picturesque chaos by the French guns, gradually crumbled in decay, until its condition rendered it unsafe for visitors to inspect its tottering walls. Therefore, in 1833, the Grand-duke Leopold drew the attention of the inspector of the Heidelberg gardens to the state of matters at Schlossberg, and empowered that gentleman to undertake such alterations and repairs as would render the venerable structure convenient and secure. To manufacture a ruin, is an art; to restore a ruin, is an art also. Artificial ruins are frequently constructed to add to the attractions of parks and gardens; mutilated Grecian temples, dilapidated Gothic chapels, half hidden by trees, and overgrown with creeping plants, add to the beauty of a landscape. Much taste and ingenuity has been shown in their construction. To some people they may suggest poetical and romantic imaginings, but to most of us they are too theatrical to suggest anything but footlights and painted canvas. But when we cannot obtain real ruins, artificial ruins are in request. On the banks of the Rhine, no such artifice is necessary. There are ruins on every height. They cover the ground. They encounter you at every turn of the road; frown upon you as you glide down the stream—grim old castles, which are so old that they have no record of their own age. The castle of which we give an engraving is only one of a hundred. Here the Imagination may wander, in company with History for its grave and



OLD CASTLE, NEAR BADEN.

truthful cicerone; and while it beholds "in the mind's eye" the feudal glory of the old margraves, it may rest assured that it is actually within the place which they once tenanted. We may ascend the tower, and look out upon a quiet and varied landscape, over the Black Forest and the Rhine-plain, to where the gray mountains of the Vosges mark the horizon. To the

poet and the painter, the antiquarian, or the mere idler, there is, therefore, much to interest—much to enjoy.

Amongst the good things to be enjoyed is the collation spread—a place of all others the most inappropriate—in the ancient chapel of the castle. Surely this must be offensive to the intelligent visitor: the

clatter of knives and forks, or the popping of champagne corks by obsequious attendants, jar on the ear. But so it is: crusaders, anchorites, captive ladies rescued by invincible champions,—battles, triumphs, and defeats—all pass away, and are no more than "the dream of the shadow of smoke," at that important English query—what shall we have for dinner?

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

See, she comes forth like the sun of the morning—
Joy on her lip and deep love in her eye;
Bright orange-blossoms her beauty adorning;
And if she sighs, it is pleasure's soft sigh.—ANON.

LADY GLENLONELY wished that the wedding should be a gay one; for the world of fashion was still pent up in London. The season was a protracted one, and people with noble halls and castles and fine parks and gardens were still glad to be cooped in stone walls and crowded streets—every night half suffocated, crushed, elbowed, torn, to show themselves at parties that gave them no pleasure, and to meet people for whom they cared not a pin.

Lady Glenlonely wished Ada's marriage to be a very brilliant affair.

"If we can but get the duke to give you away, as he did Lady Vacant Stare's daughter," she said, "and the Bishop of London to marry you, and you have twelve bridesmaids, all peers' daughters; if Gunter supplies the breakfast, and your wedding dress comes from that Parisian milliner so much in vogue, your maiden career, which has been such a failure hitherto, will end with great éclat; and I shall feel a little proud of you after all."

But Ada's views were very different, and so were Gerald's.

"Why should I be given away by 'the duke,'" she said, "mamma, when his grace would think it a great bore (as I hear he always does), and papa, whose province it is, will be so happy to give me to Gerald? I have no friend a peer's daughter, and I think a bridesmaid should love one as a sister. The dear old rector at Pemberton has always promised to marry me, and I always said he should. He will be proud and glad to do so, and, I dare say, the bishop would think it a great condescension. I think a bride should be elegantly dressed in white, and a veil, an orange-wreath becomes her well, but I do not like display on such occasions, nor does Gerald. I wish to have no bridesmaid but Ellen St. Ange. I should like my wedding to be as quiet and private as possible, and I wish to have only a few old friends invited, who take a real interest in our happiness."

Lady Glenlonely had scarcely patience to hear Ada out. When she had ceased speaking, her ladyship said—

"I am not at all surprised, after the low tastes I have remarked in you of late, and with which you have infected Gerald, that you should wish to wind up your maiden career in the contemptible, humdrum manner in which you have for some months past delighted to live. You have long been, in my opinion, a disgrace to your family. You were so when your father was only a baronet; now that he is a peer of the realm, your conduct is more than ever reprehensible in its odious and abject singularity, and the contrast it offers to that of all other young ladies of rank and fashion. I think, considering that Gerald and yourself seem to me to be 'New Lights,' or Methodists, or Mormonites, or something of that kind, that the more private your wedding, and, indeed, all your arrangements are, the better; and though, as I am a great enemy to vulgar family quarrels, I shall not refuse to be present at your wedding—for I used to like Gerald, and as he is sure to be Lord Arncliffe, I highly approve of the connection—I shall give myself no trouble at all about it, and you can have it all your own way."

Lady Glenlonely kept her word and her temper; she did not interfere at all.

The old rector of Pemberton, who had christened Ada and prepared her for confirmation, pronounced the nuptial blessing; Lord Glenlonely gave the beautiful, blushing bride away, and the few who saw her in her spotless white robes, her orange-wreath, and bridal veil, which did not conceal her tears, her smiles, and blushes, said a fairer bride had never said, "I will."

Ellen St. Ange, her father, and the now celebrated Mrs. Golightly were the only people at Ada's wedding, except the old rector and his son the curate, who were not near relations; but several hundred happy ones met to celebrate the event on Wimbledon Common. Lord Arncliffe, Gerald's brother, had a beautiful villa at Wimbledon, and, as his dairy there was famous, Gerald, at Ada's suggestion, had asked him to place the cows at their disposal for one afternoon, that of the wedding-day, in order that the assembled happy party might enjoy syllabubs from

the cows, and all other luxuries connected with a dairy.

Lord Arncliffe, who was an invalid, and staying at Harrogate, which he was not strong enough to leave, even for his brother's wedding, gave his consent, and placed everything at the villa at the disposal of his fair sister-in-law, Lady Ada, the bride of his brother.

And who were those hundreds of guests who were to meet on Wimbledon Common, or rather to repair thither in a body, to enjoy a merry holiday in honour of Ada's nuptials? The children of the Green Fields Ragged School, and not the children alone, the adult pupils, the teachers, every one connected with that admirable, that invaluable institution. The members of the mothers' meetings, and indeed of all its departments were invited; vans wreathed with flowers and decorated with flags and ribbon of every colour of the rainbow, conveyed the poor little ones, "the ragged tidied up a bit," as their poor mothers would have said, many of whom saw the country, and breathed the fresh air, and plucked a wild flower for the first time in their clouded, blighted lives.

Mr. Stephen, who was never so happy as when diffusing happiness, managed the whole business, and it required a good head to manage it.

Larky Grigg, Hope Evermore, Merry Blossom, Carrotty Meg, and Stunning Steenie were in one of the vans, as belonging to the Green Fields Ragged School, and Apple Blossom, Bob, Jem Goodman, Lame Luke, the old Trudges, Mrs. Posset, and young Tom Trudge (Merry Blossom's beau) had a jaunting car to themselves.

It was a glorious summer day. The sun, who often withholds his rays from a royal marriage, and pours forth his flood of radiance on "a penny wedding," seemed to shine with unwonted lustre in honour of Ada and the ragged school festival.

Ada was married in town, and even her ambitious and fastidious mother was obliged to own that a lovelier bride never hid her tears and blushes beneath a bridal veil.

Her dress was simple, but it was an elegant simplicity. The daughter of Lord Glenlonely, and the bride of the Honourable Gerald St. Maur, M.P., heir presumptive to the Arncliffe peerage, did not affect to dress like a village bride. The only difference between Ada and the other young daughters of rank, wealth, and fashion who kneel at the same altar, was in the quiet and chastened elegance of her adornment. She did not look as too many brides do—as if they were going to a ball, and were coquettishly arrayed for universal conquest. There was no display—which is always objectionable in the morning, and on so solemn an occasion—of her beautiful neck and arms. She did not rustle about in rich silk or satin. As it was summer, a richly-embroidered Indian muslin rose to her fair throat, and was there fastened by a pearl brooch. An orange wreath crowned her pure and noble brow, and a veil of Honiton lace, thrown over her head and face, fell round her graceful form, even to her feet.

She was the very beau idéal of a bride; and even her mother thought so, and felt proud of her, and regretted that none but nobodies—or those she considered such—were present to greet her.

Gerald St. Maur could not absent himself long from his parliamentary duties; and the honeymoon was to be spent at Lord Arncliffe's villa at Wimbledon.

As the day was so fine, the excellent dinner provided for the ragged school children was spread out of doors. The bride and bridegroom presided.

Ellen St. Ange was a little paler even than her wont. Perhaps the sight of her friend's happiness brought back memories of an early dream: but she exerted herself; she would not be sad on Ada's wedding-day; and, after the repast—which was a very merry one, though nothing fermented or distilled appeared on the table—Ellen set the enraptured little ones to play all kinds of games; and even Lady Glenlonely—though she had at first resolved to stay in town, and had only joined the party with the determination of finding fault with everything—was extremely fascinated by the innocent, delicate loveliness of little Hope Evermore, and twined the child's long, golden ringlets round her own delicate, jewelled fingers and sighed, for they reminded her of some fair locks hid for ever from the light of day by a coffin-lid (at least, she feared so), and a feeling of remorse stung her as she recalled them—those locks so bright! the memories that surrounded them so dark and dreary! And little Hope seemed to like Lady Glenlonely. She did not try to get away to join the others in their games. Lady Glenlonely had a look of Ada, and Hope loved Ada with all her little, warm, loyal, affectionate heart. It was not till the fine lady grew weary of the noise and the *emui*, and entered the house to lie down on a sofa and amuse herself with

the last new novel, that little Hope yielded to Larky's wish, and darted off with him in search of wild flowers.

Oh, what delight to these town children did every daisy, with its yellow face and neat white-frilled nightcap, impart; how every green spiral plume of fern, every delicately scented cuckoo's-bed and ladies'-finger, filled their little hearts with a rapture never to be forgotten!—what bright-looking stones they collected from a clear brook, and what dull things they looked when they got them home! What games they had, what races, what gambols!—touch-wood, French and English, wolf and shepherd. And the cows and the syllabubs; such fine, fat, fragrant cows!—their glossy backs hung with wreaths, and their horns adorned with white ribbons.

Mr. Stephen delighted in the enjoyment of these poor little ones, to whom a holiday in the country was a peep into Elysium. By presiding and regulating the sports, he prevented liberty from degenerating into license.

Jem Goodman was very happy. Lord Glenlonely was there, convalescent, and in excellent spirits; and that was owing to Jem and temperance.

Bob Blossom and his excellent wife were lovers again. Happiness was smiling in her eyes, and a faint rose-bud was dawning on her cheek. Bob was saved, and, that, too, under Heaven, was Jem Goodman's doing.

Then came the thought of Ben Darrell and his respite, and again tears of gratitude rose to his eyes.

Then, too, there were all those little ones, early trained in the way they should go; and the prophecy of Him whose wisdom never deceived those who acted upon it, that when they are old they shall not depart from it. There was bold, brave Larky gathering flowers for little Hope, young Tom Trudge playing at hide and seek with pretty, nut-brown Merry Blossom, and Stunning Steenie arm in arm with Carrotty Meg.

And but for temperance and the ragged school, what would have become of all these loving, happy little ones?

Well might Jem Goodman be happy; every thought brought with it some pleasant cause of self-gratulation. To the unselfish Christian, active for the good of others, it is ever thus.

The children had tea as well as dinner, and buns were dealt out liberally.

There was only one little incident to cause the slightest interruption to the general happiness, and that was owing to Stunning Steenie and Carrotty Meg slipping away slyly into their pockets the buns they had received, and then holding out their hands as if they had none.

In vain Hope Evermore, who saw it all, shook her little golden head, and raised her rosy index, they would not be deterred; but Mr. Stephen saw what they were doing, and when Stunning Steenie and Carrotty Meg extended their hands for the third time, he put his hand into their pockets, and produced the hidden buns.

They were rather ashamed and very downcast after this, and Stunning Steenie tempting Meg to a little distance, began, as she said, to pitch into her, declaring that but for her he should never have done such a thing. However, Hope hearing Meg cry, sent Larky to her rescue, and Stunning Steenie was no match for brave Larky.

At length the sun began to set, and the shades of evening to close in. The children sang the evening hymn, the vans were filled, so were the other carriages. With many a huzza and hoorah, the children were borne along, the guests returned to town, and the bride and bridegroom were alone—happy as the first pair, ere the serpent crept among the flowers of Paradise.

CHAPTER LXXV.

The boy was sprung to manhood.

BYRON'S DREAM.

WITH Lady Ada's happy marriage closed an eventful epoch in the history of all our *dramatis personæ*, and things went on very smoothly with all of them for some years.

Ada and her husband were a very happy couple,—a truly Christian pair, who tried in all things to take the Bible as their guide. Therefore, he loved and cherished his wife, and she loved and revered her husband.

He was as much interested as herself in ragged schools, and when his parliamentary duties allowed of his doing so, he always accompanied her to the Green Fields School.

The poor and reformed drunkards had eloquent champions in both Houses.

Lord Glenlonely never lost an opportunity of

urging their claims in the Upper, and Gerald St. Maur in the Lower House.

Bob Blossom kept his word. He became, indeed, as Hope had prophesied, "A never-touch lad."

Apple Blossom, perfectly happy in her mind, soon recovered her health and spirits.

Everything prospered with the Blossoms: from keeping a fruit stall, they rose to a greengrocer's shop, and thence to a fruiterer's and florist's, not in a blind alley, but in Holborn itself.

Larky Grigg was apprenticed to an ironmonger; and, though the magistrate, before whom he had appeared when accused by Mr. Chete of breaking his windows, did not forget him, but sent for him to offer to take him into his lady's service as a page, Larky Grigg—who had an honest ambition, and knew that trade and mechanics offer the best and surest opening to genius when poor and lowly born—declined service, and stuck to his business.

Hope continued with her foster-mother whenever she was not with Lady Ada or her mother, the proud Countess of Glenlonely, who conceived a lively affection for Hope Evermore.

Had there been any young men in the Glenlonely family, both Apple Blossom and Jem Goodman would have considered it a duty they owed to Hope's mother to keep her from society she, poor victim! had so dreaded for her unborn child. But the old Earl and Countess, Gerald St. Maur—now Lord Arnelcliffe—Ada, Lady Arnelcliffe, Ellen St. Ange, and Mrs. Golightly, formed the home circle to which Hope was introduced; and Jem Goodman and Apple Blossom thought they could not do better for the sweet girl than to fall into the views and wishes of the old countess and the young one—that Hope should be a sort of companion to them both.

Ada then undertook to fit her for this situation. She procured masters and mistresses to impart the necessary accomplishments; she took Hope with her to Arnelcliffe Manor, and by constantly associating her with herself and her husband, she cured her of her errors of pronunciation and grammar, without in the least impairing the exquisite simplicity and candour of her lovely nature.

"What better can we do for Hope, Jem?" Apple Blossom would ask. "She arn't made for hard work; her mother—bless her!—wor a lady, her feather wor a gentleman. 'What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh.' I couldn't bring her up to sarvice, like our Merry—'twouldn't seem right. When she comes to be of age, or to want to marry, you know, Jem, you're to unlock that ere box her poor dear mother gave ye, and to read a sort of a will she've left, and then Hope'll know all about her friends. But not till then, and I think by that time our Larky Grigg, with his genus, 'll have made his way up in the world; and it's my idea if he do want to rise, it's for the sake of Hope; and more nor that, there's no love lost between them. They wor lovers, Jem, when she wor seven and he ten; and now she's sixteen and he noineteen, if I ever seed sweethearts downright fond and true, it's them two."

"She haven't a bit of pride about her; she's as happy here as she ever is at the countess's, and it's 'Hopy, dear,' and 'Larky Grigg, good lad,' between them two, the same as ever it wor when they went hand in hand together to the Green Fields Ragged School."

"I hope," Jem would say, "I hope, Apple Blossom, we've not done wrong to let Hope learn to talk like a lady, and speak the French, and play the music. It's quite true she's born to these things, but we musn't forget her poor dead mother's wishes. And if I didn't believe she's a girl as can't be spoiled, and that she loves Larky Grigg, and will be his wife, I'd not rest well in my bed, to think I'd gone counter to her mother's dying will."

"But if Larky gets up in the world, Jem," said Apple Blossom, "he'll be able to keep Hope like a lady; and then it'll be well she've had the taching of one. Lower than our Larky Grigg have come to be Lord Mayor—think o' Dick Whittington."

"Ah, I am thinking of more recent cases, old friend," said Jem. "But I fear it ain't going on as Larky's going on he'll rise in the world. 'Tain't his fault; he's a good lad; but he's not in good hands. His master keeps him back for his own ends. He knows he haven't such another hand as Larky; and he keeps that fine, clever, spirited chap making shovels twelve hours round, when he might be pushing a higher branch of the trade, and getting on in mechanics. He sacrifices the lad's future prospects to his own present gain; and Larky sees it, too, and he won't stand it much longer. There'll be a blow up soon, and I for one shan't be sorry."

"Well, Larky's coming home to tea this evening early, to meet Hope; she've got a holiday, and so have Merry. We shall hear more about it then."

Lor! Jem, what a fine gal Merry do grow! I wish she wor steadier though. There's Tom Trudge do doat on her; and she lead him a foine life, pretending to loike this one and that one; but I don't think in her heart she do loike any but Tom, and so I told un,—for when she heerd of that accident of his, nigh chopping his finger off, she fell down in a dead swoon, and we wor ever so long a-bringing of her to."

It was a merry tea-party. Hope came, brought by Ada, Ellen, and Mrs. Golightly. Ellen was more pale and pensive even than of yore; and Mrs. Golightly rather sterner, and somewhat more grim and gaunt. Ada was a little fuller in face and form, the beau ideal of a young matron of the highest order; and beside the coachman on the dickey there rode a stately, voluminous person, who held in her arms a noble boy—Ada's firstborn. She had been married several years before he came to fill her cup of bliss to the brim. And Hope doated on him, and could scarcely bear to give him up to his mamma or his nurse. He was at this time one year old, and he knew and loved Hope. And who did not love Hope? No one that knew her could behold her with indifference. She was not only so lovely, so loveable, but, what is far more important, she was so loving!

In form and face she was a perfect Psyche; the rose had redeemed the promise of the bud! Indeed she was, if possible, lovelier as a young woman than she had been as a little child. Then there was a little homeliness, the result, of course, of her lowly training.

Now, although her heart was as true and as pure as ever, her manners and her language were delicate and refined. Her dress, too, though simple, was that of a lady—suitable to one whose office it was to sit with, read to, play to, sing to, write for, talk, ride, walk with, the stately old Countess of Glenlonely; or, what she infinitely preferred, pass long happy days with Ada and her darling boy.

Hope was always in white when the weather was not very cold; and white set off the radiant gold of her lustrous and abundant hair. In form, she was a Grace—a Muse—a sylph. But lovely beyond description as she was, it was her expression, her smile that made her so endearing. There was so much heart, mind, soul, feeling, sympathy, and earnestness about her.

No wonder that every one loved, and that Larky Grigg almost idolised her! for if she was kind to others, to him she was something more; for him the rose on her cheek deepened or grew pale; for him the love-light in her eyes dawned, and was often veiled by the drooping lids, or moistened by rising tears whose source was not sadness.

She had never resigned her pretty little habit of dictating to and controlling the great, bold, brave, handsome, clever Larky Grigg.

Still Hope's gentle "Well done, Larky; good lad!" was the sweetest praise he could hear; and still Hope's raised forefinger had power to warn and to deter.

But there was a great change in their feelings; they had always loved with affection, now passion had waked in each young heart—timid, tender, shrinking in Hope, fearless, ardent, intense, and almost proud in Larky Grigg's now manly breast.

Larky was a noble-looking fellow, too—very tall, broad-chested, muscular; black-haired, dark-eyed, active, energetic, with a head to plan, and a hand to execute; ambitious, because he wished to offer Hope a destiny worthy of her, but thoroughly good. Even to win her he would not have done anything he would have blushed to own to her and to his conscience.

Jem Goodman was still his adviser and his friend.

He was still at nineteen as he had been at nine—a dutiful, fond, good son, obedient to his mother.

He still frequented the Green Fields Ragged School, but as a voluntary teacher now; and he had delighted Mr. Stephen, and astounded the whole school only a week before the evening we describe, by arriving there with Lane Luke—a greater cripple than ever—on his back, won over at last to become a pupil in the adult class.

This was indeed a triumph; and one Larky, who never gave up or gave in, had been aiming at for years.

Lane Luke was so pleased with what he saw and heard, that he ever after frequented the ragged school of his own accord.

And now the tea is ready set out in a neat little parlour, on a snow-white cloth.

It is summer; and there is fruit, and salad, and new-laid eggs, and ham.

Plenty smiles at Bob Blossom's board, for Bob is a sober man now.

Apple Blossom is again a nursing mother; and this time it is a healthy babe, not the large-headed, tiny-bodied victim of water on the brain—a complaint

so common to the children of drunken fathers. Apple Blossom looks handsomer than ever, and is so well dressed, and Bob looks so respectable; and Jem Goodman is so happy; and the Countess of Arnelcliffe's carriage drives up, and Hope springs out, just as Larky, panting and flushed with haste, arrives at the door.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house;
Thy children like olive plants round about thy table.

PSALM CXXVIII.

But Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.

CAMPBELL.

THERE was comfort now, and order, and plenty in Apple Blossom's home. Bob had never broken his promise, or rather his vow; he had never forgotten the agony he had felt when he had seen the young surgeon's knife raised, and had beheld the wife of his bosom, the woman he had sworn to love and cherish, the choice of his youth, the mother of his children, sitting, white and rigid as marble, her snowy breast, disfigured by a livid lump, bared; her eyes dilate, her lips apart; grasping with one hand the arm of the chair, with the other the wrist of Mrs. Posset, and awaiting, with the fortitude of a martyr, the patience of a saint, and the courage of a heroine, the sharp incision of that shining blade.

And all through him and his vile, sordid, swinish drunkenness! Bob had not been drunk since that day, now more than eight years ago!

And oh, how the little family thrive and prospered! how Apple Blossom smiled and bloomed! how "ilka year a bonny wee ane" came to add to their household treasures! They were not rich: we are not writing romance, but reality; but they had in a small way a good business. They were not gentle-folks; they had no wish to be what nature and education had not intended them to be, and what they would have been miserable in being—idlers. They had to rise early, to work hard, to eat the bread of carefulness, and to bring up their children to earn their own living by the sweat of their brow; but they were loved, respected, trusted.

Country-bred, vegetables, fruit, and flowers were what they both understood.

Honesty, which is the best policy, was their policy.

All who dealt with them once dealt with them always. They never lost a customer through any fault or deception of their own. They had a little capital, the result of presents of money made them by Lord Glenlonely, Ada, Ellen St. Ange, and Mrs. Golightly, and by contributions of savings from Hope, Larky, and Merry.

This capital enabled them to purchase the fresh produce of Covent Garden Market daily.

Bob was a very early riser now.

He always went to bed sober; he was not obliged to lie groaning and parched with thirst, and fever-sick, and ashamed. Bob never had a head-ache now, nor a heart-ache either.

Apple Blossom looked handsomer than ever. Her smile was like sunshine. Her cheek was the rival of her own peaches. And then she had such good clothes, and such a stock of them. Not trumpery artificial flowers, and beads, and bugles, and sham jewelry. No, all she had was good.

For high-days and holidays she had a fine silk dress or two, and a handsome shawl, or cloak, or mantle; and a gold watch and chain; but no frippery, no finery.

There was a fair, plump, lovely baby at her breast when Hope arrived. Its sweet round face was as clear and white as porcelain, and it had large loving black eyes, and rosy dimpled lips.

It was the last,—just three months old.

No child of Apple Blossom's had died of water on the brain since Bob had given up drink.

"Welcome, my Hope! welcome, my Larky Grigg!" said sweet, kind Apple Blossom, laying the baby, who had dropped asleep, in the cradle, and clasping them alternately to her heart. "Why, Hopy, thee be growed, lass! Thee'll be a foine grand lady soon, and then, maybe, thee'll be ashamed of thy poor mammy."

"And of Larky Grigg, too," said the fine, handsome young fellow, archly.

"Oh, don't say so!" said Hope, laying her sweet face on Apple Blossom's bosom, while she held out her little white taper hand to bold Larky.

He was shy enough then, poor lad; all of a tremble, and alternately red, and white, and hot, and cold. Poor Larky! he had not seen Hope for months; she had been in Scotland with Ada.

She was so lovely—so very lovely! so much more lovely than ever he had pictured her—fairer, brighter

softer, more delicate, loving, graceful, and much more womanly than that fair image enshrined in his heart. And then there was a grace, a dignity, a lady-like elegance in her voice, tone, dress, manner. That little lily-white hand, so taper, with its rose-tipped fingers, and pink velvet palm; it seemed so soft and silken compared to his, hardened by work, bronzed by exposure; naturally a large, strong, well-made hand, but spread by the use of heavy implements and the habit of coarse labour.

He thought of this as he held it.

Yet it seemed willing to be held, and returned the pressure of his; and when she looked up from his mother's bosom, there was no mistaking the deep love of her tearful eyes, or the mantling blushes of her beautiful cheeks.

But the thought had crossed Larky Grigg's mind that he was not worthy of her. It was a bitter thought! it had occurred to him before, throwing a passing shadow over his heart, but he had driven it out; it would not be driven out now.

Larky Grigg suddenly left the room; while Hope took off her scarf and bonnet, and helped her foster-mother to set out the tea, adorning the table with a rich bouquet of clustering purple, and crimson, and white stocks, and sweet briar, and enriching the repast with strawberries (all out of the shop).

CHAPTER LXXVII.

Then, with such jewels as th' exploring mind
Brings from the caves of knowledge, did he buy
His ransom of those twin gaiders of th' aspiring mind—
Low birth and iron fortune. BULWER LYTTON.

LARKY GRIGG stole up into his own little room at the top of the house.

Strange inconsistency of human hearts—loving hearts especially!

He had seen Hope—Hope whom he had so longed, so pined, so panted for months to see.

He had seen her more beautiful, more loving, more lovable than ever; seen her hide her sweet face in his mother's bosom—that fair foster-bosom, from which she had derived her first sweet sustenance; seen her stretch out her lovely little hand in search of his.

He had held it.

He had felt its warm, velvet pressure.

He had seen tears of love in those large blue eyes, and yet Larky Grigg was miserable!

"I am not worthy of her," he murmured to himself, as he bolted his door; and folding his arms over his broad, young, panting, heaving chest, paced up and down the little room. "She is a lady! she speaks like a lady—dresses, thinks, walks, feels, moves like a lady! And what am I? a working man!—nay, that's not all. A working man may rise, has ris, to be equal to lords. But I'm a slave—I can't rise! How can a working man rise? by education, by cultivating his mind; and how can I cultivate my mind, when that 'ere master of mine, Nailor, keeps me twelve hours round making shovels? And yet I've got it in me—I know I have, I feel I have! Why, while I'm hammering at them shovels, thoughts come crowding thick into my brain that, if I'd knowledge enough to put 'em to any use, would make the world wonder. And I'm to drive 'em away, and drudge and slave on at shovel-making, to put a few more pounds a week into Nailor's pocket! And Hope—angel Hope!—whom I love as never man loved before, is growing more and more a perfect lady; and Nailor keeps me down—a coarse, common working man, when I might, by janus, and industry, and education, rise to be a gentleman, and fit to court her. She loves me—I see she does, sweet, sweet Hope! But shall I for that take advantage to drag her down to my level, and make her the wife of an ironmonger's journeyman? Not I! I'll rise to her level; I'll speak my mind to Nailor—I'll have it out with him, and if he won't come into my views, and give me higher work and better wages, and time to study, I'll never make another shovel in his workshop, so help me love and Hope! Half the greatest men of the day have ris from a lower state than mine, to be company for princes, and lights of the age—Faraday, Stephenson, Cubitt, and countless others. AND SO WILL I!" he added, turning pale with the strong spasmodic energy of his nature, and the water sparkling in his fine black eyes from the passionate intensity of his feelings.

"Delicate, beautiful little Lady Hope!" he cried, "you shall be the pride of my life, the love of my heart! and, with God's blessing on true love, you shall be the honoured, cherished wife of my bosom; but you shall not be ashamed of your choice. Your fine lady friends shall not open those cold eyes and draw down their pale lips and say, 'See what a rough Hope Evermore has married.' Education, that's what

it is that makes the only real difference between man and man! Take the son of a lord and bring him up in ignorance and the lowest kind of labour, teach him no grammar, no manners, and he's a rough. Take the son of a street-sweeper and give him learning and polite breeding—he's a gentleman. *I will be a gentleman.* Hope is a lady. What has made Hope a lady? Education. Hope used to speak as I do; her manners were like mine; her ways like mine! They shall be so again, for I will make mine like hers! I'll consult Jem Goodman; he told me of books I ought to read—books with which I, a young working man who know only those rudiments taught me at a ragged school, can educate myself as well as if I had, like young gentlemen of fortune, tutors at my elbow and colleges to live in. Aye, and Jem Goodman said I might beat 'em out and out, if I give my whole heart and mind to it; for when pupil and master pull together and makes common cause, they gits over the ground in no time. Now when a man's learner an' teacher in one they must pull together, and that's why self-taught genius often tops the tree, spite of all impediments. Yes, I'll learn to speak Hope's language—the language of educated people. Knowledge is power! I'll have power; for I'll acquire knowledge. If Hope isn't ashamed of me, I'm ashamed of myself in her company. But I'll make her proud of me yet. I wasn't born a gentleman, but it's in the power of every 'cute lad to make himself a gentleman; and before I marry Hope I'll be a gentleman; and all the world shall own me for one. I know my parents cannot afford to keep me and give me tachers; I must tache myself of evenings and go on earning my own living by days. And what of that? The most eminent men have been self-taught. Others have pined for fame as an end; with me it's only a means to an end. What I wants is to feel, and to seem, and to be worthy of Hope. And now, already I do feel more worthier of her; and I'll go and listen to her sweet talk, and try to catch her way of pronouncing, and her grammar. I won't talk much myself till I've taught myself grammar. I did begin grammar at the ragged school. Ah! maybe Mr. Stephen can help me; I'll ax him, anyways. My heart feels lighter, now. It's a comfort to have made up one's mind, anyways; and mine is made up. With God's blessing, I'll be worthy of Hope, if any man can be worthy of such a jewel." So saying, Larky turned to the little, old-fashioned, oval glass on the oaken chest of drawers, that had been his great grandmother's.

It was some little comfort to poor Larky to see reflected in that glass a face of a stamp peculiarly calculated to interest a woman of imagination and sentiment.

Larky inherited his mother's beauty, but ennobled by an intellect which was a chance gift to Larky, since there was no trace of genius like his in either of his parents. Larky Grigg in his twentieth year was as fine a young man as London could boast. His clustering locks were of a brown so dark as to be all but black. His forehead was very broad, high, and massive, pale, nay, white, compared to the lower part of his face, which was bronzed by the sun.

His eyes were beautiful, large, dark, and deep set beneath fine, black, rather horizontal eye-brows. They looked black as jet, and were fringed all round, like his mother's, with black, silken lashes. His nose was not long, but straight, and well-formed. His upper lip short, curved, and a dark shade of silky down gave a character of youthful manliness to the fine chiselled mouth, whose deep, peculiar red set off his even dazzling teeth.

The expression of the mouth and the rounded chin was resolute, decisive, firm; the shape of the head and throat, with its close clusters of jet black hair, was worthy of Antinous, and his form might have served for a model of Hercules, at nineteen.

He rapidly washed and dressed himself, exchanging his working dress for clean linen, with the collar open. As it was summer, a little neat tie and a holland blouse, fresh from the wash, formed, with a pair of light trousers, his whole costume.

The resolution he had taken lent fire to his eye, radiance to his brow, a flush to his cheek, and pride to his tall form; and, when he joined Hope and his mother, Apple Blossom exclaimed, "How handsome thee do look, Larky!" and Hope thought so in her heart, and said so with her blue eyes.

(To be continued.)

In a private conversation, the late Earl of Chatham asked Dr. Henniker, among other questions, how he defined wit. The Doctor replied, "My lord, wit is like what a pension would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant—a good thing well applied."

The Matron.

NO. XXXIII.

I HOPE that in the last chapter I convinced my readers that there is no economy in living in the cheapest house, supposing it is in an unhealthy situation. But in making a judicious choice of a dwelling, an airy, healthy spot is not the only consideration: a respectable neighbourhood should also be sought. Let those who are parents bear in mind that children are partly educated by what is going on around them, and that example is stronger than precept. Good, industrious neighbours, trying to bring up their children industriously and in the fear of God, are great helps to those who wish to do the same. Generally where there is one worthy family there are more; for none will deny the truth of the proverb, "birds of a feather flock together," and, though this saying generally applies to badly disposed people, it is equally true as regards good ones. Another consideration in choosing a dwelling should be to fix on a house, or apartments in a house, within a comfortable walking distance of a place of worship; and you among my readers who are mothers will, if you study your real good, make a point of attending this place of worship every Sunday with your children, and with your husband too, if you can induce him to go. Worshipping together in public unites the members of a family as well as the different classes of society.

In your choice of a dwelling, you should take care that it is at a convenient distance from good markets or shops, and should only settle in a place where you can be plentifully supplied with fresh water,—for fresh water and fresh air are all-important to health. And now that I am speaking of air, I may as well observe that the nature of the air we breathe is greatly influenced by the soil. If it is in the country you are fixing on a house or a cottage to live in, give the preference (where other things are equal) to a dwelling on a gravelly soil; it is more conducive to health than any other, though the soils that prevail in our country, namely, the sandy and chalky, are not unhealthy; but the damp and clayey soils should be avoided.

Now I hope my readers will not misunderstand me. The hints I have just given are merely for the advantage of those who are debating where they had best live: they may also be useful to young wives, who are consulted by their husbands as to where they had best settle.

Many of us have no option about our abode. Where this is the case, let us be satisfied with any home it has pleased Providence to give us, and, though its neighbourhood may not be desirable, we individually can do our duty in it; and should its soil be unhealthy, cleanliness and activity may go a great way to counteract the evil influences of soil.

And now I return to the subject of living comfortably on very little. Let us bear in mind that, in order to do this, every member of the family should not only save, but gain. Of course, I except very young children. Some attempts to make money are more productive of harm than good—I mean those of a wife to procure employment out of doors, at the risk of allowing her husband (when he comes home from his occupation) to want a good warm dinner. If the mistress of a family can maintain an orderly, cheerful, comfortable home, and earn something towards the family income besides, there is not any doubt that she should do so, and that she will feel happier and more respectable through the power of increasing the domestic means; but it will be no economy for her to be gaining a few shillings at home, while a good, industrious husband is left exposed to want and discomfort through her absence. Still, I know from experience, that there are cases in which the husband can procure no work, and the wife can get more than she can undertake; then of course she should accept of work, for the father or mother must earn money if the children are to be fed and clothed. But, generally speaking, the husband is the prop of the house, and his comfort is the all-important consideration; and though the wife may not have the satisfaction of actually gaining money, she will feel herself of great importance, and a most useful member of the household, if the goodness of the food, the nice cleanly appearance of her husband and children, and the arrangement and comfort of the house are all her doing. Such a wife rarely wants for money. From what I have observed, she is generally in possession of it all. The husband trusts his gains to her with unlimited confidence, certain that the money (with her) is in better hands than his own; and on the part of the husband this plan of conduct is the most judicious



GROUP OF TYROLESE PEASANTS.

THE TYROL.

THE accompanying group of Tyrolean peasants, from a recent sketch, forms an appropriate sequel to the view in the Tyrol which we introduced in a former number.*

It has been conjectured, from the fossil aquatic animals discovered upon the loftiest mountains of the Tyrol, that at some remote period of the world's history the whole of that country was covered by the ocean. Musset, by poetical intuition, long since divined this geological question; and in speaking of the Tyrol in one of his verses describes it as "a tranquil ocean whose mountains are waves."

Three chains of mountains traverse the Tyrol between Germany and Italy, forming three extensive valleys; while three principal rivers, the Inn, the Etsch, and the Rhine, water the country and render it in some parts exceedingly fruitful.

This number three appears to exercise a marked and fatal influence over the Tyrol, which we recognise in the phenomena of the avalanche. Of this there are three varieties, each of them remarkable for their destructive agency. The *staublawine* sweeps over the blue hills like the simoom of the desert, whirling the particles of sand which it there collects into a cloudy column, and carrying destruction

wherever it falls. The *schneelawine* is formed by the recently fallen snow, or the snows of the last spring, partially melted by the approach of summer, and detached from the mountain. These slips are gradual, but extremely dangerous, and frequently overwhelm whole districts. But the *windlawine* is the most terrible of all; it is produced by the setting in of a west wind. Its prognostics are few, and its destructive power is therefore much increased by the suddenness with which it acts. Snow and rain partially melted, ice-blocks blended in inextricable confusion, suddenly rush forth from the mountain summit, and pour down an irresistible torrent on everything below, carrying away trees, cottages, fences, and even immense pieces of rock. The spectacle presented by the *windlawine* is magnificent, but the fatal results, the waste of property, the misery entailed, render it truly awful. The unhappy peasants, with their wives, children, flocks, and herds, are seen flying before the pitiless foe—forgetful of everything but self-preservation in the common peril. Very different is the aspect of the Tyrol in the summer time. It is a picture full of pastoral enchantment; the green valleys, the picturesque cots, the grazing herds, the Arcadian shepherds, the murmuring waterfall of silver as it hastens to the azure lake, the gray rocks, with an old castle or a modern chapel here and there, and high above them all the snow-capped mountains, which in the sun's bright rays glitter like a crown of diamonds.

Near Innsbruck—that pleasant city, so well beloved of tourists—is a mountain of singular form, called the *Frauhut*, and to which a strange old legend belongs. After the subsidence of the deluge, so the people say, the king and queen of a race of giants established themselves at *Innthal*. Before they arrived at that district they had crossed some splendid country; but during their long migration they had beheld nothing more charming than the valley of the Inn. There they definitely fixed their abode, and the king of the giants built a gorgeous palace of marble and gold. They had a son, who was still young, and

whom his mother idolised. One day as he was playing in the valley, he fell into a deep morass, and though he escaped uninjured, his clothes were much soiled, and he returned in deep affliction to the palace. His mother, concerned at the trouble of her child, attempted—but in vain—to cleanse the garments. At last, after resorting to various expedients, she procured a large piece of pure wheaten bread, and began to rub the spotted habiliments. Bread, the staff of life, the produce of patient labour, the gift of God, was never intended for so base a purpose; and as a punishment for this profanation, the palace crumbled into dust, the race of giants, with the king and the young prince, were swept away, and the guilty giantess was transformed into a mountain, for ever to remain a memorial of the indignation of Heaven against those who outrage the liberality of Providence and the labours of the husbandman.

Many similar stories are told in the Tyrol. Every mountain has its legend, every valley its tradition.

To those who find pleasure in studying national character under various phases, the hills and vales of the Tyrol afford abundant facilities. The hospitality of the peasantry is one of their most remarkable and gratifying characteristics. They are prompt to welcome the stranger, and to offer their kind services to the traveller, which are doubly acceptable in a strange land. They are an industrious people, but, remaining religiously faithful to the traditional practices of their forefathers, they have made little progress in the cultivation of modern science.

The accompanying illustration represents a group of Tyroleans, and requires no explanation. The materials of which the dresses both of males and females are composed, are simple, and chiefly remarkable for durability. The picturesque costume of the Tyrolese, however singular it appears when seen in the streets of a crowded city, is in excellent keeping with the scenery of their native lands, and there is scarcely any scene of peasant life better adapted for the canvas than those which are witnessed in the forests and mountains of the Tyrol.

* See p. 105.

UNEXPECTED EVIDENCE.

"I ONCE had an adventure," said my friend, "which I think is worth printing; and if you will write it out I'll tell it to you."

"Go on," said I, "and, if it suits, the printer shall have it."

"Well—I'll give it to you," he resumed, as he threw his cigar away, and tipped his chair back against the wall. "It may not have been so startling an adventure as some, but the train of circumstances connected with it were very curious, and, in my opinion, remarkable. My brother James, who is two years older than myself, had gone out into the West, intending to settle either in Missouri or Kentucky. He had been gone about three months when I received a letter from him, dated Columbia, Kentucky. He was in jail, and about to be tried for the crime of murder. He had been arrested for murdering a traveller, and the evidence was so strong, and so direct, against him, that no lawyer could be found who could give him any hope. He had stopped overnight at a small inn some twenty miles west of Columbia, and in the morning he sat out alone on his journey. As he was passing through a wood he saw a dead body lying by the road-side, and he stopped his horse, and dismounted. He found it to be the body of a middle-aged man, who had been killed with a knife, there being several deep wounds upon the breast; the corpse was still warm, and while he was in the act of turning it over, in order to get a better view of the face, he heard some one approaching, and upon looking up he saw two men, who seemed to have come from a little woodpath near at hand. He told them how he had found the body, and asked them if they knew who it was. But they only shook their heads, and told him that he was doing it very well. In short, they accused him of having done the deed, and, without further ado, apprehended him, and carried him to the next village, where they entered a complaint and gave in their evidence.

"At first my brother looked upon it as a light affair, and only considered the delay it would occasion him; but when the examination came on, he found things looking rather dark. It was proved that the murdered man had stopped at the inn where he stopped, having arrived late in the evening, and started off at daylight in the morning. The two men who had caused his arrest swore, point blank, that they saw him strike the fatal blow, and that he was pulling the murdered man's purse from his pocket as they came up! They told the story with such assurance and regularity that they were readily believed. And then James could not deny enough to help him. The people had become convinced that he was guilty, and the whole tide was against him.

"As soon as I got this letter I hurried off to Kentucky, hoping that I might be of some assistance to my unfortunate brother; and I wished to get there, if possible, before his trial came on. On the evening of the fourteenth day I reached an inn to which I had been directed, and had my weary horse put up. I knew that I was very near my journey's end, but I could go no further that night. After supper I went into the bar-room, where a few of the neighbours had assembled, and from their conversation I soon learned that this was the very house at which my brother had stopped on the night before his arrest, and of course I could not be far from the scene of the murder. I had made up my mind that I would not reveal my relationship to the prisoner until I had seen him, and conferred with his lawyer, if he had one—and, if he had none, with one whom I might engage for him. So I pretended to be entirely uninformed upon the subject, and asked what the circumstances were. The facts were related to me just as my brother had stated them, though somewhat heightened in colour.

"I felt the public pulse through these men. The prisoner was a Yankee, and a stranger, and the people believed him guilty. The two witnesses who had sworn to the fact of his doing the murder I learned were respected men, though not very valuable citizens. They were hunters and trappers, when hunting and trapping would pay; and sometimes they helped to tow flat-boats down the Mississippi. Their names were Matthew Harn and Isaac Croft, and they lived not far from the village; and I furthermore learned that they had both been at the inn on that very evening. I was told that the trial would come off in four days, and that the prisoner would surely be hanged.

"When I went to bed that night I felt uneasy. My brother's case seemed dubious. Of course I knew that he was innocent. And if that was so, how should I account for the evidence of Harn and Croft? They must either be mistaken, or they must have sworn falsely. If they had done the latter thing, then they might be more guilty still. From

what I had seen and heard I judged that they enjoyed the confidence of their fellows more from their convivial and physical qualities than from any morality or fixed principles of honour; and I determined to know them better.

"I returned to my room at ten o'clock, and went to bed. I fell into a doze, but was not destined to enjoy much sleep. I lay pondering upon the fate of my brother for an hour or so, and then one of my teeth began to ache. I had got cold by exposure on the day before, and it had settled where such colds are apt to do, in my jaw. After suffering till my nerves were all unstrung, I got out of bed and dressed myself, for I could not endure to lie there. I hoped that a turn out of doors might relieve me. I made my way down with as little noise as possible, and gained the street without disturbing any one. The night was calm and clear, and I walked away without noticing or caring whither I went. The village was a small one, the houses being huddled together upon the left bank of the river, so I was not long in getting beyond the line of settlement. I had gone, perhaps, about half a mile beyond the village, and was thinking of turning back, when I heard some one groan as though in pain; and, as I stopped to look around the same voice cried out for help. By this time I had discovered from whence the sound came, and upon approaching the spot I found a female sitting by the roadside, apparently in deep agony. I asked her what was the matter, and she told me she had been thrown from her horse, and that her ankle was either broken or badly sprained. I stooped down, and found that the right ankle was out of joint, and I knew that the poor woman must be suffering intensely. I had seen a good many joints set, and had helped to perform the operation in some cases; so I told her that I would try to fix her ankle if she was willing. She was anxious that I should help her, and I made the trial. It was a tedious job, but she bore the pain like a martyr, and at length I had the satisfaction of believing that the bones were all in place. Of course the ankle was much swollen, and still very painful, but I bound it up as best I could, and then told the sufferer that I would help her home. She said she lived not far off, and as her horse had probably made his way to his stable, she would gladly accept of my assistance.

"She was not a heavy woman, and as I was a pretty powerful man, I easily lifted her in my arms, for I knew very well that she could not walk. As I bore her along thus I asked her what her name was, and she told me Matilda Harn. I then asked if she was married. She said she was—that her husband's name was Matthew Harn; and she asked me if I knew him. I told her no—that I was a stranger in those parts, only having stopped at the inn for the night. In a little while we came to a narrow path which led off to the right, and the woman bade me turn into it. I did so, and ere long we came to a small hut, which proved to be the home of my patient. I bore her into the dwelling, where I found only a young girl, who proved to be Harn's daughter. "Where is your father?" asked the woman.

"He's gone over to Ike Croft's, I guess," was the reply.

"I remarked to the sufferer that she had better have her ankle swathed with wet bandages at once, and then she could send for her husband. So her daughter got the necessary things, and I soon had the inflamed joint in a more comfortable condition. After this she sent for her husband, and I told her that I would find the doctor, if he was in the village, and send him to see her. As I was about to turn away she called me back, and asked me if I was going to Columbia. I told her I was.

"And you mean to start early in the morning?" she continued.

"Yes," I told her.

"She hesitated a few moments, and then said—

"You have done me a great favour, and I bless you for it; and now I may serve you in turn. Don't travel on this road alone in the morning. If you must go, wait until you can have company."

"I asked her what she meant—what the danger was. She said she feared there were robbers in the wood.

"There have been two or three murders committed near the place where we turned off from the road," she added, "and I have reason to fear that there are bad men about, even now."

"She urged me to be warned in season, and to believe that she had saved my life by thus placing me on my guard. I thanked her for her advice, and having assured her that I would follow it, I turned away again. But again she called me back, and begged of me not to mention to any one what she had told me, for it might get her into trouble. I gave her no direct answer, but assured her that I had

no wish to bring harm upon her, and then I left the hut.

"As soon as I got fairly away from the building I stopped. I had surely discovered something of importance. This woman's husband and the neighbour whom he had gone to visit, were the witnesses against my brother, and I surely had every reason to believe that they were the guilty parties. I was now aware that the murder had been committed near the place where I had turned off from the main road, and, from what my brother had written, I judged that the two men who had apprehended him must have come out from the very path in which I then stood. They had probably murdered and robbed their victim, and before they could conceal the body my brother's approach had driven them away. As concealment after this would be impossible, they formed the wild scheme of shifting the crime on to other shoulders; and, if such was the case, they had well nigh succeeded.

"After revolving the subject over in my mind, I resolved to wait till Matthew Harn came, thinking it very likely that Croft would come with him, and that I might learn something more. So I crept as near to the hut as I dared, and there awaited the result. In a little while the girl returned, and with her came two men. They entered the hut, and I tried to get near enough to hear what was said within, but did not succeed. Ere long, however, the men came out, and stopped very near to my place of concealment.

"Well, Mat," said one of them, "I'll go home, and be ready in the morning. The old woman'll do well enough, I guess."

"But I hope that doctor won't come," returned the other. "He may be right in our way."

"If he does come," suggested the first speaker, "he'll be off in time. At all events you can easily keep him out of the way."

"Never mind," said Harn. "But I say," he added, "this chap who brought Tilda home must be the very chap we're after."

"I think so," was the response.

"They talked a little while longer, and I learned their plans pretty thoroughly. I was their intended victim. They had been at the inn when I arrived, and had discovered that I was a perfect stranger in that section; so they thought I should not be missed if they put me out of the way. They felt sure that I had money with me, and they must have it. Croft was to be ready before daylight, and they would lie in wait for me until I came along—then kill and rob me—take care of my horse, and sink my body 'in the old well'."

"I made my way back to the inn, and reached my room without disturbing any one. My toothache was gone, though I had no recollection of the precise time when the pain left me. In the morning I pretended to be sick with a cold and headache, and told the landlord that I could not ride my horse. He said that was the day for the stage, and that it would be along about ten o'clock; so I informed him that I should wait for it, and engaged him to keep my horse until I called for it. Then I bound a handkerchief about my head, and acted the sick man as well as I could. At nine o'clock I heard two familiar voices under the window. They were my friends, Harn and Croft. They had come to find out why I had not proceeded on my journey. They talked with the ostler a little, and then came into the bar-room, where I was sitting, pretending to be half asleep. They were hard-looking fellows, as I had expected, and just such fellows as I should suppose would work or rob, as opportunity might offer. They were not ugly-looking, nor really villainous, but they had a reckless, swaggering way, and a loose expression, which at once betokened that they possessed little or no sense of morality or humanity. They had a good look at me—then took something to drink—and then took their leave; and I could see that they were somewhat disappointed.

"At ten o'clock the stage came along, and I took a place inside, and by three o'clock in the afternoon was in Columbia. I gained access to my brother without trouble, and I certainly don't think I should have known him if I had met him in the street, he had grown so thin and pale. But when I came to tell him what I had discovered, the colour came to his face, and he looked more like himself. He told me he had engaged a lawyer who lived close by, and having spent half an hour with him, I went to see his legal friend. I found the latter individual in his office, and having made myself known, I proceeded to relate my adventure of the night before. He was not only interested, but he entered into my plans with enthusiasm, and promised to take the whole affair into his own hands, and manage it to the best of his ability. He told me that there were rumours afloat that two men had been murdered on the road

where my brother was apprehended, before the crime was committed of which James was accused; but they had been strangers in the country, and no certain information could be obtained.

"On the following morning the lawyer had all the necessary documents prepared, and, in company with the sheriff, we set off. We reached the residence of Matthew Harn before noon, and found both him and Croft there. They were frightened when the officer arrested them, but offered no resistance; though they might have done so had they known how much evidence we were likely to bring against them. They were taken to the inn, and thence sent forward under a sufficient guard to Columbia. A company was then collected, and we went out to the wood to see if we could find 'the old well,' of which I had heard the prisoners speak. One of the party remembered that there used to be a house near the spot where the murder had been done, and under his direction the search was commenced. The place where the house had stood was found, and ere long we found the well. It was very deep, and covered with fallen logs and bushes. Grappling-hooks were procured, and three dead bodies were fished up from the slimy water. One of them was much decomposed, but the other two were not so far gone but that the innkeeper could recognise them as men who had stopped over night at his house only a few months before.

"The next movement of the sheriff was to arrest Mrs. Harn and her daughter, and also the wife and young son of Isaac Croft. They were taken at once to Columbia, and there confined separately.

"Two days after this my brother's trial came on, and he was acquitted without difficulty. But not so with the two witnesses who had caused his arrest. They were tried upon an indictment for murder, and the evidence was so overwhelming against them that hardly a shadow of defence was made; and when they were fully convicted, Croft made a confession. He acknowledged that he and Harn had murdered the traveller, and had just robbed him when they heard the tramp of a coming horse. They had barely time to empty the purse and throw it down, and make off into the woods, when my brother came up. When they saw him dismount, and commence examining the corpse, the idea entered their heads of fastening the crime upon him. They had two objects in this:—first, to shift the present crime from their shoulders; and, second, to turn suspicion from themselves in case the previous murders should come to light. But they failed in their plans, and in due time met the fate they so richly deserved.

"By the time we got clear of the court my brother was willing to come back with me. His first experience in the West had made him homesick, and he fancied he would rather live where his known good character might be of some avail against the false swearing of perjured rascals."

Small Change.

It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics, that when statesmen get into place they often become oblivious of their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their relatives.

TOM MOORE'S am-a-toriness was admirably hit off at the time he was a candidate for the representation of Limerick:—

"When Limerick, in idle whim,
Moore as her member lately courted,
'The boys,' for form's sake, asked of him
To state what party he supported.
When thus his answer promptly ran
(Now give the wit his mead of glory),
'I'm of no party as a man,
But as a poet, am-a-tory.'"

CONVERSATION.—The man who would shine in conversation must possess original ideas and strong sympathies,—be able both to communicate and to listen.

A MAN called upon a lawyer the other day and began to state his case in rather an abrupt manner. "Sir, I have come to you for advice; I'm a husband-in-law!" "A what!" spoke out the learned counsel. "Husband-in-law, sir!" "I have never seen that defined in domestic relations." "Don't you know what a husband-in-law is? Sir, you're no lawyer; you're an ignoramus! I am a husband-in-law, but not in fact, sir—my wife's run off."

BAD COMPANY is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first or second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the piners cannot take hold to draw it out, which can only be done by the destruction of the wood.

A SERVANT girl, in the town of A—, whose beauty formed matter of general admiration and discussion, in passing a group of officers in the street, heard one of them exclaim to his fellows, "By heaven, she's painted!" Turning round, she very quietly replied, "Yes, sir; and by heaven only!" The officer acknowledged the force of the rebuke, and apologised.

The following verse contains every letter of the English alphabet except "e." It is a question whether any other in English rhyme can be produced (in print) without the letter "e," which is a letter more used than any other.

"A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might,
To quiz in vain, for 'tis most plain,
That what I say is right."

CURIOSITY is a thing that makes us look over other people's affairs and overlook our own. If a spy may be executed by the laws of war, surely a Paul Pry may be kicked or horsewhipped by the laws of society. You can have no peace with such a man unless you declare war against him. Xenocrates, reprehending curiosity, said, it is as rude to intrude into another man's house with your eyes as with your feet.

An instance of the distinction without a difference was offered by the Irishman, who, having legs of different sizes, ordered boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed; but, as he tried the smaller boot on the larger leg, he exclaimed indignantly, "Confound this fellow! I ordered him to make one larger than the other, and, instead of that, he has made one smaller than the other."

INSULTS are counterfeit money; we can't help their being offered, but we needn't take them.

ESSAY ON MAN.

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, strong, if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good, or never.

WHAT is called the keeping up of appearances is oftentimes a moral or rather immoral uttering of counterfeit coin. It is astonishing how much human bad money is current in society, bearing the fair impress of ladies and gentlemen.

A THEATRICAL audience is a crowd of people, called an audience perhaps for the reason that they cannot hear, like *lucus à non lucendo*. The actors speak with their hands and feet, and the spectators listen with their eyes.

LADIES HAVE THE PULL OF GENTLEMEN.—Ladies are following the profession of dentistry in New York. Wrenchem, in his cynical manner, approves of this, and the reason of his approval is, because "Women (he says) are universally acknowledged to be the most practiced hands at stopping men's mouths!"

A LADY'S hair, like the latest news, is found in the morning papers.

ON a wet, miserable, foggy London day Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar-woman with, "Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor, destitute widow-woman who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days." "So have I!" said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling; "so have I; it's a miserable day! Good-by! good by!"

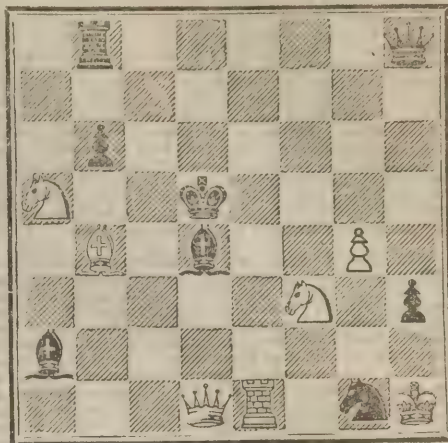
We overheard a curious thing from a little fellow about six years of age a short time ago. The subject of wedding-cake had been introduced in the course of conversation, in which the father was taking a part. "Father," said the little fellow, after having apparently reflected intently on something, "I shan't send you any of my wedding-cake when I get married."—"Why not?" was the inquiry.—"Because," answered the young hopeful, "you didn't send me any of yours!"

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

'Tis sweeter than all else below,
The daylight and its duties done,
To fold the arms for rest, and so
Relinquish all regards but one;
To see her features in the dark;
To lie and meditate, once more,
Some grace he did not fully mark,
Some tone he had not heard before;
Then from beneath his head to take
Her notes, her picture, and her glove,
Put there for joy when he shall wake,
And press them to the heart of love;
And then to whisper "Wife," and pray
To live so long as not to miss
That unimaginable day
Which farther seems the nearer 'tis:
And still from joy's unfathom'd well
To drink, in sleep, while on her brow
Of innocence ineffable
The laughing bridal roses blow.

Chess.

Problem No. 62. By HENRY TURTON, Esq.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 53.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to Q 6 | 1. P takes Kt (a) |
| 2. P to Q Kt 4 | 2. K to Q Kt 4 |
| 3. Q takes B P (ch) | 3. K to R 3 |
| 4. Kts P mates | |
| (a) | 1. Kt takes Kt |
| 2. P to Q Kt 3 (ch) | 2. K to K 4 |
| 3. Q to Q 7 (ch) | |
| 4. Q mates | |

Solution of Problem No. 54.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to K B 8 | 1. R takes Kt |
| 2. R to Q 7 | 2. K to Q 3 (best) |
| 3. Kt to Q B 5 | 3. Any move |
| 4. R mates | |

Solution of Problem No. 55.

- | | |
|-------------|-----------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to Q 6 | 1. R (on Q 2) takes B |
| 2. Q to K 6 | (a) (b) (c) |
| 3. Kt mates | 2. Any move |

(a) If R on Q Kt 3 takes R, White plays Q to Q 5. (b) If K takes Kt, White replies with Q to K 6 (ch). (c) If B takes Kt, White checks with Kt, and mates with Q.

Solution of Problem No. 56.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Kt to K 2 | 1. P takes Kt |
| 2. B to K B 2 | 2. B takes B |
| 3. R to K B 6 (ch) | 3. Kt takes B |
| 4. Q mates | |

ALEXIS.—1. The prizes are now being contended for by G. P. Y. Mr. E. Johnson, J. W. (of Lowick), and Mr. M. Lancaster. 2. Yes; when a sufficient number have signified their wishes.

F. G. H.—You are, as we have stated upon various occasions, entitled to claim a Queen for every Pawn which you may have advanced to its eighth square, and may, therefore, have two or more Queens on the board at the same time.

W. COATES.—Problems Nos. 1 and 2, although improvements upon your previous efforts, are still below our standard of merit. Moreover, in Problem No. 2, White can at his second move play B to Q 3 with just the same effect as B to Q Kt sq. In that case the Pawn will mate on K 3.

M'LEOD BARR.—We must refer you to the Chess Lessons which appear in the earlier numbers of the Old Series of the FAMILY PAPER. We have not space to furnish you with all the information which your inquiry embraces.

FATHER THOMAS.—The Problems submitted by you are much too simple for our column.

A. NOVICE.—The moves should be recalled under the circumstances to which you refer.

GEORGE SARGANT.—Your game would have been hopeless had Black at the 17th move played Kt to K Kt 5, followed by B to Q Kt 2 (ch), &c. This mode of play must have led to an exchange of pieces irretrievably to your disadvantage.

A. W.—A forced move is when you have only one legal move at command.

M. A. R.—We shall feel obliged if you will forward your communications on Chess on separate sheets. Your present practice is productive of much inconvenience, and is sometimes the cause of our omission to notice the other subjects to which you refer.

T. B. C.—You may not castle if you have moved your King. You cannot castle on the side on which the Rook has been moved, nor if either of the squares over which the King has to pass is commanded by an adverse piece.

GRAPES, MONA, AND B. W.—Do you not overlook Black's reply of Kt to Q 5 to your first move in Problem No. 53.

* Owing to the great increase in the number of our Chess correspondents, it is sometimes difficult to find room for answers to all their communications, but they may rest assured that each will receive attention in due course.

Our Editorial Table.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

In order that no difficulty might attend the procuring of the back numbers of our New Series, we have kept them continually in print, without extra charge. As these reprints, however, are attended with so much additional cost as to entail considerable loss, we propose, as soon as Mr. J. F. Smith's exciting tale of "Smiles and Tears" is completed, to discontinue the issue of the back numbers of Vol. I, New Series, which will be then only to be had completely bound in the volume. Our readers are therefore requested to order any numbers they may require as soon as possible. Any back number of the New Series may now be had at one penny, and any number of the Old Series at three halfpence, as heretofore; and should any difficulty arise in procuring them from a bookseller, postage stamps can be forwarded to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard.

CAMILLA.—The brightness of the harvest moon, which delighted you so much when you were in the country last autumn, is considered a phenomenon. In an astronomical work, entitled the "Mechanism of the Heavens," the following explanation is given of this beautiful appearance of the moon. About the time of the autumnal equinox the moon, when near her full, rises about sunset many nights in succession. This occasions a remarkable number of brilliant moonlight evenings; and as this is in England the period of harvest, the phenomenon is termed the harvest moon. The sun being in the constellation called "Libra," or the Scales, and the moon when full being of course opposite to the sun, and moving eastwards at the rate of about thirteen degrees per day, would descend but a small distance below the horizon for four or six days in succession, that is, for two or three days before, and the same number of days after the full; and thus the moon would rise during all these evenings nearly at the same time, namely, a little before or a little after sunset, so as to afford a remarkable succession of fine moonlight evenings. We have endeavoured to strip this explanation of all unnecessary technical terms, and we hope it will give you some little insight into the causes of the harvest moon.

STEPHEN L.—We can assure you that you run great risk in the amusement that so delights you at the sea-side. Searching for crabs is dangerous, unless you have a companion at hand. A powerful crab has actually been known to grasp with its claws the hand of its opponent, and to hold him there without the power of moving until a passer-by came to his assistance. Should such an accident happen to you, the best plan for making the animal loosen its hold, is said to be to detach the claw that is unemployed. The creature called the hermit crab, a specimen of which has so greatly excited your curiosity in the aquarium at the Zoological Gardens, lives a solitary life in his own habitation. He is of very pugnacious habits, in fact he is sometimes called the soldier crab. If two hermits of tolerably equal size are placed in an aquarium they fight whenever they meet. These creatures are not particular about their diet, provided it is of an animal substance. They will devour raw meat or even their own species. The shells to which they seem attached are not parts of themselves, but habitations they take possession of at their convenience.

G. PORSON.—You are evidently labouring under an error. Sulphur is capable of being volatilised. With regard to its medicinal powers, they are various. By common consent (the result of experience), sulphur placed in the water given to dogs contributes to the health of the animal, and consequently lessens the danger of hydrophobia. As you seem to know very little about sulphur we inform you that it comes to us chiefly from Italy, Sicily, and South America. Generally it is found of a yellow colour and it is both hard and brittle. The vapours have the singular power of bleaching any substance.

A. B.—Although you were born out of the British dominions, if your father (or grandfather by the father's side) was a natural born subject, you are now, by various statutes, deemed to be a natural born subject yourself, unless your ancestors were attainted and banished beyond sea for high treason, or unless your father was at your birth in the service of a prince at enmity with Great Britain.

J. ASHTON.—Our word "harvest" is derived from *herb feast*. As to the feast of "harvest-home," it must be nearly as ancient as the arts of sowing and reaping. We admire the custom to which you allude of having a *Queen of the Harvest*. She used formerly to be brought home with the last load of corn. In 1598, at a "harvest-home" celebrated at Windsor, an image was richly dressed up to represent Ceres. At this feast were also introduced the pipe and tabor. It seems that in Suffolk the foremost man of the field used to be called "lord," and the money he collected from friends and visitors to make a frolic afterwards was called a "lurgess" and the feast a "horkey." The lines you allude to are by Bloomfield; they run thus:—

Home came the jovial horkey load,
Last of the old year's crop,
And Grace among the green boughs rode
Right plump upon the top."

Y. BEVERLY.—So you are going to Switzerland, and you wish us to give you some information about William Tell, who delivered his country from Austrian oppression. The Germans and Burgundians having conquered Switzerland, Albert the First, then Emperor of Germany, treated the inhabitants with great severity; refused them their ancient privileges, and appointed two tyrannical noblemen as governors in Switzerland. One of these governors fixed a pole at Altorf, in the canton of Uri. On this he placed his hat, and ordered that submission should be paid to it. This submission Tell refused to pay. He was brought before the tyrant, who, to punish Tell (a celebrated marksman), ordered that he should shoot an apple from his own son's head. Tell did so without hurting his child. But he had furnished himself with a second arrow, which the tyrant discovering, asked him what he had intended it for. "To shoot you to

the heart," answered the mountaineer, "had I killed my son." This daring reply occasioned Tell's being taken prisoner. However, he escaped, and finally killed the tyrant. Historians give 1354 as the date of Tell's death.

P. SUMMERS.—Jeddah and Jiddah are one. Perhaps if you had sought out Jiddah in your gazetteer, you might have found the information required, concerning a place that has recently acquired such dreadful notoriety from the massacre of the Christians. Jeddah, Djidda, or Jiddah—for it may be called by any of these names—is the port of Mecca, and one of the chief entrepôts for foreign commerce in Arabia. The resident population is about 5,000; but this number is often very much increased by the influx of strangers. The inhabitants are nearly all foreigners, or settlers from other parts of Arabia; the only natives being a few sheriff families, attached exclusively to the officers of religion and law. It is one of the holy places of Mohammedanism; its sanctity is increased by the neighbourhood of the reputed tomb of Eve—a rude stone structure, about two miles to the north. The caravans to Mecca start daily, and those to Medina every forty or fifty days. Twice at least in every year Jeddah is inundated with inhabitants: viz., on the arrival of the Indian fleet (about May), when merchants from all quarters pour in, and during the hajj, when pilgrims come from all the African ports in vast numbers. The climate of Jeddah is one of the most trying that can be imagined; the nature of its winds assume the character of the tracts they traverse. The north wind, after crossing the Desert, arrives in such a state of dryness, that the skin is parched, paper cracks as if it were in the mouth of an oven, and the air is always loaded with sand. If the wind changes to the south, everything is in the opposite extreme; the air becomes damp, and all you handle becomes of a clammy wetness. The outbreak of murderous fanaticism against the Christians, the consequences of which have recently been so deplorable, is supposed to have been occasioned by the preaching of an enthusiast who had witnessed the taking of Delhi.

BASSIE THOMPSON.—The expressions that have puzzled you are French and Latin, but they are now commonly used in English. *Persefage* means "jesting," and it is a sort of jesting many people do not relish. *Dessous de cartes* means "under-hand dealing," but it would be more literally translated, "under the cards." *Nem. con.* is an abbreviation of *nemine contradicente*; it means "without opposition." Of the Latin phrase, *Non compos mentis*, the translation is "not sound in mind."

T. R. ROBSON.—We shall take an early opportunity of furnishing some interesting details concerning the great Leviathan. In the meantime, the following may serve your purpose:—Length on the upper deck, 691 feet; breadth across the paddle-boxes, 118 feet; depth from deck to keel, 55 feet; length of principal saloon, 100 feet; length of berths, 14 feet; diameter of paddle-wheels, 56 feet; diameter of screw, 22 feet; capacity of coal bunkers, 12,000 tons; nominal horse power, 1,600 tons; number of cylinders, 4; diameter of cylinders, 6 feet 2 inches; draught of water laden, 30 feet; ditto ditto unladen, 15 feet.

G. E.—You can have the index and title to Vol. I. by sending two penny postage stamps to Messrs. Petter and Galpin.

A. GROOM.—To clean your saddle and bridle leather, &c., and give it a nice glossy polish, use the following:—Mix in a phial one ounce of oxymuriate of potash with two ounces of distilled water; and, when the salt is dissolved, add two ounces of muriatic acid. Then, in another phial, shake well together two ounces of rectified spirits of wine with half an ounce of the essential oil of lemon. Unite the contents of the two phials, and keep the chemical liquid thus prepared closely corked for use. It should be applied with a clean sponge, and dried with a gentle heat, after which the leather may be polished with a proper brush so as to appear like new.

SARAH ANN.—Fasten your engravings to the leaves of your album with stiff gum paste (gum arabic dissolved in water). Touch the corners of the back with a very small portion applied with a small camel-hair pencil.—The gentlemen you have named are not related to each other.

LAVINIA.—Make your scent-bag thus:—Take half a pound of lavender flowers, free from stalk; of dried thyme and mint, each half an ounce; ground cloves and carraways, each a quarter of an ounce; common salt, dried, one ounce. Mix the whole well together, and put the product into silk or cambric bags. In this way it will perfume the drawers and linen very nicely.

P. P.—Tours is the principal town of the department *Indre et Loire*. It was formerly the capital of the province of Touraine. Tours is a well-built town, on the beautiful river Loire. Should you pass through Tours, mind you visit the Promenade du Mail.

A. CONSTANT READER.—Was the marriage duly registered? If not, you may have some difficulty in proving it.

ZINGARI is an Italian word, signifying gipsies.

R. EMERSON.—Encourage the feeling that induces you to appreciate the innocent pleasures within your reach. There are many places of deep interest, whether exhibitions, museums, or gardens, that are thrown open gratis, and may be visited by the inhabitants of London without any expense. Of course the places of attraction at a few miles from the metropolis cannot be reached without a small outlay, excepting by a good pedestrian; but who would grudge ten pence or a shilling to visit the magnificent gardens of Kew?—gardens in some respects unrivalled in the universe. When you take your family to these delightful pleasure-grounds, so liberally thrown open to the public, mind you notice the Norfolk Island Pine. This is the noblest specimen of its kind in Europe. The branches or foliage of this pine or fir tree bear a striking resemblance to an ostrich-feather. The Norfolk pine stands in a large tub, containing seventeen tons weight of its parent soil, on the grand promenade near the orangery. Its grace and beauty make it the principal ornament of the Arboretum.

D. R. P.—The answer to the puzzle was given in popular rather than in philosophical terms.

A. CONSTANT READER.—The glue used by bookbinders is the same as that used by carpenters and joiners; it is melted by placing pieces of it in water over a slow fire.

LYDIA L.—You say that the possibility of England's being invaded causes a good deal of disension and some alarm in your family circle. Do not fear. The strength of a free and united people (with a senate alive to every danger that may threaten) is such as to give foes little chance of success. When we have the fleet, which we hope soon to behold—viz., thirty sail-of-the-line—lying in the Downs, near Dover, we need care little for the hostility of any power of Europe. Such a force would prove to all enemies (even supposing we have enemies) that means of aggression and plans of invasion are all equally useless, and we may confidently pursue our course at home in peace.

EDITH.—There is no remedy for a mildewed mirror. You must have it re-silvered.

JOSEPHINE.—The first number of "Cassell's Illustrated History of England" was published on January 1, 1856; and, as it appears weekly, there are consequently 134 Nos. published, which may be obtained from any respectable bookseller at one penny each. It has a greater circulation than has ever perhaps before been attained by a similar publication.

JAKES.—If you place the vowel after each of the letters in the inscription you have sent, it will form the following couplet:—

Persevere, ye perfect men;
Ever keep these precepts ten.

J. W. S.—French polish is made by dissolving shell lac in wood naphtha. It should be made by frequently stirring or shaking the ingredients together in a well-closed bottle or other vessel.

A. M.—The only advice we can give you is to abandon the use of the article that spoils your teeth, and scrub them twice a day with a brush of moderate stiffness and some finely powdered charcoal.

A. HIGHLANDER, AN APPRENTICE, A. N., THOMAS ITALIANO, ADA HARIE, C. R. I. D. D., A. YOUNG STUDENT, J. F. ASTON, G. HYDE, W. S. B. (Tunstall), and several other correspondents, wish us to recommend books on various topics. This we decline doing for the reasons we have before stated. Where there are so many rival claims, it becomes a difficult and delicate matter to decide.

GIAOUR.—The sons of dukes and marquises are all called "lords" by courtesy; legally, they are only commoners. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York have power to excommunicate in their own provinces, for false doctrine or for immoral practices.

H. C. SKEEP.—Tobacco was first brought to England by Sir John Hawkins, in 1565; but Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake are also mentioned as having first introduced it here. Various accounts are given as to the derivation of its name, some ascribing it to the fact of its being brought from *Tobacco*, a province of Yacatan, New Spain; others to *Tobago*, one of the Caribbees; and others, again, from *Tobasco*, in the Gulf of Florida.

ADONIS.—A lad of sixteen, who is an "Adonis," may surely be content to wait a year or two longer for the hirsute appendages he so eagerly covets.

LECTOR ET AUDITOR.—The two words "whisper" and "away" are of Teutonic origin. *Flistern* and *weg*, the German for "whisper" and "way" are evidently the source from which our own words are derived.

GUADALQUIVER.—You have not quite understood the meaning of the rule "sound the final consonant in French when the next word begins with a vowel," or you would have seen no difficulty in the pronunciation of *trop ardente*. *Is étaient la*, is pronounced *ees ettoy lah*, and not *els*. *D'ici à un mois* is properly translated "in a month from the present time," as *d'ici* is represented by the last four words which you say are superfluous.

OSWALDUS CARACTACUS.—A good knowledge of Greek is essential if you would obtain a degree in arts. A knowledge of mathematics is not necessary, though desirable. Most of the books you will require are in Latin.

J. L. A. W.—Use a good stiff hair brush; those in which the hairs are cut in irregular lengths are the best.

A. SWIMMER.—One object of bathing is to brace the system. If you are languid and weak after bathing, it perhaps proceeds from your bathing too frequently, and remaining in the water too long. Try twice a week, and for a shorter time.

EMILY J. E., TAM O'SHANTER.—The "Lessons in French" commenced in No. 30.

A. CHESS STUDENT.—The real name of Philidor, the celebrated chess player, was Andrew Dancan. He acquired his well-known sobriquet from his excellence as a musician. His fondness for chess became a passion, to indulge which he travelled over a great part of Europe. He died August 30, 1795.

G. J. O. R.—*Epa*, pronounced *Spaw*, is the name usually given to mineral springs. It is derived from a place (Spa or Spaa) in Belgium, celebrated for its mineral springs. It is situate about twenty miles from Aix-la-Chapelle.

B. P. F.—Artificial yeast, or barm, may be made thus:—Boil a quarter of a peck of malt in three pints of water; pour off two pints, and keep in a warm place for thirty hours; add four pints of a similar decoction; stir it well in; again ferment, and repeat this addition of four pints until a sufficient quantity of yeast is obtained. This will be found preferable to brewer's yeast, particularly when used for raising dough.

A. COUNTRY AMATEUR.—The specimen of water-colour drawing you have sent us is very creditable to your genius; we should, however, recommend you to study higher class models, and to sketch from nature.

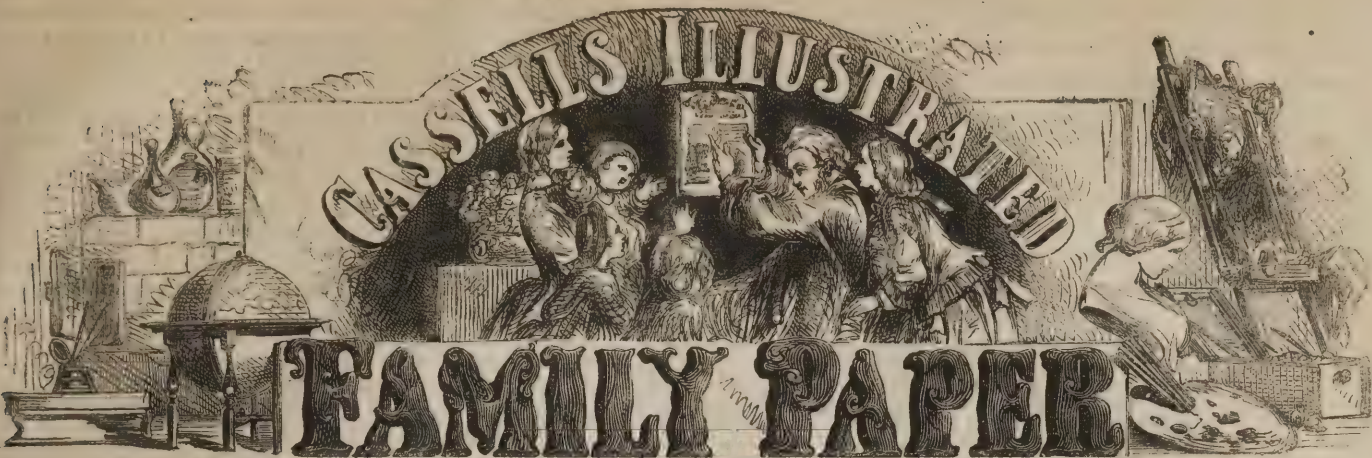
GALASHIELS.—Your puzzle has frequently appeared.

T. P.—The Latin sentence is literally rendered thus: "To the thunderer his own weapons."

** We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. II.—No. 39.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

Gird your hearts with silent fortitude,
Suffering, yet hoping all things.—MRS. HEMANS.

DOCTOR BURKE found the companions of our hero more or less severely injured; but their state, fortunately, inspired no fear for their ultimate recovery. Poor Jack Manders proved the greatest sufferer, as well as the most refractory of his patients; for, although the grateful fellow could scarcely stand, he insisted so long and strenuously on being removed to

the bedside of his benefactor, and watching over him himself, that it required all the doctor's authority to induce him to relinquish his design—it seemed to Jack a dereliction of duty to permit any one else to supply his place.

As for Mark Rayner, happier than the rest, he was attended by his devoted wife: no wonder that he recovered quickly.

In illness there is no hand like woman's to smooth the pillow, moisten the parched lip, or wipe the cold, damp dews of agony from the throbbing brow. In misfortune, her voice is the first to offer consolation; in death, to whisper the hope which follows true repentance.

In every relation of life—as daughter, sister, wife, or mother—woman's mission is a sacred ministry; too often, alas! misunderstood, and still more frequently unrewarded, by the return of that affection which constitutes at once her weakness and her strength.

Man should remember this, and the harsh word

would die upon his lips unspoken. The blow—but we dare not pursue that subject: for no appeal our pen may trace can touch the heart of a wretch capable of raising his hand to strike where heaven most loves, and manhood is most bound to guard.

Our readers, who have followed the progress of Mark Rayner, are too well acquainted with him by this time to suppose for an instant that these observations are intended to apply to him; for, with all his faults, he had never ceased to love his wife fondly—to feel proud of her virtues and the principles he lacked strength of mind to imitate. His errors, not to use a harsher term, had arisen from weakness of character. Like hundreds of husbands, he lacked resolution to say "No" to the solicitations of idle, dissolute companions; and thus, without being naturally vicious, he had paid, as is frequently the case, the bitter penalty of vice.

Rose, happy in her present prospects, forgot the past; and, when her repentant husband would have



PETER MANGLES REMINDS MR. BENTLY THAT HE HAS YET A DAUGHTER.

alluded to it, silenced his self-reproaches with a generous kiss.

For several days the life of Richard depended on a thread so fragile, the slightest shock—a breath too rude—must have severed it; but friendship and affection watched over him. Poor Lillian, heart-broken and despairing, with more than human fortitude, restrained her tears, and decked her wan features with a smile during the few moments she was permitted each succeeding morning to visit him.

"For my sake," were the only words she dared trust herself to utter; but they fell with affection's balm upon the sufferer's ears—spoke music to his heart; at her presence the shadows of death appeared to recede. True, they returned again, but each time fainter than before; and Burke, who was unremitting in his attentions, at last began to speak confidently of his recovery.

Meanwhile, Sir Charles Fourreau had not neglected the means of defence so providentially placed at his disposal. With immense labour, the heavy guns of the rajah were dragged from their place of concealment, mounted upon the walls, and the ample supply of ammunition carefully removed. Worn as they were, and diminished in number, not a man of the 01st but endured his toil cheerfully, for his commander and officers shared it with him.

As for Major Plinlimmon, having formerly served in the artillery, he considered himself peculiarly called upon to superintend the operations, and, to do him justice, worked at them day and night. Never, perhaps, had the old soldier felt a prouder moment than when he beheld his pets, as he facetiously called them, placed in position.

"Let the rascals come," he said, "only let them make their appearance within range; I ask no more."

"You forget my patient," observed Burke, gravely.

"So I did," replied the warm-hearted Welshman; "well, then, I hope they will not come till the poor fellow can stand the music of their voices. How differently we are constituted," he added: "it would revive me, and recall the ebbing lifeblood to my heart, even if I were in *extremis*, as you doctors call it."

The hope, like many others in this world, was destined to prove a false one; for, on the evening of the very day on which the preparations were completed, the long-expected forces of the Begum joined those of the rebel rajah at the fort.

"Five thousand of them, at the very least," philosophically observed the major, as he saw them defile, troop after troop, upon the plain. "Warm work to-morrow, I can predict that."

"Sorry to hear it," replied the doctor, who, with a thoughtful brow and hesitating step, proceeded shortly afterwards to the apartment of Lady Bell and Lillian.

"It is almost too much to exact, even from woman's fortitude and devotion," he muttered to himself; "but it must be tried, for it is the only chance of saving him."

It was only by unremitting watchfulness, joined to great professional skill, that the speaker had succeeded in suppressing those symptoms of fever which, in the feeble state of our hero, in all probability must have terminated fatally. To accomplish this he had permitted only a subdued light to penetrate the cell of his patient—forbidden the visits of Lillian and Lady Bell to be prolonged beyond a few brief moments; and, above all, prohibited the slightest word or sound that might increase the susceptibility of the nervous system, already too much excited; and now he was menaced with the horrors of an attack—the cannon's roar, and worse than all, the tortures of suspense—anxiety for those he loved.

There appeared but one way of meeting it. Burke knew the hearts of those to whom he trusted to carry out his idea, and the result did not disappoint him.

Lady Bell and Lillian entered the chamber of the patient at the usual hour the following day, but, instead of withdrawing, as usual, after a brief visit, pleaded, as had been preconcerted, with the doctor for permission to remain.

Burke affected to look serious.

"I am stronger," murmured Richard, "indeed, I am stronger; although I cannot find words to tell you how much good their presence does me. I feel no pain whilst they are by my side."

"You would exert yourself too much."

"No," interrupted the invalid; "I will not speak: it will be happiness enough to gaze in the eyes of Lillian, mark the returning flush of health upon her cheek, and indulge my heart in waking dreams of love."

"Well," said the doctor, "I shall see how you keep your promise; should I find that you exert yourself too much, or become excited, I must withdraw the permission."

The two ladies seated themselves one on each side

of the couch. Little did its occupant imagine, as he gazed upon their placid features, the painful efforts it cost them to control their feelings; for scarcely an hour had passed since they had bade what might prove a final adieu—Lady Bell to her husband, Lillian to her second father.

"Shall I read to you, Richard?" whispered the latter.

Her lover smiled consent, and the fair girl instantly commenced, with an unflinching voice, the sublime liturgy of the church. On arriving at that portion of it in which we are taught to pray against battle, murder, and sudden death, her hearers pronounced the response, "Good Lord deliver us," with the deepest fervour. All but our hero were aware that the perils against which they implored protection were drawing near.

At the conclusion of the prayer Fred Wharton joined the group; he wore a cheerful air, and smilingly gave his hand to his friend.

"I have but a few moments to remain with you," he observed, in a careless tone. "The major is about to exercise the guns which we have at last succeeded in mounting upon the walls. It is necessary," he added, "to ascertain their range."

"I positively forbid it," exclaimed Burke; "Plinlimmon must postpone it for a day or two. How does he imagine my patient can endure the report?"

"Not on my account," said Richard, cheerfully; "I can bear it, I feel assured I can, now that I know the cause. To be here, wounded and helpless, whilst those dearest to me were exposing their lives in an unequal contest with our savage foes would, I confess, prove too great a trial for my philosophy or strength, but mere practice—my nerves are not so irritable as you imagine."

The doctor pretended to forego his remonstrances with well-acted reluctance, and the young officer returned to his post upon the walls, where he found Sir Charles and Plinlimmon anxiously watching the troops of the rajah and his new ally as they defiled in dark masses across the plains.

"It will be no child's play," observed the former, as he mentally calculated their force.

"I trust not," answered his companion, in a cheerful tone; "I am tired of being cooped up in these infernal walls, and should like the regiment to have the credit of defeating the rascals before the arrival of our friends. How astonished the rebels will be," he added, "when our guns open on them. I long to hear the music."

More than an hour elapsed before this wish, so natural from the lips of an old soldier, was gratified. The besieged waited with the utmost patience till the enemy were sufficiently near to render their fire effective.

At the first discharge of the cannon, the colonel gave one sigh to those who were so dear to him; the next moment every energy and thought were devoted to his country.

"Beautifully pointed!" exclaimed the excited major, when he beheld the deadly havoc the shower of grape had caused in the advancing columns. "The balls plough deeply—see what a gap they have left in their lines."

Above the roar of battle, which now began in earnest, the deep, stern voice of the commander of the 01st might be heard giving orders as coolly as though he and his regiment were on the parade-ground.

The leader of the rebels was so disconcerted at finding the walls of the temple defended by numerous artillery, that it was some time before he recovered sufficient presence of mind to change his plan of attack, and direct his attempts against the north side of the building, whose defenders, however, had forestalled his movement by bringing several of their guns to bear in the direction menaced.

"Deploy your lines as much as you will," said Plinlimmon, affectionately patting one of his pieces; "we are ready for you."

When the report of the cannon fell, like a thunder-clap, upon the ears of Richard, those around him noticed that a faint flush suffused his cheeks, that he fixed his eyes anxiously upon those of Lillian, who replied to his silent inquiry by a smile that might have done honour to a martyr's courage.

"I am afraid," observed the doctor, "that the noise will prove too much for you; I had better send a message to the major to stop it."

"No," replied our hero; "it was but the first emotion. My nerves, I fear, are greatly shattered."

"Remember my injunction," interrupted Burke, placing his finger upon his lips.

"Not another word," said Lady Bell, seating herself by the side of the patient, and taking one of his hands in hers: "we are only here upon condition that you keep absolute silence."

These words were interrupted by a second report, which echoed fearfully through the halls of the temple and caused the blood to rush to the heart of the speaker, who knew that at the very moment she was thus forcing her features to bely her feelings, the husband of her affection was exposed to the chances of an unequal contest.

This time the wounded man betrayed no emotion—fully believing in the well, but painfully acted deception, he felt satisfied that the warlike major was merely practising the guns.

And thus for several hours did these heroic women endure the torture of suspense—the agony of doubts that rend the heart; endure them without a murmur or a tear.

Tears would have been a relief, but they dared not shed them.

Never had Burke, the only spectator of this extraordinary scene, felt so deeply imbued with love and admiration for woman's fortitude and woman's strength, as when contemplating their silent martyrdom. He had witnessed many a noble deed upon the battle-field, where the force of example, the trumpet's clang, the shout of triumph, and the excitement of the conflict lend their powerful aid to maintain the soldier's courage; but never one more heroic than the suppression of their sufferings; not a word of impatience, a look or cry of anguish escaped them; and if at each fresh discharge an inquiring glance or one of doubt rested for an instant upon their features, a smile quickly dissipated it.

"Hark!" said our hero, as the cry of human voices rose above the battle's din, "something unusual is going on."

"Our brave fellows shouting defiance to the enemy, nothing more," observed the doctor; "the cowardly rascals have not the pluck to answer their challenge."

And with this reply, his patient appeared once more satisfied.

There is a limit to human strength, if none to human weakness; had the trial lasted much longer, the self-possession of Lillian and Lady Bell must have given way. Just as their feelings were stretched to the utmost tension, the corporal entered the cell, looking as cool and unconcerned as if he had been taking a siesta all the while, instead of a share in a hard-fought battle. Saluting his mistress, as he generally did, in military fashion, he gravely informed her that Sir Charles wished to see her.

"Where is he?"

These were the only words the agitated wife could utter.

"In the adjoining hall," replied the old man.

Lady Bell tottered, rather than walked, from the presence of the lover of Lillian, and the next moment found herself clasped to the bosom of her gallant husband.

"We have beaten the rebels!" exclaimed the veteran, proudly; "the victory is won: not a foe remains before our walls."

This was indeed a source of triumph, but a still nobler victory had been achieved by the brave woman, who now reclined, sobbing and half-senseless, in the arms of her husband.

A week was permitted to elapse before Burke deemed it prudent to inform his patient that the firing he had heard, instead of being caused by exercising the guns, had been made in repelling an attack.

"Doctor," said our hero, struck with admiration at the fortitude Lillian and Lady Bell had both shown, "I fear, with all our force of character, woman's strength surpasses ours."

"You are right," answered the man of science;

"and do you know why it does so?"

"Because it springs from the heart," replied Richard, after a moment's reflection, "whilst ours is from the head alone."

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest all gathering there:
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay.

BYRON.

The calm that followed the assault of the rebels upon the temple proved a treacherous one. Something like that lull which precedes the waking of the tempest: there was menace even in its stillness, danger from the absence of those signs which are presumed to indicate its approach. The peril that now threatened the reduced garrison proved far more insidious than the cunning sepy, or the fanatical follower of Mahomet; for it was one against which no courage or foresight could guard: it rode on the air, penetrated the closest barred gates, and struck its

victims in the full flush of health and fancied security.

In other words, the jungle fever made its appearance in the already reduced ranks of the gallant 01st.

Those who have resided in India, and witnessed the ravages of this fell disease, will readily understand the disheartening terror its presence caused. The jungle is not that violent kind of fever which excites to madness, runs riot in the veins, and in a few short hours prostrates the strong man till he becomes weak and helpless as a child; but one of a slow consuming character, that gradually taints the blood, undermines the energies, and paralyses the will, crushing it with sluggish apathy, lowering alike the moral and physical tone of the victims it has breathed upon.

The countenance of Dr. Burke looked exceedingly gloomy as he made out the daily list of sick, whose number increased with frightful rapidity. As for the wounded, they were doing well; our hero and the three companions of his wild adventure, being by this time convalescent, or nearly so.

It was a hard time for the commander and officers of that beleaguered band. Within the walls, pestilence; without, an enemy numerous and ferocious, whom repeated defeats had not disheartened; eager and impatient for their blood, and still no sign of the promised succour. Sir Charles, however, proved himself fully equal to the emergency; every precaution that human prudence could suggest, was taken against a surprise. The sick he left to Heaven and the skill of the doctor, whose heroic exertions were seconded by the devotion of Mrs. Burke, Lillian, and his own strong-hearted wife, who passed their days, and most of those hours of the night which should have been spent in repose, in administering to the wants of their brave defenders. It was a touching sight to witness how the dim eye would brighten, and the parched lip quiver with a half-uttered blessing, as their delicate hands smoothed the hard pillow or ministered the cooling draught.

Poets and painters, as if by common accord, have agreed to represent the angel of pity in a female form; a unity of idea which may be traced no less to the inspiration of Heaven, than their own genius. The seraphim, bending in awe-rapt devotion over the mercy-seat, were made in the likeness of woman.

As for Burke, although perfectly aware that his exertions would meet with no other recompense than the proud consciousness of having performed his duty, and perhaps the casual mention of his name in a despatch, he remained day and night at his post, preparing the medicine with his own hands; watching every phase of the disease, and trying all that professional skill and foresight could suggest, to baffle its fatal ravages. Like a true soldier of humanity, he thought not of himself, the danger to his own life, the risk, the weariness of his endless task, but persevered with a courage which lofty motives and the purest philanthropy alone could have sustained.

It is one of the faults, may we not say the sins of England, that she has no rewards for deeds of quiet heroism. The officer who is the first to mount the breach, pluck the standard of the enemy from the captured walls, or lead a dashing charge, is certain of receiving some honorary distinction, even though it should afterwards be proved that the charge was a blunder—whilst the army surgeon, who, on the battle field or amid the horrors of the hospital, calmly faces death, is left unnoticed. Fame has no place upon her lists for such achievements, government no memory, or the trading politicians of the present day tongues to remind it of them; and they never will have so long as Englishmen prefer the glitter of tinsel to gold.

There was something wearying in the waiting day by day in the hope of the long promised succour, so unaccountably delayed.

The officers were assembled as usual for the mess; but it was not till after the dinner hour that the conversation became general, when Dawlish, who had long been heartily tired of the war, and was heated with wine, observed that, had he been governor-general of India, the revolt should long since have been stifled.

"How so?" demanded the major.

"Six months' batta would have settled the affair."

"It would have been both useless and impolitic," replied the colonel. "The gauntlet once thrown down, England would have lost her prestige by showing weakness. 'Mark my words,' he added; 'the war will prove a war of extermination.'"

"Better that," said Plinlimmon, "than being cooped up with fever to decimate us in these plague-stricken walls."

At this moment Dr. Burke entered the mess-room to make his usual report of the sick.

"The rascals have been petted and spoiled," he observed, alluding to the sepoys, "and this is their gratitude; but I have long foreseen the result of our yielding to their demands."

"You!" repeated his hearers.

"You are aware," continued the speaker, "that I served with the gallant Napier, who foretold the result of this truckling to the men we had armed and trained; but, like most prophets, he was unheeded."

"And very properly so!" exclaimed Dawlish. "I have often considered myself fortunate in not having served under 'Charley,' as the soldiers call him."

"Why fortunate?" demanded the doctor, who entertained a profound veneration for the memory of the conqueror of Scinde.

"He was a martinet."

"He was a soldier, every inch!" replied the former, warmly; "one of those men of iron hearts and frame who rise from time to time to arrest a nation's decadence. He had but one motto—duty; and he performed it as a Christian and a soldier should do."

"You are warm, sir," observed Dawlish, annoyed at the tone of the speaker.

"Not more so than the occasion warrants," observed Fred Wharton, who had hitherto remained a silent listener to the conversation.

"I can answer—"

"Pardon me, Burke," interrupted the cornet, "but this is a point on which it is not less my privilege than pride to speak. Sir Charles Napier was nearly connected with me, and I claim the right to defend his memory."

There was a silence. A claim so urged was felt by all present as too sacred to be disputed.

"I am not aware," said Dawlish, with difficulty mastering his passion—but he did master it, for he recollected the scene in the riding-school with the revolver, and the lesson was not thrown away upon him—"that the memory of Sir Charles Napier has been assailed, either as a soldier or a gentleman, and certainly not by me."

"As for my congratulating myself upon not having served under him," he continued, "that is a matter of taste."

"And of pluck," muttered the major, who began to doubt the courage of the duellist.

"You spoke of him as a martinet," he added, aloud.

"Is there anything offensive in the term?" demanded Dawlish, who found himself pushed rather harder than he had calculated upon. "Martinet, major! why, I have heard you call the Iron Duke by the same name, when relating how he put you under arrest in Spain, for attempting to scale the fortress of Badajoz before he had given the word."

The Welshman shrugged his shoulders impatiently—he could not deny it—the assertion was correct.

"There neither is nor can be any cause of quarrel," said Sir Charles Fourreau, whose opinion was naturally looked up to with respect. "Mr. Dawlish has already declared that he intended no offence."

"Certainly not," exclaimed the latter; "and I state it the more readily from the respect I bear to a brave man's memory. Having said this much," he added, "if Cornet Wharton feels dissatisfied, the initiative rests with him, not with me."

"My conduct since I have had the honour of holding a commission in the regiment," observed the latter, "has, I trust, sufficiently proved to my brother officers that I am the last man in the world to seek a quarrel."

"Certainly," was the general exclamation.

"Or shrink from one if forced upon me," added the speaker, in a tone which Dawlish alone comprehended.

Every one agreed that it was unnecessary the affair should be pursued any further; that it had ended as it ought to end. But it left a disagreeable impression on the mind of him whose intemperate words had provoked it. He could not comprehend the calm, the icy coldness of Fred Wharton; it annoyed him, perhaps, more than the most open expressions of aversion or hostility could have done.

"What can the fellow mean?" he mentally asked himself. "I wish he would speak out, so that I could understand him."

But it was not the cornet's cue to speak out.

Although the officers had come to the conclusion that the affair was at an end, there is every reason to suppose the quarrel would not have terminated as it did, but for the appearance of the enemy the following day before the temple; when all personal feelings were merged in the necessity of facing the common danger—of maintaining in the face of revolted India the prestige of the Saxon sword and race; or, if defeated, of leaving to their country a memory and a name of which England might well be proud.

This time the attack was conducted with far more skill and prudence than the preceding ones; the

guns of the rajah being admirably served by artillery-men, deserters from the Bengal army. At each fresh discharge the iron shower swept the walls, whose defenders were now reduced to four hundred effective men—so greatly had war and fever thinned the ranks of the gallant 01st.

Perceiving at last that the defenders began to waver, for more than a third of them had already fallen, the triumphant rajah directed his troops to bring ladders in order to scale the walls, and the order was received with a cry of "Death to the Feringees!" by the excited sepoys, upon whose fanaticism the Brahmans had worked by predictions of success.

The attempt was directed against the north side of the edifice, as being the point best covered by the guns of the rebels.

A cry that the enemy were scaling the walls echoed through the temple, and was heard even in the hospital.

Then followed one of those scenes which find their parallel only in the pages of some antique chronicle or deathless story. The wounded and fever-stricken men rose from their pallets, and, calling for arms, insisted on being led to fill up the gaps the fire of the enemy had made in the ranks of their comrades. It was vain to oppose their resolution; even the voice of Burke was unheeded. With stern resolution they issued forth, and tottered rather than marched to the walls.

It is not to be supposed that, in a contest like the present one, our hero or Jack Manders were content to remain idle spectators. In presence of danger to the being he so truly loved, Richard forgot the weakness his wounds had left, and fought with the fury and courage of despair.

A blow from the butt-end of the musket he wielded crushed in the skull of the first rebel whose head appeared above the parapet; a second, third, and fourth followed with the same result; for his blows were ably seconded by those of his companion.

Still the assailants mounted to the walls with terrible rapidity, and it soon became a hand-to-hand contest, in which the butt-ends of the Englishmen's muskets did good work. One fellow, a leader of the sepoys, whose wiry, active frame denoted vast strength, had already obtained a footing upon the rampart, when Fred Wharton levelled his revolver, with the intention of shooting him; it missed fire, and the brawny rebel springing upon the young officer, a fearful struggle ensued—a death-grapple, to whose intensity the swelling muscles and strained sinews of the combatants bore witness.

Richard and Jack Manders perceived the danger of their friend, and hastened to his aid. The Hindoo saw their approach, and, with a courage which a better cause would have rendered sublime, succeeded in dragging the cornet to the edge of the rampart.

An involuntary cry of horror broke from those who witnessed it; but though a dozen muskets were raised, not a trigger was pulled. Each one feared to fire, lest, in the sudden changes of position—the twistings and contortions of the combatants—the wrong man should be struck.

Jack, whose quick eye and self-possession never for an instant deserted him, saw that the strength of Wharton was giving way. There was but one thing to be done, and he resolved to attempt it. Snatching up one of the long, knife-like weapons which the assailants who had been hurled from the walls had dropped, he crept towards the edge of the parapet, and rapidly plunged the blade into the body of the Hindoo. The rebel felt that he was mortally wounded, but even in death, with the fanaticism of his creed and race, determined not to fall unavenged. With a wild yell of triumph, and shouting the word "Deen!" he sprang from off the wall, bearing his assailant with him.

A low, chuckling sound broke from the lips of Dawlish as he witnessed the terrible fate of the only man he feared: it might have been horror; but those who heard it most distinctly declared that it sounded very like a laugh.

The tears which started into the eyes of our hero, for a few instants rendered him insensible to all that was passing.

There was but brief time for indulging in the natural feelings of the heart; for again the triumphant cries of the rebels, who had succeeded at last in shattering the gates, called every Englishman upon the walls to the court-yard to make a last stand. Bravely did they contest every inch of ground between them and the main building in which the women, the wounded, and sick had been conveyed for refuge. Thrice did the fever-stricken band of heroes beat back their ferocious enemies, and reclose the broken gates.

As Sir Charles performed this dangerous task for the last time with his own hands, a loud cheer broke from the men.

To their astonishment, it was returned. The sound came from a distance; but there was no mistaking the sound. English tongues alone could have given it forth.

"Are we dreaming?" exclaimed the colonel, involuntarily dropping his reeking sword.

"The relief!" shouted Corporal Stock, who, finding that the assault was going against the garrison, had removed the wife of his commander and Lillian to the loftiest dome of the temple, in order to protect them to the last. "I can see the flash of the bayonets as they glisten in the sun. The rebels have seen them; their cavalry is already retreating towards the fort."

On hearing this cheering intelligence, the soldiers clamorously demanded to be led forth. It was useless to attempt opposing their enthusiasm—enthusiasm is scarcely the word, it should have been madness—triumph. The battered gates were thrown open, and every man, whose strength permitted him still to shoulder a musket, issued forth to give the sepoys a parting volley.

When the reinforcement so long promised at last swept the plain, the brigadier who led them could not sufficiently express his admiration of the desperate defence.

"Although I must insist upon relieving your gallant fellows from all duty," he observed, "you, Colonel Fourreau, must still retain the command of the place, you have so bravely defended against such fearful odds."

Raising his sword, he saluted the tattered colours of the 01st, which still floated proudly on the walls.

"Victory dearly purchased," murmured Richard, as he thought of his friend, whose body the men of the comet's troop anxiously sought in order to give it a soldier's burial."

Amid the heap of slain it was nowhere to be found; but so far from the circumstance inspiring any vain hope, it added to the affliction of our hero.

"Carried off," he bitterly exclaimed, "by the cowardly enemy; wretches who neither respect the living nor the majesty of the dead!"

In a few days operations were commenced against the fort, which the united forces of the British soon dismantled; after which achievement they slowly directed their march towards Delhi.

Whilst the rescued band of heroes were marching to the seat of future triumph, we must request our readers to suppose a month or two had passed, and return with us, once more, to England.

Our readers may readily suppose that Mr. Bently awaited the arrival of each fresh packet from India with intense anxiety; for intelligence of the revolt which was to shake the power of England in the East had already reached him, and he was far too clear-sighted not to perceive the danger which threatened every European inhabitant.

How bitterly did he regret the past. What would he not have sacrificed had it been possible to have recalled it! The absence of our hero had left a void in the old man's heart which wealth, or the excitement of acquiring it, had long ceased to fill.

At last the long-expected letters arrived. There were two. The first one in the handwriting of Mr. Curry. It ran thus:—

"My dear old friend,—It is with the most poignant regret I inform you of the death of your unfortunate grandson, who has been cut off by a party of rebels whilst on his way to join some friends who had preceded him to the seat of war. I inclose your correspondent's letter. I would offer you consolation if I knew how; but I am a parent myself, and feel how fruitless the attempt must be. May Heaven enable you to support the terrible infliction!"

"Alone!" murmured the old man, when the words which seared his heart had been read to the last line: "I have nothing to love or live for now!"

In his hour of anguish the merchant forgot that he had still a daughter.

When the old servant, who scarcely ever quitted him, entered the library, he was much shocked by finding his master to all appearance lifeless. His first care was to raise the body, the next to despatch a messenger for Dr. Phrase, who, on his arrival, attempted to bleed his patient, but for some time the life-blood refused to flow.

"Dead!" murmured the domestic, in a tone of sorrow; for Mr. Bently had been a kind master to him, and he felt his loss keenly.

A few drops began slowly to ooze from the opened vein.

"Nothing of the kind," replied the pompous man of science, "although very near it; something dreadful must have occurred," he added, "to occasion so great a shock."

"No doubt, sir," said the man; "he has been worrying himself about letters for several days past; I quite dreaded their arrival."

At the word "letters" the doctor, whose curiosity was aroused, began to look round him, and discovered them upon the table, one open, the other with the seal unbroken.

"Hold his arm," he said to the housekeeper, who had been called in. "That will do; the blood begins to flow with more freedom now."

The woman did as she was directed, and the speaker taking up Mr. Curry's letter, would have read it, had not the faithful domestic restrained him.

"They can't concern you, sir," he said, in a tone at once both firm and respectful.

"Hem! No, certainly not; and yet, my good fellow, it would be better for me to peruse them."

"Don't see it."

"Of course not; how should you?" replied the doctor. "But it is of the utmost importance that I should ascertain whether the shock proceeds from mere business or from feelings which act more directly upon the heart. The diagnosis of the disease," he continued, "may be enlightened by—"

"I know nothing about the *nosic* of the disease," observed the servant; "but I know that master would not like his letters to be read, and they sha'n't be."

Phrase bit his lips and remained silent, whilst the speaker gathered up the contents of the two packets, folded the letters, and placed them in his pocket.

"You are very suspicious," observed the doctor.

"Not in the least; only prudent," was the reply.

Mr. Bently was removed to his chamber, and placed in bed. To do the doctor justice, all that his skill could suggest was put in practice to secure the recovery of his patient, that was his first consideration; the next, when all fear of any immediate danger was averted, was to sit down and write a confidential letter to Carus Kearn, with whom he had long been in correspondence. A mutual friend had introduced them, and the village practitioner had not hesitated to add to his other employments that of spy upon the wealthy merchant.

By the same post the faithful servant despatched a letter to Peter Mangles; on receiving which the clerk forgot business, the course of exchange, bills, discounts, tare and tret, left everything at sixes and sevens, and posted down to Meldown, where he arrived a few minutes only before the junior partner.

On entering the library, the old man, whose lips were ready to utter the usual querulous reproaches, was much shocked at finding his principal so changed and shattered, that even he could scarcely recognise him.

"Good gracious, Richard!" he exclaimed, "what has happened?"

Before Mr. Bently, who sat with his face buried in his hands, could reply to him, the door opened, and Carus entered the apartment. The sight of his nephew appeared to restore the merchant to his former energy of character, and he sternly ordered him from his presence.

"Not a word!" he exclaimed. "The mask has long since fallen; that only tie which fettered my tongue is broken by death. Assassin—cowardly assassin! I know you."

On hearing the word "assassin," Carus Kearn lost the self-possession which generally characterised him and fled.

"For heaven's sake, Richard," said the agitated Mangles, "what has occurred?"

"I am dying."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the clerk, at the same time bursting into a flood of tears.

"Dying," repeated the banker, deeply affected by the sympathy of the speaker. "I have been struck where I most sinned—in my affections; but I am punished."

"Don't speak in these dreadful riddles," ejaculated Peter. "If love for your daughter has been awakened in your flinty breast—for you know that it was flinty—blest be the cause and the hand that strikes."

"Daughter," muttered Mr. Bently, as if striving to recollect something which had been partially obliterated from his mind; "yes, I—I have a daughter."

"Of course you have."

"And I promised *him*—"

"Him!" interrupted his old friend. "What him? Richard?"

Although the question was several times repeated, the speaker was unable to obtain an answer. In fact, it soon became evident that the mind of his employer was wandering. So Peter at once set himself down and wrote two letters; it must be conceded no ordinary proof of his affection for the sufferer, when we state that the first was to a physician of eminence, to post at once to Meldown Park.

The second was to the cashier, giving such instructions as were necessary for conducting the affairs of the firm.

"There, I have done all I can," he said, as he sealed them; "the rest is in the hands of Providence. Oh, Richard!" he added, in a tone of pathetic remonstrance, "why did you ever quit London to live in this horrible gloomy place? these misfortunes never occur in the city."

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

THANKS to the cheap press, good books are now plentiful, and the youth who has resolved to improve his mind, may readily avail himself of the advantages thus offered.

In our last paper we called the attention of our readers to a work on the English language, recently issued from the press, and at a cost which places it within the reach of all. We did so to meet the wishes of many correspondents who were anxious to procure a thoroughly good grammar at a moderate charge. But other correspondents are equally desirous of obtaining works of a similar description on other topics. They want an insight into the laws of natural philosophy; they want to know something of the mechanism of the heavens, something of the science of botany, something of logic and mathematics, something of political economy. They are each of them bent on some favourite pursuit, but are each equally zealous in the desire to obtain useful information; different in the method, they have the same object in view, namely, the cultivation of the intellect.

To all those who are determined on self-education, we recommend "Cassell's Educational Course." The commendations which this publication has elicited from the press, fully justify us in describing it as the best work of its class; an opinion corroborated by numerous testimonies received from those who have benefited by its perusal.

Self-education is a characteristic of this age. People are bent on self-improvement. They are not content to lead lives resembling those of beasts of burden. They feel anxiety for something better than mere animal enjoyment. A desire for knowledge has been excited; and this desire must be satisfied. In books such as the "Educational Course," valuable information is conveyed in a form which commends itself to an untutored intellect by its extreme simplicity. Technicalities are stripped away from the facts and principles of science—technicalities which have hidden many a bright light under a bushel.

The young student searching after knowledge too often finds his path blocked up by difficulties arising not from the facts of science, but from the verbiage in which those facts are conveyed. The jargon of the school terrifies the youthful aspirant. This is the universal complaint amongst self-improvers. If books on science were written in Assyrian character, after the fashion of the Nineveh inscriptions, they would scarcely be more difficult for the uninitiated to decipher. The difficulty is in *words*, not in *things*; the words once made easy, the thing itself is clear.

In "Science Popularly Explained," which forms the first volume of the "Educational Course," this is done. The laws and properties of matter are familiarly explained. Mechanics; the phenomena of fluids; acoustics, as far as relates to the origin and transmission of sound; the nature and sources of heat; meteorology; light; electricity; galvanism; magnetism; chemistry; geology; mineralogy; geography of plants and animals, are all treated in a manner which, if it is not enough to satisfy, is at least sufficient to awaken inquiry and to set the mental machinery in motion.

Astronomy, especially in its relation to geography, forms another section of the "Educational Course." In this treatise the reader is made acquainted with the phenomena of the seasons, eclipses, tides, moon's changes, and all that is most remarkable and important in the effects produced by celestial agency upon our earth.

Botany is another topic which is admirably treated, and by which, in a few easy lessons, the student may acquire more practical information than by the laborious study of more elaborate productions. Hood, the poet, used to complain about the hard names we called our flowers, and these hard names have often deterred the inquirer from any degree of familiarity with the floral family: but in the "Out-

* To be had in weekly numbers, at 1½d.; monthly parts, sevenpence; or in volumes.

lines of Botany" this difficulty is removed; for with the hard name is given its meaning.

The subject of mathematics has been regarded as uninteresting, and, from its very nature, removed from the reach of those who have been denied a "regular education." Self-taught men seldom select the exact sciences as their favourite pursuits; but this is solely attributable to the fact that the subject has been unnecessarily involved in obscurity. Self-taught men may become excellent mathematicians; and to those who are determined to make the effort, we suggest the treatise contained in the "Educational Course." It is intelligible to every ordinary capacity, which is more than can be said for more pretentious works upon that science.

But the subject, perhaps, most interesting and important to every working man is political economy. Working men—the strength and support of our country, the foundation of the great social fabric, by whose exertions the lofty position of England is maintained amongst the other nations of the earth—working men should know something of the science of government—something of those universally-recognised laws which bind man to man and nation to nation. This section of the Course will be found exceedingly valuable, both on account of the great principles which it advances, and the practical suggestions which naturally arise from a statement of those principles.

We recommend these works because they are, what they were designed to be, really useful, intelligible, accurate, and cheap. Piles of letters are before us, begging us to recommend books on various sciences. To do this in every individual case by post would involve us in an endless correspondence; to do so in our "Editorial Table" would transform that section of our journal into a bookseller's catalogue. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging all our correspondents who are anxious to improve themselves to obtain the "Educational Course;" while it is adapted for all classes and all ages, it abounds more especially in Hopes and Helps for the Young.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I INTEND this morning," said George to Robert, "to furnish you with a few idioms on common everyday subjects; but first of all you must add some useful words to your vocabulary."

WORDS RELATING TO A DWELLING.

House	Maison
Garden	Jardin
Wall	Muraille
Door	Porte
Window	Fenêtre
Shop	Boutique
Parlour	Salon
Dining-room	Salle-à-manger
Drawing-room	Salon de compagnie
Hall	Vestibule
Staircase	Escalier
Bed-room	Chambre-à-coucher
Closet	Cabinet
Green blinds	Jalousie
Shutters	Volets
Blinds	Stores
Cellar	Cave
Key	Clef
Bolt	Verrou
Glass	Vitre
Balcony	Balcon
Garret	Grenier
Roof	Toit
Furniture	Ameublement
Articles of furniture	Meubles
Chimney	Cheminée
Hearth	Foyer
Materials	Matériaux
Stone	Pierre
Brick	Brique
Mortar	Mortier
Chalk	Chaux
Plaster	Plâtre
Cement	Ciment
Tiles	Tuiles
Slate	Ardoise
Wood-work	Charpente
Beam	Poutre
Ladder	Echelle

"Let us now consider some of the idioms connected, directly or indirectly, with the subjects of house and furniture, and the inhabitants of the house.

"In asking who is at the door, you need only literally translate our phrase 'Who is there?' by 'Qui est là?' but although the answer, in English, must always be 'It is I,' it would be a dreadful blunder to say, in French, 'C'est je.' The correct expression is, 'C'est moi'; but this *moi* is not used in a dative sense. However, explanations on this subject belong to a more

advanced part of your studies. 'Open the door' and 'Shut the window,' may be literally translated, 'Ouvrez la porte,' 'Fermez la fenêtre.' But in speaking of going up and down stairs, no mention is made, as with us, of the actual stairs. 'Montez' is the French for either come or go upstairs; and 'Descendez' for either come or go down stairs. If you wish to say 'I am going upstairs,' you may either say 'Je vais monter,' or 'Je vais en haut'; and for 'I am going down stairs,' 'Je vais descendre,' or 'Je vais en bas.' Now, Robert, if you recollect these expressions, you will find you have made an important addition to your familiar French. Your exercise will not be very long to-day, because I wish you to get on with your 'Voyage à Paris,' and to become familiar with some of the good people of Dieppe, where we left our travellers. Now, I must give you a few rules for your exercise. Proper names used as substantives, and words of foreign origin do not generally change in the plural, except such foreign words as have become part of their language. For instance, *zéros*, cyphers; *numéros*, numbers; *pianos*, pianos. Only recollect these exceptions, and you will find little difficulty in the following exercise; but, of course, you must apply preceding rules of which you have given illustrations; for instance, the adoption or omission of the article, *un*, *a*, or *one*. Thus to make one thousand, you must not say, in French, *pour faire un mille*, but *pour faire mille*."

EXERCISE.

FORMATION OF THE PLURAL IN NOUNS OF A FOREIGN ORIGIN.

1. There is sometimes more wit in a little volume than in many large folios. 2. We have bought *deux lavabos* at the fair. 3. We have heard at the concert two concertos and five duets. 4. What numbers have you drawn at the lottery? 5. The operas of Rossini are sublime. 6. How do you like the pianos of Mr. C***? 7. How many cyphers (have you to place) after the number one to make one thousand? 8. The same king who employed (such men as) Condé and Turenne in his armies, Colbert and Louvois in his cabinet, chose Racine and Boileau to write his history, Bossuet and Fénelon to instruct his children, and Fléchier and Massillon for his own teachers.

THE KEY OF THE EXERCISE.

LE CORRIÈRE DU THÈME.

1. Il y a quelquefois plus d'esprit dans un petit volume que dans beaucoup de gros folios. 2. Nous avons acheté deux lavabos à la foire. 3. Nous avons entendu au concert deux concertos et cinq duos. 4. Quels numéros avez-vous tirés à la loterie? 5. Les opéras de Rossini sont sublimes. 6. Comment trouvez-vous les pianos de M. C***? 7. Combien de zéros faut-il placer après le nombre un pour faire mille? 8. Le même roi qui employa les Condé et les Turenne dans ses armées, les Colbert et les Louvois dans son cabinet, choisit les Racine et les Boileau pour écrire son histoire, les Bossuet et les Fénelon pour instruire ses enfants, et les Fléchier et les Massillon pour ses propres maîtres.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

OF THE SOUND *i*.

The letter *i* is sometimes mute, as in the words *poignard*, *poignée*, *poitrine*, *poignet*, *poignant*, *poitrail*, and in words of which these are the roots.

The letter *i* is also silent when placed before *l* or *ll*, and preceded by another vowel; it shows then only that this *l* or *ll* is liquid, as we shall see hereafter; as

in the words *travail*, work; *bouillir*, *éventail*, fan, &c., which are pronounced as if written *traval*, *bouillir*, *éventail*, giving to the *l* or *ll* the liquid sound.

The letter *i* is sometimes found with two dots over it, as *î*; these dots are called *trema*, or *dieresis*, and indicate that the letter *i* must be sounded by itself, and should be marked *î*, as in the words *hair*, *héroïne*, &c.

The sound *i* is also produced by the following arrangement of letters: *-is*, as in *je lis*, I read; *î*, as in *il lit*, he reads; *ys*, as in *fleurs de lys*, lily flowers; but if the word *lys* is employed by itself, the *s* is sounded.

Thus the sound *i* is represented in French as follows: *-i, y, î, is, it, ys*.

There is no way for a foreigner to know when the sound *i* should be represented by *i* or *y* but by the etymology of the word itself. If the word is derived from the Greek, and has, in that language, the letter *upsilon*, this letter is replaced in the French word by *y*; but as the knowledge of the Greek is not general, we intend adding a list of French words written with *y*, which are most generally used.

CONTINUATION OF LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

Ah, here is the innkeeper. Ah, voici l'aubergiste.*
Gentlemen, you are welcome. Messieurs, vous êtes les bien venus.
How do you like Dieppe? Comment trouvez-vous Dieppe?
I think it is a charming town. Je trouve que c'est une ville charmante.
Is this the first time that you visit France? Est-ce la première fois que vous visitez la France?
No; I was in France two years ago. Non; j'étais en France il y a deux ans.
I am visiting France for the first time. Moi, je visite la France pour la première fois.
I hope you will be comfortable here. J'espère que vous serez bien chez-moi.
Were you recommended here? Vous a-t-on recommandé ici?
Yes; I was told that one was quite at home at the Queen Victoria Hotel. Oui; on m'a dit qu'on était fort bien à l'Hôtel de la Reine Victoria.
Show us our bedrooms. Faites-nous voir nos chambres-à-coucher.

Are the beds aired? Est-ce que les lits sont secs?
I beg you to have our luggage carried into our rooms. Je vous prie de faire porter notre bagage dans nos chambres.
The beds are very good. Les lits sont fort bons.
If you like, you can have them warmed. Si vous voulez, vous pouvez les faire bassiner.
And I will give you another pillow and another blanket. Et je vous donnerai un autre oreiller et un autre couverture de laine.
And another chair, if you please. Et une autre chaise, s'il vous plaît.
I should also like to have some more water. Je voudrais aussi avoir encore de l'eau.
And a large basin; this one is too small. Et une grande cuvette; celle-ci est trop petite.
I must also have some towels, and a large piece of soap. Il me faudra aussi des essuie-mains, et un grand morceau de savon.

The chamber-maid shall bring you all these things in an instant. La fille vous apportera tout cela dans un instant.
Is there anything else I can do for you? Y a-t-il encore quelque chose à votre service?
Will you have up supper? Faut-il vous servir à souper?
We shall sup at the "table d'hôte," or ordinary. Nous souperons à la table d'hôte.
Then you must come down exactly at eight o'clock. Il faudra donc descendre à huit heures précises.
We will not fail to do so. Nous n'y manquerons pas.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XVI.

SOUND.

NATURE AND PRODUCTION OF SOUND (continued).

429. If one string of a violin vibrates twice as fast as another, what is said of the two sounds produced?—That one is an *Octave* higher in pitch than the other.

430. What is the range of sensibility of the human ear to musical sounds?—The lowest, or most grave, musical note of which the ear is sensible is produced by 8 vibrations in a second; and the highest, or most acute, note, by 24,000 vibrations in a second.

431. Compare the highest and lowest notes of an ordinary piano-forte.—The lowest is produced by 27½ vibrations in a second, and the highest by 3,520.

432. If a glass tumbler be made to ring with a musical sound, by tapping it with the finger-nail,

* *Auberge* is the French word for an inn, and *aubergiste* for an innkeeper, or landlord. *Hôtel* is used for an inn on a large scale, in the same manner as we use the word.

† *Est-ce*, "is it," occurs very frequently in French sentences. When followed by *que*, "that," it greatly assists in asking questions. *Est-ce que* is, literally translated, *is it that*; but it serves for a great variety of questions. For instance: *Est-ce que je puis m'en aller*, "May I go?" *Est-ce que vous y serez*, "Shall you be there?" *Est-ce que c'est tout*, "Is it all?" &c. &c.

‡ *Cuvette* is the correct term for a wash-hand basin. § *Y a-t-il* is another useful phrase for interrogations. Literally translated, it means *there is it*; but it may be made useful in rendering into French a great variety of questions. For instance: *Y a-t-il quelqu'un*, "Is any one there?" *Y a-t-il de l'espérance*, "Is there any hope?" *Y a-t-il de la place*, "Is there any room?" &c.

|| *La table d'hôte* in France is very preferable to the ordinaries generally met with in England. For the small sum of two francs—about equal to twenty pence of our money—a dinner or supper can be had, at which several courses, consisting of all the delicacies of the season, are served up.

what is the reason that the sound ceases if the finger be placed on the rim?—The pressure of the finger stops the vibrations.

433. If water be poured into the tumbler, and it then be tapped, why does it give a note of a lower pitch?—Because it vibrates less rapidly than before. The pitch of a musical sound depends on the rapidity of vibration.

434. What does the loudness of a sound depend upon?—The force with which the sounding body acts against the air, and so upon the ear also, in each vibration.

435. Illustrate by an example.—If a violin-player wishes to produce a loud note he draws his bow violently across the string; the string is thus made to vibrate through a greater distance, and act upon the air with more force.

436. Give another illustration.—A large bell gives out a louder sound than a small one; for two reasons—because the extent of the vibrations is greater, and the mass in vibration is larger.

PROPAGATION OF SOUND IN THE AIR.

437. Mention some facts which go to show that sound is not conveyed, instantaneously, from the sounding body to the ear.—We do not hear the blows of a hammer, at a distance, at the same instant that we see them struck. The report of a gun is always heard later than the flash is seen. A flash of lightning from a distant thunder cloud is seen several seconds before the thunder clap arrives.

438. What is the velocity of sound through the air?—1,124 feet per second.

439. Why does the loudness of a sound diminish as it is propagated through the air, from the sounding body?—Because the original impulse communicated to the air is spread over a greater space.

440. Does the intensity of sound also vary with the state of the weather?—It does. Sounds are louder when they come with the wind, and in a cold than in a warm day; also in a humid than a dry state of the air, but they are obstructed by falling rain or snow.

441. Mention one or two striking facts in illustration of the great distance at which sounds may be heard over water and ice.—It is related in the account of the Third Polar Expedition of Captain Parry that a conversation was once held across the harbour of Port Bowen, a mile and a quarter wide.

442. What is the greatest distance at which any sound has been heard?—The cannonade of a sea-fight between the English and Dutch, in 1672, is said to have been heard across England in Wales, a distance of over 200 miles. The explosions of volcanoes among the Andes, in South America, are also said to have been heard at a much greater distance than this.

443. How can we ascertain the distance of an approaching thunder cloud?—By noting the number of seconds in the interval between a flash of lightning and the thunder clap that follows it, and allowing 1,124 feet for every second.

BLIND MINNIE.

(Continued from page 183.)

DURING the conversation recorded in our last chapter, Minnie had remained silent, and, with crimsoning cheek, she now answered warmly: "Ay, truly, sir, he is only too generous, too kind a brother. He denies himself comfort, that he may surround me with these luxuries, and—"

"And he is quite right, my dear," interrupted the old gentleman, good-humouredly. "I understand now, Frank, your seclusion from the gay world of Bombay, every night, as soon as business is over; I have often wondered why one never met you anywhere. But no wonder! no wonder! I heard you had a home and a sister here, but little dreamed it was a paradise, guarded and blessed by an angel, albeit with clipped wings. I verily believe you are the happiest pair of young dreamers the world ever saw."

"You are right, sir," replied Frank, eagerly; "her angel presence has been my safeguard against temptation, which, had I been left to loneliness, I might not have been strong to withstand. I owe her deep gratitude!"

"You are a noble fellow, Frank," ejaculated Mr. Robson, for which kind appreciation, Minnie gave him an emphatic pressure, "and you deserve your happiness. Miss Howard, it was a striking proof of God's providential mercy that you should have arrived so immediately after the death of his friend and namesake, as noble a youth as ever lived. I suppose Frank has told you of him until you are weary of the theme."

"No, indeed, sir," said Minnie: "we have sometimes spoken of him, but rarely; whenever I alluded to his friend, Frank became so agitated and sorrowful that it has been lately a tacitly avoided subject between us."

"Ah, no wonder, no wonder!" cried the old gentleman. "They loved each other so deeply. Such devotion as theirs was never before witnessed, I believe, among modern men. Damon and Pythias surely did not surpass these two young lovers, for such they were, and they were worthy of each other. 'The two Franks' will long be a byword in Bombay. But in your fascinating society I am forgetting the object of my visit," he abruptly exclaimed, unfolding a paper, "which was to show my young friend here an account of some astonishing cures of blindness performed in Paris by the celebrated Dr. B—, and then I wished," he added, observing the look of surprise upon the young faces before him, "to make a proposition, by which you might go over, and have the benefit of his advice."

A look of joy beamed upon the young girl's face. Frank perceived it, and answered hastily—

"Oh, how shall I thank you for your kind recollection of us, my dear sir!"

"Tut, my boy, listen to my proposition. We need some one to go to France upon business for the firm. Neither Brother John, nor I, nor our 'Co.' care to go ourselves; and we could not find a more able agent than yourself, nor one in whom we feel such confidence. We have been wishing to ask you to go for some time, but hesitated, knowing how hard it would be for you to leave your sister here. We have, therefore, gladly seized upon this opportunity of urging you both to take the long and fatiguing journey, hoping it might prove of advantage to Miss Howard as well as to ourselves. Thus, you see, our motive is, after all, a selfish one. Now you must decide. Will you go? If so, you must be ready to set off in a few days; by the next steamer, if possible."

Minnie turned to him her face, in which shone the gratitude she could not frame into words, while Frank replied—

"Oh, sir, we are not deceived, believe me, by your noble attempt to cloak your benevolent intentions in this guise! My heart is full of gratitude! How can I express it?" And overpowered by conflicting emotions, the young man fairly burst into tears.

"Why, my boy, you are as tender-hearted as a woman!" cried his kind-hearted employer. "Don't imagine the benevolence so disinterested. I promise you it is an important mission upon which we shall send you; we will speak of it in the morning. Meanwhile, I will leave you and this fair lady to decide whether you can abandon your fairy bower, and take the long journey for our gratification, though, I own, it will be a great disappointment to us should you refuse. I will leave the paper with you. My dear young princess," he added, gallantly kissing her hand, "I can hardly find courage to quit this paradise for the haunts of men; but my brother is waiting for me, so farewell." And the old gentleman abruptly vanished ere the young couple could say a word in reply.

For some seconds they both sat silent; then Frank, embracing her, exclaimed—

"Oh, Minnie, you will see! You will see! How beautiful, how happy you will be!"

"Would it not make you also happy, Frank?"

A shade of pain passed over his face; but he replied—

"Undoubtedly; but then will you not leave me?"

"Frank, these suspicions again?"

"No, darling, I did not mean it. I am so jealous! Come, let me read you the paper which—"

"Oh, that kind old gentleman!" exclaimed Minnie.

"Frank, how blessed I am! How much kindness and true unselfishness there is in the world! Frank, how can we thank him?"

Frank joined in her grateful praises with a zeal which would have rewarded the generous brothers had they heard them, and had they needed any reward beyond their own happy consciousness of having done well.

Our young friends read the account of the cures in the paper, one of which resembled Minnie's own case. The next morning, Frank accepted the offer of Robson and Co., and received their instructions with regard to the business which he was to transact for them. The next few days were spent in preparing for their departure. With Ann's invaluable help, all was soon ready; that good woman was overjoyed with the prospect of returning to England again. She had been well pleased with her residence in India, but she wanted to see again her family and home. But Minnie and Frank could not leave the graceful apartments where the happiest hours of their young lives

had been passed, without a heartfelt sigh of regret, and even a few tears from Minnie.

We will pass over, without comment, their journey to Alexandria, and rejoin our young travellers, about a week after quitting that port, on board the fine steamship Persia, which is rapidly conveying them towards Southampton.

Poor Frank had been very unhappy for many days. His unrevealed secret seemed to him now more weighty than ever before; various circumstances convinced him that it must now be told. Minnie was, they hoped, about to recover her sight; and the absence in him of certain peculiarities which she remembered in her brother would excite her wonder; also, he feared that her beauty, so startling in its purity, would attract many admirers, and that the brother would be called upon to relinquish his sister to a lover. Moreover, he yearned to tell her of his own passionate love—to entreat her to become his wife. Alas, through how terrible an ordeal they must both pass ere he durst hope to receive even her pardon! She might never again grant him trust or affection. He trembled as he thought of these things; but, cost what it might, the confession could no longer be deferred. Better, too, to make it while on the ocean, where she could not, in her first feelings of indignant surprise, fly from him.

Several times already, during the voyage, he had approached Minnie, resolved to tell the tale; but either some of the passengers would join them, or some cheerful greeting from her would unnerve him. The words would die upon his lips, and, after an hour spent with her, he would rush to his own cabin, feeling more guilty, more miserable than before.

At length, one clear, still, moonlight night, perceiving Minnie alone, with a sudden feeling of desperate courage, he strode across the deck to the corner where she was seated, and, in a husky voice, exclaimed—

"Minnie, for Heaven's sake don't speak to me until you have listened to what I must tell you! and, terrible as it will be to believe, do not imagine for an instant that it is a cruel jest, for I solemnly swear to you that it is truth."

"Brother," she began, "what—"

"Hush! I beseech you not to question me!" Then, in a softer, though hollow voice, he said, "Ah, Minnie, you once promised me that nothing in the world should ever separate us! Will you now promise that, whatever may be my secret, you will forgive and love me still?"

"My brother," again began the young girl.

"Yet no! Minnie, don't promise! I have no right to ask such mercy from you. Minnie, I am a wretched man! I have fearfully deceived you, and am too cowardly to tell you of it."

"My brother," she answered, gently, clasping his hand, "you can have no sin against me which should cause you such distress. Whatever it be, I forgive you freely. Nay, my brother, don't tell me if it gives such sorrow," she continued, soothingly.

"Oh, it must be told!" he cried, wildly. "Don't call me brother; I have no right to the title. Minnie, shrink from me; I deserve it! I have deceived you, you and your father, though God knows I did it believing it right. I am not your brother!"

"Frank, you are raving—you are ill!" cried the terrified girl.

"Hush! I am not raving. Let go my hands; your touch weakens me! But let me kneel here beside you, even while I bring desolation to your heart and to mine own."

After a pause, and a violent struggle with himself, Frank began, in an unnaturally calm voice, his heart-rending revelation. He told Minnie of her brother's long illness and death—of the solemn trust he had given to him of the charge of her father and herself—of his own temptation to deceive them—of the motives which had induced him to do it—of his frequent struggles for courage to make known to her his true position—of his passionate love for her, which had been first unveiled to his own knowledge by Dr. Hall's words; how her words had then calmed the fever within his soul, and silenced his lips; how, in their happy dreamlike life since, he had almost forgotten the past; of the shock Mr. Robson's proposition had caused him, and of his thoughts and wretchedness during their voyage; then prayed her pardon.

Frank had spoken rapidly, never pausing for an instant to think, or mark the effect of his tale upon his companion; now he noticed her. She had leaned her head upon the vessel's side, and pressed her hands upon her face as he began, and remained thus motionless. He prayed restlessly that she would look at him, speak, reproach him, anything but this crushing silence. With evident effort, she slowly

raised her head, and turned towards him her face, colourless as a marble statue, and, but for a painful quivering upon the lips, as rigid. Frank started in terror as he looked at her.

"My God! What have I done?" burst from his lips; then, with a deep groan, he buried his face in her lap, while his whole frame shook with the violence of his emotion.

"Hush!" said Minnie, in a voice so hollow that it made him shudder, and an icy feeling of horror crept over him.

She attempted to rise; he seized her arm, exclaiming, in an agonised tone—

"Oh, will you not speak to me before you go? For mercy's sake, don't leave me thus! Speak to me!"

Minnie in vain tried to reply. At length, she uttered, brokenly—

"Not now; I cannot. Take me down stairs."

He mechanically obeyed, carried her to the cabin, and placed her in the arms of her attendant, where she fainted; but this he knew not for many days after.

Through the long watches of that miserable night, Frank paced the deck; at one moment almost frantic at the thought of the distress he had caused—of the ruin which threatened them both; at another, utterly stupefied by the weight of his wretchedness.

As the morning dawned, he hastened to Minnie's state-room, and besought Ann to tell him of her. The reply brought him no consolation. She had lain motionless all night; but Ann knew, from the gasping sighs which now and then escaped her, that she had not slept.

Desiring Ann, so soon as Minnie seemed aroused, to beg her to see him, he turned away to his own room, and, throwing himself upon his bed, fell into a heavy sleep, from which he did not awake until the day was far advanced. He then attempted to see Minnie; but she refused. He heard her say, "Not to-day; I will send for him when I am strong enough to see him; but, nurse, beg him not to be alarmed—that I am not very sick, only weak from my sudden illness last night—that I hope to be up again to-morrow."

Frank felt inexpressibly touched by her kind thoughtfulness for him, even under the intense sufferings he had occasioned. More heart-sick than before, he returned to his cabin. To pass another day and night in this terrible suspense—it seemed an eternity of misery; he must, by some method, communicate with Minnie, or he should go mad! He seized pen and paper, and wrote her a wild, incoherent letter of bitter self-reproach and passionate entreaties.

Frank's unexpected dark revelation on the previous evening, fearful as it was, had come upon Minnie with a startling conviction that it was true, which paralysed her, and froze the very blood in her veins; hence that unnatural calmness which so alarmed Frank. On recovering from the swoon into which she had fallen, on attempting to move, she had imagined herself under the influence of a hideous nightmare, and in that impression she remained for many hours; but at length her mind awoke from its stupor to the sad reality. She by degrees recalled, with terrible distinctness, each word the young man had spoken, and the vivid picture his confession had drawn before her mind, with an anguish of heart which none but the orphan and friendless can know; then her thoughts reverted to the young man himself, and her first feeling was of unmingled shuddering abhorrence for his deception, so revolting to her pure soul.

But a spirit so gentle could not long harbour thoughts of bitterness so foreign to its nature. She soon found herself remembering the many and strong temptations to which he had yielded, and making excuses for him; then she began to pity him as she remembered his self-reproach, his deep suffering, occasioned by his single fault. And had he not, after all, been actuated by an earnest, however mistaken, desire to fulfil his vow to her brother? And how nobly—how generously he had fulfilled it! How disinterestedly and faithfully he had devoted himself to their service! How untroubled her father's dying hours had been made through his untiring care! She recollected, with gratitude, his continual self-sacrifice for her pleasure; that his sole thought had ever seemed to be her happiness; that his unvarying affection had made the last few months the most serene and free from care of her life; and when she recalled to mind the serene joy of her father in the belief that he was leaving her under the protecting care of so good a brother, she almost persuaded herself that Frank had done well to deceive him. I say almost, for Minnie

had been nurtured in the correct principle, "Truth above all things," and, judged by that principle, she felt that he had done wrong. But should his one fault annul his many virtues, which none knew so thoroughly as herself? Assuredly not; such ingratitude in her would be a greater fault by far than his had been. Oh, she would love him still! He should still be her brother. She would see him in the morning; she would speak gently and affectionately to him; he should not feel himself forsaken!

At this moment, his letter was handed her; its tone of anguish touched her deeply. She saw how severely he was suffering in this suspense; she would see him at once. Summoning all her strength, she sent for Frank. We will discreetly close the door upon their meeting, nor seek to hear even a breath of her softly whispered pardon, her soothing words, or of his passionate repentance and love. Under her gentle influence, the fever within him became gradually allayed; and he left her presence not less self-condemned, but composed and strengthened to bear whatever consequences to himself his fault might bring, and with a new adoration for Minnie in his heart, compared with which his former love, intense as it had been, seemed unworthy. She now shone before him as a heaven-inspired being, as truly an angel in spirit as she had always appeared to him in form.

Minnie had suffered more during the long interview than she had allowed Frank to perceive; and as soon as he left her she threw herself exhausted upon the bed, and fell asleep. She could not rise above the weight of heart-grief which so heavily oppressed her, truly as she had forgiven Frank as the cause of it. During the remainder of the voyage, she lay physically helpless as a child. The news soon spread through the vessel that she had been taken ill suddenly, and, as she received daily visits from Frank, as well as from the lady passengers, who were all interested in her, no one sought to know more. With one family in particular, a naval officer and his wife, Minnie entertained the most friendly relations. This kind couple had already invited their young friends to go with them to their home in the Isle of Wight, and spend there a few days previous to their departure for France; this had been gratefully declined until the important business which was the object of their journey should have been attended to. Now Minnie was so feeble that she gladly accepted the hospitable invitation, which was so kindly renewed, to place herself, for a few days at least, under the motherly care of Mrs. Leighton.

It was arranged that Frank should proceed alone to Paris, attend to his employers' affairs, and see the oculist; and, if he thought Minnie's sight might be restored, the Leightons would hasten their departure for the Continent, where they had intended to spend a few months in travelling, bring Minnie to Paris, and remain with her during the necessary operations. How grateful our two young friends felt for this kind thoughtfulness none but themselves could know. Together they praised God that he brought to them such friends in their trying emergency.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HUSH!

"I CAN scarcely hear," she murmured,
"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance,
I can hear a sound at last."

"It is only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves;
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking."
Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek.
"It is only the children playing
Below now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,
As, with anxious eyes, she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts
I can hear a horseman ride."
"It was only the deer that were feeding
In a herd on the clover grass;
They were startled, and fled to the thicket
As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
And the children were at rest.
There was only a sound of sleeping
From watchers around a bed,
But rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet dead!

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, D.C.L.

HISTORY is one of the most important subjects which can engage the attention; and he who undertakes to write history enters on no common labour, and accepts no ordinary responsibility. The steady and incessant application in the discovery, selection, and arrangement of material is more than enough to deter most men from this self-imposed task, while the natural bias, the personal predilection for this form of government, or that mode of faith, commonly conspire to render abortive the industrious exertions of the writer. They make history to pass through a false medium; they allow prejudice to throw an artificial chiaro-scuro over their canvas, and they paint their one-eyed princes in profile.

History is the chief critic of the deeds of men; and that historians should heighten beauties and soften defects in their own party, if they do nothing in malice to that of their opponents, is no matter of surprise. But history to be useful must be faithful; if its fidelity is destroyed it becomes no better than a fable, and not always so interesting.

Historians are proverbially partial. They have each their own system, and view facts according to their own theories. If history be "a vast collection of moral and social experiments, which mankind make involuntarily and very expensively on themselves," it is essential, in order to be benefited by the experiments, that we should know the principles of the science. But it is on these principles that the historians disagree. The historian who deserves our best thanks and the lasting gratitude of the race, is he who, without affectation of candour, relates the plain facts of history, and leaves the verdict with the reader. Better that the uninvestigating mind should be stored with dates and legends only, than that it should unquestioningly accept the construction of a partizan writer. And where can such a historian be found who is not a partizan, "counting one by one," from Livy and Tacitus to Alison and Macaulay?

The sharp critics of Sir Archibald Alison adduce the old charge of prejudice and partizanship—a charge, as we have said, common to all historians. Even William Howitt, the celebrated author of that popular and most impartial work, "Cassell's Illustrated History of England," has not been entirely exempt from the universal charge of occasionally using an expression which has betrayed a certain bias. The "History of Europe" is indubitably tinged with the political and religious predilections of the author. Sir Archibald is a staunch conservative, strongly opposed to all innovation; he has a natural leaning towards the privileged elegancies of life; his sympathies are with the courtly. This has made him oblivious of the many good and great things accomplished and to be accomplished by the liberal tendencies of this age; but the history is well worthy the extended popularity it has achieved. It is a work of very considerable research, and of average candour.

Alison's "History of Europe" has been a great success. It has rapidly passed through several editions; it has been translated into French, German, Hindustani, and Arabic; it has been reprinted and widely circulated in America. The account which the author gives of the first conception of this great work is deeply interesting, and cannot be read without gratification. "Among the countless multitudes," he says, "which the extraordinary events of the period had drawn together from every part of Europe to the French capital, and the brilliancy of the spectacle (the review of the allied troops, 1814) had concentrated on one spot, was one young man who had watched with intense interest the progress of the war from his earliest years, and who, having hurried from the paternal roof in Edinburgh on the first cessation of hostilities, then conceived the idea of narrating its events, and amidst its wonders had inhaled that ardent spirit, that deep enthusiasm, which, sustaining him through fifteen subsequent years of travel and study, and fifteen more of composition, has at length realised itself in the present history."

The original work extended from the French revolution to the battle of Waterloo. The first volume was issued in 1833. The author has recently engaged in a continuation of the history, bringing it down to the conclusion of the war in the Crimea.

Sir Archibald Alison is in every sense a student. From his childhood he has been familiarised with literary pursuits. His father, the Rev. Archibald Alison, attained some celebrity as the author of the "Essays on Taste." He was born on the 29th of December, 1792, at the parsonage house of Kenley in Shropshire. He was educated at Edinburgh, where his father was then settled, and where he enjoyed the privilege of studying under Dugald Stewart, Pro-

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, BART., D.C.L. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAULL AND POLYBLANK.

fessor Playfair, and other illustrious men who made famous that ancient seat of learning. Under such able tutors Alison made rapid progress, and carried off the highest prizes both for Greek and mathematics. It is worthy of remark that his mother's family had for two centuries been eminent in mathematics and the exact sciences, so that it seemed as if that faculty was hereditary; at all events, he was a scholar, "and a ripe and good one," at an early age; and when he appeared as an advocate at the Scottish bar his success was confidently predicted.

Alison afterwards travelled extensively in Europe, having conceived in 1814—the year in which he was called to the Scottish bar—the idea of his great work, and bearing this object constantly in view throughout his journeyings. But he did not sacrifice to this ulterior purpose the duties or the responsibilities of his position. He was a good lawyer. His reputation in this respect was established by the publication of his two works, "The Principles of the Criminal Law of Scotland" (Edinburgh, 1832) and "The Practice of the Criminal Law." This work has now become the standard authority on that subject in Scotland, and bears a high reputation both on the Continent and in America.

In addition to these professional labours, Sir Archibald Alison has published, besides his "History of Europe," a "Life of the Duke of Marlborough," "Principles of Population," in which he combats the

Malthusian theory, and "England in 1815 and 1845; or, a Sufficiency of Contracted Currency," a work which attracted considerable attention. Sir Archibald Alison has contributed for many years to "Blackwood's Magazine." A selection from articles on topics of the day, which originally appeared in that monthly, have been published under the title of "Essays."

Public honours have been awarded, and official appointments of responsibility and emolument have been intrusted to Sir Archibald. In 1822 he was made Deputy-Advocate of Scotland, and held that important position till the close of the Wellington administration, in 1830. Four years later he received the appointment, from the late Sir Robert Peel, of Sheriff of Lanarkshire. In 1845 he was elected Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen, and in 1851 accepted the same office in the University of Glasgow. During the existence of the Derby ministry in 1852, he was created a baronet; and in the following year the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford.

Flattering as such testimonies of public favour must be, the eminent success he has achieved in the field of literature is still more gratifying. He has contributed an important and valuable work to the literature of our country; he has given to the world the result of thirty years' labour; and, as the author of the "History of Europe," has attained a position more exalted than any official appointment or titular dignity could confer.

THE GRAND DUCHY OF BADEN.

THIS pleasant little principality, whose frontiers join those of France, and whose functionaries mount guard on the Rhine bridge by the side of the French soldiers, is the seventh in rank among the German States. Its length is about 150 miles from north to south; its breadth, from the Rhine to the Bavarian frontier, about 60; and from the Rhine to the Wurtemberg frontier, 115. The duchy forms an irregular figure, very narrow in the centre, and stretching out at both ends. It contains more than 100 cities, 36 boroughs, 1,688 villages, and has a population almost equal to that of Paris, and about half that of London.

But what a happy country it is: so fresh, so fertile, so industrious, and so varied. "Heaven preserve us," says a French writer, "from any disordered dream of ambition, but especially from designs on this little duchy."

As we promenade the high street of Baden, with its brave shops and bustling shopkeepers, we are struck with the prosperity apparent on every side, and as we pass out into the open country, under the branches of fruit trees which extend from the bright waters of the Rhine to the sombre shadows of the Black Forest, there is something in the scene which fills the heart with a pleasant melody—a song of fatherland. Baden is a microcosm of the fatherland. All that is most beautiful or most striking in Germany is there



PEASANTS OF BADEN.

to be found. Here are maize fields and gardens, vineyards rich with purple grapes, orchards wealthy with ruddy fruit, while trees that flourish on the Alpine heights stretch their dark canopy of foliage over us. Here on the banks of the Rhine, the Neckar, and Lake Constance are the fashionable mansions of the aristocracy, and there in the Black Forest are Swiss chalets, while here, and there, and everywhere in the duchy are national residences after every sort of German pattern to enchant the tourist and satisfy the resident. On the summit of the hills, and in the recesses of the valleys, are dismantled castles and dilapidated churches, illustrative of the religion and chivalric legends of old Germany; and here are modern cities, affording (after a fashion) the luxuries of Paris and the comforts of London. Here is the rickety little city of Baden, turbulent with the harsh cry of the croupier, with the orchestra of the ball-room, and with all the miscellaneous sounds which make up the din and turmoil of town life. But Karlsruhe, the country quarters of the ducal court; Mannheim, formerly the capital of the principality; Heidelberg, with its marvellous castle and learned professors; Freyburg, with its beautiful cathedral and ancient university—gratify the eye by their picturesque appearance and elicit our warmest sympathy.

Baden is in part Protestant and in part Catholic. The foundations of the different religious creeds for holy and charitable purposes are stated by Hennitsch to be:—Catholic religious and secular foundations, 2,334; annual revenue, 1,427,243 florins; Protestant, 605 foundations; annual revenue, 674,616 florins. In addition to these rich donations, all classes of civil and religious officers have subscription funds for providing for widows and orphans, and savings' banks are general to encourage providence amongst the lower classes.

The military force of the duchy amounts nominally to 10,000 men, which forms part of the second division of the 8th corps of the Confederate army. The troops

are raised by annual conscription, but after a certain period of drill, the greater part are disbanded. Extreme economy is practised in the management of the war department—an example well worthy the imitation of more powerful states.

Agriculture forms the principal occupation of the people, although manufactures are not neglected. Corn, barley, maize, and potatoes are grown with great success. The slopes of the hills are covered with vineyards. Walnut, chestnut, peach, apricot, plum, and cherry trees produce abundant crops of very choice fruit. The forests abound in valuable timber; a large quantity of fir and oak is annually exported. Horses, horned cattle, sheep, goats, and pigs, are of good quality, and are reared in great numbers. Mining operations are conducted with some success; silver is found at St. Anton, in the valley of the Kinzig; copper at Kork and Neusadt; iron is produced at Kandern, and in various parts of the Black Forest; manganese is found near Villingen; salt at Rappennau and Durrheim; coals at Offenburg.

The number of factories has been rapidly increasing since the accession of the Grand Duchy to the Germanic Customs' League. Clocks, wooden toys, straw hats, lace, and embroidery have for a long period been sent from Baden into all parts of Europe. The additional manufacturing undertakings are chiefly cotton spinning and weaving establishments, ribbon, and beet root sugar factories.

Each village has a school to which parents are compelled to send their children; each city has a gymnasium; and, as we have already noticed, the duchy boasts two universities—Freyburg and Heidelberg, the latter being the most ancient in Germany.

Notwithstanding the continual activity of the Grand Duchy of Baden; notwithstanding the innumerable quantity of tourists, the curious, the idlers, artists, valetudinarians, and adventurers, who incessantly traverse this high road of Germany, each bringing with them their own national tastes and feelings, and introducing into the duchy strange

fashions and novel dialects, the people have preserved their ancient manners, their German language, and the costume of their fathers.

The accompanying engraving represents two young women of the country in their ordinary costume, and a shepherd—bearing no very close resemblance to a shepherd of Arcadia, but a faithful type of those of Baden.

The traditional costume, and the simple habits and unaffected innocence of the rustic population of Baden, have been beautifully illustrated by Hebel in his songs and eclogues.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

For new-made honour

Doth forget men's names.—SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT a happy, merry evening they spent—the Blossom family, and their sweet foster-child, their darling, their Hope.

Larky's consciousness of her superiority, or, rather, of his deficiencies in education, refinement, and elegance, compared to herself, was forgotten for a time when he saw her sitting amongst them, so completely one of them, as in the dear old days of the Green Fields Ragged School.

She was as active, as handy, and as motherly as ever, and when Bob Blossom, her foster-father, came in from work, Hope kissed him as tenderly as if she had still been the little Hope of eight years ago.

But Bob felt there was a change in their relative positions, and, after the first embrace, he said—

"Why, Hope, my darling, now thee be grown such a foine, grand lady, ain't thee ashamed of thy poor working man of a feather?"

"Ashamed of you, my father! kind, good 'daddy,' as I used to call you," said Hope; "what puts such a cruel thought into your head?"

"Why, thee be ris so high, lass, thee might feel above kissing the loikes of me."

"I must be sunk very low," said Hope, "not to be proud to kiss you, my father."

While Apple Blossom kept the shop, Bob went out, at four shillings a day, to put gardens in order—small town gardens, that only wanted one day's tending now and then to be very prim and smart—and Bob, honest fellow, took a real pride in all these gardens.

"Ye's all so smart and foine," he said, glancing round the tea-table, "that I think I must tidy myself up a bit, out of compliment to Hopy, there."

"And to the day, daddy," said Hope, raising, as of yore, her rosy fore-finger. "It's my mother's birthday."

Every one else had forgotten this festival; but Hope never forgot anything.

She had brought her "mammy," as she once more called her, a shawl, crochied by herself. Such a delicate fairy web of Shetland wool!

Bob soon re-appeared, shining with yellow soap and hair oil, and in his Sunday's best. Then came Jem Goodman, kind as ever, but too busy to stay long; and, just as they were all lamenting the absence of Merry, that gay damsel (as Hope opened a cupboard to search for something wanted at table) sprang out, blushing and giggling, having been hid up there, half stifled and almost doubled, for the sake of this surprise.

Merry was as fond of fun as ever. She was now a very handsome, blooming, nut-brown girl of eighteen; in very good service, too—as handsome a girl, in her own style, as England could produce.

Her thick, glossy, wavy hair shone like black satin, her hazel eyes laughed and sparkled beneath her black brows, her nose was a pretty, delicate nose, though it did turn up a little, her round, plump cheek was of the brightest carnation, her laughing lips of coral red, parted above such white, even teeth, that one could not quarrel with that mouth for being a little too large for regular beauty.

Her figure was perfection—not the sylph-like perfection of Hope's graceful, delicate form, but the perfection of that sort of beauty we look for in a daughter of the people—the Venus of the mill; tall, straight, well-developed, clothed with flesh so firm, rosy, and glowing it might have served a Hebe; a beautiful neck, a taper waist, a rounded arm, strong as a man's, a neat foot and ankle, and a leg that would not lag behind.

The same contrast that was so beautiful in childhood between Hope Evermore and Merry Blossom existed still; but it was even more marked, more remarkable now, because education had done so much to refine still more the delicate Hope, and labour to increase the muscular development of Merry.

Merry was on the whole a very good girl, and a capital servant. In her own language, she boasted, and it was an honest boast, that she could do a day's work with any one.

Merry's early propensity to pilfer and to fib had been quite cured. She was very true, and very trustworthy, but she had her faults. She was a little too fond of dress and pleasure; and though she "walked about" with Tom Trudge, and he was "her young man," she liked to be admired by the handsome young policeman X of the L division; and she had a joke, a glance, a smile, and a smart word for the baker's man, the milk man, the postman—indeed, all the postmen—the butcher's boy, and every "two-legged animal without feathers" that came to the front door or the area-gate.

This coquettish disposition of Merry's caused steady Tom Trudge many an uneasy hour, and frequent quarrels had arisen between the young lovers in consequence of it.

Apple Blossom had taken Merry seriously to task; for Tom Trudge was a capital match—so steady that he was likely to be taken into partnership by his master; and, but for his true, faithful love for Merry, might have married that master's daughter.

No one knew how it happened, but soon after Merry had rolled out of the cupboard, Tom Trudge arrived, and Apple Blossom, observing "The more the merrier," insisted on his staying to tea.

They all thoroughly enjoyed the liberal repast. The strawberries and cream, the cakes and bread-and-butter, the good tea, and above all the kindly welcome and cheerful chat.

Hope sat by her dear Larky Grigg, as lovingly as when they were children; still assuming a pretty

little matronly authority over the great, handsome, noble boy—still calling him "Larky,"—still raising her finger to warn or reprove.

Oh, how he loved her! How rapid was the growth of passion in his breast! While a delicate tenderness seemed to be her response. Accidentally to touch her beautiful little hand was ecstasy—to meet her loving eyes, and hear her gentle voice, was enchantment; and when, as twilight deepened, and they sat in the soft "gloaming," before lights were called for, and Larky, beneath the shelter of the table, stole her hand, and she gladly resigned it to his, his young heart felt as if it would burst, but that tears rose to his eyes.

There was no coquetry in Hope. She loved Larky, and she was not ashamed to let him know that she loved him. It was a young girl's pure, frank, innocent love; but his was the passion of a man.

Merry was teasing Tom Trudge with accounts of admirers, conquests she had made, compliments paid her by one postman, and smart sayings of hers to another.

All this Tom Trudge, who was a matter-of-fact, took very ill; but the more he scowled and talked, the more Merry talked, and teased, and boasted, and quizzed him.

At length Apple Blossom, who liked Tom Trudge, and felt very much vexed with her saucy, imprudent, light-hearted, light-headed Merry, turned the conversation by asking if any one knew what had become of little Nussy Darrell and blue-eyed Baby Ben.

"O mother," said Hope, "I forgot to tell you that I have seen Nussy, and heard of Baby Ben."

"Oh, tell me all about them, Hopy!" said kind Apple Blossom. "Poor children, since they got Natt's property, and was put in Chancery, I've never seen or heard from them; only Jem Goodman found out for me that Ness wor put to a foine boarding-school, and little Ben as I suckled till he wor like a sucking-pig, so fat, wor put to a lady as advertised for a child to bring up with her own; and had found his legs, and wor struttin' about, all braid and feathers, as fine as any peacock. But tell me, lass, whenever did thee see Ness; and how come thee to know her?"

"Why, mother, you'd know her yourself—she is not the least altered in face or form, only taller."

"And did she remember thee, lassie? Thee wor a little mother to Ness!"

"Oh, she remembered me well enough, mother. But though she's been taught all sorts of fine things at her grand school, she hasn't been taught humility, I fear. She wants to be considered a young lady of fortune, and to forget her ragged school days."

"And when did you see her—heartless, thankless girl?" said Larky Grigg, hating her at once for not loving Hope.

"There was a grand party given at the breaking-up at her school," said Hope; "and as the orphan daughter of a once very dear friend of Lady Glenlonely's is at that school, we were all invited. The young ladies had got up a play and a concert, and prizes were distributed, and then there was a ball. Lady Glenlonely chose that I should attend her; and you may be sure when, in a sort of bill of the entertainment, I saw the name of Miss Agnes Fitz Darrell as the young lady who had won all the first prizes, I felt all in a glow and a tremor to know whether Agnes Fitz Darrell was one and the same with poor little Ness Darrell. I had heard from Jem she was at this same grand boarding-school at Kensington—Campden House—and I thought they might have put a 'Fitz' before the name on account of her father's crime and disgrace, and her poor mother's violent death—she had been placed there as a ward in Chancery; and I saw it was the same Ness Darrell the very moment she came forward, amid the applause of the whole company, to receive the first prize for 'perseverance and general good conduct.' Oh, how proud she looked, as the chaplain of the school in his robes placed a wreath upon her brow! The prize was a beautiful Bible, bound in scarlet morocco and gold; and as she stood with it in her hand, curtsying (not very low, though), and dressed in six skirts of whitenet, looped up with white roses, white kid gloves, white silk stockings, white satin shoes, and the white wreath on her pale projecting forehead, with white satin ends fluttering down her back, I could not but weep to think of the poor, half-starved, ragged little thing she was when Apple Blossom took her and blue-eyed Ben out of pure charity. I used to tuck up and take in my old frocks and things to fit the mite she was; and Merry used to wash and iron them for her; and the work we had to comb out her tangled hair, and how vain she was of her new mourning. And then to see her there, receiving the first prize for everything; and every eye upon her, and every hand applauding, and every voice crying 'Bravo! bravo!'

Oh, I thought, how she must have toiled night and day to get so far before those who had such great advantages over her, for she learnt her letters at the ragged school; and how glad she'll be to hear of her foster-mother and father, and Larky Grigg, and Merry, and 'mammy' Hope, and all!"

"She can't be groved up no beauty," said Merry, who, like all coquettes, was a little jealous of all other girls. "She wor about as ornary a little wench as you'd see in a summer day's walk. Saller and lean, she wor. Oh, she can't be no beauty, nowise."

"No," said Hope, "she is not a beauty. At least, if very regular features, and red and white complexion make beauty; but she is very elegant and clever-looking—almost too clever-looking."

"She looks all mind and no heart," said Larky.

"We will not judge her harshly," said Hope, always eager to extenuate. "Hers is a painful and singular position."

"What of her looks?" said Merry; "them's all I cares to hear about."

"Well, then," said Hope, laughing, "she has grown up rather tall, very slender—her waist you might clasp with two hands—her hair is very dark, thick, straight, and smooth."

"How do she wear it?" asked Merry.

"Braided, simply, in front, and brought round her head in a thick coronet of plaited hair; her throat is very long, which gives her dignity and grace; she holds herself very erect; her face is the face you remember—small features, projecting brow, glittering eyes, thin lips, and little, very white teeth; she is very pale and rather dark. Her hands and feet are positively tiny; and altogether, without being pretty, she is a most interesting, elegant, singular-looking girl; and Madame Hautaine, her governess, says she is more admired than most beauties, by gentlemen especially."

"That, I takes the liberty of doubting of," said Merry.

"Did thee get to speak to her, lass?" said Apple Blossom; "and did thee ax how blue-eyed Baby Ben is, and whether he's growed up strong and hearty?"

"I did; for Lady Glenlonely, who was going to have Miss Clara Brereton, her old friend's orphan daughter, on a visit, wished to ask Miss Agnes Fitz-Darrell to accompany her, feeling that so much merit ought to be encouraged by a lady of her rank. So, after the distribution of prizes, I was sent to Miss Fitz-Darrell's room to invite her in Lady Glenlonely's name."

"Well, that be interesting, anyways, that be," said Bob: "two lasses as had met at ragged school to meet so. Ness so foine, tip top of her grand boarding-school, and thee, lass, friend and companion of a lady—in her own roight a countess—noways behoid Ness, I'll be bound, in toggery, eh; and in all them foine feathers as makes foine birds. Go on, Hopy; it's as good as a play. How did she receive thee?"

"Not quite as I could have wished or expected," said Hope, blushing. "But we must make allowances; she is very peculiarly and painfully placed. No one at Campden House knows about her father and mother, and her ever having been at a ragged school."

"Did she know you at once, Hope?" said Larky. "She could not have forgotten thee?"

"She pretended not to know me, Larky Grigg; but I am certain she did, for I sent in my name as Miss Hope Evermore, on a card Lady Glenlonely had engraved for me; and when I entered, the card was crunched up in her hand, and she was as white as marble, and almost as cold and stiff. As soon as we were alone, I said, 'Little Nussy Darrell, have you indeed forgotten 'mammy' Hope?'

"What do you mean, Miss Evermore?" she said, trembling violently, and even her lips blanched.

"I mean that I'm Hope Evermore, and that you're Ness Darrell," I said, "and that I can tell you you all about our joint kind foster-parents, Apple Blossom and Bob Blossom, and all about Larky Grigg and Merry Blossom, and the ragged school, and—"

"Stop!" she said. "Since you know me, it is no use to deny that I am Agnes Darrell; but the times, the events, and the people to whom you allude, are connected with things so disgraceful, so ruinous, so degrading, and so heartrending to me, that I wish them buried in oblivion. No one here, Mrs. Hautaine excepted, has the least idea of my early history. By her advice, Fitz was prefixed to my name, to disguise it. When first I went to her after my uncle's death, and other dreadful things I need not allude to—for, of course, Miss Evermore, you know them well—I was placed as a ward in chancery with Mrs. Hautaine, at Bath, the widow of an officer who took a few young ladies to educate them. She was

very kind to me, and took great pains with me. Coming into a large legacy, she left Bath, and set up this first-rate school in Hyde Park. I was the only one of her pupils who remained with her, for she doubled, nay trebled, her terms to the others, but being attached to me, and I to her, for I have no other friend, she kept me on at the same terms she had charged at Bath."

"Why say you have no other friends?" I cried, added Hope. "Have you forgotten your foster-mother and father, and Larky Grigg, and Merry, and poor Hope, your little 'mammy'?" They should not be forgotten, for they were friends in need."

"Yes," cried the proud girl, very pale, and clenching her hands, "but they know that I—who, as Agnes Fitz-Darrell, the first girl in this school, am considered on an equality with the daughters of noblemen and gentlemen—learnt to read at a ragged school; that my mother was murdered in the streets, on the doorstep of a public-house, by my drunken father, who has since been transported; that his mother was in the union; and that I have known the hunger of a starving wolf, the thirst of a dying dog, rags, filth, wretchedness; and lived for months after months on the charity of a poor apple-woman. If this were known, would Lady Roseville invite me, with her superb Augusta, to Roseville Castle? Would Lady Loftly hold me up as a model to her daughters? What chance should I have of marrying into a class that has all my sympathies, and for which alone I am fitted? No, Miss Evermore; I wish you and all the worthy people who once befriended me, well—very well; pray tell them so; but, if they wish me well still, they will not arouse suspicion by any inquiries, or undo the work I have so laboured at, by intruding on me."

"They will not intrude on you, Miss Fitz-Darrell," I said, "nor will I; and I sincerely hope you may never have cause to regret the warm, kind hearts your ingratitude has chilled. Where is your brother?"

"He is at school."

"Is he well?"

"I believe so; but I seldom see him. He is a sturdy, chubby, rosy boy, but not, in my opinion, a very gentlemanly boy. He is deficient in—"

"I hope," said I, "not, like you, in a heart. What shall I say to Lady Glenlonely, whose companion I am, and who, struck with your elegance of manner and appearance, and interested by the evidence of talent and industry your numerous prizes evince, had deputed me to ask you to accompany Miss Clara Brereton, the orphan daughter of her old friend, Lady Brereton, who is to spend a week in Carlton-terrace with us?"

"I should have liked it much," said Miss Fitz-Darrell, "but for your recognition of me, and the presence of one who knows all it is torture to me to recall. I know how kind and unworldly you are, Hope!" she added, rising and kissing me—"will you promise me never to give any one the least idea of my early history? If you will, I shall gladly accept Lady Glenlonely's invitation, for I wish to know as many people of quality as possible." Of course," said Hope, "I promised not to betray the worldly, heartless, ambitious, but unfortunate girl; and she spent a week with us, but I saw little of her, as I live very retired, according to the agreement Mr. Goodman and Apple Blossom made with Lady Ada. I go to no parties or public places, and Miss Clara Brereton and Miss Agnes Fitz-Darrell went everywhere. Indeed, Miss Fitz-Darrell made herself so charming to my lady that she is to be invited again, and when she leaves school, my lady has promised to present her at court."

"It's as good as a play," said Bob Blossom, "that's what it is; Ness Darrell at court!"

"And in few plays," said Larky Grigg, "is there so crafty, ambitious, and ungrateful a wench as that 'ere Ness. Her pride 'll have a fall some day, I'm sure."

"I am afraid she will try to marry some one she cannot love, in order to have a fine home and a certain rank," said Hope. "Poor girl! if she does she will be very miserable. But I think she will make what the world calls a good match, for she is very much admired by gentlemen. At the distribution of prizes a very handsome, fashionable young man, a Captain Greville, who sat by Lady Glenlonely, was much struck with her, so much so that he got introduced to her ladyship, and asked leave to call, and did call many times."

"Very handsome, was he?" said Larky Grigg, trembling and turning pale; "and did he speak to you, Hope?"

"Oh, he was very kind to me," said Hope, simply. "He gave me up his place, and when overcome by the heat, I nearly fainted, he led me into the garden,

and never left me till I was well again. Oh, he was so very kind!"

"And then he called in Carlton-terrace?" asked Larky, with flashing eyes.

"Oh, yes, several times; but I never saw him, for I never see young gentlemen visitors; that, you know, Larky, was agreed between Mr. Goodman, my mother, and the ladies, when I went to live as companion there. But Lady Glenlonely told me he was kind enough to ask after me every time. He went to several parties, and plays, and balls with my lady and Miss Brereton and Miss Fitz-Darrell, and my lady told me that one evening that he got a box at the Opera for the ladies, he asked her whether her golden-haired Hope would not like to hear Mario. He was quite surprised when he heard I never went anywhere."

"Have thee never seen him but once, Hope?" asked Larky Grigg, very pale, but his eyes flashing, and his lips white.

"Never to speak to, Larky Grigg. But I've often seen him at church; he has a sitting exactly opposite our pew, and when we drive out he often passes the carriage on horseback. Lady Glenlonely thinks he is looking after Miss Fitz-Darrell."

"And I think he's looking after you, Hope; nay, I'm certain of it, for what other face or form could seem fair compared to yours! And you thought him handsome?"

"Not half so handsome as you, dear Larky," said Hope, who was not the least of a coquette, and had spoken quite innocently and inadvertently, never dreaming of the passionate jealousy her words were awakening.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

For honest men are the gentlemen of nature.

BULWER LYTTON.

"But he's a gentleman," said Larky, in a tone of bitterness and despair, that made Hope turn pale. "I dare say he's of a noble family, and has a large fortune, and has had a grand, first-rate education at college, as young nobles has. And what must a poor working man seem compared to the likes of him?"

"In my eyes, Larky, he seems not to be compared to you; and as to birth, I heard Lady Glenlonely say she couldn't make out what family of Grevilles he belonged to; that none of the noble Grevilles owned him; that he was not in the Guards or the Rifles, or any other 'crack regiment,' as those are called where the officers are all gay men of family and fortune; that he's in the Company's service, and on furlough, or leave, for his health; that he lives as if he had plenty of money, but no one knows where he gets it, or who his father is, and that it is whispered that he is fond of play. However, he got an introduction to Lady Glenlonely, and often comes there, as she thinks, to hear of Nessy alias Miss Fitz-Darrell."

"And as I believe, to try to see you, Hopy; but if thee doesn't care to see him, and would rather see thy own poor Larky Grigg, I'll try not to hate him."

By this time the little party had left the table, and the young couples had passed off into the distant corners of the room. Hope sat by Larky's side, smiling, and reassuring him; and Merry was working up Tom Trudge into a fever of jealousy by pretending to admire X of the L division. Bob was making garden nets out of fine wire; and Apple Blossom was nursing her last baby.

All at once Bob asked—

"How's Truelove, Hopy? Does the old lady pet her as much as ever; and how do she get on with Sultana?"

"Truelove is as great a pet as ever," said Hope; "and my lady is as fond of him as of Sultana, and they're both as fat and as happy as possible. Sultana was jealous at first, and bit Truelove's ear, and Truelove returned the compliment by a scratch on Sultana's black snub nose; but now they have agreed to differ, and they lead a happy life."

"A cat and dog life, I suppose, though!" laughed the now happy Larky.

"Ah! Larky," said Hope, "my lord, seeing them lying so quietly together on the rug, close together for the sake of warmth, said to my lady, 'I've heard the lives of quarrelsome couples called cat and dog lives, yet look there!'"

"Ah!" said my lady, "but tie them together, and then see how they'd agree."

"So my lord laughed, and said my lady had the best of it."

"And how's Miss Ellen St. Ange, bless her heart, and the bookish old lady, as wor a little wrong here?" said Bob, grinning, and touching his forehead.

"Have she writ any more books, lass?"

"Oh yes, she's always writing," said Hope; "and she says that if ever the laws about women are altered to their advantage, it will be all owing to her."

"And, on the whole, lass, are you happy with them foin folk?"

"Yes; they're very kind to me, but my lady is in great trouble often, and so is Lady Ada, or, I should say, Lady Arncliffe, and Miss St. Ange, too, for war is raging in India, and it is said my lady's only son, Captain Pemberton that was, but Lord Eaglescliffe that is, has been taken prisoner or killed, or something very dreadful, it is not known exactly what; but, though this has made them very anxious, they won't give him up as lost till they hear it officially, as they have been deceived before."

"I warrant it makes the old countess very fitty, don't it, lass? I hope she don't went her temper on thee."

"Sometimes she is a little cross," said Hope; "but, as I know why, and pity her more than I can tell, I put up with it, and, as I learnt at the ragged school, that a civil answer turns away wrath, I always answer her kindly, and try to comfort her. No wonder she's unhappy, if she thinks she's lost her son. Why, I could gaze for hours on his picture (and so could poor Miss Ellen St. Ange). I've often seen her look at it through her tears."

"Sometimes my lady cannot bear me near her, because I'm so like some one she used to like, whom she sent away. Sometimes she loves me for that likeness which she sees or fancies, and makes me let my hair down on my shoulders, because she used to wear hers so. But, since the news came of her son's having been taken prisoner, she's been more capricious than ever, sometimes kissing me, and at others ordering me not to come near her. There's a little work-table in the recess of a window in my lady's dressing-room, and sometimes she likes to see me there, because, she says, it was there she used to sit, and sometimes it makes her almost wild, I look so like her in the twilight, and my profile, it seems, is so similar, or she fancies so, that she once screamed out as if she had seen a ghost. I fear she was unkind to this poor girl, who, from what I can hear, was a very distant cousin, or companion of my lady's, whom she sent away in disgrace, because her son was in love with her. It is said she is dead, and that my lady reproaches herself about it, as no one knows what became of her."

"Ah, well, Hopy," said Bob Blossom, "let that be a lesson to thee. If ever thee be thrown into the company of any young nobles, which it's against the agreement if thee is, don't thee forget thee's a poor gal and ain't loikely to get no good out of a nob, and may get a woundy lot o' harm, like that 'ere young 'oman as your old lady turned out in disgrace on 'count of casting a sheep's eye at her son, or he at her, it comes to the same thing. Don't never let no gentleman, young or old, come a-nigh thee, lass. He can't come for no good."

"Not for any good to himself, as he shall find, if he tries it on," said Larky, very white, and his teeth firmly set, but relaxing into a smile when Hope, first raising her finger, and shaking her pretty golden locks, and then holding out her hand with a smile of love and confidence, said, with the tone and manner of early days—

"Whatever have you got into your head, Larky? Can you mistrust your own little Hope?"

Then, as Larky clasped that hand in both his own, and raised it to his lips, she said—

"Larky, I am in sober earnest grieved to see you growing so suspicious—so jealous—so unkind. Now listen, Larky. I have nothing to conceal from you, my more than brother; I never had, I never will have; and I promise you that if ever any man, gentle or simple, says a word of love or anything approaching to it to me, I will tell you at once, if I am near at hand, and if not, I will write it to you. But in return for this, you must promise me to nip in the bud this poison-flower of luxuriant, rapid, and deadly growth, which will choke up all the blossoms of peace and happiness. 'Larky, good lad,' as I used to call thee—and would call you still, for you are a good lad—there is no man so wretched as a jealous man. To be jealous without cause is not rational, and a woman who gives cause is not worth one throb of an honest man's heart. Is she, mother?—is she, father?"

"No, that she ain't," said Bob, "and yet a sight of 'em takes a deloight in driving a poor, tender-hearted chap a'maist mad with jealousy. Why, Apple Blossom there wor a little that way inclined, and Merry's turning the same way, as you can see in Tom's looks."

(To be continued.)

The Matron.

NO. XXXIV.

My readers may remember that I observed in the last chapter that nothing was gained by a wife's employing herself in other people's houses if she left her husband uncomfortable at home. Still it is desirable that the wife should earn money, if she can do so without neglecting her house; and one means to this end is early to train up her children to be useful at home.

In the early numbers of "The Matron" I dwelt a good deal on the management of children, treating the subject from their infancy till the commencement of their education. The remarks I am now about to make apply rather to children from ten to fourteen. Children at this period may be made very useful indeed. I know very well that when one points out this to mothers, one gets for a reply, "I should have much more trouble in making that awkward child do this or that than in doing it myself."

I do not doubt the truth of this assertion; nevertheless, it is a mother's duty to teach her children to be useful, and in the performance of this duty she will soon find both advantage and satisfaction; but if you wish your children to second your efforts, encourage them rather than drive them.

The girls may be taught to dust the room, to lay the cloth for breakfast and dinner, to help make the beds, to prepare the tea, and wash up the tea-things; but do not confuse them in these duties by hurrying them or being harsh to them. You should bear in mind that what practise has made easy to you, is new, and consequently difficult, to them. Let them do one thing at once, and when they quite understand it, teach them some other household work, making instruction in the new art a reward for their zeal and patience in acquiring the former one.

By degrees you may make your daughters expert in cleaning the house, cooking, and washing, and in the last-mentioned occupation the help of even a young girl of thirteen may be very useful to you, and assist you to get through your wash, and remove all unpleasant indications of it before your husband returns. I have already spoken of the importance of expedition with the wash, and the co-operation in this difficult work of one, however young, who has your interests at heart, is not to be despised.

Boys may easily be taught to clean knives, shoes, and boots—not only their own shoes and boots, but their sisters', who in return should keep their brothers' stockings mended, and see that their handkerchiefs are hemmed, all their things marked, and that their shirts never want a button. It would be well if parents taught both boys and girls to aim at doing everything they undertake in the best possible manner. Let the boys have due credit for the brightness of the shoes they have blacked, and the knives they have cleaned. And here I am disposed to give them a few directions myself. I take it for granted that they have the necessary brushes for shoe cleaning. Let them never use the hard brush, with which the dirt should be removed, for brightening the shoes, and let the brush that applies the blacking be kept entirely to its own office, which is lightly to cover the shoe or boot with the blacking; then take the soft shining brush, and while the blacking is still wet, give the shoe or boot its brilliant polish.

As to knives and forks, never put them in hot water, for it injures them in two ways—by loosening the handles, and discolouring the steel. First of all, wipe both knives and forks with a damp cloth, and then with a dry one, after every meal. Knives and forks should never be put away dirty. For cleaning the steel blades, rub them on a smooth board, upon which some fine dry sand, or a little brickdust, has been sprinkled. Clean the forks thoroughly, not only on the outside, but also between the prongs; and do this by rubbing them on and against a thoroughly clean scrubbing-brush, on which sand or brickdust has been thrown. An ingenious, handy boy will contrive to make this scrubbing-brush a very efficient tool in cleaning forks, by nailing it (the back downwards) on to one end of the knifeboard. By making it firm and steady, it will acquire more power.

One great difficulty with children is to find them profitable employment in wet weather, after all the little household duties have been performed, and when, of course, there can be no amusement or work in the fields or the garden.

Plain needlework, it is true, can be carried on by the girls; but for a series of hours needlework is rather hard and tedious for children from ten to fourteen. Those children are well off who have been taught not only to sew but to knit. This art is

simple, the movements of the fingers lively, and the rapid advancement of the work is encouraging. Even children of seven and eight may find great pleasure in knitting garters for themselves and friends, and the elder ones should be shown how to make a pair of stockings. Knitted stockings last longer than woven ones; but the ample occupation, and increased dexterity, that knitting affords for little fingers, is quite sufficient to recommend it. Knitting has also been thought advisable for boys, in order that they may have some employment for leisure hours, when out-of-door amusements are impracticable; and I see no objection to boys' knitting, provided they do not object to it themselves. If they express a dislike to what certainly is more particularly girls' work, I should not insist on it.

Some boys are so handy, that they can make all sorts of useful things out of wood, merely with the assistance of a pocket-knife. This is particularly the case in Switzerland, where mere boys' work, in pretty ingenious articles, furnishes objects of a national trade.

Wooden pegs, little boxes, cotton winders, &c., might easily be made by English boys, if parents were really in earnest in showing them, or having them taught these little arts; and, for a change of occupation, or, rather, of amusement, why should not boys be taught netting? Netting is not woman's work, if applied to fishing-net or garden-net.

I recollect an old minister of my acquaintance who attached such importance to keeping his sons well employed, both morning and evening, that during the latter period, while one member of the family read aloud, he kept his sons (who were lads in their teens) to making nets, similar to those made by fishermen. This old minister was a very learned, good man, and he has left a very high reputation behind him.

I shall draw this chapter to a close by observing that, in my opinion, it is almost as much a parent's duty to give his children occupation, as to give them food and clothing.

JENNY'S CRADLE.

Ay, here is your cradle! Why surely, my Jenny,
Such slender dimensions go somewhat to show
You were an exceedingly small pic-a-ninny
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

Your baby-days flowed in a much-troubled channel;
I see you as then in your impotent strife—
A tight little bundle of wailing and flannel,
Perplexed with that newly-found fardel called life.

To hint at an infantine frailty's a scandal;
All by-gones are by-gones—and somebody knows
It was bliss such a baby to dance and to dandle,
Your cheeks were so velvet—so rosy your toes.

Ay, here is your cradle! and Hope, a bright spirit,
With Love now is watching beside it, I know;
They guard o'er the nest you yourself did inherit
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

It is Hope gilds the future, Love welcomes it smiling;
Thus wags this old world, therefore stay not to ask,
"My future bids fair, is my future beguiling?"
If mask'd, still it pleases, then raise not its mask.

Is life a poor coil some would gladly be doffing?
He is riding post-haste who their wrongs will adjust;
For at most 'tis a footstep from cradle to coffin—
From a spoonful of pap to a mouthful of dust.

Then smile as your future is smiling, my Jenny!
I see you, except for that infantine woe,
Scarce changed since you were but a small pic-a-ninny:
Your cheek is still velvet—pray what is your toe?

Ay, here is your cradle! much, much to my liking,
Though nineteen or twenty long winters have sped;
But, hark! as I'm talking there's six o'clock striking,
It is time JENNY'S BABY should be in its bed!

MEDEAH, ALGIERS.

THE people of Medeah have regular features and good forms, many of the women being strikingly handsome, with brilliant black eyes, lustrous hair, and fine forms. The dresses of the women are frequently extremely rich. Women of all ranks in Algeria, when in the public streets, are covered with white calico or muslin from head to foot, and steal along like ghosts, and have thick white veils across their faces; but at home their costume is rich and bright-coloured. An amber-coloured silk handkerchief is tied round the head, and over it is a band of diamonds, with pendants, and large diamond earrings. One or two fresh flowers are stuck in one side of the face. Strings of pearls and of scented beads mixed with pearls, are round the neck, and also a long string of large scented beads. Over an embroidered muslin chemisette is a green satin jacket, embroidered with silver at the seams, and with silver

buttons. A scarf of silk and gold is loosely wound round the waist, below which peeps out an inner dress of white muslin, embroidered with pink. Loose trowsers of blue and gold brocade reach to just below the knee, where they terminate with a band of gold round the leg. Gold bracelets and anklets complete the attire. Provincial costume is rather different from this. Over the silk handkerchief and under the chin is an embroidered gauze handkerchief with coloured border, and this hangs down over one shoulder. A white woollen scarf over the shoulders is fastened by a brooch on the right shoulder, whence the ends hang down in many folds. This is the costume of Medeah and the country about it. Instead of jewels in her hair, the fair provincial sometimes has a chain of orange-flowers strung on thread, a very popular ornament—chains of these, mixed with other flowers, being sold about the streets for a mere trifle. The boy has the usual Moorish dress, with the white bournouse thrown across one shoulder. It is curious to observe the various forms in which the love and taste for dress displays itself among the different nations and tribes of men. It generally forms no unerring index in reading the character of a people.

A GRAIN OF WHEAT FROM ANCIENT EGYPT.

THERE are few things more extraordinary in the economy of nature than the tenacious vitality of the vegetable creation. It retains its power of reproduction for centuries. To all appearance dead, it still lives. Sown in the earth it puts forth its suspended energy and springs up, "first the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear."

Many instances of this description are on record, and many others are to be enumerated which have occurred in our own day. The following cases are established on testimony which is to all appearance above suspicion, and which are fully entitled to our consideration.

In 1834 there was discovered, at Mengis Saint Martin in France, a tomb of the Gallo-Roman period, that is, of the fifth or sixth century. Under the scull of the skeleton, which was much decayed, and in a cavity expressly made, some grains of corn-flower and sunflower were found, which, on being sown, rapidly germinated.

There existed at Peronne, before the first French Revolution, a Roman church known as St. Quintin's, which dated from the eighth or ninth century. It was destroyed in 1793. In 1805 the erection of some new building was commenced on the ruins. A trench was formed through the nave, the roof of which had fallen in. A few days after it was noticed that a number of different plants were beginning to spring up from the earth which had been cast aside in the operation. From their position, it was evident they must have been hidden under the eaves of the church; and the supposition was that the seeds had been carried thither by the birds which had there built their nests before the destruction of the building.

No one who takes into consideration these curious facts, can have any hesitation in admitting the possibility of the germination of a grain of wheat that has lain buried in an Egyptian tomb for three thousand years. Startling as this proposition appears, it may readily be admitted as a statement of fact. A short time since, an eminent agriculturist presented to the Imperial Society of Paris a sheaf, which he stated had been grown from a few grains of wheat found, with a mummy, in an Egyptian sarcophagus.

The sheaf became an object of much interest. It was regarded with attention by all who enjoyed the opportunity of seeing it. Its size and weight, colour and fulness were universally admired; but it occurred to some members of the society, that perhaps, after all, it was not what it professed to be, that it never had been buried with a mummy, and had never, in fact, been near Nile water in its whole existence. Two gentlemen, well known for their acquaintance with agricultural topics, were appointed to examine the suspected wheat, and they both declared that it belonged to the northern region of Europe, and was of inferior quality. This assertion occasioned long and animated controversy. The sender of the wheat insisted on its legitimacy, while the examiners were equally positive as to its spurious origin. The dispute has not been settled yet; but it is possible to conceive the examiners mistaken; we may as readily and more courteously accuse them of error, than the agriculturist of fraud: besides, the wheat that was put into the sarcophagus may have been of foreign growth, who shall say? However this question may be finally settled, if it ever is settled—the extraordinary vitality of vegetation will still remain as an important fact in natural science.



EGYPTIAN WHEAT.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

THEOPHILUS WIGGINS was a bachelor, and had been so—from time immemorial, I was going to say, but I will modify it, and say—from the earliest recollection of the oldest inhabitant. He had seen all the daughters (I think I am safe in adding all the grand-daughters) of the mothers he had courted, get married and settled, yet he was a bachelor still; and, if he was to be believed, a bachelor in the very prime of life—say thirty, or thirty-five, or somewhere thereabouts. Theophilus Wiggins, Esquire, as he was proud to be addressed—but Top Wiggy, as he was generally spoken of—was no longer the man he had been, though much of the same appearance: an oculist, a dentist, a limb-maker, a perruquier, a perfumer, and a tailor, having each contributed to supply some deficiency of time, accident, or nature; in other words, our ancient friend had a false leg, false hips, false breast, false hair, false teeth, false complexion, and one false eye; and if he had not a false heart, it was not his fault, for he had been many times jilted by one who had.

As time wore on, and the task of the maker-up of Mr. Wiggins' person (his valet de chambre) increased to an onerous duty, Theophilus began seriously to entertain the notion of marriage; and he reasoned that if he were to marry at all, he might as well set about it in the hey-day of his youth—or rather his manhood—since he now acknowledged, at least to himself, that he had attained to years of discretion.

Being rich, he did not care particularly about marrying for money; and being handsome (in his own estimation), he did not care particularly about marrying for beauty, you would say—but stop! the analogy is not complete; for, though Mr. Wiggins had money enough for two, he was by no means satisfied that he had beauty enough for two; and therefore the future Mrs. Wiggins must be handsome, though poor; refined, too, the future Mrs. Wiggins must be; and, to compare with her husband, youthful; and with youth, beauty, and refinement, Theophilus fancied he could get along as well married as single, if not better.

But how was he to obtain such a wife? He cast about him with an inquiring mind, but found none who exactly came up to his standard; nor could he remember any, now single; though he had a good memory, which ran far back into antiquity.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, one morning, while his valet was putting him together for the day. "I have it!" and he rubbed his hands with glee.

"Have what, sir?—the gout?" asked his maker-up.

"Gout! No, fool!" cried Theophilus, indignantly. "No man has the gout at my time of life."

"More generally a coffin," muttered the other, *sotto voce*.

"No, Stulus—I have an idea—a capital idea!" pursued Theophilus Wiggins, Esquire, rather as a soliloquy than as addressing his man.

"Hold on to it!" muttered the other; "for if it's original it must be a curiosity."

"Eh? did you speak?" asked Wiggins, semi-mysteriously.

"I was only remarking that your hips don't set quite as well as formerly; I think you must have fallen away a little."

"Good gracious, what an idea!" exclaimed the other, in amazement; "as if a man could fall away at seven-and-twenty, unless he had some horrid fever. Ridiculous, upon my word! I say, Stulus, let me stand as I am."

"On one leg, sir?"

"Fool! quit your impertinence, or I'll discharge you."

"Then how would you get taken apart and put together, sir?—for there's a good deal of nice machinery about you, Mr. Wiggins."

"When I say let me stand," said Theophilus, sternly, "I mean let me sit—let me be—leave me as I am—quit—go away! And now, if you comprehend anything, stupid, sit down by that table, and write as I shall dictate."

"All ready, sir!" said the valet as he disposed himself according to orders.

Mr. Wiggins—or rather, perhaps, I should say Mr. Half-Wiggins, since he was only half put together—leaned his bald head back in the chair, looked solemnly forth from his one eye, placed his remaining nether limb on another chair, and puffed out his toothless mouth, as if for a regular blow before the grand strike.

"Ahem!" he began, gathering himself for a mighty effort.

"Shall I write that, sir?" queried Stulus.

"No, you dunce! but write what I say now;"

and Theophilus Wiggins proceeded to dictate—with interjectional remarks—all of which the writer put down as he went along. When he had finished the article, it read as follows, the asides being given in brackets:—

"WANTED!—A WIFE!—[Well, that's true, I do.]—A gentleman in the prime of life—[Hardly the prime yet—but no matter—don't like to be thought too juvenile]—of ample means, agreeable disposition, handsome person—[That's so—Spots, the artist, said I would do for an Apollo]—and possessing a fond and loving heart—[Nothing like a little touch of soft sawder with the female kind—it always tells]—is desirous of making the acquaintance of a lady with a view to matrimony. She also must be young—[Italise also and young—I think that a good idea]—She also must be young, handsome, refined, and—[a—a—let me see! what is that word that's kind of loving, and yet isn't loving? Oh! ah! I have it—amiable]—and amiable, wealth not being especially essential, as he has a sufficiency—he mainly requiring that she should possess all the other requisites for rendering home happy. [I think that pretty good. Oh! you may add]—N.B. The writer of this is seriously in earnest, and all letters shall be held as strictly confidential. Address, T. W., Post-office, stating full particulars, and where an interview may be had."

"Done, Stulus?"

"All down, sir."

"Give it me!"

As Stulus handed his master the paper, Mr. Wiggins adjusted his glass to his single eye, glanced over it, and exclaimed:

"Why, you stupid mule, you've written down everything I said."

"Please, sir, that's what you told me to do," returned the mischievous valet, demurely.

"Blockhead! wheel the table up here! give me the pen!" and Theophilus, in high dudgeon, proceeded to erase all superfluous matter, and punctuate the article correctly. He then ordered Stulus to make a clean copy.

Being perfectly satisfied with the revised copy, Mr. Wiggins, as soon as he was all fairly put together, and his toilet completed, despatched Stulus with the advertisement to the most popular daily journal. On the following day it appeared, and on the next Stulus brought the astonished advertiser something less than half a bushel of letters, all from females purporting to be exactly such as he required.

"Good gracious! what a tremendous lot to pick from!" exclaimed the highly flattered Theophilus Wiggins. "They must know who it is that wants a wife—don't you think so, Stulus?"

Stulus didn't think so, because he had charity enough to suppose that among so large a number there might be some who were not natural fools, but he took care not to say what he thought to his master.

Of course, in so large a list, there were a good many whose bad chirography, bad syntax, and worse orthography, could not but give offence to one so fastidious as Theophilus Wiggins, Esq.; and these were at once consigned to the flames—not of his heart, but of the fire. Another lot, for various other reasons—prominent among which was the desire of the writers to know his exact age, and how much he was really worth—were indignantly destroyed by the blooming bachelor, as being too mercenary and too much wanting in true affection. Still another lot, in which his respondents appeared to be more in fun than earnest, met with the same fate.

At last, after a long, careful, and critical examination, Theophilus found his large list reduced to three—there being only three that he fancied would do at all. Yet so far from being chagrined at this, he almost regretted the fact of their being more than one—simply because, after all, he could marry only one, and consequently two poor creatures would be left to bewail their sad fates, and perhaps die of broken hearts. However, his grief did not keep him from making an extra toilet; and having adjusted his wig, eye, teeth, breast, hip, cork-leg, and brass-mounted military coat, he proudly sallied forth, with the words of the Roman conqueror ringing through his mind—"Veni, vidi, vici."

The first place at which he called was rather a genteel-looking house in a back street; and having delicately sounded the brass knocker, Mr. Wiggins waited with a palpitating heart the answer to his summons. The door was opened by a slipshod, half-grown girl, who rather sharply asked the now timid wife-seeker what he wanted.

"A—ah—I—I called to—ahem!—"

"Well, you can do that anywhere," was the impertinent reply.

Theophilus looked confused, but put on dignity, and said, more positively—

"Is Miss Laura Matilda Hawthorne within?"

Miss Laura Matilda Hawthorne was within; and an affected voice bade Sarah Ann Jones usher the gentleman into the drawing-room—which drawing-room proved to be a small parlour, about eight feet by ten, with a sofa occupying one side; upon which, in a studied attitude, half-reclined a very sentimental-looking school-girl, with her ringlets floating negligently around her romantic features, and one of the latest novels on Insipidity in her hand.

"Pray be seated, Sir Knight!" she said to the astonished Mr. Wiggins. "I suppose you are the dear Thomas William whom I have so often seen in my dreams, and who is destined by the irrevocable laws of fate to unite his happy lot with mine, that we may go hand in hand together down through the flowery vales of life. You got my epistle, of course? Ma is away; and I am one so far above the vulgar sneers and prejudices of the world, as not to flinch at an elopement—because, of all things on this fair earth, I think an elopement the most sweet and romantic. I should like you better if you were darker, or paler, with long flowing locks, and collar à la Byron. But you will do, dear Thomas William. You have genius! you love novels! you write poetry! I see it all in your sparkling eyes!"

Theophilus winced a little at the compliment to his sparkling eyes, because he knew the brightest one was glass; and he mildly suggested that he had not the gift of genius—at least he did not think he had; and that he did not like novels, and had never written poetry; moreover, that his name was not Thomas William, but Theophilus Wiggins; and that he had never in his life had the remotest idea of an elopement!

"Ah! good heavens! what do I hear!" cried the now indignant Laura Matilda Hawthorne, springing from her divan, as she was wont to call her sofa. "I see! I have been deceived—basely deceived; my young heart is broken by a base-born churl! You are not my dear destined Thomas William, then, but plain Theophilus Wiggins—the most unromantic name in the world! You have not genius, either, you say; you do not like novels; you are not a poet in disguise; you would not elope; you have not sentiment enough even to throw yourself at my feet! I should not be surprised if you even wore a wig! Begone, sir! begone, base miscreant! Laura Matilda will reserve herself for a congenial companion! Sarah Ann Jones, show this man the door!"

"I can find it myself," suggested Mr. Wiggins, hastily putting on his hat.

And he did. And when he breathed freer in the open air, he thought the last remark of Laura Matilda Hawthorne the most sensible he had heard.

Theophilus Wiggins, Esq., now gathered up his dignity, and philosophised on the fact that his list was now reduced to two.

"Well," mused he, "faint heart never won fair lady." It is better as it is, for now there will be but one heart to break instead of two."

And so, nothing daunted, he set off, in a business-like manner, for the next.

His second direction led him to a lodging-house, and up four pair of stairs; and on gently tapping at the door, it was opened by a rather good-looking lady, in theatrical attire, with a sceptre in her hand, and a pasteboard crown upon her head.

"Is Miss Sophronia Celestia Watkins within?" softly inquired Theophilus, hat in hand.

At once the stage-mad lady seized the half-terrified Theophilus, and, dragging him into the room, *volens volens*, threw him from her. Then, striking a queenly attitude, with her back against the door, she exclaimed—

"It may be so; but yet my inward soul Persuades me it is otherwise. Howe'er it be, I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad, As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think—Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink."

"Mad—a—Madam," stammered Mr. Wiggins, "I—I—fear there is some mistake here."

The tragic lady drew herself up with queenly haughtiness, and still quoting Shakespeare, thus replied—

"'Tis nothing less; conceit is still derived From some forefather grief; mine is not so; For nothing hath begot my something grief; Or something hath the nothing that I grieve: 'Tis in reversion that I do possess; But what it is, that is not yet known: what I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot."

"Good gracious, madam!" now exclaimed the confounded Theophilus, "are you mad?"

"Mad!" she cried; "who says I'm mad? Where lives the low-born hind that dares to so impeach the heaven-sent gift of reason, as to call me mad? Ha! behold! he's there;" and she made a grand

Small Change.

flourish with her sceptre, to the utter discomfiture of our ancient friend. "Behold the wretch! I wonder the very earth does not open and swallow him! Had I a dagger," gliding up to the amazed and now wholly terrified Theophilus, "I'd plunge it to his heart!"

"Don't!" said Mr. Wiggins, holding up his hands in horror; "don't!"

"But as I haven't," went on the queenly Sophronia Celestia Watkins, "I'll—I'll pull his hair!"

And suiting the action to the word, Sophronia Celestia buried her hands in Mr. Wiggins's wig, tore it from his head, and thus disclosed to her astonished eyes a bald and shining apex, which looked for all the world like an inverted wash-bowl.

"Heavens! what do I behold?" shrieked the amazed Sophronia Celestia.

This was too much for Theophilus; he had had enough; he wanted to hear no more; but rudely jerking his wig from Miss Sophronia, he grasped it tightly in one hand, his hat in the other, made a lunge for the door, and went plunging down stairs, three at a leap, as if he thought all bedlam let loose behind him.

On turning the nearest corner, Theophilus stopped, drew a long breath, adjusted his wig and hat, looked timidly around him, and then shook himself together, to be certain he was all there.

The third and last address took him to a large, fine, splendid-looking mansion, where Mr. Wiggins compared numbers anxiously, to be sure there was no mistake, and then rang the bell. On inquiring for Miss Cordelia Walters, the servant ushered him into a magnificent drawing-room, where he encountered, not the young lady herself, but the young lady's mother. This was more like doing business in the truly fashionable style, and Theophilus Wiggins, Esq., felt at home. After the usual preliminaries, the grand point was reached, and he was assured by Mrs. Walters that she had herself written the note, and not Cordelia.

"She is a dear, sweet girl," said the mother, "and I would like to see her married well, to a gentleman of means, which I believe your advertisement states you to be."

"I have means, madam, and can give you any reference you desire. How old is your daughter?"

"She is quite young, Mr. Wiggins—not over twenty."

Theophilus Wiggins' heart rose.

"Good looking, I suppose?" he interrogatively pursued.

"She has been accounted a beauty, sir."

Theophilus Wiggins' heart took a tremendous leap.

"Amiable and affectionate, I presume?"

"Of a very even and quiet disposition," said the lady.

"Could I be permitted to see her?" inquired Mr. Wiggins.

Mrs. Walters did not think it at all necessary. Mr. Wiggins wanted a wife, and she, Mrs. Walters, would like to see her daughter settled in life; she trusted he was all he purported to be, and Miss Cordelia was all she recommended her; and so, as both parties were evidently suited, she thought calling in the girl entirely superfluous. To this Mr. Wiggins demurred, inadvertently saying something about "a pig in a poke," and quietly suggesting the fact that he could not very well marry without first seeing her.

"If you insist upon it," said the lady, rising, and ringing the bell, "I will have her called."

And she was called; and at the first glance of her young and pretty face, Mr. Wiggins was in raptures. His fond heart took another leap to his very throat, and beat at fever heat; but half-a-dozen words from the fair Cordelia let it down far below zero, for those half-a-dozen words acquainted him with the startling fact that she was a *natural born idiot*!

Mr. Wiggins suddenly remembered another pressing engagement, and at once took his leave, and himself homeward.

"Stolus," he said, when he had planted himself in an easy chair, in his bachelor apartment, "are there any more letters?"

"Another half bushel, sir!"

"Burn them, Stolus!" said Mr. Wiggins, solemnly, straightening up his neck and collar with dignity: "burn them, sir! put them all in the fire, sir! and if any more come, Stolus, serve them all in the same manner, sir! I have changed my mind. On further consideration, I think I'll not get married at all."

And Theophilus Wiggins, Esq., didn't. He lived and died an old bachelor, leaving the bulk of his property to a favourite nephew, on condition that he should never make a confounded fool of himself by—"advertising for a wife."

WIND-MILLS are machines which are only kept going by being perpetually puffed; wherein, Jones suggests, they bear a pointed resemblance to some authors. With this difference, however, the reader will perceive, that while the latter raise the wind by increasing their sale, the former diminish their sail as the wind increases.

A LADY asked a noted doctor if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore had a tendency to produce congestion of the brain. "Oh no," replied he; "ladies who have brains won't wear them."

"THE ministry have thrown me overboard," said a disappointed politician, "but I have strength enough to swim to the other side!"

MARRIAGE, says an enthusiastic votary of Hymen, is a state of which it is unnecessary to describe the happiness, for two reasons:—first, because it would be superfluous to those who are in the enjoyment of its blessings; and, secondly, because it would be impossible to those who are not.

THE old lady who believes every calamity that happens to herself a trial, and every one that happens to her friends a judgment, is not yet dead.

LOUIS XIII., coming from the Council with Richelieu, whose opinions had just overruled those of the King, the latter stood aside to let the monarch pass. "Are you not the master here?" said the King, pushing him angrily. "Go before me."—"I can only do so," replied the adroit courtier, taking a torch from one of the pages, "by assuming the duties of the humblest of your servants."

DELIBERATE with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness. The gentleman is known at once by his walk, the lady by her carriage.

"You can do anything, if you have patience," said an old uncle, who had made a fortune, to his nephew, who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve, if you only wait." "How long?" asked the petulant spendthrift, who was impatient for the old man's obituary. "Till it freezes!" was the cold reply.

EAGLE THE FIRST.

By Alfred Tennyson.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands,
Close to the sun, in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunder-bolt he falls.

EAGLE YE SECOND.

By G. Whittier.

With hooked claws he clasps ye fence,
Close by ye hen-roost; gazing thence
He spies a mice, what's got no sense.
Ye mice beneath can't well see him;
He watcheth from his lofty limb,
Then jumpeth down and grabbeth him.

P.S.—The difference, though only faint,
'Tis that and this I now will paint:
His eagle's wild, my eagle ain't.

A FINE coat may cover a fool, but never conceals one.

AN old coquette, looking into a glass, and seeing her wrinkles, cried—"This new glass is not worth a farthing. They cannot make mirrors so well as they used to do."

POLITENESS.—The man who is truly honest cannot fail to be truly polite.

DURING a recent slander case there was a large number of ladies present, who caused a gentle murmuring all the while. The usher called out repeatedly, "Silence!" when the judge mildly said:—"Mr. Usher, don't you know better than to call silence when ladies are in court!"

FRANCIS, Duke of Luxembourg, was a celebrated French general, and much deformed. His uniform success, when contending with William III. of England, rendered him an object of jealousy to that prince, who once, in the bitterness of his heart, called him "humpback."—"What does he know of my back?" said the Marshal. "He never saw it."

An eminent spirit merchant in Dublin announces, in an Irish paper, that he has still a small quantity of the whisky on hand which was drunk by George IV., when in Dublin.

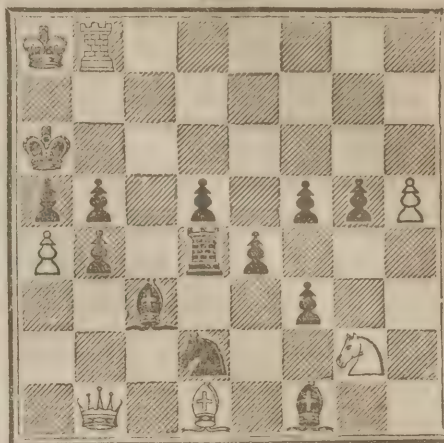
GREAT towns are but a large sort of prison to the soul, like cages to birds, or pounds to beasts.

A NOTED physician says that one of the best things to appease hunger is an opium pill. We wonder if the doctor ever tried a beefsteak flanked with several dishes of "mashed taters." We doubt it.

WHY had a man better lose his arm than a leg? Because, losing his leg, he loses something "to boot."

Chess.

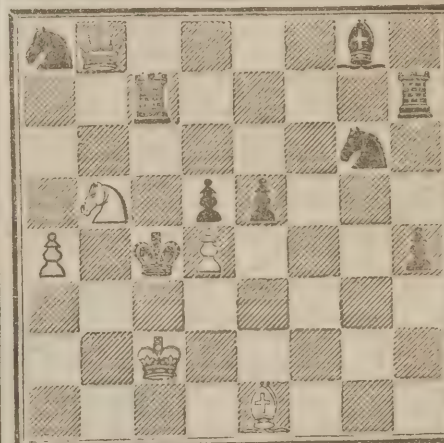
Problem No. 63. By Mr. WM. GREENWOOD.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 64. By C. W., of Sunbury.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 57.

WHITE.
1. Q to Kt 8
2. Q to Kt 8 and mates
next move

BLACK.
1. Q to K 2

Solution of Problem No. 58.

WHITE.
1. Kt to Q 5 (ch)
2. B to Q 7 (ch)
3. Q to K B 6
4. P Knights and mates,
or Q mates

BLACK.
1. K to K 3
2. B takes B (best)
3. Any move

Solution of Problem No. 59.

WHITE.
1. Kt to K Kt 5
2. Q to K R 8 (ch)
3. B mates

BLACK.
1. K to Kt 2
2. K takes Q

Solution of Problem No. 60.

WHITE.
1. K to K R 7
2. Q to K R 8
3. R takes P (ch)
4. Q mates

BLACK.
1. P Queens
2. Any move
3. K takes R

Solution of Problem No. 61.

WHITE.
1. R to K Kt 5
2. R to Q sq
3. B to K B 3 (ch)
4. P takes R and mates

BLACK.
1. R to K B sq
2. R to K B 4
3. R takes B (ch)

Solutions of Problems by F. G. Rainger, Nos. 55, 56, and 57: D. W. O., Nos. 53 and 54; Grapes, No. 54; E. Grant, Nos. 54, 55, and 56; F. C. A., Nos. 55 and 56; Douglas, Nos. 54, 55, and 56; M. A. B., Nos. 55 and 56; W. Ross, Nos. 53, 54, and 56; W. Helt, Nos. 55 and 56; W. T., Nos. 54 and 55; R. Wakelin, Nos. 54, 55, and 56; C. Austin, No. 56; G. W. T., Nos. 54, 55, and 56; J. Palmer, Nos. 56 and 57; H. T., Nos. 56 and 57; and M. L., Nos. 56 and 57, correct.

Answers to several correspondents are unavoidably delayed until next week.

Our Editorial Table.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

In order that no difficulty might attend the procuring of the back numbers of our New Series, we have kept them continually in print, without extra charge. As these reprints, however, are attended with so much additional cost as to entail considerable loss, we propose, as soon as Mr. J. F. Smith's exciting tale of "Smiles and Tears" is completed, to discontinue the issue of the back numbers of Vol. I, New Series, which will be then only to be had completely bound in the volume. Our readers are therefore requested to order any numbers they may require as soon as possible. Any back number of the New Series may now be had at one penny, and any number of the Old Series at three halfpence, as heretofore; and should any difficulty arise in procuring them from a bookseller, postage stamps can be forwarded to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard.

R. SMITH.—We own we can give you no precedent in history for such festivities as have recently taken place at Cherbourg, witnessed as they have been by a British sovereign. In former times the destruction, not the aggrandisement of the French navy was the subject of rejoicing in this country. With mere royal visits to our lively neighbours, the present reign has familiarised us, but the invitation which our Queen accepted many years ago, to visit that "Pater Familias," Louis Philippe, in a homely domestic manner, at the Château d'Eu, was of a widely different nature to the recent invitation from Napoleon III. Then, the inauguration of the "Palais d'Industrie" in 1855, was a subject of universal congratulation, and that her gracious Majesty of England should honour it with her presence was in harmony with the encouragement bestowed by her upon all the peaceful triumphs of art. If we go back to 1527, we find in the grand display "the Field of the Cloth of Gold," a mixture of rivalry and friendship, war and peace, that have some few features of resemblance to the recent demonstrations at Cherbourg. At least, the British sovereign was the guest, and the monarch of France the host. Some months before this meeting, a defiance had been sent by the two kings to each other's court, and through all the chief cities of Europe, importing that Henry and Francis, with fourteen aids, would be ready in the plains of Picardy to answer all comers that were gentlemen, at tilt and tourney. Accordingly, the monarchs, now all gorgeously apparelled, entered the lists on horseback. Francis, surrounded with Henry's guards, and Henry with those of Francis. They were then the most comely personages of their age. The ladies were the judges in the feats of chivalry, and they put an end to the encounter when they thought proper. Whether from the French king's contriving that Henry's vanity should be gratified by success in these warlike pastimes, or because "bluff King Hall" was really expert, certain it is that he greatly distinguished himself at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He ran a tilt against Monsieur Grandeval, whom he disabled at the second encounter, and though he could not throw Monsieur de Montmorency from his saddle, he fought so successfully at falcion with a French nobleman, that the latter presented him with his courser in token of submission. We trust that our Queen's visit to Cherbourg may be productive of a more lasting friendship between the great allies than the meeting at the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

A MAN LIVING IN RETIREMENT.—You ask us if we consider any good has been done by parliament during the last session. How the laws recently passed will work, time only can decide; but important measures have been introduced and carried. The crown has been invested with the full sovereignty of our extensive Indian empire; the vexed question of admitting the Jews into parliament has been decided, and the children of Israel may now be our representatives, but they are not to interfere in our religious affairs; the purification of the Thames has been provided for; the demoralising deception—viz., the property qualification declaration of members has been abolished; and quarrels verging on hostilities with France, Naples, and America, have been amicably and honourably settled. Such have been the chief achievements of the senate during this last session; and we trust government will be as watchful over the interests of the nation during the recess as it has been whilst subjected to the vigilance of an independent parliament and a jealous opposition.

A YOUNG TRAVELLER.—You wish for some details respecting the Thames—a river that the inhabitants of London have recently regarded with terror rather than with pride. To begin at the beginning, we must inform you that the spring that has commonly been regarded as the head of the Thames, is about three miles south-west of Cirencester, near a bridge over the Thames and Severn Canal, called Thames-head Bridge; but that which the learned consider the true head of the Thames is about three or four miles south of Cheltenham. Both streams rise on the south-eastern slope of the Cotswold Hills. The greatest extent of the Thames, from east to west, is about one hundred and thirty-six miles. It waters fifteen counties. From the entire absence of coal, the Thames has few manufactures, except those of the metropolis; but it flows through some of the richest agricultural districts in the kingdom. The Thames has at ebb tide a depth of from twelve to thirteen feet water, nearly or quite up to London Bridge; and the rise of the tide is about seventeen, or, at the extreme springs, about twenty-two feet. Vessels of 800 tons get up to St. Katharine's Docks; those of 1,400 tons to Blackwall. The Thames at the Nore—where the mouth is fixed—is about six miles in breadth. The great importance of the Thames was recognised in very remote periods, and there are acts of parliament respecting it as far back as the reign of Henry II.

T. SMs.—We perceive that you confound the Old Bailey with Newgate. The Old Bailey forms part of the Sessions House, or, as it was formerly called, the Justice Hall. It is divided by a broad yard from the prison of Newgate. It has jurisdiction over offences committed in all places within ten miles of St. Paul's, an extent which includes portions of

Surrey, Kent, and Essex, as well as Middlesex. Its sittings are held twelve times a year, or once a month; and as each session generally occupies a fortnight, and sometimes nearly three weeks, the space between each is exceedingly brief. The case of the naval commander whose crime has excited such a sensation in your district, will come before this court, for offences on the high seas, within the jurisdiction of the admiralty, are tried at the Old Bailey.

A SCHOOL-GIRL.—We advise you in your visits to the Crystal Palace, not to be entirely engrossed by the wonders of art; for there are natural curiosities in the botanical department of this vast establishment that deserve the most attentive inspection. We particularly direct your attention to the banana-tree—one of the greatest treasures of the vegetable kingdom within the tropics. Of the banana-tree the fruit is eaten both raw and cooked; the young shoots furnish vegetables, and the juice from the trunk makes a pleasant beverage. The leaves furnish a kind of hemp and flax; they are also used for thatching and basket-making. Among other plants that will excite your curiosity, we mention the ginger, the castor-oil, the coffee, and tea plant. At the strychnine plant—out of the nuts of which a deadly poison is extracted—you will gaze with an interest mingled with dread. The India-rubber tree—the sap of which furnishes articles so extensively used—will also attract your notice. This tree belongs to the fig tribe, all kinds of which bear a sap with more or less of the same properties. The giant palms of continental Asia, the tree-ferns of Australia, and the mammoth-trees of the New World deserve close inspection; but do not neglect beautiful plants or shrubs because they may be not so far-fetched as those just mentioned. The splendid collection of orange and pomegranate-trees is a principal feature among the beauties of the Crystal Palace. Some of these are four hundred years old; and a pathetic interest is attached to them—they once belonged to the Orleans family, and they decorated Louis Philippe's favourite château at Neuilly. After the accession of the present Emperor of the French, when the property of the royal family was sold by public auction, these matchless natural productions were purchased for the Crystal Palace by Sir Joseph Paxton.

MARTHA (Norwood).—We agree with you that gipsies and their tents add greatly to the picturesque effect of a landscape, but their predatory habits render them very dangerous neighbours. Whence gipsies originally came is a disputed question. The notion is generally received that they entered Europe from Egypt, and thence derived the name of gipsies. The French call gipsies "des Bohémiens," but this is merely on account of their having come into France from Bohemia. As many words in the language of gipsies are Hindustani, it is evident they have had some connection with India; and in a work entitled "Bombay Transactions," we find that gipsies are believed to have migrated from India at the time of the great Mohammedan invasion of Timor Beg, and to have belonged in their own country to one of the lowest castes. They were first heard of in Europe in the fourteenth century. They exist at this moment in great numbers in all the countries of Europe, in a large portion of Asia, and in parts of Africa; but they are not found in America. It is calculated that there are five millions of gipsies scattered over the three quarters of the globe. But in England they are not as numerous as is commonly thought; for the term gipsy is erroneously applied to a majority of wanderers, such as travelling tinkers and musicians, makers of wooden spoons, ladies, &c. Although gipsies pretend to astrology as fortune-tellers, and talk of telling "by the stars," not one in a thousand of the so-called gipsies knows one star from another. These people are with us a decaying race. The laws are become too stringent to allow of their living by stealing, as of old; and the vast forests and wild moors that used to be their dwelling-places are now private property, guarded with all the terrors of the law. With regard to their fortune-telling, the spread of knowledge among all classes has rendered their pretended art of little benefit to them. The gipsies have, nevertheless, an historical interest. Like the Jews, they have kept themselves separate from the nations among whom they have sojourned, and have preserved the distinctive features of their tribe through all changes of time and place.

ESTELLE.—The "Universal Christian Alliance," or, as it is called in France, "L'Alliance Chrétienne Universelle," originated with M. Martin Paschoud, a pastor of the reformed church. This society has its head-quarters at No. 206, Rue Rivoli, Paris. The object of the Alliance is the union of Christians of every creed in the practical duties of their religion.

LITTLE HIBERNIA.—To preserve Siberian crabs, rub the fruit, when ripe, with a dry flannel, taking care not to break the skin. Prick each with a needle all over to prevent its bursting. Boil a pound of sugar in a pint of water, then put in the fruit and boil it until the skin begins to crack slightly; then take out the crabs, and drain them separately on a dish; boil the syrup again, and if not strong enough add more sugar. When cold pour it over the fruit, put it into jars, tie it down tightly, and keep in a cool place. For Whipped Cream:—Take a pint of cream, the whites of two eggs, white sugar to taste, and a part of the juice of a lemon; then whip it with a bunch of fine rods; flavour with the rind of grated lemon or rosewater, and, as the foam rises, place it in jelly glasses, or the glass may be half filled with jelly, and the whipped cream poured over it.

HOUSEWIFE AND A HOUSEKEEPER.—"Black Currant Jam to keep for a length of time," may be made thus:—Take an equal weight of pounded lump sugar and picked fruit; strew the sugar over the fruit in the preserving pan, and pour a very little water into it; boil and skim. When it has boiled for a quarter of an hour, put a spoonful of the juice and fruit to cool upon a plate; if the juice runs off the jam must be boiled longer; if it jellies it is enough. Gooseberries may be treated in the same manner.

A POOR MAN.—A widow who takes to the property of her husband is liable for all the debts he may have contracted within the six years preceding his death, out of the effects to which she has administered, and she may be sued accordingly.

J. N. P.—You cannot legally add another Christian name to that given you at your baptism; and there may be circumstances in which, the consequences of doing so may prove serious.

T. HAMBRIDGE.—Actions for libel must be brought in the superior courts, or at the assizes for the county.

A YOUNG PERFUMER.—The cellular fibrous tissue called sponge is the produce of almost imperceptible marine animals called *polypi*. They are found adhering to stones at the bottom of the sea. Those from the Mediterranean are the most esteemed. The best sponges are fair coloured, soft, light, and susceptible of strong compression without diminution of bulk. The cells and meshes should be small, compact, and free from gravelly matter.

R. O.—"R. O.'s" husband is constantly talking to her about domestic expenditure. She wishes us to tell her what should be included in domestic outlay. We consider domestic expenditure includes all the cost of providing and furnishing a house, and supporting those who live in it, and are actual members of the family.

ONE IN DISTRESS.—You only do us justice in feeling convinced we shall give you the best advice in our power, but you are certainly placed in a very puzzling situation. However, a very short time ought to solve the problem, for since the young man of whom you speak so highly, visits constantly at your house, he must have seen that you are painfully placed, and unless his love is merely that of a friend he will soon propose to better your condition by giving you a happy home as his wife. If he does not do this quickly, avoid his presence, lest you become a prey to an unhappy passion, and consequently incapable of accepting with a good conscience the proposal of a worthy suitor.

VINGT-DEUX ANS.—We feel it a duty to dissuade a man of your education from devoting his powers to the slight chance there is of obtaining success as an actor. In the theatrical profession the prizes are few, the blanks innumerable.

SEBASTOPOL, A. Z., A COUNTRY READER, KNICKERBOCKER, G. BROWN, A SON OF NEPTUNE, PEREZ, BACON, W. MONSON, A NORTH BRITON, EDITH, AND P. RAWLINGS.—These and several other correspondents, complain of want of whiskers, superfluous hairs, bad teeth, defective sight, corns, warts, &c. We must request them to consult our columns, as we have repeatedly given answers to similar questions. "Sebastopol" should apply to a skillful surgeon, as it is dangerous to tamper with so delicate an organ as the ear. "A Country Reader" may try the following paste for stopping decayed teeth:—Anhydrous phosphoric acid, 48 grains; pure caustic lime, 52 grains, both finely pulverised; mix rapidly in a mortar. As this powder soon becomes moist, it must be brought as quickly as possible into the cavity of the tooth, which has been cleaned and dried; the powder must be well pressed into the cavity, smoothed off, and moistened on its surface. It is white and durable, and soon becomes hard.

B. G. P.—Your inability to distinguish colours proceeds from a physical defect, called "colour blindness," for which, we fear, there is no remedy. You had better consult a skillful oculist.

DAME JOSVELL.—We give you an answer from the writings of the celebrated Dr. Mussey:—"Throughout the widespread kingdom of animal and vegetable nature, not a particle of alcohol, in any form or combination whatever, has been found as the effect of a single living process; but it arises out of the decay, the dissolution, and the wreck of organised matter."

ESTELLE.—You wish us to give you some curling fluid that will prevent your ringlets from drooping under the influence of moist weather. Your request shows that you are ignorant of the component parts of hair. Of these parts one is salt, and salt, in connection with animal matter, is easily affected by the atmosphere. We will comply with your request for a receipt to counteract premature gray hair and baldness. Brush your hair till the skin of the head becomes red, and then apply to the roots a lotion composed of the following ingredients, thoroughly mixed together: half a drachm of oil of nutmegs, half an ounce of tincture of cantharides, two ounces of eau-de-cologne, ten drops of oil of lavender. This lotion should be applied to the bald patch, or to the roots of the gray hair, with a tolerably soft nail-brush. The effect of this lotion is to invigorate the apparatus situated beneath the skin, and to enable it to take up colouring matter.

MISS GOLIGHTLY.—The reason why bats live on ruins and church towers is probably that men do not inhabit these places, and, therefore, that the bats are unmolested. A bat has wonderful tenacity of life, and judging from the following anecdote it can exist with very little fresh air. Some years ago the burial vault of the Chaplin family, at Blankney, in Lincolnshire, was opened, and it was ascertained that a large gray bat which had been found within the place on several occasions when the vault was opened, was still a living inhabitant of the said vault. It was calculated that the bat had lived in the tomb for thirty-three years.

Rockingham, Elgin, A. F. C., Leonora, John, C. D. H., M. B., Constant Reader, G. E. G., W. B. S., Z. A., J. J., F. W. C., A Constant Subscriber, Hamlet, M. A. R., Benjamin Jacobs, H. H. O., Zeno, P. P., James Cox, F. O., John Wills, Barney Gee, C. P., W. O. P., Amelia, Jem Goodman, B. C., G. M., W. S., C. F., N. J. B., M. Moorad: the letters of these correspondents are not sufficiently explicit for us to furnish replies. If they will state their questions clearly, they will meet with our immediate attention.

L. P. T. S., Max, Jane, Haddington, Rosa, J. M. B., N. B. F., James, W. A. Jane, Maria, Lizzy, A. B., C. K. B., M. R. D., Ellen, F. F. Q.: we decline to recommend cosmetics.

* * We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

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SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARTLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

He dies and makes no sign. Oh God,
Forgive him.—SHAKESPEARE.

ALICE BOOTHROYD had now reached an age at which it became necessary to inform her of the arrangement entered into for her marriage with her cousin, Viscount Illston. The poor girl had long suspected the existence of some such compact; and, as her cold and selfish parents broke the intelligence, listened to their pompous description of the influence the united houses of Boothroyd and Carlington must command—

the amount of wealth they would enjoy—with feelings similar to those with which the condemned criminal listens to the sentence which annihilates the future, and leaves existence a blank.

It was in vain that she turned her eyes, eloquent in their mute despair, upon the countenance of her mother. No glance of sympathy or affection responded to the appeal; and the heart of the victim sank within her. As for Sir Norman, his daughter knew by bitter experience how perfectly useless it was to expect any compunctious visitings of nature in that quarter. If he loved his child, it was simply because she was his. The fond parental love that watches over and sustains—the pure and generous feelings of a father—had no place within his heart. Pride and ambition supplied their place as the shrine of what he considered his dignity; the baronet had long since sacrificed everything like human affection; to offer up his child to it scarcely cost him a second effort.

"You see, Alice," he observed, as her ladyship concluded the details of the engagement, every word of which fell with painful distinctness upon the ear of the victim of parental ambition, "every care has been taken for your happiness."

His daughter unconsciously repeated the word.

"Your jointure will be worthy the fortune you bring, and in the settlements I have taken care the dignity of the family has not been forgotten. Your second son will assume the name and arms of Boothroyd."

Alice shuddered at the thoughts the words suggested.

"Your diamonds will be magnificent," continued her mother; "the countess, I know, upon your marriage, intends to present you with the greatest portion of hers; as for my own—"

"I detest diamonds!" interrupted her daughter, "they cannot bring happiness: why decorate the sepulchre whose contents are but ashes?"



THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

"Sepulchre! and ashes!" repeated Sir Norman, with a look of astonishment, "what can the girl mean?"

Her ladyship replied only by a shrug, as if it was an enigma far beyond her experience or comprehension to solve.

"Father!" exclaimed Alice, throwing herself upon her knees and clasping his hand, very much to the annoyance of the baronet, who had an intense horror of anything like a "scene"—"must this thing be?—must the happiness of my life be sacrificed to a marriage in which my heart has no share? I can never love my cousin."

"It is not necessary that you should love him," observed her ladyship, perfectly unmoved by her appeal—"that is to say, love him with that silly, romantic passion which school-girls dream of: respect," she added, with a glance at her husband, "is a much more lasting tie."

"Certainly," said the baronet, flattered by an idea which coincided so perfectly with his own sentiments upon the subject.

"Father," continued the fair pleader, "you know not how much depends upon the decision of this moment: there is more than the happiness of a poor weak girl trembling in the balance!"

"Of course there is," replied Sir Norman; "the dignity of my family."

"The obedience of your child," replied Alice. "Urge not humanity beyond its strength. I have never yet willingly disobeyed your slightest wish, much less your commands: have some pity then upon my sufferings. I will never marry without your consent, that I am ready, quite ready to promise; force me not to wed against my own!"

"Lady Boothroyd!" exclaimed her husband, pale with passion, "what is the meaning of this extraordinary conduct? Is this the way in which you have educated my daughter? Are these the principles fitting the heiress of Meldown? I am shocked, greatly shocked. What! when I have arranged an unexceptionable match, liberal settlements, taken due care of the family dignity, even to the quartering of the Boothroyd arms on a shield of pretence; are all my endeavours to be met by a tirade, which, however well it might sound in a romance, is ridiculous in real life?"

"Perfectly ridiculous!" repeated his wife. Alice rose slowly from her knees, her heart crushed by the unnatural want of sympathy in her parents, but not subdued.

"Go, child, go to your room," said the baronet; "read your prayers, that portion of them which inculcates filial obedience, your mother will point it out to you; I have no time to attend to such things. The earl and his family dine with us to-morrow, on Thursday is the drawing-room, after which the engagement will be announced, and—"

"Broken!" added the fair girl, firmly. "I cannot, even at your command, consent to stain my lips by a false vow. How can I swear to love, honour, and obey the man you have selected as my husband, when I know him to be mean, ungenerous, selfish, and depraved?"

For several moments Sir Norman stood contemplating her, speechless with passion—and not with passion only, but uneasiness; for there was something in the tone in which the refusal was conveyed, as well as the manner of the speaker, which whispered to him it would be no easy task to bend her spirit.

"Lady Boothroyd," he muttered, at last, "this is really dreadful. Can you account for this unnatural obstinacy—this horrible ingratitude?"

"Only by supposing that some unworthy passion has destroyed her sense of duty," replied her mother. At this accusation the cheek of Alice became suddenly flushed, and then resumed its former paleness.

"You see," added the malignant woman, "she cannot deny the accusation."

At this apparent confirmation of his wife's fears the pompous possessor of Meldown Park could no longer restrain his wrath, but with angry vehemence declared that he would cast her off—leave her to beggary—her sole inheritance his malediction, if he encountered further opposition to his will.

"Who is the villain," he added, roughly grasping her slender arm, "who has robbed me of the obedience of my child? Let me hear his name that I may curse him."

"I know of none," faltered Alice, terrified by his violence. "Father, did I ever yet deceive you? You can trust my word, for you know it to be truth. Never yet have I listened to a declaration of love from any man."

"Or received a written one?" demanded her mother.

"Never."

Her ladyship heard the assertion with a cold, incredulous smile, not that she really disbelieved it, far from that, only she wished to impress her husband with the conviction that she did, in order to destroy, by means already concerted in her scheming brain, the last remaining link of confidence between the father and his daughter; for a while, however, it was unsuccessful. But his wife had not yet played her best card—the letter she had intercepted from William Thornton.

"Retire to your room," said Sir Norman, his doubts somewhat dissipated by her words. "I dare not trust myself to express all that I feel at your unnatural disobedience, your ungrateful requital of my affection."

At this accusation the eyes of the fair girl filled with tears; and, before quitting the library, she would have taken his hand, had he not sullenly withdrawn it.

"When you deserve it, Alice," he said; "when you deserve it."

"Norman," began his wife, as soon as they were alone, "the firmness of Alice alarms me. Tears, entreaties, and all that romantic kind of nonsense with which young ladies plead permission to disappoint the wishes of their parents, and follow their own, I was prepared to meet; but not this quiet obstinacy—this prating of duty and affection. She has no affection, I feel assured, for either of us."

"I am not so certain of that," replied the baronet, for his self-love was wounded by the supposition that he was an object of indifference to his own child; "and as for her dislike to the match, to do her justice, Illston has done nothing to reconcile her to it. He is, without exception, the most conceited puppy of my acquaintance."

Lady Boothroyd could scarcely restrain a smile at the recollection of the undisguised contempt with which her nephew had listened to the pompous harangues and dictatorial opinions of her husband.

"But not the less eligible match," she observed, aloud.

"Certainly not," said the baronet, emphatically, who saw in the projected marriage the gratification of that pride which had been the bane and ruling passion of his life. For since Providence had denied him the blessing of a son to transmit his name and fortune to posterity in a direct line, his dearest wish was that they should both merge in a family with whom he was so closely connected, and whose descent, to say the least of it, might rival with his own.

No thought of the brother whom his unnatural avarice had driven to a career of adventure in a foreign clime; no regret for the friendless orphan his unprincipled machinations had deprived, not only of the wealth, but of the name she was entitled to bear.

Had Lillian been a boy, there was a possibility, just a bare one, that his conduct might have been different.

"We must postpone the announcement," he said, "of the intended union between our families, till Alice is more reconciled to the match."

His wife reluctantly assented to, what she mentally considered, a great weakness on the part of her husband, but prudence counselled her to do so; for, like most conceited men, Sir Norman became immovably obstinate when directly opposed.

"As you think best," she replied; "though I doubt if Alice will profit by your indulgence."

"Badly trained!" muttered Sir Norman; "badly trained!" with which ungenerous observation the conference between the well-assorted pair terminated.

In the solitude of her own room, the heiress of Meldown had ample leisure to analyse her feelings, and question her own heart. The accusation that she had bestowed her love upon another alarmed her, for something whispered that it was not altogether unmerited. She no longer thought of William Thornton as a boy, the playfellow and companion of youthful years; a warmer sentiment had replaced the childish predilection, mingled with her dreams, and, if she did not absolutely love him, it was that passing circumstance had not yet given time for the bud of affection to expand into a perfect flower, but the germ of a true passion had long been planted.

"It is not love," she murmured; "I can never have been so weak, so lost to my sex's dignity, as to have bestowed my heart unwashed upon one who by this time has forgotten me. I have too much pride for that, and alarm myself unnecessarily—it is friendship, and not love I feel for him."

It is a dangerous sign for a young girl's tranquillity and peace of mind, when a doubt exists as to the exact nature of her feelings towards one of the opposite sex. The line between friendship and affection, although distinctly marked, is so fine that it becomes easily obliterated, and the heart believes in

the existence of the fragile barrier long after the winged god's breath has effaced it.

It was not long before the truth became apparent; for to one of her clear yet simple understanding, there was no self-concealment, no tampering with conviction; and Alice at last came to the conclusion that she really loved.

This conviction caused her bitter tears; for she felt the humiliation which a proud and delicate spirit experiences at the thought of having bestowed the purest, choicest treasure of her heart upon one who had not solicited the gift. Had she known all that poor William had endured at her supposed rejection of him—could she have read the manly, eloquent letter her mother had intercepted and answered in her name, how quickly would self-reproach and regret have vanished, or been changed to smiles.

"He must never know my weakness," she thought; "the secret shall die with me. It is my duty to forget him, since he has forgotten me. A reproach!" she added, after a pause. "I am unjust—ungenerous! Why should I reproach him? In the world he has, doubtless, met with one more worthy of his choice—one whose parents appreciate his worth and character, who prefer the happiness of their child to the vain and empty gauds of rank and birth, which the world in its idolatry is content to worship. I trust it is so; no one will rejoice more fervently than I shall in his happiness, or breathe a warmer prayer for its continuance."

As these words—or rather murmurings, for they were scarcely uttered—escaped the lips of William Thornton's former playfellow and companion, her tears accompanied them; but the poor girl was insensible of their presence till one dropped upon her neck, when she started from her seat and began pacing the limits of her chamber.

"Folly, folly!" she exclaimed aloud. "This is no time for weak regrets, when I have need of all my strength to avert the persecution which menaces me. The commands of those who, next to Heaven, are most entitled to my obedience—dare I, ought I to resist them?" she added, after a pause. "Heaven direct me; I am but a child in mind as well as years; no one to advise—no one to guide and strengthen me."

The question, thus presented in a new aspect to her judgment, agitated her greatly; for, unlike her parents, Alice Boothroyd had a deep sense of religion and the bond of duty which unites the child with the authors of its being. To her pure mind it seemed almost like sacrilege to break it.

"I will appeal to my father," she continued; "he cannot be deaf to the voice of nature—the pleadings of his only child. He will listen to my prayer, break this cruel contract, and step between me and the sin of disobedience. In all else, I will submit to his decision; but the wife of Illston! any fate rather than that—even the grave were preferable."

The shudder which accompanied her last words proved how deeply the aversion had taken root, and how hopeless must be every attempt to eradicate it.

Fortunately, for a time at least, Alice Boothroyd was spared all further importunity upon the subject by the sudden illness of Sir Norman, who caught a fearful cold in returning from a state ball at Buckingham Palace. The night proved a wet one, and the baronet, in the confusion inseparable from such an occasion, could not find his carriage.

As the inflammation settled on his lungs, the medical men who were called in forbade their patient to speak. Alice attended day and night by his sick couch, anticipating, with a daughter's watchfulness and piety his every wish.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

A death-bed's the detector of the heart:
Here tired dissimulation drops the mask,
Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene,
Here real and apparent are the same.—YOUNG.

It soon became apparent to those around him that the days of Sir Norman Boothroyd were numbered—that the blow of the republican leveller, old Death, could neither be warded off by the baronet's shield of sixteen quarterings, nor turned aside by the skill of his physicians. The skeleton finger of the grim king of terrors pointed mockingly at the red hand of the herald in the escutcheon, which the dying man had been so vain of as if to defy it to a contest. It had pointed with a similar manner to many an imperial crown—to the coronet of the noble—the sword of the soldier—the mitre of the priest, and always with the same result; for after all, Death is the only real conqueror: nations have disappeared beneath his tread, and earth's sepulchres are but the trophies of his conquest; his deeds are chronicled in verse more wondrous than those which Homer sang or Milton

framed—a solemn epic commencing with time; and destined to end but with eternity.

It would be difficult to decide whether surprise or terror predominated most in the mind of Sir Norman when informed that he had but a few brief days to live; he had calculated on thirty, or five-and-twenty years longer, at the very least, and it seemed almost like an impertinence for Death to interfere with the arrangements of the owner of Meldown Park and twenty thousand a year; yet, as he observed to the physician who broke the intelligence, he might have expected it after the Reform Bill, the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the progress of new ideas.

Not even the fact of having caught his fatal illness on his return from Her Majesty's state ball, could reconcile him to the prospect of taking up his final abode in the same dark vault where reposed so many of the long line of the Boothroyds.

That nature must be hard indeed which has not in it some touch of human love and human sympathy. The devoted attention of his daughter Alice, who, like a ministering angel, hovered round his bed, anticipating his wants, praying, for, and, when she could lead his mind in the direction, with him, made some impression on the heart of the baronet; and he observed to his wife, who replaced her when, worn out by continual watching, nature exacted she should take a few hours' repose, that it was almost a pity to sacrifice her to a brainless puppy like Illston.

Lady Boothroyd concealed the alarm these words inspired by a few well-affected tears.

"I am sure," he added, "poor Alice loves me."
"She ought," replied her mother. "I am certain that I should never have forgiven myself had I deceived so good and excellent a father."

At the word "deceived" the dying man regarded her earnestly.

"Were her aversion to the husband you have chosen for her," continued the hypocrite, "prompted by a less unworthy motive than a ridiculous, degrading passion for—But there, Norman, I will not distress you at a moment like this. Heaven will watch over the dignity of our house when you are torn from me. I will bear my sorrows alone."

"Do speak plainly, Lady Boothroyd," said her husband, evidently not much touched by this sudden outbreak of affection. "For whom has Alice conceived a degrading passion?"

"For William Thornton," replied the artful woman.

"I can't believe it—I won't believe it!" exclaimed the baronet, greatly excited. "She denies it; and we both know that she is truthful."

His wife shook her head as if in pity at his blind credulity.

"I must have proof of it," he added; "plain, positive proof, no lies, no inferences; there must be truth this time between us."

"Has there not always been, dear Norman?"

The strong fear of death had absorbed the lesser fear which the dying man entertained of his wife, and he interrupted her by repeating his demand for proofs of her assertion. The lady silently placed the letter of William Thornton in his hand. As he read it, the features of her husband became livid with passion; that the son of a manufacturer, a *parvenu*, who had nothing but talent and high principles to recommend him, whose name was unknown in the herald's book, not even alluded to in the peerage, should presume to lift his eyes to his daughter! the heiress of Meldown, the last, as he believed, of the blood of the Boothroyds, filled his cup of bitterness to the brim, and he instantly resolved that not a shilling of his fortune should go to enrich the descendants of the man he hated.

In the madness of his passion, he forgot how he had obtained the right of disposing of that fortune.

"Send for my lawyer!" he said.

"I have done so," quietly observed her ladyship.

"Even from the grave—since I must die," added Sir Norman, bitterly, "I will watch over the honour of my house."

"Mr. Marshall is in the ante-room; he, arrived from Exeter last night. Will you see him?"

A sign—for the baronet was too much exhausted to speak—intimated his assent, and the man of deeds and settlements was admitted. He came, with the usual stereotyped look of professional sympathy upon his features, and began to express a hope that his honoured client and patron felt better.

"Pah!" muttered the dying man, "I understand all that now. I want no compliments; I require you to take instructions for—"

Here the speaker gasped for several instants, in order to recover breath.

"Your will, Sir Norman," said the lawyer; "certainly—a very prudent precaution; we never die an hour sooner for arranging our affairs. Some persons

are nervous, exceedingly nervous, upon these occasions; but where the mind is strong—"

A glance from Lady Boothroyd interrupted the harangue; and, taking the hint, Mr. Marshall drew his chair to a small table near the bedside of his client, and prepared to write.

The baronet pointed to his wife, intimating that she should quit the room—an order her ladyship felt inclined to resist; but there was an expression in the cold gray eye of her husband, warning her it might be dangerous, for a single stroke of his pen could cancel the settlements he had made upon her.

With a look of resignation she obeyed him; and the dying man felt a momentary gratification at having triumphed for once over the iron will which for so many years had governed and moulded his.

In less than an hour the lawyer quitted his client, carrying with him instructions for a second will. Lady Boothroyd met him in the ante-chamber. Her features were pale with excitement and suspense.

The word "well" was the only one that escaped her.

"As you could wish," said Mr. Marshall; "if Alice refuses to wed her cousin, she forfeits the estates."

"In whose favour?"

"Yours."

A smile of proud satisfaction lit for an instant the features of the hypocritical woman who had manoeuvred thus successfully against the happiness of her only child.

"And in the event of her accepting him?" she whispered, "the settlements—"

"Remain unchanged," replied the lawyer.

"When is the will to be executed?"

"To-night; I have not an instant to lose."

The man of law withdrew, and the mistress of Meldown Park—now doubly hers, in anticipation—sat down to reflect upon her future proceedings. Her meditations did not last long before they were broken by the return of Mr. Marshall, and the man whom, of all others at such a moment, she least wished to see—Andrew Sillex.

The steward appeared unchanged; his gaunt frame slightly bent by time, perhaps, since we last introduced him to our readers, but in other respects the same.

"So," he said, seating himself, without the slightest mark of respect or deference, by the side of Lady Boothroyd, "Sir Norman is dying."

So surprised was his confederate by the unexpected visit, she could merely bow her head.

"I must see him."

"Impossible!"

"There is no such word," observed the old man, sarcastically, "when opposed to my will. You thought to steal a march upon me; you forgot whom you had to deal with. The will has been tampered with."

"Nothing of the kind!" exclaimed the lawyer; "and I am surprised that you should suspect a man of my integrity with—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Sillex; "I know the value of words."

"Show him the instructions," said her ladyship, well knowing that it was the only way to satisfy his suspicious nature.

Although somewhat astonished at the command, Mr. Marshall placed the papers in his hands.

Andrew drew from his pocket his large horn spectacles and deliberately read over the instructions. When he came to that part which, in the event of the refusal of Alice to marry the viscount, gave Meldown to her mother, a half-smothered chuckle broke from his thin parchment lips:

"Umph! not so bad as I expected," he observed, "but still—"

"You had better leave us for a few minutes," hastily interrupted Lady Boothroyd. "Mr. Sillex and I have private arrangements to talk over."

Much as the lawyer marvelled at the order, he unhesitatingly obeyed it: It was not his interest to offend her.

"Come nearer," continued the speaker, as soon as she found herself alone with the steward; "doubtless the ear of yon prying fool is glued against the key-hole of the door."

Andrew grinned assent, and they both withdrew to a recess formed by one of the windows of the room.

"What is it you complain of," resumed his mistress, "in the arrangement? The personals, out of which your silence is to be paid for, are untouched."

"But you are benefited," muttered the old man, bitterly.

"Does that gail you? Would you sooner deal with me than Mr. Thornton?" replied the artful woman, "as you will have to do, if Alice marries his son William. It is to guard against that the change has been made."

"Mr. Thornton," repeated her hearer, with unaffected surprise. "Why, what can he have to do with it?"

"Alice loves his son," answered her mother.

This was a light in which Mr. Sillex had not contemplated the affair; and he began to ask himself if he had not been somewhat too precipitate. Still, he could not refrain from giving one of his usual grins at the intelligence, as if he drew amusement from the annoyance of others.

"This change in the disposition of the property is a mere contingency," added the speaker.

"Which you will contrive to make a certainty," said the steward, fixing his eyes upon her as if to read her secret thoughts.

"Not so," replied her ladyship, without flinching from his gaze; "I have but one wish: to see my daughter the wife of Viscount Illston. And she will be his wife," she continued, after a pause.

"Perhaps," muttered the old man, "perhaps."

"There is no 'perhaps' in the case," exclaimed her ladyship, passionately. "Do you imagine that Alice, or any girl in her senses, would prefer love, as it is called, and poverty, to the splendour of such an inheritance?"

"I don't know; there is no saying what girls prefer," answered Andrew; "they are the only beings I never could clearly understand. Is Sir Norman really so bad?"

"Why ask the question?" demanded the artful woman, calmly; "you know as well as I do that he has not more than four-and-twenty hours to live. Your spies did not forget to inform you of that particular."

The observation was a shrewd one—the question had been put to try her.

Satisfied that his interests could not suffer, in fact, that he should rather gain than lose by the estate falling into the hands of the wife, instead of the daughter, her visitor took his leave. As for the baronet, he had long looked upon him with contempt, and cared very little how soon he slept in the vault of the Boothroyds.

Immediately after his departure, the scheming woman proceeded to the chamber of her husband to work out the rest of her nefarious design. Determined no appeal Alice might make should move him, her ladyship seated herself by the bedside of the dying man, determined not to leave him by himself till the will was duly executed, and all was over.

That same night it was signed and sealed.

For some time after the signature, Sir Norman appeared buried in profound reflection. Nature—for there must have been some touch of human feeling in his hollow heart—whispered to him that he had acted unjustly. As the hour of dissolution approached, the pride which had sustained him began to lose its power; perhaps he thought, too, of the brother whom he had so cruelly wronged. Death holds to the eyes of its victims a mirror, in which they see themselves as they really are; not as self-flattery, worldly adulation, and prosperity have painted them.

Alfieri, in one of his immortal tragedies, exclaims, with bitter eloquence—

"Man—art thou great or vile—die, and
Thou shalt know."

A secret at all times terrible, but doubly so to those who meet truth for the first time on the verge of the grave.

The father of Alice had been doubly unfortunate—first in a narrow selfishness which had been born with him, and rendered him insensible to the nearest ties of kindred. He had grasped at all; but the fool forgot that an hour must come when the inheritance dishonestly obtained would crumble like ashes in his hand. Secondly, in marrying a woman, if possible, a hundred times more selfish than himself;—a creature, greedy, avaricious, and cunning, who wedded him for money, ruled him like a puppet, and despised him for the want of that intellect, the absence of which constituted her strength;—a creeping thing, who in poverty would have grovelled and fawned abjectly upon those she had injured and insulted in prosperity.

It is a sad task to describe depravity in woman; but the worst of all depravities is the depravity of calculation: it is like painting an angel with a demon's wings—a seraph with the snakes of a Medusa.

How intensely the true hearts of the world, when they meet such beings, must despise them!

To do Lady Boothroyd justice, she had all along been, and still was, perfectly sincere in her desire to see Alice the wife of her nephew Illston. The marriage would not only confer upon her a reflected greatness, but arm her with the influence of his family, should the dark practices which had deprived Lillian of her birthright ever be brought to light: counte-

nanced by the Earl of Carlington, she might brave the exposure her arts could not avoid.

"Norman," she said, as the faint struggles of remorse in the heart of her husband became evident, "you are distressing yourself unnecessarily."

The baronet regarded her anxiously.

"I know my sex," she continued; "whilst a hope, a possibility exists of gratifying the caprices of our hearts, we make every effort to succeed. Tears are our eloquence, prayers our weapons, and it is against these that I would guard you; were Alice once convinced that her union with William Thornton was impossible, were the solemn barrier of a promise made to her father on his death-bed placed between her and her weak passion, she would at once forget him, and accept the husband we have chosen for her. This is what I would urge, unless," she added, "you are content that the name and blood of your ancient race should mingle with that of the man whose popularity reduced you to a cypher in your own county, and deprived you of your just influence."

At the name of Thornton the evil passions of the dying man rekindled, and every kinder feeling fled.

"She is obstinate," he groaned.

"Her obstinacy may be broken," calmly observed his wife. "Alice will never have the courage to brave your malediction."

The suggestion thus artfully thrown out was not lost upon her husband, and, when his daughter, whom the physicians had insisted should take some repose, returned to his chamber, he proceeded to put it in execution.

"I am dying, Alice," he murmured, as the weeping girl knelt by the side of his bed, bathing his hands with her tears.

"In peace with Heaven, I trust," she faltered; "in peace with all on earth. It is a sad thing to die with one unkind thought within our heart, even for our enemies; but doubly sad against those whom we should love. Father," she added, "if ever I have been wanting in duty, it was the thoughtlessness of childhood, not want of affection. My heart was once so light that a single smile sufficed to banish the recollection of your reproach. Forgive me that—forgive me all the pain and anxiety I have caused you, and bless me with a parent's blessing."

"Blessings are for the obedient," replied Sir Norman, harshly, "not for those who, with duty and affection on their lips, can see a parent die, and yet withhold the only consolation which could soothe his passage to the grave."

On hearing these cruel words, the poor girl trembled violently. The terrible struggle she had foreseen was at hand.

"Ask anything but that," she sobbed. "Leave me, if you will, to poverty. I will bear it cheerfully, and never question your justice or affection. But do not—for pity's sake, do not—condemn me to a fate so loathsome that death would be a welcome refuge. Why blight the existence of your child—your only one? Think of the days when I climbed upon your knee, and first lisped the name of 'father.' You loved me then. By the memory of those innocent and happy hours spare me—spare me. I plead," she added, "in the strong agony of a breaking heart. Save me from the pollution of a marriage I abhor, and I promise—faithfully promise—never to be the wife of any man, so I am spared the misery of becoming Illston's."

"And so permit the name of Boothroyd to become extinct," observed her father, indignantly. "Have you no pride?"

Alice could only answer him with her tears.

"Will you see me die," he added, "wretched and unhappy? Have you forgotten," he added, "how terrible a thing it is to receive a father's malediction?"

The piercing shriek which broke from the lips of his unhappy child as the last word fell upon her ears, and the look of hopeless agony which followed it, shook the resolution of the dying man, and he hesitated, as if his better angel for an instant had arrested the unnatural malediction upon his lips.

Lady Boothroyd, who was standing half hid, by one of the curtains of the bed, from the sight of her daughter, made him a sign to be firm.

"A dying malediction," continued the baronet, "which time can never cancel, which, with a parent's indignation, I—"

"Hold," said Alice, with desperate firmness. "Will nothing but my misery content you?"

"Nothing but your marriage with Illston will," replied the baronet.

The victim of parental tyranny and injustice laid her hand upon her heart, as if to repress its throbbings; then slowly uttered the words, "I promise."

"Without mental reservation of any kind?"

"I promise," she repeated, "if Illston claims my hand, I shall be his."

And, overcome by the effort, the poor girl sank, deprived of consciousness, by the side of the bed.

Lady Boothroyd rang the bell, and, with the assistance of her waiting-maid—a creature devoted to her service—carried the senseless form of her daughter from the room.

As she disappeared from his gaze, Sir Norman observed that the lips of his child were stained with blood, and bitterly did the sight of it reproach him.

"Do not suffer your young mistress," said the heartless mother, addressing the woman, "on any account, to return to the chamber of her father, and when she recovers give her the opiate."

The woman nodded, to intimate that she perfectly comprehended the instructions she had received.

Having thus effectually guarded against a second interview between the father and her child, and against what she considered far worse—the chance of a last appeal to his feelings, her ladyship returned to the bedside of her dying husband. He had acted the part she wished him to act, and she cared not how soon the drama ended.

As she resumed her seat, Sir Norman faintly murmured the name of his child.

"Better," replied his wife; "I told you she would be so, once the struggle over."

He regarded her doubtfully.

"You have acted nobly," added the speaker; "the honour of our name is safe."

The baronet uttered the word "blood," and shuddered; he had always entertained a childish terror at the sight of it.

"A spasm—a mere nothing."

For more than an hour the speakers remained silent. The life of the baronet was ebbing fast, he had no longer the strength to speak his wishes, or he would have asked for his child to soothe his parting agonies with her prayers; but he had violated nature by his harshness, and the blessing was denied him.

At that last moment the vanity and pride of character, which had so long sustained him, vanished, and he would have retracted his cruel injunctions for the happiness of again hearing the words of pardon and religion pronounced by the pure lips of Alice. It appeared doubly hard to die with the cold, gray, stony glance of the woman who had been his evil genius fixed upon him.

"On some fond heart the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

"Shall I pray with you, Norman?" demanded the only witness of his deathbed.

The dying man with difficulty made a sign of refusal; the look of aversion that accompanied it was perfectly lost upon her ladyship, who had given strict orders that none of the servants should enter the room unless she summoned them.

For some time the lips of her husband moved as if in mental prayer. As he felt his strength receding, his breath becoming fainter and fainter—cold drops of terror and remorse started upon his forehead. The supplications of his child—supplications he had rejected—rang in his ears with terrible distinctness.

He made a sign as if he wished to write, but his wife did not choose to understand it. With a look of anger he stretched forth his hand to ring. Lady Boothroyd sprang from her chair and quietly removed the bell-pull from his reach, then resumed her seat.

She had no wish to pain him or add to his sufferings; but not even the mute eloquence of the despairing look he gave her could shake her strong determination to prevent his cancelling the iniquitous will, or recalling words which sealed the misery of their only child.

"Too late, Norman," she whispered; "I must guard you against the weakness of your own heart."

A deep groan broke from the lips of her husband.

"Die in peace," she added; "all is for the best."

An hour afterwards, the bell of the baronet's chamber was heard. When the servants entered the room, they found their master dead, and their lady by the bedside, in an attitude of prayer. The scene was well acted, but it imposed on no one; not a domestic in the house but knew the terms on which they had lived together.

Neither was a tear shed to the memory of the man by one of the many dependents who had eaten his bread. True, he had paid them—paid them ostentatiously for their services; but those of the heart cannot be bought.

"Thus, unlamented, pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools—the pageant of a day."

(To be continued.)

SOME say, speak your mind upon all occasions. We think a far better rule would be to speak it only when it is worth speaking.

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.—ART EDUCATION.

WITHIN the last few years rapid progress has been made in the facilities offered to students in every branch of education. Art has rivalled literature and science. Schools of design have been opened; novel systems of instruction introduced. The effect is seen in an improved popular taste in every description of manufacture. We have new compound words to represent this new idea—art-manufactures, or industrial-art—being a combination peculiar to our age. The domain of art is extended into the realm of our household goods; the commonest articles of daily use testify to our advance in art. We are beginning to cultivate our taste in art-education, and no longer to confine the exercise of this sublime faculty to the artist's studio or the sculptor's atelier.

The schools of design—originally begun at Somerset House—the drawing classes formed in every literary institution, the extensive circulation of illustrated papers, the opening of the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester, have all contributed, at once to increase and, to a certain extent, to satisfy the taste for art. As an evidence of this we might adduce the numerous letters we receive from apprentices and workmen, asking advice on the subject of drawing—how are they to begin? what are they to do? what materials should they employ? what copies should they select? We are rejoiced at this, because we believe it to be a sign of healthy progress, and because we take credit to ourselves for having—in some degree—contributed to the fostering of this growing taste for art.

What a marvel would such a journal as CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER have been some years ago! Four or five excellent engravings for a penny, irrespective of letter-press, would have been a miracle of cheapness. Engravings that were worth anything were issued at a price beyond the reach of any but the wealthy. Cheap engravings there were none, for those at a low price were worth nothing. The art of wood engraving has wonderfully improved, and its results are now almost equal to that of copper. The art of printing engravings has also been facilitated, and that which was formerly impossible is permanently practicable. But cheap works especially devoted to cuts have been issued, and have accomplished much in the improvement of the popular taste. Amongst these we may mention, with satisfaction and confidence, the "Art Treasures," a publication issued in penny numbers, and forming, as a volume, a complete, an elegant, and a valuable work.

To the "Art Treasures" we call the attention of our correspondents. It is calculated to do more practical good to the young aspirant than a score of elementary books on drawing. It places before him the productions of the best masters: of the English, Dutch, Flemish, French, and German schools. It furnishes valuable criticisms on every picture, with interesting biographical notices of the artists, and it is issued at a price which places it within the reach of all. Its delineations are remarkable for accuracy, and its criticisms for taste and judgment.

In offering a slight sketch of the various schools, the reader is not by a slow and tedious process conducted through a long and rugged path; but by a short inquiry, based on the fundamental principles of art, and illustrated by the works of the great masters, his attention is drawn to that proper application of mechanical skill, by which such admirable specimens of the genius of the human mind have been produced. The perusal of the work cannot fail to be useful to all art students.

Here we may be permitted to state our conviction that the study of art may be pursued *without a master*, and that the careful and the diligent student may learn to draw without a master. "There is one precept," observes Sir Joshua Reynolds, "in which I shall be opposed only by the vain, the ignorant, and the idle. I am not afraid that I shall repeat it too often. If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour; nothing is to be obtained without it."

There is one important caution which we would offer to the self-instructing art student, namely, to avoid the selection of indifferent copies. Do not adopt the plan—if you are really desirous of success—of only copying prints or drawings. This will never answer your purpose. Copy real objects. No matter how simple the object may be; a cup, a jug, a candlestick, or a square block is best of all to begin with. Copy that square block. You thus learn from a real object the common rudiments of drawing

—the perpendicular, horizontal, and oblique lines. By copying this, your eye is also trained in the science of perspective, and gradually becomes accustomed to that which, if you confined your attention to the copying of drawings or engravings, you would never properly understand.

Drawing is another sort of writing, and may be acquired in the same way. If the eye and the hand work together, are guided by discretion, and moved by diligence, the student is sure of success.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I HOPE, Robert," said George, on resuming his office of teacher, "that you have thought over the subject of your last lesson, viz., some of the idiomatic forms of expression relating to common things and everyday life. On these things there is often great absurdity in literal translations from the English. After you have added some more words to your vocabulary, I will tell you some more *gallicisms*, or French idioms."

Trunk	Malle
Bracket and slab	Console
Foot-warmer	Chauferette
A pitcher	Une cruche
A hat-box	Un étui à chapeau
A bed	Un lit
An alcove	Un alcove
A pillow	Un oreiller
A bolster	Un traversin
A straw mattress	Une pailleasse
The mattress	Le matelas
The sheets	Les draps de lit
The blankets	Les couvertures de laine
The sofa	Le sofa, le canapé
The arm-chair	Le fauteuil
A closet	Un armoire
A chest of drawers	Une commode
A looking-glass	Un miroir
A pane of glass	Un carreau, une vitre
The dogs and andirons	Les chenets
A fire-screen	Un écran
A large screen	Un paravent
A camp bed	Un lit de sangle
A fancy basket	Une corbeille
A carpet	Un tapis
The floor	Le plancher
The inlaid floor	Le parquet
The ceiling	Le plafond
The wainscot	Le lambris
The partition	Le cloison
The hangings	La tapisserie
A curtain	Un rideau
A lamp	Une lampe
A lantern	Une lanterne

"As this list of words," observed George, "includes very necessary things relating to the house or the home, mind, Robert, you impress them thoroughly on your memory, and always try to use with them the French idioms I dictate to you."

"It is curious that French people, though not remarkable for their love of home, have three ways of expressing *being at home*. If you were asking if a gentleman were at home, you might say, 'Monsieur est-il à la maison?' 'Monsieur est-il chez lui?' or, 'Monsieur est-il au logis?' Should you be inquiring after a lady, of course you must substitute 'Madame' for 'Monsieur,' and make the pronoun agree, thus, 'Madame est-elle chez elle?' or, 'à la maison?' or, 'au logis?' Observe that in this question, the person about whom you inquire is placed at the beginning of the sentence, and it would be English-French to say, 'Est monsieur à la maison?'—'Is Mr. — at home?'

"A console is a piece of furniture much more common in France than in England. It is a kind of marble slab supported by a bracket, and generally placed between the windows. As for *sofa*, it is called both *sofa* and *canapé*; but the latter word is most used. The *chauferette*, or foot-warmer, is a kind of box containing hot wood ashes. It is used by ladies as they sit at work, or at any other sedentary occupation. As the feet are placed on it, it has one good effect—it keeps them warm; but, from the pernicious influence of charcoal, we consider the use of the *chauferette* injurious, and should any of our fair readers meet with *chauferettes* when they go to France, we advise them not to use them."

"And now for the proper manner of saying 'I am going to bed.' Recollect, it is not '*Je vais à lit*,' but '*Je vais au lit*.'"

Les chenets, the handirons, or dogs, as they are also called, will seem novelties to you who have only lived in coal districts. The fires in France are principally of wood, and the *chenets*, or dogs (generally of iron) support the wood. *Une corbeille*, or fancy basket, is much used for flowers. But when you mix with French people you will hear of *corbeille* as

chiefly connected with marriage. For instance, *La corbeille de mariage*—the vehicle containing the bridegroom's gifts to the bride. *Le parquet*, or inlaid floor, is another French fashion. Not only is this floor in patterns, but is sometimes waxed and polished to such a degree that it is as slippery as ice.

"And now," said George, "let us resume

LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

ENGLISH.

FRENCH.

We must get our English money changed.	Il faut faire changer notre argent Anglais.
Where does the banker live? Close at hand.	Où demeure le banquier? Tout près d'ici.
But, gentlemen, I can give you French money for your bank-notes and your sovereigns.	Mais, messieurs, je puis vous donner de la monnaie de France pour vos "bank-notes" et vos souverains.
A thousand thanks. Now let us go and rest for a moment before supper.	Mille remerciements; à présent allons nous reposer un peu avant le souper.
Do you think you will like France?	Pensez-vous que la France vous plaira?
I am certain of it.	J'en suis convaincu.
Now I have had a very good supper.	A présent j'ai très bien soupé.
How do you like French cookery?	Comment trouvez-vous la cuisine Française?
I think it excellent.	Je la trouve excellente.
Let us go up stairs. I want to go to bed.	Montons. Je veux me coucher.
The chamber-maid has put everything ready. Sir, you can go to bed when you choose.	La fille a tout arrangé. Monsieur peut se coucher quand il veut.
I shall sleep without rocking.	Je dormirai sans qu'on me berce.
Leave the candle; I will put it out.	Laissez la chandelle; je l'éteindrai.
Is there a bell?	Y a-t-il une sonnette?
At what o'clock shall I call you?	A quelle heure, monsieur, veut-il que je l'appelle?
I must start early. Therefore, call me as soon as it is dawn.	Il faut que je parte de bonne heure. Ainsi, appelez-moi aussitôt qu'il fait jour.
You may rely on me, sir.	Monsieur peut compte sur moi.
I wish to have my bill; is it made up?	Je desiré avoir mon compte; l'a-t-on fait?
Pray tell your master to send up his bill.	Je vous prie de dire à votre maître d'envoyer son compte.
Here it is, sir.	Le voici, monsieur.
It is not extravagant.	Ce n'est pas cher.
The bill is reasonable.	Ce mémoire est raisonnable.
I hope we shall see you and your friend again, sir.	J'espère vous revoir, avec monsieur, votre ami.
Certainly, if we return by this road.	Certainement, si nous revenons par cette route-ci.
Sir, I wish you a good night, and a pleasant journey.	Monsieur, je vous souhaite une bonne nuit, et un heureux voyage.

"The rules for to-day's exercise are not complicated. They can be given in a few words. Generally speaking, compound nouns take the plural *s* in both parts. However, there are exceptions, thus—*appui-main*, a support for the hand, becomes in the plural *appuis-main*; *un hôtel-dieu*, a hospital, makes *hôtels-dieu*. In compound nouns united by a preposition, only the first takes the mark of the plural; and of some compounds the meaning admits of no plural at all. Proper names, representing two or more individuals in the same family, remain invariable; but you must except *les Césars*, *les Horaces*, *les Scipions*, *les Stuarts*, *les Guises*, *les Condés*, *les Bourbons*, and some other proper names, which, from constant use, may be said to have become common names."

EXERCISE.

FORMATION OF THE PLURAL IN COMPOUND NOUNS.

- One of the buttresses of the vault has fallen. 2. *arc-boutant m.* *voûte f.* est tombé.
- Blanks are a dangerous weapon in the hands of a rogue. 3. The grandmothers of these two children have been my best friends. 4. Peasants, in some parts of France, still believe in were-wolves. 5. *blanc-seing* (arme dangereuse) dans main f. *grand-mère* ces enfant m. *mes meilleures amie f.* *peasants m.* dans quelques parts of France, still believe in were-wolves. 5. *partie f.* (croient encore) aux loup-garou. m. (There are) in France eighty-six capitals of departments. (il y a) en chef-lieu m.
- Misconduct rather than misfortune fills the hospitals. *inconduite f.* plus que infortune f. peuple *hôtel-dieu*.
- Cauliflowers are excellent vegetables. 8. *chou-fleur m.* excellents légume m.
- Alzire*, and *Macbeth* are dramatic masterpieces. 9. *(chef-d'œuvre m. dramatiques).*
- I have had two tête-à-têtes with your sister. 10. In hot climates they raise silk-worms on mulberry-trees. *(climat m. chauds)* on élève (ver-à-soie) sur murier m.
- Fig-peckers are unknown in America. 12. Idleness (bec-figue m.) inconnu en Amérique f. paresse f. and effeminacy are the forerunners of misery. 13. Duelling *oisiveté f.* avant-coureur misère f. Duel m. is a practice (through which) a ruffian may *moyen m.* (à l'aide du quel) coupe-jarrets peut

murder with safety an honest man. 14. To write *assassiner en sûreté* honnête homme. *écrire* bouts-rimes was very fashionable in the last century. *bout-rimé* à la mode dans (siècle m. dernier). 15. Our latest posterity will laugh at our manners. 16. What are too often praised? Ironies covered with *nos arrière-neveux se moqueront de nos manières f.* *What* *are* *too* *often* *praised?* *Ironies* *covered* *with* *que* *sont* *trop* *souvent* *louange f.* *contre-vérité* *couvertes* *de* *the* *veil* *of* *politeness.* 17. In time of war the Indians *voile m.* *politesse f.* *en temps* *guerre f.* *Indiens m.* of America are armed with tomahawks. 18. Coquettes are *Amérique* *armés* *de* *casque-tête m.* *coquette* *peacocks* *in* *society,* *and* *wary-angles* *(at* *home).* 19. *paon m.* *en* *société f.* *pie-grèche* *(chez* *elles).* Toothpicks ought never to appear at the *(cure-dent m.)* *ne* *devraient* *jamais* *paraître* *à* *dinner-table.* 20. Servant fees are costly in England. *table.* *pour-boire* *couteux* *en* *—*.

LE CORRIGE.

1. Un des arcs-boutants de la voûte est tombé. 2. Les blanc-seings sont une arme dangereuse dans les mains d'un fripon. 3. Les grand-mères de ces deux enfants ont été mes meilleures amies. 4. Les paysans, dans quelques parties de la France, croient encore aux loup-garous. 5. Il y a en France quatre-vingt-six chefs-lieux de département. 6. L'inconduite plus que l'infortune peuple les hôpitaux. 7. Les chou-fleurs sont d'excellents légumes. 8. Athalie, Alzire, et Macbeth sont des chefs-d'œuvre dramatiques. 9. J'ai eu deux tête-à-tête avec votre sœur. 10. Dans le climat chaud on élève les vers-à-soie sur les muriers. 11. Les bec-fignes sont inconnus en Amérique. 12. La paresse, et l'oisiveté sont les avant-coureurs de la misère. 13. Le duel est un moyen à l'aide duquel un coupe-jarrets peut assassiner en sûreté un honnête homme. 14. Ecrite des bouts-rimes était très à la mode dans le siècle dernier. 15. Nos arrière-neveux se moqueront de nos manières. 16. Que sont trop souvent les louanges? Des contre-vérités couvertes du voile de la politesse. 17. En temps de guerre les Indiens d'Amérique sont armés de casse-têtes. 18. Les coquettes sont des paons en société, et des pie-grèches chez elles. 19. Les cure-dents ne devraient jamais paraître à table. 20. Les pour-boire sont couteux en Angleterre.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

LIST OF THE WORDS MOST GENERALLY USED IN WHICH THE

SOUND I IS EXPRESSED BY THE LETTER Y.

abyrne	dactyle	hyperbole
acolyte	dey	hyperborée
alchymiste	dissyllabe	hypermenestre
améthyste	dithyrambe	hypocondriaque
Amphyctions	dryade	hypocras
amygdales	dyle	hypocrite
analyse	dynastie	hypothénuse
androgynie	dysenterie	hypothèque
ankylose	Egypte	hypothèse
anonyme	Elysée	hypotypase
aphye	emphytoteque	hystérique
apocalypse	emphyrée	ichtyologie
apocryphe	encyclopédie	idyle
azyme	enthymème	labyrinthe
Babylone	érysipèle	larynx
borborygme	étymologie	lybie
cacochyme	Euphrosyne	lycée
chrysalide	gymnase	lycie
chrysocolle	gymnique	lympho
chyle	Hippolyte	lynx
chypre	homonyme	lyon
clepsydre	hyacinthe	lyre
clystère	hyades	lys
collyre	hydraulique	Lysandre
coryphée	hydre	martyr
corybante	hydrocèle	martyre
cyclade	hydrogène	métaphysique
cyclope	hydrographie	métamorphose
cygne	hydromel	métonymie
cylindre	hydrophobie	mnémomysme
cymaise	hydropisie	monosyllable
cymbale	hyène	myopie
cynique	hyères	myriagramme
cynisme	hygiène	myriamètre
cynocéphale	hygromètre	myrrhe
cynosure	hymene	myrte
cyprès	hyménée	mystère
cypris	hymne	mystérieux
cythère	hypallage	mystificateur
cytise	hyperbate	mystique

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XVII.

SOUND.

PRODUCTION OF SOUND IN THE AIR (continued).

444. Hotels and large dwelling houses are frequently provided with SPEAKING TUBES, leading from one storey to another. What is the reason that the lowest whisper at one end of the tube is distinctly heard at the other end?—The sound is confined to the tube, and does not spread and become weakened, as in the open air.

445. How far has a low whisper been heard through a pipe?—More than half a mile; through a continuous line of empty water pipes laid in the streets of Paris.

446. Why can we hear more distinctly along the outside wall of a house than at a distance from it?—Because the sound is prevented from spreading on the side on which the wall is.

447. Why do we hear better at night than in the

daytime?—Because the air is generally stiller and of more uniform density, and in the quiet of the night our ears are more sensitive to the impressions of sound.

ECHOES.

448. What happens when a sound strikes against an obstacle, as the side of a house, or the wall of a room, or a rocky cliff?—It rebounds, or glances off, like an elastic ball, and is heard at a certain distance, in the direction in which it proceeds, as an *Echo*.

449. Illustrate by an example.—A person looking into a very deep well hears every word that he speaks repeated to him from the water at the bottom of the well.

450. Mention another illustration.—If I should stand at some distance from the wall of a house and clap my hands, I would hear the same sound again as an echo from the house.

451. How far must you be from a wall in a perpendicular direction to hear a distinct echo?—More than 62 feet.

452. If you were to stand at A, Fig. 34, and clap your hands, another person standing at B may hear an echo; how is the sound reflected to him?—As the figure shows; it strikes obliquely against the wall, and glances off with the same obliquity.

453. Does it ever happen that a loud sound is followed by more than one echo?—

In particular localities echoes are returned in succession from a number of surrounding objects. For example, at West Point, on the Hudson, the report of the morning and of the evening gun is prolonged by repeated echoes from the surrounding highlands.

454. Mention another example.—There is a locality near the foot of Mount Washington, on the west side, where to the blast of a single horn a full band seems to reply from the adjacent heights.

455. Give another example.—On the Wengern Alp, in Switzerland, the prolonged note of the Alpine horn is caught up by the mountain heights and dies away into the softest melody in the upper sky.

456. What may be said of spacious rooms with vaulted ceilings, or surmounted by lofty domes?—They return every sound in a multiplicity of echoes.

457. What curious fact is occasionally observed in such spacious inclosures with curved walls or ceilings?—The sound produced at one point is often concentrated at another distant point, so that the faintest whisper can be heard from one to the other, although inaudible between the two. Such a room is called a *Whispering Gallery*.

BLIND MINNIE.

(Concluded from page 199.)

FRANK's first impulse was to entreat Minnie to conceal from their friends their true position; but, bravely conquering this weakness, he requested her to inform Mrs. Leighton of it, and ask her advice. Still he besought the young girl not to abandon him, but to trust him as heretofore; told her again how every feeling of his soul was centred in her; and entreated her to think favourably of him—to try and love him; and not now, but hereafter, when he had proved himself trustworthy, to give him, if her feelings would allow, the dearer right of a husband to protect her. To these entreaties Minnie avoided a reply, and Frank forbore to exact from her even a conditional promise, yearningly as his heart longed for some ray of hope for the future, to which he might turn for consolation in their present unhappy separation.

A few hours after landing in Southampton they parted. She, with her faithful Ann, accompanied Captain and Mrs. Leighton to their home, while he pursued his solitary journey through France in a despondency of spirit which neither the kind farewell of Minnie nor the novelty of the scene and people among which he was passing had power to soften for many days. The hours passed wearily, wearily without the gentle presence which had brightened his daily life during the last year.

Minnie, meanwhile, after her arrival at Cliff Hall, the picturesque, sea-girt home of the Leightons, sought an early opportunity of telling her strange tale to Mrs. Leighton. The indignation, the horror of that good lady against our poor hero was unbounded. Her quickly-roused, impetuous nature refused to listen to or weigh the temptations which had prompted his conduct. "It was treacherous, villainous, contemptible—a perfect Yankee trick." (Dear Mrs. Leighton, you have learned to know the Yankees more kindly now.)

Minnie sought in vain to still her vehemence. Impelled by her generous heart, she embraced the young girl enthusiastically, besought her to think no more of the unworthy villain, but to remain with them to be their dearly-beloved daughter—to—Her kind words were abruptly stopped by the entrance of Ann, and her exclamation—"Minnie is fainting, Mrs. Leighton." They raised the young girl upon the bed, and soon succeeded in restoring her to consciousness; but the swoon was followed by strong chills and hot fevers, which lasted, with almost unchanging violence, during several weeks, notwithstanding the efforts of the physician to check the disease, and the kind, motherly care of Mrs. Leighton, and left the frail young girl in a state of prostration which caused her excellent friends deep anxiety for her ultimate recovery. During her long illness, it seemed as though the sad cause of it was ever oppressing her mind. Her feeble, plaintive voice would frequently entreat "her dear Mrs. Leighton not to judge her poor brother (as she still called Frank) so harshly; that he was so kind, so noble, that she loved him so dearly." Mrs. Leighton would reply: "Very well, my darling, only keep quiet and get well," which would silence the sufferer for a time; then she would again restlessly renew her prayers. She once said to good Captain Leighton, "Do you know of it, my dear sir? Oh, you do not blame him so severely." And his assurance that "he could not understand his wife's account, that he felt no prejudices against Frank, and would form no opinion until she got well, and could tell him calmly the whole story," gave her more comfort.

She had been many days convalescent ere it was deemed prudent to allow her to tell the tale she was so eager to communicate to Captain Leighton. At length, one fair morning, after having carried the fragile form of the young girl in his arms to the summer-house, and having placed her upon a couch in a position from which she could gaze only upon the Channel and some of the most striking points of scenery around them, and receive strength from the soft summer winds which sported through the arbour, her kind host seated himself beside her, saying, "My daughter, I will listen to you now if you feel strong enough to tell me of—"

"Yes, oh, yes, my dear sir. Let me now," she interrupted eagerly, and began her account of her eventful life in India. At first, like his wife and Minnie herself, indignant censure was uppermost in his mind; but the young girl spoke so eloquently of "her brother's" untiring care of her dying father, of his unselfish, self-sacrificing devotion to herself, and drew such touching pictures of their simple, happy life in Bombay, that the warm-hearted old officer found himself insensibly led to admire and esteem the young man; and when Minnie had ended, he was almost as energetic in his praises of Frank as his fair companion herself. He detested falsehood, and gave the fault its full and just censure; but he was too generous a nature himself not to appreciate noble conduct in another. He felt that, notwithstanding this single stain upon his otherwise fair character, Frank still merited entire confidence, and was worthy of the charge he had hitherto so beautifully fulfilled.

These sentiments from the lips of one so respected by her, cheered and lightened Minnie's heart, as it had not been cheered and lightened since that night when Frank's confession had changed its previous soft sunlight of happiness to the stern darkness of misery. Minnie thanked her generous host again and again for his charitable judgment, then said—

"It is very strange that he has not yet written us! I do so long to hear from him!"

"I have had a letter for you, dear child," answered Captain Leighton, "for some weeks, but was forbidden by the physician to give it to you, lest it should be too exciting to you in your weak state. But you are so much stronger now; here it is, my love."

Minnie seized it and kissed it joyfully, broke the seal, then said, in a wistful tone—

"Oh, that I could read it! Will you read it for me, sir?"

Captain Leighton did so with much emotion. He felt strongly moved by its tone of respectful, deep affection. Frank wrote her of the hopes of her cure, which his visit to Dr. B— in Paris had excited within him, and also urged her to tell Captain Leighton and his wife of the wrong which he had done her.

"He is a true, noble soul!" exclaimed Captain Leighton, closing the letter.

"May I answer it at once?" asked Minnie, in a voice choked with tears.

"Yes, my child; but first listen to me awhile. The world would not allow you to return with him now, knowing what you do, without censure, nor would it

be right. Remain for the present with my wife and myself. We will go to Paris with you; then you must travel with us, and be our child. If afterwards you find that you cannot be happy without Frank, then we must consent to give you up to him; but if your regard for him is only as for a brother, then, my love, remain with us for ever as a dearly-treasured daughter, for indeed my wife and I both love you tenderly, and the idea of parting from you is very painful to us. And who knows, my darling," he continued, jestingly, "but that fate may have destined that title to be yours in very truth? for when my son comes home, who can tell what may happen? I can answer for him (for he is the very image of his good mother) that the impulsive, tender-hearted boy will be desperately enamoured of your rarely lovely self at the first glance. His effect upon you is far less certain, for, though a manly-looking fellow, he is no Adonis; *mais nous verrons*."

With these words, the generous-hearted captain laughingly kissed away the tears which were rapidly falling upon Minnie's two fair cheeks.

"Hush! hush, my pet," he cried, "don't do that. You'll make a sturdy old seaman break down presently, and that would be a pretty state of affairs; don't talk now. Just let me lift you home again, and let us write to this dear brother; or stay, shall I bring writing materials here to you? It will be more quiet here."

He did so, and under her direction wrote to Frank, telling him of Minnie's illness, but that she was again well, and would, in a few days, accompany her friends to Paris, naming the hotel at which they should lodge.

It was at first rather difficult to persuade Mrs. Leighton that Frank did not deserve the severe censure she had supposed; but Minnie had so many instances to relate of his goodness that, by the time the party reached Paris, the good lady was quite ready to greet our hero with the frank cordiality habitual to her.

Frank's joy at again meeting his beloved Minnie was sadly shadowed as he remarked the traces of suffering which illness had left upon her in the marble paleness and transparency of her complexion, the increased delicacy of her exquisite features, the fragility of her frame, and, above all, the heaven-illuminated peace which shone upon her pure, high brow, and pervaded her whole being. To the eyes of the lover she seemed already above earth, too pure, too holy to dwell among the children of men; but her friends had no such anxious fears. They remarked how rapidly she was regaining her strength, spoke hopefully of the success of their visit to the oculist, and of their intention of taking her afterwards to travel with them. Frank's fears gradually lessened to give place to a new cause of anxiety: he perceived that they had made arrangements for Minnie without any reference to him. Was it their design to separate her from him?

He was not long left in suspense. Captain Leighton, in a private conversation with him, told him of the love his wife and himself felt for the young girl, and of their wish to keep her always with them, but that, if she desired, they would yield her to him. He demanded only that in the meantime Frank should not urge her to a decision, but should act only as a trusty friend towards her. Frank was forced to confess, disagreeable as was this plan to himself, that it was correct, and showed a true regard for Minnie's welfare on the part of her kind friends. He promised Captain Leighton to endeavour to conform to his desires, but acknowledged that he should find it difficult to do so.

On the following day, Dr. B— saw Minnie, pronounced that her disease had been caused by too great a strain of the nerves of the eye in doing fine drawing and embroidery, and that it was curable, but that the process would be tedious, and sometimes painful. She must be confined for many days in a very dark room, and kept free from excitement, besides which several operations would be necessary. These conditions gave the young girl no uneasiness on her own account; but she could not bear that her friends should confine themselves with her while there was so much to be seen and enjoyed.

To gratify her, therefore, they were forced to leave her for many hours each day under the care of Ann, who could not be persuaded to leave her dear young lady except when Frank, as he often did, insisted upon remaining with Minnie, stating that he had already visited the places which were to be the objects of interest to Mr. and Mrs. Leighton during that day. Captain Leighton had no doubts about leaving the young man alone with her, confident that he was too honourable to take advantage of their absence to break his promise to him.

At length came the day in which the last and most

trying operation was to be performed. Mrs. Leighton was too much excited to remain in the room. The captain, Frank, and the devoted Ann sat near the young girl, who alone of the whole group remained, calm, and apparently free from anxiety. Although Ann made a great effort to copy her example, the good woman was trembling in every limb. Captain Leighton vainly tried to conceal his anxiety under a forced levity of manner and conversation, while Frank's rapidly varying colour and eager eye betrayed his agitation. The physician himself looked at the delicate girl in evident fear, lest she could not bear the operation. He told her it would be longer and more painful than any she had yet undergone, and asked her if she felt sure of her strength to suffer it.

"Oh, yes!" she replied, in her usual quiet tones. "Fear not for me, good friends; I am not afraid!"

And, during the minute and delicate operation which followed, she sat pale and calm as a statue. Suddenly they were startled by a loud cry from her; and, with one bound towards Frank, she threw her arms around him, exclaiming, "My brother, I see you!"

He clasped her passionately to his heart for one second; the next he would have fallen from his chair but for the support of her arm. Overcome by his emotions, he had fainted for the second time in his life. He soon revived under Ann's care, while the physician drew Minnie away, and again consigned her for a few days to the darkened chamber, into which light should be allowed to penetrate by degrees, until her eyes became strong enough to bear the full brightness of day; but the night of that chamber was made bright by the radiant stars of joy and hope beaming in the hearts of the group there assembled. Minnie received with deep gratitude the caresses and expressions of pleasure and love of Captain and Mrs. Leighton, and the congratulations of her good Ann, and modestly thanked Doctor B. — for his beneficent care, and for the praises of her fortitude, which he lavished upon her. Frank said not a word, but sat at her feet, his face pressed upon her hands in uncontrollable agitation.

The Leightons sought not to prevent him. Why should they? Had not her first thought, her first look, upon recovering her sight, been for him? Her action had clearly revealed to the eyes of the kind couple the power and depth of her love towards the young man; and they had too much good sense and kindness of heart to desire that, for their selfish gratification, she should stifle so genuine a feeling.

A half hour passed, and Frank still retained his position at Minnie's feet, and his silence; then, abruptly rising, he left the room. His friends watched his strange conduct with surprise; they could not understand it, but we may. He felt that, if he staid longer, his heart must burst with its throbbings, or his lips break the silence to which his promise to Captain Leighton bound him. He did not return until evening, by which time he had regained the habitual lively manner which had hitherto made him so entertaining and welcome a companion in the dark room of the sufferer.

In a few days, light sufficient was allowed in Minnie's chamber to admit of the young man's reading aloud. He chose his former accustomed seat at the young girl's feet, and began, at her request, one of her favourite poems. He had read but a few pages, when Minnie exclaimed:—

"Oh, Frank, does it not remind you of our happy evenings in India?" Then, bending over him burst into tears.

"My dearest girl," said Mrs. Leighton, after a moment's pause, "are you unhappy now?"

"No, no, my dear friend," hastily answered Minnie. "In many respects I am far happier at present, blessed with such noble, generous friends" (taking Mrs. Leighton's hand with an affectionate pressure), "and with restored sight. How grateful I feel! But I have been overcome with recollections of past pleasures which may never return. It is only that thus we used to pass our hours together;" and the young girl's tears choked her voice.

"Ah, wife," broke in the good captain, in a tone in which jest and sadness were strangely blended, "I foresee that we must make up our minds, after all, to give up our daughter again to this young scapegrace!"

Frank darted a glance of inexpressible gratitude towards the speaker, then buried his face, after his usual fashion when deeply affected, in Minnie's hands; still he said nothing. What need of words? His eyes had long betrayed eloquently the tale his lips were forbidden to utter.

Captain Leighton looked half sorrowfully, half pleasantly upon the young couple, then continued:— "You are a brave fellow, Howard; you have borne the test to which I put your self-command heroically.

I absolve you now from your promise; still, I do wish that you would leave off daughter unfettered by any promise, free to look around her, and make her own choice, until you return from India. You must also look among other fair ones of earth; you may find yourself better suited. Who can tell? If you both bear unchanged the ordeal of so long an absence, then I—we will, with perfect confidence, trust our gentle girl to your care. Have you not a word to say, Howard?" he asked, after a pause. "Why, the boy is sobbing, as I live; and Minnie, too, is spoiling her beautiful eyes, and my wife joining them, I declare! I can't allow that!" he cried, good humouredly. "Such weakness! Cheer up, my boy; tell me—when are you going back to India?"

"I—I did not think of going back, sir."

"Not going back? Why, how is your business to be settled?"

"By letter, sir, unless—"

"Brother, you ought to go," whispered Minnie.

"Do you think so? I believe you are right," he answered. Then, turning to Captain Leighton, he said—"But Minnie thinks, and she is right, that it would seem ungrateful to Robson and Co. should I now leave their service without first going to them to explain my present position and future prospects. Do you agree with us, sir?"

"Most undoubtedly. I am glad you think so correctly about it; but you look as gloomy as though you were to be sent to Siberia instead of taking a voluntary journey to your old friends. Are you unwilling to go?"

"Oh, sir, it is not that! I do desire to see them (those noble-hearted brothers) once more, and to thank them for their generous trust in me, and for their rare kindness to Minnie. I must tell them, too, of the benevolent friends in whose care I shall have left my sister; for they are so good, they will appreciate your value, and rejoice with Minnie. And I"—here his voice faltered—"I have a confession to make to them. For many reasons, I do wish to go; but the voyage is so long, the separation so hard from Minnie, and—"

"Tut, tut, my boy; it will soon pass. You'll be back again in less than six months; and, meanwhile, we shall take good care of Minnie, show her about the world, let her see and be seen, for truly 'so fair a flower was never born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air' of an American wilderness. Say, wife, how do you like Leighton's improvement of Gray? By-the-bye, Howard, I wish before you return you would extend your visit to the United States, take possession of your funds, and bring them over to us. We could easily find you some pleasant occupation in England, and then we should still keep our darling near us; indeed you must, for it will break my dear wife's heart, as well as mine, to part with our pet."

"Oh, dear friends!" exclaimed Minnie, starting up, and throwing her arms around the good captain and his wife, "how you all love to spoil me! What deep cause for gratitude I have that I, an orphan, without a claim upon any living being, am thus surrounded by generous, devoted friends! What have I done to merit these blessings? What return can I make for such favours? I can only love you dearly, dearly—"

Captain Leighton pressed her to him for one instant, then laughingly thrust her away, saying—

"Have a care, you youth is watching us with a jealous eye."

"I defy any of you to see the 'green-eyed monster' in my eyes in this twilight," responded Frank, in the same jesting tone. "And as for jealousy, if you kiss my sister I'll kiss your wife." Then approaching Mrs. Leighton, he kissed her hand, adding earnestly, "My dear lady, your love and kindness to my Minnie have endeared you inexpressibly to my heart. May I not, too, claim—"

"Oh, good mother," interrupted Minnie, "embrace us both!" and, laying her arm upon Frank's neck, knelt beside him before the kind lady, who, while she fulfilled their request, could not restrain the tears which she had with difficulty checked during the preceding conversation.

"Here comes the *garçon* to announce dinner," cried Captain Leighton. "Tis lucky; otherwise the bad example of my tender-hearted wife would have infected us all."

A day or two later, Minnie was allowed to enter a bright room, and look with unshaded eyes upon the friends she loved, and the next day to ride out, and gaze upon the green trees, and flowers, and heavens, for the sight of which she had so often yearned during her temporary blindness. As she stepped from the carriage into the lovely Parc de Monceaux where she took her first ride, she fell impulsively upon her knees,

and, with quivering lips, blessed God for his great mercy unto her.

Then followed a few brief, happy days for our young friends, perhaps the happiest they had ever yet known. Together they visited the interesting sights in Paris, and journeyed among its beautiful environs. Captain Leighton and his wife were the most discreet of chaperones, always keeping near them, yet never near enough to restrain the conversation of "their children," as they now called our young friends. True, Frank and Minnie were bound by no formal betrothal; but their confidence in each other was so entire that they needed no promise to make their simple hearts happy.

At length came the sad parting day. Frank could no longer delay his return to India; and Captain Leighton was anxious to take his wife and daughter from the heat of Paris to the bracing atmosphere of Switzerland, where their son was to meet them. Frank courageously forbore to demand from Minnie any promise for the future, but he felt that her heart would remain as unchangeably true to him as he knew his to be for her. With many a heartfelt embrace and fervent farewell, the party separated.

We have not time to follow Frank on his long, lonely journey, nor Minnie and her kind friends through their pleasant wanderings. Suffice it to say, young Richard Leighton met them at Geneva, and, even as his father had said, he seemed inclined to fall in love with our Minnie at first sight; but his mother soon warned him of the futility of any such inclination on his part, and he wisely restrained his budding affection within the limits of brotherly tenderness, reserving his devotion for a certain beautiful Lady Sarah F., with whom, although she makes our friend Richard very happy, our story has no concern.

Frank's friends, the Brothers Robson, welcomed his return joyfully, heard his tale with much astonishment, rejoiced with him in his good fortune; then, bidding him a fervent "God bless you," and promising to visit him at some future day in England, parted from him with regret.

Frank returned to Europe, paid a short visit to his friends, who were by this time sojourning for the winter in Italy, then left them to revisit the home of his childhood, to make the necessary arrangements for his future residence in Europe. He found his step-sister, for whom he had ever retained a tender regard, just budding into womanhood, and persuaded her father to allow her to accompany him on his return, and remain a few years in Europe that she might prosecute certain accomplishments for which she showed decided taste. (Friendly reader, I am that sister. After several years spent in improvement at school, and in joy in his bright home, I have returned to my father and family, and my pleasant American home, though but for a brief visit.)

On our arrival in England, we found Captain and Mrs. Leighton, with Minnie, eager to welcome us. I gazed upon Minnie with a feeling of adoration, which the intercourse of years has rather strengthened than lessened. I have seen many elegant and lovely good women, but never such an angel face, such lustrous, holy eyes! Indeed, I do not believe there is another pair of such eyes in the universe; and her spirit is as holy and serene as her face. My brother asserts that she has been his saviour; and may he to whom I have promised soon to give my aid and loving presence in his path through life find cause to bless our "Sister Minnie" that she taught his wife, by her beautiful example, that a pure mind, loving heart, and gentle spirit are a woman's truest source of influence upon earth.

About one year after our arrival in England, during one of my long vacations from school, there was a double wedding at Cliff Hall. Frank and Minnie, Lady Sarah F. and Richard Leighton, acting as principals, Florence F. (Lady Sarah's sister) and I, with our cavaliers (peculiarly interesting to us, but not to the public) serving as attendants to both parties.

We were a happy travelling party who, a few days later, "steamed" up the Rhine, spending a few days at various points of interest; then wended our way among the magnificent scenery of the mountains of Saxon Switzerland.

Four years have flown since then, yet dear Frank remains as truly in love with "Sister Minnie," as he still calls her, as on that memorable day when I first saw their meeting. May my future home and yours, my young readers, be as bright and happy as theirs! I have begged their leave to write their simple and yet strange story, hoping it may afford you a little of the interest in the reading which the hearing did to your friend, the writer.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



EDWARD BAINES, ESQ. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

EDWARD BAINES, ESQ.

EXPERIMENTAL philosophy has achieved a victory over visionary theory. It has been shown that the labouring classes appreciate the advantages of education, and employ them so well that our national character is thereby exalted, and our national prosperity advanced. We are gainers, not losers, by educational efforts. Every well taught man or woman is a valuable addition to our national greatness. Education has become the rallying cry amongst all classes of the community; it is the bond of union which joins together those who differ in almost everything else; it is the want which all feel; the want which all, but a limited and unworthy section, are anxious to supply. We have a brave host of educators united in a crusade against ignorance; men who, though they may differ as to the means, are agreed as to the end; who make common cause in this one principle, that the people require and must have education.

And foremost among the earnest advocates of education is Mr. Edward Baines, of Leeds. His constant and well-directed efforts have rendered his name familiar to all who are, in any degree, interested in the cause to which he is so warmly attached. By private effort, by public appeal, from the platform, the press, he has unflinchingly advocated the education of the people. For one-and-forty years (though he is now but fifty-eight) he has been occupied in this great work, the work which he confidently believes to be essential to the welfare of our country.

But Mr. Baines is no advocate for state education. He has no faith in placing the instruction of the masses in the hands of the government, no faith in permitting the exercise of universal guardianship to devolve on the state. He has no sympathy with compulsory education, or the admission of any principle which would involve an interference with the right of private judgment.

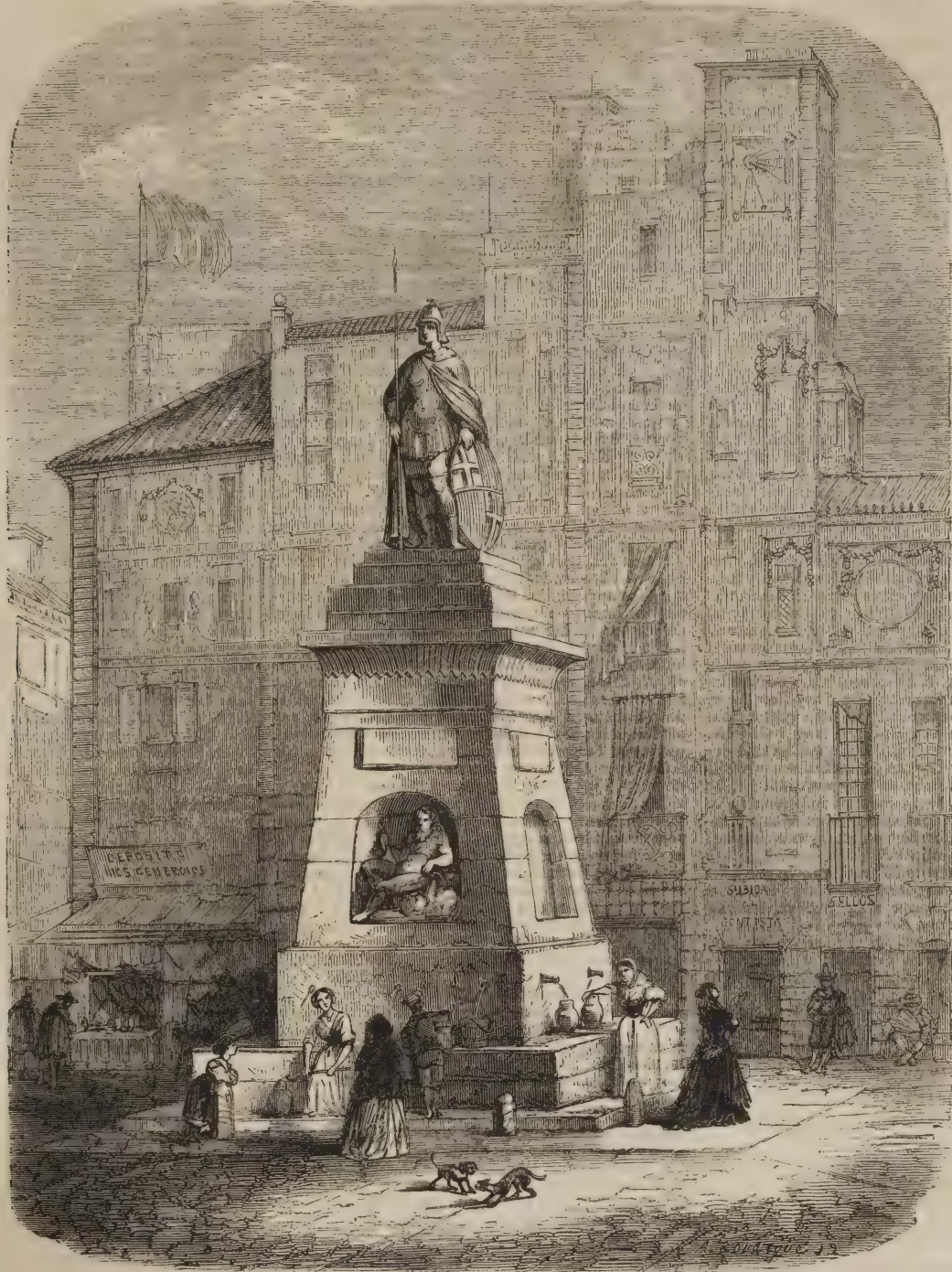
Mr. Baines is the second son of Edward Baines of Leeds, who represented that constituency in three parliaments. He is the brother of the Right Hon. M. T. Baines, M.P. He was born on the 28th of May, 1800, and received his education at a classical academy in Leeds, and the Protestant Dissenters' Grammar School, Manchester.

In 1817 his youthful sympathy with the education of the ignorant was shown by his undertaking to instruct a class of orphans every Sunday in the Leeds workhouse. The zeal with which he entered on this labour arose from something better and nobler than mere temporary enthusiasm; it was the desire to do good—a principle the permanency of which has been shown by his close and steady pursuit of the same object ever since, as from that day to the present he has been actively employed in Sunday-school labour. Religion and philanthropy are both exercised in the Sunday school. Mr. Baines saw in it at first, and has recognised in it ever since, a system which promised not only the means of ordinary school education, but of religious instruction; which appealed to the heart as well as to the mind, and which added as many moral as intelligent members to the community. Sunday-

schools had been in active operation for many years when Mr. Baines commenced his labours. A society for the support and encouragement of Sunday schools was established in 1785. The Sunday Union was founded in 1802; but in 1817 the progress which had been made, the extent of influence which was exerted, the number of teachers engaged in the work, the number of children receiving instruction, were small in comparison with Sunday-school operations now.

Mr. Baines has long been connected with the press. He became assistant editor to his father in 1819, on the *Leeds Mercury*, of which journal he is now the proprietor and editor. The *Leeds Mercury* is published three times a week, and has a very large circulation in the north of England. It is one of the most influential amongst the provincial journals; and that influence has been invariably well directed, and consistently and uprightly maintained by its able editor. In his connection with the press he has promoted free trade, the abolition of the corn laws, Catholic emancipation, parliamentary and municipal reform, and every measure of religious liberty. Those who do not sympathise with his views are ready to acknowledge his integrity and consistency, and to own that he has maintained those principles which he holds sacred with courtesy and candour.

In 1820 Mr. Baines assisted in founding the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Institution. In 1825 he took an active part in establishing the Leeds Mechanics' Institution, and subsequently many other societies of a similar character in various parts of Yorkshire. In 1837 he proposed



THE OLD MAN'S FOUNTAIN, BARCELONA.

the formation of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes. Of that Union he has now been President twenty-one years. It comprises 128 institutes, with an aggregate of 22,000 members.

In 1834 Mr. Baines published the "History of the Cotton Manufactures in Great Britain," 1 vol. 8vo, with illustrations: the first history of these great manufactures. This work was republished in the United States. It has also been translated into German.

In 1843 he took a leading part in opposing Sir James Graham's Factory Education Bill. For this purpose he obtained and published valuable statistics of education and religion in the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire, with comparisons between the years 1801 and 1843.

Mr. Baines was an active member of the Anti-Corn Law League from 1838 to 1846. He opposed the Minutes in Council proposed by Lord John Russell

in 1847; and in the same year published "Letters to Lord John Russell on State Education." From that time he has advocated the principles of voluntary and religious education in numerous pamphlets and lectures, and in the *Leeds Mercury*. A pamphlet issued by him in 1856, entitled "National Education: Remarks on the Speech and Plan of Lord John Russell," was much quoted in the House of Commons, and seemed to be a means of defeating that plan.

In 1851 he published the "Life of Edward Baines" (his father), and in 1854 "A Visit to the Vaudois of Piedmont," forming a volume of Longman's Travellers' Library.

In 1837 Mr. Baines became a Total Abstainer, "for the sake of example;" and in 1857 published "Twenty Years' Experience of Total Abstinence from Intoxicating Liquors." Of the second edition more than 300,000 copies were circulated.

As a Congregational Dissenter, Mr. Baines has, with his accustomed zeal, taken an active part in

the Congregational Union and the Congregational Board of Education. He has published numerous tracts in favour of the Religious Observance of the Sabbath, on the Value of Education, on Mechanics' Institutions, Free Trade, &c.

In connection with this brief sketch of one so deservedly popular as Mr. Baines, we have pleasure in presenting to our readers a faithful portrait of that gentleman from a photograph by Mayall.

BARCELONA.—I.

THE French tell us that Africa begins on the other side of the Pyrenees, that is to say, in Spain. Bad as is the condition of Spain, it scarcely deserves so bad a character. That it has lost its prestige among the nations, that its glory has departed, that its chivalry, learning, and conquest are all gone, there can be no doubt. Spain is the shadow of her former

self, but it still possesses some attractive features,—there are remains of its youthful beauty and grace still traceable.

One of the most interesting and remarkable places in Spain, is Barcelona; and to this old city we propose conducting our readers, guided by those obliging couriers, Pen and Pencil.

Barcelona is a seaport on the Mediterranean. It is the capital of the province of Catalonia. It is strongly fortified with batteries, fosses, and walls, and contains a citadel capable of accommodating 7,000 men. It dates its foundation from a very early period, namely, two hundred years before the Christian era, and it is said to have been called after its founder, Hamilcar Barcino. When the Carthaginians fell victims to the Romans, and the Romans to the Goths, Barcelona changed its masters, but steadily increased in importance. At the beginning of the eighth century, it was overrun by the Moors, but was delivered from them by the chivalry of Charlemagne and Ludovico Pio. From that time it was governed by Counts, who exercised an independent sovereignty, until it was ceded by marriage at the end of the twelfth century to the crown of Arragon. The commercial prosperity of Barcelona added considerably to the consolidation of the colossal power of Spain in the middle ages. Its citizens were renowned for their successful enterprise, and signally rivalled the maritime towns of Italy. It was among the first to establish consuls and factories in distant countries. The honour also of promulgating the famous Consolato del Mare, or code of maritime law, is attributed to the vigour and sagacity of its merchants. "Barcelona," says McCulloch, "has sustained seven regular sieges since its recovery from the Arabs. During the greater part of the war of the succession, it adhered firmly to the party of Charles; but, after a desperate resistance, it was taken in 1714 by the forces of Philip V., commanded by the Duke of Berwick. The French got possession of it in 1808, and kept it all through the Peninsular war. In 1821 it was attacked by the yellow fever, which is said to have carried off a fifth part of the population. Thirteen councils have been held here, and above twenty-four assemblies of the Cortes, down to the last in 1706. It has had, also, many visits from the Spanish monarchs, as they were obliged, by the laws of Catalonia, to appear here in person to be crowned and take the oaths as sovereign of this principality and of Arragon, which ceremony was observed down to the time of Philip V."

So much for the history of Barcelona. In our next article we shall begin our peregrinations in the ancient city, taking heed whenever an object of interest presents itself to "make a note of."

The building represented in our engraving, and known as the Old Man's Fountain, stands in the *Rambla*—a promenade which divides the city into two parts.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,
SOMETHING TO DO.

▲ TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER LXXX.

Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.—MOORE.
Her every thought an angel's tongue might tell;
Her only fault, a heart that loved too well.

BRIDE OF SIENA.

WHAT said bold Larky? He drew Hope a little aside into the embrasure of the old-fashioned window, and taking her hand with almost reverential tenderness, while his manly voice trembled, he whispered—

"Bless you, Hope, my own guardian angel, for those dear, noble words of yours! If you will, indeed, trust me, and tell me when any other tries to win you, I will nip in its bud what you have so well named a poison-flower. Hope, if you will deign to trust me, I will never be jealous more; but, Hope, I love you, not with a child's love—not with a boy's love—but with all the deep and full-grown love of a full-grown man. I know you are a lady now, and far above me, Hope, but if you will love me, I'll rise to be worthy of you yet. There's rich gold, and plenty of it, lass, to be had for the digging; there's all the wealth and grace of learning to reward him who studies in earnest. I don't ask you now, Hope, in your laces, and silks, and muslins, and with your lady talk, and ways, and feelings, and habits, to sink down into a working man's wife; all I ask you now is to love poor Larky a little because he loves you more than words can tell, and when he can come to you and offer you a name by him made great, and a

home such as a lady could delight in, you will forget the difference between us, and be that guardian angel of a good man's heart, the wife of his bosom."

By the time Larky had finished this impassioned speech, his feelings had so wonderfully overcome him that he was obliged to bury his face in his hands.

Hope looked round: they were alone.

Some excitement was going on outside, and Apple Blossom, with all a kind mother's, and a delicate woman's, quick perception, seeing that her darling Larky was pleading to Hope Evermore for more than life, had led the others out with her to see what was going on in the street.

Hope, perceiving they were alone, sank into a low nursing-chair near the window, and said, gently,—
"Do not weep, Larky; dear—dearest—beloved Larky, listen to me!"

And Larky thought it no idolatry to kneel—great, strong, impassioned youth though he was—at Hope's little fair feet, and there to hide his agitated features in the folds of her snow-white dress.

"Speak, darling," he said; "but be kind, be merciful, or you'll break my heart, and if you do, you'll find your name engraved there, and your image enshrined there! so be gentle for their sakes."

"Larky Grigg," said Hope, bending over that young bowed head, until her own long, golden ringlets blended with his shining black hair,—
"Larky, why do you say I am above you?"

"Because I feel it, I know it, I see it. You are a lady; and there's as much difference between your station and mine now, Hope, as between my fustian working suit and your silks and muslins."

"And yet, Larky," said Hope, "the fustian, earned by honest labour, is to my mind far nobler wear than the silks and muslins Charity bestows. I am a companion, Larky—a needless appendage of a fine lady, dependent on her caprice, the child of her favour—liable, like my poor predecessor (and she a lady born, too), to be turned out at any moment, stripped of all the finery of life, and obliged to work, or beg, or starve, as it might be. But I do not complain, dear Larky. I was born in a hospital, where my mother died; and but for your mother and her angelic goodness, I must have been sent to the union. The ladies took a fancy to me, and as I had, alas! not strength, like Merry, for honest service, all thought it best for me to be brought up as their companion. Your dear mother and Jem Goodman, who knew my poor mother well, only stipulating that I should never be mixed up as she had been with gentlemen; for she, with a dying woman's keen glance into futurity, foresaw her unborn babe would be that helpless thing—a girl! And as to some fine gentleman she owed a broken heart and early grave, she wished to protect me from a similar fate; therefore, Larky, the few gentlemen who visit my ladies, never see me! And from what I hear from the old countess of the ways, habits, feelings, and conduct of those sad beings, gay men, I never wish to exchange a word with them. I have always, since the dear old ragged school days, looked upon myself," and here Hope blushed deeply and faltered a little, and hid her sweet face on Larky's head, "as your little wife. My mind, and dress, and person, may have changed, but my heart, dear love! is as humble, as fond, and as true, as when we used to go about hand in hand, and I used to call you Larky, good lad, and make you my mind. I have no parents but your parents, no will but theirs and yours; and therefore, whenever you say to me, 'Hope, I have a home ready, will you be my wife,' and your parents, wiser than we, Larky, think it right, and say, 'Take him, Hope, and bless ye both,' I shall gladly give up,—for your dear sake, and that blessed little home of true, first, only love,—the dainty living, and the fine dresses, and carriages, and servants, which have never made me feel half so vain or so proud as I shall be of the poorest little home which will be all my own, and which will be kept nice by my own hands, and maintained in honest plenty by your labour, Larky."

"Bless you—oh, bless you, for those heavenly words, my darling, my Hope!" said Larky. "But if such a home would content you, violet of the world! it would not satisfy my pride in you. No, Hope, I have not birth, education, wealth, or station; but I have what, in this country, can raise a man above them all: I have mind, will, energy, and love. I have, my Hope, I know I have it, and the world shall know it, too,—genius—mechanical genius—the genius most wanted, most prized. I have been kept down hitherto by a sordid master; but that's over now. I'm twenty next week, Hope. In three years from the day I'm twenty, I'll come to you, lass (if God blesses a true heart, full of love for you) with a name, a fortune, language, and manners like your own; in short, with the honest pride that every man must feel who has been the architect of his own fortune, and who owes to his unassisted genius,

energy, and determination of character, that position and reputation among men which have rendered him worthy of the loveliest and best of women. Will you wait for me?"

"Yes, Larky. And should this prove a dream, and disappointment wait on genius—as, good lad, it often does,—come to me, and say, 'Hope, I can't offer you those bright castles in the air we spoke of once, but I can give you a cottage on earth, and make you the loved and cherished wife of a working man.' I'll say, 'I have no higher ambition, Larky, and thank heaven for so happy and so sweet a lot.'"

What manly reader will censure Larky when he hears that, as these words fell on his delighted ear, he caught Hope to his heart, and covered her brow, her cheeks, her lips with pure though passionate kisses; and if the gentlemen do not find fault with a line of conduct each feels he would himself pursue under the same circumstances, we hope the ladies will not be very angry with Larky, nor be too severe on Hope for not feeling very angry, or struggling much to get free, but only saying, "Don't, darling, now and then, and at last throwing her fair arms round her young lover's neck, and, as he drew her on to his knee, hiding her tears and her blushes in his bosom."

How long they sat thus, we cannot tell; and we are quite certain they kept no note of the time.

And they exchanged locks of hair, and rings, and broke a sixpence between them, and bound themselves to each other through time and through eternity in the calm presence of the fair, full moon that rose above the now dark buildings.

Yes, it was as affianced lovers they rose hand in hand to answer Apple Blossom's call, announcing that the carriage was at the door to fetch Hope home; and then, as kind, considerate Apple Blossom, perhaps remembering her own courting days, did not rush in, they held each other in a long embrace for a few moments of wild ecstasy, and then Hope took leave of all her early friends. She was going away for many months to the Highlands; but she went happy, betrothed, fond in love, firm in faith, high in hope; and Larky, as he handed her into that carriage, strong in the consciousness of the possession of that talisman which in England can turn all to gold—mechanical genius—thought: "One day I will hand her into a carriage of her own."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?—SHAKESPEARE.

HOPE's departure from London was delayed for a few days by the sudden illness of the Countess of Glenlonely; but Hope could not contrive another visit to her foster-mother, or her beloved, and now affianced Larky Grigg.

Lady Glenlonely required almost constant attendance when she was well; but the slightest indisposition multiplied her requirements almost ad infinitum; and any "companion" less patient, gentle, and loving than Hope would have been roused to irritation or would have sunk into dependency.

Unfortunately, too, for Hope, Lady Glenlonely would not endure Tariatian or even her own daughter Ada near her in the capacity of nurse; and as for a stranger, she was almost delirious at the idea of a Mrs. Gamp or a Betsy Prig approaching her crimson velvet hangings and downy bed.

Lady Glenlonely had, alas! no consideration for others; intense selfishness and pride were the great faults of her character. It never occurred to her that any one could be tired waiting on her. She fancied first one thing, then another. She would have a cup of tea, and, when it was poured out, she would tell Hope to hold it for a moment, she would take it presently; and poor Hope, whom she had kept up all night, would hold it till it was cold, and then she would scold her because it was a cold slop, and she would order broth, or gruel, or something else, and behave in the same way about all. Often, during the long, weary hours so thanklessly requited, Hope thought of Larky, and pictured to herself life with him, as a working man's wife, and felt it would be a much happier lot than to be companion to a fine lady.

"I should not walk in silk attire," she said to herself, "but I am sure my efforts to please, and to comfort, and to benefit Larky would be met with sweet smiles and warm thanks. I might wear a cotton gown, but my heart would beat lightly beneath it. I should have some one to talk with of old times and future prospects. If we read, it would be something worth reading, not the sickly old romances of fifty years ago. Our meals might be very simple, but I fancy a herring and some fried potatoes, or a bit of boiled bacon and some fresh broad beans would be so nice, compared to all the sickly dainties I share

with my lady. I begin to loathe boiled chicken, and boiled soles, and boiled sweetbreads, and custard, rice, or batter puddings."

Hope always took her dinner in her lady's dressing-room in times of Lady Glenlonely's illnesses, real or imaginary, and they were of constant recurrence, one or the other; and a bed (a sofa bed) was made up for her in Lady Glenlonely's room, but it was a mere farce, for directly poor Hope had lain down, and, with the readiness for sound sleep peculiar to early youth, floated off to the land of dreams, and love, and Lark, a querulous "Hope! Hope! are you deaf, you unfeeling girl?" or an angry ringing of the hand-bell would rouse the poor companion, who always woke to a scolding and a lecture on the selfishness of youth and the endurance of age. This time Lady Glenlonely's illness was but too real—it was caused by grief, anxiety, and, worse still, remorse.

Nothing was known for certain, but there was every reason to believe that her son, her pride, her Eaglescliffe, who had been taken prisoner in India, had been killed.

"Had I been kinder, and more patient with him," she would say, "he would not have gone into the army at all; he would not then have visited that terrible India. Why did I not let him marry her? Had he married the girl he loved so madly, he would have settled quietly at home. What did it matter? She was a gentlewoman born, a distant cousin of my own; good blood flowed in her veins, and I am sure she loved him. And now he is a prisoner, and it may be by this time murdered by the natives, and she, oh, doubtless, she is dead, for I can find no traces of her. She fled from the boarding-school, to which my cruelty drove her as a teacher, and probably made away with herself."

Then she would toss her arms wildly about, and wring her hands, and groan, and rock herself to and fro, sitting up in her bed; and once Hope, who had dropped asleep while combing out "the loose folds of her amber dropping hair," hearing these groans, went in uncalled for, lamp in hand, in her white wrapper, at midnight; and Lady Glenlonely, seeing her, shrieked out, "'Tis she—'tis she! She is come from the grave to reproach me with breaking her heart—with crossing her love!" And as Hope advanced to comfort her, the poor lady fell back in a swoon.

However, the countess, who was naturally strong, and had she not been a fine lady, would have been a very healthy woman, rallied, and the day for the departure of the whole party for the Highlands was fixed. They were going to stay at a shooting box of Lord Arncliffe's, for he was still very fond of shooting, and as his health was delicate, Ada very anxious, and exercise and recreation being ordered by the faculty, it was decided that the grouse season should be spent at "Burnside."

Hope longed for any change; since the happy evening she had spent at her foster-mother's, she had not for a week breathed any atmosphere but that of the old countess's bedchamber and dressing-room.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

A fond, a trembling, but a deep emotion,
A woman's love with all a saint's devotion.

BRIDE OF SIENA.

It was a great relief to all the family to be able to trust the old countess so entirely to the dutiful and grateful attention of her young companion.

Lord Glenlonely, stronger in body and in mind than he had been when in the prime of his youth, was now a very active and eloquent debater in the House of Lords, where the cause of the people, the welfare of the million, always found a champion and an advocate in him; added to this, he was a popular and effective orator in the great cause of temperance, to which he was himself so very much indebted, through Jem Goodman, whose ardour in that great and good cause time could not abate, and when, with fervid but simple eloquence, Lord Glenlonely told his own tale, and dwelt on the result of temperance in his own case, he converted by hundreds men whom no arguments had been able to reach. Lord Glenlonely's intimacy with Jem Goodman never waned.

Often at temperance meetings the peer and the sweep were on the same platform; and if there was a man in the world for whom Lord Glenlonely felt a degree of respect amounting almost to reverence, it was Jem Goodman.

Of course, with so much to occupy him abroad, Lord Glenlonely could not spend much time at home, or devote himself to his nervous, irritable, and now often melancholic countess. Ada's company had never been very agreeable to her mother. Although there was a strong affection on both sides, there was but

little sympathy; and Ada, Countess of Arncliffe, had not only her own lordly homes to regulate, but the deep responsibilities connected with high rank and great wealth. Nevertheless her zeal in the cause of ragged schools and the temperance movement had never abated. Many, who only found an excitement in these works while they had the charm of novelty, had fallen away, but Ada and her husband increased in zeal, to atone for the backsliding and defalcation of others.

Ada's time, therefore, was fully occupied, for she had a beloved husband and co-worker in delicate health, and a darling child to engross whatever time she could devote to home, its duties, and its pleasures. To her (although she delighted to have Hope with her) it was an unspeakable comfort to think her mother had such a nurse, friend, companion, and daughter, all in one; and even Ada did not consider, in her comfort and joy at an arrangement which relieved her of all anxiety, how trying to poor Hope was this constant attendance and confinement.

Ellen St. Ange alone, who dearly loved Hope, remarked to Mrs. Golightly how pale and weary the darling often looked.

Ellen was the same unselfish, thoughtful, pious creature of eight years ago, and as zealous a teacher at the ragged school, and advocate of the temperance movement, as when first we introduced her to the reader.

Mrs. Golightly, who was engaged on a very voluminous work, called "Husbands and Wives; or, the Ruffians of the Ring," agreed mechanically, but her thoughts were far away; and Ellen determined, as much as she could alone, to assist and relieve "poor Hope."

Ellen St. Ange was one of the few people the old countess admitted to her sick room. The tie between them was the deep and constant love which the mother knew Ellen had always cherished, and always would cherish while her gentle heart beat, for the absent Eaglescliffe, the only son.

To Ellen, Lady Glenlonely would talk by the hour of her own, her beautiful, her noble boy, and never found her listener's interest or attention flag. To Ellen, too, she would speak of that poor girl whose only fault was loving him too well, and being too fair in his eyes; and it was a great relief to the old countess to tell Ellen of her misgivings, her repentance, her remorse.

Two or three days before the whole family were to start for the Highlands, Ellen St. Ange called to see the old countess; and finding Hope, who had been much disturbed at night, looking pale and dejected, Ellen proposed to take her place as reader for an hour or two, and give Hope an opportunity to drive out and breathe the balmy air.

Lady Glenlonely gladly agreed: not on Hope's account—she never gave a thought to the feelings or convenience of a dependent—but she was tired of the sentimental old novel, the "Beggars' Girl," that Hope was reading aloud; and she liked the change of a chat with Ellen about Eaglescliffe.

So Hope, determining to drive to Holborn and see her beloved Apple Blossom, gladly hastened away to get ready for the first drive she had had since we saw her at her foster-mother's, on the evening of Apple Blossom's birthday.

Hope had good reason to think, in spite of the many advantages of her position, her elegant dress, and fine-lady life, that she should be happier as the wife of her beloved Lark, even if he were only a working man.

The servants were very jealous of the poor young companion—one who was neither a lady nor a menial—whose position, like that of a governess in a great family, is so painfully indefinite.

Tarlatan, especially, hated, envied, and maligned, as much as she could, the poor, innocent girl. She always spoke of Hope in the servants' hall, and when writing to Pertinette, as "Rag," in allusion to her having been at the ragged school.

When Lady Glenlonely was ill or out of spirits, she could not endure to have Tarlatan near her; and though Tarlatan was very glad to have her nights and her meals undisturbed, yet she was very bitter against poor Hope for being preferred to her; and when, one day, Lady Glenlonely, to atone to Hope for a violent outburst of unprovoked malignity, presented her with a little Geneva watch and chain, and bade her wear it, in order to regulate the time for her medicine and meals, Tarlatan confided to Townley, that to see "that 'Rag'—that twining serpent—that double-faced Janius (meaning Janus) with the very gold watch to her side which it was one she'd always had an eye to as a compliment for her own devoted attention, it completely turned not only her nerve but the very coat of her stomach inside out."

Tarlatan gave the tone to the rest of the servants.

They all took every opportunity of silly wounding, slighting, and insulting the poor companion. But Hope did not like to make mischief, so she bore all quietly, and did not complain, for fear they might lose their places.

The forbearance, which originated in the purest charity, they attributed to cowardice and a wish to conciliate, and they grew worse and worse.

When Ellen St. Ange kindly offered to take Hope's place for an hour or two, Hope ran lightly, almost joyfully, upstairs to a little dressing-room, in which her wardrobe was kept. The adjoining room was Tarlatan's, and Tarlatan and the housekeeper, Mrs. Makepeace, were at tea. A strong smell of ratifia made Hope suppose tea was not the strongest refreshment they were taking.

Not wishing to make them hate her still more by acting the spy on their perhaps rather questionable proceedings, Hope began to dress herself as quickly and as quietly as she could, when presently she heard Tarlatan say in a loud voice to Mrs. Makepeace, who was very deaf—

"Well, thinks it come to a fine pass now, when ragged school chits comes to wear goold watches to their sides, for all the world like the real lady, hat and feathers, and no mistake!"

"Who've got a goold watch?" asked Mrs. Makepeace, with her hand to her ear.

"Why, that 'Rag,' that nobody, that chit of a Hope Evermore, as she's called, though I don't believe she's any more right to that name than to any other. No one knows who her parents were, and I'm sure I can see low life in every line of her face, and every one of her ways—dressing so plain, that's low; drinking water, that's low; never entering into no conversation with the upper servants, though she'll talk by the hour to that poor gal the under housemaid, as my lady took out of sheer charity, if that ain't low, what is? But I tell you, Mrs. Makepeace, I hate the sight of her, and so do Mr. Townley. It's my opinion she's no honest woman's child! I has my own opinion about her pedigree, Mrs. Makepeace, I can tell you that, but a still tongue makes a wise head. Only Miss St. Ange is uncommon fond of her, and she first got Lady Hader to notice her—a word to the wise. What's your opinion, Mrs. Makepeace, about the birth, parentage, and education of this chit that's been taken from a ragged school to be made a lady of, and allowed to give horders to her betters and ring bells for 'em, and ride in carriages, and taught the music and the French? Blood's thicker than water, Mrs. Makepeace. I've my own suspicions, and so has Mr. Townley; which, he says, if this stuck-up companion is come over the left, as he suspects, he don't like to see me lowered to answer her bell; nor do he like to wait on dirt himself; so he thinks as we've long been engaged, and he can get a family hotel on good terms just now, we'd better give warning. It's my opinion my lady's fine companion's no honest woman's child. Sometimes I suspects my lord (who was gay even when first I come here); then there's Miss St. Ange, who looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, but cheese wouldn't choke her, for all that copy of her countenance here, she's up-turned thirty; and will you make me believe she's as prim as she looks? Then, sometimes, Mrs. Golightly comes in my head."

"La, Mrs. Tarlatan, what fancies you have to be sure. The girl is raised far above her station, and though it did not matter while Lady Arncliffe had her, 'tain't pleasant now. I dare say the family have some good reason for taking notice of her; and I should think her mother never had no marriage lines to show. But the girl's a good girl; and I'm sure she takes a world of trouble off our hands with my lady, when she gets into the doldrums!"

"Ah! so she may, Mrs. Makepeace; but I won't be rung up or hordered about by a base-born nobody, for all that. I'm an honest woman's child, I am; and before father broke, I was at boarding-school, at Ealing. I won't have a low child from the ragged school set above me. And to see her with all her yellow hair in drop curls, and often two clean white dresses a day! My lady won't have her wear anything but white—a ragged-school chit in white muslin! and her blue ribbons! and now, her watch to her side! A watch I've often been near having myself, and did covet so! No! I'll give warning, and I'll fish out that chit's pedigree and expose her, or my name's not Tarlatan, which it ain't long I mean it to be in any case."

"Well," said Mrs. Makepeace, "take another drop of ratifia; and here's to the bride-elect, and may I hope to dance at her wedding!"

"You'll always be welcome at Townley's Family Hotel, Berkeley-square," said Mrs. Tarlatan, pompously; "but I do hope, Makepeace, you'll help me to find out all about this chit of a 'Rag' that's come

here to put my nose out of joint and yours too—a base-born brat it's my belief she is, and not fit company for the like of we. Townley, who's very particular about virtue, says the thoughts of what her mother most likely was makes his blood run cold, and his hair stand on end. But I'll find it out yet; and expose her, too!"

Poor Hope! She had not intended to be an eaves-dropper; but when the malignant conversation we have just recorded met her ear (carried on in a very loud voice by Tarlatan, on account of Mrs. Makepeace's deafness), she had sunk on a chair—pale, speechless, paralysed.

For the first time she felt ashamed of the poverty out of which she had been raised by Ada, and blushed for the mystery that had surrounded her from the cradle.

Now, all the ill-disguised animosity of the servants was explained; now, she fully understood why they envied, hated, and despised her.

It had not been so at Lady Arcliffe's (our Ada's); there every servant was of her choosing, and chosen for being a true Christian in precept and practice; there little Hope had grown up to womanhood, cherished and beloved by every member of the household;—but Lady Glenlonely's servants were all children of Mammon—servants who leagued with unprincipled tradespeople to defraud their employers; "eye-servants," all polish without, but within full of trickery, envy, hatred, and malice.

Hope could not conciliate them—they detested her; and as, poor child! even they could not find a fault in one so meek, so obliging, so industrious, so handy, and so clever, they fell back on her birth, and pretended to despise her for the sin they (in their cruelty and want of charity) attributed to her mother.

Poor Hope! She heard, distinctly heard, every syllable of that bitter outburst of Tarlatan's envy and hate. She could not speak—shame kept her tongue-tied; large drops gushed from her beautiful eyes, and stole over her burning cheeks; and for some minutes after Tarlatan and Makepeace (having finished their carouse) had left the adjoining room, Hope remained, her head bowed on her clasped hands, sobbing as if her little heart would break.

Then she rose, washed away her tears, smoothed her hair, and said to herself—

"Dear Larky Grigg! If he had heard them, he would not talk of my being a *lady*, and far above him, and of toiling night and day for years to become a gentleman, and worthy of me! If this is true, what am I? But I do not, I will not believe it! I will see my foster-mother Apple Blossom at once. I will ask her to tell me all she knows of my poor mother. She can tell me whether I am indeed a child of sin and shame—if Tarlatan and Mrs. Makepeace have any right to despise me, and if there is any reason why Townley's blood should run cold, and his hair stand on end, when he thinks of my mother."

So saying, Hope stole down stairs (a thick veil concealing her tear-stained face), and, stepping into the carriage, she desired the coachman to drive her to the Green Fields Ragged School, where, in spite of her altered and much improved circumstances, she knew that Apple Blossom still attended the mother's class, still battled with those elements which she had never yet mastered, and still listened to the expostulations and expoundings of that "bookish lady," the champion of her sex, the now celebrated authoress, Deborah Golightly.

(To be continued.)

SUCCESS.

THE secret of success—what is it? In this country, among people who are equally protected and encouraged, it lies in the steady pursuit of intelligence, industry, temperance, and frugality. There is no royal road to success—the path is oftenest humble. So far as outward comfort and competence constitute wealth, there is but a fraction of society who may not possess it, if each will but turn his or her hand and brain to the vocation for which their instincts and capacities most fit them. If the great fortunes which so dazzle the misjudging poor be analysed, they will be found, in ninety-nine out of the hundred cases, to have sprung and matured from calm, patient, and simple toil—toil which had an endurance and faith behind, and an object and hope before it. So, too, with success in whatever man seeks to accomplish. A clown may stumble upon a splendid discovery in art or science, but a fixed general law provides that high achievement shall require profound and ceaseless labour. The price of success, except in isolate cases, is the devotion of one's life. He is a fool who trusts to any dream for possession or advancement, unless he connects with it the prudent exercise of his own energy and judgment.

The Matron.

NO. XXXV.

To live comfortably on small means, judgment and economy must be shown in dress as well as in board and lodging. In this chapter I mean to give a few hints on dress. I consider the present season favourable for the subject. Preserving, pickling, and collecting and housing the fruits so richly bestowed on us, are occupations suited to summer and autumn, but a prudent housewife recollects that there is something else to attend to now, I mean the preparation of clothes for winter. It is only improvident people who allow cold weather to find them in summer dresses.

Some very valuable directions were given in the earlier chapters of "The Matron" on the subject of making clothes, but these related only to babies' clothes. I think a few words might now be very acceptable on the subject of clothes in general, and of the art of making them. This will introduce needlework.

The evenings are beginning to close in early, and there are quiet hours for occupation after sunset. Wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters may now give much time to the needle. And why should the hours thus employed be dull? Why should not the husbands and brothers, for whose sake the needle is often plied with such indefatigable zeal, enliven the workers by reading aloud to them some interesting and improving book or periodical? or music and needlework might assist each other. The fingers need not be the less active because the ear is regaled with a good song or a merry tune. With the aid of music, the tediousness of needlework occupation will not be lightened but banished.

However, there is one important point to which I must draw the attention of my female readers—it is the necessity of having all working materials at hand before they can sit down comfortably to their work. Money would be very well spent in providing a neat work-box, which should contain a good pair of scissors, needles, and pins in variety, a bodkin, a thimble, thread and cotton, bobbins, marking cotton, and, with a view to dress-making, a knife, a black-lead pencil, and a yard measure, will all be found serviceable.

I dare say many of my readers are excellent needlewomen, but some among them might be glad to have a few hints on this important subject. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well, and very few things are done well by chance.

I begin with rules about hemming. Mind you turn down the raw edge as evenly as possible. Give particular care to do the corners neatly. Of course, you know that you must hem from right to left. At the end of the hem fasten off the thread securely by sewing several stitches close together. Cut off the thread. Do not break or bite it. In fact, avoid using your teeth even in *pointing* the thread or cotton. It is a practice that greatly injures the teeth, and causes their premature decay. Besides, if you have thread or cotton of the proper degree of fineness, it is quite unnecessary.

For what is called a mantua-maker's hem, you should lay the raw edge of one of your pieces a little below that of the other; the upper edge is then felled over the other and turned down.

In *running* I advise you to take a back stitch occasionally, in order to keep the work firm, and mind if you run selvages together, that you keep them even. I recommend you to pin them together all along the seam; by this means you will avoid *puckering*, a fault of all beginners.

For sewing and felling, of course, you must sew the selva neatly together; and these you had better pin together before you commence working. If you have raw edges, turn down one of the edges once, and the other double the breadth, and then turn half of it back again; this is for the fell. Then (having first pinned the two pieces together) seam them, and let the stitches be only put deep enough firmly to connect the two parts.

Stitching requires skill; and I advise you not to attempt it till you are a tolerable proficient in hemming, running, and sewing. But when you attempt stitching, mind you keep your work very even. Draw a thread to stitch *upon*, and turn down a piece to stitch *to*. In stitching, you take two threads back and bring the needle out two stitches before. Go on thus to the end of the collar or wristband on which you are employed. If, during the process of the work, you should have to join your thread or cotton, manage so as to pass the needle between the edges, and bring it out where the last stitch is finished.

And now, lest I should weary my readers with too

many directions on one subject, I will turn to another, viz., the choice of materials for outer garments. In *prints*, never choose any but fast colours. Lilac and buff are fast colours; green and blue are not. Pink patterns sometimes stand the test of repeated washing; but, unless warranted, they are not to be trusted. For those who can afford to buy silk, this hint may be useful. Never buy a black silk of which the narrow edge is black; for, unless it has been re-dyed, this narrow edge is always white.

A great deal remains to be said on the subject of clothing and needlework; but I have said enough for the present, and I shall conclude this chapter by advising my readers never to be tempted by "Wonderful bargains," "Articles selling off below cost price," "At an overwhelming sacrifice." The old saying will always be a true saying, that nothing is a bargain that we do not want; and in the way of female attire, materials cannot be called *cheap*, unless they will *turn or wash*.

MY VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.—No. V.

(Continued from No. 36.)

A HERMITAGE had never an attraction for me at any period of my life. Had one been *given* me, such as I have seen so called, in different parts of the country, never intended indeed to be occupied by some tall, thin, venerable personage,

"The moss his bed; his drink the crystal well;"

but a well provided domicile for the mind as well as the body, rising amidst shrubs, and flowers, and trees, with a river just by, "wandering at its own sweet will,"—even then I should have exclaimed:—

"Give me a friend, in this my snug retreat.

At least to say to,—'Solitude is sweet.'"

Accordingly when Wilton was gone, I felt a loneliness of which I was not conscious before he arrived, and heartily did I rejoice when I found he would return during my stay at the sea-side; thus not only gratifying me by his society, but enlightening me by his varied information.

"What a number of limpets there are," he exclaimed, as we walked along, "clinging to these masses of rock; each one lodged in its house consisting of a single valve, so nearly round and conical; and as the Romans used in their sacrifices a small deep dish, called *patella*, they gave the same name, from the resemblance between them, to this little creature."

"It has required some little effort," said I, "to remove this one from its rocky bed; the pressure of the atmosphere acting upon it, doubtless, as it does on the school-boy's suckers, the goodness of which he is inclined to estimate by the weight of the stone it will carry. Has anything remarkable been discovered in the structure of so simple a creature?"

"Yes! its tongue is a curious and beautiful piece of mechanism. It is flat, between two and three inches long, and having the extremity shaped something like a spoon. Throughout its extent it resembles a rasp, with hooked teeth, four in each row. And, still more strange to tell, there is a space between each row, and at each side of this space is a tripod tooth—a tooth, rounded at the back, and with three points in the lower part—and placed rather obliquely on the tongue. This tongue, when in action, tears the creature's food, as sea-weed, in pieces, and, when at rest, it is retracted into the stomach. At other times the limpet feeds on the microscopic creatures so abundant in sea waters."

"I thank you for that fact. Is that a singular case?"

"By no means: however humble the rank of the creature, it has, somewhere or other, an apparatus for the proper reduction of its food to the state best adapted for its change into nutriment. *Punch*, some few months ago, showed us an engraving of a 'used-up' man, who had discovered a new sensation; you remember it, perhaps?"

"Yes; the sensation was that of riding on an omnibus, with the driver, from Bayswater to White-chapel, and picking periwinkles with a pin."

"Just so. Of course, the soul of such a creature must be about as large as would fill the hole made by a maggot in a nut; and as to his ideas, I suppose they might all be transferred to the brain of the grub, without the slightest disturbance to its own. But you will think it worth while to know that the tongue of the periwinkle is armed with a beautiful series of flinty teeth, which I have seen; while that little circular piece which the pin removed, was an admirably constructed door, to defend the creature's house from the entrance, at pleasure, of its marine enemies."

"You intimated just now that the apparatus for the reduction of food might be found in different



THE LIMPET CLEAVING TO THE ROCK.

places; where may we detect it besides in the tongue?"

"Where, most certainly, as a mere matter of imagination, we should never think of its existing. I have just referred to the limpet sometimes feeding, in common with all the tenants of the waters, on animalcules; and some of these have a gullet which leads to a gizzard, or perforating receptacle, in which, by means of curious mechanism, the food is either ground to pulp or cut into fragments. This apparatus is described as consisting of three teeth, which, by the action of the gizzard, and of certain muscles, work vigorously on each other, and so mince to pieces whatever is subjected to their operation. Each of these teeth is composed of two portions; namely, a basal part, fixed to the walls of the gizzard, and serving for the attachment of muscular fibres, and a free, movable portion, which may be regarded as the real tooth, while the other serves as a jaw. These three portions work with their inner edge upon the facets of the central piece, and this edge is ragged, or serrated, the better to tear the substances on which it acts. The hardness of these teeth is not a little surprising; they may be detached from the body of the animalcule in a perfect condition, and be submitted by themselves to examination beneath a microscope; they vary in form and size in every species, but their essential characters appear to be the same in all."

"Is it possible? and such an apparatus has actually been found in creatures far too minute to be observed by the naked eye!"

"It has; in beings absolutely microscopic. You are then prepared for a similar wonder in a higher race of animals, if such a distinction may be made. The genus of molluscs, called *Bulla*, takes its name from a bubble, which the creature greatly resembles. These molluscs are often larger than their shells, so that they cannot wholly retire into them; in many, indeed, the shell is so surrounded and enveloped in the body of the animal, that no part is visible. Now each one has a gizzard to masticate and digest its food, composed of two plates, which have a roughness and prominence in their centre, put in motion by a cartilaginous ligament, so that they may grind, like millstones, whatever is submitted to their action. The use of this organ has been fully proved on dissection, small shells having been found in it, and others reduced to powder."

"That, certainly, is decisive. How much are we indebted to the intelligent, patient, and persevering

labours of men who have given years to the study of such creatures, and have then placed in our hands the sickle to reap their harvest of knowledge!"

"I most fully sympathise with you," said Wilton; "to the naturalists who have placed before me the facts with which I am conversant, I owe an obligation I can never discharge; and heartily do I wish that their claims were more generally and justly appreciated. It takes a very long time to add a single new fact to the storehouse of human knowledge. A pupil of one of our most eminent men thought he had suddenly discovered one, and hastened to his master with the joyful tidings of what he had just beheld. 'You are sure you saw it exactly as you have now described it to be?' was the question of the man of science. 'Oh, yes,' was the immediate and emphatic reply. 'Then go,' was the rejoinder, 'and watch that object once a day for three months, and if at the end of that time, it should appear precisely as it does to you now, come and tell me.' But, alas! a much shorter time sufficed to show that the eyes had been deceived. Réaumur, the French naturalist, gave twenty years to the observation of the wasp; and other instances might be mentioned of the examination of creatures which, in indefatigable and successful attention, rivalled even his."

Thus had Wilton and I conversed, or rather—for the knowledge had an Irish reciprocity, being all on one side—thus had he replied to my queries as we had sat on two opposite masses of rock, in the neighbourhood of others, about which so many limpets were clustering. "Are these creatures," said I, as he was rising to walk onward, "as numerous in other places?"

"No mollusc," he replied, "is more common than this, which is usually of an olive or yellowish colour, but never white. Only let a sea-wall be reared, over which the waters dash at high tide, and troops of limpets will arrive and take possession of it; and well is it that they may be numbered by millions. They are eaten by birds, and much relished by domestic fowls, while, like many other molluscs, they are of great value to the fishermen as bait. Dr. Johnston, of Berwick, reckons that no fewer than 11,888,000 limpets are employed annually for this purpose, and in consequence of this constant demand, the limpets of his neighbourhood are so diminished in number that it is a very tedious task to collect them. Nor is this all: limpets are eaten by the poor in our sea-coast towns; in the north of Ireland they are a common article of food, and the

gatherers at Larne, in Antrim, thirty in number, are stated to have earned in one season of four months, no less than £100 sterling in collecting them; while of the extent to which they are consumed by the people of far distant lands we are utterly unable to form any idea."

"Is there only one species of limpet?" I asked.

"No," replied Wilton. "In the long leaf of the tangle—well known to sea-weed gatherers as being clear and thin, of dark olive, and rayed with brilliant blue—will be found the *pellucid* limpet, which lives on this plant. The *foolscap* limpet, shaped like a little cap of liberty, is found on most of our shores, but in great numbers on some parts of our southern coast. A more agreeable name for it is 'the Torbay bonnet.' Some limpets have an oblong aperture on their summits, shaped like a key-hole; hence they are denominated *key-hole* limpets. Another kind is the *netted key-hole* limpet, which is sometimes of a white, creamy colour, but at others of a rich orange, approaching to scarlet. The Berwick fishermen style another species the *yard*; it is known among us as the *horse* limpet."

We had now resumed our walk along the coast, when Wilton exclaimed, "I will do what I saw the Bishop of Oxford do the other day, as he was walking with another bishop on the sands at Rhyl. As soon as his eye detected a shell more than usually curious in form or beauty, he—all honour to his taste for natural history—picked it up and put it in one of his episcopal pockets. Here is one for mine—or it shall be for yours, if you wish it. See, my friend! Its name is taken from the Latin word for trumpet; and, perhaps, shells of this kind suggested the first idea of that musical instrument; for, if the apex be pierced or broken off, a variety of sounds may be produced by blowing into it. Triton, the fabled trumpeter of Neptune, is represented with a large species of these shells in his hand when he is supposed to be summoning the river gods to attend their monarch. This kind of trumpet is sometimes used by the Italian herdsmen to direct the movements of their cattle; and I have heard its deep and hollow sounds, when rambling in North Wales, breaking on the silence of those Alpine districts, when used by the farmers in calling to their labourers. Shells of a similar kind are also applied to pastoral purposes in Muscovy and Lithuania; and no sooner does the morning sun brighten the hill and then the valley, than the long-sounding, shelly trumpet of the herdsman awakens the echoes, and sheep, horses, mules,

and goats alike attend with promptitude to the well-known summons. Then the shepherd heads his flock, and, proceeding to the best pasture land, guides them on their way. Another signal is given when he would direct them to some refreshing stream; and a third announces that they are to return homeward."

"The smaller race, like the one you have just picked up," said I, "must have a very different fate."

"True," replied Wilton; "this one is called by fishermen whelk-tingle, or sting-winkle; its usual name is the common whelk. This creature is useful for baits, and is also much eaten, but only by those who cannot obtain more agreeable food; for this is hard and tough, and without any niceness of flavour. The attention of those who have traversed the sea-shore has often been attracted to a strange-looking object; it consists of a number of firmly membranous little bladders, each about a quarter of an inch in breadth, flat on the inside and convex without, adhering together in regular order by their expanded margin, the whole forming a body which looks like a wasp's nest."

"Exactly," said I; "and often have I wondered what they could be; I am glad you are about now to solve this enigma."

"In early spring, as in March or April, you will find these membranous sacs on the beach: sometimes of the size of an orange, and at others as if two or three oranges were clinging together. Ask a sailor what they are, and he will answer, perhaps, 'bladder-chain,' and 'fisherman's soap.' Both names are appropriate: for the balls look as if chains of yellow bladders were wound round and round; and they are used by people about the coast for washing their hands; not from their possessing any detergent property, but because their rough surface acts like a coarse towel would in freeing the hands from adhesive substances. But the naturalist can tell that each of these little sacs, which a month or two later is empty and pierced with a hole, contains, in its earliest stage, a soft yolk, in which is gradually formed a young univalve mollusc, whose shell begins to take its proper shape before he emerges from the membranous egg. These masses of bubbles are, indeed, the eggs of the large whelk, which inhabits deeper water beyond the recess of the tide, where it attaches them to rocks and stones, from which they frequently become loosened and are cast up in rough weather, as are often the whelks themselves, whose dead shells are so commonly found—as this one we have just picked up was—on the sea-shore. The eggs of a common species, having a coarse, white shell, sometimes banded with brown and yellow, are frequently seen attached to small stones on the sides of rocky hollows. These are not like bubbles combined; but are, in fact, little oblong urns, each one raised on a short stalk fixed to a circular expanded base, and pierced by a hole. They generally occur in groups of ten, twenty, or more, together."

"I confess, Wilton, that hereafter instead of merely turning over these masses with my stick, as I have often done when I have met with them, I shall feel no little curiosity to examine them, and to mark that variety of form which I now find even the eggs of molluscs present to the eye."

"It will yet be long, my friend, before the wonders of the whelk family are exhausted. A very common creature, having yellow zones around it, and called the stone or dog-whelk, awakens in the mind no little interest. It is, in fact, one of the whelks which supplied the valuable Tyrian dye, referred to in the sacred Scriptures, as well as in the uninspired history of ancient times. The other mollusc from which this costly dye is procured, was the truncated Murex, or rock-shell. You are familiar with such a phrase, as 'the royal,' or 'the imperial purple;' you have seen, too, parchments and vellums, on the writing and illuminating of which many of the monks of former days spent long years, enriching their margins and capital letters with devices on a deep blue ground; yet these, and various other decorations are all owing to some little creatures taken from the waters of the mighty deep; and it may be springing from 'the bladder chains,' which have often been passed by, as unworthy of a glance."

"Is the blue colour of which we read in the Scriptures considered to have the same origin?"

"No; while the purple is traced to the creatures already mentioned, the blue is supposed to have been derived from another mollusc, which sometimes arises in considerable numbers, and is therefore frequently caught in our British seas. This is the common *Ianthina*; it looks as if cut out of thin, purplish porcelain, and has somewhat the figure of a snail. It is not only slightly tinged with blue, but it emits a blue fluid. The fishermen's wives call it, strangely enough, the 'bull-horn.' It is, however, endowed

with no little beauty. Fragile as its bark appears, it sails securely in the deepest seas; and when the bosom of the ocean is unrippled, it floats along with its foot upwards, upheld by a little organ which resembles a bubble of foam. It will allow itself to be blown hither and thither by the zephyr-like breath of a summer's day; but only let the wind put forth a little more power, and the gentle *Ianthina*, shrinking from every struggle with the rising waters, finds safety and repose for its tiny head within the limits of its shell, and, though it has no sail to strike, takes in also its bubble-like float, and sinks to the bottom of the sea. And well it may:

"The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there;
And the sands are as bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air."

THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

AMONG the many remarkable natural curiosities of California, not the least is that solitary group of gigantic pines known as the "Big Trees of Calaveras County." Many of our readers may have seen the sections of bark taken from one of the group, which are exhibited in the Crystal Palace, and which excite the wonder of all beholders, and the doubts of many, who cannot persuade themselves that so monstrous a mass could ever have grown upon a single tree.

The group in Calaveras County are solitary specimens of their race. There are no others of their kind or size on the known globe. It is a singular fact that the group, consisting of ninety-two trees, is contained in a valley only one hundred and sixty acres in extent. Beyond the limits of this little amphitheatre the pines and cedars of the country shrink into the Lilliputian dimensions of the common New England pine—say a hundred and fifty feet, or thereabout. They are situated in Calaveras County, about two hundred and forty miles from San Francisco, but may be reached in a couple of days by railroad and stage-coach.

A few hunters, in 1850, were pushing their way into the then unexplored forest, when one of them, who was in advance, broke into this space, and the giants were then first seen by white men. Their colossal proportions, and the impressive silence of the surrounding woods, created a feeling of awe among the hunters; and after walking around the great trunks, and gazing reverentially up at their grand proportions, they returned to the nearest settlements and gave an account of what they had seen. Their statements, however, were considered fabulous until confirmed by actual measurement. The trees have been appropriately named the *Washingtonia Gigantea*, though some of the savans of San Francisco have endeavoured to have the *Washingtonia* changed to *Wellingtonia*, because some patriotic botanist, availing himself of this discovery by American frontiersmen, hastened to appropriate the name for our own hero. The basin or valley in which they stand is very damp, and retains here and there pools of water. Some of the largest trees extend their roots directly into the stagnant water, or into the brooks. Arriving at "Murphy's Diggings" by one of the daily lines of stages, either from Sacramento or Stockton, or by the Sonora coach, you are within fifteen miles of the celebrated grove; and from here it is a pretty ride to the "Mammoth Tree Hotel." This has been erected within a year or two to accommodate the many visitors; for the "big trees" have now become objects of general interest.

Adjoining the hotel, with which it is connected by a floor, stands the stump of the "Big Tree," which was cut down three years since. It measures ninety-six feet in circumference. Its surface is smooth, and offers ample space for thirty-two persons to dance, showing seventy-five feet of circumference of solid timber. Theatrical performances were given upon it by the Chapman family and Robinson family in May, 1855. This monster was cut down by boring with long and powerful augers, and sawing the spaces between—an achievement of Vandalism as ingenious as the Chinese refinement in cruelty of pulling out the nails of criminals with pincers. It required the labour of five men twenty-five days to effect its fall, the tree standing so nearly perpendicular that the aid of wedges and a battering-ram was necessary to complete the desecration. But even then the immense mass resisted all efforts to overthrow it, until in the dead of a tempestuous night it began to groan and sway in the storm like an expiring giant, and it succumbed at last to the elements, which alone could complete from above what the human ants had commenced below. Its fall was like the shock of an earthquake, and was heard fifteen miles away—at "Murphy's Diggings." There fell in this great trunk some thousands of cords of wood, and it buried

itself twelve feet deep in the mire that bordered the little creek hard by. Not far from where it struck stand two colossal members of this family, called the "Guardsmen;" the mud splashed nearly a hundred feet high upon their trunks. As it lay on the ground, it measured three hundred and two feet clear of the stump and broken top-work. Large trees had been snapped asunder like pipe-stems, and the woods around were splintered and crushed to the earth. On its levelled surface are now situated the bar-room and two bowling-alleys of the hotel, the latter running parallel a distance of eighty-one feet.

One of the most interesting of the group is that called the "Mother of the Forest." It is now the loftiest of the grove, rising to the height of three hundred and twenty-seven feet, straight and beautifully proportioned, and at this moment the largest living tree in the world. It is ninety feet in circumference. Into this trunk could be cut an apartment as large as a common-sized parlour, and as high as the architect chose to make it, without endangering the tree or injuring its outward appearance.

A scaffolding was built around this tree for the purpose of stripping off its bark for exhibition abroad. This was accomplished in 1854, for a distance of something over one hundred feet from the ground, and was effected with as much neatness and industry as a troop of jackals would display in cleaning the bones of a dead lion. Such was its vitality, that, although completely girdled and deprived of its means of sustenance, it annually put forth green leaves until the past year, when its blanched and withered limbs showed that nature was exhausted.

But the dimensions of the whole group pale before those of the prostrate giant known as the FATHER OF THE FOREST. This monster has long since bowed his head in the dust; but how stupendous in his ruin! The tree measures one hundred and twelve feet in circumference at the base, and forty-two feet in circumference at a distance of three hundred feet from the roots, at which point it was broken short off in its fall. The upper portion, beyond this break, is greatly decayed; but, judging from the average size of the others, this tree must have towered to the prodigious height of at least four hundred and fifty feet! A chamber or burned cavity extends through the trunk two hundred feet, broad and high enough for a person to ride on horseback through; and a pond deep enough to float a common river steamboat stands in this great excavation during the rainy season. Walking on the trunk, and looking from its uprooted base, the mind can scarce conceive its astonishing dimensions. Language fails to give an adequate idea of it. It was, when standing, a pillar of timber that overtopped all other trees on the globe. "To read simply of a tree four hundred and fifty feet high," observes a contemporary, "we are struck with large figures; but we can hardly appreciate the height without some comparison. Such a one as this would stretch across a field of twenty-seven rods wide. If standing in the Niagara chasm at Suspension Bridge, it would tower two hundred feet above the top of the bridge, and would be ninety feet above the top of the cross of St. Paul's, and two hundred and thirty-eight feet above the Monument. If cut up for fuel, it would make at least three thousand cords, or as much as would be yielded by sixty acres of good wood-land. If sawed into two-inch boards, it would yield about three million feet, and furnish enough three-inch plank for thirty miles of plank road. This will do for the product of one little seed, less in size than a grain of wheat."

These trees are not the California red-wood, as has been affirmed of them. They are a species of cedar peculiar to the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada. The growth, bark, and leaf are different from those of any other tree. Botanists class them, and probably correctly, among the *Taxodiums*. Visitors will doubtless continue to rechristen them after this or that national celebrity. All who write or speak of them should avoid being thus led, and perpetuate the appropriate name given them shortly after their discovery—the *WASHINGTONIA GIGANTEA*.

A LOVE SONG.

This is the birthday of my love,
Then vanish care and sorrow;
To-day shall mirth and pleasure reign
Though grief should come to-morrow.
My love draws near with airy tread,
And glances shy and sweet;
Sing, little bird! above her head;
Bloom, flowers! beneath her feet.
The happy earth is once a year
Drest out in Spring's array;
But, when my lady walks abroad,
With me 'tis ever May.

Chemical Experiments.

We will amuse ourselves this day with examining some cases of crystallisation. In ordinary language the term crystal is applied to objects which have natural angular facets, and which are moreover transparent. The saying "as clear as crystal," is probably familiar to most persons. Be it understood, then, that, according to the chemist, transparency has nothing whatever to do with the existence of a crystal. Some are transparent, others are not; mere angular form naturally occurring is, in the chemist's estimation, the sole necessary distinctive character of a crystal.

Whenever the particles of which bodies are composed have an opportunity of coming together, and arranging themselves slowly and tranquilly, they arrange themselves in crystals. Though only certain solids arrange themselves in crystalline fashion apparently to our senses, yet crystals far more frequently exist than we are apt to imagine, and though seemingly absent, may be rendered apparent by proper treatment. An irregular lump of alum may be shown to be built up of crystals, by the following simple treatment. Immerse it in water (cold), and, letting it remain thus immersed, watch it well. The alum will begin to dissolve, but the solution will not go on irregularly as you might at first imagine; the water will fret its way here and there, with seeming irregularity; nevertheless, if the alum be examined from time to time, it will be found "dissected out," so to speak, into separate crystalline forms.

In like manner, an iron bar or piece of iron wire may be demonstrated to contain crystals. Few things present a less crystalline appearance than iron wire, yet, if a piece be immersed in weak acid, such, for example, as aqua fortis, largely diluted with water, like alum in our preceding experiment, the metal will be eaten away, and a crystalline structure rendered apparent.

The presence of these crystals in wrought iron is often a matter of serious importance. Necessarily in proportion to the amount of crystallisation, other things being equal, will be the tenacity and general strength of the iron. Crystallisation is unfavourable to the strength of railway axles, of anchors, and, in short, of all wrought iron weldings. Moreover, unfortunately, wrought iron, not very crystalline when first forged, acquires that condition in time, owing to various causes, rendering forged pieces of the metal weaker than when their strength was first calculated by the engineer.

Nevertheless, compared with many other metals, iron is not very crystalline. Bismuth is pre-eminent in this respect; and the experiment which I shall presently describe has for its object the production of exquisitely beautiful crystals of the metal bismuth. Procure an iron ladle, if it be somewhat deep all the better. Having made it hot, throw in so much bismuth that the metal on fusion shall rise to the level of the rim of the ladle, or thereabouts. After complete fusion, remove the ladle from the fire, and wait a few seconds until a crust forms on the surface. So soon as this is observed, pierce a hole through the crust with a sharpened iron rod, and through the hole drain all the metal bismuth still remaining unsolidified. The ladle and its contents having been allowed to become thoroughly cold, the upper crust of solidified metal is to be removed, when beautiful crystals will be made apparent. This experiment shows that during the solidification of bismuth, the change from a fluid to a solid state does not ensue by means of successive crusts, but by the formation of successive crystals.

If, instead of bismuth, sulphur be taken and similarly treated, crystals will, in like manner, be developed.

The next experiment I shall describe will involve the formation of crystals in a different manner, namely, by the condensation of a vapour. Procuring a bit of camphor, place it in a large bottle, and, corking the bottle, set it in a window, so that the light may shine on one side; waiting now a few days, beautiful crystals of camphor will be perceived to have been deposited on one side of the bottle.

The most usual method, however, of forming crystals is by driving off fluid from a solution—in other words, by evaporation. There is much difference in the relative facility with which different bodies crystallise, thus treated; but by far the greater number of bodies admit of being crystallised when properly handled by the chemist. To illustrate evaporative crystallisation, we cannot do better than employ sugar. Taking a piece of white lump sugar, therefore, dissolve it in about three times its own weight of boiling water, put the solution into a cup or basin, immerse a few threads into it, and, placing the whole in a warm place, there allow it to remain,

so that the water may evaporate, and cause the solution to become stronger and stronger. If the operation be carefully performed, the sugar will deposit in large crystals upon the strings; otherwise stated, common lump sugar will, by the method described, be converted into sugar-candy. Our process is, indeed, the exact process by which sugar-candy is prepared in practice.

Supposing the operation just described not to have been very successful, and that large crystals are required, they may be "nursed" into bigger dimensions by the following treatment:—Prepare a solution of sugar much stronger than that just described; in other words, boiling water being taken, continually stir in powdered lump-sugar until no more is dissolved. The solution thus made, immerse the little crystals, strings and all, and, repeating the other conditions of last experiment, the crystals will be found to increase still further in size.

Small Change.

We are told that, in Birmingham, the common bats fly only at twilight. Brick-bats, however, fly at all hours.

Nothing is so difficult as the apparent ease of a clear and glowing style. Those graces, which, from their presumed facility, encourage all to attempt an imitation of them, are usually the most inimitable.

A POINT IN PRIVATE FINANCE.—Two sixpences are preferable to a shilling. A cabman never has any change; and the dignity which a largeness of the smaller coin would maintain, would be incompatible with a donation to the amount of that sum, effected by giving twice as much, and receiving half of it back again.

TENNYSON describes a lover as clinging to the lips of his mistress in a passionate kiss, till he draws her whole soul through them. Those who make a mistress of the bottle often cling to her mouth till they draw her whole spirit through them.

VOLTAIRE says that the reputation of Dante will continually be growing greater and greater, because there is nobody now that reads him. This sentiment must be a source of great consolation to many of our modern poets, who have already lived to see themselves arrive at this point of greatness.

INDISPUTABLE.—A lady's will.

To make a pretty girl's cheeks red, pay her a sweet compliment. To redder those of an impudent man, slap them.

A POWER above all human responsibility ought to be above all human attainment. He that is unwilling may do harm, but he that is unable can't.

A LADY'S MAN.

How much at home was Charles in all
The talk aforesaid, nicknamed "smat";
Seldom embarrassed, never slow,
His maxim always "Touch and go"—
From grave to gay he ran with ease,
Secure alike in both to please.

A PHENOMENON.—A governess advertising for a situation says she is a perfect mistress of her own tongue!

BETTING AMONG BIRDS.—A considerable number of Hens this year laid eggs on the Derby Day. Not a few Chickens also came in for the Plate.

THERE is only one love, but there are a hundred imitations.—*De La Rochefoucauld*.

FRIED SOLES.—Take a chair opposite a blazing fire, place your feet on the top bar; or perhaps a quicker method is to place them across all the bars together; in a few minutes your soles will be done thoroughly. N.B. (H)ocks may be cooked in like manner.

DINNER is now a meal taken at supper-time. Formerly it was considered a means of enjoying society, and therefore was moderate in expense and frequent in occurrence; now it is given to display yourself, not to gratify your friends, and is inhospitably rare because foolishly extravagant.

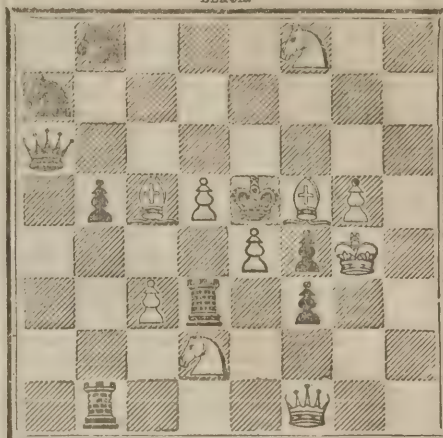
A PRODIGAL starts with twenty thousand pounds, and dies with nothing. A miser starts with nothing, and dies worth twenty thousand. Which has the best of it? We should almost say the prodigal: he has spent a fortune—the miser has only left one; he has lived rich to die poor; the miser has lived poor to die rich; and, if the prodigal quits life in debt to others, the miser quits it still deeper in debt to himself.

"PAY your score," said a publican to a customer who was running up an account for ale. "Wait till I've had a score, first; that last mug made only ten."

A CONTEMPORARY says that a dealer in his town advertises "iron slates" for sale. He suggests that they should be framed with pine oak.

Chess.

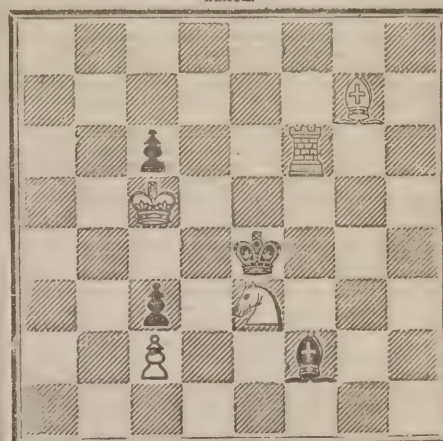
Problem No. 65. By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 66. By G. S. J.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in five moves.

Game played between Messrs. WORMALD and CADMAN.

- | WHITE.
Mr. Wormald. | BLACK.
Mr. Cadman. |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. B to Q B 4 | 3. Q checks |
| 4. K to B sq | 4. P to K Kt 4 |
| 5. Q Kt to B 3 | 5. B to K Kt 2 |
| 6. P to K Kt 3 (a) | 6. P takes P |
| 7. K to Kt 2 | 7. B takes Q Kt (b) |
| 8. Q to K B 3 (c) | 8. B to K B 3 |
| 9. P takes P | 9. P to K Kt 5 |
| 10. B takes K B P (ch) | 10. K to B sq (d) |
| 11. Q to Q Kt 3 | 11. Q to K Kt 4 |
| 12. P to Q 4 | 12. Q to Kt 2 |
| 13. B to Q B 4 | 13. B to K Kt 4 (e) |
| 14. B takes B | 14. Q takes B |
| 15. Q R checks | 15. K to K 2 |
| 16. Q R to K B 5 (f) | 16. Q to Q 7 (ch) |
| 17. Kt to K 2 | 17. P to Q 3 |
| 18. Q R to K B 7 (ch) | 18. K to K sq |
| 19. Q to Q Kt 5 (ch) | 19. Q Kt to Q 2 |
| 20. Q to K R 5 | 20. K to Q sq |
| 21. Q to K R 4 (ch) | 21. K to K sq |
| 22. K R to K B sq | 22. P to K R 4 |
| 23. Q R to K Kt 7 | |

And wins, play as Black may.

(a) This ingenious variation (which we owe to Mr. M'Donnell), if not correctly met gives to the first player a most overpowering attack.—(b) The usual move is Q to K R 3.—(c) K Kt to B 3 is perhaps better. The move adopted, however, by White, permits of a most rapid development of his forces, and gives him an attack that would be considered by most players an equivalent for the pieces sacrificed.—(d) His best reply. If he had taken the B he would obviously have lost his Q; and had he retired the K to Q sq, White might have won a piece by Q to Q R 3.—(e) It is difficult to decide what is Black's best move at this juncture. B takes Q P seems bad, as White would have replied with K Kt to K 2, threatening B takes K Kt next move, if Black left the B at Q 5 or supported him with Q Kt, in either case winning a piece.—(f) Better than checking at B 7 at once, as it drives the Black Q from her present position and tempts Black to advance his Q B, whereby White is enabled to bring his Q round to the K side.

Our Editorial Table.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

IN order that no difficulty might attend the procuring of the back numbers of our New Series, we have kept them continually in print, without extra charge. As these reprints, however, are attended with so much additional cost as to entail considerable loss, we propose, as soon as Mr. J. F. Smith's exciting tale of "Smiles and Tears" is completed, to discontinue the issue of the back numbers of Vol. I. New Series, which will be then only to be had completely bound in the volume. Our readers are therefore requested to order any numbers they may require as soon as possible. Any back number of the New Series may now be had at one penny, and any number of the Old Series at three halfpence, as heretofore; and should any difficulty arise in procuring them from a bookseller, postage stamps can be forwarded to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard.

OTTO.—We have already given a description of Cherbourg. You will see it in a recent number. The details of her Majesty's visit to the great French naval arsenal would exceed our limits; suffice it to say, that our gracious Queen was most enthusiastically received at Cherbourg. It was on the evening of the 4th ultimo that the august visitors reached their destination. The escorting squadron met the royal yacht five miles from Cherbourg, and entered the harbour in two lines, the royal yacht leading the centre. Her Majesty was received by a general salute from nine line-of-battle ships, a heavy frigate ranged in-shore, within the breakwater, and from all the batteries. This was returned by the English ships, and the roar of 2,000 pieces of cannon produced a most striking effect. The royal yacht anchored within the French line of battle, surrounded by the escort, at half-past eight in the evening. The Emperor Napoleon and the Empress came on board, under a general salute. This much talked-of visit to Cherbourg did not exceed forty hours in length, but it is supposed it will exercise a powerful and permanent influence on the state of politics. At any rate, we must hope and pray that it may have the effect of consolidating the English and French alliance. Should this desirable object have been achieved by the Queen's visit to Cherbourg, we may feel confident of the lasting peace of Europe.

W. ELTON.—You are mistaken in supposing that sportsmen have to wait for the 1st of September for grouse-shooting. According to the game laws, grouse-shooting begins in August. The grouse, like the cuckoo and the swallow, only passes part of the year in this country. This migration of birds is a very curious subject; but some light has been thrown upon it by the indefatigable labour of naturalists. At a degree per hour, swallows can pass from England into Africa in twenty hours. The males in general precede the females. Migrating birds go in a direct line from north to south, and never deviate in their course from east to west. Birds of passage, which pass to very distant climes and regions, return to the same localities, and often occupy the same nests, though absent for many months, at three thousand miles distant. Their migration can, of course, only be the result of instinct. The flight of migratory birds to and fro is often witnessed in the Mediterranean. Some fly a hundred and twenty miles an hour, and start when the wind is fair. The greatest deviation in the time of the arrival of these birds is a fortnight; and in the time of their departure four weeks.

L. M. N.—It was on Friday, the 5th ultimo, that the following glorious news reached us:—"Electric communication is maintained perfectly between the Old and New World." On our side the end of the cable was safely landed on Thursday the 4th ultimo. The reception in Ireland of a preconcerted signal gave the first intimation of a success, the effect of which will powerfully influence the destinies of the whole human race. Of course, in the first instance, the sending of a regular message was impossible, for the transmitting apparatus had not been fitted up at each end. However, the alternate currents were in wholesome play. It may be interesting to our readers to hear that it is twelve months since the Earl of Carlisle, as Viceroy of Ireland, hauled the Irish end of the cable on shore at Valentia, aided by Lieutenant Whiting of the Niagara, and a number of the crews of the British and American men-of-war. Since that period disaster after disaster has shaken the confidence of some in the possibility of the scheme; but the directors, nothing daunted, persevered with national courage and determination. It is a remarkable fact that on the anniversary of the day when the first effort was made, this triumph was achieved—a triumph which, opening up a new era of progress to both hemispheres, was hailed, when not a day old, by England and America as the greatest scientific and practical achievement of our age.

MARY.—Perhaps you are unaware of the antiquity of the superstition which has so much offended you in ignorant people. Drayton, quoting from Pliny (who lived in the first century), says:—

"The greedy raven that doth call for death."

It is proverbially the harsh dreariness of the raven's croak that has made the imaginative consider it a prognostic of death. Warrington, speaking of the raven, thus expresses himself:—

"Ill-omened bird! as legends say,
Who hast the wondrous power to know
When health fills high the throbbing veins—
The fated hour when blood must flow."

MIGNONETTE.—"Mignonette" states that she is a young milliner, and that she has often had occasion to go to a certain draper's for small purchases connected with her business. She was generally served by a very handsome young man who took the opportunity of paying her very pretty compliments and of looking unutterable things. "Mignonette" made sure that the enamoured swain would soon find means to cultivate her acquaintance, and to make her an honourable proposal. She had entertained serious thoughts of giving up her business, when a young friend

called on her and said she had something private and confidential to communicate. What should the secret be, but that she had received an offer of marriage from our correspondent's beloved. "Mignonette" cannot describe the shock she has sustained from the discovery of the inconstancy of the man she almost looked upon as her future husband. She asks us what she is to do. In the first place let her dismiss the gay young shopman from her thoughts as speedily as possible, and determine never to believe any man seriously in love with her till he has proposed marriage; and in the meantime return with renewed energy to her business as milliner.

EGG.—A *Panorama* is a picture in which all the objects of nature that are visible from a single point are represented on the interior surface of a cylindrical wall, the point of view being in the axis of the cylinder. When a painting of this kind is well executed, its truth is such as to produce a complete illusion. A *Diorama* produces a far greater degree of optical illusion than the panorama, arising, chiefly, from the contrivance employed in exhibiting the painting, which is viewed through a large opening, partly by reflected and partly by transmitted light, and light and shade are produced by coloured screens or blinds.

PROPRIETY, HOPE EVERMORE, LILLIAN, AND A CORRESPONDENT.—Under the circumstances it would have been contrary to the laws of etiquette to conduct the gentleman to the door.—In spite of the inclination you feel to make the "amende honorable," it is now the only step that gives you a chance of recovering the affections and good opinion of your lover.—We must know if you are deserving of affection before we can feel disposed to assist you to gain it.—After sending a present and receiving the thanks of the lady who has received it, another communication on the subject would be superfluous.

Y. LOYD.—Ducks are still in season, but the flesh of these birds is most delicate just at the time when the peas are green and young. There must be a great many people who consider a roast duck a very good thing, for in Aylesbury alone the sale of ducks realises £15,000 a year; but a chicken, on account of its being remarkably easy of digestion, furnishes more digestible food than a duck. The consumption of poultry in England is greater than is generally supposed. In Kent and Surrey £300,000 is received annually for poultry. It is a strange fact, but one that has been proved, that a hen is more profitable than a ewe.

A DISGUSTED APPRENTICE.—If, as you state, the hours during which your attendance would be required were fixed at the commencement of your apprenticeship, you cannot be compelled, legally, to attend beyond those hours; but it would be better for you to have a clear explanation with the firm, than to indulge in "disgust" at their conduct in requiring from you any extra service.

EXCELSIOR.—You must obtain a marriage license from the Superintendent Registrar of the district, for celebration in any parish or registered church, chapel, or place of worship within or near to his district, or at his office, on a certificate by him that one clear day's notice has been given, and no objections entered. Such license will be granted on deposition of fifteen days' residence of one of the parties in the district, that both are of age, no impediment to marriage, &c., or that if both, or either, is a minor, under twenty-one, the proper guardian has given consent. The cost is about £2 10s. Marriage may be celebrated one day after the date of the notice or license.

W. H. B. C.—The first volume of "Cassell's Illustrated History of England" will be sent from our office, by post, on the receipt of 7s.—Rome was founded by Romulus, B.C. 753. He is said to have died, after a reign of thirty-seven years, B.C. 716; but we have no account of the time and place of his birth except what is legendary and uncertain.

TODDY BANKS.—To render quills hard and transparent, suspend them in a copper over water sufficiently high to touch the nibs; then close it steam tight, and apply four hours' hard boiling; next withdraw and dry them, and in twenty-four hours cut the end of the nibs, and draw out the tip; lastly, rub them with a piece of cloth, and expose them to a moderate heat in an oven or stove. The best *tooth-powder* is charcoal newly burnt and finely powdered; this should be kept in well-closed bottles or boxes, as otherwise it loses its virtue.

S. M. D.—Your penny loaf, if placed in the petrifying waters of Derbyshire, would not literally be changed into stone, but its particles would be gradually displaced and the cavities would be filled, by infiltration, with silicious earth or lime in composition with iron or iron pyrites.

SHELF.—You must state your question more clearly before we can answer it. "Delivery" of what? Of the deed, or of the goods and chattels?

LILLIAN STUART.—You may obtain the first volume of the New Series by post, from Messrs. Petter and Galpin, by sending 5s. 4d.

J. BOWMAN.—You will be required to prove—1. That the money was really bequeathed to your grandfather; 2. that your father was his son, and that the money was bequeathed to him; and next, that you are his son, and that the property was bequeathed to you, or that you are the heir-at-law.

AN APPRENTICE.—The precise number of hours during which a master may require an apprentice to work, must be determined by the rules of the trade to which he is apprenticed. Generally speaking, twelve hours is the allotted space; but this rule can scarcely apply to shopkeeping. If you become free of your town by having served your apprenticeship to a freeman, you are, of course, entitled to send your son to the "Free School."

SHAKESPEARE.—Labourers of all kinds are needed at the Cape of Good Hope, but we do not find that there is any dearth of schoolmasters.

F. M. R.—Plaster of Paris busts and figures may be made to have the appearance of polished marble by the following process:—Put into four pounds of clear water, one ounce of pure curd soap, grated and dissolved in a glazed earthen vessel; then add one ounce of white bees' wax cut into thin slices; as soon as the whole is incorporated it is fit for use. Having well dried the plaster figure or bust, &c., before the fire, suspend it by a piece of string, and dip it at once in the varnish; upon taking it out the varnish will appear to have

been absorbed; in a few minutes stir the varnish and dip the plaster a second time; this usually suffices. Cover it carefully from the dust for a week, then with a soft muslin rag, or some cotton wool, rub the figure gently, when a fine gloss will be produced.

A MAN OF THE TOWN.—The name *Crinoline* is given to an article much in use from the fact that it is made of horse-hair. *Crin*, in French, and *Crinis*, in Latin, signifying hair of the tail and mane of the horse and other animals.

GOLD CLASP.—Allan Ramsay, author of "The Gentle Shepherd," &c., was born in the south of Scotland, in 1685, and died January 5, 1758.

UN GARÇON.—Of the plays you have named, only three are to be found in the authorised editions of Shakespeare's works, namely, "Antony and Cleopatra," "Cymbeline," and "Pericles." The other six have been attributed to him, but, as the best commentators imagine, without sufficient foundation.

EXCELSIOR (Bridport).—It is not for us to discuss the merits or demerits of the journal you have referred to; we believe the number stated to be altogether in excess of its real circulation, and we regret this tendency to put forth exaggerated statements. We decline to state numbers, but we have no hesitation in saying that our circulation is very far in excess of that of the publication in question, and, moreover, is constantly on the increase.

DON PEDRO.—The number of words in the English language is variously estimated. Todd's edition of Johnson contained 58,000 words; Webster increased the number to 70,000, since which, a further addition of, at least, 15,000 has been made. So that according to this last estimate the number is about 85,000.

DAME JOSWELL.—Your motto may be rendered thus in Latin:—*Bene fac, et crede Deo.*

A SUBSCRIBER (Manchester).—Chester was founded by the Romans, and was the station of the 20th Legion, called *Valeria Victrix*. The wall and castle was first built A.D. 908, and William I. rebuilt the castle in 1084.

T. FROST.—Little is known of the history of Limerick until the arrival of the Danes in the year 812, who obtained possession of the place. It was successfully invaded by Henry II. of England. The castle was built by order of King John about 1211. In the rebellion of 1641, Limerick was seized by the Roman Catholic party. English government was restored according to a treaty signed in 1691. The cathedral was founded by Donald O'Brian about the time of the arrival of the English.

LIZZIE.—We do not believe that there is any process by which the scars of which you complain can be effaced.

D. M.—We fear you will not be able to obtain a free passage to Australia; but you had better apply to the Government Emigration Offices.

JOSEPH WELLS (Sunderland).—The provincial council of Otago, New Zealand, assist emigrants from a fund formed for that purpose. The amount of assistance varies according to circumstances. Persons who consider themselves qualified for assisted passages must apply to the Emigration Office.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—A certificated bankrupt can be indicted for perjury, if it appears that he has given false and fraudulent statements.

PUER.—*Chapelle* (chapel), and *chapelain* (chaplain), are probably derived from the Latin word *capella* (diminutive of *capra*), a small box, in which the relics of martyrs were formerly kept. From the box, the term may have been extended to the oratory, or part of the church in which it was deposited; and, finally, to the whole church, or *chapel*.

DELHI.—A remedy for sea-sickness was recommended in No. 27, p. 16.

CLANRYE.—"Tractarian" is a term applied to those who follow the teachings of the "Tracts for the Times," or "the Oxford Tracts," written by Pusey, Newman, Keble, &c. &c.

A TRUE SCOT.—Scotland is now an integral portion of Great Britain. It was for many centuries a kingdom in itself, having its own monarch, laws, and form of government. In 1707 it became part of what is called the United Kingdom. It has still some legal and ecclesiastical provisions peculiar to itself.

PUSSEY.—It is far more safe and profitable to apply to a medical practitioner of established character, than to resort to men of the class referred to.

K. B. (Dundee).—The parties are highly respectable. A CONSTANT READER, R. F. J., J. W., and AMY ELLERSLEY, &c., should submit their cases to skilful medical practitioners.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—J. Dalsiel; Valerius North; J. Chalmers; T. Bonnar; T. H.; W. D. Lister; A. Brick; Try; Scriba; Chilton; F. Hall; Tom King; C. F. O'Leary; J. S.; E. O'Donnell; A. E. E.; J. H. Miner; B. W. H.; Gingham; Branch Gore; H. Biggs; Harry; J. H. Eccles; Cedile; Nelly; J. T. Chapman; Ploughboy; Joshua Reed; W. Lee; Aspirant.—Many of the above contributions—chiefly in verse—evidence good feelings on the part of the writers; but they are not quite up to our mark as specimens of poetic genius.

X. Y. Z.; M. E. M., Agogos, M. A. K., Romeo and Juliet, Herbert Hall, Sportsman, The Hawk, W. J. L., Ada Lawford, Paddy Wroxall, Willie, J. A., General Havelock, X. Y. Z. (London), A. N., J. R. P. D., A. B. C., Amicus, An Actor behind the Scenes, Manrico, R. G. B., Ignoramus, Honour Bright—have all asked legal advice, but they have put their questions in such unintelligible language that it is impossible to assist them.

NEMO.—We should prefer saying, "He is not a very good grammarian."

** We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. II.—No. 41.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

MILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

THOR OF "DICK TARTLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

Why didst thou choose the cursed sin
Hypocrisy—to set up in?
Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only saints' bell that rings all in.

BUTLER.

ow frequently have we heard the judge upon the bench, when the career of some notorious criminal has been unrolled before him, and every dexterous, cunning, and winding scheme laid bare by the

patient investigations of justice, observe with regret that the same amount of forethought, tact, and knowledge of the world displayed by the guilty man in the pursuit of crime, must, if it had been employed in any honourable pursuit, have led to fortune; and there is little doubt but the judge was right in his assertion, for wealth, after all, is not so much an affair of chance as the idle dreamers of the earth suppose. In the pursuit of it, honesty and prudence constitute the chief elements of success: the first may be regarded as the vessel which is to bear us safely into harbour, the second as the ballast to steady it.

In such a craft, when the mind of the commander is active and his temperament sanguine, the only real danger is, lest he should throw too much of this precious ballast overboard before he has taken in sufficient cargo; but even then, after a great deal of tossing on the billows of anxiety, it is ten to one but the good ship Honesty will right itself again.

These reflections have been suggested to us by the extraordinary amount of perseverance shown by the reader's old acquaintance Fiddler Dick, in the plan of hypocrisy he had laid down. No disappointment, and he experienced many, was permitted to ruffle the surface of his temper; on the contrary, he bore them with such seeming patience and resignation that even the governor was deceived; and he consented to add his recommendation to the chaplain's for a ticket of leave.

"Done him, at last," whispered Dick in the ear of his friend Mike.

"Done whom?" demanded his hearer, morosely; for his sojourn in the dockyard had not increased his amiability.

"Holy Joe and the grinder."

The first was the cant name, amongst the prisoners, for the chaplain—the Reverend Mr. Meanwell; by the grinder, the speaker meant to designate the governor.



MIKE ESCAPING FROM CHATHAM DOCKYARD.

"Why, yer ain't got it, have yer?" exclaimed the old convict.

"Not yet, but I shall have it in three days," was the rejoinder, accompanied by one of those knowing winks which, like the signs in freemasonry, convey so much in so little.

This intelligence—although his own chance of ever obtaining his freedom depended upon the liberation of the speaker—appeared to afford anything but satisfaction to Mike; jealousy and envy filled the thing which anatomists would call his heart, and which we, for want of a more fitting word, designate by the same name.

Although the speakers had known each other for many years—shared in prosperous and evil days together, there was nothing like friendship between them; a circumstance not to be wondered at, for friendship is incompatible with crime—the generous passion can only dwell in an uncorrupted heart.

There is nothing but companionship in guilt; it is, and ever must remain, a stranger to true friendship.

"Well, *we* are lucky," he observed, after a pause. Fiddler Dick repeated the word *we* with a low chuckle, as if he did not exactly see the propriety of it.

"We," said the speaker, with still stronger emphasis. "You don't suppose I am a-goin' to remain here *alone*, do yer?"

The question was a poser, for the mountebank knew that his esteemed friend and pal, as he used to designate Mike, could, if he thought fit, effectually prevent it.

"Why, you ain't goin' to peach?" he muttered. The old convict uttered an inarticulate "umh!"

"Is that your friendship?" "Friendship is one thing and *bizziness* is another," philosophically observed his companion. "You are the only one I has here that knows me, with whom I can talk over old times, and I can't make up my mind to part with you for *long*, and that's the fact on it."

Dick looked around the shed where the above conversation had taken place. There was no one near, and an iron crowbar, which one of his fellow-prisoners had left, lay temptingly within his reach; but he restrained himself. He could do so at times, as the years of hypocrisy and cant he had passed in the dockyard proved, added to which, great as was the indignation he felt at the implied intentions of the speaker, and bitterly as at the moment he hated him, there was still one being in the world whom he detested more—whose life it would afford him greater pleasure to take—Bet's.

As there was no chance of indulging in the luxury of murdering both, Fiddler Dick speedily made his choice.

"Look yer, Mike," he said, "if I worn't as true as steel, your un'ansum behaviour would make me turn agin yer. Of course I ain't a-going alone—my feelin's wouldn't let me; haven't we talked it over and over agin? but you are so cursed suspicious!"

"Trust to no one," muttered the old man; "that's wisdom."

"Not allays," observed his companion. "If I wor as suspicious as you are, should I trust to your promises about the money yer say yer have got stowed? Where did you say it wor stowed, Mike?"

The question was put in so natural a tone, that with one less practised in the craft of life than the convict, it might have succeeded; as it was, the old rascal only grinned at what he doubtless considered a very clever move to entrap him, and patted the speaker affectionately and approvingly on the back.

"Capital!" he exclaimed; "but no go; I ain't to be done!"

Here the ruffians both laughed heartily: Mike at the attempt to throw him off his guard; the mountebank at the penetration which had discovered it.

"Mustn't forget *bizziness*, after all," observed the former. "I think we understand one another without any more words."

"Exactly."

"In three days yer gets yer ticket."

"Holy Joe told me so."

"When am I to get out?"

"As soon as I can get the brads to purchase a rope to throw over the wall, and a fake for you," replied Fiddler Dick, looking serious; "for yer knows as well as I do there is nothing to be done without money."

His companion in crime nodded approvingly, as much as to say "Go on."

"If you had only had the swag, or a part on it, here," continued the speaker, "it might have been all right at once."

"In what way?" demanded Mike, suspiciously.

"You know Brandt?"

"The wardsmen?"

"Yes."

The old convict gave a dissatisfied shake of the head, and intimated that he had no great faith in him.

"But I have. He is one of the right sort," whispered Dick, "and has long been tired of this place; in short, he can't very well remain here much longer."

"Why not?"

"He has been doin' a stroke of bizziness on his own account—backer, and—you understand."

The speaker illustrated his meaning by raising his hand to his mouth.

"Gin," said Mike, a supposition which his companion confirmed by a knowing wink.

"And never to tell me on it!" exclaimed the speaker, reproachfully. "Well, I must say that, bad as the world is, I didn't expect that of you, Dick, so often, too, as we have taken our glass together. I wondered," he added, "how you contrived to keep your spirits up after them awful gronin's and singin' a hymns in chapel."

"Where would a been the use of me a-tellin' on yer," said his pal, somewhat touched by the appeal. "Brandt brought it in to *sell*, not to give away, and you had no brads."

"Haden't I?" muttered the old man.

"Had you?" demanded the mountebank.

"Never mind that now," answered Mike. "We'll come to the pint in time. After what ye have told me, I begin to think better of Brandt. And so he has been a-doin' bizziness on his own account!—well, I like a man of bizziness. I am a man o' bizziness myself. What's his game?"

"Meriky."

"And a very good game, too, if he can only get there. Why doesn't he start?"

"Short of tin."

"Dare you think he'd be true?"

"True as steel," replied Dick.

"I wish I could think so," observed the former, cautiously; "we might—"

"Why, yer'd never trust him with yer money," interrupted the mountebank, in the tone of a person whose susceptibilities were justly wounded, "when yer have an old friend and pal like myself by yer side."

"I ain't agoin' to trust no one with that," answered the wily convict, sharply; "but I should like to be convinced that I could trust him, too."

There was a pause in the conversation, during which the speakers continued to exchange regards; as if each were doubtful how far he might venture to confide in the other.

Fiddler Dick was the first to speak.

"I could transport him," he whispered.

The eyes of Mike flashed with joy.

"Will that content yer?"

"When I can transport him too," was the reply.

"What an old serpent yer are," observed Dick, with a chuckle; "there is no keepin' a secret from you. But mind, it must be all square this time, for I mean fairly; and if you split," he added, knitting his brows to a ferocious scowl, "I'll wring your neck, though I swing for it the next minute."

Many persons might have felt rather uncomfortable at this assurance; not so the aged rascal to whom it was made; in fact, he felt rather pleased by it than otherwise, for it was an indirect proof, he considered, of the speaker's sincerity.

"And serve me right, too," he said, at the same time holding out his hand as if to seal a bargain.

Fiddler Dick wrung it earnestly.

"Out with it."

"Well, then," said the former, drawing closer to him, to make sure that not a syllable would be overheard, "you and I, Mike, know that what with the excise, free trade, the police, and such innovations, it's a hard thing for a man, no matter how industrious he may be, to pick up a honest livin'. Although his dodge is never so clever, one or t'other is sure to be down on him."

"That is true," observed his friend.

"Brandt had done, or rather was beginnin' to do, well, when one of the gate-keepers found him out."

"Which?"

"He as acts as clerk to Holy Joe on Sundays. The chap is a reglar sneak—hasn't the pluck to do anything for himself, and—"

"Threatened to peach?" ejaculated Mike.

"And had ha' done it," said his pal, "if Brandt hadn't stopped his mouth by dividin' the profits. So, findin' that he won't likely to git his passage-money for Meriky by that move, he tried another."

"Was that found out?"

"Only by me."

"And you?"

"Kept his secret for three quarters a day," replied Fiddler Dick. "It won't much," he added, modestly, "but I couldn't find it in my 'art to be

'ard on a poor fellow as was a-tryin' to get on in the world."

His hearer grinned at the idea of the speaker being swayed by the last consideration; but he felt too much interested in the narrative to interrupt him.

"He took to picking up copper bolts, and bits of odds-and-ends laying about in the storehouses," continued the speaker; "they would only have been lost," he added. "I have often felt riled when I saw how *our money* was wasted."

"Ours!" repeated Mike.

"Ours," said his pal; "aint we the people?"

This was a proposition too flattering to be disputed, although the old convict had never looked upon it in that light before.

"Dick!" he exclaimed, "you ought to have been in parliament."

"Well, they might have done worse than sent me there," observed his friend, complacently. "But a man's *talons*" (probably he meant talents) "are seldom found out till it is too late to make any use of them."

"And so you found Brandt out?" said his companion.

"Partly, yes, and partly, no," answered Fiddler Dick. "I suspected him, and as he could not get the things out of the yard without a friend, I helped him."

"In that case," exclaimed Mike, in a triumphant tone, "you could transport each other;" an observation which the narrator, to say the very least of, thought ungracious and uncalled for.

"And I could transport them both," added the speaker, mentally; for he wisely kept the last remark to himself.

"And how did yer manage to get the swag out?" he asked.

Fiddler Dick made a motion as if throwing a cord over a high wall—quite sufficient explanation for his companion.

"And that's the way we must manage for you," he said; "only the rope must be a strong one."

Mike nodded knowingly.

"And the new togs?"

"I will find the means to procure them," said the convict, "now that I find yer are in right down earnest; and may be when we are all three out, I can put ye up to a spec or two afore starting for Meriky."

"I have one on my account," observed Fiddler Dick, "which must be settled first."

"And very natural too," observed his companion in crime. In fact, both their ideas had been directed in a similar channel: one had thought of his wife—the other of his twin-brother.

At the expiration of three days, the long-sought ticket-of-leave—the reward of years of hypocrisy—was obtained. Dick once more became a free man—free to direct his steps to good or evil; the world before him; a vast amount of speculative benevolence in it ready to advise, but not one hand to assist him.

In this society acts with its usual caprice and injustice; for, after taking the greatest pains to reform the convict whilst undergoing the penalty of the outrage he has committed against its laws, it sends him forth, in nine cases out of ten, only to be tempted and to fall again.

There must be something radically wrong in the system, when those who framed it and advocate it betray such utter want of faith in the stability of their own work.

Fiddler Dick was summoned before the governor of the dock-yard and the chaplain to receive the document which confirmed his freedom from the former, and to listen to a lecture from the latter, which, as it was accompanied by a sum of money, he heard with pleasure.

"Ah, sir!" said the hypocrite, trying very hard to squeeze out a tear, "I scarcely know how to thank you. Only to think of so much goodness to a sinner like me. I don't deserve it—I feel I don't."

"True repentance always merits mercy," replied the reverend gentleman; "and if you persevere, as I trust you will, in the path you have chosen, I doubt not but you may yet become a respectable—hem—that is to say—respectable in a useful point of view—member of society. Do not let temptation master your better principles," he added, "and squander the means which the bounty of government, and the charity of a few Christian friends have placed in your hands."

"I won't, sir."

"But get into good and respectable employment at once."

By this time the liberated convict had placed both the ticket-of-leave and the money in his pocket.

"Perhaps, sir, you will be good enough to tell me

where I am to find the good and respectable employment you name; if you have any friends who would give me work, a recommendation from you might be of service to me."

Unfortunately, none of the chaplain's friends were in want of such a person. It was the same thing with the governor: both were quite ready enough, in their public capacity, to give him a certificate of good conduct, to express their conviction of his reformation, but neither of them would take upon himself to recommend him to his private friends.

From this one fact may be judged how far the much lauded scheme of criminal reformation has succeeded or failed. Its most zealous advocates appear to have no faith—that is to say, practical faith in its results, for we never hear of one of them giving employment to a ticket-of-leave man.

Neither have we any faith in it.

These words, we fear, will sound harshly to many of our readers, but before they judge them, let them be fairly understood.

The criminals we despair of are those who have graduated in the university of crime, taken its honours, and frequently passed through the hands of justice. Such fellows know, as Fiddler Dick did, the exact amount of cant and hypocrisy necessary to excite a morbid, unhealthy sympathy in their favour. The satisfaction of having subdued, as he imagines, a hardened nature, excites in the breast of the chaplain an interest which is frequently based upon a false premise, and a clever actor is let loose upon the world, instead of a repentant man.

Where the repentance is really sincere, we would employ such persons as labourers and guardians over their fellow prisoners in the dockyards; not send them into the world with the certainty of being driven back upon their old resources for a livelihood.

Still more strongly would we advocate a law separating the children of convicted criminals from their parents, and training them to a life of labour and usefulness. By educating the offspring of the ignorant felon, society would in some degree repair the wrong neglect of duty inflicted on the father.

In training the youth, it is by no means necessary to neglect all that is practicable for age. What would the world say of a physician who never attempted to cure his patients till fever reached delirium, or loss of blood produced exhaustion? Pronounce him mad; refuse to follow his prescriptions. And rightly, too.

And yet, in dealing with a moral disease, it proceeds exactly upon the principle we have described.

As is usual under the circumstances, the manumitted convict was not permitted to mingle any more with his companions. Not that Fiddler Dick regretted this, for he had made his arrangements beforehand, and could, at all times, communicate with Mike, by means of his friend Brandt, who rejoined him the same night at a low beer-shop in the neighbourhood of Chatham—one of those dens in which crime may always secure a refuge, provided it can pay for the accommodation.

Instead of finding the mountebank drunk, as he expected, Brandt was agreeably surprised at seeing him perfectly sober.

Freedom, in one respect, had made a new man of him; or rather re-awakened all that was brutal and revengeful in his nature.

"Have you got the money?" he demanded, as his confederate entered the chamber, in which he had taken a lodging.

Brandt pointed to the bundle he had just placed upon the table.

The speaker hastily opened it, and proceeded to examine the contents. First there was a complete suit of clothes, fit for a yeoman or respectable tradesman.

"Umph!" exclaimed Dick, "Mike will scarcely know himself in these togs. Too fine," he added, "too fine."

"They were the only ones I could get likely to fit him," observed his confederate; "but you are rather difficult to please."

"Not in the least; give me a reason and I am satisfied. I only spoke because I thought the old man would grumble at the expense. What's this?" he added, drawing forth a ball of twine with a leaden weight at the end.

"The string to send over the wall."

"Why it would not bear the weight of a child," observed the former.

Brandt pointed to a long knotted rope which lay coiled like a serpent at the bottom of the bundle, and Dick at once comprehended that the finer cord was intended only to enable his friend Mike to draw the stronger one over the wall to him.

"Capital!" he said, "couldn't have arranged it

better myself; and now that my mind is easy on that pint, just tell me how the old rascal contrived to conceal his swag."

"Well, he hadn't much of it."

"How much?"

"Twenty pounds," replied Brandt; "and where do you think he kept it? You'll never guess, so I may as well tell you at once."

"Why don't you tell me, then?" demanded his hearer, impatiently.

"You remember the old greasy pad he wore in his handkerchief?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was quilted up in that. The note was so discoloured that if I had not been known, no one in Chatham would have changed it for me."

"A note?" repeated his confederate, suspiciously.

"Yes."

"And only one?"

"Only one!" said Brandt, emphatically, for he felt annoyed at the question. "I'll tell you what it is, Dick," he added, "it seems to be a part of your system to doubt every one; now, I don't like it. Speak out plainly at once; and, if you can't trust me, let us shake hands and part: I'd much rather of the two."

Well would it have been for the speaker if he had yielded to the impulse; for as yet he was not too far steeped in crime to retrace his steps. A little further, and the companionship of those with whom he was about to link his fortune would render all chance of doing so impossible.

"Habit, only habit," replied the mountebank. "When you have played at hide-and-seek with justice—tricked and been deceived as I have been, you will be suspicious, too. Say no more about it," he added, in a joyous tone. "I am all right now; shake hands."

His visitor extended his with a reluctance which the liberated convict pretended not to see, for he shook it heartily.

"When do we start?" he inquired.

"Not before midnight."

"That will do. I long to be away from this accursed neighbourhood—the air of the dockyard is stifling—to feel my limbs at liberty—free to roam where my fancy leads me."

"That can only be in America," observed Brandt.

"Perhaps I shan't see Meriky," replied Fiddler Dick, suddenly looking serious, "and perchance I may. It all depends upon luck. Let's have one glass to the success of our voyage."

It was near midnight when the two speakers arrived at that part of the wall of the dockyard where the attempt was to be made. Acquainted with the internal discipline, the posts of the sentinels, and the hours when the rounds were made, every chance had been duly calculated, and accident, as far as human prudence could suggest, guarded against by the treacherous wardman.

"How will Mike get out?" whispered his companion.

"Easily enough: he is in the infirmary."

"Pretends to be ill," chuckled Dick; "cunning old serpent. Let us make haste," he added, "for the wind cuts as keenly as my knife; and this drizzling rain is enough to wet a fellow to the skin."

The man who accompanied him gave one shrill whistle, and then paused to listen.

"Mike can't whistle; never could," muttered the mountebank.

"I don't want him to try."

"What then?"

The reply came in the shape of a pebble, which the old man cast over the wall.

"All right," exclaimed Brandt; "heave the lead."

The next instant the weight was cast over the wall. He for whom it was intended groped on his hands and knees till he found it, and then began to draw up the twine with the knotted rope attached to it.

Three jerks announced that he had succeeded.

"We must hold our end firmly," observed Brandt.

"Of course we must," replied his confederate;

"we ain't agoin to let the old 'un down, eh?"

"What did you say?"

"It would break his neck. What a lark!"

Whether this was put as a feeler or not we must leave our readers, who by this time are pretty well acquainted with the character of the speaker, to form their own opinion; but certainly, if it was, Brandt did not choose to understand it so; for he held his end of the rope all the tighter.

In half an hour—for it was a work of time—Mike stood beside the speakers on the same side of the wall.

"Now, then," said his pal, "here are the togs. We have no time to lose."

Long before dawn the three men were far away from Chatham.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.—ROGERS.

THERE was something exceedingly touching in the untiring, affectionate solicitude with which Peter Mangles watched day after day by the sick-bed of Mr. Bently, who, at one moment, appeared plunged in the profoundest melancholy—humble and weak as a child, and the next, so nervously irritable, that it was impossible to address a single word to him without provoking some bitter retort.

At times, when his senses wandered, the sorrow-stricken man would rave wildly; and the words "poison!" and "murder!" escaped him, to the intense horror of the old clerk, who very naturally wondered what it all meant.

"Poison, and murder!" he repeated to himself; "what can Richard have had to do with such unbusiness-like proceedings?"

Peter's curiosity was doomed to be still further tantalised, by hearing his patient mutter something about dishonoured bills from India.

"If I only knew what bills from India!" exclaimed the old man, mentally, "I might be able to satisfy him; but we have no bills, there can be no bills that concern our firm."

Then the faithful fellow would rack his brain with conjectures, and run over in his mind all the transactions of the house of Bently and Company with their Indian correspondents for the last ten years, when, just as he had discovered a faint clue to some unsettled transaction, a fresh exclamation from his employer would direct his thoughts into a different channel, and set them speculating as widely and uselessly as before.

Sometimes he asked himself what Mr. Bently could possibly have meant by calling his nephew an assassin. For, bad as Peter's opinion was of Carus, he never for an instant imagined that he had plunged so deeply in crime as to seek the life of any human being.

When the evil passions are once unchained, who can prescribe their limit?

A week nearly had elapsed; the clerk was seated at his post by the bedside of his friend—no ordinary test of friendship to one of his active temperament and business habits—when the sufferer turned upon his pillow, like one who had just recovered from a painful dream, and, gazing slowly round him, pronounced the name of Peter.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the latter, with a sigh of intense satisfaction, "he knows me at last."

"I have been ill—very ill, have I not?" demanded the invalid.

"On the verge of bankrupt—no, dissolution, I mean," replied Mangles. "Haven't had such a fright since the great panic; but you are better, much better now—firm as the Bank of England again."

"Have I been dreaming?" said the merchant, fixing his eyes upon those of the speaker with an inquiring expression.

"Well, Richard," answered the old man, "I should think you must have been dreaming. I am sure I hope you have, for you have talked the strangest things: bills from India dishonoured!—now I am certain we have no bills," he added, anxiously, "that we are not prepared to meet; the credit of the house stands too high for that."

"True," murmured Mr. Bently, "quite true; we have gold enough. The spirit of avarice might sigh with repletion as it summed up the amount. But it has not purchased happiness, Peter."

"I am afraid not, Richard," was the reply. "And yet," added the speaker, "it ought to have done so, for it has been honestly acquired."

"But it brought pride with it," observed the former.

"True."

"And hardness of heart—"

"Never mind that now," interrupted his friend, soothingly; "I knew you would come to your senses one day. Strike a balance with your conscience, and forgive your child as a Christian and a man of business should do. It is not natural to bear enmity for ever."

His employer sighed deeply—he thought of his grandson.

"Of course you will forgive her," added Peter Mangles.

"Yes, yes—I promised him I would."

"Promised whom?" demanded the clerk, exceed-

ingly puzzled, for it was the second time he had received the same answer.

The man of wealth made no reply; he felt that the death of our hero must be a continual reproach to him. How could he ever acknowledge to his daughter that for years he had deprived her of life's dearest blessing—the presence of her son—robbed her of the joy of witnessing his growing virtues; of exercising that healthful influence over his heart and mind which nature consecrates as the mother's peculiar privilege; how confess to her that he had refused to listen to his grandson's prayer, and condemned them to a separation which death had made eternal?

As these thoughts agitated him, Mr. Bently resolved to bury, if possible, in oblivion the sad tale of his grandson's fate. His secret was known only to Morton and Mr. Curry, as he imagined; and on their friendship he felt assured he might rely.

"Why don't you speak to me, Richard?" demanded Peter, fearing from his moody silence that his senses were once more wandering. "Shall I call the physician?"

"No," said the merchant; "the fever of my brain is passed. I have been deeply stricken; but the wound is not mortal. Time is left me to fulfil my promise. And then," he mentally added, "rejoin my poor lost boy."

"What promise?"

"You forget I have a child."

"No, I do not forget it, Richard," replied Peter Mangles, affectionately. "Do you imagine that after having been your friend from boyhood, and connected with you in business for nearly forty years, I would permit you to leave the world with an unbalanced account?—nothing of the kind," he added; "and, if I thought that you could bear it—"

"I can endure anything now," interrupted the invalid.

"Well, then," continued the clerk, "Rachel is in the house."

Mr. Bently had miscalculated his strength. The intelligence had such an overwhelming effect upon his shattered nerves, that for several moments his friend regretted the precipitancy with which he had made the communication.

"Be firm," he exclaimed, greatly distressed; "pray be firm. Remember what we have borne up against—three panics, Alexander's bankruptcy, besides that wretched New York affair,—and recovered from them all, as we shall do now!"

"How can I face her," thought the unhappy father, "and know myself the secret cause of all her misery?"

"Better see her at once, Richard," added the speaker, "and settle the account."

In all probability, had time been given him to reflect, the merchant would have refused, not from any lingering feeling of resentment, but want of moral courage. A stifled sob at the door of his chamber informed him his daughter was there, and involuntarily he pronounced her name.

The next instant Rachel was kneeling by the side of his bed, clasping his attenuated hand in hers, and murmuring the word "pardon."

"God bless thee, poor stricken flower," exclaimed her parent, clasping her in his feeble arms, "and forgive me my unnatural harshness."

Peter Mangles waited to hear no more, but instantly quitted the room, rubbing his hands with delight. It had been the desire of years to see his old friend reconciled to his child, and the wish at last was gratified.

"I knew he would," he muttered; "I always said that his heart was in the right place. I am so glad I sent for her; the doctor advised me not, but I felt that I was right; doctors know nothing of business—how should they? Nothing like a clear account in the ledger of life to set a man's heart and mind at rest. He will get well now—he must get well—he shall get well, and in three days, or, perhaps four, I can return to the City. Bless me," he added, in a tone so piteous that it sounded almost ludicrously in contrast with the joyous one in which the preceding words had been uttered, "what have they done all this while without me?"

"But we shall get over that, too," he continued, as more pleasing thoughts stole over him. "Only to think, all that I have toiled and prayed for has arrived at last. Richard is reconciled to his daughter; her husband will have a share in the firm. He must take the name of Bently, though; I think we ought to insist upon that; and Mary shall marry some clever, active man of business—one of the Barings, now, or a—no, no, I think it shall be a Baring."

To his astonishment, the speaker, who had been uttering his thoughts aloud, found two delicate white arms thrown suddenly round his neck, and a pair of blue eyes gazing into his with an exceedingly arch expression.

The arms and eyes both belonged to the sister of our hero, now a lovely girl, just rising into womanhood, the consolation of both her parents, and the idol of Peter Mangles' old and affectionate heart.

"Haden't you better consult me upon the subject?" she whispered in his ear, at the same time with difficulty suppressing an inclination to laugh.

"Pooh! pooh!" replied Peter, kissing her affectionately upon each cheek. "What can girls know about business?"

"More than you imagine," observed the young lady, archly, "about the affairs of the heart. You speak of disposing of me as if I were a bale of goods."

"If you were a bale of goods," observed the clerk, gallantly, "all I have to say is, that he would be a lucky fellow who obtained the consignment."

"But I don't intend to be consigned by any one or to any one," answered Mary.

"You don't!"

"No. I intend to consign myself; and when the time comes, you shall sign the invoice. Won't you, Peter?" she added, coaxingly.

"You forget I am not a principal in the firm," replied Mr. Mangles, seriously.

"But not the less to be consulted in my estimation," observed Mary.

Although the conversation had been carried on in a spirit of badinage rather than sober earnestness, it caused the old man no small amount of uneasiness, for where affection is interested, the perceptions become doubly keen, and he fancied that beneath the veil of mirth and archness, he could discover traces of a deeper feeling.

Decidedly it was unwise of Peter Mangles to have set his heart upon the marriage of his young favourite with a man of business.

"Hush!" he said, pointing to the door of Mr. Bently's chamber. "There is one who possesses a greater claim on your obedience and love."

"On my obedience, I admit," answered the fair girl, "but not upon my love. You cannot reason me out of that conviction. He is my grandfather by blood; but you have been more than a grandfather to me by adoption. I trust I shall be able to love him," she added, seriously, "and forgive him the misery his unrelenting sternness caused my parents."

Deeply as the old man felt gratified by her words, he was too just and true a friend not to set the conduct of Mr. Bently in its proper light.

"Mary," he said, "if I have never spoken with you upon this subject before, it was to avoid giving you pain. Now it is my duty to speak; for you must not misjudge your grandfather. He had just cause of anger against both your parents, who married without even asking his consent, whilst he was absent in India."

"So I have heard," replied Mary; "but the blessing of one parent hallowed their union."

"That is what I never could understand," observed Mr. Mangles, scratching his ear, his usual habit when puzzled; "for Mrs. Bently was a good woman—an excellent woman, and must have had reasons for her extraordinary conduct."

"Surely that ought to have pleaded—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the former, "and doubtless it would have done so if George—your father, I mean, had waited patiently. But, in short—"

The speaker hesitated and stammered; not even to justify his friend, could he bring himself to expose the errors of a father to his child.

"You make a poor special pleader, Peter," exclaimed his hearer; "better give up the cause at once."

"Not so."

"Go on, then."

"You shall plead it for me."

"I! how is that possible?"

"By your recollections!" answered the old man, seriously. "Do you never recall to mind a home of poverty, wretchedness, and want, when cold and hunger were familiar to you?"

"I remember such things," exclaimed Mary, turning exceedingly pale, "but they appear like a dream to me."

"They were no dream, but a hideous reality," continued Peter Mangles. "When a child you were too young to reflect upon the cause of these things, nor would I have called your attention to them now, had I not found your mind embittered against your grandfather. He has erred, but not to the extent you think; he has suffered more—far more, I trust, than you will ever feel. Love him, Mary, try to love him; you will find the path of duty sweet and easy when you pursue it earnestly."

The fair girl flung her arms around his neck, a feeling of veneration as well as affection mingled in the caress, for she felt all the truthfulness of his words,

the delicacy with which he had alluded to the early errors of her father.

It was the first and only time, perhaps, that Peter had ever indulged in anything like a sermon. If any of his City friends had heard him, they would have doubted the old man's identity, or the evidence of their own ears.

When the first emotions between Mr. Bently and his long-estranged daughter had subsided—emotions which must be experienced to be fully understood, for they are too sacred to be described—Rachel rose from her knees, and, opening the door of the chamber, beckoned Mary to join her.

"Remember what I have told you," whispered Peter Mangles in the ear of his young favourite, as she quitted him.

The fair girl smiled through her tears, for she fully appreciated the motives which had led the old man to cause her a momentary pain.

Taking her by the hand, her mother led her to the bedside of her grandfather, and asked his blessing for her child.

The merchant raised himself upon his pillow, and stretching his hands over her, blessed her with a parent's blessing.

In the deep contentment of that moment, when the wish, the prayer of years was accomplished, Rachel felt a weight of sorrow removed from her long-suffering heart, and her happiness would have been complete, but for the one sad recollection which mingled with every thought, and cast a veil over the sunshine of existence.

"I had a boy, sir," she sobbed—"a noble, generous boy—whom it would have been my pride, had Heaven willed it so, to present to you to share your blessing; for he possessed all those qualities of heart and mind which give rich promise of the future man. But he was torn from me—lost, to me—and I have not even the consolation of weeping over his grave."

"Dead!" murmured Mr. Bently, with a burst of feeling which nearly betrayed his secret.

In an instant Mary was by the side of her mother; her arms entwined around her neck, endeavouring to console her.

"Not dead," she exclaimed; "God is too merciful. He has heard our prayers—I feel he has. Besides, have we not received tokens that he is in existence; and those who love him still remembered?"

"He lives, at least, in my heart," answered the sorrowing woman. "In my dreams I continually see him, hear his voice, and feel the warm pressure of his lips upon my cheek. Father," she continued, with sudden excitement, "should I live to realise my dream of years—to clasp him in my arms—what happiness on earth could equal mine? Sometimes I feel as if I should," she added. "Your blessing is a pledge that Heaven's will will follow it. Oh, what a home of love and joy would then be mine!"

The future brought thus vividly to his imagination extorted a groan of remorse and anguish from the old man. He felt that he might once have realised it, and bitterly did he accuse himself of having yielded to the impulse of pride and resentment rather than to the more generous one of forgiveness; but he was punished—punished where he had sinned—in his affections.

"Speak not of the poor boy," he sighed; "my nerves are aspen-like. I have not the strength to hear it."

"Where is George?" he added, after a pause.

"Staying with Mr. Thornton at the Elms," answered Rachel.

"Send for him," said her father; "the work of reconciliation must not be incomplete. Let us exchange forgiveness ere I die. I have been harsh, Rachel—very harsh. I feel it all now when my heart is broken."

"Do not speak of dying," sobbed his daughter, deeply touched by the old man's sorrowful words and accents of self-reproach; "life has many years of happiness, I trust, in store for you—years of love and honour."

"They might have been," was the self-accusing reply.

Mr. Bently called his granddaughter to his side. Parting the long ringlets from her forehead, he gazed upon her long and tenderly; Mary looked up in his face and faintly smiled.

"You have your mother's eyes," he said, "bright as hers once were, before sorrow had dimmed their lustre; her clear, open brow and smile. May your fate be happier than hers has been!"

At this instant Peter Mangles peeped cautiously into the room. His employer saw him, and beckoned him to approach.

"Thanks, old friend!" he said; "you have soothed the death-pang."

"Nonsense, Richard," faltered the clerk; "you

mustn't talk of dying now everything is comfortably settled. Who ever heard of closing the accounts of a firm when the balance-sheet is all fair, and every error detected? What is to prevent our all being happy?"

The merchant sighed as he thought of his grandson. "My father has inquired for George," observed Rachel.

"Has he?" exclaimed Peter. "But, why do I ask? I knew he would—always said he would. I'll fetch him, Richard; he is a good husband, isn't he, Rachel? an excellent father—only ask Mary; and a capital man of business—you may take my word for that. The Elms is only a few miles from the hall—I'll be back in an hour or so."

"Think you he can bear it?" whispered Mrs. Markham, alarmed at the paleness which had now succeeded the flush of excitement on the features of her parent.

"Bear it!" repeated the clerk; "certainly he can. With a clear ledger—heart, I mean—a man can bear anything."

With this observation he hopped, rather than walked out of the room; and in a few minutes was on his way to the residence of Mr. Thornton.

Leaving Mr. Bently, for the present, to the care of his daughter and Mary, we must follow the messenger of peace and reconciliation upon his errand.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

HISTORY.

THE study of history is one of the most natural pursuits of the human mind. We are curious to ascertain by what means everything was brought into the state in which we see it, and are desirous of being informed concerning the generations of mankind who have held possession of the world before us; whether their condition was better or worse than our own, and what influence their schemes, practices, and institutions have exercised over the destinies of our race. These inquiries history alone can satisfy.

History is the record of the past. It has been common to range the events of history under two divisions, and to call the one sacred, and the other profane. The word profane is ambiguous, and objectionable on that account. The idea intended is secular. But the division of sacred and secular is artificial, for, rightly considered, all history is sacred. "What are all our histories and other traditions of actions in former times, but God manifesting to us that He hath shaken, and tumbled down, and trampled upon everything that He hath not planted?" Thus history becomes a homily full of examples, and whether it tells of battles, triumphs, or defeats, of the subjugation of a nation, or the founding of an empire, it is lustrous with divine light. Unless we view history as a whole—as one grand unity, embracing all nations and all events, and running on to one great final consummation—its study is neither intelligible nor interesting.

And what a marvellous and complex story is the record of the world's history! Kingdoms and empires, like stars, rise, culminate, and set. The wild barbarian becomes polished, and sinks again into barbarism. The desert becomes a peopled city, and the busy mart of commerce grows desolate. Where the wild beast wandered, and where the wild bird built her nest, there spring up palaces and temples, and where these once attracted the attention of all the world, the wild beast seeks his lair again, and again the wild bird builds her nest. "Westward the course of empire takes her way." Wars, battles, and stirring exploits, leave a strong impression on the mind, but in the gradual advance of civilisation there is something much more remarkable.

History, properly regarded, is fraught with instruction. It is a representation of mankind, in all the various circumstances and conditions of life. It lays before us their characters, counsels, designs, and the results of them. All this tends to the enlargement of the understanding, and proves the best security against the prejudices and false impressions men are apt to contract from education and the prevailing vices of the age in which they live. The court which we see paid to men of wealth and power is calculated to excite in us ambition and avarice. We are prone to attach too much value to the outward condition of life, and to affix ideas of worth and dignity to mere external advantages. But the study of history corrects these false notions. We are rendered capable of forming a true judgment of what is deserving of admiration and praise, as we are presented with numerous examples of men whose position was most exalted, and who were much flattered in their lives,

but whose memories are covered with infamy; while, on the other hand, we are introduced to those whose lives were obscure, who were poor, and perhaps despised, but whose names are now held in the highest estimation, and the result of whose lives is still felt beneficially in the world. Thus, history directs us to the pursuit of what is truly great and praiseworthy.

History also teaches us the instability of all human things. When we look back into the annals of past ages we see not only particular men or families, but whole nations and empires undergoing the most astounding changes. To these changes we have already alluded; history abounds with them, and they are full of instruction. They teach us to acquit ourselves well in any position of life; preserving us from pride and folly in the hour of success, and arming us against the adverse accidents of life.

The study of history is in every respect well worthy of our attention. We propose returning to the subject in our next paper.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Do tell me some more of the idioms relating to objects of everyday use," said Robert to George, at the commencement of the following lesson. "I know I shall make the most absurd mistakes," added he, "if I have not the very clearest explanations from you. I should so like to know the proper manner of asking what o'clock it is."

"What you wish to know shall form part of to-day's lesson," replied George; "and it will come in very appropriately, for a clock is an article of household furniture—the subject of your last page of vocabulary; so begin with—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
The clock	L'horloge
The candlestick	Le chandelier
The candle	La chandelle
The wax candle	La bougie
The wax	La cire
The snuffers	Les mouchettes
The snuffer-stand	La porte-mouchettes
The extinguisher	L'éteignoir
The sideboard	Le buffet
A tray	Un cabaret
A cup	Une tasse
The saucer	La soucoupe
A teapot	Une théière
A coffeepot	Une cafetière
A chocolate pot	Une chocolatière
A sugar basin	Un sucrier
The jug	La jatte
A corkscrew	Un tire-bouchon
A glass	Un verre
A pepperbox	Une poivrière
A vinegar cruet	Un vinaigrier
A mustard pot	Un moutardier
An oil cruet	Un huillier
A sauce boat	Une saucière
A table napkin	Une serviette
A salad dish	Un saladier
A service in crockery	Un service de faïence
A service in china	Un service de porcelaine
A plate	Une assiette
A dish	Un plat
A saltcellar	Une salière

"I will now comply with your request about the French idioms used in speaking of the time of day. If you wish to say it is exactly such an hour—for instance, 'It is one o'clock,' you must thus express yourself, 'Il est une heure précise;' for 'It is past one,' 'Il est une heure passée;' 'It is a quarter past one,' 'Il est une heure et un quart;' 'It is half-past one,' 'Il est une heure et demie.'

"In all these expressions, there is very little difficulty; but, observe, if you wish to say, 'It wants a quarter, or ten, or twenty minutes to such an hour,' you must change the English idiom, and say, 'It is such or such an hour less than a quarter, &c. &c. I will give a few instances: 'It wants a quarter to two,' 'Il est deux heures moins un quart;' 'It wants ten minutes to six,' 'Il est six heures moins dix minutes;' 'It wants twenty minutes to seven,' 'Il est sept heures moins vingt minutes.'

"Your exercise for to-day, Robert," said the teacher, "will be on the formation of the plural in expressions composed of two nouns separated by a preposition. I will give you a few examples of such expressions: *Une queue de cheval*, a horse's tail; *Un jeu d'enfant*, a child's play; *Une action de fou*, an action of a fool. In these sentences, the second substantive being used rather in the sense of an adjective than of another substantive, does not take the *s*. And in cases similar to the above where no peculiar rule requires the plural, the second substantive

remains singular. Thus, we write, *des troncs d'arbre*, stumps of trees; but we must write *des pieds d'arbres* for sets of trees, because plurality of idea is conveyed. But in words something similar to *des pieds d'arbre*, in which the distinctness of the objects is less evident, the second substantive does not take the *s*; and you also say *des pieds de marjolaine*, plants of marjoram; and *des pieds de giroflée*, plants of gilly-flower. In the following expressions the case is different: plurality is understood, and the *s* is added, *un marchand de gravures*, a merchant of engravings; *une couple de chevaux*, a couple of horses.

"By all these distinctions, Robert," observed George, "you will perceive that a person who does not reflect can never be a good grammarian; and, to tell you the truth, many French people write their own language incorrectly, although they may speak it with purity and elegance. All the niceties of French grammar require much study and attention, and these I trust you are willing to give, in order to master them; but for your consolation I may here observe that through the vocabularies, idioms, dialogues, and also through seizing every opportunity of speaking French with those who understand it, or with any native of France whom you may happen to meet, you may become a good practical French scholar, long before you are quite perfect in the theory of the language."

"I have not quite concluded the rules for the exercise, so I must request your patience a little longer. Now, in such expressions as the following—*des marchands de vin*, wine-merchants; and *un marchand des vins fins*, a merchant of rich wines—the word *vin*, wine, requires no *s* in the first; but in the second, the sign of the plural is necessary, because the idea of a variety of wines is conveyed to the mind."

FORMATION OF THE PLURAL IN EXPRESSIONS COMPOSED OF TWO NOUNS SEPARATED BY A PREPOSITION.

EXERCISE.

1. This man has the hands of a woman. 2. The wars of our days are child's plays in comparison with those of the Empire. 3. At the South, the fields are filled with stumps. 4. You have some very fine sets of trees in your gardens. 5. How much have you paid for these plants of Reseda? 6. We yesterday passed through a splendid forest of chestnut-trees. 7. Have you been to-day to your picture-merchant's? 8. Your father is a wine merchant, and mine is a dealer in spirits. 9. Which do you prefer; the jelly of quinces, or the marmalade of peaches? 10. Give me some lemon syrup and a plate of oranges. 11. I have received this morning a basket of olive oil and a barrel of olives. 12. Go and buy me a bushel of oats and two bushels of beans. 13. I will send you two bouquets, one of gilly-flowers, and another of violets. 14. We will have for dinner to-day a porridge of peas, a cullis of mushrooms, and a pot of preserves. 15. Do you like a porridge of potatoes? 16. Give me some of the puree of apple-of-earth?

LE CORNIGÉ.

1. Cet homme a des mains de femme. 2. Les guerres de nos jours sont des jeux d'enfant en comparaison de celles de l'Empire. 3. Au Sud, les champs sont remplis de troncs d'arbre. 4. Vous avez de très beaux pieds d'arbres dans vos jardins. 5. Combien avez-vous payé ces pieds de Réseda. 6. Nous traversâmes hier une forêt magnifique de châtaigniers. 7. Avez-vous été aujourd'hui chez votre marchand de tableaux? 8. Votre père est marchand de vin, et le mien marchand d'esprits. 9. Que préférez-vous? la gelée de coing, ou la marmelade de pêches? 10. Donnez-moi du sirop de limon, et une assiette d'oranges. 11. J'ai reçu ce matin un panier d'huile d'olive, et un baril d'olives. 12. Allez m'acheter un boisseau d'avoine, et deux boisseaux de haricots. 13. Je vous enverrai deux bouquets; un de giroflée et un autre de violettes. 14. Nous aurons à dîner aujourd'hui une purée de pois, un coulis de champignons, et un pot de confitures. 15. Aimez-vous la purée de pomme-de-terre?

"We must now think of our travellers, Robert," remarked George. "You may remember we left them just retiring to rest, at the 'Hotel de la Reine Victoria,' on the quay at Dieppe. Now, by rights, they should start for Paris early the next morning; but, in order to furnish you with useful French sentences, I shall allow of their loitering on the way."

CONTINUATION OF
LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
Sir, it is half-past six.	Monsieur, il est six heures et demie.
Ah! I did not think it was so late.	Ah! je ne croyais pas qu'il fut si tard.
It is much later than I thought.	Il est beaucoup plus tard que je ne croyais.
I am very tired.	Je suis très fatigué.
I wish to sleep a little longer.	Je veux encore dormir un peu.
Sir, you can start at eleven o'clock.	Monsieur, pourra partir à onze heures.
That's what I'll do.	C'est ce que je ferai.
I shall breakfast, and then I shall take a little walk, with my friend.	Je déjeunerai, et puis je ferai un tour de promenade, avec mon ami.
Sir, you are right.	Monsieur a raison.*
There is a good deal to be seen here.	Il y a ici beaucoup à voir.
The town of Dieppe is large and well built.	La ville de Dieppe est grande et bien bâtie.
It is remarkable for its sea-bathing, its piers, and its castle.	On y remarque les bains de mer, les jetées, et le château.
Now that we have breakfasted, we will go out.	A présent que nous avons déjeuné, nous voulons sortir.
Will you be so kind as to tell us the way to the pier?	Voulez-vous nous faire le plaisir de nous dire quel chemin il faut prendre pour aller à la jetée? †
Go straight on, and then turn to the left.	Allez tout droit, et puis tournez à gauche.
Which way must I turn to get to the castle?	Par où faut-il que j'aille pour aller au château?
Turn the corner that you see yonder.	Tournez le coin que vous voyez là bas.
Are the bathing machines far off?	Y a-t-il loin d'ici aux bains de mer?
They are close by.	Ils sont tout près d'ici.
We have taken a pleasant walk.	Nous avons fait une jolie promenade.
Let us go back.	Retourmons.
Would you kindly tell us our shortest way to the quay?	Veuillez nous dire notre plus court chemin pour aller au quai?
With great pleasure.	Avec beaucoup de plaisir.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

WORDS IN WHICH I IS EXPRESSED BY Y.

mythologie	prosélyte	sylogisme
néophyte	prototype	symphe
nyctalope	prytanée	symbole
nymphe	pseudonyme	symétrie
nympheée	Psyché	sympathie
Odyssée	Puy-de-dôme	symphonie
Olympé	pygmée	symptôme
Olympiade	pylore	synagogue
onyx	pyramide	synallagmatique
oxyde	Pyénées	syncope
oxygène	pyrèthre	synecdoque
oxymel	pyrotologie	synode
panégryrique	pyrite	synonyme
paralyse	pyrrha	synoptique
péristyle	pyrrique	synthèse
physionomie	Pyrrhus	synthèse
physique	pythée	synthèse
polygamie	pythiques	synthèse
polyglotte	satyre	synthèse
polygone	sybille	synthèse
polynome	stéréotype	synthèse
polype	style	synthèse
polysyllabe	stylet	synthèse
polytechnique	Styx	synthèse
polythéisme	sycamore	synthèse
porphyre	sycophante	synthèse
presbytère	syllabe	synthèse

Note.—When the letter *y* is used at the beginning of a word, or employed by itself, signifying *there, to it, to them*, as *y, yeux*, &c., this letter has the simple sound of *i*.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XVIII.
SOUND.

PRODUCTION OF SOUND.—ECHOES (continued).

458. Give an example of a WHISPERING GALLERY. —At the base of the dome in St. Paul's Church, London, the feeblest sound is conveyed from one side to the other of the dome, a distance of more than 130 feet, but is not heard at any intermediate point.

459. When we speak in a room, why do we not always hear distinct echoes from the walls and ceiling? —Because, unless the room is large, the interval of time between the sound of the voice and the return

* *Monsieur a raison*. Observe that inferiors often address superiors in the third person. The third person may also be used in addressing a stranger or a very slight acquaintance. *A raison* is another idiom. Literally translated, "has reason." *Monsieur a raison*, literally translated, "Mr. has reason;" freely translated, "Sir, you are right."

† Particular attention should be given to all the idiomatic expressions for asking the way, as English people are apt to make absurd blunders on this subject.

‡ The French say, "make a walk," *faire une promenade*, instead of "take a walk," *prendre une promenade*.

of the echo is too short; the two are heard as one sound.

460. Why do we hear so much better in a room than in the open air?—Because the sound is strengthened by the reverberation from the walls, ceiling, and floor.

461. What is the effect of curtains, carpets, and furniture in a public room?—They make it less easy to speak in, by deadening the echo and dispersing the sound. We may see this, by observing how much louder the voice sounds in an empty than in a furnished room.

462. How are deaf people enabled to hear?—By putting an *Ear Trumpet* to their ear.

463. How does this act to strengthen the sound?—It concentrates at the ear all the rays of sound that enter the large open mouth of the trumpet.

464. When a person wishes to throw his voice to a distance, what instrument does he use?—A *Speaking Trumpet*.

465. How does a speaking trumpet act to strengthen the sound?—The rays of sound are reflected from the interior of the trumpet, and all proceed on in the same direction.

466. How far may a strong man's voice, sent through a trumpet 24 feet in length, be heard?—At a distance of three miles.

PROPAGATION OF SOUND IN LIQUIDS AND SOLIDS.
467. Is sound conveyed through liquids and solids, as well as through the air?—It is, and with greater velocity.

468. What is the velocity of sound in water?—4,708 feet per second, or about $4\frac{1}{2}$ times the velocity of sound in the air.

469. Can sounds be heard farther under water than in the air?—They can. Franklin, plunging his head under water, heard distinctly the blows of two stones struck together, at the distance of half a mile.

470. How far has the sound of a bell, struck under water, been heard?—A distance of nine miles.

471. What is the velocity with which sound is transmitted by cast iron?—11,090 feet, or a little over two miles per second.

472. What is its velocity of propagation through solid substances in general?—From 7 to 17 times greater than through air.

473. What general truth may be stated with regard to the conduction of sound by solids?—Sounds are conducted with greater distinctness by solids than by the air, or even by liquids.

474. Mention one or two facts that strikingly illustrate the facility with which sounds are conveyed by solids.—The scratching of a pin at one end of a long beam can be distinctly heard, if the ear be applied at the other end. The ticking of a watch can be heard as well by placing it between the teeth as by putting it at the ear.

475. Is the ground a good conductor of sound?—It is; by putting the ear to the ground we may ascertain the fact of the approach of a horse, wagon, or train of carriages, before the sound reaches us through the air.

476. Do sounds pass from the air into a solid, the wall of a building, for instance, and then into the air again on the other side?—They do; but in doing so they experience a great diminution of intensity. We can hear in a perfectly tight room sounds from without, but they are much weakened.

KATE ELDEN; OR, THE EIGHT-DAY
CLOCK.

CHAPTER I.—THE STRANGE BOARDER.

As the sun went down behind the hills that sentined the western approach to the beautiful village of Aytown, old Josiah Kent came in from feeding his horse, cow, and pig, and taking a seat near the arm-chair occupied by his "old lady," he asked her what she supposed the reason was that their boarder had not arrived.

"I'm sure I don't know, Josiah; but this I do know—I wish she wasn't coming at all. It flusters me dreadfully only to think of having her here. I dare say she is good enough, and quiet enough, as the minister said, but mercy knows we are not the right sort of folks to take a boarder. I've been thinking, 'Siah, whether or no I hadn't better send her word that she needn't come."

"Why, old lady, what would Mr. Hinsdale think of that, after your agreeing to take her? He wouldn't be apt to like it very well, and no wonder. I think, myself, that it would be serving the young woman any way but well to disappoint her now. Mr. Hinsdale, you know, mentioned how tired she was, and how anxious to get settled in a quiet and retired home. For my part, I think it will be pleasant to have her here."

"Perhaps it will, but I feel so nervous about it. She is from the city, and perhaps has high notions and queer ways; then 'tis so long since we have had a young person about the house; not since poor Allen went, no one knows where."

The old lady wiped her eyes, and sank into silence. Just then there came a timid knock at the door.

"Come in!" said the old man, and a tall, slender, lady-like young woman, dressed in black, with a sad and lovely countenance, that betokened intelligence, refinement, suffering, and resignation, obeyed the invitation. She looked tired and depressed, but smiled pleasantly and thankfully at the old people for the immediate attentions they offered.

"Have you had supper?" asked the old lady.

"Yes, 'm, thank you," was the reply, in tones so gentle, that they went to the hearts of the hearers. "If you please, I would like to be shown to my room," she soon said.

Mrs. Kent went up with her, and after having shown her all through the chambers, and having told her that she was to make herself as much at home as she could, and not to feel confined to one room, or to any one part of the house (which was a large, well-furnished, and home-like mansion, made for comfort and convenience), she said—

"How do you think you shall like us, my dear? Do you think you can be contented to live all the summer in a house with three old people?—for Judy, our help, is a great deal older than you are, though young compared to my husband and me."

The stranger, henceforward called Miss Elden, or Kate, replied, with great earnestness—

"I think that I could not have been directed to a house more agreeable to my taste, or more suited to my circumstances, than is this pleasant house of yours; and if I never like its owners less than I do now, I shall always like them very much indeed."

She smiled cordially upon the delighted old lady, who bade her good night, and hastened down to tell "Siah" what a nice, "accommodating" person their new boarder was.

"I'm glad she's come, after all; I like her a great deal better than I expected I should. She isn't high in her notions at all—I mean, she don't seem to be."

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it, old lady. There is no telling much about anybody on once seeing. But the minister gave her a good recommendation. He seems interested in her, anyhow, and he is a judge of folks. Wonder where he came across her, and how long he's known her!" concluded the old man, meditatively.

"I imagine she was one of his members when he was curate in the city," suggested the wife.

"Yes, I suppose so," concluded the husband.

"She's got a good friend in him, whether she has any other friends or not. How he spoke up for her! Wonder if he will see that she always has plenty to do."

This latter remark was caused by a thought of the board money, and the source from which it was to come. The old lady was to have, for her pocket-money, the half-guinea a week that their boarder was to pay.

The subject of this conversation was preparing to retire when Mr. Kent knocked at her door to say that her trunks had arrived. She requested that they might be brought up; it was done, and as he helped to bring in the last one, the old man said, kindly—

"I hope ye'll not be lonesome nor homesick with the old folks, my child. If you get frightened in the night, and think you are too far off from the rest of us, just knock, and I shall hear you. We mean to do all we can to make you feel at home and happy. My old woman says she is right glad we took you, though we never should have done it if it hadn't been for the minister's recommendation."

"Thank you for all your kindness, and good night," replied Miss Elden, as Mr. Kent departed. "Blessings on that dear minister," she added to herself, with clasped hands. "Oh! it is good to know that on the earth there is at least one on whom I may rely as a friend, that will not fail in time of need. God bless him."

She laid her tired head on her pillow, and, although she was so glad and grateful, that pillow, ere she slept, was wet with tears.

"Oh! my patience," cried the old lady, on visiting her boarder's room the day after her arrival, "what beautiful work! It's just like what they have here in the shops to sell, only five times nicer. Wherever did you learn to do that?"

"I learned in London, of a lady who had worked in France at the business. She used to work collars for my mother and my sisters, and, as I wished very much to learn, she taught me her art."

"And so your mother lives in London, does she?"

said the old lady, fixing her blue eyes on the pale face before her. "I did not know whether you had any parents living."

"I have," was the slow reply.

Mrs. Kent longed very much to ask a good many questions, but the manner of Miss Elden did not invite inquiry.

"How long have you known Mr. Hinsdale?" asked Mrs. Kent, abruptly.

"For many years," was the answer.

"Does he know your family?"

"Yes, madam, he knows them all."

"I expect you'll be for leaving us and going back home in a few weeks," said Mrs. Kent, experimentally.

"No, I shall never again go home," was the sad-toned reply.

The old lady dared ask nothing further. She sat meditating whether it would do to "pump" the minister in regard to the history of her boarder; but she concluded that that would not be best, as she stood in too much awe of the reverend gentleman to be likely to succeed very well.

"Well," said she, sighing heavily, "it is strange, here I have got somebody's girl to take care of, but there is no knowing whether anybody will take care of my poor boy."

"Have you a son away from home?"

"Yes, dear, he went away eight years ago, and we have never heard of him since."

The poor mother kept wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, but the tears came so fast now that the apron would not do.

"I will go down stairs," she said. "Come down, my dear, whenever you are lonesome," and she went out.

CHAPTER II.—THE EIGHT-DAY CLOCK.

A CRASH—a scream. Kate sprang, half awake and bewildered, from her bed. What had taken place? Where was she? In the deep darkness of midnight she could not find the door, and half wild with a confused terror, she began to scream for help.

A mingling of voices now met her ear, and in a few moments more her door was opened by a young lady, a relative of the Kents.

"Oh! Helen, what has happened?" cried Kate, so frightened that she was trembling from head to foot.

"No one is killed or hurt—don't be so terrified," returned Helen. "The old eight-day clock that for fifty years has been fastened to the dining-room walls has fallen, and is smashed to atoms. There will be great mourning and many superstitious fears, I dare say, but nobody need be so pale and trembling as you are."

"Let us go down," said Kate, throwing a wrapper about her, and stepping out into the passage.

The two hurried down to the scene of the disaster.

Old Mrs. Kent sat weeping beside the fragments of the shattered clock; but she was smiling also.

"Whoever would have thought it!" she burst out, as the two young women entered. "Whoever would have thought that the old clock's falling, and coming within an inch of knocking my brains out, would have been the means of my finding our boy's picture. We lost it soon after he went away, and could never tell where it went to; but some child must have had it and stuck it in behind the clock; and here it is safe and sound, as much like the dear boy himself as possible. Only see him."

The dear susceptible old woman held the precious picture towards Kate.

With an eager and startled motion she caught it, looked with wild eyes upon it and then at the mother, gasping out from white lips:

"Your son?" and fell fainting upon the floor.

"Father, father," screamed Mrs. Kent, "come here quick. Miss Elden has fainted or is dead."

The old man, who had retreated to the bedroom when the young people entered, now came hastily into the scene.

"What made her faint?" he said.

"The sight of Allen's picture. Isn't it singular?"

It was a long time before any signs of returning life were visible in Kate. When she did at last open her eyes, it was only to close them with a groan.

"I always had a fancy that you looked like him," she said, as Mr. Kent bent over her to lift her to a better position.

"What do you know of our boy? Tell us as soon as you can, dear Miss Elden. Oh! do, my child," entreated the impatient mother.

"Soon," was the faint reply.

"Go to bed, mother, and let her rest till morning," commanded the old man; and the wife rather unwillingly obeyed. Kate lay on the settee until morning, Helen remaining by her side.

The story that, when day broke, was related to the anxious and sorrowing parents was as follows:

KATE'S STORY.

My parents loved their children devotedly, but they were proud and haughty; and when a rich young man sought my hand in marriage, it was not because they did not know from what source his wealth came, but because he was unknown in the high society in which he moved, and because he could not, or would not show himself to be of some "good" family, that they refused to listen to his wish.

But I loved the man; and, led captive by that love to the will of its object, I secretly married him. My family at once disowned me; but so happy was I in my elegant home, and in the company of the man dearer to me than all else on earth—dear as the very hope of immortality—that I hardly felt that act to be painful to me. I lived, for one short year, in a perfect intoxication of joy. My husband seemed everything that I could desire. He met every want of my being. To him turned affection, intellect, will, and each was satisfied. But I was deceived. A wretch who pretended to love me, in order to wean me from my Edward, stated to me that he was a gambler, and that our marriage was but a sham. Of my feelings concerning this I cannot speak. I charged my husband with the crimes; he could not deny them; and, ruined and heart-broken, I fled from his house. This was a year ago. I had no money, but my books, clothes, &c., which were my own, I took with me. My parents I never was to see more, nor my sisters. Indeed I did not desire it. I hid all the winter in such places as I could pay for by the industrious use of my needle. But such a life was intolerable. I tried to think if there was not one friend left to whom I might apply for relief. My former pastor had removed to this place. He was, I knew well, a man to be safely and entirely trusted. I wrote to him, telling my sad story. He at once sent me money to come here. He found me a shelter—a peaceful home; but none but Heaven above knew that it was beneath the roof of the parents of him who was my destruction. Your son Allen and the Edward whom I loved—aye, love—are one and the same.

CHAPTER III.—OLD JOSIAH GOES IN SEARCH OF HIS SON.

THE discoveries of the foregoing chapter were perfectly overpowering to poor old Mr. and Mrs. Kent. They sent in haste for their pastor, and to him they related the whole strange disclosure.

Mr. Hinsdale was somewhat bewildered.

"How can it be possible that your son could live so long in such an open way," he said, "and you never hear of him when he was so near?"

"He has taken another name, you remember," said Mr. Kent.

"Ah! yes, I had forgotten." The reverend gentleman was really quite bewildered by the sudden turn of affairs.

The idea of Kate's having been directed to the house of her betrayer's parents, and that through his own instrumentality, was astonishing, and not at all unpleasant to him.

"Tis as it should be," he said to himself, "as it should be. They'll love her—they can't help it; and they'll take care of her; 'tis the least that they can do. Poor child! poor lamb! the Lord has indeed provided for thee a home."

He stroked the hair of Kate, who was still lying pale and weak upon the low settee—and she felt a tear fall softly on her forehead.

"Thanks!" she said, lifting her eyes, beaming with grateful affection, to the mild face which bent above her. "Thanks! It was all through you that I found this place in which to die."

"Die! My child, you will not think of that now, when you have just found out that you are at home," said the clergyman, and both Mr. and Mrs. Kent hastened to assure her that she must live for their sakes; for she was now, and ever should be, unto them as a beloved daughter.

A look of pleasure fluttered over Kate's wan face, but it quickly gave place to a troubled expression.

"Edward," she said.

"He must be found," said Mr. Hinsdale. "It may be that the sight of his father will recall him to some sense of honour and justice. You told me that you believed that he really loved you."

"I never doubted that," said Kate, sobbing heavily.

"Mr. Kent and I will go at once to the City and see if we can find him. You must get her well by to-morrow noon, for we may bring a stranger back with us."

Taking leave of the three females, the gentlemen hastened to the railroad station, and were soon on their way to London where they arrived late in the

afternoon. They found the house described by Kate, and were shown into its parlour. In a few minutes a gentlemanly man entered the room, and came towards them.

Suddenly he paused, then sprang forward and fell upon his knees at the feet of Mr. Kent, crying—

"Father, forgive—forgive your penitent son!"

The scene which followed may be left to the imagination of the reader. The old man's heart was melted into entire forgiveness. The son confessed all his guilt, folly, and misery, and ended by declaring that, since the flight of Kate, who was really his lawful wife, he had not known one moment's happiness or peace of mind. He had been married lawfully, but had managed so that Kate had not noticed the name he signed to the certificate, which certificate he afterwards hid, that she might not see it. He said also, that he had resolved to give up all his evil ways, sell off his house, and make what restitution was in his power of his ill-gotten gains; after which he had purposed going back to his father's house to beg his parents' forgiveness, and remain to try and be a comfort to their last days. He knew that his wife was a Christian woman, and his desire now was to become worthy to meet with her in heaven, if he never more beheld her on earth; but he had, he said, been advertising everywhere for her, and stating that she left in consequence of a very great mistake in regard to the matter on which they last spoke.

"I was in a bad humour when she charged me with having vilely deceived her, and on the spur of the moment admitted that I had—as, indeed, I had in many respects, but not in regard to her being my own true wife. But I have been bitterly punished—and I fear that my punishment will endure for ever!" concluded the unhappy man.

"What would you say if we should tell you that your wife is already sheltered in the home of your youth?" inquired the minister.

"Sir, do not mock a stricken man!" exclaimed Kent, gazing with frenzied eye on Mr. Hinsdale.

"Not for my life, sir, not for my life," returned that gentleman, earnestly.

"But I will tell you a strange story—a providence kind and remarkable above anything that has come under my observation for many years." And he repeated Kate's history.

"Let us go!" cried the young man, starting up. "Let us go instantly. We can catch the evening train. I would not sleep out of the train to-night for the whole of London—and certainly I shall not sleep much in it."

Early the next morning the three men reached Aytown, and all went directly to Mr. Kent's house.

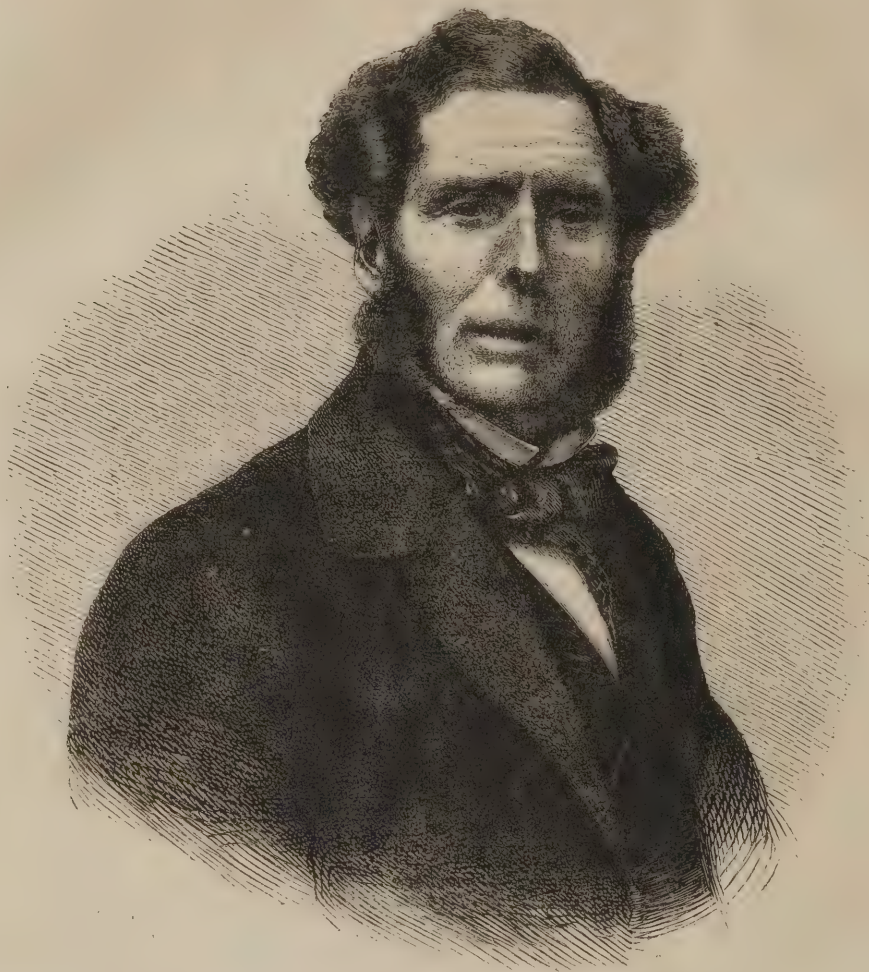
The meeting between the mother and son was affecting in the extreme; but when poor Kate was made to believe that it was her husband who knelt before her—when she fell upon his neck with cries and tears of almost delirious joy, what heart could have remained unmoved? None there present, certainly. There was a universal thanksgiving of tears. The end of our story is with joy and rejoicing. Edward—or, as Kate ever after called him, Edward Allen—had really reformed. He remained there contented in his father's home, and one happy family they made as long as they all lived. Allen opened a shop in the village; and far more happy was he in the enjoyment of its moderate profits than he had ever been as the successful gambler. Young children gathered in the wide old house, and a merry place they made of it. Grandfather and grandmother spoiled them all to their hearts' content. The good minister had not a family in all his congregation which he loved better to visit, or by which he was more warmly beloved; and even yet he thinks with reverential wonder and devout gratitude upon the most "especial providence" which led him to choose for the stricken lamb of his former flock a shelter in the very home which was hers by right of love and marriage, and which was to be her own to the end of her long and useful life.

THE "BOOK."

O THAT each thoughtless, wayward youth
Would study well this Book of Truth!
In it he'll find a friend and guide
Watching for ever by his side,
To show the path that must be trod,
To raise his thoughts from earth to God!
Though gently chiding, yet it smiles,
And pleasantly the hour beguiles.
If worn with care his heart be sad,
This cheers his spirits—makes him glad;
Or should temptation him assail,
The Tempter's arts will not prevail,
If he will heed the counsel given,
And pray for fortitude from Heaven:
In short, this "Book" a guide will be,
"Through life to immortality!"

H.N.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD HORSMAN, M.P. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

RIGHT HON. EDWARD HORSMAN, M.P.

THE Reform Bill which swept away so many rotten boroughs, and extended the electoral privilege to a numerous body of constituents all over the country, gave to Stroud, in Gloucestershire, the right of sending two "fit and proper persons" to parliament. Since that day, Stroud has been well represented. But never, since its members were first admitted to the house, have worthier men done credit to the electors' choice than those which now occupy that responsible and distinguished position.

The Right Honourable Edward Horsman, M.P. for Stroud, was first returned by that constituency without opposition, in June, 1853. As a consistent and conscientious liberal, he has ably supported those measures which he was pledged to maintain. Those matters in which he has taken the most active part are an efficient church reform, vote by ballot, and the removal of all taxes on knowledge. With respect to the first two, great diversity of opinion exists. The necessity for reform in the church is a question that has excited much controversy; and the same may be said of vote by ballot. But with regard to taxes on knowledge, there is an universal desire for their abolition: parliament is touched to its very core on this momentous point; the Chancellor of the Exchequer admits the advisability of their removal, and out of doors the agitation is gaining strength; so that we may confidently anticipate a complete and glorious success. And whenever that success comes, as come it must, the name of the Right Hon. Edward Horsman will be proudly associated with that triumph.

To effect the abolition of taxes on knowledge should be the first object of every legislator. Human ingenuity could scarcely contrive an impost more detrimental in

its consequences than that of the paper duty. We alluded last week to the educational exertions of Mr. Baines of Leeds. Successful as are those exertions, how much more successful would they be were these knowledge taxes abolished. One of the greatest difficulties in carrying on our day schools and Sunday schools is the comparatively high price of books. Many of our boys and girls leave our schools with not a hundredth part of the knowledge they would have if these taxes were abolished. We cannot regenerate the world without books. The book is the great agent of modern times, to enlighten, emancipate, elevate, and bless our species. He who has good thoughts, and can wield a pen, possesses an empire which surpasses that of any illiterate emperor or conqueror that has ever ascended a throne. Such power is there in thought—in the action of mind upon mind. One of our great missions on earth is to circulate good thoughts through the world, especially among the masses; but we cannot do this effectually while our efforts are hampered by an impost at once so oppressive and impolitic as that of the paper duty.

The Right Hon. Edward Horsman is the son of William Horsman, Esq., and Jane, daughter of Sir John Dalrymple. He was educated at Rugby, to which school we are indebted for some of our best men in the church, the state, and at the bar. The subject of our sketch turned his attention to the last-named profession, and was called to the Scottish bar, but his energies have been chiefly employed in offices of state. He contested the borough of Cockermonth in 1835, but without success. He recommended the contest in the following year, and was triumphantly returned. He sat for Cockermonth from that period till 1852, when he was thrown out. He was returned for Stroud in the year following, and again at the last election. He married in 1841 Charlotte Louisa

Ramsden, only daughter of the late John Charles Ramsden, Esq., for many years M.P. for Malton.

As Commissioner of Church Inquiry in Scotland, the Right Hon. Edward Horsman exhibited both ability and candour; he served for a short time under Lord Melbourne as one of the lords of the Treasury, and in 1855 he was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland.

The accompanying portrait of this distinguished man is taken from an excellent photograph by Mayall.

BARCELONA.—II.

QUARANTINE is one of the miseries of foreign travel. A town or seaport takes alarm at the plague which is raging somewhere or other—or is supposed to rage—and lo! the innocent folk in a clean, healthy ship are placed in durance vile for any given number of days the authorities please to mention. By an affair of this description a week or two ago, we ran the risk of a fortnight's delay in our Indian mail; and only escaped by a *ruse* and a special train across the desert. Now the Barcelona people are afraid of the plague, and they are firm believers in quarantine.

Everybody has heard of quarantine, but in our favoured country there are many untravelled persons who do not precisely know what it is, and no doubt wonder why it should be such a bugbear. It is an ordeal which no one wishes to encounter twice. There, floating off the town, under the suspicion of plague-smuggling you lie, with all the miseries of a sea-voyage and none of its excitement; and there you remain, cooped up with people who lose their temper because they have lost their time, until it shall be



THE OLD HARBOUR OF BARCELONA.

the pleasure of the great governor of Barataria or elsewhere to pronounce you clean.

When the Barcelona quarantine is over, you are permitted to take boat and approach that venerable city. It is a long trip from the ship to the shore, but were it twice as far the voyage would be delightful, after the tedium and imprisonment of the last few days. So away you go, steering pleasantly up the old harbour; but as you reach the shore and are about to land, a host of ragamuffins presents itself in battle array.

Who are the ragamuffins, and why are they in battle array? They are Barcelona porters, ready to carry you and all that you have anywhere or everywhere, regardless of your convenience or your comfort. One seizes your trunk; another takes your bag, another lays hands on your hat-case, another shoulders your chest, two more seize your umbrella, and struggle manfully for its possession; in which struggle they are bravely imitated by two others, who have a stand-up fight over your portmanteau. All are clamorous for *gratificacioncita*, but all this has been described before;* so we will imagine ourselves free from the platoons of porters, free from the custom-house officials, free from the Noah's Ark-like omnibus which rattles us over a pavement laid down by the Phenicians, and never mended since; and, finally, seated at a Spanish *table d'hôte*, in an atmosphere of garlic,—suppose, if you please, even this passed, and that we are out for a stroll.

"All days," says the proverb, "are not feasts in Barcelona." But Spanish life is pretty well filled up

with holidays. The calendar is full of anniversaries—saints' days that have to be duly observed. All the Spaniard's holidays have therefore somewhat of a religious character. His is not the independent and uproarious holiday of a Yankee on the fourth of July; nor is it the capering enjoyment of a Frenchman; nor the chattering hilarity of an Italian; the Spaniard is more grave and sober. His happiness requires less muscular movement. To stand, wrapped in his cloak, statue-like, in the public square,—to sit on a sunny bank, or beneath a shady bower, is about as much activity as suits his dignity. Only the sound of castanets can draw him from his propriety, and the steps of the *fundango* work up his brain to a state of intoxication.

Spain is remarkable for gravity. It is a land of wonderful solemnity; that which other people would do with ease and freedom, the Spaniard discharges as a very serious affair. The spirit of the Knight of La Mancha has not departed. You observe its influence everywhere; in church, state, army, commerce—from the grandees holding solemn council, to the lazy beggar at the church porch. With the Spaniard Spain is still as colossal a power as when Columbus gave her the New World, and she is ready to enter the lists, mounted on her Rosinante, with a barber's basin for a helmet, and do battle with us all.

But even grave Spain sometimes condescends to be jovial—to wear the cap and bells and jingle a bauble; and once a year there is a carnival at Barcelona, which is to Spain what that of Rome is to Italy.

Fun and frolic are let loose in the streets. There are music and masquers everywhere. Crowds upon crowds are in all the public thoroughfares—a sea of life, made up of waves of all the colours of the rain-

bow. Windows and balconies are all full—such eyes, such lips, such tempting little hoods, and provocative dominoes that many a heart is set on fire. Banners, and flags, and flowers, and tapestries, and devices of all sorts are seen everywhere; and over all these is a sky of intensest blue and the glory of Castilian sunshine. In the face of that sunshine, fraternities of good fellows, and odd fellows, and all sorts of fellows parade their folly. And he is the best fellow of them all who wears the most fantastic apparel, who makes the most absurd harangue, and utters the most unpardonable of puns. The crowds are bent on fun. They mean to be merry, and merry enough they are. The car of pleasure is not standing still; freighted with joy and youth it is rolling through the city. Here are gallant cavaliers in ruffled shirts, plumed hats, jackets covered with spangles and flowers, and their horses' manes and tails all braided with ribbons. Here are colossal figures, representing the *genii loci*, borne about the town, and surrounded by a mixed multitude that defies description. What are these masquers meant to represent? Who shall say? They are all nose or all moustache; some of them have shirt collars that reach above their ears, others coat-tails that hide their ankles; conical caps a yard high, plumed bonnets as large as a gig umbrella; horns, too, they wear of all sorts, and wings and tails; and they are of all colours, so that the eye is dazzled and the brain grows dizzy at the sight. The ear comes in for its full share of the fun of the carnival, for the noise is such as Bedlamites might make who had grown hilarious. There is music, a storm of sound, which is like nothing—but itself.

At night everybody goes to the public balls. All

* See "Spanish Travel," ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, Vol. IV., p. 165.

the theatres and halls are converted into ball-rooms. The merchants are turned out of their exchange, and that grave place of business is transformed into a casino. The centre of attraction, however, is the opera house, which is consecrated to masquerade from midnight until morning. High and low, all the Barcelona world is there—in character or domino, in burlesque or black, galloping over the temporary floor with a *furor* which if vulgar, is certainly hearty. By two or three in the morning, the mirth grows boisterous. The laugh is louder than the music. The dance goes on faster and faster till daylight, when the motley crowd turns out, blinking like owls at the sunshine in the street.

But soon we are at it again. There are fresh sounds of revelry as the day wears on. The guitar is struck with a gaiety not heard in serenades, the violin leads youthful feet a round of pleasures, too fast for sureness of foot; out ring the castanets merrily above laugh and song, exciting the heart with merriment which comports not well with Castilian gravity.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER LXXXIII

He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.—SHAKESPEARE.

HOPE EVERMORE, whenever she had an opportunity, always visited, as a teacher, that admirable school, where, under the excellent, pious, and gifted Mr. Stephen, she, with God's blessing, had so early become wise unto salvation. She was welcomed with delight by her good master, and the new generation of ragged little ones, who had sprung up since she was one of the lambs welcomed to that Christian fold. When she entered noiselessly the crowded room, an eloquent philanthropist was addressing the children on the long-suffering of the Saviour, and as he wound up a glowing, earnest lecture by a description of the agony in the garden, the taunts, the insults, and the outrages, and the death on the cross, her own small woes shrank into a vanity, and she felt almost ashamed of the tears she had shed so passionately over her own selfish mortifications and petty trials, when she had so often read without emotion of all He, who alone was without sin, had suffered for sinners.

Nothing could have been more strengthening and refreshing to poor Hope's drooping spirit, or more soothing to her sore and wounded heart, than this admirable lecture. After it was over, and the children were singing a hymn, she looked round on the walls, the roof, the texts she remembered so well, associated as they were with her humble but happy infancy. Everything looked the same; even the black cat, hale and vigorous in a virtuous old age, still looked down from his height in the roof, clothed in glossy sables, well fed, and so evidently a favourite of fortune still, on the lean, hungry, and ragged ones, who, but for that school, would be so much more hungry, ragged, and wretched, and would not know that, however wretched their portion on earth, there is a world where the beggar Lazarus lies in Abraham's bosom, and that there is a day coming, dreadful only to the impenitent sinner, when rank and riches shall avail nothing, since all shall rise from those graves into which they have taken nothing of their worldly wealth, the pauper and the peer side by side, and lost and saved, faithful and unfaithful, good and bad will be the only distinction. It was a good angel that led Hope, at such a time of heart trouble, to that scene.

She felt ashamed of her discontent and dejection, when she contrasted her fate with that of the lean, ragged ones around her. If she was, indeed, the sinless child of sin and shame, what a kind Providence had watched over her. How, in that very school, had she been early taught, so gently, so kindly, by precept and practice, to "remember her Creator in the days of her youth."

How many had been her blessings! How few her trials! And yet, at the first insult offered to her pride, her heart was on fire; at the first thorn in her path, she was ready to sink down in utter despair, or go on her way discontented and ungrateful.

"How," said she to herself, "how can I, a child of the Green Fields Ragged School, be so soon weary of well-doing? I think it hard to sit in noble, airy chambers, richly furnished and every want supplied, nursing, tending, watching, talking, and reading to

my lady; because I see from the windows the sun shining on the bright water, and the green trees and daisy-studded sod in the park; and I long to sport on that sod, and bask in that sun, and pine to sit with Larky Grigg, as other young lovers do, under those shady trees stirred by the summer breeze. Ungrateful Hope! Look at Mr. Stephen! I am now in my seventeenth year," she said to herself, "and I was a little child when I first came to this ragged school, and he was master here then, as he is now—honorary master—not for pay or worldly profit, not to please any earthly king or lord, but to find favour in the sight of the King of Kings, and the Lord of Lords."

"He does not weary of well-doing. Year after year, with zeal, patience, and energy unabated, he foregoes the sweet summer air and the winter fireside, out-door amusements, and home comforts, and is at his post—a self-assigned post—reclaiming the wanderer, teaching the ignorant, converting the infidel, breathing the air which, in spite of all ventilation can do, is hot and heavy with the effluvia of crowds of ragged ones; never disgusted by foulness of mind or body, never disheartened, however slow to learn good, and quick to learn evil; never weary of the irritating wanderings of vagrant attention; with instinctive tact, and acquired perception, and priceless experience, tracking the truth through all the mazes of habitual falsehood; not estranged by ingratitude, or chilled by indifference; loving the sinner while loathing the sin, and seeing in every little foul and ragged outcast a lamb to be brought into the fold of the True Shepherd. The evening sun, which tempts others abroad, and suggests sweet thoughts of the harvest homes of England, where all are making so merry, does not tempt him. The Sun of Righteousness is his sun, and his harvest home is here, where he is preparing the crops for the garner of Heaven. And side by side with him in this good work is Jem Goodman. Side by side have they toiled on earth; side by side, I trust, will they be rewarded above."

The hymn was over, and Hope rose from the obscure corner in which she had sat down, and approaching Mr. Stephen, was welcomed by him as a father might welcome a favourite child. Jem Goodman, too, welcomed her with true affection, and she then made her way up stairs to the mothers' gallery.

Apple Blossom, hot and flushed, had just closed her book, assured by Mrs. Golightly that she never would or could learn anything; but Apple Blossom, who, even in her childhood, had elicited the same remark from her village schoolmistress, had made some progress, and could, with the aid of spelling a long word now and then, get very fairly through the Testament. That was learning enough for good, simple Apple Blossom. There were many changes in the mothers' gallery since we last looked in.

Molly Muddle had carried her sloth, her slatternly ways, her rags, her unwashed children, her drunken husband, and Apple Blossom's flannel petticoat to Sydney.

Sally Slink, in spite of her being marked with the small-pox, blind of one eye, and harpelled, had got a husband; and as he was stone blind, she was as fair to him as Venus herself would have been.

He was pretty well off, and was given over in the small-pox, when Sally was sent for to help nurse him. He never saw her, for he was blind when she arrived. She immediately formed a plan for getting him, if he recovered; and therefore she nursed him with the most anxious and tender care.

Her conduct formed a great contrast to that of the Mrs. Gamp who had preceded her.

He required some one to mind his business, a small eating-house, and to watch over himself. He married her, and she was so glad of a good home, and of the title of Mrs., and the power of adorning her ugliness with bugles, and ribbons, and flowers, that she determined to deserve her good fortune by good behaviour. She was clever and active, as many very ugly women are. She was a good cook, too, and very cleanly. Everything at her eating-house was cooked to perfection, and served up with scrupulous cleanliness. To her blind husband, Mr. Price, Sally seemed a beauty.

Poor Kitty Slybrute was no more. She, too, at one time had frequented the mothers' gallery, led there by Apple Blossom; but Slybrute coming out of the hospital more savage, more exacting, and more violent than ever, and he and "mother-in-law," as he called her, being more than ever devoted to "the brew," Kitty was treated worse than ever, and died of a broken heart, having seen all her large-headed, small-bodied children die of water on the brain, and all buried by the parish.

"Mother-in-law" was found one day a heap of ashes, having fallen into the fire some said, others that she went off by spontaneous combustion.

There was an inquest, and some little time after her death, as she had made no will, a son just returned from sea pounced down on the blind, maimed, crippled Slybrute, and seized on everything she had left.

Slybrute then started off as a regular street beggar, having got Larky Grigg to make a song of the story of his accident, and Slybrute, who had a stentorian voice, sang it about the streets to a kind of dirge. He was led by a dog, and feeling his way with a stick, and with a placard "Pity and Relieve a Poor Blind Man," strung round him, he made money enough to keep him like a gentleman; for ladies used to weep for pity to see so fine a man blinded and mutilated by a mere accident; and woman's pity is always an active feeling. Some tried to reform him, but though he was a great cant, he was an incorrigible drunkard, and his greatest lady patronesses were obliged to give him up as a bad job in that respect. But at night he always slunk off to the "Good Intent," the "Rose and Crown," or the "True Briton," and never went to bed sober.

But to return to Hope Evermore. She was received in the mothers' gallery, as everywhere else in the Green Fields Ragged School, as an especial favourite, a sort of pet of the school. Every one took a pride in Hope.

Hope, still very anxious to know something of her own birth and parentage, but no longer discontented, dejected, and unhappy, whispered a few words to Apple Blossom, who told her that Milly Trudge could tell her more than any one else, as she had known Mrs. Evermore both before and after her marriage. Hope's heart danced for honest joy. However poor and wretched, then, her mother was not to be despised.

"Jem Goodman knows a good deal, too," said Apple Blossom, "but he won't tell what he knows. He has a box of papers and other things to give thee when thee's of age, or when thee marries; but he don't like to be axed no questions, so I don't advise thee to tackle him. But, whatever's up now?" she said, directing Hope's attention as they stood on the stairs of the mothers' gallery to the school beneath, where Hope with blushes and tears recognised in a tall, strong young man, carrying a cripple on his broad back, Larky Grigg, bringing Lame Luke to the ragged school at last.

Lame Luke had had many severe attacks of gout and rheumatism since we saw him last. He had begun to dread death, and to tremble for his immortal soul. Larky Grigg tended him like a son, and at last got him to consent to be carried (he could no longer even hobble) to the Green Fields Ragged School.

How handsome Larky Grigg looked as, flushed and panting with exertion, he laid Lame Luke down at Mr. Stephen's feet, saying, "Here he is at last, master. I've been at him for years, but here he is at last."

"And right welcome, too," said Mr. Stephen, cordially shaking hands with Luke; "never too late to mend, my man."

"Splice my timbers," said Lame Luke, "you can't say that of some of the soles brought me to mend, but—"

"But the souls we care for here," said Mr. Stephen, "are always worth mending, always can be mended, my man; and as they are to last through all eternity, they're always worth mending."

"Larky Grigg," said his mother, Apple Blossom, in a low tone, afraid of offending Mr. Stephen if she spoke loud.

Larky did not hear.

"Larky Grigg," said Hope's sweet voice—the one loved voice, the music of youth.

Larky turned crimson, and looked up. In a moment he was by her side. He had but an instant to stay—his master, the ironmonger, was waiting for him at the workshop—but that instant was an age of joy.

Every one was intent on Lame Luke, and if Larky, sheltered by the matronly figure of Apple Blossom, stole one ambrosial kiss, we do not know; but as Hope blushed deeply, and said "Fie, Larky," we think it very likely.

At any rate, after his black locks had for one moment been blended with her golden ringlets, and after one hug of his dear, kind mother, he darted off, promising Lame Luke to call for him at nine o'clock to carry him home.

Hope then took a fond leave of Apple Blossom, and a respectful one of Mr. Stephen and Jem Goodman, and hastening back to Green Street (where she had left the carriage) with a lighter heart and a feeling of filial pride in her wedded mother (however poor and lowly), she ordered the coachman to drive her to Little Ebury-street.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

Her every thought, an angel's tongue might tell;
Her only fault, a heart that loved too well.

BRIDE OF SIENA.

HOPE was fortunate enough to find Milly Trudge at home and alone. Her daughters, who at one time were pupils at the Duck-lane Ragged School, were now voluntary teachers there; her husband was gone to a temperance meeting; Tom to make up a lover's quarrel with his fair tormentor, Merry; and Milly Trudge, being a monthly nurse in great request, who never knew when she might be wanted, was sitting at home darning stockings, and singing very merrily to herself the songs that were in fashion in her youth—"Sally in our Alley," and "Black-eyed Susan." It was so long since Mrs. Trudge had seen Hope Evermore, not, indeed, since she had grown up to womanhood, that when that tall, slender figure, robed in white, with long, floating ringlets of gold falling from under a Spanish hat, and shading a sweet, oval face, met her view in the twilight, she started and shrieked out; for a moment, so strong was the likeness of Hope to her poor departed mother that Milly Trudge thought she was gazing on the spirit of Mrs. Evermore. A word from Hope explained who she was and what she wanted. Being very frank and confiding, she told Milly Trudge of the conversation she had overheard, and the shame and pain it had caused her; adding that she did not care how poor or humble her mother might have been, but she did, as she had always thought of her with love and reverence, ardently desire to know that "she had never done anything to forfeit her child's respect."

"Set your heart at rest then, Hope Evermore," said Milly Trudge. "I knowed her, poor dear! both before her marriage and after. I didn't know her right maiden name; she told me 'Morris'—the name she went by—wasn't her right name; and that she'd reasons for not telling her real name. At that time, miss, I lived in Stamford-street, Blackfriars, and I had a first floor to let, and a small back parlour. Well, it was getting dark, and a wet, windy night—an autumn night, at least eighteen years ago—when there came a trembling knock to my door. I went to see who was there: it was a poor young lady, very wet, her hair—the very shade of yours—all blown about by the wind and steaming with the rain. She had a basket in her hand, and looked so pale, bewildered, and frightened, I thought she'd surely run away, perhaps, from some good home to avoid some hated marriage. She asked me if she could have the small furnished back parlour by the week, and if I would let her come in at once."

"I'll pay the rent in advance," she said. "I'm quite respectable, and a lady born; but I'm in great and sore trouble; and if you won't take me in I must lie in the streets."

"Well, to make a long story short, I took her in. I lent her some dry clothes, poor dear! I soon had a good fire blazing; and I got her into a warm bed, and gave her a good hot cup o' tea. La! she wor thankful. How she enjoyed her tea! and how she thanked me! and, just as she was beginning to give me some little account of herself, her head sank on the pillow, her beautiful blue eyes closed, and she fell fast asleep. I remember I thought she looked like a sleeping angel as she lay there."

"Well, she woke no more that night; no, not till ten o'clock the next morning, and then I took her some good hot coffee and toast. I wor as kind to her as if she'd been my own—that's my natur; I'm always the same, and I never knowed no good come of being harsh and sharp with people in trouble. So she made a good breakfast, and then she said, 'Now I'll tell you what brought me to your door.'"

CHAPTER LXXXV.

Relics of love and life's enchanted spring,
Of hopes born, rainbow-like, of smiles and tears!
With trembling hand do I unloose the string
Twined round the records of those earlier years.

ALABIC WATTS.

It was with feelings of intense interest, and with a mental absorption at once painful and fascinating, that Hope Evermore gazed on many well-preserved relics of past years, that were intimately connected with that fair and unknown mother, about whom she had ever felt a thrilling and mysterious anxiety.

Hope had indeed, through life, been haunted by the thought of that young, gentle, suffering being, of whom Apple Blossom had never spoken but with a sigh, a tear, and a portentous shake of the head at some unseen culprit.

This feeling of vague and almost poetical sympathy with the unknown trials of her mother changed into an intense and personal interest, when Hope heard, with beating heart and burning cheeks, the sugges-

tions of Tarlatan and the housekeeper—as to the probability that she, Hope, was the child of sin and shame; and their impertinent and malicious speculations as to her real parentage.

Hope never for a moment admitted the belief that her mother, however unfortunate, could have been a degraded or guilty creature; but she thought some terrible mystery might render it impossible for her to ascertain and establish the certainty of her having been legally married.

It was therefore a great comfort to her to hear from Mrs. Trudge that she knew for certain that "the poor dear young lady," as she always called her, was married—married in a church; and had her marriage-lines to show, for, before being admitted into Queen Charlotte's "Lying-in Hospital," they had to be produced, and Mrs. Trudge had herself procured them, for the sum of half-a-crown—"which," she added, "the dear, innocent young creature never dreamed them lines costed me half-a-crown; and never did I reveal the same, seeing if I wor short, I knowed well she wor shorter, and when she took the bit o' writin' into her little white hand, she paid me with a smile wuth all the money, never thinking there wor anything else owing."

"Let me pay you the half-crown now, dear, kind friend!" said Hope, taking out her pretty little porte-monnaie—a present from Lord Glenlonely.

"Bless the child! I'm spaking of times when half-a-crown with me wor half-a-crown—hard to get and hard to keep—a time before my Tom joined the temperance folk, and when everything went in drink;—since he've turned sober, things have gone well with us. I've crowns enough and to spare now, my lass; and a gold watch, and three good silk gowns, and a nice little sum in the savings' bank. I'd rather put a pound in your purse, Hope, than take a shilling out, and you a fine lady's companion, and always obliged to be fine yourself! And now I think of it, Hope, I'll give you a new golden sovereign, that I've long had put by in paper for you; and you mustn't go for to think of refusing an old friend, as wor a friend to your mother, and knowed you from a baby."

"Well," said Hope, unwilling to refuse, and yet not liking to accept it, "keep it for me, dear, kind old friend. At present, I have no use for money, no want of any; 'but service,' as the old saying has it, 'is no inheritance; and though I'm called a companion, and treated as a friend, I know, as I'm paid for my services, I rank as a servant; I know the domestics at my lord's take a pleasure when they count up the number of domestics including me; and even my lady—the old lady, I mean—when she's vexed, or in pain, takes care to let me know what I am; then, too, I am well aware that at any moment I may give offence and be dismissed. A companion—though, as you say, she must dress and appear like a lady—is but a hireling after all. I may some day come to you yet, bitterly in want of that sovereign."

"I hope and trust not, Hope," said Mrs. Trudge, "but there's no knowing what's afore us, and so it shall be as you wish; and now I'll take you up into my little room, and show you a sight of small matters that once wor your poor dear mother's, some of 'em she gave me (she loved to give, sweet, generous, open-hearted, open-handed soul as she was), and some she left behind her when she was taken ill all of a sudden, and I had to go with her in a cab to the hospital where you wor born."

Mrs. Trudge led the way to a neat little store-room, in which she kept her best dinner service, and a few glasses, and a purple finger-glass that was used on grand occasions as a sugar dish, and two decanters, and all her boxes, and baskets, and preserves, and, opening a very old oaken chest of drawers with a bureau at top, she took out a pair of screens, a scent bag, an embroidered reticule, a hair bracelet not quite finished, a bundle of paper matches, a pair of watch-pockets, and a journal, the ink brown, and the paper yellow with time.

"Now," said Mrs. Trudge, drawing a chair for Hope, and sitting down on an old trunk herself, "those screens the poor lady painted for me her own blessed self, with her own dear, little, white hands, but after she died I never had the heart to put them on my mantel-piece, they always sets me off a-crying; and Tom's a good husband, though I says it as shouldn't, but he hasn't no patience wuth what I calls a regular good cry; few men has. Ain't them flowers done nat'ral, miss—Hope, I means?"

Hope gazed through her tears on a prettily drawn, delicately tinted group of flowers, painted in a style now quite obsolete, meagre, and rather stiff, and with a preponderance of stalk, in which a sweet pea, a white rose, and a fuschia, tied with a bow of blue ribbon on one white card-board slab bordered with gold paper, was matched by a pink rose, a heartsease, and a convolvulus on another, which group was tied with

pink. They were specimens of a weak, bad school, but they were delicately and correctly drawn, and worked up with an ease and finish that spoke of industry and perseverance.

"Ain't 'em natural? and no wonder, for the poor dear lady took 'em off from a bunch of flowers as Bob Blossom brought me on my birthday to pass the compliment. He said when he went to market to lay in fruit for Apple Blossom's stall, he got 'em gived into the bargain. Lor, I remember it as well as if 'twor yesterday; and my Tom, who in them days wor always more or less in liquor, and very spiteful and vicious in his cups, as all of 'em be, whatever they may make their brags of being 't'other way, he choosed to flare up and be as jealous as a Turk over them flowers, and so I gived 'em to the young lady, who said with her sweet smile, 'I'll give them back to you some day, Mrs. Trudge,' and I couldn't, for the life of me, think what she meant, till about a week after she presented me with this handsome present!"

Hope gazed at them with an admiration and interest which no masterpiece of flower-painting by Baptiste or Bartholomew would have awakened, and then she took up the bracelet.

"Ah," said Mrs. Trudge, "that was made of her own beautiful gold hair, just like your own. It's my belief it wor meant for her husband, she as good as told me so. I think she said he'd have to go to battle, and he wor to wear it on his arm, as a harmulet; but when he forsook her, she put it by, and never looked at it again; and I found it thrust away in the drawer of her little work-table, with this writing on the paper:—'Begun in love and hope, and cast aside in estrangement and despair.—CONSTANCE EVERMORE.'"

"Besides these things," she said, "I've got several of her clothes, and a hat and shoes; look 'ee here," and Mrs. Trudge opened a closet, and there was a hat of black velvet, brown with time, of the fashion of eighteen years back, and shoes, quaint and high-quartered, and with pointed toes, but which could fit none but a very small, delicate foot, and a pair of gloves neatly folded up, too small even for Hope. There, too, was the guitar which had once solaced her sad and lonely evenings. The strings were all broken, the blue ribbon faded almost to white. There were songs, too, the pretty songs then in vogue—we have none half so pretty now—"We met, 'twas in a crowd," "I'd be a butterfly," "Oh, no, we never mention her," "She never blamed him, never," "Gaily the Troubadour," "Home, sweet Home," "Of what is the old man thinking," "Lilla's a lady," and many others, but all sentimental; and "Constance, with fond love," written upon them in a manly hand.

"Where are my mother's Bible and prayer-book?" said Hope. "I should so like to have them."

"Ah! and so you will, I believe, some day, Hope. Jem Goodman has them and another little book that the poor lady found such comfort in, and knowed by heart, 'The Christian Year.' She always said, for comfort and faith, it come next to the Bible. No one don't dare ax Jem Goodman what wor in the box the poor lady told Apple Blossom to put, locked, into his hands; but it's my belief there's all the account of the whole pedigree of her life, and what few valuables she had, and her pictur, and her husband's pictur, and her Bible and prayer-book, and a letter to her unborn child, which she seemed to know it would be a gal, and a few lines to Jem Goodman, desiring him not to open the box till her child wor of age, or a-going to get married. So, if you're in a hurry to get the contents, Hopy, you must name the day; I think I can name the young man."

Hope blushed, but not with shame. It was with maiden modesty and womanly pride that she said, "Of course, I'm too young to think of marrying yet, Mrs. Trudge; but whenever I do become a wife, it will be to the only one I can love or trust, and that's my own dear Larky Grigg."

"That's my brave, true-hearted girl," said Mrs. Trudge, embracing her. "I'd give somehut if my poor boy's sweetheart, Merry Blossom, wor like thee. Hope. But she's got such a flirting way with her, and sets her cap at the fellows so, that, what with her merry laugh, her bright eyes, and sunny face, my Tom hasn't a minute's peace. I believe Merry's a good girl, and fond of Tom at heart; but she's been precious nigh losing him; and he'd have broke it off afore now, only, when he went for to propose it, he busted out crying, and she likewise; and then he fell on his knees, and down plumps she on hers; and then they fell to fondling and a-begging each other's parding; so that worn't no way of breaking off."

"No, indeed," said Hope, smiling. "If Tom had been wise, he'd have begged her then and there to name the day."

"Tom's a careful chap," said Mrs. Trudge. "He

wants to be partner first, and that won't be for nigh a year."

"Tell him," said Hope, "that I, who know Merry well, and love her dearly, think he'd better not wait. She'll make him a good wife, for she knows her duty; but she thinks a girl has a right to plague her lover as much as she pleases; and there I differ from her. The poet says—

'The rose we wear upon the heart
Should have no thorn to wound us.'"

"Well, that do sound foine, that do," said Mrs. Trudge, "and hits the nail on the head. We'll let Tom repeat it to Merry."

"Say it after me, Mrs. Trudge."

Mrs. Trudge did so till she got it by heart.

"I know Merry's ideas; she always said, 'The man must obey before marriage and the wife after.'"

"Well," said Mrs. Trudge, "if she don't look sharp there won't be no 'after.' Tom doats on her, and loves the ground she treads on; but he's a resolute chap, and he's got a fellow workman at Melbourne a-making money as fast as he can count it, and he's always a-tempting Tom over, and he's got a sister out there, an unkimmon nice, pretty gal, and unkimmon fond of Tom, too! so Miss Merry had better mind her p's and q's. But what are thee trying on thy hat for? Thee sha'n't go till thee've had a good strong, hot cup of tea."

"I cannot wait, dear Mrs. Trudge," said Hope. "My poor lady is so ill, and though she often finds fault with me, as yet no one else can please her half so well. I will take all these things in the carriage with me. There's not a pin or a bit of ribbon my mother ever touched that is not in my eyes as the relic of a saint."

"Well, I'll not persuade thee to stay if thee's wanted home. I never did make young folk forget their duty, and I never won't; but I'll put all them things in that old trunk for thee, and as it ain't smart enough to go on the great lady's fine carriage, I'll send it by the Parcels Delivery Company, after my boy has covered it over tidy with a bit of new tarpaulin; I ain't one to send anything to a grand house so shabby as to be made game on."

"A thousand thanks, dear, kind Mrs. Trudge! I'll take the journal and the bracelet with me, please, and let me have the rest of the dear treasures as soon as you can."

"Aye, I'll warrant you, Hopy, when my Tom knows it's to do a good turn to Hope Evermore he's wanted, he won't sit still with his hands before him, as he often do when he and Merry have had a tiff, poor lad! he won't let the grass grow under his feet when he can show thee a kindness. Ah! I only wish that Merry wor like thee, Hopy!"

"She'll be a good wife, I'll answer for it," said Hope, "and a comfort to you all. When once she has sworn to love, honour, and obey Tom, she'll do it."

"Well, if she do, she'll have a good mother in me, and it's a great comfort to my heart that you think so well of Merry; for I knows, with all your gentleness, you're the moral of your own mother, Hope, and could never bear the thing that is wrong, and are of too 'pure eyes to behold iniquity.'"

So saying, she kissed affectionately the sylph-like, lovely Hope, who returned the warm embrace of her poor mother's humble, but devoted friend.

Hope drove home with a heart lightened of a great burthen. She had pondered too much of her poor mother as an angel in heaven, to bear to think of her as a daughter of sin and shame on earth.

Close to her gentle, loving heart, she pressed the little clasped volume that contained the private history of her mother's life and heart, promising herself to read it on her knees at night, while sitting in the little room adjoining Lady Glenlonely's; for that lady, in the comfort she found in Hope's presence, seemed quite to forget that it was cruel to keep so young and delicate a girl up half the night, and then require her to bring her tea at an early hour in the morning.

And Hope never complained, while Tarlatan grumbled all the next day if she was not in bed before twelve, and declared her constitution must sink under it. Hope, strong in duty, gratitude, and love, gave no token of exhaustion, but what might be traced in the pallor of her cheek, and in her drooping form.

"Please go to my lady at once, Miss—What's yer name?" said Tarlatan, in an insolent tone; "if she's asked for you once, she has fifty times. The more fool she," she added, as Hope hurried upstairs. "She must be a fool indeed to prefer being waited on by a chit like that, to the attendance of a lady like me—a first-rate milliner, and accomplished dress-maker and hair-dresser, accustomed to travel, and acquainted with all the capitals of Europe."

"And a hornament to the best of them," whispered Townley, the handsome groom of the chambers,

whose black eyes and white teeth often made Tarlatan forget that she ought not to give herself to any domestic under the rank of a butler.

"That's all you know about it," laughed Tarlatan, as she hurried away, blushing and bridling, to her tea in the housekeeper's room.

When Hope reached Lady Glenlonely's chamber, she found her noble patroness asleep; and requiring a book she had left in the drawing-room, she hurried down to fetch it.

She found Lord Glenlonely there, talking politely to Captain Greville, who was supposed by Lady Glenlonely, by Hope, and by Esther Fitz Darrell, to be an ardent admirer of the last-named young lady.

He more than once adroitly introduced her name, glancing furtively at Hope the while, to see if she took any notice of his doing so. Hope, who was the kindest creature in the world, hearing him speak of his intention of also visiting the Highlands, and dwelling on the beauties of the very spot to which they were going, thought how enchanted he would be if Lady Glenlonely would invite Esther Fitz-Darrell to spend a few weeks at Burnside; and, whispering her desire to the kind old lord, he at once empowered her to invite Esther. Hope, who thought Captain Greville looked pale and anxious, said kindly, as he rose to take his leave, "If you come to see us at Glenlonely, Captain Greville, you will find our young friend, Miss Fitz-Darrell, with us."

"At any rate, I hope so," said Lord Glenlonely, "as we mean to invite her to inhale our northern breezes; and I own I should like, as we row or sail about on the lake at Glenlonely, to hear those duets you used to sing with Miss Fitz-Darrell, and the glees in which Hope has joined. At any rate, if you come to the Highlands, you will find us there, and a hearty welcome."

Captain Greville blushed as he replied, "I shall find everything that can make earth a Paradise if you are all there."

And, confused at having betrayed so much emotion, he hurried away.

"I suppose that will be a match, Hope," said Lord Glenlonely, kindly. "Well, she's a nice girl, and he's a fine, soldierly young fellow, to whom her little fortune would be a great advantage, as it would enable him to purchase a step or two; and, as she has no parents, a husband's protection would be invaluable, if they like each other. I'll give her away myself, and give them a wedding breakfast too."

"How kind you are to every one, my lord!" said Hope, taking his hand and kissing it, as a grandchild might have done; and the next moment, hearing Lady Glenlonely's bell ring loud and impatiently, she tripped lightly away.

Lady Glenlonely made no objection to the proposed invitation to Nessy (now Miss Fitz-Darrell).

But there were so many things to be done, that Hope did not find a moment for the perusal of her precious volume (the journal of her poor mother).

Late at night the box containing all the relics of that unhappy lady arrived, so neatly covered with black tarpaulin by Tom Trudge, that it was quite a respectable addition to Hope Evermore's luggage.

(To be continued.)

MY VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.—NO. VI.

"I HAVE been thinking again and again, Wilton," said I, "of a host of whelks springing from those froth-like masses you have recently described; are the egg-clusters of other molluscs equally curious?"

"They are," he replied; "but they are commonly found in deeper water. Other creatures are much more frequent on rocky ground, preferring, it must be admitted very naturally, a fixed nursery to one borne hither and thither by the waters. There is, however, one species of sea-snail having a polished, light-brown shell, elegantly marked with dark streaks and spots, which either leaves its cluster of eggs loose in sandy places, or attaches it to any object so slightly that it often becomes so. These greatly differ from the eggs of the whelk. They are firmly gelatinous, or of the consistency of gristle, nearly or quite transparent; in shape resembling not a bubble or an urn, but the hoof of an animal; and moreover, they are slightly coated with fine sand. When dry, they have been compared to pieces of thin Scotch oat-bread. The eggs are defined in the surface of the mass by little hexagonal spaces. But the form of the curves which the hoof-like body assumes may well awaken, as the justly celebrated Dr. Harvey remarks, special admiration, for they fit it for lying on loose sand without becoming deeply buried beneath the surface."

"Well! that is certainly the most remarkable fact that you have mentioned as to molluscs' eggs. Were they to sink into the sand, the young would perish,

and so the calamity is averted by a special curve, which the mass assumes whenever it is extruded from the body of the parent. Who, then, can reckon up the millions of instances that have occurred without a single failure as to this form? What a proof is here of the hand—the mind of the Infinite!"

"Assuredly, my friend, facts meet us every moment in the study of God's creatures which, if they cannot make Atheism blush, must strike it dumb. To employ the words of Spenser—

'Look on the frame
Of this wyde universe, and therein read
The endless kind of creatures which, by name,
Thou canst not count, much less their nature's aim,
And which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beauty deckt.'

Hence it was the devout Fenelon exclaimed—"O my God, he who does not see thee in thy works has seen nothing! He who does not confess thy hand in the beautiful productions of this well-ordered world is a stranger to the best affections of the heart. He exists as though he existed not, and his life is no more than a dream!" Not only is every creature precisely adapted to drop into the niche he was ordained to fill, but there is no arrangement whatever in its entire economy that has not stamped upon it the same absolute perfection. Take, as an example, the hinge of this shell that lies in our path. What can be more complete than its obvious mechanism! The tooth-like parts are exactly adapted the one to the other, and then they are united by a ligament no less appropriate. In this shell the ligament was composed of two kinds of texture: the one, which is always external, is perfectly inelastic, the other, on the contrary, is highly elastic, having more of the proportions of cartilage. This portion is formed of parallel series of condensed transverse fibres, passing from the hinge of one valve of the shell to the corresponding part of the other valve, and having generally a deep black colour, and a pearly lustre. The cartilage is always situated within the ligament, sometimes in immediate contact, and forming with it one mass, and at others, placed at a distance, in a triangular cavity, among the teeth of the hinge. Now, what is the end of these simple, yet complicated arrangements? The bivalve mollusc, you observe, must have its two shells generally gaping, as we may say, that its gills may obtain air, and its stomach food, as the waters of the sea enter, and bathe its little body; and the elasticity of the cartilage is just what is required that these purposes may be answered."

"Is the shell closed by the same means?"

"No. Even so humble a part as the cartilage of a mollusc is not to be overworked, or to expend unnecessarily its vital force. All that is required of it is done when the valves are kept duly apart. That when danger is apprehended by the mollusc they may be instantly closed, he has one, two, or it may be a greater number of strong muscles placed between the valves, by which his dwelling is made secure. The force with which this is done is often surprising. Linnaeus mentions a giant clam, which, he says, weighed 498 pounds, and furnished 128 men with a day's food, and so great was the strength of its muscles, that, by suddenly closing its valves, it cut asunder a ship's cable. The hinge of another of these creatures has a cartilage of a dull colour, but when duly cut and polished, it is as beautifully iridescent as opal."

"There is no resisting an argument for the perfection of every part of a creature's economy, Wilton, when you can sustain it by such demonstrations as these."

"They are innumerable," he added. "Take another from the fleshy piece of the common cockle, called 'the foot,' which is, assuredly, a most serviceable instrument. Often have I seen it vigorously digging a domicile for the creature in the sand, and with equal alacrity preparing for its exit. Like our lower extremities, it enables the cockle to advance and to retreat. Unlike our limbs, however, this foot can lengthen itself at pleasure, and lock itself to any object by its extremity, when the mollusc wishes to descend; and the animal can thus shorten it and bring the shell to its point, cutting the sand with the edge. It can also curve the foot into an arch when it chooses to spring, then quickly straighten it again, and thus raise the whole body with much agility. It can even jump above the soil to a considerable height by a similar manœuvre."

"And this remarkable foot, I suppose you would maintain, is granted to no insignificant creature."

"Assuredly. Who will undertake to calculate its millions? A large kind called the red nose, with a solid, coarsely wrinkled shell, is abundant at Torbay. If you visit that place at spring tides, you may see them appearing just above the surface. The people



ROCK MUREX AND IANTHINA.

gather them in baskets and panniers, and after placing them in cold spring water for a few hours, they fry the molluscs in a batter made of crumbs of bread, and thus obtain a wholesome and savoury dish. Children gather cockles on the sandy shore, and eat them raw at all parts of our coasts. Their shells, strewn about the doors of cottages and along the neighbouring alleys and lanes, show how plentifully they have regaled the indwellers. They were almost entirely the means of subsistence to the poorer people in the Orkney Islands, during a great failure of the potato crop. And many a traveller in lands far distant has told of their worth. The shell, moreover, has its subordinate uses, as when it is employed in the Hebrides, as it is to the present day, for skinning milk; and, if you believe Macpherson, in the feast of shells, celebrated in the days of Fingal, it was the *sliga-crechin*, or the drinking-shell."

"A goodly array of services assuredly rendered by the cockle to human kind; but what is the shell which you just picked up?"

"It is a scallop," said Wilton, "whose family is extensively known, richly tinted as they are with brown and orange. So common is the speckled scallop that we can rarely walk over the sand without seeing it. Its tints vary in different individuals, but they are most frequently of a reddish brown, or deeper orange hue; the older specimens being mottled with white. Look, too, at this one, and you will see the colouring of the upper valve is much more vivid than that of the lower one. Why, then, is this? Light acts much more freely upon it than it can on the valve beneath. The splendid hues of shells brought from the East arise from the brilliant light of that region. And if in our wanderings we should find a shell enveloped in a sponge, or deep in the sand, or in some shady place, in which the mollusc liked to live, you may depend upon it it will be much paler than that of a creature delighting in the sunbeams."

"I can believe that fully, should we not actually find such a shell. If the gardener wants his celery

or endive to be duly blanched, he shuts them up from the light by the earth he gathers about them; on the other hand, where can we find birds so gorgeously arrayed as those which are brought from the tropics? and even humanity itself loses its florid hues, and becomes pallid and sickly when consigned to those cellars and other underground dwellings which have long remained, in some places, a foul blot on our boasted civilisation. But let me not interrupt you."

"The coast-dwellers," said Wilton, "are accustomed to cook the mollusc of the scallop with bread crumbs in its shell, and also to fry it for the table.



HINGE OF SHELL.

The women and children also form the shells into watch-pockets for our bed-heads, and pincushions for the gentler sex. Linnæus considered that as such shells were found abundantly among oyster-beds, the scallop was a species of oyster—a kind of 'country cousin' to the suburban 'native'; but as this mollusc differs alike in itself and its dwelling from the oyster, it has been detached from it, and that very properly, by later naturalists. Some of the scallops are found in the seas of most climates, and in great abundance on the coast of Palestine. The French denominate these shells *pelerines*, or pilgrims, and they are still called in other lands, and especially

in Spain and Portugal, shells of St. James. Are you familiar, may I ask, with the history of that personage?"

"Not particularly," said I. "At all events, I have no doubt you can tell me much in reference to him that will be novel and valuable."

"Of that you will be better prepared to judge presently. However, according to the legend, a star pointed out the place where his body was concealed, and hence it was called Compostella, from *campus*, a field, and *stella*, a star, and became, in fact, a town in the ancient kingdom of Galicia; but, in later times, having the name it still bears of Santiago, which is literally, the city of St. James. Hence, in the middle ages, the pilgrimages to Compostella;—those 'excursion trips' of the time—which, as Chaucer has shown, having no little merriment and fun under a thin guise of religion, were so popular among the middle classes, and so profitable to the priests. It became, therefore, a practice for pilgrims to the shrine of St. James, to ornament their cloaks and hats with scallop-shells; and no fewer than three popes, Alexander III., Gregory IX., and Clement V., actually issued bulls, exclusively granting to the archbishops of Compostella a faculty to excommunicate all persons who should sell these shells to pilgrims anywhere except in that city. Fuller, that fine, quaint old writer, who abounds in recondite learning, and uses it with no little effect, asserts that scallop-shells were assumed because they were used for cups and dishes by pilgrims in Palestine; and derives the armorial bearings of the Villiers family—a cross charged with scallop-shells—from the crusaders. The term *escallopée*, used in heraldry, denotes a shield covered with scallop-shells; these being, however, peculiarly and judiciously arranged, for one is not placed immediately over the other, but each overlays a part of two."

"You have in this instance, Wilton, as in many others, added to my small stock of knowledge. Shakespeare describes Ophelia as putting a question and then answering it:—

'How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle-hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.'

The 'cockles' with which she supposed the hat to be arrayed were, of course, scallops, than which no symbol of pilgrimage was better known. Thus, an old chronicler, describing a masque performed in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, says:—'A pilgrim appeared, clad in a coat of russet velvet, fashioned to his call, his hat being of the same, with scallop-shells of cloth and silver'—doubtless in conformity with the ordinary representations of St. James himself; though, in Spain, he frequently appears an armed cavalier, like our patron saint, St. George of Cappadocia, whose golden image is so often employed to brighten our prospects, and to cure with sovereign efficacy so many human ills.

"Here," said Wilton, "is a member of a small but still important tribe of molluscs. There used to be a conundrum, 'Why have the mussels in the Bay of Dublin no beards?' and the answer was, 'Because there are so many razor fish there.' Such was the solen, the inmate of these long and narrow shells, reminding us of a pod or seed-vessel of a plant. They are longer and narrower than any other shells. Aristotle, describing one species, says, 'It buries itself in the sand at the depth of about two feet; it can sink or raise itself at will, but it does not leave its hole. It is alarmed by noise, and, when frightened, buries itself with great rapidity.' Now, this description of the ancient philosopher accords precisely with the habits of our British species. One, the *pod razor-shell*, is covered with a light brown or olive green skin, which, when removed, shows the shell beneath to be white, with a few dull purple bands. This, which is the largest of the British species, varies from three or four to eight inches in length. The French call it *manche de couteau*, and it certainly bears no small resemblance to a knife-handle. The mollusc is good for food; hence women and children look for the holes the solens have made in the sand, and then, putting in a long bent wire, drive them from their hiding-places, and take them captive. More slender than this one is the *sabre razor-shell*, which inhabits deeper water."

"I have seen," said I, "some shells which look as if they had been rolled up cylindrically; what are they called?"

"*Voluta*," said Wilton. "Some bear the name of Mitres, from their being like the head-coverings of certain distinguished ecclesiastics. One kind, of a pear shape, about half an inch long, nearly as broad, and of a dusky white colour, is held sacred in China. Shells of this species are valued at considerable sums. They are kept in pagodas by the priests, who sometimes use them in administering medicine to the sick, and in anointing with holy oil kings and other rulers. But here is a riddle for you; What man of modern times derived the greatest advantage from a shell?"

"Some one who discovered in it a pearl of great value."

"No; guess again."

"The man who found out how to engrave such shells as we see exposed for sale, or to sculpture others like cameos; and pressing a large number into the market at once, but in distant places, laid the basis of a considerable fortune?"

"No. I am thinking of what is more precious than gold. Try once more."

"Well, I have tried, with no result; so, I give it up."

"One day, not very long ago, a labouring man was engaged in working a quarry in a lofty wall of cliffs that overhangs the northern shore of the Moray Frith. In the course of the first day's toil, he picked up a nodular mass of blue limestone; and, thinking he should like to know whether anything, or what was within, he laid it open by a stroke of his hammer. The result was astonishing and delighting. His eye fell on a beautifully finished piece of sculpture—one of the volutes, apparently, of an Ionic capital. Now the question arose, 'Is there such another curiosity in the whole world?' He determined on trying the experiment. He broke open a few other nodules of similar appearance—for they lay pretty thickly on the shore—and found that there might be. In one of these were what seemed to be the scales of fishes, and the impressions of a few minute bivalves prettily striated; and in the centre of another there was actually a piece of decayed wood. Of all nature's riddles these seemed to him at once the most interesting and the most difficult to expound. The mind of the quarryman had now received an impulse to which he had before been a stranger; it proceeded from effort to effort until its accumulation of knowledge was large, its power of reasoning singularly acute, and its imaginative faculty of no ordinary

vigour. Another station in society is now occupied by the quarryman. Before long we see him, with surprising intelligence and labour, penning a volume; it is issued from the press, bearing on its title-page, 'The Old Red Sandstone.' It is perused by the most scientific geologists of the day, and they speak of it in terms of high but just laudation. And ere this, you have anticipated my mention of the name of Hugh Miller, on some of whose works you have doubtless pondered, whose death awakened sorrow not only in this but in other kingdoms, and to whose genius, industry, and fame, a grateful memorial is now being reared."

"Yes, most deservedly. The issues of that broken nodule, and the discovery of that fossil shell, are deeply interesting; and you will not fail to remember that it was when the crystal fell from Haüy's hand pleasure followed quickly on the heels of regret—for, though he looked only for his broken mineral, he discovered the principle which, duly worked out, became speedily the science of Crystallography."

The nature and properties of the "Rock Murex," and the "Lanthina," represented in our illustration, were explained in the preceding number.

The Matron.

NO. XXXVI.

EXPERTNESS in needlework promotes economy in dress; and economy in dress is a virtue that every wife and mother should try to practice.

Burns, in his "Model Housewife," represents her as capable of making "aid claise look amaisst as gude as new;" and how is this to be done, but by a clever needle-woman, and by one who can not only cut and contrive, but also mend, piece, and turn everything to advantage?

In a family where small means are made the most of, the old clothes of the father and mother are always made up for the little son and daughter, and those of the elder children for the younger ones. In making little coats and dresses out of larger ones, the worn or faded parts can be cut away, and if the remaining part is not quite as strong as new stuff, it may last for one season, and a certain saving may thus be effected.

In the last chapter I gave directions in different branches of needlework; not that I suppose my female readers are ignorant of this important art, but few among us are so perfect in practice but that a little recurrence to theory improves us; besides, written rules may assist mothers in teaching their little daughters, and help elder sisters in directing the younger ones.

Having spoken of hemming, sewing, running, and stitching, I now come to binding. Binding is put on to different kinds of stuffs in preference to hemming them. Flannel should be bound. A thin tape is sometimes used for the purpose, and sometimes a "flannel binding" is placed on the right side of the flannel. On this side it should show but little, and be hemmed down very neatly after having been run on with small stitches on the other side.

Gathering requires even more care than binding. Divide the stuff to be gathered into halves and quarters, and mark the divisions with a stitch or a pin. In a similar manner halve and quarter the piece on which the gathered article is to be sewn. Begin the gathers about twelve threads from the top, taking three threads on the needle, and leaving four, and proceed in this manner until one quarter is gathered. Having fastened the thread by twisting it round a pin, stroke down the gathers with a strong needle. In exactly the same manner proceed with the three remaining quarters. When you have gathered them all, take out the pins and see that the gathers of each quarter answer to those of the piece to which it is to be sewn, and mind, this sewing must be very neat, and it must take a slanting direction, and you must only fasten on one of the gathers at a time.

Puffing is employed for frills, and the effect of it is pleasing. You must proceed according to the rules given for common gathering. Then after the gathers are well stroked down, you must gather again under the first gathering, and just at the depth you intend the puffing to be. When you sew on the first gathering of the frill to the gown or frock you have trimmed, mind you do so at a distance answering to the width of the puffing. The second gathering should be sewn to the edge so as to form a full hem.

There is a mode of joining linen or cotton by means of what is called *German hemming*. It is done as follows: Turn the two raw edges down (both towards you), say one below the other, and hem or fell it to the piece against which you have laid it. Then turn

the sleeve or whatever you may have been working at, and fell down the other edge.

For working linen, fine thread is better than cotton. Both threads and cottons should be kept in boxes, for exposure to the air and light injures them. This remark is also applicable to hooks and eyes, and all metal implements.

Some years ago there was a tendency to undervalue needlework in female education. People are somewhat wiser now; but too much preference is given to ornamental over useful work. This partakes of the evil tendency of modern education—all for show and society, and little or nothing for home and its comforts.

The needle was held in great estimation, even by the ancients. Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, was supposed to patronise it.

If we turn to Scripture, we find David speaking of "a raiment of needlework;" and in modern times how touchingly the amiable poet Cowper alludes to the use of the needle, speaking to his Mary, whom he loved in her feeble old age as much as in all the brilliancy of youth. Alluding to her expertness in needlework, before age had impaired her powers, he says,

"Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust, disused, and shine no more,
My Mary."

But let the young ladies who read the poem from which these lines are quoted remember that Cowper adds,

"But all their threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves around my heart."

Certain it is, there is hardly any qualification in a young woman that pleases a sensible man more than proficiency with the needle. Without undervaluing any pleasing talent, he sees in it a better guarantee for domestic comfort than in all the brilliant accomplishments acquired at fashionable schools.

A KISS.

Hamid seal of soft affection,
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connection,
Love's first snow-drop—Virgin Kiss

WHEN Wesley was once reproached for the application of some popular tune to a sacred hymn, he replied, that surely they would not have him leave all the good music to the evil one! In the spirit of this great man it might be recommended that, if there be a giddy vagrant abroad, corrupted in his time by evil communication, with some touch of virtue in his nature, and once the friend and companion of all the gentle deities that strewed the path of matrimony with flowers, it should be attempted to recall him to the circle of his ancient friends. We know not but that, by the force of example and timely admonitions, the conversion of that gay prodigal—the Kiss—may be compassed; and if his immediate recantation be a blessing not to be expected, at least we are not precluded from venturing to put him upon reflection, and awaken him to a useful sense of his danger, by briefly calling to his mind the leading events of his past career.

Kissing was an act of religion in ancient Rome. The nearest friend of a dying person performed the rite of receiving his soul by a kiss, supposing that it escaped through his lips at the moment of expiration. Spenser, in his Pastoral Elegy on the death of Sir Philip Sidney, mentions it as a circumstance which renders the loss of his illustrious friend more to be lamented, that—

"None was nigh his eye-lids up to close,
And kiss his lips."

A little after, he introduces the lady, "the dearest love" of the deceased, weeping over him—

"She with sweet kisses sucked the wasting breath
Out of his lips, like lilies pale and soft."

The sacredness of the kiss was inviolable amongst the Romans for a long time. At length it was degraded into a current form of salutation. Pliny ascribes the introduction of the custom to the degeneracy of the Roman ladies, who, in violation of the hereditary delicacy of the females of Rome, descended to the indulgence of wine. Kissing was resorted to by those gentle, "good easy" husbands (who knew better than to risk the tumbling of the house about their ears), as the most effectual and courteous process to ascertain the quality of their wives' stolen libations; and Cato the Elder recommends the plan to the serious attention of all careful heads of families. The kiss was, in process of time, diffused generally as a form of salutation in Rome, where men testified their regard and the warmth of their welcome for each other, chiefly by the number of their kisses.

It was allowed sometimes, in the case of an inferior

to one above him, to kiss the right hand—a custom which is remarkably recognised to this day amongst the Spaniards in their letters. Amongst the early Christians, the kiss of peace was a sacred ceremony, observed upon their most solemn occasions. It was called *signaculum orationis*—the seal of prayer; and was a symbol of that mutual forgiveness and reconciliation which the Church required, as an essential condition, before any one was admitted to the sacraments. The Roman civilians, at length, took the kiss under their protection. Their code has defined, with exquisite accuracy, the nature, limits, incidents, &c., of the *Right of Kissing*: although we do not find that this sort of property holds a place amongst the incorporeal hereditaments of our own laws. The kiss had all the virtue of a bond, granted as a seal to the ceremony of betrothing; and if the husband elect broke the engagement, repenting of what he had done, he surrendered a moiety of the presents received in the ceremony of betrothing, in consequence of the violence done to the modesty of the lady by a kiss!

In much later times the kiss was esteemed to be a ceremony of particular obligation, as could be shown in a thousand instances. The gentle Julia, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," after exchanging a ring with her lover, completes the contract by a kiss—

"And seal the bargain with a holy kiss."

The same lady seems to entertain a high estimate of the efficacy of a kiss; for in the throes of her remorse, a little before, for having torn into fragments the love-letter of Proteus, she hits upon the following expedient:—

"I'll kiss each several paper for amends."

Not satisfied, however, with this act of compunction, and opining that a kiss is the "sovereignest thing on earth for an inward bruise" she thus apostrophises her absent lover:—

"My bosom, as a oed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd,
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss."

Nor ought we to be surprised at the veneration which has been universally allowed to the ceremony of kissing, when we remember the important functions which devolve upon the lips in the economy of the human face. It is true they have not been thought worthy of a place in coats of armour, like the eyes, or raised to a level with the nose and ears, which have, ere now, been the objects of much costly decoration; but they form that privileged feature which represents, in their turn, the three most ennobling gifts of our nature—prophecy, poetry, and eloquence. The words "his lips were touched with fire," familiarly express the power of prophecy.

It would be a useless piece of industry to collect here the thousand elaborate and ingenious things which poets, old and young, ancient and modern, have wrought into the description of a kiss. The choice of all the sweet-scented flowers, and the most approved juices, whether for their gratefulness to the taste or the smell, have been from time to time defrauded of their exquisite properties in favour of some particular class of kisses, to which the following one, I suppose, belongs:—

"Tis every aromatic breeze
Wafted from Africa's spicy trees,
'Tis honey from the fragrant hive,
Which chemist bees with care derive,
From all the newly open'd flowers."

It is no unfavourable step towards the acquisition of better habits in future, that the kiss has been emancipated from the iron dominion of the law. The gallant, gay creation of France has done this for the world; but, as it will be the case in revolutions of all kinds, the advantage of the change has been hurt by some abuses. The ingenious Montaigne indeed deeply deplores the diffusion of the spirit of kissing in France, because he thinks the prevalence of that custom takes away from the grace and favour of a kiss, and complains of the hard fate to which ladies are exposed, in being obliged to lend their lips to every one with the appearance of a gentleman. "As for our parts," he adds, "we are no gainers by it, for, taking the sex in general, for three pretty girls we must kiss fifty ugly ones, and to a squeamish stomach like mine, a bad kiss will not compensate for a good one." The last instance in which the kiss formed the subject of serious regulation belongs to a barbarous people. The Empress Catherine of Russia instituted assemblies of men and women to promote the cultivation of polite manners. Among the rules for maintaining the decency of those assemblies, she directed that "no gentleman should force a kiss from, or strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of exclusion."

Small Change.

WHICH causes a girl the most pleasure, to hear herself praised, or another girl run down?

It is recorded that an extraordinary surgical operation was lately performed, which killed the patient. The doctor, at the last accounts, was doing well.

In the days when rogues and thieves were branded with the letters R. and T., *lettered men* were more common than they are now.

THE STRONGEST KIND OF HINT.—A young lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings will go on his little finger.

A FELLOW was brought to King James I., and it was said he could eat a whole sheep at a meal. "What else can he do," asked the king, "more than other men?" "Nothing," was the reply. "Hang him, then," said James; "for 'tis a pity a man should live who eats the share of twenty men, and can do no more than one."

A PRINTER'S TOAST.—Woman, the fairest work of creation. The edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy.

We have heard of a desperate fellow, who swore that he would commit suicide, even if he should perish in the attempt.

A GENTLEMAN said at table that he wished he could manage without servants, as they were more plague than profit. "Why not have a dumb waiter?" suggested a friend. "Oh, no, I have tried them—they don't answer."

SOME writer exclaims, "What is beauty without soap?" Sometimes fashionable beauty is nothing with soap. We have seen many a cheek from which the beautiful red-rose hue would vanish before that useful article like a ghost before the sunrise.

A DUTCHMAN was relating his marvellous escape from drowning, when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of the hearers. "I did not co in te pote!" was the Dutchman's placid answer.

AN ILLUSTRATION.—A distinguished divine, on a certain occasion, while preaching with his usual eloquence and power, said, "Brethren, I sometimes illustrate my subject in this manner;" and suiting the action to the word, put his handkerchief to his nose, and blew a blast loud enough to awake "the seven sleepers." That was not the intended illustration, but some of his hearers thought it was.

BACHELORS are not entirely lost to the refinement of sentiment, for the following toast was given by one of them at a celebration:—"The ladies—sweet briars in the garden of life."

WHEN young, we trust ourselves too much, and we trust others too little when old. Rashness is the error of youth, timid caution of age. Manhood is the isthmus between the two extremes; the ripe, the fertile season of action, when alone we can hope to find the head to contrive, united with the hand to execute.

AN Irishman has just discovered a substitute for potatoes. It consists of pork and cabbage. He says that he has tried various other things, but this is the only "substitute" he'd like to warrant.

PITCH upon that course of life which is the most useful, and custom will render it the most agreeable.

A LADY who was a strict observer of etiquette, being unable to go to church one Sunday, sent her card.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor, according to what he is, not according to what he has.

DURING the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him, "Which way did the stairs run?" The witness, a noted wag, replied that, "One way they ran upstairs, but the other way they ran downstairs." The learned counsel winked his eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

It is extraordinary how many defects we can discern in a friend after we have quarrelled with him. The same remark applies to a woman after she has rejected us.

"CUFFY, why don't you kick that dog?" "What am de use ob kickin' ebbery cur what snarls at you? Don't you know dat am de way he wants you to bring him into notice?"

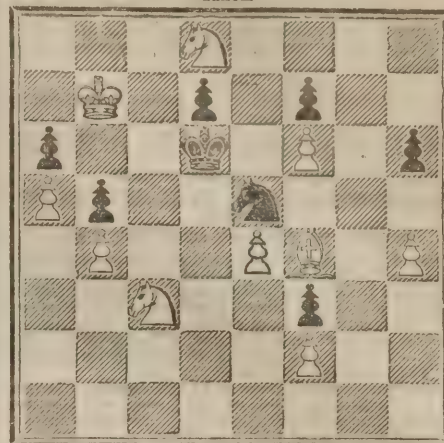
NATURE has not conferred upon us a responsible existence, without giving us, at the same time, the strength, rightly exerted, to perform its duties.

A POOR actor, with a book under his arm, was entering a pawnbroker's office, when he encountered a friend, who inquired what he was going to do? "Only going to 'spout' Shakespeare," was the reply.

Chess.

Problem No. 67. By W. GRIMSHAW, Esq.

BLACK.

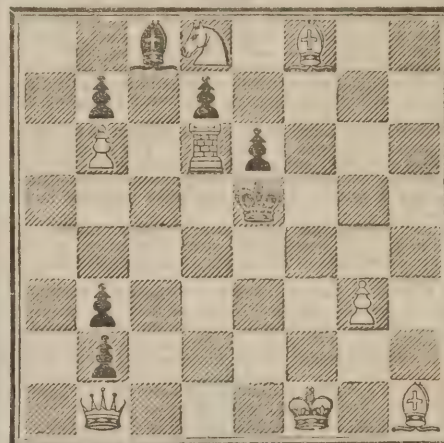


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in five moves.

Problem No. 68. For the Juveniles. By T. SIMPSON, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 62.

WHITE.
1. Q to Q B 2
2. R to K 6
3. Q or R mates

BLACK.
1. P takes Kt
2. Any move

Solution of Problem No. 63.

WHITE.
1. Kt to K B 4
2. B to K 2
3. Q to K Kt sq
4. Q or P mates.

BLACK.
1. P takes Kt (α)
2. B takes B
3. Any move

(α)

2. B takes P
3. Q takes B
4. B mates

1. P takes P
2. P takes Kt
3. Any move

Solution of Problem No. 64.

WHITE.
1. Q to Q R 7
2. Kt to Q 6 (ch)
3. B mates

BLACK.
1. R takes Q (best)
2. K takes P

DOUGLAS.—Problem No. 1 is pretty fair for a beginner, but it is much below our standard of merit. No. 2 is an easy mate in two moves, e.g., Q to Kt 6 (ch), and mates with either Kt next move.

H. E. K. AND W. G.—We are much gratified at your friendly communications.

G. T.—A careful re-examination of Problem No. 60 will, no doubt, convince you that your solution is incorrect.

E. G.—It is legal to Castle notwithstanding that the King may have been checked, but he cannot Castle while in check.

D. W. S.—The work to which you refer contains a collection of first-rate games.

M. A. R.—Black could not, as in an ordinary *Guoco Piano*, play Pawn to Q 4, at his 9th move in the game to which you refer, on account of the position of the adverse Q B.

W. C. CORRON (North Shields).—Do you not overlook Black's rejoinder of Q to R sq check, if White play as you suggest in Problem No. 54?

DOMINO.—Many thanks for your communication.

Our Editorial Table.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The numerous correspondents who have from time to time solicited advice and information from us on questions of Photography, will, we have no doubt, be gratified to find from the annexed Prospectus, that a new Journal will shortly be published which promises to meet the various demands which the development of this interesting science is creating.

On Friday, September 10th, will be published, price 3d., to be continued weekly, THE

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS:

A WEEKLY RECORD OF THE
PROGRESS OF PHOTOGRAPHY, AND ITS ALLIED SCIENCES
AND ARTS.

EDITED BY WILLIAM CROOKES, F.C.S.

The rapid progress which the science of Photography has made since its first discovery in 1839, the numerous artists throughout the kingdom who are practising it, the inquiries, controversies, communications, transactions of societies and individuals, which are important alike to the Photographer and the public, will render a Journal of Photographic Intelligence, which shall treat of the development of this beautiful art, a publication of really national interest.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS, as its name implies, will aim at the collection and publication of all intelligence instructive and interesting to Photographers. As a medium of communication between manipulators in the art, such a record of their inquiries and the results of their experiments cannot fail to advance the science, and impart additional value to its columns.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS will not only chronicle all the intelligence and discoveries made in Photography, but will form, as it progresses, a complete manual of the science; it will aim at being, in every respect, the Photographic educator, teaching the aspiring student, by easy, simple, and progressive rules, the whole of this marvellous art. Instruction will be given in the production of pictures, positive and negative, through the agency of light on paper, glass, and metallic plates, to which will be added all the various receipts as practised by the most successful operators throughout the world.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS, will, in addition to the above departments, furnish a Dictionary of Photographic Art, forming a complete encyclopedia of all the terms, formulae, processes, and materials in use, together with a comprehensive list of articles of every description employed in its practice.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS can be ordered through all booksellers and news-agents, price Threepence weekly, stamped Fourpence, or free by post, from the publishers, for 4s. 6d. per quarter.

All Editorial communications to be addressed to the Editor of the PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS, Office, La Belle Sauvage-yard. Communications respecting Advertisements to be addressed to Mr. Dring, care of the publishers, Messrs. Petter and Galpin, Belle Sauvage Printing Works, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.

T. P.—It was 192 years ago that the great fire of London took place. This calamity happened a year after the city had been visited by the awful and never-to-be-forgotten plague. The fire broke out on the 2nd of September, in 1666. It began in Pudding-lane and ended at Pie-corner. It is said to have originated in a baker's house. Breaking out in the dead of the night, and fanned by a strong wind, it spread devastation far and near, destroying 13,200 dwelling-houses, 430 streets, and many hospitals, libraries, schools, and stately edifices. From the Tower to the Temple Church 436 acres were covered with ruins. It is a remarkable fact that this fire, so merciless to property, was merciful to human life. Charles the Second seemed an altered man during the fearful ravages of this fire; and his humanity, judgment, and integrity were worthy of all praise. At his suggestion houses were blown up to stop the communication of the flames. His genius was everywhere; his presence encouraged and calmed the awe-stricken citizens, and for a brief period Charles the Second was the guardian angel of his people. To commemorate this awful conflagration, the monument was erected on Fish Street Hill. It stands at a distance of two hundred feet from the house in Pudding-lane, where the fire is supposed to have originated. It was erected by Sir Christopher Wren at a cost of £13,700. It was commenced in 1671, and completed in 1677.

R. S.—You wish us to tell you the exact position of Valentia, and also to give you some particulars of the progress of the Atlantic Telegraph, the final triumph of which has been achieved through so many difficulties. In the first place, Valentia is a small island, to the south-west of Ireland, off the coast of Kerry. On Tuesday, the 10th ult., news was received at Valentia that the use and adjustment of special instruments for speaking had commenced at Newfoundland. It seems the first words received were "Repeat, please," and "Please send slower for the present," spelt in full. The signals for repeat were sent frequently, proving that at first the instruments were not adjusted with sufficient accuracy. Articulate messages now pass along the bottom of the Atlantic, by a chord as sensitive as the nerves that communicate with the human brain and the organs of the body. All the dangers and adventures of the Agamemnon, in laying the Atlantic cable, would make an interesting volume. Several times anxiety was experienced on account of the failure of the continuity signals. Twice, vessels bore down upon the enterprising ship, threatening destruction. A whale crossed the line, and actually grazed it. Then came the fear of damages to the cable. It will easily be understood that the intrepid adventurers reached the shore in a state of considerable excitement.

STEPHEN.—You ask if the figure of Britannia on the coin of this realm is a fancy figure, or taken from the antique.

According to the historian Grammont, it is neither one nor the other, but a full length portrait of Frances Theresa Stuart, Duchess of Lennox, painted by Lely, and still extant at Lethington Castle, East Lothian, Scotland. It was Charles the Second who caused this lady to be represented as the emblematical figure of Britannia. The portrait represents a tall woman, with that fulness of feature and person which characterised the beauties of the reign of the "Merry Monarch."

LAURA.—It was at Berlin and in the Berlin Schloss that the Queen was for the first time the guest of her daughter, the Princess Frederick William of Prussia. Berlin, about which you are so curious, is well worthy the inspection of travellers; but its beauties are rather those of art than of nature. Berlin is the capital of Brandenburg and of the Prussian monarchy. This city is built on a regular plan. The Brandenburg Gate (through which our gracious Queen entered the city on the 16th ultimo) is considered the most simple and majestic portal in Europe. This matchless gate forms the entrance into the Linden Strasse, which, as a street, is perhaps without a rival. It is divided by double rows of linden, or lime-trees, into fine alleys, which afford delightful walks, and along which are ranged edifices of the most majestic and classical character. Among these are chiefly to be remarked the palace, situated on the Place de Gendarmes, seen along a line of lofty facade, ornamented with porticoes, statues, and every variety of sculptural decoration. The streets and squares are broad, spacious, and regular. The river Spree, which divides Berlin, has the appearance of a broad ditch, navigated by flat-bottomed boats. On the opposite side is the old town, a scene of traffic, with little pretension to beauty. Berlin carries on extensive manufactures of linen, woollens, and silk. It has also a royal manufactory of porcelain. The trade of Berlin is very great; for the city communicates through the Spree both with the Elbe and the Oder. Berlin's university contains 2,100 students; and its library, cabinets of natural history, and botanic gardens, are celebrated all over Europe.

HENRY GRAY.—It is hardly fair to call upon an author to state all the sources from which he has drawn the characters and incidents in his works; all we can say is that our correspondent has made a very shrewd guess, but we must decline to enter into particulars.

R. JORDAN.—A proper use of fruit greatly contributes to the preservation of health. But you must partake of it in moderation, once or twice a day. Ripe fruit quenches thirst, and cools the system.

ANDREW.—You ask us if it be possible to keep a wife and three children in respectable circumstances on the sum of 30s. per week. Much depends on the meaning you attach to the word "respectable." We know several sober and industrious mechanics and artisans who support their families decently and comfortably upon much less than 30s. per week.

M. S. J.—A marriage under the circumstances you name would be perfectly legal; the language of the law being—*Consensus non concubitus facit nuptias.*

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER (Exeter).—A celebrated sauce for fish, game, steaks, &c., is thus prepared:—Walnut pickle, mushroom ketchup, and soy, each half a pint; chopped cloves of garlic and anchovies, six of each; cayenne pepper and bruised cloves, of each half a dram. Mix, simmer for ten minutes; then strain and bottle. If garlic be disliked, it can be omitted, or shallots may be substituted.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—"The History," &c., by Diodorus Siculus, is but a portion of the original work in forty books, of which only about fifteen remain. He is often erroneous in his chronology, and some of his narrations are fabulous; but the latter part of the work is much prized by the students of history for the valuable information it contains. Several editions of the work have been published.

A MOTHER.—The best application for all kinds of burns and scalds, is an immediate application of dry wheat flour. This at once shuts out air, soothes the irritation, and dries up the fluids thrown out. And in cuts, on the hand or elsewhere, bring the divided parts together, hold them there steadily, and cover them up closely either with adhesive plaster or clean linen rag, tied on firmly, and the healing will go on so long as there is no disturbance. Don't be in a hurry to remove the binding; if you disturb the half-formed new flesh, a sore will be the consequence.

M. W., POLLY, AND MARIA NORTON.—To preserve rose leaves you have only to gather the roses when in full blossom, on a dry day, and when the sun has dissipated the dew; pick the leaves off singly, spread them out on a sheet of white paper in the shade, and when they are sufficiently dried scatter them in your drawers, or put them into small muslin bags. A few lavender flowers, dried as above, and mixed with the rose leaves, will greatly improve the odour.

KATE J.—The price of an ordinary marriage license is £2 12s. 6d.; of a special license, £25.

E. STANTON.—Where gold or silver fish are placed in vessels in rooms, they should be kept in soft water. The water will require to be changed according to the size of the vessel or the number of fish kept therein, but it should not be done too often. A vessel that will hold about a pail of water, may sustain three fish for a fortnight, and so in proportion. A few crumbs of bread may be dropped in the water once or twice a week. Your other questions must stand over.

JACOB FAITHFUL.—Your "few trifles" have appeared in many publications. The process of cleaning ink-stained velvet in desks, &c., would be more troublesome and expensive than re-covering them.

D. U.—In reply to your question about the commencement of the middle ages, we reply that the beginning of this period has been fixed at A.D. 451. They are supposed to end with the revival of classical literature in the fifteenth century, that stage of transition, combining in itself several of the most striking characteristics of the two states of society, between which it forms the interval.

NERO.—White wax is pure bees' wax bleached by exposing it, in thin flakes, to the action of the sun, wind, and rain. You should frequently change the surface thus exposed by remelting it, and reducing it again to thin flakes. The process being somewhat tedious, you had better procure it at once from some oilman or waxchandler.

B. FIELD.—The monster nugget of pure gold recently found at Ballarat, Victoria, weighs 2,217 ounces. It is described as about twenty inches long by six or seven broad. It had a narrow escape of being two nuggets instead of one, for, at a point one third from the end, its continuity is only maintained by a slender neck, which is so slight that the men were afraid to handle their prize much, lest they might break it in two. Hence it has been called "The Siamese Twin." In shape it has a resemblance to a skeleton horse's head and shoulders, the narrow part we have mentioned representing the neck.

A DECEIVED ONE.—In your case there is not any redress. Promises merely verbal, and not in writing, and signed by the party to answer for the debt of another, are of no avail in law, although they are commonly thought binding. Thus, if two persons go to a shop, and one orders goods, and the other says, "If he does not pay I will," he is not bound unless his engagement is reduced to writing, but, with an honourable man, his word is his bond.

GEORGE.—In your anxiety about your sister, every feeling heart will sympathise; but even had she the opportunity of visiting a warmer country, it is by no means certain that she would benefit by the change. Sir Charles Clarke disputes the doctrine of change of climate being of use to persons suffering from consumption. Dr. Burgess, an eminent Scotch physician, is of the same opinion as Sir Charles Clarke. That warmth is not itself beneficial, he proves from the fact that consumption exists in all latitudes. In India and Africa it is as frequent as in Europe and America. At Malta, in the genial Mediterranean, one-third of the deaths among the soldiers are from consumption. At Nice, in the south of France, there are more of the natives who die of consumption than in any English town of equal population. In Florence the disease is marked by a suffocating character, and by a frightfully rapid progress; and in Madeira no local disease is more common than consumption.

CLARA CAREFUL.—Put a few drops of creosote in a saucer or on a piece of spongy paper, and place it in your safe or larder. This will drive away insects and cause the meat to keep sweet several days longer than otherwise. A small quantity added to wine or vinegar, will give a smoky flavour to meat or fish.

A FREEMAN.—Unless you can produce your indentures, you will find it difficult to establish your claim to the freedom of the city and the privileges of a freeman.

T. H. R. AND A SUFFERER.—The following will be found of great use as a collyrium, or wash for inflamed eyes:—Sulphate of zinc, 16 grains; tincture of opium, 2 drams; distilled water, 1 pint. Apply with a soft rag night and morning, or oftener if necessary.

OLD JEALOUS CHUTNEY.—The enigma you kindly sent us has already appeared in several publications.

J. M., JOHN WHITAKER, AND SOME OTHERS.—A good white varnish, suitable for maps, &c., on paper, is prepared thus:—Gum Sandarac, eight ounces; mastic, two ounces; Canada balsam, four ounces; spirits of wine, one quart. Dissolve in a gentle heat, or in a water bath. In a few days decant the clear. The maps, &c., should first have a coat or two of size made from isinglass, or cuttings of parchment. Crystal varnish may be purchased of most varnish makers.

RICHARD THOMAS.—You do not require a license as a draper, unless you hawk your goods.

A PLOUGHMAN (Selkirkshire).—Thirty-two numbers of this Paper may be had, post free, for 3s. 6d., upon application to Messrs. Petter and Galpin.

A BROTHER.—As the portrait was a gift, you cannot compel its return.

BALDY, A GARDENER, CYMRO, CARLETON, CAMERON, ANNIE, MALVINA, SIR C. FOURREAU, LA SAVOIR FAIRE, A. H. ST. CLAIR, DICK TABLETON, ANGELINA, W. MOLYNEUX, LILIAN, RICHARD TYRREL.—Some of these correspondents complain of a redundancy of hair, others that they have not so much as they wish, and others are dissatisfied with the colour of their hair. We have furnished information suited to these cases in former columns, which our correspondents will please to consult.

R. G. N., LILLIE, MARTHA, AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, GABRIELLE, J. TAYLOR, PAUL S. F., ALBIN, SUBSCRIBER TO THE NEW SERIES, J. L. STEVENSON, H. F. S., YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN, W. T., N. HOMO, L. TADFIELD, FLORA.—These correspondents, and several others whose signatures we have tried in vain to decipher, complain of corns, warts, pimples, red noses, freckles, &c.; directions for the cure of which we have several times given.

Civil Service Appointments.—Every post brings us inquiries concerning these; it is impossible, from the very slight information our correspondents furnish respecting themselves, to give very definite replies. But we are preparing a series of articles on the subject of these appointments, which will furnish such general information as may be useful in most of the cases.

C. S.—R.—A child born in France of English parents, would, on arriving at his maturity, be considered an Englishman.

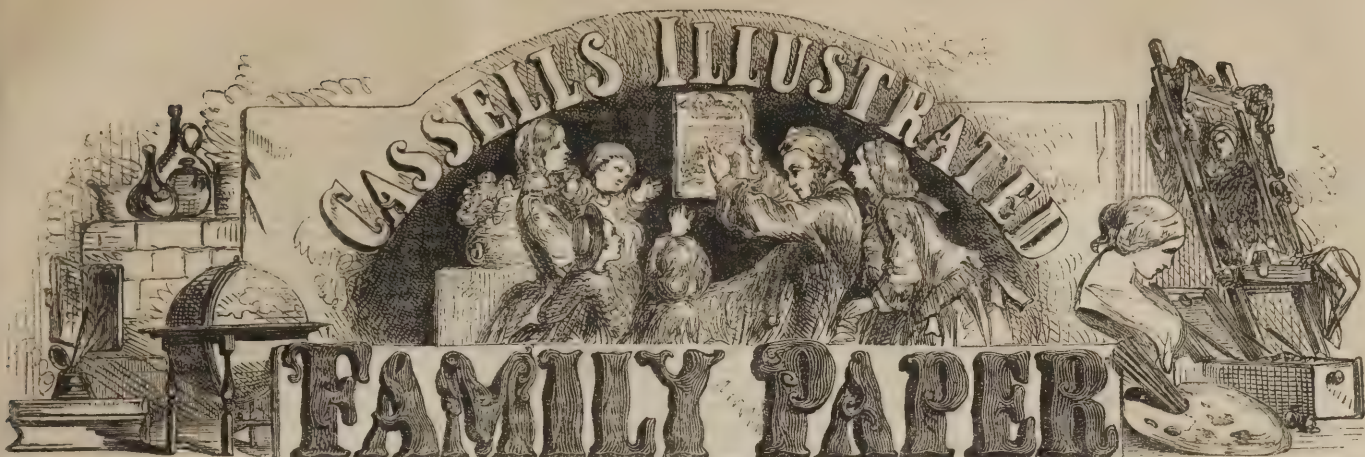
Respectfully declined.—FELIX, A BIRTHDAY WISH, G. FISHER, R. THOMASON, W. HIBERNIA, E. F. G. S. A. CLAYTON, R. X., G. COOK, LUCY JOCELYN, S. L., GULIELMUS, T. W. A., A YOUNG BEGINNER, X. X. X., MY FIRST ATTEMPT, MARY G.

MABELINE, W. GREGSON, A. B. C., CHARLES, CALCUTTA, DICK TURPIN, F. M. J., J. NEEDFUL, DANGEROUS POSITION, SUFFERER, IMPATIENCE, A. BOOTHROYD, S. G., J. BEAL, W. W., and several other correspondents, are suffering from various ailments which require medical treatment.

**** We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.**

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAP. TER LXXXVIII.

Who steals my purse, steals trash;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which naught enriches him,
Yet leaves me poor indeed.—SHAKESPEARE.

NEVER did any man proceed with a lighter heart or more benevolent spirit to complete the work of reconciliation so happily commenced, than Peter Mangles did when he set out from Meldown Park to visit George Markham at the Elms. Although at times fretful and

somewhat hasty in his temper, especially when anything went wrong in the City, the old man possessed a kind and forgiving heart, and in his simplicity—for he was exceedingly simple, out of business—judged every human being by the same standard that he did himself, carrying anger as the flint bears fire, a hasty spark and all was over.

"How happy George will be," he thought, as the carriage rolled along the common which extended between the hall and the seat of Mr. Thornton. "Of course he must have a share in the firm and take the name of Bently. Bently and Son!" he repeated several times to himself, with an air of intense satisfaction. "Mary must take care," he added, "that the name does not become extinct."

Peter had been accustomed for so many years to look upon our hero as lost for ever to his family, that the possibility of his return never entered into his speculations.

Next he wondered what Mary could possibly have

meant when she spoke of consigning herself, and asking him to sign the invoice. On any other subject the phrase invoice and consignment would have delighted him, for he relished any allusion to business; but when his long-cherished plans were at stake—no, with all his love for the fair girl, Peter could not smile at that.

On reaching the Elms, he was shown into the library, where he found George Markham and his partner. The former had two open letters in his hand, and appeared greatly excited.

"How is my old friend?" inquired Mr. Thornton. "Better," replied the messenger of peace, as he believed himself, "though still weak and suffering. How can a man fail to be better who has just settled a bad account,—brought it to a satisfactory conclusion? His heart is as light as mine is."

Here the speaker looked around him as if exceedingly anxious to shake hands with some one.



CARUS STARTLED BY THE APPEARITION OF SMILES.

"Reconciled with his daughter?" exclaimed the manufacturer, with a benevolent smile. "I am heartily glad to hear it."

The husband of Rachel still remained silent.

"And you, George," said Peter, looking anxiously into his face, "are you not glad?"

"For my wife's sake, yes," replied Mr. Markham.

"And your child's?"

"Mary will be rich enough for happiness," observed her father.

"There is something more than money, or even business, necessary to make us happy in this world," answered the clerk; "and no one ought to know it, George, better than yourself. It is a heart at peace with all mankind. Richard feels it so; and this day will complete the work of reconciliation. Your father-in-law desires to see you."

"Reflect," whispered Mr. Thornton to his partner, who made no other reply than by glancing significantly at the open letters.

Peter Mangles walked up to him, and placed his hand affectionately upon his arm.

"What is the matter, George?" he asked. "Any bad news from the City? Any misfortune that money—"

"The greatest," interrupted the father of our hero. "One gold cannot gild, or success efface: a stain upon my good name—an impeachment upon that which, even in the midst of poverty and shame, the drunkard's degradation, I preserved pure and unsullied—my honesty. Read that—read that, and then judge my feelings."

The speaker, greatly excited, thrust the letters into the hands of his aged friend and benefactor.

The career of George Markham, since his reformation, had been one of unbroken prosperity; success had smiled upon his efforts, and he was now, not only a prosperous, but a wealthy man. The requirements of his rapidly increasing commerce rendered it advisable for him to open an account with the Bank of England, and he had made an application to that effect only two days before quitting London.

The letters were the reply to it.

The first was an official one, declining his account; the second contained a private communication from one of the directors, a personal friend, explaining the reasons of the refusal.

Letters written by Mr. Bently to his nephew, Carus Kearn, had been produced, in which the former accused his son-in-law with having abstracted certain valuable securities whilst in his employ.

Poor Peter groaned with mortification and disappointment as he finished reading them.

"The villain!" he exclaimed; "the heartless, ungrateful villain! I have long suspected this," he added; "and now that Mr. Bently now bitterly regrets his intemperate rashness."

"Intemperate!" repeated Mr. Markham, ironically. "I admire the word intemperate! The man who, in a cowardly and vindictive spirit, could blast the reputation of one as honest as himself, is a villain."

"Yes, yes!" muttered the clerk. "Carus is all that."

"I speak not of the nephew, whose pitiful malice I can despise, but of his uncle."

"Of your father-in-law!" exclaimed the old man, in a tone of astonishment, so naive that it made Mr. Thornton smile.

"Of him."

"George, George! is this just? Is it business-like? when I come with offers of peace and forgiveness. For your wife's sake, for Mary's sake, for all our sakes, recall that which I have said."

"Never!" interrupted the husband of Rachel; "there are injuries no atonement can efface, and this is one of them. I can forgive my father-in-law that he held back when a helping hand might have saved me, preserved a home for his daughter and her children; his wealth was his own, and he alone was answerable for the use he made of it. But when in his malice he assails my good name, brands me with dishonesty, I spurn the tie he only now remembers, and reject his offers with scorn and contempt. He shall not call me hypocrite," he added, bitterly, "as well as thief."

The speaker repeated the word thief several times, then passed his hand athwart his brow to hide the tears wounded pride wrung from him. As for Peter, he had sunk into a chair, where he sat gazing on him, a picture of helpless sorrow; the blow had all but overwhelmed him.

"You regard this affair too seriously," observed Mr. Thornton; "an accusation made at the moment of your marriage, and unsupported by proofs, can never weigh with honourable men. Your father-in-law has long since regretted it."

"He regret it! you do not know him, sir," interrupted his partner—"his heart is granite."

"George! George!" ejaculated the old clerk, "do not say such dreadful things."

"He does regret it," repeated the manufacturer, "and this unhappy circumstance justifies me in divulging a secret which otherwise I should have felt it my duty to have kept."

"A secret!"

"Who do you imagine first induced me to take you into my employ?"

"I know not," muttered the agitated man, who, writhing under the sting of an unmerited accusation, paid but slight attention to his words.

"Mr. Bently."

"Did you hear that, George?" demanded Peter Mangles, starting from his chair; "did you hear that?"

"True," continued Mr. Thornton, "that your own industry and good conduct did the rest, backed by the assistance of your kind friend here."

"I have no merit," exclaimed the clerk; "claim no merit. It was Richard who advanced the money."

In his anxiety to make peace between his employer and his son-in-law, the good old man forbore to explain all the circumstances attending the transaction.

"Mr. Bently!"

"Mr. Bently," repeated Peter; "won't that soften you? Think of your wife, George; recollect all that she has suffered, and don't cast a gloom over her happiness and Mary's. I speak not of your own or their interests, for I know that you are above such considerations."

"Had there been a reason—the shadow of a pretext for such an accusation," observed Markham, his resolution somewhat moved by the appeal.

"There was a reason," said Peter Mangles.

"This was uttered so seriously that it startled both his hearers, who eagerly called on him to explain himself."

"A few weeks previous to the return of Mr. Bently from abroad," continued the clerk, "I placed in the iron safe at his private residence securities belonging to the firm—Indian securities for ten thousand pounds. This took place just before your marriage with Rachel, when you were a frequent visitor at the house, George."

"Pray proceed," said the latter, impatiently.

"The next day they were missing," resumed the old man; "how, I have never been able to divine, for I slept with the keys under my pillow; but so it was; the following morning they were gone."

"And I have been all these years suspected of having taken them!" exclaimed Markham.

"Not by me, George," replied Peter; "not by me. Richard, it is true, suspected you; but I told him he was wrong—how correctly your petty-cash book always balanced when you were only a boy in the office—but he would not believe me. Anger at your marriage with Rachel had blinded his better judgment."

"Save his sense of justice."

"Well, George, perhaps it had," observed the old man, dolefully. "The best of us may detect an error in our accounts. In a moment of irritation, he wrote these letters to Carus which the rascal has made so infamous a use of. I know that he has repeatedly requested him to give them up, declaring his conviction of your innocence; but the hypocrite pretended he had destroyed them."

"How do you intend to act?" inquired Mr. Thornton of his partner, who paced the library several times before he could make up his mind to answer him.

"I shall return to London this very day," he said, at last.

"And not see your wife and Mary?" ejaculated the messenger, who trusted to their intercession to accomplish the rest.

"As a husband and a father," continued the speaker, without noticing the interruption, "my first duty is to preserve my name unblemished; I may one day have a son to inherit it. Should Providence restore him to me, I must be able to meet him without a blush. Heaven!" he added, "is there a pang—can human malice invent a torture so exquisite as to compel a parent to stand dishonoured in the presence of his child?"

Mr. Thornton pressed his hand in token of his sympathy.

"You are right," he said. "Your presence in London must give the lie to this most odious calumny. I will return with Peter to the hall and explain the cause of your absence to your wife. Come, old friend," he added, clapping the last-mentioned personage familiarly upon the shoulder, "the good work you have laboured for years to accomplish is only delayed; as we well know, a tangled account requires being carefully gone over."

This was one of those truths which appealed so

directly to the clerk's experience and peculiar view of things, that, if it failed to reconcile him to the disappointment, it prevented his making any further attempt to induce George Markham to forego his resolution.

As the messenger returned to Meldown Park, accompanied by the owner of the Elms, it was arranged between them that the real cause of her husband's absence should be kept a secret not only from Rachel, but from her father.

"Could I have foreseen this happy change," observed Mr. Thornton, after explaining the motive of his visit to the invalid and Mrs. Markham, "I would have gone to London myself, where the presence of George or myself is imperatively necessary."

This, at least, was a truth, although kindly meant to mislead.

"Will he be absent long?" inquired Mr. Bently.

"Some days—a week at least," replied the partner of his son-in-law.

"We won't trouble you with business now, Richard," added Peter.

The merchant regarded both the speakers searchingly. The first one met his gaze without the slightest change of countenance, but the old clerk, who was the worst actor imaginable, grew exceedingly red in the face. Mr. Bently turned upon his pillow with a sigh, and asked no further questions.

By a dispensation of Providence, no less merciful than wise, affliction seldom overtakes us but a corresponding degree of strength is given to enable us to bear up against the blow. It proved so in the present instance; for, although the grandfather of our hero felt that in the loss he had sustained, his heart had received a wound which time might scar over but never heal, he found himself gradually recovering his former strength, and ere a week had elapsed was sufficiently strong, not only to quit his room, but, supported by the arm of Rachel or Mary, to take gentle exercise in the park.

Mother and daughter both wondered at the deep melanchole that weighed his spirits down—the feverish anxiety he expressed to quit a place now hateful to him, since every spot reminded him of his grandson, and he trembled lest some unguarded expression, or outbreak of sorrow, should betray the secret which poisoned the springs of life.

"Very natural!" exclaimed Peter Mangles, to whom they expressed their surprise. "How can you expect that Richard should feel happy in such a horrible place, so far from the City; nothing but trees and flowers to look at; no business, no 'Change, no Times, till it's a day old. I should go mad here—mad! Rely upon it," he added, "there is nothing so conducive to longevity as the bustle and excitement of London, and its much abused wholesome, healthy, smoky streets."

His hearers smiled. They knew what an enthusiast the speaker was upon his favourite topic.

No wonder that, with these feelings, the old clerk watched the progress of his employer towards convalescence with intense satisfaction, or that he began to think it high time that he himself returned to "town." Business—although he had both written and received at least a dozen letters daily, and taken every precaution his experience could suggest—must, he felt assured, have suffered terribly from his absence; and business, as our readers are aware, was always a primary consideration with Peter Mangles.

The thought of what might be said or surmised on 'Change haunted him till he could endure it no longer, and he announced his departure for the following morning to Mr. Bently.

"Wait one day longer," said the latter, "only one, and I will accompany you."

Peter felt delighted at the resolution, but saw, as he gazed upon the still pale features of the speaker, that one day would be too soon.

"No, Richard," he answered, "you must not think of such a thing. The desire is natural, exceedingly natural—just what I should feel in your place; but, although you are better, wonderfully better, you are not strong enough to undertake a journey yet. You had better wait," he added, "the arrival of your son-in-law, and—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted the merchant; "you know as well as I do that George Markham has no intention of coming to Meldown—more, that he rejects my offers of reconciliation."

"I thought you had given up your suspicions," stammered Peter.

"If they are unjust you can at once disabuse me of them," observed Mr. Bently, calmly. "You have only to look me in the face and tell me that they are so—I never doubted your word yet, however I may have quarrelled with your judgment."

The old clerk twice attempted to speak; but his courage failed him—he could not utter a lie.

"I am answered in your silence," added the speaker, with a sigh—"Rachel and her daughter will soon be taken from me; and I shall be left to die alone."

"No, Richard, no; nothing of the kind," exclaimed his friend, deeply moved at the tone of sorrow in which the words were uttered. "Rachel has proved herself too good a wife and mother ever to forget her duty as a child, even should her husband carry his resentment so far as to desire it."

"His resentment!" repeated the invalid.

"You do not know the cause."

On hearing this observation his hearer turned so pale that Peter became alarmed, and would have rung for assistance had not a movement on the part of Mr. Bently prevented him.

"Tell me all," he said; "I can endure it. Do you know the agonies of suspense?"

"I should think I do, Richard," replied the old man. "Haven't I watched every change in the money market for the last fifty years? There, I see what you mean, and I will tell it you. The letters you wrote to Carus, accusing George Markham of abstracting the securities, have brought forth bitter fruit. The heartless scoundrel has made them public; the consequence is that the Bank of England has refused to open an account with your son-in-law, who, in the eyes of the world, is a dishonoured man."

To the astonishment of Peter Maugles, the intelligence which he expected would overwhelm him, appeared to afford his employer relief.

"Does my daughter know this?" demanded the merchant.

"Not yet," answered his informant; "but she soon must hear it. Your nephew has spread the slander—for it is a slander—in every direction. It would fall harmless enough," he added, with a sigh, "but for the authority of your name."

"The heartless villain!" murmured Mr. Bently.

"I always told you that he was a villain," observed Peter, "but you would not believe me; and now you see the consequences—he triumphs over the man he so unjustly persecuted and hated."

"Never!" exclaimed Mr. Bently, with an energy which startled his faithful clerk. "I can crush the reptile—crush him in the face of day—draw his venomous fangs, and compel him to avow himself the author of the crime of which he accuses George. Why—why," he added, "was this concealed from me? You and Thornton, doubtless, both meant it kindly, but it might have led to fatal consequences."

The following morning, despite the remonstrances of Peter and the entreaties of his daughter, the speaker quitted Meldown to proceed by easy stages to London, taking the bill—(doubtless our readers have not forgotten the circumstance)—that Richard cashed for Sanford in Calcutta, with him.

Two days after his departure, the funeral train of Sir Norman Boothroyd arrived at the hall, where it lay in state. Doubtless it would have been a source of great satisfaction to the deceased baronet could he have seen how very properly Messrs. Scutcheon and Pall, the great West-end undertakers, conducted the whole affair; how exactly the family shield, with its sixteen quarterings, was blazoned. But, unfortunately, when once we have shaken off this mortal coil, we are no longer capable of deriving consolation from these things; were it otherwise, the late Sir Norman Boothroyd must have felt delighted at the unexceptionable manner in which his dignified corpse had been treated.

Velvet, painting, and gilding, had done their best, or rather worst, to render death ridiculous. No train of sorrowing friends followed the remains to their last resting-place; no grateful poor blessed them as they passed. In lieu of these, there were the two executors, the Earl of Carlington and Squire Blundell, Viscount Illston, who considered the necessity of his attending a great bore, the physician, and the lawyer, but there was not a single tenant either in the churchyard or the church. The inhabitants of St. Faith's stood aloof from the procession as it passed through the village, and even the poor, in many instances, refused the funeral dole which Andrew Silex, according to custom, distributed.

"Norman must have been a great blockhead," observed the Earl of Carlington to his son, as they returned from the funeral, "to have made himself so terribly unpopular in the county!"

"He was decidedly an ass," lisped the viscount; "had he lived much longer, he would have bored me to death."

"A magnificent property," said his lordship, willing to change the subject.

"Yes, but sadly encumbered."

The peer repeated the word with surprise, and added, that to his certain knowledge, there was not a single mortgage on the estate.

"I am aware of that," replied his son. "Alice is not exactly a mortgage."

"Illston! Illston!" exclaimed his father, angrily, "you really are a most intolerable puppy."

"I suppose so."

With which admission the conversation dropped.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

This conscience doth make cowards of us all.
SHAKESPEARE.

INTO how reckless a state would mankind degenerate but for the presence of that inward monitor which, like a mirror, reflects our actions in their true light, and holds up a faithful image of ourselves, which some doggedly refuse to contemplate, whilst others merely snatch a hasty glance, and in the vortex of the world, its pursuits of avarice and ambition, or yet more ignoble passions, strive to forget the hideous portrait—(hideous from the stern truth of its resemblance)—which has for a moment startled them.

Conscience is the only painter that never flatters; and hence, like genius, it is rarely popular. There is no softening of shadows, no toning down of wrinkles in the likenesses drawn by its iron pencil; on the contrary, they stand boldly out, appealing to the soul with resistless eloquence, a voice in every touch of the great master's hand.

Were it possible to transfer these moral pictures to canvas, how inestimable would they become. Placed side by side with Titian, the gorgeous colouring of the glorious old Venetian would show pale; contrasted with the Dutch and Flemish schools, the wondrous detail and exquisite finish of Miéris, Brughel, Teniers, and Oudry, appear meagre and feeble; the *chef-d'œuvre* of Michael Angelo, the "Last Judgment" of the Sistine would lose its sublime terror. Neither Cimabue nor Giotto could stand the test.

When Mr. Bently pronounced the word "assassin," the veil which obscured the portrait of Carus was flung an instant drawn aside, and the ruffian beheld his own likeness in all its hideous deformity. Fear pointed her mocking finger at him, and he fled. The word haunted him even in his dreams—waking he muttered it to himself.

There was also a second monosyllable, an interrogative one, which he would have given much to have obtained an answer to—*Which?*

Something whispered to him that his safety depended upon that.

Long before reaching London he had made up his mind what steps to take; to decide was with him to act; anything appeared preferable to suspense, to a life of doubt, tortured by hourly fears, startled by shadows that might at any moment prove realities.

There is this peculiar fascination in crime, there is no getting rid of its memory; like a recurring dæmon it will return, bringing with it a train of consequences. Murderers have been known to haunt the spot in which they have entombed their victims, the thief to linger round the scene of his depredations. The chain which fetters them may be an invisible one, but its links are not less of iron.

It was some such feeling which induced Carus, although the hour at which he arrived in London was a late one, to wander in the direction of Clerkenwell, instead of proceeding to his own home—for in Clerkenwell dwelt the old dealer in drugs, of whom he was suspected of having purchased poison. We say suspected, for there were no proofs of his crime except moral ones. Neither Mr. Morton's investigations nor the patient perseverance of Styles, had succeeded in obtaining any direct evidence.

The last-mentioned personage had remained faithful to the promise he had made to Mr. Bently in Jersey. The secret of his fidelity was a very simple one: he was well paid, and it answered his purpose for once to act honestly. Gradually he had succeeded in obtaining the confidence of the old Hindoo, who, feeling himself growing every day more feeble, engaged Tom to reside with him by way of protection, for he was reputed to be sick, and lived in continual dread of being robbed and perhaps murdered. Thus the gold he had sinned for became his punishment.

With all his cunning, the artful spy had never succeeded in winning from the drug-vendor the secret he was so anxious to obtain. Either his host had forgotten the circumstance of having sold Carus the poison, or was too suspicious to acknowledge it. The records of his transactions, if he kept any, Mr. Styles shrewdly suspected must be kept in a large iron chest of Indian workmanship, which stood by the bed-side of the old man.

The contents of the aforesaid chest had long excited the curiosity and cupidity of Styles. He had fre-

quently tried to lift it, but found it far too heavy; whilst the locks which secured it defied even his skill and experience to tamper with; but little doubt, however, existed in his own mind that it contained money.

As the Hindoo was childless, and had no relatives, at least in Europe, Tom looked upon himself as his natural heir, and, like most heirs, felt a nervous impatience to ascertain the amount of his inheritance.

It was, therefore, with intense satisfaction that he saw the lingering spark of life gradually wearing itself out, and waited the moments when he should come into possession.

For three days he had watched the dying man with feelings akin to those with which the vulture may be supposed to hover round the expiring wanderer in the desert; true, he had neither the vulture's beak nor claws, but its ravenous instincts were not wanting.

"Why don't he die?" he muttered; "he must have as many lives as a cat, and they have it as the saying goes. I am sure it would be a mercy to help the old heathen out of the world."

He half rose from the stool by the bedside, but the thought of the consequences of helping the old man, as he called it, to shuffle off this mortal coil, restrained him, and he re-seated himself.

A low murmuring sound broke from the lips of the old man, whose eyes were fixed upon the water-bottle on the broken table near him, but beyond his feeble reach.

"I dare say—wouldn't yer like it?" said the ruffian, with a chuckle; "but I ain't a-goin' to give it yer."

The glance of the Hindoo became terrible—a moment's strength and the speaker might have paid a fearful penalty for his brutality.

"I tell yer I am tired of watching yer," continued Mr. Styles, after a pause, "it ain't by no means pleasant; but I'll make a bargain with you, if you like—answer the question I have so often asked you, and you shall have the water."

The sufferer shook his head in sign of refusal.

"Where are the keys of that box, then?"

His host attempted once more to speak, but anger choked him.

"You won't tell me, won't you?" said his self-constituted heir. "I've a great mind to make yer."

The speaker had once more started to his feet, and was approaching the bed, when a low, creaking sound caught his ear, and arrested his purpose. He listened for an instant; the noise was repeated: it came, evidently, from the adjoining passage.

Catching up the light, he opened the door of the room, and found himself face to face with his former employer, who had gained an entrance from the back of the old, dilapidated house, in order to obtain an interview with its owner; with what further intentions our readers can well imagine.

For an instant the two villains stood confounded, each at the presence of the other; but the confusion of Carus was the greatest, for he had long looked upon his agent as numbered with the dead, and he stood speechless with surprise and terror.

Styles was the first to speak.

"Mr. Keam!" he exclaimed.

The sound of his own name broke the spell, and convinced the assassin that it was no vision of his excited imagination, but the man whom he believed he had murdered, who stood before him.

"Alive!" he gasped, in the tone of one who had just recovered his breath after receiving some fearful shock.

"No thanks to you," muttered his former confederate, bitterly. "I wonder you ain't ashamed to look me in the face after yer attempt to—"

"Accident—pure accident," interrupted the intruder; "which I have bitterly regretted."

An inarticulate "humph!" accompanied by an expressive shrug of the shoulders, informed the speaker of the exact amount of credit his old acquaintance gave to the assertion.

"Stand back!" said the latter, as Carus advanced towards him; "I ain't a-going to run the risk of any more such accidents. There are plenty of neighbours within call."

"What do you do here?"

"I live here."

Carus slowly repeated the words, as if weighing what they might portend.

"For what purpose?" he added.

"To take care of the old man," replied Styles. "Your uncle employed me."

This information gave the nephew the key to the mystery he had so long sought.

"Mr. Bently is dead," he said.

His hearer made no reply, doubtful whether to credit the assertion or not.

"And you are his heir, I suppose?" observed the fellow, in order still further to test him.

"No," answered Carus, bitterly; "he has left a most extraordinary will, bequeathing the bulk of his wealth to his grandson, should he ever prove forthcoming to inherit it, which I doubt. I have merely my share in the firm; he could not deprive me of that."

All this sounded so probable and truth-like, that Styles, despite his cunning, was deceived; and began to ask himself whether it might not be advisable to let bygones be bygones, and reconcile himself to his former employer.

"Look you," he answered; "if I thought you would only act fairly by me—"

"It is my interest to do so."

"Well, there is something in that," exclaimed his quondam associate. "I suppose you can guess what I was sent here for Mr. Kearns? But I won't touch upon that subject now the old heathen is either dead or dying, for when I quitted the room he hadn't many minutes to live. All his papers are contained in an iron chest."

"Of which you, doubtless, have the key," observed Carus.

"Not yet."

"I must speak with him."

"You will get nothing from him," said Styles, leading the way to the chamber; "he's past answering you, even if he still lives."

On entering the room they saw that the dying man was at the point of death. Without the slightest pity or respect for the last struggles of humanity, the two ruffians shook him violently, and demanded where he had concealed his keys.

A deep groan was the only answer they obtained; and Carus, more ruthless even than his companion, proposed that they should search him.

With eager hands they dragged the faded, rusty, gabardine from the still breathing body, and eagerly examined the pockets, but without success; the object of their search was not there; and it is impossible to say to what extent the outrage might have been carried, but for Styles, who caught sight of a silken cord round the neck of the drug-vendor. With a cry of joy at the discovery, he snatched at it with such force that it broke, leaving the keys in his hand.

"Mine at last," he muttered.

A sinister chuckle broke from the lips of the dying man. It was interrupted by a rattling in the throat, and all was over.

"Dead!" said Carus, in a tone of satisfaction.

"At last," added his companion, with a broad grin. "He lasted a plaguy long time; but some people are so obstinate. It's extraordinary how the old fool clung to life."

With this observation Mr. Styles dismissed all recollection of his host from his mind, and proceeded at once to use the keys. It was some time, however, before he found the proper manner of applying them, for the locks were of a construction peculiar to the East. After several attempts he succeeded at last in raising the lid, when a slight detonating noise was heard, similar to the explosion of a percussion cap.

As no immediate consequence followed, he stooped over the chest, and began eagerly to examine the contents, unconscious, while doing so, that a thin, grayish vapour was gradually issuing from it, enveloping his head. He had not breathed it long before its deadly effects became apparent. Asphyxia, rapid as the lightning's flash, struck both heart and lungs; and, with a deep groan, he sank a corpse beside the long-coveted treasure of his host.

Carus stood horror-struck. Not that he regretted the loss of his confederate; on the contrary, his death released him from an inconvenient witness of his crimes; but the suddenness of it overwhelmed him with terror. Several times he attempted to approach the spot; but the thin, subtle vapour still continued to issue from the iron receptacle, and warned him back; gradually, it filled the room—the supply seemed inexhaustible.

"There may be papers," muttered the guilty man, working himself up with desperate courage to make a last attempt. As he approached, the painful throbbing of his temples and the increased circulation of the blood became oppressive; it was death to venture near; the grim king of terrors guarded the old poisoner's treasure chest.

In the hope of dispersing the deadly mist, Carus opened the door of the chamber to admit a current of fresh air, but the fresh air only served to increase the volume of the vapour, which, strange to say, was unaccompanied by flame.

Unable any longer to resist its influence, he staggered into the corridor—even there it pursued him, forcing him to retreat step by step to the

window through which he had obtained an entrance to the house; and he fled, cursing the cunning skill of the Hindoo, who had contrived to baffle all attempts to plunder him of his idol gold, living or dead.

The next day, the following announcement appeared in most of the principal papers:—

"Many of our city readers will recollect the old Indian, who, in his picturesque dress, was, until very lately, in the habit of vending his drugs in the neighbourhood of the Mansion-house. The police at an early hour this morning were induced to enter his residence in Clerkenwell, in consequence of the neighbours complaining of an exceedingly offensive vapour coming from the back of the house. On entering the upper room, the officers discovered two bodies; the Hindoo dead in his bed, and that of the man, an Englishman it is believed, who resided with him. It would seem that the latter had met his death in plundering his employer, who, by a curious contrivance, had rendered any attempt to open the chest, an iron one, containing his wealth, fatal to those who did not possess the secret. The amount in gold and jewels discovered is stated to be considerable; but as the old man had no heirs, it will revert to the crown."

When Carus Kearns read these lines he bitterly cursed his own want of perseverance. Had he waited a few hours longer, the treasure might have been his. He had, however, one consolation: the only witness who could have proved his attempt upon the life of our hero, and the poisoning of Mrs. Bently, were removed from his path for ever.

The death of the drug-vendor and Tom Styles, although it removed the worst apprehensions from the mind of the murderer, did not relieve them all. To do that, money was necessary; and money was not to be had. His credit, which had hitherto been sustained only by the most questionable means, was exhausted: ruin still stared him in the face. An accident, an inquiry at any moment might blast the reputation of the unprincipled speculator, and consign him to a prison. He had more than one reason to fear this, for Peter Mangles had returned to town, and he felt that the eye of the old clerk was fixed upon his movements.

Had Carus possessed the means of establishing himself in another land, he would at once have fled from England; but reckless, wild, unprincipled speculation—that desperate, fascinating game which, like the mirage of the desert, deludes its victims with unreal visions—had long since exhausted the moderate fortune he once possessed; and his were not the energies to look life and its stern realities in the face—battle with them resolutely, and overcome them by the force of indomitable will. On the contrary, he was one of those heartless wretches whom poverty enervates more hopelessly than crime.

Doubtless our readers have not forgotten that Carus had both a wife and child; the latter a meek-spirited, nervous boy, who trembled at the very sound of his father's voice, and shrank from his presence with ill-disguised terror.

To protect the interests of her son, Mrs. Kearns had hitherto firmly refused to give up that portion of her property settled upon herself at the time of her ill-assorted marriage. Her husband had tried threats and kindness without being able to shake her resolution: to both she opposed the same passive resistance, and met his menaces of separating her from her son with hints of an appeal to the Chancellor for protection. This staggered the ruffian, and the subject had been permitted to drop between them, till present emergencies revived it in his mind.

Before putting his scheme in execution he resolved, however, to make one last attempt to shake her resolution, for which purpose he sought the dressing-room of his unhappy victim, whom he found seated near the window, hearing the boy his lessons.

Mrs. Kearns changed colour at his appearance, for she read in the scowling glance of her persecutor, and his strongly compressed under lip, a repetition of the same angry scenes that had so frequently passed between them.

"Leave the room, Horace," he exclaimed, harshly addressing the youth, who looked anxiously in the pale face of his mother, and hesitated to obey him.

"Does the idiot hear?" added the ruffian, trying to work himself into a rage, in order to give colour to the violence he meditated.

"Obey your father, my love," said the unhappy woman, placing herself, with maternal instinct, between them, to prevent the insulting word from being followed by a blow, "and take your books with you."

The boy obeyed, and reluctantly quitted the dressing-room; for he loved his mother, and dreaded the trial which bitter experience told him was about to follow.

For several minutes Carus kept muttering to himself indistinct observations touching the obstinacy of wives, and the folly of intrusting them with the education of children. Mrs. Kearns heard these observa-

tions in silence, fearful lest a word should add to his ill-humour.

Suddenly he paused, and, fixing his eyes upon her, asked why she refused to answer him.

"What can I say," replied the meek-spirited creature, "when every word will be construed into an offence?"

"What can you say!" repeated the tyrant. "What should a wife say when her husband is in difficulties—jarred by demands which she has it in her power to satisfy?"

"Still the same eternal subject!" sighed the victim; "money—money!"

"I must have it!" exclaimed Carus, approaching her, and seizing her rudely by the arm; "I will have it. Your selfish obstinacy has baffled me in my speculations—prevented me from retrieving my shattered fortunes. Mark me," he added; "I will have it, or—"

The rest of the threat remained unspoken.

"Reflect before you decide," he resumed, after a pause. "You may be the mistress of your property, but I am the guardian of my son."

His wife turned pale as death. There was a frightful earnestness in every word he uttered, and a savage determination in his deep-sunken eyes as they flashed terribly upon her.

"You would take him from me!" she faltered.

"You have said it, madam; and, by heavens, I will. He has been too long petted and indulged by your weakness—taught to hate and despise me."

"You wrong me, Carus!" exclaimed Mrs. Kearns, imploringly. "Deeply as I have suffered from your unkindness and neglect, never has a word of complaint passed my lips in presence of my child. It is not my fault," she added, "if he no longer respects his father."

"Indeed!" said the fellow, with a sneer; "doubtless you expect to find me grateful, exceedingly grateful, for your forbearance. Will you assist me in my emergency?" he continued. "I shall not require the money for any lengthened period. I have certain operations in hand which once brought to a successful issue will retrieve all that I have lost."

His hearer regarded him with a look which reminded him how often she had heard and yielded to that plea before.

"I cannot beggar my child," she answered, with an effort to appear calm; "he has been wronged deeply enough already."

"You have seen him, then, for the last time," exclaimed her husband, advancing towards the room into which Horace had retired.

The wretched mother threw herself between him and the door.

"Have mercy, Carus," she shrieked, "upon me and on yourself. Have you not blighted my whole existence—robbed youth of its sunshine—womanhood of its respect? I have but one consolation left; if you have a heart—if you are human, do not seek to deprive me of it."

The loud insulting laugh which followed her appeal showed how callous the nature to which it had been addressed.

"You will not," she added, frantically, as her husband endeavoured to unloose her grasp from the handle of the door; "mercy! mercy!"

With a violent effort, the ruffian succeeded in wrenching it from her hand.

"You dare not," she exclaimed, starting to her feet; "the law will protect him from your violence."

"It must find him first," replied her husband, with a sneer.

"Stay, one moment! Will nothing less than our ruin, our absolute beggary content you?"

At this question, which indicated a yielding, as he imagined, on the part of the speaker, Carus, who was about to quit the room, retraced his steps.

"There is risk," he said, "neither of beggary nor ruin; but a crisis has arrived which renders additional capital absolutely necessary to carry my operations to a successful issue: were you capable of entering into the details, or of comprehending them in all their bearings, I could prove this to you. If you doubt me, consult Bland upon the subject."

"Yes, yes!" sobbed Mrs. Kearns, happy to obtain a respite upon any terms; "he is a friend."

Had she caught the ironical smile which rested for an instant on the saturnine features of her husband, she might have read the value of the reed on which she leant.

"Will you see him?" he exclaimed.

A feeble "Yes" indicated how completely the victim of domestic tyranny was exhausted by the struggle she had undergone.

"And when shall I have your answer, madam?"

"In the morning."

"Be it so," replied her persecutor, after a few

moments' reflection; "but remember that it must be final."

With which observation he quitted the room, leaving his heart and spirit crushed wife a prey to agonising doubts and indecision.

No sooner was she alone than the door of the adjoining chamber opened, and her son—his pale cheek suffused with tears—ran towards her, and threw his arms around her neck; he was followed by a female, about thirty years of age, a respectable, intelligent looking woman, who regarded her with the deepest commiseration.

It was her faithful servant Martha.

The presence of her boy, his tears and fond caress, recalled the suffering mother to herself.

"Let father have the money," he whispered, "when I am old enough I will work for both."

"Yes, yes!" sobbed Mrs. Kearn, clasping him to her heart; "anything rather than part with you! but it is hard—very hard—that my hand should be the one to beggar you!"

"You must do nothing of the kind," observed Martha, quietly; "the laws will afford you protection, if you only have the courage to resist."

"The laws," repeated her mistress, bitterly, "with their cold delay, will recognise the mother's rights when her heart is broken, and her child torn from her; had I been the only one to suffer, I could have endured the worst, rather than resign the last remnant of my fortune to his rapacious grasp."

"You will yield, then," observed the woman, in a tone of disappointment.

"I must see Bland," was the reply; "he will advise me."

At the name of the captain, a shade of doubt and contempt crossed the features of the servant; she, at least, had no faith in his friendship or disinterestedness.

And she was right. Captain Bland was one of those convenient personages; and there are many such in the world, who are always ready to perform any amount of dirty work, provided they are well paid. Carus had long found him an exceedingly useful assistant, most of his numerous speculations having been conducted through his agency; for, as our readers are aware, he was prohibited by the deed of partnership between himself and Mr. Bently from trading on his own account.

When his employer first introduced him to his unhappy wife, it was with a design which we cannot pollute our pages by more than a passing allusion to. That design had failed. The unprincipled agent perceiving, before compromising himself too far, that the purity and virtue of Mrs. Kearn were not to be corrupted by his sophistry, affected sympathy with her wrongs, or pretended to interest himself in her boy.

They had, however, produced some effect: the grateful mother believed implicitly in his professions of friendship. Had she known his real character, she would have turned from him with loathing and contempt.

"And you will trust this man," said Martha.

"I must."

"It is more than I would do," observed the clear-sighted woman. "But, heaven help us, we are placed in an evil strait. Why not apply at once to your husband's uncle, Mr. Bently? He is an honourable man."

"Alas! he is ill—dying, I believe," sighed her mistress—"at Meltdown; and I have no friend, no brother to advise me. It is useless to struggle: death has deprived me of every natural protector."

"Except one," replied the servant: "Edgar Mars-ton."

A slight blush suffused the cheek of her mistress. The gentleman alluded to was her cousin—a clergyman living in Norfolk, who had once been a suitor for her hand; but, in an evil hour for herself, she, or rather her fortune, attracted the attention of Carus. The authority of her father, and not her own heart, had decided the choice.

"He is married now," added the speaker, who read all that was passing in her mind; "and there can be nothing wrong in seeking his assistance."

"I will reflect upon it," replied the unhappy woman, passing her hand athwart her brow, as if to collect her thoughts. "Leave me now," she added; "Horace will remain with me. I cannot bear him from my sight for a single moment."

Her friend, for she was a faithful though humble one, quitted the room, her heart filled with sorrow and womanly indignation at the sufferings of her mistress, and the brutal conduct of her master, upon whose proceedings she resolved to keep an eye, as well as those of his plausible friend, who called shortly afterwards and had a long interview with her mistress.

Martha heard every word that passed between them, and took her precautions accordingly.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.—HISTORY.

In our last paper we pointed out some of the advantages of History—some of the benefits which were likely to accrue from the careful study of this important branch of literature. These advantages can scarcely be over-estimated. They are interesting to all conditions of life; and the lessons thus enforced are of the highest value. The results of the vast social and political experiments which mankind have tried upon themselves, may relieve us from the necessity of similar investigations. It is not necessary that we should all be involved in ruin, in order to ascertain the course of policy which produces such a disaster. We may, if we will, learn wisdom from the experience of other people, and reap the benefit of their success or their failure.

It is important to trace the history of the ancient world,—to follow the course of mankind since society first bound itself by reciprocal benefits and corresponding obligations. It is important to observe the elements which entered into these social compacts. And as the architect might examine with interest the foundation and materials of those gigantic structures, which have defied the power of time, and have maintained their pristine character to the present day, so those who are interested in the erection of permanent political structures, investigate with careful study the leading principles of those grand monarchies and republics whose colossal proportions and universal sovereignty once kept the world in awe.

But if the history of the ancient world abounds with interest and instruction; if it is important that we should know something of Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome, it is still more important that we should acquaint ourselves with the progress of our own country, and ascertain the nature of those principles and the character of those events which have bestowed on England so distinguished a place amongst the nations of the earth.

Nineteen hundred years ago our country was in a condition as barbarous as that of any of the islands of the Pacific. A race of tattooed savages, divided into marauding tribes, their occupation warfare, and their sport the chase, held possession of our land, and submitted to the indomitable sway of an idolatrous priesthood. They owed their first step in civilisation—their first progress from darkness to light—to the Romans. As a conquered nation, Britain was admitted to many of the privileges and most of the advantages of the Roman empire. During the Roman occupation it entirely changed its social aspect. The subsequent attacks of Picts and Scots necessitated the Britons—who had wellnigh forgotten the art of war—to solicit help from Germany. The blue-eyed, flaxen-haired children of Saxony came to their assistance. But, as the Chinese proverb has it, they called in lions to drive out dogs. The Saxons changed their character of allies to that of masters; and the nation underwent another transformation. The people were rapidly united in interest, instinct, and faith—they were Anglo-Saxons. Eleven hundred years after the Roman invasion, the Normans made their descent on England, and at Hastings the mild government of the Saxon kings gave way to the imperious sway of the victorious Gauls. England had never thoroughly experienced till then the bitterness of a conquered people. They were in bondage. And as tributaries of the continental princes they might have continued, but for those fortuitous circumstances which divided France against itself, and made England the only safe stronghold of the Norman lords. Then English and Normans made common cause; English character asserted its integrity, its valour, and its strength; the history of England fairly began when the Normans identified themselves with the country and people they had subjugated.

Deeply interesting it is to trace the gradual progress of our country since that period: the acquisition of political and social rights gradually won; the advancement of the people from slavery to freedom, from ignominy to honour, from darkness to light. Full of instruction it is to observe this emancipation—this breaking of the bonds which bound the giant—to find the fetters, ecclesiastical and civil, snapped by the mere growth of the giant's limbs. The history of England, philosophically considered, is something more than the succession of dynasties, the triumphs of armies, and the acquisition of territory; it is the practical assertion of popular power. The architect who examines a building which has endured for ages, finds its foundations strongly laid. And so it is with this social structure; the foundation is excellent. The people are its strength; the secret of its glory is attributable to them. Society works upwards. The best influences rise from the humbler ranks to those

in the higher walks of life. The advancement of the masses contributes most effectually to the regeneration of the whole body politic. Our national virtue is our national stability.

In the works of most of our historians this fact is overlooked; the people are altogether omitted. They inform us of a succession of dynasties; they dwell with enthusiasm on a few bright and shining names; they rejoice over our triumphs, and grieve over our reverses; but the prosperity which is felt by the majority of the people, the influence exerted by the people, have no part in their chronicles.

This is not the case with the history now appearing from the pen of William Howitt. He furnishes a faithful picture of the past; not confining our attention to the purple and the palace, to the jewelled and ermined multitude around a throne, but leading us forth amongst the busy herd of men,—men who are spending their lives in a hard battle with circumstances for a bare subsistence; and he shows what these Englishmen have been doing, and what they have accomplished for the happiness and welfare of our race.

Two volumes of this great national work have already been issued, and the third volume is near its completion. The favourable notices universally won from the press, fully justify us in recommending this work to our readers—to all those who wish to possess a faithful and impartial history of their own land.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XX.

"The exercise of to-day, Robert," said George, "will be the last upon nouns. Rules respecting the adjective will follow, and you will have exercises on the agreement of the adjective and substantive."

"The present subject for consideration is the proper use (according to the sense) of the singular or plural number with nouns preceded by prepositions."

"In such sentences as the following, 'A musician full of enthusiasm,' 'Un musicien rempli d'enthousiasme;' 'An orator full of talent,' 'Un orateur rempli de talent,' the least reflection is sufficient to determine that the singular must be used. But in these sentences, 'A prince full of vices,' 'Un prince plein de défauts;' 'A young lady full of talents,' 'Une jeune personne remplie de talents,' the case is different. We should not say 'A prince full of vices,' if this prince had but one vice; and although 'talent' in the orator's case must be singular, because only one talent of an eminent order is meant, in the other instance, we allude to all the talents that a young lady acquires in a complete education."

"The preposition *à* is sometimes followed by the noun in the singular, sometimes in the plural. 'A chest with a secret lock,' 'Un coffre à secret;' 'To travel on foot,' 'Voyager à pied,' require the singular, on account of the idea conveyed to the mind. 'Secret,' the secret lock, must be in the singular, because we think only of one lock, which is a secret one; and 'à pied,' 'on foot,' is an expression which implies going on foot, without the mind's being troubled with the idea of the number of feet."

"In the following sentences the words preceded by *à* assume the plural number—'To walk with the hands clasped,' 'Aller à mains jointes;' 'Horned oxen,' 'Des bœufs à cornes.' In both of these sentences the idea of plurality is naturally entertained."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
The wood	Le bois
Firewood	Du bois à brûler
Wood-cinders	De la braise
A log	Une bûche
Heat	La chaleur
Ashes	La cendre
Coal	Du charbon
Light	La lumière
Coke	Du coke
Combustible firing	Du combustible
Shavings	Des copeaux
A spark	Une étincelle
A fagot	Un fagot
The flame	La flamme
To kindle	Allumer
To burn up	S'allumer
To extinguish	Eteindre
To go out	S'éteindre
The smoke	La fumée
To smoke	Fumer
A fire, a conflagration	Un incendie
The light	La lumière
A firebrand	Un tison.

* "Cassell's Illustrated History of England from the Earliest Period to the Present Time," the text by William Howitt, the illustrations by the most eminent artists of the day, is published in weekly numbers, one penny each; in monthly parts, fivepence and sixpence; and in quarterly sections, one shilling and threepence. Vols. I. and II. are already published, price 6s. each volume. It will be completed in four volumes.

CASES IN WHICH A NOUN IS USED IN THE PLURAL OR IN THE SINGULAR, ACCORDING TO THE MEANING OF THE SENTENCE.

EXERCISE

1. Your friend, Mr. B, is a musician full of talent.
2. Princes and poets are thirsting for fame.
3. The daughters of Mde. C. (are very talented); they sing, draw, and play (on the) piano admirably.
4. Most authors are craving for applause and admiration.
5. On the Northern coasts the inhabitants live only on fish.
6. Sharks destroy more fish than any other animal (living) under water.
7. The roads in the deserts of Egypt are marked with horse and camel bones.
8. The fancies of a woman resemble much those of a child.
9. Although it is no more rational to fight (with the fist) than (with the dirk), the one is not so dangerous as the other.
10. My vessel (has just arrived), loaded with linen, butter, hay, wine, cider, and feathers.
11. I will send you a wagon loaded with rich wines, flowers, apples, &c.
12. Where is your wife? She lives in a (female boarding-house).

LE CORRIGE.

1. Votre ami, M. B, est un musicien plein de talent.
2. Les princes et les poètes sont altérés de renommée.
3. Les filles de Mde. C. ont beaucoup de talents; elles chantent, dessinent, jouent du piano admirablement.
4. La plupart des auteurs sont insatiables d'applaudissement et d'admiration.
5. Sur les côtes du Nord les habitants ne vivent que de poisson.
6. Les requins détruisent plus de poissons qu'aucun autre animal qui vit sous l'eau.
7. Les routes dans les déserts de l'Égypte sont marquées par des os de cheval et de chameau.
8. Les caprices de femme ressemblent beaucoup à ceux d'un enfant.
9. Quoiqu'il ne soit pas beaucoup plus rationnel de se battre à coups de poing qu'à coups de poignard, l'un n'est pas aussi dangereux que l'autre.
10. Mon vaisseau vient d'arriver, chargé de toile, de beurre, de foin, de vin, de cidre, et de plumes.
11. Je vous enverrai un chariot chargé d'oranges, de pommes, de vins fins, de fleurs, et de pommes.
12. Où est votre femme? Elle vit dans une pension de femmes.

"We will continue the dialogue of the 'Voyage à Paris,' which you must get by heart for our next lesson."

LE VOYAGE À PARIS

- | ENGLISH. | FRENCH. |
|---|--|
| We will breakfast in the French fashion, and start by the excursion train. | Nous déjeunerons à la Française, et nous partirons par le train de plaisir. |
| To-day we shall be at Paris. | Aujourd'hui nous serons à Paris. |
| What a pleasure. | Quel plaisir. |
| Now that we are on the road, or, rather, in the train, tell me something. | À présent, que nous sommes en route, ou, plutôt, en train, dites moi quelque chose. |
| With pleasure. | Avec plaisir. |
| What is the meaning of that advertisement, "No more nausea, no more sea-sickness?" | Que veut dire cette annonce, "Plus de nausées, plus de mal de mer"? |
| It means that if you buy the medicine advertised, you will have no more nausea, no more sea-sickness. | Cela veut dire que si vous achetez la médecine annoncée, vous n'aurez plus de nausées, plus de mal de mer. |
| I shall not buy it. I think a little sea-sickness does one good. | Je ne l'achèterai pas. Je crois qu'un peu de mal de mer fait du bien. |
| I am of your opinion. | Je suis de votre avis. |
| I was never better than I am at present. | Jamais je ne me suis mieux porté qu'à présent. |
| How far is it from this place to Paris? | Combien y a-t-il d'ici à Paris? |
| I do not know exactly. | Je ne sais pas tout au juste. |
| Sir, are you going all the way to Paris? | Monsieur va-t-il jusqu'à Paris? |
| Yes, sir. | Oui, monsieur. |
| I am delighted. I shall have the pleasure of your company. | J'en suis charmé. J'aurai le plaisir de votre compagnie. |
| What is the name of this village? | Comment appelle-t-on cette ville? |
| It is — | C'est — |

* Plus de nausées, plus de mal de mer, would, if literally translated, be "more of nausea, more of sea-sickness;" but plus de in the idiom of the French language is used as a diminutive, and therefore the sentence really means, "No more nausea, no more sea-sickness."

† *Plus au juste* becomes, when literally translated, "all at the just." The free translation is "exactly." And here we may observe that in this phrase, as in many others, the free translation gives the exact meaning, and the literal one nothing but nonsense.

We shall soon arrive. Nous arriverons bientôt.
So much the better; I want rest. Tant mieux; j'ai besoin de repos.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

OF THE SOUND *i*

The sound *i* is similar to that of *ee*, in English, in the word *ech*.

This sound is nearly similar to that of *e*, but a little longer, as in the words *épître*, *epistle*; *gîte*, *sovert*, &c.

This sound is also produced by the two letters *ie*; as in the words *partie*, *part*; *folie*, *folly*; *jolie*, *pretty* (feminine).

The circumflex accent is put over the *i* to supply the place of the letter *s*, which formerly followed the *i*, as, *épître*, *gîte*, *fîmes*, *dîtes*, &c., instead of *épître*, *gîte*, *fîmes*, *dîtes*, &c., used now.

Thus the sound *i* is produced by the following letters: *i*, *ie*.

OF THE SOUND *o*

This sound is found in English in the word *of*. There are in French several slight variations in the sound of this vowel, but they cannot be expressed by words; it belongs to the teacher to illustrate them to the pupil.

The general sound of this letter has no difficulty; it is similar to that of the same letter in English, in the example above given, and is found in French in the words *mode*, *fashion*; *corde*, *rope*; *porte*, *door*, &c.

This sound is also produced by the combination of the following letters: *au* in *aurora*, *aurora*; *eo* in *flageolet*, *flageolet*.

Thus the sound *o* is represented by *o*, *au*, and *eo*.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XIX.

SOUND.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

477. What are STRINGED INSTRUMENTS?—Musical instruments, in which the sounds result from the vibrations of stretched cords or wires. For example, the violin, guitar, piano, and Æolian harp are all stringed instruments.

478. What are the stretched cords employed in these instruments called?—*Musical Strings*. They are of different lengths and sizes, as in the piano; or of the same length but of different sizes, as in the violin.

479. Which strings give the notes of highest pitch?—The shorter and smaller strings; because they vibrate most rapidly. Every note has its particular length or size of string, and particular number of vibrations.

480. Has the force by which a musical string is stretched anything to do with the pitch of the note that it gives?—If the tension of the string be increased, it will vibrate more rapidly, and give out a note of higher pitch.

481. What are WIND INSTRUMENTS?—Musical instruments in which the notes are produced by the vibrations of columns of air within the instrument; for example, the flute, the trumpet, and the organ.

482. From what do the deep base notes of the organ proceed?—From the long and large pipes; and the high notes from the short pipes.

THE VOICE.

483. How are the sounds of the voice produced?—The organs of voice form a wind instrument; the air contained in the mouth, throat, and upper part of the windpipe is set in vibration.

484. By what?—By a stream of air forced from the lungs through a narrow opening in the upper part of the windpipe.

485. How is this narrow orifice formed?—By the partial closing of a kind of membranous valve in the windpipe.

THE EAR.

486. What is the process of hearing?—The vibrations conveyed from the sounding body are collected by the outer visible ear, pass through the contracted

opening into the ear-tube, and strike, at the bottom of the tube, on a stretched membrane, called the *Drum*, or *Tympanum*, of the ear.

487. Explain further?—The vibrations imparted to the drum are propagated through another tube to a second membrane, and from this directly to the fluid of the internal ear, and to the delicate fibres of the nerves of hearing, spread out in the fluid. The nerves convey the impressions to the mind.

LIGHT.

NATURE AND TRANSMISSION OF LIGHT.

488. WHAT IS A LUMINOUS BODY?—A body that gives off light; the sun, for example, is said to be luminous.

489. How do we see a luminous body?—The light thrown off from it passes into our eyes and produces the sensation of sight.

490. What did the great English philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton, suppose light to be, in its essential nature?—He conceived that light consists of exceedingly minute particles given off from the sun and other luminous bodies. He supposed that the minute particles of light passing into the eye produce the sensation of sight, as the particles of fragrant matter passing from flowers to the nose, produce the sensation of smell.

491. What is the view now entertained by philosophers of the nature of light?—That it is analogous to sound; that there is a subtle ether filling all space, which is the medium of light, as air is the medium of sound.

492. Of what is light conceived to consist?—Of vibrations of this elastic ether, excited by the luminous body, and propagated in all directions through the ether; as sound consists of vibrations of the air, excited by the sounding body, and propagated through the air.

493. According to this view, how is the sensation of sight produced?—Luminous bodies send off waves of light, as sounding bodies send off waves of sound. These waves, striking upon the nerves of our eyes, produce the sensation of sight.

494. By what names are these two views concerning the nature of light distinguished?—The latter is called the *Wave Theory of Light*, the other the *Newtonian Theory*.

495. Does light proceed in straight lines?—It does. We cannot see through a small bent tube.

496. Do all bodies give off light at all times?—They do not; some bodies, like the sun, are, in their nature, self-luminous, and others, like a house or a tree, are non-luminous.

497.—How do non-luminous bodies become temporarily luminous?—By receiving light from the sun, or some other self-luminous body. For example, a candle brought into a dark room renders the walls and furniture temporarily luminous, and therefore visible.

498. What is a ray of light?—It is a single line of light proceeding from a luminous point.

499. Do the particles in a ray of light move swiftly through space?—It was so supposed by Newton, but it is now known that they are stationary particles of ether, along which vibrations or trembling movements are conveyed in rapid succession.

500. Do rays of light proceed from every point of the sun, or other luminous object?—They do; and in every direction.

501. How is this truth generally expressed?—It is said that light *radiates* in every direction from every point of a luminous body. Such rays are said to *diverge*, and they are called *diverging rays*.

502. What consequence follows from the divergence of light?—That light decreases in intensity as it recedes from its source.

503. Illustrate by an example.—We receive less light from a candle the farther we are from it; because the same amount of light is spread over a greater space.

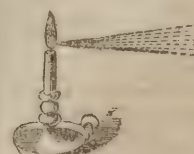


Fig. 35.

504. What does Fig. 35 represent?—A small pencil of diverging rays proceeding from a point in the flame of a candle to the eye. Every point in the flame sends to the eye such a pencil of rays.

505. What is the velocity of light?—About 290,000 miles per second.

506. What is a transparent substance or medium?—One through which light passes freely; glass, for example, is transparent.

507. What is an opaque substance?—One that does not admit light to pass through it, a stone, for example, is opaque.

508. If a book is held before a candle in the evening, it intercepts the light that falls upon it, and its

† *Tant mieux*, a very concise manner of saying "so much the better." It is an expression to which we particularly direct the student's attention, as he will find it very useful.

shadow is thrown upon the wall; why is the shadow on the wall larger than the book?—Because the rays of light that pass by its edges diverge from each other.

509. How far does the shadow cast by the book extend?—From the book to the wall, where it is intercepted.

510. What becomes of the light that falls on an opaque substance?—A part is reflected back; the rest enters the substance, and is stopped or absorbed by it.

ABSORPTION OF LIGHT.

511. Do glass, water, and other transparent media absorb any portion of the light that enters them?—Every transparent medium absorbs more or less light, according to its thickness.

512. How far does the light of the sun penetrate into the depths of the sea?—About 700 feet. At the bottom of the deep ocean there is utter darkness.

513. Does the atmosphere extinguish any portion of the light that comes from the sun and stars?—It does; even in its purest state it absorbs a large quantity of light, especially toward the horizon.

514. How do we know that the atmosphere has this effect?—It causes the stars to shine more dimly toward the horizon, and strips the sun of so much of his brightness at sunset that our eyes can bear the full light of his disc.

515. How much farther is it through the atmosphere in the direction of the horizon than perpendicularly upward?—It is thirteen times farther.

516. What appearance have the stars seen through the thin air above the top of a lofty mountain?—They shine with a much brighter lustre than when viewed through the whole depth of the atmosphere.

THE FIRST AND LAST KISS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE church of San Lorenzo was filled to overflowing one evening, just as the soft Italian landscape was lighted up by the radiance of the setting sun. Through the olive groves that led to the church, a bride train was passing, while the tree-tops were blazing with golden light. But just at the moment it entered the dim arches of the church, the last lingering ray disappeared, giving place to the rich and gorgeous clouds which only Italian skies may wear.

As the bridal party paced slowly up the long aisle to the altar, over which hung the most splendid painting of the fifteenth century, fresh from the hand of a youthful but mighty artist, the strong illumination from the myriads of wax candles fell upon the noble brow of the young bridegroom, and the fair and beautiful face beside him, and a suppressed hum of admiration was heard all over the gorgeous church. No wonder indeed that it should be awakened, for, added to the interest excited by the beauty and grace of the youthful pair, there was a charm in their superior rank that the people of Italy appreciated not less highly. The bride was no less a person than the beautiful Vittoria Colonna, who was betrothed when only four years of age to Ferdinand Francis, of Avalos, the future Marquis of Peschiera. She was now seventeen, and he was hardly older.

The brilliant wedding was the subject of conversation for months afterwards, envy seeming on this occasion to lay aside her shafts; for nothing was said that did not bear upon the virtues or beauty of the happy children who had thus united their destinies for ever, for weal or woe. For a brief season these two lives seemed to flow on in serene happiness. Vittoria was the muse of Italy, and her songs breathed forth the beauty of her daily life, tranquil and calm, but never tame nor spiritless. Their home was all that the descendant of the Colonna might be expected to dwell in, noble, surrounded with all graceful and beautiful associations, and rich with the treasures of art and the achievements of intellect.

But woe for the trusting hearts that see no cloud in the distance. When the sparkle is brightest on the cup, then most surely is fate preparing the bitter drop that is to succeed it. Ferdinand joined the army—the noblest, bravest officer, the purest patriot that it boasted, and at the battle of Pavia was desperately wounded. Not aware that his life was thus to be sacrificed to his courage, the Italian States offered him the kingdom of Naples. With a magnanimity which placed her above royalty, Vittoria wrote to him not to accept it—which indeed he did not intend to do—"the virtues of my husband," she added, "are above princes." Alas! his refusal was almost his last act; and the brokenhearted Vittoria watched that glorious life as it receded, with an anguish that to be known must be also endured.

In her deep seclusion at Naples and afterwards at Fichia, the mightiest in Italy sought her hand. She turned from them all, and finally retired to a convent at Viterbo, devoting her life to the sacred memory of the dead, and only waiting the hour when she should set sail on that ocean on whose banks the beloved had left her to weep alone. For years the grave, sad woman lived thus, the music and poetry of life hushed, as she thought, for ever, along with the pale lips that had once responded with their sweetest strains to her own. For years she never left her convent save for a walk in the garden. But although outwardly the world looked dark and repulsive to that sorrowing spirit, there was the same earnest love for the pure, the noble, and the beautiful, that had marked her in her proudest and happiest days at the Colonna palace, when Ferdinand of Avalos, the boy-lover, was lingering by her side.

In her deep solitude, Vittoria caught whispers of the still glorious fame of Italy's now aged artist, of him who, though smitten by years, could never really grow old, the painter, poet, sculptor, and architect, the fourfold life of Michael Angelo. A poet herself, there was one bond between them that was mutual. A lover of art, with an intense passion for the beautiful, that her grief had deadened but not destroyed, she was smitten with an earnest longing to revive her old art-worship in his presence, who could so well appreciate its quality.

They met, he in whom old age had already commenced, and she whose youth was already fading away, and they met, too, to love. Let no one smile sarcastically at this statement; take Angelo's own words—"It is the power of a fine face which spurs me towards heaven. In those eyes I find a luminous ray which guides me to my Creator." Those who cannot conceive of a sentiment like this, born in the innermost soul, and partaking only of the spiritual beauty of the divine passion, must lay aside these prejudices; they bear no interpretation for such minds.

How rich must have been that communion, how full of all glorious and sublime beauty, which could thus have drawn the lonely and sorrowful recluse from her convent to meet Michael Angelo in Rome and spend hours by his side! I think truly that had the record of those hours been faithfully kept, there is nothing in the whole world that would have surpassed it for beauty and interest. The tenderest vows of youthful lovers, despite what is so often talked of as love's young dream, must fade into nothing before the meeting of these two grand and noble natures, now known to each other for the first time, after a lifetime of struggle and sorrow on one part, and of earnest striving to live out the highest life on the other.

Too old to paint, the poet breathed out his highest strains for this new joy that had come to him, and Vittoria answered them in words as sweet and beautiful as his own. The hand that had brought out the divinest conceptions of the pencil and the chisel, and which was yet to create the noble grandeur of Saint Peter's, did not disdain to write gentle and loving words to the sad and sorrowing widow of the brave Peschiera.

One summer day, the loveliest of those that so beautify and bless the clime of which poets love to sing, Michael Angelo sat awaiting Vittoria's coming. Eager to shed light on her darkened lot, he ever garnered up all that was delightful and pleasant in his daily walks to bestow upon her when they met; and this day his treasury was full to overflowing. Sweet and rare flowers, a precious painting, a new song were awaiting her. Long he lingered, and when at length the door opened and a strange figure appeared, he experienced a sensation of disappointment and regret. A nun, in the habit of the Viterbo convent where Vittoria lived, announced herself as the messenger from her who occupied his thought. She was ill, perhaps dying, and wished to see him once more. The next moment saw him on his way to the convent, with a terrible foreboding of the truth. The beauty of that lovely summer day was darkened, and his sick heart whispered only of death. As he entered the convent gate he lifted the covering from that silver hair and prayed earnestly for strength to meet all that was to befall him.

He was indeed too late. That beautiful and noble spirit had passed the boundary line between the two worlds, and was in the presence of God and the beloved. Kneeling by her side in the chapel, which now held within its walls the presence of the holy dead, Michael Angelo took the pale, thin hand and pressed it to his lips, softly and reverentially as a devotee would kiss the relic of his patron saint—and this was his first kiss to Vittoria. Even then he declared that he did not dare to kiss her forehead or cheek, or the pale, cold lips.

THE OLD WIFE'S SONG.

Sixty years old to-morrow, John!
And still we two are here,
While many of the young and gay,
The beautiful and dear,
Are slumbering in the chilly ground,
The sod above them growing;
While, strange to tell, life still with us
Is bright as ever flowing.

We never will grow old, dear John,
For we'll cling together,
As when in sunny, glad some days,
So in stormy weather;
Old Age, his grasp upon us, then,
Shall strive in vain to fasten,
For we will joyously adown
Life's bounding streamlet hasten.

And though we may seem old, dear John,
Within our hearts there will
Be joy, and youth, and gladness—all
Lingering with us still.
Though wrinkles, traced upon the brow,
Declare that we are old, love,
We'll let the spring-time in our hearts
Declare the wrinkles bold, love.

ISAMBARD KINGDON BRUNEL, ESQ., F.R.S., ETC. ETC.

ISAMBARD KINGDON BRUNEL is by descent a Frenchman. His father, the celebrated engineer of the Thames Tunnel, was born at a village near Rouen in France. In his early days the elder Brunel, although brought up to agriculture, evinced a decided taste for mechanical pursuits. He was accordingly permitted to enter on a course of instruction suited to his inclination. He made several voyages to the West Indies as a seaman in the French navy; and when he returned, he took up his abode in France. There he joined in some violent political movements, and incurred the displeasure of the ruling powers. A well-disposed member of the government gave him the hint to escape. Brunel wisely profited by it, and made his way to the United States. There he perfected himself in the English language and settled down as an architect, and subsequently as a practical engineer. The Americans intrusted him with many important works, and largely profited by his inventive genius in the construction of their docks, canals, public buildings, military works, &c.

At the commencement of the present century Mr. Brunel came to England, and contracted a matrimonial alliance with an English lady, Miss Sophia Kingdon. His reputation as an inventive engineer soon spread in this country, and before long he was intrusted with the construction of the machinery for the manufacture of "block pulleys" by the government. This machinery is still the wonder of thousands of visitors to the royal dockyard at Portsmouth. It comprises sixteen different machines, all driven by the same steam power. The rough log of wood submitted to the first machine is passed from one to the next, until the last turns it out a complete "pulley," stronger and more accurately fashioned than any hand could make it. The ingenuity of this machinery can scarcely be understood without it is seen in operation; its importance, however, may be inferred when it is remembered that four men with this machinery will complete as many blocks as eighty ordinary hands, and at a much less cost.

It was during the time that Mr. Mark Brunel was engaged at Portsmouth on this important work, that the subject of our memoir, Isambard Kingdon Brunel, first saw the light of day. He was born in 1806, at Portsmouth, in the immediate vicinity of the dockyard. While quite young, he was taken to France for the purpose of being educated at the college of Henri IV., at Caen. At the conclusion of his scholastic studies the young man underwent a course of training to prepare him for the duties of an engineer, and returned to England in time to assist his father in his great work, the Thames Tunnel. The younger Brunel took an active part in the matter, and shared in the many disappointments, the personal dangers, and final triumph of that extraordinary undertaking. From that time forward the young engineer made wonderful progress in his profession.

He joined his father in a course of experiments for the purpose of making a motive power of carbonic acid gas. To a great extent the mechanical difficulties were overcome, but the cost of the machinery prevented its introduction as a substitute for steam. This investigation was an anxious labour of ten years' duration; both father and son almost exclusively devoting their abilities to the subject.

In the meantime, Mr. Brunel, junior, studied railway engineering, the construction of locomotives, and other matters appertaining to steam navigation. In

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



ISAMBAARD KINGDON BRUNEL, ESQ., F.R.S., ETC. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

1833 he was appointed Engineer-in-Chief to the Great Western Railway Company, and has retained this appointment ever since. The whole of the tunnels, bridges, and engineering works on this line and on other lines in continuation were designed and constructed by Mr. Brunel. They were more than usually difficult, on account of the broad gauge system adopted by the company. Many of the bridges on the Great Western Railway are remarkable for their strength and beauty: among others, we may particularise those at Maidenhead, Chepstow, and the new bridge over the Tamer.

Mr. Brunel took a part in the important work of floating and raising the Britannia Tubular Bridge; in fact, he rendered the same friendly co-operation to Mr. Stephenson in that gigantic undertaking as the latter gentleman has recently done in the works necessary for the launch of the Leviathan. Mr. Brunel has been employed in the construction of the principal docks on the English coast; and has conducted the engineering works of several foreign railways. Among other works we may mention the Charing-cross Suspension Bridge, spanning the Thames from Hungerford-market to Lambeth, which has been much admired.

During the last three or four years Mr. Brunel has been engaged by the Great Eastern Navigation Company, an association which aims at making as great a revolution in ocean navigation as the railways have done in land transit. The monster ship which has recently emerged from the yard of Mr. Scott Russell, at Millwall, and which has been visited by thousands, including her Majesty the Queen, has been erected under the sole direction of Mr. Brunel.

In an undertaking of this kind—where hundreds of minor inventions have to be made to complete the

original idea—where preparations on an extraordinary scale are required to carry out the merest details of the main object—the very highest quality of engineering skill is demanded; and Mr. Brunel has proved himself equal to the occasion. Although met by many unforeseen difficulties, he has at length succeeded, and the Leviathan as it now floats off Deptford is a monument of the genius and indefatigable perseverance of her engineer.

In personal appearance Mr. Brunel is a little above five feet high, and his features are particularly small. During the launching-days of the Leviathan his presence seemed to be courted by a whole host of visitors. Lords, members of the House of Commons, admirals, and other great men, hurried to and from Mr. Scott Russell's premises, inquiring for "Mr. Brunel?" "Have you seen Mr. Brunel?" "Has Mr. B'n'l passed this way?" &c. &c. It would have puzzled most people to say where he really was; for the great engineer was everywhere by turns and nowhere long. One moment you might have seen him at the water's edge, looking at some detail of the great ship through an eye-glass, and two minutes after he would be at the further end of the yard, giving orders to, and working with, a gang of two or three hundred workmen. Lose sight of him for an instant, and his occupation would be changed: he would be smoking a cigar, standing still in deep thought; climbing over ponderous logs; or making a dirty, untidy appearance before some well-dressed functionary who has sought an audience at the eminent risk of breaking his legs over the great timbers strewn about the yard.

The Great Western, the first steam ship built to cross the Atlantic, and the Great Britain, the first ocean screw steamer, were both designed by Mr.

Brunel. He has also constructed a great number of smaller vessels.

Mr. Brunel has been an F.R.S. since 1830, and a member of the council since 1844. He is Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Vice President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and Vice President of the Society of Arts; he is besides a Fellow of the Astronomical, the Geological, and the Geographical Societies.

The accompanying portrait of Mr. Brunel is from a photograph executed expressly for our journal by Mr. Mayall of Regent-street. It was taken on the deck of the Leviathan, just before the final application of the hydraulic rams.

THE RHINE BOAT.

THE season is over. Everybody who is anybody has departed for somewhere. Silent are the halls of St. Stephen, and desolate are the palaces of May-fair. Hushed is the music of the opera, and the popular vocalists are all on the wing. Trade is stagnant in the west; its satins and jewels are displayed in vain. All the fashionable quarters are deserted. Town is out of town. London is making holiday. That great army of tourists which annually marches from our metropolis, as surely as the days shorten and the leaves fall, has entered on its campaign. Railway guides and Continental hand-books are in request. Couriers are at a premium. Pilgrimages are making to the holy places of the tourists, and there, or on the road, are to be seen the devoted band of men and women—working very hard for pleasure.

They are in the Highlands, amongst the purple heather, the gray mists, and the blue mountains.



THE RHINE BOAT.

They are in the golden vale of Tipperary, and on the crystal lakes of Killarney. They are yachting it round the Needles, or up the Rhine, or drinking the waters at Baden, or climbing the mountains of Switzerland, or skimming over the canals of Venice, or exploring the wonders of Rome, or sailing on the Lake of Geneva, or journeying over the Pyrenees, or clambering up Vesuvius. But wherever they are, they preserve their national characteristics—they are reserved in their manners, and prodigal of their wealth.

It is said on the German railroads that only princes and Englishmen travel first-class. Why are those splendid hotels erected? why is such elaborate attention paid to comfort and convenience? why do enterprising speculators prepare accommodation in the best style? It is for the use of the English traveller—the milord Croesus, to whom money is no object. For him there must be first-class carriages, first-class hotels, first-class dinners, first-class accommodation, first-class attention. He expects it; he demands it; he is willing to pay for it.

Observe the Englishman in our illustration. He is the only tourist who is provided with a hand-book, and an individual to point out all the places of

interest. The Englishman is reserved in manner, and carries with him a frigid atmosphere. There he stands, stiff, formal; an unimpeachable propriety in his attire, and an aspect such as he might assume in another place in replying to "his honourable friend" the member for somewhere. With his fellow passengers he has no communication: they have not been introduced. He opens his "Murray," and, with the help of his attendant, or courier, ticks off the remarkable sites. "Old castle, built in the twelfth century; east angle only remaining; besieged by the Swedes; taken by the Prince of Hesse," &c. &c. He is anxious to know which is the tower—for there are several, crowning hills and looking grimly down at a few scattered cottages on the bank. The guide points out the exact tower. The Englishman writes a note on the margin with a gold pencil-case; turns over to the page, and fits an eye-glass to the orbit of his right eye, to look out for the next site.

The other tourists on board the boat are differently occupied. There, in the peculiar garb of his order, sits an Italian priest, reading his breviary. He is a mild, patient-looking man; such a priest as Sterne describes in his "Sentimental Journey." Here, in a loose, easy dress, admirably adapted for purposes of

travel, is an artist. He has improvised a desk, and is rapidly transferring to his sketch-book a charming bit of river scenery, that may one day figure on the walls of the Academy. The English tourist has overlooked this fascinating bit of landscape—it is not named in the hand-book—but he will probably purchase it from next year's exhibition, if an art critic can be found generous enough to give it a good word. Behind the artist are a couple of German students. They are discoursing about certain botanical specimens which one of them has gathered, and are intent on them alone. The historic "sites," the picturesque "bits," are nothing to them. They are gravely discussing the physiology of plants; not that they are students dry as dust, who care not for the living men and women and the smiling world about them; not that they are insensible to the beauties of the noble Rhine; not that they are without sympathy for a merry night and a cheerful song, but because the German is in earnest about all he undertakes.

Behind the German student is a Polish refugee. He is silent and saturnine; plants, pictures, and "sites," are the same to him. He is thinking of his own land, of her prospects, and her misfortunes, and these thoughts seem to isolate him from the other tourists.

There are two ladies. One silent and reserved; the other, with a blooming child, easily induced to be conversable. And next to them there is a free and easy Frenchman—who is perfectly at home anywhere, and who has, to use a common expression, broken the ice already. He has contrived ingeniously to open a conversation with the child; to make her smile and prattle. He who caresses a child, wins the favour of the parent. From gossiping with the child to conversing with the mamma, is an easy transition. They talk gaily enough. There is much to elicit remark in the scenery around them. They may compare notes of former trips. They may criticise the arrangements on board. And by-and-by they are sure to strike some sympathetic chord. The artist joins in with some pleasant anecdote of travel. The Pole, awakened from his abstraction, has something to say of the country, or some incident to tell of his former life; the students fall into the conversation readily enough, and smoke and talk away, like good companions as they are. Perhaps the Italian priest shuts up his breviary, and comes over to make some good-humoured remark; and even the silent lady smiles, and utters a word or two. But nothing can soften the hardness of the English gentleman tourist—he still confines his attention to "Murray" and the "guide," still makes his notes of "sites" just seen, and gravely looks out for "sites" that are still to come.

So we go steaming onward; a very sociable party, with the exception of the reserved gentleman. From his place at the wheel, a bluff sailor looks down upon us, and catches up the refrain in a fine manly voice, as the German students presently begin to sing one of the old songs of Fatherland.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,
SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

How very precious is the smallest gift
Affection loves to offer—a dead flower
Will long be kept, remembrance of looks
That made each leaf a treasure.—L. E. L.

EARLY in the morning, the grand house in Carlton-terrace was in all the bustle of an approaching departure.

Lady Glenlonely was in good spirits, and Hope, who loved the country, and delighted in the wild, magnificent scenery of the Highlands, was all mirth and expectation.

The carriage was at the door betimes, to take our party to the Euston-square station, and cabs for the servants and luggage were in attendance.

After a hasty breakfast, Lady Glenlonely, followed by Hope, entered the landau. Lord Glenlonely was to follow in a few days, as he had to take the chair at a great temperance meeting at ——— Hall, on the third day from that of their departure.

Sultana and Truelove travelled together in a commodious basket which was placed in the landau, for never again would Lady Glenlonely trust Sultana to Tarrant or Townley, and Truelove was as dear as ever to the heart of Hope.

The cat and dog had grown fond of each other, and, for mutual warmth, the two old cronies generally nestled together.

As Hope stepped into the carriage, Captain Greville sprang out of an elegant cabriolet, drawn up on the other side of the road, and, throwing the reins to a tiny little tiger in top boots, buckskins, a cockaded hat, and groom's coat, he approached the carriage with a small basket of exquisite hot-house fruit, and a beautiful bouquet of rare flowers for Hope.

After shaking hands with both, he said—

"As I know you are going by the 10.27 train, I won't detain you (you'll only just do it), but say 'Farewell' till we meet at Glenlonely. Adieu, my lady—adieu, Miss Evermore!"

"Good-bye!" said Lady Glenlonely; "the sooner you come the better."

"Good-bye, Captain Greville," said Hope; "I have written to invite Miss Fitz-Darrell."

Captain Greville coloured to his very temples, smiled, and retired. He drove off in one direction as the landau dashed away in another.

It was a "shave," as the coachman, Mr. Burley, said; but they were in time. The railway bell rang just as they entered the station. There was not a moment to lose; and Hope said to herself, "I shall not see him then; he is not here; he cannot have had my note; he would not have disappointed me!"

No, Hope, you are right. Cherish that confidence,

sweet loving girl! believe anything, everything, rather than doubt him; and see! in spite of every difficulty, there he is! pale with emotion! panting with haste!

He sees her, and the colour rushes to his cheeks, the love light sparkles in his eyes. He uncovers (with natural grace and man's reverence for woman), that noble head of clustering jet-black hair, and that broad white massive brow looks like the shrine of virtue and the throne of mind!

The *beau idéal* of a young Englishman of the working classes—modest though fearless, neat and scrupulously clean, though plain his clothes; gentle without effeminacy, and polite without affectation, Hope felt proud, in spite of her dainty breeding and fine clothes, of the young choice of her heart.

For one moment their eyes met; for one moment their hands were clasped together. He, too, had his offering, a modest bunch of double violets he had reared himself, and which filled the air with fragrance.

Lady Glenlonely, who liked him for Sultana's sake, nodded kindly to him; Hope took from the captain's choice bouquet its choicest sprig of myrtle and geranium, and gave them to Larky Grigg, saying, "Plant them in our little garden, for my sake, dear Larky;" and then, lowly whispering, she added, "One day we will tend them together."

She spoke from the window of the railway carriage, Lady Glenlonely being busy with Sultana.

As Hope handed Larky Grigg the flowers, he pressed his warm young lip to that little hand, so often in childhood and dear old ragged school days linked with his. It was ungloved—perhaps on purpose.

As the shrill whistle of the train announced that it was in motion, he murmured, "Heaven bless you, Hope; I go to labour in your dear cause, and try to rise in the social scale, that I may be more worthy of you!"

As long as the train was in sight, Hope waved her handkerchief to Larky Grigg, who stood responding with his cap in hand; but, at length, the lovers could see each other no more. Hope leant back in the carriage to weep, to think, to pray; and bold Larky folded his strong, muscular young arms over his broad manly chest and went back to his work; firm in faith, fond in love, and strong in resolution to rise!

He had youth, genius, energy, health, strength, ambition, love, great friends in Lord Glenlonely and the Earl and Countess of Arcliffe (once Gerald St. Maur and our Ada), and good, true, wise friends in Jem Goodman and Mr. Stephen.

In a country where the highest offices in the state are open to its humblest citizens; where the son of a small retail butcher has sat on the woolsack (Lord High Chancellor of England); where the son of a barber has reached the same eminence, and has long been among our most honoured law lords; where almost all our millionaires have begun as errand boys, sweeping out the banks or offices over which they have ultimately presided; and where our greatest and best have been

"Born in an attic—in a kitchen bred,"

Larky Grigg need not despair.

Nor did sweet Hope despair, either. How she esteemed him, might be traced in the kisses she gave the double violets he had presented, and the tears that dropped upon them ere she consigned them to her bosom. While the young captain's choice hot-house bouquet, which had cost half a guinea that very morning in Covent-garden Market (disordered by the withdrawal of the flowers she had given to Larky Grigg), lay unnoticed on an adjoining seat, and never even occurred to her mind till she perceived a beautiful spray of stephanotis half crushed by the fat, hot body of Sultana, who had crept from her berceau-nette on to the seat, and laid herself down on the choice bouquet, which she completely spoiled.

But gifts are dear chiefly for the donor's sake; and while Hope loves every leaf of Larky's bunch of violets, and will treasure them while life lasts, she cares nothing for the captain's flowers, which she looks upon as meant only to enlist her in his cause as Agnes Fitz-Darrell's suitor.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

A matchless pair,
In equal beauty formed and equal grace;
Hers the mild lustre of the rising morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.

WHILE Hope is performing the often wearisome and fatiguing duties of companion to a fine lady in her lovely Highland home, and proving to all who come within her gentle Christian influence,

"How divine a thing a woman may be made,"

Larky is treading, with patient steps, "little by little,"

the steep ascent, where Fame's proud temple "gleams afar." Let us hope that he may not

"Feel the influence of malignant star,
Nor wage with fortune an eternal war."

But the onset of his upward career was not free, poor fellow! from the stings and arrows that

"Patient merit of the unworthy takes."

Before he hurried off to take his farewell at the station of his darling Hope, as she had begged he would, in a dear little note, written in all the confidence of her loving girlish heart, he had left a note for his master, Mr. Nailor, saying that business of great importance compelled him to absent himself until the afternoon, when he would endeavour, by extra diligence and working over-hours for three days, to make up for the liberty he was taking; adding that had Mr. Nailor been down, he would have begged leave to go, but could not wait, as he should lose the object he had in view, if he did.

Now, Mr. Nailor was naturally a mean and brutal man, of a cold, sordid heart, and very fiery temper, rendered still more inflammable by habitual intemperance.

He was lazy and self-indulgent himself, and one of his chief sources of profit was the admirable skill, the great strength, and untiring zeal and energy of Larky Grigg, the only one among his workmen on whom he could entirely depend, saving always his foreman, an excellent young man, who, being hump-backed, was often an object of thoughtless ridicule to the other apprentices and workmen, but had always found a champion and ally in bold, brave Larky, who had more than once had a regular stand-up fight in defence of Stedman Stutter, the foreman, in which he had so thoroughly thrashed his opponents, that he was held in great awe and reverence as "cock of the walk;" and the stoutest fellow among them had no wish to entail upon himself that challenge from Larky "to have it out like a man," which was sure to result from a caricature, a sneer, or a cruel joke, aimed at "Steady Stutter," as he was called.

Steady Stutter was, like our Larky Grigg, one of the votaries of temperance.

All the virtues are nearly related, and so, indeed, are all the vices too.

Those who are under the influence of Temperance are generally also attached to their religion, lovers of Order, Probity, Industry, Cleanliness, Chastity, and even Purity; while those addicted to Intemperance are usually profligate, impure in thought and deed, idle, untidy, dirty, slovenly, wasteful! So it was in Mr. Nailor's workshop, so it is in all places, high or low, where men or women, young or old, are associated together in a common occupation.

And thus it was that Larky Grigg and Steady Stutter, the foreman, were close allies and warm friends, for Virtue and Religion formed the link between them; while all the others were boon companions and associates in Profligacy, Folly, and Sin.

Mr. Nailor hated what he profanely called those "righteous over much," but he liked to have his work well done, and plenty of it; and he said once, "that, though he hated abstinence chaps and Methodies, and didn't hold with 'em at all, yet the only honest, trustworthy fellows that wasn't eye-servants, was them church-going, psalm-singing, water-drinking fellows, Stedman Stutter and young Grigg Blossom, commonly called Larky Grigg—but why so called unbeknown, as he was the least larky of any chap on the premises."

Now it so happened that, when Larky Grigg returned to his work, after an early dinner with his dear mother, Apple Blossom, and when his head and heart were full of aspirations and honest wishes to "get on" for Hope's sake, he found Mr. Nailor a little the worse for liquor, and furious at the absence, without leave, of by far his best hand, just when a very large order for shovels had to be executed against time.

Steady Stutter had said all he could to appease Mr. Nailor and defend Larky; but, as usual,

"The man, convinced against his will,
Was of the same opinion still;"

and all he said only added fuel to fire, and extended the flame of Mr. Nailor's fury to himself. When Larky Grigg, then, entered the workshop, and proceeded to his thankless and laborious task of shovel-making, his heart burning and his eyes filling with tears, as he thought of Hope, Mr. Nailor, smelling strongly of beer and smoke, and looking very hot and red, came up and said, "I've a good mind to give you a precious good hiding, my fine feller. What do you mean to go for to presume to slink away from your work, and write to your master about business calling you away a 'ole mornin'? What business has a feller, a workman of mine, but my business? Per-

haps you've been a-thinking to better yourself; you'd better just try that on."

"Well, sir," said Larky, stung by his menacing voice and gestures, "I couldn't be worse off: kept down to shovel-making among a low set of—"

But before he had finished the sentence, Nailor, beside himself with passion, had seized a heavy hammer that was lying on the table, and struck Larky violently with it on his head, as he bent it over a shovel he was finishing.

It was a savage blow: the blood positively gushed from the gash it made in Larky's head. The pain was acute; but it was the indignity that struck Larky as, pale as death, and not giving a thought to their relative positions, he with the shovel he was making, with one blow knocked Nailor down.

He then said, "I'll not thrash you as you deserve, master, and as I well could, because you're an elderly man, and, as usual, half seas over, but I'll never do another stroke in your workshop again. You've kept me down year after year to my injury for your own mean objects—and now you've lost a good workman for ever. Mr. Stedman Statler, I thank you for many a kindness, and I wish you well. As for you, master, and you, mates, I wish you all better."

So saying, Larky, stunned, giddy, and bleeding profusely, bound his handkerchief round his head, seized his hat and coat, while Nailor lay cursing on the floor, and the men looked on, awed by Larky's wrath, no one answering but Steady Statler, who said, "Good-bye, Larky; I wish you had kept your temper to the last; but God bless you, lad."

Larky rushed off to the first chemist's shop to get the wound in his head dressed, and then repaired to Stamford-street to consult Jem Goodman.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

A friend in need
Is a friend indeed.—OLD PROVERB.

JEM GOODMAN was no Job's comforter. He said that Larky had done wrong to strike his master, but as he had only done it by way of reprisal, and when he was writhing under the indignity of a blow, he readily excused in one so young an amount of manly spirit with which, all meek as he was, he could not but sympathise in his own heart.

"I will never return to Nailor's," said Larky, as he sat, partaking of the excellent dinner Jem Goodman's hospitality and clever little maid at once set before him.

"You never can return there, of course," said Jem Goodman; "and I should think you never could bear to be a burden on your parents."

"Never, while I've health to earn my own livelihood," said Larky. "But, Mr. Goodman, to tell you the truth, I want to be with some one who'll bring out what I feel and know there is in me. I don't want to be kept down to low drudgery like that of shovel-making, when I often think and feels that if I could but be put in the way of perfecting inventions that crosses my mind, I should be a great man some day; but I feel I want education—knowledge. If I had that, I'd be something great in mechanics or engineering, or something that leads to one's being looked upon as somebody. Look at Brunel—look at George Stephenson, and Faraday, and many, many others. I want to rise, that I may feel fit—"

"To marry Hope Evermore," suggested Mr. Goodman, with a kind smile.

"Lor! however did you guess that 'ere?" said Larky, turning very red.

"I have seen it, and approved of it, too, for a long time," said Jem Goodman; "and the first step towards it will be for me to find you a master who appreciates genius, and will help to develop it. Persevere; what it is hard to learn, is always most easily remembered. I will speak to your parents; they will be guided by me. We shall see you a great man yet, Larky."

"And can I ever become worthy of Hope Evermore?" said Larky Grigg; "can I ever have a home to offer her, where she can be happy?"

"Yes, and that not so very long hence!"

"Heaven reward and bless you, Mr. Goodman!"

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

Ah, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings;
Or who with nice discernment marks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all the sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

WILLIAM SPENCER.

WHILE Larky Grigg was hard at work, rising betimes, and late taking rest—one object ever present

to his mind, one wish, one hope one prospect ever distinct and vivid before him, namely, that of becoming more worthy of Hope, she was recruiting her strength and spirits in the wild, mountainous seclusion of Burnside.

Lady Glenlonely's health was so much restored that she was no longer confined to her own apartments. A change had come over her spirit; she no longer preferred the company of Hope to that of any other person. Always capricious, she now, though very kind to her young companion, gave her entire liberty in the disposal of her time. Lady Glenlonely's chief pleasure now was to accompany his lordship wherever he went.

In his excursions in the neighbourhood, she would make him drive her in her little park phaeton; she would sit by his side while he fished (he was a great lover of old Isaak Walton's favourite sport, and a great adept in the art), and even when he went grouse shooting she would take him his luncheon at some appointed hour and place.

The air, the exercise, and the new and healthy existence all this entailed, did her ladyship more good than physic or physicians had ever done. She was recovering a good deal of her bloom and *embonpoint*, and her beauty, which was always remarkable, became almost as brilliant as of yore. Miss Agnes Fitz-Darrell (our old friend little Nessy of the ragged school), having joyfully accepted Lady Glenlonely's invitation, arrived after the family had been at Burnside about a fortnight.

She brought with her large packing-cases of finery, her harp, and her guitar; and, having several very modish bonnets to display, she was much disappointed to find that large, brown hats, or cotton sun-bonnets were the only things worn at Burnside, except on Sunday at church, and by the countess, Lady Arnccliffe (once our Ada, who had arrived, with her baby, a few days after our party), or by Hope Evermore, who never looked lovelier than in her garden hat or cottage bonnet.

Not so Miss Fitz-Darrell,—her small, pale, and rather sharp-featured face required all the softening power of blonde and flowers to look at all pretty; but yet she would not for the world have worn a smart French bonnet, when ladies of real rank and fashion made it, by their example, the fashion to appear in garden hats or cotton bonnets.

Captain Greville had arrived at Burnside, in answer to Lord Glenlonely's invitation. He was a keen sportsman, a capital shot, and a very agreeable companion for his lordship, who grew very partial to him, and he had all the pleasing small talk, winning ways, and what the French call "*talens de société*," that make a man popular with the ladies. He was an invaluable acquisition in a country house. Rashleigh Greville was not a classical scholar, he was not deeply read, nor much given to investigation or to thought, but he was brilliant in conversation, elegant and refined in manner, highly accomplished, a fine musician, a capital dancer, fine swimmer and skater. He was what in the North is called a "nailing shot." He could adapt himself to any society, and make himself equally agreeable to Lord Glenlonely and the old Scotch shepherd, to her ladyship and to Tibbie, the old nurse, who had had the charge of the bairns at Burnside for "fifty lang year and mair."

To Ada, Countess of Arnccliffe, he appeared to be a gay, gladsome young fellow, who only required a strong guiding influence and a little serious thought to become a co-worker with herself in the good cause. Hope, too, had this impression; so animated did he become when they spoke of ragged schools, of Jem Goodman, Mr. Stephen, and Apple Blossom. His eyes would fill with tears when Hope described scenes she had witnessed, and he would make Ada (Lady Arnccliffe) promise that when they were again together in London, she would let him accompany her to the Green Fields Ragged School, and would introduce him to Jem Goodman and Mr. Stephen, and put him in the way of helping a little in so good and interesting a cause.

Nor was he less delighted when Ada spoke of the "Temperance movement," and described the home of the working man who indulged, and of him who abstained. Whole mornings did Captain Greville sit with Lady Arnccliffe and Hope, reading aloud to them works connected with Ragged Schools and Temperance, taking notes, writing letters, or adding up sums for them, while they plied their needles for The Poor.

On such occasions Miss Fitz-Darrell always contrived to absent herself. She had a sketch to take, or a letter to write, or a new piece to practise, or she would contrive to induce Lady Glenlonely to ask her to accompany her in her park phaeton, to take Lord Glenlonely his luncheon.

On other occasions when Ada was busy with her baby, Captain Greville would pass the morning singing and playing the guitar with Hope and Agnes, or he would accompany them on sketching parties, or row them on the lake. Time, which seldom seems to fly in the country, went smoothly on. Our party were never dull, and that certainly was owing in a great measure to the versatile talents of Rashleigh Greville.

There was a general impression, but no one could tell whence it arose, that the attraction that rendered quiet, secluded Burnside delightful to the gay young captain, was Agnes Fitz-Darrell.

She was not so beautiful, simple, frank, and amiable as Hope Evermore, it is true, but she was *piquante*, bright, extremely clever, very elegant in dress and manners, and highly accomplished. Then, too, she had a fortune, which no gay young captain would overlook or despise. Hope, who in her sweet humility and extreme kindness and generosity, underrated herself as much as she overrated others, always thought herself quite eclipsed by the fashionable dress and graces of Agnes Fitz-Darrell.

She never for a moment doubted that Captain Greville was in love with Agnes. Agnes, who was naturally very clever, and had had such great advantages! who could talk to him in French, Italian, or German! play any accompaniment at first sight, and not merely sketch off a scene or a likeness, but finish the former in oils, the latter as a miniature on ivory!

What were Hope's small acquisitions to such genius as this? What Hope's simple white dresses and long, natural curls to all the becoming French inventions that set off the tall, very slight form and small head of Agnes Fitz-Darrell?

Every one at Burnside considered with Hope that Captain Greville intended to propose to Agnes, and Agnes herself had not a doubt on the subject. He was not quite as grand, as important, or as wealthy as she, in her worldliness and ambition, had intended her husband should be; but he was a gentleman, he was well received, nay, even fêted in that society in which it was her ambition to move; and more than this, than these, than all, she loved him! He was the first fashionable man, indeed, the first gentleman, she had known intimately, or on terms of equality. He had certainly distinguished her by attentions at once delicate and flattering. If she married him at once, she got rid of the odious name of Darrell, even before she made her *début* in the world. Before she had known and loved him, she would have preferred an old nobleman, particularly if he had been wealthy and influential. But the heart of Woman in her earliest youth will speak out! And surely it ought to have a voice in the disposal of her hand and her destiny, temporal and eternal; for on her choice of a husband often depends a woman's conduct and character, her fate in this world, and her salvation in the next!

CHAPTER XC.

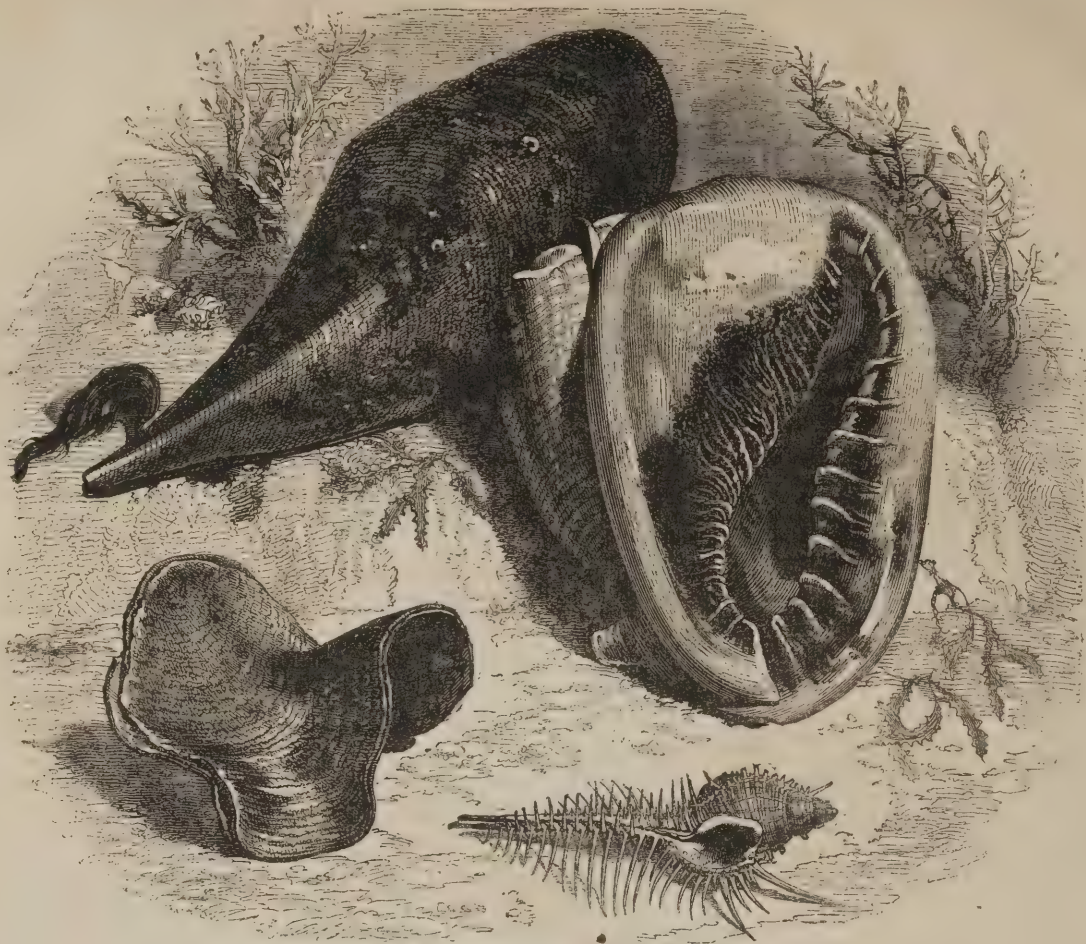
The nymph must lose her female friend,
If more admired than she.—COWPER.

Then what does Chloe want?—she wants a heart.
POPE.

EVERYTHING went on very calmly and pleasantly in the sweet seclusion of Burnside. Captain Greville divided his attentions so equally between Lord Glenlonely and out-door sports, Lady Glenlonely and Sultana, Lady Arnccliffe and her Christian pursuits, Hope and Agnes and their elegant accomplishments—(even Truelove coming in for a share of his notice, old and toothless as both she and Sultana were by this time)—that no unprejudiced person could have said that any one of the party engrossed his affections or monopolised his attentions; and yet, by a sort of tacit understanding and general consent, he was looked upon as Miss Agnes Fitz-Darrell's lover, and even her intended.

Lord Glenlonely would sometimes crack a sly joke if Greville was absent in mind, while present in person; and Lady Glenlonely would promote his being with Miss Fitz-Darrell in a manner that brought the faintest tinge of colour to the very pale, soft cheek of Agnes herself.

Hope looked upon Captain Greville and Agnes Fitz-Darrell as well suited; and, feeling a warm and lively regard for them both, she lavished on them every possible proof of interest and affection. And Hope had a great deal in her power at Burnside; and, in the absence of the deaf old housekeeper, Mrs. Makepeace, took her place,—kept the keys, ordered the dinner, regulated the establishment, was as busy as a bee from morning till night, flitted about like the daughter of the house, rather than a hireling and



MEDITERRANEAN SHELLS WITH BYSSUS, HELMET, AND OTHER SHELLS.

companion, and anything that any one wanted they had to ask Hope for; so she was a very important person, indeed, at Burnside!

About this time Burnside was alive with the news that "The Castle," belonging to the Marquis of Doun, a nobleman of immense wealth, who had been abroad for several years, was getting ready to receive his lordship, who was coming with a large party of sporting gentlemen and grand ladies; and as it was his first visit, as Lord of the Castle, to his ancestral home, a succession of fêtes, balls, private theatricals, and parties of all kinds, would be given at the castle, and the surrounding tenantry were devising every means in their power of showing their attachment to his lordship, and making him welcome to his Scottish home.

Lord and Lady Glenlonely, who had been intimate with the noble marquis's parents, and had known himself in his boyhood, were, of course, much interested in the accounts they heard of the meditated festivities at Castle Doun.

Hope blushed and trembled when she heard that Lady Glenlonely intended to take her with her, to share in whatever pleasures the noble marquis and his friends devised for the entertainment of his guests. Agnes Fitz-Darrell, in a state of inward ecstasy, turned to her large cases of ball dresses, dinner, evening, and walking dresses—many of which had been quite useless to her, in the domestic seclusion of her life at Burnside.

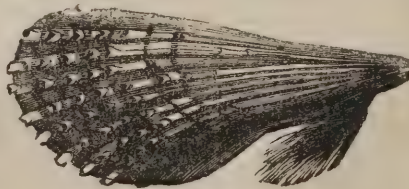
"Rashleigh," she said to herself, "will see me in my element—in full dress at a ball or a concert. I often see him gazing at Hope in her large hat, or her cotton bonnet, and her plain white dress. I know in such attire she eclipses me, but when he sees us both in evening dress, and when we are asked to dance, play, or sing, he will not think anything of Hope! And I trust, after the first party at which we appear, he will propose to me!"

(To be continued.)

MY VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.—No. VII.

(Continued from No. 41.)

"I WAS walking not long ago," said I, "on the sands at Bridlington, when, for the first time, catching sight of the lower timbers jutting out about the base of the pier, I was struck by the strangely coloured appearance of the upper parts. My first thought was that they had suffered from some kind of rot; on nearer approach I had the notion that it was attributable to sea-weed; but, when sufficiently close to examine the cause, I was astonished at finding it arose from small mussels, swarming in such multitudes as to defy all calculation."



SHELL WITH BYSSUS.

"The common mussel," said Wilton, "in abundance, as you saw it, on the Yorkshire coast, and which may often be observed covering the surface of the rocks at low water, always chooses the most open situations. As an article of food, Dr. Knapp tells us that there cannot be used fewer than four hundred bushels annually in Edinburgh and Leith. As each bushel, when shelled and freed from all refuse, probably contains from three to four pints of the molluscs, or about nine hundred or a thousand, according to their size, if we take the latter number, there appears to be consumed in Edinburgh and Leith every year, about four hundred thousand

mussels. This, however, is a mere trifle compared with the enormous numbers used in bait, for all kinds of fish. At Newhaven alone it is calculated that the annual consumption for this purpose may be reckoned at five millions; and as there are nearly as many used at Musselburgh and various other places in the Frith of Forth, the estimate of the annual use of mussels by the fishermen of that district, for bait only, is thirty or forty millions in each year. The consumption both for food and bait in other places must be enormous. Notwithstanding the immense masses you saw at Bridlington, mussels in multitudes are brought thither for bait from the coast of Lincolnshire."

"Is the mussel stationary as the oyster, or can it move like the cockle?"

"It resembles the latter rather than the former. The valves of the mussel-shell fit very closely together, and are opened or closed by means of a reddish-coloured, fleshy protuberance. This is divided into two lobes, and when the creature chooses to remove from its place, it gradually opens the shell, and pushing forth a kind of fleshy foot, makes a furrow in the sand, and draws its shell in this, in a vertical position. It has, however, a still more important function, for it weaves silken threads which the mollusc affixes to the rock and its neighbour mussel, and thus, mutually combined, and each grasping the rock, the community of mussels live together in amity and security."

"This thread appears to be of considerable strength. Even that of a spider, I remember, is not single, but hundreds of fibres issuing from as many points in the insect's spinneret, are combined in one, that thus it may have all necessary strength, just as a rope is made (though, doubtless, far less perfectly) of many strands."

"The mussel's thread," said Wilton, "is probably constituted in the same manner as the spider's. Of the structure and action of the mollusc's spinneret, however, I have, as yet, met with no description."



OSTRE HYOTIS, SNAIL SHELL, AND CARINAIRE.

There may remain, perhaps, much to be discovered in reference to this organ by some indefatigable microscopist. How I should like to watch his various movements, to sympathise with his oft-recurring failures, to see him brace himself up to more effort and patience, and, at length, to supply the chorus to another shout like that of Archimedes, 'I have found it—I have found it!' Perfect must be the spinneret which yields threads of such strength. It is a singular fact that at a long bridge over the Towridge River, in the county of Devon, the tide flowed so rapidly that mortar failing to keep it in repair, the interstices were filled with mussels,

whose strong threads, fixed to the stone-work, prevented the bridge from being driven away; and so important was the aid of these little creatures considered, that to remove them, except in the presence of the corporate authorities, was made a crime, exposing the delinquent to the penalty of transportation."

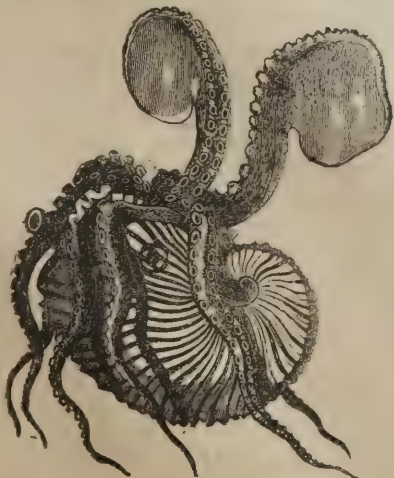
"A most remarkable fact certainly. Other molluscs, I believe, have this gift of spinning."

"Yes, a considerable number of bivalves are thus endowed; the threads they produce being more or less loosely connected; but all issuing from the base of the foot of the shell-dweller. The largest of these which our British seas reveal to us is the *pectinated pinna*, which is sometimes twelve inches long. It has a *byssus*, consisting of numerous silky fibres of a dark purplish colour. The people of Sicily and Calabria prepare it for making a kind of stuff. The threads, when broken away, are sold to women, who, after washing them in soap and water, dry them in the shade, and then, combing them, card the silk. A fabric has been thus manufactured, of a beautiful yellowish brown, which never fades. A manufactory of byssus has long been established at Palermo; and there gloves, stockings, caps, and waistcoats are made of it. So fine was the substance of a pair of stockings woven from the silk of the pinna, for Pope Boniface XV., that they were inclosed in a case no larger than a common snuff-box. Our Cornish fishermen sometimes have their line so entangled by beds of these creatures, that it requires the byssus to be violently torn for its release, or the breaking up of the ground and the removal of many of these molluscs. The pinna obtains its food in a singular manner. The valves of the shell stand upright, with the wide end about an inch above the surface, and the lower part attached by the byssus. As, then, the upper end of the shell is open about two inches, the mollusc within seems to say, 'Eat me who will;' but only let some fish make an entrance, and the shells are instantly closed, not only at the side, but

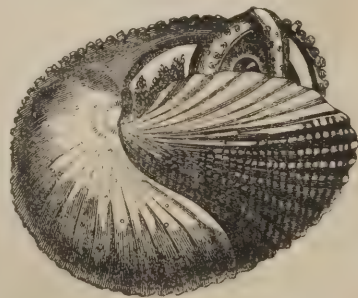
at the top; and the captive soon perishes from the closeness of his confinement, or is actually crushed to death."

"And yet, I suppose, one living creature can reside between the two shells, not only with impunity, but with advantage. What say you to Darwin's story of the 'Pinna and her Cancer friend.'"

"That it is only a *story*, so far as sympathy and affection between the two creatures are concerned. It was certainly a romantic affair for a minute crab to take up its abode between the shells of the pinna, and to repay its sea-lord for its lodging by keeping a good look-out, and giving warning of any coming ill; and for the services respectively afforded, to engender and sustain a mutual interest. But what, alas! for the poetry, is the plain matter of fact? It was known to the ancients that a minute crab was found in the shell of the pinna, and modern naturalists



THE NAUTILUS, AS IT IS SUPPOSED TO BE.



THE NAUTILUS, AS IT IS

have discovered others which inhabit the shells of other bi-valves, particularly mussels and cockles. Two species of them are found on our own coasts.

One of them, found within the shell of the common mussel, especially when raised from deep water, has a shell from a quarter to nearly half an inch in breadth, rounded and convex, of a thin substance and brownish colour, with one or two yellow spots. The other species, of a more angular form and uniform brown colour, is found within the shell of the pinna. The genus is called, therefore, *Pinnotheres*. Their shells are very soft and thin, and so they retreat to the shells of the molluscs, and find there, as the soldier crab does in the shell of a whelk, a safe and cozy retreat.

'Well! facts are chiefs that dinna win,
And canna be disputed;'

and there is much poetry of which we cannot say the like. In former times the line was often repeated:

'Learn of the little nautilus to sail.'

for it was supposed to uplift a minute membrane, which, catching the wind, urged on the little craft of the mollusc. Another poet says:—

'Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel upward, from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled;
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light!'

But not long ago, it was shown, I think, by a lady naturalist, that the nautilus has no sail, and that the appearance of the creature is such that 'the poet's eye, with a 'fine frenzy rolling,' would never dwell upon it with complacency, much less with ecstasy."

"Such is, indeed, the fact. But there is a very curious creature, called the *physalia*, or Portuguese man-of-war. It is very numerous in the Atlantic



THE PHYSALIA.

Ocean, and more especially in the warmest regions, and at a considerable distance from land; but it is very rarely captured on the British coasts. Occasionally it is met with on the southern shores of England and Ireland. Though somewhat grotesque in form, it is a most lovely animal. It has a floating bladder nearly egg-shaped, with a snout at one end and a pointed tail at the other, and crested with a ridge of fair purple. So glossy is the surface as to reflect all the colours of the rainbow. From the lower side of this remarkable organ depend a great number of tubular filaments of various lengths and shapes. Some of them are cylindrical, others wavy and tapering to a point, and others resembling fine threads of cheride spirally convoluted; the whole, too, is gay with brilliant changeable tints of green, blue, and gold. These are, in fact, the organs of prehension, absorption, and digestion of the *physalia*, and are suffered to play freely in the nourishing element. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the

spectacle presented by a numerous fleet of these creatures quietly sailing in the tropical seas. But whenever the surface is ruffled by the slightest wind, they suddenly absorb the air from their vesicles, become heavier than the water, and immediately sink to the still depths of the ocean."

"Is this creature a mollusc?"

"No; it has no shell, and belongs to a different and distinct class of beings. The *velella*, which sails on the surface of the sea, and is brought in great numbers to our western and southern shores in the summer and autumn, is another species, having something like a skeleton, surrounded by the soft substance of the body. This membranous, boat-shaped skeleton is furnished with a vertical plate, placed diagonally. It is transparent, and of a horny, membranous texture. The internal skeleton is very light and spongy, filled with air-cells and sufficiently buoyant to keep the animal on a level with the surface of the water; and the vertical plate, rising into the air, acts like a sail, by which the creature is driven rapidly along. Still further (though the animal is without oars or paddles, yet), from the lower surface of the body there hang down numerous dark blue tentacles, disposed in several rows, by means of which the animal can change its direction, or move along when there is not wind enough to catch its tiny sail."

"Another complete and beautiful arrangement, Wilton. We may say then, henceforth, that marine creatures have sails, though the nautilus has none."

I have now a true tale for you of a very ingenious and tasteful artist of the waters—a creature called a *lima*, which is inclosed in a white shell. This fragile dwelling does not cover the body of the mollusc, for it has a beautiful orange fringe-work, which hangs altogether out of the shell. Think, then, of some prowling haddock in search of a breakfast or a lunch: would he not, at the sight of such a bait, eagerly snap at it, and reckon it quite a *bonne bouche*? Certainly he would; and hence it is ordered that the instinct of the *lima* should provide against such perils. Not that it is taught to hide itself among the loose coral, for the first rude wind might then lay it naked and bare; therefore, unseen beneath the waters, it builds a beautiful little coral nest, not to be exceeded for its tranquillity and comfort by the cosy structure of a goldfinch or a weaver-bird. And here it discovers more than one art. First of all, the *lima* is a mason, collecting carefully the small pieces of coral adapted to its purpose; but as these, if remaining loose, would be insecure and uncomfortable, it is a spinner, making for itself a cordage to bind a handful of these fragments firmly together; and then, while the outside is left rough, and fitted to exclude or ward off some cunning foe, it is not desirable for the inside to be so, and therefore the *lima* fills up the interstices with fine slime, so that it is a smooth plaster-work; and even lines this with a fine tapestry, that there may be nothing left to injure the delicate fringed appendages of the inclosed animal. We are indebted for a knowledge of this remarkable creature to the late Dr. Landsborough—a most intelligent and zealous naturalist—who says:—"Tapestry, as a covering for walls, was once the proud and costly ornament of regal apartments; but ancient though the art was, I shall answer for it that our little marine artisan took no hint from the Gobelins, or from the workmen of Arras, or from those of Athens, or even from the earnest *tapisseries* of the East. I doubt not that from the time that Noah's ark rested on the mountain of Ararat, the forefathers of these beautiful little *limas* have been constructing their coral cottages, and lining them with well-wrought tapestry, in the peaceful bay of Lamlash."

"Why, that I should call poetry in prose, Wilton. Suppose the nautilus had a sail, and was accustomed to work it skilfully; still, the little mariner must 'hide his diminished head' before such a combination of the arts of life as is displayed by this building, spinning, plastering *tapisserie* of a *lima*. What can you tell me of the wonder-worker himself?"

"Taken out of its nest and placed in a jar of seawater, it is one of the most beautiful marine creatures you can behold; the shell, too, is elegant, and the orange fringe-work, without, highly ornamental. It is no sluggard in the waters, nor even a creature of little activity, for it swims about with great vigour. Do you ask, 'How can this be done?' The answer is, 'Its mode of swimming is the same as that of the scallop: it opens its valves, and suddenly shutting them, expels the water; so that the creature is urged onwards or upwards; and when the impulse thus given is spent, it repeats the operation, and thus moves forward by a succession of jerks, or jumps, taking long and rapid leaps, and shooting hither and thither in an irregular course. Hence, these molluscs have been called, 'the butterflies of the ocean,'

not only from the delicacy and beautiful colouring of the wing-like shell, but also from their agile motions. When thus moving through the water, the reddish fringe-work is like the tail of a fiery comet. The filaments may, for anything we know, be useful in catching their prey; they are very easily broken off, and it is remarkable that they seem alive for many hours after they are detached, twisting themselves about in a vermicular, or worm-like manner."

"A curious instance, indeed, Wilton, of creatures which we should suppose doomed to quietude like the oyster, becoming most vigorous locomotives."



BARNACLE.

"You have often seen, doubtless, creatures known to every one on the shore—for they encrust our piers as with a stony covering, gather especially about the helm of vessels, and are observable on rocks and shells, drift-wood, and stones. One of these, the Barnacle, is lodged within a white shell, flattened at the sides, opening by a slit down one edge, and fixed on a soft, flexible, fleshy stalk. The shell is composed of five pieces, joined together by membranes. Within this coat of mail lies the soft body of the barnacle, with its head towards the lower end of the shell—near the place where it is fixed to the stalk—and its tail at the upper extremity. The tail is not unlike that of one of the crustaceans, or crab-like race, and is bordered on each side by six lobes, each of which supports a pair of long ciliated, or feinged arms, the whole resembling a plume of purple feathers. When the animal is alive, these arms are constantly in motion, projecting outward, and expanding into an oval, concave net, then retracting inwards, and closing upon whatever may have come within their reach. So well are they placed, that any small matter which becomes entangled within them can rarely escape, but finds a ready passage to the mouth of the animal. In China, you know, strange things are eaten. A recent traveller had been regaling himself at a village inn in that country, and wishing to know if a dish he particularly liked were duck, as he supposed it to be, he made the sounds 'Quack, quack, quack?' interrogatively to the attendant, who knew just as much English as the traveller did Chinese. The attendant showed instantly that he understood the meaning of the inquiry, for, gravely shaking his head, he responded in the sounds, 'Bow, wow, wow!' The traveller, however, would have fared differently had he been served, as he might have been, with a dish of barnacles. They turn from red to white in boiling, and are said to resemble the lobster in flavour. Now, accustomed to see these creatures attached to various objects, you would not suppose, perhaps, that they were ever otherwise."

"That is precisely my notion at this moment," said I.

"A very natural one, too," said Wilton. "But it is demonstrated that, in their first period of existence, they were covered only with a thin crust, and had limbs and tails, so that then they were active creatures, swimming vigorously and freely about in the waters. A long and interesting tale might be told of such metamorphoses; but again we must pause."

The Matron.

NO. XXXVII.

THE use of marking-ink has become very general, and for under-clothing or house-linen it has great advantages; but marking with silk or marking-cotton is still required for coloured things, and it is an art that every mother should teach her little daughters. To facilitate instruction on this subject, I will explain the marking-stitch. Let two threads be taken each way of the cloth, and remember that the needle must be passed three ways, in order that the stitch may be complete. The first is *aslant* from you, and towards the right hand; the second is downwards, towards you; and the third is the reverse of the first. For the shape of the letters it will be well to consult a sampler.

Forethought is as necessary in what relates to clothing as in providing food; and a prudent wife or mother, when buying new clothes for herself or her children, bears in mind that these clothes will grow old, and will require mending. She will therefore recollect to buy an additional quantity for repairs, and keep this extra quantity carefully for the purpose.

Most of my female readers who may not venture on cutting out or making a new dress, feel perfectly capable of mending an old one; and nothing looks worse (except holes) than a gown of one pattern mended with a piece of another. But, if provided with some of the same stuff, most Englishwomen are handy enough (with the old pattern for a guide) to give to a patched dress a very respectable appearance.

In mending stockings, much depends on taking them in time. Examine them as they come from the wash, and darn over the *thin-looking* parts before they have lapsed into holes. But stockings should not be mended over and over again, nor be made to last for ever, any more than other articles of wear. A sock or stocking rendered uncomfortable by repeated darns is almost as trying to the patience of a husband or a brother, as socks or stockings full of holes. Let stockings and socks be fairly worn and fairly mended, and let them be removed when they have served their turn. Before I take my leave of this subject, I must give you a hint about worsted stockings. It is this: they should never be mended with worsted that is perfectly new; because, it shrinks more than the stockings themselves, and draws them up out of all proper shape. You should unravel the leg of an old worsted stocking, and darn the hole with the worsted thus procured.

Under-petticoats that are beginning to wear out behind, should have the back breadths put in front. With dresses, the hinder breadths are often the best; and a dress-skirt may be made to look almost as good as new by being turned round. If the hem is much worn or discoloured by wet or mud, putting the top (the part gathered round the waist) to the bottom is often found to be a good plan; and the discoloured part may be concealed in the plaits or folds. However, prevention is better than cure; and the longer a dress can be kept in its pristine state the better. Economical dressers always suit their toilet to the weather. The appearance of fancy-stuffs and of silks is generally spoilt by rain. But prints, and stuffs in fast colours, can stand a shower without undergoing any serious injury. For our uncertain climate, a dress of dark twill stuff, with a black woollen petticoat under it, is a style of dress, one can wear all the year round, if we except the very height of summer. Woollen stuffs have this great advantage over silks, that when they have become muddy (if only left to dry), a good clothes brush can make them look as well as ever.

Black silk dresses last very long, if worn only in fine weather. In Switzerland (in parts where French fashions have not driven away old customs) black is worn not only on solemn but also on festive occasions. A black dress is considered particularly well suited for attending church. A bride is married in black, and an infant is christened in a little robe of black velvet. I am speaking of the custom in Zurich, as I recollect it in the early part of the present reign. It was nothing very extraordinary in Zurich for a black silk dress, bought new for a confirmation, to be still presentable ten years after.

On returning from walking out in a silk dress, one should never put it away without shaking it thoroughly. Dust is almost as injurious to the texture of silk as moisture. But a really good printed cotton is almost as lasting as silk. I recollect an interesting old peasant woman in Devonshire, who was perfectly picturesque from her antique appearance. When she was complimented on her

cotton gown, she replied she had had it "fifty years." So much for the good effects of care on female attire. Care is equally necessary in everything that relates to house-linen. Sheets require a good deal of consideration. Even when considerably worn, they should not be patched till the upper hems have been joined and the middle cut open and hemmed. When worn for a few years after this operation, the sides may be joined, the sheet again opened in the middle, and the sides nicely hemmed. These processes will diminish the size of the sheets, but they will make them serviceable for a good many years, and effect one great object in economy—"make the best of them."

Small Change.

WE should not, in our attempts to elevate ourselves, lose sight of safety. He who stands upon a tall man's shoulders, can look over the heads of those around him, but his footing is much less secure than theirs.

A CLERGYMAN, who lives on the seashore, says he likes calm Sundays, because he is opposed to Sabbath breakers.

CERTAINLY no beings ever yet lived the life nature intended them to live, or had fair play for heart and mind, who contrived, by hook or by crook—to marry the wrong person!

ON THE GREAT "NOTHING TO WEAR" QUESTION.

A wife, to dress
In the mode, I guess,
Picks a husband's bones quite clean,
And poor Mr. Spratt
Must cry "No fat!"
As his wife will *cri-no-ine*.

WHEN Lord Townsend was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the then Provost of Dublin lost no opportunity of repeating solicitations for "places." "My dear Hely," said his lordship, "you have a great many things, and I have nothing to give but a captaincy of dragoons." "I accept it then," replied the Provost. "What, you take a captaincy?" answered his lordship. "Zounds! it is impossible; I only meant it as a joke." "And I accept it," replied the Provost, "merely to show you how well I can take a joke."

RUSSELL, the singer, was once singing in a provincial town "The Gambler's Wife," and having uttered the words,

"Hush! he comes not yet!
The clock strikes one,"

he struck the key to imitate the sudden knell of the departed hour, when a respectably-dressed woman ejaculated, to the amazement of everybody, "Wouldn't I have fetched him home!"

MOVING FOR A NEW TRIAL.—Courting a second wife.

LITERATURE has her quacks no less than medicine, and they are divided into two classes—those who have erudition without genius, and those who have volubility without depth. We get second-hand sense from the one, and original nonsense from the other.

THIS epitaph is inscribed on the grave of a smuggler in a country churchyard. He was shot by the excisemen:

Here I lie.
Killed by the XI's.

It is in vain to stick your finger in the water, and, pulling it out, look for the hole; and equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you may occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

THE following "notice" is posted in the news-room of a country tavern: "Gentlemen learning to spell are requested to use yesterday's paper."

A FELLOW in the country is going to have his life insured, so that when he dies he can have something to live on, and not be dependent on the old charities of the world as he once was.

A GREEK poet implies that the height of bliss is the sudden relief of pain; there is a nobler bliss still—the rapture of the conscience at the sudden release from a guilty thought.

WHY does a lady with wealthy lovers around her hear more music than anybody else?—Because she hears several millionaires (*million airts*) at once.

ALL the ideas of King William III. were military. Being told that Dean Swift was a very clever fellow, and had done great service to his majesty, the king replied:—"Very well, then I'll give him a troop of light dragoons."

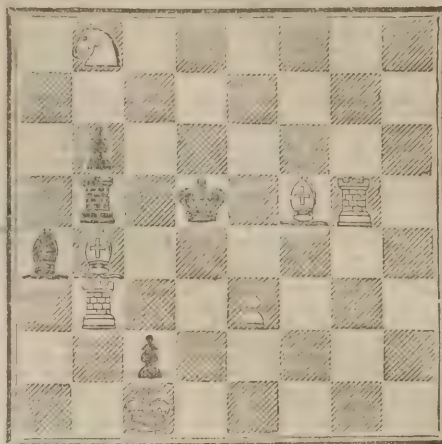
TRUTH, like the sun, submits to be obscured, but only for a time.

"WILL you have it rare, or well done?" said a landlord to an Irishman, a few days ago, as he was cutting a piece of roast beef. "I love it well done ever since I am in this country, for it was rare enough we used to ate in Ireland."

Chess.

Problem No. 63. By DOMINO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 63.

WHITE.
1. P to Q 6
2. P to R 5
3. Q takes Q Kt P (ch)
4. Kt mates

BLACK.
1. Q takes P (best)
2. R takes B (best)
3. R or Kt takes Q

Solution of Problem No. 66.

WHITE.
1. R takes B
2. B to Q 5 (ch)
3. K takes P
4. R to K 2
5. R mates

BLACK.
1. K takes Kt
2. K to K 5
3. K takes B
4. K moves

ENIGMAS.

No. 14. By Mr. W. GREENWOOD.

White.—King at Q sq, R at Q Kt 6, Kt at Q B 2, Ps at Q B 2 and Q B 5.

Black.—K at Q B 4, P at Q Kt 4.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

No. 15. By A. M. BAKER.

White.—K at K B 7, B at Q Kt 7, Kts at Q B 2 and Q R 4, Ps at Q B 5, Q 3, K 2, and K Kt 3.

Black.—K at Q 4, B at K sq, Ps at Q B 3 and K 6.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

No. 16. By Mr. J. STONEHOUSE.

White.—K at Q Kt 7, Q at K R 8, Rs at K 4 and K Kt 4, Bs at Q 4 and K R sq, Kts at K sq and K B 5.

Black.—K at Q 4, Q at K R 7, B at K B 5, Kts at K R 5 and Q R 2, Ps at Q Kt 4, Q B 2, 3, and 6, K 3, K B 6, and K Kt 3.

White to move, and mate in five moves.

T. WASBOROUGH.—We fully appreciate the friendly tone of your remarks, and concur with you in the opinion that "the cause of temperance would be advanced by the dissemination of a knowledge of Chess amongst the poorer classes."

INQUIRENDO.—The Queen in most cases wins against Rook and Pawn, but great care is required.

T. S.—A re-examination of Problem No. 60 will probably convince you that there is not an unnecessary piece on the board.

MONA.—What think you of R to K 5 in reply to your first move in Problem No. 53?

J. RILEY.—Thanks for the Problem, but it is much too simple. In Problem No. 60, you overlook the escape of the Black King at K B 5, if White play as you propose.

E. TAYL.—1. See answer to "J. Riley" touching Problem No. 60.—2. Kenny's Chess Manual.

M. A. R.—Chessmen made of the material to which you refer would, we apprehend, be very expensive.

T. W. S.—A set of chessmen suitable for a board of the size you name can be purchased for about 3s. 6d.

EAGLESHALL.—The Norwich Chess Club is the nearest to your locality.

Solutions by J. J. Watts, No. 59; F. G. Rainger, Nos. 58, 59, 60, 61, and 62; Herr Koenig, No. 57; W. McKenzie, Nos. 49, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, and 56; T. Martin, jun., Nos. 53, 54, 58, 59, 61, and 62; M. A. R., Nos. 57, 58, 59; T. Wade, No. 57; Douglas, No. 57 and 58; D. W. O., Nos. 55, 57, 60, and 61; Grapes, 55, 57, 60, and 61; Thomas Todd, No. 55; R. Wakelin, No. 57 and 58; W. Holt, Nos. 57, 58, and 59; C. Austin, Nos. 57, 58, and 59; W. Ross, 57 and 58; E. Grant, 57, 58, and 59; and Mona, Nos. 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, and 59, correct.

Our Editorial Table.

NOTICE.

On September 10th was published the first number of the PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS, price 3d. weekly, or free by post, 4d. This journal must prove of the highest interest to every person wishing to become conversant with the beautiful and advancing art of Photography. Communications to be addressed to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, Belle Sauvage Yard, E.C.

A TARRY-AT-HOME TRAVELLER.—Since you take such an interest in the movements of Louis Napoleon, you ought to be a little better acquainted with the position of the places he visits. Rennes has nothing to do with the south of France; it is the chief town of Ile and Vilaine, one of the western departments. When France was divided into provinces (as it was before the accession to power of Napoleon the First) Rennes was the capital of the province of Bretagne. Rennes is an ancient, large, and populous city. Its streets are as straight as an arrow, but in general they are rather too narrow and dark. In the grand square this city can boast of elegant edifices; viz., the Palace of Justice, and the Hotel de Ville. Rennes is watered by the river Vilaine, which divides it into two parts.

AN EXILE'S WIFE.—We feel for your anxiety respecting your absent husband, and we sincerely hope that a regular and rapid communication with Australia may soon be established. Before the breaking out of the Crimean war, it was believed this would soon be effected by way of the Red Sea and the Pacific Ocean, but when it was decided that an army should be sent out in defence of the Turks, the most eligible vessels for transports were decided to be those on the line between London and Melbourne. They were accordingly impressed, and the communication between England and Australia was interrupted. Peace has long since been restored, and it is much to be lamented that so little has been done to facilitate intercourse with Australia. Referring to the map, there can be little doubt that the line across the Isthmus of Suez by the Red Sea, would not only be the most expeditious, but the least liable to interruption. Taking the average speed of a well-built steamer, it has been calculated that the voyage from London to Melbourne can be accomplished in forty-two days, allowing for casualties and stoppages for coaling.

A STRANGER IN LONDON.—Although the Lord Mayor's day is on the 9th of November, it is on the 29th of September that the new Lord Mayor is chosen. The Lord Mayor, as a magistrate, has a very laborious office; but if titles could reward him, he has enough of them. He possesses, among others, those of Lord Lieutenant of the county of London, Chief Butler at the coronation of the sovereign; Meter of coals and grain, of salt and fruit; Conservator of the Thames; Admiral of the Port, and Justice of gaol delivery for Newgate.

X. Y. Z.—None of the fruits you like so much are indigenous. The peach and walnut came originally from Persia; the grape and apricot from Armenia, a very fertile country in Asia, watered on the north by the ancient river Euphrates. Armenia was formerly governed by its own kings, but the Turks and Persians hold possession of it at present. The cherry, chestnut, fig, olive, and mulberry come from Asia Minor. According to geologists, in times long before the historic period, the climate of Britain was tropical, and then, of course, it produced tropical fruits; but at the time of the first invasion of the Romans (a few years before the birth of Christ) the only indigenous fruits of this country were the sloe, the blackberry, the currant, the strawberry, the cranberry, the elderberry, hips, haws, acorns, hazel nuts, and beech-mast. Our indigenous vegetables consisted of carrots, celery, beet, sea-kale, and mushrooms.

S. E.—Phosphorus is an animal production, and iodine a vegetable one. Phosphorus is the base of an acid found in bones, and the oxygen is detached by charcoal at a red heat. Iodine is procured from sea-weed. It is of a violet colour, and evaporates very easily. It changes vegetable blues to yellow. Iodine is very valuable as a medicine. It is much used by the faculty in the removal of scrofulous complaints.

ALFRED, B.S.G.W., Moss Rose Bud.—While perusing your letter we were tempted to advise you to confess the state of your feelings to your master's daughter, and to trust to that generosity which is woman's most charming attribute; but when we came to that part of your communication in which you tell us that your second love is an engaged lady, we unhesitatingly pronounce your present passion to be an ill-omened one. We advise you to give it no encouragement.—In the case of B. S. G. W., the greatest service he can confer on the woman he loves is to set her the example of sacrificing feeling to duty. As much manliness may be shown in contests with his own inclinations as in leading a *forlorn hope*. The great poet Campbell mentions sentimental trials among those of a more ostensible nature, and he considers it equally the work of fortitude to conquer the former as the latter. The bard's inspiring lines are as follows:—

"Be hushed, my dark spirit, for wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be firm as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore.
Through the perils of chance and the scowls of disdain,
May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate,
Nay even the name I have worshipped in vain,
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again;
For to bear is to conquer our fate."

As to "Moss Rose Bud" we are of opinion that she had better not think of love and matrimony just yet. If the gentleman who has attracted her attention possesses, as she supposes, a "fine intellect," we do not doubt he will be of our opinion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We receive so many well written letters invariably terminating with a request for our opinion of the handwriting, that if we complied with the wishes of all who desire our opinion on this subject, the Editorial Table would become uninteresting to the general reader on account of the sameness resulting from repeated paragraphs in praise

of penmanship. We, therefore, beg all the good writers who desire our commendation, not to attribute our silence to neglect, but to the fear of tiring our readers by repetitions. As to bad or indifferent writers, should any such be found among the readers of this Paper, we strongly recommend them (in order to improve themselves in writing) to procure the Model Copy-Books, published by Messrs. Ward and Lock, Fleet-street.

J. CLIFTON.—It is only the park deer that are called the fallow deer. The large red deer inhabit wild and mountainous districts. They have a leader, and, if necessary, they fight in concert. The females will expose themselves to save their young. The male deer only have horns; these (after their sixth year) they shed annually. It is a remarkable fact that the fallow deer will, for successive days, fight in parties for their pasture.

BODILY COMPLAINTS AND INFIRMITIES.—Anxious; W. J. P. J.; J. Sallott; Lillian; A Fat One; Ellen Vannin; Quintin Matsys; George C.; Narcotic; An Anxious One; A Sufferer; Cabee; E. F.; An Anxious Inquirer; Charlie; W. Eakly; D. H.; A Lover of Cassell's Paper; D. O. M.; Iron; Chrome; H. A.; K. Thomas; Assistant Chemist; Charlotte; and several others. We can do no more than recommend application to skilful medical advisers.

A CONSTANT READER.—Schamyl, against whom the Russians, under General Yewdokimoff, have recently been so successful, is one of the most celebrated warriors of the age; but the Circassian tribes he has so often led on to victory, belong only to a half-civilised country. Circassia is bounded on the north by Russia, and on the south by the Black Sea. Its western shores are opposite those of the Crimea.

MILES.—The idiom of the French language requires that the negation in such sentences as you quote should have a particle instead of an indefinite article. Consequently, "Je n'ai pas de montre," for I have not a watch, is more idiomatic than "Je n'ai pas une montre."

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—It is not necessary to introduce friends you meet to those with whom you may be walking; but it is not a breach of etiquette to introduce parties thus situated to each other, supposing you are convinced that there is not any objection on either side to forming acquaintance. It is quite sufficient for a lady to beg a gentleman to be seated; she is not expected to hand him a chair.

A BRICK, G. H. W., VIOLET.—We think you are very likely to get on in the colony you mention. The recent success of the Atlantic telegraph has more than doubled the importance of British America. As your wife and companion in your emigration, we do not advise you to fix on the "exquisitely beautiful daughter of a proud family," but to seek out some modest, industrious, well-informed maiden, whose domestic virtues promise that she will make your home happy.—Under the circumstances, we think you would be justified in destroying the portrait.—From your letter, we are disposed to think you are not much in love with either of your suitors. If this is the case, we do not hesitate to advise you to accept the tradesman who is doing business for himself, rather than the tradesman's son, who is shopman to a grocer.

M. B. and M. C.—"M. B." complains that among all her lovers she has never met with a true one. From the description "M. B." gives of herself, she has beauty enough to fix the regard of the most decided male flirt in all London. What we suspect is, that "M. B." is not sufficiently frank in affairs of the heart. She tells us of a gentleman who has courted her for four years. She adds that she loved him, but that "he never knew it." Reserve is very becoming in a young lady; but it may be carried too far. If our correspondent has estranged her lover by her coldness, she must be all the more cordial to him should he return to her.—"M. C.'s" case can be more summarily disposed of. She is beloved "by an honourable, upright young man, who has every right to expect to get on in this world." Let him get on, and then "M. C.'s" mother, who requires fortune in her son-in-law, will no longer oppose the match.

KATE SOMERSET.—The habit you mention shows a pleasing degree of sensibility. None but the ignorant will impute your blushes to conscious guilt.

EMMELINE D.—The ladies of the East, whose present fashions are of immemorial date, wear the garment you speak of; consequently, it lays claim to great antiquity.

MERCATOR.—As the exercise of dancing (taken in moderation) is likely to improve your health, and strengthen the limb affected, we advise you to persevere in it.

G. B. J. D., INJURED HUSBAND.—A very important consideration in selecting a present for a lady is to procure for her some article she stands in need of. If your promised bride is well provided with improving books (which are unquestionably the most valued and most lasting of all presents), and is already in possession of a desk and a workbox, of course such things as these are out of the question. Situated as you are, you might offer her "something to wear;" and we think a shawl (suited to the present autumnal season) would form a judicious and acceptable present.—We advise our fair correspondent not to bestow another thought on one so vacillating and indifferent. If the course of true love *always* did run smooth, this life would be a state of enjoyment instead of a state of probation. You must bear this in mind, and not think that in the opposition of your cousin's father you have any extraordinary trial to encounter. Your duty is plain. You must endeavour to overcome evil with good, and not do evil that good may come. However, no duty can require that your cousin should bestow her hand on the man her father favours while her heart is yours.

SMILES AND TEARS, IN DEEP DISTRESS.—After an intimate acquaintance of three years a man should have made up his mind one way or the other. There is nothing so important in this life as to come to the point. In spite of all the good qualities you ascribe to the man you prefer, if he is deficient in resolution he can never become either good or great. When next you meet him, if he should not declare himself, we advise you to endeavour to banish him from your heart.—There are men who endeavour to gain the affections of young women with no other object than to gratify their own vanity. If this has been the case with the "frequent visitor"

at your house, the sooner he marries some one else the better. The shock of hearing of his union will be less injurious to you than such continued suspense; and probably you will soon feel sufficiently indifferent to him to listen with satisfaction to proposals from another quarter. The hair sent by "Smiles and Tears" is decidedly light, and very pretty.

KITTY ROBSON.—Coffee should immediately follow the dessert. Etiquette does not render it necessary for a lady to thank a gentleman for escorting her from the drawing-room to the dining-room. You will find the wished-for poem in the works of William Cowper.

SIR B. F. M. and MARY ANN wish to know if there is any means of preventing the hair from growing on the forehead. There is not any remedy excepting time. This will inevitably prevent the hair from growing on the forehead. Young people who, in order to secure the appearance of a high forehead, shave off part of the hair, or endeavour to remove it by depilatories, never attain their object, but often injure the skin of the head, and make themselves look ridiculous. Where the hair grows low on the forehead, let it be brushed back, and, in most cases, the brow will appear sufficiently high to harmonise with the countenance.

IGNORANT INQUIRER.—By indulging in the superstitious practices you speak of, with a view to find out the trade of your future husband, you are likely to bewilder your senses, and fit yourself for nothing but a lunatic asylum. Thus you would lose the chance of having any husband at all.

R. M. A. (Brighton).—We can hardly give a satisfactory answer without knowing something more of your general capabilities. Send your name and address with full particulars; we might then perhaps help you.

SYNTAX.—The error in the following distich consists in the disagreement of the verb with the nominative case:

"And we near'd the land where in beauty smiles
The sunny shores of the Grecian isles."

Shores smile. It is very incorrect to say, "shores smiles." In correcting these lines it is rather difficult to preserve the sense, but they may thus be turned:—

"And we near'd the land where in beauty smile
The sunny shores of each Grecian isle."

ANNE H. and AMY ELLERSTLEY are both troubled with small black spots on their faces. These disfigurements often proceed from a tendency to biliousness, and then a little cooling medicine is advisable. From the account "Anne H." gives us of the state of her teeth, we think it will be necessary, in the first instance, that she should have them cleaned by a dentist. When this is done, we advise her to keep them clean, by brushing them every morning with prepared chalk. In applying the chalk, she should beware of using too hard a toothbrush. Hard brushes injure the enamel of the teeth.

CRIBBY.—Your suggestion shall meet with attention.
L. M.—When W. made over to Y. the business, to learn which you were apprenticed, you were, of course, included in the transfer. Y., therefore, is bound to instruct you in that business to the end of the term stated in your indentures; and you are not at liberty to claim your indentures till the expiration of that period.

LOTTY.—You can make neither rose-water nor lavender-water in the manner you propose; but if you wish to procure an essence from flowers proceed as follows:—Collect a quantity of the leaves of any flowers that have an agreeable fragrance; card thin layers of cotton, which dip into the finest sweet oil; sprinkle a small quantity of fine salt on the flowers, and lay first a layer of cotton, and then a layer of flowers, until an earthen vessel, or a wide-mouthed glass bottle is full. Tie the top well over with a bladder, then place the vessel in a southern aspect, so that it may have the heat of the sun; and in fifteen days, when uncovered, a fragrant oil may be squeezed away from the whole mass.

A NATURALIST.—Clean and polish your shells thus:—Wash them well in warm water, and then take spirits of salts one part and water eight parts, and give another cleaning. Then polish them with leather and a little tripoli. This applies only to those shells which have no natural polish.

HERBERT H. M.—Sunday was the day of the week on which August 30 fell, in 1840.

DUNCAN.—The Princess Victoria was the title borne by our gracious Queen before her accession to the throne.

A YOUNG PAINTER.—To be a good sign painter you ought to have a competent knowledge of the art, including designing and colouring, as you may be required, by turns, to paint a Queen's head, Windsor Castle, a lion, or a rose and crown.

A NEWS READER.—The word *protocol* is derived from the Latin *protocolum*, which Ainsworth thus explains:—"That which is first briefly noted, to be afterwards amended, and further enlarged; a rough draft." The term is usually said to be derived from *protocolion*, which means the first leaf of a book; but this derivation is erroneous.

M. D., Black Eagle, Karl, Maria B., Thomas, and some other correspondents, complain of having more hair, longer eyebrows, &c., than they wish; Excelsior, F. Wilson, Sir Walter Scott, Walter Lisle, R. G., Keziah, and others, though young in years, fear they shall soon become bald; Beardless Swaddy, Jack Manders, J. B., Alex, and other youths, are anxious to have their cheeks adorned with whiskers. R. G. J., Mary E., Charlie, M. Thomason, dislike the colour of their hair. Mark Raymond would rejoice if his eyelashes were longer. Margaret H. thinks herself "a perfect fright," because she is what is called "beetle-browed." We have given many receipts in previous columns bearing upon these cases, which we request our correspondents to consult.

* * We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. II.—No. 43.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER XC.

Were his eyes open? Yes; and his mouth, too.
Suspense hath this effect, to make one dumb,
Yet leaves the gate, where eloquence steps through,
As wide as if a long speech were to come.—BYRON.

CARUS had been waiting several hours at the chambers of his confederate, eager to learn the result of his scheme of villainy. Never had time dragged on so heavily. Ruin and exposure stared him in the face, for, without money, he felt himself tied, bear-

like, to the stake, but without courage to fight it out. At every step he heard upon the stairs, the conscience-stricken culprit started and hastened impatiently to the door. Each disappointment added to the bitterness of his feelings. Tardy-footed time gave him leisure to reflect, and reflection formed no slight part of his punishment.

"At last!" he exclaimed, as his agent made his appearance. "Have you succeeded?"

"Partially," was the reply.
"Explain yourself; anything is better than the torments of suspense; they eat into my very heart, and change my blood to gall."

"I have seen your wife."

"Well, well!"
"Hang it, man," said the captain, "allow me to tell my tale in my own way; this interruption only adds to the torture you complain of."

Carus compressed his lips with dogged resolution, and listened to what followed in sullen silence.

"The confidence of Mrs. Kearns," continued the speaker, "appears to be unabated in me. She still believes me to be her disinterested adviser and sincere friend; but let that pass. Like most women, when greatly agitated, I found her irresolute and vacillating—at one moment ready to resign everything rather than part with her son, the next resolved to defend her rights, and resist the separation by legal means."

"Did you urge that I only required the money for a time?" demanded his hearer.

"It would have been unwise, and destroyed the confidence she still reposes in me," was the reply of the keen-judging man of the world. "She has listened to that argument too frequently before. Not to keep you any longer in suspense," he added, "she finally decided upon one of two alternatives."

"Name them."
"The first was to make the transfer you demand."



CARUS AND THE CAPTAIN OUTWITTED BY MARTHA.

The dark eyes of Carus flashed triumphantly. "I have succeeded, then?" he exclaimed. "Not yet," observed the captain; "I told you one of two alternatives, for your wife will never consent, under any circumstances, to part with her boy."

"Go on."

"The other is to fly with me."

"Fly!" repeated the worthless husband, with such unfeigned astonishment that it provoked a smile from his dear friend; "I thought you had long since abandoned that project."

"She herself proposed it."

"Impossible! you are trifling with me."

"But not in the sense you mean. I am to escort her into Norfolk to the residence of her cousin, Edgar Marston, should she decide on placing herself and Horace under his protection."

"The traitress!" muttered Carus; "but it will answer my purpose—place her completely in my power, and justify my conduct to the world. Instead of conducting her towards her cousin's, you must take the route to Dover. Do you comprehend my plans?"

The captain nodded affirmatively.

"I will overtake you upon the road; as a matter of course, a violent altercation must ensue between us; to escape the brand of shame, for she is as proud of her good name as fond of the idiot who calls her mother, she will consent to any sacrifice."

"That certainly will be the surest way," observed Bland, without the slightest touch of remorse at the unmanly, contemptible part he was about to act.

"And how are we to learn her decision?" inquired the husband.

"Martha is to inform me of it," replied his confederate; "for I pretended that it would be unsafe to write."

At the name of the faithful servant, a shade of doubt and dissatisfaction passed over the countenance of Carus Kearn. He had much rather that it had been by any other messenger.

For some time longer the guilty man was left a prey to doubt. Nearly an hour elapsed before a ring was heard.

"There's Martha," whispered Bland; "you had better not be seen by her."

His visitor took the hint, and, catching up his hat, retired into the inner room; no sooner had he disappeared, than his friend admitted the messenger.

"Oh, captain!" exclaimed the woman, sinking rather than seating herself into a chair, "pray fasten the door; should my master chance to call."

"A most unlikely circumstance," observed the gentleman; "it is days since I have seen him. To speak candidly, there is a coolness between us. His conduct towards so excellent a wife, has materially shaken the friendship I once felt for him."

Martha drew down the corners of her mouth in order to repress a smile. The porter had informed her, in answer to her inquiries, that Mr. Kearn had been with the captain for the last two hours. She doubted not but he was still within hearing.

"It is a sad business," observed the hypocrite, with a sigh; "but some men throw away their happiness, and only repent the loss of it when too late."

"That is very true, sir; and my master is one of them. He is a bad man."

"I fear, it."

"I know it," continued the messenger. "I am sure I cannot imagine what would become of my poor mistress, but for your kindness and friendship. She has every reliance upon you."

Captain Bland tried to throw an expression of sympathy into his face; and, although burning with impatience to learn the result of his iniquitous scheme, he forbore to ask any questions, but waited till Martha should inform him of it.

"Well, sir," said the latter, "Mrs. Kearn has decided upon taking your advice and seeking the protection of her cousin; she has sent me for instructions."

"Is her mind fully made up?"

"Fully," answered his visitor; "and high time it was, with such a wretch for a husband. He has no more heart than a stone, his word is a lie, and he would rob his wife and child with as little pity or remorse as a fox would plunder a hen-roost."

The belief that Carus was still within hearing, and listening to every word she uttered, added to the bitterness with which the honest creature poured forth her invectives.

The captain could scarcely refrain from a smile.

"Then, he is such a sneak," she added. "If he had the courage of a man, or the heart of a father, he would never descend to threaten his wife with the loss of her child."

"It is, indeed, a heartless cruelty."

"Cruelty!" repeated Martha; "I should think it

was a cruelty. My poor mistress is spirit-crushed. I had the greatest difficulty in the world to bring her to a decision. Had it been my case," she added, "it would not have cost me a minute's consideration to make up my mind."

"Doubtless not," mentally observed the gentleman.

"I wish I had been his wife, that's all!—he should never have broken my heart. But that is not to the point; my mistress will be ready to accompany you this evening. You must have a chaise at the end of the square."

"Certainly; at what hour?"

"Not later than ten, or before eight," replied the messenger; "her husband will be at his club."

"It shall be arranged as your mistress desires," said the captain, greatly delighted at the information.

"But that is not all."

"What next?"

"Master Horace will accompany her. Poor thing! she cannot part with him for an instant."

"It is not necessary that she should," observed the captain, with difficulty suppressing his satisfaction. "I can understand a mother's feelings, and respect them."

"I am sure you can, sir; I told my mistress so; but, to prevent all suspicion—for she is closely watched, every servant in the house, except myself, being a spy upon her—the poor dear boy will be disguised."

"In what way?"

"As a girl, sir."

"Cleverly arranged," exclaimed the hypocrite. "Ah, Martha, I can discern your presence of mind in this."

"I'll not say but you may, sir," answered the messenger, with an air of satisfaction. "Have you any reply to send back?"

"Only that I shall be at the place of rendezvous punctually," replied the confederate of Carus, "and that everything shall be arranged as she desires."

"Thank you, sir."

"Do you accompany us?"

"At first it was settled that I should," said Martha, "but my mistress thought better of it, and I remain in order to prevent suspicion, and answer her brute of a husband in the event of his return before you are too far upon the road to be overtaken."

"An excellent precaution," observed Bland; "with such an ally there is little doubt of success."

The woman took her leave, and Carus emerged from his concealment, his face flushed with the anticipation of triumphing over the wife he had so cruelly plundered and oppressed.

"Excellent!" he exclaimed. "The idiot will fall into her own snare; this will place her completely at my mercy. By heavens!" he continued, "the sight of her humiliation, when she finds her reputation blasted by her own imprudence, will afford me as much satisfaction as the surrender of her gold. She has frequently stung me by her quiet, calm contempt more bitterly than reproaches could have done."

"Nonsense," observed his friend; "it is money, and not revenge upon a helpless woman, who, after all, has never wronged you, that we require. By-the-bye," he added, "what is to be my share of the profits in the transaction?"

"Oh, we shall not quarrel about that."

"Of course not; but to avoid doing so, had we not better come to some understanding on the point at once?"

"What mean you?"

"You know the old adage."

"What adage?"

"That short reckonings make long friends," replied Captain Bland, carelessly lighting a cigar.

There was little in the words, but a great deal implied in the tone in which they were uttered, and Carus Kearn reflected for a few instants before he could govern his rage sufficiently to reply to them.

"I have no cash by me," he said.

"I know that, old fellow," answered his amiable confederate, "and I am prepared to advance the necessary funds for our joint speculation; but you must give me a memorandum."

"An I O U?"

"A peculiar one."

"As you please; draw it out yourself."

"Your wife must do that," was the reply.

"My wife!" repeated the ruffian.

"Yes, the transfer of the securities must be made in our joint names; you understand me?"

"Villain!" exclaimed Carus.

"Which do you mean?" answered the hitherto obsequious captain, coolly; "there are two of us. Do you imagine, Mr. Kearn, that I am such a fool as to risk my money and reputation on no better security

than your word?—you forget how long I have known its exact value."

"You insult me!"

"No, I only reason with you. It is time we understood each other. You will find me more easy to deal with than you expect. Many men in my position would expect half the profits of the adventure now I will be satisfied with a fourth."

"Moderate, indeed! Just two thousand five hundred pounds!" ejaculated Carus, in an ironical tone.

"Calculated to a fraction," was the cool reply. "I give you ten minutes to decide."

Before the time had elapsed, Carus had yielded the point, and the iniquitous compact was concluded.

CHAPTER XCI.

"How is't, Laertes?
Why, as a woodcock in my own springs, Orazio."
SHAKESPEARE.

It was night, and the cold pitiless rain fell with that provoking steady perseverance which renders all chance of its leaving off hopeless, for some time to come. There were but few persons on foot, except the policeman on his weary beat, and the houseless, hungry, and wretched, who hurried along with a sort of restless, make-believe haste, as if they had a home, warm fire, and supper waiting their return.

Occasionally, these solitary pariahs would suddenly pause, cast a wistful eye towards the windows of some respectable-looking house, contemplate the light visible through the closely-drawn curtains, and then hurry on, envious, perhaps, of the comforts of those within, or sighing at the recollection of the time when they too sat in well-lit rooms and saw kind faces smiling round them.

We have often thought that the waking dreams of the night walkers of London would form an interesting volume—memories that have lost their sunshine, jostling against self-reproaches and regrets—always regrets,—it is the history of life, its story and its end.

At the corner of one of those squares, which, like the mediæval princes of Germany, hold an equivocal rank somewhere between fashion and respectability, a chaise and four had been waiting nearly a couple of hours, to the intense disgust of the postboys, two antiquated specimens of an all but extinct race. The rain came splashing down upon their faded jackets and leathern continuations in large, heavy drops, which had already nearly wetted them through, and they looked about as wretched and uncomfortable as the statue of George the Fourth, in his slippers and well-curled wig, at Charing-cross, and only a little less ridiculous.

In the vehicle sat Captain Bland, calm, watchful, as self-possessed as a spider in its web waiting for the prey, which he felt assured must eventually fall into its meshes.

"At last!" he muttered to himself, as a lady, elegantly dressed and deeply veiled, turned the corner of the square; "the boy is with her."

Any ordinary observer would have said the girl, for such, to all appearance, was the sex of the child who accompanied her.

As the fugitives reached the chaise, the gentleman opened the door, but without descending himself, and assisted them in.

"Be firm, my dear Mrs. Kearn," he whispered, "and all will go well."

A stifled sob was the only reply.

This did not surprise the cold, calculating man of the world. To him the agitation, distress, and terror of the persecuted wife appeared very natural; for however pure and correct her motives, the step she had taken was a dangerous one, and might compromise her reputation, especially if, by any unforeseen accident, her worthless husband should overtake her before reaching the residence of the relative to whom she was flying for protection.

The postboys, who had received their orders, started at a rapid pace, mentally calculating, no doubt, the amount of additional gratuity their employer had promised them.

Finding that his dupe did not feel disposed to enter into conversation, but replied either by monosyllables or stifled sighs to his remarks, Captain Bland threw himself back in the vehicle, and began indulging in a train of meditations, in which the past and future were blended.

We ought to begin by premising that he was one of those men who are imbued with a profound contempt for their fellow creatures; virtue he regarded as a myth—honesty merely a question of degree, holding with the poet,

"That the stern virtue which disdains a dukedom—
A sceptre shown, will bow and take the offer."

He had been born poor, and money was his idol—the only deity he ever worshipped.

No wonder, with such feelings and principles, that he had readily become the agent of Carus in his rash and ill-considered speculations—speculations, *par parenthèse*, by which he alone had profited, seeing that they had left his employer a beggar.

Although Captain Bland knew but little of the antecedents of the man with whom he had thus linked himself, he knew quite enough of the world to feel convinced that they were both dark and dangerous; he had seen him, on more than one occasion, have recourse to means of a most questionable character to maintain his credit in the commercial world; and he naturally began to consider whether it would not be prudent to dissolve the connection—especially as the affair he found himself at present engaged in, if brought to a successful issue, which he no longer doubted, would leave him independent; and, finally, he came to the conclusion that it would.

The question was how to accomplish it with safety to himself; for, like most men of his caste, he had a great respect for his own personal security.

Whilst these reflections were passing through his prolific brain, the chaise continued at a rapid pace to dash along the Dover-road. It was into Norfolk that he ought to have conducted his victims; and more than once the hypocrite congratulated himself on the profound sorrow and agitation which prevented Mrs. Kearn from observing the route they were going.

"She must be blind, indeed," he thought, as the vehicle rolled over Blackheath, "if she does not find it out now."

But the lady did not find it out. She still continued with her arms round the neck of her child, absorbed, to all appearance, in her meditations.

Still the rain continued to fall with a chilliness as pitiless as the heart of the man who, under the specious garb of friendship, was acting so treacherous a part.

At last the panting steeds drew up at the old post-house just beyond Shooter's-hill; the ostler's bell rang, and in the bustle and confusion which followed Mrs. Kearn did not hear the order of "four fresh horses for Dover."

The captain did, and wondered at her stupidity. "You had better alight," he whispered; "only for a few minutes. We are beyond the danger of pursuit now."

Apparently the lady thought so too, for she descended without the slightest objection, and, holding her son by the hand, followed him into a private sitting-room, where a cheerful fire was burning.

"One glass of wine," said her supposed protector; "it will strengthen you for the rest of the journey."

Without waiting for a reply he rang the bell twice.

It was answered—not by the waiter, but by Carus, who, accompanied by his lawyer—one of those needy, unprincipled rascals who are ever ready to lend the aid of their profession to any piece of rascality, provided they are well paid.

At the sight of her husband, Mrs. Kearn uttered a faint shriek, and, with a mother's instinct, clasped her boy to her bosom, as if that feeble shield could protect him.

There was something devilish in the sneer of triumph which appeared upon the flushed countenance of Carus as he contemplated the woman whose existence he had made wretched—whose firmness in clinging to the wreck of fortune for her child's sake had been proof against threats, entreaties, and persuasions.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, addressing his confederate in a tone of well-acted indignation; "is this your friendship?"

"Hear me," said the captain; "you are deceived."

"You are mistaken; I am no longer deceived," replied the former, continuing the character of an injured husband. "I have long suspected your attempts upon the honour of the abandoned woman who has forgot alike her duty as a mother and a wife."

A suppressed cry, which the lawyer thought sounded very like a chuckle, broke from the lady.

"Captain Bland had better retire," he observed; "his continued presence is an outrage, which would justify my deeply-injured client in proceeding to almost any extremity."

A glance of mutual intelligence was rapidly exchanged by the three confederates, for the speaker was perfectly aware of the excellent understanding which existed between Mr. Kearn and the supposed destroyer of his domestic happiness, who, taking the hint, shunk out of the room.

"This is the virtue whose patient suffering was a living reproof to me," observed Carus, with a bitter sneer, as he contemplated the apparently crushed and broken creature, whose convulsive agitation in-

creased. "But I will not reproach you," he added; "guilt like yours is insensible to shame. By your conduct you have deprived yourself, madam, of all right to my consideration; and Horace must return to town with me. You can remain here, if you think proper."

To his great astonishment, the threat of separating his wife from his son failed to elicit any other reply than a repetition of the sobs, which the lawyer considered sounded exceedingly like a giggle.

Mr. Twig, the name of the practitioner, now thought it time to interfere and play his part.

"This is a painful circumstance—a very painful one; for although no actual guilt may have been committed, it places you, madam, in the eyes of the world, and what is of far more consequence, in those of the law, in an equivocal position, and must entitle my deeply injured client to a divorce, unless," he added, "some arrangement can be hit upon."

He paused for an instant, fully expecting that Mrs. Kearn herself would suggest an alternative, which even with his effrontery he hesitated to explain more explicitly.

"It is useless," exclaimed Carus, with an oath. "I appreciate your well-meant interference—but no, the time for mercy is past; infamy, shame, exposure, and disgrace, are the just punishment of a life of deception and hypocrisy."

"Be persuaded," said the lawyer, soothingly. "Madam," he continued, bowing to the lady, "this is one of those peculiar cases in which it is the duty of an honest man to act as a friend to both parties. Sign this paper, leave the rest to me, and I pledge myself that the scandal of a public trial shall be avoided."

Mrs. Kearn took the paper; as she did so, the feeling, respectable Mr. Twig thought her hand appeared exceedingly red for a lady's.

"Here is a pen," he added.

But instead of signing the deed, which, in fact, was nothing less than a power of attorney enabling her husband and Captain Bland to sell out the remaining portion of her fortune, Mrs. Kearn quietly placed it in the pocket of her dress.

"What mean you, woman?" demanded Mr. Kearn, rudely seizing her by the arm. "Give it back or sign it."

"I shall do neither," was the reply.

In the struggle which ensued, the thick black veil of the speaker was torn aside, and disclosed the plain, but honest face of Martha. So overwhelmed did the baffled villain feel by the discovery that he released his hold and staggered back into a chair.

"Defeated!" he muttered.

The lawyer, who had never seen Mrs. Kearn, was for an instant at a loss to comprehend the affair, but stood gazing, first at his respected client, and then at the supposed wife.

"What is the meaning of this sad levity?" he asked, as a hearty laugh from Martha fell upon his ear.

"It means, Mr. Lawyer," replied the honest creature, "that the villains who employed you are disappointed: that, instead of a runaway wife, they have only caught a runaway servant, whose signature is not worth a sixpence; and, even if it were," she added, "neither my master, with his bullying, nor you, with all your cunning, would be clever enough to get it."

Carus, who by this time had recovered something like self-possession, started to his feet, and vented his disappointment in a burst of abuse, which Martha listened to with the most provoking coolness.

"Where is your mistress?" he demanded, menacingly. "Answer me, or I will wring the answer from your treacherous heart."

The female rang the bell violently. It was answered by the innkeeper and several waiters.

"Landlord," she said, "if you would not have a murder committed in your house, you had better remain in the room. I do not feel that my life is safe with these men."

"Certainly," answered the host. "I would not have such an unpleasant occurrence in my house for all the world. Who is this lady, sir?" he added, addressing himself to Carus.

"Lady!" repeated the latter, impatiently; "my wife's waiting-maid."

On hearing this, the landlord at once comprehended the affair, and broke out into a hearty laugh. "Leave the room!" exclaimed the lawyer.

"After what has been stated, I shall do nothing of the kind," replied the hotel-keeper. "I consider myself responsible for this young woman's safety. I can permit no violence in my house; if you attempt it, I shall call for assistance."

By this time several of the female servants, who had heard that an elopement had taken place, and,

with a pardonable curiosity, had been listening at the door, set up a loud cry, and, glad of an excuse for making their appearance, rushed into the room, followed by the waiter and the two post-boys.

Martha felt herself perfectly re-assured by their presence.

The lawyer whispered a few words in the ear of his client to recommend patience; adding that any further display of anger, under the circumstances, would simply appear ridiculous.

Carus gnashed his teeth with impotent rage, and again demanded of the woman what had become of her mistress.

"Well," answered the waiting-maid, "as there can be no harm in telling you, I may as well gratify your curiosity. By this time she is more than half way upon her journey into Norfolk, to place herself under the protection of her cousin, the Reverend Edgar Marston, and his wife. You thought yourself exceedingly cunning," she added, "when you directed the spies you had placed round her to wink at her departure. Your scheme was well planned, but mine has been better executed."

"She is gone, then?"

"Of course she is."

"And alone?"

"Alone!" replied Martha. "There are not two Captain Blands in the world."

The last-named personage now made his appearance, pale with rage and mortification. It would have been difficult to decide which he felt the most: the loss of his share in the intended plunder, or the disgrace, as he considered it, of being outwitted.

"Ah, there he is!" continued the speaker, with a satirical smile. "I am sure I ought to feel exceedingly obliged for the expense he has been at on my account, and the care he has taken of me. It is not often that a gentleman gives himself so much trouble for a poor servant."

A titter from all but the lawyer and the two confederates followed the observation.

"You must give up that paper," said the former, anxious to obtain possession of the unsigned procuration.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," replied the honest creature. "It may be useful to my dear mistress, and prove the conspiracy to rob her of all that remains of her once large fortune."

Carus would have forced it from her, but the landlord intervened, and declared that no violence could be permitted in his establishment; he already began to see clearly through the affair—the husband had played a most dishonest game and lost it.

"Your son," observed Captain Bland, "is undoubtedly under the guardianship of his father." His companion in crime took the hint, and declared his intention of carrying him back to town.

"Boy!" repeated the waiters and servants; "why, it is a girl."

"A disguised one," said the lawyer. "And I warn you of the consequences of opposing the lawful authority of his parent."

The youth—for it really was a boy—evinced no disposition to quit the side of Martha.

"We are both certain," observed the captain, "that this gentleman is his father, and will assist him to maintain his right to the possession of the person of his son."

"Let me see who will venture to dispute it," exclaimed Carus, savagely, at the same time placing his heavy grasp upon the shoulders of the youth, and attempting to drag him from the side of the woman, who, strange to say, did not appear in the slightest degree alarmed or uneasy at these threats.

To the astonishment of the unnatural father, the boy, who had always obeyed his slightest word with fear and trembling—so great was the terror he entertained of him—resisted the attempt to remove him from the side of Martha; and when Carus, stung to fury by the obstinacy of the idiot, as he termed him, gave vent to his passion in a blow, returned the compliment by a violent attack upon his shins.

Martha laughed heartily.

"You had better let my nephew alone, Mr. Kearn," she observed; "he is a very good lad when treated kindly."

"Your nephew!" faltered the ruffian, suddenly releasing his hold.

"My nephew!" repeated the woman. "How little do you know the heart of a mother to imagine for an instant that my mistress would leave her son to bear the brunt of your anger. No, no! Master Horace is with her. Take off your curls and bonnet," she added, "and let your master see your face."

The boy did as he was desired, when the baffled villain recognised at a glance the features of a lad who had long been employed in his own stables; and found himself thwarted every way.

The respectable Mr. Twig, seeing that the game was quite up with his client, sneaked out of the room. He had certain unpleasant misgivings as to the possible consequences of the part he had taken; many a lawyer having been struck off the rolls for a less questionable transaction.

Captain Bland and Carus followed him, and all three returned to town, sadder, but most certainly, not better, men than they quitted it. On the road, something like an attempt to hold a consultation upon the position of affairs was made. But it became so interrupted and broken by recriminations and mutual reproaches of stupidity, want of forethought and arrangement, that no conclusion could be arrived at till it was too late for action.

Meanwhile the deeply-injured wife, with her persecuted son, continued their journey, and arrived in safety at the rectory of their relative, who received them both with generous hospitality, and promised them protection. With a man like Edgar Marston this was not a vain word, for, naturally indignant at the cruelties his cousin had endured, he at once instructed his lawyer to take the necessary steps for dissolving her unhappy marriage, and wrote a long detailed statement of everything that had transpired to Mr. Bently.

The day after the arrival of Mrs. Kearn and her son, they were joined at the rectory by the faithful Martha, who brought the unsigned procuration with her. Although but little acquainted with law or its technicalities, something told her that it might ultimately prove of consequence to her mistress.

CHAPTER XCII.

All should unite to punish the ungrateful;
Ingratitude is treason to mankind.—THOMSON.

THREE days of restless anxiety had been passed by Carus in meeting the commercial engagements which he had rendered himself liable for, despite the deed of partnership which positively forbade him from trading on his own account.

By dint of exertion, backed by means he would at one time have hesitated to employ, not from principle, but prudence, he succeeded at last in satisfying the most pressing demands against him, and obtained a short breathing time. It was, however, only like a respite to a condemned criminal, not a pardon.

On the fourth morning, as he was about to start from his chambers, for he had given a bill of sale upon the furniture of his mansion, and no longer resided there, one of his under clerks placed a note in his hand. The blood mounted to the temples of the conscience-stricken man as he perused it.

It was from Peter Mangles, drily informing him that Mr. Bently had arrived in town, and requested his presence precisely at one o'clock at the office of the firm in the city; the postscript startled him still more, for it duly warned him not to fail, as he valued his *personal safety*.

"What," he repeatedly asked himself, "could the threat imply?"

It is one of the terrors of those who have pursued a career of guilt, never to know the *exact point* at which detection threatens them; like the spider, they have a hundred threads to their web of guilt, touch but one of them, and the whole fabric vibrates.

"What am I to expect?" he murmured, as the word "assassin!" recurred painfully to his recollection; "was his uncle really aware of the attempt he had made upon the life of our hero? or had he obtained the clue to a yet darker secret? Were the deaths of the old poison-vendor and his former confederate, Styles, to prove useless to him? Had proofs of his dealings been discovered, either before or since the old man's death?" What would he not have then given to have been able to answer these questions satisfactorily!

His first feeling was to disregard the summons, for like most cowards, he wished to postpone the evil hour; but the postscript, alluding to his personal safety, exercised a species of fascination stronger than his will, and at the appointed hour he started for the interview, which he foresaw was to decide his future destiny.

With a feeling very much akin to that of the conscience-condemned wretch, when taking his place at the bar of human justice, Carus Kearn approached the well-known offices of the firm in the City. The old porter, he imagined, frowned as he passed the door, and the clerks in the outward office regarded him superciliously.

The latter was by no means an improbable circumstance, for in his prosperous days, when the confidence of his wealthy relative was yet unabated in him, he had been as haughty and overbearing as he now felt crushed and humiliated.

"Has my uncle arrived?" he inquired.

The cashier silently pointed to the private office of his employer.

It was a great relief to the wretched man to find only Peter Mangles in the room. There was a strong, an exceedingly strong expression of indignation on the countenance of the old clerk as he regarded him.

"In an instant," he said; "wait till I have finished the addition of these figures; they are rather intricate; such calculations are not much in *my way*."

"What can he mean by calculations of any kind not being much in his way?" mentally asked Carus.

For nearly half an hour he sat in a state of nervous anxiety listening to the scratching of Peter's pen, which produced a most disagreeable impression upon him, causing his blood to run cold. The precise old man finished his task at last, and rang the office bell.

One of the junior clerks answered it.

"Take these papers to Mr. Bently," he said.

"So, my uncle is already here," thought the nephew, growing more and more uneasy at the proceedings.

"Shall I take them?" he asked, rising from his seat.

"Your uncle will not see you yet," replied Peter, drily; "he wishes to be informed exactly how things stand."

"And those papers?"

"Will inform him," was the answer. "I have gone over them twice, and I seldom make an error either in figures or any other kind of calculation, I am happy to say."

The word "happy" merely informed his hearer of a fact he had long suspected—that the speaker knew him.

"Is my uncle better?" he asked, with desperate courage, feeling that he must say something.

"In health, yes—in mind, no. He has been painfully tried."

"Not by business," observed the junior partner, approaching the desk as if with the intention of assisting in the arrangement of his papers.

"Not so near, Mr. Carus!" exclaimed Peter Mangles.

"You forget who I am!"

"No, I do not: you are Mr. Bently's nephew, and were a junior partner in the firm."

"Was!" repeated the former; "I am."

"Ah! yes, true—the deed is not signed yet."

"What deed?"

The sound of Mr. Bently's bell prevented the necessity of the old clerk's making any reply to the question.

"Your uncle will inform you," he said, at the same time pointing to the door of the private office.

With a desperate effort to maintain something like self-possession, the guilty nephew passed through, and stood in the presence of the man he had so deeply injured.

He found, as he expected, his relative much changed. The events of the last few weeks had told fearfully upon him; but, although his face was pale, and the eyes deeply sunk in their sockets, there was a rigid firmness in the muscles, and cold, stony glance of the eye, which indicated strong resolution.

He advanced towards the table, and would have offered his hand, but a look arrested him, and he took the seat to which the merchant silently pointed.

"Carus," he began, after a pause, "I have sent for you, not to listen to any explanation of your conduct, or reproach you with ingratitude. The first, it is impossible for you to offer without additional falsehood; and to the latter I am well aware you have long been insensible—for the man who has so successfully succeeded in stifling the voice of his own conscience, will never be touched by that of his benefactor."

"I do not understand you, sir," replied his nephew.

"I scarcely expected that you would," observed Mr. Bently, mournfully, "for to understand my words would imply that you felt them. I will at once proceed to the purpose for which I sent for you. You have broken the conditions of the deed of partnership which gave you a nominal share in the firm, consequently it is dissolved."

Carus bit his lips to repress the rising passion.

"The proofs are these bills which you have accepted and dishonoured. For the credit of my name," added the merchant, "I have taken them up."

At this intelligence the eyes of the reckless speculator flashed with sudden joy.

"All?" he asked.

"All but two."

At this reply, the satisfaction of the culprit vanished as rapidly as it had appeared.

"To which," continued his uncle, "the signature of the firm has been *forged*. Do you know the consequences of that word *forged*!—infamy, a prison, a public trial, and an ignominious sentence."

"You will never, sir," exclaimed the detected villain, after a few moments' reflection, during which he recovered something like confidence, "cover yourself with disgrace by the exposure?"

"Would the disgrace," observed the merchant, "be greater in having a nephew a convicted felon, than a son-in-law a reputed one? for my part, I see but little difference."

"You allude to George Markham," exclaimed Carus, bitterly; "recollect, sir, that I was not his accuser."

"I do recollect it," said the old man, in a tone of self-reproach; "and to that one circumstance you owe the chance—the only one of escaping from the consequences of your crime. The foul slander must be retracted, and his innocence made clear."

"Made clear," repeated his nephew. "By whom?"

"By you."

"You ask more than it is in my power to perform," replied the former; "how can I explain the transaction which has injured his reputation?"

"Simply by acknowledging yourself to be the real thief," replied Mr. Bently, in a calm, passionless tone; "that, even to the most sceptical, must be proof enough."

"What!" exclaimed Carus Kearn, with well-acted indignation; "in order to avoid the consequence of an act of madness—for I was mad, when, driven by my necessities, I wrote the signature of the firm—acknowledge myself guilty of an act I never contemplated! Never, never! Is this your justice, sir, to the son of your dead sister?"

The last appeal was artfully thrown in. The speaker, on more than one occasion, had moved his uncle to relent by alluding to the tie of blood between them; this time, however, the merchant remembered that he had other ties still more sacred, which had hitherto been neglected.

"Perhaps," he said, "you will explain this bill drawn upon you by my former clerk, Sandford, for five hundred pounds; also the nature of the transactions between you which authorised him for so many years to draw for the same amount. You ask for justice," added the merchant; "rest assured that you shall have it. Step by step I am prepared to vindicate my conduct towards you to the world; vindicate by laying bare, if necessary, the long system of hypocrisy and villainy you have pursued,—even," he added, "to your crowning act of crime!"

There was a terrible meaning in the last words, which caused Carus Kearn to reflect. He knew the inflexible resolution of his uncle when once roused; and late events had somewhat lowered the high opinion he had entertained of his own fertility in expedients.

"Think on your position well," exclaimed his relative. "I need not remind you that you are a ruined man—ruined in reputation as well as in fortune; abandoned by your long-suffering wife and your son, whose wrongs have been made known to me. A little infamy more or less," he added, in a tone of bitter irony, "is nothing in addition to such a burthen."

"You say truly, sir. I am a beggar!" groaned Carus; "and, if I thought you would yet stretch out a hand to—"

"I make no conditions," interrupted his uncle.

"Be it so, sir. I am in your hands, and will act as you desire."

Having uttered these humiliating words, the speaker threw himself into a seat with a sullen air, to await the result of his submission. It was not the first of his calculations that had failed; but, in the present instance, the consequences were overwhelming. Ruin, inevitable ruin, stared him in the face, and the crisis found him helpless, without one resource to fall back upon. Like the crushed serpent, Carus could only writhe in impotent fury. True, the venom of his nature still remained, but he lacked the strength to sting; and, like many other clever schemers, he felt himself disarmed by the uncertainty of how much or how little his outraged uncle and benefactor knew of his past crimes.

The death of Tom Styles and the old poison-vendor no longer seemed to guarantee his safety.

On a signal from Mr. Bently, Peter Mangles entered the room, followed by Mr. Morton, the legal adviser of the firm; George Markham; his friend, the Bank of England director, who had communicated the cause of his account being rejected; and his partner, Mr. Thornton.

At the sight of the man whom he had so perseveringly laboured to destroy, the lips of Carus Kearn became bloodless.

"Not yet," said the merchant, as his son-in-law extended his hand to him; "wait till I have done you justice, laid bare the front of hypocrisy, exposed its hideous deformity, that the world may see and shun it; then, but not till then, shall I feel I

have in some degree atoned for my past unjust suspicions."

Tears stood in the eyes of Peter as he regarded his employer; never had he felt so proud of and so satisfied with what he considered his straightforward, business-like conduct.

"You will be kind enough to read over the papers you have prepared," added the speaker, addressing the lawyer.

The first was a deed dissolving the partnership which had hitherto existed between the uncle and nephew.

"Sign it," said the former.

Carus hesitated.

"Sign it," repeated Mr. Bently, sternly. "I neither warn nor threaten again."

The humiliation was more than even the broken spirit of the detected forger could endure; and a passionate refusal, accompanied by half-muttered oaths, broke from his quivering lips. Finding the latter of no avail, he descended even to entreaties; but they fell on ears as deaf as his own had ever been to the voice of honour and humanity.

The only reply Mr. Bently condescended to make was a request to Peter Mangles to call in the officers.

"Certainly!" exclaimed the old clerk, advancing with alacrity towards the door. "Any further hesitation would be weakness, not mercy."

"Stay!" gasped Carus, looking wildly round him. "I consent."

"Remember," observed Mr. Morton, "it is your voluntary, deliberate act and deed."

The wretched criminal hastily dashed off his signature at the bottom of the parchment.

One of the senior clerks, who had been summoned into the room for the express purpose, and Peter Mangles witnessed it; the former with indifference—to him it was a mere formal matter of duty—the latter with intense satisfaction: it seemed to remove a weight from his heart; the firm for whose prosperity he had laboured so long and faithfully, whose success was, in a great measure, the work of his life, whose reputation he felt more jealous of than his own, was purified at last by the expulsion of the dishonest partner.

The old man could show his face proudly upon 'Change again, without the fear of any sneering questions touching the whereabouts of Mr. Kearns.

"I presume I may now depart?" said the crest-fallen nephew.

"Not yet," replied his uncle; "there is something more to sign."

Carus repeated the words impatiently.

The merchant handed to the lawyer the confession of the dying Sandford (it had reached him through the house of Curry and Sons). Mr. Morton read it deliberately, word for word. As he proceeded, cold drops of perspiration started on the brow of the wretched Carus. The history of his villainy thus laid bare, recalled for an instant the long absent blush of shame upon his cheek. Whilst, on the contrary, a flush of honest pride suffused the countenance of George Markham, whose character was vindicated beyond the shadow of a doubt; he could walk the world erect again, nor fear to be confronted by the past.

Thornton, who fully comprehended the feelings of his partner, congratulated him by a silent pressure of the hand.

"I knew it all along," observed Peter Mangles, striking his knuckles energetically upon the table; "that is to say, I divined it as I should have done a bad debt or an approaching bankruptcy. Never knew the boy whose petty cash-book would not balance turn out an honest man yet."

"What is it I have to sign?" demanded the detected hypocrite, unable longer to endure the glances of contempt and aversion which encountered his gaze on every side.

The lawyer commenced reading a detailed confession of his crime, but had not proceeded far before Carus interrupted him.

"I acknowledge all—everything!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse, broken voice; "let me sign it at once, before I am driven mad, quite mad."

"Pooh, pooh!" replied Peter; "you must hear it. Such a procedure would not be business-like."

Despite the old clerk's objection—which arose more from a love of regularity than a desire to triumph over a fallen man—the merchant nodded to Mr. Morton to permit his nephew to have his own way; possibly he felt tired of the degrading scene.

Carus rapidly signed the confession, and the record of his infamy was complete.

"George Markham," said Mr. Bently, "having atoned for the injustice I formerly did you, I can now accept your proffered hand."

His son-in-law grasped it cordially, and the reconciliation became perfect.

"I knew he would," muttered Peter, who seemed suddenly to have caught a violent cold in his eyes, for he used his handkerchief frequently. "I always said that his heart was right as his ledger, and I can answer for that. Mr. Kearns," he added, turning to the delinquent, "this cannot be a very pleasant sight for you—at least I should think not; though even that may be a matter of taste. If you will walk this way I have a little commission to execute."

Carus regarded him doubtfully.

"Go," said his relative, "repent if you can, and become an honest man; my word is passed for your safety."

With a look of mingled fury and despair, the unworthy nephew passed from the room into the office of Mr. Mangles, who, having by this time recovered his composure, seated himself at his desk with a business-like, magisterial air, coughed drily once or twice, the preliminary to commencing a discourse, which as usual ran rather parenthetically.

"Although your uncle has removed your name from the firm," he said, "as a man of business I don't see how he could have done otherwise, and entirely discarded you from his affection, which you never were worthy of, he feels that as an honest man, he would not be acting rightly were he to let you loose upon society—I should say decidedly not—without some slight assistance, which, no doubt, will bespent in riot and debauchery, or wasted in some ridiculous speculation. But that is your affair, not his; he has commissioned me to give you a thousand pounds."

"He is very generous," muttered Carus, in a tone of bitterness, at the same time dashing the tears of mingled rage and mortification from his blood-shot eyes.

"There is little doubt of that," replied Peter, sharply. "Not that I believe you either feel or think so. It's no use your trying to look penitent; you can't humbug me. I've never been in Egypt, Mr. Kearns, or saw a crocodile in all my life—unless, by-the-bye, it was a stuffed one in the Museum. Yes," he added, "now I recollect, I certainly did see one; but I have heard of their weeping, and know the value of their tears."

"Give me the cash!" exclaimed the late partner in the firm, stung almost to madness by what he considered the old man's insolence, "and let me depart."

"Certainly, certainly. I was about to advise—"

"The money!" repeated Carus, "the money!"

Mr. Mangles slowly and methodically wrote a cheque for the amount, and handed it over the desk to him.

"And now the bills."

"What bills?"

"The—the—you know the ones I mean."

"The forged ones," said Peter. "Can't part with them, Mr. Kearns. It would be a most unbusiness-like proceeding. The firm has paid them; they now form part of our receipts—though what account I am to place them to, goodness only knows. The bad debts," he added, musingly; "yes, I think they had better go to the bad debt account."

"I must have them."

"Indeed!"

"I will have them!"

"Ah!"

"Where are they?"

"Deposited under seal with your uncle's private papers at the bank," answered the old clerk. "If you think you can obtain them personally, I have not the slightest objection to your making the attempt. I have merely one observation to make—There is no second set of keys to their safe. And I wish there had never been to ours," he added. "The firm of Bently and Son—for it will be Bently and Son—would have been ten thousand pounds the richer."

Carus could endure no more; with a bitter scowl he quitted the counting-house, looking neither to the right or left, as he passed through the offices, for fear of encountering the supercilious smiles of the clerks.

His first visit was to the bankers' to cash the cheque. The money in his possession, he began to recover something of his former confidence.

"I am defeated," he muttered to himself, "but not subdued. The fools forget that with time the serpent's fangs will grow again; the enterprise which has failed the sixth may succeed the seventh time."

As Peter Mangles would have said, could he have heard him—a most unbusiness-like calculation.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.—HANDWRITING.

A good handwriting is one of the most valuable accomplishments a youth can possess, and we see no reason why every youth with the use of his hands should not write well. It is a mechanical operation that requires no peculiar ability, and which depends on careful attention and persevering application. Care and practice will change our black, rough pot-hooks into an elegant specimen of penmanship. As so much depends on our ability in this respect, with regard to our business success; as so many excellent situations have been lost by a bad hand-writing, and so many procured by a clear calligraphy; as fortunes are thus made or marred by that which all may acquire if they have the will to do so—it is a startling fact that good writers should be so few, and bad writers so many.

No doubt this arises, to a great extent, from defective school education. Sufficient attention is not paid to this subject. The stiff formality acquired in schools is either retained through life, or sinks into an almost illegible scrawl. But as we are addressing these remarks to self-educators, to those who have resolved on their own instruction, it is unnecessary to dwell at any length on this common defect in our scholastic system. To those who are resolved on helping themselves, or uniting in their own persons both pupil and teachers, we suggest the necessity for improvement in this respect. Try to write well. Never hesitate, on account of the trouble or the time; the result will amply reward your toil. How to begin is the question. The first step is of the utmost importance. By what means is it possible to acquire a good, fluent, rapid handwriting? To this our answer is, System and Practice.

In early numbers of this journal (see Vol. I., pp. 21, 181) we directed our young readers to the consideration of the subject of handwriting. We furnished some practical instructions as to the position of the body and the mode of holding the pen. We also called attention to a series of Model Copy Books, the first of which had just been issued, and which promised to be a valuable aid to self-instruction.* The series is now complete, and fully answers our expectations. The plan is excellent and thoroughly practicable, as the directions which are given are plain and easy, and the copies at once simple and graceful.

There are two important characteristics in all good writers: they write *well* and *quickly*. There is a wide distinction between these qualifications. There are those who can write well when they have time; but who fail in writing rapidly enough to meet the demands of business. There are those, again, who write rapidly, but who never write well. It is possible to unite these qualifications, and to make of the able and expert penman a good ready writer.

This, however, is seldom attained by the old system. The copying and re-copying of models is evidently a failure. This has suggested to some teachers the idea of placing before the pupil ovals of an enlarged size, and other forms to be traced over, with the view of imparting freedom to the hand and arm. This is an obvious improvement on the old plan; but it does not lead to the acquisition of a good habitual style. The models given in the above-named copy-books offer a decided advantage over this improved plan. They are neither the old-fashioned copies, nor the new-fashioned unmeaning forms; but they join the utility of the first with the freedom of the second. They consist of the elementary principles of which the alphabetic characters are composed. All the forms which we can by any possibility be called upon to write, we are taught to make easily and plainly—not by mere arbitrary copying, but by becoming gradually familiarised, in the act of repeated tracings, with the various lines and curves of which they consist. The idea of tracing over the model copies, instead of imitating them, has been tested and fully sustained by extensive experience. The object is not to fill so many sheets of paper with unsightly lines, but to give freedom to the hand in the production of alphabetic forms—it is to produce an effect on the hand rather than on the paper. By this means, any variation from the model is apparent at once. All writing is executed by the movements, more or less combined, of the hand and arm across the page, and of the fingers up and down to form the letters. In the old English round hand these two movements were in a great degree separated by the parallelism of the up and down strokes. This rendered rapid writing impossible. The sharp angular writing of the present day depends more on the movement of the

* The "Model Copy Books" are published in foolscap quarto, price threepence each: Ward and Lock, Fleet-street.

10 410
haut, high; *of*, in *dérot*, a devotee; *o*, in foreign nouns,

11 10 4 10 7 10
as *du o*, duette, *zéro*, zero; and by *op*, in *sirap*,
10
syrup, *trop*, too much.

Thus this sound *ô* is represented by *au*, *eau*, *eo*, *aut*,
10 10 10 10 10 10
aux, *os*, *aulx*, *ot*, *o*, *op*.

The circumflex accent is placed over the *o* in this sound to replace the letter *s*, which is omitted now, and in order to preserve the same sound to the syllable thus altered; as *côte*, now *côte*; *Rhosne*, now *Rhône*; *dosme*, now *dôme*, &c.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XX.

REFLECTION OF LIGHT.

517. How are surrounding objects made visible to us by day?—Light falls upon them from the sun and sky, and is reflected to our eyes.

518. Is this light reflected in any particular direction?—It is reflected in all directions; it radiates from every point of the surface, as if that point were shining with its own light.

519.—Suppose a ray of light falls upon the polished surface of a mirror, in what direction is it reflected?—It glances off, just as an India-rubber ball does when thrown against a wall.

520. How is this described?—By the lines of *incidence* and *reflection*. The course taken by the ray of light towards the mirror is the line of *incidence*; the course taken by those rays in rebounding from the mirror is the line of *reflection*. In this diagram, if the line of *incidence* be *A B*, the line of *reflection* is *B C*.

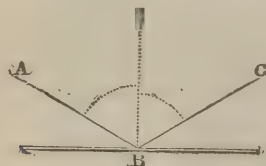


Fig. 36.

521. If the light falls perpendicularly on the surface of the mirror, in what direction does it leave it?—It returns in the same line, as a ball bounds back when thrown directly against a wall.

522. How is it that in looking into a common mirror or looking-glass, we see the images of objects that are in front of the mirror?—An object always appears to be in the direction in which the rays from it enter the eye, and the rays from the object which, after reflection, enter the eye, come from the mirror.

523. Where does the reflection take place in the case of the common looking-glass?—Chiefly at the smooth surface of the quicksilver that is spread over the back part of the glass.

524. Does not the front surface of the glass reflect light also?—It does; in the evening the windows in our houses become so many mirrors, in which the objects within the room are reflected.

525. Why is this reflection not perceptible by day?—Because the impression of the reflected light on the eye is effaced by that of the strong light that comes from without.

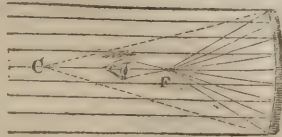


Fig. 37.

526. What does Fig. 37 represent?—The reflection, from a *Concave Mirror*, of a beam of rays, supposed to come from a point of the sun's disc.

527. What is the course of the reflected rays?—They all converge to the focus, *F*.

528. What is such a collection of rays converging to a focus called?—A pencil of *Converging Rays*.

529. Suppose a white screen of paper or cloth were placed there to receive them, what would be seen at *F*?—A bright point. This point can be seen also without a screen, by placing the eye in the position shown in the figure.

530. Suppose light were to fall on the concave mirror from all points of the sun's disc, what would be seen at *F*?—A small, bright circle, which would be an image of the sun.

531. Explain Fig. 38.—The concave mirror, *M*, forms in the air, at *I*, an inverted image of the arrow,

A. The course of the rays proceeding from a single point of the arrow, before and after reflection, is shown in the figure.



Fig. 38.

532. If the object were at *I*, near the mirror, where would its image be?—At *A*, and it would be larger than the object.

533. Is the image of an object that is in front of a concave mirror ever seen behind the mirror, as in a common looking-glass?—It has that position when the object is quite near the mirror, and it appears to be much larger than the object.

534. Of what material are concave mirrors usually made?—Of a metallic alloy of tin and copper, called *Speculum Metal*, that admits of a high polish, and does not tarnish readily. They are sometimes made of copper, steel, or silver, or of glass quicksilver on the back.

535. When formed of *speculum metal*, what are they ordinarily called?—*Specula*.

536. Concave reflectors are used with great effect in lighthouses; in what manner are they set up?—A number of mirrors are fastened on the outside of an iron circular rim, and a lamp is placed in the focus of each mirror.

REFRACTION OF LIGHT.

537. What occurs when a ray of light passes from the air into a denser medium, as air or water?—It is bent, or *refracted*, so as to pursue a direction more nearly perpendicular to the surface.

538. How is this effect represented to the eye?—By a ray of light entering and passing through a thick piece of glass.

539. Is it refracted again in passing out of the glass into the air?—It is, but in the opposite direction, as the figure shows.

540. Does it recover its original direction on leaving the glass?—It does, if the thickness of the glass is everywhere the same, as in the case of common window glass.

541. What is the reason that, in looking through a pane of window glass, we sometimes see objects displaced from their true position?—Because the outer and inner surfaces of the glass, in such instances, are not even and truly parallel.

542. What is the result?—The object appears to be in the direction in which the light enters the eye, and is thus displaced towards the right.

543. What illusion is produced by the refraction of light in passing from water into air?—It causes objects immersed in water to appear to be higher than they really are.

544. How is this seen?—A stick partially immersed in water appears, from this cause, to be bent or broken at the surface.

545. Every one knows that a shallow stream never appears to be as deep as it really is—what is the reason?—The bottom is elevated by refraction.

The Matron.

NO. XXXVIII.

I HAVE recently been treating of economy in dress, but I must beg my readers not to go to the opposite extreme and allow too little for clothing. Money is very well spent in procuring a sufficiency of warm covering for winter. In our climate, one may as well be short of food as insufficiently clad. And one must beware of trusting too much to the lingering warmth of the autumnal sun. It is far better that a genial bright day should find us in warm attire than that snow and frost should surprise us in flimsy summer garments.

I can fancy I hear some of my young readers consulting me about their intended purchases. "What kind of bonnet is best for winter?" In reply I must own that, now that beaver bonnets are quite out of date, it is difficult to name any material particularly well suited for a winter bonnet. Velvets and dark satins are very pretty, but I do not recommend them; not only because they are expensive in the first instance, but because there is not much wear in them. Horsehair makes a bonnet that lasts for years, and a good straw dyed black or brown has a very pretty and even stylish effect, if trimmed with dark ribbons, and a full blond cap inside, according to the prevalent fashion. Neither horsehair nor straw are materially injured by rain.

For cloaks, shawls, and dresses, let the colour be dark, and to secure durability, the material should be woollen. Daughters should consult their mothers in the choice of new things, in order that her experience may direct them in the purchase of durable materials. But one little hint may not be amiss here; viz., that the shepherd's plaid is one of the most lasting things that can be procured, and that either in a dress or as a scarf shawl it looks very well, and can be worn with any colour.

Cloaks and shawls, being little affected by fashion, do the wearer credit longer than jackets or polkas. In fact, a shawl can hardly ever be out of fashion, and in this respect it is always a judicious purchase.

When selecting an umbrella, I advise my readers to choose a brown rather than a green one. Green is not a fast colour, and when wetted through in pelting rain, a green umbrella may stain a shawl or bonnet from the blue drops that fall from it.

It is curious how tastes vary in what relates to umbrellas. Abroad I have seen red umbrellas. Red is a very fast colour; and I can assure you in an old fashioned continental town the effect of the red umbrellas is very picturesque; and the substantial petticoats worn by the good people who carry these umbrellas, show they are prepared for cold. I have travelled a good deal, and I can tell my readers, that in no country have I heard such lamentations about cold as in England, yet I have been in severe climates. I am quite convinced that the female part of our population do not make sufficient preparation for winter.

It is lamentable to reflect on the sums young girls lavish on disfiguring finery—on finery that soon becomes mere trumpery, even in their own eyes. In the meantime, when their money is spent, winter comes on them unawares.

If my readers ever listened to the opinions of scientific men on the subject of change of temperature, they would consider the sudden exposure of the skin to cold, as a much more serious thing than they do now. Cold shuts up all the perspiring pores at once, and empties its supply-pipes of their streaming blood inwards, flowing into the several internal parts, and choking up and overloading their channels.

Cold bathing, taken at a proper season, has none of these injurious effects, because the immersion is, of course, but short, and friction afterwards applied produces reaction, but exposure to cold from being too thinly clad is a fruitful source of illness.

Inflammation and disorders of various natures are produced in this way. What are commonly known as colds are internal obstructions. Cold in the head is an affection in which the lining of the nostrils is overcharged with stagnating blood. Sore throat is caused by a similar condition in the lining of the throat. And cough by the same state in the lining of the vessels and cavities of the chest.

I trust I have said enough to induce my readers not to expose themselves to colds during the approaching winter by neglecting winter clothing. But warm dresses and wrappers will be of little avail, if the feet are neglected. We very seldom regret the money we spend with the shoemaker.

Wet feet should be avoided by all who value life and health; but I am well aware that in families where the income is small and the children numerous, it is very difficult to keep them all well shod. In meeting the difficulty, the following hint may be useful: However worn and full of holes the soles of shoes may be, if the upper leathers are whole or well mended, the soles may be covered with gutta percha; and, at a very small expense, the shoes rendered nearly as good as new. I shall give directions for fixing the gutta percha soles, for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the method.

Let the sole of the boot or shoe be quite clean and dry; then scratch it with an awl or fork until it becomes rough; warm it before the fire, and spread over it, with a hot knife, some of the "solution," an article sold for the purpose. When you have covered over the sole two or three times, heat the gutta percha sole, and the sole of the boot or shoe, at the same time, until both are sticky. Then place the gutta percha sole on the boot or shoe, and press it down with care. Mind you begin at the toe, so as to press out the air and make it adhere closely. Then pare off the edges with a sharp knife. Do not throw away the parings or old pieces. If you collect any considerable quantity the manufacturer can make it up again for sale.

But if you use gutta percha, this caution is quite necessary. Beware of bringing it in contact with fire. Gutta percha is very inflammable, and you must see that your children (when they have on shoes with gutta percha soles) never hold them up to the fire. Heat would soften the soles, and contact with the fire set them in a blaze.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR JOHN INGLIS, K.C.B. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR JOHN INGLIS,
K.C.B.

THE defence of Lucknow is one of the most remarkable events in the Indian mutiny. Beleaguered in the Residency of the town by an immense multitude of the rebels, a few dauntless Britons, with their wives and daughters, endured, with a fortitude almost unexampled in history, the horrors of a protracted siege. They were short of provisions, and short of ammunition, and there seemed to be no prospect of relief arriving in time to save them from the ravenous wild beasts howling at their gates. Nana Sahib, the Lord of Bithoor, was in command of the rebels. It was by his inhuman order that the women and babes had been butchered at Cawnpore. At his hands they could expect no mercy, except the mercy of being blown into the air by the explosion of those mines which his men were so busily preparing.

It is scarcely possible to conceive any position more terrible than that of the beleaguered little force at Lucknow, before the arrival of the gallant Havelock. The sterling qualities of the British character were called forth. Seldom have those qualities been so strikingly exhibited. There was no wavering, no diversity of counsel. The band of heroes stood firmly by each other; and, as their prospect of delivery grew less, they determined to die rather than surrender. The patient endurance of the women, and the valuable assistance rendered by them in time of extreme peril, are indelible proofs of the heroism of our countrywomen. They shared every privation without a murmur; they faced death with the courage

of the hero and the tranquillity of the martyr; they cheered the men with their presence, and set an example of energy and fortitude in the hour of peril and privation.

Command, in the terrible position in which the garrison was placed in Lucknow, involved great responsibility, and called for an extraordinary amount of ability and courage. This duty devolved on the gallant officer whose portrait we present, and who, by the discharge of that duty, nobly earned the honours which have been bestowed upon him. He held possession of Lucknow under the most difficult and trying circumstances—starvation within, and a murderous enemy without. It was a defence without precedent in modern warfare.

But Inglis was a tried soldier and equal to any emergency. He had joined the 32nd regiment in 1833, and, entering as an ensign, had worked his way to the colonelcy. In 1837 he was engaged in the war in Canada; he figured also in the operations in the Punjab; he was present at the storming of Mooltan, and the battle of Goojerat. He was, therefore, no stranger to Indian warfare. But his name will ever be connected with the defence of Lucknow, whatever the lustre of his former achievements, it is eclipsed by the glories of that defence. While all honour is done to the memory of Havelock, while befitting rewards are bestowed on Campbell, Inglis deserves especial honour. Havelock fought his way through an apparently overwhelming force, and brought relief to Lucknow; weeks afterwards Sir Colin Campbell accomplished the same feat; but it was Inglis who defended Lucknow till help came,

and who maintained an undaunted front when the last rations were almost spent, and destruction seemed inevitable.

Sir John Inglis is united in marriage to a daughter of Lord Chelmsford, who, with her husband and her two children, shared all the dangers and privations of the siege of Lucknow.

LUCKNOW.

A VERY important, and at the same time a very eccentric place is the old city of Lucknow. The siege, with all its attendant horrors, has changed the aspect of the city; and in the incidents of that siege our interest is chiefly centred. But it is well to know something of what Lucknow was before it became so fearfully associated with the affairs of the Indian rebellion, before there was any manifestation of sepoy treachery, and while the kingdom of Oude—of which Lucknow is the capital—was an independent state.

It is difficult to define the limits of Lucknow. The city begins so gradually; the country so unobtrusively grows into the town, that it is hard to tell where the one begins and the other ends. A group of minarets, a cluster of domes, seem to intimate to the traveller that Lucknow has begun, but he soon ascertains that what he supposed to be the city is only the suburb; and when at length he arrives at the city, he may, perhaps, be doubtful whether that also is not an extensive suburb. When viewed from the top of a lofty building, the city presents a confusion of gilded cupolas, minarets, pinnacles, turrets, and arches,



THE PALACE OF SHUJA UD DOWLAH, LUCKNOW.

interspersed with rich tropical foliage, and bounded by the river Goomty. Under this aspect, Lucknow seems to realise the most fantastic vision of oriental splendour. But a nearer inspection destroys the illusion. It is a city full of anomalies. The customs of the eastern and the western worlds are strangely blended; and the odd mixture produces an absurd effect. All the traditional magnificence of India is displayed in juxtaposition with articles from London, Paris, or New York.

Lucknow is divided into three parts. The first is the city properly so called. This contains the shops and private houses of the inhabitants connected with the Court and Residency. The streets are narrow, the houses mean, and the bazaars anything but attractive.

The second part is far more European. It is of recent construction, and consists of one very handsome street, about a mile in length, having a lofty gate at either extremity, a market-place in the centre, and handsome bazaars striking out at right angles.

The third part is separated by a wretched bazaar from the second, and consists of palaces and religious houses in purely oriental style. This is by far the most interesting division of the town to a stranger. The most striking features, as in all other Eastern cities, are the royal tombs and mosques. Of these the *Imaum-barah*, or mausoleum of Asophad Dowlah, is the chief. It is described by Lord Valentia as the most beautiful building he had seen in India. The approach to the edifice is through a very large quadrangle to a garden, on one side of which is a mosque, and on the other the palace. The *Imaum-barah* is built on an elevated terrace, and consists of three long and finely-proportioned apartments, running parallel to each other. In the middle is the tomb, level with the ground. The central room is a hundred and sixty-seven feet in length, and fifty-two in breadth, with

an octagon room at either end; and beyond the central room are several open arches, with fountains and basins of water under each arch.

There are many other palaces, and mosques, and pagodas scattered over this quarter of the city, among which the palatial residence of the Nabob Shuja ud Dowlah takes precedence. A representation of this building is given in the accompanying illustration. It was this Shuja ud Dowlah who treacherously added the flourishing districts of Rohilcund to his dominions; and who, after the battle of Buxor, removed his court from Lucknow to Fyzabad. On his death, in 1775, his successor again constituted this city the capital of Oude.

Two bridges have been thrown over the Goomty at Lucknow. One is merely a bridge of boats, the other of stone. An iron bridge was projected, but never completed.

Lucknow has seen strange changes, but recent events have produced the greatest change of all. English soldiers have penetrated into its secret places, have discovered its immense treasures and the almost fabulous magnificence of its palaces. But its Oriental glory has come to an end. The proud capital of Oude has lost its ancient prestige, and, together with the vast empire of which it formed a part, has been brought under the immediate authority of the British crown—the government of Queen Victoria.

FAULT FINDING.

WHAT are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill,
To peck at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.
It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own;
And on my heart my care bestow,
And let my friends alone.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XCI.

I seed a king at Bartlemy fair,
More like a king nor that chap there.—OLD SONG.
What joy at the ball, what delight have I found,
By all the gay beauties encompassed around;
In short, there is something in very fine women,
When they meet all together, that's quite overcoming.
ANSTET'S "BATH GUIDE."

LORD and Lady Glenlonely, accompanied by the Countess of Arncliffe (our Ada), and attended by Hope Evermore, Miss Fitz-Darrell, and Captain Greville, on horseback, called at the castle as soon as they were certain the Marquis of Doun had arrived there. He was out shooting with a party of gentlemen, and his sister, Lady Stella de Hauteville, was also from home.

The very next day the visit was returned. Hope was reading in the trellised porch, literally draped as it was with clematis, monthly roses, and honeysuckle, when a modest-looking pair on ponies, and unattended, stopped at the gate; at the sound of horses' hoofs she looked up from her book, and supposing that some quiet neighbours had thought fit to call, she rose, opened the gate, and stood smiling in the sun, while the marquis fastened his own pony and Lady Stella's to the paling.

"Are Lord and Lady Glenlonely at home?" asked the marquis, gazing with surprise and delight (for he was a great connoisseur in female beauty) on the modest Psyche-like face and form of Hope Evermore. "Yes," said Hope; "Lord Glenlonely is reading to my lady."

"Will they be at home to us?" asked Lady Stella. "Oh, yes; they are never denied at Burnside. All odious London fashions are laid aside here!" she said, smiling.

"Will you announce us, young lady?" said the marquise.

"With pleasure," said Hope. "What name shall I say?"

"Lady Stella De Hauteville and Lord Doun," said the marquise, offering two cards.

Hope started and blushed.

She had heard so much of the grandeur of the marquise, the exclusiveness, the fashion, the pride of Lady Stella, that she could scarcely believe these people, dressed so simply—the marquise all in shepherd's plaid, and his sister in a straw hat, white jean jacket, and riding-skirt of dark green merino—could be the people to whose rank and style even Lady Glenlonely looked up with reverence.

However, Hope, after the first "orient blush of quick surprise," was too well bred to be awkward, and had too much dignity and self-respect to be ashamed in the presence of mere earthly rank and grandeur. Astonishment was her principal feeling; for she, though she had seen little of people of fashion, had generally found the few she had seen rather stilted in manner and elaborate in dress. Perhaps the new peeress, Lady Glenlonely, was not intimate with the best of our nobility.

The best are singularly simple in their dress and habits, and very unassuming and amiable in their manners.

"I will let Lord and Lady Glenlonely know that you are here," said Hope, with a graceful bend and another blush, and not at all sorry to escape.

She had no sooner informed Lord and Lady Glenlonely of their arrival, than they both rose and hurried out to greet their old friends.

Hope meanwhile hastened to the bower, where Ada sat dictating a Ragged School appeal to Captain Greville, while Agnes Fitz-Darrell was (to please the young Countess, and to look amiable in the eyes of Captain Greville) working very diligently at some frocks for the children of the Green Fields Ragged School.

"I suppose we must all go in and welcome them to Burnside," said Lady Arncliffe. "It's a very great pity, just as we were getting on so well—but they are old friends, and it will not do to sacrifice one duty to another."

So saying she rose, closed her desk, and in her simple dress of chintz muslin, calmly walked to the French window of the room in which the visitors were, and welcomed them with as quiet a grace as if they had been the clergyman and his sister from the Manse.

Lady Stella de Hauteville was not more thoroughbred, more unaffected, or more simply elegant than our Ada, Lady Arncliffe.

How differently Agnes Fitz-Darrell felt, thought, and acted. She was in a fever, a tumult! A real live marquise, and his superb sister! and she herself in a pink gingham morning dress!

"We are not fit to be seen, Hope!" she said. "You in that plain white, that black apron and garden hat, and I in this gingham! We must change our dresses."

"I shall not do so," said Hope, "for they have already seen me. But unless I am sent for, I shall not go in again."

"Well, in case I am sent for I shall make myself fit to be seen," said Agnes Fitz-Darrell, hurrying into the house the back way, and standing perplexed before her choice assortment of elegant morning dresses.

Captain Greville did not rise, and Hope said—"Do not you want to know these very great people?"

"I would rather have a little quiet talk with you," he replied; and just as he spoke the French doors of the morning-room opened, and out came the whole party, led on by Lord Glenlonely, who said he must insist on showing his visitors all the beauties of Burnside.

"The greatest we saw on our arrival," said the marquise, bowing playfully to Hope, who blushed deeply (she always did so at any compliment to her person).

The marquise took up Hope's guitar and played a march and a Spanish *retraite*, imitating every other instrument to perfection. He then struck a few chords by way of accompaniment, and sang with a rich, well-cultivated voice, the touching French air of "La Folle."

"I hope," he said, "I may sometimes form one of the happy party assembled here?"

"I shall not spare him," said Lady Stella, "unless in return you all promise to come to the Castle as

often as you can, and when I say *all*, I include this young lady and any guests you may have staying with you. We have a ball in honour of Doun's return this day week; I hope you will all honour it with your presence. And now we must hasten away, for we have a quantity of preparations to make, and orders to give. After the ball, we meditate some soirées, devoted to private theatricals, concerts, and other amusements, and we shall depend on Burnside to help and to encourage us."

They then took their leave, having charmed every one; and just as they cantered off, Miss Fitz-Darrell came down, her hair elaborately dressed, and in a light silk, flounced to a waist like a wasp's, every possible Frenchification carried into effect, and all in vain. By the time she had given to her toilet, she had lost her chance of being seen, and had to await the ball a week hence.

CHAPTER XXII.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toll, a balm for every woe.

CAMPBELL.

THE presence at the castle of its lord, the marquise, his lady sister (who, while he remained single, acted as its mistress), and of all the gay company assembled to enjoy themselves, and kill grouse and time at once, made a great difference in the life and habits of our party at Burnside. Every day (between that of the first visit and the ball) came either invitations, presents of fruit, game, and flowers, or what was more welcome still, the marquise himself!

Lord Glenlonely liked the society of an elegant-minded, travelled man, fond of field sports, and who, though generally considered rather haughty and inaccessible, was, for some reason or other, known only to himself, the very reverse of this at Burnside.

The Marquis of Doun was a very elegant, young-looking man of about thirty-eight.

At twenty-five he had left the London world of fashion, thoroughly disgusted with the husband-hunting of which he, as the great catch-match of the day, was constantly the object, with mothers and daughters.

At that time he had no wish to marry; and he easily persuaded his sister, Lady Stella, who was very proud of him and devotedly attached to him, to settle with him alternately in all the most delightful cities of Italy.

Here he had many flirtations, but no real attachment, for he was exacting and fastidious; he required great personal beauty, elegance, amiability, a noble and generous nature, a highly-cultivated mind, and, above all, a heart that had never loved before.

Among the English beauties abroad, he found many who at first seemed to be all he required; but who, on a more intimate acquaintance, when weighed in the balance, were found wanting.

Time crept on, and one day it struck Doun that he was on the confines of forty and had no heir!

"I must marry," he said, to Lady Stella; "and I shall never find a wife to my mind abroad. Let us go back to Doun, and fill the castle with all the charming women and girls we can muster. I must and will marry before I am forty!"

"Oh! you, Doun, will never find your *beau idéal*," laughingly said Lady Stella, who in her inmost heart did not like the idea of resigning her honourable post, but yet could not bear to think that if Doun had no heir, the marquise would become extinct, and the earldom go to a detested cousin. "You will never meet in one woman all the scattered excellencies of the female world; and till you do, and that paragon adores you, you will be a bachelor."

"No, Stella," he would reply, "I am less, far less, exacting than of yore! A London husband-hunter I still detest and despise; and were she beautiful as the Queen of Love, wise as Minerva, and accomplished as all the Muses put together, I would not wed any girl who is in, what is so coarsely called, 'the matrimonial market.' But I do not despair; what is not found in the highways often meets us in the by-ways of life, and as I require no fortune, and should now be content with moderate attractions and a mere gentleman's birth, breeding, and education, I think I may find all I seek. I only insist upon a candid, generous nature, and a heart capable of love. Wisely, my Stella! did the poets of old make the Queen of Love and Beauty one and the same person; and as for me, much as I worship loveliness, I would rather have love without beauty than beauty without love! But I am resolved to marry before I am a year older. I hear that sordid cousin of ours, Macallum, is reckoning on my dying without an heir; and has already planned cutting down the avenue of lime-trees. I'll steal a march on him yet, Stella! he has taken heavy odds against my ever marrying!"

It was while the Marquis of Doun was in this mood of mind, that he saw, for the first time in his life, when he called at Burnside, in Hope Evermore all he had ever dreamed of or coveted, in his most fastidious and exacting days!

He did not know who or what she was. He never thought of asking. He saw her treated at Burnside as a daughter of the house; and it never occurred to him to imagine that she was a hireling or a dependent of any kind.

Lady Glenlonely, her head full of old romances, saw with pleasure, in the constant attentions of the marquise, what she believed to be symptoms of his being smitten with one of the girls; but she did not appear to know which, for she considered Agnes Fitz-Darrell very attractive to gentlemen, and the marquise took care so to divide his attentions that no one could detect a preference.

Agnes Fitz-Darrell began to feel her heart flutter with joy and ambition; but Hope Evermore never for a moment connected his lordship's constant visits and devotion to Burnside with herself.

Agnes, so elegant, so exquisitely dressed, so very agreeable, too, and with so much to say and to do to amuse, the marquise might admire her. But in the presence of a choice exotic, who notices the wild flower?

Who? Why, any man of taste and sentiment; and the Marquis of Doun was that man.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.—WORDSWORTH.

THE Marquis of Doun was in his thirty-ninth year, and desperately in love, for the first time in his luxurious and sybaritic life.

In love with little Hope Evermore, just seventeen! Hope Evermore, born in Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, reared by the charity of poor Bob and Apple Blossom, and educated, during the first ten years of her life, in the Green Fields Ragged School! thence taken by Lady Arncliffe to be fitted to be a companion to herself and her mother, Lady Glenlonely; readily taking the finest polish, as all gems of the first water do; and now, at the time when she so unconsciously captivated the great catch-match of the day—the idol of mothers and daughters, the bachelor-marquis—as elegant, accomplished, and refined in mind and manners as if she had been born a Lady Hope, but with a candour, a simplicity, a self-dependence, and a strong principle of action, the result of her early training in the Green Fields Ragged School, and which rendered her as useful and as good as she was graceful and endearing.

Early privation, too, had taught her to feel for others; and there was a depth of thought and sentiment beyond her years in her large and ever-upturned eyes of celestial blue.

A clever French writer says that love is like the small-pox, inasmuch as, the later you take the infection, the more dangerous and incurable is the disease.

Lady Stella wished her brother to marry, and yet she wished it not. She could not bear the idea of the marquise becoming extinct, and of the earldom going to the hated Macallum; but she did not like to resign her post as her brother's friend and adviser, and the mistress of his elegant and princely homes in London and in the country.

With a woman's quick instinct in such matters, she soon discovered that he was in love, and readily guessed with whom. Nor did she object; she had no doubt that Hope was a lady, and as she saw innocence and goodness in every line of her sweet face, and liked her much better than any other young lady her brother had ever distinguished, she, with a sigh, owned to herself that Hope would do.

The marquise had already come to this conclusion, and it was the fault of their *caste*, not of themselves, if it never occurred to them for a moment as possible that Hope should not accept, with gratitude and delight, the brilliant destiny that would await her as Marchioness of Doun.

From day to day Lord Doun, with a certain timidity which is, in all ranks, inseparable from true love, postponed the conversation he was resolved to have with Lady Glenlonely relative to her most interesting and lovely young friend; but he was quite resolved to enter on the subject after the ball, as of course he could not take an irrevocable step, and offer his hand and title, without some knowledge of the parentage and antecedents of his enchanting Hope.

Such was his resolve, when the evening appointed for the ball arrived; and, though all the fashion and

beauty of the county were assembled at Castle Doun, and the house was filled with London belles, and all Paris could do to set them off had been done—yet Hope Evermore, at her first ball, in a white tarlatan dress of many skirts, looped up with wild roses, and a wreath of the same, in her rich golden hair, was, beyond all comparison, the belle of the room. Lady Arnelife had had her taught to dance—less for the sake of an accomplishment which she never expected her to find much occasion for, than on account of the ease and grace which a thorough knowledge of dancing imparts to the carriage.

Light as a sylph, and agile as a fawn, Hope Evermore was an exquisite dancer; and this fact was very soon discovered at the castle ball. Agnes Fitz-Darrell was a first-rate artificial dancer, but Hope was all nature. She was in immense request, and as Lady Arnelife declined to dance at all, the marquis opened the ball with her Hope.

This made her the object of the envy of all the women, and of the admiration of all the men, who generally followed where Doun, an acknowledged connoisseur in such matters, led.

The marquis himself was surprised at the thousand new charms and graces revealed by her evening dress. If he had thought her lovely before, he considered her exquisite now, and his attentions were on this occasion pointed and marked.

Agnes Fitz-Darrell, whose dress had cost as many pounds as Hope's had shillings, was pale with envy and sick with disappointment. Captain Greville forsook her to form one of a bevy of young men who followed Hope everywhere.

By dint of great perseverance Captain Greville got one dance with Hope, and after it was over, he led her out into the conservatory. It was softly illuminated, and was fragrant with exquisite exotics. They were alone.

"What a delightful thing a ball is!" said Hope, her fair cheek flushed, her eyes beaming with excitement and pleasure.

"I never found a ball anything but a bore before," said Greville. "It is the presence of Hope that gives all the charm to Reality."

"Have you a hope, then, so decided and so potent?" asked the young girl, thinking that Agnes Fitz-Darrell had probably accepted his hand.

"Mine is a potent Hope," he said, "and, I trust, a decided one."

"I am so glad," said our heroine, smiling with sweetest sympathy; "I always thought she loved you, and would accept you, and I have wondered you never proposed before; but of course, true love is very timid, and though Agnes Fitz-Darrell is, I am certain, much attached to you, the dignity and reserve of her character and manner has perhaps checked the confession, her affection must at last have welcomed."

"What do you mean—what can you mean?" said Captain Greville, turning very pale, and an angry flash contending with the loving expression of his dark eyes.

"Mean!" said Hope; "that you have proposed to Agnes, and that she has accepted you."

"You cannot mean it, you do not mean it," said Greville, seizing her wrist. "You must know that I love you, Hope, you only, and for ever. Why do you turn pale? why shrink away? You are no coquette, Hope; you are frank, honest, true, modest, I know, and with a sweet humility beauty can seldom boast; but you are not blind—you cannot suppose that pale, false, designing doll, could be caught but a foil to your fresh and enchanting loveliness of form, face, and expression. Speak! you must have known that I loved you, and you only."

"I never for one moment imagined such a thing," said Hope, very pale, clasping her hands, and tears in her eyes; "I believed you loved Miss Fitz-Darrell."

"And now that you know that I idolise, that I adore you?"

"Now it is my duty, and a very painful one, too, to tell you, generous man, who would have raised to your own level the poor companion, that I have no heart to give you in return, that my affections are bestowed on one I have loved from my infancy, that my faith is pledged, my hand pledged, and that friendship and esteem are all I can bestow on you, or any other man."

"Keep the cold and odious counterfeits for those who can value such lukewarm sentiments!" said Greville, beside himself with rage, jealousy, and disappointment, as, hastily opening the conservatory door that led on to the lawn, he rushed past Hope and darted into the shrubbery.

Hope stood for some time rapt in painful thought. She would have followed him, for pity dictated that she should do so, but the thought that Larky would not approve of her following any man, even on such

an errand of mercy, kept her where she was, leaning against a pillar, pale and cold as marble, and large tears trembling in her up-turned eyes.

"Oh, I have found you at last, lovely truant!" said the marquis, starting up behind her. "This is my Varsoviana. I have sought you everywhere, and I am come to claim you; but what is the matter?" he added, anxiously, as she turned slowly round: "are you not well?"

"No, not very well," replied Hope, sinking into a seat he drew towards her.

He fixed his eyes upon her. Her colour came and went. She trembled.

Man is naturally vain. The marquis had been spoilt by women—he was their idol.

"She loves me!" he thought. "Poor child, she is no well-trained coquette of fashion, she cannot disguise her sweet emotions. And I; why should I delay a proposal I have resolved to make?"

"Hope," he said, very gently; "Miss Evermore, I think you will not be surprised to hear me say I love you, and that all my hopes are centred in the enchanting prospect of your becoming my wife!"

"Oh, no! no! no!" almost shrieked poor Hope; "not you, too! pray, pray, do not ask me—do not love me!"

"Why not, sweet Hope?"

"Oh! you, my lord, should love some rich, great, noble lady, very beautiful, and stately, and accomplished, and —"

"But if I cannot love such an one, if I can only love you, if I have never loved but you, never can love another, never did, never will?"

"O, my lord," said Hope, "do not say so; it is too dreadful, too distressing."

"Why so, sweetest Hope?" and he would have taken her hand.

"Because," she replied, "there is one far away—one whom I love, and have long loved. And I, too, never did, and never can, and never will love another!"

The marquis was silent for a few moments. He was very pale, and trembled a little—then suddenly he said, in a low, mournful tone, "This is a great surprise, a great shock, and a great disappointment, Miss Evermore; but I honour you for your candour, and revere you for your generous and disinterested constancy; and if I can in any way, by my wealth, power, or influence, promote the advancement of one who must be worthy, since he is so dear to you, you may command my best services. Let us be friends," he said, with a sweet, sad smile; "and if I cannot make you my partner for life, I have a right to you for one more dance. So come, let me lead you back to the ball-room."

How little many a malicious dowager and envious damsel, who accused poor Hope of trying to captivate the marquis, suspected that she had refused a hand that would have conferred upon her the ancient title, coronet, and estates of Doun.

And when Captain Greville re-appeared no more that evening, how little Agnes, or any one else, guessed the cause.

And Hope was not of a nature to boast of her offers. To her they had been a source of deep pain.

Then, too, she had promised Larky Grigg to let him know whenever any other man professed affection for her.

What if the revelation made Larky uneasy, jealous, unhappy? and even if it did, she had promised, and she must keep her word.

To all the other guests, the ball ended as brilliantly as it had begun. It was kept up with spirit till five in the morning.

The supper-tables groaned with every delicacy in and out of season; and the gold plate and the Sevres china made the feast look regal in its magnificence.

While our party were driving home through a soft autumnal morning, and while a dewy haze veiled the mountains and the hollows, and the many-coloured leaves dropped noiselessly around them, Captain Greville, who had been invited to sleep at the castle, after pacing up and down his room by the hour, had at last opened his desk, and seizing a pen, ink, and paper, had written these words:—

"It is all vain; the game is up. The girl loves another; she has refused me. However, she is in every way too rich a prize to be lightly resigned. The report of Eaglescliffe's death is confirmed, but the news has not yet reached Burnside; it will almost kill the old countess."

"What an unlucky dog I am! The idea of her being engaged already—to whom? some low fellow, it must be; and yet, in spite of her folly and bad taste, I love her to distraction. I must and will make her my wife. Your first plan must be carried out now. Come to England as soon as you can. Go to these low Blossoms—those people that had the charge of her before Lady Gleclonely (then Lady

Pemberton) adopted her—armed with the marriage certificate of her mother, Constance Morris, with Gaspar Evermore. Claim her; a parent's right over the person of a minor is indisputable—indeefeasible. They must resign her to you, and she is too dutiful to disobey her father."

"When she is living with you in the dreary seclusion of Darkside House, and when you have told her as her father that you will never sanction any engagement she has formed unknown to you, I will appear on the scene. In the character of a friend, a peacemaker, I hope to win her consent; but, failing that, we must force on a marriage, and she, as a sensible girl, will make the best of it."

"Ever, dear uncle, your affectionate nephew,
"RASHLEIGH GREVILLE."
"Gaspar Evermore, Esq."

CHAPTER XCIV.

Heaven first sent letters for some wretch's aid,
Some weeping lover, or some captive maid.—POPE.

To listen to the tale her lips shall tell,
In the full confidence he loves so well.

BRIDE OF SIENA.

WHILE Larky Grigg was devoting all the powers of his active mind, and all the energies of his hale, young body, to that great system of SELF-EDUCATION, which has made so many of our working men the shining lights of the age; and while he was showing, by his perseverance, his self-denial, and untiring industry, how truly and how deeply he loved her, for whom he toiled so unremittingly, so uncomplainingly, Hope (as we know) was, in her own way, proving a love as entire, and a devotion as constant and as exclusive.

For Larky's sake, she has refused, without one sigh of regret, or one instant of demur, the hand that would have placed the ancient coronet of Doun on her fair young brow, and which would thus have made her the envy of all the loveliest and loftiest ladies in the land.

For Larky's sake, too, she had felt rather depressed than elated at the avowal of Rashleigh Greville's passion,—that confession, which would have been such rapture to Agnes Fitz-Darrell, was pain and disappointment to her. She knew, or, rather (in spite of the cold and haughty reserve of Miss Fitz-Darrell's disposition) she suspected, that Rashleigh Greville was very dear to that strange being of few affections and no sympathies, and Hope felt it to be a sort of pity that the love so coveted by another, should be wasted on her.

She was afraid of the fierce anguish, and jealous disappointment, which she felt certain Agnes would feel when she found that one who had appeared to distinguish and admire her, and who was so generally looked upon as her suitor, had preferred Hope's simple, natural graces to all her accomplishments; had loved Hope's Scotch, Irish, and English ballads better than her Italian cantatas and bravuras; had admired Hope's white muslin dress and straw hat more than all the modish elegance of her tiny bonnets (all pearls and feathers, and blonde and flowers), or the fashionable amplitude, and Parisian circumference of her gay, glossy silks of bright colours, and many flounces, in which she looked like the incarnation of some mincing, doll-like belle, in *Le Follet des Dames*.

In spite of the exquisite simplicity of her own nature, and her sweet unworldliness, Hope had great quickness of perception, and a keen insight into character, and she knew that the conquest so valueless to her would have realised all the fondest hopes of Agnes Fitz-Darrell's small, narrow, but passionate and unhappy heart.

Agnes Darrell—or, as her fine lady governess had advised her to call herself, Fitz-Darrell—was aware that, when she and her brother came of age, they were, with her uncle's fortune, to take his name (*id est*, Stone), but Nessy so dreaded the remarks that this change might challenge, and the revelations it might call forth, that all her hope was that she might marry before she came into her share of her uncle's property, and that all recollection of her miserable story, her mother's doom, and her father's crime would be lost sight of under the shelter of the aristocratic name of Greville.

"She will know too soon that he does not love her," said Hope to herself, "but she need never know that he so loved me. As for the marquis, his offer, which, if it wounded her heart less, would, perhaps, excite her envy more, she will never know of that. The marquis will surely never mention a circumstance so painful and so mortifying to himself, as the rejection of an offer so generous, so noble, so condescending, and so munificent, by a poor companion, born in a



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hospital, and whose infancy was passed in a ragged school.

"There is only one person in the world to whom I am bound by a promise which I *must* in honour keep, however painful it may be to me to do so, to reveal the grand offers made to one so humble, and that one is my own dearly-loved, affianced Larky Grigg. Him I must acquaint with circumstances, which I know will make him think that he is injuring me and my prospects by making me look upon him as my future husband.

"Dear Larky! he overrates the delights of that sort of life which he has only seen from that 'distance' which 'lends enchantment to the view.' He will think, when he hears that I might have been a marchioness (lady of Castle Doun, and many other palace-homes)—that I might have glittered in grand parties, in the Doun diamonds—have lolled in blazoned carriages, and ordered about powdered footmen in gay liveries and silk stockings—in short, have had wealth at will, and every wish gratified,—he will think that I fancy I have made a great sacrifice. He has never seen the marquis who was to confer all this; and who, in return, must have been my lord, my master, my love, my husband! Not that he is repulsive or unkind. He is elegant and most amiable; but what is *he* by the side of my brave, kind, fond Larky? The person, of course, is nothing, but as the tenement of the mind, the heart, the soul; but yet it is the only palpable, tangible thing we have to love; and it is on the dear face of him we love best that we read the aspirations of his soul, the thoughts of his mind, the feelings of his heart.

"Larky would not think that I fancy I am making a sacrifice if he could see himself and Lord Doun, side by side, as I see them, with my mind's eye. There they stand, Larky more than a head taller than his lordship; Larky in his clean holland blouse—Lord Doun newly equipped by his London tailor, in all the newest fashions. Now, to begin with their heads. How thin, and weak, and pale, is the light brown hair, that cannot quite conceal that my lord is growing bald! and see how closely cluster Larky's glossy black locks, over and round his fine head! The marquis's brow is not a bad brow, but, though high, it is rather narrow, and retreats a little while

Larky's, though the hair grows somewhat low, is massive and projecting—a brow of thought and power—a brow where virtue, will, and genius sit, as on a throne.

"And then their eyes! Lord Doun's are of a pale blue, and are kind and rather heavy; but Larky's are all love and soul, all softness and fire, dark and light at once. The marquis has a kind smile, but it does not cheer the spirit or warm the heart. Larky's smile is sunshine, it makes one glow. No, no, as I think of Larky and Lord Doun, I feel that were the latter a monarch, instead of a marquis, could he confer a crown instead of a coronet, and make me a queen instead of a peeress, yet to resign the first and only love of my heart, my own dear, true, fond, good, clever, trusting Larky, and live an everyday life in a castle with Lord Doun, would be a sacrifice too frightful to contemplate. I would rather, ten thousand times, live with Larky in two little rooms in town, or a hut in the country, and work hard for him from morning till night, than be empress of the universe with any other man for my husband, my guide, my lover, my companion, my friend.

"As for Captain Greville, I like him even less than Lord Doun. I cannot but feel, though I scarce know why, that there is something sinister in his character and mysterious in his history. But Larky thinks it so fine a thing to be a gentleman and a captain. He will not believe that I do not regret even him. However, I must do at once what I have promised to do; the longer I delay it, the more difficult it will be, and so at once I shall confess the whole to Larky Grigg."

(To be continued.)

BARCELONA.—III.

THE picturesque attire of the people of Barcelona has a wonderful attraction for the visitor. There is the charm of novelty, and an air of romance about it which gratify the eye and excite the imagination. How different are the common folk from ordinary people of other towns, with their brown jackets and red caps, and light blue sashes, or embroidered vests: they look like so many coloured illustrations from Gil Blas or Don Quixote. Here and there you meet a brave Spanish gentleman, if he really be such,

swaggering in the public way in all the fulness of Catalonian pride. That man should be well known at the entertainments of Barcelona. Foremost he sits in the front circle at the bull-fight; familiar is he with the matadors or the picadors, who take his money and defer to his judgment; and great is he also—in his own estimation, at all events—with the beauties of Barcelona.

Barcelona beauties! why that very expression is enough to set a combustible heart in a blaze. Those dark eyes, those luxuriant locks, those graceful forms, those fascinating draperies—if a man falls not in love with such, what must his heart be made of? They have a battery of charms, see them where you may, the most formidable that can be imagined. Notice those fans. They are the principal instruments of Spanish coquetry. In the hands of a southern senora they are as wonder-working instruments as a rod in the hand of a wizard, as the sceptre in the hand of a king. It signifies everything, or it signifies nothing, just as it is used. All depends on the way in which it is flitted. And there are a thousand ways: but only a simpleton can fail to understand their meaning.

But better than any words of ours is the artist's sketch. Here we have a Catalonian group reproduced with exceeding accuracy. But what pencil can depict, what words describe, the true beauty of that scene—the colours, the motion, the white houses, the blue sky, and the sunshine, like sunshine in no other part of Europe?

MY VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.—No. VIII.

(Continued from No. 42.)

"WHEN we were talking of barnacles the other day, Wilton," said I, "an indistinct recollection arose in my mind of some curious story in reference to them: if there be one, I should be obliged by your removing this haziness of memory."

"Cheerfully," replied Wilton. "In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Gerard, the herbalist, told the one to which you most probably refer. He states that there is a small island in Lancashire, called the Pile of Fouldirs; and, with memorable minuteness, that



THE "BARNACLE" GOOSE.

it is on the west side of the entrance to Morecombe bay, and about fifteen miles from Ulverston, thus preparing us to suppose that he is precision itself. He then goes on to say that there are some broken pieces of 'old and bruised ships,' and also the trunks, bodies, and branches of old and rotten trees, whereon is found a certain spume or froth, which, in time, hardens into certain shells, like those of the mussel, but sharper pointed and of a whitish colour; and that they contain a thing in form like a lace of silk, finely woven as it were together. One end of this, he asserts, is fastened to the inside of the shell, like oysters and mussels, while the other end is attached to a rude mass which gradually attains the shape of a bird. On its perfect formation the shell gapes, and the first thing that he describes as appearing is this silken lace; then come the legs of the bird; and as it increases in size, it opens the shell by degrees, till at length the entire bird emerges, hanging only by the bill. In a short space after it comes to full maturity, and falls into the sea, where it gathers feathers, and grows to a fowl larger than a duck, and smaller than a goose, 'which the people in Lancashire,' he says, 'call by no other name than a tree goose; which place aforesaid, and all those parts adjoining, do so much abound therewith, that one of the best is bought for threepence.'

"Accept my thanks," said I; "that is the tale. How strange is it that the old botanist should begin it with so much care, and then plunge into so great a fallacy! He must have been no ordinary man in his day. Lord Burleigh was a lover of plants, and had the best collection of any nobleman in the kingdom, and of this Gerard had the superintendence. His London residence was in Holborn, where he had a large physic-garden of his own, which was probably the first of its kind in England, for the number and variety of its productions. Was the idea of a barnacle being changed into a goose entertained by any one else?"

"Oh, yes! by many. The notion has lasted for ages, and still prevails among the uneducated on the shores of all the European seas. One reason for the continuance of the error in several Roman Catholic countries is, the permission granted by the priest to eat the barnacle goose on fish-days, from its being considered to partake more of the character of a fish than a fowl. Even in the 'Transactions of the Royal Society' there is a paper from Sir Robert Moray, in which he says the pedicle, or stem of the barnacle, seems to draw and convey the matter which serves

for the growth and vegetation of the shell and the little bird within it. He affirms that in every shell he opened he found a perfect sea-fowl: the little bill like that of a goose; the eyes marked; the head, breast, wings, tail, and feet formed; the feathers everywhere perfectly shaped, and blackish coloured; and the feet like those of other water-fowl, to his best remembrance. 'Nor did I,' he adds, 'ever see any of the little birds alive, nor meet with anybody that did; only some credible persons have assured me that they have seen some as big as their fist.'

"Gerard describes himself as more fortunate. He declares that he found near Dover a shell with similar contents to those he had previously described from report, but slightly differing from them. On breaking several, he says, he observed in some living

That men whose natural eyes were out
May by some powerful art be brought
To see with th' empty holes as plain
As if their eyes were in again;
And if they failed to see with those,
To make an optic of a nose."

"Bishop Pontoppidan, the author of the 'History of Norway,' remarked Wilton, "speaks of a shell, smaller than a mussel shell, which contains a little creature *supposed* to be a wild goose. He says, almost its whole substance represents some little, crooked, dark feathers squeezed together, their ends terminating in a cluster; and hence it is *supposed* to be of the bird kind: and, having thus indulged in suppositions, he adds, as his candour increases, 'At the extremity of the neck also, there is something that looks like an extremely small bird's head; but one must take the force of imagination to help to make it look so;' and, assuredly,

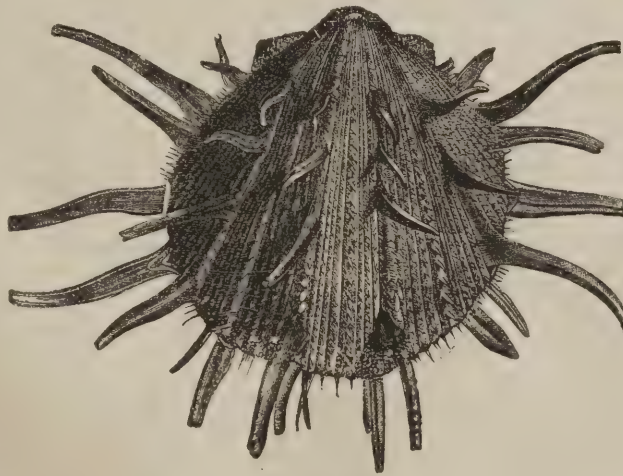
—'as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy
nothing

A local habitation, and a name;'

so there must have been no ordinary force of this power when the many-jointed arms of the barnacle—which, fringed as they are, are designed to act the part of a sweeping-net, so that the moment some minute tenant of the water touches it, it becomes entangled in their folds, that it may be carried to the mouth and transferred to the stomach—are metamorphosed into a goose."

"I should suppose," said I, "returning to plain fact from the region of imagination, that a very curious history might be formed of shell manufacture, when such a marvellous variety comes under the view even of a common observer."

"It might," said Wilton. "Every kind of shell has its history, to say the least; it may be, indeed that the history of no two shells is alike. Some shells, called porcellaneous, have a more uniform and compact texture than those which are membranaceous. The animal matter which unites the carbonate of lime, is, in such cases, more equally blended with the earthy particles, to which it appears to act as a cement, binding them very strongly together. In shells of this kind, the carbonate of lime assumes more or less of a crystalline arrangement. In some instances the minute crystals are composed of three distinct layers, each of which is formed of very thin plates, marked by oblique lines which show the direction of the crystalline fibres. These are arranged so as to give



THE SPONDYLUS.

things without shape; but in others which were nearer come to perfection, living things that were naked, in shape like a bird; in others the birds were covered with a soft down, the shell half open, and the bird ready to fall out, which, no doubt, he winds up by saying, were the fowls called barnacles."

"So much," said I, "for some people's powers of vision, under certain circumstances. Butler tells of—

'A philosopher who undertook
To prove and publish in a book,

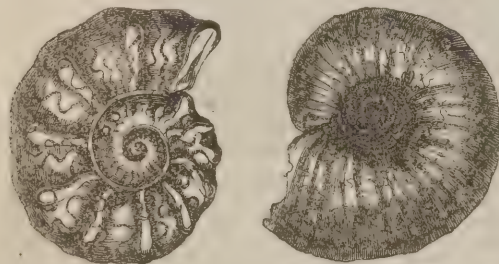
strength to the shell; and, what is more remarkable, on a principle which has been latterly applied to the building of ships. When the form of the crystals is prismatic, the fibres are short, and the prisms are hexagonal. In one shell, brought from Sumatra, the crystalline appearance was so perfect, that some fragments of it were taken for a mineral production."

"The coincidence is curious. Some shells I have picked up are exceedingly fragile, and may be easily crushed; whilst others are manifestly of great strength."

"Just according to the circumstances of the creature," replied Wilton. "It sometimes happens that, at different periods, a sudden development takes place in particular parts of the mantle, which, in consequence, become rapidly enlarged, striking out into long processes of various sizes. Every part of their surface has the power of forming shell, so that the portion of it which they construct, being consolidated around each fleshy process, must necessarily have, at first, the shape of the tube closed at the end. As fresh deposits are made by the secreting surface, which are in the interior of the tube, the internal space is gradually filled up by these deposits—the particular process of the mantle retiring to make way for their advance towards the axis of the tube. In the course of time, every part of the cavity is obliterated, the process or spine of the shell becoming entirely solid. Thus originate the many curious projecting parts which several shells exhibit, which have arisen periodically during the growth from this outer surface; some of which are very strong."

"Is not the same end gained frequently by the form of the shell?"

"It is. This is apparent, for example, in the large family of the ammonites, an extinct genus, the name



AMMONITES.

of which is derivable from their resemblance to the horns on the statue of Jupiter Ammon. Fossils of this kind are very extensive and remarkable. They vary greatly in size, from the twelfth part of an inch to more than four feet in diameter. As their shells were to act as floats, they were thin, or else they would have been too heavy to rise to the surface of the water; and as they were also to afford protection to their inmates, they had, at the same time, all requisite strength. Hence the entire shell of an ammonite is one continuous arch—the strength of which is proverbial—an arch, moreover, coiled spirally round itself, so that the base of the outer whorls rests on the crown of the inner whorls; and thus the back is peculiarly adapted to resist pressure. Still further, a scientific workman knows how to give strength to an arch; and the shell of the ammonite acquires it from the arrangement of the ribs by which it is adorned. Indeed the artisan who makes around the margins, or on the convex surfaces of tin and copper moulds for domestic use, folds or flutings, or gives them to a pencil-case, or to the iron intended to form a self-supporting roof, pursues the same course that is adopted to give strength to the shells of ammonites. A further mode of answering the same end is by introducing at the different parts of these ribs bosses, which, by the way, are far more efficient for the purpose than those which architects have added to their Gothic roofs."

"I presume, then, that the pressure must be great in the depths of the ocean."

"It appears so from the following experiment. A cork was forced into the neck of a bottle, so thick as to fit it very tightly, and in such a manner that half the cork remained above the edge of the neck; a cord was then tied round the cork, and fastened to the cork of the bottle, and the whole was covered with pitch. When the bottle was sunk to the depth of about fifty fathoms, it was suddenly felt to have increased in weight, and on being drawn up, the cork was found inside, and the bottle filled with water. In another instance, a bottle was similarly corked, but a sail needle was passed through the cork across

the edge of the neck, so as to resist the passing of the cork into the bottle. It was now immersed to the depth of fifty fathoms, when the same sudden increase of weight was felt, and on drawing up the bottle, it was found to be filled with water, but the cork was not displaced. You have often seen, I presume, a chambered nautilus?"



THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

"I have. It is a shell of peculiar beauty."

"One evening, when Mr. George Bennett was in the island of Erromanga, New Hebrides, a pearly nautilus was seen in Marekini Bay, on the south-west side of the island, floating on the surface of the water, not far distant from the ship, and resembling, as the sailors expressed it, a dead tortoise-shell cast on the waves. It was captured, but not before the upper part of the shell had been broken by the boat-hook, in the eagerness to take it, as the animal was sinking when caught. On being brought on board, Mr. Bennett's attention was directed to possessing the inhabitant, which he succeeded in procuring. He immediately detached it from the fractured portions of the shell—to which it was united by two oval bands on each side—and placed it in spirits, after making a pen-and-ink sketch of its external form."

"That is just what you would have done, Wilton, had you been in his circumstances."

"Most likely, my friend. But I should also have given the shell my special attention. Instead of being simply hollow, it is chambered or chambered; and when a section is made, it is found to be divided internally, by numerous regular partitions, into distinct compartments, the last or largest of which contains the body of the creature; and that a tube traverses these compartments from a cavity on the body of the nautilus to the last of the series. Here is an arrangement to secure the needed levity and gravity. These chambers contain air, generated by the nautilus; and when thus filled with a fluid more buoyant than water, the creature is able to ascend and float, notwithstanding the density of its shell. But when the nautilus wishes to sink, it forces water through the tube, thereby expelling or compressing the air; and thus attains its object, as at once it becomes heavier than the surrounding medium. Though capable of this ascent and descent, the nautilus is said to be often found reversed, and, like the tortoise and other creatures, bearing its house on its back."

THE MOON, AND HOW WE SEE IT.

In olden time the moon was a goddess. Whatever the ignorant mind of the time was incapable of grasping was supernatural. Thus arose the pale, chaste Deity of the Night, robed in virgin white, roaming dreamily under the partial shade of trees, loving to see her fair image reflected in streams, and shedding a complacent light on tender meetings. A goddess, indeed! What less could have smiled so benevolently on young lovers? Even scurvy Johnson was forced to confess that

"The Queen of Night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat and hearts that glow."

We are not heathens—far from it: we all go to church, and pay for pews, and the rest; but who among us has not at some time or other paid homage to the Queen of Night, and thanked her for the gentle light which has shown the way to some fair hand, or

even, perhaps, a pair of red lips? Ah! let us not hasten to deride the poor old heathens!

In this matter-of-fact age, when everything is regulated by degrees and inches—when philosophers have stethoscopes to test the amount of excitement which was developed in Fanny's breast at the aspect of Arthur arm-in-arm with Louisa—we don't fancy the moon as a goddess. We say, in blunt scientific terms, that she—or it—is a satellite of the earth, suspended in her—or its—present position by the contrasted attraction of the sun and the earth. This is the unromantic version of the naked fact.

There was a time—ah! that we had lived to see it—when the earth was an uncomfortable, semi-incandescent mass, in the act of cooling off for practical purposes. The atmosphere was tropical throughout the globe. All things were intensely impregnated—or, as the philosophers say, super-saturated—with carbon. Between the dry land and the waters there was no division. There was no ocean, and consequently there were no continents. All was hot mud, with here and there a lake or a short river, and here and there a dry, parched, torrid eminence. In those days there were animals and plants, but no human beings. Both animals and plants were like the age in which they flourished—to our notions monstrous. Monsters were the rule, both in the vegetable and the animated world. Creatures were born, and grew to sizes which dwarf the elephant. Plants thrust their heads above the mud, and, in that carboniferous atmosphere, attained heights which would have towered above the tallest trees of our forests. But in proportion to the rapidity of their growth was the brevity of their life; for these were the days of earthquakes and terrestrial convulsions. Probably no day elapsed without some earthquake or volcanic eruption.

The light of day was dull and obscured. Masses of opaque matter floated through the atmosphere as thickly as dust specks float through a ray of sunlight in a darkened room. The hot air, thick and dull, hung a listless mist over the face of the earth, which was even then almost without form and void. When the sun went down, dense darkness covered the earth. There was no lesser light to rule the night; dim twinklings in the far distance, hardly piercing the pall which wrapped our planet, were the only contrasts to the Egyptian blackness of the dark hours.

But the internal fires which sprang from the vitals of the earth almost supplied the want of a nocturnal luminary. It is probable that there were but few spots on the globe which were out of view of some flaming volcano. We count the active volcanoes by integers. When we have enumerated Etna, Vesuvius, Hecla, Jorullo, Colima, and one or two others, we have reached the end of our list. In the days of Homer the volcanoes were counted by scores; in the carboniferous age they may have, must have, flourished by hundreds and thousands. That vast incandescent mass, of which the crust only had cooled, kept boiling at short intervals, and furiously pouring out the vials of its wrath upon an earth inhabited by transitory creatures. Go where the traveller may, he will still find traces of this terrible age. That tell-tale rock—"the trap"—is peculiar to no meridian; and from the Hudson's Bay territories nearly to Cape Magellan, from Spitzbergen to Borneo, either this, or some mountain range of volcanic origin, here with scoriae disseminated through the more regular formations, there with copper or gold held in a native state in half-decayed quartz, tell a very legible story of the time when all the component parts of the earth were in a fluid state, and were thrown off by the boiling mass beneath as a kettle throws off froth and scum.

There came a day when the under crust could no longer bear the weight of the mass which, after being thrown off daily, returned, by the force of gravitation, to the surface of its parent. A time came when the incandescent and inchoate planet—if so daring a figure may be ventured—felt the necessity of unusually strenuous measures. It gathered all its fiery energies, and mustered all its fearful strength. The effect was universal, not local. With such bodies distances of 25,000 miles must be trifling, and the earth's meridian—a paltry 8,000 miles—not worth mentioning. One can imagine the purpose and effort being common to the entire molten and raging mass.

It came at last. After throes of inconceivable agony, with a roar and a convulsion which must have destroyed every living thing then existent upon the face of the planet, in the midst of general chaos, confusion, and desolation, the earth relieved itself. It tore from its half-cooled surface immense masses, and projected them with monstrous force into space; not on one side alone, but on all. Lumps of earth four and five miles in thickness, and thousands of miles

long and wide, were in an instant forced upward with such force as to pass beyond the circle of the earth's attraction. These various masses, thus launched into space, soon felt the attraction for each other, and assembled together. They met, and, agreeably to the sublime law of celestial bodies, remained suspended in space at the point where the attraction of the earth meets that of the sun. That other celestial law which forbids the torpidity of any atom of matter compelled the aggregated mass to revolve, and the revolution forced the mass into a spherical shape.

Thus the moon came into being. An offshoot from the earth, it pays homage to its parent by revolving round it, and reflecting back to it a part of the sun's light during the period when that luminary is obscured to us. Had the force with which its substance was expelled from the body of the earth been less, it would have returned to our surface, just as those fragments of matter called aerolites do at regular intervals; had that force been greater, it would have entered upon the vast area which is the domain of the sun, and would have been attracted to that great cosmical body, and been fused by its intense heat. It was sent abroad with precisely the force necessary to sustain it in *equilibrium* between the earth and the sun, and hence it is "the lesser light which rules the night."

This is not the only service which it renders us. By its creation it caused great hollows in the surface of the earth. Into these hollows the waters which lay on the face of the deep naturally gathered, and became oceans, lakes, seas, and rivers. The cavities drained the earth of the moisture which had rendered it unfit for the habitation of the higher order of vertebrate creatures. Thus by degrees were formed the great Atlantic and Pacific, the Northern and the Southern oceans, leaving here and there tracts of cool, dry land for man to inhabit at the word of his Creator. Nor did the office of the moon stop here. While it was upheld in space by the attraction of the earth, it returned the compliment by exercising a reciprocal attraction upon the waters for which it had created beds. With the beautiful regularity which is the characteristic of heavenly bodies, it affected them at uniform intervals, causing the tides to flow and to ebb, and to vibrate between the spring and the neap flow. Lastly, it relieved the earth of a vast quantity of superincumbent matter, equal, in fact, to over one-fifth of the whole bulk of the planet.

In departing from us, and setting up for herself, the moon forgot some articles of baggage which were essential to her future comfort and prosperity. Among these were air and water. How we came by these two useful commodities it were hard to say—about as hard as to account for the fact that you, my dear reader, have two eyes and a nose. It is enough for you and the earth to feel satisfied that you have what you need—that is to say, your two eyes and a nose; the earth, air and water. And we must, in the like stupid way, remain content with the naked assertion that the moon is devoid of what she sadly needs, air and water.

This is made quite certain by the discoveries of astronomers. Rains, dews, oceans, lakes, hail, snow, clouds, are all unknown to the moon. History records that the cruel Carthaginians used to cut off the eyelids of their prisoners and tie them on their backs, exposed to the burning sun of Africa. The moon is in the same unhappy condition. Nothing shields its surface from the burning rays of the sun. Wherever the light of that fierce luminary penetrates the moon's surface is incessantly hot.

Of volcanic origin, the moon is true to its descent. It is full of volcanoes, most of which, however, perhaps from a conviction of the uselessness of further action—there being nothing to destroy, and no one even to see their explosions—are now silent and torpid. But they wrought out their destiny so long and so faithfully, that the surface of the moon is frightfully disfigured and uneven. Switzerland is a prairie compared to the smoothest part of the moon's surface. It is nothing but incessant mountain and hollow. Lunar Alps and Rocky Mountains intersect every few miles of the surface. The Himalayas would be unnoticed among the gigantic ranges which ornament the lunar superficies. And the projections, mighty as they are, are but trifling in comparison with the hollows. It would seem as though the moon, with apish weakness, had tried to imitate the earth in throwing off space for rivers and oceans—forgetting that it contained no water to fill the cavities. Astronomers have made the most extraordinary discoveries in reference to these lunar hollows. Some of them appear to be about fifty miles deep, and a hundred miles or so wide, with precipitous sides. Our great astronomer Mitchell has vividly described these terrible places. Those who have looked over a precipice a few hundred feet in

depth may, perhaps, form some rude idea of what it must be to gaze down into a hole fifty miles deep—so deep that the bottom would almost escape the eye were there an intervening atmosphere—a great, monstrous cave, with no vegetation either on the borders, or on the top, or on the sides, or on the bottom; no life of any kind, not even the least sound, to break the endless monotony of silence; everywhere dull, warm scoria, lava, and stones of volcanic origin. But even these are the smallest of the lunar cavities. Latterly, acute astronomers, with improved instruments, have gazed into holes in the moon's surface, and estimated them to be no less than two hundred and fifty and three hundred miles deep, with fissures in them through which the sunlight penetrated.

Fancy the scene! Well may it have been termed the abomination of desolation! Surely this fair earth, with all its gloomy places and all its dreary scenes, contains nothing so overwhelming in its terrible despair as the moon. And who, gazing at its mild, white face as it emerges from the cover of a cloud, would deem it so sad and desolate a sphere?

There are no "men in the moon." There cannot be, for they could not exist without air and water. 'Tis a pity; for the sight of this planet of ours, thirteen times the size which the moon appears to us, as fair, and bright, and shining as our nightly luminary, would be a sight worth seeing.

Small Change.

"I HAVE good reason," exclaimed an enraged author, who had been lampooned in a review, "to believe that M—— has given me this stab in the dark." "Make your mind perfectly easy," said his friend, "for M—— is the last man to give you a stab in the dark; first, because he always held you in tight estimation, and secondly, because he is a fellow that wouldn't stick at anything."

BAD COMPANY IS BETTER THAN NONE.—A lawyer driving through a town stopped at a cottage to inquire his way. The lady of the house told him he must keep straight on for some time, then turn to the right; but said that she herself was going to pass the road he must take, and if he would wait a few moments she would show him the way. "Well," he said, "bad company is better than none. Make haste." After jogging on five or six miles, the gentleman asked if he had not come to the road he must take. "O, yes!" said she, "we have passed it two or three miles back; but I thought that bad company was better than none, so I kept you along with me."

As a general rule, self-interest is the mainspring of our actions, and utility the test of their value.

"CAN'T we make your lover jealous, miss?" "Oh, yes, sir, I think we can, if we put our heads together!"

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.—Not only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

DEFINITION.—Life: A farce to the rich; a comedy to the wise; a tragedy to the poor.

ADVICE TO LADIES.
If you your lips would save from slips,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

THE fourth finger was originally chosen for wearing the wedding ring, for the reason that it is not only used less than either of the rest, but is more capable of preserving a ring from bruises—having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it cannot be extended but in company with some other finger, whereas the others may be singly stretched out to their full length and straightness.

A DECIDED HIT.—During the very warm weather in June last, a party of ladies and gentlemen from the Isle of Skye made an excursion to Fingal's Cave; and finding the day so delightfully cool and pleasant on the sea, one of the ladies remarked to the captain that, while the weather continued so hot, she would like to be captain herself very well. He replied, in a most gentlemanly manner, that he would not object to her becoming captain's mate if the business increased as fast as it had done the previous week.

"How do my customers like the milk I sell them?" "Oh, they all think it of 'the first water.'"

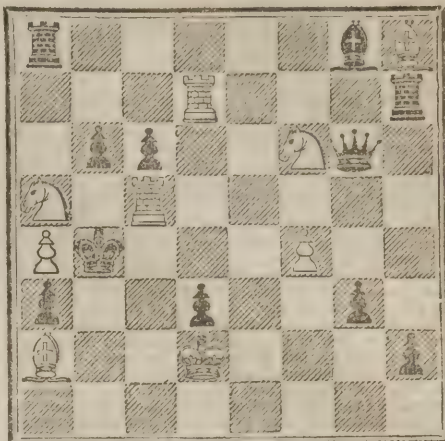
If a young lady is not able to sport a riding habit, she should adopt a walking habit.

SELF-DEFENCE is the clearest of all laws, and for the reason that lawyers didn't make it.

WE are ruined not by what we really want but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants;—if they are real ones, they will come home in search of you. He that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.

Chess.

Problem No. 70. By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.
BLACK.

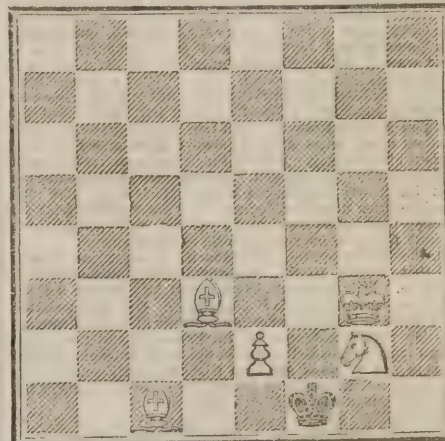


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Problem No. 71. By DOMINO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Game played between Messrs. C. F. SMITH and J. N. SMITH, the former player giving the odds of the Q Rook.

WHITE.

Mr. C. F. Smith.

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. B to Q B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4
5. P to Q B 3
6. P to Q 4
7. P takes P
8. Castles
9. P to K R 3
10. Kt to Q B 3
11. B to K Kt 5
12. B to K R 4
13. Q to Q 3
14. B takes Kt
15. Kt to K R
16. P to K B 4
17. B takes B
18. P to K 5
19. Q to K R 7
20. Kt to K 2
21. K to R sq
22. Kt to K Kt 3
23. Kt to K R 5
24. Kt to K B 3
25. Q takes K R P (ch)
26. Kt to K Kt 5

BLACK.

Mr. J. N. Smith.

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to Q B 4
4. B takes B
5. B to Q B 4
6. P takes P
7. B to Q Kt 3
8. P to Q 3
9. Kt to K B 3
10. Castles (a)
11. P to K B 3
12. E to K sq (b)
13. Kt to K 2
14. P takes B
15. K to B sq
16. B to K 3
17. P takes B
18. Q takes P
19. P to K B 4 (c)
20. B takes P (ch)
21. B to K 6
22. P takes P
23. Q to Q 5
24. Q to Kt 7
25. K to Kt sq
26. Q to K R sq

And White mated in two moves.

(a) If Black play Pawn to K R 3, White obtains a fine attack by advancing the K P.—(b) If P to K Kt 4, White takes the P with Kt.—(c) To prevent perpetual check.

Solution of Problem No. 67.

WHITE.

1. B to K R 2
2. Kt to K 2
3. P to K B 4
4. P to B 5 (dis ch)
5. Kt mates

BLACK.

1. P to R 4
2. P takes Kt
3. Kt to K B 6
4. Kt takes B or interposes

Our Editorial Table.

NOTICE.

On September 10th was published the first number of the PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS, price 3d. weekly, or free by post, 4d. This journal must prove of the highest interest to every person wishing to become conversant with the beautiful and advancing art of Photography. Communications to be addressed to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, Belle Sauvage Yard, E. C.

ALEXIS.—So you want to know something about Canton in particular, and China in general. Particulars about Canton can easily be furnished you, now England and France have procured for themselves and for other nations of Europe, the advantages of a treaty of peace, by which Chinese ports are to be thrown open, consuls established, and toleration of the Christian religion insured. Canton itself is wealthy and populous. It consists of three towns, divided by high walls. It has temples and numerous magnificent palaces. The houses are remarkably neat, but consist only of one storey, and they have no windows opening on the street. Of its almost countless inhabitants, many reside in barks touching one another, and forming a kind of floating city. At break of day all the people who inhabit these barks, depart to fish or to cultivate their rice. China itself is a vast empire, consisting chiefly of a flat open country, but it has some mountains, which are generally well cultivated, and covered with trees. China has mines of iron, copper, gold, silver, and quicksilver. Many of its vegetable productions are peculiar to itself, but it is most interesting to us, as being the vast nursery-ground of the tea plant. The Chinese are of tawny complexions. They countenance polygamy and idolatry. Strange to say, they are remarkable for politeness and industry, but on the other hand they are cruel, deceitful, and treacherous.

PHOEBE MORTIMER.—We rejoice in peace, but we own we do not consider that a treaty concluded with the Mormons can lead to permanent peace. Your question about the motives that can induce English people to join themselves to such a sect as the Mormons is not so easily answered. True, the missionaries of Joe Smith go about making most tempting promises, and advancing very false statements. And here we will not let slip the opportunity of giving some of these statements a flat denial. The "Valley of Mountains," as it is called, only rewards the labour of the husbandman by the most expensive style of artificial irrigation. And the dangers of the journey to "The Land of Promise" are such, that out of a caravan of 3,500 persons, 2,000 are said to have perished by the way. And of the female converts, happier are those who thus perished, than the sisters who reached the Salt Lake, and commenced a state of slavery. The vain longings after unattainable good, and the ardent desire for change that haunt the breasts of idle, silly people, may account for the numerous converts to Mormonism.

S. T.—We can quite understand the interest you take in all that relates to the telegraphic communication with America. It is now completed, and it has proved a great subject of rejoicing in the United States. One of the earliest uses made of it was to convey a message of friendly congratulation from our Queen to the President, and the President's reply cannot fail to excite the most hopeful anticipations in the minds of the true friends of both countries, as supplying a link calculated to unite two great nations in the closest bonds of friendship and good will.

Z. X.—The word *toxophilite*, that has puzzled you so much, is of Greek origin. It means "loving archery;" and toxophilite meetings are merely archery meetings.

AN OLD MAN.—If Europe's prospects are worse in some respects, in others they are better than they were. But a few years ago Russia was the terror of all the Continent. From Paris to Palermo alarms were rife about Russian power. Every statesman calculated the vast resources of Moscow; its impregnable fortresses; its territory, equal to a third of the globe; its army of a million of men, and its double fleet of fifty sail. But fortresses, army, and navy, were robbed of all their terrors by the Crimean campaign. Yet is Russia of the present time in a more prosperous state than before it received a check from the allied armies. Alexander is achieving more for the Russians than was ever done by Nicholas. He is stretching railroads and telegraphs over his immense dominions. He is colonising wastes, emancipating serfs, and turning slaves into subjects. He is speculating on Eastern commerce, and building factories on the Chinese frontier.

VINDEX.—If Alsop re-appeared among us, we believe he would be in no danger. He was virtually acquitted when Bernard was found not guilty. The laws relating to conspiring against foreign princes were not altered, because it was thought they were already sufficiently stringent; even libels against foreign sovereigns are punishable. Of this we had a proof in 1787, when Lord George Gordon was tried in the Court of King's Bench for a libellous publication against the Queen of France. Lord George was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of £5,000 and to be imprisoned for two years.

R. POTTS.—You are mistaken in supposing that the body of a debtor can be taken in execution after death. Such was, however, the practice in Prussia, till it was abolished by the Code Frédéric.

ST. MAUR.—It was on the 1st of September, 1858, that Queen Victoria became the sovereign of India. The East India Company has ceased to exist, but let due honour be given to its memory. In a little more than a century and a half it won and attached to its rule a greater space and several times the number of people that ever before fell to any family of conquerors. India offers subjects of congratulation that outshine all the older achievements of our race. Whatever we have gained elsewhere, falls far short of that great dominion won by prodigies of valour and consummate policy. You wish to know how the East India Company resigned its power? As departing greatness should do, with dignity and grace, and with a prayer in which all our readers will join, that peace may soon be restored, and that India may enter on a course of improvement comparable, in some degree, with that of Europe.

DUBIOUS.—The paper duty is by no means the trifle you seem to imagine. Are you aware that the net amount of duty received on paper in the quarter ended March 31, 1858, was—England and Wales, £814,560. 17s. 8d.; Scotland, £252,959 18s. 1d.; and Ireland, £51,912 12s. 1d., being in all, £1,119,433 7s. 10d? Were this heavy impost removed, it would give an impetus to the operations of publishers, in the beneficial results of which their readers would be the largest sharers.

DICK TARLETON, SPES, 123 Z.—The young lady who deceived you once, may do so again. We cannot recommend you to marry her.—"Spes" must remember that all depends on disposition. A long engagement between an affectionate and constant pair only strengthens love, and embellishes life. With commonplace people a long engagement is a great evil.—Let "123 Z" make the lady acquainted with the secret of his heart, in the same manner in which he has told it to us.

A BUCHAN LASSIE.—In reply to "a Buchan Lassie's" amiable communication, we do not hesitate to recommend her to accept the suitor of thirty-five years of age, who can marry her immediately, rather than wait for the other suitor, who is younger than herself. The best assorted unions are those in which the husband has the decided seniority.

L. BEAMISH.—If you can give evidence of the identity of the child, your having neglected to register his birth will not affect his right to the money in question.

EMMA O.—Do not refuse the offer of a respectable man in good circumstances for the sake of one who is not in a condition to marry you, and who, you yourself own, has slighted you. If you miss the present chance, you may never have another.

LEVY.—Unless a jury is unanimous, no verdict can be given.

QUID PRO QUO.—We decline giving our opinion of the present state of the game laws. But we are convinced society must be in a very different state before they are entirely abolished. In reply to your second question, we can inform you that though hares are game, persons being the occupiers of inclosed lands may kill them, or authorise another person so to do (which authority must be registered with the clerk of the peace of the county), without being liable to the tax for a game certificate. Moor hens are not game, but grouse, bustards, pheasants, and partridges are game.

A PUPIL.—Vesuvius and Etna are far from being the highest volcanic mountains in the world. Cotopaxi, in South America, is 18,863 feet high, and in 1738 its flames rose 3,000 feet above the mountain. Vesuvius is about 3,000 feet high, and Etna about 10,000 feet.

A. B.—Punch and Judy is the relic of an ancient mystery, in Latin called "*Pontius cum Judæis*;" in English, "Pontius Pilate with the Jews."

A LOYAL SUBJECT.—Our National Anthem is originally a German air. With regard to "A Loyal Subject's" second question, before replying to it we must ask her if she is a young woman. Should she reply in the affirmative, we should be tempted to think that the admiration professed for the children is in reality felt for her. Prudent young women should discourage the advances of strangers. Therefore, we caution "A Loyal Subject" against accepting the tickets or any other favour proffered. The French addressing the fair sex, say—

"Des faveurs des hommes méfiez vous bien,
Dans ce monde on ne donne rien pour rien."

In English, and in plain prose: "Mistrust the favours of men; in this world nothing is given for nothing."

LEONIA.—Your anxiety about your brother does credit to your heart. It is highly desirable that he should be checked in a course of dissipation that, if continued, must ruin him; but while he keeps the peace no legal restraint can be put upon him. In the meantime, you can only hope and pray for his reformation, and you would do wrong to destroy your health by fretting about what you cannot prevent.

C. E. S.—You wish us to tell you how to gain the affections of a certain young lady? Prove to us that you are worthy of those affections, and we will direct you how to proceed.

LILLIAN BOOTHROYD.—The title you mention is sanctioned by custom, and intended to give the honour ascribed to primogeniture.

KATE AND AUGUSTUS.—Were it not universally acknowledged that Cupid is blind, the cases of "Kate and Augustus" would suffice to prove the fact. Kate is eighteen years of age, she is about the middle height, has dark eyes and dark hair, and a clear complexion. She is considered lively and amiable, she plays on the piano, and excels in drawing, yet, with a charming naïveté, she tells us she has not had "the poorest approach to a beau." Did any of our readers ever hear of such a case? "Augustus" (taking him at his own valuation) is, in height, five feet seven inches. He has auburn hair, blue eyes, a pleasant, merry countenance, and is decidedly fond of fun, yet he can make no impression on the ladies. Even if he attracts notice for a week or two, "the same implacable coldness, the same rigidity of features meet his anxious gaze." Our correspondents appeal to us in their sorrows. We would gladly help them and teach them how to make themselves appreciated. Although the data on which we form our opinion is not very ample, it has enabled us to come to this conclusion, "Kate" is too shy; let her conquer a "mauvaise honte," that lessens the charms of her society. "Augustus" makes too much of himself. Let him lessen his conceit, and no longer contest the palm of beauty with the fair sex.

ALICE MAUD MARY.—You are right. A dignified reserve is the best plan. Rely on it, your excessive fondness has wearied your suitor. When your conduct changes, very likely his will change too.

CROACH PHADRIG.—It will require considerable interest to obtain the situation you seek, even supposing you pass well through your examination.

SIR CHARLES.—Cultivate cheerful society, and read amusing and improving books. By this means, and by persevering in your steady mode of living, the nervousness you complain of will probably leave you. We recommend your brother,

Fred Warton, to try to procure employment in the service of a country gentleman, or on some large farm. As he has education he could keep the farm accounts. Let him seek employment in every direction before he makes up his mind to enlist.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—Mix black pepper and brown sugar, in the proportion of two tea-spoonfuls of sugar to one of pepper, in some new milk, so as to form a kind of syrup; place portions of this in small saucers near the spots where the flies most resort, and they will rapidly disappear. Moisten the mixture with milk as often as it dries.

FRANK D.—Find out the nests of the ants, put in some quicklime powdered, and throw water upon it.

JANE CLIFTON.—Admirable lessons on etiquette, conduct, and carriage will be found in the numbers of the "Ladies' Treasury," published monthly by Ward and Lock, Fleet-street.

PAUL S. F.—Madrid is the capital of Spain; Lisbon is the capital of Portugal. For the removal of warts see No. 191, page 271.

DELTA.—The only advice we can give you is to submit your case to a skillful surgeon.

J. JOHNSON. and several other correspondents, have requested information respecting phonography, or shorthand; we have it in contemplation to furnish some easy and familiar lessons on this most useful art.

NEMO.—Apply to the Herald's College, Bennet's-hill, St. Paul's.

UNLICENSED.—A license is necessary to enable you legally to hawk goods for sale in any town or village, notwithstanding the article hawked is of your own manufacture.

ELIOTIC AND D. H. H. W.—If for seven years you receive no letters from your husbands who have deserted you, and can obtain no information whatever respecting them, after making diligent inquiry, you will be at liberty to marry again.

EMILY ANNE.—By all means put it out of the power of your cousin to repeat his very improper behaviour.

AN APPRENTICE.—We have referred your inquiry as to what you could substitute for an acromatic lens to the editor of the "Photographic News," who will, doubtless, give the matter attention in an early number of that publication.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—Samuel E.; Evangeline; British Workman; D. Young; A Forfar Laddie; R. C.; Hunter; Lines on Autumn (Belfast); W. W.; Mountain Daisy; School-boy Life; Valerius North; E. O. C.; Henricus; White Rosebud; J. H. S.; A Subscriber (Wisbeach); Starlight; J. Jiles; Arbell Anxious; C. A. P.; Perseverance; E. Derry; T. W. A.; Mary; C. Rickman; F.; Ellen Nelle; Omicron; Lines on Poor Puss; Tag; G. Mercer; H. B. R.; Marcus; Stella; W. X.; and several without signatures.

WARBECK.—We can readily believe that you often think of your lady love when you are alone. The question is, Does she deserve to be the subject of your thoughts? You say she is "a card-player." If by this you mean that she is addicted to gambling, we advise you to have nothing more to say to her:—

"The love of gambling is the worst of ills—

With constant storms the blackened soul it fills;

Inveighs at Heaven, impairs the ties of blood;

Destroys the will and power of doing good.

Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,

And turns an angel's to a demon's face."

SUSAN.—You will not find the lowest-priced sugar the cheapest in the end. It is heavy, dirty, and of an inferior degree of sweetness.

BIG JIM, JOHN REA AND RACHEL, DAVID.—The peasants of Lancashire are among the handsomest men in the world. Neither "John Rea" nor "Rachel" should comply with the request for their likenesses, unless they mean to encourage the hopes of the persons wishing for the likenesses.—Let "David" only persevere, and he is sure to succeed. His clever and judicious letter shows him to be a youth of energy. As such, he must not allow any fond feeling to get the mastery of him. Let him avoid the young lady, and her image will gradually vanish from his mind.

CUNCTATOR.—There can be but one interpretation of "Ask papa," and that interpretation crows your hopes.

1 2 3.—Both soap and candles are improved by keeping, so buy your store for winter in September.

CHURCH ST. PERCH.—In our opinion you can only change for the better. The faults which you attribute to the young lady are more likely to increase than to diminish with age.

DERMOT.—Since you keep pigeons, do not forget that they are very fond of salt, and that it keeps them in health. Lay a heap of clay near their house, and pour salt brine on it.

PRIMOSE OF BIRMINGHAM, ELLA, CONSTANT AND TRUE.—Do not answer the letters unless you mean to encourage the gentleman's suit.—If your parents, "Ella," do not object to the correspondence, you may continue it; but etiquette forbids the familiarity you speak of.—We cannot, under any circumstances, countenance young people in defying their parents; but we sincerely pity the case of the young ladies in whom "Constant and True" takes an interest, and we think they would be happier in earning a livelihood among strangers, than in remaining in a home rendered wretched by cruelty and abuse.

T. MONK.—Your father is right: you should avoid laughing at your own jokes.

A. M. D. S.—If one hen lays an egg, and another hatches it, the former is the mother; the latter the foster-mother.

SPOONEY.—The lady does not forfeit a pair of gloves by your kissing her while she sleeps. It is you who, by such an act, forfeit your claim to propriety of deportment.

**** We cannot guarantee the return of rejected manuscripts.**

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARTLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER XCIII.

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way; thoughts are no subjects,
Intent but merely thoughts.—SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is something so magnificently terrible in war, that few minds are capable of grasping it as a whole and perfect picture. The movement of armies, the marching and counter-marching of troops, the strategic manœuvres of the opposing commanders merely serve to confuse the non-military reader; and it is

only from its episodes, such as the attack upon some isolated fort, the turning of an enemy's position at an important point, or the struggle of a handful of gallant fellows surrounded by superior numbers, that he can form any distinct idea of what war really is.

These episodes become doubly impressed upon the memory when some dear friend or relative has taken a share in them. As we doubt not but by this time more than one of the personages of our tale have secured an interest in the sympathy and kind feelings of our readers, we shall not apologise for drawing their attention once more, and for the last time, to India.

Some may, perchance, expect that we are about to follow, step by step, the progress of the contest, now, happily, nearly terminated. Nothing of the kind; that task belongs to the historical painter, and not the mere sketcher in pen and ink, whose labours are confined to bits of detail; although, as we have just

observed, such bits of detail give, perhaps, the clearest idea of the entire picture.

When the fanatic sepoy sprang with Fred Wharton from the walls of the temple, all who beheld the desperate act imagined that both alike had perished. The English uttered a cry of horror—the Hindoos their triumphant exclamations of "deen! deen!" To the defenders the gallant soldier seemed a martyr—to the assailants, a sacrifice offered to their goddess Mariatele.

Christians and heathen were alike deceived. The ferocious rebel was the only one who met his death. The young officer, though sorely bruised and wounded, lay senseless for awhile upon the pile of slain which his own hand had assisted to rear. When he recovered his senses he found himself in a rude hut, formed of boughs and grass, in the depths of the adjoining jungle. An old soubahdar, who had formerly been in the Company's artillery, had drawn him from his blood-stained resting-place—at first, no



THE DEATH OF DAWLISH IN THE PALACE OF DELHI.

doubt, with a view of plundering his body; but, finding that he still breathed, had conveyed him to a distance with the intention of preserving him.

Like many of his class, the ex-sepoy had been forced to join the insurgents, whose ultimate success he doubted. It was not humanity that prompted him, but interest and calculation. If his countrymen succeeded, he could at any time deliver the hated Christian into their hands; if, on the contrary, the British triumphed, his pension, he considered, would be preserved.

For some time after recovering his consciousness, Wharton continued to look around him with a bewildered air, at a loss to comprehend how the desperate struggle in which he had so lately been engaged had been exchanged for his present shelter; and more than once he asked himself whether the aged Hindoo, seated on his heels at the door of the hut, was his gaoler or preserver.

Probably the man would have been equally puzzled to answer the question satisfactorily had it been put to him, seeing that it depended on the turn events might take.

The faint echo of the cannon informed the young Englishman not only that he had been removed to a considerable distance from the scene of slaughter, but that the contest was still going on; and he made a faint effort to raise himself in order to rejoin his comrades.

"Useless, sahib," said the soubahdar. "The newborn babe is scarcely more helpless. It will be weeks before you are able to stand."

"And then?"

The Hindoo regarded him with a singular expression, but made no direct reply. Probably he was weighing the price set by his countrymen upon the head of every British officer against the chance of recovering his pension.

The question was repeated.

"Who knows!" answered the old man. "It is given but to few to read the leaves of destiny. What is writ is writ, and there's an end. Be content with the present good that has befallen you, and leave the future to itself."

To encourage the speaker in what, for the present, at least, appeared a friendly disposition, Wharton felt for his purse and watch, with the intention of giving them to him: they were both gone. Fortunately, he recollected that he had a diamond of considerable value in the bosom of his shirt.

"Unfasten my uniform," he said.

His preserver, who had watched his actions whilst searching for the money, guessed the reason of his request, and eagerly complied with it.

"There," continued the wounded man, drawing forth the gem, which the Hindoo greedily snatched at; "if I recover, I will redeem it back again at ten times its value."

"It is a diamond!" exclaimed the former, in a tone of satisfaction, after holding it up to the light, and carefully examining it. "The sahib is rich?"

"I can pay a rajah's ransom," replied the Englishman, perfectly satisfied that whatever else was the inquirer's motive in preserving his life, humanity had very little to do with it.

"And yet you are young," observed the old man, suspiciously, "to have gleaned much wealth, even with the Company for a paymaster."

"I am not in the service of the Company," said Wharton, "but of the Queen; you ought to know the difference."

"How so?"

"Because you have been a soldier. It is useless to deny it; I can recognise at a glance a man who has served."

The soubahdar drew himself up with an air of gratified pride; for, like most of the natives, he felt vain of having borne arms.

"The sahib is right," he answered, at the same time executing the military salute; "I have served under Napier, the conqueror of Scinde. He was the lion of the Feringhees, but the Company never understood him."

"And yet you have joined your rebel countrymen," observed the officer.

"Destiny," said the old man, calmly.

The Hindoo muttered something about faith and being compelled to obey the decrees of the Brahmins.

"Faith!" repeated the soldier, indignantly. "What faith can justify the massacre of helpless infants and women?"

"The rule of England is broken."

"Do you believe it?" demanded Wharton, in a tone of contempt so undisguised, that it bore impress of the sincerity of his convictions. "Little do your countrymen dream of the energy of the mighty nation whose wrath they have madly braved. Even now," he continued, with increasing energy, "thousands

are on the seas to re-assert her rule and punish this rebellion."

"Meanwhile the Mogul reigns in Delhi," observed the soubahdar, calmly.

"The sultan of an hour," exclaimed the wounded man. "His present elevation will only make his fall more ignominious. He is the last of the race of Timour."

"You forget that he has many sons."

"There are ropes enough in Hindostan for all," was the reply.

At this retort the gray eyes of the old man, hitherto so cold and snake-like, sparkled with fury, and his hand involuntarily sought his tulwar, a long knife-like looking weapon in his girdle; a moment's reflection, however, and the calm, haughty glance of the speaker restrained him, and he repeated the old formula which is alike the keystone to the faith and philosophy of the followers of Brahma—

"What is writ is writ."

Poor Wharton was too much exhausted by loss of blood and the severe contusions he had received, to continue the conversation any further. Absal Mursa, the name of his preserver, set himself at once to dress his wounds, which task he performed with no inconsiderable skill; that concluded, he quitted the hut for an hour, at the end of which time he returned laden with herbs gathered in the jungle.

With these he prepared a species of embrocation, and bathed the bruised limbs of the young officer, who shortly afterwards fell into a refreshing sleep. When he awoke, he found himself alone. His first impulse was to fly, and regain the temple; but every effort to quit his pallet of leaves proved vain. As the Hindoo had said, he was as helpless as a child.

It was past midnight when the soubahdar returned, bringing with him a bag of rice, and a bottle of arrack. The first was for his prisoner; the latter for himself.

Wharton knew, as well as the fellow himself, the chance upon which his life depended. Although his residence in India had been a brief one, he had seen quite enough of the native character to know that calculation and self-interest form the basis of every action. A reverse on the part of the English forces, and his preserver might make a merit of delivering him to a death too terrible even for his calm courage to contemplate without shuddering; a victory, on the contrary, for awhile, at least, would secure his safety.

Having cooked a dish of rice, as the natives of the East alone know how to prepare it, the old man advanced to the side of his pallet, and, in a tone of respect, requested him to eat.

The officer faintly smiled; he knew that the attack upon the temple had once more failed.

"The forces of the rebel rajah," he said, fixing his eyes upon the countenance of Absal, "have been beaten."

"How tell you that?"

Wharton silently pointed to the food the speaker had prepared and brought him.

"They have," answered the Hindoo, struck by his powers of observation, a quality nowhere so much respected, perhaps, as in the East.

"Success has arrived?"

The Hindoo made no answer.

"Hear me!" exclaimed the wounded officer, greatly excited. "I make no appeal to your feelings of humanity: wise men—as the Vedas express it—are governed by the brain; children and women only by the heart."

"The sahib hath spoken truly," muttered his hearer.

"What good can you possibly expect from keeping me here a prisoner? Should your countrymen discover me, they would sacrifice me in their fury, and you would not even have the merit of delivering a victim into their hands: possibly might share my fate!"

The old man nodded, at if to say "go on."

"By conveying to the commander of the garrison intelligence of my safety, you may at once secure a considerable recompense."

Absal shook his head. The success of the English was not sufficiently decided to induce him to consent to such a step.

"I have a son," he answered, "in the troops of the rajah, whose life would pay the penalty of his father's treason to his faith."

"His safety may be provided for," urged the officer.

"I should risk my own," added the Hindoo, "were I discovered endeavouring to approach the place. The light cavalry of Acbar are scouring the jungle."

"They may find us here," observed the wounded man.

"Not one would venture near."

"Why not?"

The old man, with a mysterious look, repeated the word "*deen*," by which the Englishman knew that the spot the speaker had chosen for his retreat was supposed by the superstitious natives to be invested with a sacred character.

There are many such places in India. Travellers will frequently meet with them by the road-side, and sometimes in the jungle. They are either the cell or tomb of some fakir, santan, or saint, who lived and died in the odour of dirt and sanctity.

The approach to these retreats may generally be known by rags tied to the bushes round them, and sometimes by yet more costly offerings.

Finding his entreaties useless, Wharton once more tried to sleep, and soon fell into profound repose, which the Hindoo carefully watched. Having been more than once an inmate of the regimental hospital, he was quite prepared for the fever which set in on the following morning, and not altogether without skill to treat it.

For several days the state of the wounded soldier hung evenly balanced betwixt life and death, but happily he was unconscious of his sufferings; his brain wandered, and he was no longer in India but in England; imagination had annihilated both time and distance, and transferred him from the lonely hut in the wild jungle to the home of his boyhood, and surrounded his rude bed of suffering with the faces of those who loved him—whom he loved.

More than once, too, the word "mother!" escaped his lips, as a ministering form appeared to hover round him in his waking dreams.

These visions, if they may be termed such, were not always of a pleasing character. More than once he saw the aged Hindoo brandishing his long weapon over his head, and threatening him with death. It might have been the phantasma of his over-excited brain; but as the reports of disasters to the British arms before Delhi were at that period industriously circulated by the Brahmins, it is more than probable that the real and unreal were confounded in his ravings.

A good constitution and the care of Absal at last prevailed, and the raging fever was vanquished, but it left him so weak and exhausted, that for several weeks the young soldier was unable to stand. Some time elapsed before he could regain sufficient strength to take exercise, and then only at break of morn or the close of day; the necessity of concealment kept him at other times a prisoner in the hut.

Frequently would he question the ex-soubahdar on the result of the war, but never could obtain any satisfactory account. Sometimes the old man would appear moody, and refuse to answer him, at others torture him by relating the supposed defeat of the English.

One point Wharton succeeded in ascertaining—it was that his regiment, after destroying the temple, had marched with the reinforcement which had arrived so opportunely, to the siege of the City of Delhi, the spot on which the destinies of the East were soon to be decided.

Like most of his countrymen, Absal was much given to contemplation. The Hindoo will sit for hours insensible, or apparently so, to all that passes around him. With many, doubtless, this is a mere affectation; with others a reality, especially with Brahmins of the highest caste, who consider *yoga*, or the losing of their own individuality in contemplation, as the highest degree of sanctity.

The reflections of his preserver, as the officer soon discovered, were not altogether of this philosophical character; worldly interests and calculations mingled with them, the evidence of which appeared with his recovered strength and return of health.

"The sahib," observed the old man, as they returned from one of those early walks which he never permitted his prisoner, hostage, or whatever else he might consider him, to take alone, "is now strong. The rose has returned to his cheek, and his sinews have regained their elasticity."

"You have saved me," replied the Englishman, gravely, but without expressing the slightest desire to ascertain to what his words tended. The Asiatics entertain a profound contempt for curiosity or impatience.

The soubahdar stroked his beard.

"Delhi," he said, "is six hundred miles."

"It is."

"Still, with courage and a good horse, it might be reached in less than a moon."

"Undoubtedly."

"The sahib would like to rejoin his countrymen?"

"It is my most ardent wish," exclaimed the young man.

"And once with them, speedily forget the ransom

you have promised me," observed the former, suspiciously.

To have repeated his offer of rewarding him the Englishman well knew would have been useless, and added to the mistrust of the speaker, who, like most men, judged of others by himself; and the native of the East is never so vehement in his protestations of fidelity as at the moment he is plotting to deceive, or more intent upon cheating than when vaunting his fidelity.

Wharton wisely, therefore, took a different course. "How long have we known each other?" he asked. "Four months," was the reply. "During which time I have several times been at the gates of death, have I not?" "Life hath trembled in the balance."

"Have I shown fear?" "No."

"Or baseness?" "No."

"Then why suspect me of them now?"

"The sahib is right," exclaimed the Hindoo, stroking his beard complacently, "and I were a kafir longer to doubt his word; for, with all their faults, there is truth in the Feringhees. If I beggar myself, as I must do, to procure the horses," he added, "we will proceed to Delhi. You will not quit me?"

"Not till you are paid," replied the officer, joyfully.

"That will be—?"

"When we arrive before Delhi."

With this arrangement the old man expressed himself satisfied; and it was decided that they should start upon their journey the following night, in order to avoid the risk of encountering any straggling parties of the rajah's soldiers, many of whom still lingered in the neighbourhood, although the fort of their master had long since been destroyed.

Absal absented himself during the rest of the day; but at dark returned, bringing with him a couple of horses, which he stated he had bought—Wharton shrewdly suspected he had stolen them—and a disguise for the latter; the sight of whose uniform would at once have betrayed him, in the event of encountering the enemy, and exposed both to their revenge.

The metamorphosis was completed, and the Englishman not only ready but impatient to start. Not so his companion; his avaricious spirit could not endure the thought of leaving the costly jacket of his companion behind; so he sat himself quietly down, and began ripping off the lace and embroidery.

"Head not the trash!" exclaimed the former.

"What is gold weighed against safety?"

"Gold is the strength of the earth," replied the soubahdar, calmly, continuing his work: "only fools despise it."

"Is that the teaching of your priests?"

"It is their practice," observed the old man, in a cynical tone: "words are but air."

It was not till the last strip of bullion had been removed from the uniform, that the speaker consented to depart; once mounted, he showed neither hesitation nor fear, but boldly led the way through the jungle, which they traversed for many miles before reaching the open road; fortunately, the night proved a dark one, and no enemy more redoubtable than the hungry jackal, or the timid antelope, crossed their path.

There was something inexpressibly irksome to the young Englishman, in being compelled to stick to the side of his companion, who was well armed himself; but, as a matter of precaution, left his prisoner, for such he considered him, defenceless. If the former galloped only a few paces in advance, a sharp angry voice recalled him, and the hand of Absal was placed on his carbine.

This state of suspicion on one side, and dependence on the other, endured till the fugitives arrived at a ruined tomb, where they agreed to take up their quarters for the night, the Hindoo, as usual, going to the nearest village to purchase provisions.

On his return he brought with him not only the usual supply of rice, but a fowl and a bottle of arrack. It was the first time he had indulged, since quitting the hut, in his favourite drink, which, after a hearty supper, told upon him, and he soon fell into a profound sleep.

Great was the soubahdar's consternation when he awoke the following morning, to find that Wharton had not only possessed himself of his arms, but of the belt which he constantly wore around his waist.

The latter contained his money, the diamond ring, and the bullion he had stripped from the uniform.

Confused and utterly defenceless, the old man sat staring at him, the picture of despair.

"It is my turn to speak of ransom now," exclaimed the officer, with a joyous laugh at his lugubrious visage.

"I had the sahib's word," answered the former, reproachfully.

"Did you trust to it?"

His companion hung his head; he understood the reproof.

"I slept in confidence," he observed at last; "and we have broken bread and eaten salt together."

"It was the sleep of the wolf," replied Wharton, "who imagines its prey defenceless. There," he added, "take back your gold; I have no intention of depriving you of it."

He threw back the bag, well filled with rupees, as he spoke. Absal clutched it eagerly.

"And there is the ring," continued the speaker. "The word of an English gentleman and officer is sacred."

The Hindoo began to think so.

"And, last, receive your arms—the weapons with which you have so frequently threatened me when I attempted to indulge in a gallop from your side. I only took them, man, to prove to you that I might be trusted. I am unarmed again, and ready to keep faith with you."

Although his companion, in all probability, considered the speaker a fool for his generosity, he felt touched by his conduct. It was something incomprehensible to him, and that, perhaps, caused it to make the deeper impression, for he could not avoid contrasting it with what his own would have been had the case been reversed.

"Retain the arms, sahib," he said, handing him back the pistols and a tulwar; "I no longer doubt you."

"I thought we should understand each other at last," observed Wharton, with a quiet smile. "Never look so serious, man; the ransom shall be paid to the last rupee, and the ring redeemed at the sum I promised."

During the rest of their journey, which lasted about ten days longer, Absal continued to express the most unbounded confidence in his prisoner; and only looked a little uneasy when the latter indulged his horse with a gallop over the plains.

The hand of the old man no longer wandered in search of his weapon, or if it did, the movement was instantly checked.

CHAPTER XCIV.

Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the three;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conqueror;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE siege train had arrived, and the rebel host, who had braved the might of England, were hemmed in the doomed city of the Mogul by her stalwart sons, eager to retrieve the honour of the flag; treachery and surprise had gained a brief triumph over.

It was about this time that General Wilson, who had succeeded to the command, issued the following proclamation to his impatient soldiery:—

"The force assembled before Delhi has had much hardship and fatigue to undergo since its arrival in this camp, all of which has been most cheerfully borne by officers and men. The time is now drawing near when the major-general commanding the force trusts that their labours will be over, and they will be rewarded by the capture of the city for all their past exertions, and for a cheerful endurance of still greater fatigue and exposure. The troops will be required to aid and assist the engineers in the erection of the batteries and trenches, and in daily exposure to the sun, as covering parties."

"The artillery will have even harder work than they yet have had, and which they have so well and cheerfully performed hitherto: this, however, will be for a short period only, and when ordered to the assault the major-general feels assured British pluck and determination will carry everything before them, and that the bloodthirsty and murderous mutineers against whom they are fighting will be driven headlong out of their stronghold or be exterminated; but to enable them to do this, he warns the troops of the absolute necessity of their keeping together, and not straggling from their columns—by this can success only be secured."

"Major-General Wilson need hardly remind the troops of the cruel murders committed on their officers and comrades, as well as their wives and children, to move them in the deadly struggle. No quarter should be given to the mutineers; at the same time, for the sake of humanity, and the honour of

the country they belong to, he calls upon them to spare all women and children that may come in their way."

"It is so imperative, not only for their safety, but for the success of the assault, that men should not straggle from their column, that the major-general feels it his duty to direct all commanding officers to impress this strictly upon their men; and he is confident that, after this warning, the men's good sense and discipline will induce them to obey their officers, and keep steady to their duty. It is to be explained to every regiment that indiscriminate plunder will not be allowed; that prize agents have been appointed, by whom all captured property will be collected and sold, to be divided, according to the rules and regulations on this head, fairly among all men engaged; and that any man found guilty of having concealed captured property will be made to restore it, and will forfeit all claims to the general prize; he will also be liable to be made over to the provost-marshal to be summarily dealt with. The major-general calls upon the officers of the force to lend their zealous and efficient co-operation in the erection of the works of the siege now about to be commenced. He looks especially to the regimental officers, of all grades, to impress upon their men that to work in the trenches during a siege is as necessary, as honourable, as to fight in the ranks during a battle. He will hold all officers responsible for their utmost being done to carry out the directions of the engineers; and he confidently trusts that all will exhibit a healthy and hearty spirit of emulation and zeal, from which, he has no doubt, the happiest results will follow, in the brilliant termination of all their labours."

This address produced the happiest effect. Every Englishman's heart was in his arm, and each laboured as if he had a brother's death, a sister's outrage, to avenge.

On the fourteenth of September the troops moved to the assault.

Amongst the regiments most impatient for the attack was the gallant 01st, thirsting to add fresh laurels to those they had won in many a well-fought fight.

Although worn and confined to his quarters from the wounds he had received and the great amount of fatigue endured in the defence of the temple, Sir Charles Fourreau insisted on leading his men in person. It was in vain that the doctor remonstrated; for once the entreaties of his wife and Lillian proved unavailing; neither could shake the veteran's determination.

"I must do honour to my spurs," he exclaimed, in answer to their representations—he had lately been promoted to the rank of brigadier; "and then, Bell, a little rest may not come amiss. I shall have earned it."

"You have earned it already," was the reply of his officers. Plinlimmon alone remained silent, for his advice might have been misconstrued, as the command of the regiment, in the event of its being followed, would, as a matter of right, have fallen upon him.

It was a sad trial for Lillian, as well as her adopted mother, that day destined to be so glorious in the history of British warfare in India, for Richard had decided upon taking part in the assault as a volunteer. As a matter of course, Jack Manders and Caleb were to join him; both would have felt themselves cruelly treated at being excluded from any danger in which he shared.

Those who were present will never forget the cheer which broke from the ranks of the 01st when the men recognised the stately figure of their colonel. There was a feeling of love and admiration blended with it, for they looked upon him as a father.

Stock, as usual, rode with him as his orderly.

"I am not going to make you a speech, boys," said Sir Charles. "There is no occasion; we know each other too well by this time."

"We do!" shouted the men, greatly excited.

"You have heard the general order," continued their commander; "mercy to the wives and children, but no quarter to the rebels."

A wild cry arose, in which the words "Cawnpore" and "the women" were distinctly heard.

"I shall add nothing about plunder," added the baronet. "This day we fight for the honour of England, and to avenge our slaughtered countrymen; and the 01st, I am well assured, will be the last regiment engaged in the assault to forget it."

The enthusiastic huzzas of his men were lost in the yet louder roar of the artillery, which now opened on the doomed city, pouring an iron shower upon her guilty palaces and blood-stained holds.

Perhaps the most gallant achievement of the day was the blowing in the Cashmere Gate in face of the enemy. Under a fire which swept the approach, and

laid many a brave fellow low, Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, Sergeants Smith, Carmichael, and Burgess, and a party of sappers, undertook the heroic task, the 60th Rifles covering their advance. Unappalled by the shot which scattered death around them, these devoted men crossed the shattered draw-bridge, and placed the powder-bags in position.

The rebels set up a cry of despair.

Sergeant Carmichael was killed just as he had completed the laying of the powder; but what could daunt the bravery of Englishmen?—not death, for the gallant fellows looked him sternly in the face, and sent back frown for frown. The wild cry of triumph from the rebels still rang in the air, when Lieutenant Salkeld advanced to fire the train; but he too fell, and the shouts of "*Deen! deen!*" were repeated.

The wounded officer raised himself, and, with a look of defiance, handed the slow match to Corporal Burgess, to whose memory the honour of having fired the charge is due—an honour purchased with his life; for, at the instant of the explosion, he fell never to rise again.

In the long list of honours, pensions, and rewards which a grateful country has lavished on her defenders, what notice has been taken of the families of Sergeants Smith and Burgess? None. The distributors of a nation's bounty scoff at the idea of gladdening the hearts, gratifying the honest pride of those who mourn their loss, by any marked recognition of their services. Absurd! ridiculous! mere common soldiers, but one degree removed from the rank of privates! would be the reply to any one who presumed to hint at an innovation which could only please the people. And what are the people? Shall we tell them?

The people are the muscle and strong sinews which have raised the country to a pitch of greatness. They are also the intelligence which has directed them; done more for England than her hundred kings; filled the waters with her ships; spread civilisation and commerce, and planted nations in the remotest corners of the world.

Let those who affect to ignore their honest sympathies and feelings, consider what would be the result if our long-suffering people were to imitate the example of some continental nations.

Meanwhile the system precedent and routine have established, continues to drag on. Promotion, Westminster Abbey, or the Bath, for the officer; ninepence a day, or Chelsea Hospital, for the brave soldier.

Ten to one, had Sergeants Smith and Burgess lived, but such would have been their recompense.

Thrice did the buglers sound the call for the 52nd to advance, and nobly was the signal answered. With a hearty, true British cheer, the serried columns dashed forward and carried the gate, scattering the rebels who defended it before them like a flock of terrified sheep; and before nightfall the assailants found themselves in possession of the enemies' line of works from the water bastion to the Cabul Gate.

The city yet remained unwon; the lion had planted his paw upon his prey, but it still struggled desperately to free itself. The sepoys, knowing the fate that awaited them, fought on the following morning, when the contest was renewed, with all the courage of despair; for what mercy could they expect who had shown none? From street to street the battle raged, the wild yells, the maddening cries and fearful imprecations, by which the infuriated Hindoos sought to excite each other, were answered only by a single word from the British; but that word had a spell in it, which nerved each heart and hand. "*Cawnpore!*" from rank to rank it was repeated in the deep stern tones of retribution. If the avenging column paused beneath the shower of grape and missiles, poured on them from the roofs of every house and palace, their hesitation lasted but for an instant; the name of "*Cawnpore!*" was shouted forth, and, with terrible determination, they resumed their march, tracing their path in blood and flames.

It was evening before the men rested from the work of slaughter, and not then, until a breach had been effected in the magazine, which was taken at daybreak by a detachment of the 01st; the gallant fellows sprang forwards with such fury to the charge, that the sepoy artillerymen dropped their lighted port-fires, and fled without discharging their guns.

Six heavy pieces, loaded to the muzzles with grape, commanded the breach.

On the following morning the Bank and its extensive grounds, formerly the residence of the Begum Sumroo and her adopted son, the unhappy Dyce Sombre, fell into the possession of the British, and enabled them to bring their guns to bear upon the bridge of boats and the palace. On the same day the Jumma Musjid was stormed, and the adjutant-general of the army reported to government the capture

of 206 pieces of artillery, besides enormous quantities of shot, shell, percussion-caps, and other warlike matériel. But this prize had not lightly been won. Eight officers, 162 rank and file, and 103 native soldiers, had been killed; fifty-two officers, 510 rank and file, and 310 natives had been wounded. One-third of the entire storming party had been rendered unfit for service; but the survivors were sufficient to complete the occupation of the city and suburbs by the evening of the 20th.

"Spare the women and children!" Nobly were the words of the general responded to by his excited soldiers, who, maddened by no common wrongs—stung where Englishmen are most sensitive, in their affections—their homes, their wives, and little ones, stayed their red hands, and respected the lives of those who, in few instances, had shown pity to their own sex or helpless infancy. But to the men no quarter was given. Without a word from the conquerors, the bayonet did its work; thousands fell, and yet they appeared untired. In the assault and taking of Delhi the cruelty, perjury, and treason of the pampered Sepoys were terribly avenged.

Amongst the regiments which had taken part in the tremendous struggle, the 01st was not the least distinguished. Led by its veteran colonel, who twice had his horse shot under him, it bore the brunt of the attack upon the arsenal, where Sir Charles ultimately fixed his quarters. Completely worn out by the fatigues of the day, the old soldier and the major were about to snatch, if possible, a few hours' repose on the rough couch of war which our hero, with the assistance of Jack and Caleb, had prepared for them, when Dr. Burke rushed into the hall in a state of most joyous excitement.

"What has occurred?" demanded the baronet, calmly resuming his sword.

"Nothing: that is, nothing to alarm or regret, but, on the contrary, to rejoice at. India may truly be termed a land of wonder—its miracles will never cease—the dead have returned to life."

"Bah!" exclaimed Plinlimmon, testily; "that passes even your skill."

"But not the goodness of Providence," replied the worthy man. "Wharton—"

On hearing the name of his friend, Richard started from the ground, on which he had thrown himself. His heart divined the rest.

A hearty shout from the guard at the entrance of the building was heard, and the next instant the young officer made his appearance, still wearing the disguise in which he had accomplished his perilous journey; Absal followed, his loyalty to the English wonderfully increased by the sight of the half-won city.

Then followed the warm pressure of friendly hands and words of congratulation, interrupted by questionings and exclamations of wonder at his miraculous escape.

Wharton concluded his narration by pointing to his companion as his preserver.

"Gallant fellow!" said the major, placing his heavy hand on the shoulder of the Hindoo; "I for one feel myself his debtor."

"So are we all," observed the colonel, in a tone somewhat less enthusiastic, for he had detected the quiet smile of his officer. "His reward shall not be wanting. Would all his countrymen had been equally faithful."

"Have I not eaten the Company's salt?" replied the ex-soubahdar; "whose dog am I that I should forget it? As for the rebels," he added, "they are asses and the sons of asses, to dream of resisting the Feringhees. Fools! dolts! idiots! they are rightly served."

The old man concluded his tirade by a series of not very complimentary remarks respecting the wives and mothers of the rebellious sepoys, the usual manner in the East of expressing the most profound contempt.

"Alas!" said Wharton, when the party had recovered from their joyous surprise, "to think that I should arrive too late to share in the glories of victory."

"Too late!" repeated Plinlimmon, "not an hour, not a minute: there is plenty of work yet to be done. To-morrow will prove as warm a day as any that have preceded it. One hour in Delhi will suffice to win an age of glory."

"What would I not give for my uniform!" muttered the cornet, in a tone of vexation.

His wish was gratified: Jack Manders procured him one, stripped from the body of an officer who had fallen in the attack upon the Jumma Musjid.

At the first dawn of day the contest was renewed. True, the rebels no longer fought with the hope of victory to sustain them—that had long since deserted them; but they fought for their lives—fought like

wild beasts surrounded in their lair, with no chance of escape.

A portion of the palace still held out, although the phantom monarch and his sons, accompanied by the ministers of their cruelties, had fled to the tomb of Hoomayoon, from which retreat they were eventually dragged by the gallant Hodson of the Guides. The life of the king, on account of his great age, was spared, together with the begums Zenat Mehal; but the three princes, his sons, and grandson, who had commanded the massacre of helpless women and children, and gloried in their shame, were shot like dogs, and their felon carcasses exposed in the Kotwalee, or Mayor's court, like those of any ordinary criminals.

During the last eventful day, Wharton found ample occasion to distinguish himself by his cool, determined courage. Where the fight was hottest, the carnage reddest, the young soldier might be seen, eliciting by his intrepidity the cheers of his men, who felt proud of their quiet but resolute leader.

It was in the palace of the Great Mogul, in the Dewan-i-Khas, celebrated throughout the world for its splendours and vainglorious inscription:

"If Paradise be on the face of earth,
Here it is, here it is, here it is!"

which our own poet Moore has so beautifully rendered, that he and Dawlish first met; the latter, having been placed in command of one of the outposts, was ignorant of his return, and the meeting proved fatal to him. He and a party of the 01st were clearing the hall when the cornet, at the head of his detachment, entered through the blazing portals. Surprise at the unexpected apparition of one whom he deemed dead, suspended for an instant the arm of the duellist. That instant proved fatal to him; the tulwar of the sepoy he was contending with struck him down. The wound was mortal.

Long ere the day had closed, India had received a terrible lesson from the Saxon sword. The doomed city was won, and the royalty of the race of Timour numbered with the pageants of the past.

It must have been a glorious sight to have seen the stern victors in that gorgeous hall, which still shone resplendent with barbaric pearl and gold, the scene of so many crimes; to have heard them as they raised the shout of victory, which thousands of voices caught and repeated; even the dying joined in it, and as life ebbed from them felt that their lives had not been spent in vain, for Delhi was won, and Cawnpore in part avenged. We say in part, for never can retribution be deemed complete while the monster who commanded it still lives to pollute the earth by his blood-stained tread.

With the fall of the city of the Mogul the task of General Wilson was accomplished. Worn in health by the exertions and anxieties he had undergone, he resigned the command to Brigadier Penny. Not only the general, but many of his officers—some severely wounded, others broken in constitution, were invalided home to England; amongst others Sir Charles Fourreau and Fred Wharton—the latter having received, at the very close of the struggle, a bullet in the chest, which, for some days, threatened to prove fatal.

The parting between their colonel and the 01st was a sad one; and neither Lady Bell nor Lillian, deeply as they rejoiced in the prospect of once more seeing England, could restrain their tears as the men crowded round their carriage and cheered them on their departure.

Sir Charles, who was seated beside them—for Burke had positively forbidden him to mount on horseback—called for the colours. They were brought him. The gallant veteran silently pressed them to his lips as his adieu to the regiment he had so long commanded and gallantly led.

The journey, in the distracted state of the country, necessarily proved a slow one. Several weeks elapsed before the party reached Calcutta.

"Thank Heaven!" murmured Lady Bell, as the city of palaces rose to her sight; "though we have much to mourn for, those we love have been spared."

Lillian regarded our hero, Rose her husband, and both mentally repeated her words. As for Manders, Caleb, and Lieutenant Marsh, they had escaped unhurt. The former often repeated to himself the lines of the song the old sailor, Bunce, used to sing to him—

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
And keeps watch for the life of poor Jack."

On reaching the once gay capital of India, the travellers found the city greatly changed. Frivolity and pleasure were no longer the order of the day; serious and more worthy feelings had taken their place. The storm which had so lately passed over the land—whose distant thunders were still heard menacingly—had left too many traces in its track,

and desolated too many homes, for lighter thoughts to fill the hearts of its inhabitants; the lessons of adversity, though hard to learn, leave wholesome witness of their teaching.

Adversity, sage, useful guest,
Severe instructor, but the best;
It is from thee alone we know
Justly to value things below.—SOMERVILLE.

As our readers may naturally suppose, the first inquiries of the party were for the Chutnees.

The jealous husband, they were informed, lay at the point of death; and every one spoke in the highest terms of the untiring devotion with which his young and beautiful wife watched over him.

"How like Zamora!" exclaimed Lady Bell, in a tone of admiration. "Such conduct is the only vengeance a heart like hers can take."

That same evening she wrote to inform her friend of her arrival. Wharton was the bearer of the note. For reasons which all who have loved can easily divine, our hero felt no inclination to quit the side of Lillian.

"It will, indeed, be a glad surprise," observed Sir Charles, "for rumour, I find, has been busy with her idle tongue. Our friends here are reported dead."

Richard thought of his grandfather, and the pang which the intelligence he well knew must have inflicted on the old man's heart.

Entering his palanquin, the messenger set out at once for the residence of Mr. Chutnee, where the last painful scene of a selfish life was drawing to its close.

Herbert Chutnee knew that he was dying. On quitting the world he expressed but one regret; it was not for the wealth he must resign, though it had been the toil of years to amass it; it was the thought of leaving his young and beautiful wife that haunted him, and made the grave appear so terrible. Could he have taken Zamora with him—immured her in some cell, or have assured himself that she would never betow her hand upon another, the old man would have felt comparatively happy; death would have lost its sting. Each time she approached to minister to his wants, he importuned her upon the subject—implored her with the fevered eloquence of insanity—for there was madness as well as selfishness in the request—to make him but one promise—never again to become a wife.

Failing to extort it, the dying man became moody and thoughtful.

On the same evening that Wharton arrived with the note from Lady Bell, he had directed his servants, during the absence of their mistress, to remove him from his bed, and wheel him in an easy chair into the saloon, where he awaited the return of his wife. There was a fearful determination in his eye, which startled her, when she entered the room. Still, she was far, very far, from suspecting the terrible scene about to follow. Her husband had resolved to make one last appeal to her weakness and unprotected position.

It was listened to in silence.

"All my wealth," he added, after indulging in the usual strain of passionate entreaties, "shall be yours if you comply. Will you see me die despairing—wretched?"

Mrs. Chutnee answered him only by her tears. She felt it was a request he had no right to make, and a secret monitor in her young heart warned her not to yield.

"Another's!" muttered the jealous husband; "she will live to be another's!"

"Those are not the thoughts," sobbed the youthful victim, who was still a girl in years, "which should possess your heart at such a moment. Let me pray with you, Herbert."

"Useless! useless!" repeated the merchant, with bitter energy; "they burn—consume me! Is this he return," he added, "for a love like mine! A word would calm my agonies, and you will not speak to. Ungrateful—"

"Not that word," interrupted Zamora, with calm dignity, "lest you force me to remind you of the means which made me yours."

"Promise me!" said her husband, sternly.

"Never, Herbert; never!"

This positive refusal appeared to nerve him with momentary strength. Starting to his feet, he caught up a pistol from a pile of Indian weapons near him, and held it to the fair brow of his wretched wife.

"What would you do?" she exclaimed: "die with a murder on your soul?"

"I care not!" shouted the maniac, for such it is only charitable to suppose he had become. "Mine in life—mine in death!"

Before the wretched man could execute his villainous design, a grasp of iron was placed upon his arm, and the pistol wrenched from his grasp by

Fred Wharton, who, from the adjoining room, had been an involuntary listener to all that passed.

Mrs. Chutnee had fainted.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the young officer, indignantly; "have you forgotten there is a God? fear you not to brave Him so near the judgment-seat?"

With a cry of mingled rage and disappointment, the baffled murderer sank back a corpse.

Having replaced the pistol on the stand of arms, Wharton summoned the servants, and directed them to assist their mistress.

"Not a word! oh, not one word of this!" murmured Zamora, as she was being led from the apartment. "Let the memory of this hour be buried with him."

A look from her preserver gave the promise demanded.

The merchant having died intestate, a considerable portion of his wealth reverted, of right, to the widow, who nobly rejected it, however, in favour of his relatives. She had already sufficient fortune, and bitter experience had proved to her how little gold could contribute to real happiness.

On hearing of her loss, if loss it might be termed, Lady Bell and Lillian at once proceeded to her residence, and remained with her till they sailed for England.

Zamora accompanied them.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.—CHRONOLOGY.

It is not possible for us to arrive at any just conception of the progress of the world's history, without entering, in some measure, on a kindred study,—namely, that of chronology. We must have some knowledge of the succession of time, and of the different computations of time common amongst the kingdoms and nations of the earth. The revolutions of one age often give rise to, and are connected with, those of another. We can form, therefore, but a very confused notion of the rise and fall of empires, or the establishment of republics, without some general comprehension of the grand current of time. Just as it is important for us to know the position of the various parts of the earth where the great events of history have taken place, so it is equally essential that we should become acquainted with the exact period at which they occurred. It is not enough for us to know that the Normans conquered England; we want to know the relative position of England and Normandy, and the time at which the conquest was achieved; otherwise, the bare information of the fact would enable us to form but a very inadequate conception of its character or importance.

In acquainting ourselves with the leading principles of the science of chronology, we need enter into no philosophical speculation as to the common definition of time. Let it suffice that our idea of time is that of the general course of things, as considered in the past, the present, or the future. When two events occur at different periods, it is evident that there must be an interval between them, and this we very properly call a space of time. In taking account of things past, it is clear to the mind that they are distinct from each other by intervals of various length. When these intervals come to be compared, some of them appear longer than others, and these longer being considered as double or triple the shorter, we get the notion of measuring one portion of time by another.

But then when we come to apply these measures to time, as it runs on in continual succession, or is already past and gone, we find ourselves lost in an immeasurable depth, and meet with no boundary. This makes it necessary to fix upon some determinate point or points in this infinite duration, from which, as from a beginning, the various measures of time may be measured either backwards or forwards. Accordingly, several terms of this kind have been devised by different nations, they selecting some event, which they deem of particular importance as a starting point, from which to calculate other periods. These are called epochs or eras, as being a kind of resting-place for the mind from which to commence its computation.

The original divisions of time were naturally suggested by the recurrence of day and night. Days were subsequently combined into systems; into weeks, months, and years, all founded on the appearance of the heavenly bodies. The phases of the moon, the apparent motion of the sun, directing mankind to such combinations as corresponded to these changes.

The first and most simple combination is what we

call a week, instituted to perpetuate the memory of the creation. It is observable that not only the Jews—to whom this institution was revealed by the Divine Being—but the Syrians, also the Egyptians, and most of the Oriental nations made use of this division of time into weeks.

The next considerable division of time is into months. These, at their first institution, regarded chiefly the lunar motions, and were, accordingly, regulated by them. It is not necessary that we should enter here into the difference between lunar and calendar months. The former, those which are measured by the revolution of the moon, and the latter, by an artificial arrangement, made to consist of thirty or thirty-one days, so as to complete a year in twelve instead of thirteen months.

The last and greatest division of time founded on the motion of the heavenly bodies is the year. This is computed according to the annual revolution of the earth round the sun. The most ancient form of the year is that which divided it into 360 days. This, however, was an error of more than five days; a period which would rapidly shift the seasons so as to bring the harvest into the spring, and the seed-time into autumn. An error of this kind was too considerable to pass unobserved. Accordingly, five days were added. On this footing, Thales is said to have instituted the Grecian year; but that form did not hold long among the Greeks; they, on account of their festivals, preferring the luni-solar year. This consisted of only 354 days; and, consequently, fell short of the true solar course by eleven days. To guard against the beginning of the year being shifted backward through the seasons, rules of intercalation were contrived to keep this matter as accurate as possible. The Roman year was introduced by Romulus, the founder of Rome; and afterwards reformed by Numa. It was measured by lunar months, with intercalary days. The care of these was committed to the high priest; who, neglecting his trust, let things run to the utmost confusion, insomuch that, in the time of Julius Cæsar, the winter months were fallen back into autumn, and the autumn into summer. Cæsar set about regulating these disorders. In order to restore the seasons to their proper months, he ordered the year in which he begun the reformation to consist of 445 days. This done, he instituted a solar year of 365 days and six hours. As these six hours could not be added to each year, he ordered an additional day every fourth year, that is, one day to be twice repeated, which was the occasion of this year being called Bissextile.

But though the Julian year approached very nearly to the truth, yet it was not astronomically correct. The annual revolution of the earth around the sun, or, as it is called by astronomers, the tropical year, consists of 365 days, five hours, and forty-nine minutes. The Julian year was reckoned at 365 days, six hours, which was, in reality, eleven minutes greater than the truth. This, though of no material consequence in one year, amounts to something considerable in the course of centuries. Thus, in the year 1582, when Pope Gregory set about the reformation of the calendar, it was found that the year had receded ten days, so that the vernal equinox, which should fall on the 21st of March, actually fell on the 11th of March. To remedy this disorder, Pope Gregory ordered ten days to be suppressed, and, to prevent the like variation for the future, instituted a new form of year called the Gregorian, in which, once in 133 years, a day is taken out of the calendar.

The Julian, or *old style*, as it is called, was used in England till September, 1752, when the Gregorian, or *new style*, was introduced. This accounts for the difference of eleven days between English and foreign computations, which often perplex the reader of history who is unacquainted with this alteration.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XXII.

"BEFORE you add new words to your vocabulary to-day, Robert," said George, "I should like to speak of a few idioms relating to the portion you last wrote; you may remember it included things relating to fire and fuel, viz., 'Le feu et le chauffage.'"

"We English people are very fond of the fireside, so are the French in their way, but, excepting in the north, their climate makes them less dependent on fire than we are. Moreover, they are not so well supplied with fuel as ourselves. On the French coast opposite to us coal is very generally used, but in the midland and southern departments wood furnishes fuel. This is placed on dogs called *chenets*, and a large log of wood, denominated a *bûche*, is placed at the back of the fire. The fireside is called

in France 'Le coin du feu,' and the hearth (in the sense of the family rallying-place) 'le foyer.' With the wood fires, poker is not used, but, of course, they are required where coals are burnt. If you look to your vocabulary you will find that a poker is *un fourgon*, but you must not say, 'Fourgonnez le feu,' for poke the fire, the correct expression is 'Attisez le feu.' Neither, when you order a fire, should you say 'Faites un feu' but 'Faites du feu.' You will find that French people use the word *feu* for light, thus you will hear them ask (when they want to light their pipes), 'Avez-vous du feu.' They also use the word *morte*, dead, as well as *éteinte*, for extinguished; thus, in the old nursery rhyme, they say—

'Ma chandelle est morte,
Je n'ai pas de feu,
Ouvrez moi la porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu.'

In English this would be, 'My candle is out, I have no fire, open the door for the love of mercy.' Observe, I translate *Dieu*, mercy. According to our views, in French books and conversation the name of the Almighty is too lightly introduced, and this is certainly not 'un modèle à suivre,' a pattern to follow, but a habit to be shunned, and it is to be hoped it will be shunned more and more, for breaking the third commandment is by no means uncommon here, and we have nothing to boast of in this respect.

"Now you shall add to your vocabulary the names of colours, and afterwards write down a few rules for your exercise."

ENGLISH COLOURS.

Blue
Light blue
Dark blue
Brown
Chestnut
Crimson
Scarlet
White
Gray
Yellow
Black
Olive
Orange
Purple
Red
Russet
Green
Vermilion
Violet
A light colour
A dark colour

FRENCH COLOURS.

Bleu
Bleu clair
Bleu foncé
Brun
Châtain
Cramoisi
Ecarlate
Blanc
Gris
Jaune
Noir
Olive
Orange
Pourpre
Rouge
Roux
Vert
Vermillon
Violet
Une couleur claire
Une couleur foncée

"Adjectives must agree with nouns in number as well as gender; so, Robert, we have to consider what change is necessary in their termination, in order to make them agree when used in the plural. To encourage you, I may just say that the formation of the plural of adjectives is nothing like as difficult as the formation of the feminine; and, as a general rule, the addition of an *s* to the adjective, either in the masculine or feminine, is all that is requisite. For instance: *Grand*, masculine singular; *grands*, masculine plural; *grande*, feminine singular; *grandes*, feminine plural. For adjectives in the feminine, this rule has not any exception; but, for some masculine adjectives, we must depart from it.

"Adjectives in *au* and *al* form their plural by changing *au* and *al* into *aux*. For instance: *Beau* (handsome), masculine singular, becomes *beaux* in the masculine plural; and some adjectives in the masculine singular ending in *s* or *x*, remain the same in their plural form. Thus: *Gros* (big), masculine singular, remains *gros* in the masculine plural; as does also *hideux* (hideous), which is the same for both numbers.

"You need hardly be told that, with the exception of *un* and *une* (one), all cardinal numbers indicate a plural. These numbers, which are, in fact, numeral adjectives, require no alteration to make them plural; and nouns rather agree with the numerals than make the numerals agree with them. For instance: *Trois femmes*, three women; *six garçons*, six boys.

"Now, Robert, we are about to enter Paris."

CONTINUATION OF

LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

I think that we are near the terminus. Je crois que nous sommes près du débarcadere. Yes, here you are at Paris. Oui, vous voici à Paris. In the town I have so long wished to see. Dans la ville que je desirais voir depuis si long temps. Pray tell me of the best hotel. Dites-moi le meilleur hôtel. Willingly, for nothing puzzles a traveller more than the choice of an hotel. Volontiers, car rien n'embarasse plus le voyageur que le choix d'un hôtel. Particularly in a town one visits for the first time. Surtout dans une ville où il entre pour la première fois. To what part of the town do you advise me to go? Dans quel quartier de la ville me conseillez-vous d'aller?

Go to the Hotel Lille et d'Albion in the "Rue Saint Honoré." Vous y serez parfaitement bien. But our luggage? Mais nos effets? Will our luggage be inspected? Est-ce qu'on visitera nos effets? And our passports? Et nos passeports? What are we to do with our passports? Que devons-nous faire de nos passeports? The master of the hotel will see to all that. Le maître de l'hôtel où vous allez se chargera de tout cela.

He is very polite, and at his house you will feel at home. Il est très poli, et chez lui vous serez chez vous. That's well. Ah! c'est bien. Let us procure a conveyance, and go with our luggage to the Hotel de Lille et d'Albion. Prenons une voiture, et allons avec toutes nos affaires à l'hôtel de Lille et d'Albion.

EXERCISE.

1 He has great talents. 2 Your brothers will be very glad to see you. 3 Young men incur great expenses, and are often as (some) fools. 4 These ladies are so graceful that they are admired by everybody. 5 Your brothers have been very fortunate, and your sisters very unfortunate. 6 Women are sometimes cruel and vindictive. 7 Your pupils are very diligent, but mine are very lazy. 8 Your sheep are very fat. 9 All your children are pretty. 10 I have two very pretty little girls in the country. 11 Your horses appear (to be) finer than mine, because they are better kept. 12 We have seen the two new operas. 13 The general officers are assembled. 14 Your two beautiful friends are dead. 15 There are red and gray partridges. 16 All these liberts are bad. 17 These fans are pretty. 18 Have you seen these four white houses? 19 You receive new dresses every day. 20 Your wife is not as discreet as she is pious. 21 Your twin sisters are as good as they are devoted. 22 The assembly was dissolved after the speech of the king. 23 She is a pretty dancer. 24 She is a great admirer of the two Racines. 25 She is my debtor for twenty pounds. 26 The sister of your friend is an enchanter. 27 The inside part of your house is magnificent. 28 Mrs. C*** is not only a great admirer of music, but she is also a distinguished authoress. 29 Greek women are said to be very handsome. 30 Your friend is a very handsome man. 31 I do not like raw meat. 32 Your daughter is very pretty.

LE CORRIÈRE.

1. Il a de grands talents. 2. Vos frères seront bien aises de vous voir. 3. Les jeunes gens font de grandes dépenses, et agissent souvent comme des fous. 4. Ces dames sont si gracieuses qu'elles sont admirées de tout le monde. 5. Vos frères ont été très heureux et vos sœurs très malheureuses. 6. Les femmes sont quelquefois cruelles et vindicatives. 7. Vos élèves sont très diligents, mais les miens sont très paresseux. 8. Vos brebis sont très grasses. 9. Tous vos enfants sont jolis. 10. J'ai deux très jolies petites filles à la campagne. 11. Vos chevaux paraissent plus beaux que les miens, parce qu'ils sont mieux pansés. 12. Vous avez vu les deux nouveaux opéras. 13. Les officiers généraux sont rassemblés. 14. Vos deux belles amies sont mortes. 15. Il y a des perdrix rouges et des perdrix grises. 16. Toutes ces noisettes sont mauvaises. 17. Ces éventails sont jolis. 18. Avez-vous vu ces quatre maisons blanches? 19. Vous recevez de nouvelles robes tous les jours. 20. Votre femme n'est pas aussi discrète qu'elle est dévote. 21. Vos sœurs jumelles sont aussi bonnes qu'elles sont belles. 22. L'assemblée fut dissoute après le discours du roi. 23. C'est une jolie danseuse. 24. C'est une grande admiratrice des deux Racines. 25. Elle est ma débitrice de vingt goudes. 26. La sœur de votre ami est une enchanteresse. 27. La partie intérieure de votre maison est magnifique. 28. Madame C*** est non seulement grand amateur de musique, mais c'est aussi un auteur distingué. 29. Les femmes grecques passent pour belles. 30. Votre ami est très bel homme. 31. Je n'aime pas la viande crue. 32. Votre fille est très gentille.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

ON THE SOUND *u*.

This sound is found in the following words:—*but*, 1 11 4 *butt*; *amuser*, to amuse; *mur*, wall, &c.

It is also produced by the combination of the following letters:—*eu*, in *gagueure*, *wager*; *eue* in *eue*,

had (past participle feminine of the verb *to have*); *ue*, in *laitue*, lettuce; *ut*, in *il regut*, he received; *us*, in *je regus*, I received.

The letter *u*, with the sound *u*, is sometimes found represented by *ü*, with a diæresis, which shows that this letter must be sounded by itself; as in the words 4 1 11 16 7 9 11 *Essüi*, *Antinoüs*, &c.

A grave accent is sometimes placed over the letter *u*, as in the word *où*, where, but it has no effect upon its pronunciation; it is used only to distinguish one word from another, which is spelt and sounded similarly; thus, *où* means where, and *ou*, or.

Thus, the sound *u* is represented by *u*, *eu*, *eue*; *ue*, *ut*, *us*, *ü*.

The letter *w* is sometimes silent, as in the words *que*, *Grecque*, &c.; and then, as a silent letter, will be marked with a cipher.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XXI.

REFRACTION OF LIGHT (continued).

546. Furnish an illustration of the refraction of light.—A coin placed in a teacup so as to be concealed from the eye, will rise into full view, if the cup be filled with water. The rays *i*, proceeding to the eye from the silver surface, render the coin visible. The point *a*, the eye, is then removed further back, so that the edge of the basin obstructs the direct rays, and, of course, the coin is no longer seen. If an attendant carefully pour water into the basin, so that the object is not moved, it will presently, as the water rises in the basin, again become visible. This arises from the refraction of the rays by the water, the image thereby appearing at *n* instead of *m*.

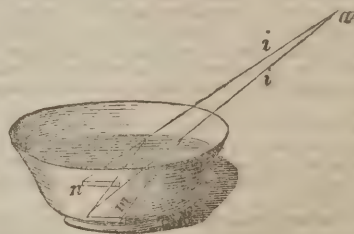


Fig. 39.

547. Supposing a ray of light to fall perpendicularly on a refracting surface, does it pass on without experiencing any change of direction?—It does: light is bent most out of its course when it enters the surface very obliquely.

548. Do all transparent substances effect the same change in the course of the light?—They do not; the refracting power of glass is greater than that of water, and the refracting power of the diamond is much greater than that of glass.

549. What is a prism?—A solid piece of glass having three faces, and its ends triangular.

550. What is the use of a prism?—It is used to separate a ray of white light into its component parts; namely, red, blue, yellow, orange, green, indigo, and violet.

551. How are these colours separated?—In consequence of their different refractive powers. Red has the least and blue the most.

552. What is a common LENS, or BURNING GLASS?—It is a circular piece of glass, rounded on both sides, so as to be thicker at the middle than at the edges.

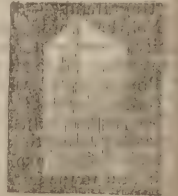


Fig. 40.

553. What is the ordinary effect of a lens upon the rays of light that pass through it?—It concentrates them at a focus.

554. On what line is this focus situated?—On the line passing from the luminous point through the centre of the lens.

555. When the rays are parallel, or come from a distant point, what is the point of concentration called?—The *Focus of the Lens*; and the distance from the lens to the focus is called the *Focal Distance* or *Focal Length* of the lens.

MICROSCOPES.

556. What is a pocket microscope?—It is a small lens, with which minute objects may be magnified.

557. Suppose we wish to magnify the letters of a book, in what position must the microscope be held?—Between the eye and the open page of the book, and so near the page that the letters shall be in the focus of the lens.

558. How does a pocket microscope magnify objects?—It enables us to see them distinctly at a shorter distance than we can with the naked eye.

559. How can the letters of a book, or any small object, be magnified without the use of a lens?—By looking closely at them through a small hole pricked in a card with a needle.

560. When the magnified image of an object is formed in the air, and the image is received on a white screen, what is the consequence?—The light from the object is spread over a larger space, and the image appears indistinct.

561. How can it be rendered distinct?—By throwing a strong light upon the object, and darkening the room.

562. What two ways are there of accomplishing this?—One is by concentrating the light of the sun upon the object; when this is done, the magnifying lens becomes a *Solar Microscope*.

563. Where is the microscope placed?—In a tube, and one end of the tube is screwed into a hole in a window-shutter of a darkened room.

564. How is the light of the sun thrown upon the animalcule that is to be magnified?—A mirror on the outside of the window throws it upon a large lens within the tube, and this concentrates it upon the object.

THE SHADOW ON THE LIFE OF ALBERT DURER.

THE spring blossoms had just begun to gladden the orchards of Nuremberg, on the 20th of May, 1471, and the birds were carolling in the branches of the trees, when the home of the goldsmith, Durer, was made beautiful by the birth of a child. Joy and gladness were in the hearts of the goldsmith and his pretty wife, Barbara; for they had both coveted the treasure that had thus fallen to them.

His father's only wish was to have him well educated, and then to learn his own art of fashioning delicate articles of jewellery in which he so much excelled, and in the pursuit of these two objects fifteen years of Albert Durer's life passed rapidly away. But the father soon found that his son was aiming at another life than that of a simple goldsmith, and kindly and wisely he suffered him to choose his own art. He permitted him to enter the atelier of Michael Wohlgemuth, where he stayed for three years, imbibing a thorough and earnest love of his profession, which could not fail to result in success. The time having expired, he began to travel through Germany, Holland, and Italy, returning home in 1494, a grave, quiet, thoughtful man ordinarily, but an enthusiast in his profession.

If the goldsmith and his gentle Barbara were proud of their child in his cradle, how much was that pride increased when he came home an acknowledged artist, and with a reputation that older men might well have envied! And, what was better still, not a single trait of his pure and innocent boyhood stained or sullied by his contact with the world. Obedient as ever to their will, he did not oppose when they talked of the daughter of old Hans Frey as his wife, although it was certain he had no inclination for the match.

Agnes Frey was beautiful—that is, she was beautiful as any cold, soulless piece of sculpture might have been, but not beautiful as if a warm, loving woman's heart had beamed out from those perfect features. Her outward beauty charmed the painter's eye, but there was no expression in the face, such as would have made his human heart acknowledge her power, independent of form or feature. But the goldsmith saw nothing but the two hundred florins and the connection with his old friend, Hans Frey; and perhaps he lost sight, for once, of his son's happiness, in the brilliant scheme he fancied he was bringing to pass. And Barbara—how could she think for a moment that every one would not love her Albert even as she did herself.

The bridal morn was ushered in with a weeping sky—too prophetic, alas! of future storms and tempests. The bride, too, was in tears, for something at home had vexed her, and the sisters would not affect a sympathy they did not feel. And the bridegroom did not console her. Indeed, his whole appearance was that of a martyr, rather than a joyous bridegroom.

Barbara watched her precious son, and her heart throbbed with a feeling she could not control. She feared they had been wrong in urging this on; but the fear came all too late.

There was a crowd on leaving the wet porch of the church, and Albert was separated from his bride, so that another hand protected her from the rain. The friends of both families accompanied them home to the small but well-furnished house; but, somehow, there was no sunshine anywhere. Before noon, Albert was at his easel, painting away vigorously, and forgetting that his bride was sitting alone, with her lips compressed, and the signs of discontent and vexation on her pretty face. She called him to the dinner that one of her young sisters had brought, for they did not mean the bride should cook on her wedding day; and after that she left him to find out the meal times by his own hunger. There was thenceforth no warmth or cheerfulness in the dreary house. Agnes sat, sullen and discontented, missing the frequent bickerings with her sisters, and envying them the girlish freedom they enjoyed. They added to her vexation every time she saw them, by taunting her with the grave, cold husband she had chained herself to; and she soon learned to curse the shackles.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, he went again to Italy, where he painted those pictures that best immortalise the name of Albert Durer. Apart from the distressing atmosphere of his home, his spirit grew loftier and more genial. Here he met Raffaele, and the two exchanged portraits. He returned home in 1507, his fame going before him, as the greatest painter of Germany.

There was little perceptible change in Agnes Durer. She had the same feverish frown of discontent, the same dread of poverty which had haunted her married life always, and which was increased by the fear that Albert had spent too much money in Italy.

A new light dawned for a season, even upon this loveless home. That sweetest of all sunshine to a house, a child's smile, beamed across the dull apartment. Even Agnes was moved and touched as by Ithuriel's spear, at this new revelation of her being, this new maternal instinct. Could it have been permanent, their home might yet have been happy. But alas! even over that infant's sweet and innocent face angry words came to Agnes's lips.

She had been unusually violent, and Gabrielle, their child, had been constantly weeping unless in her father's room. The child was now five years old, lovely as any of her artist-father's dreams of angels. He drew her to his bosom one evening, and her hot cheek terrified him. She slept in his arms, but she kept starting, and the veins in her neck throbbed under his touch, and the fevered breath came slowly and painfully. He called Agnes, but she was in a sullen mood, and was long in coming. When at length she came, she did not believe the child ill, and was loth to try the remedies he proposed. There was little time, for Gabrielle grew worse, and after a long, passionate kiss to both, and an ineffectual trial to put their arms around her—as if to hold her to life—she passed onward.

We will not say that the mother's heart was not touched; but she covered the arrow—if indeed it pierced her—and gave no heed to the deep and passionate grief of Durer, to whom the death of Gabrielle had shut out all of life or joy from the world.

There, in a little casket, fashioned after his own thought, quaint, yet simple in form, lay all his happiness. He was crushed, stricken to the earth. His mother came and laid her hand upon his head, and dropped soft tears upon his face, and the strong man melted at once; but he never spoke of Gabrielle again. Nightly he threw a green wreath of fragrant roses or violets upon the little grave; but her name was a sacred and holy secret, deep in his heart of hearts, and never to be sounded by his lips.

The temper of Agnes Durer did not improve by advancing years. Morose, irritable and violent, she did not cease to torment the gentle painter, until at last he had the joy of knowing that he should soon rest beside Gabrielle. She had passed away on the 10th of April, and on that very day and hour, in the year 1528, with words of forgiveness on his lips, to her who should have been his joy in life, his consoler in death, he died.

* The Martyrdom of Saint Bartholomew for the Church of Saint Mark in Venice, and Adam and Eve for the German Church, also in Venice, and others of the same stamp.

NOTHING NEW.

"THERE is nothing new!" to me said one,
Gravely quoting Israel's Solomon—
"There is nothing new beneath the sun!"

"Ah! what foolish wisdom this!" I cried.
"Adages are pompous robes that hide
The nothingness of that which goes inside."

"Nothing is new?—No silver second falls
Tinkling through creation's echoing halls,
But something blooms: some voice awakes and calls!"

"Spring, when she floats across the hills and seas,
Hangs not her last year's garlands on the trees
Last autumn's fruits were not the twins of these."

"Nothing is new? Ingenious sophist, go!
Lift up your cradle's coverlet of snow—
Is this the babe you lost so long ago?"

SIR JAMES WATTS.

EVERY one has heard of "the merchant princes" of Manchester. The title is not without a solid foundation. If wealth enters into our idea of a prince, or power, or external display, then may the first merchants of Manchester claim the title of princes. They have yet a better claim. If "princely is that princely does" is a sound maxim, then are they princes of a higher character than some of our territorial and hereditary princes. Manchester is emphatically the seat of social beneficence. The achievement of free trade was the greatest social benefit ever conferred on the world. The establishment of the Art Treasures Exhibition was a yet more disinterested boon. Manchester is the field of free thought and free speech. Nowhere are the prerogatives of the mind more honoured. There, without penalty or reproach, a man may think what he pleases and utter what he thinks. If its atmosphere is somewhat humid and murky, its mental breezes are fresh, genial, and fostering. It fails, indeed, to encourage the higher learning as it should do; but the intellectual interests of its busy population are cared for in a truly wise and liberal spirit. The credit lies with its "merchant princes," whose donations of hundreds, and even thousands, of pounds never fail to come forth when called for by some noble enterprise of social benevolence.

To this class of men belongs the subject of this biographical notice. You are, reader, let it be supposed, in the centre of commercial Manchester. Having gone from the Cathedral up Market-street, you see at the top, on your right hand, the vast pile of masonry denominated the Infirmary, presenting little of beauty but suggesting much of good. Passing round the southern end of the building, you stop to contemplate on your left hand and on your right, and in your front, lines of warehouses whose magnitude excites astonishment. If you have "a Manchester man" for a companion, he will tell you that these huge structures cannot bear a comparison with similar structures that have lately risen or are now rising in different parts of the district in which you stand, and which, by their stately beauty and wondrous size, are rapidly converting the city into a cluster of mercantile palaces. Going a little forward in your walk, you are struck with a towering edifice of high architectural pretensions, which on your left hand lines almost half a street. "What is that splendid building?" you ask. "The recently erected warehouse of Messrs. S. and J. Watts," you are told. "Warehouse, did you say? do they build warehouses in that style?" "Yes; but let us go across and enter; the interior surpasses the exterior in taste as well as accommodation—you will find it perfect." You do as you are requested, and are introduced to two of the most enterprising, successful, opulent, and unassuming of men.

It is not unusual in Manchester, especially when, as in the instance before us, the partners are brothers, for one, probably the senior, to make the business his special, if not exclusive care; while the younger, without neglecting business (which "cotton lords" never do), spares time for objects of public utility. Under this arrangement the subject of this notice has been enabled to take part in political and social concerns, in the furthering of which he has done himself credit and served the public. Sir James Watts was born in 1805, in the parish of Manchester. From the age of four he lived at Barnage, near that city, in the house the family had inhabited for several generations. His father and grandfather were farmers and manufacturers. Longevity is a characteristic of the family. Sir James's father lived till he was ninety-three, his grandmother till she was ninety-two, and his grandfather reached a hundred and three. Sir James received his education chiefly at a school conducted by Mr. Hampson, in Gravel-lane, Salford. At a very early age he went to London, to acquire a knowledge of the general drapery busi-

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



SIR JAMES WATTS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

ness. Returning thence to Manchester, he joined his brother, with whom he had previously been engaged. He then went to Ashton, commencing business on his own account; but afterwards returned to his brother's establishment in Deansgate, Manchester. In 1834 the firm—then S. and J. Watts—removed to Brown-street; in 1844 it settled in Fountain-street; and in 1858 it took possession of the premises it now occupies in Portland-street. Sir James married Margaret Anne, daughter of Nathaniel Buckley, Esq., of Carr Hill. He has been twice unanimously elected Mayor of Manchester; was one of the Executive Committee of the Art Treasures Exhibition; is in religion a nonconformist of the Independent denomination, and in politics a liberal. In him Sunday schools, with which he has been connected above thirty years, find an active and generous supporter. On retiring from his second mayoralty, Sir James received the acknowledgments of the Corporation, conveyed to him in the most flattering terms.

The brightest period of Sir James Watts's life is connected with the Art Treasures Exhibition. It was fortunate for him that the event took place during his period of office. Entering cordially into the enterprise, he spared no trouble to make it successful. It was only proper that he, the public representative of the city, should share in the honours of the occasion. Accordingly he was knighted by her Majesty when she opened the exhibition, and he entertained at his residence her royal husband; when he declared the exhibition closed. That exhibition is, and will probably long remain, unparalleled among instructive

undertakings. Public opinion naturally called for some token of gratitude towards those, by whose earnest and judicious exertions it had been, from first to last, so successfully conducted. As the representative of that opinion, the municipality of Manchester entered in its archives the following declaration, which, we understand, is to be supported by the presentation of a piece of plate to each member of the Executive Committee—

"Resolved unanimously,—That this council is deeply impressed with the great advantages conferred upon this city, and the community at large, by the recent Exhibition of Art Treasures of the United Kingdom, an exhibition of works of art unrivalled in magnitude and value, the examination and study of which were eminently calculated to improve the knowledge and elevate the taste of all visitors; and by bringing together different classes not accustomed to associate, to promote goodwill and kindly feeling amongst all sections of the people. That gratefully acknowledging the munificent liberality with which the heavy expenses to be incurred were originally guaranteed, as also the noble manner in which the applications made for the loan of works of art were responded to by the contributors, this council feels called upon, as representing and on behalf of the citizens of Manchester, in an especial manner to tender its most sincere and cordial thanks to Thomas Fairbairn, Esq., the chairman, Sir James Watts, Thomas Ashton, William Entwistle, Joseph Heron, Edmund Potter, and Sigismund J. Stern, Esqs., the members of the Executive Committee, for their disinterested

and arduous labours; for the untiring zeal and unremitting attention which, during so lengthened a period, they devoted to the undertaking; for the judgment and ability which characterised all their proceedings and arrangements, and which so largely contributed to render completely successful the most memorable exhibition of modern times, conferring lasting fame and honour upon the city in which it has been held."

THE HOLY CITY.

How far back in the annals of the world does the history of Jerusalem extend; and how eventful is the history of that great city! Its glory has now departed—

"Her tale of splendour now is told and done;
Her wine-cup of festivity is spilt;
And all is o'er—her grandeur and her guilt."

Once she was "the joy of the whole earth," but now "her house is left unto her desolate," her condition forcibly recalling the complaint of Jeremiah—"The city sits solitary that was full of people. She is become as a widow. She that was great among the provinces has become tributary: her gates are desolate—all her beauty is departed."

Jerusalem is supposed to be the city of Melchizedek, King of Salem, in the time of Abraham. When the Israelites entered the promised land they found Jerusalem occupied by the Jebusites, and they



THE STORMING OF JERUSALEM BY GODFROI DE BOUILLON.

fought against it, "and took it, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and set the city on fire." But not till the time of David were the Jebusites finally dislodged. After their entire expulsion Jerusalem became the metropolis of his empire. Solomon enlarged and improved the city. He built the Holy Temple and a royal palace. But by the Babylonian invasion all his works were destroyed, and the people carried away captive. Under the superintendence of Nehemiah and Zerubbabel the city and temple were rebuilt about seventy years after. At a later period an army under Ptolemy Soter sacked the city, and enslaved a large number of its inhabitants. Still later, the Macedonians, who had usurped authority in the land, attempted to introduce pagan worship into the Holy City, but were bravely repulsed by the Maccabees. Finally, the Roman eagles made a deadly swoop upon the city; and after a period of assalage—a period which had witnessed the fulfilment of that prophecy, "The sceptre shall not depart

from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet, until Shiloh come"—the kingdom of Judah was brought to an end, and a dreadful vengeance taken by the Romans on the rebellious Jews. Jerusalem was overthrown; not one stone was left upon another. A great part of the ground on which it stood was ploughed up, and a Roman town was built on the site.

But the interest attaching to Jerusalem could not be quenched in the minds of either Jews or Christians. To both it was a holy city. While the Jew mourned over the city where David lived, the heart of the Christian was wrung because it was the place where the great Son of David died. The Jew thought of the crown, the Christian of the Cross; and both mourned that the heathen should hold possession of the country and city in which the sympathies of both were so entirely centred.

Jerusalem, in name, at least, was restored by the zealous Helena, and no efforts were spared to render it the metropolis of Christendom. But its period of

prosperity soon ended. The Mohammedans seized upon it, demanded tribute of all pilgrims, erected a mosque on the site of the temple; and, by their repeated cruelties and oppressions aroused the resentment of all Christian princes.

Thus originated the crusades. Returning from their fatigues and sufferings, the pilgrims narrated the injuries they had sustained; and all over Christendom furious indignation was felt against the infidels who profaned the Holy City by their presence, and derided the sacred mysteries of Christianity even in the very place of their completion.

Peter, commonly called the "Hermit," had made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He had witnessed the sufferings of the Christians in the East. He longed for power sufficient to defend them or to drive out the infidel possessors of the land. He communicated his desire to the Pope, who entered heartily into his scheme. Peter began to preach the crusade, and, with his great heart on fire, kindled the chi-

valorous spirit of that age. At Clermont, in Auvergne, the Pope assembled a council, and when he had ended his pathetic exhortation the whole assembly, as with one voice, cried out "It is the will of God!"—words that formed the battle cry in many a subsequent engagement. The sign of the cross was the badge of union. Nobles, artisans, peasantry, priests enrolled their names and enlisted under the Christian banner, impatient to open, by the sword, a way to the holy city. The aged and the sick contributed to the necessary expenses; women disguised as men joined the camp; all things else were neglected or forgotten, and every day the multitude of adventurers increased.

It is not our purpose to trace the history of the crusades. They were attended with varying, but with no positive, success. Much blood was shed, much money spent, much misery occasioned, and the object for which this war was undertaken was not accomplished after all. But the dauntless bravery exhibited on many occasions by the Christian champions is thoroughly characteristic of the chivalry of that age, and shows—right or wrong—that these mail-clad heroes were thoroughly in earnest. Again and again the crusade was renewed under different leaders. Godfroi de Bouillon figures conspicuously amongst the number. In 1099 the army of crusaders reached Jerusalem, and Godfroi erected his standard on Mount Calvary. The time of the siege was fulfilled in forty days of calamity and anguish, during which the soldiers suffered intensely from hunger and thirst. At length on a Friday—said to be the day and hour of the Crucifixion—Godfroi stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by those who were his rivals in valour; and, about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the Holy City was rescued from the Mohammedan yoke.

"All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rising in the air
With orient colours waving. With them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depths immeasurable."

A bloody sacrifice was offered to Heaven; resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify the implacable rage of the conquerors. They indulged for three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemic disease.

After the capture of Jerusalem, the Latin kingdom was established in Palestine; but ninety years afterwards Jerusalem was retaken, and the Christians and other inhabitants reduced to a terrible subjection. Ever since, the Turks have held possession of the Holy City, and the green flag of the prophet still floats over its sacred places.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XCV.

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover—
Fades in his eyes, and palls upon the sense.

ADDISON.

HOPE sat down with her desk before her, and wrote as follows:—

"My own dear Larky Grigg,—You will be surprised at seeing a letter from me, for you know I feel a little shy about writing to you, because the letters have to go into my lord's bag, and pass through so many hands, and so many cold eyes look at the one loved name, and so many mocking lips read it, and perhaps comment on my writing to you, and guess at the treasured secret of our hearts, dear love, and perhaps ridicule our hopes, talk over our plans, and sneer at those sweet prospects, which are our solace and delight. For this reason, I debar myself from the happiness of writing to you as my heart dictates. But to-day I have no choice, dear Larky, for I gave you a promise, and I cannot feel happy till I have fulfilled it, although in doing so I feel a sort of shame and dread; shame lest you should think it possible I have in the slightest degree courted, or can ever for a moment regret, the grand offers made to me; and dread lest you should feel any pain at the thought (one which I know will haunt you, dearest, though it is a mistaken one, believe me), that what I have refused is nobler or better than what you will one day bestow upon me.

"Well, then, to the point, dear Larky, although it

seems so much like a fairy tale—'Cinderella' especially—that I can scarcely believe as I write it that it is not a dream, or one of those old romances I used to read to my lady when she was so ill, in Carlton-terrace.

"Since we came here we have been very intimate, not only with the young Captain Greville I told you of, who came on a visit, and whom we all supposed to be Agnes's admirer, but the Marquis of Doun, having arrived at Castle Doun (a very grand place a few miles off) with his sister, Lady Stella de Hauteville, and a large party of fine gentlemen and ladies, we very soon became intimate at the castle, the marquis and Lady Stella having been well known when they were very young to my lord and my lady, who were very old friends of their noble parents, the late marquis and marchioness.

"Now, ever since we have been here, my lady has been most kind, and has treated me more like her own child than a hired companion; and when the marquis and his sister—who is a very handsome, stately lady, older than himself—invited me to join in the gaieties at the castle, thinking, perhaps, that, like Agnes, I was a young lady on a visit, my Lady Glenlonely would have me go; and, for the first time in my life, dear Larky, I mixed with ladies and gentlemen as one of themselves, and had polite attentions paid to me, and fine speeches addressed to me; and my lady, who is a little romantic, and fond of matchmaking—as most fine ladies are—began to talk to me of girls who, as she said, had 'played their cards well, and married far above them;' and whispered laughingly to my lord that King Cophetua loved the beggar girl! and my lord reminded her of the agreement with your dear mother, Apple Blossom, and mine, and Mr. Goodman, that I was not to be thrown in the way of gay gentlemen; and my lady laughed, and said she would take care I came to no harm, and did not lose my heart to any young coxcomb; and then she took me to her own room, and gave me all sorts of pretty ornaments, and flowers, and laces; and as there was to be a grand ball at the castle, she made me sit down and write to her own milliner for a dress—such a beauty, Larky!—white tarlatan, five skirts, over white silk, and looped up with the same; and blue and silver flowers in my hair; I really do not think you would have known me, Larky. It did make such a difference in me! And Nussy Fitz-Darrell, whose dresses are always admired—she has them from Paris—was very cross with me, for she so wanted me to be dressed like herself, in amber satin, and had gone to the expense of the satin to make me a dress like hers; but my lady said it was a preposterous idea, and that with my golden hair I, in amber satin, should look like a sunflower! But she told me, aside, she thought Nussy wanted me not to look well. But I cannot think that she could be so mean, as she is always trying to do my hair like hers (*a l'Eugénie*), which is a great deal of trouble—only my lady cannot bear it, and has forbidden me to let her do it; and Nussy is always lending me ornaments and dresses of hers, which I am not allowed to put on; and she seems so anxious to set me off, and deck me out, I cannot think she had any but a kind intention about the amber satin, and the bugle lace, and the wreath of gold flowers. Indeed, when she found she had gone to so much trouble and expense for nothing, she cried. Oh, I am sure, Larky, that she meant to set me off to the best advantage, and it was only a mistake in judgment, or a want of taste. But my lady, who does not like Nussy quite as much as she did, said, 'No, that she has exquisite taste in her own dress, and knew very well that what suited her, with her dark hair and eyes, and small pale face, and tall, slender figure, could not suit me too; that she is certain she wanted me not to look pretty at the Castle ball;' and then my lady called her a vain, envious, designing coquette, who was afraid of a rival—as if I could ever be a rival to any one! Poor little Hope! a ragged-school child, to whom it was a great rise in life to be made companion to a fine lady—a girl who has not a penny she does not earn, or rather, owe to charity—for what do I do to earn anything? Dear Larky, you, brave lad (who know what it is to earn), can answer that. But my lady will have it so, and I can see that she has taken the idea from an old novel, called 'The Rival Belles; or, the Brunette and the Blonde.' However, the result was that my dress from my lady's milliner, though only of white tarlatan, was the most beautiful in the world, and so becoming! You would not have known me. And it made me look so nice, and so like a lady, that I had more partners than any one else, and my lord marquis, thinking, I dare say, to please my lady and dear Lady Arnelcliffe, who did not dance (she never does), opened the ball with your poor little Hope! Think of that, Larky—the most noble the Marquis of

Doun leading off at a ball, at his own grand castle, with that little Hope Evermore who used to trot off with you and dear Merry to the Green Fields Ragged School, where kind Mr. Stephen so tried to teach us all that was good and useful, and where Mr. Goodman helped him in that arduous Christian labour of love; the same Hope that used to nestle in dear Mother Apple Blossom's kind bosom, and sit on Father Blossom's knee, and kneel down at night to pray with you, dear Larky, by your little sofa bed. Here was little foster-sister Hope, through the kindness of my lord and my lady, the condescension of the marquis, and those fine feathers which we all know do make such fine birds, called (how shall I tell you without a blush, and where shall I hide that blush, and you so far away, Larky?), yes, called the 'Queen of the Ball,' and (can you believe it, Larky?) 'the Belle of the room.' I wish this were all; and I ramble and digress because I do not like to tell you what, yet, to keep my word with you, I must tell. Well, then, Larky, all at once Captain Greville, whom I, in common with every one else, supposed to be in love with Nussy, led me into a conservatory, and there told me he loved me, me only, and in proof of this he made me an offer of his hand. I was much surprised, but more grieved, Larky, for he seemed so miserable, and so disappointed when I told him I never could return his love; and, on his pressing his suit, I owned, oh, Larky, that I loved another. He left me wild with despair, and rushed out into the grounds; and the marquis, entering and finding me alone, actually (oh, Larky! can you believe it? I scarcely can) drew near, and, in a trembling voice, looking very pale, told me that he loved me as never man loved, as he never dreamed that he could love, and kneeling—yes, Larky, kneeling; that great lord kneeling to poor Hope Evermore—offered me his hand, his coronet, his wealth, and begged me to be the angel of his life, the wife of his bosom.

"I was more sorry for him than for Captain Greville, my own darling Larky, because I like him better—he seems more true, more noble, more sincere—and it is a grand, a generous thing for one like him to make such an offer to one like me. But I told him I had no love to give him in return—that my heart was full of another; and I am certain you will believe me, oh, beloved Larky, when I say that I thought with pride, and weeping fondness, and trembling joy, how far superior was he whom I loved, even to this great lord, who would have made me so very great; but could never have made me the least happy.

"To you only, my love, my affianced husband, in fulfilment of my solemn promise exacted by you, I do reveal these (to me) most distressing events. Of course, the captain and the marquis will never mention what, in the result, must be so mortifying to the pride and vanity of the former, and the noble, generous heart of the latter. No one but you, then, my darling, in your acknowledged right to know every event of my life and every secret of my bosom, can ever hear what it has cost me so much to confess, but would cost me much more to conceal from you.

"Write to me, I beg you, in reply, to tell me that you will never give a thought to what I have told you, except as a proof of the fidelity with which any promise made to Larky—her darling Larky—is kept by his grateful, loving

"HOPE."

"P.S. You know that I am in possession of several relics of my dear, unhappy mother; among others, of a journal which she kept before I was born. You will smile at what you used to call the 'patient abiding' of your little Hope, when I tell you that, much as I long to know something of the life, outer and inner, of this, my dearly loved, though unknown mother, I have felt a dread and a delicacy which have made me shrink from opening those pages which may be full of the secrets of a mother's breaking heart. In three days I shall be seventeen, Larky; on that day I shall expect to hear from you, and on that day I shall commence the perusal of my mother's journal. Pray for me, dear Larky; I shall need your prayers."

CHAPTER XCVI.

For love would still be lord of all.—OLD SONG.

HOPE's unworldly and devoted heart was so full of Larky Grigg, and the humble, happy life she longed to lead with her first and only love, that she never gave a thought (still less a regret) to the great destiny she had disclaimed, and the splendours she had so decidedly and so promptly rejected.

Hope had made up her mind that both the offer of Captain Greville, and of the noble marquis, would remain unknown to every one, save that young lover to whom she had felt bound in honour to reveal them.

Hope, in the case of the marquis, reckoned com-

pletely without her host; and, indeed, in that of Captain Greville. She little dreamt, when she made so light of a proposal which she attributed to a sudden fancy, arising in a great measure from an imitative disposition in him to admire any one distinguished by so great a man as the marquis—she had no conception, we say, of the real nature of this man, of his passion for her, or the many schemes, plots, and aims of which she was the object.

We have seen the letter Captain Greville addressed to the person he called his uncle, on the subject of Hope, and as the name of that person was Evermore, and he was just returned from a long exile in India, the reader will begin to fear for Hope's future free agency, and to anticipate the sort of tie that (entirely unsuspected by her) exists between the uncle of Rashleigh Greville and the innocent girl whom we have known only as an orphan, and Apple Blossom's foster-child.

To some it would seem a fortunate thing for little Hope Evermore—so long forsaken, neglected, and disowned—that a gentleman should be about to claim her as his daughter, and that, too, at an epoch in her young life when she was becoming so femininely sensitive on the score of her birth and parentage.

But in a reflecting mind the question will arise, What sort of man must this be who could forsake Hope's young and lovely mother, and leave her in her delicate situation to battle with the cold, cold world, and for seventeen years never concern himself at all about the helpless offspring of that most unhappy and ill-used lady?

Such antecedents made it impossible to augur much comfort for Hope in such a father; but the charitable might trust that he had seen his errors and repented of them; and we know that the most hardened heart becomes soft and kind under the influence of a true repentance.

Certainly there was something cold and mysterious in the conduct of Mr. Evermore, even after he had decided on claiming Hope as his daughter. Why did he never take any interest in this lovely and excellent child—of whose existence he must have been cognisant—until a letter from his nephew, Captain Greville, announced that he was at once "over head and ears in debt and in love"?

This letter reached Mr. Evermore on the same morning that news arrived from Lahore that his most intimate friend, Lord Eaglescliffe, in a gallant attack on the enemy, had been surrounded, and that he himself and his whole band of heroes had been butchered.

Mr. Evermore—who, though he maintained the outward appearance of a gentleman, and had contrived to get his nephew into the Company's service, had no ostensible income or property, but lived in a great measure on his wits and on his friend Eaglescliffe—shut himself up for the whole day after the receipt of these two letters. This caused no surprise among his associates, as the death of so intimate a friend, schoolfellow, and college-mate as Lord Eaglescliffe, whom he had influenced all his life—when he was little Pemberton at Eton, and young Pemberton at Oxford, and Pemberton of the—Dragoons, and still more when he was Lord Eaglescliffe, fond of play and pleasure, and wanted some one to take all trouble off his hands; well might the news, sudden and unexpected as it was, unfit Evermore for society—at least, so said the world of Calcutta. There was a general impression that Evermore had not much feeling; but, if he had any feeling at all, he must have been agitated and overcome by the tidings of Eaglescliffe's death.

And yet, could those who said "Poor Evermore! why, even he will feel this deeply," have availed themselves of our privilege and peeped into his chamber, they would have seen few signs of mourning in the face or manner of Mr. Evermore.

He was a tall, elegant man, with fine features, which, in repose, had a sinister expression—shrewd, scowling, and very unlike the same face when animated by a wish to please, to captivate, or to cajole. He was very pale, with very fair hair, dark eyes, deep-set and keen, and which had a curious expression, owing to their very light eyelashes.

Mr. Evermore was a little coxcombical in dress, and had an appearance never seen but in somewhat dissipated men.

The lines of his mouth betokened vanity, cunning, and sensuality; but a fair and silky moustache concealed them, showing only his very even, white, and well-preserved teeth.

He had a fine figure, wonderfully lithe and slender for his age (which age he kept an impenetrable secret).

He had been called to the bar some twenty-five years before, but he had neither interest nor perseverance, and, on the occasion of the only brief he ever obtained, he discovered to his cost that if a lawyer is

nothing without a brief, a brief is nothing without a lawyer.

His *début* at Westminster Hall was, in spite of great natural talent, such a miserable failure, that he wrote to Captain Pemberton, afterwards Lord Eaglescliffe, then at Calcutta with his regiment, begging him to get him an appointment of any kind in India.

Captain Pemberton succeeded in procuring him a sort of agency. The profits were small, and the work light; but board and lodging were part of the remuneration of this office; and the luxurious life and warm climate of India suited Mr. Evermore far better than his small, close chambers and solitary chop.

Over the careless mind of Captain Pemberton (our Ada's brother) this man exercised an irresistible and most baneful influence.

He had a most pernicious habit of laughing at everything.

With a sort of easy, good-humoured grace, and a dangerous sparkle of wit, and vein of humour, he made a jest of everything serious, moral, religious, orderly, and of good report.

Such a companion was destruction to young Pemberton, whose heart he hardened, whose principles he undermined, whose money he borrowed, and whose vices he encouraged. But for Evermore, Captain Pemberton (who was naturally brave, kind, and unselfish) would have been, if not an admirable, at least an estimable man.

Captain Pemberton, under Evermore's influence, became a *roué*, a gambler, and a free-thinker; and yet his bravery and high spirits made him popular with men, and his fine person and fascinating manners secured him the favour of the unthinking daughters of fashion.

Evermore was, all his life, Pemberton's evil genius, and got him into all sorts of scrapes, but then he got him out of them as readily.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Why did she love him? curious fool, be still;
Is human love the growth of human will?
To her he might be gentleness.—LARA.

EVERMORE was some years older than Captain Pemberton, but he took much better care of himself in every way, and his manner in Pemberton's presence was frank, thoughtless, gay, almost boyish.

All the early secrets of Pemberton's (now Eaglescliffe's) life were known to Evermore, who jokingly said he was both Chancellor of the Exchequer and keeper of the conscience of "The King of Hearts," adding that the latter office was a sinecure, since Eaglescliffe had no conscience to keep.

Eaglescliffe took this as a compliment.

The joke and the way in which it was received showed what these two men were.

But people who knew both believed that even Evermore would miss Eaglescliffe, and mourn for him; those, as we have said (if any such could be), possessed of our ubiquity, would have seen no signs of mourning, beyond a deep black hat-band and a suit of sables in Eaglescliffe's bosom friend, or rather crony, for profligate men have companions and chums, but the virtuous only have true friends.

In his luxurious apartment, where every device to secure a current of air was put in practice, Evermore, his teeth set, his eyes on fire, and his pale face flushed, was surrounded by letters and papers, mostly connected with the long ago, and which had been intrusted to him by Eaglescliffe.

Many of these letters, old-fashioned, and written before envelopes were in use, were in a delicate female hand, the ink brown with time. Some were signed "Constance" only, some "Constance Evermore." There was one, and this, though it was blotted with tears, and in parts almost illegible, Mr. Evermore read with glittering eyes and a smile of triumph. It was the wretched Constance's announcement of her approaching confinement.

"She died in Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital," he said to himself, "I have ascertained that; but her child survives; that child must now be seventeen. It is my firm belief that this Hope Evermore of whom Rashleigh is so enamoured, is that very girl; the age tallies; his description of her is a vivid sketch of her too lovely mother. Now, then, I have the game in my own hands: Rashleigh adores this girl, and he shall marry her. Pshaw! what is this?" he said, as he came, in searching for these papers, upon a parchment, with heavy seals attached to it, "Eaglescliffe's will! Oriana, his Indian wife, as he called her, and Selim, her son and his, come in for all his property, with a remainder to me, in case of my surviving them, else I have only a legacy of a few hundreds, which, however, would come in very handy now."

"But Oriana chose, in the passionate devotion of her tropical heart, to follow him with her boy to

battle, and the last I heard of both was that a fever, which was decimating the regiment, had attacked them. Should it prove fatal—and what more likely?—I am his heir, and I come into all the wealth Oriana, an Indian princess, brought—only, in that case, he bequeathes his and her jewels to his mother and sister, and his portrait and a diamond ring to an early flame, by this time, I should think, the starchest of old maids, Ellen St. Ange.

"What have I, then, to do?—to ascertain the fate of Oriana and Selim, to prove the will, realise the property, mine, as I fully believe, and then, with more money in my desk than I ever dreamed of possessing, off to England to claim Hope as my daughter, and wed her to Rashleigh, whose reckless young career will, perhaps, be checked by a marriage with a girl he so adores. What ulterior advantages will accrue to him from this match time will prove.

"The only thing I love on earth is Rashleigh; and for him I will brave everything—risk everything. When I tell him to wed the humble girl, the poor companion, the little Hope Evermore he loves, as he thinks, not wisely but too well, he will smile to think she is my child and his cousin; and, when once they are wedded, what will be revealed then will astonish and delight him still more."

Everything seemed to mould itself to the schemer's wishes.

And lo! an authentic account of the death of the beautiful Oriana and her son Selim, a noble boy of ten years old, reached Evermore, in the shape of a letter confided by Eaglescliffe to a native, and written the night before the engagement in which his company was cut to pieces.

As Evermore pondered on the agony of spirit in which these few lines (lines blotted with tears) were traced, he thought it not unlikely that Eaglescliffe had sought death in the hopes of losing the consciousness of his loss. He knew that he loved her whom he called his Indian wife; that a ceremony satisfactory to her conscience had passed between them; and that she was disowned and repudiated, by her own caste, for her union with a Christian (a Christian by name and profession, at least); but he had never mentioned this connection in the few rare and brief letters he wrote to his home.

There was no confidence between him and any member of his family, nor had there been ever since his arrival in India. Ada was a child when he quitted his home in indignation and disgust at his mother's ill-treatment of a young and beautiful girl, a poor companion, though a distant cousin of her own, whom he loved to distraction, and whom she, when she discovered that the young girl returned this affection, drove with remorseless, reckless cruelty, friendless, and almost penniless, into the cold world to provide for herself, having first contrived to send her son on a tour. That son never quite forgave this inhuman conduct, nor its disastrous results.

His father, at that time, as the reader will remember, the victim of habitual intemperance, was, as all such unhappy beings are, without power or influence in their own homes.

He knew nothing that passed, and his son believed he had consented to acts of which he was not even cognisant. To insure (as she thought, in her ignorance of much that had occurred in the interim) her son's final separation from the beautiful loving object of his boyish passion, Lady Pemberton not only got her son into the army, but into a regiment on the point of sailing for India; preferring (in her ambition, her jealousy of her son's affection, and her sudden hatred and implacable revenge against the object of his passion) all the dangers of India and war to those of England, with what she considered an unfortunate and degrading attachment.

And yet the poor companion was a pure-hearted, noble-minded, intellectual, accomplished girl, of gentle birth and breeding, and with no fault of any moment, save that feminine and lovable one of too yielding a temper, and too believing, pitying, and tender a heart.

A wiser woman than was Lady Pemberton at that time, would have seen in the deep and devoted love of her son for this sweet girl, a shield for his young heart, an object in life, a purifying and ennobling influence.

Not so the woman of the world. The vainest, idlest daughter of fashion, if with title and fortune, would have been welcomed and cherished as the future wife of her son, while the poor companion, in spite of all her beauty, her virtues, graces, and love, was grossly insulted, and heartlessly expelled.

Lady Pemberton little thought when she plotted, schemed, cajoled, and manoeuvred to get her son into a "crack" regiment, under orders for India, that what she looked upon as a brief absence, would be come a permanent exile.

Disgusted with his mother's cruelty, his father's indifference to everything, caused by the intemperance at that time habitual with him, tormented by his duns, and perplexed by difficulties in which he had been involved by the machinations of his evil spirit (Evermore), young Pemberton did not refuse to comply with his mother's wish that he should enter the army, and repair to India; but when she wished him to return, she found him an altered man. The life in India suited him; his attachment to Oriana, and his passionate love for his boy, engrossed his heart. Evermore, who was become indispensable to him, was settled at Calcutta. And when Captain Pemberton's regiment was ordered home, he exchanged into another, in order to stay in India.

The news of his father's accession to the peerage, and of the change in his own grand name and brilliant prospects, made no difference in his feelings. War by this time was raging, and Lord Eaglescliffe, with all his faults, was very brave. Experienced officers were wanting, and he had been so long in India that his services were invaluable.

He was not indifferent (what Englishman brought up like him could be so) to his new honours. He liked to call his dark-eyed Oriana Lady Eaglescliffe, and to prophecy that Selim would one day sit in the House of Lords; but he loved India, and loathed the memory of England, and of much that had happened there, much with which, in his few moments of reflection, he had bitterly reproached himself.

It was at Lahore that the beautiful Oriana and their beloved and only boy sickened of the fever then raging among the troops. They very soon fell victims to the disease, and the agony of Eaglescliffe's mind may be gathered from the letter in which he announced their death.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress.—THE GIAOUR.

"Lahore Sept. 18.

"THEY are gone," wrote Eaglescliffe to Evermore; "yes, friend, they are gone for ever! that devoted wife,—that loving, that fond, that noble boy! I call them, and they do not come; I kiss them, and their cold lips do not return the pressure of mine—they remain stiff and impassive in my warm embrace. My hot tears fall like rain on their pale, rigid faces. No words of love come as heretofore in answer to mine; and yet I cannot realise to myself the terrible truth that they are dead—that I shall never, never see them in the flesh again—they—the all left me to love! My devoted, my beautiful Oriana! in whose perfect affection I often forget that I had ever loved another better; and my glowing, loving boy, who so doated on and delighted in his father. Oh, Evermore! I have stood by the death-bed of my only child. I have seen agonies unutterable borne with the patience of a saint and the courage of a martyr; and when I said, 'My darling, whence comes this fortitude?' this child, whose training I have so neglected, taught the great truths of Christianity by that old English nurse you used to laugh at, replied, 'Oh, papa, think what the Saviour suffered! I am going to Him, and you and dear mamma will meet your poor little Selim there, if you repent and believe. Papa,' he said, between the convulsions that were hastening him to his end,—'papa, will you read your Bible, and pray to God, and believe in his blessed Son? and then we shall be happy through all eternity.' I do not know what were poor Oriana's thoughts and feelings. She died almost suddenly; but if ever a true Christian left this dark and troublous world, it was my Selim, my beloved, my loving, my only boy. Oh, at the thought that those dark, loving eyes are closed for ever!—that that young lovely form must moulder in the grave, and become food for worms, I grow almost impious in my fierce despair; and then I remember his last words, and I try to pray; I pray that I may not survive those dear ones; and probably to-morrow we may meet the foe, and my prayer may be heard! And you, friend, if you love me, do not wish that I may linger here, but that I may be forgiven the rashness of my youth—the profligacy of my manhood, and for the sake of Him who died for sin, I the sinner may be saved—saved to share a blissful eternity with the wife of my bosom and the child of my love.

"Be not angry when I say I hope we may never meet again on earth, but that you will so live, and so repent, and believe, that we may meet above. I cannot tell you, Evermore, how I am haunted at this dreadful moment by the image of my first love, and her early doom, her broken heart, her obscure grave. All I leave, and Oriana's fortune was great, will be yours. When you return to England, seek

out the spot where she lies, and let a marble slab, with her real name, do some tardy justice to the loveliest and most loving of women. They are come to hide from me for ever all I loved on earth..

"I grow wild, and desperate, and savage at the thought, and then I remember my Selim's last words, and I try to pray—Oh, that I were sure of lying by his side before I am mad with misery!

"Your friend,

"EAGLESCLIFFE.

"If I fall by the hand of the enemy, seek out my parents and my sister Ada, and tell them I wish them farewell, and to Ellen St. Ange (dear friend of the long ago) convey an affectionate adieu from one who, had he listened to her, would have been a wiser and a better man.

"Evermore, I am a convert to those great truths, at which it is, alas, your wont to scoff! The dying child has converted the living man. If I survive, it will be in the hope of living and dying a Christian, but I believe I shall be cut off in the approaching engagement. What then?

"For while its way the parting spirit wings,

If the parched lips to name the Saviour strive,

The God of Battles, and the King of kings,

For that one name shall save the soul alive."

"Repent and believe, oh, Evermore, and may we meet in heaven!"

Evermore, the worldly, the unbelieving, full of plots and schemes for enriching and aggrandising himself, and still more his beloved Rashleigh, cared little for this letter, except as evidence of the death of Oriana and her son.

As rapidly as he could (after the report of Eaglescliffe's death by the hand of the natives, who had led him into an ambush), he realised Eaglescliffe's property—this, as his agent, he easily accomplished—and set sail for Europe. But, a gambler by passion and habit, and having during the passage home, as he thought, lighted on a scheme certain to double the property he possessed, he resolved to accompany a fellow-passenger (a gamester too) to Hombourg for a week or two, previous to returning to England.

Of course, as he did not actually cheat, all his "dodges," as he called them, failed signally. His schemes for breaking the bank ended in his being "cleaned out."

More than ever, now, he longed to put his schemes into practice—schemes which were to end in the advancement of Rashleigh.

But his first step had yet to be taken—a step which we trust our readers will not contemplate with indifference, now that they know the crafty and cruel nature of this man—namely, the establishing his claim to poor little Hope Evermore as his own child, and the removing her from all her kind friends, both gentle and simple, to live with him, wherever he pleased; expecting her to show him in all things the submission and unquestioning obedience of a daughter—and he such a father!

Alas! poor Hope and poor Larky
(To be continued.)

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

How goes the Money?—Well,
I'm sure it isn't hard to tell:
It goes for rent and water-rates,
For bread and butter, coal and grates,
Hats, caps, and carpets, hoops and hose—
And that's the way the Money goes!

How goes the Money?—Nay,
Don't everybody know the way?
It goes for bonnets, coats, and capes,
Silks, satins, muslins, velvets, crapes,
Shawls, ribbons, furs, and furbelows,
And that's the way the Money goes!

How goes the Money?—Sure,
I wish the ways were something fever;
It goes for wages, taxes, debts,
It goes for presents, goes for bets,
For paint, pommade, and eau de rose,
And that's the way the Money goes!

How goes the Money?—Now,
I've scarce begun to mention how,
It goes for laces, feathers, rings,
Toys, dolls, and other baby-things,
Whips, whistles, candies, bells, and bows—
And that's the way the Money goes!

How goes the Money?—Come,
I know it doesn't go for rum;
It goes for sermons and Sabbath-chimes,
It goes for charity—sometimes;
For missions, and such things as those—
And that's the way the Money goes!

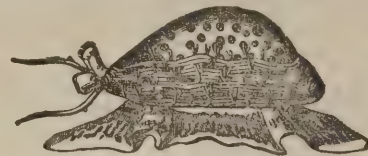
How goes the Money?—There!
I'm out of patience, I declare;
It goes for plays, and diamond-pins,
For public alms, and private sins,
For hollow shams, and silly shows—
And that's the way the Money goes!

MY VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.—No. IX.

"THE *Cyprea*, of which there are numerous species," said Wilton, "some of them being commonly called Cowries, display a high natural polish, uniformity, and shape, and delicate and distinct markings, with great beauty and variety of colour. They may be readily distinguished from all other shells, by their lips being rolled inwards, and both of them being toothed. The history of this genus is very interesting, from the remarkable difference of the same shell at the various stages of its growth. In its earliest state, the substance of the shell is very thin, almost colourless, and dull; the mouth rather wide, the outer lip not rolled inwards, but having a sharp edge, and neither lip-toothed. In the second period of growth, the shell begins to approach the general form that characterises the genus. The lips are curved inwards, and the teeth become visible; but the substance is still thin, the colour faint, and the markings little more than ill-defined transverse bands. In its perfect state, the *cyprea* has received an additional coating of shelly matter, the pattern appears with its vivid tints and delicate markings, and the spire, if not entirely hidden, scarcely projects out of the body whorl. The animal itself undergoes a considerable change in appearance during its growth; its mantle at first is small, but increases with its age, and expands at the sides into two ample wings; from these is deposited the final layer which completes the shell."

"Is not one species of this shell used as money in the east?"

"Yes; it is the current money of Bengal, Siam, and Africa; and is picked up by the negro women of the Indian islands about the full of the moon. The genus, on account of its great beauty, was formerly dedicated to Venus, the deity of the Isle of Cyprus, from which circumstance its name is derived. The inmates of these shells have a fleshy foot, with which they crawl in a similar manner to that of the snail; the head is placed on a neck, and has two finely



THE CYPREA.

pointed horns, with two eyes situated at their base; the mouth is a round opening armed with teeth, which act not only as organs of nutrition, but as defensive weapons. In a state of rest the *cyprea*



TEETH OF A MOLLUSC.

remain buried under the sea at some distance from the shore, but, at certain seasons, they quit this retreat and traverse the rocks."

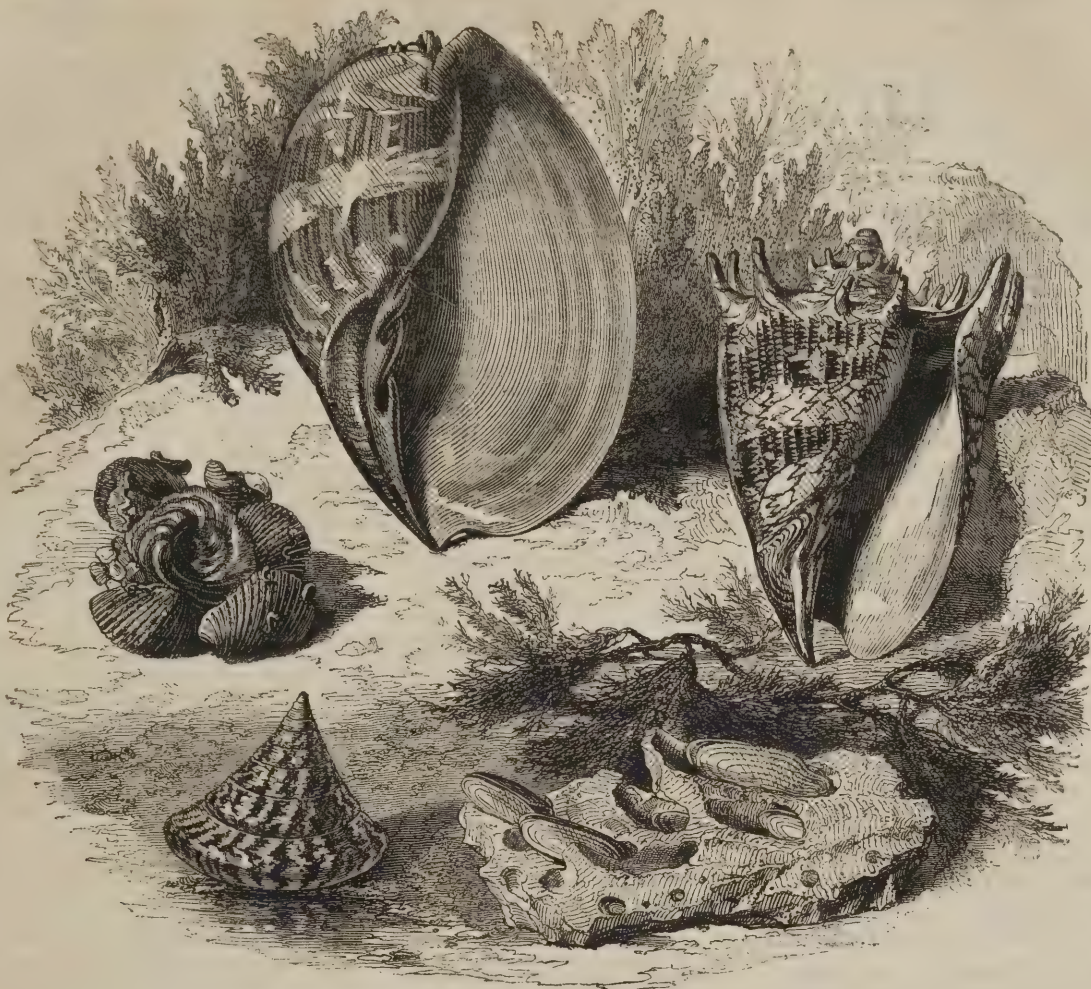
"It is to shells of this kind, doubtless, that a poet alludes as he says—

'Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.'

Wordsworth thus carries out the same idea:—

'— I have seen
A curious child applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely, and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy, for murmuring from within
Were heard sonorous cadences; whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.'

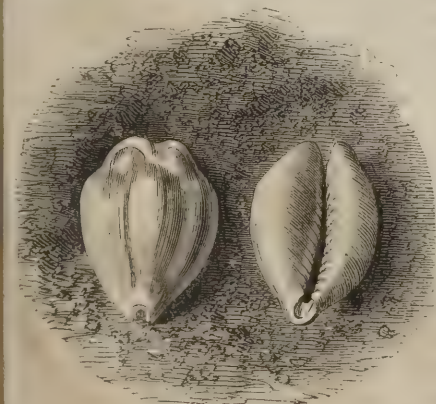
"I perfectly agree with you. If a shell of this kind be broken, the cubic pieces thus made generally present on two of the fractured sides flat surfaces on the inner and outer edges, separated from each other by a shelving portion in the centre, and on the two intermediate broken sides, shelving external and internal edges, connected by a flat central portion; these differences of surface being produced by the different positions of the crystals in the different



CROWN VOLUTE, IMPERIAL VOLUTE, TROCHUS, ETC.

ayers. Each of the three layers thus rendered obvious, is composed of very thin *laminae*, or plates, placed side by side as high as the thickness of the plate, and perpendicular to its surface. And the more minutely we examine the structure of such shells the more we shall be struck by the perfection that appears even down to their most microscopic details."

"Is there a good way of observing them without a microscope?"



COWRIES.

"There is. A good illustration may be obtained by examining with a pocket-glass, the fractured edge of a cone olivi, or other spiral shell, in which you may observe the *extremities* of the *laminae* of the outer and inner plates, and the *sides* of those of the

central layers, or the converse, according to the direction of the fracture, the extremities of the *laminae* showing the angles of the crystals; while their sides, when closely examined, will often exhibit the crystalline flakes. In order to observe the lines of cleavage, the best mode of proceeding is to bruise part of a shell with a hammer, and to examine the fragments, when moistened, under a microscope, until one is discovered which exhibits two *laminae* in conjunction. The plates and their structure are also well seen in the polished surface of shells which have been slit or ground down to exhibit the internal structure of their cavity. The relative thickness of the three plates varies in different species, but the central plates appear generally to be rather the thickest, and the outer ones the thinnest. The Italian cameo-cutters appear to be aware of this circumstance, and avail themselves of it in cutting the cameos; the ground being always formed of the innermost layer of the three, which is also generally the most transparent. You have, doubtless, observed the iridescence of some shells; even that of the edible oyster is thus rainbow-hued within, while others, like that of the Pearly Nautilus, is so within and without."

"I have, with feelings of warm admiration. A poet says:—

"They that lustre have imbibed,
In the sun's palace porch, where, when un-
yoked,
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave."

And no doubt shells are most radiant amidst tropical beams."

"They are and must be so. Strange as it may seem, iridescence is dependent on a peculiarity of

surface, and not a peculiarity of substance. You would not look, perhaps, for these beautiful hues to be exhibited by sealing-wax, or a layer of gum arabic; and yet let them be placed, in an impressible state, on mother-of-pearl, and when removed, having acquired the surface of that beautiful substance, they



OYSTERS INCRUSTED ON A BOTTLE.

will be arrayed with its hues also. If, too, a clean piece of lead, or of fusible metal, be hammered so as to receive a due impression from mother-of-pearl, it will vie with it in iridescence. Do you remember

our experiments with a prism, when we were school-boys?"

"Most certainly I do. Unbounded was our delight when, placing it in a solitary sunbeam admitted into a dark room, very early one morning, the prism divided the ray into the various colours of which it was composed, and threw them, as was the case with Sir Isaac Newton, on the screen prepared to receive them. But what has this to do with iridescence?"

"Only what a cause has to do with an effect. The plain fact is, that mother-of-pearl has this quality because its surface is an aggregate of infinitesimal prisms, which break up the light as it falls upon them, and thus present the colours of the rainbow to the eye of the spectator. Aware of this, a gentleman of the Royal Mint constructed an engine by which he could engrave on the surface of steel and other metals, lines so exquisitely minute that from 2,000 to 10,000 are included in a single inch. Steel buttons were thus made; when seen on a cloudy day they presented but few aspects of colour, but when the light of the sun or of gas fell upon them, they were brilliantly iridescent, and a change was produced in the play of colours by every motion of the light or of the wearer. You need no further proof, I imagine, that it is not substance but surface on which iridescence is dependent; or, that when this is naturally or artificially like a congeries of prisms, it attracts and delights the eye."

"None whatever. I suppose mother-of-pearl was never more largely used than it is now in various ways? I have seen this substance, which is of a scaly laminate structure, separated, by different means, into a number of thin films, each surface presenting the same beautifully coloured appearance. Like tortoise-shell and the veneers of fancy woods, mother-of-pearl is used to decorate a great variety of small articles, as well as for the purpose of inlaying dressing-cases and work-boxes. The artists engaged in this manufacture often draw on these films various devices or patterns with opaque turpentine varnish, and as they are then repeatedly brushed over with strong nitrous acid, the parts not previously covered are eaten away, while, when the varnish is washed off, whatever has been traced appears in relief. Sometimes the pattern is cut out with a knife-edged tool or a fine saw. If several devices are required of the same kind, a number of films are glued together, and the pattern being drawn upon one of the outer films, the saw cuts through them all at one time, and the glue being softened in hot water, the various patterns are entirely separated."

"Just so. Pearls are formed by some particles admitted between the valves of a shell, and which would otherwise irritate the inmates, being covered over with the same nacreous substance. The finest quality of pearl is produced by a bi-valve called, *par excellence*, the 'pearl oyster.' It is found in the Island of Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf, in Catescer, on the coast of Arabia Felix; and Kondatchie in the Island of Ceylon. The pearls fished in the waters that wash this coast are remarkable for their roundness and clearness; but others have yielded pearls of larger size and greater value. The prices of some of these gems seem absolutely fabulous. A pearl presented to Philip II., though no bigger than a pigeon's egg, was valued at £14,400 sterling; another, belonging to Cleopatra, was priced at £80,000, and one in the possession of the King of Persia at £110,400. Pearls of a far inferior description have been obtained from the deepest parts of the river Strule, near Arrah, in the county of Tyrone; from the river Ythan, in Aberdeenshire; and from the river Conway, in North Wales. It is probable that pearls from this source, collected by the ancient Britons, may have given rise to the statement of Tacitus, in his 'Life of Agricola,' of pearls, 'not very orient, but pale and wan,' being among the indigenous products of Great Britain. Pearls are said to change and become greatly deteriorated by time, especially when worn, as they often are in the East, immediately upon the skin. Redi states that, on opening the tomb where the daughters of Stilicho had been interred, with all their ornaments, eleven hundred and eighteen years before, every article was found in high preservation except the pearls, which were so brittle as to be easily crushed by the fingers."

"Some pearls are much smaller than those obtained in the regular fisheries."

"A kind, called 'seed-pearl,' is obtained at Kurrahee, on the coast of Bombay. The oysters producing them are washed up by the surf-waves to high-water mark, and are left there as the tide falls. They are gathered by coolies, employed for the occasion, put into boats, and landed at Keamaree Point. There the shells are broken, and the pearls extracted, under the superintendence of the contractors, who, within the last seven years, paid the

Julpore government 40,000 rupees per annum for the pearl contract. Even the gleaners who come after them pay for the right of sifting the broken shells, in search of any pearls that may remain. And yet they are of little value, except to those who esteem them as medicine, like the Persians and some of the hakems of India, who give them to their patients, and imagine them to be wondrously efficacious."

"I presume some of the molluscs find a strange habitation?"

"They do. As when four oysters falling from the surface of the ocean, where they had been indulging in all the vagaries of their earliest life, fell on an old-fashioned champagne bottle, which was taken from the wreck of the Royal George, sunk so disastrously at Spithead, and still retained the four lower valves, all of which were modified in form by the figure of the bottle. Two of them, instead of being concave internally, are convex, moulded, in fact, by the globose body to which they adhere, so that the oysters must have been perched up, and covered by an arched or vaulted valve, instead of one that was flat. The oysters continued to live under these circumstances, though the usual order of things was reversed. The two other shells show how the instinct of the creatures made the best of their condition by arranging layer after layer, to promote their security and comfort. One lying on the base of the neck of the bottle, though somewhat irregular, is fairly concave, and is raised up by numerous rough external layers, acting as a sort of buttress—a singular example of building skill."

"I have observed, too, that shelled creatures frequently offer a dwelling-place to others."

"They do. A madrepora has become accidentally attached to the shell of a pearl oyster, and has there put forth its tree-like coral. The balanus is often to be observed, as it may be now in the Zoological Society's Gardens in the Regent's Park, attached to a shell. And so it is with a multitude of exceedingly diversified creatures."

STARRY RAIN.

SOFTLY fall thou, starry rain,
O'er the roof and window-pane;
Sing to me a lullaby
Softer than the zephyr's sigh;
As the evening comes again,
Gently, gently fall thou, rain!

Gleam in brightness o'er the rose,
Blushing in its meek repose:
O'er the larkspur's pink and blue,
And the marigold's rich hue;
Touch the maple's nodding plume,
Tossing through the evening gloom;
Cherries, with their fruitage red,
Whence the wild bird has just sped:
O'er the vines that cross the pane,
Gently fall thou, starry rain!

Gently, gently fall thou, rain,
Never with a sound of pain:
Never like a wail of woe
Let thy tender numbers flow
Round this hushed and shadowed home,
Where the joy-light may not come!
For, alas! it is but late
Since the mourners through yon gate
Entered in this darkened room,
Shut from summer scents and bloom,
Where, excluded from the day,
Hushed in sleep the maiden lay:
Sleep, the silent and "profound"
That they take "beneath the ground."
Though her smile was very soft,
Though her voice had gladdened oft,
Ere the fount of joy grew low,
From our love the maid must go.
White flowers in her soft brown hair,
White flowers on her bosom fair:
Thus they bore her through the gloom,
To her dark sequestered tomb.

Therefore, gentlest rain, I pray,
List the words that I would say!
Whispering round that home-to-night,
Be thy voice subdued and light;
So to those who sit and grieve,
In the dull and darkening eve,
O'er the fondly cherished dead,
Thou shalt say, "Be comforted;
Ye will meet your lost again!"
Will you say it, starry rain?

Gently, gently, airy sprite,
Wandering, homeless, through the night:
Softly let thy silvery feet
Print the grass and flowers sweet,
Heaped above one precious face,
In the lonely burial place.
So, when next we go to see,
Something shall remind of thee:
Bursting buds and springing grass,
Telling us where thou didst pass,
With a slow and sad refrain,
O'er our darling, pitying rain!

The Matron.

NO. XXXIX.

THE last chapter was devoted to the subject of winter clothing. I spoke principally of outer garments, and I have still a few words to say on this subject.

If your resources are limited, do not, in laying in your winter stock, attach too much importance to fashion. Recollect that last year's goods are quite as warm and strong as those of this year; and they are generally sold for much less.

I have said nothing about furs, because those that are good are very expensive; and those that are not good last so short a time that they are hardly worth buying. I rather recommend the substitutes for furs, made in knitted lambs'-wool. Both muffis and boas of lambs'-wool look very nice, keep out a great deal of cold, and last at least a season. Woollen gloves are not only cheaper than kid, but more comfortable—if we except the kid lined with fleecy hosiery, and these are dear.

On the subject of winter bonnets, I have only to add to the observations made in the last chapter, that as fashion requires that the bonnet should be so small as to afford little protection for the ears, it is a good plan to wear under the bonnet a straight band of knitted wool, passing over the head and tied under the chin. This would be found a very great protection in travelling; for, in passing rapidly through the air, the cold wind is very apt to give pains in the face, teeth, and ears.

The principal thing I have to say on the subject of winter under-clothing relates to flannel. One of the most trying peculiarities of our climate is its changeableness. In the month of November one day may be mild, almost warm, and the next may be cold and frosty. By wearing flannel next the skin we are much less affected by sudden changes in climate. It was the opinion of a very eminent physician that much mortality might be prevented by using flannel in this manner. It is even more efficacious than a great quantity of outer garments. But if you once take to flannel jackets, you must be very careful how you leave them off. Some recommend them all the year round; but if, on the return of the fine season, you are determined to get rid of them, you should cut off a bit of the flannel every week, until you have reduced it to a mere strip; and then, when the weather is really warm, throw it off altogether.

Perhaps some of my readers are surprised at my having made no mention of india-rubber and waterproof garments. In the first place, these garments are expensive, and in the second, they have the drawback of not being ventilators. By this I mean that they exclude the air altogether; and those habits are most favourable to health which admit air, while they maintain warmth. On this account knitted petticoats, jackets, and shawls, are highly desirable as articles of apparel. But waterproof wrappers have some great advantages, provided they are not worn constantly. A waterproof cape on a showery day may protect one from becoming wet through; and india-rubber shoes are invaluable for those who have to walk out when the ground is covered with snow. The rich who wish for waterproof things had best go to some of our waterproof warehouses and suit themselves; but some of my readers might be glad to have waterproof garments, yet be unable to give the price for those manufactured from india-rubber. To these the following receipt (according to a method practised by seamen) may be welcome:—

First, make the coat, cloak, or trowsers of linen, then soak them well for a day or two in boiled oil. Here I must pause for a moment, to beg my readers who use this receipt to be very careful in the process of boiling the oil. Mind you only half fill the saucepan in which you boil it. Watch it yourself carefully until it boils and you remove it from the fire, and do not let children have anything to do with it. Having soaked the things in the boiled oil, hang them up till they are perfectly dry, without ringing the oil out; then paint them, without dryers or turpentine being in the paint, making them any colour you like. Mind you lay the paint on thinly, and let it dry. Another receipt for waterproof clothing is as follows:—Make the garment of strong, unbleached calico, hang it up in a dry place, and, with a brush, give it two coats of boiled linseed-oil. Buy the oil ready boiled. A pint will be sufficient for a cape or a pair of overalls. I can furnish you with yet another receipt on this subject:—Get some weak size—such as is used by paper-makers—make it hot, and stir a little lump of alum and a small quantity of soap-lather into it. Then, with the brush, apply it to the garment

equally all over. If the garment be of good cloth, the size may be laid on inside.

In conclusion, I have only to say that these remarks about winter clothing are as applicable to the clothes of children as to those of grown people. But while particular care is taken to protect children's chests and stomachs from cold, they must not be so wrapped up as to impede the freedom of their movements. But a frosty air will do children good, if they are well protected by clothing and able to jump and run about so as to keep their blood well circulated.

Small Change.

"I don't think you need trouble yourself to visit me any longer, doctor." "But, my friend, I had better visit you as long as you are in danger." "Oh, sir, I fear then I shall never be out of danger."

'Tis not unfitting that a virtuous young lady should blush at her first presentation in society. The morning herself blushes when she first appears, unless she is "under a cloud."

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

Logic and metaphysics make use of more tools than all the rest of the sciences put together, and do the least work.

SOME one inquires, in the name of Mrs. Partington, Why can't the captain of a vessel keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port?

TITLES are properly the insignia of wise and honest men. The fool or knave that wears one is a falsifier.

THE head-coverings that the ladies wear now-a-days are barefaced false-hoods.

In respect to using the thoughts of other writers, almost every author is a Spartan, being more ashamed of the discovery than of the depredation. Yet the offence itself may not be so heinous as the manner of committing it; for some not only steal, but, like the parpies, befool and bespatter those they have plundered. Others again give us the mere carcasses of another man's thoughts, deprived of all their life and spirit—and this is to add murder to robbery.

THEY who dilate upon their glorious ancestry are foolishly vain of a debt which, probably, they will never be able to pay.

WHEN men of infamy soar to places of grandeur, they light a torch to make their shame more manifest to the world.

"I AM told, miss, that your lover plays and drinks." "Oh yes, sir, he plays the flute divinely, and drinks continually at the spring of Helicon."

To change enemies to friends, treat them with kindness. To change friends to enemies, treat them with liquor.

A VERY ill-natured cynic observes:—"Most females will forgive a liberty rather than a slight. If any woman were to have a man indicted for stealing her picture, although it were set in gold, it would be a new case in law; but, if he carried off the setting and left the portrait, there would be no mercy for him."

CUSTOM is the law of one description of fools, and fashion of another; but the two parties often clash, or precedent is the legislator of the first, and novelty of the last. Custom looks to the past, and fashion to the present; but both are purblind to the future.

WIT is a dangerous fool. It may tickle, but tickling isn't safe if, while it makes us laugh, it gives us pain.

"HAVE you read my last speech?" said a vain orator to a friend. "I hope so," was the reply.

THE straits of Thermopylae were defended by only three hundred men, but they were all Spartans; and, in advocating a cause, we should trust rather to the force than to the number of our arguments, not caring how few they be so that the few be incontrovertible. No man ever arrived suddenly at the summit of rice.

NEVER owe any man more than you are able to pay, and never allow any man to owe you more than you are able to lose.

AN eyeglass is a toy which enables a coxcomb to see others, and others to see that he is a coxcomb.

I CANNOT call to mind that I have ever seen a face bearing the impress of bad passions, that did not also have upon it the stamp of suffering.

A HOTEL and livery stable keeper at a fashionable watering-place advertises, amongst other inducements to visitors, sociables for young ladies and gentlemen, and sulkies for married folks.

"SIR," said a young wife to her husband, a few days after marriage, "you were honest enough to tell me that your chimney smoked, but why didn't you tell me that you smoked yourself?"

MANY who find the day too long think life too short; but, short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions, and their estates.

THE recognition of a principle involves the responsibility of living up to it.

WHEN laws, customs, or institutions cease to be beneficial to man, they cease to be obligatory.

Puzzles for the Ingenious.

Answers to the Question in No. 37, page 175, respecting a trench in a garden, have been received as follows:—

I.—Since A can dig the trench in 10 days, B in 12 days, and C in 14 days, therefore A in one day digs 1-10th of the trench, B 1-12th, and C 1-14th; and the three working together in one day dig $\frac{1}{10} + \frac{1}{12} + \frac{1}{14}$ of the trench. Reducing the fractions to their lowest common denominator, and adding, we have $\frac{42+35+30}{420} = \frac{107}{420}$ = the fraction of the whole

trench dug by A, B, and C in one day. Dividing, we find that the trench would be dug in $\frac{420}{107}$ days, by A, B, and C working together.

T. H. A., Trin. Coll. Camb.
II.—1. Arithmetically. A will do 1-10th in one day; B, 1-12th; C, 1-14th: therefore A, B, and C's work for one day = $\frac{1}{10} + \frac{1}{12} + \frac{1}{14} = \frac{168+140+120}{1680} = \frac{428}{1680}$. Then $\frac{1680}{428} = 3\frac{39}{107}$ days (Answer).—2. Algebraically. Let x = number of days. Then $x = \frac{x}{10} + \frac{x}{12} + \frac{x}{14} = 1680x = 168x + 140x + 120x$.

Collecting the terms, $1680x = 428x$. Therefore $x = \frac{1680}{428} = 3\frac{39}{107}$ days (Answer). T. BILLING.

Further correct replies have been received from Z. I. Z.; Young Tyro; H. M.; J. Mooney; Excelsior; W. Farton; W. Rain; J. Banting; Hermit of Merlin's Cave; Tapscott; W. R. W. (Banff); J. P.; J. J.; Hibernia; W. Morris; R. Parkinson; Smithfield; H. R. Turner; Aeneas; T. H. Holding; J. Lees; G. A. Pope; E. P. B.; Al Moorad; W. S. C.; Jacques T.; D. O. T.; M. Stenhouse; W. Howden; A. Schoolboy, aged 13; C. Howden; D. R. P.; H. Paul; J. D. Stone (Plymouth); Sperniolagus; A. Loudon; W. B.; Lucknow; Alfredus; J. Tucker; J. Vickers; Delta; W. Drake; Fauter; F. W. Hargraves; J. W. Ghemy; W. A. D.; Anonymous; G. Barton; T. Sadlier; W. F. M.; Sulfud; W. Walsh; G. Smurthwaite; J. R. Watson; P. Q. R.; R. Woodland; J. C.; W. H. Barnes; Apollo; T. Billing; C. Ingate; K. W. D.; A. C. P. T.; Bunce; H. R. Symons; T. Ormerod; J. R. Furneaux; Clara Lay; D. Knight; A. Lad of Thirteen; J. Archbold; J. Blatherwick; Lincoln; R. E. Phillips; Blackburn (Ashford); J. Oulton; M. G. F.; J. Burt; M. Slattery; G. Mathias; J. W. (Uffculm); J. T. Last; Omega; Quaffer; N. B.; Grapes; Franciscus; C. Hill; Hunter; Scotswood Road; J. Powell; Carlaverook; Henricus; A. Workhouse School-boy (Billericay).

The answer returned by the following is "four days":—N. Harriman; J. Davis; R. A. Robson; J. B. (Lockwood); D. F. G.; T. Nunn; P. Chapman; Joseph; Montbar; W. De Courcy; Peter; S. C.—I; G. Shavings; D. H. Gould; J. Aitken; C. Jerdan; S. Butcher; E. M. (Newbury); Alpha; Teddy; Mary W.—m.

Incorrect.—E. J. Larkin; Lord Lovel; G. H. Williams; H. F. Moore; Frar; R. Bolton; W. S. Marshall.

Answers to the Question respecting a person's Age, in the same Number.

$$\begin{aligned} \text{Let } x &= \text{the age of the person.} \\ \text{Then by Question, } \frac{x}{8} + \frac{x}{12} + \frac{x}{7} + 5 + 1 &= \frac{x}{2} \\ \frac{x}{8} + \frac{x}{12} + \frac{x}{7} + 9 &= \frac{x}{2} \\ 14x + 7x + 12x + 756 &= 42x \\ 33x - 42x &= -756 \\ -9x &= -756 \\ x &= 756 \div 9 = 84 \text{ Ans.} \end{aligned}$$

The son's age was 42.

J. C. (Soverby Bridge.)

Similar answers have been received from R. Woodland; W. Walsh; Suffud; Anonymous; T. Sadlier; G. Barton; W. A. D.; F. W. Hargraves; Fauter; J. S. Unsworth; Delta; J. Vickers; J. Tucker; Lucknow; J. D. Hine; H. Paul; D. R. P.; C. Howden; W. Howden; M. Stenhouse; D. O. T.; Jacques T.; Wm. S. C.; Al Moorad; J. Lees; Aeneas; Smithfield; J. H. Holding; R. Parkinson; Tapscott; J. Banting; Hermit of Merlin's Cave; P. J. Mooney; C. Jerdan; C. Ingate; Z. I. Z.; T. Billing; W. De Courcy; K. W. D.; P. Q. R.; T. Ormerod; D. Knight; J. Archbold; A. C. P. T.; J. Blatherwick; N. Harriman; J. Davis; C. A.; John B. (Lockwood); D. F. G.; T. Nunn; Joseph; Mountbar; Lord Lovel; E. J. Larkin; S. C.—I; R. E. Phillips; Bunce; Blackburn (Ashford); J. Oulton; J. Burt; G. Mathias; M. Slattery; J. W. (Uffculm); H. R. Turner; Hunter; Quaffer; Omega; N. B.; Wisacre; Grapes; C. Hill; Franciscus; Hunter; E. M. (Newbury); J. Powell; S. Butcher; Scotswood Road; W. Grace; Q.

Incorrect.—G. Thomason; Janet; Nonimis; W. X. Y. Z.; Alpha; R. Rawlinson.

FOR SOLUTION.

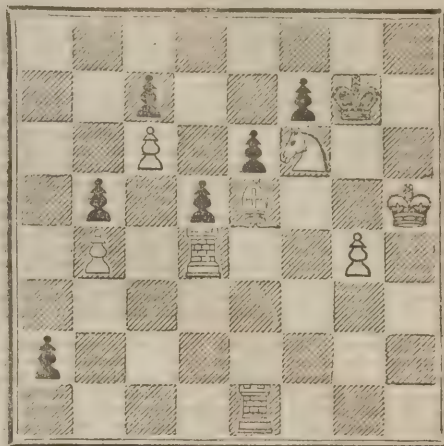
A father divides his estate among his three sons in such a manner that his first has £1,000 less than the whole; the second has £800 less than one-third of the whole; the third has £600 less than one-fourth of the whole. What is the value of the estate?

* * * We again repeat, that we decline the insertion of any questions which are unaccompanied by clear and correct solutions. We request, also, an assurance that the questions sent are original.

Chess.

Problem No. 72. By Mr. W. GREENWOOD.

BLACK.

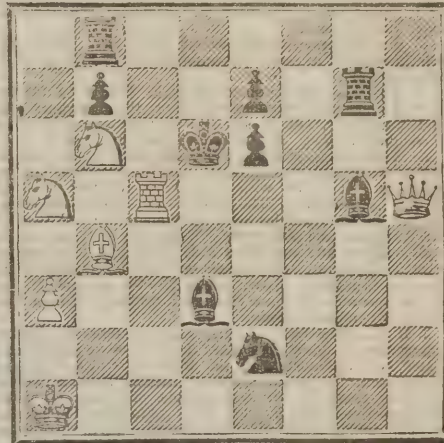


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 73. By Mr. H. E. KIDSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 63.

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to K 4 | 1. K to B 3 |
| 2. B to K R 7 | 2. K moves |
| 3. Q mates | |

JABEZ B.—We should have preferred Kt to Q 6 for White's 27th move. Black must have played his K to K R sq, when White would have replied with Kt to K 7, with an overwhelming attack.

W. H. T.—Upon the first move of a Pawn it has the power of playing two squares at a move, but if, in so doing, it should pass an adverse Pawn, such Pawn has the power of taking it. In that case the taking Pawn should be placed on the square which the captured Pawn would have occupied had it advanced only one square.

R. WILLIAMS.—Your Problem is defective. Black can delay the mate several moves by playing Kt to Q Kt 5.

J. N. SMITH.—Thanks for your contribution. It shall appear amongst the Enigmas.

MONA.—Your analysis of the position to which you refer is quite correct. We shall be happy to forward to you some blank chess diagrams if you will favour us with your address.

JUVENIA.—It is not fair to expect that a player so greatly your superior would consent to play with you on even terms. If the game sent is a fair example of the strength of each player, we have no hesitation in saying that your friend could give you the odds of the Rook and Bishop, or probably the two Rooks, and beat you.

Solutions of Problems by D. W. O., Nos. 58, 59, and 62; F. G. Rainger, Nos. 65 and 66; W. McKenzie, Nos. 57, 59, 60, and 61; Grapes, Nos. 58, 59, and 62; Mona, Nos. 60, 61, 63, and 64; M. A. R., Nos. 63 and 64; W. Helt, Nos. 63 and 64; Douglas, Nos. 60, 62, and 64; E. Grant, 63 and 64; Robert Wills, Nos. 62, 63, 64, and 65; J. Palmer, Nos. 64 and 65; R. Wakelin, Nos. 59, 60, and 63; C. Austin, Nos. 60, 63, and 64, correct.

A. Z. will be happy to play a game of Chess by correspondence with any subscriber to the FAMILY PAPER. Address, 16, St. Saviour's Church-yard, Southwark, London, S.

Our Editorial Table.

NOTICE.

NEW WEEKLY JOURNAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—"THE PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS," price 3d. weekly, or free by post, 4d.—This journal must prove of the highest interest to every person wishing to become conversant with the beautiful and progressive art of Photography. Communications to be addressed to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, Belle Sauvage Yard, E.C.

AN ANXIOUS QUERIST.—The cessation of the signals from Newfoundland are supposed to have arisen from the circumstance of the cables close in shore not being sufficiently strong to stand the tremendous lashing of the Atlantic waves on the coast. This interruption is no cause for discouragement, since the possibility of telegraphic communication between England and America has been proved, and we have every reason to believe that it will be maintained. As soon as the interruption was made known the directors repaired to Valentia, and aided by various and practical electricians, began to investigate the cause of the stoppage, with the view to remedy the existing difficulty. Of course, this occasioned delay in opening the wire to the public. Instead, however, of being astonished at this impediment, we think it would have been a wonder if none had occurred.

A STUDENT.—Prince Alfred, the Queen's second son, is fourteen years of age. He was highly successful in the examination he recently underwent for a midshipman. This examination lasted four days. His proficiency was tested in arithmetic, algebra, plane trigonometry, Euclid, geography, sacred history, and history of England; and also in Latin, French, German, and English dictation. Prince Alfred will soon join his ship, and we understand he will be kept as strictly to the duties of a midshipman as though he were the son of an unknown individual. He will be neither in the captain's cabin, nor even in the ward-room, but among the juniors in the gun-room. In the education of her son the Queen has acted with that judgment which secures for her the confidence and respect of her subjects; and in this case, as in many others, she gives an excellent example to all mothers in England.

P. Q.—Pheasant-shooting begins in October. The pheasant is a native of Asia; the common fowl and the peacock are from India.

O. PENFOLD.—Westminster Bridge, shortly to be removed, was begun September 13, 1738; the first stone was laid January 29, 1738-9, and it was opened for passengers November 17, 1750. A new bridge is now in progress.

A WORKING GARDENER.—The dewpoint is the degree indicated by the thermometer when dew begins to be deposited. It varies with the degree of the moisture of the atmosphere. The more moist the atmosphere, the less the difference between its temperature and that of the dewpoint, and *vice versa*. When the air is saturated with moisture, and any colder body is brought into contact with it, deposition of moisture or dew immediately takes place on its surface. As we ascend into the atmosphere, the dewpoint remains stationary to great heights, and then falls suddenly to a large amount.

J. B. W.—The hours during which masters may require the services of apprentices must depend, as we have before stated, on the custom of the trade to which they are apprenticed. The usual number of working hours is twelve, including meals; but it is impossible, of course, for retail shopkeepers to abide by such rule. As to going to places of worship, taking care of children, recreations, &c., these must be regulated by circumstances, domestic arrangements, &c.

EXCELSIOR.—The engraving of "The Gentle Shepherd," in "Cassell's Art Treasures Exhibition," is from a painting by Sir David Wilkie.

A SUBSCRIBER.—It would be difficult to prescribe a cure for damp walls, unless we knew exactly what occasions the dampness. The following may be used with effect in most cases:—Boil two quarts of tar with two ounces of tallow for fifteen minutes; add to this two parts of dried slacked lime and one part of pounded glass which has passed through a sieve; then mix all together till they form a thin paste. In using it, do not mix up more than will do for one square foot of wall at a time, as it dries very quickly. To remedy a wall which is merely damp, lay on a coating about half an inch thick; but if the wall be wet, there must be a second coat.

J. H.—Capital *Victoria buns* may be made thus:—Mix one pound and a half of dried flour with half a pound of loaf sugar, pounded and sifted; melt a pound and two ounces of butter in a little warm water; add four spoonfuls of rose water, and the same quantity of cinnamon water; knead the above into a light dough with half a pint of yeast. Then mix in six ounces of Patras currants well washed and cleaned. Set it to rise by a fire till the oven be ready, and bake quickly on tins. The term *Queen's Cakes* is given to cakes made in a variety of ways. The following is strongly recommended:—Half a pound of the finest flour, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, the same quantity of powdered nutmeg, and a little mace; mix all well. Put in a wine-glassful of rose water. Add half a pound of loaf sugar pounded and sifted. Put these into a deep pan, cut up into it half a pound of fresh butter, warm them by the fire, and work them into a sort of cream, adding by degrees the spice and the liquor. Beat five eggs very light, and stir them into the mixture. Strain also the juice of a lemon, and beat the whole well. Butter some little tins, half fill them with the mixture, set them in a brisk oven and bake for a quarter of an hour. When done, turn them out, and place them upside down to cool. These cakes should have a slight coat of two of icing.

THEOPHILUS WIGGINS.—The spleen, or milt (sometimes called *melt*, though improperly), is an oblong, flattened organ, situated in the left side, in contact with the stomach and pancreas. Its exact use has never been described. The ancients supposed it to be the seat of melancholy, anger, or vexation, and sometimes of perverse mirth; but the reason for their doing so is not evident.

RICHARD.—It is intended to employ some auxiliary letter-carriers in the London districts, but the pay will not exceed

from 6s. to 10s. per week. The applicants must be of the ages of from seventeen to twenty-seven, and not less than five feet five inches in height. They will have to undergo a medical examination, to give satisfactory references as to character, to read manuscript readily, to write from dictation, and to be quick in working compound addition and subtraction of money.

BEAUTY.—We have so many letters on the subject of beauty, that it is evident our readers are unaware how little importance we attach to personal charms unenhanced by those of the mind. Our fair correspondent wishes to know if we consider that blue eyes and black hair are thought handsome. As, in all probability, the lady herself has blue eyes and black hair, it would be impolite to say we think them ugly; but, as it happens, we do consider blue eyes and black hair handsome, provided the blue eyes beam with intelligence, and the black hair is soft and shining from care and attention.

PISCES FETIDA.—You have certainly fixed upon a cognomen admirably illustrative of your taste and quality.

MAJOR PLINLIMMON AND D. JONES.—A receipt for varnishing maps, pencil drawings, &c., will be found in No. 41, page 240.

CONSTANT READER.—No silks look well after washing, however carefully it may be done; but you may try the following: When you have washed your dress in the usual way, spread it out as flatly and smoothly as possible on an ironing-board, the inside uppermost, and sponge it lightly and smartly with a very weak solution of isinglass. When dry, smooth it on the right side with an iron moderately hot. If you do not wish it to appear glossy, place thin paper between the silk and the iron.

K. B. E.—It is customary to use the term *brace*; but, as that word has so many different significations, we prefer the term *couple*.

SARAH ANN.—You can obtain the number you require by sending two postage-stamps to Messrs. Petter and Galpin; from whom also you may obtain "Cassell's Art Treasures Exhibition," price 8s., in handsome cloth boards; or, by post, 9s.

JUNICS.—Read the notice in the first column of "Our Editorial Table" in No. 41, for our answer as to your inquiries respecting photography.

A SCHOOLGIRL.—Use as much exercise as you can, and don't fret because you are somewhat shorter and stouter than you wish to be. *Yacht* is pronounced *yot*, or *cot*.

VERNON AND A CONSTANT READER are both greatly mistaken; the letter *d* is not wanting in the lines page 191.

S. B. SMITH.—Several tumultuous gatherings of the Chartists of the metropolis took place in the spring of 1848. What was called "the Great Demonstration" took place on Kennington Common, on the 10th of April in that year.

A. B. C.—"A bill of sale" is when a person borrows money, and delivers goods to the lender as a security, and, at the same time, gives him a bill empowering him to sell the goods if the money is not repaid at the appointed time, with interest.

JOSEPH.—*Coroner* is the title of an officer under the crown, established in Saxon times, for the purpose of attending chiefly to the property of the crown. Coroners were officers of the realm in A.D. 925. Coroners for every county in England were first appointed by Statute of Westminster, 4 Edward I., 1276. The principal function coroners now exercise is that of holding inquests on the bodies of such persons as either die, or are supposed to die, a violent death.

A YOUNGSTER AND J. B.—"Cassell's Educational Course" may be had complete in sixty-four numbers, 1s. 4d. each—8s. the set; or in six volumes, neatly bound, 15s. 6d.; or it may be had in monthly parts, 8s. 4d. or 10s. each, according to the number of weeks in each month; or in separate volumes, varying in price according to the quantity they contain.

A LOVER OF EDUCATION.—It is not usual to write the title *Esquire* in full, except in legal documents, and then only in reference to persons who have a just claim to it.

FRANCES EVANGELINA AND JANE C.—Wait a few years, and, in the meantime, apply yourselves to useful pursuits; being of the ages of fourteen and fifteen, you have, doubtless, much to learn.

ONE ON THE COAST.—*Samphire* is the *herba sancti Petri*, or St. Peter's wort, a corruption of the French *Saint Pierre*. This plant generally grows on the sea coast, and is used for pickling.

R. R.—We fear your agreement, as you describe it, is worthless. You should apply to a magistrate. What you have heard of Dick Turpin is fact; but poor Black Bess dropped down dead.

T. M. (Oundle), S. JAMES.—Write to the secretaries of the institutions for the particulars you desire.

FLEDA ROY.—You will find directions for making ice creams in No. 31, page 80.

CHARLEY.—You state that you have spots on your face, "arising from the heat of the blood, and obstructed perspiration;" you should consult your medical adviser as to the best mode of treatment.

TRUTH.—The best advice we can give you is this: direct all your energies to improve your fortunes. We are much mistaken if your success in life does not induce the parents of the young lady to withdraw their opposition.

A. D.—"Cassell's Illustrated History of England" will include all the leading events of the present reign, up to the period of publication.

CLUTHA.—"The Augustan Age" included a period commencing about thirty years before the birth of Christ, and terminating about fifty years after that event. It has been called also the golden age of Latin literature, as, during the reign of Augustus Cæsar such a number of illustrious writers flourished, as caused it to be distinguished as one of the great ages of human literary excellence. The term "the Augustan age of English literature" is usually applied to the reign of Queen Anne, during which period a considerable number of eminent literary men lived and flourished.

DUBLIN.—Apply to the Secretary of the Committee of Council on Education, Downing-street.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—You take a wrong view of the subject. Leave nature alone; that which you consider so disfiguring is looked upon by some as a beauty.

A FOUR YEARS' READER had better buy ready-made gunpowder, than run the very dangerous risk, and the great expense, of making it himself.

A DISTRESSED FATHER.—In the present state of India you will hardly be able to obtain your son's discharge.

JUDITH.—If a bill of sale has been previously obtained, it will stay an execution from the county court; or from any other writ in execution.

MERRISON.—The place, improperly called by many "Driest," is *Driffield*, a town in the eastern portion of Yorkshire.

M. A. DUNDON, WILLIAM WATTS, AND MERCANTILE, are all afflicted with a tendency to blushing. This tendency distresses them, but we see no reason for its doing so, since blushing is a very becoming proof of sensibility.

T. H.—Your friend is one among hundreds who have been disappointed in the expectations they formed as to the result of emigration; but we do not think it likely that he is on that account entitled to insist upon a free passage home. The demand for labour at the Cape, especially for mechanics and artisans, is still great.

TOTAL IGNORANCE.—We do not think you would be likely to succeed.

T. W.—Horn may be softened, bent, or moulded by means of heat and pressure.

PUMKIN.—You will find an excellent receipt for making ink suitable for window tickets in No. 17, page 272.

BLANCHE.—We certainly do not recommend "an only sister, with good references," to take the perilous situation of barmaid.

A FLATTERED ONE.—You wish to know why a young girl of seventeen always smiles when she meets you? If you are a suitor for her hand, we think you may interpret her smiles as a sign of preference.

A YOUNGEST SON.—A commission in a hussar regiment, together with the necessary equipments, would cost you nearly a thousand pounds, and you could not live in the same style as your brother officers on the income you speak of. We advise you to relinquish the idea of becoming a dashing hussar.

PATTY JONES.—If you and your lover are in a hurry to marry, merely because you fear you may alter your minds, we advise you to remain single. It is better to change before than after marriage.

LIZZIE.—You should never leave food in any metal vessel longer than the time in which it is actually being cooked.

RICHARD TYRRELL.—Wait till you have "popped the question." How can you tell there will be any occasion for the engagement ring? Until you know your fate, we advise you not even to think of the ring.

MARY ANNIE.—You would be considered a most ignorant lady's-maid if you remained unacquainted with millinery, dressmaking, and hair-dressing; and your wages would be comparatively low.

EVA HUGHES.—The Princess Alice is pleasing in appearance.—The language of white jasmine is, "I desire a return of my affection" (something like the language of most men).—The hair forwarded for our inspection is of a pretty shade of brown.

JIM.—You say you are so fond of onions you do not like to give them up, though you know they taint the breath. After eating onions, swallow parsley-leaves chopped up in vinegar. This will counteract the smell of the onions.

CALATHUMPIA.—Your question was answered in No. 37, page 176. J. W. R.—We do not furnish receipts for making explosives. DICK TYRRELL.—Apply to the Custom House.—J. B. B.—Mastic varnish is that most commonly used. MARS.—Apply to a sergeant of the Life Guards.

BARREPLACE, GILLAUDE, BALD, and ROSEBUD will find receipts for hair oils in previous numbers. J. HARRY should obtain medical advice. PAUL.—We decline offering an opinion as to the stability of newly-formed monetary associations. C. DIBBS.—You must obtain a letter of recommendation from a subscriber. EPAMINONDAR.—Do not tamper with your eyelids. Bathe them with rosewater morning and night. ROSE JANE.—Seek medical advice.

LOUISA.—Be content with your natural colour.

A LILY.—There was not any law to interdict the marriage of the Queen with one of her subjects; but such a marriage, it is thought, would have been inconsistent with the public interest.

FANNY.—The young man who obtained a sum of money from you to furnish a house previous to marrying you, may be prosecuted for felony since he has absconded with the said money. He was guilty of obtaining money under false pretences.

J. R. DENIS, EDGAR.—We decline furnishing directions for the manufacture of dangerous explosives and combustibles.

FAIR PLAY.—We advise you to have nothing to do with "the Royal Saxon State Lottery."

UPSILON.—Marcus Porcius Cato was born about 98 B.C. His profession was that of a soldier. His first military service was as a volunteer in the war against Spartacus, in Spain. He then went as a tribune in the army to Macedonia. He next became tribune of the people, and was afterwards made praetor. He joined the army of Scipio, and, on the defeat of that general, Cato shut himself up in Utica, where he put an end to his own life, 45 B.C.

HARRIETTE.—To "paint the lily, or perfume the rose," from "King John," Shakespeare, are figurative expressions to denote the idleness of attempts to improve that which has already reached perfection. Your table-cloth may be cleansed by the ordinary process of washing.

LOUISE.—The first Council of Trent assembled in the year 1545, and continued, but with interruptions, under Popes Paul III., Julius III., and Pius IV., to 1563, when the last council under this name was held.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER XCV.

Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.—THOMSON.

It would be difficult to describe the impatience of the heart which, after a long absence, the traveller feels to behold once more his native land. As he approaches the well-remembered shores, minutes seem hours, and the swift foot of time changes to the slug-

gard's pace; visions of home and kindred smiles, affection's kiss, and friendship's manly grasp grow doubly vivid, and slumber's dreams haunt the waking thoughts.

So strong was the desire of treading again the soil of England, that even Egypt's wonders lost their attraction; home was a spell more powerful than the pyramids to the returning wanderers, who, having taken the overland route, reached Alexandria in time to catch the steamer just as it was on the point of starting for Southampton. Without one sigh of regret for gorgeous Thebes, that monument of regal and sacerdotal magnificence, the sphinx, time's riddle, or the colossean Memnon, they joyfully embarked.

During the former part of their voyage Lieutenant Marsh had explained to Lillian the tie which existed between them. His object in leaving our hero in Calcutta had been to visit the distant station where the marriage of his sister with the unfortunate Allan

Boothroyd had taken place. It was in the hands of the rebels. Every paper and record had been destroyed.

"Let not that distress you," he frequently urged; "unlike man, Providence never leaves his designs imperfect; witnesses may yet be found."

This was, at least, a hope; and we know how fondly youth will cling to it.

Seldom had deeper or more tranquil happiness been found than in the hearts of those embarked on board the Fairy mail packet. Sir Charles and Fred Wharton were gradually recovering their health; and Rose—the grateful, happy Rose—could gaze with pride upon the manly form of her husband as he trod the deck; no longer a skulking felon, flying from justice, and haunted by terrors, but now free to meet the world, and throw it back its glance.

"We shall see St. Faith's again," she whispered, "and the kind familiar faces of our youth. Friend will smile upon us, and welcome our return."



JACK MANDERS RECOGNISES MIKE.

"You forget," answered Mark, doubtfully, "the woman."

"I forget nothing," interrupted his wife, with a cheerful smile; "their scorn will be for the heartless woman who tempted us, not her victims."

"How I will work," exclaimed the repentant man. "They must have wily tongues who lead me again to idleness. Rose," he added, and as the words that followed fell upon her ears, the arm of the speaker stole gently round her waist, "never, till misfortune overtook me, did I feel the real value of the treasure I possess. Dearer—dearer to me now than even at the moment which made you mine."

Mark Rayner, we suspect, is not the only husband in the world who has made a similar discovery. The heart of a true and faithful woman resembles, in one respect, the flower which, when crushed, exhales the most delicious perfume.

There is something contagious in happiness. Even Zamora, at times, forgot the terrible scene she had so lately passed through, as she sat listening to the grave remarks of the young soldier to whom she owed her life.

The baronet more than once hinted his suspicion to his wife that her widowhood would not prove interminable—an insinuation which her ladyship very properly refused to listen to, and declared the idea of such a thing preposterous.

Perhaps the kind-hearted speaker reconciled this opinion to her conscience by mentally adding "For at least a year to come;" if so, neither her husband nor our readers have the least right to accuse her of insincerity.

Even Jack Manders and Caleb had their projects; but, as it is no part of our plan to declare every mystery at once, we shall drop the veil, leaving it to time, the greatest of all tell-tales, to unveil them.

What bright and happy pictures of the future did our hero and Lillian draw as they sat hour after hour upon deck watching the vessel breasting the waves, or calculating the distance which still separated them from England. Shakespeare has told us, and every hour's experience confirms the wondrous wisdom of the great reader of the human heart, that the course of true love never did run smooth—that is to say, perfectly smooth. The fair girl had still one drop of doubt which mingled in her cup of happiness; and wisely so,—perchance the draught might have been too delicious else. Should it prove that she was the child of the poor soldier, Barney Gee, would the wealthy grandfather of her lover ever give his sanction to their marriage?

Richard smiled at her fears—nay, felt almost angry when she repeated them.

"Vain supposition!" he replied. "The old man loves me. If he has pride, it is the pride of honour; he is no worshipper of the herald's musty parchments; besides, have I not won the right to choose where my heart dictates? Lillian," he added, "you cannot count the affection that waits to welcome you—a mother's, sister's; scarcely dare I trust my lips to name them; tears drown my words when I anticipate the meeting."

The Fairy touched for a few hours at Malta; and, after a successful voyage, entered the Southampton waters. It would be difficult to describe the feelings of the hero of our tale or Lillian when they first caught sight of the still distant shore. Each remembered the circumstances under which they had quitted it—the former his parting with Mr. Bently on the beach, the latter being smuggled on board the Harold, beneath the cloak of Rose.

On reaching London, Richard's first visit was to Mr. Curry. The worthy merchant shook him cordially by the hand, and warmly congratulated him upon his safe return to England.

"You were reported dead," he observed, "and the intelligence has nearly broken my old friend's heart."

"Where is my grandfather?" impatiently demanded his visitor.

"At Meldown Park," replied the former. "This will be happy news to him; but it must be imparted gently; his health is much shattered."

"Is he there alone?"

"Alone," repeated Mr. Curry. "I guess the motive of your question, and can answer it. Your relative kept faith with you, and became reconciled to his daughter. The papers you forwarded from India enabled him to defeat the scheme of that unprincipled scoundrel, Carus Kearn, to blast the reputation of your father, and the reconciliation, from all I hear is complete."

"And yet he is at Meldown alone," observed our hero, regretfully. "I should have thought that at his age, and under such circumstances, his daughter would have been with him."

"He could not endure the sight of her tears. They

were a constant reproach to him," answered the merchant.

"My dear mother, then, knows—"

"She knows nothing," interrupted the old gentleman. "Morton and myself are the only confidants of his secret. Your grandfather could not bring himself to destroy the fond lingering hope of once more beholding her son. Her very life appears entwined with it."

"My poor mother," sighed the youth, "when will her sorrow end?"

"Soon, very soon, my dear boy!" exclaimed Mr. Curry, joyously. "You must proceed to Meldown at once; lose not an instant. I would go down with you myself, but the Indian mail has just arrived, and—let me see—I have it! I will send Banks, my cashier, with you. He is a prudent man, a father, and will know how to break the happy news."

"A thousand thanks for your consideration," replied Richard, "but it is unnecessary. The true and faithful friend who accompanied me to India, my guardian and adviser in every peril, will go with me."

"Lieutenant Marsh?"

"The same, sir."

"Glad to hear it," said the merchant, rubbing his hands; "deuced glad to hear it. A capital fellow—understands business. He has made one or two lucky hits. Yes, yes, you may trust to his discretion. But go at once," he added; "should my old friend read your name amongst the arrivals, the sudden shock might kill him."

His visitor informed him that both himself and his companion had taken the precaution of requesting the captain of the Fairy to suppress their names from the list.

"And an excellent one, too," observed the friend of his grandfather. "You are a noble fellow, and—but it would be absurd to offer services to one who, in all probability, will be a richer man than myself; but if ever Curry and Sons can be of any use to you, you may command them."

From the counting-house of his friendly correspondent, our hero returned to Mivert's Hotel, where he had left Sir Charles and the rest of his friends; to them he related all that had taken place in his interview with the merchant.

"He is right," said the baronet; "you must proceed at once to Meldown."

"Pardon me, my first visit ought to be to my mother," replied Richard.

Lady Bell and Lillian looked as if they thought so too, and smiled approvingly.

"Affection, doubtless, would dictate it," observed the lieutenant, "but prudence says no; the hand that deprived her of you, in justice ought to restore you; your grandfather's motives might be misconstrued else, and estrangement ensue."

There was so much truth as well as good sense in this objection, that the impatience of his ward gave way, and he consented to be guided by the advice of the speaker, who undertook to make arrangements for their departure that same evening.

One of the waiters informed our hero that Mr. Wharton had several times inquired for him, and was waiting to see him in his own room.

Richard had not forgotten the claims of friendship on the recollection of his school companion, but despatched the cornet immediately on his arrival in London to break the intelligence to Harry Morton, who had kept the secret intrusted to him at the risk of his own happiness, of which, by-the-bye, our readers will hear something more anon.

It was some time before mutual emotion permitted either of the long-separated friends to speak.

"Harry!" "Richard!" were the only words that escaped their lips as they stood grasping each other by the hand.

"Welcome back, a thousand times welcome back!" exclaimed the former, when he had at last recovered something like self-possession. "I can never tell you how deeply I have regretted your supposed death."

"I can imagine it by my own feelings," replied Richard, warmly.

"I never saw any one more upset by the intelligence than my father. Had you been his own son he could not have felt the loss more keenly. After having succeeded, too, in the object of your journey to India, it was terrible; but never mind that now. Thank heaven, the report has proved a false one. You must have seen much, endured much, and felt much. I trust you have returned heart whole?" he added, with a smile.

"Not quite, and you?"

"Haven't a bit of heart left," replied Harry, joyously; "and, what is more, have long since ceased to regret the loss of it. It was a precious mission, Richard, you intrusted me with."

"But you executed it?"

"Yes."

"And gave my dear mother the portrait?"

"Into her own hands."

"I do not see the peril you speak of," observed our hero, at the same time regarding his friend with serious air.

"Brothers are proverbially blind," observed Morton, with an arch smile.

"What," exclaimed Richard, "my sister Mary? I see it all. She must be a lovely girl now; and you are—"

"Exactly—that's it—over head and ears in love with her. I could not help it; and now the murder is out."

Then followed a mutual explanation and interchange of confidence, such as can only exist between friends who have tried and proved each other's worth. Our hero felt extraordinarily elated at the intelligence; for could he have chosen a brother-in-law from all the world, Harry would have been the man.

"You cannot imagine," observed the latter, "what I have endured—the test my friendship has been put to; but I kept your secret. First, I had to withstand your sister's smiles; that was difficult enough. Next, her tears; and they were ten times more persuasive. If ever I should make a figure as an Old Bailey lawyer," he added, "I shall date it to the experience I have had in cross-examination."

"Poor Harry, how little did we foresee the result."

"Of course we did not," replied the lover of Mary Markham. "Wisely or unwisely, mercifully or unmercifully, Providence conceals such dangers from us, and yet we fall into them with our eyes open. The intelligence of your death placed me in a most embarrassing position. Trusting to your return, I had promised that a few months should explain the mystery."

"It will soon cease to be one," said his friend; "I start to-night for Meldown."

"At what hour?"

"Eight."

"I shall be ready," replied Morton. "A note to my father, whose sanity I will scarcely undertake to answer for, when he hears that you are living—"

"Do you really intend to accompany me?" demanded our hero. "This is kind, indeed."

"Say rather selfish," observed Morton; "were I to lose sight of you for a single hour, I should imagine that I had been cheated by one of those day dreams so often indulged in—so seldom realised."

"I will not refuse your offer," said Richard; "the happiness it affords me is too great."

"Useless, my dear fellow, useless, if you did," exclaimed Harry, with a laugh. "I don't intend to part with you till I have seen you and Mary in each other's arms; then, and not till then, I shall consider my responsibility at an end, and leave you to take care of yourself."

When the speaker was introduced to Lillian, his friend could not avoid noticing the astonishment he evinced. In his present excited, happy state, he had forgotten the circumstance which called it forth.

"Pray, pardon me," said Harry, recovering himself; "but, really, the resemblance is so extraordinary that—Richard, you remember the portrait we were both so—that is to say," he added, correcting himself, "that you were so fascinated with at Meldown Park?"

"A family likeness," replied our hero; and looked as if he would have added, "only far more beautiful. Lillian is the niece of the late Sir Norman Boothroyd."

"Not the little girl that—I beg pardon, the young lady who was stolen from her friends at St. Faith's?"

"The same!" exclaimed Sir Charles Fourreau; "though how you became aware of the circumstance, I confess, puzzles me to guess."

"Nothing more easily explained," answered the young man. "A client of my father's, one Major Hawley, and his wife, a strong-minded woman, with a quick tongue and a warm heart, have been making fruitless efforts to discover her. The lady is Miss Boothroyd's godmother."

"I recollect the name perfectly," observed Lieutenant Marsh. "My sister frequently mentioned it in her letters to me. Perhaps we shall find that they were the witnesses of her marriage!"

The arrival of the lawyer threw still more light on the affair, although it was some time before he could answer the questions put to him, so elated did he feel at once more beholding the grandson of his friend. Harry declared that he had never seen his father so excited in all his life; the warmth of his congratulations equalled his own.

"If we were not likely to become brothers," he whispered in the ear of Richard, "I should absolutely feel jealous."

Mr. Morton promised to communicate with the major and his wife in the morning; adding that, for the present, it was his advice the return of the young lady to England should be kept a profound secret.

"Do you remember, Miss Boothroyd," he inquired, "a man named Fiddler Dick?"

Lillian had no recollection of the name. "A sort of mountebank, I believe, who obtained a living by the exertions of several children."

"But too well," answered the fair girl, blushing deeply at the recollection of the humiliations to which she had been exposed.

"And his wife, a coarse, vulgar woman, with beetle brows, and a voice to which a raven's would be music? She calls herself Bet."

Lillian shuddered. Years had not effaced the remembrance of the brutal violence of her former persecutor.

"Do you know such a person, sir?" demanded his son, greatly surprised.

"She is a client of mine," answered his father, drily, "and likely to prove a valuable one. Tomorrow," he added, "if Sir Charles Fourreau will honour me with a visit, I doubt not but I shall have important information to communicate."

"Willingly," said the baronet; "the interests of my adopted child, I feel assured, cannot be in safer hands."

The saying that Time flies swiftly when we are happy is a very trite one, but never was it felt more true than in the present instance. Richard could scarcely believe it possible when the lieutenant informed him that it was time to depart for Meldown.

The happy lover could not avoid contrasting his present adieu to Lillian with the misery of their parting in Calcutta. The future then appeared dark and clouded; now, all seemed bright and fair—a smile was on their lips, and sunshine in their hearts.

As a matter of course, he promised to write; and obtained a promise of receiving a letter daily.

It wanted about a week to Christmas when the party started for Meldown Park.

We must pass over the journey as far as Exeter, where the travellers were obliged to quit the railroad and proceed by post. St. Faith's being, as we observed at the commencement of our tale, such a remote, out-of-the-way place, that not a stage coach communicates with it, surveyors have forgotten to place it in the maps; we question if our readers would find it even on the Ordnance ones, and should not feel surprised if some of our critical readers did not write to the authorities to point out the omission.

We will willingly afford them all the information we possess upon the subject.

CHAPTER XCVI.

The wrathful winter, hast'ning on apace,
With blustering blasts, had all ybar'd the trees,
And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
With chilling cold had pierced the tender green;
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladsome groves, that now lay overthrown;
The tapets torn, and ev'ry tree blown down.

SACKVILLE.

SOME persons picture winter like old age—dull and cheerless; to others it is the season for sport and every manly enjoyment. It has, at least, one pleasure peculiar to itself, being the period of the year peculiarly set apart for the interchange of friendship, the re-union of long-severed families and friends, rejoicing to meet once more around the patriarchal board on that auspicious day, when peace on earth and goodwill to men was first proclaimed by angel tongues to the astonished shepherds on the mountain top.

The night, although intensely cold, proved a lovely one, and the chaise which conveyed the party towards Meldown rattled merrily along the crisp and level road. The fields and gently undulating hills, no longer clad in summer's verdure, or the more sober foliage of autumn, but in the silver livery of winter, appeared like a landscape carved in ivory, as they lay glittering in the light of the moon, which, like a lamp suspended in the heavens, shone brightly to light the impatient travellers on their way.

Jack Manders and Caleb, who occupied the rumble of the vehicle, enjoyed the journey exceedingly. It was home, and though neither of them could recall many happy days spent in England, the word had still a spell even for them.

"Do you know anything of the part of the country we are about to visit?" inquired Caleb of his companion.

"Not much," was the reply; "but I have a relative who resides there, a sort of uncle."

"Lucky fellow," said the sailor; "no doubt you are impatient to see him."

Jack admitted that he did feel rather impatient.

"I can imagine the pleasure of such a meeting."

"Can you!" exclaimed his friend, with a bitter laugh. "All I can say is, that your imagination must be exceedingly strong, then; for Andrew Sillex would sooner see the murrain amongst his cattle, or a bailiff in the farm, than the face of his nephew."

"What!" exclaimed Caleb, "the old rascal who trepanned you on board the Caradoc? Whew! I understand you now. Of course, you intend to thank him."

"Most affectionately," muttered the former. "But haven't you friends in England?"

"A mother," answered the young man, with a sigh, "and I dare not go near her yet."

"Why so?"

"I am not of age; when I am—"

"You intend to square accounts with your precious father-in-law," added Jack, finishing the sentence for him. All right, I can understand that. I, too, have certain family matters to settle. Suppose we assist each other."

The proposal was agreed to, and further explanations might have been entered into between the speakers, but for a circumstance which made a considerable impression upon the mind of one of them. Just as the chaise entered the common close to St. Faith's, a heavy-looking dog-cart, with two men in it, emerged from one of the by-roads. It was drawn by a powerful black horse, and both the occupants were muffled up to the eyes. But that might have been to guard against the cold. There was nothing in their appearance to indicate that the precaution was intended as a disguise.

On catching sight of the chaise, the driver of the dog-cart suddenly pulled up, as if uncertain which road to take; his hesitation, however, lasted but an instant, for on his companion exclaiming, "Take the left, can't yer?" he gave his horse the rein, and started at a rapid pace across the common.

It might have been that their route lay in that direction, but it was equally probable that they had changed it to avoid being recognised.

"What a powerful horse," observed Caleb.

His fellow-traveller took no notice of the remark; he was leaning over the side of the rumble, attentively considering the appearance of the two men; the voice of the one who gave the direction "to take the left," had evidently struck him.

"How very odd," added the speaker.

"What is odd?" demanded Jack, in the tone of a person whose reflections have been suddenly broken in upon.

"That they should have quitted the high road at our approach," answered his friend. "I wonder if they will take to it again, now that we have passed them."

"No doubt of it."

The supposition proved a correct one; for the two vehicles had not crossed each other more than a couple of hundred yards before the dog-cart was seen driving along the usual track.

Caleb repeated his observation, that it seemed very odd.

These circumstances, from whatever source, evidently made a great impression upon the mind of his friend, who, during the rest of the journey, appeared buried in his reflections.

It was nearly midnight when the chaise drew up at the little inn at St. Faith's. The landlord, who had long since retired to rest, had to be roused up, to receive the unexpected guests. A fire was speedily lit; and whilst our hero, the lieutenant, and Harry Morton stood over the crackling faggots, enjoying the blaze, Jack Manders proceeded to the stables to have a little private conversation with the ostler.

Caleb went with him.

At first the man, not over delighted, perhaps, at having been disturbed from his sleep by the arrival of travellers at such an unwonted hour, did not seem inclined to be very communicative, till the sight of a crown piece unlocked his tongue; then he could not be too communicative.

With a tact that might have done credit to an Old Bailey lawyer, Jack Manders proceeded to cross-examine him.

His first question was, "How far is the Home Farm from the village of St. Faith's?"

"About three miles."

"Who lives there?"

"The old steward, Andrew Sillex."

"Is he much liked in the county?"

To this inquiry the ostler appeared embarrassed how to reply, not knowing whether the speaker might be a friend or not of Andrew's. Of course he had no wish to offend a gentleman who paid for information so liberally.

"Some like him," he answered, "and some don't; for my part, I know nothing bad of him—that is to say, very bad."

"Or good, I should say," observed Caleb, amused at the hesitation of the speaker.

"Well, not much," said the man. "Mr. Sillex, like the rest of us, can't please every one; but he is in high favour with my lady."

"No doubt of that," thought Jack, remembering the scene he had witnessed in the park when Lillian was transferred from the care of Rose and her husband to that of Andrew.

"But he is rich," added the ostler, in a tone of confidence; a piece of information he thought that could not do any great harm either way.

"And does much good with his money?"

"I dare say he does, but I never heard on it."

"Has he many visitors?"

"None," said the man, "since his brother, who wor like him as one pea to another, staid wi' un."

"Is that long since?"

"More than a year last Michaelmas. The whole family, housekeeper and all, wor nearly poisoned."

"By accident?"

"No; by mushrooms."

Jack smiled. He could have made a shrewd guess at the nature of the accident the man spoke of.

"And now, my good fellow," he said, "before I propose to you to guide us to the Home Farm, for which service of course I am willing to pay you handsomely, for the hour is late, answer me one question more, and I have done."

"Ees, sir."

"Are you acquainted with any one in the neighbourhood who drives a dog-cart with a powerful black horse?"

The ostler considered for a few minutes; then shook his head. Evidently he was at fault.

"Not in this neighbourhood," he said. "Tims, of Exeter, has just such a trap, which he sometimes lets."

"And who is Tims?"

"A horse-dealer, who was in trouble about five years since consarning a hunter of Sir Norman's; but it turned out to be all right."

"Suppose," said the nephew of Andrew Sillex, "that I were on the common just where the three roads meet?"

"Near the old sign-post?" demanded his informant.

"The same."

"I know exactly the spot."

"Which would be my road to the Home Farm?"

"There be two roads; the one the chaise came by, through the village, is the nearest."

"And the other?"

"Goes round by the lane, between the Elms, Squire Thornton's place and the pits; but it be a long way round."

"Thee bees a mortal curious chap," thought the speaker, as Jack Manders called his companion aside, and held a brief conversation with him, which, for the benefit of our readers, we shall repeat.

"You recollect the dog-cart and the men?" he asked.

Caleb nodded in the affirmative.

"I cannot explain, even to myself, the effect their appearance, and, above all, the voice of the one who spoke, produced on me—it was my uncle."

"The steward?"

"No; Mike, his brother, the man who would have trained me in the same school of crime in which he himself was an adept. It is impossible I should be mistaken."

"Say improbable," observed his friend; "remember, we had been speaking of him just before."

"Silenced, but not convinced," replied Jack.

"Should my suspicions prove correct, he can be in this neighbourhood with no good design. Besides, he is an important witness in proving the claims of Miss Lillian."

"What do you propose?"

"To proceed to the Home Farm and watch."

"Then I am your man," exclaimed Caleb; "I would rather run the risk of going a dozen times upon a fool's errand than miss one occasion of rendering a service to my benefactor."

On being promised a second recompense for acting as their guide, the ostler readily consented to accompany them, and the three started at once, from the stables, on their way. The simple villager could not avoid wondering what business travellers who posted with four horses could possibly have at such an hour with Andrew Sillex.

It is now time to follow the two travellers in the dog-cart, who had shown so marked a desire to avoid observation by turning off the high road the instant they encountered the party in the post-chaise, and by that very act, as well as the sound of the voice of the one who spoke, excited the curiosity of Jack Manders.

For some time they continued to drive rapidly and

in silence, the tread of the powerful horse and rolling of the light wheels of the vehicle being scarcely heard upon the snow, which like a thick carpet covered the earth, and it was not till they reached the entrance to the narrow by-lane skirting Mr. Thornton's park of the Elms, that either of them uttered a word.

"Vel, which is the way now?" demanded the man who held the reins, in a thick, surly tone.

His companion pointed to the turning he should take.

"And how far is the crib?" added the speaker.

"About two miles."

"Long uns?"

"Pretty vell, for that," was the reply.

"Vy didn't yer say three at once?" observed the first speaker, who was evidently in no very amiable humour; perhaps the meeting with the chaise, or the coldness of the night, or the effect of both combined had ruffled it. "But it's like yer," he continued, "yer never could give a pal a straight-forard answer. It's my opinion yer were born with a throat twisted like a corkscrew. The truth, when yer does speak it—which ain't often—gets twisted into a lie afore it can wriggle itself out."

"And it's my opinion," retorted the person to whom this not very complimentary observation had been addressed, "that you ain't no heart for the business we are on. Better say so at once; not beat about the bush, and nag, nag, nag till I am tired o' hearin' on yer. I can get to Meriky without it."

"No, yer can't."

"You forgets the reward for your apprehension," answered the driver of the dog-cart. "Fifty pounds; it's more than yer worth."

"There is exactly the same sum for those who assisted me," quietly observed his companion.

By the above conversation, our readers have doubtless discovered that the suspicions of Jack Manders with respect to one of the parties were correct, the speaker being no other than Mike and his companion, his old pal, Fiddler Dick. We need scarcely add that the crib to which the latter person had inquired the distance, was the Home Farm.

Immediately after the escape of the old convict from Chatham dockyard, he proceeded, with his two friends, at once to London, as affording the best chance for concealment, and took a quiet lodging in a remote part of the town, far from his previous haunts. Here he and his companions agreed to remain for some time, in order to repose themselves for awhile, and mature their plans for the future; an arrangement which suited the mountebank and the warder Brandt exceedingly well, seeing that the expense was borne by Mike, and that it gave the former time for his *air* to grow again. Like Sampson, he felt he was not half himself, shorn of the hirsute honours of his head.

Although Fiddler Dick had always shown a peculiar pride in his *air*, it was not vanity alone that in the present instance prompted him to watch with all but parental fondness, the reappearance of two tender little sprouting corkscrew curls, which formerly dangled in well *iled* luxuriance, one by the side of each ear; prudence had something to do with it—for the Chatham, like the Brixton crop, is so well known to the police, that an experienced officer can tell by a glance at which of the establishments a gentleman's hair had last been cut.

We remember, during that delightful parody upon a republic which our lively Gallic neighbours got up a few years since, for the amusement and astonishment of Europe, a similar fashion being introduced in France; the mode of wearing the hair became the type of party. The principles of the citizen whose locks were cropped *à la Brutus—Anglice, à la Brixton*—admitted of no dispute; whilst, on the contrary, long curls and the beard *à la Henri Quatre* were considered unmistakable signs of aristocracy and disaffection. As a matter of course, neither the mode nor the form of government identified with it could last. The hair-dressers, who found their interests compromised, felt disgusted with both. Some persons, not behind the scenes, attribute the fall of the republic to Louis Napoleon. Let every man enjoy his own opinion; we know the influence which really brought about the *coup d'état*, and had we been consulted, might possibly have suggested the means of avoiding it.

Had the National Assembly, instead of indulging in long, dreary harangues, consulted, as they ought to have done, the genius of the people for whom they legislated—*vide* Archbishop Whately's "Logic"—and invented a more becoming mode of wearing the hair—something *piquant, bizarre, ravissant, bien original*—France might have remained republican to the present day to amuse us still.

Not that England has the least cause to complain of the empire in the last respect, and it would be singularly ungrateful to hint at such a thing.

Before any of our readers are rash enough to dissent from our proposition, or suspect us of advancing it in jest, let them reflect how much the charming Empress Eugénie has done to establish her husband's dynasty by the invention of crinoline.

But to return from our digression. Well, there—it is a dreadful habit; we admit it, and, having said our *mea culpa*, promise to offend no more.

It was cautiously and by slow degrees that the two worthies proceeded to unfold their project to Brandt. Not that they gave him credit for entertaining many scruples—like their own, his conscience was a convenient one; but at present he had given no proof that it would stretch to burglary, or possibly, to a still darker crime.

When fairly informed of their purpose, the ex-gaoler's only anxiety appeared to regard the chances of success and probable amount of plunder; satisfied on these points, he made no further objection, but at once consented to assist in the scheme of robbing the Home Farm.

He had preceded them in their journey to St. Faith's only a day before, in order to ascertain whether the steward was absent from his home or not, and to make such inquiries and observations as might prove useful to them.

On reaching the croft, an extensive field between the farm and the common, Mike touched the arm of his companion—a signal for him to pull up.

"Is this the place?" growled Fiddler Dick.

The old convict pointed to the house, which was plainly to be seen in the moonlight.

"And where is Brandt?" added the speaker.

"Oh! he can't be far off," was the reply.

Mike gave a sharp, peculiar whistle—something resembling the cry of a bird—and the next instant their confederate made his appearance from the other side of the hedge.

"All right?" inquired the mountebank.

"The steward is at the farm, and I have sawn through the bars of the shutters, as you directed," replied the ex-gaoler; "but I am not all right; my teeth are chattering with the frost; and I dared not venture a second time into the village—the hobnails questioned me enough this morning when I arrived there."

"It is cold," said Mike, complacently. "A drop of this will warm you."

The speaker handed him his pocket flask, which was half filled with spirits. Brandt eagerly drank off the contents.

"Why, you have drained it all!" exclaimed the ruffian, with a chuckle.

"And little enough, too," answered the man. "I wish you had been watching and shivering behind that infernal hedge as long as I have, that's all."

"Well, well," observed Fiddler Dick, in an ironical tone, "it will soon be over, now; take the rug out of the cart, wrap yourself up in it whilst I and Mike crack the crib."

"You won't be long—I feel plaguy sleepy," muttered Brandt.

Instead of appearing angry at the speaker's expressing an inclination to sleep at such a time, his confederates seemed highly amused at the idea; and, after securing the horse to one of the branches of a stunted pollard growing near, advanced cautiously towards the house, Mike, being acquainted with the place, leading the way.

The abode of Andrew Silex was one of those old-fashioned residences, half mansion, half farm, which were so common in England, and which may still be found in remote nooks and corners of the country.

It had been intended originally, we believe, as a residence for the dowager ladies Boothroyd, but if so, a century at least must have elapsed since it had been occupied by any one of them, for the building had been permitted to fall into decay, and a wing, the foundation of which might still be traced on the north side, now the principal entrance, pulled down.

On the south was the large bay window, belonging to the oak-room, the sanctum of the old steward, his chamber being directly over it. The rooms occupied by the housekeeper and farm servants, were situated on the opposite side of the house.

Mike was perfectly aware of his brother's habit of passing the greater portion of the night in the oak-room, to watch over his treasures, and had taken his measures accordingly.

Like most sullen and revengeful natures, he anticipated with delight the moment when he should have his respectable and affectionate twin completely in his power, and repay him for the years of misery he had endured at the hulks.

The debt, if not morally, was at least partially a just one; and the old convict was the very person to exact it to the last stiver.

For several days, Andrew Silex had been in a state

of pleasing excitement; he and Lady Boothroyd had come to an understanding at last; the codicil to his first master's will, by which, in the event of Sir Norman's death without male heirs, the property was to be equally divided between his female issue and that of Allan Boothroyd, was to be given up, and the price of its concealment paid.

To be sure, the sum he had agreed to accept was not near so large as the one he had once calculated upon, but then he was getting old, and could not afford to wait any longer; besides, he had no Lillian to produce. Mike had checkmated him in that game; and he considered that, under all the circumstances, he had made the best of the affair. As he had arranged to start the following morning at an early hour for London, Andrew retired sooner perhaps than usual to the oak room, in order to look over his papers, and take additional precautions for the security of his badly-earned wealth.

Had not his attention been absorbed in the contemplation of his treasure, as he knelt over the chest which we had occasion to describe in a former chapter, the old miser might have noticed how the candles upon the table flared in their sockets; but he saw nothing but his gold, felt nothing but the glittering pieces as he counted them. No wonder that the current of air from the half-opened shutter escaped his observation, especially as it was somewhat broken by the heavy moreen curtain drawn before the window.

"Only to think," he muttered, as he drew from a packet of parchments the codicil to his first master's will, "that this scrap of paper should be worth fifteen thousand pounds!"

Little did the wretched man imagine that other ears drank in his words.

"With this," added Andrew, still speaking, as he thought, to himself, "I could blight the memory of the dead, blast the reputation of the living, and—well! well!—money is better than revenge; and, after all, fifteen thousand pounds is not to be despised."

There were two listeners behind the curtain who thought so too.

"And after all," continued the old man, falling into a cynical vein, "what can I do with it? I must die one day or another, and can't take it with me; there is the drawback—the bitterness of being rich. We toil that others may spend,—sin that others may enjoy the fruit of our crime."

"Think of your relations, Andrew!" exclaimed a well-known voice, in a chuckling tone.

The steward started to his feet; but before he could call for assistance, or utter a single cry, an iron grasp fastened round his throat, and he was forced upon his knees again.

Whilst engaged with the contents of the chest, the two ruffians had crept from their place of concealment and secured him.

"Take the knife," whispered Fiddler Dick to his companion, "it is in my left-hand pocket; it won't do for me to let go my hold."

"Not yet," answered Mike, who had been quietly barring the door; "there is no hurry, is there? Andrew, we must have a little brotherly conversation first; I have not thanked yer yet for the year's board and residence ye wor good enough to provide me. To be sure, government paid the bill; but yer kindness wor none the less."

Andrew Silex uttered a half-stifled groan, and there was an expression of agony in his dull gray eyes which amused his affectionate twin exceedingly.

"Stash it," muttered the mountebank.

"Not yet," repeated his confederate; "let him taste it, as I have done."

Mike walked to the still open chest, and began filling his pockets with gold and notes, till his brother, mad and desperate at being plundered thus before his eyes, made violent efforts to release himself.

"Take it quietly," said his tormentor; "I was obliged to do so. How much did yer say this dokerment was worth? Fifteen thousand pounds? Too much money, Andrew, to have been honestly come by."

"The knife, I say!" exclaimed Fiddler Dick, whose patience began to give way. "Are yer mad?"

"Yer shall have it in a minute," replied his companion in crime; "can't yer let a pal have a little quiet enjoyment. I'd ha' done more nor that for you, Andrew," he added, chinking a handful of gold in the face of the unhappy man. "How is *mushrooms*?"

Andrew uttered a second groan, much fainter than the first; his breath was fast failing him, beneath the pressure of the mountebank's fingers, which encircled his neck like a collar of iron.

"And the worthy housekeeper wot cooks 'em so well," added Mike; "she'll be rayther surprised in the mornin', I'm thinkin'."

Here Fiddler Dick declared with an oath that he

would hold the steward no longer. Mike heard him with regret; for, like the tiger, he felt a savage pleasure in prolonging the torments of his victim. As his confederate was not a person to be trifled with, he consented, although with reluctance, to abridge his enjoyment, and thrusting his hand into the mountebank's left-hand pocket, drew forth the knife.

A film came over the sight of Andrew Silcox as he saw his brother deliberately open it.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.—CHRONOLOGY.

In the history of particular nations we are continually meeting with computations of time, which, in order to make them intelligible to us, we must reduce to our ordinary chronology.

In the history of the Chaldean kings, the writer (Berosus) computes by *Sari, Neri, and Sosi*. These measures of time, though well understood in the age of the historian, are unknown to us, any further than that they are certain collections of years, the number of which we are unable to ascertain.

The *Jubilees* and *Sabbatical* years of the Jews are better understood, and of far more importance than these Chaldean computations. As among the Jews, every seventh day was holy and a day of rest, so every seventh year was a Sabbath for the ground, which the people were neither to sow nor reap. Thus, there were weeks of years as well as weeks of days. The year of *Jubilee* was held every fiftieth year (Lev. xxv. 10), and was a year of universal joy and festivity, being marked by the reversion of all mortgaged estates to their original owners, and the emancipation of all Hebrew slaves.

Amongst the ancient Greeks, the method of computation was by *Olympiads*. An Olympiad was a period of four years, at the expiration of which the Olympic games were celebrated, near Olympia, in Peloponnesus. They are said by some to have been instituted by Hercules, in honour of Jupiter; but being afterwards discontinued, they were revived by Iphitus, 776 years before Christ. From this time they were continued without interruption, and became the periods from which the Greeks computed their years.

The *Lustrum* was a Roman institution, and employed by them to signify a space of five years. It took its rise from the institution of the census by Servius Tullius. By the order of this king, the number of the people, and the value of their estates, were taken every fifth year; and at the completion of the census a sacrifice was offered for the sins of the people, and the ceremony was called *lustrum*, from a word signifying *paying, expiating, or clearing*.

Epochs are certain fixed points of time, from which our computations may begin, and to which other calculations may be referred. Where different epochs are used, as is frequently the case in history, we must have some common measure by which to compare them together, and discover what relation they bear to one another. The Creation of the World, the Deluge, the Olympiads, the Building of Rome, the Birth of Christ, are all celebrated eras in history. But it is evident that before we can arrive at any just conception of the connection of these events, we must throw the whole train of past events into one connected series.

This is accomplished by what is known as the Julian period. It would be beyond our purpose to enter into any explanation as to the computation therein adopted, or the theory on which those computations are founded. It will suffice to state that the first year of the Christian era coincides with the year 4714 of the Julian period; and that, according to the commentators, 4,713 years had elapsed before that event. If, therefore, to any year of our Lord's nativity (commonly represented by the initials A.D., *Anno Domini*, in the year of the Lord) we add 4,713, that will be the year of the Julian period answering to the given year of the Christian era. Thus, the present year of our Lord, 1858, is 6571 of the Julian period. The Turks compute their year from what is called the *Hegira*. This takes its rise from the occasion of the flight of Mahomet from Mecca. The first year of the *Hegira* corresponds with A.D. 622; this number added to 4713, gives 5335, the year according to the Julian period.

The reduction of the year and epoch after the Christian era to the Julian period is extremely easy. Those which precede it cost a little more time, it being necessary to ascertain the year before the birth of Christ in which they took place. As soon as we have ascertained this, we have only to sub-

tract that number from 4713, and the result given is the corresponding Julian period. The Olympiads began B.C. (before Christ) 776, which, subtracted from 4714, leaves 3938 for the year of the Julian period. Rome, according to Bishop Usher, was founded B.C. 748, this number taken from 4714 leaves 3966, the year of the Julian period corresponding to that of the building of Rome.

It is only by thus comparing dates with some fixed standard that we can arrive at anything like a connected view of the progress of history. By the use of such a standard we can compare events occurring at one part of the world with circumstances taking place at another, and can bring our historical reading into a connected and consistent form. By keeping this general plan constantly in mind, we are enabled to read our historians with much more advantage than could otherwise be the case. The knowledge we thus acquire of the general course of ages preserves our facts unconfused, and enables us to digest our historical reading by referring each event to that period to which it properly belongs.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I HOPE that to-day you can tell me the names of all the colours in French," said George to Robert, when next the friends met.

"Oh yes, I recollect them all, that is all you dictated to me," answered the pupil; "but you did not say what the French for pink was."

"In French," replied George, "pink is *rose*, and *rose*, like all other colours, is of the masculine gender; but when *rose* means a flower, bear in mind it is feminine, *la rose*, the rose; *le rose*, the colour we call pink. I have not much more to say about colours, except to direct your attention to the changes some of them undergo, when used for feminine substantives. *Blanc*, which becomes *blanche*; *jaune*, yellow; *olive*, olive; *pourpre*, purple; and *rouge*, red, are the same in both genders; but *brun*, brown; *gris*, gray; and *vert*, green; becomes feminine in the general way, viz., by the addition of *e* to the masculine.

"Flowers and colours seem to present themselves to the mind at one and the same time, so you may as well add to your vocabulary the names of some of these ornaments of creation, so often considered as emblems of the ladies."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
Flowers	Les fleurs
The lily of the valley	Le muguet
The narcissus	Le narcisse
The myosotis	Le myosotis
The pink	L'œillet
The auricula	L'oreille d'ours
The heartsease	La pensée
The primrose	La primevère
Mignonette	Le réséda
The rose	La rose
The moss-rose	La rose moussueuse
The sunflower	Le soleil
The tulip	La tulipe
The violet	La violette
The anemone	L'anémone
The balsam	La balsamine
The bluebell	Le buclut
The camellia	Le camélia
The dahlia	Le dahlia
The passion-flower	La fleur de la passion
The geranium	Le géranium
The gilliflower	La girofée
The heliotrope	L'héliotrope
The hyacinth	La jacinthe
The jasmine	Le jasmin
The lilac	Le lilas
The lily	Le lis
The Michaelmas daisy	La marguerite

"To-day's exercise is on numeral adjectives; and, in order to write French correctly, you must, among many other rules, pay particular attention to the following ones:—

"The word 'hundred,' *cent*, takes the plural termination, provided it is not followed by another number, for instance, 'Two hundred months,' 'Deux cents mois.' But 'Two hundred and one months,' would be written, 'Deux cent-un mois.' In like manner, 'Eighty boys' would be 'Quatre-vingts garçons,' and 'Eighty-two boys,' 'Quatre-vingt-deux garçons.' But, if used instead of an ordinal adjective, *cent* does not take the plural; thus, 'A great conqueror died in the year 800,' you must translate thus, 'Un grand conquérant mourut en l'an huit cent.' I have already touched upon the subject of the word 'A thousand,' *mille*, when employed in dates. You may recollect it is written *mil* if other numbers follow it. The year '1858' may be written 'mil huit cent cinquante-huit,' or 'Dix-huit cent cinquante-huit.'

The word *mille*, meaning mile, forms its plural by the addition of *s*.

In French, *and* is not used with adjectives of number, excepting for the sake of sound in such cases as 'vingt-et-un,' 'twenty-one,' &c.

EXERCISE.

ADJECTIVES OF NUMBER.

1. Out of one hundred persons, there are eighty who sacrifice the future to the present. 2. One of the most celebrated edifices in China is the tower of porcelain, two hundred and eighty feet high; the staircase which leads to the top has four hundred steps. 3. Charlemagne was elected Emperor in the year eight hundred. 4. Xerxes came to attack Greece with eleven thousand men; others say with seventeen hundred thousand. 5. The Ganges, one of the greatest rivers of Asia, throws itself into the sea, after having run over more than eighteen hundred miles. 6. The battle of Pavia was fought in the year one thousand five hundred and twenty-five. 7.

The infantry amounts to one hundred and twenty-six men. 8. He owes us one thousand four hundred and sixty-five pounds. 9. How many days have you been detained in London? One hundred. 10. How many guns have they ordered? One thousand. 11. Napoleon went to Russia in the year one thousand eight hundred and twelve, and Louis the Eighteenth returned to France in the year eighteen hundred and fourteen. 12. George the Fourth was crowned in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty, or one thousand eight hundred and twenty-one. 13. The army consists of two hundred and fifty thousand four hundred and twenty-five men.

LE CORRIGE.

1. Sur cent personnes, il y en a quatre-vingts qui sacrifient l'avenir au présent. 2. Un des édifices les plus célèbres de la Chine est la tour de porcelaine, haute de deux cent quatre-vingts pieds; l'escalier qui conduit au sommet a quatre cents marches. 3. Charlemagne fut élu empereur en l'an huit cent. 4. Xercès vint attaquer la Grèce avec onze mille hommes; d'autres disent avec dix-sept cent mille. 5. Le Gange, l'un des plus grands fleuves de l'Asie, se jette dans la mer, après avoir parcouru plus de dix-huit cents milles. 6. La bataille de Pavie fut livrée en l'an mil cinq cent vingt-cinq. 7. L'infanterie se monte à cent vingt-six hommes. 8. Il nous doit mille quatre cents soixante-cinq livres. 9. Combien de jours avez-vous été détenu à Londres? Cent. 10. Combien de fusils avaient-ils commandés? Mille. 11. Napoléon alla en Russie en dix-huit cent douze, et Louis Dix-huit revint en France en dix-huit cent quatorze. 12. Georges Quatre fut couronné en mil huit cent vingt (ou dix-huit cent vingt), ou dix-huit cent vingt-et-un. 13. L'armée consistait en deux cent cinquante mille quatre cent vingt-cinq hommes.

"Let us now go on with the 'Voyage à Paris,' and I shall make it the means of telling you something about the Post-office.

LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

L'HÔTEL DE LILLE ET D'ALBION.

Gentlemen, I hope you slept well last night? Messieurs, j'espère que vous avez bien passé la nuit? Perfectly; and now we are excessively hungry. Parfaitement; et nous avons une faim de loup.* Breakfast awaits you. Le déjeuner vous attend. We do not wish to breakfast until we have been to the post-office. We expect news from England. Non ne voulons pas déjeuner avant d'avoir été à la poste aux lettres. Nous attendons des nouvelles de l'Angleterre. In that case, take your passport. En ce cas, prenez votre passe-port. If you do not show your passport, they may refuse you your letters at the post-office. Si vous ne montrez pas votre passe-port, on pourra refuser de vous donner vos lettres à la poste. Sir, I expect a letter addressed "poste restante" coming from London. Monsieur, j'attends une lettre poste restante, venant de Londres. Have the goodness to tell me your name? Veuillez me dire votre nom?

* *Faim de loup*, literally, "the hunger of a wolf," meaning excessive hunger.

† *Poste restante* is the principal post-office in any town. As travellers leaving their country cannot always tell their friends for certain at what hotel they will stop, the best way is to direct that letters should be addressed to them at the *poste restante* of any town where they are expected to arrive. The letters remain at the *poste restante* till called for.

‡ *Veuillez*, the second person plural of the imperative mood of the verb *vouloir*, "to will." It has the same effect as "have the goodness to." It is an elegant mode of expression, and one we recommend to our pupils.

My name is Robert.
Show me your passport, or
a letter proving your iden-
tity.

Here is my passport.
And here is your letter.
At what o'clock does the mail
leave this place?

At seven o'clock every even-
ing.
Would you have the kindness
to tell me at what o'clock
they make up the last col-
lection from the letter-
boxes?

At five o'clock. Do you want
any postage stamps?
Yes, in order to frank my
answer.

Je m'appelle Robert.
Montrez-moi votre passe-
porte, ou bien une lettre
constatant votre identité.
Voici mon passeport.
Et voici votre lettre.
A quelle heure la poste aux
lettres part-elle d'ici.
Tous les soirs à sept heures.

Auriez-vous la bonté de me
dire à quelle heure on fait la
dernière levée des boîtes?

A cinq heures. Avez-vous
besoin de timbres?
Oui, pour affranchir ma ré-
ponse.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION.—

OF THE SOUND *u*.

This sound has no corresponding one in English; it
is similar to that of *u*, but a little broader, as in the
French words *flûte*, *flûte*, *nous fûmes*, we were, *crû*,
grown, &c.

This sound is also the result of the following com-
binations:—*eu*, in *nous eûmes*, we had; *ue*, in *gue*,
homlock.

The circumflex accent is the result of the suppres-
sion of the letter *s* after the vowel *u*, as it was in the
ancient orthography; thus, *nous fûmes* is now written
nous fumes, we were; *flûte* is written *flute*, &c.

Thus the sound *u* is represented by *û*, *u*, *ue*, &c.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XXII.

MICROSCOPES (Continued).

565. How is the magnified object seen?—It is
received on a screen in the dark room, placed at the
distance of 20 or 30 feet from the microscope, and is
visible from all parts of the room.

566. How much does a good solar microscope
magnify?—About 10 million times; that is, it would
take 10 million animalcules to fill up the spot on the
screen that is occupied by the image of one of them.

567. Mention some of the astonishing results that
have been obtained with the solar microscope.—The
most diminutive insects are magnified into creatures
of large size. A drop of vinegar is seen thronged
with cels, and a film of stagnant water becomes a
large pool, in which a host of strange animals are
darting about and preying on one another.

568. Mention other remarkable results. — The
delicate and intricate structure of plants and flowers
is distinctly seen, and the wonderful processes of
crystallisation, from the beginning to the close, go on
before the eye.

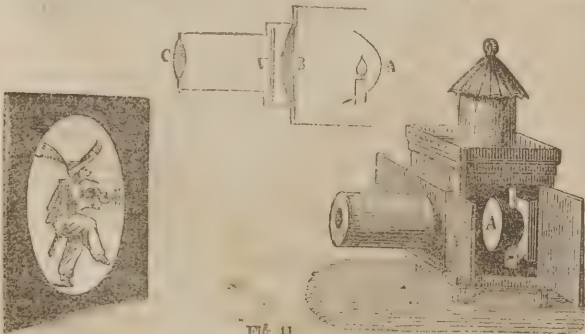


FIG. 11.

569. What is the second method of illuminating
objects that are to be magnified?—By concentrating
on them the light of a lamp.—This is the arrangement
in the *Magic Lantern*.

570. What objects are put near the focus of the
magnifying lens?—Small pictures, painted in trans-
parent colours on glass.

571. Why is the apparatus represented in Fig. 41
called a magic lantern?—Because of the astonishing
effects and wonderful illusions that may be produced
by it. The figure represents the magic lantern and
the arrangement of the lens. A is the reflector; B and
C, lenses; and D the painted slide.

572. What is the best and most convenient form of
microscope for the careful examination of minute
objects?—The *Compound Microscope*. The object is
seen through two lenses placed at the ends of a tube
about seven inches long.

573. What is the magnifying power of *COMPOUND*
microscopes?—They have been made to magnify
3,000 times, and to show lines marked on glass so
close together that 80,000 of them would occupy only
an inch.

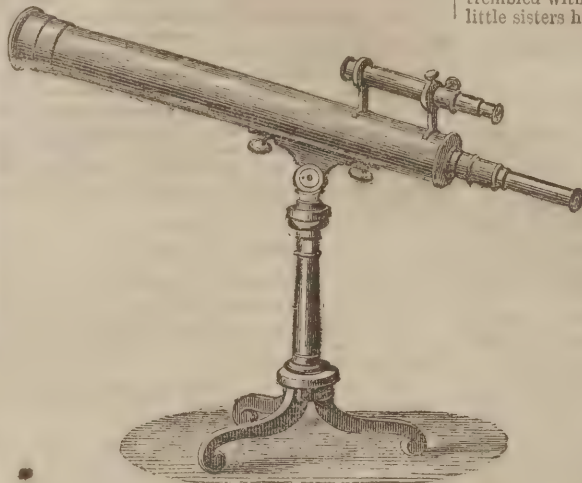


Fig. 42.

THE TELESCOPE.

574. What is the construction of the common
telescope for viewing the heavenly bodies?—It con-
sists of two lenses placed at the opposite ends of a
long tube.

575. What are these called?—The smaller one,
into which the eye looks, is called the *eye-glass*, and
the other the *object-glass*.

576. What is the diameter of the object-glass
called?—The *aperture* of the telescope; the quantity
of light coming from the object, that enters the
telescope and passes on to the eye, depends upon the
size of this lens.

577. How does a telescope enable us to see distant
objects more distinctly?—The object-glass forms an
image of the object at its focus within the tube, and
the eye-glass magnifies that image, just as a pocket
microscope magnifies the letters of a book.

578. How does the telescope enable the astronomer
to see remote objects in the heavens, which are not
visible to the naked eye?—The object-glass is much
larger than the pupil of the eye, and condenses into a
small space near the eye a much larger quantity of
light than the naked eye would receive.

579. What is the power of a tele-
scope to reveal remote, invisible
objects called?—Its *space-penetrating*
power.

580. How is the magnifying power
of a telescope ascertained?—By di-
viding the focal length of the object-
glass by the focal length of the eye-
glass. For example: if the former
were 20 feet and the latter 1 inch (or
one twelfth of a foot), the magnifying
power would be 12 times 20, or 240.

581. Long telescopes must then be
more powerful than short ones—does
not the real effectiveness and value
of a telescope depend also upon the
size of the object-glass?—It does; a
telescope of large aperture furnishes
more light, and thus admits of the use
of a more powerful eye-glass. We
have already seen that it is more effective for the dis-
covery of remote invisible objects.

DEAD AND ALIVE.

DEAD?—and what was that death?

There was the sound of weeping about my couch,
tears fell like rain upon my face, lips pressed mine
with passionate kisses. Surely I was dreaming.
And yet for hours I had been striving to shake off
the spell of that horrible vision—for vision it was.
For hours I had struggled with the strange torpor
that was upon me, the torpor that benumbed my
limbs, chilled my blood, and stagnated my pulses.

For hours I had heard that desolate sound of sobbing,
felt the tears dropping on my forehead, the pressure
of caressing lips against my own. I had heard my
mother's voice calling my name in tones of agonising
entreaty, and tried in vain to answer her. My father
had lifted me in his arms, pressed my face against
his bearded cheek, chafed my cold hands, called me
by all the pet names I had ever known, and when I
gave him no response, he laid me back upon my
pillow, and, kneeling beside the bed, sobbed and
trembled with the strength of his great grief. My
little sisters had stood on tiptoe by my side, smoothed
back the hair from my forehead
pitily with their dimpled fin-
gers, hushed the glad music of their
childish voices into silence, and
lisp'd that terrible word whose
meaning had always been a mys-
tery to them—death!

Death! What had death to do
with me? Was I not alive? Could
the dead hear?—could the dead
feel?—could the dead think? How
slowly dawned the fearful truth
upon my mind! How long, how
fiercely, how resolutely I combated
the cruel reality of my situation!
How eagerly I tried to convince
myself that I was indeed dreaming
all the while; that I should awaken
soon from that disturbed slumber;
that I should remember the sob-
bing, the tears, the wild words, as
only the bitter ingredients of a
troubled vision! How lingeringly
hope gave way to fear, and fear
lapsed into the dead calmness of
despairing certainty! I knew it all
at last.

It was the second morning of May. I had been
out the whole day before, with my mates, gathering
flowers. All the dewy morning, the quiet forenoon,
and the long, golden afternoon, we wasted wandering
in the cool, shadowy old wood, winding our hats with
festoons of evergreen, and crowding our hands with
the pink and white blossoms of the sweet arbutus.
I was very, very weary when I reached home at twi-
light, too weary even to taste the tempting supper
which waited for me; so tossing my flowers idly
upon the table, I went up to my room, and throwing
aside my hat and shawl, flung myself upon my couch.
But the delicious repose I had anticipated did not
come to me. My weariness increased rather than
diminished. It seemed as if a belt of iron girdled my
head—as if a hand of ice was pressing coldly against
my heart. I did not attempt to account for the un-
natural sensations I experienced, attributing them
all to my excessive fatigue, and supposing they
would of course pass away with that. Lying thus, I
fell into a kind of stupor, a stupor that seemed like
the approach of sleep, and yet was not sleep; a feel-
ing of numbness, of languor, of oppressive drowsiness,
and then followed unconsciousness.

When I awoke, it was to hear every member of
the collected household lamenting me as one dead.
I tried to answer them, to force my rigid lips into
speech, to open my shut eyes, or move my heavy
arms—but in vain. My will had no control over my
body. I felt that girdle of iron still about my head
—that hand of ice still crushing my heart; and every
effort I made to release myself from the spell but
tightened their death-like pressure. I thought I was
in a nightmare; but no nightmare ever lasted like
that. I could give no solution to the mystery of my
utter feebleness. I had read often of persons lying
for weeks in trances that had every appearance of
death, of men and women buried alive; and finally
the awful thought forced itself home upon my mind
—I was to be the victim of a like fate! I, like them,
was doomed to have the sunlight, the blessed air,
the sights and sounds of life shut out from me for
ever, before my time! I, too, was to suffocate in a
living tomb, to revive, perhaps, at the last moment,
only to strangle and writhe and die in my narrow
coffin home. The white shroud-plaits would be
folded across my bosom while a living heart was
beating underneath. The coffin-lid would be fastened
down above my face, the green sods piled upon my
breast, while death lingered a truant on his way, to
torture me. The thought was anguish most mad-
dening, terror most awful, agony the most unendur-
able.

The family physician came, and laid his hand pro-
fessionally upon my heart. How bitter were my feel-
ings towards him when he turned away and assured
my weeping friends, in his cool, methodical, business
tones, as if it were the commonest matter in the world
that there was no life remaining. Oh, the sufferings

of that moment! Passionately I strove to signify that I was not dead—strove to gasp, to stir, to unclose my eyes, to speak even in the faintest whisper. No motion, not so much as the tremor of an eyelid—no sound, not even an audible breath, rewarded my eager efforts.

The May wind, fresh and cool from the meadow lands, came in and drifted mockingly across my face. I could hear the crimson-breasted robins calling to each other from the budding hawthorn. I knew when the sunlight came and crept over my chamber floor, till it slanted in a golden line across my forehead. And then kind hands closed the blinds and drew the curtains closely over the windows. The room was hushed and darkened, and I was left alone, alone with my dead and living self.

Hours went by while I lay there; hours that seemed concentrated into so many seconds, so precious had time grown to me. Every moment carried me nearer my living sepulchre, further from the faint possibility of resuscitation. The family clock struck the passing hours; every stroke was like a knell to me. Ten, eleven, twelve, one, two—and then another sound broke the awful stillness of my chamber. God of heaven, the village bell was tolling! Intuitively I knew what it had to tell. I tried to think of something else, to shut from my hearing the horrid sound. As well might I have bidden an angel to my rescue. With an exquisite self-torture I counted the strokes. Every one smote upon my ear like a human-blow. It tolled my age—nineteen years! Reason deserted me then; hope fainted within my heart; my soul reeled on the shores of consciousness, and all was blank.

Days passed before I knew more; days in which I was the same as dead—speechless, motionless, senseless. But my misery was not to be of so short duration. I revived to an intenser horror, a blacker fear. I knew that I was no longer in my own chamber; that my limbs were composed for burial; that my hands were folded stiffly upon my bosom, my hair combed back straightly, and that there were flowers on my breast and about my head. I heard voices and footsteps in the room, and once or twice a face bent down above me so closely that I could feel a warm breath on my cheek.

"How lifelike she looks; poor Mellie!"

It was the voice of Lucia Maynard, my dearest friend, who spoke. Lifelike, indeed!—why should I not? No words could have been a more exquisite mockery, and for a moment I hated her for speaking them.

"Do you know how the doctor explained her sudden death?" inquired another voice, one which I did not recognise.

"He attributed it to a disease of the heart, I understand," was the answer.

"What a sad death to die, and she so young, too! Her family are very much distressed by this sudden stroke."

"And Guy Edson, I hear, is well nigh distracted."

"Guy Edson, who is he?"

"Why, is it possible you have not heard? He was her betrothed lover, and they were to have been married in the autumn."

"Indeed; how sad!"

And so they talked and gossiped carelessly, little dreaming that their idle words fell upon ears to which listening had become torture. Guy Edson well nigh distracted! Even in my own mad intensity of anguish, I had time to pity him. I knew he loved me, truly, fervently, almost idolatrously. I was to have been his wife so soon—how he would miss me! And I, so young, so full of hope and strength and vigour, should go down to the grave, the victim of a living death; while thousands to whom existence was a misery, would live out their allotted years. No one would ever know what I had suffered. The grass would grow above me, the birds sing, the flowers blossom, and I should pass out of remembrance as so many passed before me. And Guy, my Guy, might live till he, too, learned to forget me. Possibly, after a while, when the wound in his heart had healed somewhat, he might find another woman to share the home that had been planned for me; another's head perhaps would lie on his breast; another's children climb his knee and call him father. Merciful Heaven!—could I not break the stony calmness that petrified me?

"Hush, there comes Mr. Edson!"

The voice was again Lucia's. Dumb as I was under the burden of that fearful stupor, her words sent a quick thrill through my blood. Guy coming! Yes, I heard his well known footstep at the door—on the carpet—by my side. Perhaps he would know that I was not dead. One by one, as if respecting his claim to solitude, the various persons in the room stole softly away, leaving us alone together. Then the restraint which had kept him silent before so

many curious eyes gave way; the great grief of his manly heart burst forth in sobs and tears. He drew me up into his arms with a clasp so close that I could count every pulsation of his heart. My head fell heavily against his shoulder, the crown of flowers brushed his cheek. Passionately he rained kisses upon my lips and cheeks and sealed eyelids; caressingly he smoothed my hair, and wound its shining curls about his fingers, as he had been wont to do in his tenderest moments.

But no bashful flush crept into the cheeks that always before had reddened beneath his kisses; no words broke over the pale lips that never before had failed to give him welcome. If I could have thrown off, even for a moment, the dead weight which paralysed me; if I could have wound my arms but once more about his neck, spoke a single word of tenderness in his ear, laid my lips for a single instant to his, I would have been content. But even that precious privilege was beyond my power. I could utter no soft farewell, bestow no parting caress. Mountains were light in comparison with the powerless arms I yearned so madly to lift; granite more yielding than the lips I struggled so fiercely to part.

And so I was forced to lie there like a weight of marble on his breast; forced to listen to the outbursts of his wild sorrow, and receive passive by caresses that my whole soul longed to answer. I could have torn my heart from my bosom for a single glance into the blue eyes whose hot tears had bedewed my forehead. I could have spurned my hope of heaven, if so he might have known he held a living form in his embrace. I cursed myself, my fate; I wrestled with the unutterable fear that cramped my heart. I prayed with vehement earnestness and despairing strength. I called on God, and flung accusations of cruelty in his holy face. I besought him to give me the life he had half robbed me of, or else make that bitter, unendurable mockery of death a reality. I implored him to shut upon me the gates of sense; to give me oblivion, night, nothingness.

Then there came a revulsion. I wondered if I were not really dead as they said I was. Perhaps I was to suffer an eternity of just such torture as that; to crumble into dust under the mouldy sods, yet have no power to divide my conscious soul from its rotting tenement of clay. Perhaps the grass, heaving like green billows all over the broad earth's bosom, held each a spirit tormented like mine with consciousness.

Then there came another change, the quiet apathy of unutterable despair. All the sounds of outward life became suddenly infinitely precious to me. As a miser might count his gold when he sees it slipping from his grasp, so I counted greedily the passing moments which still intervened between me and my horrible destiny. All over the house I could hear the murmur of subdued voices, the sound of hushed footsteps, as though I had fallen into a sleep from which they feared to waken me. Through the windows came the breezy murmur of winds and leaves, the singing of birds, the low din of village life, the voices of children at play;—how they mocked me!

My coffin was brought in and placed upon the parlour table. I heard the lid turned back upon its hinges. Once more I was clasped closely to my lover's heart; once more a rain of tender kisses fell upon my face; and then he gave me into the hands that waited to lay me in my coffin. Carefully, very carefully they placed my head back on its white pillow, yet their slow, gentle movement seemed to me like the most indecent haste. I would have sold my soul for a moment of time, for a single instant's delay of that cruel preparation.

I know not how it happened, but when they were composing the shroud over my limbs, a careless arm jostled the coffin. The heavy cover dropped down with a crash and a jar. The glass lid shivered into atoms, and a shower of fine, sharp particles fell upon my face. My flesh tingled painfully at the contact; a drop of blood oozed from my temple and trickled down upon the pillow. I heard it fall, and blessed instinctively the wound that caused it. My heart leaped with a thrill of rapture—O Heaven, how blissful! The sluggish blood moved in my veins; my stagnant heart throbbed; a spasm of returning life trembled through all my limbs; I gasped, breathed, saw, moved! My lips parted; I sat up—right; I called faintly—"Guy!"

A rapid glance of surprise, an expression of unutterable rapture, a bound, a cry, and he was by my side. I trembled in his arms, nestled against his heart. The deliciousness of sensation came back to me; the bewildering phantoms of deathly torpor fled away. I lived, I laughed hysterically; I wept tears of passionate gladness and heartfelt gratitude; and when, a few moments later, father, mother, sisters, friends, and the one dearer to my heart than all,

stood breathless with hope and joy by my side, there was not a single eye that did not glisten with tears of thanksgiving; no face that did not shine with intense happiness; no voice that did not echo the ecstatic, thankful cry of mine—"God be praised!"

THE MIDNIGHT WRECK.

Down bath the brave ship
Down in the deep;
Mad billows thundering on,
Break not the sleep
Of the true-hearted brave,
Who, when no hand could save,
Tossed by the whirling wave,
Went to destruction hurled.
Down in the deep!

Heard ye the 'frighted shriek?
Heard ye the gun?
Saved from that midnight wreck,
Is there not one?
No!—quickly, silently,
'Neath the night-blackened sky,
Seen by no mortal eye,
Wrapped in the arms of sleep,
Found they their grave!

Ah, who can tell the hearts
Sundered for aye?
Tender hearts, generous hearts,
Doomed to decay!
Who, of the fearful eyes,
Watching 'neath other skies,
For the dear one who lies
Locked in death's sleep,
Coldly and silently
Down in the deep?

Souls of the fated brave,
Peacefully rest!
Lightly, O stormy wave,
Lie on each breast!
Speak of their fate with tears,
Think of them through the years,
Who, 'mid the ocean-storm,
Went to their rest.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ARCHDALE WILSON.

THE year Eighteen hundred and fifty-seven will be memorable in the annals of our history. One disastrous event especially distinguishes it. We refer to the revolt of the native troops of India. Many years must elapse ere the effects of that great military outbreak will cease to be felt, as it threatened to annihilate our supremacy in the East, as it plunged our Indian possessions into all the horrors of civil war, and was marked by the atrocious massacre, and worse than massacre, of our countrymen.

Cawnpore! what a ghastly picture is evoked by the mere mention of that name. The dusty street, and old brick houses with their wooden balconies, may appear as they have done before; in the red hot glare of a summer's noon, swarthy, half-clad men, with white turbans, may be looking in vain for a cooling shadow; the peculiar rich produce of the surrounding country—maize, wheat, barley, may glisten like fields of gold; the old assembly-room may wear again its common aspect, and the Ganges flow placidly—unstained by blood—towards the sea; but, though everything appears as fair as it was formerly, the story of a certain well hard by cannot be forgotten. There lie the victims of treachery and cruelty the worst that fiends could suggest, or men could put in practice. There lie the mutilated remains of unoffending and defenceless women—wives, daughters, sisters of the best and bravest of our race.

But with the story of the massacre at Cawnpore is connected a brilliant passage in military history, and a name which will ever remain as a household word amongst us. We connect it with the victorious march of the gallant Havelock. We remember with gratitude the "men of iron" who rushed like an irresistible sea, swept away every obstacle, and put to flight the treacherous sepoys.

Delhi also was the scene of acts of determined heroism. That city of iniquity—whose name suggests a thousand fearful unknown things, and revives the memory of a thousand well-known atrocities—bore witness to the bravery of our men, as well as to the atrocity of the sepoys. In yonder palace scores of victims were sacrificed, while the old king—petted and caressed by the English—looked on well pleased. Here a whole family was slain, and here another, and here again a third! and there some of our men were buried alive! and yonder some of our women were crucified! everywhere such things were done as make the cheek pale and the heart sick. But together with these painful acts committed in Delhi by the rebel-sepoys, there are brilliant passages of arms. Availing themselves of every advantage which the defence of the city afforded, and profiting by the British discipline they had acquired, the sepoys offered no contemptible resistance; and when the brave band

who witnessed his approach, were almost delirious with joy—they hung out their banners on the wall, and kindled immense bonfires; but their joy was suddenly changed into despair, for Philip, after vainly challenging Edward to come out and fight in the open field, withdrew.

Next day, the great banner of France, which had floated for eleven months from the loftiest tower of the city, was pulled down, and an English flag run up in its place, in token of surrender.

A parley was immediately held, between Sir Walter Manny on the part of the English, and John de Vienne, the governor of Calais. The latter pleaded hard for the lives and liberties of the citizens, as the sole condition of surrender; but Sir Walter assured him that King Edward was so much incensed at the long resistance he had met with, that no conditions would be made, and that young and old, rich and poor, regardless of sex, might expect to be put to the sword, as soon as the English troops marched in.

Sir Walter Manny, however, undertook to obtain what mitigation he could in favour of the starving citizens, and soon afterwards the news arrived that the English king had so far relaxed his purpose as to extend his clemency to the whole number, except six of the chief burgesses. These he required to come in the guise of criminals, in their shirts, bare-headed, bare-footed, carrying the keys of the city and castle in their hands, and with halters round their necks.

On the receipt of this message the consternation in the city was great. The people were struck with horror: all must perish unless six principal men would voluntarily lay down their lives for the rest. The great bell tolled from the church tower, and crowds assembled in the market-place to learn their fate. There was much weeping and lamentation; all shrank from the dreadful sacrifice; but at last a noble citizen stood up. All eyes were fixed upon him. It was Eustache St. Pierre.

"Gentlemen, great and small," he said, "he who shall save the people of this fair town at the cost of his own blood shall, doubtless, deserve well of God and man. I will be one who will offer my head to the King of England as a ransom for Calais. Who will be my fellows?"

Encouraged by this magnanimous proposal, another was speedily induced to follow his example; a third and a fourth presented themselves, and the whole number was speedily completed.

Stripped of their ordinary apparel, and clothed as malefactors, in compliance with the conditions dictated by the conqueror, these noble citizens, whose memory deserves to be held in veneration to the end of time, were led forth. They were accompanied by John de Vienne, who was so exhausted with wounds and fasting that he had to be mounted on a small palfrey; the men, women, and children, weeping bitterly, followed them to the gates, and as they passed out there was very great lamentation.

Eustache St. Pierre and his fellow victims were led into the presence of the English king. They were clothed as criminals, and the halters round their necks indicated the ignominious fate reserved for them; but they looked like heroes; their faces were radiant with that sublime heroism which distinguished the worthies of antiquity. They knelt down before the king and presented the keys, at the same time imploring his mercy. Edward, looking on them with extreme displeasure, ordered them to instant execution. On this the knights and nobles about him ventured to interfere. They besought him to have pity on these worthy men; they reminded him that his own honour would be tarnished by their death; but he sternly bade them be silent, and let the executioner do his work. Then the Prince of Wales, who had covered himself with so much glory on the field of Crecy, implored his royal father to take compassion on these citizens; but nothing moved the grim monarch. Impatient at the delay, he grew angry with those who pleaded. But there was one there who had watched the scene with interest and pity. It was Queen Philippa, the Soldier Queen, who, after defending the kingdom in her royal husband's absence, after winning a great victory, and taking the King of Scots prisoner, had hastened to France, herself the bearer of the good news. Her condition also at that time was such that the king must have been more insensible than a stone to refuse her. She fell on her knees before him—

"Ah, gentle sire," said she, "since I have crossed the seas in great dangers, I have asked nothing of thee; but now, I implore you, for the sake of the son of the Holy Mary, and for your love to me, that you will have mercy on these six men."

There was a moment's silence, and then the angry visage of the king relaxed. "Ah, dame," he said,

"I could well wish that you had been elsewhere this day; but how can I deny you anything? Take these men, and dispose of them as you will."

Eustache St. Pierre and his companions were congratulated on their escape, clothed in befitting attire, feasted in the Queen's tent, provided with money, and safely conducted to the town gates.

On the next day the English marched into the city in triumph. The inhabitants were immediately ordered to depart, a thoroughly English population was introduced, and Calais remained an English colony until the reign of Queen Mary.

The story of the six burgesses is related by Froissart, who dedicated his history to Queen Philippa herself. The circumstance—although doubted by some authors—appears highly probable, and mankind will not readily disbelieve a passage of human life so full of noble sacrifice and sympathy, and which has held its place in history and tradition for more than five hundred years.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER XCIX.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheeks;
Such orient colour smiles through heaven
When May's sweet morning breaks.
Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
The charmers of the plains;
That sun which bids their diamonds blaze
To deck our lily dawns.
Long had she fired each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair,
And though by all a wonder owned,
Yet knew not she was fair
Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A youth that knew no art,
And from whose eyes, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.—MALLET.

WE have said that Hope reckoned without her host (her noble host, the Marquis of Doun), when she imagined that with her rejection of his generous offer would end all attempts on his side to obtain her hand.

Had he not been really and deeply in love this would probably have been the case; but the sort of feeling with which our little simple, unworldly Hope had inspired this man—who was sated with dattery, who loathed deceit, and despised the hollow-hearted, empty-headed daughters of fashion—was not a feeling made up of vanity and an idle love of personal beauty; it was true, deep, first-love, full of delicate tenderness, respect, deference—nay, even reverence.

With such a love, had our little Hope Evermore—just seventeen, born in a hospital and reared in a ragged school—filled the heart of a nobleman, who had drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs, who had reached his fortieth year, and who would not have sued in vain for any of the loveliest daughters of the proudest peers of the realm.

Nor was it her beauty (much as he admired its soft lustre and maiden charm) that so enthralled him; it was her perfect purity of heart, her tender, loving, trustful disposition, her sweet humility, her simplicity, which had nothing coarse or rustic in its beautiful nature; her noble, fearless frankness, her unaffected piety; then, too, though not highly accomplished, like Nussy Fitz-Darrell, she had been carefully educated as a lady's companion, in addition to all the valuable teaching of the Green Fields Ragged School. There she had learnt the one thing needful, and many others very useful.

Miss Fitz-Darrell excelled in, and could display every kind of new and elegant fancy work; but she could not sew, or hem, or mend, or piece, or darn like Hope.

Hope, when a little creature of eight, could piece Bob Blossom's breeches better than Apple Blossom herself; and one day that they were all out far from home, the ladies having taken the gentlemen their luncheon, the marquis, in getting a branch of wild briar rose for Lady Glenlonely, tore his shepherd's plaid shooting jacket right in halves down the back. Nussy consoled, Lady Glenlonely laughed, but Hope, the ever ready, took out her lady's companion, and simply, kindly, and, without the slightest affectation, seating herself on the grass, in an incredibly short space of time repaired the rent so neatly that no

one could detect the mend; and the marquis, when she handed it back to him, thought that henceforth that old shooting jacket would be dearer to him than any other garment in his wardrobe; and this little incident, of which no one else thought anything, occupied his heart and mind for many a day, aye, and night, too. Perhaps the greatest of Hope's charms was, at least in the eyes of one to whom it was so rare an attribute, her utter unconsciousness of her own powers to captivate and delight. "She never thought about herself at all."

If she was asked to sing, she did not, like Nussy, tire people out with excuses; she simply did her best. Her sweet young voice had been cultivated just enough to make it agreeable to the most fastidious ear, and every word was given clearly, and with exquisite taste and feeling.

In everything there was the same absence of effect, vanity, and display.

Nussy, on the contrary, was all vanity, ambition, effect, and show.

The marquis had met many a Nussy, of whom the greater number were of course much handsomer, and more refined. He had never met a Hope Evermore, and he felt certain that if he failed to secure this sweet specimen of "excelling nature," he should never meet with another.

We have said he was bent on marrying; and, however improbable and romantic it may appear to the reader—knowing as he does the forlorn and dependent position, the mysterious birth, and all the painful and humble antecedents of little Hope—that a great and wealthy nobleman should fall in love with her, and wish to marry her; yet when we remember that he met her first at Burnside, in the elegant home of Lord and Lady Glenlonely, treated by them as a child of their own, and with the education, dress, and belongings of a lady, it ceases to astonish that a man of taste and feeling should fall in love with her, without any close inquiry about her origin; and as to marry a woman he could really love was now the great object of Lord Doun's life, and Hope was the only woman he had ever felt he could love, it ceases to be a miracle that he resolved to propose to her at once.

He took it for granted that she was a lady, and he was too rich and too great to wish to aggrandise himself by marriage; indeed, it did even occur to him (all spoilt and flattered as he had been by the world and its women) that Hope, barely seventeen, might think him a little too old for her; but in his world such disparities never for a moment influence mothers or daughters, and he drove the thought from his mind, for of course we all judge of things as they are judged of in that little narrow circle in which we move.

But if he took everything with regard to Hope on trust, when first he met those large blue upturned eyes, in which Heaven seemed mirrored, after he had watched her, listened to her, and conversed with her, he felt for her a passionate devotion which nothing could have shaken. You might have told him then that her parents were unknown; that it was suspected that she was "the sinless child of sin;" that she was born in Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, reared by a poor applewoman out of charity, and educated at a ragged school, till "in her eyes their ninth blue summer shone," he would not have been at that time deterred, as meaner natures and less fervent lovers might have been, by such revelations. He would have said, "Sweet angel Hope, if fortune has indeed been so cruel to this favourite of nature, if she has no name to insure her the world's respect, I will atone, and endow her with one I shall reverence." He would, probably, have subscribed munificently to the hospital where she first saw the light; have sought out and enriched the poor applewoman who had so kindly sheltered and reared his darling; and have for ever befriended the ragged school which had taught her all that was good and really worth knowing.

Loving her as he did, before he had known her a week, nothing would have lowered her in his eyes. He would have loved her all the more, and have cherished her the more tenderly, to atone for all she had suffered from iron fortune. And so it ever is with true love. If a man truly loves a woman, everything makes him love her better. If others praise and exalt, he loves her all the more; if they slander and neglect her, the result is the same. He loves the rose of health on her cheek; he loves the pale lily there that speaks of suffering and sickness; he loves her smiles; he loves her tears, her frowns, her caresses, her courage, her timidity, her eloquence and self-possession, her blushes and silent reserve, her simple muslins and her richest silks; a wild rose wreath in her hair, or a bandeau of gems on her brow—whatever forms part of her he adores, is adorable in his eyes, if he is really, truly, and passionately in love. And that the

Marquis of Doun unquestionably was with little, loving, truthful, simple, and graceful Hope Evermore; our Hope—the Ragged School's Hope, and above all, Larky Grigg's dearest, fondest, most treasured Hope.

CHAPTER C.

These shall the fiery passions tear—
The vultures of the mind—
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
That only gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.—GRAY.

"WHAT is the matter, Nussy?" said Hope, as the latter—pale, her eyes on fire, her teeth set, and her hands clenched—brushed past Hope on the landing, the second morning after the ball, and hurried into her own room, whither Hope followed her, repeating her question "What is the matter?"

"Go to Lady Glenlonely, Miss Evermore," said Nussy, in a voice so husky it could scarcely be recognised; "the post has come in, and my lady has received a letter from Captain Greville, which she, looking upon him, as every one else did, as my admirer—nay, suitor—thought it right to show me. It seems, you—artful, designing, venomous girl—you have wheedled him away from me! You have gazed at him with your upturned, staring eyes till you have made him believe you are in love with him; and men are vain, and my modest and dignified reserve he has perhaps construed into indifference; and now, having led him on to propose, he complains that you reject his proffered hand. He appeals to my lady: he begs her to plead his cause. No mention of me; no allusion to me. I—!" and here she burst into a passion of tears, "I who would have lived or died for him—I, whom he certainly admired, loved, and came here expressly to see; for you know he did, false, cruel, treacherous Hope!"

"Poor Nussy," said Hope, drawing near, and trying to take her hand. But Nussy turned upon her like a tigress at bay, her drops of tears she indeed turned to sparks of fire, as she cried—

"Leave me; touch me not, vile coquette, false, treacherous, heartless girl. If you loved him, I would forgive you; but you have by your arts won him from me, merely to reject him—got possession of his heart merely to break it. What is sport to you is death to me. Go, I loathe you; but I will be revenged yet. He shall know what you are—a penniless outcast, born in a hospital, bred up by the charity of an applewoman, educated in a ragged school."

"Where," said Hope, mildly, but firmly, "we were such friends and partners in poverty, such sisters in adversity, and such happy but yet hapless objects of poor, dear Apple Blossom's Christian charity and motherly kindness, that it ill becomes us to quarrel now about the capricious preference of a gay and worldly coxcomb."

"Don't talk of those dreadful, those disgraceful, those horrible days of burning shame and pinching poverty; and do not dare to put yourself on a level with me. Whatever the degrading miseries of my childhood, fortune has atoned. I am a young lady now. My uncle, Mr. Stone, of Stoneleigh, whose name I am to take directly I am twenty-one, has left between my brother and myself landed property which has been in the family of the Stones for centuries. I am an heiress; you are still as you were when it was my misfortune to meet you long years ago—a beggar: for what else is a fine lady's hired companion? But I forgive you this, and treated you as an equal; and I even let you see into my heart and read the secret of its love for Rashleigh. What I cannot forgive is your mean betrayal of one so confiding; your cruel coquetry; the arts by which you have supplanted me; the sly and remorseless cruelty with which you have robbed me without enriching yourself; for you well know (and hence your refusal, perhaps) that, when once Rashleigh knows who and what you really are, he would loathe the thought of marrying one so basely born, so beggarly an outcast."

Hope could have retorted. There was, as she well knew, in Nussy Darrell's history much that made her own story fair and honourable in comparison; but Hope's was the true charity that endureth all things. She saw agony unutterable in Nussy's distorted features; and when, suddenly starting to her feet, the wild, strange girl ordered her to leave her room, Hope went meekly and sadly away, resolved not to add, by one taunting, bitter word, to the misery of that wayward, passionate heart.

CHAPTER CI.

Believe me, prince, though hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force;
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.

ADDISON.

Hope knocked gently at Lady Glenlonely's door.

"Come in, dearest; I know it is my sweet, my only Hope," said her ladyship, in the gentlest voice and kindest tone imaginable.

"Dearest!" never before had Lady Glenlonely called Hope "dearest."

Hope, blushing deeply, entered noiselessly—she had the lightest foot possible, and always in the house was, or seemed to be, shod in velvet, all her movements were graceful and gentle, she never upset or knocked about anything.

Her voice was sweet and low, "an excellent thing in woman."

"Come here, my Hope," said her ladyship, and turning to her maid, who was brushing out her still fine hair of golden brown (here and there streaked with silver), she said, "Leave me now; Miss Evermore will, I dare say, be so kind as to finish brushing and combing my hair, and will help me to dress."

The maid went silently and with apparent readiness, but no sooner was the door closed than she murmured, "Stuck up puss, finely she'll comb your hair, my lady; but I'll comb hers in return, and no mistake; a chit of a companion, forsooth! Rag, as they may well call her, with all her fine airs and graces. Who did ever? Well, I never!" And on she muttered till she reached a looking-glass, when the reflection of her own charms drew her from that of Hope's delinquencies, and the servants' dinner bell found her still "setting out" her hair.

Meanwhile, neat-handed Hope deftly arranged her lady's head, and that done, the latter took out a letter and gave it to Hope to read.

Hope ran her eye over the following lines:—

"My dear Lady Glenlonely,

"I know you will not think I presume on your kindness, if I ask you to use your influence with your fair *protégée*, Miss Evermore, to induce her to reconsider a verdict which robs me of 'Hope' in every shape.

"I know it has been thought at Burnside (and I believe even by your ladyship) that the artificial graces of Miss Fitz-Darrell were the attraction that kept me in your delightful and most hospitable home. But I should as soon think of wearing an artificial rose in my bosom, when the sweetest of moss rosebuds was before me, as of giving one serious thought to Miss Fitz-Darrell in the presence of that sweet girl who, to the loveliest gifts of nature, adds the rare advantage of having had before her, in the shape of your ladyship, a bright model of all that is noblest, best, and most admirable in woman.

"I can conceive nothing so desirable for any young lady as to be allowed to pass the impressionable years of plastic youth in the benign presence of one gentle without apathy, dignified without hauteur, learned without pedantry, and supremely elegant without vanity or affectation.

"If Miss Evermore owes nature much, she owes Lady Glenlonely more.

"Being, then, what she is, and what you have made her, can you marvel that I covet one who in your garden has become the rose of the world! She is young, modest, coy—probably as yet knows not her own mind. And though she spoke of a prior attachment, I love to believe that nothing deserving of that name exists in her young heart; and that if some fleeting fancy for some rough being, unworthy of so fair and delicate a creature, should induce her seriously to decline proposals, which I think your ladyship (when I lay them before you) will not consider mean or unsuitable, you, madam, will deign to exert your influence, which must be boundless over Miss Evermore as over every one else, to make her give up a girlish predilection, which would be detrimental to her prospects. On your ladyship's advocacy I venture to rely, for what is in itself the sweetest of realities and dearest of *Hopes*.—I have the honour to be, madam, your ladyship's most devoted servant,

RASHLEIGH GREVILLE.

"I will present myself at Burnside this evening to know my fate. On you, kindest and most admirable of the noble ladies of the land, that fate depends."

"Well, my sweet Hope," said Lady Glenlonely, glancing from her mirror to the "young companion," whose eyes flashed through their tears, and whose cheeks burned at the disparaging reference to the object of her heart's deep love, "you see he wants to make me a match-maker, whether I will or no. Has he any chance?"

"None, my lady," replied Hope. "Not only, I do not like him, but as I think your ladyship knows, I love another."

"So I suspected, you wise and aspiring wild flower, and his name is the most noble the Marquis of Doun."

"No, my lady," said Hope, firmly and almost proudly, steadily meeting her ladyship's looks of wonder (half sham, half real), "his name is Gregory Blossom, but he is commonly called Larky Grigg."

Light and long, but very satirical and very mocking was the laugh into which Lady Glenlonely burst at these words.

Hope, as she stood opposite her ladyship (she had been early trained to do so), patient and passive, changed colour several times during this prolonged and most exasperating proof how very rude a very fine lady can be when she dares.

How could she have the heart so to insult and outrage the deep, true love of which she had long known the history, and which suffused with tears the eyes of the orphan—caused the blood to ebb and flow on the virgin cheek, the gentle bosom to heave convulsively, and the delicate frame to tremble violently?

Hope felt it to be most cruel; yet it was not unkindly meant. Lady Glenlonely thought to laugh Hope out of what she considered the extreme of girlish folly, and even madness. Lady Glenlonely had often been laughed out of what was wise, and right, and good herself, and she had great faith in a mocking laugh.

Pretending, at last, to check herself by a violent effort, and deliberately taking up her eye-glass and surveying Hope through it, she said, "Forgive me, my dear Hope, but I must have a good look at such a natural curiosity as that girl who, having (marvellous to relate) taken the fancy, won the heart, and been offered, I believe, the hand of the Marquis of Doun, can think with anything but shame and regret of any idle thought she had ever wasted on a Larky Grigg. Such a being is, indeed, a natural curiosity."

"And, my lady," said Hope, "she would be a most unnatural one if a marquis, or a monarch, could make her forget the son of her foster-mother—the more than brother, the best friend, the guide, the lover of her youth—the affianced of her heart!"

"You silliest of silly girls," said Lady Glenlonely, "is not this Larky Grigg the same who was a ragged school boy?"

"Yes, my lady," said Hope, proudly; "when I was a ragged school girl he was a ragged school boy. You cannot expect, my lady, that I can despise him for having belonged, like myself, to that Christian refuge for outcast children—the shorn lambs of the fold, where all that is really worth knowing was taught with the zeal and the tender patience that belongs to a labour of love."

"Well," said Lady Glenlonely, "that was all very well at that time, and I dare say what this young fellow learnt at the ragged school will make him an industrious working-man, and keep him honest, respectable, and sober. If he was kind to you in those early days, you should always think kindly of him, wish him well, and serve him, if in your power; and when you are the Marchioness of Doun, if the young man has any abilities, you may easily get him pushed forward as a mechanic. There are many small appointments on railways obtainable for such people, if a little interest is made in a proper quarter."

"Stop, my lady, I implore you," said Hope, clasping her hands, and weeping bitterly. "You cannot imagine how cruelly you are wounding me and misjudging him. Do you think wealth, or rank, or title, or any of this world's paltry, frippery advantages would make me break my solemn troth, and crush the loving, true heart that is pledged to mine? and were I so mean, so false, and so vile a thing as to forsake him, do you believe he would accept help or advancement at the hand of one so base, or owe his rise in life to a creature so false and so perjured? No, my lady, I have no ambition to rise in the world, except as the great talents of my future husband may enable him to mount the ladder of life with me by his side. The great people among whom you, my lady, deign to wish that one so humble should take her place, would scorn, would despise, would probably hate me. Humble orphan though I be, as the wife of Larky Grigg I shall be looked up to, loved, and respected. A girl born in a hospital, reared by Apple Blossom, and trained in a ragged school, is not fit for the rank of a marchioness, and would be out of place and wretched in courts and palaces."

"Nonsense!" said Lady Glenlonely; "your origin need never be known, nor is it known to any. It is my belief that gentle, perhaps noble blood flows in your veins; and, were it not so, beauty and grace



BIARRITZ

like yours carry all before them, and love (like Doun's) lays the shepherd's crook beside the sceptre."

"Ah, my lady, sceptres are better side by side, and crooks the same. That very love that works the miracle you speak of makes me prefer a cottage with Larky Grigg to Castle Doun without him."

"Perverse girl!" said Lady Glenlonely; but at this moment the countess's maid tripped in to say that the Marquis of Doun was below, begging to see her ladyship.

Lady Glenlonely hurried down to meet him, and Hope sank on a chair, weeping bitterly.

(To be continued.)

BIARRITZ.

BIARRITZ is now a place of importance: for it is patronised by the Emperor Napoleon, and has become fashionable.*

Previous to the formation of an efficient route between Bayonne and Biarritz, the means of transport between that important city and the little seaport was the *cacolet*, or wooden pack-saddle, supporting on either side of a stout horse a seat of basketwork. The origin of this contrivance is claimed by Spain, but it has been extensively employed in Algeria by the French, and proved to be an excellent ambulant for the wounded. At the side of the *cacolet* trudged a country girl, fresh, blooming, and coquettish, calling to the passers with an inviting air: "*U cacolet, moussu*," and if the invitation was accepted, the traveller climbed into his basket, jumping lightly into the opposite pannier. "We shall have a pleasant ride," she would say, as she put the rawboned horse into his business trot, and she said truly—riding side by side with so pleasant a companion could not fail to be pleasant, even though the roads had never been repaired since the days of Alaric the Goth.

But, as we may readily imagine, visitors to Biarritz were few under this primitive mode of transport, and

the rocks of Biarritz were left in their wild grandeur to keep solitary watch over the expanse of waters, and to hurl back in defiance the waves that covered them with crested foam. The coast line of Biarritz is singularly fantastic in appearance. Masses of rock seem to have been flung together by Titans in a playful mood. Here lie prostrate rocks like stranded leviathans, here are crags, and cliffs, and pinnacles of stone like spires, kiosks, towers, pagodas, Gothic towers, and Chinese bridges; there is one called the *Roche Percée*, which forms a sort of casemate, and commands a splendid dioramic view of the surrounding country. The effect produced by the waves of the Atlantic on the bare and rugged rocks is peculiarly grand. There are few bits of coast scenery more impressive.

The active, bustling town furnishes a strange contrast to the solitary grandeur of the shore. Speculators have arrived in shoals to feed on other shoals of visitors who have come to make holiday at Biarritz. The cottages are transformed into houses of public entertainment. Slips of garden ground are distinguished by grandiloquent names, and become public resorts; carriages of every description are driving everywhere, and Jehus are mad for customers; caterers for amusement are there of all sorts, and beggars in every stage of destitution or depravity—the old, the young, the lame, the blind, the deaf, the palsied,—all but the dumb—begging for a sou.

After passing this ordeal of mendicants, and arriving at the bottom of the principal street, the visitor finds himself in a remarkable inclosure, the sides of which are formed by a perpendicular rock. This species of arena, not so large as that of Nîmes, communicates with the sea by a straight opening, commanded by two promontories. The bottom of the basin is dry at low water, but completely covered by the high tide, which rises to the foot of the rock on which are built the bathing rooms and shops for the sale of the articles which bathers may require. A cord is extended from one promontory to the other, indicating the point to which bathers may advance with safety. The aspect of the shops, the costumes of the bath, of the washerwomen, of the traders, of bathers and swimmers in and around the little basin, give to Biarritz an appearance entirely different from that of all other watering-places.

MY VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.—No. X.

"HERE is a soft-bodied creature, Wilton," said I, as I touched the circular mass lying on the sand with my toe: "do you call this a mollusc?"

"I do not," replied Wilton. "The common people call it a jelly-fish; the scientific, a *medusa*. Of these animals there is an immense variety. Crabbe says truly, there are

'Some in huge masses, some that you may bring
In the small compass of a lady's ring;
Figured by hand divine, there's not a gem
Wrought by man's art to be compared with them.'

He might have told us, however, that many medusæ are of strictly microscopic size, and so transparent that they can scarcely be seen in the water in which they swim, except when rendered apparent by the motion of the small hairs, called *cilia*, with which they are endowed, or the flashes of light which they send forth in the dark."

"Coleridge, you remember, has most graphically painted the phosphorescence of the ocean—

'Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.
Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam, and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.'

"Those verses are exceedingly vivid, yet they fall short of realising one of the most interesting and beautiful phenomena of the ocean. Words fail adequately to describe the far fainter luminosity of the waves on our own shores, flashing most brilliantly as they roll on the pebbly beach, or gilding the oars of the boat passing over the waters, the little vessel itself being scarcely visible amidst the darkness of the night. But how is this surpassed when a ship sails with a strong breeze through a luminous sea! The wake of the vessel is then one broad sheet of phosphorescent matter, so brilliant, indeed, as to cast a dull, pale light over the after part of the ship; while the foaming surges, as they gracefully curl on each side of the prow, appear like rolling masses of living

* See Illustrated Family Paper, Old Series, Vol. iii. p. 31.

phosphorus; and in the distance, even to the horizon, it seems an ocean of fire; the far off waves breaking and giving out a light inconceivably beautiful and radiant. Sometimes this luminosity is visible without any disturbance of the water, its surface remaining smooth, unruffled even by a passing zephyr. On other occasions, however, no light is emitted unless the water is agitated by the passing through it of some heavy body, or by the action of the winds."

"Do you attribute this remarkable effect in whole, or in part, to luminous medusæ?"

"In part, unquestionably. The sea, in all climates, produces these creatures, and sometimes swarms with them in countless multitudes. Even on the coasts of Britain the shore has been observed to be rendered offensive for miles in extent by the stranding of shoals of medusæ, so minute that each one was scarcely bigger than a pea. But it is in tropical latitudes, and through the scarcely fathomable waters of the deep sea, they multiply in the greatest profusion, and emit their phosphorescent light. Here it is that the whole surface of the ocean, as far as the eye can stretch, seems one sheet of radiance; while, looking down into the waters close to the ship, large globes of fire are seen slowly moving along at various depths. The wake of the vessel, also, displays the most vivid and varied scintillations, and the spray that breaks on her prow falls off like a shower of many-coloured sparks."

"The numbers of medusæ in such circumstances would require some marvellous flights of our arithmetic."

"It would, indeed. Scoresby reckoned that a single drop of water, when the sea had a green appearance, contained no fewer than 26,500 marine creatures; hence reckoning sixty drops to a dram, there would be a number in a gallon of water exceeding by one half the population of our globe. Another calculation he made of this number in a space of two miles square, and a depth of 250 fathoms, gave an amount of 23,888,000,000,000!"

"Astounding, indeed. The medusa we have just left on the shore must be a foot in diameter; are there any still larger?"

"There are; some are nearly two feet in diameter, and are several pounds in weight. And yet, if one of the largest were removed from the sea, and ex-

posed to the sun and air, it would absolutely melt away, and show that its ordinary bulk and weight are owing to the presence of sea-water contained in numberless filmy cellules, combined with that inde-

finable power called animal life. The water drains off gradually in a clear, unaltered state, and, in a short time, this fluid will entirely escape, and leave only a filmy tissue, so inconsiderable in quantity, as

convex above, and somewhat concave on the under surface, from which various processes hang in a pendent manner; these are organs for the absorption of nutriment. In the species called *rhizostoma*, there

is placed beneath the disc a pendent peduncle or footstalk, which is divided into eight portions, each of which contains numerous canals, opening on the external surface with minute absorbing orifices; these canals ultimately merge into four large trunks, communicating with a central cavity in the disc, which is the stomach of this medusa. The stomach is really or apparently divided into four compartments by means of a filmy membrane; it is usually found to contain a yellowish and almost fluid pulpy matter, which is regarded as the digested aliment, destined to supply the demands of the system through which it circulates. To do this, it traverses certain large vessels or tubes which radiate from the stomach towards the circumference of the disc, subdividing into smaller branches, and forming numerous junctions with each other, so that upon the margin there is a complete mesh of tubes."

"A marvellous creature, truly; and yet, I suppose, even now you have related little respecting it, compared with what might be told."

"A tithe, perhaps, of the information now possessed; but who shall say how much more may be acquired? But here is another sight. Just look at the under surface of this boulder, and observe these twisting tubes. Each one is the residence of a creature called the *Serpula*. The tube, at the pleasure of the creature, is closed by a beautiful little cone-like body, of a vermilion hue; but when this is thrust out by means of the fibre to which it is attached, the eye is delighted by the sight of the breathing organs—an exquisite feather-like structure—in full play, and sometimes adorned with the richest tints of colour. A wonderful mechanism is provided that the *serpula*

may thus extrude its body from the tube, and another, no less marvellous, enables this sensitive creature to retract itself instantly on the approach of danger. It will be sufficient now to remark that between 13,000 and 14,000 teeth are hooked into the lining of the cell by an appropriate apparatus, whenever the latter movement is made."

"Do these creatures construct their own shells?"



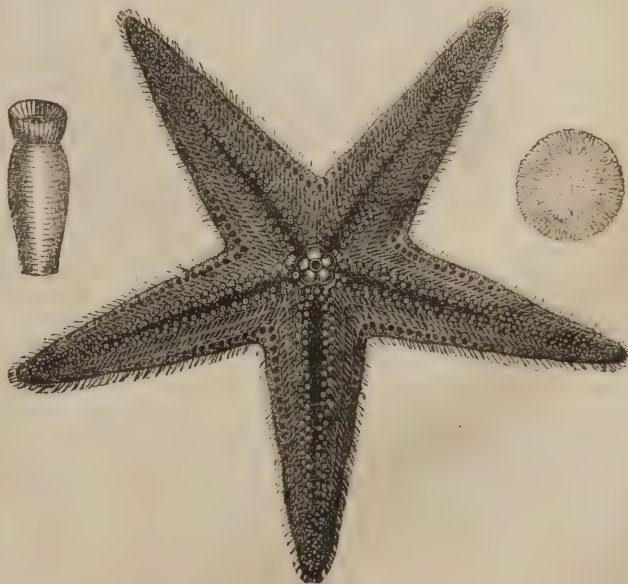
THE MEDUSA.

to weigh only a few grains. This almost imperceptible tissue is then the solid matter of the animal, or rather the medusa itself, which may be regarded as a mass of filmy cells, in which the sea-water, by some inscrutable process, becomes efficient in maintaining the creature's vitality, and instrumental in performing the various functions connected with its economy."

"Is its structure very complicated?"



SERPULA CONTORTUPLICATA AND SERPULA DETACHED FROM ITS TUBE.



THE SEA-STAR.

posed to the sun and air, it would absolutely melt away, and show that its ordinary bulk and weight are owing to the presence of sea-water contained in numberless filmy cellules, combined with that inde-

"It is more so than you would at first suppose. The usual form assumed by a medusa is one that resembles very closely that of a mushroom; consisting, as it does, of a large, circular, gelatinous disc,

"They do, like other tube-dwellers, some of which carry on the process by means of their thread-like arms. I saw a *terebella* at work, not long ago, in a friend's vivarium, placing bits of beach as orderly

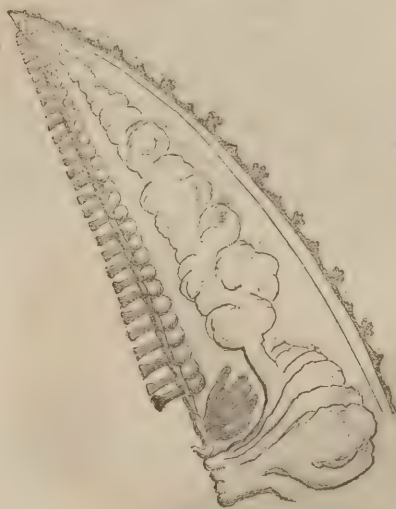
around the edge as possible, and carefully cementing them well together. My friend had thrown into the water a few small blue beads, and the little creature actually used two or three of them, but it did not seem to be perfectly satisfied with the result, for it very speedily returned to the use of its former material. But here, look, is a singular creature, slowly creeping at the bottom of a little basin in the rock, filled with clear sea water, and in which, until the tide returns, it is imprisoned, not because it cannot escape, but because it will not voluntarily leave its native element."

"I see, it is a sea-star, some of which you told me greatly enjoyed oysters."

"It is; let us take it out and examine it more attentively. It consists of a central portion, or disc-like body, from which five rays, capable of flexion and extension, branch out; its external covering is a horny or coriaceous integument, with calcareous portions, thickly interspersed throughout its texture, giving a roughness to the surface, and forming spinous processes around the mouth, and along the rays. The integument is tinted in various species with different colours, in the present with a red pigment, doubtless one of its secretions, as is also a reddish fluid which exudes from the surface of this sea-star. The integument, horny as it is, is evidently sensitive and contractile; it can readily change its form; the rays can be bent or extended, or turned in various directions, and these motions appear to depend on the presence of fibrous bands extending along the covering of the rays from the central body. Besides the investment I have described, which protects the internal parts, each ray is further supported by a sort of rudimentary skeleton, or calcareous framework, composed of a series of distinct portions, which are fitted to each other, and united by ligament, so as to produce a succession of joints, extending down the under surface of each ray, beginning from a circular framework of the same character, which incloses the mouth."

"An arrangement worthy of all admiration. Have you paused at the close of its marvels?"

"Far from it. Just now, you saw the creature in motion; here there is a fresh series of wonders. The



SECTION OF THE RAY OF A SEA-STAR.

portions or plates of the under surface of each ray are so arranged as to admit of certain little apertures like pin-holes, between them; and these apertures form four rows, extending down each ray in a groove. Through these holes the sea-star can protrude small, fleshy suckers, or feet (each terminating in a sucking disc), which are the principal organs of locomotion, and also of securing the prey within the folds of the rays. The manner in which these suckers are protruded and withdrawn is very curious, and yet extremely simple. They are muscular and tubular, closed at their extremity by a disc; but internally, each one communicates with a sac, or reservoir of fluid, itself being muscular or contractile. When the animal wishes to protrude these suckers, it contracts these sacs, forcing the fluid into the tubes, which thus become distended, and pass through the holes; but when the sea-star wishes to withdraw them, the sacs expand, the fluid leaves the tubes, which contract, so as simultaneously to expel it, and are immediately retracted through their respective apertures.

The sacs in question derive their fluid from a system of vessels distinct, according to most physiologists, from those of the arterial system. But whether the fluid is a peculiar secretion, or merely sea-water, is a point, I believe, not yet established."

"The mouth, I presume, is seated on the under surface of the central disc."

"It is; the osseous or calcareous portions around it giving firmness to its margin, and perhaps act to a certain extent as teeth, or assist in the seizure of food. It leads into a very wide gullet, longitudinally folded, and this expands into a capacious stomach, the nature and use of which require further examination, though they are probably destined, like the intestinal canal of higher animals, for absorbing the nutritive particles of the digested food, which is taken up by a system of veins, abundantly distributed like a fine network over them, throughout their course."

The Matron.

NO. XL.

PROPER views on the subject of dress are of importance to us all, to my female readers especially. Not that young girls should make outward adornment their principal study—far otherwise; both religion and morality teach us that the inward adornments of the mind are of much more importance. But there is a medium in all things. Dress is not to be the business of our lives, neither is it to be neglected. Suit your dress to the occasion, and do not wear your best things at home when you are carrying on your daily avocations. If you do, you may be sure that when you come in contact with friends and neighbours who are more careful of their articles of apparel, you will have reason to blush for your appearance. However, you should endeavour to be neat both at home and abroad; and one of the objects I have in view is to assist you to make a neat appearance without departing from the strictest rules of economy. Winter costume is still the subject under consideration. I may lay it down as a rule that dark colours are best suited to winter. They are less affected by smoke, and they are more in harmony with the appearance of nature.

I am willing to own that, for best things, whether light or dark, the best are those that come straight out of the shop or warehouse; but for second best a great deal may be done in the way of reviving, by the handy, the economical, and the enterprising. Neckties, and trimming, for the insides of bonnets, may be of lively colours all the year round. Supposing you have ribbons that are faded and dirty: by the following process you can make them once more look nice and fresh:—

Supposing them to be of any other tint than black, I advise you first to wash them in a hot lather of soap and water, and to rinse them in plain warm water. To this add a small quantity of dye, according to the colour of your ribbon. A few drops of vitriol added to the water will freshen crimson, scarlet, or yellow. Lemon-juice is the best thing to use for pink ribbons, and pearlash for blue and purple. Squeeze the liquid from the ribbons, roll them in a cloth and wring them, spread them out, and rub them on the wrong side with a little gum water. When half dry, iron them quickly with a moderately-hot iron on the right side. If you wish to make white or pink ribbons purple after they have become soiled and dirty during the summer, wash them thoroughly, according to the rules given above, dip them in weak alum and water, and then in a dye obtained by boiling logwood in water. Do not put the ribbons in the dye till it is quite cold. Iron them in the manner already described.

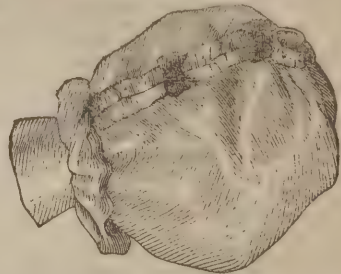
There is hardly any article in which it is more difficult (for those who have constantly to make a good appearance) to be economical than in gloves. In the summer, light gloves look so nice that one is tempted to buy them; but they become soiled and unsightly long before they are worn out. To those who have by them a stock of soiled white gloves, the following receipt, which teaches them how to dye these gloves of a beautiful purple, may be very welcome. By using it they may convert things that are of no use at all into good-looking winter gloves.

Boil four ounces of logwood and two ounces of rock alum in three pints of soft water till half wasted. After straining it, let it stand till it is cold. Mind the gloves are nicely mended. Then dip a brush (about the size of a paste-brush) in the dye, and paint the gloves with it. When dry, repeat the painting. Twice will be sufficient, unless a very dark colour is required.

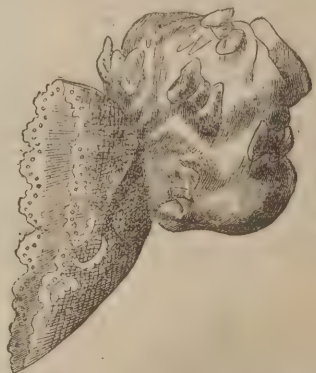
When dry after the second coating, rub off all the

loose dye with a coarse bit of flannel; then beat up the white of an egg, and with a sponge rub it over the leather. If you should have stained your hands with the dye, wet them well with vinegar (before washing them); it will remove the stains.

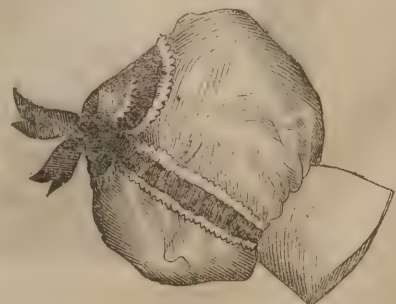
Supposing you have children, and wish to have their summer bonnets cheaply converted into winter ones, the best thing you can do is to dye them yourself. First of all, boil the bonnets in logwood liquor three or four hours, occasionally adding green copperas, and taking the bonnets out to cool in the air. When you go to bed leave the bonnets in the dye. The next morning take them out, dry them in the air, and brush them. After this, moisten them within and without with an oiled sponge. All you have then to do is to send them to be blocked, and to trim them with some ribbon dyed purple, according to the receipt given above. With a nice blond cap inside, they will look very pretty, and you will have provided winter bonnets at little expense. Well-made cuffs and sleeves are next in importance.



I have recommended dark colours for the winter, but I have no wish that your dress should look gloomy, either in the winter or summer. Coloured neckties and nice cuffs, and under sleeves and collars enliven and improve the appearance, and I advise you to wear them. The sleeve, of which I give the pattern below, would look well in book-muslin, trimmed with a narrow edging.



Muslin and edging are cheap enough in this country, and attention to the rules given for needlework, and bearing in mind that the size of the needle and the cotton must be suited to the texture of the material, will secure your success in manufacturing cuffs, collars, and sleeves. But you should try to have pretty patterns for these things. Perhaps the following pattern of a cuff may be useful to you. The pattern is quite modern, and the cut decidedly pretty.



In the next chapter I shall give you some patterns of collars; and by a great variety of pretty illustrations of wearing apparel, I hope, from week to week, to be able to assist you in the important art of economical and, at the same time, becoming dress.

"SHE WON'T HEAR ME."

"I wish that you would talk to my daughter, sir. You know all the circumstances of her case, and perhaps can have some influence for good over her. She won't listen to anything that I can say. I feel that my child is on the high road to ruin, and my heart is almost breaking at her conduct and her danger, but 'tis useless for me to reason with her. She won't hear me."

What words were these to be wrung, by a daughter's obstinate misconduct, from the lips of an affectionate mother.

"She won't hear me," Alas! who then will she hear? Who, if her mother cannot, will be able to turn, even for a moment, her ear away from listening to the charming of the serpent that is drawing her nearer and nearer to his deadly embrace.

She will not listen to her whose eyes were the first that watched over her infancy, and which have grown dim with many tears shed for her sake—she will not listen to her whose heart has never beat one throb that was not true to her and her real interests—to the mother whose bosom was her cradle, and her home in her helpless years, and which yearns over her now, with unutterable love, pity, and anguish; will not listen to her who labours for her by day, and dreams of her by night—who prays for her, with one unceasing prayer, wearing the very heavens for blessings upon her child, who would wear her own life out without a murmur or regret to save her, or to do her good. *This is the friend to whom the infatuated girl will not listen.* And why not? What being has she found that is to be regarded in preference to her mother; for whose sake her mother is to be grieved and disobeyed—to be suffered to go all day long in heaviness, and all the night in sorrow and disquiet? To be made to weep and sigh, and to be in bitterness over the ingratitude and the insane folly of the once sweet solace and pleasure of her heart—her dear and only daughter. Who is he? What marvel of desirableness must he be?

Oh! he is "a perfect gentleman,"—a high-minded and honourable man, who sneaks in at one door of her mother's house, and sneaks out at another; who waits for her at all the corners, and dodges in and out of dark alleys to watch unseen for her coming—who incites her to all manner of degrading and disagreeable manoeuvres in order to meet or to communicate with him; who tempts her to deceive and equivocate, if not to lie outright, and to break the Sabbath, by using its sacred hours for making arrangements in regard to their secret intercourse—who has a principle which causes him to "imbibe" whenever he is so disposed, and to continue to imbibe until he has a very considerable degree of difficulty in discovering and entering his own quarters at midnight or morning; who, on the whole, is known about town as "one of 'em," a person of whom all young men warn their sisters and their cousins, and one whose attentions are sure to cause any girl to be regarded with suspicion and disrespect. *This is the creature for whose sake the misguided girl is breaking her mother's heart.*

Well, let her go her own way, if she will go it. If, for her mother's sake, she will not try to turn from her folly and bewilderment; if, when she knows that the truest and most tender heart that ever beat on earth for her is suffering more than words can express, suffering what causes that dear face to change faster than the years, or the gray hairs and hollows of time ever made it change, she will not be likely to heed what others may say; and she will marry the creature that seems to her heated and dazzled imagination so perfect (though to others he may look like a hairy spider on grasshopper's legs), that is, she will marry him if he so pleases, which he probably will not please, unless it be out of spite to those who have opposed his attentions to her.

Then, when her mother's sore and disappointed heart shall be at rest, when those loving eyes shall have forever done with weeping, and can look kindly on her no more—when her dear mother shall have gone where the thankless daughter can never either rejoice or grieve her more—when she lies dead and in her quiet grave, that daughter will repent of her sins.

When the man who played the mean sneak, the spiteful annoy, while he was a lover, has proved to his wife's cost that he can play the faithless and worthless (if not the harsh and violent) husband with equal ease, and she is broken-hearted, then, oh! then she will sadly and remorsefully recall her youthful days, and think of the wrongs she heaped on her poor mother. Ah! it will then be the turn of the ungrateful child to mourn and be in bitterness. Why, oh! why will she so recklessly and blindly lay the sure foundation for a weight of woe, which shall crush her when it settles back upon her heart?

Small Change.

It is his whole life, not a few incidents of it, that proves a man.

SUBTRACT from many modern poets all that may be found in Shakespeare, and trash will remain.

He that likes a hot dinner, a warm welcome, new ideas, and old wine, will not often dine with the rich.

It seems to me that this blessed world will never want something to quarrel about, so long as there are two straws upon it.

In the morning, we carry the world, like Atlas; at noon, we stoop and bend beneath it; and at night, it crushes us flat to the ground.

How few let their passions, their resentments, die before them! How few see their vices confined, ere they fall themselves.

God's word is sometimes to us like a magic writing which has faded out and become invisible, and then at other times, the lines re-appear, and it flashes for us with a divine meaning.

Let it be understood that the end of our existence here is that we may be more godlike; and may we know that we shall become so by being more manly in the world, and that we are placed here to grow strong and noble, and not merely to enjoy.

What ship's boat ought to contain a happy crew?—The jolly boat.

MAKE friends with the steward on board a steamer; there's no knowing how soon you may be placed in his power.

Like provisions, dresses are coming down. The sign before the door of a mantua-maker's shop reads thus:—"Dresses made lower than ever."

A LITTLE girl hearing it said that she was born on the king's birthday, took no notice of it at the time, but a day or two after, asked her father if she and the king were twins.

A PARISIAN robber who was seized for stealing snuff out of a tobaccoist's shop, by way of excusing himself, exclaimed that he was not aware of any law that forbade a man to take snuff!

MRS. SMITH, hearing strange sounds, inquired of her new servant if she snored in her sleep. "I don't know, marm," replied Becky, innocently; "I never lay awake long enough to discover."

THAT man whose better half told him before their marriage that she was worth five thousand pounds when she was worth fifty thousand, as he found out after marriage, has forgiven her for the falsehood, and pocketed the offence!

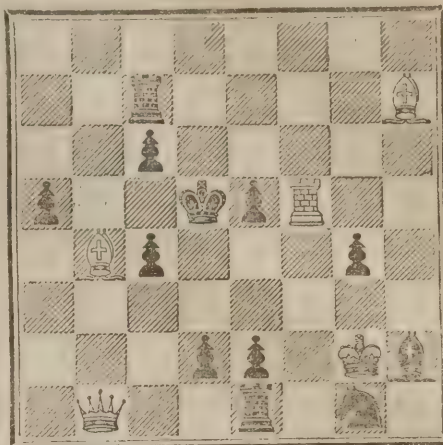
Two Irishmen were in prison, the one for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch. "Hallo, Mike!—what time is it?" said the cow-stealer to the other. "And sure, Pat, I haven't any timepiece handy, but I think it is most milking time."

HOW TO TELL A LADY'S AGE.—The following table will do it. Just hand the table to the lady, and ask her to tell you in which of its columns her age is contained. Then add together the figures at the top of the columns designated, and you have the great secret. Suppose an age to be seventeen. You will find the number seventeen only in two columns, viz., the first and fifth; and the first figures at the head of these columns make seventeen. Here is the magic table:—

1st.	2nd.	3rd.	4th.	5th.	6th.
1	2	4	8	16	32
2	3	5	9	17	33
3	6	6	10	18	34
4	7	7	11	19	35
5	8	8	12	20	36
6	9	9	13	21	37
7	10	10	14	22	38
8	11	11	15	23	39
9	12	12	16	24	40
10	13	13	17	25	41
11	14	14	18	26	42
12	15	15	19	27	43
13	16	16	20	28	44
14	17	17	21	29	45
15	18	18	22	30	46
16	19	19	23	31	47
17	20	20	24	32	48
18	21	21	25	33	49
19	22	22	26	34	50
20	23	23	27	35	51
21	24	24	28	36	52
22	25	25	29	37	53
23	26	26	30	38	54
24	27	27	31	39	55
25	28	28	32	40	56
26	29	29	33	41	57
27	30	30	34	42	58
28	31	31	35	43	59
29	32	32	36	44	60
30	33	33	37	45	61
31	34	34	38	46	62
32	35	35	39	47	63
33	36	36	40	48	64
34	37	37	41	49	65
35	38	38	42	50	66
36	39	39	43	51	67
37	40	40	44	52	68
38	41	41	45	53	69
39	42	42	46	54	70
40	43	43	47	55	71
41	44	44	48	56	72
42	45	45	49	57	73
43	46	46	50	58	74
44	47	47	51	59	75
45	48	48	52	60	76
46	49	49	53	61	77
47	50	50	54	62	78
48	51	51	55	63	79
49	52	52	56	64	80
50	53	53	57	65	81
51	54	54	58	66	82
52	55	55	59	67	83
53	56	56	60	68	84
54	57	57	61	69	85
55	58	58	62	70	86
56	59	59	63	71	87
57	60	60	64	72	88
58	61	61	65	73	89
59	62	62	66	74	90
60	63	63	67	75	91

Chess.

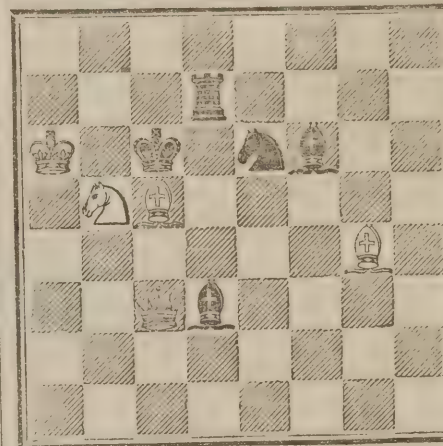
Problem No. 74. By HENRY TURTON, Esq.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 75. By HENRY TURTON, Esq.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 70.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to Q 4 | 1. K takes R |
| 2. B to K B 7 | 2. Any move |
| 3. Either Kt mates | |

Solution of Problem No. 71.

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. K to R 2 | Black's moves are forced. |
| 2. P to K 4 | |
| 3. B to K 3 | |
| 4. B to K 2 mate | |

Solution of Problem No. 72.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R takes P | 1. P takes R (a) |
| 2. B to Q R sq | 2. P moves |
| 3. R to R 8 | 3. K takes Kt or P moves |
| 4. R Mates | |
- (a) If P Queen's, White plays R takes Q; when, if Black rejoins with P takes R, White plays R to R 8, and mates next move.

Solution of Problem No. 73.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to K R 2 | 1. B covers |
| 2. Q to K R 8 and mates next move | |

C. T. ATKINS.—Your Problem is very clever, and shall appear shortly. We propose to reduce it to one in four moves. We have forwarded blank diagrams to your address.

ISAAC PHENIX.—We are much gratified at your friendly communication. With regard to Problem No. 66, have you not failed to observe that White can take Q instead of Kt with R?

JOHN TENNANT.—The Problem with which you have favoured us is much too easy.

T. MARTIN, Jun.—Your solutions of Problems No. 55, 56, and 57, which we had overlooked, are correct.

M. H. (Glasgow).—The solution of Problem No. 25 is—

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. B to Q Kt 5 | 2. K to K B 4 |
| 1. K to Q 4 (a) | 2. K to Q 5 |
| When R or B mates. | |
| 1. B to Q B 4 | |
| (a) 1. K to K 3 | 2. K moves and R mates. |

Our Editorial Table.

NOTICE.

NEW WEEKLY JOURNAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—"THE PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS," price 3d. weekly, or free by post, 4d.—This journal must prove of the highest interest to every person wishing to become conversant with the beautiful and progressive art of Photography. Communications to be addressed to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, Belle Sauvage Yard, E.C.

A THEOLOGICAL STUDENT.—In the "Great Sermons of the Great Preachers; or, the Master-pieces of Pulpit Eloquence" (Ward and Lock), our correspondent will find the best selection of sermons ever published in a collected form. The work contains the finest specimens of the pulpit eloquence of the greatest divines of the Christian church of every period, from the apostolic age down to our own times, suitable alike to believers of all sects and denominations. This work, indispensable to the theological student, can be had complete in one volume, at 7s. 6d., or in two volumes, at 4s. each, cloth.

HARMONY.—We are sorry to say that Handel (whose oratorios have delighted you so much at the musical festival) was not an Englishman; but he settled in England after he had made his reputation. He was born in Germany, at Halle, in 1684. He was intended for the law; but music being his prevailing taste, he was allowed to cultivate it. He went early to the Prussian court, and at Hamburg he composed an opera when he was only fourteen. He afterwards made the tour of Italy, and engaged in the service of the Elector of Hanover. It was in 1712 that he settled in England. Queen Anne granted him a pension, which George I. increased. When you come to London and visit Westminster Abbey, you will see a noble monument erected to his memory. This monument consists of a statue of the great composer, represented bearing in his hand a scroll inscribed with these words:—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," together with a staff of music containing the subject of the melody to which these words are so admirably set in the oratorio of the Messiah.

SPORTSMAN.—You have formed your conclusions on insufficient ground, and the cases you speak of can only be exceptional. Not only is the grouse a migratory bird, but many other birds supposed to remain with us constantly, pass only part of the year in this country. As you dispute our authority, we refer you to Sir Richard Phillips, a scientific man of high repute, who has made natural history one of his particular studies. We give you his own words:—"The birds which pass but part of the year in Britain are the cuckoo, grouse, wryneck, stare hoopoe, thrush, ringdove, chatterer, turtle dove, grosbeaks, buntings, finches, larks, fly-catchers, wagtails, warblers, nightingales, black caps, willow-wrens, white ears, white-throats, goat-suckers, herons, curlews, snipes, rails, wild ducks, &c."

ECCELESIAST.—All the sons of British dukes and marquises are lords by courtesy, and by courtesy only, as they have no legal right to the distinction. The eldest son takes by courtesy the second title in the family. The eldest son of the Duke of Somerset is Lord Seymour; the eldest son of the Duke of Bedford is Marquis of Tavistock; but, whether the second title be, as in the first case, a simple barony, or, as in the second, a marquise, the bearers are always called "lord." The younger sons of dukes and marquises have by courtesy the title of "lord" prefixed to their Christian names, as Lord John Russell, son of the late Duke of Bedford; Lord Hubert de Burgh, son of the present Marquis of Clanricarde.

F. HUGHES.—You ask us why roast goose is eaten on Michaelmas day. We must inform you that various reasons are assigned for this practice. It can be traced through more than three centuries. The popular belief is, that a goose forming part of the royal dinner, when the news was brought to Queen Elizabeth of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, her majesty commanded that a goose should be served up on every 29th of September, to commemorate the above glorious event. But it is very possible that, as the Queen was dining on goose on Michaelmas day, the custom of partaking of this dish prevailed before the defeat of the Armada. Beckwith observes, "Probably no other reason can be given for this custom but that Michaelmas day was a great festival, and geese at that time were most plentiful." As to your question about the origin of the saying, that if you eat goose on Michaelmas-day, you will never want money all the year round, it may arise from the habit of receiving rent on this day. In the *British Apollo* we learn why the farmers brought a goose to the landlord. "The custom came up from the tenants presenting their landlords with geese, to incline their relenting on following payments." Another reason, in rhyme, thus accounts for eating the goose at Michaelmas:—

"For doubtless 'twas at first designed,
To make the people seasons mind;
That so they might apply their care
To all those things which needful were;
And, by a good industrious hand,
Know when and how to improve their land."

Every family in Denmark has a roast goose for supper on St. Martin's Eve, that is to say, those have it who can afford it. The harvest is later in Denmark than in England, and St. Martin's day is in about the same relation to the harvest there, as St. Michael's is to our harvest.

DELTA.—Mushrooms are excellent either pickled or stewed, and we congratulate you on finding so many near your house, but you must be very careful not to mistake poisonous fungi for mushrooms. As a mistake may cost you a very serious illness, if not your life, we trust you will patiently listen to our directions. When you have gathered what you consider a mushroom, sprinkle a little salt on the spongy part or gills; if they turn yellow it is a poisonous fungus you have gathered; if black, it is a wholesome mushroom. Allow the salt to act before you decide the question. False mushrooms have a warty cap, they are heavy, and they emerge from a

kind of bag. They grow in woods, whereas the true mushrooms grow in pastures. False mushrooms have a biting, disagreeable taste; when cut they turn blue. They are moist on the surface, and generally of a rose or orange colour. The gills of the true mushroom are of a pinky red, changing to a finer colour. The flesh is white, and the stem is white and solid.

HOPE.—Your observation is quite correct, that the spread of education seems to have done little towards removing superstition. The *witch* who appeared in one of our police courts the other day, and who had obtained money from a *lady* to charm away complaints, might have figured in the dark ages. But perhaps you are not aware that even as recently as the time of the great Dr. Johnson, implicit faith was placed in the touch of the royal hand to remove the *king's evil*, or *scrofula*. The sovereign's touching for this disease is a superstition almost venerable from its antiquity. Peter of Blois speaks of it in the twelfth century. It is said to be traceable to Edward the Confessor. The practice of touching was at its height in the reign of Charles II. In the first four years after his restoration he touched nearly 24,000 persons. Pepys, in his diary relates how he waited, at Whitehall to see the king touch people for the king's evil. "He did not come, but kept the poor persons waiting all the morning in the rain in the garden. Afterwards he touched them in the banqueting house." The practice was continued by Charles's successors. Queen Anne was the last sovereign who touched for scrofula. As some excuse for the seeming presumption of supposing their touch could cure disease, we must not omit to mention that the sovereigns pronounced these solemn words when they touched, "I touch, but God healeth."

NINA GORDON sends us a little poem of five stanzas. Of this poem the object seems to be the conviction and conversion of man. "Nina's" verses are far from contemptible; and we should be sorry, by withholding them altogether, to frustrate her good intentions. As a whole, they are rather too crude for publication in our paper; but we shall favour our readers with the second, fifth, and sixth stanzas, considering them the gems of the poem:—

"When unsuspecting, young, and gay,
When peace and pleasure lead the way,
Who'll tempt a simple girl to stray?"
"Tis man!"

And when her woe-worn heart he broke,
When e'en in death his name she spoke,
In that sad hour who'll laugh and joke?"
Base man!

But oh! when death's murrering dart
Shall stop the life-throb of his heart,
Say then, who feels his conscience smart?"
"Tis man!"

In these lines there are a few absurdities, and a few grammatical errors; but these we must consider as poetical licenses, and pronounce that "Nina" has shown both spirit and talent.

UNFORTUNATE TOM.—For the sake of the ladies who are attached to you, as well as for your own, you must take a decided step. Your case resembles that of a patient who must go through a painful operation before he can hope for a cure. The painful operation necessary for you is, that of making a frank confession of the whole state of the case to your first love. If she has a true woman's heart, she will feel for you, and, forgetful of self, desire only that you should follow the bent of your own inclinations, but we consider these inclinations (under wise direction) would not lead you to the passionate woman, whose ill-placed love has made you guilty of inconstancy. On hearing that you were an engaged man, it was her duty to conquer her partiality for you. In the indulgence of her own feelings she has sacrificed others, and being evidently selfish, she is not calculated to make a good wife.

FLORENCE BELGRAVE.—We attribute no hidden meaning to the words of the song you mention. A CONSTANT READER must advertise for the situation she wishes to procure. H. R. E.—"Ladies and gentlemen" is the proper mode of addressing an audience. BRIDE ELECT.—We are of your friends' opinion, and recommend you to select a white dress, although you are to be married in the winter. A white silk looks well for years (for parties and full-dress occasions), and when soiled or faded, you can have it dyed of a dark colour. You may wear a coloured velvet mantle during the ceremony, and, should the weather be severe, your clothing may be as warm as if the colour of your dress were scarlet. You had better not fix on November for your bridal, as your suitor has mentioned December. All expenses previous to the wedding (excepting the dress, which you say your lover has proposed buying) fall on the bride's family.

DARA.—We believe every day is a lucky day on which we do our duty; but if your parents object to Friday, select another day for your wedding. Consult recent numbers of our paper, and you will find excellent receipts for improving the hair and complexion.

RUSTICS.—You may pass persons you meet either on the right or left side. On bowing to superiors, or ladies, remove your hat from your head.

POOR MISERABLE LILY, DOUBTFUL, A HIGHLAND GIRL, HIBERNIA.—Love seems more mischievous than ever, and the unhappy lovers that seek consolation by consulting us are so numerous, that we are almost bewildered. "Lily's" case interests us, particularly on account of the pious resignation she expresses. We think that by revealing to her parents the state of her heart, she takes the course most likely to secure what she so much desires. "Doubtful" will find a case similar to his own discussed in a recent number of our paper. Let him be guided by the advice there given.—"A Highland Girl" does not tell us what length of time has elapsed since her lover wrote. Much must depend on this.—"Hibernia's" case resembles "Doubtful's," and we can only give him a similar answer; but he has other sorrows besides those of the heart. He does not know what to do "in a small company." Let him learn to listen; a good

listener is more rare and more welcome than a good talker. "Hibernia" must shake hands with intimate friends, not with slight acquaintances.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Persevere in the receipt given to "Es-ther" and "Annie."

ONE IN NEED OF ADVICE.—You do not say whether the man you prefer would marry you, supposing you were free. If you are convinced he would *not*, your preference for him is a weakness, and one that you should endeavour to conquer. Should you succeed, you might be able to return the attachment of the man who frankly and generously offered you his hand. Could you see all the letters we receive from young ladies of great attractions who get no offers at all, you would think twice before you threw away your present chance.

NED MUSGRAVE.—You will be sure to repent if you induce the young lady to marry you, and to emigrate with you, in spite of her mother's disapproval. Repentance will make her gloomy and wretched, and you will have no help nor solace in her.

NELLIE-ANTE-SIRLIE.—Your question has already been answered in our paper. In this country marriages between first and second cousins are perfectly lawful.

CARRIE RALSTON.—Chesterfield says, that "The virtue of a lover is excess," but we do not think he could have alluded to lady-lovers. Reserve is so much the characteristic of the fair sex, that we cannot advise you entirely to throw it off, even in addressing the gentleman to whom you are engaged.

RUTH.—We consider "Ruth" too young to carry on her present plan with any degree of safety. Let her lover own the state of his feelings to "Ruth's" parents or guardians, or let "Ruth" avoid his society.

MARY ELIZA, JOHNNY HYLAND.—According to modern etiquette, it is not necessary for a gentleman to take off his glove to shake hands with a lady who has her gloves on. "Johnny Hyland" must recollect that *he* (not his acquaintance) contemplates marrying the young lady. Let him follow his own inclinations, if he can do so without offending his parents.

JULIA JOINER.—Your lover may be "sincere," but it is evident he is not affectionate. We advise you to endeavour to meet indifference with indifference.

H. B. W.—We are much pleased with the commendation you bestow on our "French Lessons." We beg you to observe that we still continue to publish rules for pronunciation; and to these we refer "J. S." and "A Fifteen Years' French Tutor." The doubts of "D. S. J." may be solved by an attentive perusal of the earlier chapters of the French Lessons.

BRIGHTON.—For aught we know, the lady you love may be a desperate flirt; but her indignation at your having indulged in excess in wine is no proof of her being a flirt; but she must be very unforgiving if she does not overlook your fault, supposing it an exception to your general habits, and that you are not addicted to drinking. If she perseveres in her resentment, it is possible that she is making the fault into which you were led an excuse for forsaking you and encouraging some other lover; and, instead of lamenting, you may have good cause to congratulate yourself on escaping a union with a heartless, inconstant woman.

JOHN THOMAS.—You do not tell us your age, but, judging from your letter, we should say you are still very young, and not likely to be accepted by the lady with £5,000, or the lady with nothing. So we advise you to avoid the humiliation of being refused by proposing to neither.

MARY.—We think it is not probable that your vacillating lover will ever make up his mind. In the meantime, he keeps you in a state of agitation that unfits you for business, and leaves you no inclination to encourage another suitor who might make you a good husband. Take no hasty step, but by checking vain hopes, extricate yourself from this state of suspense. On your side let the correspondence cease, and use all your energies and every means in your power to become once more heart-whole.

SAUCY BROOKE.—What! you, a young woman of eighteen, you set your affections on a boy of fifteen—a mere child, who ought to be at school! The idea is preposterous. We cannot decidedly answer your question as to whether the lad of fifteen will think any the worse of you for loving him, but we can assure you we do.

A. B. Y. Z.—Moles cannot be eradicated without extreme danger.—D. M.—Cease from biting your nails, and they will grow again.—J. Rankin.—Take as much exercise as possible; but avoid the use of "glassfuls of vinegar."—Jack Rag and W. H. wish for whiskers. They must "bide their time."—A Striving Young Man; A. J. C.; Geranium; Theresa Denoyer; Mabelle; Jane Thomson, and some others, will find advice as to curling hair, &c., in previous numbers of our journal.

Respectfully declined.—J. and W. Fides; Samuel E.; T. K. F.; A Youth of Seventeen; B. Powell; Geraldine; T. Bentley; R. A.; V. North; J. C.; Jane M.; J. Thomason; H. Anderton; Minnie E.; H. D.; W. B.

Irish Reader; A Subscriber; Montreal; Blackstone; Larky Grigg; A Dublin Girl; Y. Y.; Trotting Jack; G. Grubb; A Laird's Son; F. Brink; Dick Tarleton; A Three Years' Subscriber; Mary Anne; A Sufferer; Macclesfield; A Constant Reader; Weak Pate; Tom Clooley; Savant; L. M. N.; A Working Lad; Telegram; Xenophon—these are relating to cases that require medical treatment.

* * * If those correspondents who complain of not having had replies to their letters, will favour us by repeating their questions in explicit terms, they shall receive the information they require with the least possible delay. We beg, however, to remind our readers that three weeks from the receipt of their queries is the *shortest* time in which they can hope to receive an answer, as we cannot prepare the supply necessary to meet the great and still increasing demand for the paper in less than three weeks.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER XCVII.

The diligence of trade and noise of gain,
And luxury more late asleep were laid;
All was the night's, and her silent reign
No sound the rest of nature did invade.

DRYDEN.

On quitting the village inn, Jack Manders and his friend Caleb followed the footsteps of their guide till they reached the narrow by-lane running between Minter's farm and the old bell-ringer's cottage. This bridle-road, for it was little more, the same Mark

Rayner escaped by on the night of Lillian's abduction, soon brought them to the wall of Meldown-park, which they left to the right, and struck into the open common near the gravel pits.

A mile further brought them to the croft, from which they first caught sight of the Home Farm, its quaint old gables and bay windows clearly defined in the moonlight which flooded the landscape with its silver beams.

"There it be," said the ostler, pointing to the house.

The attention of Jack, however, was directed to a nearer object, the dog-cart drawn up close by the old pollard.

Neither the driver nor his companion was with it.

They approached it cautiously and looked carefully round them; neither of the men was to be seen.

"I told you you were mistaken," observed Caleb.

"Perhaps," replied his friend, doubtfully, for the

words he had heard had made a deep impression on him; Mike's tone of voice was not easily forgotten. "We shall see," he added; "doubtless they are at the farm."

The speakers were about to turn, when a deep groan from the opposite side of the hedge startled them. The young men sprang over, and saw what appeared to be a human being, enveloped in a coarse rug, twisting and rolling on the ground in intense agony. Their first impulse was to raise him, but the wretched man proved too far gone to speak; he could only mutter a few indistinct words, which, Caleb thought, sounded like "the drink—poison!" when he fell back a dead weight in their arms.

Their guide suggested that they should give him brandy.

"Too late," said Jack, who had seen death face to face too frequently to be mistaken. "He is gone."

"What, dead!" exclaimed the ostler, in a tone of terror and surprise. "Why, it be murder, then?"



JACK AND CALEB ARE JUST IN TIME.

"Little doubt of that," observed the former; "and he who perpetrated it is not likely to leave his night's work uncompleted. Let us hasten to the farm at once, if we would prevent a second crime."

Having placed the body of Brandt upon the ground and covered it over with the rug, the two friends, horrified at the discovery they had made, started at a rapid pace towards the house.

"This way!" shouted their guide, pointing to the north side of the building; "the porch be here."

Jack Manders followed the direction of the speaker; but the quick eye of Caleb had caught the reflection of the light which streamed through the chink of the half-open shutter; and he directed his steps towards that. To tear it open, dash the curtain aside, and spring into the oak room were the acts of an instant.

Fortunately, he was armed.

The sight that met his gaze might have startled the nerves of one accustomed even to the battle-field, for there the pomp and circumstance of war—the trumpet's clang, the cannon's roar, and the cheers of the excited soldiery, drown the keen cry of agony, and rob even death itself of half its terrors. Caleb had witnessed such scenes, but never felt the blood rush from his heart as it did on his first glance into that lonely chamber, where Fiddler Dick, who had forced the half-strangled steward upon his knees, was holding back his head by the thin, gray locks, whilst Mike was in the act of drawing a knife across the victim's throat.

With a shout of terror and execration, the young sailor levelled his pistol and fired. The ball struck the aged fratricide in the back; the knife fell from his palsied hand, and a yell of pain and disappointment escaped him.

The mountebank, whose coolness and presence of mind rarely deserted him, saw at a glance that the intruder had no second weapon. It was hard, very hard, to be disappointed of his plunder, and such plunder, too; but personal safety now became the first consideration.

Releasing his hold of the half-murdered man, he darted towards the window with the agility of a wild cat; but Caleb, whose eye was quite as quick, intercepted him, and a brief but desperate struggle ensued.

"Release me!" muttered the ruffian, between his clenched teeth.

His antagonist made no reply, but clung to him with desperate determination. It was a death grapple to one if not both of them.

Twice they fell upon the floor of the chamber. The last time the sailor struck his temple against the heavy oaken table. The blow caused the lights to dance wildly before his eyes, and the pale, ghastly features of his assailant wore a mocking smile.

Caleb's strength was deserting him.

"If I could only find the knife," thought Fiddler Dick, releasing one of his hands from the neck of the young man, and feeling along the floor in search of it.

By this time voices were heard at the porch, and the noise of descending feet upon the stairs. The farm servants had been roused by the shouts of the ostler and Jack Manders.

The mountebank felt that an instant's more delay might consign him to a far worse doom than the dockyard at Chatham. With a yell of disappointment, he started to his feet, and stared for an instant round the room.

Andrew Sillex, although severely wounded, for the blood gushed fearfully from his throat, had contrived to crawl towards the chest which contained his treasured gold, and during the struggle, instead of attempting to assist his preserver, had been making desperate efforts to close the lid, which fastened with a spring.

As the assassin stretched forth his arm to secure at least a portion of the contents, the old man succeeded in the attempt, and he sank exhausted beside it.

A low chuckling laugh broke from his lips.

An oath issued from those of Fiddler Dick, as he glared with the fury of a tiger disappointed of its prey, around him; and probably he would have completed the work of death his confederate had commenced, had not the noise made by those breaking open the door of the apartment, warned him to provide for his safety. Seizing the parchment which Mike had left upon the table, he sprang through the open window and disappeared.

When Jack Manders, the ostler, and farm servants succeeded in forcing an entrance, they found their worst fears realised. The steward lay weltering in his blood; his brother dying, and Caleb bewildered and half stunned from the blow he had received, incapable of explaining the scene that had taken place.

Jack's first care was to assist his friend.

"Speak to me! are you wounded?" he exclaimed;

"for heaven's sake speak to me! This is indeed a night of terror."

"It be murder, I think," observed the ostler, pointing to the ghastly form of Andrew Sillex, whom the servants had raised from the floor and placed in a chair.

"Measter beant dead," said one of the men, "but he do bleed awful."

"What has occurred?" demanded the housekeeper, who now entered the room with her usual self-collected, quiet air.

At the sight of the partner of her crime she paused for an instant, and gazed upon him; but no glance of pity shot from her cold gray eyes; on the contrary, they appeared to express satisfaction rather than commiseration.

"I thought it would be so," she calmly added; "the gold he lived for has been the means of his punishment. But where is the murderer?"

Caleb, who by this time had partially recovered, pointed to the window, and with some difficulty pronounced the word "There."

Jack understood him, and tore aside the curtain just in time to see Fiddler Dick, who had reached the dog-cart, spring into the seat, and drive off at a furious pace across the common.

"Escaped!" he said, in a tone of disappointment. "One on 'em," observed the ostler; "but here be another."

Mike, who, during the struggle between his confederate and the young sailor, had succeeded in crawling under the heavy oaken table, was now dragged forth, and by no gentle hands. At every movement the wretched fratricide groaned with anguish; the torture he endured must have been exquisite.

"Why this be measter's brother!" exclaimed one of the servants, and his fellow labourers, not knowing what to make of the affair, began to look doubtfully upon the two strangers. The ostler being well known, they had no suspicion of him.

"Till the result of the night's crime is known," observed the housekeeper, "I will take charge of these."

As she spoke, she disengaged the keys, though not without some violence, from the grasp of Andrew Sillex.

"Pardon me," replied Jack Manders, snatching them from her, "I am the fittest person."

"You!" replied the woman.

"At your service, madam."

"And by what right?"

"Simply as his nephew. Oh! you need not look surprised," added the young man. "I am not in the least proud of the relationship."

At the word "nephew," Mike—who had been placed in a chair directly opposite the one filled by his brother, who was still insensible, although those around him had succeeded in stopping the hemorrhage—uttered a deep groan, and pronounced the name of "Jack!"

"Here I am, uncle," replied his relative. "I told you we should meet again. You see I have kept my word."

"Yes, confound you!" muttered the old convict.

"Would I had found you a better man."

"You don't know all," exclaimed Mike, with momentary strength. "I came to the Home Farm, and Andrew and that woman who hanged her own husband through jealousy tried to poison me."

"Horrible!" ejaculated Jack; "but I warned you not to trust him."

"That ain't the worst," continued the dying man. "Seeing he couldn't send me out of the world by poison, he did it as bad—managed it another way: got my ticket-of-leave recalled—sent me to the hulks."

"His own brother!" exclaimed Caleb.

"Ay, his twin; and we wor reckoned uncommonly like each other; but he wor the cunningest of the two, for he allays got the—the—"

Here a succession of violent spasms cut short the speech of the fratricide, and the upper portion of his body writhed like that of a twisted snake with agony, whilst the lower extremities remained perfectly still.

At this allusion to his resemblance to his brother a shudder ran through the veins of his hearers, for never perhaps was the likeness more apparent than at that moment, as they sat, each supported in an arm chair, one insensible and the other writhing in the convulsions of approaching dissolution.

"I didn't behave well to yer, Jack," continued the old convict, when the violence of the spasms had subsided; "but it worn't my fault. Andrew would have yer sent to sea: he said it wor safest; and yer know I allays gave way to what he said."

"I felt it bitterly at first," replied Jack; "for the captain proved a brutal tyrant."

"Hard lines," interrupted the old man, "no doubt, no doubt."

"But it turned out for the best at last. Providence raised me up friends, and I am in England again."

"In what line?" inquired his uncle, faintly.

"An honest one," replied his nephew.

"That's what we all say till we gets found out," muttered his relative. "In the police, I s'pose," he added, bitterly; "vell, vell," he continued, after a pause, and in a more philosophical tone, "bizziness is bizziness; but yer might ha' fired higher, Jack, and put me out of my mis'ry at once. Ugh! my back is broken—broken!"

"It was not I who fired the shot," observed Jack Manders; "and, badly as you treated me, I rejoice that it was not."

"Worn't it," exclaimed Mike; "who then?"

Caleb acknowledged that the act was his. The old convict regarded him for an instant with a glance of such deadly hate that the young man shuddered and turned aside.

Assistance now arrived from the village in the person of the constables and Doctor Phrase. The first care of the medical man was to attend to the steward, whose wound he sewed up, and then turned to his murderer, a brief examination of whose wound satisfied him that all human skill was hopeless.

"I knows it," groaned Mike; "I knows it."

At the sound of his voice, Andrew Sillex, who by this time had recovered consciousness, looked up and regarded the speaker fixedly—there was something horrible in the glances they exchanged.

"Sad affair," exclaimed the doctor—"sad affair."

How did it occur? Who is the guilty wretch?"

Andrew slowly raised his hand and pointed to the murderer who was seated opposite to him.

"What, your—no, no, impossible! Why, you are brothers."

"Twins," added Mike; "and uncommon like one another."

The steward attempted to speak; but Phrase positively forbid the effort, declaring that the only chance of saving him depended on his maintaining absolute silence.

At the words "chance of saving him," an expression of disappointment overshadowed the ghastly features of the assassin. The iron must have entered his soul deeply, for not even the sight of his victim's sufferings could appease the burning sense of injury and resentment.

Jack Manders turned aside with a feeling of disgust. He felt at that moment almost grateful to Andrew for the act of treachery which had removed him from the influence of so bad a man.

The steward made signs that he wished to write, and a slate and pencil were brought him. With a trembling hand he traced a few lines and handed them to Phrase, who read them aloud.

"Do all you can to save my brother."

"Does not that move you?" demanded the nephew, addressing himself to the old convict; "his heart is less hard than yours—he sets you the example of forgiveness—"

A low chuckle escaped from Mike.

"And is anxious that you should recover."

"That he may hang me," replied the former. "I know him—you don't."

The glance of hate and fury which lit, for an instant, the dull gray eyes of the steward proved that the speaker had read his motives more truly than Jack Manders had done.

Andrew wrote again—"Where are my keys?"

"That fellow who calls himself your nephew has taken them," replied the housekeeper, impatiently.

"They were safer in my possession than in yours," replied the young man; "but I have no wish to retain them. I came to the Home Farm to exact an account for the treatment I have received: Providence made my visit the means of detecting, if not preventing, a fearful crime. My uncle has only to say to whom he wishes me to resign them—I am quite ready to give them up."

"Very proper, very proper indeed," said Dr. Phrase; "hem! as my respectability is, I should say, undoubted, you cannot do better than give them to me."

The steward shook his head, and wrote hastily again. The speaker would have taken the slate from his hand, and read his wishes as he had previously done; but the wounded man would resign it to no one but Jack. The words were—

"Keep them."

Both housekeeper and doctor looked exceedingly disappointed, as the nephew quietly dropped the keys into his pocket.

Before morning dawned, Mr. Thornton—the former in his magisterial capacity—our hero, and the two friends who had remained with him at the village

inn, arrived at the Home Farm, whilst a number of villagers crowded round the house.

Among the latter were Farmer Minter and poor old Simon Gee.

As the death of at least one of the parties appeared imminent, Mr. Thornton at once proceeded to take the depositions, and the first person examined was Jack Manders.

The witness stated that, having passed two men in a dog-cart, whose appearance excited his suspicion, on his way to St. Faith's, where he arrived only a few hours previous to the murder, he had started from the inn, accompanied by his friend and the ostler; that his friend had obtained entrance to the oak room by means of the open shutters, whilst he and his guide alarmed the servants, who slept at the north side of the building; he knew no more.

Whilst his nephew was giving his evidence, the steward watched him closely, listening to every word with intense interest.

"You did not actually see the crime committed?" observed the magistrate.

"No, sir."

"Are you related to Mr. Andrew Silex?"

This question had been prompted by the housekeeper.

"I believe that I am his nephew, sir," answered Jack; "but I am by no means anxious to claim the relationship."

"Why not?"

The witness remained silent.

"Then why keep possession of my patient's keys?" demanded Dr. Phrase, in a tone which indicated anything but a friendly feeling towards the speaker.

"To prevent his being robbed."

Something like a chuckle broke from the lips of the steward; Mr. Thornton smiled.

"But I have no objection to place them in the hands of this gentleman," continued the speaker, at the same time drawing them from his pocket and offering them to the magistrate.

"You speak fairly," observed the latter, favourably impressed by the frank, open countenance of the young man.

"Of course he does," replied the housekeeper, bitterly; "it is part of the scheme—it has been well planned."

"What has been well planned?" exclaimed Jack Manders, turning suddenly round, and looking her full in the face.

The woman remained silent.

The master of the Home Farm wrote once more upon the slate, which was handed to Mr. Thornton.

"The witness is my nephew. I request him to keep the keys, hold possession of the house, and remain here till I recover."

"Till when?" inquired Dr. Phrase.

"Till he recovers," repeated the gentleman.

The physician gave a dry hem, which augured anything but favourably for the recovery of Mr. Silex.

Seeing that Andrew was sufficiently strong and collected to write his wishes, as well as express them collectedly, the magistrate next proceeded to examine him; his replies, as a matter of course, being written and read aloud as he wrote it.

"From whom did you receive your wound?"

"My brother Mike."

All who heard this shuddered.

"All right," said the convict; "we are twins, and used to be reckoned—"

"Was he alone?"

"No."

"Who else?"

All waited with intense curiosity to hear the reply to this question.

"The fellow who held me whilst Mike cut my throat."

"Do you know the man?"

"No; he is not here. The young fellow in the sailor's dress came in at the window and saved me."

Every one present looked upon the old convict with undisguised feelings of horror. Although Mike had never shown any great susceptibility on the score of the opinion his fellow-creatures entertained of him, he appeared to feel it on the present occasion; he knew that he was dying unpitied, despised, abhorred, and the sense of desolation stung him.

"But yer don't know why I did it," said he, with an energy that startled them. "We are brothers, twins, and reckoned uncommon like—no matter for that now, he wor rich, and I poor; but it worn't for that, it wor all about the gal Lilly that led to it."

At the allusion to the heroine of our tale, both Mr. Thornton and the lieutenant became greatly interested.

"Will any one give me a toothful of brandy?"

said the dying man. "I should like to say out my say."

Jack Manders brought him a glass. Mike eagerly drank it off, and it served to revive his failing strength.

"I ain't agoin' to say anythink about you, Jack," he continued, looking him in the face; "it wasn't your hand as fired the shot. Vel, Andrew finds me out in my crib in London, where I was livin' respectably a'ter my misfortunes, and wanted me to take a gal and bring up for him. I consented, and did the best I could for her."

"Was her name Lillian?" inquired the magistrate.

"Lillian or Lilly, it's all the same," replied the convict. "He said that she would one day prove worth her weight in gold to him; and yet he only gave me a beggarly fifty pounds a year for her."

"And what became of her?"

"A lady as brought her—I wish I had never seen her face—told me she was a chance child; but I found out that was a lie. She promised me five hundred pounds in the event of her death, and—"

"You murdered her!" exclaimed Mr. Thornton, horror-struck at the dark scene of crime which began to be unravelled.

"No, I did not. I swopped her with Fiddler Dick for a gal as was a dyin', poor little Fan."

A shudder ran through the frame of the speaker as he pronounced the name of the dancing girl; it might have been his wound that caused him pain, or the recollection of his victim's deathbed.

"Vel, Fan died, and was buried under the name of Lilly. Lady Boothroyd paid the money. So, being low like, for Jack had left me to go to sea, I came down here. Andrew and that woman tried to pison me with a dish of musherrooms; that proved no go, so what does he do but gets her ladyship to ask some lord, I think they said he was a minister—a pretty minister!—to call in my ticket-of-leave, and I got sent to the hulks for the rest of my life. Do you wonder that it riled me—that when I escaped I came to thank him at the Home Farm?"

"There," he said, gasping for breath, "now yer knows all about it. I ain't sorry," he added, slowly, "that I wor interrupted afore the job wor done; for, arter all, we are twins—aint we, Andrew?"

"My dear sir," whispered Lieutenant Marsh, "this man's confession is most important; may I request that it be committed to writing?"

The request was complied with, and the last act of Mike's ill-spent life was to sign it.

Great was the excitement amongst the villagers who thronged around the house when, the nature of his confession had transpired, for all remembered the pretty child who had so unaccountably disappeared from amongst them. Simon Gee could not restrain his feelings, but forced his way through the crowd to the oak room.

No sooner did they hear his name than our hero and the lieutenant shook him warmly by the hand.

"My young friend here will inform you of much that you will be pleased to learn," observed the latter. "I must quit you. Should Mr. Beutly hear of your arrival," he added, in a whisper to Richard, "or meet you unprepared, I tremble for the consequences."

Leaving his fellow travellers at the Home Farm, the worthy man directed his steps towards Meldown Park.

Mr. Thornton ordered the body of the fratricide to be removed from the oak-room, to one of the out-houses, in order to await the inquest of the coroner on the following day.

"Unfortunately, sir," observed Jack Manders, "there will be two."

The magistrate looked surprised, imagining that the speaker alluded to the steward, who, although badly wounded, was not yet dead, and might possibly, he thought, recover, despite the ominous shake of the doctor's head. Andrew Silex took the words of his nephew in a similar light, and regarded him with a look of angry impatience.

"That there be, squire," exclaimed the ostler, who began to feel himself rather an important personage, in consequence of the share he had taken in the adventures of the night. "There be another on 'em," he added; "the one we found in the croft."

"A corse?"

"E's, squire, a dead un!" replied the rustic, with a shudder.

Jack and his friend at once related their finding the body of Brandt, before the vital spark was quite extinct, and described the spot where they had left it.

"Did he speak?" inquired Mr. Thornton.

"A few indistinct words," answered Caleb.

"Did you catch their meaning?"

"No, sir; the only ones I could swear to were 'the drink,' and another which sounded, I think, like 'poison.'"

The eyes of the steward and his nephew met—they shrewdly suspected the means by which the unhappy man had met his death.

At the request of the magistrate, a party of villagers accompanied the farm servants to bring the body in; the latter positively refused, even at the bidding of one they so much respected, to undertake the task alone, so greatly had the events of the night terrified them—a feeling not to be wondered at, for, with the exception of the memorable New Year's-eve, when Barney Gee and the gamekeeper met their deaths, such a circumstance as a murder had not taken place at St. Faith's within the recollection of its oldest inhabitant.

Dr. Phrase now insisted upon his surviving patient being conveyed to his bed, or he would not answer for the consequences. Andrew Silex, had he possessed the strength, would have resisted the order. It was like tearing his heartstrings to remove him from his gold. His eyes, like his affections, were riveted upon the receptacle which contained his treasure; and the thought of its passing to another gave him a keener pang than even the approach of death.

At the request of his nephew, Mr. Thornton not only affixed his seal to the chest, but consented to take charge of the keys.

"Do not leave me, Jack," muttered his uncle.

"Not another word," interrupted the village practitioner, "I must insist. It is absolutely self-murder, to—"

"Come with me," repeated the dying man, heedless of the caution. "I won't—I dare not be left alone."

"A clergyman would be a far more fitting person," observed the young man, seriously. "I am ignorant, uncle, very ignorant, and cannot speak the words you ought to hear."

"I am rich, Jack; rich and childless," exclaimed the steward.

"I do not require your gold," replied his nephew; "were you to offer it to me I would not accept it. You forget," he added, lowering his voice to a whisper which only the old man heard, "that I know the means by which you obtained it. There is no blessing upon it; crime sticks to every coin."

Andrew Silex uttered a groan of mingled rage and disappointment. It was something to which the experience of his long life was opposed, which he could not comprehend, to find the poor boy who had been trained to a career of sin—who had vainly implored his assistance, rejecting the wealth for which he had steeped his own soul in guilt.

"You do not know the sum," he murmured; and the words came hissing, like the arch-tempter's proffer, between his close-set teeth.

"Were it ten times greater it would not change me, uncle," was the unhesitating answer. "God has been merciful to you, more merciful than to your wretched brother. He has given you a few hours to repent. Use them wisely, and dispose of the contents of yonder chest for uses that may in some degree atone for the means by which you obtained them; for I repeat it, not a coin shall ever stain my hand."

"It is an honest one now," he added, in a tone of self-respect; "the past has been effaced."

And he was right; if the words were proudly, they were truthfully spoken. No human being can be considered morally responsible for his actions until good and evil are both placed before him—and for years the poor neglected boy had known nought but evil, seen nought but evil, heard nought but evil; the world had been against him, and, like the untaught savage, he had preyed upon the world. No parent's voice had told him there was such a thing as honesty, the social compact, the law of man's existence—he had never heard a prayer, till that hallowed one, fraught with divinest wisdom, fell upon his ear, uttered by Lillian in her solitary chamber.

There was something more than accident, perchance, in the words which first arrested his attention, "Lead us not into temptation."

Daily and hourly all have need to repeat them.

As the plant, rooted in some dark and noisome den, puts forth its shoots towards the solitary ray of light which penetrates its drear abode, so the heart of Jack had turned instinctively to good as soon as it perceived it; clung to it through shame and suffering, till the work of reformation became complete.

After such a triumph, he might truly say, "The past has been effaced."

The words "mercy" and "repentance," from any other lips, in all probability would have produced but little effect on the cynical nature of Andrew Silex; but, coming from one who had been doomed in infancy to a career of vice, and yet redeemed himself, and coupled with the rejection of his gold, they startled the long-slumbering conscience of the dying man, whose head sank heavily upon his breast.

"Very improper; in fact, I must say, highly improper," exclaimed Dr. Phraser, "to agitate my respected patient at such a crisis. Remove him gently," he added, turning to the servants—"mind, very gently—at once."

"Jack," said our hero, placing his hand upon the shoulder of his humble friend, "think better of it; stay with him. I don't mean for his money; no, I admire and respect you for that, but he has not long to live, and, by all accounts, has much to repent of: a few words may touch his heart."

"What can I say?" answered the young man, modestly; "you forget how ignorant I am; a clergyman is the fitting person to—"

"Was Lillian so very learned?" interrupted Richard Markham, with a smile.

The allusion was sufficient; Jack Manders wrung his hand, and, without a word, followed the servants as they carried his wretched uncle from the room.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said, were he ordain'd to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he had done.—MOORE.

It is not part of our creed that sorrow destroys either the physical or intellectual existence of its victims. Like the mildew on the flower, it may rob life of its freshness—palsy the energies of both heart and brain, changing the former into a living sepulchre, whose tenants are useless regrets for the past, or self-reproaches as bitter as they are vain.

Under any circumstances, the loss of his grandson would have been a terrible blow to the feelings of Mr. Bently; but, coming as it did, at the moment of success, when Richard had succeeded in unmasking the real character of Carus Kearn and proving the integrity of his father, it fell with double violence.

Still it did not kill. Death perhaps would have been mercy; it rendered the future a blank, cheerless as that sea

"Whose waters bear no living thing,
Shunned even by the sea-bird's wing,
A lonely scene, a desert rude,
A barren waste, a solitude."

The letter, written by his wife, added to the bitterness of the old merchant's self-reproaches; for, whilst appealing to his affection in behalf of their only child, it amply justified the extraordinary step she had taken in giving her consent to his daughter's marriage with the father of our hero. In the solitude of his chamber he perused and re-perused it till every word became engraved with terrible distinctness upon his memory.

As it unveils much that has hitherto been doubtful to our readers, we consider the time has arrived for imparting its contents.

It ran thus:—

"I am dying of a strange malady, which has baffled the skill of my physician, and in this world we shall never meet again. Rachel will have no mother near you to plead in her behalf, and even my memory may be a reproach, for having consented to what the world may consider an ill-assorted marriage. Richard, I did more than consent, I advised it."

"You have frequently accused me of a prejudice against your nephew, Carus. Shortly after your departure for India, I obtained proofs—I repeat the word *proofs*—that he was not only ungrateful to you, his benefactor, but a bad, dishonest man. Unhappily, I dare not lay these proofs before you; he bound me by an oath at the moment I detected—oh, that I could tell you all! but my lips are sealed. On the word of the wife who loved you, who never yet deceived you, who must soon answer to that tribunal where every thought is judged, I have spoken truthfully."

"I knew the pertinacity with which you adhere to a plan once formed. I knew, also, of your design of uniting Rachel with her cousin Carus, and dared not risk the happiness of our only child. Forgive me, Richard; do not let your anger fall on the head of Rachel. Let the memory of her dead mother plead for her; she will soon have no other defender."

From these passages it was plain that Mrs. Bently had detected Carus in the act of plundering his uncle and benefactor, and been bound by him, perhaps, as the means of preventing a yet greater crime, by oath never to denounce him. As to the means of the unfortunate lady's death, the doubts which veiled them may never, perhaps, be entirely raised.

After the perusal of such a letter the feelings of the merchant entirely changed. In reality, he had little if anything to forgive. The system of negative persecution adopted towards his son-in-law had led to misery. The long years of agony arising from the loss of our hero might have been spared his daughter.

When the stern man reflected on these things, it is not to be wondered that he fled to Meldown from the sight of Rachel's tears, for conscience told him he had been the cause.

Mr. Bently was seated in the library, listening to the account which the gamekeeper, Fletcher, had brought of the attempted murder at the Home Farm, when his faithful, confidential servant entered the room. The old man seemed greatly agitated; and yet a careful observer might have noted that an expression of hope, if not joy, mingled with his tribulation.

"What is it?" inquired his master. "I did not ring."

"I know you did not, sir," replied the domestic; "but a visitor has arrived at the hall."

"From London?"

"I believe he came from London last," was the cautious reply, "but he has lately been in India."

The merchant sighed at the word India—his dearest hopes, as he believed, were buried there.

"From my old friend Curry, no doubt," he said.

"I will see the gentleman."

"Certainly, sir."

Still the man hesitated, and made no attempt to quit the library.

"Did you not hear me?" inquired his master, mildly.

"I don't think the gentleman comes from Mr. Curry," observed the man; "in fact, I am sure he does not. I have seen him here before, when—"

The speaker stooped short as if afraid to proceed. The grandfather of our hero marked his agitation, and a singular feeling crept over him.

"Proceed," he said, firmly; "I can bear anything now."

"When the two young gentlemen were staying at the hall, sir."

"Marsh!" exclaimed Mr. Bently.

"I believe that is the gentleman's name, sir."

"Admit him instantly," said his master; "perhaps he brings me some token or last request from my poor boy."

The domestic hastily withdrew, leaving the merchant a prey to the wildest surmise. Intelligence had reached him that all the party had perished in the attack upon the solitary tower, still he was far from anticipating the happiness in store for him.

When the lieutenant entered the library, he was much struck by the change which little more than a year had made in the appearance of Mr. Bently: his iron-gray hair had become perfectly white, and his features lost much of that expression of firmness, not to say sternness, which formerly characterised them.

"You come to a house of mourning," observed the old man, extending his hand to him, "I might almost say of death, for life has lost its sunshine and existence—been made a blank. Who would have thought," he added, "that it was so hard a thing to die?"

Marsh seated himself in silence; for a man of the world, never had he felt so embarrassed at the sight of such hopeless misery.

"You may tell me all," resumed the speaker: "describe to me my grandson's death, I can bear it; my heart can feel no second blow. 'Tis strange," he added, with unnatural calmness, "how philosophy increases with age upon us."

"I did not witness the event you allude to," replied his visitor, deeply moved.

"I thought, that is, I understood, you accompanied him upon that fatal journey which—"

Despite his boasted fortitude, the firmness of Mr. Bently gave way, and he shed bitter tears of mingled regret and affection.

"You see what a philosopher I am," he said, mournfully. "What a wayward thing the heart is," he continued, after a pause. "Who can comprehend it? For years mine remained deaf to the pleadings of nature—the sorrows of my own child, and yet the loss of my grandson has broken it."

"It was some time," observed the lieutenant, "before I could bring myself to believe in the death of my young charge, the intelligence being anything but precise upon the subject; so many rumours were flying about—one day believed, the next contradicted. To satisfy myself I resolved to visit that part of the country where it was alleged to have taken place."

"That was kind," said the merchant, "but no more than I expected from you. You convinced yourself?"

"Nearly so."

There was something in the tone in which the words were uttered, and the look that accompanied it, which startled the old man, and the first faint gleam of hope broke upon his heart.

Slowly he repeated the words, "Nearly so." "Is it not then a reality? is there a chance—a possibility that he still lives? Marsh, do not torture me by a suspense kindly meant, but more than I have strength to bear."

"The body was never found."

Mr. Bently clasped his hands, in mute but eloquent gratitude.

"Possibly, he may be a prisoner," added his visitor, who scarcely knew what to say, so greatly did the agitation of the grandfather of our hero terrify him.

"Did you not ascertain?" exclaimed Mr. Bently.

The lieutenant hesitated to reply to him.

"But that shall be my care," continued the old man; "I would have ransomed him with a kingly ransom—with my own life, if necessary. I will trust to no other agent, but proceed myself to India."

"Consider, my dear sir, the distance—your great age."

"I feel neither," interrupted the merchant. "There is a chance of again beholding him, and I am young again—strong in affection and in hope. You will accompany me? I am sure you will."

"Willingly, most willingly," replied Marsh, who felt that, at any risk, it was best to end the agitating scene, "should the journey prove necessary."

"He lives!" exclaimed Mr. Bently, springing from his chair, and grasping the speaker by the arm with an energy that astonished him. "I feel it! I am sure of it! You would not trifle with my white hairs, and insult me by a mockery. Speak—one word, in pity!"

A light step was heard approaching the door of the library. The merchant heard it; it fell familiarly as a thing of old upon his ear, and he stood for an instant like a statue, motionless and spell-bound, but still retaining his grasp upon the arm of the lieutenant, without whose support he must have fallen. Expectation, hope, doubt, fear, all were wrought to the highest pitch, and further delay might have proved fatal, when the door opened, and the next instant Mr. Bently found himself in the arms of his grandson. Marsh quitted the room; he had performed his task, and a weight of anxiety was removed from his heart.

Several hours elapsed before he was summoned to rejoin them, when he found the merchant exceedingly pale from the recent agitation he had undergone; but still much stronger than he expected. The expression of hopeless sorrow had already given way to one of deep content, if not of joy.

"Richard has told me all," were the first words the old man uttered; "I shall soon have a grandchild more to love."

In these few graceful words did Mr. Bently convey his approbation of our hero's choice of Lillian. He also announced his intention of leaving Meldown the following day for London.

"Too soon!" he repeated, in answer to an observation of the lieutenant's, hinting that his strength had already been overtaxed; "not an hour, not a minute. Remember, there are other tears to dry; mine must not prove a selfish joy. I have no longer any excuse for remaining secluded from the world," he continued, with feverish excitement; "my heart feels strong again. I long to see him in his mother's arms; then, and then only, shall I cease to regret the past."

Impatient as Richard felt for the meeting with his parents, he entreated his grandfather to postpone his intention at least for a day or two longer, fearing the old man's health might give way under so much excitement.

"Remember," he added, "we shall still be in time for Christmas."

Something in the mention of Christmas-day appeared to please the merchant, and he at once assented.

It was not till Mr. Bently had been persuaded to retire to rest that Richard Markham and the lieutenant returned to the Home Farm to see after their friends and inquire the fate of Andrew Silex.

The steward was dead.

"I trust I shall never witness such another death-bed," observed Jack Manders, who appeared exceedingly pale. "And yet I rejoice I did so," he added, "since it may prove of service to one who is dear to you. The parchment which Mike's companion in crime carried off with him was the long-concealed codicil to the will of the former baronet of Meldown, bequeathing the estates equally between the issue of the two brothers Norman and Allan, in the event of the former dying without male heirs."

"This is most important," observed the lieutenant, and supplies a key to the motives of Lady Boothroyd. "The deed must be recovered at any sacrifice."

"As for the wealth of my late unworthy relative,"

added the nephew, "he has done something to atone by bequeathing it to Lillian."

"That was your suggestion, I feel convinced," exclaimed our hero, struck by his disinterestedness.

"What better could he do with it?" replied the young man. "My mind was fully made up not to accept a shilling of it. The same objection," he added, "cannot apply to Miss Boothroyd, whom he has so deeply wronged."

Forty-eight hours after the events we have described, there were two persons in London exceedingly puzzled by letters from Meldown Park. The first was the reader's old acquaintance, Peter Mangles. Never in the course of his life had the worthy clerk felt so completely at a loss to comprehend his employer. He perused the missive twice, folded it carefully, placed it in his desk, then drew it forth again to be perused a third, and even a fourth time.

"Dear me, dear me!" he muttered to himself, "what can Richard mean by writing in such an incomprehensible way. I am to order the servants to get his town house ready to receive him in two days; that's plain enough. I can understand his being tired of the country, but what can he mean by this?"

"I intend to give a large party on Christmas-day, and have dispatched the invitations from here. I must trust to you to see that arrangements are made on a scale commensurate with the importance of the affair."

"What affair?" demanded Peter, to himself, at the same time throwing the letter upon the desk; "how can any man in his senses write in such an unbusiness-like style?"

Again he took up the offending sheet of paper, and finished reading the contents.

"Congratulate me, my valued friend. I am no longer a lonely being. It is true, happiness comes late; but it has dawned at last."

"What am I to congratulate him about?" exclaimed the old man, pettishly. "He was rich enough before, and no accession of wealth—even if he has come into any—can bring happiness. He must be mad! But it all comes of living in the country. Men never get such flighty ideas who live in the city."

By slow degrees a dreadful suspicion began to insinuate itself into the brain of Peter Mangles: it was neither more nor less than that his employer had got married. So strong did the conviction grow upon him, that several, certainly not very complimentary nor congratulatory, observations, in which the words "Old donkey," or ones which sounded very like them, escaped his lips.

"Married! he must be married!" he repeated; "nothing but marriage or bankruptcy can explain Richard's writing such an unbusiness-like letter. The old sin, pride, has been at work again. I knew he regretted that Mary was not a boy—as if she could help it. Married! doubtless under the ridiculous notion of having an heir to bear his name. Well, well, well, some artful creature has entangled him in her meshes—a widow, most likely a widow."

So engrossed and upset was the old clerk by this idea, that he absolutely made a wrong entry in the ledger, a thing which had only occurred once before during the many years he had kept the books. His indignation, however, did not prevent his attending to the directions of his employer.

Rachel, too, had received a letter, in which her father invited her, together with her husband and Mary, to dine with him at his residence in London on Christmas-day.

"Let me see you wear your long-forgotten smiles," added the writer, in the concluding paragraph. "I have a present both for you and my granddaughter."

"A present!" sighed the mother of our hero. "gold—gifts—alas! what sorrow at one time might they not have spared me!"

(To be continued.)

THE DOVE.

SWEET dove, that homeward winging
O'er endless waves thy lonely way,
Now hither bend'st thee, bringing
The long-sought olive spray:
It tells that love still reigns above,
That God doth not his own forget,
That mercy's beam upspringing
Shall light the lost world yet.

And see in heaven ascending,
Yon radiant bow of peace unfurl'd,
Like love's bright arms extending
To clasp a weeping world.
Hail, union bright of mist and light,
True type of sinners' hopes and tears:
When light celestial blending
Draws glory out of tears.

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

TO YOUNG MEN: STARTING IN LIFE.

The first great lesson a young man should learn is that he knows nothing. The earlier and the more thoroughly this lesson is learnt the better. A home-bred youth, growing up in the light of parental admiration, with everything to foster his vanity and self-esteem, is surprised to find, and often unwilling to acknowledge, the superiority of other people. But he is compelled to learn his own insignificance; his airs are ridiculed, his blunders exposed, his wishes disregarded, and he is made to cut a very sorry figure, until his self-conceit is abased, and he feels that he knows nothing.

When a young man has thoroughly comprehended the fact that he knows nothing, and that intrinsically he is but of little value, the next lesson is that the world cares nothing about him. He is the subject of no man's overwhelming admiration; neither petted by the one sex, nor envied by the other, he has to take care of himself. He will not be noticed till he becomes noticeable; he will not become noticeable until he does something to prove that he is of some use to society. No recommendations or introduction will give him this, or ought to give him this; he must do something to be recognised as somebody.

There is plenty of room for men in the world, but there is no room for idlers. Society is not very particular what a man does, so long as he does something useful to prove himself, to be a man; but it will not take the matter on trust.

There is no surer sign of an unmanly and cowardly spirit than a vague desire for help—a wish to depend, to lean on somebody, and enjoy the fruits of other people's industry. There are multitudes of young men who indulge in dreams of help from some quarter coming in at a convenient moment to enable them to secure the success in life which they covet. The vision haunts them of some benevolent old gentleman with a pocket full of money, a box full of scrip, a trunk full of mortgages, and a mind remarkably appreciative of merit and genius, who will, perhaps, give or lend them from one thousand to ten thousand pounds, with which they may commence business and go on swimmingly. Perhaps he will take a different turn and send them to college, from which they will emerge into ecclesiastical popularity, and rise up to a fat bishopric or deanery, at least.

One of the most painful sights in the world is that of a young man with a strong constitution and a presentable figure, standing with his hands in his pockets longing for help. There are positions in which the most independent spirit may gracefully and gratefully accept assistance; may, in fact, as a choice of evils, desire it; but for a man who is able to help himself, to seek help from others, is positive proof that he has been unfortunately trained, and that an indolent bias exists in his character. Let us not be misunderstood; we would not inculcate the pride of personal independence, which in its sensitiveness repels the good offices of friends—what we condemn in a young man, is the habit of dependence which makes him anxious to accept as a favour those things which he might readily acquire by his own industrial exertions. A man who willingly receives assistance, especially if he has applied for it, invariably sells himself to his benefactor, unless his patron happens to be a man of sense, who is giving absolutely necessary assistance to one whom he knows to be both sensitive and honourable.

When a young man has ascertained the fact that he knows nothing, and that the world cares nothing about him; that his success in life must depend on his own exertions; and that he must look to himself, and not to others, for assistance, he is in a fair position for beginning life.

The next lesson is that of patience. A man must learn to wait as well as to work; and to be content with those means of advancement in life which he may use with integrity and honour. Patience is one of the most difficult lessons to learn. It is natural for the mind to look for immediate results.

Let this, then, be understood at starting: that the patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise is not only essential in securing the success which a young man seeks in life, but essential also to that preparation of the mind requisite for the enjoyment of success, and for retaining them when gained. It is the general rule, in all the world, and in all time, that unearned success is a curse.

It is the rule also that the process of earning success shall be the preparation for its conservation and enjoyment. So, day by day, and week by week; so, month after month, and year after year, WORK ON;

and in that process gain strength and symmetry, nerve and knowledge, that when success, bravely and patiently acquired, shall be yours, it shall find you prepared to receive and to keep it. The development of all your mental and moral qualities in the brave battle of life will amply reward you for the struggle. It will help to make a MAN of you; and give you not only self-respect but the respect of your fellows and the public.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XXIV

"You have a very pleasing subject for your vocabulary to-day, Robert," said George, at the beginning of the French lesson. "I am going to tell you the names of fruit and trees. Now, I hope you remember a rule I gave you some time ago, that all trees are masculine; but this is by no means the case with all fruits."

"Now sit down and begin to write. I shall direct you to place the fruit immediately under the tree that produces it; but some trees have no fruit worth mentioning, for instance, the acacia, the witch elm, and the cedar. Nevertheless, you should be acquainted with their names. Let us begin with the elm."

TREES AND FRUIT.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
An elm	Un orme
A poplar	Un peuplier
An oak	Un chêne
An acorn	Un gland
An apricot-tree	Un abricotier
An apricot	Un abricot
An almond-tree	Un amandier
An almond	Une amande
A pineapple	Un ananas
An alder	Un aune
A birch	Un bouleau
A cedar	Un cèdre
A cherry-tree	Un cerisier
A cherry	Une cerise
A bigaroon	Un bigarreau
A gingee	Une gingee
A witch elm	Un charme
A chestnut-tree	Un châtaignier
A chestnut	Une châtaigne
A lemon-tree	Un citron
A lemon	Un dattier
A palm-tree	Une datte
A date	Un érable
A maple	Un figuier
A fig-tree	Une figue
A fig	Un fige
An ash	Une fraise
A strawberry	Une framboise
A raspberry	Un hêtre
A beech	Une faine
A beech-nut	Un marronnier
A sweet chestnut-tree	Un marronnier d'Inde
A horse chestnut-tree	Un marron
A sweet chestnut	Un mûrier
A mulberry-tree	Une mûre
A mulberry	Une mure de ronce
A blackberry	Un nœlle
A medlar-tree	
A medlar	

"Stop here, Robert," said the preceptor, "you know I do not like to overburden your memory, and in order to furnish you with a good stock of words, I wish you always to learn the daily portion of the vocabulary by heart. At your next lesson you can finish writing out the names of trees and fruits, and then I shall have to impart to you a few French idioms relating to the subject of fruit. It is now high time we should think of the exercise. You are still writing about the adjectives, and I will now give you some rules relating to the degrees of signification or comparison."

"Adjectives have three degrees of comparison—the positive, the comparative, and the superlative."

"The positive is the state of the adjective when it expresses the quality of the noun without increasing or diminishing it. The comparative (which derives its name from the fact of its expressing a comparison between nouns) may be considered under three different heads. First, the comparison of equality; then, the comparison of superiority, and thirdly, the comparison of inferiority."

"The comparison of equality may be formed by adding 'as,' *aussi*, to the positive, 'Il est aussi bon que vous,' 'He is as good as you.'

"We English people often form the comparison of superiority or inferiority by the addition of *er* to the positive. This manner of forming either of these comparatives is never adopted by the French. For these comparatives they use a mode of expression familiar to ourselves, for they form their comparative 'more,' by *plus*, and 'less,' by *moins*. We say 'Augustus is richer than Alfred,' in French this is, 'Auguste est plus riche qu'Alfred.' 'Copper is less precious than

silver,' is translated, 'Le cuivre est moins précieux que l'argent.'

"Should you wish to use more or less as an adverb of quality, in the sense of *more than*, *less than*, you must translate than by *de*. Example: 'This desk cost me more than two pounds;' 'Ce pupitre me coûta plus de deux livres.'

"Good," "bad," and "little," adjectives which form their comparatives irregularly in English, also depart from the general rule in French, thus, 'good, better,' become 'bon, meilleur.' 'Bad, worse,' are in French 'mauvais, pire,' and 'little, less,' are rendered by 'petit, moindre.'

"The superlative expresses the quality of the noun in the highest degree. There are two superlatives, the absolute and the relative. By placing before the positive 'très, fort, or bien' (in English very), you may form the absolute superlative thus, 'London is a very fine city,' 'Londres est une très belle ville.'

"We generally form the superlative relative by adding 'st' or 'est,' but this would have a very absurd effect in French, in which language the superlative relative is formed by the use of adverbs in the superlative degree, preceded by an article. I will give you an illustration of this rule. 'Rome was the most powerful of cities,' 'Rome était la plus puissante des villes.' 'You are the least of the three,' 'Vous êtes le moins grand des trois.' 'He is the worst of the class,' 'Il est le pire de la classe.'

"If you remember these rules, Robert, you will not find much difficulty in the following exercise."

EXERCISE.

DEGREES OF SIGNIFICATION IN ADJECTIVES.

1. Ignorant men are more conceited than others. 2. The Rhone is much more rapid than the Seine. 3. You are younger than your brother. 4. The simplicity of nature is more pleasing than all the embellishments of art. 5. The rose is not less beautiful than the tulip, but the tulip is more gaudy. 6. I am less subject to the tooth-ache than brilliant. 7. Mistress C*** is more than sixty. I did not think she was more than thirty. 8. The consumption of bread in Paris is not more than three hundred and twenty-eight millions and five hundred thousand pounds a year. 9. America has more than one hundred men-of-war. 10. France has not less than sixty thousand sailors. 11. I (should think there were not) less than six hundred people at the concert last night. 12. I think that Miss C*** is as pretty as her sister. 13. I am not so young as I look. 14. Lisbon is not so large nor so populous as Paris. 15. Your son will never be so tall as you.

LE CORRIGE.

1. Les hommes ignorants sont plus vains que les autres.
2. Le Rhône est beaucoup plus rapide que la Seine.
3. Vous êtes plus jeune que votre frère.
4. La simplicité de la nature est plus agréable que tous les embellissements de l'art.
5. La rose n'est pas moins belle que la tulipe, mais la tulipe est plus brillante.
6. Je suis moins sujet au mal-de-dents que je l'étais.
7. Madame C*** a plus de soixante ans.
8. La consommation de pain dans Paris n'est pas de plus de trois cent vingt-huit millions cinq cent mille livres par an.
9. L'Amérique a plus de cent vaisseaux de guerre.
10. La France n'a pas moins de soixante mille marins.
11. Je crois qu'il n'y avait pas moins de six cent personnes hier soir au concert.
12. Je pense que Mademoiselle C*** est aussi jolie que sa sœur.
13. Je ne suis pas aussi (or si) jeune que je le parais.
14. Lisbon n'est pas aussi (or si) grand ni si populeux que Paris.
15. Votre fils ne sera jamais aussi (or si) grand que vous.

"Now, Robert, let us look after our travellers. We find them preparing for breakfast."

CONTINUATION OF
LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

- | ENGLISH. | FRENCH. |
|--|--|
| Now let us breakfast. | A présent déjeunons. |
| What will you take? Will you breakfast in the French style, and eat fish, fowl, fruit, and cheese, and drink "Chablis" wine? | Que voulez-vous prendre. Est-ce que vous voulez déjeuner à la Française, et manger du poisson, de la volaille, du fruit, du fromage, et boire du vin de Chablis? |

* Est-ce que, "is it," is used in asking a question; but it serves less to interrogate than to give expression; for the sentence would be complete without it.

No, I thank you; I shall take none of all that this morning.

As you please. Let us have a plain English breakfast.

We will have some coffee, some rolls, some eggs, and some cutlets.

Let me have the pleasure of sending you another cup of coffee.

It is Mocha. I know you will like it.

The eggs are new laid. I have made an excellent breakfast.

I hope you have not finished. I am much obliged to you. I have finished.

I want to see this fine city. I shall be delighted to accompany you.

Really you are very kind. I will show you the wonders of Paris.

We have a great deal to see. Let us arrange the order of our walks.

Shall we begin our excursions to-day? Willingly. I will come and fetch you at noon.

Non, je vous remercie bien; je ne prendrai rien de tout cela ce matin.

Comme vous voulez. Déjeunons tout simplement à l'Anglaise.

Nous aurons du café, des petits pains, des œufs, et des côtelettes.

Que j'ai le plaisir de vous envoyer encore une tasse de café.

C'est du Moka. Je sais que vous le trouverez bon.

Les œufs sont frais. J'ai fait un excellent déjeuner.

Je me flatte que vous n'avez pas fini. Je vous suis bien obligé. J'ai fini.

Je voudrais voir cette grande ville. Je serai charmé de vous accompagner.

Vraiment vous êtes fort aimable. Je vous ferais voir ce que Paris contient de remarquable.

Nous avons beaucoup à voir. Régions l'ordre de nos promenades.

Commencerons nous nos courses aujourd'hui? Volontiers. J'irai vous prendre à midi.

RULES FOR PRONUNCIATION.

OF THE SOUND *y*. (See the sound *i*.)

The two vowels *e, u*, combined together, form a sound nearly similar to that of the English *u* in *fur*, &c.

This sound exists in the words *heure*, *hour*, *bonheur*, *happiness*, *Europe*, *Europe*, &c.

The same sound is also produced by the following combinations of letters: *œu*, in *œuf*; *egg*; *œi*, in *œillet*, *carnation*; *uei*, in *œueil*, &c.

The combination *eu*, followed by the letter *r*, produces a sound exactly similar to that of *u* in the English word *fur*, and will be found marked (13).

Thus the sound *eu* is represented by *œu*, *œu*, *œi*, *uei*.

OF THE SOUND *œ*.

The sound *œ* is somewhat similar to the preceding, only a little deeper, and is produced by closing the lips a little more than for the preceding. It is found in the following French word: *jeûne*, fasting; and has no corresponding sound in English.

This sound is also produced by the following combinations: *œud*, in *œud*, knot; *œufs*, in *œufs*, eggs; *œue*, in *œue*; *œux*, in *œux*, eyes; *œut*, in *œut*, he wishes.

The assistance of a teacher is necessary in order to the right apprehension of the several variations of this sound, as well as that marked (13).

Thus the sound *œ* is represented as follows: *œu*, *œud*, *œufs*, *œue*, *œux*, *œut*.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XXIII.

THE TELESCOPE (continued).

582. Is the same eye-glass used in the examination of all objects?—It is not; telescopes are furnished with several eye-glasses, to be used in looking at different bodies and in different states of the atmosphere.

583. Does a common SPY-GLASS differ in any respect from a telescope for viewing the stars?—It has additional glasses inside of the tube to make objects, seen through it, appear erect.

584. How does a REFLECTING TELESCOPE differ from that which has just been described?—A large con-

* *J'irai vous prendre*, "I will come for you," is a French idiom deserving attention. In English we use the verb *come* with reference to the person to whom we speak; thus, speaking to a person we meet, we say, "I will come and see you to-morrow," meaning at the person's house. The French, on the contrary, speak with reference to the place and not to the person, and say *J'irai vous voir demain*. After signifying (in this view of the case) to move from a place in which they are to one in which they are not.

cave mirror takes the place of the object-glass; this mirror is at the bottom of a long hollow tube which rests on the ground.

585. Where does the observer stand?—He stands with his back towards the object, at the elevated mouth of the tube; and looks through the eye-glass at the image thrown just before it by the concave mirror.

586. The largest reflecting telescope that has ever been made was constructed by Lord Rosse, an Irish nobleman, and is of enormous size—give its dimensions.—The mirror is 6 feet across; the tube is 7 feet in diameter, and 52 feet long. The highest magnifying power of this monster telescope is about 9,000.



Fig. 43.

587. The essential parts of the eye are represented in Fig. 43—describe it.—The eye is a hollow ball composed of several membranes, and filled with a transparent liquid; within this is suspended a semi-liquid mass, of the shape of a lens, and called the *Crystalline Lens*. This is seen at *g*.

588. What is the action of the eye on a pencil of rays proceeding to it from any point of a luminous object?—The rays are all made to converge to a point on the back part of the eye.

589. What is formed on the back part of the eye?—An inverted image or picture of the object.

590. What is spread over the back part of the eye to receive it?—The *Retina*. This is a fine network of fibres proceeding from the optic nerve that communicates with the brain.

591. What lies immediately in front of the crystalline lens?—An opaque screen with a hole in its centre, through which the light passes.

592. What is the screen called?—The *Iris*; the round opening at its centre is called the *Pupil* of the eye. The pupil is the aperture or window of the eye.

593. Is the pupil always of the same size?—It contracts when the light becomes strong, and dilates when it grows feeble; so as always to allow the proper quantity of light to pass into the eye.

594. What produces this change?—The stimulus of the light upon the nerves of the iris either directly or by transmission from the retina.

595. Why do we see more distinctly in the evening, after we have been out in the dark a little while, than we did at first?—Because the pupil dilates gradually. On the other hand, if we come from the dark into the presence of a strong light we are dazzled at first by it, because the pupil does not contract instantly.

THE CABIN-BOY: A SHIP-MASTER'S STORY.

On my way across the Sound I fell in with two old sea-captains—John Streeter and Asa Morton—with whom I had some slight acquaintance. Streeter was about three-score, and had followed the sea during most of his life. Morton was considerably younger, but still a seaman of much experience. The subject of the abolition of flogging in our navy came up in course of conversation, and Captain Morton expressed himself very decidedly in favour of keeping up that time-honoured institution the cat-o'-nine-tails.

"I am not prepared to say," remarked Captain Streeter, in reply, "that the condition of our men-of-warships will be in every case benefited by the abolition of flogging, though I am sure that it *might* be so. I mean that the officers have it within their power to do away with nearly all kinds of punishment—I mean, of course, for such offences as are usually punished on shipboard."

"For my part," returned Morton, "I should not care to take command of a ship if the power to punish refractory seamen as I thought proper were taken from me."

"Well," resumed Captain Streeter, "I used to think

just so. In fact there were few masters more passionate or severe than I was. Men used to run away from me, and, on more than one occasion, my very life has been in danger from the vengeance of men whom I had abused. I used the cat and the rope's end almost as freely as I used my tongue; and I used to wonder how it happened that I always had the luck to get such bad men.

"When I was about forty years of age I took command of the ship *Petersham*. She was an old craft, and had seen full as much service as she was capable of seeing with safety; but her owners were willing to trust a valuable cargo in her, so I would not refuse to trust myself. We were bound to Liverpool, and nothing unusual happened until about the eighth day out, when we ran foul of a small iceberg. It was early in the morning, before sunrise, and not above six or eight feet of the ice was out of the water, it having been nearly all melted away in the warmer water of the Gulf-stream. I did not think that we had sustained any injury, for the shock was very slight; but I was very angry, and gave the look-out a severe punishment, without stopping to inquire whether he could have seen the berg in season to escape it.

"My cabin-boy was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from a widowed mother, and had promised her that I would see him well treated—that was, if he behaved himself. He was a bright, quick, intelligent lad; but I soon made myself believe that he had an awful disposition. I fancied that he was the most stubborn piece of youthful humanity that I had ever come across. I made up my mind that he had never been properly governed, and I forthwith resolved to break him in. I told him I'd curb his temper for him before I had done with him. In reply he told me that I might kill him if I liked; and I flogged him with the end of the mizzen-topgallant halliards till he could hardly stand. I asked him if he had got enough, and he told me that I might flog more if I wished it. I felt a strong temptation to throw the boy overboard, but at that moment he staggered back against the mizzen-mast from absolute weakness, and I left him to himself. When I reasoned calmly about that boy's disposition I was forced to acknowledge that he was one of the smartest and most faithful lads I had ever seen. When I asked him to do anything he would start off like a rocket; but when I roughly ordered him to do it, then came the disposition with which I found fault.

"One day, when it was very near noon, I spoke to him, and told him to go below and bring up my quadrant. He was looking over the quarter-rail, and I knew he did not hear me, and the next time I spoke I ripped out an oath, and intimated that if he didn't move I'd help him.

"I didn't hear ye," he said, with rather an independent tone.

"No words," said I.

"I s'pose I can speak," he retorted, moving slowly towards the companion-way.

"His look, and his words, and the slow, careless manner in which he moved, fired me in a moment, and I grasped him by the collar.

"Speak to me again like that," said I, "and I'll flog you within an inch of your life!"

"You can flog away," he replied, as firm and undaunted as a rock.

"And I did flog him. I caught up the end of the first rope that came handy, and beat him till my arm fairly ached. But he never even winced.

"How's that?" said I.

"There's a little more life in me yet than you'd better flog out," was his reply.

"And I beat him again. I beat him till he sank from my hand against the rail; and then I sent one of the men after my quadrant. When it came, and I had adjusted it for my observation, I found that the sun was already past the meridian, and that I was too late. This added fuel to the fire of my madness, and quickly seizing the lad by the collar, I led him to the main hatchway, and had the hatch taken off. I then thrust him down and swore that I would keep him there until his stubbornness was broken. The hatch was then put on, and I went into the cabin. I suffered a good deal that afternoon—not with any compunctions for what I had done, but with my own temper and bitterness. It made me mad to think that I could not conquer that boy—that I could not break down his cool, stern opposition. 'But I will do it,' I said to myself. 'By the heavens above me, I'll starve him into it, or he shall die under the operation!'

"After supper I went to the hatchway, and called out to him, but he returned me no answer. So I closed the hatch, and went away. At ten o'clock I

called again, and again I got no answer. I might have thought the flogging had taken away his senses, had not some of the men assured me that they had heard him, not an hour before, talking to himself. I did not trouble him again until the next morning; but I went to the hatchway after breakfast, and called out to him once more. I heard nothing from him, nor could I see him—I had not seen him since I put him down there. I called out several times, but he would make me no answer; and yet the same men told me that they had heard him talk that very morning. He seem to be calling for them to help him. He would ask them for help, but he would not ask me. I meant to break him into it. 'He'll beg before he'll starve,' I thought; and so I determined that he should stay there. I supposed he had crawled forward to the fore-castle bulkhead in order to make the sailors hear him. Some of the men asked to be permitted to go down and look after him, but I refused. I threatened to punish the first man who dared to go down.

"At noon I went again, and as he did not answer me this time, I resolved that he should come to the hatchway and ask for me ere I went any more. The day passed away, and when evening came again I began to be startled. I thought of how many good qualities the boy had; and I thought of his widowed mother. He had been thirty-six hours in the hold, and all of forty hours without food or drink. He must be too weak to cry out now. It was hard for me to give up, but if the boy died there from absolute starvation, it might go harder with me still. So at length I made up my mind to go and see him. It was not quite sundown when I had the hatch taken off, and I jumped down upon the boxes alone. A little way forward I saw a space where Jack might have gone down, and to that point I crawled on my hands and knees. I called out here, but could hear no answer. A short distance further was a wider space, which I had entirely forgotten, but which I now remembered had been left open on account of a break in the flooring of the hold, which would have let anything that might have been stowed there rest directly upon the outer planking of the ship.

"To this place I made my way, and looked down. I heard the splashing of water and thought I could detect a sound like the incoming of a tiny jet or stream. At first I could see nothing, but as soon as I became used to the dim light I could distinguish the faint outlines of the boy at some distance below me. He seemed to be sitting upon the broken floor, with his feet stretched out against a cask. I called out to him, and I thought he looked up.

"Jack," I said, "are you there?"

"And he answered me, in a faint, weary tone—

"Yes; help me! For Heaven's sake, help me! Bring men, and bring a lantern; the ship has sprung a leak!"

"I hesitated, and he added, in a more eager tone—

"Make haste; I can hold it till you come back."

"I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck as soon as possible, and returned with a lantern and three men. I leaped down beside the boy, and when I saw it all I could hardly believe the evidence of my own senses. Three of the timbers were completely worm-eaten to the very heart, and one of the outer planks had been broken, and would burst in at any moment the boy might leave it. He sat there, with his back upon it, and his feet braced against the cask before him. Half-a-dozen little jets of water were streaming in about him, and he was wet to the skin. I saw that the plank must burst in the moment the strain was removed from it, so I had my men brace themselves against it before I lifted him up. Other men were called down with planks, and spikes, and adzes, and, with much care and much trouble, we finally succeeded in stopping the leak, and averting the danger. The plank which had been stove in was six feet long by eight inches wide, and would have let in a stream of water of that capacity. It would have been beyond our reach long ere we could have discovered it, and would have sunk us in a very short time. I knew it must be where the iceberg had hit us.

"Jack Withers was taken to the cabin, and there he managed to tell me his story. Shortly after I put him in the hold he crawled forward, and when his eyes became used to the dim glimmer that came through the dead-lights, he looked about for a snug place in which to lie, for his limbs were stiff and sore. He went to sleep, and when he awoke he heard a faint sound, like water streaming through a small hole. He went to the open space in the cargo, and looked down, and he was sure that he saw a small jet of water spurting up from the ship's bottom. He leaped down, and in a few moments found that the timbers had given wholly away, and that the stream was increasing in size. He placed his hand upon the

plank, and found it broken, and also discovered that the pressure of the water without was forcing it inward. He had sense enough to see that if it gained an inch more it must all go, and the ship must be lost, and perhaps all hands perish! And he saw, too, that if he could keep the broken plank in its place he might stop the incoming flood. So he sat himself upon it, and braced his feet against the cask; and then he called for help. But he was so far away—so low down—with such a dense mass of cargo about him—that his voice scarcely reached other ears than his own. Some of the men heard him, but they thought he was talking with himself!

"And there he had sat, with his feet thus braced, for four-and-twenty long, dreary hours, with the water spurting in tiny streams all over him, drenching him to the skin. He had thought several times of going to the hatchway and calling for help; but he knew that the broken plank would be forced in if he left it, for he could feel it heave beneath him. His strength was failing him—his limbs were racked with pain, but he would not give up. I asked him if he should not have given up if I had not come as I did. He answered me that he could not have done it while he had life in him. He said he thought not of himself—he was ready to die—but he would save the rest if he could; and he had saved us—surely saved us from a watery grave.

"That boy lay sick in the cabin for many days—sick almost unto death; but I nursed him with my own hands—nursed him all through his delirium; and when his reason returned, and he could sit up and talk, I bowed myself before him, and humbly asked his pardon for all the wrong I had done him. He threw his arms about my neck, and told me if I would be good to him he would never give me cause for offence: and he added, as he sat up again, 'I am not a coward—I could not be a dog!'

"From that hour I never forgot those words. And from that hour I have never struck a blow on board my ship. I make my men feel that they are men—that I so regard them, and that I wish to make them as comfortable and happy as possible; and I have not failed to gain their respect and confidence. I give no undue licence, but make my crew feel that they have a friend and a superior in the same person. For nine years I sailed in three different ships, and had the very same crew all the while. A man could not be hired to leave me save for an officer's berth.

"And Jack Withers remained with me thirteen years. He was my cabin-boy; one of my foremast hands; my second mate; and the last time he sailed with me he refused the command of a new barque because he would not be separated from me. But he is a captain now, and one of the best this country ever afforded. Such, gentlemen, is my experience in government and discipline on shipboard."

LORD CRANWORTH.

ONE of the most ancient offices still existing is that of Lord High Chancellor of England. Arthur, who is almost fabulous himself, is said to have had a chancellor. Such an office is known to have existed in the time of the Anglo-Saxon kings. Lord Campbell, in his valuable work, commemorates a hundred and sixty-seven chancellors. Memorials of the Anglo-Saxon chancellors are scanty; but, from the date of the Conquest to the present time, we have nearly an unbroken series—that is, from Lord Chancellor Maurice, who held the great seal in 1067, to Lord Chancellor Chelmsford, the present occupier of the woolsack. The office was formerly held by an ecclesiastic. The first lay chancellor in England was Fitz-Gilbert, in the days of Queen Matilda; the next was Sir Robert de Bouchier, in the time of Edward III. Bishop Williams, in the reign of James I., is the only Protestant divine who has ever held the great seal.

The Lord Chancellor is by prescription the Speaker of the House of Peers. This privilege has been attached to the office for many centuries. Anciently the chancellor addressed the two houses on the meeting of parliament; but this practice has been long discontinued; the office has undergone very considerable change, and, from being the stepping-stone to a bishopric, has become the crowning-point in the career of a successful barrister.

The first lay-lord ever created was Lord Scrope, in the reign of Richard II. Since that time their number has considerably increased. Much of the best blood in the peerage has a legal origin. There are now sitting in the House of Lords several descended from chancellors in the direct line. There are, Earl Fortescue from Sir John Fortescue (1789); the Marquis of Winchester from Sir William Paulet (1551); the Earl of Bradford from Sir Orlando

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE RIGHT HON. LORD CRANWORTH. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

Bridgman (1815); the Earl of Shaftesbury from Lord Shaftesbury (1672); the Earl of Winchelsea from Lord Nottingham (1628); the Earl of Guildford from Lord Guildford (1752); Earl Cowper from Lord Cowper (1718); the Earl of Macclesfield from Lord Macclesfield (1721); Marquis Camden from Lord Camden (1812); the Earl of Lovelace from Lord King (1838); the Earl of Hardwicke from Lord Hardwicke (1754); Earl Talbot from Lord Talbot (1784); Earl Bathurst from Lord Bathurst (1772); the Earl of Eldon from Lord Eldon (1821); and Lord Erskine from the illustrious peer of that name (1806).

There are, besides, several ex-lord chancellors. In this respect, Lord Brougham occupies the first place. Who can forget the Herculean labour which he accomplished while presiding over that tribunal whose currents had stagnated in consequence of the "everlasting doubts" of Lord Eldon? who can forget the excellent service which he rendered to suitors and to the country at large, by clearing out the channel and setting the stream flowing? who can forget the rapidity with which he set about the work he had undertaken—being sworn in as chancellor at twelve o'clock, and at six of the same day laying on the table a bill for the reform of abuses in the Court of Chancery?

As an ex-lord chancellor, we notice also in the peers that sound, constitutional lawyer, Lord Cranworth. Without any of the brilliant genius and remarkable capacity which distinguished Lord Brougham, Cranworth, by his thorough knowledge of the law, his upright character, his consistent public and private life, was well fitted for the honourable position which he occupied during the late administration.

Lord Cranworth is the son of the late Rev. Edmund Rolfe of Cranworth, and is related to the illustrious Lord Nelson. He was born in 1790, commenced his education at Bury St. Edmund's, and continued it at Winchester, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was elected a fellow of Downing College in 1812; in the same year he took the degree of B.A., and became M.A. three years later. In 1816 he was called to the bar. There his professional ability soon obtained for him an extensive practice. His clear intellect, profound legal knowledge, and sound judgment won the respect of the bar and the favour of the attorneys. He was a rising man, a man who would "achieve greatness"—not by some sudden and extraordinary effort, but by laborious exertion and steady perseverance. In 1832 he became Queen's Counsel; in 1834 was appointed Solicitor-General. A change of ministry occurred shortly afterwards, but Cranworth was re-appointed, and held office till 1839, when he became one of the Barons of the Exchequer. On the resignation of Lord Cottenham, Cranworth was appointed one of the commissioners for holding the great seal; and, in 1850, succeeded Sir Launcelot Shadwell as Vice Chancellor of England. Towards the close of the same year he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Cranworth. In 1851 he was nominated one of the Lord Justices of the Court of Appeal, and in the following year gained the highest attainable position of the aspiring lawyer, being appointed Lord High Chancellor of England. This office he continued to hold until the resignation of the Palmerston ministry.

Lord Cranworth is an earnest liberal, but no violent partisan, and has throughout his very prosperous career gained the respect and friendship of men of all shades of political opinion.

PICTURES FROM HISTORY.

CHARLES MARTEL.

In the early days of France, the oldest and most confidential officers of the sovereign were called the Mayors of the Palace. They superintended all the other servants; summoned the king's vassals to the assembly or the field; and were the leaders of the state in civil and military affairs. But they were dependent on the king, and while his majesty's finger beckoned, and his majesty's foot expelled, they were exceedingly useful in the maintenance of the royal prerogative. Clothaire, however, was induced to make their office permanent; and a mayor was intrusted for life with the seals of power. The privilege of election was wrested from the king and vested in the people. Their power and influence was thus greatly increased; from disregarding the royal authority, they came to despise it; the magnificence which they assumed, eclipsed the splendour of royalty; and instead of being the creatures of the monarch, they ruled him with an iron hand. Thus a rival power grew up by the side of the crown—a dynasty of mayors.

The most illustrious of these officials was Charles, surnamed Martel (from Marteau, a hammer), so called because he fell like a hammer on his enemies, and smote them into ten thousand fragments.

The battle of Tours (732) was the most celebrated of his exploits.

The Mohammedans, or, as they were called, Arabs or Saracens, had inundated Europe. They had conquered with immense rapidity a great part of Asia, Africa, and Spain. They had entered France,



CHARLES MARTEL'S TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO PARIS.

pillaging and destroying in the name of the prophet, asserting the supremacy of the crescent over the cross.

Under the command of Abderaman these barbarians crossed the Pyrenees, and precipitated themselves, like a mountain torrent, upon the fair land of the Franks. Their numbers were estimated at four hundred thousand; and their harsh war-cry—"Allah!—Allah! the spoils of the Franks are ours! their children are our slaves! the widows shall mourn, and the maidens lament, for the vultures shall feed upon their heroes! Allah! Allah!"—made the cheek pale, and the heart tremble.

The population of the south of France, under the command of the Duke Eudes, hastily assumed a position of defence; but nothing could withstand the overwhelming deluge of barbarians.

They fell upon Bordeaux, took the city by force, committed it to the flames, and put its defenders to the edge of the sword.

In vain Eudes and his army strove to defend the passage of the Garonne, and afterwards that of the Dordogne; the Saracens crossed both rivers, red with

the blood of the Franks, and marched for the banks of the Loire. Their ravages were unexampled; they sacked the towns, destroyed the churches and monasteries, and massacred the people without respect of age or sex.

And their battle-cry was this:—"On, on! We will water our horses in the Loire, and level the city of Paris!"

But their horses were never watered in the Loire, neither did their riders set fire to Paris.

A hammer was lifted up—a "Thor's thunder hammer"—to crush them. Charles Martel rode forth at the head of a numerous army, and gave back taunt for taunt, and blow for blow.

Charles was inspired with courage and devotion; he and his followers had sworn to deliver their land from these foes to France and Christianity; piety and patriotism equally influenced their hearts—the cross, the symbol of their faith, was emblazoned on every banner.

By this invincible host the progress of Abderaman was arrested.

For seven days the two armies encamped within

sight of each other, watching as wild beasts may watch each other before they make the final spring.

The Franks were surprised by the appearance of their opponents; by their swarthy faces, oriental costume, and sabres, and by the magnificent apparel of their leaders, dressed in silken robes, and jewelled turbans, and mounted on horses that seemed to move with the speed of lightning.

The Saracens regarded the Franks with admiration; their martial bearing, simple equipment, and excellent discipline gratified the barbarians. They were a foe worthy to be conquered by the sons of Mahomet.

At last the hour of battle arrived. Abderaman advanced. The engagement began.

Said Charles Martel to his soldiers: "I have but one word to say to you: you are fighting for God, for France, for your wives and your children!"

Abderaman and the Saracens came onward like the waves of the sea, sweeping over the plains, and breaking, as the waves break upon the rocks, on the iron front offered by the Franks.

Immovable and steadfast stood those men of iron,

like a rock in the sea, passively hurling back the advancing billows.

Three times Abderaman charged the Franks, and three times he and his cavalry retreated before the iron front opposed to them.

The Saracens then changed their tactics. They attacked the Franks in different places at one time, striving to shake them by the rapidity and variety of their assaults, and they so far succeeded that the mass of iron was moved.

A shout of triumph was raised—"Allah Akbar! God is great!"

But the triumph of the Saracens was short-lived. The iron mass had moved, only that it might be lifted up—a terrible hammer, with death in every blow—to descend with frightful violence on the infidels.

The tide of battle was changed. The Saracens were no longer as the ocean beating on the rock; they were as the sand over which the Frankish waves were rising. The Franks rose up in their power, and their vengeance and the slaughter was terrible.

The overwhelming number of the Saracens might probably have achieved a victory after all, but for an ingenious stratagem of Charles Martel.

Charles sent a messenger to Duke Eudes, and bade him surround and set fire to the infidel camp. His order was immediately obeyed.

In the heat of the battle a cry was raised: "The camp is in flames!" and the Saracens fled. They fled in haste and disorder. Their pursuers were close upon them, and the carnage was frightful. The Franks fought like the children of Pharamond. They sang, and shouted, and uttered screams of joy, as they saw the green banner red with blood; as they saw on every side acres of slain spread out as a goodly feast for the wild birds. Abderaman was struck down and slain.

Thus the Saracens were defeated and driven out, and Christianity and liberty were preserved to France.

Paris, the goodly city which the Saracens had sworn to destroy, celebrated the victory with grand rejoicing, and welcomed the conqueror with every manifestation of gratitude. His march to Paris was an ovation; his entry into that city a triumph worthy of Caesar.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER CII.

And ye sall walk in silk attire,
And braid wi' gems yer hair,
Gin ye'll consent to be my bride,
Nor think on Donald maif.

I wud na' walk in silk attire,
Nor braid wi' gems my hair;
Gin he whose faith was pledged wi' mine,
Went wrangled and grieving sair.

OLD SCOTCH SONG.

We must leave sweet Hope for a short time to the persevering assiduities of the marquis and the captain, neither of whom was at all ashamed of his devotion, nor at all disposed to take, as Tarlatan would have said, "No" for an answer.

Added to the influence of every delicate attention, and every flattering proof of preference (open and implied) from those who had never before found it hard to please the most fastidious, was the influence of Lady Glenlonely. With regard to Captain Greville, as she looked upon him as only the second hero of the romance, she was desirous he should pair off with the inferior heroine, and she was extremely anxious that Hope should not throw away, what she called, the most brilliant chance, and most glorious destiny ever offered to an obscure, dependent, and penniless girl, by a noble and true lover.

It seemed to her such a pity. "So exalted, so generous, so loveable a man as Lord Doun," she would say, and "so deeply, so truly, so passionately in love."

She would draw first a vivid description of Hope's life as the Marchioness of Doun, and then as the wife of Larky Grigg. But Hope only smiled, and said she preferred poverty with her first and only love (the early and yet deliberate choice of her heart), to regal splendour with any other man.

She amazed and shocked Lady Glenlonely, by assuring her that she preferred the poor cottage which her ladyship, in her graphic description, delighted to strip of every comfort, to all the grandeur of that life of which she felt even afraid. "Those halls, where comfort dies in vastness" had no charms for her.

Nessy Fitz-Darrell could not bear to go away, though to stay at Burnside had no charm for Hope.

She was madly jealous, and yet she thought, by remaining, to win back (what she called, and imagined to be) the fickle heart of Rashleigh Greville.

As if a woman, under the influence of a passion so disfiguring (mentally and physically), ever could conquer, or re-conquer a heart!

Lady Glenlonely pitied Nessy, and was all kindness and sympathy.

She knew it was no fault of Hope's, but yet she thought it very hard upon Nessy.

Her romance would not wind up well, if both the blonde Hope and the Brunette Nessy were not married happily at last.

Pitied and encouraged by Lady Glenlonely, Nessy resolved to stay at Burnside. In her intense and passionate sufferings there was a sort of fascination to herself, and yet she was miserable. Nessy was always an ingenious self-tormenter; she was more so than ever now.

It was martyrdom to her to sit in the room where reluctant Hope was compelled, by Lady Glenlonely, to remain at her embroidery, while Captain Greville was reading aloud, or sitting watching her, furtively sketching her sweet, fair face, sighing, gazing at her.

He was again a guest at Burnside, and a highly favoured one, for Lady Glenlonely liked him, felt for him, and hoped he would yet, if Nessy were but in the way at the right time, transfer his affections to her.

It amused her, too, to see him in the presence of the marquis, who was a great deal too much in love to attempt to disguise his feelings, hopes, wishes, and fears, and who found in Lady Glenlonely, that necessary character in all romances, a confidante.

Lord Glenlonely looked on, interested and amused, at the passionate drama enacted before him.

He listened to all that Lady Glenlonely told him.

He pitied Nessy, he admired Doun's noble love and brave independence; but yet he delighted in Hope's constancy to her dear Larky Grigg, and amazed Lady Glenlonely by saying that he believed Hope would be happier as the wife of Larky Grigg than as the Marchioness of Doun; that, as Larky's wife, she would be looked up to—as Lady Doun (however it might be disguised) she would be looked down upon.

Still, though he expressed these opinions to her ladyship, he never interfered in the least. He invited both the rivals to make Burnside their home, and neither required much pressing.

The Marquis of Doun could not believe it possible that Hope would continue firm in her refusal.

With regard to a prior attachment, Lady Glenlonely laughed at that as a romantic chimera, and he was only too ready to be persuaded to join in that laugh. Then he had a notion (acquired in the great—or, rather, little—world of fashion) that title, precedence, pomp, power, wealth, were irresistible in the eyes of woman. Perhaps they are so as a general rule, and in what is called society; but Hope was a bright exception. She thought for herself, acted for herself; her clear young head, and her warm, true heart never followed the *ignis fatuus* light of fashion. The day-spring from on high illumined her soul and her path.

All honour to thee, fair Hope; brave of spirit, kind, loving, true, and grateful of heart; scarce seventeen, yet capable of so sublime a constancy; proof against Lady Glenlonely's ridicule and the Marquis of Doun's flattery, conveyed both by words and deeds; and yet she was so patient, so gentle, so endearing in her refusal, that Lord Doun thought rejection from her more captivating than consent from any other.

CHAPTER CIII.

'Tis midnight; on the mountains brown
The cold, round moon shines deeply down,
Encircled by those isles of light,
So mildly, spiritually bright.
Whoever gazed upon them stuning,
And turned to earth without repining?
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?

SIRGE OF CORINTH.

It was the eve of Hope's birthday. A few hours more, and she would be seventeen.

A few hours, and it would be the anniversary of that sunless morning when, at four o'clock, Hope's blue eyes opened on the carpetless floors, the narrow bed, with its coloured quilt, the clean, bare room, the kind faces (weary and pale with watching), of one of the married women's wards in Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital; and about the same time her poor mother closed hers on a world in which she had wept so bitterly.

Yes, it was the eve of Hope's seventeenth birthday.

She had left the drawing-room where Lady Glenlonely and Nessy were awaiting the arrival of the gentlemen from the dinner-table (Lord Glenlonely, the marquis, and Captain Greville).

Lady Glenlonely had fallen asleep by a fire of Scotch pine logs, generally very acceptable on an autumnal evening in the Highlands.

Nessy, who now seldom said one unnecessary word to Hope, was trying the power of music to hasten the approach of the gentlemen. She was playing a brilliant fantasia on the air of "Herz-mein-herz."

The execution was much better than the expression, as it always is, with musicians of acquired talent, not natural genius. But it was a very superior and showy performance.

The brilliant runs and shakes, the rich chords and delicate chromatic scales reached Hope's ear, as she leant her fair young brow (on which a cloud of sorrow hung) against the stone mullion of the little casement of her own room.

The autumn moon was at the full, and the little old-fashioned parterre on which Hope's window looked, was bathed in such a flood of light, that she could distinguish the round faces of the dahlias, gaudy and scentless, like beauties without modesty or intellectual charms.

There were statues of white stone in this old-fashioned little garden; they were common enough by day, very rude and shapeless sculpture indeed (Flora had lost a nose, Ceres a finger, and Pomona a toe), but distance and moonlight clothed them with a spiritual beauty and a silver sheen.

Beyond the gate of this flower-garden were the wild purple heath and the distant hills.

Hope's window opened on a little terrace, which communicated by a flight of stone steps (somewhat broken and moss-grown) with the parterre. The whole thing had been planned in the long ago by the somewhat romantic and whimsical mother of that Earl of Glenlonely who had been drowned in the Gulf of Genoa, and to whose death, with that of his son and daughter, our friend the present earl (then Sir Augustus Pemberton) owed the title and estates.

This lady was the daughter of a Scotch laird; she was very young and very beautiful, when her father compelled her to break her troth-plight to a young lover of her own choosing, and wed the Earl of Glenlonely of that day.

Born on All Hallows-eve, she was supposed to possess many supernatural gifts—among others, second sight. She wrote poetry, loved the moon, and had this apartment, parterre, and terrace constructed for herself. Here she would seclude herself, month after month, from her husband, from society, and even from her children. She would roam by moonlight, not only in the parterre, but passing through the door in the garden-wall, she would fit like a shadow across the heath, and soon be "over the hills and far away." She prophesied the mode and hour of her own death—caused by the rupture of a blood-vessel—and, strange to say, she foretold that which many years later befel her son and his children. By her own entreaty, conveyed in a letter to her lord (which letter was found in her desk after her death), she was buried in a sort of avenue of yew trees, adjoining the parterre, a concession which involved the late earl in a protracted law suit, as such interment was considered illegal.

Of course, the general impression among the uneducated, and even among those who should have known better, was that both the apartments, the parterre, and the yew tree grove were haunted by the "dark lady," as she was called, on account of her always wearing black, and being of a very dark complexion, with jet black hair and eyes. The only dependent in the family who did not dread the "dark lady's" favourite haunts was our Hope Evermore. She delighted in the quaint apartments, with their moss-grown, dilapidated terrace, the parterre, the grove, the heath, and they were all gladly resigned to her.

Before Captain Greville had declared himself Hope's admirer, Nessy Fitz-Darrell used to take great pleasure in sitting by the hour with Hope in this boudoir. Sometimes, when it was chilly, they would draw their low stools to the bright crackling pinewood fire; at others, when it was sultry (and it was often winter one day and summer another), they would pace the walks of the parterre, sit in the arbour, walk arm-in-arm in the cool dark shade of the yew tree avenue, and sometimes, with the wild love of freedom common to the young, they would unlock the gate in the garden wall, and trip like fairies over the purple heath.

But since Captain Greville had proposed to Hope, Nessy had never once visited what was called the "Dark Lady's Bower."

No servant would have approached it, on any

account, after dusk, and many prophesied that no good would come of Hope's intruding on the spot where the dark lady had never admitted any person, but one old Highland crone (who had the reputation of being, if not a witch, at least "na canny") to do the necessary household work.

Hope, however, in whose sweet bosom beat "the princely heart of innocence," had no such fear; she had always been a thinking, meditative child, her upturned eyes had always seemed to look beyond the skies, she had always been one of those who are "never less alone than when alone," and so she loved to watch the twilight melt beneath the moon away, from that very latticed window from which, seventy years before, the dark lady had watched it: and she felt no coward fear when the moonbeams streamed in on the very bed on which the dark lady had slept in life and in death.

We have said that Hope Evermore, having read Lady Glenlonely to sleep with a favourite old romance, called "Santo Sebastiano" (once the rage), and having seen Nussy betake herself to the piano, and her thick, red morocco music-books, stole quietly, and without a light (though it was very dark in the house), to her own and the "Dark Lady's Bower."

Burnside was a very quaint old abode, the façade and one wing being lofty and modern, but all the other parts low, dark, rambling; room within room, and closet within closet—a house full of unexpected passages, sudden steps up and down, grim old pictures frowning from the walls—a house full of family legends, and even some historical traditions.

It required some time to know the geography of the "auld hoose;" and the most difficult place to find was the "Dark Lady's Bower." Hope, however, who delighted in its quaint and romantic seclusion, and in the power of getting into the garden and on to the heath unseen by any one, soon found her way without any help, even in the dark, to her beloved retreat; and on the evening in question she suddenly left the drawing-room—its light, its music, its flowers, its bright carpets, its plate-glass windows, rich rose velvet and white lace hangings, pier-glasses, lustres, couches, bergères, ottomans, and countless beautiful nicknacks—and found herself, she scarce knew how (and it seemed to her as if an age elapsed in the meantime), gazing on the moon from her own latticed window.

Hope was dressed in white. It was a whim of Lady Glenlonely's that she should always dress for dinner in clear white muslin (French or Indian), and enlivened with blue or pink, lilac or pale green ribbons.

It was, then, in white, relieved by a few blue knots, and her very round, slender waist defined by a broad fringed sash of the same hue, that Hope met the calm gaze of the "lady-moon." Her long, abundant hair of richest gold hung in ringlets beside her sweet face; the "back hair," as Charles Dickens calls it, being knotted up behind with blue ribbon.

She was very pale, very lovely; and the tears that glittered in her large upturned eyes added to the exquisite charm of her expressive, delicate beauty.

Hope was thinking of her mother, of that very evening, seventeen years ago, of all that she—delicate, noble-hearted, virtuous lady as Hope felt she was—must have endured before she was brought to think it a mercy to be allowed admittance, in woman's hour of greatest need, and dread, and peril, to the ward of a lying-in hospital.

The most unimaginative person in the world cannot gaze long on the clear, dark azure of a moonlit sky, without feeling the sense of his soul's immortality strong within him. The bereaved look up through their tears and yearn for those whom something within, undefined and undefinable, tells them are looking down with answering love and longing.

Hope believed that she was gazing on her mother's home, and that that young mother—a sorrower on earth here, but, perhaps, a seraph in heaven now (for she was a penitent and a believer)—was watching over her child.

From the thought of that fair, hapless mother, Hope's mind wandered to her young lover, his tenderness, his truth, his untiring devotion, his brave energy, his dauntless spirit, his ambition, so touching to her, since he only aspired for her sake.

"Oh, Larky Grigg," she said, the words bursting involuntarily, unconsciously from her fond heart and parted lips, "even my dear, lost mother foresaw that we should love each other—I have heard thine say so again and again. My mother knew what men of pleasure and of fashion were. She was the victim of some gentleman's short-lived passion; he loved her well enough to wed her, and yet left her to die in a hospital. She dreaded such a fate for her unborn child, and she, in her own heart, affianced me to my Larky Grigg. Oh, Larky Grigg, my own, my

brave, my fond, my beautiful, my only love,—Larky Grigg, where art thou, love?"

"I am here, Hope, angel of life and love," answered a whisper, soft as the sighing of the evening breeze.

Even in the moonlight the sweet blush of quick surprise, and the crimson glow of passionate delight suffused Hope's face and neck, and then, as no form appeared, and no step was heard, she grew white, and cold, and rigid as marble, as the thought (excusable under the circumstances) froze her blood, and translated itself into the words that "It was a spirit—his spirit, perhaps—and that he was dead. O Larky Grigg! tell me, where art thou? No, thou couldst not leave me alone—alone in this cold, cold world! oh, no, thou couldst not die, and Hope so far away! Larky Grigg, dear, dear love, speak, I implore thee, Larky!"

Hope opened the casement and stepped out on the terrace. A tall form leant in the shadow of the turret against the wall. Strong arms outspread encircle her form, and draw her gently, and fold her tenderly, to a young, warm, manly breast, and Hope knew no fear, no distrust, for she felt it was her affianced lover's embrace. Yes, Hope was weeping on the breast of Larky Grigg.

CHAPTER CIV.

Oh, love, in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art indeed a God divine.

CAMPBELL.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale,
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grove at the end of the vale.

OLD SONG.

They were alone, but not alone as they
Who, shut in chambers, think it loneliness.

BYRON.

A FEW moments, nay, to be candid, a few minutes elapsed, and the lovers felt nothing but that they were reunited; heard nothing but the beating of each other's hearts; were conscious of nothing but the soft, timid kiss of true, pure, first love.

Hope was the first to wake from this delicious trance, and extricating herself from her lover's arms, she said, "In the wild delight and sweet surprise of seeing you so unexpectedly, my Larky Grigg, I have forgotten to wonder or to ask what brings you here, at this hour, alone, unexpected, unannounced. Say, is anything amiss, are all the dear ones at home well?"

"At home—bless you for that word, darling. No, all are well, and yet my *all* depends on an interview with you. What I have to say, *must* be said to you alone. I have dared much, risked much, and suffered much to manage this; and other obstacles overcome, you will not refuse me what I have come on foot from London to obtain, will you, dearest? No, you will hear me; but first answer me, my angel Hope," said bold yet timid Larky, again drawing her to his breast, "can our humble roof still seem home to you, sweet love?"

"Yes, Larky," said Hope, blushing, and struggling to get free; "and it ever will be my dear, beloved, and regretted home, till you take me to another, one all our own—our very own—Larky, all, and only ours. But first tell me what brings you here, and then go round to the front entrance, and ring at the gates, and come boldly in, like the brave, frank lad you ever were, and—"

"No, no, my darling," said Larky, "that cannot be; my visit is to you alone; but I will not endanger your fair fame, sweet one, by entering your chamber, or even talking with you on this terrace, or in this garden. It seems to me a sort of liberty to take with my lord and my lady, and yet I must have a long talk with you, my sweet one. What I have to say must be said, and can be said only to you alone."

"Why cannot you go round to the front entrance," said Hope, "and ring the bell, and ask to see Hope Evermore? Even to them I am your foster-sister, and my lady, at least, knows (and blushing she hid her sweet face in his bosom) that you are my future husband."

"And hates the knowledge, Hope," said Larky, bitterly; "and detests and despises me, and thinks, oh, Hope, as I do, as all who know us must, how very unworthy am I, a rough, low-born, working man, of that everything that poet could dream of, or painter draw of, lovely and adorable, that rare union of the saint, the muse, the grace, the angel, and the woman, whose name is Hope—"

What words are these? What correct language, what eloquence, what poetry! The dear, broad, old Lancashire dialect is gone now, in pronunciation and

in grammar. Larky Grigg, love-taught, self-taught Larky is far, very far beyond Captain Greville, with his modish lisp, and the marquis, with his conventional drawl.

Hope missed the old, familiar household words of the dear ragged school days, she missed above all that tender, fond, coaxing "thee" and "thou," so dear, so captivating, and so winning to woman's ear; but, as she listened with almost reverential love to the glowing language of the self-educated man, the thought crossed her mind of how Larky Grigg must have toiled, and studied, and denied himself rest and time for necessary food to have accomplished all this in so short a time.

And it was all for her! At the thought her tears gushed forth. Do not check them, sweet Hope; they become thee well.

Yield, fair girl, to the warm and womanly impulse that makes thee seize that frank, manly hand—that honest, hard-working hand, and raise it to thy warm young lips. Fear not, dear child, to link thine arm in his, to lead him, as he asked thee to do, through the garden-door out on to the moonlit heath, and there, seating him on a little sheltered mound of emerald grass (thy own favourite resting-place), think it no shame to kneel, if thy heart's gratitude and reverence prompt thee so to do—yes, to kneel, delicate and lovely lady though thou art, by all admired, by some adored—wooded by a marquis, and idolised by Captain Greville—still, being all thou art, in grace, and beauty, and virtue unparalleled, the idol of men, and fair even in woman's eyes—think it no shame to kneel before the choice of thy young heart. For worlds we would not see thee kneeling thus to king or kaiser; but Larky Grigg, the working-man, is greater than either, for he is a Christian hero. Yes, for, though he is a working-man, every vice and evil habit that besets the working-man brave Larky has uprooted and trampled upon. His presence in the workshop checks the profane word, the indecent jest, the coarse allusion. Neat, clean, and polite, he sets to his fellows a noble pattern of neatness, cleanliness, and politeness. They cannot despise him, nor call him "spoon," or "muff," or "molly," or "miss," for not one can do a hard day's work with him, or at any exercise of ingenuity or strength. Nay, more: in little difficulties that will arise connected with machinery—engines, tools, &c. &c. &c., Larky, by the application of mind to matter, and science to substance, has been often a great saving of time, money, and credit to master and man.

But Larky does not presume on the great superiority natural genius gives him over his mates; always kind, simple, ready, obliging, his clever head and helping hand are at every one's service. He is pious, without being in the least a fanatic; and though he reads his Bible, says grace before and after meat, never misses his private prayers or his church, refuses drink, balls, gaffs, public gardens, and all such evil places, and keeps himself unspotted from the world, no one calls him "saint" or "Methody." He is always sober, and yet never dull; nay, his mirth, wit, and humour had even made him the life and delight of Nailor's workshop, and the joy of his home.

But it was not this alone, though Hope knew all this well, and had often, in happy hours gone by, talked it over with his and her mother, Apple Blossom,—it was not this that made Hope feel in her woman heart that reverence for her young lover, which induced her, in the enthusiasm of her fervent nature, to sink on her knees before him, while her tears fell like rain.

It was only for one moment, though, that she knelt there, for Larky, who idolised Hope, and longed to kneel to her, could not endure the touching humility and self-abnegation of this attitude in his heart's idol, and, catching her to his bosom, kissed away her tears.

What brought Hope to her knees was the thought of what a conqueror, what a hero that man was, who, for her sake, had resisted all the pleasures that allure others, all the passions that are so many syrens in the way of a working-man's advancement; how he must have triumphed over fatigue, weariness, dejection, despair, difficulties of all kinds, and all the disheartening influences that beset the up-hill path of that noble being, THE SELF-EDUCATED MAN, before he could have eradicated every fault of expression, of grammar, and pronunciation, and been enabled to clothe the thoughts of his bright mind, and the feelings of his warm heart, in language worthy of the great master he had studied night and day (as Dr. Johnson advises all to do who wish to speak and write English to perfection), namely, Addison.

Hope thought of the nights of mental labour, following the long day of hard manual toil, and she blest Larky, and she loved, and she revered him.

She would not sit on Larky Grigg's knee, though, with gentle force, he tried to hold her there.

"Not yet, Larky," she said; "some day, some happy day to come, when I can sit there without a blush," and she took her place by his side.

"It is not late, darling," said Larky, "although the moon has risen. Can you spare me half an hour? Be sure, if what I have to say were not to me more than a matter of life and death, I would not steal on your solitude like a ghost, nor come to you like a thief in the night, but I have so much to say, I cannot tell all in less than half an hour. If you grant me that, think you, love, will you be wanted, missed, and sought for?"

"Oh, no," said Hope, "it is not eight; and I do not make tea for my lady till nine. But tell me, Larky," she said, yielding her hand to his grasp, and looking into the noble, loving face, on which the moon shone so brightly, "are you not weary, faint, hungry? I know not whether it is the pale light of the moon, or whether you do really look very white and wan. Where did you dine?"

"I have not dined at all."

"Where did you breakfast?"

"Nowhere; I have been lurking all day about the premises of Burnside, in the hope of seeing you, and I learnt from a little shepherd lad—who knows you, Hope, and has worked in your garden, and whom I led (unsuspected by himself) to talk of you—which was your room, and all the story of the 'dark lady.' I slept last night in this very heather. I came from London on foot, except an occasional lift, and have been more than a fortnight coming."

Hope rose.

"Where are you going?" asked Larky.

"Stay where you are," she said, with a pretty assumption of authority; "don't stir from this spot, Larky, good lad, as I used to say. In three minutes I will return."

She was gone, and Larky, in spite of love and the moon, was so overcome with fatigue and fasting that he sank on the heather, and fell asleep. He fell asleep with that moon smiling on a face and form which she, mistaking for those of Endymion of old (the moon's boy), might have stooped to kiss. As for Larky, a wild, sweet dream of a village bridal—himself the bridegroom, and sweet Hope the bride—was followed by a vision of a cottage home, with Hope as its mistress; and for some time after her return she stood bending over him, her soft breath on his cheek, her sweet voice in his ear, saying—

"Larky, dear Larky, look up, awake; you are so pale and cold, and wan, you frighten me. Get up, Larky, good lad," only seemed to him to be part of his dream. But Hope took him by the hand, shook him gently, and woke him at last, and then he saw that she had brought him a basket containing bread, wine, a cold chicken, a tongue, a cake, and some fruit; and, nothing loth, he obeyed her orders, to "sit up and eat and drink."

(To be continued.)

THE GOOD KNIGHT.

"SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE."

NEARLY four centuries ago the fine Château de Bayard, in Dauphiny, was the noble and beautiful residence of one who was allied by birth to the best families in that province. Of his ancestors, the fields of Poitiers and Agincourt, where they "made their mark" in blood-red letters, attested to their valour; and the father of the present occupant of the château fell with six mortal wounds. Such an ancestry could not give birth to cowards; and well had Aymon Terrail proved that he was worthy of his "forbears." Connected as he was with the noblest and best blood—with those who styled themselves the "scarlet nobility"—and with a reputation for courage and bravery that none disputed, it was matter of sincere grief and sorrow when Aymon Terrail returned from the First Battle of Spurs (that of Guinegaste) with such fearful wounds as to confine him for life to the château.

Already more than fifty years old, Aymon Terrail could not but regret that in his early years he had not allied himself to some one who could now have cheered the evident desolation to which he was doomed. But the grand old château was not to remain dull or gloomy because its brave master was disabled; and as soon as he recovered from the fever of his wounds his halls were thronged with the choicest of the nobility, who brought their sons and daughters with them to greet the old soldier in his home.

Among these last was a meek-eyed, gentle girl, who had almost passed the period of young maidenhood. In her youth, it was said, she had refused several

splendid offers for the sake of nursing her father, who had long been a prey to disease, from a violent fall which had partially obscured a naturally fine and cheerful mind. She was still in mourning for him, he having died some months before, and her friends earnestly desired her to go into society to dissipate the effects of her loss.

What Aymon Terrail naturally supposed would make him repulsive, only served to awaken the deep pity and sympathy of Jeanne d'Argentin; and it needed but a word to make her forego all the new charms of society which, after giving them up until she was past thirty, she could easily resign again. Jeanne became the faithful wife and the tender nurse of a man whom she honoured and loved through years that brought happy and pleasant memories after the scarred form was laid in the earth; and surely man never felt such deep love and gratitude to woman for lightening and cheering an existence otherwise hard to be borne.

Four sons, bright and beautiful, were born to them; and in their youth and happiness, Aymon Terrail lived his own life over again as a happy and careless boy. Kind and indulgent, yet ever setting before them the path of right, he made their childhood happy; while they in turn shed beauty and radiance over his declining days. He knew that, in the course of nature, he would not see them grow up to manhood; so that all he could do for his children, all of anxiety he could save for his Jeanne, he must do quickly.

Aymon Terrail was entering his eightieth year, and felt the near approach of that power which had spared him thus long. The wife he had so loved, the children so dear to his aged heart, must be left, and with a manly courage, such as in his youth he had faced death with upon the battle-field, he met him now. Only a few days before the last scene, he called his sons around him, in presence of their gentle mother, and desired them to choose their future life, as far as mortals could choose what may never be granted them. One chose to occupy the château, another to live like his uncle who presided over the Abbey d'Esney, and a third to be like his uncle the Bishop of Grenoble. There was another child, a boy of thirteen, with eyes that shone out of the soul and looked into the soul, and with one arm thrown around his mother's neck, and with a voice like a skylark's, who entreated his father to permit him to bear arms, like those noble ancestors of whom the tales of their deeds had ever rung like music on his ear. At the sound of the boy's speech, Aymon Terrail wept like a child, but not for grief.

"Thou shalt, my Pierre!" he answered. "God give thee grace to do so. Thou art like thy grandfather, the best and bravest knight in Christendom; and thou shalt follow his profession."

The lad joyfully withdrew, without marking the mournful smile on the lip of his mother; and with a dignity which would have become one twice his years, yet tempered with modesty, he began to talk with his brothers about the future of them all.

The next day saw a grand dinner party at the Château de Bayard, of which the sons did the honours, on account of the father's inability. The guests were noble, and included Aymon Terrail's brother-in-law, the Bishop, and several of his kindred. After dinner, at which Pierre had distinguished himself for his manly courtesy, Terrail asked their advice as to where the boy had best be placed to take the initial steps in his profession.

"Send him to the King of France," said one.

"Place him in the house of Bourbon," said another. "I will take him to our good Duke of Savoy, as his page," said the bishop, "and send for my people at Grenoble to fit him for his presentation to-morrow."

On the following morning, therefore, thanks to the persevering knights of the thimble, Pierre, dressed in a splendid suit of velvet and satin, and mounted on a little, spirited horse which the bishop had given him, rode past his father's window as brave and fearless as when in after days he curbed his fiery war-steed on the field of Taro and Brescia. It was the grand starting-point in the boy's eventful life, that morning; and long after the father's aged head was laid low, and the earth was pressing on the bosom of his gentle mother—long after one of the little band of brothers had become abbot of Josaphat in Chartres, and another bishop of Glandèves in Provence, and Pierre himself had become known as the brave Chevalier du Bayard, the knight "*sans peur et sans reproche*"—he looked back to that bright morning of his innocent boyhood with a sigh that the freshness and beauty of life's morning hours should be mildewed and blighted by the world.

Alas, for the knight "with the heart as pure as pearl!" Alas, that every pearl bath its flaw, more or less perceptible, or hidden away in its depths so

far that only by holding it up to the light we can discover it, and then it looks all the more hideous for the surrounding beauty.

Catherine Allegrì, a noble Milanese lady, whose family were hitherto, like the chevalier, "*sans reproche*," met him in the height of his fame, when all France was ringing with his praises, and when his own head, perhaps, was turned with the overwhelming admiration he was receiving. The Spanish blood which she inherited from her mother flowed warm and passionate in her veins; and the first sight of the eyes that looked out of the knight's soul into hers sealed the fate of the unhappy lady. He loved her—but there was no true marriage he thought for one who lived in the battle-field, and he would bind himself to no ties. When the brief love-dream ended, there was a heart broken by shame and disgrace, a fair head bowed to the grave, and a motherless infant in the darkened house of Allegrì, while it left a stain upon that lofty character which we would fain believe faultless.

Before the storming of Brescia the chevalier visited an astrologer. This man assured him that he would not fall in the battle, which he predicted for Good Friday or Easter Sunday following, but that within twelve years from that event he would be slain by artillery. "Otherwise," he added, "you would never end your days in the field, for you are so beloved by those under your command that they would sooner die than leave you in jeopardy." Strangely enough, all things corresponded to the prediction. But we feel convinced that the prophecy was, as usual, made after the events had occurred, not before. The battle of Ravenna, the day and events, were all correct; the fate of the Duke de Nemours, and the falconet shot which laid bare the shoulder bone of the good knight.

Crossing the Alps to his uncle, the bishop of Grenoble, fatigued him so much that he believed himself dying, and as he always wished to die in battle, he lamented most piteously that he was "to die in a bed, like a girl."

At the time and in the manner foretold by the astrologer—so runs the tale—Bayard's death took place. It was while conducting the French army in their retreat before the Spaniards, and the knight, as usual on such occasions, took the post of danger. A stone from a harquebus struck him across the spine with a blow which he knew instantly to be mortal. Holding up his sword, he kissed the cross upon its handle, and pronounced these words, audibly: "*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam!*"

His servant took him from his horse and placed him under a tree. The Spaniards, discovering who he was that was wounded, exhibited the greatest kindness towards him. A tent and camp bed were prepared for him, and every attention paid to him that a generous enemy could bestow. The Marquis of Pescara addressed him in terms of strong commendation of his knightly powers, and of commiseration for his present strait. And here, surrounded by both friends and foes, with a fervent prayer for God to forgive his offences, the "Good Knight" closed those beautiful eyes for the last time, and sunk down in the quiet slumber of the dead.

By the direction of the Spanish general, the body was placed in a church, and solemn services performed there for three days; it was then taken home. As the funeral cortege passed through Savoy, orders were given by the duke that as much respect should be paid to it as if it were that of his own brother. Bayard was buried in a convent that had been founded by the bishop of Grenoble.

The French are a demonstrative people, and delight in expressing their emotions by external forms; yet years swept by, and no visible type of their remembrance of the good knight appeared. The king whom he had died to serve, the nation of which he was the pride, reared no memorial to his virtues or his fame. It remained for a private individual, connected with him by no tie, except that of being a native of the same province, to erect his monument. Let his name be carried down to the future, long after the monumental marble has sunken into the earth, as Scipio de Poulloud, Seigneur de Saint Agnin.

I THINK OF THEE

'Tis summer now, and sweetest flowers
Are blooming round my way,
And lovely birds of fairest plume
Are singing all the day;
And as the lovely flowers I see,
My thoughts go out and dwell with thee.

And though we may not meet again,
Yet every year shall see
A lustre added to the love
That I have given thee,
It will be pleasure to have known
Thee, though I called thee not my own.



THE CHURCH OF ST. MARIA DEL PI, BARCELONA.

BARCELONA.—IV.

PROMENADING Barcelona is the best and readiest means of making the acquaintance of that city. For Barcelona is the city of promenades. In this particular respect, it is the first of European cities.

On the inimitable Rambla are to be seen pictures which, if faithfully put upon canvas, would gather a crowd about them in the Royal Academy Exhibition, and, maybe, find a purchaser. Here are day labourers more picturesque than a chorus at the opera: there is the white-washer, in his gambote, and with a long brush in his hands, tall as one of the masts in the grand square of Venice. That gambote is a marvellous garment—a coat of many colours, and turned to many purposes—a cloak by day, it is a blanket by night—wardrobe and bed furniture, mat and umbrella all in one. Proud as a peacock is the white-washer, a very coxcomb of day labourers; but he is rivalled by the Catalan peasant, who comes into town dressed all in velvet, covered from head to foot with tag and tassel. He has, indeed, been irreverently described as a walking pair of trowsers, and, truly, there is some propriety in the term. His trowsers come up to his arm-pits, and they descend to his feet; they are of such ample proportions that, were they inflated, they would bear aloft the wearer as in a double balloon. But he is not all trowsers. His breast is covered with a showy, richly-braided vest, and jauntily over his shoulder is thrown a jacket, brave in ribbons, braid, and buttons; on his head is a cap, red as his heart's blood, or purple as the Tyrian dye. But who thinks of these fellows, gallant as they are—who cares for the gambote of the hireling, or the dark velvet of the mountaineer, while there are so many bright-eyed beauties courting his admiration? Unlike the maid of softer Andalusia, the black, glossy, and abundant locks of the Catalan are undecked with flowers. She wears no veil upon her head, no mantilla upon her shoulders. Her robe is simple calico; but ear-rings of amethyst or emerald bear witness to her vanity; and in the hand so neatly gloved, and foot so exquisitely shod, there is enough of the coquette to turn your brain—till you turn the street corner.

If you grow weary of the ordinary sights of the

streets go outside the walls. There are Spanish gentlemen prancing on Andalusian horses on the green sward; there are companies of soldiers, both horse and foot, exercising on the grand parade-ground; there you may listen to the music, and there, if you go too near the ramparts, you will assuredly be told to "move on" by the sentinel on duty.

But of all promenades in or about Barcelona that of the Muralla del Mar is the favourite. To see this place to perfection one must go on a holiday, when all the fashion and beauty of Barcelona turn out and ventilate their plumage in the sun.

It is a peculiarity of Barcelonese manners that the fashionable ladies never appear on their favourite promenade on any day not sacred to the memory of some canonised saint. But on all the high festivals of the church they pass from the mass to the Muralla. The Spanish ladies do not go to church to see and be seen. They go to church to pay their devotions, and to the Muralla to pay their respects to Madame Mode. They keep these things separate in Spain.

By the way, the Barcelona churches are exceedingly handsome structures. That of St. Maria del Pi is a very beautiful building. In the interior there is something very striking. Nowhere is the poet's expression of the "dim religious light" so well illustrated. Daylight is carefully excluded. A solemn twilight pervades the lofty, long, dim aisles. Burning tapers are really necessary to dissipate the gloom which shrouds the grand old pictures. The deeply stained glass of the windows admits just light enough to reveal its own gorgeousness. A stream of sunlight here and there permitted to enter the church produces a very singular effect in the general obscurity—falling on the white-clad priests, the splendid vestments of the officiating bishop, or lighting up a Murillo or Velasquez on the wall.

After worship, away goes the congregation to the Muralla. This walk extends a distance of more than a quarter of a mile in a straight line, and is built on a mural rampart which protects the town from the sea. Broad, level, and strewn with clear sand, it is a perfect pathway to the feet. Commanding a view of the harbour, open in winter to the sun, and cooled in summer by a breeze from the sea, no more luxurious

lounge could be devised for leisure—no fairer scene imagined for the display of beauty by sunlight. On some state occasions, there is a morning reception at the palace of the Captain General, which is connected with the terrace; and then bands of music play in the balconies, while the crowd passes to and fro beneath. On all high festival days the throng is very great. The walk is resplendent with silks and velvets of the most brilliant colours. The dark mantilla and the white veil are mingled with the gay hats of France. Flowers vie in the hair with brilliants. The plumes of the officers blend with the feathers of the fair. The air flashes with epaulettes and jewellery; and a thousand glancing eyes add to the brilliancy of even Spanish sunshine. There, in a saloon roofed by the sky, and walled in on one side by palaces, and on the other by the sea, we pay our morning court to the stately dames and gentle daughters of Barcelona. We salute our acquaintances, make our visits—and lose our heart.

THE FAIRY.

A stream through the forest is flowing,
With banks of a beautiful green;
And the violet and wild roses growing,
Add beauty and life to the scene.
In a dell there secreted by flowers,
Is a spot so delightful and airy,
That often reclining for hours,
I watch and make love to a fairy.

I once saw her blue eyes a-peeping
From lilies and leaves floating there,
With glances so sweet and bewitching,
I'm conscious I whispered, "Ma chère!"
An echo the forest resounding,
Replied for the fairy so fair:
And back to the rocks came, rebounding,
The ominous sound of "Beware!"

I still see the fairy, but never
Of love will she speak, for her fears;
But the echo for ever and ever
Keeps ringing its voice in my ears.
There's a moral, you see, in my story—
The spirits we covet and love
Are but frail, in their beauty and glory,
To the spirits who worship above.

The Matron.

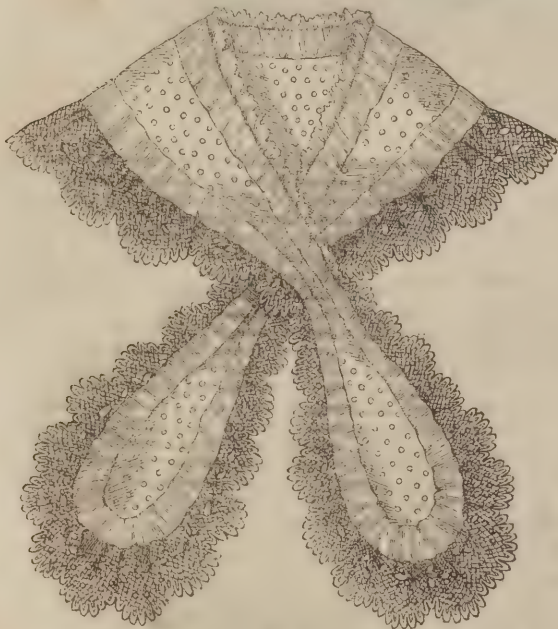
NO. XLI.

ACCORDING to a promise made in the last chapter, I offer my readers some pretty illustrations of articles of dress in the shape of two *pelerines*, or tippets. These *pelerines* are a kind of revival, and those that have again become fashionable might have been worn thirty years ago. No. 1 is made of black tulle, and



No. 1.

the quilting of figured tulle that finishes it off, should be put on rather full. Measure the *pelerine* round and as much again (in length) for the quilting. Conceal the stitches where the quilting joins the *pelerine* with coloured satin piping. Let the colour of this piping harmonise with your dress, or with your cap ribbons. No. 2 is of figured net, trimmed



No. 2.

with imitation lace, which need not be put on quite so full as the quilting to No. 1. But be very exact in having the fineness even, and for this purpose measure the *pelerine* and measure the portion of lace allotted to each part, and if you have to pin divisions and eight corresponding parts of the trimming, rather do this than spoil good materials by irregularity—a fault in needlework that is hardly ever more apparent than where one part of a frilling is very plain, and the other very crowded.

Those of my readers who have read the "Matron" attentively and regularly may have felt disappointed at not seeing the promised plan of economical living—in fact, the scale of expenditure to assist those whose means are very limited. But I must beg those readers who accuse me of delay, to observe that every subject I have treated has tended to facilitate living well on very little. The great variety of cheap receipts for nice nourishing dinners

and suppers, and for good but inexpensive breakfasts and teas; the pointing out so many sources of profit, so often overlooked, and above all, the directions how to make a large young family a source of blessing and profit to their parents, rather than of distress and impoverishment; all this has been done with the view of inculcating practical economy. And now, hoping that my readers understand the subject, I proceed to give them a scale of expenditure. It may assist some young couples in regulating their expenses. As to the wages mentioned, many who contrive to live very comfortably have no more, and I am not speaking of the cheapest parts of England.

The family, for whom I have drawn out a list of expenses, is that of a labourer with four children. We suppose him to be living as most of our rural population do live, in a small cottage with a garden for potatoes, and a sty (at the end of his garden) for a pig. We must also suppose that he follows the general practice of bringing home his wages every week to his wife, and that she, under her husband's direction, thus appropriates the said wages, viz., twelve shillings:—

WEEKLY EXPENSES.		s.	d.
For rent	...	1	0
For board	...	7	0
For fuel ($\frac{1}{2}$ a cwt. of coal)	...	0	9
For shoes	...	0	6
For clothing	...	1	6
For schooling	...	0	4
For "Cassell's Family Paper"	...	0	1
For sundries, and in case of illness	...	0	10
		12	0

This scale of expenditure is not drawn from imagination. I repeat it, many families have not more than 12s. a week; and those who appropriate this sum wisely may live very comfortably on it; but we must bear in mind that this comfort presupposes that the husband has his health, and finds work. It is when health or work fail, that the real time of trial comes on. It is true, forethought may have done something towards providing for the evil day; but when a working man is laid up with severe and protracted illness, then is the time for him to display his fortitude and resignation, and for his fellow Christians to rally round him and help him.

It is for those receiving the low wages I have mentioned, that all the hints contained in former chapters will be truly valuable:—the directions respecting the great variety of things that grow wild, and that active, clever children turn to profit and use;—the advice to take advantage of clothing clubs and coal clubs, and latterly, the directions for needlework, judicious mending and restoring, and the way to choose warm, economical, and lasting winter clothing.

I have spoken of children being, by their active habits, a source of profit to their parents instead of a ruinous expense to them. If they can be profitable in their childhood, how much more so when they reach the period of youth. At twelve or thirteen a boy, and girl ought—without neglecting school—to be making a little income, and at sixteen a young woman (if not in service) ought to be maintaining herself and assisting her parents. Dress-making or mantua-making are the general means adopted by young women for earning money. I am disposed to assist those of my readers who wish to improve in this art, with advice, directions, and also with illustrations of articles of dress. I am the more willing to undertake to do this because it is a subject that will interest all classes of my readers—those who wish to make dresses as a source of profit, and also those who are well off but who like to direct the making of their own things at home.

In this chapter my movements have seemed to be, like those of our present guest the comet, rather eccentric, for I began with dress, and then turned off, somewhat abruptly, to fulfil my promise of giving a scale of expenditure to those who have only very small incomes. The fact is, I have been constantly pursuing one object, the promotion of comfort and economy for the various classes of my readers. In the next chapter, in addition to the promised illustrations and directions for dress-making, I mean to draw out a scale of living for those people who, in town, have to "make a little go a great way." As house-rent is much dearer, principally on account of the rates and taxes being so high, more ample means are required in town than in the country.

A LUCKY MISTAKE: OR, SHOOTING THE WRONG MAN.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE CHINESE REBELLION

"COME, boys, now that the cloth is removed, light your cigars, and listen to Alung's promised tale of shooting the wrong man."

Such was the word at the dinner-table of a club of young men in the city of B—, where I was a guest. None of the members had ever crossed the line, and they were anxious to hear me relate some of my adventures during my fifteen years' sojourn in India and China. With a spirit of cheerful compliance I proceeded to narrate the following adventure:—

"You are probably all aware that the present emperor of China and the mandarins of the empire, are descended from the Tartars, a nation which conquered the Chinese many years ago, after a long and bloody war, and have continued masters of the country ever since. As a mark of subjugation, the conquerors obliged the people to wear their hair of extreme length, plaiting it at the back of the head, in the manner of a queue. This badge of effeminacy was at first felt to be a deep disgrace by those of any spirit; but time, the great condoler and reconciler, wore away the feeling, and in the course of a few generations the Chinese became so much attached to the fashion, that they regarded it as an essential mark of their nationality. At the present day a Chinaman would almost as soon consent to lose his head, as to have his tail cut off. So much is this peculiar ornament prized among them, that it is considered sufficient punishment for theft to sever this appendage from the culprit's head.

"The mandarins, or governors of provinces, are and ever have been cruel in the extreme to the people they have so long dominated over, and the Chinese have ever regarded their masters with secret hate. The European and American missionaries have to some extent enlightened these abject people as to their own nature and capacities; and, as a consequence, they have awakened to a sense of their many and grievous wrongs. At length, human endurance could stand no more, and the long pent-up feelings of the people burst forth in open rebellion.

"The city of Shanghai was taken, and held three years by two rebel chiefs, named Aloo and Aling. Soon after its capture, an army of twenty thousand mandarin soldiers laid siege to the city, which is protected on all sides by a wall. Many and fierce were the engagements between the opposing armies; though it seemed to be a general rule to cease firing at meal-times, in order, I suppose, not to interfere with the regularity of the belligerents' digestive organs. Aling became the sole chief in command of the city, by shooting Aloo for cowardice, and held the place for nearly three years, until his stores were becoming almost exhausted. Rice and opium were become things to dream of rather than to use; and, as no hope of relief presented itself, the commander determined at last to abandon the place. The 15th of February, 1855, was a dark, cold day, with heavy masses of lowering clouds drifting across the horizon. Peal after peal of thunder shook the welkin, while the forked lightning crackled and flashed, as if in mockery of man's puny artillery, which sputtered from the city walls in resistance of a fierce attack by the government forces. It was a fitting day to usher in a night of such fearful carnage as followed. Old men, and women bent double with age; maidens and young mothers; children and babes; all, all met the same terrible fate in that wild night of human slaughter. Never can I forget the scenes of those dark hours; they are seared upon my memory as with a brand of iron. Many a time have I witnessed death in its most horrible forms; yet the recollection of those scenes sickens upon my soul whenever I think of Shanghai. I had retired for the night, after a day of unusual toil, when I was aroused by one of my Chinese policemen, and informed that a strong light was shining over the city. I went forth into the air, and there was indeed a light so bright in the distant sky above the city, that I could easily read the fellow's name and number on his badge. I knew all in an instant. The rebels were retreating, and had set the city on fire before leaving it. The government troops had entered some time before I reached the gate, and were butchering all they found, sparing neither old nor young. The streets were heaped with slain, and the gutters literally ran with blood.

"For two whole hours did I witness this horrible massacre, without the power to check it in the least degree. My brain reeled with the delirious excitement of the scene, and I fairly gasped for utterance. Yet I restrained myself, as if by a violent effort, and preserved perfect composure amidst this saturnalia of blood. At length I returned home, sick at heart at

the thoughts of what I had witnessed. Above twenty-five thousand human heads were cut off that one night, and piled up in the yard of their josh-house, or temple. In the morning, I was sent for by the consul, and upon repairing to his house, and as governor of one of her Majesty's prisons in China, I received a warrant to arrest the rebel chief, Chin Aling Poo, commonly known as Aling. It was supposed that he was on board a schooner called the Nina, and I was to stop and search her, and take him dead or alive, if found on board. If I succeeded in my enterprise, I was to receive the round sum of six thousand pounds as a compensation. I knew very well that Aling had been brought up in a European family, and, if report spoke true, that he could handle a revolver to perfection. Other rumours said that he had plenty of practice upon the prisoners he captured, or upon his unruly followers, and that he never missed his mark. With these comfortable assurances as to the nature of the duty in which I was about to engage, I thought it wise to settle my accounts before my departure; for take him I would, if I could only set eyes upon him, or die in the attempt.

"Late in the evening of the same day on which I received the warrant, I bid my brother, who held a post under me, to take charge of the prison during my absence; and if I was not at home by the next night, to send a favourite detective of mine, a Chinaman, to look for me about Woosung, as I was going about some rather critical business. After this I took my revolver and sword, and put off in my boat for the destined scene of action. At three o'clock in the morning the Nina hove in sight, as she rounded a bend in the river, and in five minutes more I stood upon her deck. I presented my authority, and searched the vessel, but to no purpose; the fugitive chief could not be found. Upon reflection I felt certain that he could not have left the shore, and I hastened to a place where I thought I should be most likely to find him. On the north bank of the river Yankain stands a large village called Woosung. This place has long been a celebrated depot for the opium trade, and, as a consequence, the worst characters in the country congregated there. It was at the house of one of these bad men that I expected to find the person I was in pursuit of.

"In the suburbs of the village, in an isolated house, lived a desperate fellow called Antonio, a Spanish Malay. He was ever ready to cut a man's throat or a crown, and would not mind much whether it was counterfeited at that. He was a sworn friend of Aling, they being bound together by some devil's bond which is known to the rascality of all the East.

"I lost no time in besetting his house, and beat in the front door in order to surprise Aling should he be here. The door had begun to yield to our repeated blows, when a voice in the rear attracted my attention. I ran around the house, just in time to discover a man jump from the window. Quick as thought I levelled my revolver and fired. He fell, and I, thinking him dead, returned my pistol to my belt. But I soon found out my mistake, for he was p and off in a moment; and before I could fire again he was beyond the range of my shot. He ran, and I followed him, across the heavy, wet rice fields, while the rest of my party followed after me. I was almost certain of taking him, for his course lay in the direction of a creek, some thirty yards wide, and I thought should be able to shoot him while he swam across. But fortune favoured him, for I slipped and fell; and before I could regain my feet and reach the bank, he had crossed, and was beyond my reach. I still pursued him, crossing a bridge a short distance down the creek, and ordered my men to spread themselves so that he could not double on us. For three miles further on we kept, and at length I got sight of him gain. I took a wider range than the rest of my party, knowing the country well, and that another and wider creek was just ahead, which his direction could make it necessary for him to cross. I was ght in my calculation. He did not care to take to the water this time, and so coursed the bank down to bridge which I had reached before by a shorter cut, and where I lay in ambush behind the battlements. He did not discover me until within thirty yards, when I sprang out and ordered him to stand, or I could fire.

"He heeded not what I said, but plunged into the stream. Before he had reached the opposite bank I was at a ball through his back. He sank, then rose again, struggled up the bank, and fell. I ran across the bridge and stood over him. He appeared to be dead, but as I laid my hand upon his shoulder to turn him over, quick as lightning he sprang to his feet, and drew a long, bright dagger, which flashed like a meteor over my head. Now began what I knew full well would be a struggle for life and death. I had rarely time, by catching his descending arm, to save

myself from the blow aimed at my heart. As it was, I received a deep wound in the fleshy part of my breast, the point of the dagger glancing off upon my ribs. We clenched in a death-gripe, and fell together. For ten minutes we fought and rolled over and over, he using his teeth wherever he could get hold with them, while I clutched the hand in which he held the dagger. The time seemed an age!—would my people never come up? He was a strong man with the strength of desperation. He plied his disengaged hand to some purpose, for I was bruised fearfully, as well as bitten. I was growing weaker and weaker every moment, and a feeling of despair came over my heart. It now took both my hands to hold that in which he held the dagger, and even this was becoming impossible. A fortunate idea suddenly suggested itself to me, which, I think, saved my life.

"We were down upon the ground, and I only acting in self-defence. In a moment, with a superhuman effort I sprang to my feet, and with a bound planted them both upon his chest as he lay prostrate. This stunned him, and with another and another jump he lay senseless at my feet. My revolver had been lost during the struggle, but I wrenched the dagger from his hand, and had just raised it to plunge it in his heart, when for the first time I saw his face sufficiently to recognise he was not the man I was after. I did not strike, but lowered my hand. My party soon came up, when we ironed him and took him to Shanghai, and delivered him to the Chinese authorities. It turned out that, though I had failed to arrest the rebel chief, I had captured one of the most formidable and desperate villains in the country; one who had committed several murders, but had until now successfully defied or eluded justice. A few weeks after, having recovered from my wounds, I witnessed his execution; and so ends my story of shooting the wrong man."

Small Change.

MARRIAGE.—A good woman is not thoroughly known before marriage. Of how many sweet domestic virtues may not she be possessed, of which even he who values her most highly is unaware until he has placed her in his own mansion to be the guardian angel of his household happiness!

"Mr. SMITH, don't you think Mr. Skeesicks is a young man of parts?" "Decidedly so, Miss Brown; he is part numskull, and part knave, and part fool!"

"I CAN'T understand why people send children to school so long nowadays," said a thief, as he sat upon the counter of a bar-room, smoking a pipe; "I ain't been into a school-house since I was twelve years old, and I ain't larn'd anything from books since, and I know more now than any college-bred man I ever saw."

"WELL, Bob, how are you?" said a dashing blade to a poverty-stricken poetaster. "Why, I've been troubled a great deal with the rheumatics lately." "And how is your wife?" "She's very rheumatic, too." "And how is little Dicky?" "I think he has got a touch of the family complaint; I think he is a little rheumatic too." "Dear me; well, I will call upon you in a day or two, and see how you are; where do you lodge?" "I am almost ashamed to ask you to our lodgings, for that is room-attic too!"

"Give me a copy of those lines," Sues the fair Celia to her poet lover; Delighted, he, the sheet resigns— His cup of bliss, quite full, is running over. Forthwith she hides the paper prize Safe in her bosom's labyrinth of laces; He marks the imprisonment, and cries, "My lines, in truth, have fallen in pleasant places."

A CHILD is eager to have any toy he sees, but throws it away at the sight of another, and is equally eager to have that. We are most of us, children through life, and only change one toy for another from the cradle to the grave.

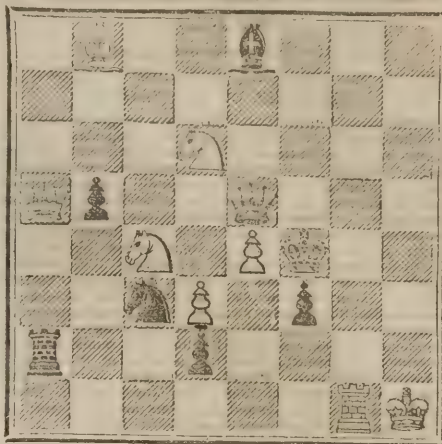
A GENTLEMAN in conversation with Dr. Johnson having, to some of the usual arguments for drinking, added this:—"You know, sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable; would not you allow a man to drink for that reason?" Johnson replied, "Yes, sir, if he sat next you."

"I NEVER complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

WHICH five names in early Scripture indicate the commencement of corporeal punishment?—Adam, Seth, Eve, Cain, Abel!

Chess.

Problem No. 76. By Mr. WM. GREENWOOD
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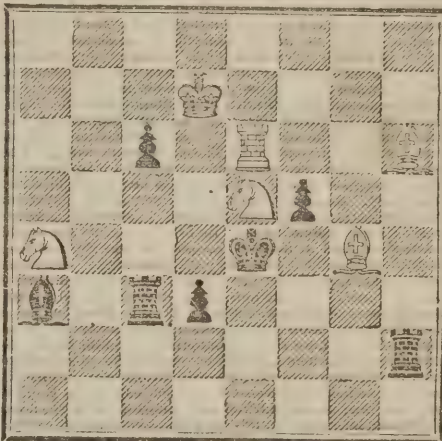


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Problem No. 77. For the Juveniles. By DOMINO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

R. YATES.—You have not correctly described the position, which is as follows:—

White.—K on Q R sq, R on Q 6, B on Q 4, Kt on K Kt 6, and Pawn on K 2.

Black.—K on K 4.

White mates in three, not two, moves.

E. D. C. (Islington).—Many thanks for your friendly letter. If you will return the Problem to which you refer, we will endeavour to remedy the defect which we pointed out upon a previous occasion.

J. N.—Black, in reply to your first move, in Problem No. 65, could play Q to K R 3, threatening check; and in reply to White's second move, P to Q K 5, defending the Rook.

R. NEWMAN.—Your solutions of Problems Nos. 63 and 61 are correct, but you fail in Problems Nos. 60 and 62.

LILE DELL.—Your Problem No. 2, which we have hitherto overlooked, has a second solution commencing with Kt to K 2.

A. J.—Y.—Your Problem is defective. Black can play R to K B 4 for his second move, and delay the mate several moves.

ROBERT B.—You should always receive such odds from a superior player as will make the game interesting to him.

ZIMONE.—As a juvenile, we submit the following Enigma to your notice:—

White.—K at K R sq, Q at Q Kt 4, Kts at Q 4 and K B 4, and P at Q 2.

Black.—K at K 5, Ps at K 4.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Solutions of Problems by D. W. O. (Sligo). Nos. 63 and 64; L. Phoenix, Nos. 63, 64, and 66; Wm. McKenzie, Nos. 62, 63, 64, 65, and 66; Mona, No. 66; M. A. R., 65 and 66; D. W. S., Nos. 63 and 64; C. Austin, Nos. 63 and 66; W. Goddard, No. 66; T. Ryan, Nos. 64, 65, and 66; Douglas, Nos. 65 and 66; E. Grant, No. 66; F. G. Rainger, Nos. 67 and 68; F. Carr, Nos. 64, 65, 66, and 67; Jabez B., Nos. 66 and 67; J. Wasborough, No. 66 and 67; Robert Wray, Nos. 64, 65, and 66; J. Palmer, Nos. 66 and 67; W. D., Nos. 64 and 65; Vite, Nos. 65, 66, and 67; Henry Strickland, No. 69; G. A. V., No. 68; T. Martin, jun., Nos. 65 and 67; R. Harrison, Nos. 68 and 69; and Grapes, Nos. 63, 64, 65, 67, and 68, correct.

Our Editorial Table.

CASSELL'S
ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK
For 1859

Shortly will be published, price 6d.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED
ALMANACKS OF THE SEASON.

It will contain upwards of Thirty Engravings, the subjects as follows:—Twelve engravings representing the modes of Repast in various Nations and Periods;—Twelve engravings representing important events of the year 1858, including the Capture of Delhi—Storming of Lucknow—Bombardment of Canton—Earthquake in Naples—Burial of the Queen of Oude—the Leviathan off Deptford—Inauguration of the Boulevard de Sebastopol—Arrival of the Queen at Cherbourg—Launch of the Ville de Nantes—Fort Napoleon in Kabylia—Her Majesty's arrival at the Town Hall, Leeds—Removal of the decorations, fountain, &c., in the Place de Châtelet. Four emblematical designs of the Seasons;—Astronomical illustrations, &c., &c. The Literary matter, in addition to explanations of the above Engravings, consist of the Calendar, richly stored with historical remembrances; Chronology; Obituary; Abstracts of Acts of Parliament; Important Statistics; Postal Regulations; Stamps and Taxes; Gardening Calendar; the Government; Royal Family; Houses of Lords and Commons, and other matters, interesting to all branches of the community.

P. FAIRMAN.—You wish to know if people think as much of Newton abroad as we do in England. If you had read the accounts of recent events you would have answered this question satisfactorily. In the magnificent speech lately delivered by Lord Brougham, on the occasion of the inauguration of the statue of Sir Isaac Newton at Grantham, Lincolnshire, the learned speaker informs us that the feelings of admiration excited by contemplating the works of Sir Isaac Newton, are by no means confined to the country which glories in having given him birth. Other nations even exceed us in sounding the praises of this great philosopher. Leibnitz, when asked at the royal table in Berlin his opinion of Newton, said, that "Taking mathematics from the beginning of the world to the time when Newton lived, what he had done was much the better half;" and in the opinion of that great French philosopher, La Place, Newton's work, "The Principia," "will ever remain a monument of the profound genius which revealed to us the greatest law of the universe. That work," continues he, "stands pre-eminent above all other productions of the human mind." Fontenelle, another great French genius, says, "In first giving to the world Newton's method of fluxions, Leibnitz did like Prometheus; he stole fire from heaven to bestow it upon men." The great and learned L'Hôpital asked, "Does Newton sleep and wake like other men? I figure him to myself as a celestial genius, entirely disengaged from matter." All this gives you some idea of the estimation in which Sir Isaac Newton is held on the Continent. Lord Brougham aptly referred his hearers to the *universe* as the monument of that great philosopher, whose book was the immensity of space; but the manner in which his lordship concluded a speech on a subject so dear to English ears, will long be remembered with interest. Still speaking of Newton, he says, "In raising the statue which preserves his likeness, near the place of his birth, and on the spot where his prodigious faculties were unfolded and trained, we at once gratify our honest pride as citizens of the same state, and humbly testify our grateful sense of the divine goodness which deigned to bestow upon our race one so marvellously gifted, to comprehend the works of Infinite Wisdom, and to make all his study of them the source of religious contemplation, both philosophical and sublime."

LYDIA HORTON.—"Lydia Horton" has spent three months in the country, and was never so happy in all her life. She has been at a sheep-shearing, a harvest-home, and at the gathering of the apples. Recently she has been interested in the digging up of the potatoes. When she thinks of the immense quantity of food that the potato provides for us, she cannot imagine how we got on before its introduction by Sir Walter Raleigh, a very favourite hero of hers, and one about whom she wants to know more. She asks us to tell her where he was born, and what became of him; from what part of America he brought the potato, and where he first planted it. Sir Walter Raleigh was born in Devonshire, in 1552. He was educated at Oxford, and was a member of Oriel College. It seems he was at one time intended for the law, for in early life he took up his residence in the Temple. Subsequently he served in the English army in Ireland. He afterwards, in 1584, founded, in America, the colony of Virginia, calling it after the maiden Queen Elizabeth. It was on his return that he brought back potatoes, introducing them for the first time into Europe; on his estates near Cork he first planted them. He was employed in many public services; but, not being favoured by Elizabeth's successor, James I., he was charged with being privy to a conspiracy for placing Arabella Stuart on the throne. The indictment was for misprision of treason, but a base jury found him guilty of treason. In consequence, Sir Walter was imprisoned for twelve years in the Tower, during which time he wrote his "History of the World." At length, however, he obtained his liberty, and also the command of an expedition to Guiana, in South America. On his return, in 1618, he was arrested at the instigation of the Spanish ambassador, for attacking a Spanish settlement, and ordered to be executed under the former verdict for treason, obtained sixteen years before! This legal murder of the greatest man of his age took place October 29th, 1618.

ANXIOUS.—From the report recently received of the Atlantic Telegraph, we see no reason to despair. According to Mr. C. F. Varley, the electrician of the Electric and International Telegraph Company, the interruption of the

communication and the injury to the cable have been caused by the electric current being too powerful. Mr. C. F. Varley considers that had more moderate power been used, the cable would still have been capable of transmitting messages. He has had recourse to experiments, which proved that where the "insulating covering" is not very perfect, there is great danger arising from using intense currents. If Mr. Varley is right in his conjectures, we trust that the error detected will soon be remedied.

AMY.—It was on Tuesday the 7th ultimo that the inauguration of the successful laying down of the Channel Islands submarine telegraphic cable was celebrated. The message first conveyed by the wires was one from the directors to her Majesty, who promptly replied to it from Holyrood, in a manner that caused the greatest enthusiasm in the Islands. The royal message expresses the Queen's satisfaction at the connection established with a portion of her dominions hitherto locally separated, but always united to the crown by a spirit of unswerving loyalty, unsurpassed in any part of the British dominions. The cable starts from Church Bay, Portland, and rests in depths of water varying from 35 to 40 fathoms, as far as the island of Alderney, which has been fixed upon for the first station. At this point the French coast is only nine miles distant, and Cherbourg is plainly visible. From Alderney the cable stretches to a point on the north-west coast of Germany, and crosses that island to St. Peter's Port, where there is a station in the guard-house. It then runs to Cape Grosnez. Between eight and nine miles of underground work brings the line to St. Heliers.

A. B. C.—The Prince of Orange is heir to the throne of the Netherlands. He is eighteen years of age, and consequently out of his minority. He has now a state household, a privy councillorship, and the military grade of major-general. His royal highness is intelligent, affable, immensely popular, and very learned. He has just taken his doctor's degree at the University of Leyden. He speaks English with fluency and correctness, and he is familiar with our literature. Our readers may remember that this prince has been spoken of as an appropriate suitor for the Princess Alice, the Queen's second daughter.

A HUSBAND.—If you cannot induce your wife to relinquish the dangerous *crinoline*, hoop, or cage (there are so many names for it, we know not which to fix upon) how can you expect we shall prevail? To tell you the truth, we have no hope of success, therefore we can only offer a preventive measure in case of accidental combustion, to which the immense dimensions of the fair sex now render them peculiarly liable, by adding to the starch used for stiffening dresses a table-spoonful of common alum in a powdered state. The starch makes the dress far stiffer, and prevents its bursting into flame when placed in contact with any burning substance.

QUESTER.—The advantages offered by the recent treaty with China are as great as we could reasonably expect. Christianity is to be tolerated throughout the empire; diplomatic agents may reside permanently at Peking; and British subjects may travel for pleasure or trade to all parts of the empire, when provided with passports from British authorities.

PUGH.—You wish us to tell you the situation of Frederic's Town, near which gold has recently been found. Frederic's Town is the capital of New Brunswick, one of the British possessions in North America. New Brunswick was formed into a government separate from Nova Scotia in 1784. It is rapidly advancing in population and fertility. It has several towns, among which we may mention Parr Town, Digby, and New Edinburgh. The establishment of the Atlantic Telegraph gives great additional importance to New Brunswick.

JULIA B.—So many marriages take place after thirty that we consider you have no reason to despond, or to suppose that the gentlemen will overlook you. With regard to your anxiety about your hair growing so low on your forehead, the best thing you can do to check it is to wear it constantly "à l'impératrice," that is, brushed back from the temples. Depilatories are not only dangerous but useless. To efface the mark left by the blister, bathe the part repeatedly in milk, and anoint it with cold cream on going to bed.

PSISISTRATUS THE THIRD.—Your duties appear to clash, but they do not do so in reality. If the young lady is worthy of your regard, she is not in love with your position but with you, and she will not respect you the less for the shade which the guilt of others has thrown over your position. With a true woman-heart she will value you the more, and endeavour to atone to you for a misfortune occasioned by no fault of yours. We pity your mother; but you must not be guilty of deception in order to shelter her.

ADA M.—For what you term the *face-burning* we advise you to take a tea-spoonful of magnesia in milk. This will correct the acidity on the stomach that generally occasions face-burning.

MINNIE GRAY.—We cannot advise you, until you tell us in what capacity you wish to bring out your daughter.

BEATRICE D.—Try to regain the affection of your friend by uncomplaining gentleness and constancy. "Emilia's" violent passions seldom last long, so it is to be hoped you will soon conquer yours. Your immediate union with the young lady would be as ruinous to her as to yourself.—A TRUE LOVER may be mistaken in the nature of his own feelings. We advise him to take no immediate step. Let him wait a little while, and if his love stands the test of time, and he is a sufficiently "True Lover" to wish to become a suitor, let him write to the young lady's parents, begging leave to pay his addresses to her.

S. A. T. S.—The style of the *engaged ring* is optional; but care should be taken that it exactly fits the finger. The name *sweetbriar* is evidently suggested by the properties of the shrub.

IGNORAMUS.—"Ignoramus" must be guided by the lady's convenience. His great object must be to give her the best part of the road to walk on. In conversing with her, let him select the topics of the day; and above all, avoid being tedious. In conversation "tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux." I hope by this time "Ignoramus" is too good a French scholar to require the translation of the above quotation.

ADELGISA D.—It is by the sentiments, and not by the writing of the letters, that we judge of the character of our correspondents. We have no faith in writing as indicative of disposition.—HEDA KINGMAN.—You may show your sympathy by the gentleness of your look, the tone of your voice, and those little attentions so welcome to invalids. You are quite right in your remark that the constant question, "Do you feel better?" is very wearisome to those who are ill.—A. J. D.—You give a very contradictory account of your symptoms, for you complain of feeling neither pleasure nor pain, and a little further on you say you feel horribly miserable. We suspect the last-mentioned is the real state of your feelings; and we suspect that you are labouring under that lowness of spirits that results from biliousness. We advise you to consult a respectable medical man.

KITTY ROBSON.—We do not undertake to recommend books on etiquette; but we are willing to give our readers any instructions they require. It is not necessary to thank a gentleman for escorting you from the drawing-room to the dining-room. Finger-glasses are removed with the dinner-cloth, before the dessert is put on the table. Coffee is served up to the ladies as soon as they return to the drawing-room.

A DUBLIN GIRL.—Write to us again in a few months, and if by that time we find you have mastered orthography, we will take into consideration the offer you make us of contributing to our paper.

FRITZ.—Full information respecting Biarritz was given in the last number of this paper.

A YOUNG INQUIRER.—"The Educational Course" is a distinct publication. You should insist on the publisher fulfilling your order.

B. TOWNSHEND.—By all means endeavour to turn your gifts, natural and acquired, to some account. Many young men of your age are already earning sufficient to support themselves and assist their parents. The slight impediment in your speech need be no bar to your advancement. Demosthenes, who was in youth afflicted in the same way, became the greatest orator his country ever produced.

A PHILOSOPHER seems to forget that the God of nature acts through natural causes. If He has ordained that reproduction shall be the order of the whole universe, there is nothing more wonderful in a sphere producing a sphere than in an oak-tree producing an acorn.

THE SISTER TO THE BRIDE ELECT.—You are in danger. Be guided entirely by your prudent mother.

R. R.—When next you are stung by a wasp, spread over the part a plaster of common salt and salad oil. In case of the dangerous accident of swallowing a wasp, put a tea-spoonful of common salt in your mouth. It kills the wasp and heals the sting.

AUNT PHILLIPSON.—If "Aunt Phillipson" is afflicted with corpulence, she should not allow herself more than six hours' sleep in the twenty-four. She should take exercise and avoid cream, malt liquor, and soup, until she has reduced her bulk. We cannot tell her how to gain the favour of the gentleman until she sends us further particulars.

CASSY R.—You must write more legibly if you wish us to answer your questions.

T. F. S.—Provided you give the lady the best part of the road, you may place her to the right or the left.

A YOUNG LADY.—On entering a room full of company, the first thing you have to do is to pay your respects to the lady of the house.

KATE TONSON.—Regular exercise, and a cold bath taken with due precaution, greatly improves the figure. In your case, friction with a flesh brush, applied to both shoulders for half an hour before going to bed, is likely to prove efficacious in diminishing your cause of alarm.

PALE ALE.—As indigestible food destroyed your bloom, in all probability attention to diet will restore it. Instead of ridiculing you, your brother should endeavour to procure for you amusement and change of scene, which are both conducive to health and to a clear complexion.

VITA.—There is hair so incorrigibly lank, that tongs alone are efficacious in curling it. Probably "Vita's" hair is of this kind. As to his other question, we consider it is his levity, not his writing, that will exclude him from a good appointment.

AMATOR.—Do not write to the lady again. We suspect she makes too sure of you. When you are less devoted, she will, probably, become more kind.

M. A. R.—According to your request, we furnish you with a receipt for preserving seaweed. Wash the seaweed in fresh water, then take a plate or dish (the larger the better); cut your paper to the size required, place it on the plate with fresh water, and spread out the plant with a good-sized camel-hair brush, in a natural form. Picking it out with a pin gives an unnatural appearance to the seaweed, and destroys the characteristic fall of the branches.

A GALLANT.—You wish us to tell you at what age it is prudent to carry on a correspondence with young ladies. Do you mean to correspond with two or three at once? For such Mormonite proceedings we have no advice to offer.

SONS OF OLD ENGLAND.—John Adams, one of the principal promoters of American independence, was born at Braintree, in Massachusetts, October 19, 1735. He was a descendant from one of the families which founded that colony. Samuel Adams, for some time governor of Massachusetts, was of the same family.

C. ALTHANS.—Thanks for your scraps; we shall use them as opportunity serves.

J. G.—The proprietors of the journal in question are at perfect liberty to refuse the insertion of any advertisement if they think fit to do so.

HARRY G. P.—The tale, "Phases of Life," began in Volume III., No. 147, and ended in Volume IV., No. 155.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER XCIX.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

SHAKESPEARE.

How chilling is the aspect of December, with its gloomy skies and piercing cold; its withered leaves, rustling in time's path, like memories over a graveyard,

to remind us that another year is about to pass away—a drop in the vast ocean of eternity.

Apart from the religious influences of the season, even old Christmas would be dreary but for those social feelings, ties, and sympathies which encircle the domestic hearth with happy kindred faces, warm the heart by recollections of the past, or smiling anticipations—hope's sunbeams—of the future, awakening, as it were, an earlier spring, rich in affection's flowers amid the snows of winter.

Unfortunately, there are but too many of the human family to whom such consolations are denied—beings whom death has isolated, left like some blighted tree in the world's wilderness alone—sad monuments of sorrow.

Although Rachel could scarcely be classed with these utterly desolate ones, having still the love of her husband and Mary to sustain her, she was almost as much to be pitied; for the worm was at the root of life, poisoning its enjoyments with bitter regrets,

the pangs of hope deferred, and the tortures of uncertainty. If her worn features sometimes wore a smile, the expression proved but momentary; the shadow quickly returned; its darkness was in her heart, where, in secret, she continued to mourn the loss of her eldest born, as a mother's heart alone can mourn.

It was Christmas-eve, and the Markhams were seated in their elegantly furnished drawing-room. As a matter of course, Peter Mangles was with them; where else could the old man spend his evenings! he had given up his cottage on Blackheath on purpose to be near them. George had become to him as a son, and Mary—it would be difficult to describe the love of the eccentric clerk for the fair and gentle girl, who, as a child, had awakened so deep an interest in his heart.

The impression that his employer either had contracted, or was about to contract some absurdly provoking marriage, haunted him; he could not



THE LOST ONE FOUND.

dismiss it from his mind; never in the course of his long existence had he felt so impatient for the arrival of the morrow, which was to confirm or dissipate his doubts.

Rachel and her husband merely smiled when he expressed them. Apart from the happiness of Mr. Bently, it was a matter of indifference whether they proved well-grounded or not; for could wealth have brought happiness, they had more than enough already. As for Mary, she felt delighted with the idea of having a grandmamma.

Peter looked at his watch. It was past eight o'clock.

"Not yet arrived," he muttered; "most unbusiness-like habit; but, there, Richard never was punctual—that is to say, of late years. Thinks to surprise us, no doubt; but he won't surprise me," added the old man, with a slight—a very slight—touch of bitterness in his tone. "Well, I have carried out his instructions to the very letter; he will find nothing to reproach me with on that score: all is ready for the reception of the bride.

"Bride!" he repeated, with a grimace: "that he should think of such a thing at his years! Why, he is only nineteen months and eleven days my junior. Perhaps it is catching," he added, with a desperate attempt to appear facetious; "if so, I shall be taking a wife next."

"Oh, do—pray do!" exclaimed Mary, throwing her arms playfully round his neck; "I should so like to be a bridesmaid!"

"I'll think of it, my love," answered Peter, drily.

Then overcome by what struck him as a ridiculous idea at his time of life, he broke into a good-humoured laugh.

"No, no," he added, parting the clustering curls from the brow of the fair girl, and imprinting a kiss upon her forehead, "I must dance at your wedding first."

The happy smile vanished from the countenance of his young favourite, and a pensive expression supplied its place. Rachel was the only one who remarked the change; few things escape a mother's eye.

A carriage was now heard to draw up at the door of the house, and Mr. Mangles began to feel nervously impatient.

"That is Richard," he said.

"It is grandfather's carriage!" cried Mary, who, on hearing the vehicle, had run to one of the windows, and partially drawn aside the curtain to peep into the street.

"With four horses, no doubt," muttered the clerk, commencing a string of commentaries, audible only to himself. "Postilion, with white favours! a giggling maid and impudent valet in the dickey, mocking the youthful bridegroom, pitying the bride. What will they say in the City?"

Mr. Bently now made his appearance in the drawing-room.

Although neither George Markham nor his wife had paid much attention to the prediction of Peter, they were both struck by the change which had taken place in the appearance and general bearing of the merchant. He had quitted them a broken-spirited man, bowed down with regrets and sorrows. His figure was now erect, and his countenance wore an expression of unclouded joy.

There was something more than usually affectionate in the feeling with which he embraced his daughter, and gazed upon her careworn features.

"You received my letter?" he said, after kissing his grandchild, and shaking hands with her father and the clerk.

"Three days since," answered Rachel, with a faint smile.

"Mine duly came to hand at the same time," observed Peter, drily. "I trust you found everything arranged to your satisfaction?"

"I have not been home yet," replied Mr. Bently. "This is my first visit."

"Good gracious!" mentally ejaculated Mangles; "he has never brought her here!"

"I am tired of the country, Rachel," said her father, "especially at this season of the year, when the heart requires something more than the silent companionship of books and solitary thoughts."

"I never find time for solitary thoughts," observed the old clerk, in a tone which somewhat startled his employer; "and as for books, how any man can complain of them, provided they are properly kept and regularly balanced, is more than I can comprehend."

His hearers smiled: they perfectly understood the books the speaker alluded to; in fact, the only ones that had ever greatly interested him.

Mr. Bently walked towards the fireplace, and leant his head upon his hand for several instants with an air of meditation; evidently there was something upon his mind which he hesitated to disclose. Peter, fully

believing in the truth of his supposition, enjoyed his embarrassment exceedingly.

"Now it is coming," he thought.

"You are not very curious, Rachel," observed her father.

His daughter regarded him with a look of surprise. "Have you forgotten the present I promised you in my letter?"

"Pretty present!—a mother-in-law," mumbled the clerk. "Half Mary's fortune gone, at the very least. Well!"

"Have my gifts become valueless?" added the merchant.

"Valueless!" repeated Rachel; "oh, no. You know how fondly I prize the slightest mark of your affection; blessed with that, I have nothing more to desire."

"You must be happy—much happier than falls to the lot of most of us," observed Mr. Bently, with a sigh; "few in this world can pronounce that heaven has not another blessing to bestow. What, not one desire? not one?"

"Father," exclaimed the agitated woman, her eyes instantly filling with tears, "you do not, I am sure you do not, mean these words unkindly; but they wring my heart. Could you read its sufferings—its sleepless regrets—its agonies, you would judge me differently—very differently. If my lips sometimes wear a smile, it is that I may not cloud the joy of others. For years," she added, "my life has been one of sorrow; respect and pity it."

Mary ran to the side of her mother, and, throwing her arm round her, vainly endeavoured to kiss away her tears, which continued to fall fast. The seal upon the fountain had been broken.

As for Peter Mangles, he turned very red in the face; used his handkerchief several times, and regarded the merchant almost ferociously.

"He has the heart of a crocodile," he mentally ejaculated.

"Mr. Bently, is this wise? is it kind?"

"Silence, George," said Mr. Bently, interrupting his son-in-law. "We sometimes live to regret reproaches, but never our forbearance."

There was something so impressive, not in the words merely, but the tone and dignified manner of the speaker, that his request was involuntarily complied with. Not another remonstrance or observation was uttered.

"Rachel," continued her father, in a voice which he vainly attempted to render firm, "you will not accuse me of intentional unkindness. You are a mother, and can judge the depth, and sometimes the fear of a parent's love. It was far from my desire to inflict an unnecessary pang. Would I could have endured it for you."

The features of his daughter suddenly became white as the marble against which the speaker leant.

"God is very merciful, Rachel," he added. "The blessing we too frequently demand with passionate entreaties, sighs, and tears, is wisely withheld to be accorded to our resignation."

A piercing cry—it could not be called of joy, scarcely of hope—broke from the lips of the long bereaved mother, as the import of his words suddenly flashed upon her mind.

"You have heard tidings of my boy!" she exclaimed; "I feel it—read it in your eyes, which overflow with tenderness. You are too good—too human," she added, with increasing excitement, "to torture me with delusive hopes. He lives! say that he lives! a look—a word. I can bear it, father; a mother's heart is strong—oh, how strong! Speak, or suspense will kill me. Richard, my son, my son!"

On hearing his name thus passionately pronounced, prudence—the fear of presenting himself too suddenly—all gave way to the strong impulse of filial love, and our hero entered the drawing-room without waiting for the signal agreed upon between his grandfather and himself.

"Mother, dear mother!" were the only words his agitation permitted him to speak; but there was a spell in them that awoke the long silent echoes in that mother's heart. In an instant her arms were around his neck; her heart beating against his; her pale lips pressed to the cheek of her lost son.

Kisses, broken murmurs of gratitude, and looks that spoke unalterable affection, were all that passed between them. In that embrace how richly did Richard Markham feel all he had endured repaid. To the long desolate mother's heart—but what pen can describe her emotions, as she gazed upon his manly form, read in his eyes a proof, more eloquent than words, how fondly her memory had been cherished?

For some time neither the father nor the sister ventured to obtrude their joy; each felt there

was a right holier even than theirs—the claim of maternal love.

Rachel did not forget them.

"George," she sobbed, extending her hand to her husband, "our boy—our eldest-born, restored free from shame and crime! Mary, your brother!"

The arm of Richard encircled the form of the weeping girl, whose head reclined upon his shoulder.

"Thanks, Lord!" added the grateful woman, sinking upon her knees; "the children that Thou gavest have not been turned from Thee!"

"My son," exclaimed his deeply agitated father, as he grasped his hand, "I can meet your gaze without a blush: sorrow and an angel's goodness have redeemed me from the drunkard's sin."

"I know all," replied the young man: "your struggles, triumphs. Know how proud I ought to feel to call you father!"

"Come with me to the library, George," said Mr. Bently, "there is still much to be explained. Richard will undertake the task to his mother. Bring Mary with you."

Leading his daughter by the arm, George Markham quitted the room, accompanied by Peter Mangles, who kept blubbering like a child. The merchant followed last; as he closed the door of the drawing-room after him, he felt, for the first time for years, reconciled with himself.

"And I," said the old clerk, when his employer had concluded the narrative of his first meeting with his grandson and all that had resulted from it—"I to have accused you of want of feeling!"

"Hush!" interrupted Mr. Bently, "no reproaches. The best I can say of my conduct is that Providence has been wiser than my resentment."

"But I will reproach myself," exclaimed Peter. "I have a right to do so; you have no idea what a ridiculous old fool I have been. Would you believe it, Richard, when I received your letter in which you spoke of being no longer alone in the world, I took it into my stupid head that you were married! As if any man in his senses," he added, "would do such an unbusiness-like thing at our time of life."

"I was greatly excited when I wrote it," observed the merchant, "for my grandson had only just been restored to me; it might have been worded more cautiously."

"But that is not all," resumed Mr. Mangles, who appeared resolved to make a clean breast of it. "Just now, not an hour since, I compared you to a crocodile—to be sure it was to myself—a crocodile!" he added, with solemnity, "not that I ever saw one."

Here the speaker looked as if he considered that not very important fact only increased the atrocity of his conduct.

"I know you will forgive me," he continued, "and that is where I feel it; if I thought you would not, I should not be half so miserable."

"I have nothing to forgive, old friend," replied Mr. Bently, with a smile; "we have jogged on through life too long together, not to bear with each other's failings."

"There is some truth in that, Richard," observed Peter, with what, to those who did not know the simplicity of his character, might have appeared a sly touch of humour. "Well! we must all of us take the good with the evil, and strike a balance, I suppose."

The merchant and his son-in-law both agreed that there was more wisdom in his words than the speaker dreamt of; they felt that all things had worked together for the best.

On returning to the drawing-room, they found Rachel and her son more composed, the violence of their first emotions had subsided, and a placid, deep contentment, such as the heart feels when its best affections are gratified, supplied their place.

As for Mr. Bently, he felt both touched and gratified by the affectionate manner in which his daughter met him—there was an eloquence in her deep, thoughtful eyes far more expressive than her words, as she thanked and blessed him for the care he had taken of his grandson.

As for Peter Mangles, he could not take his eyes from our hero, but sat devouring him with his looks. To such a state of excitement had the kind old man worked himself, that several times he felt obliged to have recourse to his handkerchief to hide the emotion which oppressed him.

"You must love our kind old friend," whispered Mary to her brother; "you know not half the debt of gratitude we owe him."

"You are wrong there," replied Richard; "I have heard it all."

"From grandfather?" inquired the artless girl.

"Partly from him, and partly from another."

"Another!" repeated his sister, with surprise; "who could it be?"

The reply, which, like the observation that first led to it, was given in an under tone, brought the rich blush to the cheek of Mary; and yet it consisted but of a single word, which sounded very like "Harry."

Time flies swiftly when happiness forgets to count its moments; and the Christmas morn—the day when angel lips first proclaimed peace on earth and good will to man—had dawned before Mr. Bently quitted the house of his son-in-law.

"This is your home now, Richard," he observed, when he bade his grandson good night. "Not a step," he added, as the youth was about to proffer to see him at least to his carriage. "My home will not appear cheerless now; the happy faces I leave behind me will people it with joyous recollections."

"To-morrow, then," said our hero, with a smile. "We shall meet again with calmer feelings," replied the merchant. "Rachel," he added, as his daughter advanced to receive his fond good-night, "you will not fail me—I am sure you will not, for I have not forgotten your words—'A mother's heart is strong.' You will encounter strange faces, but kind hearts—those who have loved your son."

Perhaps there were few happier persons that night than Mr. Mangles. There was no fear now that the firm would become extinct. George Markham and his son would bring fresh energy and youth to it. Everything had turned out as he could have wished; and he foresaw the time when he and his employer might leave the direction of affairs in younger hands. They had toiled long enough.

"I hope they have attended to the boy's book-keeping," he muttered to himself. "Surely, Richard has never neglected that."

"Even if he has," he thought, "a year or two under my care, and—yes, yes—that may be made all smooth."

In fact, the old clerk rather wished that his grandfather might have neglected our hero's education on that important point, so delightful did he feel would be the task of instructing him.

It was not extraordinary that, after the violent emotions she had endured, the sleep of Rachel Markham proved a restless one; that more than once she started from her pillow and asked herself if the happiness she felt was real, or whether imagination had not once more cheated her by one of those intensely vivid dreams which mock the sleep of sorrow.

So painful did this uncertainty at last become that she crept stealthily from her couch, and, hastily drawing a wrapper round her, proceeded to the room where Richard slept, in order to confirm or dissipate the doubt suggested by maternal love.

As her hand rested on the door of the chamber, she heard the object of her solicitude murmur her name in his slumber.

It was sufficient: her heart recognised his voice, and she knelt for an instant to pray and bless him.

In this position her husband, who had missed her from his side, discovered her, and would have tenderly reproached her for thus risking her health, had she not checked the words by placing her finger upon her lips.

"There!" she whispered, pointing to the room, "there! sleeping beneath our roof, all that a parent's love could wish him—noble, truthful, brave, and honest, George, restored to us at last! Have we not cause to be grateful?"

"We have, indeed," replied the father of our hero; "to our son I owe the re-establishing of my fair name; a better heritage than the fortune my industry may secure him; but this is not the hour, Rachel."

"I know it, George," interrupted his wife; "do not blame me, or deem me childish in my joy; I feared that my happiness was too great to be real. I doubted it. You are not angry with me?" she added, looking in his face with a smile.

"Angry!" repeated her husband, with emotion; "as readily might the wrecked mariner feel anger at the plank which bore him through the foaming surge to land; the bewildered traveller at the star, his guide amid the pathless desert's sands, as I with thee."

Our hero and his sister were the first to meet in the breakfast-room on the following morning.

"Richard, dear Richard!" exclaimed the gentle girl, as the arm of her brother enfolded her. "I cannot tell you how happy you have made us, how constantly you have been remembered and prayed for. It was not home without you," she added; "but I never despaired of your return."

"You believed in the promise of my friend Harry, then?" replied her brother, archly. "Poor fellow! the intelligence of my death placed him in a cruel position. I had bound him by a promise."

"Which he kept, I can assure you."

"To the risk of his happiness," observed our hero.

"How can you suppose such a thing," said Mary,

blushing at the same time deeply; "why I don't even know his name!"

"Is not Harry a very pretty name?"

"I suppose it is not the only one."

"Morton, the son of an honourable man, one of our grandfather's oldest friends. He was my school-fellow, companion, friend. You must love him," he added, "for my sake."

His sister looked as if the task would not be a very difficult one, especially after listening to his exculpation.

"You must tell me about Lillian," she said, anxious to change the subject. "Grandpapa named her last night, and I feel so anxious to see her. I am certain that I shall love her dearly. She must be good as well as beautiful to have won your affection."

"Why so?" demanded Richard, with a smile.

"Because you are good and—but I must not say that, I might make you vain," answered Mary. "I have nothing left to wish for, now that you are restored to us," she continued, gazing fondly in his face. "I feel so proud of you. I used to envy my young companions who had brothers to love, to confide in, to look up to, to protect them, and felt so desolate. But that is past," she added, smiling through the tears the recollection caused her. "I shall never envy any one again."

"I have a vast debt of love to pay you," observed her brother, deeply moved by her artless words.

From that hour there were no secrets between them; each poured into the other's heart the confidence which becomes doubly sweet by being shared.

It was a gratifying sight to Rachel and her husband, on entering the breakfast-room, to find their children thus united.

During the morning Jack Manders made his appearance at the house, and was kindly, one might say affectionately, received by the parents of his benefactor and friend, who had informed them of his conduct to Lillian, his grateful fidelity to himself, and the noble constancy with which he had persevered in the path of integrity and truth.

At first the poor fellow felt embarrassed; he had not seen Mrs. Markham since the night he so generously defended her from the brutal violence of Carus Kearn upon the bridge. He recollected her only as one poor and humble as himself, and would never have recognised her surrounded by the elegancies and comforts that wealth bestows.

But Rachel had not forgotten him; pride had no place in her grateful heart, and she thanked him warmly for the past.

"This is some debt I am not aware of," observed her son. "Ah, Jack, you have secrets, I find, from me."

"Pray do not allude to it, sir," replied the young man, more abashed at being praised than ever he had been by reproaches.

"Sir!" repeated our hero; "I call you Jack."

"Mr. Richard—Richard, then," said his too humble friend, deeply gratified. "I knew that you were happy—happy as you deserve to be; but I wanted to witness it with my own eyes, and, as the lieutenant, Lady Bell, and Miss Lillian told me I might venture, I thought—"

"You would renew your acquaintance with old friends," observed Mary, advancing to him, and adding considerably to his embarrassment by placing both of her hands in his. "What! have you forgotten me?"

"Little—that is—I mean Miss Markham."

"Call me Mary," said the fair girl, with unaffected simplicity; "I like that name the best."

One hour—just one short hour—before the visit to his grandfather, Richard contrived to pass at Mivart's with Lillian; there appeared something wanting to complete his happiness till she shared it with him.

For once, the heart's anticipations were more than realised, and Christmas did, indeed, prove a happy day to the party assembled at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Bently. Sir Charles and Lady Bell met the parents of Richard more like relatives from whom they had long been separated, than strangers; and, after warmly congratulating them, presented their adopted child.

"I must claim a mother's share in your love," said Rachel, as she folded the blushing Lillian in her arms.

"You make me very happy," murmured our heroine.

Mary stole to her side and kissed her, by way of introducing herself to one whom henceforth she was to regard as a sister.

At table, Richard and his friend Harry Morton placed themselves by the side of the fair girls. Every one present seemed to understand the arrangement except Peter Mangles, whom it puzzled exceedingly. He could not comprehend why he had been

deprived of his accustomed seat by Mary; and, during the evening, he took an opportunity of drawing her aside to satisfy his curiosity.

"Who is that young man," he inquired, "who appears so very attentive to you? I believe that is the word—attentive," he added, seriously.

"And a very pretty one, is it not?" demanded his favourite, archly.

"Well, yes, perhaps it is; but you have not answered my question."

"His name is Harry."

Peter mentally pronounced it anything but a business-like one—not a firm of that name in the City.

"He is a dear friend of Richard's," added Mary; "they were schoolfellows."

"What!" exclaimed the old man, "the mysterious gentleman in the square—the portrait—eh!"

The fair girl nodded in the affirmative.

"One word. Is he in the City?"

"Of course not, Peter," answered the young lady, with a playful smile; "we are none of us in the City now. Mr. Morton is, or rather will be, a barrister."

And without giving him time to ask another question, the happy creature escaped from him and joined her brother and Lillian.

Harry was standing near them.

For an instant Mr. Mangles looked very serious; something whispered to him that one of his anticipations were doomed to be disappointed. Mary would not become the wife of a man of business.

The feeling of regret was but a momentary one, and, quickly disappeared as he gazed upon her features radiant with happiness. As her glance met his, the old man gently shook his head, and sent her back smile for smile.

CHAPTER C.

Soliloquy:—Toy-hewitch'd,

Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul,

No common centre Man, no common sire

Knoweth! A sordid, solitary thing,

Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart,

Through courts and cities the smooth savage roams,

Feeling himself, his own low self the whole:

When he by sacred sympathy might make

The whole one self. Self, that no alien knows!

Self, far diffused as Fancy's wing can travel!

Self, spreading still! oblivious of its own,

Yet all of all possessing.—COLERIDGE.

INTELLIGENCE of the death of Andrew Silcox fell like a thunderbolt on Lady Boothroyd. It seemed to her like the breaking of the first thread in the web she had so skilfully woven. Marshall, the lawyer, was instantly telegraphed for; and, after a long conference, went down to St. Faith's with instructions to secure all papers, deeds, and letters the steward might have left in his hands, pertaining to the Meldown estate.

It was an anxious interval with the ambitious woman, till her agent returned. At the first glance of his features, she read that he had failed.

"Hear me," said the man of law, "before you blame me. I lost not an instant on my arrival, but proceeded at once to the Home Farm; where I found myself powerless to act—the executors had taken possession."

"Pshaw!" muttered her ladyship, angrily, "rustics. Have you lived all these years without learning the use of money? I gave you *carte blanche*."

"It was useless in the present instance," observed Marshall.

"How so?"

"The executors are Mr. Thornton and the tenant of Meldown. I think your ladyship must admit, with me, it would have been madness to have thought of bribing them."

Lady Boothroyd changed colour at the intelligence—the blow was as severe as unexpected. Of all men, Mr. Thornton was the one, perhaps, she dreaded most.

"Your visit, then, has utterly failed?" she observed.

"As far as actual success is concerned, it has," answered the lawyer; "but I have obtained valuable information."

"Proceed," exclaimed his hearer, impatiently.

"Andrew, you are aware, was murdered by his brother, who lately escaped from the hulks at Chatham, who—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted her ladyship, "I have heard that; the rector wrote to inform me. The wretched murderer was shot at the time, and is since dead."

"He was not alone," continued her agent; "he had a companion, of whose identity I have obtained a clue."

"What care I for the identity of the assassin!" interrupted the lady, in a tone of angry impatience.

"You have not heard all," said Mr. Marshall, with a marked emphasis upon the word "all."

In an instant his hearer became calm. "The man I allude to," continued the speaker, "escaped at the very moment the crime was detected. In his flight he took with him some deed or parchment, which the steward had been perusing when they surprised him."

"It must have been the codicil," exclaimed Lady Boothroyd, thrown off her guard by the intelligence. Scarcely had the words passed her lips than she bitterly repented the indiscretion.

"Codicil!" mentally ejaculated the lawyer; "to whose will, I wonder; Sir Norman's, or his uncle's?"

"Marshall," said the widow of his former client, "I will not attempt to deceive you. There are reasons which make the recovery of that deed of importance to me. You say you have obtained a clue to the identity of the ruffian who has possessed himself of it. Follow it with the perseverance of the blood-hound; spare not either for money or promises; bring it to me; and name your own reward."

"Liberal terms, Lady Boothroyd; certainly very liberal," replied her agent; "and I will do my best to carry out your instructions."

"To whom has Andrew Silex left his ill-gotten wealth?" demanded her ladyship.

Her visitor could scarcely repress a smile. The question confirmed the suspicions he had long entertained of some dishonest service rendered by the steward, which had been exorbitantly paid.

"To a young gentleman who proves to be a grandson of Mr. Bentley, your tenant of Meldown."

"And the motive for this unaccountable generosity?"

"I could not learn that."

"Who drew up the will?"

"Mr. Thornton."

Again the name of her upright country neighbour fell with an ominous, unpleasant sound upon the ear of the manœuvring, artful woman; who felt that a storm was gathering round her it would require all her energy to meet.

"I must urge this marriage to a conclusion," she said, as soon as she found herself once more alone. "Alice the wife of Illston, his father must support me with all the influence of his name and character. Our interests will then be the same."

Having come to this conclusion, she wrote two long and artfully concocted letters, one to her nephew—a second to the earl; in which she not only hinted, but urged her views. In the first she sought to excite the jealousy of the viscount, by informing him of the declaration she had intercepted from William Thornton to her daughter. The attempt failed, as far as the jealousy of the noble suitor was concerned, for there can be no jealousy without love; but it answered the writer's purpose quite as well.

It re-kindled the slumbering hate he had long entertained against his former defender and school-fellow.

In her epistle to the earl, she complained of his son's coldness and inattention to Alice, and plainly stated her opinion that the match ought to be at once concluded or broken off.

The effect of her scheme was not doubtful. As far as the gentlemen were concerned, it succeeded.

From the day of Sir Norman's death the promise so heartlessly extorted from his child weighed heavily upon her spirit; it seemed to envelope her like a shroud; for to a pure and generous being like Alice the grave would have been preferable to a marriage with her cousin. There was not one feeling of sympathy between them.

"Would I were poor!" she frequently murmured to herself; "Illston would not then persecute me with his odious love. Love!" she repeated, scornfully: "he knows not the meaning of the word. It is a noble passion, and seeks no happiness that is not mutual. My poor father, little did he imagine the hopeless misery to which he condemned his child. I was weak, very weak to have yielded to his entreaties."

Alice Boothroyd was indeed to be pitied; and yet the world, which judges from the tinsel of outward show, doubtless envied her. She was young, beautiful, and rich; what more, in its opinion, could any reasonable being demand to constitute happiness?

More than once the unhappy girl had thought of making an appeal to the honour and manliness of Illston, not to enforce a promise destructive to her happiness; but when an occasion arrived—which was not often, for feeling secure of his victim, the noble viscount gave himself but little trouble to conciliate her—the courage of Alice failed her.

There was a cynical glance in his cold, gray eye which seemed to mock her sorrow.

She had not even the consolation of a mother's sympathy, for, as our readers are aware, but little confidence existed between Lady Boothroyd and her daughter.

Since the death of her husband the manœuvring woman had become still more harsh and despotic in her bearing, thinking by such conduct to crush all spirit of resistance to her wishes. Little did the parent know the heart of her only child; but for the promise given to the dead, Alice would have broken her fetters and cast them to the wind.

She was seated in the drawing-room in St. James's-square, meditating on her unhappy position, when the earl and his son were both announced. The peer was not a bad-hearted man; through life everything had gone smoothly with him. The woman he had married performed the duties of her station gracefully, that is to say, she received his friends, presided at his table, and made his home agreeable by the refinement of her manners. Every one admired and spoke well of the countess. What could he desire more?

"My mother is, in her dressing-room," said his niece, after the usual compliments and inquiries had passed. "I will inform her you are here."

Like the fluttered bird, she wished to escape the presence of her persecutor; but his lordship comprehended her motive, and, with his usual tact, defeated it.

"I am quite old enough," he said, "to visit my sister-in-law in her dressing-room without scandal; do not trouble yourself, Alice."

Before she could reply to him he had quitted the room. Evidently the visit of Lord Carlington and his son, as well as the absence of her mother, had been arranged.

Without being positively rude, Alice could not quit the room; to conceal her embarrassment, she walked to the window, and gazed on the children and their nurses in the square.

"She certainly does most cordially detest me," thought Illston; "well, it will render our marriage the more piquant. Once mine, I will give her full liberty to hate me."

"You must find your home exceedingly dull," he said, speaking aloud, "especially at this season of the year. My father's visit to town is a mere flying one—a cabinet council, or some such prosy affair."

Alice glanced at the mourning dress she still wore for her father. The speaker understood the appeal.

"Ah! yes," he continued; "but that was six months ago. Consider my feelings."

The smile of scorn which curled the lips of his hearer stung the speaker to the quick, for, like most selfish men, he was as vain as heartless.

"Not that I presume to urge them," he added, in a tone of bitterness. "Too well I know how slight an interest my devoted love has awakened in your heart. But is it wise, Alice, to cherish this indifference? Our marriage is an arrangement settled beyond the power of recall. Instead of protracting the engagement to the extreme limit your promise to your father will allow you, why not at once fulfil it?"

The visible shudder which ran through the frame of his cousin proved how little chance the viscount had of inducing her to hasten the period of the sacrifice.

"The countess and your mother are of opinion," he resumed, "that you might do so without impropriety, and you know they are unexceptionable authorities in all that regards the *convenance du monde*."

"Act generously, Illston," exclaimed Alice Boothroyd, gathering courage from her despair, "and, instead of urging the completion of a promise wrung from my lips by a dying parent's entreaties, release me from it. It is not my fault that I cannot love," she added, "that my heart revolts at our union. In the world you may find one more sensible of the honour of bearing your name."

"But none so worthy," interrupted his lordship, with a forced attempt at gallantry.

"More fair."

"Scarcely."

"And richer."

"You insult me, Alice," replied the viscount, "by a supposition that wealth could influence me. Were you poor and dowdless, I should still demand the fulfilment of the promise made to your dead father."

The marked emphasis upon the last few words proved that the speaker indulged in no illusion respecting the nature of the chain by which he held his victim bound.

"You must have some heart," continued the poor girl. "Why condemn me to a fate others might envy? Why pass like a dark shadow between me and the sunshine of existence. Release me from my fatal, inconsiderate promise, and I will bless you."

"Never."

"Pledge myself never to be another's."

"Never," repeated his lordship, with a bitterness which denoted the depth of his resolution. "You have my answer."

"Enjoy your triumph," replied Alice, bursting into tears; "but it is a heartless and unmanly one. I have schooled my pride to beg where I despise. I have received your answer, my lord, now hear mine. Until the customary year of mourning has expired, no amount of persuasion or persecution shall induce me to bestow my hand. The pleasure may be a sad one, but I will not abridge my last hours of liberty."

"And when the year has expired?"

"Fear not, sir," she answered, turning from him with an expression of mingled aversion and disgust. "If living, the sacrifice will not be wanting."

"The promise is not a very gracious one," observed the gentleman, with an ironical bow, "but it will be remembered."

"Absurd! childish! ridiculous!" exclaimed Lady Boothroyd, entering from the inner drawing-room, where she had been a concealed listener to the latter part of the conversation we have narrated. "Alice, I blush for you."

"I am sorry if I have given you occasion, mother," answered her daughter, calmly; "but my heart does not reproach me."

"Alice, my dear child," said her uncle, who now joined them, "this is positively unkind; consider Illston's feelings."

"Hang the fellow!" he mentally added; "why does he not try to look a little more sentimental?"

"He has shown so much for mine," observed the heiress, reproachfully.

"Remember that he loves," urged the peer.

"And I do not," replied his niece.

It was in vain that Lady Boothroyd tried to shake her resolution by indulging by turns in entreaties, cajolery, and reproaches; the resolution of Alice was not to be shaken. When urged almost beyond the limits of endurance by her mother's violence, the hitherto meek and obedient girl startled even her haughty spirit by the determination she displayed.

"This is a cruelty," she exclaimed, "which nature tells me I ought to resist. Reason suggests a doubt whether I am really bound by a promise extorted from me by a parent on his death-bed. Rather than be forced to its fulfilment I will break it," she added, with nervous excitement, "and let the sin, if sin there be, fall upon those who have driven me to it."

"Alice!"

"Oh, mother! mother, is there no voice to plead within your heart for your unhappy child?"

"None for her disobedience," replied her ladyship, coldly.

"Alice," said the peer, whose pride began to be touched by her openly-expressed aversion, "if this repugnance is really insurmountable—"

"Silence, my lord," interrupted his sister-in-law; "I blush for your weakness, in listening to the ravings of a silly, romantic girl."

"I, at least, am not influenced by them," observed her nephew, coolly; "if my cousin chooses to perjure herself, rather than keep her promise to her dead father, it is an affair between her and her own conscience."

Alice clasped her hands despairingly. "I do not intend to release her from it," he continued; "there is no fear of my displaying any such weakness. At the expiration of the year I am to have my answer. I can wait."

With these words the noble viscount quitted the room; they had been artfully calculated, he knew the effect they must produce upon the mind of his victim.

We know of nothing more difficult than to keep a secret in London; by secret we mean, of course, one of those circumstances in which the curiosity or the interests of the public are concerned. By some occult means or other the affair is certain to ooze out. At first a mysterious paragraph appears, conveying obscure hints; next initials, and lastly names are given, and facts stated which the idlers of society find patience and leisure to sift, till they have separated the truth, or something approximating to it, like corn from the chaff.

A few days after the interview which, as Alice Boothroyd believed, sealed her fate, she was startled by reading the following paragraph in one of the morning papers, headed "Extraordinary Disclosure in High Life":—

"A curious case is likely to employ the eloquence of the gentlemen of the long robe. A claimant, it is confidently stated, has appeared for the estates, or, at least, a portion of them, of a certain wealthy baronet, Sir N— B—, lately deceased, in the person of the daughter of his late brother. The facts, we are told, are of a most interesting and romantic character. The young lady was stolen when a child, and sent to India. An attempt to remove her of a yet more criminal nature has been hinted at, which, seeing the position and high character of the parties

implicated, it would not be prudent to do more than allude to.

"The only daughter of the deceased baronet, and his presumed heiress, is not yet of age, and has long been betrothed to the eldest son of the Earl of C—, a distinguished member of the cabinet.

"The affair has created immense sensation in certain fashionable and aristocratic circles. The abduction of the claimant is stated to have taken place at St. Faith's."

Alice read the paragraph twice, and then handed the paper to her mother, whose countenance, despite her long habit of self-command, flushed deeply as she perused it.

"Ridiculous!" she exclaimed, tossing the journal from her. "The impertinence of these newspaper creatures is really becoming intolerable."

Her daughter was not deceived by her manner and affected indifference. Suddenly she recollected the little prisoner in the pavilion at Meldown Park.

"Was my uncle Allan ever married?" she asked.

"Not that I ever heard of," answered her ladyship. "At least, they have no proof that such a circumstance ever took place."

Alice mentally repeated the word *they*.

"There is some truth, then," she observed, "in the report."

"An absurd attempt to foist the child of a common soldier—a fellow who would have been hanged for murdering one of your father's keepers had he lived—into the family," replied her mother. "The girl has fallen into the hands of a set of scheming adventurers, whose object is doubtless to extort money by urging the claims of an impostor."

"Is she an impostor?" demanded her daughter, at the same time fixing her eyes upon those of her parent.

"A wise question, truly," observed her mother, embarrassed by the suddenness as well as the straight-forward nature of the demand. "Of course she is. One thing at least is certain," she added, "impostor or no impostor, this pretended cousin can have no more claim to the Meldown property than the meanest beggar in the streets. The will of your great-uncle is quite clear in that respect."

Alice did not feel so convinced; her recollection once more reverted to the prisoner in the pavilion, and the first faint dawn of hope awoke in her sad heart.

"Were I poor," she thought, "Ilston would never claim me;" and in her heart she devoutly prayed that the claims of Lillian might prove well-founded.

Gladly would the persecuted girl have exchanged wealth for liberty.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

THE BLESSINGS OF POVERTY.

If there is anything in the world which a young man should be more grateful for than another, it is the poverty which launches us in life under very great disadvantages. Poverty is one of the best tests of human quality. A triumph over it is like graduating with honours at Oxford or Cambridge. It demonstrates mental stamina. It is a certificate of worthy labour faithfully performed. A young man who cannot stand this test is not good for anything. He can never rise to affluence or station. A young man who cannot feel his determination strengthened as the yoke of poverty presses upon him, and his energy rise with every difficulty which poverty throws in his way, had better never enter the lists with the champions of self-reliance.

Poverty makes more men than it ruins. It ruins only those who are destitute of sterling energy of character; while it makes the fortunes of multitudes whom wealth would have ruined.

Now if any young man with a good fortune, and in the possession of that which is commonly called an excellent opening in life, reads this paper, let him be warned in time. His advantages may be anything but what they seem; they may turn out to be the bane of his life; the full pocket in the long run may be beaten by the empty purse, for money will never make a man, and never did in the whole course of the world's history.

No, young man, if you are poor, thank Heaven, and take courage. You have the prospect of making your own way in the world. If you had plenty of money, ten chances to one it would spoil you for all useful purposes. Do you lack education? have you enjoyed but little schooling? Remember that education does not consist in the multitude of things which a man possesses. What can you do?—that is the question

which settles the matter for you. Do you know your business? Do you know men, and how to deal with them? Has your mind, by any means whatsoever, received that discipline which gives to its action power and facility? If so, then you are more of a man, and a thousand times better educated, than the youth who has graduated at a college, but who knows nothing of the practical business of life. And as to wealth, there are very few men in the world less than thirty years of age and unmarried who can afford to be rich. One of the greatest benefits to be reaped from great financial disasters is the saving of a large crop of young men. They are taught that they must help themselves: they get energy of character, and personal enterprise, and industry, in place of a foolish dependence on the wealth which their fathers or grandfathers have accumulated before them; they are made to work, and work gives to their character that nobility and manhood which are not to be obtained without it.

In regard to the choice of a profession, every young man must consult his own inclination. If you adopt a trade or profession do not be persuaded to resign it, unless you are perfectly satisfied that you are not adapted for it. Advice of all sorts you are certain to receive; but if you follow it, and it leads you into a profession which starves you, those who gave the advice never feel bound to give you any money. You have to take care of yourself in this world, and you had best choose your own way of doing it; always remembering that it is not your trade or profession which makes you respectable, but that respectability depends on the manner in which you discharge the duties devolving upon you.

Manhood, and profession or handicraft, are entirely different things. God makes men, and men make lawyers, doctors, carpenters, bricklayers, all the trades or occupations of life. The offices of men may be more or less important, and of higher or lower quality, but manhood is nobler than any, and distinct from all. A profession or trade is not the end of life; it is an instrument taken into our hands by which to gain a livelihood. Thoroughly acquired and assiduously followed, a trade is still to be held at arms' length. It should not be allowed to tyrannise over, to mould, or to crush a man. It should not occupy the whole of his attention. So far from this, it should be regarded only as a means for the development of manhood. The first object of living is the attainment of true manhood, the cultivation of every power of the soul, and of every high spiritual quality. Trade is beneath the man, and should be kept there. With this idea in your mind, look round you, and see how almost everybody has missed the true aim of life. They have not striven to be men, but to be lawyers, doctors, tradesmen, or mechanics—they have missed the chief end of life, and though they may become influential in their professions, they have failed to make the right use of their existence.

Elihu Burritt cultivated the manhood that was in him until his trade and his blacksmith's shop ceased to be useful to him, and he could get a living in a more congenial way.

It is not necessary that you should be a "learned blacksmith," but it is necessary that you be superior to your occupation, and that to attain MANHOOD be the great end of your struggle with the world.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XXV.

"You remember, Robert, that yesterday you did not finish the list of trees and fruits," observed George, as he took his seat beside his pupil. "Suppose you begin to-day's lesson with the vocabulary, and commence with a favourite of ours, viz., a walnut-tree."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
A walnut-tree	Un noyer
A walnut	Une noix
A nut-tree	Un noisetier
A nut	Une noisette
An olive-tree	Un olivier
An olive	Une olive
A fir-tree	Un pin
A fir-apple	Une pomme de pin
A plane-tree	Un platane
A pear-tree	Un poirier
A pear	Une poire
An apple-tree	Un pommier
An apple	Une pomme
Currants	Des groseilles
Gooseberries	Des gros-groseilles
The vine	La vigne
The grapes	Les raisins
A plum-tree	Un prunier
A plum	Une prune
A willow	Un saule
A weeping willow	Un saul pleureur
A lime or linden-tree	Un tilleul
An aspen	Un tremble

"I must now tell you a few idioms relating to fruit—

"You know we speak of the stones in plums, cherries, peaches, or apricots, but it would be incorrect to translate this word stone by *pietre*; it is, correctly speaking, *noyau*. Thus, 'Take the stone out of this cherry, peach, apricot, or plum,' would be, 'Otez le noyau de cette cerise, de cette pêche, de cet abricot, de cette prune.'

"What we call pips the French call *pépins*. Example, 'Take the pips out of these apples and these pears,' 'Otez les pépins de ces pommes, de ces poires.'

"You must also recollect that, although *groseilles* is the French for currants, '*groseilles noires*' is not the French for black currants; this fruit is called '*le cassis*.' Observe it is used in the singular, therefore you must say for 'I do not like black currants,' 'Je n'aime pas le cassis.'

"Grapes may also be spoken of in the singular number. In fact, it is more in accordance with the French idiom to say '*Voulez-vous du raisin*,' for 'Will you have some grapes,' than to say '*Voulez-vous des raisins*.' As to the word *grappes*, when you meet with it, you must not think it means grapes. It is the French for bunch, as applied to grapes. '*Des grappes de raisin*,' means 'bunches of grapes.'

"By way of variety, and also as an act of justice, I am now about to praise you.

"When, at the Crystal Palace, we were accosted by a French acquaintance of mine, you made a great effort over yourself, conquered your shyness, and joined in the French conversation. I do not say you used many idioms. It was evident to me you were translating your English thoughts. What of that? You spoke with tolerable fluency. Jules de la Lance understood you, and when I told him how short a time you had been studying his language, he could hardly believe me. If you only persevere as you have hitherto done, your *English French* will soon become *good idiomatic French*, because all the rules deduced from, and illustrated by the exercises and dialogues, will impress themselves on your mind, and soon be 'ready when called for.' But if you imitated some shy, conceited people I know, and wanted to talk well, before you talked at all, the chances are, that as far as French is concerned, you would ever have remained silent."

Robert was much delighted at George's commendation, and he felt it would give him courage and hope under all the difficulties of the language he was studying.

"The exercise you have to write to-day, Robert," said the preceptor, "is still on the subject of the degrees of comparison; so you must bear in mind all the rules I gave you yesterday, and also endeavour to impress the following remarks on your memory.

"It is very important to avoid confounding comparative adjectives with comparative adverbs. *Mieux*, *pis*, and *moins* are comparative adverbs; and they are rendered in English by words that are both adjectives and adverbs, according to the sense in which they are used. I am speaking of 'better,' 'worse,' and 'less.' By comparing these words, I shall show you the difference of their formation.

"*Meilleur*, better, is an adjective, the comparative of *bon*, good. It is used instead of *plus bon*, which would be very incorrect in French. *Mieux*, better, is an adverb, used instead of *plus bien*. *Pire*, worse, is an adjective, and is used for *plus mauvais*; which latter expression may also be used. *Pis*, worse, is an adverb; it may be used instead of *plus mal*; but *plus mal* is not incorrect. In like manner, *moindre* and *plus petit* may be used for the adjective (in the comparative degree) less; but the adverb *moins*, less, is always to be used instead of *plus peu*, which would be decidedly wrong in French.

"The illustrations in the exercise will impress these rules on your memory."

EXERCISE.

1. This champagne is not better than mine. 2. These children are worse than you think. 3. He speaks much better than he writes. 4. Is that apple better than the other? 5. The public buildings in Paris are the finest in the world. 6. You will give this wreath of pearls to the most amiable and the most clever of your three sisters. 7. Although this young lady is the handsomest and the most

* At the risk of being guilty of repetition, I must urge all my pupils to follow Robert's example. By so doing, they will not only increase their own confidence in their acquisitions, but the "French answers" they elicit will improve them; and if they pay proper attention, they will increase their stock of French words and expressions.

accomplished (I ever saw), I can assure you that she accompli (que j'ai jamais vue) (puis vous assurer) is not my best friend. 8. You make greater progress. n° pas ma ami. faites progrès pl. m. than I should have thought. 9. China is the largest empire. Chine f. grand. ne pensé. in the world. 10. I think Napoleon was one of the most de monde. m. pense que fut absolute princes who ever reigned. 11. The most absolu qui ait jamais régné. les learned princes are not always the most virtuous. 12. The savant ne pas vertueux. Alps are very high and very steep. 13. The style of Alpes f. haut escarpé. m. Fénélon is very rich and very harmonious. 14. God is riche harmonieux. infinitely merciful. 15. Gold is the most pure, the most infiniment miséricordieux. or m. pur. precious, the most ductile, and the heaviest of all metals. précieux, le plus ductile, et le plus lourd de tous les métaux. m. précieux, le plus ductile, et le plus lourd de tous les métaux. 16. The thickness of this wall is less than that of the other. épaisseur f. ce mur celle autre. 17. This column is less than the other in height and cette colonne f. en hauteur en thickness. 18. The remedy is worse than the disease. épaisseur. remède m. mal. m. 19. The style of Bossuet is extremely sublime, but it is m. élevé, sometimes harsh and unpolished. 20. The most ancient and quelquefois dur rude. ancien most general of all kinds of idolatry was the worship espèce f. idolatrie f. culte m. rendered to the sun. rendu soleil. m.

LE CORRIGE.

1. Ce champagne n'est pas meilleur que le mien. 2. Ces enfants sont pires que vous ne pensez. 3. Il parle beaucoup mieux qu'il n'écrit. 4. Cette pomme est-elle meilleure que l'autre? 5. Les édifices publics à Paris sont les plus beaux du monde. 6. Vous donnerez cette couronne de perles à la plus aimable, et à la plus habile de vos trois sœurs. 7. Quoique cette demoiselle soit la plus belle et la plus accomplie que j'aie jamais vue, je puis vous assurer qu'elle n'est pas ma meilleure amie. 8. Vous faites de plus grands progrès que je ne l'aurais pensé. 9. La Chine est le plus grand empire du monde. 10. Je pense que Napoléon fut un des princes les plus absolus qui ait jamais régné. 11. Les princes les plus savants ne sont pas toujours les plus vertueux. 12. Les Alpes sont très hautes et très escarpées. 13. Le style de Fénélon est très riche et très harmonieux. 14. Dieu est infiniment miséricordieux. 15. L'or est le plus pur, le plus précieux, le plus ductile, et le plus lourd de tous les métaux. 16. L'épaisseur de ce mur est moindre que celle de l'autre. 17. Cette colonne est moindre que l'autre en hauteur et en épaisseur. 18. Le remède est pire que le mal. 19. Le style de Bossuet est extrêmement élevé, mais il est quelquefois dur et rude. 20. La plus ancienne et la plus générale de toutes les espèces d'idolatrie, était le culte rendu au soleil.

"Let us now return to our travellers, and see how they are getting on at Paris. You recollect that they had decided on arranging a plan for seeing the beauties of Paris."

CONTINUATION OF
LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

Here I am, at the appointed time. Me voici à l'heure indiquée. I am delighted to see you. Je suis charmé de vous voir. Where shall we go to-day? Où irons-nous aujourd'hui? Let us first go and procure some furnished apartments. Allons d'abord chercher un petit appartement garni. Oh, I am so comfortable here. Je suis si bien ici. Yes, but as we intend remaining some time in Paris, we must consult economy. Oui, mais puisque nous allons séjourner pendant quelque temps à Paris, il faut consulter l'économie. I will do anything you like. Je ferai tout ce que bon voudrez. I will give you good advice. Je vous donnerai de bons conseils. Paris is a peculiar town, where you may live at the rate of three francs, or of a hundred francs a day. Paris est une ville toute exceptionnelle, où l'on peut vivre à raison de trois francs, ou de cent francs par jour. A hundred francs a day! Cent francs par jour! That would not do. We must consult our means. Cela n'irait pas. Il faut consulter nos ressources. The price of apartments depends on the locality, and the floor on which they are. Le prix des appartements varie selon les quartiers, et les étages où ils sont situés. Where do the rich families live? Où habitent les familles riches? Often in the neighbourhood of the "Boulevards." One can have handsome furnished apartments at 1,000 or 1,200 francs per month, consisting of two bedrooms, a dining-room, a drawing-room, a dressing-room, a kitchen, and servants' rooms. Souvent dans les environs des Boulevards. On a un grand appartement meublé pour 1,000 ou 1,200 francs par mois, deux chambres à coucher, salon, salle-à-manger, cabinet de toilette, cuisine, et chambres de domestiques. But that's very dear. Mais c'est très cher. Listen to me. The same apartment in the Faubourg St. Germain, or the Faubourg St. Honoré, might be had for four or five hundred francs a month. Écoutez. Le même appartement dans le Faubourg St. Germain, ou le Faubourg St. Honoré, se louerait pour quatre ou cinq cents francs par mois. Let us take small furnished apartments in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Prenons un petit appartement garni dans le Faubourg St. Honoré.

As there are only two of us, suitable apartments will not cost us dear.

Puisque nous ne sommes qu'à deux, un appartement convenable ne nous coûtera pas cher.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

OF THE SOUND *ou*.

The letters *o*, *u*, united together, form a simple sound, *ou*, similar to that of *oo* in *too*, or *u* in *bull*. This sound presents no difficulty, being the same in all cases; it results also from the following combinations: *out*, in *tout*, all; *ous*, in *vous*, you; *oux*, in *jalous*, jealous; *oul*, in *soul*, drunk; *u*, after the letter *q* in *équateur*. The grave accent, which is sometimes placed over the syllable *ou*, does not change its pronunciation. (See the letter *u*.)

Thus the sound *ou* is the result of the following combinations: *ou*, *out*, *ous*, *oux*, *oul*, *ou*, *u*.

OF THE SOUND *ou*.

This sound is similar to that of the English letters *oo* in the words *fool*, *moon*, &c. It differs from the preceding in being a little longer, as may be seen by the corresponding English sound; as in *joûte*, *coûte*, &c.

This sound is also produced by the following combinations: *août*, in *août*, August; *oue*, in *joue*, cheek.

Thus the sound *ou* is produced by the following combinations: *ou*, *août*, *oue*.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XXIV.

DECOMPOSITION OF LIGHT.

596. What does a ray of white light, from the sun or other source of light, consist of?—Several rays of different colours.

597. How may this be shown?—By admitting a ray of solar light through a very small hole in a window-shutter into a dark room, and allowing it to pass through a prism.

598. What is observed on the white screen?—A beautiful display of brilliant colours, like a piece of a rainbow, called the *Solar Spectrum*.

599. How does the prism separate these colours and throw them on different parts of the screen?—It refracts some more than others.

600. Mention the seven colours of the spectrum, beginning with the colour that is least refracted.—Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

601. By whom was the decomposition of light with a prism first accomplished?—By Sir Isaac Newton.

602. Is it now believed that white light really consists of seven pure colours?—The present belief is that it is composed of but three simple colours, red, yellow, and blue.

603. Who has established this?—Sir David Brewster, of Scotland.

604. What has he shown to be true with regard to the other colours of the spectrum, viz., orange, green, indigo, and violet?—That they are but different combinations of the three simple colours; orange, for example, is chiefly a mixture of red and yellow, and green of yellow and blue, the indigo of blue and violet.

605. How was the orange-coloured light of the spectrum separated into its elementary colours by Sir David Brewster?—By passing it through a piece of blue glass of a certain thickness. This extinguished the red light, and allowed the yellow to pass on to the eye.

606. It would seem, then, that all the red light does not go to one part of the spectrum, all the yellow to another part, and all the blue to another, as Newton supposed?—Some portion of each of these colours is found in all parts of the spectrum.

607. Why does one ray of light affect the eye with a sensation of red, another with a sensation of yellow, and a third with a sensation of blue?—The particles of ether vibrate more rapidly in a ray of yellow than in one of red light, and more rapidly in one of blue than in one of yellow light. These different rates of vibration produce different impressions on the retina.

608. To show the wonderful sensibility of the eye, mention the number of vibrations per second of each of the three simple colours.—In red light there are 458 trillions of vibrations in a second, in yellow light there are 585 trillions, and in blue light 622 trillions. The retina of the eye distinguishes between these numbers, so enormously great.

609. To what do the different-coloured rays correspond among sounds?—To musical sounds of different pitch: thus, blue may be said to be light of a higher pitch than yellow, and yellow to be light of a higher pitch than red.

610. Does the eye take the same delight in the variety and harmony of colours that the ear does in the variety and concord of musical sounds?—It does.

611. What colours of the spectrum harmonise with each other, or make an agreeable impression when seen together?—Red harmonises with bluish green, orange with blue, yellow with indigo, green with reddish violet, and violet with yellowish green.

612. What is the explanation of the flashing brilliancy of the diamond?—The diamond has a very high refracting power; as a consequence, a strong light reflected from the back part of the stone, and the light that enters one of the faces and passes out at another is widely dispersed into its elementary colours. For this purpose faces are cut on the original stone.

THE RAINBOW.

613. How is the rainbow produced?—It is formed by the reflection of sun-light from falling drops of light.

614. Trace the course of the light.—It enters a drop, is reflected from the back part of it, comes out again at the front part, and passes on to the eye.

615. What is the cause of the colours of the rainbow?—The separation of the coloured rays of which the sun's light is composed, as the light enters and leaves the drop.

MY FIRST LOVE.

THAT I was in love was a fact that did not admit of a shadow of doubt. I deported myself like a person in love; I talked like a person in love; I looked like a person in love, and felt like a person in love. The affection that had taken possession of my youthful heart was no everyday one; I was sure of that. There weren't words enough in the English language to describe the height, depth, length, and breadth of its grandeur. It was destined to be a grand accompaniment of the ages yet to be; a fixed principle throughout eternity; a planet of surpassing beauty in the broad heavens of home affections. My love was returned!—the strong yearnings of my nineteen-year-old heart went out in the direction of the most beautiful maiden in all—shire, and the most beautiful maiden in all—shire, in return, sent the yearnings of her heart out to meet mine. Twice a week, as often as the weeks came around, I went up to the old brown home of Dr. Stoddard to tell his daughter my love, and as regularly listened to a recital of its return from the red lips of my charming Janet. The good doctor made merry at our expense, and his jolly wife took a wicked pleasure in constantly reminding us of our youth. Janet was tortured by sly references to her play-house in the shed, her long-sleeved pinafores and pantalettes of six months before; while I was offered, while the doctor's wife wore a face of immovable sobriety, an old coat of the doctor's for my mother to make into a dressing-gown for me.

We were, nevertheless, determined to be married. We would steal slyly away from the house while our cruel friends reposed in the arms of Morpheus; lie us, on "the wings of love," to the nearest city; Janet would become in a moment's time, Mrs. Jason Brown, and I Mrs. Jason Brown's husband.

At once we set about making preparations for this important journey. Everything, of course, must be conducted with the greatest secrecy. At twelve o'clock I was to leave my home stealthily, get my father's gray nag noiselessly out of the barn and harness her, and then proceed to Janet. Janet was to be waiting for me at her chamber window. I was to place a ladder at that same window; she was to descend that ladder; we were to fly down to the road through the old lane, to the spot where the horse was fastened, and then the wind should not outrun us.

There was but one difficulty in the way. Janet's room was shared by her sister Fanny, a little, mischievous, wicked creature of eleven summers, who, to use Janet's words, "was awake at all hours of the night." There was but one way for us if Fanny was aroused; she must be bribed into silence. For that purpose I placed in Janet's hand a round, shining, silver dollar. But Janet needed assistance, so she concluded to make Fanny her confidante the very afternoon before we started, and in that case prevent all possibility of her raising the house by a sudden outcry.

Well, the long looked-for, hoped-for, and yet dreaded night arrived at last. How slowly its leaden feet carried away the hours, and what a strange

heartful of emotions I bore up, as I sat by my chamber window looking out, as I thought, for the last time, upon the home of my father. The moon was out in all her splendour; she was kind to me, lighting up with her silver touches all the spots my eyes might wish to rest upon before I went out into the world a wanderer. The broad fields lay out smooth and shining before my gaze; the fields in which I had worked by my father's side since I was a little boy—ah! a dear, kind father he had been! (At this juncture my throat began to swell.) I turned away from the window.

"If I could but see my mother once more!" I exclaimed, rubbing my eyes with my coat-sleeve. "No one ever had a better mother than I have."

I sat down in a chair and sobbed outright. I looked around for something to take with me that my mother's hand had blessed with her touch. There was a spinning-wheel in the room where I slept; at the end of its spindle hung a woollen roll. With my knife I half cut and half tore it off, pressed it fervently to my lips, and then placed it tenderly in my vest pocket. I had not time to do more; the old clock in the kitchen warned me solemnly that my appointed time had arrived, and, with a slow, sad, at noiseless step I left the house. Once out in the open air, my wonted lightness of spirits returned. I soled myself with the thought that in a few years I should return again, a strong, healthy, wealthy, respected, and influential man, an honour to my friends, a blessing to my friends, and—the husband of Janet.

I have often wondered since, how I succeeded in getting away from home with my horse and cart without arousing any one. But as good luck would have it, I made a triumphant exit from the old place, and a few moments was jogging fearlessly along toward the home of Janet. My only dread was of the little sprite Fan; if after all she should betray us, what a dreadful, direful, desperate mischief it would be!—what a wretched predicament affairs would be! I groaned aloud at the thought; yet I put a brave face upon the matter; I said that if it was right that we should go, we should go; if it wasn't right in all probability we should stay at home; yet, right or not right, if that miserable little Fan did betray us, I'd spend all my days in avenging the wrong—that was certain. Was I in earnest?—did I mean it? But we shall see.

How earnest and anxiously I gazed towards the chamber window of Janet, as, after fastening my horse by the roadside, I walked cautiously upon the long lane that led to the doctor's house. O joy inexpressible!—the wing of a white handkerchief in the moonlight told me that everything was right, that in a few moments I should clasp Janet fondly to my breast, mine, mine forever! Ah, how happy I was!—so happy, indeed, that I stood still there in the moonlight, with my two hands pressed firmly to my left side, for fear my overladen heart would burst away from me entirely. What a figure I must have cut then! What an Apollo must have looked, with my fine proportions, wrapped up in my wedding suit! I was slender; I was tall; I was gaunt; I am sure I was ugly-looking at that moment.

What possessed me I cannot tell, but from an old chest I had taken a blue broadcloth swallow-tail coat that had belonged to my grandfather in the time of the wars, and in the pride of my youth had got into it. The tails came nearly to my heels, while the waist was nearly to my armpits. The sleeves reached down to the tips of my fingers, hiding entirely from view the luxuriant pair of white silk gloves, which I had allowed myself for the important occasion. Above this uncouth pile of blue broadcloth was perched a hat. O ye stars an moon that looked upon it, testify with me that it was a hat!—a hat and not a stove-pipe, a hat and not a boot-leg! That hat!—looking back at it through the mists of twenty-five years, it seems to have arisen to the stature of two full feet, while its brim appears but little wider than my thumb nail. My eyesight isn't quite as perfect now as it used to be, and so I may not see quite rightly. Make all due allowances, dear reader.

I say that I must have looked ugly at that moment. Be that as it may, I thought I was looking splendidly; I thought the figure I cut was an honour to the name of Brown, and I was proud of it, proud as I stalked up to Janet's window, and placed carefully there the ladder that was to bear her to my side. Everything was silent about the house. Fan was surely with us; Fanny had been bribed into service. As I stood there, I could see her light, lithe little figure fit noiselessly to and fro by the window, and how I blessed her—blessed her, from the very bottom of my heart, for her kindness!

At last Janet commenced descending the ladder,

and as she did so, the moon crowded in out of sight under a huge black cloud. The very heavens favoured us; our success might be looked upon as fixed. Three steps more upon the ladder's rounds, and Janet's dainty little feet would stand upon terra firma beside my own. The steps were taken, and she held for a moment fondly by the sleeves of my blue broadcloth, before we looked up to the window, both with upraised hands to catch a small bundle of clothing that Fanny was to throw down to us, and which we had no other means of carrying with us.

"Be quiet, Fan," whispered Janet, as her sister appeared at the window and poised the bundle above our heads. "Be quiet, Fan, for Heaven's sake, and drop it quickly!"

But Fanny still stood there, swinging backward and forward, backward and forward, the huge bundle, without heeding Janet's earnest entreaty.

"Do, do throw it, Fanny dear! Do have some mercy on me! What if father should know of this? What if he should be awakened—"

"La, give it her, Fan; don't plague your sister, she's in a hurry!" called a voice at that moment from the closed blinds of the parlour windows, which belonged to none other than Dr. Stoddard. "Give her the things, and tell the boys to carry out a bag of corn, a cheese, some wheat, and some butter to the cart. Janet must have a setting out. Only be still about it, Fan."

For a moment we were petrified upon the spot; I thought I should fall to the ground. What should we do—run, faint, die, evaporate, or go mad. While we stood undecided, two huge mattresses fell at our feet from the window, followed at once by sheets, pillow-cases, quilts, table-cloths, and sundry other articles necessary to the setting up of a respectable housekeeping establishment.

"Mother, mother, don't one of these new feather-beds belong to Janet?" called Charlie Stoddard, from one part of the house.

"Yes, yes, and a bolster, and a pair of nice pillows, too. Carry 'em right out of the front door," was the answer.

"Whose horse have you, Jason?" asked the doctor, pushing open the blind. "Your father's?"

"Y-e-e-s, sir," I stammered.

"Humph, didn't you know better than that? That old gray isn't worth a button to go. Why didn't you come up to my barn and get my black mare? Sam, Sam, hurry away straight to the barn and harness black Molly for Jason. If you'll believe it, he was going to start off with his father's old horse! Be quick, Sam, work lively: they're in a hurry; it's time they were off!"

"Have you anything with you, Janet, to eat on the road?" put in Mrs. Stoddard, poking her head out of the window.

"No, ma'am," faltered Janet, moving a step or two from me.

"Well, that's good forethought! And if I live, there isn't a bit of cake cooked in the house, either! Can you make some white bread and bacon, and some brown bread and cheese do, Jason? It's all we have."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, meekly, stepping easily as I could a little further from Janet.

"Look, father and mother, quick, now the moon is out, and see Jason's new coat and hat!" called Fan, from the window, her merry voice trembling with suppressed laughter. "Isn't that coat a splendid one, father?—just look at the length of its tails!"

"Just give me my glasses, wife," said the doctor.

"Is it a new one, Jason?"

"Yes, sir, rather new," I said, giving an eager look in the direction of the lane.

"Well," drawled the doctor, eyeing me slyly, "that coat is handsome!"

"And his hat, father!" called the wicked little Fan.

"I de-clare!" exclaimed the doctor. "Wife, wife, look here, and see Jason's coat and hat!"

What should I do—stand there till morning before that incessant fire of words? should I run? should I sneak off slowly, as Janet was doing? What, oh! what should I do?

"Don't they look nice, mother?" asked the doctor, putting one broad, brown hand over his mouth, and doubling his gray head almost down to his knees.

"He-haw, he-haw, hi-he-haw! mother—he-haw!—don't they look nice?" roared the doctor.

I couldn't stand it any longer. The doctor's laughter was a signal; it was echoed from all parts of the house. Fan cackled from the chamber window; Sam shouted from the barn; Mrs. Stoddard "ho-ho-ho'd" from the kitchen, while Charlie threw himself down in the doorway and screamed like a wild Indian. I turned around; I gave a leap across the garden. Every Stoddard called after me. I am

wrong; every Stoddard but Janet; she remained silent. One told me to come back for the bread and cheese; another that I had forgotten my bundle and bride; another bade me wait for black Molly and the new buggy; Fan bade me hold up my coat tails, or I should get them dragged. I didn't heed any of these requests; I went directly for home. I reached home, feeling sheepish—no, sheepish is a weak word for it—I can't express to you how I felt. I had a great idea of hanging myself; I thought I had better be dead than alive; that I had made an idiot of myself. It was all plain; Fan had betrayed us. I vowed vengeance upon her until broad daylight, then sneaked out to the barn and hid in the hay-stack. I staid there until Charlie Stoddard brought home my father's horse.

The old gentleman was frightened; wanted to know how he came by the horse. He was told to ask me; he did ask me, and I made a clean breast of it. I didn't promise him not to repeat the offence; there was no need of it; but I am sure of this, I did not look at a girl for seven years—no, not for seven years. When the eighth year came round, I remembered my old vow against Fanny Stoddard. Well, to make a long story short, I married Fanny. Janet became a parson's wife.

And here let me tell you in confidence, reader, that I really think little Fanny Stoddard had a very deep motive in her head when she betrayed Janet and me, though she was but a child. She liked me, even then, I believe. Well, at any rate she declares every time that the affair is mentioned, that I have had my revenge upon her. Bless her faithful heart, it has been indeed a sweet one!

OUR GIRLS.

Our girls they are pretty,
And gentle and witty,
As any the world ever knew—
Talk not about Spanish,
Circassian or Danish,
Or Greeks'neath their summer skies blue;
But give me our lasses,
As fresh as the grass is
When sprinkled with roses and dew.

Each lip like a blossom,
Each fair swelling bosom
As white as the high drifted snow—
With eyes softly flashing,
Like spring-bubbles dashing,
O'er hill-rocks to valleys below;
All smiling with beauty,
All doing their duty,
Where shall we for lovelier go?

O, ours are the fairest,
The sweetest, the rarest,
The purest and fondest I see—
Their hearts are the truest,
Their eyes are the bluest
Their spirit so noble and free—
O, give me no other;
True-love, sister, mother,
Our own are the chosen for me

CHARLES SHIRLEY BROOKS, ESQ.

The subject of this memoir, Charles Shirley Brooks, was born in Doughty-street, Mecklenburgh-square, in the year 1815. His father is the architect who built the London Institution, Dudley Church, Church Missionary College, &c. On his mother's side he is connected with the Ferrar family, of which a certain noble member figured painfully in our criminal history. Mr. Brooks was educated by the Rev. J. T. Bennett, now sub-dean of St. Paul's; he was subsequently articled to his relative, Mr. Charles Sabine, a solicitor, residing at Oswestry, in Shropshire. During his residence with this gentleman, Mr. Brooks not only acquired sound legal knowledge, but became an excellent sportsman, with a keen relish for country life. But after three years very agreeably spent, he returned to London, and served the remainder of his articles with another relative, Mr. Shepherd Brooks. There he worked hard, as he was fully determined to master his profession. He was amongst the earliest batch of candidates for admission, who were examined at the Law Society's Hall, and one of the four who were considered the best men of the term.

Thus fairly started in the legal profession, Mr. Brooks undertook the management of his uncle's house, especially devoting his attention to the conveyancing department. But he was not the man to be tied down with red tape to legal precedents. His ambition sought another sphere from that of the law courts. For an enlarged mind, a warm heart, a cultivated taste, literature has peculiar attractions, and to a gentleman of Mr. Brooks' temperament, it

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



CHARLES SHIRLEY BROOKS, ESQ. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

offered an inviting prospect. There was that which was more congenial to him in literary pursuits, than in the steady, methodical profession for which he had been trained. So he began to write anonymously at first; and to receive encouragement from the appearance, in print, of his effusions.

No one but an author can tell how the heart beats, and the pulse throbs; how visions of immortality rise up before the mind when a writer first looks on his composition in print. What will the world say to that article? what will the critics write about it in the reviews? will its sentiments meet with approval? will its wit be relished? will its beauties be detected? will the whole publishing trade rise up in wonder and amazement at the prophet who is amongst them, and cry "Write for us; wealth and popularity are yours?" A young author's impressions of his first article are to be compared only to parental love for the first born. Too often, both turn out disappointments. Many a man whose hopes are unfulfilled at his first essay in literature, shrinks abashed and complains of the indifference of the world; when he ought rather to complain of his own want of energy. In all ordinary cases, success is the result of a long-continued effort—an effort carried on with determination and perseverance under all circumstances. This was the case with Mr. Brooks. When he resolved upon adopting literature as a profession, he took it for better and worse. He brought his business element to bear upon his new occupation, and supplied copy with the regularity and energy with which he had formerly conducted his clients' business. He has had a long struggle; but without being elated with apparent success, or cast down by difficulty, he has at length succeeded in achieving a well-earned reputation. He has contributed to nearly all the leading publications of the day; he has earned celebrity as a journalist; he is favourably known as a dramatist; and has had great success as a novelist.

While the Keeleys had the management of the Lyceum, Mr. Brooks produced some very successful pieces. He wrote, also, for the Haymarket and Olympic. We believe his first dramatic production was called the "Lowther Arcade;" after that, followed "Our Governess," "Honour and Tricks," the "Wigwam," and "Anything for a Change." The "Creole," a melodrama, very favourably received, first attracted attention to the admirable acting of Mr. Emery.

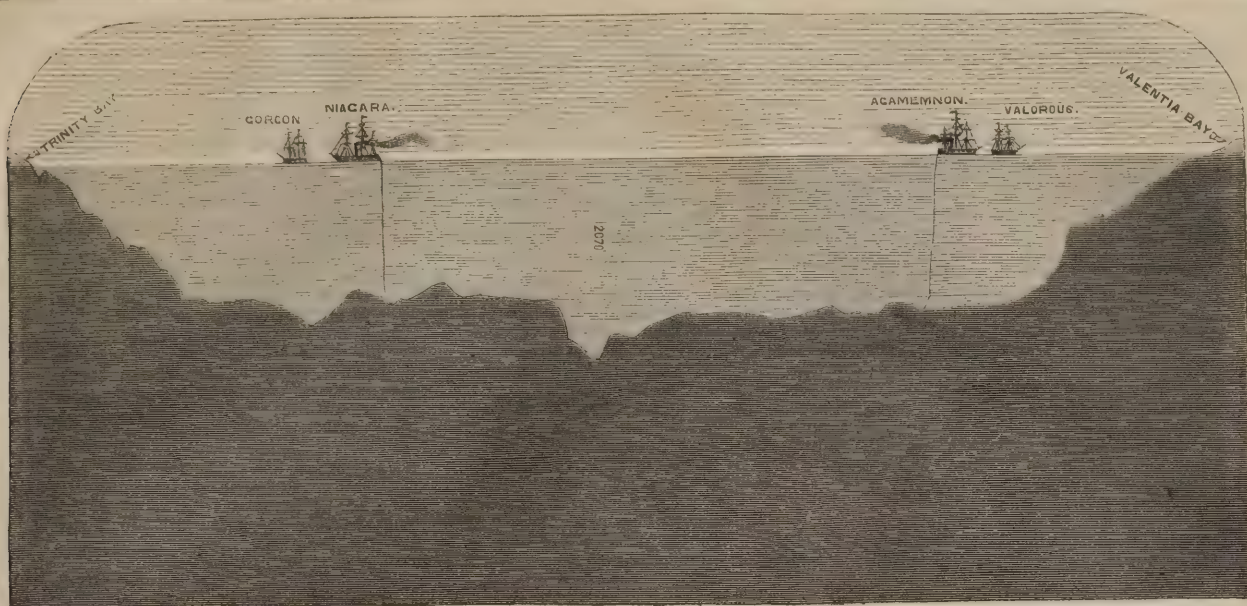
Mr. Brooks was for a long time associated with a morning journal. He owed his introduction to the editor to the friendship of the late Mr. Reach, and was engaged to supply literary criticisms for that journal. He subsequently undertook the important office of summary writer to the paper for the House of Commons. During his connection with our contemporary, he was intrusted with a mission to the south of Russia, Asia Minor, and Egypt. His letters attracted favourable notice, and those referring especially to Russia were afterwards republished in the "Traveller's Library." The anonymous plan adopted by writers in public prints necessarily prevents the formation of an accurate estimate of the labour of a journalist. We are interested, instructed, amused, by correspondents' letters, and leaders, and summaries, but who knows anything of the writers? Thus, the popularity of a journalist must be circumscribed, and he never obtains credit for half the wise and witty things he writes. This is the case with Mr. Brooks. His complete works would be a most miscellaneous collection, and the reader would be startled not only by their literary merit but by their number and variety.

Many of our author's sketches of life and manners are extremely humorous, and have formed some of the most popular and valuable contributions to contemporary periodicals of high literary reputation. Mr. Brooks has, indeed, a genius so prolific and versatile, that it is difficult to say in which style of writing

he has earned for himself the most enduring reputation—his pathos is so touching, and his wit so sparkling, and his humor so irresistible. His merit has raised him to an eminent position in his profession. He has managed at the same time to win and retain the friendship of his brother *littérateurs*. He is a great favourite with all who know him, either personally or only through his books; and we may safely adopt the language of the late Douglas Jerrold respecting him, "His name will shine brightly and permanently in our national annals." He has recently undertaken the editorship of the *Literary Gazette*, and has, by his talents and energy, greatly advanced the reputation of that periodical.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

It is sometimes difficult to divide truth from fiction; for the theories of one age become the fictions of another, and the fictions of one age become the theories of another. Our ancestors believed in many a marvel which has turned out to be mere idle superstition. They believed in witches and all the goblins of the weird world; they imagined they could read their destiny in the stars; that they could prolong their lives to an indefinite extent by the use of an *elixir vite*; that they could transfer all baser metals into gold by certain chemical combinations; that they could discover treasure with a divining rod, or turn away evil by magical inscriptions, be healed of the plague with an Abracadabra, or cured of their warts with a basin of moonbeams! But they were not always and universally credulous. They would not believe Columbus that the earth was a sphere, because they thought such a theory was irrational and irreligious; they would not believe Galileo that the earth moved



TELEGRAPHIC PLATEAU.

round the sun; much less would they have credited railway locomotion and steam navigation,—it was left to Mother Shipton to nourish such dreams as these; they would not believe that portraits should be taken by the simple action of the light—the most imaginative never thought of that; and as to putting a girdle round the earth, and conversing by the lightning's aid from one end of the earth to the other, so insane a notion could only have originated in the brain of a maniac—or a poet. But so it is, that progressing from one discovery to another, the dogmas of our ancestors turn out mere fiction, and that which they accounted fiction becomes solid fact. Perhaps many of our theories may turn out to be fictions also, and learned societies yet to be instituted may chuckle, if these grave bodies ever chuckle, over the credulity of the nineteenth century.

Different ages are distinguished by some prominent feature. There was the age of enterprise, when Columbus added a New World to the Old; there was the age of scientific discovery, when Newton revealed

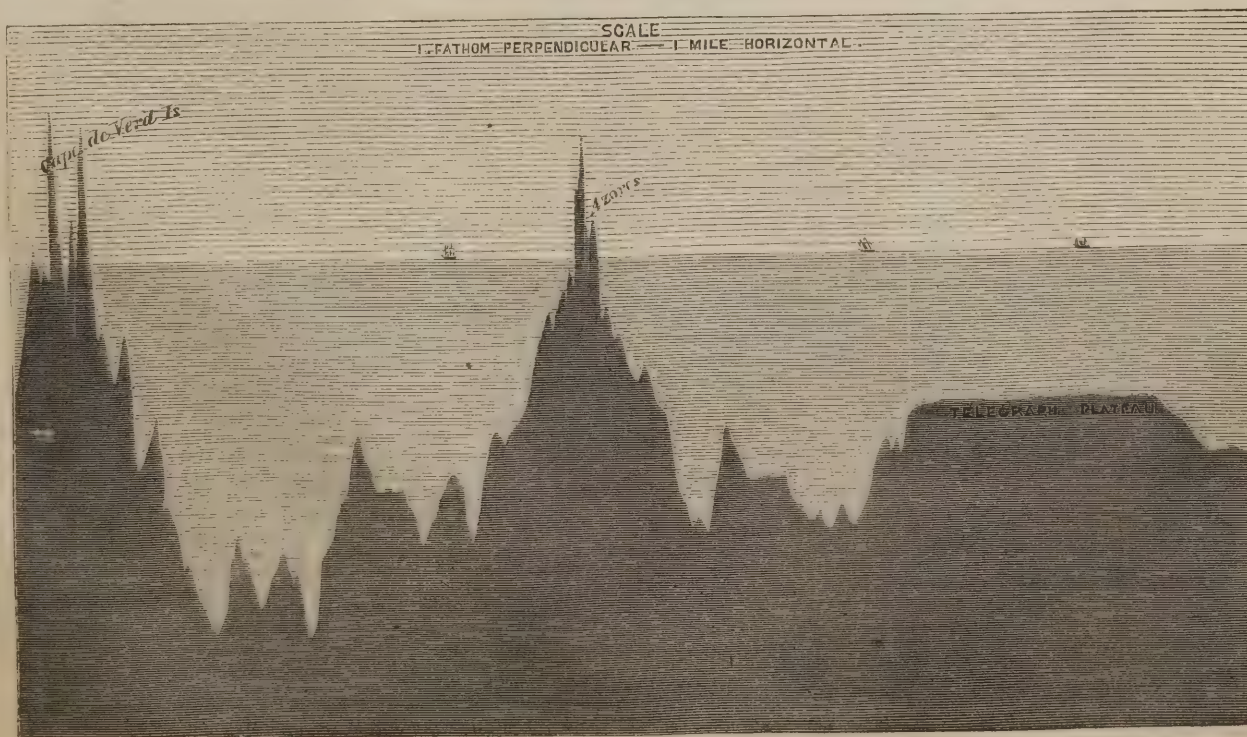
the governing principles of matter; our age is that of scientific investigation. We have covered the land with an iron net-work of broad and narrow gauge; we have launched armadas for ocean navigation, we have fabricated artificial lightning, extending its influence by means of wires to all parts of civilised Europe—and lastly, we have carried it through the Atlantic Ocean, and, by a cable no stouter than a boat rope, have bound the Old World to the New.

The earliest attempt to transmit an electric current under water for telegraphic purposes, is attributed to Dr. O'Shaughnessy. This gentleman started a conducting wire across the Hooghly, and transmitted messages through the water from one bank to the other. The first important submarine effort in Europe, was that which connected the coasts of England and France. Subsequently submarine telegraphs were formed between Holyhead and Howth, Dover and Ostend, Orford Ness and the Hague, across the Great Belt, Denmark, across the Mississippi, the Zuyder Zee, Newfoundland and Prince Edward's

Island, Spezzia and Corsica, Corsica and Sardinia. The cable which connects the coasts of England and Belgium, measures seventy miles in one unbroken length, and was regarded as the highest triumph of human ingenuity. But the greatest triumph yet achieved is that of the Atlantic Telegraph, since the difficulties which had to be surmounted, as well as the distance which had to be traversed, were incomparably greater than in any submarine telegraph yet attempted.

When the project was first broached it was received with incredulity by all, but the most sanguine. The popular cry of "It can't be done" was instantly raised. The distance was too great; the difficulties too many; the cable would not sink below a certain depth; it would be impossible to preserve the continuity of the electrical action; last of all, but by no means the least objection, was that it would not pay.

But, notwithstanding all that could be urged against it, the practicability of the scheme was evi-



ATLANTIC SOUNDINGS.

dent to all practical men. Nearly five years since, a series of regular soundings was made for the purpose of ascertaining the exact condition of the bed of the Atlantic, extending from Ireland to Newfoundland, these being the nearest points to which the cable could be attached. From these soundings, it appeared that the bottom of the ocean consisted of a plateau which seemed placed there especially for the purpose of holding the wires of a submarine telegraph, and of keeping them out of harm's way. It was found to be neither too deep nor too shallow; yet so deep that the wires, once landed, would remain for ever beyond the reach of vessels, anchors, icebergs, and drifts of any kind; and so shallow that the wires might be readily looped at the bottom. The depth of the plateau is quite regular, gradually increasing from the shores of Newfoundland to the depth of 1,500 or 2,000 fathoms, as it approaches the middle of the ocean. Still more recent investigations have fully borne out the accuracy of these statements; and some idea may be formed of the actual condition of the Atlantic bed by referring to the accompanying engravings.

The first of the two illustrations presents a view of the grand oceanic plateau or table-land along which the telegraph wires have been laid; the second is a sectional view of the bed of the Atlantic, north and south, showing the relation of the elevated ridge to the remainder of the ocean bed.

The soundings across the Atlantic between England and America, verified both by a British expedition and by the government of the United States, demonstrate satisfactorily two most important facts bearing upon the possibility of successfully laying the oceanic wire. These are, first the existence of the elevated level, of which we give a representation, and which at once took the name of "Telegraphic Plateau;" and, second, the remarkable fact that in the ocean depths there is an absolute absence of current or motion of any kind—so that the wire, however small, being once laid, there is no danger of its destruction by abrasion or chafe against the bottom surface, as in the depths of the Atlantic the water is as still as that of a mill-pond. From the series of soundings obtained by Lieutenant Berryman, stretching from the coast of Newfoundland to Valentia Bay, in Ireland, it appears that the depth of water on the plateau nowhere exceeds two miles; and that there is, from a point a little to the eastward of the middle, a gradual slope toward each terminus, with but few irregularities. Along this ridge, so providentially arranged to facilitate the greatest achievement of modern science and energy, there appears to be no rocks or jagged points to endanger the safety of a cable; nothing, in fact, but a deposit of soft mud, which, under the microscope, proves to be composed of myriads upon myriads of minute shells, each separate and entire—thus proving that there is not in those depths even sufficient current or motion to destroy, by abrasion, these fragile structures. The telegraph, once successfully laid, would remain as completely beyond the reach of accident as if it were buried in air-tight cases.

The failures which attended the first attempts to lay the telegraph, although they were calculated to dishearten those who anticipated immediate success, only served to strengthen the determination of those who, having begun this great work, were resolved to accomplish that which they had undertaken. On the morning of the 17th of July, the Valorous, Gorgon, and Niagara—that splendid American vessel—steamed away from Queenstown for the rendezvous. The Agamemnon did not weigh anchor till two o'clock the following morning. The rendezvous was reached on Thursday, the 29th of July; when, the splice of the cable having been effected, the ships parted company, and the great business of the expedition finally began. Experience had taught the engineer many valuable lessons, and the cable was paid out with complete success. On Thursday, the 4th of August, the Agamemnon arrived at Valentia, and the end of the cable was safely brought on shore by Mr. Bright and Mr. Canning, the first and second engineers, to whose indefatigable exertions the success of the undertaking is mainly attributable. Soon after the arrival at Valentia a signal was received from the engineer on board the Niagara that they also were preparing to land, having paid out 1,030 miles of cable, while the Agamemnon had accomplished her portion of the distance with an expenditure of 1,020 miles; making the total length of wire submerged 2,050 miles.

Messages of congratulation were speedily exchanged. Under the blue waves of the Atlantic, deep in the ocean's bed, flew, like a flash of lightning, the words of peace and goodwill. England's Queen and America's President, brought closely together by that magnetic coil, inter-

changed words of honest thankfulness for the work which the two nations had so bravely accomplished. England, after her own quiet and thoughtful fashion, rejoiced that the two countries were thus united, and saw in that coil of electric wire a guarantee for the future against all misunderstanding. America made high holiday, lighted up her streets with one great blaze of illumination, discharged her parks of artillery, and turned night into day by the brilliancy of her pyrotechnics. She talked magniloquently of the telegraph—claiming a larger share of the honour than was fairly her due—and exhausted metaphor and allegory in setting forth the glorious victory achieved over time and space.

Unfortunately, in the very midst of the rejoicing, the electric coil ceases to act. There are signals that the electric action is not altogether broken, but for all purposes of intelligence it fails. It is confidently believed that this is only a temporary failure, that no serious, no irreparable injury, has been sustained by the cable. The difficulty is to ascertain what that injury really is, and in what part of the cable it has taken place. Various opinions have been hazarded, and many experiments made, as yet without success; but of the ultimate triumph of the telegraph, no reasonable doubt can be entertained. Having accomplished so much, the completion of the work is certain. Under oceans as well as over continents, the electric fluid bears with lightning speed our messages from one extremity of the earth to the other.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER CV.

For I would rather stop the unchained dove
When swift returning to his home of love,
And round his snowy wings new fetters twine,
Than turn from virtue one pure thought of thine.

MOORE.

It was delightful to Hope to watch Larky Grigg's keen enjoyment of the refreshments she had brought him, and it was very sweet to Larky Grigg to be ministered to by Hope.

But Larky Grigg would not prolong what seemed to him the most delicious meal he had ever made; he was very tender, unselfish, considerate, as all true lovers are, or should be; and even if Hope, in her innocence, her inexperience, and her passionate devotion to her beloved one, would have run some risk for his dear sake, he, more careful of her than she of herself, would not allow her to do so.

After helping Hope to pack up the basket, and replace what little his appetite had left of the food and wine she had brought, with the knife and fork, glass and plate, which she, thoughtful little housekeeper that she was, had not forgotten—remembering even the bread and salt, so often forgotten on pic-nics by much older heads than hers, and rejoicing, sweet child, as she jingled the bright keys that hung by a chain from her little waist, in her power and privilege as temporary housekeeper.

"And now, Hope," said Larky, "now that, thanks to you, I am strengthened to unfold, what I fear will greatly agitate us both, sit by my side, as in the dear old ragged school days, let me hold that little helping hand, and if what I have to say should make you tremble, and feel that you want protection, refuge, help, come to my bosom, for it is not of those who love as we do, and have done from the cradle, my Hope, that the poet says—

"They never knew in times of fear
The safety of affection,
Nor sought, when angry fate drew near,
Love's altar for protection."

Hope's large, loving eyes, so darkly blue, and yet so full of light, and which were raised to meet his earnest gaze, filled with tears of gratitude and pride, and a roseate flush of intense emotion stole over her sweet face and white bosom. It was to hear Larky Grigg talking as Doun or Greville might have done (only a thousand times better), of what one of the most refined and elegant of our poets has said, and quoting the sweet lines in confirmation of his opinion.

Larky Grigg, love taught, self-taught Larky Grigg already talking like a gentleman, a scholar, a poet; and as she remarked how very thin was that once strong hand, how sharp his features, how hollow his eyes, and how cultivated was the expression of that dear face, she knew how hard, very hard, how dangerously hard he must have worked; and at the

thought that it was all for her that he had robbed night of its rest, day of its healthful exercise and recreation, and his cheek of its bloom and roundness, she felt unworthy and humbled, and said with Prince Arthur, "I am not worth this coil that's made for me."

Of course, Larky knew how to silence such words as these, and Hope how to scold him into good behaviour.

"You forget," she said, at length, "that all this time I am in suspense. You say you have news to tell that may make me feel the want of help, shelter, protection; what is it?"

"Listen then, Hope," said Larky. "One evening that our mother was sitting at work, alone in the house (but for the babe asleep in its cradle), a gentleman, fashionably dressed and middle-aged, came into the shop, and on her coming from the parlour to wait on him, asked if she was Mrs. Blossom, commonly called 'Apple Blossom.' On her answering in the affirmative, he begged to speak to her in private and alone.

"She led him into the back parlour, when, throwing off his cloak and removing his hat, he sat down, desired her to do the same, and said—'If I mistake not, Mrs. Blossom, seventeen years ago, you, not so well-to-do in the world as you now are, were confined in Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital. Your child was born dead.'

"It was so, indeed, sir," said our dear, simple mother, as she says herself, all of a 'tremble,' and wondering how so grand a gentleman could know or care about her humble history.

"It was dusk when this strange visitor arrived; and my mother says, as he sat by the fire, his sharp, pale features bright in the blaze—his dark eyes flashing through his spectacles—his white teeth glittering from ear to ear as he smiled a strange smile in her face—she felt a chill as if he were not exactly flesh and blood like herself.

"However, she felt awed, and, as it were, fascinated, by his presence; and never thought of refusing to answer any question he put to her.

"This being the case, he elicited every particular connected with her intimacy with your mother, Hope,—all she said and did (things already known to you, dearest), how she spoke of gay gentlemen, and her dread that her unborn child should ever be thrown in the way of any such; how she hoped that her girl would be brought up by her humble friend, Apple Blossom, and in time be loved and wooed by that friend's son; how she left a box, containing all her papers, and a sort of will, with many little trinkets, mementoes, rings, a watch, and other articles, to Jem Goodman, in trust for her child, who was to have them when she came of age, or before if she married.

"All this," said Larky, "the gentleman learnt from my mother, together with your history, dearest, in all its details; your ragged school days, your adoption (when a child) by Lady Arncliffe and her mother, your education as a lady, your beauty, your talents, your virtues; he even drew from her the confession that you honoured me with your love, and that we had plighted our troth. Our mother said, at this news he scowled, set his large, white, even teeth, clenched his hands, and stamped his feet. He then obtained the address of Jem Goodman, and your lord and lady, and, suddenly rising, he said—

"This boy and girl fancy, this calf love, must be put a stop to now, Mrs. Blossom, and so you had better tell your son. Hope is no longer a friendless orphan. The lady you knew in Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital was my wife—Hope Evermore is my daughter. I shall reward all those who have befriended or protected her during my inevitable absence; but, as soon as I return from a visit I must pay to the Continent, I shall go myself to Burnside, provided with papers to prove my identity, and I shall, there and then, claim the sole guardianship of my daughter, Hope. You will see, Mrs. Blossom," he added, haughtily, 'how absurd, under Miss Evermore's present and altered circumstances, are the pretensions of any man who is not a gentleman of birth and fortune; those of your son (a working man, I presume) are simply too ridiculous to be ever alluded to again. I shall reward you, when I return to town, for your kindness to the late Mrs. Evermore, and to Miss Evermore; but she will, of course, be herself eager to break off any childish and degrading engagement into which she has been led; indeed, I have a husband in view for her, a gentleman desirable in every point; and, perhaps, the wisest thing I can do will be to get her married off hand. Your son and my daughter will, of course, meet no more.'

"But, what is this? what ails you, Hope, my affianced wife?" he cried, as Hope, who had listened throughout to each terrible detail of this dread visit, her sick, cramped heart denying

attenance to her tongue, parched with horror, suddenly cried—

"Stop, dearest, best, kindest, noblest—stop, Larky Grigg! you will break my heart, I cannot bear it! Oh, Father of Mercies, support thy wretched child!" and, stretching out her arms wildly, unconsciously to heaven, she sank on her knees to pray, when her voice failed, consciousness forsook her, and had not Larky caught her to his breast, she would have fallen to the ground in that death-like swoon.

Luckily Larky possessed presence of mind in an eminent degree: he had read and thought much, and he was well aware, both from observation and theory, what ought to be done in such cases. He laid her gently on the heather, her feet level with her head, he loosened her blue sash, and unclasped her dress, he poured a few drops of wine from the basket (close at hand) down her throat, he chafed her hands and temples; and, at length, her beautiful eyes slowly unclosed, a cold shudder ran through her delicate frame, she gazed wildly round as Larky raised her in his arms, and as with returning life came the consciousness of all that he had revealed, a passionate burst of tears gushed to her relief, and she sobbed out, "Oh, Larky Grigg—you who have wooed and cherished me from my cradle—you, to whom I owe all that is good in me—you to whom I am plighted, solemnly plighted, and without whom there would be no comfort in the past, no joy in the present, no hope in the future—you can, you must, you shall be more to me than the father who forsook my poor mother, and left her to die in a hospital, and trusted me to the cold charity of a world which, but for you and yours, would have let me perish of want."

"Alas! dearest, a father's rights are paramount over a daughter not of age. He is your father; and you must strive to love and to obey him," said Larky.

"And break my vow to heaven and you, Larky, and give my hand to a husband of my father's choice, while my heart is, as it ever has been, and ever will be, yours alone. Oh, Larky, can you urge this?"

"No, Hope; could I even have thought it I should not be here. In all things else you must obey your father," he said, while tears, the hot tears of manhood's anguish, choked his voice and gushed from his eyes; "but you must not commit perjury and lie before God and man, as you would do, if, loving your poor Larky Grigg with all the constancy and fervour of your virgin heart, you swore at God's altar to love, honour, and obey another. Oh, that you were already mine, dear Hope! mine by the indissoluble tie—mine till death us do part. Hope," he added, gasping with emotion, "O Hope! the tempter is here; he is suggesting what bewilders, captivates, intoxicates me; but what, though passion advocate it, reason tells me is wrong: we might fly together, and get married at once at Gretna; there where no questions are asked, no unions objected to. O Hope! it is wrong in me to glance at the brief elysium that might end in so much misery. Your friends would shun, disown, perhaps persecute you; and, alas! perhaps the curse of disobedience would light upon you, and blight you, even in my arms. But yet, to call you mine—my wife, my own! O Hope! at this terrible moment you are stronger, calmer than I am. Woman's sweet affection is wiser than man's wild passion. Say, Hope; what shall we do? This may be our last meeting on earth if we part here."

"If you think so, Larky, I am yours; bid me arise and follow you, friend, lover, husband, and I obey. If I am to choose between never seeing thee more and following thee to the altar now, my choice is made; I will risk all, brave all, to be thy wife. But you have often said, Larky, that nothing is so strong as the human will. If so, and we both resolve to be true to each other, to trust in God, and to live in hope of being united, it is my belief that, on some fair future day, friends and fate will smile on such constancy, and you will wed me, not in secrecy, shame, terror, misery, and defiance of a parent's will and all the delicate proprieties that should be laws to woman, but in the face of an approving world. We may have much to bear, much to suffer, Larky, and long to wait; but such a marriage would be worth waiting for. You weep; O Larky—cruel Larky! you withdraw your hand—you turn away! Now listen: such is my love for you—such my trust, my confidence in the choice of my heart, the lover of my youth, that while I swear, if you go, I will be true to you till death, yet, if you cannot bear it, rather than break that noble heart, I give up all to you; and, if you say I must be your wife at once, I will arise and follow you to the altar."

"Say your happiness—your peace—require our union, and your will shall be my law; but think well, ponder it well, dear Larky; let not passion alone answer. Let judgment, and honour, and virtue be heard, too."

Larky Grigg was sorely tempted; she had resigned her will to his, a few hours more, and in all her beauty, innocence, and truth, she might be his for ever. All the man beat at his heart, at the thought; but in the breast of every truly good man there is an angel stronger than that man.

"Poor child," he thought, "shall I take advantage of her love, her faith, her clinging confidence to make her take a step lowering to her fame, her dignity, and delicacy as a woman, and which may entail, as a daughter, the curse of disobedience on her young life; shall I rob her, by one moment's evil counsel, and selfish influence, of all the friends her virtues have made her; entail poverty, perhaps beggary, on a creature so delicate? No." He unclasped her hands from his neck, seated her gently on the heather, and walked a few steps away from her into the shadow of a rugged, gnome-like old thorn tree, that stretched out its bare arms to the blast.

There Larky Grigg knelt in silent, fervent prayer; there the words "lead us not into temptation" burst not only from his lips but his heart; there he prayed for guidance, and there light stole into his mind, and the dove of peace, with healing on his wings, seemed to descend into that young, impassioned, and distracted breast.

After a few minutes he returned to Hope, calm, collected, gentle, and even cheerful.

"I have sought for counsel from on high, my love," he said, "and I leave you. It were cruel, selfish, sinful, in me to accept the sacrifice which your love for me would induce you to make. Passion says 'Yes,' but Principle 'No.' I go then, beloved, but not disheartened, not despairing. I feel we shall be true to each other—that, whether we meet or not, Hope will know that her Larky is making himself more worthy of her. I go! But I go strong in faith that my efforts to rise will be so blest that the time will come when I can claim you proudly in the face of day; and when even your father will not blush for his daughter's choice. Bless you for the proof of deep love and holy confidence you have given me, in leaving your destiny in my hands. What the struggle in my heart has been you will never know, but the result proves I am not quite unworthy of you."

"Oh, Larky!" sobbed Hope,—"oh, Larky! pray that we may meet, never to part again!"

"I will, my love, my bride! Adieu, dear Hope, adieu!" said Larky Grigg, as he tore himself from her embrace, and, darting across the heath, was gone from her sight.

Weeping bitterly, Hope crept back, to throw herself on her bed; and had cried herself to sleep, when Nussy, pale and horror-stricken, came rushing in with a light in her hand, exclaiming—

"Hope, come to my lady this moment! An express has arrived, announcing the death of her son, Lord Eaglescliffe, in battle in India. She has swooned away, but before she did so she said, 'Call Hope.'"

Hope sprang from her bed, and rushed to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER CVI.

And she so wildly weeping there,
A mother in her long despair.—CAMPBELL.

HOPE found Lady Glenlonely recovered from her swoon, and moaning piteously. Her hands were clasped, her eyes fixed and tearless; there was a rigidity terrible to behold in the muscles of her face and figure.

Captain Greville had ordered his horse, and was off to the nearest town for advice. The Marquis of Doun was helping Lord Glenlonely to administer remedies, postponing the indulgence of his grief as a father until his anxiety as a husband was relieved.

Lady Arnccliffe had been for some weeks abroad with Lord Arnccliffe and their boy, and no one knew exactly where to address her; while all felt that she ought, as soon as possible, to be made acquainted with her loss.

Lady Arnccliffe was not a votary of pleasure, and her husband's health, not the love of change, took her abroad at this time; but she was fond of elegant society, and intellectual amusements; and all felt how sad it would be to her to think she had been enjoying herself, while her still dear and once fondly loved brother had been slain, perhaps tortured, by a cruel and remorseless foe.

The Marquis of Doun appeared to great advantage in his new character of a nurse and a comforter. He was so gentle, so patient, and so very glad in his own inmost heart, to be thus intimately associated with Hope in ministering to the bereaved mother.

"My poor, dear lady," said Hope, gliding to the poor mourner's side, and pillowing the once proud

head on her young loving bosom—"Speak to me, dear lady: it is Hope, Hope Evermore."

The poor lady, who had been moaning, and rocking herself to and fro, turned round at the sound of that soft voice. She stretched out her arms and cried—

"Oh, Hope, Hope, he is dead! I have lost my boy, my brave, my beautiful—" And a gush of tears came to the relief of her overcharged heart.

Probably those tears saved her from madness. She wept long and uncontrollably on Hope's bosom: she seemed unconscious of the presence of any other person, while she sobbed forth, "Oh, Hope, the blow I have so long dreaded is come at last. I sowed the wind, and I have reaped the whirlwind. My Walter, my Eaglescliffe, my own—my only boy! and I, it was I, who, in my short-sighted vanity and ambition, drove the darling and pride of my heart to die among those savages. Why could I not let him marry the innocent, beautiful, and loving girl he deoted on? Oh, Hope, Hope, had he married her, he would now be alive and happy in England, and his children would be playing around me."

Hope knew not what to say. She could only weep, and Lord Doun, as he watched her, as the pitying drops chased each other down her fair cheeks, thought her sorrow was lovelier than her joy. Suddenly a new image of horror presented itself to Lady Glenlonely's mind. "Hope, Hope!" she shrieked, starting wildly up; "they not only killed, they tortured him, they always do. I see it all, I see their dark and demoniacal faces, their crafty, cruel eyes; I cannot bear these visions that crowd upon me. My brain is on fire, I shall go mad," and she began, in spite of Lord Doun's gentle force, to pace the drawing-room rapidly and wildly to and fro, like a caged tigress,—now beating her breast; now tearing her hair; now calling piteously on Hope, and mistaking her for some one, long since dust, who had loved her lost darling—her Walter—her Eaglescliffe.

Poor Lord Glenlonely, who had borne up for some time, was quite overcome by the vivid pictures she drew of her son's probable fate. It had not occurred to him that the agonies of death might have been preceded by the long horrors of slow and ingenious torture. He stole away to his own room to weep and pray, and those who glory in war, and think it is a fine thing to be a warrior, or the father of a hero, should gaze with the mind's eye on the poor mother in her frenzied anguish and her long despair; the father, his gray head bowed in submission, but his hot tears gushing, and his manly frame convulsed, and then remember that there never yet was war, however glorious, without the result being widows doomed to the slow torture of a breaking heart, parents who can never really smile again; orphans thrown naked on a cold and thorny world; and while every church bell is ringing, and every window is illuminated, those who look behind the painted drop-scene will behold despair in some homes, destitution in others, tears, regret, remorse, in all, and be able to estimate more justly than before, the price of a victory.

Hope, as she ministered to her afflicted lady, thought with thankfulness of her escape from the late bewildering and intoxicating temptation she had felt to leave all and follow her beloved Larky Grigg to Gretna, not so very, very far from Burnside, there to bind herself to him till death them should part; and she blessed Larky for the generous and devoted forbearance that forbade his taking advantage of her yielding up her will to his.

"How cruel, how thankless, how base it would have seemed," she thought, "to have forsaken my poor lady in this sore and sudden trouble, and just when no one can comfort or minister to her as I can!" Oh! weak and selfish Hope! how enchanted to thee did the prospect seem of giving up all for that loved and loving one, and, nothing with thee but a basket he could carry, and a plaid thrown over thy head and form, to set out, then and there, and roam with him across the fragrant heather, and beneath the silent stars and the silver moon; his dear voice in her delighted ear and listening heart; her up-turned eyes meeting the half-veiled radiance of his love-lighted, soul-irradiated gaze.

It was a beguiling, an enchanting picture, but Hope thanked Heaven and Larky Grigg that it had not been realised, that she was not an unconscious deserter, in their anguish and bereavement, of those who had fostered, reared, and cherished her.

CHAPTER CVII.

A smile.
Gleaming like moonlight o'er a lonely isle,
Lighting its ruins, and which seemed to say,
That 'neath that smile the heart's cold ruins lay.
ANON.

WE must now shift the scene to Oxford, where Ellen St. Ange had been spending a few days at the

"Angel" with a dear friend, Lady Mildmay, who was travelling through the midland counties, wisely thinking that a tour in England was more interesting than one where, if nature has done more, art and humanity have done less.

Lady Mildmay had with her a sweet girl, called Perdita, whom Ellen and Mrs. Golightly had endeavoured to interest in the all-important works of their own virtuous, energetic lives—ragged schools and the temperance movement.

Ellen St. Ange is but little changed since we saw her last: pale, calm, lovely as ever.

Mrs. Golightly was far more grim, glaring, and eccentric than ever, and had of late adopted for travelling costume a sort of compromise between male and female attire, but in which she was always mistaken for a man.

But the saddest change that had taken place in poor Mrs. Golightly was a decided monomania, connected with her dread and horror of the male sex. She began to fancy every man a Lovelace, and that he had a design on her.

On this point she was quite mad, and as her great success as an authoress had made her very wealthy, perhaps she might have some charms for the fortune-hunters. At any rate, she, who in youth had been free from vanity, was now mad about her own charms, and their maddening effect on man.

"Have you a time-table, waiter?" said Ellen.

"Yes, mem! get one instantly, mem!"

"Then you are determined to go," said Lady Mildmay, "the last evening of my stay in Oxford."

"I have no choice! I must be in town to-morrow; and by the evening of the day after, I am expected in Edinburgh."

"Then I shall go too; I must be at Alnwick this week, and for the pleasure of travelling with you, can easily arrange to start when you do."

"Here's a Bradshaw, mem," said the waiter, a smiling, obliging, hoping, expecting attendant, not a miserable, sullen, frostbitten specimen of the "no gratuities to servants" system.

"I see, dear Lady Mildmay, my best plan will be to start by the 9.15 A.M. Will that be too early for you?"

"Oh, no; and in the meantime, as Perdita is gone to chapel with Miss Golightly, we will order tea. Draw up to the fire—pleasant though the trees are in full leaf—and I will tell you, as I promised, the romantic adventure which befel me as a traveller in one of the first trains, on one of the first railroads completed, fifteen years ago."

"I am all attention," said Ellen.

Lady Mildmay began—"It was a few months after I had changed the name, the heart, and the life of a happy, loved, and loving wife, for that of a sad, isolated, and almost desolate widow. 'Weeds,' in every sense, supplied the place of flowers; and black of *couleur de rose*, actually and figuratively. I was living in the past; the present was a blank, the future a dreary terror to me. I was the only child of an only child, and, strange to say, I had lost my only child during the fourth year of my marriage; but that grief, sharp, terrible, startling, as it was, had been so borne with, so soothed, so softened by the exquisite tenderness of the best of husbands, that I rallied in a manner astonishing even to myself. The hoards of love, of devotion, of intense pity, and angel tenderness, my grief unlocked in the heart of my husband, literally took me by surprise. I knew he loved me well, I knew it when *happiness* was the bond between us. How he loved me I never knew till my swollen eyes, blurred and blistered cheeks, wasted form, fretful manner, and sullen wayward temper, all common and immediate results of the anguish of bereavement in an unchanged heart, made me say to my wretched self, 'no one, even Henry, can love me now!' Well, that first grief, as I have said, was so shared, so lightened, so hallowed, so gilded by the wealth of tenderness it called forth, that a sense of shame, of wrong, of ingratitude, roused the better spirit within me. I strove, and I conquered. Two years later—during a tour undertaken in deep and anxious love and care for me—in a foreign land, and by a sudden stroke, the consoler, the husband, the lover of my youth, the idol of my heart, the guide of my life, was taken from me. None to save, none to comfort, none to weep with or for me. My gentle, generous, noble Henry, when my child died, he would not let them bear away my little marble cherub, till even to my spell-bound fancy decay was apparent; I, even I, was obliged to own the hour was indeed come! Then from that little cot where I had watched him through a long, a gradual, but not a painful illness, and was allowed, nay encouraged to watch him still while that watch could have aught of comfort for me, my Henry himself placed him in his little coffin! and while they inclosed

that 'soft silken primrose faded timelessly' within that last retreat, so daintily adorned with fluted silk and lace, and so filled with flowers; he pillowed my throbbing brow on his manly breast, and when I awoke from a swoon, in mercy sent, he was bending weeping over me.

"Now harsh foreign, un pitying voices—the voices of men hating our race and our faith—burst on my ears. No prayers, no tears, no agony of mind availed! Twenty-four hours after the sudden blow, having profaned his dear remains, to satisfy their vile curiosity under the name of 'science,' they hurried him into one of the shallow graves of a wretched wilderness called the Protestant burial-ground; and I had not one to appeal to, not one to befriend or protect me. Later, I found means to be heard, and the dear one was removed and conveyed to the family vault in Berkshire. But all that, so difficult, so torturing to effect, I did alone. Oh, I was indeed alone. Oh, of those two dreadful trials, how great the contrast, as Calder Campbell so sweetly sings.

'By ones, by twos, by threes,
Sorrow steal on us: trials to be borne,
Not in mad ecstasies,
Not in hard apathy, not in proud scorn,
But with our human tears in human eyes,
And breaking hearts and all but hopeless sighs.'

"Yes, I found out the difference now between 'the wife' and 'the widow.' Now, who cares how long I fasted—how wildly I wept? Who tried gently to divert a torturing thought, to remove an object that might rekindle a wild regret, a morbid remorse, or change the outward scene again and again, till the mind was forced by the ever-shifting panorama without, to tear itself from the death-bed and the tomb ever present within? Well, I did not die. I was young and strong, and very, very wretched."

"And death is slow in answering to the call of youth and sorrow."

"But I had nothing to lose, nothing to care for. I grew into a machine, and my life was mechanical. A physician who attended me ordered me to Scarborough, because there was another Dr. Smith there, into whose hands he played. Dr. B— sent Londoners to Scarborough; Dr. C— sent Scarboroughites to London, and Dr. B— well, in a state of apathy (almost always the result of intense grief). I was very ill, for the body soon becomes rebellious when sorrow begins in the mind, but still able to get about, and too restless not to do so, I was returning from Scarborough, thinking any place would be better than that where I had already shed so many tears, and passed so many sleepless nights. I was travelling by the Great Northern Railway to London. Part of that line was just opened, and reported dangerous; and I knew no fear, life seemed so valueless, and death so much to be desired to all, that nothing interested me. I saw all that passed, and strange to say I can distinctly read everything (little as, even to myself, I seemed to notice at the time). I beheld there a very beautiful, fashionable, but rather flushed, bewildered, and agitated lady, attended by a gentleman also of a most remarkable exterior, tall, handsome, *distingué*, but somewhat smarter-looking, to my thinking; they came in at B— station from a post-chaise and four, and, to my surprise, I saw they had with them no attendant, although they had a beautiful little girl about three years of age. My own maid, who affected to consider me too ill to travel without herself by my side (but in reality because she preferred the first to the second class), immediately attracted the attention of the little one; for, to brighten up the mourning which she was compelled to wear in my service, and aware that I was too much absorbed by grief to interfere in such matters, she had trimmed her bonnet, inside and out, with an abundance of glittering black bugle flowers, and these, dancing and sparkling in the sun, caught the attention of the beautiful little fairy, who, in her turn, forcibly reminded me of my own and my lost Henry's exquisite cherub, before disease had laid its withering hand on the blooming beauties of his face and form. The colour of the clustering golden ringlets, the slope of the azure eyes, the shade of the long brown lashes, the tint of the cheek, and the coral of the lips, were so strangely like my little Henry's, that I could almost forget the hideous havoc death had made, and gazing on that laughing cherub, who had torn off hat and tippet in its rosy sport, fancy myself once more a blessed wife and mother, and forget I was a desolate and childless widow.

"So all by degrees the little one, perhaps seeing the love and yearning of my heart in my eyes, made some little, shy, playful advances towards me; and for the first time since my husband's death I felt a human interest in a human creature.

"What the relation of the lady and gentleman was I knew not. At first I had concluded they were man

and wife; but a something in their manner and snatches of talk made me doubt it; and my maid, Gossippe, the same I have here with me now, told me afterwards, delighted at being able to interest me in any outward object, that she had remarked a coronet on the lady's handkerchief, and none on the gentleman's, and that his initials were 'G. De C.', while hers were 'P. D.' The poor lady seemed hot, anxious, flushed, tearful, and excited; now leaning her head out of the window to catch the sunny breeze; now throwing herself back in the carriage, tying on her bonnet, and letting down her thick veil; now pale and panting, now crimson and still, and with compressed lips, and clasped hands, and burying her face in her handkerchief, and stifling an hysterical emotion, evidently very irritating to the handsome, self-possessed, or rather sarcastic gentleman, who whispered words which seemed only to increase the emotion they, perhaps, were meant to assuage.

"He tried to amuse, or rather occupy himself a little with the beautiful child, but she seemed shy and coy with him, and even a little petulant: 'Mamma's own daughter,' he said (half in jest, half in earnest). The beautiful mother snatched the child from him, clasped it passionately to her heart, and rocked and strained and fondled it there, till it fell asleep on her bosom.

"In spite of my own hitherto absorbing sorrow, a sort of curiosity about these strangers, and a deep interest in the child, awoke in my bosom.

"At K—, we all got out to procure some refreshments. I lost sight of the whole party, for I repaired at once to the ladies' waiting-room, where Gossippe brought me some coffee. But she told me the gentleman had just left by a branch train, and the poor lady was crying bitterly. As Gossippe spoke, the lady came in with the child in her arms. I asked her to take some coffee; she accepted my offer with a mournful grace that won my heart. She laid her child on a sofa, and drew her chair to my table: she spoke a little, and her voice was sweet and cultivated; her manners more than graceful—they were noble and dignified; on the third finger of her left hand, as she ungloved it to take her tea, I saw a wedding ring, and as her eye detected the glance of mine, the deepest crimson suffused her face and throat, and tears gushed from her eyes.

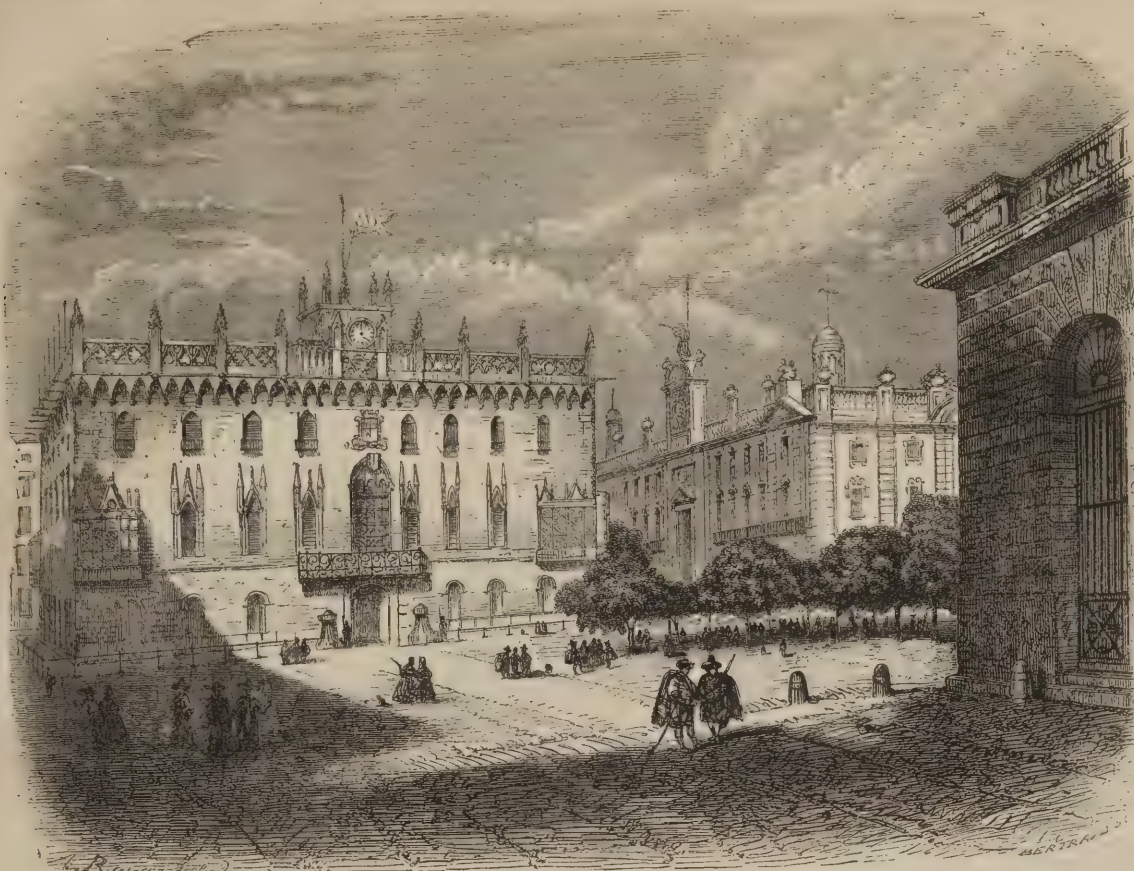
"She may, though not yet in weeds, have been made, like myself, a widow, I thought; and I could not but take her beautiful hand, and say, 'God bless you, God help you, poor lady!' 'Oh, no, no,' she cried, rending it from me, and her sobs redoubling. I began to doubt her sanity, and was not sorry to hear the warning railway bell.

"She took off her bonnet, washed away her tears, smoothed the longest, most lustrous, and abundant tresses of golden auburn I had ever seen, settled her bonnet strings, collar, and shawl, let down her veil, put on her gloves, and was about to take up her child, but I begged her to trust it to Gossippe, who had been used to children—which she evidently had not—and she thanked me earnestly, rather with her beautiful eyes than her timid voice.

"Once more seated in the train, she sank into a reverie, from which, however, she roused herself sufficiently to enter into conversation for a few minutes, before we reached London. Seeing my name and address in a book of mine—she had asked to look at Tennyson's "In Memoriam,"—she asked me if I was Lady Mildmay, of Mildmay Hall, Berks, and hearing I was, she said she had often heard of my sorrows and my virtues. At this moment I had her little girl in my arms—she was in a rosy and deep sleep—the train stopped—we had arrived at the Euston station—she stooped forward to kiss her child, and asked me to hold it for a few minutes while she looked for her carriage and servants. I had fancied she was a person of rank and fortune, I felt sure of it now, and offered that Gossippe should escort her, and she declined, and asked Gossippe to take care of a basket (a large, handsome basket), and a little travelling bag for her.

"She came no more; we waited and waited in vain. We got out; we went into all the waiting-rooms; we inquired of all the porters and railway officials. There had been a number of passengers and several trains coming in at the same time. 'A tall young lady, in a white silk bonnet, black veil, chintz muslin, dress, and black velvet cloak,' no one had noticed her. One man thought such a person had hailed a cab, but he could not tell which. There had been many private carriages waiting for passengers; all but mine were gone. What was to be done? The little cherub still slept; the basket and the bag were in the hands of the astounded Gossippe.

(To be continued.)



THE PALACE SQUARE, BARCELONA.

BARCELONA.—V.

The only public square in Barcelona which from its immensity deserves the name is that of the Palace, wherein is to be seen the Exchange, the Custom-house, and the general's palace—the residence of a sort of a petty king or viceroy of Catalonia. It is a large building, crowned with battlements, and ornamented with frescoes, which are of more than average merit. The custom-house is a modern edifice, surcharged with ornament in stucco, and is a very bad imitation of marble. The Exchange, from the grandeur of its architecture, the beauty of its decorations, and the majestic effect of its ensemble, is decidedly the finest building in Barcelona. The houses are of a very simple style of building, four or five stories high, with numerous windows, and balconies of different shapes. The Palace of the Diputacion, where the ancient cortes held their sittings, is a curious old edifice, and there are preserved the archives of Catalonia and Arragon, a very interesting and well-classified collection of manuscripts, some of which date from the ninth century. The University of Barcelona, at one period famous in Europe, is now turned into barracks for the troops.

But the visitor to Barcelona must not expect to pass his time in the inspection of magnificent structures, in lounging in resplendent palaces, or in gratifying his taste for art in picture-galleries. He must be content to do at Barcelona what they of Barcelona do—as little as possible. But there is enough to see; there are living pictures, better than those of the Spanish school; there are adventures to be encountered as varied as those of Gil Blas, and Dulcineas to be wooed fairer than the lady for whom the poor Don rode out to the fray.

As to amusements, surely you can find them at Barcelona. The Barcelonenses are fond of pleasure, especially pleasure of an excitable description, that makes the eyes flash, and the heart beat wildly. The Catalonians are easily excited. They are invariably ready for revolt. Democracy is popular with the lower classes, who, with their toes on the very boundary-line of rebellion, are ready at a moment's notice to leap over that rubicon and make the knives with which they are now leisurely peeling onions, red with the blood of the aristos. For more than a quarter of a century Barcelona has been under martial law, and the cap-

tain-general, whose palace we were observing awhile ago, has the power of arresting, trying, and shooting—unless he prefers hanging—any inhabitant accused of conspiracy against the government of that liege lady, the Queen of Spain. The people are overawed by bayonets, and are taught discretion by the long cord and short shrift which the captain-general serves out to the malcontents.

Now, it is a fact observed by naturalists, that in order to tame a tiger, he must never be suffered to taste blood. Let him have but one lick, and his whole nature is changed. So alarmed are the Barcelonense authorities at the rebellious tendencies of these people, that they are afraid to let them see blood. They have accordingly from time to time forbidden the entertainment of the Fiesta de Toros, or festival of bulls. The short sword of the *picador*, crimsoned with the blood of the bull, kindles a desire for a more excitable amusement.—What if certain aristos, especially the captain-general, were turned loose in the circus, and if certain of the peasantry or town labourers were permitted to serve him after the fashion of our horned friend the bull—would not the sport be capital? Therefore the captain-general forbids the sport, and declares that the Barcelonense must rest content with sham bull fights. This is a terrible deprivation. A mock *fiesta* is indeed a mockery. But being at Barcelona, we must witness the spectacle. All the world goes—that is, all the Barcelona world—and crams the Teatro de Toros to suffocation. Extremes meet. The bull circus is next door to the railway station. The barbarian shouts of ancient times are thus repeated within the sound of the whistle of modern civilisation.

There is much to be seen amongst the gaily dressed crowd; much pageantry before the show fairly begins, in the arena; at last we settle ourselves in our seat to witness the fight. Nobody will be killed; nobody run through the body; no horse gored or ripped. Dr. Sangrado will find nothing to do; no call for his lancet or hot water. Now the trumpets are sounding. All eyes are turned one way. The folding gates are opened, and in bounds a bull from the pastures of Jarama. He is a noble-looking fellow, but his horns are buttoned, so that he can do no harm.

The furious animal rushes through the gates. At

either side of the entrance his tormentors lie in wait for him. They have their hands full of small barbed darts, with short handles, decked with ribbons. These are to be hurled into the sides of the bull's neck, to worry him. At his very first bound into the arena, he receives one of these missiles on either side. Maddened by the sting, he turns upon his persecutors. They fly—they parry his thrusts—they leap over the barriers. A *chulo*, in harlequin's dress and bells, waves his red banner to attract the enraged animal away from the fugitives. Another shakes his scarf at him, just as he is making a sally against the banner. A cloak is thrown in to save the scarf. Meanwhile, the barbed shafts are flying thick and fast into the poor brute's neck. He roars with rage and agony. He scatters his foes in all directions. He drives them out of the ring.

Then comes to the charge the mounted *picador*. He, too, is armed with javelins; and, riding boldly by the side of the cantering beast, with well-directed aim he drives them home, until the bleeding neck is hung with arrows as with a double mane. At intervals, the bull, fearless of the threatening spear, makes an onset, with all his forces. But for the balls, his horns would gore and rip up the unprotected flanks of his enemy. As it is, horse and rider easily escape. The too venturesome *chulo* alone, who seizes the bull by the horns, may be thrown down, and even trodden under foot, if he be overmastered.

Having bullied the bull to their hearts' content, and to the satisfaction of the audience, he is given over to the *matadore*, whose province is to hold him fast and draw the arrows from his bleeding neck; after which they drag or drive him out of the circus. Bravos and bravissimos ring through the theatre; everybody but the poor beast seems thoroughly satisfied. But surely it is a miserable sport, and argues a very low order of intellect, which can find any amusement in such brutal sport. There is not in these mock *fiestas* even the wretched satisfaction of the excitement called forth by danger: it is simply cruel; as though you went shooting to wing a bird without killing it; or angling simply to hook your fish, and replace him in the water. But such is the amusement which a "discriminating" Barcelonian public largely patronises.

The Matron.

NO. XLII.

In this chapter I must begin to accomplish my promise of giving directions about clothes-making.

My limits will not admit of giving patterns for every garment. It is a good plan, when you are about to make a new thing, to take the old one (to a certain extent) for a model; and, supposing it is a dress you are commencing, to unpick the body and sleeves, and lay the pieces flat on the new material, then tack the old and new together, and cut out the latter from the old pattern.

A child's frock is a nice, inviting piece of work in dress-making. If the dress is to be made in printed cotton, mind that the patterns on the backs and sleeves correspond. Frocks are now made full in the skirt, and without gores; therefore when the sleeves begin to wear, a piece can be taken out of the skirt to repair them; and, if you put in the piece carefully, the frock will look nearly as well as when it was new.

When the breadths are joined, make a wide hem at the bottom of the skirt, and (if you have enough material) run a couple of tucks. Recollect that the pattern must always go upwards, and, in the sleeves, towards the shoulder. The straightest part of each sleeve should be set into the front of the frock.

Of plate No. 1, the material is English merino, of a dark brown colour, relieved by trimmings of scarlet worsted braid. Unless intended for a best frock, the *lappels* and *tabs* in front may be omitted.

In plate No. 2, the material is a Waterloo blue merino, trimmed with narrow black lace, and flat black woollen braid. The latter is inserted in the front robings, which are divided by rows of small black buttons. Some little skill in frock-making should have been acquired before plate 2 is attempted; and it is of a pattern suited to the children of my richer rather than my poorer readers.

And now, before fulfilling my promise of presenting to my readers a scale of weekly expenditure for families residing in towns, I must make a few preliminary remarks. Rent, clothes, and a reserve in case of illness, can hardly be called weekly expenses; but they must be provided for out of the weekly income. And for this purpose it is well to have a saving-box, to keep it locked, to slip in the money weekly for the specified purposes, and never to unlock this box, except to take out the money and devote it to these purposes.

I shall not mention washing in the items, but I shall allow liberally for firing and soap, supposing, of course, that the washing is done at home. In the summer, much less than 1s. 3d. a week will suffice for firing; but I recommend, nevertheless, that this sum be laid aside weekly, and all the overplus dropped into the saving-box. It will come in "very handy" in the winter months, either for extra firing in case of severe cold, or for some unexpected call for money. With regard to board, I advise my readers constantly to consult the chapters of the "Matron," that treat of cheap, nice, and varied dinners, &c. I have not had space in the following scale to mention the great variety of articles I have directed you how to cook. I have only put down the things in most general use, and I recommend you, whatever you procure, to see that your board and grocery do not exceed the sum mentioned in the scale of expenditure.

I have said nothing of help for those poorer than yourselves; and I can fancy I hear some of my

readers exclaim, "You don't suppose that, with such low wages, we, who have children to feed, can give away anything?" Very little, I own; but, in this case especially, "where there's a will, there's a way." A few kind offices to a poor sick neighbour can be almost always rendered by the active mother of a family. A garment, which, after having been long worn, mended, and turned, may be too shabby for you who have appearances to keep up, would be quite a blessing to a poor beggar, who had nothing to protect her shivering limbs from the cold east wind. Here let us consider the plan of weekly expenses. I mention the sum of 18s., because, although many clever mechanics receive much more, it is a general rate of wages for workmen who have no particular talent.



No. 1.

In hand, 18s.		s.	d.
Rent	...	8	6
Board (including bread, meat, flour, vegetables, and fruit)	...	7	10
Grocery (including tea, coffee, candles, and soap)	...	2	6
Clothes (including shoes)	...	1	6
Schooling	...	0	4
Cassell's Family Paper	...	0	1
Fire, coke, and wood	...	1	3
Sundries, and to be put away in case of illness	...	1	0
Total	...	18	0



No. 2.

This plan of expenses is suited to a family with three or four children.

My readers may observe that I have entered more into detail about food than I did in the plan of expenses for country people. The reason is that in London one knows pretty well what one can get; and one knows, also, that one can only get what one pays for.

In the country, there is the produce of the little garden, the bacon from the pig, the buttermilk (often given for the fetching it) from farms or houses where cows are kept, and the wild fruits, cresses, and herbs for salads or tea.

And those who can acquire a taste for tea made of English herbs (so easily cultivated in a little cottage garden) spend pence instead of shillings. For, although China tea is likely to become cheaper, there is little chance (in our time) of the duty being entirely removed.

Then, for fuel, there is all the wood that can be picked up on neighbouring estates, and the turf that abounds in some neighbourhoods; this forms a great contrast with the case of town people, who must give a half-penny for every little bundle of wood for lighting their fires. A good housewife will have to show her economy in managing the fuel as much as in anything else. In the summer, sixpence a week should cover the expense of the fire. It is a good plan to use the *chump* wood (at a penny a bundle) in the warm weather, with a little small wood and small coal. A wood fire is very easily kindled; and, in the summer, it should be let out after breakfast and after dinner. It must, of course, be lighted again to boil the water for tea; but none but a careless, extravagant person keeps in a fire throughout a summer's day, to avoid the trouble of lighting and re-lighting it. Coke should never be burnt without coal; because, when burnt alone, the fumes are nearly as dangerous as those of charcoal. But when broken very small, and burnt with coal, it makes a cheap, excellent fire. In an early number of the "Matron," the subject of firing is treated of at large, so I shall say no more about it here, but turn to another subject.

In London there are cheap and dear districts. Some bakers sell their bread much cheaper than others, without making it less nourishing, or less wholesome. It is well worth your while to have your bread a little browner if you can, on this account, get it a penny a loaf cheaper. Butchers also vary in prices; and the nearest is not always the best shop to deal at.

Though the wife's avocations may keep her a good deal at home, the husband necessarily goes abroad, and is constantly walking backwards and forwards on account of his business. Let him have his eyes open and look for the best and cheapest shops. Should nothing worthy of notice present itself in the beaten track, let him, when he has a spare half hour, begin exploring, in order to find places where the necessities of life are sold at the most reasonable price. By doing this, he will be able to direct his wife how to spend the money to the greatest advantage.

MUTUAL SATISFACTION.

STARS, let me hear you shout!
Why hang, ye leaves, so still?
This night she faltered out
A rosy-lipped "I will!"

The blood rushed through my brain—
She turned her face to me;
Then kisses came like rain
Upon a parched lea.

Light streamed from pole to pole,
The air became perfume,
And all my barren soul
Burst into green and bloom.

Oh, hour that bankrupts joy,
But perfects nature's plan—
This morn I was a boy
And now I am a man!

Stars, let me hear you shout!
Oh, leaves, hang not so still!
Winds, call your music out!
My love has said, "I will!"

My hope has then come true—
He loves me, so he said;
How fast my pulses flew—
My cheek, it burned, how red!

Some things I seemed to hear,
And some I seemed to see;
Was it through eye or ear
He told his heart to me?

So high he seemed to stand,
My hope grew faint and dim;
His love came like a hand
And drew me up to him.

Within me, all is light—
How, why, I cannot say;
For me, night is not night,
And day is more than day!

And thus my hope comes true—
Oh, hope how faint and dim!
And so what can I do
But love and live for him?

NORMANDY.

THE south of France presents to the poetical imagination its blue horizons, its fields gilded by the sun; but, beside the marvels of a spontaneous nature, the picture of an indolent and sensual life. The north of France has other views and beauties of a more elevated character. Less favoured in respect to natural wealth, it creates surprise and admiration by the fertile applications of its industry, a prodigious activity, and the resources which labour has developed in an avaricious soil. In this order of ideas there are true elements of poetry and motives of inspiration singularly applicable to the tendencies of modern societies. Contemplative poetry has had its day; the waves, the flowers, and the stars, have been sung long enough; the delicate sensations of the soul have been analysed. Normandy is an exemplification of this new order of ideas. We can picture her to ourselves as a young and beautiful rustic maid, endowed with a rude energy, as in the time when she received the embraces of Scandinavia; patient, as in the epoch when, down-trodden by haughty dukes, she mourned the fate of her children; proud and glorious, as when she gave birth to William the Conqueror, to Corneille, the tragic poet, and to Poussin, the gifted painter. How many memories are awakened by a figure so grand in its simplicity! In the first place, she presents to the mind the image of the agricultural life whence Normandy derives its principal wealth. She reminds us, by her application, of the industrial activity which has developed all the resources of the soil. If in fancy we drape her like an antique muse, it is because she has excelled in the arts; and without going back to distant times, when a dweller in the Val de Vire invented the French vaudeville, we cannot forget that, in our days, she has breathed through the lips of Boieldieu melodies sweet as the song of nightingales; that, with Casimir Delavigne, she has wept verses sweeter than the sweetest honey of Greece; and that, with the pen of one of the greatest French historians, she has written pages worthy of Tacitus. If it is the property of poetry to awaken dreams, the artist's charming allegory has this essential quality in high degree; and there is not one of our readers who can look at the chaste and sweet, energetic and active face without doing homage to the thought which inspired it. Bright Normandy! thou hast been beautiful and blessed as Leah, valiant as Deborah, laborious and resigned as Naomi! Wast thou not the mother of that fierce and victorious conqueror who humbled the pride of the Saxon at Hastings, and founded a line from which the proudest families of our country boast to be descended? Surely thou art indeed highly exalted.

Small Change.

A BURGLAR was caught last week in P— with twenty-three watches in his possession. He was the greatest "thief of time" we ever heard of—except "procrastination."

A PETTIFOGGER got into a quarrel, and was chastised by a lawyer named Boyle—in other words, he got into hot water and was *Boyled*.

FROM the small hollow of the dice-box arise fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies—as many evils as ever flew from the box of Pandora; and not even hope remains behind.

PEOPLE are always pleased with those who partake pleasure with them; hence there is a maudlin sympathy among brother toppers, but this is fellowship, not friendship.

SELF-LOVE can gild the most nauseous pill, and can make the grossest venality, when tinselled over with the semblance of gratitude, sit easy on the weakest stomach.

A VERBAL, uninquiring assent, even to a truth, is less meritorious than the conscientious error which is the result of patient and candid investigation.

THE truest epitaph our contemporary "ever saw was that of a clown which simply said, *Here I am.*" Then old John Geddes was wrong when he wrote, in reply to those who derided his unhandsome form:—

"You see not here John Geddes. No!
'Tis but his dwelling-place below."

WE congratulate the Americans on their submarine connection with us: in peace we shall give them lightning, in war we may give them thunder.

ANY feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.

THERE are two classes of people in the church: the religionists, who love God by trying to do right; and the Christians, who are inspired to do right by loving God.

THE body of a sensualist is the coffin of a dead soul.

HUMAN foresight often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.

THE light in the world comes principally from two sources—the sun and the student's lamp.

NEVER ridicule what you cannot comprehend; you thereby betray your own ignorance.

"Do you profess religion?" "No, sir; I profess my faith and practise my religion." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

THERE is one moment in which ill-nature sincerely repents—the moment when it sees pity felt for its victim.

EXEMPTION from care is not happiness; on the contrary, a certain degree of care is essential to promote enjoyment.

THE Horticultural Society has been discussing "the best way of keeping fruit." We find it is kept best locked up in the pantry with the key in our pocket.

No lady will be admitted to the next "Woman's Rights" Convention who does not "shave and sing bass." The officers are expected to wear moustaches.

A FAT candidate for office, who is said to weigh three hundred and seventy-five pounds, asks the people of his district to try him. Are they tallow-chandlers?

A PASSENGER out in one of the late steamers says:—"The Frenchman's story seems to me expressive.

One morning, the cabin boy came for his boots. 'Boots,' feebly sounded from the berth. 'Ah, sare, you may take zem; I sall want zem nairy more.'"

INJURIES accompanied by insults are never forgiven; all men on these occasions are good haters, and lay out their revenge at compound interest; they never threaten until they can strike.

GREAT crimes seldom spring from any sudden demoralisation in the nature of the perpetrators. What seems to us as a fearful precipitation of character, is no more than the rending of a veil from the hitherto concealed parts of it.

THE time and labour are worse than useless that have been occupied in laying up treasures of false knowledge which it will be necessary to unlearn, and in storing up mistaken ideas which we must hereafter remember to forget. An ancient teacher of rhetoric always demanded a double fee from those pupils who had been instructed by others, for in that case he had not only to plant in, but to root out.

It will puzzle you to find any place in field or garden that has not something alive in it. Every leaf has folks, every bud a tenant, every blade of grass a small look-out, every sunbeam or moonbeam a wing in it.

We once saw a soft and gentle and languid female infidel. She recoiled from a feather, shrank from an insect, and shrieked at the sight of a mouse; she had courage to confront and defy nothing except the Deity.

We are all greater dupes to our own weakness than to the skill of others; and the successes gained over us by the designers are usually nothing more than the prey taken from the very snares we have laid ourselves.

THE REAPERS.

O, my soul goes forth with a faith sublime,
And I feel that God is near,
When the fields are ripe in the harvest-time,
And the reapers' hymn I hear.

They come, they come, like the measured beat
That the waves to the rocks impart!
I feel the tramp of a thousand feet,
Like the throb of a mighty heart.

I love the song of the reaper strong,
As it swells from the golden west;
When they time their stroke to shout and a song,
With their gleaming blades abreast.

They come, they come, like a wave-rode flood,
And the grain melts away like a breath!
But their bright blades bear no blush of blood,
And they strike for life—not death.

Press on, best army, and chant that strain,
And not the war-song—wield
The sickle, not the sword—the grain
Change not for battle-field!

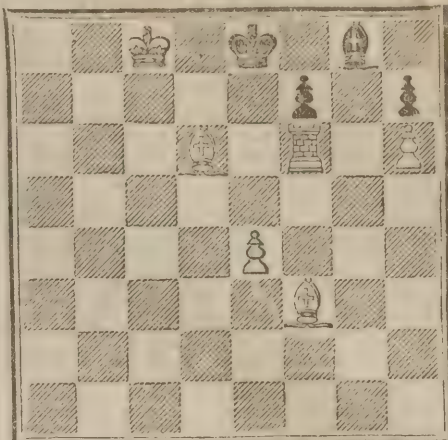
On, glorious band, though from each brow
The dew of life drops down:
'Tis nobler far than gems, I trow,
That glitter in a crown.

Sovereigns ye are, that walk the earth
Freer than kings of state;
Then covet not the rich man's spoil—
Be patient, work and wait.

Trust God!—do battle for the right!
Be firm, be frank, be free;
And let thy watchword in the fight
Be "Truth and Liberty!"

Chess.

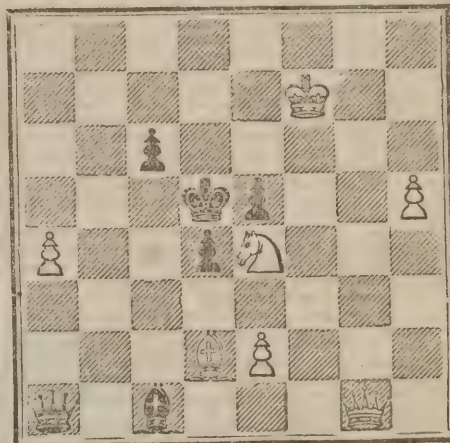
Problem No. 78. By T. P. COURTENAY, Esq. (Dunkineely)
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Problem No. 79. By C. W., of Sanbury.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Game played between Mr. C. F. SMITH and Mr. J. N. SMITH.

WHITE.
Mr. C. F. Smith.

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to KB 3
3. B to QB 4
4. P to Q Kt 4
5. P to QB 3
6. P to Q 4
7. P takes P
8. Castles
9. P to KR 3
10. Kt to QB 3
11. B to Q 3
12. B to K Kt 5
13. B to KR 4
14. Kt takes K Kt P
15. B takes P
16. Kt to Q 5
17. P to K 5
18. Kt takes Kt (ch)
19. Q to KR 5
20. QR to K sq
21. R takes R
22. Q to KR 7 (ch)
23. R takes B, and wins!

BLACK.
Mr. J. N. Smith.

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to QB 3
3. B to QB 4
4. B takes P
5. B to QB 4
6. P takes P
7. B to Q Kt 3
8. P to Q 3
9. Kt to KB 3
10. Kt to QR 4
11. Castles
12. P to KR 3
13. P to K Kt 4
14. P takes Kt (a)
15. B takes Q P
16. P to QB 3
17. B takes KP
18. B takes Kt
19. R to K sq
20. R takes R (b)
21. B to K 3
22. K to B sq

(a) B takes Q P, appears preferable—(b) B to K 3 would have been the proper move at this point.

Solution of Problem No. 74.

- WHITE.
1. Q to K 4 (ch)
 2. R to KB 4 (d ch)
 3. B to QB 2
 4. R or B mates according to Black's play.

- BLACK.
1. K takes Q (a)
 2. K to K 6 (best)
 3. Any move

- (a)
2. R to KB 6 (ch)
 3. B to KB 5 (ch), and R mates next move.

1. K to K 3
2. K to Q 2 (best)

Answers to several correspondents are unavoidably delayed until next week.

Our Editorial Table.

CASSELL'S
ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK
For 1880

Will be issued with the Magazines for November,
Price Sixpence.

This Beautifully Illustrated and Instructive Almanack, which has now obtained celebrity wherever the English language is spoken, will this year be found to surpass, if possible, its previous attractiveness. It will contain upwards of Thirty Engravings, the subjects as follow:—Twelve engravings representing the modes of Repast in various Nations and Periods;—Twelve engravings representing important events of the year 1858, including the Capture of Delhi—Storming of Lucknow—Bombardment of Canton—Earthquake in Naples—Burial of the Queen of Oude—the Leviathan off Deptford—Inauguration of the Boulevard de Sebastopol—Arrival of the Queen at Cherbourg—Launch of the Ville de Nantes—Fort Napoleon in Kabylia—Her Majesty's arrival at the Town Hall, Leeds—Removal of the decorations, fountain, &c., in the Place de Châtelet. Four emblematical designs of the Seasons;—Astronomical illustrations, &c., &c. The Literary matter, in addition to explanations of the above Engravings, consists of the Calendar, richly stored with historical remembrances; Chronology; Obituary; Abstracts of Acts of Parliament; Important Statistics; Postal Regulations; Stamps and Taxes; Gardening Calendar; the Government; Royal Family; Houses of Lords and Commons, and other matters, interesting to all branches of the community.

N. B. Orders should be given at once to the nearest Bookseller, as delays consequent upon the large circulation, have unavoidably occurred in the delivery of the two last years' issues.

TOA.—Unfortunately for Russia, the grandees do not second the noble projects of their emperor; and it is evident that the vast majority of the noblemen are not in the least inclined to promote the philanthropic plan of liberating the countless millions of peasants. The nobility, in accepting the emperor's permission to debate the question, have solely acted with the view of putting impediments in the way of the very measure their discussions were intended to prepare for execution. But the peasants, knowing what government designs for the improvement of their position, resent the conduct of their proprietors. It has even been asserted that, in some districts of Russia, the nobles have been compelled to shelter themselves in towns, thus placing themselves beyond the reach of the incensed serfs.

A VISITOR TO LONDON.—You have nothing to pay for visiting the British Museum. This museum is open to every one on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and to artists, and those who wish to study and make copies of works of art, on Thursdays and Saturdays. During the summer months it is also open to the public on Saturday afternoons. The reading-room is open to persons having orders of admission from ten till five o'clock in winter, and from nine till six in summer. The museum is closed between the 1st and 7th of January, the 1st and 7th of May, and the 1st and 7th of September. It is also closed on Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and Christmas Day.

A BLACKBURN PRIMROSE.—One recognition would suffice for the three gentlemen.—The sentimental language of the bay leaf is "I change but in dying."

FAIR PLAY.—"Fair Play" writes to us from Dublin, denying that any mystery envelops the birth of the great Duke of Wellington. "Fair Play" asserts that the Duke of Wellington was born on the 29th of April, 1769, in the house No. 24, in Merrion-street, Dublin (a house at present occupied by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners), the residence of the great duke's father, the Earl of Mornington. According to our correspondent, Arthur Duke of Wellington passed his infancy at Dangan Castle, about four miles distant from Trim. "Fair Play" adds that these facts are well known and indisputable. However, they have been disputed, for, in the memoir of the late Duke of Wellington by Richard Ford, Esq., March, 1769 is stated as the period, and Dangan Castle as the place of our great general's birth.

HAPPY LOVE.—So you are a newly-married couple: you think of emigrating, and you wish to know our opinion of British Columbia as a colony in which to reside. It is difficult to give a decided answer as to the merits and capabilities of a district that has so recently become a subject of public interest. In fact, British Columbia is as yet so imperfectly explored it can only be described in its more important features. It consists of a stretch of land, from 250 to 300 miles broad, sloping in a westerly direction. It possesses a number of rivers, having their sources in the Rocky Mountains: the chief of these is the Fraser River. British Columbia is refreshed by the breezes of the balmy Pacific Ocean. Into this ocean all its rivers fall. Considering the latitude of this colony, its climate is remarkably mild. Its scenery is picturesque, and in some respects resembles that of the highlands of Scotland. If "Happy Love" is attracted by the report of the gold to be found in British Columbia, we must beg him or them to bear in mind that the country we are speaking of abounds in hills, is consequently rainy, and that the rains swell the rivers, greatly to the inconvenience of those who attempt to gather gold from the shoals which have been washed from the mountains. But in what country is gold gathered without inconvenience? We are rather surprised to hear that "Happy Love" has seriously thought of making his home in British Columbia, without even knowing in what quarter of the globe it is situated. Let him open his atlas, and having found out the map of North America, let him place his finger on a spot that has 49° N. latitude and 120° W. longitude; he will find himself in British Columbia, with the Pacific and Vancouver's Island (part of the colony) to the west, and with the rocky mountains to the east.

VINGT-DEUX ANS.—The suggestion contained in the first part of your letter shall meet with attention. In reply to your request for our advice respecting a choice of a profession, we cannot conscientiously advise you to become an actor. You have evidently received a good education, and the peculiar talents you speak of would avail you in a much more lucrative profession than that of the stage—a profession in which there is little probability of achieving a success that leads to fortune.

R. WILTSHIRE.—"R. Wiltshire" informs us that he has seen with some surprise in one of our numbers that we do not consider passionate love necessary to the happiness of the wedded state. We are still of the same opinion, for, if passionate love (which never lasts) were necessary in marriage, how short-lived enjoyment would be! On the other hand, we quite agree with our correspondent that there is little chance of happiness in matrimony without pure affection; but "R. Wiltshire" must not confound pure affection with ardent love. These feelings differ in nature and in effect. Ardent love belongs to ardent natures; and it is a happy thing for those who feel such love if they are able to unite themselves to the object of this passion: but there is great danger of a reaction. Passionate lovers are far from making the kindest husbands. It is the man of a gentle, considerate nature whose name is pronounced with blessings; it is his love that makes home happy. In imitation of our correspondent, who quotes from that charming poet of domestic life, William Cowper, we will also quote, for Cowper describes the pure affection of which we speak:—

"The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserved by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary with attention,
But will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure."

FIDDLER DICK.—A brilliant polish for shoes, and one which will preserve the leather soft, may be made as follows:—Take half a pound of treacle, one ounce of lampblack, a spoonful of yeast, an ounce of sugar-candy, an ounce of sweet oil, an ounce of gum dragon, an ounce of melted tinsglass, and a quarter of a pint of ox gall. Mix all well together in a pint and a half of rain water and half a pint of vinegar. Warm the mixture slightly before using, and apply with a sponge. Polish with a soft brush.

ANONYMOUS.—The first number of our journal was issued December 31, 1853.

G. BALL.—While we decline furnishing you with directions for making fireballs and rockets, we willingly tell you with what paint slides for magic lanterns are painted. Get the finest colours in powder, and mix them with transparent varnish, thinly, so that the light may shine through them. Be careful not to lay one tint over another till the first is dry and hard.

SIGMA.—You should consult some theological dictionary. The subject is not suitable for our columns. The works to which you refer differ considerably from each other.

SPECTATOR.—Addison's signature in "The Spectator" was one of the letters in the name "Cllo," sometimes one letter, sometimes another. Sir Richard Steele used the letter "R."

TINTINNABULUM.—Donati's comet rises about four o'clock in the morning, and sets about nine in the evening. Of course, it can only be seen by daylight by means of a reflecting telescope.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—Geraldine—the accent is placed on the last syllable, Geraldine.

A. R. (Inverness).—The point of etiquette about which you inquire must be regulated according to circumstances.

J. MCBRIDGE.—The paragraph you have quoted from our journal refers, not to Sir Isaac Newton, but to the Rev. John Newton, the intimate friend of Cowper, the poet, and for some years rector of St. Mary, Woolnoth, in the City of London.

VULCAN.—We fear you have been too precipitate in connecting yourself with the "company" you name.

A YOUNG SPORTSMAN.—To bronze your gun barrels, you must first clean and polish them. Then make a paste with blacklead powder and water, rather stiff. Apply this to the barrels with a painter's small brush. When they are quite dry, hold them for a minute over a clear fire, or longer if you wish to have them dark. When cold, polish with a plate brush and soft leather.

HIBERNIAN.—Inch, and Innis or Ennis, are radically the same as the Latin *insula*, an island. Thus, Ennishowen, Enniskillen, Innismagragh, mean the island of Owen, of Killen, of Magragh.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea mews fly;

The fishers have heard the water sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh."

SCOTT.

ARGUMENTUM.—It is quite certain that, grammatically speaking, the Isles of *Wight*, *Anglesea*, and *Man*, are not in England; it is also certain that they form an integral portion of England.

J. JOHN.—Familiar Lessons in Chess were given in the early numbers of the Old Series of our journal, commencing in No. 15. However, at the express desire of many new subscribers, similar lessons will shortly be repeated. Your conduct towards C is, certainly, not creditable to you, though you profess to act honourably.

JESSIE.—Use the mixture two or three times a week; it will produce no such unpleasant effect as you seem to fear. **INDIGO.**—If more than 300 persons leave by train, it is, of course, quite correct to say that there were upwards of 300.

R. A.—We know nothing of the institution about which you inquire. Your verses are respectfully declined.

JOHN R.—The "proper arm" for a gentleman to offer a lady is that which will enable him most effectually to preserve her from accident or insult. The arm will require to be changed according to circumstances.

A MERCHANT'S CLERK.—You can compel your employer to give you a character, but whether you can demand a quarter's salary on your leaving in the middle of the quarter, will depend on the terms of your agreement.

T. AMOS.—There are several places in London where all the articles you require can be obtained at once. Your best plan would be to commission some friend in London to procure them for you.

BEATRICE CENCL.—The celebrated poisoner whose name, strange to say, you have assumed, was executed in the year 1599, under the pontificate of Pope Clement VIII.

W. H. (Nottingham).—A tradesman cannot legally demand a higher price for an article exhibited in his window than that named on the ticket; but he is not bound to sell it to you at that price unless he chooses. To refuse, however, is a practice unworthy of a respectable shopkeeper.

W. H. (Ashwell).—One penny stamp will secure the postage of three numbers of our paper to any part of the United Kingdom.

W. N. M., &c.—You will find a receipt for good black ink in No. 30, page 64.

W. P.—The boys at Harrow School are called *Harrovians*.

C. HOWARD.—"To lay" is an active verb of which the action passes on to the object following—*as, I lay the stone of the building; I laid the stone.* "To lie" is a neuter verb—*as, I lie on the grass—* and has no action that passes on. *I lay on the grass—* the preterite of the verb to lie. *I lay* is the same in spelling and sound as the present of the active verb to lay—*I lay.* The participle of the active verb is *laid*; the participle of the neuter verb is *lain*.

R. HOLLY.—The chief magistrate or lord mayor of London was called a bailiff before the time of Richard I. This monarch changed the title of bailiff to that of mayor.

L. D.—You had better apply at the government emigration office. There you can procure information gratuitously as to the sailing of ships and means of accommodation for emigrants. At this office it is ascertained that all agreements between ship-owners and intending emigrants are duly performed, and also that the provisions of the Passengers' Act are strictly complied with. Attendance is given at the office on every week-day, and assistance granted to protect emigrants from fraud and imposition.

T. TOMMS.—It is very dangerous to inhale air tainted with the smell of fresh paint. If you are obliged to remain in fresh-painted rooms, mix chloride of lime with water, with which damp some hay, and strew it upon the floor. This will counteract the injurious odour.

LOCUS.—The reason why Italian is preferred for singing is this. Italian abounds in vowel sounds. It has but few of the hissing sounds of the *s*, and none of the harsh sounds of the *th*. Both the *s* and the *th* abound in the English language, and they are very unfavourable to the display of the voice. On the other hand, Italian has one great disadvantage in this country—it is not generally understood. You are much mistaken in supposing that the meaning of a song does not signify. What would the Irish melodies be without the exquisite poetry of T. Moore?—poetry so full of meaning that it seems the very language of the heart; and the air of the favourite modern song, "Who shall be fairest," though pretty enough, would not have become such a favourite were it not for the exquisite meaning of the following lines:—

"Who shall be fairest,
Who shall be rarest,
Who shall be first in the songs that we sing?
She who is kindest
When fortune is blindest,
Bearing through winter the bloom of the spring.
Charm of our gladness,
Friend of our sadness,
Angel of life, when its pleasures take wing."

PHILIPPA.—With a clean piece of flannel, dipped in spirits of turpentine, rub the white kid gloves and white shoes until they are quite clean. But you will not be able to judge of the effect of the turpentine on the kid until you have allowed it to dry. If after the first process all the stains are not removed, you must repeat the rubbing.

A YOUTH OF SIXTEEN.—You should, of course, be polite to the daughters of your employer, but it is enough to bow to each once a day. If you join a company seated at dinner, you should shake hands with any familiar friend next you, but you should not disturb the party in order to go through the same ceremony with each member of it. As to your question about income, we think you ought to be able to live comfortably on the sum you mention.

W. V.—All the expenses of the wedding devolve on the family of the bride except the fee to the minister who performs the ceremony. This, according to etiquette, should be paid by the bridegroom.

PHILOPERISTEON.—You should have the finger marks removed from your white satin brocade waistcoat by rubbing with the crumb of stale bread, but mind there is not any grease with this crumb.

CHAS. MAY.—"The Dying Mother;" James T., "Wallace's Address;" T. H. Griffiths, "A Song;" R. U. W., "Life's Work; Invocation to the Muses;" G. T. H., "England's Heroes;" Thomas the Rhymer; Amy Allison, "Death;" Fred Mason, A Subscriber, "Lover's Tales;" H. D., "My Wife;" C. F. S., "The Warrior's Burial;" Minnie; E.; H. Anderton, "The Shipwreck;" respectfully declined.

J. W., Thomas F., W. X. Y., A Subscriber, Archimedes, John H., Jack Manders, W. P., M. C. F., Larky Grigg, H. W. G., Alfred Day, M. M., are referred to the articles on Natural Philosophy in our "Hopes and Hears."

A. B.—In speaking of two or more young ladies of the same family, it is the title *Miss* not the surname that must be rendered plural. Thus you should say the "Misses Ormond," not the *Miss Ormonds*.

OUTE.—The emphasis should be laid on the second syllable in *Toxophilite*, thus: *Tox-ôf-i-lite*; and on the second syllable in *Balmoral*, thus, *Bal-mô-ra-l*.

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SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER CI.

A fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law, 'twill hardly come out.—SHAKESPEARE.

LIFE and death we are told are both uncertain, and experience daily proves the truth of the aphorism. Happy would it be for mankind if uncertainty in human affairs were limited to these; such, however, unfortunately is not the case. Health, riches, fame, success, friendship, and even love, the most absorbing and universal of all passions, are subject to the same sad law. A day, an hour may undermine the

foundation upon which they, one and all, rest, leaving life a blank—existence a wreck.

The more we reflect upon this subject, the more inevitable the conclusion we arrive at. Certainty exists only in the exact sciences—uncertainty is one of the conditions of our existence.

But of all the uncertainties in this uncertain world, the greatest uncertainty most certainly is the law; compared with it all others appear insignificant—a mole-hill to a mountain, or, as Hamlet has it, "Ossa to a wart."

Such at least was the inference which Sir Charles Fourreau, Lieutenant Marsh, and our hero drew from the opinions of three eminent counsel whom Mr. Morton had consulted on behalf of Lillian.

Sir Frederick Silvertongue considered that a case of conspiracy and abduction might possibly be proved, and suggested criminal proceedings against Lady Boothroyd.

Serjeant Rough was of opinion that criminal pro-

ceedings were quite out of the question, inasmuch as the Boothroyds were the legal guardians of their niece, and in that character had an undoubted right to the disposal of her person.

Bellam, the great Chancery barrister, advised a bill in equity, calling upon the executors of the will of the great-uncle of Lillian, to account for the residue of the personality which the testator had neglected to dispose of. As her father's representative, he considered the young lady had a right to a share in it.

There was one point, however, the three gentlemen of the long robe unanimously agreed in—that in the absence of any legal proof of the marriage of Allan Boothroyd, the case became involved in considerable obscurity.

"Obscurity!" exclaimed Richard Markham; "why it is as clear as the sun in the heavens at noon-day."

"Morally clear, my dear boy," said the friendly



BET ENTREATING PROTECTION.

lawyer, tapping him on the shoulder, "morally clear. Unfortunately justice does not see with our eyes."

"Eyes!" repeated the lover of Lillian, indignantly. "It must be blind as ignorance, wilfully blind; how else can you explain the—"

"I know, I know," interrupted Mr. Morton, good-humouredly. "Time was that I entertained some such crude notions myself."

"I confess that I cannot comprehend this diversity of opinion," observed Sir Charles, "where none ought to exist. If law is a science, it certainly is not one of the exact ones."

"And therein lies its beauty," replied the lawyer. "You cannot see it, it is hardly to be expected that you should do so, but I can; it has been the study of my life."

His hearers came, mentally of course, to a conclusion as unanimous as the one the three eminent counsel had arrived at, that the study was anything but a profitable one.

"After all, Morton," said the lieutenant, who had not previously spoken, "you have not given us your opinion. I, for one, feel inclined to be guided by it, assured that it will be an honest one. Do you incline to Silvertongue's advice?"

"Certainly not," was the reply. "Serjeant Rough's objection I consider fatal; the bill in equity is decidedly our best course."

The baronet and our hero looked disappointed. "The pecuniary interest, were it even greater, is a mere secondary consideration," observed the former; "Lillian will be sufficiently rich without it. What I most earnestly desire is to prove her claim to the name of Boothroyd."

"And do you not perceive, Sir Charles," answered Mr. Morton, "that by the means proposed, we open the entire question. The chancellor, no doubt, will direct an action to be tried at common law; this will give us time to seek out witnesses to the marriage. I am sorry to disagree with you," he continued; "as to the pecuniary point, in my opinion, it is large, much larger than you imagine; had it been otherwise, Lady Boothroyd would never have compromised her reputation, to say nothing of her personal safety, by so decided a step as the abduction of her niece, which, fortunately, we are in a condition to prove."

His hearers nodded approvingly.

"If we could only obtain the parchment, deed, will, or codicil, whichever it may prove," added the speaker—"and I am not without hopes of recovering it soon from the hands into which it has fallen—we should then be in a position to judge her ladyship's motives."

"Something I can understand at last!" exclaimed the baronet, pleased with the clearness with which the lawyer explained his views. "I need not urge you to use every means—to spare no expense; money is not an object."

"The first time I ever received such an instruction," observed Mr. Morton, with a smile; "most clients betray a melancholy impatience on the subject of costs. Fear not but I will do my best."

The mode of action having been decided upon, the gentlemen returned to Mivart's, where they found Major Hawley and his strong-minded little wife. They had called during their absence to renew their acquaintance with their goddaughter.

The lady honoured our hero with rather a critical glance when Lillian introduced him to her. The scrutiny appeared satisfactory—considering that he was not a military man, her beau-ideal of a lover—for she honoured him with a gracious smile, whilst her husband shook hands with him most cordially.

"That lawyer is a clear-headed man," observed Mrs. Major Hawley, when informed where Sir Charles and his companions had passed the morning; "one of the very few I have met with who appeared comprehensible."

"And as honourable as he is clear-headed," replied Richard Markham. "I have known him from boyhood."

"And what says he?" demanded the lady.

"The great difficulty lies in the absence of any legal proof of the marriage of Allan Boothroyd."

"Legal proof!" repeated the godmother of our heroine; "what does the nan mean? Was not the mother of Lillian known to be his wife? received everywhere as his wife? visited everywhere as his wife? I should like to have seen the officer in our regiment," she added, in a tone of indignation, "that would have ventured to introduce any creature into our society!"

The eyes of Lillian filled with tears: to her sensitive nature it was painful to hear even the possibility of her parents not having been united discussed.

"To doubt it," said the lieutenant, with emotion, "were to doubt the purity of heaven itself; for, apart from a brother's partial fondness, a nobler being

never existed than my sister. When in India, I made a long and fruitless journey to obtain the certificate of her marriage; but, unfortunately, the station at which I believe it to have been celebrated had been destroyed by the rebel sepoys, and the archives burnt. But you, madam," he continued, "who were on such intimate and affectionate terms with her, did you never hear her name the chaplain by whom the rite was celebrated?"

"Never."

"Or inquire where?"

"I had no motive for such a question," answered the major's lady. "No one who ever came in contact with Mrs. Boothroyd could have entertained a doubt upon the subject. All I know is, that it took place before Allan obtained his epaulettes. You should have seen him: there never was a more fond, devoted husband—he was as proud of her as fond. Do you remember, Hawley, how indignantly he expressed himself when Gresham, of the Artillery, bowed to him, because his wife was on his arm, and Gresham had that woman with him?"

"Certainly, my love," said the major; "it almost came to a quarrel. And, after all, the party you allude to was to be pitied as much as blamed; she had—"

"Hawley!" interrupted his wife, "none of your barrack-room excuses for profligacy, if you please; highly unbecoming at your years—very!"

The gentleman coloured to the temples at the reproof thus sharply administered; but, like a well-trained husband, submitted to it.

"Lillian, my love," said the lady, willing to change the subject, which she saw was a painful one to her goddaughter, "you do not wear my gift."

The fair girl regarded her with surprise.

"I mean," added the speaker, "the chain and locket I gave you at your christening—the torquoise. You remember it, Hawley—the one I bought in the bazaar at Delhi."

"Distinctly," replied her husband; "with the sentence from Hafaz—'Hope in all—have faith in all'—engraved upon it. Poor Dr. Tytler and I never could agree about the use of the particle."

"I recollect it perfectly!" exclaimed Lillian, "and wore it, I feel certain, during my residence at St. Faith's, but cannot call to mind when or by whom I was deprived of it."

"Perhaps Rose can afford us some information," observed Lady Bell.

Mark Rayner and his wife, who were both staying at the hotel with the baronet and his family, were sent for.

"We never saw the trinket," replied Rose, in answer to the inquiry. "Lady Boothroyd felt terribly disappointed at not obtaining possession of it; it is one of the reasons she alleged for not fulfilling her promise to give up the leaf torn from the Bible. Happily," she added, with a glance of affection to her husband, "of no importance now."

The subject of the chain and locket was permitted to drop; no one attaching any other value to them than that of a memorial of the donor's affection.

We must now request our readers to quit the happy party assembled in the drawing-room at Mivart's, and accompany us to a less interesting locality—a small, cold-looking, uncomfortable house in a narrow court in the city. The ground floor consisted of two rooms, both used as offices, and communicating by a green-baize door. It would have puzzled a casual visitor to tell what kind of business could possibly be carried on there.

There were neither a safe nor ledger, boxes for papers, nor shelves for samples of merchandise in either of them; the only articles of furniture consisted of a small round table and a few chairs.

The same description will apply to each of the rooms, except that the windows of the one looking into the court were filled with ground glass; with those at the back a similar precaution had not been necessary; they opened into a small paved yard which was not overlooked by any of the neighbours.

This was the private office of Mr. Meadows, a retired inspector of police, who for several years had exercised his old calling of detective on his own account.

Could the old panelled walls of either of those rooms have spoken, they might have revealed strange confidences and startling episodes in real life—secrets to make the fortune of a novelist, and give the philosopher a deeper insight into human nature than all his books had given him. Unfortunately, however, they were dumb: the confessions they have received can never be repeated, unless Mr. Meadows should—but no; the ex-inspector is discretion itself. There is little chance of his ever relating them—the speculation is a hopeless one.

There is nothing very remarkable in the appearance of the gentleman we are about to introduce

to our readers, and yet we feel disposed to describe him.

Mr. Meadows, judging from our recollection of him—for we have never been sufficiently intimate to ascertain his height correctly—stands about five feet eight, or at the most five feet nine; his figure, thin and wiry—a certain indication of strength; his head, small, round, and bullet-shaped, not unlike a Puritan's; his features, regular, but not particularly expressive—which latter trait probably constituted one of his great advantages in the profession he had chosen, since it enabled him to listen to the most appalling statements and exciting narratives, without betraying the impression they produced.

The gentleman whom we have just sketched—and many, no doubt, will recognise the portrait, although it is only a pen-and-ink one—was seated in the front office, looking over a small memorandum-book, whose contents would have puzzled Champolion—who read the hieroglyphics as easily as a boy of ten reads his primer—to decipher.

On each page there appeared a number of little crooked characters, interspersed with mysterious dots and Roman numerals; then followed, perhaps, a diagram, which most certainly had nothing to do either with Euclid or the Principia—Professor Airy himself would not have attempted to describe it, although no doubt perfectly intelligible to him who drew it.

The occupant of the room had already received one visitor that morning, and scarcely looked for a second, his clients being far more select than numerous, as our readers will understand when we inform them that it was necessary that those who sought his assistance should come, not only with well-filled purses, but perfect confidence, the latter a *sine quâ non* to his undertaking a case.

Evidently he prided himself upon his professional successes, and did not think fit to endanger his reputation, however tempting the fee.

There was a ring at the office-bell, followed by a tap at the wall of the passage, given by the servant to ascertain whether his master was disengaged.

"Yes," said the ex-inspector, in a loud, clear tone, but without raising his eyes from the little memorandum-book which seemed to have a peculiar attraction for him.

The bolts of the street-door were withdrawn, and Mr. Morton entered the room.

"I presume that I am not unknown to you," observed the lawyer, with a smile, "although my visit has doubtless surprised you."

"Persons in my profession," replied the detective, "rarely forget a face they have once seen; and as for being surprised, respectable men—very respectable ones—frequently visit me."

"No doubt, no doubt," said the gentleman. "The fact is, I require your aid in a very important affair; and may as well state, at once, that the fees will be large, the confidence unbounded."

Mr. Meadows smiled graciously.

"Do you consult me on your own account?" he asked.

"No; on the part of a client."

"The name?"

Mr. Morton hesitated.

"First let me inquire," he replied, "whether you are engaged in any affair connected with a murder recently perpetrated in Devonshire?"

"At St. Faith's—the steward of the late Sir Norman Boothroyd; I remember the circumstance. There is a large reward offered for one of the assassins who escaped."

"Just so; but you have not answered my question," observed Mr. Morton.

"I am not engaged in any affair connected, either directly or indirectly, with it," said Mr. Meadows.

And the assurance that he was not, perfectly satisfied his visitor, who at once proceeded to relate to him the history of Lillian; to which the detective listened most attentively without interrupting him by a single question, till he had concluded, when, opening his memorandum-book, he began to write.

"The affair is complicated," he observed; "but I have unravelled as tangled a thread in my time. Have you any clue to the name of the man who escaped from the farm after the murder?"

"A slight one," replied his visitor; "in fact, rather a supposition than a clue. Manders, the nephew of the murdered steward—"

"And the murderer?" interjected the ex-inspector of police.

"And the murderer," repeated Mr. Morton, "supposes him to be a fellow named Fiddler Dick."

"His reasons?"

"Fiddler Dick was one of Mike's companions in crime."

"And what is the character of this Manders?" inquired Mr. Meadows.

"He bears an excellent one," replied the lawyer. "He has only just returned from India with the family of Sir Charles Fourreau: all who know him entertain the highest respect for him."

This last observation dissipated any vague suspicion that might have been lurking in the astute mind of the detective.

"This Fiddler Dick," resumed the speaker, "has a wife, who betrayed him some years since to the police. The wretched woman lives in continual dread of his return. I had some communication with her in consequence of inquiries I instituted in behalf of Major Hawley and his wife, clients of mine."

"Do you know her address?"

"No."

"That is of very little consequence," observed Mr. Meadows; "I can easily discover that."

"When you have done so, I wish you would let me know it."

The officer nodded as much as to say certainly, and having made one or two more notes in his memorandum-book, the affair, with the exception of the fees, was considered settled.

"You will look upon this merely as a retainer," said Morton, handing him a cheque for a hundred pounds; "for all necessary expenditure you have *carte blanche*."

"Very satisfactory—very satisfactory, indeed!" replied the former, as he glanced at the amount. "I perceive that you understand business thoroughly; it is a pleasure to transact it upon such terms. I have your address," he added, "and in a few days trust to have information for you."

As Mr. Morton quitted the court, he met a respectable, stolid-looking man, with a certain bucolic expression of feature and style about him, which convinced the lawyer that he came from the country. He was not far wrong, the party being no other than Marshall, the adviser, or, more properly speaking, the agent of Lady Boothroyd.

There is a sort of freemasonry in every trade or profession; its members generally recognise each other by indications which escape the unpractised eye, at least it proved so in the present instance, for each of the gentlemen mentally pronounced the other to be a limb of the law as they passed—Morton to his brougham, which was waiting for him; Marshall, to the office of Mr. Meadows.

Although our friend Morton possessed a far higher sense of the real dignity of his profession than the country practitioner, the latter far exceeded him in his ideas of the importance his name being upon the Rolls conferred. With Marshall it was a personal feeling which made him as off-handed with those he considered his inferiors, as an inborn natural servility rendered him cringing and subservient to those above him; to him a police officer was simply a police officer, and he entered upon the object of his visit to the clever detective in the same patronising tone he would have employed with one of the rustic constabulary of his native county.

"I want to employ you," he said, taking the seat Meadows silently pointed to. "I am told you are a shrewd, clever fellow. As I intend to pay you well, I expect you to act honestly by me. I warn you that I shall keep an eye upon you," he added, "so it will be useless to attempt to deceive me."

"A difficult task, no doubt," observed the detective, with a suppressed smile.

"I flatter myself that it would be," replied his visitor, fixing his eyes upon him. Marshall had great faith in the power of his glance.

"And having flattered yourself, sir, perhaps you will inform me in what way I can be of service to you."

There was something in the tone as well as the words, that rather confused the country practitioner, who coloured slightly, and resumed the conversation in a less patronising tone, to the great amusement of the speaker.

"A murder has been committed upon the person of the steward of the late Sir Norman Boothroyd."

"I have read an account of it in the papers," replied the officer, who began to feel greatly interested.

"That is not the worst," added his visitor.

"I am aware it is not!" was the reply.

Marshall regarded him with an incredulous stare.

"The ruffian who escaped took with him a parchment or deed, which it is of the utmost importance should be recovered, and for which—"

"Lady Boothroyd is willing to pay handsomely," interrupted Meadows, without moving a muscle of his countenance. "Pray proceed."

"I really, I cannot understand this!" exclaimed the astonished lawyer.

"You are from the country," quietly observed Mr. Meadows.

Never had Marshall's self-importance been so lowered before.

"I see!" he exclaimed, struck by a sudden idea; "that double-faced, treacherous woman has been with you, although she declared everything should be left to my direction."

The ex-inspector smiled. He was too shrewd to deny—and, let us add, too honest to confirm the impression of the speaker by a falsehood. If the gentleman thought fit to mislead himself, that was no affair of his—certainly not. Of course, the opinion his visitor let slip, touching the character of the lady who employed him, did not pass unnoticed.

"Permit me to remind you," he said, looking at his watch, "that my time is valuable. I have an appointment in an hour, which must be kept."

"With her ladyship, I suppose," muttered his visitor, bitterly. "You have been instructed by her?"

"That is a leading question," replied the detective, "and you must excuse my answering it. You are clever, sir, very clever; but we are not quite fools in London. You forget this is a mere conversation, not a consultation."

"I cannot discover the difference."

"Your clients are more clear-sighted, I suspect," said Meadows, "unless in the country you practise for the mere pleasure of practising."

Marshall took the hint, and handed him a fee of five guineas—in his opinion a very handsome sum.

"And now," he said, "tell me, what would you advise?"

"The ruffian will doubtless attempt to quit the country," said Mr. Meadows, in a tone of deliberation; "and, let me see, yes, a ship sails from Liverpool for America at the end of the week."

"Had I better proceed there?" demanded the lawyer.

"It is my advice that you should do so."

"Will you accompany me?"

"I cannot."

"I will pay you handsomely."

"Of course," observed the detective; "but, unfortunately, I have more important business in hand, and cannot quit London for the present. In Liverpool you will find officers both intelligent and active, and criminal lawyers able and willing to assist you; but, perhaps," he added, with a scarcely perceptible curl at the corners of his mouth, "you have lost some portion of your confidence in country practice?"

Marshall mentally admitted that he had, and, after making a second fruitless attempt to induce Mr. Meadows to alter his determination and accompany him, took his leave.

"So," said the detective, as the door closed on his departing visitor, "for four days, at least, I am safe from any interference from that quarter. Four days," he repeated, slowly; "many a fortune has been lost and won in half the time."

One hour afterwards Mr. Meadows quitted his offices to take his usual morning walk. Unlike the generality of mankind, his ideas rose quickly and freshly in the crowded streets.

CHAPTER CII.

And though he posted o'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste;
For fear, though fleetest than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.—BUTLER.

It is not the least part of the punishment of crime that its perpetrators dare not venture into the light of day. Night is their day; and, like beasts of prey, they prowl beneath its shade. It must be a terrible thing to regard the cheering sun like a policeman's lamp, to shrink and turn aside the instant its rays are directed towards us—to fear the gaze of our fellow-men—to flit like an uneasy shadow through the crowd, restless, conscience-stricken, and unhappy.

There were two persons of our readers' acquaintance to whom this state of feeling was becoming gradually habitual—Fiddler Dick and his wife.

From the day of the murder, the wretched man had felt that a fearful doom was impending over him. The hand of justice seemed ever ready to grasp him; the hangman's coil to encircle his neck. He had lost much of his former confidence: a sound caused him to start, a casual glance to turn pale with terror. He had but one strong passion left—the desire of revenge upon the woman who had betrayed him. That burnt as fiercely as ever; and when, at night, he ventured, carefully disguised, into the streets, it was in the hope of obtaining some clue to her abode.

For several years past Bet had kept a common lodging-house—a rendezvous for tramps, peglars, beggars, or still more questionable characters; and, to use her own expression, was "pretty well to do in the world." The establishment prospered—for poverty invariably pays an awful per centage for its accommodations.

As long as she knew that the mountebank was

safe in the dockyard at Chatham her mind had been tolerably easy. It was only in an occasional dream, or when in a maudlin state, produced by the reaction of her favourite beverage, gin, upon her nerves, that the parting scowl, and the significant speech of her husband, "*It ain't for life!*" recurred to her. But since she had heard of his release from one of her lodgers, who had actually met him previous to the expedition to the Home Farm, her terrors no longer permitted her to sleep; a pair of vindictive eyes seemed to follow her everywhere, and a mocking voice to hiss the words into her ear; even the fiery stimulant lost its force, and she fell into such a nervous and unsettled state, that life—the life she felt so anxious to preserve—became a burden. She could endure it no longer, but determined to consult with Mr. Morton.

Bet remembered the kindness of the worthy lawyer, the liberality with which he had rewarded the slight intelligence she had procured him of Lillian.

It was some time before she could find sufficient courage to quit her house in the Mint. There at least she felt tolerably safe, the court she inhabited being densely populated by characters amongst whom she had obtained a certain amount of popularity. These were not her only protection; still further to secure herself, as well as assist her in the management of the place, the convict's wife had engaged a tall, gaunt, powerful Irishwoman, who, in addition to accomplishments more or less feminine, could drink like a trooper, without ever appearing drunk, patter chaff with the most experienced tramp upon the road, coax the refractory, control the violent, and, if necessary, defend herself like a man.

We need scarcely observe that, in the present state of her feelings, such a personage was an invaluable assistant to Mrs. Fiddler Dick.

"Norah," said her mistress, addressing the amazon, who stood very nearly five feet ten, without her shoes—in fact, she rarely wore any—"get me my yallar sharl and green bunnit."

"Sure ye are not goin' out at this blessed hour of the night," observed the woman, "to lave me wid me hands full, and the house schwarming wid lodgers; to say nothink of the fleas—the lively critters—their allays at home."

"Indeed, but I am," replied Bet; "so bring the duds at once, and the plaid gownd as is a hangin' by the side of the bed."

Norah mounted the creaking stairs—for the house, like most of the buildings in the Mint, was an exceedingly old one—to what was emphatically designated as "the missis's room," every other being reserved for the accommodation of the lodgers, and presently returned with the articles in question, which Bet slipped on in the little den parted off from the kitchen.

"Well!" exclaimed the servant, "if it's not yourself as looks the rale lady, I'd like to see the woman as does! That is a sharl!"

"It is rather genteel," observed the convict's wife, complacently, as she enveloped her broad shoulders in the object of Norah's admiration. "Now get me a cab."

"A what?"

Her mistress repeated the word.

"Is it goin' to ride ye are?"

"Of course I am," replied Bet. "It wouldn't be safe to walk and be out agin—not that I think he'd know me in this dress."

"Put your wale down," suggested Norah, with a grin.

Before leaving, the mistress of the house gave instructions respecting her customers—who were to pay before being permitted to take up their quarters for the night, and who might be trusted till the morning. This important matter settled—for in the midst of her alarm Bet had still an eye to *business*—she entered the cab, which had been brought to the entrance of the court, with a sort of aristocratic feeling, and drove to the residence of Mr. Morton.

To her inquiries the servant answered that he was out.

"My usual luck!" muttered the woman; "I allays am in for it."

The well-bred footman stared.

"Young feller," she added, in a patronising tone, "can't you tell me where I can drop on him?"

James felt inexpressibly shocked; the yaller sharl and bunnit had not imposed on him.

Like most persons of her class Bet did not want for cunning. She saw from the supercilious expression of the man's countenance that something was wrong.

With a tact which might have done honour to a more polished visitor, she drew a five-shilling piece from her pocket. The bait took; the eyes of the footman became riveted upon it.

"Is it business?" he asked.

"Most *particular*," replied the woman, turning the coin carelessly between her finger and thumb.

"Well, then, he is at Golding and Matchett's chambers in Parliament-street. I heard him say he should be engaged there till twelve."

"And wat's the tigger say now?" she inquired. James was so obliging as to walk into the hall and ascertain the time exactly.

"Half-past eleven."

"That'll do, young feller!" exclaimed Bet, with a chuckle, at the same time dropping the coin in her pocket. "Drive to Parlimint-street," she added to the driver.

The expressions with which the disappointed servant saluted her departure were anything but complimentary. He considered himself done, most unhandsonly done, and his disgust of the lower orders became greater than ever.

As the cab with its *fare*—pardon us, gentle readers, we have no intention to pun—drove down Parliament-street, Bet noticed a crowd of idlers gathered round the entrance to the Horse Guards, reading by the light of the gas-lamp a placard, headed "Murder! Two hundred pounds reward."

It was the one offered for the apprehension of Fiddler Dick.

"Read it out, will yer?" exclaimed a man whose features were closely muffled in a large red comforter.

"Read it yourself," replied those nearest.

"I can't."

"Perhaps the gentleman is blind," observed one.

"Or has forgotten his letters," suggested a saucy, fast-looking boy. "Here," he added, "I'll read it for you."

"Murder! Two hundred pounds reward."

The crowd became too much interested to notice how rapidly the man, who had requested the handbill might be read, drew the red comforter he wore up to his very eyes.

"Whereas, a barbarous and most inhuman murder was committed on the night of the 24th of December last, upon the person of Andrew Sillex, steward, residing at the Home Farm, St. Faith's, Devonshire: This is to give notice that a reward of two hundred pounds will be paid for the apprehension of one of the murderers, who escaped. His companion in crime was shot at the time, and is since dead.

"Application to be made at the Metropolitan Police-station, Scotland-yard."

"Two hundred pounds," repeated a pale, hungry-looking man, "going a-begging, as a fellow may say! I wish I could meet with him; don't you?"

This was addressed to the party so closely muffled up, who growled out the word "*rayther*."

"But there ain't no description on him," he added.

"Yes, but there is!" exclaimed the youth; "I have not read it all, yet."

And he continued—

"The supposed murderer is about five feet six—"

"That's about *your height*!" observed the man who had expressed his mortification at such a sum as two hundred pounds going a-begging.

"Thin legs, and a most unprepossessing countenance," continued the reader.

"That resembles you," interrupted the red comforter.

This turned the laugh against the thin gentleman, and drew anything like attention from the speaker, who was no other than Fiddler Dick himself. With that desperate self-possession which extreme danger sometimes gives, the ruffian buttoned up his coat, and, whistling a tune, walked deliberately away. His position was a desperate one. Where to pass the night he knew not; not that he was without money, for, on his arrival in London, he had gone to the lodgings of Mike, and taken possession of all that remained of the old convict's hoard, as well as a small sum which he found in the trunk of Brandt.

"I s'pose I must give it up, arter all," he muttered to himself, "and cut to Meriky. It's 'ard, infernally 'ard, with a fortin in one's grasp, and no one to trust to."

Here he struck his ungloved hand upon the left side of his coat. Had any passer-by noticed the action, he would have concluded that Fiddler Dick merely intended to warm it; the action, however, had a deeper significance, for sewn between the lining of the garment was the parchment he had abstracted from the Home Farm.

As he continued to walk along, chewing the cud of anything but agreeable fancies, he noticed a cab standing in the street, and a gentleman conversing earnestly with a female, whose head appeared half out of the window. The convict started; he could not be mistaken in the features, they were those of his faithless wife.

Fortunately for himself he was in the shade of the gas-lamp, which cast its full light upon the group before him. He would have given his right hand to have heard the conversation, but dared not approach a step nearer for fear of detection. His scowl became terrific, accompanied as usual by the drawing down of the corners of his mouth.

"And so," said the lawyer, "you are convinced your husband will never rest till he has discovered your abode."

"Never," answered Bet; "*I shall have no peace of mind till he is hanged*." Then seeing that Mr. Morton looked shocked, she added, in a whining tone, "Ah, sir, you don't know him; you haven't lived with him the years as I have—borne all his tantrums, humours, blows, and temper. To think," she added, "that he should get another ticket-of-leave! But there, say the wust on him, there never was sich a hand for gammoning the gentry."

"And you require protection," observed the gentleman.

"Or I must give up my bizziness," replied the woman. "A hard thing, considerin' how I have toiled to get things comfortable together; but I can't stand it. Nothing comforts me ever since I heard as he was out. I feels as if there was a knife at my throat."

"Have you heard nothing respecting him since he left the dockyard at Chatham?" inquired the lawyer.

"Nothink, and don't want."

"Well, then," resumed Mr. Morton, "I will send a person to you in the morning who will answer for your safety, provided you follow his directions implicitly."

Bet answered him that she would follow *anythink*. It is not necessary now to relate what further passed between the speakers; sufficient for the present that Bet felt exceedingly reassured by the interview with the lawyer, whose praise she summed up by emphatically pronouncing him "a brick."

Whether she meant a regular or an irregular one, we are not sufficiently in the lady's confidence to state.

It was a great trial to the patience of Fiddler Dick—whose instincts, like the wolf's, prompted him to spring at once upon his prey—to behold the woman who had betrayed him, whose life he had vowed a hundred times to take, within his reach, and yet feel himself chained by his fears: forced to crouch and hide.

The apparent respectability of Bet—for he noticed the *yallar shawl* and *green bunnet*—added to the bitterness of his feelings.

A few moments' reflection convinced him that any attempt to gratify the amiable propensities of his nature, at the present moment, like the sting of the scorpion, would only recoil upon himself. It was something to have seen her, to have obtained some clue by which he might trace her, and he determined to content himself for the present, by following the cab to its destination.

Few persons were better acquainted with the streets of London than the mountebank; who, in the course of his many vocations, had frequently found occasion to avail himself of passages, short cuts, and turnings, to avoid the pursuit of the police. This knowledge proved serviceable now, since it enabled him to keep the cab in sight without over-exerting himself, or appearing ostensibly to follow it. His perseverance was rewarded at last, by seeing it stop at the entrance to one of the numerous courts in the Mint.

Knowing that it was not a thoroughfare, he paused to recover breath. A wretched-looking female approached him, and asked for charity.

"I am as poor as you are," he replied. "Why don't you ask of those who can afford it?" he added, pointing to his wife, then descending from the cab.

"From her?" exclaimed the woman; "why, she lives by such as I am! It's old Bet, as keeps the lodging-house."

"In the court?"

"Yes: the last on the right hand side."

Fiddler Dick had learnt all that he desired to know; and turning on his heel, he walked away, without bestowing on his informant a single penny.

That night Mrs. Fiddler Dick enjoyed a comfortable night's rest. Whether her interview with the lawyer, the soothing effects of her favourite beverage, or the effects of both combined contributed to this desirable result, we cannot now decide. Certain it is that she rose in excellent spirits: visions of widows' caps, a large reward, and black crape floated before her. Something in the shape of a second husband might, possibly, also have been dimly seen in the perspective—for Bet was a far-seeing person, and

had long since come to the conclusion that it was not good, either for man or woman, to be alone.

One by one her lodgers had departed: some to tramp the streets seeking the cold bread of charity; some to vend their petty wares, and others to exercise their still more questionable industry, leaving the mistress of the lodging-house and her handmaid Norah to tidy up the place—no work of supererogation, as our readers may suppose.

In the fulness of her contentment—the lodgers had all paid up—Bet began to sing.

"The misses is gay as an Easter colleen, this mornin'," observed the servant, "and good right she has to be, wid everything genteel about her, like a lady as she is. Sure, it's myself as has the heavy heart," she added. "Och and ohone!"

"Norah," said her mistress, "don't come any of yer wild H Irish, yer know as I can't abide it; but if it's a drop yer mean, speak out and say so; maybe a toothful would do me no harm."

"I'll kiss the blessed book that it will!" exclaimed the amazon, with a broad grin.

"Mind, only a quartern," added Bet, giving her the money to pay for it, "and don't be long—I hate to be alone."

"Myself will be back afore ye can count three over the buckle," exclaimed the woman, as, bottle in hand, she darted into the court.

Considering that the lady weighed, at the most moderate computation, twelve stone, the promise, as far as regards time, might be considered an indefinite one.

No sooner was she left in her dark, dreary kitchen, where no sunbeam ever penetrated, than a sense of loneliness fell upon the mistress of the lodging-house. It was scarcely to be wondered at; the place looked miserable enough—the fire burnt to the last few ashes, fragments of food were trampled on the mud-stained floor, a pile of greasy plates, cups, and saucers stood on the long deal table, which rickety benches flanked on either side.

Added to which, there was an overpowering odour of tobacco tempered with gin in the atmosphere.

Bet had commenced reducing this chaos into something like what she considered order, when the door opened.

"For once you have been quick," she observed, believing it to be Norah with the gin.

"Are you the mistress of this house?" inquired a man, with a pack upon his shoulders, and dressed like one of her ordinary customers.

Bet started.

Although the make-up, to use a theatrical phrase, was exceedingly clever, the keen glance of the woman detected that it was a make-up, and she became alarmed.

"Supposing I am," she answered, at the same time moving so as to place the table between herself and the speaker, "what then?"

"Are you alone?"

"No, I ain't!" shouted the woman; "there are plenty within call, if you thinks to *mislis* me. Mur—"

"Don't be a fool!" interrupted the man, advancing towards her; "I come from Mr. Morton."

The name of the lawyer somewhat calmed her terrors.

"How am I to know you come from him?" she asked, only partially reassured.

"You saw him last night."

"Where?"

"In Parliament-street."

"All right!"

"And he promised you should be protected against your husband, Fiddler Dick."

"All right," repeated Bet, still more emphatically; "why didn't yer say so at once, without flusterin' me?"

"You can accommodate me, I suppose?" observed the visitor.

"Why, yer ain't a-going to stay here?"

"How else am I to protect you?" demanded the detective, for the pretended traveller was no other than Mr. Meadows.

The woman eyed his spare figure contemptuously.

"You *perfect* me!" she exclaimed, in a tone of contempt. "Why Dick ud wring the necks of half a dozen like yer."

"Shall I tell you my name?"

"As yer likes."

He whispered it in her ear, and it was extraordinary the effect the sound produced; the reputation he enjoyed amongst persons of the class the mistress of the lodging-house was most familiar with being something fabulous—prodigious.

"What the real—the—?"

The detective nodded.

"Well, I never!" and with a look of admiration.

more expressive even than her words, all further doubt, hesitation, or objection vanished.

"Do you live alone?" inquired her visitor.

Bet explained to him that she had a servant, who was likely to be absent some time longer. She calculated on Norah's love of gossip.

"That is fortunate. Show me the house—only the lower part of it."

Mrs. Fiddler Dick conducted him over it. A very slight inspection was sufficient to satisfy him.

"Your husband will never attempt an entrance from the front," he said.

Bet was of the same opinion.

"But from the window at the back, opening in the passage. I shall return to-night, in fact, every night till he is taken, with two companions. Of course," he added, "you will not show the slightest sign of recognition."

The mistress of the house assured him that she was too wide awake for that.

"I shall leave my pack," observed the officer; "none of your lodgers are likely to recognise me in this disguise, at least."

"Well," said the woman, scratching her head, "it aint so bad; them togs are well worn, but the shoes."

"Don't you consider them dirty enough?"

"Pretty well," replied Bet, eyeing them critically; "though it is London mud, and any one can tell they have been blacked."

"What has that to do with it?"

"A regular tramp's are always iled."

Mr. Meadows quitted the lodging-house with the conviction that even he had something to learn.

(To be continued.)

MY CHILDREN.

HAVE you seen Annie and Kitty,
Two merry children of mine?
All that is winning and pretty
Their little persons combine.

Annie is kissing and clinging
Dozens of times in a day,—
Chattering, laughing, and singing,
Romping, and running away.

Annie knows all of her neighbours,
Dainty and dirty alike,—
Learns all their talk, and, "be jabbers,"
Says she "adores little Mike!"

Annie goes mad for a flower,
Eager to pluck and destroy,—
Cuts paper dolls by the hour,
Always her model—a boy!

Three little prayers we have taught her,
Passing from winter to spring;
Oh, you should list to my daughter
Saying them all in a string!

Kitty—ah, how my heart blesses
Kitty, my lily, my rose!
Wary of all my caresses,
Chary of all she bestows.

Kitty loves quietest places,
Whispers sweet sermons to chairs,
And, with the gravest of faces,
Teaches old Carlo his prayers.

Matronly, motherly creature!
Oh, what a doll she has built—
Guiltless of figure or feature—
Out of her own little quilt!

Nought must come near it to wake it;
Noise must not give it alarm;
And when she sleeps, she must take it
Into her bed, on her arm.

Kitty is contrary, rather,
And, with a comical smile,
Mutters, "I won't," to her father,—
Eyeing him slyly the while.

Loving one more than the other
Isn't the thing, I confess;
And I observe that their mother
Makes no distinction in dress.

Preference must be improper
In a relation like this;
I wouldn't toss up a copper—
(Kitty, come, give me a kiss!)

"ONE of our city merchants," says a correspondent, "having sold a bill to the amount of some £200 to one of his country brothers, took a six-months' note for the amount, with interest at 10 per cent. per annum. After waiting some two weeks after the note was due, he wrote to his customer requesting him to send the amount as soon as possible, as he was very hard up at that particular time. In a few days he received the following reply:—'Dear Friend,—I received your note by yesterday's mail. I can only say in reply, that it is impossible for me to comply with your request, as it is against my principle to pay the interest, and decidedly against my interest to pay the principal.'"

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

TO YOUNG MEN—SOCIAL DUTIES.

EVERY young man has certain social duties and privileges in society which it is necessary that he should recognise. Many young men fail for years to get hold of the idea that they are members of society. They seem to suppose that the social machinery of the world is self-operating. They see political organisation in active existence; they observe the operations of various societies, but they seem to imagine that all social movements whatsoever are to be organised and exercised without their aid, and that these movements exist only as the legitimate objects for their criticism.

One of the first things a young man should do is to see that he is acting his part in society. The earlier this is begun the better. Mutual improvement societies and self-instruction classes have a tendency to teach the lesson of which we speak. They are excellent things. They make men feel a certain amount of responsibility. The members are compelled to do something; and this is precisely the lesson which it is important young men should learn. Half the ills in society originate in the fact that its burdens are unequally borne, and that individuals fail to discharge their respective duties. We, therefore, cannot too strongly urge upon young men the necessity of beginning early to recognise and to fulfil the obligations which devolve upon them. If you have intellect and accomplishments, show them for the elevation and delight of the circle in which you move. If you have none of these, show an accommodating spirit and do what you can. Do your part, and be a man among men. Assume your portion of social responsibility, and see that you discharge it well. If you fail to do this, you are acting dishonestly towards society and yourself. You are robbing society of your services, and yourself of the respect which would accrue from their discharge.

Young men have all noticed how easily some of their number get into society, and how difficult it is for others to obtain an entrance. They are apt to think that society unequally dispenses its favour. But all social duties are reciprocal, and society is far more likely to pay homage to the individual, than the individual is to society. Have you, young man, done anything to entitle you to respect? Have you any excellent quality to recommend you? Or have you any accomplishment to render your company agreeable? Are you able to make any return for the civilities of social life? If society recognise you, how can you recompense society?

You ask what would society have of you? Society is not exacting as to what it accepts, but it will have something. Can you act in a charade? Can you dance? Can you tell a story? Have you travelled, and have you a pleasant faculty of relating your adventures? Are you educated, and able to impart valuable ideas and general information? Have you vivacity in conversation? Can you sing? Can you play chess? Are you a good bean, and are you willing to make yourself useful to the ladies? Are you a straightforward, manly fellow, with whose healthful and uncorrupted nature it is good for society to come into contact? Do you possess any social quality that is of use or ornament to society? If so, it will soon be recognised, if you determine to exert it. But while you do nothing, and wait for society to find out what a desirable ornament you are, depend upon it your turn will never come.

Young men are apt to get into a morbid state of mind which unfits them for social intercourse. They become devoted to business with so much exclusiveness, that they have neither time nor inclination for anything else. They go to an evening party as if they were going to jail, and conduct themselves as solemnly as if they were at a funeral. This disposition is thoroughly morbid, and to be overcome by going where you are invited, at any sacrifice of feeling. Do not shrink from anything but bad morals. Men who affect your unhealthy mind with antipathy will prove themselves very frequently to be your best friends and most delightful companions. Because a man seems uncongenial to you, who are squeamish or foolish, you have no right to shun him. We become charitable by knowing men. There is an infinite variety in human character, and for you to say that you do not love and will not associate with a man because he is unlike you, is not only foolish but wrong. You are to remember, that in the precise manner and degree in which a man differs from you, do you differ from him; and that from his stand-point you are naturally as repulsive to him as he, from his stand-point is to you. Therefore meet every man honestly.

You will find many a jewel under an uncouth exterior.

Remember, also, that you have no influence unless you are social. A strictly exclusive man is as devoid of influence as an ice-peak is of verdure. The retribution which results to the man who isolates himself from society is as terrible as it is inevitable. The pride which sits alone and will do nothing for society, will find that society will do nothing for it—that in its chosen isolation it may remain till it drops, unwept, into the grave.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I SUPPOSE, Robert," said George, "that you can now tell me in French the names of almost all the fruits in season and out of season."

"Oh, yes," answered the pupil.

"But unluckily," rejoined the instructor, "man, in our day, requires something more substantial than fruit for his daily fare, and you may as well add some good eatables to your vocabulary; begin with bread."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
Bread	Du pain
Household bread	Du pain de ménage
New bread	Du pain tendre
Stale bread	Du pain rassis
Broth	Un bouillon
Gravy soup	Un consommé
Vermicelli soup	Un potage au vermicelle
Rice soup	Un potage au riz purée
Roast meat	Du rôti
A leg of mutton	Un gigot de mouton
Roast beef	Un rosbif
A plain mutton chop	Une cotelette au naturel
A veal fricandeau with asparagus	Un fricandeau aux pointes d'asperges
A fricandeau with mushrooms	Un fricandeau aux champignons
Fried brains	Une cervelle frite
Tongue with peas	Une langue aux pois
Sweetbreads and gravy	Un ris de veau au jus
Sweetbreads and endive	Un ris de veau à la chicorée
Calves' liver roasted	Un foie de veau rôti

"I am sure I should like some of those dishes very much," remarked Robert. "The very names of them look quite tempting."

"I have not directed you to write down these names merely as a temptation," said George, "but to preserve you from a mortification I have suffered myself; viz., that of being quite ashamed and puzzled at an hotel or a 'restaurateur's,' when requested to order my dinner. Of course, being in France I wanted to have something in the French style, but I did not know the name of anything."

"I hope you remarked the idiomatic manner of translating 'with such a thing;' viz., 'A tongue with peas,' 'Une langue aux.' Mind when you require with in this sense, that you do not translate it by *avec*. Another caution I must give you, is never to translate 'A leg of mutton,' by 'Jambe de mouton.' This would be quite absurd; always say 'Un gigot,' and do not confound *foie*, liver, with *foie*, faith; or *fois*, time. The first is masculine, the second and third feminine.

"The right position of the adjective forms the subject of to-day's exercise. The French frequently place the adjective after the noun (a thing seldom done in English). In French it is difficult to give absolute rules about the place of the adjective, for custom often decides the question; but there is one thing that it is very important for learners to know, viz., that accordingly as the adjective is placed before or after the noun, the meaning sometimes changes.

"Adjectives that are derived from participles are always placed after the noun, so are all adjectives expressing colour, taste, flavour, and sound. A similar position is given to adjectives expressing the point of view in which we consider things or persons, those which express the state and situation of things, and those designating countries.

"With regard to adjectives derived from present participles, some follow the noun, while others have quite as correct a position when placed before it.

"Adjectives of one syllable are generally placed before the noun, but you must recollect what I told you about the position of the adjectives altering the sense. This fact is so very important that in the next lesson I shall make you write out a list of those adjectives that determine the sense according to the place they occupy.

"At present I have not much more to say about the adjective, except to point out to you that in passionate and poetical language, some of those adjectives that would otherwise follow the noun are placed before it. As to numerical adjectives, they also are generally put before the noun, but they come after it when used to designate one person among

others of the same name. When used to designate one particular thing among others of the same kind, the adjective may be placed either before or after it.

EXERCISE.

PLACE OF THE ADJECTIVE.

1. The first man, having disobeyed God, was banished from the earthly paradise. 2. Charles the First and Louis the Sixteenth perished on the scaffold, the victims of the madness of the people. 3. Louis the Fourteenth and Charles the Twelfth were the two greatest monarchs of their age. 4. Will you lend me ten pounds? I will pay you to-morrow the ten pounds which you lent me yesterday. 5. These ladies have been my first love. 6. She is a handsome and well-bred woman, and her husband is an amiable, well-behaved man. 7. I placed my goods in a great open basket. 8. He is a big, fat man. She is a handsome and good woman. He is a little, old man. 9. Your sister is a pretty, well-bred, rich, amiable, and generous woman. 10. Have you seen this tall, fat, ugly, vulgar-looking man, who passes every day by our house? 11. In passing over Russia, after the campaign of Napoleon, we saw nothing but ruined villages, burnt cities, and demolished ramparts.

LE CORRIE.

1. Le premier homme, ayant désobéi à Dieu, fut chassé du paradis terrestre. 2. Charles Premier et Louis Seize périrent sur l'échafaud, victimes de la fureur du peuple. 3. Louis Quatorze et Charles Deux furent les deux plus grands rois de leur siècle. 4. Voulez-vous me prêter dix livres? Je vous prêterai demain les dix livres que vous m'avez prêtés hier. 5. Ces dames ont été mes premières amours. 6. C'est une femme belle et distinguée, et son mari est un homme aimable et poli. 7. Je placai mes marchandises dans un grand panier ouvert. 8. C'est un homme gros et gras (or C'est un gros homme gras). C'est une belle et bonne femme (or C'est une femme belle et belle). C'est un petit homme vieux (or C'est un homme petit et vieux). 9. Votre sœur est une jolie femme, bien née, riche, aimable, et généreuse. 10. Avez-vous vu cet homme, grand, gras, laid, et commun, qui passe tous les jours devant la maison? 11. En traversant la Russie, après la campagne de Napoléon, nous ne vîmes que des villages ruinés, des villes brûlées, et des ramparts démolis. "Now, Robert," observed George, "let us see how the travellers succeed in lodging hunting."

CONTINUATION OF
LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
Oh, here are furnished apartments to let. We will go in.	Ah, il y a ici des appartements à louer.* Entrons.
Sir, you have apartments to let.	Monsieur, vous avez des appartements à louer.
Yes, sir. I have some on the first floor, and some on the second. Which do you require?	Oui, monsieur, j'en ai au premier et au second. Lesquels desirez-vous?
I do not know yet. In that case, see them both. The staircase is rather steep. Is it lighted at night?	Je ne sais pas encore. Dans ce cas, voyez les deux. L'escalier est un peu rapide. Est-il éclairé le soir?
Yes, sir. Are there cupboards in each room?	Oui, monsieur. Y a-t-il des placards dans chaque pièce?
There are cupboards everywhere.	Il y en a partout.
I like these apartments on the second floor, but there is not air enough. The ceiling is not sufficiently lofty.	J'aime beaucoup ces appartements au second, mais il n'y a pas assez d'air. Le plafond n'est pas assez élevé.
It is more lofty on the first floor.	Il est plus élevé au premier.
Let us see the apartments on the first floor.	Voyons les appartements au premier.
It is more pleasant here. You see the furniture is all mahogany, and the curtains and beds are very clean.	C'est mieux ici. Vous voyez que les meubles sont en bois d'acajou, et que les rideaux et les lits sont très propres.
You will furnish us with china, linen, and plate.	Vous nous fournirez la vaisselle, le linge, et l'argenterie.
May do you intend to dine at home?	Est-ce que ces messieurs dîneront chez eux?

* Des appartements à louer means in English "apartments to let;" but the French sometimes use the words *un appartement* for a set of apartments.

† *Chambre*, *pièce*.—*Pièce*, in this sense, represents "room."

‡ *au second*.—Observe that, although in English it is necessary to say, on the first floor—on the second floor, in French you may omit the word *étage*, "floor," and merely say, *au premier*—*au second*.

Sometimes. Observe, gentlemen; that this is a very fine part of the town. Your apartments are newly fitted up, and they are well aired, also the other lodgers are all respectable.

Quelquefois. Remarquez, messieurs, que c'est ici un très beau quartier de la ville. Vos appartements sont fraîchement décorés, et bien aérés, et la maison est très bien habitée.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

OF NASAL SYLLABLES.

Nasal syllables are those which are formed by the union of the vowels, *a, e, i, o, u*, and the simple sounds *ai, ei, eo, eu*, with the consonants *m, n*.

The combinations of these ten simple sounds with *m* and *n* produce four new simple sounds, called

16 17 18 19

nasals, represented as follows: *an, in, on, un*.

These sounds are called nasals, because the air which produces them, after having, by aspiration, reached the nose, descends from it into the mouth; and by this double operation gives to the voice a peculiar tone, thus called on account of its origin.

The nasal sounds, instead of being an imperfection in the French language, add to its harmony, by introducing a variety in its expression which does not exist in other languages.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XXV

THE RAINBOW—continued.

616. What is the order of the colours in the rainbow?—The red is uppermost and the violet undermost.

617. We often see a second and fainter bow higher than the first—how is this formed?—By rays that enter the drops at the lower part, experience two reflections at the back part of the drops, pass out at the upper part, and proceed on to the eye.

618. Why is this bow fainter than the other?—Because the light suffers two reflections, instead of one, and considerable light is lost in the act of reflection.

619. Do two persons see the same rainbow?—They do not; they see the same colours, but these proceed from different drops.

620.—When is the rainbow usually seen?—In the afternoon, when the sun shines at the same time that it is raining to the east of us. It is also sometimes seen in the west, on a showery morning.

621. Is it ever seen under any other circumstances?—We often see cataracts that send up clouds of spray, spanned by its beautiful arch; and, in a bright day, its brilliant colours lend a new beauty and grace to fountains sparkling in the light of the sun.

COLOURS OF BODIES.

622. Why is one object, as a wafer, red; another, as a lemon, yellow; another, green, &c.?—Because each reflects to the eye the light of its own colour.

623. The colour is not, then, any quality necessarily belonging to the substance?—It is not; for the colours of flowers, trees, and other objects, are only seen when light from the sun, or some other source, falls on them. Besides, the same substance has not always the same colour.

624. Explain by an example.—Phosphorus, for example, is of a pale yellow colour, but, if melted and cooled suddenly, it becomes perfectly black.

625. Give another example.—Charcoal is black and opaque, but the sparkling diamond, which is the same substance in another form, is as clear and transparent as glass.

626. To what, then, is all the beautiful variety of colours in nature owing?—To different arrangements of the particles of bodies. It is by this simple expedient that the beneficent Creator has so clothed the earth with beauty, and made it a delight to the eye.

627. Transparent gems, different varieties of glass, and many liquids are variously coloured—to what do they owe their colour?—Principally to coloured light transmitted through them. They extinguish certain colours, and allow others to pass through the eye.

628. Is the red light that comes from a red object, or the yellow light that comes from a yellow object, a pure unmixed colour?—It is a mixture of that colour with more or less of each of the other colours.

629. What simple proof have we of this?—It is observed that a coloured object always appears of the colour, whatever it may be, of the light that is thrown upon it.

630. We say that charcoal is black—is black a positive colour?—Perfect blackness is the absence of all colour and all light. An object is said to be black

§ Très bien habitée, a free, idiomatic way of stating that the lodgers are respectable.

when it reflects a feeble light to us. Black is no more a colour than silence is sound.

631. Why do certain objects, paper, for instance, appear white?—Because they reflect the different colours in about the proportion in which they are combined in white light.

ELECTRICITY.

EXCITATION AND CHARACTERISTIC EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY.

632. If a thick glass tube be taken in the hand, rubbed briskly with a dry woollen cloth, or a silk handkerchief, and then brought near to light substances, as small pieces of paper, small balls of elder pith, &c., lying on a table, what will be observed?—The little pieces of paper, or pith balls, will fly into contact with the glass tube, and then dart off again. They will continue to fly up and down for some time.

633. How does the glass tube produce these effects?—It at first attracts these light bodies into contact with it, and then repels them away from it.

634. Will any other substance, besides glass, when held in the hand and rubbed, attract light bodies?—Sealing wax, and many other substances, when rubbed, will act on light bodies just as glass does.

635. What is this peculiar state into which the surface of the glass is brought, by rubbing, called?—The state of *Electrical Excitement*; the glass is said to be *electrically excited*, or *electricified*.

636. What is supposed to be the nature of this excitement?—The friction, from rubbing, is supposed to disengage on the surface an exceedingly thin and subtle fluid, which is called electricity.

637. Is friction the only mode of developing electricity?—The electric fluid may be disengaged by the simple pressure of one surface against another, also by heat, and chemical action. Every cause that produces any agitation among the particles of bodies, disturbs the electrical equilibrium, and sets free some of the electricity that is intimately associated with these particles.

638. Suppose an excited glass tube, or stick of sealing wax, were to be drawn through the hand, closed tightly upon it, what would be the result?—Its electrical excitement would be destroyed.

639. How is this explained?—The electric fluid passes off into the arm, and descends through the body into the floor; from thence it flows off into the ground.

640. Under this idea, what is the human body said to be?—A *good conductor* of electricity.

641. If the excited glass tube, or sealing wax, be touched, at one point only, with the knuckle, will the electric fluid be drawn off from all points of the surface?—It will not; only from the spot that is touched.

642. What may we infer from this?—That the electric fluid does not flow freely from one particle of glass, or sealing wax, to another.

643. What are such substances that obstruct the passage of electricity called?—*Non-conductors* of electricity. Some substances are better non-conductors, that is, offer more resistance to the flow of electricity than others.

644. Can a brass or iron rod be excited by holding it in the hand and rubbing it, as a glass tube can be?—It cannot; but a metallic rod can be feebly excited, if it is provided with a non-conducting handle of glass by which it is held.

645. How are these facts explained?—The rod is a good conductor of electricity; if the hand touches it, the electricity flows off into the ground as fast as it is disengaged; when a glass handle is used, a non-conductor is interposed between the rod and the hand.

OLD AGE.

No longer does this weary heart
Throb to each fancy new;
Nor can fresh scenes to me impart
The bliss they used to do.
But like a well-spring all alone
Upon some desert drear,
My heart has cold and careless grown
To every joy and fear.

The hours of childish glee are gone,
Like bubbles in the air;
And love on flighty wings has flown
To the regions of despair.
Nay, does the sunny stream of joy
Within my bosom flow;
But like some long-neglected toy,
I'd smile to see it now.

'Tis ever thus we learn to lose
The friendships we have made;
For can we life to flowers intrust
That long have been decayed?
No! early love is but the dream
Of childhood's calm repose,
Which fades like any other beam
As twilight darker grows.

GUILTY; OR, NOT GUILTY?

On the 12th of May, 1830, Jean Charles Bouillon was placed at the bar of the Seine Court of Assize charged with poisoning his second and third wives, and his son, an infant. He is described in the records of that court as being fifty-eight years of age, of small stature, but well made, and having a very intelligent countenance. He was born at Rheims. His parents got him admitted into the school at Brienne, where he had Napoleon for a schoolfellow. He quitted this school in 1790, and entered the army as a volunteer. After the battle of Jemappes he was made a lieutenant, and shortly afterwards he was attached to the army of the west as a commissary, in which quality he resided at Nantes. In the year 1797 he belonged to the army of Italy in the same capacity. In the fulfilment of his duties he was called upon to place seals upon the *monts-de-piété* (pawnbrokers) at Verona and Padua. He was afterwards accused of having appropriated some valuable articles contained therein to his own purposes. A council of war met to make inquiries into the matter, and he was sentenced by it to five years in irons. The judgment was annulled for informality, and a second inquiry took place, when he was acquitted. The president of the council, however, in his report made some severe reflections on Bouillon's conduct, which prevented his being restored to his former situation, although he continued to receive a pension until 1813.

In 1799 Bouillon returned to France, and was married to a lady belonging to a most respectable family; the union turned out unhappily, and they were divorced; the child, a boy, being left in the care of the mother, who, on its attaining the age of seven years, was to give it up to its father, who, however, took care never to claim it.

From the time of his divorce down to about 1823, he led a rather dissipated life; his pecuniary difficulties were considerable, and though he resorted to some rather equivocal methods of obtaining money, his circumstances were not improved thereby. In the last-mentioned year he became acquainted with an exchange-broker, named Mirecourt, and his sister. The latter was possessed of some property, and Bouillon proposed to marry her; and after some little difficulties had been overcome they were married. Soon afterwards Mirecourt's affairs went wrong, his sister's property being partly swept away in his ruin.

On the 25th of August, 1824, Bouillon and his wife left Paris for Noyent-sur-Seine. On arriving there, they went to the house of a M. Frugé, who, as he had received no notice of their coming, was away from home, and they were, therefore, under the necessity of waiting two hours in the street. The same evening Madame Bouillon was seized with violent pains in her stomach, which her husband attributed to her waiting so long in the cold. The following day she seemed very well until the evening, when the pains returned with greater violence, and continued throughout the night. The next morning Madame Frugé urged Bouillon to send for a doctor, but he refused, and after making some tea for his wife, which he gave her himself, he started for a place five leagues distant. The condition of Madame Bouillon was at that time alarming; from the first moment of her seizure she had asserted she was poisoned, and expressed her opinion that it was caused by the soup she had taken on her way from Paris having been prepared in a dirty copper vessel. She continued to grow worse until the 30th, when she died. From the appearance of the body, no one who saw her doubted that she had been poisoned. Bouillon alone refused to believe it. The rumour of the affair having reached the authorities, the body was exhumed and examined, but though there were extraordinary appearances which induced them to express an opinion that she had been poisoned, yet no poisonous substance was discovered.

The prisoner affected the deepest grief at the loss of his wife; nevertheless, in a few months afterwards he made several applications with a view to marrying again, which were unsuccessful. On the 11th July, 1826, he married a Mdlle. Despret, against the wish of her friends. She appears to have been a person of a most excitable disposition, highly imaginative; so much so, indeed, that some of her relatives had, at times, doubts of her sanity. She was for some time a novice in the house of the *Dames Hospitalières** of St. Thomas, and obeyed the rules with the most perfect resignation; nevertheless, she appeared to have some repugnance to taking the veil, and eventually, as stated above, married Bouillon.

In March, 1827, she gave birth to a son. It was a premature birth, but the child was well-shaped and strong; yet up to the month of May it was subject

to continual attacks of vomiting, attended with convulsions. The doctor directed that it should be sent into the country to nurse, which was accordingly done, and it recovered its health. On being returned to its mother, the attacks began afresh; and on the 5th of December of the same year it died—in the opinion of the doctor, of poison. A *post mortem* examination was proposed, but objected to by the prisoner on the ground that the child having once vomited two pins, some more might be found, which would only add to the grief of his wife. Singularly enough, when the examination, ordered by the Court, of the body took place, two pins were found in it—the one in the right hip, the other between the third and fourth ribs—the points of both being directed towards the exterior of the body.

The motive for the crime, as suggested by the Public Prosecutor, was the desire on the part of Bouillon to relieve himself of the burden of its maintenance; also, that having determined to sacrifice his wife, it became doubly necessary to sacrifice the child, inasmuch as its continued existence, after its mother's death, would have been a bar to his getting possession of a sum of 11,000 or 12,000 francs.

No sooner had the child died than the mother was attacked in a similar manner, which gave rise in the doctor's mind to the gravest suspicions. On one occasion, Bouillon, at the moment he was going out, took her a basin of *tisane*, which she declined to drink; he insisted, and she therefore swallowed it, and a quarter of an hour afterwards she was seized with violent vomiting, attended with extreme acidity and thirst. For three weeks after she was subjected to these attacks, which were always sudden, and generally came on after taking some prepared drink. The doctor, convinced that she was being poisoned, gave directions that the substances thrown up from the stomach should be preserved; but these directions were always eluded. On the morning of the 4th of May, Bouillon passed a short time by the bed-side of his wife, and afterwards left her to go to Versailles. Directly he had left she sent for Dr. Riquet, to whom she, with great agitation, stated that she had something frightful to communicate—that on the morning of the 4th of May her husband brought her a cup of *tisane*; that while she was in the act of kissing the hand which offered it to her, she saw him drop something from the other into the cup; that she told her husband to put it on the table, and she would drink it presently; that as soon as he had gone out, she examined the cup, and found therein something white, which she put into the saucer; that the following morning her husband came into the room, and seeing her quiet, he asked her, with a frightened air, what she had done with the *tisane*; to which she replied that she had thrown it out of window; and finally, she added that before he departed for Versailles she saw him open his writing-desk, and take from thence a small packet wrapped in white paper, which he put into his pocket.

On finishing her recital, Madame Bouillon handed to Dr. Riquet a paper, containing the substance which she had taken from the cup, and which, on being analysed, proved to be arsenic; and, at the same time, adjured him to observe the most profound secrecy with respect to what she had related to him. By the advice of Dr. Riquet she left her husband's house in his absence, and retired to a private asylum for sick people. The doctor was in an unpleasant predicament. On the one hand, he feared that if he were silent, she might be poisoned; and, on the other, it was an offence against the laws for a medical man to divulge any circumstance communicated to him professionally. In this emergency he related to another doctor what had occurred. But nothing was decided upon then. Some days afterwards Madame Bouillon called upon him, and showed him a letter, which she said she had written at her husband's dictation, and which it was her intention to send to him. In this letter she retracted all that she had previously stated, and, in answer to the remonstrances of the doctor, she told him that her husband had agreed to make her an allowance, and that he himself would go abroad. Dr. Riquet eventually decided on giving information to the authorities, who ordered Bouillon to be apprehended and put on his trial. After all the above facts had been deposed to in court, it was decided that Madame Bouillon should be allowed to make a statement, which she accordingly did, to the following effect. She affirmed, in the most earnest manner, that her husband was entirely innocent; that she had no recollection whatever of having made the statements imputed to her; that, if she did make them, she must have been labouring under mental aberration at the time; and reproached herself bitterly with having said anything to cause her husband so much suffering. She asserted that, so far from herself and her husband having had

disputes, their establishment was a "model" one. In the middle of her examination the court suspended its sitting for a few minutes, in order that she might get some refreshment; and, on her return into court, she stepped up to the dock, and held out her hand to the prisoner, who took it eagerly. This action on the part of Madame Bouillon excited great emotion in the court, which, throughout the trial, was crowded to suffocation. On her examination being resumed, she persisted in saying that all she had stated to the prejudice of her husband was false, and that she was quite unconscious of having made such statements. Several times during her examination the prisoner was deeply affected by the affectionate manner in which she spoke of him.

After hearing speeches from the counsel for the prisoner and from the public prosecutor, the jury retired, and, after deliberating an hour, returned into court with a verdict of "Not guilty."

JOHN BRIGHT.

TWENTY years ago the great question which agitated the public was that of free trade. A society was formed to repeal the statutes which closed our ports against foreign corn, and prominent amongst the champions of the Anti-Corn Law League was John Bright, of Rochdale. He was a young man, having at his command an imposing style of oratory; his mind was well stored with facts and figures, and his speeches were of that plain and straightforward character which gains the attention and enlists the sympathy of a multitude. It was thus as an anti-corn law advocate that John Bright first became known in the political world. Like Cobden, he was from the manufacturing districts, and possessed, in a large degree, that clear insight into a question, and that indomitable energy as to its solution, which characterise most Manchester men. When the League visited London, and began its system of "Tours" into the agricultural districts, he became closely identified with all the proceedings of that body. His speeches from the platform of Drury Lane brought down the house. They were printed and circulated all over the kingdom. His celebrity was established. Wherever he went his fame went before him. The farmers and artisans who met to hear the orator were delighted by his plain statements and his common sense, at the same time that his earnest and impassioned manner gave double weight to all his facts and figures.

In April, 1843, he contested the representation of the city of Durham, and, failing, tried again in the July following, and was returned. He brought with him into the House a high reputation, and though it was confidently predicted that, being a platform man, he would make no figure in the Commons, his good sense soon enabled him to catch the key-note of the House, and to obtain a hearing within doors, as he had done without. In 1847 he was returned for Manchester, and represented that city for ten years. His opinions on the war with China—his consequent ejection from his seat, and his subsequent return to Parliament—the active share which he took in the defeat of the Palmerston ministry, and the support which he has accorded to their successors—have taken place too recently to require any special notice here. When John Bright was first returned for Durham he professed to throw aside altogether party considerations, to vote for measures and not for men, and to support those plans for popular progress and national advancement which might be brought forward by Whig, Radical, or Tory. This line of policy may possibly have originated those eccentric movements which have called forth so much animadversion.

John Bright may fairly be taken as an able exponent of the doctrines of that class of politicians known as the Manchester School. He is thoroughly identified with that party; the principles which he enunciates are the principles which they hold.

He tells the working men that the mass of the people have no political power whatever in the People's House—that they are altogether excluded, and that even in the limited sense in which they may be said to be represented, parliamentary reform is essential, and vote by ballot necessary, to guard against the undue influence which is exerted over the electors. At the same time that the people are unrepresented, they are so mixed up with the confusion of European politics, that they cannot escape from it, and are heavily saddled with the debts of past generations, and so thoroughly involved in European complications, that at any time the taxation, which is now felt so severely, may be increased, and the demand for labour destroyed. He tells the people that they are recklessly plunged into war—that commerce is impeded, trade impoverished, and industry hampered by political squabbles, which cannot, by any possi-

* The *Dames Hospitalières*, as their appellation indicates, devoted themselves to attendance on the sick in the hospitals.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



JOHN BRIGHT, ESQ., M.P.

bility, be of moment to the people, who suffer from the disasters they entail upon them. He tells them that their money is voted away in reckless expenditure, on the marshalling of armies and equipment of fleets, which are unnecessary, and worse than useless. He shows them that they must never look for a reduction of taxation while this system continues. "Not five years ago," he says, "we were rejoicing in peace, and there was a growing prosperity evident in every part of the country. Since that time 40,000 English lives have been sacrificed, and £100,000,000 spent in one short war. It was the blood of the people that was shed in that contest, and the day's labour and day's wages of the people were charged with the costs." In the train of war come taxes, want of employment, diminished wages. All these evils fall on the people. No one is the gainer but the military class. The whole question resolves itself into one of peace or war. The blessings of peace are felt by the majority; the beneficial results of war—if there be any—are only felt by the few. Peace furnishes opportunity for social and intellectual progress, but war retards every effort at advancement. The policy which unites the nations of the world together is not that which is produced by armies and armaments, but by familiar intercourse, intimate commercial relationship, the union which exists in trade between the buyer and the seller, and which renders a misunderstanding inimical to the interests of both.

Mr. Bright tells us we have been spending too much. That there is a contest between the rich and

the poor, and that the poor go to the wall. We have endeavoured, he says, to make this heavy taxation easily borne. But the weight and burden of it is thrown on the working classes. He argues that the origin of this taxation lies in our foreign policy. The combative spirit has been excited, and managed so as to support aggressive warfare. While the complaint of heavy taxes is being made, millions of money are voted on navy estimates. We are lavish in our expenditure for warlike purposes, while our land teems with paupers. There is no fleet, he says, except that of France, which approaches the fleet of England, and France is our present ally. If the French minister were asked why his navy estimates were so large, he would say he was building large ships, which were of no use, because England was doing the same; that France must have a great navy because England has a great navy. Therefore, Mr. Bright argues that European nations are simply emulating one another in their naval and military strength, and recklessly burdening and impoverishing the toiling millions of the land.

Arrayed against Mr. Bright are those who contend that the policy of the so-called Manchester school would expose the country to foreign enemies, and that we should sink from the high position we have occupied to a third or fourth-rate power, and instead of taking the lead in the affairs of Europe, should be crippled in our trade and commerce by nations of superior strength. All this outcry about non-representation, exorbitant expenditure, and excessive taxation, is pronounced to be the mere clap-

trap of the demagogue, seeking to advance the interests of his own party by getting up a popular grievance. His line of argument is said to be fallacious, and the policy which he proposes is declared to be destructive of our national greatness. It is maintained that the increase of our national defences is peremptorily demanded in order to preserve the balance of power, and that the peace policy is neither judicious nor practicable, and is, in fact, calculated to defeat its own purpose.

At the same time, it is generally acknowledged that Mr. Bright heartily sympathises with every effort for the social and intellectual advancement of the people. Those who have no faith in his politics respect the indomitable energy of his character. His speeches on India exhibited statesmanlike ability, and showed an intimate acquaintance with the condition and prospects of our Indian empire. For the abolition of the paper duty he has strenuously laboured, regarding that impost not only as a tax on knowledge, but as a tax on industry and enterprise. He has recently become Vice-President—his friend Mr. Milner Gibson being President—of the Association for the Abolition of the Paper Duty, and has in this, as in other matters, advocated the principles of popular progress and social reform.

In whatever light we may regard his politics, however much we may question the plans which he suggests, but one opinion can be entertained of his ability and zeal. In or out of the House, there is much to admire in the clear intellect, impressive eloquence, and straightforward manliness of John Bright.



IMPERIAL HEROISM.

PICTURES FROM HISTORY.

PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA; OR, TRUE HEROISM.

NEARLY six hundred years ago, after a terrible period of massacre, robbery, and wrong, known in German history as the great interregnum—Count Rodolph of Hapsburgh, a nobleman of small wealth, but of good repute for wisdom and valour, was chosen emperor. From that time his family became more and more rich and influential, until at last the imperial crown was absolutely hereditary among them. Through all the most trying periods of the German history the Austrian house of Hapsburgh maintained its supremacy and influence; but in the middle of the last century the empire had fallen on evil days.

There had been a great war, called, from the time it lasted, the "Thirty Years' War." The effect of this war had been to breed disunion between the emperor and the hereditary princes of Germany, and

the latter accordingly endeavoured to render themselves as far as possible independent of the former; and chief among those who thus strove was the house of Brandenburg, in the electorate of Prussia.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century Prussia was elevated to the dignity of a separate monarchy. The new kingdom was looked at with some contempt by the powers of Europe as a mushroom monarchy, which would never have any great influence in European history. But one of the characteristics of mushrooms is rapid growth, and certainly the comparison was borne out in this particular, for the Prussian state rose rapidly; and after it had existed as a kingdom during only forty years, the mushroom monarchy was audacious enough to measure itself in combat with Austria,—and this is how it was enabled to do so:—

In the year 1740 the Emperor Charles VI. died, leaving behind him an only daughter, famous in history as the Empress Maria Theresa. A great empire was thus confided to the hands of a young

maiden, surrounded indeed by able and zealous counsellors, but utterly inexperienced in the art of government. At this momentous crisis there succeeded to the throne of Prussia a king who, whatever may have been his faults, was at least entitled to praise for the energy, ability, and statesmanship he displayed during a long life of unwearied exertion—a life at whose commencement Prussia was a fourth-class, while ere it closed she became a first-class power. This man was Frederick William the Second, commonly called Frederick the Great.

Frederick's father, a tyrannical despot, but a man not destitute of ability, had by unwearied exertion trained an army in Prussia, to such a state of discipline and efficiency, that it became far more formidable than its numbers would have seemed to indicate. With this army to back him, Frederick advanced his claim, before the Austrian court, to certain territories which had, it was said, been made over to his ancestors by a treaty, whose stipulations had been left unfulfilled. The Austrian court pro-

tested and remonstrated, but in vain, and a short outbreak of hostilities showed the power of Frederick and the efficiency of his troops in such alarming colours, that submission, or at least conciliation, was considered by the Imperial government the best policy to be adopted under the circumstances, and the young king of Prussia obtained from his embarrassed adversaries more favourable terms than their sense of justice alone would have induced them to grant. But to put off the Prussian king with half concessions and fair promises, was like the policy pursued by Ethelred the Unready, when he bought the Danes over with gold. Frederick had tasted the sweets of power, and for seventeen years he remembered its flavour, until, in 1756, a new and most memorable contest, the famous Seven Years' War, began. In the meantime, Maria Theresa had married Francis of Lorraine, who, in 1748, was acknowledged Emperor of Germany; a man of very moderate talent, but of an amiable and benevolent disposition, who for many years counteracted by his advice, as far as possible, the misery and devastation brought upon the empire by the obstinacy of Maria Theresa, as much as by the ambition of Frederick. Maria Theresa's whole aim was to render Austria great in power among the nations; Francis looked more to the domestic well-being of the people at home. Her striving was to make her people great and feared; his endeavour, to make them happy.

From 1656 to 1662 the war raged uninterruptedly between the two great German powers. The balance of material strength was greatly in favour of the empress, but there was not a general in all her armies who could cope with Frederick, or with the brilliant array of military talent and genius he had concentrated round him. His generals Ziethen, "the King of the Hussars," as his soldiers dubbed him; Schwerin, who fell at the battle of Prague; and Field-marshal Keith, were in themselves a host; and the system of tactics adopted by Frederick, similar in many respects to that so successfully pursued by Napoleon Bonaparte, was admirably calculated to dupe and mislead the pedantic Austrians, who did everything by measure and by rule, and fancied that their foes must necessarily act on the same plan.

But Frederick cared little for prescription, precedent, or rule. To beat the Austrians was his object; and to accomplish this object, he fought, not according to books of military science, but according to the exigencies of the moment, whether his movements had precedents in books of military science or not. His rapid marches and masterly retreats—wonderful combinations of manoeuvres which utterly bewildered the Austrians—desperate defences of seemingly untenable posts, and unexpected measures of every kind, were the weapons with which he baffled the enemy's superior force. Sorely tried in several campaigns, with half his army, perhaps, sacrificed in a single battle, as in the disastrous fight at Kollin, Frederick was never conquered, for each new reverse seemed to rouse him to fresh vigour; and before the contest ended he had wrung reluctant admiration and applause from his enemies themselves.

The end of the Seven Years' War, with all its horrors of bloodshed, devastation, and robbery, forms a mournful commentary on such contests in general. Each party was to keep what they already possessed: "as you were," was the word given to the two armies who for seven years had been ruthlessly massacring each other. The contending parties were to keep possession of the territories they already had, and the glory they had acquired during the struggle.

But the countries in which the fierce war had been carried on—the fields across whose smiling surface the demon of war had flown—it was long before they could be again "as they were." Villages had been depopulated and left to utter decay, the seed-corn had been eaten by the peasants in the rage of hunger, and thousands of acres lay untilled; the conscription had drained Prussia and Austria, year by year, of men, until families perished by hundreds, for want of fathers and protectors to watch over them in the cruel days of oppression and strife; women and even children followed the plough over the neglected districts, and not unfrequently were seen dragging it, the horses and oxen having been consumed as food. In Prussia, at least a sixth part of the population had perished; and even from the eyes of the iron-hearted Frederick there fell some bitter drops, as he made his first progress through his ravaged country, after the peace signed at Hubertsburgh.

And what was the Emperor Francis doing while his wife and Frederick were thus consuming their forces and their wealth in long and profitless strife? Ah, his was a nobler aspiration. His wishes were for a higher fame than the battle-field could give: to bind up the broken heart, to seek out poverty in its retreat, and to bring the balm of consolation into

the dwellings of the aged and afflicted was the occupation of the good emperor; and the deep affection with which the peasantry still speak of him at the present day—the eagerness with which they point to little memorials of the sayings and doings of their benefactor are proofs of the extent to which the Emperor Francis worked and strove to gain his subjects' good-will.

Among the stories they tell of him, with pride and pleasure, is the following:—A winter more than ordinarily severe spread misery and destitution among the poor of Vienna. Some, who had not a roof to shelter them, crept beneath the shadow of church-walls and arches, and there crouched down to die; but Francis had not forgotten them: every day he went himself to seek out and help them, or, when business kept him at home, he dispatched agents on whom he could rely.

The cold ceased; but then the Danube, swollen by the winter snows, came rushing over its banks towards the suburbs. At its approach the inhabitants fled; but in one of the low-lying quarters the river cut off their retreat, and several families were seen clinging to the roofs of houses, awaiting the doom that threatened to overwhelm them, as the river, laden with great blocks of floating ice, rose higher and higher. No one would put out a boat, for the river was implacable and seemed to roar for its victims. At last the Emperor, weary of remonstrating and persuading, himself leaped into a wherry and pushed out into the midst of the stream.

The effect was electric—they could not let their good emperor perish, and a dozen boats were soon following the fragile bark in which Francis was forcing his way against wind and wave. The poor sufferers were saved, and more than fifty grateful hearts, rescued by his heroism from impending death, put up prayers that night for the good Emperor Francis.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER CVIII.

Love's image upon earth without his wings.

BYRON.

We left Ellen St. Ange intensely interested in Lady Mildmay's story, which we were compelled to break off at the most interesting point. At Ellen's earnest entreaty, Lady Mildmay "hastened"—as old Horace advised all who tell a tale to do—"to a close."

"There could be no use in staying at the station. I sent Gossipie to seek for my carriage and servants, and when she returned, having found them in readiness, I placed the little sleeping beauty in her arms, and we drove to my town residence in St. James's-square."

"The little foundling thus palmed off upon me in a manner so unjustifiable in itself, yet so providential for my widowed heart and grief-absorbed spirit, was the beautiful Perdita, who is the comfort, the pride, and the delight of my life, and of whose real birth and parentage I am to this hour as ignorant as yourself."

"What a very interesting and romantic adventure!" said Ellen. "But what did the basket and the bag contain?"

"The bag contained a few articles of apparel for the child, all of the most elegant and costly description; and the basket was full of toys and other nursery matters. The child's clothes were all marked 'P.M.' I have, therefore, called it Perdita Merry. And as I had, in early youth, a young schoolfellow named Vernon, who married a Captain Merry, and died abroad, I have chosen to allow the few (Gossipie of course excepted) to believe that Perdita is a child left by that early friend, and adopted by me."

"And have you never heard a word of the mother?"

"Never: but every year a hundred-pound note comes by post, on the anniversary of the day Perdita was left with me, and written on the back are the words 'For P.M.'"

Lady Mildmay ceased—Ellen sank into a reverie. This strange romantic tale connected with the lovely girl she was grown quite fond of, and the lady who interested her so much, engrossed her thoughts. At length she said, "What is your own solution of this mystery, Lady Mildmay?"

Lady Mildmay's cheek grew crimson.

"You do not think Perdita a child of shame!" said Ellen.

"No, but I fear her beautiful mother was a daughter of sin."

"How so?"

"I have pondered so much on all the details of this curious affair," said Lady Mildmay, "that I have arrived at a conclusion which I think must be very near the truth, and probably the only reason why I have not been able to ascertain the facts is, that at the time of my adopting Perdita, which, had I not done, she must have gone to the Union, I suppose, I was living in total seclusion, and knew nothing at all of what was passing in that sad world, misnamed gay. I believe that Perdita's mother was one of those miserable deluded beings who, having married, perhaps in obedience to parents, or from motives of ambition, find out too late that they have a heart, and having married one they cannot love, end by loving one they cannot marry. I fancy the gentleman with her, was her seducer, and that they were stopping together just at the time I first met them. I think she, in the midst of her guilty madness, could not forget that she was a mother, though she did that she was a wife: that she had carried off her little girl with her, against the wish and advice of her heartless, profligate partner in guilt. Whether she meant to leave the child with me, or whether, when looking for her carriage and her companion, she met with some misadventure, or was terrified by some imaginary or real pursuit, I know not, but I dare say had I, at the time, been living in the world of fashion, or been *au courant* (through the papers), I should have heard of some tale of sin or shame in high life, ending in an elopement; and should easily have identified the principal parties as those I had met. I own now, Perdita has become so inexpressibly dear to me, so essential to my little all of happiness, and so entirely my only object of interest in life, that all I dread is any *dénouement* that may give to any other parties a right in the person, the fortunes, and the affections, of the innocent, affectionate, and beloved child of my adoption. And now here she comes. I hear her merry laugh, her fairy step, and that amphibious nondescript Mrs. Golightly, arm in arm with Perdita, is to me like a satyr in attendance on a sylph, or 'Comus' with the 'Lady,' in Milton's splendid masque."

Perdita came gaily in at this moment, vainly endeavouring to repress her laughter. Mrs. Golightly looked flushed and angry.

"I said it would be so, Lady Mildmay," she remarked. "Because, to oblige you, I made my dress purely feminine, I have been followed, stared at, in short, insulted. Yes, insulted! Of course a young inexperienced girl (almost a child) is no protection for a creature so fatally attractive as I am, alas! become in the eyes of those sons of Belial, blown with insolence and wine."

"But what has happened?" asked Lady Mildmay, who, grave as she habitually was, could not refrain from smiling. "Tell me, Perdita."

But Perdita only burst out afresh, into the merriest laughter.

"Ah," said Mrs. Golightly, flinging off her bonnet and shawl. "She will not laugh thus, if she is ever herself the object of the bold bad passions it is my wretched fate to inspire, but it is only now and then that nature sends forth, as if in a spirit of mischief, a woman so fatally irresistible. Look here, a Lovelace wearing the academical cap and gown, who fixed his eyes on me all through the service, has torn a leaf from his prayer-book, impious wretch! and has written this under this attempt at a likeness of me and of Perdita:—

Ah, Beauty! every heart becomes your spoil,
When you appear set off by such a foil!

This was thrust into a prayer-book Miss Perdita and myself had condescended to accept the loan of. The likenesses are perfect: no one can mistake the impious meaning of the profligate writer. It is a gross insult to me as a woman, and not very complimentary to poor little Perdita, who, so very inoffensive and unremarkable in every way, need not have provoked the insulting epithet, 'a foil.' However he, base seducer that would be, he shall find his vile impromptu 'a foil' to his purpose. It is one of the arts of men, when under the influence of the feelings which prompted this effusion, to endeavour to sow discord between women, by insulting comparisons. They know full well *l'union est la force*, and, therefore, they try to disunite us. Let them fail, signally fail, oh, Perdita. And do not envy me, my child, those gifts which are and have been the curse of my life."

"I do not, indeed, I do not covet one of your gifts. I would not possess them if I could," said Perdita.

"You deceive yourself, I fear. But wait, they have provoked the vengeful muse within me. Ah, men think all weapons theirs but the needle. The pen and the sword they would monopolise. We will

see with what justice they do so." She sat down to a writing-table, took her refulgent goggles, threw back her clusters of wild grizzled hair, and wrote rapidly, furiously, spasmodically.

TO A LOVELACE IN CAP AND GOWN.

And have you dared to raise your eyes to me?
Base profligate, whose tribute I despise.
Swine from the herd of *Epicurus* he,
Who casts upon my charms his roving eyes.
Wretch of a sex by me yepest unfair,
Ever the unprotected female's foe.
I, wise betimes, defy your every snare,
And forth in coat of male I soathless go.
For every man 's of every man afraid,
Surtout and trowsers "are the only wear;"
And by their help I, too bewitching maid,
Escape the woes that wait upon the fair.
Hence, son of Beller! hence, and aim your darts
At meaner charms, nor basely aiming toll
To sow dissension between female hearts.

This doggerel Mrs. Golightly read with triumph, amid a laughing chorus. She inclosed, sealed it, and took her stand at the window; suddenly she called Perdita—"Look, look," she said, "Perdita, are not those the very men whose bold glances so chafed, so offended me, and who wrote these lines?" "Yes," said Perdita, shrinking back. But at the very moment she said "yes," Mrs. Golightly threw up the sash and passed out the letter she had prepared. It fell at the feet of a young man in cap and gown, who took it up, kissed his hand, and hastened on with it.

The ladies were very much shocked at an act so likely to compromise them all, and Ellen and Lady Mildmay were very indignant that by calling Perdita to the window at the moment, she should have been in a manner associated with such an imprudence and impropriety; indeed, from the delightful and deferential manner in which the young Oxonian and gentleman commoner had taken the letter and hurried away with it, it was to be feared he imagined it came from the beautiful young Perdita, for whom he had of course intended the compliment Mrs. Golightly appropriated and resented.

There was nothing to be done; and Mrs. Golightly, sane on all other points, was so very mad on this, that no argument had the slightest weight. She kept on spouting snatches of her own reply, with every variety of gesture and inflection of voice; and as Ellen was to leave her behind, and quit Oxford early the next day, Lady Mildmay whispered to Perdita that all she could do was to avoid such a monomaniac for the future. Mrs. Golightly had a brother a fellow of Brazenose College, and a nephew an undergraduate of the same community; and her object in being at Oxford was, as she told Lady Mildmay, to judge, by watching them and their proceedings unknown to them, how far they were worthy to inherit the property which, as she was "*voulu au célibat*," she had to dispose of. Her brother was some fifteen years younger than herself, an eminent scholar, very grave, stern, proud, and reserved; and her nephew, the son of a brother she had lost, was a brave, merry, laughter-loving scapegrace, who had just got through his little-go, and was already deeply in debt. Mrs. Golightly had a horror of both: she paid ready money for everything, and during her stay in Oxford settled her hotel bill every evening.

Before the ladies parted for the night, three staid, elderly men were shown in. They professed to come to pay their respects to Mrs. Golightly, who whispered to Perdita that the fame of her beauty and genius had got abroad, and that she would probably be beset by all the dons in Oxford.

Lady Mildmay had her own suspicions of the object of these three intruders; and found they tallied exactly with Ellen's, and were verified by the result.

The names they sent in were Dr. St. Zeer, Dr. M'Probe, and Dr. O'Pry. They watched every word Mrs. Golightly uttered, and exchanged glances of a very significant nature. They very adroitly got her upon her favourite topic, and smiled when she said to them as she had done to Ellen—

"For, oh, alas, to me belongs
The fatal gifts of beauty and of song."

One of them, Dr. Probe, so provoked her by a defence of her own sex, that she grew extremely excited—drew forth the lines and caricatures she had received, and her own reply—and while reading it with the wildest of gestures, flashing eyes, flushing cheek, and dishevelled hair, Dr. Probe informed her that it was in consequence of the insult she had received, and which with her admirable reply had reached the ears of her brother, Dr. Golightly, that they had taken the liberty of waiting upon her, assisted by that gentleman, and that as Dr. Golightly wished to have the account from her own lips and was prevented by a severe cold from leaving Brazenose College, they came to have the honour of escorting

her to her brother's room; and they hoped an example would be made of the young scapegrace who had presumed to address her.

Mrs. Golightly said she would attend them, but in going among men she was resolved not to appear in the light of an unprotected female; she had a pretty good notion of what that would expose her to. They begged she would consult her own taste and wishes.

"I consult a dire necessity," she said, and left the room, but quickly re-appeared in her great coat and man's hat, and armed with a stout walking-stick.

A quiet smile and very meaning glance passed between the three doctors.

"I shall be back to share a sandwich and a glass of sherry with you ladies," said Mrs. Golightly, bowing to all *à la ronde*.

A carriage awaited the three doctors, Dr. St. Zeer handed in poor Mrs. Golightly, close followed by M'Probe and O'Pry. She appeared no more at the Angel. Her unfortunate verses had been shown to her brother, who, long doubting her sanity, was convinced now that she was stark staring mad, and got three medical men thus adroitly to examine her, and their opinion being unanimous as to her aberration of intellect, he begged them to convey her at once, and by a *cléver coup de main*, to a private asylum a few miles from Oxford, called "The Rosery;" though no roses showed their faces there: the dull house was surrounded by high walls and long windows barred with iron.

Poor Mrs. Golightly, so harmless and so sane on all points but one! But who could resist her own brother? and all feared (for lunacy laws were then what they are now), that his object might be, as her nearest relative, to appropriate a considerable part of her fortune. Still nothing could be done after the searching examination and decision of the three doctors, and Ellen wept bitterly, and Mrs. Golightly did not appear again in the literary world.

At 9.15 a.m., all were off—Lady Mildmay, Perdita, and Ellen. In the carriage was an old gentleman who seemed much struck with Perdita, and, entering into conversation, tried, as far as good breeding would permit, to ascertain her name and history; Perdita seemed to like to talk to him, and as his age and manners were not such as to excite any alarm, Lady Mildmay did not check her innocent prattle. At C— they got out, a quarter of an hour being allowed for refreshment, and at the same time from a second-class carriage alighted a woman of elegant figure and bearing, but very shabbily attired. She looked miserably ill,—indeed, in the last stage of consumption; but Lady Mildmay, turning pale and red by turns, looked earnestly at the person in question, as she staggered rather than walked into the "ladies' waiting-room," where, sinking on the sofa, she closed her eyes, and seemed about to faint. In common humanity, Ellen rushed forward and held her salts to her nose; Lady Mildmay took her shabby bonnet off her beautiful head, whose bright auburn tresses were tinged with gray; Perdita chafed the wan hands; the attendant brought some brandy, and wetted the pale lips. Suddenly she opened her eyes—they glared wildly on Lady Mildmay! and from her to the beautiful Perdita, who knelt as she chafed with eau de cologne the thin pale hands!

A shriek escaped the sufferer's lips;—a groan followed.

"You are Lady Mildmay," she cried, almost fierce in her mental agony.

"I am."

"And that child!" pointing to Perdita, "that angel of beauty and mercy is the child of my desertion and of your adoption." She tried to rise to stretch out her arms to the pale, astounded girl, when suddenly a gush of scarlet blood burst from her lips! She had broken a blood-vessel. All screamed aloud, and cried out for a doctor, and the room filled; the old gentleman came in among others. The wretched woman's eyes met his—"Go, go!" cried she, "oh, Delaware, go! I know you. I remember those kind, reproachful eyes, that gentle smile—I, the wretched, guilty Penelope. I am dying fast, do not kill me by that cold, dreadful gaze. Let me live, let me kneel down to him. Do not take my child to your cruel, scornful sister; away, cold ones! It is Delaware, and I am his guilty wife. Let me hear from you, he forgives me ere I die, that he will leave my child with Lady Mildmay. My lord, my dear, my injured lord; you have been well avenged; the wretch I preferred to you, and for whom I bartered all earthly peace and heavenly hopes, he deceived me by maligning you, he ill-treated, reviled, forsook me. I have known hunger, father! I have known blows, mother! on my wretched body his marks will be found when I die. That angel is our child! our Penelope! that saint is the lady in whose care I left her when the sight of my brother and you, fifteen

years ago, made me fly and hide away like the guilty wretch I am."

"This agitation will kill her on the spot," said a surgeon who had at length been fount among the passengers, and who drew near with a sponge, a basin of cold water, and a case of instruments.

She warded him off. "Nothing can save me," she said; "Lady Mildmay, do you remember me?"

"I do," said Lady Mildmay, ghastly pale, and trembling violently.

"My lord, can you recognise in this miserable wreck—this guilty victim of the profligate De Courcy—one once as fair, as innocent as you lovely girl?"

"Alas! I do, Penelope," and he wept bitterly.

"Then," she cried, with a scream, throwing herself at his feet, "forgive the guilty wife, and embrace the guiltless child!"

The earl spread out his arms, Perdita fell fainting into them, and the wretched creature, once Lady Delaware, sank with her wan brow on her husband's feet. They raised her, they tried to restore her—in vain, in vain: God was merciful and she was dead.

From a letter found upon her, and addressed to Lady Mildmay, it seemed her seducer, who had met and fought the Earl of Delaware, had been convicted in damages ruinous to him. A divorce was obtained. He who had promised marriage, spurned her then, and vented on her his wrath at the disastrous results of that base intrigue. For years she had borne with his neglect, his reproaches, his insults, his cruelties; her own fortune of three hundred per annum had been restored to her by the earl, who could never obtain any tidings of his child. Of this, she annually paid the hundred a year to Lady Mildmay for her child's support. Dreading that if her husband discovered and got possession of his daughter, his sister, who now kept his house, but had disliked her, would have the charge of the young Lady Penelope Meredith, and visit on the innocent child the guilt of the miserable mother.

Dreadful were the scenes between De Courcy and his victim, to get that mother to abandon to him the sum set apart for the forsaken little one.

At length he was killed in a brawl at a gaming-house, and the miserable woman, feeling she was dying, resolved to endeavour to return to England to see her injured husband and forsaken child, before she was called to her last account.

De Courcy having forestalled her whole year's income in his losses at play, she was in the depths of poverty, and, to pay her passage, had sold even her very shawl and travelling cloak.

The Earl of Delaware was deeply affected by the sudden death of the woman he had loved so well; but the possession of such a daughter consoled him. His gratitude to Lady Mildmay knew no bounds; he proposed that they should live together, and as Lady Mildmay was too young and too handsome still, to admit of such an arrangement without scandal, and as the earl and herself grew daily more pleased with each other, and Perdita—for so they both loved to call her, and called her still—joined her entreaties to her father's, Lady Mildmay consented to become Countess of Delaware.

Ellen heard from her on her bridal tour. Perdita was staying with her the while, and to Ellen's delight the countess said that she had met in a railway carriage Mrs. Golightly in her favourite great coat and full trowsers, slouch hat, and stout walking-stick, but less ridiculed than in England, as any amount of absurdity abroad is explained by a shrug, and the word "*Anglais*." Yes, Mrs. Golightly was abroad; she had escaped from "The Rosery" and all its horrors, had been removed through Ellen St. Ange's persevering efforts, and by the aid of the nephew, to whose bosom friend she had, little suspecting who he was, thrown out, at the Angel, the poetical reply she was so proud of. In conjunction with the author of the caricature and impromptu, they, with two more of their adventurous clique, had carried off Mrs. Golightly from "The Rosery."

CHAPTER CIX.

And moody madness laughing wild,
Amidst severest woe.—GRAY.

We trust our readers are sufficiently interested in their quaint old friend, Mrs. Golightly, to be glad to hear that after some months of cessation from literary labour, and its consequent excitement; and after consulting, by Ellen St. Ange's advice and entreaty, one of the most celebrated physicians, and following his prescriptions, Mrs. Golightly recovered from the ludicrous delusions which had so nearly entailed upon her perpetual imprisonment, with every species of torture and indignity. And now we must pause to express our warm and earnest sympathy with those of our reformers, who are resolved to sweep from the

face of the earth those strongholds of sordid, irresponsible cruelty, where the mad are rendered incurable, and the sane driven frantic—the PRIVATE LUNATIC ASYLUMS of Great Britain.

There may be a few exceptions: for the honour of humanity we trust there are; but hitherto every revelation of the secrets of these "prison houses" does indeed

"Make each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

We have all shuddered at the horrible death of a poor old man, who in a lunatic asylum was killed, not by slow fire, but by what is, if possible, a more cruel invention still, slow water—kept in a shower-bath, into which no ray of light was admitted, locked in, while on his doomed and crazed old head fell, during nearly twenty mortal minutes (hours they seemed to him) a heavy weight of ice-cold water without any intermission; and when this was done, and he was released at last more dead than alive, a loathsome emetic was forced down his gasping throat, in the process of which crowning torture he expired. The same dastardly and iniquitous system was carried out in the case of poor old Mrs. Golightly, whose harmless monomania for a time was irritated, by this and similar cruelties, into frenzy.

What she endured no pen can describe, no tongue can reveal, and we cannot even pause to attempt to paint them, since we have much to tell of the adventures of those more interesting to the reader, namely, Hope Evermore and her Larky Grigg.

CHAPTER CX.

The shades of eve were closing fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid storm and ice,
A banner with the strange device—

Excelsior! LONGFELLOW.

We left Larky Grigg tearing himself, in the proud and resolute virtue of his young heart, from the woman he loved so truly, and who had said, in the devotion and innocence of her affection and reverence, "My will is thine."

Loving as Larky Grigg loved, and as no man of fashion—no Sybarite of sentiment—could love, but loving with the first passionate love of a heart of which Hope was the darling, and a fancy of which she was the idol—it was a sublime act of heroism in the self-educated man—the son of the people—one of the million—who, as we have said, loved as such men only can love, to tear himself away at this moment of danger and enchantment. But if "the woman who deliberates is lost," the man who does so is as certainly and as irretrievably ruined.

Never had Larky Grigg prayed so fervently as when, in the anguish of his tried and almost yielding heart, he groined out beneath the silver moon and silent stars, as he knelt on the wild heath, "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil!" And what a temptation it was! There was that Evil Spirit, who is ever at hand to glide in (when passion tramples down the fences which virtue builds round the heart of man)—there he was with flattering doctrines of temporary expediency, and that gloss which the old serpent has ever been able from the beginning to impart, not merely to his own coils, but to the very slime that marks out his deadly path. With what bright, false colours does he paint, with passion for his helper, what, seen by the calm light of reason and reflection, seems so base, and foul, and vile.

But Larky knew by the struggle in his breast that his safety was in flight. Young Christian hero! the world rings with applause when some soldier risks his life to gain the object of his dreams by night, his thoughts by day—"Glory." The world is loud in its recognition of any showy act of generosity or devotion; but of the quiet sacrifice, the secret heroism, of a Christian's heart, it knows nothing. Yet, faint not, faint not, young Christian hero! there is One who knows all things; there is One who sees us as we are; there is One who appreciates thy valour in that struggle with thyself and with the evil spirit that would beguile thee into taking a mean advantage of Hope's loving trust and womanly reverence for her lover's judgment. To Him thou art greater at this moment than he who taketh a city; for He knows, and He only, how thou lovest her thou leavest, and what rapture it would be to thee, in thine ardent but pure love, to link her arm in thine, and to cheer her on, while she treads the wild heath by thy side, and to watch her, as a pilgrim the shrine of his saint, while she sleeps in her virgin beauty, on a bed of heather pulled by thee, and shaded by some guardian tree.

The Evil One had whispered, "Now is the time! claim her now! before she is shut up by a watchful parent, and tempted by all that can fascinate and

bewilder! Now that she loves thee well enough to leave all, and brave all, and endure all for thee!"

And Larky, having prayed for light and strength, had said, "Get thee behind me, Satan! It would be wrong to make her thanklessly leave the friends of her youth, forget the delicate proprieties of her sex, disobey the will of one who, though unknown, claims a father's right in her, and follow a young man alone, at night, at the risk of her own reputation and the future prospects of both."

And so Larky tore himself away, strong in that faith which can remove mountains, and in his case has done so. And a lovely prospect smiled before him, of better days to come; when his own good head and strong arm should have made his fortunes such that even Hope's proud friends would smile upon her choice.

For some time Larky hurried along. He was afraid—afraid of temptation; afraid of himself. But, by degrees, as he felt that distance had now placed an insuperable barrier between him and his beloved one, he grew more calm; he relaxed his pace, reviewed his conduct, and thanked his Heavenly Father for the guidance that had saved him from sin and sorrow, and began to turn over in his own mind what he had better do.

When he set out from London, he had in view the great object of letting Hope know of the change in her prospects, not with any doubt of the constancy and sincerity of her affection, but with a wish, which was so ardent as to be a desire, to see and judge for himself how she herself, independently of her love for him, was affected by the change in her position.

Poor Larky! the rapturous expectation of seeing her, the conflicting emotions, the engrossing feelings of his heart made the way, in spite of its length and its difficulties, seem short to him.

When we journey towards the sun we do not feel the tedium of the way, but when we turn our backs on the great luminary, all seems lengthening shadows, cold, and dark, and dreary. But yet to light thy path, young Christian hero, there is a polar star. It may not warm, but it will light and cheer thee; and so take heart, and on—on, brave Larky; thine is an uphill path, but far off, by the side of the temple of fame, is the home of love. So buckle on thine armour, the armour of the self-educated man—knowledge, and virtue, and high principle, good deeds, and pure thoughts, gentle manners, and noble aspirations. Let a helmet of righteousness cover your head, and a shield of faith guard your heart.

CHAPTER CXI.

"Oh pause," the maiden cried, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast."
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,

"Excelsior!"—LONGFELLOW.

LARKY GRIGG had not left his mother—(kind, dear Apple Blossom!)—without a hint of the object of his leaving home. Just at that time he was out of work. Jem Goodman and Mr. Stephen had advised him to wait till something suitable offered; and, in the meantime, they encouraged and helped him to carry on the noble and arduous work of self-education, which he had so well and resolutely begun.

Larky Grigg had little money, for he had been obliged to expend his small hoard in books and scientific instruments. He was careful and economical, and therefore could afford to be generous, and had often been so.

His mother did not know how low his funds were; and when she gave him a sovereign, it was with no idea that he was in want of it. But Larky, who liked the idea of walking, for he was strong and healthy, and did not like to pass through lovely counties seeing nothing but iron rails and dull stations, set off with a bundle and a stick; and so kind to each other are the working classes, that some gave him a lift, some a bed, and some a meal, and he had spent little or nothing on his way to Burnside. But he had not the same energy or joyous spirit on his way back; and the first inn that he approached, as he bent his way homewards, had sufficient temptation to make him halt, and resolve to order tea and a bed.

The hostess was a kind, motherly woman, Tibbie McDougal, who took a great fancy to Larky from his likeness—real or supposed—to a son she had lost in battle. She was about to sit down to her own tea, and she kindly asked Larky to partake, giving him to understand that as he'd "mak na deference to spake o', seeing the tea was already a-brewing, he'd be only indebted for the bed." Larky thanked her, and cordially accepted what was so very cordially offered. He was made a good deal of by the hostess and her very pretty daughter, a blue-eyed, flaxen-

haired lassie, that might have served as a model for "Highland Mary." She was evidently much struck with Larky Grigg, and never met his eyes or answered a word of his, without the deepest and prettiest of blushes, while her Scottish accent gave to her words the wild sweetness which the heather imparts to the northern honey.

This girl's name was Robina (but her mother called her Beenie), and both mother and daughter, when they saw that Larky Grigg could not eat, and looked ghastly pale, tried to tempt him with dainties in the shape of jelly and cakes, whisky, and Scotch ale, but all in vain; a sudden shivering came over Larky Grigg's frame, his eyes grew dim, his head dizzy. The kind hostess led him into the adjoining room, and helped him to bed; and as a raging thirst, a scorching heat, and agonising pains in his head, succeeded to his shivering fit, Mrs. McDougal took her seat by his bedside, having desired Beenie to put on her plaid and run over to "auld Janet"—a canny woman—(both doctor and midwife), to come and prescribe for the "puir, dacent lad;" and auld Janet was not long coming. She felt Larky's pulse; she shook her head; applied remedies she had brought with her, and took up her station for the night as Larky's nurse. Yes, there lay poor Larky Grigg in a little highland bothie, tended by strangers, while Hope Evermore, little dreaming that her beloved was struggling with Death's dark angel, was only some twelve miles off.

(To be continued.)

COINCIDENCES.

CRIMES and casualties run in series, in human affairs, just the same as fashions or disorders rage. If a man commits suicide by hanging, other cases of the same kind are sure to follow, before long, in the same community. So if a railroad train breaks through a bridge, destroying life and property, other trains will soon break through other bridges, with like results. Three children at a birth make their appearance in some part of the country, and straightway other triplets are issued by enterprising mothers in various localities. A steamboat runs its nose into the side of another, smashing in the planks and timbers; and before the sheets are dry upon which the account of the accident is printed, other collisions take place in other parts of the country. Sometimes a woman poisons her husband, and then husband-poisoning becomes the prevailing form of homicide for awhile, to be superseded in its turn by some other class of murder, which will have a similar run. Once upon a time a man ascended to the top of a high monument in one of the public squares of Paris, and threw himself headlong to the ground, thus finishing his mortal career. Upon that, every Parisian who was weary of life, adopted the monument as the road to eternity, until, at length, suicides, by leaping from the monument top, became so common, that the city authorities were obliged to shut up the access to the stairway, in order to prevent the alarming spread of the mania. And finally, somebody's good-natured friends got together and march in procession to his house, laden with all sorts of valuable gifts, and surprise him with a bountiful present. After this, for a month to come, nothing is heard of but *surprise parties*, surprising all kinds of people with all kinds of presents, of which the *surprised* recipients are usually the planners and payers for the costly articles which are bestowed. Verily, like the Pharisees of old, "they have their reward." For is it not noticed in the papers? The moral of all this may be found in the story of the tailor who laid down under the trees to sleep, while carrying a bundle of caps to market, having first put one on his head in lieu of a night-cap. A gang of monkeys stole his caps while he slept, and fled to the tree-tops, each one imitating the owner, by putting one on his head. Upon awakening, the man saw that all his caps were lost to him, and in despair of recovering them from the high trees, he tore his own cap from his head, and dashed it to the earth. Forthwith all the imitative animals followed suit, by throwing their caps to the ground, and the tailor thus recovered his property.

At a recent mesmeric lecture, in a country town, one of the experiments most signally failed, to the chagrin of the lecturer. Having, as he fancied, mesmerised a table and a man's hand, and by some means held the two so effectually together that it all depended on his single will whether they should ever again be parted, he placed a shilling in tempting proximity to the hand "in a fix," and exclaimed, "There now, my man, if you can take up that shilling you may have it!" "Thank you," said the honest fellow, as he very coolly dropped the coin into his waistcoat pocket.



THE CASA DE GRALLA, BARCELONA.

BARCELONA.—VI.

THE Casa de Gralla, erected about the year 1530, is one of the most remarkable buildings for its extent, design, and elaborate ornamentation, to be found in all Barcelona. It is less than a palace, but more than a private dwelling. It is called by the Barcelonians the Casa de Gralla, because a family of that name were its original owners. The present proprietor is the Duke of Medina-Celi. Most of the palaces and noble houses of Spain resemble those of Italy. Their nobility ends on crossing the threshold. The furniture and decorations are in a terribly dilapidated condition, and there is little to remind the visitor of their former glory. In the Casa de Gralla, for instance, a Marseillaise pianofortemaker has established his agent, and where, once upon a time, there was dancing and revelry, duelling dons and demure donnas, there is nothing now but cabinet, cottage, and grand pianos to be sold, or perhaps let on hire.

Some years ago the municipality of Barcelona determined on pulling down the old building, for the purpose of opening a new street. By the exertions of a young Catalan architect, however, their plan was modified, and the structure preserved—a model of the style of the Spanish renaissance under Charles the Fifth.

Barcelona is a city of paradoxes. Things new and old are oddly thrown together. The bull circus and the railway terminus are next door to each other. The famous university looks haughtily down upon the visitor, and its appearance seems as learned as of yore; but 'tis only a barrack for soldiers. As in the instance of the Casa de Gralla, many a noble palace is let out for commercial or trading purposes. But the Barcelonian still retains his dignity, and hidalgos, gipsies, and dulcineas keep up many of the old customs.

Now, in the matter of love-making, the Spaniards still adhere to time-honoured practice. All the world woos; but it has different ways of wooing. If you were a Hindoo or Mohammedan, you might arrange your love-making on strictly commercial principles, and buy the woman you adored for so much. If you were a Red Indian, you might win your lady's favour by your success in the chase, or by the scalps at your girdle. In Hungary you must propose through a

kíro, or agent; while in New South Wales—supposing yourself one of the aborigines—you must capture your bride by main force, silencing her frantic struggles with anything but tender words or affecting caresses—namely, by introducing her at once to your club, and making her understand that you are her master, in the strictest sense of that word.

In Barcelona, things are managed differently. See!—there is a veritable *senorita* coming—a Catalan maid—a child of the sun. How airily she approaches, gliding, as it were—so dainty is the movement of her feet! With what an irresistible grace she plays with her fan! She does not see you—not at all—till quite close, when she lifts her silken lashes, and her eyes meet yours. Enough! You are her slave. You follow her—watch where she enters—loiter till she comes out at the vesper hour, in company with her *duenna*—follow again; and who can feel surprise, for she has stolen your heart! Watching, and following at church, and theatre, and promenade, is, you will say, slow work. But we are no laggards in these latitudes. Are you fairly in love? You are! then slip a billet-doux into her hand, or if you prefer, go on your knees to her *duenna*. One way or another the matter is arranged. What is the next thing to be done?—ask *pa*? No; you must first of all go through that interesting performance of climbing to your lady's window, and receiving from her own lips a confession of her love. You apply to the watchman, whose duty it is to go bawling the hours and the state of the weather all night long. Can he oblige you with a ladder? He can. Will he?—(chink, chink; good money, by Pluto.) He is only too happy to serve your worship. Want your ladder at twelve—sharp. *Ave Maria purissima*; your worship may rely upon him. At the appointed time he is at his post. The price you pay for the ladder is exorbitant; but in love matters who counts the cost? You mount to the first balcony—to the second, and your ladder extends no further; but a rope ladder from your lady's window is let down. One desperate effort more! Don't look down, or you will have an attack of vertigo. You are up in the balcony, at your lady's feet—the prettiest pair of feet that ever trod the earth of Catalonia. You are too much overcome by your feelings and your

unrivalled exercise to say much at first; but you declare your passion, pour forth a torrent of ardent vows, press her hand—her—well, never mind—and you are an accepted lover. So you descend the ladder, and the next day are introduced to the family, entering the house by the front door, observing punctiliously all the formalities in such cases made and provided. From that point the process of courtship is carried on very nearly as in other Christian countries. The ladder business is the only distinctive feature; but this is insisted upon as an appropriate mark of homage, as a true test of love.

CONCEALMENT, AND ITS EFFECTS.

"Poor, dear boy, how I pitied him!" said Mrs. Atwood. "He did not mean to do it, and so I told him not to let his father know a word about it."

It seems the boy, Leonard, had been playing battle-dore upon prohibited ground, in the back parlour, and, with his youngest sister, had broken the chimney-glass. It was a small crack, and by removing the candelabras a trifle, it would not be discovered. And so the busy whisper ran round, "not to say a word about it to father;" and this concealment, we are sorry to add, was not for the first time practised upon Mr. Atwood; so, in truth, we ought to have prefaced our story with "Poor, dear Mr. Atwood! How he was to be pitied!"

The father of Leonard was not a rich man, but by frugality he made a small salary supply all ordinary wants—for superfluities he had little spare change—yet by dint of close calculation he had managed to furnish a parlour neatly, and even prettily, of the articles he had picked up at auctions. Whenever they were faded or sunburnt, he had contrived to conceal the defects; and such concealment as this, we are not disposed to treat harshly, as it injures no one. Mrs. Atwood was a pleasant, amiable person—one who tried to do well whenever it did not cost her too much labour—but she was deficient in those nameless little traits of neatness which make a home doubly attractive. Her work-box was always in confusion; knots and tassels, fringes and muslins all lay in the same pile, and occasionally a stray collar or a lost

handkerchief would be drawn from the rubbish. It was a frequent remark of hers "that she had plenty of things, if she only knew where to find them."

Such women are often unbalanced. They forget that saving is a greater virtue than buying; but all the lectures in the world fail to help such people. The world goes easy with them, and sometimes they are reckoned the happiest people in it.

Mrs. Atwood had another fault. She was inconsistent in her conduct to her children. Sometimes she would pet them for the very thing which, at another time, she would censure. She seemed to have had a lack of judicious training herself; and, of course, she could not be expected to govern others discreetly. The father, too, had a kind of square and compass rule, which was not always judicious. He thought children were, or ought to be, like automata, so that when you but touch the wire, they will move with exact precision. When they failed to do so, a harsh word was occasionally used, and he had managed so, that now, a mere look, in the presence of strangers, would correct any irregularity. Of course, the children were rather afraid of their father; but of their mother,—why, they *did* do pretty much as they pleased, in his absence.

All this management prepares us to hear of the detection of the broken chimney-glass.

Mr. Atwood seldom sat in his back parlour but on a Sunday. He always had a habit, upon the morning of this day, before he went to church, of stepping before this veritable glass and adjusting his cravat; and this he did, even when he came straight from his chamber, where he had arranged himself with so much precision. When the Sunday came, therefore, he detected that the glass was cracked.

"Wife!" said he, with much impetuosity, "how came this about? How came this glass so shattered? Leonard, Susan, which of you did it?"

The children stood in the passage, and looked at their mother, who shook her head, and put her finger on her mouth, as a token of silence.

"Have you been playing battledore on this forbidden ground?" asked the father, peevishly.

"No, sir," was the prompt reply; and so sincere did it seem to sound, so truthful, that the father was forced to devise some other way to account for the accident, when the mother interposed.

"Husband," said she, "you cannot believe that these children would break the glass and deny having done it. I trust they are not the only ones who do all the mischief in the house. I will not accuse any one; but you know that sweeping and dusting, and removing mantelpiece ornaments, *might* have caused the mischief. I do not say it *did* do it, but it might."

The children understood the drift of such remarks, and thinking them too good to be kept, informed Fanny, the servant girl, how ingeniously their mother had screened them; "but," added they, "she did not tell father it was *you* that did it."

The poor, innocent girl felt the colour mount to her forehead. She wondered how Mrs. Atwood, who was so good and kind to her, could be guilty of such an implied falsehood. It worried her, and she resolved that she would not stand as the guilty one in the eyes of her master, and that day she divulged the whole secret, still quoting to Mr. Atwood the old injunction she was so accustomed to hear:—

"Don't tell how you heard of it, or who did it."

Poor Atwood, was he not to be pitied? Think how the duplicity of his wife stared him in the face; how the unblushing falsehood of his children rose before him. What could he do? Why, he pondered over it, and it vexed him. He had lost his confidence in the strongest hold of his affection, and little forgotten things kept rising anew, recalling this and that act of petty deception, which he had detected long ago, in both mother and children. But Fanny was a good, faithful girl, and he well knew the disclosure she had made would cost her the loss of her place, and so the concealed knowledge lay hidden in his own breast. What a load this single circumstance had brought upon them all!

Five years from this event the boy had become a young man, and the little girl began to assume the look of womanhood. The former had learned the art of good penmanship, and was now in the employ of a merchant as copying clerk. His salary was small, but to the conception of a young man who had been accustomed to only a trifling pittance, it looked enormous, particularly as the great vortex which swallows up all in board, was obviated by living at home for nothing.

During the first three months, a gold watch was purchased on credit; then a chain and some dangling seals. The tailor was not passed by, and all that could give an exquisite finish to a young man was procured, so that, at the end of the year, the £100 salary still left him in debt for nearly a hundred

more, and this he had anticipated by further promotion; but, alas, that does not always follow. His employer questioned the propriety of retaining him any longer; but knowing the hard-working, steady habits of his father, he determined to let him remain, without additional salary.

It is always a bad sign when a young man's wants exceed his income. It proved so in the case of Leonard Atwood. The ravenous monster, *debt*, preyed upon him. There was but one expedient left, and that would prove the ruin of his character, as it lay in *embezzling* his master's property! But then, again, came into action the old art he had early been taught of *concealment*! He took the required amount, at a rash venture, and paid his debts. A sense of guilt flashed over his countenance, and that night, just as the disk of the sun was setting behind the horizon, a young man turned down a narrow, unfrequented lane. Strange thoughts rushed through his brain—strange fears—and of how little value then appeared all the tinsel baubles which had brought guilt into his heart! But he recomposed himself, ventured home, and affected his usual pleasant manner; and yet the "God bless you, my grandson," of his aged grandfather, sent such a thrill through his soul as almost resulted in madness.

In a few days there was a council held in the counting-room of the merchant with whom Leonard Atwood was connected. His father was there, and the men who had received their recent payments from the young man. The bills were identified, and the officer of justice was in attendance.

There was yet another secret session in the bed-chamber of his mother, and the father was there likewise, and the daughter; and tears were shed, and groans were uttered, and hearts were crushed, because the improvident young man had become a criminal at the bar of justice. And one great absorbing feeling predominated. One thought added poignancy to all other thoughts, and that was, the *lesson of concealment* which his mother had early taught him; so that the broken chimney-glass was always considered an ominous sign of evil ever after by the broken-hearted parents.

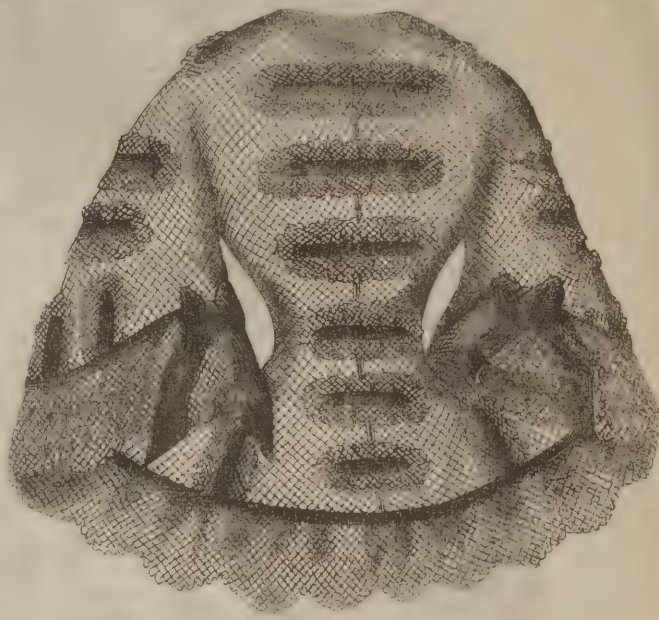
Depend on it, my young friends, the practice of this wily art will always bring reproach and ruin in its train; therefore, weigh consequences before you descend to humiliating arts.

The Matron.

NO. XLIII.

In the last chapter I drew up a scale of weekly expenditure to assist families with small means; and if this scale facilitates the difficult task of saving, I shall have succeeded. Perhaps some of my readers may think such a scale unnecessary, while others may make it a guide to form a plan exactly suited to their own circumstances. A plan of some kind is an advantage in everything. It is particularly valuable in what relates to income and expense; and it is by

following some plan that inexperienced young couples may avoid running into debt, and finding it necessary to get their things on credit. Those who live on credit never seem to have anything of their own. Hardly is their income, salary, or wages in



No. 1.



No. 2.

their own hands than they must hand them over to their creditors. Thus when, at last, "pay-day" comes, it is as much a day of trial as of satisfaction. Another evil of running in debt, is that it makes you so painfully dependent on the shopkeeper who gives you credit. Besides, living on credit makes you poorer. The tradesman must charge you more for everything he sells you than if you had paid ready money for it. He must charge you for the use of his money, and very likely he will try to make you pay something towards the bad debts on his books.

Another caution relating to expenditure is this, avoid, if you can, buying things in *very small quantities*. Recollect, that it is as troublesome to a shopkeeper to serve you with half an ounce as with half a pound. He must make you pay extra, for giving him extra trouble; and, of course, he does this in one way or another, either in charging you a higher price, or in giving you a smaller quantity, or an inferior article. And, again, what time is lost in such frequent goings or sendings "to the grocer's round the corner!"

If a few of my readers may be indignant at my supposing it likely they should wish to send for goods in such paltry quantities, others in different circumstances, and with kinder feelings, may be much obliged to me for my hints on this important subject. And let me observe, that to benefit the poorer classes of my readers, is quite as satisfactory to me as to please the richer ones, or to obtain the approbation of the lords or legislators who may inspect our pages to discover in what consists the great charm of our paper, with its world-wide reputation.

I have not concluded the subject of income and expense, but I shall take leave of it for the present, to consider another subject that we have on the stocks, viz., dressmaking.

The principal difficulty of dressmaking consists in making the body fit well. In the beginning of this century, when the skirt was so scanty that it clung to the figure, it must have been hard to please those who had swelled beyond, or shrunk below the just proportions of beauty. But now, thanks to the immensely full skirt, all can be made the right size. Not so with the body. One of the greatest faults young dressmakers commit in the cutting out this part of the dress, is in having the front pieces for the chest too narrow, and in making the arm holes too small. These are defects that never exist in dresses of the true Parisian cut, and that would perhaps be avoided if a really well-made body, either in material or in an illustration, were constantly before the eye. With this view of the subject we offer our readers two plates, representing bodies that are really well cut. The materials composing them are black tulle and white muslin. Worn with a coloured silk skirt, they would either of them be well adapted for a costume for a concert or an evening party. The trimmings of plate 1 are of velvet, either black, or suited to the colour of the dress, and the bows on the sleeves correspond; but in any case the edging round the velvet should be of narrow black lace.

In plate 2 the trimming is of British lace in vandykes and light satin ribbon, to the taste of the wearer. The material is black muslin.

We must direct our readers' attention to the easy and graceful appearance of these dress jackets. This appearance has been produced, in a great degree, by allowing ample breadth in the material for the front of the body.

Another fault that destroys the good effect of the body, almost as much as cutting the fronts too narrow, is that of cutting the backs too long, but on this point I will say more in the next chapter, when ample directions shall be given on the interesting and important subject of making a pretty, fashionable, and comfortable dress.

Small Change.

THERE is no tyranny more intolerable than a conscience unrestrained by love. Like an ill-loaded gun, it recoils at the breech, and kills at the muzzle. A conscience unsubdued by love torments the owner, and bruises those upon whom he lets it loose.

WHY is France like a skeleton? Because only a Bony part is left.

MIND unemployed is mind unenjoyed.

How is it that Methuselah was the oldest man, when he died before his father? His father was translated.

THE good distrust themselves—the perverse their neighbours.

THERE is no lack of industry in the world—the lack is in making the right application of it.

LORD Byron once said: "You never know a man's temper until you have been imprisoned on board a ship with him, or a woman's until you have married her."

EVERY scheme of happiness must needs be imperfect that does not embrace the three incidents of wife, home, and children.

OUR sweetest experiences of affection are meant to be suggestions of that realm which is the home of the heart.

A PRIEST said to a peasant whom he thought rude, "You are better fed than taught." "Shud think I was," replied the clodhopper, "as I feeds myself, and you teaches me."

CONCERNED men often seem a harmless kind of men, who, by an overweening self-respect, relieve others from the duty of respecting them at all.

A MAN'S wit is a part of himself; his wealth or his poverty is part of his fortune. The one is inherent in him; the other is appendant to him.

No man is perfect. The ideal man is the whole Christian brotherhood. That alone presents God's idea in the creation of man.

THE merit of some people is principally in the clearness of their perceptions, while the worth of others is mainly in the strength of their affections. The former appreciate without loving, the latter love without appreciating.

WHY is the best baker most in want of bread?—Because he kneads (needs) it most.

AN old gentleman says that he is the last man in the world that would tyrannise over his daughter's affections. So long as she marries the man of his choice, he don't care whom she loves.

A CITIZEN of Hallowell has taken a fancy to the head of a dog that howls in his vicinity, and offers a pound for a sight of the head, minus the body.

WE may set it down as an axiom that young ladies cannot know everybody's names, when it is utterly impossible for them to know what their own will be a twelvemonth afterward.

"WELL, Mr. Robinson, and how does your son get on with his violin?" "Astoundingly: there were fourteen of us playing together last night, and he took the lead." "Capital!—admirable!" "Yes, and he kept it so well, sir, that none of us could catch him!"

THE best shot ever heard of has been made in Calais, where a gentleman fired, in midnight darkness, at the bark of a dog, and the next morning found the animal dead, the bullet having hit him in the throat. The entire race of sportsmen, from Gordon Cumming down to any undistinguished Cockney, may be safely challenged to beat this.

Puzzles for the Ingenious.

Answers to the question proposed for solution in No. 44, page 287, have been received as follows:—

Let x = total value.

$$\therefore x - 1,000 = 1st \text{ share.}$$

$$\therefore \frac{x}{3} - 800 = 2nd \text{ „}$$

$$\therefore \frac{x}{4} - 600 = 3rd \text{ „}$$

$$x - 1,000 + \frac{x}{3} - 800 + \frac{x}{4} - 600 = x$$

$$12x - 12,000 + 4x - 9,600 + 3x - 7,200 = 12x$$

$$12x - 12x + 4x + 3x = 12,000 + 9,600 + 7,200$$

$$7x = 28,800$$

$$\text{The value of the estate, } \therefore x = 41,144 \text{ 5s. 6d.}$$

$$\text{Proof: } 41,144 \text{ 5s. 6d.} - 11,000 = 30,144 \text{ 5s. 6d.}$$

$$30,144 \text{ 5s. 6d.} - 800 = 29,344 \text{ 5s. 6d.}$$

$$29,344 \text{ 5s. 6d.} - 600 = 28,744 \text{ 5s. 6d.}$$

$$41,144 \text{ 5s. 6d.} - 28,744 \text{ 5s. 6d.} = 12,400 \text{ 0s. 0d.}$$

$$\text{Total value } 41,144 \text{ 5s. 6d. Answer.}$$

S. B.

Similar replies have been received from R. M'Nale, J. R. Furneaux, Kreuznach, J. B. F. (Edinburgh), J. Brittain, J. M. S., J. Davis, W. Lummis, F. M. N. P. G., Ziz, T. Lee-man, B. Hall, H. R. Symons (Devonport), Royal Tiger, P. Syvret, H. Jennings, D. Newport, T. Benham, XXX., Thomas, Gradus ad Parnassum, A City Clerk, Militas, B. A. (Trinity Hall, Cambridge), A. Becher, J. N. Wood, W. Hockley, Aramis, W. E. Burra, F. W. Hargraves, J. H. True-man, Arlington, J. Archbold, G. Ascarus, W. E., P. Q. R., W. C., F. A. C., Joe Muggins, E. J. L., W. Gill, J. Robertson, P. J. Mooney, J. O. (Leeds), A. Lowdon, J. W. (Kikeel), W. Bramley, Trebo, Leven, J. G. Bradbury, R. Markham, Alpha, C. Ingate, A. S. G. G. C., W. Golding, Maccaron, J. H. Smith, T. Sadlier, Ruthra Oey, J. W. M'C., Hium, J. Vickers, Mona, J. F. V., G. Hennessy, J. Wood, J. W. (Millbrook), A. Dyer (Hawick), O. Jos. Wallace and W. M'Donnell (pupils in the Portaferry National School), R. Parkinson, T. (Seanam), R. W. Jamson, J. Mellor, J. L. Relton, Tapscott, J. Beddow, Boskes, Hamish, J. T. Last, E. Weigh, X.X., R. Magnus, G. M. Ferri, G. W. M., J. Kinvig, T. H. A. (Trinity College, Cambridge), Germanicus, C. Hill, J. Powell (your proposed question too nearly resembles one lately answered), J. Hall, Wilkie, Don, M. Le Paternel (Guernsey), A. F. F. (Sheffield), C. M. H., W. Gwynne, M. Gillan, J. Wyer, N. Boswell (we shall be glad to hear from you occasionally), Albin S., Spes, A. Schoolmaster, S. Butcher, J. C. P. Steles, G. S. Hodgkinson, J. Jackson, J. Tucker, J. W. G. T. C. D., W. S. Waggott, P. Dalton, Young Bob, A. G. C. jun., P. Chapman, A. to Z., C. B. (Rippey), A. Total Abstainer, A. R. B. (Gravesend), J. Menzies, Carolus, A. Lover of Education, S. P. Q. R., T. H. Macpherson, J. Heaton, A. Hunter, J. E. Greaves, J. G., Hunter, and J. R. Watson. *Incorrect*—R. G., D. G. Lov, R. Cramer, W. M. H., and Charley.

Also to Question II., in the same Number, from W. Gwynne, J. J., T. W., J. Wyer, and H. R. Symons.

Incorrect—M. Gillan, C. Cressy.

FOR SOLUTION.

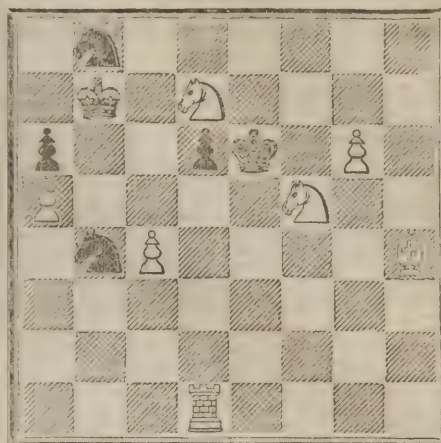
There is a rectangular shaped barge, the length of which is twenty-seven feet, the breadth six feet, and the depth five feet, outside measurement; the thickness of the planking being three inches, and the weight of a cubic foot of the timber forty pounds. How many tons would be required to sink this barge?

* * * We again repeat, that we decline the insertion of any questions which are unaccompanied by clear and correct solutions. We request, also, an assurance that the questions sent are original.

Chess.

Problem No. 80. By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Solution of Problem No. 76.

WHITE.

1. Kt takes P on Q Kt 4

2. Kt to Q B 7

3. Kt or Q mates

BLACK.

1. Q takes B

2. Any move

Black has other defences, but none to delay the mate beyond the third move.

EXON.—We find that your Problem, No. 1, can be solved in the following manner:—

WHITE.

1. Kt to K 3

2. P Queens (ch)

3. Q or R mates

BLACK.

1. Kt to Q Kt 5

2. B takes Q

WM. M'KENZIE.—Problem No. 21 can be solved in three moves, e.g.:—

WHITE.

1. R to K 4

2. B takes R (ch)

3. B to K B 3 (mate)

BLACK.

1. R takes P (best)

2. K moves

In Problem No. 22 Black's defence of Kt to K 3 is unsound, as White can take Kt with Kt and mate next move with R. The Problem can also be solved in four moves, commencing with B takes P.

J. PHENIX.—Your Problems are meritorious, and shall appear at the earliest opportunity.

J. P. COURTENAY (Dunkineely).—Your Problem in four moves can be solved as follows:—

WHITE.

1. B takes P

2. B to K Kt 4 (ch)

3. Kt mates

BLACK.

1. K moves

2. K moves

And your Problem in five moves can be solved in four moves, e.g.:—

WHITE.

1. P to K 4

2. R to Q 7

3. K to Q 6, and mates next move

BLACK.

1. P to Q 6

2. K moves

W. COATES.—Problems Nos. 1, 3, and 4, are not, and shall appear shortly. No. 2 can be solved in the following manner:—

WHITE.

1. Kt to R 2

2. K to K 7

3. P to Q 4 (dis ch) and mates next move

BLACK.

1. K to K 4 (a)

2. K moves

(a) If K to B 4, White replies with K to K 7, &c.

C. T. ATKINS.—If you can remedy the defect arising from Q to K B 7 for the second move of White, your Problem will be a clever piece of composition.

J. J. WATTS.—Many thanks for your letter. Your analysis of the position to which you refer is quite sound.

WILLIAM JONES (Halifax).—The game possesses scarcely sufficient interest for publication.

T. SIMPSON.—We shall endeavour to act upon your suggestion, if we find it practicable to do so.

T. MARTIN, Jun.—Your inquiry must, we regret to say, be answered in the negative.

J. B. B. (Trinity College, Dublin).—It will be sufficient if you indicate the pieces on the diagram by their initial letters, e.g.:—W B for White Bishop, B K for Black King, B P for Black Pawn, &c.

Solutions up to the present date by F. G. R. (Norwich), D. W. O. (Sligo), J. J. Watts, J. B. C., T. Simpson, J. P. B. (excepting No. 68), T. Martin, jun., Netram Nhoj, M. A. R., W. Jones, Oxon, J. Palmer, Nemo, C. Austin, E. Grant, Robert Wilson.

THE NORWICH CHESS CLUB.

The members of this club, we are given to understand, will shortly resume their winter gatherings for play, and that it is proposed to present a board and chessmen to the successful competitor in a match at chess (to be played at the close of the season), in which all the members will have an opportunity of contending.

Our Editorial Table.

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This Beautifully Illustrated and Instructive Almanack, which has now obtained celebrity wherever the English language is spoken, will this year be found to surpass, if possible, its previous attractiveness. It will contain upwards of Thirty Engravings, the subjects as follow:—Twelve engravings representing the modes of Repast in various Nations and Periods;—Twelve engravings representing important events of the year 1858, including the Capture of Delhi—Storming of Lucknow—Bombardment of Canton—Earthquake in Naples—Burial of the Queen of Oude—The Leviathan off Deptford—Inauguration of the Boulevard de Sebastopol—Arrival of the Queen at Cherbourg—Launch of the Ville de Nantes—Fort Napoleon in Kabylia—Her Majesty's arrival at the Town Hall, Leeds—Removal of the decorations, fountain, &c., in the Place du Châtelet. Four emblematical designs of the Seasons;—Astronomical illustrations, &c., &c. The Literary matter, in addition to explanations of the above Engravings, consists of the Calendar, richly stored with historical remembrances; Chronology; Obituary; Abstracts of Acts of Parliament; Important Statistics; Postal Regulations; Stamps and Taxes; Gardening Calendar; the Government; Royal Family; Houses of Lords and Commons, and other matters, interesting to all branches of the community.

N. B. Orders should be given at once to the nearest Bookseller, as delays, consequent upon the large circulation, have unavoidably occurred in the delivery of the two last years' issues.

L. STUART.—We pity you for your disappointment, since you so much wished to see the comet; but you have only yourself to blame. In the early part of the month, on the Saturday, the 2nd instant, especially, it became so brilliant as even to attract attention from the listless. On the 10th, at about midnight, the comet was nearest the earth; it was then separated from us by about 51,000,000 miles. Its greatest brilliancy was attained the previous day, when the intensity of light was very strong. But, of course, it was not visible in those parts where the atmosphere was cloudy or foggy; and it must be remembered that showers and fogs are so partial that the sky may be clear in one county and black as thunder in another. In the absence of moonlight in the evening hours, the comet formed a splendid object in the western sky during the second and third weeks of the month. On the evening of Tuesday, the 5th of October, the comet's nucleus made a near approach to Arcturus. This proximity of the comet to so important a star proved a very interesting phenomenon. At one time their distance from each other was little more than one-third of a degree.

J. S. (Liverpool).—You can get all the volumes by giving a direct order to any respectable bookseller to procure them for you. This would probably be necessary, as they might not be found complete in stock. Should you not succeed in obtaining them by this means, send an order, with remittance, including carriage, to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, and they will forward them. The cost of the volumes will be 3s. 6d.; carriage, 3s. 6d.

ALICIA.—Coaches are of more recent date than you seem to suppose. We may fix the time of their introduction at 1564; for the poet Taylor gives the following prosaic account:—"One William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought first the use of coaches hither, and the said Boonen was Queen Elizabeth's coachman; for, indeed, a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of them put both horse and man into amazement."

VIATOR.—The hope and expectation of finding gold furnishes travellers with wings, and it seems that the new "El Dorado" (British Columbia) is to be of easy access in a very short time. On this subject we give you the words of our present Foreign Secretary, Sir E. B. Lytton:—"Honourable gentlemen who look at the map may imagine this new colony at an immeasurable distance from England, but the Government had already received overtures from no less eminent a person than Mr. Cunard for a line of postal steam-vessels for letters, goods, and passengers, by which it is calculated that a passenger starting from Liverpool may reach the colony in about thirty-five days, by way of New York and Panama." Besides this line of route, it is probable that an effort will be made to open a communication by land through Canada, for which certain depressions in the northern part of the Rocky Mountains offer facilities.

A STEADY YOUNG LADDIE.—As you have "never yet engaged in any kind of manual labour," you are not likely to obtain from the government a free passage to Port Natal, or to any other place.

LORD MAYOR.—There are two Lord Mayors in England; one in London and the other in York, which city is a county in itself, and enjoys large privileges, confirmed to it by a long succession of kings. The title of Lord is also borne by the Mayor of the City of Dublin. The prefix of Lord to that of Mayor of London was granted by Edward III., with the style of "Right Honourable," in 1354. The first Lord Mayor of Dublin was honoured with that title by Charles II. in 1665.

A YOUTH.—Mr. Rarey has, we own, done great wonders in his way; so had Astley and Franconi before him. Astley's plan was to give each horse his preparatory lesson alone, when there was no noise to divert his attention from his instructor. If the horse was interrupted, he was dismissed for that day. When perfect in certain lessons by himself, he was associated with other horses whose education was further advanced. It was Astley's practice to reward his horses with slices of carrot or apple when they performed well.

IN A FIX.—You are liable for the debts your wife may have contracted previous to marriage, provided they are not barred by the statute of limitations.

K. J. JECNE.—Your lines on the "Death of Your First Love" are promising, and do credit to your poetical talent. Since you can be so eloquent, we wonder you require us to prompt you in your approaching interview with your new love; however, we will do our best for you. If the lady is very sentimental, the description of your early sorrow may touch her heart; "and when we learn to pity, how soon we learn to love."

A COUNTRY GIRL.—The word "*Selah*" is generally supposed to be a note of admiration, requiring a solemn pause in the psalm or song. It is usually placed after some remarkable passage, and seems designed to excite and quicken attention.

A WEEKLY SUBSCRIBER.—Supposing you to be really attached to the young lady, you are in a painful situation; but have you not brought it on yourself? In your letter you say (alluding to the young lady), "I love her very much, and expected some day I should make her my wife." Some day is very vague. Perhaps the young lady thought it rather too vague. Probably she has forsaken you for a man capable of making up his mind, and who may already have requested her "to name the day." We cannot blame her, though we pity you.

W. H.—Personal security is the security given in a person's own name without reference to freehold, copyhold, or leasehold property, or any goods or chattels he may possess.

HARVEY.—As a young man in his 23rd year, you should have shown more good sense and penetration. The lady is evidently unsuited to you, and as the shortest follies are the best, the sooner you come to an explanation with her the better. You should courageously tell her what has estranged your love from her.

RICHARD MARKHAM.—As you have already changed your mind three times, we have no confidence in our advice as being sufficiently powerful to teach you constancy; but as, of course, you expect we should say something, our opinion is that you had better not think of any lady till you are a few years older.—AGNETA.—We cannot in conscience advise you to resign a situation in which you have secured the approbation of your employers. The number of young women who wish to be industrious, yet who find no occupation, is perfectly frightful. We can assure you that taking pupils is a most precarious mode of subsistence. Try rather to suit your temper to your circumstances, than to make your circumstances suit your temper.

L. TODD.—Roger Bacon is reported to have invented gunpowder.

AN AUSTRALIAN.—You have no reason to fear that the magnificent colony of which you are a native will ever be eclipsed in importance by British Columbia, or any other settlement. The advantages that Australia possesses in soil, climate, and mineral produce are unrivalled. You are mistaken respecting the discovery of Australia. We have good reason to believe it was first known to the Portuguese, and that when they called it Java Major, they obtained the first glimpse of it from the island of Java itself.

HONORIA.—You are wrong in supposing that volcanoes only exist in hot countries. One of the most important in the world, Mount Hecla, is in Iceland. In answer to your second question, we can only say that we are not aware of any burning mountain having actually existed in England within the historic period, but a near approach to it was seen in 1815, near Weymouth, Dorsetshire, when Holworth Cliff smoked and inflated spontaneously. It began by the sinking of two acres thirty feet, which, in three years, slid eight hundred feet towards the sea. It contained bitumen, with limestone and shells. In 1826 vapour rose from the summit, and soon after smoke, to the height of twenty-one feet. It must have been an alarming sight to bystanders. On digging at the spot, a body of flame appeared, and the hole, to the depth of six feet, resembled a limekiln, with a strong sulphureous smell. Workmen scattered the materials, but it was evidently an incipient volcano.

W. A. and D. N.—Phosphorus is manufactured chiefly from bones. It is a very powerful and diffusible stimulant; but, on account of its activity, it is exceedingly dangerous.

PLUTO.—If your uncle be a wise and experienced man, it may be worth your while seriously to consider his objections. A COUNTER-JUMPER.—Surely you do not expect us to recommend a clandestine correspondence, especially when relations of riper years, and more perfect knowledge of the circumstances, have forbidden it.

C. WILLIAMS.—You had better consult a good system of physical geography; an answer to your inquiries would occupy too large a space.

JESSE.—We hope you have recovered from the effects of your sprain long before this; in future cases the following lotion may be used with advantage:—Sugar of lead, half an ounce; vinegar and water, each a quarter of a pint; camphorated spirits, a quarter of an ounce; mix, and apply frequently.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE BEGINNING is recommended to apply to a neighbouring binder. The illustrated cloth cases for binding the Old Series of the "Family Paper" in separate volumes, may be obtained through any bookseller, price 2s. 6d. each.

J. P. REES.—You will find directions for polishing stones in No. 30, page 64; but for pebbles you will require a lathe and tools, such as are used by lapidaries.

CAPT. GREVILLE.—The Lessons in French were commenced in No. 23 of the New Series of our journal.

M. D.—The novel about which you inquire has been out of print for many years.

Z. Y.—Paternoster-row and Ave Maria-lane (in the immediate vicinity of St. Paul's Churchyard) derive their names from the fact of the stationers or text writers, who dwelt there in former times, having sold a kind of book then in use, viz., the A B C, with the Paternoster, Ave, Creed, and Graces. Turners of beads for rosaries also lived there, and were called paternoster-makers.

ECONOMY.—You must send your felt hat to a hatmaker to be restiffened; you will not be able to do it yourself.

J. P.—You can deposit as small a sum as £25 in the Bank of England; it will be necessary to employ a broker to purchase, in any stock you please, to that amount.

PERPLEXITY.—You are certainly in a very curious predicament. We cannot advise you to propose to the second lady until you have come to a clear understanding with the first. It is perfectly necessary that you should know whether your proposal of marriage (made two years ago) ever reached its destination. In making the inquiry, you need only ask the lady to whom it was addressed if she ever received a letter from you of such and such a date. Should she reply that no such letter ever reached her (and supposing that you are now become indifferent to her), you must courageously inform her that, in case the letter should still come to hand, you are bound to own that the wishes expressed in it are now no longer felt by you, and that suspense and disappointment have brought about a thorough revolution in your feelings; in fact, that you consider yourself as free as before you penned the letter. If, on the contrary, the lady received the letter and left it unanswered, her culpable neglect completely frees you, and any attempt on her part to recover damages would only expose her to ridicule.

J. F. K.—Apply to the Government Emigration Officer at Liverpool.

JUMPER L. R. W.—We have before given receipts for fixing pencil drawings; see an excellent one in No. 191 of the Old Series, page 271.

D. JONES.—See No. 41, page 340.

GULMARE.—The Marchioness de Boissy, at present figuring in Parisian society, is the "Terese, Countess Guiccioli" of Byron's notoriety; pronounced Gwu-che-o-le.

A SUBSCRIBER.—You will have to pay for your case, containing the portrait, at the same rate as the letter postage—namely, according to the weight.

A CONSTANT READER.—The situation you hold will not exempt you from the tax upon dogs.

J. W. R. (Reading).—You require four parts more to complete the series of "Cassell's Educational Course." Languages, except English, are not included in this series. You can obtain them from any respectable bookseller.

BALLY ELLIS.—The names you have sent us are pronounced thus:—Grée-sy, Pic-co-lóm-i-ny, and vét-e-ri-na-ry. Your other question you must decide according to your own cool judgment, and as circumstances seem to dictate.

A MAJOR.—It is believed that 3,000 stars are displayed to the naked eye on a clear night.

L. B.—A moderate sized French lamp will consume a quarter of a pint of oil in twelve hours and a half.

C. T.—You can obtain the publications referred to upon application to the publishers.

A LITTLE DAISY.—You are rather premature in your plans about valentines. However, it is better to be too soon than too late. There is not the least impropriety in your sending a valentine to a gentleman, provided it is anonymous.

A YOUNG LADY.—The manner in which you are to use the wash recommended in No. 36, is as follows: Damp the hair with it frequently, and do not apply water immediately after, but allow the wash to dry on the hair.

JOSEPH (Aberdeen).—By all means wait till you are able to make a fair offer.

A MUSICIAN.—The cause of obstruction in the throat must be ascertained before any proper remedy can be applied.

G. BURRELL.—There is nothing poisonous in elderberries; but the best way of preparing them for use is to press the juice out, and then boil it down with a quantity of sugar so as to form a syrup. This should be carefully bottled. A tablespoonful may be put into a half-pint glass or jug, and hot water poured upon it. If approved, a few cloves or whole allspice may be boiled with the syrup.

PETER.—To *revest* means to clothe again, or to reinvest; but the word is seldom used. In reference to money, the word *invest* is still used.

A ALFA.—There are numerous dealers in game, not only in Leadenhall market, but in various parts of the metropolis. They receive large and regular supplies from the country every day.

AN ANXIOUS FRIEND.—We understand that Captain M'Cintoch is alive and safe. Letters have been received from him. In the course of last season he was unable to get into the north water, and passed the winter in "the pack." He recruited at Disco, and, undaunted by his failure, has proceeded again in search of the missing expedition.

NELLY.—The inside of the loaf is correctly termed *crumb*, not *pith*. You do not put your second question very clearly, but if what you are anxious to know is the nature of a cloud, we must inform you that clouds are the moisture of a cold region of the air, condensed in small globules.

T. SMITH.—Every infant must be registered within six weeks after its birth, by a parent, or some other person duly authorised, giving personal notice to the registrar of the district. No fee is required.

FANNY.—Spermaceti ointment is the basis of lip salves. To one ounce of spermaceti ointment add a quarter of an ounce of finely powdered lump sugar; melt together, and when cool, add three or four drops of oil of lavender, otto of roses, or any other scent. Apply it with a feather or the tip of the finger.

HENRICUS.—We refer you to the answer given to "A Youth of Sixteen," in last number; adding, for your own peculiar case, that the lady must bow to you—not you to her—excepting to return her salutation.

PATTY.—You seem very much puzzled by this word, *legal tender*; but you would immediately understand us if we called it what it is—a legal offering in the way of payment. Gold and silver coin of the realm, or Bank of England notes, constitute a legal tender. If £100 19s. 11½d. had to be paid, the tender, to be good, should be £100 in gold or bank notes, half-a-sovereign, nine shillings and ten pence in silver, one penny, and three farthings.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARTLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER CIII.

Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of another.—SHAKESPEARE.

ALTHOUGH William Thornton had none of those marks about him by which Rosalind describes a true lover—that is to say, he continued to dress, look, and move in society like any ordinary mortal—his

heart had not recovered the blow his supposed rejection by Alice Boothroyd had inflicted.

We say supposed, for our readers are aware—or, if they have forgotten it, we beg leave to remind them of the important fact—the letter which blighted his hopes had been written by the young lady's manœuvring mother.

Poor William! he had not even the consolation of feeling himself an exceedingly ill-used person; for the childish affection which he and Alice had entertained for each other gave him no right to accuse her of trifling with him; it was simply one of those delicate flowers such as we sometimes see the plant put forth before its leaves are unfolded—a graceful caprice of nature.

Still he felt the disappointment keenly; more keenly, perhaps, than he would like to have acknowledged. His boyish love had been one of the incentives which led him to distinguish himself at the university; his dreams had been so sweet, and had lasted so long, that he looked upon them as real. A singular

error for a wrangler to have fallen into; especially in so unpoetical an age as the nineteenth century, whose hard realities stare imagination out of countenance, and play the deuce with the ideal.

Despite its dogged pursuit of the real, it is a question, after all, whether the true philosopher might not discover a certain amount of poetry even in this present age of granite and iron. The speculator upon change, the merchant whose life is passed in the counting-house, the politician scheming for office, the lawyer with his musty parchments, authorities, and precedents, the engineer, the mechanic; in short, the whole tribe of materialists—earth's last and worst idolators—who, like mathematicians, pretend to deal only with facts: have they not, one and all, in some corner of their busy brain an ideal—never acknowledged, and but rarely glanced at—some sun-lit picture—drawn, perhaps, in youth—or dream, never to be realised, yet not without its secret influence?

We have sometimes doubted whether publishers,



CAPTURE OF FIDDLER DICK.

composers, and printers' devils—with their starling-like cry of "Copy!" "Copy!" their inexorable reminders of so many more folios being required, and that they ought to have gone to press the preceding day—are quite exempt from this same weakness; nay, more, have fancied—we confess to a highly imaginative temperament—that we have discovered some traces of it even in their nature.

And we were right: life, with all its phases, is but one long epic. The verse may flag, the incidents become uninteresting, or bear a stereotyped resemblance to each other, but the action still goes on—poetry in its episodes, although the theme be barren.

There is nothing like change of scene when either the heart or brain require reaction—unless the disease, unhappily, should be so far advanced that all cure is hopeless. This, fortunately, was not the case with William Thornton. He was not one of those who, on the first disappointment, sink into a state of melancholy or misanthropy. He still believed that happiness might be found in the world, and, since it would not come to him, like a sensible fellow, he resolved to seek it.

Everything had been arranged for his departure; his chambers in the Albany let; passport *en règle*, and letters of credit signed; one painful task, however, still remained for him—the parting with his father.

The disappointed lover, as our readers are aware, was an only son; and the affection of his parent was centred in him, not with a selfish, exacting love, which bases its claims upon authority, and demands the greatest sacrifice without making the slightest in return—as in the case of Alice and her mother,—but with that generous, expansive confidence which enables age to see its youth reflected in the happiness of its offspring.

Although Mr. Thornton felt the approaching separation keenly, he never, by word or hint, attempted to dissuade William from his project. A simple expression of his wish upon the subject would have been sufficient, but he wisely refrained; for, without seeking an explanation of his son's motives for quitting England, he divined that he had encountered one of those disappointments which leave the heart like some gallant vessel struck upon a rock—an inevitable wreck, unless by a vigorous effort it rights itself, and regains the open sea.

The traveller's destination was Italy; that grave of nations, so rich in recollections of the past that the mind can scarcely bring itself to doubt its future.

"It is a land of beauty," observed his father; "do not forget, for my sake, that it is also one of danger."

William promised that he would not.

"I am very absent this morning," said Mr. Thornton, nervously; "I have a letter for you, which has been forwarded from the Elms."

He placed it in the hand of his son, who, on recognising the seal, the well-known Boothroyd arms, coloured to the temples; then turned exceedingly pale. His hand trembled as he broke it.

"Father," he exclaimed, "I must postpone this journey. At the moment I cannot explain to you my reasons: be assured," he added, "they are not unworthy ones."

"That I feel," replied the worthy manufacturer; "my confidence is not more unbounded than my affection. I make no offer—proffer no services. The fortune I have toiled for is only held in trust for you."

The young man pressed the hand of his father gratefully.

"But is it certain, quite certain," continued the speaker, "that this journey is put off?"

"For the present, at least," answered William. "Perhaps I was selfish in ever contemplating it, knowing how necessary I am to you."

"Your happiness, my dear boy, is far more necessary. I would not purchase the gratification of my own feelings by the sacrifice of that. I will leave you now, for I perceive that you are agitated."

The instant he was alone, William Thornton reperused the letter. There was no error, no forgery: this time it really was from Alice.

If any of our readers anticipate a sentimental declaration of love, they will find themselves mistaken: the writer had too pure a sense of female delicacy and pride. Even to herself she blushed to avow the preference her heart secretly cherished for the companion of her youth.

The communication ran thus:—

"Dear William,—I feel certain that you have not forgotten your old playfellow Alice, and, even if you have, that you will not refuse to see her, or judge favourably the step she has taken in writing to you. She is very unhappy, and relies on your counsel—perhaps on your assistance.

"She will be in Kensington Gardens on Thursday at three."

"And it is two now!" exclaimed the excited youth. "She has not forgotten me! If unbeloved, at least I am remembered as a friend, one whom she can trust to in her sorrow. She speaks of assistance; could the sacrifice of my life assure her happiness, I would not regret the purchase."

Perhaps there was a lingering hope, unacknowledged even to himself, nestling in a corner of the speaker's heart. As he drove towards the place of rendezvous, how the memory of old times returned! He thought of the meeting in Meldown-park, when the snow as now was on the ground, and the leafless trees silvered with frost.

"I wonder if Alice recollects it?" he asked himself. "I think I see her now, her fairy feet scarcely touching the ground as she ran to meet me. They were happy times," he added, with a sigh; "pity they could not last for ever."

How many a gray-haired man has echoed the same wish! Childhood is sweet, for its memories rarely leave a sting behind.

"Pity the world should e'er awake
The young heart from so fair a vision;
Or time the rosy fetters break,
That hold it in that gentle prison."

At the entrance to the gardens he recognised a carriage with the Boothroyd arms, and in the first walk Alice, who advanced hesitatingly to meet him.

"You must think my conduct strange—very strange, William!" she observed, in a tone of sadness; "but do not judge it till you have heard my reasons."

"Believe me they are unnecessary, my dear Miss Boothroyd," he replied, "to convince me of the propriety of any act or thought of yours."

"Miss Boothroyd!" repeated the fair girl, in a reproachful tone; "you used to call me Alice. But you are right," she hastily continued, perhaps to repress a sigh; "we are no longer children, and all things change with years."

"All but the warm friendship, the deep interest I take in everything that concerns your happiness," observed her companion, at the same time offering her his arm, which was frankly accepted; "they can never change, and since you condescend to remind me of them, I will once more call you Alice."

"Oh, yes, it has a much kinder sound!" exclaimed the heiress, with something like the shadow of her former sunny smile upon her lips.

The heart of her lover beat wildly as he listened to the well-remembered voice, and felt the slight pressure of her arm upon his. We have known even the recollection of such a moment startle the sluggish blood of age, and send it coursing through the veins with the rapidity of some mountain stream, suddenly released from the freezing embrace of winter.

"You are aware," she continued, "of the circumstances that have taken place since the death of my poor father, the re-appearance of his brother Allan's child?"

"I have seen her," replied William; "she is engaged to be married to the son of my father's partner."

"And you believe her to be my cousin?"

"No one who has ever beheld you could doubt it for an instant," was the reply; "the resemblance is so striking. If she is an impostor, never did blood and race so far belie themselves. She has your graceful figure, the same arched brow, dark eyes, and eloquent smile. Pardon me," he added, seeing that the warmth of his expressions had called a blush upon the cheek of his companion; "but there cannot be a doubt to her right to the name of Boothroyd."

"I believe it too," said Alice, seriously; "and would willingly acknowledge her; share home and love with her. It would be so sweet to have a sister; but my mother will not listen to me."

Her hearer was not surprised, having long since formed his opinion of Lady Boothroyd.

"Of course," she continued, "I cannot brave the authority of my only parent; that would be wrong: neither will I consent to be made a party to injustice. Inform my cousin," she added, "that I have evidence to give which may go far to establish her rights."

William Thornton gazed with inexpressible admiration on the high-principled girl as she made this important statement. There was no enthusiasm, no mock heroism in her tone; the words were simply, but firmly uttered.

"And you will give that evidence in a court of justice?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"It will affect your fortune."

"Shall I permit such a consideration to weigh with me?" exclaimed Alice—"Never! Fortune, I hate the word; it has been the bane of my existence. Not a

day has passed since my father's death that I have not wished myself a beggar. These are strange words, William," she added, hastily; "forget them—pray forget them, and let us speak of my cousin."

"Yes, certainly," answered her companion, musingly.

"You remember the day," she continued, "previous to your departure for Eton, much such a day as this; we were children then. With boyish gallantry, that we both smile at now, you scaled the wall of Meldown Park to bid me farewell?"

"Remember it!" repeated the lover, rousing himself as if from a dream, "yes, Alice—yes—I well remember it!"

"On quitting you I lost my path, and came upon an old pavilion in the garden; it was locked; curiosity tempted me to peep through the crevice of the door, and I beheld a girl, about my own age, wrapped in a coarse rug; I have never forgotten her, or the words she uttered, in a foreign tongue."

"Can you repeat them?"

"*Mai bhooka hoon.*"

"And their meaning?"

"I never knew. The rector of St. Faith's once told me that they were Hindostani."

"This is indeed most important," observed her companion; "you speak of a day impressed upon my memory by so many recollections. How well do I remember my riding from the Elms, fastening my pony to the old oak tree at the end of the lane, and climbing the wall of the park; how on my return I trembled lest the loss of your chain and locket should draw on you the anger of Lady Boothroyd."

"My chain and locket!"

"Yes; the one I found, and afterwards restored to you."

"Was it not a gift?" exclaimed Alice, in a tone of surprise.

"I found it in Meldown Park," replied William Thornton.

"I see it all," said the fair girl, involuntarily raising her hand towards her neck, as if to remove it, but an impulse of maiden modesty restrained her, for what might not William think should he discover that she wore it next her heart?

"It must have been my cousin's, the poor prisoner's in the pavilion," she added, blushing deeply, "and may serve to prove her identity."

Swiftly as the action had been checked, her lover noticed it, and a new-born hope dawned within his breast.

"You thought it my gift, Alice," he said, in accents of mingled reproach and tenderness, "wore it—nay, wear it as such, and yet can consign the giver to despair."

His companion slowly repeated the word, despair, wondering what it meant.

"I know it was presumptuous," he continued, "to avow my love, for what devotion could merit the gift of a heart like yours; and yet, Alice, it was my boyhood's dream, the incentive to exertion. I had energies, ambition, high thoughts of winning a name that might render me less unworthy of you. I have been punished for my folly," he added; "your rejection of me has destroyed them all."

"You speak in riddles," replied the astonished girl, "and yet I feel assured that you speak truthfully. Your feelings are too generous and manly to permit you for an instant to trifle with mine. Rejection," she repeated, "my rejection of you! How could I reject the love that was never proffered?"

"You received no letter from me?"

"None."

"It must have fallen into your cruel mother's hands!" exclaimed William Thornton, half mad with joy. "She always hated me, and, to destroy my happiness, answered it in your name. I love you, Alice!" he continued, in a tone which betrayed the depth of his emotion. "Life has no hope that is not centred in you; it was your smile that first taught me there was a love dearer than a parent's, and the conviction has become a part of my existence. You will not render that existence a blank, a void—purposeless and cheerless!"

As these impassioned words sank into her ears Alice Boothroyd trembled.

"Why," she murmured, "why was not this told before?"

"Speak!" said her lover, scarcely less agitated than herself; "joy or misery hang upon your decision!"

"I dare not speak, William, as my heart would prompt me!" sobbed his companion. "There is a barrier between us; and it is better—much better that you should never know how dearly I have always loved you. My father extorted from me a promise, and I dare not break it."

"That you would bestow your hand upon your

cousin Illston," said her lover, who had frequently been tortured by reading paragraphs in the papers announcing their approaching marriage. "It was an evil promise, Alice, extorted by pride and selfishness; your heart had no share in it; reason rejects it; love implores you to forget it!"

"Impossible," murmured the victim, with a shudder, "I dare not break it."

"If Illston has but one spark of generosity in his sordid nature, he never will exact the sacrifice."

"I have tried that," answered Alice, despairingly; "told him that my soul revolted at the thought of our marriage; appealed to his pity."

"And the answer?"

"You know him; it is unnecessary to repeat it."

"I will appeal to him," observed her lover, sternly, "in different and perhaps more persuasive accents, the soul-less cur. What! accept a hand the heart cannot accompany? Extort a vow from pale and trembling lips? Alice, the very thought is madness. It must not, shall not be. Had I no other feeling towards you than a brother's—fond, but unimpassioned love—that love would find some means to prevent the sacrifice."

"Do nothing rashly," exclaimed the agitated girl; "nothing to compromise your safety, promise me that. There are still some months before he can claim his victim. I have been urged—persecuted—since the discovery of my cousin's existence to abridge the period; but I refused—turned a deaf ear to my mother's commands—her entreaties."

"Bravely done, Alice," said the youth; "bravely done."

"I am not likely to yield now," she continued, with modest firmness; "I have your love to sustain me, and it has given me strength—all but hope. I have been in the great world, William, since last we met, mingled in what is called society, and yet I know little of its usages. Do not deem me unmaidenly, when I avow that your love is dear to me—very dear to me, for I fear my heart almost unasked was yours."

There are few of our readers, of course we mean our male ones, but at some period of their lives have been transported out of sober reason, by listening to a similar confession. They, and they only, can understand the transport with which the lover of Alice Boothroyd listened to the frank confession. An author, whatever he may have felt, might as well attempt to paint in words the colours of the rainbow, the perfume of the flower, as describe them. Such feelings occur but once, when the heart is in its spring.

Love, like every other passion, is terribly exacting; no sooner does it feel its strength, than it becomes more exigent. William Thornton who, an hour before, would have declared the distant hope of being one day beloved the *nil ultra* of human felicity, now declared that he would not part till Alice had named a day when they should meet again.

"I will bring Lillian with me," he urged, "and Richard Markham, her lover. She is beautiful, almost as beautiful as yourself, and good as beautiful. You will find in her a sister."

As Lady Boothroyd fortunately was almost daily engaged in consultations with the lawyers, her daughter thought she might venture to promise, the inducement, of course, being to meet her cousin.

"And now, William," she said, "we must part; longer absence might excite suspicion. It is hard, very hard," she added, "to love candour and truthfulness, and yet be compelled to dissemble."

"Silence is not dissembling," observed her lover; a piece of casuistry borrowed from Cupid's ethics, and therefore, we presume, excusable. "I saw your carriage at the gate, can you trust the servants; have you no fear?"

"None of the one who attended me into the gardens," replied Alice with a smile, at the same time pointing to a domestic, who during the interim had kept at a most discreet distance. William recognised the gray-headed domestic who had taught his young mistress to ride, and beckoning him to him, would have given him money.

It was declined.

"You can do better than that," said the old man, respectfully, and with a smile; "take me into your service when you are married."

The lady walked on. It is extraordinary what tact even the most innocent of the gentler sex display, when happiness is the game, and hearts the stakes.

"That will be some time first, I fear," observed the gentleman, with a sigh.

"Not if you strike up boldly, Mr. Thornton," replied the domestic. "I always said, when you were a boy, and used to meet Miss Alice to canteer your poppies together, that it ought to be a match, and it

will be a match. She can't abide her cousin. If you want at any time to send a letter," he added, in a whisper, "I am always to be found at an evening at the Mews in St. James's."

"Thank you, Joseph," answered the lover, "I shall not forget your kindness."

The old man touched his hat, more pleased at the speaker's remembering his name than at the gift of the sovereign which he at last consented to accept.

"His father may have made his money in trade," he thought, "and if he has, I don't see the great harm in it, but the son is a real gentleman, worth a dozen of such upstart puppies as my lady's nephew."

The words of adieu between the lovers were necessarily few and brief, and they parted, but not till the day of meeting had been named.

William Thornton quitted Kensington Gardens comparatively a happy man—life had once more a value and a purpose; for the knowledge that he was beloved had given him hope, and there are few of us but know what a dull thing existence is without it. We need scarcely say that all idea of visiting Italy was abandoned. Rome, as her citizens proudly boast, may be the centre of the earth; but, for once, the laws of gravitation were reversed—most decidedly it had lost some portion of its power of attraction.

The now happy lover's first thought, and it was a kind one, was to dispatch a hastily-written note to his father to inform him that the change in his intentions was decided; his next to drive to Mivart's hotel—he guessed where he should find our hero—and send up his card to request an interview.

At present, the acquaintance between them was a slight one: they had met but once—at a party given by Mr. Markham.

A brief conversation explained the purport of his visit; no sooner was it told than Richard insisted on his following him into the drawing-room, where he had left Lillian with Sir Charles, Lady Bell, and the lawyers, who pronounced the intelligence he communicated most important.

"An invaluable witness," observed Mr. Morton.

Mr. Ballam, the eminent Q.C., who, as Chancery proceedings were decided upon, was retained, pronounced Miss Boothroyd's conduct exceedingly disinterested.

"She is a noble girl," exclaimed Lady Bell; "I feel that I could love her." An observation that brought a flush of pleasure to the face of the lover of the gentle Alice.

Lillian spoke not, but her heart was filled with gratitude that one so young, beautiful, and good, should seek to acknowledge her. She now felt that she desired to share something more than the name of Boothroyd with her—the affection of a sister.

"And the chain and locket?" said Sir Charles Fourreau.

"That," answered the messenger, "Alice will have the gratification of placing in her cousin's hands herself."

Lillian smiled, and anxiously looked forward to the day that was to witness her meeting with a relative, whom she already felt disposed to love.

CHAPTER CIV.

Beggars! the only free men of our commonwealth;
Free, above Scot free; that observe no laws,
Obey no governor, use no religion
But what they draw from their own ancient custom,
Or constitute themselves. BROWNE.

For several nights Mr. Meadows and his assistants had been constant lodgers at the house of Bet, but without effecting the object of their visit—the capture of her husband.

The worthy detective began to fear lest his prey should escape him, and expressed as much to the convict's wife.

"Yer don't know Dick," replied the woman, "as I does: he is on the scent, I can feel it; if he ain't found out the crib yet, he soon will; he'd beat the fox for cunning, and, for the matter o' that, yourself into the bargain. Yer may smile," she added, "but I tell yer that he would."

"To-night, then, we will return again."

The above conversation took place on the morning of the fourth day, after the departure of the lodgers, when only Bet and Norah remained in the house. As the speaker quitted the kitchen, the former threw one of her shoes after him, for luck, as she expressed it.

Some of our readers may smile at this and think it puerile, but the throwing of the shoe is a very ancient custom, and still practised in many rural districts, especially in Yorkshire, where the ceremony of throwing the shoe after the bride for good luck is

called trashing. The shoe in connection with marriage may be traced to a period anterior to Christianity. In Deut. xxv., the ceremony of a widow rejecting her husband's brother in marriage is by loosing his shoe from off his foot; and in Ruth we read, that it was the custom in Israel concerning changing, that a man plucked off his shoe and delivered it to his neighbour. Hence Mr. Thrupp, in "Notes and Queries," suggests that the throwing a shoe after a bride was originally a symbol of renunciation of all authority over her by her father or guardian, and the receipt of it by the bridegroom, even if accidental, an omen that the authority was transferred to him.

There is little doubt but the writer is correct in his surmise as to the original intention of the act, although now only regarded as a sign of good luck. Query, by a wretched old bachelor, who has been smoking a cigar with us—Has the origin of the custom been lost sight of in consequence of the bride no longer recognising the authority of her husband?

Monstrum horrendum!

That same night a motley group was collected in the lodging-house in the Mint, where Poverty held carnival. Once within its walls, the desolate widow threw aside her cap and weeds; the pious father of five small children, whose white pinafores were carefully taken off that they might be kept clean for the next day, forgot his affectionate solicitude, and sent them with a crust hungry to bed. The fellow was an artist in his way, and knew that a good meal would rob their cheek of its paleness, their eyes of the imploring, anxious look, which, like the aforesaid pinafores, formed a part of his stock-in-trade. The cockney sailor—whose experience of the ocean extended probably no further than the sea of Battersea—shifted the model of the ship he had been wrecked in from his head, where he had borne it all day, and began counting his gains. If large, the precociously intelligent little urchin who, in his peregrinations, rode upon his shoulders back to back, shared in his supper. If not, the dear little tar, who was *honestly* hankering to fight the battles of Hingland, was sent supperless to bed. Not that the child was ever deprived of a proper allowance of food, for it was part of the old rascal's make up that the boy should look well and chubby, especially as he did the pale, haggard, and interesting himself—or, rather, gin did it for him.

Vendors of small ware, whose industry was an excuse for thieving, area sneaks, fortune-tellers, with here and there some unlucky child of misfortune not yet fully initiated into the life he had been driven to, others who could scarcely recollect a different one, made up the groups at the tables which filled the kitchen, whose stifling atmosphere, redolent of beer, tobacco, and gin, proved almost too much for the well-disciplined nerves of Mr. Meadows and his assistants; who, after partaking of a very frugal supper, which they brought with them, retired—as was supposed—to rest, in the small room they occupied by themselves, at the end of the passage, where window opened into the back yard.

No sooner had her customers retired to rest, and the strong bolt upon the door which cut off all communication between the upper and lower part of the house, been securely drawn, than Bet tapped at the entrance of the chamber in the passage.

Instead of three bricklayers out of employ, the characters they had assumed, two policemen in uniform made their appearance. They were active, determined-looking men, perfectly alive to the danger of the service they were upon. The third, who wore plain clothes, was the master-mind that directed them, the ex-inspector, Mr. Meadows.

"You may sleep," he said, "securely; we shall watch till morning."

"But I can't sleep," replied the woman, who was in a state of maudlin sentimentality, produced by the united influence of her feelings and gin; "arter all you know he is my husband."

The detective smiled.

"Who, if he had his will, would very soon be a widower," he observed; "no doubt but he would contrive to get a very comfortable living out of your establishment. It pays well, Mrs. Fiddler Dick."

"Pretty well for that," answered the mistress of the house, tartly.

"And with such a home he might soon get another wife to assist him to manage it."

Bet's touch of sentiment vanished.

"Good night," said Mr. Meadows. "Should you hear any noise in the passage, remain still until we call you."

To insure his directions being obeyed, the speaker drew a cleverly contrived screw from his pocket, and as Bet disappeared, attached it to the door between the passage and the kitchen.

That done he extinguished the light, and with his two companions patiently disposed himself to watch till morning, or the arrival of Fiddler Dick.

The situation of the three watchers was anything but an agreeable one. Stationed like statues, afraid to move or speak, in that cold, dark passage, whose walls, reeking with damp, sent forth an unwholesome chill, highly suggestive of rheumatism. One of the men had placed himself close to the shutter of the window, his companion by the door, both ready to pounce upon their prey in the event of his making his appearance, of which as the hours dragged on they began to despair. As for their chief, no amount of disappointment could weary his patience; he must not only have possessed a talent, but a positive taste for the profession to which he had devoted himself.

Virtue, they say, is its own reward—a melancholy truth, for in this world it rarely receives any other; we say rarely, for the exception occurred in the present instance. Just as they were about to abandon all hope of effecting the capture for that night, a low, hissing noise broke gently on their ears.

The officers were instantly on the alert; they recognised the peculiar sound made by a spring saw as its teeth bite into the iron.

Evidently some one was attempting from the outside of the house to cut through the bolt of the shutter. The men scarcely ventured to draw their breath.

Several times during the operation the saw was withdrawn, and there was a pause in the work, at which the experienced Mr. Meadows, however, felt no alarm lest the operator should escape. He knew that it could only be for the purpose of oiling the instrument. He proved right in his calculation; it was speedily introduced again.

As a slight click announced the completion of the operation, he gently drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket; not stout, vulgar bracelets, such as any ordinary detective might carry, but delicately finished instruments of steel, that locked with a spring.

In the field how frequently have we marked the difference between the young and old sportsman: the first, all impetuosity and eagerness, frequently loses his bird by impatience; the latter waits tranquilly till it is fairly on the wing, takes his aim coolly, and bags his game, without bustle, haste, or exertion; as if the affair were a mere matter of course. Nothing but his Manton misfiring can disappoint him.

Mr. Meadows and his assistants were old sportsmen; they betrayed neither haste, excitement, nor impatience, but remained cool and collected till their bird should rise; in other words, it was not till the shutter was pushed open, the sash raised, and Fiddler Dick within the passage, that the two officers pounced upon him. To seize his arms, bring his wrists together, whilst the ex-inspector passed the handcuffs, was the work of an instant.

"That will do," said Mr. Meadows, satisfied by the click of the instrument that his prisoner was secured.

The mountebank was, literally speaking, so taken by surprise, that for several instants the power of utterance was denied him. His first sign of returning self-possession was to give vent to his feelings by an oath: the next, to make a desperate dash at the window to regain his liberty.

The movement was intercepted.

"Quiet, quiet!" said the captor, much in the tone of a groom addressing a restive horse; "it's of no use."

"What is this for?" demanded the ruffian.

"You will know in good time," was the reply.

"A man may break into his own house," added the prisoner, "when he ain't got no key; there's no law agin that, I suppose?"

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Meadows; "the observation shows a nice appreciation of the law."

By this time the speaker had unbarred the door, and admitted Bet and the servant Norah, who had been waiting the event.

The latter brought a light with her.

When husband and wife met there was something truly fiendlike in the expression of both—hate, impotent rage, and a ferocious thirst for revenge in the countenance of the former; a mocking grin of triumph on the features of the latter.

The woman was the first to break silence.

"I don't think yer will come back agin this time, Dick," she exclaimed; "it's for life now."

The prisoner shuddered.

As yet not a word had been said respecting the murder of Andrew Silex or the robbery at the Home Farm, and he began to recover courage.

"I ain't done nothink," he observed, "and this house is mine."

Bet set up a hearty laugh—the assertion seemed to tickle her fancy.

"Yourn, is it?" she said; "well, p'raps 'tis; pity you won't have much time to enjoy it. A comfortable crib, Dick—very comfortable."

Mr. Meadows had no wish to prolong the scene; for him the excitement of the chase was over.

"Is this your husband?" he asked.

"That's him."

"I told yer so," said the prisoner; "yer can't do nothink to a man for breaking into his own house." His wife laughed again—she evidently enjoyed the joke exceedingly.

"Certainly not," replied the officer; "but the same immunity does not extend to breaking into the houses of other persons."

"Or cuttin' a throat," added Bet.

The countenance of Fiddler Dick changed fearfully: he felt that it was all up with him, and experienced, by anticipation, no doubt, a certain very unpleasant choking sensation in the throat.

One of the officers held the light, while Mr. Meadows proceeded to search his prisoner. The first article taken from him was a large knife, such as butchers and pig-jobbers use. It was evidently quite new. Bet guessed the purpose for which it had been purchased, and congratulated herself upon her escape. A short pipe, tobacco-pouch, twenty-three sovereigns, and a handful of loose silver, completed the inventory of the pockets.

"Them's mine!" exclaimed the woman, greedily.

"Patience, patience!" replied the detective; "the law will decide."

"Law!" interrupted Bet, indignantly; "ain't I as good as his viddy?"

"Not yet, my good woman; whatever you soon may be. Come," he said, turning to the wretched prisoner, "where is it?"

"Where's wot?"

"The parchment stolen from the Home Farm."

"Don't know what you mean. I ain't got no parchment, and know nothink about the Home Farm—never was at such a place in all my life."

"That's a lie," observed his affectionate wife. "Look at the corners of his mouth; I can allays tell when he's a lyin', by them."

It was not to be supposed that so experienced a person as the ex-inspector of police would remain satisfied with the assertion of his prisoner, especially when the latter had so deep an interest in concealing it; the parchment being the chief evidence to connect him with the crimes of robbery and murder.

Proceeding methodically in his examination, Mr. Meadows first unbuttoned the murderer's waistcoat, and carefully felt the lining. Satisfied that it was not there, he next examined the coat.

"I thought so," he said; "give me a knife."

"There's one, sharp enough for anythink," observed Bet, pointing to the one taken from her husband, which a policeman held in his hand.

Despite the struggles of Fiddler Dick, the garment was ripped open, and the long-suppressed codicil to the will drawn forth.

"That does yer, don't it?" demanded his wife, in a triumphant tone.

"And it does you, too," observed Fiddler Dick; "it makes the gal Lilly yer hated, a lady; yer know, as Mike said, she would one day be worth her weight in gold to him. I could a-got five thousand couter for that bit of sheep-skin, at least yer might a-got it for me; that's what I came for—nothink else."

At the words "five thousand pounds," Bet stared with astonishment—perhaps the idea struck her that she had acted too precipitately.

"I ain't a liar now, am I, Mr. Meadows?" said the speaker.

"Perhaps not," replied the officer, "as far as regards the value of the parchment. As to your intentions towards your wife," he added, pointing to the knife, "she is the best judge of them."

By this time the first gray streaks of morning had penetrated into the narrow, unhealthy court; and the officers, not wishing to encounter the mob of desperate characters living in the vicinity, at once proceeded to remove their prisoner, in a cab, to Union-street police-office, where, on their arrival, he was locked up in a cell to await the sitting of the magistrates.

A policeman was placed with him.

"Five thousand couter!" muttered Bet, as the vehicle drove off; "and that gal gets a fortin, and I only a hundred! The cheats! the villains! That Mister Meadows, with his 'ily tongue, is wus than a Jew! Five thousand couter!" she repeated, as if there was a fascination in the number; of which, however, she had not a very clear perception, it being far beyond her power of arithmetic to calculate. All she knew was that it was a great many hundreds—something enormous.

"You forget that big, ugly-lookin' knife," observed the servant.

"So I does, Norah," replied her mistress, "so I does. But Lilly—a fortin! Bad luck to the day I fust split on him!"

About an hour before the arrival of the magistrates, the policeman who had been placed in the cell with Fiddler Dick came running into the hotel where Mr. Meadows had retired to refresh himself after his night's exertions. From the terrified countenance of the man he guessed what had occurred.

"You have neglected my orders," he said.

"My wife brought me some breakfast," replied the officer, "and I—only—"

"You quitted the cell, like a fool?"

"Yes."

"And the prisoner?"

"Has hanged himself."

The detective hastened to the station, and found the intelligence but too true. No sooner had the wretched mountebank been left alone, than he formed a noose by tying his cravat to one of the bars of the windows, and anticipated by his own rash act the hand of justice.

In the course of the day an inquest was held; a verdict of *felo de se* returned, accompanied by a severe censure on the negligence of the policeman, who was dismissed the force.

As we shall only be anticipating events by a few months, we may as well state here that Bet never recovered the effects of her disappointment; sober or drunk, the wretched woman frequently repeated to herself the words, "Five thousand couter!" and she died with them on her lips.

Norah succeeded her as landlady of the lodging-house, as well as to the "yaller sharl and bunnit." In speaking of her mistress, she declares to this day that Bet was a rale lady.

Mr. Morton was seated in his office, deeply engaged in drawing up a brief for his fair client, when the detective was announced. The astute man of law read in his features that his visitor had important intelligence to communicate.

"Have you succeeded in apprehending the rascal?" he inquired.

"Last night."

"Where is he?"

"Dead," was the laconic reply.

Mr. Morton both felt and looked disappointed.

"It was not my fault," continued the detective. "I directed an officer to remain in the cell with him. It is impossible to find brains for all the force."

"A suicide?" observed the lawyer.

"Yes."

"And the parchment?" demanded the gentleman, eagerly.

Mr. Meadows drew it from his pocket and placed it in the hands of his employer, who hastily perused it.

"As I suspected!" he exclaimed, in a joyous tone. "In the event of Sir Norman's death without male heirs, the issue of Allan Boothroyd come in for an equal share of the property. As for the ruffian's death, Meadows," he continued, "it is not likely to prove of any great consequence. A public example has been lost, that's all."

The ex-inspector observed that they were becoming rare.

"The rarer the better," replied the lawyer; "you have managed this affair capitally: shown more than tact—positive genius."

Opening his cheque-book, the speaker drew for a sum so liberal, that it astonished even Mr. Meadows.

"Are you satisfied?" demanded Morton.

"Perfectly," said the latter, pocketing the cheque. "I need not say that you may command my services day or night, in any affair on which you may require them. I am amply paid."

The lawyer once more carefully perused the codicil, which, as a matter of course, it was necessary to prove at once.

"One step more," he said, "only one, and the right of Lillian to half the Meldown estates will be as clear as the sun at noonday."

That step was the discovery of some legal proof of her father's marriage, without which all that had hitherto been done was useless.

(To be continued.)

THE brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions—cowards have fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave: it is not in his nature; the power of doing it only flows from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of defending every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

TOO LATE.

She is dying—her lamp of life is flickering,
Faint is its light;
Damp are the heavy curls that cluster round
Her brow so white;
Damp with the drops which herald the approach
Of Death's cold, starless night.

Her pale lips move—she speaks—and bending low
We hear her say:
"Alas! in vain I wish to see him now,
He's far away;
In bitter anger my love from me departed,
He will not come to-day."

"Tell him his hasty words were harsh and cruel,
When last we met;
Tell him that many a weary hour I've passed,
With keen regret
For my companion—while Hope would sometimes whisper,
There's joy in the future yet."

"Tell him I leave for him love and forgiveness,
And now—Good-bye."
Meekly she folds her hands—a tear-drop dims
Her darkening eye;
Then her pure, gentle spirit wings its flight,
To realms of light on high.

Hark! there are footsteps hurriedly approaching
The garden gate;
Nearer they come—her lover comes to greet her;
(Inexorable Fate!)
The white-robed form no welcome has to give him!
He comes too late—too late.

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

TO YOUNG MEN: MANNERS AND DRESS.

It is well for young men to obtain, at the very beginning of their start in life, some idea of the value of politeness. There are some to whom urbanity is natural. They are born so—they grow up so—are so, under all circumstances, to the end of their lives. They go easily, pleasantly, and agreeably through life, as though by a necessity of their nature. Every vain man is pleased with them, for their habit is that of universal compliance. They never say "No." They always agree. Contradiction is a sin of which they are never guilty.

But this is not real politeness. The genuine article is as essential to success—especially enjoyable success—as integrity, industry, or any other thing which is positively indispensable. All machinery is ruined by friction, and it is necessary to apply, very frequently, a lubricating fluid. Politeness, or civility, or urbanity—whichever you please to call it—is the oil which preserves the machinery of society from destruction. We must bend to one another; we must step aside, now and then, and allow others to pass; we must ignore this or that personal peculiarity; we must learn to speak pleasantly when irritated, and to do many things, which may be hard to do, in order to avoid collision. In a world of selfish interest and selfish pursuits, where every man is intent on his own special good, we must adapt ourselves to the circumstances in which we find ourselves placed, and nothing will facilitate this so much as civility. Young men generally would be astonished to find how much their personal happiness, popularity, prosperity, and usefulness depend on their manners.

There are many young men who imagine that the literal discharge of their duties is all that employers can require. Never do you see a smile on their faces; never do you hear a genial word from their lips; and from the manner in which their labour is performed, you would never suppose that they belonged to civilised society. Such young men—and there are hundreds of them behind our counters and in our warehouses—never become favourites with anybody with whom they are connected. Those who have business with them close it as soon as possible, and are glad to be released from their company.

Servility and civility are as opposite as the poles. One is despicable, while the other is in the highest degree desirable. A politeness, full of frankness and good nature, is the glory of every young man. It should be unobtrusive and consistent; uniform in its nature to every class of men. The young man who is overwhelming in his courtesy to a wealthy merchant, and is rude to a poor labourer, deserves to be despised. That style of manners which combines self-respect with respect for the rights and feelings of others, is a quality to be cultivated with extreme diligence.

Our topic naturally leads us to the subject of dress and personal appearance. We have faith in dress. We believe that it is the duty of all men, young and old, to make their persons, so far as practicable, agreeable to those with whom they are thrown in

contact. By this, we mean that they should not offend by singularity, nor by slovenliness.

Let no man know by your appearance what trade you follow. You dress your person, not your business. Be careful to mould the fashion of the times to your own personal peculiarities. Fashion is to be your servant, not your master. Therefore never dress in the extreme of fashion. Only adopt it so far as is consistent with your face and figure. That which well becomes one man, ill becomes another; and for all exactly to follow the same model is obviously absurd. The exercise of a little judgment on your part will enable you to adopt so much of the prevailing style in your dress as to show that you are acquainted with the fashion, without sacrificing your personal appearance, for the sake of scrupulous conformity to its laws. The best possible impression you can make by your dress is to make no separate impression at all, but so to harmonise its material and shape with your own figure that it becomes part of you; and people, without recollecting how you were clothed, remember that you looked well, and were dressed becomingly.

An objection may be urged here that attention to dress is dangerous. We think not. Extravagance is dangerous, but extravagantly-dressed people are seldom dressed well. There are many people who are more finely dressed on fifteen pounds a year, than others are on thirty or forty. This is easily demonstrated. In travelling, or indeed in any ordinary business pursuits, we meet multitudes of people dressed in every imaginable style. Here is one in the best of broad-cloth and the costliest jewellery, but who looks exceedingly vulgar; here another, habited plainly, but in good taste, is gentlemanly in his appearance at half the cost. Showy and attractive clothes argue the mental poverty of the wearer. The secret of being well dressed is but the exercise of judgment and good sense—it invariably requires more care than cash; and, instead of making a young man extravagant, is a saving of half the money it would cost to clothe him in the vulgar and pretending style which so many, now-a-days, unfortunately adopt.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.
CHAPTER XXVII.

[TSADDY.—We make it a general rule to refer those who are puzzled about pronunciation to the instructions which we still continue to publish on pronunciation in the latter part of the French Lessons. But there is no rule without exception, and we see reason to make an exception in your favour. We are, therefore, proud to answer your question. Even doctors disagree on the subject of the liquid *l*. All Frenchmen do not pronounce it in the same way; many sound it as they would *ll*, completely destroying the sound of the *l* or *ll*. Thus the word *famille* they would pronounce *famille*. Others slightly preserve the sound of the liquid *l* and *ll*, and as the latter mode is the practice of the most refined and educated, and those belonging to the "haute volée" in French society, we advise you, in cases similar to that you have submitted to us, never entirely to drop the sound of the *l*.]

"Do not suppose," said George, "from my telling you in the last lesson the names of so many nice things, that I wish to make a glutton of you. I only wish you to understand all the French words you hear; and I can assure you that in our neighbours' vocabulary good fare occupies an important place. We will begin with some warm side dishes, and cold side dishes, called in French by the strange names of 'des hors d'œuvres froids,' and 'des hors d'œuvres chauds.'"

HORS D'ŒUVRES CHAUDS.

A sausage with truffles	Une saucisse truffée
A pig's foot with truffles	Un pied de cochon farci aux truffles
Fresh sardines	Des sardines fraîches
Beef with tomato sauce	Du bœuf, sauce tomate
An entlet à la maître d'hôtel	Une côtelette à la maître d'hôtel
A entlet à la jardinière	Une côtelette à la jardinière
Two broiled kidneys	Deux rognons à la brochette

HORS D'ŒUVRES FROIDS.

A dozen of oysters	Une douzaine d'huîtres
Artichokes with pepper, oil, and vinegar	Des artichauts à la poivrade
Butter	Du beurre
Radishes	Des radis
Sardines	Des sardines
Strasbourg pies	Un pâté de foie gras

"Observe," remarked the teacher, "that *La cuisine Française*, or French cookery, furnishes a fruitful field for idioms. We find one at the very beginning. The literal translation of *cuisine Française* is French kitchen; but you must bear in mind it means French cookery. You recollect that in the last lesson I told you how *with*, instead of being translated *avec*, is rendered by *aux*; that is, before a noun, masculine plural: for instance, 'A pigeon with peas,' 'Un pigeon aux pois.' *With* is also translated *aux* for the

feminine plural, thus 'A sole with small herbs,' 'Une sole aux fines herbes.' In the sense we are now considering, the *with* for the masculine singular is *au*, for the feminine singular *à la*, and for a noun in the singular beginning with a vowel or an *h* mute *à l'*. Now for the examples:—'An omelet with rum,' 'Une omelette au rhum;' 'Endive with cream,' 'De la chicorée à la crème;' 'Trout with oil,' 'Une truite à l'huile.'

"I am tempted to enliven you with a little anecdote in which Miss Prig is introduced; and I am the more willing to do this because the anecdote introduces a very peculiar French idiom.

"Last night, I met Miss Prig at a small tea-party. She questioned me about your progress in French, and lamented your not having been kept for six months at the article. Then we talked of France, Paris, and, as it happened, of French cookery. I remarked I was very fond of a 'côtelette à la maître d'hôtel.' At this remark, Miss Prig seemed quite shocked; and, after a little hesitation, she expressed herself as follows:—

"Excuse me, sir, but I must put you right about the article you have just employed. Surely, you should have said 'au maître d'hôtel,' not 'à la maître d'hôtel.' You will not deny that *maître*, master, is masculine, and that the article must agree with the noun."

"I admit all you have stated, Miss Prig; nevertheless, I cannot own myself in error."

"By this time Miss Prig had become heated and excited. The attention of the company was directed towards us, and the mistress of the house smilingly asked what was the point at issue. On being informed, she said she did not know much of French; but it seemed to her that Miss Prig had the best of the argument. On this, the learned Miss Prig cast triumphant glances around her, and very contemptuous ones at me.

"Luckily," said our hostess, "I have a French cookery book, recently published. Let us refer to this book to decide the question."

"We agreed; and lo and behold, 'côtelette à la maître d'hôtel,' and 'maquereau (mackerel) à la maître d'hôtel,' were repeatedly mentioned in the French cookery book. It was allowed I must be right, and that the expression was idiomatic. I was asked to endeavour to explain it.

"This expression of 'à la maître,' said I, "is a contraction of 'à la mode' or 'à la façon du maître.' *à la* is always used where *la mode*, the fashion or manner, is understood. In like manner we say 'à la St. Jean,' for midsummer; meaning 'à la fête de St. Jean,' at 'the festival of St. John.' The company thanked me for the explanation, and said I had made the case perfectly clear. Miss Prig was still red with rage, and declared she should immediately withdraw, and refer to some excellent authorities, that would yet prove her to be in the right.

"Your exercise, Robert, is on the rule I explained yesterday; so now write out the list of those adjectives that acquire a different meaning according to their position, and I wish you to learn the names of these adjectives by heart. In order to give you time to do so, we can put off the 'Voyage à Paris' till next lesson."

ADJECTIVES THAT CHANGE IN MEANING ACCORDING TO THEIR POSITION.

FRENCH.	ENGLISH.
Un honnête homme	An honest man
Un homme honnête	A polite man
Un malhonnête homme	A dishonest man
Un homme malhonnête	A man of ill-breeding
Un méchant épigramme	A flat epigram
Un épigramme méchant	A wicked epigram
Un grand homme	A great man
Un homme grand	A tall man
Un petit homme	A small man
Un homme petit	A mean man
Un bon homme	A simple-minded man
Un homme bon	A good man
Un brave homme	An honest man
Un homme brave	A brave man
D'une commune voix	Unanimously
Une voix commune	A common voice
Une sage femme	A midwife
Une femme sage	A wise woman
Une grosse femme	A stout woman
Une femme grosse	A woman in the family-way
Un galant homme	A gentlemanly man
Un homme galant	A gallant man
Un gentilhomme	A nobleman
Un homme gentil	An agreeable man
De nouveau vin	Some other kind of wine
Du vin nouveau	Wine newly made
Un pauvre auteur	A poor, inferior author
Un auteur pauvre	An author poor in circumstances

EXERCISE.

PLACE OF THE ADJECTIVE.

1. Your wife is a charming woman. 2. The alarming symptoms of the protracted disease of your mother have disappeared this morning. 3. Circular saws are a modern invention. 4. Square tables are out of fashion now. 5. I saw a lady in the street, to-day, with a black dress, a white bonnet, a red scarf, yellow gloves, red shoes, and green stockings. 6. Bitter words never produce any good. (ne produisent jamais) bien.

LE CORNICE.

1. Votre femme est une femme charmante (or une charmante femme). 2. Les symptômes alarmants de la maladie prolongée de votre mère ont disparu ce matin. 3. Les scies circulaires sont une invention moderne. 4. Les tables carrées sont hors de mode à présent. 5. J'ai vu aujourd'hui dans la rue une dame qui portait (or avait) un chapeau blanc, une écharpe rouge, des gants blancs, des souliers bleus, et des bas verts. 6. Les paroles amères ne produisent jamais de bien.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

OF THE SOUND *an*.

- This sound does not exist in English in its purity, but we hear something like it in the word *an*, &c. It exists in the French words *antérieur*, anterior, *an*, year, *antre*, cavern, &c. The sound is also produced by the several following combinations: *am*, *ean*, *em*, *en*, as in *ambition*, *ambition*, *Jean*, John, *emploi*, employment, *entendre*, to hear; *and*, in *quant*, when; *ant*, in *quant*; *ans*, in *quant*; without; *an*, in *sang*, blood; *anc*, in *banc*, bank; *amp*, in *camp*, *camp*; *ems*, in *tems*, time; *emps*, in *temps*, time; *emt*, in *exemt*; *ent*, in *comment*, how; *end*, in *il prétend*, he pretends; *ens*, in *sens*, sense; *ends*, in *je prends*, I take; *aon*, in *paon*, a peacock; *aen*, in *Caen* (the name of a city).

- Thus the sound *an* is produced by the following combinations: *am*, *ean*, *em*, *en*, *anc*, *and*, *ant*, *ans*, *ang*, *amp*, *ems*, *emps*, *emt*, *ent*, *end*, *ends*, *aon*, *aen*.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XXVI.

EXCITATION AND CHARACTERISTIC EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY—continued.

646. When, as in the case of the metallic rod held by a glass handle, an electrified conductor is supported by means of a non-conductor, so that the electricity cannot flow off into the ground—in what state is it said to be?—It is said to be *insulated*.

647. What is the electrical apparatus, called the *Electric Pendulum*?—It consists of a small pith ball, suspended by a silk thread, which serves to insulate it.

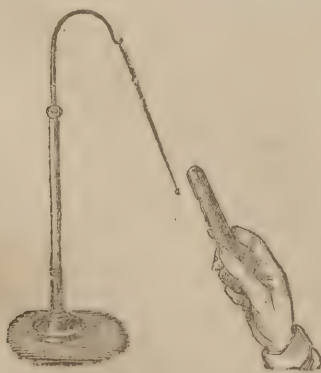


Fig. 44.

648. If an excited glass tube be brought near the pith ball, what will happen?—The ball will be at-

tracted by the tube, will touch the glass, and after having touched it will be immediately repelled.

649. Suppose the attempt is made to bring the tube nearer to it?—If that be done, it will move farther off, showing that it is now repelled by the glass.

650. When the pith ball is in contact with the tube, being a good conductor, it becomes charged with electricity—what may we infer from the fact of the repulsion of the ball by the tube?—That an electrified body repels any other body that is in the same state of electrical excitement with itself.

651. How may we show that each of the two electrified bodies repels the other?—By taking two insulated pith balls, hanging side by side, and charging them both by bringing them into contact with an excited glass tube.

652. If this be done, what will be observed?—The balls will be seen to stand apart from each other, and to be both of them repelled by the glass tube.

653. Suppose that I were to touch the two balls, and thereby draw off their electricity, what would be observed?—They would fall together, and now, being in their natural state, would be attracted by the glass.

THE TWO ELECTRICAL STATES.

654. We have just seen that a pith ball, charged with electricity from a glass tube, is repelled by the tube: if I were to bring near the ball thus charged a stick of sealing-wax, excited by rubbing it with woollen cloth, would it repel the ball, just as the glass does?—On the contrary, it would attract it.

655. What must we infer from this?—That there are two different states of electrical excitement; the one is produced by rubbing glass with woollen cloth, the other by rubbing sealing wax with the same.

656. How are they explained?—There are supposed to be two electric fluids in all bodies, instead of one, called respectively *Vitreous Electricity* and *Resinous Electricity*, or *Positive* and *Negative* electricities.

657. What is supposed to be the ordinary condition of these two fluids?—They are so combined in the natural state of bodies, that they have no sensible action on surrounding bodies.

658. What is the effect of friction?—It separates the positive and negative fluids, and causes one to collect on the body rubbed, and the other on the rubber.

659. Is the rubber, then, always in the opposite electrical state from the surface rubbed?—It is; if one gives signs of positive electricity, the other, if properly insulated, will give signs of negative electricity.

660. What other explanation of the two electrical states has been devised?—Franklin supposed that there is but one electric fluid in bodies, and that the positive excitement is an excess of fluid above the natural share, and the negative a deficiency.

661. What are the supposed relations of the two fluids to one another?—They mutually attract each other; but each exerts a repulsive action on another portion of the same fluid.

662. Can the two fluids be separated in any other way than by rubbing the surfaces of two bodies together?—They can also be separated in any body by bringing another electrified body near to it.

663. Suppose we have a large brass ball on a glass support, near a brass cylinder, insulated in the same manner—if the ball were charged with positive, or vitreous electricity, what effect would it have on the cylinder?—It would separate the two electricities in the cylinder, attract the negative to the nearer, and repel the positive to the farther end.

664. If the cylinder, when in this state, were to be touched by the hand, what would be the effect?—The positive electricity would flow off into the ground, but the negative would remain.

665. Why does not the negative electricity flow off like the other?—It is held fast by the attraction of the positive electricity on the ball. In this condition it is said to be *disguised*.

666. Suppose the ball were to be brought nearer and nearer to the cylinder, what would take place before they came into contact?—A vivid spark of light, attended with a snapping noise, would pass from one to the other. This is called the *Electric Spark*.

667. Under what circumstances is it seen and heard?—Whenever a good conductor is brought very near to an electrified body: for example, if I were to touch an electrified body with my knuckle, I would receive a spark.

668. How is the electric spark supposed to be produced?—By the rushing of the two electric fluids together through the intervening air.

669. When do we see the electric spark exhibited on an enormous scale?—When a flash of lightning passes from a cloud to the earth. The slight snap of the ordinary spark is now the loud thunder.

670. What substances are good conductors of electricity?—The metals, charcoal, the ground, water and most liquids, trees and animals, vapour, flame and smoke, and many other substances, are good conductors.

671. Do they all conduct electricity equally well?—They do not; the metals are much better conductors than water, or trees, or animals.

672. Are there any absolutely perfect conductors?—There are no perfect conductors, and no perfect non-conductors; and the same body, a glass rod for example, may conduct a large charge of electricity, and completely obstruct the flow of a small charge.

673. What substances belong to the class of non-conductors?—Gum-lac, gutta-percha, resin, wax, glass, hair, wool, dry paper, baked wood, India rubber, oils, &c.

674. Is the air a conductor or a non-conductor of electricity?—Dry air is a non-conductor, but moist air is a good conductor.

675. What important consequences follows from this?—That electrical experiments do not succeed, well when the air is humid; the disengaged electricity is rapidly conducted off by the moist air.

DISTRIBUTION OF ELECTRICITY OVER THE SURFACE OF INSULATED CONDUCTORS.

676. When an insulated conductor is electrified, does the electricity pervade the whole mass of the body?—It does not; it is confined entirely to the surface.

677. How may it be shown that electricity in such cases collects on the outer surface?—By covering an electrified ball with two covers provided with insulating handles.

678. If this be done what will be the result?—The electricity will flow from the ball into the covers; on removing these carefully, they will be found to be charged, but not a trace of electricity will be found remaining on the ball.

679. Does the electric fluid diffuse itself equally over the surface of insulated conductors?—It does, when the conductor is a round ball. On the surfaces of long bodies it accumulates at the ends. It is also more intense at the corners and edges of bodies, than at other parts of their surface.

680. What is the state of the case when the surface tapers to a point?—The electricity collects in such large quantities at the point that it escapes and flows off quietly through the air to some other body, or diffuses itself in the atmosphere.

681. If a pointed metallic rod, or a needle, held in the hand, be brought within a few feet of a charged conductor, what will be the effect?—The electricity will be rapidly but silently drawn off; no spark will be seen.

682. Who first studied the effect of metallic points in discharging electrified bodies?—Franklin.

683. Did he make an important application of it?—He did, in the construction of the *LIGHTNING ROD*. He made the rod pointed at the top, that it might in a thunderstorm draw off silently the electricity from the charged clouds over-head.

684. For any other purpose?—To direct any inevitable discharge to the rod, and thus convey it to the ground without injury to the house.

THE WILD FLOWER.

I DWELL in the haunts of the lowly and poor,
My fragrance is borne to the cottager's door;
I gladden the heart of the barefooted child,
As transient he wanders far into the wild.

I seek not the halls of the lordly or great,
As freshly I bloom by the rude "woodland gate,"
Or under the shade of some knotty old tree,
Where the humming-bird whispers his love-tale to me.

The humming-bird loves me, I know, for so oft
He stoops his bright wing from its soaring aloft,
To sip the sweet honey from my tiny bell,
And he kisses my brow ere he bids me farewell.

The bee, too, comes often with many a tale
Of sweet-blooming flowerets all over the vale;
He sips from my cup—then away on the wing,
In the bower of some other sweet wild flower to sing.

I smile on the berry-girl, tired and torn,
I encourage the wayfarer, weary and worn;
The sin-stained and life-weary gaze upon me,
And weep as I pencil their bright infancy.

Untaught, I exhale to the zephyrs my breath;
Uncultured, I bloom by the roadside and heath;
And when I am crushed by some rude passer-by,
I yield my destroyer my fragrance—and die.

Of me learn a lesson—O mortal, forbear
Too rudely to censure the sin-crushed or poor;
And when some dread enemy injures thee sore,
Raise a prayer for his blessing—he'll love evermore.

DARKNESS AND DAWN.
A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

SOME years ago, while making a brief sojourn in the city of Bristol, I set out one evening with a friend for a stroll through the city. We had visited several places of interest, and were on our return to our hotel, when, in passing through a dark and narrow street, a female, closely muffled in a coarse shawl—which, thrown over her head, was drawn around her face, so as to conceal all but her eyes—hurriedly crossed over from the opposite side of the way, and accosted us in accents of despair.

"Gentlemen, for the love of Heaven, give me money! My mother is dying of hunger, and I have not wherewith to purchase a morsel of food!"

We were both struck with the tone of her voice, for though agitated by a feeling of desperation, it had a peculiar sweetness, and her language was that of one both educated and refined.

"Do not think me inquisitive," said my friend, in a kindly tone, as he drew forth his purse, "if I ask what misfortune has brought you to this? for it is evident you are no common applicant for charity?"

"Oh! no, sir—no!" she said, shrinking back into herself, as it were; "I never asked for charity before; and though I have not tasted food for two long days, I would sooner perish than ask it for myself now; but I could not see her die, my only friend—oh, I could not see her die!"

"Here," said my companion, placing a sum in her hand which I immediately doubled.

She clutched the money like a miser, and for a moment or two was completely overpowered by her emotions. Then, with a choking effort, she gasped forth—

"Thanks, gentlemen! may Heaven bless you."

She turned away, and took two or three hasty steps, and then, stopping suddenly, she looked around, and added—

"You asked what misfortune brought me to this. I shall seem ungrateful if I refuse to tell."

"Never mind," said my friend; "the recital will give you pain, and therefore I pray you, consider the question unasked."

"Your noble generosity overpowers me, sir," she rejoined, in a tremulous voice, "and my pride shall give way. If you have a few minutes to spare, come with me, and you shall know all."

"Nay," said I, "do not let us intrude upon your sorrows, unless you think we can be of further assistance. You are welcome to the little we have given, which should be doubled if we had more to spare, but we have no right to claim your secret in return."

She buried her face in her shawl, and burst into tears.

"Alas!" she sobbed, "if all mankind were thus generous, how many a miserable being might now be happy! Come with me, and hear my story! I know I can trust you, and I shall rest easier by knowing I have convinced you I am no impostor."

We assured her that we did not for a moment doubt of her being the victim of some terrible misfortune; but as we might be of further service to her we would see her safely home, and she might then relate her story or not, as she should think proper.

"Follow me," she said, and set off at a quick walk down the street, we keeping at a respectful distance behind, and I, for one, feeling an unusual curiosity to know something more of her.

At the next corner of the street was an oil-lamp, which threw out a dim light; and standing near it, in a listless attitude, we observed a man in the garb of a sailor, and evidently just from sea. As our unknown guide drew near him, I noticed that she seemed much agitated; and on coming up to him, to our surprise, and apparently his, she stopped, and looked eagerly into his face for a moment; and then, with a wild cry, she suddenly threw out her arms, clasped him around the neck, and appeared to swoon upon his breast.

"See!" said my friend, making an abrupt halt; "we are duped; this is some trick; that girl is an impostor!"

"Impossible!" returned I, unwilling to believe that such grief and misery as she represented could be a base counterfeit. "Ha! see!"

As I spoke, the sailor, as if in great surprise, partly unwound the arms of the unknown from his neck, raised her head, and looked first curiously and then wildly, into her face, which we could see, even from where we stood, was pale and beautiful. The next moment he uttered a wild cry; and quickly throwing his arms around her now lifeless form, he exclaimed—

"Mary! my Mary!"

It seemed to be all that he could utter, as he fairly

tottered with his fair burden, and for a few moments we stood dumb with amazement.

"What's this? what's the meaning of this?" he now demanded, looking fiercely at us.

"Well, if that is acting, it is the best I ever saw," muttered my companion, as we hastened forward and gave a hurried account of all that we knew of the matter.

"Merciful Providence! is it possible?" said the man, looking alternately at us and at the fair creature in his arms, and clasping his forehead as if to collect his scattered senses. "Mary!" he continued, at short intervals; "my wife! my dear wife! And my mother too! Starving!"

He continued to repeat these expressions like one overpowered by some terrible shock, and who knew not what he was saying; while we stood looking on, too much astonished to think of offering him any assistance.

At length, with a sort of gurgling gasp, the poor creature opened her eyes; and looking wildly and fondly into the manly face of him who supported her, she murmured:

"Charles! Charles! is this you? in life—in death—or in a dream?"

I pass over the wild, frantic, passionate-exclamations on both sides, as each began to realise the truth—the one that he had found a loving wife in the depths of misery—the other that she had regained a fond husband at the moment of all others when she most needed his aid, counsel, love, and support.

"Come," whispered my friend, touching my arm, "let us withdraw; their meeting should be sacred from the intrusion of strangers."

Though deeply curious to know something of their history, I silently acquiesced in his proposal; and quietly departing, we returned to our hotel, musing upon the uncertainties, vicissitudes, and romance of life.

Two days after, as I was sitting on the piazza of the hotel, I saw the sailor passing along the street, and curiosity prompted me to address him. The moment he saw me, he came bounding up, grasped my hand, and burst into tears.

"Heaven bless you!" he exclaimed, in a choking voice; "Heaven bless you and your friend! and so says Mary. I've been hunting for you all over the city, sir, but feared I'd never see you again. Here! let me pay you back your money; and will you be so kind, sir, as to accept these two rings for yourself and friend?"

I took the money—for I saw if I did not he would feel very much hurt; but fearing his circumstances might not justify him in making a present of so much value, I attempted to decline the rings. It was of no use—he would take no denial—and so I reluctantly accepted them, thanking him in behalf of my friend, who was absent. I then drew from him his story, which I will give in a few words.

He and his wife were both natives of a small village on the Avon, and had often played together as children. His own father was then in good circumstances, but subsequently lost his property, and died soon after, leaving himself and mother to struggle along as best they might.

Among those believed to be friends in prosperity, but who forsook them in adversity, was the father of his present wife; but though change of fortune separated the youth and maiden, it only increased an attachment which had begun in childhood.

For years, however, they did not meet; and during that time the narrator became a sailor, and acquired sufficient means to purchase a cottage for his mother, leaving a small balance on mortgage, which his next voyage was to clear off. While at home, he and his Mary again met; and conscious of a mutual passion, and knowing her parents would not consent to the union, but were most anxious to ally her to a wealthy suitor, they took advantage of an opportunity, and were privately married.

Charles Delaine, for such was his name, then took leave of his wife, and shipped for a whaling voyage, intending it should be his last cruise. While absent, his wife's parents, discovering the secret of her marriage, disowned and drove her forth, and she took refuge with his mother.

Together the widowed mother and wife struggled along, both anxiously looking for the return of their only friend; but he came not at the time expected, the mortgage was foreclosed, the property sold; and, almost penniless, they repaired to Bristol, hoping to be able to maintain themselves by the needle.

I need not prolong the story—it is an old tale. Sickness and misfortune followed them, they failed to procure sufficient work for their necessities, and on the night when the wife appealed to us, they were in a starving condition. Charles had just returned from his cruise; and at the very moment when his

Mary so unexpectedly met him, he was thinking of home, which he expected to reach the next day. He had been prudent, the voyage had been more than usually profitable, and his share, he said, would enable him to start in business.

"Come what will," he concluded, "I'll never leave my dear mother and Mary again while we live. They're happy now, thank God! and it shall be the aim of my life to keep them so."

He urged me to come and see him and his now happy family, and bring my friend; and then invoking upon us the blessing of Heaven, he wrung my hand, and turned quickly away, to conceal the emotions he cared not to display.

"Ah! such is life, in this world of selfish and unselfish humanity," mused I, as I watched his retreating footsteps, till a turn in the street concealed him from my view. We never met again.

ROBERT OF NORMANDY.

AFTER the death of William Rufus, who was killed by accident while hunting in the New Forest, and while the eldest brother and rightful heir to the throne of England and Normandy was on his way from the conquest of Jerusalem, the youngest brother ascended it without opposition, under the title of Henry I. The Norman barons confirmed his rule in general assembly, while Duke Robert tamely submitted, remaining in Sicily for nearly a year to press his suit with the rich and beautiful Sibylla, daughter of the Italian Count of Conversano. When at length he obtained his bride, ambition was rekindled in his breast, and, encouraged by the welcome he received in Normandy, he prepared for war with Henry.

The latter, fearing for his sceptre in England, found means to work upon the easy nature of Duke Robert, and a peace was speedily concluded; the terms of which were, that to Robert should be guaranteed Normandy and a pension of three thousand marks from the English exchequer, and to Henry the throne of England in full inheritance. False-hearted and crafty, the latter watched his opportunity to deprive his brother of the pension, and to declare war against him. Robert had offered a refuge to some of the rebels of England, and the occasion to quarrel came only too soon. Henry sent over an army of Anglo-Saxons, under pretence of protecting Normandy from the mal-administration of Robert, and proclaimed himself its ruler.

It was true that the duke, after the death of his bride—which took place in 1102—had returned to the irregular life which had characterised his youth; and this notwithstanding his responsibility as a parent, Sibylla having left him a son less than one year of age. Of the disorders which grew out of his conduct, Henry did not scruple to make capital for himself, and this produced a war between the two. On the twenty-eighth of September, 1106, the battle of Tinchebray was fought. Duke Robert was taken prisoner, and confined in Cardiff Castle in England.

Henry soon obtained possession also of the little son of Robert, then under five years old, and committed him to Hélie de St. Saens, a Norman noble, until he should have decided upon other plans. St. Saens, however, instead of restoring him to Henry, carried him to the French court, where Louis VI. adopted the little orphan; while his only purpose in so doing was to dispossess him of his inheritance, the dukedom of Normandy.

While the two monarchs were thus plotting the ruin of the young Prince Fitz-Robert (afterwards called William, and known too as *Longue Epée*—long sword), the unfortunate Robert remained at Cardiff Castle, a prisoner to his own brother. The anguish of his captivity was rendered intolerable by the memory of the long series of outrages, oppressions, and frauds which had been practised upon him by Henry, from the period of his father's death; by his persecution of his child; and by the memory, too, of his own too easy resignation of his rights at first, to the throne beneath which he was now crushed. Such thoughts as these sometimes maddened the captive, and roused every bitter and revengeful feeling which had hitherto lain dormant in his soul.

He had been confined nearly a year, when he made a bold and desperate effort to escape, which, unfortunately, resulted in a failure. The remorseless cruelty of Henry suggested a mode of punishment from which the most barbarous savage would shrink to apply to one of his own blood. A copper basin, heated red hot, was held over the eyes of the unhappy duke until the balls were destroyed, leaving him in utter darkness for the rest of his miserable life.

At this time it was reported to Henry that a conspiracy had been formed against his life by the friends of him who was lingering out his dreary



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, ESQ.

FENIMORE COOPER.

existence in Castle Cardiff. Trembling for his own unworthy existence, his sleep was murdered by apprehension, and for years afterward, a sword and buckler were his pillow companions. When the dissensions at length seemed to have ceased, Louis agreed to resign the interests of the young prince, William Fitz-Robert, in favour of Henry's eldest son, William, who should be invested with the duchy of Normandy, doing homage to Louis as his suzerain.

This being decided upon, Henry prepared to return to England. On the twenty-fifth of November, 1120, he was to sail from Barfeur. The fleet was in readiness, and his family—Prince William, and Henry's son Richard, his daughter Matilda, and the Earl and Countess of Chester, the latter being the king's niece—were all assembled. Added to these were William's tutor, and one hundred and forty young Norman and English nobles, among whom were eighteen ladies of the highest rank. Just as Henry reached the beach, the commander of the *Blanche Nef* (White Ship) petitioned him to come on board his vessel. Henry had already made his choice of one of the fleet; but he graciously gave permission to the commander, Thomas Fitz-Stephen, to take his daughter, his two sons, and all their attendants on board the *Blanche Nef*. The ship which held the king set sail immediately, while the gay young party lingered.

The afternoon was wasted in drinking, both by the nobles and their attendants, who also feasted the ship's crew. Night found them still at the moorings; but when the moon rose they put out to sea, Fitz-Stephen promising to overtake the rest of the fleet. Three hundred were on board, fifty of them being accomplished oarsmen, whose services were put in requisition to increase the speed of the *Blanche Nef*. Fitz-Stephen himself was at the helm. All was gaiety and revelry on board, when suddenly the barque became entangled amidst some hidden rocks. It struck one of these with such force that the timbers started, and almost immediately the vessel began

to fill. Far out beyond where the fleet was sailing there was heard a wild cry upon the midnight air, but none knew whence it came, nor imagined that it was the sound of mingled horror and alarm from the friends who were supposed to be close in their wake.

Fitz-Stephen hurried the prince and some of his friends into the boat, directing them to row to the shore; but William, hearing the shrieks of his sister Matilda, who had not been placed in the boat, bade them return for her. As the boat ran under the ship's sides, the people rushed towards it, destroying what little chance remained of safety. One moment of intense, agonising horror, and the *Blanche Nef*, and all whom she had held, were in the bosom of the deep; all, save one—and he a poor man, a native of Rouen, named Barnard, who was indebted for his preservation, on that cold November night, to the sheepskin doublet which he wore. Some fishermen found him at dawn, and carried him to England with the tidings. The king on hearing them fell down in a swoon, and it is said that he never smiled again.

"The bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that mourned a son?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain.
Why comes not death to those who mourn?
He never smiled again!
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain.
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smiled again!"

Was there no sound in that "murmur of the restless deep" that told of the injured brother and nephew? Alas! sorrow does not half its work, if it lead not to repentance for wrong inflicted upon others.

But who can say that repentance ever followed? Henry's history gives us but little hope. Years after young William had found a watery grave, Robert remained a solitary prisoner in Cardiff Castle, and his only liberator was death.

AMONG American writers there are but few who have excited any attention in Europe; nevertheless, those whose books have been republished and circulated in England have, in most instances, established their author's celebrity. Mrs. Stowe's reputation is world-wide. Her pictures of slave life, appealing as they do to the sympathies of our common humanity, have everywhere been well received. The authoress has achieved a success, which has never been surpassed and seldom equalled. But she is not the only American writer whose works have been welcomed on this side of the Atlantic; Washington Irving, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Willis, Wetherell, and Fenimore Cooper, are favourably known to all English readers.

Cooper has with justice been called the American Walter Scott. The freshness and originality of his compositions reflect the natural grandeur of American scenery; the incidents of his fictions are full of romantic interest, and the characters he introduces are life-like and vigorous—very different from the ordinary heroes and heroines who figure in three volumes post octavo. Cooper devoted himself to the delineation of American life in all its phases; to the description of the primeval forests and inland seas of the New World; to the struggle between the pale-faced settlers and the red-skinned aborigines; to the troublous times of the revolution, when America asserted her freedom and maintained it on the field of battle; he has given us, also, many graphic sketches of sea-life, of storm and battle on the ocean wave; of naval heroes, and quaint old seamen; and these scenes, and events, and personages he has represented with consummate power and extraordinary success. When Cooper failed, it was in the beaten path of literature. When he quitted the company of the painted chief with pointed spear, or that of some honest old tar, and conducted his readers into everyday society; when he left the open prairie, or the world of waters,



THE RESIDENCE OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

and turned into crowded streets and the busy haunts of trade; when he no longer gave us stirring incidents and hairbreadth 'scapes, but instead thereof presented us with political or polemical controversy, he became both dreary and uninteresting.

Cooper belonged to one of the oldest families in Pennsylvania, and was born on the 15th of September, 1789. The first years of his life were spent near the source of the Susquehanna, in the then insignificant Cooper's-town, which he describes with so much vigour in the commencement of one of his most popular fictions. He was educated at Burlington, Newhaven, and completed his studies at Yale College. In his sixteenth year he entered the navy, in which he remained till 1811. This portion of his life had much influence in giving an original character to his writings. Compelled by the state of his health to abandon his profession, he retired into private life, and married Miss de Lancey, sister of Bishop de Lancey, of the western diocese of New York. From that time he devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits, only interrupting the "even tenor of his way" by several trips to Europe, and a long stay at Lyons. He filled the office of United States consul at Lyons for several years.

His first novel was published in 1821. It was partially successful in America, but is scarcely known in Europe. It was intended to represent English life, but the young author drawing rather on the resources of what he had read than of what he had actually seen, produced a hybrid composition that gave no indication of his subsequent popularity. Profiting by this failure, he turned his thoughts to a new topic—to an unexplored region in every sense of that phrase, and produced a novel of remarkable originality. But so little was expected from the publication of this novel, that the first volume was printed several months before the author felt sufficient inducement to write a line of the second. America was indifferent to her own history or condition. She felt no interest in a novel which described the establishment of her great republic: she preferred the wonders of other lands, and would not believe that the materials for romance lay close at hand. When, however, people read the new novel by the new author, they were delighted, and rapidly overcame their old prejudice. Europe indorsed the verdict, and the reputation of James Fenimore Cooper extended far and wide. The suc-

cess which he had achieved in describing American forest life attended him when he produced a story of the sea. But Cooper did not attempt nautical romance without much hesitation. He had great experience of seafaring life, but it was possible and even probable that he might blunder in technicalities. Before he gave his first sea novel to the world, he consulted an old tar—a regular old salt—who listened with considerable attention. After awhile, he became uneasy, shifted his position, made a sort of quarter-deck walk—he was evidently so carried away by the description that he forgot where he was, and cried out—"that's all very well, shipmate, but why not point the mainsail!"

The accuracy of all the accessories of a novel are exceedingly important, and in numerous cases are sadly neglected. The technicalities of a trade or profession are recklessly employed without much regard to their signification, and characters are made to give directions or suggest remedies, such as no man would give acquainted with the common rudiments of the business which the character is supposed to follow. It was not so with Fenimore Cooper or Walter Scott; at all events, their blunders in this respect were exceptional, for both writers took pains to ascertain the propriety of the technical phrases which they employed before they issued them to the world.

All Cooper's stories are distinguished by an open, frank style, and by the delicate manner in which abuses are exposed. In some of his heroines we might desire a little more animation, but there is a gentle and devoted spirit in all which makes up for what they lose in brilliancy. Of the merits of his novels no doubt can be entertained, though the preference may fairly be given to his earlier productions. Such characters as Hawk Eye, Leather Stocking, Long Tom Coffin, and Hetty Hunter are the creations of no ordinary genius.

Independently of his numerous fictions, Cooper published several other works; among them we may mention his "Letters on the United States of America," and the account of his European travels.

On his return from Europe in 1833, Cooper retired to his native place, and for many years resided in the old house which his father had built at Cooper's-town.

There he struggled manfully against disease,

retaining to the last the fire and brilliancy of his youth. He died on the 14th of September, 1851, aged sixty-two.

An oration on his works and character was delivered by the poet Bryant before an assembly of all the most eminent men of America, Daniel Webster presiding.

James Fenimore Cooper is a name that will be long familiar to all who can appreciate literary ability. His works contain the elements of immortality. They are natural—they are true. Experience has had more to do with them than imagination. To all the charms of romance he has joined much valuable instruction, and has never permitted his genius to subserve any purpose but that which was virtuous and upright.

THE VITALITY OF HOPE.

I've watched the pale flower entreatingly bending
Its withering leaves to the streamlet below,
A tribute of fragrance all silently sending,
Far off with the streamlet, to sweeten its flow—
The sunlight had shone very long on its folding,
And the spray of the streamlet had nourished it not;
But still, in the cup of its delicate moulding,
There lay a rich perfume to gladden its lot.

I've stood in the forest, while darkly around me
The shadows of evening were gathering fast,—
I've stood all alone, while a something had bound me,
Which came to the present, but lived in the past—
It seemed like a spirit from out the dark shadow
Of dreams, that have slept on oblivion's sea;
And slowly it came through the valley and meadow,
To keep its sad trysting in silence with me.

But though the pale spirit had woke from its slumbers,
And thought with its magic crept into my brain,
Though many a dirge came along with its numbers,
And sorrow was living within me again—
Still, like the dark embers when fanned into glowing,
A halo was shed o'er the gloom of my life,
As darkly and swiftly the current was flowing,
Light came in the gloom, and peace lived in the strife!

The heart may grow cold in its winter of sorrow,
Or parched in the glow of a sunnier day—
The past may be dark; but the sky of to-morrow
Is never bereft of its promising ray.
Hope flits with a will-o'-the-wisp-ing before us,
Still pointing and guiding, wherever we go,
If swelling life's current—its rainbow is o'er us!
If ebbing too fast—there is hope in the flow!

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER CXII.

For when we learn to pity, how soon
We learn to love.

Yes, there, in that remote little Highland inn, Larky Grigg lay, and, all unconsciously to himself, Death's dark angel hovered over his head, and fought a fierce battle with that spirit of strong, young life which had never been impaired by excess, deadened by sloth, paralysed by the indulgence of one evil passion, or withered up by one drop of fiery alcohol.

This was poor Larky Grigg's first illness. All the ills to which infant flesh is heir he had experienced, it is true, in the shape of measles, hooping-cough, chicken-pox, &c. &c. &c., but they had passed so lightly over his hale, robust, and pure constitution, and, indeed, over those of Hope Evermore and his sister Merry, too, that he looked back upon them rather as brief seasons of holiday and dainties, than as times of sickness and suffering.

Larky Grigg and Merry Blossom were born before their father had contracted those habits of intemperance, of which the reader may remember he was so providentially cured, by the shock and terror he received, when Apple Blossom was about to be operated upon for an imaginary cancer.

It is an important fact, and one which all parents addicted to intemperance, and yet loving their children well, should ponder on, that the offspring of confirmed drunkards are generally sickly, stunted, miserable little beings, frequently victims to water on the brain, often rickety or idiotic, and that in no case is the sin of the father more surely visited upon the children than in this of intemperance.

The children born to Bob and Apple Blossom during his years of swinish sin, died early and miserably; but the resolution and total abstinence with which he endeavoured to atone for his past wickedness, so completely restored his health of mind and body, that Apple Blossom's youngest children vied in health and beauty with bold Larky and blooming Merry. And yet, in spite of his pure and robust constitution, Larky Grigg's life was more than once despaired of in this his first illness, not merely by old Janet (the canny woman), but by Tibbie M'Dougal, his landlady, and pretty Beenie, her rosy, flaxen-haired daughter and heiress.

Nothing could exceed the devoted care and attention paid to our dear Larky Grigg, by these kindly and simple people. Old Mrs. M'Dougal could scarcely believe, as Larky Grigg lay tossing about in the restless, burning agony of brain fever, on her own Jamie's little bed, that it was any other but Jamie, though his bones were whitening beneath the sun of the tropics; Jamie, still fresh in his mother's memory, with his clustering black locks, his bonnie blue een, his ruddy cheeks, white teeth, stalwart form, and the frank, loving smile that had made him the darling of his mother's heart, and the idol of many a young lassie's, had just such a head of clustering, jet-black, curly hair. Mrs. Tibbie M'Dougal had watched Larky through her tears, that positively bubbled up salt and hot from that inexhaustible fountain of such bitter waters, the deep heart of the fond mother of a duteous, affectionate son, who had lived innocently at home, and died bravely abroad.

Poor mother! she could not tear herself from her Jamie's little bed; and in the dead of the night, when she was alone in her watch, and Larky Grigg grew wild and unmanageable with the fever of his brain, she would soothe him with the old Jacobite songs she had sung beside the cradle of her own Jamie; and she would lay her thin, withered hand gently on his black locks, or pat his broad shoulders, and whisper, "Lie still there, and gang to sleep, Jamie laddie. Ye'll break yer puir mither's heart, my bonnie Jamie." And then, when he sat up in the bed, or turned restlessly round with flashing eyes and burning cheeks, and wild shrieks all about Hope, she would remember that her Jamie was no more; and she would sink on her knees in fervent prayer; prayer for patience, prayer for faith, prayer that she might see him again in a better world; and that she might

"Meet him on that blissful shore,
Where storms and quicksands vex the heart no more;"
and where

"Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown."
And she would rise composed, soothed, comforted, and turn to her old oak bureau, and, unlocking it,

she would take from one of the little nests of drawers her Jamie's last letter—written just before the battle in which he was killed—a fond, dutiful, loving letter it was, but prophetic of his coming fate, and full of prospective comfort and true piety; and from this she would turn to the kind, but stiff and formal announcement of his death, and to the medal that he had won with his heart's blood.

Luckily for poor Larky Grigg, he was quite unconscious of his position and his whereabouts. He raved of Hope Evermore, of his mother, of people who came to tear him away from his beloved—of Gretna, of a cottage home; but he seemed always to fancy he was lying on the heather, the dark sky and bright stars above him, and Hope Evermore either coming to him or leaving his side.

The fact was that though Larky Grigg had not been daintily reared, he had always been tenderly cared for by that truly good mother, Apple Blossom, and the first real hardships he had ever known were those—so entirely unfelt at the time—which he endured during his journey on foot from London to the Highlands, more especially during the night that preceded his final interview with Hope at Burnside.

Of course, to a young man who had never slept on the cold earth before, with no canopy but the star-studded azure sky, the damps of dewy eve and early morn, were most pernicious; but he was so warm in love, so high in hope, he felt them not; but when he had seen Hope—when it was all over, and he had nobly refused the sacrifice he might have wrung from her devoted, trusting love, and she was gone, and he was again alone, with a steep up-hill path before him, and the first glow that attends self-sacrifice abated—Larky became sensible of pain in his head and limbs, chills, thirst, a sort of dread of he knew not what, and a general feeling of unutterable wretchedness and debility.

It was in this state that he arrived at Tibbie M'Dougal's; and though the fire, the tea, the kindly welcome, and the cheery manner of the old hostess and her pretty daughter, had a temporary influence in postponing his fever, yet as soon as he was in bed it stole upon him like an armed fiend on a defenceless man, and for a fortnight he never rose from that bed of fiery anguish.

But, at the end of that time, Larky Grigg, wasted almost to a skeleton, very white, wan, and weak, was pronounced by auld Janet (the canny woman) to be out of danger, and was assisted by her and by Tibbie M'Dougal to get up, wash, dress, and totter into the chimney-corner of the little inn kitchen, where he was welcomed with tears of joy by pretty Beenie, who was engaged in preparing tea and a few bannocks for the puir laddie.

Benjie had had her share of nursing, and there was something so touching, so affecting, so irresistible in the eloquent appeals of poor Larky in his delirium to the being he called "Hope," "Sweet Hope," "Darling Hope," that the tender wildness of his words awakened all the slumbering echoes of the young girl's heart.

Benjie led so secluded a life, and was so strictly reared by her mother, both on account of her beauty and her expectations, that no shadow of Cupid's wing had ever crossed the young girl's heart; still less had his shafts ever pierced her fair young bosom, until she bent, with tearful eyes and beating heart, over the couch of Larky Grigg.

Poor Beenie, as she listened to his impassioned words and most touching pleadings, wished that such were addressed by him in sober, waking earnest to herself.

Benjie knew she was an heiress, and she believed Larky Grigg was poor. She knew her mother loved her, and would not thwart her, still less break her heart willingly. She tried to believe, and tried so hard that she succeeded marvellously, that Hope was no real person but some phantom of Larky Grigg's fevered brain, and, as mixed up with his passionate invocations to Hope were groans over his poverty and plans for his advancement, poor Beenie remembered with triumph all she had in prospect, and planned a fortune of which Larky Grigg, as her husband and landlord of the little inn was the centre, which Tibbie now let because she had no man nor son to see to it, and which fortune, to be happily realised, only required that Larky Grigg should recover, and fall as easily in love with pretty Beenie as she had done with him.

And so Beenie, on this festival day of Larky's recovery (when for the first time "auld Janet" had consented to his leaving his bed), Beenie, we say, had made the most of her Highland beauty of form and face. The rich clusters of her flaxen hair were gathered up by a sky-blue snood; her sweet rosy face shone with honest joy, love sparkled in her bright blue eyes, and with neat and ready hand

she arranged everything for the comfort of the invalid.

Alas! how a fortnight's illness can bring down a strong young man.

Was this Larky Grigg? His eyes were large and hollow, his temples sunk, his nose sharp, his skin of a pale primrose, his lips blue; his limbs seem shrunken, his clothes loose, his form bent, his voice trembles. He tries to thank those honest kind ones; and as they crowd round him to wish him joy of his recovery, his eyes fill with tears, and Beenie rushes into an inner room to have a regular good cry.

From this day Larky Grigg's convalescence proceeded slowly but surely. He had no relapse; and in a few days began to talk of setting out on his journey home, but this was strenuously opposed by "auld Janet" and Mrs. M'Dougal, while Beenie pleaded less with tongue than with her tearful eyes and quivering lip. All Larky could obtain was permission to write a few lines to his mother and to Hope Evermore, which letters a packman, who had to pass through the nearest post town, undertook to drop himself into the box. This done, in a way to alarm and distress as little as possible the kindest of mothers, and most devoted of loving and affianced maids, Larky Grigg gave himself up to the delicious sensations of returning health, that mark so clearly the difference between the convalescence of youth and that of later years.

He told the simple tale of his innocent young life over the peat fire, suppressing nothing but his engagement to Hope Evermore, and that he withheld out of delicacy to her. He would have been only too proud to have proclaimed that she was his affianced, had he not feared that until her father's consent was obtained, it would have been premature and unfair to do so.

Benjie listened to his simple story as Desdemona did to Othello's: she listened not merely with her ears, but her heart; and as he made no mention of a sweetheart, she trusted—poor child—he was, if not smitten with her, at least, heart-whole and fancy free.

Alas, alas! poor Beenie!

CHAPTER CXIII.

A strappin' youth, he takes the mither's een.—BURNS.

It was no wonder that Beenie, who had seldom seen any man more interesting or refined than the small farmers and highland shepherds who dropped in at Tibbie M'Dougal's to take their "drap o' whisky" or their "mug of ale," should have yielded her young heart at once to the fascination which intellect and goodness so unconsciously exercise.

Unconsciously, indeed, in Larky Grigg's case; for, had he been aware of all that was passing in poor little Beenie's simple mind, and warm, loyal, Highland heart, he would not for a moment have allowed himself to indulge in the comforts of an intimacy so dangerous to that poor, loving girl.

No knight of old was ever more chivalrous in his notions where his "lady-love" was concerned, than was Larky Grigg, the self-educated man, the son of the people,—in short, one of the million.

To have felt the most ephemeral fancy for any woman but Hope, would have seemed to him treason to love, to constancy, and to her; but he even went so far as to consider it as a sort of treachery to Hope to inspire a feeling of affection in any other female heart, or to be enshrined as an idol in any other female mind.

Larky Grigg, with all that captivates and subdues woman in every rank of life, the *suaviter in modo* and *fortiter in re*; Larky, who, though a working-man, was dignified from the purity and nobility of his soul, and the great original powers of his mind, yet gentle, graceful, and endearing, from the affectionate charity of his heart; Larky, with his love of innocent fun, his great mirth, his simple good-breeding, his fine manly person, his language and habits, which, though above his class, were only what every Christian man (gentle or simple) ought to emulate.—Larky, we say, had unconsciously and unintentionally kindled many a flame in the breasts of that sex, which, however vain and frivolous as moralists may proclaim it, always loves best where it can most admire, respect, trust, and reverence.

Many a very pretty girl, well-to-do, was single for his sake, but Larky had never looked with admiration on any female face save that of Hope. No other woman in the wide, wide world (his mother and sister excepted), was anything to brave, true Larky.

He loved Hope as firmly and as purely as Hope loved him.

He had no reason or excuse, as so many men have, for inconstancy, which is nothing but weakness and

perjury; because he was of a sex which prides itself on its superior strength, nobility, and truth.

In his just mind, and to his clear and Christian perception, a perjured man was worse than a frail woman, because he is the tempter, not the tempted; and because "to whom much is given, from him shall much be required;" and more strength is given to man than to woman. Larky had no patience with those sad beings mis-named gay men, whatever their rank in life; and whenever he had an opportunity, he boldly proclaimed his disgust of the profligacy of many of his young fellow-workmen; he reformed some, and was listened to by all, because his pious life bore out his Christian precepts, and he spoke like a man, and not like a fanatic or a humbug.

Larky Grigg, as we have said, had hastened, as soon as he could sit up and hold a pen, to quiet the fears of Hope Evermore and his kind, anxious mother, Apple Blossom.

It was no fault of his that those letters, confided to a travelling pack-man, never reached their destination. The pack-man, often oblivious from whisky—prone to promise, and very slow to perform—put them in his pocket, and forgot all about them; and Hope Evermore and poor Apple Blossom were sick with anxiety, and wild with alarm; while Larky was getting very uneasy that no notice had been taken of his communications by his sweetheart or his mother.

However, Larky Grigg was no ingenious self-torturer; he loved the sunny side of everything. He had strong faith and no egotism, and for a week after Janet had pronounced him "Weel ene" to get about a bit, but na that strang to gang sooth," he had formed one of the little household of the small Highland inn.

Kind, dear Larky! he brought his old mechanical genius into play for the benefit of these kind friends. He took to pieces, cleaned, and thoroughly repaired "the decent clock that ticked behind the door," and the large silver turnip-shaped watch—once "auld Robin M'Dougal's ain"—of both of which it might, indeed, have been said, as the poet says of man—

"They were deceivers ever."

The clock, indeed, gave rise to a curious little dialogue between Mrs. M'Dougal and bare-legged, red-haired Shoozie, her only maid, a stout, freckled, giggling serving lassie of twenty-two.

"Shoozie, lassie!" Larky Grigg heard the old lady cry, in an angry tone.

"Weel, mistress, I'm a comin'."

"Shoozie, I canna think what ails the clock. Ye maun ha' been after playing some pranks with him."

"Hoot toot, mistress!" replied giggling Shoozie; "what pranks could I play along o' he?"

Larky laughed, and offered his services; and after a day and a half of cleaning, and scouring, and piecing, and contriving—Beenie helping, and Shoozie, when she could, looking on and giggling—the habitual old liar was made to speak the truth.

Nor was this all that Larky did. Every lock was useless, no door would close properly, no hinge would act, the roasting-jack was cast aside, and the meat was obliged to be baked in an oven, of which the door could not be properly closed. All these things Larky got to rights by applying science to substance, and mind to matter. He also reduced to order, and put into a form at once neat and comprehensible, all Tibbie M'Dougal's long-confused accounts, gave her a clear estimate of debts and assets—incomings and outgoings—and arrived, unintentionally, at the conclusion, that the mistress of this little out-of-the-way Highland inn had an unincumbered property on which many a Southron would live in style, keep a carriage, give parties, and make a fool and a laughing-stock of herself.

At length everything was done.

Larky's occupation, like Othello's, was gone. There was nothing more to repair, to write, or to reckon.

Larky was quite well; secretly, very anxious about the silence of Hope and his mother; tired of rest, seclusion, and doing nothing, or rather nothings. He was very anxious to get employed, to feel that he was making way, getting on, climbing the steep ascent. Larky would no longer be detained, he was resolved to go.

His whole history (save in the solitary instance of his engagement to Hope) was well known to Mrs. M'Dougal and her daughter Beenie.

The Scotch are a cautious, questioning, suspicious people; but truth sat on Larky's brow as on a throne; his spotless soul beamed in those dark eyes so full of light.

Mrs. M'Dougal knew him as well, and believed in and trusted him as entirely as if she had known him from his cradle.

Mrs. M'Dougal wished him to stay; she wished him to love and marry Beenie. She wished to retire from active life, and only give an eye to matters, and direct the young couple. She had no idea of making herself a female Lear. There is nothing of the spirit of that disowned king in the genuine Highlander, but she wished to see Beenie happy and settled before she herself was taken to a better world, as she always said; and Larky Grigg was, of all the men in the world, the one she would have chosen for a son-in-law.

It was the last evening Larky meant to spend at the little Highland inn.

The Bible, which since his convalescence he had read nightly to his hostess and her daughter, was after tea duly placed before him by Beenie—and the last chapters of Waverley were also to be finished; Beenie, of course, thinking herself Rose Bradwardine, and Larky Grigg Edward Waverley; while "Auld Janet," the canny woman, continued to take a lively interest in her patient, and to look upon him with pride and pleasure as the work of her own hands.

Poor Beenie was pale and trembling; and yet every now and then a bright blush would suffuse her brow, her cheeks, and even her neck, and a smile of hope and rapture would break like sunshine over her pretty face.

Mrs. M'Dougal had guessed her daughter's secret.

They both knew, from Larky's own lips, that he was of poor, but honest parents, and had his own way to make in the world; but then they knew that he had good and powerful friends; and the simplest shepherd in Scotland knows the value of interest, and the favour of some great "mon."

Then, too, they recognised genius in Larky Grigg. The Scotch are a well educated people, even in the humblest ranks of life, and in no country are there more brilliant examples of the power of talent and industry in raising men to wealth and power, in spite of "low birth and iron fortune."

But above all, in the mother's mind was the fact that Beenie loved Larky Grigg, and, of course, in the maid's feelings, love would still be lord of all.

Beenie had been ill, and low, and nervous for some days; though blooming as a rose, she was far from strong. Two sisters had died of consumption, and Mrs. M'Dougal's only sister, Effie, who had been crossed in love, had died at Beenie's age.

Mrs. M'Dougal, seeing that Beenie pined, and moped, and refused to eat, and wept in secret, and was restless and tremulous, questioned her kindly, but closely, and learnt her secret.

Beenie, with maiden delicacy, stipulated that it should never be revealed; the mother promised to be silent, but Mrs. M'Dougal had her own way of going to work. She got auld Janet to sound Larky Grigg, and after tea on the evening preceding his departure, she suddenly left them alone together.

Auld Janet was born a diplomatist, and was so full of hints, innuendos, and mystery, that for a long time Larky Grigg could not even guess at her meaning.

At length it flashed across his mind, and, fearing that she might, the ice once broken, go too far, and compromise the maiden delicacy of poor Beenie, he frankly told her that he was in love, nay, affianced, and that his heart and his hand would go together.

"And is it a lass wi' a tocher, my braw callant?" asked Janet, rather bitterly, for she loved Beenie, and she delighted in matchmaking; and she had gladly accepted the delicate task of bringing Larky to the point, and was both nettled and disappointed. "Is it a lass wi' a tocher, or is it pride and poverty you're about to wed yersel' to? If so, I'd ha' ye think twice; ye'd better loup o'er a linn than wed without siller on one side or the ither."

"I shall not marry," said Larky Grigg, "till there is competence at least on mine."

"Are ye hand fasted, laddie?" asked auld Janet; "if so, it would be a sin and a shame to part ye; but if not, the bonniest lass for ten miles round, and wha'll ha' siller to spare, and wha loves the very ground you tread on—"

"Hush!" said Larky Grigg; "even were there such a maiden—with a princely dower, an angel's beauty, and a heart all love and truth—she would be, she could be, nothing to me, Janet; my love and my word are both pledged, and the maid of my choice is, in my eyes, the fairest and best among women!"

"The mair's the pity," said auld Janet; and soon after she hobbled out to recount her defeat and disappointment to Mrs. M'Dougal.

The evening passed heavily away after this.

Poor Beenie guessed too readily what had happened, and, unable to keep up her spirits, pleaded a headache, and stole to her little bed.

CHAPTER CXIV.

She fell sick as he grew well;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.—BURNS.

MRS. M'DOUGAL had all the stern sense of justice of the Highland matron; and she honoured Larky in her heart, though she felt for her poor child.

She would not accept the slightest payment from the "puir lad," as she called him; and she insisted on his trying on a knapsack, which she filled with good things, and with which, strapped on to his broad shoulders, Larky Grigg departed the next day at early dawn.

Before she went to bed herself, Mrs. M'Dougal looked into the little room in which Beenie slept.

Beenie lay with her face to the wall, weeping silently.

She tried to make her mother believe that she was asleep, but the mother knew better—she had been in love once.

"Beenie," she said, very softly—she, generally so cold and stern—"greet na sa bitterly, my bairn; a's for the best."

Beenie, without turning round, stretched out her little hand to her mother.

The mother sat down by the little bed, and said—"When I was thy age, Beenie, I loved a soldier lad. He had anither love, and I greeted sair; I was weel-nigh heart-broken; but, mark me, child, he had a winning tongue, and a bonnie face; but I'd have had a pair bargain o' him—for he deserted. He was shot as a deserter, child. Fancy one of my loyal hoose the wife of a deserter. I've lived to thank God on my bended knees night and morn, that I never ca'd a deserter my gude mon."

Beenie shook her head—she felt that brave Larky never could be a deserter; that in the battle of life he would be victorious, because he had faith, truth, and courage on his side.

But she murmured, "I'll try not to greet, mither; but it's hard to bear." And so the mother blessed her, and stole away.

Larky Grigg was off betimes; so early, indeed, that not even Shoozie was stirring; but he found a jug of milk and a loaf put ready for him, and he guessed that Beenie had slipped down to pay him this last attention.

It was not without deep emotion, and a feeling of holy gratitude and affectionate regret, that Larky Grigg took his leave of the little Highland inn. It was a lovely morning late in the autumn. The mountains were wreathed with a soft mist, which the rising sun was dispelling.

The heather was purple and fragrant, and a light morning breeze stirred the green plumes of the fern, which seemed to bow as he passed.

There was one mountain pass, which looked down on the whole valley, and commanded a view of the road Larky Grigg was to travel, for many a long and weary mile. After Larky had proceeded some quarter of a mile on his journey, he turned round to look at the quiet nook where he had been so tenderly nursed and cared for, and casting his eyes up to the mountain pass, he saw the delicate form of Beenie on her knees, her plaid fluttering around her delicate young form, her arms crossed over her bosom. She seemed to be in prayer.

For one moment Larky thought of turning back, and climbing the pass to bid her farewell, but the next he remarked that she had not seen him, and evidently had not wished or intended that he should do so.

He therefore contented himself with a silent prayer for her peace and welfare, and strode resolutely on, resolved to make a good day's journey before that bright morning sun, now rising in the east, sank to rest behind his canopy of crimson and gold in the west.

For several days Larky went his way with no adventures worthy of note.

Sometimes he got a lift in a cart, sometimes a short journey in a steamer.

He always took care to be housed by night. His solitary experience of the heather for his couch and the sky for his canopy, when watching for Hope at Burnside, ending as it had done in his first fever, had made him fear exposure to the night air.

At length we find him at Sunderland, about to take his passage in a steamer for London.

He entered a small public-house late in the evening, to get tea and a bed; and was shown into an inn parlour, where sailors and their sweethearts were dancing to the bagpipe played by a blind old Scotchman.

Suddenly, he found himself seized and held fast in the rude hug of a broad-faced, jolly sailor, with whom was a very gaudily-dressed, red-haired, freckled young woman, whom he called "Meg."



LAHORE.

Both seemed wild with joy at seeing Larky, who, as soon as he recognised them, heartily returned their greeting; and learned that Stunning Steenie—the sailor in question—had that day taken to wife Meg Grimes, *alias* Carrotty Meg, *alias* Potato-heels.

CHAPTER CXV.

Suld auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Suld auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!—BURNS.

Yes; it was, indeed, Stunning Steenie! And not much altered since the dear old ragged school days, which his broad, good-humoured, stolid, and yet cunning face, brought so vividly to Larky Grigg's mind, that his eyes filled with tears, and a soft sadness stole over his spirit.

Of course Stunning Steenie, though less changed than any of his contemporaries by the hand of Time, had ripened, or rather hardened, from boyhood into manhood. The nearer we approximate to the Inanimate,—wood, or stone, or iron,—the less are the traces of the hand of the Destroyer to be seen; and so it was with Stunning Steenie. He was not much grown in height, but he was become very square, and of a singularly heavy build. He had still the same stubble head of straw-coloured hair; but his high cheek bones and square (rather brutal) chin now boasted whiskers to match—of similar colour, thick and bushy. He was bronzed by the sun, and had been weatherbeaten in every zone.

Stunning Steenie was now a sailor, and a very good one too. His straw-coloured eyelashes still gave a curious expression to the very light blue eyes, in which was a sort of dogged craftiness and sly humour. And though the expression of his large mouth was vulpine, yet with the ferocity was a something of that resolution and firmness which are such great elements of courage.

The waistcoat to which he owed his nickname of Stunning Steenie, and which had served him so well in so many capacities (until he was fitted out at her Majesty's expense in good sailor toggery), had found its way, after many vicissitudes, to Rag Fair, where, though in the sere and yellow leaf, it was the admired of all beholders, and was ultimately purchased as a wedding waistcoat by old Blarney, the dog-stealer, when at seventy he took to himself a third wife of twenty, (luckily for her) blind, and not quite right in the head. But the early love of finery had

never forsaken Steenie, and he was a perfect peacock on his wedding day. "None are all evil," and even Stunning Steenie had a corner in his hard, narrow heart, where were stowed away some dear old faces, some good precepts, a few texts of scripture (those that adorned the ragged school walls), a few old saws and modern instances; a memory, half love, half reverence, of Mr. Stephens; an image with golden hair, upturned blue eyes, and raised forefinger, round which was the halo painters give to their saints; and the bright, good, clever face of fun-loving, yet God-fearing, Larky Grigg.

It was, therefore, with awkward, yet hearty joy, that Stunning Steenie shook Larky Grigg's hand, and introduced Meg Grimes, *alias* Potato Heels, *alias* Carrotty Meg, as his bride.

Carrotty Meg was all blushes, giggle, and white satin ribbons. She seemed desperately fond of her husband, whom she kept pulling by the ears or the whiskers, till she brought the water into his eyes, and the frown to his low brow, and who excused her to Larky Grigg by saying,

"Meg wor allys a rum un, as thee knows, Larky. They says time works wonders. It hain't worked none on she. She be just the same mischievous gal as you used to find it so unkinmon hard to lick at ragged school."

"He never did lick me!" laughed Meg, showing her white tusk-like teeth, which the sealing-wax red of her gums and lips rendered like those of some wild beast. "And the best man as ever wore a head, Steenie, had better not try that on, for he'll find it no go. Two can play at that game, Steenie!"

"Yes," grinned Steenie, "but only one can beat."

"And you ain't that one!" retorted Meg.

"You must only try now," said Larky, "to beat each other in kindness, love, and attention. Stunning Steenie will show the world that a working man—brought up at a ragged school—knows what is due to the woman who forsakes all to follow him; and my old friend Meg will find her best delights in making her husband happy, and his home pleasant to him. It is not because people are born humble, and kept poor, that they should be rude, unkind, and savage to each other. Wedded love may be as pure and gentle in a back garret as in a palace, Meg. And I hope Steenie and Meg will be living proofs of this."

"Larky speaks like a printed book. Don't he, now?" said Meg.

"Larky wor allys a cut above I," said Steenie; "but there ain't a better chap going. So let's take a glass together, Larky. I'll stand treat."

(To be continued.)

LAHORE.

It is a well-known fact that the Hindoos and Mohammedans never repair either their private houses or public monuments. They leave their walls to the tender mercies of Old Time, by whom they are gradually crumbled into ruin, and are transformed from mosques, and temples, and palaces into heaps of rubbish. The man who finds his house out of repair, too unsafe or uncomfortable to dwell in—and both the Mohammedan and Hindoo can stand, without complaint, a vast amount of danger and inconvenience—quits it and builds another. This practice produces a singular effect in the geography of India. Cities change their places; they, like their citizens, shift their quarters, and in course of time their original site is left altogether. But while the ordinary dwelling-houses completely disappear, the mosques, temples, tombs, palaces, triumphal arches, and other public monuments, fall into ruin. They are built of more durable material than the ordinary dwellings of the common people, and consequently retain for a longer period vestiges of their original grandeur. The traveller in India is surprised to find the remains of great public works far away from the city to which they formerly belonged. There they are, alone in the desert, while the town or city which they once adorned has moved two or three miles away.

It is so in the neighbourhood of Lahore, of Delhi, of Agra, and of nearly all the principal cities of Hindostan.

For a distance of several miles round Lahore are the remains of remarkable buildings. They are isolated from the city and from each other, and are evidently the work of different ages. Amongst others, there is the Tchar Bardjia, the chief entrance-gate to a garden or park, and connected with an ancient mosque (represented in our second engraving), now transformed into an English church. Since the English occupation of this part of India, a number of bungalows have been run up about these old ruins, and their site now forms the nucleus of the officers' quarters. To the left of the mosque is seen the house of General Ventura, a French officer who served in the Sikh army under Runjeet Singh. When the English first entered on the occupation of the Punjab, the Residency was established in this building.

The city of Lahore is uninhabitable for Europeans. A few hours is as long as its inconveniences could be endured by English nostrils or lungs, and a bungalow in the officers' quarter, or a tent in the open country, becomes inevitable. Surrounded by walls and towers, Lahore is a compact mass of lofty



ENGLISH PROTESTANT CHURCH AT LAHORE.

houses, rapidly falling into decay, and harbouring so much infection, that it is in reality an asylum for disease. As the traveller passes through the streets, he expects every moment to be crushed by the fall of one or all of the ruinous tenements which surround him. Every house is of brick; every house is repulsive, especially those where "refreshments" are to be had. The people are as unprepossessing as their town. Some of them are suggestive of the witches who met Macbeth; there are hideous eunuchs; fakirs with their faces grotesquely painted, and their bodies swathed in the skins of wild beasts; there are merchants of all sorts, and in all descriptions of costume, and there are scores of people in no costume at all. The streets are crowded to an extent unequalled in any other Indian city. They are narrow and inconvenient, and this is aggravated by platforms in front of the shops, and by the projecting pent-houses of straw. Through the centre of the street there runs an open drain, the smell of which is most offensive, but which is unfortunately strictly in keeping with the general odour of the town.

Lahore, in the reign of Runjeet Singh, was the capital of his dominions. It was captured by Sultan Baber in 1520, and was for some time the seat of the Mogul government in India. It was for awhile in the possession of the Afghans, and was repeatedly sacked by Shah Zemaun, ex-king of Cabul. The city is said to have been formerly nineteen miles in circumference. Whatever, indeed, may have been its actual extent, it is clear, from the remains of the buildings beyond the walls, that it must have been a very different place from what it now is. There are several monuments of the Mogul dynasty which bear testimony to the former magnificence of this place.

The wall which surrounds Lahore is about thirty feet in height, and extends for about seven miles. The fort in which the rajah resided is surrounded by a wall of no great strength, pierced for musketry. A branch of the Raree washes its northern side, but it has no moat. The palace within this inclosure is of many stories, and entirely faced with a kind of porcelain enamel, on which processions and combats of men and animals are depicted. Many of these are as perfect as when first placed in the wall. Several of the old buildings are in ruins, others are entire, and throw into the shade the meaner structures of more modern date. Runjeet Singh cleared away some of the rubbish, and repaired or refitted some of the ruined buildings of Shah Jehan. But his restorations were not always made in good taste, and several of the old structures have suffered more from the hands of man than from the lapse of time. Runjeet Singh

converted the great squares and buildings of the principal mosques into a place of exercise for his troops. He also stripped the cupola of the tomb of Asaf Jah of its white marbles, and used them for the decoration of some magnificent buildings in the garden court of his mosque.

The "Shah Dura," the tomb of the Emperor Jehangire, is very remarkable and interesting. It is a quadrangular building, with a minaret at each corner, rising to the height of seventy feet. It is built chiefly of marble and redstone, which are alternately interlaid in all parts of the structure. The sepulchre is exceedingly chaste, with its inscriptions and ornaments arranged in beautiful mosaic. Even the tints of some roses and other flowers are preserved by the different colours of the stone. Two lines of black letters on a ground of white marble announce the name and title of the conqueror of the world—Jehangire; and about a hundred different words in Arabic and Persian, with the single signification of God, are distributed on various parts of the tomb. The building is paved with mosaic.

Another splendid memorial of the Moguls is the garden of Shah Jehan. It is about half a mile in length, and has three terraces, each rising above the other. It is intersected by a canal brought from a considerable distance, and is ornamented and refreshed with a number of fountains.

But while these remains strikingly contrast with the miserable aspect of the modern city, Lahore may still rise to a far higher description of civilisation than that with which it was acquainted in its palmiest days. Under English rule, a visible improvement has already taken place, and we may confidently anticipate a bright future for this important city of the Punjab.

THE MERMAID'S MESSAGE.

UNDER the ocean waves afar,
Beyond the light of sun or star,
A mermaid spied from her coral cell
The telegraph cable as it fell.

Skirting the jagged ledges it came,
Dropping down like a thread of flame,
Breaking the branches off the trees
That grow in groves down under the seas.

She looked, and wondered what could be
Dropping so strangely into the sea;
Then gliding forth from her coral cell
To where the sensitive cable fell.

She touched it with inquisitive hand—
Instant her heart-beat throbbed through the land,
Baffling awhile the sages' means—
The mermaid's message preceded the Queen's.

The Matron.

NO. XLIV.

To make money and to save money should be the watchwords of all those who wish to be in comfortable pecuniary circumstances. Those who are already pretty well off may only care about saving money, and they will probably avail themselves of my hints and directions about dressmaking (or any other art applicable for use or ornament) merely as pleasant occupation, or for the advantage of themselves and families; others may be glad to listen to instructions respecting arts, by means of which they may earn a livelihood.

It will be remembered that dressmaking was the subject I was discussing.

I suppose that you have procured your material, and that your work-basket is furnished with all the necessary articles and utensils—viz., a yard measure, sewing silk, and reels of cotton of the colour of your dress, pins, and good sharp cutting-out scissors.

With regard to your material, you will have done better to provide too much than too little. Of French merino, or any other stuff of that width, six yards will be found sufficient for a plain dress. Ten yards of any material eighteen inches wide, is enough for a person of middle size, but this does not allow for flounces.

When you take to the scissors, the first thing to do is to cut off the breadths for the skirts, and the body and sleeves will take up the remainder.

Patterns can often be bought ready cut, that is, in towns, at certain dressmakers', or at bazaars. But supposing you have no paper patterns, unpick half an old body that fits you, and make this serve as a pattern.

For lining your body, mind you do not select stout calico or linen. A stout lining prevents the dress from giving or yielding to the figure. Sleeve linings should also be made of thin stuff. Two yards of lining is an ample quantity for a body with a jacket.

But to return to the cutting out. Lay your new lining for the body on the table or cutting-board, put the old body, of which we have already spoken, on the lining, tack both together, after having stretched them well, and cut the new stuff carefully. The lining first and then the gown material.

A good precaution is to damp and iron out the old garment picked to pieces, and meant to serve as a pattern. This makes it easier for you to cut from it exactly.

And now for the skirt; if you line it, remember to

run the seams of your skirt and the seams of your lining on the table; place the skirt on the top and tack its seams to the lining. Beginning at the first seam, gradually go on to the last, which should always be

cut them straight, and to hem them simply and neatly. *Cording and piping* are less in favour than they used to be, and in dresses made in Paris the flounces are sewn on to the skirt without the interven-

tion of covered braid or heading. For flounces cut straight, the allowance is two widths more than the skirt. Thus, for a skirt of five widths put seven widths for the flounces.

A striking difference between dresses of the present day and those of some years ago, is to be remarked in the sleeve, the amplitude of which is now very great, and certainly this fashion is becoming to the figure, and shows off a slight waist to great advantage. In proof of this I direct attention to my illustration (No. 1). It offers, also, an excellent model for a well-fitting dress. The fashionable "bouillonné" sleeve adds very much to the beauty of the costume.

In Nos. 2 and 3 I give illustrations (apart) of these becoming sleeves.

For these sleeves the material may be plain net, lace, or muslin. A few

directions for making them will, I doubt not, be welcome to some of my readers.

For depth, cut about half a yard of any suitable material, and allow a yard for the width. At the top plait it into a narrow band, to the size of the arm without sloping; but, towards the wrist, slope it a little at each end, before plaiting it into the wrist-band. With regard to the ornaments for these sleeves, an embroidered cuff (as seen in the plate) and coloured ribbon bow at the wrist look remarkably well; but very fanciful trimmings have been worn with the "bouillonné" sleeve this season. They may be studded over with small satin or sarsenet bows, or finished off with narrow Valenciennes lace, in vandykes towards the elbow and the wrist; but one very pretty fashion is that of putting ribbon of about an inch wide in three puffs of net, and placing them perpendicularly from the top to the wrist of the sleeves; thus dividing it into three equal puffs, the finishing off of which should be concealed by a corresponding puff at the wrist end.



No. 1.

felled over. Then follows the hem at the bottom, and if this is not tacked, it will probably be all awry. Never omit putting a braid or a cord on the bottom hem, this prevents its cutting. In colour and material it should correspond with the stuff of the dress, and, to look well, it should be put on *very easy*, that is,



No. 2.

rather full. By not attending to these directions you risk spoiling the effect of the skirt.

If instead of a plain skirt you wish to make a full flounced one, mind you put on the flounces before you gather or gauge the skirt at the waist, and while



No. 3.

the skirt is on the table tack a line all round to indicate where the flounce is to come, and mind you do this with white thread, and with the assistance of measuring, in order to keep constantly at equal distances from the bottom hem. Flounces used to be cut on the bias; it is now a more general practice to

Chemical Experiments.

A SOLID GENERATED BY THE CONTACT OF TWO FLUIDS.

AMONGST the sudden changes of the consistency of a body which surprise chemical beginners, the conversion of certain fluids into solids is not the least remarkable case.

I shall describe a very curious instance of the change in question, and, with the view of impressing it more definitely on your mind, I will teach you how to make one of your ingredients:—Take about an ounce of chalk, put it into a large wash-hand basin, and pour upon it a sufficiency of spirit of salt, mixed with about thrice its bulk, to dissolve the chalk completely, leaving only such little impurities as may happen to be contained in the chalk. During the process of solution violent effervescence takes place, wherefore the necessity of performing the operation in a large basin.

After solution has taken place, allow all impurities to deposit, decanting the clear liquor from it into a pipkin, and evaporate so much water away that the body held in solution becomes solid. If the operation be carefully performed crystals are produced during solidification, but crystals are by no means necessary to the result which we have in view. The substance thus generated should be placed aside in a well-corked bottle, and labelled "Muriate of Lime." The term is not quite correct; "Chloride of Calcium" is the designation now employed by chemists. I fear, however, if a learner were to employ the term, he would be apt to confuse the body in question with another body called "Chloride of Lime," which has not only a different composition, but altogether a different nature.

It is necessary to protect the muriate of lime when prepared, by corking it up accurately in bottles, in order to preserve it from atmospheric moisture, of which it is more greedy than almost any other body. Indeed, muriate of lime is employed extensively by analytical chemists for the purpose of separating water from bodies with which water is combined.

Supposing our muriate of lime to be prepared as described, and stored away in a bottle, proceed as follows:—Take some common washing soda, and throw as much into about a quarter of a pint of boiling water as the water is capable of dissolving. Next dissolve in another quarter of a pint of water (cold) as much muriate of lime as it will readily take up. Both solutions will be colourless, yet no sooner are they mingled and stirred together, than a solid mass results. I have mentioned washing soda, because it is a substance so commonly known and readily procurable, but pearlash would have given a still more solid result, and would have therefore been still more effective.

If to some of the solid white powder just produced aquafortis be added, the whole will be dissolved into a colourless liquor.

It may not be amiss to indicate here that the solid white powder generated in the course of the last experiment is chalk.

LEAD GOT FROM A SOURCE WHERE ONE WOULD NOT EXPECT TO FIND IT.

Most persons must have remarked the exceeding weight of glazed visiting cards: that weight is dependent upon the heavy material with which they are glazed, that material being ceruse, or carbonate of lead. The fact is not generally known that the manufacture of these glazed visiting cards involves processes which are exceedingly injurious to health.

Take one of these glazed cards and burn it in the flame of a candle; after a time small globules of metallic lead will be seen to be developed, and will fall. The reason of what takes place is as follows:—White lead (ceruse) when heated in contact with charcoal, is reduced or brought back to the original metallic state.

EARTH OUT OF ALUM.

The well-known substance alum is a compound of an earth called alumina in union with potash and oil of vitriol. The earth itself is the rust of a very beautiful and extraordinary metal, in respect of which a great deal has been said and written of late. Aluminium—for such is the name of the metal got out of alumina—is not, as many suppose, a newly-discovered metal. It has been known for about forty years; though not until the last three or four years has a method been discovered of preparing it in quantity. But with regard to the earth alumina, it may be prepared as follows:—Take a strong solution of alum, add to it solution of ammonia (hartshorn), which done, the white alumina falls down in a condition very much resembling jelly. If the jelly-like

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

I MUSED upon a summer's night
Within my window all alone:
The moon was shining clear and bright,
And all the heat of day had gone.
As gentle breezes stirred the air,
I felt a spell of quiet there
I had not known since, when a boy,
I slept 'mid dreams of rosy joy.

I mused, and then before mine eyes
Came fairy forms that once I knew;
I started back in mute surprise—
They seemed so real, but were not true.
I thought I saw a castle's halls,
Whose gorgeous dome and massive walls,
With turrets reaching far above,
Contained the lady of my love.

But still I mused, my steps to trace
Down mossy path by gurgling streams,
The spot of every earthly place
To realise a poet's dreams.
The violet there so modest grew,
Decked in its robe of azure hue,
That gaudy flowers had curious grown,
And left the violet there alone.

'Twas in a cot, 'mid verdant trees,
Alone a rustic maiden dwelt;
Her hair was floating on the breeze.
Her bonnie eyes my heart did melt,
And there, within the shady grove,
I told her of my constant love;
When, smiling through her falling tears,
She gave her heart with many fears.

Again I mused and smiled again
Upon the mansion's glittering dome,
And thought that splendour has its pain,
But joy does choose a rustic home:
For gilded show is but to hide
The misery of "pomp and pride;"
While love and faith together twine
Their simple wreath around the vine.

material be collected and heated, it contracts and assumes the appearance of burned clay. In point of fact, the earth alumina, which we have just separated from alum, may be termed the matter of pure clay, and consequently is the basis or foundation of every sort of brick and pottery.

So much for alumina itself. To extract from it the metal of aluminium would be totally beyond the readers' competence. Specimens of the metal, however, may now be procured at a moderate expense. It is white, brilliant, of a steely lustre, and does not readily tarnish by exposure to the air.

The earth alumina has the curious property of combining with many animal and vegetable colouring matters, and forming the solid, coloured materials known as lakes. To illustrate the formation of a lake, a decoction of cochineal may be added to a solution of alum, and hartsborn thrown in. Alumina will deposit as in the previous case, but, unlike them, it will be in combination with a colouring matter, thus constituting a lake.

HOW ELEPHANTS CROSS BRIDGES.

WHEN I lived in a country town in Shropshire, about twelve years ago (said a man of my acquaintance), I had the charge of the bridges, and I told people the Old Bridge was not safe, for I had examined it. There was one spot that I pointed out in particular. They paid no attention to me. It was Hough's duty to repair it; and when I found he would not do it, I took an axe and knocked down his toll-gate. He didn't like it; and said the bridge was strong enough for anything. Very soon afterwards, in good time for me, some men came along with wild beasts, and amongst them was an elephant, and it was wonderful to see how the old fellow proceeded. I never saw anything like it in my life. When he came to the bridge, he stopped, and put one foot forward on the first planks, and pressed them, and then shoved a little this way and then that. Then he brought his weight gradually on to that foot, and put out the other, and did the same with that. So he went slowly on—mighty cautious, taking his time. He got on some distance, till he came to the very spot which I had told them was unsafe. There he stuck out his foot, and the planks shook. Then he drew it back, and began to swing his trunk a little. Then he raised his trunk, and gave a grunt and a kind of a squeal after it, three times over. "See that!" said his master. "Push him! Drive him," cried some of the bystanders (I think there were about fifty standing round). "Make him go!" said Hough. "Make him go?" repeated the showman. "I'll give you five pounds if you'll get him to cross this bridge. If I should attempt to force him over, I believe he would kill me. All these men couldn't get him across. Come," added he, addressing the sagacious brute, "I think we'll go back!"

The elephant immediately turned round, and walked behind his master; and they went along up the bank of the river to the New Bridge—all the people going behind to see what he would do. It was about a mile; and, when he got there, he began just as cautiously as before; but, after making a few more experiments with his forefoot, he began to move on with some confidence, and, after a few more paces, took up his customary gait, and walked straight and safe across the bridge.

"There," said I, "Hough, he knows more than you do." It was a great triumph for me, I can tell you.

Small Change.

A LADY advertising for a husband, is very particular to have it understood that "none need apply who are under six feet." That female is strongly in favour of hy-men!

EVERY thought and feeling is a painting stroke, in the darkness, of our likeness that is to be; and our whole life is but a chamber, which we are frescoing with colours that do not appear while being laid on wet, but which will shine forth afterwards, when finished and dry.

How should a miller address his lady-love?—In the language of *flours*, to be sure.

MANY works succeed because the mediocrity of the author's ideas exactly corresponds with the mediocrity of ideas on the part of the public.

A GIRL at school would like to have two birthdays in a year. When she grows up to a woman she objects to having even one.

IN great cities, men are more callous both to the happiness and the misery of others, than in the country; for they are constantly in the habit of seeing both extremes.

A GOOD RETORT.—"You are very stupid, John," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are like a donkey; and what do they do to cure him of his stupidity?"—"Why, they feed him more, and kick him less," said the urchin.

TRUE beauty is but virtue made visible in outward grace. Beauty and vice are disjointed by nature herself.

WHAT is the difference between a young girl and an old hat?—Merely one of time: one has feeling, and the other has felt.

WISDOM is the olive which springs from the heart, blooms on the tongue, and bears fruit in the actions.

A GIDDY student having got his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that the brain was visible; on which he remarked, "Do write to tell father, for he always said I had none."

It seems a great pity for some writers that they cannot steal genius as well as its productions.

It must at least be confessed in behalf of the ladies, that they never before so completely filled the eye.

WHEN flowers are full of heaven-descended dews, they always hang their heads; but men hold theirs higher the more they receive, getting proud as they get full.

A ROGUE slyly took a fish in the market-house, and slipped it under his vest. The tail hanging down so as to be seen, the first man he met suggested to him that he should either wear a longer jacket or steal a shorter fish.

WHEN you receive a kindness, remember it; when you do one, forget it.

A MODEL young lady, just graduated from a certain distant academy, remarked the other day, "I cannot deceive how the young gentlemen can drink to such a recess, when they know it is so conjurious to their institutions."

INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.—No horse ever found a mare's nest. That discovery can only be made by a donkey.

WASHINGTON visiting a lady in his neighbourhood, on leaving the house a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish, sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."

Two companies are wrangling about the line of a railroad. They have thrown dirt enough at each other to make the embankments.

MANY a writer seems to think that he is never either profound or practical except when he can't understand his own meaning.

WHEN the colour begins to desert a woman's face, she often takes to painting; and then she never deserts her colours.

A PLOUGHMAN'S APPETITE.—A Scotchman having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him that he might help himself. The master said to him, "Sandy, you take a long time to breakfast." "In troth, master," answered he, "a cheese o' this size is nae sae soon eaten as ye may think."

THOSE orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are most loud when they are the least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of nature; she often gives us the lightning even without the thunder, but never the thunder without the lightning.

GIVE substantial aid if you can: tears are but drops of water—what good can they do?

THERE are some pretended Christians who would frighten us from the joys of this world in order to have them all to themselves.

WHEN does a cow become real estate? When turned into a field.

THE moral cement of society is virtue; it unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys. The good may well be termed the salt of the earth. For where there is no integrity, there can be no confidence; and where there is no confidence, there can be no unanimity.

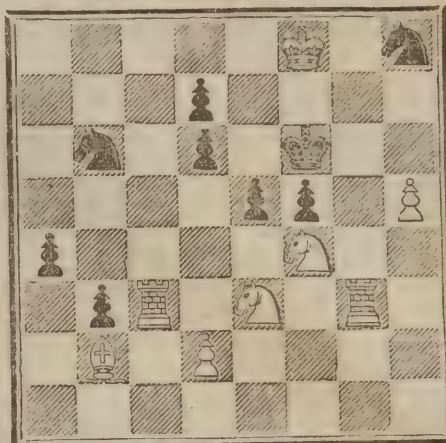
AFFLICTIONS sent by Providence melt the constancy of the noble minded, but confirm the obduracy of the vile. The same furnace that hardens clay, liquefies gold; and in the strong manifestations of Divine power Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon.

A MAN in a state of hot-brain nervousness is burning up. He is like a candle in a hot candlestick, which burns off at one end and melts down at the other.

WHAT we call wisdom is the result, not the residuum, of all the wisdom of past ages. Our best institutions are like young trees growing upon the roots of old trunks that have crumbled away.

Chess.

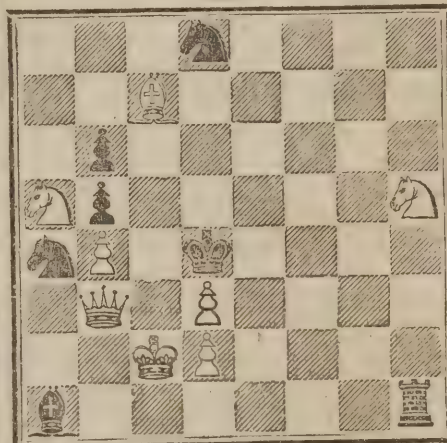
Problem No. 81. By W. GIMSHAW, Esq.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Problem No. 82. By F. G. RAINGER, Esq.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 75.

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to Q 6 (dis ch) | 1. B takes Q (a) |
| 2. B to K B 3 (ch) | 2. B to K 5 |
| 3. B takes B (mate) | |

(a) If K to Q 4, White plays Q to Q B 4 (ch)

Solution of Problem No. 77.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Kt to K B 3 (dis ch) | 1. K moves |
| 2. R to K 4 | 2. Any move |
| 3. R, B, or Kt mates | |

Solution of Problem No. 78.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to K 6 (ch) | 1. P takes R |
| 2. P to K 5 | 2. Any move |
| 3. B mates | |

SELWYN (Macclesfield).—You are quite correct in your analysis of the position to which you refer.

ALLAN GLENCALN.—What is to prevent Black from playing K to K B 7 at the third move, if White play as you suggest in Problem No. 71? We shall always be glad to answer your inquiries.

T. SIMPSON.—Thanks for the Problem. Do you not overlook the move of K to Q 5 in answer to the second move of your variation in the solution of Problem No. 73?

D. T.—The late Mr. Williams won a considerable majority of the games in his match with the gentlemen to whom you refer. Mr. W. gave the odds of the Q Kt.

J. PALMER.—Your first move in Problem No. 53 can be effectually met by Black's reply of R to K 5.

J. E., W. S. S., J. D., F. G. R., D. W. O., R. B. W., A. Kempe, and J. W., replies have been sent to you through the post.

Solutions of Problems by D. W. O. (Sligo), Nos. 70 and 71; Mona, Nos. 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, and 73; M. A. R., Nos. 70, 71, and 72; T. Simpson, No. 72; F. G. Rainger, Nos. 70, 71, 72, and 73; T. Ray, Nos. 70 and 71; E. Grant, Nos. 71 and 72; Oxon, Nos. 71 and 72; J. Palmer, Nos. 70, 71, and 72; Callis, Nos. 70 and 71; R. Wells, Nos. 71 and 72; A. K., No. 73; C. Austin, No. 73; Nemo, Nos. 69, 70, and 71; R. Wakelin, Nos. 70 and 71; and T. G. R., Nos. 69 and 70, correct.

Our Editorial Table.

NOW READY, PRICE SIXPENCE,
CASSELL'S
ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK
For 1859.

This Beautifully Illustrated and Instructive Almanack, which has now obtained celebrity wherever the English language is spoken, will this year be found to surpass, if possible, its previous attractiveness. It will contain upwards of Thirty Engravings, the subjects as follow:—Twelve engravings representing the modes of Repast in various Nations and Periods;—Twelve engravings representing important events of the year 1858, including the Capture of Delhi—Storming of Lucknow—Bombardment of Canton—Earthquake in Naples—Burial of the Queen of Oude—the Leviathan off Deptford—Inauguration of the Boulevard de Sebastopol—Arrival of the Queen at Cherbourg—Launch of the Ville de Nantes—Fort Napoleon in Kabylia—Her Majesty's arrival at the Town Hall, Leeds—Removal of the decorations, fountain, &c., in the Place du Châtelet. Four emblematical designs of the Seasons;—Astronomical illustrations, &c., &c. The Literary matter, in addition to explanations of the above Engravings, consists of the Calendar, richly stored with historical remembrances; Chronology; Obituary; Abstracts of Acts of Parliament; Important Statistics; Postal Regulations; Stamps and Taxes; Gardening Calendar; the Government; Royal Family; Houses of Lords and Commons, and other matters, interesting to all branches of the community.

N. B. Orders should be given at once to the nearest Bookseller, as delays, consequent upon the large circulation, have unavoidably occurred in the delivery of the two last years' issues.

ONE ASHAMED OF HIS IGNORANCE.—You need not be so particularly ashamed of your ignorance respecting Donati and the comet that has recently excited so much admiration and curiosity. There are scientific men who, if they spoke the truth, would own that this time last year they had never heard of Donati or of his comet either. We are now enabled to enlighten you a little on both subjects. On June the 2nd of the present year, M. Donati, an astronomer of Florence, discovered this comet when it was very faint indeed. It was soon found to be an original discovery, and that it was entirely unlike a comet seen in America a few weeks previously in the same part of the sky. M. Donati foretold its brilliancy at the latter end of September. It was soon evident that it was situated at a great distance from the earth, from its slow movement across the heavens. On October the 2nd it was sixty-two millions of miles from us, and on October the 10th, when it was nearest, it was still fifty-one millions of miles away. On October the 19th, it was as far off as on October the 2nd. When, on September the 30th, it was at fifty-five millions of miles from the sun, it was nearest that luminary.

LADY GLENLONELY.—We must frankly confess we cannot tell you when the new Westminster Bridge will be completed and opened to the public. You must bear in mind that "patience is a virtue," and that, as the French say, "tout vient pour celui qui sait attendre." We hope after so many "French Lessons" you can understand this proverb without our translating it. When at length we do get the new Westminster Bridge, it will be worth having. Its total length, from extreme of abutment to abutment, will be 1,166 feet; its width 85 feet; giving 15 feet for each path, and no less than 50 feet for the roadway. The greatest height of the centre arch will be 20 feet above high water mark. The depth of the foundation is no less than 30 feet below low water mark, or more than 20 feet into the London clay. The rise in the whole bridge is to be only 5 feet 3½ inches—infinitely less than the rise of the old bridge, since it joins the roadway at a much lower level. In the new bridge there are to be seven arches. The centre arch will have a span of 120 feet; the two next on each side, 115 feet; the two next, 104 feet 6 inches; and the two shore arches at Surrey and Middlesex, 94 feet 9 inches each.

A PATRIOT.—England can lose nothing by acknowledging the power of her enemies, and we cannot agree with you when you undervalue the military prowess of Napoleon I. What lessons he teaches modern generals. He gained decisive victories whilst others were dreaming. "It is always these quarters of an hour that decide the fate of a battle," said Napoleon, when at Montebello, Kellerman, with only 800 horse, separated 6,000 Hungarians, before the very eyes of the Austrians, who wanted a quarter of an hour to reach the field. Napoleon fought sixty battles, but never acquired power enough to satisfy his ambition, although his dominions extended over half Europe, which he desolated and ravaged in the hope of satisfying his lust of conquest. "My power would fail were I not to support it by new achievements. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest alone can maintain me." This was his confession, and a true one. Hence it was that he drained his country of its very life blood. He literally exhausted it by his conquests. He was as heartless a sovereign as he was a matchless general.

DORA.—"DORA" wishes us to tell her something about the Rajah of Sarawak. She knows that rajah is an eastern name for a king, but she has no idea where Sarawak is situated, and she cannot make out how Brooke, an Englishman, should be a rajah. In satisfying "Dora's" curiosity, we begin by begging her to take her atlas and find out the map of the East Indian Islands, and having done this, to examine the equinoctial line, and between longitudes 110 and 120 east from Greenwich, she will find the island of Borneo, of which island Sarawak forms no inconsiderable part. And now for Rajah Brooke. He was originally an officer in the late East India Company's service, but taking offence at some proceedings of the company, he quitted without leave, and became a daring adventurer in the seas of the Indian

Archipelago. So successful was he in his exploits against pirates, that the inhabitants of Sarawak, in whose service his prowess was displayed, chose him as their sovereign, and such he has continued to be for a great many years. He has vastly improved his kingdom, and introduced civilisation and regular government among his subjects. The rajah is now willing to resign his sovereignty, and to allow Sarawak to become a dependency of the British crown, supposing he is indemnified for his expenses in improving the country. We do not think government will accept of the proposal; our colonies are already too extensive. Nevertheless, we sincerely wish well to the enterprising English rajah, whose moderation equals his valour.

T. BLORE.—The name of the new Lord Mayor is D. W. Wirc. He is a solicitor, and a man of energy and intelligence.

AMELIA.—We rejoice with you in the cordial friendship now existing between England and America. A pleasing instance of this feeling was given at New York during the rejoicings that followed the laying of the Atlantic cable. After the national anthem had been sung, the company rapturously joined in "God save the Queen," with the following additional verse, written for the occasion:—

"God keep us all in peace;
Let truth and love increase
Both realms between.
Long may the iron hand
Stretch forth from strand to strand;
God bless our fatherland,
God save the Queen."

In reply to your question about the present state of the cable, the apparent success of which caused such delight, we cannot give you a very favourable report. But you may rely upon it the energy and perseverance of the two nations are undaunted. If the old cable cannot be made available, a new one will be prepared. From what we read, scientific men have now come to the conclusion that the cable that has failed had not been sufficiently seasoned, and that previous to its laying down it should have been immersed in water for a considerable period.

CAUTION.—You will try in vain to get the boy into the school by means of "spoiled postage stamps." How can any person in his right senses suppose such a thing possible? ADA.—You should apply to some leader of evening concerts. The payment varies very greatly: from half-a-crown to twenty guineas for a single song. ZETA.—Yours is a very intricate case; you must take the opinion of a good Chancery barrister. S. F.—We know of no means by which the original colour of flowers can be retained after they are dried for preservation. MARY, W. RIXON, and A. THAMIS.—Two new tales will be commenced in the first number of Vol. III. Further announcements will be made. A HUNTER (Carlavero).—Mails for the Cape of Good Hope are made up on the 5th of each month. T. ATKINSON.—Indentures of apprenticeship, if not signed by yourself, are not binding. G. WALKER.—You can have the Part containing the map of India on sending seven penny postage stamps to Messrs. Petter and Galpin. The lines "On Death," "I Want not Riches," &c.; "The Dying Mother," are respectfully declined. The lines "On Visiting Braemar" possess considerable merit, but are much too long for our journal; try us with something shorter. The same remarks will apply to "Wakened Memories." BEN.—No "harm" may be done by your sending a present to a young lady; but it is quite natural that she should inquire why you have sent it, and she is at liberty to decline accepting it, if she thinks proper.

GROOM.—Wash your saddles first with a sponge and clean water, slightly warm; then rub them with a sponge dipped in the following mixture: one pint of skimmed milk, half an ounce of spirits of salts, a quarter of an ounce of spirits of red lavender, one ounce of gum arabic, and the juice of two lemons. When dry, polish with a soft brush or a piece of soft flannel. If you wish the saddles to be very pale, omit the red lavender. You may add to the above, for the sake of preserving the leather soft, a little neat's-foot oil; but then you will not be able to effect a good polish.

SANDY.—You say you have searched twice, and cannot find the letter *d* in the lines in No. 38, page 191. Look again, and especially in the following line:—

"And tax his fancy's might."

A STUDENT.—The first Polyglot Bible, termed "The Complutensian Polyglot," in 6 volumes, folio, was printed A. D. 1514-17. The first edition was at the expense of the celebrated Cardinal Ximenes. The fourth Polyglot was printed in London by Bryan Walton, in 6 volumes, folio, 1657. Various editions have since been published.

INSPECTOR.—Touch your warts and corns daily with aquafortis. The corns should first be cut as closely as they can with safety.

TYRO.—The staining of glass is far too difficult and expensive a process to be undertaken except professionally; it would require the erection of furnaces, and a good knowledge of chemistry. Coloured panes of glass for windows may now be purchased at a cheap rate.

HUGH L. FRASER.—The work will be absolutely completed in six volumes. For a mutual improvement society nothing can be better adapted than "John Cassell's Educational Course." And for young men who desire to have a general knowledge of various sciences, nothing can answer the purpose better than the first volume of the course, entitled "Science Popularly Explained." The whole of the 4,000 questions proposed are answered clearly and accurately. Though the volume contains 566 pages, domy octavo, the price is only 3s. 6d. The other five volumes contain—The English Language, its history and forms; Outlines of Botany; Astronomy; Mathematical Science, its logic and utility; and Elements of Political Economy. In reply to your question, as to what branches of learning ought to be studied by a man engaged in commercial life, we recommend arithmetic, algebra, and English grammar; and for bleaching works, chemistry; but we know of no works on that subject published in numbers. To improve your handwriting, we strongly recommend the "Model Copy Books," published by Ward and Lock, which you can study with success without the aid of a master.

JESSIE C.—On Hallow E'en, or Allhallow Eve, October 31, young people in the north of England dive for apples, or catch at them when stuck at one end of a kind of hanging beam, at the other extremity of which is a lighted candle. In Ireland, also, the same ceremonies, with the roasting and eating plentifully of apples, are observed. Omens and charms are connected with these customs. Apples, it is said, are chosen because the next day, November 1, was dedicated to the angel presiding over fruits, &c.

FALKLAND.—F. M. the Duke of Wellington had two legitimate sons, the Marquis of Douro, now Duke of Wellington, and Lord Charles Wellesley, recently deceased. The eldest son of the latter is heir presumptive to the dukedom, as the present duke is childless. "The Photographic News" will form, as it progresses, a complete manual of the science.

DONATI.—The mistake of which you complain was rectified long before your correction came, namely, in May last. See No. 25, page 400.

A CONSTANT READER (Stockport).—If any one has "bewitched" you, it is the woman who has assured you that you are bewitched, and who has persuaded you to give her "different sums of money," pretending that by "looking through a glass, praying over slips of paper which are to be placed in your bosom, reading a certain chapter every day, &c.," she can cure you, after you have consulted medical men in vain. Repudiate these follies, and act more like a rational man.

BRO BRO.—The orange blossom is selected as a suitable ornament to be worn at a wedding because it is a beautiful and delicate emblem of fertility—the orange tree exhibiting at the same time blossom, fruit newly formed, fruit ripening, and fruit in full maturity.

T. BLAKE.—You ought to have been more careful in handling such a handsome volume as "Cassell's Family Paper," bound, and containing all the numbers that have appeared during the first six months of the new series. However, do not despair. We think we can direct you how to take the grease out of the leaves. Fold up in two small bags made of muslin some calcined hartshorn, which is always ready prepared at the shops of the druggists. Lay the bags of muslin containing the powder one on each side of the greasy leaf, and having heated a pair of hair-dressers' pinching tongs, of a moderate warmth, press with them the two bags against the greasy spot, and hold them in that situation until the grease is removed. If you do not succeed in the first attempt, repeat the process.

Z. Z.—We will endeavour to comply with your request—viz., that we should give you "such an account of the electric telegraph that you, who know no scientific terms, may be able to understand it." In explaining to you how news is sent by means of electricity, we must, of course, endeavour to give you a good idea of the apparatus used. To assist your comprehension, we shall write in italics all the parts of the apparatus. Well, then, this apparatus is called the *manipulator*, and a *receiver* receives the message. A *copper electrified wire* establishes the communication between the two apparatuses, so as to produce on the dial of the receiver the movements which the operator, or person sending the message, imparts to the hand of the manipulator. The operator makes the hand turn and stop successively on each letter of the word he wishes to send. The hand of the receiver, by repeating this movement, reproduces exactly the same word. In reply to your question as to the inventor of the electric telegraph, we believe that the first electrician who brought the electric telegraph into general use was Mr. Wheatstone; but Mr. Morse has introduced great improvements, and he originated sending printed messages by electric telegraph. According to Mr. Wheatstone, the speed with which the electric fluid passes along a brass wire is at the rate of 115,000 leagues a second. This is a speed that baffles comprehension. In fact, the swiftness of the electric current is greater than that of light.

ARLINGTON.—We should prefer dumb bells for the purpose you name. Bring them to touch each other in front of your body, and then throw your arms back and make them touch behind; slowly at first, increasing by degrees to a rapid motion. Practice this for about ten minutes every forenoon. You can purchase dumb bells at any surgical apparatus maker's.

AN OLD GOLD DIGGER.—Sovereigns coined in Australia are not a legal tender in Great Britain, and are only worth their weight as gold.

A YOUNG SUBSCRIBER.—Dr. Livingstone's latest communication is dated from Zambesi.

J. S.—Footscray is in the county of Kent, about twelve miles from London, and in the S.E. district of the London post delivery. Your writing and spelling will both admit of considerable improvement.

A Junior Clerk, Thomas, Maria F., W. D. H., need the advice of skillful medical practitioners.—G. T. Atkinson, Lord Wellington, and C. W.: Abstemiousness and cold bathing, especially of the parts affected.—Annie S. H.: It is not enough that the practice is not injurious; it is necessary or useful? Is it not troublesome and expensive?—Marquis of Doune, Mary H., A. Lad: Wash the hair with yellow soap and water at least twice a week, and brush smartly with a stiff brush, the hairs of which are of irregular lengths.—Constance Brown: The practice you inquire about is healthful, and it is likely to promote sound and refreshing sleep, and may, most likely will, improve your complexion. Try it regularly night and morning.—Anxious Inquirer: We fear your scars and contractions are irremovable, but consult a surgeon.—Venator: We hope your poor animal has recovered before this, if not, give him twenty-five grains of jalap powder, and five grains of calomel, made into a pill with a little gum water; and wash the nostrils twice a day, if necessary, with a lotion made of half an ounce of sugar of lead to a pint of water.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. II.—No. 50.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARTLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER CV.

Such a strange sordid cunningness! the rainbow,
When she hangs bent in heaven, sheds not her colours
Quicker and more various than this deceitful woman
Weaves in her dyes of wickedness.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

In the multitude of counsellors we are told there is safety. If legal counsellors are meant, we at once demur to the truth of the proverb, and our experience ought to have some weight, seeing how dearly we are once paid for it. Lady Boothroyd, however, had not

arrived at the same conclusion; a circumstance scarcely to be wondered at, perhaps, considering that it was, as the playbills express it, her ladyship's first appearance in the court of chancery. On being served with a copy of the bill, filed in the name of Lieutenant Marsh, as next of kin, and natural guardian to Lillian, she at once consulted a formidable array of the most eminent members of the bar, and secured as many opinions, as what *rich client* will not, favourable to her case.

It is a little extraordinary, that no two lawyers, unless engaged on the same side, ever see the same case in the same light; then their unanimity of opinion is equally remarkable. Far be it from us to hint that this singular divarication arises from any mental obliquity of vision; no doubt, it is one of the idiosyncrasies of the legal profession, which the legal mind alone can explain; never intended to be understood by the uninitiated, and what is more, it *never will be*.

On one point the learned gentlemen laid great stress; the plaintiff had not stated in his petition to the court, where the marriage of Allan Boothroyd and the mother of his niece had been celebrated; any hitch, discrepancy, or doubt in that respect, and the case would be at an end—not a leg to stand upon.

"After all," observed Serjeant Kite, "the residue undisposed of by will, appears to have been exceedingly small."

"Under twelve thousand pounds," added Counsellor Flaw, referring to the accounts rendered by the executors.

"The residue is not the real object," replied her ladyship; who, as usual, was present at the consultation.

The three gentlemen learned in the law had long since suspected that such was the case. The observation had been intended as a feeler.

"It is an unprincipled attempt," continued the speaker, "to introduce the daughter of a common



THE MEETING IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

soldier, Barney Gee—a fellow who, had he lived, would have been tried for poaching on the Meldown estate—into my family, to give her a name and position in society. As the widow of the late Sir Norman," she added, "and the guardian of his only child, I feel bound to resist it."

"Very natural!" "Highly proper!" and "Commendable spirit!" were the ejaculations with which the declaration of their client was received. Still, somehow her advisers did not feel quite satisfied; better judges could not be found perhaps of the distinction between the reason and the pretext.

"It is a little to be regretted, Lady Boothroyd," said Mr. Twine, the well-known queen's counsel, in his blandest tone, "that you commenced your operations to guard the honour of your family against a spurious claimant to bear its name quite so soon; in fact, before any stir had been made by her abettors. The abduction of the child," he added, "was rather a strong measure; and my learned brothers and myself wish to be in a position to explain it to the court, as the very most will doubtless be made of it on the opposite side."

"Nothing can be easier," answered the lady, coolly.

The learned counsel had all along been convinced that such was the case, and were delighted to hear the assertion from her own lips.

"On the very night the father and child arrived in the village," continued the artful woman, "the former was shot in an affray with Sir Norman's keepers; in fact, it was to avoid prosecution for a similar offence—he was a determined poacher—that Barney Gee enlisted for a soldier."

"This is important," observed Kite, making a note. Flaw nodded approvingly.

"The death of the wretched man," resumed her ladyship, "naturally created a certain amount of sympathy amongst the inhabitants of the village, all more or less addicted to the same pursuit; and not sympathy only, but a bitter feeling of hostility against my late husband, who a few nights afterwards was shot at in his carriage."

"By whom?"

"That we never could discover. As a wife, I naturally felt anxious and terrified, more especially as one of our keepers had been murdered on the night when the father of this young impostor met his death. It was impossible after such an outrage we should remain at Meldown."

Again the note-books and pens went to work.

The case really began to turn out much better than they imagined. A baronet shot at by a gang of poachers!—sure to enlist the feelings of the chancellor, a keen sportsman, on their side; a noble family driven from their home—great scope for eloquence.

"And the abduction?" quietly insinuated Mr. Twine.

"I am coming to it," said his client. "Woman-like, I naturally pitied the orphan left entirely dependent upon her relatives, an old weaver and his wife, and offered to place her in my school."

"Very generous!"

"Noble! forgiving!"

"My offer, however, was refused," added Lady Boothroyd, without heeding these complimentary ejaculations; "and, seeing that the presence of the child only served to keep up dangerous, irritating feelings, I certainly did cause her to be removed from St. Faith's. I have not the slightest hesitation in making this admission to you, gentlemen; but, if you consider it important, can easily prevent my share in the transaction ever being proved in a court of law."

"By what means?" inquired Serjeant Kite.

"By hanging the agent I employed," answered her ladyship, firmly.

The counsel exchanged looks with each other: evidently they began to suspect that their client was no ordinary person.

"I have no wish to do so," continued the speaker; "but, if necessary, I can produce proofs that the man, Mark Rayner, whose name you will find in the plaintiff's bill, is the murderer of my late husband's gamekeeper, Springthorp."

"Proofs!" repeated the three gentlemen learned in the law.

"Irrefragable ones," was the reply.

After this statement, the legal advisers of Lady Boothroyd, who, we need scarcely observe, was the real defendant in the suit, instituted *pro forma* against the executors, came to the conclusion that the ugly affair of the abduction now appeared in quite another light; that it could be explained, or, at the worst, palliated, by the strong influence of feelings which even the law respects, and perhaps got rid of altogether by a little dexterous tact.

Tact! what a sharp, ringing sound the word has; and how useful the thing itself is. There is scarcely a purpose or relation in life to which it may not be applied.

After all, what is tact? In nine cases out of ten, a wedge to split a moral difficulty, not solve it; a cloak hiding the threadbare garment beneath—giving the wearer the false credit of being a well-dressed man; a varnish which distracts attention from the mediocrity of the painting; a lie implied, not uttered, and all the more dangerous from bearing a specious resemblance to truth.

And yet, how many persons feel proud of possessing this dangerous quality; on the same principle, no doubt, which induces vulgar pretence to trick itself out with pinchbeck, when unable to wear gold.

As Chancery barristers, the eminent counsel consulted by Lady Boothroyd could not possibly undertake the conduct of a criminal case. It would have been against all professional etiquette—*infra dig.*; so they advised her to have recourse to the services of Mr. Gringle. The affair they considered quite in his way—the gentleman being as remarkable for expedients as he was known to be unscrupulous in the employment of them. With his assistance, they doubted not but on the day of hearing, one important witness would be absent—a practical illustration of what is generally understood by tact.

The morning on which the consultation between the widow of Sir Norman and the lawyers took place was the one appointed for the meeting in Kensington-gardens, to which spot Lillian and Lady Bell, attended by our hero and William Thornton, repaired. There was no occasion to introduce the cousins, each recognised the other by the likeness to herself. Their appearing together in a court of justice must, as the lover of Alice observed, convince the most sceptical of the tie of blood between them.

"It is not my fault, dearest Lillian," observed Alice, "that your home has been amongst strangers—your claims disputed; my heart, from the first moment I heard of your existence, acknowledged them; for I had not forgotten the poor little prisoner in the old pavilion at Meldown Park, or the words she uttered, and have frequently been reproved for asking questions on the subject."

"I am sure it is not," answered our heroine, her eyes filling with tears of pleasure; "but my home for years has been a happy one; so happy," she added, "that a sister's love alone could have increased its felicity."

Lady Bell and our hero were introduced to the heiress. Her ladyship, although prepared by the description she had received, could not avoid expressing her surprise at the singular resemblance between the two fair girls. Richard, of course, did not feel so much astonished; the portrait at Meldown Park had long since made him familiar with it.

As Alice drew from her pocket the chain and locket, to present to her cousin, she could scarcely avoid smiling at the expression of William Thornton's countenance; it was almost reproachful. Doubtless, he expected her—although she no longer believed it to have been his gift—to wear it till the moment of parting with it. But lovers are such exacting creatures.

This stolen interview proved a happy one for all; not excepting even William, who felt, perhaps, a little disappointed when Lady Bell took his arm—she had already secured that of our hero—an arrangement which enabled the cousins to enjoy undisturbed the few brief hours of intimacy permitted them.

"No doubt you think me very cruel," observed her ladyship; "but, as Hamlet, says, 'I must be cruel only to be kind.' It is my earnest wish," she added, speaking in a more serious tone, "that Lillian and Alice should love each other."

"Your precaution is scarcely a necessary one," replied the gentleman; "they cannot fail to love each other, both being as good as they are beautiful."

"Very pretty, and true as pretty, no doubt," answered the kind-hearted woman, with a smile. "Take example from your friend here; see how patiently he bears it."

"And well he may!" exclaimed the lover, with a slight, only a very slight tone of impatience. "Richard is a happy suitor, has no hostile influences to contend against, can see Lillian daily; it would be unreasonable indeed were he to complain. My position is a widely different one. Lady Boothroyd hates me—nay, carried her treachery so far as to intercept the letter in which I declared my passion, and answer it in her daughter's name; who, ignorant, or doubtful of my feelings, yielded to the selfish entreaties of her father on his deathbed, and promised to become the wife of Ilston."

Lady Bell looked serious; a promise made to a

parent, under such circumstances, in her clear judgment, appeared a binding one; sacred as an oath, it never entered into her imagination that it could be broken.

"I pity you," she observed, "pity you both; but Alice will keep her word."

Poor William began to look very miserable. His fears had suggested the same thing.

"There is but one hope," added the speaker, "if I judge the character of her you love aright—the rejection of her hand by Ilston."

"He has already been appealed to."

"By you?"

"By his victim," answered the lover, bitterly.

"Then he is an unmanly, spiritless fellow," exclaimed her ladyship, with womanly scorn of the noble viscount's selfishness; "and were I a—; but, no, no," she added, suddenly checking herself, "it would be wrong, very wrong to counsel that."

Whether the speaker, in her indignation, had been on the point of recommending William Thornton to adopt hostile proceedings against his rival, is a problem we confess our inability to solve, further than by observing that such a supposition is by no means improbable when we consider the excitable, high-spirited character of Lady Bell; who, as the wife of a soldier, had naturally adopted some of the opinions and feelings of the circle by which she had been so long surrounded.

Here, for a few minutes, we must digress; promising, however, not to exact too much from the patience of our readers. It is simply to remark that pictures of life, to be faithful ones, must portray its lights and shadows, virtues, vices, weaknesses, and errors; and that it would be unjust to blame the fidelity of the artist.

The author of "Smiles and Tears" is no advocate or even apologist of duelling. He considers it an act religion and reason alike condemn, and which, thank Heaven, in the present age common sense has all but succeeded in rendering ridiculous.

To judge from the glances which the two gentlemen exchanged, they, unfortunately, did not think so.

When the cousins rejoined their friends, it was observed that the eyes of both were suffused with tears. Their adieus were sadly spoken, and the heart of the lover sank within him as Alice silently took his arm; he remembered the words of Lady Bell.

"William," said the unhappy girl, as soon as they had separated from their friends, "I am about to inflict pain; and I cannot tell you how sorrowful the reflection makes me. We must meet no more. Do not censure me, pray do not, before you have heard my reasons. I dare not break my word to my dead father. I know all that you would urge. I have urged it to my own heart and reason; but in vain. Grant that my promise was extorted—reluctantly given; still, it was given, and must be kept; unless," she added, bursting into a passionate flood of tears, "the grave should mercifully receive me before Ilston can claim its fulfilment."

This was a sad blow to William Thornton, who, for the last few days, had been indulging in visions of a happy future. Disappointment, however, did not render him unjust. The noble resolution of the sorrowing girl to adhere to the promise so solemnly given, increased his admiration of her character, although he tried every means a lover's eloquence could suggest to shake it.

"You may convince my heart," replied Alice, mournfully, "for it is weak, and you possess too powerful an advocate there already, but not my reason, which tells me that happiness would not result from our marriage; the memory of my broken vow would glide like a spectre between us, poisoning our short-lived bliss. You might still continue to love me, but respect, without which love is but a worthless passion, would become extinct. Better die broken-hearted," she added, "than survive the loss of that."

"You wrong yourself and me!" exclaimed her lover, passionately. "What, blame the bird because it has escaped the fowler's snare! censure the innocent lamb for flying from the wolf's embrace! never, never! Your father had no right to extort such a promise from you, to offer you a sacrifice at the shrine of his ambition, to tyrannise over you, even from his grave; the act was monstrous, unnatural, and—"

"Hush!" said Alice, seriously; "deeply as I regret his conduct, I dare not blame it: the child must never judge the parent. And now, William, it is better that we say farewell. It is a sad trial to us both; I feel that I am acting rightly, and the conviction will sustain me to the end. It was selfish of me, very selfish, ever to confess my love; forgive me that, and struggle to forget me."

"Forget you!" repeated the youth; "how easy to advise, how difficult to accomplish."

"Not so," replied his companion; "you have energies, talents, which must not be wasted in idle, useless sorrow. The world has a claim upon them—aces distinctions within your reach, such as good prize; in the achievement of these, in diffusing good around you, the sad past and the poor girl who loved you will be forgotten, and in time, William, you may find another—"

"You drive me mad!" interrupted William Thornton. "You cannot think me the heartless, astic thing your words describe, and deem that a w short years spent in the pursuit of honours I spise can blot from memory's cell that past whose collections commence with boyhood's dreams. Shall tell you," he continued, "when, and when only, our image will be effaced from the shrine in which has so long been worshipped?—when death shall all the pulses that now beat for you, and the last ckering breath hang trembling upon my lips. Life and my love for Alice Boothroyd will fade together." Alice could only answer this passionate vindication the constancy of his affection by her tears.

"But all is not lost," resumed her lover, in a more cheerful tone. "Heaven will not permit the sacrifice our heart can never sanction. I will see Illston. If by your wealth he covets, my father will cheerfully lay down the value of the Meldown estates to release you from this cruel bondage. Your cousin is needy, most gamblers are; nay, think not I would degrade myself by slandering my rival! I speak on certain knowledge. The claims of Lillian may easily affect your fortune. I am not hopeless yet." The poor girl recollected the words and looks of a viscount when he declared that, were she a ggar, he would still claim her hand, but could not bring herself to dash aside the hopes of her lover by peating or describing them.

As the speakers were about to quit the gardens ey encountered a gentleman with a military air, no evidently recognised the lady; there was thing, however, sufficiently marked or offensive the glance he gave to justify its being noticed her companion, and yet he felt his blood boil at a piece of well-bred impertinence.

"Are you acquainted with that person?" he quired.

"I have seen him in society," replied Alice; "but the moment cannot remember where. Yet stay—recollect, it is Captain Chester; I met him at the ball at Lord Carlington's."

This incident, trifling in itself, led to more serious suits than either of the lovers suspected; who parated after a fond and lingering adieu, yet not thout hope, at least in the heart of one of them, at the seemingly insurmountable barrier opposed their union, might yet fall before the efforts of his lomitabie will.

The next day Lady Boothroyd was informed by r lawyer, that he had been served with a notice, at plaintiff was about to move the court of ancery to decree probate to a recently discovered licil to the will, under which her late husband, r Norman, had enjoyed the Meldown estates. It n scarcely be said that the intelligence took her by rprise, for she had long since been aware of its appearance on the night of the murder of the ward at the Home Farm.

Some, even of what is termed the stronger sex, ght have felt their courage fail before the fresh uss of evidence daily brought to light, to confound r deep-laid schemes; but not so with the un-nciplled woman, who, having but one object in e, clung to it with a tenacity of purpose that ould have done honour to a better cause. Her ergies rose with the difficulties that surrounded her, d, after coolly dismissing Mr. Flint—the affair s too important to be entrusted to a country ctitioner like Marshall—she set forth to hold ther consultation with the gentlemen of the long e, and by a caprice which Alice could only explain he supposition that her meeting with William or r cousin in Kensington Gardens had been betrayed, isted upon her daughter accompanying her.

For three long hours the tired girl sat listening to ggestions, opinions, and plans, that made her feel ck at heart. If any of our readers—and who can say what mis-une may overtake the most prudent?—should ever engaged in a chancery suit, we advise them, even ough they may have both moral and legal right on their side, never to take any being whose esteem ey value with them when they go to consult their wyers; for if there is any speck in their nature, y littleness of character, vice in heart or mind, ey are sure to be brought out. A chancery suit is severe test to frail humanity.

More than once during the morning Alice had ocasion to blush at the duplicity and worldliness of her mother.

Probably Lady Boothroyd felt this; for she certainly appeared in anything but an amiable humour as she stepped into her carriage, where her daughter was already seated.

"Home!" she exclaimed, in a sharp, angry tone, to the old domestic, Joseph, as he was about to close the door.

"I beg your pardon, but is your name Boothroyd?" demanded a well-dressed youth, whose incipient moustache, affected lisp, and confident air, gave promise of more than the average amount of puppyism in future years.

Her ladyship replied only by a well-bred stare.

"Alice Boothroyd?" added the speaker, coolly raising his eye-glass to observe, as he afterwards described it to his fellow clerks, the irate mamma. Even vulgarisms have their day, and *perient* has become obsolete.

"My name is Alice," answered the young lady, with difficulty recovering from her surprise; "what would you with me?"

"Only to serve you with this subpoena," said the youth, placing a paper in her hand, "to appear and give evidence in the High Court of Chancery—Boothroyd *versus* Boothroyd."

Alice received it passively.

"Insolent!" exclaimed her mother, angrily; "throw it into the street; pull up the glass. How dare you," she added, turning to the footman, "permit such an impertinence?"

"You may toss it where you please, old lady," observed the clerk, "only remember she is served. We know that you are slippery as an eel, but I have witnessed."

He pointed as he spoke to two respectable-looking men who were standing near, highly amused, no doubt, with the scene.

During their ride home Lady Boothroyd maintained an ominous silence; she was evidently revolving in her mind what circumstances could account for the step the guardians of Lillian had taken. There was but one—Alice must have spoken of the scene in the pavilion.

"Unnatural girl!" she said, as soon as they entered her dressing-room, "you for whose welfare I am toiling night and day, to turn against me, to betray me."

"It is a sad thing, mother, when the child can betray the parent," was the reply, "for it implies something the conscience fain would hide."

"I am not to be taught the duty I owe to my family and your father's wishes by you," observed the imperious woman. "I insist upon knowing the extent of your folly; tell me everything."

"You have but to ask," answered her daughter, respectfully.

"You have seen this pretended cousin?"

"Yes."

"And informed her of—"

"All that I witnessed in the old pavilion in Mel-down Park, mother; restored to her the locket and chain which William Thornton found and sent to me believing it to be mine."

"Fool! you have risked the loss of half your fortune."

"It has long ceased to be of value to me," replied the heiress, mournfully.

"Romantic stuff! the folly of a love-sick girl," interrupted her ladyship, scornfully. "I have long known that you were weak and childish; now I have discovered that you can be dangerous, and shall take my measures accordingly. Retire to your room," she added, "and do not attempt to quit it without my permission."

From that day Alice Boothroyd was a prisoner.

CHAPTER CVI.

O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minian rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house—of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!—SHAKESPEARE.

CAPTAIN CHESTER, the gentleman who so inopportunately encountered the lovers in Kensington Gardens, was an exceedingly popular man, and is well worthy of a special introduction to our readers, as a specimen of a class who, without the recommendation of commanding talents, genius, fortune, or high birth, contrive to make their way into society—in it, but scarcely of it.

Few bachelors' parties in his own set were considered complete without him, and at the country houses of some of the first of our nobility he was

ever a welcome guest. A few prudent mothers, with richly-portioned daughters, might look upon him with alarm; they have an instinctive dread of younger sons—mistrust is a part of their nature; but with the rest of the sex he was a universal favourite. In fact, it would be difficult to describe a more agreeable person: he sang an excellent second, danced a d rode well, told such capital anecdotes, was a first-rate shot, an admirable judge of a horse, and not even suspected of being a gambler; true, he frequently played, but never for large sums, alleging as a reason that his means did not permit him. No man of his acquaintance could say that he had ever *lost heavily* to Harry Chester, and but few boast *they had ever won from him*, his good luck being as proverbial as his moderation.

It was no wonder that fathers considered him a safe companion for their sons.

Many persons, ill-natured ones, second-caste men of course, wondered how Captain Chester contrived to belong to one of the best clubs, visit with the best families, drive a magnificent horse, and dress in the most irreproachable style upon five hundred a year; perhaps the gentleman might have felt puzzled to explain it himself, certain it is that no one ever ventured to ask him to do so; for, in addition to his other qualifications, the ex-dragoon had the reputation of being a successful duellist. Some such affair, it was supposed, had caused him to quit the army. We say supposed, for the reasons were not generally known, even to military men.

The captain had just returned from deer-stalking in the Highlands, and was en route to the Holms, the seat of the Carlingtons, near Eton. To his intense disgust he found himself with a day upon his hands in London, and London out of town. To kill time he had tried the club; the ladies regarded him with a cold, sickly smile; the partners were in the establishment; the rooms were empty—emptiness everywhere; so, as a last resource, he tried Kensington Gardens, there, at least, he reckoned upon finding fresh air and agreeable recollections of last year's flirtations.

"By-the-bye, Illston," he observed, whilst shooting in the home cover, the morning after his arrival, "I made a discovery, whilst in town, that may rather interest you. You have a rival."

"Pooh!" said his lordship, raising his gun, "I have divined that for some time."

"A favoured one."

Although he affected to laugh at the information, the viscount missed his bird.

"I met Miss Boothroyd walking with that fellow Thornton," added the speaker; "you once pointed him out to me, and you know I never forget a face I have once seen. By-the-bye, I think you told me your cousin and he were playfellows when children."

His companion felt too much annoyed to reply, and the gallant captain still further increased his irritation by humming the first few bars of "Love's Young Dream."

"Missed again!" he exclaimed, as his friend fired a second time with the same result.

The unlucky sportsman muttered something about having taken too much wine the night before, and his hand being unsteady.

"Suppose," he suggested, "that we leave our guns, and return to the house. I should prefer a quiet game of billiards."

The proposal was at once accepted, and the speaker quitted the cover. At billiards his lordship handled his cue as nervously as he had previously done his Joe Manton. Every stroke was a failure. Evidently he was out of sorts. Nothing less than a cigar and brandy-and-water could restore him; and they adjourned to his dressing-room.

"No doubt," he observed, after they were comfortably seated, and the air redolent with the first dozen puffs of the genuine weed, "you think me exceedingly weak; but, the fact is, I have long suspected that presuming puppy, Thornton, had a design on the fortune of my cousin. I detected it even when we were boys together at Eton, and can him."

"Of course," was the quiet commentary.

"It is not pleasant to be jockeyed in the affection of the girl you like by a *parvenu*."

"Decidedly unpleasant," replied his visitor, who already discerned that the conversation was but the prelude to a still more interesting confidence; "and, were I in your position, I should most certainly resent it."

"Can't."

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"Dare not," added his lordship; "and that is the provoking part of the affair. Nothing on earth could afford me greater pleasure than shooting him; but

then Alice would hate me—all hope of ever winning her love would be lost."

His hearer did not smile—a fact which said more for his command of feature than a page of description would have done, seeing that he was perfectly aware that, whatever other qualities the noble viscount might be distinguished for, courage was not one of them.

"*Had I a friend to interfere,*" added the speaker, fixing his eyes upon his guest, "not ostensibly on the ground of offence to me, of course."

The hint was a broad one; but the captain did not choose to take it, the position not being yet sufficiently defined.

"By-the-bye," he observed, "is there any truth in the rumour that on your marriage your lordship is to be called to the upper house, during the lifetime of the earl?"

"A settled thing."

"Who succeeds you in the family borough of Quitpenny?"

"*That is not settled yet,*" replied the viscount. And here the conversation was permitted to drop. A word more on the subject would have been *de trop*, for the gentlemen perfectly understood each other—the duellist, the service he was expected to render, and his honourable friend, the price he must pay for it.

That same evening Lord Carlington drew his visitor aside to indulge in a little private chat.

"Had not the slightest idea, Chester," he observed, "that you had any thoughts of a political career; wonder you never mentioned the subject before. Illston tells me that, in the event of a vacancy, you would like to stand for Quitpenny. Your views, I presume are—?"

"Decidedly those of the party of which your lordship is so distinguished a leader," said the captain.

"In that case," answered the peer, shaking him by the hand, "*you have my best wishes.*"

We by no means intend it to be implied that the noble owner of the Holms was aware of the motives which induced his son so strongly to recommend the captain as his successor in the family borough; still less, that he was a party to the tacit convention existing between them. He had assented to the arrangement to please the viscount; it being a matter of perfect indifference to him who filled the seat, *provided he commanded the vote.*

Three days afterwards Captain Chester found himself under the necessity of abridging his visit. Unexpected business—a family affair—compelled him to leave for London.

"Do you remain at the Holms?" he inquired of his friend as he shook hands with him on the morning of his departure.

"For another fortnight, at least," said Illston. "Of course you will write; a letter from you will be quite a godsend in a dull country house."

"Certainly."

A nod of mutual intelligence followed, and the friends, every way so worthy of each other, separated, with the hope, almost the certainty, of speedily meeting again.

This may be thought, perhaps, an exaggerated picture, but we beg leave to assure our readers that it is nothing of the kind. We have met with many Harry Chesters in our time, men too proud to stoop to labour, parasites of fortune, ever ready to devote their energies to a patron's caprices, and too often a patron's vices.

The captain proved himself a man of his word. Three days after his departure the noble viscount received the following letter:—

"Dear Illston,—I detest asking favours, but positively you are the only fellow within reach to whom I can apply. I have been insulted by an impertinent puppy of the name of Thornton. I trust the fellow will see the necessity of an apology; if not, *nous verrons.*"

"Come directly, as I wish to have the affair off my mind. You will find me at my old quarters."

The letter was carefully worded, and by the allusion to an apology, would, in the event of its being produced in a court of justice, go far to prove that the writer felt desirous, rather than otherwise, for an accommodation.

His lordship caught up his pen, and, with an air of intense satisfaction, wrote the address of the captain, and "by the next train," on a sheet of paper, then rung for his valet.

"To the Telegraph Office," he said, "without an instant's delay, and be ready in an hour to accompany me to London."

"I have him; he is in the net and can't escape!" muttered the titled coward, as the servant quitted the room. "I hated him even in boyhood, and the pleasure of spiting him has been one motive for

holding Alice to her foolish promise. Chester never yet failed to hit his man," he added; "how well he has divined my feelings in asking me to second him. It will be glorious," he added, "to be the messenger of death to Thornton, to arrange the preliminaries, measure the ground, see him fall, and watch his last look of agony. There will be no occasion to tell him whose hand directed the weapon: he will divine it."

With these feelings, his lordship started for London, and on his arrival drove to the chambers of his friend, who shook hands with him and welcomed him, as if he were the party obliged.

Even by themselves, they continued to wear the mask of deceit, which habit, perhaps, had rendered second nature to both.

"Singular, by Jove," observed the captain, "is it not, that so soon after our conversation I should have occasion to solicit your services in an affair with Thornton?"

"Very," said his visitor; "but tell me how did it occur."

"Simplest thing in the world," replied the duellist. "I was walking last evening with Barton—you recollect him, the fellow who got so cruelly plucked on the St. Leger—when we encountered your rival close, by-the-bye, to your aunt's house. I knew that I had seen the fellow before, but for the instant could not remember where; his recollection, it seems, was better; my companion noticed the manner in which we regarded each other, and very naturally inquired his name."

"And you replied?"

"That he was one of Miss Boothroyd's numerous admirers. At this," continued the captain, "the fiery gentleman took offence, as eagerly as gudgeons snap at bait; and, as a climax to his absurdity, demanded an apology."

"Exquisitely ridiculous!" said the viscount.

"I need not say that his modest request was refused," continued the narrator, "in the most courteous terms, for I never lose my temper. He added something 'about my being a spy upon his conduct, upon which I demanded his card, and there the matter rests."

"How do you intend to act?" demanded his noble friend.

"I have but one resource," answered the captain.

"I think so."

"Call the fellow out and shoot him," added the duellist, "unless he makes the *amende honorable.*"

"You will accept an apology?" exclaimed his lordship, in a tone of disappointment.

"You forget, my dear fellow," observed his friend, "that I have nothing to do with it; the affair is in your hands. If Thornton sends me a written apology, such as *you dictate* to him, of course the matter ends."

This was indeed exquisite, the very refinement of revenge, to be himself the bearer of the hostile message; to insult—*safely insult*—the man he hated by proposing abject, humiliating terms, which he knew would be refused; to read, as he anticipated, in the eyes beneath whose glance his own had so often quailed, the agony of fear. Illston must have been an epicure in hate, indeed, if such a banquet did not satisfy him. No wonder that he felt impatient to enjoy it.

"These things are better off one's mind," he said.

The future member for Quitpenny was of the same opinion.

"I had better see the *parvenu* at once," added the viscount.

Chester nodded approvingly.

"Where shall we dine?"

"At the club."

Left to his own reflections, the duellist felt no remorse at the part he had undertaken; and yet he was annoyed at it. Shooting a man because you happen to disagree with him is no longer the mode, and nothing less than the bait so cleverly held out could have tempted him to chance the ridicule, to say nothing of the unenviable notoriety, such an act must attach to his name—one of the things it had been the study of years with him to avoid.

By way of passing the time till the return of his friend, Captain Chester took up the army list and began carefully to examine the columns. Once or twice his brows involuntarily contracted, as certain names attracted his attention and he flung the book from him with an air of impatience and disappointment.

Although William Thornton felt dreadfully annoyed at the quarrel so cleverly forced upon him, he was far from suspecting that it had been a planned thing: in the manliness of his own nature, such an idea never struck him; and it was not till Illston's card was brought him that the truth flashed upon his mind. Still he received him with that quiet self-pos-

session which marks not only the man of high resolve, but Nature's gentleman.

"The proceedings your friend has thought proper to adopt," he observed, after listening to the captain's message, "are unusual."

"*In the city,* no doubt they are so," replied his lordship, with a sneer.

"I thought duelling had been exploded?"

"Am I to understand that your error on that point explains your offensive conduct to my friend?" inquired the viscount. "If such is the case," he added, "and you prefer writing an apology such as I will dictate, perhaps the affair may be arranged."

"How considerate!"

"Well, yes! it is rather considerate. Chester feels, after all, that there will be a certain amount of ridicule in meeting you."

William Thornton felt the blood boiling in his veins at the sneering, mocking tone in which these insulting words were delivered. He saw at once through the snare, but not the means to avoid it.

"Am I to be favoured with the name of your friend?" added the messenger.

"As you just observed," replied the lover of Alice, "the affair may be arranged without, as far as the captain is concerned."

"Indeed!" said Illston, with a provoking smile. "I told Chester that I thought it would be."

"On one condition."

"Condition!"

"*That you take your friend's place!*"

"I! I! I have no quarrel with you," faltered the messenger.

"Yes, you have, my lord," answered the former, in a tone that caused the heart of his old enemy to beat with violence; "and one of long standing, dating from our school days. If you have forgotten it," he added, "and I know that you have a most convenient memory, this may serve as the basis of a new one."

With a gesture of profound contempt, he tossed the card of the noble viscount in his face.

"This is most unusual," stammered his lordship, looking exceedingly uncomfortable.

"Is it more unusual," demanded William, ironically, "than for a coward to seek the life of the man he fears by the vicarious arm of another? You see, my lord, I know you; read your very heart; its littleness, its despicable cunning. Was the price of my blood to be paid in money or patronage to your honourable friend? You may well turn pale," he added. "I know not what restrains me from treating you as you so richly merit; from trampling on you; spitting on you, white-livered assassin!"

"The judgment of the world on such an outrage," replied Illston, struggling for firmness.

"You are right," answered the indignant youth, after a severe struggle to repress the natural impulse of his scorn. "Well, then, write the apology in any terms your malice can suggest, and I will sign it. I can reopen my quarrel with your friend at any time, but the condition must be kept—a meeting with your lordship."

"No apology will be accepted," answered the coward.

"Ah! I thought not," exclaimed his rival. "You friend, no doubt, is a duellist of the first water. You would not trust your courage and safety to inexperienced hands. But I have known the *most experienced fail*. Should Captain Chester do so, look to yourself. I will follow you like your shadow. There is not an outrage or insult I will not heap upon you. I will make your name a public scorn, an infamy, should you refuse to meet me."

"You are not the husband of Alice Boothroyd yet," he added.

"The name of your friend, sir?" demanded his lordship, trembling with fear and passion.

William Thornton referred him to Richard Markham; true, they had not been long acquainted, but he felt assured that our hero would not fail him in his present emergency.

It was a considerable relief to the messenger of Captain Chester when he found himself once more in the street, safe from the anger, and what was even more painful to endure, the withering glances of the man he sought to destroy; but even there his fear did not abandon him. The words, *the most experienced fail*, rang in his ears and sounded like death doom.

Bitterly did he blame the rash imprudence which had led him to take an active part in the approaching encounter. In the blindness of his hate, he had compromised himself—lifted the veil already transparent.

"Have you seen the fellow?" demanded his obliging friend, when they met again at the club.

"Yes."

"And the result?"

"You must fight," answered his lordship.

The captain had anticipated as much.

"And shoot him," continued the speaker. "It is the most unreasonable cur I ever met with. Would you believe it," he added, with an affected laugh, "he pretends to believe that I have set you on to quarrel with him."

"Ah!"

"That I had bought your services."

"Ah!"

"Wanted me to take your place," added Illston, "as if you could be induced to accept the vicarious arm of another to punish his impertinence."

"You are quite right," observed the captain, calmly; "I must shoot the fellow—there is no remedy for it."

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

THE WOMAN FOR A WIFE.

In most of the letters addressed to young men, there is a great deal said about the elevating influence of female society. Sentimental young men affect this kind of reading, and if anywhere in it they can find countenance for the policy of early marriages, they are particularly gratified. Now, while we are the last to deny the advantages which any young man of sense experiences from the society of a woman of pure and elevated taste, we do deny that there is anything in indiscriminate devotion to female society which makes a man better or purer.

In seeking female society as an agency for the elevation of your taste, the cultivation of your morals, and the improvement of your mind, seek that which is above you. Do not treat with rudeness or studied neglect such inferior female society as you are obliged to come in contact with; on the contrary, you owe to such society a duty; you should stimulate it, infuse new vitality into it, and endeavour to do for it what you would have superior female society do for yourself.

The endeavour to find female society above yourself should be carried still further. Never content yourself with the idea of having a commonplace wife. You want one who will urge you forward; who will excite within your breast a laudable ambition; who will sympathise with all your trials, enter into all your perplexities, animate you with fresh zeal and new hopes; and who will, in very truth, be unto you a better half.

The apprehensions of women are finer and quicker than those of men. With equal early advantages the woman is more of a woman at eighteen than a man is at twenty-one. After marriage, as a general rule, the woman ceases to acquire. We do not say this is necessary, or that it should be the case; we simply state a fact. The woman is absorbed in family cares. They consume her time, and, to a considerable extent, deprive her of intellectual culture. In the meantime the man is engaged in business. He comes in daily contact with minds sharper and stronger than his own. He grows and matures, and within ten years from the date of his marriage, becomes in reality a new man. Now, if he was foolish enough to marry a woman because her face was pretty or her figure attractive, or her dowry handsomer than either figure or face, he will find that he has left his wife far behind in the intellectual progress which he has made, and that she is really no more of a companion for him than a child would be. There are few sadder sights in this world than that of mates whom the passage of years has mismated—people who are married but not matched.

In every young man's mind there exists the expectation of marriage. When a young man pretends he has no wish to marry, we may pretty safely infer one of two things—either that he is himself deceived, or that he is endeavouring to deceive others.

"When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live to be married."

How shall a good wife be won? Men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain a companion superior to themselves, but they will find that really intelligent women are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in moderate estimation. What such women most admire in men is politeness, courage, devotion, and decision. Such qualities are essential if you would win a woman worthy of your love.

But do not be in a hurry about the matter; do not give way to a feverish longing for marriage, and do not imagine that any disappointment in love, which takes place before you are twenty-one years of age, will materially affect your future happiness. The more of a man you become, the more manliness you

will become capable of exhibiting in your associations with women, the more you will be esteemed, and the better wife you will be able to obtain.

Go into female society if you can find that which will improve you, but not otherwise. You can better spend your time in the society of sensible men, which is often more accessible to you than the other, and it is through that, mostly, that you find your way to good female society.

One thing more—the last, but not the least, in this paper. No woman without piety in her heart is fit to become the companion of any man. You may obtain in your wife beauty, amiability, sprightliness, wit, accomplishments, wealth, and learning, but if that wife has no higher love than herself or yourself, she is no fit companion for life. She cannot lead you to look above mean aims and objects; she cannot properly educate her children; she cannot, in hours of adversity, sustain and comfort you; she cannot bear with patience your petulance, produced by the cares and vexations of business; and she will never be safe against the seductive allurements of the world.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"SHALL I add some more nice things to my vocabulary to-day?" asked Robert of his kind preceptor.

"Yes," replied George, for by so doing you will learn the names of various birds, fishes, &c., besides getting an insight into many familiar idioms. Take your pen and ink, and let us begin with poultry."

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
<i>Poultry.</i>	<i>La volaille.</i>
A capon	Un chapon
Pigeon with peas	Un pigeon aux petits pois
A fowl in salad	Un poulet en salade
A leg of fowl in paper	Une cuisse de poulet en papillote
<i>Game.</i>	<i>Gibier.</i>
Partridge with cabbage	Une perdrix aux choux
Partridge with truffles	Une perdrix aux truffes
Quail "à la financière"	Une caille à la financière
Wild duck	Un canard sauvage
Croquettes of game	Des croquettes de gibier
<i>Pastry.</i>	<i>Pâtisserie.</i>
Vol-au-vent "à la financière"	Un vol-au-vent à la financière
Vol-au-vent of fowls	Un vol-au-vent de volaille
Vol-au-vent of salmon	Un vol-au-vent de saumon
Hot vegetable pie	Un pâté chaud de légumes
<i>Sweet dishes.</i>	<i>Entremets.</i>
Plum-pudding	Un plum-pudding
Croquettes of rice	Des croquettes de riz
Apple fritters	Des beignets de pommes
Apricot fritters	Des beignets d'abricots
"Charlotte Russe"	Une Charlotte Russe
Stewed prunes	Des pruneaux
Stewed apples	Une compote de pommes
Stewed peaches	Une compote de pêches
Red currant jam	Des confitures de groseilles
Red currant jelly	De la gelée de groseilles
Marmalade of apricots	Une marmalade d'abricots
Meringue with cream	Une meringue à la crème
Meringue with jam	Une meringue aux confitures

"Particularly remark, Robert," said George, "the expression, 'Une cuisse de poulet,' literally translated this would be, 'A thigh of fowl.' It is not a very elegant expression in English, but 'cuisse,' for 'the leg,' relating to a fowl, is quite correct in French, and 'Jambe de poulet,' for 'A leg of fowl,' would be as absurd as 'Jambe de mouton,' for 'A leg of mutton.'"

"Un vol-au-vent," resumed George, "must strike you as an odd name for a dish of any kind. Now, a 'vol-au-vent,' is a 'very nice, savoury pie,' generally containing birds, but, as you see in your vocabulary, it may be made of fish."

"You may remember my telling you how the French have imported some of our words bodily. 'Plum-pudding' is one of these importations. The French are very fond of our national pudding, although they laugh at its ponderosity, and sometimes call it 'Pudding de plomb,' 'Pudding of lead,' instead of 'Pudding of plums.'"

"Beignets," for 'fritters,' is a word you must carefully impress upon your memory, as it is very unlike any corresponding English word."

"I could see, as you were writing down the word, 'Charlotte Russe,' that you very curious to know what sort of thing it could be. It is very much like one of our pancakes."

"Observe the difference between 'compote' and 'confiture.' Recollect that one consists of fruit stewed, the other of fruit made into jam or preserved for the winter. I need not say much about 'Une meringue.' Dropping the accent, we call it by the same name. I know you are very fond of meringues, and I can tell you, on my mother's authority, that

they are principally composed of white of egg, sugar, and cream."

"By the manner in which you write to-day's exercise, I shall see if you have learnt the lesson I gave you sufficiently well to apply it. I allude to the list of adjectives which vary in signification as they vary in place."

"Suppose now we return to the travellers, and see how they arrange about the apartments."

CONTINUATION OF LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
To engage an apartment.	Pour louer un appartement.
When do you think of taking possession of your lodgings?	Quand comptez-vous entrer dans votre logement.
We should come and sleep here to-night.	Nous viendrions coucher cette nuit.
But how much do you ask for these rooms?	Mais combien demandez-vous pour ces chambres?
There are two of you, and I cannot let them at less than thirty francs a-week.	Vous êtes à deux, et je ne saurais les louer à moins de trente francs par semaine.
I think it is rather too much.	Je trouve que c'est un peu trop.
Oh, no. This is a nice part of the town.	Mais non. C'est ici un beau quartier.
You are not far from the Tuilleries and the Boulevards.	Vous n'êtes pas loin des Tuilleries et des Boulevards.
We will give you twenty-five francs.	Nous vous donnerons vingt-cinq francs.
Well, that will do.	Hé bien, cela m'arrange.
But we must have a place for our wood.	Mais il nous faut un endroit pour le bois.
Of course.	Sans doute.
And my servant will wait upon you.	Et ma servante vous servira.
You will have clean sheets every week.	Vous aurez des draps blancs tous les huit jours.
Your bed-rooms look on the garden.	Vos chambres à coucher donnent sur le jardin.
So much the better, the noise of the carriages will not awake us.	Tant mieux, le bruit des voitures ne nous éveillera pas.
Is the water good here?	L'eau est-elle bonne ici?
Yes, sir.	Oui, monsieur.
Could we board with you?	Pourrions-nous être en pension chez vous?
Yes, sir, and I may say you will find a well-supplied table here.	Oui, monsieur, et j'ose vous dire que vous auriez ici une table bien servie.
But, as we told you, we do not always come home to dinner.	Mais, comme nous vous disions, nous ne revenons pas toujours dîner.
Well, you will only pay when you dine.	Bon, quand vous ne dînez pas vous ne payez pas.
The bargain is concluded.	Le marché est conclu.
Here is a napoleon in advance on the first week, and here is our direction.	Voici un napoleon d'avance sur la première semaine, et voici notre adresse.

EXERCISE.

1. How do you like sweet wines? I prefer them to dry comment (trouvez-vous) sucrés vin? m. (les préfère) sec and bitter wines. 2. The organ is an harmonious instrument. 3. Your brother has a sonorous voice. 4. An enterprising man succeeds in every thing he undertakes. 5. This lawyer is an active man; he will succeed. 6. A vigilant general is the safeguard of his army. 7. The American money has improved of late. 8. The French Revolution has demoralised the people. 9. When I saw you yesterday, you looked feverish. 10. The life of public men is exposed to the censure of public opinion. 11. La vie des hommes est exposée à la censure de l'opinion publique. 12. Your habitation has a magnificent prospect.

LE CORRIGE.

1. Comment trouvez-vous les vins sucrés? Je les préfère aux vins secs et amers. 2. L'orgue est un instrument harmonieux. 3. Votre frère a la voix sonore. 4. Un homme entreprenant réussit dans tout ce qu'il entreprend. 5. Cet avocat est un homme actif; il réussira. 6. Un général vigilant est la sauvegarde de son armée. 7. La monnaie américaine s'est améliorée depuis peu. 8. La Révolution française a démoralisé le peuple. 9. Quand je vous vis hier vous aviez l'air fébrile. 10. Cette partie du pays a l'apparence pittoresque. 11. La vie des hommes publics est exposée à la censure de l'opinion publique. 12. Votre habitation a une vue magnifique.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

OF THE SOUND *én*.

This sound does not exist in English in its purity, but we may have an idea of it from the English word *anchor*, in which *an* has nearly the same sound as *in* in French.

1797

It is found in the French words *impoli*, *impolite*,

17 17 17 17 0
fin, end; *pain*, pain; *bread*, *peintre*, painter.
 It is also represented by the following combinations:
 17 17 17 17 0
ing, in the word *ing*, five, when placed before a word

beginning with a consonant or *h* aspirated; *ins*, in
 5 17 17 17 17
dessins, drawings; *int*, in *il vint*, he came; *aims*, in
 17 17 17 17 17
daime, deer; *ains*, in *je crains*, I fear; *aint*, in *il craint*,
 17 17 17 17 17
 he fears; *cing*, in *scing*, sign; *ens*, in *seins*, bosoms;
 17 17 17 17 17
eint, in *ceint*, girdled; *en*, in *bien*, well; in any word
 ending in *en* or *iens*, and in all the tenses of the verb
tenir and its derivatives, whether they are ending in
 7-17 7-17
iens, or *ient*, as *je tiens*, *il tient*; also in the word
 3 1 17 17 17
examen, and a few others of a Latin origin; *ym* in
 17 90 17 17 1 0
symbole, symbol; *ym* in *syntaxe*, syntax.

Thus the sound *in* is produced by the following
 17 17 17 17 17 17 17 17
 combinations of letters: *im*, *in*, *aim*, *ain*, *ein*, *ing*, *ins*,
 17 17 17 17 17 17 17 17
aims, *ains*, *aint*, *cing*, *eins*, *eint*, *en*, *ens*, *ent*, *ym*, *yn*.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XXVII.

ELECTRICAL MACHINE.

685. What is an electrical machine?—A machine employed for developing electricity in large quantities. Fig. 45 represents one form of electrical machine.

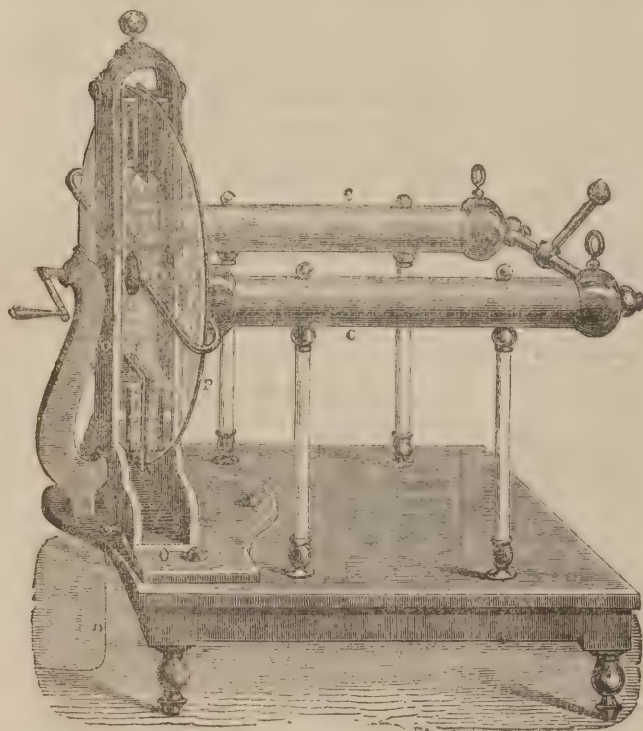


Fig. 45

686. Of what does it consist?—A circular plate of thick glass turned by a winch, two pairs of rubbers, an insulated conductor, called the PRIME CONDUCTOR, and a framed support.

687. What are the rubbers?—Each of the rubbers is a small cushion covered with leather, over which is spread a layer of an amalgam of zinc and quicksilver; this greatly augments the exciting effect of the rubber.

688. Where may the two pairs of rubbers be seen in the figure?—At the top and bottom of the plate; the rubbers in each pair are so arranged as to press against both surfaces of the plate.

689. Where is the prime conductor shown?—At *c c*; it is insulated by the glass supports.

690. How is the electricity that is excited by the friction of the amalgam on the surface of the glass plate drawn off on to the prime conductor?—By means of metallic points that extend out toward the glass on both sides.

691. How may a body be charged with electricity from the prime conductor?—By extending a metallic rod, or chain, from it to the prime conductor.

LEYDEN JAR.

692. When there is occasion to accumulate a much larger quantity of electricity than can be obtained at once from the prime conductor of an electrical machine, what piece of electrical apparatus is employed?—The Leyden jar.

693. What is its construction?—A Leyden jar is a large glass jar, coated, both on the inside and outside, to within a few inches of the top, with tin foil. The mouth is closed with a stopper of baked wood, and a brass rod, terminating in a knob, and connected with the inside coating, passes through the stopper.

694. Can electricity pass from the inside to the outside coating?—It cannot.

695. How is the jar charged?—The outside is connected with the ground by touching it with the hand or in some other way, and a metallic rod or chain is extended from the knob to the prime conductor of an electrical machine.

696. On turning the electrical machine, what will take place?—The positive electricity will flow in a continuous stream from the prime conductor into the jar, until it becomes fully charged. Positive electricity will, at the same time, flow steadily from the outside coating into the ground.

697. Why should the electricity continue to flow into the jar for some time?—Because it is attracted by the negative electricity that is retained on the outside of the jar. The reaction of this negative electricity renders insensible a large quantity of positive electricity on the inside.

698. How is the jar discharged?—By bringing the outside and inside into conducting connection with each other; the two electricities rush together along this connection.

699. What is a common method of discharging the jar?—By means of the *discharging rod*. It consists of two curved brass rods terminating in knobs, and having a common joint at the end of an insulating glass handle.

700. How is it used?—One of the knobs is first brought into contact with the outside coating, and then the other is made to touch the knob of the jar.

701. What takes place just as the two knobs are brought together?—The jar is discharged, with a loud report and a vivid flash of light.

702. Suppose a person were to touch the outside of the jar with one hand and the knob with the other?—The discharge would take place through his arms and chest, and he would experience a sudden convulsive shock, called the *electric shock*.

703. Can several persons receive the electric shock at the same time?—They can: by taking hold of hands, and the person at one end of the line touching the outside of the jar, and the one at the other end touching the knob.

704. What have you to say of the electric battery?—A much larger quantity of electricity can be accumulated with it, and much greater effects produced, than can be obtained with a single jar.

705. Illustrate by a remarkable example.—An electric battery of enormous size was constructed, to be used with a great electrical machine at Haarlem; it consisted of 100 jars, each 18 inches in diameter, and 2 feet high. The discharge of this battery would rend the hardest wood to pieces, and would kill a dog instantly if passed through the head and spine.

VARIOUS EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY.

ATTRACTION AND REPULSION.

706. How may electrical attraction and repulsion be illustrated in an interesting manner?—By the apparatus called the *electric bells*.

707. Describe it.—Three small bells are suspended from a brass rod, the two outer ones by brass chains,

and the middle one by a silk thread; between the bells are hung, by silk threads, two metallic clappers.

708. How are the bells made to ring?—The middle bell is connected with the floor by a brass chain, and the rod from which they are all suspended is brought into connection with the prime conductor of the electrical machine.

709. What follows on turning the machine?—The electricity flows into the two outer bells; these attract the little clappers, which become charged as soon as they strike against them, and are then repelled off, strike against the middle bell, and become discharged.

710. What happens then?—The clappers are attracted again by the outer bells. In this way a constant ringing is kept up while the machine is turned. In a similar way little puppets, made of elder pith, may be made to dance by placing them between two metallic plates.

711. How must the plates be arranged?—The lower plate must communicate with the ground, and the other with the prime conductor of an electrical machine in action.

712. What will be the action of the plates on the puppets placed between them?—The figures will be attracted by the upper plate, then repelled from it, then discharged by the lower plate, then attracted by the upper plate, &c.

"CAN'T AFFORD IT."

"CAN'T afford it, Maria."

"But you might if you would only think so, Walter," pleaded the young wife.

"I can't do it," the husband returned, very emphatically. "It would cost ten or twelve shillings, at the very lowest, to put up such a gate, and the old bars will answer every purpose."

"No, they won't, Walter. The neighbours' children very often leave the bars down, and then stray cattle come into the garden. We may lose more than the price of a gate in one hour, if a cow should happen to get in when I am away."

"I should like to know who leaves the bars down," said Walter, very threateningly. "The same children might leave a gate open."

"But we can have a gate made to close of its own accord, with a weight or a spring," suggested the wife. "John Niles has had a gate put up in his yard."

"But I ain't John Niles, my dear," Walter wished his wife to remember.

"But his family is as large as yours, and his wages are not so high."

"Never mind about that. I tell you I can't afford it—at any rate, not at present." And with this Walter started off for his work.

Walter Gray was a young man, about thirty; an industrious mechanic; had been married some eight years; and had an interesting family. He meant to provide well for those who depended upon him, and in a measure he did so. But there were many little comforts of which he felt obliged to deprive them,—comforts which at times they really needed, and which, in the end, might have proved a source of saving. And more, too; it might have added to his own happiness had he felt able to grant these little requests. But he couldn't afford it; at least, so he thought, and whether he thought so with sound judgment the sequel will prove.

The gate which his wife had been so anxious to have put up was needed at the entrance to the garden back of the house, where there was only a pair of short bars. The children often came through there, and sometimes left the way open behind them. In short, there were many ways in which those bars were apt to be left down, and Maria Gray had very often to leave her work to drive out cattle that had got in. It was only by extreme watchfulness on her part that the garden was preserved. She had spoken several times to her husband about it, but he felt that he couldn't afford it. She must keep her eyes upon the spot, and see that the bars were kept shut.

Only a few days after this, Mrs. Gray asked her husband if he was going to hire a pew in the church for the following year, and he told her that he did not think he should.

"But you can hire half of one. We can have half of Mr. Niles's pew for a guinea."

"I can't afford it," was Walter's reply. "I should get no great good from the services any way."

"Don't say so, husband. Suppose everybody should feel like that. You certainly wouldn't wish to live, and bring up your children, where there was no religious influence. And if you reap the benefits of good Christian institutions, you certainly ought to feel willing to help to support them."

"So I would be willing, if I could afford it; but I can't."

Mrs. Gray looked very serious, and seemed to hesitate, as though there were a subject upon her mind, which she felt delicate about broaching; but it had occupied her thoughts too long, and she determined to let it out.

"Walter," she said, a little tremulously, but still resolutely, "you have two pounds a week."

"Yes."

"And how much of that does it take to feed us?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I only know that it takes it all to feed and clothe us, and pay up the interest on the house."

"I haven't had a new dress since last autumn; and I was reckoning up yesterday how much we had spent for the children, and I found it to be only three pounds for the last ten months. I have worked over some of cousin John's clothes for Charles, and Lucinda jumps into Mary's dresses as the latter outgrows them."

"That's all very well," replied Walter, a little testily. "I understand my own business, and I know just what I can afford and what I can't. While I have the payments to make on my house I must economise—I must economise," he repeated, very decidedly.

"And I would have you economise," returned the wife; "but do not forget that all is not economy which many call so. I think that to hire half of John Niles's pew would be a great source of economy in comfort and lasting good. It would be a guinea laid out to good advantage—sure to return a heavy interest to us and our children. And I think it might be a source of great saving to put a good gate up at the back—"

"Stop!" interrupted Walter, with a nervous motion. "You've said enough about this. I know my means."

"Let me say one word," urged Maria. There was an earnestness in her tone which caused her husband to stop and listen. "If you will give me a guinea a week I will agree to furnish all the provisions for the household, and clothe myself and children. I will do this for one year. That will leave you seventy pounds with which to clothe yourself and make your payment on the house. On the house you have only to pay twenty pounds, with interest for two years, which will leave you twenty-nine pounds for your clothes and—other expenses."

Walter was upon the point of denying this result of the case, but he saw, upon a moment's reflection, that, from his wife's statement, the deduction was correct, so he denied the statement.

"You cannot furnish the food, and clothe yourself and children, for the sum you have named," he said.

Thereupon Maria sat down and made known a few facts to him that had been hidden within the mysteries of her own housekeeping. She was not long in proving to him that, during the past year, the items of expenditure within said limits had not averaged a guinea per week. Walter said "Pooh!" and then he added—"Nonsense!" and then he left the house.

"There must be some mistake," he said to himself, after he had got away from the house; and he really believed there was a mistake.

"Have a glass of soda, Bill? Come, Tom—have a glass."

"Don't care if I do," said Tom and Bill.

"Have some, Ned?"

And Ned said yes. So the clerk prepared four glasses of soda, for which Walter Gray paid two shillings.

"Let's have a game of 'seven-up' for the oysters," said Bill, after the day's work was done.

The game was played, and Walter lost, so he paid five shillings for four oyster suppers—suppers which none of them needed, and which did them more hurt than good.

"Have a cigar, Walter?" asked Tom.

Walter said yes, and in return paid for four glasses of ale.

One evening they met, after work, and Ned proposed that they should "toss up" to see who should pay for the grog.

"Come, John—won't you come in?" he said, addressing John Niles, who stood by.

"No—think not," was John's reply.

"You'd better. It's only for the grog—for five, if you come in."

"I can't."

"It's of no use to ask him," spoke Walter, in a rather sarcastic tone. "He don't spend his money in that way."

John's face flushed, and his lips trembled; but

he restrained the biting words which were struggling upon his tongue, and turned and left the shop.

"He's a mean fellow," cried Tom, loud enough for Niles to hear.

"Tight as the bark of a tree," added Walter, in a tone equally loud.

John Niles heard the remarks, but he did not come back.

The four remaining men "tossed up," and the lot fell upon Walter and Tom. Then they "tossed it off," and it fell upon Walter, who paid four shillings for the grog.

Walter started for home about nine o'clock, and on the way he was overtaken by Niles.

"Walter," said the latter, in a kind but earnest tone. "I want to speak with you. You have wronged me this evening, and I wish you to understand me. For the opinions of Bill Smith or Ned Francis I care not, but I do not wish you to misapprehend me. We live too near together, and I would not lose your good opinion."

"Well—go ahead," returned Walter, who was sensible of the fact that his companion was one of the best and kindest neighbours in the world.

"You said I was mean."

"No, no; 'twas not I who said that."

"Well! you said I was 'tight as the bark of a tree!'"

Walter could not deny this, so John proceeded—

"I refused to join you in your little game for three reasons, either one of which should have been sufficient to deter me: first, I had resolved not to engage in any such games of hazard; second, I did not want any grog; and third, I could not have afforded to pay for five extra suppers, if the lot had fallen upon me."

"Couldn't have afforded it?" repeated Walter, with a slight tinge of unbelief in his tone.

"No," returned the other; "I could not. I used to be always ready for any such game, and I thought 'twould be mean to refuse; but I have learned better. Let me tell you how I first came to see the folly of being afraid to spend my money for nothing. Shall I tell you?"

"Certainly," returned Walter, who already began to see something.

"Well," pursued Niles, "one noon, as I was going away from home, my wife asked me for five shillings. She wanted it to buy some cloth with. I asked her if she could not get along without it. I had only fifteen shillings with me, and I hated to let one of them go. She said she really needed the cloth, but if I hadn't got the money to spare, she could wait. I knew she was disappointed, but I thought she could get along, and I went away. That evening I went into the saloon, and we had a fine social time. It cost me just seven-and-sixpence. I paid the money willingly—without even a thought of objection—and then I went home. When I entered the hall I heard my wife trying to pacify our eldest child. The little thing had expected a new dress, which had been promised her, and she felt badly because she had not got it."

"Wait," urged my wife, as the child sobbed in her disappointment. 'Papa hasn't got the money now; but he'll have some by-and-by, and then you shall have a pretty dress. Poor papa has to work hard.'

"The words smote me to the heart. I could not afford five shillings to dress my little child, but I could afford any amount for the useless entertainment of others! The crown which my needy wife could not get when she asked for it, I paid away almost twice-told for nothing. But it taught me a lesson. I opened my eyes, and I have kept them open. On the very next morning I afforded my wife the crown, but I could not afford any more for the beer-man. I had not dreamed how much I was wasting; but when I stopped up that leak, and allowed my funds to flow into their proper channel, I soon found that I could afford every reasonable comfort my wife and children needed. So I stick to the principle which has proved so beneficial to myself and family. Ah! what's that? There's an animal in your garden, Walter."

They had reached the garden fence, and, by the dim starlight, Walter could see a horned beast trampling amongst his sweet corn. The bars had been either left down, or hooked down, and a stray cow had got in. They drove her out, and then Niles went home. Walter saw that the beast had done considerable damage, but he was not angry, for he had something of more importance to think of. He went and sat down beneath an apple-tree, and pondered.

"Bless me, if he hasn't put the case down about square!" he said to himself, at the end of some minutes of meditation. "Let me see," he pursued—"There's five shillings for spirit—four and twopence for ale—four and twopence for soda. And that's within the last three days. Thirteen and fourpence! Is it possible? Over twenty-five pounds

a year! And yet I can't afford ten shillings for a gate, nor a guinea that my family may receive religious instruction for a year! Walter Gray—I think you had better turn over a new leaf!"

And Walter Gray did turn over a new leaf. On the very next day he did two things, thereby astonishing two parties. He had a new gate made for the entrance to the garden, and thereby astonished his wife; and he refused to "toss up" for the ale, and thereby astonished a crowd of expectant thirsty ones. For a month he pursued this course, and by the expiration of that time he could fully appreciate the new blessings that were dawning upon him. He discovered that he could afford everything which the comfort of his family demanded; and in arriving at this result he had only to relinquish those things which he really could not afford. It was a wonder to him how he could have been so foolish. When at the end of the year he had paid his note, and had twenty pounds left, he felt at first as though there must be some mistake; but when his wife went over their household expenditure with him, and showed him that all they had needed had been bought and paid for, he saw just how it was. He saw that for years he had been wasting his substance, and depriving himself and loved ones of the comforts they needed—not intentionally, but through the strange mistake that leads thousands in the same course. But he did so no more.

Sometimes, even now, Walter Gray says—"Can't afford it," and he says it very emphatically, too. But it is not when his wife or children ask for comfort and joy, nor yet when the needy poor ask for help and charity—for he can well afford all that; but it is when the wild speculator or the loose companion ask him to engage in some game of hazard which may rob himself and family of their substance. Then he says—and he repeats it if need be—"CAN'T AFFORD IT!"

HYMN TO THE LATE AUTUMN.

I know that thou art beautiful,
Late Autumn! with thy plumes
Of crimson, purple, green, and gold,
Amid the thickening glooms;
I know there is a music sweet
From thy soft western breeze,
That like a thoughtful minstrel moves
Among the answering trees;
But still a sadness and unrest
When thou dost come, will take my breast.

How drearily then the withered leaves
Will rustle to my tread,
And I must think of those within
The City of the Dead;
The eloquent music of the wind
Will but a requiem seem
Along the painted forest aisles,
And by the darkling stream;
The purple leaf, the hectic flower,
Seem chosen for a burial hour.

The very sky, though glowing still
With yonder glorious sun,
Or stars that proudly guard the moon
When she his realm hath won;
The very sky will have a hue
That wakens solemn thought,
And all the clouds appear to me
For some great sorrow brought—
Some sorrow I cannot divine,
Yet shadowing vale and mountain shroud.

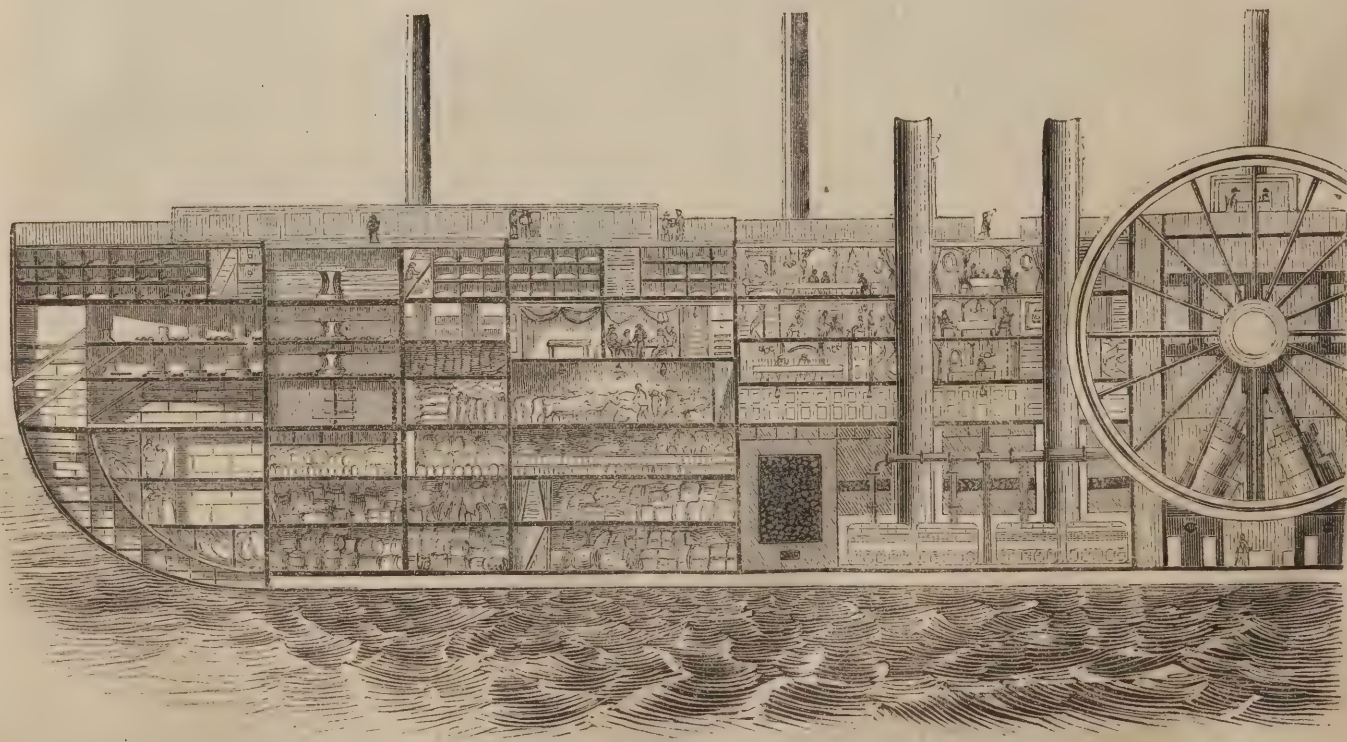
And yonder Ocean, on whose strand
I've walked in summer-time,
And heard, with light, exultant soul,
The everlasting chime—
That Ocean—ah! what mournful notes
Will then arise to me,
Speaking of faded Life, and Death,
And veiled Eternity;
I can but lay me down and moan
In unison with every tone.

I know there are some souls whose mould
Is such that they can ne'er
This weird, sad feeling understand,
When comes the fading year;
But it is mine! and oh! how oft
I have in vain essayed
To call a happier aspect up,
And wave away the shade;
Then, till the sad, dark scenes pass by
To other regions let me fly!

No! shrinking spirit, no! perchance
This gloom but brings to thee
A blessing bright, and broad, and deep
In its great mystery;
Not from the touch of Joy alone
The soul perfected stands;
A sober, lasting majesty
Must come from Sorrow's hands
Oh, this the lesson Autumn speaks
On withering gleus and shadowed peaks!



CAPTAIN HARRISON, COMMANDER OF THE LEVIATHAN.



LEVIATHAN STEAM-SHIP.

THE LEVIATHAN.

ENGLISHMEN are justly proud of their maritime supremacy. Our insular position has rendered this supremacy of the highest importance to us; on it has depended our very existence as a nation; and there is, therefore, singular propriety in our speaking of our ships as "wooden walls," and as "bulwarks of the deep." Our naval history is replete with great victories, and lustrous with the names of great naval heroes. Our ancestors asserted their hereditary right to the sovereignty of the seas, and that claim was completely established by our naval achievements. In the time of war, our fleets have been unrivalled; they have guarded our own shores from invasion, and blockaded the ports of our enemies; they have extended our empire, and consolidated our power. In time of peace, our merchant navy has been equally serviceable: enabling us to establish commercial relations with all nations; to lay the foundation of flourishing colonies; to open up new marts for commerce; and to increase our trade beyond all precedent.

The progress which we have made in our naval affairs is seen in tracing the development of our naval architecture. Our Saxon forefathers were proud of their ships, and Alfred the Great constructed vessels on an entirely new plan; the Anglo-Normans made considerable improvement on the Saxon vessels, and their fleet of "stout" ships, which bore Richard and the Crusaders to the Holy Land, excited universal admiration. Henry V. maintained our national supremacy on the sea, and humbled all the maritime powers of Europe. Henry VII. built the largest vessel which had ever carried English colours, and called it the Great Harry. But the fleets of those days were, as to size and tonnage, utterly insignificant when compared with those of our own times. The whole of the vessels in the fleet of Queen Elizabeth amounted to 197, and their united tonnage was but 29,744. Sir Walter Raleigh considered that 100 feet in length, and 35 in width was a good proportion for "a great ship."

The protracted and disastrous European wars of modern days have certainly exercised a beneficial influence on our navy. We had powerful foes to contend with, foes whose resources were ample, whose fleets were well manned and skilfully commanded. We were compelled to improve the build of our ships, and the vessels which we captured served as models for some of our men-of-war, and suggested improvements and alterations in the work of our naval architects; and, while our line-of-battle ships maintained our supremacy on the sea, the increase of

our commercial relations, and the establishment of distant colonies, rendered a safe and expeditious transport absolutely necessary. Great as were the improvements made in our sailing vessels, they were eclipsed by the introduction of steam navigation, and the fastest clipper that ever weathered a storm sank into insignificance when compared with a vessel propelled by the screw or the paddle-wheel.

The first lines of steamers were established between England and Ireland, and England and France. The trips were soon extended, and in 1836 the New York and Liverpool packet ships were eclipsed by a magnificent steam fleet. Steam navigation once introduced was rapidly improved. The dimensions of the vessels were increased; the screw-propeller was applied; scientific investigation triumphed over numerous difficulties which, at the beginning, appeared insurmountable. Gigantic vessels, propelled by steam, vessels commodious and elegant in all their compartments, vessels carrying large numbers of passengers and valuable cargoes, have now ridden over almost all the waters of the world. The black funnel, instead of the white sail, is the sign of our naval power. Again and again capital and enterprise have been employed in some important alteration or some startling novelty in our steam fleets. Wooden walls have been changed to walls of iron, and ships hitherto accounted monsters of the deep have dwindled into insignificance by the launch of some new ocean giant.

Off Deptford floats the last specimen of our modern naval architecture. Ships of all rigs are about her. There is a forest of masts in the pool, masts of goodly vessels; there are steamers of handsome proportions passing and re-passing continually; there are shipyards and docks near at hand, and quite a maritime population; and there, amongst them all, is the huge black hull, stretching along for nearly 700 feet, and rising to about forty or fifty; looking like some natural phenomenon—a monster that had entered our river, and was unable to find its way back to the sea.

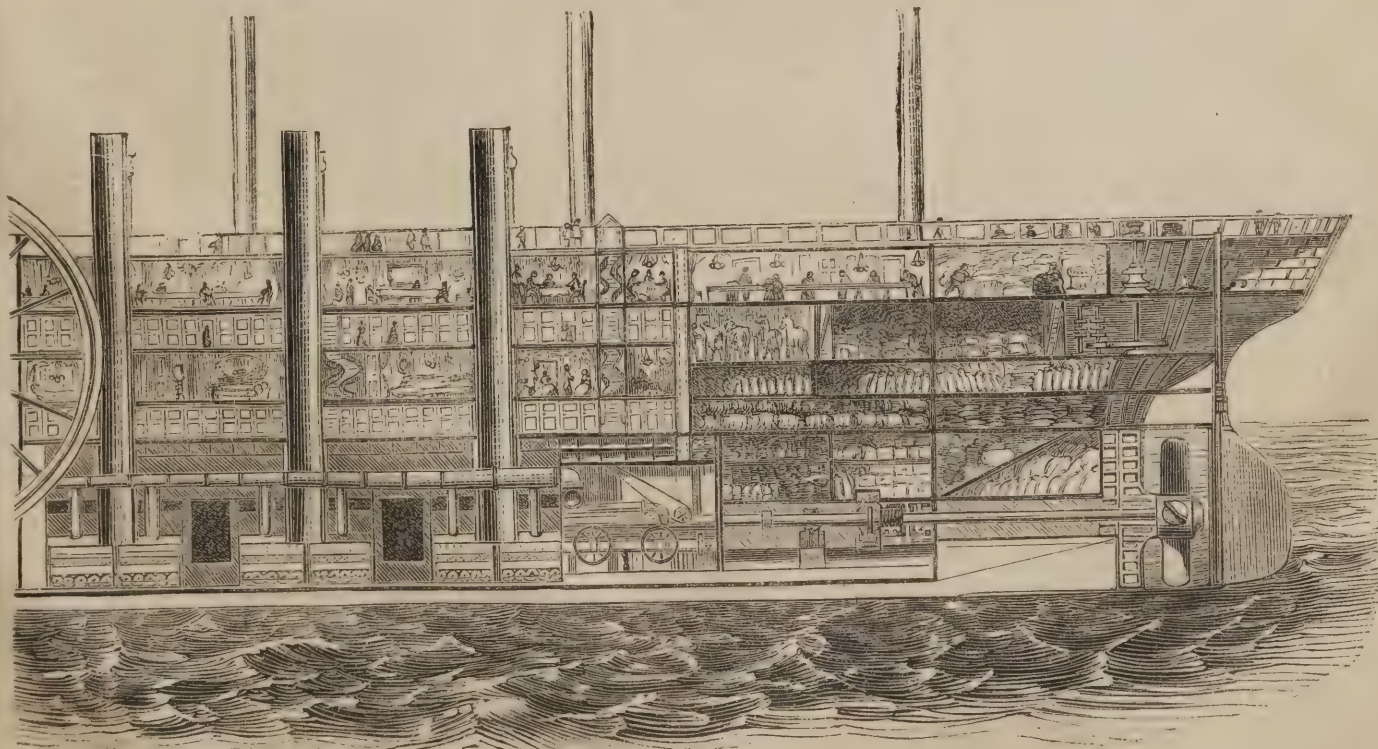
The Leviathan steam-ship is no ordinary vessel. She is the child of steam. No carpenter laid her keel, nor raised her ribs; an engineer was her architect; brawny smiths were her builders; the potent arm of steam welded her iron shafts, shaped, and planed, and punched her iron plates; 3,000,000 iron bolts, driven in at a white heat by sturdy Vulcans, have fastened her together; and thus, unlike the shipping round about her, the iron monster awaits completion—awaits the hour when she shall begin her marvellous, and, we trust, prosperous career.

No doubt, many of our readers have paid a visit to

the Leviathan. She has attracted thousands. Her dimensions alone are sufficient to excite astonishment. No other steam-ship admits of a comparison with her. The Persia, the largest paddle steamer ever built, was 390 feet in length; the Himalaya, the largest screw ever built, was 370 feet in length; the Leviathan is 696. Her breadth across the paddle-boxes is 118 feet; her depth from deck to keel 58; she has four decks, six masts, is capable of carrying more than 6,000 square yards of canvas; she has 10 anchors, 20 boats; her paddle-wheels are 56 feet in diameter, and weigh 185 tons; her paddle-engines are of 1,000 horse power; she has 4 boilers with 10 furnaces to each; each boiler is about 17 feet long, 17 wide, and 14 in height, and contains a weight of 40 tons of water; she has a screw 24 feet in diameter, having a nominal horse-power of 1,600, and performing 50 revolutions in a minute; the screw has 6 boilers, with 12 furnaces to each; and the vessel is altogether 22,500 tons burden. She will contain 30,000 plates of wrought iron, measuring 60,000 feet, and weighing 8,000 tons.

With machinery so enormous, one might imagine that but little room would remain for passengers; but so far from this being the case, the accommodation is ample. Irrespective of the officers and crew there is room and to spare for 4,000 passengers, and 6,000 tons of cargo. The Leviathan would contain bodily the chief hotels in London, including the Great Western at Paddington and the Great Northern at King's-cross. She would carry a town; transport a good-sized settlement; form a floating kingdom; so that the responsibility of command is very great, and it is well to know that so able and experienced an officer as Captain Harrison is intrusted with that important position. He has seen much service, and is eminently qualified for command. He has closely watched over the building of the gigantic vessel which is to be intrusted to him; he has seen her extend her noble proportions; has seen her slowly leave her building ground and take to the water. No man knows more about her, or is better able to command her, than Captain Harrison.

But when is the vessel to take her farewell of the Thames?—when are her saloons and berths to be fitted up, and passengers induced to undertake the trial trip? Some fatality seems to hang over the gigantic ship. Her construction was suggested by certain disadvantages belonging to all steamers previously built. The plans proposed were obviously based on strictly practical principles, and the Great Eastern Steam Navigation Company was formed for carrying out the project. The capital of the company is £1,200,000,



LONGITUDINAL SECTION.

in shares of £26 each, with power to increase to £2,000,000, of which £500,000 was called up and expended in the construction of the vessel; totally irrespective of the internal fittings, which are not yet in existence. Mr. Scott Russell was, at the very outset, chosen as the builder. He undertook to construct her on what is called the "wave" principle, and is, as he himself remarks, "responsible for her merits or defects as a piece of naval architecture." Mr. Brunel was the engineer.* A plot of ground adjoining Scott Russell's works at Millwall was leased by the company; and every preparation being made in the erection of foundries, forges, rolling-mills, &c., the building commenced on the 1st of May, 1854. On Tuesday, November 3rd, 1857, the first attempt was made to launch the vessel. A large proportion of the Londoners turned out to see the Leviathan make her first plunge, and were vastly disappointed by the monster of the deep remaining fast, and refusing to take to the water. The attempt was renewed on the 19th of November; but with very little success, and with the destruction of the apparatus employed in the launch. On the 28th of November the vessel moved some five-and-twenty feet, and it was evident that the launch was merely a work of time. The completion of the long-deferred launch was at length accomplished on the 31st of January. The mighty ship, as soon as she was fairly in the water, glided, smoothly as a swan, to her moorings. But the immense cost of that protracted launch was an item of expenditure on which the Great Eastern Steam Company had never calculated. Now that the vessel is afloat, the question arises, What is to be done with her? Will the company complete their gigantic undertaking? Is there any possibility of another company being formed for the purpose of employing this enormous steam ship? or, is it likely that the government will come to the rescue, and, by the purchase of the Leviathan, add to our magnificent steam navy this last and noblest triumph of engineering skill? The answer to such queries is plain and satisfactory. English enterprise and English capital are inexhaustible, and whether the present company retain possession of their noble vessel, or whether some more adventurous capitalists purchase of them the proprietorship, it is quite certain that the latest and greatest triumph of the shipwrights' art will soon be applied to the useful purposes for which she was originally designed, and that she will carry to the remotest corner of the world the palpable evidence of our genius, energy, and power.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,
SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER CXVI.

"The days when we went gipsying, a long time ago."
OLD SONG.

LARKY GRIGG thought Steenie had already had a glass too much. As for himself, nothing fermented or distilled ever passed his lips. "Now, then, mate," said Steenie, "I'll stand treat."

"No," said Larky. "The cup that cheers, but not inebriates, for me, Steenie. If Meg and you will pour me out a cup of tea, we'll have a good talk over old times."

Meg had been sobered down by Larky Grigg's remarks, and her only evidence of fondness now was the sitting with her hand in Steenie's. She gladly assented to Larky's proposition.

A little round table in the inn parlour was quickly got ready for them. Meg, her freckled face shining with delight, yellow soap, and pride, her cap flaunting with white satin ribbons, in a light print dress and a bright yellow shawl, presided over the tea-table.

Hot muffins, buttered toast, and cold beef, formed the bridal banquet.

They were very merry, and very happy, with their mutual reminiscences of the Green Fields ragged school, and their subsequent adventures in life.

And Larky was glad and proud to trace the hallowing influence of Mr. Stephen and the ragged school, even in the career of the once hardened victim of prison discipline and private whippings—Stunning Steenie.

"Afore I went to sea," said Steenie, with a flush of honest pride, "I manes arter I left ragged school, and wor turned out by them, I won't run down, 'cos of 'Honour thy feather and thy mother, and

thy days shall be long in the land;' afore I went to sea, as I may say, and wor without no kind o' berth, run aground, turned adrift, and well-nigh done. I've known hunger and thirst, mate; I've been three blessed—I'd a' most said, cussed days, without a bite or a sup; I've had to lie all night under them 'Delphi arches; I've had good safe easy jobs offered to me by my old pals, Friggling Peter and the Fox, and I've turned away sick and giddy, and light w' hunger, and prayed a bit, with the rats a-watching me with their bright, calculating eyes, as reck'ning how long I'd be like to last, and, when I'd all but gived in, I've had a kind of a vision of ragged school, and Mr. Stephen, and Jem Goodman, and blessed little Hope Evermore, and you, Larky Grigg; and I've seen dancing before my eyes, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and have said in my sick heart, 'Deliver me from evil,' and then I cried, 'No, no, get thee behind me, Satan;' and at these words them old pals took huff and left me, and I fell asleep among them hungry rats, and the very next day the first thing I sees, when I wakes, is 'Wanted some strong young men for her Majesty's Royal Navy,' and I went and offered myself, and got the bounty money, and was clothed and fed, and provided for quite providential-like, and all this luck I owes to ragged school: I not only wor tached not to steal, but twor there I learnt to read, which wor the pedigree of the whole thing, mate, for if I could not have read that 'ere notice, I'd never have knowed sich a chap as I wor wanted; then I'd have gone wrong, most-like I'd never have been a sailor; if I'd never have been no sailor, I'd never have been to the 'Jolly Tar,' at Deal, where Meg there wor barmaid; we'd never have kept company, nor got spliced, and there'd have been a precious go!"

In such innocent, frank-hearted converse they whiled away the whole evening; indeed, it was very late before they parted, and when Larky was left alone, he found that a new set of ideas had been planted in his mind by remarks made at random by Stunning Steenie.

Larky Grigg was, as we have said, out of work.

He had no immediate prospect of employment, and yet the wish to be doing, earning, getting on, making a name and a fortune, was strong in his loving, aspiring heart.

Stunning Steenie had spoken of lands where a good mechanic could command high wages, time and opportunity for improvement, and many great and invaluable advantages.

Larky was a good mechanic; in spite of Mr. Nailer's selfish and cruel injustice in keeping him down, and wasting his genius and time at shovel-making, he had, in his leisure hours—hours snatched, as the self-educated man is always obliged to snatch them, from the brief seasons of rest, recreation, and meals—mastered the principles of mechanics, and had perfected himself in the practical parts also.

He was then worth his weight in gold in the colonies.

It was an open field—labourers were actually wanted—there was room to advance.

He might wait long for some poor situation in England. He was sure of a very lucrative one the moment he set foot on the great world of Australia.

But if he decided on this, he must not go home. His mother dreaded the sea, which she had never beheld, as we all dread the invisible, the unknown, the vast, the incomprehensible.

She would not ask him with her tongue not to go, but she would compel him with her tears to stay by her side. Bold Larky could not resist the smallest tear in that dear mother's large, loving eye.

No, if he went (and he had almost made up his mind to go), he must not expose himself to the unnerving process of an interview with his mother, nor must Hope know of his intention until he had put it into execution; then, of course, both those dear ones would make up their minds, or rather their hearts, to the inevitable, and look forward with hope to his return, and, with a sort of joy and comfort, to brighter days to come.

When Larky met Stunning Steenie and his bride, Carrot Meg, the next morning, he consulted the bridegroom, who had a good practical experience in such matters, and who introduced Larky Grigg to a boat-swain, and to two or three sailors older and more intelligent than himself, who soon suggested how Larky Grigg might work his passage out to Australia, and, once there, find himself on the high road to fortune.

It seemed Larky's best chance of a berth was to travel to Deal, where one of the sailors prophesied he would, being a strong, likely hand, get his passage out to Sydney for his labour.

Larky, who had no idea that his mother and Hope had never received his letters written after his illness

at Mrs. M'Dougal's, felt no uneasiness on that score.

Being rather short of money, he did not refuse a sovereign which Stunning Steenie forced on him as a loan, and very good-naturedly filled his knapsack with things to eat, drink, and wear; and, high in hope, Larky Grigg set out on foot, having taken a very affectionate leave of Stunning Steenie and his bride.

Larky Grigg, quite restored to health and strength, and, though town-bred, loving the country, and delighting to visit places of which he had read and thought much but had never expected to see, enjoyed the idea of this walking tour through the garden-land of England.

In high spirits, then, he set off for Deal, and while he is footing it merrily along, "whistling as he went," but not for want of thought, nor, for that matter, deep, earnest thought, he traversed highways and by-ways, passed through sweet lanes and across green commons, halting at little quiet inns, or, failing them, humble cottages, never forgetting to rest on the Sabbath and offer up his prayers in some little village church for his Hope and his parents, and that a blessing might rest on his earnest endeavour to earn a name and a fortune worthy of his beloved one.

His kindly, honest, and brightly intellectual countenance was a letter of recommendation whenever he needed one. No one refused him a lift by day, or a shelter at night. Many an old woman blessed his handsome, honest face, many a young maid looked after him with a tear and a sigh, and found some clown who courted her all the more clownish, and the less welcome, for this meeting with our Larky.

CHAPTER CXVII.

Oh, now I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

SHAKESPEARE.

I had a dream which was not all a dream.—BYRON.

LARKY GRIGG had made his way from the extreme north of England to the south-east.

He had seen much, felt much, and thought much during this walking tour.

All appearance of pallor and delicacy was gone from his fine bright face.

A glow of health and a warm tint of sunburn covered all his honest features except his brow.

The broad straw hat he wore protected that, and the consequence was that it was smooth and white as marble.

It was a fine evening when Larky Grigg entered Deal.

The sun was setting intensely red, and very large and round in the west, while the moon, pale, wan, and haggard, like an actress by daylight, might be seen looking at a sky almost as pale as herself.

However, the shadows were deepening, the light was fading away, and as sky and sea assumed a darker azure, the ripples of the waves became opal and pale gold, and the queen of the night resumed her empire, and gave, in her right royal bounty, a silver token to every leaf of the trees, every tile on the roofs, every curl of the waves, and undulation of the sands.

Larky Grigg entered Deal on foot, sore, tired, and rather dispirited.

He had been troubled (as he took his mid-day rest under a hay stack) with a dream so vivid, that he could not shake off its influence.

He dreamt that he saw his mother Apple Blossom and his darling Hope, the one dying on her well-remembered bed, the other an angel hovering over her with radiant hair, seraphic countenance, and snowy wings.

Three times he distinctly saw this bright, but to him most painful, vision; it haunted him throughout the day.

It made him ponder on the fact that he had not heard from either his mother or his bride elect—the former since he had left her in London, the latter since he had met her at Burnside, and clasped her to his heart, beneath the cold stars and gnome-like tree, on the wild purple heather.

Larky Grigg could not drive from his mind the thought that there might be something amiss.

Lovers are always ingenious self-tormentors; he could not tear his mind from the contemplation of "chimeras dire."

However, Larky Grigg resolved not to give way to enervating and groundless fears; but he determined to write to his mother and his sweet Hope before he stretched his weary, aching limbs on a bed that night.

Before he sought out the Jolly Tar, an inn to which he had been strongly recommended by Stunning

* For biographical sketch and portrait of this eminent engineer, see page 247.

Steenie and his Meg—he went into a small stationer's, and purchased paper, envelopes, pens, ink, wax, and a little seal representing two willows whose green tresses mingled, although a stream flowed between their roots; the motto of this seal was "Destiny severs, but inclination unites us." This seemed to Larky exactly applicable to himself and Hope. The shopwoman did up the stationery Larky had bought in a piece of an old newspaper. He paid her for her goods, and he thanked her for her kindness, and having learnt from her where the True Briton was, and heard it was on the quay, he hastily repaired thither.

Sailors were drinking and singing in the large public room; but, on Larky's explaining to the landlady (a kind, motherly woman) that he wanted a quiet tea and the opportunity of writing a couple of letters, she invited him to her own tea-table, and, after he had refreshed himself with excellent tea, ham, eggs, and buttered toast, he told her, in reply to her questions, something of his object in coming to Deal. He named the men to whom Stanning Steenie had recommended him—Tom Piper and Bill Bullhead.

Mrs. Grogg knew them well, she knew Steenie, too, and Meg had been her barmaid. She was a very lively, zealous, energetic little woman—a widow—and she assured Larky Grigg that if he would listen to her, she would advise him better how to act than any one else could.

She assured him that she had interest to get him his passage out, if he were not above working; and hearing he wished to work his way out above all things, she left him to go in search of some marine potentate, and Larky Grigg, having had her permission to sit down at her work-table, took out his little parcel of stationery, and prepared to write to his mother.

Just as had taken the pen in hand, his eye was attracted by the words "Larky Grigg," in large letters, heading an advertisement on the scrap of the *Times* in which the stationery had been wrapped.

Larky seized the piece of paper, and, with eyes distended, lips apart, alternately hot and cold, and his hair on end, read—

LARKY GRIGG.—Should this meet the eyes of Gregory Blossom, commonly called Larky Grigg, he is earnestly implored to return to his disconsolate family. His mother keeps her bed from illness and anxiety about him, and H. E. is distracted at his long silence.—L. G. has not been seen or heard of, since he parted from H. at B—e. If he values his mother's life, he will return at once to dispel her fears.

The paper dropped from Larky's nerveless hand. A cold perspiration broke out over his face, an icy electric eel seemed to crawl up his spine, tears, hot tears, gushed to his eyes, and he clasped his hands as he murmured, involuntarily—

"My mother! my poor, darling, kindest mother! ill, in dread suspense and terror about me! sick, perhaps dying! I cannot go till I have seen her; dear, kind, blessed mother! and oh, if I should arrive too late! I have but six shillings left, how shall I get to her in time? Were all the wealth of the diggings offered me to go to Sydney now, I would not do it without her leave and blessing!"

When the landlady returned he showed the scrap of paper. She guessed the cause of his agitation, when he said—

"I am Larky Grigg! my mother is ill through my folly. I cannot go—I must be off to town at once; nothing shall keep me now, nothing!"

Kindly the landlady got at the truth of the case, and gently—being a motherly and very good woman, a publican but no sinner—she won from him all the state of his finances, and the agony of his mind.

She agreed with him that there was no time to be lost, and she most generously forced upon him a small loan, but quite sufficient to take him to town by the mail train.

In half an hour Larky Grigg found himself seated in a second-class carriage on his way to London. While he is gliding along the shining rails, let us inquire what has become of his Hope, our Hope, and (may we say it?) the reader's Hope.

CHAPTER CXVIII.

"Though yet unweid.

That love was pure, and far above disguise
Had stood the test of mortal enemies."—*Byron*.

WE left Hope Evermore on the eve of her seven-teenth birthday.

She had parted with her lover because duty was the guiding principle of both young hearts; and he, though he loved her so fondly, would not exact a sacrifice which she, in her womanly and loving reverence, would have made had he required it.

The eve of this birthday was the most eventful day of Hope's young and innocent life. She had not only

seen her lover so unexpectedly, and seen him for the first time carried away by the intensity and vehemence of a passion it was his delicate pride, in a general way, to hide in the depths of his manly heart; but she had heard from his lips that her father was living, was at hand, was about to claim her as his child, to instal and introduce her as his daughter. That this father was a gentleman, and that all hopes of a union with her beloved, her affianced Larky Grigg, were, for the present, at an end; but then there was a long bright future opening to the man of genius, the powerful-minded, resolute, untiring, energetic, self-educated man.

He, who had already so greatly distinguished himself among his mates of the workshop by his genius in the application of mind to matter, and science to substance, he had only to persevere, to think, to study, and to experimentalise, to become in time as great as Stephenson, Watt, Faraday, or any other son of the people, who had risen by the force of unaided genius and industry to be a magnate among men.

Often had Hope listened, with beating heart and sympathetic ambition, to Larky Grigg's prophecies of future triumphs.

He had, as genius always has, an inward sense of power; and she had, as love always has, a boundless faith in its object.

Therefore, as she was resolved to be true to the only love and choice of her heart, and he had vowed eternal constancy to her, and had never had one wish or thought of change, Hope looked upon her happiness as only deferred.

She was determined never to marry any man but Larky Grigg; and she felt such a strong and vivid confidence in the genius that was to make Larky one day great and wealthy, that she yielded her young heart to its passionate devotion, and looked with steady eye to a future in which, without any disgrace to her father's name, opposition to his wishes, or sacrifice of her position as a lady, she would wed her beloved in the face of her friends and of the whole world!

But in addition to Larky's unexpected and most agitating visit, and the interview that awakened all the passionate though long-slumbering echoes of her maiden heart, had succeeded the dreadful tidings of the death of the son of her benefactors—of that Walter, Lord Eaglescliffe, of whom his mother spoke so constantly and so devotedly, and on whose beauty, in the picture that represented him in his happy boyhood, Hope herself was wont to gaze with a mysterious interest and yearning tenderness for which she could not account, even to herself.

Yes, Hope! unselfish, loving, grateful Hope! her own woes shrank into nothing before the long despair of the bereaved and frantic mother.

CHAPTER CXIX.

"Time flies on, but there is sorrow
Which escapes not on its wings;
There is grief to which the morrow
Never consolation brings."—*Æsop*.

WHEN the medical man, whom Captain Greville went to seek, at length arrived, he at once ordered that Lady Glenlonely should retire to bed.

This the poor distraught creature opposed and resisted.

She found no comfort but in walking with rapid strides from one end of the room to the other, now stopping to drop on her knees in vain attempts at prayer, now beating her breast, or tearing her hair, or flinging her arms wildly aloft, as some scorpion fancy or maddening reminiscence goaded sorrow to despair.

Every argument was tried to induce her to go to bed. Lord Glenlonely was summoned from prayer and solitude to try his influence. He came, his eyes swollen and red with weeping, his late smooth brow furrowed, his cheeks ghastly pale.

He looked many years older than he had done before he heard of his son's death. It was unutterably piteous to hear the mother's answers to the entreaties that she would go to bed.

"To bed!" she cried, fixing her eyes wildly on her husband. "To bed! what bed has he? my Walter, my Eaglescliffe, my only boy, my love, my hope, my pride! Perhaps they have torn the beautiful rich auburn curls from his noble head; perhaps they have stripped the soft fair skin from his beautiful limbs, his dear breast, his lovely face. Perhaps at this very moment that you think I can find comfort in a bed of down, he lies broken by torture, racked by anguish—beauty, humanity obliterated, bleeding, ghastly, dead; scoffed at, outraged, insulted in death. And but for me, for my pride, my ambition, my implacable cruelty, he might now be with us here. He might be in a warm bed, his bride by his

side, blessing and being blest. Oh, my Walter! my Eaglescliffe! my darling! how can I sleep? No, no, no, I can never sleep again."

With these and similar wild and passionate wallings, the wretched mother kept up her own despair, and rent the hearts of her hearers. At length, Lord Doun bethought him, that when she wildly asked for water, the medical man, whose chief object in getting her to bed was to administer a powerful sedative, should convey, in the beverage she drank so eagerly, a powerful dose of morphia. This hint having been acted upon, the room gradually darkened, and every one silent save the bereaved and agonised mother, she, in the course of an hour, began to feel the stupifying effect of this most timely opiate.

To images of death, of torture, and of horror succeeded soft visions of green fields, bright waterfalls, silver lakes—her Walter, her Eaglescliffe was still the central figure of the picture; but this opiate, when taken for the first time (as in this case it was), had the power of changing purgatory to Paradise.

Lady Glenlonely sank on the floor murmuring of her boy, his pony, his dogs, all that used to delight his happy boyhood. She was with him in the wood at Pemberton, and praising his graceful and bold horsemanship, as her head sank on her arm, and a deep sleep locked up her senses.

Then the doctor, with the aid of the Marquis of Doun and Captain Greville, gently lifted her up, and carried her to her bed, where they left her to Hope and the female servants.

Lord Glenlonely had retired to his room, overpowered by the anguish of his spirit, and the vivid recollections of happier days and his noble boy which had been conjured up by Lady Glenlonely in her opium-prompted dreams.

The first strong sedative administered to a human being is as powerful a remedy as bleeding for the first time,—it often saves a reason or a life; but each successive time its good influence wanes, while its evil one increases; and what at first saves, at last destroys life.

The Marquis of Doun and Captain Greville lingered on and on, in the expectation that Hope Evermore would come down to tell them how Lady Glenlonely was, and give them her, to them, enchanting company for half an hour; but Hope, her thoughts full of her poor lady, and wandering from the contemplation of the mother's anguish to him—to Larky Grigg—in his lonely wanderings and disappointed hopes, forgot all about those gentlemen, who were so important in their own eyes, and in those of all the female world beside.

But if Hope gave no thought to the most noble the marquis and most captivating captain, it was far otherwise with Nessy Fitz-Darrell. She fitted to and fro, and made excuses for consultations with Captain Greville, and persuaded them to come to a table on which she had ordered tea to be served; and she exerted herself to please, and talked eloquently, and looked very interesting; but all in vain. A pre-occupied heart is perfectly inaccessible; and even Nessy found it wearisome work to try to please two beings so full of another; and after awhile Greville went to his room, and the marquis drove off to the castle. Hope, meanwhile, sat watching the uneasy slumbers of the poor mother whose waking hour would be so terrible to bear and to witness.

The well-preserved beauty of the countess seemed to have vanished as by magic. Her features looked pale and sharp, her temples sunken, her cheeks hollow, her jaw dropped, dark hollows round her eyes, and a bluish shade about her pinched nose and mouth. Yet there was a ghastly smile upon her face as she slept, for she was dreaming still of her Walter's happy boyhood. Hope rose and stole to a room separated from her lady's only by a dressing-closet.

There, at a table, his Bible before him, but his head hidden on his arms, and the pages of *The Book* blistered with tears, was Lord Glenlonely. His hair looked very white in the bright light of the lamp, and by the convulsive movement of his chest, Hope knew that he was weeping.

She gently drew near, and dropping on her knees by his side, said, "May Heaven support and comfort you, my lord; and may the Saviour be with you in this hour!"

Gently the earl laid his hand on that fair young head bowed before him, and gently he said, "Thank you, and bless you, my child!"

Hope kissed his hand and quietly withdrew.

And then, as Lady Glenlonely still slept, she took a lamp and went in search of her mother's journal; and having drawn the bed curtains so as to exclude the light, Hope, with trembling awe, unclasped the book, and prepared to read her mother's history.

(To be continued.)

THE INDIAN GAME OF HAND.

THERE is in all games of chance a certain wild fascination, which seizes upon the mind, and holds it by a spell against which nothing can prevail. Reason, conscience, friendship, love—all intellect, all intuition, all ennobling virtues—are set aside by this demon of infatuation, which has enthroned itself within the highest and holiest sanctuary of the human temple.

This it is which makes the vice of gambling so fearfully hideous in the sight of the reasoning and pure of heart; for they know that it maddens, and that there is no evil excess of which the madman may not be guilty. Go where you will among the gamblers, of any and every description and grade, and you will find men reckless of every moral and religious principle—reckless of money, of honour, and of life. Once drawn within the dread vortex of gaming—within that vile circle where the wildest passions seethe and whirl without restraint—and the man is as surely lost as the vessel in the maelstrom.

But great and detestable as this monster vice is, it prevails among all kindreds, nations, and tongues throughout the world—alike in the rude wigwam of the savage and the palatial *salon* of the Parisian *roué*. No station, as a station, however exalted or however humble, is exempt from it, and its effects are alike baneful and destructive to all.

Among Christian nations the victim stakes his all—the all, perhaps, of those dependent upon him—and then adds the crowning crime of murder, by sending his own soul untimely into the presence of his Maker. Among barbarous nations, the victim, having lost his all, wagers a hand, an arm, a leg, a scalp, and sometimes his life, against a trifling stake—and, losing still, submits to the horrid mutilation without demur.

And what to a disinterested spectator would seem the strangest fact of all is, the simplicity of many of the most fearful games—the mere turn of a card or die, or the changing from one hand to another of a fruit-stone, deciding the forfeiture of money, limbs, and life. But whether it be complicated or the reverse—the fascinating *Faro* and *Roulette* of civilised fashion, or the simple game of *Hand* of the border savage—the effect is the same—blasting, blighting, destructive.

The most simple of all games, and one which might hardly be thought worthy to amuse a child, is the *Game of Hand*, as played by the savages of the Far West. It consists in one party shaking a plum or cherry-stone between his concave palms, closing both hands suddenly, and leaving the other party to guess which hand contains the stone—the latter either winning or losing his stake, whatever it may be, according as he names the right hand or the wrong. And yet, simple and nonsensical as this game may appear to the reason, it becomes one of most intense and terrible interest to the forest native, who will spend hours, and even days, in contest with an opponent, and only end in being the winner of all the other possesses, or the loser of all he can call his own, perhaps even his scalp and life.

Away out in the deep wilderness of that vast region of the Far West over which the foot of the white man has seldom passed, there bubbles up, with a hissing, purring sound, a spring of such clear, delicious water, that he who quenches his thirst thereat has only to regret that he can drink no more. This particular spring, like many of its kind, is impregnated with medicinal minerals, and pours its sparkling waters over the purest of white sand, through the sweetest of romantic valleys, and is held sacred as "great medicine" by all the different tribes who know of its locality.

Toward this spring one day, some several hundred moons ago, when the red man of this far-off region only had his quarrel with a foeman of his race, a young Sioux chief, in all the pride of paint and arms, was bending his steps, in eager haste, to quench his thirst and resume his journey, for he was alone upon the war path of the hated Crows, and had sworn to his Indian love to bring her the scalp of a foe as a bridal present ere the filling moon should wane.

But as, with the quick, light, and proud step of a skilful and daring brave, he came in sight of the sacred spring, what should his eyes behold but the person of a hated Crow, bending over and slaking his thirst with the sparkling, bubbling, life-renewing waters! Here was the very chance he was seeking; and quickly fitting an arrow to his bow, he threw his right foot gracefully back, drew the arrow to the head, and was just springing his arms for the fatal twang, when, like a blinding flash, the truth burst over him, that this was holy ground, and ground of peace, and that the Great Spirit would be angry with whomsoever should take vengeance upon a foe within its hallowed precincts. With this remembrance the

arrow was again clasped peacefully; and, advancing straight to his recumbent foe, the Sioux chief proudly spoke:

"Shangasgah's eyes are keen, and he sees his foes afar; but within the hallowed light of Manitou the red deer might gambol undisturbed, though the young chief of the Sioux were dying of starvation."

At the first sounds of these words the Crow looked up; and then, rising with dignity, made answer when the Sioux had done:—"The Sioux, though a foeman, speaks with the reverence of a friend of this sacred place, and Kandarrah would never have shut his eyes and ears on other ground. The eyes of Kandarrah see clearly where other eyes fail, and the faintest sound is as thunder to his ears. But come! we will smoke the pipe of peace by the spring of Manitou, and when each is again upon his war-path, it shall be proved who is the greatest warrior of the two."

With this the two warriors approached and shook hands as friends; and the Crow, producing his pipe, filled with kinnik-kinnik (a substitute for tobacco among the western tribes), he lit it, and puffing four whiffs to the four points of the compass, he handed it to the Sioux, who followed his example. The Sioux then drank his fill at the spring; after which he proposed, as they were on sacred ground, where they could not fight, that both should sit down together, and peacefully pass the day in the fascinating game of *Hand*.

Accordingly, seating themselves near the spring, the fruit-stone was produced, and the game was begun with all the zest of two professional gamblers, each alternately hiding and guessing in the manner previously described. An arrow against an arrow was the first stake of each; and the very arrow which Shangasgah, the Sioux, had pointed with deadly intent at Kandarrah, the Crow, was the first stake lost and won.

This seemed a precursor of the fortune of the day; and arrow after arrow was staked by the Sioux, and won by the Crow, till the sheaf of Shangasgah was empty. Next his bow was staked and lost; then his club, his tomahawk, his blanket, and lastly his only remaining garments; all were staked in turn, and all were lost; and as the Sioux rose to his feet, entirely naked, with nothing but what nature gave him, and without a weapon for defence, he said, with the dignity becoming the younger chief of a powerful tribe:—

"Fortune has proved fickle to Shangasgah, who is now as the Great Spirit made him, and his many losses will bring joy to the lodge of Kandarrah; but Shangasgah has one stake yet to offer against what he has lost—a stake which, if won by Kandarrah, will bring him great honour among his nation: he offers to play his scalp against the winnings of his foe!"

The black eyes of the Crow gleamed with fierce delight as he accepted the challenge, and the game was played for the stake which both prized more than all the rest.

Fortune, however, still frowned upon the Sioux, and the game was won by his enemy. Without a murmur the loser now bent his head to the grasp of the winner, who, seizing the scalp-lock with one hand, and whirling the glittering knife around with the other, tore off the bloody trophy, and shook it aloft in triumph.

The young Sioux chief, having no more then to offer, said he would go back to his tribe, re-clothe and re-arm himself, and at a certain day in the future, which he named, he would again meet the Crow if he dared, and again venture his all upon the game which had for the time ruined him. Kandarrah promptly accepted the challenge, and the two warriors separated—the one to return to his home in triumph, and the other in gloom and disgrace.

True to their appointments, some several days after the events we have described, these two daring warriors again met alone, within the hallowed precincts of the sacred spring, and the game was again renewed with an eagerness never surpassed by two skilful gamblers in civilised life.

But fortune, ever fickle in games of chance, had now changed. This day the star of the Sioux was in the ascendant. All his former losings were won back, one at a time, until all were again in his possession. And still the exciting game went on, and still the Crow lost, till he at last stood naked as his foe had done before him.

"Kandarrah still owns his scalp," he exclaimed, somewhat fiercely; "and the scalp of a Crow is worth more than the scalp of a Sioux, with all his fortune added; but Kandarrah is great and generous—he stoops not to the small traffic of a squaw—and he will play his scalp against even the winnings of Shangasgah."

"The scalp of a Crow is better than the skin of a wolf," returned the other, with an ironical smile; "and though not the worth of what Kandarrah has lost, Shangasgah will suffer the game to proceed. Let the Crow name the hand which shall give him his winnings or Shangasgah his scalp."

As he spoke he shook the fruit-stone between the concave palms, closed both hands suddenly, and held them forward to the other; who, after a single moment's hesitation, put his right finger upon the left hand of the Sioux.

"The scalp of the Crow shall bring joy to the lodge of the brave Sioux chief!" exclaimed Shangasgah, with a grim smile of triumph, as he unclosed his fingers and showed an empty palm.

With a sullen and mortified look, the Crow silently bent his head to the knife of his foe, and a moment later his gory scalp was dangling before his eyes in the grasp of his enemy.

And now it was that, urged to desperation by his situation, the Crow hesitated not a moment to offer his life as a stake against the other's winnings. The wager was instantly accepted; and this time the Crow hid the fruit-stone, and his opponent named the hand.

But fate had doomed Kandarrah; and the hand which Shangasgah touched instantly opened, only to disclose the prize.

"Manitou has hid the light of his face from Kandarrah!" were the words which issued in a solemn, mournful tone from the lips of the doomed savage, as he slowly lifted his eyes towards the heavens. "Yes," he added, "the face of Manitou is behind the cloud, and the breast of Kandarrah shall be a sheath to the knife of Shangasgah. Strike! the war-brave of the great Crow nation knows no fear!"

These were the last words which ever passed the lips of the fated Crow—for scarcely were they uttered, ere, to the very haft, the knife of Shangasgah was plunged through his heart.

He fell without a groan, and died by the pure waters of the sacred spring, and the wolves came and devoured his body.

Shangasgah returned in triumph to his Indian love; and thenceforth, to the day of his death, he wore his own and his enemy's scalp suspended from his ears, in accordance with his barbarous ideas of honour and of glory.

THE STREET-PREACHER.

["ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON, returning home one morning, was asked by his sister, 'Have you been hearing a sermon?' 'I've met a sermon,' was the answer. The sermon he had met was a corpse on its way to the grave; the preacher was Death. Greatest of street-preachers!"]

HAVE you seen the street-preacher,

That all times of year
Is busy proclaiming

His message of fear,
Which some time or other
All people must hear?

His foes are ten thousand;
But such is his might—
Were each a Goliath,

He knoweth the sleight
Whereby with a pebble
To put them to flight.

His speech is too lowly
An echo to wake,
As he comes to the threshold

His errand to make;
Yet never a preacher
So eloquent spake.

With look of assurance
Right fearful to see,
He finds out his victims

Wherever they be;
But never seems seeking
For you or for me!

He cometh at midnight,
And cometh at morn;
Of the mother he claimeth

Her baby new-born—
The bride of her bridegroom
He leaveth, forlorn.

When spring is the sweetest,
He blights the green grass,
And kills the young rose-buds,

And sighs of "alas!"
Are heard in the gardens
Through which he doth pass.

No need hath he ever
Of bread or of meat,
No need of wild honey

Or locusts to eat—
Room only he asks for
To preach in the street.

Shrink, hide from his presence,
However you may,
Hand to hand, face to face,

You will meet him some day
And turn and go with him
His terrible way.



PETER THE GREAT AND LOUIS XV.

PICTURES FROM HISTORY.

PETER THE GREAT AND LOUIS XV.

DESPOTIC, irresponsible power is at all times a dangerous, sometimes a fatal thing. Man is too weak and imperfect a creature to be trusted with unlimited authority over the lives and destinies of any number of his fellow-mortals; and thus it happens, that in the career of even the best among the despots who have made their mark in the book of the world's history, there are dark blots, evidences of times when passion and pride have overcome the sense of justice and equity, when the power to punish or to revenge has unhappily co-existed with some hasty sense of insult or wrong; and emperors and kings have done, perhaps, by a single command, or with a single pen-stroke, more injury to their own fair fame, and the happiness of their subjects, than the labour of a score years could undo; and all because there was nothing to restrain them, no power to delay, even for one instant, the execution of their sovereign will. Thus we have Charlemagne's Saxon wars, with all their accompanying horrors; Louis the Fourteenth's proceedings in the Palatinate, when peaceful villagers, by hundreds of thousands, were turned out of their homes to starve on the highroads in the depth of winter; Charles the Twelfth's murder of the patriot Patkul; Napoleon's murder of the Duke D'Enghien, with numerous others, "which now to enumerate," as the old classic has it, "would be tedious." There is hardly a despotic ruler of any note in whose career this fact is not exemplified.

But even despotism is not unmixed with good. God never allows a permanent existence to anything that is absolutely and unmixedly evil. In certain countries, and under particular circumstances, despotism is the only form of government possible, and liberalism would be at once misunderstood and despised. The warriors who followed Clovis into Gaul, respected him for slaying with his battle-axe the soldier who had insulted him, while they would have despised their chief for invoking the protection of the law. The Turkish cavaliers of Muley Ismael covered in slavish submission when their master rushed among them, dealing blows around him with his drawn scimitar, but they would not have remained

quiet a day under a monarch who sought to rule by constitutional principles.

Now, if there was ever a people who required the stimulant of a despotic will to make them follow in the course of progress which all Europe was pursuing, while they lagged hopelessly in the rear, the Russians, at the end of the seventeenth century, were that people. An old Elizabethan writer, describing the "manners and customs of the Russes" in his time, had humorously wound up his remarks by observing that "manners they had none at all," and that "their customs were filthy;" and to the end of the seventeenth century the people thus described, had certainly made no great change for the better either by gain of "manners" or loss of "filthiness." One of the rules laid down, at a later date, by the Czarina, for observance at evening assemblies given by the first courtiers in the empire, will serve as an index to their refinement. "No gentleman," said the printed table of regulations, "was to be drunk before nine o'clock at night; and the ladies were not to get drunk at all." And this was *polished* Russian society, after it had been regenerated; of its probable state before that process, it is not difficult to judge. "Scrape the Russian," said Napoleon Bonaparte, "and you come down upon the Tartar." The Russian of that day needed no scraping—he was pure, unalloyed Tartar; ignorant, bloodthirsty, and debased.

The year 1682 is a great era in the Muscovite annals; for then there came to the throne a boy, ten years old, who was destined to alter the whole face of Russia—to introduce a new system throughout the length and breadth of that immense land. Czar Peter was no hero of romance—no handsome, gallant stripling, like Monmouth, the delight of a court, and the cynosure of all ladies' eyes. He was a Tartar, but an out-and-out Tartar; brimful of energy, ready and quick to learn, and as ready to carry out any scheme, as he was unscrupulous in the means he took for its accomplishment. He travelled through Austria, Holland, and England to study the arts of war, of ship-building, and of commerce. At Saardam, he lived in a little wooden hut, with two rooms, worked on the wharf with the shipwrights, and plied hammer and saw like the best of them. In England, he visited King William the Third, and

presented him with a diamond of great value; but he did not get on very well with the noblemen of the court, except with one whom William had appointed as a sort of bear-leader to keep his imperial guest out of mischief, and who must have had a weary time of it, indeed.

For the Czar of all the Russias dwelt in a small house in a dingy street in Rotherhithe, and had a horrible habit of spending his evenings at a low public-house in that choice neighbourhood, smoking a clay pipe, and imbibing brandy with pepper in it; moreover, he would ask questions on all manner of subjects, and show great contempt if the answer he received was not quick, and straightforward, and to the purpose; and really the Czar's questions were very embarrassing—embracing as they did points of jurisprudence, politics, finance, shipbuilding, commerce, engineering, medicine, and polemics, all jumbled together pell-mell, in such confusion as almost to turn the unhappy nobleman's brain. It must have been a happy day for my lord, when the Czar at length turned his face due north, to carry among his savage subjects the result of his travelling experiences.

And what a result he achieved—but at what a cost! St. Petersburg was built on what had been a pestilent marsh on the Neva; but a hundred thousand Muscovites perished in building the city—Charles XII. was beaten, and his army destroyed, at Pultava; but it was after the Swedes had been the conquerors in a long series of battles—the Russians were civilised, at least in part; but revolution, proscription, and bloodshed, attended the change.

It was an era in the Czar's life, when, in 1717, he visited France, to be introduced to the little king Louis XV. Nearly twenty years before he had intended to call on Louis XIV.; but that politic monarch had declined the honour. Brandy and pepper was not exactly the beverage in which the "great monarch" took delight. Now the aspect of affairs had changed. The "great monarch" slept with his fathers, and a puny child held his sceptre in its baby hand; while the rude Czar had achieved the title of Great, and had founded a metropolis, organised an army, and created a navy.

On the 7th of May, 1717, the Czar arrived in Paris. They wanted him to lodge at the Tuileries, but he

curtly refused. At the Hotel des Lesdiguières, Rue de la Cerisoie, near the Arsenal—there he received the regent, the duke of Orleans; astonishing the courtiers, who had fancied the "barbarian" would behave with becoming humility, by walking first into the reception-room, and treating his visitor with an air of undoubted patronage. Next Monday, the 10th of May, the little king came in person to pay the Czar a visit. Peter took the child in his arms, and kissed him repeatedly, with a look of paternal cordiality.

The little king opened his blue eyes with astonishment, and then smiled with pleasure. But etiquette, the ruling goddess of the French court, re-asserted her sway. The king lisped out a complimentary little speech, taught him by the Duke of Villeroy, his tutor, and the two monarchs separated on their different paths—Peter to fresh activity, new achievements, and glorious results; Louis to a life of artificial observance, but real neglect, decline, and ignominy; Russia to a grand career of development and progress—France to the terrible outbreak of popular vengeance, known as the first revolution of 1789.

The Matron.

NO. XLV.

NOTICE.—We find from the letters of one or two of our country correspondents, that exception has been taken to the scale of weekly expenditure given in a previous number of "The Matron." We are perfectly aware that the condition of the labouring population in most of our agricultural districts has been of late so much improved, that an adherence to a scale so limited and restrictive as that laid down in "The Matron" is no longer so requisite as in the time when a scheme for making bread from sawdust was seriously entertained. There are, however, exceptional cases which, deeply as we deplore them, it is impossible for us to ignore; and as our paper circulates amongst all classes of the community, including not only those more favoured by fortune, who can afford to wear the fancy articles of female attire of which we have given illustrations, with directions for making, but also those who cannot aspire to anything beyond the bare necessities of life, we have not restricted our suggestions to the wants and requirements of any particular class. The scale of weekly expenditure in "The Matron" is not intended for the generality of our readers, who are more or less protected from the privations which insufficient means or wages entail, but for those exceptional cases to which we have alluded.

My readers may have remarked that I have treated of dressmaking and millinery in the same chapter. The fact is, the "Matron" is a home companion rather than a regular manual of any particular art, although the hints given on all feminine occupations may prove excessively useful to any of my readers who may take up one particular art as a livelihood.



No. 1.



No. 2.

At home, how many things a wife and mother must know if she does all she finds to be done! At

one time a shirt or a flannel waistcoat must be made for the husband; then "mother" must trim a best cap for herself. After this, "George's" worsted socks must be darned, toe and heel; and the darning-needle is hardly at rest before one of a different size must be taken up to manufacture a rosette for "baby's" hat. All these things, and the like of these, are best done by those who have had proper directions respecting them; but dressmaking, more than other needlework, wants previous teaching. Therefore, I hope my rules will be welcome.



No. 1.

I gave directions about the skirt of the dress in the last chapter, and I may revert to the trimmings that belong to it before I dismiss the subject; but I am particularly anxious to direct you how to make the body fit well. You must be very careful about the back in order to avoid a round-shouldered appearance. This fault may be ascribed to the practice of cutting the back too long. To remedy it, in fitting, pull the fore-body over the shoulder and proceed to shorten the back at the top, and do not leave off till it fits neatly.

A fault that unpractised dressmakers are very apt to fall into is that of making the armholes too small. This destroys the comfort of the fit, and gives an unbecoming stiffness to the body. Thirteen inches is about the sized armhole for a person whose waist is twenty-four inches round, and for a stout person you may make it fourteen inches and a half. But the armhole is a thing you will probably have to alter when you fit the body on the person for whom the dress is intended. Should you have to alter it, mind you do not do so under the arm, for this diminishes the freedom of the fit; but cut the armhole, or rather *pare it*, generally round, with the exception of the part immediately under the arm. In putting in your sleeves, recollect that they must be (by an inch and a half) larger than the armhole. You might suppose this would make them look puckered, but it is not the case. Another thing you must bear in mind is, that the seam of your sleeve, instead of being even with the seam of your body, must be half an inch in front of it. And now that I am on the subject of sleeves, I must let you into a secret of great importance in these days of fanciful sleeves. If you have only one good sleeve pattern, you may procure a good many different fashions by making your sleeve longer or shorter; leaving it open, or gathering it into a band at the wrist; or by varying the trimmings. Another plan for giving variety to the appearance of the sleeve is by tacking a pretty under sleeve inside the upper sleeve. In Plates 1 and 2 you will see patterns that may direct your taste in these articles.

Of No. 1, the material is book muslin, and the puffings (cut straight) are of the same material. They should, in width, be about half as wide again as the sleeve itself, and be cut about two inches and a half in depth. In No. 2, the sleeve is of mull muslin. The puffings are cut bias, and gathered on to a foundation of mull muslin (also on the bias), gradually widening towards the wrist. It is finished off with a

pretty net edging. The satin ribbon with which this sleeve is trimmed should match the colour of the dress.

The "canezon," of which we give so pretty an illustration, is decidedly a revival. It was very fashionable many years ago. The ribbon trimming is, as you will allow, a very nice addition. The material of the canezone may be either black or white net, or white muslin; but the trimming must be lace, either black or white, to match the body, and only sufficient fulness should be allowed to give it ease.

The canezone is introduced in just the right place, while plain bodies are the subject of my directions; for the canezone is a great improvement to a plain body, whether made three-quarters or quite high. The canezone gives a finish and a fulness to a tight body when worn by a thin figure, and a tight body—though fashion now hardly allows of any other—is very trying to a thin figure.

Before I conclude this chapter I must revert to the subject of sleeves. In giving illustrations of muslin sleeves, and hanging sleeves, I do not mean that they should be worn for out-of-door costume in cold wintry weather. Nothing is more unbecoming than bare arms, blue with cold, in the month of November. The fashion of thus exposing the arms to the cold is not only unbecoming—it is very dangerous. The open or transparent sleeve is no protection from the weather, and the chilling gales entering at the sleeves penetrate to the vitals. I can assure you, on medical authority, that the open sleeve, worn on improper occasions, is a real source of danger. To avert this danger, tuck into the overhanging upper sleeve a puffed sleeve of merino, of any colour you like. Make

it according to the directions given in the last chapter for the puffed muslin sleeve. Merino sleeves are quite in harmony with the fashion of the day, and, what is more important, they are in harmony with good common sense.

THE COMMON LOT.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eye for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the Earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's overwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee! but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale?
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest,
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

Chemical Experiments.

We will amuse ourselves to-day by some cases of the operation of bleaching. The term is not a good one, inasmuch as the processes which correspond with it have little common alliance with each other. Certain colours are got rid of by actually destroying the colouring agent, when of course the original colour does not admit of being reproduced; other cases of bleaching there are in which the original colouring agent is not destroyed but changed to white for the time. Other cases there are in which the colouring agent is extracted bodily. We will now have a few examples.

Experiment 1.—Pour a little Saxon blue or indigo, dissolved in oil of vitriol, into water, so that the latter may be strongly coloured; add now to the coloured water a little chloride of lime, and the colour will most likely disappear; it will assuredly be caused to disappear if, when the chloride of lime has been added, a few drops of spirit of salt are also poured in.

We have already seen in the course of our previous experiments how chloride of lime is employed for discharging patterns on cotton fabrics; colours which have been discharged by the agency of chlorine may be regarded as destroyed absolutely.

Experiment 2.—Take a red rose, moisten it, and hold it over the fumes of burning brimstone, or chemically speaking, hold it over a source of sulphurous acid gas. The red colour will immediately disappear, but unlike the case just described, it will not be permanently destroyed.

Experiment 3.—Dip the whitened rose into water rendered acid with a few drops of oil of vitriol, and the original red colour will immediately reappear, demonstrating that the fumes of burning brimstone (sulphurous acid) are not a permanent and distinctive decolorising agent. Sulphurous acid is frequently employed as a bleaching agent in the arts. Thus, for example, straw bonnets are whitened by means of it; by sulphurous acid also, yellow sponges are whitened, and occasionally wool.

Experiment 4.—Take some porter, and throw into it goulard lotion (a subacetate of lead), as long as any precipitate falls. By this treatment the porter admits of being bleached almost white. Throw away the porter treated in the manner just described, inasmuch as goulard lotion is a poison.

Experiment 5.—Procure some animal charcoal or purified bone black, mix about a quarter of a pint of porter with three table-spoonfuls of it, place the whole in a warm Florence flask during a few hours, and finally throw the whole mixture on a filter. By this treatment as well as the last, the porter will be almost decolorised.

To get ironmould out of linen.—Wet the ironmould with pure water, then hold it over a burning brimstone match, or if that ancient thing be not procurable, over brimstone caused to burn in any other manner. After an ironmould has been treated in this way, it can be removed by contact with salts of sorrel. The chemical name for sorrel is binoculate of potash, taking heed of it because the substance is a poison.

To remove stains in general.—In certain books we find directions for the removal of stains by one particular process, as if all stains were removable by the same treatment. The reader will have studied the chemical experiments described in this journal to little advantage if he have not become aware by this time that, previous to the removal of a stain, it is necessary to ascertain the nature of the material by which the stain has been caused. If by an animal or vegetable substance, chlorine or chloride of lime will be most generally eligible, providing always that the tissue on which the stain exists be not itself dyed with a colour removable by chlorine. Here, in this circumstance, generally lurks the difficulty. It is not a stain from a colourless tissue that has commonly to be removed, but a stain from a tissue itself dyed and stained by colours, some of which are not dissimilar in nature to those which have to be removed. Grease stains may sometimes be most conveniently removed by turpentine; at other times by fullers' earth. Castor-oil stains may be removed by spirit of wine, in which liquid that very peculiar oil is soluble; a property by taking advantage of which castor oil may be separated from other fixed oils fraudulently or accidentally mixed with it. When paint stains occur upon woollen cloth, they can frequently be removed by no more difficult plan than rubbing it briskly with a piece of flannel. This process, however, is only successful whilst the paint is wet. If the paint have become somewhat dry, turpentine must be employed, which seldom fails to achieve the desired purpose. Most people who dabble much in chemical operations stain their apparel

now and then by acid marks, which cause discoloration, more or less, according to the strength and character of the acid. Oil of vitriol and spirit of salt leave red marks upon black and many other tissues. If the redness be touched with hartshorn it disappears on the instant, and provided the hartshorn have been speedily applied after the accident, the tissue will not usually suffer any injury. If the accident have occurred from any nitric acid, the damage is greater. Neither hartshorn, nor anything else, will usually suffice to restore the original colour in this case.

Small Change.

SMALL sands make the mountain, moments make the year, and trifles life.

A GENTLEMAN had a bad memory; a friend, knowing this, lent him the same book three times over; and, being asked afterwards how he liked it, replied, "I think it an admirable production, but the author sometimes repeats the same things."

DISTRUST all who flatter you. Take counsel of your own heart, and be careful lest you find a flatterer even there.

CARDINAL DE RETZ desired Menage to give him a few lectures on poetry. "For," said he, "such quantities of verses are brought me every day that I ought to seem at least to be somewhat of a judge." "It would be hard," replied Menage, "to give your eminence many rudiments of criticism without spending too much of your time. But I advise you, in general, to look over the first page or two, and then exclaim, 'Sad stuff! wretched poetaster! miserable verses!' Ninety-nine times in a hundred you will surely be right."

WISDOM is better than physical power. Better have, like Argus, a hundred eyes to see with and only one pair of hands to work with, than, like Briareus, a hundred hands to work with and only two eyes to see with.

"SIR," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?" "Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other; "but to judge from your size and appearance, I should think you belonged to the class generally called insects."

A LADY declared that she never could see How the men could all smoke—"Why, it kills 'em," said she—

"I don't know," said Sam—"there's my father—ain't slow—

Who smokes every day, and he's eighty, you know."

"But, sir, if he never had used the vile weed, He might have been ninety, he might, sir, indeed."

"MY native country has treated me badly," said a drunken vagabond, "but I love her still." "Probably," replied a gentleman, "her still is all that you do love."

"REMEMBER the poor!" Oh, yes, we all remember them, and—"don't do anything else."

THE following notice from a young man was lately addressed to a Judge of Probate:—"Sir,—My father departed this life not long hence, leaving a wife and five scorpions. He died detested, and his estate is likely to prove insolent. I was left executioner, and being told that you were Judge of Reprobates, apply to you for letters of condemnation."

BLISS has no programme; happiness is not bottled like wine, for future use; it is like dew—remove it from the flower and take it out of the morning, and, though you put it in a cup of pearls, it is only a drop of water.

A YANKEE, describing an opponent, says, "I tell you what, sir; that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic; add him up, and there's nothing to carry."

No swindler has assumed so many names as self-love, or is so much ashamed of his own.

WITH ladies of taste you cannot hope to accomplish much unless you are yourself accomplished.

WE are not more ingenious in searching out bad motives for good actions when performed by others than good motives for bad actions when performed by ourselves.

A MAN was recently convicted in Kentucky of stealing his neighbour's cows and hiding them in his cellar. It was thought a cowardly mode of cow-hiding.

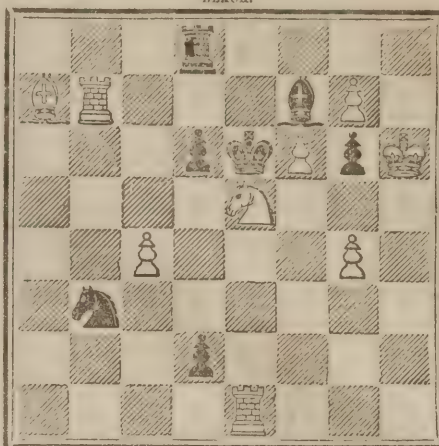
A CARPENTER'S BILL.—The following bill was lately presented to a farmer in Sussex:—"To hanging two barn-doors and myself seven hours, four shillings and sixpence."

If you adopt another's lie, you show that you would willingly have been its proper father.

BEWARE of self-praise. The breath of others raises our fame, but our own as surely prostrates it.

Chess.

Problem No. 83. By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.
BLACK.

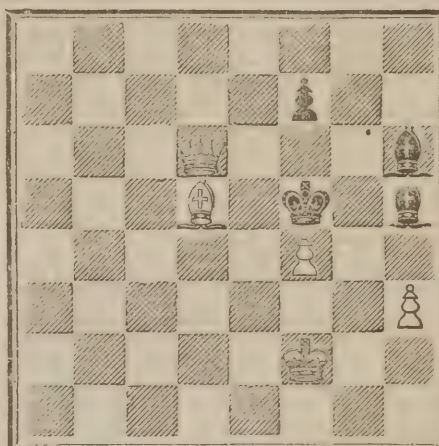


WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Problem No. 84. By DOMINO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in two moves.

Game played between Messrs. M. and B.

WHITE.
Mr. M.

1. P to K 4

2. Kt to KB 3

3. P to Q 4

4. Q takes P

5. B to K Kt 5

6. Kt to Q B 3

7. Castles

8. P to K 5

9. Q to K R 4

10. B to K 3

11. Kt takes P

12. B takes Kt

13. Kt takes B

14. B to R 7 (ch) (c)

15. P to K B 4

16. P takes P

17. B to K B 5 (e)

18. Q to K R 8 (ch)

19. K R to K sq, and mates in two moves

BLACK.
Mr. B.

1. P to K 4

2. Kt to K B 3

3. P takes P

4. P to Q 3

5. B to K 2

6. Castles

7. R to K sq (a)

8. P takes P (b)

9. B to Q 2

10. P to K 5

11. Kt takes Kt

12. B takes B (ch)

13. P to K R 3

14. K to B sq

15. P takes Kt (d)

16. R to K 4

17. R takes B

18. K to K 2

(a) Kt to Q B 3 would have been the correct move—
(b) Again, Kt to Q B 3 would have improved Black's game—
(c) Compelling Black to play K to B square.—(d) Q to K B 3 must have given Black the advantage.—(e) Enticing Black (who swallows the bait) to take the Bishop.

ROYAL ARSENAL.—The circumstance to which you refer would not justify you in playing your King to either of the squares commanded by your adversary's Knight.

R. W. S.—1. We will endeavour to comply with your wishes whenever practicable. 2. Problem No. 24 is quite sound. The White Pawn on Q B 2 is placed there for the purpose of preventing a commonplace solution commencing with Q to Q B 2.

W. W. B., J. PALMER, and other correspondents shall be replied to next week.

Our Editorial Table.

NOW READY, PRICE SIXPENCE,
CASSELL'S
ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK
For 1859.

This Beautifully Illustrated and Instructive Almanack, which has now obtained celebrity wherever the English language is spoken, will this year be found to surpass, if possible, its previous attractiveness. It will contain upwards of Thirty Engravings, the subjects as follow:—Twelve engravings representing the modes of Repast in various Nations and Periods;—Twelve engravings representing important events of the year 1858, including the Capture of Delhi—Storming of Lucknow—Bombardment of Canton—Earthquake in Naples—Burial of the Queen of Oude—the Leviathan off Deptford—Inauguration of the Boulevard de Sebastopol—Arrival of the Queen at Cherbourg—Launch of the Ville de Nantes—Fort Napoleon in Kabylia—Her Majesty's arrival at the Town Hall, Leeds—Removal of the decorations, fountain, &c., in the Place du Châtelet. Four emblematical designs of the Seasons;—Astronomical Illustrations, &c., &c. The Literary matter, in addition to explanations of the above Engravings, consists of the Calendar, richly stored with historical remembrances; Chronology; Obituary; Abstracts of Acts of Parliament; Important Statistics; Postal Regulations; Stamps and Taxes; Gardening Calendar; the Government; Royal Family; Houses of Lords and Commons, and other matters, interesting to all branches of the community.

N. B. Orders should be given at once to the nearest Bookseller, as delays, consequent upon the large circulation, have unavoidably occurred in the delivery of the two last years' issues.

FLAVIA.—You wish to know what became of the graceful "souvenir" entrusted to the Queen, for the Princess Royal, by the young ladies of Gravesend. It has been accepted, and the mayor of Gravesend has received a graceful acknowledgment of the same from the Princess, through the medium of her royal highness's secretary. The Princess—now Princess Frederick William of Prussia—says that she has had the great pleasure of receiving from the hands of the Queen the tasteful souvenir, commemorating one of the most gratifying, among the many, demonstrations of sympathy, which it was the happiness of her royal highness to receive on the occasion of her departure from England. The charming sight witnessed at Gravesend will, from its own merits, ever live in her royal highness's most grateful recollection. But the Princess derives particular satisfaction from the possession of so elegant a record of the names of the young ladies who took an active part in a scene, the beauty of which her royal highness regrets that she was not able, at the moment of parting from her native country, to enjoy as fully as she felt it, and as she would have enjoyed it under other circumstances. "Flavia" will readily understand how much the young ladies of Gravesend must have been charmed by this gracious, kind, and touching communication.

A WIDOW.—We agree with you that the dahlia and the chrysanthemum are the great ornaments of the latter half of autumn. We are glad to hear you have proved so successful in the cultivation of these flowers. You say you think you deserved the first prize for dahlias at the recent flower-show held in your county town. We must own we think these prizes are generally fairly awarded. Perhaps you do not exactly know what constitutes the beauty of the dahlia in the eyes of a connoisseur. It should be a perfect circle when viewed in front, the petals should be broad at the ends, smooth at the edges, thick in substance, and stiff to hold their form. They should be in regular rows, forming an outline of a perfect circle without any vacancy between them, and all in the circle should be the same size, uniformly opened to the same shape, and not crumpled. The colour should be dense, whatever it be, not as if it were a white dipped in colour, but as if the whole flower was coloured throughout. Perhaps your flowers exhibited their *disc* or *green scale*, or they might have been damaged by carriage. If so, their rejection can easily be accounted for.

A. B. B.—As Richard, Oliver Cromwell's son and successor, soon ceased to play any part in our history, you could not well expect much to be said of him in an epitome. As you are interested in him, the following details may be welcome. There was an element of dissension at work from the very beginning of poor Richard's rule, which led finally to the downfall of the protectorate. The army and the parliament, whose animosity had been smothered during the powerful sway of Oliver, now resumed their differences with a vigour which it far surpassed either the might or the skill of Richard to reconcile. Fleetwood (who was very powerful with the army, and who was also the brother-in-law of the Protector), in conjunction with Desborough, prevailed on Richard, partly by prayers, and partly by threats, to summon a general council of officers to take into consideration the state of the army. This was a most dangerous concession. Henceforth he became more and more a mere puppet. At the instigation of Howard, Broghill, and Faulconberg, he dissolved the council, and, at the instigation of the leaders of the council, he dissolved the parliament, and then what was to become of his bewildered self? On this point the generals were divided, but it ended in the recall of the long parliament; and a message to Richard, of which Sir Arthur Haselrigge was the bearer, to quit Whitehall, and consider himself Protector no longer. Poor Richard clung to the palace as long as he could, chiefly from the fear of his creditors, but they became noisy and importunate, and he retired to an estate which his wife had brought him by marriage, the splendid domain at Hursley, near Winchester. This property is now in the possession of the Heathcote family. Even here the ex-protector could not escape the persecutions of his creditors, and he left England in company with Ludlow. He remained in exile twenty years. During this time he resided partly in Geneva, partly

in Paris, where his abode was a mean garret in an obscure part of the city. What a residence for a man who had once ruled the destinies of Great Britain! In 1680 Richard ventured to return to England. He took up his abode at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, in a house near the church, where he lived, under the assumed name of Clark, in happy obscurity for upwards of thirty years.

ISABELL CHAMBERLIN.—It is evident from your writing and spelling, that your rank in life is inferior to that of the shopkeeper for whom you have formed an attachment. We do not blame you on this account. We all wish to rise in the world; and provided we do so by honourable means, we rather deserve praise than blame. But you will be quite unfit for the rank to which you aspire, unless you employ yourself in cultivating your mind. Give all your spare time to study, and read attentively—not only "The Editorial Table," but every part of our paper, especially those chapters containing "Hopes and Helps for the Young," which will guide you in the prosecution of the necessary studies, and "The Matron," which will assist you in qualifying yourself in the necessary domestic requirements. If your love is returned, you may be sure that your improvement will be appreciated by the object of your affection. Should he be indifferent to you, you will have gained information that will make you a better wife for some other suitor.

JULIE.—"Julie" may walk on the right or left side of her lover, just as she finds it convenient; and there is no impropriety in her taking his arm.

CHURCHMAN.—We believe that the Sunday evening services at Exeter Hall have been well attended, and have proved effective; but for the names of the preachers, and the other particulars about which you inquire, we refer you to the daily or weekly papers, which report such matters.

W. A.—The directions given in No. 39 were as plain and explicit as possible. Use the lotion till the effect is produced. Remember, however, that no remedy of this kind can be infallible, as baldness and gray hairs proceed from such various causes.

MARIE L.—Before we can tell you which of your two lovers to accept, you must let us know if both have proposed. You leave us in the dark on this important point.

A YOUNG DRAPER.—If your intentions are honourable, we see no objection to the course you are pursuing.

A BLIGHTED ROSE.—You have been forsaken by your lover, and you ask us what you must do. It seems clear you must do without him; and as it seems you have only "kept company" with him for six months, we trust you will banish him from your heart without any great effort. If you are, as we suppose, amiable and attractive, you will, in all probability, soon find another admirer.

SKELETON LEAVES.—Several correspondents are anxious to obtain plain and simple directions for carrying out this process. Can any of our readers furnish them?

BUTTONS.—An excellent receipt for making ink suitable for ticket-writing was given in No. 17, page 272.

G. R.—The indentures drawn out and signed by your father and your proposed master have no legal force without your own signature.

Z. A.—State your case to the person in question, candidly and honestly, and abide the result.

DOLLY.—You may make a tolerably good "imitation of cream" by mixing two tea-spoonfuls of fine flour with the well-beaten yolks of two eggs and a tea-spoonful of finely powdered white sugar; turn on this gradually a pint of boiling milk, stirring constantly to prevent lumps. A very small bit of sweet butter may be added.

A BEADLE.—The emphasis is laid on the first syllable; thus, *si-ne-cure*. In *church affairs* this means a benefice without a cure, or care, of souls. The strictest sinecure is where the benefice is a gift, and is committed to the incumbent by the patron, expressly without cure of souls, the cure either not existing, or being intrusted to a vicar. In secular or civil appointments, a sinecure is an office which has revenue without any employment.

ANXIOUS G. W.—The 11th of December, 1841, fell on a Saturday. For an answer to your second question apply to a medical practitioner.

A CONSTANT READER.—The stimulants you name are neither "wholesome nor nourishing," and are not needed to "improve any constitution."

IGNOTUS.—Dr. Isaac Barrow, the eminent mathematician, was the son of Mr. Thomas Barrow, a respectable citizen and linen-draper of London, in which city he was born in 1630. Bishop Butler, the author of the "Analogy of Religion," was born 1692, at Wantage, in Berkshire, where his father was a shopkeeper and a Presbyterian Dissenter. After studying the controversy between the members of the Established Church and the Dissenters, he determined on leaving the ranks of the Nonconformists.

JACK MANDERS.—You can obtain the third and fourth volumes of "Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper" of Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard. Price, neatly bound in cloth, 7s. 6d. each, or 5s. 6d. in paper binding.

E. J. MC.—For information as to a free passage to Australia or New Zealand, apply to the Emigration Office.

GUILLAUME.—A receipt for preparing quills for use will be found in No. 40, page 224. Receipts for pomades, &c., will be found in several previous numbers.

D. DONOVAN.—Your little French poem does you credit, but it is more suitable for some religious publication.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Nos. 72, 73, and 74, will complete Part 17 of the "History of England;" you had better get these, and then take the monthly parts, thirty-three of which are published.

WRITING MASTER.—The addition of a few bruised cloves, or a few drops of creosote, will prevent any tendency to mouldiness in ink.

SPORTSMAN.—A receipt for staining gun-barrels will be found in No. 47. The receipt for waterproofing boots was intended for another "Sportsman."

LA FIANCEE.—We see no reason whatever why you should not at once fulfil your engagement.

M. E. M. A.—It is impossible for us to say what engagements the projectors of Australian railroads have made, or are likely to make, in reference to officers or salaries.

SUFFOLK.—You have evidently made a mistake. If you refer again to the notice in which 15s. 6d. is stated as the price, you will find that it refers, not to the work you have purchased, but to "John Cassell's Educational Course," which includes "Science Popularly Explained"—"The English Language, its History and Forms"—"Astronomy"—"The Outlines of Botany"—"The Logic of Mathematics"—"Political Economy." If you did not ask the bookseller for "John Cassell's Educational Course," you have no just cause of complaint.

FLORA M.—Rice-paper is not, as you seem to suppose, made from rice pulp. It is the pith of a plant of the bread-fruit genus, brought from the western parts of China, chiefly to Canton, where the manufacture of the paper, and the painting upon it, gives employment to several thousand hands. The outline is made by pressure with a smooth ivory point, and is filled up with all the varieties of colouring matter suited to the subject.

S. J. T.—The pronunciation of the French word *Charivari* offers no difficulty. You need only refer to the alphabet published in this Paper, No. 23, in the first chapter of the French Lessons, and you will easily make out the pronunciation for yourself.

ROSA BONHEUR.—Avoid the cosmetic of which you speak. It is more likely to injure than to improve the skin.

QUESTIONER.—The Cinque Ports are five in number. The word *cinque* (five) has kept its place among us long after the English language was substituted for the French in legislative proceedings. These ports were originally five havens on the eastern shore of England, towards France, namely, Dover, Hastings, Hythe, Romney, and Sandwich. Rye and Winchelsea have been subsequently added.

CHARLEY.—In our opinion, conduct is *fate*. A CORK LASSIE will find that tortoise-shell is improved by having sweet oil constantly rubbed into it. M. L. G.—It is for the gentleman to take the initiative. You should not reveal your own affection until he has confessed a love for you.

THOMAS JONES, J. MURPHY, R. COMPTON, MARY L.—We fear you are not likely to improve your health or your circumstances by resorting to adventurers such as you name; consult medical men of established reputation. LARRY GARG.—Do not tamper with your eyes; wash them night and morning with a soft linen rag, dipped in the following solution:—sulphate of zinc, 16 grains; tincture of opium, two drachms; distilled water, one pint. A.—It is impossible for us to say "how tall" you will grow; but the practice to which you refer is not likely to increase either health, strength, or stature.

AN AFFLICTED SUBSCRIBER, J. D. PERTH.—Read aloud, and read and speak slowly and distinctly. FLIP FLAP, J. THOMSON, PETITE CLEANLINESS, SUFFERING HUMANITY, MINNIE, AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER, A GRAMMAR SCHOOL BOY, PRINCE CHARLIE, R. F. L., and others.—You should not too hastily check these cutaneous eruptions; in many cases they are efforts of nature to throw off humours caused by an impure state of the blood. Unless you first ascertain the cause, the remedy may prove worse than the disease. CROICK.—We fear you must submit to the attacks of midges, or gnats, till cold weather induces them to leave us. A. B. Y. Z., FLORENCE, SIR WALTER SCOTT, ERAU, JACK MANDERS, CONSTANTINE, SOPHIA DE MONTMORENCY, R. TIERRELL.—We have already given numerous receipts for thinning or thickening the hair, softening and whitening the hands, &c.

HOPE EVERMORE.—The two Foscaris (father and son) were Venetians, living about the middle of the 16th century. The father was doge, or duke, of Venice, but he had little power to save his son from severe punishments, decreed by the council, for receiving presents from foreign princes. The younger Foscaris was exiled, and during his absence the chief of the council was assassinated. Young Foscaris was suspected as the instigator; he was taken from prison, put to the torture, and was then once more consigned to captivity. At length the real murderer was discovered; but it was too late, the unhappy Foscaris had perished in prison. Marino Fallero was elected as doge of Venice in the year 1554. An affront (offered to his wife), which he considered the council visited with too lenient a punishment, excited his indignation. He determined to overthrow the Commonwealth, and become Prince of the State. His plot was discovered and circumvented, and the doge was executed.

THE MODEL COPY BOOKS.—In consequence of the numerous inquiries which we are daily receiving as to the Model Copy Books, and the difficulties which appear to exist in some cases in procuring them, Messrs. Petter and Galpin will in future send a set free by post, upon receiving a remittance of 2s. 4d. or, including three pence, 2s. 10d.

R. SMITH.—You will not be able to depend upon any yeast or barm which you can make at sea; but you will find an admirable and very portable substitute in the baking powders, which are in common use; or, you may make light and nutritious bread, cake, or pastry, as follows:—Take two ounces of carbonate of soda, one ounce of tartaric acid, and a small tea-spoonful of sal ammoniac powdered; mix them well in a perfectly dry state, and keep them in a wide-mouthed bottle, closely corked. When you mean to make your bread, mix the above very intimately into half a peck of dry flour; add as much cold water as will make dough rather stiffer than it is usually made for bread. Mix it briskly and well. Make this into three loaves; put them immediately into a quick oven, and bake for about an hour and ten minutes.

INQUIRIES AS TO BOOKS.—Every post brings us inquiries as to which are the best books on this, that, and the other subject. We find it somewhat difficult to answer these questions, in consequence of the rival claims of authors and publishers, and other circumstances which we need not now state. But if our correspondents on these matters will send us their names and addresses, and a postage stamp for reply, we will furnish them with the best information we can obtain.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER CVII.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

GRAY.

It is not to be supposed that the Markhams showed so little gratitude in their prosperity as to forget the warm-hearted, excellent Mrs. Tuttle, the tobacconist's wife, who had so generously relieved the distracted mother and her suffering child on the night which separated them from the hero of our tale. On the

contrary, Rachel and her daughter frequently visited her—the only mark of attention they could venture to offer without risking offence; for the worthy little woman was even more independent in mind than in her worldly circumstances, although the latter, thanks to her own energy and economy, had long since placed her far beyond the reach of want.

The events recorded in the preceding chapter took place on the morning of the day generally set apart for these visits, and, on the present occasion, Richard and Jack Manders were invited by the ladies to accompany them.

It was one of the happiest moments of Jack's life when, with Mary on his arm—by-the-bye, she had to ask him for it twice before the poor fellow found courage to offer it—he followed Mrs. Markham and her son into the well-known Belvidere-road, the scene of so much misery to all of them. Perhaps he felt no slight feeling of pride as well, but it was the pride of honesty. He had no cause now to fear the

glance of the policemen; he could meet the gaze of his fellow-men without the self-accusing blush rising to his cheek.

The errors of the boy had long since been redeemed by the integrity of the man.

Prosperity, we are told, hardens the heart, and we fear such is its natural tendency. For this reason it is good, therefore, that those on whom fortune at last has poured her gifts should, from time to time, visit the scenes of former poverty and trial; the happy spot where sorrow chastened them. The lesson is, at least, an ancient one, for we find that the Israelites, on their return to Jerusalem, after the first captivity, left in their most splendid structures a portion of the wall unpainted and unadorned.

It is to this custom that Moore so beautifully alludes—

"And like the spot left bare
In Israel's halls, to tell the proud and fair,
Amid their mirth, that slavery had been there."



THE APPALLING FATE OF ILLSTON.

A sentiment equally profound induced Rachel, before proceeding to Mrs. Tuttle's, to visit the old cottage, accompanied by her children. In the excess of happiness she felt that it would be a relief to her to pour forth in prayer the fulness of her gratitude to Him who had watched over her boy, to thank Him for present abundance on the spot where they had known hunger, misery, and want, and bless for His mercy Him from whom all blessings flow.

The cottage remained uninhabited. It was not the first time Mrs. Markham and her daughter had visited it since their prosperity; and the neighbour who kept the key of it no sooner recognised them than she hastened to open the worm-eaten door and shutters.

With instinctive delicacy, Jack Manders drew back, feeling that for some moments, at least, the mother and her children would prefer being alone. He could not repress a smile when the old woman curtsied respectfully as she passed him, evidently without recognising him; she had been one of the foremost to prophecy that he would never come to good. Fortunately, the good had come to him.

It would be difficult to describe the emotions of Richard, as he gazed around the cheerless room, the walls reeking with unwholesome damp, the yawning grate corroding in its rust, the cracked ceiling, and time-stained floor; too many recollections crowded on his brain for words, and he silently pointed to the spot near the window where Rachel used to sit and work, whilst he sat upon the stool beside her to repeat the lessons she taught him.

It was on that spot they knelt, the mother and her children, to pour forth the eloquence of voiceless prayer, to offer a homage more acceptable than the golden censers' perfume, each breast a temple, and each heart an altar.

The act of silent gratitude and thanksgiving ended, not a nook or corner of their former humble abode was left unexplored; numberless incidents in their past lives, privations, and contrivances, moments of joy as well as sorrow—for even in poverty they had known such—were recalled to their remembrance by a look of mutual intelligence, a glance, a smile. The cottage no longer appeared desolate, for it was peopled by memories; the straggling sunbeams peering in upon them through the broken panes, seemed to welcome them back, and our hero felt glad, very glad, that he had visited the old spot once more.

On leaving the place, they found their companion seated on a pile of timber, piled in the open space fronting the house, contemplating a group of children, all more or less marked with the brand of poverty, at play; the youngest, little toddling urchins, scarcely able to walk, deep in the mysteries of dirt pies: the older ones engaged in more active sports.

"Philosophising!" exclaimed his friend, tapping him on the shoulder.

"Philosophising," repeated Jack; "no, sir. I know nothing about philosophy, scarcely the meaning of the word. I was only wondering how it was those rich men who drive down here to business every day, the owners of the great brewery, wood-yards, saw-mills, soap manufactory, and wharfs, have never thought of building a school for these poor little things, growing up under their eyes in ignorance. Are they philosophers?" he added.

"In their own sense, I fear they are," replied Richard Markham.

"Then I am glad that I am not one," observed his friend, emphatically.

"Of what sort?" demanded Mary.

"Gymnosophists," answered her brother, with a smile. "Close-fisted ones," he added, seeing that she did not understand the allusion.

Mrs. Tuttle manifested a slight feeling of surprise at seeing Mrs. Markham and her daughter accompanied by two gentlemen. Such a circumstance had never occurred before, and she did not quite understand it. The first welcome over, and her visitors seated in the snug little parlour at the back of the shop, she began to cast inquiring glances first at her young favourite, Mary, then at our hero.

"No; nothing of the kind," exclaimed the fair girl—for she read her thoughts: "they are neither of them in love with me. Which is very ungrateful," she added, "considering that I love one of the two very dearly, and take great interest in his friend."

Our hero drew the laughing girl towards him, and kissed her tenderly.

Had it been possible for Mrs. Tuttle to suspect the speaker of anything like levity, she would have looked exceedingly shocked, entertaining, as she did, very rigid notions of female propriety.

"Well, it certainly does look a little singular," said the kind-hearted soul; "but, as your mother does not appear surprised, I presume I have no right to be."

"Certainly not," said Richard, kissing his mother.

Mrs. Tuttle thought that she should like to catch any young fellow taking such a liberty with her; which, literally interpreted, meant that she would feel exceedingly indignant at such a freedom. Little did she imagine how soon it would be her turn to undergo a similar salute; and that, too, without a word of anger or remonstrance.

"Can't you guess?" exclaimed Mary, taking both her hands in hers, and looking her full in the face.

Her old friend felt perfectly bewildered, and turned her bright, dark, gipsy-looking eyes first on our hero, next upon his sister. Suddenly the truth flashed upon her mind, and she pronounced the name of Richard.

"My own dear brother," added the happy girl.

"Who claims the right of thanking you for your kindness to those who are so dear to him," observed the youth.

His sister placed the hands she held in his, and the grateful son pressed his lips to the still blooming cheek of the tobaccoist's wife, whose niece, an exceedingly staid young person, on witnessing what was going on through the glass doors dividing the little parlour from the shop, let fall the scales in astonishment.

"God bless you, my dear boy," faltered Mrs. Tuttle; "your return has caused more than one heart to cease from aching. Didn't I always tell you, Mrs. Markham, that I felt certain he would return, worthy of your love and the tears that have been shed for him—and I was right. Am right," she added, "or you would not look so happy."

"He is indeed all that a mother's heart could wish him," answered Rachel.

Questions, answers, mingled with congratulations and expressions of astonishment as the adventures of the lost one were narrated, followed, till their true-hearted friend was in possession of all the facts. But the fact that impressed her the most, as she candidly acknowledged, was Jack Manders turning out so well.

"I never could have foreseen that," she observed; "out of all human calculation, considering the way in which he had been brought up by his wicked uncle. Of course," she added, "you saw in the papers an account of his death."

"This gentleman was present," replied our hero.

"What! he then is—?"

"My friend, Jack Manders," said Richard Markham; "you have guessed rightly."

Mrs. Tuttle shook hands with him, and generously forbore to smile as she recollected having caught him, on one particular occasion, behind her counter with a bundle of the very best cigars in his hand, and having dismissed him with a box on the ears.

The conversation was interrupted by a pale, delicate-looking girl, dressed in deep mourning, passing through the parlour into the shop.

"One of my first-floor lodgers," observed Mrs. Tuttle; "she was not aware that I had visitors or she would have gone the other way; there are three of them, mother, daughter, and step-father. The females have a sad time of it, I fear, for the man is a bad man, a brute in manners as well as in mind. Would you believe it, he beat them both the very first night they came to lodge here; but I soon put a stop to that by telling him I could allow no such conduct in my house. They are up in town to administer to the property left by a poor lad who died at sea; as he was under age, the husband gets it all. I pity the woman and her child," she added, "poor things! they looked forward to the young man's return as their last hope."

"Do you know the name of the young sailor?" demanded Jack Manders, who suddenly felt greatly interested.

"Caleb Costar," replied the mistress of the house; "but the father-in-law's is Gunton. They are all going to-morrow with the lawyer, at twelve o'clock, to Doctors' Commons to take out a probate."

Jack mentally made a note both of the time and place.

As the Markhams were engaged to dine with Mr. Bently, they now took their leave, but not till Rachel had obtained a promise that her benevolent friend would soon pass a day with them.

On reaching home our hero found William Thornton waiting for him.

"I have never been engaged in a duel," observed Richard, as soon as the cause of the visit had been explained to him; "in fact, my principles and reason are both opposed to the practice. Yours, however, appears an exceptional case; at all events, the son of my father's partner and friend shall not ask my assistance in vain. But are there no means of arranging the affair?"

The lover of Alice Boothroyd repeated all that had passed in the interview with her noble cousin.

"The cur, the cowardly cur!" exclaimed his hearer, indignantly. "I am not vindictive in my nature," he added; "but I trust you will give the captain reason to regret the disgraceful part he has undertaken. I will leave word, should the viscount call, that I am to be found at my grandfather's."

The young men shook hands cordially, and agreed that nothing further should be said upon the subject which, as a matter of course, was to be kept a profound secret from the ladies.

As they were to meet at Mr. Bently's, all further arrangements were postponed till after the interview with Captain Chester's second.

Lady Bell had not forgotten the hint so incautiously given in Kensington Gardens, as to what her course of action would have been had she been in William Thornton's place; and, to do her justice, regretted its possible consequences—a feeling that made her not suspicious, but watchful. During the dinner, and afterwards in the drawing-room, she and Lillian both noticed the abstracted air of our hero; but her ladyship alone could understand it; and when the butler brought the viscount's card to his young master, who instantly quitted the room, her fears became confirmed.

"Charley!" she whispered to her husband, who never could resist any request when prefaced by that word, "I fear Richard and young Thornton are engaged in a foolish affair; and something that I very nearly said has set them on a duel with Illston."

"Pah!" replied the baronet, good-humouredly; "the fellow has not the courage to fight. Lumley, of the Guards, assured me he was a most notorious coward. But I will speak to our young friend," he added, "and interfere if necessary."

"It is necessary," said the lady, emphatically. "I feel assured it is."

Although the gallant soldier treated the affair lightly in order to quiet the apprehensions of his wife, he resolved not to quit the house without an explanation with our hero.

It required a great effort on the part of Richard—a strict lover of truth and manliness of character—to receive his visitor without expressing the loathing and contempt his despicable conduct had inspired him with. He did, however, control his feelings within the limits of cold politeness.

"You are already aware, I presume," observed his lordship, "of the motive of my intrusion?"

"Mr. Thornton has informed me of your motives—thoroughly."

Illston bit his lips. He felt the irony of the reply.

"All that remains, then," he continued, "is to arrange the time and place of meeting; in which I shall be most happy to consult the convenience as well as the opinion of Mr. Markham."

"Look you, my lord," exclaimed the latter, "there is something so un-English throughout the entire proceedings in this affair that I scarcely dare trust myself to characterise them. Think not that if your rival falls by the hand of Captain Chester, that you will escape. William Thornton has friends who will most assuredly hold you responsible for his death."

"Instead of appearing as second in this duel," added our hero, "why not assume your true place—that of principal? In which case, I shall be most happy to proceed at once to make the necessary arrangements."

"I have no quarrel with your friend—no motive," he said. "Did he not afford you sufficient ground for one this morning," demanded Richard, "when he threw your card into your face? Most men would have considered it ample. Perhaps your lordship will inform me," he added, in a sarcastic tone, "of the exact amount of provocation necessary to constitute such an insult as you may find courage to resent?"

"Mr. Markham forgets the occasion of my visit," observed Illston, pale with rage. "I am here as the representative of Captain Chester, and most certainly shall not permit myself to gratify either his caprice or that of his friend, by being driven to act as his substitute. My name is not so undistinguished but I may be found—the present affair once terminated."

"Tis well. I shall hold you to your promise. For the rest, name your own time and place: to Thornton and myself, they are alike indifferent."

"To-morrow morning, then, at eight," said his visitor.

"Good."

"And the place, by the wall which separates Hyde Park from Kensington Gardens."

"Perfectly understood."

With this brief acceptance of the arrangements, our hero quitted the room, fearing longer to trust his temper with the cold-blooded, cowardly assassin; for whom, as he passed through the hall, he directed the porter to open the door.

Ilston quitted the house in high spirits. Chester, he felt assured, would rid him of his rival; and it would be quite time enough to guard against danger to himself from the indignation of his victim's friends when that victim was no more.

"Threatened men live long," he muttered, as he descended the steps of Mr. Bently's house into the square. "My life is—"

The report of a pistol rang sharply on the ear, and a bullet scattered the brains of the heartless monster. As not a being was in sight, it must have been fired from the window of one of the neighbouring houses, or the garden in the centre of the square.

It is extraordinary how rapidly a crowd collects in London, even in the most retired spots, the instant an accident occurs, or a crime has been committed. On hearing the discharge of firearms, servants rushed from the areas, and the cry of "Murder!" was raised. The bar of the nearest tavern was speedily deserted by the tribe of cabmen, stable-boys, and loungers; bundles came rushing from the neighbouring streets, all attracted by the magnetic influence of terror; with pale faces they gazed inquiringly upon each other, and asked who had committed the deed.

A policeman being for once where he was wanted, rushed forward: even he was startled, murder being an unusual crime on so respectable a beat.

The party assembled in the drawing-room had been startled by the report of the weapon, and just as Mr. Bently was about to ring the bell to ascertain the cause, the butler made his appearance.

"What is the matter, Barnes?" demanded his master.

"The gentleman who just quitted the house, sir, has been shot," answered the servant, nervously.

Sir Charles Fourreau, our hero, William Thornton, and Harry Morton, instantly quitted the room; fortunately—we say fortunately, for suspicion has as many tongues as eyes—Richard Markham had rejoined the party before the shot was heard, and the lover of Alice had not quitted it even for an instant.

In the presence of the dead all resentment vanished, and the body was at once removed to the house. Some suggested sending for a surgeon—an idea so evidently useless, that it was at once abandoned. A hundred questions were asked, to which no one could reply, for none had seen the murderer. The curiosity of the crowd became doubly intense, when informed that the murdered man was a lord, and it was not till the arrival of a strong body of police, that the hall and library could be cleared of them; even then they remained gathered in groups in front of the house, discussing the probabilities and possibilities of the affair.

"Terrible! inexplicable!" were the only words Richard Markham and his friend could utter.

Sir Charles had gazed on death too frequently to lose his self-possession, but seemed calm and collected as if nothing unusual had occurred. His first act was to telegraph the melancholy intelligence to the Earl of Carlington; his next to request a few minutes private conversation with our hero and William Thornton.

"My dear boy," he said, addressing the former with soldier-like honesty, "where reputation is concerned, there must be no concealment. What was the motive of Ilston's visit to you?"

"To arrange a hostile meeting between Captain Chester and my friend."

"I guessed as much," observed the baronet. "Had you any quarrel with him?"

"Not exactly a quarrel," answered Richard, "for his lordship appeared determined not to take offence. But I certainly expressed my opinion of his conduct."

Here the two friends narrated every circumstance that had led to the intended duel.

"You must permit me to replace Richard as second in this affair," resumed the veteran, after a pause; "that is, if Mr. Thornton will place his honour in my hands."

"Willingly!" exclaimed the lover of Alice Boothroyd.

"And unreservedly?"

"And unreservedly," repeated the young man, deeply gratified at the interest the request displayed.

"I need scarcely remind you then," observed Sir Charles, with a smile, "that from this moment you are a mere automaton in my hands, to act, move, apologise, or fight, as I may direct. Write as I shall dictate."

Without an instant's hesitation William seated himself at the table, and took up the pen.

"Mr. Thornton informs Captain Chester that he cannot, under any circumstances, degrade himself by accepting the hostile meeting proposed. For his reasons in declining it, he must refer him to General Sir Charles Fourreau, K.C.B."

"Mr. Thornton gives Captain Chester twelve hours for writing an apology for his ruffian-like conduct; should he decline doing so, a statement will be published, on the authority of Sir Charles Fourreau, of the circumstances which render it impossible for any man of honour to accord Captain Chester the satisfaction he has had the imprudence to demand."

The letter was sealed and at once dispatched to the chambers of the duellist; and so powerful was its effect, that in less than two hours, an apology, couched in the most ample form, was returned.

Three days afterwards the captain started for Paris.

The baronet never thought fit to explain the means by which he had brought the duellist to accept the humiliating alternative. Doubtless he was one of the few men acquainted with the real cause of his quitting the army. If so, his silence may be accounted for by the respect which, in common with all who had known him, he entertained for General Chester, the worthy father of a worthless son.

The person most to be pitied in the terrible event which had so unexpectedly released Alice Boothroyd from her fatal promise, was the Earl of Carlington, on whom the death of his only son inflicted a double blow—wounding him in his affections and ambition. At first, the family solicitor, who attended the inquest, felt disposed to cast a suspicion upon our hero and his friend; but a hint from his noble patron checked him. His lordship had held a long and private conversation with Sir Charles, in which the conduct of Ilston had been explained, and Captain Chester's letter of apology shown to him.

The attempt of the lawyer, the unhappy father well knew, could only bring dishonour on the memory of the dead.

The verdict of the jury, as might be expected under such circumstances, was "Willful Murder, against some person or persons, unknown." Three hours after it was given, handbills were placarded over London offering a reward of five hundred pounds for the detection of the murderer; and promising her Majesty's free pardon to any accomplice not actually concerned in the deed, who might give evidence against him.

For weeks and months, despite the active researches of the police, not the slightest clue could be obtained, and men began to predict that it was one of those mysteries that never would be solved.

Nous verrons, as our Gallic neighbours say.

Jack Manders had not forgotten the hour appointed for the father-in-law of Caleb and his lawyer to meet at Doctors' Commons, but was waiting for them in the immediate neighbourhood, accompanied by his friend, who, believing himself not yet of age, had carefully disguised himself by wearing the collar of his coat up to his ears, and his hat pulled over his brow.

The poor fellow trembled with rage when he recognised the anxious, grief-worn features of his mother and sister as they were hurried along by the tyrant, impatient to grasp the little inheritance for which he had plotted and sinned. To his astonishment, in addition to the lawyer, Captain Gall accompanied him.

At the sight of their old persecutor the blood of the young men tingled with indignation. They repressed it, however, till prudence permitted them to give free vent to it, and quietly followed them at a distance till they saw them enter the office, where the necessary forms were to be gone through.

The senior clerk was in the act of reading the affidavit of the commander of the Caradoc, in which he swore that his apprentice, Caleb Costar, had fallen overboard, whilst his vessel was lying at anchor in the Hooghly, and been drowned.

"What are you snivelling for?" demanded Gunton, shaking his wife rudely by the arm; "the young rascal would never have come to good."

"He was my son!" sobbed the unhappy mother.

"And so the young man was drowned," observed the official.

"I have sworn it," replied Gall.

"You have sworn to a lie, then!" exclaimed Jack Manders, walking into the office and looking the astonished speaker fully in the face; "for I left him a few minutes since alive and well."

A half-suppressed shriek of joy broke from the lips of the two females.

"You may stare," added the speaker; "I have said nothing that I cannot prove."

On hearing this, the senior clerk looked exceedingly grave, and placed the affidavit and other papers out of the reach of the applicants.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, "this young ruffian is a runaway apprentice of mine, who—"

"We have nothing to do with that, here," interrupted one of the officials; "if the statement you have made is true," he added, addressing himself to Jack, "why is not the young man here?"

"Because he is not of age, and—"

"He is of age!" exclaimed the agitated mother, "and has been these two months past; the papers in the hands of that gentleman prove it."

Caleb, who had been listening in the passage, could restrain himself no longer, but entered the office; the mother and sister recognised him, and in an instant their arms were round his neck.

"No, you don't!" exclaimed Jack, collaring his old persecutor, as he attempted to sneak out of the place, and dashing him aside with a little more violence, perhaps, than was strictly necessary.

Here one of the heads of the department whispered some directions to a porter, who immediately placed himself at the door.

"This must be settled elsewhere," muttered the disappointed father-in-law. "Come home," he added, scowling bitterly at his wife.

The terrified woman shrank back.

"Come home," he repeated, "or—"

Here Caleb stepped between his mother and the man who had so long tyrannised over her.

"Her home for the future is with her son, Mr. Gunton," he observed, his face radiant with smiles. "The time when you could brow-beat and indulge the violence of your temper is past. The boy has become a man. The nerves that trembled at your brutality are of iron: Attempt to enforce your authority, and I will tear you limb from limb."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Jack, casting anything but an amiable glance towards Captain Gall; "and I will second you."

"Nothing like violence can be permitted here," observed the senior clerk, as a couple of policemen entered the office. "You must accompany these gentlemen," he added, "before a magistrate."

Like all cowards, the two bullies were completely cowed by the sudden change in the aspect of affairs, and submitted to be led away without offering the slightest resistance; and the long-suffering wife and daughter returned to their lodgings, accompanied by Caleb and his friend.

When informed of what had taken place, Mrs. Boothroyd warmly congratulated them.

"Only let the wretch come here," she said; "I don't often lose my temper, but—well—only let him come."

Mr. Gunton, however, did not make his appearance; he and his confederate both fled from their hall, rather than stand their trial on a charge of conspiracy and forgery.

CHAPTER CVIII.

I know not of what use to put her to, but to have a hint of her, and her by her own light—SIR CHARLES.

THE death of her nephew proved a terrible blow to the ambitious designs of Lady Boothroyd, who had plotted and intrigued all her life for no other purpose than the empty gratification of seeing her daughter a peeress—a singular weakness for a woman possessed of so masculine a mind. In her rage, she did not hesitate to accuse William Thornton of being in some way accessory to the murder of Ilston, and more than once she repeated the odious calumny in the presence of Alice, whose joy at being released from her inconsiderate promise was damped by the terrible event, and the passionate violence of her mother.

It was true the persecuted girl had never loved her cousin, nay, had looked forward to her union with him with fixed aversion; still she could not help feeling pity at his untimely fate, snatched from life whilst in the very midst of its enjoyments, unwarned, and unprepared.

"I shall exact no promise from you as your poor weak father did," observed her ladyship, "but trust to myself to prevent your disgracing your family by a marriage with the son of a mere trader."

The prisoner, for Alice was still confined to her own room, under the joint surveillance of the French governess and lady's-maid, regarded her only remaining parent with an expression of mingled regret and commiseration.

"Mother!" she replied, "why will you not permit me to love you? Why force upon your child the painful conviction that she has no place within your heart? Why labour to destroy these feelings of respect and veneration which ought to render obedience and duty a happiness, and not a tyranny? Heaven has interposed to prevent the accomplishment of your past design. Think you," she added, "that its wisdom will not find the means to defeat your last and worst? It is never too late to atone."

The haughty woman repeated the word disdainfully.

"What!" she exclaimed, "acknowledges the rights

of this pretended cousin, the illegitimate child of the man your poor father hated!"

"He was his brother," observed her daughter, meekly.

"And see you stripped of half your fortune! Mel-down sold! myself reduced to a paltry pittance! a mere existence! never! There are two things I never will consent to; the first is your marriage with William Thornton."

Poor Alice sighed, she felt that her sorrows were not over yet.

"The next is to receive the daughter of Allan Boothroyd as my niece," added her ladyship.

It was a bold assertion even for so resolute a personage as the speaker to make. There are few of us strong enough to war against circumstances, those iron links which form the chain of destiny.

It was a sense of duty rather than the hope of persuading her mother to act justly, that induced Alice to prolong the conversation, by declaring the resolution she had formed.

"I shall acknowledge my cousin Lillian," she answered, calmly.

It was the first time the daughter had ever hinted at the possibility of braving her mother's authority, and it stung the proud and passionate woman to the quick.

"And on coming of age," added the fair girl, "repair any injustice the law may permit you to inflict, by dividing my fortune with her."

The culminating point of endurance had been reached. Lady Boothroyd would hear no more.

"Listen to me!" she exclaimed.

"I have listened to the voice of my conscience, mother," replied the noble-minded girl; "the only plea that can justify me in remaining deaf to yours."

It would be difficult to paint the peculiar expression with which Lady Boothroyd regarded her child for several instants.

"We had better drop the subject, Alice," she observed at last; "two years is a long time to wait. Your resolve may change before it expires."

"Never!" mentally repeated her daughter; "never!"

Meanwhile, the time appointed for the hearing before the chancellor was rapidly approaching, and the witnesses from St. Faith's, including Simon Gee, his wife, Farmer Minter, and several others, had arrived in London ready to give their evidence; but as yet no proof of the marriage, upon which, as Silvertongue and the learned gentlemen who were with him declared the whole case hinged, had been brought to light.

When the honest weaver and Hester, who still fondly clung to the belief that our heroine was really their niece, were first presented to Lillian in the drawing-room of Lady Bell, and saw her surrounded by all the refined luxury which wealth and taste procure, their hearts sank within them.

She has forgotten us, was the sad conviction of the worthy pair, an error her affectionate kiss, kind words, and caresses quickly dispelled. She recollected the tender solicitude with which they had watched over her in their humble home, their goodness, simple piety; and, with the delicate feeling of a grateful mind, sought to convince them they still held a place both in memory and affection no tie of blood could strengthen or absence weaken.

Numberless were their exclamations of grief, astonishment, and indignation, as they listened to the wild story of her abduction and adventures in India. With their inexperience of life it sounded like some fairy tale. One thing, however, they clearly understood—the part Mark Rayner and his wife had taken in her removal from St. Faith's; and it required all Lillian's influence and reasoning, by pointing out the cruel position Lady Boothroyd had placed them in, to induce the weaver and Hester to forgive it.

"We must not be too hard, wife," observed Simon, at last; "temptation is a strong thing."

"Ay, but honesty is a stronger," replied the rightly-judging little woman. "I am not so much surprised at Mark, but Rose—Rose to have deceived me."

"What could she do?" urged our heroine; "see her husband dragged to prison, his life forfeited for a supposed crime! You must have acted as she did, had you been placed in her position," she added; "you would never have seen old Simon torn from his home."

"Perhaps not," sobbed Hester, who could not restrain her tears at such a supposition. "Perhaps not; and after all, God is the only judge."

"Right," said Lady Bell. "He reads the motive—we only see the act."

Farmer Minter, with his usual practical good sense, frankly acquitted them. He did not see how Rose and Mark could have acted otherwise. Yet he, too,

was not without his disappointment. The worthy fellow had brought the savings of years to London with him to fight Lilly's battle against the lawyers, and, in the generosity of his heart, regretted that the money was no longer needful.

The morning preceding the hearing, the witnesses were all seated in the lodgings, near Westminster Hall, provided for them. Rose and her husband were also there, and she had been called upon to relate, for the second or third time, the history so deeply interesting to her hearers.

Hester could not comprehend how Lady Boothroyd should have turned out such an evil character—worse than Sir Norman—such a sweet-spoken lady!

"Won't we give Lilly—our young lady, I mean," observed one of the witnesses, correcting himself, "a real west country welcome, when she comes to her own!"

"If ever she does come to it," answered Mark Rayner, looking serious.

"What do thee mean?"

"The marriage certificate of Miss Lillian's parents is nowhere to be found, neither have the lawyers been able to discover the names of any who were present."

Farmer Minter struck his forehead despairingly; he would have given all the money he had brought with him, and ten times more had he possessed it, to remember the last words of poor Barney Gee.

"What be the matter with thee, neighbour?" demanded the astonished Simon.

"O my thick head! my thick head!"

"Well! well!" said the man, consolingly, "it be an honest one; and honesty is better than wit."

"The proofs will be forthcoming in good time," observed Rose. "I feel assured of it. Providence rarely leaves its designs unfinished; its hand is over us from our first step in good or ill; all things tend to its ends."

"Right," added her husband, approvingly; "I can see it now. Every man has one chance of escaping the snares that beset him—one guardian angel to watch over him. Mine," he added, affectionately, "has been my wife."

"I wish my unfortunate brother had had such a wife," exclaimed the weaver; "he might now have been sitting beside us instead of lying in his cold grave. Poor Barney," he added, "he loved me, but never minded me. Perhaps I was not as strict with him as I ought to have been, seeing I was so much the older. I shall never forget the night he first went out a-poaching."

"Why, surely you were not with him!" exclaimed Hester.

Her husband shook his head. "No, no, wife, not so bad as that; but I was in the old belfry when the keeper of Sir Norman chased him. He had a pheasant in his pocket, but once in the church tower, we defied them to find it."

"What did thee do with it?" demanded one of his hearers.

"Hid it in a niche behind the tenor bell, known only to ourselves," answered Simon. "We used to call it the owl's nest."

With a sudden laugh—an historical laugh, as Mrs. Gee invariably described it, when relating the circumstance—Farmer Minter sprang from his chair into the middle of the room, and made several fruitless efforts to speak; joy, or some other equally powerful emotion, was choking him.

"What be the matter with thee, neighbour?" demanded the weaver, patting him with all his strength upon the back, an operation which evidently increased his excitement.

"He be ill, poor man, he be ill!" exclaimed Hester.

"I have it," gasped the farmer; "I have it!"

"What has thee gotten?—the cramp?"

At this question the worthy fellow only laughed the more. "No, no!" he spluttered forth at last; "the—ha! ha! ha!—the owl's—"

"Gotten an owl!" exclaimed his friends, beginning to suspect that he was mad.

"Nest," added the farmer, "nest!" Having gasped out the word, he caught up his hat, clapped his hand upon his capacious pocket to assure himself that his purse was all right, and rushed out of the room.

On the stairs he encountered Mr. Morton's clerk, who had been intrusted to get up the evidence. He had come to accompany the witnesses for the last time before the examiner.

"Where are you going?" demanded the limb of the law. "I can't part with you."

"Owl's nest!" roared his witness. "Owl's nest!" "Owl's nonsense," repeated the clerk, attempting to bar his passage.

With a grasp that all but squeezed the breath out

of the clerk's body, Farmer Minter lifted him aside and gained the street.

All that his astonished neighbours could ascertain respecting him was that he had taken the train and started for Devonshire.

As Rose and her husband were returning to Mivart's to inform Sir Charles Fourreau of what had occurred, the latter was tapped upon the shoulder by a police officer in plain clothes, who informed him that he had a warrant against him.

"Upon what charge?" demanded Mark.

"A most serious one—murder."

"I expected this," answered the accused, "and am fully prepared to meet it. Be calm, Rose; I have nothing to fear."

Still his wife regarded him anxiously.

"Go to the hotel, and inform the general of my arrest," he added; "the confession of Saunders is in his possession. You will oblige me," he said, addressing the officer, who seemed rather puzzled by his coolness, "by procuring a cab for my wife, and another for myself. It can be no part of your duty to march me through the streets like a felon."

His captor did not offer the slightest objection; but beckoning to a brother-officer, who had followed him at a distance, ready to lend assistance in case of resistance, he directed him to call two vehicles from the stand.

In a few minutes Rose was on her way home, and her husband under lock and key in one of the cells in Bow-street.

An experienced lawyer like Mr. Morton had calculated the probability of an unscrupulous woman like Lady Boothroyd making a desperate effort to prevent a witness so damaging to her reputation from appearing in court, and had taken his measures accordingly.

Accompanied by Sir Charles and an officer of the 01st, who fortunately happened to be in England on sick leave, he presented himself before the magistrates, who, on reading the confession of Saunders, and hearing the evidence of the baronet and his friend, on oath, consented to accept bail for the appearance of the prisoner.

"Her ladyship is an exceedingly clever woman," observed the lawyer, as they drove from Bow Street; "and the card was skilfully played. Pity," he added, "that it was not her last."

Doubtless the speaker alluded to the absence of all proof of Lieutenant Boothroyd's marriage.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young

FOOD AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Most writers to young men have a good deal to say about diet, and regimen, and physical culture, and all that sort of thing; those who know the least of these important subjects are invariably the most elaborate and specific in their treatment of them. There have been some awful blunders committed in this business. All the denunciations we can heap together we here dedicate to those ascetic philosophers, who prescribe sawdust pudding, and plank beds, and brief sleep, and exhausting walks, long hours, and short commons for the rising generation. Heartily do we pity any young man who has become the victim of their notions. It is a hard sight to see a young man with the pluck all taken out of him by a meagre diet and excessive labour; his whole nature weakened and impaired by the plan of life he has adopted.

Look at this matter in a common-sense point of view. If you have a likely Durham steer, that you want fully to develop, would you not keep him on something more than a limited quantity of straw? You would not stir him up with a pitchfork before he has had his nap out, and insist on his being driven ten miles before he has had anything to eat. You would not take pains to make him generally uncomfortable; you know perfectly well that the animal will not grow up strong and sound—the pride of the farm and the gem of the stall—unless you give him abundance of the best food, a clean and comfortable place to sleep in, and just as long naps as he sees fit to take. The truth is that a good and abundant diet is not only essential to the highest physical health and development of man, but it improves, in a very important degree, the strength and vigour of the mind. A man cannot acquire courage on a spare diet; it is necessary to take care of the body in order to keep the mind unimpaired.

It may be objected to this, that great animal development is not necessary in man. We answer that it is: we declare that the more perfect a man can make his animal nature the better for him—that the animal nature is the servant of the mind; well treated, it serves obediently and honestly; badly treated, it

rebels, and may in its turn assert the mastery over the mind. The idea that the development of the body is something to be condemned, that it is inimical to the best growth and development of the mind, is essentially impious—no matter where it is started; it is all wrong. A perverted and perverting animal nature is a fearful thing, but vigorous and healthful, it is like everything which God makes—very good.

We would recommend this subject of food and physical culture to your most serious attention. We would counsel the use of nothing which would stimulate one portion of your system more than another; but remember the best food is not too good for you, and that unless you have a perverted appetite, there is very little fear of your eating too much of it. Therefore, young men, we would say to you, be honest with your stomach. Let your diet be full and wholesome. Sleep well. If Franklin ever originated the maxim, "six hours sleep for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool," it was unworthy of that great man's common sense. Young man, if you are a student, or engaged in severe mental occupation, sleep just as long as you can sleep comfortably. Lying in bed from laziness is another thing entirely.

Sleep is a thing which should not be rudely or unnecessarily disturbed. Nature is recruiting us, steeping our senses in forgetfulness, invigorating our frames for coming duties; nothing should trespass on an honest sleep. If any ascetic philosopher has made you believe that it is good for you to be hurriedly awakened from your repose at an early hour, and to go out into the raw morning air with your fast unbroken, and your body unfortified by the stimulant of food—forget him and his counsel, and take the full measure of your rest. Just as much labour can be accomplished in ten hours as in fourteen, with more efficacy and less fatigue, when proper rest and bodily exercise are taken.

But, physical culture, what is that? A very important thing, we assure you. Some young men get this in their employments, and are growing up with manly frames and strong arms. Others are delicate, with narrow shoulders, flat chest, and weak arms; they have little or no physical strength, their employment is such as to call for no bodily vigour; to such physical culture, as a part of education, is of the utmost consequence. Physical culture perfects a very important portion of the work which a wholesome diet begins. Your body needs a thorough training for the development of its power and the preservation of its health and strength. You need exercise; a natural law affects children in this particular, and is a striking illustration of what we, grown up children, should do. The necessity of play is laid upon children, and those restless little fellows who are always sliding, or running, or wrestling, are doing exactly what they ought to do. Those little brothers of yours, who, it may be, drive you half insane by their noise, who will not sit down quietly, and who, if they are persuaded to sit down, wriggle and twist their bodies into new positions every moment, these unquiet children are discharging a grand duty of their nature. But boys grow lazy as they grow older. As a child, a boy uses every physical power which he possesses, but as he approaches man's estate he puts away these "childish things," and imagines he is thereby becoming more dignified and more manlike. But the duty of play does not cease with childhood. When your employment cannot do for you what play has done, and when you have no regular task for your bodily powers, you must play. Walking, riding, cricketing, and fencing, ball playing, bowling, rowing, and running, all these are as legitimate to the man as the simpler sports are to the boy, and are, in a degree, essential to his happiness and usefulness. The fact is—and the fact should be constantly borne in mind—that man has a twofold nature—mind and body, and that, in order to preserve the first, he must take care of the second.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"TO-DAY," observed George, "we will invert the order of things, and begin by a little conversation on some idioms that occurred in that part of the 'Voyage à Paris' which you wrote out yesterday."

"The expression 'cela m'arrange,' for 'it will do,' is a decided Gallicism. Literally, it would be 'that arranges me.' However, there are other ways of ending 'it will do.' Perhaps the most usual is 'cela ira.' Particularly avoid the literal translation, 'cela fera.' It would immediately stamp you as a beginner. *Des draps blancs*, 'clean sheets,' next claim attention. 'Propre' is the usual word for 'clean,' but applied to linen, *blanc*, 'white,' is the

word used; and bear in mind that 'blanc' applied to a feminine substantive becomes 'blanche.' If you are speaking of a thing being soiled or dirty, you may use the word 'malpropre.' In fact, 'c'est le plus usité,'—it is in the most general use.

"You may remember, Robert, our travellers were to have a female servant to wait upon them. They were lucky in this, for in many places in Paris one sees men doing all the household work, and even making the beds. At first, this is very displeasing to an English eye; but one becomes accustomed to it. In some of the furnished apartments, the servant that waits on you is called 'un serviteur omnibus'—a servant for everything. 'Il bat vos habits. Il balaye votre chambre. Il fait votre lit.' Now, Robert, translate those French sentences."

Robert paused for a moment, and then gave the following correct translation. "He beats your coats. He sweeps your room. He makes your bed."

"Very well, indeed," said George.

"Do not bestow too much praise upon me," said Robert, smiling, "for I partly guessed the translation."

"Never mind that; in the earlier stages of talking and understanding French, we all of us do a great deal by guess work. Only go on with the perseverance you have hitherto shown, and I am sure I shall have often to say, 'Courage, cela ira.' I know I need not translate that, so we will pass on to the rules for the French exercise, leaving the vocabulary for to-morrow."

"I do not mean you to learn by heart the rules that are about to follow. You need merely read them over attentively; and, if you do not quite understand them, do not be disheartened. An exercise upon them will clear up some of the difficulty; and practice alone will make you perfect in them. The subject of the exercise is still the adjective. In French the adjectives must agree in gender and number with the noun it qualifies. You will say this is clear enough; and so is the following rule—that when the adjective is preceded or followed by several substantives of the same gender, and united by the conjunction *et*, 'and,' it takes the plural, and is of the same gender as the nouns themselves; but if the nouns should have one and the same meaning, representing, as it were, but one idea, the adjective must be in the singular. Another rule respecting the adjective shows the superior grammatical importance of the masculine gender. If the adjective is used to qualify nouns of different genders, it is always used in the masculine plural. In this case, for the sake of sound, the feminine noun should be put first, supposing the masculine termination of the adjective differs from the feminine."

"When nouns have a similar meaning, and only one of them is qualified by the following adjective, this adjective agrees with the last-mentioned noun; and you may apply this rule when there is no gradation in the meaning of the nouns which the adjective is to qualify. Nouns separated by the conjunction *ou* must have the adjective in the singular; but if the adjective at once qualifies both nouns, then it is in the plural. I had better give you an example of this:—'Quel est le bon fils qui ne gémisse de voir son père ou sa mère perdu pour le bonheur?' 'Where is the good son who would not mourn over his father or mother lost to happiness?'"

"Supposing an adjective preceded by two nouns separated by 'of' (*de*), it must agree with the first or last, according to the sense of the sentence; and when adjectives, preceded by several nouns, are separated by the conjunctions *ainsi que*, 'as,' *aussi bien que*, 'as well as,' *comme*, 'as,' and *avec*, 'with,' it must agree only with the first of those nouns, if the sentence expresses a comparison; and with all of them, if the sentence implies unity, as it does in the following instance:—'In Rome, as well as Greece, Jupiter and Mars were acknowledged as gods.' 'A Rome, et dans la Grèce, Jupiter ainsi bien que Mars étaient reconnus pour Dieux.'"

EXERCISE.

ADJECTIVES CHANGING THEIR SIGNIFICATION ACCORDING AS THEY ARE PLACED BEFORE OR AFTER THE NOUN.

1. A tall man is not always a great man, and a small man is not always a mean man. 2. An honest man may not be a brave man. 3. There is a great difference between a good man and a simple man. 4. A certain man told me, yesterday, as a positive fact, that the king is dead. 5. I have heard at the concert that Mr. C*** has a common voice. 6. Last year was the last year of the war. 7. What is the difference between a wise woman and a mid-quelle sage femme sage-

wife? 8. Ladies say that Mr. D*** is a clever man, but not a courteous man. 9. A lively man is never mistaken for a noble man. 10. Give us some other wine, but not any new-made wine. 11. I see you often with a new coat, but never with a new-fashioned coat. 12. A poor writer is generally a poor man. 13. An honest man, in order to be loved, should be a polite man. 14. A flat epigram is seldom a wicked one. 15. Mirabeau was an ugly man, but not a mean man.

LE CORRIGE.

1. Un homme grand n'est pas toujours un grand homme, et un petit homme n'est pas toujours un homme petit. 2. Un brave homme peut ne pas être un homme brave. 3. Il y a une grande différence entre un homme bon et un bon homme. 4. Une certaine personne me dit hier comme un fait certain que le roi est mort. 5. J'ai entendu dire au concert que M. C*** a la voix commune. 6. L'année dernière fut la dernière année de la guerre. 7. Quelle est la différence entre une femme sage et une sage-femme? 8. Les dames disent que Monsieur D*** est un galant homme, mais non un homme galant. 9. Un homme gentil n'est jamais pris pour un gentilhomme. 10. Donnez-nous de nouveau vin, mais non pas du vin nouveau. 11. Je vous vois souvent avec un nouvel habit, mais jamais avec un habit nouveau. 12. Un pauvre auteur est généralement un homme pauvre. 13. Un honnête homme, pour être aimé, doit être un homme honnête. 14. Une méchante épigramme est rarement une épigramme méchante. 15. Mirabeau était un vilain homme, mais non pas un homme vilain.

"You recollect, Robert," observed the instructor, "our travellers had succeeded in finding comfortable furnished apartments. We will suppose they left their hotel as they intended, and moved into their new abode that very night. The next morning we find them in excellent spirits, having just partaken of a good breakfast."

CONTINUATION OF

LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

How comfortable it is to have a little home of our own. Quel bonheur d'avoir un petit chez soi.

Particularly after all the trials of a journey. Sur tout après toutes les épreuves du voyage. Oh, I shall never forget my arrival in Paris. Ah, jamais je n'oublierai mon arrivée à Paris. As soon as one puts one's foot on Parisian ground, one's troubles begin. Au moment même où on met le pied sur le sol parisien commencent les tribulations.

One hears nothing but shouts. On n'entend que des cris. Yes, from all sides. Sir, do you want a guide? Oui, de toutes parts. Monsieur, un guide? Sir, do you want an interpreter? Monsieur, un interprète? Sir, do you want well-situated furnished apartments? Sir, to what hotel shall I take your luggage? Monsieur, une chambre garnie bien située? A quel hôtel faut-il porter les effets de monsieur?

Such confusion! If the poor traveller did not go on some plan, he would soon lose his free will. Ah quel tracas! Si le pauvre voyageur n'y met bon ordre, il risque perdre son libre arbitre. Let us think no more of it; here we are safe and sound. N'y pensons plus. Nous voici sains et saufs. Let us rather talk of the wonders of this fine city. Parlons plutôt de ce qu'il y a de remarquable dans cette belle ville.

I shall be happy to do so. Je le veux bien. Do you not mean to accompany me in my walks? Et n'est-ce pas vous m'accompagner dans mes courses?

Of course I do. But before I guide you through the streets of this vast metropolis, it is advisable to say a little about the history of Paris. Sans doute. Mais avant de vous guider à travers les rues de cette grande capitale, il nous importe de dire quelque mots sur l'histoire de Paris.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

OF THE SOUND *on*.

This sound, nearly, exists in English, in the word *song*, &c.

It is found in French words, represented by the following combinations:—*aon*, in *taon*, horse-fly;

aons, in *taons*, horse-flies; *om*, in *complet*, complete; *omb*, in *plomb*, lead; *omps*, in *je romps*, I break; *ompt*, in *il rompt*, he breaks; *on*, in *bouton*, button; *onc*, in *donc*, then; *ond*, in *profond*, deep; *ong*, in *long*; *ons*, in *poissons*, fishes; *ont*, in *ils aiment*, they will love; *eon*, in *plongeon*, plungeon; *eons*, in

18 18 18 18 18 18
Project plungons; *an* in *Manner* (the name of a
 city), and *in* in *Hammer* (a proper name).

The sound on is the result of the following
 combinations of letters:—*an, aon, am, amh, cups,*
is, is is, is, is is, is is, is, is is,
cuph, on, on, on, on, on, on, on, on, on.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XXVIII.

EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY.

ATTRACTION AND REPULSION (continued).

713. Can a person be silently and insensibly filled with electricity?—He can: by standing on an *insulating stool* with glass legs, and taking hold of a brass rod that rests on the prime conductor. In this condition his clothing will attract particles of dust, pieces of paper, and other light bodies; his hair will stand out, and sparks may be taken from his hands, his ears, his nose, or from any part of him.

714. Mention two or three instances of violent effects produced by the mutual repulsion of particles of bodies highly charged with electricity.—The charge of a large Leyden jar passed through water confined in a small glass tube and between two wires that nearly meet at the centre, shatters the tube and scatters it into fragments. A quire of paper, placed between two metallic balls, may be perforated with the charge from a battery.

715. Mention other instances of similar effects produced by repulsion.—In a similar manner, brittle bodies, as pieces of loaf sugar, sealing wax, hard wood, stones, &c., may be broken and scattered into fragments.

716. How are all the violent effects of lightning, such as the shattering of trees, and stripping them of their bark, the destruction of articles of furniture in houses, &c., produced?—By the strong repulsion existing between the highly charged particles of the bodies that lie in the path of the lightning. This effect of repulsion may sometimes be greatly increased by the sudden conversion of the moisture in these bodies into steam.

HEATING EFFECTS OF THE ELECTRIC DISCHARGE.

717. Can combustibles be set on fire by electricity in motion?—Ether and spirits of wine can be inflamed by the electric spark received from the prime conductor of an electrical machine.

718. Can solid combustibles be inflamed by the electric discharge?—Gunpowder will explode, and tow dipped in powdered resin will burst into flame, if the spark from a good-sized Leyden jar be passed through them.

719. Can metals be heated by the electric discharge passed through them?—They may be melted, and even burned up, if they are used in the state of a fine wire to conduct the charge of a powerful battery.

720. In order that heat may be produced by electricity, what is necessary?—That a considerable quantity of electricity should be in motion, and meet with resistance at the point where the heat is to be produced.

721. What is the reason that lightning often sets fire to a building that it strikes?—Because of the resistance that the flash meets with from the combustibles through which it passes.

722. Will an ordinary lightning rod convey a flash of lightning to the ground without being materially heated?—It will; but the points of lightning rods have sometimes been melted when struck by lightning.

ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY.

723. How did Franklin establish that lightning and electricity are identically the same?—He drew the lightning down from the clouds, by means of a kite, and showed that it would produce the same effects as electricity.

724. Where did Franklin perform this remarkable experiment?—At Philadelphia, in the summer of 1752.

725. Was this the first experiment of the sort?—No; the Abbé Chappe, at Tobolsk, in Siberia, had, previous to this, succeeded in drawing the electric fluid from the clouds.

726. Was Franklin's experiment repeated elsewhere?—During the following summer M. de Romas, of France, raised a kite to the height of 550 feet, into the midst of a thunder-cloud, and obtained at the end of the wire coiled around the string, sheets of fire ten feet in length and an inch in thickness, accompanied with explosions louder than the report of a pistol.

727. What is the usual mode of collecting electricity from the atmosphere for the sake of observa-

tion and experiment?—By means of an insulated metallic rod terminating in a point directed upward. It is also sometimes collected by means of long insulated wires stretched on the tops of lofty poles.

728. What is the ordinary electric state of the atmosphere?—It is charged with more or less of positive electricity; the quantity increases from the surface of the earth upward.

729. What is the electric condition of thunder-clouds?—Sometimes positive and sometimes negative; and the same is true of the air in stormy weather.

730. Do thunder-clouds always discharge to the earth?—They do not, but generally from one to another.

731. When lightning strikes near to us, what is the character of the thunder?—It is a peculiar, rattling, crackling noise, that continues for a short time.

732. Why is the sound prolonged?—Because it does not reach the ear from all points of the lightning's path at the same instant.

733. What is the original cause of thunder?—The sudden violent movement imparted to the air by the lightning in its passage.

734. What is the immediate cause of this movement?—The mutual repulsion of the particles electrified by the lightning.

735. What is the explanation of the heavy roll of thunder that often follows the first explosion after a short interval?—It is probably occasioned by reverberations of the original sound from the clouds.

736. What are some of the circumstances by which the sound that reaches the ear may be modified?—The zigzag or other form of the lightning's path, the number of simultaneous flashes, and the direction pursued by the flash.

MAGNETISM.

PROPERTIES OF MAGNETS.

737. What is a loadstone?—A piece of iron ore found in the earth, which has the property of attracting iron.

738. Does the loadstone attract a piece of iron with the same force at whatever part of its surface the iron is presented?—The attraction is the strongest at two opposite points called *Poles*. These are at north and south.

739. In passing from the poles to the middle of the loadstone how does the attraction vary?—It decreases rapidly, and near the middle vanishes altogether.

740. What is supposed to be the cause of this attraction?—A subtle fluid within the mass of the loadstone that has in some way been excited into action.

741. What is this fluid, or principle, whatever it may be called?—*Magnetism*; and the loadstone is said to be a *Magnet*.

742. What is the general opinion of the philosophers of the present day as to the nature of the principle of magnetism?—It is believed that magnetism is electricity in a peculiar state of motion. This belief is founded upon the fact that the effects produced by magnetism may be obtained from currents of electricity circulating in wires.

743. What effect has a loadstone or magnet upon a piece of malleable iron brought into contact with one of its poles?—It converts it at once into a magnet, as may be shown by applying a key to the other end.

744. Suppose, instead of malleable iron, a piece of hard steel be applied to either pole of a magnet?—The steel will also become a magnet, but the full effect will not be produced at once, and will be much less than on the iron.

745. How is it with cast iron?—Cast iron resists the magnetising action of the magnet with about the same force that cast steel does.

746. What will happen if the piece of soft iron be withdrawn from the magnet?—It will return at once to its former condition.

747. Will the same be true of the piece of steel?—It will not; the steel will have become a permanent magnet, like the loadstone.

748. What is such a magnet called?—An *Artificial Magnet*. The loadstone is called a *Natural Magnet*.

749. To magnetise a steel bar completely, what must be done?—The bar must be rubbed several times, in the same direction, from end to end, against one of the poles of a strong magnet.

750. If a magnet be suspended at its middle, what position will it take?—It will point north and south. If it should be drawn out of this position, it would immediately return to it again.

751. What name is given to the pole at the north end?—It is called the *North pole* of the magnet, and the other the *South pole*.

752. How may the unequal distribution of magnetism over the bar be shown?—By rolling the bar in iron filings; the filings will adhere in the largest clusters at the ends and along the edges.

Fig. 46.

753. Does the attractive power exerted by the pole of a magnet take effect through paper, wood, stone, &c.?—It does, but diminishes rapidly as the distance from the pole increases.

THE GATE OF TEARS.

[The "Gate of Tears," the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babelmandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for, all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic Ocean.]

Among the tide of story led,

We often find some thought astray

That overrules its little day;

So in Arabian tale I read

That all who sought the Ethiop sea

Through Babelmandel's stormy strait,

Were mourned as having passed the gate

That opens to eternity.

It shadowed forth so many fears,

So many farewells, sobs, and sighs,

Such weary hearts, such aching eyes,

It grew to be "the gate of tears."

I thought it over—how they met,

And how they parted, wringing hands,

And giving low and sweet commands,

And love-words, saddened by regret.

And then I thought of other straits

That open into unknown seas;

How Life has many such as these:

How Love, in sackcloth wrapt around,

Hath in her sorrow no relief;

Her heart is overcharged with grief

For those who now are "onward bound."

How, as each slowly disappears

Through perilous straits to unknown seas,

The loved ones fall upon their knees,

And worship at "the gate of tears."

And if the wanderers reached Cathay,

Or harboured at Avillion isles,

They cannot count the deep sea miles

Down which their journey stretched away.

THE FRENCH COURT IN ANCIENT DAYS.

THE close of the ninth century was a period of utter stagnation in the kingdom of France. Under the rule of Charles the Simple, the country had been almost completely sacked by the Normans, and invaders and freebooters ceased to trouble a region where everything valuable had already disappeared. "You might," says an old chronicler, "have journeyed leagues without hearing so much as the bark of a dog;" so deserted and empty were the towns and villages.

The feeble monarch, living supinely among his ruined possessions, was at length roused into something like an appearance of interest, by the bold entry into Paris of Rollo, the Norman chief, who had made his way hither through havoc and conflagration by which he had marked his progress. Hitherto, Normandy had possessed no real title or settlement; but the old chief now demanded that Charles should endow him with its possession, and confer upon him the rank of a great feudal prince, proposing at the same time that he should marry the king's daughter, Gisela.

Charles had not spirit to spurn these haughty proposals, but only stipulated that he should embrace Christianity, and do fealty to him as his suzerain, according to the custom of the Franks, in return for his estates and dignity. These conditions were accepted, and thence sprang into being the often-contested Duchy of Normandy, in which Rollo was now formally invested.

While this ceremony was going on, the old warrior was ordered by the prelates to stoop and kiss the foot of the king. "Never, by Heaven!" was his angry reply. One of his soldiers was permitted to serve as his proxy in this interesting ceremonial, but instead of stooping, the soldier raised the foot to his mouth so rudely, that the king was toppled from his throne to

the floor, which drew peals of laughter from Rollo and his people. As soon as the marriage was performed, which made him the son-in-law of Charles, Rollo was baptised at Rome, by the name of Robert.

The new Duke of Normandy was so firm and just in his administration, that no fief in France was as efficiently and admirably governed. It was said of it that, "a child might have traversed his domains, with a purse of gold in his hand, without fear of molestation;" and the old chief is reported to have hung a pair of golden bracelets on a tree, where they remained for two years without any one daring to touch them.

The battle of St. Medard, in 923, brought disgrace and defeat to Charles the Simple; and for the next three-fourths of a century the throne of France passed from king to noble, and from noble to king, until the Carolingian race ended in the person of Louis le Faincant, or the Slothful.

In 996 the son of Hugh Capet ascended the throne under the name of Robert I. His queen, Bertha, was a princess of the house of Burgundy. Gregory V. desired him to put her away, on the alleged ground of relation within the prohibited degrees; and when Robert refused, the pope placed his kingdom under an interdict, and the king was excommunicated.

The court was deserted by all, excepting two menials, who supplied the means of life to the king and queen. Lonely and desolate, the royal pair remained in the deserted palace, receiving their food by means of a turning box, the servants fearing to touch anything which they had used, lest they should draw upon themselves the dreaded wrath of St. Peter.

The persecution at length subdued the king. Bertha was divorced, and the interdict was removed. A new queen was found in Constance, daughter of William, Count of Arles. The domestic happiness of Robert was embittered by the impetuous passions of Constance. She was vain, haughty, and imperious, and abused the station which the unhappy Bertha would so well have adorned.

Meantime, the latter, who had been tenderly attached to Robert, was lingering out a life worse than widowhood. It became known to her, too, as if to increase the sense of injustice which pressed upon her so heavily, that the pope was only a tool of the Emperor Otto III., who sought to get possession of the duchy of Burgundy as his own, a claim which the union of Bertha with the king of France would materially injure. She heard of Constance, holding high festival where once she herself reigned with moderation; of Robert, alone in his religious devotions, while his queen was giving audience to a crowd of revellers, who chanted love-songs, or danced in the state apartments, as if pleasure was all that was worth living for. Constance, indeed, despite her intense piety, at times had seemed to adopt something like the motto of Sardanapalus, the Assyrian king, "Eat, drink, and love; the rest is not worth a filip."

Within the sheltering walls of a convent, Bertha passed her sad and blameless life. For her, never again bloomed a single hope. The roses of youth had been scattered to the winds, and solitary and alone she passed into the arms of death. The nuns found her lifeless one morning, in her lonely cell, and at the very hour, perhaps, in which she died, Queen Constance was listening to the idle romances and exaggerated adulation of the servile courtiers whom she was feasting at the palace.

Among the maidens who attended upon the new queen, was Lucie de Clare, a young and beautiful girl, whom Constance permitted at court, more for her grace and beauty than for her scanty claims to nobility. She became a favourite with both the king and queen, until the latter discovered that the young Hugh or Hugues de Beauvais admired her protégée, and thenceforward Lucie was subjected to annoyances and a system of espionage, which wrought fearfully upon her mind and body. In the queen's apartment she was kept at the embroidery frame until her fatigue often induced faintness, while the queen looked on with evident pleasure and satisfaction. Ill as she was, Lucie de Clare surpassed all the ladies at court in beauty. Though now pale as a lily, yet she was not dependent on colour for her loveliness, but more on the statuesque nobility of her face and figure.

Madly in love with her, De Beauvais had often procured interviews with her at the greatest possible hazard; for such was his knowledge of the violence of the queen, that although he had been an especial favourite, he felt that she would not scruple to sacrifice himself and Lucie de Clare, if she should discover that they met without her sanction.

One night, when all the palace seemed hushed in the deepest slumber, De Beauvais wandered alone in the royal garden, to which he had secretly procured a key. One little faint glimmering of a lamp, placed

in a window, was the signal that Lucie would join him there in a certain path which they had agreed upon. Long he waited, for such was now the utter debility of her frame that the descent from her chamber to the garden was painful and difficult. A few moments passed in terror and impatience. She was so long in coming, that he began to think that her progress was intercepted, when a light figure glided rather than walked towards him. So pale and shadowy did she look beneath the pale starlight, that he was almost afraid to clasp her in his arms, lest she should dissolve into unsubstantial air, until, wholly exhausted by exertion, she was near falling.

"Dearest Hugh," she whispered, when she recovered, "I fear the queen's spy, a woman whom she orders to watch me night and day, has discovered and will track me hither. Let me hide somewhere, where her prying eyes may not see me."

"Nay, my own Lucie; fear not. The queen cannot chain our love, and I know that King Robert thinks so well of me that I have decided to ask thy hand of him before to-morrow noon."

"Alas, my Hugh! unless thou canst have the king's word upon it before he confers with the queen, there is not a shadow of hope."

"Cheer up, my pale flower. No queen shall prevent our union. Lucie, would it grieve thee to quit the atmosphere of courts, and fly with me to some quiet spot—perhaps to some little hut in the Alpine solitudes, where we may never hear of grandeur and pageantry again, where the little we need will be supplied to our simple wants, and where peace, which never comes to us here, will brood over our dwelling like a dove?"

Lucie's small hand pressed that of her lover.

"Oh that we might be so happy, dearest Hugh! But there is no spot so remote that this cruel queen would not find me. I think, Hugh, that she is fully bent upon my death. These terrible faintings which I experience, this dying sensation which I feel night and day, sapping the springs of my life, I almost tremble to tell you, are, doubtless, the effect of some poison administered in my food."

"Lucie!"

"I fear so, indeed. This faintness is too frequent to be induced by mere fatigue or anxiety, and I truly believe that the medicine which the queen's physician prepares for me, and which is always brought me by the spy of whom I told you, is changed or adulterated by some one after it leaves his hands."

"Touch it not, my Lucie. Destroy it, or bring it to me that I may one day confront that cruel woman with her wicked attempt."

"Thou knowest not the queen, if thou thinkest she will ever fail in any project near her heart. Hark! was that a rustling of the leaves, or some one in the garden?"

And the poor feeble girl clung closer to her lover's arms, as if, in that embrace, she could gladly breathe out her life.

"It was only the breeze rustling the leaves, but you are so sadly broken that it affects you."

Neither of them saw a gliding shadow that turned out of the path, at these words; nor, if they had, could they have averted their destiny. It came all too soon.

Early the next morning, De Beauvais was summoned with the rest of the courtiers to attend the king on a hunting party, and believing that, in the pauses of the sport, he could better engage Robert's attention, he cheerfully complied. He gave a stolen glance, as they rode off, to the pale face at Lucie's window, but did not venture any stronger proof of recognition. She, however, placed her hand upon her heart, in token that it was still beating for him.

Alone and cheerless, she returned to her couch, after the party had gone, perfectly unable to conquer the languor and listlessness of her whole frame. She slept a part of the day, and woke with a fearful start that shook her nerves to almost infantine weakness. She had dreamed of the queen, of Hugh, bleeding to death, and of King Robert weeping over the body of his wounded favourite.

There was a bustle in the courtyard; the hunting party had returned. A rude hurdle, covered with a cloth, on which something was deposited which Lucie supposed was the deer, was carried hastily past the palace gates, into a quadrangle, sheltered from open sight. Lucie leaned far out of the window, attracted to the spot by something of sympathy with the victim. "Just so are they hunting me to death!" she exclaimed, as she saw a man approach and uncover the supposed deer. A terrible interest chained her at the window, and she held convulsively to its framework, as she leaned forward to catch a glimpse of the stricken animal.

The sight that met her gaze froze every drop of blood in her veins. The uncovering of the

hurdle showed her the pale face and bleeding figure of Hugh de Beauvais! Her frame, previously weakened by the minute but certain doses of poison which had been administered to her, sunk at once under the terrible sight; and when the cruel Constance sent for her, in order to enjoy the spectacle of her agonies at the death of her lover, Lucie lay beneath the window where she had fallen. The attendant raised the thin white arm, and it fell heavily from her touch. Death had set his seal upon the beauty of that perfect face. She had gone to rejoin Hugh in a world where "lords and kings are known no more."

Ancient chronicles assert that Constance not only planned the assassination of De Beauvais on that day, but caused it to be executed in presence of the king; and adds, that "the spiritless monarch, as *was his duty*, was speedily reconciled to his imperious consort." After a life of intrigue and tyranny, the same chronicler quaintly remarks that "she died, to the great relief of her family and the whole kingdom."

Chemical Experiments.

WE will occupy ourselves to-day with some pretty gilding experiments.

To gild steel, or imprint golden letters on the metal.—Procure some chloride of gold, or salt, frequently employed now in photographic operations; dissolve it in water, and to the solution add ether in equal bulk to the water. Shake all together, and let it stand. Presently, the ether will separate from the water, and, rising to the surface, will carry with it portions of the chloride of gold. If into this ethereal solution of chloride of gold a piece of polished steel be dipped, the ether will evaporate, and cause a coating of gold upon the steel. By means of this solution letters may be written upon a steel blade; though to do so requires much practice, because of the rapidity with which ether evaporates. The coating of gold left by the evaporation of auriferous ether is very thin; nevertheless, if the operator desire it, he can gild thickly upon it, common leaf-gold readily attaching itself by mere adhesion to the surface. Chloride of gold may be also employed to gild feathers, ribbons, &c., all of which, when thus treated, acquire a very pretty appearance.

One of several methods may be adopted for gilding feathers, ribbons, &c. The following answers perfectly well. In the early part of our chemical memoranda, perhaps you will remember we dissolved phosphorus in ether, and produced a luminous solution of phosphorus, with which the hands and faces of persons when smeared, caused lookers-on to imagine they were on fire. Some of this ethereal solution of phosphorus will be necessary for our present purposes. Dip the soft material to be gilt in the ethereal solution of phosphorus, and, removing the object, allow all the ether to evaporate, which takes place in the course of a few seconds, and which may be known to have occurred by the appearance of phosphorus fumes. If the soft substance, whilst in this fuming state, be dipped into a solution of chloride of gold, and immediately removed, the coating of phosphorus will speedily change the attached chloride of gold into metallic gold.

Instead of following the operation just described, the operator may, if he pleases, immerse the objects to be dyed in chloride of gold solution, and hold them over a jet of hydrogen gas, an agent which reduces the salt to the metallic form. If, instead of chloride of gold, nitrate of silver be employed, then, instead of metallic gold being reduced, there will be a deposition of metallic silver.

Some of the most beautiful cases of metal-gilding, however, are dependent upon electrical agency, and as they require apparatus, are beyond the scope of ordinary operators. It was a great boon when the process of electro-gilding came into use. The operations which immediately preceded it, and which are still followed to some extent, were very detrimental to health.

Notwithstanding the facility of electro-gilding, it is not possible, either by this means, or perhaps any other sort of gilding, to completely cover a metallic surface. The surface may look covered; but little orifices, quite through to the underlying metal, will remain, into which liquids will, in time, find their way. Nevertheless, electro-gilding is a considerable protection in many instances. Many of the higher-priced gun locks are now electro-gilt internally. The steel wires of some grand pianos have also been electro-gilt with advantage, although the gilding process adds considerably to the expense of the instrument.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



SAMUEL WARREN, ESQ., Q.C., M.P., ETC.

SAMUEL WARREN, ESQ., Q.C., M.P.

SAMUEL WARREN was born on the 23rd of May, 1807. He is the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Warren, incumbent of All Soul's, Manchester. He was originally intended for the medical profession, but early showed a decided aversion to that pursuit, and a mind bent upon the adoption of an occupation more congenial to his tastes and habits. He loved the pen better than the lancet, and worshipped the Muse rather than Æsculapius. But however strong his inclination for a literary life—and that it was strong is clear enough from his contributing at a very early age to periodical literature—he resolved to adopt one of the regular professions, and therefore turned his attention to the law.

In 1827 he entered the University of Edinburgh, and in his first session gained the prize for English poetry, the subject being the fall of Capua; and for an essay on the comparison between ancient and modern jurisprudence relating to succession to property, with illustrations from the classical writers. Both of these compositions displayed very considerable ability, and were certainly above the average merit of collegiate exercises; they gave evidence of the literary skill of their author, and of the existence of that genius which was subsequently to present valuable additions to our English literature. The political principles of Mr. Warren were also openly manifested about this time, in a pamphlet directed against Canning's accepting office as a premier favourable to Catholic emancipation.

In 1828 Mr. Warren entered at the Middle Temple, and, while studying for the bar, contributed to the pages of a contemporary a series of graphic sketches.

Notwithstanding the intrinsic merit of these sketches, the author had very much difficulty in getting them published. The first sketch was offered by him in manuscript to the editors of three leading magazines, and was by them refused. As a forlorn hope, he carried it to another publisher, and left it in his hands, expecting nothing but disappointment and failure, so that the appearance of his effusion in print was as much a matter of surprise to him as it was of delight to the public. The sketches immediately excited attention. He was urged to continue them. His knowledge of human nature, his imaginative and dramatic power, and the healthy tone which characterised his writings, made his composition popular, and won for him a reputation as well grounded as it is widely spread.

In 1831 Mr. Warren commenced practice as a special pleader, and forthwith issued a professional text-book, entitled "Popular and Practical Introduction to Law Studies," a work which brought its author a great number of pupils. On the 2nd of July, in the same year, he married Miss Bellenger, only daughter of the late James Bellenger, Esq., of Woodford House, Essex.

In April, 1835, Mr. Warren was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, the name of Lord Lyndhurst being the first on his certificate. Two years later (1837), he was called to the bar, and in 1838 went the northern circuit, for the first time. But his legal engagements in chambers and court were not allowed to interfere with his literary pursuits. He still contributed to general literature, and in 1839 issued a novel, the popularity of which far exceeded all that he had hitherto achieved. This work—with its interesting narrative, its ably developed plot, its

graphic sketches of character, its natural pathos and equally natural humour, its hits at the men and manners of the time—commanded an immense circulation, was reprinted in America, and translated into almost every continental language. Another work, written in eighteen days, exhausted its first edition on the day of publication. This was followed by a sort of lyrical, philosophical poem, which excited a good deal of sharp criticism, and the occult meaning of which no man has ever yet been able to discover.

At the bar Mr. Warren has been eminently successful. He obtained his silk gown in 1851, and in the following year was appointed Recorder of Hull. At the installation of the Earl of Derby as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, he received, in company with Macaulay, Bulwer Lytton, and Alison, the distinction of honorary D.C.L. On the 10th February, 1856, he was returned, without opposition, for the borough of Midhurst, vacated by Mr. Walpole.

Mr. Warren has contributed several important works to professional literature, his latest work being Blackstone's Commentaries, systematically abridged, and containing very valuable additions. He has also published two important papers on our great social questions.

In politics, Mr. Warren is a staunch supporter of the Earl of Derby. He is a warm advocate of religious education, the reformation of juvenile offenders, and the improvement of the law. He is an eminently practical man. He has shown us—if there were no other illustration of the same sort—that to be a successful *littérateur* it is not essentially necessary to neglect other pursuits; for, though as zealous a devotee as ever worshipped in the temple of the Muses, he is still as able a lawyer as ever advocated impartial justice.



THE EUPHORBIA, DARFUR, AFRICA.

THE EUPHORBIA.

AFRICAN vegetation may be divided into three distinct divisions, namely, that of the Atlantic, the Equinoctial, and the Austral districts. The equinoctial parts of Africa present trees and plants, differing entirely from those of Europe, and bearing no very close resemblance to those of tropical Asia or America. The southern extremity furnishes a new form of vegetation, of which the prevailing genera are euphorbiae, aloes, crassulas, and heaths of various species.

Darfur is a country of Central Africa, of the topography and actual extent of which we know but little. We are, however, sufficiently acquainted with it to know that it possesses many curious and interesting features; that its people are a mixture of Arabs and Negroes, who devote their attention more to commerce than to agriculture. Indeed, their country possesses but small inducement to the cultivator of the soil, consisting, as it does, chiefly of bare rocks and sandy plains, unrefreshed by lake or river, dotted here and there with patches of verdure, solely irrigated by the heavy periodical rains which are preserved in watercourses for that purpose.

But the traveller in Darfur cannot fail to notice the euphorbiae. These gigantic specimens of vegetation present a very remarkable appearance.

Their strangely twisted branches, so mysteriously netted, as it were, together, completely shut out the rays of the sun, and form an impenetrable shade. They rise up on the mountain side, or hill top, attracting attention by the singularity of their aspect. They are evergreens, and form natural belvederes, where the negroes spend their leisure. But it is not without some degree of apprehension that these people approach the euphorbiae; as they attribute to their shade a pernicious and dangerous influence only to be averted by certain charms which they are simple enough to believe will arrest all evil.

There are many varieties of the euphorbiae. The greater number contain a milky, acrid, and poisonous juice, which often holds dissolved, in addition to other principles, a peculiar elastic substance, and, occasionally, colouring matter. The seeds are oily, and the root is sometimes feculent. Certain members of the euphorbiae possess a fleshy stem, angular and spiny, very much resembling cactuses; others have normal leaves and stems. Many of the African, Arabian, and Indian species furnish an exudation

which, when thickened by the sun, becomes the euphorbia of commerce. Some of these trees are celebrated for their peculiarly poisonous qualities. As we have noticed already, the Africans think to overcome this malignant influence by charms; but still declare that it is certain death for any individual to sleep under their branches; and that even rain which touches the skin, after having fallen upon the leaves of this tree, raises a blister.

A recent traveller informs us that, being in the neighbourhood of the gigantic euphorbia, represented in our engraving, he requested one of the negroes to go with him to the tree. The fellow hesitated, excused himself on various pretences, but at last consented to go. It was evident that he was in extreme fear, and that his terror increased the nearer he approached the tree; he lifted his large eyes several times to its branches, and apparently entertained the notion that he was treading on forbidden ground. He stood by without uttering a syllable, but in a high state of nervous excitement, while the traveller made his sketch; but when, on its completion, the artist suggested breaking off a branch as a memento of the visit, the terror of the negro became extreme. His gesticulations were

irresistibly comic, his language utterly incomprehensible, but it was clear enough that he felt sure some dire penalty would follow the commission of such sacrilege. At last he said in a sort of mongrel Arabic: "Touch it, and you'll die—it will kill you—it always kills." But the branch was broken off, and the sap, a milky-looking fluid, burst out far more copiously than the traveller had anticipated, and penetrated his outer clothing in an instant. He soon understood the cause of the negro's terror. The sap was a deadly poison, and he was assured that if he had any wound or scratch upon his body, the result would be fatal. Fortunately for him he had not.

It is the sap of the euphorbium with which the negroes poison their darts and arrows, in order to render fatal the wounds inflicted by those missiles. They allow the sap to stand for some time until it thickens into a pasty consistency, which they can readily smear over their weapons.

The euphorbium, of which we give an illustration, grows on the mountain of Kacane. It measures about eighty feet in circumference; its height is about thirty feet. The trunk is a piece of hard, firm timber; the branches are cylindrical in form, and so interlaced that they present an appearance unlike everything else.

The manchineel is a species of the euphorbiaceae. It is found in intertropical America. This tree bears tempting-looking fruit, from which an agreeable odour is exhaled, but the smallest portion of which, if eaten, is certain death.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER CXX.

A passion, without hope or pleasure,
In her soul's darkness, buried deep;
It lies like some ill-gotten treasure,
Some idol without shrine or name,
O'er which its pale-eyed vot'ries keep
Unhallowed watch, while others weep.—MOORE.

Poor Hope! How her cheek alternately paled and flushed; how her heart first wildly beat, and then grew cold and still, as with eyes dim with tears she read the first page of this journal, written so many years ago by that fair hand which had long been dust, but which had left a record that had power to move the deepest feelings, and wake the wildest emotions in the heart of her daughter.

It was a curious coincidence that this journal (the paper of which was yellow, and even mouldy and musty with time) was begun on the very day that Hope's mother completed her seventeenth year.

"May the 9th, 18—. I am seventeen to-day," began the writer, whose every word was so intensely interesting to her imaginative and tender-hearted child; "Seventeen! 'sweet seventeen!' I have heard young girls and old beaux exclaim. Alas! bitter seventeen it will, in all probability, be to me. Every year of sad dependent life seems more laden with care, and more embittered with anxiety. And now to all the trials of my lady's caprice, my dear kind patron's growing infirmity, the insults of menials, and the exactions inseparable from my position as a companion, comes this tyrant of woman's heart, this Aaron's rod, swallowing up all the rest—this dreary, hopeless, miserable love!

"But he shall not know, he shall not guess that I adore him. Alas! my own love I could conceal, my own misery I could hide, as the Spartan boy did the fox that was gnawing his bosom—but he is miserable; he pines; his cheek is pale, his eyes are often wet, he tries to meet me, and I must shun him! I who so long to comfort him!

"And why is this? Simply because I am a poor, dependent, desolate orphan! And yet in birth his equal. I am descended from those whose arms they quarter, whose motto adorns their gay equipages while they live, and their hatchments when they die! I am of the same old blood as this my haughty cousin and mistress, who treats me as if I were her waiting-maid! Nay, worse; for on the maid's good humour the lady's charms depend. She who can make wigs look like real hair, and real hair like wigs—she is a much more important person than the poor companion, that unhappy being whose position is undefined; whose duties are undefined; who must dress, act, talk like a lady, but not require to be treated like one; who is alone in the great house—for she is not good enough for the ladies' haughty circle of friends, and too good for the servants' hall. The great despise and mortify her un-

tentionally; the humble inmates envy and hate and mortify her deliberately and on purpose. A knock at my door! Oh, what a sweet surprise! Oh, silly Constance! What a tumult of delight! And yet how wrong to be so glad of what must bring so much unhappiness! It was—one I dare not name. 'Twas he. Come from Oxford in haste and secrecy, because it was my birthday! And he has run such risks! He could not get leave; and so he came without, at the risk of his noble, his precious, his darling life; and, with no help but that of his friend, Mr. Evermore, he scaled the great iron gates of his college—a feat never performed but once before. And Mr. Evermore is to stay in his rooms, and sleep in his bed, and pretend to be my beloved one ill in bed. And all this for me!—one whom my lady this very morning rated as she would not have done a housemaid, and threatened with expulsion, and taxed with laziness, and uselessness, and stupidity! Yet he thinks me worth all this risk, all this fatigue; and he has brought me a beautiful locket, with a curl of his bright brown hair, and a miniature of his too dear, too beautiful face. I know I ought to refuse them; but yet I cannot do it. He gave them with a trembling hand, and eyes full of tears; and he said, 'One day, dear Constance, I will offer you the original. Till then, wear this in your bosom.' How could I say no! But yet what hope is there that his parents (my lady especially) will ever consent to his wedding the poor dependent Constance! My lady thinks no duchess, were she beautiful as Helen, wise as Minerva, and accomplished as all the Muses rolled into one, would be good enough for her only son. And she has no suspicion of his love—alas! I must say it now, of our love; and she will believe that he is here, not because it is my birthday—a day so utterly contemptible in her proud eyes—but because he heard she had not been well!

"Ah, there they go! How proudly she takes his arm—how lovingly she looks up into his noble face! How fond she is of him! How proud! how delighted! And, bless him! oh, bless him ten thousand times! He has cast up a glance at this window, and while she plucks a flower for his button-hole, he has waved his hand to me. How can I help loving him! What a figure I am in this plain morning dress, and my hair all knotted up! But now I will run to the laundry and coax Dorcas to get up my white dress in time for dinner; and I will let my hair all down in the ringlets he is so fond of, and wear my blue ribbons, and my blue shoes, and gloves, and the pearls that were my mother's; and I will play and sing, if I am but asked—and he will be sure to ask me. Alas! alas! why am I so full of ecstasy? how is all this to end! Life, alas! is not like the romances and novels which I read to my lady. In a novel it would all come right, but in real life I fear the poor companion's love for her lady's only son, will, if found out (and love, like fire, cannot long be hid), lead to her disgrace and expulsion. . . . What then! I will never, never let him take any step that can injure him, and to offend his mother, were ruin to him! But I will love on, and if I may not see him, I will pray for death; but if any other offered me the wealth of the Indies, and a coronet to boot, I would say no, for my heart could not go with my hand. And now I must try to compose my spirit and my manners. I must learn not to blush, to falter, to tremble. Alas! how can a poor, weak, loving girl conceal so great a secret from the prying eyes of a whole household.

"Love cannot long be feigned where it is not, nor hidden where it is. I must look in the glass to see if my heart is, alas! legible there. Too much so, indeed! What shall I do? Why do I look so happy? How can I feel so elate with such a future before me? A message! what is it? My lady sends to say I am not to dine at table, but I can be in the drawing-room to pour out the tea. Not to dine at table to-day! the only day for months that I have wished to dine at table! And he will be disappointed—I know he will! Never mind: I shall see him in the evening, and my lady will fall asleep; and then, while I sing to him, he will look at me, and perhaps turn the leaves and whisper a few words in my ear—and that will be better than merely sitting opposite to him at table, with the cold eye of the butler fixed upon me, and three powdered footmen; who of course see and hear though they say nothing. And I am seventeen to-day! and this birthday, which dawned so drearily, is become a perfect *fête*—a festival of the heart! How weak and irresolute I am: last night I resolved to tear this passionate weakness from my heart, though every fibre might bleed as I did so; and here I am hugging it as my darling—feeding, fondling it! Again, how often have I determined to keep a minute record of my thoughts and actions, and of every

event of my life. I have begun again and again on those days which are Time's landmarks—my birthday, New-year's Day—and never have I had courage to persevere. Alas! what dependence can I place on myself when even to myself I seem so infirm of purpose?

"10th of May.—He is gone! What an evening of intense and trembling delight was that of yesterday! How early he joined us! How beautiful he looked! How merry—how amusing—how polite he was! How he made us laugh with his wild adventures—hunting and boating—'by flood and field!' What curious slang seems to be in vogue at Oxford, and how pretty it sounds from his dear lips. How my lady stared when he said he'd 'let her into a wrinkle or two'; and that she mustn't walk into his trunk; and that his father was a buck and a beau, and no end of bird; and had given him such lots of tin, that though he'd been offered *tic* by all the tradespeople at Oxford, they found it 'no go'—he wasn't such a shady bird as to do 'the governor' in that way! How lucky it was that my lady chose to summon Garnet, and go to her dressing-room to put on her fancy dress that she wore at the Duke's; and how glad I was she did not call me to help, and that the dress of Queen Elizabeth was so elaborate. For nearly an hour we were alone! Oh! such an hour—it was worth a life! Generous, kind, beloved Walter! As soon as he has taken his degree he means to own his love, and ask his parent's sanction. He says he is working very hard, night and day, to graduate in honours. He thinks his father will then be so pleased he will not thwart him in the great wish of his life. Walter turned student! And all for me! Love lighting the lamp of learning! Ah! surely, it is no sin to love this man! Would it not be cold, thankless, unwomanly, to be cold to such devotion—such tenderness? He has infected me with his own bright hopefulness. And yet reason, experience, common sense, tell me there is no hope! And yet I have promised to write to him! How could I say 'No,' when he—the noble, the beautiful, the beloved heir to this fine place and all its honours—was kneeling, on his own hearthstone, at the feet of his poor third cousin, his mother's companion, and swearing that, even if she came in and found him there, he would not rise till I had promised to correspond with him? And I am to write my first letter to-day; and I must make some excuse to walk to the village, in order to post it. And his letters are to be left there 'till called for.' Oh, what a world of delight! And yet what delicious difficulties and appalling perils! I dare not look my lady in the face—I am so afraid she should read in my eyes, or on my cheek, the rapture of my heart.

"May 11th.—I could not get out yesterday to post my first letter to Walter; my lady did not leave me a moment to myself. I was in a perfect fever. I am almost inclined to send Bertha, the under housemaid—she seems so affectionate and so innocent. But to-day I will go myself. . . . I have been! I have posted my letter—I have received his! How my voice trembled, my face burned, and my knees shook, when I asked if there was a letter for C. E. And with what rapture I clutched it, and hurried into the wood to read and revel in it! What a dear, kind, darling letter! And yet how short! How soon I knew it by heart! And mine is so long—too long!—crossed! re-crossed! Will he not smile at the tautology of tenderness? Sir Augustus is expected to-day. I feel like a guilty thing; he is always so kind. When he kisses me, and says, 'Bless you, my child!' I shall think, 'Would he bless me if he knew all? Would he not curse me? No, no! He would not. But my lady, I fear she would.' I must take Ruth into my confidence, for I cannot get away, either to post my letters or to inquire for any.

"May 12th.—My lady is gone to town; and now I can write as much as I please, and go to the village when I like. Is not this delightful! And now I can finish the sachet, and the purse, and the drawings I promised him. And I can make him up a parcel; and send him a cake of my own making, and the apricot marmalade, preserved by myself, and which he liked so much. Oh, what joy to send him a parcel! I shall put in it everything I can think of.

"May 13th.—Oh, rash Walter! and oh, weak, devoted Constance! He knew his parents were in town; and again, *sub rosa*, and without leave, he climbed the college gates, Mr. Evermore again helping him, and suddenly, as I sat alone in the library, he came in through the conservatory. 'Is he mad?' He wants me to elope with him, get married at Gretna, and keep the marriage secret. Oh, how he pleaded! how he wept! how fondly he entreated! how bitterly he reproached me! But I thank Providence I did not comply. No; I cannot break his mother's

heart. He says I shall break his; but I will hope not. I feel sure my lady will find out he has been here. He says not; that he has bribed the butler—the only one that ever speaks to my lady. I have no faith in those who can be bribed. What a joyous, and yet agonising meeting it was! How he held me to his heart! and how that heart beat against my own! He says I am cold, unloving; that I calculate, but do not feel. I am glad he does not know how much I feel. How near I was yielding to his passionate entreaty, and letting him carry me into the post-chaise he had left in the lane, and to Greta with him!

"May 15th.—I could not get a moment to myself yesterday. My lady is come back, so cross, so cruel, so exacting! How she mortifies, wounds, and insults me! How she talks before the servants of making me a teacher in a school! She quite ignores and forgets the relationship between us. Unkind as she is now, what would she be if she knew all! I fear she would kill me."

CHAPTER CXXI.

Conscience does make cowards of us all.—SHAKESPEARE.

"May 26th.—Can my lady suspect anything? She watches me closely, and scarcely leaves me a minute to myself! Several letters have passed between my lady and Walter. She fixes her eyes steadily upon me when they come, and I can feel my colour come and go, and my heart stand still, and my knees tremble. I cannot even get a moment for my journal. Under pretence of dread of fire, my lady sends Garnet to take away my light as soon as I have had time to undress. Alas! what will Walter think? I have not been able to send him a line, or to call for his letters!

"Oh! what a tangled web we weave,
When once we venture to deceive."

Yet, what could I do? Not to love him was impossible; and loving him as I do, could I spurn and betray him?

"May 27th.—There is some commotion going on. Garnet tosses her head, and looks very mysterious. She affects to treat me with supreme contempt. Ruth tells me Sir Augustus has been to Oxford. She suspects Mr. Walter has got into some scrape. Poor, dear Walter!

"May 29th.—Oh! what will become of me? Walter was here last night and I never knew it. Ruth went into the garden, and stood on the flower-beds under the windows, to hear what she could. I told her how mean and wicked a thing it was to do; but when she said she did it out of true love for me—that she was sure my lady was determined to cross true love, and Garnet was a snake in the grass; and that she had always loved me, and couldn't help listening to know what they were plotting against me; I could not but forgive her. How true it is that servants see and know everything that passes in a family! Here have I for months been thinking about telling Ruth my secret, and she knows it, and talks about crossing true love! Of course she means the love between Walter and me! Well, it seems she heard Walter, when upbraided by his mother, swear he loved Constance and would marry her; and then he said, 'You disgrace yourself, mother, to treat your own cousin like a waiting-maid. I have blushed to hear you rate her and order her about; and it was your injustice and cruelty first made me love her!' Hereupon, Ruth says, my lady went off into hysterics. She thinks they made Walter believe I was gone away, for his last words were, 'I'll find her, if I search the whole world!' Noble, dear, generous Walter? How can I help loving thee?

"June 14th.—Oh! what a dreadful time have I spent? What mental agony I suffered before I was stretched on a sick bed! And so all was discovered! The post-office woman—I saw her sly face as she crossed the park; and when I was sent for to my lady, there was the table covered with letters—Walter's letters, which I had had no opportunity of claiming, and one or two of mine which had not been forwarded. Of course, deception was at an end! My lady did not storm; she did worse—she wept. She told me her son's fate and fortunes were in my hands; that if he married me he would be driven forth disinherited, penniless—a blighted, blasted being! That his father and herself had sworn it; but if I promised to resign him, and go quietly into a situation she would find me, as teacher in a school, she would get him married to a beautiful young heiress of rank who was in love with him, and my self-sacrifice would make him great, and wealthy, and happy. I could not answer her. The struggle ended in a fit, and I have been at Death's door ever since.

"June 20th.—I am slowly recovering. No! I will not resign him, except I hear from his own lips that he will not curse me if I do. What are rank and wealth to hearts that love! If he loves as I do, would he thank me? What should I feel, wedded to a king, and not to him!

"June 25th.—Another scene with my lady. She says he is gone to travel abroad, and I am to leave this place to-morrow at dawn, and to be conveyed to Goff House, where I am already engaged as a junior teacher. Bertha thinks it is not true; she believes it is settled he is to go abroad, but she thinks he is coming here first. What shall I do? Oh, wretched orphan! penniless, friendless, hopeless—what can I do but submit? Yet I will never resign him till he bids me do so.

"Goff House, Chelsea.—Here I am a wretched junior teacher! looked down upon by everybody, and too miserable to assist myself at all. I cannot control my own fast-flowing tears, how then can I keep in order these rude, sarcastic, vulgar hoydens? To-day I found a card pinned to my shawl; some illiterate damsel had written thereon, 'Crossed in love! What a Guy!' I have no heart for my journal now, and, indeed, no time! My duties extend over play, as well as school-hours, and my miserable nights are not sacred, for my wretched pallet is placed in a dormitory in which sleep twenty great ill-bred, hard-hearted, but sharp-witted girls! Summer is gone! Autumn is here, with its staring dahlias and chinas—alas! where is he! for months I have not heard his name!

"November 2nd.—I have seen him. He has seen me walking with the odious file of school girls; yet he knew me, and followed me home.

"November 3rd.—He has written to me. He begs me to meet him, if only for a moment, at the gate that looks into the lane. He has bribed the cook. He says life is become an intolerable burden to him; that he came from Dresden, where he was lying on a sick bed, because his valet had found out, through Ruth, where his cruel and implacable mother had hidden his poor Constance. He vows he will shoot himself before my eyes if I refuse to meet him. I am to steal down when the girls are in bed; the cook will keep watch. The odious, cruel, sneering, tyrant, Mrs. Markham, my mistress, will be gone to a party. He has made himself acquainted with every particular. I will see him, but only for a few minutes. Wretched girl that I am! my heart beats with a wild delight at the thought of seeing him once more, though I must turn a deaf ear to his prayers. Why, oh why, was I born?

"Stamford Street, Blackfriars.—Here I am, safe at last from temptation and from him. Goff House, farewell for ever! I met him; and he, oh, cruel, selfish, and unkind, feigning submission, yet resolved to have his own way, persuaded me to step into his cab to speak to him, and then, in spite of my prayers and screams, carried me away. What now becomes of my fair fame? The cook has no idea who he is; to her he seemed to be a foreigner. His parents will believe me faithless, false, even to him. But it was vain. I would not agree to a marriage which would cause him to be disinherited, ruined, disgraced. He took me to some fine place, all crimson velvet and gold, looking-glasses everywhere—a fashionable hotel, I believe; but while he went to order something, I slipped out, rushed down the grand, brilliantly-lighted stairs, across the marble hall, out at the glass doors, and found myself alone in the streets, a heavy rain falling, thinly clad, frightened; but I have escaped the temptation of yielding to his entreaties, and those of my own too yielding, too devoted heart! I will not bring on him his mother's curse. How I came here I know not; but I rushed on, without heeding or caring which way I went—all ways are the same to me. At length, after insults, at the memory of which my blood boils, and sufferings and terrors of every kind, I found myself at this door. A card announced a room to let; and I knocked. A kind creature, motherly, clean, and trusting, took me in; and now I may be able to maintain myself, like a heroine of romance, by the sale of needlework or drawings, or by teaching. I have some few pounds in my purse, and a basket with some necessities, which the cook at Goff House—of course, by Walter's desire—thrust after me into the cab in which he bore me away. At any rate, I have seen him; I see he loves me still. He says his mother believes him cured of his passion for me; and is busy with her efforts to get him into the army. He let out, too, that his wily friend, Evermore, was at the bottom of this plan for carrying me off. I cannot like that man. I think his influence over Walter is a bad influence. He seems to me to be the evil genius of my darling.

"Christmas-day.—How lone I feel! but I have

hopes of employment. I have an order, through my kind hostess, to paint a pair of screens.

"I fear I am tracked. I went to church on Christmas-day; and in the evening two gentlemen called to see the lodgings. They gave no names; but I fancied, as I locked myself in my little room, I recognised the voices of my Walter and Mr. Evermore.

"Feb.—They have found me out. Walter has been with me. How ill he looks! He says he is dying; that unless I marry him he shall die—a private and clandestine marriage, he says; it cannot be known. I am supposed to have eloped with a foreigner. Evermore will manage it all. He says, as for his parents, unless I consent, they shall have no son, and that that is even worse than a disinherited one. Where can I go? What can I do? I was peaceful, if not happy, here. And that good, pious Christian, Jem Goodman, had spoken words of such comfort to my soul! What virtue there is in humble life! What noble, generous qualities adorn the very poor! How gentle and liberal and kind are these Trudges! How they watch over and care for me! When I compare their delicate regard for my feelings with the cruel, haughty suspicions and heartless tyranny of my lady, how I bless the poor!

"'Tis done: the unequal combat is over. I have consented. To-morrow I am to swear before God's altar to forsake all others, and keep me only unto him, so long as we both shall live. They have arranged all, settled all, managed all. Under a feigned name, in a deserted, dark little church, in Surrey, in secret, in trouble, but yet in a tumult of wild love and joy, he will make me his!

"I must have been more or less than woman to have resisted longer. Pity, pardon, and support me, Father of the orphan! I fear they will use many deceptions—they will misrepresent my age, my condition. Mr. Evermore seems to me to love lies far better than the truth. He rubs his hands! he is in ecstasies! Why should he be so glad! I could grow sick with fear, and weep my eyes out, but that Walter's honest joy and deep love dance in his eyes. How happy, how tender, how devoted he is! Why cannot I be as thoughtless of the future, as delighted in the present!"

Here the young girl's MS. ended. When it was recommenced, she was a wife; at first, wildly, intensely happy; then, by degrees, were traces of remorse, anxiety, jealousy, distrust of one whom she called Walter's evil genius. At last, a few lines, blotted with tears, announced that Walter had obtained a commission, and that his regiment was ordered abroad. With the wretched words—"I have not a hope or a joy left on earth. What becomes of me! Yes; he is gone; and I am desolate"—ended this sad, heart-rending record of the trials of an orphan beauty, companion to a fine lady, Hope's innocent, but miserable mother.

CHAPTER CXXII.

You are as fond of grief as of your son.

Grief fills the room up of my absent son;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

SHAKESPEARE.

The impression left on Hope's mind, by this simple record of a mother's sorrows, was extremely painful and depressing.

Then, too, the scene before her was not calculated to cheer or solace her dejected, anxious spirit.

There, on her rich and tasteful bed, lay the bereaved mother, in the deep trance-like sleep, caused by a strong opiate, administered for the first time. But the anguish she had endured was legible on her fine features.

Intimately as Hope had for years been associated with Lady Glenlonely, she had never before been present at her toilet. She had no idea of the arts that were invoked to rejuvenise the belle of a past generation.

It was a shock, and a very painful one, to delicate, true-hearted, loyal Hope, to be compelled to violate the sanctuary of the cosmetic powers, to intrude into the arcana of so many mysteries.

Poor Lady Glenlonely! in her agony of despair she had torn off the delicate fabric of lace and ribbon, and from her hot head the soft tresses, borrowed from indigent beauty; and there, almost witch-like, streamed over her pillow the snow-white locks, of whose existence Hope had never dreamed. There was no delicate peach or pearl powder now upon that pallid face; dark arches went round the hollow eyes; the

fine black arch of the eyebrow was gone. Hope saw that a few gray hairs were all the eyebrow Lady Glenlonely really possessed, and she felt like a guilty, treacherous thing, for having involuntarily become possessed of these secrets. Still she had never felt half the affection for her poor lady when "made up" into blooming middle-aged beauty, as she did for that old looking, picturesque, and almost weird woman, moaning in her deep sleep, and whose waking would be so terrible.

Hot and fast dropped Hope's tears as she gazed on the bereaved mother, whom she loved so much better than she had ever done the fine lady! The morning looked in cold and gray, and Hope still watched, and Lady Glenlonely still slept and moaned. Hope was very cold, and felt very sick at heart, chill, and desolate. The fire was burnt almost out; and Hope, numbed and trembling, rose and determined to go to a little room at the end of a passage, in which wood, and other combustibles, were kept, in order to procure the means of renovating the dying embers. This closet, which had once been a dressing-room, had a window which looked on a back entrance. The curtain was partly undrawn, and as the window looked towards the east, Hope stood for a few minutes entranced at the sight of the sun rising from a canopy of purple crimson and gold. It was long since she had seen the sun rise, and in the Highlands never.

The exquisite freshness of the heather-scented air seemed to refresh her spirit, and she inhaled it with ecstatic delight, which recalled early wanderings in the dear long ago, as she with Larky Grigg, when on some holiday she would wake at four, and dress her little self with great speed, and went out with Larky hand in hand; and Mr. Trudge would give them a lift in his cart which carried vegetables, fruit, and flowers into the suburbs; and Larky and Hope, each with a large apple and a crust of bread, would find themselves on Clapham Common or Hampstead Heath, wild with delight—glad as the lark they roused with their glee, and rosy as the morning they loved to meet face to face.

Yes; very early morning had an ineffable charm for Hope; and its cool, fresh breezes always brought to her mind the love of Larky Grigg. But while Hope was inhaling, with almost gasping emotion, this elixir of the young, this first breath of Aurora, she suddenly perceived, on the plot of dewy grass that lay below, a shadow, a lengthening shadow, of a man; and drawing back behind the curtain, she perceived that it was the shadow of Captain Greville, and that he was hastening to the gate, at which stood a tall form, enveloped in a mantle, evidently awaiting him. For one moment the light of the rising sun fell on the stranger's face; and Hope shuddered—she knew not why; for it was a very handsome, pale face, of a man scarcely middle-aged; but it struck her that there was such a serpent-glitter in the eye, such a cold sneer in the downcast curve of the nostril of the handsome nose, and such a cat-like expression of resolute cruelty in the grim smile, which disclosed a whole set of glittering white teeth, all of them pointed like eye-teeth. Then, too, the hand that clutched the ample Spanish mantle, and that which pulled down over the low brow—receding above, where reflection predominates, but very full where perception dwells—those hands, ungloved, and very white, had something claw-like in their long, meagre shape; and Hope thought of harpies, ghouls, and vampires, as she noted them.

Quietly Captain Greville unlocked the gate and passed out, and Hope saw him, arm and arm with the mysterious stranger, turn into a wood that skirted the garden.

So still, as yet, was the whole scene, she could hear their rapid steps among the rustling leaves, and the low tone of the stranger in anger, and of Captain Greville in apology and in deprecation.

Hope listened with changing colour and beating heart, and yet she scarce knew why. What was it to her that some friend of Captain Greville's should call to take a morning walk with him? What could either of them be to her?

She asked herself this again and again; and yet the face and figure of the stranger haunted her spirit and froze her blood. However, she recollected, when she could hear their steps and voices no more, that her object in coming there was to get fuel for Lady Glenlonely's expiring fire. She filled a basket with wood and shavings, and she soon (for Hope, in dear old times, had been a great hand at a fire) built up and kindled a noble pile of wood and coal; and then, wrapping herself up in a warm cloak, and taking the pillows from the sofa and throwing them on the rug before this noble blaze, poor Hope soon became warm and comfortable, and fell fast asleep.

Poor Lady Glenlonely's waking hour came at last! It was, as all had anticipated that it would be, terrible to behold!

Her maternal anguish knew no bounds.

Constance's agony, when she loses her Arthur, was less dreadful than this.

Reason for a time gave way; and it was a merciful dispensation that it did so!

Sometimes the poor mother was so violent that her own safety and that of all around her rendered restraint quite necessary; although that necessity wrung tears from Lord Glenlonely, and sent Hope into the wildest bursts of sorrow.

"Anon, as patient as the brooding dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclosed,"

she would sit with fixed eyes and clasped hands, and talk to her Walter, her Eaglescliffe, her boy!

For some time everything gave way to this sad trial. Hope, Nussy, Doun, Greville, and poor Lord Glenlonely himself, were up all night. Doctors and nurses—though there were enough and to spare—gave way to these zealous amateurs; but they knew well how it would be. They had seen such watchers before; they knew the nurses would wear themselves out by their overzeal, and that, like the lights at a theatre, and the ministers when out of favour with the people, they would all go out together. And so it proved: before the week was half over, all the amateur nurses were quite knocked up. Doun dropped asleep directly he sat down; Greville was more dead than alive; Nussy looked like a spectre, and behaved like one, too; Lord Glenlonely was attacked by gout; and though

"Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind,"

it was evident to all that she must soon give in, and take to her bed.

A first-rate London physician, who had made mental maladies his study, was sent for; and he decided that none of those amateur nurses must approach the patient.

He wished to remove her to his own "Retreat," in the suburbs; but Lord Glenlonely would not consent, and so he decided on sending nurses, or rather keepers, of his own to carry out the plan he determined to act upon; and it was decided that for the present her ladyship should remain at Burnside.

Under these circumstances, the Marquis of Doun felt compelled reluctantly to take his leave; and Captain Greville was obliged to do the same. Nussy, too, had no excuse for lingering longer; and now Greville was gone, she had, in fact, no desire to do so. Her modish preceptress was going to winter in Paris, and Nussy availed herself of the opportunity of joining her there.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AGE OF THE WORLD.

THAT learned and accurate chronologer, Mr. Clinton (author of the "Fasti Hellenici," "Romani," &c), continued to the last firmly to believe that "in 1851, our world's age was approximately within fifteen or sixteen years of its six thousandth year from the creation of man;" in other words, that in the year 1866 the world would be 6,000 years old. Mr. Clinton never attempted to adjust matters with the extreme nicety of Archbishop Usher, who begins his famous "Annales" with the statement that the creation of the world and the march of time began "early in the evening which preceded the 23rd of October, in the year of the Julian Period 710, and B.C. 4004." Archbishop Usher was undoubtedly a great chronological genius and a man of vast and profound erudition, but how he reached the nice calculation that time began on the evening of the day which (if it had ever existed) would have been the 22nd October, five thousand eight hundred and sixty-two years ago this autumn, it would puzzle us to say, since he has not explained the process. Archbishop Usher and Mr. Clinton, it will be seen (both of whom based their opinions on independent and very careful observations), differed in their estimate of the world's age only to the extent of 130 years—the former making it 5862, the latter 5992 years old the present year—a surprising approximation to unanimity, especially when we recollect that for nearly the first half of time men were without written records, and that the art of adjusting and preserving dates was only slowly and at quite a recent period brought to perfection.

So short has been the duration of human history! For it is of course of the earth as the abode of man that we are now speaking. And even from that short period nearly one-third must be deducted as belonging to the history of human progress and development.

The Flood is computed to have occurred in the year of the world 1656. Almost all previous results of human thought and labour must have been buried forever by that tremendous calamity. Some traditions might have been preserved; and what strictly belonged to the moral development of humanity was undoubtedly kept alive. But art, science, philosophy, all the enterprises and works of man, when a lifetime reached almost a decade of centuries, must have utterly perished. Humanity must needs take a new start. The web of history must be woven anew from the naked warp. The complicated problem must be recommended from its simple factors. And then the first battle must be with the elements; the first tug to satisfy the stern exigencies of mere life. It would be a good while before men would have that security and leisure which is indispensable to thought and higher culture, to the recollection and preservation of the old and the invention of the new. And yet there is a curious fact to show how soon men were about it. When Alexander the Great took Babylon (about the year of the world, 3674), Callisthenes, one of the scientific corps attendant on the expedition, found in the tower of Belus calculations of eclipses for 1903 years preceding. This takes us back to within little more than a century after the Deluge—so soon did the aspiration after knowledge overpower the first wants and appetites of animal nature. So soon did men pass from watching and attending their flocks to watching and grouping the stars; and, for want of other books, to reading the starry volume, of which every night turned over a new page—an occupation, it must be allowed, to which nomadic life under the transparent atmosphere and cloudless skies of the Asiatic steppes is not unfavourable; and this, doubtless, suggests the true reason why astronomy got the start of the other sciences, and made more rapid progress among the simple post-diluvian shepherds than it is likely to make at our modern observatory.

Little more than forty centuries, then, can be allowed to make up the *solidus dies*, the real working-day of the world. Look at "the earth and man," in history and in their actual state, and you must allow that not much time has been lost. Within that period, man has explored the earth from the easternmost verge of Asia to the westernmost of America. He has penetrated almost to either pole. Scarce an islet of the sea which has been left unvisited or unpeopled. He has turned the mighty element which covers two-thirds of the globe into the means of abridging his labours, multiplying his comforts, and transporting him over ocean and continent. He has caught from the clouds the most terrific force of nature, and taught it to flash his thoughts over continents and under oceans with a speed only inferior to that of thought itself, and with a precision like that of intelligence. He has formed some two thousand languages and dialects. He has sounded the depths of the sea, on the verge of which he once trembled, and the yet profounder depths of his own mind. He has—but we must rehearse Universal History in order to tell of the arts, discoveries, sciences, institutions, monuments which perpetuate the memory of man's toils and sufferings upon earth in these forty centuries—a period scarcely exceeding four successive antediluvian lives! How vast his faculties! How restless his activity! How powerful the virtue of that primal blessing of the Father of men, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it and have dominion." And as the last fifty years have witnessed a far more rapid development than any earlier period, who can forecast the future of Humanity?

NOTES OF WARNING.

[In former days, on a dangerous rock on the coast of Scotland, a deep-toned bell was so placed as to be rung by the motion of the waves. To this warning bell Mrs. Hemans alludes in the following lines.]

When the tide's billowy swell
Had reach'd its height,
Then toll'd the Rock's lone bell
Sternly at night.

Far over cliff and surge
Swept the deep sound,
Making each wild wind's dirge
Still more profound.

Yet that funeral tone
The sailor bless'd,
Steering through darkness on
With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float
On life's wide sea,
Welcome each warning note,
Stern though it be.



A STREET IN BARCELONA.

BARCELONA.—VII.

In a description of Barcelona the pig should on no account be left out. Young Spanish pig is a wonderful favourite, and the great pig-killing festival causes general excitement. Pigs are the lions of Barcelona on this particular occasion. There is an esplanade specially devoted to this solemn sacrifice—it may be half an acre or more, and thither, on the appointed morning the pigs—all black, a white pig would look like a ghost among them—are driven, by tens and fifties, to their fate. There, in the streets of Barcelona, do you meet these droves of pigs, pigs from all parts, pigs driven by picturesque-looking pig-drivers that Murillo might have painted, pigs and all. You may meet pigs in the streets of Barcelona on other occasions. Very often is a pig the subject of a raffle. He walks over the course to show his points, he is escorted with a drum and fife, and his tail is tied up with ribbons. All men give way to him. He is the hog of the walk. He is the biggest, fattest animal, his owner says so, ever put up in a raffle, or ever won in a lottery. He is a nut-fed pig, with the flavour of acorns sweetly in him. Who would not pay down his paesta for a chance of the whole hog?

But apart from the fact that pigs are always to be seen in Barcelona; that they are held in peculiar esteem, and with horses, cattle, &c., are duly blessed on the 17th day of January—apart from all this is the fact that pig's flesh is the only meat in the Peninsula which has any juice in it. A leg of mutton is not to be found; a joint of beef is like a joist of timber. You must eat the abomination of the faithful if you have any intention of staying in Spain. The choice is simple—that or nothing—and the first is preferable to the last in the estimation of most travellers. Another thing to be borne in mind is, that the soul and relish of everything is garlic. Garlic is in every dish; its scent is in every room, it tickles your olfactory organs everywhere, so that to become accustomed to the smell of garlic, and to eat pork with an appetite, are essential to your happiness at Barcelona. These are not to be guarded against. You must submit to them. You can't help it.

There are some things you can help. For instance,

you need not ride in a Barcelona cab. Strictly speaking, these conveyances are two-wheeled carts, with a leather cover to keep off the sun and rain, and an entrance from behind like an omnibus. Sometimes they are drawn by a horse, generally by mules, and they rattle along at a smart pace, rather too smartly for a foreigner. For the carriage being well nigh destitute of springs, and the roads apparently never having been mended since the days of the Moors, the passenger is most unmercifully jolted.

Speaking of the coach stand in Barcelona, a recent visitor says:—

"There are so many carriages on the station that the drivers of them, besides furnishing a certain quota to sleep on their coach-boxes, and another to watch at the gate for passengers, lie about in such numbers as to cover half an acre of greensward. There they play at cards for coppers. They squeeze a bottle together or peel an onion. With sunlight and a paper cigar they seem perfectly happy. Every one takes care to be ready for business when his turn comes, but until that time he is as independent as a beggar. The sunny day is never too long for him. If without work, he talks and sings. He cracks his whip. He trades in horses. The sod is soft to his back; and with his bright eyes, he can even look the noonday sun in the face without winking. Curling himself up in his faithful cloak, he sleeps the hours away, if he happens to be an old stager; or wrapping it cavalierly around him, in case he is one of the youngsters, he plays the gallant to the damsels who pass the gate. He may not earn as much money as his brother of Paris or London, but, surely, his is no harder lot. He does not wear out either himself or his beast with too much work."

It is evident that the drivers are better off than the passengers—they are used to the jolting and don't mind it, but it is another matter with a foreigner. In the summer time the dust is wheel-rim deep; in the winter, the dust is turned into mud—and dashing wildly through either dust or mud is not agreeable.

By the way, the winter at Barcelona is of the shortest. Old Winter hurrying to the northern climes, just stops a fortnight and no longer, scatters a few snow-flakes once in a quarter of a century, and is off again, leaving Barcelona to perpetual sunshine for the rest of the year.

And now, before we take our final leave of Barcelona, suppose we saunter through the streets once more, and take a last look from the Muralla del Mar. In the Rambla we notice the principal hotels, the theatres, the cafés, the post-office, the library, the clubs, the reading-rooms, and the fruit and flower markets. Here we notice again the whitewasher in his picturesque gamboge; there the Catalonian peasantry decked in velvet, and all covered with tags and tassels; here again our heart is set on fire by the fair promenaders, whose humble devotees and slaves we are, for the time. But we pass the gate, and leave the town behind us. Here, after crossing the drawbridge, we find ourselves on the promenade of the Muralla de Tierra, a broad belt of green lying between the walls and the open country. This promenade encircles the city on all sides excepting that which looks towards the sea; and as the sun shines out upon it from a cloudless sky, turning to diamonds the dew-drops hanging on the grass, and to gold the broad fields of waving wheat beyond, there are few fairer prospects to be seen from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar. Shall we go to Gracio, to Monjuich, to the Cementirio, to the gardens of St. Beltran, to the fountains of Trobado? or shall we not rather—it being a holiday—make the best of our way to the Muralla del Mar, and pay our last respects to the beauty and fashion of Barcelona? Certainly; and here we are amid as gay a scene as was ever lighted by Catalonian sunshine. Now or never must your Spanish conquest be achieved. Throw your cloak gracefully over your shoulder; you have received the last touch and finish of Figaro's curling-irons; give your moustache one more twist, and you may pass for one of the *nosotros*, that is to say, of ourselves, the Spaniards.

The prospect commanded by the Muralla del Mar is exceedingly picturesque. The gorgeous scene reminds one of the best effects of Turner. Look at it in the early morning. Out at sea the horizon is a blaze of sunlight; in the harbour the ships have unfurled their sails to dry in the golden day; in all directions, the white, brown, and purple canvas is vividly in relief on the blue of the reposing waves. Directly before you is moored a large ship from the Levant, the sailors of which are climbing the shrouds in their picturesque but unsailor-like costume; near

the landing-place a goodly number of red-capped boatmen are lying upon their oars, idling away in unconscious delight the sunny hours; porters in cool linen are piling high upon the wharf the yellow wheat from the Ebro; and boys wading for mussels about the rocks on the shore. Lean over the railing of the Muralla, and gaze long at this beautiful sea scene, where the sailor, no longer tempest-tost, or drifting upon the rock-bound shore, is lying safely at anchor in a peaceful haven, and pouring out in laugh and song the natural gaiety of a heart at ease.

'Tis best to have your last remembrance of any place you visit a happy one; and to have this 'tis well to take your last view—save and except your compulsory view on starting—from the best point. For this no place is better than the Muralla del Mar. On the one hand is as fair a sea-view as the eye ever beheld; on the other, the gaiety, bustle, and excitement of a fashionable promenade. So here we present a bouquet for the last time to the ladies, cast our last mite to the lazy beggar in the sun, and, with a pleasant recollection of the old town, bid farewell to Barcelona.

The Matron.

NO. XLVI.

In the last chapter I spoke of tight bodies as being fashionable; but some people who prefer their own taste to the fashion, may be glad to know how to make a nice full body. It should be made with a perfectly straight piece of material, 18 inches in width, and 20 in length (this half the front), gather the said material straight at the bottom, place it on a tight and well-fitting lining, and, having gauged or gathered it towards the waist, gather it at the shoulder. Be very exact with the gathers which you tack into a narrow waistband, and also with the upper gathers which are finished off in covered cording round the neck.



No. 1.

Supposing you have to put folds on a tight body, mind that these folds are either quite straight or decidedly on the cross. If they are neither one nor the other, they are sure to look ungraceful.

Jackets are still worn, though they are not so much in favour as they were. Suppose you under-



No. 2.

take the making of one, mind you fit the jacket lining to the figure before you attempt cutting out the material. A jacket requires even more caution

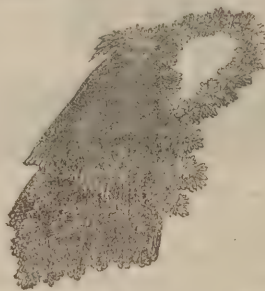
than a dress body. Some slight figures are shown off to advantage by loose-fitting jackets; but they are very unbecoming to stout people. Before leaving the subject of bodies, I must give you a useful hint never to trust to stiff whalebone to give the appear-



No. 3.

ance of a good fit to your dress. The best dress-makers use the bone so thin that it bends to the outline of the figure. Of this, be convinced: that if the body does not fit well without the whalebone, it will not fit well with it.

I said I should refer to the subject of flounced skirts. Suppose you are making a dress with three flounces of different depths, let the bottom one be the fullest by three inches. The middle flounce and the



No. 4.

uppermost one may have the degree of fulness we prescribed in the last chapter but one. Mind you halve and quarter your flounces, and do the same with the skirt for which the flounces are intended; this will save you a great deal of trouble. Tucks are advisable for children's dresses, because as they outgrow them, these tucks can be let down. I do not particularly recommend them for grown people—they take quite as much material as flounces, and have less effect.

To be successful in dressmaking, you should know a few rules about the best manner of putting on trimmings. If for the front of your dress and on the cross, you should cut the trimmings in much the same manner as flounces. It is a good plan to cut a piece of paper the length of the skirt, to pin it on, according to your plan of trimming, and, guided by the paper, tack a pattern for the trimming. In fact, you should have tackings wherever you mean to trim, and this tacking is most easily done after placing the skirt on the cutting-out board. It is very seldom we have to complain of things being done too well, but in trimmings inexperienced dress-makers are very apt to put too much good work in sewing them. Light work is best for trimmings. Avoid such stitches as you would apply to under-clothing. But at the same time put on the trimmings securely, and (another thing of great importance) put them on evenly.

Those who succeed in trimming, have generally a taste for millinery, and millinery is almost as useful an art for wives and mothers as dressmaking. I shall give some general remarks on the subject of caps, &c., in next number. In the meantime, I offer my readers four pretty illustrations of these articles. They are intended to be worn by young, not middle-aged or elderly, ladies.

The caps, Nos. 1 and 2, are for morning wear, but the dress-sleeve in No. 3 is for a festive occasion, and the wreath, No. 4, is intended for a bride, as the pendent veil indicates. The sleeve is composed principally of

silk tulle. The first puff is merely ornamented with white satin ribbon; the second is crossed with the same—namely, white satin ribbon. The bridal wreath is, of course, of orange flower. The nature of the lace composing the veil must depend on the circumstances of the bride. Ladies of the higher classes generally select Brussels lace, but our English imitations rival in beauty the rich laces of the continent, and we recommend them to all who are anxious to be economical.

THE SLIGHTED SCHOLAR.

CASES like the one I am about to relate are much too frequent; and they are such, too, as should be guarded against by all who have an interest in education. The incident was brought to mind by hearing a complaint made by the parent of a poor boy, who had been grossly neglected by the master of the village-school,—neglected simply because he was poor and comparatively friendless!

Many years ago, when I was but a small boy, I attended school in the town of M—. Among the scholars, there was a boy named George Henry. His father was a poor, drinking man, and the unfortunate boy had to suffer in consequence. George came to school habited in ragged garments—but they were the best he had; he was rough and uncouth in his manners, for he had been brought up in that way; he was very ignorant, for he had never had opportunity for education.

Season after season, poor George Henry occupied the same seat in the school-room,—it was a back corner seat, away from the other scholars,—and there he thumbed his tattered primer. The ragged condition of his garb gave a homely cast to his whole appearance; and what of intelligence there might have been in his countenance was beclouded by the "outer covering" of the boy. He seldom played with the other children, for they seemed to shun him; but when he did, for a while, join with them in their sports, he was so rough, that he was soon shoved off out of the way.

The master passed the poor boy coldly by in the street, while other boys in better garbs were kindly noticed. In the school, young Henry was equally coldly treated. The teacher neglected him, and then called him an "idle blockhead," because he did not learn. The boy received no incentive to study, and, consequently, he was most of the time idle, and idleness begat a disposition to while away the time in mischief. For this he was whipped, and the more he was whipped, the more idle and careless he became. He knew that he was neglected by the teacher simply because he was poor, and ragged, and with a sort of sullen indifference, sharpened at times by feelings of bitterness, he plodded on in his dark, thankless way.

Thus matters went on for several years. Most of the scholars who were of George Henry's age had passed on to the higher branches of study, while he, poor fellow, still spelled out short words of one and two syllables, and still kept his distant seat in the corner. His father had sunk lower in the pit of inebriation, and the unfortunate boy was more wretched than ever. The look of clownish indifference which had marked his countenance, was giving way to a shade of unhappy thought and feeling, and it was evident that the great crisis of his life was at hand. He stood now upon the step in life from which the fate of after years must take its cast.

At this time a man by the name of Kelly took charge of the school. He was an old teacher, a careful observer of human nature, and a really good man. Long years of guardianship over wild youths had given him a blunt, authoritative way, and in his discipline he was strict and unwavering. The first day he passed in the teacher's desk of our school was mostly devoted to watching the movements of the scholars, and studying the dispositions with which he had to deal. Upon George Henry his eye rested with a keen, searching glance. But he evidently made little of him during the first day, but on the second, he did more. It was during the afternoon of the second day that Mr. Kelly observed young Henry engaged in impaling flies upon the point of a large pin. He went to the boy's seat, and after reprimanding him for his idleness, he took up the dirty, tattered primer from his desk.

"Have you never learned more than is in this book?" asked the master.

"No, sir," drawled George.

"How long have you attended school?"

"I don't know, sir. It's ever since I can remember."

"Then you must be an idle, reckless boy," said the teacher, with much severity. "Do you realise how many years you have thrown away? Do you know how much you have lost? What sort of a

Small Change.

"DOCTOR, what do you think is the cause of this frequent rush of blood to my head?" "Oh, it is nothing but an effort of Nature. Nature, you know, abhors a vacuum."

SOME persons, with apparent zeal, vindicate their friends from all their little peccadilloes, whitewash them very carefully, and then knock them on the head by lamenting their addiction to some gross impropriety. They are somewhat like the Roman priests, who, when an ox was not completely white, chalked over the dark spots, and, leading him up to the altar, dispatched him with a blow.

GOLD is an idol, worshipped in all climates without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

SOME writers think they ought to have the favourable regard of posterity because they bestow a great deal of labour upon their works. But, if hardships are a good title to immortality, it often belongs much less to the writer than to the reader.

If a journeyman dyer can earn ten shillings a-day by dyeing, what should it cost him to live?

To win military glory is to share with pestilence and famine the honour of destroying your species, and to participate with Alexander's horse the distinction of transmitting your name to posterity.

If you wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann: "an" is an indefinite article.

NEVER seek to be intrusted with your friend's secret, for, no matter how faithfully you may keep it, you will be liable in a thousand contingencies to the suspicion of having betrayed it.

It is singular that when bills are due, their acceptors are often *mist*.

To fan treason into full blaze, always fan with a petticoat.

THE current coin of life is plain, sound sense. We drive a more substantial and thriving trade with that than with aught else.

WHEN the wolf turns moralist, always look to your lambs.

It is generally supposed that the whale, for three days after swallowing Jonah, had a great deal of blubber in him.

AN Irish counsel was asked by the judge "for whom he was concerned?" He answered, "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

A MAN hearing of another who was a hundred years old, said, contemptuously, "Pshaw! What a fuss about nothing! Why, if my grandfather was alive, he would now be a hundred and fifty years old!"

THE sweetest bedfellow is conscience. Ah! it is a charming thing to feel her at one's heart!—to hear her evening song and her morning hymn!

WE have just seen a wagon-load of sheep and calves pass our window with their feet tied. Bound for market, we presume.

THOSE who write and speak best upon spirituous liquors are most generally those who are fullest of their subject.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, he who reels and staggers most in the journey of life takes the straightest cut to perdition.

If you are an author don't be proud of the swiftness of your pen. Leave that quality to racehorses. The Pegasus that wins the laurels is a rather slow traveller.

It would seem that a great many men and women are trying to establish their claims to the possession of genius by proving their deplorable lack of common sense.

As the intellect wastes away, malignity generally increases; so, when the brain decays after death, snakes are said to breed in the vacant skull.

The moral courage that will face obloquy in a good cause, is a much rarer gift than the bodily valour that will confront death in a bad one.

MANY a man censures and praises so very faintly that he has no enemies except his friends.

AN Irishman, writing from Philadelphia, the other day, to his friend in the "old country," concluded a letter thus:—"If I ever sit me forth to live till I die—and no one nose whether it's so or no—I'll visit old Ireland before I leave Philomadelphia."

WE always think of a very mean man that he was made by one of nature's cobblers, and, like an unfinished boot, thrown off without being *souled*.

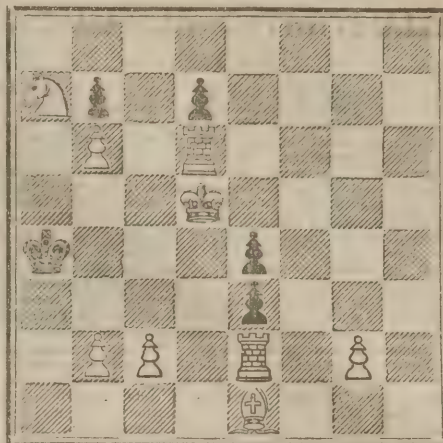
"WHAT makes you spend your time so freely, Jack?"—"Because it's the only thing I have to spend."

REASON can tell how love affects us, but cannot tell what love is.

Chess.

Problem No. 83. By Mr. W. COATES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Game played between R. D. WORMALD, Esq., and E. THOROLD, Esq., Hon. Secretary of the Sheffield Chess Club.

WHITE.	BLACK.
R. B. W.	E. T.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. B to B 4	3. B to B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4	4. B takes P
5. P to Q B 3	5. B to R 4
6. P to Q 4	6. P takes P
7. Castles	7. B takes Q B P (a)
8. Kt takes B	8. P takes Kt
9. P to K 5	9. P to K R 3
10. Q to Q Kt 3	10. Kt to Q R 4 (b)
11. B takes K B P (ch)	11. K to B sq
12. B to Q R 3 (ch)	12. P to Q 3
13. Q takes Q B P	13. K takes B
14. Q takes Q Kt	14. P to Q 4
15. Q R to B sq	15. P to Q Kt 3
16. R takes Q B P (ch) (c)	16. Q takes R
17. Q takes Q P	17. B to K 3
18. Q takes Q R	18. B takes Q R P
19. Q to K B 3 (ch)	19. K to Kt 3
20. Kt to R 4 (ch)	20. K to R 4

And White mated in five moves.

(a) Taking this Pawn is not advisable. The best move seems to be P to Q 3 or Kt to K B 3.—(b) If Q to K 2, White replies with R to Q R 3.—(c) This wins, play as Black may

Solution of Problem No. 79.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q Kt 8	1. B takes B
2. K to B 6 (dis ch)	2. K takes Kt
3. Q to Kt 2 (ch)	3. K moves
4. Q mates	

Solution of Problem No. 80.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q 5	1. Kt takes R (best)
2. Kt to Q Kt 7 (ch)	2. K takes Kt
3. P takes Kt	3. Kt moves
4. P takes Kt (mate)	

EXCELSIOR.—Your Problem, although creditable as a first attempt, is much below our standard of merit. We are much gratified at the laudatory tone of your letter.

E. R. B.—Your solution of Problem No. 69 is correct, but you fail in Problem No. 70.

EXON.—Your letter is highly gratifying to us. We shall always feel much pleasure in answering your inquiries.

H. WALLING.—The games sent shall be reported upon at the earliest opportunity.

CORNISHMAN.—Your suggestions, for which we desire to thank you, shall receive attention.

W. B. B.—Problem No. 1 is very easy. No. 2 can be solved in three moves by commencing with Kt to Q Kt 4.

J. PALMER.—We have communicated your challenge to the gentleman named by you.

Solutions of Problems by D. W. O. (Sligo), Nos. 76 and 77; F. G. Rainger, Nos. 76, 77, 78, and 79; M. A. R., Nos. 76 and 79; E. Grant, Nos. 76 and 78; Oxoia, Nos. 76, 77, and 78; D. R., Nos. 76 and 79; D. W. S., Nos. 76, 77, and 78; J. Palmer, Nos. 77 and 78; J. P. B., Nos. 76, 77, and 78; Markham, Nos. 77, 78, and 79; R. B. W., Nos. 76, 77, 78, and 79; C. Austin, Nos. 76, 77, 78, and 79; R. Wacoin, Nos. 76 and 79; J. Washborough, Nos. 77, 78, 79; G. B., Nos. 76, 77, and 78, correct.

BROOKLET OF OUR JOYS.

"The brook of the willows."—ISAIAH XV. 7.

With a pleasant, murmuring noise,
Glides the brooklet of our joys,
Sparkling in the sunlight sheen,
Fring'd with flowers and fleck'd with green;
Yet its beauteous banks along,
Here and there, with fibres strong
Still the tree of weeping droopeth,
And to kiss its forehead stoopeth.

Early Spring the current swells,
Brimming o'er in crystal wells;
Sultry Summer checks its flow,
Brooks decrease—but willows grow.

Our Editorial Table.

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This Beautifully Illustrated and Instructive Almanack, which has now obtained celebrity wherever the English language is spoken, will this year be found to surpass, if possible, its previous attractiveness. It will contain upwards of Thirty Engravings, the subjects as follow:—Twelve engravings representing the modes of Repast in various Nations and Periods;—Twelve engravings representing important events of the year 1858, including the Capture of Delhi—Storming of Lucknow—Bombardment of Canton—Earthquake in Naples—Burial of the Queen of Oude—the Leviathan off Deptford—Inauguration of the Boulevard de Sebastopol—Arrival of the Queen at Cherbourg—Launch of the Ville de Nantes—Fort Napoleon in Kabylia—Her Majesty's arrival at the Town Hall, Leeds—Removal of the decorations, fountain, &c., in the Place du Châtelet. Four emblematical designs of the Seasons;—Astronomical illustrations, &c., &c. The Literary matter, in addition to explanations of the above Engravings, consists of the Calendar, richly stored with historical remembrances; Chronology; Obituary; Abstracts of Acts of Parliament; Important Statistics; Postal Regulations; Stamps and Taxes; Gardening Calendar; the Government; Royal Family; Houses of Lords and Commons, and other matters, interesting to all branches of the community.

N. B. Orders should be given at once to the nearest Bookseller, as delays, consequent upon the large circulation, have unavoidably occurred in the delivery of the two last years' issues.

L. JONES.—The Prince of Prussia, who, in accordance with the laws of the constitution, has succeeded to the regency, is the father-in-law of our Princess Royal, Princess Frederick William, by marriage. We believe it is softening of the brain that occasions the mental incapacity of the King of Prussia. Your request that we will give our opinion of the real character of the King of Prussia before his mind became affected, imposes on us rather a difficult task. An irresolute man can neither be called good nor bad, but his sway is generally very injurious to his subjects. The king was full of noble impulses, but he had not strength of will to carry his good intentions into effect. Though glowing with patriotism, he diminished the influence of Prussia. Though he was a lover of peace, he protracted the Russian war through his want of courage to take the side which he knew was the right one. Thus, he brought down upon himself the contempt of Europe. Again, it was his earnest desire to see his country free; he granted her liberty, and then, alarmed at his own deed, he withdrew the gift. May his brother, the present regent, display the good qualities without the weakness of King Frederick William. He assumes power in less troublous times than those which distracted, and perhaps weakened, the mind of his unhappy brother. Let us trust that, warned in time, he will act on the conviction that irresolution is the worst fault a ruler can have, and that it is not so much the wicked as the weak monarchs that bring upon their subjects the greatest calamities.

STEPHEN R.—After Lord Elgin had procured for this country, and through this country for the world, an advantageous treaty with the Emperor of China, the Cantonese chose to continue the war on their own account. Actually the "Sun-Kum," an illegal tribunal, and great mandarins (taking advantage of Lord Elgin's absence on a mission to Japan), have been offering rewards for the heads of Englishmen, and been threatening with vengeance and death all Chinese who may continue in the domestic employ of British subjects, or who may supply the colony of Hong Kong with provisions. Urged by the British residents in Hong Kong, who are threatened with starvation, Sir John Bowring (governor during Lord Elgin's absence) has issued a proclamation threatening the "Sun-Kum" with vengeance. But proclamations seldom avail when traitors and murderers have to be dealt with; and as a protection to the lives of our fellow-subjects, we have reason to expect that Lord Elgin and Sir Michael Seymour will soon return to Canton with a force sufficiently strong to prove to the "Sun-Kum," the mandarins, and other rebels, that, although they may trifle with the authority of their own government, they cannot safely trifle with the majesty of Great Britain.

NINA.—We can easily understand how anxiously you and all your friends look out for news respecting the condition of the transatlantic telegraph. Strange to say, even in its defective state, it is capable of conveying messages from Newfoundland when under the influence of extraordinary and peculiar battery power. This, however, though encouraging, must not be regarded as a permanent state of things. There is a serious fault in the cable, and at present all efforts, to bring it into perfect working order (on our side at least), are fraught with danger to the cable. But you and your friends must hope for the best, and recollecting the almost boundless powers of science, look forward to the welcome news that the cause of the fault has been discovered and the remedy applied.

W. W.—So you have been reading the newspaper, and met with the word "*fait accompli*." You wish to know the meaning of the expression. Literally, "*un fait accompli*" is an accomplished fact. Thus: the suppression of the Indian mutiny is "*un fait accompli*,"—a thing actually done or accomplished; for, although some vitality may still exist here and there in this never-to-be-forgotten rebellion, it is speedily met and crushed by our brave generals and men; and although Nana Sahib is not yet taken, and Tantia Toopee, another insurgent leader, has displayed marvellous military talent, we may rest assured that peace will soon be

restored, together with the thorough establishment of our authority in India, and the extinction of the last sparks of this once mighty conflagration.

OLYMPIE.—In order to preserve your plants throughout the winter, recollect the following rules. Let your plants have plenty of air and light, but do not keep them standing in a powerful draught. Do not expose them to a frosty air, and in severe cold; instead of stirring out the fire in the room in which you keep them, leave a little in the grate on retiring to rest, but mind you put up the guard for security's sake. Only apply a small quantity of water at a time, and let this, if possible, be rain, or river water. If you have nothing but spring water, expose it for a day to the influence of the air or the sun before watering your plants with it.

CURIOS.—We believe it is a mistake to suppose that Vauxhall was named after Fawkes, or Guy Fawkes. It more probably took its name from one Jane Vaux, or Fawkes, mentioned in the history of Lambeth as holding a copyhold tenement in Vauxhall in 1615. Guy, or Guido Fawkes, was not likely at any time of his career to have possessed a hall or mansion. Contemporary history does not lead us to suppose that Guy Fawkes (one of the principal actors in the gunpowder plot, who conspired to overthrow James I. and his government) was a mercenary ruffian. He seems rather to have been an enthusiast, in whose mind fanaticism had obscured the perception of right and wrong. It was on November 5th, 1605, that the dreadful plot was discovered. Had it not been for "a remorse of friendship" experienced by Sir Henry Percy, who, by a letter, warned his friend, Lord Mountague, of his danger, the plot would have succeeded.

G. W. and N. L. are both suffering from evils usually called imaginary evils; but as they occasion much real suffering, they are as deserving of pity as more ostensible calamities. There is one cheering feature in the case of our correspondents; they have the good sense to reveal their sufferings, and not to let them prey on their own hearts in silence. Sorrow, apparently groundless, is generally caused by some latent indisposition of body. We recommend "G. W. and N. L." to consult some kind, judicious medical man, and frankly to confide to him the state of their feelings. We think it very likely he may discover the cause of their sufferings, and suggest a remedy.

HENRIETTA and NANCY.—Henrietta's communication begins thus:—"Henrietta, an amiable and beautiful young lady, 22 years of age." This manner of speaking of oneself does not evince an humble, teachable spirit, and we think our advice is more likely to find a patient hearing from "Nancy," so we turn to her. Her verses on "Home" are pretty, and we thank her for them, although we do not think them quite good enough for publication. We consider that the want of religious feeling in her sutor is a much more serious objection than his age, for we do not call forty, old.

NETA ALBERTA.—For dyeing ribbons of a light blue colour, we recommend you to purchase a bottle of "blue dye," as oil and colourmen call it, and proceed according to the rules already given. The said blue dye, mixed with turmeric, produces a green dye, which you may apply to the gloves according to the directions for dyeing gloves purple. But, in order to procure what you wish for, viz., a variety of colours, we have more confidence in the following receipt, which dyes gloves of a York tan. Put some saffron into a pint of boiling water (mind it is soft water), and leave the saffron in the water all night. Next morning wet the gloves with the dye, applying it with a brush, but recollect to tack the tops of the gloves together, to prevent the dye from getting inside. Having refused one gentleman, you cannot, according to the laws of etiquette, dance with another. A young lady's neglect of these laws may lead to dangerous quarrels between gentlemen. Both "Agnetta" and others of our readers must forgive our firmly declining all private correspondence. The constant and imperative nature of our avocations renders private correspondence with our readers impossible, and we must beg that no postage stamps will be sent with a view to receive a written answer.

GEORGE.—Be ever on the watch, and we do not doubt an opportunity will present itself. Perhaps your parents know more about the young person than you do yourself. It is not likely they would wantonly stand in the way of your happiness. H. L.—We think, under the circumstances, the invitation should be in the singular number, viz., "Mr. B. presents his compliments," &c. We consider the expression, party, the most fashionable, but home, the most friendly. A SOLDIER.—As a "Lance Corporal" and an educated man, you are so much better off than many of your cloth, that we think you are justified in following your inclinations and marrying the young girl. A SEAMAN.—Write once again, and give her another chance.

A PLAIN GIRL.—By eating plenty of fresh vegetables you may check the scurvy, and by taking enough air and exercise you may give bloom to your complexion. MIKE SILEX had better drop the acquaintance of the lady gradually; and A SLIGHTED ONE will do well to pursue a similar plan with the gentleman. SILLY FANNY and POLLY must clearly see that if they cannot polish the beaux of Stourpool, we are quite inadequate to the task. ONE IN A DILEMMA.—You may accept the offer of the man for whom you feel only an affectionate esteem, provided you entertain no passionate love for any other.

ALICE BELL has reason to suppose herself preferred. We recommend the farmer to the choice of AN UNDESIDED ONE, provided both suitors are equally steady. C. GRUBO BACH appears to us to be a young man whose love would stand the test of a long engagement; and as his circumstances do not allow of his marrying, we think this engagement would conduce to his happiness, provided the young lady's parents do not object to it.

A YOUNG CABINET-MAKER, J. W., AND S. R. B.—To make French polish: Dissolve one pound of pale shell-lac, and two ounces of mastic, in one quart of spirits of wine of 90 degrees strength. Make it in the cold, by frequently stirring or shaking the ingredients together in a well-closed bottle. To use French polish: finish off the article to be polished as smoothly as possible with glass-paper—first with fine, and then with the finest. Make a rubber of thick woollen cloth, in narrow strips (or *list*): apply some varnish from the mouth of the bottle to the middle of the rubber, and inclose it in a

soft linen cloth, doubling over the outside, so as to form a sort of handle. Moisten the face of the linen with a little raw linseed oil, applied with the finger to the middle of it. Place your work opposite the light; pass the rubber quickly and lightly over its surface, until the varnish becomes nearly dry; again charge the rubber with varnish, omitting the oil, and repeat the rubbing, until three coats are laid on. Repeat till there is sufficient thickness of varnish; then wet the linen cloth with a little oil and spirits of wine, without varnish, and rub as before till dry.

R. MARKHAM.—The distance from London to New York across the Atlantic is usually estimated at 3,000 miles.

A MOTHER.—We are not matrimonial advisers. STUBBS.—If you wish to terminate the affair, return the presents at once. FANNY.—That which will remove the hair from your face, is very likely to do injury to your skin. J. MAE.—Your writing betrays your youth; mustaches will come in due time. PETER M.—The subjects about which you inquire, are of a class on which we decline giving advice. ADOLPHUS.—You are unwise to stop the growth of your hair. A CONSTANT READER.—Apply to the nearest stationer or bookseller. A LLOYD.—Mix flower of malt with some butter, and add thereto a drop or two of oil of aniseed; make it into balls, and bait your trap with it. This will be sure to attract the rats. DELTA.—You will find an answer as to the model copy-books, in No. 50. D. SLATTER and LARRY GRIGG.—We have given directions for the removal of warts again and again: see No. 49. PETER MANGLES.—Cod liver oil is not a suitable hair-oil. J. M.—The office of Lord Great Chamberlain is one of great antiquity, but the precise date is not known. Lord Willoughby D'Eresby holds the office at present. A CONSTANT READER.—Soy-sauce is prepared from a small bean, the fruit of the *Saja hispida*. You will hardly be able to manufacture it yourself. W. S.—The colours usually sold in cakes will answer your purpose for painting portraits in water-colours; or you may purchase the colours in powders, and mix them carefully with weak gum-water.

JUVENIS.—"Juvenis" is a very happy youth. He has seldom suffered from illness; his parents are indulgent, and have allowed him to follow his own inclinations in the choice of a business; but, in spite of all this, he is sometimes saddened by the thoughts of old age, and of death; and he wishes to know how he can banish these thoughts. We do not advise "Juvenis" to banish them. Let them serve as monitors, and as checks in the hour of temptation. The thought of the future ought not to sadden, but to sober, the feelings of the young. For the benefit of "Juvenis" we will quote a few lines of a little poem, in the form of a dialogue between a young and an old man, which run thus:—

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"The few hairs that are left you are gray;
You are healthy and happy, a hale old man;
Now what is the reason, I pray?"
"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might mourn for the past."

Let "Juvenis" follow William's example, and he will not be made miserable by the thoughts of life's decline; and let him remember, that the difference between a happy and a miserable old age consists in this, the one is sweetened by hope, the other is embittered by regret.

MACULLAN P.—Admirable lessons in chemistry (organic and inorganic) and geology are included in the volume of "Cassell's Educational Course," entitled "Science popularly Explained." You can obtain the other work you name either in volumes, parts, or numbers.

ALLEN.—If you wish for very beautiful red ink, dissolve twelve grains of pure carmine in three ounces of water of ammonia, adding eighteen grains of powdered gum arabic.

BRAVE JACK.—Take a little weak aquafortis or oxalic acid, and rub the stains on your desk with a piece of cork dipped in it, till the colour is restored; wash it immediately with water, and then dry and polish as usual.

OLD ROBIN GRAY.—You will not be able to get the marks out of your skin. You can have the "Illustrated Almanack for 1859" by sending seven postage stamps to the publisher.

A TRUE LOVER.—Unless the young lady was an old acquaintance, we think, with your mother, that the step she took was a bold one; in fact, quite at variance with that modest dignity we so much admire in the fair sex. JESSIE FAIRBAIRN.—In this important affair be guided by the advice of your nearest relatives and most tried friends. TYRELL.—If the young lady is not a decided coquette, she has what is called in Scotland a "bee in her bonnet"; in either case you are lucky to escape her. As to the return of the presents you have made her, the law of the land does not enforce it; so you had better think no more about them.

A FAITHFUL SUBSCRIBER.—You must have received an imperfect copy of No. 64 of the "Educational Course," as that number includes title-page, contents, &c. If you send three penny stamps we will furnish you with a complete number by return of post.

A CONSTANT READER.—Why should you be in "great suspense" about so plain a matter? By all means complete the engagement at once.

* Several of our correspondents who have written at various times for information upon South Africa, will be pleased to learn that a very nice volume, containing much useful information upon this interesting country, has been issued by Messrs. Ward and Lock, under the title of "Narratives and Adventures of Travellers in South Africa." It is published at 5s., and is well illustrated. It has, also, an excellent map. It is a volume which we can highly recommend.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SMILES AND TEARS:

A Tale of our own Times.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DICK TARLETON," "PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER CIX.

The law is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is one institution in the country which few characters, however resolute, incline to brave, for it is armed with a power more iron than despotism—public opinion sometimes tempers that—unyielding as the granite, hard as the age in which it was founded; an institution against which time has fluttered its battered wings in vain, from which reform shrinks back, palsied by its cold impassibility.

There is nothing human about it, although presided over and put in motion by human beings. Built upon precedent, it is itself the slave of precedent, in whose chains even its judges are bound.

Could tears have melted it, it must have been washed away long since; could curses have appalled it, the thousand imprecations uttered in exile, poverty, the madhouse, and the gaol, would have startled it from the icy complacency with which it regards its work. It is a machine which those who have set it in motion know not how to stop.

We need scarcely say that we allude to the Court of Chancery.

Powerful as were the reasons of Lady Boothroyd for wishing Alice to withhold her evidence, she found herself compelled to yield; not one of the gentlemen of the long robe whom she consulted could point out a means of avoiding it. All her suggestions were met by that terrible word—"contempt."

A man may treat parliament with contempt—in its greatness it rarely condescends to notice him; the church with contempt—in its charity it forgives him. Even royalty may be treated with contempt, and no very serious consequences follow. But woe to the desperate wretch who falls into a similar error with Chancery! Flight is his only safety. England has no longer a home for him, except in her prisons. The respect exacted by the inquisition was not more jealously guarded. In fact, so susceptible is the court upon this point, that even ignorance is not held to be an excuse. The crime may be committed unwittingly in one's sleep.

This is no overdrawn picture. Many persons have languished years in prison for not putting in a reply to a bill, in which they had neither contingent nor present interest, or for neglecting to obey an order they did not comprehend.

That is one form of contempt.

A still more serious one is refusing to give evidence



PETER MANGLES AT THE GRAVE OF CARUS THE MURDERER.

when duly cited. It would require a vast amount of expenditure, as well as time and punishment, to purge the offender of that—a fact which her advisers succeeded at last in impressing on the mind of their client, who, as her daughter was a minor, would be held legally responsible for her absence.

The consequence was that Alice appeared before the commissioners appointed to take evidence, and related the scene she had witnessed in the old pavilion in Meldown Park.

Lillian and her friends were already in court when Lady Boothroyd and her daughter made their appearance. By a singular coincidence, both the cousins were dressed in black; and the ambitious mother had the mortification of hearing the remark, "How like they are!" from those hangers-on of Providence—the junior briefless members of the bar.

"Put down your veil," she whispered to Alice, who, in obeying her command, seized the occasion of exchanging a smile with Lillian; a very improper thing, no doubt, and only to be pardoned on account of its rarity.

Few persons smile in chancery.

It would be an ungrateful return to our readers, for the interest they have shown in the fortunes of our heroine, if in the last number of "Smiles and Tears" we were to enter into all the dry details of a court of equity; added to which there is another consideration, we doubt whether in that case the present number would prove the last—a suit in chancery resembling, in some respect, the famous sea-serpent, whose head and tail are rarely seen at the same time.

The petition of the plaintiff had been ably drawn. The means employed by Lady Boothroyd to destroy all trace of her existence; the abduction from St. Faith's by Mark Rayner and his wife; the means used to overcome their scruples; the placing her with Mike; the exchange of children with Fiddler Dick; her supposed death, and subsequent adventures in India—step by step, each scene in the drama was minutely traced.

The reading of the petition was followed by that of the affidavits in support of the allegations it contained.

All who heard them felt assured of one thing, that if the claim of Lillian were not established, the reputation of Lady Boothroyd was most effectually damaged by the narration.

It is said that at the moment of death every action of our past lives is presented vividly before us, and it is a curious question whether the leaves of the volume on which, we are told, the recording angel writes them, are not, in fact, the tablets of our own memory.

Perhaps we had better not enter into that speculation, although it is a tempting one, but proceed with our tale.

Some such phantasma passed through the brain of her ladyship as she sat, to all outward appearance, calm and unmoved, listening to the deep clear voice of the learned counsel. Her life passed, as in a mirror, before her, and for the first time, perhaps, she asked herself if crime had made her happy.

Conscience assured her that it had not. All that she had sinned for had been defeated except wealth, and even that was fast gliding from her grasp.

The sobs of her daughter became painfully audible. Bitterly did she feel her mother's degradation.

Every countenance was marked with expectation when the opening counsel rose to reply.

"My lord; your lordship has listened, with most exemplary patience, to an amusing romance, to which it would be a perfect waste of your lordship's valuable time to reply. This is not the time or place to vindicate the reputation of my respected client, so ingeniously assailed. I ask your lordship to dismiss the plaintiff's petition on the ground that there is no such person as Lillian Boothroyd before the court, and we defy the very interesting young lady, claiming that name, to prove she has the slightest right to it. It is a vile conspiracy from beginning to end, by which some, no doubt, most honourable persons have been deceived, and induced to lend the moral countenance of their support."

"Where did the marriage of Allan Boothroyd take place?" inquired the chancellor, after referring to his papers.

"In India, my lord," replied Serjeant Silvertongue. "We have letters from his wife to her brother, in which she speaks of—"

"Any certificate?" interrupted his lordship.

"Unfortunately not, my lord. Late events in that distracted country—the destruction of registers and the different stations looted and burnt by the rebellious sepoys—will, I humbly submit, sufficiently account for its loss. We have the affidavit of the godmother of the plaintiff, the wife of a distinguished

officer, who will prove to you that Mrs. Allan Boothroyd was everywhere received in the best society; in fact, that there is not the slightest moral doubt of her having been a wife."

"Your lordship will agree with me that this is perfectly extraneous. My learned friend very naturally is doing all he can to make a case for his client, but I contend that it has broken down. There is not a tittle of evidence to show that Lieutenant Boothroyd ever was married."

"Beant there?" roared out a voice in the crowd.

"That's all you know about the matter!"

The chancellor frowned; the astonished clerks called "Silence!" and the indignant usher ordered the officers to take the speaker in charge.

But the speaker did not choose to be taken in charge—at least, till he had had his say. Bustling through the densely-packed crowd that filled the court, he made his way to the space in front of the bench, and holding a packet of papers in his hand, exclaimed, "Here is the proof that Lilly's mother was married!"

The countenance of Lady Boothroyd flushed for an instant, and then became exceedingly pale.

"I found 'un, Lilly," added the speaker, who was no other than Farmer Minter, "in the owl's nest."

His lordship directed one of the clerks to hand them to him.

The packet so singularly recovered contained not only the certificates of the lieutenant's marriage with the mother of our heroine, and the birth of their child, but a letter written by Allan Boothroyd on his deathbed to Sir Norman, imploring his protection for his orphan.

The chancellor read them twice. Shrewd, intelligent, and accustomed to unravel, during his career at the bar, the intricacies of evidence, he hesitated before expressing an opinion—the whole affair seemed so like a *coup de théâtre*.

"They certainly have the appearance of being genuine," he observed.

"Will your lordship permit me?"

They were passed to the counsel of the defendant, who, after a careful examination, looked exceedingly blank.

The marriage certificate was signed by the Rev. Henry Churton, A.M., regimental chaplain, witnessed by Barny Gee and Henry Coulson, sergeant-major.

A junior barrister rose, and requested to be permitted to examine the signature of the clergyman.

As his name was Churton, of course it was permitted.

"The handwriting of my brother, my lord," he said. "There cannot be the slightest doubt on that point. At the date mentioned, he was regimental chaplain in one of our Indian regiments, though now, as your lordship is aware, one of the colonial bishops. He arrived in England three days since."

"There can be no difficulty, then, in proving his signature," observed the chancellor.

"Not the slightest, my lord."

Poor Lillian! It was not the prospect of wealth that caused tears of joy to fall at this unexpected discovery. They proceeded from a purer, better feeling—the certainty that she would never have to blush on hearing the name of her mother.

"Where did you say you procured the papers?" demanded the chancellor, addressing Farmer Minter.

"In the owl's nest, my lord."

"Where?"

The witness related, with much good sense, though certainly more circumlocution than we feel disposed to indulge in, the death of Barny Gee—the fruitless attempts he had made to recall his last words, and the conversation which so opportunely at last had brought it to his mind.

There was a straightforward, simple integrity in his manner of relating this, that carried conviction to every mind present—if we except the legal ones—that he had spoken the truth.

"Very strange you should have forgotten, as you say you did, the last words of a dying man," observed the opposing counsel.

"Yes! it was."

"How do you account for it?"

The farmer shook his head.

"Owls are not rare in Devonshire, I believe?"

"There are not many in our parts, I reckon," was the reply.

"And they build nests there?" added the counsel.

"I never heard they were built for 'em," answered the farmer, with a broad grin.

There was a titter in court; the usher looking sternly round, as if he felt his own personal dignity insulted, called for silence.

"And you expect his lordship to believe this strange tale?" continued the learned gentleman.

"Now, sir, look me in the face, and answer me: Would not the sight of an owl have recalled the last words of the man Barny Gee to your mind? supposing he had uttered them?"

The features of the counsel, unfortunately, bore a distressing likeness to the bird in question. He had large round eyes, a hooked nose, and large feathery iron-gray whiskers. The wig also favoured the resemblance.

The witness could not restrain his mirth.

"I believe it would," he said; "but I have never been in a Court of Chancery before."

Either the words, or the tone in which they were uttered, caused a burst of laughter, in which the bar and court so far forgot their dignity as to join—a breach of etiquette which made the pompous usher look, if possible, still more stern and dignified, as he repeated his parrot-like cry of "Silence! silence!"

The case was virtually at an end, although his lordship did not pronounce any decision—that would have been quite contrary to precedent, and precedent rules everything in chancery; added to which, the evidence of Farmer Minter was not evidence in the legal sense of the word. Legal evidence in the Court of Chancery can only be received on affidavit. The counsel both for plaintiff and defendant clearly foresaw what it would be—an action at common law to try the validity of the codicil and the genuineness of the certificate.

Lillian, accompanied by her friends, returned to the hotel, where she received the congratulations of those who loved her.

"In tears?" whispered her lover.

"They are for Alice," replied the generous-hearted girl. "I cannot but feel for what she must have endured for my sake."

Richard thought she had never appeared so lovely as at that moment. And he was right. There is an intellectual and moral beauty, which impart a grace even to the most faultless features, and retain a hold upon the heart when time has dimmed the eye of its lustre, and robbed the cheek of the bloom we prize.

A numerous and happy party were assembled that same evening at Mivart's—Mr. Bently, William, the father of our hero, Rachel, Mary, the Thorntons, Morton, his son, and Peter Mangles, who was now looked upon so completely as one of the family, that no reunion would have been considered complete without him.

How proud did Sir Charles and Lady Bell feel of their adopted child. Not that she had become rich—that was a secondary consideration; not even the name now proved to be her right, added to their satisfaction; it was caused by the noble sentiments she displayed in speaking of her cousin!

"She certainly has acted nobly," observed Mr. Morton, "and I have no doubt but means might be found to remove her from the guardianship of her evil-minded mother."

William Thornton thought he had never listened to so sensible a suggestion in his life.

Later in the evening Lady Bell and our heroine had a long conversation with the lawyer upon the subject, in which Rachel and Mary were ultimately called to take a part. It was decidedly a female plot that was hatching. "But with such conspirators," as our hero observed, "the object was sure to be a worthy one."

Mr. Morton was the first to take his leave, when, strange to say, not one of the ladies pressed him to remain.

Mary and Lillian were each questioned by their lovers. Nothing, however, could be elicited from them, till William begged to be taken into their confidence, which boon, by dint of prayers, he at last obtained.

"It was yielded," as Mary said, "to his piteous looks rather than to his still more piteous eloquence, and then only on one condition—that he kept the nature of it from Richard and Harry."

"You remember how you tormented me?" she added, laughingly, to her lover; "it is my turn to have a secret now."

"You have always possessed one," observed Harry, gallantly.

"Indeed!"

"The power of convincing me that whatever you decide upon is right. But you forget," he added, "that I have all but eaten my way to the bar, and can give a shrewd guess at the project you have talked my father into."

We need scarcely add, that before separating, Lillian had imparted all that she knew of it to our hero.

Lady Boothroyd had returned to her home, with the bitter conviction that all she had toiled and

sinned for was lost; her reputation destroyed, and what was still worse, as her lawyers had pointed out to her, the jointure which Sir Norman had secured to her upon his personal property considerably imperilled, as there was not the slightest chance of the chancellor decreeing costs out of the estate.

Ruin, therefore, comparative ruin, stared her in the face.

With her usual decision of character, she determined to meet it promptly. Alice was still under her control. The selfish woman knew that her child would never permit her to know want; but to prevent her from falling under, what she was pleased to term, the influence of her enemies, she decided upon withdrawing at once to Paris—a step her counsel had hinted might be necessary.

On reaching home, orders were given for her departure at an early hour the following morning.

This was a sad blow to her daughter who found herself powerless to resist her mother's determination; and, let us add, from a sense of duty and obedience, she would have hesitated to do so under any circumstances.

Painful as the thought of exile appeared, it was bliss compared with the sorrow which had lately oppressed her—the dread of a marriage with Ilston.

At a very early hour the carriage was at the door, luggage packed, and everything ready for the journey, when just as the travellers were about to step into it, Mr. Morton made his appearance—followed by our readers old acquaintance, Meadows—and requested a few minutes' private conversation.

"It must be some other time," replied her ladyship, haughtily; "you perceive I am about to leave town."

"It is pressing."

"By letter, then."

"Letter," replied the lawyer, coldly, but with perfect politeness, "will not do. I am anxious to spare you a public disgrace; but you must grant me the hearing I request; unless," he added, lowering his tone, "you prefer all taking place before a magistrate."

The first impulse of the mother of the trembling Alice was to brave him; but there was something in the cold gray eyes of the gentleman's companion, that were fixed upon her, which created a vague, unpleasant impression in her mind, and she retraced her steps to the library, motioning to Mr. Morton to follow her.

"You will remain here," whispered the latter.

Mr. Meadows gave an intelligent nod, which showed he perfectly understood every movement of the game.

Whilst waiting the result, a second carriage drove up, with Lady Bell and Lillian; neither of whom, however, quitted it for the present.

"The communication I have to make is an unpleasant one," observed Mr. Morton; "a warrant has been applied for, for your apprehension."

"Ridiculous!" ejaculated her ladyship.

"Very few persons find it so," remarked the gentleman, drily.

"Upon what grounds?"

"Conspiracy to defraud your niece of her share in the Meldown property! If driven to extremities, the charge may take a still more serious form. All your ladyship's letters to your late steward, Andrew Silex, are in my hands."

Lady Boothroyd sank into a chair. Her self-confidence had at last abandoned her.

"There is only one arrangement for avoiding it," resumed her visitor, "which, as it will not interfere in the slightest degree with your ladyship's visit to Paris, I trust you will see the necessity of acceding to."

The guilty woman glanced instinctively towards her bewildered and terrified child.

"You are right," said Mr. Morton; "the friends of Miss Boothroyd feel that a residence with you can no longer conduce to her happiness. Lady Bell Fourreau, the guardian of her cousin, the joint heiress of Meldown, will be happy to receive her."

"What if I refuse?"

"The law must take its course."

"And if I accede?"

"The letters will be destroyed. That is," added the gentleman, cautiously, "as soon as your daughter is of age."

"My cousin Lillian means this well," said Alice; "but I cannot avail myself of her kindness. If my mother is unhappy, it is the place of her child to remain with and console her; if she has erred, to pray and suffer with her."

There are few hearts so hardened but in one corner of them some chord will be found to vibrate to the touch of nature. The devotion of her child did more than even the menaces of the lawyer could have done.

"You will not leave me, then?" she exclaimed.

"Not against your wish."

"Alice!" said her mother, with a violent effort, "perhaps it is best that we should part; no words—this is not the moment for me to give way to weakness. Whatever my motives in the course I have pursued, you, at least, will forbear to judge them. On one point you will still find me consistent. I never will consent to your marriage with William Thornton."

"And yet to his father's forbearance, Lady Boothroyd, you owe your safety," observed Mr. Morton.

"His!"

"He is the executor of Andrew Silex."

Alice took her mother's hand, and regarded her imploringly.

"Never!" gasped the haughty woman; "but I no longer oppose it."

"And now, sir," she added, "the sooner this painful interview is ended the better for myself and child. I must see Lady Bell; understand from her own lips that she is willing to receive her: Alice must not be regarded as an intruder."

Her visitor rang the bell.

"Inform the ladies who are in the carriage below that your mistress wishes to see them."

In a few seconds Lady Bell and our heroine made their appearance.

"Am I to understand," said Lady Boothroyd, coldly, "that the offer which this person has made has the sanction of Lady Bell Fourreau?"

"If it is to act as a mother to this dear girl, to share with her the love I feel for her cousin—yes!"

"I know in whose hands I place her, and rely upon your promise."

With pride unsubdued even to the last, the widow of Sir Norman placed the hand of her weeping daughter in that of Lady Bell's, and without uttering another word, or condescending to notice Lillian, even by a glance, quitted the room.

Mr. Meadows, comprehending that his services were not required, touched his hat respectfully; nay, even carried his politeness so far as to close the door of the carriage, and wish her ladyship a pleasant journey as it drove off.

"Strong-minded woman," he muttered to himself, "very. Morton must have played a clever game with her."

In less than an hour the two cousins were seated in the dressing-room of Lady Bell at Mivart's, their arms encircling each other.

"Do not weep," whispered Lillian, kissing away her tears.

Alice could only murmur the word "Mother."

"A sister's love shall replace her," murmured the fair girl.

Some time elapsed before the trial at common law, which the chancellor had directed, could come off; during which period William Thornton, as well as Richard Markham, were constant visitors at the hotel. As the cause of the plaintiff was unopposed, verdicts, establishing the validity of the codicil and the certificates of Allan Boothroyd's marriage, were returned. Immediately after which Mr. Bently invited the principal personages in our tale to Meldown Park.

CHAPTER CX.

Patience and sorrow strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: Those happy smiles,
That played on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most beloved, if all
Could so become it.—SHAKESPEARE.

NEVER had such doings been seen in St. Faith's, as on the first of May—the day when the two cousins were to arrive at Meldown. It being a generally understood thing that Alice was to become the wife of William Thornton, her name appeared as well as Lillian's in the triumphal arch, erected at the entrance of the village, and nothing that could soothe her feelings was neglected. The congratulatory address, presented by the tenantry headed by Farmer Minter, was addressed to both.

The heart of Lillian was full when she remembered the circumstances under which she had first made her appearance at St. Faith's: then a friendless child; now surrounded by loving friends.

As Richard rode by the side of the carriage and gazed upon her, he thought of the poet's lines:—

"The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it in."

Time flies rapidly when happiness is the companion of its fleeting hours; and several weeks elapsed without one of the numerous party assembled at Meldown finding a single day hang heavily upon their hands. Rachel and her husband experienced in their present

prosperity and the future prospects of their children that deep, contented thankfulness which the recollection of former trials and sufferings renders doubly sweet. The two cousins—the last descendants of an ancient race—would frequently steal from the society of their lovers and, accompanied by Mary Markham, visit the old pavilion in the park; the cottage of Simon Gee, whose future comforts it had been Lillian's first thought to care for; or the homestead of the Minters, where Jack Manders and Caleb Costar, with his mother and sister, had taken up their abode.

It was not long before the three girls—it is astonishing how clear-sighted love had made them—perceived our friend Jack had discovered that his heart was something more than a mere forcing-pump—an engine to keep up the circulation; in other words, that he had fallen over head and ears in love with his friend's sister—not a mere dip, but a decided plunge; and that Caleb began to look exceedingly sentimental at the eldest daughter of Farmer Minter.

It must not be supposed that Rose and her husband were forgotten: their former home had been restored to them by the guardians of the heiresses: Lillian felt that she had a debt of kindness to repay; Alice, the wrong her mother had forced them to accede to to atone.

Neither were the gentlemen idle. By the advice of Mr. Thornton and his grandfather, our hero, who had inherited the property of Andrew Silex, made what all parties considered a just distribution—a farm was purchased close to the hall for the old miser's nephew; the rest, and by far the larger portion, of it distributed to the poor.

Jack hesitated to accept his share of it, till Richard pointed out to him that all the wealth of his relative had not been obtained by crime; but that a part of it, quite as much as he would receive, had been the fruits of his long life of economy and service.

"I think you are right!" exclaimed the honest fellow, his face radiant with smiles; "and now I only want two things to render me the happiest fellow in the world."

"And what may they be?" demanded his friend, gravely. We suspect that either his sister or Lillian had given him a hint of the discovery they had made.

"The first is a cottage for old Bunce."

"That is easily gratified."

"The next is—" here Jack coloured and hesitated.

"Speak out."

"I shall not be able to manage a farm alone."

"Certainly not; you must have labourers," observed our hero, with difficulty repressing a smile, for he saw what the speaker was beating about the bushes for.

"I mean in the house, a—a wife! There, sir, the word is out. I think Caleb's sister would have me, at once, if you or Miss Lillian would only speak a good word for me—express a wish that you would like me to be married on the same day as yourself."

Richard Markham would have gone much further than that to promote the happiness of Jack, and he readily promised, counting on the influence of at least three fair allies, who, considering, as they said, the very considerable period that must elapse before they could think of naming even a distant day for their own marriage, consented to assist him, which they did most effectually.

Somehow—perhaps our female readers can explain the means—the considerable period was wonderfully abridged, the day named, and not a very distant one.

The brides never could exactly explain how it occurred. There had been a long walk with their lovers in the park, they had wandered into separate walks, unconsciously, of course, and doubtless felt quite astonished to discover, on comparing notes, that each had fixed the period for becoming a wife, and by a coincidence equally remarkable, named the same day.

No sooner was the intelligence imparted to the heads of the family, than Peter Mangles was invited down.

Although he took infinite pains to conceal it, the kind old man had not quite got over his disappointment at Mary's not marrying a business man. As a mark of his affection for his young favourite, who, even as a child, had crept, as it were, into his heart, he brought with him a magnificent set of pearls, and such a love of a bracelet!

The wonder was not where he found the money, but the taste.

"I hope you will be happy—very happy," he whispered, as he clasped it on her arm.

"I am sure I shall," answered the blushing girl; "and I have something to tell you, Peter, that will make you happy too, but it is a very great secret; can you keep one?"

"You know I can."
 "Well, then—but I must kiss you first and thank you for your gift—Harry is to give up the law."
 The face of the clerk became radiant with smiles.
 "And devote himself to business. Grandpapa intends that he and Richard shall be partners, if—if—"

"If—if what?"
 "If you will only undertake to give them the benefit of your experience."

"Of course I will," exclaimed the old man, complacently, "break them to the desk—teach them everything. Five years," he repeated; "I think, Mary," he added, with touching simplicity, "that I shall last that time: I am only—"

"Many—many years longer," interrupted the fair girl, throwing her arms around his neck. "This is the first time, Peter," she added, "that you ever said a word to grieve me."

The preparations for the reception of the heiresses at Meldown were poor, compared with those made by the inhabitants of St. Faith's for their wedding day, when every cottager stripped his little garden of its choicest flowers to deck the church and the pathway leading to it. Every one declared that such a sight had never been seen in St. Faith's before.

Sir Charles Fourreau gave away his adopted child. Fervent were the blessings which he and Lady Bell pronounced as she knelt at the altar, her hand clasped in his who was henceforth to be her protector and guide through life. They had little to fear for her happiness: the manly tenderness beaming in the eyes of our hero, the deep emotion with which he pronounced the vow to love and cherish her, guaranteed the felicity of Lillian, as far as human felicity can be assured.

Mr. Bently performed the office of a parent for Alice, and George Markham to his daughter, Mary.

As the bridal procession emerged from the sacred edifice, it was welcomed with a shout from the villagers and tenants of the Meldown and Elms estates—a genuine Devonshire shout, the heart in the ring of it—whilst, at the same instant, the bell-ringers of St. Faith's, headed by old Simon Gee, who never pulled more lustily, even in his younger days, sent forth a merry peal from the old belfry, that must have very much disconcerted the rooks—it being breeding time; between the firing of the bells, the shouts of the crowd rose clearly again and again, and were kept up long after the long train of carriages was out of sight.

It was the first occasion since her widowhood that Mrs. Chutnee threw aside her weeds, and appeared in a dress of silver gray.

"I thought," whispered Sir Charles in the ear of his wife, as he directed her attention to the quiet earnestness of Wharton, upon whose arm the still girlish Zamora leant, "you said your friend would never think of marrying again?"

"Never! yes—that is for a year, at least," replied her ladyship, laughingly.

"I understand!" exclaimed her husband; "never, in a lady's calculation, means a year."

"In a widow's, Charley—in a widow's."

Although it is a sad anachronism to do so, we may as well state here that Lady Bell proved correct in her prediction; for it was not till the full year of mourning had expired that Zamora became the wife of the gallant Wharton.

We will spare our readers a description of the rejoicings that celebrated the happy event; the feasting of the poor, the ox roasted whole in the park, the escort of mounted tenantry that assembled to accompany the brides the first stage from Meldown, as well as the speeches at the wedding breakfast, in which Peter Mangles and Major Hawley greatly distinguished themselves. Prolong the instants as they would, the period of separation at last arrived: the carriages were at the door.

This—as we have frequently heard our venerable maiden aunt somewhat doubtfully observe—if men ever really do possess any proper feelings, ought to be a painful moment for the newly married husband. The leave-takings, blessings, sobbings, adieus, kisses, and tears, showered upon the bride—no one thinks of noticing him—are so many indirect reproaches for his cruelty in depriving the respectable middle-aged father in spotless white waistcoat, who made such a capital speech at the breakfast—the weeping mother, sisters-in-law, and bridesmaids of their sweet child, friend, and companion.

If the bridegroom has any heart, he must feel it; if he does not, more shame for him. All we can say is, that he ought.

As for the brothers of the victim, we have purposely omitted mentioning them; generally speaking, they are inclined to be jolly rather than otherwise on the occasion.

Fortunately, in the present instance, which after all is the only one we have to do with, cambric was not in very great request. The tears certainly did stand in the eyes of Rachel Markham and Lady Bell as the vehicles drove off; but the smile of hope quickly cheered them. The only bride upon whose happiness a cloud of regret or sorrow rested, was the gentle Alice, who sighed for her mother's blessing.

As the carriage in which William and herself were seated passed the lodge of Meldown Park, Joseph, the footman, who had accompanied Lady Boothroyd to the continent, rode up, and placed a packet in the hands of his young mistress.

"My lady is quite well," exclaimed the old man, perceiving the agitation of Mrs. William Thornton. "As I was about to return to England,"—here he looked knowingly at the bridegroom, to remind him of his promise of taking him into his service,—"her ladyship intrusted me with these."

"Thank Heaven!" murmured Alice, as she handed the letter to her husband; "the last, the only cloud has passed away."

Although the haughty woman most probably never could have brought herself to give a formal consent to the marriage of her daughter, she not only sent her her blessing, but the Boothroyd jewels: a proof that she felt perfectly reconciled to it.

The filial devotion of her child, in refusing to separate from her without her consent, had touched her heart: though sadly worldly, it was not all of clay.

The morning after the wedding, Peter Mangles returned to London. His absence had lasted a week—a most unusual circumstance for him, a week from business!—but on his way back he consoled himself by the reflection that he would soon have our hero and the husband of Mary to initiate into the business of the firm, the mysteries of exchange—in fact, a commercial education to undertake, as it were, from the commencement.

Between ourselves and our readers, we are inclined to suspect that when the arrangement does take place, the kind old clerk will find that he has rather underrated the experience of Richard Markham and his friend Harry. A counting-house in Calcutta and a course of mathematics at Cambridge, are not the worst preparation for an introduction to a life of business in London.

On making his appearance at the counting-house, the porter informed Mr. Mangles, with a certain air of mystery, that for the last three mornings a person from the "Crown and Magpie" had been inquiring for him.

"From where, did you say?" exclaimed the horror-struck Peter, who had never forgotten his adventures on the only occasion on which he had ever visited the tavern.

"Crown and Magpie," repeated the man.

"A black woman!" gasped Mr. Mangles.

"No, sir, no," replied the porter, who evidently would have indulged in a laugh had he dared; "a fellow who looks like a potman. Somebody, as I understood him, is dying at the place, and very anxious to see you. But if you object to be troubled," he added, "I can easily send him away."

Peter reflected for an instant. In the City, in his own room, the police and clerks within call, there could not be any great danger he considered, and he directed that the person, in the event of his calling again, should be admitted.

He had not long to wait before the man presented himself. The tale he told was rather a singular one. A gentleman, whose name no one in the house had been able to find out, had been residing at the Crown and Magpie ever since the 11th of March.

The clerk started; the date was that of the murder of Viscount Illston.

"The gent is a-dyin'," added the messenger, "and wants to see you."

"I know no reason why the person you speak of should desire to speak with me," said the old man, thoughtfully; "why did he not write?"

"Perhaps he daren't."

"Or send his name?"

"That might be wuss," observed his visitor, with an exceedingly knowing wink. "We all thinks as the gent is a hidin'. But he told me a word by which he said you'd know him. Care—Carus! that's it!"

Peter hesitated no longer, but drove at once to the tavern. A shudder ran through his veins as he recognised the house—the fat landlady in corkscrew ringlets, gold chain and rings at the bar. Recollecting, however, that it was daylight, his courage somewhat revived.

"This is the gent, missis," exclaimed the messenger, "as is come to see our lodger."

"I should like to know who is to pay for our

lodger," replied the woman, tartly; "his last bill has been standing a month."

"If it is the person I have reason to suppose it is, I will," said Mr. Mangles.

"Better see him at once, then," observed the landlady; "if it isn't, he must go to the workus—I don't keep my house open for nothink."

On entering a small, dingy room at the back of the tavern, the old clerk with some difficulty recognised in the gaunt, emaciated skeleton before him the nephew of his employer. Evidently the unhappy man was fast sinking; he had scarcely strength to stretch forth his hand, which Peter slightly touched, but his eyes were terrible in the eloquent agony of their expression.

"You are come at last," he muttered, hoarsely; "sit down, I am dying. Leave the room," he added, addressing himself to the potman; "this gentleman will pay you for your trouble."

The fellow sullenly obeyed him.

Mr. Mangles was about to speak.

"Hush!" whispered Carus Kearn, "don't breathe my name; they are listening—I am sure they are listening."

Peter walked to the door and opened it. The potman was already at the bottom of the stairs.

"And why should you fear their listening?" he demanded.

The look which the dying wretch gave him in reply was so hopeless, so full of misery, that it caused the blood to run cold in the veins of his visitor.

"You are ill," he said; "very ill. You see what drink has brought you to."

Carus shook his head.

"I have not tasted spirits, or even wine, these three months," he answered. "I dare not drink, and that is my punishment; for when I drink I talk."

Peter Mangles was by no means eloquent; but he possessed, which most of our readers, we feel assured, will consider much better than eloquence, an upright, honest mind; an integrity temptation never yet had shaken, and that straightforwardness of character which often renders the plainest words more persuasive than the most brilliant oratory. He saw that the wretched man, stricken in the full pride and force of manhood, had not many hours to live, and, in his simple, earnest manner, he spoke to him of the future.

The murderer writhed as on a bed of thorns, and more than once grasping the arm of the speaker, implored him to be silent.

"I must do my duty," observed the old man, kindly, "however unfitted for the task; if you refuse to listen to me, allow me to send for a clergyman."

"No, no, he would betray me! no clergyman—no magistrate."

"You have something on your mind, Carus," said his visitor; "I can partly guess it. It is a bad thing to stand before the judgment-seat, with such a balance sheet. We may hoodwink the courts of bankruptcy with false accounts," he added, "but not the court of Heaven."

"You can guess it—partly guess it," repeated the nephew of his employer, fixing his eyes uneasily upon him; "I do not understand you."

"Yes; you came here on the 11th of March."

"Hush! hush!"

"Does not that date suggest my meaning? The night of Illst—"

With a half-stifled shriek, the dying man started from the chair on which he was seated, and attempted to place his hand upon the lips of the speaker.

"Do not name him—for pity's sake, do not name him: they would drag me, even from this den, to the prison—the scaffold. I have never known a moment's peace of mind since that night. Terror has been my companion—wedded to me like my shadow—inseparable from me, even in my dreams—enfold me like a shroud. You speak of punishment. Oh, I have been punished—fearfully punished. Dreading each moment, lest some incautious word or look should betray me. A prisoner, a self-constituted prisoner in this chamber. If I ventured forth," he added, "the placard—the reward stared me in the face. A look—a casual glance sufficed to send the blood from my heart to my gorged brain; and I returned pursued by my own fears. Punishment! men have been said to sleep upon the rack, and I believe it; for the rack would have been mercy to what I have endured; and yet I have slept, to dream—to dream!"

By dint of reasoning and entreaty, the old clerk obtained the wretched man's consent to send for a physician, who quickly saw that the case was a hopeless one.

"How long has he to live?" demanded Peter.

The medical man looked astonished at such a question, asked in the presence of his patient.

"You must answer me," continued the speaker, solemnly, "unless you would have him die with the weight of bloodguiltiness upon his soul."

"Speak!" groaned Carus.

"About five hours," answered the physician; "five hours at the utmost."

Strange to say, the reply appeared to afford the dying man relief; it insured him against the scaffold, and he no longer refused to receive the visit of the clergyman, who impressed upon his mind the necessity of making a full confession of his guilt, which was witnessed and signed a few minutes only before the murderer expired; his intention having been, as he declared, to shoot Richard Markham, in order to revenge himself upon his uncle.

He had mistaken the viscount for our hero.

This confession was not made public till the remains of Carus had been consigned to their final resting-place. Peter Mangles was the only person who followed him to the grave.

"A bad end," he exclaimed, with a sigh; "a bad end! But it is not to be wondered at; he never was correct in his petty cash book!"

THE END OF "SMILES AND TEARS."

[Our next number will contain the opening chapters of an entirely new and original tale, by J. F. SMITH, author of "Smiles and Tears," "Phases of Life," "Dick Tarleton," "The Soldier of Fortune," &c., &c., written expressly for this paper, entitled "THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW," which surpasses in stirring incident and startling adventure the most popular productions of this justly celebrated author.]

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

THE REASONABLENESS OF RELIGION.

COMPLAINTS of the world and of life we often hear even from those who are surrounded by all the external of comfort and happiness. But the world is good; for it is God's world, made by his power, fashioned by his wisdom, and fitted by his bounty for many precious uses. The world is good, for it is intended for man, the first home of his being, and the school of his destiny. Life is also good, for it is mighty in purpose and capacity, and endowed with tender and sublime affections, which are improved by cultivation and exercise.

The ascetic view of life is as erroneous as the sensual. The Christian view of life is that which is alone consistent with reason and revelation, a view in which both the present and the future are seen to be but one life—one in essence, and one in interest.

It is scarcely necessary to caution young men against the ascetic view of life. Ascetics are generally those who have met with bitter disappointment, or who have satiated their nature with the pleasures of life. Instead of accusing themselves of misusing that which confers happiness when properly employed, these people become dissatisfied with the arrangements of Providence, misanthropic and ascetic. But such cases are not common among the young. To youth the world wears its brightest aspect, and life presents its most alluring charms. Life is so good, and so much enjoyment is anticipated, that anything which seems to interfere with the full gratification of the desires, is shunned as a burden, or resented as an insult. Religion seems to cloud the horizon, and to cast a shadow on the earth. But this is only in appearance. A misconceived idea with regard to religion is the cause of this disinclination to admit its claims. It is associated with long faces and prayer meetings, psalm-singing and dull sermons, and grave reproofs and stupidity. It is supposed to regard human life as a mere dull, wearisome journey to another world; it is thought to condemn every pleasure as vain and wicked; to teach you to despise things that you love, and to love things that you despise. You feel that much of this is unnatural and irrational. So it is. But true religion is a very different thing from that which it is sometimes represented to be, and in all its freshness, purity, and elevating power, demands your serious attention.

Enter a railway station, go out on the platform, look on those iron roads—the uplines, downlines, curves. What were they laid in that way for? It is a road. Try your cart or carriage upon it. The axletrees are too narrow, and you go bumping along the sleepers. It is evident it was not made for any ordinary conveyance. Now observe that locomotive. Examine it carefully. It is a very ponderous affair, the wheels would sink to the axle on any common country road. What use is it? why was it built? Stop a moment; would not those heavy wheels just fit this railway? Yes, they would. That solves the difficulty. Those rails were made for the locomotive, and the locomotive was made for those rails. They are good for nothing apart. The locomotive is not safe

anywhere else. Now, what the rail is to the locomotive, religion is to the human mind. It is the road on which we were intended to travel, and for which we are especially designed; and as surely as we attempt to run on any other road do we come to inevitable ruin.

Suppose you don't believe this, and try other roads. There are many roads which you can take; but the result will be deplorable. Here is the tavern, or public-house road; try it—follow it, and see how long it will be before you come to ruin. Here is the road of sensual pleasure; you are sure to bury yourself in the mire if you try it—your machine is not at all adapted for that road. Here is the winding, uncertain path of frivolity; there are morasses on each side of it, and at the rate you are travelling, you will be sure, sooner or later, to run into one of them. Here is the road of philosophy; but it runs through a country in which the light of heaven is obscured; and, while you may be able to maintain the equilibrium of your locomotive, it will only be by a slow and tedious process and with no certainty of ever arriving safely at the end of your journey. Here is the road of scepticism; that is covered with fog, all the signal-lights are uncertain, and a fence runs across it within ten rods. Do you not see that your locomotive was never meant to traffic on these roads? don't you know that the only safe and sure road is that which the Creator has appointed? Don't you know that so long as you keep on this road destruction is impossible, and that the same can be said of no other track under the sky? Don't you know that over rivers and valleys, through hill-cuttings and tunnels, in darkness and in light this road affords an unobstructed and happy progress? If you don't, try it, and answer, is it not what we describe it to be?

Do you ask us what do we mean by religion; do you run over the names of churches and denominations, and ask to what we refer? We point you to the Bible, to the study of the sacred Scriptures, and declare our belief that the Bible, and the Bible alone, furnishes a religion worthy of God or Man.

We believe your personal value depends entirely upon your possession of religion. You are worth to yourself what you are capable of enjoying; you are worth to society the happiness you are capable of imparting. To yourself without religion you are worth very little. A man whose aims are low, whose motives are selfish, who has in his heart no adoration for the Creator, no reverence for the Bible, no strong-armed trust in the future, no elevating sense of the true dignity of his nature, cannot be worth much to himself. Neither can he be worth much to society, because his mind is selfish and degraded, his purposes low and sordid, and he has not that to bestow which society most requires for its happiness and prosperity.

Look at the real object of religion, and observe how rational it is. It is the placing of the human soul in harmony with the Creator and his laws. It is only by preserving your true relation to the Creator, that you can be manly or attain a manly growth. He has given you appetites, and he meant that you should indulge them, and that they should be sources of happiness to you, but always in subordination to your spiritual growth and development. He gave you passions, and they are just as sacred as any part of you, but they are to be under the strict control of your reason and your conscience. He gave you desires for earthly happiness, planted in you the love of human praise, delight in society, and the faculty to enjoy all his works. He gave you his works to enjoy, but you can only truly enjoy them when you learn to regard them as blessings from the Giver of every good gift, and as bestowed on you for the development of your higher nature. There is not a true joy in life which you need give up in being faithful to the Creator, but without such fidelity every pleasure is bereft of its best charm, and yields no solid satisfaction. In whatever way you desire to realise the full grandeur and completeness of life—be religious.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XXX.

"I HOPE, George," said Robert, "that when I go to France I shall find something to drink as well as to eat. After discussing (as we have lately done in the vocabulary) so many excellent dishes, I begin to feel rather thirsty."

"In France," replied George, with a smile, "there are beverages to suit all tastes. You know I am a water drinker, considering water 'le vin de tous les pays,' translated literally, 'the wine of all countries,' and translated freely, 'Adam's ale.' So we will begin with my favourite draught, a glass of water."

ENGLISH.

Drink.

A glass of fresh water
Sugar and water
Currant syrup water
Effervescent lemonade
Orange sherbet
Orgeat
Milk
A sherbet
Cider
Perry
Ale
Beer
White beer
Brown beer
Sparkling beer
Bavarian beer
Strasbourg beer
White wine
Red wine
Sweet wine
Muscat wine
Burgundy
Champaign
Macon wine
Sherry
Port wine
Madeira
Malaga
Wine and water
Punch
Rum
Gin
Brandy
Tea
Black coffee
Coffee with milk
Chocolate

FRENCH.

La Boisson.

Un verre d'eau fraîche
De l'eau sucrée
De la groseille
De la limonade gazeuse
De l'orangeade
De l'orgeat
Du lait
Un sorbet
Du cidre
Du poiré
De l'aille
De la bière
De la bière blanche
De la bière brune
De la bière mousseuse
De la bière Bavaroise
De la bière de Strasbourg
Du vin blanc
Du vin rouge
Du vin doux
Du vin Muscat
(Du vin de Bourgogne)
(Du vin de Bordeaux)
Du vin de champaign
Du vin de Macon
Du vin de Xeres
Du vin d'Oporto
Du vin de Madeira
Du vin de Malaga
De l'eau rouge
Du punch
Du rhum
Du genièvre
De l'eau-de-vie
Du thé
Du café noir
Du café au lait
Du chocolat

"I think now," said George, "you need not complain of having nothing to drink."

"No, indeed," answered Robert. "You certainly have told me the names of drinks to suit all tastes."

"France," said the teacher, "is, as you may have heard, one of the principal wine lands; and 'Le petit vin,' inferior wine, is drunk as generally as beer in this country, and not—as is too generally in England—to excess. Drunkenness is not one of the vices of the French people. You seldom meet a drunken man in their streets, and a drunken woman hardly ever. But the French, of the working classes, are very fond of what they call 'la goutte.' 'Prendre la goutte,' in English, 'to take a drop' of brandy. The drivers of diligences (stage coaches) are especially fond of 'la goutte.'

"A glass of something in the way of a gratuity is called in French 'un pourboire'; and, to tell you the truth, the constant request for 'pourboires' is a drawback to the pleasure the traveller would otherwise find in his excursions in Paris. If he asks the way, a 'pourboire' is expected for the answer; and if, after the 'deuxième à droite' (the second to the right), 'quatrième à gauche' (the fourth to the left), 'tout droit devant vous' (straight before you),—if, I say, after all this, the traveller loses his way, and has to make fresh inquiries, there must be a fresh 'pourboire.' At last he takes refuge in a 'fiacre' (a cab), but as the door is closed upon him, a hand is extended for a 'pourboire'; and when the traveller reaches his destination he beholds the same pantomime, and hears the same request—'un pourboire.'

"Oh, George!" exclaimed Robert, "you quite frighten me. Really you diminish my wish to visit Paris."

"That is far from my intention; I would only put you on your guard. The best plan is to go on excursions with a friend who knows Paris, then you are less likely to be importuned. It is the wandering, puzzled, staring John Bull that is dunned for 'pourboires.'"

"I can easily understand that," replied Robert.

"Now," said the preceptor, "we must speak a little about the exercise. I have not much to say, as you will continue to write on the agreement of the adjective."

"I must, however, direct your attention to the peculiarities of the adjectives *feu*, *late*, and *nu*, naked. The former is invariable when placed before the article or the possessive pronoun, but it declines (or changes) if placed after the one or the other; for instance, 'feu l'impératrice,' or 'la feue impératrice' (the late empress); 'feu ma maîtresse,' or 'ma feue maîtresse' (my late mistress).

"The latter, that is, the adjective *nu* (naked), does not change when it precedes a noun, but it agrees with the noun when it follows it; but supposing this same adjective to be preceded by the article *the*, used in the feminine, it agrees with the noun, though placed before it; for instance, 'The Queen has only kept for herself the title to her kingdom.' 'La reine ne s'est conservée que la nue propriété de son royaume.'"

AGREEMENT OF THE AMBIVALENCE AND USE OF THE ARTICLE WITH THE AMBIVALENCE.

1. It is not improbable that the late queen had several good qualities. 2. I was obliged to wait for her half an hour. 3. I gave her half a pound of butter. 4. It is hardly half a mile from here. 5. I can go there in an hour and a half. 6. They walked, yesterday, ten leagues and a half in eight hours and a half. 7. The late queen was universally respected. 8. His impetuosity and courage, his restraint, surmounted all obstacles. 9. The nation and genius of Ariosto, although inferior in their march, yet surpassed and captivated the nation. 10. Mistress C*** plays with exquisite taste and feeling. 11. The French fight with astonishing courage and intrepidity. 12. I never saw a lady who united such an admirable sweetness and equanimity of temper. 13. Modesty and disinterestedness deserve to be praised and admired, when they originate in good and laudible motives. 14. His brother and sister are not happy.

LE CORRECTIF.

1. Il n'est pas improbable que la reine (ou la reine) eût plusieurs bonnes qualités. 2. Je fus obligé d'attendre une demi-heure. 3. Donnez-moi une demi-livre de beurre. 4. Il y a à peine un demi-mille d'ici. 5. Je peux y aller en une heure et demie. 6. Il court en moins de temps qu'un foin, nu-pieds, nu-tête; il avait les jambes nues. 7. La reine (ou la reine) fit un voyage de dix lieues et demie en huit heures et demie. 8. Son impétuosité et son courage long temps enchaînés, surmontèrent tous les obstacles. 9. L'imagination et le génie de l'Arioste, quoique inférieurs à leur marche, intéressent néanmoins et captivent le lecteur. 10. Madame C*** joue avec un goût et un sentiment. 11. Les français se battent avec un courage et une intrepidité étonnants. 12. Je n'ai jamais vu de femme qui réunît une douceur et une égalité d'humeur si admirables. 13. La modestie et le désintéressement méritent d'être loués et admirés quand ces qualités viennent de motifs bons et honorables. 14. Son frère et sa sœur ne sont pas heureux.

"Suppose now we listen to what our travellers are saying about Paris," said George.
"With all my heart," answered Robert.

CONTINUATION OF LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

ENGLISH. FRENCH.
We were speaking of the history of Paris. Nous parlons de l'histoire de Paris.
That is true; but we will only say a few words about it. C'est vrai; mais nous ne dirons que peu de mots à ce sujet.
Nevertheless, the little you tell me will enable me to appreciate what we shall see in our walks. Néanmoins le peu que vous me direz me mettra à même d'apprécier ce que nous verrons dans nos courses.
You are right. I begin by telling you that Paris was in the first instance called Lutèce. Vous avez raison. Je commence en vous disant que Paris s'est d'abord appelé Lutèce.
Oh why? Ah pourquoi?
Some say that Lutèce comes from *lutum*, which means mud. Les uns disent que Lutèce vient de *lutum*, qui signifie boue.
Oh, that's capital! Even to the present day there's no want of mud. Ah, c'est admirable! Même aujourd'hui la boue ne manque pas.
Others assert that Lutèce is derived from the Celtic. D'autres prétendent que Lutèce est dérivé du celtique.
Is Paris one of the most ancient towns of France? Est-ce que Paris est une des plus anciennes villes de la France?
Oh, there's no doubt of that. Ah, voilà ce qu'il y a de certain.
Does Julius Caesar speak of it? Jules César en parle-t-il?
Yes he does in Paris. Oui, il l'appelle *Parisii*.
In what condition did he find it? Dans quel état l'a-t-il trouvé?
Paris was then but a collection of huts, on an island in the river Seine. Paris n'était alors qu'un amas de cahutes renfermées dans une île au milieu de la Seine.

* *It is a French idiom, literally translated, as "with put to the test," this would be nonsense. It is the French idiom for "with enable."*

And what does history say of the inhabitants? Et que dit l'histoire des habitants?
That they were celebrated for their courage, and their hatred of foreign dominion. Qu'ils étaient célèbres par leur courage, et leur haine de la domination de l'étranger.
Did Caesar become master of Paris? César devint-il maître de Paris?
Yes, and, according to some writers, he improved it. Oui, et il l'embellit au dire de quelques auteurs.
Where did the governors of Gaul reside? Où séjournaient les gouverneurs de la Gaule?
At Paris. Considerable enlargement of the town is said to have taken place in the reign of Julian the Apostate. A Paris. Le principal accroissement de cette ville est rapporté au règne de Julien l'Apostat.
Did he visit Paris? A-t-il visité Paris?
Yes, he spent several winters there. Oui, il y passa plusieurs hivers.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

OF THE SOUND *un*.
This sound is nearly similar to that of *un* in the English word *uncle*, &c.
In French words, it is represented in the following manner: *un*, in *parfum*, perfume; *uns*, in *parfums*, perfumes; *un*, in *important*, importune; *uns*, in *importunes* (plural of *importune*); *unt*, in *emprunt*, loan; *eun*, in *à jeun*, fasting.

Thus the sound *un* is the result of the following combinations of letters: *um*, *uns*, *un*, *uns*, *unt*, *eun*.

REMARKS ON THE PRECEDING SOUNDS.

If books were printed with their syllables numbered as above, we need say no more about the pronunciation of sounds produced by the combination of vowels, simple or compound, with the letters *m* and *n*; if even the syllables thus formed were nasal and sounded alike, each according to its formation, we should have said enough; but it is not so. These syllables are not always nasal, and as their pronunciation changes them entirely, we have, therefore, to explain when they are nasal or not, and what differences arise, in regard to their pronunciation.

1st. Whenever one of the syllables 16, 17, 18, 19, is followed by a vowel or *h* mute in the formation of a word, the nasality of the sound disappears, the vowel is sounded by itself, and the letter *m* or *n* is joined to the next vowel in pronunciation; that is to say, whenever the letter *m* or *n* is placed between two vowels, or a vowel and *h* mute, it is joined to the subsequent vowel, in the division of the word into syllables, as in the following words:—

image,	which is pronounced	7 1 0
initier,	"	i-ma-ge.
inhabile,	"	7 7 7 4
ançantir,	"	i-ni-ti-er.
amener,	"	7 1 7 0
onétreux,	"	i-nha-bi-le.
omission,	"	1 4 16 7
énergie,	"	a-né-an-tir.
emanation,	"	1 0 4
unanime,	"	a-me-ner.
	"	3 4 14
	"	o-né-reux.
	"	9 7 7-18
	"	o-mis-sion.
	"	4 5 3
	"	é-ner-gie.
	"	4 1 1 7-18
	"	é-ma-na-tion.
	"	11 1 7 0
	"	u-na-ni-me.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XXIX. MAGNETISM.

PROPERTIES OF MAGNETS (continued).

754. Illustrate this by stating the result of a simple experiment.—If a sheet of paper be inserted between the pole of a magnet and a piece of iron, the attraction is much less than when there is an actual contact.

755. Is the power of a magnet weakened by use?—On the contrary, additions may be made from day to day to the weight that it first supports.

756. What inference may be drawn from the fact that the magnet does not lose its virtue?—That the

† *Au dire*, "to the to say," as translated word for word; freely translated, "according to."

‡ *Est rapporté* might be translated "is taken back to," but this is awkward and un-English, and it is necessary to keep to the meaning rather than to the words of this sentence, and to render it as above, viz., "is said to have taken place."

piece of iron in contact with the pole does not draw its magnetism from the magnet, but contains the principle of magnetism within itself.

757. What may be inferred from the fact that the magnet is strengthened by use?—That the magnetism developed in the contiguous iron reacts on the magnet, and brings into action a new portion of its magnetism.

758. What is the sustaining power of good bar-magnets?—Bar-magnets are seldom found capable of supporting more than their own weight of iron.

759. Have small magnets greater proportional power than large ones?—They have; a small magnet set in a ring and worn by Sir Isaac Newton, is said to have lifted 250 times its own weight.

760. If a steel wire that has been magnetised is cut into small pieces, what is true of each piece?—Each piece is found to have a north pole at one end, and a south pole at the other end.

761. What is inferred from this?—That a magnet is made up of lines of particles all of which are little magnets, with the same poles turned the same way.

762. How is this explained?—There are supposed to be two magnetic fluids, as there are two electric fluids, and these are combined in each particle.

763. What may be said of this explanation?—It is the simplest conception by which the facts can be represented, but is not believed to be a reality.

764. What are the two supposed fluids called?—*Austral* and *Boreal*.

765. What is supposed to take place when a bar of iron or steel is magnetised?—These fluids are separated in each of its particles by the action of the magnet; the austral fluid is made to occupy one half of each particle, and the boreal fluid the other half.

766. We have seen that each pole of a magnet attracts iron or steel—what is the nature of the action of two magnets on each other?—The north pole of each magnet attracts the south pole of the other, but repels the north pole; and the south pole of each magnet attracts the north and repels the south pole of the other.

767. We have seen that if either pole of a magnet be applied to the end of a small bar of iron, the bar will become a magnet—which pole will be developed on the end of the bar touched by the magnet?—The pole of the opposite name; and if the bar is not too long, the pole of the same name will be developed at the other end.

768. What may be said, then, of the attraction between a magnet and a piece of iron brought into contact with it?—It is really an attraction between the opposite poles of two magnets.

769. What is a horse-shoe magnet?—It is an artificial steel magnet bent into a shape resembling a horse-shoe; the poles are at the two ends, and are therefore by the side of each other. A piece of soft iron extends across from one pole to the other, and from this weights may be suspended by means of a hook.

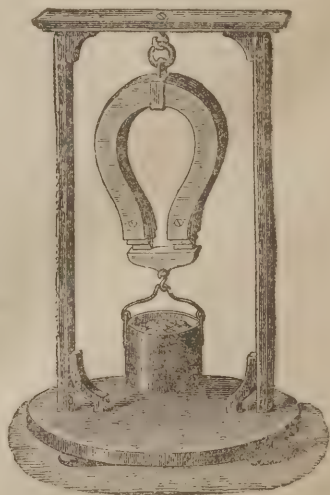


Fig. 47.

770. What is this piece of iron called?—A keeper, or armature. It is so called because by means of it the full power of the magnet may be preserved for any length of time.

771. What may be said of the power of the horse-shoe magnet to support weights?—Its sustaining power is much more than double the natural attraction of either pole for a piece of iron.

THE BLIND PAINTRESS OF CREMONA.

The year 1530 saw the birth of Sofonisba Anguisciola. She was born at Cremona, and, like many of her countrywomen, her chief education was in the noble art of painting. She was a relative of Pope Pius IV., and one of her most successful efforts was the portrait of Isabella, Queen of Philip II. It was a present from the king to the pope. In her earlier years she had studied with Bernardino Campo and Bernardo Gatti, and under their instructions had in turn become a thorough portrait and historical painter. Her first portraits were those of her father and two of his children, and these brought her a reputation which has been kept in honourable remembrance. The "Marriage of St. Catherine," in the Pembroke collection at Wilton, is hers, and the portrait of Sofonisba herself, playing on a harpsichord, is there also. Her three sisters, Lucia, Europa, and Anna Maria, were also painters.

If genius has its exquisite delights, it has also its exquisite sufferings. It was so with the sensitive heart of Sofonisba. Her marriage with a Sicilian nobleman, Don Fabrizio di Moneada, brought her all the happiness which she could look for. She accompanied him to Sicily, and, for a short time, life seemed to bloom, a second Eden to the youthful and romantic artist. It was all too bright to last. Her husband died, and the unhappy widow, unable to live where everything reminded her of her lost happiness, returned by way of Genoa to Italy.

Orazio Lomellino, the captain of the ship in which Donna Sofonisba returned, was one of the bravest, as he was one of the handsomest of men. His life had been a scene of romantic interest, from the varied incidents which had chequered his career upon the sea; and his relation of these, and the fascinating manner in which he brought them, distinct and graphic as a picture, before the minds of his audience, roused all the enthusiasm of his passengers, and made him a hero at once. He, however, modestly disclaimed any such pretensions, and placed all his own deeds in an unassuming light; but no one who knew Lomellino could forbear the tribute of admiration. Toward his lady passenger his manner was a beautiful blending of sympathy and reverence, accompanied with a protecting air that the widow could not but be grateful to him for showing.

Arriving in Italy, Sofonisba resumed the study of art, and strove to silence her grief by an increased attention to its pursuit. Her life in Sicily came back to her only as a beautiful dream, the incidents of which, bright and brief as they were, it seemed to her that she could almost transfer to her canvas. She passed three years in this way, alternately dreaming of the past, and laying up a reputation for the future. Her home grew lonelier every succeeding year. Her sisters were all married, and her parents had lain down in the same slumber in which her dearest friend was sleeping. Only herself and a young brother remained, and it was on account of her loneliness solely that he refrained from leaving Italy altogether, to find a new home; but he loved his sister too well to permit him to do this.

They lived very simply. The pretty Italian cottage in which she was born had been improved and embellished by Sofonisba's wealth, until it needed nothing more to make it a paradise. It was shaded on three sides with beautiful trees, and on the north were picturesque views that would enchant a painter's eye. Glimpses through the foliage at the south and east showed vineyards, mantling with purple grapes, and on the southwest, the waters of the Mediterranean lay like a "glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form glasses itself in tempests."

Within, all was elegance, but so simplified that it did not seem to clash with the modest style of the building, or the retired life of its owners. The room where Sofonisba painted, and that which she devoted to music, were the two most frequently occupied by her. But to Julius, the library had greater charms. Here they had collected a vast amount of books, in all languages, while paintings and statuary were not wanting.

One of those delightful days which rise and set only on Italy, or at least are lovelier there than elsewhere, was just dawning. Julius had been up and waiting long for his sister to appear. The servants brought in breakfast, but still nothing was heard from Sofonisba. The brother was alarmed at this departure from her usual custom. It had been her delight for years to greet the hour of dawn. He hastened to the door of her room, and called to her to look forth upon the loveliest day of the year. Her sobs reached his ear, and he entered the room.

"How shall I tell you, my brother? I cannot see a ray of light. Julius, I am blind!"

It was too true. Some misgivings, it seemed, she

had felt, but could not endure to give them expression, lest they should wound the brother's affectionate heart; and, besides, she had never anticipated anything so complete and sudden as this. Oculists were called in, and the best advice consulted, but in vain. Never again would those eyes that loved so well to look upon the face of nature, and direct the cunning hand to copy its beauties—never again would they behold the light of day. Beautiful eyes were they indeed, and all untouched, to outward appearance, by the cruel disease. No one would have dreamed that they did not see as well as ever. The disorder was of that peculiar nature that, while it destroys all hope of recovery, leaves the eyes in their original beauty and brightness.

Now then, indeed, the world in which Sofonisba had lived was dark and dreary in the future. Now, indeed, did the affectionate brother give up all thoughts of leaving her, and resolve to devote his life to her happiness. Long before he had ceased to mourn over her privation, she had become most truly reconciled. She lived now in the world within, instead of the world without. Now she more fully valued her wealth of books, since she could remember and repeat what Julius had read to her.

Her delicacy of touch as a painter stood her now in good stead. Through its subtle power, she could more easily than others distinguish what she wanted to find, without asking for it; and in her walks, when she wished to be alone, her little dog was a sufficient safeguard.

"I am not unhappy," she would say. "God, in closing my eyes, has opened to me a better vision. True, I cannot see the trees as I walk beneath them, but I hear them as they bow to the blind artist who loved to paint them, and the birds carol sweet songs in their branches as I pass, and the soft breeze kisses my sightless eyes. Do not weep, Julius; I am very happy in them all, and in you more than any."

Vandyck, who often visited her, declared that he learnt more of the practical principles of art from this blind painter than by studying all the Italian masters. This was rare praise, and, better still, it was deserved.

One day she was alone. She had driven Julius away, declaring that he should go and sit for an hour or two in "somebody's sunshine." She would not have him wearing out his young days for her. She would play and sing, she told him, all the time he was gone; and finding her in a mood so cheerful, he obeyed.

She passed slowly and cautiously to the music-room, and felt her way to the harpsichord, and soon the music rose loud and sweet from hand and lip. Her voice seemed richer and fuller than ever before, as the eyes of nightingales have been said to be put out that they might pour forth a more thrilling melody. The vaulted roof of the room echoed to the strain, while the sightless eyes were turned upward as if in prayer, with not a cloud upon their blue depths. She looked a Saint Cecilia—an embodied muse, or the spirit of music itself.

So thought he who stood, speechless and entranced, at the door of the room. At the conclusion of the song, he breathed a deep sigh. It caught the quick ear of the songstress, and the rich red hue spread over a cheek that had not lost any of its fairness or beauty since he saw it last. He approached and held out his hand. She saw it not, but she heard his footstep, and recognised it as one she had heard somewhere before. Her blindness had sharpened every other faculty to its utmost.

"Will you not speak to an old friend, lady?" asked the stranger. And her quick, glad response was music to his ear. "But did you not know my face?" he asked. "Am I so strangely altered?"

She paused a moment ere she replied, and her eyes were full of unshed tears.

"You did not know, then, Lomellino? You had not heard of my misfortune?"

"Never. What is it, dear lady? I thought that fate had already done its worst for you when we met before."

"True. Your words are a rebuke, although I know you did not intend it. I must be brave, Lomellino, and tell you that I am blind—hopelessly, irretrievably blind!"

He turned pale for a moment, but, recovering himself, he said—

"And if so, dearest lady, will you not give me a right to walk ever by your side, to direct your steps, to love and protect you always, as he would have done, him whose loss you so bitterly mourned? Say, will you not permit me to be to you what he would have been?"

"No, my friend, no. It shall not be said that Orazio Lomellino has bound his free, glad steps, or his spirit, free as the waves over which his vessel

glides, to a blind wife. Had it been otherwise—had I not experienced this misfortune, my heart and soul would have answered yes. I knew all your worth long since, and believed you all that was good and noble. God forbid that I should make the world dark to you, because it is so to me."

"Bless you for some of the words you have uttered, and oh, forget the rest! Beloved lady, think better of what you have uttered. Oh, I will so watch you that you shall hardly miss the sight of those dear eyes. Answer me; may I thus guard her who, waking or sleeping, has never been absent from my mind since first we met?"

Who can doubt what that answer was? In the whole world, there was not, perhaps, a happier pair than Lomellino and his blind wife. As he had promised, so did he perform. No cloud of distrust ever came between them; and when the auburn locks of Sofonisba changed to silver gray, she seemed dearer to his heart than when in all the flush of her youthful beauty. He lived to watch those footsteps until they disappeared over the river; nor were they long separated.

There is something inexpressibly touching in this union, something which rises far above the level of ordinary love. To us, it is absolutely glorious. Woman, we know, is born to grief and love; but when a man steps aside from his triumphal career, to shed light over a darkened life, it is glorious. It is as when the sons of God came down to love the daughters of men. Let the memory of Orazio Lomellino be embalmed with all that is good and noble, while woman has a heart to feel or a tear to give.

LORD STANLEY.

The government of our Indian Empire was the principal topic which engaged the attention of parliament during the last session. The revolt of the native troops, the general disaffection of the country, the incompetence of existing institutions demanded for the subjugation of India, and the re-establishment of our government in that important and valuable dependency, a vigorous and decisive policy. The necessity for a change was evident—a change that must be begun, and carried on with zeal and activity. The old system had failed. The century which had elapsed between the victory of Plassey and the outbreak at Meerut, had seen many changes in India, but none so complete as that which was imperatively called for by the disastrous events of eighteen hundred and fifty-seven. To the proposition that something must be done beyond the mere suppression of the rebellion by military force, there were few dissentient voices; but what ought to be done,—what would tranquillise the country and consolidate our authority in India, was the question on which various and conflicting opinions were maintained.

On the 12th of January, 1858, Lord Palmerston moved for leave to bring in a bill for transferring the government of India from the East India Company to the British crown. The debate which followed occasioned, it will be remembered, a retrospective examination of our Indian policy from the days of Clive downwards, and it was not till the 18th, that leave to bring in the bill was carried by a majority of 145. The following evening saw the defeat of the Palmerston ministry, on the conspiracy bill, a defeat which brought about the resignation of Lord Palmerston, and the formation of a new cabinet under the Earl of Derby. This circumstance naturally occasioned some delay in the transaction of public business; and it was not till the 26th of March that the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Disraeli) obtained leave to bring in a new Indian bill, for transfer of all authority from the Company to the Crown. This bill, it will be remembered, was, at the suggestion of Lord John Russell, submitted in the form of resolutions to the house. But after nearly three months' slow and wearisome progress, the further consideration of resolutions was abandoned, and an India bill (No. 3) was introduced.

Throughout the debates in the Commons, Lord Stanley was remarkable for his acquaintance with the question in all its bearings, and the complete mastery which he had acquired, not only of its general principles, but of its most minute details. Much had been anticipated of his lordship, but on the Indian question he exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and materially strengthened that reputation for independence, intelligence, and ability which he has enjoyed since his first introduction to public life. It was universally felt that no man was better qualified to deal with the practical working of the Indian bill, than he who had so diligently devoted himself to its progress in the

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE RIGHT HON. LORD STANLEY, M.P., SECRETARY FOR INDIA, ETC., ETC.

house. It was felt that he had grasped this important topic—that his views were at once comprehensive and circumstantial, and, consequently, his appointment to the newly-created office of Secretary of State for India was a matter of general satisfaction.

No member of the cabinet is more popular than Lord Stanley, and this is no doubt traceable to one important fact, namely, that he has made for himself the position he holds. Without relying on the accident of birth, he has worked hard, by study and travel, to prepare himself for the responsibility of office. In England we are all, more or less, working men. In our hive of human industry we have no room for drones. Among the wealthier classes a superior education necessarily induces intellectual activity, and men of rank and affluence are ready to devote themselves to labour in the service of the state. The state is, indeed, almost the only career open to them. It is not surprising that a man of such a class, possessing ability or ambition, should desire to appear before the public in his own character, and to stand on his own merits: that he should look for fame and honour where such distinctions can be won, not priding himself on his rank, but his worth. When, as in the case of Lord Stanley, we observe a young nobleman devoting himself to the public service, actuated less by personal ambition than by a desire to be really useful in his generation, when we notice him giving his energies, not to party, but to mankind, we are ready to do him the honour which he deserves, rendering homage not to the virtue of nobility, but to the nobility of virtue.

The following brief outline of Lord Stanley's career will no doubt be interesting to our readers.

Edward Henry Lord Stanley is the eldest son of the Earl of Derby, and was born at Knowsley, July 21, 1826. Brought up at Rugby, he afterwards graduated

in classical and mathematical honours at Cambridge. In 1848 he unsuccessfully contested the borough of Lancaster. The young patrician—far from seeking to avail himself of any extraneous advantages which he possessed, or to exercise unduly the political influence of his noble family—was content to take his stand in the arena of public life simply on his own merits. He is, it has been appropriately remarked, one of those men who, if left poor and friendless on Salisbury Plain, would inevitably find their way to wealth and fame. He resolved, as his sire had done before him, to make himself acquainted by personal observation with those questions of policy in which he felt most interest; and accordingly, in 1849, he visited the West Indies; and on his return was brought into public notice by the publication of a letter to Mr. Gladstone, on the "Claims and Resources of the West India Colonies." He also visited Canada and the United States, and during his absence had the honour of being elected member for Lynn. In 1853 the church-rate question was brought before the House of Commons. Previous to the debate Lord Stanley made public his views on the subject in a pamphlet, in which he advocated the entire abolition of church-rates throughout the kingdom, on the ground that "a prominent cause of dissension and heart-burning would disappear, and that from the English statute-book the stigma of an ancient and still existing injustice would be wiped out."

In the debates on the Newspaper Stamp Act, Lord Stanley proved himself a man of the people; he dwelt upon the great benefit to popular education which would follow the repeal of the newspaper stamp—the most injurious of the taxes on knowledge. And the result of the agitation in which he bore so conspicuous a part, has given to us a press unrestricted by a stamp, a press of which we confidently anticipate the complete emancipation in the repeal of the paper duty.

On the death of Sir W. Molesworth, in 1855, the colonial secretaryship was offered by Lord Palmerston to Lord Stanley. This office was, however, declined. This affair was alike honourable to Palmerston and Stanley. It was a recognition on the premier's part of Lord Stanley's talent, and his refusal was honourable to that young nobleman, as an evidence of his loyalty to the principles of his party. More recently, Lord Stanley has proposed a scheme for establishing public libraries and reading-rooms throughout the rural districts. Beginning with the county of Norfolk, it is recommended to establish five central libraries, each to contain about 5,000 volumes. The cost is estimated at 4s. a volume, which, with an allowance for furniture, &c., would imply an outlay of £1,200 for each library, or £6,000 for the whole. "When one considers," says Lord Stanley, "what sums are recklessly wasted by the richer classes in this country on objects of mere selfish luxury or pleasure, it is difficult to imagine that such a sum should not be forthcoming, if only the importance of the end to be gained were once duly estimated." He also proposes that every village should have a reading-room, supplied with books from the central dépôt, and to which the admission should be at a low rate. Other persons have suggested that coffee and tea should be supplied at cost price in the reading-room, and that it should approach, as closely as possible, to the character of a club, or place for social meeting and recreation. There is no reason whatever why the poor man should not have his club as well as the rich—why he should not have his newspaper and his coffee without being compelled to pay more than he can reasonably afford. We hope to see such a day arrive, and we believe that its arrival will be accelerated by the efforts of such men as Lord Stanley, who are working efficiently in the cause of social amelioration. In the



THE HOTEL OF THE FOUR TOWERS, EMS.

last election Lord Stanley was again returned for Lynn, and was re-elected, without opposition, on accepting office under Lord Derby's administration.

Lord Stanley studiously devotes himself to statesmanship as the business of life. "It has been so long the fashion," says a recent writer, "to rate everything here by the parliamentary standard only, that statesmanship properly scarcely exists. We have debates in plenty, but no Metternichs or Chesterfields, while of the earlier and higher class of philosophic statesmen—men who studied history, and at the same time their own age as part of history—a specimen is as rare as the capercaillie is in Scotland. Without the pedantry of a *doctinaire*, Lord Stanley has the speculative seriousness of a student, and unites with that a most attentive observation of the living time, without which no man can be worth a straw as a practical politician."

THE BATHS OF EMS.

ONCE upon a time, before our amicable relations with the continent rendered it possible for tourists to go abroad in search of a summer tour, Bath, Cheltenham, and other English spas were acknowledged to have some attractions, and were, in fact, places of favourite resort. But the rage for travel has robbed our own country of its charm; and to go up the Rhine, to pass a season in Paris, to ascend Mont Blanc, and, above

all, to visit the German watering places, is that which everybody who is anybody is expected to do.

The German spas have peculiar attractions of their own. It might be difficult to state in what manner those attractions exceed the picturesque beauty and comfortable accommodation of many a pleasant spot within the British islands. But all the world pronounces in favour of the spas, and to the spas goes the world of fashion in the fashionable season.

Among the spas of Germany Ems is becoming a favourite resort, and during the season its appearance is exceedingly animated, and presents an endless moving panorama, cosmopolitan in its character, but having an English Croesus for its centre. Of course, all sorts of people are there in search of everything; invalids in search of health; used-up people in search of quiet; people in search of novelty, of change, and of money—for there are sharpers there as at all the spas, and intriguers, and enterprising folk of all kinds, preying on the visitors, and bleeding Croesus sadly.

The locality is very agreeable, and one might search in vain for a pleasanter spot for a summer vacation. The air is soft and balmy. The properties of the water are said to be very useful in pulmonary diseases and nervous complaints. The ancient Romans were acquainted with their virtues in this respect, but by the moderns they were not recognised till within the last thirty years.

The waters are dispensed to the visitors in the Kurhaus, the old castle of the grand duke. A gallery of English shops unites the Kurhaus to

the Kursaal, or grand casino. This building was erected in 1839, and contains a reading-room, a ball-room, refreshment rooms, and the never to be omitted, but ever to be lamented, gaming-tables. The principal building next to the Kurhaus is the Hotel of the Four Towers, an old and picturesque structure, affording capital accommodation to Milord Anglais, or any one else with plenty of money in his pockets—which money, on the continent, an Englishman is never supposed to be without.

In the neighbourhood of Ems there are several pleasant walks and drives. There is the garden—an Arcadia on a small scale—which conducts by a grove of linden trees to the Moorshutte mountain, bristling with craggy points, and having a rotunda on its summit; there is the old castle of Sporkenberg; Nassau, with its two castles and gothic tower; a delightful two-hours' trip along the banks of the Rhine brings you to Coblenz; a carriage will convey you to Ehrenbreitstein, Mayence, Frankfort, or Wiesbaden; while the pastoral districts and the valley of the Lahn offer every attraction to those who love the green wood, and the daisy-spangled meadow.

Ems has no historic interest; kings have not made it famous by their regal state, nor conquerors by their prowess. It has never been favoured by the one, nor ravaged by the other. Its career has been devoid of any startling incident, any remarkable event, and has flowed on as placidly as its own river. It is only as a spa that it is now becoming populous, but as a spa its popularity is on the increase.

HOPE EVERMORE;

OR,

SOMETHING TO DO.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CHAPTER CXXIII.

Who can school the heart's affection?
Who can banish its regret
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh teach me to forget.—HAYNES BATLEY.

NESSY FITZ-DARRELL quitted Burnside with a very heavy heart, for she was as much in love with Greville as ever. Lady Arncliffe, on receiving the sad news of her mother's malady and her brother's death, had left her husband at home, where he was still in very delicate health, and had repaired to Burnside, but merely to find that, in such a case, affection can do nothing, and that time alone can heal such wounds as her mother's.

Lord Glenlonely had not recovered from his attack of gout, he was still confined to his bed, and Hope hovered about like a ministering angel; now watching over the bereaved mother, sometimes wild with agony, and anon all heartrending gentleness in her sorrow; then reading to, talking to, praying with the kind old lord, or communing with Ada of a happier world beyond the skies. It was thus that all was going on at Burnside, when one day Hope was sent for from Lady Glenlonely's room, where that miserable lady was sitting on the floor, talking, in fancy, with "her son—her Eaglescliff!" and drawing tears from Hope's eyes by the exquisite pathos which people thus afflicted seem to have at will.

It was so unusual to summon Hope from her ladyship's room, that she asked of the footman, who knocked at the door, if anything was the matter; and a vague, ominous dread, a presentiment of evil, blanched her cheeks and trembled at her heart.

The man said there was nothing now the matter as far as he knew, but that a gentleman on business had asked for his lordship. Hope knew that one of Lord Glenlonely's solicitors was daily expected, and she supposed it was he. She knocked gently at the door of the library, and on hearing a deep voice say "Come in," she obeyed.

Lady Arncliffe had that very morning left to return to her husband, but on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, stood that same stranger, with the glittering serpent eyes, the handsome sneering nose, the cruel mouth, and bird-like claws, whom she had seen with Greville on the morning after the news of Lord Eaglescliff's death had driven his mother mad.

Hope shuddered, she scarce knew why; the blood forsook her cheeks and lips.

The stranger showed his sharp white teeth from ear to ear, and stretched out his long arms with their claw-like fingers. He went towards Hope and said, "My child, behold your father. He is here to claim you; come to his bosom; see, his arms are open to receive you."

"No! no!" cried Hope, "it cannot be! What is your name?"

"Evermore," said the stranger, sternly.

"My father's name was Walter," faltered Hope.

"I have my poor mother's journal to prove it. She says Mr. Evermore was his evil genius."

"That was his cousin, Philip Evermore. Walter Evermore is my name. I was her husband. I am your father."

"But she was married under a feigned name," persisted Hope.

"She was married as Constance Morris, not Claverton, but I was married as what I am, Walter Evermore."

"And who was Sir Augustus?" groaned Hope.

"My father, Sir Augustus Evermore," said the ready liar.

Hope had read and re-read her mother's journal; but although to the reader it, of course, unravels the mystery of her birth, to her it afforded no clue. She had never known her patron but as Lord Glenlonely, never heard him spoken of as Sir Augustus, and though her mother spoke of her lover as Walter, yet she, in her humility and habitual reverence for the Glenlonely family, never dreamed that Walter Lord Eaglescliff could be the Walter of her mother's heart.

"Why should I claim you, were you not my child? You are poor, forlorn, dependent; none but a father would covet a creature so desolate. But I, I love you better than if you were an heiress! I long to atone for years of involuntary desertion. I am the Walter your mother loved. Oh, child, has your heart no instinct of affection? Come!"

Hope made one step forward as if to comply, but before she reached the stranger, who remained on the rug (his arms outstretched to embrace her), strength and consciousness forsook her, and she fell on the floor in a death-like swoon.

It was some time before Hope recovered, and when she did so, she was not like an orphan restored to a parent; she was more like a doomed one claimed by a malignant spirit—so bewildered, so pale, so trembling, so cold, rigid, and aghast did she sit and watch the pale, strange features of her newly-found father.

However, he had proved his claim to Lord Glenlonely. He had convinced him of his right to the sole guardianship of Hope; and he had established a sort of claim to the friendship of his lordship, by the irresistible and numerous letters and other proofs he had of his long and close intimacy with Eaglescliff, the beloved and lamented son. And now the greatest trial came. He wanted to take his daughter away with him. He said that she could be of no further use just then—he said it in his gentlest tone. But when Lady Glenlonely recovered—as he felt sure she would—enough to miss her, one line should bring her back to Burnside. At present his long-lost girl was necessary to him, to put his house in order, and establish something like a home.

A father's wishes were laws; and Hope, wildly weeping, tore herself from those kind early friends, accused herself of unnatural, unfeeling harshness when she felt herself shudder at the idea of home with such a father; and, after shedding floods of tears, was lifted by her father's long twining arms into a travelling carriage, and whirled away with him whither he would. All this time no line from Larky Grigg; no comfort, no trust, no hope but in Heaven! After they had travelled some hours in this elegant and well-appointed carriage, they came to a railway station; and Mr. Evermore remarking they were just in time, he hastily secured tickets, and handed Hope into a first-class carriage.

Mr. Evermore then took sundry papers from his pockets and gave himself up to their perusal, and Hope, worn out with sleepless nights and intense misery, fell fast asleep.

She did not wake till the train stopped, and Mr. Evermore told her that the rest of the journey would be performed in the carriage.

Hope had no idea where she was, but she had caught the word "Warkworth," as pronounced by a railway porter, and then she remembered Hotspur talks of "this our worm-eaten hold of Wark," and she recalled a ballad about the Hermit of Warkworth, and she knew she was near the borders and the sea, and not far from Ducal Alnwick, and in the cold, bleak Northumbria, where poor Corinne suffered so much.

"Well, my dear, how do you feel now?" asked Mr. Evermore, kissing Hope's cold cheek, and handing her a cup of tea, as he seated her on a sofa in the waiting-room.

"Better, I thank you, sir," faltered Hope.

"Will you never learn to call me 'papa,' my child?" said Mr. Evermore.

"I will try to do so, sir—papa, I mean," said poor Hope, while her tears almost choked her.

"Mind you do so, my love," said Mr. Evermore; "I am not strict or exacting, but I require prompt and implicit obedience: I exact it even from my nephew, how much more, then, from my own child."

"Is your nephew grown up, sir—I mean papa?" asked Hope, timidly.

"Silly child! Do you not know, then, who my nephew is?"

"No, papa."

"Well, then, you shall have a most delightful surprise when you get to the hall."

"Do I know him, sir—papa?"

"Yes, and love him, too, or I am much mistaken."

"Indeed, I love no gentleman, no man, but—"

"But whom?" asked Mr. Evermore, in a voice that made her start.

"But Larky Grigg," whispered her poor, desolate heart; but her trembling tongue faltered, "but you, papa; at least, there is no other gentleman I ought to love, is there, sir?"

"We'll see all about that," said Mr. Evermore, patting her cheek. "Come now, if you are rested and quite warm; here's the carriage."

Hope felt as if she was in a dream, but she let her father lift her into the carriage, and away they went through the dark night, and the wild, bleak country; and she saw, by the starlight, dark pines and the winding, beautiful Coquet, dancing and gliding along; and then they passed through open gates, and a long avenue of Scotch firs, and they approached a large, low building, like a manor-house, and dogs barked, and bells rang, and lights came, and doors flew open, and a gentleman lifted her out of the

carriage into the hall, and as he kissed her cheek, and said, "Welcome to your home, sweet cousin," she recognised Rashleigh Greville.

Alas, poor Hope!

CHAPTER CXXIV.

From spot to spot they hurry me,
To banish my regret;
And if they win a smile from me,
They think that I forget.—HAYNES BATLEY.

THE reader must bear in mind that much of what we are about to narrate as the adventures of our dear Hope Evermore occurred while her true lover, Larky Grigg, was lying at Mrs. McDougal's sick, almost unto death; and that, in addition to all her other trials, she was overwhelmed by anxiety as to his fate, and could only suppose that letters which she imagined he must have addressed to her, and those which she constantly wrote to him, were suppressed or intercepted. But for this ever-haunting anxiety about one whose love and constancy she never for one moment permitted herself to doubt, Hope's life at Coquet Dale Hall would not have been an unpleasant one.

In a part of the country generally bleak and barren, and where nature does so little, art had created a garden of beauty and verdure. The hall was a long, quaint, ivy-grown, old-fashioned manor-house, low and roomy; the roof was of red tiles, as is the fashion in Northumberland, and the walls were completely draped with the dark ivy, the loveliest of parasites.

The estate boasted a great extent of moor, and wood, and water, spreading for miles along the banks of the Coquet; but there were flower-gardens, shrubberies, lawns, and kitchen-gardens, an old-fashioned parterre, a terrace, and a conservatory.

The furniture was in some of the rooms bright and modern, in some quaint, prim, and old.

Mr. Evermore had hired this hall with its right of fishing and shooting, and, to Hope's great relief, she found that these amusements served to fill up the days of her father and his nephew, and that, after an early breakfast, at which she was expected to preside, she saw nothing more of them till a late dinner. After dinner Mr. Evermore generally fell asleep in his arm-chair, and Captain Greville would propose music, chess, or backgammon, or sometimes read a touching poem or amusing novel aloud while Hope worked or drew. Certainly, as a companion, Rashleigh Greville was charming; and, as he now never made the slightest allusion to his love, Hope began to believe he had ceased to covet her affection or her hand, and now treated her with the affectionate familiarity of a sister.

Mr. Evermore was very reserved, rather haughty, stern, and passionate, and Hope was very much afraid of him; but Rashleigh Greville always threw himself into the breach in her defence: if anything she had done or ordered gave any offence, he took all the blame upon himself. He advised her in the gentlest, kindest manner possible, how to carry herself towards all so as least to avoid censure, and he shielded her in the most delicate and adroit manner from the ridicule and quizzing with which her father delighted to wound and alarm her.

Whatever she even hinted a wish for, whether a book, a piece of music, a flower, a toy, anything to wear, even anything to eat or drink, Rashleigh contrived to obtain it for her.

He was not as he had been at Burnside—often moody, jealous, watchful, and exacting; he was all kindness, gentleness, good-humour, and mirth.

Hope cordially liked so kind a cousin, and had not a deep and holy love for her affianced Larky filled her heart, she might easily have been won, not, perhaps, to feel for him any ardent love, but an affection that would have justified her in accepting his hand; but, as it was, no thought of Hope ever strayed from the dear absent object of her long and deep devotion.

About this time Mr. Evermore and Captain Greville were called to town on business, and Hope was left alone at the hall.

It was rather dull in this remote seclusion for the young girl, but Warkworth was only a mile distant, and close to the sea. A little pony phaeton had been left at Hope's disposal, and, as it was very fine, warm, sunny, autumnal weather, and some young ladies of Warkworth, with whom Hope was slightly acquainted, were in the habit of bathing in the sea, and sailing about, Hope resolved to bathe too, and to join them in an expedition, partaking of the nature of a pic-nic, to Coquet Island.

These young ladies (the Misses Merryweather) had called at the hall, and been cordially received by Mr. Evermore, who had taken Hope with him to

return the visit. They were the daughters of a half-pay captain, of whom Mr. Evermore had known something in India. They were high-spirited, good-humoured, daring, rosy girls; and they took a great fancy to Hope, who found their company a relief from the monotony of solitary seclusion. Hope greatly enjoyed her baths in the open sea with these frank and cheerful girls; who used to pitch a tent by way of a bathing-machine, bring with them an old Northumbrian nurse to keep off all intruders, and then sport like naiads, or swim like mermaids, on the bosom of the great German Ocean.

One day, the birthday of the youngest Miss Merryweather, Annie, it was arranged that the whole party should hire a sailing-boat, and, taking baskets of provisions with them, sail to Coquet Island, and picnic there.

The Merryweather girls left Hope seated by the sea, while they went to engage a sailing-boat, and to procure the necessary refreshments. While Hope sat on a large sea-beaten mass of stone, watching the Merryweathers bargaining with some boatmen, she suddenly felt a strong hand laid upon her shoulder, and looking round, beheld a face which she recognised at once as that of her old schoolfellow, Meg Grimes—*alias* Carrotty Meg, *alias* Potato-heels; while at the same moment that she exclaimed "Meg!" the other threw her arms round her neck; and sobbed out "Hope, dear little, kind, motherly Hope! sweet Hope! good, kind, darling Hope, Hope Evermore!"

It was very touching to see the affectionate meeting (after long years of separation) of these two girls, whose bond dated from early childhood, and dear old ragged school days. How much they had to say, and how pleased Hope was to hear that Meg was grown "ever so steady," and was married to Stunning Steenie—Steenie Strutt, who had turned over a new leaf, given up bad company and evil courses, resisted temptation, even when hunger was on the tempter's side, and was become, as his bride said, with a flush of honest pride, as good as gold, all along of Mr. Stephen, Jem Goodman, and the dear old Green Fields' Ragged School.

Meg told Hope, to the great delight of the latter, that she had seen Larky—seen him the night before, quite well again after a severe illness, and that he was gone to Deal; and when Hope elicited that he was thinking of emigrating, and wept bitterly at the sad thought, Meg prophesied that such a bright, steady, likely lad would make his fortune out there, and soon return, a made man, to claim his bride.

Hope was much rejoiced to find that Meg—now Mrs. Steenie Strutt—was spending a month's leave, which Steenie had got for good behaviour and to get married, on a visit to an old mate, who had left the service, taken to himself a wife, and let out a sailing-boat, which he accompanied by way of a livelihood, having succeeded to the boat and a good connection in right of his wife, whose father for fifty years had owned the only pleasure-boat in the whole place.

"Then that is the boat we are going to sail in to the Coquet Island, I doubt not," said Hope.

"In course it is," said Meg, "and my Steenie, Stunning Steenie, and another lad'll take you there; so I must say good-bye: I'm no company for them fine ladies, tho' I be for you, as is fit to be their queen. Hope, do come and see us in Sal's little cottage—we must have a good long talk. You see that curious-looking little house?—that's he."

"I will come to-morrow morning," said Hope, "and then you must promise to come to the hall (where I am all alone), to see me."

"And my Steenie too?" asked Meg.

"Of course. I long to shake hands with Stunning Steenie—honest Steenie now."

Upon this, Meg put her two hands to her large vermilion mouth, and gave a loud and shrill halloo, which brought Steenie to her side.

Hope extended her little hand. It was so lady-like, so white, so delicate, that Steenie seemed afraid to touch it. He stood first on one leg, and then on the other, twirled his straw hat on his bent knuckles, and at last saying, "Why, thee ain't a bit changed, Hope, only bigger; and no pride, tho' thee's so beautiful and so raal a lady—the same kind, dear, blessed Hope!" and with the sleeve of his jacket he wiped away a tear.

The other lad now came to say the boat was ready, and Meg watched them all embark—

"Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm."

They had a pleasant day on that barren little island, remarkable for nothing but its lighthouse, its desolation, and the countless nests, full of eggs, of the wildest sea-birds.

Meg was watching eagerly for the boat and her beloved Steenie, and Hope promised to come down soon, and have a long talk with her of old times, and better days to come; and said when she did come she should take Meg back with her to the hall.

CHAPTER CXXV.

His love to her more odious was
Than hate.—OLD PLAY.

WHEN Hope arrived at the hall, she found that Mr. Evermore and Captain Greville had returned. She went at once to her own room to change her dress, and while thus engaged a servant came to summon her to the library, where her father and her cousin were expecting her to pour out their tea. Hope dispatched her toilet as rapidly as possible, and hastened to join them.

She thought they both looked flushed, excited, and pre-occupied; but they received her with marked affection, and told her they had brought her some very pretty things, which they would present to her after tea. Hope felt anxious and uncomfortable. She scarce knew why; but there was something mysterious and sinister in the glances they exchanged.

After tea, when the things were removed and the servant gone, Mr. Evermore suddenly produced a case of jewels. They were a very pretty and tasteful, but not a very expensive set of turquoise and pearls, with a few small central brilliants.

There were a tiara, ear-rings, necklace, bracelets, and Sevigné brooch. There was also a plain gold ring—a wedding-ring—of the small circumference of Hope's very slender finger.

Hope raised her large blue eyes to her father's face, and thence to Captain Greville's, while a terrible spasm of terror contracted her heart, and blanched her cheeks and lips.

"It is time to speak out, my dear Hope," said Mr. Evermore, but without looking at her; indeed, he never did look any one in the face—he always spoke (as insincere people often do) with averted eyes. "Of course you are prepared for this event, but may not have expected it to take place so soon. However, circumstances compel me to go abroad almost immediately, and I am resolved to see you both happy before I go. This is my bridal present; if my fortune equalled my love and your merits, dear child, it should have been ten times more splendid and more valuable. I have arranged everything so that your nuptials, my Hope, may be celebrated as privately as possible at Warkworth to-morrow morning. Your wedding-dress and *trousseau* you will find in your dressing-room, and I hope the little I have been able to do is well done. Speak, my dear Rashleigh, and tell your wondering cousin that though you may both marry in haste, it shall be your care that she shall not repent at leisure."

"Hope—dear, dear Hope!" said Greville, almost as deadly pale as herself, tears sparkling in his eyes, and his voice husky with emotion (for he was passionately in love with her). "Beloved Hope! It is not my fault that your father has named a day too early to be, I perceive, agreeable to you. I would serve seven years, like Jacob, in the expectation of your hand, and another seven for the blissful realisation of so sweet a dream; but as your father has decreed that we are to be married to-morrow morning—"

"At nine precisely," said Mr. Evermore.

"No father! no cousin!" at length gasped poor Hope; "neither to-morrow nor any other day. I told you, Captain Greville, when first you broached this subject, that I never could be yours. I repeat it now. And, in spite of my father's frown, I feel it my duty to say, I never will!"

"Your reason, if you please, most dutiful and obedient daughter!" hissed Mr. Evermore, white with passion.

"I am affianced to another, sir!" said Hope, the colour returning to her cheeks, and the love-light to her eyes; "one whom I have loved from my earliest infancy—one who, when I was a miserable, abandoned orphan, loved and cherished me—one to whose parents I owe everything—one to whom my hand and heart are solemnly pledged in the sight of the Father of the orphan—one for whom I will live or die as that Father shall appoint; but one whom I will never resign—never betray—never forsake!"

"And this fine suitor of yours, madam!" almost screamed Mr. Evermore, "is, if I mistake not, a low wretch; who was a ragged-school boy; then an iron-monger's apprentice; now a worthless, idle fellow, living by his wits—son of a woman who keeps, or kept, an apple-stall, and a man who beats carpets and goes on errands."

"Sir!" said Hope, her eyes flashing and her cheeks glowing, "that same applewoman and that poor porter saved me from the union. To that angel, in the homely garb of an applewoman, my poor mother, who died in a lying-in hospital, recommended me. She left me to her care from the hour of my hapless birth; for she said she had a pro-

spective certainty that I should be that unhappy creature—a woman. She it was who begged Apple Blossom to take charge of me, her then unborn child; to bring me up in that rank of life in which woman is not merely a toy, and if she had a son to promote an attachment, as what she most dreaded for her daughter was the short-lived, selfish love of some man of fashion and pleasure; and all she exacted was a promise that her child should be secluded from all such peace-destroying, heart-breaking deceivers. Sir, this good, kind creature (a mother I shall ever esteem her) did what the dying lady asked of her. The poor have ever a morsel to spare for the utterly destitute. I was brought up by her as her own; I went to that noble Christian institution, which the angel of mercy put it into the hearts of good men to establish—the Green Fields' Ragged School; I learnt to read my Bible, and to love it, too; I learnt to love the noble, manly boy, my poor mother, on her deathbed, wished me to love; I became through that very ragged school known to the noble family in which you found me; I was educated by that family to be a companion to a lady of rank, but outward polish did not work any change in my inward heart. The more I saw of the rich and great, the more I loved and revered the poor and lowly. I would be content with the sort of home in which my happy childhood was spent, but my future husband—though a working man—has an ambition for me which I have not for myself. He has great genius—mechanical genius of the highest order—and with it, the lofty aspirations and innate consciousness of power, which true genius gives. He is a self-educated man, and therefore a man of power, will, energy. He will not claim my hand till he has achieved a position, a fame, and a fortune, which will make him eligible even in the world's eyes. I might say in those of my family, now. But when I plighted my troth I had no family. Such, father, such, cousin, is the history of my engagement, and I do not think that there exists that man of feeling so cold, or of honour so sullied, that he would not say, 'Be kind and true to him, who has been so kind and true to you.'"

"Mistaken and most romantic simpleton," said Mr. Evermore. "You see before you two men of nice feeling and high honour, who not only say you must forget this low, designing villain—"

"Stop, sir!" cried Hope. "I will not hear him thus maligned. He is my intended, and with God's blessing he shall be my husband!"

Mr. Evermore strode to a side table, on which stood a case. Hope, with distended eyes, pale lips, and panting breast, saw him take out two pistols. He came up to her, holding one in each hand, ready cocked.

"Now, mark me, girl," he said. "I am a proud man, and a desperate man; pride makes me resolve on your giving up this degrading connection with this clod, this knave, this costermonger. The desperate state of my affairs makes me resolve on your marriage with my nephew—an arrangement which, for reasons I cannot pause to explain, will prevent the ruin, and insure the prosperity of all parties. If you this moment promise to marry your cousin at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, I will forgive all, forget all, and take you back to my favour and my heart. If you persist in this indelicate, unfeminine, undutiful preference of a low wretch, I, with this pistol, will blow out your brains; and then, as I do not wish to trouble Calcraft, or put the government to unnecessary expense, with this I will put an end to a life which your low tastes must disgrace, and your undutiful behaviour render miserable. Now, wilful and perverted girl, make your selection. Your bridegroom is Death or Rashleigh Greville. Is he not fairer than his rival?"

"Oh, Hope!" cried Greville. "Have pity on me, on yourself, on your father!"

Hope stood pale, resolute, rigid as marble, and almost as white. It was impossible that she should not feel an agony of mortal terror at her poor woman heart, but she did not betray it. She looked Mr. Evermore steadily in the face, and his eyes, which he strove hard not to avert, quailed before her gaze. In one rapid moment it occurred to her that if she could gain time, she might yet escape from these ruffians. Father, or no father, she felt he was a ruffian: but yet she must temporise, parley—for Larky Grigg's sake, as well as her own, she must not exasperate this cruel, remorseless, terrible man!

So she said very gently, "I am agitated, overpowered, shaken—give me two hours to reflect, to collect my scattered senses, to recover my reasoning powers. I will not answer you while you intimidate me thus. Let me retire to my own room for two hours. It is now nine, at eleven come to fetch me; you may lock me in if you will, and surely my cousin

would prefer a consent not wrung from me with a pistol at my ear!"

"Oh, uncle," said Greville, "let it be as Hope wishes. I see a relenting something in her eye; I hear a consenting softness in her voice. Give her the two hours she begs for. I know you will have reason, as all have, to rejoice in the results of the 'wisdom of mercy.'"

"Be it so," said Mr. Evermore, replacing the pistols. "Come then," and he took her hand and led her to her own room, and as he removed the key from the inside of the lock to the outside, he added, "Go to your dressing-room and look at your bridal-dress and *trousseau*, and let them speak for me."

He locked the door, and Hope was alone. A bright wood fire burned in the large grate. She lighted a candle, and went into the dressing-room (a small, light closet); but not to waste moments so precious on her bridal finery, though the orange wreath and veil, the white dress and bouquet were laid out with the *trousseau*. Hope remembered that the gardener had that very day been pruning the ivy, and as he had been suddenly called away to drive her to Warkworth, she hoped he had not yet had time or thought to remove the ladder.

It was so; there it stood. Rapidly Hope put on her bonnet and mantle, and took what money she had, and a few necessities, tying them up in a bundle. Then she softly opened the window, descended the ladder, and sped like one pursued by fiends, through the shrubbery and across the fields—a short cut to Warkworth.

CHAPTER CXXVI.

"Queen of the night, how I bless thy light!"
Cried the maid, as a wild hope rushed
Through her whirling brain, and again and again,
Her breast's quick throbbings she hushed.

THE moon, which had been behind a cloud, came out bright as day, to light the poor, persecuted, true-hearted girl.

She met with no living creature, no impediment on her lonely way, and never for one moment relaxed her speed, or ceased to hurry on, until she found herself face to face with the moonlit ocean, and at the door of the little cottage where Stunning Steenie and his bride, Meg, were staying on their bridal visit to his former mate.

The whole party were at supper when Hope knocked at the door. Red-herrings, fried onions, and, alas! grog, formed their repast.

With the ready sympathy of this kindly class, they drew Hope to the fire, and eagerly questioned her. Her tale was soon told, and deep and earnest was the pity she elicited; and loudly Stunning Steenie declared that Hope Evermore and Larky Grigg had been sweethearts from dear old ragged school days; and that, no fine, tawdry popinjay of a captain should put Larky's nose out of joint; and as for a father—a father who leaves his child to sink or swim for seventeen years, wasn't half so much of a father as he who fed, and clothed, and reared her like Bob Blossom had done; and the poorer and lower down Bob was, the more his good action raised him up; and he'd stand by and show fight to the last, rather than see true love crossed, and if ever there was genuine true love, it was the love of Hope Evermore and Larky Grigg.

This oration concluded—a council of war was held, and good, sweet Hope was equipped in the dress of a Northumbrian fish wife—there being, luckily, one belonging to a young girl, a niece of the mate's wife, lying in a chest in the adjoining room. Meg then hid Hope's abundance of golden hair under a thick white cap—clothed her delicate form in a red jacket and short blue cloth petticoat, which displayed her neat ankle and charming little foot—gave her a pair of plaid stockings, and shoes with buckles, and a large shepherd's plaid scarf, to throw over her head and round her person.

Stunning Steenie then proposed that Hope's bonnet and cloak should be thrown on the beach, so that when her flight was discovered, and her steps, perhaps, tracked down to the sea, it might seem as though she had thrown herself from the rude wooden pier, and thus escaped to that shore whither none would wish to follow her. "And now, Meg," said Stunning Steenie, "if we can but hide Hope up for to-night, I think, to-morrow, at dawn, we may smuggle her aboard the 'Fair Betsy,' bound for Poplar, and then she'll get to London easy. Then, may be, she'll go at on'st to Apple Blossom."

"No," said Hope, blushing deeply. "I shall go to Lady Arncliffe."

"In course," said Meg, "Hope wouldn't like to go seeking out Larky Grigg, 'tain't likely."

"Why, you seeked me out," said Steenie.

"I never done nothink of the sort," answered Meg, giving him a good sound "clout on the head," "so hold your jaw, and don't make your brags; or I'll learn you better."

Steenie laughed, and hugged his Meg.

Just at this moment, and when Hope was completely arrayed in her picturesque costume, there was a sound of voices and steps outside the door, and angrily a man desired to be let in. Hope, recognising her father's voice, grew deadly pale, and fainted away.

"The best thing she could have done," said Meg; "lift her on to that table in the next room; throw this white sheet over her, and we'll make 'em think she's a dead lodger of ours."

No sooner said than done. Hope, still insensible, was laid on a table covered with a sheet; and Meg, her head shrouded in her apron, sat at her head, pretending to cry, and rock herself in her grief.

After a short interval the door was opened.

"I have reason to believe my daughter, Miss Evermore, is here," said Mr. Evermore.

"There ain't no lady here but ourselves and our poor dead lodger in there," said Stunning Steenie. "We don't know no ladies: ladies ain't fit company for us."

"But you're welcome to look and satisfy your mind," sobbed Meg, from under her apron. "Would you like to see this here dear cretur? The small-pox made short work with her."

"Oh, by no means," said Mr. Evermore, who had a great horror of infection and of the dead; "I'm sorry I disturbed you—beg pardon, I was misinformed." And he hurried away just in time, as Hope began to recover, and, with a deep sigh, pushed away the sheet; and Meg, helping her to rise, having first secured the outer door, gave her a cup of tea, and what revived her still more—an account of her father's unsuccessful visit.

Hope remained with these kind friends till dawn, when Stunning Steenie and his Meg got her on board the "Fair Betsy," bound for Poplar. It was a collier's vessel, but the rough men were very kind to the delicate girl. They tended her as if she had been a sick child, and the captain's wife was as a mother to her.

No accident befell her, and the passage was a very good and quick one. She landed at Poplar, slept at a quiet little inn, and proceeded next morning to London.

Lady Arncliffe was not in town, nor was Miss St. Ange, so Hope hastened to the Green Fields Ragged School. There she heard from Mr. Stephen that Apple Blossom was lying very ill with low fever, brought on by anxiety about Larky, who had not been heard of for six weeks or more; and he so strongly advised Hope to go to her that Hope complied.

Apple Blossom was rejoiced to see Hope; and Hope nursed her as if she had been her daughter.

Some days passed, and Hope's excellent nursing and comforting conversation, and her recent tidings of Larky Grigg, did wonders for Apple Blossom.

Hope and Apple Blossom were sitting one evening reading the Bible, just before going to bed—Bob was away, on a gardening job in the country, and Merry Blossom, whose wedding day was fixed, was expected home on the morrow—when suddenly a clear, sweet whistle was heard—the air, "Sally in our Alley." Hope started to her feet, and listened eagerly; Apple Blossom clasped her hands and cried—

"Listen, listen! Hope, that's Larky's whistle—that's my boy—bless him, that's my darling son!"

The whistle drew nearer, clearer, louder, and the next moment the well-known step was heard, the dear hand lifted the latch, Larky Grigg rushed in, and falling on his knees before his mother, buried his face in her lap, and said—

"Mother, I did write. I meant to emigrate, but chance threw your advertisement in my way; and, though fortune beckoned me on, love and duty sent me back, and here I am! Mother! kiss me! bless me! oh, my mother!"

"There's some one else to kiss and bless thee, my son," sobbed Apple Blossom, as Hope knelt by his side, and put her arms round his neck, and her cheek close to his.

Who shall paint their joy?

"Ye who have said that this world has no pleasure,
Gaze on that mother who weeps o'er her boy;
Gaze on that maiden who smiles on her treasure,
And own that true love is a source of true joy."

CHAPTER CXXVII.

In early youth what heart has never known
Thought, feeling, taste, congenial to his own?
Who hath not felt with rapture-stricken frame,
The power of grace—the magic of a name?

CAMPBELL.

For some few happy days Larky Grigg and his beloved Hope shared the now pleasing task of nursing Apple Blossom. Stunning Steenie's crafty device of throwing Hope's bonnet and mantle on the beach had completely succeeded.

Mr. Evermore and Captain Greville beheld these relics (as they considered them) with horror and dismay—Evermore, on account of his bold and intricate plot, which was ruined by what he believed to be the death of Hope; and Captain Greville, who was passionately in love with this innocent, beautiful, and virtuous Hope, suffered all the anguish of disappointed affection; and, imagining that his suit had driven her to this act of desperation, found the late remorse of love for ever gnawing at his heart. All the delights of the present, all hopes for the future, all comfort in the past, were gone for him. A violent and dangerous attack of illness, brought on partly by exposure to the night air in search of Hope, and partly by anguish of mind—stretched him on a sick bed at the Hall. Mr. Evermore had not only to deplore the loss of Hope, but to watch in terror and anguish by the bedside of the only being he really loved on earth—Rashleigh Greville.

Hope was very happy in the company of her true and only love; but neither Larky Grigg nor Hope were content to be a burden on poor Apple Blossom.

Larky Grigg was delighted to hear that Jem Goodman and Mr. Stephen had heard of a situation likely to suit him, and one in which his great genius, and his acquired knowledge of mechanics, would be brought into play.

A great ironmaster, who was also a civil engineer, required a steady, gifted young man as a sort of foreman—a clear head, a steady hand, a spotless character, earnest piety, and good manners, were requisites for this situation, and all these our dear Larky possessed in an eminent degree.

Mr. Watson, apprised of Larky Grigg's arrival, appointed an interview; and Apple Blossom, now quite convalescent, proposed to go with him to the great man, and "speak up" (as she said to Hope) for one too bashful to "speak up" for himself.

How nice and clean and tidy the still pretty Apple Blossom made herself look! How sleek were the glossy bands of black hair, that contrasted with that motherly handsome face—pale from recent illness! How pretty the faint flush, that soon came fresh from a mother's heart, made her look! How delicately white and neat were the cap, collar, and cuffs which Hope washed, ironed, and plaited for this great occasion.

How appropriate and judicious were the black silk dress and white shawl, and the new lilac thread gloves! The little straw bonnet and fresh white ribbon, and the large, very white, linen handkerchief, folded up like a book, which, with a good silk umbrella, she kept in her large useful right hand.

Larky, too, was looking his best—at least his mother and Hope thought so. His Sunday best was not too good for this great day. He had as much of the gentleman about him as intellect, noble feeling, good breeding, neatness, and cleanliness can impart to the working man—and that is a great deal.

Hope watched Larky Grigg and Apple Blossom into a cab, and if he did pretend to have forgotten something quite indispensable, and did return in search of it, and that something was a kiss from the rosy lips of his affianced Hope—what youth of feeling and spirit would not have done the same? And what good, loving girl, so situated, would not, like pretty Hope, have hurried him off with that kiss on his lips?

Apple Blossom was a proud and happy woman on that bright autumn day. And well she deserved to be so. She had trained Larky Grigg up in the way he should go, and even when he is old he will not depart from it.

Mr. Watson was a clever-looking, reserved, rather proud man, and so abrupt and magisterial, that Larky felt very shy. But Apple Blossom, in spite of a good deal of "twitter and all-overishness," as she described it to Hope, "spoke up;" and the ice once broken, Larky Grigg took courage, and modestly and briefly answered Mr. Watson's very terse questions.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, Larky was engaged, and Apple Blossom, making a very low country curtsy, with her hands folded before her, and a "Thank you kindly, sir, he's been a good son to me, and I'm sure he'll be a good lad to you," hurried

away to the cab, and both returned triumphant to anxious, loving Hope.

Larky's career was henceforth a most prosperous one. His mechanical genius was daily called into play, and his inventive and even creative powers—never speculative, but always under the control of strong common sense and sound judgment. Then, too, his modest, unassuming, but irresistible influence was felt in the workshop, whence, ere long, the force of his example, and the emulation untinted with envy which his endearing goodness excited, banished every coarse word and ribald jest; and where he established that mutual exchange of good offices, and that frank, kindly civility of speech and manners, in which the working man is too often deficient.

But more, far more, far better than this, was the high tone of morality and the earnest spirit of piety which Larky Grigg introduced, where some had been unbelievers, freethinkers, Deists, or at best only professing Christians while practical atheists.

Steddy—never called in Watson's workshop Stutter Steddy—was, through Larky's interest, engaged; and these two good young men persuaded their fellow workmen to join the Christian Young Men's Association, to abstain from all excess of every kind, to spend their money on the mind, not the body—to teach in Sunday schools, and to live as if there were a day of judgment and an eternity of bliss or misery.

Meanwhile, Hope Evermore, having written to Lady Arneliffe and to Ellen St. Ange, had entered into all the painful details of her supposed father's conduct—his determination to force on a marriage between herself and Greville, and the terror, and even horror with which his conduct had inspired her; and then she implored advice, and protection, and help, to enable her to obtain a situation as companion or governess in some remote place, where Mr. Evermore could never hear of her existence.

Lady Arneliffe, in reply, invited Hope at once to come and stay with her at Nice; and remarked that her own child required a governess, and Hope would be more acceptable to herself in that capacity, than any other person in the world. She inclosed money for the journey, and said that in a fortnight Ellen St. Ange and Mrs. Golightly, now quite sane, were coming to stay with her, and Hope could accompany them.

This arrangement met with the approbation of Larky Grigg and all to whom Hope was dear; and one happy holiday was all the lovers could expect to spend together for a long time. "It must be for years, and it may be for ever," sung Hope, while her beautiful blue eyes filled with tears; and Larky's manly cheek grew pale, and his broad chest heaved with a deep sigh.

This holiday was the wedding of Merry Blossom with Tom Trudge, now a partner, and therefore a master carpenter.

Merry, a good girl at heart, and a very pretty brunette into the bargain, was only coquettish and flighty when she did not think—reflection always sobered her. She had thought much and deeply on the responsibilities of her new state, and of her coming importance as mistress of a household, and of a "servant gal."

Merry was quite sedate. There were no "nods and becks," or "quips and cranks, and wreathed smiles" now,—no practical jokes.

Hope was her only bridesmaid; and the bright brunette and angelic blonde formed as lovely and striking a contrast on that nuptial day as they had done when first Ada saw them sitting side by side in their rosy childhood at the Green Fields Ragged School.

Tom Trudge, who was very steady, was charmed and awed by the majestic and matronly demeanour of Merry. And Hope and Larky did indeed "spend one day of parting love."

The lovers—who did not hurry away, as is the cold, selfish fashion of the higher circles—went, escorted by Hope and Larky, the Trudges, and Jem Goodman, to spend the day at Richmond; and they were returning late in the evening, expatiating on the delights of the day, to end it with a hot supper at Apple Blossom's, when, just as they entered her house, two gentlemen, followed by two police constables, stepped forward. One laid his hand on Hope, and said, "So, my tricky and most treacherous damsel, I have caught you at last. You have known the pleasure of a father's love; now you shall know the terrors of a father's wrath."

Hope grew deadly pale, and, with a faint shriek, threw herself into the strong arms which her true lover, Larky Grigg, stretched out to protect and support her!

"Ha!" cried Mr. Evermore, livid with rage, "is

that the low-born villain, the ironmonger's journeyman, the ragged-school boy whom you, girl, in your degraded mind, prefer to this noble gentleman?"

"It is one nobler far," said Hope, looking steadily at the demoniacal face of Evermore. "It is my lover, my affianced husband. One who learnt in a ragged school (as I humbly trust I have myself done) those principles of religion and virtue which will be his guide through life; one with genius to achieve that greatness he was not born to; one who will do more than inherit an illustrious name, for he will make his own illustrious. The self-educated man, the son of the people, one of the million, one in a million, son of those who sheltered when all forsook me—one whom I (so help me heaven!) will never forsake, never cease to love and honour!"

"Really, Rashleigh," said Evermore, grinding his sharp teeth, "I do not know why we listen to the ravings of that maniac girl." Then, turning to Hope, he cried, "You are a minor, and as such, being my daughter, Hope Evermore, you are bound to obey me. I order you this moment to leave this low-born, vile company, and return with me to a home where you will find you have much to learn, and more still to unlearn. Come, Hope Evermore, as a father, I command; as a daughter, you must obey. I presume you learnt the commandments at your beloved ragged school. I am your father."

"That remains to be proved," said Jem Goodman, who for some time had been closely scrutinising Mr. Evermore.

"Time works wonders, I know; and India ain't behind-hand with him. But still those are not the features of him I remember as the husband of Constance; nor is yon them of the gentleman as called on me yesterday, saying he was her husband, and whom I remembered as such, and told all about Hope," said Mrs. Trudge.

"I have," said Jem Goodman, "in my possession many important papers connected with this young lady. They were left me by her mother; and I was desired to open the casket in which they are on Hope's coming of age, or earlier still in case of her marriage. If you will wait while I run home, I will bring them, and read them aloud now; for as this gentleman claiming to be Hope's father has, as I know from my friends here, tried to force on a marriage between Hope and his nephew, I think the time her hapless mother has specified is come."

"I have no time for this folly," said Evermore. "You can amuse yourselves with any romances left behind her by Mrs. Evermore, but I insist on Hope's accompanying her father!"

"And so do I!" said a voice—the voice of a gentleman wrapped in a military cloak, pale, strikingly handsome, and of very aristocratic appearance, and bearing a strong resemblance to Lord Glenlonely.

He had entered unperceived, and had been for some time watching this exciting scene.

"Fiend in the human shape!" he cried, thrusting the now pale and trembling Evermore aside. "I see now clearly through your vile and complicated plot! Friends of my orphan girl," he added, turning round to the Blossoms, and Jem Goodman and Mr. Stephen, "I am that Walter Pemberton who won the heart of Constance Claverton, and who, under the vile and treacherous influence of yon coward villain, privately married (in his abhorred name), and, deceived by his base lies, forsook her. I see now the vile and complicated plot he has devised. Himself deceived by the accounts of my death in battle, he—knowing that, in case of my death, my only daughter is heiress to the title and estates of my father, and would be in her own right, at his death, Countess of Glenlonely—has devised this scheme for claiming her, and marrying her to his base-born son, whom he calls his nephew; and, being shameless as he is false, he, when my father dies, of course would acknowledge the fraud, in order to see the only being his selfish heart ever loved—that son!—in possession, through his wife, of the Glenlonely estates, and the reflected honours of her title. I thank Heaven, whose great mercy put it into the heart of even a crafty and remorseless foe to spare my life."

"I have endured much, but a visible Providence has watched over me. I have seen my father at Burnside; he has blessed me—my mother, whose reason returned when she saw the face, and heard the voice of her son. My heart sent me to Mrs. Trudge, who directed me to the hospital, where my poor Constance gave birth to my daughter Hope; my parents sent me here, knowing Hope had escaped (but whether dead or alive they knew not) from that perjured villain; still here they told me I should learn much. They are in town, they await me, and how gladly will they receive my daughter! Friends

who have reared her so kindly, and made her all that woman should be, I thank, I bless you; and I shall beg of Mr. Goodman that he will let me see the papers that contain the wishes of my poor martyred wife, the martyr of that man's lies and plots. If she wished this union, and if that noble youth has won Hope's love, the time may come when I myself shall say, 'Take her, pearl of price that she is, and wear her ever next your generous heart!'

"Hope, child of sorrow, trained in that school that makes our women angels and our men heroes, the school of adversity, come, come at last to a father's repentant, almost broken heart!"

There was no reluctance, no delay now. Surely there is a force in blood, an instinct of affection. Hope rushed into the arms of that noble father, sobbed on his bosom, knelt at his feet, and turning to Larky Grigg, said—

"Come, my own love, affianced husband, come, kneel with me to our father."

And while all eyes were fixed upon this harrowing scene, and Jem Goodman, in silent, fervent prayer, thanked Heaven for its special mercy to Constance's poor child, and Merry wept on her bridegroom's breast, and Apple Blossom sobbed on Bob's shoulder, slowly and noiselessly Evermore and his wretched son stole from that scene; and that vile father, having reached his hotel, unable to endure the sense of defeat and disgrace, and the sight of his son's anguish and despair, returned to his own room (the door of which he fastened), and when next day, as nothing was seen or heard of him, that door was broken open, the baffled villain was found hanging by the cord of one of his boxes to the tester of his bed.

His miserable but much less guilty son, after a severe illness, was ordered to go on the Continent for his health, before rejoining his regiment in India; and while at Paris he again met with Nussy Fitz-Darrell.

How it came to pass we know not; but, as a heart has often been caught in the rebound, so was Rashleigh Greville's, and they were married at the ambassador's chapel, Blue-eyed Baby Ben—now a fine young lad—coming over from Rugby to be present at the wedding.

It was some five years after the scene at Apple Blossom's when Walter Lord Eaglescliffe claimed his child, that Hope, who in the meantime, though affianced to and corresponding with Larky Grigg, was abroad with her father, whose health wounds in battle and subsequent hardships had undermined, at Nice fell in with Ellen St. Ange, who was, with our old friend, Mrs. Golightly, on a visit to Lord and Lady Arneliffe.

There the delicate health of Walter Lord Eaglescliffe brought his early friend, Ellen, to his side, to read to and comfort him. To her deep joy she found that light from on high, in the shape of grace and faith, had darted into his benighted soul while he stood by the death-bed of his little Indian son. It was an unspeakable comfort to Ellen, as she watched him growing weaker daily in body, to find his soul grow strong for immortality. And when no tender care of hers and Hope's could rescue him from death's dark angel—when they had also seen Lord Glenlonely die, full of years and honours, the mourners returned to England, and Hope, now Countess of Glenlonely, set about a pious and active stewardship of the great powers title and fortune bestow on a true Christian.

Ada, Lady Arneliffe, was with her to advise, and Mr. Stephen and Jem Goodman formed part of the pious council.

It was long before Hope, Ada, or Ellen entered at all into that society which is so hasty to court the high-born, the beautiful, and the wealthy; but at last they were induced to accept an invitation to a party at the house of a nobleman whose name is renowned for science and philanthropy.

Hope, who had always corresponded with Larky Grigg, was aware that his name was now first and foremost among the great and practical engineers of the day, and that recent valuable and brilliant suggestions of his, had induced the Home Secretary to recommend him to the Queen for the honour of knighthood. But Hope was not aware that that honour had been that very day conferred, for she believed that her beloved Larky Grigg was abroad on business of importance connected with his profession. It was, then, with a wildly-beating heart, that she heard at this, the first party, that she, Ada, and Ellen had honoured with their presence, the announcement of the name of Sir Gregory Blossom! Yes, there he was, Sir Gregory now—a great man—a lion, but still a lamb to her; still to her heart Larky Grigg.

There were the same clustering locks of glossy black, the same deep-set dark eyes, so full of light, beam-

ing beneath that overhanging brow—the very throne of thought,—there the firm, sweet mouth, the white teeth, the dear old smile—the smile of the old ragged-school days, half love, half fun,—there the tall, manly form, the dignity, the grace, the self-possession, the proud humility which so well become the son of the people.

Of all who crowded round the beautiful young countess—Hope, Countess of Glenlonely—one only was received with smiles. Dandies, dressed to perfection, pink and white, polished, fragrant dandies were in despair, when they saw Hope's blue eyes smile in their upward gaze at Sir Gregory Blossom.

It was that same summer, that while the papers were full of "Marriages in High Life," and descriptions of bishops, brides, bridegrooms, and bridesmaids, and their grand attire, the most beautiful of youthful countesses quietly, at Burnside, gave her hand to the most eminent of the self-educated sons of science. A good old village clergyman performed the ceremony; the guests present were, besides old Lady Glenlonely, Lord and Lady Arncliffe, Ellen St. Ange, Mrs. Golightly, Mr. Stephen, Jem Goodman, Merry and her Tom, and last not least (for to them Hope owed her escape from her vile pretended father), Stunning Steenie and his Meg.

Hope was dressed in white muslin, and enveloped in a veil, spotless and light as her own pure heart, while the orange blossoms on her lovely brow, fresh from her own conservatory, had petals not whiter than her virgin forehead, or lustrous more golden than her happy prospects.

Larky Grigg, or rather Sir Gregory Blossom, looked worthy of his lovely bride; and when the blessed rite was over, and "they two were one flesh," he led her through the postern gate to that spot on the heath, beneath the gnome-like tree, where they had been so sorely tempted, and where he had said in his faith and agony, "Lead me not into temptation," and there they knelt together on the fragrant heather in prayer, fervent prayer, that they might prove worthy of the signal blessings of their happy lot.

Our tale is told, and if the reader feels one tithé of the regret in parting with these people of her fancy that the writer does, she will not have written, nor they have read, in vain.

To those who have richly and kindly encouraged (as so many have done) a tale whose chief object has been to enforce temperance, and revive interest in those heaven-suggested institutions, ragged schools, she returns her cordial thanks. Their sympathy has encouraged, their praise has inspired her. That those who worship the mis-named jolly god, and are opposed to the education of the masses, should attack and malign a story promotive of temperance and education, was only to be expected; and they do not shake the conviction of the author that, although much remains to be done, real good has already been effected by "Hope Evermore."

THE END OF "HOPE EVERMORE."

[Our next number will contain the opening chapters of a new tale of great power and deep pathos, entitled "WINNIE," by "Felix Stowe."]

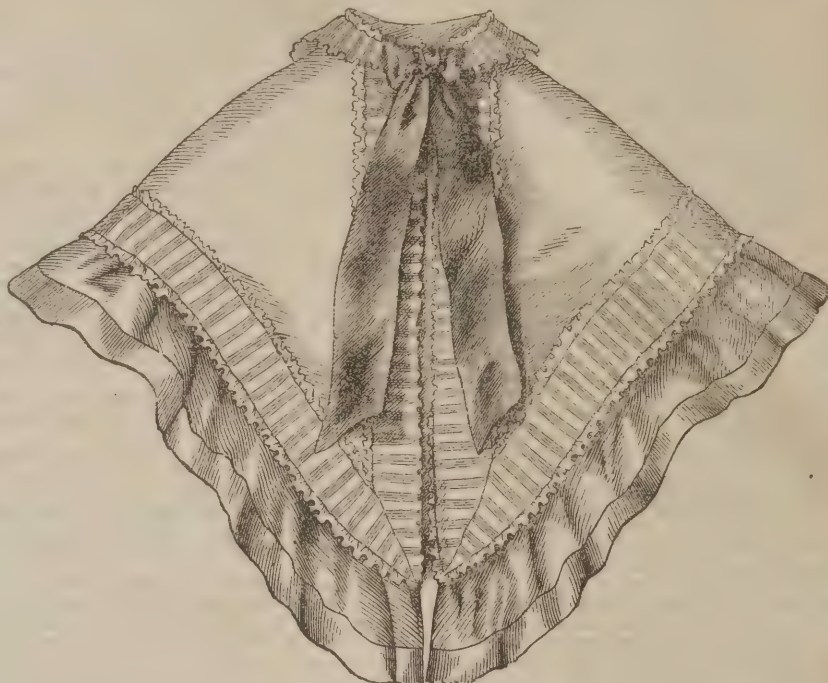
The Matron.

NO. XLVII.

In the present chapter, I beg to offer to the attention of my readers the pattern of a shawl-cloak. I think it is exactly the kind of garment an elderly lady likes to throw around her, when sitting at home in very cold weather. Such a cloak or shawl would make a nice Christmas box or New Year's gift for "grandmamma;" and how precious it would be in her eyes if her granddaughter had assisted in making it! I will suppose, then, that "mamma" has furnished the "gros de Naples" silk for the cloak, and the sarsenet for the lining; and then I would recommend that, between the sarsenet and "gros de Naples," there should be a layer of flannel—lining-flannel, at about five-pence a yard. Recollect that when you have cut out all the materials—gros de Naples, sarsenet, and flannel—it is the said flannel and sarsenet lining that must be joined at the seams over the shoulder, not the outer silk. This must have cord, nicely covered with silk, neatly run all round it. When all is cut out there must be a good deal of time and care given to tacking together (with white reel cotton) the cloak and lining; then different parts of the former should be joined together with exquisite neatness: and of course with fine sewing silk corresponding with the colour of the cloak, which should be of any nice dark colour; but not black, unless the lady for whom it is intended is known to prefer black for habitual wear.

Many who have become widows late in life never lay aside their mourning, even outwardly; and where is the woman who has had a really kind husband, who ever ceases inwardly to regret him? But now to practical things—the use of the needle, which should be plied as closely for cloak and shawl work as it ought to be used lightly in millinery, caps, and bon-

net, physically speaking, I should say that satins, laces, feathers are best suited for those whose station in life leads them a good deal into company, and who may have occasion to display the articles of dress we have mentioned, at balls, concerts, and evening parties. For others, I recommend a handsome dress of a more lasting



nets. The reason is evident. There is no great drag on articles of millinery as on things which one wraps around one—tightly, and more tightly, as this wintry weather makes us rejoice in the comfort of warm clothing. I suppose the cloak in process has been placed on the working-table—and now I suppose you have tacked it, so as to prevent any danger of its bulging away from the lining. The silk frilling, which should have been about half a quarter of a yard in depth, is, of course, hemmed; for the frilling, measure the cloak all round, and allow half as much again for the silk frill, or flounce, whichever you choose to call it. Mind you halve and quarter the frill and the flounce according to previous directions for frilling and gathering—remember that after you have prepared the silk trimming, it is on the lining (turned in all round) that you should fasten it with strong, nice regular work, and then the "gros de Naples" cloak, nicely corded all round, is to be (with the edges very carefully turned in) joined to the double lining; the road for the stitches is between the piping and the silk of the cloak. Be very careful about the collar, and, in the turnings in, avoid puckering, as it spoils the fit. The ribbon quilling, but not the bow in front, may be omitted.

I now turn to a very different subject, the bridal veil, of which I gave an illustration in the last chapter. I can fancy I hear some of my young lady readers asking me whether I recommend a veil or a white bonnet for a bride's wedding-dress. I own I have a preference for a veil. The veil hanging down from the wreath and flowing over the shoulders is very graceful; but the Eastern mode of wearing the veil seems the most appropriate—covering the face, and thus hiding the bride's blushes. I believe we borrow the fashion of wearing veils, during the marriage ceremony, from the Jews, or rather the Jewesses. But then their veils were opaque, being of fine linen. Even this ancient people have in this respect departed a little from their ceremonies, and allow their brides a transparent veil; and a little while ago the daughter of that merchant prince, Baron Rothschild, appeared at her wedding in a long tulle veil. So much for veils.

The bridal bonnet has its advantages. In fact, the best dress for a bride is that which she can turn to account afterwards. But, morally speaking, the best ornaments are the inward adornings of the mind,

"Meekness and kindness, goodness, truth,
These are the best attire for youth;"

nature; such a dress, in short, as Goldsmith tells us the bride of the Vicar of Wakefield chose. One which she fixed upon "not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well." Thus I recommend a good rich-coloured English merino, and in the summer a silk that, whatever colour it may be, will either turn or wash. A good shawl from our own manufactories looks well at any season, and lasts for years. Therefore, I suggest a shawl as an important part of the attire of the bride belonging to the middle classes. And as for the bonnet, white is the only colour (if it can be called a colour) suited to a wedding. I recommend a fine Dunstable straw, trimmed according to the present fashion.

Chemical Experiments.

THIS paper will consist of a little batch of experiments: and, firstly, I shall describe how two solid things being rubbed together, a fluid will result.

Experiment 1.—Take equal parts by measure of sulphate of zinc (white vitriol) and acetate of lead; rub them together in a wedgwood or glass mortar, and both will become fluid.

Experiment 2. To prove that flame is hollow.—Take a small glass tube, about a fourth of an inch in diameter and about six inches long, wrapping a piece of paper round it to protect the fingers. Immerse one extremity of the glass rod in the flame of a spirit lamp, and apply another flame to the other end. Something will immediately begin to burn, and will continue burning so long as the other end of the tube is retained in the middle of the spirit-lamp flame. This experiment evidently proves that flame (the flame of a spirit lamp, at least) is hollow—the central portion of it containing gaseous matter waiting to be burned, which cannot occur until it is brought into contact with the external atmospheric air.

Though I have recommended a spirit-lamp to be employed in the preceding experiment, yet by employing a little more care the flame of an ordinary candle may be made to afford the necessary demonstration.

Experiment 3. The reason why flame is luminous.—How happens it that certain flames of extreme power, so far as mere heating is concerned, evolve so little light? The flame of a spirit lamp furnishes a

very common example of this; but other examples, more extreme still, are known to the chemist. Common illuminative gas, as is well known, furnishes a flame of great luminosity when burned in the usual way; but if mingled with atmospheric air, and then burned,—though by this treatment the heat evolved is much more considerable,—the illuminative power of the flame is proportionately decreased. The following operations will explain the reason of the above apparent anomalies.

Pour a little spirit of wine on a dish or saucer, and light it, when the flame will be hardly visible, as always happens when spirit of wine is burned. Whilst the spirit is burning, strew in upon it some particles of powdered charcoal; if from a sieve, all the better; if not, a pinch let fall from between the finger and thumb will do. The particles no sooner come in contact with the flame, than igniting they evolve much light; whence the observer may be inclined to jump to the conclusion that flames of great luminosity hold much charcoal. Such is usually the case, but not invariably: burning phosphorus, for instance, throws off a flame of extreme brilliancy—there is hardly any other sort of flame so brilliant; nevertheless, not one particle of charcoal is there. Wherefore we arrive at the conclusion that the luminosity of flame must be attributable to some more general condition.

The real truth is, that the presence of any solid body (no matter what) in flame causes the latter to be luminous. If any powder at random be let drop into the flame of a spirit lamp, the explanation just given will be justified. A little magnesia, or lime, or powdered clay—any powder, in short, will impart increased luminosity to flame.

From the records of these experiments, we perceive that though combustion cannot be too perfect for the purpose of heat evolution, it may be too perfect for the purposes of illumination.

Small Change.

A WIT being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and forgetfulness, "and yet I don't know why I should be—he never did me any harm."

If you cannot avoid a quarrel with a blackguard, let your lawyer manage it rather than yourself. No man sweeps his own chimney, but employs a chimney-sweep, who has no objection to dirty work, because it is his trade.

At a party once the conversation turned, as it naturally does among young folks, on marriage—the other convenient subject besides the weather, when every other fails. One of the belles, addressing a beau, quite unconsciously (as she explained) said, "If I were you, and you me, I would have married long ago."

RELIGION removes those little desires which are "the constant hectic of a fool."

A HERTFORD paper asks why the Atlantic cable is like a turnip? Because the thing never was beet!

MR. JOHN SMITH has discontinued eating crabs, as he had eaten them so long, that everything he undertook went backward. He had a brother who dug a well till he found he was getting down in the world, when he gave up the business and turned lamplighter. He then looked up a little.

AN Irishman, who had just landed, said, "The first bit of mate I ever ate in this country, was roasted potato—boiled yesterday. And if ye don't believe me, I can show it to ye, for I have it in my pocket."

A WAGGISH candidate coming, in the course of his canvass, to a tailor's shop, "What we look for here," said he, "are measures, not men."

The praises of others may be of use in teaching us not what we are, but what we ought to be.

A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.—For Sale: A handsome young bird dog. Any sportsman in want of a good bred dog to swim after his own heart, can find such, cheap, by applying, &c.

The world may be divided into the sensual and the religious. The former think that the Creator owes them a happy life; the latter think that they owe him an infinite debt of duty.

We all need resistance to our errors on every side. Woe unto us when all men speak well of us; and woe unto us when all men shall give way to us!

ONE might as well attempt to calculate mathematically the contingent forms of the tinkling bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, as to look through the tube of the future and foretell its pattern.

SELF-LOVE exaggerates our faults as well as our virtues.

MIRTH should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

A CRUST of bread, a pitcher of water, a thatched roof, and love—there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests on a potato-patch or a flower-garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

A WITTY dentist, having laboured in vain to extricate a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with the felicitous apology, "The fact is, madam, it is impossible for anything bad to come from your mouth."

WHAT popular singer does crushed Indian corn steeped in vinegar remind you of? Pickle hominy! (Piccolomini!—Oh!)

As in literature we shall find some things that are true, and some that are new, but very few things that are both true and new; so also in life, we shall find some men that are great, and some that are good, but very few men that are both great and good.

"WELL, Mr. Richards, how does my son get along with his grammar lesson?" "He surpasses any pupils that ever I had." "In what does he chiefly excel, sir?" "In stupidity, sir. He surpasses any boy that ever I saw in that quality, sir."

A COUNTRY girl, coming from the field, was told by her cousin that she "looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew." "Well, it wasn't any feller by that name, but it was Steve Jones that kissed me; I told him that every one in town would find it out."

A YANKEE who had just come from Florence, being asked what he had seen and admired, and whether he was not in rapture with the Venus de Medici, replied, "Well, to tell the truth, I don't care about those stone gals."

It is easier to pretend to be what you are not, than to hide what you really are; he that can accomplish both, has little to learn in hypocrisy.

If you would know how a bull would look when his tail is twisted, just ask a man for that "little bill he owes you," when he is talking to a woman.

"Look here, Jim, there is a hole knocked out of this bottle you gave me." "Why, not at all; there's the hole in it now. If it was knocked out, how could it be there?"

THE virtue of paganism was strength; the virtue of Christianity is obedience.

"CESAR, what's become ob dat darkey who stole de taller?" "He has been taken up on an affidavit, and carried up to de sperm court to hab it tried." "On an affidavit, Caesar?" "Yes, I seed the handle ob it."

DOUGLAS JERROLD said there was no finer sight than a stream of human creatures passing from a Christian church.

THE moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

Puzzles for the Ingenious.

FOR SOLUTION.

A parallel bar twenty inches long, and weighing six pounds, has a weight of five pounds hung on one end, at what distance from the end must the fulcrum be placed to maintain an equilibrium? L. (Maryport.)

Further correct replies to Question 1 in No. 44, have been received from Isabella B. (aged 11); G. A. V.; Exon; T. Holding; E. J. Bremner; W. Rain; J. Blatterwick; E. Sutton; Uncle Tom; S. Rogers; T. Violin; J. H. Elstol; A. Subscriber (Torquay); H. B. Elsdon; W. E.; L. T. D.; An Irish Mason; C. W. Bottomley; J. Robinson; Virgil; H. Paul; G. P. Brewer; Alf; Rh—; A. T. Moore; D. Bathye; J. Pearce; Mary Ann W.; S. I. C. T. S.; Gullimus.

* * * We again repeat, that we decline the insertion of any questions which are unaccompanied by clear and correct solutions. We request, also, an assurance that the questions sent are original.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

The widow had an only one,
A puny and decrepit son;
But day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak, and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The widow's mite.

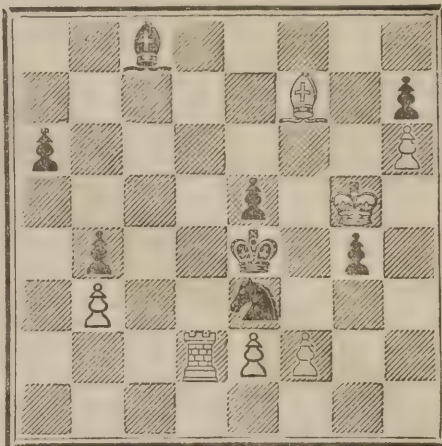
The widow's might—yes! so sustain'd,
She battled onward, nor complain'd
Though friends were fewer;
And cheerful at her daily care,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then, and now I see,
Though cheerful and resign'd, still she
Has sorrow'd much:
She has—He gave it tenderly—
Much faith—and carefully laid by
A little crutch.

Chess.

Problem No. 86. By F. G. RAINGER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

THE CHESS TOURNEY.

Game played between Messrs. J. DRIESEN and W. CLULEY.

WHITE. J. D.	BLACK. W. C.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. B to Q B 4	2. B to Q B 4
3. P to Q B 3	3. Q Kt to B 3
4. Kt to K B 3	4. Kt to K B 3
5. P to Q 4	5. P takes P
6. P takes P	6. B to Q Kt 3 (α)
7. P to K 5	7. P to Q 4
8. P takes Kt	8. P takes B
9. P to Q 5	9. B to Q R 4 (ch)
10. Kt to Q B 3	10. Kt to Kt 5
11. P takes P	11. R to Kt sq
12. Castles (b)	12. R takes P
13. Q to R 4 (ch)	13. P to Q B 3
14. R to K sq (ch)	14. K to B sq
15. P takes P	15. Kt takes P
16. B to R 6	16. B to K 3
17. Kt to K 5	17. Kt takes Kt
18. R takes Kt	18. B takes Kt
19. P takes B	19. Q to B 3
20. Q to Q Kt 4 (ch)	20. K to Kt sq
21. Q takes Q Kt P	21. R to Q sq
22. B takes R	22. K takes B
23. Q to K 4	23. Q to Kt 3
24. Q takes Q (ch)	24. R P takes Q
25. R to Q R 5	25. R to Q 6
26. R to Q B sq	26. R to Q 2
27. P to K R 4	27. P to B 4
28. P to K B 4	28. K to B 2
29. R to K sq	29. K to B 3
30. R to Q R 6	30. R to K 2
31. P to Kt 3	31. K to B 2
32. K to B 2	32. K to B 3
33. R to K 5	33. K to B 2
34. R to Q 6	34. K to B 3
35. K to K 3	35. K to B 2
36. K to Q 4	36. K to B 3
37. Q R takes B (ch)	37. R takes R
38. R takes R (ch)	38. K takes R
39. K takes P	39. K to Q 3
40. K to Q 4	40. P to Q R 4
41. P to Q R 4	Black resigned.

(α) Better to check with B at Q Kt 5, and if White interposed his B, to take, checking, and then play P to Q 4.—
(b) B to K Kt 5 is a more attacking move.

AUGUSTUS FITZ-GERALD BINDON.—We are much surprised to find that Problems Nos. 78 and 79 puzzle our "clever young Irishman."

HENRY STRICKSON.—We shall feel much obliged if you will submit your Problems on diagrams. The proper forms can be forwarded to you on your favouring us with your address on a stamped envelope.

T. D. BUSTON.—The information which you require can be obtained on your addressing a note to Messrs. Petter and Galpin.

ALFRED HOLLOWAY.—Problem No. 4 can be solved in three moves, beginning with Kt to Q 7. In Problem No. 5 White's second move is P to Q 4. Mate follows next move by P takes P. The other Problems are neat, and shall appear shortly.

Solutions of Problems by T. Simpson, Nos. 76, 77, 78, and 79; Tennebecirp, No. 75; W. M'Kenzie, Nos. 76, 77, 78, and 79; Phelp, No. 78; F. G. Rainger, No. 80; Nemo, Nos. 79 and 80; J. Wasborough, No. 80; M. A. R., No. 80; D. R., No. 80; E. Grant, No. 80; C. Austin, No. 80; W. W. C., Nos. 79 and 80; Markham, No. 80; Douglas, No. 80; J. Palmer, Nos. 79 and 80; R. Wakelin, No. 80; Jacobus, Nos. 77, 78, 79, and 80; and R. Ward, Nos. 79 and 80, correct.

Our Editorial Table.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

TWO ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL TALES.

Our next number will contain the opening chapters of an entirely New and Original Tale, entitled,

"THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW,"

By J. F. SMITH,

Author of "Smiles and Tears," "Phases of Life," "Dick Tarleton," "Soldier of Fortune," &c., &c., surpassing in stirring interest and startling adventure the most popular and highly wrought productions of that justly celebrated author. Also, in the same number (53), will appear the opening chapters of a New and Original Tale of great power and deep pathos, entitled, "WINNIE," by "FELIX STOWE."

STELLA.—We believe the comet was not visible to the naked eye after the 29th of October. Up to the 15th the eight distinct envelopes were seen to separate themselves from the nucleus, commingle with the head, and, we suppose, become at length part of the tail of the comet. It seems evident that this was owing to the action of the sun. In Halley's comet, which appeared in 1835, the tail became visible on the same night that the ebullitions towards the sun were first seen. This was not the case with Donati's comet. In the beginning of September the tail was seen, but the light ascending towards the sun was remarked for the first time on the 13th of September. On October the 11th, when the appearance of our comet was most magnificent, it was estimated that it reached half-way between *Beta* and *Epsilon Hercules*. In fact, the tail was upwards of thirty-two degrees in length. On the 18th of October the tail of the comet was no longer so striking, but it was still thirty degrees in length, and at this period it bore a strong resemblance to the Milky Way. We have most of us heard of the great comet of 1811, and some among us have seen it. To appreciate Donati's comet, we must bear in mind that while the great comet of 1811 had a tail reaching only twenty-five degrees, the brilliant meteor that has recently disappeared from our admiring gaze, attained the inconceivable length of thirty-two degrees.

SHALLONES.—We dare say you are not the only one who has heard a great deal about "middle-class examination," and yet knows not what it means. Middle-class examination is the examination that youths of the middle-classes of society, educated at public or private schools, now undergo at Oxford by the examiners of this celebrated university. This test is voluntarily submitted to by the pupils of the commercial or proprietary schools, as the case may be; and some consider that an inexcusable degree of ignorance was elicited by the examination that took place at Oxford last summer. Then it is answered that the examination was a very severe one; so much so, that the younger sons of "Alma-mater" (the University) would have been puzzled by the questions. We wish to know our opinion of these examinations. We approve of them. We wish everything to be brought to light. The discovery of an evil is the first step towards its removal; and the greater the publicity given to what is good, the greater the benefit conferred on the community. We ourselves—intimately connected as we are with the great question of education—expect to find the first prizes at the middle-class examinations carried off by the students of "Cassell's Educational Course."

MANGE.—It is a popular error to suppose that the aloe blooms only once in a hundred years. The period of its arriving at maturity differs according to circumstances, from ten to fifty, or even seventy years. Having acquired its full growth, it produces its gigantic flower stem, after which it perishes. This stem is sometimes as high as forty feet, and is surrounded by a multitude of branches, arranged in a pyramidal form, with perfect symmetry. Of this curious plant a fine specimen in bloom has recently been exhibited in the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park. The aloe is an American plant, and it is from the New World that it has been transplanted to Europe. In the warm climes of Italy, Spain, and Sicily it gives (in conjunction with the palmetto) an almost tropical appearance to the scenery.

JOHN DROHAN.—Mungo Park, the enterprising traveller, was born near Selkirk, in Scotland, September 10, 1771. He was educated for the medical profession. After visiting the East Indies, and some portion of Africa, he engaged in a second expedition of discovery, to trace the course of the river Niger. This was in 1803. No certain intelligence of his fate has ever been received, but a vague report was that he was drowned in attempting to avoid the pursuit of a barbarian chief. An account of his journey and a memoir of his life was published in 1815.

MUSIDORA.—Holly and ivy seem to have been associated with the idea of Christmas even before mistletoe was mixed up with it, but as you seem to take so much interest in mistletoe we will speak of it in detail. The mystic uses of mistletoe are traced to the Pagan times, not only to those of the Druids, the priests of the Ancient Britons, but even in the religious ceremonies of the Greeks and Romans it was used. Virgil refers to it, and calls it "the golden branch." The fruit, which is covered with a viscid pulp, is now made into a kind of birdlime in Italy, and it is also a favourite food of the mistle thrush. But we believe its berries are poisonous for human beings; and we warn our younger readers against putting them into their mouths. Such a caution is hardly necessary to those who have reached years of discretion. Mistletoe grows luxuriantly upon the oak, and also upon yew and pear trees. Mistletoe is mentioned by the writer *Cæsar*, in 1656. He says: "It is carried many miles to set up in houses about Christmas time, when it is adorned with a white glistening berry;" and in a little work, called "Round about our Coal-fire; or, Christmas Entertainments," written early in the last century, it is thus introduced: "The rooms were embowered with holly, ivy, cypress, bays, laurel, and mistletoe, and a bouncing Christmas log in

the chimney." Our favourite poet Gay also refers to it, in the following lively rhymes:—

"When rosemary and bays, the poet's crown,
Are baw'd in frequent cries through all the town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near—
Christmas the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all the temples strew,
With laurel green and sacred mistletoe."

A LOVER OF ANTIQUITIES.—Ludgate derived its name from King Lud, who encompassed his town by a strong stone wall, and is said to have called it *Lud-din*, the city of Lud, or *Luds town*, hence *Londin*, or *London*. We know there are other supposed etymologies for the name of London, but that which assigns it to the word Lud's town appears to us a probable derivation. It was in the reign of Cassivelaunus, brother and successor of King Lud, that Julius Cæsar made his first descent on Britain. Immense forests nearly reached the walls of ancient London; and even as late as the reign of Henry the Second they covered the northern neighbourhood of the city, and were filled with various species of beasts of the chase. London was naturally defended by fosses, or deep ditches. One formed by the creek which ran along Fleet ditch; the other by Walbrook, a winding stream, that emptied itself into the Thames at Dowgate. These are now arched over, and they form serviceable sewers, to receive and carry into the river the contributions from numerous smaller ones. The south side of the city was protected by the Thames, and the north by the adjacent forest. The original boundaries of London seem to have been Ludgate Hill on the west; a spot near the site of the Tower, on the east; Cripplegate, on the north; and Thames Street on the south. Newgate, Cripplegate, Aldgate, and Dowgate, were more ancient than Moorgate, Aldersgate, Bishopsgate, and Bridgegate. Most of these still give names to the localities surrounding the spot where they stood, but they have all been demolished, as well as the walls that (as we have observed) had their origin in the enterprising spirit of King Lud.

B. MERTON.—You say you hear a great deal about a dearth of cotton, and have been told that now that the manufacturing interests of the United States are so extensive, we cannot reckon on such supplies as we have hitherto received. All you have heard is correct, yet there is no ground for alarm. The soil of many of our colonies is favourable to the growth of cotton. From India, and in due time from Australia, we may look for this commodity, we might almost say necessary, of life; and nearer home, countries with which we trade have soils peculiarly favourable for the growth of the cotton tree; for instance, in Turkey, both European and Asiatic, in Egypt, and in the States of Barbary, cotton can be cultivated with success. A damp, but not a wet soil, should be chosen for cotton. The picking takes place about the middle of September. The culture of cotton is expensive and laborious, and calls for great attention.

JULIAN.—Though living in a neighbourhood where extensive excavations are going on, and spending hour after hour in digging for curiosities and antiquities, you say you have found nothing, and you begin to suspect that all the hidden treasures of olden times have been ransacked and carried off by others. In reply to your communication we cannot advise you to spend so many precious hours of your youth in hunting after what you may never find; but as a mere diversion we advise you not entirely to give up your search. And we are of opinion that you may yet find something valuable or interesting. We constantly hear of the discovery of curiosities in such districts as that you have described. Only the other day, in the neighbourhood of Driffield, as some labourers were ploughing, the sock of the plough displaced a piece of slate from the mouth of a vessel, which, on examination, proved to be a beautiful Roman vase, containing a great quantity of coins, struck about 235 A.D., by Magnus, the governor of Britain. We do not say that these coins were silver or gold, but a quantity of copper coins are worth finding.

TO THE INGENIOUS.—We are happy to be able to comply with the request of our correspondents, and to furnish them with the directions for procuring the skeletons of leaves. The beautiful fabric presented to the eye by what are called skeleton leaves can be obtained by two different processes. By the first, you steep the leaves in rain water, contained in some open vessel left exposed to the air and sun. Recollect to add water now and then, to make up for loss caused by evaporation. Watch the leaves; and when they decay, you will see that their membranes begin to open. Then lay them on a white plate, containing clean water, and, with delicate touches, take off the external membranes, and be very careful to separate them cautiously, near the middle rib; and when there is an opening towards the latter, the whole membrane separates easily. With this process you must not be in a hurry, but must give ample time for the vegetable matter to decay. The other method of procuring skeleton leaves is more expeditious. Take a table-spoonful of chloride of lime, in a liquid state, and mix it with a quart of pure spring water. Soak the leaves or seed-vessels, in this mixture for about four hours; then take them out, and wash them well in a large basin, filled with water; then expose them to the light and the air, and leave them to dry. Supposing you wish to procure the skeletons of large forest leaves, or of leaves having very strong ribs, leave them in the mixture for four hours and a half.

CALIGRAPHY.—What is commonly called "gold ink," is made by mixing precipitated gold powder with weak gum water. But you may accomplish your object by forming your capitals, &c., with gum-water, and then applying, with a bit of cotton wool, a portion of gold leaf.

THE VOICE OF TRUTH.—Obey that voice; and do not trust to the possibility of converting your partner to your opinions after marriage.

R. A.—The mode of staining gun-barrels is described in No. 47, page 336.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—The cordial about which you inquire is a patent medicine, containing a large proportion of opium, and its use is attended with danger, especially to infants and young children, to whom it is but too frequently administered. Furniture paste may be made thus:—Digest

half an ounce of alkanet root in one pint of spirits of turpentine, till it is sufficiently coloured; then add a quarter of a pound of beeswax scraped small. Put the vessel into hot water, and stir till it is dissolved. If you wish it pale, omit the alkanet, or use less.

T. S. (Bristol).—The uniform penny postage came into operation January 10, 1840, in consequence of the praiseworthy and persevering efforts of Mr. Rowland Hill, who is now secretary to the Post-office. Previous to the introduction of the penny postage, a letter to the remotest parts of the kingdom (if a single sheet), cost 1s. 10d.; but the smallest scrap inclosed, or more than a single sheet, subjected a letter to a double, and, in some cases, a treble charge.

R. A. N. P.—A *wisp* (from the German or Danish *wisch*) is a small bundle of straw, hay, or herbs. A bundle of thin twigs, such as is used by cooks, is called a *whisk*.

CAPTAIN BLAND.—It is not for us to give advice in a case in "which several medical gentlemen have failed to afford relief."

HARRY M'WHIMSEY.—You challenged a man for an imaginary affront, and instead of meeting you he has wisely bound you over to keep the peace. You still brand him with opprobrious epithets, vilify the law which has thus bound you, and ask us what you are to do. We say, be grateful for the remainder of your life to Providence, and to the laws of England, for thus preventing you from committing murder, or from being murdered. We trust the time is not far distant, when duelling, that relic of barbarous ages, will be regarded as a foul infraction of the sixth commandment.

FLORA ROTHSAY.—We can hardly promise you happiness with a suitor who is so often "offended without cause," and "refuses to assign a reason" for his anger.

MADÉLINE.—Put your congratulations to your newly-married friends in as plain and simple form upon paper, as you would if addressing them by word of mouth on your first meeting with them.

LUCY LONG.—Under the circumstances you have stated, you and the children should take your husband's real name.

CAUTION.—Your labour in collecting old postage stamps "to get a boy into a blind school," will be labour in vain: old postage stamps are worthless. George Fox was the founder of the sect commonly called Quakers, about the year 1650.

RUSTICUS.—*Artesian Wells*, fountains made by boring into the ground till water is reached, which then springs up spontaneously, are so named, it is said, from their having been first used in Artois, a district in the North of France.

UN GARGON.—Of the plays you have named, only three are to be found in the authorised editions of Shakespeare's works—namely, "Antony and Cleopatra," "Cymbeline," and "Pericles." The other six have been attributed to him, but, as the best commentators imagine, without sufficient foundation.

EXCELSIOR (Bridport).—It is not for us to discuss the merits of the journal to which you allude. We believe the number stated to be very considerably beyond the mark. On the contrary, our circulation far exceeds your statement, and is constantly on the increase. See Lord Brougham's speech at Liverpool.

DON PEDRO.—The number of words in the English language is variously estimated. Todd's edition of Johnson contained 58,000 words; Webster increased the number to 70,000. According to the last estimate, the number is about 85,000.

Z. Z. Z.—We have so many questions put to us respecting arms, fingers, rings, &c., that we own ourselves now and then rather puzzled. However, we can furnish "Treble Z" with a good reason why the fourth finger is chosen for the marriage ring. The fourth finger is less used than any of the rest, and it is more capable of preserving a ring from bruises, for it cannot be extended but in company with some other finger; thus it always has a protector.

A FRENCH SCHOLAR.—We can give you no better directions than those furnished in the "French Lessons."

JUDITH.—What you deplore, is considered by some a beauty; but, were it otherwise, we know of no remedy that is not worse than the evil.

MACBETH.—In the word "Psyche" the first consonant is not sounded at all. The *y* has the sound of the long *i*, as in "irate," and the final *e* that of the short *y*, as in "fancy."

L. H.—Considering the circumstances, the verses do you credit. The hair you send is of a decidedly light colour.

SOPHIA commits no impropriety in being the first to open the conversation.

G. H. WILLIAMS.—The richest and finest red ink for shop-window tickets may be obtained by mixing two-thirds carmine powder and one-third Chinese vermilion powder in as much gum-water as will make the mixture about the consistency of cream. If there be too much gum, it will be apt to crack.

LITTLE INQUISITIVE.—A *bullein* is, properly speaking, a letter with an official seal attached. The word is a diminutive of *bulle*, a little round ornament or amulet worn about the neck of Roman children, and afterwards applied to a seal, an official letter; a *bull*, or decree of the Pope. It is now used chiefly to describe an official report by physicians respecting the health of the sovereign.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "SMILES AND TEARS," "DICK TARTLETON,"
"PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,"
"THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Far from the madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
Nor you, ye proud, impute to them the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

GRAY.

PLAXTED—vide Fancy's map—situated in a locality
regarded by common consent as the garden of Eng-

land—the fertile vale of Kent—was an exceedingly pretty spot. What railroads and modern improvements have made it, we dare not think; far less visit it to ascertain, lest we should destroy some of the most pleasing recollections of our boyhood.

"Pretty" really is the word by which we can best describe it, for there was little if anything that, strictly speaking, could be called picturesque, either in the village or its neighbourhood. No stately hall or baronial keep looked down with an aristocratic, patronising air upon the humble cottages, which had clubbed themselves together, as it were, in the ambitious hope of being mistaken for a street—no ruined abbey or convent cell, where disappointment and sorrow, mistaking the extinction of passion for sanctity, or apathy for resignation, once found shelter from the world, contrasted their shattered pinnacles with the comfortable homesteads that dotted the fields, which gradually exchanged the rich colour of their soil for a sickly, marly hue, as they gently un-

dulated towards the chalk cliffs guarding the coast. Everything, on the contrary, appeared plain and matter-of-fact about the place, it was simply one of those sunny nooks where, after battling with the storms of life, the tired spirit might seek and find repose.

Not even the church, the poet's and painter's last hope, could boast of any great antiquity, as it had been erected shortly after the Reformation, in a style as simple as the faith to which it was dedicated. The only attempts at ornamentation were the arms of James the First in the centre of the gallery, directly opposite the east window, and the Ten Commandments in gilt letters over the communion table—literally a table, and not an altar.

The edifice next in importance to the church was undoubtedly the parsonage, a long, straggling building with bay windows, tall slender chimneys, clustering together as if for mutual support, and quaintly-carved gables, beneath whose shelter that guest of



KATTY IS WATCHED.

summer, the swallow, loved to build its pendent nest and airy cradle.

Despite the great irregularity of the parsonage—of course, we are speaking in an architectural point of view—there was an air highly suggestive of comfort, and learned—we had almost said monkish—ease about the place. The sun-dial over the porch, half buried in woodbine and honeysuckle, as if old Time itself felt inclined to sleep amid their sweets, the walls matted with ivy, which served as a cloak to keep them warm in winter, the well-trimmed garden, with the stately elms and curiously-clipped yew trees, added to its quiet dignity; in short, it was just one of those houses in which one would expect to find snug, out-of-the-way recesses, filled with cabinets, rare books, and here and there a picture worth examining, to say nothing of an excellently-furnished dining-room and a cellar whose contents were orthodox as the faith of the reverend incumbent, who, at the period our tale commences, 1773, had lately exchanged his fellowship for the College living of Plaxted.

Dr. Titlow was not only a sound divine, but a profound scholar. True, he was somewhat absent at times, and, as a preacher, unmindful of the fitness of his hearers. This last peculiarity displayed itself on the very first Sunday of his taking possession of the pulpit, when he favoured his astonished congregation with a sermon, in which he most effectually demolished the Pelagian heresy. To be sure, his hearers had never heard of it before, but what of that? He had preached it before the heads of the university with great success, and never doubted for an instant but it would prove equally instructive to the honest farmers and simple rustics of Plaxted, who, if they failed to estimate the learning of their somewhat eccentric pastor, soon learnt to appreciate his benevolence as a man, and uprightness as a magistrate, in which latter capacity, it is only right to add, he was not very frequently called upon to act.

The chief offence of which he had to take cognisance was smuggling—never regarded as a very serious one in Kent; still he resolved, if possible, to put it down, simply because it was his duty to do so, little imagining that his own butler, Fitch, who had been his gyp at college, purchased the Bordeaux his master found so palatable, and the exquisite Cogniac, a slight suspicion of which flavoured his evening cup of coffee, of Jorrocks and Joe Kerl, two of the most notorious offenders against the excise laws on that part of the coast. Some even went so far as to say—people would talk in those days, as well as in our own—that these men occasionally followed a yet more questionable calling. If such really were the case, we can only observe, that it had never been proved against them; not that it would have detracted materially from their respectability, in an age when the road was regarded as a semi-genteel resource for younger sons and nephews, whom providence had neglected to provide with a banker in the person of a rich uncle or maiden aunt, idlers, too proud to work, and too ignorant to enter on a profession.

Jorrocks was a tall, wiry man, with a bullet-head and resolute expression of countenance, apparently about forty years of age. There was nothing of the ruffian in his appearance. In all probability, a mere casual observer would have set him down as a respectable trader well to do in the world. An impression his quiet suit of gray cloth, cut in the fashion of the day—that is to say, with square skirts—and a waistcoat descending nearly to the knees, three-cornered hat, plain lawn ruffles, and cravat, might have confirmed.

One of those short swords named a whinyard, worn more for ornament than defence, completed his dress.

His partner Joe Kerl, who was nearly twenty years younger, affected, on the contrary, a sea-faring costume. Instead of stockings, with shoes and silver buckles, he invariably wore heavy boots reaching more than half-way up his legs, where they were met by a canvas garment, in fashion not unlike a Highlander's kilt—his coat, broad-skirted and adorned with a double row of gilt buttons, somewhat resembled the jacket of a Thames waterman.

Although there was something cunning, not to say cruel, in the glance of his small round eye, and a sensual expression about his mouth, we would rather have trusted ourselves—had we been driven to the necessity of making such a choice—to the mercy of Joe than to the forbearance of Jorrocks. There might have been a forlorn hope with the one, but not the slightest with the other.

Jorrocks, we beg leave to observe, is not an ideal character: there are many still living in Kent who recollect the notorious *guinea smuggler*, as he was afterwards called, who, during the war with Napoleon, made a large fortune by carrying English gold

to France, where it fetched a considerable premium. More than once during his perilous career, his boat—ostensibly a fishing smack—was overhauled by the channel cruisers; but no evidence was ever found to criminate him. He had been known to throw as many as three thousand guineas overboard, a proof that, when it did succeed, the speculation paid enormously.

It was a fine moonlight night in the month of September when the two worthies, whose portraits we have thus roughly sketched, started from Plaxted to Folkestone, then an obscure village about eight miles distant, inhabited chiefly by fishermen and smugglers. It had neither pier nor custom house. The pavilion had not yet reared its imposing front; there was only one public-house in the place, the Dolphin, and that so near the beach, the side facing the sea had to be protected by an embankment of sand and shingle, to prevent its being flooded at the spring tides.

It was a wild, desolate spot,—few who knew it then would recognise it now; and the inhabitants, a hardy, ignorant race. Gas, steam, the electric telegraph, mechanics' institutes, and national schools, were unheard of; things still in the womb of Time, which as yet had given no sign of parturition.

The two men had walked at a rapid pace for some distance in silence, which Jorrocks was the first to break by observing that he felt uneasy in his mind.

"About the boat?"

"No. She must be in long before this, and the cargo safely stowed."

"What is it, then?" demanded his companion, with a stare of surprise.

"The woman who, for the last five days, has walked regularly from Plaxted to the Dolphin, to watch the arrival of the cutter, no matter what hour," answered the elder speaker.

"She expects some one."

"So she says."

"And you don't believe her?"

"No; besides, how should she hit the exact time?"

"Guesses it, I suppose."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Jorrocks, in a tone of contempt at what he considered the stupidity of his partner; "that you may make fools believe. I suspect that she is neither more nor less than a spy upon our proceedings. Should we meet her," he added, in the tone of one deliberately weighing the impression his words produced, "I shall feel half tempted to—*you understand—to—*"

"Ascertain whether your fears are well grounded or not," said Kerl, finishing the sentence for him.

"Yes, just so."

"Well," resumed the former speaker, after a pause, "I shouldn't so much mind if I thought as you do; but I don't. In the first place, she is a stranger in this part of the country."

"The more likely to be in the pay of the coast guard," said Jorrocks. "The new lieutenant, Elvey, is not half so reasonable as his predecessor; *he knew what business meant*. The fool talks of duty, and what is worse means it. Ephraim Sleek offered him fairly, and was all but tossed out of the cabin-window of the 'Wren' for his pains. It will end badly," he added—and here the hand of the speaker, as if by an involuntary movement, grasped the handle of his whinyard—"it will end badly."

"That won't be our fault," observed Joe, philosophically; "we were willing to act liberally," he added. "But don't you think if Elvey has set this woman as a spy upon our task, he has taken means to secure her against harm?"

"The first sensible words you have spoken to-night," exclaimed the eldest smuggler; "and that is the thought that restrains me. There is danger looming," he continued, after a few moments' silence.

"May be; but I don't exactly see it," replied Joe.

"Did you never, when the sky was clear, and the wind calm as an infant's breath,—long before the waves began to raise their hissing crests,—*feel* the signs of an approaching storm?" demanded his partner. "Have you never, when all was still, heard the yards and spars of your vessel creak as if they felt the coming strain, just as an old man's bones shoot with pain before a change of weather?"

"Perhaps I have," answered Kerl, looking very much surprised; "though how you, a landsman, who have never been at sea, barring a trip to Calais, can talk in such sailor-like fashion, puts me out of my reckoning."

To this observation his companion made no answer, unless the mocking smile that flitted for an instant over his saturnine features might be intended for one; but if so, it passed unnoticed.

On reaching Folkestone, the speakers hurried to the beach, and found to their surprise that for once they had been out in their calculation: the boat, to

all appearance an ordinary fishing smack, although nearing the shore, had not yet arrived.

"Stevens is late," said Jorrocks. "No ill-luck, I hope."

"Not a bit of it—not another craft in sight," said his partner.

"There is a craft I'd like to know wrecked at the bottom of the sea," muttered Jorrocks, at the same time pointing to a female at a short distance from them. "I tell you she is a rock-a-head—a bird of worse omen than the 'Wren'—the name of the revenue cutter."

"That's Katty!" exclaimed Kerl.

Jorrocks eyed him suspiciously.

"So you know her name?" he muttered.

"Yes; the landlady at Plaxted told me."

"Katty, Katty!" repeated his partner several times; "an Irishwoman."

"You may swear to that," answered his informant, with a laugh; "whatever else she may be, she can't hide that."

His friend gave an inarticulate umph!

"What do you mean by umph?" demanded his companion. "That's a land signal, I suppose? Why don't you throw out one a plain man can understand?"

"Lieutenant Elvey was stationed for two years upon the Irish coast," replied the former speaker, "before he got command of the Wren. Can you understand that?"

"Plain as the compass," said Joe, looking exceedingly blank at the information.

Instead of advancing further on the beach, the two men withdrew beneath the shadow cast by a neighbouring cliff, in order to watch the proceedings of the female at their leisure, and unobserved.

The supposed spy, whose presence in that part of the country had so excited the suspicions of Jorrocks, was a tall, commanding woman, of about two-and-twenty; a more faultless figure—which the dark gray cloth gown and kirtle she wore displayed to advantage—had rarely been seen. Any one well acquainted with Ireland would not only at once have pronounced it as the land of her birth, but recognised her as a native of Galway, so remarkable for the Spanish style of beauty of its daughters. A profusion of glossy black hair, falling in massive curls like a cluster of half-torpid snakes, partially hid her features, which were regular and delicate, with a singular expression of firmness about the mouth. The eyes—it would have been impossible to have mistaken the country of their possessor—were almond-shaped, of a deep violet hue, shaded by long silken fringes, through which they sometimes flashed with mirth, or the yet stronger passions of the south.

As she stood with her gaze intently fixed upon the boat now rapidly approaching the shore, Kate Cassidy—or Katty, the name she generally went by—might have served as a model for the sculptor or the painter.

"Spy, or no spy," said Joe Kerl, "she is a woman, and no mistake."

It was the first time the smuggler had seen her without the large cloth shawl she generally wore, thrown like a plaid over her head, enveloping in its folds the upper portion of the figure.

In her anxiety, for there was no mistaking the feeling with which she watched the rakish-looking craft, it had fallen unnoticed by her on the sands.

Several seafaring men now made their appearance from the Dolphin, and gathered in a group upon the beach.

The instant the little vessel grounded, Katty dashed through the surf with a cry wild as a curlew's suddenly startled from its nest. Evidently she had recognised the girlish figure standing on the deck. With a strength that excited the admiration of the sailors, she mounted the sides in almost as brief a space of time as it has taken us to describe the action, and clasped her in her arms, covered her hands with kisses, and gave expression to her joy in half-stifled sobs and broken expressions.

"Ellen, aushla! it's the heart of your poor Katty that beats to see the light of your sweet face agin. Many is the weary hour she has thought of you, and prayed for you, alone, in the old place; but you are pale, darlin'; sure sorrow is an envious thing, to steal the roses from your young cheeks," she added, gazing wistfully on the features of the traveller, whose eyes were dimmed with tears at the meeting.

"I knew you would not fail me," observed the lady, for such evidently was her rank, in a mournful tone.

"Fail you!" repeated the woman, passionately.

"The heart of me would break first. The day after your letter reached me, I bade good-bye to Phelim—I should have hated him, had he said a word to keep me back—and came to this place, where

there was not a livin' thing to bid God's welcome to the stranger—left him and the babe, that already begins to look into my eyes and smile at me. Quitted both," she added—"husband and child—and good right to do so, for Katty owes you everything."

Here the being whom the speaker addressed with such fervent expressions of fidelity and love, suddenly placed her hand upon her heart like one in pain.

"It's the sea, darlin'," said the woman, encouragingly; "to think of *him* letting you cross the salt waters alone, after all his—"

Ellen, or Elleen, as her foster-sister called her, interrupted her.

"Not a word, Katty," she murmured; "I cannot bear it now—before I die you shall know all."

The word "die" seemed to produce an electric shock upon the woman, so strongly did it convulse her frame. With a powerful effort she at last suppressed the rising sob that nearly choked her, and descended from the deck once more into the surf in order to assist the speaker to land.

Two of the crew lowered their passenger carefully into her arms. Katty received the precious burden tenderly as if it had been her own infant, and carrying her to the door of the Dolphin, placed her in the little chaise cart she had hired of the landlord to return to Plaxted. The light baggage was soon landed, and after wrapping her own shawl round the feet of Ellen, they prepared to start.

"You will take cold, Katty," observed her foster-sister.

"Not while the heart of me is warm as it feels now," replied the latter, as the horse, a powerful one, which the landlord of the Dolphin frequently found other uses for besides letting it out to travellers, started towards Plaxted.

"Well," said Joe Kerl, as the vehicle passed them, "I hope you are satisfied now that the woman is no spy."

Jorrocks admitted that he was, but did not appear the less curious about her on that account; for the first questions he addressed to the captain of the boat were respecting her.

"Can't tell you her name," answered Stevens; "never heard it. Old Chomont brought her on board, after we had cleared the Custom-house. He arranged for her passage."

"Did he state his reasons?" demanded the smuggler.

"Twenty-five guineas," answered the captain.

"Pshaw!" interrupted the questioner. "I mean the reasons for his precaution in bringing her on board without the knowledge of the French authorities."

"Why didn't you ask me so at once?" exclaimed the man. "Let me see: I think I did hear something about it. The King of the Mounseers had sent an order not to allow her to quit Calais."

Jorrocks asked no further questions; but after satisfying himself that the cargo had been safely stowed, retraced his steps towards the village.

To the great surprise of Joe Kerl he could not extort a single word from him on their way back to Plaxted.

It is now time to introduce the pale traveller and her foster-sister, for such was the tie between the two females, more particularly to the notice of our readers.

Ellen St. Clair had been left an orphan at a very tender age, to the guardianship of her nearest relative, a maiden aunt, the Honourable Miss Tabitha Macnamara, the possessor of an estate in the county Galway, the disproportionate amount of whose rental, compared with its extent, would very much astonish an Irish landowner of the present day.

Somehow—it never could be accounted for—one dreadful misfortune or another was always befalling her tenantry. If the crop proved excellent, the murrain was certain to break out among the cattle, or the sheep—stupid things, to require looking after!—to get drowned in the bog.

"Sure then, my lady," as the wives of the defaulters—who cunningly trusted to the eloquence of their better halves—used to urge, "it wasn't our fault if the pigs *would* die, or the rain spoil the whate, which had *only* been left a week or so on the land after being cut, till Tim, Patrick, or Teddy," as the case might be, "could get the boys to help him to stack it."

The plea generally proved successful, although Tim, Patrick, or Teddy might have done the work himself *without help*, in less than half the time he had been waiting for it.

"Well just spake wid the mistress herself," was the invariable reply cast into the teeth of Kene, the agent, whenever he hinted at anything stronger than a remonstrance; "she is one of the owld stock—the rale lady,—and won't see the poor put upon."

What could their landlady do? A Macnamara had never been known to drive or eject their

tenantry; added to which, she felt a pride in keeping up her name in the county.

The natural consequence of this forbearance was, that Lady Tab, as she was familiarly called, although supposed to possess "*lashins*" of money, had never been able to put the family mansion in thorough repair—re-furnish the principal rooms, or do a dozen other things which she had firmly made up her mind to accomplish. She was perfectly idolised by her warm-hearted, enthusiastic, but improvident tenantry, who would have fought—but any Irishman will do that—have died, had it been necessary, in her defence; in short, have done anything except the thing they did not do—*work* upon their farms to pay the rents.

The extraordinary influence Miss Macnamara's benevolent but excessive forbearance obtained over them produced at least one excellent effect. During the troubles that periodically distracted the country, not a man upon her baronies stirred; outrage was unknown in her immediate neighbourhood. With the tact peculiar to her sex, she played the tactics of her farmers and cottiers off against themselves, by pointing out to their wives, mothers, and sisters the fatal consequences that must follow if their husbands, brothers, and sons were led into joining any of those dangerous secret societies, so long the curse of Ireland.

The females upon her estate were her police; and she found them a most efficient one.

Her nearest neighbour, Sir Patrick O'Neil, the chief—we question if antiquaries can decide of how ancient a sept—had not been equally prudent. He was one of those recklessly-hospitable, large-hearted men who delight in keeping open house; whose claret—although it paid no duty—was unexceptionable; and whose word, unless when qualified by a promise to pay, might be religiously depended on.

Many persons doubted the common sense and prudence, but no man ever questioned the courage or honour of the O'Neil.

It was a sad blow to Ellen, when, two years before we have the pleasure of introducing her to our readers, the nephews of the baronet, Redmond and his cousin Ulic, were obliged by political reasons to fly the country, and take service in one of those gallant Irish regiments, whose exploits form a brilliant page in the history of France. Their uncle had many friends, some in power. Every one who knew him loved Sir Patrick; and the government of the day, satisfied with the voluntary banishment of the young men, far more dangerous than their relative, abstained from all proceedings against the latter.

Perhaps the authorities considered they had a sufficient guarantee for his future conduct in the proofs of his past, which they held over him *in terrorem*.

Redmond O'Neil, the lover of Ellen, possessed all those manly qualities to which the love of woman clings as to its natural support. Cold, and perhaps somewhat haughty with those of his own sex, to women he was frank as boyhood, tender and respectful as the worship of the heart. His father, a younger brother of Sir Patrick, had died in command of the Irish Brigade.

Ulic Blake, the son of the baronet's sister, resembled his uncle in his reckless, passionate temper, imprudence, and disregard to consequences; but, unhappily, not in those nobler qualities which redeemed them. His recklessness extended only to the means of gratifying his passions, and his disregard of consequences, to a selfish indifference of the happiness of others. Had he remained in Ireland, much, perhaps, that was bad in his nature, might have been corrected, or withered for want of opportunity to develop itself; but the court of Louis XV. was a hotbed, in which evil passions found a genial soil.

Previous to quitting his country, even those who disliked him most, admitted one disinterested trait in his character—the strong affection he displayed for Redmond.

It would have been strange, indeed, if the heart of Ulic had not possessed one healthy feeling. Gold, or mica, *which very much resembles it*, may be found even in granite.

Redmond O'Neil made a promise that he would return within a year to make Ellen his wife, and kept it, despite the reward still offered for his apprehension, he wedded her publicly—it would have required an army to have arrested him in Galway—and immediately after the marriage returned with his bride to France.

This was a sad blow to the Hon. Miss Macnamara, who strongly opposed the match, and refused to sanction it by her presence; but the grief of the aunt was sunshine compared with the passionate sorrow of Katty, the foster-sister of Ellen, who had never before been separated from her a single day. Phelim

Cassiday, the boy with whom she had broken the silver coin and plighted her troth, had, as he used to say, a bad time of it for weeks afterwards; but Phelim was not the only obstacle that prevented Katty from accompanying her young mistress to France, she had a blind mother, Ellen's nurse, whom she loved dearly, so she at last consented to remain, and finally married the patient and long-enduring Phelim.

For more than a year the letters of Redmond's wife bore witness to her happiness. But at last came one that wrung the heart of her faithful Katty; misery appeared in every line of it—hopeless misery, although it entered into no particular detail.

The writer entreated her foster-sister to be, by a certain day, at Folkestone to receive her, and cautioned her against mentioning a word respecting the journey to her aunt.

"*I shall die if you fail me*," were the last words of her letter.

We have seen how Katty answered it.

CHAPTER II.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting;
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness—
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

WORDSWORTH.

It soon became evident to the anxious Katty that her foster-sister would never travel farther than the village inn of Plaxted. When Ellen spoke of dying, the affectionate creature could only answer her with tears and kisses. The fragile form, hourly wasting before her sight; the crushing sorrow, too proud for words, too deep for tears; the sense of unmerited wrong, which, like a fever of the blood, dried up the life-springs of the victim it had fallen upon—forbade all hope; and she looked forward with terror to the moment—evidently not far distant—that was to make the unhappy wife of Redmond O'Neil a mother.

"It's in the heart of her," she murmured, in answer to some question which Dr. Challoner, the only medical practitioner in Plaxted, addressed to her—"wirrestrue, it's in the heart of her. Bad was the day she first beheld the face of him, and left the friends who loved her for a home in a strange land!"

"Whose face?" inquired the gentleman, with a feeling of curiosity which did not escape the quick-witted Irishwoman.

"His whose name she bears—who took God's oath to protect and love her."

"Ah! she is married, then?"

The words had no sooner passed his lips than the eyes of Katty flashed fiercely at the insulting doubt they conveyed; and had she been a man the speaker might have received cause to repent having uttered them.

"Married!" she repeated; "isn't she all but a mother? Blessed saints! and a St. Clair, too! Would my darlin' foster-sister be the first to bring scorn upon the name cut on the death stones in the owld church at Galway? You can never have looked in her sweet innocent face to ask that question," she added. "Married! yes, she is married in the sight of Heaven and man, and the fool or villain who has destroyed her is her husband."

"Well, well," observed the village Æsculapius, good-naturedly, for he really felt interested in his patient, "married or not, rich or poor, we must do our best for her."

"Ochone that the red gowld could save her!" sobbed the faithful creature, rocking herself to and fro in her despair, "I'd coin the life's blood of me."

"My good woman," said Dr. Challoner, "if you value the life of your mistress, you must suppress this violent sorrow in her presence."

"Sure the heart of me is breaking."

"Will you break hers? destroy the last faint hope of saving her?"

At the word "hope," the foster-sister of Ellen uttered a cry of joy, wild as a long-imprisoned bird's that had just regained its liberty.

"The blessings of the saints and a poor distracted creature's be upon you," she exclaimed, "for the first words of comfort I have heard in this strange land. They have brought life to the desolate heart of me agin. Thry me!" she added; "cut the flesh of me! and see if Katty sheds a tear or utters a cry to add to the sorrow of her darlin' mistress."

Three days after the above conversation, the wife of Redmond O'Neil gave birth to a son. The infant, born under such inauspicious circumstances, proved a strong and healthy one; but for nearly an hour it continued doubtful whether the unhappy Ellen would ever regain sufficient consciousness to bless her offspring.

Doctor Challoner himself doubted it, although he directed the nurse to continue rubbing the wasted arms and clenched hands of his patient. As a last resource, Katty placed the new-born infant on the cold bosom of its mother, whose eyes unclosed at the warm contact, and a smile, bright as the redeemed soul's just winged for heaven, flitted for an instant over her pale features, as she pressed him closer and closer to her beating heart.

"Remember that his name is Redmond," she murmured faintly, in the ears of her foster-sister.

"And good right to it, avourneen," answered Katty; "isn't he the living picture of his father?"

Ellen gazed upon her boy, and as she traced, or fancied that she traced, the lineaments of her once kind husband, the tears fell fast upon his innocent face. It was nature's baptism, and only less precious than that holier one, which seals earth's children for a nobler heritage.

The faint hope Doctor Challoner had entertained that the birth of her child might produce a beneficial change in his patient, quickly vanished. The unhappy wife no longer struggled against the bitter regrets, the destroying sorrow maternal instinct had taught her to suppress, but poured forth her misery in the ear of her foster-sister, whose simple affection cheered her last hour, whose promise, to be a mother to her boy, robbed the approach of death of half its terrors.

It was a sad tale; and, even to her who told it, a most inexplicable one.

For nearly a year after their marriage, Redmond O'Neil had treated his young bride with manly tenderness and devoted love. He appeared proud of the sensation which the beauty of La Belle Irlandaise, as Louis XV. had named her, created in the circle at Versailles. The courtiers pronounced her perfect, and envied the happy husband; the women hated her, and sought to estrange him from her. It piqued their pride that a girlish stranger, who had received in cutting silence the advances of Madame du Barry, the reigning favourite, should pretend to read them a lesson of virtue. It was pronounced prudery, affectation, a desire of creating a sensation; and they determined on being revenged.

Redmond approved the conduct of his wife, and their happiness appeared daily to increase.

The change which destroyed this state of mutual bliss occurred about a month before the commencement of our tale. Ellen, who already counted the days that were to make her mother, was terrified by her husband rushing unexpectedly into her dressing-room, loading her with reproaches, and accusing her of being unfaithful to him. The child she was about to give birth to he declared was none of his. In his madness he vowed the infant should never bear his name. He would consign it to obscurity—*destroy it*, rather than bring dishonour upon the race of the O'Neils.

"The fool!" ejaculated Katty, when her foster-sister related this part of her story.

"Nearer," added Ellen, lowering her voice and drawing her foster-sister closer to her, as if she feared the walls might repeat the words that followed, "he branded me with the name of—I cannot speak it. He whom I so fondly loved, whom I still love with all the heart's first tenderness, called me wanton. It was my death-blow—that word has killed me."

"The villain—the ruthless villain! God will requite him."

"Pray that He may restore him to his reason, and pardon him," continued the weeping wife; "pardon him, as I do; for he is mad, Katty—mad! His love I feel is unchanged; he could not deceive me in that. He is haunted by the burning conviction that I have been faithless to him—dishonoured him. I, who would have died rather than have given him one moment's pang."

"That would ye!" exclaimed her hearer, with passionate grief.

"The rest is soon told," continued the sufferer; "my once happy home became my prison. Redmond refused to see me—returned my letters unopened. I trembled, not for my own life, that had become valueless, but for the unborn babe's within my bosom. With the assistance of a servant, the daughter of the man who owns the vessel in which I quitted France, I escaped. You know the rest, my own dear Katty."

The faithful creature threw her arms around the neck of her young mistress, and wept over her in silence.

A few hours after the sad confidence had been made, a change took place in the appearance of Ellen, which for awhile deluded her foster-sister with a false hope of returning strength. The traces of sorrow and mental suffering seemed to disappear, and the pale, emaciated features to become radiant, as if the shadow of their former beauty rested on them.

"You will love him?" said Ellen, fixing her eyes

with a mother's tenderness, and perhaps with a mother's envy, upon her infant, as he lay nestling at the breast of Katty.

"Isn't he drawing the heart's love of me?" sobbed the affectionate nurse, "and won't he share it with my own little Phelim?"

"Place him in my arms," murmured the dying woman, "that I may once more feel his innocent caress, and bless him. He will have no memory of his mother," she added, with a burst of maternal regret. "Remember that his name is Redmond, the name of his father."

Katty promised.

Ellen prayed long and fervently, both for her boy and her misguided husband. Her lips, at last, moved only at intervals; and the tired spirit fled so gently and imperceptibly that even the eyes of affection could not discover the exact moment when it passed away.

Kneeling by the remains of the being she had so dearly loved, the foster-sister breathed a vow to prove a mother to the child committed to her care. No hand, save hers, arranged the remains of Ellen for the grave. The task of affection performed, she passed the rest of the night in prayer by the side of the body.

There are circumstances under which, from the impossibility of indulging it, grief becomes a luxury. Katty felt this, and subduing, as far as nature permitted her, the sobs and exclamations which, despite her resolution, would rise, she left the inn on the following morning, to seek an interview with the clergyman, to arrange for the funeral. She had also another duty to perform—the christening of the child; which Doctor Titlow performed.

"Redmond O'Neil," replied his nurse, firmly, when asked by what name the motherless infant was to be admitted to the Christian fold.

It was duly registered and witnessed, and a certificate given to Katty, who, to the astonishment of the rector, placed a piece of gold within his hand.

"You mistake," he observed; "the fee is only a shilling; and even that is unnecessary," he added.

"I have just heard of the melancholy death at the inn, and was on the point of calling, to ascertain whether my services or assistance would be of use to you. Take back the money."

"Who ever heard of an O'Neil being baptised that red gold was not paid for the rite?" replied the woman, proudly. "I thank you, sir; but she was not a beggar!"

"Do not misconceive me," said Dr. Titlow, struck by her manner: "the service I spoke of was the expression of sympathy for your sorrow. The—"

"Hush! hush!" interrupted Katty. "Don't soften the heart of me when I have to see her laid in the cold grave in a strange land, and bear back the heavy tidings to her own people. I am not ungrateful, but I daren't listen to kind words now."

The clergyman pressed no further. He saw that sympathy, however well meant, would only add to her sorrow, and wisely forbore from pressing it.

"There is no fear," added the speaker, anxiously, and at the same time pointing to the book in which the birth of the little Redmond had been registered, "that will be lost?"

"Not the slightest."

"Or be played false with?"

"Equally improbable," replied the clergyman. "The chest in which the books are kept is fire-proof, and the keys never for an instant out of my possession."

Katty eyed him earnestly for a few seconds, as if to read in his features how far she might rely upon his word; then, as if satisfied with the scrutiny, proceeded to arrange for the funeral, which it was settled should take place in two days.

On her return to the inn, the landlady, who had taken a fancy to her singular guest, and felt a woman's pity for her loneliness, met her at the door, and informed her that a strange gentleman had arrived during her absence.

The foster-sister of Ellen instinctively pressed the infant, whom she carried in her arms, nearer to her bosom.

"A fine, tall, handsome man," continued the woman, "as ever stepped, although he does appear half-mad or heartstricken. Jorrocks, who brought him over from Folkestone, says he must be some great lord, for he scatters his gold like pebbles."

"Where is he?"

"That is the strangest thing of all," replied her informant. "Despite all we could say to prevent him, he made his way upstairs, into the room where the body is lying."

Katty asked no further questions. There was but one man in the world who could have acted thus—the husband of the hapless Ellen.

On entering the chamber her conjectures were confirmed. A tall, military-looking man, in the full pride of manhood, was seated at the foot of the bed, contemplating the dead.

At one time he must have been strikingly handsome; but sorrow had done the work of years—not slowly, but suddenly, as the lightning scathes the oak without depriving it of vitality; the stately tree still rears its head, but the thunder scars remain indelibly imprinted on its front.

Just so with Redmond.

"And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
The intersected lines of thought;
Those furrows which the burning share
Of sorrow leaves untimely there:
Scars of the lacerated mind,
Which the soul's war doth leave behind."

Never had mental agony been more strongly depicted than on the features of Redmond O'Neil. It was traceable in every line: the sunken eye, lustreless as if it had taken its last look at happiness, the firmly-compressed lips and death-like hue of the stained cheek; the dark hair, free from powder, hanging like the shattered fragments of an ebony frame, partially encircled the portrait.

"Ay, weep," said Katty, after contemplating him for several minutes in silence; "weep till the salt tears blind ye, and sigh the heart of ye away; ye can't recall the dead. The fool," she added, bitterly, "the fool, to cast the sweetest flower away that ever bloomed out of heaven's own paradise."

Redmond started to his feet, as if ashamed that human eyes had gazed upon his weakness.

"I loved her," he murmured, hoarsely.

"And murdered her," replied the foster-sister, sternly. "I know what the love of the red O'Neil means."

"She dishonoured me."

"If I were a man, I'd tear your tongue out for that word!" exclaimed the woman, passionately; "in her presence, too," she added, bursting into tears. "Does not her pale face give you back the black, wicked lie? The criminal does not die of a broken heart; it is only the victim."

"Strange, wild, maddening as it is," answered the now widowed husband, "it is not less the truth. Mine is not the ear to listen to a slanderer's word. No! I trusted to the evidence of my senses—and almost doubted them," he added, "so pure and truthful did my heart hold her love."

Katty smiled scornfully, and pointed to the dead, as if that was a proof no evidence could shake.

"Would you have me disbelieve my own eyes?"

"If they told ye that she was false, you should have torn them out as false witnesses," replied the woman; "for they lied to the sickly brain of the jealous fool who owns them."

"Redmond O'Neil," she added, "I know the oath you have taken, and the bad purpose that brings you here; but you shall take my life before you have her boy."

"She has told you all, then?" groaned the unhappy man.

"All," said Katty, "except how she came by the half-healed scar upon her innocent breast."

"The child lives?" demanded Redmond, with a look that sent the blood to the heart of its nurse, and blanched her cheek. "I no longer seek its life," he added; "but he must never bear my name."

"He bears it already!" answered the foster-sister of Ellen, pressing the infant close to her bosom.

The madman—for such the torturing pangs of jealousy, wounded pride, and despair had made him—attempted to tear his son from the arms of its protectress, who defended her charge with desperate strength. Suddenly the horror of the scene, the guilt of such an outrage in the presence of the dead, struck him, and, appalled by the shrieks of Katty, he fled from the house.

"I have saved him, Ellen, darlin'," sobbed the woman, kneeling by the side of the corpse—"I have saved him, and will again," she added, "though the red blood of him you loved should pay the price."

When Redmond O'Neil quitted the inn, he was joined by Jorrocks and Kerl, through whom he had succeeded in tracing his unhappy wife. He had brought a letter with him from their correspondent in Calais, instructing them to follow in everything the instructions of the bearer; adding, that such was his influence at the court of Versailles, the very existence of the firm, so far as the writer was concerned, depended on their conciliating him.

No wonder the two smugglers, after reading it, felt willing to serve him.

He had not proceeded far before they overtook him.

"Do you prize the yellow metal for which men sell themselves, which can purchase all the gauds

of this life, except happiness and honour?" demanded Redmond. "Gold," he added, seeing they did not comprehend his meaning—"gold—accursed gold."

Kerl broke into a hearty laugh, at what appeared to him the absurdity of such a question; but a significant glance from his companion soon checked his mirth.

"We are poor," replied Jorrocks, "and willing to earn, provided the means are not too venturesome."

"You have heard of the birth of a child, and the death of its mother, in yonder village inn?"

The two partners nodded in the affirmative.

"I must obtain possession of that child," continued the gentleman, "living and uninjured: I would not have the blood of the helpless little wretch upon my soul. Will you undertake the task?"

"Name your price," he continued, in a tone of contempt, seeing that the men hesitated: "I am ready to count down the hire of your services. Name it quickly; I shall not act the huckster with you."

Jorrocks and Joe Kerl consulted for a few moments together. The female—the only obstacle to the accomplishment of the task—was a friendless stranger in the place: it did not seem very difficult.

"Two hundred guineas," said the former.

"And you will bring the infant to me to-night, to the Dolphin," added Redmond.

This, too, was agreed to; and the insensate father gave them a weighty earnest of the promised recompense.

"But how about the woman?" demanded Kerl.

"Harm her not, as you value your lives," replied Redmond; "respect her, as you would respect those scarce qualities—disinterested love and faith, no gold can purchase."

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

HOME.

THE French have no word into which the English word *home* may be legitimately translated. Yet it is sufficiently evident that many of the French people have the thing without the name, while a large portion of the English people have the name without the thing. There are comparatively few who have an adequate idea of home as an institution. It is recognised as a house, containing convenient furniture—a place to eat, drink, and sleep in; but such a place is very far from being a home.

Home, properly regarded, is the grand institution of social life. Like all institutions, it has its external form and internal significance. It is the birthplace of the affections, the centre of every genial influence; and in building up a home, regard should be had to all that can contribute to its happiness and comfort.

It is not the elm before the door of home that the sailor pines for when tossing on the distant sea. It is not the roof that sheltered his childhood, the well that gave him drink, nor the humble bed where he used to lie and dream. These may be the objects that come to his vision as he paces the lonely deck, but the heart within him longs for the sweet influences which came through all these things, or were associated with them; the heart clings to the institution which develops it, to that beautiful tree of which it is the fruit. Whenever, therefore, the heart wanders, it carries the thought of home with it. Whenever, by the rivers of Babylon, the heart feels lone and sad, it hangs its harp on the willow and weeps; it prefers home above any other joy. It will never forget it. There swelled its first throb, there were developed its first affections; there a mother's eyes looked into it; there a mother's voice spoke to it; there a mother's prayer ascended for it; there the love of parents, brothers, and sisters, gave it precious entertainment; there bubbled up from unseen fountains life's earliest hopes; there life took form, and colour, and consistence; from that centre went out all its young ambitions; to that focus return its concentrated memories; there it took form and fitted itself to loving natures and pleasant natural scenes, and it will carry that impress wherever it may go, unless it become perverted by vice or crime.

'Tis in the little communities that we call homes that the hopes of England rest. It is here that subordination to wholesome restraint, and respect for laws are inculcated; it is here, if anywhere, that the affections receive their culture, that amiable dispositions are developed, that the amenities of life are learned, that mind and body are established on healthful principles, that mutual respect for mutual rights is engendered, and here that all those faculties and qualities are nurtured which enter into the

structure of worthy characters. In the homes of England are born the children of England, and from them go out into English life English men and women. They go out with the stamp of their homes upon them; and only as these homes are what they should be, will they be what they should be. It is with this in view that we offer the following suggestions touching the establishment of a home:—

The greatest danger of home life springs from its familiarity. Kindred hearts gathered at a common fireside are far too apt to relax from the proprieties of social life. Careless language and careless attire are too often indulged in, when the eye of the world is shut out, and the ear of the world cannot hear. The courtesies of social life belong to home. Politeness is essential at home. We must remember what is due to one another; and not reserve all our civilities for strangers. A home, in which politeness reigns, is a home from which polite men and women go out; and they go out from no other.

Home should be a happy place, a pleasant place. Much can be done by making it as neat and orderly, as, and as ornamental as possible. There should be home amusements, so that one need not go far from home to seek enjoyment. There are homes, or places so called, which have no attractive feature about them; places in which no evening is to be spent, no leisure hour beguiled; and it is from such homes that the young, naturally enough, fly off to a more genial clime. But there are homes, and every home should be of this description, which exercise a charm possessed by no other place on the face of the earth; homes in which the greatest pleasure and happiness are found, and which yield in innocent recreation a solid and a lasting good. How much can books do to while away a winter's night; how pleasant it is to cultivate vocal, or, it may be, instrumental music; how much joy can music add to the family circle! When the day's work is done what can be more cheerful, more consistent than to find a family gathered together, finding in each other's company a delight which no other company can give.

"Six things," says a recent writer, "are requisite to create a home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted up by cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; whilst over all, as a protecting canopy and defending glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God."

Indeed, to make a home happy, industry and integrity are essential qualities. No home can be happy of which the members are conscious that they have not fairly earned the comforts by which they are surrounded. But, where there is the consciousness that duties are humbly discharged, that the good things which add to its comfort are the legitimate results of honest industry, the pleasure is solid and satisfactory. To make a home happy a man must be industrious and frugal, and a woman thrifty and tidy. A slattern, or an idler, could undo the best of homes; but, where there is honest labour on the one hand and honest thrift on the other, a little money will go a long way in making a comfortable home. One thing is exceedingly important, namely, sobriety. Nothing will make amends for the want of that. Sobriety is an element that must not be left out, for without that industry will lose its energy, frugality its forethought, affection its tenderness, and home its charm. Sobriety has saved from ruin many a home, and the want of it has destroyed still more.

Now, as home is the place where we should find our greatest happiness, it is incumbent on us to see that we do all we can in our several relationships to make it as happy as we can. Have we done this? Are we doing it? Is there nothing more we can do?

For there are his heavens sweet,
Both made of love—one inconceivable
Even by the other, so divine it is;
The other far on this side of the stars,
By men called Home.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"I AM glad to find you recollect all the words relating to good cheer," said George, with a smile. "I think you can now ask for a great deal more than you would allow yourself to partake of, in a general way. But a feast is very well now and then, and only now and then. As the French themselves justly observe, 'Il faut manger pour vivre, et pas vivre pour manger.'"

"Do not say the English of that, George," eagerly exclaimed Robert, "I want to show you I understand it: 'One should eat to live, and not live to eat.'"

"Very well indeed," said the preceptor, "and I am the more pleased with you, because you were not puzzled by the idiom 'il faut.' But there are still a few necessary words relating to dinner. I had forgotten them myself. I mean 'cheese' and 'biscuits.' As you know, these things precede dessert. The word *biscuit* we have imported from France. 'Un biscuit,' 'a biscuit,' 'des biscuits,' 'biscuits.'"

"In Paris you may have great variety in cheese, and you may rely on all the following cheeses being very nice indeed. 'Du fromage à la crème,' 'cream cheese.' 'Du fromage de Gruyère,' 'Gruyère cheese.' 'Du fromage de Brie,' 'Brie cheese.' As to the last I shall mention, 'Du fromage de Hollande,' 'Dutch cheese,' this would be no novelty to you. I am aware of your eating it often, and liking it very much."

"And now we may suppose dinner and dessert over at last. The next thing a Frenchman thinks of is his cup of coffee, technically called 'La demi-tasse.' Now, observe, though *tasse*, 'cup,' is feminine, *demi*, 'half,' remains undeclined, and the agreement is between the article *la* and the substantive *cup*.

"Those who do not know when they have had enough call, after coffee, for a 'chasse café,' in the shape of 'un petit verre,' 'a little glass,' and this little glass is either 'un petit verre de liqueur,' 'ou d'eau de vie,' 'ou de rhum.' I need not translate these words, as you have had them in your vocabulary."

"Recollect, I do not recommend the 'petit verre.' I advise you to stop at the 'demi-tasse,' and then to ask for the 'carte à payer,' viz., the bill. You need only say to the waiter, 'La carte à payer, s'il vous plaît'—'the bill, if you please.' The waiter will probably answer, 'La voici, messieurs, ayez la bonté de payer au comptoir'—'Here it is, gentlemen, please pay at the counter.' You, perhaps, having found the said waiter very civil and attentive, will say, 'Très bien, merci pour vous'—'Very well, here is something for yourself.'"

"And now, Robert," said George, "I hope you are in a good grammatical mood; and that you will be very attentive, while we consider a few more peculiarities relating to the agreement of the adjective. You recollect that in the word 'demi-tasse' (small cup of coffee), the 'demi' did not agree with 'tasse,' which is feminine, otherwise, it would have become 'demie.' In like manner you must say 'demi-heure' for a half hour, not 'demie-heure.' This is because 'demi,' placed before the word, becomes part of the word itself. If it follows a feminine noun, it agrees with it; though indeclinable when it precedes it. The same rule applies to the following words, 'franc de port' (free of postage), 'ci-inclus' (here included), 'excepté' (excepted), 'passé' (past), 'supposé' (supposed), 'vu' (considering), 'cy compris' (here comprised)."

"When, in French, an adjective is used to qualify a verb, it remains invariable."

"When one adjective gives a quality to another, both are invariable. I must give you an illustration of this: 'Ses yeux sont bleu-foncé' (his eyes are dark blue). 'Ses yeux sont (d'un) bleu-foncé,' is understood."

"In the word *nouveau-né*, 'new-born,' *nouveau* remains indeclinable; that is to say, *nouveau* takes no plural. It is not used in the feminine. You would say 'Un fils nouveau-né,' 'A new-born son,' and 'Une fille nouvellement née,' 'A new-born daughter.' But if *nouveau* is not used as an adverb, then it declines; for instance, 'Les nouveaux mariés,' 'The new-married couple.'"

"'Avoir l'air,' to appear, offers difficulties respecting which grammarians differ. We consider that when the adjective may reasonably qualify the word *air*, 'appearance,' it should agree with *air*; but when the said adjective cannot apply to the word *air*, it should agree with that word which it evidently does qualify. I think I had better give you an illustration of the last-mentioned case—'Cette demoiselle a l'air bien faite,' 'This young lady appears well made.' Of course, the *faite* applies to the *demoiselle*, not to her *air*; and, in such cases as the following, 'Cette viande a l'air très bonne,' 'This meat appears very good,' your own reason will tell you that the agreement of the adjective must be with *viande* and not with *air*.

"Adjectives in the comparative and superlative degree are as declinable as in the positive."

"I suppose, Robert, you remember that our travellers were talking about the early days of Paris?"

"Indeed I do," replied the pupil, "and I long to hear more of their conversation."

CONTINUATION OF

LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

ENGLISH.

FRENCH.

How is it that Gaul is now called France?
It is so called from the Gauls who called France?
Des Français qui s'y établirent

Franks who established themselves there at the decay of Rome's power. Something in the same way as the Saxons established themselves in our country? Yes. Pharamond was the first king of France, but Clovis, the fifth king, was the first Christian monarch. Was Clovis a great conqueror? He was, and after having vanquished and killed Alaric, king of the Visigoths, he established his residence at Paris, and in 510 A.D. he made it the capital of his conquests. Who succeeded him? His son Childibert, who laid the foundation of the church of "Notre Dame." He was an excellent king. I shall think of him when I see the church that he founded. Many of the successive kings had abbays built beyond the walls. And, doubtless, these abbays were gradually surrounded by houses? Exactly so; and they afterwards formed small boroughs or "bourgs." Such were the Bourg Saint Marcel, the Bourg Nouveau, the Bourg l'Abbé, and the Beau Bourg, near the Temple. Oh, how well you explain it. I fancy I see the increase of "Paris, the beautiful City."

dans la décadence du pouvoir Romain.

A-peu-près comme les Saxons se sont établis chez nous?

A-peu-près. Le premier roi de France fut Pharamond, mais Clovis, le cinquième roi, fut le premier roi Chrétien.*

Clovis, était-il grand conquérant?

Oui; et après avoir vaincu et tué Alaric roi des Visigoths, il établit sa résidence à Paris, et en 510 A.D.† il en fit la capitale de ses conquêtes.

Qui lui succéda?

Son fils Childibert, qui fonda l'église de Notre Dame, et qui fut l'un des meilleurs des rois.

Je penserai à lui quand je vois l'église qu'il a fondé.

Plusieurs rois qui régnerent ensuite firent construire des abbayes hors des murs.

Et sans doute ces abbayes furent peu-à-peu environnées de maisons.

Précisément, et elles formèrent ensuite de petits bourgs. Tels furent le Bourg Saint Marcel, le Bourg Nouveau, le Bourg l'Abbé, et le Beau Bourg auprès du Temple.

Ah, que vous l'expliquez bien. Je crois voir l'accroissement de "Paris la belle ville."

EXERCISE.

1. Great events and revolutions happened de événement m. de grand — f. arrivèrent at his death. 2. (Do not give me) a long and tedious sa mort. f. (ne me donnez pas) — ennuyeux book, or I (shall not read it). 3. What have I to dread ,m. (ne le lirai pas). qu' à craindre from a just, good, and merciful king? 4. Experience juste, bon, clément — f. teaches us that a sober, regular, and laborious life for- (nous apprend) sobre, régulier, laborieux vie fortifies health; whereas a dissipated and idle life destroys it. tife santé; f. au lieu qu' dissipé oisif vie f. (la détruit). 6. Will you show me the letter of that tall young man voulez (me montrer) lettre f. ce grand jeune homme to his sweet and lovely friend? 6. Another time I shall sa cher tendre amie? f. fois f. (vous write you a delightful long letter. 7. Nobody is ignorant écrire) délicieuse — lettre f. personne n'ignore that the French, Spanish, and English languages (are in- français, espagnol, anglais langue f. (le cé- ferior) to the Italian in sweetness, but (it is universally ac- taitien en douceur, tout le monde con- knowledged) that the French (is superior for) vient) français l'emporte sur toutes les autres en) its perspicuity and beauty. 8. I am delighted to hear clarté f. beauté f. charmé (de vous say that these flowers smell so sweet. 9. Your entendre dire) ces fleur f. sentent si bon. daughter speaks too loud. 10. Madame C*** sings now (so fille parle haut. chante much) (out of tune) that she will be compelled to leave the faux forcé de quitter stage. 11. Considering the present circumstances, nothing théâtre m. vu — circonstance, f. more advantageous — could be expected. de advantageous ne pouvait espérer.

LE CORRECT.

1. De grands événements et de grandes révolutions arrivèrent à sa mort. 2. Ne me donnez pas un livre long et ennuyeux, ou je ne le lirai pas. 3. Qu'ai-je à craindre d'un roi bon, juste, et miséricordieux? 4. L'expérience nous apprend qu'une vie sobre, régulière, et laborieuse fortifie la santé; au lieu qu'une vie dissipée et oisive la détruit. 5. Voulez-vous me montrer la lettre de ce grand jeune homme à sa chère et tendre amie? 6. Une autre fois je vous écrirai une longue et délicieuse lettre. 7. Personne n'ignore que la langue française, la langue espagnole, et la langue anglaise le cèdent en douceur à la langue italienne, mais tout le monde convient que la langue française l'emporte sur toutes les autres en clarté et en beauté. 8. Je suis charmé de vous entendre dire que ces fleurs sentent si bon. 9. Votre fille parle trop haut. 10. Madame C*** chante maintenant si faux qu'elle sera forcée de quitter le théâtre. 11. Vu les circonstances présentes, on ne pouvait espérer rien de plus avantageux.

* For the history of the Franks, their incursions, and their original geographical position, we must refer our readers to the history of France. We have merely taken a glimpse at this history with a view to render "Le Voyage à Paris" more completely interesting and instructive.

† It is perhaps superfluous to observe that A.D. is used both in French and English for the Latin words "Anno Domini," the year of our Lord.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

Whenever any nasal syllable is followed by another m or n, the sound of that syllable loses its nasality, as in the following words:—

immaculé,	which is pronounced	7 1 11 4
innocence,	"	im-ma-cu-lé.
annotation,	"	7 9 16 0
ammoniaque,	"	i-no-cen-ce.
comme,	"	1 9 1 7 18
connaître,	"	a-no-ta-ti-on.
ennemi,	"	1 9 7 1 0
que je prenne,	"	a-mo-ni-a-que.
condamner,	"	9 0
hymne,	"	co-me.
This rule has some exceptions; as,	"	9 6 0
emmagasiner, which is pronounced	"	co-naî-tre.
emmailloter,	"	5 0 7
emmencher,	"	en-e-mi.
emménager,	"	5 0
emmener,	"	que je pre-ne.
emmieller,	"	18 1 4
emmuser,	"	con-da-ner.
ennui,	"	7 0
	"	hy-mne.
	"	16 1 1 7 4
	"	em-ma-ga-si-ner.
	"	16 10 9 4
	"	em-mail-lot-ter.
	"	16 16 4
	"	em-men-cher.
	"	16 4 1 4
	"	em-mé-na-ger.
	"	16 0 4
	"	em-me-ner.
	"	16 7 5 4
	"	em-mi-el-ler.
	"	16 11 0 4
	"	em-mu-se-ler.
	"	16 11 7
	"	en-nu-i.

LESSONS IN DRAWING.

ANY one who can learn to write can learn to draw, and, as writing is not taught to those only who are destined to become authors, but as forming an essential part of general education, so is drawing equally important to others besides professional artists. To write—to draw a form or figure that shall be recognised as the representative of a letter or word, is one thing; and to be able to design, draw, or write such forms, upon principles of grace and accuracy—to understand the art of writing—is another. Thus it is also with drawing, another mode of expressing ourselves, not less useful or necessary than that by letters or words. To draw a horse, that shall not be mistaken for a man, is one step; but to draw a horse, with all his just proportions and developments, movement and expression, is an art to be acquired. Any one can make something on paper to look like a tree, a cottage, a road, or a mountain; but art goes farther, and, as if to compensate for what it falls short of, invests the whole with a charm more impressive than the reality, even to the most simple-minded cow-boy, who may have gone that road, or waded that brook, a thousand times, unconscious of the beauty that surrounded him, until it was developed by the hand of art.

Who has ever hesitated to teach a child to write, because it was not intended that he should be an author? How many regard the art of drawing as being of no practical importance, as a branch of education, to any but professional artists; and consider it, in its most favourable light, as a mere accomplishment—a pursuit only for the man of leisure? The resources of our schools are often exhausted in "finishing" our youth with "every accomplishment;" laid on so lightly, that, for all real and practical purposes, they are as ephemeral as the gay tints of the painted butterfly. Smatterings of languages, living and dead, are heaped upon them, while the great, universal language, the language of design, is forgotten; or only thought of in the production of some huge "castle and ruins, with a man and a boy with a stick, and a dog"—painted by the teacher, under the scholar's direction, to hang in the parlour, as the veritable, first, and last, and only production of the latter: who at once assumes, therefrom, an oracular authority in all matters connected with the fine arts, and leaves admiring friends in wonder, at what "he might have done, had he not have given it up." To such, it may be said, "You have never begun."

It is not only as a beautiful accomplishment, or a source of amusement for leisure moments, that the art of drawing should be cultivated. It has its practical uses in every occupation of life. It opens to all inexhaustible sources of utility as well as pleasure; practices the eye to observe, and the hand to record, the ever-

varying beauty with which nature abounds, and spreads a charm around every object of God's beautiful creation, unfelt and unknown to those who have failed or neglected its cultivation. It does more: it gives strength to the arm of the mechanic, and taste and skill to the producer, not only of the embellishments, but actual necessities of life. From the anvil of the smith and the workbench of the joiner, to the manufacturer of the most costly productions of ornamental art, it is ever at hand with its powerful aid in strengthening invention and execution, and qualifying the mind and hand to design and produce whatever the wants or the tastes of society may require.

In the elementary portions of the following lessons, the smile of the professional artist may be moved when he finds the author dwelling on what some may think trifles, and giving instruction in the methods of sharpening a pencil and making a pen. But let him remember the day in which that instruction might have helped even him. When the pupil in drawing has attained a proficiency to place him in the position of an artist, his course of study will require a direction beyond the means of these pages to afford him. This he must obtain elsewhere, and pursue, with that fixed determination and singleness of purpose, by which alone excellence is to be achieved; and he will find that, could all that he requires be placed at once within his reach, it would be, in a measure, valueless, for want of that strength to appreciate and appropriate such advantages which is best acquired by patient search and progressive attainment. Short-cuts and easy roads to knowledge give but little real aid to him who has a long and arduous journey to pursue; though it is scarcely worth while to hazard an experiment, by which the spirit may be broken down with toil, in a path into which we occasionally diverge, as a recreation, or an accessory to other pursuits.

From the delight, as well as profit, that awaits them, all may be safely invited and tempted to the study of drawing. They may find difficulties, but they will find pleasures, also, of the richest kind. They will find flowers blooming along their way, and wonders opening before them at every step: nature unfolding her ample volumes, and displaying combinations of beauty and delight, beyond the power of words to tell them of. It will be theirs, to record the everchanging pictures of earth and heaven; to give them body and form, in which others, less favoured than themselves, may participate through them: theirs, to preserve the image of some cherished object long after it has ceased, in its reality, to exist—or, perhaps, to call forth some priceless treasure from the world of poetry and thought.

To those who have in view more than mere pleasure and amusement in the pursuit of the art of drawing, may be fairly promised advantages that they will surely realise; and a portion of this work will be devoted especially to those who look to the application of the art to its most practical purposes. Most of the difficulties constantly felt by artificers in the execution of their handiwork will be obviated when the same hand that executes can design. Let our mechanics have their apprentices instructed in drawing, and the effects will be soon evident in their workshops. They will no longer depend upon foreign inventions, that are, after all, little adapted to the wants, tastes, and habits of our people. Let these wants be supplied by articles, at once more useful and equally ornamental, of home production. Let them learn to use their own strength, and their reward will follow.

The manufacturers of Europe are drawing closer and closer the connection between the artist and the workman. At first they borrowed aid; now they are acquiring knowledge for themselves. For the promotion of this object, schools have been long established on the continent, under government protection and support, so much importance is attached to their existence as a measure of national policy. The influence of these schools was so strongly felt in England, to the detriment of our industrial art, that it became a subject of alarm to our statesmen. All the capital, energy, and strength, the superiority in material and mechanical facilities of England, could not contend against the higher excellence of her foreign rivals. As the voice of one man, our mechanics and manufacturers confessed the truth, and demanded protection from the government—not by tariffs, but by education. Our legislators saw the evil, and at once applied the remedy by the establishment of government schools of design. These have been attended with such beneficial results, that there is now scarcely a manufacturing town in England that has not claimed and shared the advantages of provincial branches. Our mechanics can, and must now carry on the work for themselves. The trouble which this may occasion—a trouble which is indeed a pleasure—

in all will be amply repaid. Without it, even if the workman may have a vague idea in his mind of what is wanted, he cannot give it form: perhaps he may have the spirit to make the attempt, but he cannot satisfy himself—all goes wrong—his pattern-books fail him; he looks around for something to begin from, and gives it up in despair; or, what is worse, produces some deformity that disgusts his employer, who will not venture on a second experiment, but sends abroad, and gets what he desires. Can the mechanic complain that home manufactures are not encouraged? Had he possessed even an elementary knowledge of design, he would have done better; had he cultivated and perfected that elementary knowledge, his difficulties would have all vanished, and the beginning and end of his labour would have been placed at once before him. Make them artists, or, better still, artist-workmen, and, with their proverbial energy, intelligence, and enterprise, no limit can be placed to what our mechanics may achieve.

A knowledge of design, even in copying, gives great advantages. If he understands the principles upon which the original is produced, there is no fear of the workman committing offensive variations. How often do we see the most beautiful designs distorted into deformity by the variation of a single line—an error of ignorance that must continually occur, until our mechanics are better instructed in this branch of education. It is a vain hope that a work so limited as this will supply all the information the artisan should require; but should it lead him to make a beginning, he will so soon find his advantage in it, that he will be induced to pursue it farther. He will have his children and apprentices instructed; he will urge the establishment of schools and collections of models, to which they can be directed; and he will in his own time see the fruits, in the advancement of our manufactures to a degree of perfection that can never exist without an intimate connection between them and the arts of design.

There are those, of another class of society, to whom education in drawing may prove a real blessing; whose painful and ill-repaid labours, to earn a scanty provision for themselves and families, have so often called forth our sympathies; and, while public feeling loudly declaims against the evil, no efficient remedy has been applied. Of the thousands of dependent females who are compelled to toil, night as well as day, to the destruction of health and life, and who are often tempted into paths of vice and misery by absolute necessity, how many there are who possess talent that needs but cultivation to secure them both respectability and support. The natural refinement and delicacy of the female mind renders it a fruitful soil, that should not be neglected or allowed to run to waste, when its cultivation might realise such rich advantages, not only to themselves but to their country. Give them the advantage of education in drawing; begin in your public schools; let them carry it to their looms, to the manufacture of articles of taste and fancy, to their firesides, to the early education of their children: and more, if they possess the talent, let them take the pencil, the chisel, or the burin. Give them strength, by proper education, to feel what they can accomplish, and we shall soon see the broken-hearted victims of incessant toil worth the wages of men, in departments of industry and usefulness for which they are by nature so well adapted.

That a general taste for the fine arts does exist, however uncultivated it may be, is evident. Where is there the humblest cottage that has not its walls or mantelpiece decorated with a picture or plaster figure? However rude may be the work of art which hangs as "the bright Palladium" of the cottage, yet the household care bestowed upon its preservation, and the pleasure it affords by its possession and contemplation, show an appreciation of its worth, a decided taste, that, if cultivated, would lead to better productions; for the supply would assuredly be improved in character, in proportion to the demand. A wooden clock sells the readier for its picture, and more especially if that picture touch a chord of national pride.

What village school-girl is there, whose ambition does not reach to the imitation of natural objects in needlework? and, although it may often puzzle the most acute to discover a rose from a tulip, or a cat from a squirrel, in her worsted picture, yet the taste and the inclination to try are there. Could she be able to select subjects for imitation from the boundless resources of nature with which she is surrounded—could she have the means and opportunity afforded her, by proper instruction, of perpetuating, by her pencil or brush, the flower she has reared, the home in which she has been happy, the resemblance of friends she has loved, what a new source of intellectual

enjoyment would be opened to her. And not to her alone. The influence of that refinement of sentiment and taste, that must ever follow, will extend throughout her life, and spread a charm about her, which will be seen and felt in all her associations, whatever be her destiny.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XXX. MAGNETISM.

PROPERTIES OF MAGNETS—continued.

772. Can a piece of iron or steel be magnetised in any other way than by touching it or rubbing it with a magnet?—It can be more effectually magnetised by placing it within a coil of copper wire through which an electric current is made to pass.

773. What is an electro-magnet?—An electro-magnet is a piece of soft iron, generally in the shape of a horse-shoe, with a coil of copper wire around its ends. The iron is temporarily magnetised, by passing through the coil an electric current from a galvanic battery.

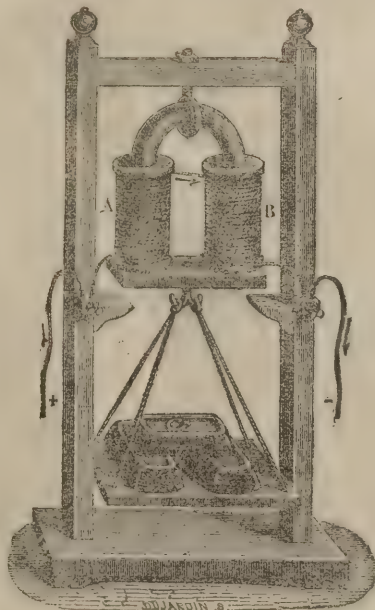


Fig. 48.

774. How does the power of an electro-magnet compare with that of a permanent horse-shoe magnet?—It is vastly greater; the largest horse-shoe steel magnets support from 50 to 100 lbs.; but large electro-magnets may be made to sustain more than a ton. The electro-magnet represented in Fig. 48 was constructed by Professor Henry, and was capable of sustaining about a ton weight.

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

775. What is a magnetic or compass needle?—It is a thin magnetised bar of steel, poised on a pivot, about which it turns freely.

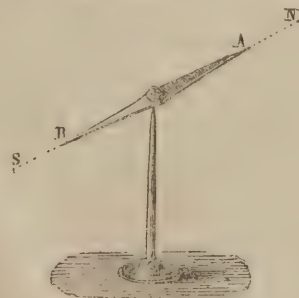


Fig. 49.

776. What important fact does it make known, by the position which it takes up and obstinately retains?—It points out, as if by instinct, in what direction north lies.

777. What is the most important application of the magnetic needle?—The mariner's compass, as a guide to the mariner in steering his course across the trackless ocean. By night and by day, in storms and in calms, the compass needle is ever true to the pole.

778. When was this directive property, as it is called, of the magnetic needle first discovered?—It was known to the Chinese more than a thousand years before the commencement of the Christian era.

779. When was the mariner's compass first used?—The Chinese appear to have steered vessels by the compass early in the Christian era, but it was not known in Europe until about the twelfth century.

780. Who was the first European navigator that is known to have sailed by the compass?—Vasco de Gama, in his first expedition into India.

781. Does the compass always point due north at all parts of the earth?—It deviates, or declines, more or less from the true north at almost every place.

782. In which direction, to the east or to the west of north?—At some places to the east and at other places to the west of north.

783. Suppose an imaginary line to be traced through a series of places at which the needle points due north, what is such a line called?—A line of no variation. The western line of no variation begins to the west of Hudson's Bay, passes in a south direction through the American lakes to the West Indies, and the extreme eastern point of South America. The eastern line of variation begins on the north in the White Sea, descends south until it reaches latitude 71°; it then passes along the sea of Japan, goes westward across China and India to Bombay, it then bends east, touching Australia, and goes south.

784. How does the mariner, when he is out at sea, know where the true north lies?—He has the means of ascertaining how far the needle declines from the due north, by making an astronomical observation.

785. Can he do so in any other way?—Yes, by consulting a chart on which are recorded the results of previous observation on the direction of the needle.

786. In what direction does the compass needle point in high northern latitudes?—At most localities very much to the west or east of north.

787. In what direction at Barrow's Straits and Melville Island?—What we call the north pole of the needle points toward the south.

788. Are the same differences in the position taken up by the compass needle, observed in the Southern as in the Northern Hemisphere?—They are, and it is the same pole of the needle that points south in the two hemispheres.

789. If a magnetic needle be freely suspended by its centre of gravity, so that either end can move up or down, in what position will it settle?—In a position such as is represented in Fig. 50, in which the north end dips very much below a horizontal line.

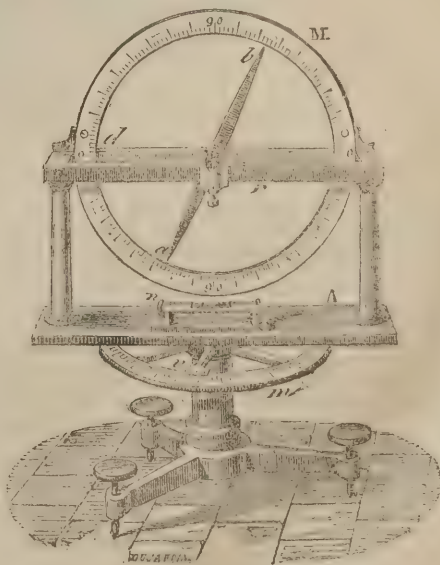


Fig. 50.

790. How is the ordinary compass needle brought into a horizontal position?—By making the south end heavier than the other.

791. In travelling north does the dip increase or decrease?—It increases; and in going south it decreases.

792. Is the dipping needle horizontal in any part of the earth?—It is horizontal in the vicinity of the equator; all along a certain line running round the earth, and lying partly to the north and partly to the south of the equator.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



PROFESSOR OWEN, M.D., F.R.S., ETC., ETC.

PROFESSOR OWEN, M.D., D.C.L., LL.D.

WITHIN the last half century, science has made extraordinary advance in every department of natural philosophy. Among the discoveries effected, and the researches diligently and indefatigably carried on, the study of zoology takes an important place. The wonders of creation in all the marvellous forms of animated nature have been brought under public notice. The popular ignorance which prevailed on this interesting topic, has in a great measure been removed, and by the zealous labours and persevering application of men who have thoroughly devoted themselves to this pursuit, so that we are now in a position both to understand and to appreciate the construction, habits, and distribution of animals on the face of the earth. Our ancestors knew nothing of these things; a lion, an elephant, a giraffe, were to them creatures which excited their surprise, but never induced any curious investigations. What else could indeed have been expected from those who were ignorant of the structure of their own bodies, and to whom anatomy and physiology were unknown sciences. In our age, however, the spirit of inquiry has been aroused. We have sought to know the points of identity and points of difference observable in animal life, and the lancet and the microscope have rendered us essential service. Thanks to the patient labour and untiring exertions of our scientific men, we are taught to regard organic nature as one complete system governed by the same laws, marked by the same phenomena, exhibiting the same principles in all its ramifications. We are taught to regard it as a system so complete, that a single bone of an animal is

sufficient to establish the size, structure, character, habits of that animal, as well as the description of country to which it belonged; and thus we have seen small vestiges of organic remains become eloquent of primeval time—of a state of things utterly different from that which our eyes have seen or the pen of the historian has recorded.

Foremost amongst those scientific men, who have chiefly distinguished themselves as naturalists, we place the subject of our sketch. "Science," says a recent writer, "is indebted largely to Professor Owen. His share in the re-introduction of the microscope as an essential instrument in anatomical and physiological investigations; his establishment on a firm basis, as the result of the most profound microscopical research, of the main modifications which have been made in the Cuvierian theories; and his deductions, accurate as those of the mathematician, and worthy of a philosopher of any age, have raised comparative anatomy to a position which it never before attained, and elevated England as its school in the estimation of the literati of the world."

We have much pleasure, therefore, in presenting the accompanying portrait—a faithful likeness of this celebrated man—and in offering the following brief outlines of the services which he has rendered to science.

Richard Owen was born at Lancaster in the year 1804. In his early days he entertained a strong predilection for a nautical life. The great naval victories which had been achieved by our brave admirals fired his heart with enthusiasm, and, while still very young, he was sent afloat as a midshipman, with the idea doubtless before him of rivalling that

great sea-king Nelson. But opportunity for naval prowess was soon brought to an end. Peace was proclaimed, and promotion became worse than doubtful. So young Owen left his berth and the cockpit to become the pupil of Mr. Baxendale, a surgeon, at Lancaster. He subsequently studied at Edinburgh, where he matriculated in 1824, and where, under the eminent Dr. Barclay, his taste for comparative anatomy was much strengthened. From Edinburgh he came to London, to walk the hospital, and at St. Bartholomew's attracted the notice of Abernethy. This good-hearted, though eccentric man conceived a strong liking for the young student, and endeavoured to obtain for him a position in the Anatomical School. In this effort, however, he failed; and, when Owen passed his examination in the College of Surgeons, in 1826, he was at a loss to know how to employ his talents. The old love for the sea had not altogether died out in his breast. He therefore availed himself of the interest he still possessed at the Admiralty, and obtained the promise of the post of assistant surgeon, on board one of his Majesty's ships. The matter so far arranged, he called on Abernethy to bid him farewell and thank him for all his kind offices.

"What is all this?" said Abernethy. "Where are you going?"

"Going to sea, sir."

"Going to sea—going to ruin!"

"I hope not, sir."

"Go to sea; you had better go to ruin at once."

And Abernethy debated, in his own peculiar way, the difficulties, temptations, and loss of time which such a step must inevitably occasion. He would listen to nothing in excuse or extenuation; but



GATE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF TARRAGONA.

insisted on having another interview in a week. By that time he had secured for his *protégé* an appointment at the College of Surgeons; and thus, says the narrator of this anecdote, "the navy lost a good officer, and science gained one of her brightest ornaments."

Amongst the first labours of Mr. Owen on entering on his appointment, were those of the preparation of a catalogue in connection with Mr. Clift, of the museum of the college. Those labours, on the part of Mr. Owen, have been continued for the last thirty years—the last volume of that catalogue being completed in 1856.

In 1835 Mr. Owen married the only daughter of his co-adjutor, Mr. Clift.

In 1836 Mr. Owen succeeded Sir Charles Bell as Hunterian Professor and Conservator of the Museum of the College of Surgeons, a position which he has honourably and efficiently maintained to the present time. The peaceful career of this indefatigable man has been characterised by one continued series of labours for the promotion of scientific truth, and its practical application to the well-being of mankind. His scientific aid has always been readily placed at the service of the government in any inquiry involving considerations of a physiological nature. He was an active member of the Commission of Inquiry into the Health of Towns, of the Health of the Metropolis, and into the condition of Smithfield market. He also assisted in the establishment of the Board of

Health, the organisation of which has been the chief result of the Sanitary Commission. He likewise rendered most valuable assistance in the development of the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851.

The contributions of Professor Owen to the literature of Natural History are both voluminous and valuable. A mere enumeration of their titles would occupy a considerable space. From the sponge to the man, no form of organised life has escaped his researches, and he has thrown new light upon each.

And Professor Owen has not been without his reward. Royalty recognised his services. The residence of the late King of Hanover, at Kew, was granted to him by her Majesty. The King of Prussia conferred on him the distinction of Chevalier of the Order of Merit. He was awarded the Royal Medal in 1848, and the Copley Medal in 1851. He was appointed Chief of the Natural History Department at the British Museum in 1856. He is a corresponding member of every learned society of eminence in Europe; a Knight of the Legion of Honour; a D.C.L. of Oxford; an LL.D. of Edinburgh; an F.R.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., VP.Z.S., and the founder and first President of the Microscopical Society. The graceful tribute of other learned men to the abilities of Professor Owen are also exceedingly gratifying. Humboldt styles him the "greatest anatomist of the century;" and he is described by another writer as "the Newton of Natural History."

TARRAGONA.

TARRAGONA (a city and seaport of Catalonia) affords, of all cities in Spain, the most agreeable employment to the antiquary. Here he may admire the remains of an amphitheatre and a circus, and, in imagination, fill them again with spectators of a more exciting combat than the bull fight. Here he may visit the palace of Augustus, old classic temples, and the remains of an extensive aqueduct. He may make pilgrimage to the tomb of the Scipios, and picture to himself the grand struggle between Rome and Carthage for the empire of the world. But these ancient relics—the amphitheatre, the palace, and the tomb—are much dilapidated; and while they may excite the interest of the student, or gratify the humour of the antiquarian, have little claim on the architect, or the seeker after the picturesque.

But Tarragona has attraction for those who can admire beautiful architecture. It has several fine edifices, and one of the noblest cathedral churches in the province. The accompanying illustration represents the principal entrance to the cathedral. The nave is very large, and is divided into three parts, separated by five arches, supported by massive Corinthian pillars. The style of the vaulted roof is Gothic. A dome, raised in the centre of the transept, is exceedingly heavy, and out of keeping with the rest of the building. The high altar is enriched with marble *bas reliefs*, representing

different events in the life of St. Thecle. In the chapel of St. Cecilia is the tomb of Cervantes Tantiño, Cardinal Archbishop of Tarragona; and in the chapel of the Holy Sacrament is that of the celebrated Spanish historian, Antonio Augustus, also Archbishop of Tarragona, and papal legate in Spain. The chapel of St. Thecle is remarkable for the richness of its decorations and the originality of its design.

The Archbishop of Tarragona bears the title of Prince. It was formerly his province to consecrate the kings of Arragon. There have been fifteen councils held in Tarragona. In 1229, a congress was there assembled concerning the marriage of James I. of Arragon with Eleanor of Castile. The city is said to have been founded by the Scipios; it was the capital of Spain under the Romans. For a short time it was the residence of Augustus. Its harbour was enlarged, and a mole erected by Hadrian. It was taken by the Goths in 467; seized by the Moors in 714; retaken by Alphonso of Arragon in 1220; captured by the English in 1705; taken by the French in 1811. It is now under Spanish authority.

WINNIE;

OR,

THE BALANCE OF POWER AT THE FIRESIDE.

A Tale, in Three Parts.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

THE BLUGMANS.

BLUGMAN, the father, is in the shop.

The shop is in a little street, in one of the lower parts of the city of Westminster; and to this shop—anything but full of goods—whosoever cannot afford to buy better vegetables, and larger quantities of coal, is forced to come.

The vegetables are very stringy, and the coal might be almost taken by the little babies for powders.

Blugman the father is in the shop,—and so is Blugman the son.

Not that the concern requires a partnership, or a Co. By no means. But Blugman the elder received the greengrocery line as a family heirloom, and therefore sticks to it. Blugman the younger has been tried at everything else, and been found wanting. Generally, however, he was not found at all,—for he ran away.

He is now at home with his father, to learn the business; and this he does by sitting down on the coal-sacks, up in the corner of the shop, and eating, alternately, the carrots and the turnips, when his father's back is turned.

It so happens that Ben, the son, has many opportunities for learning the business in this way; for his father pursues, for the most part, the migratory or peripatetic system of trade, and goes about with a cart and a donkey, to sell the vegetables that are not quite so stringy; and take orders for the coals that are not quite so small.

Blugman the elder has just come in from his second round; and is consequently hoarse, hot, and hungry.

There is this remarkable peculiarity about Blugman the elder, and that is, an assumption, among his customers, of the manner, and the voice, and even the face of a half-wit. He has a couple of manners, a couple of voices, and a couple of faces; one of each for the "nobility, gentry, and the public," who patronise him,—the other of each for the shop and the family circle.

To hear him, with his cart—if you may call three or four bits of wood, very indiscriminately put upon wheels, by that name—you would be afraid of paying him a ha'penny too little, lest you should make him cry. He never ventured on the loud, drawingl bawl of the common London costermonger; and never even dared to put his hand to his mouth when he called "Greens!"

"Greens," indeed, he never did call.

But in a shrill, almost deprecatory, nearly melancholy sing-song, Blugman piped, from street to street, an inarticulate sentence, which we can only compare to what a cat would do, if trying to say the first bar of the multiplication table. He addressed the maids-of-all-work in the same whining, nasal tone, and was always very humble indeed. So much so that the servants used to call him "Poor Peter" (his name was Peter), and touched their foreheads to the policemen as the cart jolted by, to demonstrate their opinion of Peter's condition.

It was a very different thing when the greengrocer was under the family roof.

On the day we are thinking of at present, Ben,

learning the business, is just come to the last cut of a turnip, and sits munching, knife in hand, elbows on knees, up in the corner of the shop.

It would have been a great consolation to many a poor girl on Peter's "rounds," who thought him silly, if she had heard the strong voice with which Peter shouted to his son and heir—

"What, you're at it again, are yer, ye young scaramouch? Do yer think I buy turnips for your convenience? Come out o' that, I say!"

And the man threw his old, stiff, low-crowned hat at the boy with such force, that, catching him on the forehead with its hard edge, it raised a black mark there within a few seconds.

"What's turnips for but to eat, I should like to know?" said Ben, finishing the last bite, and throwing away the green top, without altering his posture for an instant.

"What's they for!" replied his parent. "Not for pigs like you, I should guess; leastways at their present price, you young warmint!"

"Mother and I's much obliged for the name, guv'nor," said Ben, as he wiped his knife on his trousers, and shut it up. "Pig!—then there's three on us, at all events."

And the greengrocer cursed both his wife and his son.

Mrs. Blugman was a confirmed invalid; and was lying at this moment on a sort of shakedown, in an apartment, with very little else in it, at the back of the shop.

She had heard the voice of her lord, in the above scene, and they soon heard her, in return, coughing violently on her bed, as if she would choke.

Mrs. Blugman was, in all respects, a miserable object to look upon. She might have subsisted for years on the refuse of the establishment, and upon nothing else: she was so thin, and so yellow, and so stringy.

But the worst thing was to talk with her.

Her mouth had no palate to speak of, so that no one understood her when she spoke.

No one, except Ben; and he knew, in a moment, what his mother said, and made haste always to attend to her.

She would have been dead long ago, but for Ben. He was nurse, doctor, and everything else his mother wanted, except cashier; and that department his father took, and, for the most part, kept it to himself.

It was very odd, and very affecting, to see that rough, uncouth boy, who was a great plague and persecutor to his father—(small blame to the son for that; his father had made him what he was),—it was very curious to see that boy so gentle and delicate in his attentions to the sick woman.

On this occasion, when the coughing fit was heard in the shop, Ben was up in a twinkling, and rushed to his mother's side, and his left arm was round her shoulders, and his hand in hers, till the fit was over.

"What did he say, Ben?" she asked, as she wiped her forehead with the coarse, dirty sheet.

"Said turnips wasn't to be eaten—that's what he said," and Ben muttered something else, all to himself, at the same time, which sick women ought not to hear.

"Nor more they should, Ben. How can he sell 'em if you eat 'em?"

"What is a cove to eat?" said the boy.

And he left the bedside, and began looking out into the little horrid yard at the back. It was one of those yards in which it is said you couldn't swing a cat, though what one *loses* by that circumstance has never, so far as we know, been mentioned.

Ben thought his mother didn't see him, but she did, as he rubbed his coat-cuff very hard into one of his eyes, while pretending to look into the yard.

For it was a very fair question—

"What is a cove to eat?"

He had eaten nothing but a turnip or two since twelve o'clock on the day before. There had been little enough money coming in at all, and that his father had drunk, as usual, except a few pence he had flung to them, which pence Ben had laid out in two or three eggs for his mother. The doctor had ordered them, and the boy bought them.

What was a cove to eat?

"Ben, you're hungry!" said his mother.

And she almost leapt up in the bed as she said it.

"How can a feller be 'ungry when he's just been blowed up for eatin' turnips, I should like to know. Lie still, mother—lie still—there's a dear old soul. Bless'd if it ain't rather hard to 'ave 'ats shied at yer for gettin' your dinner, and then to be scolded for being 'ungry!"

But Mrs. Blugman was not to be caught with this kind of chaff, and when Ben turned round, his mother was sitting up, with both hands on her knees, and her thin face, red with crying, buried in her hands.

Just then, her husband pushed open the glass door (i. e., glass and paper), and lolled into the room, smoking his black pipe.

"No dinner!" said the man. "Is it comin' through the winder, you young 'un?" he added, running up to Ben, and twisting his ear, till Ben, who never cried out (and wouldn't if he were on a gridiron), wriggled involuntarily with the pain.

"Where's the dinner, monkey?"

"Smoked and drunk," growled Ben.

"What?"

"Drunk and smoked," repeated the boy.

"Who by, you scoundrel?"

"You!" said the scoundrel, in a moment.

And then, amidst the alternate shriekings and coughings of the poor sick woman, Blugman administered to Ben (as Ben knew he would) the thrashing to which he was accustomed, "within an inch of his life."

When it was over, Ben sank down in a corner of the room, and, with all the strength that the fists of his father had left him, said—

"It's drunk and smoked, for all that!"

But Blugman was tired; beside which, a customer just then came into the shop, and it was only just in time that the greengrocer got his face arranged into the silly smile, and tuned his windpipe into the proper squeak, to say—

"Now, my dear, what's for you?"

And while his wife and son were sitting apart, nursing their separate woes—woes of his making—heaped the idiot in the shop, to the mingled amusement and compassion of his ragged patrons.

"I wish he was dead," said Ben, after a while.

"Hush, dear, hush!" whispered his mother. "Go to the cupboard, Ben, and eat that bit of bread that's there. Oh, if I'd known, I wouldn't have touched one of those eggs! Boil the other and eat it, Ben, there's a dear! I'm really tired of eggs, Ben—I am, indeed."

"Keep it till you ain't, then," said her son; and he never moved from his place.

And the gnawings of hunger in one corner of that room, and the tears of anguish in another corner, had no one to pity them.

Who knows but that, on the other side of the lath and plaster wall, there were more mothers in tears, and more sons aching with hunger?

CHAPTER II.

CLOSE BY.

"ONE half the world," says the proverb, "doesn't know how the other half lives."

If any one could furnish the information, there would be more of contentment, more of compassion, more of charity on the side of the brighter half; but perhaps there would be more of misery, and more of murmuring, on the darker side.

Who knows? Let us believe, at all events, that it would do the children of the light no harm to think oftener about the children of the shadow.

While the greengrocer's son was learning the business—a very hard lesson—up in the back street of Westminster, there was going on a somewhat different business in a house which Ben could have reached in seven minutes' walk from his father's door.

This was the town house of a young Suffolk baronet, who on that day came of age.

"The family," indeed (as they called, for custom's sake, the baronet and his sister), were not there. They were away down in the country, whither we shall follow them in good time. But the servants (only two or three), who remained in the square, determined to celebrate the happy event by imitating their betters, and giving a humble entertainment to a few friends at their master's expense. There was the coachman of the Honourable Miss Caroline Quince, the footman of the old Marquis of Turtleford, and one or two others,—gentlemen of less importance,—all of whom sat down at seven o'clock in the evening, in the servants' hall, to a commemorative feast, of which it was not too much to say, as Miss Quince's coachman really did say, that it was "a pity as us frail mortals couldn't always be hungry."

When the cloth was removed, and glasses duly deposited all round, the chairman, who was the servant left in charge of the establishment, knocked with his knuckles just once on the table, and rose to speak.

This gentleman's name was Bartholomew; but, during the many years he had lived in the Gascoigne family, he had been called Barty in the parlour, and Mr. Barty downstairs.

He was a rather short, rotund, plethoric individual, with iron-gray hair, which had always disdained

powder, and a most impressive bass voice, which carried either terror, veneration, or ridicule along with it, according to his hearers.

At present it commanded veneration.

Mr. Barty stood with his left hand in his waistcoat against his frill-fronted shirt, and with the tips of his right-hand fingers he surrounded the tumbler of smoking punch that stood beside him on the table.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Barty—the ladies were the two housemaids of the establishment, and one or two favourites whom the guests had been allowed, or asked, to bring.

"Ladies and gentlemen—ahem! Ladies and gentlemen! It would, I am certain sure, be a grievous *far po* on our parts, ladies and gentlemen, if we over-missed the sacred and solemn dooty, on the present occasion, of remembering, gentlemen, who we are, and where we have the 'appiness to be born. Ahem! Gentlemen,—ladies and gentlemen,—there are such individuals—yes, I deplore them while I say it—such individuals, if I may call them so, as *foreigners*—parties, my friends, which live, I may say, in Spain or Portugal, or even in France." (Cries of "Shame!" and some hisses.) Here Mr. Barty struck the table very hard with his waistcoat hand, which made the spoons rattle again in the glasses. "Let us be, my friends, I was going to say, thankful to Providence, that she knew better than—I mean that she scorned to make us here present either red, or brown, or black whiskered and bearded foreigners!" (Loud applause.)

"But to come to the point: we was born and bred under His Most Gracious Majesty King George!" (Bravo!) "I have heard tell, that in foreign parts there are such contemptuous people called Publicans—though I'm certain sure they don't keep an 'ouse like the 'Red Lion,' or the 'White Stag,' which we meanwhiles patronise in this neighbourhood—Publicans! who's against parliaments, and kings, and even, I may say, *baronets*!" (Loud cheers and groans.) "Gentlemen, these Publicans thinks that the public must be master. I was going to say, if you would forgive me the strong expression of my feelings—I wish them joy! How's the public to make the laws, I should like to know?" (Hear! hear!) "Where's the public to meet together, gentlemen? Which is the chairman? Tell me his name! It's a base delusion of the Wicked One, my friends! The public must have a governor! Down with *foreigners*! anywhere out of, I may say, Scotland, or, at the very farthest, Ireland! Three cheers, and three-times-three, for good King George! Hip, hip, hurrah!" And the whole company stood up, and shouted, and waved their glasses to this loyal toast, so loyally given.

Then there followed, in due order, the royal family, the army and navy, and even the bishop and clergy; upon each of which topics the chairman enlarged with the same happy combination of caution and of emphasis that will be observed in the specimen we have given.

"Fill a bumper!" said Mr. Barty.

And the bumpers were filled.

"Are we all charged?"

Every one assured him such was the fact.

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I'm sorry to say we can't put up any profession this night to be members of the honourable state of matrimony!" (Laughter.)

"We're all spinsters, or else widowers, or else young men." (Cries of "No, no!") "Well, one of us is a widow; but it's all the same. We can't be called married, without a *lapsus lingus*, as they say. What then? Is that, ladies and gentlemen, any just cause or impediment why we mayn't speak of a young man who's come of age? I say, must bachelors hold their tongues, because they've no olive-branches of their own to bring up in pinafores? I hope and trust not! Gentlemen! the unworthy dust who has the honour to stand where I now do, has been with the Gascoigne family from a page. Twelve year and nine months was Bartlemy Bracegirdle when he put on buttons in this present establishment. Gentlemen! I'm now in the serious yellow leaf of fifty-nine!" (One or two apron-corners here went to the fair faces of the ladies; and, as the three glasses of punch began to tell somewhat, even the harder sex seemed to suffer some emotion.) "It's, now, three baronets as I have followed to the silent grave; and that young gentleman, who is twenty-one this night, will be the fourth!" (Cries of "No, no.")

Here Mr. Barty saw that he had made a slip; but he got out of it very cleverly.

"No! Did I hear 'No?' One of us must follow; I suppose you wish Sir Lionel to follow me. Thank you!" (cries of "No, no," amidst which the chairman laughed, and enjoyed the point he had made.)

"Well, then, we'll not cast our shadows before. Let coming events be coming events." (Hear, hear.)

"But what I was premeditating to say, gentlemen, was this—May Sir Lionel be as good a man as his father, his grandfather, and his great-uncle. Their silent graves is telling him to be so." (A slight laugh.) "I repeat, their silent graves is telling him to be a better man than his posterity. And so he will; leastways, I hope so—I can't say, as yet—we don't know. There is two or three things about him—Well, never mind, ladies and gentlemen; he's very young, very; and, let me say, he's not got a strong, staminous body—we all know he's afflicted in his back, and never was otherways. But that was, I think I may say, no fault of his—especially as he was born so. Anyhow, he's a *Gascoigne*, and that's the man for my money; though, I must say, I've always wished *Gascoigne* hadn't quite such a foreign sound with it. It smells a leetle of parley-voo, I must admit. But, then, that's like his hump in the back—Sir Lionel can't help it. It's his misfortune, not his fault. Now, gentlemen, they're doing the same thing, no doubt, as us down at 'The Nunnery,' away in Suffolk. Some of the best blood in the county, I'll be wagered, is gettin' hot at this moment with wine and good wishes, in the old Hall. Let us fancy this humble punch is mulled Burgundy, gentlemen, if you please; it's humbler where there's none. What we miss in the quality, we'll make up for in the quantity." (Hear, hear.) "So, ladies and gentlemen, I give you—Long life and happiness, and many happy returns to Sir Lionel Gascoigne, Baronet, of the United Kingdom. Nine times nine! Hip! hip! Hurrah!"

And people stopped outside the railings to listen to the cheering, and wondered what it was all about; and taking up the shout, cheered themselves with it as they walked away.

After this, there followed many other eloquent addresses, in reply to the drinking of everybody's health in turn.

Miss Quince's coachman was particularly happy in his allusions to Lord Turtleford's footman, and delivered himself somewhat after this manner:—

"Bein' as the chairman is so obliging as to grant me a toast, I can only say what I'm sure is upmost in everybody's bosom at this 'appy opportunity,—health and 'appiness to Mr. Ralph Tassels, of Turtleford House; I can only say, to know him, is to love him" (loud applause). "It's not such a very long time ago, ladies and gentlemen, since—if you'll excuse my liberty and licence—I was driving along in the Mall, as true as I stand here,—my lady, she was inside; leastways, if she wasn't, she ought to have been; and I, as I say, was a driving. Who should come up, right over again my near hos, a stepping off the pavement, but Miss Patty Robinson."

(This young lady sat next to Mr. Tassels, and was regarded by the company as standing to Mr. T. in a peculiar and interesting relation; her name was, therefore, received with roars and cheering, and pleasant laughter.)

"Says I, as I passed her, 'appy gal, 'appy gal!' And I can only say, I repeat it, now, here face to face; and if I was only three or four years older, Mr. Chairman, I'd jine them—hand in hand here, before all on ye, for better, for worse—that I would!" (Great cheering.)

"Well, but where was I? Oh, missus was in the carriage. Well, just when Miss Robinson comes up, the missus, she pulls the check; if you believe me, I can only say, she well nigh did for my near little finger. Why, 'cos she thought I was ogling Mrs. Ralph Tassels; that is the—that's why." (Loud laughter.) "And served me right. So I was—and here beg leave, friend Tassels—"

And here the coachman began to move from his seat toward Mr. Tassels, who sat two or three persons from him, but in doing it he stumbled sadly, though, from his face, you would have judged that he was going as straight as a sentinel.

"I beg leave, friend Tassels, to apol—pol—gise to you, my dear feller, for the—for the favour—you did—for the injury I—received, at the time—I have mentioned" (loud cries of "Hear, hear," amid which Tassels took the coachman's hand and shook it heartily.)

Then the coachman asked Miss Robinson to forgive—that is, he told Miss Robinson he forgave her—if he might be so bold and bare-faced; and if he was wrong, it was Miss Quince's fault in pulling his little finger—he meant her's—so 'nation tight, and he could only say (and now his eyes looked very fishy, and his chin began to lean towards his check waistcoat), "'Appy gal, 'appy gal!" and "May I be there to see!"

And the coachman sat down.

"Your health, Mr. Tassels!" said the better-seasoned chairman.

A few responded.

But not many; and, if we may be allowed "liberty and licence," we must add that Miss Robinson was manifesting a little of that truth which, they say, dwells in wine, and had taken hold of Mr. Tassels's arm, so that he had to pull himself away when he rose to return thanks.

That gentleman steadied himself, on one side with Miss Patty's shoulder, and on the other on nothing particular, while he thus responded:—

"Here's all your very good healths, and the same to you, and many of 'em. I've known my friend who's jist sit down since he was—since I was—for a long time; and I beg to 'sure you, ladies and gentlemen, that a greater brick never touched the ribbins."

Here Mr. Tassels was much affected, and, quite overcome, sat down.

Then there was a song or two, beginning with "We won't go home till morning," and ending with some other which was not heard sufficiently to justify a title. In fact, it was like the trial in a law report of which the reporter says, when he has been absent or asleep, that it was "not of any public interest whatever."

And so, just when the greengrocer's wife was dropping asleep, after a night of coughing that kept every one but her husband awake, and just when that excellent man himself was harnessing the donkey to try to get a few things "on tick" at Covent Garden, the party in the square fulfilled the promise they had made in the song, and went home in the morning.

CHAPTER III.

"THE NUNNERY."

It is the morning after the little entertainment in the London square.

And we have followed "the family" down to their "place in the country"—an old, square, and rather ugly pile of red brick, dating from the Commonwealth, in the middle of a park very well kept, full of splendid timber and with plenty of deer.

Why it was called "The Nunnery," even its present proprietor didn't know; we can therefore hardly be expected to tell. But it's not at all unlikely that, some time or another, the name may have been strictly appropriate.

There had, however, been nothing monastic in the proceedings of the day before, as was evident by the general appearance of the establishment on this particular morning—a very winy aroma in the dining-hall, and a most jaded and used-up aspect (with symptoms of head-ache) on every servant's countenance, of every degree.

In fact, it is not at all certain that the wishes of the household, for the young baronet's future happiness, were as enthusiastic and as universal as they had been overnight.

Sir Lionel Gascoigne is in his library.

Let us look at him as he sits waiting for his steward, with whom he has an appointment which is almost due.

Mr. Barty had done him ample justice, in the very gentle terms he had used about his master's personal appearance.

He seemed, when sitting, to be sitting on his shoulders. In fact, there seemed nothing of him to sit. His head came always considerably below the top of any chair he might occupy. What height he had—which was not five feet—was therefore almost all in his lower limbs. What back there was pursued a very tortuous course indeed. He was, in truth, one of the most unsightly of deformities, as he sat that day in his library.

Then when he spoke, it was worse than ever. He had the most formidable tusk-like teeth, which were all completely exposed whenever he opened his mouth; but (what was considerably more trying to the spectator) he had one of those mouths which seem unable to move without developing the entire gums, above and below, almost from ear to ear. Add to this a very disorderly head of unbrushed hair, fingers like talons, and feet like (not soles, but) small turbot, and you have a very fair picture of Sir Lionel Gascoigne, of Gascoigne, in the county of Suffolk.

"Mr. Weston," said the servant.

And he introduced a visitor of middle height, of more than middle age, of a frank, open countenance, gentlemanly bearing, and dressed as an honest country yeoman was sure to be in those times—blue coat and bright buttons, nankeen waistcoat, short tights, and top-boots of a brilliant polish.

Mr. Weston was decidedly bald, excepting a tolerably broad shaggy ring of iron-gray hair that went round the back and sides of the head, and curled itself up over the temples in an easy sort of way.

Altogether, with his fine white linen, and his large

bunch of seals at his fob, Mr. Weston was exactly the sort of man we should like to engage, when we assume a baronetcy and a large estate away down in Suffolk.

"Morning, Weston; glad to see you're out o' that confounded black. I was expecting you to come in like an undertaker. When did this daughter of yours die—eh?"

"It's not more than a few weeks ago, Sir Lionel," the honest man answered, in rather a thick voice. "But I peared to think it might be better—that is, more proper not to come to 'The Nunnery' in mourning on a day like this. I'm sure I wish you joy, Sir Lionel, and long life at Gascoigne."

"No doubt, no doubt," said the baronet. "And so she left two children, did she? Boys or girls, Weston?"

"Both girls, sir."

And the steward turned away for a moment, almost as much hurt by the manner of his master, as by the recollection of his loss.

"Both girls, sir; one just born when she died, and the other two years old."

"Oh, well, it's what we must all come to, I suppose, Weston—all come to, all come to."

The man had a stupid habit of repeating the ends of his sentences, a habit the more to be deprecated because he rarely said anything that was worth saying even once.

We fear we are, most of us, very indifferent hands at comforting a survivor under the loss of dear relations. But, if there is one way of adding to a fellow-creature's agony more certain than another, it is the making careless and trite reflections like those of Sir Lionel, when the hearer's heart is bleeding and breaking with sorrow.

The good old yeoman took out his yellow silk handkerchief, and fairly sobbed, and, for the moment, wished he had "come to it," according to the baronet's empty reflection.

"Well, now, Weston, about the future. That's what I've sent for you to talk about. You've been a good many years in the family—a good many years in the family," drawled out the baronet, as he twisted his talons together, and sat lower than ever in his chair.

"Matter o' forty years, Sir Lionel, I'm proud to say. I came on to this estate, Sir Lionel, afore I was of age; and, says my father to me, when I came to be valet to the dear old baronet your grandfather, said he, 'You're made a man of now, boy! Act up to it!' and so I've tried, Sir Lionel, I'm sure I've tried, since here I've been."

"No doubt, no doubt. There's no doubt about that, Weston," and Sir Lionel began coughing, and stood up in front of the fireplace, and put his coat-tails under his arms, and swung his miserable figure from side to side.

"I was one-and-twenty years old yesterday," said the baronet, showing every tooth, and every place to which every tooth belonged.

"Yes, sir," said the steward, "and many happy returns of the day, with all my heart!"

"Not so sure about that, my fine fellow, not so sure about that."

And Sir Lionel chuckled, and looked the faithful old steward in the face, with a broad grin over his own mouth.

"I haven't always been one-and-twenty, Weston."

"Lor! no, sir; I remember you, sir, if you'll forgive me, when you were no higher than that, when you 'peard' to be very unlikely to come to the title, you were so feeble and sickly. Dear me!"

"I used to be six years younger once, wasn't I, Weston?"

"Ay, sir; but by that time, ye know, ye began to be a bit stronger. Danger was pretty well over, Sir Lionel, by the time ye were fifteen."

The baronet's brow grew darker.

"I think I used to play sometimes, Weston, when I was about that age; didn't I, Weston?"

"Play, sir! cer—tain—ly. You could run and leap with anybody by the time you were fifteen or sixteen. I remember—"

"Go on, Weston; what do you remember?"

"I was going to say, sir, I remember your getting the better of three other lads out yonder in the great avenue, the Fortescues, I think they were, and beating the best of 'em by a good three feet in a race—and the youngest was older than you, Sir Lionel, that he was."

"Indeed; and do you remember anything else that happened, Weston, when I was about fifteen? Eh?"

"No," said the other, "nothing particular; nothing very particular."

And Weston stared from his seat into the baronet's face, while the latter swayed to and fro, with his feet on the hearthrug.

"Don't remember poking your nose into my games one day in the stable, eh, Weston? Don't remember getting me a thrashing, I suppose in this very room, just six years ago? By the powers! it was on my birthday, too; six years' yesterday! Don't remember it, eh?"

And the baronet set his tusks together, and showed even his back teeth, as if he would grind the bones of his companion between them with infinite relish.

"Really, Sir Lionel, it's gone from my memory," said the old steward. "I think you must be mistaken. But suppose it was so?"

"Suppose it was so!" almost shrieked the baronet.

"Will you dare, sir, to look the man in the face who gave you the very coat on your back, and who feeds those greasy old chops with his own meat, and tell him you blabbed upon him, and got him beaten nearly to death. Suppose it was so, indeed! Aha! aha!"

And the little object laughed a hideous, fiendish laugh, till his face grew purple, and deep went the claws of his talons into the palms of his hands, as he clenched them in his rage.

"Oh, Sir Lionel! don't, don't refer to it. I remember it all now—everything about it. You were only a child then, you know. I'm sure you wouldn't do it now. You can't justify it, I think; can you, sir? I think not."

And Mr. Weston spoke very humbly, and in a deprecating tone, as if afraid that his young master would fly at him like a polecat, as he seemed very likely indeed to do.

"Remember, sir! what do you remember?"

"Well, you know, it was about poor little Biscuit."

"Well, sir, and what about her?"

"The gunpowder, you know, sir."

And Weston hardly spoke above a whisper.

(To be continued.)

The Matron.

NO. XLVIII.

I SHALL begin this chapter with a few directions about bonnets. Trimming bonnets is almost as useful an art as making them. I shall in the first instance speak of trimming bonnets.

The bonnet that requires a simpler trimming than any other is a straw bonnet, with a curtain of the same material as itself. Even in the winter a bonnet of this kind, trimmed with brown, purple, or crimson sarsenet ribbon, looks very nice and appropriate; but, how simply soever you may trim your bonnet, never omit a head-piece of muslin, or sarsenet, according to the style of the bonnet. This head-piece consists merely of a straight piece of the width and depth of the crown. It should be neatly tacked into the bonnet, and have a bit of white cord or bobbin run into the hem, to fit the bonnet to the size of the head; and do not be satisfied merely with a head-piece, have also a *bonnet preserver* in every bonnet. You can purchase one of them for fourpence or sixpence at the haberdasher's, and, without this precaution, the oil, which ladies wear on their hair, soon spoils a bonnet that may have cost twenty or thirty times as much as a *bonnet preserver*.

Perhaps you may say I have begun by the least important part of the bonnet. I am of a different opinion; and now I proceed to the trimming. To cross over the crown, and to afford long strings in front, and to make a nice bow behind, you will find four yards and a half of ribbon quite sufficient.

Supposing you were to undertake the making of a bonnet, and that you have a shape you wish to imitate, proceed in this manner:—Procure about a yard and a half of silk, a yard of stiff net, and three yards of ribbon wire. Tack some of the last-mentioned article on to the edge of the pattern bonnet. Carry the wire round the edge and the crown, and also round the part where the head-piece is put in. This done, and the wire being pinched into the right shape, and you will have, on un-tacking it, the skeleton of the bonnet. You have then only to cover it with the stiff net, taking care to securely fasten the wires where they meet and cross.

Tack the silk over the bonnet before you attempt to cut it. Secure the large piece for the bonnet itself first, then the lining and curtain, and finally the crown piece. Let it all be cut bias. No piping is

necessary. A light hand, and light, but effective work, secures success in bonnet-making; and the silk or other material, when tightly and exactly fitted to the bonnet-shape, turns in at the edges with surprising facility and good effect. The French, who are such excellent bonnet-makers, show great skill in this part of the work, and though they never spare the needle where it is required, they use few stitches in bonnet-making. Mind, in cutting the curtain, that the centre is deeper than the ends. Three-quarters of a yard of the fashionable feather trimming



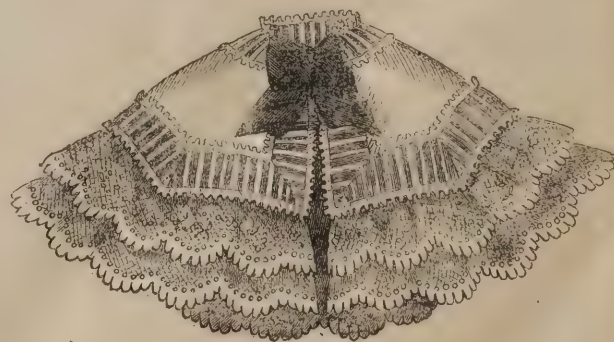
No. 1.

would be quite sufficient for the outside of a bonnet. A full blonde cap should be worn inside. For the strings you will require a yard and a half of ribbon, and these, as well as the feather trimming, should correspond in colour with the silk chosen for the bonnet.

The bonnet which we offer as an illustration, is a very tasteful one. In imitating it, you have only to proceed according to the general rules we have given you. Three pieces of wire must run from the edge to the crown, to maintain the shape in which the wire is used in drawn bonnets.

In plate No. 1, the foundation of the bonnet, which is of stiff muslin, is increased in size towards the front, by a wire, between which and the foundation there is an insertion of tulle.

The silk which composes both the bonnet covering, curtains, and strings, is of purple "gros de Naples,"



No. 2.

and the bows of the side and behind are of black satin ribbon; the bonnet-curians and strings are finished off with black edging. This bonnet would look very well made in plain black silk, with the assistance of a little black tulle edging, and with scarlet bows before and behind. It would make a remarkably handsome winter bonnet; and for in-door wear, the



THE ROAD TO JEDDO, JAPAN.

following "pelerine," or tippet, would be in equally good taste if worn over a silk dress.

This tippet, as represented in plate No. 2, is made of black tulle. The ribbon that ornaments it is of black satin; the two rows of quilling are of black lace, and a scarlet satin bow finishes it off at the collar.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

JAPAN, called by the Japanese Nippon, and by the Chinese Yang-hon, is an insular empire off the coast of the Asiatic Continent, about which, until very recently, we knew nothing absolutely. Once upon a time the Portuguese were admitted into this exclusive empire; but their conduct occasioned their own expulsion, and brought about jealous antipathy to strangers on the part of the Japanese authorities. They suspected everybody, and shut out the world. The Dutch, indeed, were allowed to hold a limited commerce with the people, and yearly visited the port of Nagasaki. The Americans have also within the last few years established commercial relations with the Japanese; but the most successful results never carried the foreigner beyond the frontier of the empire. The interior of the country, the extent and wealth of its cities, were only known by hearsay, and Japan proper was a *terra incognita* to the rest of the world. China was regarded as isolated and exclusive; but China was familiar to us all when compared to our acquaintance with Japan. Over those islands there hung an impenetrable mystery.

Our recent brush with the Chinese has produced an unexpected result. The report of our successes spread with rapidity, and was heard within the sacred walls of Jeddo. That report produced a panic—a panic of which Russian and American plenipotentiaries were the first to reap the harvest. But, thanks to the energy and determination of Lord Elgin, we have obtained something more than the mere gleaning of what others have spared. For our own country, as well as for the rest of the world, Lord Elgin has achieved more than even the Yankees had ventured to anticipate; and the clouds which have hidden Japan from our sight have rolled away at the near approach of progressive civilisation.

We have been admitted to Jeddo. European eyes have beheld what they have never seen before: its interminable streets—its comfortable houses—its spacious bazaars—its white temples—its high thatched cottages—its green batteries—its gigantic palace—its pleasant tea-houses—its square-rigged junks—all have been suddenly disclosed. We have made the acquaintance of Jeddo in a day, and have been favour-

ably received by its people. So Japan is open to us, and the sooner we improve the acquaintance the better.

The empire of Japan comprises five large and a great number of small islands. The three principal islands have a very uneven surface, the plains covering no great space, and the hilly country being extensive and rocky. Nippon is the largest of these islands, and has Jeddo for its capital. The empire has two emperors—one temporal, the other spiritual.

The spiritual emperor resides at Miaco, and is the descendant of the old race, who were dethroned by the ancestors of the temporal emperor (1583). He has the entire superintendence of religion and education, but no further connection with government. He passes his life in seclusion, surrounded by numerous officials, who treat him with divine honours. He never eats twice off the same plate, as the vessels used in his repast are immediately destroyed, lest they should fall into unhallowed hands. He never wears the same clothes twice, as the robe he lays aside at night is destroyed immediately, and a new one placed ready for him in the morning. The descent of the spiritual emperor, it is said, can be traced for 2,500 years.

The temporal emperor of Japan, having his chief residence at Jeddo, exercises control over every department of government, except those of religion and education. The office of emperor is theoretically elective, but is practically a family heir-loom. The chief nobles engage in a sort of election; the certain result is that the son succeeds his father. The nobles owe feudal duty to the reigning emperor, who obliges them to reside for six months in the year at Jeddo, with their families; during the other six months, he allows them to visit their estates, but retains their families as hostages at Jeddo. This practice is intended to prevent the nobles obtaining too much influence over the people—a very wise precaution, when we learn that some of these peers arrive at the capital during the season with ten or fifteen thousand retainers.

The Chinese and the Japanese have sometimes been supposed to be almost identical in their manners, but nothing can be further from the truth. The Chinese are stereotyped in all their principles and practices: the Japanese, on the contrary, are a progressive people. Their mental machinery is in motion, not at a dead standstill, like that of the Celestials. Many valuable lessons may be learned from the Japanese, even by the vaunted civilisation of the west. Our own metropolis is in many particulars inferior to Jeddo. The people of that city carry out complete sanitary arrangements, and their homes are conse-

quently healthful and agreeable. Everybody is clean, so that the eye is not offended at every turn by rags, and wretchedness, and filth. Baths and washhouses are regular institutions: there are no beggars, no cripples, no poverty, no squalor, no fighting, no drunkenness, to be seen. Everywhere are the indications of thrift and industry. We are brought suddenly face to face with an advanced and advancing people—a people who know how to build comfortable and commodious houses, and to furnish them with taste and elegance; a people who know how to plan a city that shall contain an immense population, and which shall be greater in its extent than London, and yet be carefully and symmetrically arranged; and a people, moreover, who—not satisfied with the civilisation which they have attained already—are anxious to avail themselves of every improvement that may be suggested. They turn out of their yards at Nagasaki locomotive engines; they understand the principle of the electric telegraph; they manufacture thermometers and barometers, theodolites, microscopes, &c. &c. It is astonishing how rapidly they pick up information, how thoroughly they appreciate all they learn, and how practical they are in turning everything to account.

Jeddo, the capital, extends for miles round the bay of Kanagawa, and is said to be the largest city in the world. Its population approaches 3,000,000. Its streets are broad and good, paved in the centre, the houses excellent. The residences of the princes and nobles are palaces capable of containing 10,000 men. They are built in regular order forming wide streets, forty yards broad, and kept in perfect order. An immense courtyard with trees and shrubs is placed in the centre of the inclosure, formed by the barracks or out-houses for the retainers, in the midst of which is the house of the proprietor. The gateways leading to the courtyard are exceedingly handsome. But the royal palace, or castle, as it is called, surpasses, both in extent and grandeur, any other building in the city. It is entirely surrounded by a moat seventy or eighty yards broad, faced with a smooth green escarpment as many feet in height, above which runs a massive stone wall, crowned in its turn by a lofty palisade. Above this wall and palisade are seen the spreading arms of giant cedars, proudly displaying themselves, denoting an extensive park within these formidable walls.

The opportunities which Lord Elgin and his suite enjoyed of observing the habits and manners of the people seemed to convince them of their intelligence and industry. Japan is a fine country, and the Japanese a fine people, whose exclusiveness has not arisen from an assumption of superiority over the rest

of mankind, but from a conviction that the well-being and happiness of the community would not be increased by the introduction of foreign tastes. Most striking of all, is the fact that the Japanese are a "go-ahead" race—a people bent on improvement—thoroughly imbued with the spirit of popular progress. Great and grand results may be fully anticipated from the opening up of this interesting country to the other nations of the world, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Lord Elgin for the prompt and successful service which he has rendered.

The principal points in the treaty have already transpired. It provides for a resident minister at the court of Jeddo, for the opening of the ports of Kanagawa (which has not inappropriately been called the Whampoa of Jeddo), of, Nagasaki, and of Hakodadi within the term of one year from the date of signature; at later periods a port on the west coast and another on the east coast called Hiogo, which is the port of Ohosaka, are to be opened to the commerce of the west, while the principal cities of Jeddo and Ohosaka are to be thrown open to trade. For the present, Europeans, with the exception of the minister at Jeddo, are not allowed to travel in the interior. The peculiar internal organisation of the country, which is divided by 360 feudal princes into separate and almost independent principalities, will account for this restriction.

The commercial arrangements are on the most liberal possible scale. All exports, with the exception of a few prohibited articles, are subject to a duty of 5 per cent. Imports are charged with a duty of 10 per cent, but as there are no tonnage or other duties this does not seem an unreasonable amount. A list of articles on which there is an import duty of only 5 per cent, is excepted from this general provision, and one of the most important concessions which we are informed was obtained by Lord Elgin was the insertion in this latter list of cotton and woollen goods. We are much mistaken if, from what we hear of the Japanese, the market thus created for our home manufactures will not rival that afforded by the vast empire lately thrown open by the treaty of Tien-sin. Another important provision, and one which we believe is not contained in the American treaty, is that by which it is agreed that the tariff shall be subject to revision at the end of five years. This is a most necessary precaution in the case of an unknown and uncreated trade.

ROBBERY AND MYSTERY.

Soon after entering the capital of the so-called Mexican Republic, as was my usual custom while sojourning in a foreign city, I hired for my servant a man capable of acting as my cicerone about the town. At this time I had in my possession a bill of exchange upon a wealthy house; but not caring to have it honoured before my departure, I thought it best to retain it till the last moment, as the care of a large sum of money would be troublesome to one whose desire was to be free from standing guard over his own effects.

For this reason I did not even call upon the drawee of the bill; and as I was a stranger to them personally, I thus exposed myself to a total loss, in the event of the same falling into the possession of some dishonest individual, who might represent himself as the proper payee. That I committed a great error in thus neglecting to secure myself against false representation—an error by which my money and life might have been forfeited—the peruser of this transcript from my note-book will clearly perceive.

I had been some three or four days in the city, promenade through its principal thoroughfares and drives, glancing modestly at the dark, lustrous-eyed beauties whom I continually met and passed, when I said to my man Pablo, that he must now take me in hand and show me everything that could possibly interest a foreign traveller. Pablo, I may remark, by the way, was one of the keenest rogues that ever dodged the police and kept his worthy neck outside of a halter—though this I learned too late to save myself some trouble—and he had the reputation of having once been an indifferent actor, which will account for his mode of putting his questions.

"Does your worship wish to go behind the scenes?" he quietly inquired.

"Even into the 'green room' of the town, Pablo," laughed I, "and observe, if possible, the 'make up' of the actors."

"The best time for that, then, senor, is at night, while the dramatic corps are preparing for their parts."

"We will begin to-night, Pablo."

We did begin that night; and before the bell tolled the hour of twelve I fancied I had seen the city of nobles and beggars turned inside out. At least I had seen enough to content me; and as we issued from a splendid gambling saloon, where a beautiful and fascinating senorita was dealing monte for the benefit of herself and numerous admirers, I said—

"Now then, for our hotel, Pablo."

"One adventure more, senor, and your worship shall retire with the wisdom of a Solomon."

"One adventure more," I assented.

With this Pablo began to lead the way through a dark, narrow street; when suddenly, as I turned a sharp corner, a heavy mantle was thrown over my head, and my person at the same moment seized by two powerful ruffians, one of whom forced a gag into my mouth, while the other pinioned my arms.

"Senor," said a calm, quiet voice, "it were easier for us to kill than take you alive; but your life we do not seek; so be governed by policy, and make no resistance, and you shall not be harmed. We will tell you presently what we require of you. Pray follow as we lead."

I did so—for I was in their power and could do nothing better—and in the course of a couple of minutes I found myself alongside of a carriage, with a request that I would enter it. I still obeyed—not with the best grace and most pleasant feelings—but quiescently and without disturbance. My kidnappers entered with me, still keeping me pinioned and gagged, and away we whirled.

Fifteen minutes—or less time it might have been—brought us to a halt beneath some dark archway.

"Senor," said the spokesman, "have the goodness to alight, and suffer me to conduct your worship into a private apartment."

I got out of the carriage, and was led down some ten or a dozen steps, into what I fancied, from the change of atmosphere, to be a damp stone vault, beneath the surface of the earth. The cloak was still over my eyes; but presently I could see the reflection of a light, and immediately after this the mantle was removed, and two masked men, dressed in black, one of them holding a sort of dark-lantern, were revealed to my view. I glanced quickly around the apartment, and saw that it was small, having rough stone walls, and only one outlet, the door through which we had entered. Save two or three rough benches, it was empty also; and pointing me to one of these, the same person who had before addressed me said—

"Pray be seated, senor, and we will give you liberty to speak."

I complied with his request, and he at once stepped forward and removed the gag. As soon as I found I could use my voice, I sternly demanded the meaning of such treatment.

"Be calm, senor, do not get excited, and we will inform you," was the cool reply, spoken in an ordinary business tone. "The fact is, senor," he went on, "you are a stranger in Mexico, with more means at your command than strangers generally have, or any honest man may have immediate use for; and we, being less blessed in this respect than your worthy self, have taken the liberty of inviting you hither to negotiate a loan."

"In other words, to rob me," said I.

"That is a harsh word, senor, which we seldom make use of—we call our mode of acquiring means a new way of borrowing; and for this reason: that, instead of giving the person from whom we borrow security of our own, we leave him safely housed for the security of ourselves. In short, senor, not to waste words, let me inform you in brief that we want all your weapons, jewellery, and ready funds, with the exception of sufficient to support you till you can raise more; and, once possessed of these, we will quietly depart, and leave you here for such time as will be necessary to make our escape certain—say till to-morrow night—when you will be set at liberty in a very harmless way. You see, at once, senor, you have providentially fallen into honest hands, for which you should thank the saints—for had you fallen into the hands of villains, your life might have been the forfeit."

"Oh, I am deeply and profoundly thankful, of course!" returned I, ironically. And then I quickly added: "By your accent and mode of speaking, I judge you are no Mexican."

"So much the better for our purpose," replied the villain; "for you have a bill of exchange on a house here which you have never visited; and if I can personate a respectable foreigner—say yourself, for instance—I can get it honoured as well as another."

I saw that I was really caught by robbers at last—that it would be useless to waste words—that perhaps it would be best to yield with a good grace to what I had not the power to avert—and so I in-

formed the gentleman that he was at liberty to do what he thought proper, only I would pray him to give me my liberty in a reasonable time, and not leave me entirely destitute.

"By San Marco!" he rejoined; "your worship is the most sensible gentleman I have had dealings with for years! and I assure you I am one not unacquainted with the customs of the road. We will deal as gently by you as by an infant, and ever remember you gratefully in our prayers."

With this he coolly proceeded to rifle my pockets and person, taking from me my revolvers, knife, jewellery, purse, and pocket-book, in the latter of which he found the afore-mentioned bill of exchange, the amount of which caused his eyes to glisten, as I could see even through the mask.

"Pray tell me," said I, "how you knew I had that draft, and had not yet presented it?"

"Pardon me, senor! that would be exposing the secrets of our profession, which we never do to the uninitiated."

"By treachery," said I. "My servant must have made the discovery, and you are his accomplices."

"Suspect whom you please, senor," he replied; "every gentleman is entitled to his thoughts; but in order to show your worship the possibility of your being in error, permit me to observe, confidentially, that a watch has been upon you ever since the moment you set foot in this glorious city. Ah, senor, I perceive your purse is heavy and will suffice for your present wants—accept it back, sir; your jewellery also may be of more value to you than us, and so we restore it—we only desire to do the fair thing; and this bill of exchange, being even larger than we supposed, shall satisfy us for the present."

With this he returned the articles mentioned; and then coolly remarking he did not think it safe to unbind me till the moment for restoring me to liberty, he turned on his heel, made me a polite bow, and, with his companion, walked out, closing and locking the door behind him.

I was thus left alone in my prison, in total darkness, with my arms so pinioned as to be both useless and painful. My feelings during the long hours which followed, the reader can better imagine than I express; but though I suffered much physically and mentally, I did not at first despair, because I believed I should eventually be set at liberty in some mysterious manner.

As hour after hour, however, passed away in that dark and silent dungeon, I began at last to grow more and more uneasy. What if, after all, I should be left to perish in my prison? The thought was too horrible to be entertained, and I strove to banish it, and, aided by a strong will, I so far succeeded as to keep in tolerably fair spirits.

At last, to my great joy, I heard the key of my door turn, and was surprised to see a female mask standing in the gray light of the opening—for it was already day without, though not a ray of light had reached the vault.

"Senor," she said, in a clear, stern voice, "will you be kind enough to present yourself to my view?"

I advanced to the door where she was standing.

"You are still bound, I perceive," she said.

"Unfortunately, lady," I replied, "and have suffered much."

"You wish your liberty?"

"I certainly am not overjoyed at remaining where I am."

"Will you answer me one question, upon your oath as a Christian, and upon your honour as a gentleman?"

"If within my power, and it does not affect my safety."

"It affects your release, senor; and, if favourably answered, may restore you immediately to liberty."

"Speak on, then!"

"Will you, then, solemnly swear, that if all your effects are restored to you, even to your weapons, you will suffer yourself to enter a carriage blindfold, and thus remain till driven beyond sight of this dwelling? and then leave and depart without asking any questions, or seeking in any manner, or by any means, to pry into the mysterious occurrences which have surrounded you within the last twelve hours?"

"Yes," said I, "for a complete restoration of all my effects, and my person to liberty, I will solemnly swear, by all I hold sacred and holy, to conduct myself according to the conditions named."

"Then, senor, within an hour you shall have your freedom!" was the reply, as the masked lady stepped back, and closed and locked the iron door, leaving me again alone, a prisoner still.

A few minutes later, as I remained standing by the door, pondering this singular mystery, I fancied I heard the rumble of carriage wheels; and shortly after the door was again unlocked, and a masked

figure entered, who said he had orders to blindfold and conduct me hence, and restore me to liberty.

All this might mean treachery, I thought; but I knew, if my life were really sought, I was in the power of my enemies, and could not escape; and by assenting quietly to every proposition made me, my condition would certainly not be rendered worse than by rejecting them. I therefore suffered him to bandage my eyes and lead me to the carriage, which he entered with me, my arms still remaining pinioned.

A few moments later we were whirling through the streets of the city, which we continued to do for some half an hour, when the carriage stopped suddenly, the bandage was removed from my eyes, and I was solemnly charged by my masked companion to remember my oath, or else no power on earth could save me. I looked from the window, and to my astonishment saw we were in a fashionable part of the city; and to my still greater astonishment, my strange conductor now proceeded to cut loose my bonds, and restore me my weapons and pocket-book, which latter he opened and showed me the same bill of exchange which had been taken from me.

"Now, squire," he said, as he flung back the door of the carriage, "please mingle with those people yonder, and take no notice which way we drive. Adios!"

The door closed as I descended the steps, and the carriage whirled away, I never knew whither.

This whole matter, a mystery from beginning to end, has remained so to this day. I could not believe I was not robbed until I had searched everything, and received my money on my draft; after which I pondered the matter deeply, but, of course, venturing to question no person, because forbidden by my oath.

At first I thought it a case of conscience merely; then a practical joke, perhaps; but subsequently, on looking through my pocket-book, and finding in it a small silver symbol of the Masonic order, I was led to conjecture that that had saved me from robbery, if not from death, and that one or more of those who had me in charge were members of this fraternal band.

This, of course, was and is, mere conjecture; but it is the only reasonable solution of the mystery I have ever been able to obtain; for Pablo, who might have thrown some light upon the matter, I never set eyes upon again.

Small Change.

WE are often told to imitate nature. Still we shouldn't imitate her too literally. We needn't dress in green velvet through the summer because she does.

Two cousins, named Crickett, were married last week in Queen's county. We are opposed to such cricket-matches.

Good dinners have a harmonising influence. Few disputes are so large that they cannot be covered by table-cloth.

A MAN in battle is not allowed to whistle to keep his courage up, and the whistling of the bullets doesn't have that tendency.

Dogs of every kind, setters, pointers, bulls, Newfoundlanders, mastiffs, and terriers, are all *lap* dogs—when they are drinking.

It is extraordinary how many defects we can discern in a friend after we have quarrelled with him. The same remark applies to a woman, when she has rejected her former lover.

THE horse's coat is the gift of nature, but the tailor very often makes a coat for an ass.

CANDOUR.—A distinguished commercial gent, whose word is his bond—that is to say, it would puzzle any Bankruptcy commissioner to determine which was the more worthless of the two—thus laid down his travelling chart through life:—"I never believe more than one half of what I see, more than a quarter of what I hear, and not a word of what I say. If others were equally cautious there would not be so many fools in this world."

A DIAMOND shut up in its subterraneous prison, rough and unpolished, differs not to the eye from a common stone; and a Newton or a Shakespeare, deprived of the presence of kindred minds and born among savages, savages had died.

A SERMON was preached in the parish church of Crowle, by the Rev. H. Phillips, B.A., from "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Amongst the congregation was a female, who was dull of hearing, and on her return home she told her husband that the reverend gentleman had taken for his text, "Except ye pay your rent, ye must all go to the parish."

A FRIEND of ours was travelling lately, while

adlicted with a very bad cough. He annoyed his fellow-travellers greatly, till finally one of them remarked, in a tone of displeasure:—"Sir, that is a very bad cough of yours." "True, sir," replied our friend, "but, you will excuse me, it's the best I've got!"

A HORSE-JOCKEY, who incautiously burned his fingers by taking up his toast from the fire, and broke the plate by letting it fall, observed that it was too bad too lose the plate after having won the heat.

THE mist that hangs like silver curtains around the plains before sunrise, and is lifted by day's golden cords out of our sight, has death in the woof; it is woven, here and there, of fatal threads.

No doubt there is room enough in the world for men and women, but it may be a serious question whether the latter are not taking up more than their share of it.

THE water that has no taste is purest; the air that has no odour is freshest; and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

THE rain which we shake from our feet may be metamorphosed into a mulberry leaf, and ultimately revisit us in the form of silk stockings.

AN idol is what many worship in their own shape, who would be ashamed to do so in any other.

THE religion that costs us nothing, is worth exactly what it costs.

MEN cannot expect to take pleasure unless they are willing to take pains.

"Yours is a very hard case," said the fox to the oyster.

THERE are many Christians who, all their life long, carry their hope as a boy carries a bird's nest containing an undegged bird that can scarcely peep, much less sing—a poor fledgeless hope.

WE say of the blind man, from whom the visible world is shut out, that he is poorer by half the world than the man who sees. O ye spiritually blind, ye indeed are poorer than we by a whole world!

A RELIGIOUS life is not a thing which spends itself like a bright bubble on the river's surface. It is rather like the river itself, which widens continually, and is never so broad or so deep as at its mouth, where it rolls into the ocean of eternity.

HONOUR women! They scatter heavenly roses on the path of our earthly life; they weave the happy bonds of love, and beneath the modest veil of the graces, they nourish with a sacred hand the immortal flower of noble sentiments.

IF you see a man grossly ignorant and superficial on points which you do understand, be not ready to give credit, on the score of character, which he may have attained, for any great ability in points which you do not understand.

SOME men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after they are exhausted, and run out; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat and monotonous; like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes; but unlike those instruments, they are not new-barrelled so easily.

"YOU seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

CAN a man's pocket be empty when he's got something in it?—Yes, when he has a big hole in it.

A YANKEE, according to the latest authority, sees aqueducts in bubbling springs, buildings in stones, and cash in everything.

OF all earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

EULALIE.—A BALLAD.

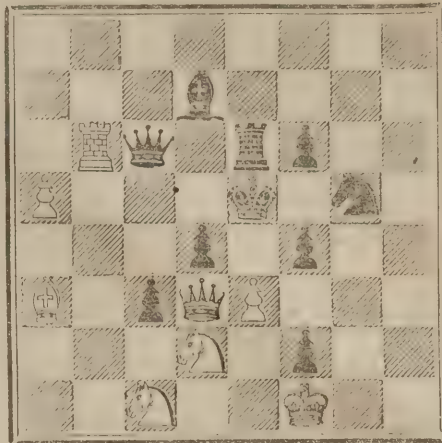
I HAVE met thee in the sunlight,
When our hearts were light and free;
And a winning smile was on thy lip,
Thy cherished Eulalie!
Oh, how swift those moments fled
On wings of love away!
For boding fears and falling tears
Marred not our blissful day.

I have met thee in the twilight,
When the day had spent its glee;
Yet thy heart, I knew, was warm and true—
My idol, Eulalie!
The light scarce burned at heaven's gate,
But my step was firm and sure;
For I trusted in my faithful guide,
The constant and the pure.

And now amid the darkness
Of life's wide, desert sea,
Again I'll place thy hand in mine.
Oh, saintly Eulalie!
Again thine eyes shall light my path
Even as they did before.
Until we stay our upward way,
Perchance at heaven's door!

Chess.

Problem No. 87. By Mr. W. GREENWOOD.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

THE CHESS TOURNEY.

Game played between Messrs. L. BEAVER and J. DRIESEN.

WHITE. Mr. B.	BLACK. Mr. D.
1. P to Q 4	1. P to Q 4
2. P to Q B 4	2. P to K 3
3. P to K 3	3. P to Q B 4
4. Q Kt to B 3	4. Kt to K B 3
5. K Kt to B 3	5. P takes Q P
6. K P takes P	6. P takes Q B P
7. K B takes P	7. B to Q Kt 5
8. Castles	8. Castles
9. B to K Kt 5 (a)	9. P to K R 3
10. B to K R 4	10. Q Kt to Q 2 (b)
11. Q Kt to K 4	11. Q to Q B 2
12. Kt takes Kt (ch)	12. Kt takes Kt
13. B takes Kt	13. P takes B (c)
14. Q to Q 3	14. R to Q sq
15. B to Kt 3	15. P to Q Kt 3
16. B to B 2	16. P to B 4
17. Kt to K 5	17. B to K B sq
18. Q R to Q B sq	18. B to K Kt 2
19. K R to K sq	19. B takes Kt
20. R takes B	20. P to K B 3
21. K R takes B P (d)	21. Q to K B 2
22. R to K B 3	22. P to B 4
23. B to Kt 3	23. K to R sq
24. Q to K 3	24. Q to B 3
25. R to K B 3	25. K to R 2
26. Q to K B 3	26. Q R to K Kt : q
27. R to B 7 (ch)	27. R to Q 2
28. Q to Q B 6	28. Q takes Q P
29. Q takes Q P	Resigns

(a) Most authorities agree in condemning this *sortie* of the Q B on the K side in the Queen's Gambit. It may, however, be ventured with safety, if not with advantage.—(b) Better, perhaps, to have first taken the Q Kt.—(c) Taking the B with Q would have been immediately fatal, e.g.:—13. Q takes B 14. Kt to K 5 15. Q to K Kt 4 16. Kt takes Kt P, &c.—14. Q to Q B 2 15. P to K Kt 3 (d) Well played. From this point White finishes the game in good style.

Solution of Problem No. 81.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R takes Q Kt P	1. P takes R (a)
2. P to Q 4, and mates next move.	
	(a) 1. P to Q R 6

Solution of Problem No. 82.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q 5	1. K takes Q
2. Kt to K B 4 (ch)	2. K to Q 5
3. Kt mates	

Solution of Problem No. 83.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K 7	1. K takes P
2. Kt to Q 7	2. R takes Kt
3. B to K 3	3. Any move
4. B mates	

Solution of Problem No. 84.

WHITE.
1. Q to K 7 and mates next move.

J. Robinson, Phillidor, jun., T. Simpson, J. T. Donovan, Henry Parker, W. McKenzie, Excelsior, W. J. Pierce, Phelps, and other correspondents shall be replied to in our next number.

Our Editorial Table.

NOTICE.

COMPLETION OF VOLUME II.

Now ready, handsomely bound in cloth gilt, price 4s. 6d., Vol. II. of the New Series of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, containing upwards of One Hundred beautifully executed Engravings, including Twenty-five faithful Portraits of Living Celebrities. The Volume may also be obtained in paper covers, price 3s.

TITLE, FRONTISPIECE, AND INDEX TO VOL. II.

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CASES FOR BINDING.

Handsome cloth gilt Cases for Binding Vol. II. of this Journal may now be had, price 1s. 6d.

EDGAR HASTINGS.—Upon the collocation of the words in a Latin sentence depends, in a great measure, the purity and perspicuity of the style. Some few general rules may be laid down to assist the tyro in the use of the adverbs and conjunctions; but the only means of cultivating the ear, and thus enabling it to suggest the proper collocation, is to get by heart Cicero's "De Senectute," and "De Amicitia," to make, by frequent repetitions, the elegancies of those two inimitable compositions part of your stock in trade, and, by translating, and then retranslating into Latin your own English version, to master the rhythm of the Ciceronian sentence. Horace, in addressing the Roman student of Greek literature, says,

"Exemplaria Græcæ,
Nocturnâ versate manu versate diurnâ."

Mutatis mutandis, you would do well to follow his advice, for, to the treatises which we recommend so strenuously, many of the scholars of the present day owe the acquisition of a Latin style perfectly unexceptionable. *Experio crede*, exercises alone will never enable you to effect your object, but follow the advice we have given, and success is certain.

JAMES POULTON.—"James Poulton" would be very glad to know the rights of the affair of the "Charles et Georges." So should we, and so would the British government. All we can tell "James Poulton" is, that the "Charles et Georges" is a French ship, that it was accused (and, we must own, apparently with good grounds) of carrying on the slave trade on the eastern coast of Africa. The Portuguese, in accordance with international law, captured the "Charles et Georges" as a slaver. It was tried at Mozambique, and was then taken to Lisbon to be tried at a higher court of appeal. After all it was not condemned, and by some it is supposed that the French government, *alias* the Emperor, used intimidation to prevent the law taking its course. The organ of the French government gives a different view of the case, and declares that the government of the Emperor neglected nothing to enlighten the government of Portugal, and hoped that the cabinet of Lisbon would have admitted the irregularity of proceedings against a vessel (the "Charles et Georges") that could not even be suspected. The Emperor's hope was at first deceived, but, brought to a more exact appreciation of the circumstances, the Portuguese government submitted to the representations of the Emperor. After these statements we leave "James Poulton" to judge for himself of the rights of the case.

ONE EAGER FOR INFORMATION.—English enterprise has at length effected the opening of the ports of Japan—ports closed on strangers from time immemorial. This wonderful and magnificent city can now be visited by Englishmen. The other nations of Europe will follow in our train. Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is described, by one who saw it as recently as last September, to be one of the finest cities in the whole world. The houses of the princes and nobles are palaces, some of them containing ten thousand followers. They are built regularly, forming wide streets forty yards broad, and they are kept in perfect order. An immense courtyard, with trees and gardens, forms the centre of each inclosure, in the midst of which is the house of the owner. The houses containing the followers, servants, stables, &c., form this inclosure. They are constructed of one uniform shape. The gateways leading to the courtyard are exceedingly handsome, and are formed of massive wood-work, ornamented with lacquer.

ADA PEMBERTON.—You say that in spite of every precaution, you are constantly taking cold, and that with you cold always brings on a cough. You tell us you keep your chest covered with flannel. So far so good, but you should cover your back and shoulders also with flannel. Those who understand anatomy will tell you that in order to protect your lungs, the back and shoulders should be kept warm as well as the chest. We do not recommend those who have nothing the matter with them, to take to flannel jackets, but you are likely to find them very useful. However, bear in mind it would be imprudent to throw your flannel jacket aside in order to wear a low dress for an evening only. By such a proceeding you might bring on inflammation of the lungs. For company, wear a becoming high dress.

MARK TAPLEY.—We are, indeed, expected to say a great deal in a few words. "Mark Tapley," for instance, wants us to tell him what qualities are necessary to enable him to get on in life. A great many qualities are necessary for this desirable object, and if "Mark Tapley" had read with attention the papers we have been publishing, entitled "Hopes and Helps," he would have known that much by this time. But as we would not dismiss a correspondent without a definite answer, we will observe that two very essential qualities for success and distinction in this life, are—punctuality in business, and presence of mind in danger. Of the last-mentioned quality, Captain Johnstone (of the Eastern City, bound from Liverpool to Melbourne) has recently given an instance that should not be forgotten. When this ship, on the 23rd of August last, was six hundred miles away from land, the frightful

fact was ascertained that fire had broken out in the forehold. The captain at once ordered all the passengers and crew on deck. One only disobeyed, and consequently perished. The absence of this one was not noticed at the time. The hatches were closed, and the most energetic and judicious measures checked, though they could not subdue, the fire. Sixty women and children were gathered together on the poop of the vessel, with such poor comforts as could be collected. The fire had been discovered at two o'clock, p.m. The next morning it was found working its way into the afterhold, and death was full in view. The captain, and his men following his example, still worked on undismayed. At about two in the afternoon, the captain went down into the after-saloon with a few of the passengers to get a little food, as it seemed the last meal they would ever take, when from the deck the cry arose, "A sail! a sail!" Within half an hour from the time the ship was first sighted, she bore down upon them, and cheering as only British soldiers and sailors can cheer, the ship's company and troops on board the merchantman passed under the stern of the burning Eastern City. Captain Johnstone hailed them through his trumpet, "We are on fire. Will you stand by us?" Soon a welcome voice was heard from the merchantman, "Aye! aye!" The boats of each vessel were lowered, and ere long 227 persons were removed from a frightful death. It is to be hoped this providential rescue will never be forgotten by the passengers of the Eastern City, and the presence of mind of Captain Johnstone we must hold up as an example to "Mark Tapley" and all our readers. Presence of mind leaves us master of our resources when most we want them, but timid people lose their wits in the hour of peril.

ARACHNE.—Arachne has been reading about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. She wishes us to tell her if King Arthur is an historical character. We answer in the affirmative, but we cannot vouch for the truth of all that has been written about him. History tells us that it was in opposing the Saxon invader, Cerdic, that Arthur acquired his fame. Some authors suppose him to have been the son of Ambrosius; others, his nephew. According to another account, he was a Cornish prince, son of Guorlois, king of that province. At any rate, he was a commander of great valour, and as an ancient and distinguished Briton, all we can gather of his life and exploits has an interest for us. King Arthur is said to have worsted the Saxons in twelve successive battles, but his enemies were too numerous to be extirpated by the efforts of single valour. Arthur's domestic misfortunes were as remarkable as his public exploits. His wife was carried off by Melnas, King of Somersetshire, who detained her a whole year at Glastonbury, until Arthur, discovering her retreat, advanced with an army against Melnas, and obliged him to give up his captive. Of Arthur's second wife no mention is made, but his third falling a victim to the villainy of Mordred, the king's own nephew, a rebellion ensued, and King Arthur and his treacherous kinsman meeting in battle, slew each other. Arthur's death is stated to have taken place A.D. 514.

DIANA.—It was on the 16th of the melancholy month of November, 1817, that the still more melancholy event of which you have heard your mother speak, took place. In 1816 the union of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg with her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte of Wales, had afforded the happiest augury to the British people; but to the consternation of the whole country, the Princess Charlotte, in the November of the following year, died, after giving birth to a still-born male child. The public feeling was scarcely ever marked by a more universal mourning, and the year concluded with every mark of commiseration and regret from a people attracted by congenial sentiment.

Long shall her virtues be the theme of all,
When tombs decay and mouldering temples fall.

BOB.—The meaning of *In statu quo* is, as it was before. GROUSE, BLOU, VERTICAL MOTION.—Consult the nearest farrier or dog-fancier.

WEeping WILLOW, HELEN NORTON, AN ORPHAN GIRL, HURDY HOGAN.—Time and judicious treatment will, no doubt, restore the good understanding which circumstances seem to have somewhat interrupted. LOUISE DE VERE.—Your companion, who shared your umbrella while it rained, acted a very unbecoming part in refusing to carry it when the rain ceased. We are almost disposed to parody the old saying thus, "Love me, love my umbrella." AGNES.—By all means tell your friend immediately to give up chewing roasted coffee. DIOMEDE.—Get your hair carefully trimmed by a skilful hairdresser. A WEEKLY SUBSCRIBER, PETER DICK, HORACE W., EMMELINE, PETER MANGLES, FUDGE, J. K. R., J. THOMPSON.—These are all cases in which medical or surgical advice should be obtained. GERANIUM, A TAKER IN OF CASSELL'S PAPER, SYLVIA, HARMLESS BOY, LILLIAN, AUGUSTA, W. H., E. T., W. WALLACE, H. W. J., S. H., A WORKING LAD, NONDESCRIBT, HELIOTROPE, I. O. U., CLARA.—These all refer to the want of hair or whiskers, to a redundancy of hair, to hair of an undesirable colour, to freckles, to complexion, &c., to which subjects we have already devoted considerable space. To most of them we say, "Let Nature have fair play."

HIGH DICTION.—A *melodrama* is a short, half musical drama, or that species of drama in which the declamation of certain passages is interrupted by music. In England and in France it is chiefly a vehicle for gorgeous decoration and scenery, with a plot usually of a romantic or serious description. *Cardiphonia* is a Greek compound, the meaning of which is "Voices, or Utterances of the Heart." It was the title given to two volumes of familiar correspondence published some years ago.

PROBALL.—*Concrete*, from the Latin *concrevere*, to grow together, means literally, united in growth. Used as a noun, it means a compound—a mass formed by spontaneous union, or coalescence of separate particles of matter in one body. Contrast is from the Latin *contra*, opposite, and *stare*, to stand; hence, to make to stand, or to place in opposition, to compare. Used as a noun, it means opposition or dissimilitude of figures by which the one contributes to the visibility or effect of the other. In logic, the word *concrete* has a "second intention," or meaning peculiar to the art of logic, and is opposed to the noun "absolute."

VALENTINE VOX.—Gutta percha may be reduced to a fluid state by heat alone, but it will become solid again when cold. Cut it into pieces, and place it in naphtha in a warm situation; and when the pieces are dissolved, put the liquid into a bottle, and cork close.

MAJOR PLINLIMMON.—Continue your study of the "French Lessons," consisting, as they do, of grammatical rules, exercise, and key, explanations of idioms, dialogues, and rules for pronunciation. You will require no books for the first year and a half.

N. HOMER.—Direct your P. O. Order, with clear address, to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, E. C.

J. E. R., W. H., and Others.—The difficulty of obtaining the Model Copy Books from your local bookseller may be got over by applying to Messrs. Ward and Lock, the publishers, of 158, Fleet-street, London, who will in future supply them, in complete sets of eight books, for 2s., or 24 stamps post free.

AMY STUART.—The Pilgrim Fathers consisted of certain Puritans who, in 1608, fled from England, in consequence of violent persecutions for conscience' sake. They went first to Amsterdam, where they remained for some years. In 1620, having visited Southampton, to join others of similar religious persuasions, they left for America, and about the latter end of the same year they arrived at Cape Cod Bay, and afterwards founded New Plymouth.

A CORRESPONDENT.—One thing you may be certain of, that tallow in the manufacture of soap is of very ancient date. Pliny speaks of soap as being made of tallow and ashes. Tallow was probably applied to candles at an equally early period.

T. BURY.—There is no doubt that your having resided so long in a very marshy neighbourhood brought on the ague; but now that the fever has left you, and only weakness remains, you will find the preparation of Peruvian bark that has been recommended to you a very excellent medicine.

KIRRY.—Xylography, which seems to you so odd a word, is nothing more than the art of engraving upon wood. Aquatinta, etching, and mezzotint, are varieties of the art of engraving upon copper. Until within these few years, copper and wood were the substances employed by engravers for book illustrations. For certain purposes, boxwood continues in the highest repute; but copper has been in a great measure superseded by steel, when many impressions are required.

A MOTHER.—For fits of any description you should send for a doctor as soon as possible; but in the meantime, supposing you are certain the fit is not a fainting fit (for that requires quite a different mode of treatment), you should raise the head, unloose all tight clothes, strings, &c., and apply cold water to the head, and use hot applications to the feet.

T. ELLIS.—You may find an excellent comparison between the steam engine and the human body in Dr. Arnot's work on "Warmth and Ventilation." The Doctor thus expresses himself: "James Watt, when devising his first engine, knew well that the rapid combination of the oxygen of atmospheric air with the combustible fuel in the furnace produced the heat and the force of the engine; but he did not know that in the living body there is going on, only more slowly, a similar combination of the oxygen of the air with the like combustible matter in the food; as this circulates after digestion in the form of blood through the lungs, which combination produces the warmth and force of the living animal."

A MAIDEN.—We believe the race of dogs called "turnspits" is nearly extinct. They were very sagacious animals, and it is reported, on good authority, that one of a couple of turnspit dogs refused to work the spit because it was not his turn.

F. W.—Though the proper meaning of the noun "copper" is a vessel or boiler made of the metal copper, yet the word is now very commonly used to describe large boilers fixed in brickwork with furnaces beneath them, though those boilers may be constructed of iron.

SEACOMBE.—The "Hutchinson family," a portion of which visited England some years ago, was a large American family, most of the members of which were possessed of remarkable talents as vocalists. Their object in visiting England was, partly to see the country, but chiefly to add to their pecuniary resources. Their visit was supposed to have been a profitable one.

AUDI DISCIPULUM.—When Dr. Johnson said that he who would acquire a perfect knowledge of the English language should give his days and nights to the study of Addison, he meant to recommend a careful study of that celebrated author. The writings chiefly referred to are his inimitable papers in "The Spectator," distinguished by some one of the letters composing the word "CLIO."

LEANDER.—"Leander," judging from his own account, is a most fascinating young man; but we fear he must continue a bachelor, unless he consents to lower his standard of perfection. Except in fiction, we have never met with a creature so lovely as the maiden described and sought for by "Leander;" and were we ever to discover such a fair one, we should not feel disposed to hand her over to "Leander," unless he could prove himself worthy of so great a treasure.

A READER.—Your foreign friend, who undervalues London because it is principally built of bricks, shows no knowledge of the subject. Bricks, as building materials, are so far from being perishable, that (when properly made) they are among the most durable of substances. Look at the bricks of Nineveh and Babylon in our museums. They are as lasting as the ancients imagined they would be; and in the baths of Titus we find that the bricks have withstood the effects of time and fire better than the Coliseum or the marble of Trojan's Forum.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E. C.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. III.—No. 54.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "SMILES AND TEARS," "DICK TARLETON,"
"PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,"
"THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

SHAKESPEARE.

POOR Katty was perfectly aware of the danger
which threatened her innocent charge from the
madness of its deceived, unhappy father. Far from

her home, alone, and unprotected, the faithful
creature more than once felt her courage failing her,
till a glance at Ellen, as she lay in the solemn beauty
of death, retempered it. The presence of the dead
seemed a protection to her, and she resolved to pass
the night in praying and watching by her side.

It was a touching scene—the corpse of the fair
young wife and mother lying as if in a sweet sleep
upon the old-fashioned bed, with its heavy cornice
and faded moreen hangings, the moonbeams streaming
through the bay window, bathing it in a flood of
silver light, throwing the marble features into delicate
relief, still further heightened by the glossy dark
hair her foster-sister with mournful affection had
arranged, as when living, in masses of clustering
curls on each side of the still lovely face.

The anxious nurse, with the infant at her breast,
seated herself near the bed, and commenced silently
repeating her prayers.

As the night advanced, and the busy hum of life

gave place to the stillness of repose, the sorrow of
Katty broke forth in one of those wild laments for the
dead, once common in Scotland as well as Ireland.

In the former country it still retains its Celtic name
of the coronach, in the latter it is known as the kene.
"The blight has fallen, and the purtiest flower is
withered, ochone! ochone!"

"The lips that drew the life from the same breast
wid me are silent. Ellen mayvourneen! the heart of
your foster-sister is broken."

"Why did you leave the old place desolate? and
make your home in the land of the stranger?"

"The red branch (one of the badges of the O'Neils)
proved false to the sweet bird that nestled in its
leaves. Ellen acushla, there is none but Katty in the
land of the stranger to mourn over the cowl'd face of
clay."

At first the words broke from the lips of the speaker
in subdued murmurs, plaintive as the notes of a
wounded bird; but as the feelings of the mourner



JORROCKS WAITS HIS OPPORTUNITY.

became more intense, they gradually grew louder and louder, till the intensity of her lamentations startled the slumbering inmates of the house.

To the angry question of the landlord, who slept in the adjoining room, of: "What can that be?" his drowsy wife made answer, "Only the wild Irishwoman howling for the dead."

Katty heard the words, and felt more bitterly than ever that she was far from the isle of the west.

Several times during the keene the visage of Jorlocks had been glued to the small diamond-shaped panes of the casement, but finding that the nurse was waking, he had retreated to his confederate below. The last time this took place Katty perceived him, and summoning her courage, prepared to defend her sleeping charge, whom she wrapped in her thick, warm shawl, and placed beside the body of Ellen.

"It's his blessed mother that will watch over him," she thought; "no harm can reach him there."

She next looked round the room in search of a weapon of some kind; but nothing that could serve for such a purpose met her eye.

"It must be the steel," she said, at the same time drawing a large knife from her pocket, and opening the blade.

Placing herself in the deep shade by the side of the window with that air of quiet determination which is far more dangerous than threats or blustering words, and scarcely drawing her breath, she firmly awaited the result.

She had not been long in this position, before the face of the smuggler once more gradually rose above the window-sill. The moonlight enabled him to take a complete survey of the room, and the faithful watcher to examine the features of a face which, once seen, was not likely to be soon forgotten.

Finding all was still, and believing Katty, whom, from the position she had chosen, he could not see, to be absent or asleep, the agent of Redmond O'Neil carefully removed one of the small diamond-shaped panes from the leaded casement, and introduced his arm, with the intention of undoing the fastening.

Swiftly and silently the blow descended, and the blade of the knife pierced the extended hand.

Jorlocks uttered a deep curse.

He was not a man, however, to be lightly turned from his purpose. With a violent effort, he dashed open the casement, and would have sprung into the room, but the raised knife descended a second time, striking him on the cheek.

"Back!" exclaimed the woman, stepping from the deep shadow of her hiding-place, and confronting him with her pale face and flashing eyes, "back to the fool and madman that employed yez; back, or I'll drive the blade through the black heart of yez."

Jorlocks let go his hold, and fell to the ground. It was only when the immediate danger to herself and charge had passed that the courageous woman felt her resolution give way, and began to call for help in tones that speedily aroused the inmates of the house, who, in every variety of costume comprised in that expressive word *déshabille*, came rushing into the room to ascertain the cause of her alarm.

It was soon told. But by the time the landlord thrust his head, half buried in the woollen nightcap, drawn over his ears, out of the window, the smuggler and his partner had disappeared.

"She has been dreaming!" he muttered, in no amiable humour. "These wild Irish ain't like any other Christian people!"

Katty silently pointed to the broken casement and the blood upon the floor.

"Are you much hurt?" inquired Kerl of his partner, as they hastily retreated down one of the by-lanes of the village.

Jorlocks showed him his hand.

"Ah! and that's an ugly cut upon your cheek," observed the speaker; "it will spoil your beauty for some weeks, if it doesn't leave a scar!"

The wounded man made no reply, but continued to staunch the blood upon his face with his handkerchief.

"Do you intend to give it up?" demanded Joe, thinking no doubt that his companion had had enough of it, "and leave the captain, as he calls himself, to do his own work."

"Give it up!" repeated Jorlocks, with bitterness; "I seldom give up anything I have once undertaken. This scratch has only given me another task to perform."

"How another?"

"The first was to carry off the child for the captain; now I have to strangle the she-devil who prevented my accomplishing it, on my own account; and I shall do both," he quietly added.

When the speakers reached the Dolphin, at an early hour in the morning, they found Redmond

O'Neil pacing the narrow limits of the little parlour, with the air of one in whose heart the wildest passions of the soul were struggling for mastery. For several minutes the unhappy man appeared unconscious of their presence, and continued to gesticulate and murmur to himself in broken sentences.

Jorlocks listened eagerly, but could only catch the words "faithless," and "dishonoured." They were sufficient, however, to give him the key to the enigma. He divined the rest.

There was something equally desolate in the appearance of the room and its occupant. The fire had burnt down unheeded to a mere spark; the supper, which the landlord, with a prudent eye to his bill, had placed, unordered, before his strange guest, remained cold and untasted on the table; whilst the dim red smoky flame of the solitary candle, flaring in the socket, contrasted painfully with the pure gray, silver light of morning which already began to steal through the narrow casement.

The smugglers felt a chill creeping in their veins as they stood at the door of the little parlour, waiting till their employer should notice them. Not a sound was to be heard except his heavy measured tread, indistinct mutterings, and the hoarse, sullen murmurs of the waves as they broke upon the pebbly beach, and dashed their salt spray against the rudely-built sea wall.

"The skipper couldn't look more savage if he had lost a cargo," observed Joe Kerl.

Redmond started—the sound of a human voice jarred painfully on his excited nerves—and he sternly demanded who was there.

The men advanced into the centre of the room.

"I see," he added, as he recognised them—"the wretches whom I employed to carry off the child."

"Wretches" is a poor welcome, for men who have done their best to serve you," observed the elder smuggler, sullenly.

"Heed not my words!" exclaimed their employer, impatiently; "gold is a salve for them: the result?"

"We have failed."

"Cowards!" muttered O'Neil, scornfully; "cowards!"

Jorlocks advanced close to him, and gazed upon the speaker for an instant with eyes as fierce and fearless as his own.

"That is false," he replied at last; "I am no coward. I sell you my services, Captain Redmond, but not the right to insult me. The man who employs an agent for an unworthy purpose is even more worthless than the agent he employs. Coward!" he repeated, pointing with his wounded hand to the still-bleeding gash upon his cheek; "are these the proofs that I want courage? Coward! I have sent a bullet before now through the heart of as good a man as yourself for a less offensive word."

Joe Kerl—who, however he might yield to the superior shrewdness of his partner in other points, in dispute or danger had hitherto been accustomed to assume a protecting, patronising air towards him—looked the picture of surprise at his quiet audacity, fully expecting that Redmond would reply to it by a thrust from the weapon on which he had instinctively laid his hand. To his astonishment, the grasp was relaxed.

"I am wrong," said the young Irishman, in a tone of bitter humility; "you said truly—I have no right to reproach you. The agent and employer in an evil purpose become equals. Forgive me," he added. "There is no shame in asking pardon of a wounded man."

The wild gray eyes of Jorlocks flashed with a momentary brightness, as if the degradation which placed himself and the speaker upon a par afforded him exquisite satisfaction, and then resumed their usual calm, wary expression.

"You have fairly earned your recompence," added the speaker, tossing a well-filled purse to him, "although the object for which I engaged you has failed. Henceforth, I will attend to the affair myself."

"Will that be prudent?" demanded the wounded smuggler. "The woman will, doubtless, apply for protection to the magistrate—a good, easy man where the offence is against the excise, but firm and dangerous in a case like the present. Hadn't you better wait?"

"Not a day," exclaimed Redmond, impatiently.

"You will fail, then, as I have done," replied Jorlocks, "and perhaps not escape so well; for the bores of Plaxted pay little respect to a name, or a long pedigree, when they feel assured they have the law upon their side."

"Do you know me?" demanded the gentleman, fixing his eyes upon him inquiringly.

"Chomont told me in his letter that you were some great personage in France," answered the

former, with real or well-affected indifference; "that is all I know respecting you."

"And you think that any further attempt to obtain the child —"

"Would be dangerous for the present!"

"Pshaw," ejaculated Redmond, with an expression of contempt; for he was not one whom danger could appal—he had met it too frequently face to face.

"Useless, then," observed his self-constituted adviser. "The only chance of succeeding lies in patience, in spreading the report that you have quitted the country. Aye," he added, as he marked the contracted brow and quivering lip of his employer, "it is a hard lesson, but one we must all learn in our turn—harder to man than to the brute; the half-famished tiger crouches within its lair, and waits day after day, till the victim it watches for comes within its spring."

"I cannot wait—my heart is preying on itself, consuming with impatience," muttered the young man; "the lesson is impossible."

"And yet it has been learnt," said Jorlocks, with a peculiar smile, "and practised."

"By you?"

"Perhaps; but that is from the purpose. The hue and cry will soon be raised. I know Dr. Titlow well, a dreamer and a pedant, fond of his ease, indolent in trifles, but dangerously active where his duty, as he calls it, is concerned. The woman's story will rouse his sympathy, and cause such measures to be taken, that it would be madness to resist."

"You and your crew could easily carry off the child in open day," observed the unhappy man.

Here Kerl whispered to his partner that the "Wren" was nearing the harbour.

"Were the men strangers like myself to this part of the coast," replied Jorlocks, "the thing might be done; but they have their homes and families either in Folkestone or in Plaxted, and with that infernal cutter in sight no offer would tempt them."

"I must trust then to myself alone," observed Redmond.

"And fail," said the smuggler, ironically, "for lack of patience. I have advised you honestly, sir; take your own course."

Redmond O'Neil resumed his hurried strides, pacing the little parlour of the Dolphin in moody silence, and to all appearance unconscious of the presence of his agents, for he muttered words he would have wished no human ear to have heard—words that proclaimed his real or imaginary dishonour. It was a terrible struggle for him to postpone, even for a few hours, much more days, the ruthless purpose conceived in the frenzied passion of jealousy, a purpose the fidelity and courage of Katty alone had baffled. But even his stern nature yielded to that which is more unyielding still—necessity; and he at last consented to be guided by the counsel of Jorlocks.

"You have acted wisely," observed the fellow; "delay is not defeat. You had better quit this house; it will soon be searched; and it would not do for either of us to be seen till the heat of the pursuit is past."

"Yes! anywhere; I am in your hands!"

The two men quitted the inn, accompanied by the speaker, who followed them with that blind confidence indifference to life or reckless courage alone inspires. Instead of passing through the village, they walked for nearly a mile along the beach, directly under the heights between Folkestone and Dover, till they arrived at a narrow gorge in the cliffs, rent by some convulsion of nature. Huge masses of marl and flint, confusedly piled one upon the other, half blocked the entrance; and it was only by climbing over these they gained a foot track, terminating in what appeared the entrance to an abandoned lime-pit.

"Stoop," said the elder smuggler.

"Why you ain't agoin'," exclaimed Kerl, in a tone of surprise, "to take him there?"

A look from his partner imposed silence.

For the first time Redmond hesitated.

"The retreat is a safe one," said his guide, "and I shall share it with you; the eyes of hate," he added, "still more those of justice, would fail to find us here. If you doubt me," he added, "it is not too late to turn back; I neither ask for confidence, nor seek to force mine upon any man."

"Proceed," was the laconic reply.

For several minutes the speakers continued to grope their way in darkness and in silence, now compelled to stoop almost to the earth by the lowness of the passage, the next instant to wade to the knees through stagnant water, which the lime it held in solution alone prevented from being offensive.

A sudden turn completely changed the scene, and the fugitive found himself in a lofty cave, in the centre of which blazed a cheerful fire, with half-a-dozen seafaring men lying lazily round it.

On seeing a stranger, they started to their feet, evidently with no very amicable intentions, till the voice of his guide reassured them.

"A friend," he exclaimed.

One or two of the smugglers recognised the passenger they had brought over, and remembering his liberality, made place for him near the fire. Stevens, the captain of the boat, alone appeared dissatisfied.

"What kind of friend?" he demanded, suspiciously.

"Mine," said Jorrocks, coolly; "that ought to content you. I brought him here; *that must content you*. And now, sir, let me advise you to take some refreshment: for I noticed that your last night's supper remained upon the table at 'The Dolphin' untasted. I can't offer you any great variety by way of food—only a biscuit; but our cellar is better furnished than our larder. Here," he added, pointing to a number of casks stored in different recesses, "we have excellent Bourdeaux, although it has not yet paid duty—the King gives long credit,—and Cognac that would put life into a corpse."

Redmond declined the hospitable offer thus pressed upon him, and to avoid the necessity of entering into conversation with the man who had thus singularly become his host, wrapped himself in a boat cloak one of the smugglers brought him, and pretended to sleep.

Meanwhile Joe Kerl was sent back to Plaxted by his partner to watch the proceedings of Katty, who he shrewdly guessed would make no attempt to quit the place till after the funeral of her foster-sister.

The messenger had not long taken his departure before the only man Jorrocks would have cared, perhaps, to displease, made his appearance in the cave—Ephraim Sleek, whom Lieutenant Elvey had threatened to pitch out of the cabin window of the "Wren," for making what the worthy man no doubt considered a very business-like proposal to him.

Few persons in Dover bore a better reputation than Ephraim, who, on his marriage with the mother of Ruth, assumed the garb and language of the sect which, despite his worldly prosperity, refused to admit him as a member. Doubtless they were right. There are men who seek to hide beneath the cloak of respectability defects in their characters, as well as in their coats. As the agent of the smugglers, in disposing of their goods, he had acquired considerable wealth.

Ephraim had one child, a daughter, named Ruth, a fair, delicate creature, whose beauty not even the close-fitting cap, from beneath whose prim border a rich chestnut curl would occasionally stray, or the plain camlet gown peculiar to her sect, could entirely conceal.

Many a rattling young officer in garrison at Dover toasted the pretty Quakeress at the mess dinner, but not one of them could ever truly boast of having obtained even a passing glance from her sweet, dove-like eyes.

No wonder that her father felt both proud and fond of her; that he regarded her as the dearest thing he possessed on earth, except his gold;—that was the idol whose worship clung like a leprosy to his soul.

Avarice, sordid avarice, was the vice of Ephraim's heart, the canker that corrupted it; the feeling that struggled to redeem it, his love for his fair child. But for her sake he had long since degenerated into that most despicable of characters, a miser.

Of all the passions that degrade humanity, avarice is the most engrossing, the most unphilosophical, for it is peculiarly the vice of age. Some excuse might be suggested for it, perhaps, in youth.

To avarice some title youth may own,
To reap in autumn what a spring had sown;
But age scarce sows, ere death stands by to reap,
And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap.

Although so many years her elder, Jorrocks, by one of those strange caprices no analysis of the heart can account for, was madly in love with the shy and gentle Ruth. His self-confidence abandoned him in her presence; a look would check the oath or coarse expression on his tongue. In his dealings with the father he affected a blunt, off-handed honesty far from natural to him, and only to be accounted for by the fact that the daughter kept the books.

Hence the smuggler's opportunities of occasionally seeing her, and the deference with which he treated her parent.

Although strongly marked, there was but one unvarying expression in the old man's face: calmness—icy, rigid calmness—every line appeared set; no involuntary play of the muscles betrayed what

passed within the busy brain; caution had moulded his features to a mask, over which resolution and watchfulness kept guard. There existed but one human being in the world before whom he ever laid that mask aside, and then only for an instant.

That being was the gentle Ruth.

"Friend," said the Quaker, in his usual measured tones, "men speak strange things of thee in Plaxted. I need not ask if they are true, the marks of blood and strife are upon thee; but why do I find a stranger in this place?" he added. "Thou hast risked our goodly venture for a small gain."

"Not so small as you imagine," replied Jorrocks; "he is rich."

Ephraim regarded the recumbent figure of Redmond more complacently, although he still questioned the prudence of being mixed up in his affairs.

"Read that," said the speaker, at the same time putting the letter of Chomont into his hands. "Hear what he says."

Ephraim Sleek put on his glasses, and approaching the fire, read it through deliberately by the red blaze, and then returned it.

"I am glad to find there is some sense mingled with thy folly," he observed. "The stranger, it seemeth, hath interest at the court of the Sardanapalus who ruleth in France. He may be of use to us."

"My very thought."

"But why bring him unto this place?" added the Quaker. "Put thy secret into no man's mouth, for fear that it should feed him. My house at Dover would have been safer."

Jorrocks muttered something about his not liking to introduce a handsome young fellow like Redmond beneath the same roof with Ruth.

"I thank thee, friend, for thy consideration for my child, although it is a needless one," observed her father; "she hath not so light a spirit as to be caught by outside bravery. Umph! well, peradventure it hath been for the best."

"I am glad to hear you say so," exclaimed the smuggler. "But what brought you from Dover at so early an hour?"

"The affairs of this carnal world," answered Ephraim. "I rode over to Plaxted in the expectation of finding thee, that I might ascertain, first, whether Providence had prospered our venture, in which I have risked somewhat more largely than is usual with me, for I am a prudent man, whom a slight gain contenteth. I perceive it hath," he continued, looking round him, and mentally calculating the number of tubs and packages. "Secondly, I came to tell thee that I have a favourable occasion to dispose of the cargo, provided it is in the courtyard of my dwelling in three days."

"It shall be there," exclaimed Jorrocks.

"Good! And now, friend, let me hear all that thou knowest of the strange tale men mix thy name with."

They seated themselves at a distance from the fire, so as to be out of hearing by the rest of the inmates of the cave, whilst the agent of Redmond O'Neil gratified the curiosity of the Quaker, who weighed every word he uttered as carefully as he would have done the same number of guineas, for fear of detecting a light one.

"If you believe the child to be his," he observed, when Jorrocks had concluded his strange story, "why does he not openly claim it?"

"He is an Irishman, in the service of France," replied the smuggler; "perhaps he dares not."

"Thou didst say, friend, that he is rich?"

His informant nodded affirmatively.

"Wake him, and say unto him, that I would have speech with him."

What passed between Redmond and Ephraim will appear in the events that soon afterwards followed.

CHAPTER IV.

To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip at her labour.—BUTLER.

Rumours that an attempt had been made to steal the infant whose birth had excited so much curiosity, and let us add interest, amongst the inhabitants, were quickly spread through Plaxted. The first person who heard the report, as a matter of course, was the barber, who, in turn, communicated it to the blacksmith. From the shops of these two worthies, time out of mind the resort of rustic idlers, the report soon reached the rest of the neighbours, increasing, like a snowball, as it rolled first from one, then to the other; till, at last, there was something absolutely terrific in its proportions—probably distortions would have been a better word, for never did a plain simple fact undergo more ludicrous changes each time it was related.

By some it was confidently asserted that the wild

Irishwoman, as they designated Katty, had killed three men with her own hands; others, less imaginative, limited the number to two; and even the most incredulous believed in one—generally supposed to be either Jorrocks or the handsome stranger, whose arrival and departure had been equally a mystery.

It proved a profitable day to the landlord of the little inn. Never had so many morning draughts been called for, a circumstance which somewhat reconciled him to his alarm and broken rest on the preceding night.

Like a prudent man, the host did not impart all that he knew or surmised at once, but retailed it as he did his liquors—increasing his confidence to his customers with each fresh order they gave.

"And was Jorrocks really the person?" demanded one.

The speaker had only ordered a single half pint of ale; the question remained unanswered.

"Fill it again," he added, pushing the glass over the counter.

"Jorrocks really was the person," whispered the landlord, as he counted out the change for a three shilling token.

Several who heard this declared their disbelief. They knew the smuggler, they said, to be a respectable man. Others pronounced him capable of anything.

In the midst of this confusion, Doctor Titlow made his appearance. Hats were doffed by the speakers, who saluted him respectfully. The reverend gentleman was accompanied by a young naval officer—the commander of the "Wren," who had only landed at Folkestone that very morning. His father and the rector had been great friends and chums at College; hence the interest which the former took in the welfare of the son.

Lieutenant Charles Elvey was just the kind of fellow to win the regard of a quiet old bachelor like the doctor. He possessed a fine, frank, manly disposition, that made its way at once to the confidence of those with whom he came in contact. He was mirthful without being positively indiscreet; told a capital story; never grew noisy over his wine, which he could take like a gentleman; made an excellent listener, played a good hand at whist, and, as his father's old friend admitted, after beating him, had a pretty good notion of chess—a game the rector delighted in.

When on shore on that part of the coast, the commander of the "Wren" made the parsonage his headquarters.

We need scarcely observe that the visit of Doctor Titlow to the village inn was made in his magisterial capacity; not that his congregation would have presumed to censure him had it been otherwise; his character for benevolence and great learning was by this time so well established, that nothing their rector might think proper to do would have been considered misplaced or extraordinary.

On the appearance of the gentlemen, Bumps, the village constable, a bustling, important little personage, who had been indulging in all the fussy airs of office, felt himself eclipsed, and shrunk down to his original dimensions—social ones, of course.

Passing through the crowded bar, the doctor and his companion ascended the staircase to the room occupied by Katty, whom they found still pale and excited with the adventure of the night.

Before uttering a word, the rector advanced to the bed on which the body of Ellen was still lying, and reverently drew the curtains round it.

That simple act won the confidence of the foster-sister, who related, in her own simple language, the history of the attempt to deprive her of the child.

"Indeed then, sir, I've told you all; and a sad story it is, to think that his own father should think harm to the purtiest gosssoon ivir born to the O'Neils."

"His own father!" repeated the magistrate. "I was informed that a person residing in the village, named Jorrocks, was the author of the attempt."

"Is it the man at the winder yer hanner manes?"

"Certainly."

"That was the Cromwalian employed to do the black work. I can't tell yer hanner his name, but I've set my mark upon him."

"And a brave one, too," observed the Lieutenant, who had heard of her courageous defence of the child.

"I did my best, sir," answered Katty, colouring slightly. "May be yer think it was not a womanly thing to strike the villain wid me knife. What could I do—alone, and the robber at me winder? Had I lost her child," she added, pointing to the bed, "how would I have looked in her cold pale face agin?"

"Think you they would have murdered him?" demanded the rector, with a shudder.

"No," said the woman; "bad as he is, I don't think the father of him could have done that; but years might have passed before he gladdened the eyes of me again, and then, wirresthrue, wirresthrue, I'd not have known him."

"I think I can at least prevent that danger," observed Lieutenant Elvey, with a smile, "if you will permit me."

"How's that, yer hanner?"

"By putting a mark on him, which death itself will not efface," replied the lieutenant.

"Will it hurt him?" inquired the nurse, anxiously.

"Scarcely a moment's pain."

With a half doubtful, half reluctant air, Katty permitted the speaker to trace with the point of his penknife a broad arrow, such as is generally branded on the King's stores, upon the arm of the infant Redmond, who uttered a plaintive cry.

"Whisht, whisht, darlin'!" said the faithful creature; "I can't bear the smart for yer."

After rubbing a small portion of gunpowder into the incision, the operation was complete, and the nurse profuse in her thanks.

"I am no great judge of babies; in fact, I question if I ever saw one so young before," observed Doctor Titlow; "but he certainly appears to be a fine little fellow."

"That he is!" exclaimed his nurse, in an endearing tone, "and good right to it, too; sure the mother of him was the sweetest flower that—"

Here her sorrow choked her utterance, and the speaker rocked herself to and fro, a habit common with the peasantry of Ireland, when in grief or pain. We have frequently observed it also in the natives of the East—especially the Jews.

"And so," said Lieutenant Elvey, gently touching the cheek of the little Redmond with one finger, "his name is O'Neil."

"That is it."

"More than one ancient family, I believe, who bear it."

"That's thrue, yer hanner," answered Katty, cautiously; "there's rich and poor, great and little. And why not, since God wills it?"

"I am alluding to the O'Neils of Galway," added the young officer. "I was stationed nearly two years upon that coast, and know something of their history."

"May be, sir; it's not for the likes of me to deny it," answered the woman, with that vacant expression of countenance which the Irish so well know how to assume when they wish to conceal anything or avoid giving a direct answer to a question.

"Sir Patrick and his nephews were concerned in the late troubles, I have heard," resumed the officer.

"Likely enough," observed Katty, philosophically. "Sure we have all us troubles in our time; the blessed saints know that I have mine."

"Are you acquainted with Galway?"

"Indeed, then, I have been greatly wid me mother's people, and they were Tins."

"Were what?" whispered the Rev. Dr. Titlow to his young companion.

"She means natives of Tipperary," said the lieutenant, who was not in the slightest degree deceived by the evasive replies he had received. Although too generous to press her further on the subject, he mentally decided on taking his measures accordingly.

"My good woman," said the rector, "you need not be under the least alarm for the future safety of your charge. I shall issue my warrant for the apprehension of the party suspected, and take such precautions as will effectually prevent a repetition of the outrage."

With these words her visitors took their departure.

"Wirresthrue! wirresthrue! What will become of me? Will I never get away from this strange land?" continued Katty, as soon as she was alone.

"It's not you, Ellen darlin'," she added, looking towards the corpse, "that I'm blamin' for the trouble that has fallen on me, but him who broke your young heart, and has filled mine with the black sorrow."

"Why were you so particular in your inquiries respecting the family of the O'Neils, Charles?" inquired the rector, as they passed towards the parsonage.

"I suspect the father of this child is one of the nephews I spoke of," replied the young man, thoughtfully. "The government, I know, look upon him as far more dangerous than his hot-headed relative, and have offered a large reward for his apprehension."

His old friend regarded him with a serious, almost painful expression, which brought a flush to the cheek of his companion.

"I did not think, my dear sir, that you would have mistaken my motives," said the officer. "If my suspicions prove correct, I have but one course to pursue in the event of his coming in contact with me—to

apprehend him. But the consciousness of having performed my duty to my sovereign and country is the only reward I could accept for such an act."

"Very proper, my dear boy, very proper, indeed. Let us hope that it may turn out a mistake; justice in Plaxted has quite enough upon her hands at present."

Although a strict search was made not only in the village, but both in Dover and Folkestone, not the slightest trace could be discovered of the whereabouts of Jorrocks, who took good care to remain in his safe retreat, where he received frequent reports of everything that transpired.

On the third morning, his guest declared his intention of quitting the cave. His host would have remonstrated.

"I no longer need either an adviser or an agent," observed Redmond, haughtily; "I have taken counsel of my own heart."

"If you would only wait till Ephraim returns, he—"

"Your friend knows where to find me," interrupted the gentleman; "further words are useless."

Having distributed a portion of the contents of his well-filled purse amongst the men, the speaker quitted the cave. There was an expression in his dark eye, a firmness in his tread, which bespoke some settled resolution.

Jorrocks looked scowlingly after him.

"If it were not for the mark that wild cat set upon me," he muttered, "I would be by your side, Redmond O'Neil, and follow you like your shadow, till I saw the last of you. I was a fool to undertake the task when other means might have been found to win his confidence and— Pshaw! Regret is useless. Few of us possess the right wit at the right moment. But it is trying even to my patience," he added, "when fortune gave me the opportunity I most wished for, to have played the wrong card."

Leaving the smuggler to his reflections, which certainly do not appear to have been of an amiable nature, we must request our readers to follow the deceived and wretched father.

Redmond O'Neil, on quitting his retreat, directed his steps once more to Plaxted. Apart from the one peculiar hallucination he laboured under respecting the fidelity of his wife, the mind of the young Irishman was unclouded. He felt that it was beneath the dignity of his character to employ a vicarious arm to remove the stain upon the character of his name and race. He determined to demand the child boldly in the face of day, and, if necessary, assert his right to the guardianship of it by his sword.

But few eyes were turned upon him as he strode through the village—a circumstance easily accounted for by the majority of the inhabitants being congregated in the churchyard to witness the funeral of Ellen. Thither he, too—her destroyer—bent his steps, his heart beating with imaginary wrongs, and filled with stern resolves to carry out his purpose.

As those awful yet sublime words of the liturgy, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were pronounced by the rector, Redmond O'Neil entered the churchyard, and folding his arms, stood at a short distance, as if to contemplate the picture.

Katty with the infant closely nestled at her breast (she would not part with him for an instant), knelt, bowed down with anguish, at the head of the grave. So intense was her sorrow, that even the idlers, whom curiosity had brought to the spot to see the wild Irishwoman, and the baby Jorrocks wanted to steal, felt touched by it, and there was a general feeling of sympathy in her favour.

At the conclusion of the funeral service, Redmond advanced towards her, and despite the menacing looks of the crowd, demanded the child.

"This is neither the time nor place," observed the clergyman, advancing between him and Katty, "to assert your rights, even if you really possess any."

"Let her answer for me," replied O'Neil. "Was I not the husband of the woman you have just consigned to the grave?"

"And her destroyer!" groaned the foster-sister.

An observation followed by the murmurs of the spectators, amongst whom were several sailors belonging to the "Wren."

"As her husband, I am the legal guardian of the child," resumed Redmond, "a right I am determined to maintain; and I appeal to you, as a magistrate, to direct the woman to resign it to me, in order to avoid violence and, possibly, bloodshed."

"I'll not part wid him," exclaimed Katty. "I cannot; I swore it to the dead."

Here she caught the eye of Lieutenant Elvey, who was standing at a short distance from the scene.

"If you tempt me," she added, fiercely, "your blood be upon your own head. I wash my hand of it."

Reckless either of the consequences of her de-

nouncing him, or probably not comprehending her, the young Irishman advanced to take the infant from her.

"It is for your child's sake, Ellen mavourneen, that I do it," said the foster-sister, solemnly. "Take charge of him," she continued, raising her voice; "it is the Galway rebel, upon whose head your king has set the price of gold—the traitor Redmond O'Neil."

In an instant the young officer, who had only waited till his suspicions should be confirmed, confronted the fugitive, and demanded his sword. A skilfully parried thrust was the reply.

Seeing their commander engaged, the crew of the "Wren" naturally closed round, and in a few minutes Redmond, borne down by superior numbers, stood in the midst of them disarmed and a prisoner.

He fixed his eyes reproachfully upon Katty.

"Yer forced me to it," she sobbed, in answer to his mute appeal; "or they should have had the life of me before I spoke the word to betray yez."

The examination before the magistrate was concluded at so late an hour, that it was not deemed prudent to remove the prisoner to Dover Castle till the following morning; consequently, he was confined in a building not frequently used, although designed for such a purpose—the village roundhouse, under the guard of Jacob Bamps, the constable.

Those who are acquainted with the peculiarities of the Irish character, are aware of the all-but insuperable difficulty of inducing either man or woman to give evidence; even when the crime bears no political character, they look upon an informer with intense aversion. It is considered a point of honour with them neither to denounce nor bear witness; a feeling probably to be traced to that indiscriminate hospitality and wild sense of honour common to the Celtic race.

Katty felt this keenly; nothing but the solemn promise she had made to protect the child of her foster-sister, from the madness of his father could have induced her to betray him to the Saxon. The love she bore the little Redmond scarcely reconciled her to the act, the consequences of which she would, now the danger to her charge was past, have given worlds to escape.

In this frame of mind she encountered, on her way from the parsonage to the inn, the plausible, venerable-looking Ephraim Sleek, who expressed the warmest sympathy with the trials she had endured.

"Ochone! ochone!" she exclaimed, "will I never see ould Ireland again, and be free from all the troubles and crosses that are breaking the heart of me?"

"If to return to thine own land be the object of thy desire, peradventure, I can assist thee, friend," said the Quaker. "I am a trader, and have friends in the great city of London, who deal largely with the merchants of Ireland."

Katty regarded him suspiciously.

"An thou wilt come with me to my dwelling in Dover, my daughter Ruth, who delighteth in acts of mercy, will consult with thee, and advise thee on the best means of proceeding. But as the world is full of snares to the simple and the unwary, I would wish thee to ask the people of the house where thou dost sojourn respecting me."

"Yes, sure! Your hanner has a warm heart for the poor stranger."

"That, friend, is the duty of all whose industry Providence has blessed with the means of doing good," observed the old man. "Mine are not large, but simplicity and contentment need little. Speak, then, to the man of sin who keepeth the inn. Albeit I know him not, he will satisfy thy mind, and tell thee the name Ephraim Sleek beareth with all who know him."

Katty did as the hypocrite advised. A better character could not have been given for integrity and benevolence.

In the poor Irishwoman's frame of mind, alone, and in the land of the stranger, it is not to be wondered at that she listened to him with gratitude, and at last with faith in the sincerity of his offers.

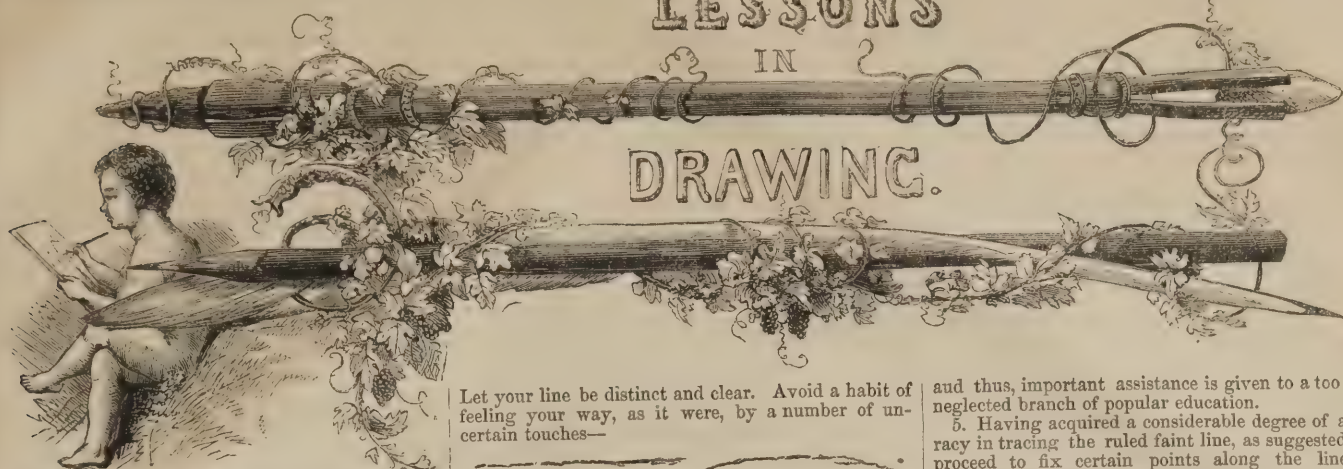
"I don't think ye would desave me," exclaimed the heart-stricken creature; "it's the last chance to save both father and child. I'll go wid yez."

That same night she started with the Quaker in his chaise-cart for Dover.

(To be continued.)

THE original desire, as it may exist in the bosom of angels, as it was implanted in Adam, and as it may attend us hereafter in a high and holy world, is the desire of excellence, of virtue, of the cultivation of our powers, of making as much of ourselves, and of doing as much in the sphere where we are placed, as possible.

LESSONS IN DRAWING.



FACILITY of hand is one of the first requisites in drawing, whatever instrument be employed, whether Pencil, Pen, Brush, or Modelling tool. Many are by nature endowed with a certain mechanical dexterity, or happy readiness with the fingers, to whom this facility is of easy acquirement: and all possess it to a certain degree, or they could not be taught to write, which, in the beginning, is nothing more than the drawing of certain conventional forms, without any distinct idea of an object beyond the imitation of such forms. The first "pot-hook and hanger" is, clearly, *Drawing*. If the pupil has improved upon this humble beginning, so as to write a fair hand, he already, perhaps unconsciously, possesses an acquirement that will not only make easy his first essays in drawing, but essentially serve him, however far he may

Let your line be distinct and clear. Avoid a habit of feeling your way, as it were, by a number of uncertain touches—

Endeavour, at once, to express what you desire with firmness and decision—

3. The system of these early lessons, to those who find it difficult to attain precision of hand, is of so much importance, that it is strongly recommended, especially for schools; where it should be commenced as soon as a child is taught to hold a pen or slate-pencil. By it the instructor will find his pupils more rapidly acquire a good hand in writing, as well as drawing; the eye, as well as the hand, thus being made progressively familiar with the observation and imitation of lines and forms. The drawing-master comes into our schools at too late a day. Every teacher can and may be one. A child knows its first letter by its form, calls its name, and remembers it by that knowledge; and few there are who cannot

and thus, important assistance is given to a too long neglected branch of popular education.

5. Having acquired a considerable degree of accuracy in tracing the ruled faint line, as suggested (2), proceed to fix certain points along the line, at random, and then connect them together; moving your pen or pencil (the former is to be preferred) slowly and steadily, and not taking it from the paper until the line required is completed (fig. 2). Repeat this from right to left, and from left to right, as in the first instance. After some degree of precision is thus obtained, you may, without fixing the points, endeavour to draw the lines of the length required, by the aid of the eye and hand alone; and then, laying aside your ruled paper, see how nearly you can come to the examples given, on plain paper, on the slate, or blackboard. Observe well, before you touch your paper, where the line is to begin, what direction it is to take, and where to terminate. When you can achieve this with ease and accuracy, you have made a sure beginning; the importance of which will be felt and better appreciated hereafter, when any amount of time and patience bestowed in making yourself master of the principles and practice of these primary lessons will not be regretted

Fig. 1.

extend its pursuit. Should this useful accomplishment have been neglected, he cannot do better than practise his hand in the careful imitation of the series of Model Copy Books.* The use of the pen has been too much overlooked by draughtsmen, especially by amateurs. It produces a certain line, and induces an early habit of care and accuracy, from the fact that it cannot be easily erased. It is the result of accuracy and labour; and to imitate the end, we should not shrink from the beginning. He who starts with the blacklead pencil in one hand, and the Indian rubber in the other, will find, that he will

make their letters on a slate as soon as they know them in the book; rudely, it is true, but still in a manner to be understood. And yet this first impulse of nature is too often disregarded; the child is driven from that which might be to him a source of amusement as well as profit, and made, by the forced discipline of schools, to learn to read before he learns to write. "One thing at a time," may be a good adage for old heads, but childhood needs variety in its labours. Its mental exertions should be tempered by agreeable diversion, and, more especially, when that diversion can be made of lasting benefit. We

6. In your next effort, you have no longer to trace the ruled lines, but to trust your eye and hand in drawing a line as nearly as possible in the middle (fig. 3). A difficulty will be felt, at first, in drawing continuous lines of great length, as you will find your hand liable to get the start of your observation, and stray from its proper direction. They should, therefore, at first, be short. Increase their length, as you gradually acquire facility and precision. When you find your pen going astray, as it is apt to do at first, leave off, and again, seeking by your eye the true point to start from, make another effort; and thus, until you

Fig. 2.

soon fall into a loose and slovenly habit, of which it will be difficult to divest himself. They are both good and serviceable in their places; but too often, in the hands of beginners, most sadly abused.

2. The first object of the beginner should be, to acquire a readiness in observing and forming simple lines, with their relation one to another, their direc-

tion, variation, beginning, and termination; also, to make a duplicate of any given line. Take, for example, a sheet of ruled letter or foolscap paper, and begin by tracing over the lines with a pen, from left to right, and from right to left (fig. 1).

can draw a line extending the entire width of the page, repeat the trial from right to left, as well as from left to right.

7. In this lesson, you have to keep two lines, besides the one you are drawing, under your observation at the same time. Simple as it may appear, it is one of much importance. You are already entering

Fig. 3.

tion, variation, beginning, and termination; also, to make a duplicate of any given line. Take, for example, a sheet of ruled letter or foolscap paper, and begin by tracing over the lines with a pen, from left to right, and from right to left (fig. 1).

* These Model Copy Books are published in eight numbers, commencing with the elements or rudiments of letters, and proceeding, by easy degrees, to complete sentences. There are two editions; the one in foolscap 4to, at 3d. each; the other in post 4to, 6d. each. Special pencils, 2d. each, have also been prepared for practice. Published by WARD and LOCK

thirst for knowledge, the truest and surest incentive to the study of books.

4. In view of the importance of this early education in writing, as well as to assist teachers in carrying out the system proposed, the Model Copy Books before referred to have been prepared with progressive examples, containing a complete course of rudimental instructions. By means of these exceedingly useful copies, the student is not only improved in his handwriting, but acquires a freedom and facility for general design which cannot be too highly valued;

the broad field of Design, and are to consider yourself no longer a servile tracer. Here let it be urged upon the pupil to avoid, in all cases, the pernicious habit of *tracing*. It is a tempting, but a dangerous expedient. No one can expect to attain proficiency in off-hand drawing, who relies upon it, even as a last resource. Early learn to trust and depend upon your eye and hand alone. They will serve you well and faithfully, when the clear pane of glass, the transparent paper, and the many other weak resources of weak hands, will fail.

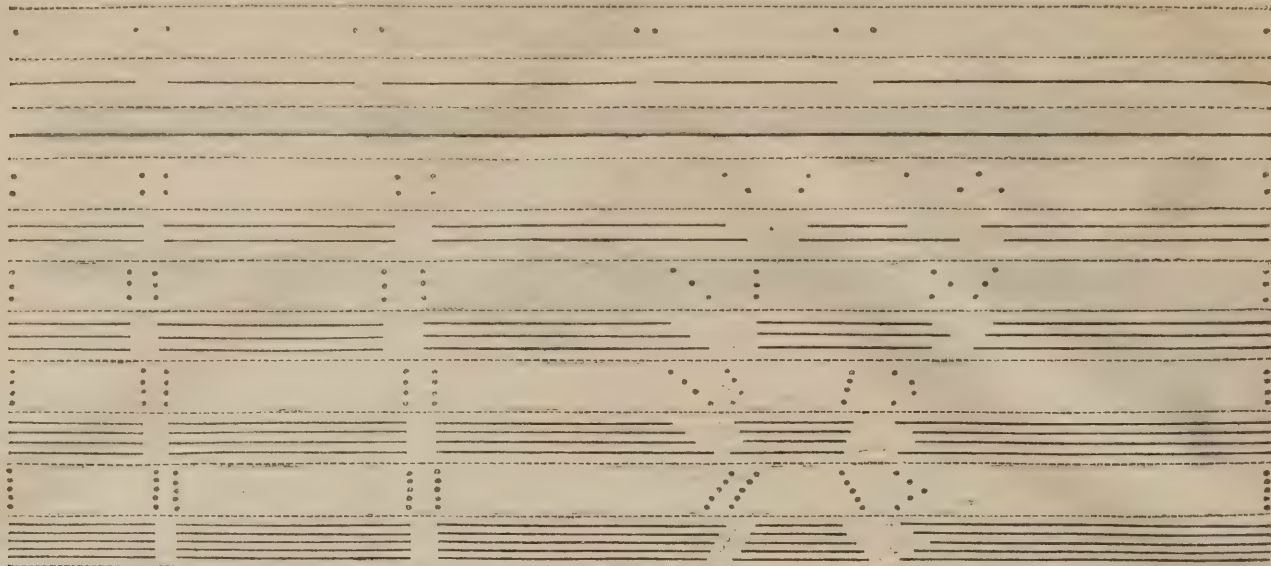


Fig. 4.

8. In like manner as in former, proceed with the examples in Fig. 4: First, pointing off the divisions or spaces between the faint lines, and then connecting the points carefully; bestowing as much time and practice on each example as your progress or improvement may render necessary.

9. Observe that, in adjusting the points, marking the divisions of the space between the ruled lines, it will be easier to fix the centre point first (a); then the quarter (b) and subdivisions (c); and in like manner, where they do not begin from the centre,



divide the space, first by two points (d), and then by subdivisions (e). All this is of more importance than may at first appear: all tends to the acquirement of a habit of accuracy, and to the attainment of that facility of hand which is so essential. According as the pupil has more or less applied and perfected himself in these elementary principles, will he hereafter find ease or difficulty in more advanced studies.

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

MARRIAGE.

We have noticed already the importance of every man building up for himself a HOME; and we have offered some observations which, if attended to, would go far to realise so desirable a result. But in considering this subject, there is one great fact to be always borne in mind—namely, that in the constitution of a home we are entirely dependent upon woman. The domestic circle is her domain. No one can supply her place. Horace sang of "*Domus et placens uxor*," a home and a pleasing wife,—

"Thy home, and in the cup of life
That honey-drop, a pleasing wife;"

for he knew, and everybody who thinks at all must know also, that domestic happiness depends upon woman; the cup of bliss is incomplete without the "honey-drop."

Marriage is a divine institution, and is declared in the Bible to be "honourable in all." The happiness of the husband depends on his wife, and that of the wife depends on her husband;—hence everything hinges on the choice which each party makes. You are bound to one another for better or worse. You are bound to one another as companions for life. You may have come together like two streams flowing naturally towards one point, and then mingling their waters with scarcely a ripple, to pass on together to the great ocean; or you may have come together under the wild stress of passion, or the feeble attraction of fancy, or the sordid compulsion of interest, or by force of a love the most pure and noble. But once bound together, you are no longer twain. Whatever may be your future course, you must share it together. You have no longer separate or divided interests. You have but one life to live, and no earthly consideration can repay you for a life

of unhappiness. You cannot afford to be unhappy. You cannot afford to quarrel with one another. You cannot afford to cherish a single thought, to harbour a single desire, to gratify a single passion, that will tend to make this union anything but a source of happiness to you. Then it becomes you to have a perfect understanding of one another before you are married—to make your choice wisely—to look before you leap.

If you make a mistake in this matter, it is the most serious blunder you can make, and its consequences last a lifetime. We are not, as in some countries, betrothed from our cradle. We are at liberty to marry at our own discretion, and if we take a false step, we must charge the folly on ourselves. It behoves us, then, to inquire what are the chief requisites for a happy marriage, and how are those evils to be avoided which so many thousands of young people bring upon themselves by a thoughtless or ill-assorted match.

Each should be well acquainted with the character, intellect, and antecedents of the other. Join in the holy bonds of wedlock a sensible and well-instructed man and woman, and, depend upon it, they will make their way; but unite two simpletons, or a wise man or woman with a fool, and it is a hundred to one, whatever may be their fortune, that they will come to the union, and burden the age with an ignorant and wretched progeny. A young fellow who is fond of information, and bent upon improvement, who is ready to avail himself of every means for acquiring knowledge—that is the man who deserves a good wife. And the same may be said of the other sex. The girl whose whole mind is occupied with idle gossip, and who has no relish for study or sensible conversation, will never make a good wife. She will become a tawdry, slatternly, querulous partner, making any home miserable. In the case of the man as well as the woman, intellect is a prime requisite for a happy marriage.

Morality, it need scarcely be said, is positively essential. Matrimony itself is a bond which nothing but pure morality can keep from decay and dissolution. Bring immorality into a home, and the atmosphere is instantly polluted. Bad temper, indolence, pride, vanity, dishonesty, falsehood, intemperance, extravagance, are immoralities which can people a palace or a cottage with a legion of evil spirits. To render a home wretched it is not necessary that both husband and wife should be immoral. Either can effect the rapid transformation from happiness to misery; and though virtue, in either, may mitigate the evil, before we can have happy homes, we must, in the best sense of the term, have good husbands and good wives.

Industry is another thing that must be sought in the choice of a partner. Look at that sharp, active, intelligent workman, who goes to his labour as if he enjoyed it, and as if he felt the dignity—as, indeed, he should feel it—of contributing, by his labour, to the comfort and convenience of the world, and, by his self-supporting industry, of adding another valuable citizen to the community. Never mind the character of his employment. If he follows it in good earnest he is sure to make his way in the world. That quick step, sharp eye, and ready hand, insure success. Is he not the sort of man to marry? the sort of man who looks as if he could support a wife, and the one

whose every child would "make his right arm stronger?" And look at that girl—she is worth looking at, though her dress be very poor, and her home very humble! She works hard at some business all day, but finds time to make the best of her scanty wardrobe, and to do a kind action whenever opportunity occurs. Is she not the woman for a wife?—the woman who would make the most of small wages, keeping her home respectable, and making it so comfortable and so attractive that nothing would induce a husband to seek happiness elsewhere?

Good temper is also another important requisite. Consider how much temper enters into daily life—how it penetrates the whole surface of existence; in our daily employments—in our homes, around our hearths; that it gives sweetness to the dinner of herbs, and turns luxury to the food of misery. There are varieties of temper, all more or less bad. There are the *violent*, strong in coarse and selfish passion, unable to bear any contradiction, embittering existence, and bruising the hearts of those who are subject to their sway. There are the *morose*, who leave the soul few social attractions and few generous desires; that throw gloom where they ought to throw light, wither the smile half formed, and silence the kind word half spoken. There are the *discontented*, whom nothing can please, and no condition satisfy; who are always looking for defects, never express approval, but take pleasure in finding fault, and in making the heart ache with a sour look and a surly word. We might notice other varieties, for alas! there are many in man and woman; but we forbear, only urging that, in seeking a partner for life, good temper should not be forgotten. A good temper scatters cheerfulness, as flowers are scattered at a wedding, with a free hand. We should remember that all the delightful words in our language which can link our hearts to the sweet charities of home, have the same root—kin, kind, kindred, kindness; and that kindness in wife and husband are essential to the happiness of home.

But we must not close this paper and omit one most important item, so important that it includes, within itself, all that can ennoble the character and make life truly happy. We refer to religion. When hand in hand, and heart joined to heart, a young couple begin married life, surely they should not forget the God whose goodness rests upon them, and hallows the solemn rite in which they have engaged. Surely they should gather and share joys from the boughs of heavenly munificence, and with no heart wanderings, no untruth, no repinings, no selfish monopoly of delight—acknowledge their God in all their ways. Religion will lighten labour, cheer the drooping heart, strengthen the weak, make smooth the rugged paths, console in affliction, comfort in adversity, direct in prosperity, and enhance every pleasure, while it alleviates every sorrow. Wherever religion is left out, the keystone of the arch is removed, and instead of building a home you make a rubbish-heap. But with religion shining in your house and on your path, strength and glory are given to your home. From such homes much may be expected, expectations which are certain of realisation; from them a generation shall rise up full of dignity, grace, love, and goodness, glowing

with a patriotism and loyalty as true as their regard for home is sacred, and showing that England's strength is forged under the smoke that rises from her happy household fires.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"I THINK, Robert," said George, smiling, "that after such an excellent dinner as you have written out, you ought, at least, to know what a cook is called in French. So I may as well tell you, and put him at the head of a list of servants.

ENGLISH.

FRENCH.

A man cook	Un cuisinier
A cook	Une cuisinière
A cook's assistant	Un aide de cuisine
A coachman	Le cocher
A porter	Le concierge
An outrider	Un écuyer
The housekeeper	La femme de charge
The lady's-maid	La femme de chambre
The dry-rubber	Le frotteur
The wages	Les gages
A nurse	Une garde malade
The groom	Le groom
The gardener	Le jardinier
The jockey	Le jockey
The lackey	Le laquais
The house steward	Le maître d'hôtel
The scullion	Un marmiteau
The ostler	Un palefrenier
A servant	Une servante
Service	Le service
The butler	Le sommelier
The valet	Le valet de chambre
A footman	Un valet de pied

"La femme de chambre," 'lady's-maid,' is a term also applied to a chamber-maid. As a general rule, the French households are not as numerous as ours, consequently there are not always corresponding names. They have one very odd expression relating to a domestic. I mean 'Une femme de peine,' 'a charwoman,' literally, 'a woman of trouble.' 'Le frotteur,' 'the dry rubber,' would not easily find a place in England, where the boards are only scrubbed, and where waxed floors are hardly seen but in old-fashioned houses, or in those where the great object is to restore old fashions.

"In the terms 'le groom,' 'le jockey,' you see an instance of words taken bodily out of our language. The French have a good right to them; how many have we imported from their country!

"Le maître d'hôtel" shows some poverty of language, as it does duty both for the master of the hotel and the house steward. 'Un marmiteau,' 'a scullion,' would be represented by a scullery-maid in England, but I have already drawn your attention to the practice that exists in France of giving to men what we consider women's work; and on the other hand you will, in Paris, often see women doing what with us is generally men's occupation. In Paris, women attend to accounts and keep books with most clerk-like accuracy.

"Le sommelier," 'the butler,' is a term also applied to a waiter at an hotel; and 'le premier sommelier' at a large inn is a very important person indeed, and he dresses quite like a gentleman.

"The exercise that I intend you to write to-day, Robert," said George, "is on adjectives of dimensions, and as there is a decided difference in the construction of French and English sentences when speaking of the size of things, I beg you to pay particular attention to this subject.

"Where we use the verb 'to be' the French use the verb 'to have,' and the preposition 'of' is placed before the word which expresses the dimension.

"The word which expresses size may be a noun or an adjective; the noun can always be used, not so the adjective.

"When two dimensions are spoken of in the sentence, the preposition *sur*, 'upon,' is placed before the second preposition.

"If three dimensions are expressed, the conjunction *et*, 'and,' is used before the last.

"Sometimes the sentence is constructed in English without the verb 'to be' being used, then the verb 'to have' is not expressed in French, and the preposition 'of' is used twice, once before the numeral adjective, and the second time before the word of dimension.

"The other dimensions should be expressed with *sur* before the second, and *et* before the last preposition.

"In comparative sentences we make use of the following idiom: 'by the foot, by the yard,' &c. Thus, we say 'He is taller than his brother by the whole head.' The French use the word *de*, 'of,' instead of *par*, 'by,' and they would translate 'he sentence in

this manner, 'Il est plus grand que son frère de toute la tête.'

"These rules are rather complicated, and as I wish you to master them, I shall not burden your memory with the 'voyage' in this morning's lesson."

EXERCISE.

1. Except you and her, they were all sick. 2. We have sold all our cattle, my horses excepted. 3. Summer is the most delightful of seasons. 4. The Mediterranean Sea is the largest among the seas of the world. 5. The first and second volumes of this book are very interesting, but the third and fourth are very tiresome. 6. The study of Greek and Roman history is the foundation of any good education. 7. I admire your sky-blue satins and your light-rose silks. 8. Some mythologists represent Apollo with light yellowish, others with (light brown hair). 9. Your sisters appear kind and witty. 10. Why do you always wear black silk stockings? 11. These apples look delicious. 12. These partridges have remained long enough on the fire, they (seem to be) done.

LE CORRECT.

1. Excepte vous-et elle, ils étaient tous malades. 2. Nous avons vendu tous nos bestiaux, mes chevaux exceptés. 3. L'été est la plus délicate des saisons. 4. La Méditerranée est la plus grande des mers du monde. 5. Le premier et le second volume de cet ouvrage sont très intéressants, mais le troisième et le quatrième sont très ennuyeux. 6. L'étude de l'histoire grecque et de l'histoire romaine est la base de toute bonne éducation. 7. J'admire vos satins bleu-de-ciel et vos soies rose-tendre. 8. Quelques mythologues représentent Apollon avec des cheveux blonds, d'autres avec des cheveux châtains-clair. 9. Vos sœurs ont l'air bon et spirituel. 10. Pourquoi portez-vous toujours des bas de soie noirs? 11. Ces pommes ont l'air d'être gâtées. 12. Ces perdrix sont restées assez longtemps sur le feu; elles ont l'air d'être cuites.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

Whenever the nasal syllable is placed at the end of a word, and followed by another word beginning with a vowel or *h* mute, the nasality disappears, and the *m* or *n* is carried with the following vowel, provided the two words are connected together in the grammatical construction of the sentence. Thus, the connection takes place between pronouns and verbs, adjectives and nouns, verbs and adverbs, adverbs and adjectives, prepositions and their object; as,

on arrive,	which is pronounced	o-na-ri-ve.
bon ami,	"	bo-na-mi.
mon ami	"	mo-na-mi.
j'en arrive	"	j'en na-ri-ve.
bien habillé,	"	bi-en nha-bi-lé.
bien aimable,	"	bi-en nai-ma-ble.
en attendant,	"	en-nat-ten-dant.

Exceptions.

1st. When the pronouns *on* and *en* are placed after the verb in interrogative or imperative sentences, the nasal sound is preserved, and the letter *n* is not joined to the next word; as,

aime-t-on assez,	pronounced,	ai-me-t-on-as-sez.
and not		ai-me-t-on-nas-sez.
donnez-en assez	"	don-nez-en-as-sez.
and not		don-nez-en-nas-sez.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XXXI.

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM (continued).

793. What is this line running round the earth called?—The Magnetic Equator.

794. Are there any localities on the earth where the dipping needle points directly down?—There are four such points; two in the Northern and two in the Southern Hemisphere.

795. What are these points called?—The Magnetic Poles of the earth.

796. Where are they situated?—The strongest of the two north magnetic poles is on the continent of North America, and the other to the north of Siberia. The strongest south magnetic pole is on the Antarctic Continent, to the south of Australia.

797. In what latitude and longitude is the North American pole?—It is in longitude 97 degrees, and latitude 70 degrees.

798. Have the magnetic poles actually been reached by any of the Arctic and Antarctic voyagers?—The North American pole was reached by Captain Ross, of the English navy, on the 1st of June, 1831.

799. Is the intensity of the earth's magnetic force everywhere the same?—In the northern parts of this continent it is nearly twice as great as in the vicinity of the equator.

800. How does the earth, as a whole, act on the magnetic needle?—As if it contained, within its mass, a great magnet, or rather two great magnets.

801. Where are the poles of these imaginary magnets situated?—At a great depth in the earth, and directly below the magnetic poles at the surface.

802. Is it believed that there are actually such magnets embedded in the earth?—It is not.

803. Is the real cause of the earth's magnetic action known with certainty?—It is not, but it is supposed to be due to the perpetual circulation of electric currents around the earth.

804. Is the magnetic action of the earth on the needle exerted from year to year, in exactly the same direction, and with the same intensity?—It is not; the compass needle turns slowly either toward the west or toward the east, from one year to another.

805. What is the direction of the annual movement of the needle in western Europe?—Toward the east; the slow movement in that direction began about the year 1815.

806. In London the compass needle now points 22 degrees west of north—did it ever point due north there?—It did, about the year 1660.

807. Is this steady movement of the magnetic needle from year to year the only motion that it has?—It is not; it oscillates to and fro, very slightly, during each year, and also every day.

808. What other movements has it?—Irregular movements that occur at any hour, and cannot, like the others, be foreseen.

809. What especial arrangements have been adopted for observing these movements?—Magnetic observatories have been erected in all parts of the earth, and fitted up with long magnetic bars, delicately suspended, and all the appliances required for the nicest observations.

810. What are some of the remarkable results that have been obtained from the observations made in these observatories, upon the disturbances of the magnetic needle?—Most of the large irregular disturbances occur at about the same instant over the extent of a whole continent.

811. Illustrate by examples.—The needle begins to move at the same instant at Paris as at St. Petersburg; at the same instant at Philadelphia as at Toronto, in Upper Canada.

812. What other important result has been obtained?—It has been discovered that there are occasional periods of many hours' duration, in which remarkable disturbances occur. These are called magnetic storms.

813. To what are the regular and irregular movements of the magnetic needle for the most part traceable?—To some influence of the sun.

814. What remarkable evidence of the sun's disturbing action has recently been obtained?—It is found that the disturbances of the needle are uniformly the greatest and most frequent in those years in which the spots are largest and most numerous on the sun's surface.

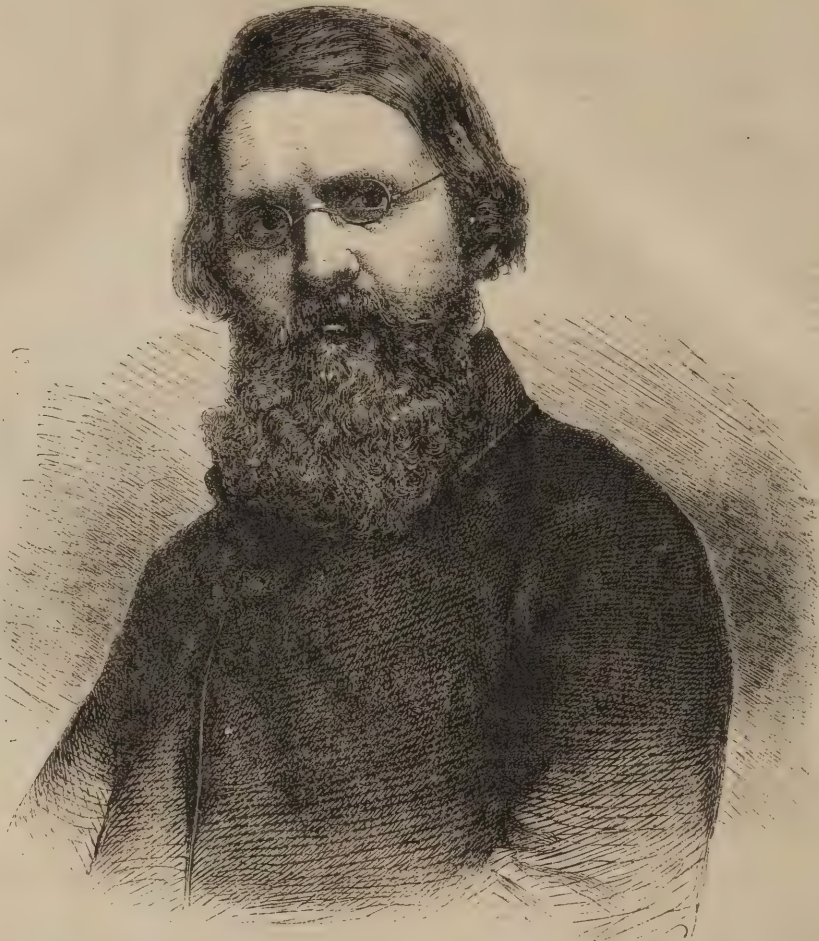
815. What does this curious fact show?—That a magnetic needle, on the earth, trembles in sympathy with the commotions that occur on the sun's surface.

816. It is observed that the shooting beams, or streamers, of the Aurora Borealis have a position corresponding to that of the dipping needle; does the needle appear to have any magnetic sympathy with the fitful changes and beautiful coruscations of an aurora?—An auroral display is generally attended with capricious movements of the magnetic needle. Sometimes the same aurora seems to affect all the magnetic needles both of the western and eastern continents.

817. Are there any other substances, besides iron, that are attracted by a magnet?—There are—the two metals nickel and cobalt are quite strongly attracted; and many other substances are feebly attracted by a powerful magnet.

818. What remarkable discovery, in reference to the magnetic condition of substances, has recently been made by the celebrated English philosopher, Dr. Faraday?—He has discovered a large class of substances that are repelled by both poles of a powerful electro-magnet. These he calls dia-magnetic substances.

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



TOM TAYLOR, ESQ., M.A., ETC. ETC., FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

TOM TAYLOR.

It is universally admitted in literary circles, and amongst the educated patrons of the theatre, that the English drama has been on the decline for many years past; that it is not what it was; that it is not what it might be; and that while we have advanced in every other department of literature, we have retrograded in our plays. There is no lack of histrionic ability. Our players, with Mr. Charles Kean as the king of the whole company, are equal to their predecessors of any period in the history of the English stage. Buckstone, Phelps, Mathews, Robson, Webster, Compton, and Keeley, are celebrities whom it is unnecessary to praise, for they have established not only a contemporary, but an enduring, reputation. It is evidently not for want of players that our English plays decline. Neither is it for want of liberality on the part of theatrical managers. The scenic effects, costumes, and appointments far exceed those of former days. The revivals at the "Princess's" are as honourable to the taste and judgment of the manager as his impersonations of character are to his dramatic power. That which the stage lacks is neither gifted players nor enterprising managers, but dramatic literature. It has been argued that the fault lies with the managers, who are prodigal in stage appointments, but indifferent to literary talent—who are unwilling to encourage home production while the driftings from the Paris theatres, done into English by the pens of ready translators, draw as good houses, and bring to the manager and his treasury as much praise and profit as would be attained by placing an original piece on the stage. If this be the case, the blame ultimately rests with the public. Supposing the public refused to be regaled with the warmed-up viands from the Paris bill of fare, managers would be compelled to furnish English productions. Under such circumstances, it might become as profitable

to skilled authors to write for the stage as to employ their talents in some other form. But it has been urged, that ability for dramatic writing is not to be found amongst our English authors,—that the art of writing plays is clean gone from amongst us. This statement must be received with more than one grain of caution. There are some men amongst us who have achieved a dramatic reputation, men who may possibly be remembered, and probably better appreciated, in years to come than they are now. Sheridan Knowles's plays have taken permanent hold on the stage. Bulwer Lytton has given us dramas weighty with wisdom and sparkling with wit; and of those who are writing now, whose productions figure as new pieces on the play-bills, there are not wanting some who have exhibited considerable power both in dialogue and invention.

Foremost among our modern dramatists, we place Tom Taylor. His great natural ability, carefully developed by education, strengthened by experience and extensive reading, as well as by his position in society, have contrived to render his pieces the most popular which have been produced for years. He was born at Sunderland, in the county of Durham; commenced his education at the Grange-school, and subsequently passed two sessions at the Glasgow University. During his academical course, he carried off several prizes—including three golden medals. In 1837 Mr. Taylor took a degree at Cambridge, as junior optime in mathematics, and as a first class man in the classical tripos. He was afterwards elected a Fellow of Trinity. For two years he held the Professorship of English Language and Literature at University College, London. In 1845 he was called to the bar of the Inner Temple, and went the Northern Circuit. In 1850 he was appointed Assistant-secretary to the Board of Health; and upon the reconstruction of that board, in 1854, he was appointed secretary. In this official capacity Mr. Taylor has rendered very efficient

service; his reports on the subject of public health being remarkable for their clear condensation of facts, comprehensive conclusions, and practical suggestions.

But it is as a dramatist that Mr. Taylor is best known to the general public. Both at the Haymarket and Olympic his pieces have met with decided success and enjoyed long runs. Their neatly constructed plots, the polished humour of their dialogue, and the marked distinction of character, indicate talent of no common order.

Mr. Taylor has contributed miscellaneous articles to some of the leading journals, and is the compiler and editor of the "Autobiography of B. R. Haydon."

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

In the year of grace 1441, the card makers of Venice presented a petition to the magistrates of their city. The petition set forth that the art and mystery of card-making had been seriously impeded by the introduction of foreign playing cards, the figures whereof were impressed or printed. The result of this was that their craft had been grievously injured, their trade spoiled, their prospects ruined; and all that they could do was to beg for some restrictive measure, some law of protection which should put an end to free-trade in playing cards.

This petition of the Venetian card makers is the earliest mention to be found of printing.

But the card makers were not the only men who foresaw the overthrow of their professional pursuits in the blocks and types of the early printers. The copyists took alarm. They denounced the invention, as coming from the old enemy of mankind; they predicted treason against the state, and corruption amongst the people, wherever the art was practised. To the fire with the printing press! To the gibbet with the printer! Transcribing is the plan designed by nature, or what were goose quills made for?



PRESENTATION OF THE FIRST PRINTED BIBLE TO LOUIS XI.

The clamour against the press was part and parcel of the outcry which has been invariably raised against every new invention. To economise human labour by mechanical contrivance would, one would naturally suppose, be universally popular; but the very reverse of this has always been the case. It is not difficult to account for this, as during the transition state, the period which intervenes between the decay of one occupation and the growth of another, the dearth of employment falls heavily on the workmen. A new class of workmen spring up; the facilities for obtaining employment are increased; the sphere of labour is enlarged; new fields of enterprise are opened up, fields which yield an abundant harvest. But this is the work of time, and men must and do suffer in the interval.

The Venetian card makers, what were they to do? The old transcribers, what was to become of them? Shall the world stay its course on their account? Shall everything remain *in statu quo* to suit their

comfort and convenience? If so, what is to become of succeeding generations? How shall that vast multitude be employed—paper makers, type foundry, machinists, compositors, pressmen—who find in the press their means of subsistence?

The Chinese, who claim the invention of everything, used block printing at a very early period of the world's history, and, with characteristic conservatism, they have continued using block printing to the present day. Block printing is a sort of wood engraving, the letters and figures being cut on a block of wood, from which impressions can be taken. Amongst the first printers this was the plan adopted. They copied the outline figures of saints and angels, and made a transcript of church text upon their wooden blocks, from which they reproduced missals and breviaries, closely resembling those of the copyists. There is a specimen of this description still preserved, called *Bibulum Pauperum*, being a series of skeleton sermons, ornamented with pictures to warm

the preacher's imaginations, and stored with texts to aid his memory. It consists of about forty pages of small folio.

The invention or discovery of printing is ascribed to John Guttenberg, of the city of Metz, who, having expended almost all that he possessed on the project, was about to abandon it, when, by the advice of John Faust, he succeeded in bringing it to perfection. They soon abandoned the old block printing, and preparing matrices of the letters, cast them in a mixture of copper and tin. Peter Schœffer is said to have suggested this plan. They were all bound by an oath to secrecy; and as they began to excite attention, by the rapidity and accuracy of their productions, the question arose—How do these men accomplish their work? Nothing could be more in keeping with the spirit of the times than that of the popular conclusion—"These men have sold themselves to Satan, and it is by his agency that they do these things."

Had not some powerful influence been exerted on their behalf, these first printers must have perished. But there were men, even in those dark days, who could appreciate human genius and who held superstitious folly in contempt. Noblemen there were—noble men in the truest and best sense of that phrase—who befriended the early printers. In England our own printer Caxton found a generous patron in Edward IV.; and when driven from Metz the German printers found support and safety under Louis XI. of France. The memory of Louis has been covered with odium; and as every historian or novelist, in naming him, has cast a stone, the cairn over his grave is high and broad. But that the man had good as well as bad qualities no impartial person can doubt. He gained the love of the bourgeois as well as the hatred of the nobles. He associated himself with people of mean extraction, and the aristocracy took fright. Withal he was a politic monarch, for the kingdom was greatly advanced and improved by him; and his patronage of the printers, his furnishing them with an asylum at Paris, and exerting his influence to allay the popular irritation against them, shows him to have been, in some respects, superior to his age.

The printers settled in Paris betook themselves to the labour of producing a printed Bible; and when it was completed they sought an interview with the king. Louis courteously received them, expressed himself greatly pleased with their success, and encouraged them to persevere. The Bible, which was the first book printed in France, was presented to the king by the grateful printers.

Very unlike the accuracy and elegance of a modern book were the books of the early printers. Their first efforts, as in the French Bible and Caxton's book on "Chess," were rough and crude; but, the discovery once made, improvements were certain to follow. This first step in advance was more than half the battle. So from the printing-press knowledge has descended to us, like the first and second rain—uninterrupted, unabated, and unbounded; fertilising some grounds, overflowing others—establishing and overthrowing religions—erecting and destroying kingdoms, and changing the whole form of social life.

WINNIE;

OR,

THE BALANCE OF POWER AT THE FIRESIDE.

A Tale, in Three Parts.

CHAPTER IV.

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

THE fact was this—as we may as well tell the reader at once—Biscuit was a little white Shetland pony, that belonged to Lionel's sister Frances, an exquisite little thing, about the size of a large Newfoundland dog, and a great pet with Fanny, and with every one else, Lionel excepted.

There was no love lost, for Biscuit would never suffer the boy to come near her. Every one believed that he had practised some cruelty upon the little mare, and earned her fear and her hatred thereby. Be that as it might, she plunged and kicked whenever Lionel tried to mount her; on which account, the young gentleman conceived the deepest malice against the pony. And thus he gratified it—

Weston was going past the stable, and hearing a scuffle, and a peculiar cry, almost like a child's cry, he burst open the door, and went in.

Biscuit was lying at the point of death. Her poor little white face thrown back, and covered with blood, her bright eyes were open and fixed sadly (they really seemed to be full of tears) upon young Lionel, who stood by with his hands in his pockets.

A low rascal in the neighbourhood was there too, by whom the lad had been evidently assisted in the work of revenge—which work was thus accomplished:—

They had rammed poor little Biscuit's nostrils full to the end with gunpowder,—Lionel held her, while the ragamuffin loaded, and then young Gascoigne had applied the match, and laughed triumphantly, as poor Biscuit's blood and hair flew all around.

Weston was very much moved on going up to the spot, for, at first, he had no notion that it was the work of the two young bystanders, but thought the little pet had met with some accident.

The worst sight to see was, when the young fiend had laughed out the boast of "having done the deed," and put his hand to the black and bloody wound, Biscuit, though never till now taking her eyes off of him, had just life enough in her to lick her

murderer's fingers, while her sad eyes looked up into his face—as if to show him how superior was the nature of the brute to his own, and to tell him that she died without returning an atom of his revenge.

For this—there was no doubt of it,—Weston had procured for Master Lionel a good sound flagellation. But he could not bring back to Fanny her little favourite Shetland; and no more were they seen in gambol together, in the meadows of Gascoigne.

We will not continue to the end the uncomfortable tête-à-tête in the library.

The baronet alternately roared and chuckled over his enemy, towards whom he had nursed this grudge for six long years.

The steward was divided between the returning emotions of horror, as he recollected the diabolical affair in the stable—a lawful deference towards the youth, who was his master—and astonishment that somewhat riper years had not made that master ashamed to speak of his richly-deserved retribution.

"I'm very sorry, sir, I'm sure, that you should have remembered against me this little business, the first time we've met since you came to the estate, sir,—very sorry!"

"No doubt, no doubt," said the baronet; "but you can put your tears in your pocket, and save them for your dead daughter!"

"I've got a man coming down, who has promised to mind his own business, Master Weston; and I'm going to try whether he does his duty best to his superiors, or to cursed horseflesh. Show Mr. Weston out," he said, as the man answered the bell.

"God forgive you—God forgive you, Sir Lionel!" And the old man moved away from the room where he had never, through many years, heard one syllable but of well-earned friendship and of hearty eulogy on his long and honest services.

CHAPTER V.

THE WESTONS.

CLARA WESTON had married her cousin, Roland, not for money (neither of them had any), but for genuine love; and, after three years of a very happy married life, she had put her second little girl into her husband's arms as a last keepsake, and gone to lie, side by side with her mother, in the old churchyard.

A sister of the steward's kept the house—one of those valuable, but unremarkable, old creatures of whom a specimen may be met with in most families, by whom a great deal of hard and useful work is done in a very quiet and unpretending way.

Aunt Susan sat in the keeping-room (as they call the parlour in Suffolk), with the baby on her lap, and little Clara, the elder child, was trying to play with her poor father, who had just come in to his dinner from the farm, where the steward had found him employment.

Roland was not much in the mood for play.

He sat in the corner of the room with his elbow on the table, and his forehead resting on his hand, thinking, no doubt, of the kind voice that so lately had greeted him directly his step was heard, and little Clara jumped off and on to his knee, with not much notice from poor Roland.

Aunt Susan, seeing how it was, got up and walked across to where he sat, and put the baby into his arms, telling him it would never do to give way, and bidding him (though very gently and kindly) think of the little treasures that were spared to him.

(It was thus, our readers may remember, that the great and good Sir Samuel Romilly, when he was in that same affliction, was comforted by a companion. His little girl's hand was slipped within his, just as reason appeared to be giving way in the shock of woe, and the husband remembered that he still remained the father.)

Roland took the infant, and bent over it, and kissed it very tenderly, calling it "his own dear little Winnie!" "his precious Winnie!"

Just at that moment, the old steward opened the door and came in.

He looked at nobody, said nothing; but sank down into the first chair he came to, and crossing his arms on one corner of the back, buried his face out of sight.

"John, lad, John!" said Aunt Susan; "good for ever! what's the matter with thee, bo? What's happened?—Come, out with it! This is more than poor Roly's thinking about, I know. Come! Something wrong at 'The Nunnery,' I'll be bound. Well, what then? We're all big enough and strong enough to get a bit o' bread, I hope. He's been and given ye warning?—now, you'd better tell us."

And little Clara went up to him, and tried whether her grandfather was a better playmate than her father. But she found him a considerably worse one.

The old man did nothing but stroke her hair with his gentle hand, and say "Poor child! poor child!" She even felt a tear fall upon her cheek.

"What will become of them?—what will become of them?"

By this time Roland's attention was directed from himself, and he, too, joined in asking what was the matter.

"Nothing, nothing," said the steward; "we're only a family of beggars, that's all."

"And who are we going to beg of, I should like to be told?" said Aunt Susan.

"Beg of Sir Lionel Gascoigne, perhaps? Not me—I'm much obliged to you," she went on. "We've just done with being beggars, in my humble judgment, brother. I always said when he came in, the Westons would go out; the ugly, misformed—"

"Hush, sister," said the old man, "he can't help that."

"No, no, of course he can't. But because he can't help that, he ought to be extra particular in his conduct. It's bad enough to have to look at him—so it is—without a-bearing his nasty horrid temper, as I'm sure you've been doing this morning. Haven't you now, John? People with backs and mouths and fingers like him can't help it, I grant ye; but they are bound, I consider, to try and make people forget it, by behaving themselves at least someways decent, which he never did from a chit, drat him!"

"What is it, father?" said Roland. "Come, tell us."

Roland began calling him "father" when Clara died.

It was sweet to him to imitate her; and there was no one else to perpetuate that sound in the house but him, and so he took it up.

And then, from the beginning to the end, the steward related the interview in the library.

"Well," said Aunt Susan, when he had come to the end, "and I only wish to goodness I'd had the layin' of it on, that same day. Bless my stars, if he wouldn't have had the marks of it to this very day—a young butcher, as he is. Why, he'd ha' turned all Gascoigne out of his precious service, when he remembered my whacking, as I'd ha' given it to him—that he would."

"Now, now, Susan."

"Now, now! Don't 'Now, now' me, John. You don't mean to say you're sorry for what you did, I hope and trust?"

"Not one bit," said the steward.

"Well, then, what do ye say 'now, now' for? Mustn't we speak above a whisper of the young wretch that blows pretty little dumb animals to pieces, and then isn't ashamed of himself six years afterwards?"

And Aunt Susan was now fairly under way on the sea of her wrath; which was always rather an impressive sight for her friends to look upon.

"Why, John, a fellow like that, if your little blessed Winnie chanced to offend him, he'd think nothing of making a gun of her precious little nose, and blowing her up, upon my goodness, he would. For shame, for shame, John, to mind leaving the service of a devil's-kin like that. Why, there isn't a family in all Suffolk who wouldn't be proud to have John Weston."

"Aye!" said Roland, "aye, there's never a family that wouldn't be proud, either, to have an Aunt Susan in it—I mean to say that."

"Right, Roly," said old John, "right. She talks very fast; but somehow, she's done me good, with her dear old rattle."

And the two men actually got up a little laugh (or at least an audible smile) between them. Much to little Clara's relief, who thought it very funny, and set up a loud chuckle at the end of this grave conversation, and clambered on to her father's knees, at length successful in the endeavour to be noticed.

And thus ended, amid laughter and weeping, the connection of the Westons with the Gascoignes of Gascoigne.

CHAPTER VI.

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS.

THE Honourable Miss Quince's footman, and the servant of the Marquis of Turtleford, may not have had, probably had not, any very definite idea as to the manner or the moment of their arrival at their respective homes, nor remembered the being let in at the back by fellow-domestics who were privy to their amusements.

It is equally likely that Miss Patty Robinson reflected next morning, with uncharitable severity, on the oysters or the lobsters which made part of the supper; and attributed, as people in those circumstances are sure to do, the real work of the strong fluid to the non-digestion of the innocent solid.

But there ended the misfortunes of these illustrious guests. Another night or two, and they would, every one of them, be ready to drink as hard as ever to the confusion of the *foreigners*, and to the health of any young gentleman good enough to come of age for their enjoyment.

It was not, however, so easy as this, to undo the mischief that had been done at the greengrocer's just round the corner, when the poor sick woman discovered, for the first time, that her son Ben lived upon the refuse of the shop, and refuse considered by his father to be stolen food.

She was lying, the next day, apparently half-insensible, and breathing very heavily, on that wretched pallet in the corner of the room at the back of the shop.

Ben was at the fireplace, stirring something or other in a little saucepan on the fire.

He looked round stealthily over his shoulder, and saw that his mother's eyes were closed, and then very softly drew a bit of half-munched carrot from his pocket, and took a quiet morsel, moving his teeth as if they had been muffled, lest his parent should hear him.

Old Bugman was out on his rounds, exciting the compassion of the neighbourhood, and enjoying the delusion, when little boys leaped up on his rickety cart, and called him "Silly Peter."

He knew better, and so did his wife and Ben. But the reputation was useful to his business, and he nursed and enjoyed it.

Just as the lad was about to bring the mess, whatever it was, to his mother's side, a footstep was heard in the shop, and, a minute after, some knuckles were rapping sharply on the door of the apartment.

Ben looked through that part of the glazing that wasn't plastered up with paper, and saw that a stranger was there, and not the parish doctor, who generally walked straight in.

There wasn't much difference, however, in that respect, for, just as Ben was going to ask what he wanted, the visitor turned the handle, and stepped, with almost a springing gait, into the middle of the room.

The gentleman wore an exceedingly greasy coat, that had once been black. At present there was a kind of piebald appearance all over it, which might have been occasioned, either by the ashes of tobacco, or the wear and tear of time upon the garment. There was no waistcoat visible, for the surtout was buttoned close up, on to a snuffy and colourless satin stock. And if the trousers were too short, there was ample compensation in the length of the hat, which was certainly much too high.

His fat red and blue fingers held a pencil and pocket-book, to which he immediately began to refer as soon as he found himself fairly within the sick woman's chamber.

"Bugman—Bugman Esquire, I think, eh? if I might be so *werry* bold."

"What do yer want?" said Ben, very sternly, as he looked towards the shakedown, and saw his mother trying to raise herself in bed, and turning very pale.

"Some people waits arter they've rapped. What's the use o' rappin', and then comin' bolt in, without axin' whether ye're wanted?"

The stranger assumed a striding posture, and put his arms a-kimbo, and laid his head on his shoulder, and answered:—

"Would 'is gracious majesty wait till he was welcome, do yer think, into a coster's drawing-room, my fine feller?"

"Who do you call a coster?" said Ben, bridling up still more; "and what's 'is majesty to do with a feller like you, if one may take the liberty? Strikes me you're *werry* much like a snob!"

And Ben hastened to stoop down and support his mother, who began one of her violent coughings.

"You'll please to see, in your 'umble servant, a small picture of 'is gracious majesty, defendant in the faith!" said the man.

"And what are yer come for?" said Ben.

"For a few days, and a bit o' bacey, by your leave!"

"Bacey! Touch a pipe in this room, with sick people lyin' here, and it'll soon be put out, I can tell yer; and as to *days*—yer'll have to get somebody to glue ye down, if ye stop many *minutes*, let alone *days*! Come now," said Ben, as he went up to the visitor, who was a head and shoulders above him in height; "come, now, you budge, or I'll jolly soon make yer."

And Ben gave him a smart shove on the arm with his shoulder, that sent him staggering towards the glass-door.

The man merely returned to where he was, remarking—

"Werry nat'ral; but rayther dangerous!"

"Ben! Ben!" gasped his mother; "don't; perhaps he's got business here—perhaps we're to be—"

And the poor woman wept behind her hands, as if her heart was all flowing away.

"Be what, mother?" asked the boy.

"Werry 'andsome me'ogany table," said the man, not waiting for the woman's answer.

And he put his pencil into his mouth, and began examining the old deal table, that was really almost dark enough, at least, to be mahogany.

"Cheers—" he went on: "not many on 'em" (there were but two), "but what there is is toppers!"

And the fellow turned the chair bottom-upwards, and examined it all over, and made notes in his book.

"Who sent you here?" said Ben, as the truth began to break upon him, and made him speak very thick.

"Aha," said the officer; "begins to smell a rat, does he? There! Like to give us another shove, guv'nor?"

And he held himself out to Ben, as if to invite an attack.

"Where's the 'ead of the house?" he inquired, when he had noted down a few more of the very few things in the place.

"Father's out, on his rounds!"

"Out on his rounds, while we are squarin' of 'im up," said the wretch.

And both mother and son groaned aloud, side by side.

"Don't, don't," gasped the woman, with great difficulty, "don't let 'em take me there, Ben."

"Where, mother?"

"Poor-ouse, she means, in course," said the stranger, with difficulty making out the hollow sounds she uttered. "Many on 'em 'as an objection to it. Can't see it myself. Capital soup—leastways, broth. Stunnin' porritch; and nothin' to do. Want a drop o' some'at stronger? Sham Abra'm, and get put on to the doctor's list. They're forced to give ye what he tells 'em, old lady, be it 'heavy,' or even wine, or gin itself. All a weak delusion agin poor-ouses, mum, I assure ye."

"Old yer tongue," almost shrieked Ben.

And he would have said it to the sheriff himself, as soon as to his representative, if he had stood there.

But, just then, there was a new noise in the shop.

CHAPTER VII.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

BEN had been listening with great eagerness, under this new aspect of affairs, for the sound of his father's cart.

He heard it now, and immediately after heard the step of the only responsible party of the establishment coming towards them.

"Most obedient, sir," said the officer, as Peter opened the door.

"Thank'ee, thank'ee," said the master of the house, in the genuine official whiny squeak which Peter always assumed when his cart had stopped too long at the public-house while he "baited the donkey," as he had done to a great extent that morning.

"You're werry good," said Bugman, as he lolled against the door-post with his hands in his pockets.

"Werry good! How do yer find the missus to-day, doctor?" stuttered her husband.

"Stunnin'," said the stranger. But, in a moment, catching an inkling of the green-grocer's mistake, changed his course, and went on, "Ahem! ahem! we find our patient scarcely so well as we could desire. Ahem! The pulse are in a galloping condition; so also is the consumption. Likewise the fever, rather slower, not quite so galloping. Tongue—let's see. Put out yer tongue, Mrs. B., would you be so good?"

But Ben, caring neither for judge nor jury again, pushed the man reeling to the other side of the little room.

"They didn't send you 'ere to play the fool, at all events, yer greasy scoundrel, yer!" said Ben, as the fellow, who had fallen against the drunken greengrocer, gathered himself up.

"What, what!" whined Peter; "strike the doctor, my dear boy! strike the doctor! Dash my buttons! he'll mix yer up into Spanish flies, he will, my dear B-benjamin!"

And the greengrocer hiccupped away, and laughed at his own tipsy wit.

"Let the scoundrel" (and Ben put something before "scoundrel") "take what he wants, or set hisself down and keep hisself quiet, and not make an ass of hisself, while he's a-cuttin' poor people's throats."

"Not throats, Ben, dear; not throats. Doctors cuts everythink but throats."

"Stow it!" said the officer at last. "Can one or t'other on yer pay one pound, seventeen shillings, and sixpence? That's what I want for to know."

"Deed, sir, 'deed, sir," said the poor woman, "I'm sure we can't—certain sure. But if ye would but wait till I git a little bit about, like, I'll slave day and night till it's paid, that I will, won't I, Ben?"

But Ben couldn't speak.

"That's werry encouragin'," said the officer, "nothin' more so; but, as I jist now observed, the pulse are in a gallopin' condition, and my friend might have to wait for his money rayther too long."

"Hi, what's that?" piped the master of the house. "Yer not axin' for the money afore ye've done the job, are yer? Cure her or kill her, doctor, at all events, fore yer sends in yer bill. Shame!"

Then Ben, whose patience was by this time all gone, rushed up to his father, and, taking him by the coat (or whatever rag came outermost), shook him, and shouted out in his ear—

"Can't yer see we're all a-bein' sold up, stick and stone? What's to be done with mother? P'rhaps, when ye're a bit soberer, yer can tell us, can't yer?"

And Peter, to use, in this case, a most suitable American phrase, *sloped* out of the room, and appeared to be going to consult the other donkey, who still stood in the shafts at the door.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE STRANGERS.

THERE'S a knock at the door in the square.

A knock like a postman's, with one knock more—"Rat, tat, tat!"

Mr. Barty answered it.

On the doorstep stood a slim, meek-looking individual, with his hat over his eyes, and, dressed in a short drab shooting-jacket, having all the appearance of a superior sort of ostler, except that he wore gloves.

"Sir Lionel Gascoigne at home, my man?"

"Yes, he is," said Mr. Barty.

And the man was stepping into the passage.

But Mr. Barty still stood in the entrance, and seemed to mean anything rather than the admission of the visitor.

"I wish to see Sir Lionel."

"Just so," said Mr. Barty.

"I thought you said he was at home?"

"So I did, and so he is," replied the servant.

Again the man was stepping in.

"It's just for the reason that he's at home that you can't see Sir Lionel."

And Mr. Barty bowed very low.

"Sir Lionel, sir, happens to have two homes; and when he's here he's not at home yonder, and when he's yonder, why he's at home yonder."

"What do you mean? Is Sir Lionel down in Suffolk?"

"To the best of my belief he is," said Mr. Barty.

"I'm the new steward, and I was to call here."

"New steward!" said the footman. "What's become of old Weston?"

"He's leaving, I understand. May I come in? I suppose I may."

"Well, I don't know; yes, I daresay there's no harm in your coming in."

"I suppose Miss Gascoigne is not here either, is she?"

"No," said Barty, "I can't say she is."

And the new steward passed in, and the door was shut.

"Pity you didn't come a few days earlier, Mr. —; by-the-bye, I forget your name."

"My name is Harding,—why should I have been here earlier?"

"Oh, nothing! only we had a little spread down stairs, to keep the baronet's coming of age, and call that," said Mr. Barty.

"Indeed! he's just come of age, is he? I thought he was an older sort of man."

"Haven't ye seen him?"

"No, never; we came to terms through letters, and a friend of his; and I thought he'd ha' been up in town by this."

"Well, you're not far wrong; Sir Lionel will be up to-day, most likely in the evening; so, ye'd better come in a little while, and rest; and then, call again to-morrow, as we say in the classics."

And the portly form of Mr. Bracegirdle preceded the visitor down stairs, and introduced him, in his own peculiar, qualifying way, to the rest of the town household.

"This is our friend, Mr. Harding; I've made bold, if I may so say, to ask him down into these humble departments, purpose that he mayn't be quite alone while he rests a bit. New steward for the country, sir, I think you said?"

"Yes," said Mr. Harding. "That is, the bargain's not sealed and delivered, not quite, but will be, I take it, when Sir Lionel comes."

"What time do ye expect him, do ye say?"

"Any time 'twixt now and one o'clock in the morning," said Barty.

"Just so," said Mr. Harding.

And he soon became very much at home. Particularly so, they all thought, for a candidate for an office so materially in advance of any of theirs.

"Sir Lionel much in the country?" asked the steward.

"Well, p'rhaps better than half his time, I should say," said Barty.

"Nice place, 'The Nunnery,' I hear."

"So they say; it's many a year since I've seen it. I hate nunneries, Mr. Harding."

"So do I," said one of the women.

And the steward joined Mr. Bracegirdle in a good laugh, while the women nickered.

"Great expense," said Mr. Harding, "going back and forward, I should guess, taking everything with 'em every time."

"Bless your soul, they don't take everything with 'em. I was going to say a carpet bag would carry all they move to and fro; but that would be stretchin' the thing too far, I may say. No, no, they have, and always have had, you see, in my time, two establishments—town and country; double lots of almost everything. No doubt Miss Frances carries a few things about with her, don't she, 'Tilda? (far be it from me to interfere with the ladies' compartment.) But not much o' that either, is it, 'Tilda?"

"I wish to goodness," said the domestic appealed to, "I had half they leave behind 'em, and they might keep all they carry."

"Ay," said Barty, "and then the parson'd soon be wanted for 'Tilda and Mr. Right, wouldn't he?"

Whereupon 'Tilda slapped the old fellow's red face, and declared she burnt her fingers with it, and further vowed that they, the fingers, would smell of toddy all the day long.

"What's Weston left for? do ye know?" asked Barty of his guest, as they were having some refreshment together, in a very friendly way on Mr. Harding's part.

"No, can't tell; never heard; got old, perhaps."

"Never turns off old servants at this shop, Mr. H.," said Barty; "takes 'em on all the faster, if I might go so far."

"That's right," said the steward. "Can't say; can't say."

"Got a family, hasn't he?" asked Barty.

"Never saw the man in my life. Know no more than a baby, but what Sir Lionel wrote word, and families were not mentioned."

"Should think not," said all of them, and they all laughed at old Barty's curiosity in asking a stranger such questions.

"Well," said Mr. Bracegirdle, as he put a smoking sausage on to Mr. Harding's plate, "we can't tell what may come next. We mustn't boast of what an hour will bring forth. We're here to-day, and gone to-morrow—leastways, with a new baronet just arrived."

"What's the odds?" said one of the women; "there's as good fish in the sea—"

"As ever came out," said Mr. Bracegirdle; "right, my dear, quite right; and when no place as good as this won't offer, my dear, it strikes me it'll be time for Bartlemy Bracegirdle to retire on his income."

"And no bad thing to retire on, either," said more than one of them.

"I should think not," said the steward, "if one may judge from appearances."

And away went the sausages and mashed potatoes; and no one knew, and no one thought, of the wretched back room in the back street so hard by, where ignorance, and vice, and hunger, and death were doing their work.

And not a crumb from that servants' table reached the mouth of poor Ben Bugman—why should it?

CHAPTER IX.

THE EXECUTION.

THE stranger, of course, had left the house in the square, and had promised to call the next day.

The other stranger, in the other house, remained in possession; and very rich he must have felt when he possessed it. Mr. Bugman senior had never returned.

Whether, having consulted the other donkey, he had been advised to absent himself (singularly sound advice, if he *did* receive it), or whether he had fallen down an open area, and was sleeping himself sober against some coal-cellar, his wife never knew, and his son never cared.

But, certain it is, that both donkey and cart were

included among the "effects" which were this day being moved off for "convenience of sale," under the superintendence of our friend the "doctor."

While Mrs. Bugman was asleep, they had managed to take the only one or two heavy things out of the house, that might make any noise in removal.

When she woke, she saw nothing in the room but the miserable pallet on which she lay, and her son sitting down beside her on the ground, scraping the inside of a basin with an old iron spoon, to get the taste of some gruel she had left there.

The boy put it down in a great hurry, and got up to throw his arm round her, for she began her old cough again immediately.

"Mother," said Ben.

"Yes, dear."

"Do ye think ye can let 'em take ye, just a little way, werry comfortable, in a close conveyance? It's a werry little way."

"Are you going, Ben?" she asked.

"Ain't I!" he said; "I should think so, just."

"I'll go anywhere with you, Ben."

She guessed all about it. And she guessed the truth.

There was a vehicle at the door, and one of the officers of the parish was there to superintend the journey.

"Now, young chap," said our friend the doctor, who came in just at the moment, "we shall be glad of that feather bed, when you're quite ready."

Ben said something under his breath, all to himself.

"Now, mother dear," he said, with his face close to hers.

There were no women there, not one.

But those two, the lad and the officer, covered her up quite close in an old blanket, and carried her through the deserted shop, across the little pavement, and put her into the vehicle.

They were not overburdened with the weight.

And the woman never for an instant removed her eyes from Ben; afraid, it seemed, of losing sight of him.

The man who was driving caught sight of the passenger, and when she was laid along at full length in the vehicle, he turned round on the box to the officer, and asked:—

"Which place are we to drive to, guv'nor?"

"Drive to!" said the doctor. "What do you mean? Where should ye drive to?"

"It looks to me as like a 'black job' as ever I see," said the man.

He was quite right—quite right.

It did look very much like it.

Ben was inside the carriage, which was a sort of covered wagon.

"Don't leave me, Ben," said the woman.

"Never, mother!" said the lad.

And he supported her all the way in his arms, and she seemed happier when he spoke.

"Where's your father, Ben?" she murmured.

"He's close to us, mother. He'll meet us, I dare say, when we get out."

Let us hope he was forgiven the deception of the answer.

Was it that the dying woman couldn't die in anger, and yearned just once more to see her husband, to tell him she forgave him?

Even Biscuit died licking the hand of Lionel.

So, perhaps, there comes, in *all* death, an impulse to pardon a foe.

The carriage hurried on through London streets. The driver drove just as he would have done, had it been the parish hearse—

"Rattle her bones over the stones—"

She's only a pauper whom nobody owns.

At last they drew up at the workhouse door.

Mother and son hadn't spoken for a few minutes. Ben thought she was at peace in knowing that he was beside her, and that his worthless father was not lost.

"Now, mother dear, just one more move, and we're all right. Ye've borne the shaking first-rate, bless'd if you haven't."

She had indeed.

But she had begged they never would take her there,—and she had left them only her bones to take. Ben found she didn't move when he spoke, and springing up to look into her face, he thought she was still looking at him.

The face bore the latest thought she had nursed—"Ben is here!"

So she died smiling, and even happy.

The boy uttered no loud cry when the officials appeared to remove the invalid. They brought a comfortable chair, covered with blankets, in which they were going to carry her.

"Let her be," said Ben, very softly, "I'm goin' to

carry her in myself. She don't want no blankets, thank ye."

"Dead, by my soul! dead!" cried the porter.

"Don't make a noise," said Ben. "Now, mother dear."

And, as Ben lifted the body in his arms, and the head hung over his shoulder, the lad buried his own face in the breast of the corpse, and sobbed there with a grief which even the bystanders were fain to respect.

And while men were "pattering" under the workhouse windows, "Dreadful Murder and Robbery at Sir Lionel Gascoigne's, in — Square," Ben sat by the remains of his mother, and wished that he lay beside her—past the touch of sorrow and the gripe of law, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!"

(To be Continued.)

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

THERE is no country which has excited more interest than Japan—no country about which so little is generally known. The interior has been closed against us, and for the stranger and foreigner there was no admittance. The aspects of the Japanese shores are gloomy, as if nature vied with man in an effort to make the land inaccessible. Storms and fogs, rocks and reefs, sentinel this mysterious country. The barriers of Japanese authority forbid every approach to intimacy. No one could utter the "open sesame" which should make ready access possible, and disclose the hidden treasures of the land.

Until the recent expedition of Lord Elgin, nearly all our information about the Japanese was derived from the Dutch. Formerly the Portuguese had free access to the country; but the over-zealous proselytism of the Jesuits alarmed the people, and a general massacre took place. Mynheer Dutchman is not altogether free from the suspicion of having fomented the ill-feeling of the Japanese, and stimulated their massacre of the Portuguese. Whether or no this be the case, it is certain that since 1637, when the Portuguese were finally expelled, the Dutch have been the only people who have been allowed to trade with Japan.

But the timidity and exclusiveness of the Japanese is comparatively of modern growth. During the days of its early intercourse with Europe, it was marked by high-bred courtesy on their part, combined with refined liberality and hospitality. When a governor of the Philippines was wrecked and destitute, they at once treated him according to his rank. He was received with princely honours, which were continued during his residence. The poor boy, Adams, who was wrecked there, rose from the state of "apprentice to Master Nicholas Digging, of Limehouse," to be a prince in Japan. He became the counsellor and friend of the monarch. Thus, we see, that equal favour was shown to the poor as to the rich, and that the want of assistance formed the best and surest claim on Japanese generosity.

Since the first appearance of Europeans in Japan (1542-5), five different nations have been brought into connection with that country; namely, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the Russians, the Americans, and the English.

THE PORTUGUESE

First visited the empire of Japan in 1542, and the Spaniards a little later. They were cordially received, and allowed to open an advantageous and unshackled intercourse with the people. The amount of gold and silver sent home by these traders was very great, and tended to confirm the impression that Japan was the wealthiest country under the sun. Catholic missions were not only tolerated but encouraged. They were allowed to build churches, and publicly to engage in all the exercises of their faith. But the Portuguese and Spaniards abused their liberty. They endeavoured to serve the Japanese as they have served the Peruvians. Abusing the toleration allowed them, they became aggressive, and, not content with verbal attacks on the religion and government of Japan—attacks which, to the Japanese, were treason and blasphemy—they openly derided their rites, and, seizing some of the people, sold them for slaves. The Japanese took the alarm. They ordered the expulsion of the Jesuit priests, pulled down the crosses, and introduced stringent laws with regard to European settlers. The Jesuits inflamed the minds of their people. A revolt took place—a revolt which was put down with a strong hand. All Christian nations were expelled; Christianity forbidden; a price put on the heads of priests and Christians; all foreigners were forbidden to enter, all natives forbidden to quit the empire. Japan, to use Kämpfer's phrase, was "shut up" (1637).

THE DUTCH

Opened a trade with Japan about the year 1600. They won the confidence of the government by their patience and forbearance, and retained it by never abusing the toleration which they enjoyed. That they were mainly instrumental in the ultimate expulsion of the Portuguese is unquestionable. They

The recent treaty, however, gives them certain advantages, which it is hoped they will not abuse.

THE AMERICANS.

Eagle-eyed Americans have not failed to rightly estimate the advantages of dealing with Japan. They have seen it to be an eligible location for the coining

Nagasaki (1808), and the dispatch of English vessels by Sir Stamford Raffles (1813, 1814), met with no more success than the attempt of Captain Gordon in 1818. The propositions made by Captain Matheson in 1849 were courteously refused by the Japanese, and thus, until the sudden and unexpected success of Lord Elgin, Japan was, to all appearance, completely



TYPES OF THE JAPANESE RACE.

declared that they had discovered a plot, framed by the Portuguese, for the overthrow of the empire. The Portuguese, on their part, represented the Dutch as rebellious subjects of Portugal. The Emperor of Japan, Minno-motto-no yes-yeas by name, declared that all people were alike to him, and that his empire was an asylum for all races. But the revolt of the Catholic Christians confirmed the report of the Dutch, and while their antagonists were cast out, they were still permitted to retain privileges denied to all other nations. From that time to the present, they have enjoyed an almost exclusive trade with Japan, all commercial dealings with that empire being conducted by them.

THE RUSSIANS.

The acquaintance of the Japanese with Russia is of modern growth. In the year 1805, at the suggestion of Count Resanoff, two officers of the Russian imperial navy made a descent on one of the Kuriles.

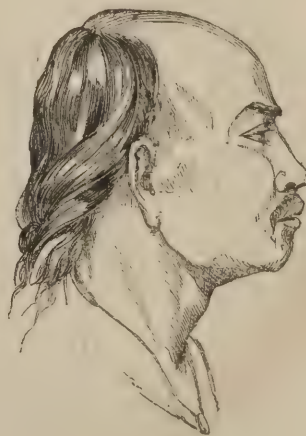
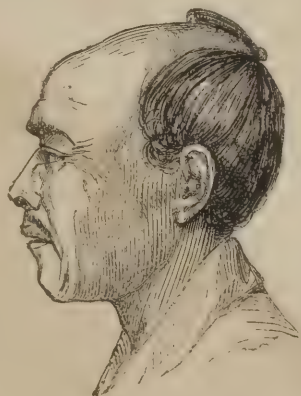
of the sacred dollar, and have not been tardy in cultivating acquaintance with the Japanese. In return for free toleration granted to themselves, they have promised to make no effort to proselyte the people, and to do nothing which can endanger the peace and well-being of the empire. Their first attempt to form an alliance took place in 1846, but was unsuccessful. In 1849 a ship of war was sent to demand the release of some American seamen, seized, as it was alleged, illegally by the Japanese. After some delay, and a show of force on the part of the Americans, the seamen were given up. In 1853 a formal demand for permission to trade with Japan was again made by the United States; a demand which, after much hesitation, was at length accorded under numerous restrictions. The ports of Hakodadi and of Simoda were thus opened to America.

THE ENGLISH.

Permission to erect a factory at Firato was granted to the English in 1613. But the privilege was re-

closed against the English trader. Thanks to the enterprise of his lordship, a change has taken place; a revolution as startling to the Japanese as it was unexpected by the world, has been accomplished by moral force alone. It is intimated that, since the Americans obtained possession of Simoda, a more favourable view of other nations has been taken by the Japanese. The news of the signing of the treaty of Tien-sin, accompanied by exaggerated reports of our naval force, hastened the coming change. The arrival of the American and Russian envoys, rapidly followed by Lord Elgin, settled the matter, and a treaty, far more comprehensive than could have been anticipated, was readily accorded.

On the 3rd of August, her Majesty's ships "Furious," "Retribution," a gunboat, and the steam yacht intended as a present for the Emperor, entered the port of Nagasaki, and cast anchor off the Dutch factory of Decima. As soon as it was determined that the presentation of the yacht should take place



TYPES OF DIFFERENT CASTES.

They landed on territory belonging to Japan, and peopled by Japanese: murder, robbery, and incendiarism marked their track. They took away many prisoners and threatened to return. The Russians—and how could they expect anything else when such shameless outrages had been committed under their flag?—have hitherto failed in their attempts at opening commercial relations with the Japanese.

signed after ten years' trial, a more profitable trade offering with India. The English retired honourably from Japan in 1623. In the reign of Charles II. (1673) an embassy was sent to Japan, but that monarch being allied to the royal house of Portugal, it utterly failed. More than a century after this event, an English vessel, the "Argonaut," touched at Japan. The expedition of Lord Pellew against

at Jeddo, the little fleet started for Simoda, which is situate at the extreme point of the promontory, and forms one side of the entrance to the bay of Jeddo. Up this bay the squadron proceeded, and passed the sacred limit of Kanagawa, beyond which no foreign vessel has ever ventured. A few minutes after they were cautiously feeling their way round a long spit of land which stretches far into the

bay, and renders navigation dangerous. As they proceeded the square-rigged Japan vessels hove in sight, and the green batteries of the city gradually appeared.

Lord Elgin completed this act of unparalleled audacity by landing at Jeddo in great state as plenipotentiary of her Britannic Majesty. Each ship was decked with flags from stem to stern; a thundering salute was fired from every port-hole; the naval bands struck up their inspiring strains, and a large procession of ship-boats proceeded to the landing-place. Lord Elgin was accompanied by the captains and officers in full dress, and by certain Japanese, who had come off to know what it all meant. At the principal landing-place, he was met by the state officials, and conducted with great solemnity to a temple, or religious house appropriated to his service. He remained eight days on shore—that short period sufficing to conclude a treaty equal, in a commercial point of view, to that which he had already concluded at Tien-sin, and invested with still higher historic interest and political importance.

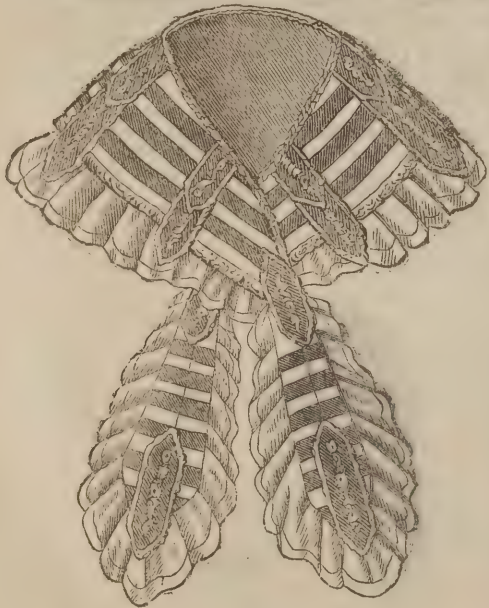
The Matron.

NO. XLIX.

In cap making, a *block*, or rather a *DUMMY*, is of great assistance, as the shape can easily be procured when the material is, in a manner, moulded on an imitation head.

Should any young person who peruses the "Matron" seriously intend taking to millinery as a business, we strongly recommend her to purchase a *DUMMY*. She could procure one at a toy-shop for about two shillings, and, with care, she may make it last for many years, since, however fashions may vary, the form of the human head is always the same; but an imprudent exposure of the ears and face does sometimes alter the contour of the latter, for cold (brought on by the keen wintry wind) takes every painful variety of form, and often that of rheumatism and swelling in the face.

But before I proceed to this department of millinery, I will describe the pelerine (illustrated in plate 1), which could be worn over a light silk or a barège dress.

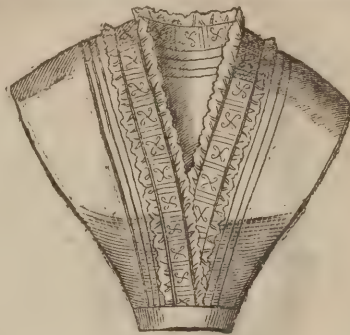


No. 1.

It would not look amiss on one of British merino, but as it is rather a tasteful article of wear, the other part of the costume should correspond. It is made of book muslin. The frilling that surrounds it is of the same material, but the *tabs* slashed across are of *insertion* embroidered muslin, having a very narrow edging. According to the prevailing fashion, black velvet is fancifully used in this pelerine, and the bands of the velvet, on the tippet and ends, must be tacked on lightly, so as to be removed with ease when the pelerine requires *getting-up*.

In plate 2 I give a specimen of a simple, but very becoming habit-shirt. The foundation is of cambric muslin; and the beautiful embroidery in front could only be fully appreciated by wearing this habit-shirt with a dress opening in front.

The effect of the trimming is produced by two outer rows of narrow white braid, two of *insertion* embroidered muslin, and a narrow plaited cambric frill. The band represented in the plate forms no part of the chemisette or habit-shirt, the ends of which are merely neatly hemmed, and finished off.



No. 2.

In the next chapter I intend giving my readers a pattern of a pretty *jochu*, or kerchief, for the head. It is of crochet work, and not only is it very becoming, but it is exactly calculated to protect the face of the wearer from cold.

A LEGEND OF THE CRIMEA.

"Tis morn—but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun."

FATHER! Father! Hear me cry—
All the long night I have lain
Where a thousand others lie,
With the living and the slain!
God of Battles! hear me pray—
Let the lamp burn but this day,
Only this, that I may send
To a dearer one than friend,
Words to lift her breaking heart,
When the deathly shadows part
On the field of Alma!

She, sweet wife, is standing now
Where I ne'er may stand again;
Pressing her poor anxious brow
On the frosty lattice-pane.
In a long and lonely watch,
Striving if she may not catch
Through the glimmer of the morn,
Glimpse of horseman, sad and worn,
Bearing swift to hearts that weep,
Woful news of them that sleep
On the field of Alma!

Poor, pale love, I see thee now,
Pushing back thy sunny hair
From a young and patient brow,
Half in hope and half in fear.
Weary days must intervene,
With wild thoughts of death between—
Then the tidings that will come,
Crushing out the life of home!
God help thee, wife! and help them all
To whom the heritage must fall
Of the slain at Alma!

How the torchlights come and go!
Bloody hands and faces white
On red waves swim to and fro,
As they did all yesternight.
Forward! Charge the Russian gun!
Comrades, ho! the breach is won!
Victory! Ha! that fever-thrill—
Hand too weak for soldier-will—
Ah! I see, I am not well—
Something struck me—and I fell!
Yet through all the storm of battle—
Clash of arms, and grapeshots' rattle—
Cannons' thunder, dying groans—
Wife, I heard thy tender tones
On the field of Alma!

This thy face, my little wife?
This seems darker than thy hair—
"Hush! the din of nearing strife
Booms along the heavy air—
Nigher shouts of victory roll
Than thine oh, Sebastopol!
Down thy thunder, host on host;
Lance in rest and sabre crossed;
Flowing rein and banner spread:
Hide on, comrades! o'er the dead!
Front and flank our English ire
Bursts in waves of wrathful fire!
Hide on, comrades! faster! faster!
On! through storms of red disaster!
Ho! they dash through shot and shell!
England—sword and wife—farewell!"
—Thus they died at Alma!

THE BUTTERFLIES' MISSION.

THE old maid walked slowly along, thinking disconsolately of her many troubles, and wondering why people who seem to have no particular place and no particular work in the world were ever sent into it—wondering why some people should have more than heart could wish, while others, just as deserving, should have next to nothing—wondering why the favoured inhabitants of the great palace on the hill should seem so indifferent to blessings which would render her unspeakably happy—wondering, wondering, and fretting within herself at the ways of Providence. The old maid was very unhappy, because she was very rebellious and wicked at heart, though all her outward conduct was frozen into the utmost propriety. Nobody in the world who had seen that tall, correct figure, with every garment religiously severe in its meekness and simplicity, who had remarked those quietly-folded hands which held a book in their clasp, and that pale, passionless face, with its downcast eyes, could have dreamed of the vexed and tumultuous thoughts that were boiling and foaming within. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart," and he had pity on the unhappiness of the lonely old maid's heart, and sent it comfort.

The path along which she walked led by the side of a little singing brook; the grass was fresh and green along its banks, and some pretty little flowers were peeping out their smiling faces to the sunshine. Suddenly, right in the midst of one of her most knotty wonderings, up, almost into the old maid's face, fluttered a flock of butterflies—beautiful, yellow butterflies—all alike. She did not remember to have seen so many together for a great many years. Thought dropped the knotty questions, as suddenly as a dog will drop a hot joint, and made a great leap backwards. The old maid stood perfectly still, and close to her feet the bright little flock again settled down. Well does Mr. Beecher eloquently describe butterflies as "the interior spirits of rainbows, sent down to salute those kisses of the seasons on the ground—flowers." They are, indeed, as spirits, and these butterflies came with a message from the past to the heart of the desolate old maid.

People passed near and turned to look at the sober-eyed woman standing so motionless with the butterflies at her feet—perhaps they thought her crazed or foolish—she did not care *what* they thought; her soul was gone away backwards, to fields by a river side where long ago she had wandered with the first loved companion of her childhood. She remembered how thickly the grass was mingled with the same sweet bloom that was now before her eyes, and she remembered how many, many flocks of yellow butterflies she and her playmate had chased up and down those fields. How everything came back! the old stumps near the road, about which sorrel grew so plentifully; she and Mary used to gather it to make sauce for their bread and butter. She remembered that it tasted as good as apple-sauce; and she wished that she had some now. She saw herself and Mary running through the fields towards home, and she also saw her mother standing in the door beckoning to them. Then, with her apron full of sorrel, her heart full of happiness, and her hands full of butterflies, she reached her mother, she cried out—

"Oh! ma, ma, so many of these little beauties—"
She opened her hands—alas! the beauty of her captives was destroyed, and they crept helplessly along the little fingers of their captor. Then all the gentle words of that dear mother came back to memory—again are heard the comforting, instructing, and warning words of that long sleeping mother—and the old maid remembers that thus they closed—"My little daughter must always remember of how many things these frail and pretty creatures are an emblem."

"They are an emblem of our own future life, and also of the things in this life which look so beautiful to us that we chase them so eagerly, and grasp them so rudely, that when they are gained we find them of little worth. The world is full of disappointments and troubles, my child; and you will have your share; but I hope you will always remember your mother's words, and be patient, and cheerful, and loving, towards both God and man, *let your sorrows be what they may*. We none of us ever have so much trouble as we deserve, nor so much as our Saviour bore for us, and we never ought to complain at what is laid upon us. Life is but very short, dear child, though now you cannot think so—and when it is over—if we have passed it as we ought—loving our Lord through trouble and through joy—we shall find no more disappointments—all, and more than we have ever wished for will be given us; and we shall be *astonished* at our own happiness."

With a significance never till now fully understood,

returned the wise and kind words of that mother; and there was given to the old maid a disposition to assent to all that they conveyed. Humbled and comforted she passed on her way, while about her seemed blowing the winds, and floating the odours, of her far-off childhood. The frail wings of the butterflies had borne upon them influences strong enough to fan away the gloom from a human heart; and to hush its wild heavings until they were but the soft and gentle throbs caused by the broodings of parental love. Oh! Peace, *how sweet thou art*—how holy! When wilt thou reign o'er all the earth? When enter into our restless and distracted hearts there to abide?

THE DEAD HOUSE.

HERE once my step was quickened,
Here beckoned the opening door,
And welcome thrilled from the threshold
To the foot it had felt before.

A glow came forth to meet me
From the flame that laughed in the grate,
And shadows a-dance on the ceiling
Danced blither with mine for a mate.

"I claim you, old friend," yawned the arm-chair,—
"This corner, you know, is your seat."
"Rest your slippers on me," beamed the fender,—
"I'll brighten at touch of your feet."

"We know the practised finger,"
Said the books, "that seems like brain;"
And the shy page rustled the secret
It had kept till I came again.

Sang the pillow, "My down once quivered
On the nightingales' throats that flew
Through moonlit gardens of Hafiz
To gather quaint dreams for you."

Ah, me, where the Past sowed heart's-case,
The Present plucks rue for us men!
I come back: that scar unhealing
Was not in the churchyard then.

But, I think, the house is unaltered;
I will go and beg to look
At the rooms that were once familiar
To my life as its bed to a brook.

Unaltered! Alas for the sameness
That makes the change but more!
'Tis a dead man I see in the mirrors,
'Tis his tread that chills the floor!

To learn such a simple lesson
Need I go to Paris and Rome,—
That the many make a household,
But only one the home?

'Twas just a womanly presence,
An influence unexpressed,—
But a rose she had worn on my grave-sod
Were more than long life with the rest!

'Twas a smile, 'twas a garment's rustle,
'Twas nothing that I can phrase,—
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,
And put on her looks and ways.

Were it mine I would close the shutters,
Like lids when the life is fled,
And the funeral fire should wind it,
This corpse of a home that is dead.

For it died that autumn morning
When she, its soul, was borne
To lie all dark on the hillside
That looks over woodland and corn.

Small Change.

"HAVE you any loose change this morning?" said a young fellow to his companion. "No, indeed—money is tight."

SOMEbody says that, although there is no such thing as muzzling the press in this country, there is plenty of *book-muzzlin*.

SOME in the north say that "Cotton is king." A country paper says that "Tobacco is king." It certainly reigns in a great many mouths. We must say, however, that it seems to have rather foul kingdoms.

EMBALMING is the making of a flesh-statue—eternalizing a corpse—perpetuating the perishable with more pains than we take to save that which is immortal.

BRAVERY is a cheap and vulgar quality, of which the highest instances are frequently found in the lowest savages, and which is often more conspicuous in the brute creation than in the most intrepid of the human race.

"I AM afraid," said a person of questionable or rather unquestionable habits, "that I am likely to have water upon the brain." "You will never have it upon the stomach," was his companion's consolatory reply.

A YOUNG fellow devoted himself successfully a whole evening to the entertainment of a company of

pretty girls, and demanded his pay in kisses. "Certainly, sir," said the prettiest of them; "present your bill."

THE more we practise virtue the dearer it becomes, as two friends love each other the more, the more they know each other.

LET the day have a blessed baptism by giving your first waking thoughts into the bosom of God. The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day.

LOVE is a volcano, the crater of which no wise man will approach too nearly, lest, from motives less philosophical than those of Empedocles, he should be swallowed up, leaving something behind him, however, that will tell more tales than the slipper of the rash old Greek.

IF you see a wife carefully footing her husband's stockings, you may conclude that he will not find it difficult to foot her bills.

A DENTIST in one of our large cities advertises that he inserts teeth cheaper than anybody else. He might find a bull-dog that would do it still cheaper.

WHEN we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness, but we ought to be readier to suspect our own.

WHOEVER prostituted his temperance, piety, and science, gathered his harvest into a heap and set fire to it.

IT would be uncharitable too severely to condemn for faults without taking some thought of the sterling goodness which mingles in and lessens them.

MANY of us are led by our vices, but a great many more follow them without any leading at all.

A BANK and a jail were broken in T— last week, the former by outsiders, and the latter by insiders.

MANY a mind is dead to effort, and its epitaph can be written in three words—helped to death.

THAT virtue which depends on opinion looks to secrecy alone. We couldn't trust it in a desert.

SOMEbody says that the oldest husbandry he knows of is the marrying of a widower in clover with a woman in weeds.

IN great cities, men are more callous both to the happiness and the misery of others than in the country, for they are constantly in the habit of seeing both extremes.

MYSTERY magnifies danger, as a fog the sun. The hand that warned Belshazzar derived its horrifying influence from its want of a body.

THE man who builds a house that he has not the means to pay for, simply provides a home to run away from.

WE are afraid that a lady who uses rouge to counterfeit a blush, must be conscious of cause for blushing.

POETRY is said to be a gift, but it often proves to be a theft.

"How did you learn that graceful attitude?" said a gentleman to a fellow leaning in a maudlin fashion against a post. "I have been practising at a glass."

AN author asks, "what a rose, worn on a young lady's forehead, indicates?" We suppose she means to indicate by it that, if kissed at all, it must be "under the rose."

THE praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censure, for they praise only that which they can surpass, and censure that which surpasses them.

REASONS why a ship is called *she*:—
Because man knows not the expense till he gets them.

Because they are useless without employment.
Because they look best when well rigged.

Because their value depends on their age.
Because they are upright when in stays.

Because they bring news from abroad.
Because they wear caps and bonnets.

Because they are often painted.

THE world cannot well spare its true poets. When one of them dies, there is a note out of the time—we feel that a part of earth's music is hushed.

YOU may wish to get a wife without a failing, but what if the lady, after you find her, happens to be in want of a husband of the same character?

AN editor says, "on our outside will be found some fine suggestions for raising peaches." We suppose that on his *inside* may be found the peaches themselves.

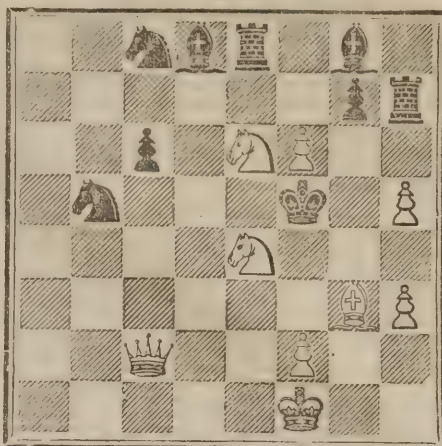
THE other day we heard an old fisherman upon the banks of the river complain that the boys had stolen his minnows. We suppose the little rascals hooked the bait to bait their hooks.

WITH four metallic qualifications, a man may be pretty sure of worldly success—they are gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart.

LEAVE your grievances as Bonaparte did his letters, unopened for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them, at the end of that time, will require answering.

Chess.

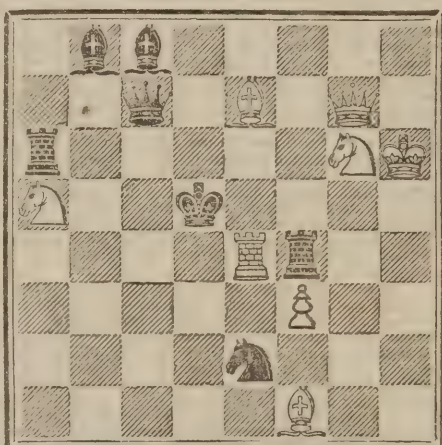
Problem No. 83. By R. B. WORMALD Esq.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Problem No. 89. For the Juveniles. By W. COATES, Esq.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 83.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to KB 6	1. P to Q 3
2. R to KB 2	2. P takes R
3. R takes P (mates)	

Solution of Problem No. 89.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q 3	1. B to Q 2
2. B to KR 5	2. Any move
3. P checks	3. P takes P
4. B mates	

J. ROBINSON.—The King can take the Bishop at the third move, if White play as you propose in Problem No. 78.

PHILLIPS, Jun.—There is no possibility of mating in the position to which you refer; the result is a drawn game.

HENRY PARKER.—We cannot undertake to examine Problems that are not submitted to us on diagrams. The information which you seek shall be communicated to you on your favouring us with your address on a stamped envelope. Your solutions of Problems Nos. 75, 78, and 79 are correct. You fall, however, in Problem No. 76.

EXCELSIOR.—Our space will not permit us to supply the information which you require through the medium of our Chess column. Send your address on a stamped envelope.

T. SIMPSON.—Your solutions of Problems Nos. 74, 75, and 80, are correct.

W. J. PIERCE.—We shall feel obliged if you will submit your Problems on diagrams. Blank chess diagrams will be forwarded to you on your sending us your address on a stamped envelope.

PHILP AND J. T. DONOVAN.—You have not correctly solved Problem No. 80. You overlook the move of P to Q 4 if White advance Bishop's Pawn as you propose.

PAW.—Problem No. 1 is an obvious mate in two moves; and in No. 2 the Black King is in check of the Knight.

C. T. ATKINS.—We shall be glad to know whether you have cured the defect which we pointed out in your Problem

Our Editorial Table.

NOTICE.

COMPLETION OF VOLUME II.

Now ready, handsomely bound in cloth gilt, price 4s. 6d. Vol. II. of the New Series of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, containing upwards of One Hundred beautifully executed Engravings, including Twenty-five faithful Portraits of Living Celebrities. The Volume may also be obtained in paper covers, price 3s.

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CASES FOR BINDING.

Handsome cloth gilt Cases for Binding Vol. II. of this Journal may now be had, price 1s. 6d.

JOHNNY.—"The Euryalus" is the name of the ship in which Prince Alfred, the Queen's second son, embarked at Spithead on the 26th of October last as a naval cadet. The Prince of Wales also saw Prince Alfred off. The parting between the royal brothers was very affectionate, and the royal cadet seemed also much moved at parting with his old friends and instructors, Dr. Mintner of the royal yacht, and Naval Instructor Jolly. Our readers may be interested to hear that the last-mentioned gentleman is now appointed tutor to Prince Arthur, the Queen's third son. Prince Alfred enjoys no peculiar privileges on account of his high rank. His outfit is neither better nor more extensive than theirs, and his chest is the exact and strict regulation article. Her Majesty had the Prince's chest and outfit sent up to Buckingham Palace for her own and the Prince Consort's inspection, and on its return to the outfitter, Mr. Walton, of Gosport, the Queen and Prince expressed their high satisfaction at the equipment. The chest is of polished oak, and the toilet utensils white metal electro-plated.

MARK.—You have not considered the subject sufficiently. The inhabitants of the Ionian Islands have been treated too leniently instead of too severely. It was by a treaty signed at Paris on the 5th of November, 1815, between Austria, Russia, Prussia, and England that these Islands were placed under the protection of England. A constitutional charter was granted to the Ionians; their own form of religion (they belong to the Greek Church) was established, while all denominations of Christians were protected. To the people of these islands a degree of freedom has been allowed, of which no Southern people had previously even a notion. The press has been allowed perfect liberty. The Assembly is chosen by universal suffrage and vote by ballot. It elects the Senate, and the Lord High Commissioner and the Senate together form the government. So far from being satisfied with this almost unbounded liberty, the Ionians have only taken advantage of it to make government impossible. Their press has sent forth libels against the queen, the government, and the English people. Nothing written here can give you an idea of the foulness and insolence of these compositions. The assembly meets every year to indulge in mad declamation, and last year it exceeded even its ordinary amount of violence and intemperance. It has been complained of in England that colonial self-will and caprice have too much their own way; and if the people of all our dependencies were like the Ionians, we should be inclined to think so too. But this country is actuated by high motives and a far-sighted policy, and the effects of this policy are seen in the present state of the British empire, for there is scarcely a civilised nation that has not some of its kindred living happily under the mild sway of Queen Victoria. In the present unquiet state of things in the Ionian islands, Mr. Gladstone has been sent out as commissioner extraordinary to see if any remedy can be found. Instead of a mediator, such as Mr. Gladstone is likely to prove, any other European power would have despatched to these ungrateful islanders some prompt general, who would soon have sent half the assembly to gaol. For the position of these islands look to the south-east of the map of Europe, and you will find them off the western coast of Greece.

CLEOPATRA.—"Cleopatra," who was on the continent last Christmas-day, spent, she tells us, a very melancholy day, but she thinks we ought to rejoice at this festival. "Cleopatra" is right. We have scriptural authority for a joyful celebration of Christmas. In the tenth and eleventh verses of the second chapter of the gospel according to St. Luke, we find these words (alluding to the nativity), "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people;" and in the book of the prophet Isaiah (alluding to the birth of Christ), we read in the ninth chapter, third verse, "They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil;" and look further on and you will find in the same chapter the cause of this joy, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." But though Christmas is a joyful season, far be it from any member of this Christian community to make it an excuse for riot, gluttony, or drunkenness. Those who do so are more like the pagans, who, previous to the introduction of Christianity, celebrated the feast of their false god *Thor* about this period of the year, and celebrated it with degrading licence and excess.

BRENDA. Has been spending some time with friends in the country, at a house said to be haunted, and during the long November evenings the great pleasure of the party assembled has consisted in collecting in a semicircle round the fire, and telling ghost stories. Many of the party only gave accounts of apparitions that they had heard or read of, but one lady, on whose veracity "Brenda" fully relies, gave the company the history of a midnight adventure, in which a supernatural figure had appeared and spoken to her. "Brenda" writes to know if we believe in ghosts. Certainly we do not believe

in ghosts, in the usual acceptance of the term, but we know that when the brain or the stomach is disordered, the imagination conjures up a variety of visions, and in proportion as these visions (the offspring of the imagination) gain on the credulity of the person who beholds them, the said person is in danger of becoming insane. Persons suffering from indigestion often see frightful visions: One Abbé Pilon, at Florence, incurred a tremendous spectral disorder in consequence of a surfeit of mushrooms. These mushrooms not digesting, disturbed his brain, and he saw the frightful and appalling forms of scorpions continually before his eyes for a length of time. Not only does derangement of health occasion optical delusions, it also acts upon the organs of hearing, and in a certain condition of the brain, persons believe they hear voices calling them, voices which could not by any possibility of sound concur with images of spectral illusion, a formidable imitation of reality takes place, and we do not doubt that "Brenda's" acquaintance was the victim of delusions, occasioned by bodily ailments, when she believed in the reality of a supernatural appearance.

S. R. T.—The lamentable poisonings that have taken place at Bradford, in Yorkshire, were the result of adulteration and carelessness. Even had the original intention been carried out, the lozenges of which you have heard so much would have contained no inconsiderable portion of plaster of Paris! Is plaster of Paris a proper thing to be taken into the human stomach, and, above all, into the delicate stomachs of children?—for they are the principal devourers of lozenges. But what shall we say to the carelessness that left a cask of arsenic, open and unlabelled, in a place accessible to an ignorant assistant, who took pounds and pounds of this deadly poison, and supplied it, mistaking it for plaster, to manufacture lozenges? Those concerned in this lamentable transaction are to take their trial at the next assizes for manslaughter. Twenty persons have already died victims of poison, and as they chiefly belong to the working classes, a public subscription has been opened on behalf of the families of the sufferers. Loss of life from very great carelessness has been too common of late. The other day a fatal accident resulted from the discharge of a gun, most incautiously put away loaded in a closet; and how often we read of phosphorus matches strewn on the floor, or placed within the reach of children, or of turpentine left so near the fire that, owing to its position and its inflammable nature, spontaneous combustion takes place! Then what frightful accidents happen from gas explosions! The improvements achieved by art and science add greatly to the convenience and comfort of life, but they do not enable us to dispense with caution, prudence, and forethought. New inventions will not respect our lives any more than old ones. On the contrary, the new ones possess greatly increased powers of destruction, when due precautions are not taken.

A WATER LILY.—In reply to your question, we must inform you that the late Madame Ida Pfeiffer was born in Austria. She is the authoress of the popular work entitled "Voyage Round the World." Strange to say, she did not begin her adventurous career till she was forty-seven years of age. From her perseverance, daring, and dauntless courage, we learn that it is in the power of a woman whose character, manners, and person were not in the least more manly than those of the rest of her sex, to compass voyages and travels, and in a space of time so short that, to our preconceived notions, her exploits partake of the marvellous. It is a curious fact, that when Madame Pfeiffer was in Brazil (South America), she was accompanied, and one would have thought, supported, by Count Berchthold; but his strength failed him, and our heroine had to proceed alone in her visit to the Indian aborigines of that country. Madame Ida's last effort of travel was an attempt to explore the wild and inhospitable island of Madagascar, off the eastern coast of Africa. There she caught a fever, from which she never wholly recovered, and she expired a short time since in her native city of Vienna.

ELLEN.—We advise Ellen to make the following balls and use them in the same manner as soap. Scrape or slice a quarter of a pound of curd soap in a pipkin, press it down and cover it with soft water; pound a quarter of an ounce of camphor with a little eau de cologne and half a tablespoonful of honey. Add these to the soap in the pipkin and place it in the chimney corner until melted, when it will mould into balls with the assistance of almond powder.

NORA CRINA.—We agree with you that the price of provisions some six or seven hundred years ago indicates a flourishing state of things, but you must not come to the conclusion that things were so wonderfully plentiful but rather that money was very scarce. Besides, the coins of that time though bearing the same names as at present, had not the same value. When you find two oxen sold for seventeen shillings and fourpence, you must bear in mind that one Norman shilling was as much in value as three of ours; and when we find that thirty hens were sold for three farthings each, we must recollect this proportion. The price of a sheep was one shilling, that is, three of ours. Wheat was six shillings a quarter; that would be, according to our scale, two shillings and threepence a bushel. At the time of this calculation, a little more than 200 years after the compiling of Domesday Book, viz., in 1299 A.D., a ploughman's wages were about five shillings a year, and a maid servant received a penny a week.

T. HOBBS.—The term *Radical*, as applied to politics, dates from about the year 1818, when the popular leaders Henry Hunt, Major Cartwright, and others, sought to obtain a *Radical* reform of Parliament. The term *Radical* never was applied to the Whigs as a party.

MODEL COPY-BOOKS.—Those of our subscribers who experience any difficulty in obtaining the "Model Copy-books," from a local bookseller, may obtain them by applying to Messrs. Petter and Galpin, who will supply them in complete sets of eight books for 2s., post free 2s. 4d. Three of the Special Pencils prepared for these copy-books (at 2d. each), can be had post free for eight stamps. N.B.—In No. 53 of the "Family Paper," a "notice" was inserted (in error) that the copy-books would be forwarded post free for 24 stamps, instead of the price quoted above.

JOSEPHINE.—Your brother is right; Venus is at one time a morning, and at another an evening star. When it is to the west of the sun it rises before the sun, and is called a morning star, this appearance continuing about 200 days together. When it is to the east of the sun it sets after the sun, and is called an evening star for the remaining portion of the year.

BIGGS.—The greatest warriors were all short in stature: Alexander the Great proverbially so. Napoleon I. was about five feet six inches high. The Duke of Wellington, at Waterloo, was about five feet eight and a half inches in stature.

IDA.—As you do not wish to make a great quantity of mince-meat, you will find the following a very good receipt:—Procure a neat's tongue; parboil it; take a pound and a half of it, and chop it very fine; shred very fine a pound and a half of good beef suet; stone a pound of raisins; pare and core five apples, and take the thin rind of one lemon; chop up the three last-mentioned ingredients very fine, and mix them in a large pan lined with earthenware. Add a pound of sifted loaf sugar, two pounds of currants well cleaned, an ounce of cloves finely beaten, the juice of three lemons, and a tablespoonful of orange-flower water. Mix all these ingredients thoroughly together, and keep them in a covered pan. This receipt is suited for a large party, where the mince-meat is quickly consumed. For keeping for the winter, we should give a different receipt.

L. M.—The East India Company, which is now a thing of the past, originated in the subscriptions (trifling in amount) of a few private individuals. It gradually became a commercial body, with gigantic means, and next, by the force of unforeseen circumstances, assumed the form of a sovereign power, while those by whom it was directed continued, in their individual capacities, to be without power or political influence—thus presenting an anomaly without a parallel in the history of the world. The first adventure of the association was in 1601. In the month of May in that year, five ships, with cargoes of merchandise and bullion, started from Torbay to India. The result was favourable—a foretaste of the immense success of the East India Company.

A LOVER OF LIBERTY.—In spite of the opposition of the nobles, we think we may congratulate you and all other lovers of liberty on the abolition of serfdom in the gigantic empire of Russia. This fact is a still greater cause of rejoicing since Russia has been for such a long succession of centuries inhabited by Slavonic or slavish tribes. These tribes were first organised or regularly governed by Rurik, a Swede, in about the year 820. The Russian monarchs were called grand dukes till 1100, when the title of Czar was taken. In 1223 they became tributary to the Mongol Tartars, but in 1477 they were expelled, and the sovereigns, till Peter the Great, generally died violent deaths. Since his time there have been four empresses and four emperors. Before the check received from the allied powers of Britain, France, and Sardinia (during the Crimean campaign), Russian power threatened Europe on every side.

ELLEN P.—You ask us whence the hare originally came. Your question is difficult to answer, because it is found in almost every climate. We can easily give you a few particulars about the hare, which is, you tell us, such a favourite of yours. The hare varies in weight from seven to twelve pounds. In the arctic circle hares are white in winter. Their stratagems to escape danger are marvellous and ingenious; but, besides man, they fall a prey to many other creatures; for instance, to dogs, cats, weasels, and eagles. The Tartarean hare is not larger than a rat, and it burrows in the ground. The hare is a timid, but very sensible, animal. It cries like a child when caught in a snare, and it exclaims *raie* with human distinctness when worried by ferocious dogs and hunters. The history that the amiable poet, William Cowper, gives us of his pet hares, must interest every lover of the dumb creation.

PUNCTUALITY, J. ROBERTSON, MARY C., T. DONALDSON, and some others, must be so kind as to repeat their questions, as we cannot search the correspondence of weeks back. We answer questions of interest as promptly and as fully as our space and time will allow. **LOMAX.**—The web woven around you is so intricate, that you can only be extricated from it by an experienced solicitor. **X. Y. Z.**—You may obtain a complete set of the "Illustrated Family Paper" from Messrs. Petter & Galpin. **MALlico.**—Used pipes are cleansed by being placed again in the oven. **C. FIELDING.**—We fear your hurt is "past all surgery." **LARRY GRIGG.**—We can hardly recommend you to try your fortune in India in the present perturbed state of that country. **A. B. C.**—The mistake has long since been corrected. **JACK MANDERS.**—The greater portion of the writing paper now in use is of too flimsy a quality to allow of a perfect erasure of blots and errors. **A FIVE YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.**—Read aloud as frequently as you can, beginning low, and raising your voice by degrees. **S. D.**—The metres of psalms and hymns, described by certain figures or letters, as "L. M." "C. M." "S. M." "6-8s." "7s." and "6s." &c., refer to the number of syllables in each line. "L. M." or Long Metre, has four lines of eight syllables each in one verse. "C. M." or Common Metre, four lines in each verse of eight and six syllables alternately. "6-8s." six lines in a verse, each containing eight syllables. "8-7s and 6s." has eight lines, containing seven or six syllables alternately. "P. M." means Peculiar Metre, which varies considerably. **T. EVANS.**—We decline furnishing you with a receipt to make your head bald. The tales you mention were completed in No. 52. **M. T. W.**—Your question was answered in No. 50. **BELL.**—We do not know what will make you strong and fat, if good exercise and wholesome food will not; but as you say you have good health, why should you wish to become fat? Many consider fatness an evil.

All Letters and Communications for the Editor to be addressed to JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

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NEW SERIES. VOL. III.—No. 55.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1858.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "SMILES AND TEARS," "DICK TARLETON,"
"PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,"
"THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

There is nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell in it.

SHAKESPEARE.

EPHRAIM SLEEK's residence in Dover was situated in a locality peculiarly adapted for carrying on his trade with the smugglers—Snargate Street, where the backs of the houses, even at a much later period than the one we are writing of, could not be overlooked by

the prying eyes of inquisitive neighbours, especially during the spring tides, when the sea left only a narrow causeway between them and the little estuary which, although sufficiently deep for a light boat, was far too shallow for a vessel of burden, or a fishing smack, to pull through.

We have known even the little causeway to be submerged, and the cellars and back rooms of the houses flooded.

A rigid spirit of economy had evidently presided at the furnishing of the Quaker's abode. Every article in it had a use, sometimes half a dozen uses—not one for ornament, far less for luxury. The parlour, which faced the street, had a cheerless air; the eight high-backed cane chairs, ranged at equal distances against the walls, looked as uncomfortable as if the cramp had twisted their legs for want of proper exercise; and the narrow, inhospitable grate stood yawning at the curtainless windows, the wire blinds of which were, however, sufficiently high to

prevent the passers in the street from taking too curious a survey of the interior.

The floor was of polished oak, with a square of gray drugget exactly in the centre. Upon this drugget stood a small mahogany table, without a book, drawing, or even a shell upon it.

Although scrupulously clean, the room seemed a dreary as if the light laugh of youth had never startled its drowsy echoes since it had been a parlour. Cold as the pretensions of poverty-stricken gentility, we question if even a fly could have been found in it; and certainly, no spider that had arrived at the age of discretion—whatever period that may be—unless decidedly eccentric or misanthropical, would ever have thought of weaving his web there.

In short, the abode of Ephraim Sleek was one of those moral ice-houses, in which duty perchance might force an entrance, whilst the affections remained freezing at the door; no kindly voice to welcome, no sympathy to warm them. We pity the



THE ROUNDHOUSE AT PLANTFORD

young heart condemned to dwell in such an ungenial atmosphere—its feelings, for want of expansion, prey upon themselves, and its dreams become morbid fancies, unless some kind angel watches over it.

It was a shelter, but not a home; for home comprises recollections which, when poverty, sorrow, or death have visited it, discourse sweet though solemn music tones, that call smiles from tears. Home! we know no word with half so soft a sound.

Let not the world judge harshly of those whose childhood never knew the affections, sympathies, and ties of home.

Despite the dulness of the cage, the solitary house in Snargate-street contained as sweet a bird as ever poured forth its song-note in captivity—the good and gentle Ruth; who, in her close-fitting cap and plain camlet gown, looked like a widowed Ephrosyne, as she sat, industriously plying her needle, and at the same time conversing with her cousin, Reuben Geldart, a young man about five-and-twenty, who stood, or rather leant, with his arm upon the chimney-piece, watching her with feelings that might easily be interpreted.

The father of Reuben and Ephraim Sleek had been partners till the death of the former dissolved the connection, and left Mrs. Geldart and her son but slenderly provided for, a circumstance many wondered at, knowing the firm to have been a prosperous one. But as the widow never complained or hinted at unfair treatment on the part of her brother-in-law, no one else did; and the suspicion, if any, gradually died away.

Although the Quaker had employed his nephew for several years in the business, he was no favourite with him—a feeling that rarely betrayed itself either by word or look, and only to be guessed at by those slight, and to unobservant eyes imperceptible, indications sensitive minds so quickly seize upon.

Perhaps the old man's dislike to him might be attributed to the fact that his young relative dressed rather more smartly than he approved of. His garments, although of the strictly orthodox cut, were of the finest broadcloth—an extravagance Ephraim, even in his younger days, had never been guilty of; then his hair, it would curl—and instead of falling demurely, persisted in displaying the large intellectual forehead, overhanging the clear gray eyes through which the spirit of Reuben Geldart looked upon the world, and scorned its sordidness.

Such were the two persons who, for nearly an hour, had been conversing together in the cold, dull, cheerless-looking room we have attempted to describe to our readers.

"Hast thou well considered the step, Reuben, thou art about to take?" demanded Ruth; "my father is sore vexed at thy departure."

"But he will not regret me," replied her cousin; "in fact, I know of none that will, except my widowed mother, unless thou," he added, as a pair of deep-blue eyes were turned somewhat reproachfully upon him, "shouldst sometimes think of me."

"I do not easily forget the friends that I have known," observed the gentle girl, "much less my own kindred, and thou hast been even as a brother to me."

"Speak but the word," exclaimed the young man, touched by the tone of sadness in which she had spoken, "and I will refuse the offer my wealthy relatives have made me, of entering their counting-house in London."

"On the contrary, it is my earnest wish that thou shouldst leave for the great city."

The hope which suddenly filled the heart of the young Quaker died as suddenly away, and his handsome features expressed the pain her words had caused him.

"How have I offended thee?" he asked, "that thou dost wish my absence?"

"It would be foolishness to take offence without a cause," answered his cousin; "and that thou hast never given me."

A pause in the conversation followed, during which the countenance of Reuben Geldart appeared agitated by a variety of contending emotions—hesitation—regret, and wounded love: Ruth, on the contrary, retained, to all appearance, her usual calm; perhaps she plied her needle rather more quickly than before, but that was all.

"Thou hast compelled me, Reuben, to explain the thing I would not explain," she at last observed—"to utter words that I would rather have kept unspoken, seeing they both pain and shame me. But better that than that thou shouldst think I would wound thee lightly. If I rejoice in thy departure, it is that it will remove thee from much that is evil—I speak of the worldly dealings of my father; not but I have heard," she added, "that London is both a snare and a pitfall for youth."

"Not when we have the prayers of an angel to guard us!" exclaimed the young man, delighted at the interest in his welfare her words betrayed.

He would have clasped her hand, but his cousin quietly withdrew it.

"Am I then forbidden to hope?" he whispered, mournfully.

"Thou knowest, Reuben, that without my parent's consent, I will never be unto any man more than a well-wisher, or as a sister," answered the maiden; "I have a duty to perform, and duties are solemn trusts, that may not be broken. My father clingeth closely to the mammon of the world, it is slowly hardening his nature, and were I to leave him to the workings of his heart, in time it would become granite; his child must watch over him, lest he fall never to rise again. Wilt thou not see him before thy departure?"

"It is unnecessary," said the young man, colouring at the recollection of the harsh words which had already passed between himself and his uncle.

"When dost thou depart?"

"An hour before daybreak, with Kiplin's wagon; but, Ruth—dearest Ruth—"

"Not a word," interrupted his cousin. "Be satisfied, that I shall not forget thee. We shall hear of each other, doubtless, through my Aunt Geldart, whom I will assuredly visit more frequently than I have hitherto been able to do. And now, Reuben," she continued, "I have a parting gift for thee. I know the pride of thy nature; but thou must not reject it."

The speaker would have placed in his hand a little silk purse, containing several guineas, but he positively declined to accept it.

"In that case," she said, "we must part as strangers; for I may not bestow the kiss of peace upon one who refuseth the gift of a sister."

No amount of resolution or pride could have withstood such a temptation; at least, no amount that we are capable of calculating. Reuben took the purse, and, for the first time, pressed his lips to the blushing cheek of the fair and gentle girl, whose goodness had made an impression upon his heart stronger even than her beauty.

"God bless thee, Ruth," he muttered, as he folded her for an instant to his breast; "and watch over thee in the path thou hast taken!"

"If the path be a right one, He will not abandon me," answered the daughter of Ephraim Sleek; "the rest is in His hands."

And thus they parted.—Reuben, to enter on a new career, to struggle with the world, to look its realities in the face, to accept or to reject them; his cousin, like some household dove, remained in her dreary cage, to endure, to hope, and suffer.

No sooner had the echo of his footsteps died away, than the calmness Ruth had so successfully maintained during their conversation abandoned her, her tears fell fast and silently, although no murmurs of regret escaped her lips; strong duty gave her courage to repress them. The task to which the young and gentle creature had devoted herself was holier even than the love the manly qualities of her cousin had inspired; but only holier because no touch of human weakness mingled with its yearnings.

Her reveries—for the heart, like the brain, will dream at times—were broken by the entrance of Hannah, who came to announce the return of her master.

Nature evidently had never intended the little handmaiden for a Quakeress; and yet she strove hard, very hard, to school her features into accordance with her dress and cap—they, at least, were orthodox, both being of the plainest description—but the attempt was a failure. However rigidly she might compress her lips, her eyes—long, lustrous, and black—just such eyes as the poet bacchanal of the cup and kiss, old Pindar, might have worshipped—would laugh, to the great annoyance of Ephraim Sleek, who had received her into his household at a very early age from charity, as he said—an assertion not exactly in accordance with the recollection of her childhood, which she rarely or ever alluded to, unless to Ruth, whom she loved for her gentleness and tenderness, in the same proportion that she feared and disliked her father.

Thrown so constantly together, they were more like sisters than mistress and servant; in fact, their relative positions frequently changed, and Ruth would undertake the household work whilst Hannah condescended over the lessons she had set her.

"I will follow thee," answered the sorrowing girl.

"Thou hast been weeping," said the messenger; her eyes, which an instant before were sparkling with mirth, suddenly dimmed with tears. "I am sorry Reuben has left us," she added; "he had kind words and looks even for me."

"I will follow thee instantly," repeated Ruth.

"I have not told thee all."

Her mistress regarded her with surprise.

"Friend Ephraim hath brought with him a woman who is not one of our people," added the speaker.

"Indeed!"

"And the woman hath an infant with her. She speaketh in a strange, but not unseemly fashion; it were well that thou shouldst see her."

The curiosity of the fair young Quakeress was excited, and she proceeded at once to the keeping-room, as the apartment was designated in those days, in which the family generally assembled to their meals. It was as cold and dreary as the little parlour.

The cheerless aspect of the place had struck a chill upon the heart of Katty, who already repented her confidence in the promises of her host, whose countenance, she fancied, had lost much of its benevolent expression since their arrival at his abode. The appearance of his daughter, however, quickly dispelled the half-formed doubts; she at once divined her goodness. It would have been impossible for any one to gaze on the face of Ruth and believe her capable of baseness or treachery.

"They are guests," observed Ephraim Sleek, in answer to the inquiring look of his child, "whom Providence hath sent us. They have need of our assistance."

Although Ruth had much rather have heard some other motive assigned for the unexpected visit than her father's charity, she received them with quiet, unaffected kindness, and expressed her regret that their supper would prove but a scanty one.

"It's not the atin' and the dhrinkin'," replied the grateful woman; "it's the *coode fealtagh* (warm welcome) that spakes to the heart. May yez never know what it is to be in a strange land burthened wid sorrow! If misfortune should overtake you, the saints sind you as thrue a friend as the master, to help yez through wid them."

Hannah, who was arranging the table, could not repress her surprise at hearing Ephraim Sleek thus praised for benevolence, and her eyes wandered first from his features to those of the speaker, as if to ascertain which of the two was the most insane.

"The holy cross be betwixt me and gray," men-tally ejaculated Katty. "How the Quaker-girl is sturin' at me!"

Her host had observed it too, and he sternly bade the little handmaiden attend to the preparations for their evening repast. These were soon completed, and the old man was about to ask a blessing on the food before them, when Ruth, shocked at what she knew to be an act of hypocrisy, interrupted him.

"I am moved, father," she said, in her calm, sweet tone, "to ask it for thee;" and, without waiting his reply, she pronounced a short, simple thanksgiving.

During the meal, Ephraim carefully avoided the searching glance which his daughter turned towards him. Conscience whispered him that his good and virtuous child was not the dupe of his pretended charity, that she doubted his intentions to the friendless stranger. To avoid giving her an opportunity of asking him any questions, he rose suddenly from the table.

"Hast thou the key of the counting-house?" he asked.

As Ruth gave it him their eyes met for an instant, and her worst fears were confirmed. It is a sad thing when a parent cannot endure the gaze of his child.

"In the morning," said the old man, turning to Katty, "I will see to the means of thy journeying safely with thy infant charge."

The grateful woman, whose confidence by this time was perfectly restored, poured forth her thanks.

"It is the heart of him that is good," she exclaimed, as he quitted the keeping-room. "It's a blessing to have such a father."

The eyes of Hannah sparkled with mirth.

"Our people love not praise," quietly observed Ruth; "the best of us have much to answer for. Let me conduct thee, friend, to thy room, for the hour of repose is at hand."

Anxious, if possible, to avoid further conversation, the fair Quakeress conducted her guest to her own chamber, and would have bade her good night but Katty detained her; her heart was full, and she insisted on relating the sad story of her foster-sister.

"It's not beggars that we are," she observed with honest pride. "Neither is it the red gould that I want to bring me to my home agin."

"It's the frind to help me," she added emphatically, "and that I have found."

"It is a strange history," said her listener, "and I believe a true one. Sleep in peace. there is one that watcheth over thee."

With this observation, the speaker descended to the apartment in which the evening meal had been taken.

"Thou wilt share my bed?" observed Hannah, who, during her absence, had busied herself in clearing the table.

"Not to-night," answered her mistress, with a sigh; "sad thoughts are upon me, and I must watch and pray."

It is now time that we returned to the prisoner awaiting the coming day to be transferred to the castle of Dover.

The roundhouse or lock-up of Plaxted, to which Redmond O'Neil had been consigned, stood as nearly as possible in the centre of the green, at the extreme end of the village. The building, an octagonal one, not without some architectural pretensions, was divided into two chambers of equal dimensions by a strong wall, with a door in the centre, secured by a couple of iron bars, placed too far down to permit the prisoner it was closed upon to reach them by stretching his arm through the grating, supposed to admit both light and air to the inner room.

Considering that the aforesaid room or cell had neither chimney nor window to ventilate it, the dimensions of the aperture could not be considered unreasonable.

The outer chamber was far more comfortably arranged. A huge yawning chimney, with an oak settee on either side, filled one of the angles; from the other, a narrow bay window, placed sufficiently high to prevent the boys from peeping in, admitted light by day; at night, a rude iron cresset suspended from the ceiling by a chain, served to render darkness visible in the place.

It was in the first division that Jacob Bumps, the constable, mounted guard over his prisoner; he was beadle as well as constable, and fully sensible of the dignities centred in his rather dwarfish person, as well as of the importance of his charge; the fussy little man had invested himself with his coat and hat, that awful three-cornered hat, the very sight of whose gold-bound edges proved sufficient to send the urchins, who would play upon the tomb-stones, scampering out of the churchyard.

In church, a glimpse of his wig, made in that peculiar sober fashion, named in honour of the grandfather of the sovereign lady who now fills the throne, a brown George, kept the same restless juveniles in awe: we say his wig, for only those who were seated in the gallery could catch the severe dignity of his countenance, as he paraded the aisles, the pews being so exceedingly high, and the beadle, as we before observed, so remarkably short of stature.

There must have been some element of greatness in his composition—a natural aptitude—an eye to the fitness of things; for Jacob Bumps had placed his long beadle's staff, and the shorter one pertaining to his office as constable, crosswise on the table—a proof that he was duly impressed with the importance of his office, and looked upon the present as a very solemn exercise of its duties.

A state prisoner! There was something magnificent in the words: and he felt as if the safety of the Crown itself were intrusted to his keeping; the event would become historical; perhaps he would have to go to London; the King himself might hear of him, and—but no, we will not venture to assert that he positively indulged in any such vision, although the mayor of Dover had lately been knighted merely for presenting an address.

It is said that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre. It must have been a bachelor who first invented the proverb; a married man would have made it far more comprehensive by saying "to his wife."

Mrs. Bumps was one of the few persons in Plaxted who did not stand in awe of her husband; in fact, if the truth must be told, her husband stood considerably in awe of her.

Like most little men, Jacob was ambitious, and this weakness had displayed itself in the choice of a wife. Mrs. B., as he used to observe, really *was* a woman.

As we are less likely to be partial in describing her than Bumps, our readers, perhaps, may prefer our portrait of the lady to her husband's. Mrs. B. was unusually tall for one of the gentler sex, thin, and wiry, except in the arms, which, by a caprice of nature, displayed a suspicious amount of muscle, a development produced, no doubt, by exercise.

As the parish clerk, a grave but somewhat satirical personage, used to observe, *Jacob knew best*.

As it could not have been for the beauty of her face that her husband wooed and won her to become his better half, probably it was for its dignity and commanding expression. The nose was decidedly aquiline—a little too long, perhaps; the lips thin, and generally compressed; the forehead low—a

defect the fashion of the day in wearing the hair turned over a roll, and surmounted by a shrewish-looking cap, tended to increase.

Such was the person whose authoritative knock at the door of the roundhouse disturbed the ambitious reveries of Jacob Bumps, and who, despite his very respectful remonstrances to the contrary, insisted on being admitted.

"You know, my love, it is against my instructions," he said.

Although indignant at the delay, the lady mildly reminded him that she was his wife, and had nothing to do with the magistrate's orders.

"I shall be blamed in the morning by Dr. Titlow, should it be known," urged the little man.

Mrs. Bumps suggested, in that peculiar tone of voice which rarely failed to silence opposition, that very possibly the rector's might not be the *only* anger he would have to encounter in the morning, if he persisted in his refusal.

The argument proved irresistible; he felt that he was a husband, as well as a constable, and with a sigh of resignation drew back the bolt to admit his, as far as conjugal authority was concerned, in every respect better half, who stalked into the watchhouse, followed by Joe Kerl.

"Really, my love, this is too bad!" exclaimed Jacob, deeply mortified, when he recognised the latter.

The smuggler assured him that he had merely dropped in to take a peep at his charge.

"Hoity, toity!" interrupted the lady. "Here's a fuss for bringing a friend with me. Would you have me walk down the village at this hour of the night alone?"

"No, my dear, but—"

"Say no more about it," interrupted his wife, authoritatively. "Mr. Kerl and I have been bargaining together. There was just a pound between us, and he consented to split the difference provided I got him sight of the prisoner."

Joe—with what intention our readers can readily divine—had brought a bottle of Cognac with him, the merits of which he proposed they should discuss, the hour not being yet sufficiently late for his purpose.

The liquor warmed the not very flinty heart of the parish dignitary, who began to think that after all it was better to pass the night in company, than shut up in solitary state alone.

Kerl, who had waited till the church clock struck twelve, now rose to depart.

"It is time," he observed, "that I should bid you good night."

"Why, you have not seen the prisoner yet," observed the lady.

"No more I have," replied the trader. "Time passes so pleasantly in your society, that I almost forgot what I came for."

He advanced to the door of the cell, and peering through the grating, discovered Redmond pacing its limits, restless as a caged tiger. The prisoner had recognised the voice of the smuggler, and suspecting the object of his visit, awaited impatiently the moment of action.

It came at last. Joe unbarred the door, and Redmond stalked into the outer chamber, to the terror of Bumps and his better half, who began to call lustily for assistance.

"Silence, fools!" exclaimed the smuggler, "unless you wish me to send a bullet through your brains."

As neither husband nor wife had any such desire, their cries instantly ceased.

"Here, captain!" said Joe, handing Redmond his pistols. "You will find them as pretty a pair of barkers as a gentleman need trust to; and they can bite as well as bark. But what are we to do with this land-lubber, and his petticoat commander?" he added.

"Let them take my place."

As the late prisoner and his deliverer were both well armed, resistance would have been useless. It was in vain that the constable pointed with silent dignity to the emblems of his authority, still lying crosswise upon the table. Joe kicked them over, and thrusting him and Mrs. Bumps into the cell, drew the bolts upon them.

"This way, captain," he exclaimed, "a friend is at hand."

Quitting the roundhouse, the fugitives proceeded a short distance down the narrow lane which connects Plaxted with the main road. There they found Jorrocks waiting with horses, which all three mounted rapidly.

"You have served me faithfully," said Redmond O'Neil, "and shall not find me ungrateful. One word: Katty and the child?"

"The woman has fallen into the snare," replied

the wounded smuggler. "Ephraim Sleek would wheedle a bird from a tree. They are both safe at his house in Dover."

"Ride on, then!" exclaimed his employer. "This is the last night I dare pass in England."

CHAPTER VI.

Dark night, that from the eye its function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence.

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are few of us but have experienced the terrible re-action which follows intense excitement—felt how utterly it prostrates both our moral and physical strength, till sleep, the balmy agent ordained by Nature as a remedy, has restored their former tone.

The criminal, exhausted by the excitement of his trial, has frequently been roused from slumber to execution, and the soldier known to sleep by the roaring cannon's side, despite its thunders.

As some of our readers may feel disposed to question this last assertion, we beg leave to refer them to Dr. Philip as our authority for making it.

It was not to be wondered at that Katty, who, from the day her foster-sister had landed at Folkestone, had known nothing but sorrow, and dangers, which kept every faculty upon the stretch, believing herself and infant charge in safety beneath the roof of Ephraim Sleek, should have yielded to the demands of exhausted nature, and fallen into a sweet, refreshing sleep. The faithful creature had closed her eyes in confidence as perfect as if assured that an angel would watch over her.

Although no such assurance had been given, the angel did watch—clad, not in the gorgeous panoply of heaven, but in the simple, modest garb of the young Quakeress—who, placing no faith in her father's disinterestedness and charity, but, on the contrary, strongly suspecting his motives, resolved, if possible, to save him from the weight of additional crime. He had more than enough to answer for, as she well knew already.

The hour of midnight had passed, when Ruth crept from the chamber of Hannah. She required no lamp to guide her; every stair, turning, corner of the house were familiar to her from her childhood; in fact, it was the only home she had ever known. On entering the keeping-room she partially opened one of the shutters, and saw by the light that her parent was still occupied in the counting-house, situated in the yard at the back of the house, and completely isolated from the main building.

"It cannot be with his books," she thought; "I have the keys of the iron safe which contains them. He expects some one."

This impression was confirmed by the appearance of Ephraim, who, after gazing for an instant at the windows of the bedrooms, walked stealthily across the yard, unbarred the gates, and then retired.

"Oh! this love of gold, this fearful love of gold," she murmured. "How it clingeth to the soul of my unhappy parent; like an unwholesome weed, poisoning the growth of his better qualities, clothing him as with a curse, polluting his heart with hypocrisy, familiarising his mind with shame; He deceiveth himself with the excuse that it is for me he is gamering up wealth. Would I could convince him that a good name is a richer heritage than the dross that perisheth!"

Nearly an hour had passed, and still the speaker remained at her post, the very best she could have selected for observation, since it was impossible for any one to enter the yard, or her father to return to the house, without her knowledge.

It is not to be supposed that the reveries of Ruth all this while were entirely occupied by her father. If the truth must be told, her cousin Reuben bore no inconsiderable part in them. She pondered over in her mind his looks and words; sighed as she recollected the hour was drawing near when he would quit Dover, and that years might elapse before they met again.

"And yet why should I regret it?" she asked herself. "Providence is wiser than its creatures, and worketh all things to its ends. Reuben can never be more to me than he is at present, unless I were to act the hypocrite, and— No, no! Better his hate than his contempt! He shall never have reason to despise his cousin Ruth."

A clattering of horses broke the chain of the fair girl's meditations, and presently three men, who had dismounted at the gates, entered the yard. One was a stranger to her.

His companions were the two smugglers.

The Quakeress shuddered. She had an instinctive aversion to as well as terror of Jorrocks, who, although he had never ventured to declare his passion in

direct words, had frequently startled her gentle nature by his bold regards.

"That man!" she exclaimed; "then am I sure evil is intended unto my father's guests."

Ruth remained at her post some time after Redmond O'Neil and his companions had entered the counting-house. At last she crept cautiously forth, and listened beneath the window.

"It is the price of his own soul that my father covenants for!" she mentally ejaculated, as she overheard the offers made to Ephraim Sleek by the father of the infant. "Lord, Lord! let not this sin be accomplished."

"It is arranged then, friend," said the Quaker; "at what hour," he added, addressing Jorlocks, "will the boat be off Dover?"

"By eight, at the very latest."

"Good."

"But how to get the female on board?" inquired Joe Kerl.

"I have bethought me of that," answered the Quaker. "The woman, albeit of a resolute spirit, is naturally simple and confiding: she placeth in me an absolute trust; I will persuade her that the vessel is bound for the great city of London, instead of France, and that to embark in her will be the surest means of avoiding the pursuit of the captain."

Those who were with the speaker in the counting-house pronounced the project excellent, and continued to discuss it. His daughter, however, waited to hear no more; but returning to the house, sought the chamber of Katty, whom she quickly roused from her slumber.

No sooner was his nurse aware that danger once more threatened the child of her dead foster-sister than her energy and presence of mind returned. The Irish are naturally a shrewd intelligent race, and Katty was not an exception to the rule.

"Sure harum, my good lady, will never fall on us in the house of your father? Haven't I broken bread wid him?"

"Thou hast."

"And slept beneath his roof-tree?"

"It is but too true."

Ruth covered her face for an instant with both hands, to hide the blush of shame at her parent's worldliness.

The Irishwoman eyed her sharply.

"It's myself that can't tell the meaning of yez," she observed.

"It meaneth," answered the fair Quakeress—who, although her features were pale as marble, had succeeded in mastering all other signs of emotion—"that my father loveth gold better than goodness; that he would sell thee to the enemy who pursueth thee; that even now he plotteth with him, and one who is yet more evil than themselves, to lure thee on board the vessel employed in their trade."

"The villains!"

"It is even so."

"And he wid white hairs, too! the soft-spoken Cromwellian! What will I do? Ochone, but the heart of me is weary!"

"I have warned thee," said Ruth; "and I will save thee. Canst thou place confidence," she added, "in the daughter of him that would have betrayed thee?"

Katty took both the hands of the speaker in hers, and gazed at her long and earnestly.

"I can, avourneen," she replied. "There is no desate in the heart nor a lie on the lips of yez. The tempter would nivr thry to put bad thoughts in yez. The angel that peeps from the blue eyes of yez, and watches over yez, would scare him."

"I have a friend," said the Quakeress, too sorrowful to notice the words in which the speaker expressed her confidence, "who in two hours' time leaveth Dover for the great city. Although one of our peaceful people he hath a valiant spirit and a strong arm. Wilt thou place thyself under his guidance?"

"If you answer for him."

"As for myself," replied the maiden, "as far as the will to serve thee is concerned."

"The rest, sure, is in the hands of heaven," observed Katty, "and the blessed saints who watch over us this night."

The infant was taken from the bed where it had been sleeping all this while and quickly dressed.

"Whisht! whisht! badd a burst (hold your tongue), darlin," whispered his nurse, as he sent forth a low, plaintive cry. "So young, too! But God is merciful."

On descending to the sleeping room, Ruth led Katty to the half-opened shutter, and pointed to the counting-house, from whose window the light was reflected on the damp pavement of the courtyard, showing that a heavy dew had fallen.

Finding that the child slept, Katty with a beating

heart glided cautiously from the room, crossed the yard, and crept stealthily to the window of the counting-house. It was a terrible hazard: a turn of a head, the glance of an eye from those within, might have discovered her.

A very few seconds convinced her that the danger was both imminent and real. If the presence of Redmond O'Neil had not been sufficient, that of Jorlocks, whom she recognised by the red unhealed scar upon his face, would have been.

Quickly retracing her way, she rejoined Ruth in the keeping-room.

"Thou hast convinced thyself?" whispered the latter; "follow me, for we have no time to lose."

After carefully locking and bolting the back entrance to the house, to prevent any untimely discovery, the speaker led her guest into the street. The first signs of morning had already streaked the east with light, breaking the clouds of night into pale, gray, silvery masses.

Fortunately, the hour was too early for the Quakeress to be recognised, as she and her guest walked briskly on, till they emerged from the town into the high road leading to Canterbury.

"He of whom I spake will soon be here," she observed, for the first time breaking silence since they quitted the house. "I hear the jingle of the vanities which, in the shape of bells, the man Kiplin affixeth to the harness of his horses."

"Bless you!" exclaimed Katty; "ye have proved yourself the true friend. That ye may never want one or know the dark hour."

The grateful creature little imagined that the fair girl, who watched like some guardian angel over her, was already familiar with sorrow.

"I will pray for yez," she added, "and little Phelim—that's my own gossoon—shall pray for yez, too, as soon as he has the sense to make a prayer."

"In one thing, thou mayest pleasure me," observed the maiden.

"And what is that, acushla?"

"Speak not to Reuben Geldart, the friend who will accompany thee, of my father."

"Not a word," replied Katty, who perhaps divined the motives of her request. "Sure," she muttered to herself, "it is a strange thing for the dove to have been hatched in the vulture's nest."

By this time the jingling of the bells announced the near approach of the wagon, which, drawn by a team of eight strong heavy horses, emerged from the town. The fore part of the vehicle was filled with the goods; the back only being retained for the passengers.

At the period of which we write, the stage-wagon was looked upon as a very respectable although economical mode of journeying from one place to another.

Reuben Geldart, who, instead of mounting the tent-like opening at the back of the wagon, was quietly walking with the driver, felt greatly astonished on recognising his cousin.

"Ruth!" he exclaimed, and his eye sparkled joyously at what he considered a proof of her regard, "what bringeth thee from thy home at an hour so early?"

"Not the motive thou believest," answered the young Quakeress, with a demure smile, "but a work of charity. This woman hath need, not of money, for she telleth me that she is provided with the means of journeying, but of protection, and, as thou art bound unto the great city, I would recommend her to thy care."

"Willingly," answered the young man, who felt perhaps more gratified that his gentle cousin had not departed from her maidenly reserve, than if she had made an exception in his favour.

"She hath enemies," added Ruth, "who wish to separate her from the infant committed to her care."

"Fear not; whilst I have life none shall harm her."

"I doubt not thy courage, Reuben," answered the maiden; "but be prudent, for the sake of thy widowed mother. Once more fare thee well."

"The blessings of the heart go wid yez," said the grateful Katty; "for your sake I'll think better of the land of the Saxon."

"Goodness is everywhere," observed the maiden. "Fare thee well; mayest thou reach thy home in peace!"

It is unnecessary to state whether the adieux to her cousin were renewed or not. If repeated, they must have been brief; for as the wagoner gave the signal to his team to proceed, Ruth directed her steps towards the dwelling of her parent.

Evidently her absence had not been suspected, for Ephraim bade her "good morning," in his usual calm tone when they met at breakfast at the hour of seven.

Hannah had been directed by her mistress to absent herself from the keeping-room, that she might not

witness the anger of her master at a discovery the moment of which was rapidly drawing near.

The Quaker, who had once or twice cast inquiring glances towards the door, at last asked of his daughter if she had seen his guest.

"The woman hath departed," answered Ruth.

"With thy knowledge?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"And assistance?"

"With both," answered the maiden, firmly, yet respectfully.

Ephraim so far forgot the tenets of the sect of which he affected to be a member, as to utter a curse of disappointment.

"Thou hast robbed me," he muttered, "of the chance of repaying the heavy losses which of late have fallen upon me."

"I have saved thee from the sin of betraying those who confided in thy promise for gold," replied his child. "Will thy soul never be cleansed from this fatal leprosy?" she added; "it is eating into thy heart; the idol thou dost worship will one day turn to ashes in thy grasp—ashes that will consume thee."

The worldly-minded parent was in no humour to be lectured by his good and exemplary child. The one engrossing passion of his nature, avarice, was disappointed, and he glared upon her with looks of surprise and hate.

"Wretch!" he muttered, grasping her fair delicate arm with his long bony fingers. "Disobedient wretch! which way hath she fled? Answer me, as thou dost hope for pardon. She cannot have gone far; and it may not be too late to set those upon her track who will overtake her."

Ruth continued silent.

"Answer me," he continued. "Thou dost not know what thy folly hath lost me—two hundred pieces, at the very least. Wilt thou see thy poor old father beggared? Answer me, as thou wouldst avoid my curse. Does not that move thee, ingrate—a father's curse?"

"Heaven will not hear it," answered his daughter, solemnly. "And when the tempest excited by the evil spirit that possesseth thee hath passed, thou wilt recall it."

"Never!" shrieked Ephraim, tearing his iron-gray hair with rage, "never! Two hundred pieces! bright, yellow, shining gold! fresh as from the mines of Ophir. So easily earned, too! But I waste time with thee; it may not prove too late to coin them yet."

He would have quitted the room, but Ruth glided quickly between him and the door.

"Father," she exclaimed, "thou shalt not do this thing. Add not to thy faults one darker than all the others. Have mercy on thyself!"

In the fury her words excited, the old man struck his child, who, like an angel, was pleading to him against himself. Not a cry escaped her; but a glance, which reminded Ephraim of her dead mother, shot from her deep blue eyes, and he became suddenly calm. The demon that possessed him for an instant stood rebuked.

"Forgive me, Ruth!" he exclaimed. "I did not mean that—it was madness, madness—thou knowest how I love thee; but the loss thy folly hath occasioned angered me. Heaven help me!" he added, passing his hand athwart his brow. "I must have been sorely tempted to strike my child—my only one."

Overcome by a feeling of shame at his unmanliness, the miser quitted the room.

Ruth meanwhile had fallen upon her knees—she was praying for her father.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE CHILDREN.

O how empty of delight,
And how full of heavy care,
Many a house would be to-night,
But for little children there!

Ah, what picture is so fair
As the homeliest cabin wall,
That is garnished with a pair
Of bright shoes and stockings small?

And what pleasant vocal sound
Sings to memory half so sweet.
As the rudest floor, whereon,
Falls the patter of bare feet?

Blessings, blessings on the beds
Whose white pillows softly bear,
Rows of little shining heads
That have never known a care.

Safely to the heavenly fold,
Bring them, whoso'er they be,
Thou, who saidst of them, of old,
"Suffer them to come to me."

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

SELF-MADE MEN.

WE propose furnishing a series of biographical sketches of self-made men. The lives of the illustrious are always attractive, but more especially interesting are the lives of men who, by their own exertions, have risen from obscurity, ignorance, and poverty, to exalted station, intellectual pre-eminence, prosperity, and fortune. There is great encouragement in all such biographies; they inculcate the lesson of perseverance, and teach us to struggle manfully in the battle of life.

GEORGE STEPHENSON, THE ENGINEER.

THE founder and, to a great extent, the inventor of the present system of locomotion, was George Stephenson—a very humble person for one half of his life, but, for the rest, recognised as a benefactor of his age, and the co-equal of Watt, Fulton, Arkwright, and Brindley. George Stephenson was born on the 9th of June, 1781, in the little village of Wylam, Durham. He was the second of a family of six children, all of whom were dependent on the exertions of the father, Robert Stephenson, familiarly called "Old Bob," a hard-working and thrifty man, who was fireman to a shaft-engine, at a salary of twelve shillings a-week.

The collier folk of the north of England are pre-eminently a migratory race. They have to follow the coal, and only wait until it is all "won" before they shift their quarters to some new pit. The Stephensons removed to Dewley Burn before George had reached his eighth year; and it was in this cold and cheerless place that the boy obtained his first employment. He was too young to find work in the colliery; but too old to remain idle. A widow woman, who had some cows that needed attention, made him the offer of twopence a day to look after them, which he gladly accepted, and this was his first start in life.

Brought up among steam-engines, it was natural that young Stephenson should regard them with extreme admiration; and that he should look forward to the day when, like his father, he would enjoy the extreme happiness of making the fire blaze beneath their hissing boilers. It was some years before he could take the first step in this direction. At length, however, his father engaged him as assistant fireman at the Dewley pit. For this, he received a shilling a day; but the money was not the great charm of his engagement. This lay in the fact that the first step towards the point of his ambition was accomplished. If a man of modest abilities and ordinary perseverance sets his mind on accomplishing a scheme of life, it is generally his own fault if he does not succeed. Stephenson was aware of this fact, and became, in consequence, habitually painstaking and steady. He neglected no opportunity of making himself thoroughly familiar with the duties of the engine-room. He studied the machinery night and day, until he knew the use of every part. A kind of personal intimacy sprang up between him and the engine, which, in the end, was certainly mutually advantageous. At the age of fifteen, he became fireman, and shortly after was appointed engineman to a colliery. "I am now a made man for life," he cried, triumphantly.

George Stephenson quickly gained the reputation of being a good mechanic, and a workman of no common penetration and forethought. He was now in his eighteenth year, very steady, and possessed of excellent practical information concerning machinery, but in other respects completely uneducated. He had never attended a school, and was unable to read or write. His time was laboriously occupied in the duties of his calling for at least twelve hours of the day; after that, he was still to be found in the engine-room, taking to pieces and cleaning his pet engine. At other times he took recreation in manly sports, and improved his physical strength. He began to feel that the want of an education was a serious bar to his future progress, and determined, with that de-

cision of character for which he was remarkable, to remedy the deficiency. Old as he was, he went to the village school, and commenced his A B C like a little child. He made great progress, and before he had reached his nineteenth birthday he had the happiness of signing his name in a bold legible hand. Subsequently he studied arithmetic, mathematics, practical and experimental philosophy, mechanics, and similar subjects, with marked success. He had a fine memory, and an understanding easily impressed. Moreover, he was simple and modest, and never ashamed of acknowledging his ignorance. When he was twenty years of age he became brakesman at the Black Callerton Colliery, and received the best wages paid to men of his class.

In 1802 Stephenson removed to Wellington Quay, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, and was married to a young and estimable woman. Here he pursued his old steady course, working, studying, and mending shoes. Owing to an accidental insight into the mysteries of clock-making, he was able to add a new profession to his other employments. After remaining three years in Wellington, he removed to Killingworth (1804), one of the scenes of his subsequent triumphs. Here he was overtaken by a severe calamity—the death of his wife. The depression which this event occasioned induced him to accept an offer to work an engine in Scotland. After nearly a year's absence he returned to Killingworth, where his only child, a little boy (Robert Stephenson, the eminent engineer, vol. ii., p. 999), was being nursed. He had saved upwards of twenty-eight pounds in Scotland, and the arrival of this little fund was most timely. He rescued his father from pecuniary difficulties brought about by a dreadful accident. The mining districts were greatly depressed at this time, and it was with difficulty that Stephenson could procure a sufficiency of work. He allowed no means to go untried. He did all that was to be done at the colliery, repaired and made boots and shoes, cleaned clocks and watches, and even, it is said, cut out clothes for the pitmen's wives. He was stimulated to unusual exertion by the determination to provide an education for his son. A man like Stephenson, who took a pride in understanding the practical construction of the machines under his control, had, of course, many opportunities for displaying his ingenuity; but the first really important case in which his skill was severely put to the test was in remedying the defects of an engine which had defied all the talent of the best engineers in the neighbourhood, and of the maker himself. Stephenson found out the difficulty and remedied it, for which he received ten pounds, but, what was more important to him, the appointment of engineman to the colliery.

In 1812 Stephenson was promoted to the rank of enginewright, which was a source of great rejoicing to him. It placed him in a better position than heretofore; all the engines in the colliery being placed under his control. He was allowed to modify them as he thought best, and in this way introduced many valuable improvements. He turned his attention to railways and locomotives, and the idiosyncrasy of his mind was such that whatever he attempted he accomplished. He soon declared that he could make an engine much better than any which had previously existed. He was warmly encouraged by the owners of the colliery, funds were advanced for the work, and, after much labour and anxiety, he completed his engine, which was placed on the Killingworth Railway, July 20, 1814. The trial of the engine was completely successful, and from that time dates the public life of George Stephenson.

Stephenson's reputation was, however, purely local; but it was of service to him. When a number of gentlemen undertook to construct a railway from Darlington to Stockton-on-Tees, it was to be worked by horse power; but, on the representation of Stephenson, it was agreed that a locomotive should be tried. Still, however, the projectors considered it so bold an idea that they were doubtful about carrying it out; and, while they appointed Stephenson as their engineer, at a salary of £300 per annum, they contented themselves with introducing a clause into their railway bill, premising that locomotives might be used at some future time.

The trial of the locomotive answered admirably, but prejudice was strong; and on the Stockton and Darlington Railway—the first railway ever opened in the world—horses continued to be used for a considerable period. But in the race of progress the steam horse beat the living horse, and from the locomotive-works of Stephenson such iron steeds were sent forth as no fabulist in his wildest dreams had ever imagined. Railways multiplied. Canal proprietors, who saw that competition was in vain, got up a strong opposition; nevertheless, they were at length compelled to give way, and broad and narrow gauge began to spread like a network over the land. Stephenson was the leader and foremost man in everything connected with railways. He, of all men, justly deserved the name of railway-king. When a prize was offered for the best engine, he carried it off triumphantly. His reputation and his fortune were made. Every projected railway company endeavoured to obtain his name in connection with their efforts; and his fame extended beyond the limits of his own country, and became illustrious throughout Europe and America.

Of all the brilliant names that add lustre to our annals, as those of self-made men, that of George Stephenson shines pre-eminently. He was absolutely and entirely the architect of his own fortune, working his way up by diligent application and steady industry, from cow-keeping, on twopence a day, to be a companion of the wise, the worthy, and the wealthy, and to be recognised as one of the brightest ornaments of his age and country.

He died on the 12th of August, 1848, aged sixty-seven.

LESSONS IN DRAWING.—No. II.

10. The pupil may now practise the drawing of lines, gradually nearer to each other, until they form an even tint without touching. In this trial, he will begin to feel the profit of his former labour; and, according to his success, can judge of his advancement in previous lessons. Two examples are given in the accompanying illustration (fig. 5). In the second example are lines slanting, upright, crossing each other, &c. A continued line or two, of each variety, is advised for practice. First, draw a set, as at A, entirely across the page; then proceed, in like manner, with B and C. Having succeeded in producing these separately with some degree of accuracy, begin again, and draw a set A; that done, proceed to cross them with a set of lines slanting in the direction of C, which will produce an effect as seen at D; and again, by crossing with the perpendicular lines B, will be produced E. In the case of F, first draw the lines as at A, and then a fainter interline between each one. In like manner, with advantage, you may proceed with B and C; only making them somewhat wider apart, to allow space for the interline.

11. Before proceeding with the examples (fig. 6), attention should be recalled to what has been said in reference to fixing points, &c. (9). It will now be of much assistance to have paper ruled in squares; and if this can be done by the pupil himself it will be all the better. If example 8 has been properly practised and understood, the following will be comparatively easy. In all, the lines form right angles, except the last, which presents, where they cross each other, what is called a lozenge.

12. In drawing example (fig. 7), first fix the points, and connect them as above; then proceed without them endeavouring to determine their position by careful observation, and then expressing each line and figure with decision, unaided by the points beyond their imaginary existence.

13. The draughtsman should always, as far as practicable, keep his work before him; as in writing, we progress from the top to the bottom of the page. Of course, in drawing the general outline of an object, this would be, in a measure, impossible and improper; but, in forming tints, especially with the pen, care should be taken to avoid working over what has been done already, and which is, in some degree, the guide to what is to be done, as the pen or pencil, partially covering the lower lines, produces

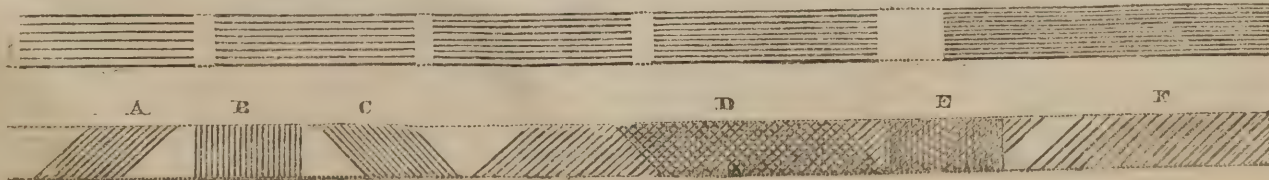


Fig. 5.

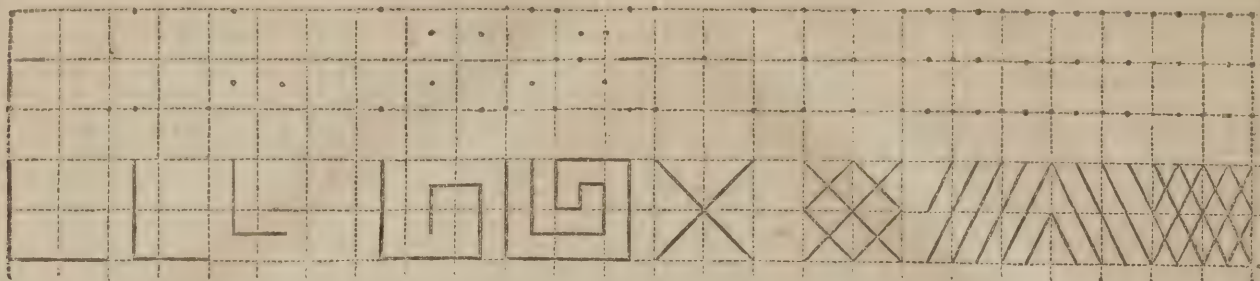


Fig. 6.

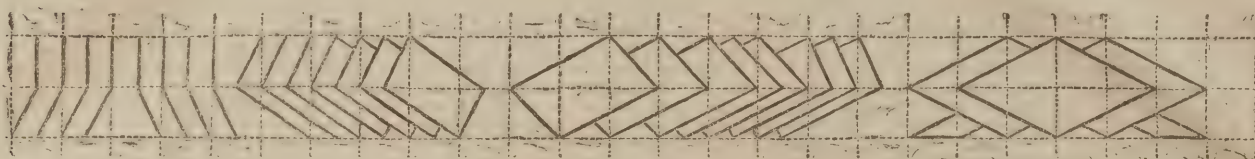


Fig. 7.

uncertainty. For example, it is easier to draw one line parallel to another, having the given line above the pen (as in fig. 8), than if it were below it (fig. 9).

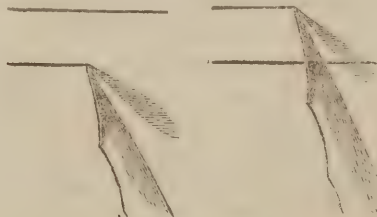


Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.

The simple experiment made by the learner will at once convince him of this; and, in like manner, he will find he can draw lines to express tints or shadows with much greater facility and accuracy by keeping what he has already done before him (fig. 10), than by



Fig. 10.

Fig. 11.

attempting (as in fig. 11) to overreach it. Besides, the liability of running or blotting one line into another unnecessarily is avoided.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH

[We beg to call the attention of the students of our French Lessons to the notice in our Editorial Table, of the re-issue of "Cassell's French Dictionary."]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"THE last addition you made to your vocabulary, Robert," observed George, "consisted of the names of servants. To-day I wish you to write down in French a tolerable quantity of kitchen utensils. Our neighbours have rather strange names for some of these things, and you must learn them in order to understand them. The direction and use of these utensils generally fall to the ladies' department with us in England, but as the gentlemen have to pay for them, both in England and in France, they may as well know their names.

ENGLISH.
Kitchen Utensils
A set of pots and kettles
A bucket
A block
A kettle
A skewer
A stew-pan
A boiler

FRENCH.
Ustensiles de Cuisine.
La batterie de cuisine
Un baquet
Un billot
Une bouilloire
Une broche
Une casserole
Une chaudière

A cauldron
A vegetable-cutter
A cleaver
A pot-lid
A pot-hanger
A Dutch-oven
A skimmer
A mortar
A funnel
A sink
A filter
A kitchen-range
A safe
A gridiron
A chopping-knife
A larding-pin
A soup-pot
A coffee-mill
A colander
A pestle
A saucepan
A frying-pan
A skillet
A grater
A chafin-dish
An oven
A dresser
A sieve
A pan
A dishcloth, a duster
A jack
A pie-dish
Dishes, plates, &c.

Un chaudron
Un coupe-légume
Un couperet
Un couvercle
Une crémalière
Une cuisinière
Une écumoire
Un égruoir
Un entonnoir
Un évier
Une fontaine
Un fourneau
Un garde-manger
Un grill
Un hachoir
Un lardoire
Une marmite
Un moulin à café
Une passoire
Un pilon
Une poêle
Un poêle à frire
Un poëlon
Une râpe
Un réchaud
Une rôtissoire
Une table de cuisine
Un tamis
Une terrine
Un torchon
Un tourne-broche
Une tourtière
La vaisselle

"I shall have some difficulty in recollecting all these," said Robert, apparently amazed at the number of names dictated to him; "and, is it possible that all these are necessary kitchen utensils?"

"If you read that list over to your mother," replied George, "she will tell you she has almost every one of them in her kitchen."

"But a 'skillet,' in French, *un poëlon*; I never heard of a skillet."

"'Skillet' is only another name for a small saucepan," said the instructor.

"How is it," asked Robert, "that in the bill of fare you speak of *un roti*, roast meat, and yet, in this list of kitchen utensils, there is no mention made of a spit?"

"You show some discernment by that question," replied George, "and my answer will tend to show that, with all its beauties, French cannot justly be called a rich language. 'Skewer' and 'spit,' are both represented by the word *broche*. I can assure you that, even with the wood fires, the French contrive to roast meat and poultry remarkably well; but they have no prejudice against baking meat, and the oven for which you wrote down the word *rôtissoire*, is a cooking-oven. The baker's oven is called *un four*. However, it is in stew-pans, *des casseroles*, that most of their delicacies are prepared; and charcoal, *du charbon de bois* is the fuel employed to cook with. The French employ much more of the culinary art in preparing vegetables than we think necessary. Vegetables simply boiled, *viz., ou naturel*, do not suit their taste. They cook them up with cream, gravy, fish, flesh, and fowl, and succeed in concocting what we should call made-dishes out of the simple produce of the garden. Going back to the 'kettle,' I must remark to you that the French have rather an odd idiom connected with tea and the kettle. Tea, as we generally take it, they call *thé à la bouilloire*, and eggs simply boiled in their shells they call *des œufs à la coque*. *Une fontaine* is

the word applied to a common 'fountain,' as well as to a 'filter,' and *torchon* is the only word for 'dish-cloth' and 'duster.' This is another proof of the poverty of the French language; but, on the other hand, observe and admire its comprehensiveness. The French can say a good deal in a few words. You have a proof of that in the beginning and at the end of the portion of the vocabulary you have written out to-day. *La batterie de cuisine*—why, this phrase conjures up whole sets of pots, kettles, pans, and all the members of that numerous family. Then *la vaisselle* is equally expressive of a long range of dishes, plates, cups, saucers, vegetable-dishes, butter-boats, and what not; and, by-the-way, I may as well tell you that for the significant expression 'what not,' in English, the best French phrase is '*que sais-je?*'

"In writing the following exercise, Robert, bear in mind that the object of an adjective may be a substantive, or a verb preceded by a preposition. Some adjectives have no object because they have in themselves a complete signification, as *sage*, wise, *brave*, brave, *courageux*, courageous.

"Some adjectives must have an object because it is necessary to restrict them, to give them a determined signification, as *disposé*, willing, *prêt*, ready, *capable*, able.

"Other adjectives have sometimes an object, sometimes none. They have an object when what we wish to express requires restriction. They have none when employed in a general sense, as *fâché*, sorry, *content*, contented, *sensible*, sensible.

"In the use of adjectives, Robert, you must avoid giving any which are not authorised by custom.

"We must look after our travellers now, Robert," said George. "We shall find them still discussing the early history of Paris."

"And I am very much interested in this discussion," replied the pupil.

CONTINUATION OF LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

The kings of the third race added a great deal to Paris. Les rois de la troisième race ont beaucoup augmenté Paris.

It was under their rule that the town gradually assumed those proportions which have brought it to its present state of importance. C'était sous leur gouvernement que la ville commençait à prendre par degrés les accroissements qu'elle a amenés au point où nous la voyons aujourd'hui.

And when did the faubourgs begin to be united by intermediate buildings? Et quand est-ce que les faubourgs commenceront à se réunir par des constructions intermédiaires?

From the time we mentioned. A partir de cette époque même.

Then the faubourgs began to have inclosures which became more extensive from age to age. Alors les faubourgs furent renfermés dans des enceintes qui s'élargirent de siècle en siècle.

What king had the first rampart raised? Quel roi éleva la première enceinte?

Philip Augustus. This king took the greatest pains to adorn the capital, and he had part of it paved in 1184. Philippe Auguste. Ce roi apporta les plus grandes soins à l'embellissement de la capitale, et il en fit paver une partie en 1184.

Who established the university? Qui établit l'université?

Some say that the university was founded by Robert of Sorbon, confessor to Louis IX. Les uns disent que l'université fut fondée par Robert de Sorbon, confesseur de Louis Neuf.

And what do others say?
That the establishment of
the university took place
under Louis the Young,
and mention is made of
the great protection that
his successor, Philip Au-
gustus, granted to the in-
stitution.

But is not the university
called the Sorbonne?

Certainly it is, and it is clear
it is so called in honour of
Robert of Sorbon.

But it is evident the uni-
versity existed before the
time of the above-men-
tioned confessor.
I am of your opinion.

Et que disent les autres?
Que l'établissement de l'un-
iversité eut lieu sous Louis
le Jeune, et on parle de la
protection éclatante que
son successeur, Philippe
Auguste, accorda à cette
institution.

Mais n'est-ce pas qu'on ap-
pelle l'université la Sor-
bonne?

C'est ce qu'il y a de certain,
c'est que c'est en honneur de
Robert de Sorbon qu'on
l'appelle ainsi.

Mais c'est tout clair que
l'université existait avant
le temps dudit confesseur.
Je suis de votre avis.

EXERCISE.

1. There is in this building a hall one hundred feet
dans ce bâtiment m. salle f.
long fifty wide, and thirty high. 2.
long or longueur, f. large or largeur, f. deep, by fifteen
This well will be five hundred feet profundeur, f.
puits m. in diameter. 3. It will be covered with a magnificent
diamètre m. couvert de magnifique
marble stone, eighteen or nineteen inches thick. 4.
(pierre de marbre) Your parlour is no more than thirty feet long and twenty-
salon de
one wide. 5. The new canal is eighty feet broad.
nouveau m. large or largeur, f.
and twelve deep. 6. I think that the steeple of your
crist think that the steeple of your
church is more than six hundred feet high. 7. The two
église f. de
windows of that chapel are each seventy-seven feet high
fenêtre f. cette chapelle f. chacun
and twenty-two wide. 8. I have seen in France an iron
ou (pont m.
bridge seventy-two feet wide; it consists of thirty-one piers,
de fer) consiste en pile, f.
twenty-seven large arches, and two small ones; the six
grand —, f. petit
middle piers are each thirty-six feet broad; all the others
du milieu chacun tout
decrease in breadth by one foot and a half on each side
diminuent en largeur d' de côté m.
9. The palace of the king is one hundred and twenty feet
palais m.
high, six hundred long, and ninety-six broad. 10. The
Boulevards around Paris are about thirty miles long, and
— m. autour de — environ mille
one hundred feet wide. 11. You have on your farm a
dans ferme f.
pond which is a thousand feet in length, two hundred and
étang m. qui
eighty-six in breadth, and forty-four in depth. 12. You are
taller than your friend by two inches. 13. Your parlour is
grand ami pouce, m.
longer than mine by four feet.
long le mien

LE CORRIÈRE.

1. Il y a dans ce bâtiment une salle de cent pieds de long
(or de longueur), sur cinquante de large (or de largeur), et
trente de haut (or de hauteur). 2. Ce puits aura cinq cents
pieds de profundeur, sur quinze de diamètre. 3. Il sera
couvert d'une magnifique pierre de marbre de dix-huit ou
dix-neuf pouces épaisseur. 4. Votre salon n'a pas plus de
trente pieds de long (or de longueur) sur vingt-et-un de large
(or de largeur). 5. Le nouveau canal a quatre-vingts pieds
de large (or de largeur) sur douze de profundeur. 6. Je crois
que la flèche de votre église n'a pas plus de six cents pieds
de haut (or de hauteur). 7. Les deux fenêtres de cette cha-
pelle ont chacune soixante-dix-sept pieds de haut (or de
hauteur) sur vingt-deux pieds de large (or de largeur). 8.
J'ai vu en France un pont de fer de soixante-douze pieds de
largeur; il consiste en trente-et-une piles, en vingt-sept
grandes arches et deux petites; les six piles du milieu ont
chacune trente-six pieds de large; toutes les autres dimi-
nuent en largeur d'un pied et demi de chaque côté. 9. Le
palais du roi a cent-vingt pieds de hauteur, sur six cents pieds
de longueur, et quatre-vingt-seize de largeur. 10. Les Boule-
vards autour de Paris ont environ trente milles de longueur
sur cent pieds de largeur. 11. Vous avez dans votre ferme
un étang qui a mille pieds de longueur, deux cent quatre-
vingt six de largeur, et quarante quatre de profundeur. 12.
Vous êtes plus grand que votre ami de deux pouces (or
Vous avez deux pouces de plus que votre ami). 13. Votre
salon est de quatre pieds plus long que le mien (or Votre
salon a quatre pieds de plus que le mien en longueur).

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

In, em, am, om, im, placed at the end of some
foreign words, lose their nasality, and are pronounced
as if followed by an e mute (the e prefixed to n or m
having a grave accent over it), although the next
word begins with a consonant, or the word itself is fol-
lowed by a sign of punctuation, as,

Jérusalem, which is pronounced	4 11 1 5 0
Jé-ru-sa-lème	7 5 0
hymen, " "	hy-mé-na
Abraham, " "	1 1 1 0
A-bra-ha-me	4 7 0
Sélim, " "	Sé-li-me

In the word *Chrétienté*, Christianity, the syllable
en, although followed by a consonant, loses its nasal
sound, and this word is pronounced as if it were
written *Chrê-ti-en-né-té*; and so in the case of all
words which are formed from others ending with the
nasal sounds en, ien.

6th. Whenever the letter *i* is followed by *mm* or
nn, the double sound of these two letters should be
heard in the pronunciation; as in *immense*, which is
sounded *im-men-se*; *inné*, which is sounded *in-né*;
the only exception is the word *innocence*, and those
derived from it, which are pronounced as if written
i-n-no-cen-ce.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XXXII.

METALLOIDS.

OXYGEN.

819. What is oxygen?—Oxygen is a transparent
and colourless gas, a little heavier than the atmo-
sphere.

820. How abundant is it?—It is much the most
abundant substance in nature. One fourth of the
air, one ninth of the ocean, and more than one half
of the solid earth, is oxygen.

821. How is it prepared?—By heating the rusts or
oxides of certain metals.

822. Explain the figure?—The figure represents
oxide of mercury heated in a tube to expel its oxygen.



Fig. 51.

823. What remarkable property has the oxygen
thus obtained?—Metals will burn in it.

824. How is the experiment made?—By lighting
a bit of match attached to iron wire, and then placing
it in the phial.

825. What happens to the iron?—It takes fire and
burns with brilliant scintillations.

826. What becomes of the oxygen?—It combines
with the iron, forming an oxide of iron, and falls in
molten globules to the bottom of the phial.

827. What happens to a newly-extinguished taper,
held in a phial of oxygen?—If a little spark remains
on the wick, it is re-lighted.

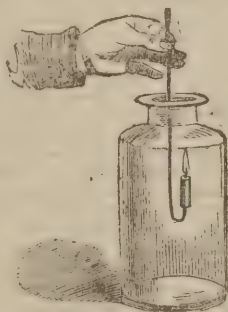


Fig. 52.

828. What happens to ignited phosphorus under
the same circumstances?—It burns with a light so
brilliant that the eye can scarcely bear it.

829. What becomes of the phosphorus and oxygen?
—They unite to form white fumes of phosphoric acid,
which remain in the phial.

830. What happens to ignited charcoal in oxygen?
—It burns with extreme brilliancy.

831. What becomes of the charcoal and oxygen in
this experiment?—They unite to form gaseous car-
bonic acid.

832. What happens to charcoal when it burns in
ordinary air?—The same thing as if it were burned
in pure oxygen.

833. Why is the combustion less brilliant?—Be-
cause but one fifth of the air is oxygen.

834. What happens to hard coal, wood, and all
combustible substances, when they burn in the air?—
All combine with its oxygen, and pass off as invisible
gases and vapours.

835. What happens to wood and leaves when they
decay and disappear?—Precisely the same thing.

836. What may such decay be therefore called?—
A slow combustion.

837. What similar change occurs in the blood?—
Part of it undergoes a similar slow combustion.

838. What supports this combustion?—The oxy-
gen taken into the lungs.

839. What becomes of the invisible gases and
vapours which are formed in the combustion?—They
are breathed out from the lungs.

840. What happens finally to the invisible gases
and vapours which are produced in combustion and
respiration?—They are converted by living plants
into new wood, leaves, flowers, and fruit.

841. What office has the oxygen of the air thus
served?—That of a carrier of oxygen.

CHLORINE.

842. What is chlorine?—Chlorine is a yellowish-
green gas of peculiar odour, about two and a half
times as heavy as the air.

843. What common substance contains it?—Com-
mon salt.

844. Where does chlorine, then, exist in great
abundance?—In salt mines and the ocean.

845. How is it most rapidly made?—
By pouring sulphuric acid on "bleaching
powder."

846. What is bleaching powder?—Lime
which has been made to absorb chlorine.

847. What is the use of the acid in
making chlorine?—It combines with the
lime, and sets the chlorine at liberty.

848. Mention some properties of chlo-
rine.—It combines eagerly with metals,
and bleaches vegetable colours.

849. Illustrate its combination with
metals.—Powdered antimony sprinkled
into this gas takes fire immediately.

850. What becomes of the antimony
and chlorine?—They unite to form chlo-
ride of antimony.

851. What occurs if the metal sodium
is placed in chlorine?—The two combine
to form common salt.

852. What happens when a rag moistened with
camphire is immersed in a phial of chlorine?—It is
immediately inflamed, with the production of dense
black smoke.

853. Why?—Camphor is composed of hydrogen
and carbon; the former unites with the chlorine, and
produces the flame, while the latter separates as
smoke.

854. How may cloth be bleached by chlorine?—
By wetting it and hanging it in the gas.

855. Why is it necessary to wet it?—Water con-
tains oxygen, which is required in the process.

856. Why is oxygen required?—It is required to
burn up the colouring matter of the cloth.

857. How can the oxygen act thus while imprisoned
as part of the water?—It cannot; the chlorine sets it
at liberty.

858. How does it do this?—By combining with the
hydrogen, which is the other constituent of the water.

859. What does the oxygen do when set at liberty?
—It gradually burns up the colouring matter of the
cloth.

860. Why is chlorine used as a disinfectant?—
It destroys noxious vapours in the air.

861. To what may its particles be likened in this
case?—To birds of prey, that fly forth to seize the
impurities of the atmosphere.

862. In what form is it used for this purpose?—
As chloride of lime, which allows the chlorine to es-
cape gradually into the air.

ACTON SMEE AYRTON, ESQ., M.P.

THE hurricane which swept over the waters of political
life on the great Chinese question in 1857, stranded
several noble vessels that had weathered many a
storm, and obliged others to put into port and
refit for further service. When Lord Palmerston
threw himself on the country, the result was all that
he or his most devoted admirers could have desired.
Out went the men who had opposed his measures, and
in came those who promised to support him in carry-
ing on the war with the utmost vigour. The
tables were soon turned, but for the time Palmerston
was eminently successful. While parliament gained

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



ACTON SMEE AYRTON, ESQ., M.P. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

some valuable members, it lost others who had done good service to the state. But the public, if for awhile it was forgetful of benefits received, and turned its back on tried friends, was soon ready to acknowledge their services, and to send them back again as the champions of freedom, and to win fresh laurels in St. Stephens.

On the occasion to which we have alluded, the borough of the Tower Hamlets—one of the most extensive and important of the metropolitan constituencies—excluded one of its members. Sir William Clay, Bart., who had represented the borough for five-and-twenty years, was rejected, and Acton Smee Ayrton, Esq., whose portrait we have much pleasure in presenting, was elected in his stead. At the official declaration of the poll, Sir W. Clay expressed his strong conviction that the feeling of the voters was still friendly towards him, and assured them that his defeat would never extinguish the deep gratitude he felt for the confidence they had so long reposed in him.

The political sentiments of Sir W. Clay and Mr. Ayrton closely approximate. Sir William is a liberal—in favour of extension of the suffrage, the ballot, and triennial parliaments. Mr. Ayrton is a thorough-going reformer, more of a radical than the late member—also in favour of an extended suffrage, short parliaments, and vote by ballot. Since his return he has devoted himself indefatigably to the business of the house, in advocating those measures which, on his election, he pledged himself to support.

Mr. Ayrton is the son of Frederick Ayrton, Esq., formerly of Gray's Inn, and late of Bombay. His mother was the only child of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Nugent. He was born at Kew in 1816. He has devoted himself to the legal profession, and was called to the bar by the society of the Middle Temple. In 1852 he unsuccessfully contested the Tower Hamlets with his present colleague, Charles Salisbury Butler, Esq., also a liberal. It was in April,

1857, that Mr. Ayrton was first returned for the borough.

One of the most important measures proposed in the last session of parliament—namely, the Equalisation of Metropolitan Poor-rates—was introduced to the House by Mr. Ayrton. In the course of his remarks, he drew the attention of the house to the obvious difference which existed in this respect between town and country. The supply of labouring industry in the metropolis is kept up by importations from the country, and the fluctuations of the population render it extremely onerous on the ratepayers—strikingly different from those country parishes where families often reside for generations in one place. In our metropolitan parishes, a few yards' distance may make a difference of double or treble in the rates. In one parish, where the wealthy reside, there may be scarce any poor to support; and in another, not a stone's-throw distant, the poor may vastly preponderate. The division between parishes is purely artificial, and may be, it is generally admitted, altered without any difficulty or serious inconvenience. Mr. Ayrton's plan for remedying existing defects is founded on the original statute of Elizabeth, by which the poor-law was established. That statute provides that if there should be an over assessment for the poor in any parish, the justices of the peace shall make a rate on any other parish they think more able to contribute within the hundred: And if it shall be proved that within the hundred there is no such parish, they shall search for it within the county, and compel it to pay its quota towards the expenses. But the metropolis being in four counties, it is difficult to apply this ancient statute; and Mr. Ayrton suggested that a board might be formed of members of the magisterial bench, whose business it should be to entertain all questions that might arise in effecting a combination of the richer and poorer parishes.

Whatever opinion may be entertained of Mr. Ayrton's scheme, that some alterations are desirable will be generally admitted. A uniform basis of poor-

law assessment is most important, and, in bringing the question before Parliament, Mr. Ayrton has proved himself not only mindful of his own constituents, but has acted as the representative of all London.

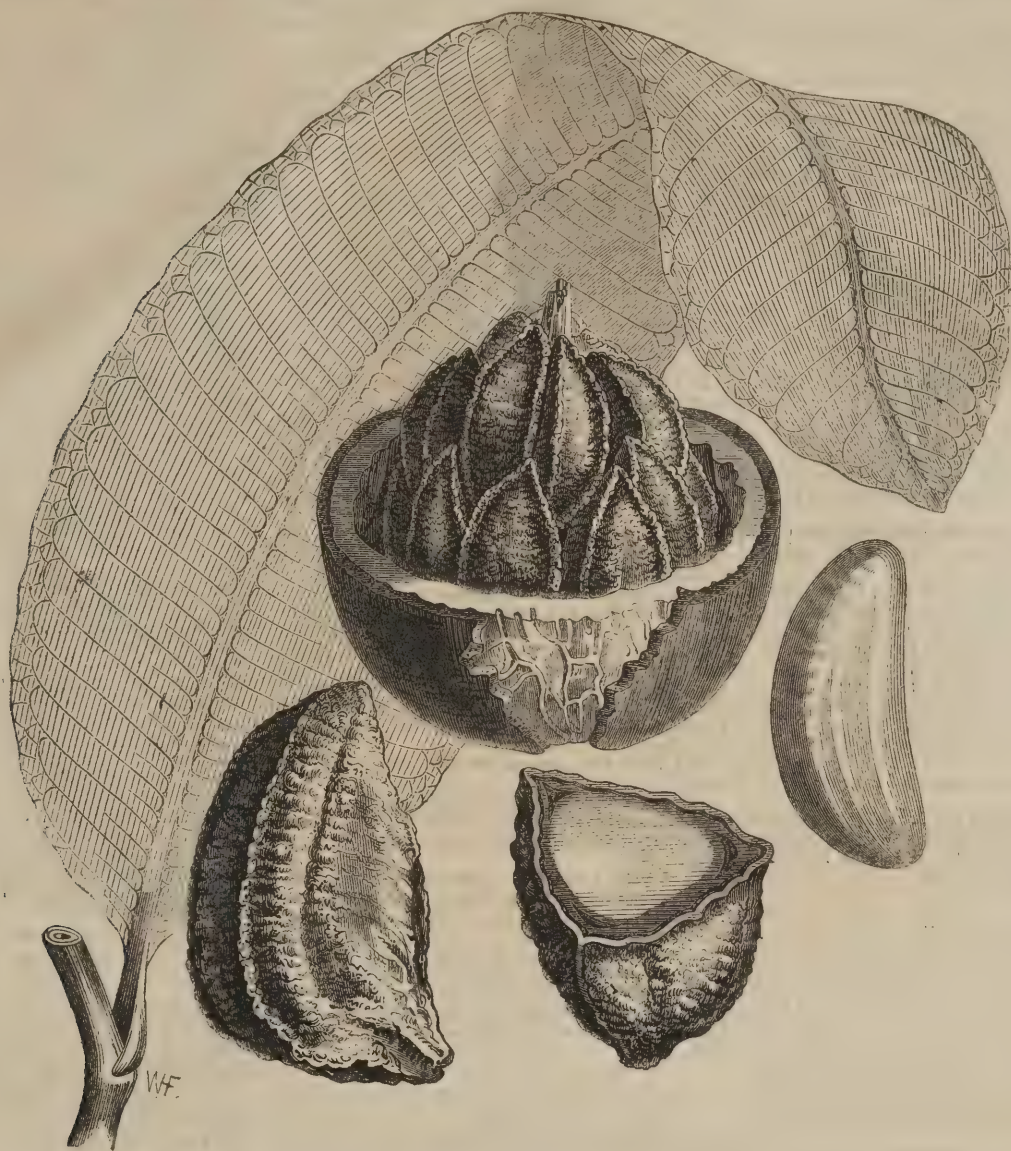
BRAZIL NUTS.

Most of our readers have seen a Brazil nut. They are hawked about our London streets in barrowfuls, and have their virtues advertised by strength of lungs. They are very cheap and very common, and, supposing your digestive organs to be healthy, are by no means disagreeable. But what are they? What a question! Brazil nuts, of course—the chestnut of America. Is it so? Are not both names equally erroneous? The nature of the fruit is not that of the chestnut or walnut; for it is produced by a tree entirely different from either.

The dimensions of the Brazil nut trees are truly colossal: they attain a height of nearly one hundred feet; they are found in South America, especially in Para, Brazil, and on the banks of the Orinoco, where they are said to form extensive forests. There is no doubt that the fruit called Brazil nuts is the actual production of these trees; the natives call them *juiva*; the Portuguese give them the name of *castanas de Maranon*; the Brazilians call them *cupucaya*; but in England and North America they are invariably named Brazil nuts, and this appellation we may as well preserve, as being the most general and most common.

The Brazil nut tree was for a long period unknown to European botanists; but it was known that this fruit was used very extensively in the southern continent of the New World. We are indebted to those eminent travellers, Humboldt and Bonpland, for the first description ever given of this interesting production.

The trunk of the tree is straight and cylindrical,



THE LEAF AND FRUIT OF THE BRAZIL NUT TREE.

measuring about three feet in diameter; the bark is of a grayish colour, and of close texture. At some distance the tree resembles a chestnut. The branches are very long, some of them reaching from the summit almost to the ground, and they are thickly covered with leaves. The flowers are of a yellowish white, the stems white, bearing clusters which are remarkable for their sweet smell. The calyx is tubular, and contains six divisions; the corolla has six petals.

The fruit in its natural state, as represented in our engraving, presents the appearance of a massive sphere, about five inches in diameter. This sphere is divided into four compartments, each containing several nuts, imbedded in a soft green substance. The outer shell of the fruit is rough and hard, about a third of an inch in thickness. The interior compartments are formed of a membranous substance, and each division contains six or eight nuts, attached to the central partition by their lower extremity. Their length is from an inch and a half to two inches, their form is an unequal triangle, their shell is rugged, and of a light brown colour. The fruit which is contained within is triangular in form, white in colour, and of the same character as that of the almond, good to eat while fresh, but turning rancid very rapidly, owing to the quantity of oil which it contains.

The Brazil nut trees—*Bertholletia* as they are sometimes called, in honour of the illustrious Berthollet—are amongst the most interesting productions of the New World, and they are as readily culti-

vated in the warmer climates of America, as chestnuts and almonds are in Europe. These nuts are palatable when fresh, and contain a considerable quantity of oil. An excellent chocolate is also manufactured from them, and they are, therefore, in every respect a very valuable fruit.

WINNIE;

OR,

THE BALANCE OF POWER AT THE FIRESIDE.

A Tale, in Three Parts.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEW STEWARD.

It is not easy, nor is it necessary, to ascertain how Mr. Barty's visitor of the day before came to know the internal arrangements of the Gascoigne family.

There is a faculty that looks like clairvoyance or second sight in these matters which cannot be denied, but which can as little be profitably discussed by the uninitiated.

Our readers will recollect many such facts in their experience or observation, where a thief has appeared to be almost miraculously endowed with very convenient intelligence, which it would have cost an honest man immense trouble and great expense to come at.

And so it turned out, that while one of Mr.

Harding's eyes had been upon the hot sausages and mashed potatoes, another eye had been taking the measure of a pane of glass, or the thickness of a shutter in the kitchen window.

For when Miss Frances Gascoigne was in the middle of her first sleep, having arrived in town at a late hour, worn out with a journey which a lady would undergo now-a-days before breakfast and think nothing of it, and when all the house was wrapped in a very satisfactory slumber, the latch of the lady's bedroom door was turned with a click, which, if it didn't open the door, opened the eyes and the ears of the occupant with most unpleasant rapidity.

"Who's there?" cried Fanny Gascoigne.

Fanny Gascoigne's only misfortune and only drawback in any respect lay in the fact that she was her brother's sister. She resembled him in nothing else but the having had the same father and mother.

The new baronet was deformed; his sister's figure, though (we should rather say *because*) only of the middle height, was faultless.

Lionel's face was worse than his figure; Fanny's was gentle, intelligent, fair, and pretty.

The brother's temper we have no further need to describe; the sister's may be inferred from the fact that she endured even Lionel's without a complaint, and, so far as he saw, without thinking the worse of him.

"Who's there?" said Miss Gascoigne.

"Open the door, Fanny," said a voice outside, which sounded so familiar, that she was out of bed

in a moment, and, having turned the bolt, was in again as quickly.

"What *can* be the matter, Lionel?" she asked, in a hurried, breathless sort of voice, when she had laid herself down. "Are you ill, dear?"

"Rather," said the voice, in the same key as before.

The room was pitch-dark, and the curtains all round the bed, in the bad fashion of those times.

But there was something, either in the tread of the visitor or in the fancy of the young lady, that made her start up at the word "rather;" and she drew back the curtain, and looked out.

"Lionel!"

In a moment there was turned upon her the full light of a bull's-eye, and a man rushed up to her, and put his hand—not harshly—over her mouth.

"Speak, and you're a dead woman!" said our friend; for it was no other than he who had heard the edifying discourse, recorded in the last chapter, about the travelling habits of the family.

A smothered shriek, through the burglar's fingers, followed the warning.

A terrible blow on the head followed the shriek.

And in almost less time than it takes to write it,—the jewels of several locked cabinets found their way into the pockets of Harding, and the villain was on his way down stairs, leaving the lady stunned in her bed.

Sir Lionel had heard the cry proceeding from the direction of his sister's room, but prudently resolved to be still.

He knew that he had the keys of the most valuable of the plate, and, after listening for awhile in great agony on his own account, he heard the strange step descend the stairs, and turned himself round and went fast off to sleep—merely saying:

"Daresay it's Barty—daresay it's Barty."

Of course, the next morning saw everything valuable and portable not to be found; and Miss Gascoigne—thanks to her valiant and affectionate brother—was discovered by her maid lying sensible, but dangerously injured, at the usual hour for calling her.

An interesting little boy had been slipped through the aperture surveyed and arranged by Mr. Harding on the day before; the principal himself had then entered, and finished the business.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD STEWARD.

THE money loss to poor old Weston, when he was discharged from the Gascoigne service, was the least loss of all—though that was more than he could afford.

He had grown up and grown old in the family. The late baronet had done nothing without consulting Weston. Weston knew every stick and stone on the estate. Everybody liked him, for he had been everybody's friend.

"Well, bo'," said one of the labourers on the farm to another, when the old steward's dismissal became known—"well, bo', and what do ye think o' this, eh?"

"Think!" said the other; "I'm fairly stammered, that's what I am. 'It's doubled me up,' as the sayin' is, for sure."

"What's it for, Jem; do ye know what it's for?"

"For! It's his nasty temper—this new un's nasty temper, that's what it's for. Old Weston's too good for him, bo'; good for ever! we shall all cut 'fore long, see if we doesn't."

And so, in their different ways, the entire body of the Gascoigne dependents condemned and deplored the baronet's treatment of old Weston.

They came, in twos and threes, to the White House; whether to ask questions or to say "Good-bye," they hardly knew themselves.

One man, a game-keeper, with whom Weston had had more occasion to find fault than, perhaps, with any one else on the property, came one evening just as it was getting dusk, and rapped at the door.

It so happened that Aunt Susan was just coming down the stairs that ascended from the passage at the moment, so she opened the door as she passed.

"Well, Bennett," said Aunt Susan, "and how does the world use *you*, eh?"

The gamekeeper took off his hat, and seemed about to speak; but, instead of speaking, he began to twist his hat round with both hands, and looked down on the ground.

"Come to say 'good bye,' Bennett, eh? Well, this is a bad job for a-many of us, isn't it? You didn't expect this, I dare say?"

And the honest fellow turned half round, as if he were going away without a single word; and putting

his lips very tight together, he began to push his wrist very hard into first one eye and then the other, but was evidently rather ashamed that Aunt Susan should see him do it.

"This bain't all true, for sure, Mrs. Susan?" he said at last, looking quite the other way.

"There's not a chice o' doubt about it, Bennett, that I know of; but it's stamman cruel to us all, I think."

"I came, m'm, to ask if Mr. Weston would be so good—"

And here the gamekeeper made another breakdown of it, and fairly turned his back on Aunt Susan.

At last he got out, that he came, on behalf of a good many others beside himself, to beg the favour of Mr. Weston's allowing them to give him a farewell supper before he left, as they couldn't bear to think of his going off without a word, and they didn't like to take the liberty, all of them, of coming to the house.

Just then old Weston himself chanced to be crossing the passage.

"Hallo, Aunt Susan! courtin' in the dark, eh? Oh, for shame!"

"Now, now, John, come here, come here, and see an old friend."

"Step in, Bennett, step in, and tell your story to Mr. Weston."

And so the steward welcomed the visitor very cordially, and heard the proposal; but, having heard it, he very kindly and very gratefully declined it.

"It's very good of all of ye, Bennett, I'm sure, very good. It makes it a deal easier going, when folks look at it in this light, sure enough it does. But, on thinkin' of it, it won't do—it won't do. You'd all do yourselves more harm than you'd do me good. He'd never forgive one of ye. Ye don't know him as I do, Bennett. Give my very best thanks to 'em, and say I thank 'em all the same. But it's kinder to say no; 'tis, indeed."

And from that decision Weston was not to be moved.

The gamekeeper was admitted to a hearty shake of the hand, and went his way, without mustering more than a very thick "God bless ye, sir, and all belongin' to ye!"

"And yet," said John, as he rejoined the little circle in the keeping-room, "there isn't a soul on the property that I've blown up as often as I have that self-same Sam Bennett!"

And so, like the rest of us in this world of mingled bitters and sweets, did faithful John comfort himself under the one parting with the butcher of little Biscuit, by remembering the partings with Sam Bennett and a score of men who owed him just as little.

CHAPTER XII.

WINNIE.

IT was some few weeks after the family at the White House had settled down, under this sense of cruel injury, and yet under the genuine alleviation we have described, that little Clara sat in the garden, keeping watch and ward over Winnie, who lay sprawling and kicking away on the grass.

Is it the love of children, or is it the love of authority, or is it the love of being considered above one's real age, that makes a little thing of two or three years old aspire to be the nurse and the protectress of the baby?

Whatever it is, there are few sights more amusing than that of one infant playing the adult with another—raking up all the little condescending words that have scarcely ceased to be spoken to itself, and applying them to "little sissy," or "baby boy."

Clara was just old enough to begin to show some of this curious patronage towards Winnie; and, as the younger child stretched its little plump limbs in the warm sun that day, and doubled its little fists in a very pugnacious manner for so innocent a time of life, Miss Clara would stoop from her small chair, and tickle and shake her, and make her laugh in the true nurse-maid style; assuring her, though hardly able to hush the words, that she was her "own p'essious 'tittle Winnie;" and saying a great number of other equally complimentary and favourable things, one after another.

And a very great lady and a very old woman Miss Clara felt, we can assure you.

She was in the height of her power when Aunt Susan appeared at the window, and told her it was time to come in; saying that she was herself coming down to fetch the junior mersel, either to a meal or to bed, as the case may have been.

Clara no sooner heard that than she put forth all her tiny strength, and lifted up the "p'essious 'tittle

Winnie" from the ground, and began to stagger under her load towards the door whence Aunt Susan was to issue forth.

The child had managed to reach the threshold in safety, Winnie chuckling almost as much as herself—no doubt at the excellence of the joke—when Clara swayed over suddenly to one side in her tottering career, and her feet catching the scraper, the poor little things both rolled down together, the baby falling undermost, and its miniature nurse upon her.

The worst of it was, that the fall was exactly on the sharp edge of the stone step, which made the accident all the worse to the one who was least able to bear it.

At all events, Winnie's cries were the most piercing, and Clara seemed more frightened than hurt.

Tumbling about, however, is a destiny to which children are generally considered to be appointed. And no more notice was taken of this tumble, after a few minutes, than nurses commonly take.

Clara was duly rebuked for her precocious effort—poor little Winnie's eyes were wiped with Aunt Susan's clean white apron; and then her little sobbing face was buried in Aunt Susan's bosom, and she was rocked to and fro to a very familiar tune, and to the equally familiar words about the lady with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, and in a few minutes Winnie was asleep.

How little dreamed that tiny sleeper of the work done that day within her soft and slender frame!

Did no angel whisper to her of the future, or point her, as she slept, to the black cloud that gathered then above her? None!

She slept; and when she woke, she had forgotten—so had Clara—so had every one forgotten—the tumble on the step.

"All alone, then—all alone, Winnie!" said Roland to his little one, a month or two after the accident, as he dandled the baby on his knee, and pretended to make the child stand up before him on his lap.

And the father put his hand on the baby's back, supporting it, as he thought, when, there rang through the White House a cry that went to every heart, and even little Clara came toddling up to Roland, and asking what was the matter with her little pet.

It was the first symptom of a deep abscess forming against the spine where the blow had been. Winnie was pronounced a cripple for many a long month, and was kept recumbent.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

WHERE all this while was the meek and silly tradesman, who had left his family in the midst of their deepest distress, which leaving, however, was, in fact, the kindest thing he could do?

Where was Mr. Peter Blugman?

It is not likely that he kept any journal of every day's proceedings, at least it is not among the memoranda from which this history is compiled.

But, certain it is, that a few months before the accident occurred down in Suffolk to little Winnie, and just about the time of Old Weston's interview with Bennett, Peter came upon a very promising and a very congenial opening for obtaining a livelihood, which it is our duty to report.

He had been living, since the distraint, and since the death (the former of which events he hardly knew of, he was so drunk; and the latter of which he knew nothing of, and could only guess at, which most likely he never took the trouble to do)—he had been living by that very common London method, anyhow: one day, holding a gentleman's horse; the next, locking a wheel going down hill to save the driver the trouble of dismounting; the next, lending a turn aboard some of the lighters of the river; in fact, he lived anyhow, if living it was.

"Here's to ye, my hearty," said a very rough-looking, muscular customer, addressing Peter, one day, at the bar of a low beershop somewhere in the neighbourhood of the docks, about Tower-hill.

"Same to you, and many on 'em," said Mr. Blugman, as he took up his share of the beer they were splitting between them, for some joint job or other.

"Werry salt, this, my dear," said the other man, whose name was Tim Grady, as he drained the pewter, and put it down in another wet circle on the wet counter. "Werry salt, ye haven't pickled yer pigs in this 'ere malt, have ye, my dear?" he went on, addressing the slattern who acted barmaid; "bless'd if it doesn't make one wuss, 'stead o' quenchin', don't it, pardner?"

"Can't say as I find it," said Peter; "tell ye the truth, ain't had a blessed drop this four days, so, yer see, fresh or salt, it come rayther welcomer to me than it may to rich coves like some people."

And Peter winked at his mate.
"Lor, bless ye!" said Tim; "yer ain't ever been a greengrocer, 'av ye? I should ha' thought so, raly; yer'e so precious vardiint this mornin'. On'y wants a second go, my hinnocent. Come, miss, fill again, and I'll pay."

And so—Peter a little confused—they both laughed at the joke, which, by-the-by, may have been no joke at all, if our authorities on publichouses ever speak the truth.

"Ain't had no wet for four days! Why, where a' ye been a-mournin' and lamentin' arter that 'ere fashion?" asked Tim.

"Times werry bad," said Peter—"werry, wuss an' wuss."

"Gammon!" said the other, burying his nose in another pull at the beer.

"Wish it was—bless'd if I don't!"

And Mr. Blugman spoke in a very depressed tone.

"Now," said Tim Gradly, as they walked along towards the water side, and presently sat themselves down on a flight of wretched old steps, out of everybody's hearing; "now, if all this as yer've been a-tellin' me is gospel (an' why shouldn't it be?), I don't mind tryin' to put a thing in your way, that'll keep yer from goin' four days without liquor, at all events."

"Ay!" said Peter; "yer don't say so?"

"True as 'ere we sits; but 'tain't done in a jiffy, old feller, yer know, nor yet without a sort of judgmatical-lookin' into, in course."

"Course not," said Peter.

"No; there's one or two things as must come first. Take one on 'em: first of all, yer don't mind swearin' a little, I s'pose: by-the-by, that ain't fust, name comes fust; don't think ye've obleeged me with your name."

"Peter—Peter Blugman."

"That's the real one—gennivine, I s'pose?"

"Honour bright."

"Then we must call ye—what? S'pose we say, 'The Doctor.' They call me 'The Chancellor'—that's my name. Anythin' in the 'varsal world but P. B. and T. G. Twig it?"

"Course," said the Doctor.

"Well, now then, ye don't mind takin' an oath on double-edged knife, I s'pose, along o' three or four of our kids, to keep yer mouth shut at proper times, to share and share alike, and third (as the parsons say), to go and come as our captin' thinks fit—eh? Do yer mind that ere?"

"Not a ha'porth, if *you've* been and done it all."

"Each an' every, long ago," said the Chancellor.

"Then, I'm your man—leastways, I see nothin' agin it."

Let us all be very thankful, good reader, that, although London certainly contains plenty of "Chancellors" and plenty of "Doctors," like our two friends in the river steps that day, their horrid occupation's gone, and will never come back. If we put on record the following conversation, we do it that we may every one nurse gratefully the sweet reflection, how completely our wise and wholesome laws have long ago removed all temptation to the particular crimes by which Peter Blugman was promised larger allowances of London beer.

It was after the Doctor had gone through a very imposing ceremony, and been introduced to several other gentlemen with equally fanciful titles, that the two new friends were again walking together, towards evening of the next day.

"I can't do better," said the Chancellor, "than tell ye of a spree that me and three o' my pals 'ad only ast week."

"Cut along," said the Doctor.

"Snatchin's no joke, I can tell yer, though some folks thinks it so precious easy. Well, we'd got orders, ye see, for more articles in our partic'lar line han we could perduce. And so, 'av'ing heard of a opeful sort o' case—black job, yer know—as 'ad appened down in sitch a churchyard (shan't tell yer which at present), we resolves to do our duty to our customers; an' off we goes, about an hour afore midnight, down to this ere place, sitiwated say six mile rom Charin' Cross."

"What did ye go in?" asked the Doctor.

"A bit of a pony cart," said Tim; "as nice a little rap as you'd wish to see, and a hainimal little and good, that stepped out like a greyhound. But the ark on it, ye see, Doctor, was this: We dressed ourselves up, we did, as four sodgers."

And the Chancellor laughed amain, and stopped to rest his knees with both hands, to relieve his excitement.

"Four sodgers; and we tuck along with us an extra suit o' reds, in the bottom o' the cart."

"I see," said the Doctor. "Cute, werry cute!"

"Well," said Tim, "we got to the ground. I sh'd

think, as near as may be, arter stoppin' on the road, at ten minutes arter twelve. Pitch dark, black as yer 'at—black, too, for your'n aint as black as some I've seen, Doctor."

Which the other allowed.

"From information we'd received, as they say at the Old Bailey, we got right up in a moment to the werry grave, all fresh and soft, yer know, for the job had been done that day, as I tell'd yer."

"Ave, ave," said Peter.

"Well, then, away we set to work. It didn't take no pick, shovels was plenty. And, on'y now and then a lookin' round and a listenin', and a coverin' the light, we had it all done and made smooth and neat again—why, I should say, in three parts of an hour, at the outside."

"An' ye got the gentleman safe out, did yer?"

"Aye, and safe into the spare jacket and trousers, my boy. That's where the joke was, yer see."

"La!" said the doctor.

"Not so sure about the *law*," said Tim, "but so's the fact."

"Well?"

"Well, when we'd dressed him up, cap an' all, what did we do, but we sot him up as well as we could make him look, in the bottom o' the shay-cart, all dark as pitch, yer know, and drove off like mad towards town agin, jolly pleased, but just a inch narvous like."

"I sh'd think so, jest," said the doctor.

"When we'd got, say half way, home, so 'appened there was a bit of a wayside beer-'ouse left open, someways, standin' all alone in the dark—on'y just a glimmer o' light in one room."

"Says one on us we call Snowdrop, 'cos he's as black as an Ingian, pretty nigh, 'Come now, mets, let's see if we can't get some'at to drink the parson's health with; for it's rare dree work."

"So, away we got down, ye see; and a big, gawky lad come out o' the shed or stable like, and says I to him, says I—'Jest you 'ave a eye on him a moment, will yer? He's werry quiet. We'll be out in a twink'."

"Says he, 'All right.'"

"But," says I, 'ye mustn't go near our chum that's asleep inside, for he've been werry bad all day, and is jest fallen to sleep. Let him be, old fellow, will yer?'

"Aye, sure," says the lad.

"So away we goes on, us four, and leaves that 'ere chap a-walkin' up and down, and whistlin', with his 'ands in his pockets."

And both the Doctor and the Chancellor burst out together into a loud laugh, that made all the passers-by stare and stop.

"Well?" said Peter.

"Well, some'ow or another, whether we was over thirsty (*beer salt*, ye know, Doctor)—"

And Tim poked his companion in the ribs.

"Or how it was, can't say, but we stayed longer than we meant to, and,—if tell the truth I must—we was jest a trifle screwed when we came out again; leastways, must ha' been so, or what follered couldn't ha' follered."

"We 'adn't left the public five minutes afore I chanced to put my 'and agen our friend's 'and as was seated in the cart, as I tell'd ye—"

And Peter opened his mouth, and looked rather pale.

"When, I jumped up, as if a rattlesnake was a coiling up me, and says I, 'Heaven and earth, Snow-drop, *he's warm*.'"

"The devil!" says the Doctor.

"So they all touched him; and, says they, altogether, 'Bless'd if he ain't!'

"Then there come out of 'im a low, smothered, dead, holler sort o' voice, like; 'And wouldn't you be warm, do ye think, if ye was me?'

"With that, we didn't wait for nothin' furdur!"

"Shouldn't think yer did," said Peter.

"We chucked up the reins, scampered out o' the shay, and cut, neck and heels, across the country, all different ways; and never see neither pony, nor cart, nor 'subject' ever since; nor ain't likely, neither."

"Ow was it, then?" says the Doctor.

"It come out afore the beak, I hear, only yesterday," replied Tim.

"That 'ere young hopeful of a stable lad, yer see, 'ad got a glimpse on the truth, a waitin' an' waitin' yonder; and, at last, what did he do, but he got out our friend, and carryin' 'im into the stable, put the sodger's clothes on 'imself, and came and sat down where t'other had been. Then, yer see, when we come out, p'rhaps three sheets in the wind, we never look'd for no ostler, not we, but drove off, and brought away the wrong customer! D'ye take me? And they wa' werry much astonished to find, next mornin', the late Mr. So-and-so a-lying on 'is back in the stable!"

"Gracious goodness!" said Peter.

"So I said, I can tell yer, for many a long hour afterwards. Jingo! it makes my flesh creep now, to think o' that 'ere warm touch!"

"Well, bless'd if I wouldn't change my line o' livin', if that ere 'ad ever happened to me," said the Doctor.

"Not a bit on it; better luck next time. We 'as to keep werry squat, at present, about the conveyance. But la! it'll all blow over. But, drat it, we lost the 'subject', that's the worst on it!"

"I'll thank yer, Muster Chancellor," said Peter, after thinking a minute or so, "to keep out o' Jerry-shops first time I go along with yer, on this business."

"Or else," said Tim, "take the 'ole company in with us, and not leave his Majesty's millintary out by 'emselves in the cold, eh?"

And the two body-snatchers—the master and pupil—laughed and walked on.

CHAPTER XIV.

MYRTLE COTTAGE.

MISS BIDDY RANGER, of Myrtle Cottage, would certainly object to our going into her company quite so soon as we are doing in this chapter, if she knew that we came straight from the society of Messrs. Gradly and Blugman.

She would have seen us on the step, while our hand was still upon the knocker, and, opening the parlour door, she would have put a large walking-stick, always kept for the purpose, leaning against the passage-wall, to make believe a gentleman was in the house; and then she would have called down the kitchen-stairs, in her little thin, gentle voice,—

"I'm not at home, Matilda, to anybody—no matter who it is."

More than that. If she had the least idea that we had spoken within forty-eight hours either to the Chancellor or the Doctor, she would have burnt pastiles in the hall, after our departure, for three days, at least.

Miss Ranger, whose residence was in Essex, just over the border, as "The Nunnery" was just over the border on the Suffolk side, always persisted in making herself older than she was; and when we have said that, we trust it will be unnecessary to add, that she took a pride in doing and being exactly the opposite, so far as she knew it, of what everybody else would be or do.

If an unmarried lady, considerably above five-and-forty, would persist in maintaining against all comers that she should never see fifty-five again, you are tolerably prepared for any amount of contradiction to the ordinary habits of womankind. To expect that lady to agree with common people on many questions after that, would be simply absurd.

Miss Bridget Ranger had very large property—most people would have put it either into funds, or into houses, or into a good bank, or into railways, or else have tied it up in an old stocking, and hid it in some bureau, or the ticking of her bed.

Miss Ranger did none of these things with her large property.

She looked about, and engaged her friends to look about for her, in search of deserving young men who were anxious to set up in business for themselves, but who hadn't the means for doing it; and these young men she supplied, on good security (sometimes *not* so good as she could wish, perhaps), with the necessary sums at very low interest, to be repaid according to agreement, or, more generally, according to the circumstances of the borrower.

Now, we are not prepared to recommend this investment generally to our readers, much as we may admire the benevolence which undoubtedly prompted it in Miss Ranger's case. We think we see considerable risks in it. Nevertheless, the fact is indisputable that this lady's losses were remarkably few; and, although funds, railways, and joint-stock banks might very probably have swelled her capital much more in the course of years than did this peculiar scheme (unless, indeed, it ruined her instead), Miss Biddy was a decidedly richer woman at forty-five than she had been at twenty-five, to say nothing of the satisfaction she enjoyed of having made many a heart happy, and of rendering early marriages possible to young tradesmen who must otherwise have lived, and perhaps died, old bachelors.

This last motive, in fact, was the motive that prompted the strange investment.

It was quite suddenly, at five-and-twenty, that she became possessed of this property, and very unexpectedly, too.

She had been a penniless, though well-educated, girl, and at nineteen had been engaged to one equally penniless with herself, but one who, in other respects,

was fitted to make her an excellent husband, and supply a comfortable home.

For nearly six years did this really persevering and industrious youth (we forget his name) struggle to reach the point of success at which he could prudently marry. Every now and then he had reached it, he thought, then down he went again for want of capital.

His health had never been strong, it failed under the combined influence of toil and disappointed love, and he sank into the grave, just a few months before his faithful Bridget inherited her unlooked-for fortune.

Biddy made no stupid vows, above his grave, of perpetual celibacy—not she. She was not such a fool. She simply never married because she couldn't love again, and the monument she reared to the memory of the poor young tradesman was the singular one we have described, hoping to reduce the number of victims of honest poverty, and prevent at least a few sacrifices like that which had made her desolate.

We said that she would have had nothing to say to us, had she known the company we kept in the last chapter. Quite true, and we might have added, neither would she have entertained our application if we went with what is called a "case." She never, or rarely, gave money; where other people would give in indiscriminate charity, she never in her life was known to give a sixpence. She had her organised system of referees and so on, through whom all claims were required to reach her (and were nearly all of the one class mentioned), and without that system Miss Ranger very rarely acted.

Now, we only mention this feature in the good little spinster's character and life, because we don't believe in long descriptions. And one fact like this, whether in a book or in real life, is enough to show us, and, we hope, our readers, what manner of person Miss Bridget Ranger was.

At the time when we are introduced to her, she is seated in her handsome little drawing-room (for everything was handsome about Myrtle Cottage), in company with her niece, her brother's daughter, Margaret Cicely Ranger.

Margaret should have had some name a little less prosaic and commonplace. Indeed, she always wanted her aunt, who had brought her up, to call her Cicely; but Miss Ranger always said the name reminded her of volcanoes, and she wanted no eruptions in Myrtle Cottage.

Margaret would have compromised the matter for Meggy, but that was the name of an old family-nurse, which would have been anything but romantic; so she was obliged to be content with her first literal baptismal name.

At this time, she is a fair, sweet-looking girl (we believe that is the approved word, where you want to stop short of absolute beauty, or perfect prettiness), full eyes, that people say mean language—(whether large mouths mean good eyesight, we suppose is not determined!)—clear, rather sickly complexion; which her aunt attributed to the air of Essex, but which we are disposed to connect with bed-room novel-reading, after the keyhole had been plugged with whity-brown paper, and the towel hung up against some awkward crack to prevent the candle shining through outside.

There was less excuse for this kind of thing late at night, for Margaret had quite enough romance in the daytime.

In the nearest town (the name of which has also escaped us, and it doesn't matter), a branch bank was managed by a young man, named Gunn Launcelot, a youth who puzzled himself unspeakably with Miss Bridget's financial ideas, and yearned, if we must confess it, to try and find for her a little more profitable investment—of course, altogether for Miss Ranger's own sake.

Still, Gunn was willing to act as a sort of secretary to the little spinster, and many a good laugh he enjoyed over his functions.

There had been a very cordial attachment between Margaret and Gunn—an attachment that met no opposition from Miss Bridget. She hoped that what the one lacked of practical, sound views of common life, the other would be able to supply; Gunn, perhaps, not being any the worse for a dash of Margaret's poetry, in fair exchange.

"But now," said Margaret, on this afternoon, as they sat together, Biddy at her weekly accounts, her niece getting on very slowly at a watch-guard—"but now, how can there be, aunt, any real love in a girl's heart without jealousy, more or less? Isn't the very spaniel jealous, if his mistress pets anything near it more than she does himself?"

"Because he is a spaniel, my love," said Biddy, very archly. "I congratulate you on your compari-

son. I dare say we mean pretty much the same thing, only we are using jealousy in two different senses. I think by jealousy you mean nothing more than sensitive love—I mean that feeling of resentment which, in novels or silly stories, makes women poison their husbands or lovers. Now, I don't believe in that, Margaret; I've too much pride for that, and I hope you have, too."

"I'm glad you've explained, aunt, for sensitive love is just what I do mean. And I don't want any of that pride that considers itself above knowing the difference between affection and neglect. I should like to know how a girl can please herself with the tokens of love, if she doesn't care when she loses them."

"Pray, which of these emotions is my dear niece the subject of to-day? She seemed very dull till jealousy was started—now she's all ardour."

Margaret burst into tears.

"Did one of your missionaries (Aunt Biddy always called the young men she assisted, her missionaries) ever forget to pay you, aunt?"

"One did."

"Did you feel the loss of the money?"

"Certainly; but not so much as the ingratitude; for he could well afford to re-imburse."

"And you felt wounded?"

"Deeply."

"How much had you lent him?"

"Five hundred."

"And you laugh at me, because I lose that love for which I gave my own! Five hundred pounds gone—deeply wounded! The hopes of a fond heart gone—snap the finger, and who cares?"

And Margaret, poor girl! wept very sore.

How many tears were caused by naughty Gunn? how many by the sympathy, coming all at once, with a hundred Celias, and Letitias, and Arabellas, in a hundred novels, read in bed, when the keyhole was stuffed up, and the towel hanging against the crack?

There are many of Margaret's miseries in this miserable world.

(To be continued.)

The Matron.

NO. I.

A PRETTY style of cap has been recently worn, composed of net or lace, in a triangular shape, having a thin piece of steel in front, which fits the cap to the shape of the face. This spring might be used in the cap of which we give the illustration, but the hinder part should have the folds of the lace or net employed restrained behind by ribbon wire, and formed to the head shape by means of the dummy in the manner described. The trimming consists of British lace, and the bows are of blue satin ribbon. The curtain is of the same material as the cap, and is to be trimmed with lace to correspond. Observe that it is deeper behind than at the sides.

Another nice lady-like head-dress may be made of lambs' wool, and in a very simple manner. It is merely a three-cornered piece of lambs' wool crochet, a style of work in such favour with all classes, that I need hardly say anything to recommend it.

My readers must remark that the strings should be fastened on, and that they form no part of the kerchief for the head. The shell pattern, generally used for ornament, may form the edging, or be substituted by a simpler crochet edging in single wool made thus: Form a chain of sixteen stitches.

1st Row.—Make a long stitch into the 7th of the foundation, then make three more long stitches with one chain stitch between each; make 2 chain, miss 2, 1 long, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 long, 5 chain, and turn the work.

2nd Row.—1 long into first hole, 2 chain, 1 long in the next, and the same for the following; then 4 chain, 1 long, 5 chain, and turn the work.

3rd Row.—4 long (with 1 chain between each) into the large hole, 2 chain, 1 long into the next, 2 chain, 1 long into the next, 5 chain, and turn the work. You have now 2 holes left, which forms the scallop. Repeat these two last rows till you have the length required.

I have no intention to enter into all the intricacies of crochet work. I study the useful rather than the ornamental. But I consider that the *crochet* in its simpler operations can be turned to very great use, and the shepherds of the south of France have proved it. I daresay many of those who cover up handsome furniture with delicate and intricate fabrics of crochet work, are not aware that this work was formerly called *shepherds' knitting*, and that it has long been a favourite occupation of shepherds, particularly in the south of France, where, whilst tend-

ing their sheep on the mountains, they make with their crochets a number of useful and ingenious articles. And now I can fancy I hear one of my lady readers exclaim, "I shall certainly make this nice warm head-dress for myself. I wish I had an easy pattern for a comforter for my husband, something that I could make in a very short time; for it would be such a pleasure to me to think that the work of my hand protected my husband from the injurious effects of this severe weather."

I am happy in being able to anticipate your wish.

Set up a chain with double German wool—shaded purple, for instance—about three quarters in length, and work it backwards and forwards in single long



stitch till it is three-eighths wide, then double crochet it all round. If any of my readers should wish to make a comforter, but prefer making a less expensive one than that I have just described, they had better proceed with knitting, and use for the purpose scarlet fleecy wool in double knitting, which is done very simply. Bring the wool forward, slip one, pass the wool back, knit one, turning the wool twice round the pin instead of once. Every succeeding row is the same. The stitch knitted in one row is the slip stitch in the next.

But it is not only necessary to keep the face and neck warm; the feet require particular attention during the winter season, and the following directions for knitting overshoes in a simple and expeditious manner is likely to prove very acceptable to some of my readers. Set up twenty-eight stitches; knit backwards and forwards as many rows as will be sufficient for the length of the foot, which can be measured by a shoe. When long enough, cast it off, sew up the ends, also half of the sides (to cover the foot and instep). Run a narrow ribbon round the part left unsewn to draw it round the ankle. This narrow ribbon should be run in about half an inch from the edge. The foot shapes the knitted shoes; and I can assure you you will find them very warm and comfortable. Of course they should be knitted with coarse pins, and the best material is three-thread fleecy. For elderly ladies who only require them when sitting in the drawing-room, or driving out in a carriage, double lambs' wool may be used.

DARNED STOCKINGS.

ONE chilly afternoon you might have seen a little girl about eleven years old sitting alone in a small parlour. The fire glowed brightly in the grate, and puss slept comfortably on the rug; the canary sang cheerily from his cage in the window, and even the stiff portrait of an old lady, which hung over the mantel-piece, seemed to smile because a ray of winter sun lay across its folded hands.

In fact everything looked cheerful except Ruth, who sat on a stool with a very long face. Her whole hand and arm were thrust into a very long white stocking, and her fingers peeped out at the toes through holes which it was her afternoon's task to darn. She held a very long darning-needle, attached to a very "long yarn," and, according to the moderation she used in passing her needle backwards and forwards, it would evidently take a very long time to mend the holes.

Ruth, indeed, looked quite miserable; and if you had used your eye-glass you might have discovered a tiny tear twinkling upon her eyelash.

After working indolently for awhile, Ruth dropped her hands into her lap and heaved a deep sigh. Puss



JAPANESE, MALE AND FEMALE, OF THE LABOURING CLASSES.

looked up a moment, disturbed by the sudden motion, and then, with a wide gape, composed herself for another nap.

"I wish I were a cat!" sighed Ruth. She gazed vacantly at the fire.

"I wish I were a grown lady; then I could put out all my sewing. At any rate, I would *never* darn stockings!" Her eyes now raised themselves to the picture.

"I wonder if grandmamma ever worked. She always sits there with her hands before her. Happy picture! Oh, if I might sit with mine before me, and not feel that I *must* mend these horrid holes! Darning stockings is the most disagreeable work in the world!" Ruth stretched her arms, and a prick from the long needle reminded her of her duty. Immediately the corners of her mouth went down, and her stocking came up, and slowly the needle recommenced its journey.

The parlour door opened and a lady entered, carrying a deep basket, filled to the brim with unmended socks and stockings.

Ruth looked round, and groaned at the sight of them.

The lady, cheerfully coming forward, seated herself in the arm-chair, and began looking over the contents of the basket. "Have you finished mending that stocking, Ruth?" said she.

"No, ma'am," sighed Ruth, despondingly.

"I am afraid you are not industrious, my dear."

"Oh, mother! how can I be, when I have all these dreadful holes to repair? I do *hate* to darn!"

"Are you not willing to help me a little when I have so *many* in the basket, dear Ruth?"

Ruth sighed. "Yes, mamma, I wish to help you, of course; but I wish it was at anything in the world but darning stockings. Why won't you put them out to be done, or have a seamstress come to the house?"

"We cannot have *all* the goods and luxuries of this world, my daughter, and as I can only choose a *little*, I prefer to have our dresses made for us, and do the *mending* myself."

"How delightful it must be to have plenty of money! Oh, I do wish we were rich, and could keep a seamstress and a dress-maker, too, like Mrs. Longpurse, over the way!" exclaimed Ruth.

"Oh, Ruth, don't be envious. Poor Mrs. Longpurse is a cripple; her hands hang uselessly by her side. She would give all her riches only to be able to darn her own stockings, at this moment."

"Well, then, mother, I would be willing to mend *all* the stockings, if I might just sew the holes over and over, instead of travelling backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, and only get an inch ahead in half an hour."

"Sew them up!" exclaimed her mother, laughing. "Why, Ruth, that would be almost as bad as the way Miss Betsy Bluestocking mended hers."

"How was that, mamma?"

"She *pinned* them up!"

"Did she really, mamma?" said Ruth, amused.

"Yes, she did, indeed. I saw her going up stairs once, and there were two pins, one in each heel, straining together two obstinate-looking holes, which promised very soon to break their bonds."

Ruth laughed heartily. "Oh, that was too bad! I would rather have gone with the holes gaping than to have *pinned* them together; wouldn't you?"

Her mother looked doubtful. "I suppose the holes let in the cold. I will tell you something stranger yet, for Betsy Bluestocking had no mother to teach her anything, so there was some excuse for her; but, neat and particular as Mrs. Stitchintime is, she told me once that she *never* had mended a hole in her stocking in all her life."

"Oh, mamma, she shouldn't tell such fibs! She has spent a week at a time with us, and I have seen her, with darning needle and yarn, at work upon stockings, and she was a long time about it too."

"Both the lady and yourself tell the truth, my dear. She always *darns the thin places before they come to holes.*"

Ruth laughed again. "Oh, what a catch that was, mamma! Well, I suppose Mrs. Stitchintime goes upon the principle of that proverb about nine stitches—what is it, mother?"

"A stitch in time saves nine."

"Yes—that's it. Look, mamma! while we have been chatting here I have darned all the holes!" and with a cheerful face Ruth clipped off the shortened yarn.

"I am very glad, and much obliged to you," said the lady, taking the stocking. "It is nicely

done, too. Now you may play with puss; but before you go, let us make a resolution always after this to follow Mrs. Stitchintime's rule, and never allow ourselves to darn a *hole* in our stockings again."

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

MANUFACTURES.

ONE hundred and fifty years ago (1708), the prime minister of the Emperor of Japan produced a learned treatise, in which occurs the following curious passage:—

"The ancients compared the metals to the bones in the human body, and taxes to the blood, hair, and skin, that incessantly undergo the process of renewal, which is not the case with the metals. I compute the annual exportation of gold at about one hundred and fifty thousand kobars, so that in ten years the empire is drained of fifteen hundred thousand kobars (£2,500,000). With the exception of medicines, we can dispense with everything that is brought in from abroad. The stuffs and other foreign commodities are of no real benefit to us. All the gold, silver, and copper extracted from the mines during the reign of Gongin, and since his time, is gone, and—what is still more to be regretted—for things we could have done without."

That the regret of the prime minister was absurd, is evident, for the Japanese, with all their exclusiveness, have not found it to their advantage to shut out all foreign importations. We should, indeed, be inclined to admit the prime minister's exception in respect to the medicine; but with regard to our inventions and improvements, the Japanese have now ascertained their value to exceed that of gold silver, or copper.

We have already noticed that the Japanese are apt to learn. They understand the principles of the electric telegraph; they have already laid down a line of railway, and constructed locomotives. With scientific instruments they have long been familiar, and in many of the arts of civilised life they have made considerable advancement. They turn their criminals to account; and their most

beautiful silks are woven by high-born prisoners confined on a rocky island. They are skilful artists—they engrave on both wood and copper; the artificers in copper, iron, and steel have a high character, and the swords of Japan rank second only to those of Khorassan. The Japanese are skilful watchmakers; some of their clocks are very curious and complicated, and reveal no ordinary ingenuity on the part of the workmen. They manufacture glass; but are said not to be acquainted with the art of glass-blowing. The art of lacquering furniture with gold, silver, and various pigments—called *Japanning*—is practised with great success. They produce paper from mulberry and other barks, using the fibres in the manufacture of cordage. Their industry in every department exceeds that either of the Hindoos or Chinese.

AGRICULTURE

Agriculture is followed throughout the empire in obedience to a very peremptory law which obliges all owners of land, under the penalty of confiscation, to keep their property in good productive condition, that they may be able to pay a heavy land-tax to the government. "But whatever may be the cause, the soil, though not naturally fertile, has been so much improved as to be rendered extremely productive. Few plants, except on the hills, are found in a natural state; and the face of the country, even on the mountain sides which are formed into terraces, is so diligently cultivated, that it would be difficult to find in the country a single nook of untitled land, even to the dry summits of the mountains. In the south districts rice is raised in very large quantities, as it forms a principal article of food to the inhabitants. Wheat is little grown, and held in light estimation. Barley, also buckwheat, a bean called *daisson*, and another the *soja dolichos* (from which the well known *soy* is made), potatoes, melons, pumpkins, and cucumbers are raised in great abundance; and the fruit trees of southern Europe, the orange, lemon, vine, peach, and mulberry, are both plentiful, and highly productive. Ginger and pepper are the chief spice plants."

But the great object of cultivation in Japan next to rice is tea. The hedges in almost every farm are made of this plant, as

"The cup that cheers but not inebriates"

is the ordinary drink of every family. The finer sorts of tea are cultivated by the Japanese with extreme care. The plant is said to thrive best on a well watered hill-side, and to be manured with dried anchovies and the juice of mustard seed.

Herds and flocks are not common in Japan. This is readily accounted for by the fact that they eat scarcely any animal food except fish, and that their garments are either of cotton or silk. There are very few sheep remnants of an old Dutch stock introduced years and years ago. What few oxen there are, are used as beasts of burden. The horses, which are of inferior quality, are employed by the nobility; asses and mules are unknown. Dogs are esteemed sacred, and are exceedingly numerous.

MORAL CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

There is much that is masculine and original in the character of the Japanese. Pride in their power and cruelty in their punishments, seem to be the worst features of the race. Though, when loaded with injuries, the Japanese utters no reproachful or vehement expression in return, yet his pride is deep, rancorous, and invincible; and the poniard, inseparable from his person, is the instrument of vengeance, when the offender least expects it, or is sheathed in his own bosom, in case vengeance is beyond his reach. Thus, pride runs through all classes, but rises to the highest pitch among the great, leading them to exhibit an extravagant pomp in their retinue and establishment. Forced often to bend beneath a stern, uncompromising, and powerful government, they are impelled to suicide—the last refuge of fallen and vanquished pride. Self-murder, like duelling in a former age, seeming to be with them a point of honour.

The national character is indeed strongly contrasted with that which generally prevails in Asia. Instead of a tame, quiet, orderly, servile disposition, making them the prepared and ready subjects of despotism, the people have a character marked by energy, independence, and a lofty sense of honour. Although said to make good subjects, even to the severe government under which they live, they yet retain an impatience of control, and a force of public opinion, which render it impossible for any ruler wantonly to tyrannise over them. Instead of that mean, artful, and truckling disposition so general among Asiatics, their manners are distinguished by a manly frankness, and all their proceedings by

honour and good faith. The prominent feature of their character, indeed, is good sense. They are habitually kind and good-humoured, and carry their ideas of friendship to an extent that would shame many more advanced in civilisation and of a purer creed. To serve and defend a friend in every peril, to meet torture and death rather than betray him, is considered a duty from which nothing can dispense.

THE IDOL OF THE TYROLESE.

THE inn of Saint Leonard, in a Swiss village, was, one cold and stormy night in mid winter, the scene of a confusion quite unusual to a place of its quiet and humdrum ways. The wife of Theodore Hofer, the ever-cheerful and smiling host of Saint Leonard, presented her husband, after a marriage of twelve years, with a fine son; and as the storm brought a larger accession of company to the inn that night than was usual, the occasion was responded to, and the child's health drunk, in a manner that threatened to empty Hofer's wine-cellar at his own expense, since in his joy he refused payment for a single glass.

One old soldier, who had been an officer in a bloodless war and one of the principals in as bloodless a duel, insisted upon seeing the new heir of St. Leonard, and baptising him with wine into the service of his country; and Hofer, whose ecstasy at becoming a father overcame his judgment, actually produced the wee creature in the large front room, and smiled as the old lieutenant passed his sword over the face in the form of a cross, touched the infant's red brow with redder wine, and proclaimed, in a half-drunken voice, that he was a born soldier; and giving him at the same, subject however to the decision of the mother, his own name of Andreas. Madame Hofer made no objection to the name, but she did object strongly to the noise and confusion, and being too drunk to resist her commands, the parties slunk away to bed, each holding to a servant on one side and the balustrade on the other.

This little episode in the quiet monotony of the life at Saint Leonard, sometimes called "the inn on the sand," occurred in 1767. The little Andreas showed no disposition to ratify the promise of the old lieutenant at his birth, of becoming a soldier, evincing no great emotion at the sound of martial music, and disdaining to fight with his companions upon any occasion. As he grew up a young man, his business consisted chiefly of trading to Italy with wine and horses, and in these branches of trade he continued until 1796.

Andreas was now twenty-nine years of age, and as the war approached Tyrol, his dormant enthusiasm seemed to awaken, and he appeared all at once the inspired leader of a rifle company from his own country, against the French on Lake Garda. As they marched away, his eye wandered a moment to a window behind which a pale, delicate face appeared, wet with tears. The sight made him falter and change colour, but it was only for a single instant. He resumed his firm step and erect carriage, and passed on. That face haunted his visions throughout the campaign. It was that of Octavia Sheffer, to whom but a few days before he had proffered his heart and had been accepted.

The events of the campaign brought Andreas Hofer into a position where all acknowledged his superiority, and when, in 1808, the rupture between the Cabinets of St. Cloud and Vienna appeared inevitable, and the people of the Tyrol became excited, he was one of the band of private messengers sent to the Archduke John, who was then in command of the Austrian army. This was the initiatory step to the insurrection which resulted in the most triumphant success for the mountaineers, who conquered nearly the whole country, and took eight thousand Bavarians prisoners.

The bravery and courage of Andreas Hofer made him perfectly adored by the Tyrolese. A brief and hurried visit to Octavia, made in the stillness of night, through danger and peril, was the only intercourse permitted to the lovers for many months. On the 12th of April, 1809, Andreas forced a battalion of the Bavarians in the plains of Sterzing to surrender, thus earning new and lasting laurels.

Sitting at home, "meek-eyed, with her golden hair," Octavia pored over the brief details of that day, and wearied herself in imagining how looked her hero amidst the bands of excited peasantry, with their impromptu cannon of wood with iron hoops. She fancied to herself how the women and children, who actually fought, and loaded rifles for the men to fire, must have worshipped such a leader; and hard as it was to be separated, and to feel that his path was through perils sufficient to appal the bravest, still the triumphant thought came ever uppermost, stifling fear and pain, "And this man—this hero, is mine."

Meanwhile the Tyrol was again invaded, and a close blockade succeeded. Andreas hastened to join the regular troops, in order to restore its freedom of communication with the interior, when the armistice of July 12, succeeding the battle of Wagram, was announced. The terms of the armistice penetrated his soul with horror. It was demanded that the Tyrol should be given up to the fury of the enemy. The Tyrol!—and Octavia and her family in peril! Vain indeed had been the blows which he had struck for freedom, if this was to be the gloomy ending of all the bright and glorious hopes which they two had held so long!

Disabled from performing any available service where he now was, Andreas lingered only to bid the discomfited peasantry adieu, and then attempted to reach the Tyrol, which he hoped by some stratagem to succeed in entering. He was cut off on every side, and with the horror of Octavia's situation perpetually before his eyes, he was at length driven to find concealment in a cave in the valley of the Passeyr. Those were days of unmitigated anguish, in which the strength of the soldier almost gave way under the emotions of the man.

He was at the turning-point between hope and utter despair, when one morning he was roused to new emotions by hearing the voices of human beings. The mouth of the cave was effectually screened by thick brushwood, which did not, however, drown the voices. They were talking of the armistice, and, Bavarians though they were, they candidly admitted that the people of the Tyrol had bravely retaliated upon their besiegers, and had risen, armed and conquering, to avenge their wrongs. The speakers' voices died away, and Andreas darted from his concealment, and succeeded in reaching the lines unmolested. Under cover of the night, possessing himself first of the watchword, he gained access to the Austrian ranks, and, animated by the welcome sight of their beloved leader, the Tyrolese fought with such energy as to secure the victory.

The morning sun shone brightly upon a wedding group in the little hill-side sanctuary at Passeyr. Amidst doubt and danger, with the enemy lurking in detached parties about the mountains, and the dread of new terrors that might momentarily be expected, the bridal ceremony went on. It was yet so early that the sun had not drunk the dews that had wept profusely on their pathway to the church. No marriage parade, no pageantry were there; but the two, each with a single attendant, walked forth silently amid the springing flower, to pledge their faith as each other's, now and for ever.

Pale as a lily, the bride glided up the aisle beside the bronzed soldier, who seemed as if born for her protection. The wearing horrors of the siege had stolen her bloom, while his wild life had added new strength and vigour to his frame; but still there was a shade of melancholy on the fine countenance that would seem to say how painfully these troublesome times were overshadowing the bridal hour.

"To leave you again, my wife," he uttered, softly, as they retraced their steps on the green sward; "to leave you now, would unman me wholly. I am weary of this strife. Oh, that we could but retire to some unknown wilderness, where we could leave these scenes of commotion far behind, and where not even the distant hum of war could ever reach us again."

Soon after his marriage, he was called out to resist once more. The enemy had already entered the Tyrolese mountains, and the people were prepared for fresh battles. Won by specious promises, Andreas at length submitted to the terms of a new amnesty, which submission he was led, by false reports, to recall. Now, then, he was open to the severest punishment of war. He was accused of breaking the amnesty, and a price was even set upon his head.

One long, lingering farewell to Octavia, one light kiss upon the brow of his infant, and he was gone. In the lonely shelter of an Alpine hut, amidst the snow and ice of winter, Andreas lay concealed, scarcely daring to communicate with his beloved one at home. A few who knew of his retreat, took turns in conveying food to his desolate abode, and the letters of Octavia, by which she strove to console and cheer him in his imprisonment. Baraguay d'Hilliers, the commander, in vain promised golden rewards to the mountaineers to reveal his abode, but no inducement was sufficient to make them discover it, so great was their affection for their beloved leader. At length Octavia left her infant under the care of a friend, and joined him in his exile, thus making life supportable. Her presence awoke new hopes, and he dreamed of freedom and happiness once more.

In an apartment lighted by a profusion of wax candles, which were magnified and reproduced by

Small Change.

"THIS is a net gain," as the spider said when he caught a fly.

WHEN are women fathers? When they are sighers (sires), which is not unfrequently the case.

WHY are the darkies of New York generally a debased class? Because they are often found living in *de basement*.

A MINISTER at a camp-meeting said: "If the lady with the blue hat, red hair, and cross eyes, don't stop talking, she will be pointed out to the congregation."

"I'd have you to know, Mrs. Stoker, that my uncle was a bannister of the law." "A fig for your bannister," retorted Mrs. Grumly, turning up her nose; "haven't I a brother as is a corridor in the navy?"

COMMERCIAL gent.—"Another outbreak, eh? These riots will be a terrible hindrance to all kinds of business." Fashionable gent.—"Aw, dessay! Delighted to hear it! Aw, always had the greatest aversion to all kinds of business."

A COUNTRY exchange thus affectingly appeals to his delinquent subscribers: "We wish those of our subscribers who expect to pay their subscriptions in *wood*, to bring it in before the roads begin to get bad and the weather much colder. Who'll bring the first load?"

If weaknesses in love are pardonable, it is principally in women.

BIG and awkward—little and graceful—these are pretty much synonymous terms in the matter of personal appearances.

Few things are impracticable in themselves, and it is for want of application rather than of means that men fail of success.

WE get at the outlines of things from what we read and hear, but the filling up must be through our own experience.

It sometimes happens that a woman hides from a man all the passion she feels for him, while on his part he feigns for her all which he does not feel.

TRUTH can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy and wily sinuosities of worldly affairs; for truth, like light, travels only in straight lines.

A MAN is very angry with a woman who ceases to love him, and consoles himself; a woman makes less noise when she is forsaken, and remains longer inconsolable.

A GOOD thought is a great boon for which God is to be first thanked, then he who is the first to utter it, and then, in a lesser, but still in a considerable degree, the man who is the first to quote it to us.

THE virtues of women are difficult, because glory does not assist their exercise. To live at home, to regulate only one's self and family, to be simple, just and modest, are painful duties, because they are obscured. We must have great merit to be virtuous only in our own eyes.

It is adverse to talent to be consorted and trained up with inferior minds, or inferior companions, however high they may rank. The foal of the racer neither finds out his speed nor calls out his powers, if pastured out with the common herd that are destined for the collar and the yoke.

ADVICE GRATIS.—Every man ought to pay his debts, if he can; every man ought to help his neighbour, if he can; every man ought to get married, if he can; every man should do his work to suit his customers, if he can. Every wife should please her husband, if she can; every wife should sometimes hold her tongue, if she can; every lawyer should sometimes tell the truth, if he can; every man ought to mind his own business and let other people's alone, if he can.

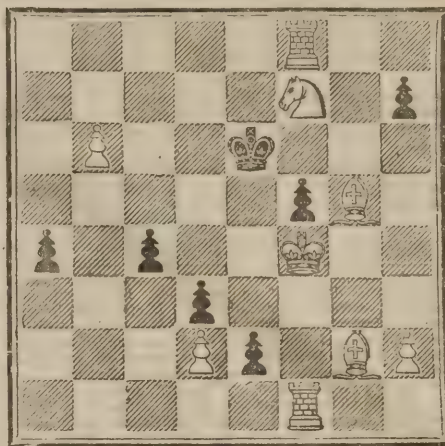
A GOOD PLAN.—A friend of ours had a better method of sending money by post than that of registering the letter at the Post-office. When he is lucky enough to have money to send to his friends through the post, he places a large black seal upon the letter, and writes underneath "in haste!" Such letters always get to their destination in safety.

THE LIBELLERS OF THE FAIR SEX.—Men do not libel women one half as much as women do. Here is a proof of it:—*Bosom Friend*. "Do you mean to tell me that she never fainted?"—*Intimate Acquaintance*. "No—never tried even! And there never was so good an opportunity!"—*Bosom Friend* (triumphantly). "Then she's reserving herself. You may be sure she has some other faint in view."

NUTS FOR POOR MEN.—It costs a deal of money to be rich, and it is a question if so much is worth so little? After all, is wealth worth the cost, first in acquiring it, next in supporting it, and lastly, in bearing up under it, when you have lost it?

Chess.

Problem No. 90. By Mr. W. GREENWOOD.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Solution of Problem No. 87.

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. P takes P on Q 5 (ch) | 1. K moves |
| 2. Kt to K 2 | 2. R takes Kt (best) |
| 3. Q to Q B 4 (ch) | 3. Q takes Q |
| 4. R to Q 6 (mate) | |

Solution of Problem No. 88.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to Q sq | 1. K takes either Kt |
| 2. Q to Q 7 or K B 3 | 2. K takes Q |
| 3. Kt mates | |

Solution of Problem No. 89.

- | | |
|------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to Q 4 (ch) | 1. Kt takes Q |
| 2. R to K 5 (ch) | 2. Q takes E |
| 3. B mates | |

Q. E. F.—There is nothing to prevent a piece giving check under the circumstances to which you refer. The Black King is misplaced in the position submitted by you; he should stand on Q Kt 5 to be in check of the Bishop.

E. T. SHARP.—Black's reply to your second move in Problem No. 80, is P to Q 4.

TRANSMERE.—Black should take the Kt which stands on K B 5 in reply to your first move in Problem No. 80. Thanks for the Problem sent, but we find it too easy.

THE HERMIT OF THE MERLIN'S CAVE.—1. If you will send as your name and address on a stamped envelope, the diagrams shall be sent to you. 2. You will no doubt have perceived that your solutions of Problems Nos. 81 and 82 are wide of the mark.

CHARLTON.—We are much gratified at your communication after so long an absence.

G. T. J.—Kt to Q R 3 (ch). gives mate in Problem No. 64, if the K R play as you propose.

J. PHENIX.—Your Problem in seven moves was unaccompanied by its solution.

E. H. EDWARDS.—There is no difference in the nature of the positions to which you refer. We shall have much pleasure in examining your Enigma, if it be submitted on a diagram.

W. W. (Dudley).—The key move of the end game to which you refer is Q to Q B 2, and, play as Black may, White wins in seven moves. If Black at his second move play Kt to Q 6, White wins in five moves.

T. R. will be happy to play a game of chess by correspondence with any subscriber to the FAMILY PAPER. Address, care of the Editor.

PHILLIDOR, Sen., is ready to encounter an adversary by correspondence who will play the Evans' Gambit. "Phillidor, sen." concedes the first move to his adversary, and sends his rejoinder, P to K 4. Address, care of the Editor.

INQUIRENDO.—We do not clearly understand the purport of your communication. It is quite evident, however, that the game would be drawn, assuming that the moves were correctly played on each side. You do not indicate the precise point upon which you require information, but merely give the position which, it appears, occurred in actual play.

R. S. (Exeter).—The work to which you refer is one of the best on chess, extant.

H. WALLING.—The diagrams will be sent to you on your favouring us with your address on a stamped envelope.

Solutions of Problems by D. W. O. (Sligo), Nos. 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, and 83; E. J. Sharpe, Nos. 81 and 82; Q. E. F., Nos. 83 and 84; Charlton, Nos. 83, 84, and 85; T. Wade, No. 81; M. A. R., Nos. 81, 82, and 85; E. Grant, Nos. 81, 82, 84; E. H. Edwards, No. 82; F. Seymour Clinton, No. 82; T. Root, Nos. 82 and 83; Oxon, Nos. 83 and 85; Douglas, Nos. 83, 84, and 85; F. G. Rainger, Nos. 83, 84, and 85; J. B. B. (c), Nos. 84; T. Washborough, No. 84; and T. Simpson, Nos. 85; W. W. (Dudley), Nos. 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, and 85; Phillidor, sen., Nos. 81, 82, 83, and 84; J. R. Pierce (Queensborough), Nos. 80, 81, 82, 83, and 84; Eagleshall, Nos. 84 and 85, correct.

beautiful and costly mirrors, sat the great general, Baraguay d'Hilliers. He was at his desk, carefully looking over despatches, when a servant entered and requested, in the name of Eugene Donay, a confidential audience. Hastily folding away the papers, the general gave orders that he should be admitted, and while awaiting his visitor, he drew his chair nearer to the cheerful blaze that flamed in the little porcelain stove. The servant ushered in a dark, low-browed man, in the dress of a priest, who came forward with an abject, craven air, as if conscious that his errand was not one to glory in.

"Be seated, reverend sir," said the courteous general. "You have commands for my private ear?"

"Yes, my son. They relate to one from whom you wish to hear—Andreas Hofer."

The general started. "Indeed! Has his hiding place been discovered?"

"I have succeeded in finding the man who carries food to him, and have watched him long enough to make myself perfectly sure that I can find him. I await your advice as to the mode of surprising him?"

"Pardon me if I ask your motive in doing this?"

"Certainly. Hofer once made me his confidant. I was privy to all his schemes, and, to say the truth, he was my best friend. But he has offended me in a certain point, and I cannot—excuse me, my lord general; it is a painful subject."

Donay did not see the look of inexpressible disgust which Baraguay d'Hilliers cast upon him. In a moment the general had recovered his polite *suave* manner, and desired him to finish his statement. It was brief. A few soldiers, the priest said, were all that were necessary; Hofer and his wife lived alone, and there would be no counter force. When would the general wish the prisoner to be taken?

"I will issue orders, and when I am ready I will send for you as a guide to the place of his concealment," said the general, bowing him out. "By heavens!—but I feel it mean to enter into conspiracy with such a contemptible traitor. To betray his friend and benefactor! I loathe him; still I must, perforce, take advantage of the reptile's information." And he sat down again and wrote.

Silence was around the rocky mountain pass where stood the Alpine hut. Within, there sat the two who were all the world to each other, and whose love burned as brightly amid the glaciers as it would have done amidst the gayest scenes. They were talking of the little Theodore, who was named after his grandfather, the host of St. Leonard's Inn, who had long before this been gathered to his fathers. Suddenly a crackling sound was heard by both, as if some heavy animal had pressed the snow too heavily and broken its crisp and glittering crust. They started to their feet, and the slight door gave way before a heavy stroke, and the little room was filled with armed men, who claimed Andreas as their prisoner.

Bravely did Octavia bear up under the heavy burden. It was well that she did not realise the full penalty of that law under which Andreas was to suffer. She accompanied him unshrinking to Mantua, whither he was taken to undergo the ordeal of a court-martial. The decision was final, and then came the terrible parting. The brave heart of Andreas Hofer was pierced with the bullets of the soldiery. Before the sun had set, Octavia heard of her child's death.

In the splendid cathedral of Innsbruck, Andreas Hofer lies buried, for so willed the universal voices of his countrymen; and beside him lies the poor broken flower, whose tender heart was reached through his, by those fearful messengers of death.

"They had one grave—one lonely bridal bed;
No friend—no kinsman there a tear to shed;
His name had ceased—her heart outlived each tie,
Once more to look on that dear face—and die."

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

The golden leaves are falling fast,
The crimson ones are turning pale
With terror at the wintry blast
That rushes by with mournful wail,
As if in sorrow thus to bring
Destruction on its rapid wing.

Leaf after leaf comes sighing down,
To join its fellow on the earth,
The golden hue soon turns to brown
Beneath the tree that gave it birth,
Whose naked branches seem to mourn
The offspring rudely from them torn.

How melancholy 'twere to see
The beauties of the earth decay;
How sad it were to think that we
Like all the rest must pass away;
Like all the flowers, forgotten die,
Like all the dead, forgotten lie;
Did faith not make the desert ring
With promise of eternal spring!

Our Editorial Table.

IMPORTANT NOTICE
TO THE
STUDENTS OF THE FRENCH LESSONS
IN
CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER.

IN consequence of the numerous inquiries which are being continually received, as to the best French and English, and English and French Dictionary, it has been determined to re-issue

CASSELL'S FRENCH DICTIONARY.

Containing, I. French and English; II. English and French. This work is universally admitted to be

ONE OF THE BEST DICTIONARIES OF THE AGE.

It contains all the Words in general use at the present time, including those which are technical and scientific; Vocabularies of Mythological, Historical, and Geographical Names, with accurate definitions and examples. It also comprises Rules for correct Pronunciation; the Idioms most in use; Table of Irregular Verbs, &c. &c. It is thus altogether the most compendious and useful French and English and English and French Dictionary that has ever been published, especially for purposes of private study and reference.

"Cassell's French Dictionary" is now published at 9s. 6d., but with the view of encouraging the students of the French lessons, it is proposed to issue this important and valuable work in Weekly Numbers, price Twopence. When completed the two divisions, that is to say, the French and English, and English and French, will form 960 closely printed pages, and if purchased in weekly numbers, will only involve the outlay of 5s. It must, however, be understood that subscribers will only have the privilege of completing their numbers at this price during the period of issue, or within a period, from the issue of the last number, which will be hereafter named.

Cases for the preservation of the numbers, as well as for the binding of the same when completed, will be issued with the first Number.

The First Number, containing 32 pages, demy octavo, will be ready with No. 57 of the "FAMILY PAPER," on Thursday, December 23.

M. N.—Your verses, entitled *The Glade*, evince taste for poetry, but we advise you not to indulge in it until you can spell more correctly. A YOUTH OF SEVENTEEN.—You will find full directions in the *French Lessons*. ANN T. R. P. C.—It is dangerous to endeavour, by violent remedies, to remove scurf from the head. The best method is to try and strengthen the skin of the scalp, and with this object, we advise you twice a day to comb out the hair, in such a manner that the air may pass through it freely, then with the fingers moisten the roots with soft water, at the same time gently rub the scalp. PIANALLA AND FRITZ.—The lock of hair sent us is decidedly brown. Give the laying hens fresh meat, chopped up like sausage meat, but do not give it in any great quantity, say half an ounce a day to each hen during the winter, or from the time insects disappear. JESSIE MARIA.—Tell those who torment you that your hair is *auburn*, not *red*. ADELA HONEYWOOD, J. L.—We do not recommend soda for the hair, but consult our Editorial Table, and you will find ample advice on this subject.—You are likely to injure your teeth by endeavouring to alter their position.

RORY O'MOORE.—You can procure printed forms for wills at any law stationer's. If the witnesses are only credible people, they may be of either the Roman Catholic or the Protestant faith, as no inquiry will be made into their form of worship.

A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER may find the address of the person residing in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, by inquiring at the district office where the letters are sorted.

PESTAL.—There is in this country no law, human or divine, against the marriage of first cousins. In Roman Catholic countries a dispensation from the pope is necessary to enable first cousins to marry.

MARY IN TROUBLE.—You have flattered away some of the best years of your life, but though we own you have been cruelly treated, we think your conduct has not been blameless. When your lover, on parting from you, refused to enter into an engagement, you had reason to doubt the sincerity of his regard, and you should have acted accordingly. The object of your affection is evidently of an irresolute disposition. In fact, there seems little manliness about him, but as you have loved him for years, of course you are unwilling to give him up. If in his heart there is any affection for you remaining, you will discover it in the following manner: Write to him yourself (supposing you have no friend to be your interpreter in your painful and embarrassing position), and say that suspense is making you quite unhappy, and that if he cannot immediately make up his mind as to the course he means to pursue, all intercourse between him and you must cease at once and for ever.

H. STANLEY.—The lines you have quoted refer to the *nine Muses*, whose names and offices are thus described:—Calliope, the muse of heroic poetry; Clio, of history; Erato, of love songs; Euterpe, of music; Melpomene, of tragedy; Polyhymnia, of rhetoric; Terpsichore, of dancing; Thalia, of comedy; Urania, of astronomy.

A GROCER, A SCHOLAR, and several others.—The best preventatives of chilblains are woollen socks or gloves, brisk exercise, and friction. When they have once formed, friction with some stimulant should be applied, such as equal quantities of spirits of wine and vinegar, or an ounce of white copperas dissolved in a pint of water. When chilblains have broken, they should be dressed with a little resin cerate, or oleum ointment.

CUSTALOGA.—The Amazon, or, as it is more correctly called, the Marañon, is the greatest river in the world. It takes its rise in the Andes, in Peru, and after pursuing a

circuitous course of more than 5,000 miles, and receiving the waters of more than 300 tributary streams, it flows into the Atlantic.

A TESTOTALER may entertain his friends with a capital *Christmas pudding*, by attending to the following directions:—Pick and stone two pounds of good Valentias; pick, wash, and dry one pound of currants; chop two pounds of beef suet; have ready half a pound of brown sugar, six ounces of candied peel cut thin; two pounds and a half of flour, six eggs, and a quart or more of milk; an ounce of mixed spice, and a table-spoonful of salt. Put the flour into a large pan, add the plums, currants, suet, sugar, peel, spice, and salt, and mix them well together *while dry*. Beat the eggs well up in a large basin, and add a portion of the milk, stirring it at the same time. Make a well in the middle of the flour, and pour in the milk and eggs. Keep stirring till all the ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Add more milk, if necessary, and stir up again: the batter should be rather stiff. Have a good stout cloth ready, wet and flour it well, lay it over a pan, pour in the batter, and tie it firmly up. When the water in the copper or large kettle *boils*, put the pudding in, and let it boil gently for five or six hours. Turn it carefully out of the cloth. Serve with or without sauce, which may be thin melted butter sweetened with coarse sugar.

A WILD IRISH GIRL.—Certainly thirty miles was not a long journey for a lover to undertake, nor is a penny heavy postage for a lover to pay; but here comes the question, is the young man in question a lover? We do not think the ring and the portrait are indisputable proofs of his being so. By this time he may have given another ring and another portrait to another lady. His neglect should make you suspect his constancy, and though we do not advise you to be precipitate, we think you would do well to wean your affections from him. The hair sent is of a remarkably pretty auburn.

A WATER LILY.—The title of the work written by Madame Ida Pfeiffer, and which gives a description of the "Voyage," mentioned in our former notice, is "A Woman's Journey Round the World." Madame Pfeiffer was also the authoress of some other interesting works, which, with the above, are published, by Messrs. Ward and Lock.

TIMOTHY PHUZZINS.—A remedy for the unsightly black-headed pimples you complain of has been given, but no application will avail unless you first press them out of every pore of the skin. This having been done, take one ounce of bitter almond paste, and one ounce of barley flour, mix these together with honey until they are smooth, and every night, with this paste, anoint the part affected.

FLORENCE BELGRAVE had better rub the gloves with a flannel dipped in spirits of hartshorn. C. C.—You may make a dangerous wound, by attempting to remove the mark you speak of. Do nothing in this case without the advice of a respectable medical man.

MARIE ALEXANDRINE.—We thank you for the praise you bestow on our French Lessons, and we are glad that you have found them so useful. You wish for a receipt to remove the stain of walnuts from your fingers. Have you tried lemon-juice? Should this not prove efficacious, mix four or five drops of oil of vitriol into a pint of water, and wash your hands with it, using no soap. A EST PERUTUS.—Scrape half a tea-spoonful of horseradish into a teacupful of new milk, and wash your face every morning with the mixture. Renew the milk and horseradish daily. You will find this wash whiten the skin.

A MECHANIC.—Such letters as that we have just received from "Mechanic," encourage us to proceed in our labours, and prove to us that the thought, time, and exertion given to promote the good of the working classes are not thrown away. With regard to "Mechanic's" question, as to what is the best proof of the goodness of a husband, we answer, the happiness of the wife. "Mechanic's" occupation seems to have prevented his keeping pace with the French Lessons. They commenced in No. 23. He had better procure the back numbers from the publishing office, and study when he can make it convenient so to do.

LOUISA.—Under the circumstances you have related, we think you would be justified in breaking off the engagement, but if your heart is really touched you should beware of hasty steps, lest, acting in haste, you repent at leisure.

SELINAS TOTTY.—The minister who confirmed you should be the last person to apply to on such a subject. He would reprove you seriously, and forgive us if we add, justly, for thinking about a young man when religious subjects claimed all your attention.

M. A. G.—All we wish you to pay is *attention*. Of course we cannot inform you whether our correspondent, "George," is or is not your fickle swain, for fickle he has proved himself. After carefully perusing your letter, it seems to us that his love for you is only aroused when you could most easily dispense with it, viz., when you have another admirer. A man who has more jealousy than affection in his nature, is likely to make a very harsh husband; and we should rather congratulate than pity you, were you never again to behold one through whom you have already suffered so much.

H. G. K.—Translations of difficult passages would take up too much space. Our correspondence is already so numerous, that we are obliged to adhere strictly to our rule, or we should never get through with the answers.

MARGARETTA FARSETTA can scarcely be serious in the question she has put, unless she has disposed of "her own young man" in the way Duncan would have treated his contemptuous Meggie, had she not relented, "she may go to France for me."

L. THOMAS.—Take a pound of moist sugar and two ounces of butter. Put them in a stew-pan over a moderate and a clear fire. Grate into the sugar about half a tea-spoonful of ginger. Let it simmer three-quarters of an hour, and mind you stir it all the time it is on the fire, or it will stick to the bottom. Pour it into buttered plates, and let it stand till it is cold.

ARCTURUS.—Joab was the son of Zeruah, and the nephew of David, of whose army he was commander-in-chief. See 2 Samuel ii. 13.

A. B. C.—The plural of scarf is *scarves*.

GOUTY JOE.—You can send *three* numbers of our paper by post to Bangalore, by affixing to them postage stamps to the amount of 4d.

STUBBS.—Under all the circumstances, and especially if you wish the arrangement to be final, you had better return the presents.

NORA.—It is provoking, just as one wishes to refresh oneself with lavender water or eau-de-cologne, to be unable to remove the glass stopper from the bottle. When next your patience is thus tried, we advise you to rub, with a feather, a drop or two of olive oil round the stopper, close to the mouth of the bottle or decanter, which must be then placed before the fire, at the distance of a foot or eighteen inches; in which position the heat will cause the oil to spread downward between the stopper and the neck. When the bottle has grown warm, gently strike the stopper on one side and on the other with any light wooden instrument. Then try it with the hand. If it will not yet move, place it again before the fire, adding another drop of oil. After three or four minutes, strike again as before; and, by persevering in this process, however tightly the stopper may be fastened in, you will at length succeed in loosening it.

B. T.—Gas was introduced for lighting the public streets in 1816, and it was first used in Birmingham.

FELIX.—The gun now at Windsor Castle, and which was taken from the Chinese, is an admirable piece of workmanship in brass. It weighs upwards of seven tons; it requires upwards of 30 lbs. of powder to load it, and it will carry a ball of 200 lbs. weight. It is a proof of greatly increased intelligence in the Chinese people, and shows that Lord Elgin contended with, and triumphed over, an enemy of no contemptible power.

S. E. M.—A receipt for making and using French polish will be found in No. 51, page 400.

PRECEPTOR.—Henry Ward Beecher is a son of the Venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher, and a brother of Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, the renowned authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," &c. He is a minister of the Presbyterian denomination in the United States, and is pursuing a career of great popularity and usefulness.

W. COULSON.—The word "news" is a plural form, but it is almost always united with a verb in the singular. "Good news has come across the sea," is, therefore, according to common usage.

A YOUNG MOTHER.—The only advice we can give you is to apply to the nearest magistrate. If you can make good your claim, he will give you an order.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE BEGINNING.—We do not undertake bookbinding. We decline to become empires on the "vexed question" of Mesmerism. Professor Faraday's plan of producing oxygen gas is given thus:—Coarsely powdered chlorate of potash, three parts; powdered biniodide of manganese, one part (both by measure); mix; put them into a flask or retort, and place it over the flame of a spirit lamp, when, in a few minutes, oxygen will be evolved with a rapidity entirely at the command of the operator, by either increasing or lessening the heat. "*Fudge*" is, to say the best of it, a very contemptuous expression, and you were decidedly wrong in using it on the occasion in question.

AN APPRENTICE.—An apprentice is not obliged to work on Sundays, but the profession of practising surgeon requires things to be done, such as making up prescriptions, &c., which are works of necessity and mercy, from which you cannot claim exemption. As to the menial employments to which you are put, they appear to be only such as most apprentices are required to perform, especially at the beginning of their course. Many a lad who began by cleaning up a surgery, has become an eminent practitioner.

SCOTLAND.—You run a great risk in selling any article of plate without a license.

A DISTRESSED PARENT.—You cannot "free your daughter from the thralldom of a jealous husband," unless you can prove acts of brutal violence or of infidelity. Your daughter's case is one of those sad instances of the evils arising from want of a thorough mutual knowledge of temper before marriage.

A SAILOR'S SISTER.—We have heard nothing of a presentation of portraits of the late Captain Peel to the sailors who served with him in the Crimea.

J. N. B.—You can procure a piece of loadstone at almost any philosophical instrument maker's or optician's.

A POOR YOUTH.—Pegasus is the name given to the fabled winged horse, belonging to Apollo and the Muses, said to have sprung from the blood of Medusa, when Perseus cut off her head. In some ancient sculptures, Pegasus is represented as flying through the air with Bellerophon on his back. The name is given also to one of the old constellations of the northern hemisphere, figured on the celestial globe in the form of a flying horse.

Respectfully declined.—To Milton; Church Bells; Hope; The Broken Heart; A Sister's Love; Wealth; The Consins; The Little Hand; A Farewell Lay to the Comet; A Storm at Sea; Beauties of Nature; Noon; Unrequited Love; Reflections on Reading some Verses, &c.; The Lovers; We Shall be Happy Yet; The Cloud before the Sun; Address to Greece; Lines written on a Spring Morning, &c.; The Glorious Heavens, &c.; The Sun was Sinking, &c.; An Adieu to Friends; Address to the Comet; The Comet's Farewell Advice; The Serenade; Death of a Miser; The Bereaved Emigrant; To my Love; Childhood; Reply to Nina; The Ball, by a Bachelor; Love thy Neighbour as Thyself; To a Maiden about to become a Bride; Twenty Years Ago, &c.; In Memoriam; Cawnpore; Long Ago; Hall, Blessed Sabbath; Sympathy; To the Comet; Dreams and Visions; Alas! Delicia Ruris; Lines addressed to my Sister; Loch Lomond; Havelock; Noon; To a Dear Friend; The Last Interview, &c.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.

By J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "SMILES AND TEARS," "DICK TARLETON,"
"PHASES OF LIFE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,"
"THE YOUNG PRETENDER," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end covetise,
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him poor,
Who had enough, yet wished evermore.

SPENSER.

WHEN Ephraim Sleek rushed from the presence of his child, the storm of passion that degraded him to the unmanly outrage of a blow was lulled, but not

calmed; and at the sight of Hannah it broke forth with redoubled violence. She must have assisted Ruth in her disobedience; at least he suspected that she had, and the effect upon his temper was as great as though the irrefragable proofs of her complicity were before him.

"Whither hath the woman fled?" he demanded.

The little Quakeress fixed her large dark eyes upon him with a mingled expression of surprise and terror. "Answer me," he continued, seizing her shoulder with a grasp of iron.

"What meanest thou, master?" faltered the hand-maiden.

"The woman! the woman and the child!" he repeated, his features convulsed with rage. "I am robbed! plundered! and by my own child, too! Speak, or I will have thee dragged to a prison. Is this the reward of my charity in sheltering thee?"

Although greatly terrified by his threats, and still more so by the furious looks that accompanied them,

the word charity roused the pride of Hannah, and enabled her to repress her tears.

"The bread that I have eaten has been the bread of labour, master," she made answer, "not of charity; bread hardly earned, as thou well knowest—and grudgingly bestowed. I will eat no more of it," she added, "but quit thy service."

"Thou, too?" screamed Ephraim, with a frantic laugh, that caused the rich blood to quit the cheeks of the speaker.

"Tell me the name of my father," she exclaimed; "and let me depart. I will be a burden unto no man's means."

The request appeared a very simple one; but it increased the rage of the old man till he absolutely foamed with passion. The spirit of evil that possessed him was unchained, and he no longer remained master of himself.

"The name of thy father!" he repeated, savagely; "the beggar snaps at the hand that fed her—the



FALLEN GREATNESS.

name of thy father! He had no name but Poverty; that is thy heritage. Yes, thou shalt go. I will thrust thee from my dwelling, to starve and howl for food. But first thou shalt confess unto me what hath become of the woman and the child!"

The grasp of the speaker tightened upon the shoulder of his servant, till the long, bony fingers became half buried in her fair and delicate flesh. He shook her violently, demanding, at the same time, with threats of violence, an answer to his question.

"I know not, master," gasped Hannah—"indeed, I know not."

"The spirit of lying is within thee! Thou wouldst know the name, too, of thy father? It is written on his coffin; thou shalt read it there!"

The screams of the terrified girl became appalling; but, instead of calming the madness of Ephraim Slek, they seemed rather to increase its fury. It really was insanity that now mastered alike both reason and prudence, as he clutched desperately at her throat, in order to stifle her cries.

Fortunately, his daughter heard them, and hastened into the room. It was not the first time she had beheld her wretched parent in a similar paroxysm, and her presence of mind did not desert her. Without the slightest sign of fear, she seized him by the arm, and tried to unloose his grasp.

"No! no!" she screamed; "she knows too much; let go your hold; I shall lose my gold—my gold—and thou wilt be left a beggar, Ruth!"

"Wouldst thou murder the orphan thou hast plundered?" exclaimed his indignant child. "Beware the hangman's hand!"

With her forefinger she rapidly drew a circle round the neck of the infuriated miser, scarcely touching the skin. The effect proved electrical. A convulsive shudder ran through his frame; every nerve seemed paralysed, his hold relaxed, and he sank into a chair subdued and helpless as an infant.

Ruth raised the terrified Hannah in her arms, kissed her, wept over her, and sought by endearing words to calm her agitation.

"He is mad," she whispered; "he must have been mad ere avarice could have driven him to this."

"Take me from him," murmured the child, for she was little more than one in years, although the unkindness of the world had made her prematurely a woman. "I cannot bear to look upon him again; he will kill me, I feel assured he will."

"Yes, yes," replied her mistress, confusedly. "Thou shalt leave this abode of misery; it is no longer a home for thee—alas! has it ever been a home for either of us? I know not where to find thee one, or provide the means; but quit this roof thou shalt."

"Thou, too, Ruth, thou wilt leave it?" exclaimed the girl.

The Quakeress regarded her father, as he still sat haggard, speechless, overwhelmed with shame and remorse.

"I am his child," she answered seriously, "and must not abandon him to the devices of his own evil heart. Come with me," she added, "and let us take counsel together."

Both the speakers quitted the room without the old man making the slightest effort to detain them.

For nearly an hour after their departure he remained motionless in his chair, his eyes intently fixed upon the sanded floor, as if the demon of avarice had whispered in his ear that the grains were of gold, and set him the hopeless task of counting them.

A loud knocking at the back of the house restored his power of volition, and Ephraim Slek passed his long bony hand once or twice athwart his clammy brow.

"She knows all," he muttered to himself—"all! I have often suspected that it was so, when I found her blue eyes fixed with such piteous earnestness upon my face. Indeed," he added, "it is a fearful thing to stand a guilt-convicted man before my own child; to feel that contempt is struggling with duty, abhorrence with affection; that she must despise even if she pities me."

"And yet," he added, after a pause, "it was for her sake that I toiled and signed to heap up wealth—it was all for her; who else should inherit it when I am dead?"

How many have saved their conscience with the same specious sophistry till they succeeded in persuading themselves that the motive sanctified the crime! A doctrine as monstrous in ethics as it is repugnant to reason.

The knocking at the door communicating with the yard was repeated.

"I had forgotten," he exclaimed, sighing like one just awakened from a dream; "I had forgotten."

As if a machine had been set in action, the features of the old man resumed their usual set expression; no trace of his recent agitation remained, unless it were a darker shade under his cold gray eye, and the

slight dampness upon his forehead, which he wiped once or twice before admitting Jorrocks.

"The captain thinks you have forgotten him," observed the smuggler.

"I follow thee," replied Ephraim.

"There is no time to lose; the boat must start in a couple of hours, or we shall lose the tide. The money is all ready."

At this allusion to the price of his intended treachery—a price he now looked upon as lost—the miser winced.

"Why, what ails you?" demanded the speaker, eyeing him curiously.

"Nothing," answered the Quaker calmly; "we have all need of patience in this world, and mine has been sorely tried."

"Bah! if Mistress Ruth is tired of her cage, the fault is in yourself. Why don't you find her a husband?"

A grim smile rested for an instant on the lips of her father. He had not been so unobservant of the aims and hopes of the speaker as he imagined. Not that they gave him any great uneasiness; he knew his child too well to suspect for an instant she would ever fix her affections upon a man like his associate in fraud.

On proceeding to the counting-house, where Redmond O'Neil had passed the night, his host found him gloomy and impatient. The danger that menaced the outlawed rebel was not lightly to be sported with, his life hung in the balance, and he began to suspect something like treachery.

"Is this your promise?" he demanded. "I have waited, gnawing my heart with impatience. Are Katty and the infant on board?"

"No," answered his host; "they have fled from my dwelling."

"Villain!" exclaimed the fugitive, maddened by a second disappointment; "you have lied to me like a cur—betrayed—sold me."

The hand of the speaker clutched the hilt of the sword Jorrocks had supplied him with.

"Be calm, sir," said the latter, "and do not permit passion to blind your judgment; as for Ephraim's lying to you,—I have nothing to say to that; but his betraying you is quite out of the question, and for this simple reason:—It would not pay him. You know too much of our affairs, for either of us to run the risk of your disclosing them."

The reason appeared plausible enough; still Redmond did not feel satisfied.

"How was it?" continued the speaker, turning to the Quaker.

"My daughter," answered the old man, "suspected my intentions, and by her assistance the woman fled. It is not the first time," he added bitterly, "that her felly hath crossed me."

"If Ruth knew of it," observed Jorrocks, "I can understand it all. Although so meek and gentle, she would risk her life rather than abandon a dove that had nestled in her bosom for protection; but not even Ruth, with all her cleverness, could have managed it alone."

"No; that viper Hannah, whom I have fed from charity, aided her."

"And that sprigall, her cousin, no doubt," exclaimed the smuggler, his jealousy divining a clue which had escaped the penetration of her father.

"Thou art in error," replied the Quaker; "Reuben Geldart hath quitted my service, and is on his way to London."

"I'd rather have heard that news," observed the former in an exulting tone, "than that the Wren had foundered, or the Dolphin (the name of his own boat) made a successful run. When did he start?"

"At daybreak, by Kiplin's wagon."

"And you can't see it," exclaimed Jorrocks, in a tone of contempt; "I can. There is nothing lost yet. The woman and the brat are under his protection. Kiplin can't have got far. Not farther than Harble Downs," he added, after consulting a heavy silver watch which he drew from his pocket. "We shall overtake them."

A hurried consultation was held, in which it was decided that the speaker, Redmond, and Joe Kerl, should follow the wagon in a post-chaise, whose owner and driver were both members of the great smuggling confederacy.

The orders were given at once, and in a few minutes they were ready to start in pursuit of the fugitives.

Just as they were about to enter the vehicle, Ephraim Slek placed his hand upon the arm of O'Neil.

"Thou art a man of courage," he said, "and a soldier; but I bid thee beware of my thriftless nephew, Reuben; from the foreign captains who frequent the port, he hath acquired a cunning knowledge of defence, and handleth the sword better than the pen."

Redmond listened with a quiet smile.

"Slight not my warning," added the old man; "it is not to be trifled with; ask thy companion, who hath tempted and proved him."

Jorrocks, who was carefully examining the priming of his pistols, coloured deeply at the words.

"Thou wilt do well, therefore, to deal roundly with him, and let no consideration for me restrain thy hand."

Having uttered this last recommendation, the Quaker withdrew his hand from the arm of Redmond, and stood watching the post-chaise as it drove off.

"There is one upon his track that hateth him," he muttered, "and hath the tiger's true scent for blood; the other, if I read him rightly, albeit of a nobler nature, never yet spared man that crossed his path. Umph! the chances are that Reuben had better have remained in my service; the place in the counting-house of his mother's relatives may still remain unfilled. The fault is not mine," he added. "I did not drive him forth."

Retracing his steps, the old man walked towards the house. As he approached it, a feeling of remorse or shame at the violence he had so lately displayed restrained him. And yet he was one of those men who scorn to yield to the reproaches of conscience. When they became too loud, he had but to calculate the amount of his wealth, and its voice was silenced. It was the glance of his daughter that he feared to meet—his child, the only being he had ever loved, *knew him*, and the consciousness that she did so was the commencement of his punishment.

"I will walk to the beach," he said, "and see that the boat is ready."

No sooner did Ruth, who had been watching him from the window of her chamber, witness his departure, than, taking Hannah with her, she set forth to visit the mother of Reuben.

The cottage inhabited by the aged Quakeress stood in a little garden on the outskirts of the town. Although exceedingly prim, there was nothing cold or cheerless in its aspect. The windows, with their half-drawn muslin curtains, were scrupulously clean, and the door and shutters, of a dark chocolate colour, looked as if they had been freshly painted.

The widow recognised her niece as she walked up the pathway of the garden, and opened the door to receive her.

No wonder that Reuben dearly loved his mother; for never were benevolence, goodness of heart, and simple, unaffected piety more legibly written than on the features of Sarah Geldart. Her face had once been beautiful, nay, was so still, although sorrow and time had long since conspired to rob her cheeks of their freshness, and trace the lines of care on her once smooth forehead, whose breadth was partially concealed by the formal white muslin cap she wore, and the silvery hair parted on either side of it.

Like most of the sect of which she was a rigid but conscientious member, sister Geldart rarely yielded to any outward display of feeling; indulgent as charity itself in her judgment of others, she would have considered any such weakness sinful in herself; and though still secretly grieving for the departure of her son, she welcomed Ruth with her usual quiet, affectionate smile.

What the violence of her father, his brutal manner, and blow had failed to effect, the first words of kindness her aged relative pronounced succeeded in doing—they unsealed the fountains of her heart; and, throwing her arms around her neck, Ruth wept like a child upon her breast.

"Nay, nay, this is unwise," said her aunt, leading her into the parlour, which, though scantily furnished, contained a few memorials of her more prosperous days; "the grief that afflicts us becometh lighter when borne with patience. Retire to the keeping-room, Hannah," she added, addressing the companion of her niece; "peradventure, thy mistress would speak with me alone."

The little handmaiden, who stood greatly in awe of sister Geldart, not from her severity, but her goodness, at once obeyed, and the relatives were left together.

"This is wrong, Ruth," observed the aged woman, seeing that her tears still continued to flow; "this trial should be borne with patience."

"Few have known a sorrow like mine," replied the weeping girl; an observation to which her aunt made no reply, unless an involuntary glance at the portrait of her son, suspended over the chimney-piece, might be considered one.

Ruth proceeded to describe the fit of madness which had seized her father, the violent aversion he had conceived against the servant, his threat of thrusting her from his house, and her own fears for the poor girl's safety; but not a hint of the old man's motives, or of the outrage offered to herself—they remained fast locked in her own pure, gentle,

and forgiving heart. She judged, and rightly so, that it was not for the child to unveil the sin of the father. Her aunt suspected this, and loved her the better for her silence.

"Ephraim Sleek is a strange man," she observed; "but, as thou sayest, it must have been insanity that led him to such violence. Thou knowest that I am poor," she added, in a tone which betrayed regret rather than resentment, "yet what I can I will do to save the husband of my dead sister and the father of her child from himself and from disgrace, perchance. Let sister Hannah abide with me. Mine is the widow's mite, but she shall share it."

"I knew thou wouldst not refuse me!" exclaimed her niece, whose mind felt greatly relieved by the result of her visit. "Thou art too good—too—"

"Tut, tut," interrupted the aunt, somewhat impatiently, "thou knowest that our people delight not in flattery."

"It is no flattery to speak the truth," replied Ruth, kissing the cheek of her aged relative, "and I repeat it, thou art good, for *are not patience and forgiveness virtues?*"

The mother of Reuben regarded her long and earnestly; possibly an idea crossed her that the speaker knew something of the means by which, on the death of her husband, his partner had so confused the accounts, that, of the large capital brought into the firm, a scanty pittance alone remained for the widow and her son. And yet it was scarcely probable, so many years had elapsed, the circumstance having occurred before Ephraim, tempted by his insatiate thirst of gain, had leagued himself with the smugglers.

If such were her suspicions, she dismissed them at once from her mind as useless. Her principles were opposed to any attempt at leading the daughter to betray the father.

Hannah was called into the room: when informed that she was to remain with sister Geldart, she burst into tears.

"I will return with thee, Ruth!" she exclaimed; "perhaps thy father's anger hath abated, and in truth I know not how I caused it; terrible as it is, I will bear it, rather than separate from thee."

The widow regarded her kindly.

"I cannot rest," continued the girl, "and know that thou art in that fearful house alone with him—no one to cheer thee, to give thee courage, or speak a word of kindness when the dark fit comes on him."

"This is childish," observed her mistress; "my father would not harm me."

"Not harm thee!" said the handmaiden; "did I not hear the blow?"

Ruth pressed her in her arms to prevent the disclosure; but it was too late; the word had escaped her.

"A blow!" repeated her aunt, her pale face flushed with indignation; "Ruth! Ruth! why hast thou concealed this from me? Would that my son were here. Peradventure," she continued, after a few moments' reflection, "it is better as it is; he hath an impetuous nature. I will see thy father."

"Believe me, it was the first time, and struck in madness," said her niece; "why seek a meeting that can only pain thee?"

"Because it is my duty," was the simple, unaffected answer. "But few words of late years have passed between Ephraim Sleek and myself; had it been otherwise, it might have been better."

However considerate of the feelings of others, when Sarah Geldart once pronounced a thing to be her duty, it was perfectly useless to make any attempt to turn her from her purpose—a peculiarity her niece had long been aware of; she resigned herself, therefore, patiently, though not without terrible misgivings, to the interview between her aunt and her father, which had now become unavoidable.

Before describing this, it may be as well to follow the stage wagon, which had been dragging its "slow length along" since daybreak.

There is nothing more tedious when the mind is greatly excited than confinement of any kind: we pant to breathe the open air, to exercise our limbs, to escape, as it were, from ourselves. The walls of a palace under such circumstances change to those of a prison; we require space, wide as our thoughts, and action unbounded as their range, to calm the fever of the brain.

It was not to be wondered at, after all she had endured, that Katty felt this nervous restlessness, and declined the repeated invitation of Kiplin the wagoner, and her young protector, to mount and ride. She preferred walking by their side, carrying little Redmond on her arm, carefully protected from the bleak easterly wind that swept the downs, beneath her ample shawl.

Reuben offered more than once to relieve her of her burden.

"Burthin," repeated the nurse, "sure he is no bur-

thin. The critch (cripple), when God has made her a mother, does not feel the weight of her child; how, then, should I?"

"Is the infant yours?" inquired the young man. "My foster-sister's, sir," answered the faithful creature, her eyes filling with tears, "and the same as my own gosssoon now."

"Gos what?" said the driver, with a broad grin. "Does 'ee understand her, Maister Geldart? It be my belief she be a furriner—her words don't sound English loike; but she be a decentish sort o' body, I should say, for all that. I wonder what brought her to this part o' the country?"

"Sorrow," said the woman.

There was something so sad in the tone in which she pronounced the word, that even the wagoner felt touched by it, and he muttered to himself several times, "poor thing! poor thing!"

"Don't 'ee be uneasy," he added, "bout the fare; the horses be mine, and the wagon be mine—and dang it, I won't be hard on 'ee."

Although convinced that the offer was made in kindness, his passenger hastily assured him that she had means to pay every reasonable demand. Katty had a full share of her country's pride.

"It's the arm of a thrue friend I require," she observed, "and not charity."

"A friend!" repeated Kiplin. "Don't 'ee be afraid. Maister Reuben be no chicken. He has gotten his hanger w' him—I wonder what th' old lady would say to it!—and I ha' gotten a pair of arms, w' a couple of fists at th' end on 'em."

The young Quaker looked slightly confused at the allusion to his mother, whose strict notions would have disapproved of her son carrying arms, even in self-defence.

"It be all right," whispered the rustic. "I'll not tell un."

The roads, no unusual thing in those days, were exceedingly heavy, and the huge, lumbering machine advanced but slowly, the driver being frequently obliged to urge his horses to violent effort to extricate the broad wheels from the deep ruts, in which the rain and mud had settled.

It was whilst the wagoner was in one of these predicaments, that the post-chaise containing Redmond and his companions overtook them.

As the blinds of the chaise were down, Katty, who supposed the inmates to be lawful travellers, did not recognise her pursuers till they leaped from the vehicle. Before she could utter a cry for assistance, or think even of flight—although such an attempt must have been useless—the fierce hand of Jorrocks had snatched the infant from her arms.

He would have passed it to his employer, but the latter shudderingly rejected it.

"Give it to your companion," he muttered, hoarsely.

Joe Kerl received the helpless innocent, and retreated with it into the chaise.

"Madman!" shrieked the distracted foster-sister of the wronged and martyred Ellen; "would yez have the blood of your own child upon your soul?"

"I have already told you that I no longer seek its life."

"It will be murder, I tell yez," said the woman, falling on her knees and clinging to him; "murder, as if yez dashed the head of him against the ground. He must die widout me! Redmond," she added, "is the nature of yez changed? Remember her that has gone before—whose thrue heart yez have broken is looken down upon yez, grieving for her child!"

Although the purpose of the deceived and unhappy man remained unchanged, he at once recognised the necessity of not separating the infant from its nurse; and, raising the speaker in his arms, he placed her in the chaise.

Joe Kerl, who felt somewhat embarrassed by his charge, willingly resigned it to her; and Katty once more clasped the child of her foster-sister to her breast.

"Wisht! then, darlin'! wisht!" she murmured, as her tears fell fast upon his innocent face. "This is the sorest strait of all!"

Meanwhile, Reuben Geldart had not been idle. The action had passed so rapidly, that before he could recover from his surprise the woman and the infant were already in the vehicle. He attacked the smuggler, however, whom he recognised, vigorously—determined that he should not escape.

"Hold on!" shouted the driver, "I ha' gotten a blunderbus in th' waggon. I'll pepper un! It be somewhere here. I'll find un."

Before the speaker could execute his praiseworthy intention, the report of a pistol rang in the air, and the young Quaker lay stretched upon the down, bathed in his blood.

Jorrocks indulged in one of his quiet chuckles as

he mounted the box. Snatching the reins from the hands of the driver, he wheeled the horses round and drove off.

"Dang thee! I know thee!" shouted the wagoner after him; "and I'll hang thee for this day's work, if I sell the best horse i' the team to pay lawyers."

Raising the body of Reuben, who still breathed, from the ground, he placed it gently in the wagon, and pursued his way towards the nearest house in search of assistance.

Meanwhile, the assassin and his companions, dashing along the road at a fearful rate, retraced the route to Dover.

"A bad day's work," said the post-boy, who felt anything but comfortable at the scene he had witnessed. "That's not the way," he added, seeing that Jorrocks had taken a direction leading to the beach instead of the town.

"It's my way," replied the ruffian, coolly.

In less than a couple of hours from the carrying off of Katty and the child the party were embarked on board the *Dolphin*; the sails were set, and the smugglers' skiff, light as a sea bird on the water, ploughing through the waves towards the coast of France.

CHAPTER VIII.

A great man struggling with the storms of fate,
And greatly falling in a falling state.

ADDISON.

WHILST the events described in our last chapter were taking place, things had not gone exactly smooth at Plaxted. Lieutenant Elvey was about to start on a cruise in the *Wren*, and breakfast had been ordered an hour earlier than usual at the parsonage.

Dr. Tidlow and his guest had not been long seated at table, before Pike and Bryce, the police officers, whom the worthy magistrate had sent for from Dover, arrived to take charge of the prisoner.

They were both resolute, experienced men, accustomed to deal with far more serious cases than those which came under the cognisance of the village constable, Jacob Bumps.

"The gentleman whom it has been my painful duty to commit," observed the magistrate, "is no ordinary criminal."

"Murder, sir?" demanded Pike, in a most business-like tone.

"No, no," exclaimed the gentleman, hastily, "thank heaven, not so bad as that—he is charged with treason. I thought it better to send for you. The Plaxted constable," he added, "is a very excellent, trustworthy person, no doubt; but a little nervous. In fact, I considered that the prisoner was less likely to escape from your custody than his."

"We know Mr. Bumps, your worship," drily observed Bryce.

The warrant, which had been made out the preceding evening, was placed in their hands, and the officers proceeded at once to the lock-up, to take charge of Redmond.

"I cannot help feeling something like regret at the share I have taken in the capture of this unfortunate gentleman," said the lieutenant. "He certainly is a gallant fellow, and defended himself bravely. I trust no very serious consequences will result."

"As far as life is concerned, I think not," replied the doctor; "the government is too merciful for that."

"And yet they hang a man for stealing a sheep," observed Elvey.

When the constables arrived at the lock-up, they discovered, to their surprise, the outer door unfastened but closed. Pushing it open, they entered the room where the unfortunate Bumps, only a few hours previously, had been seated in conscious dignity, indulging in dreams that—well, well, we can feel for a noble ambition blighted in the bud.

That theme really is too painful a one to pursue it any further.

The broken table, the venerable insignia of parochial and civil authority lying on the ground, gave the officers the first intimation of what had taken place.

"Whew!" said Pike, drawing a long breath, "the bird has flown."

"Not so—there are two birds instead of one in the cage," observed his companion, peering through the grated door of the inner cell.

"Bring them out, then."

The bolts were withdrawn, and the crest-fallen Bumps, whose scratched face bore mute witness to his having passed a most uncomfortable night with his termagant wife, crept with a sheepish air into the light.

His stronger-minded better-half followed.

On recognising their rustic colleague, the Dover constables yielded to a hearty fit of laughter. Every

note of their heartless cachinnation inflicted an additional pang upon the wounded spirit of Jacob.

As Burke observed, only a few years later, "The age of chivalry has passed away; there really is no sympathy with fallen greatness."

"What have you done with your prisoner?" demanded Mr. Pike, as soon as he could recover his gravity.

"Escaped."

The groan of mental anguish that accompanied the word, proved how humiliated the speaker felt by the admission.

"Escaped?" repeated the officer.

"Yes," exclaimed Mrs. B., in a spiteful tone; "and all because that drivelling, insignificant little wretch had not the courage of a man to prevent it."

"If you had not insisted on bringing Joe Kerl into the lock-up, my love—"

A look from his wife reminded him of his promise not to betray her share in the transaction.

"Joe Kerl," said Bryce, "I have heard of that fellow; the excise have long been on the look out to trap him."

Bumps devoutly wished that they had succeeded a week ago.

"And so you brought him with you?" added the officer.

"I am not answerable to you for whom I brought with me!" replied the woman, tartly; "the prisoner was not in my keeping."

"But you are to the magistrates," suggested the officer.

"Yes; perhaps so," muttered the lady, who prudently meditated a retreat. "I will just step down to the parsonage, and explain it all to the rector."

Drawing her shawl around her, she would have quitted the roundhouse, had not the constables prevented her.

"We will walk with you," said Pike. "Can't let you go alone."

"But I insist upon going. I won't be detained. I—there! there!"

Long immunity frequently leads to danger. Mrs. B. had for so many years been accustomed to tyrannise over her meek, uncomplaining little husband, that she looked upon all men with a kind of Amazonian contempt. To her astonishment she discovered there were persons not quite so easy to deal with. Her frantic attempts to scratch the face of the officer were met by a very decided measure; he most ungallantly slipped a pair of handcuffs on her wrists.

"Jacob!" she screamed, stamping with rage; "will you see me treated thus? Knock them down, take them into custody. I insist upon it."

"It's the law, my love," observed the fallen dignitary, in a tone of sublime resignation; "you never would respect it."

"Respect it," repeated his wife, eyeing him with contempt. "Well!"

A volume, perhaps never to be written, was implied in that monosyllable "well."

"Sorry to be hard upon you, but the affair looks serious; the prisoner was charged with treason. I must do my duty."

As he concluded his observation, the redoubtable Mr. Pike drew a second pair of handcuffs from his capacious pocket.

"I know you must," said Jacob, meekly, and at the same time holding out his hands with the air of a martyr. "I suppose I shall be sent to the Tower."

Fallen as he was, there was some consolation in the idea of being considered a state prisoner.

If anything could have added to the bitter humiliation of Bumps, it was his meeting the village children on their way to school, as he quitted the Roundhouse. At first, they could not comprehend that the object of their terror was in custody; but, as the suspicion that such was the case became a certainty, a loud shout expressed their satisfaction; and, instead of proceeding to the school, the greater number of them turned and followed the procession.

A few, more hardy still, penetrated into the lock-up, and discovered the beadle's staff and hat.

Despite his entreaties, indignant remonstrances, and utterly regardless of the dignity of their colleague, the officers marched him and his wife prisoners through the straggling street of Plaxted.

Bumps never forgot the agony of that hour; he felt that his moral authority over the inhabitants was at an end, the constitution of the village gone—annihilated, by the outrage on his person.

One sturdy little fellow, not more than ten, had seized upon his hat—his gold-laced hat, that had a corner of which had been sufficient to frighten a whole troop of them from the churchyard—and carried it in triumph before him.

Mrs. B. followed, in a state of concentrated rage no words can describe.

From every door and window curious heads were thrust to watch the procession. An earthquake could scarcely have occasioned more excitement.

A crowd followed; some laughing, others pointing at the prisoners.

There was something sublime in the solemn, majestic grief of Bumps contrasted with the fury of his wife. His dignity in his present degraded position did not abandon him till a ragged little rascal, the one who had first discovered the beadle's staff in the roundhouse, overtook him, trailing it between his legs, as children will do when they pretend to ride cockhorse upon their grandfather's cane.

Then the mighty soul of the prisoner gave way, his fortitude abandoned him, and he wept bitterly.

Great was the astonishment of the worthy rector and his guest, who had not yet quitted the breakfast-table, when they beheld the procession winding along the trim gravel walks of the garden, on its way to the parsonage-house.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed; "what can have occurred?"

He rang to ascertain the cause of such an unusual assembly.

"The prisoner has escaped, sir," said Fitch, the butler, who answered the bell, "and they are bringing Bumps and his wife before you."

Dr. Titlow and the lieutenant hastened to the justice-room. The former not greatly displeased, perhaps, at the turn the affair had taken; not but that the clergyman was an exceedingly loyal man. He would have condemned every rebel, past, present, and future, to the last penalty of the law in theory, and have pardoned them every one in practice.

In other words, his heart governed his head; and we confess a liking for such characters: strength is not the only thing to be admired in this world; there is a beauty in weakness, especially when it inclines on the side of humanity.

It was some time before anything like a distinct account could be obtained from the unfortunate beadle, whose wife contradicted him at every word.

"Really, I scarcely know what to do with him," observed the rector. "Bumps appears to have acted more like a fool than a knave: I can't comprehend his conduct."

"Your reverence forgets that I am married," suggested the fallen dignitary, in a very humble tone.

"And that noisy, tergiversant woman—"

"Is my wife," please your worship.

Despair must have armed the speaker with desperate courage, or he never could have endured the look his better half darted at him.

The gentlemen saw it, and the affair appeared much more intelligible to both of them.

"I suppose," said Dr. Titlow, "you had better take them both to Dover. I will ride over during the morning, and consult with my brother magistrates."

"It's not my fault!" screamed the virago, "and I won't go to Dover. The man was not in my care. You have no right to send me to Dover."

"Do keep your wife silent!" said the gentleman.

Jacob regarded the speaker with an air of such profound astonishment, that it was impossible to repress a smile—it was positively eloquent, and demanded *how* he was to accomplish such a miracle, as plainly as if he had asked it in so many words.

"Is it necessary to keep him handcuffed?" demanded the lieutenant, who had frequently been amused by the pompous strut and ludicrous importance of the prisoner.

"No, sir," answered Pike, "he is as peaceable as a child; an infant might frighten him. I only put them on for form's sake."

The magistrate directed that they should be removed.

"As for his wife," added the officer, "I don't mind her tongue—I have a wife of my own—but I can't stand her claws. So, with your worship's permission," he said, "I'll just leave hers on."

"Certainly," said the rector, "if you think it advisable for your safety."

Dr. Titlow was naturally a kind-hearted man, and felt for the misfortunes of his beadle. To spare him the mortification of being again marched through the village, he offered the constables the use of a light spring cart.

As the prisoners were removed from the parsonage, Jacob enjoyed one spark of consolation. The boy—the desperate little ruffian—who had trailed the ensign of office between his legs, proved to demonstration that the gilded staff was a thing of common wood, and might be handled with impunity—ventured within his reach. It was not in human nature to resist. Springing from the side of Bryce, who had him in charge, Bumps seized the luckless rebel by the collar, wrenched the emblem of parochial government from his hands, and then cuffed him soundly.

The crowd of noisy urchins drew back; their former terror of him returned, and for an instant as he gazed sternly around him, Bumps felt himself once more a beadle and a constable.

Having achieved this triumph, Regulus himself could not have returned to captivity with greater dignity.

Even the gravity of the rector yielded to the sense of the ridiculous the outbreak suggested.

"I must ride over at once," he said, turning to the lieutenant; "can't suffer this poor, hen-pecked simpleton to pay too dearly for his weakness. Good-bye, Charles; a prosperous sail."

The commander of the "Wren" shook hands with him, and they parted—the former to Dover, the latter to Folkestone.

It must be a glorious feeling to hold the command of a noble vessel that seems almost endowed with intelligence as it answers to the helm, and gallantly dashes through the water "like a thing of life." Elvey felt this, and trod the deck of his little cutter with a feeling of independence a prince might have envied.

No wonder sailors are proud of their ships, and describe them in terms of affection. What can be more graceful than the tall, stately masts, the slender spars, the ropes drawn with the mathematical precision of a spider's web?

It was evident from the proceedings on board that the Wren was about to start upon a voyage. The anchor was already raised, when a boat pushed off from the shore and came alongside.

"Ship a-hoy!" shouted a voice from the stern.

The lieutenant looked over the side, and, to his great surprise, recognised Pike, holding up a letter.

A rope was thrown to him, and in a few seconds the Dover constable stood on board.

"What has occurred?" anxiously inquired the young commander. "Nothing, I trust, to my worthy friend?"

"The rector is quite well, sir," replied the officer, "but a murder has been attempted upon a young Quaker, Reuben Geldart, who is badly wounded, and a woman and child carried off, by the person who escaped from the roundhouse at Plaxted."

Elvey hastily perused the letter.

"The ruffians left Dover more than an hour since in the Dolphin."

"The Dolphin!" repeated the lieutenant; "I have long been on the look out for her. An hour's start, did you say? If the wind holds fair, we shall catch her before making Calais harbour."

The orders were rapidly given, and as promptly executed. Before ten minutes had elapsed, the Wren was ploughing through the water with every stitch of canvas set.

(To be continued.)

Hopes and Helps for the Young.

SELF-MADE MEN.

DR. ALEXANDER MURRAY.

It is not only as successful inventors that examples are afforded of self-made men. There are instances of those who, without money or means, surrounded by every circumstance calculated to dishearten the most ambitious of students, have, nevertheless, persevered in their pursuits of knowledge, and have at length risen to positions of eminence as profound linguists and accomplished scholars. Of this, a remarkable instance is furnished in the case of Dr. Alexander Murray.

This eminent man was born in a little parish called Minnigaff, Scotland, on the 22nd of October, 1775. His father at the time of Alexander's birth was nearly seventy years of age; a mature but hale and hearty parent. To his father Alexander was indebted for the rudiments of his education. A Catechism, with an alphabet in it was the text-book used, and esteemed as a treasure of such price that it was never delivered into the hands of the pupil. "As it was too good a book for me to handle at all times," says the doctor, "it was generally locked up, and he, throughout the winter, drew the figures of the letters to me, in his written hand, on the board of an old wool-card, with the black end of an extinguished heather stem, or root snatched from the fire. I soon learned all the alphabet in this form, and became a writer as well as reader."

Among the lowly it is at all times difficult to step beyond the narrow limits of their occupation. All Mr. Murray's sons were shepherds, and at the age of seven or eight, Alexander became one as a matter of course. He was not destined to succeed in this calling, and was often blamed by his father as lazy and useless. He was too much given to books and writing on boards with charcoal, to pay attention to the flocks. He became a remarkable peasant boy and a very bad shepherd.

His prospects in life were considered decidedly

gloomy by his parents and brothers. But in May, 1784, an uncle came to the cottage, and, struck with the remarkable brightness of the youth, offered to take him to New Galloway for a short time and put him to school. The advantages which might have accrued from this act of kindness were unimproved through the ill health of Alexander. He was in the school but two months, when it became necessary that he should return home. Here he resumed his old employment as a shepherd, with a literary turn for boards and charcoal pencils. Whenever by good fortune he obtained a sixpence, he disbursed it instantly on ballads and penny histories: these established his reputation as a prodigy in the neighbourhood.

In 1787, Alexander was able to extend considerably his course of reading: a friend lent him a translation of "Josephus" and "Salmon's Geographical Grammar," works that he perused with such avidity that he remembered their contents to the end of his life. He was now twelve years of age, very clever at everything except taking care of sheep. It was necessary that he should maintain himself; and, with this object in view, he became private teacher in the families of two neighbouring farmers, from whom he received sixteen shillings for an entire winter. With this money he procured an edition of Cocker, and studied arithmetic up to the rule of three: he likewise obtained other books and read them with considerable profit.

Much to the delight of Alexander, circumstances permitted him once more to become a student at the school at Minnigaff to the extent of three days' attendance per week. He made the most of his opportunity; but it was a brief one, for in six weeks he had to look after his own living again—that is to say, to teach what he knew to the children of the neighbouring farmers.

In 1790, he again attended school for about three months, and it was during this term that he conceived the idea of becoming a scholar. His first impulse he attributes to the curiosity awakened by perusing in Salmon's Geography a transcript of the Lord's Prayer translated into a variety of living and dead languages. About the same time he resolved to fit himself, if possible, for the duties of a clerk. During the few weeks he remained at school, he obtained a grammatical knowledge of the English language, and commenced the study of French and Latin. After leaving school he purchased an old copy of Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, and "literally read it through." His method of studying was remarkable. He read the dictionary backwards and forwards, and took recreation in the grammar, in Caesar, or (by way of dissipation) in Ovid. In something less than eighteen months, he mastered the principal difficulties of four languages, the French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and read several of the best authors in each, all this, too, in spite of innumerable and discouraging interruptions.

The winter of 1791 was passed in teaching, and he earned thirty-five or forty shillings; so that he was able to return to school for the last time in the summer of 1792, remaining three months and a half. The different periods of school attendance, added together, make about thirteen months, scattered over a period of nearly eight years. From November, 1792, till the March of the following spring, he was once more employed in teaching, at a salary of 30s. During this time he prosecuted his studies vigorously, and

by reading the classic poets, and Milton; and he believed himself capable of writing an epic poem. After perpetrating several thousand lines, he had the good sense to feel and acknowledge that he was not yet fitted for the task, and the firmness—remarkable in a young poet—to commit his crude verses to the flames. Far more practical was his next literary effort, which consisted of a translation from the Latin of a series of lectures by a German professor. With this work under his arm, he repaired to Dumfries, in 1794; but neither of the two publishers in the place would undertake the risk of publication. He then prepared a small volume of poems, in the Scottish dialect; but Burns, to whom he showed them, advised him not to publish them. The object that

laughed. The degree of D.D. was now conferred upon him, and he entered on the discharge of his functions with an ardour which led to the most untimely result. The preparation of his lectures, supervision of philological works, the rendering of new translations, the prosecution of fresh studies, were undertaken and accomplished at the price of health. Dr. Murray could not be persuaded that he was sick and failing, nor indeed did he know it until it was too late. He kept his bed for one day only, and died in the thirty-eighth year of his age, at a time when all that could gratify a scholar was within his grasp. He left behind him a reputation and an example worthy of the imitation of all who are struggling against "low birth and iron fortune."

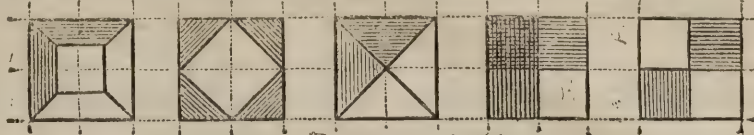


Fig. 12.

young Murray had in view was to raise the means, in some way or other, of defraying his expenses at college. It was natural that he should feel downhearted and dispirited at these reverses.

To a very humble admirer Murray was indebted for his first step in advance. This was a pedlar, of the name of M'Harg, who knew Murray well, and who was in the habit of sounding his praise as a genius wherever he went. Among others to whom he spoke on the subject, was Mr. James Kinneir, of Edinburgh, then a journeyman printer in the King's printing-office. Mr. Kinneir—with a zeal in behalf of unfriended merit which does him infinite honour—immediately suggested that Murray should transmit

LESSONS IN DRAWING.—No. III.

14. The importance of acquiring method in forming lines and tints will be felt in practising the examples in figure 12. The pupil will also begin to appreciate the power of lines, in expressing tints, and in giving detail of form to simple outlines. In all of these there is one common outline, varied by divisions and tints.

15. Figure 13, formed of straight lines and right angles, will show the importance of a clear and accurate outline, which, when once obtained, may be with ease worked into endless variations. The pupil should first draw the simple outline of A, upon the

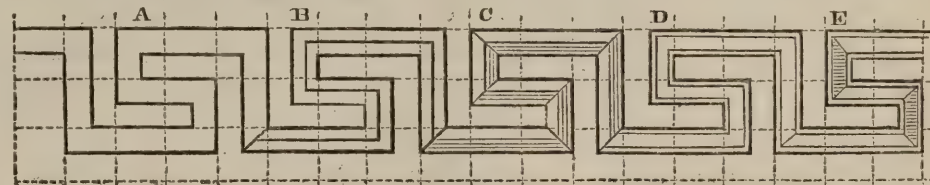


Fig. 13.

an account of himself, and some evidences of his attainments, to Edinburgh; which he undertook to lay before some of the literary characters of that city. Murray was, of course, too happy to act on this suggestion; and the result exceeded his most sanguine expectations. The professors of the University were astonished at his attainments, and at once threw open their classes, and provided for his maintenance while attending them. Assistance he did not long need. In the city he found plenty of employment for his pen, and good remuneration for the exercise of his acquirements.

The struggles of this remarkable youth were now at an end. He remained in Edinburgh until 1806, having in the interval passed through the course of

principles laid down in former examples (11). Having accomplished that, let him next draw the interline, as shown at B; after which, he can express the tint or shadow on C. Next, let him draw the faint line, near the inner edge of the outline (A) he has already done, as D: then proceed with E, always observing to draw the outline of the tint or shadow first.

16. The examples in figure 14 present forms of less simplicity, yet forms which are equally regular and balanced in the relation of the parts to each other. They are given, not only for practice, but to show the motive or method of their construction. If the pupil were to attempt to draw the fourth or fifth figure, for instance, by a mere outline, he would encounter great difficulty, and fail of success; but let him study well

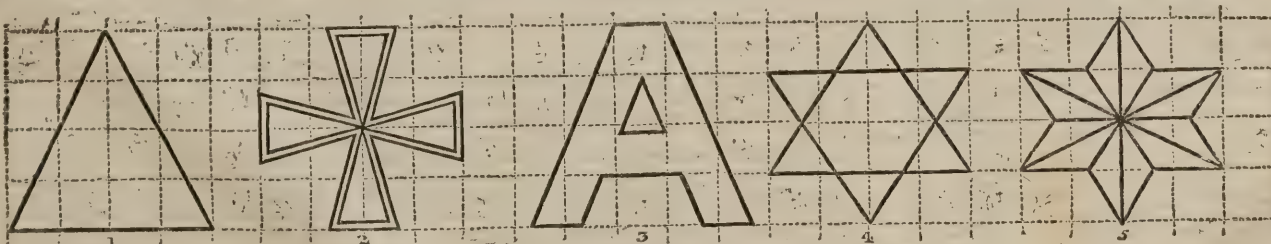


Fig. 14.

made the acquaintance of an Anglo-Saxon alphabet, which was his introduction to the northern languages. He obtained also a treatise in Welsh, and, without dictionary or grammar, set about making it out. "I mused a good deal on the quotations of Scripture that abound in it," he says, "and got acquainted with many Welsh words and sentences. If I had a copy of the Bible in any language of which I knew the alphabet, I could make considerable progress in learning it, without grammar or dictionary. This is done by minute observation, and comparison of words, terminations, and phrases."

In the autumn of 1792, Murray's ambition took a new direction. His imagination had become inflamed

studies necessary to qualify him for the Scottish Church. His fondness for languages remained unabated; one by one he mastered the Oriental and Northern languages and of the Ethiopic and Abyssinian dialects he had a more critical knowledge than any European of his day. This circumstance led him to undertake a new edition of Bruce's Travels, a work which at once placed him in the foremost rank of Oriental scholars.

In 1806 he left Edinburgh to assume the duties of a minister, and for six years officiated as a clergyman of the parish of Urr, in Dumfriesshire. From this honoured field of labour he was recalled to the university, to fill the professor's chair of Oriental

the principle upon which that outline is produced, and he will not only be able to draw it correctly, but systematically. This principle of Design deserves important consideration; and will, hereafter, be often reverted to, when its true meaning and application will be better understood and appreciated by the learner.

17. One more example of objects formed of straight lines is given in fig. 15, to show, in some degree, the application of what has, thus far, occupied the attention of the pupil, and should be copied as carefully as possible, first on the ruled paper; observing well the parts or forms the lines present as they cross the dotted or faint lines; recalling to memory all that has been before said, especially with regard to the

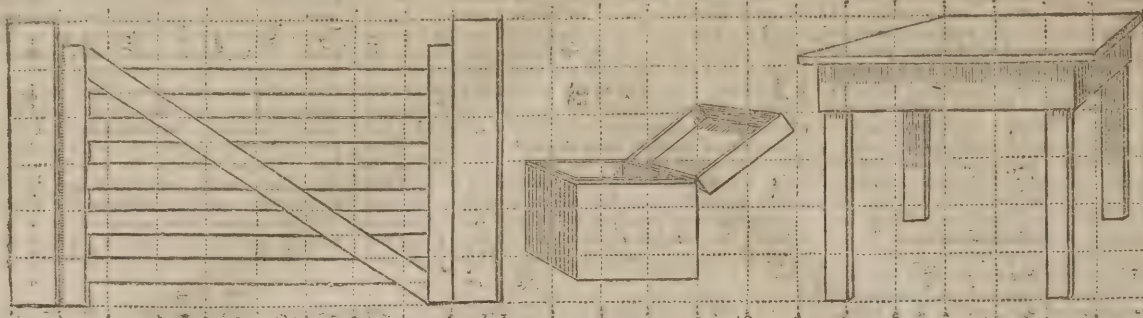


Fig. 15.

importance of ascertaining the point of beginning and ending, as well as direction of each line. When some degree of precision is acquired on the ruled paper, try it without—on the slate—the blackboard—every way; and then try your memory, and see if it will serve you as it ought. See if you can draw a gate, a table, or a box, without the object before you. He who can draw nothing but what he has before him, loses the best half of the art. Begin at once in the right way—the surest to success. Unless the mind add the riches of its resources to the efforts of the hand and eye, and you call them forth as you are

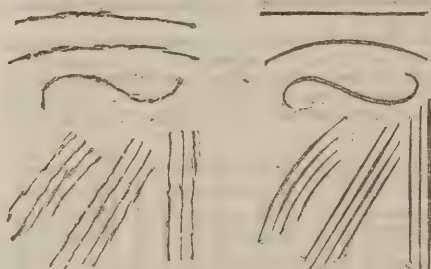


Fig. 16.

Fig. 17.

progressively capable of using them to advantage, you can never expect to reap the full harvest of your present labours.

18. Thus far, attention has been directed only to the drawing of straight lines; and, if proper care and study have been bestowed upon the principles laid down, and the hand has been taught to keep pace with the understanding of these principles, the few examples to be given in the drawing of curves will be all that is required before the student is introduced to the great school of Art—the imitation of nature. Let him be advised not to hurry forward too rapidly—to gain strength as he goes—to confine his efforts to what he can accomplish, rather than run the risk of failure in attempts beyond his power.

19. Again (2) let the importance of a clear, firm, and well-defined line be urged. "Think before you draw," is as important a maxim as "Think before you speak." Determine well the point of beginning and termination, the direction and form of every line, before you touch your paper. Now is the time to school your hand to this habit; which, when once acquired, will

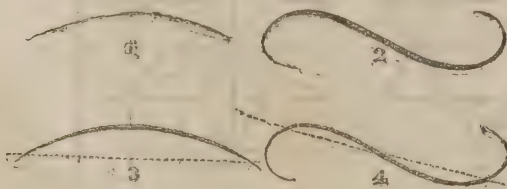


Fig. 18.

render progressive studies comparatively easy, and hereafter serve you well in your attempts, however far you may pursue the art of drawing. A manner of dashing off random lines or touches, as if in search of the true line (fig. 16), betrays weakness and indecision—besides, it produces a painful display of the labour the work has cost. The ease apparent in the sketch of a master hand, that is so captivating (fig. 17), is the result of absence of any appearance of hesitation or doubt. If any were felt in its execution, it is a secret known only to the artist himself, who should always possess the judgment to look rather to results, than the ostentatious display of the labour of

their accomplishment. The examples given will enable the student, by comparison, better to understand what is to be avoided.

20. In the directions hitherto given, with regard to the drawing of straight lines, the ruled paper afforded a more certain guide than it will be found to be in curves and irregular forms. The straight, or right line, must be the basis, however, upon which to form the true observation and delineation of them. A right line is certain and arbitrary; and the eye must be well accustomed to measure the deviation of irregular lines and curves from a right line, in order to express that deviation by the hand. The faculty of ascertaining and expressing the degree and character of these variations, is a most important acquirement in drawing. Hereafter, in its proper place, more will be said in reference to circles, ovals, &c., as presenting the motive of lines and forms; but, it is important that the pupil should go step by step, and, as far as possible, master one difficulty before he encounters another.

21. Let him attempt to draw the curved lines represented in the accompanying diagram (fig. 18), the most simple curve (1) or eccentric line (2), and he will find it, probably, no easy task to perform with accuracy; and even if measurably successful, at first, to repeat it would be more difficult. But, if he has a right line from which to mark the variations (3 and 4), it becomes comparatively easy. To the beginner, a difficulty naturally will arise as to the existence of these right lines in objects in nature. The eye, by practice and proper education, learns to supply this, and soon becomes accustomed to measure irregular forms by this unerring standard. At present, it is out of place to enter, as fully as may be hereafter necessary, into the explanation of this principle in drawing; which must be gradually developed to the understanding of the pupil, as he acquires progressive strength in the training of his eye and hand.

FRENCH LESSONS;

OR, AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"I EXPECTED, Robert," said George, when next the friends met, "that I should have had to carry on my instructions by letter, as the time had come for my return to my scholastic duties; but this morning's post has brought me a letter from my father, directing me to remain in London to look after some important business of his. Thus I shall prolong my stay."

"A good thing for me," said Robert, with a smile. "For some time past I have been dreading the announcement of the end of your vacation."

"Make the most of me while you have me," said George; "and about the expression you have just used—the end of the vacation. The French have an excellent phrase for the return of the pupils to school; they call it *la rentrée des classes*. The French do not give such long holidays as we do. They know nothing of the mid-summer vacation and the Christmas vacation. They give a month's vacation during the autumn, at the time of the vintage. *Les vacances* is the name they give the holidays; and they speak of those who are having their holidays as of *des écoliers en vacances*. Of young ladies, they say *des écolières en vacances*. But remark this, the word *écolier*, with its feminine *écolière*, and its plural *écoliers* and *écolières*, is only applied to daily pupils. The term *pensionnaires* is used for boarders.

"I did not translate the phrase *la rentrée des classes*, but I suppose you understood it?"

"I am not quite sure that I did," said the pupil.

"Well, then, I will explain it. *L'entrée* would be the entry; *la rentrée* is the re-entry, or return of the

classes, *des classes*, in French. In true French style, this phrase says a great deal in a few words.

"To-day I wish you to enrich your vocabulary with words relating to dress, for you know we poor mortals must be clothed as well as fed.

"Before we speak of the articles of wear, I should like you to write down the names of the stuffs that these articles are made of.

Stuffs.	Les étoffes.
Cloth.	Du drap.
Flannel.	De la flanelle.
Cotton.	Du coton.
Linen.	De la toile.
Calico.	Du calicot.
Cambric.	De la batiste.
Canvas.	Du canevas.
Tickling.	Du contil.
Crape.	Du crêpe.
Damask.	De damas.
Lace.	De la dentelle.
Thread.	Du fil.
Fustian.	De la futaine.
Gauze.	De la gaze.
Printed calico.	Du l'indienne.
Wool.	De la laine.
Merinos.	Du mérinos.
Mohair.	De la moire.
Muslin.	De la mousseline.
Woolen muslin.	De la mousseline-de-laine.
Nankin.	Du nankin.
Plush.	De la peluche.
Goatshair cloth.	Du poil de chèvre.
Satin.	Du satin.
Serge.	De la serge.
Silk.	De la soie.
Sarsenet or taffeta.	Du taffetas.
Stocking net.	Du tricot.
Net.	Du tulle.
Velvet.	Du velours.

"You may observe, Robert," said George, "that many of these names of stuffs are almost the same in French as in English. As they do not suggest any great difficulty, we will pass on to the rules for the exercise.

"We were still speaking of the peculiarities of the adjective.

"To use the article *a, un*, correctly with the adjective, requires attention to rule. This adjective is repeated before two adjectives united by a conjunction, when, on account of their meaning, they cannot possibly give a quality to the same noun; but the article is not repeated if the two adjectives give quality to the same person or thing.

"The next rule is simple enough. When two adjectives, divided by the disjunctive conjunction, or *ou*, go before the noun, the article *un* is repeated before each; but if they come after it, *un* is used but once.

"When a noun, preceded by the article *a*, is used in English as the attribute or quality of the verb to be, you must, in translating the sentence, omit the article; but if the nominative case of the verb is the pronoun *ce* (it), the article must be used. I will presently make this clear to you by means of an illustration. In the first case the article would not be used. 'My father was a physician—' *Mon père était médecin.* But when in reply to the question 'Who is there?' you must give the answer, 'It is a physician,' then you must translate the sentence thus—'C'est un médecin.'

"When the adjective *grand* (great) is used with the following noun to designate a certain situation in the government of a country, the two words should then be united by a hyphen, as forming but one word, and the article *a*, which we should use in English, is suppressed, as also the *a* that we use after the pronoun *what*, before a noun or an adjective.

"At the end of a sentence we use *a* before a noun expressing any period of time, but this *a* is rendered in French by the preposition *par*.

"When a question is put with a negation, though an affirmative is supposed, the *a* is rendered in French

by *un*; but if the question is put really to ascertain the fact, the *a* is rendered by *de*.

"When we speak of Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So, we use no article, but the French use an article, and translate this phrase thus — 'Monsieur *un* tel,' 'Madame *une* telle.'"

"One, used as a pronoun in English, is not expressed in French. I also wish you to observe that in some cases our article *a* is rendered in French by the definite article *le*. I will give you a very familiar example of this — 'I wish you a good day' — '*Je vous souhaite le bon jour*.'"

"The reason why I have said so much about *a* is that this article is often used — as you may have observed — adjectively."

EXERCISE.

1. It is consoling for me to think that my children are all well situated. 2. Your brother is known by every body for not being constant in love. 3. Louis the Eleventh was cruel to his nobility. 4. America is not so fruitful in corn, wine, and fruit, as France and Italy. 5. The French, till their revolution, had always been faithful to their kings. 6. I am fatigued with running. 7. Why are you so impatient to see her? 8. Mistress C — is inconsolable for the loss of her husband, although he was very inferior to her in talents, virtue, and courage. 9. She is very uneasy about this affair. 10. We are very uneasy at not receiving (any news from her). 11. Vice is most ingenious in disguising itself. 12. Your friend has been ungrateful to your father. 13. He has been ungrateful to his benefactor. 14. Be quick to reward, slow to punish, and compassionate to the poor. 15. A well-educated son is grateful to his parents for the education which they have given him. 16. We are all accountable to God for our bad actions. 17. That gentleman is worth two hundred thousand francs. 18. You are not sufficiently severe to your children. 19. All my estates are barren in corn. 20. (Never was) a woman more useful and dear to her family, and at the same time more respected and beloved by everybody.

LE CORRIGE.

1. *Il est consolant pour moi de savoir que mes enfants ont tous bien placé.* 2. *Mon frère est connu de tout le monde pour n'être pas constant en amour.* 3. *Louis Onze fut cruel à (or envers) sa noblesse.* 4. *L'Amérique n'est pas aussi fertile en blé, en vin, et en fruits que la France.* 5. *Les Français, jusqu'à leur révolution, avaient été fidèles à leurs rois.* 6. *Je suis fatigué de courir.* 7. *Pourquoi êtes-vous si impatient de la voir?* 8. *Madame C est inconsolable de la perte de son mari, quoiqu'il lui ait été inférieure en talents, en vertu, et en courage.* 9. *Elle est très inquiète sur cette affaire.* 10. *Nous sommes inquiets de ne pas recevoir de ses nouvelles.* 11. *Le vice est très ingénieux à se déguiser.* 12. *Mon ami a été ingrat envers son père.* 13. *Il a été ingrat envers son aïeul, ingrat à vos bontés et à votre amour; mais sur à lui s'il est ingrat à son pays.* 14. *Soyez prompt à récompenser, lent à punir, et miséricordieux envers les pauvres.* 15. *Un fils bien élevé est reconnaissant envers ses parents pour l'éducation qu'ils lui ont donnée.* 16. *Nous sommes tous responsables à Dieu de nos mauvaises actions.* 17. *Ce monsieur est riche de deux cents mille francs.* 18. *Vous n'êtes pas assez sévère pour (or envers) vos enfants.* 19. *Toutes mes terres sont stériles.* 20. *Il n'y eut jamais de femme plus utile et plus chère à sa famille, et en même temps plus respectée et plus aimée de tout le monde.*

"Do you mean to return to our travellers," replied George, "and that immediately."

CONTINUATION OF

LE VOYAGE À PARIS.

ENGLISH. FRENCH.
We speaking of the protection granted by Philip Augustus to the university. Nous parlions de la protection que Philippe Auguste accorda à l'université.
Exact. The marked distinction which the Parisian school famous. C'est vrai. L'estime singulière que ce grand roi faisait des savans, et les distinctions flatteuses dont il les honorait, rendent les écoles de Paris très célèbres.

Even in England?

I have no doubt of it.

History tells us that to that part of Paris, since called the university, people thronged from foreign countries, as well as from the provinces.

But where did all these people lodge, and what did they find to eat?

Oh! learned people are satisfied with little.

Were strangers well received by the inhabitants?

It seems they were, for the number of students in the quarters we were speaking of equalled at length the number of citizens.

Who caused Paris to be surrounded with walls?

This same Philip Augustus, and within them was inclosed land, on which he encouraged them to build.

Même en Angleterre?

N'en doutez pas.

L'histoire nous dit que des pays étrangers aussi bien que des provinces on accourut au quartier appelé depuis l'université.

Mais où logeait tout ce monde, et où trouvait-on à manger?

Ah! les savans se contentent de peu.

Ces étrangers, étaient-ils bien reçus des habitans?

Il parait que oui, et la multitude des étudiants égalait (dans le quartier de l'université) celle des citoyens.

Qui fit entourer Paris de murs?

Philippe Auguste même, et dans cette clôture il renferma des terres sur lesquelles il encouragea ses sujets à bâtir.

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION—continued.

7th. When the adjective *un*, *one*, or *a*, is followed by a noun beginning with a vowel or *h* mute, the pupil must take care not to give it the feminine sound *un*, thus *un* ornament should be pronounced *un* 11 0 18, 11 9 0 16

norment, and not *u-nor-ne-ment*, which would make this noun feminine; and *un* homme should be pronounced 19 9 0 11 9 0

nounced *un-homme*, and not *u-nhom-me*, for the same reason.

8th. Foreigners find great difficulty in determining when the nasal sound should end with an *m* or with an *n*. The two following rules will settle the question.

1. Whenever the nasal syllable is followed by either of the three consonants *b*, *p*, *m*, that syllable must be terminated by *m*; as in *ambassade*, *empire*, *emmené*.

2. When the nasal syllable is followed by any other consonant than *m*, *b*, *p*, or is placed at the end of a word, that syllable should generally end with the letter *n*, for there are some exceptions, as *faim*, *parfum*, &c.; as in *quand*, *sang*, *ban*, *écran*, *chant*, *commun*, *quelqu'un*, *son*, &c.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—LESSON XXXIII.

METALLOIDS (continued).

IODINE, BROMINE, AND FLUORINE.

863. What is iodine?—Iodine is a bluish-black solid, made from the ashes of sea-weeds.

864. To what is it analogous?—It is quite analogous in its properties to chlorine.

865. What beautiful experiment may be made with it?—A single grain of iodine heated in a phial, will fill its interior with beautiful violet vapours.

866. What are its uses?—It is used as a medicine, and in the preparation of daguerreotypic plates.

867. What is bromine?—Bromine is a dense reddish-brown fluid, made from the waters of certain mineral springs.

868. To what is it analogous?—To chlorine and iodine.

869. What is fluorine?—Fluorine is a yellowish-brown gas, of odour somewhat similar to that of chlorine.

870. From what is it made?—From the beautiful mineral called "fluor spar."

871. To what is it analogous?—Fluorine, also, is analogous to chlorine.

872. What may the above group of four elements be called?—The chlorine family.

SULPHUR.

873. Where is sulphur found?—Principally in volcanic regions. In Sicily it is found in beautiful crystals.

874. What minerals contain it?—Sulphurets and sulphates.

875. Mention one of the sulphurets.—Sulphuret of iron, or "fool's gold."

876. Mention a sulphate.—Gypsum, or "plaster of Paris."

877. How may sulphur be made to burn with great brilliancy?—By kindling it in oxygen.

878. How may sulphur be made soft and waxy?—By high heating and sudden cooling in water. As it falls into the water, it takes the form of elastic threads, which may afterwards be moulded together.

879. For what is such sulphur used?—For taking

impressions of seals and medallions. It gradually resumes its original hardness.

880. What colours may be bleached by sulphur?—Vapours of burning sulphur bleach many vegetable colours.

881. What are these vapours?—They are sulphurous acid.

882. What is the principal application made of this property?—To bleach straw.

883. May the colours thus bleached be restored?—They may be restored by driving out the sulphurous acid.

884. How may this be done?—By dipping in dilute oil of vitriol.

885. Can the colour bleached by chlorine be thus restored?—It cannot.

886. For what reason?—The colouring matter is destroyed and removed by chlorine, while it is only changed by sulphurous acid.

SULPHURIC ACID.

887. What is sulphuric acid?—Sulphuric acid is a colourless oily fluid, of intensely acid taste, known in commerce as oil of vitriol.

888. Of what is it composed?—Of sulphur, oxygen, and water.

889. How is it prepared?—From fumes of burning sulphur, which consist of sulphurous acid.

890. How?—By giving the latter more oxygen.

891. What is used for this purpose?—Vapour of nitric acid.

892. Where are the materials brought together?—In large leaden chambers.

893. Why is steam admitted into the chambers?—Because a certain portion of water is essential in the process.

894. Why are leaden chambers employed?—Because most other metals would be corroded by the acids.

895. How is the acid of the chambers concentrated?—By boiling it down in vessels of platinum.

896. Why is platinum employed?—Because lead and all other metals, excepting gold, would be dissolved by the strong acid.

897. Is sulphuric acid an important product?—Millions of pounds are annually employed in the arts.

898. How does sulphuric acid compare in strength with the other acids?—It is the strongest of all acids.

899. How is this proved?—By the fact that it will drive out other acids from their compounds, as vinegar drives out carbonic acid from chalk.

900. Are not other acids superior in some cases?—They are.

901. Give an example.—Nitric acid will dissolve silver and copper while cold; sulphuric acid will not.

902. How does diluted sulphuric acid act on metals?—It dissolves most metals.

903. Does it, strictly speaking, dissolve the metals, or the oxides?—Their oxides.

904. How are the metals converted into oxides before they dissolve?—By seizing oxygen from the water which is present.

EVENING IN THE FIELDS.

As ere she wandered through the fresh-mown grass,
Along the hedgerow bordering waving corn,

The turf was spiced with young sassafras,
And all along the silent fields were born:

The distant stroke and softened melody
Of oars, and boat-songs from the twilight-sea.

Sweet vespers rang from woods and meadows far,
Where the wild song-birds bid the sun good-bye;

The day had faded, but one soft, large star
Grew into glory from the shadowy sky,

While o'er the dim horizon's dreamy glow
A shimmering mist crept ghostly, cold, and slow.

And "thus," she sighed, "thus o'er my aëroscope,
While Love's own planet burns before my eyes,

All trembling with the beams of holy hope;
Thus to the heavy mists of doubt arise,

And dreary twilight dusks the living light,
And all things chill and shiver to the night."

Her soul grew sick with vague, uncertain fear,
When from its home, amid the perfumed hay,

A little meadow lark, that caroled near,
In words articulate seemed sweet to say,

"Listen, sad heart, from far across the sea
I breathe the song the breezes brought to me.

"Oh! let no mists of portent gather o'er thee,
All dim and vast,

Nor ghosts of dead affections rise before thee
From out the past.

"Before Love's dewy dawn dark shadows fleeing
Set sunlight free;

Trust is Love's sun, its very vital being—
Oh, trust in me.

"Then welcome Hope! Adieu to weary grieving,
For all life through;
The feelings purest, sweetest, are believing
And proving true."

LIVING CELEBRITIES.



THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ROSSE, K.P., D.C.L., ETC. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAULL AND POLYBLANK.

THE EARL OF ROSSE, D.C.L., K.P.

THE illustrious nobleman whose portrait we publish is the third earl of that title in the Irish peerage. The earldom of Rosse was created in the year 1806, and is connected with the barony of Oxmantown. The present earl is the eldest son of the late earl, formerly M.P. for King's County, and Alice, daughter of the late John Lloyd, Esq. He was born in the year 1800, in the city of York. His inclination for scientific pursuits was early developed, and he particularly distinguished himself in these departments of study as a gentleman commoner of Magdalen College, Oxford. In 1821 he took the degree of B.A.; his name was placed in the first-class list in mathematical honours. He was subsequently elected as one of the members for King's County, and represented that constituency down to the close of the first reformed parliament. In 1836 he married the daughter of J. W. Field, Esq., of Heaton Hale, Yorkshire. On the death of his father in 1841, he succeeded to the earldom, and in 1845 was elected one of the representative peers of Ireland. In the same year he was appointed one of the visitors of Maynooth College. Honours of state and office have been conferred upon him. He is a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick, Colonel of the County Militia, and Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of King's County.

But it is as a scientific man that the Earl of Rosse is best known, and from his zeal and success in the study of optics and astronomy that his name has become most illustrious. He has achieved for himself a world-wide reputation, and won that celebrity which no coronet can bestow. It is not as an illustrious member of the peerage, it is not as a great statesman or eminent debater, it is not for any part which he has sustained in political life, that the Earl of Rosse is indebted for his fame. To understand and to appre-

ciate his merits, and the important results of his energetic and devoted labour, we must look neither to the senate nor the cabinet; we must seek him in the midst of some scientific circle: we must not look for his work in any blue book or state paper, but in the Philosophical Transactions; and at Birr Castle, Ireland, we may gaze with admiration at the gigantic telescope which he has there erected, and to the researches for which science is so deeply indebted to him.

Who is there that has not heard of Lord Rosse's telescope? Who has not admired the determination with which the scientific peer overcame every difficulty which beset him in its erection? It is the great work of his life. It is the largest telescope extant, one by which the astronomer is able to resolve into single stars nebulae which were not thus resolvable by the telescopes of the Herschels.

The Earl of Rosse erected his first telescope in 1831. It was furnished with a concave speculum three feet in diameter, about which the following particulars will be read with interest:—

The success of this instrument, every portion of the construction of which Lord Rosse superintended, and a considerable part of which he had worked upon with his own hand, encouraged him to further effort. He had proved the best admixture for speculum metal to be tin 126·4, copper 58·9. The castings were commonly made in moulds of sand, through which, on pouring the metal, the heated air readily escaped; but in the use of sand Lord Rosse found a main cause of the failure of large speculums. The sand, as a slow conductor of heat, allowed the metal to cool with comparative slowness, but more rapidly upon the surface than at the centre, while the after cooling tended to crack and warp the face. His first effort to conquer this difficulty was to make the casting on an iron mould. The iron being a rapid heat-conductor, the heat, he argued, would pass from

the top downwards, and the whole cool equally so as to prevent the warpage arising from contraction of the centre in cooling, when surfaces were already cool. Experiments proved the correctness of the supposition; but the having no escape, rose through the metal, and a great speculum so cast was useless. A step, however, had been gained, and Lord Rosse set himself to overcome the remaining difficulty. Iron was of the proper mould; the problem to be solved was how to construct the speculum so that the air should pass as freely from it as from a mould of sand. To this end he made a mould of iron hoops joined together, placed edgewise. The spaces proved large enough to allow the escape of air, but not of the metal. This make of mould was ready for use on the 18th of April, 1842. Minor difficulties to crucibles had been overcome; three, holding a ton, glowed in the furnaces. The crane heaved them from their bed of fire, and poured the metal, bright in a liquid state upon the mould. It was then no giant statue, no great gates of bronze, but a eye that should look out upon the heavens, and their secrets into the view of men. The speculum cast was placed for sixteen weeks in an annealing oven, so regulated that it should cool slowly and uniformly. At the end of the period there was no shrinkage, no flaw, no warp throughout its circumference of eighteen feet; in its rough state it was perfect. The ingenious adjustments of motion were devised by Lord Rosse to grind the surface to the parabolic form. The operation required six weeks; many hours were sufficient to give the polish; at length the little watch-dial on the top of the shaft on the tower of the workshop was seen mirrored with the most minute distinctness in the finished speculum, the first of such a diameter that ever been produced.



THE BAOBAB, CENTRAL AFRICA.

So vast are the proportions of this telescope, that the Dean of Ely walked through it with an umbrella spread above him, as it is no less than seven feet in width in the middle, and fifty-two feet in length. The tube is suspended between two lofty walls of about sixty feet in height, and one of them carries an iron semicircle, against which the tube bears when in the meridian. By means of a windlass, and a very skilful adjustment of chains and counterpoising weights, it can be brought into a variety of positions, or turned fairly round from south to north. Enormous as are its proportions, and though weighing altogether not less than twelve tons, it is managed with great ease and exactness. The immense distance at which stars are visible by the Rosse telescope surpasses the comprehension of the human mind. Sir John Herschel declares that the sublimity of the spectacle afforded by some of the larger globular clusters of the nebulae, is such as no words can express. The telescope will render visible a single star six thousand times more remote than the average star of the first magnitude; as though it were separated from us by an interval so tremendous that were a star to be now created at a similar distance, its light would be more than 60,000 years travelling through the intervening space before it reaches our globe.

The accomplishment of so valuable and important a work as this great telescope has rendered the name of the Earl of Rosse familiar to us all, and has won for him a deserved eminence among the scientific men of the age. In 1842 the University of Cambridge conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. In 1849 he was elected President of the Royal Society. In 1853 he was nominated a member of the Imperial Academy of Science at St. Petersburg in ; and 1855 his scientific attainments were still further recognised by the bestowal of the insignia of the Legion of Honour by the Emperor of the French.

THE BAOBAB (*Adansonia Digitata*).

ALTHOUGH the baobab, after having been regarded as the most gigantic of trees, must now yield that dignity to the mammoths of California, it does not the less deserve our notice, on account of its old reputation, and the character it imparts to the vegetation of Central Africa.

The baobab, remarkable for its enormous proportions, is found in the Cape de Verd Islands, throughout the district extending from Barquoy to Rufisk, as well as in the neighbourhood of Joal, where its fruits

are of considerable commercial importance. It is also found from Senegal to Bissagos; also in the locality of Sierra Leone; and, if we may judge from the statement of the natives, it exists, in more or less abundance, all over the continent. We are unacquainted with the baobab in the south, and in the north it does not extend beyond the tropic of Cancer. The fruits, described in the sixteenth century by Prosper Alpin, and observed at Méroé by Cailland, belong to a species distinct from that of Senegambia. The latter is identical with the baobab of Madagascar, and with that which exists in the north-west confines of New Holland, the vegetation of which bears a striking resemblance to that of the African continent.

The baobab, or *el-omarch* of Soudan, rivals in size that of Senegambia, measuring from sixty to seventy feet in circumference. The wood is very soft when in perfection, and is subject to a disease, a sort of softening of all the hard parts, so that the least storm is sufficient to overthrow and dismember its enormous bulk.

Many of the trunks are hollow, and capable of containing several men. These cavities are frequently produced by the practice which the negroes have of lighting their fires close against the trees, and so

gradually turning the wood to charcoal. Between Senegal and Gambia, the trunks of the baobab frequently exceed eighty or ninety feet in circumference, but they never attain a proportionate height. The negroes of Kaye generally employ the hollows in their trunks as sepulchres for those persons to whom other rites of burial are denied. The trunks of the baobabs are crowned with an immense number of branches, no less remarkable for their size than for the horizontal position which they usually take. Some of the arms descend to the ground, and give to the tree the appearance of a regular hemisphere ninety feet in height, and two hundred feet in circuit. When covered with leaves, the baobab resembles a huge green parasol—a parasol set up by Madame Earth to shade her from an African sun.

The baobabs bear some analogy to the cactus of Mexico. The great heat of the climate has the same effect upon them as that of a severe winter on our vegetation. Their leaves fall off, their branches are stripped, and it is only after the heavy rains have set in that the baobab resumes its beautiful appearance.

The leaves are deep green, divided into five unequal parts, each of which is of a narrow lance-like figure, and radiates from a common centre, the outermost divisions being the smallest. The flowers grow singly from the centre of the leaves, and are very large and white. The first is an oblong, dull green, downy body, eight or nine inches long, containing several cells, in each of which there is a number of hard shining seeds immersed in a soft pulp, which is scarcely juicy. From this pulp the negroes prepare an acidulous drink, much used in the fevers of the country. The bruised leaves in a dry state are also employed for medical purposes with much success, and they have saved the life of many a European resident in Senegal.

The baobabs are supposed to afford examples of the oldest living organised matter on our globe; some specimens, by counting the number of their concentric circles, being estimated at between five and six thousand years old. The tree is known to naturalists as the *Adansonia*, so called in honour of Michael Adanson, its original discoverer.

WINNIE;

OR,
THE BALANCE OF POWER AT THE FIRESIDE.
A Tale in Three Parts.

CHAPTER XV.

CAT AND MOUSE.

WHEN Gunn went to the Bank on the next morning but one after the short conversation reported in the last chapter, he turned over the letters very impatiently, as usual, to find one that was not unlikely to be there—one that was expected to be much smaller in almost every way than the rest—smaller in size, smaller in the handwriting of the direction, smaller in the seal—shall we say smaller in talk? (no, we won't!)—smaller in every respect, except the length of its contents.

That was what he expected.

"Jones and Company;" "Tallow and Bees-wax Patent Association;" that's not it! "Double Action Threshing Machine Company;" that's not it! "Garrett and Yoare;" "Kurney's"—no, that's not it!" And Gunn tossed some score of valuable letters aside, one after the other, till he found a little, oblong letter sealed with—what? Black wax!

This was what he *didn't* expect.

He looked at the impression. It bore simply the word "Margaret."

Gunn tore it open.

"Was Aunt Bridget dead? Could it be possible? He must be off directly if that was the case."

We hope Gunn was deeply grieved at the very thought of the possibility.

He read as follows:—

Myrtle Cottage, June —, 18—.

"MY DEAR GUNN,—Forgive this old word 'dear,'—it will presently read very much too familiar. But I couldn't all at once pass from the terms of the happy past to the distant relations we must now stand in to each other without a medium word.

"You will ever be 'dear Gunn' to me, though I must never own it any more.

"They have all long since retired to rest, and I am sitting, writing at the little table in my own room, whence I have so often sent you warmer words than 'dear Gunn.' Oh! that it should have come to this!—that I should think even them unduly strong!

"I have fancied there was a cloud coming over me

for many months; but I never thought it would have burst in this dreadful storm over your wretched Cicely.

"Why did you never speak before as you spoke last night? If you wanted to be free, did you imagine I could ever bind you to the promise of only half a heart?

"She is worthier of you, Gunn, than I can ever hope to be. And I did not need to hear her virtues from your lips, and in such ardent tones, to put you at full liberty to admire and enjoy them.

"She is rich. Your word was not needed to tell me so.

"She is beautiful. But why tell me of it, unless to acknowledge how you felt the contrast?

"I never claimed either wealth or beauty. I never wish to be loved for the sake of either. It seems you thought I did, or else to what purpose were those cruel praises of another, with which you filled our interview last night?

"Oh, Gunn! you may justly claim ten times her beauty—ten times her riches. There is One who knows how unworthy I have ever been of you. And it is because I will not—no, I will not, rob you of one atom that is your due, that I now ask you to forget the past—the dear past—and leave your Cicely—or what was once your Cicely—and tell this worthier heart that you are free.

"I think I could have loved you, dear Gunn, who ever had brought his charms, and spread them out, one by one, to tempt me. But let that pass. I could sooner die than feel that I robbed Gunn Launcelot of one moment's happiness!

"Be happy, then, be happy, my own, beloved one! If she loves you one half as fondly as I have done, there is a future for you, over which no heart will rejoice more truly, even though it break, than that of, dearest, dearest Gunn,

"Your M. C. R."

Now we should be sorry to detract at all from the effect of this letter upon the sensitive reader's sympathy—very sorry. Nothing is further from our wish.

But truth compels us to say that Gunn Launcelot had received a document, quite of this order, on the average every fortnight since his engagement commenced with Margaret Ranger.

The consequence was, that although it was just such an epistle as might otherwise make him add up his figures with perhaps a trifle less of accuracy than usual, and sign his name with somewhat less of a dash or scratch at the end, yet Gunn recollected how very often he had read that same sort of thing from the same dear little fingers before, and therefore, there was a good deal of vexation coming into his mind, that kept down his love to a very convenient extent.

Now, one word on this, and a somewhat similar matter.

We have read some hundreds of novels, and scarcely one of them was without a good share of Love in it.

But we, nevertheless, are decidedly of opinion that there's room for another novel, which, perhaps, we shall write ourselves one day, on what we might call *The Responsibilities of Courtship*.

That looks to be a very hard and dry expression.

But we are quite prepared to defend it, "the responsibilities of courtship."

If you were to write us a private letter, be your name Gunn or Margaret, and ask us what is the cause of so many unhappy and so many cold and heartless married lives, we should have the answer for you in no time.

It isn't want of money; it isn't that young folks marry before they can afford it—many wait too long, if many don't wait long enough; it isn't mothers-in-law; it isn't clubs; it isn't milliners' bills. No; it's the silly, thoughtless, thoroughly bad way in which young folks pass the period of courtship.

And as to the division of blame between lady and gentleman—begging everybody's pardon—there is not much to choose between the two.

Now, we have no doubt whatever that if our friend Margaret Cicely Ranger had become Mrs. Gunn Launcelot—which she didn't, though this letter was recalled and kissed away, and all that, and half a dozen others, like it, that followed it—we have no doubt that if she had become Mrs. Launcelot, she would have made herself very miserable indeed, and cried her eyes out, as some ladies express it, because, six months or so after marriage, Gunn behaved less lovingly than he used to do.

A word, first, then, to all Gunns.

You ought to remember, young gentlemen, that marriage makes a great change in the relation of the parties to each other—a very great change, indeed.

According to the common understanding of these matters, it is the part of the gentleman to woo. There are exceptions; but the exceptions excite remark, and prove the rule.

Well, when the prize is gained, there's infinite danger, young Mr. Gunn, of its being, what all prizes are when gained, cheaper.

But that's very severe upon the prize, when it happens to be a woman's heart.

You aroused heaven and earth to get that heart, and then to get that hand. Now is the time when Margaret's love is only beginning. It is not for woman to love till she is loved; she often doesn't love till she has been loved a long while. (N.B. Exceptions again.)

It is very hard, then, Mr. Gunn, if, just as Mrs. Gunn's affection begins to set in, yours begins to set off.

We venture to say that marriage-love in woman is ten times stronger than courtship-love.

Is the same true of man?

Look round on the families of your friends, and compare young Mr. Smith when he was courting with Mr. Smith now that he is married.

And then we hope you can say "Yes," to the above question.

We are happy in being, and in knowing exceptions. But what's the rule?

Our lecture, therefore, to you, friend Gunn, is this—What is worth your while to get, it should be considered worth your while to keep.

It isn't kind, it isn't right or holy, it isn't manly, because Mrs. Gunn is now tied to you "as long as ye both shall live," to snatch away by degrees all those ten thousand little things, in word and deed, that made her love you; and force her love to survive them, as it very likely will.

That's for you.

Now, Mrs. Gunn—

(And this comes most to the point, after the excellent and affecting letters above referred to, one of which we inserted as a specimen—)

Is all the blame on one side, if Mr. Gunn's regard for you, madam, begins to grow cool, after a twelve-month or so of married life?

We shall suppose that, as far as that twelvemonth is concerned, it is.

We shall suppose that you have not committed the blunder against which we have cautioned Mr. G., and, after marriage, have not dropped all those little arts of manner and conversation which engaged young ladies, and those who want to be, are equal to assuming, and quite right, too.

We will grant you, that the dress is quite as neat as it used to be, when somebody's rap was expected at papa's door; especially, that the morning gown (which Mr. Gunn never saw, perhaps, till now) is worn for not too long a time without a change.

We will give you the benefit of hoping, that you take as much pains to keep the love betwixt you, as Mr. G. himself does. (You should take more, if you see it in danger, from his side.)

But, now, Mrs. Gunn—

Has a man no memory?

How about those worrying letters you used to write to him, whenever he happened to mention a human being who chanced to be a woman, but not you—a being about whom, perhaps, he cared less than he did about your cat?

Talk about cat—that's the very word.

You used to play with him, just as a cat does with a mouse, before she eats it. Off and on; catch and let go; smiles and frowns, till the poor fellow was almost demented.

What wonder that the mouse didn't leave you the pleasure of killing him; but died of its own accord?

We beg to assure you, madam, that Mr. G. has a memory, and recollects his courtship remarkably well; and you will have to be a prodigious treasure, to make it worth his while to keep you at the same cost as that at which he got you.

Why, you were as near as a toucher losing him twenty times a month, when he had all the excitement of the chase to hold him to you. Do you think it will answer for you to be careless now, when the bloom of novelty is off the peach?

But, we are wasting words, perhaps, on you, except that you really should put on all the steam you can to overtake your husband's flying love—for you made it fly.

We could prefer a conversation with Miss M. C. Ranger. The mischief is being done now, dear girl.

You are gravely occupied when writing these black-sealed letters; you are busy making Mr. Gunn Launcelot a tyrannical husband, and Mrs. L. a wretched, thrice wretched woman.

We quizzed your sex just now, for sometimes being the wooer. It is better to be the wooer, than to take so much wooing as to be thought worth nothing when you're won.

There, ma'am!

If we were to send that last sentence round London for signature, we would get as many signatures to it as there are husbands to sign; or make you a present of the wedding breakfast.

But you will never be Mrs. Launcelot. So much the better for you.

CHAPTER XVI.

HUE AND CRY.

"Then, do you mean to say?" demanded Sir Lionel Gascoigne, of Barty, on the morning after the robbery, "Do you mean to say that nobody, not a soul, has been calling at the house, whom you can suspect—whom you can suspect, Barty? Eh?"

"Not one, I assure you, sir," said Barty, in a very great fright, for it had devolved upon him to announce the extent of the loss in the plate department.

"Stop," said the baronet, "you told me, last night Harding was here?"

"Yes, sir."

"And coming again to-day, didn't you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"What sort of a looking fellow was he—what sort, I say?"

"Well, sir, you wouldn't notice him for anything very particular."

"Not! Why, he was very stout, wasn't he?"

"No, Sir Lionel, no. I should ha' said, if anything, the contrary of stout, if anything."

"You would, you would! Why, Harding's a fellow of twenty stone, I should think."

"Have you seen him, Sir Lionel?"

"Seen him! of course I have. Do you think I should engage a man without seeing him? You're a greater fool than I thought you were, Barty—much greater fool."

Mr. Barty puffed out his cheeks, and moved his head ominously up and down.

"What now, you scoundrel? Speak, and don't wag your head like a mandarin at me."

"He's the thief, sir! He vowed he'd never seen ye, Sir Lionel; but you'd engaged him, half, thro' a third party."

In a moment, constables were sent for, and the physiognomy and raiment of the *pseudo* Mr. Harding were fully enrolled in all particulars, and sent throughout London.

But nothing was heard, either of him or his spoil.

And amidst varieties of malediction, which the reader must be good enough to take for granted, Sir Lionel pocketed the loss.

From the company of his head footman the baronet proceeded to the room of his sister.

"Well, Fan!" he said, as he stood like a little satyr at the foot of her bed, "this is a pretty piece o' business, this is—a pretty piece o' business."

"I hope," said Fanny, who lay there very feverish and weak; "I hope not much is gone besides my jewels."

"Gone!" said Sir Lionel; "we haven't an ounce of silver left in the house!"

"The old plate isn't gone, Li, is it?"

"Every mustard- spoon," said her brother; "and the villain who took it all was here in this house, for hours yesterday; and that Barty, who ought to go to gaol for his trouble, thought it was Harding, who is to come into Weston's shoes. Couldn't you see, Fan, what sort of a chap he was, before he struck you?"

"I should never know him again; for till the last moment, I thought it was you; and directly I saw it was a stranger, I suppose I called out, and I was struck."

"Struck!" said the baronet; "yes, and I'm struck, with the notion—Harding must be no better than he should be; how, on earth, could this villain know Harding, or me, or what's between us—how could he know?"

"To be sure," said Fanny.

But she said it very low; she had talked too much, but daren't tell her brother so; and he was not the gentleman to see when a girl was overtaking her strength.

In a few days Fanny was moved, by gentle journeys, down into Suffolk, and the baronet remained in town.

CHAPTER XVII.

FANNY'S NURSE.

For some time after Miss Gascoigne's arrival at "The Nunnery," she seemed to improve by degrees, and the shock to the nervous system appeared to be passing away.

Every one in the establishment vied with the rest in paying her attention: for besides that they hated

her brother, and so had few opportunities of showing any care for the family, they knew how much more Fanny must have to bear with than they had, and lavished on her the most respectful but industrious sympathy.

Even Aunt Susan, making sure that Lionel was not at the house, went up and offered her services in the sick-room itself.

She was thanked, but Fanny knew her brother too well, to be nursed by a relation of Weston's.

Fanny, however, had one nurse in that sick-room, who made up for a good many deficiencies elsewhere, and had done so for a long time now.

Dot saw how it was, directly they carried her into the chamber.

Dot was an exquisite little Belgian canary, who—(you will not find us writing "which" about Dot, not you!)—who sat in his cage that was hung up before the bedroom window.

We don't mean to say he knew anything about Mr. Harding, and the robbery, and the blow; although, to tell the truth, we would believe even that, before we would believe that birds can't feel love and sorrow much more acutely than thousands of human bipeds.

We only mean, at present, that Dot saw at one glance with one of his little bright eyes, as he held his head on one side, that there was something wrong, and very wrong too, with his mistress.

There wasn't one in the house who knew it so well.

You may laugh at us, good reader, and we dare say you will; for laughing is a most useful argument. But we are of opinion, that the world has yet a great deal to learn, that will astonish it, about the tribe of birds, and their sympathies with mankind.

Don't say to us, in order to cool our enthusiasm, "You should see my little dog Dash," or "You should see my horse Larkspur."

We've no objection to see them, for we include them in the remark. But for genuine, delicate love, and extraordinary sagacity, wrapped up in a very small compass, commend us to a well-bred canary, and especially to Dot.

We've read all that Mr. Jesse has to say about dogs, and we are as much astonished as you are at the power of kindness and skill in the training of horses.

But for warm, gushing, clever, unvarying attachment, we are prepared to back Dot against any quadruped you can name.

Many and many a time, when Lionel had been tyrannising over Fanny, when she was a little girl, and since, when she became a young lady, and when the keenest-eyed servant in the house never detected there was anything the matter; many a time would she go into her room, and put her pretty little lips to the wires of the cage, unable to speak for heaviness of heart; and little Dot would cling to the sides, and kiss her so tenderly, and murmur his little low whistle so sweetly, that it often seemed to say to her—

"Dot's all the same, Fanny; Dot's fond of you, never mind him."

She would offer Dot a choice morsel of chickweed, perhaps, at those times.

And he would just touch it, and pick a bud or two, to show he thanked her; but then, fall to kissing her again, to prove that his was not cupboard love, but love for her own sake.

And then she would understand him, and open the cage door, and out he would fly, and settle on her neck; whistling his low whistle all the while, and putting his little head on one side, as much as to ask her, whether she doubted Dot for a moment.

How could she?

For when the tears began to trickle down the poor girl's face, Dot was at them in a moment; and he seemed to wipe them off her cheek with his soft yellow feathers in a way that asked whether she wanted him to cry too; it made him so sad to see his mistress weep.

Dot had been her only comfort many a time; and she wouldn't be ashamed of it, if she knew we told you so.

Why should she?

On this day when they bore her into the room, he sat for awhile very thoughtful on his perch, all the time they were undressing her and laying her down.

Then, when they had nearly finished, and Fanny had told them she was quite comfortable, he began to pipe his little note without her observing him at first.

Presently he began to sing, but very softly; knowing (we believe) that loud, shrill music wouldn't suit her head. Then, just as the last attendant was leaving the room, he began to fly from side to side of his cage; a movement that always meant, "Let me out!"

So Fanny said to the woman, when her task was quite finished, "Let Dot out, will you, Griffiths?"

And in an instant he was on the edge of the cage, then on to the counterpane, and, hopping up the bed-clothes, was on his mistress's finger in a trice, as she held it out to him.

And then they whispered together; and the bird saw how weak and pale she looked, and nestled down into her neck, and was happy there.

Fanny was happy too.

Happier than if the best nurses in the land stood around her to do her bidding.

It was a bird who came to tell the patriarch that the earth was not ready for him yet; a bird it was who fed the prophet by the side of the brook; and the heavy hearts are not so few as you may think, that have been made lighter by these little comforters, who "neither sow, nor reap, nor gather into barns."

And they were only birds, remember, whose faithfulness and truth were brought by inspiration as examples to a great people; when the prophet said, "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming."

And we have often thought, good reader, that it is only as men behave themselves—indeed, the above text proves it—that the words of the Great Teacher can become quite true of proud men and women—"Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

CHAPTER XVIII.

SICKENING.

AMONG the many very stupid things in this world; the questions people ask in parlours and drawing-rooms when they don't know what to say are often the most stupid.

"Are you fond of children?" says a lady to you, as, one after another, she shows you a large family.

The lady might just as well ask, "Are you fond of men?"

In the latter case you would answer, in the words of a refrain to an old song, "But pray let me know what sort of a man!"

"Fond of children?" Why, yes, of some children—very fond indeed. Well-trained children, amiable children, clean children, children who are not made shows and mountebanks of—very fond.

But children who can't be spoken to without crying, children who ask twenty times for a thing without getting an answer or after being refused, children with whom it never seems to have been Saturday night or "tub-time"—we are not fond of these at all.

But the lady shouldn't ask such questions when her own are in the room; for it tempts us either to tell a story very often, or to wound her feelings in the very tenderest part.

Why, this difference in children extends to infants, beyond all question.

Whether it is hereditary or not, sweetness in a babe is anything but universal. Perhaps it's the gums, but whatever it is, we have seen some infants in arms which we never had the least wish to take out. There they would have remained, in arms till now, with no interference from us.

Others you love at first sight, and love more and more every minute.

Winnie was one of these.

Her mother (as perhaps you would expect to hear from what little you now know of old John) was one of the softest, gentlest of women.

Roland knew that.

And it made the big tears well up more and more, every time he recollected it.

But Winnie's sweetness never came out so beautifully as it did after that accident with Clara in the garden; and especially when the injury began to wax worse and worse.

She had one particular corner of the room set apart for her little crib, and there she was obliged to lie for hours and hours together, without any change of posture, and, very often, with no one sitting beside her to amuse her with pictures or toys.

It was very sad to see little Clara, when it came to be her turn to be nurse, for the child never appeared to forget who had been, though so innocently, the cause of the mischief. And you would really almost have fancied that Winnie feared her sister was blaming herself, and was all the more loving, when Clara sat in watch and ward at her side.

It was evident that severe injury had been done to the joint of the little limb. And the only chance, they said, of its ever coming right again, was to let the disease come, if it would, more to the surface, and keep the patient perfectly at rest.

Roland was, next to Clara, Winnie's favourite nurse. But the evenings were the only times he could give; for though he had now quite left the

farm, he had got some temporary employment in the neighbourhood which took up all the day.

Aunt Susan, of course, did also the active part of a nurse's duty, and very tenderly she did it; rough though her nature was in many things, as we have seen already. But, we dare say you have noticed again and again, that the gentleness of rough people, when you do get it, is sure to be very gentle indeed. Whether they make a special effort, or whether we are deceived by the contrast, such is the fact—that soldiers are known to be often the softest in their manners to women and children, sailors to be the best friends to the poor, and hard-grained amazon-sort of women to watch by a sick baby's bed with more care and kindness than one of her honey-toned sisters.

As to poor old John Weston, as we are to see very little more of the family till a few years have passed over their heads, it may be convenient if we say at once of John, that he never sought another service in room of that he had lost on the "Nunnery" estate. He felt that he was unequal to the forming of new connections at his time of life; and, in fact, he had lost heart as well as health under Lionel's cruelty. So that, as he was not quite without means from the savings of his hard life, and as he was not disturbed (thanks, as he always believed, to Winnie's accident and Fanny's sympathy) in his old familiar White House, he lived on there, and took his turn beside Winnie's cot, as welcome perhaps to the little sufferer as any of the rest.

When we return to the "White House" by-and-bye, John Weston will not be there.

And we think it due to the very pleasant memory we have of him (and that memory is quite as fragrant in every cottage and bye-way of Gascoigne) just to mention to the reader how calm and contented his latter days were, and to say that he went to join his faithful wife in the old church full of years, and forgiving the wrongs he had endured at the hands of a house he had served so long and well.

Winnie was old enough when he died (we are now, as we have said, considerably anticipating events) to feel her own share in the loss; and she was very carefully carried into his room, on the last day of his life, to say farewell.

"I wish I left you better, Winnie, dear," said the old man.

"I shall be better, dear grandpa, when you see me again."

"Yes, yes, Winnie, thank God. 'There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain'—no more pain, dear Winnie."

"Nor sorrow, grandpa. No more cruel masters," for she had often heard the story.

"Aye, Winnie," he said, catching at the hope; it'll be, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the—'"

And the old man stopped, and Winnie hoped that he entered.

Winnie stayed and suffered, as we shall see by-and-bye.

But we must go back to the time when Winnie was in her little crib.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEW FIRM.

ON the night after the conversation between Peter and his new friend, there was a convivial party, numbering only four or five persons, in a low back room of a low back house in a low back street, a good distance from the scene where the Chancellor and the Doctor had conferred together.

The apartment was so full of very bad tobacco smoke, that we could scarcely have vouched for the accuracy of our mere observation in counting or identifying the persons engaged; but we have other means of knowing that there were present at least two other men beside Snowdrop and the enterprising individuals above mentioned.

The supper had been a very substantial one, considering the rank of the guests; and now the beer was in full force, and the short pipes in ample requisition.

It would have puzzled anybody to have gained access to this choice little company, unless he had either the pass-word or a small piece of ordnance to blow in the door, so efficient were the precautions to ensure a strict secrecy for their deliberations and festivities.

"Well," said the Chancellor, "we can do without the conveyance to-night; that's one good thing."

"Don't want the livery, either," said Snowdrop.

"Nor yet the stable-boy," added Peter, with something very much like a chattering of the teeth, as he remembered the story.

"No," said one of the others; "but that makes it

all the wuss to keep ourselves to ourselves. It's nothin' nigh so safe, when ye've sich a little way to go."

"Then let's give 'em time," said the Chancellor, "to get all safe to bed afore we starts. It's a case o' cats and mice to-night, my hearties."

"Don't see why there sh'd be sich a bue and cry agen us poor mortals, do you, Pop?" said another to one of the party who, like Peter, was rather new at the profession.

"We're among the best friends as science has, I take it, in this 'ere country. I sh'd like to know what the doctors 'd do without the like o' us; rayther, what sh'd we do, when we're bad and sends for the doctors, if they didn't know their bus'ness, eh?"

"Course," said Snowdrop; "beside, don't they keep on tellin' us, in the churches, every day, that the body don't go for nothin', and it's all 'ashes to ashes, and dust to dust;' and why shouldn't the dust turn a honest penny, I sh'd like to know? 'tain't as if we took 'em alive, as they say they do in furrin parts, and put an end to 'em ourselves."

"True for you," said the Chancellor; "we're as good as the worms, I hope an' trust; and if we didn't have 'em, who would?"

"Brayvo!" said Peter.

But he felt anything but "brayvo" when he said it.

And so, those men—not unlike others who would call them, and rightly, among the lowest of their species—sat and reasoned away the murmurs of conscience, and presently got up at the dead of the night, concealing their implements of horrid guilt, almost persuaded that they deserved the thanks, instead of the execrations, of mankind.

"In twenty minutes!" they said, one to another.

And each took his way in a different direction from the rest; and while the world went to sleep, and thought with comfort, or with less sorrow, of the soft, safe sleep of their dead, those five men, at short intervals, arrived at the churchyard-walls.

One of them had been marked out as the leader.

They let him go first, and watched his movements, while they awaited in concealment the appointed signal.

They saw him take the entire circle of the ground, examining every spot that looked a likely hiding-place for any disturber.

And then they saw him creep towards one spot, at the outer and lower extremity of the enclosure, till at last he stopped at one grave, where was just a long mound of rough clay; and then they heard the click with the tongue coming along very plainly in the silent night; then, save one, they all scaled the low wall, and, half doubled together, each man crouched in the darkness to join the captain.

Not a word was spoken—for this was no country place. The yard was thickly surrounded with houses.

One—it was Snowdrop's turn—kept watch for the rest, by going round outside very softly, and listening and peering into the night every step he took.

Away went the spades, all four of them; and sadly they would have struck upon the ears of the mourners, if those ears could have heard the sound.

"Here we are," said the Chancellor, who stood at the bottom of the grave, with his feet close against the sides, that his weight might do no mischief.

"Here we are; now fling that hemp down."

And so they tossed him down a piece of strong rope, which he made firm to one handle of the coffin, and then, by the help of his partners, scrambled up to the surface.

Just then, the moon peeped out from behind a cloud, as if detecting the villains in their disturbance of the dead.

They little cared whether that coffin contained the broken heart of some heir of sorrow, or the weary head of some victim of overmuch study; heads and hearts were worth only their money's price to them.

"Haul away!" said the Chancellor.

But in a moment there was a low, sharp whistle from the scout outside the ground.

Every muscle stopped as it began to strain; each ear was on the stretch.

"Bother!" said the captain; "false alarm. At it, my boys! now or never."

And Peter, shaking from head to foot, seized the rope, and began to drag up the coffin, just as it might chance, head first or feet first, from its narrow home.

There was no more warning.

From behind a headstone there sprang some one into the very midst of the group, and planted a most fearful blow full into Peter's face.

"Hound! Fiend! Die! die! I say!"

And again, and again, went the blow upon Peter's face.

1 Blow was all they thought it, at first, who looked on.

But Bugman felt, at the first stroke, the wet, warm trickling over his mouth and chin, that showed something sharper than knuckles had struck him.

All fled in a trice, who could fly.

Peter fell back; and back, too, fell the coffin, all awry, again into the grave.

Ben (for it was no other) caught up the dark lantern that lay there, and turned the bull's-eye, not on the wounded man, but on the coffin that had so nearly been rifled of the only object on earth that had made him care to live.

"Thank God, she's safe!" he cried.

And the lad knelt down beside the pit for a moment, and then began very gently to try to ease the rough pauper's coffin into its right place again, which he presently managed to do.

He then cut the rope, not presuming to slip down to untie it, and dropped the attached end softly upon the body.

He then covered his face with both his hands, and offered up together a short prayer and a very bitter grief.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes!" he said—

And sprinkled a little soil once more on the lid, as if to repeat the formality of burial.

How cruelly it repeated his own anguish, who shall tell?

You must forgive him; but before he caught up the spade to fill in that grave, Ben dealt one fearful kick against the side of the wounded man, and groaned out something as he did it that was *not* a prayer.

It was only after he had very carefully shovelled in the earth, and had patted the round hillock over it, as he had watched the sexton do so recently—it was only then that the lad descended to turn the lantern on the face of the snatcher who lay beside him.

You should have heard the shriek, aye, a very woman's shriek, that Ben sent ringing through the night air, as he caught the features of his father, through the blood and dirt on that man's face!

That was, he felt, the filling to the brim of his cup of wretchedness. He had had no dream of it when he struck those blows.

He struck at the robber of his mother's grave; that was all, and that was enough.

We do not say that he would have held his hand if he had known, but we think he would.

As it was, the mingled misery of that moment, Ben never forgot.

That his mother's slumbers, after such a life, should be violated by any one; that that one should be her own husband, and his father; and then, that the spoiler should be lying there, for aught he knew (and, till now, for aught he cared), dead at his son's feet, and by his son's hand—these things made Ben a miserable wretch that night in the Westminster churchyard.

One watchman had, by this time, arrived on the spot, and another and another soon followed.

Ben told the simple truth at once, and if they had not believed his own earnest tones, and the anguish that breathed in them, they would have been convinced by the tokens that lay round about; the spades, and ropes, and lantern, that the snatchers had left.

"Who's this feller, then?" said one of the constables.

"I s'pose he's one on 'em," said Ben.

Nothing would have made him tell who Peter was.

"Why, goodness mercy!" said one of the watch, "it's Silly Peter, jiggered if it ain't. And,—why, of course, you're young Mister Bugman, and no mistake. Don't ye know him?"

And thus the man found out, and let out, the fact. Just then Peter groaned, and seemed to be coming round.

One of the men stooped down and raised his head against the grave, and propped him up.

"What's the matter? what are yer a doin' of?" said Bugman.

"What have you been a doin' of? I should think's your question, master Cabbages," said a constable.

"Eh! what?" said Peter. "Ben! Ben! is that you, Ben?"

"Yes, father, it is me. I wish to heaven and earth it warn't me."

And Ben fairly blubbered aloud.

"You've given him a little mark or two, though, young chap," said the watchman.

"Did Ben do this?" asked Peter, as he wiped the blood away.

"Did you do *this*, father?" asked his son, pointing, in fresh woe, to the grave.



JAPANESE ARCHERS.

"What's that to do with it, you precious unnatural young scamp? There's a difference between strangers and one's own flesh and blood, I should think. If I did make too free here, it wasn't with my own father, you young ruffian."

"No, no, not *father*, but it's your *own wife's* grave I caught ye maulin' at; and your own wife's coffin ye was a dragging out, with that identical bit o' rope!"

"You lie!" shouted Peter, as he lifted himself on his hand, and tried to stand up.

"I wish I did," sobbed the boy; "I wish I did."

Peter never knew when or how they removed him. He had fallen back insensible on learning whose dust he had dishonoured. Even he was not prepared for *that*.

But all night, and far on into the next day, sat Ben beside the grave.

And for many a day after that, Ben was so regular

in his visits to that yard, night and morning, that the sexton used to say:

"My clock up there never went so capital since there it's bin. It used to stop constant once a week; but now it dussn't for shame. That young pocket-handkercher never misses—never!"

(To be continued.)

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

JAPANESE ARCHERS.

The most ancient offensive weapons of the Japanese consisted of bows and arrows, javelins, and lances. The bows, as we have before remarked, are larger than those used by the inhabitants of the opposite continent. They are not composed of a single piece

of wood, as is the case with those of most other nations, but of three or even more pieces, which are very skilfully placed, layerwise, over one another, glued together, and covered with a thin veneer of bamboo. The middle piece is thicker than the other two, and is generally made of candleberry, myrtle, or willow. After it has been scraped smooth, the bow is carefully bound round with the fibres of the hemp plant, and rotang bands two or three inches broad, at certain regular intervals. Lastly, it is very artistically lacquered white and red. Bows thus formed assume a peculiar and most pleasing form when they are bent. This seems to arise from the fact of the rotang bands being placed at certain intervals from each other; for the greater the intervening spaces, the greater, also, will be the elasticity of those parts of the bow not so bound round with the rotang bands.



JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

The arrows of the Japanese are composed of bamboo, with feathers at the lower extremity, taken either from the wings or tail of the hawk and other birds. Among both the Chinese and the Japanese, the bow-makers and arrow-makers constitute two separate professions. The reason is obvious: countless arrows are shot away and lost, as powder and bullets are with us; while, on the contrary, a single bow, which a man often inherits from his forefathers, lasts for years.

The arrows which are used for amusement or exercise have wooden, horn, or iron heads, which are blunt, and sometimes quite flat. They are of every imaginable shape, according to the fancy of the owner, and are mostly attached to the shaft by a long prong running into the wood, or else fit it exactly, as a percussion cap does the nipple of a gun. The last method is the one adopted for arrows used for exercise or amusement. Before leaving this part of the subject, we may mention that the Japanese believe in charmed arrows, as the Germans of the present day, and the Scotch of former times, in charmed bullets.

JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

The people of Japan are particularly fond of amusements, and are said to be of a very cheerful and agreeable disposition.

Physical exercises are exceedingly popular; and wrestling, the favourite pastime of all war-like and semi-barbarous nations, is the delight of high and low. The combatants usually engage within a ring or prescribed limit, such as that described in the accompanying illustration; but at other times—that is to say, on less formal occasions—they wrestle wherever they can find a convenient place. The rings are formed by bundles of manilla tied up in lengths of about two feet each and laid upon the ground so as to inclose a circle. Japanese wrestling is a very serious affair; they are anything but tender or careful in their mode of struggling, and the play often ends in a tragedy. The object is in some cases to drag the adversary out of the ring; in others, to tie his hands and thus render him helpless. In those who offer themselves for these conflicts, great muscular power and suppleness of limb are required, and no pains or trouble are spared in their attainment. It is common for those who desire to become very expert to get their companions to bend back their limbs in constrained attitudes, and thus leave them for hours together; and, indeed, even in some instances to dislocate and reset any particular limb, in order to procure the greatest laxity and suppleness in the conflict. The judge who decides points in dispute in wrestling matches steps into the ring previous to the encounter. The wrestlers stand back to back, and the judge fastens a cord to the elbow of one and the knee of the other. Sundry evolutions are then gone through, calculated to bring the greatest strain on the limbs of the wrestlers. If either one of them falters, or exhibits any sign of pain, under the preparatory exercise, he is at once excluded from the ring, his opponent is declared victor, and a new combatant steps forward.

It is not unusual for a wrestling match to assume the nature of a mortal combat. The struggle, after some time, becomes fierce and intense; every nerve is strung to the highest pitch, every muscle strained to its utmost tension; the eyes protrude, the breath grows short, the veins and muscles stand out like knotted cords—the efforts of each wrestler to hurl his adversary from the ring become frantic; but all are watchful and wary, and as they pursue each other round the ring, or struggle together, until it seems as if, not two men, but one double man was writhing in the sandy arena, the excitement amongst the spectators is intense, and odds on both wrestlers are rapidly taken by the betters.

The best contested wrestling matches are those which take place before the high officials and court grandees. These are usually contests between the best wrestlers of the empire, and are conducted in a tent in the palace gardens. The prizes are munificent, and the attainment of one confers high dignity upon the winner, besides a life pension from government. There is, in this instance, an outer inclosure besides the inner ring, and disgrace does not finally attach until the defeated one is ejected from the outer inclosure. But, when thrown out from the inner ring, the victor has the privilege, if he can do so quickly enough, to lift the fallen wrestler bodily, and eject him. When the fall takes place within the ring, this privilege is denied. Upon one side of the ring the outer inclosure is omitted. This is the side towards the raised seats of the dignitaries; and upon this side neither of the combatants is allowed to step over without forfeiture to both of the right to continue the contest. Upon each part of the inclosure

surrounding the ring is tied a blanket, for the purpose of shielding the wrestlers if pitched with force against it. A species of vinegar, mixed with water, is kept in two pails close by the ring, with which the nostrils and mouths of the wrestlers are occasionally washed.

The Matron.

NO. LI.

I HOPE my readers will like the patterns of chemisettes accompanying this chapter. They are neat and simple, and not very difficult to make; but before I enter into details about them, I mean to give a receipt for two articles particularly useful during this cold weather. These articles can be made by those who have only a moderate degree of skill in knitting. The first I shall mention are knitted night socks. And all you among my readers who can knit, I ad-

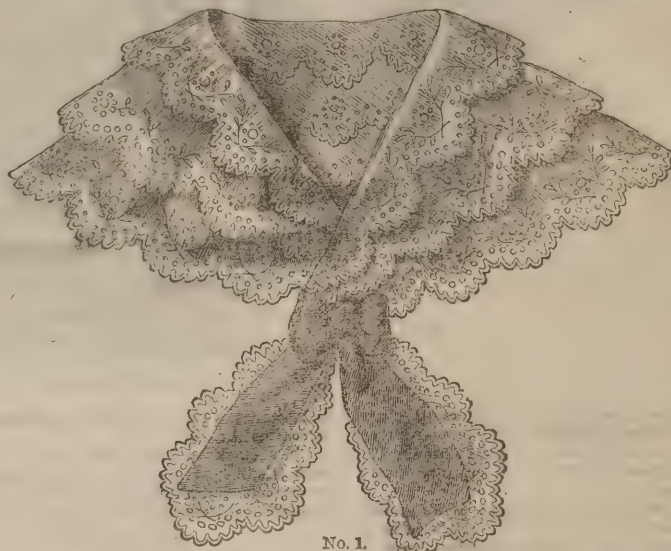
63rd Row.—Repeat the last.

Knit 3 rows the same as 2nd, then break off the wool, leaving sufficient to thread a coarse needle; take off the stitches, draw it up and fasten off tight, sew up the back and front.

Use for this sock No. 4 knitting needles, and No. 4 thread, fleecy.

In the illustration (plate 1) my readers may observe that the lace is of a rich, handsome pattern. Where this is the case, much fullness should be avoided, as it would conceal the beauty of the pattern.

Such lace as we are speaking of should be what is technically called *eased*, that is, put on almost straight. Of course, in turning the corners of the lace trimming on the ends of this pelerine, more fullness must be allowed. The plain piece of net which is the foundation of this pelerine should be carefully fitted on the person for whom it is intended, before the trimming is undertaken. Observe that it opens in a heart shape towards the waist,



No. 1.

vise not only to make a pair of them, but to wear them in bed, and thus avoid the evils resulting from cold feet.

Before you begin the sock, I must beg you to observe that in every row the first stitch should be slipped, and the last knitted plain.

Cast on 88 stitches, and knit a plain row.

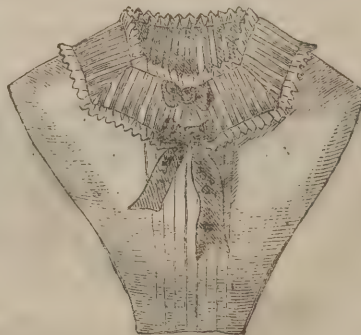
2nd Row.—Knit 1, pass the wool forward, slip 1, pass the wool back, and repeat; repeat this row 28 times.

31st Row.—Knit 62 stitches in the same way as 2nd row; then knit 2 together to the end.

32nd Row.—Cast off 25 stitches, knit 38 same as 2nd row, cast off the remaining 25 stitches.

Knit 20 rows the same as 2nd row.

52nd Row.—Slip 1, knit 2 together, knit 14 stitches the same as 2nd row, knit 2 together, knit the remaining stitches the same as 2nd row.



No. 2.

53rd Row.—Repeat the last.

54th Row.—Slip 1, knit 2 together; knit the remaining stitches the same as second row. Repeat the last row seven times.

62nd Row.—Slip 1, knit 2 together; knit 8 stitches the same as 2nd row, knit 2 together, knit the remaining stitches the same as second row.

Should you prefer making it with less expensive materials, you might make the foundation of muslin, and trim it with muslin borders finished off with a neat, cheap edging. But observe that in this material the trimmings, instead of being merely eased, should be half as wide again as the muslin to which they are sewn. This pelerine is worn with a stomacher, over a dress that fastens in front.

Plate 2 should be worn with a three-quarter dress, and, to do credit to the wearer, it should be very neatly made. The habitshirt offers no great difficulty, but it should fit exactly to the figure. The ornamental collar is not inserted into the habitshirt; it falls over it. The material composing it is muslin embroidered in rows, and the edging is of muslin vandyked. It fastens in front, and on either side it is sloped over the shoulder, and halfway toward the front. It is in the joining after these slopings that so much care is necessary. The colour of the bow should match that of the dress.

For the future our readers must not expect very minute details respecting the trimmings, for which we have given full directions. They should place beside them all the numbers of "The Matron" that treat of needlework, and they will do well often to refer to them. Before I close this chapter, I should like to give you a few directions about puffing. I do not mean puffing yourself or your work, but puffing as applied to setting on frills. First, gather the material in the usual way, then, having stroked down the gathers, gather again under the first gathering, and of such a depth as you wish the puffing to be. Then sew on the first gathering on the article you mean to trim at a distance from the edge corresponding with the width of the puffing, and let the second gathering be sewed to the edge, so as to form a full hem. If you fancy it, you may make a double hem by gathering three times instead of twice. You may have yet another variety in puffing by putting one of the hems straight whilst the other is drawn a little to one side; but, although this gives a pleasing variety to the work, it requires so much exactness, and, consequently, so much time in the execution, that we do not recommend it to those who have already plenty to do.

Small Change.

THERE was never a more beautiful reply than that of a good man in affliction, who was asked how he bore his sorrows so well: "It lightens the stroke to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

FAME has a trumpet, and a scroll, and a pair of wings, but we could never hear that she had such a thing as a bank account that was not pretty generally overdrawn.

MANY a woman who continually abuses her husband won't let anybody else do it. She thinks it such a luxury that she must needs monopolise it.

WHAT we call patriotism is often a blind and mischievous prejudice against other nations, rather than an enlightened preference of our own.

SOME judges commit a great many crimes, yet very seldom diversify the employment by committing criminals.

"I HAVE branded you, sir," said one individual fiercely to another. "You rather seem to have branded yourself."

TRUE friendship is like sound health; its value is seldom known until it is lost.

A CONTEMPORARY says he lately met with one of his jokes thirty years old. We suspect he has met with a good many of them much older than himself.

CESAR made a crown of laurel to cover the defects of a bald head. Most crowns of gold cover greater defects of the head.

JOHN BULL recently accomplished in the Celestial Empire what common bulls would in a china-shop—a great smashing of China.

A LADY had just swallowed a small glass of wine, as a gentleman in company asked her for a taste. "It is all gone," said she, laughing, "unless you will take some from my lips." "I should be most happy," he replied, "but I never take sugar in my wine."

To a man of poetical thought, a glorious scene in nature once beheld is a portion of eternity inclosed within a frame—a landscape withdrawn from the grand gallery of heaven, and hung up for ever in one of the chambers of the brain. Neither age nor mildew, nor heat, nor cold, can crack its varnish, or dim the lustre of its tints.

CHOBERT, the fire-king, who used to sit in hot ovens with legs of mutton till the latter were roasted, has just received from the French Emperor the St. Helena medal for having served twenty-six years in Napoleon's Grand Army. No doubt it was in that service he learned to stand fire.

A SPIRITED woman of our acquaintance caught her husband the other day in the act of breaking up her hoops. The exertion, or something else, had a singular effect upon him. His hair came out at an astonishing rate.

"You would be very pretty, indeed," said a gentleman, patronisingly, to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger." "My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you don't fill them."

THE powerful are more deaf to the voice of experience than their inferiors. Power multiplies flatterers, and flatterers multiply our delusions by hiding us from ourselves.

IT is better to have wisdom without learning than learning without wisdom, just as it is better to be rich without owning a mine than to own a mine without being rich.

IT has been said that it must be easy to break into an old man's house, because his gait is broken and his locks are few.

A POPULAR writer says that men, like children, are "pleased with a rattle." Not much, if it is at the tail of a snake.

AS the mean have a calculating avarice that sometimes inclines them to give, so the magnanimous have a condescending generosity that sometimes inclines them to receive.

IT may be seriously doubted whether the singing of the nightingale has ever awakened so much enthusiasm, or inspired so many sonnets, as the singing of the tea-kettle.

MORTAR is said to be adhesive, because, being of a confiding nature, and imagining that every object is "a brick," it will attach itself to anything.

THE most disagreeable condition for a grumbler to be in is to feel like grumbling and have nothing to grumble at.

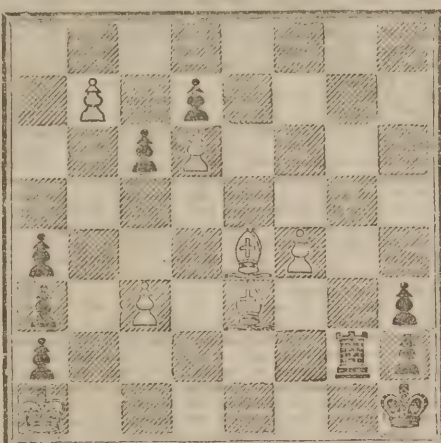
ABOVE all things, never despair; God is where he was.

THE greatest liar tells more truth than falsehood, and the worst man does more good than evil.

IT is the opinion of a contemporary that wood goes further when left out of doors than when well housed. He says some of his went half a mile.

Chess.

Problem No. 91. By Mr. W. GREENWOOD, Sutton Mill.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

THE CHESS TOURNEY.

Game between Messrs. F. G. RAINGER, Esq. (Norwich), and EDWARD JOHNSON, Esq. (Newport, Isle of Wight).

WHITE.

F. G. R.

1. P to K4

2. Kt to B3

3. B to Q Kt 5

4. P to Q B3

5. Castles

(Kt to K2 is the correct move for Black.)

6. K B takes Kt

7. Kt takes K P

8. P to Q4

(Black should have played Q to K2, and if Black took P with E, Z. P to K5.)

9. P takes B

10. Kt to Q B3

11. K R to K sq

12. K R to K3

13. R to K Kt3

14. P to K5

15. Kt to K4

16. Kt to K B6

17. R to K R3

18. Kt to K Kt4

19. P takes P

20. B to K B4

21. K P to K6

(Well conceived. If Black take P with P or B, White replies with Kt to K5, and then Q to Q2 with an irresistible attack.)

22. Q to Q2

23. B takes Q B P

This seems feeble compared with White's previous vigorous "play." R to K square seems more to the purpose, e.g.:

23. R to K sq

24. Q to B3, threatening to take the K R P, &c., against which Black seems to have no resource.

White might also play:

24. B takes K R P

25. B takes Q (dis ch)

26. B to Q B3, with an excellent game

24. Q to Q B2

25. Kt to K3

(Imprudent play.)

26. Q to Q sq

(Q to K2 would have been a better move for Black, and White's reply seems to be R to K Kt3. If, however, White played Q takes Kt, Black's reply must be Q takes B and not B takes R. In the latter case the following variations might arise:—

WHITE.

27. Q takes Kt

28. B to Q3

29. P takes B

30. R to Q sq, and should win

27. R to K R5

28. K to K R sq

(An ingenious combination on the part of Black, which should have given him the game.)

BLACK.

E. J.

1. P to K4

2. Kt to Q B3

3. K B to Q B4

4. Q to K B3

5. P to K R3

6. Kt P takes B

7. Q takes Kt

8. B takes Q P

9. Q to Q R4

10. K Kt to K2

11. Castles

12. Q to K Kt4

13. Q to K B3

14. Q to K3

15. Kt to K B4

16. K to R sq

17. P to Q3

18. P takes P

19. Q to K Kt3

20. R to Q Kt sq

21. Q takes K P

22. K to R2

23. R to Q Kt4

(Apparently his best reply.)

23. Q to Q4

24. Q takes Q (best)

25. R to Kt square.

24. K to Kt's sq

25. Kt to Q5

26. Q to K B3

27. R takes P

28. Q takes K B P

29. Q takes K B P

30. Q takes K B P

31. Q takes K B P

32. Q takes K B P

33. Q takes K B P

34. Q takes K B P

35. Q takes K B P

36. Q takes K B P

37. Q takes K B P

38. Q takes K B P

39. Q takes K B P

40. Q takes K B P

41. Q takes K B P

42. Q takes K B P

43. Q takes K B P

44. Q takes K B P

45. Q takes K B P

46. Q takes K B P

47. Q takes K B P

48. Q takes K B P

49. Q takes K B P

50. Q takes K B P

51. Q takes K B P

52. Q takes K B P

53. Q takes K B P

54. Q takes K B P

55. Q takes K B P

56. Q takes K B P

57. Q takes K B P

58. Q takes K B P

59. Q takes K B P

60. Q takes K B P

29. Q takes Kt

30. B to K Kt3

31. Q takes Q

32. B to K B2

(Black loses time; the correct play was R to K7.)

33. R to Q B5

34. R to Q B2

35. P to K R3

36. R to Q2

(Black conducts the end game indifferently; B to K5 is a far better move.)

37. R to Q B sq

(Again Black should have played B to K5.)

38. R takes P

39. R to Q8 (ch)

40. K to K Kt sq

41. R from B6 to Q6

42. P to K Kt3

43. K to K R2

44. K takes B

45. K to K R4

(An unpardonable error in a game by correspondence. Had Black taken with the other K, the game would have been his own.)

46. R to K R8 (ch)

47. R takes K R P (ch)

37. K R to Q R4

38. R takes Q R P

39. K to K R2

40. B takes R P

41. K R to K Kt4

42. P to Q R4

43. Q R takes B (ch)

44. Q R to K B6

45. Q R takes P

(An unpardonable error in a game by correspondence. Had Black taken with the other K, the game would have been his own.)

46. K takes R

47. K takes R

48. K takes R

49. K takes R

50. K takes R

51. K takes R

52. K takes R

53. K takes R

54. K takes R

55. K takes R

56. K takes R

57. K takes R

58. K takes R

59. K takes R

60. K takes R

61. K takes R

62. K takes R

63. K takes R

64. K takes R

65. K takes R

66. K takes R

67. K takes R

68. K takes R

69. K takes R

70. K takes R

71. K takes R

72. K takes R

73. K takes R

74. K takes R

75. K takes R

76. K takes R

77. K takes R

78. K takes R

79. K takes R

80. K takes R

81. K takes R

82. K takes R

83. K takes R

84. K takes R

85. K takes R

86. K takes R

87. K takes R

88. K takes R

89. K takes R

90. K takes R

91. K takes R

92. K takes R

93. K takes R

94. K takes R

95. K takes R

96. K takes R

97. K takes R

98. K takes R

99. K takes R

100. K takes R

101. K takes R

102. K takes R

103. K takes R

104. K takes R

105. K takes R

106. K takes R

107. K takes R

108. K takes R

109. K takes R

110. K takes R

111. K takes R

112. K takes R

113. K takes R

114. K takes R

Our Editorial Table.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER
OF
CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER.
PRICE ONE PENNY.

We have the gratification of informing our Subscribers that our next Number will be characteristic of the season. It will be beautifully illustrated with engravings of occasional subjects, and the whole of its contents will be of an entertaining character. We purpose giving our students a week's vacation, and shall substitute for "Lessons in French," "Natural Philosophy," "Drawing," and "The Matron," the Christmas engravings of "THE YULE LOG" (by Alfred Crowquill), of "CHRISTMAS IN THE WORKHOUSE," and "CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME;" together with two additional Christmas Stories, Christmas Poetry, Charades, Games, and Christmas Receipts.

R. PEARSON.—We agree with you, the death of Admiral Lyons is a national calamity. Our navy is our principal protection; and the death of a great admiral is a serious loss. Admiral Lord Lyons achieved greatness—he did not inherit it. He was born at Burton, in Hampshire, and he was the second son of John Lyons, Esq. (of Lymington), a major in the Chesham volunteers. Admiral Lyons entered the navy at the early age of eleven years. While but a youth he displayed that skill and boldness which stamped him as a British sailor. Scarcely had our hero reached his twentieth year when Admiral Drury appointed him as his flag-lieutenant, on board the *Minden*. Soon after this he sailed for the coast of Java (one of the East Indian Islands), to await the arrival of an expedition for the reduction of the island. Some prisoners received on board informed Lieutenant Lyons that the Dutch, who then occupied Java, expected no attack during the monsoon, or rainy season. Young Lyons immediately seized the opportunity for action, and, with a boldness which excited astonishment and admiration, he put off two boats, at midnight, with a crew of thirty-five officers and men, to attack Fort Marrack, of 54 guns. But it seems just as he was about to land the moon peeped out, and revealed the sentinels ready to challenge. This was not a moment for deliberation. Our intrepid sailor pushed on in the face of the enemy. There was a heavy surf at the time; but he landed his little force, and carried the lower battery; and though on reaching the hill he found 400 soldiers facing him, the fort was captured, and the dawn of day beheld the British flag floating on the walls. We cannot follow him through his glorious career, nor mention all the honours heaped upon his name. In 1812 we find him commander of the *Renaldo*. In this vessel he escorted Louis XVIII. to France, and the allied sovereigns to England. And now for achievements yet fresh in our memory. The fall of Sebastopol was in a great degree owing to the skill and enterprise of Admiral Lyons and of his ever-to-be-lamented son, Captain Mowbray Lyons. A series of victories followed the glorious Admiral everywhere. Kinburn fell, the passage to the sea of Azov was opened, and the fortress of Kertch captured. If you look to your map you will see that this was the exploit that cut off the last hope of the Russians, by hemming them in on all sides. English and French generals may contend for the honour of effecting the success of the Crimean campaign, we attribute it to Admiral Lyons and his gallant son. It was on the 23rd of November last the gallant admiral expired. He had been staying at Arundel Castle with his daughter, the present Duchess of Norfolk. General debility, rather than any particular disease, is stated as the cause of the death of this truly great man.

ELIZA has been reading about the incursions of the French in Cochinchina. She wishes us to tell her how Cochinchina is situated. "Eliza" will find it in the map of Asia. It is bounded on the west by Siam and Cambodia, on the north by Quang-si and Laos, on the east by the Eastern ocean, and on the west and south-west by Ciampa and Cambodia. Cochinchina abounds in gold, raw silk, drugs, saffron, pepper, indigo, tea, ivory, and various kinds of trees and animals. It is upwards of three hundred miles in length, and about ninety in breadth, and it contains fifty seaport towns. The inhabitants are of a light brown complexion, and in manners resemble the Chinese.

T. Y.—Macbeth is a historic personage of the eleventh century. He usurped the throne of Scotland to the prejudice of Malcolm, son of Duncan, who, with his younger brother, Donaldbaine, took refuge in England. Macbeth's reign was as short as it was cruel. He was killed in a war with the English, who armed in favour of Duncan's children.

OSORIO.—To tell the honest truth, we have as little faith in omens as in ghosts and hobgoblins. We know very well that a blazing fire may be made a whole casket of omens; and why is this? Because coal while burning readily cakes into all kinds of forms. Gay, who cared as little for omens as we do, has written some lines in ridicule of them:

"Alas! you knew the cause too well,
The salt is split; to me it fell.
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across.
On Friday, too—the day I dread—
Would I were safe at home in bed.
Last night, and I declare 'tis true,
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew!
Next post some fatal news shall tell—
I hope my Cornish friends are well."

We earnestly recommend "Onoria" to resist her tendencies to a superstitious belief. It is a weakness that may lead her far astray.

HENRI.—The art of engraving on copper appears to be much more ancient than that of engraving on wood. In the peninsula of India, long before the Christian era, it was

customary to ratify grants of land by deeds of transfer actually engraven on plates of copper, as we now write them on skins of parchment.

MISS J. B.—Supposing your chilblains are not broken, the following lotion is likely to relieve them. Mix distilled vinegar and spirit of mindererus, of each four ounces, with half an ounce of borax. In common cases of chilblains, apply pieces of soft linen moistened with spirits of camphor. Should the swellings break, apply emollient ointment for a few days. Equal quantities of sweet oil, lime-water, and spirits of wine are an excellent remedy for chilblains before they are broken.

ISA.—"Isa" wants to know how to pronounce "Rio," in the old Italian song, "*Sul margine d'un rio*," on the banks of a river. The word *rio*—river—should be pronounced as if written *reco*. "Isa" may have all the points of beauty she mentions without being beautiful, supposing the charm of expression be wanting. As to accepting or refusing the attentions of a fellow traveller, all must depend on the manner of offering these attentions, and on the apparent object of the offerer. If tendered merely with the view to assist, and to avert danger and inconvenience, it would be ungrateful to refuse them; but those attentions that are shown merely as an excuse for forming an acquaintance in an irregular manner should be repulsed.

R. SMITH.—To discover the contents of a will made in London, you must consult the records kept at the Prerogative Office, Doctor's Commons. But if the will in which you are interested was made by a person who died abroad, and has not been proved in England, your only chance is to go to the spot where you believe the will to have been made, and to act according to the information you are there able to collect. Our avocations prevent our undertaking any private correspondence with our readers, and we beg they will cease sending stamped envelopes. A LASS FROM MILTOWN PASS.—In the dried state in which the flower reached us, it is difficult to tell its name; but it looks to us more like a fuchsia than any other flower. We are disposed to call the hair auburn. AGNES MILNETON.—The nose you describe renders it impossible that you should ever be a regular beauty; but you may be none the less pleasing on this account. A CONSTANT READER.—The best thing you can do is to advertise, stating your qualifications, and specifying what situation you desire.

BERVIE.—On the death of Queen Elizabeth, James VI. of Scotland was the next male heir to the English crown, and, consequently, became king of England. Since that period (1603), the two countries have been under one sovereign, but they were not so clearly identified as to be called Great Britain until the reign of Queen Anne.

A LANCASHIRE LAD.—You must mean an *express*, not a *special train*. Had it been the latter, no one but yourself and your party would have had a right to enter; and thus you would not have been exposed to the dangerous fascination of your fickle "first love." In spite of her assurances, we deduce from the contents of your letter that she cares not a whit more for you than for any one else. With this view of the subject we cannot advise you to propose to her.

E. R. D.—You beg of us to insert the following in our Notices to Correspondents: "A young lady exclaims to one to whom she is tenderly attached . . . that she has been engaged to another for some time past, and thus blighting the poor fellow's feelings." Now, this is far from being intelligible. If the lady is tenderly attached to your friend, yet engaged to another, it is her feelings that are blighted. You say nothing about the lady's attachment to "the poor fellow." But if he does love one by whom he has been deceived, he is sincerely to be pitied; and nothing can excuse the "young lady" if, while her heart was your friend's, she engaged her hand to another.

ALICE.—It was more dignified in you to pass over your lover's neglect without a comment than to overwhelm him with reproaches.

HOPE EVERMORE.—All advances on your side would be exceedingly indelicate; and were you to succeed in the object you have in view by making such advances, the probabilities are, that the man for whom you broke through the rules of etiquette, would be the first to reproach you for having done so.

E. A. M. D.—Modern etiquette does not render it necessary for a lady to take off her glove to shake hands with either lady or gentleman.

SILVANUS.—The value of silk, as of other things, varies according to the plenty or scarcity of the article. Silk is cheap when mulberry-leaves are plentiful in the south of France and in Italy. You are more likely to procure a good price for your home-spun silk from some lady who would purchase it as a curiosity, than from a silk merchant, who, accustomed to large dealings, would naturally dislike purchasing in small quantities.

A WIDOW.—We will bear your request in mind, and endeavour to comply with it.

A. M. A.—You will find the advice you seek in the Editorial Table of our last number. PETERKIN.—It is not only a breach of etiquette, but an unwarrantable liberty to call at the house of any lady without having first obtained her leave so to do.

A YOUNG SPORTSMAN.—You cannot shoot in the places you name, with out a game certificate, even rabbits, which are not game, since any stranger may challenge you and may ask to see your certificate, &c.

JUNIAS.—The act to which you refer has become obsolete; you will require a licence.

RICHARD TYRELL.—Your conduct towards ladies you meet in the street must be regulated by circumstances.

A CONSTANT READER.—If a man die without a will leaving a wife and son, a sister has no claim to any share of the property. The money you have lent, you must not endeavour to recover by force, but proceed for it as for a debt. In the case you mention—viz., that of a young woman without father or mother—the proposal of marriage for her, if she is herself under age, should be made to her brother (if she has one), supposing him to have arrived at years of discretion.

AMBITION.—Apply to the secretary of the Oriental Steam Navigation Company.

NELLY.—It is not for us to dictate in so important a matter, but we certainly cannot recommend a man with a bad temper, even though he may have "black hair and black eyes."

E. LAFLUTE.—The task you assign us would occupy too much of our time and space, and would be uninteresting to the majority of our readers.

S. B.—The cash-takers at railway stations are not obliged to find you change, but they have no right to charge more than the actual fare.

DICK MAJOR.—The cleaning of old oil paintings is a work of much delicacy, and a person not experienced in it is more likely to spoil than to improve a good picture.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—Mails for Australia are made up every week at the General Post Office, St. Martin's Lane, Grand.

J. STEVENSON.—Polishing plaster figures is a delicate, though not difficult process. Dissolve an ounce of pure curd soap in three pints of clear water placed in a glazed earthen pinkin, then add an ounce of white wax cut into very thin slices. When these are thoroughly incorporated, lay a coat of it on the figure with a soft hog's hair brush. When this coat is completely absorbed, lay on a second coat, which generally succeeds. Cover it carefully from the dust for about a week, and with a soft muslin or silken rag rub it gently, when a good gloss will be produced.

RICHARD MARKHAM.—As your account is partly for work done and partly for things bought, it would be better to say, Mr. —, Dr. to R. Markham, &c.

FIDDLER DICK.—The price of the first volume of our old series is 7s. 6d. bound in cloth. We do not recommend binding two volumes in one.

ETUDIANT.—Study the French Lessons in all their parts, and for some time to come you will require no other books.

E. W. T.—Black Japan varnish for leather is made thus:—Take half a pound of burnt umber, and half an ounce of asphaltum, each finely powdered, and stir them well into a pint of boiled linseed oil. Boil, and add as much oil of turpentine as will make it sufficiently thin for use. Boil in an earthen pinkin, and be careful it does not take fire.

A. V.—To prepare paper for tracing, lay open as much fine tissue paper as is needed, and apply with a clean hog's hair brush, not too stiff, a coat of varnish, made of equal parts of Canada balsam and oil of turpentine, to the upper surface of the first sheet, then hang it on a line to dry, and repeat the operation on fresh sheets until the whole quantity is finished. If washed over with ox gall and dried, the sheets may be written upon with ink or water colours.

AN UNHAPPY WIFE.—Your marriage cannot be dissolved for informality, though solemnised under a false name.

TO OUR POETICAL CORRESPONDENTS.—We could fill a volume with all the poetical effusions sent for our perusal. Many of these effusions, though not sufficiently artistic for publication, evince thought, taste, and good feeling. To this class belong "Dunellen's" little poem, entitled "Love," and "A Regular Subscriber's" lines called "The 'Lover's Parting,'" but in the compositions of "Gruaf," though she is only fourteen years' old, there is considerable purpose and play of fancy. However, her faults in spelling induce us seriously to advise her not to give much more of her time to poetry, until she has mastered the essential parts of education; and no one will deny that spelling is one of these essential parts.

TO THE
STUDENTS OF THE FRENCH LESSONS
IN
CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER.

In consequence of the numerous inquiries which are being continually received, as to the best French and English, and English and French Dictionary, it has been determined to re-issue

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Cases for the preservation of the numbers, as well as for the binding of the same when completed, will be issued with the first Number.

The First number, containing 32 pages, demy octavo, will be ready with No. 57 of the "FAMILY PAPER," on Thursday, December 23.

** We cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts.

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